

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CTO T'Mur- 2027)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - FO Sienna Williams-Verin, CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur, SFI Michael Weston- and Blackford Oaks - 2029)

(USS Illuminar - all decks - Automated alarm - 2030)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3, section 7 Gamma corridor - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 2031)

(USS Illuminar - Main Engineering, Deck 11 - Engineer Ensign JG Tycho Alantar - 2032)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CTO T'Mur- 2032)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt Quinna Solice - 2034)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 14 Security Office Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee- 2035)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 20.35)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - FO Sienna Williams-Verin, CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur and SFI Michael Weston- 2036)

(USS Illuminar - deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 2039)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Outside science lab 3 - SO PO3 Hercules Devers and Steven Hammonds - 2040)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice/ Fiona- 2040)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CTO - T'Mur- 2041)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2042)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Outside science lab 3 - Dr. Gaillus Penn and Doctor Teller, SO PO3 Hercules Devers and Steven Hammonds - 2043)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, Science lab 3 - Engineer Ensign JG Tycho Alantar - 2045)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Outside science lab 3 - Dr. Gaillus Penn and Doctor Teller, SO PO3 Hercules Devers and Steven Hammonds - 2045)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei-2046)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 2048)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Lab 3 - Dr. Teller, SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2050)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 20.50)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar - 2051)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - Dr. Gaillus Penn - 2052)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - CO - Captain Sekal - 2053)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 14 Chief of Security Office – Chief of security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 2053)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Personal quarters - Tamas Laredo and Luma Lenai - 2054)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2054)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar - 2055)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee – 2100)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2100)

(Altair System - Interdiction Platform 7 - Command Deck - Lieutenant Able Breckenridge, Commodore Adam West, Lieutenant Quinna Solice - 2101)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller/Captain Sekal – 2101)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, Science Lab 3 - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 2102)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, Science Lab 3 - Dr Teller- 2104)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2105)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2105)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, Science Lab 3 - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar - 2109)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 2110)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room - Chief of Security Lt (jn) - 2110)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security - 2211)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2112)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee – 2115)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2120)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee – 2125)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2126)
 (Altair System - Interdiction Platform 7 - Detention Center -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice/ Prenea 2130)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 2140)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2140)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2042)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2143)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2145)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2146)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center -SFI Michael Weston and CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur - 2147)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee – 2150)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 6- Central Hub - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2150)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Prenea Alyl/CMO Quinna Solice - 2151)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - SFI Michael Weston, CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur, CMO Quinna Solice - 2152)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Cargo Pilot Prenea Alyl - 2153)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - CTO - Lt(jg) T'Mur - 2154)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2155)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 4 Central Hub - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2157)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Level 4 and moving up- Central Hub - SFI Michael Weston, CMO Quinna Solice - 2158)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Deck 1- Commander's Office - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) -- 2200)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee -- 2200)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Deck 1- Commander's Office - SFI Michael Weston, CMO Quinna Solice - 2202)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2205)
 (Defense Platform 7 - Deck 1- Commander's Office - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2205)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller, Ensign Bohb and Temas Laredo - 2230)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6, CSO's Office - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatou Alyl - 0800)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters (The Bahamas) - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller, Ensign Bohb and Temas Laredo- 0810)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 0815)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters (The Bahamas) - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller; Ensign Bohb, Temas Laredo - 0817)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - CSO's Office - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller - 0822)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6- CSO Office - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller- 0824)

[illegible]

Corday and Montero settled into their cockpits and activated their helmets. Then Arthur called out,

“Run simulation MDP TG1.”

=^=Good morning gentlemen, for this hop we have multiple ships and multiple bogies. The temperature of space is... freezing cold. Keep your heads up so don't have to feel it.=^=

=^= Snoopy, are you ready to fight Agincourt? ^=^= Montero chuckled as he looked at the scanners.

Montero triggered his com =^=Viper 1 to Viper base, got anything for us? ^=^=

=^= Viper one we have incoming at 247 mark 45. Chount shows 6 bogies. ^=^=

=^= Viper one copies ^=^= Switching his com ^=^= You want High or Low Snoopy? ^=^=

=^=Is there a High or Low ground in space? I'll go low.=^=

He peeled off and his ship dropped at full speed. His own sensors picked up the readings of the ships and displayed them on his HUD. Six ships in a diamond formation. Interesting. Whatever's in the center of that formation, it had to be important. He watched to see that there had been no change in the formation since his maneuver.

Montero kicked in the engines and headed high and to the right of the formation. The ships stayed in their formation, not changing direction or speed. Something didn't feel right in Montero's mind. 'Computer, scan ships for lifesigns.'

=^= No lifesigns detected ^=^=

~Great~ Montero thought.

=^= Viper 2 it's a trap. These are drones. ^=^=

Vic spun his ship on its axis, bringing his front cannon in line with the drones. Having them on the bias, he triggered his cannon and was rewarded with two of the drones becoming inactive.

=^= Splash two ^=^=

=^= Viper 1, Viper 2 we are detecting warp signatures coming in behind you. ^=^=

The remaining drones turned their vector and began to fire in an easy pattern to avoid. With a thought Arthur turned the ship on its axis and fired, reducing the two outside drones to sparkling scrap.

=^=Watch your 6 Raid.=^= he warned. Then he turned his attention to the new arrivals. These ships were different. There were only four, but they flew differently. That was when he noted the lifesigns. ~That should make it more interesting.

=^=Heads up Viper 1, the new arrivals are alive.=^=

=^= Copy that Viper 2 ^=^= Vic replied ^=^=No more shooting fish in a barrel.=^=

Arthur knew better than to completely discount the two remaining drones but the new ships require to most of his attention. "Computer, monitor the remaining drones."

[Affirmative.]

Then he watched as the four ships split into two groups of two. ^=^=I've got the pair on the left.=^=

Then Corday followed his marked ships. He pinged them on his HUD to show as purple markers while the drone ships were blue and the other pair red. He needed to be sure he monitored Montero's progress. He didn't want to leave his wingman in the lurch.

As he launched his ship forward the HUD showed his quarry make a sudden change of direction and head directly back towards him.

Vic watched the aspect change of their targets, ^= Mars is down ^= Vic called over his comm. He hoped Snoopy had read about the battle of Donatu V. It was one of many skirmishes between the Federation and the Klingon Empire. A Larson-class ship, the USS Midway, commanded by Commander Doolittle, was caught by surprise by a Klingon warship. Outgunned and underpowered, Doolittle changed the battlefield by using the gravity well to catch the Klingon vessel which allowed Doolittle to release a barrage of photon torpedoes and its three phaser banks. Having to divert power to its shields, the Klingon vessel succumbed to the irresistible force of nature and burned up in the planet's atmosphere. Unfortunately the Midway was destroyed a few years later, all hands lost.

Vic shook his head and looked in the HUD. He started to pull up in a Herbst maneuver, ^= Viper 2, you have the lead. I am coming up on your right side. ^=

Vic's ship started up in an arc. At the top of the arc, he lifted the nose of the ship which slowed his speed before he began the descent phase, Snoop's ship on Vic's left. Coming in at this speed, he'd catch up with Snoopy in time to clean up any misses his wingman had.

The biggest problem most pilots had with dog fights in space was their lack of awareness of up or down. To be honest, there was no up or down in space. No drag to slow you down. No gravity, well, barely perceptible gravity coming from planets that were often too far away to be of any help in your flying. Once a pilot let go of those things, the impossible became a logical choice.

When Montero arced his ship, Arthur suddenly accelerated towards the two ships coming straight at him. With a thought his ship suddenly dropped four meters. He repositioned the ship so that it was still traveling forward. By the time the ships had registered his sudden drop he was already accelerating "up" firing his photon cannons.

One of the ships exploded. The second was able to make a quick move and his shots impacted on their side shielding. His sensors showed minimum damage but it was moving at an awkward angle. Corday caused his ship to roll left and fell in behind the second ship, closing in for a kill into the engines.

Suddenly his proximity alert went off and without thinking he peeled off to the right as one of the drone ships had launched itself at him as if it were a guided torpedo. It was a good reminder to keep an eye on those drones.

^=Viper 2 to Viper 1. Keep an eye on those drones. They're using them without energy weapons. It makes them harder to track automatically.^=

=^= Copy. I've got your six. ^= Vic replied, as he fired his forward cannon at the drone ship. He was rewarded with a satisfying explosion. Checking his scanner, he got a bearing on Snoopy and entered into a low yo-yo to get back on Snoopy's right. Two of the attackers were coming at his wingman while two remained at the edge of the fight, waiting for an opening.

=^= Viper 2, take 'em on the left and on your lead, let's go into a high yo-yo, show these boys how to fly.
^= Vic said, a gleam in his eye.

=^=Roger that.^= Corday replied.

With that he gunned his ship forward then turned the ship at an angle to take it Out Of Plane with the attackers. One of the attackers turned to come across his side angle. Then 'Snoopy' did a hard loop and came bearing down on the dorsal view of the ship, firing. The ship broke in half and exploded.

Energy beams swept across his view as the second ship had turned into his maneuver. It wasn't a clean shot, and he was able to roll away from the attack.

As Snoopy rolled away from the attack, the second ship tried to match Snoopy's roll, but was going too fast. As the ship shot by where Snoopy had been, it entered Vic's firing range. The man fired his cannon and caught the enemy's left engine. Not a fatal shot, but one that disabled the ship, resulting in another enemy down.

Two ships still were at the edge of the combat zone, while the second pair was getting teed up for their run at Raid and Snoopy.

=^= Two down, four to go ^= Vic said. ^= Coming in without much imagination ^=

=^=Yeah, but it reminds me of an old saying,^= Corday said. ^=If something seems too easy then you're missing something. That's the real time to worry. Keep your eyes open and stay alert.^=

=^= That was the amuse-bouche for this meal. I think the salad course is next. ^= Montero quipped.

Sure enough, two more of the fighters peeled off from the pack to start a speed run towards Snoopy and Raid. They were clearly hoping to take the two with a speed attack.

Raid rolled to the right, dancing his fighter to give the enemy as little cross-section as possible. These two were another distraction, it was the two holding back that were the prize. Looking at the incoming fighters, he laughed, they were going to try to herd the two of them towards the waiting fighters. This was something that was taught in the first months of flight school. Of course it was a pretty easy thing to avoid if the attackers didn't do it just right.

=^= Git along little doggie ^= he called out. ^=You want lead Viper 2 ^=

=^= Negative Viper 1 ^= Arthur replied ^=You have the angle. Take the lead.^=

Montero grinned as he started to accelerate his fighter. He started to corkscrew as the rate of closer increased between him and the two fighters. He was committed to putting Snoopy's controls to the test. His computer started warning him of the incoming fire, but Raid ignored it.

He checked his heads up display. The two fighters were doing what he wanted. As he got to the point of no return, he pulled out of the corkscrew and shot straight up while releasing two micro torpedos at each of the attackers.

Montero smiled as the torpedoes found their target. A bit of showboating, perhaps, but the control really made it possible. As he was patting himself, virtually, on the back, warning alarms started sounding. Damn, he thought. Rookie mistake as he saw the incoming torpedoes from one of the two remaining fighters. He started throwing his fighter into a crazy pattern working to avoid the torpedoes.

Cordey watched as he saw the two incoming torpedoes heading straight for his wingman. Montero's move was spectacular but it left him wide open to the remaining ships. He cut his ship back across the plane of attack and with a thought sent fire from his phase cannons. One of the torpedoes immediately exploded. The second turned in time to follow its targeted ship.

=^=I've got you Viper 1. Cut hard port then come straight at me. When I say now drop on your z axis about ten meters.=^=

The two ships went head to head briefly like a game of chicken. ^=Drop ... now!=^=

Viper 1 suddenly fell from his visual scan and the torpedo speed directly at him. His cannons fired and he flew through the wash of the explosion.

=^=Nice team work gentleman.=^=

A familiar voice came through their headsets. Arthur cringed slightly as he realized who it was, and that the programs AI was able to duplicate his flying style.

=^=All right Jester, let's light 'em up.=^=

Montero heard Snoopy's call and on his mark, he dropped his fighter with a thought. The explosion of the torpedo washed harmlessly over his fighter. Checking on his wingman, he flipped his fighter to take up position on Snoopy's left.

The voice filling his headset was a taunt. No way. ^= Viper 2 who the hell programmed this sim? ^=

=^=Well, that would be me. But the use of the AI makes the program, shall we say, unpredictable.=^=

He paused, ^= Time to take the King and his court Jester down. ^=

'Snoopy' loved 'Raid's' confidence. To be honest, in this program, he'd only defeated Viper and Jester once, and he kind of had to cheat to do that. He didn't think that right now was the best time to pass on that piece of information.

=^=Let's go get 'em tiger.=^=

Vic looked at the two fighters facing them. Knowing who they were made it more interesting. He ran through options before hitting on the idea. "Viper 2, we've going to cross the T."

He paused before explaining, "I want you to drop towards the planet, while I speed towards them. If this thing is as fast as you say, I'll be able to prevent them from getting a lock on me. But you can be damned sure they will follow me. My job is to bring them to you, so that as I pass over you, we cross the T, and you should have a clear shot to straff their underside."

~At least that's the plan~ he thought to himself, ~You still got it Raid, let's do this~

He pointed his fighter between the two opposing fighters. Without waiting for Snoopy's confirmation, he started to accelerate, "Time for a game of chicken," he said.

The fighter jumped forward and Vic began to accelerate toward the foes. He kept maneuvering the fighter to prevent a lock-on. The rate of closure of the fighters was almost 0.6 impulse. Vic fired his phasers to distract them before flipping his fighter on axis and started accelerating away. It was a risky move to expose his aft to Jester or Viper, but baiting them, he was hoping the AI would have them press the attack.

Arthur smiled. It was a good plan, and something he hadn't tried before. He watched as Montero's ship sped straight towards the attacking ships. With a thought his ship suddenly dropped several hundred meters, taking him out of the line of sight. He watched his tactical display and realigned the ship and waited.

He watched as Montero's attack, swift and furious as it was, easily evaded. But he could also tell that there was no leading his shots. He was only goading them into following him. Which was working. He turned and came back the way he had gone. But the ship was as agile as he had promised. And to be honest, Jester and Viper had made a mistake.

Suddenly he brought his engines on line and charged his cannons. As the two ships came into range he slid towards them, guns blazing. Jester's ship suddenly burst in a momentary fireball and disappeared. Viper, on the other hand, had not been caught as off guard as he had hoped and managed to only take strafing rounds along his port engines. The engines flared out, but not before he turned and lined up his own cannons on a surprised Snoopy.

As the tone of his weapons lock took hold Arthur closed his and muttered, "Oh crap."

Vic cheered as one of the ships blew up, "Good shooting Viper 2," he called as he flipped his fighter around in time to see his wingmate get lined up by the second fighter. ~Shit~

He commanded his fighter to military speed in an effort to impose his fighter between Snoopy and Viper. "Do a warp micro jump Viper 2. That should freeze his targeting computers cause ya can't hit what ain't there."

A warp micro jump was a panic move. However, since he was about to be demolished he really had little option but to panic. With a thought of coordinates he went to warped space for 0.3 seconds. Just long enough to move out of the way. When the ship came out of warp a series of alarms went off, and a red light indicated that his engine stalled.

Using maneuvering thrusters he was still able to turn to face the oncoming ship, which had already turned and adjusted. Arthur wondered what look on the pilot's face was when his ship suddenly disappeared. He was pretty sure the look now would be one of irritation and determination. That was the look he was hoping for. Now the pilot wanted a taste of his blood.

He sat there and watched as the ship bore down on him, firing his cannons, dodging the incoming shots. His eyes searched for Viper 1 and smiled when he saw where the ship. Suddenly his sent his ship up its Z axis.

His scanners kept track of Viper's ships. Snoopy moved far enough that the phasers missed him completely. As the two began a new dance Vic shot up and flipped his fighter down when he was over the enemy ship. His ship locked on almost immediately, and he fired.

He was rewarded as the enemy ship exploded, his fighter flying strait through the debris, coming out the other side. "You know, sometimes I amaze even myself."

"Form up Viper 2, let's go home."

“Command, this is Viper 1 requesting a flyby,” he said

=^= Negative Viper 1. The pattern is full. ^=^=

Vic sped up and turned toward the control station laughing.

“Is there something I should know Raid?” Arthur asked with half a thought in his mind. Then he had the realization, “Nooo! No, no, no.”

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al 'Snoopy' Muir and Tim 'Raid' Bushnell)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Concourse- SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 19.40)

When Weston informed the group we were being followed, she did a quick empathic scan to determine if it was casual or something that needed immediate attention. She did not sense any immediate danger. She turned to Quinna.

"Shall we mingle with that group and try to casually determine their intentions/"

(Reply Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - SFI Michael Weston/FO Lt. Commander Sienna Williams-Verin/CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur/ CMO Dr. Quinna Solice-1940)

Michael listened to the conversation between Quinna and Trei. He had already felt the tail they'd picked up but had been hoping it was just his natural paranoia. But now he knew she was right. Whoever this guy was, he was, at least, observing them.

"There is a way we can tell if we are being tailed behind our back but that will require a subtle empathic trail. I could set a subtle emotional line. If that line is crossed, we know we are being tailed without breaking our current path. Do you authorize this action?"

Weston moved over to them, “Absolutely not. I have had extensive experience with these people and their own telepaths. Any sense of intrusion into their minds could compromise our mission. Lieutenant, I appreciate your offer and your abilities, but you need to show restraint.”

He gathered the group together and looked around them. “You know, it’s time we started acting the parts that we came as.” Then a little louder he said, “I’m starving. Let’s grab a bite. Here’s a nice little place. Morbius’ Bar and Grill.”

What he wanted to see was if their fan was going to follow them in.

"Mr. Weston," T'Mur objected, "do you really think that this is the best course of action right now?"

Weston nodded, "I do. This is the best time."

Sienna linked her fingers with her mate and raised T'Mur's hand to her lips to kiss. "You are beautiful today, She Who is My Wife." It amused Sy to flirt with her Vulcan mate in Vulcan. The interlinking of their fingers in Vulcan was an extreme intimacy. But Sienna was Betazoid and Proud of the woman she was mated to. "And as you advised me to trust Weston, you too should. I wonder if they have good tacos here." Sienna was amused, rather than hostile as she would be when they returned to the ship.

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "Tacos?"

Sienna laughed and sent a sensory memory to her mate. The taste, the texture, the image, the smell. "Tacos." She spoke with a nod.

T'Mur contemplated the sensation shared. She enjoyed the savory flavor and the aroma of the spices, the texture of the ground meat left her perplexed. She wasn't strictly a vegetarian, as many Vulcans tended to be, but she had not had a wide variety of meat products experience, and that one left her wondering if she would actually like tacos. One thing she had learned from her time with Sienna was to have experiences she had never considered before.

“If they have them I will try them... for you”. Then she added, ::She who will be my wife:: just to make the statement more accurate.

Then she turned to Weston and said, "Then we shall go here, if they have tacos."

Weston choked back a snort and smiled, "Well, let's find out."

He led the group through the entrance into a darkened establishment with a variety of smells, most of which seemed of questionable origins. He walked up to the hostess and said, "Excuse me, do you serve tacos here?"

The hostess turned around and all you could see were here pearly white teeth, "Are you kiddin' darlin', the cook's cry if someone orders his taco plate. Best tacos this side of the galaxy."

Michael recognized the voice, even with its thick drawl. He kept his face passive as possible as his eyes adjusted to the lack of light and then able to see the features of the woman's face. Fiona!

Without alarming the others he simply said, "Table for five,"

"Why sho 'nuff hit stuff," came the fake drawl, "right this way."

She led the group to a large table and seated them. "Would y'all care for something to drink?"

Michael held a chair for Quinna and tried to somehow alert her to the hostess. T'Mur held a chair for Sienna and kissed her on the cheek as she sat.

"Something is wrong with Mr. Weston," she whispered in Sienna's ear.

Sienna sent a feeling through their link that said she was aware. She was a telepath and she had caught that something was wrong. ::I don't know what it is though, but Quinna does. I promise to behave with Mr. Weston. I'm doing my best.::

Quinna sat close. She smiled as she looked up to see the hostess. Quinna reached for Michael's hand. She turned to Sienna, "Taco's huh? It has been a while since I had a good taco, but you know a nice juicy hamburger dripping in cheese would be great, but messy." Quinna knew that their mission became increasingly more difficult, though she was really not surprised.

Sienna did something she rarely did with other people and touched Ariel Trei on the top of her hand. ::This just became complicated. Follow Quinna's lead.:: Sienna ordered then broke the contact. To anyone else it looked like a friend handing a menu to another friend.

"You know, it has been such a long trip, I think I may like to go freshen up a bit, anyone care to go with me?" Quinna stood and looked around for the ladies' room. This in turn would give Quinna an idea where the exits are located.

T'Mur looked confused, "I have never comprehended the need for women to attend to their bodily functions in groups."

Quinna saw that Fiona was talking to the man that Quinna noticed earlier. She pointed in their direction. T'Mur followed her indication and saw a pretty, young woman talking to the man that Quinna had assumed had been following them. It appeared she was correct.

“Who is that woman?” T’Mur asked. “I thought that she was the hostess of this establishment?”

Quinna looked at T'Mur, "Come my friend. I will explain it to you." Quinna moved a few steps away with T'Mur.

The Vulcan woman looked a little perplexed but did as she had been bade. She looked at Sienna, urging her to go with them with her eyes, then stepped over to Quinna.

Sy stood from her rather comfortable seat and joined the group. She captured T'Mur's hand, enjoying the jolt of being joined with her mate. "Let's go. Trei too. Up." She ordered Ariel.

Michael looked at the women, and it was obvious that they were devising something. This was why he liked to work alone. However, he needed them, and he knew it.

He gave them a slight cough, “Ladies, whatever it is you’re planning, please, be careful. Now that we know we’re being watching, I will tell you that our lives, not just the mission, are most assuredly in danger.”

Quinna leaned over and gave Michael a kiss close to ear, “No worries, no plans.”

Quinna looked round as they walked, "There are safety in numbers. It is wise not to go around alone." Quinna started. "As for the hostess, this is not the first time I have seen her." Quinna was not sure how much she should reveal.

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(replyTrei)
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(Posted by Al, Kris, and Mel)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Concourse- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 19.42)

"Shall we mingle with that group and try to casually determine their intentions?"

Quinna let go of the warmth of Michael's hand. She slipped back next to Ariel to talk to her. "I do not think the group has any ill intentions with us. Besides, they seemed to have turned a corner. However, there is a guy that has been following up. He is still behind us. Red jacket."

(Reply Trei)

“Let me ask you if you read the mind of another telepath, will they know? Would you know if they are reading yours? I don't want you getting caught by another telepath.”

Quinna purposely dropped something just to turn around to get a good look on what was going on behind them. She felt something familiar

(Posted by Kris B)

Quinna asked her if she used telepathy on the one following them could he sense that he was being probed telepathically if he was a telepath himself and visa versa. That was always the possibility. She saw the man in the red jacket. She didn't want to contact him without a plan.

(Posted by Edward)

Quinna shook her head, "I am just rambling in my thoughts." Quinna said. Quinna was worried that if Trei could be read and knew when someone was reading her, surely they would know when she was reading them. She leaned in closer to her. "I don't think we are ready to let people know we are here if you understand what I am saying."

When Fiona had seen her operative come into the bar she frowned. Now she understood why Michael had made such an obvious ploy to come into such an establishment. It certainly was not for the establishment's reputation. And now he had just confirmed Weston's suspicions. This was going to alter her plans.

He paused, stirring his drink with the olive speared on a toothpick, “I made it obvious so even the Klingon one would know they were being followed. I’m waiting for the download on who the rest of his entourage are.”

Fiona snorted, “The blond is Dr. Quinna Solice. To be honest she’s the one that concerns me because I have no idea why Michael would drag her into this. She has absolutely no training in the field. The Vulcan and her “friend” are Commander Sienna Williams-Verin and Lt. T’Mur, the Illuminar’s first officer and tactical officer. I’m not sure who the Klingonish woman is. But I really don’t see her as a major threat. She also seems a little out of her element.”

Oakes chuckled, “And yet, she’s trying to exude an air of confidence. Well, they are here, and I’ll be more discrete with my observations from here on in. They are up to no good, not at all. If he sticks true to form, he’s the distraction and that doctor will be after the real target.”

“That would be classic Michael Weston,” Fiona admitted, “but he has changed recently. And I’m not certain if it’s made him more docile or more dangerous. But don’t underestimate him. And for God’s sake, stay out of his way. He’s about to be activated and the last thing I need is to give him a reason to not do as he’s instructed.”

"I won't get too cocky," he replied to Fiona. "I've been fully briefed on his tendencies, and have some thoughts on how to use those to our advantage. Control would love to bring him in for a debriefing, not one that would be pleasant for him, but dead if it comes to that."

Taking a sip from his glass, he casually passed a small envelope to Fiona, "Slip this in their drinks, it'll stop the telepaths for a while. Or so I have been told."

Fiona looked at the packet suspiciously. She knew such drugs had been used for years but had no idea that they were produced in a form that could be delivered through ingestion.

"All in the name of research?" she asked as she pocketed the envelope.

"Yes, in the name of research," he said with a chuckle.

(Reply None)
(Posted by AI and Tim)

[illegible]

They migrated to a place called Morbius Bar and Grill. It has been some time since she has been in a place like this. There was talk of tacos. She could eat tacos but she would be more inclined with Quinna and go for a juicy cheeseburger. Quinna got up from her seat and looked for the ladies room. She did feel the need to pee so she joined the ladies in the group. She did not know what quinna was planning but will find out in the ladies room while she relieves herself. She went into a stall and released a massive stream while listening to the plan.

"What do have in mind for me?"

(Reply Quinna, Any)
(Posted by Edward)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - SFI - Michael Weston-1954)

Fiona had noticed that all of the women had left Michael on his own. She made a gesture to the man she'd been talking to and went over to his table. She turned a chair around and sat in it backwards, facing Weston.

"Having trouble holding onto your friends?" she said cattily.

“Fiona, jealousy does not look good on you,” Michael said blandly. To be honest he was not surprised by her visit, now that he knew she was there.

The woman chuckled, “Jealous, of her,” she indicated to Quinna’s chair, “I don’t think so. However, we know why you’re here. It won’t do them any good. Mostly because you’re still with us, correct?”

“Of course,” Micael said, pulling out the communication device she’d given him, “but your people have been awfully quiet.”

“The time is nearly at hand,” she told him, “so keep that with you and be ready to act. Swiftly. We might even let you keep your pet.”

She saw the women returning and quickly stood up. "Refusal could have dire consequences for you and your friends Michael," she warned as she moved away from the table.

He looked back over to where the man had been to see his table empty. He frowned. Fiona was right about one thing, he was going to have to act quickly.

(reply any)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Quinna was taken aback when all the ladies came with them. Michael was left alone at the table and she did not like it. There is safety in numbers. Quinna's intent to the ladies' room was to get a lay of the land. She noted there were exits by the ladies' room and she was able to catch a glimpse of the Kitchen and saw an exit through there.

"What do have in mind for me?" Trei asked as she was relieving herself.

“Right now, we continue to do what Commander Verin and Michael say so, Ariel, we are still are distractors for the others,” Quinna said, “The reason I wanted to come here is that I wanted to look around for a way out in case we need it.”

(Reply T'Mur, Verin, Trei)

T'Mur leaned across the table, "Lieutenat Trei, do you really believe that this is acceptable behavior. I do not believe you're getting the result you are expecting."

(reply Trie)

Meanwhile, Fiona had brought a tray of glasses of water to the table. As she set a glass in front of Weston she whispered, "I see you have the usual affect on women as always."

Weston shrugged, "This time it is not my doing."

Fiona humphed and walked to the other side of the table and handed Trei a glass. "Here you go honey, take a drink of water. It'll make you feel better. Besides, no man is worth all that."

She looked back over at Weston and winked, then mouthed the words "except you" to him. Then she disappeared into the restaurant. Michael picked up his glass of water absent-mindedly and swirled it around without thinking.

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

[illegible]

Gregory looked at the table with something hidden under a cloth. Bohb went into his spiel about his efforts. When the drum roll filled the room, Gregory was hooked, and with a flourish he pulled off the cloth to review a container.

"Oh, well done Mr. Bohb. Well done indeed," he said as he took the contain from him. Inspecting the contain, he noticed a few monitoring points. Setting down the container on the table, he walked around to find a tricorder.

Opening the device, he began to scan the container. Entering some commands, he began to compare it to the Anelurian crystal. "I must say, this looks excellent. Pattern and structure are well within what has been found for Anelurian crystals."

Pausing, he sat back down. "The question is what is the stability of the liquid state? Does it reform into the crystalline structure? In essence you have a supersaturated solution and there would be the potential for it to fall out of the solution."

(Reply Bohb)
(posted by Tim

[illegible]

Fiona offered her glass of water and showed sympathy towards her. She could see that the the bar was showing signs of being sympathetic. She took the glass and drank some. She kept up the sobbing but calmed it down to a sniffle. She turned to Weston.

"It seems my act has put Fiona on the defensive. We can use this."

(Reply Weston, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 20.10)

"It seems my act has put Fiona on the defensive. We can use this." Trei said to Michael. Quinna thought that she would not have gone that avenue but Trei seemed to accomplish what she was after.

Quinna sat there crossed-legged. She looked at Trei who was sitting on the opposite side of Michael. She wondered if she should be worried about another woman trying to get her hands all over Michael's finely toned physique. She inwardly laughed at herself thinking that but was ready to fight another woman for her man.

Looking at the water that Trei just drank, something seemed odd about it. It was a tiny bit cloudy. Not really noticeable if you were not paying attention. “Don’t drink the water,” Quinna said as she reached for Trei’s glass. She would imagine someone protesting about now.

(Reply Weston, Trei, Verin, T'Mur)

“There is something in the water.” Quinna had a tricorder in her bag and pulled it out. She scanned the water.

(Reply Weston, Trei, Verin, T'Mur)

"I can confirm something in the water. I have not seen this before but I do see some compounds used in Neuroinhibitors." Quinna turned her head. Normally she rejected anyone invading her brain but she needed to know. She looked directly at Trei, "What am I thinking?"

(Reply Trei)

(Reply Weston, Trei, Verin, T'Mur)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - CTO - Lt(jg) T'Mur/ SFI Michael Weston/ FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin-2012)

"Here you go honey, take a drink of water. It'll make you feel better. Besides, no man is worth all that."

Michael watched Fiona with suspicion. It was not like her to act with compassion. As she walked away he looked around the table.

"It seems my act has put Fiona on the defensive," Trei said. We can use this."

Weston shook his head and replied, "Don't let her fool you. She doesn't do anything on the 'defensive.' And if she offers you a hand be careful it's not carrying a knife."

His warning came too late as she took a drink of the water Fiona had provided. Micheal knew better than to actually ingest anything she'd given him.

Suddenly Quinna called out, "Don't drink the water!"

Michael had noticed that Verin was lifting the glass to her lips. He quickly reached out and batted the glass from her hand.

"Sorry Commander," he said.

"I'm not sure I should thank you or smack you Mr. Weston."

Michael watched Quinna examine the glass with her tricorder.

“There is something in the water.”

A few moments later she continued her report.

"I can confirm something in the water. I have not seen this before but I do see some compounds used in Neuroinhibitors." Quinna said her voice full of disbelief.

Michael looked over her readings and frowned, "I recognize it. And every telepath should be concerned that it exists."

Quinna looked at Trei and said, "What am I thinking?"

"You are right about the water. If you had drank the water, you would have been thrown into a jealous rage. I must be resistant to this for some reason. We should be ready for anything."

Michael shook his head, "Trust me when I say nobody is immune. They would have made sure of that. And it should have no affect on either Quinna or myself, since are not telepaths. So the idea that she would be thrown into a jealous rage might indicate that you are already being affected. I know I'm a tough read but can you read me?"

(reply Trei, any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 20.15)

She tried to read Weston and had great difficulty reading his emotions. She was temporarily affected. This concerned her but it will most likely go away shortly. She left the table to use the ladies room to calm down from her emotional meltdown act. She called Quinna over to join her.

"It seems I am temporarily affected. I can not read you at the moment. Quinna please join me in the ladies room. I need to splash water on my face."

(Reply Quinna, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice - 20.17)

Quinna looked over at Trei and thought to herself that this was no good. It was no good at all. She was glad she was able to stop Sienna from drinking the tainted water but felt bad that she was not able to stop Trei before she took a drink.

Michael asked Trei to read him, she was more surprised than the others. But alas her suspicions were true. Trei lost her ability.

"It seems I am temporarily affected. I can not read you at the moment. Quinna please join me in the ladies' room. I need to splash water on my face."

Quinna wondered why. She got up and gave Michael a squeeze of the shoulder and followed Trei. One inside the ladies' room, Quinna checked to make sure they were alone.

“Ariel, how bad is it?” Quinna asked. She was sure it would be just like she suddenly lost her eyesight or her hearing. She did not wish for anyone losing any of their senses.

(Reply Trei)

“I can give you something to alleviate the anxiety you are having with the loss of your telepathic powers. But, I do not have anything to counterman what you were given. The tricorder is trying to process what was in the water, but I have a feeling that I cannot come up with anything until I get back to the Illumar.”

(Reply Trei)

Quinna pulled Ariel into a hug, “Looks like Fiona acted differently than anticipated. You need to remember these people are not predictable.”

(Reply Trei)

“Are you ready to go back now?” Quinna asked.

(reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 - Drs Gaillus Penn and Teller-2015)

Penn stood in front of the replicator and connected his PADD to the data input module. Once he had downloaded the work that he and Teller had done over the last several hours he stepped over to the control panel.

“Computer, collate the data and produce the product with the exact specifications indicated.”

[Working. Production will be complete in 12 minutes.]

Penn sighed and walked over to his partner and shrugged. Remembering a period when they had viewed twentieth century Earth advertisements for a year and said, “Carly Simon with Heinz ketchup.”

Teller laughed as he nodded. "Luke, with Yoda, on Dagobah."

“King Kong in New York?” he asked. “Inigo Montoya on the cliff.”

Penn chuckled, as the pair began to play the game they'd played many times. The Tamarian language isn't really that difficult to decipher, if you have enough common reference points to get your point across. Penn and Teller had spent a great deal of time together to create such a set of reference points. They could communicate perfectly with each other, as if the language was a game. However, even other Tamarians had trouble following their conversations.

“Gilligan, on the island,” Penn said, being a bit dramatic. “Poor Nell, on the tracks.”

Suddenly there was a ding, and Penn rubbed his hands together. He went over to the replicator and picked up what it had produced. He looked at his partner and gave a wry smile.

“William Tell, with the apple?” he asked hopefully.

Teller nodded. Picking up a tricorder, he started scanning the device. He smiled as he looked at the readings.

“Agent K and Agent J in the tunnel.” he said eagerly.

Taking the phaser from a locked box, Teller checked that there was a power cell before handing it to Penn. "Harry in the diner. Harry to Mick."

Penn nodded and moved to the opposite side of the lab and turned around. He raised the phaser and pointed it at Teller. “Colonel Claus Shenk Graf von Stauffenberg and Valkyrie?”

Teller took the device and stood facing Penn. He pushed the button and smiled as a shimmery field surrounded him. "Norma Desmond to Mr. DeMille."

Penn took a deep breath, checked the setting on the phaser, then depressed the firing button. A phaser beam went straight at Teller. As it struck the Tamarian he shimmered slightly and the beam dissipated leaving him standing perfectly as he was.

Teller looked through the shimmering field and began to laugh. “McGuyver with a knife. Hannibal, smoking a cigar.”

He paused, more seriously, "Uncle Ben to Peter Parker, in New York. Einstein to Roosevelt."

Just then an alarm started to blare in the laboratory. The computers voice started announcing =^=
Unauthorized phaser discharge in Laboratory 3 =^=

(Reply ANY)

(Posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - SFI - Michael Weston/ CTO- Lt(jg) T'Muir - 2020)

With his suspicions confirmed, the fact that Fiona had already had an attempt on them, Michael was beginning to think that getting a snack at this establishment might be a bad idea. Tacos sounded good and may be worth killing for, but they most assuredly were not worth dying for.

Once the whole group had recongregated he looked at Quinna, "How is she? Should we send her back?"

(reply Quinna)

Then he looked at Verin and T'Mur. "I think this would be a good time to leave. Clearly we are being monitored. This doesn't change our objective, but it does make it more difficult."

T'Mur nodded, "I agree. I have taken some time to consider the plans of this station and believe that I have found a way to the computer core."

Weston pulled out his PADD and brought up the schematic. "Show me."

T'Mur took the PADD and adjusted the view. It showed the level they were on. Her finger traced a path to a panel. "There is an access panel to the central hub of the station here. From there we can climb down three levels and get access to the central computer core at this point here."

Again her finger traced the path to the computer access hub and tapped her finger at the point on the PADD and looked back up at Weston.

Michael studied the PADD and the path she had traced nodding. It was a sound plan. All they needed to do was to get to that access panel without being observed. He would then need Commander Verin to get access to the computer core. That would leave T'Mur, Trei and... Quinna to lay out the distraction. He sighed heavily and nodded again.

"No time like the present Lieutenant," he said to T'Mur. Then he turned to the others. "Sorry ladies, tacos will have to wait. We need to move."

(reply any)

They stood up and left the bar. Michael could feel the eyes watching them leave. They hadn't ordered any food, or more importantly from the proprietor's point of view, drinks, so they looked on sadly. More importantly, he could just feel Fiona watching. This was going to be tricky.

As they walked he talked to Quinna, Trei and T'Mur, "Okay ladies, I'm going to need a distraction. In order for us to get to this access port unencumbered by, 1, station security, and 2, Roanoke, we need something that will keep their attention from Commander Verin and myself." He could feel the protest coming from T'Mur, with regards to keeping her mate safe, and he cut it off. "T'Mur, I need you with the distraction group. You have the combat experience, and it may come to that. I promise I will keep the Commander alive."

T'Mur paused, considered his argument and his promise, then nodded. As he turned away she put a hand on his should. He turned around to face the Vulcan, who looked at him sternly.

"I expect her to be returned without a scratch, Mr. Weston," she admonished.

Weston chuckled, "I will do my best, Lieutenant."

(reply Solice, Trei and Verin)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Morbius' Bar and Grill - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice- 2025)

Quinna and Ariel made their way back to the table.

Once the whole group had congregated he looked at Quinna, "How is she? Should we send her back?"

“She will be find.” Quinna was not entirely sure but there was no turning back now.

The Mission was on. T'Mur, Trei, and Quinna were tasked with a distraction. She thought that fighting with Trei would be an option but she was not really sure what the reaction would be. She was at a loss on what to do. "Well, any ways to create a quick distraction?" Quinna quietly asked the other two so that no one else could hear.

(Reply T'Mur, Trei)

Quinna looked at T'Mur. She was the most logical-minded among them. Quinna wanted to know more of what she was thinking, "T'Mur, how do you propose to distract?"

(Rely T'Mur, Trei)

Quinna turned to Trei, She was concerned for Ariel, even though it seemed that she was holding it together at the moment.

(Reply T'Mur, Trei)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CTO T'Mur- 2027)

"Well, any ways to create a quick distraction?" Quinna asked.

"Since being clandestine is no longer an imperative," T'Mur said, "I suggest that we do something drastic, that would get the most attention in the least amount of time

Quinna looked at T'Mur. She was the most logical-minded among them. Quinna wanted to know more of what she was thinking, "T'Mur, how do you propose to distract?"

She thought for a moment then looked down the corridor after Sienna, but she had moved out of her line of sight. She could still sense her, but was more comfortable when her mate was in view. She turned her attention back to Quinna and Trei.

"The most logical distraction would be a series of small explosions at another section of the station," she said. "I managed to secure several small explosives that I believe are called flash bangs. They should create an initial distraction, and then the ensuing panic from the crowd should provide the rest. I would suggest outside the bar, and all of the other establishments that are still open for business."

T'Mur saw Quinna watching Trie. She was concerned for the woman herself, but the doctor had assured them Trei was able to continue with the mission. She wasn't certain that she was as confident as the doctor.

"Ariel, are you up to this?" she asked her.

(reply Trei)

"I have six devices," she said, opening the bag she had brought. "That would be two for each of us. We should probably split up to provide the greatest disbursement of the crowd's reaction."

(reply Trei, Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

Quinna turned to Trei, She was concerned for Ariel, even though it seemed that she was holding it together at the moment.

(Reply T'Mur, Trei)

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - FO Sienna Williams-Verin, CTO Lt(jg) T'Mur, SFI Michael
 Weston- and Blackford Oaks - 2029)

Michael stood as close to Verin as he dared, attempting to maintain some semblance of decorum. However the quantity of people around them made that difficult. As a pair of station security men approached them he could feel the tension arise in them as they began to head towards them.

He turned to Verin and said, "Sorry Commander." Then he drew her to him and paced a kiss on her lips. He could feel her tense and start to fight it. He leaned to her ear and whispered, "Public displays of affection often deter conflict and attention. It makes others uncomfortable and they tend to look away."

Sienna literally could not help herself from stiffening when West decided to kiss her. The touch was exquisitely painful to her. She had spent months with psi powers from Earth's past via Q and that made her not want to be touched at all, by anyone. She tried to throttle down the surprise, the revulsion and the wrongness of being touched by not just a man, another person, but that it was Weston. She felt like she was going to throw up before T was there, shoring up her mental shields and calming her stomach and mind.

True to form the security men suddenly changed their direction and started giggling between themselves.

“Get a room,” one of them called out before they disappeared.

Weston stepped back and shrugged, "Sorry again. Old habits. Now we just have to wait for a signal."

As he waited he began to scan for observation points, and noted three sets of security cameras. His only hope was whatever the other half of the team did, it would get everyone's attention for at least thirty seconds.

Sienna curled her nails into her hands, needing the bite of pain to be able to handle Weston touching her. “I knew that psi-bonding can make it difficult to be away from the partner. I’ve never kissed a male, Weston, and I can not handle you pressing intimacies on me. I was a psychometrist for several months, and I didn’t like being touched then either.

Sienna adjusted the piece of jewelry that was Luma's contact with the ship. Suddenly a loud boom came from behind them, "That was T. Good girl." T was still controlling Sienna's reactions to Weston, and as the Vulcan it was T's job to defend her claim on Sienna.

"Guess it's now or never, Mr. Weston." Sienna spoke, reaching in her pocket for the silk gloves she had worn while she was afflicted with her curse of Q.

Weston nodded, as a second set of explosions rang out. He smiled and looked at the camera placement and then the panel. ~Good plan T'Mur~. He moved quickly and hit the panel which quickly opened. With a gesture he waved Verin into the tight passageway. He quickly followed her in and closed the panel.

They were in perfect darkness briefly, before he fumbled for his PADD and turned on a flashlight. The area suddenly lit up to show a tight space between the wall and a central column. The good news was that there was a ladder that led down the column to where they wanted to go. The bad news was that he could not see that far down to see an interface panel.

"Looks like we climb down a bit," Weston said as he slid along the wall to the ladder. "Watch your step Commander."

His own foot slid a little off the edge as he spoke. He gave Verin a look that said, "Don't do that," and then took a grip of the ladder, turned around on it, and began his descent.

Sy looked down and shivered. She couldn't see either and there was a real fear. This wasn't her ship, it was enemy territory. She began to climb down, needing to break the connection with T'Mur in order to handle going down. When they reached the bottom of the ladder, she was glad that both of her feet were on somewhat solid plating.

Michael panned his light around to light up the level. It didn't take long for him to locate the access port of the computer core. It was a small, locked box that looked like it was going to give them a little trouble. He hummed around the box as he inspected the locking mechanism. He took a deep breath and rubbed his jaw in thought. Finally he reached into his bag and pulled out a small rectangle.

With a clang, he attached the device to the side of the box and tapped the face to turn it on. The face lit up and a series of controls appeared. He began to input some information then stepped back.

"This should only take a minute or so to get the box open," he told Verin. "Then we can attach this," he pulled another device from his bag that looked like a PADD, "information retrieval device, and you can work your magic with command codes."

True to his word there was a tone from the locking mechanism and the door popped open. He quickly attached his small computer to a pair of wires and accessed the station's computer. Moments later he was able to locate the secure data files. This was where his access ended.

Turning to Verin he stepped back and said, "You're up Commander."

Sienna moved over, and began tapping the codes in. She was the daughter of the head of the academy and the head of StartOps, her clearance had temporarily been upped to get the information that they needed. She finished up and moved so that Weston could get in.

Oakes heard the explosions, and knew that had to mean that Weston was going to make his move. It would be interesting to see if he kept up his end of the agreement. While he would hate to kill him, if that is what it took, that's what he would do.

He checked his equipment and headed off towards the access for the computer core interface. It was only there that Weston could do the job properly. Upon reaching the access door, he flashed his fake Star Fleet Security credentials to the two security guards at the door. "Routine surprise inspection fellas," he said nonchalantly.

The senior one nodded, and pointed to the lock. Here Oakes submitted to the biometrics scans before the device displayed a keypad. He looked at his PADD and entered the authentication code displayed on it. The green lights lit up indicating success.

Throwing the guys a salute, he walked through the door. Moving to the command console, he entered a completely different set of codes, to turn off the sensors in this space. No need for a record if he had to kill a man. Getting caught on tape was never good.

His communicator chirped. What horrible timing.

=^= Hardy here, I trust all is going according to plan ^=

Why did command staff have to check up on everything, especially at the most inopportune time.

=^= It is. A satisfactory outcome is in store. ^=

Sighing, Oakes took his communicator off and left it on the console. Moving to the right, he found the secure door to the computer core. Taking a deep breath, he entered his special code and the door opened up. He could hear voices. Perfect.

Entering the room, he slowed his breathing down and tried to walk as silently as he could. Coming around the side of the pillar, he leveled his phaser at the two people there. "Michael Weston, what an unpleasant surprise, and who's your catch of the day?"

Sienna looked up and cursed internally, reaching out to T'Mur who was still very close mentally, ::Trouble, Love. May need rescuing, can you have Luma check that she has a lock on all of us? I don't want to trust to Weston to get us out of here.::

::There is something interfering with the transporter lock system. I am on my way.Be ready to go when I get there.::

Weston looked over and gave a half salute to the intruder, "Blackford Oaks. Wish I could say I was surprised." He stepped away from Verin towards Oaks. Over his shoulder he said softly, "Keep working. Get the file open and copy everything onto the drive."

Sy turned her head to work the computer as she spoke under her breath, "T is on her way, they've blocked us on transporters." Sy did something else while she was there, she opened a hidden, secured connection between the station and Luma, then deleted her traces. If they couldn't get the data off, Luma could take it. Slowly, but she could.

Then he turned his attention back to Oaks. "Did you finally find a cause important enough to you, or that paid you enough money? And this is of no importance to you."

"Indeed. Did you tell her what happened to your last date? Or Fiona?" he asked.

Michael kept walking slowly forward, "You... have no idea what happened with Fiona. I seriously doubt she would have told you. And yes, she knows that (name) tried to kill me. It was part of the job."

"How are you coming on our deal? Roanoke is very eager for you to complete the task."

Michael shrugged, "Well, since I haven't been given any directives yet, I guess it's going exactly as expected. Did you have anything to say about that? I assume you're working for, or with, them. I mean, you're not a true believer are you?"

Sienna finished and slipped the drive free. She touched Weston's wrist, :: T is on her way to us, and I have the data.: Sy broke the connection, pulling her fingers off Weston's wrist.

Weston nodded, barely perceptibly. It was time to go, but Blackford Oaks was a whole new wrinkle. His involvement meant that something serious was about to go down.

Oakes chuckled, "Oh, I gave up believing a long time ago, after the job on Santos III went south. Spent three months on the run from our own people. No, I stick my neck out for no one. This is another job, one that I'm getting well paid for."

Oakes tossed an isolinear chip to Weston. "Here, I'm just the courier, you can deliver this to the target and your debt will be paid. If not, there will be unpleasant consequences."

Weston looked at the chip with curiosity. Clearly it wasn't coated by some contact poison, otherwise Oaks wouldn't have tossed it with his bare hand, and Weston would probably be already dying. Unless it was some kind of retrovirus. However he didn't think that likely. Too unreliable, Finally he shrugged and pocketed the chip.

"And that's it?" Weston asked. "What next?"

"That's it Weston. Do this and walk away, your debt paid. And you'll never see me again." Oakes replied

"It can't be that easy," Weston said. "It's never that easy with you Blackford. There's a reason things went sideways on Santos III. You were careless, and it cost lives. I'm not sure how you ever came back from that. I'm sure you did something very.... questionable, morally, for somebody with questionable morals."

"Pot, meet kettle," he replied. "You, of all people, are the last to judge me. Now, when that is inserted and the data delivered, we'll know."

"And your girlfriend, back there. We'll be watching," he said. "Good to have you back, Weston," he said as he turned to leave the space.

"Oh, one more thing," he said, "A parting gift if you will." Oakes set his phaser to overload and dropped it to the floor. "Your deaths will serve the greater good," he said, stepping through the doorway and closing it behind him.

Weston moved quickly to the door. It was, of course, locked. The high pitched whine of the overloading phaser began to drill a hole through his skull. He reached down to pick it up. Suddenly he felt a hard shove from behind and went sprawling.

He looked back to see the dark figure of T'Mur pick up the phaser. Her fingers moved in a blur as she disarmed the phaser and pulled out its charged cells. He could smell the flesh of her palms burning from the overheated cells.

Tossing the cell and phaser to the side she looked at Weston, then went over to touch Sienna.

::Are you well?::

Sienna inspected T'Mur's hands, the pain of her mate's burns going through her, "Where is Quinna?" She demanded, frantic with worry for T'Mur. The burns were not terrible and would be easily healed once they got back to Quinna.

::I'm all right. That was too close.: Sienna looked up to T'Mur, holding her tightly to her body.

"I am uncertain," T'Mur admitted. "We were separated and I left Ariel Trei to find her while I came for you."

"Let's get out of here." Sienna spoke, "Let's get off this corrupt piece of trash."

T'Mur nodded, "Although I do not agree with the classification of this station as... a piece of trash, I agree. We should probably make our way back to the Illuminar. It appears you have accomplished your mission."

Michael unceremoniously picked himself up and brushed off his clothes. He stepped past the two women and took his PADD from Quinna.

"Then by all means, ladies," he said, gripping the ladder. "We'll have to go up to get out."

At that he began to ascend the way they came. T'Mur stood next to the ladder and moved Sienna to the rungs.

"You first," she insisted. "I'll make sure you don't fall."

Sienna looked at T, “Can you climb with your hands like that?” She asked worriedly. She knew that T’Mur wanted to keep her safe, but the two were so tight-bonded that Sienna would share in T’Mur’s pain.

T'Mur could sense Sienna attempting to help her handle the pain in her hands. She took her pain and put it away in her mind so that didn't feel it. It was something she could deal with later.

T'Mur nodded, "I can manage." She playfully gave Sienna a pat on the bottom as she took the first steps of the ladder.

(reply none)

(posted by Al, Mel and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - all decks - Automated alarm - 2030)

Across the USS Illuminar, an automated alarm was activated by the actions of the two scientists. From the bridge to the security office, the crew heard the following message:

=^= Unauthorized phaser discharge in Laboratory 3 ^=^=

(Replay Any)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2030)

"I have six devices," she said, opening the bag she had brought. "That would be two for each of us. We should probably split up to provide the greatest disbursement of the crowd's reaction."

"I agree. I am going to go back in the direction we came." said as she took two of the explosive devices from T'Mur.

(Reply Trei, T'Mur)

“Should we meet back up here as quickly as possible?” Quinna asked.

(reply Trei, T'Mur)

Once an agreement was made, Quinna turned to head off back in the direction they came from. With any luck, their plan will work.

(Reply Trei, T'Mur, any)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3, section 7 Gamma corridor - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Ayl - 2031)

Jaton was still thinking over what had happened between him and Gregory. He was dejected and heartbroken, but he wasn't sure what it meant. Gregory was hurting. He knew that. And Jaton was hurting too. Mourning for what was and what could've been. But something snapped him out of it almost immediately. Alarm klaxons sounded through the corridor, and the rest of the ship, he assumed.

=Λ=Unauthorised phaser discharge in Laboratory 3. Unauthorised phaser discharge in Laboratory 3.=Λ=

Jaton immediately snapped into action, running to the turbolift. He nearly plowed down Ensign Melendez on his way, but was able to mostly dart around her. "Sorry!" he shouted in her general direction as he kept on running. As he reached the turbolift, the doors slid open. He tapped his commbadge.

"Security to Laboratory 3. Ensign T'Shalaith, meet me in Laboratory 3 immediately."

(reply Security, T'Shalaith, any)
(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

"I agree," Quinna replied. "I am going to go back in the direction we came." She took the two devices and turned then stopped.

“Should we meet back up here as quickly as possible?” Quinna asked.

That would be an excellent choice Doctor," T'Mur agreed. "Let us meet back no later than five minutes from now." She watched the doctor head back towards Morbius' Bar and Grill.

She handed two grenades to Trei and pointed her in the direction they had been moving, watching as she labored her way down the plaza. Then looking at the two remaining devices she headed across the concourse to the other side of the arcade and headed to an area that she observed people congregating. As she passed the establishment, she pulled the pins on the explosives and dropped one of them entrance and tossed the other towards the center of the plaza, then she turned and headed back to the meeting point as the grenades exploded.

Suddenly the Arcade was full of screams, and people running. She watched as security guards rushed by her to the area to calm the crowd. Then she heard another set of explosions, and finally a third. She was the first back to the meeting point. The one person she was most concerned about was Trei. Clearly, she set off her explosions, now she just needed to return without incident. She was less concerned about Quinna, but she had not returned yet either. All she could do was wait.

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

[illegible]

The alarm went off out of nowhere and Tycho had the dubious privilege of being mid-crawl out of the J-tube access when it did. He grunted as his head hit the edge of the port opening, and he grumbled, wondering who was trying to shoot up his ship from the inside. Tossing his kit into the Exec office - which was used by several officers in lieu of a full on Chief - he grabbed the nearest console and eyeballed the discharge location.

He jogged to the turbolift first and hit the call before pulling his fire jumpsuit on, following it with the slung repair kit. He stepped into the turbolift and held it as the three fire team members on Beta came pelting in, urgent but not panicked, and all ready as the 'lift doors closed and they shot up to the trouble spot in quick order.

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt Quinna Solice - 2034)

Quinna had a shocked look on her face, she saw Ariel and called out, "Go. Go without me."

The next moment, Quinna was transported out of the arcade and materialized in another location.

(Reply None)

(Response, Weston, Trei, Verin, T'Mur)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 14 Security Office Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee- 2035)

For the past couple of hours, Lee had been working on a list of suitable candidates to be selected for Rapid Deployment Team. He glanced at the list - Ensign Andy Taylor, Ensign Galk, , PO3 Hercules Devers, PO3 Steven Hammonds, PO3 P’Rah, Crewman Kida Ekoice; Crewman Risae Jucowe, Crewman Derek Edwards; Crewman Anju Mali; Crewman Gregory Lincoln, PO3 Alex Collier. There was, of course, assistant Chief of Security Carol Linnis. There are probably more but these folks represent the best of the crop – experience and multi-skilled. Enough at the moment to draw a pool from a four person operation team.

He thought of composing a tongue in cheek invitation to the candidates that they were part of a Rapid Deployment Team. Something along the lines of 'You are cordially invited to join the Rapid Deployment Team for fun and mayhem' but decided that it was somewhat inappropriate. So instead, he wrote "You have been assigned to join the pool to be selected as whenever a Rapid Deployment team is called for. You have been chosen because of your experience in the field and you have exceptional multi skills which will be of invaluable use to the team. Please await further instructions." Satisfied with what he got, he transmitted the message to each of the candidates..

As he did so, he suddenly heard

=^= Unauthorized phaser discharge in Laboratory 3 ^=^=

Lee quickly checked the rota and through his comms “PO3 Hercules Devers and PO3 Steven Hammonds. Head to Laboratory 3. Find out what going on. All security officers in the area..lockdown that corridor.”

(reply any)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 20.35)

She heard the plan from T'Mur and nodded in agreement. She recieved the 2 flash bang grenades and headed down the hall to a juice bar. She ordered a strawberry mango smoothie. When she received

the smoothie she placed the grenades . she pulled the pins and casually made her way back to the meeting point. She Walked up to T'Mur.

"I feel ok but not having my telepathic abilities sucks at the moment. It seems the distraction worked though."

(Reply T'Mur, Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Michael looked up to see Ariel Trei coming towards them, on her own. The question went through his head as he spoke the words.

“Trei, where’s Quinna?” he asked with a growl.

(reply Trei)

He looked back the way she had come. There was no sight of Quinna. He pursed his lips and furrowed his brow. "Damn it." He turned and looked at Verin, "Well this is unexpected."

Sienna was not amused. Her fear skittered into high drive, looking around, and listening to Trei.

He shook his head and sighed heavily, “Well, I’m not completely unprepared for this eventuality. Before we left the ship I managed to tag Quinna’s uniform with a tracker. It’s programmed to come live if we are separated for longer than 30 minutes. It should be coming on line soon.”

He pulled out his PADD and tapped on the settings for the tracker. Looking up he saw the faces of the others looking at him strangely.

"What?" Michael asked.

“As logical as that sounds,” T’Mur offered, “it is unusual that you did not offer the same opportunity to the rest of us.”

Michael shrugged, “Perhaps, but I feel personally responsible for Quinna. As it has been pointed out to me, she is not fully prepared for a mission like this. Let’s just say it was an insurance policy,”

At that a blip appeared on his map. Following the coordinates he nodded. “Well, it appears that she is in the detention center on level 7. I know that this is not part of our mission. We need to get that data back to the Illuminar. That’s of paramount importance. But I can’t leave without Quinna. You should get the data back. I’ll contact you when I have her. We’ll most likely need a quick beam out.”

Sienna looked between the two, “We could always just call the Captain and have her release ordered diplomatically. I -have- to go back to the ship though.” She wasn’t saying anything about the tracking

devices - the round contact buttons that let Luma see that they wore was something similar. “Let me try something.” Sienna closed her eyes and concentrated.

::Luma, can you rescue your Quinna please?: Sienna asked, feeling Luma work.

::Luma can beam all back except the Quinna. Luma wishes to beam the Weston into the shuttle for time out for losing the Quinna.: Yeah, Luma was not terribly pleased at the moment, any more than Sienna was.

“Luma says that she can get a lock and beam out on all of us except Quinna.” Sienna gave Weston a look that said he’d messed up royally and she was pissed.

“It is highly improbable that you will be able to complete that mission alone,” T'Mur interjected. “I will accompany you.” She could see Weston begin to formulate an argument against her help. “That is not a request Mr. Weston. I will be staying.”

The look on Sienna's face was priceless. "Absolutely not." Her mind ran through the options and cursed mentally. "All right, Luma can keep a lock on you guys and pull you out." She wanted to go back to the safety of the Illuminar and curl around T'Mur, not engaging in espionage operations. "It's true, Mr. Weston, that of all of us, T is the best option for backup. Let her use her tactics and aid you." Sienna levelled her death glare on Weston. "Right now Luma wants to lock you in time out for losing Quinna. I'm inclined to let her. If T'Mur or Quinna is harmed, I will take it out of your hide in triplicate." Sienna indicated for Trei to move closer.

Michael nodded, "Trust me Commander, if anything happens to Quinna I won't need your ire, I'll have my own. I have no intention of letting anything happen to her." He looked over at the small Vulcan who came to stand beside him, "Nor to your mate."

He wanted to remind her that Quinna was there by her choice not his. He had balked at Sekal's assigning her to the mission. T'Mur also volunteered to stay behind with him. But they really didn't have time for that, and left it all in his nod. He watched as Trei and Verin disappeared in the transporter effect, without hearing her orders, and touched Luma's trace button.

"I am assuming that when we get to Quinna Luma will not be able to track us either," he said to T'Mur. "I'm not sure if I'm concerned by that or relieved."

T'Mur ignored the attempt at humor and said, "The detention center most likely has a dispersion field to prevent exactly what we are planning to do. Once we have Dr. Solice, we'll need to get out of its influence before beaming out."

"Agreed," Weston said. "Let's go."

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 2039)

Gregory paced the bridge like a caged animal. Things were going on that were out of his hands, and all he could do is watch and wait.

He stopped at Operations and leaned over to view McFry's work. The kid was coming along with the program, but not fast enough for his taste. Next chance he had, he was going to run some hackathon sessions to improve his teams skills. In this day and age, everyone thinks their computer systems are safe, the Binars have done a good job with ensuring that. However, there are the occasional report of a vulnerability in a system.

"Anything?" he said.

"Not yet, Sir." came McFry's reply.

Gregory walked and scanned the Master Systems display. All the information he needed, at his fingertips. The boards were green.

"Tactical, report," he called out as he moved back to sit in the command chair.

Just then McFry broke in, "Sir, transporter one has been activated."

Gregory tapped his comm, "Transporter One, Mr. Kud, report."

=^= Sir, the transporter just activated itself. Cycle is finishing now. I have Lieutenant Trei and Commander Verin. ^=

"Noone else."

=^= No Sir ^=

"Science, I want a lock on Doctor Quinna immediately. And Mr. Weston as well."

"Working on that Sir," Ensign Nye said. "I am encountering unusual interference in trying to find their signal, much less lock on."

Gregory shook his head. Too much power to scan that station would be a hostile act and the federation was one big family. Damnit.

"McFry, can you access the station's internal sensors?" he called out.

"Not without alerting the station to our actions, Sir." McFry replied.

This was the part of command he didn't like. He had gone through many simulations to help address this type of situation, most importantly how to act with incomplete information.

He took a deep breath, "McFry, anything on the com channels? Any medical emergencies or anything?"

Hopefully the Commander would have some answers. Tapping his com badge again. "Captain, Commander Verin and Lieutenant Trei have returned, they are in transporter room 1."

(Reply Sekal, others)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

As Devers was in the turbolift to go back to his post, an alarm went off. This was followed by his communicator chirping.

=^=PO3 Hercules Devers and PO3 Steven Hammonds. Head to Laboratory 3. Find out what is going on. All security officers in the area..lockdown that corridor.=^=

He tapped his com badge, “Devers here. Wilco.”

Stopping the turbolift and redirecting it to deck 6, he stepped out into what could best be described as a CF. Using his NCO voice, he started directing the security teams sealing the area.

Making his way to the laboratory in question, he encountered the CSO, Lieutenant Ayl. "If you'll step back, Sir, we'll handle it from here," he said. "Please move back down the hall until I signal the all-clear."

As he was speaking to the CSO, an engineering team in fire gear came running up and started getting in his way. Looking for whoever was in charge, "Move back till I signal the all-clear. Now."

He was shaking his head, there were too many people in the hall. Taking out his phaser, he confirmed it was on stun. Standing in front of the door, he typed in his security code, and noted there were two figures in the room. Only one had a phaser, it appeared from the sensors. Standing in front of the door, "Now" he said and the door slid open.

To his left was a Benzite, holding a phaser. To his right was the Tamarian, laughing uncontrollably. "Drop the weapon," Devers said as he leveled his phaser at the Benzite.

(Reply Any - Ayl, Alantar, Penn, Teller)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Outside science lab 3 - Dr. Gaillus Penn and Doctor Teller, SO PO3 Hercules Devers and Steven Hammonds - 2043)

By the time the door had opened Penn had fired his phaser three times, each time raising the level. With each level Teller giggled harder and harder claiming how the energy was tickling him. Having his partner laughing so hard had two effects. First it egged him on to keep going. Secondly, he couldn't help but start laughing, himself.

So he hadn't noticed anyone else in the room until he had set his phaser to level four and he heard a voice yelling, "Drop the weapon."

The Benzite, caught by surprise, turned to the sound, inadvertently turning the phaser to point directly at the incoming security men.

Now a Benzite smiling is an uncommon thing and, unless you knew Benzites, did not really look like a smile. It kind of looked like an angry snarl. So what the men saw was a smiling Benzite pointing a phaser set to level 4 pointing at them.

“Drop the weapon,” Devers said again. When the Benzite didn’t comply, he pressed the button and the phaser struck the scientist square in the chest. As he fell to the ground, the Tamarian ran over to his partner.

“Fife. Barney Fife with a bullet. Zinda, his face black, his eyes red,” he said to the security officers, as he bent down to check on Penn. “Zima at Anzo. Shaka, when the walls fell.”

Picking up the phaser, and casually holding it in his hand, he turned to face the security officer. “Kadir beneath Mo Moteh,” he stared at the people in the doorway. “Jack, his face blank.”

(reply Any)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice/ Fiona- 2040)

Quinna managed to find locations to set off her devices. She wanted to place them in areas where they managed to be heard but caused no injuries or property damage. After all, she was a doctor. She was bound by “Do No Harm” if it could be prevented. Though she could think of people she would break that rule for.

She took a bit of a longer route to get back her team. It would be the object of suspicion if she had not. She could hear in the distance that both T'Mur and Trei accomplished their goals. She would be relieved when she sees her friends and they all are back on the Illuminar.

Quinna felt a hand on her shoulder, she was ready as tears rolled down her eyes. She was ready to give the full-on, “What is going on, I lost my friends,” speech. With the waterworks, she felt she may have an advantage.

Quinna turned to see Fiona standing behind her. "What do you want?" Quinna cried when asked. "I don't have time for you."

Fiona smiled a feral smile like she was planning on eating her, "Sweet cheeks, you are going to need to make time for me. After all, Michael may still want you when we're through."

Quinna asked. "Do you know where they are? What have you done, Fiona? Where are my friends?"

The woman chuckled a little, "What a curious little kitty you are. So many questions. Do I know where Michael is? Always? The others? I can only assume that they, like you, are responsible for the confusion going on around the station right now. I haven't done anything... yet. But the night is still young."

Quinna grew tired of this woman. "Look, I get it, you love him. He left you. It is hard not to fall for him." Quinna said and then added, "Look around, this chaos is not me."

Fiona couldn't help but laugh, "Love Michael Weston. Granted, we had a good time when we were together." She saw the hackles raise in the other woman. "A real good time. But people like me and Michael, we don't fall in love. We have moments, then we move on."

"You are not going to let me go until we talk so let's talk." Quinna started, "What do you want to talk about? Wait hold on, let me guess...Michael." Quinna was putting the pieces together but was not tipping her hat.

"What do you think is going to happen the moment he gets reinstated? The first dangerous mission that comes along, he'll be off. Maybe you'll see him again a few years later. Maybe never. If you hold on to him he'll slowly die of boredom. That's just who he is. I'm doing you a favor sweetie."

Fiona really knew how to hurt, but Quinna knew that she was right. He would leave and she would still be devastated even though she knew he was going to leave, "Fiona, why are you here? It is not because of him." Quinna speculated

"I thought you realized," Fiona said, "I'm here for the job. And right now," she paused with a smile, "the job is bringing down Sekal and the Illuminar. And if I can bring Michael into the fold, well that's a bonus. The real question is, what is the Illuminar after way out here?"

Quinna ignored the question. She was sure that Fiona knew why they were here. "So you have been hired to kill Sekal. But you are not willing to get your hands all bloody, or I might have seen you sooner. Probably would have put 2 and 2 together when we met on Betazed. You hired Sanchez to perform the task but he failed. You now have someone else in line to perform the deed. You have been following us since the first assassination attempt." Quinna said, putting the puzzle pieces together.

Fiona raised her hands defensively, "Oh no, my job is not to kill Sekal. If he were to die it would make my job easier. But his interference with the people who hired me has raised some hackles. So we're

here to ease their tensions. But Michael's involvement has complicated matters. It would have been easier before."

"Now you have someone else to complete the job. You told him that you would give him the evidence that would exonerate him if he did." Quinna said with a sullen face, "You are going to free him."

"Oh that was a legitimate offer," Fiona said. "I have the proof that his unreliability is a false accusation. The source of that information would appreciate Michael's help. I am simply the messenger for that transaction."

"I think we are done here," Quinna announced. "We had our talk. Time for me to go." For the first time in her life, Quinna really wanted to kill this lady but knew better.

Fiona bobbed her head back and forth, "Yeah, well... that is not how I see it. I'm afraid that I am not convinced of Michael's dedication to our cause. So I need a little... leverage. He has grown quite attached to you sweetheart. So I think, until we're done here, I will have to hold on to you."

She stepped forward and drew a small hand weapon, "if you would be so kind as to come with me."

Quinna wondered if she did make Michael vulnerable now. "You really think that you can use me as leverage over him? I guess you do not know him as well as you thought."

Fiona shrugged, "This can be easy, or this can be hard. And trust me when I tell you that I can easily carry your unconscious body through this station without drawing any attention to myself."

"Well since I have a choice, let me think about it," Quinna said. "Lead the way," Quinna said. She thought that knowing where Fiona was, Quinna knew she was not interfering with the others. "Where are we going? The Roanoke?"

"Silly rabbit," Fiona mocked, "Roanoke is not a place. And the people that you are talking about are not particularly interested in how I conduct my business, only that I get the job done."

"So who are you working for? Who controls you?" Quinna asked.

Indignant, she looked at Quinna's back as they walked back down the arcade, "Nobody 'controls' me. However, the people that hire me are of no concern to you. Worry about your own circumstance, dearest Quinna."

With that, she gave her a little poke in the back with her weapon to urge her to keep walking. After a minute they came to a door that appeared to be a utility closet. "Stop right there."

She reached around and put her hand on the plate to open the door. As the door opened she gave Quinna another gentle urging. "Inside, if you please."

a moment. Once back under control she was able to shore up Sienna's own feelings of panic. Suddenly, there was a drop of their connection.

There was more than a small amount of concern until the connect returned. T'Mur could almost feel the sweat on Sienna's face and neck. Soon after there came a cry for help.

::Trouble, Love. May need rescuing, can you have Luma check that she has a lock on all of us? I don't want to trust to Weston to get us out of here.::

Without question she touched the button that she'd been given and tapped her comm badge that had been hidden under her outfit. "Luma, can you get a transporter lock on Sienna and Weston? They may need to be extricated."

A moment later the panic in Luma's voice came back. =^= No, there's something stopping me from holding on to my small ones.=^=

Her mind went back to Sienna. ::There is something interfering with the transporter lock system. I am on my way. Be ready to go when I get there.::

T'Mur turned to Trei, "Go and locate Solice. Get her back to the Illuminar. Do not leave without her,"

(reply Trei)

Then T'Mur turned and began running to the entry point of the station core that she had pointed out on Weston's map. She looked around for any spectators. Seeing none, with the exception of the security cameras, she elected to open the panel. Clearly they were already exposed. With a tap on the panel it opened, and she climbed into the dark passage, closing the panel behind her. Using her memories of the map she felt for the ladder she knew was there and gripped it tightly. Then she began to climb down.

::I'm coming my love.::

(reply Trei, Sienna)

(posted by Al muir)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2042)

Quinna had not been there long. So it came as a surprise that the force field opened and a third officer stepped in.

"I am Commander William Hardy." He adopted the humans affable tone as he motioned the security man out of the room. "I apologize for any inconvenience impacting your 'security inspection' of the station. Strangely enough I have had very few reports of an actual inspection going on. There seems to be little actual work being done but a large amount of dallying around along with conversing with strangers which surprises me. I'm hoping you can shed some light on the subject Lieutenant. Just why are you here?"

“You know,” Quinna stood up straight in a defensive stance, but still in a calm tone of speaking. “I am not quite sure. I need a little rest and some make out time with my man. I take it that you all have given me the Presidential Suite here at your result.”

He shook his head while adopting a bland expression. "Come now Doctor, you can do better than that. Your crew has been acting as though you are on shore leave rather than on active duty and after the ruckus they have been causing I would be well within my commission to incarcerate you all as undesirable elements. Now why don't you drop the pretense and tell me why you are really here."

“I was walking in the Arcade, looking for my friends after all the commotion, Security picked me up, and a couple of officers decided to provide me with the lovely accommodation.” Quinna replied, “So you tell me why I am here, except for being an intergalactic pawn.”

(Reply Hardy)

“Why don’t you tell me why I am here. But if we both don’t know then you would not mind if I leave.” Quinna moved towards Hardy to make her way to the exit.

(Reply Hardy)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice- 2043)

Quinna managed to find a light. She saw Fiona and knew there was nothing she could do to save the woman. Looking to the left and to the right, she noted that no one was around to see anything. Quinna thought for a moment what she should do. This was a bittersweet moment. Quinna felt for the woman's death but then at the same time, the wench did have it coming to her.

Quinna was used to dealing with blood. She was able to work around blood and not get anyone her. She needed those skills now. This was not going to be easy. There was blood everywhere. Quinna used her tricorder to scan Fiona. She was looking for anything that may be a clue or evidence.

Stepping carefully around the pool of blood, Quinna slipped her hand into the pocket of Fiona's clothing. There she pulled a data rod. Quinna slipped it into her bag. Quinna then slipped a transporter signal patch on her. Someone packed it in her bag. She was not sure how but found it in there when she was in her bag earlier. She made one more scan and then stood back. "Under different circumstances, we might have been friends." Quinna shrugged. She took a few steps back and let the door close and lock behind her. It was now time to catch up with the rest of the group.

(Reposted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, Science lab 3 - Engineer Ensign JG Tycho

Alantar - 2045)

"Move back till I signal the all-clear. Now."

Tycho raised an eyebrow and looked over his shoulder at his team, lined along the wall, well out of the way despite what the security grunt was hollering. Maybe he wanted a perimeter outside the closest shield emitters in case of combattants. Before his team could comment, he raised his hand and tamped them down with a gesture, he'd figure it out when the danger was confirmed gone.

He waited for the security team to do their job, but as the door slid aside, laughter wafted into the corridor. Tycho decided to lean around the doorframe, poking his head in just enough to see two obviously mad scientists and no obvious need for repair work or fire suppression.

Leaning back around the door, he started removing his emergency gear. Rolling his eyes a little he addressed the engineering team, "We'll call it an unscheduled training run and call it a night, guys."

He handed his fire suit to the closest NCO, but kept the repair kit, just in case, "You three head back to your regular rota, I'll deal with this."

He turned back and slipped in the doorway, staying well out of the Security NCO's way in case he still thought being lined up in an orderly fashion was 'in the way'. He leaned on the bulkhead beside the door and crossed his arms.

He grinned and called over the jocularly, "So, who wants to explain why my evening went from relaxed to fire squad ready?"

(Reply any)

(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

By the time the door had opened Penn had fired his phaser three times, each time raising the level. With each level Teller giggled harder and harder claiming how the energy was tickling him. Having his partner laughing so hard had two effects. First it egged him on to keep going. Secondly, he couldn't help but start laughing, himself.

So he hadn't noticed anyone else in the room until he had set his phaser to level four and he heard a voice yelling, "Drop the weapon."

The Benzite, caught by surprise, turned to the sound, inadvertently turning the phaser to point directly at the incoming security men.

Now a Benzite smiling is an uncommon thing and, unless you knew Benzites, did not really look like a smile. It kind of looked like an angry snarl. So what the men saw was a smiling Benzite pointing a phaser set to level 4 pointing at them.

“Drop the weapon,” Devers said again. When the Benzite didn’t comply, he pressed the button and the phaser struck the scientist square in the chest. As he fell to the ground, the Tamarian ran over to his partner.

“Fife. Barny Fife with a bullet. Zinda, his face black, his eyes red,” he said to the security officers, as he bent down to check on Penn. “Zima at Anzo. Shaka, when the walls fell.”

Picking up the phaser, and casually holding it in his hand, he turned to face the security officer. “Kadir beneath Mo Moteh,” he stared at the people in the doorway. “Jack, his face blank.”

(reply any)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei-2046)

She sipped her smoothie when she heard the frantic words of T'Mur. She understood her need to go to Sienna to save her. T'Mur instructed her to go find Quinna and return to the Illuminar. She ran to a place she thought Quinna would be and looked around . She saw Quinna and moved to her location.

"T'Mur instructed me to come find you. T'Mur went to aide Sienna. Apparently Sienna is in trouble. I would have sensed it but my abilities are compromised at the moment. What are your orders Ma'am."

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 2048)

Gregory paced the bridge. He couldn't leave to investigate the phaser fire. He had an away team in potential enemy territory with a wildcard actor involved. He knew that science was scanning to keep a lock on them, and he had transporter room 1 manned with orders to beam the team back at the first sign of trouble. And he expected trouble.

Tapping his com badge, "Lieutenant Lee, report on the phaser discharge on deck 6."

Not wanting to wait for the security chief. He turned to his second source of information. "Luma, what is going on in the science lab. Can you see what's going on?"

(Reply Luma)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Lab 3 - Dr. Teller, SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2050)

Devers looked confused as the Tamarian spoke. But now he was holding the phaser. Tapping his com badge. "Devers to Chief Lee. We have two crazy scientists up here, Sir. One was shooting the other, but now the otehr one has the phaser."

(reply Lee)

"Come on, put the phaser down, NOW." he said, his weapon still pointed at the Tamarian.

"Zinda, his face black, his eyes red. Chenza at court, the court of silence," he replied, staring at the human. Kadir beneath Mo Moteh. " He started punctuating his words with the phaser, pointing it at the security officer.

"Henry on the plane. McGuyver with a knife," he said suddenly. Unfortunately his finger pressed the fire button, and a beam streaked out from the weapon, missing everyone but hitting the wall in the hallway.

With that, Devers depressed the button on his phaser, sending a beam directly at the Tamarian. There was a glow of light, and the Tamarian was surrounded by a flickering glow. He immediately started to laugh uncontrollably.

Devers looked surprised and fired again, with the same result. The Tamarian was trying to breath between the bouts of laughter. "Temarc," he began as he started walking toward Deevers, "The river Temarc. In winter."

"Stop right now, Sir." he said forcefully. "Lieutenant," he called out, "Do you know what? How?" he asked as he fired a third shot, only to see the Tamarian begin to convulse in laughter, dropping the phaser near his partner, struggling to breathe."

(Reply Lee, Alyl, others)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 20.50)

She caught up with the party minus Quinna which she was ready to report. She climbed up to the access tube and reported that Quinna has been arrested.

"Quinna has been arrested. I do not know where she was taken. What do we do now?"

(Reply Weston, Sienna, T'Mur)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar - 2051)

Ducking, Tycho rolled out of the immediate fire zone and took out a tricorder. Things were not as they should be, as the Tamarian spouting off was seemingly impervious to phaser fire, and his own previous inquiry had gone un-noticed.

The Benzite in blue, whose being stunned had initiated the ire of the meme-spewing scientist, got up and finally started to manage the chaos being driven by security's heavy hand, using his own lighter hand to make contact with an obviously well known colleague and talk him down.

Tycho had heard enough Tamarians back home - life on a way station could get quite cultural that way - that he knew at least one thing to say that could cool the Tamarian a little, and he found a break in the action as the two madmen started to come off the scary peaks. Tycho stood slowly and hands clear of his body to show they were empty he positioned himself, calmly gesturing at Devers while saying, "Chenza at court, the court of silence," implying Devers might not be listening to the situation well and should back off for a second.

(Reply Devers IYW)

He then turned his head to the Odd Couple and asked, "Darmok and Galad on the Ocean?" while also gesturing at them all in a circular motion. Tycho let a prayer out to any deities that may be interested, hoping he conveyed that he was interested in their work and was trying to help solve this shared problem.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - Dr. Gaillus Penn - 2052)

The blackness of unconsciousness faded slowly, accompanied by a raging headache and the sound of laughter. The contrast of the two sensations created some confusion which intensified his headache.

There was also this throbbing sensation in his chest as if he'd been struck by a heavy weight. He managed to open his eyes and sit up to see his partner doubled over in laughter, his hands on his knees. He also noted that the phaser he'd been using had moved about a meter away from him.

Suddenly Teller was struck by a beam of energy, which dislocated in a red glow, causing Teller to laugh some more. Suddenly a realization came over him that the last thing he remembered was a security team opening the door and somebody else asking who had disrupted their evening, and the Benzite did his best approximation of leaping to his feet.

“Stop,” he cried out, “stop. Your phaser fire is only making the problem worse, and you can’t stop him with it.”

He went over to his friend and put hand on his back. As expected, the field had no effect on Penn's hand.

"Marcus Welby, at the hospital," he said soothingly. "Frankie at Muscle Beach."

(reply Devers, Lee, Alantar any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 - CO - Captain Sekal - 2053)

Having been summoned by the alert the Captain entered the science lab which was a scene of pandemonium.

He raised his voice to be clearly heard.

"Everyone put away your weapons immediately."

(Reply: All present)

He then looked around the room at every participant as he remained poised in the event of further and unanticipated activity. "I want a full report on what happened here beginning with Petty Officer Devers."

(Reply: any)

He ignored the others for now. "What is your summation Mr. Devers?"

(Reply, Devers)

He then turned his attention to the scientists. "What is your excuse for violating ships protocol and using a phased energy weapon without prior authorization?"

(Reply: Penn, Teller, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 14 Chief of Security Office – Chief of security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 2053)

Chief Lee's com badge buzzed and he could hear "Devers to Chief Lee. We have two crazy scientists up here, Sir. One was shooting the other, but now the other, one has the phaser."

“Well! You got the situation in hand, Devers. Convince the scientists to drop their weapons and if they don’t co-operate, then stun them. Once you done that, thrown them in the brig. Get whoever out there to help you.”

(reply)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Personal quarters - Temas Laredo and Luma Lenai - 2053)

Temas laid back on his bed and closed his eyes. There had been so much going on with the Illuminar it had created so much emotional unrest that Temas had been having trouble blocking it all out. Laying on his bed he had been going through his mental shielding exercises. But he already knew that it wasn't going to work. He needed to DO something. He just didn't know what. Suddenly an alert rang out.

A mental screech went through the entire ship, every psi sensitive reacting to Luma being 'hurt' by phaser fire on one of the ship panels. This was not good, and Luma was apparently not in the mood to be silent about the phaser fire.

Temas shot up in the bed and immediately reached out with his mind.

::Luma, what's the problem? Are you alright?::

::Luma hurts. The energy weapon was used against Luma on the inside. In the science laboratory::
She whimpered, a mental sobbing that was difficult to bear.

Temas was well aware that Luma did not actually feel physical pain. However, he also knew that she considers the hull of the ship her skin, and the trauma of it being assaulted was real to her. He tapped his comm badge.

“Temas Laredo to security. Why is there an alert? Is someone firing a phaser inside the ship?”

=^= Sorry Mr. Laredo, there was an incident in a science lab and an accidental discharge of a phaser. But everything has been taken care of.=^=

~Not quite everything.~ he thought. "Is there damage to the ship?"

=^=Not really, just a scorch mark. We'll get maintenance round to clean it up soon.=^=

::It's just a little mark Luma. You will be fine. Would you like a hug? Hugs often make humanoids feel better.::

::It hurt.:: Luma whimpered. ::It will hurt being repaired. Why would Luma's small ones hurt her? Luma cares for the small ones.:: That was the crux of the matter. From Luma's perspective one of her small ones, the ones that she protected and cared for, had hurt her. She did not approve. ::Luma does not wish a hug. Luma wishes to make the lectures.::

That seemed a sensible solution. At least she wasn't talking about punishment.

::Lectures are good. It does sound like it was an accident, and we have no details on what actually happened.::

Luma went quiet, as if she was thinking. A few long moments passed, ::That Lee will put the bad small ones into the time out of their quarters. And Our Sekal is taking care of it. The Alyl will have to pretend to dominance and growl at the bad small ones later. Luma will assist the Alyl and make the lectures then. Hurting the skin is unacceptable.:: Luma declared this, and as usual was adorable.

Temas smiled. It was a very mature decision to arrive at. ::That is a great plan. Let me know if you need my assistance. I might check in with... the naughty ones... just to make sure everything is alright.::

::Luma's Temas will walk with careful steps and much wariness, so that Luma's Temas will remain with Luma:: It was an adorable sentiment.

Temas raised his right hand, ::I promise. I will be very careful. After all, what could happen?::

::Luma does not wish to speculate.:: She replied nervously. ::Luma desires all her small ones to be back aboard and safe.::

(reply none)

(posted by Mel and Al)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 2054)

The Captain arrived at the chaotic scene. "Everyone put away your weapons immediately."

Devers holstered his phaser and looked around.

"I want a full report on what happened here beginning with Petty Officer Devers."

Devers snapped to attention. "Sir, on orders of Chief Lee, I came to Deck 6. After ordering the other security officers to contain the space, I approached the laboratory in question. Upon opening the door, that man," he pointed at the Benzite Dr. Penn, "Was holding a phaser. I ordered him to drop the weapon, and he turned to face me. I immediately stunned him to remove the threat."

He paused, "That is when that one," he pointed to the Tamarian, "Came towards me in an aggressive manner, speaking gibberish, and picked up the phaser. "When I ordered him to put the weapon down, he didn't comply and continued speaking his gibberish, so I shot him. However, when the beam reached him, there were strange flashes of reds and yellows around his body, and he started laughing uncontrollably. I fired two more shots, again with no effect."

"What is your summation Mr. Devers?" the Captain asked.

"It seems that we have two scientists who are having a bad day, Sir."

(reply Sekal, Lee, Any)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

"Everyone put away your weapons immediately."

"I want a full report on what happened here beginning with Petty Officer Devers."

After he finished reporting he stood at parade rest with his hands cupped behind him, his repair kit stopped from swinging as it rested in the small of his back, getting partially buried in copious thin braids.

From there the Captain zeroed in on Devers, "What is your summation Mr. Devers?"

He then turned his attention to the scientists. "What is your excuse for violating ships protocol and using a phased energy weapon without prior authorization?"

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 5 - Arcade - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2100)

Quinna started looking around. A lot of the Chaos has dissipated and the area was being cleared out. Without looking back, she kept walking. She thought, 'What would Quinna do if a crewman was brought to her in the same situation.' The fact that Quinna was thinking and focusing on evaluating herself meant she was not in shock. She was not displaying any signs of shock.

The thing was, Fiona's death was by accident. Sure Quinna swung her around, but Quinna only want to keep Fiona with her so she would stay away from Michael and Sienna. Quinna actually felt more relieved and a bit on the happy side that she was gone. Did this make Quinna evil for thinking that? Quinna decided that 'No' was the appropriate answer to that question.

Looking around, she noted that the Arcade was familiar and she located the spot where Fiona had taken her. She notices familiar red hair. She approached the woman. Keeping up the pretense that she was separated from her friends during the 'explosions', Quinna ran up to Trei and gave her a big hug. "I was so worried about you all. Are you ok? What are you doing here?" Quinna asked.

"T'Mur instructed me to come to find you. T'Mur went to aide Sienna. Apparently Sienna is in trouble. I would have sensed it but my abilities are compromised at the moment. What are your orders, Ma'am."

“There is not much we can do unless we know where they are at. We should head back to the rendezvous point.” Quinna said.

(Reply Trei)

“We need to be careful though. They are looking for the people who created the chaos. So far it sounds like they are blaming kids since no one was hurt or anything was damaged.”

(Reply Trei)

“We should play it as if we are looking for our friends since we were cut off from them in all the chaos. Not exactly a lie.” Quinna said.

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

By the time Chief Lee arrived on deck 6, Assistant Chief of Security Carol Linnis had Deck 6 in lockdown and she had detailed two Security Officers to take position by the door of Science lab 3. Lee entered Science lab 3 to find the Captain had ordered everyone to secure their weapons and demanded a full report from Devers. Lee decided this was Devers show and didn't interfere and stood listening.

There was a certainly a breach of using unauthorised weapons in enclosed spaces which certainly posed a health and safety hazard particular if the phaser blasts destroyed the bulkheads. Questions

"Sir," Breckenridge said, "As you know, the Illuminar has been cleared to be here. We have restricted the number of personnel from coming over for shore leave. Right now, I have security tracking the four who have beamed over."

He paused, "And Michael Weston is with them, so our operative is making the approach with the package he is supposed to deliver. Once he's successful, the Illuminar will no longer be a problem nor will Mr. Weston."

West frowned and shook his head, "Do you really expect Weston to cooperate? Our analysts have a different scenario. Weston's a Boy Scout. He wants to do the "right thing" but he's misguided to the point of disillusionment. Weston was disavowed for a reason. If your operative had done their job he'd be dead already." He walked away shaking his head muttering to himself, Michael Weston. The man's going to be the death of me."

Then he turned back to Breckenridge. "Your tracking them? Where are they now?"

Breckenridge stepped behind his desk and entered a few commands. "Huh, this is odd." he said. "It seems they have split up or they returned to the Illuminar. I only have tracking on two of them, their doctor, a Lieutenant Quinna Solice, recently promoted to 3rd officer. And a Lieutenant Ariel Trei, daughter of one Deltron Trei."

"Computer where are Lieutenant T'Mur and Comander Verin, both of the Illuminar," he said.

=^= Lieutenant T'Mur and Commander Verin are not on the station ^=

"When did they leave?"

=^= There is no record of them leaving the station ^=

Beckenridge looked surprised at that, and didn't want to turn to face the Commodore. He thought he had everything in hand when it went sideways.

West's frown deepened, as if that seemed possible. "I see you are completely on top of things Lieutenant. What was all the hullabaloo earlier?"

"It must be a glitch in the sensors sir," he ran his fingers over the controls starting a level 1 diagnostic on the internal sensors.

The door chimed again, and Breckinridge called out angrily. "Not now." he said.

The door opened, "Sir, I have security here with Lieutenant Quinna Solice. She was seen near the are of the disturbances, and brought her to you."

Breckenridge looked at the Commodore. He pointed to a chair, "Bring her in and sit her here. Have security stand outside in case we have to proffer charges against her.

Quinna walked into the office, her hands bound behind her back, "Commodore? What do you mean 'charges'" Quinna looked confused. "Sir, what is going on?"

"What were you doing in an off-limits part of the station?" Breckenridge demanded.

"Off limit area? What are you taking about?" Quinna said. "I saw no signs. Am I am suspect in anything?" Quinna had a teardrop out of her eye, "I wish someone would be clear with me."

"This is what we are trying to establish, Lieutenant," Breckenridge replied. "Things don't seem to add up, so we will be holding you while we continue our investigation."

"If you are charging me with something I want my rights to my captain and my legal council" Quinna said as she was still crying.

He chuckled at her demands. "Let me point out that you do not have any rights at the moment. You are on an interdiction platform that has separate rules. We are considered under war zone rules. So we can hold you without due process or any of the niceties that you think you can call on."

There was something. Quinna thought there was something wrong with this situation. "Then why am I here and not in a cell?"

West stood in the background, leaning against the wall, watching the interrogation. This doctor was playing Breckenridge for a fool. She knew something. But she also knew she wasn't in a restricted part of the station. What did she know? Her tears were crocodile tears, and they weren't doing anything to soften his heart. He wanted to see how well Weston had prepared her. But he needed to wait until Breckenridge completed his part of the drama.

"Oh, rest assured you will be in one soon enough, and once we have collected our evidence, you will be transferred to the Valiant, who will take you to a more permanent home." Breckenridge said. "What brings you and the Illuminar to restricted space?"

"I am just the doctor, I don't know. I came because the ship came. All of the Illuminar crew because the ship came here." Quinna said, "Look, do you think I have these restraints taken off?"

"Are you telling me that the 3rd officer of the Illuminar has no idea why you are here?" Breckenridge asked

"Well, I had a medical emergency during a staff meeting. I was knee deep in brains at the time. And well, I was told I was going to get a break. Beam down and enjoy myself. I was hoping I was going to get something special from Well you don't want to hear about that, so you? Quinna replied. She secretly was having a little fun.

Breckenridge walked over to the chair, and released one of the loops holding her hands together. He moved it to the side and secured it to the arm of the chair. "Better?" he asked sarcastically.

"Let's start again, why are you here?" Breckenridge said

Quinna's hands swung around and she rubbed her wrists. "Thank-you much better. We are here because someone was attacked on our ship. Sanchez is dead. Diane was stupid. Now I am here." The look on her face went from defiant to stern.

"Who was Sanchez? Diane?" Breckenridge asked, "And why should I care?"

"Because I have proof. They came from here." Quinna said. "And I have the proof on who ordered them here." Quinna hoped that she could buy enough time so that the others would be home safely.

Breckenridge stared at the woman. He began to speak when he noticed the Commodore had stepped forward. West had heard enough of name dropping and idle threats from both sides.

"Young lady," the commodore began, "I want you to be very careful about what you are saying. You are making some very incriminating statements. As well as statements that put you in a difficult position. Let me make this clear, so there are no secrets between us. This conversation is being recorded. Do you understand that fact?"

"I understand. Unless you are going to arrest me, I think I will be going." Quinna said.

For the first time since he arrived the commodore smiled, "I like you. You've got spirit. But I'm afraid you misinterpret this meeting. And I rarely act simply because I like someone or something. I would simply like to know where your friends are, and what you have been up to."

"At this point anything I say cannot be used since it was said before I was told I was being recorded." Quinna took a step and stood face to face with the commodore. "I will not say anymore until I consult with my Captain and my JAG representative."

Now West chuckled, but it was not a sound of mirth, but rather a dangerous noise. "My dear Doctor Solice, again you misunderstand. The recording is not for possible prosecution. It would be evidence to explain your actions posthumously."

The tall, white haired commodore pulled a chair over and sat in it. He put his elbows on his knees as he leaned in.

"Imagine my surprise as one of the command staff of the great USS Illuminar, under the great Captain Sekal, hero of Bajor, comes here to Altair, professing to be an associate of known criminals, indeed, even involved with the assassination attempt of her own captain. Why, I would feel it would be my duty to bring such a person to justice. But she, of course, would not come along quietly. A fire fight ensued, even Lieutenant Breckinridge was injured, and sadly, try as we could to prevent it, said officer was killed during the chaos. What a scandal it would cause. And the only evidence is this inadmissible video recording. Or is it?"

West pulled out a PADD and worked on it for a few moments then turned it around. He displayed the screen to Quinna and hit the play button.

[I want you to be very careful about what you are saying. You are making some very incriminating statements. As well as statements that put you in a difficult position. Let me make this clear, so there are no secrets between us. This conversation is being recorded. Do you understand that fact?

I understand. Sanchez is dead. Diane was stupid. Now I am here.]

"A very interesting development, no?" West sat back and watched.

"Fine, you win." Quinna lifted her hand in the air as if she had given up. "If this is the way you are going to play this then fine. Kill me."

West blinked, astounded by what he heard. "Good Lord woman, whatever made you think we wanted you dead. Oh no, that is not the case. It is a matter of what you want. We are not the bad guys here. I'm fact," he pulled out a small device and released the restraining device completely, "you are neither under arrest nor being detained. I can clearly see that you are no danger... to anyone. Well... other than that poor woman that you left hanging in that utility closet."

He tapped the PADD and showed a video of Fiona's death and Quinna searching through her clothes.

"Ouch," West said, "that might be a little hard to explain to your CO and the JAG. But by all means, let's bring them in on this, shall we." He tossed her comm badge to her.

"So I see how you conveniently neglected to show the footage where she was holding me with a weapon and about to throw me in. Her death was unfortunate, and purely accidental. Forensics will attest to that," Quinna finally took a seat, crossed her legs and placed her hands on her thighs. The data rod she found was conveniently at the bottom of Trei's boot. "As for searching her, she took something that did not belong to her. I wanted it back, but did not find it."

West shrugged his shoulders. In his mind it was an act of disrespect. "You have a great deal of faith in forensic science. Do you know what real power is Doctor? Real power comes from the control and distribution of information. Forensic scientists can find anything they want, but I doubt that is what will be in the official report. The only conclusive evidence is that you killed that young lady, for some data device that you now have in your possession."

"Really, you think I have a data rod in my possession? You searched my bag. You found nothing." Quinna said. "Should I open my blouse so you can check my bra?"

West smiled an unnerving smile, "I really don't care about the location of the device. You could have stored it somewhere deep in the recesses of your body. The video I have is of you retrieving the device. Not having it only makes it look worse on you. Have you discovered what was on it? No, you really haven't had the time, have you? Another unimportant detail."

"Well then I am not important to you." Quinna interrupted.

"You are more important than you realize, my dear," West said. "You might be one of the most important people to us."

"Why is that?" Quinna needed him to educate her on that.

West just smiled and turned back to Breckenridge. "She knows nothing," he said, "and is far more useful to us as she is right now than any other way. Once we can show the flaws in the Illuminar's command structure the rest will be simple."

"I am the flaw. And I see me every day." Quinna kept her wits going.

"Shall I have security take her to holding, Sir?" Breckenridge asked.

"I thought we were having fun," Quinna said. "I am sure you suspect that I already know, but I want to hear you say why I am important to you."

West completely ignored Solice, continuing his conversation with Breckenridge.

Quinna stayed calm, but raised her voice when speaking, "If you are going to use me, you should not ignore me."

"Well, Lieutenant," West asked, "in your opinion what should we do with the intrepid doctor? Let her go or detain her?"

"Detain her, Sir," he said. "She is just a pawn, but pawns can become queens. It might be good to use her disappearance as a way to implicate and or discredit the Illuminar command structure."

"Pawns are often sacrificed for the good of the game. And there is no one to miss me." Quinna reminded them.

Breckenridge shook his head, "And yet a pawn can take down the King, if played properly, and that is what I want to use you for," he replied.

"Enough," West finally interjected. "Are you telling me Sekal won't miss his Chief medical officer, or his third officer? Don't think us stupid. And of course there's always the eternal Boy Scout Michael Weston. I'm almost certain he'll miss you. But we can just put your theory to the test. Take her away. I tire of her drivel. And where is my asset? Is he ready to be moved?"

Breckenridge nodded, "Yes, Sir," he said. Pushing the intercom, "Send in security."

The two security officers came in and snapped to attention. Breckenridge looked at them, "Take her to the brig. She is being held for violation of the station protocols."

The security men moved to stand in front of Quinna. "Stand up and put your hands behind your back please," one of them said. Once she was secured, they stood on either side of her, with the one on the right gripping her elbow, moving her along.

Breckenridge watched them go, and as the door started to close, "Sir, the Outrider program has been a success. I will take you to it so you can evaluate our progress."

(reply none)

[illegible]

9 9 9 9

(Posted by Al Muir and Charles Gatling)

Jaton was exasperated by the sight he saw before him. He stood there dumbfounded by the two scientists apparently duelling and suffering one giggling fit after another. He knew nothing of what was happening, but he was determined that wouldn't be the case much longer. He turned to the captain.

(reply Sekal, any, room for more)

(reply Penn, Teller, any)

(posted by Spencer)

The man with Lieutenants pips on his collar stopped the two scientists. "Don't think you've gotten off so easily. I want the two of you in my office bright and early tomorrow with full explanations. And then we will see about your recompense."

Turning his eyes forward, he followed the security officer out of the lab.

(Reply any, if you want)

(Posted by Tim)

Devers was conflicted, the Chief had told him to take the two to the brig, but then he showed up to the party. He had said nothing, which was uncharacteristic for him, but Devers had to roll with it. Nothing is ever what it seems. He's given his report to the Captain, and waited there at parade rest.

The Benzite scientist had explained things to the Captain, who in turn ordered the Chief to take their statements. Again, the Chief seemed to be lost in space.

Stepping forward, "Ok, you two, please come with me," he said in a polite, but forceful tone. "I'll bring them to the conference room?" he asked Lee

(reply Lee)

"Aye, aye, Sir," he said as he lead the two to the turbolift. Once inside the turbolift, he spoke, "Deck 14."

They made the trip in silence, and soon the doors opened onto deck 14.

(Reply Lee, others)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2105)

"Burns. Frank Burns at the trial? Kiteo, his eyes closed. Jayne on the Serenity to Simon. Wille E Cyote chasing the Roadrunner. "

Penn smiled at his friend then nodded, “McGarret to Dano in Hawaii. Sing Sing. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg at Sing Sing.”

He wasn't particularly happy to hear this Lee character state that he was going to search their lab. They had important experiments going on in there that any disruption might be... unfortunate. On top of that, to have them locked out of their own lab... surely this was not what Captain Sekal had in mind. After all, he did assure them that they would be able to pursue their work. And the only reason the ship took any damage was because these security gestapo people got involved. He was certain that they were about to get railroaded into a crime they had not committed.

With an arm around his partner's shoulder he stood up tall and walked out of the room, entrenched in the idea that this was nothing less than a form of persecution. But he kept that thought to himself, as the only references he could make for his Tamarian friend were... startling, to say the least.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room –Dr.s Gaillus Penn and Teller – 2112)

When Lee indicated for them to sit, Penn's initial response was to remain standing, in defiance. His mind brushed through the reference of Bridge Over the River Kwai, but again he held his tongue and sat, trying to make it look like a seating of defiance. Then he listened as this Lee guy began to go on and on about what they were going to do.

“You will introduce yourselves. Then start explaining what you've been doing including where you got hold of a phaser. I don't care which of you scientists start first. Do you understand what you have to do, gentlemen?” said the security officer

Teller nodded and stood up. "Rai and Jiri at Lungha. Rai of Lowani. Lowani under two moons. Jiri of Ubaya. Ubaya of crossroads, at Lungha. Lungha, her sky gray," he said formally. He looked at Lee and to his partner before sitting down.

Penn nodded, "That's how I feel as well."

“Oh yes. I would like your statements in plain, straight forward English,” Lee said sternly.

Penn frowned, “Well I’m not sure how much cleared Teller could have been. Oh, I forgot, I am Doctor Gaillus Penn and this is my esteemed colleague and very good friend Doctor Teller. I could tell you what we’ve been doing but I’m not certain that you would completely understand it. It is, after all, quite complex. Are you well versed in Quantum physics?”

Penn looked at Teller, and Teller looked at his colleague and shrugged. Standing up again, he began to speak.

“Kira at Bashi. The beast at Tanagra. Darmok and Jalad at Tanagra. McGuyver with a knife. Marvin, the Martian, observing Earth. Jack, his face blank. “

The Tamarian paused looking to see if the man understood. “Peter Parker in Queens. Gilligan on the island. Shaka, when the walls fell. Archimedes in the bathtub. The Professor with a coconut.

Hawkeye in the OR. Fermi offers a wager. Darmok and Jalad on the Ocean.”

His face turned hard, “Kitten pacing in the window. Barny Fife with his bullet. Kentra braving the ocean. Zinda, his face black, his eyes red.”

Penn nodded at his friend then looked over at Lee, "That pretty much says it all."

Teller looked back at the security officers and waited.

Devers looked back and forth between the scientists and the Chief. He understood the words all right, but they had no connection to reality. In the academy they had briefly mentioned the Tamarian people but this was his first time seeing and hearing one in real life. He was sure the Chief was not going to be happy. But noone was hurt, so no harm no foul?

(Reply Lee)

(Posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, Science Lab 3 - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho

Alantar - 2109)

He scratched his head. The whole situation had been bizarre and Tycho decided that he'd right the room and forget it ever happened. He picked up the chair he'd used as defense before he'd gone stupid and jumped into the middle of a firefight. Thankfully everyone was Starfleet and the only injury that Tycho could discern was the Benzite, who had obviously felt the stun to his torso.

Without disturbing the work, he surveyed the scene and logged the lab as cleared engineering-wise, closed out the lights and unused equipment, and closed the lab door. He put a temporary lock pending the disciplinary that would inevitably come for the pair of mad scientists, keyed to the Captain, Senior Officers, the CSO, and Security, as well as himself as the inspecting officer.

Teller nodded and stood up. "Rai and Jiri at Lungha. Rai of Lowani. Lowani under two moons. Jiri of Ubaya. Ubaya of crossroads, at Lungha. Lungha, her sky gray," he said formally. He looked at Lee and to his partner before sitting down.

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(Reply Lee)

(Posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee – 2115)

Lee listened to Dr Teller with no comprehension as what he was actually saying. All Dr Teller was doing was using metaphors but Lee needed to what know what the references referred to. He never met a Tamarian until now. He certainly didn't have the time to work out what the scientist was saying. There was certainly some in joke between Teller and Penn. Lee's attempted to process what the Tamarian was saying.

“What you are basically saying, Dr Teller.” Said Lee slowly . “You and Dr Penn were working on some project..er.. Darmok and Jalad at Talad. You had some success..an eureka moment..the Archimedes in the bathtub moment. There was a problem that somehow occurred like Hawkeye in the OR. Hawkeye was always the one that came up with some inventive whenever there was a problem with his patients in the operating theatre. But something went wrong..Zinda, face black, his eyes red? Is that what happened, Dr Teller?” Lee glanced at Dever wondering if he could help out.

“Now the question still arises how did you get hold of an phaser without asking for permission and then discharging it in a enclosed environment” said Lee, sternly “It’s irresponsible..er..Trump and bomb. ACME and the coyote. Red light and booze. Cool Hand Luke and meter.”

Lee turned to Dr Penn “So what your explanation?” He was no good at this but he was going to give it ago anyway even though it felt was going to be long session.

[illegible]

The security chief spoke, "What you are basically saying, Dr Teller." Said Lee slowly . "You and Dr Penn were working on some project..er.. Darmok and Jalad at Talad. You had some success..an eureka moment..the Archimedes in the bathtub moment. There was a problem that somehow occurred like Hawkeye in the OR. Hawkeye was always the one that came up with some inventive whenever there was a problem with his patients in the operating theatre. But something went wrong..Zinda, face black, his eyes red? Is that what happened, Dr Teller?"

The Chief went on “Now the question still arises how did you get hold of a phaser without asking for permission and then discharging it in an enclosed environment” said Lee, sternly “It’s irresponsible..er..Trump and bomb. ACME and the coyote. Red light and booze. Cool Hand Luke and meter.”

Shrugging his shoulders, “Gold Hat to Dobbs.”

"Badges, we don't need no stinking badges," he said quietly.

Then he sat back in his seat and looked at Lee shaking his head. "Lieutenant, I'm not exactly certain what you were trying to say, but rest assured that I completely understand everything you're saying, even if my friend doesn't. What he does understand is intent in words. Don't mistake him for a fool or an idiot. He is one of the brightest minds... well... that I've ever met. And I have met a few."

He looked over at Teller and smiled, saying proudly, “James Bond, in the office in Switzerland. Houdini, Harry Houdini with the handcuffs.”

[illegible]

“What you done is against regulations. You shouldn’t even have access to a phaser let alone breaking the security code for lockers.” Said Lee. “I want you to look at the screen behind me. These are the regulations regarding the weapons on board this ship and this applies to everyone on this ship.” He pressed a key on his PADD and the monitor showed some text. “Let explain to you what these are. “Weapons including phasers will only be issued out to authorised members of the crew only in the following circumstances:

Security teams on active operations

(posted by John)

[illegible]

Penn was getting weary of this conversation. They had far more important things to be done in their lab than discuss the disposition of ship's weapons, which was really none of his concern. The phaser was in the lab, they used it. That really was the end of the story, as far as he was concerned. Granted, he was unaware that he needed to alert anyone of their experiment. And he will admit that they did let the excitement of the experiment run away from themselves. But this Lee character was really creating a conspiracy where there was simply a lack of knowledge of the rules. He was so upset, that even his communication skills were breaking down and he was speaking in fragmented sentences.

“What you have done is against regulations. You shouldn’t even have access to a phaser let alone breaking the security code for lockers.” Said Lee. “I want you to look at the screen behind me.”

At this point, Penn ceased to pay attention to what Lee was saying and began to read the text on the screen. By the time he had finished reading, he realized that Lee was still talking. He must have assumed that they were incapable of reading independently. However, Penn was an expert reader, and, in fact, read faster than the average person. By the time he had finished and tuned back into Lee's voice, he was talking about authorized users and training. He almost snorted at that as, clearly, he knew how to use the phaser, as he had already done so. What usage training did he really need. And the last thing he wanted was yet another certificate.

"I see no record of such authorization in your case, gentlemen," Lee said. "All users must be trained in the designated weapon and received certification. Again, I see no record of these that you have any proof of training or certification! Disciplinary charges will be brought before the user in the event of a misplaced weapon and/or improper use of the weapon."

He wanted to respond to this accusation but before he could speak Lee had turned to his security man and said, "Before I consider what to do with you pair. I would like to hear Mr Dever's testimony. Mr Devers. It's over to you"

Devers looked at the Chief, puzzled. He had already told the Captain everything he knew. Sighing, he started again, "Sir, on your orders, I went to Deck 6. After ordering the other security officers to contain the space, I approached the laboratory in question. Upon opening the door, that man," he pointed at the Benzite Dr. Penn, "was holding a phaser. I ordered him to drop the weapon, and he turned to face me. I immediately stunned him to remove the threat."

Devers paused, before continuing. "That is when that one," he pointed to the Tamarian, "Came towards me in an aggressive manner, speaking gibberish, and picked up the phaser. "When I ordered him to put the weapon down, he didn't comply and continued speaking his gibberish, so I shot him. However, when the beam reached him, there were strange flashes of reds and yellows around his body, and he started laughing uncontrollably. I fired two more shots, again with no effect."

"That is all, Sir," he concluded.

“Look.” Penn said, feeling a bit exasperated, “I am uncertain as to what ‘disciplinary charges you are considering. We...,” pointed to Teller and himself, “are not starfleet. We...,” again pointed to his partner and back, “were invited onto this little cruise. So unless you plan on marooning us on some uncharted asteroid,” he turned to Teller and winked, “Gilligan on the Minnow, the Minnow on the Ocean,” then turned back to Lee, “then I suggest that you stop throwing out idle threats in an effort to intimidate us. You know, not all scientists are weak, and cowardly, who shrink at the first sign of conflict.”

He took a pause and looked at his partner, who nodded at him. “And as far as the ‘improper use’ of the phaser, it is my belief that I used it quite correctly. So slap our wrists for our overexhuberane and let us get back to our work.” He looked at Lee with defiance, and then at his partner and said, “Sister Stigmata, with Jake and Elwood Blues.”

Teller nodded to his partner, "William Tell and the Apple. Robin Hood splitting the arrow."

(reply Lee)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science lab 3 –Security Team 6- PO Larry 'Lucky' Day, PO Dan 'Dusty' Bottoms and PO Ned Nedlander– 2130)

When they had received the order to secure and investigate the science lab Dusty was the first to groan.

"Damn it, we're off duty in less than an hour," he said.

"Well then," Ned added, "guess we better got on it. The sooner we're there the sooner we're done."

Lucky rolled his eyes. Ned was just a little too perky for his liking, but he had to admit the little guy was right. Moments later they enter the locking code to the lab and stepped in. The lab was exactly as it had been before all of the excitement from earlier.

"Be careful," Lucky warned the group, "Lt. Lee said he didn't want anything disturbed. I guess Science will be having their own people in to have a look at what these guys were doing."

Ned and Dusty just nodded. Lucky was the team leader, but sometimes he could just be a mother hen. The trio split up and they all pulled out tricorders and began to record what they were seeing. Ned had elected to check out a wall that had what appeared to be a white, erasable, board attached to it. The board had a series of mathematical equations and some diagrams drawn by hand on it. He looked at the board with awe. Of the trio he was the one with the most science background. He assumed that was why they'd been selected for this job.

"That's amazing," he said more to himself than the others.

"What is Ned?" Lucky called over.

"These calculations and diagrams," Ned explained, "look like they've been trying to harness the power of a white hole."

Dusty looked over, "That's just a legend. There's no such thing as white holes."

"No," Ned corrected, "they're not a legend, just theoretical. But it looks like they may be trying to prove, not only that they exist, but if they do, how they can be used. Brilliant."

Dusty was the least scientific of the group and was already disinterested in the conversation. He walked through the lab looking for anything that might constitute a danger but wasn't seeing anything. Lucky was looking at the table in the middle of the room. It had bits and pieces of what appeared to be some kind of apparatus, but they didn't seem too threatening either.

When he backed up his hip hit something and a small box fell to the floor and began to hum.

"Damn it," he said under his breath.

"Careful Lucky," Dusty said. "Make sure everything is exactly where it was."

Lucky nodded and picked up the box. It was warm to touch and vibrated in his hand. He turned the box over and noticed a series of buttons and dial, and a small readout. He moved to put the box back on the table as his finger slid across one of the touch sensitive buttons.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash. The box fell to the table and the hum died off. A few minutes later Dusty called over to Ned.

"I'm not sure what Lee was looking for, but I'm not seeing anything," he said.

"Yeah, me either," Ned agreed. "Let's go. It's quitting time anyway."

The duo turned and headed out the door. Dusty turned back and looked into the room with the odd sensation that something, or someone was missing. Then he shrugged it off. Science labs often made him feel that way.

"Want to get something to eat?" Dusty asked his partner.

"Yeah, I'm starving," Ned replied.

Dusty laughed, "You're always starving. You know, we should ask Lee about getting a third member of our team. It sure would speed up the work of these investigations."

"You're right," Ned said. "We can put in a request tomorrow. Just the two of us makes me feel like something is missing."

The door to the lab closed and Dusty relocked it. The box on the counter lay there, inert, and completely harmless.

(posted by Al Muir)

Quinna found herself in a cell after all. Maybe she should have kept her mouth shut. She rubbed her wrists where the restraints were. Somewhere she hit her head but she did not remember it but her building headache sure did. She moved to the cot to sit down. All she needed was for her great escape. She moaned as she put her feet up on the cot.

"Well, get used to it. These people take their crimes quite seriously." The mysterious woman sighed. "I should know."

"I hear that. I don't see anything wrong with what I was doing either, but here we both are. Name's Prenea."

Prenea chortled. A dark and jaded sound. "The flimsiest of charges if you ask me. They said I was smuggling Romulan contraband."

“About...” Prenea paused. “Wait, what’s the stardate?”

Prenea let out an exasperated breath. “Oof. So that’s two months I’ve been here.”

“Nothing too spectacular. Cargo pilot. On the Wormhole Loop. So you can imagine the sheer audacity of station security locking me up for smuggling Romulan goods of all things. I suspect it’s just because the security chief didn’t like the fact that I wouldn’t sleep with him. What about you? What are you in for?”

“I am a pawn in a galactic game of chess.” Quinna said cryptically. “Why would you be locked up for smuggling Romulan goods since the Fall of the Romulan empire decade ago, the legalities of Romulan goods are nonexistent.”

Prenea shrugged and threw up her arms. Not that Quinna could see thanks to the wall separating them. “You’d think,” she said. “But apparently that’s something that just happens to still be on the books. What are you gonna do?” There was a hint of fatalism in her voice.

Quinna kept her guard up. She would not put anything against Commodore West or Lt. Breckenridge. It would help if she could see her talking buddy. “What am I going to do? Right now, finding a way to fix my head would help. But from what I gathered we are underground, and there so it makes it hard to scan, but I am sure this area is invisible to any scanning devices. Since they took my bag, and combadge, I guess all I can do is sit here and look pretty, until I am executed.”

“And if I’m any sort of example,” Prenea replied, “that’s going to be a long wait. But what can you do?”

“Do you know what the worst part is? My Captain had faith in me when no one else did, and now I have failed him and things are going to be worse. I just hope they get out and leave me to rot.” Quinna had a disheartening tone.

“You’re Starfleet, right?” Prenea asked. “My previous host was in Starfleet. And I’m sure he’d say don’t lose heart, they’re coming to get you, all that feel-good tosh. But as you can tell I’m not exactly of that same opinion myself. So strap in, sweetheart. You’ll be here a while.”

"Maybe not, maybe they will kill me soon." Quinna said with a bit of sarcasm.

"Honestly," Prenea said, "I don't know what this base is playing at at this point. That very well may be the case. After all, who gets locked up for two months for alleged smuggling?"

"I know, right?" Quinna took a deep breath, "Before your smuggling charges, did strange things happen on your ship?"

“Strange things?” Prenea was confused. “Strange things like what? I mean that’s a broad topic.”

“Sorry, I hit my head, perhaps I am not sure what I am talking about.” Quinna moved her head. Quinna, even though she had a slight headache because she hit her head, She was not as bad as she was letting on. “So when is dinner?”

“About four hours ago unfortunately.”

(Reply none)

(Posted by Spencer and Kris B)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2040)

He had been monitoring status since the officers had beamed aboard and their intrusive efforts had been mildly disruptive, the alert had been the final straw.

While he had been ordered to remain in the office and continue on as though nothing had happened something indeed HAD happened. Noting that one had been disconnected from the others he had ordered her transported here for questioning.

His eyes moved restlessly for an instant due to internal calculations then he moved forward and the door opened. The security officer stepped aside to move out of his path and he faced the female officer from the Illuminar.

"I am Commander William Hardy." He adopted the humans affable tone as he motioned the security man out of the room. "I apologize for any inconvenience impacting your 'security inspection' of the station. Strangely enough I have had very few reports of an actual inspection going on. There seems to be little actual work being done but a large amount of dallying around along with conversing with strangers which surprises me. I'm hoping you can shed some light on the subject Lieutenant. Just why are you here?"

(Reply: Solice)

He shook his head while adopting a bland expression. "Come now Doctor you can do better than that. Your crew has been acting as though you are on shore leave rather than on active duty and after the ruckus they have been causing I would be well within my commission to incarcerate you all as undesirable elements. Now why don't you drop the pretense and tell me why you are really here."

(Reply: Quinna)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Conference Room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 2140)

Lee listened to Dever's account before making a decision and was taken aback by Dr Penn's attitude. They were not taking this situation seriously. Overexuberance!! A slap on the wrist...get back to work! Ridiculous. Lee made up his mind. He pressed his com badge "Lee to Security control. Send two Security officers to the Conference Room on Deck 14."

He turned to the two scientists.

“Be that as it may.” Began Lee. “All civilians invited as guests on aboard a Starship are obliged to follow Starfleet regs. It’s a privilege to use the facilities on this ship and you have both violated those privileges. We are at Yellow Alert status and what you did in the labs was inexcusable. It is the Captain’s final decision to decide whether you should remain on board. A report of this conversation will be sent to the Captain. In the meantime, I feel that you both pose a threat to the safety of the crew and this ship.”

The conference room doors slid open to reveal two Security guards. Both of whom were Klingon, to Lee's delight. He looked at the two scientists and could detect a smile on Dever's face.

“As of now, you are confirmed to your quarters until the Captain decides otherwise. You will have no access to the comm system, computer usage and food replicators. You will be bought your food and refreshments. Your lab..sorry, Illuminar’s lab is currently sealed off for further investigations by our own ship’s scientists. Mr Devers, Crewman Koreq M’d’Unas and crewman Giisq Ao’Lik . Escort these scientist to their quarters. They are to not to speak to each other. If there is any sign of resistance, restrain them with cuffs. You will not leave your quarters as you probably incur the wrath of these two gentlemen who will be outside.”

(reply any)

“Darmok on the ocean. Shawshank and Andy Capone and alcatraz” Said Lee as the scientists and the security guards left the room.

He looked at his Padd and spent few minutes composing his report to the Captain before transmitting it to him.

(reply any)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - CMO Lt. Quinna Solice - 2042)

Quinna had not been there long. So it came as a surprise that the force field opened and a third officer stepped in.

"I am Commander William Hardy." He adopted the humans affable tone as he motioned the security man out of the room. "I apologize for any inconvenience impacting your 'security inspection' of the station. Strangely enough I have had very few reports of an actual inspection going on. There seems to be little actual work being done but a large amount of dallying around along with conversing with strangers which surprises me. I'm hoping you can shed some light on the subject Lieutenant. Just why are you here?"

“You know,” Quinna stood up straight in a defensive stance, but still in a calm tone of speaking. “I am not quite sure. I need a little rest and some make out time with my man. I take it that you all have given me the Presidential Suite here at your result.”

He shook his head while adopting a bland expression. "Come now Doctor, you can do better than that. Your crew has been acting as though you are on shore leave rather than on active duty and after the ruckus they have been causing I would be well within my commission to incarcerate you all as undesirable elements. Now why don't you drop the pretense and tell me why you are really here."

“I was walking in the Arcade, looking for my friends after all the commotion, Security picked me up, and a couple of officers decided to provide me with the lovely accommodation.” Quinna replied, “So you tell me why I am here, except for being an intergalactic pawn.”

(Reply Hardy)

“Why don’t you tell me why I am here. But if we both don’t know then you would not mind if I leave.” Quinna moved towards Hardy to make her way to the exit.

(Reply Hardy)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2143)

“I was walking in the Arcade, looking for my friends after all the commotion, Security picked me up, and a couple of officers decided to provide me with the lovely accommodation. So you tell me why I am here, except for being an intergalactic pawn.”

His positronic matrix digested the reply and recognized it for what it was; sarcasm, a non-reply termed a 'retort'. "Let's give a little background then. The Admiral tells me your ship is here as part of a security inspection and I'm told to give you 'all cooperation'. Your team transports over and half of you begin carousing and causing a ruckus. So you obviously aren't part of an inspection team. Which leads to the question I asked."

"Why don't you tell me why I am here. But if we both don't know then you would not mind if I leave."

"But I do mind. You've done nothing but deflect my question." He stepped to the side to cut her off and she was forced to stop short. "I'd be more than happy to facilitate your investigation of whatever it is you are investigating if I knew what it was. I'm more than happy to follow orders from the top brass but there comes a time when more data is required and we have come to that point."

(Reply: Quinna)

He shrugged. "Suit yourself then. I'll start picking up the rest of your team until I get some answers. You can wait in here for your boyfriend to arrive."

He turned crisply on his heel and headed for the door. Internally he had discarded the security inspection cover as their reason for being here due to their activities and calculated 93% odds that their duty here was an internal investigation of a subject or subjects within the station. The object of their investigation he calculated at 81% to be himself and his fellow conspirator. Led here by the Commodore? An overwhelming probability. The outcome? Short of a leak he had missed the outcome was fore-ordained. It suddenly registered in his circuitry that his current course of action was faulty and could cast suspicion on his activities so he pulled up short of the portal then turned. "On second thought orders are orders, you are free to go."

He then turned and barked as it opened. "Let her out to rejoin her team. No charges."

(Reply: Quinna, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Devers sat there and listened to the Chief. He shook his head in frustration as it was clear that the Chief had not listened to his report, or worse yet chose to ignore what he reported. He was so focused on how these scientists got a phaser that he didn't consider the questions of why they got the phaser, or what they were doing with it. Intent was just as important, he was taught, and that was an unknown.

More to the point, why did the one called Teller not go down when he fired. There was clearly more to what was going on and it was getting ignored.

Devers watched as the door opened, and the chief started giving orders. As he stood up, he looked at the chief, "Sir, I think that something is missing here. First, we have not determined why these two scientists fired the phaser. Second. and perhaps even more concerning, why did the one named Teller not go down when I fired three phaser shots at him, as I reported. With respect, Sir, you are being hasty in your judgement without all the facts. "

(reply Lee)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Teller looked at Lee with shock. “Chenza at court, the court of silence,” he said forcefully. “Picard, of the Enterprise to Admiral Satie. Archer, T’Pau. ch’Theru, Gral and Hayes at the signing. Colonel Jessep to Lieutenant Kaffee.” It was clear the Tamarian was in shock at what the security officer was saying.

Penn nodded to his partner and then turned back to the Security Chief, “So what you are saying is that you are stripping us of all of our civil liberties because... you don’t like us? You will take our freedom, you will take our property, you will even take away our rights to food and water. You even take away our opportunity to lodge a complaint over this treatment by eliminating our right to free speech. I would say that this is not only highly irregular, it is illegal.”

Clearly, his words were falling on deaf ears. What happened to the ship and organization that he believed was built on the rights of others, was still alive somewhere on this ship. This treatment was not better than the occupation of Bajor by the Cardassians, or even the Nazis in the mid-twentieth century Earth.

“Your behavior is the same as that of this Roanoke organization that we are out here to fight against,” Penn declared. “But I warn you of this, do NOT let anyone disturb our work in the lab. The results of untrained fools touching something that they do not understand could be catastrophic to the ship.”

He turned to his partner and winked, “:Atticus Finch with Tom Robinson at Maycomb, Alabama.”

(reply Lee, if you want)

(posted by Al Muir)

Devers was right. Why did the scientists fired the phaser? Why didn't Teller go down after Dever fired the phasers.

“Thank for bringing those facts to me, Mr Devers. My decision is restrict them to quarters will remain as it will certainly give us a bit more lee room to find out what’s going on.” Said Lee. He knew there was something niggling him at the back of his mind, but couldn’t work it out.

"I'm putting you in charge of the situation. Put a small team together to find out what those two were upto. Co-op one of the Illuminar scientists to talk to Dr Penn and Teller. Perhaps a they may be more inclined to talk to a fellow scientist rather than us. Also have a Betazoid SO or a counsellor on hand as well. Use this room as your base of operations. Keep me informed In the meantime, I arrange for someone to monitor them 24/7 on the Monitoring system."

(reply Devers)

“Oh bear in mind. That you are one of my team leaders for the Rapid Deployment exaction team. If we go to Red alert, then you have to drop everything and get the extraction team ready.”

(reply Devers)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 6- Central Hub - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2150)

As he climbed the stairs that circled the inner core of the station and considered all potential permutations to the arrival of the Illuminar crew and its repercussions his left hand trailed along the wall.

In some respects Defensive Platform 7 was reminiscent of 20th and 21st century holovids and Terek Nor which was originally of Cardassian design and now in Federation hands. That was of course now called Deep Space 9.

The reason for the cylindrical design was due to its function. DP7 was created for a specific purpose as it was the last line of defense to protect the Federation from the ancient Krell technology housed on the planet below.

DP7 was equipped with shields, phasers and photon torpedoes of course but its secondary purpose was built into the inner core. Should this shielded and armed station be in danger of falling it held one last surprise. Within the core which happened to be pointing toward the location of Dr. Morbius' lab above the ancient Krell reactor was a shielded anti-matter explosive of considerable size. The core was hollow like the barrel of a gun and fitted with rings of electromagnets like a torpedo launcher. In old Earth terms the platform itself was a sizeable rail gun, that technology had formed the foundation of the launchers on ships and stations.

As a final defense that explosive could be launched from the station, the warhead was designed to penetrate to the depth of the reactor through the layers of self-maintenance machinery and detonate. The resultant explosion would, according to calculations, incinerate the entire system along with anyone and anything within it.

Outrider 1 interfaced the clip of a conversation with Able Breckinridge in which the Lieutenant had stated he would rather launch the explosive rather than be taken by Federation forces. Why? Because he knew that the resulting trial, demotion and imprisonment would destroy his hope of a future.

Outrider 1 who had assumed the name and rank of Commander William Hardy stopped and turned toward that inner core. He placed his other hand on that wall as though trying to feel the power and menace that lay behind it.

Why would a sentient being be willing to sacrifice their own life and the lives of many others for a failing cause? Because truth be told Roanoke was such, the numbers of its adherents had dwindled to a small fraction of its former strength and those few left were scattered. Commander Hardy as he was now known was also aware of a renewed push by Starfleet Intelligence to round up the remainder. What had precipitated that?

A Captain that had been on its hit list had his ship now in orbit around this very station. Had he somehow been tipped off to their existence or was he as theorized merely following the Commodore and investigating his activities?

Was Roanoke worth such a sacrifice of men and materiel? The Federation at large had repudiated the efforts of that organization. They had opted to return to exploration over lethal defense. Had they chosen rightly? Were peaceful overtures and diplomacy preferable to subjugation?

On one hand it espoused weakness to form greater strength through the whole but alliances could be fragile. The recent past was a case in point. Armed might could yield greater dividends in the long term though many lives would be lost in the unfolding events. Yet in the end if all went as planned Earth in its aftermath might enjoy hundreds, perhaps thousands of years of peace. No more besieging alien races, no more death and destruction to its heartland.

But was it right, morally and ethically?

The Professor, his sire had believed in its aims and had included in his data banks terabytes of writings to that effect. In the last month however this sentient unit had read and ingested that much and more that ran counter to it. In essence each side could be considered propaganda. Which however could be considered correct? Which was more humane? More ethical? And what role did religion play in the outcome?

Were there higher powers like the Q or even a single creator who would judge the Federation on its motives and actions?

Earth had millenia of warfare in its history? Why had it turned from that to peace? Had that change of outlook insured the integrity of its species or doomed it to eventual destruction?

He had been standing like this for several minutes and noted the passing of others who had looked at him questioningly. He turned from the inner wall and started back up the stairs not noting the woman loitering behind whom he had recently released. To those others it would appear he had been deep in thought. He had.

Outrider 1 had much to consider. Would he initiate that command?

"Why would I end so quickly an existence that has begun so recently?" He spoke inaudibly as he climbed the stairs. Atomizing the system would not bring back his creator nor advance Roanoke's goal.

And in the end it would be neither ethical nor humane.

(Repky: Quinna, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Prenea Alyl/CMO Quinna Solice - 2150)

"But I do mind. You've done nothing but deflect my question." He stepped to the side to cut her off and she was forced to stop short. "I'd be more than happy to facilitate your investigation of whatever it is you are investigating if I knew what it was. I'm more than happy to follow orders from the top brass but there comes a time when more data is required and we have come to that point."

"I don't know what to tell you." Quinna said, "I don't have the information you are looking for."

He shrugged. "Suit yourself then. I'll start picking up the rest of your team until I get some answers. You can wait in here for your boyfriend to arrive."

As Hardy turned to leave, Quinna turned to face the wall.

"On second thought orders are orders, you are free to go." Quinna heard and did an abrupt about-face.

He then turned and barked as it opened. "Let her out to rejoin her team. No charges."

"Hey, Hardy," she said in a warm tone, "if you're in a forgiving mood, why not let me out too? After all, I've had a lot of time in this cell to think about the error of my ways and I've seen since."

(reply Hardy)

"Come on, Ellie, help me out here. You know I shouldn't have been in here for so long, right?"

Quinna's jaw dropped. What was he doing? That was not the orders he alluded to earlier. And she was sure that was not the orders. Quinna now had questions to be answered. She stepped through the door.

(reply Solice)

Then all of a sudden there he was, her hero. She thought it was funny that he came to save her, but she was already released.

“Quinna?!” he was at a loss. “What... what’s going on? What happened? Are you okay?”

Suddenly he threw his arms around her and held her tightly.

Quinna held the embrace and then pulled back after she managed to have the skin-to-skin contact on their cheeks realizing that he was indeed there.

“I am good. I was just released.” Quinna looked in the direction that Hardy left. “We have to go. We need to follow him.” Quinna did not give anyone a chance to reply yet. She started to move in the direction Hardy went. She did not want to lose him. And she was not waiting for the others to follow.

"You can look up my record. You can tell for yourself you won't regret this. Name's Prenea. Prenea Alyl."

Quinna stopped for a second and turned to Michael and T'Mur. "Someone should help her."

(Reply Weston, T'Mur, Prenea)

"I have to go. I need to know. He did not kill me, Hardy went against orders and released me. I will be ok." Quinna took off.

(Reply Weston, T'Mur, Prenea)

Quinna managed to find Hardy but kept her distance. She observed his actions. She said nothing as she climbed the spiral staircase behind him.

(Reply Weston, T'Mur, Prenea, Hardy?)

(Posted by Spencer and Kris B)

[illegible]

After a moment Quinna extricated herself from Michael and explained that this Commander Hardy had simply let her go.

"We have to go," Quinna said turning back into the detention area. "We need to follow him."

She started to move towards a second door and Michael and T'Mur moved to follow.

Suddenly there was another voice. "You can look up my record. You can tell for yourself you won't regret this. Name's Prenea. Prenea Alyl."

Quinna stopped for a second and turned to Michael and T'Mur. "Someone should help her."

Weston looked at the cell with a female Trill standing by the security field. "What do you want to do?"

"I have to go. I need to know. He did not kill me, Hardy went against orders and released me. I will be ok." Quinna took off.

Michael stalled, looking at this Prenea Alyl. The name sounded oddly familiar but he couldn't place it at the moment.

"I'm not sure what you want," he said to the prisoner. "But Quinna has dealt a hand and I need to go after her. If I can I'll come back for you."

With that he left the room to follow Quinna, leaving T'Mur with the prisoner.

"Prenea Alyl," T'Mur said with a raised eyebrow. "We have a Jatón Alyl on the the Illuminar. I am not particularly familiar with family names with Trill, however I get the idea that there's a connection."

(reply Prenea)

Meanwhile Michael ran and quickly caught up with Quinna, trying to watch a man from the shadows.

He put a hand on Quinna's leg to get her attention. "What are you doing?" he asked, his voice carrying his frustration and concern.

"Don't you think it is weird that an officer would release me, out of the blue?" Quinna said. "Watch, there is something about him. Tell me I am wrong." Quinna challenged.

Michael shook his head, "There's no denying, it is odd. What did you say this guy's name was? Hardy? Like the station CO?"

There was a spark of a memory going through his head. Hardy? Hardy? What did he know about Hardy? "What are you thinking?"

"Do you not trust me? I am telling you. There is more." Quinna insisted. "And I am going to go find out."

Michael smiled at Quinna, "Of course I trust you. But it would help to know what we're looking for."

Quinna turned and looked directly into his eyes, "I am not sure just yet. It is a gut instinct. You get those moments. You did when you initially trusted me. I am asking you to take a leap of faith in me and come on."

The SFI operative took a deep breath, and said, "I'm with you. But if things go south, we need to fall back on Rule 1."

"I have never disobeyed that rule and I do not intend to start." Quinna said as she started to move again. Hardy had managed to get further away.

(Reply Alyl, Hardy)

(Posted by Al. M. and Kris B.)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - Cargo Pilot Prenea Alyl - 2153)

“Someone should help her.” Ellie said.

Weston looked at the cell with a female Trill standing by the security field. “What do you want to do?”

"I have to go. I need to know. He did not kill me, Hardy went against orders and released me. I will be ok." Quinna took off.

Michael stalled, looking at this Prenea Ayl. The name sounded oddly familiar but he couldn't place it at the moment.

"I'm not sure what you want," he said to the prisoner. "But Quinna has dealt a hand and I need to go after her. If I can I'll come back for you."

With that he left the room to follow Quinna, leaving T'Mur with the prisoner.

“Prenea Alyl,” T’Mur said with a raised eyebrow. “We have a Jatón Alyl on the the Illuminar. I am not particularly familiar with family names with Trill, however I get the idea that there’s a connection.”

Prenea's brows furrowed, shaking her head. "No, that's not possible. Jatón Ayl's dead. He's been dead for 27 years."

(reply T'Mur)

"How do I know? Because Jatón was my previous host. I received the Ayl symbiont 27 years ago from him after he was killed by the Orion Syndicate. I talked to him at my zhian'tara. It's tragic what happened to him, but I'm Ayl now." She walked away from the force field separating her and the Vulcan, and sat down on the bench at the back of the cell.

"Now you're telling me my previous host is alive and well and on your ship? How is that possible?"

(reply T'Mur, any)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Level 7- Detention Center - CTO - Lt(jg) T'Mur - 2154)

"I assure you," T'Mur stated, "I have seen the Lieutenant alive today. What makes you believe he is dead?"

The Trill moved to the back of her cell and sat on the cot. Then she looked up, "Now you're telling me my previous host is alive and well and on your ship? How is that possible?"

(reply Pernea Alyl)
(posted by Al Muir)

"I'm putting you in charge of the situation. Put a small team together to find out what those two were upto. Co-op one of the Illuminar scientists to talk to Dr Penn and Teller. Perhaps a they may be more inclined to talk to a fellow scientist rather than us. Also have a Betazoid SO or a counselor on hand as well. Use this room as your base of operations. Keep me informed In the meantime, I arrange for someone to monitor them 24/7 on the Monitoring system," the Chief said.

“Oh bear in mind. That you are one of my team leaders for the Rapid Deployment exaction team. If we go to Red alert, then you have to drop everything and get the extraction team ready,” the Chief says.

(Lee, IYW)

[illegible]

He had been making the climb to the office slowly.

The staircase wound around the central hub tightly but the wall opened up at every deck to a corridor or staging area. His eyes traveled to the promenade as it came into view and every being, their positions and destinations were instantly cataloged in his memory bank. The few shops here were an eclectic mix and rarely busy. Business here within an interdicted zone were tightly controlled and owners had to go through a rigid process of checks and recheck before gaining permission to open a shop. And if you were caught engaging in shady activities? If you were lucky you might have time to gather your belongings before you were shipped off. Security to put it mildly was intrusive.

Having a data bank to process could be compared to a human with an eidetic memory with instant recall of all past experiences, food eaten, books read, and music heard along with the time, day, what you were wearing, who you were with and what they were saying if they were a distraction.

The data he had downloaded into a portion of the stations memory bank were then past memories.

He stiffened and pulled up short as this computation rose to the surface. The action wasn't android-like but that's because a subroutine triggered that mimicked Hardys behavior. What information may have been overlooked that could incriminate them? What data might someone find who was combing the computer system? What might they stumble upon?

Plans made with Lieutenant Breckinridge, Roanoke codes, names of operatives and contacts... well those were just a few. He didn't know the names of all but the ones he was aware of were integral to the operation.

He broke into a run up the stairs, had he actually been human he would have been cursing as he climbed the last 3 decks. He never slowed down since as a mechanism he never tired, the micro-fusion cells that provided energy merely compensated for the increased amp and voltage draw and maintained it until he arrived at deck 1 and headed for his office.

He needed to interface the system in his office and check to see if anyone had accessed the files.

Because like his predecessor Data he had a finite memory bank and to make room to store more information some had to be backed up to an external drive. The information pertaining to Roanoke was crucial therefore he never wiped it from his own memory but the original data was backed up in event it was lost due to a catastrophic system failure due to say... damage as an example.

He reached his office and was through the door in a flash, not once did he turn his head to see if he was being followed.

Why would anyone be following the Commander of the station after all, what reason could they possibly have?

(Reply: Weston, Solice iyw)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Weston's legs were beginning to feel the burn of the lactic acid build up in his legs. He felt that he was in pretty good shape, but this William Hardy amazing physical condition. His pace never altered. He ran like a machine. You could even hear the pace of his footsteps hitting the staircase tread.

They had managed to close some of the gap to Hardy but it took a cost, in muscle fatigue and breathing. Michael had taken the lead in the chase, silently urging Quinna along. Thank God she was a swimmer. Her breathing still seemed fairly easy, if not more forced. Neither of them had physically prepared for the pace of this stair climb.

Suddenly the sound of Hardy's steps stopped. Michael stopped his own run and put a hand up to stop Quinna. Then he put his finger to his lips. They continued their climb but at a much slower pace, with small, and silent steps.

Quinna might have more endurance if she was swimming her way up. Her knees were bothering her. She swore she would exercise more. Endorphine kept her going and climbing. She knew Michael was a couple of paces ahead, but her brain was going overloaded with many incomplete thoughts. Her concentration was starting to waver. Suddenly they made it to the top. She bent over catching her breath. "You good?" Quinna asked Michael after she straightened her stance.

Michael winked at her, "I'm good, but I fear for my legs tomorrow."

Then the clickety clack of footsteps began again. But the pace had increased. Michael couldn't believe it. This guy must run these stairs everyday, several times. He was literally running at Michael's full pace, up stairs. Then transport back down to the bottom and do it again. It was almost impossible to believe the pace he moved.

Try as he could, there was no way that Michael could match that pace. He listened to see where the footsteps would stop, but he could only imagine it would be the first floor. With a sigh he turned to Quinna.

"Let's go," he urged. "This is what you wanted."

They began again, moving as fast as they could. Sure enough, the only sign of an exit seemed to be on level one. Breathing heavily he stopped short of the door. The last thing he needed was to go through the doorway to a group of suspecting security guards, while he was winded. Bent over, hands on his knees, he drew breath as deep into his lungs as possible, while trying to slow down his breathing rate to force oxygen into his bloodstream. He reached out and took hold of Quinna's hand, checking her readiness.

Quinna managed to fare better. She wished she had her bag as she could have given Michael something. “Look, are you sure you want to do this with me?” Quinna asked. She had wanted to keep this more professional but she kissed Michael on the cheek. “I or we have to follow this to the end.”

If another partner had done that Michael would have reminded them of the dangers of becoming emotionally involved. But that danger had already reared its head. "I'm as ready as I can be."

“Ok. Let's do this.” Quinna said without care that she had nothing to arm herself with. Quinna punched the door to open. Oddly it was not locked and she stepped through.

Michael was surprised, after all how could anyone not think that they were not being followed.

Quinna was surprised to see an empty corridor. The only room with noise was next to them. Again without thought, Quinna opened the door. She felt Michael at her heels. She looked at Hardy and said one word, "Why?"

(Reply Hardy)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible]

(Defense Platform 7 - Deck 1- Commander's Office - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) -- 2200)

He entered and made straight for his desk then keyed in a number sequence that opened a direct access frequency to the main databank; in this way he was more advanced than his predecessor. Commander Data had required a hard line connection to the computer to download his memories, Outrider 1 could quite easily do it wirelessly.

He was just beginning to access the files when the door opened and the Lieutenant from Illuminar burst in along with a male who was not in uniform, her boyfriend?

“Why?”

"Why what and what the hell do you think you are doing bursting into my office?" He snapped. "And who is this yahoo with you?"

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

The pigment of his face paled as a data tracker on the file showed it had recently been downloaded, it was another subroutine mimicking human behavioral traits.

"You ditzzy dame I was FOLLOWING orders..." he growled, "... and that was not to interrupt your investigation and to give all assistance. I rethought what I wanted to do which was incarcerate you until I got the information I asked for." He looked over at Weston. "Once again who the hell are you civilian?"

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

"Starfleet Intelligence? It figures." The jig it appeared was close to being up, if they now had access to that file... He sat down in the chair and considered the phaser in the desk drawer. If the information

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

"Then I guess you have no good reason for being here other than to bust my chops over doing you a good turn."

(Posted by Charles G)

With due respect, thought Lee. Seem to be Hercules Dever's buzz word for 'I don't agree with you' but Lee decided to let that go.

(reply Devers)

(reply Devers)

(reply Devers)

“Thank you. Said Lee. He almost said that he would respect Dever’s decision but decided against it. “As for the tactical battle suits. I thought about that. Yes, indeed you have to be certified and trained in wearing such a suit. However it occurred to me it not might not be a good idea to be wandering around in a tactical battle suit aboard D7,s a Federation facility especially in a covert operation Such a suit would inappropriate for enclosed limited spaces. I don’t really accept that wearing a tactical battle suit is a solution. There’s too much reliance on the technology. I prefer as Security Officers, we use our skills and tactical experience not to mention our senses to adapt to potential hostile environments..what is it..to develop our situation awareness. To quote a popular pop culture of my time..our Peter Parker Spidery senses! Thus the additional training by the instructors. Any other observations Mr Devers before I dismiss you. I really need you to get on with that investigation. . Infact..” Lee looked at the chronometer. It was 2000 hrs..getting late. “I think you can start your investigations tomorrow. Let the scientists stew abit in the meantime.”

(posted by John)

(Defense Platform 7 - Deck 1- Commander's Office - SFI Michael Weston, CMO Quinna Solice - 2202)

~Yahoo?~ Weston thought. He'd been called many things in his career, but a yahoo was not one of them. ~Besides, who uses words like yahoo that way?~

The pigment of his face paled as a data tracker on the file showed it had recently been downloaded, it was another subroutine mimicking human behavioral traits.

“Me?” Weston asked, putting his hand on his chest. “Just call me Mr. Yahoo. Or, Michael Weston from SFI. You know, I read an interesting report about you, not that long ago, Commander.”

Weston gave a wry smile, "I'm not exactly sure. Whatever we got is now being analyzed on the Illuminar. However, the parameters that I gave the data storage device were fulfilled, so I imagine that I did."

"Then I guess you have no good reason for being here other than to bust my chops over doing you a good turn."

“No,” Quinna said as she moved closer to Hardy, “What is going on? You sensed something. You would not have come down to see me and let me go. It is Breckenridge, isn’t it.”

Weston approached the desk, "There's more to it than that. You're conflicted. I can see it. But it's as if you've never been conflicted before. There's something about you Mr. Hardy. I do not believe that

you're the commander." He shook his head. "I don't know who you are, but you are not Commander William Hardy."

(reply Hardy)

(posted by Al and Kris)

(Defense Platform 7 - Deck 1- Commander's Office - Commander William Hardy (Outrider 1) - 2205)

"No, what is going on? You sensed something. You would not have come down to see me and let me go. It is Breckenridge, isn't it." That was from the female.

There's more to it than that. You're conflicted. I can see it. But it's as if you've never been conflicted before. There's something about you Mr. Hardy. I do not believe that you're the commander. I don't know who you are, but you are not Commander William Hardy." That from the yahoo Michael Weston.

Outrider 1 answered the second accusation first. "You idiot..." he spat, "... who else would I be?"

He then turned his attention to Quinna. "And what the hell makes you think Lieutenant..." and the word Lieutenant was spoken with just the right amount of condescension, "... Breckinridge has anything to do with this?"

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

The door from the control room slid open and Abel Breckinridge entered palming a hand phaser which he brandished openly as it closed. "Well, well isn't this a fine pickle? The young lady is out and about and causing a ruckus again." His eyes traveled to the android as he covered the two from Illuminar. "And just why would that be?"

Hardy's voice came from behind the two who had turned to face the new threat. "I released her to deflect any suspicion." There was the sound of a drawer opening.

"It looks like that didn't work." Abel was furious and it showed on his face though his voice was cold. "What is this data you asked them about?"

"My memories downloaded into the computer, I backed up everything including sensitive information in an encrypted file but they or their cohorts have downloaded it."

"You vithing, idiot of a machine! You told me there was nothing incriminating in the databank!" Breckinridge roared. His finger on firing stud grew white as his lips twisted into a feral snarl. "You have damned us!"

"Would you have done any differently" The voice of Commander Hardy was resigned.

Abel gave a jerk of the phaser in his hand. "You two against the far wall and don't make any sudden movements. If you so much as sneeze I will burn you down. This weapon is set to kill. MOVE!"

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

From their new vantage point they could see Hardy was holding a phaser as well and watching them closely. "They say it's not on them but already sent to the Illuminar."

Abel's face was a hot red. "They could be lying. Empty your pockets and kick it toward me!"

(Reply: Quinna, Weston)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

“The seventh guarantee of the constitution. You will have to enlighten me on that, Mr Devers” asked Lee.

~Seriously? What is the Chief pulling? That was drilled into us in training and I thought officers were supposed to ~ Devers thought to himself.

"Sir, uh, the Seventh Guarantee of the Federation Constitution," he said, "The one that protects Federation citizens from being compelled to give self-incriminating testimony in a legal proceeding. As I was taught, having a telepath or empath in the room violates that guarantee."

"I'm open to suggestions as to the investigation. You have the floor," the chief said

"I am not sure what you are asking, Sir," Devers replied. "It seems we need to get the answers to the questions about why discharge the phaser, why the Tamarian wasn't impacted by the 3 shots I fired at him, what sort of experiments are going in the lab, but that will probably require someone from Engineering and Science to help me understand. Of course, those answers will lead to more questions."

“Thank you for your suggestion. I will take that matter under advisement.” Said Lee

Devers frowned, "Sir, you just put me in charge of the investigation, are you taking that away from me now? Can you please clarify?"

(reply Lee)

“Now for that other matter you just brought up about the team leadership for the Rapid Deployment exaction team. It is indeed an optional assignment which I hope will not happen but we got to prepare for all eventualities..a just in case scenario. You may not be aware of this but the instructors are putting on extra extensive training sessions which will benefit all Security Officers for all situations. As for team leadership of such a team. I still awaiting responses from anyone that have leadership potential whether they want to take on that role. Because you are on my list, I assumed that you would jump at the chance. So forgive me for my assumptions, Mr Devers. I would like a formal written reply from you

please. But what if..this is just an if.. I order you to run such a team..would you do it? You are free to speak your mind, Mr Devers. I shall not think of anything less of you."

Devers shrugged. He swallowed his annoyance at the dig the Chief has made about not thinking less of him. He was a highly trained member of the security team, was one of the leaders within the NCO ranks, and one of the best at hand to hand combat. Only a weak leader makes a comment like that.

"Sir, I don't know what you mean about extra training sessions, as it seems we are doing the standard training that is required of all security personnel. Or are you referring to the fact that the NCOs get together every morning for training and exercise. We've been teaching different hand-to-hand combat techniques, for example, so that people have multiple different skills to call on. We have even had a few officers come to learn to improve their skills."

"With respect, Sir, I will comply with all legal orders given to me by the chain of command. I will lead any team you ask me to. What I am objecting to, Sir, is this idea of creating a Rapid Deployment exaction team on the fly with no prior team training. For a team to be effect in that role, they need to practice, practice and practice so every member of the team knows what the others are doing. Who takes what wall, who's first in the breach, etc. Saying it is so, and trying to deploy something like that now is a pipe dream. As I recall, the Marines practice that sort of team training and it takes several months to build a functioning unit," he paused.

"You want me to go onto that defense platform and rescue our people, I can handle that mission, and I'll bring them home safely. But don't call it a rapid deployment force until you actually build these teams and get them training. More to the point, those team members will need to be taking off rotation so that they can train and get good at those skills. If you were more clear as to your objectives, Sir, perhaps the rest of security would be able to execute more efficiently.

Thank you," said Lee. "As for the tactical battle suits. I thought about that. Yes, indeed you have to be certified and trained in wearing such a suit."

Devers nodded, "Which, you may recall, I am. Having been one of the first on the Illuminar to begin training with them."

"However it occurred to me it not might not be a good idea to be wandering around in a tactical battle suit aboard D7,s a Federation facility especially in a covert operation. Such a suit would inappropriate for enclosed limited spaces. I don't really accept that wearing a tactical battle suit is a solution. There's too much reliance on the technology," Lee said

"Sir, then why bother mentioning them. We are Star Fleet security forces, not the Marines. Battle suits, HALO jumping and the like are for the Marines. We're not supposed to be a front line fighting force, but the men and women here can hold their own. None of us are clamoring for more technology, Sir, as it does slow us down. I'll take my phaser, my baton and my wits. " Devers replied.

"I prefer as Security Officers, we use our skills and tactical experience not to mention our senses to adapt to potential hostile environments..what is it..to develop our situation awareness. To quote a

popular pop culture of my time..our Peter Parker Spidery senses! Thus the additional training by the instructors," Lee said.

Devers shrugged again, "Then the training needs to be better designed, Sir, if that is your goal, your desire. It is not being communicated to the boots, Sir. You can't run a security department from your office and sending memos, Sir. You need to get out more and interact with the team. Show them you care, and show them what you want them to do."

"I really need you to get on with that investigation. . In fact.." Lee looked at the chronometer. It was 2200 hrs. "I think you can start your investigations tomorrow. Let the scientists stew abit in the meantime."

Devers frowned, "Sir, if I am in charge of the investigation, please let me run it. If you would prefer someone else to do it, then assign them. There is a lot of information to get a handle on, and letting people stew will not get us that information."

(Rely Lee)

(Posted by Tim)

USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller, Ensign Bohb and Temas Laredo - 2230)

The two scientists had been unceremoniously escorted to their shared quarters. The one security officer who seemed to have a clue was ignored by his commander, so here they were. No computer access, two guards outside their door.

Once the door had closed, Teller looked at Penn, "Gilligan on the Island," he said. Walking over to a closet, he opened it and took out a medium sized hard case. Putting it on the table, he laughed as he opened the case to reveal their traveling toolkit.. "The Professor on the Island, with a coconut. McGuyder with a knife."

He pulled out the pocket boards with their tools, and laid them on the table. Underneath the tools were more tools, but especially several tricorders, two PADDs and isolinear chips. Picking up the sonic driver and a wrench, the Tamarian went over to a panel on the wall. After several minutes he had the panel off, revealing the inner workings of the ship. Their quarters were by a junction, so they had full access to an isolinear array.

Grabbing a tricorder, he began to scan the array as Penn came over with their collection of isolinear chips. Fanning out the chips with a flourish he offered them to Teller.

"Houdini with the cards," he said smiling. "Shin Lim in Vegas."

Teller ran his fingertips over the chips then wiggled his fingers as he chose one. Slowly but surely he drew one and replaced one of the chips in the array. This process repeated over and over until they met with a satisfying chirp.

Teller closed the panel as their program started to run. The temperature and humidity began to increase. The furniture disappeared, to be replaced by a beach by the ocean. Comfortable chairs sat facing the water, with a table between the chairs.

The sounds of reggae music played in the distance as Teller sat down and took one of the drinks and sat back in the chair, "Darmok and Jalad on the ocean," he said.

The Benzite had disappeared into his room and came out a moment later. He had changed his outfit and was now wearing a pair of Bermuda shorts and a tacky print shirt with palm trees and hula dancers on it.

He was carrying a second, similar shirt and offered it to Teller. He then sat down in the other chair, picked up his own drink and sat back. He lifted his glass to his partner and chuckled, "Mr. Roark and Tattoo on the island,"

Teller donned the shirt and raised his glass.

As Penn took a sip of his drink the door chime rang and the door opened. The large, looming figure of Bohb filled the doorway. He looked over at the Klingon guard with a mixture of curiosity and disdain.

"I think I can manage," Bohb said dismissively, then stepped into the room. When the door closed he instantly began to perspire.

He looked over at the duo sitting in comfortable looking chairs, drinking tall drinks with tiny umbrellas stuck in them.

"Changed the environmental settings a little?" he asked.

"We are on vacation," Penn offered, looking over at Teller.

"John McClane to Komarov, Axel Foley in Beverly Hills," he replied.

Bohb chuckled, "And here I thought you'd been locked out of your computer controls. I'm assuming you've reset the replicator controls?"

Penn lifted his glass as if to say cheers.

Bohb loosened his collar and walked over to the replicator station. "Pina Colada," he looked over at Teller who was smiling welcomingly, "in a coconut shell, non-alcoholic please."

He turned around to find a spare seat sitting across from Penn and Teller. Bohb walked over and straddled the chair.

"You want to tell me what happened?" Bohb asked.

Teller nodded. "'Kira at Bashi. The beast at Tanagra. Darmok and Jalad at Tanagra. McGuyver with a knife. Marvin, the Martian, observing Earth. Jack, his face blank. Peter Parker in Queens. Gilligan on the island. Shaka, when the walls fell. Archimedes in the bathtub. The Professor with a coconut. Hawkeye in the OR. Fermi offers a wager. Darmok and Jalad on the Ocean. Kitten pacing in the window. Barney Fife with his bullet. Kentra braving the ocean. Zinda, his face black, his eyes red."

He took a small box off his belt and handed it to Bohb.

Bohb's mouth opened and closed, but he couldn't get words to come out. Suddenly the voice of Penn broke his daze.

"I couldn't say it any more succinctly," Penn said, looking at Bohb.

"I bet," Bohb shot back. Then he looked at the box, and his fascination with the technology trumped his confusion at Teller's words.

"What did he say this box did?" Bohb asked Penn.

"Wasn't it clear?" Penn replied. "It's a personal deflector device that we were testing. It can absorb and diffuse almost any energy weapon." He rolled his eyes at Bohb. "Weren't you listening?"

Now Bohb was fascinated, "And you were testing it with a phaser?"

"Clearly," Penn sounded exasperated. "Why else would I be shooting at my best friend with a phaser at level 6?"

"Level 6!" Bohb cried. "What happened!"

"Apparently it caused a feedback that... well.. tickled."

Bohb couldn't help himself. A burst of laughter burst out of him that sounded like a howl.

Teller cocked his head to one side, "Jack Byrnes to Greg Focker. Egon to Veckman in the ballroom. Harley Quinn with the ray gun."

The door chime rang and the door opened. Tamas gave a strange look at the Klingon guard and entered. "Well that's interesting." Then he turned his attention to the trio in the room.

"Carrie, to Mr. Big. At the park." he said standing up. "Hawkeye to Quoc. "Garth Brooks and Captain Morgan. Limes in coconuts." Teller stood by the replicator and pushed some buttons as the new visitor entered the room.

The Temarian held out a large glass of a fruity looking liquid with a smile in his eyes and his mind full of merriment and jocularity. The Betazoid couldn't help but smile and took the glass, emanating a feeling of gratitude.

"Thanks," he said. He took a sip of the drink then suddenly coughed. He was certain there was more to the drink than fruit juice, although it did have a distinct fruity flavor to it.

"Wow!" he said looking at the glass a little more carefully. Then he looked around the room. "You guys seem to have made yourselves comfortable in your solitude."

Penn laughed and lifted his glass to drain it. "Well why should we be uncomfortable. If we're on vacation, then we should relax. Don't you agree?" Then he turned to Teller and said "Peter Beller and Rachel Jansen at the luau."

"The luau," Teller replied as he took a pull on his drink. "Hawkeye and Trapper John," he said. Pointing to Bohb, he said, "King Kong on Skull Island." Cocking his head to one side, he looked at the newcomer, "Dumbledore to Draco."

Penn shrugged his shoulders and turned back to the newcomer, "And who are you, exactly?"

Temas took another sip of the strong drink and cleared his throat, "Oh, I'm Temas Laredo. I'm Luma Lenai's bond mate, and part time ship's counselor. I'm here because Luma wanted me to check on you two."

Penn gave him an aha look and turned to Teller, "No, Harold to Maude."

"So, if I might ask, what have you two been up to?" Temas asked.

Bohb stood up and slurped down the rest of his drink, handing the shell to Teller.

"It might be faster if I explain," the Magillan said. "First of all the doctors have devised a personal deflector device about the size of my hand." He held up his huge hand. "They were testing it with a hand phaser, without making the proper clearances and wound up confined to quarters because Lee was irritated with them. Does that sum it up?" he asked, turning to Penn and Teller.

Teller spoke "Sokath, his eyes opened." he agreed

"Well you did skip the whole part about him depriving us of our basic civil liberties, including food and drink." He lifted his glass in salute then drained it.

"You seem to have overcome that problem," Laredo noted. Then he played with his collar, "Is it hot in here?"

"And humid," Bohb answered. "Apparently Penn and Teller went to the Bahamas, or some tropical island."

Temas took a longer drink from his glass, getting used to the after bite. "So I see. And you Lieutenant?"

"Please," Bohb held up a hand, "in the Bahamas it's just Bohb. And I was asked to come and find out what they were working on by Commander Gregory. Apparently they were confined before anyone really knew what was going on in that lab. Not sure anyone still does."

"I was wondering the same thing," Temas admitted. He finished his drink and smacked his lips. "That's pretty good juice. Can I have some more?"

Teller obliged by pouring more of the drink for Temas, "Jimmy Buffet at Margaritaville." he said before topping off his partner's glass as well. Turning to Bohb, he pointed to the empty coconut, "Holmes. The man and his lady?" he asked.

Looked at his empty cup, then back at Teller. His intention was clear. He wanted everyone to relax. ~Sometimes you have to say, what the hell.~

"Go for it," Bohb said, catching on to some of the references earlier. "Hawkeye to BJ at the still."

Teller looked at Penn, "Sokath," he said, pleased and filled Bohb's coconut, handing it back to the Magillan.

Bohb turned to Temas, taking a drink of his vicinity flavored drink, eyes wide as he neglected to make it alcohol free, "So Mr. Laredo..."

Temas held up his hand, "Temas, since we're in the Bahamas."

Bohb nodded, "Temas... you seemed to be a man on a mission when you came in. What were you wanting?"

He took another long drink from his "fruit punch" and then looked at them all as the alcohol began to take an effect. "Lumina... I mean Luma was concerned that someone on the ship has disappeared. The problem is that nobody is missing from the ship's roster... roster. She thought you may be able to shed some light on the matter."

Bohb pulled up a chair, "You better sit down boy, before you fall down."

Temas sat down waiting to hear if they had an explanation. Penn looked at Teller.

"The Invisible Man, after the treatment. George Bailey after meeting Clarence."

Teller looked at Penn. He began to write some equations in the sand at his feet, "Egon to Veckman. Slimer, the ghost. Zuel returns to New York, the Staypuff Marshmallow man." He said, puzzled.

Penn shook his head and went to the replicator, returning with another drink for both of them.

"Annie to Franklin Roosevelt.."

Teller took the drink. He looked at Tamas and Bohb. "Hiller. Captain Hiller to Levinson," he said to Penn, a guilt tone in his voice.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

Mission: Masquerade

Day: 1

Stardate: 2446.02.22

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6, CSO's Office - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 0800)

Jaton walked into his office and was disappointed to see that neither scientist was in his there, like he requested. His mood, already sour, soured some more and a distinct scowl materialised on his face. He took a seat behind his desk, and tapped his commbadge.

"Lieutenant Lee please escort Drs. Penn and Teller to my office. Ensign T'Shalaith, report to my office immediately."

(reply Lee, T'Shalaith)

Jaton closed the channel and steepled his fingers on the desk in front of him, looking as serious and imposing as possible as he waited for the involved parties to arrive.

(reply Lee, Penn, Teller, T'Shalaith)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters (The Bahamas) - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller, Ensign Bohb and Temas Laredo- 0810)

Teller was still in his beach chair, snoring softly, water lapping gently on to the sand. The empty remains of their first night of vacation stacked on the table between his and Penn's chair.

He heard a noise like an annoying fly. Lazily he waved his hand to brush away an insect. Not that their Bahama's had insects. He sighed and rolled to his side.

“Good morning gentlemen. I am here to escort you to Lieutenant Jatón Ayl’s office where he requests to see you both.”

Teller muttered, "Hemingway. The author. On sleep. Mitch Robbins to Curley around the campfire,"

"If you care to follow me." Lee said.

The sound of the voice of his partner stirred Penn from his alcohol induced slumber. Suddenly, every sound seemed magnified by at least a multiple of ten. He sat up and said, “Do you mind. Some of us are trying to die in peace over here.” Then he turned to Teller and said, “Barbara and Johnny, at the cemetery.”

There was a noise coming from the restroom and suddenly Bohb staggered out of the bathroom, “Whew, i wouldn’t go in there for a while.” Suddenly he saw who was at the door. “Ummm... did I interrupt anything.”

A moment later Tamas appeared from his sleeping place behind the oversized umbrella that had tipped over. “Do you people have no sense of...”

He took a general read of the room, and then, still somewhat affected by the alcohol, said, “You know, I really don’t think he feels despotic. In fact, if anything, he seems to be struggling with some sort of control issue.”

(Reply Lee)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 0815)

Lee stood in bemusement at the scene before him as he asked Dr Penn and Teller to escort him and the security guards. Somehow the room was transformed into a scene from the Bahamas. Actually he thought it was rather amusing

(None reply)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters (The Bahamas) - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller; Ensign Bohb, Temas Laredo - 0817)

"You know, I don't really think he feels despotic. In fact, if anything he seems to be struggling with some sort of control issue," Temas said.

Chief Lee spoke again, frustration creeping into his voice, “I repeat, Drs Penn and Teller, you are to accompany me to see Lieutenant Jatton Aly’s who has requested to see you.”

Teller rolled over in his chair, and opened an eye to look Lee over. “Detective Chuck Fowler to Duece Bigelow at the club,” he said before repeating “Mitch Robbins to Curley around the campfire. Ted to Bill in the phone booth. Dr. Evil, to his minions, in the conference room.”

Standing up, he went to the replicator and pushed some buttons, four cups of a steaming liquid appeared on a tray. "Cookie striking the triangle. Folgers in your cup." he said as he took a cup for himself and brought a second one over to Penn.

Looking up and realizing that the security officer is still standing in the doorway. Shrugging, he turned around and went to a closet. Taking out a yellow terry cloth robe, he slipped it on before retrieving a red robe that he tossed to Penn.

White cup in hand, Teller started heading out the door.

“Leroy anthropology Gibbs to his team,” Penn added as he slipped on his robe, not bothering to tie it closed. He took a long sip from his cup, rolled his neck and followed Teller out the door.

[illegible]

Escorted by security, the two scientists sauntered down the hall and took the turbolift to deck.

As they entered the lab Penn handed his cup to one of the security men. “Here, hold on to this for me, will you.”

He straightened up his robe a little and walked towards the CSO's office. As they stepped into the room he gave Alyl a nod.

“Good morning, Ensign,” he said cordially, although clearly through the headache of his hangover. “You rang?”

He turned to Teller, winked, and said softly, "Lurch to Gomez Addams."

Teller nodded and sipped his coffee. "Jack Torrance, his face in the door."

Penn had to work at not snorting out a laugh.

(Reply Ayl, Lee)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

“Good morning, Ensign,” Dr. Penn said cordially, although clearly through the headache of his hangover. “You rang?”

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Teller nodded and sipped his coffee. “Jack Torrance, his face in the door.”

Penn had to work at not snorting out a laugh.

Jaton stood, and began to circle the table, like a predator stalking his prey. "That'll be all, Mr. Lee. Please wait outside. I'll call you back when I need you."

(reply Lee)

Jaton then turned to the two doctors. "First off, Dr. Penn, that's lieutenant to you. As if you needed another reason to get on my black list. Second off," Jaton pointed to the chronometer on his desk. "I requested that you be here in my office first thing in the morning. I expected you two to be here waiting for me at 0800. And here you are, sauntering in nearly half an hour late. What explanation do you have for this?"

(reply Penn, Teller, any)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6- CSO Office - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller- 0824)

"First off, Dr. Penn, that's lieutenant to you. As if you needed another reason to get on my black list. Second off," Jatón pointed to the chronometer on his desk. "I requested that you be here in my office first thing in the morning. I expected you two to be here waiting for me at 0800. And here you are, sauntering in nearly half an hour late. What explanation do you have for this?"

Penn blinked, clearing his vision and allowing the fog to lift from his mind. He looked over at Teller who shrugged and made a hand gesture saying, "By all means, proceed."

Penn took a small breath, and narrowed his eyes, looking at Alyl's collar.

“Why so you are, Lieutenant,” he began, “I didn’t see that black pip on your collar over the gleam from the gold one. I’m certain it’s a common error, considering.” He did not clarify the considering any further. “As for your orders to report to you first thing in the morning,” he made quotation marks with his fingers in the air, “I have three comments for the record. First of all, “first thing in the morning” does not explicitly name a time. To Dr. Teller and I we are actually here early as our morning routine does not, habitually, begin until after we wake up. Perhaps after 1000 hours.” He looked over at Teller again and added, “Sometimes even later.”

Teller nodded. "Heinlein, on progress," he said.

“I can only imagine that since you are the Chief Science Officer, you had been made aware that we were restricted to our quarters and we’re not given the freedom to leave them at will. I am also pretty sure you are aware of this since you asked Chief of Security Lee...”

"Barney Fife, with a bullet," Teller interjected disdainfully.

"Indeed," Penn continued, "Chief Lee escorted us, by your request."

Then he pointed at the chronometer himself, "And thirdly we are not half an hour late. We are only 24 minutes late. As a scientist I would think you would want to be more accurate with your data. So, to be honest, I am completely uncertain as to why you are upset.."

“The point is that you’re late. You know what time shifts start on this ship. You’ve been functioning on this ship’s schedule for long enough to know better. And you heard me well last night that I wanted to see you. You should’ve alerted security staff to it.”

Teller looked at Penn. “Barney Fife, with a bullet. Mitch Robbins to Curley, around the campfire,” he replied. “Harry to Lloyd, the phone call.” He paused, “Captain Stillman to John Winger. Winger to the General.”

"But I don't want to hear any more excuses for this morning's behaviour and disrespect. I want to know exactly what you were doing in my department and why you didn't feel the need to inform me beforehand."

“Miracle Max to Inigo Montoya, about Westley. Peter Finch to Howard Beale. Wallace and Davis, the Haynes sisters, to the General. Colonel Jessup to Lieutenant Kaffee.”

Penn shrugged his shoulders and held out his hands, "I don't think I can add any more to that. It's all pretty clear."

(Reply Ayl)

(posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6- CSO Office - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Ayl - 0828)

Penn shrugged his shoulders and held out his hands, “I don’t think I can add any more to that. It’s all pretty clear.”

Jaton rubbed his temple. "Clear's one word for it. Clear as mud. I didn't grow up on Earth or immersed in its culture. Neither did I grow up on Tamar or Benzar, before you decide to change tack." Jaton leaned over the desk, and locked Penn with a menacing stare.

“You will give me a full explanation of what you were doing in the lab and why you didn’t inform the science staff or command beforehand. You will do so immediately in Federation Standard with no flowery metaphors or cultural references that you know I won’t understand. Otherwise…” Jatón’s gaze drifted to Teller, his eyes narrowing. “Dr. Johnson, when Blackadder burned the dictionary.”

(reply Penn and Teller)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6- CSO Office - Drs. Gaillus Penn and Teller- 0830)

Jaton rubbed his temple. "Clear's one word for it. Clear as mud. I didn't grow up on Earth or immersed in its culture. Neither did I grow up on Tamar or Benzar, before you decide to change tack." Jaton leaned over the desk, and locked Penn with a menacing stare.

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Penn stared at the Trill before him blankly, having had no idea what he just said. His initial assumption was that he had suddenly had a form of a stroke and was no longer capable of making coherent sentences. Then he realized he was trying to speak Tamarian, but with no particular frame of reference the words were meaningless. He looked at Teller who seemed to be having a similar thought. There was a evil glint of humor in the Tamarian's eyes. Penn held up a hand and touched his own chest.

Looking at Alyl he scrunched up his face, which isn't easy for a Benzite to do, and said, "What?"

Penn began to speak at Alyl, as one might a child, "Look son, I will attempt to make this as clear as possible. First of all, you have made some radical assumptions, as have everyone in a leadership position, since this whole thing began, with the sole exception of Captain Sekal. You all seem to think that we have a military, or at least a Starfleet protocol background. We do not. No, we do not know or have any knowledge of what, how did you phrase it, time shifts start on this ship. Since we have come aboard we have not met anyone else from the science department, other than a brief conversation with a Vulcan - T'Shalaith was her name, until right now. There has been no schedule set to follow, so we simply implied that as long as we get our work done then the when did not matter. A most logical way to do science, if you ask me."

He looked at Alyl and shrugged, "Surely you don't believe that science works on a schedule do you? I won't even talk about what the words time shifts mean to my friend here."

"Secondly, we didn't inform anyone as our work was incomplete," Penn noted. "We have a lot of projects in the work, and we don't like to get people too excited until we've had real results. I guess I could ask you, why have you not asked what we are doing in all of the time we've been on board? What do you imagine we've been doing?"

He didn't wait for any reply. The question was basically rhetorical. Who in their right mind didn't understand time shifts in quantum mechanics. So he continued.

"As for what we have been doing in our lab," he emphasized the word "our", "has been working on projects within the realm of quantum physics. Should I explain the nuances of quantum physics to you? You do understand basic quantum physics don't you? Well, if you think you understand quantum physics, you really don't understand quantum physics. But that's a conversation for another time. Let me know if I go too fast, maybe you should take notes."

Suddenly Penn was at the Benzite Science Academy, teaching incoming neophytes to a whole new world that was about to open to them.

P'Rah had been stuck on solitary duty. He was happy for something new. "I'm here. What's going on?" P'Rah knew nothing.

"The Chief wants us to search these quarters. It's the home of those two crazy scientists that were playing phaser battle in their lab. Chief grounded 'em real good, but we don't know why they were doing what they were doing," he paused. "I need someone who has a nose for finding hidden things. I'm a knuckled ragger, not to elegant when it comes to searching, so hoped your unique skills would help me."

"My skills are catlike I can see what I can do."

Just then another security officer approached. Devers recognized him as crewman Suwubt. "Can I help you crewman?" he asked in his NCO voice.

"Sirs," he began.

Devers held up his hand. "Crewman, what have we told you. P'Rah and I work for a living, you don't call either of us Sir. Try again."

"Sorry Petty Officer, the Chief sent me to help you search the quarters," he said.

Devers looked at P'Rah. "Excellent, crewman. I need you to go to engineering and get the left lateral uv scanner module. And make sure they give me the kniffling pin this time!"

The creman looked at him with a suspicious eye. "Sir," he began as Devers gave him a wilting look. "NO questions crewman, I need that now, so on the double. Run. Take the Jeffries tubes, they are faster. Go."

Devers watched as crewman Suwubt started running towards the closest Jeffries Tube.

Turning to P'Rah, "I don't need a rookie messing up our search, not sure what the Chief was thinking."

He entered his security code and the door opened up. The two security officers were hit by the smell of fruit juice and alcohol along with hot, humid air. Peering in, they saw a beach with some chairs, and water lapping at the sand.

P'Rah looked around. "Who's quarters are these? I am not much for scientists but I like these guys." He was impressed.

"Doctor Gaillus Penn, a Benzite and a doctor Teller, a Tamarian, the ones who speak in metaphors and I have no clue what he said the one time I heard him talking to the Chief. It did piss off the chief. I don't know how they are."

Devers walked into the room, and stopped in his tracks. Sitting there was a Magillan in uniform. "Um, excuse me Ensign," he said. "We were sent to search this room on orders of Chief Lee. We didn't know anyone was in here."

Bohb had just gotten his entire uniform together, but it was still hanging a little awkwardly, which made the Magillan feel a little self conscious. He quickly stood up and began to straighten himself up.

"Who me? ... Uhhh," Bohb stammered as he pulled himself together, "Engineering officer Ensign Bohb. Wait a minute, who are you? And what are you doing in here?"

"Sir, I am petty officer 3rd class Hercules Devers and this is petty officer 3rd class Praha. We have been tasked to search this room on orders of Chief of Security Lee. May I ask, sir, why are you here? I was told these rooms were on lockdown? In fact, where did this beach come from? The chief ordered the scientists locked out of the computer systems. He was quite mad at being disturbed yesterday."

Bohb ruffled at the first comment, the sat back down in a backless stool. "Let me address your questions in reverse order. First of all, I really can't say where it all came from. I can only imagine that the good doctors reprogrammed their replicators and environmental controls. They are quite intelligent you know, and that really would be that difficult."

He stood and faced the security man, "Secondly, Petty Officer Devers, I was sent here by the second officer, Lt. Commander Gregory," he could throw names around as well, "to find out why they were firing a phaser in their lab. I just happened to hang around for the party afterwards. I was told to come, I was not told that there was a time limit, so I ... what is the phrase... hung out. They are quite fun to be around. Although they are very serious about their work."

He watched Devers to see his reaction, "And finally, when did we turn into a police state where security can enter a person's quarters, without due cause, and go through their personal belongings. That is NOT the Starfleet I signed out for."

Devers paused at the comments from the Ensign. When the 2nd officer's name was mentioned, Devers shook his head. Here was another command power struggle about to begin, and who always gets caught in the middle of those.

The Magillan finally raised the issue of due cause. Not being a lawyer, he fell back on what he sort of remembers from his training, "Sir, a ranking officer can, in the case of a clear and present danger, search any quarters to ascertain the level of he threat," he paused, "If you are raising an objection, I will return to the Chief and let him sort it out."

Bohb considered his proposal for a moment. He imagined how he would feel if someone went rummaging through his belongings simply because he irritated Chief Lee. He considered himself a good judge of people and these people were his friends.

"Do you know Doctors Penn and Teller, Petty Officer? They are not a danger to anyone. So I believe I am raising an objection. Please go back to Lieutenant Lee and have him provide evidence of their danger, and then he can ransack MY quarters. Until that moment I will defend their honor, and their rights."

Devers stood ramrod straight, "Sir, yes Sir. I will tell Chief Lee what you have said."

(Posted by Al, Kris and Tim)

Luma was unamused. The Alyl had summoned the misbehaving small ones and she had been waiting for him to lecture them but the Alyl was speaking nonsense and not doing an acceptable job in her opinion at lecturing them. So Luma's voice came over the speakers, ^= Luma has dealt with that Lee who was attempting to break into the misbehaving small ones' quarters. Luma does not approve and if that Lee continues to be bad, then Luma will stick that Lee in the Time Out and make Our Riven teach him about Fedaration Law. Now. The small ones known as the Penn and the Teller will explain to Luma why they used the phaser on Luma's walls and made Luma hurt with pain.=^=

(reply Alyl, Penn, Teller, any)
(posted by Melkitty)

=^= Now. The small ones known as the Penn and the Teller will explain to Luma why they used the phaser on Luma's walls and made Luma hurt with pain.=^=

"Wait, Luma, are you saying that Lee had something to do with this?"

Jaton tapped his commbadge. "Lieutenant Lee, please come back in here."

Jaton now turned back to Penn. "I don't care what kind of protocol background you have. You're on a Starfleet ship. You will abide by our protocols. And as Luma just demonstrated, those protocols are in place for a reason. Especially when firearms are involved. You might think that science doesn't work to a schedule, which is debatable to say the least, but you at least can agree that we have to follow safety procedures, do we not? And one of those things is giving notice to department heads and command that you intend to use firearms in an experiment. That way the command staff and department heads can do their part to make sure the situation is safe and no one is injured or killed."

(reply Penn)

Devers left the VIP quarters on deck 3 and thought about what the Ensign had said. He never really thought about the issues of searching on a starship. It mattered, he thought, different from an apartment or a house as this was all Star Fleet property. Nevertheless, the Ensign had objected to security's intrusion, and like a good NCO, he let the officers do the thinking. He was just an instrument of their desires. At least that was how it felt with the Chief.

[illegible]

"I see. What was Ensign Bohb doing there in the first place and why did he raise an objection when it wasn't even his own room? Which Federation protections was he citing?" mused Lee

“Go back to the quarters and continue with searching the room. I will come with you and if ensign Bohb is still there, I will deal with him personally.. Let’s go.” Ordered Lee. Something odd was happening and Lee didn’t like it. This was a security issue. Lee outranked the ensign. He grabbed a phaser and an electronic baton.

(posted by John)

[illegible]

"Sir, Ensign Bohb stated that Lieutenant Commander Gregory ordered him to find out more about what the scientists were doing." Devers replied. "He didn't specifically state the details of his objection, but he ask when 'we' had turned into a police state, Sir." Devers took a deep breath and continued "He also said that the scientists were not a danger to anyone, asking why we could enter anyone's quarters without due process."

"Go back to the quarters and continue with searching the room. I will come with you and if ensign Bohb is still there, I will deal with him personally.. Let's go," Lee said.

Devers nodded and turned to exit the Chief's office, leading the chief to the 3rd floor. Waiting outside the door was crewman Suwubt, clearly catching his breath. Seeing the chief and Devers approaching, he pulled himself together "Mr. Devers, I did what you said, but engineering told me to tell you that the left lateral uv scanner modules are all checked out."

Moving to the wall controls, Devers typed in his override codes and the door slid open

(Posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 3 - VIP quarters (The Bahamas) – Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 0910)

Lee and Devers arrived at the VIP quarters where Crewman Suwubt had explained that the left lateral uv scanner checked out in engineering. Lee had no idea what that meant but it wasn't his main concern.

Lee watched Devers resetting the entry panel and the door slip open. To Lee's surprise, the room looked like a scene from the Bahamas. Somehow Penn and Teller had managed to adapt the systems in their own holodeck. Definitely should held them in the Brig. Ensign Bohb was in the room.

“Ensign Bohb. What are you doing here?” asked Lee, sternly. Nothing like coming straight to the point. He was tapping his electronic baton against his leg.

(reply Bohb)

A sound came over the ship speakers and that sense of Luma being present grew over the deck. Passing by crewmen stared at Lee, and then scurried on by, not wanting to attract Luma's ire.

=^= That Lee is being BAD.=^= Luma began, ^= The small ones that occupy this space are not present. They are with the Alyl. And that Lee will not be using weapons against Luma's bondmate, or against any of Luma's small ones.=^= With a shimmer the baton disappeared and reappeared on Sekal's desk, in front of whoever was sitting there.

=^=That Lee will now depart and will learn to follow the rules better or Luma will confine that Lee and if that Lee does not believe that Luma can do so, Luma will show that Lee. Our Bohb and Our Temas are under Luma's protection. Now, shoo. ^=^=

The ship was ticked off. ::Is Luma's Temas well? Luma will care for Our Temas::

(reply Lee, Devers, Bohb, Temas)
(posted by Mel)

Like other crew, Devers knew that there was more than met the eye on the USS Illuminar. Some claimed it was haunted, others knew better.

Devers had heard of Luma, but had never 'met' the entity, it wasn't like such an important entity would bother with the ranks of the enlisted. Much like the officers and their rarefied air.

=^= That Lee is being BAD = ^= came the voice from the speakers.

Devers suppressed a grin. It had been clear that the Chief was the target of the entities ire. Devers took a step back, rounding up the crewman who was standing there, his mouth open slightly. The Petty Officer made a motion with his hand and the crewman started backing down the corridor.

He watched and listened as the entity continued laying the rules down. During this monologue, Chief Lee's electric baton disappeared.

=^= Our Bohb and Our Temas are under Luma's protection. Now, shoo ^= the entity finished up.

Devers looked around and said "Whoa"

(reply none)

(posted by Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - CO - Captain Sekal - 0915)

This was an unusual day in many respects, while incriminating data was still being sifted through and relayed to StarFleet Command, office of the CinC special investigative commission and the perps were in custody there was still the matter of what to do with one of them.

What would be the final disposition of the android who had been masquerading as Commander Hardy? The death of the former Commander of DP 7 had already been officially logged and he was due a posthumous medal for bravery. In attempting to destroy the station and derail the plans of Roanoke in this sector he had given up his own life.

Had the gesture been futile? A definite no as many of that organization's personnel had died in the explosion and Lieutenant Breckinridge as well as Outrider 1 had been left exposed to future scrutiny and the experimentation and development underway by that body had been dealt a crippling blow.

Remaining personnel aboard the station would be replaced shortly by other qualified and vetted individuals within the system while their replacements were en-route. The men and women so displaced would be thoroughly questioned and scrutinized while at Sector 001. Those who were cleared would be returned straightway to their posts while those who did not would be in limbo while under investigation. It was regrettable but necessary, putting on hold the careers of the innocent until they were settled beyond the shadow of a doubt.

But this was what circumstances had forced, Roanoke and other disruptive elements must of necessity be weeded out so that the rest of the fleet might flourish and continue the task laid out for the exploratory arm of the Federation.

He glanced away from the screen while an object materialized on the surface of his desk. He picked up the electric shock rod and looked at it quizzically for a moment before quirking an eyebrow.

The originator of the transport was unquestioned but the reason for its presence here was uncertain.

He set it to the side of the desktop as he returned to the reports, Luma would no doubt be contacting him soon and explaining the offense behind its sudden appearance. In the meanwhile he had more data to sift through as he formed a logical and informed decision on the future of the Android known as Outrider 1. That recommendation would then be forwarded to StarFleet Command.

(Reply: Luma, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

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