

“As for the military presence ma’am, your guess is as good as mine. I wouldn’t be here now if I had not been involuntarily recalled to duty from retirement and given a promotion. Regardless, I am here to do a job, and I will do my damndest to fulfill my duties as best as possible. As for the uniforms; Fleet

department-colored uniforms, marine rank insignia. Agreed?" Charles countered. Hoping she will agree, but he realized what her unspoken concern was.

“Also,” she added, “I want it clear that reports may be made to your major, but I am in charge of the security of this ship, and not him. All of my decisions are final. I do not want a... ah yes... a pissing match. If that is the correct use of the phrase.”

“Yes ma’am, that is the correct phrase; and yes, any report I submit to you, the major will receive a copy of and vice-versa. Keep in mind that I will listen to and make suggestions, and I will never dismiss a good idea simply because it is not mine. Do we have an accord?” he finished.

(Reply: T'Mur)

Charles leaned forward resting his elbows on his knees and mimicking the pose T’Mur took up at the beginning of their conversation, “There is one question, that if I were in your position I would want answered.”

(Reply: T'Mur iyw)

“The answer is actually quite simple. There is a detachment of Marines roughly the equivalent size of a platoon that needs something do more than just training and, playing cards or with themselves.” Charles said matter-of-factly.

(Reply: T'Mur)

(Reply: T'Mur)

(Posted by Chuck)

[illegible]

T'Mur nodded as the marine agreed to her conditions.

“Keep in mind,” he added, “that I will listen to and make suggestions, and I will never dismiss a good idea simply because it is not mine. Do we have an accord?” he finished.

T'Mur looked the man in the eyes and said, "Interestingly enough I have the same policy. I appreciate any ideas brought to me for my consideration. As such I do believe that we have an understanding."

Temerity leaned forward attempting to mimic T'Mur's pose, "There is one question, that if I were in your position I would want answered."

The Vulcan nodded, "Exactly how many marines are we talking about?"



"This is the subject of the second topic," he said. "These are my personal weapons. Please feel free to examine and inspect them but be careful. The knives are sharp, and the power packs are charged."

T'Mur raised an eyebrow at the warning. Some might have been offended by the obvious warning but she was aware of both the male need, and perhaps the marine need, to be overly protective. Still, she was curious and drew one of the blades. Turning it over to examine it, she found the balance point of the large knife. Once that was determined it was easy enough to manipulate. She spun the blade over the back of her hand, forwards and backward, and resisted the urge to throw it at the target on the far side of her office. She preferred a smaller knife with better balance for throwing, and greater ease to slice during hand-to-hand combat. However, she had to admire the strength and skill that the Bowie required to use properly.

She eased the knife back into its sheath and looked over her desk and Temerity. "I am assuming that you plan on keeping these in your armory since there would be no need to carry them on board the Illuminar? They are quite... impressive."

(reply Temerity)

Then the marine did something very unexpected. He brought out a box that, for all intent purposes, contained a bottle of an alcoholic beverage. The box said Glenlivet Scotch Whisky. He placed the box on the desk and said, "A gift."

T'Mur tilted her head to the right a little in curiosity. She had learned that it was rude to refuse a gift, even though she did not consume alcohol. It did not agree with her Vulcan physiology. However, she picked up the box and nodded, "Indeed. I appreciate the gift." Then she looked at the marine and said, "Lt. Temerity, are you attempting to incur favor with me?"

"As a civilian freighter captain, it has been my experience that regardless of how the first meeting goes, if I give a gift of some kind at the end of the first meeting, it helps ease tensions between myself and whomever I am dealing with. Plus, it's more of a 'Thank you for seeing me on such short notice and without an appointment in addition to being an apology for the inconvenience I caused. Whereas by giving the gift at the beginning creates the impression of a bribe or my seeking out special favors."

He packed up his weapons and began to stand, "A most logical strategy. "Although in some of my dealings in the past I have found that a bribe is presented when the person being bribed appears to be most accepting and willing to compromise. However, I will accept your gift in the manner in which you have presented it and thank you for it. It was no inconvenience to speak with you today. My door, as the saying goes, is always open. I look forward to our continued positive relationship."

(reply Temerity)  
(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSec Office - Marine - 2LT Charles Temerity - 1106)

“Currently the detachment is only 11 strong, Ma'am. So it will be myself and eight others for the time being as the Major and Master Sergeant will be seeing to other duties. I will get a roster to you and your NCOIC before 1500 hours. I will also get with Supply and get my troops' fleet uniforms and we will report tomorrow morning, just let me know when. I intend for these Marines to be gainfully employed, to learn new skills, clerical and whatnot, in addition to interpersonal skills, so they can be more than just trigger-pullers. I want for them to understand that the Fleet and Marines are indeed one team.” He then shrugged and finished with, “The rest we will just have to figure out as we go.”

In his mind, Temerity had hoped that would close that subject and move on to the next on what he needed to discuss with the commander. Reaching down, he opened the top of the briefcase, and pulled out an old leather dual shoulder holster with double sheaths on the back. In each sheath was a razor-sharp Bowie style knife and in each holster was a custom disruptor pistol that resembled an 1857 Colt Navy from the American Civil War from Earth's history, also referred to as a Cavalry pistol. Charles spread the rig out and held it out to T'Mur by the leather straps making a point not to touch any of the weapons, "This is the subject of the second topic. These are my personal weapons. Please feel free to examine and inspect them but be careful. The knives are sharp, and the power packs are charged."

Temerity paused for a moment thinking this visit could have gone far worse than it had. He had hoped to keep his troops in Marine uniforms, but he understood the commander's reasoning. Perhaps after the Myrmidons got a unit patch approved, they can add it to their duty uniform. Charles did agree that his personal weapons remained secured except for target practice or actual combat situations. He also decided that he liked this Vulcan, and not just physically speaking. T'Mur was not like most any Vulcan he had ever met before. Curiosity compelled him to ask, but some notion of good manners compelled

him not to. So, deciding not to make a decision, he reached down into the opened top of his briefcase and pulled out a boxed bottle of 25-year-old Glenlivet Scotch whiskey and placed it on the desk. “A gift.” He stated simply.

(Reply: T'Mur iyw)

As he began to place his weapons back into the briefcase, “As a civilian freighter captain, it has been my experience that regardless of how the first meeting goes, if I give a gift of some kind at the end of the first meeting, it helps ease tensions between myself and whomever I am dealing with. Plus, it’s more of a ‘Thank you for seeing me on such short notice and without an appointment’ in addition to being an apology for the inconvenience I caused. Whereas by giving the gift at the beginning creates the impression of a bribe or my seeking out special favors.” He said as he began to rise from his seat.

(Reply: T'Mur)

(Reply: T'Mur).

(Posted by Chuck)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Shuttlebay - Medic - Ensign (jg) Jason Bell – 2234)

The blonde-haired Commander came over, Jason was relieved to see a pair of someone's was heading his way and wasn't left to finding his way around the ship alone or having to make the 'long walk' to see the First Officer or even the Captain.

"That's me," he said to the superior officer. Jason hadn't exactly done his homework on the crew, that wasn't his style but after spending time at Starfleet Medical, he knew what he was looking for and besides, his instincts for people hadn't let him down, yet.

"I am Commander Quinna Solice. 3rd Officer and Chief Medical Officer. Welcome to the USS Illuminar.", she said, and Jason took her hand gratefully.

"Thank you, Commander Solice, it's a pleasure to be here. Looks like you are commanding for two.", he said bringing his hand near but not too close to her swollen abdomen as to not touch her.

He smiled as he covered his slight twinge of not knowing what the Illuminar was about, the crew, the mission and more interestingly, his new boss but for a moment, he looked at her one more time.

"Not trying to kick their way out?", he asked, and he sympathised. He'd been present and assisted in his fair share of births, but they were all different, "If the pain ever gets too much, let me know,

I've got a survival technique that could help.", he smiled and he shouldered his bag, while he waited for Quinna to let him know what was planned next.

(Reply from Solace, Any)

(Posted by Anthony Keen)

[illegible]

## Mission: The Greatest Frontier

Day: 2

Stardate: 2446.05.11

(USS Illuminar – Corridor - CMO/3XO Commander Quinna Solice – 2237)

“Not trying to kick their way out?”, Jason said and then offered, “If the pain ever gets too much, let me know, I’ve got a survival technique that could help.”

“Thank you, I will keep that in mind.” Quinna then changed the topic, “Ensign, what have you been told about your duties?”

(Reply Bell)

“We have been able to obtain a shuttle equipt as an emergency medical vessel. I do not know how knowledgeable you are about ambulances of yesteryear, this is our version of one.” Quinna caught a glimpse of Ensign Bell as they walked.

(Reply Bell)

“As both a pilot and medic, I have made that your primary duty onboard. Would you like to be my Starfleet EMT?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Bell)

“Of course, I would like you to take a shift or two in sickbay but we can get into all that later,” Quinna informed. She smiled as she felt good about this new Ensign.

(Reply Bell, Any)  
(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Medical -Civilian Dr. Agnes Vanderstein - 1050)

Aggie was filing way a few last-minute reports. She was on call for another 10 minutes and she was done. She was not sure what to do next. She knew that Dieter was probably going to be busy and if she was honest, there was nothing for her on earth for her to do. Well, nothing she wanted to do on her own. Suddenly her issues were not going to be an issue for long.

"Hi Aggie," he said, "We didn't get to take that little trip last time we were on Earth, so I thought it might be nice to sneak away now," he said. "We're all confirmed for the next three nights here."

Aggie stood up straight and turned to see Dieter. She surprised her for sure. "Are you for real?"

"Well, we're going to be at spacedock for three or four days, depending on how well they do the repairs, and if they are up to our chief engineers' standard. We both have leave accumulated, and we'll be going on a deep space mission, so let's make the most of it."

"Yes. Oh yes. "I can have my bags packed in 10 minutes."

"Pack light," he said with a smile as he leaned over and kissed her.

"I won't need much." Aggies became excited. It has been forever since she was on Earth.

(Reply Dieter)

"I do get off in 10 minutes. I can be ready in 20 so when you are ready, I will be."

(Reply Dieter)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(KIH oGh'Shu - Deck 1 - Bridge - Lieutenant Galk of the Imperial House- 2045)

"Repairs are nearly completed hOd! One enemy Bird of Prey escaped but is being hunted by our own. The Esh'Ku can be repaired given time and those aboard have been pacified. Mopping up resistance aboard the Kha'gAl is still ongoing."

Galk grunted as he stood to his feet. "Status on the Kem'Pek and Mal'Kesh?"

"3 Ahn on the Mal'Kesh, Kem'Pek with minor damage. The same with the oGh'ShU. Both are battle ready. 23 kelikams to our target."



Galk crossed his arms and scowled. "Send a team of warriors to the Kha'gAI to reinforce the operation."

"Jay'aj hOd!"

There was nothing to do now but wait.

[illegible]

He had been standing beside tactical when the call came that the vessel had been captured along with its commander General Bardok. This had not been unexpected but was certainly a prize. Without his ships the general's long term position had been untenable so he had made the only choice, to succeed or die.

The faithful guard contingent accompanied him from the transporter room as he strode forth.

(KIH Kha'gAl - Deck 1 - Control Room - Lieutenant Galk of the Imperial House- 2220)

The control room, bridge to a Starfleet vessel had not been completely cleaned yet as he stood beside the center seat, stains of blood could still be seen.

"Hail Kirash."

The ship had been found to be largely functional though repairs to restore it to warp capability would take time. This communication would not wait.

The screen wavered momentarily then resolved into the face of a high ranking officer.

Galk stood tall facing it, his arms crossed and a scowl upon his face. The look upon the face of the other got sober when he saw him.

"I am Galk and the Kha'gAl is mine. Bardok has been captured and his fleet destroyed or seized. You will pledge your loyalty to me as head of the Imperial House or I will have my fleet lay waste to your defenses and recapture what is mine."

He waved his hand toward the thlIngen manning communications who sent out a signal.

=^=My orders are not...=^= The Klingon's words were cut short as a shout caught his attention. He turned his head until the report was concluded. When he returned his attention to the screen every bit of bluster was gone, vanished like a dying wind.

=^=Your attack was a feint to draw away our defenses.^=

"Yes." Galk growled. "The might of the Imperial House is in orbit around Kirash and at my order they will destroy you and every defense you mount. Surrender now to your lawful commander or die!" More than 50 vessels had slipped around their defenses as Bardok had prepared to meet his small force. Kirash was surrounded and bereft of protection from space. Had Bardok chosen to meet the attack in system his ships would have been obliterated. This had been the only way to salvage some of the materiel from the enemy Commander's control which belonged to the Imperial House. Two Vor'chas would make up for the loss of the Birds of Prey.

The Klingon he faced stood tall for an instant before saluting. "Jay'aj hOd! Kirash is yours. I have fulfilled my orders. CHEGH-chew jai-VAM jai-KAK.=^=

"We will see. Disable your shields and defensive weapons and obey my Commanders. Ogh'shU will be there within the day and I will see to judgment when I arrive."

The Klingon saluted again then snapped out the orders Galk had given. =^=Defenses are disabled as ordered hOd. I now step down.=^=

Pillars of green energy appeared behind him as troops began taking key defensive and control positions. Galk watched the takeover for a moment, spoke with the leader of his troops then nodded before ending the communication. As soon as the ships were capable of warp he would end this sortie to Kirash and take formal control by judging those who had fought against him and would not swear allegiance once again to the House.

One execution was certain, the rest remained to be seen.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles Gatling)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 8 – Cargo Bay 1 - Marine - 2LT Charles Temerity - 1315)

The contractors had finally departed, and the Marines new barracks modules were in place and drawing power from the ship with zero modifications to the ship with enough rooms so, once the unit had a full roster, each member would have their own room. The modules on the other hand needed some last-minute mods to make everything work the way he wanted. Apparently, someone somewhere took his order and added sonic showers, so each Marine has their own sonic shower. He would have been upset if it were not for the fact the showers came free of charge. The contractors also added what was referred to as fireman poles, so troops on the upper levels could safely slide down to the cargo bay deck relatively safely. Charles wanted to get with the ship's Chief Engineer and see about the possibility of opening the cargo bay doors when the ship was in a safe orbit or base. There were no viewports, and it would be nice to simply kick back with a drink and look out at whatever can be seen.

He had decided that he needed a break from uniforms and instead wore some of his civilian clothes instead. The rest of the detachment were on liberty, and he simply didn't want to wear a uniform. He did use the time while supervising the contractors to think about what he wanted out of this military career. After ten hours of contemplation Charles decided that if the Major's experiment was a success or not, he wanted command of the Myrmidons as either a First Lieutenant, or better yet a Lieutenant Major. Unless he attended a couple of classes at the academy, he would not be allowed to progress more than that anyway. He just didn't know if he wanted to. However, Temerity was as happy as he was surprised at how much of a free hand Major Murphy allowed him to have when it came to the detachment. But Charles figured that as long as he took care of the troops, kept them out of trouble, and made their situation better than the Major was okay with it.

He was happy with the Marines that went with him to work in the Security department. Played hell on his sleep cycle, but then again so did being a ship's captain. At first the issue with the uniforms did not go over well with the troops until he pointed out that the shift work would allow them to do PT (Physical Training) on their own. He had even gone and arranged for a projector and speakers so he could use the

large flat bulkhead to show movies once a week. Movie night rapidly turned into an almost every night event and was happy to see some of the Fleet personnel from the Security department attend as well. He did have one rule; civilian attire only, but this rule was flexible depending on if you were getting ready to go on shift or just coming off.

During the voyage to Earth, Temerity had set up and run a series of training exercises and even managed to get some of their Fleet counterparts involved. Though the Thursday night ‘Dances’ were drawing more and more participants. He did have to work hard to make some of the training fun. The major did show concern that he wasn’t taking his duties of training and teaching the Myrmidons until he had demonstrated just how much the troops learned during his ‘games’.

To alleviate the concerns of the Major and Master Sergeant, he had insisted that they participate. The game was Capture the Flag mixed with Cat & Mouse. Charles was the mouse starting at the farthest point of Deck 8 from Cargo Bay 1 as possible and had to maneuver his way to the cargo bay and get the flag. The rest of the detachment were the cats and they had to work together to capture Temerity as close to his start point as possible to count as capturing his flag. Rules were simple; weapons were set to minimum most stun setting, and the mouse was required to remain in passageways only unless previously approved, which had yet to happen. He did do his best to keep most of the training on deck 8 as it had greatly less traffic than other decks did.

Major Murphy seemed pleasantly surprised at how efficient and focused his Myrmidons had become working their way through the passageways, clearing spaces, covering each other, tactical communication via hand signals, to learning the terrain and navigating it efficiently, and how to conduct themselves while under fire. The troops were allowed to shoot at Temerity and vice-versa hence the minimum stun setting on all weapons used during training. This became another event that Charles was glad to see some of their Security counterparts participate in along with the weekly ‘movie night’ that became most nights and Thursday ‘dances’.

Charles stood and looked at the cargo bay and reveled in how the space had been transformed into a home away from home. He had also managed to get delivered a handful of couches, coffee table, card table, and some lawn furniture. In addition to a basketball hoop, volleyball net, and some additional sports equipment to include a couple of footballs and soccer balls. Fortunately, everything could be pushed against the bulkheads to utilize the space for other things.

He heard a voice behind him, but his brain didn't register what had been said. So, Temerity turned toward the door of the cargo bay in the direction the voice originated from and said, "Say again? I'm sorry, I was lost in thought."

(Reply: any iyw)

(Reply: any iyw)

(Posted by Chuck)

[illegible]