

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Isolation Room 1 - CO Captain Sekal & FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin & CMO Dr. Quinna Solice & CTO Ensign T'Mur - 2045)

(USS Illuminar - Holodeck 1 - FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin and CTO Ensign T'Mur- 2315)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay - Isolation Room 1 - CO Captain Sekal & CMO Dr. Quinna Solice - 2325)

## DAY 7

(USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice --0001)

(Regulus -- Brig -- NCO P'Rah --1240)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Bridge -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1250)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 6 -- High Energy Particle Physics Lab -- CO -- SciO-- Ensign (SG) Skashe (Sky) Winters --1305)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 11 — Main Engineering -- EO — Ensign Bohb— 1405)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 6 -- CSRD Office -- SciO-- Ensign (SG) Skashe (Sky) Winters --1410)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Bridge -- CO -- Captain Sekal --1435)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Personal Quarters - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 1500)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 5 -- Transporter Room 1 -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1600)

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 5 -- Transporter Room 1 -- EO Ensign jg Tycho Alantar -- 1635)

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 5 -- Transporter Room 1 -- SPC Luma'Lenai, CO Captain Sekal, EO Ensign Jg Tycho Alantar & PO3 P'Rah -- 1636)

(Regulus- Federation Base Ceti - Science Office - Science Officers - Dr. Gaullus Penn and Dr. Teller - 1700)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 Briefing Room - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 21.55)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Officer's Briefing Room -- CO- Captain Sekal, Commander Sienna Verin and 3rd Officer Lieutenant Dieter Gregory, CMO Quinna Solice, CTO T'Mur, SPA Ariel Trei --2150)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officers Lounge - Counselor Alaya Ravenstone-Hammons and Cops/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory- 1815)

## DAY 8

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 00:45

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Engineering - Jeffries Tube 5 - Cadet Pria Valar & Ensign Tycho Alantar - 18.48)

Tycho had himself wedged tightly. The battle had raged and he'd grabbed his kit. Keeping their systems running during the battle had been priority, but now the fighting was calmed and he was taking care of those critical systems that needed hands-on repairs. Pausing for a moment, he rubbed his shoulder and neck. He was sore, but experience taught him he had no major injuries - at least no broken bones or concussion, or anything that would have him sent to sickbay. He shifted his back against the Jeffries tube wall, feet planted to leverage his body. He was also clipped to a climbing rope that was attached to a rung on the wall ladder.

The rather pretty cocoa skinned Trill Cadet came running back into Engineering as quickly as she could. She was pointed by Ensign Bohb into the Tube and she began to climb. "Ensign Alantar? It's

Cadet Valar. I was sent by Ensign Bohb to assist you?" She whimpered as a connection exploded near her and she turned her head to hide her face from the sparks.

A connection snapped and he let out a short grunt as he shook his hand to clear the numb. After a second he stopped and examined his hand, rotating it and pumping his fist experimentally, muttering, "Well, that's not burnt."

As soon as he had assessed a lack of injury he continued, this time using the calipers to catch the now obviously shorting plug. He frowned and thought back, ~it wasn't like that when he'd reached out~, it must have been about ready to crack no matter what, and he'd had the luck to do that very "no matter what".

Pria finished her climb and perched near him. "I got taken to triage and got my cuts and burns repaired. My symbiont is fine too. What can I do to help?"

Despite his outcry and complaints, Tycho could take a lot of punishment, a side effect that many martial artists had in their arsenal after pushing themselves through enough muscle screaming sessions. When the chips were down, he could power through just about anything short term at least. So a small zap from a loose wire wasn't going to stop him by any means, "No," he said, "nothing broken and not even a superficial burn. I have more important things to continue with, and besides, the medical staff would either laugh me out of sickbay, or drum me out for wasting their time."

Pria grinned and shook her head, reaching into the bag she had to take out her multitool. "Let's get going since you are not badly damaged or in need of repair yourself. Luma's fretting apparently over the pain and inability to access her engines on her own. So that is our first priority, Sir."

He finally looked up to see the cadet and his brain clicked in right after, "Right, well, I was just working on replacing these relays," he pointed to the culprit, "this one got angry at me." He grinned and continued, "This whole section needs an eyeball once over. Since you're here, Bohb must feel you are able to keep up, because I don't sit still. You good with that, cadet?"

Pria laughed under her breath. He didn't know her very well and the cadets were his responsibility to take care of. Maybe he thought her as clueless as the other engineering cadets. But Pria was a joined Trill, she had the combined memories and abilities of all of her symbiont's hosts. "I am good with that Sir. Two of my previous hosts were engineers. I have a lot of data to draw on."

He nodded, "Good, well, I'm here on this one, so climb up and look at the next." He pointed up at the next access panel.

Pria nodded and carefully climbed up to the indicated panel. She took out her special, archaic glasses that she had fashioned and put them on to begin visually inspecting the panel, relay by relay, chip by chip. Her first host had been an engineer when chips had been made of porcelain and gold metal tracings. The glasses were from that time period on Trill and allowed her to examine the panels in much finer detail. Most of the other cadets would have done this with a tricorder, which she did have out. But the glasses gave her a better view.

Tycho kept an eye upwards towards the cadet, but turned his attention back to the opening he was currently poking through. He tilted his head and used his off hand to shove aside some wiring, his tricorder confirming that no other pieces were going to snap at him. He could take it, he just would rather avoid it.

Finishing the panel and replacing the cover, he spoke to the young trill, "So, cadet, any news I should be aware of? Give me a report."

"News, Sir? I told you that I had to go get medical treatment. But everything is fine. Do you mean personal ah gossip? There is a cute Ensign in Sciences I've had my eye on. He's rather adorable." She spoke with a soft smile.

Tycho crawled up the ladder as he listened, making his way to the next panel. He grinned and teased, "Ah, sounds like we haven't been giving you enough work."

A laugh, "You'll notice I haven't run off to check on him, and I know his lab was hit. I hope he's ok." She grinned and shook her head, thinking about Skashe Winters.

Stopping on the way past to take a quick look at the work she was doing, he eyed the twin to the junction that sparked, pointed his tricorder at it and took a read, "Check these junction points, I don't want a cascade spark ruining any evening plans."

He didn't have anything to add, as her work was obviously well informed. Instead he kept up the patter, "So, you trying to catch his eye, or playing the long game waiting for him to try and catch yours?"

"That is up to him. He's a physicist and astronomer. And he's awesome. He's some mix of betazoid human and vulcan with these dreamy eyes." A little bit of a shrug as she continued to work steadily. "Luma, can you run power through these circuits? Are you able to access them again?" Pria inquired of the computer.

The Lenai's voice came around them and it sounded like she was in pain =^= The Pria and the Valar, yes Luma again has access. Luma will update the schematics. Luma wished repairs did not hurt so terribly. =^=

"I'm sorry Luma. I didn't know that you felt pain like this until the attacks happened but I'll work on the problem. I'm the third engineer of this symbiont and we have a lot of accumulated knowledge. Maybe Ensign Alantar can assist as well?" Pria glanced over and down to Tycho with a grin. She was a very sensual being.

Tycho had continued the work as they chatted, listening in to the conversation with Luma, and frowning. It wasn't good to have any team member in pain, least of all one as vital as the ship herself, "I'm not shy of difficult work, Ms. Valar, and I would be honoured to do what I can to ease your suffering, Lady Luma."

=^= Luma is pleased with the Tycho's words. =^=

He already had his hands in the next panel as an idea came to him, “Ms. Luma, does it hurt to turn off circuits? And does it hurt more to turn off many at once or each one?” His mind was geared up and the wheels turning furiously. If he were a cartoonish figure one might even see steam exiting by his ears. He wanted Luma as pain free and functional as possible, because pain could be a distraction.

=^= Luma needs access to the legs and the power! Luma will not allow the small ones to remove access to the legs! ^=^=

The stocky ensign tugged at his beard, staring at the wires in front of him while his mind rotated the problem like a tetris puzzle. He had learned over time, that musing in silence wasn't always useful, so he turned his voice up to include his comrades, "If we get a static map of all the problems in a section, re-route the section, shut it down, and work in the dark to replace the hardware, would that be less painful?"

Luma thought a moment =^= Not that chip, the Tycho. Disable the power circuit. Luma is willing to try this when her Vex'ahlia returns and Luma feels safe. Luma does not feel safe enough to explore this idea right now.=^= The Lenai sounded almost as if she had PTSD. Something bad had happened and she was not handling life well the last few days.

Tycho nodded slowly, “All right, we’ll work as quickly as we can then, and cause as little pain as possible.” He caught the Cadet’s eye and nodded to her, “Let’s get this done fast and smooth.”

(No reply needed)

(Posted by Lorenz and Mel)

[illegible]

The trip to the cargo bay had been uneventful. If you consider following a trail of dead bodies uneventful. They were still unable to get any life signs of the marauders as they were all inside the influence of the dampening field. The team had reached the edge of the field's range. One step further and the Illuminar would no longer be able to see where they were of their status... as long as the dampening field was on.

Picard raised a hand to get the team's attention. They all gathered around him. "First order of business is that damned dampening field. Once that is down we might be able to get some help. But once we step over this line we are on our own people. Second order of business is to save as many of the freighter crew as possible. We are going to save them... with extreme prejudice, if you catch my meaning."

There was a resounding chorus of affirmations. Picard stood up and stepped across the invisible line of the field's influence. Suddenly his own HUD sensors on his helmet showed eighteen life signs. At this time he could not definitively tell which were crewmen and which were marauders. This was going to be tricky.

With a silent hand motion Oucard told the team to spread out and watch their backs. They came upon the door to the cargo hold. He pointed to Simmons to open the door. The man went till a panel and hit a button with his palm. The slid open

Immediately they were met by several Marauders, weapons drawn. As they began to fire the team all dove in separate directions. Picard pulled a sonic grenade from his belt and sent a message through his helmet for the team to cover their ears.

He tossed the Grenache and even through his muted helmet he could still hear the high pitch off the synaptic disruptive explosion. When the whine dissipated he stepped around the corner and fired his phaser rifle into the group of combatants that had tried to ambush them.

He moved into the cargo hold, the sound of phaser fire intermixed with other energy weapons rang through the containment area. He could no longer visually see his team, but he was able to monitor their positions. Three of them had found a place to get her and seemed to be holding off a force of five pirates. The other two were moving within the hold freely, as was Picard.

There was a group of six lifesigns grouped together in the center of the hold. They were being contained there by four life signs that he assumed were marauders. That was all the lifesigns accounted for. Picard started to scan for the dampening field generator. It didn't take long. There was a fairly sizable energy output in the far corner that could only be what he was looking for.

He skirted around the activity certain that his team was taking care of business. As he moved he tried to scan the containers. He frowned not being able to get readings. What could the freighter be hauling that required such high levels of security that each container had their own individual dampening device?

He came around a container to see the open space between it and a control panel. He smiled as he walked towards the controller. Already he could see that to turn off the field was a simple pull of a lever. This mission was going much better than planned. Finally he'd be able to redeem himself in the eyes of his superior officers. All he wanted was for Lt. Lee to respect him. For the men of security to respect him.

But what he hadn't figured out was that while inside the dampening field he wouldn't be able to see the lifesigns of anyone outside. That was until two lifesigns suddenly appeared behind him. Picard ran towards the panel. He had to bring that field down.

A silent whirl of something went by him. He looked at the container and saw hundreds of long, thin, metallic needles were sticking in the metal. Picard instantly knew what the weapon was. A Pneumatic Needle Gun. A grisly weapon indeed. But he was almost there.

Another burst of air and pain shot through his left leg, or at least what was left of it. He stumbled to the floor and began desperately crawling toward the control panel. He arrived at it in time to see his assailant running towards him, reloading. He saw the trail of blood that was following him.

He thrust himself up onto his one leg and reached for the switch to turn off the field. The sound of rushing air and the pain of hundreds of needles taking off his right hand. Picard screamed.

He spun his body around, threw out his left arm and grabbed hold of the leaver as the next round of needles went through the center of his chest, through his body armor, digging a grisly hole through his chest, eating his heart. He slid to the floor still hold the leaver.

As he sat on the floor, his blood pooling around him he could feel the vibration of the field stop. Two of his team came round firing and dropping the surprise guests. His eyes began to close and he smiled.

He nodded, realizing he completed his goal. Then his eyes closed.

The last sound he heard was a voice calling into a comm channel.

"Illuminar, we have a man down. Emergency evacuation now. I repeat Picard is ..."

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Sickbay --Deck 5 — Ensign (jg) Dr. Hezuela —0054)

Hezuela was a little relieved that Quinna seemed to be back on her feet. Still, it was not surprising that she collapsed again. Perhaps she should have taken it a little slower.

When Kathy let go of the scream, the Orion woman contorted her face painfully and moaned softly as she turned down her translation matrix. The sound still permeated her entire skull, leaving a small echo. "You can stop screaming like that, I can even hear you when you talk normally!" she hissed, covering her ears, though it didn't help. Her Matrix was still picking up sounds and converting them into language she understood.

With a practiced wave of her hand under the guise of taming a strand of hair, she regulated her sense of hearing down until she could only hear Kathy very softly.

The nurse had already ordered that the doctor be placed on a biobed, and Hezuela agreed with that decision. Of course. "Go get the stuff," she said, grabbing what she needed herself with one grip before looking at the bio readings.

(Reply Kathy Miller)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 0055)

She could feel it. Something went through her. She wanted to wake up. She willed herself to wake up. Suddenly she took a deep inhale. The one you would take as if you had been holding your breath underwater longer than you are comfortable with. At the same time, her body stiffened. After a few seconds, her body went limp again. But this time, her heart was beating and her breathing was steady.

[illegible]



"Well..." The EMH started.

"Whoa." Mason started. "Computer Deactivate the EMH." Mason turned back to Michael, "Who are you to ask about the Doctor's condition?" Mason started to get angry.

"Well you did just tell me that if I needed help to ask the EMH," Weston said. "So I was just following your suggestion. Who are you?"

"I am the man performing your Autopsy if you do not leave Quinna alone. She is not your concern." Mason then reached for his combadge. "Quincy to security. You are needed in sickbay."

Weston had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. ~Surely we're not going to have to go through this again.~ He thought to himself.

"Wait a minute," Weston suddenly recognized the name. "Quincy? Mason Quincy? You are the medical examiner on the Illuminar?"

Yeah, so, you are still not going near, Dr. Solice." Mason at this point did not care who the man was. There were too many weird things happening and Mason was not going to let Quinna be the next victim.

"I am Michael Weston," he said, offering a hand. "Quinna and I are... friends." Now was not the time for clarifying relationships. "I had come in to see her about something. I'm really just concerned about her. How did she get hurt?"

Mason thought for a moment. He had heard the rumor about Michael. He then remembered a few days earlier.

"Well, if you want to know. She was actually dead for about 3 minutes." Mason said.

"Rumor has it she did something very stupid, alone." Mason started, "Not sure if that was the cause of this." Mason provided.

"Dead for 3 minutes," he said more to himself than to confirm what he'd told. Wrapping his mind around the possibilities of such an event and how long before permanent brain damage occurred. He shook his head.

"Doing something stupid isn't usually her style, is it Doc?" he asked Quincy.

"She has not been herself lately. She has not left sickbay since the night the Captain was stabbed. But then you would know. You have been here. I remember you being here." Mason said as things started to fall into place.

Weston nodded, "Oh yes, I was here." He looked over at the group around the bed, blocking his view of Quinna. "She had helped when I'd been injured the day before. And the day after. Apparently she feels responsible for me."

He smiled at the ME. "So what is she to you Doc?" He asked. "You have more than a passing interest or you wouldn't be so emotionally involved."

"I am her brother, now who are you, again?" Mason used a toned down defensive tone.

"Like I said," Michael said calmly, "I am Quinna's friend."

"Sure you are." Mason said as the alarm went off.

Quinna's body started to convulse and her blood pressure started to elevate. Whatever Mason was about to do suddenly changed.

Mason moved to Quinna's side "Oh, no,no,no. Quinna..."

Michael moved closer to the bio-bed to observe what was going on. He tried to stay out of the way, to avoid any entanglements, after all, medicine was not his... forte. However his concern for Quinna overrode all his common sense.

Mason turned and saw Michael, "I need you to hold her.. Make sure she does not fall off the biobed." Mason moved to the medicine locker and pulled a hypospray. He then programmed the device to administer medicine to lower her blood pressure.

Weston moved quickly to Quinna's side, putting hand on her shoulder and reached across to hold her opposite hip. The position brought his face inches from her. At this proximity he could feel her labored breath on his cheek. He turned to look at her face, fighting the urge to touch it.

"Come on Quinna," he whispered, "stay with me. We've got a lot to do before either of us shrug of these mortal coils. There is fire in every one of your kisses." (There you have it- Mam Mia 2)

Mason heard his word and got the answer he wanted. He administered the meds and after a few minutes her blood pressure lowered and calmed. "Thanks, Man."

As Michael released his hold on Quinna's shoulder he lightly stroked her cheek. "Knowing me," he whispered in her ear, "knowing you."

He turned to Quincy and said, "It's the best I can do. Like I said, we're friends. And I don't just throw the f word around like that."

"Look, I should go put this in her med record. I also want to do a neuro autopsy on my dead friend. Perhaps you can sit with her, and talk to her. She could use a familiar face when she wakes." Mason now had a more trusting demure with Michael.

Weston smiled and nodded, "It would be my pleasure."

He watched as Mason walked away. He pulled a chair over to the now resting Quinna and sat at her head. He rested his hand on her forehead, stroking it gently with his thumb. He was silent for a moment then just started talking.

"You know we're going to have to do something special when you wake up. Maybe an actual dinner. What the hell did you do to yourself? "Something stupid" your brother said. Why don't I find that hard to believe?" He smiled then continued. "I need you to wake up. I have something and I need your help with it. I don't want to bring anyone else in on this. I don't want to put anyone else in danger. I hope this," he indicated to her current position, "isn't because of something you tried to do for me."

He paused and moved his hands to hold her left hand. With a sigh he knew what he needed to do. Apparently it was going to be a family affair. He kissed her hand and put it down gently on the bed.

"I have to talk to your brother for a minute," he said, and then got up and moved over to where Quincy was.

"Hey Doc," he said, getting his attention, "I have a question for you."

"Yeah?" Mason turned and looked at Michael. "What's that?"

He took a deep breath, and plowed forward. "I've found something, and I need to know who has touched this. Can you do a DNA scan on the surface of it and determine the identity of anyone that has held it?"

"I could." Mason held out his hand to take the device, "I can take it to my lab." Mason then pulled his hand away, "Does this have anything to do with why Quinna is in that biobed?"

Michael shook his head, "To be honest, I don't know. I hope not, but you did say she did something stupid so that makes me worried. However, this is a sensitive matter, and before you get involved you should know that if anyone knows you've helped me, it could prove to be a danger. If you're not comfortable with that I understand. But hopefully this will get me closer to the people that were involved in the assault on the CO."

"I can scan it and send the results directly to you. I will not read anything but I am doing it for her." Mason pointed in Quinna's direction. "If you want to come with me then fine, but ..." Mason just turned, "Let's go." He was scared to leave her alone. Someone needed to be with her as she was not in stable condition.

Holding the PADD he followed Quincy into a small room clearly used for analyzing medical items. Weston closed the door and pulled out a small pyramid. He twisted the top and it began to hum gently.

"This will prevent anyone from eavesdropping," Weston said. "Not quite the cone of silence but close enough."

Then he put the PADD on a counter, stepped back and waited for the ME to do his magic.

Mason took the PADD and placed it on a Mass Spectrometer. As he let the computer do it's thing, Mason inputted the parameters of the search and had it exclude both Michael and his own DNA signatures. While the machine was doing its job, Mason asked with his back to Michael, "I heard you were making out with my BroSis last night."

The sudden forwardness of Quincy was a bit surprising to Michael. And the fact that he had such information. “BroSis? That’s an unusual designation,” he said, trying to divert Quincy’s attention.

“Yea, it is a made up thing. Her brother is married to my sister. She is my Brother in Law's sister.” Mason did a quick explanation but then went back to his original statement, “So were you making out with her or not?”

Weston's eyes narrowed, still not answering directly. "How did you come upon this information?"

“Is that a yes or a no,” Mason asked. Mason had a look of disappointment as the mass spectrometer dinged with the results. Mason pulled a clean PADD from the drawer and downloaded the information. Mason did not care what it said. He handed both to Michael.

Michael took the PADD and the report. He looked at the paper, but said nothing. “Thank you Doctor Quincy,” said, then turned to leave. Then he turned back. “Quinna and I spent some time together last night, for a picnic and a view of the stars. I enjoyed her company, and I hope, and think, she enjoyed mine. If you need more information than that then you can ask your ... BroSis?... when she wakes up.”

“You just told me all I wanted to know.” Mason bluffed and it paid off.

Weston shook his head as he left. He wondered what it was about these Illuminar people, as they fish for information. He stopped by Quinna's bed on his way out.

"I've got work to do," he told her and kissed her on the forehead. "I'll see you soon."

Then he left sickbay.

(Reply none)

(Posted by AI and Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2

– Personal Quarters of Robet Flay – SFI Michael Weston – 0500)

It

didn't take long to Michael to use the information from the DNA scan to identify another person who had held the device. All evidence

pointed to Crewman Robert Flay. He was the one who had delivered the last meal to Sanchez. This made it most likely that he was the one who

poisoned Sanchez. It was either him, or the person that replicated the food. But Howard Johnson's DNA was not on the PADD.

Weston wanted to have a word with Flay, alone. So he made his way to the man's quarters and ... found his way inside. He grabbed a chair and put it beside the bed then sat and watched as the crewman slept. Then when he was ready he kicked the side of the bed. Flay opened his eyes and sat up, fear in his eyes as they focused on the figure in his room.

"Good morning Mr. Flay," Michael said in greeting.

Flay moved quickly to reach for his weapon but Weston clucked at him. "Tsk... tsk..., you are not going to find this weapon there." He tossed a small hand weapon onto the edge of the bed closest to himself.

"What... what do you want," Flay stammered.

"Oh, nothing much," Michael replied nonchalantly. "Just the names of the Roanoke operatives on this ship, and the name of the person that you report to. Who ordered the death of poor Mr. Sanchez?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Flay told him predictably.

Michael nodded, "Of course you don't. Look let's be honest with each other, can we? I'd could employ some very ... painful methods of persuasion to get you to tell me what I need to know, which, again, since we're being honest, I would enjoy extremely. I could use this," he held up a vial of a clear blue liquid, "which would make your mind a little more ... malleable, and receptive to common sense. Or you could avoid all of that and tell me what I need to know."

"I'm telling," Flay said, "I don't know anything."

Michael moved quickly and violently and struck Flay with the back of his hand across his face. Flay went rolling out of the bed and onto the floor. Weston shook his hand and nodded.

“Well that was not as satisfying as I would have hoped it would be,” he said sounding disappointed. “I suppose I’m going to have to use a little more force.”

Flay scuttled back to the wall holding up his hands, “Look, I don’t know anything. I’m telling you the truth.”

Weston looked sad, “I’m afraid I just don’t believe you. You see, your DNA is all over this PADD, which is locked. I think you can help me open it.” He tossed the PADD onto the bed.

Now the look of terror was a little more real. Weston stepped towards Flay and grabbed a handful of his hair. He cocked his fist back and looked down at Flay with an imploring expression. “No?” He nodded and then drove the fist into Flay’s chest.

Flay started to cough and roll on the floor in agony. “Give me something,” Weston said. “Just so the violence can stop.”

Flay suddenly looked defiant, “You’ll never learn anything from me you bastard. You can go and f…”

Weston drove his foot into Flay’s ribs, causing him to double over in agony. “Let’s be civil about this. No need for profanity. But now that you’ve all but admitted your participation in Sanchez’s death and Roanoke, you may as well tell me the rest.”

Flay managed to get back into a seated position and shook his head. “I can’t. They’d kill me. They’d kill my family. They’d kill anyone that my family knew. Besides, I wasn’t lying. I don’t know anything.”

Weston shook his head, “Option B.” He stepped over to Flay and stood on the man’s hand. When he opened his mouth to scream he unstopped the vial and poured it down Flay’s throat. “That is Proton Plus. It is an experimental drug that leaves the mind a little more susceptible to suggestion. So I will suggest that you tell me everything you know. Then I will let everyone on the ship know that you have told me everything, and I will let your friends deal with you.”

“Listen,” Flay said in a panic, “I have no idea who else is on board, or if anyone else is on board. We don’t know who each other are. I received orders to deal with Sanchez, before he became a leak. I

couldn't find the PADD, but I'd planned to go back and look again. You just beat me to it. I really don't know,"

Weston looked at Flay with a frown. He'd questioned enough people to know when he's heard the truth. He picked up Flay and moved him to the bed.

“Open the files on the PADD,” Michael ordered. “And don’t say you can’t. You’ve had it in your possession before. I want to know what’s on it.”

He picked up the PADD and put it in Flay's hand. Flay looked at the device as if it were going to bite him. But before he could do anything else he began convulsing. Within a minute the spasms stopped and Flay lay motionless. When Weston reached over and touched the body. He could already feel it cooling off. Flay was dead.

Michael searched the man but could not find what killed him. He spent some time going through his quarters but the only incriminating evidence he could find was the weapon he had tried to grab and the fact that he was dead.

He was working under the rules of Star Fleet and Captain Sekal. He probably should report the dead body. He shook his head as he left the room. The body count was growing and he had a bad feeling that this was not going to be the last.

(reply none)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5, Holodeck - Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar - 10:36)

Ensign Alantar had undone his hair so it flowed over his shoulders, making him look like something of a wild man. Tycho was pouring over a scale model of the Illuminar hung in the air, semi-transparent and still. With the PADD in his hand, he highlighted the various ship's systems. Save for the type of patient, one could almost say he was a physician by the detail and precision of his work.

He was looking for ways to help Luma 'heal' faster; currently his research had taken him to topics ranging from bio-gel packs to Vulcan mind melds, even the redundancy of Klingon organs came to light. Inspiration could come from strange bedfellows after all. However, today was not that day.

Once he'd finished colour-coding the various functions of the ship he dropped his PADD, under which promptly materialized a stack of books. The stack came from a small widget program he'd made as a boy. In order to keep working and not have to bend over every time he wanted his PADD after dropping it, he'd programmed the widget to produce a random item that his PADD would land on. Anything with a flat top that stood to about his waist height worked, catching the PADD before it could get damaged, and reducing back strain considerably.

His hands empty, he reached out to the ship, pulling the various systems out to compare them as one might compare the nervous system to the limbic system in a body; thankfully, with a lot less actual viscera and gore.

(Reply Any)

(posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Counseling Office - Counselor Ensign jg Reea - 1147)

Reea was at her desk in her office. It was a slow day and she was bored. No one had come to see her. In fact, she hadn't seen anyone for a long while. Even during the attack two days ago, no one had come. Quinna had sent Reea to the holodeck to counsel people, but she ended up spending a few hours there alone. She passed the time by playing tongo in a casino program she uploaded into the database. Sitting in her office now, she was playing an old Hewmon game called Sudoku. It involved numbers, which she was good at, but she quickly got tired of it, as it wasn't a challenge. Sighing, she folded her hands on her desk and stared at the door, as if by force of will, she could cause a patient to enter.

=^=Counselor Reea to the ready room, please.=^=

Reea was so deep in her reverie, when she heard the captain's voice through the comm system, she almost cried out in surprise.

Captain Sekal wanted to see her!

Had she done something wrong? Was there a complaint against her? Was she going to be reprimanded?

He had learned about the casino program.

With only one way to find out, Reea logged off her computer, got up, and hurried out.

Racing through the corridors was a blur that barely registered in her mind. Riding in the turbolift seemed like time had stopped. Odd how that worked. She hoped the captain wouldn't think she took too long.



Reea's jaw dropped and her stomach began fluttering like she had eaten four-day-old rock worms. She was in such a hurry to get to the ready room, she forgot to acknowledge Captain Sekal's call. Her shoulders slumped.

When the lift stopped and the door opened, Reea rushed out and made a beeline straight to the ready room, ringing the chime. She ignored any inquisitive looks she got.

"Come."

As she was stepping inside, Reea wondered how a person awaiting permission to enter could hear it being given, but nothing else inside could be heard. She supposed it was just one of those things.

"Ensign Reea reporting, sir." She had her hands clasped behind her back, trying to appear relaxed, but her throat was dry and her heart was pounding.

"Please sit, Counselor." Sekal nodded to one of the chairs.

Reea quickly sat, leaning slightly forward, her posture ramrod straight.

"Due to the events of the last three days," said Sekal, "I have a duty I would like for you to perform."

That piqued Reea's curiosity, though since she was certain the captain wasn't happy with her, it was going to be something unpleasant.

"Yes, sir. Whatever I can do to help." As the Hewmons said, Reea waited for the lowering of the boom.

(reply Sekal)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - CO- Captain Sekal - 1153)

He observed the Ferengi Counselor sitting uncomfortably in her chair as though standing at attention while seated. This denoted emotional agitation. For what reason he had no clue.

"Yes, sir. Whatever I can do to help."

"As you are aware..." he began, "...the crew has been subjected to multiple traumatic experiences over the course of a few days. Owing to this I would like for you to begin putting together an updated psychological profile beginning with the officer corps."

(Reply: Reea)

He nodded. "Yes. A complete psych exam. I am in process of transferring Lieutenant Trei out of Counseling and into Security to make more effective use of her talents meaning you will have the lead on this project. If you require assistance you may call upon Counselor Hammons. Her primary is as diplomatic consultant however her help will prove useful if you decide to call upon her."

(Reply: Reea)

"You have 2 days before we reach Regulus to complete your assignment. The 32 hours from Regulus to our destination will be busy so any examined after Regulus should be in lower priority areas. The order in which you do these I leave to you." He then placed emphasis on his next words. "The command line is not exempt from these exams. I trust I have made myself clear. You are under my authority in performing this task and any who refuse will answer to me. Do you have any questions?"

(Reply: Reea)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Captain's Ready Room - Counselor Ensign JG Reea - 1155)

"The crew has been subjected to multiple traumatic experiences over the course of a few days," said Sekal. "Owing to this, I would like for you to begin putting together an updated psychological profile beginning with the officer corps."

Reea had a mixed reaction to this. She was glad to be given something to do. The problem was, she had learned during her cadet cruise training, that people did their best to avoid meeting with a counselor when they were ordered to do so. She suspected this could end up being a chase game.

"How detailed do you want this to be, sir?" said Reea. "Should it be casual or a full and detailed evaluation?"

"Yes. A complete psych exam," said Sekal.

It was going to be a chase game.

"I am in process of transferring Lieutenant Trei out of counseling and into security to make more effective use of her talents, meaning you will have the lead on this project," said Sekal.

Reea raised an eyebrow. Ariel was half Klingon, so a transfer to security made sense, but it was still a bit of a surprise.

The captain continued explaining his orders, giving her two days to complete the assignment. Reea didn't know how much the captain understood how things worked with eval sessions, but two days wasn't going to be enough time, even with help.

"Do you have any questions?"

"No, Captain," said Reea. "I understand."

(reply Sekal if needed)

(posted by Renee Bishop)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Bridge -- CTO — Ensign T'Mur— 1505)

T'Mur was still a little put out about not attending the meeting with the COs and Sienna. She understood Sekal's logic, that since they were on the Illuminar, and he was there, that they were both safe. However, they were not in his ready room. They weren't even on the same deck. If something had happened she would not have been able to uphold her promise to protect Sienna. And that was what she just didn't exactly agree with it. The Something nagged at the back of her brain. It was not a logical sensation, but what Sienna would have called a "gut feeling." She just did not trust this Nesmith, but she was unable to logically justify her lack of trust. So she had been searching for a reason.

When they returned to the bridge T'Mur had conducted her duties with her usual efficiency. However she did not allow herself the opportunity to open her mind to Sienna. It was best for them both to remain focused on their duties. That was the logical route to take. There had been work to do, and adjustments to the ships shields and weapon systems that she had needed to make, and it required her full attention. If she were to be honest with herself she knew that was not the truth. She could have easily conducted to the work with only 60% of her attention. But her full attention completed the work faster.

Finally the captain ordered the ship to Regulus III to drop off the freighter survivors and their assailants that had been captured. Then the captain addressed the crew on the ship wide comm. However he was light on the details of the mission, just that they were proceeding with it.

“Ensign T’Mur,” Sekal called out, “report from Tactical.”

“Shields are at full strength, Captain,” T’Mur replied. “Phasers at full capacity, and weapons systems a fully functional.”

He went through the rest of the ships departments to get their reports. T'Mur looked over at Sienna, who appeared to be looking at her with concern. She could feel the sensation of her attempt to communication with her along their connection but she just shook her head.

(reply Sekal, Sienna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Dr. Quinna Solice -- 1505)

She heard it. She opened her eyes but snapped them closed again. It was bright, very bright. Her brain was in pain. Her body was in pain. A tear fell down the side of her face. She tried to move her hand to wipe that tear. She opened her mouth to say something but she could not talk. She knew she needed to get up. She needed to work. The ship needed her. But her body would not move.

She tried to open her eyes again. She was not sure where she was at. But then again the lights were still too bright. With the attempt, another shot of pain shot through her brain. Thinking back, she could not remember feeling like she did. With one more attempt, She opened her mouth to say something. She wanted the lights off, she wanted to move her body, She wanted the pain to go away, but all she could was “He...”

(Posted by Kris)

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 11 — Main Engineering -- EO — Ensign Bohb— 1507)

It had been a very full couple of days for Bohb. After some work throughout the ship he was able to get the propulsion system completely back online. By the time the engineers from the Protector came into the engine room he had most of the hard work really taken care of. The rest was just structural, and replacing burned out areas that he had already bypassed.

For nearly an hour they went through his work asking what he had done and how he had done it, and even why he had done it that way. By the time they had finished he was ready to pull somebodies arms and legs off. But he had already learned that in Star Fleet that was not acceptable behavior. He did not want another round of cultural sensitivity training. So he held his temper in check. That was until they attempted to access the Illuminator's computer system for modifications. That was when he drew the line.

"Our computer system does NOT need your modifications," he had said adamantly.

“But... but ...” was all the engineer got out.

“What part of no do you not understand,” Bohb had pulled himself up to his full height creating his best aggressive primate stance.

The engineer finally backed down and left main engineering with a jeer of, "Commander Nesmith will hear about this."

"I'll be disappointed if he didn't," Bohb shot back.

The rest of the help they provided was nice. He could have taken care of it eventually, but they did complete the body damage to the Illuminar in record time.

Suddenly the captain's voice broke his thoughts with an announcement over the comm system. ~So like his father.~

A few minutes later in came again.

=^= Engineering report on the warp drive and auxiliary power status. ^=^=

“Bohb here, son... Captain,” he caught himself from being too familiar, “warp drive is fully repaired, and ready to go. All systems are at full power. If that changes, I’ll get there in no time.”

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

"I have a few questions sir. Will I retain my rank and how will I be referred to? When do I report to Chief Lee?"

"You will of course retain your current rank." Sekal gave the title some thought. "Inspector of personnel primarily and consultant to the security department on other matters as well as to command." He turned the idea over in his head. "Consulting Inspector might be appropriate but I will leave the final details to my Chief of Security. While you are of the same rank you will be working under his oversight so I will of course expect you to comport yourself in the proper manner." Not that he expected Lieutenant Trei to give Lieutenant Lee any trouble, she had always acted honorably.

"As it is late in the afternoon now report to Chief Lee at 0800 tomorrow. I will notify him to be expecting you. Any other questions?"

(Reply: Trei)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

She heard the answers to her questions and was reassured with keeping her current rank. She understood that Chief Lee will be her superior officer in this manner. She didn't like Consulting Inspector. It didn't have a nice flair to it. She Liked Extra Sensory Investigative Officer until Chief Lee told her what she was. She responded to the answers.

"Understood sir."

She left the ready room to replicate 2 security uniform dresses .

(Reply None)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

After Lieutenant Trei had departed his office the Captain finalized her inter-departmental transfer then opened a comm to Security.

"Lieutenant Lee."

(Reply: Lee)

"I have just made an adjustment to the duty roster of which you need to be made aware. Lieutenant Trei has been moved from the Counseling department to fill a specialized role in Security."

(Reply: Lee)

"In essence a profiler and consultant to Security on matters involving infiltration, deception, interrogations and any matters involving or necessitating the use of empathy or telepathy."

(Reply: Lee)

"I understand there will be some extensive settling in and definition concerning her new duties but she is highly qualified in these areas, I have made use of her abilities in the past and anticipate doing so again in the future. She understands she will be working under your authority and has been instructed to report to you at 0800. If you have any further questions or concerns I anticipate being available for the next half hour if you wish to meet with me.

(Reply: Lee)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar—Deck 15 – Security office— Chief of Security Lt jn Keung Lee 1715)

Lee stared out into the blackness of space as he reflected on the recent death of his officers, ensign Francois Picard. He was killed in leading a boarding party to regain the capture of the Freighter Edmund Fitzgerald a couple of days ago. He had fallen victim to what was described as the redshirt effect. This tended to manifest itself as increased clumsiness, bad luck, and a general tendency to get in the way of Murphy law – repeatedly. Lee read the after action report that it seems according to his teammates that Picard alone took on the Marauders by himself instead of waiting for support from his teammates. “He proved his worth!” said one trooper. “a crazy hero” said another. Lee decided he recommend to the captain that Picard should be given a posthumous award with the following statement “For conspicuous gallantry and unyielding courage in the face of overwhelming enemy forces in the defence of his team.” Under his watch, Lee had lost two security officers, if you count former Security Officer, Penny McTaggard who was killed by her dog and, of course, Picard. One thing Lee had learned is not to take anything too personally. After all, the final responsibility of any actions fell on their security officers. it was not Lee’s job to ‘babysit’ his team members. Lee chuckled at the thought of ‘babysitting’ a Klingon. The death of Picard was sad and those were who friends with Picard would be grieving. He offered anyone who was directly affected to see a counsellor. Lee tried not get close to anyone who served under him especially his own security officers.

Lee's thoughts were interrupted by his comm buzzing. It was the Captain.

"Lieutenant Lee."

“Yes, Captain. What can I do for you” said Lee

"I have just made an adjustment to the duty roster of which you need to be made aware. Lieutenant Trei has been moved from the Counseling department to fill a specialized role in Security."

Z counsellor! What on earth do I need a shrink on the team for? Thought Lee. “What would Lieutenant Trei..specialism would be?” He couldn’t possibly think how a counsellor would be useful for a Security team.

"In essence a profiler and consultant to Security on matters involving infiltration, deception, interrogations and any matters involving or necessitating the use of empathy or telepathy."

A number of thoughts went through Lee of how a profiler would fit in within a security environment. A sort of specialised intelligence officer and analyst. Such a person would be invaluable to support the Security department.

"I understand there will be some extensive settling in and definition concerning her new duties but she is highly qualified in these areas, I have made use of her abilities in the past and anticipate doing so again in the future. She understands she will be working under your authority and has been instructed to report to you at 0800. If you have any further questions or concerns I anticipate being available for the next half hour if you wish to meet with me.

[illegible][illegible]

While he waited, “Reolra, I need to have my head examined. Can I please get another Bolian Tonic water, and if you know what Councilor Hammons drinks, non-alcoholic of course, and perhaps a small snack to her liking, I’d be appreciative.”

He took his ½ full glass and found an out of the way table for two where they could have their conversation in semiprivate. Gregory didn't really care for this part of Star Fleet, and was not sure why the Captain was ordering said tests. As long as the telepath didn't go into his mind.

Alaya came into the Lounge and the Counselor smiled. The Betazoid dark eyes, the blue hair, she was distinctive. She moved over to Gregory's table. "Hi." She was the Counselor that Sienna had wanted to read his mind a few days before.

"Hello counselor," Gregory replied. "I am sure my feelings on telepaths has become well known on the ship, so I hope this won't be an issue with you. Since the Captain has ordered this, and you have the power to suspend me if I don't comply, let's get this over with. I just want your assurance that you will not use any telepathic or other mind reading abilities during this session."

"I can't guarantee that I will not sense your emotions if they are strong enough but I can give you my word that I won't deliberately attempt to sense or read you. Is that fair?" She asked, arching an eyebrow. She was tired and this was not what she wanted to be doing.

"Very well, please begin," Gregory replied as he sipped his second Bolian Tonic Water. He hoped its calming effects on the nervous system would prevent any strong emotions. One of the reasons he drank the liquid, and insisted on meeting here where he had a steady supply.

"I guess we should start with the obvious. I will be doing this pretty blunt to get it over with as soon as possible. So, how are you feeling right now?"

"I am feeling fine, A little tired from 6 on/6off shifts, but that comes with the territory. It'll be nice to get back to a standard 8 hour shift, which will allow me to train with my shift. We usually have a pre-shift meal that lets us relax together. ``I'm hoping to get them running with me after shift, I've been crashing the security NCO and getting some hand-to-hand training as well."

"Any sleeplessness, nightmares, obvious stress?"

Gregory laughed, "No nightmares, no stress other than the stress of command. I'm still relatively new and have lots to learn. Holodeck training only goes so far."

"Rumor says that you and Mr. Alyl were more than 'just friends'. Do you blame yourself for his injuries?"

Gregory looked puzzled, "I'm not sure why I would blame myself for his injuries. Unfortunately that is the downside of being in Starfleet. I blame the villains who attacked us for not just his injuries, but all the injuries. My relationship with Mr. Alyl, or anyone else on this ship does not factor into my decisions on the bridge. I don't generally form emotional connections at that level."



"It's very common for new command officers who are in their first battle, or have lost their first officers under their command to feel guilt, and to second guess themselves." She replied, sipping the amber colored liquid.

"True, but I've already lost an officer on the Sharlayan ship due to poor judgement. I've been focusing on those issues in my ongoing training. I feel overall we did as best as we could. Unfortunately, Commander Verin is very young in her position and more focused on science than tactics. She did as best as she could, we all did."

"Do you feel any envy that she is First Officer and you are not? Technically you are more qualified than she is for the role. As you said, she's learning and not as skilled with technical aspects as she would wish." Penetrating questions but necessary.

Gregory shook his head, "Ma'am, these promotions have been coming pretty fast for me. A year ago, I was cleaning and repairing waste reclamation units on Deep Space 9 and taking money from officers who liked to draw to an inside straight. I joined the Illuminar and in short order became chief of operations and then third officer. I am not envious of anyone's position. I'm still working on learning mine and training the operations team to be more efficient. I have a lot to learn before I'd consider myself ready to be an executive officer. I look forward to learning from Commander Verin and Captain Sekal."

"How are your working relationships with the Captain and the Commander?" Alaya asked curiously. This wasn't part of the eval.

"I believe I have a good working relationship with the Captain. I also believe you know my relationship with the Commander has a level of strain in it due to her insistence in having a telepathic scan, and not acknowledging there may be other options available. My thoughts are my own, and I will share them when and with whom I want. I don't like the thoughts of someone crawling around my brain, no offence," he said to the councilor. "However, that doesn't mean I cannot work with her, or would do anything to undermine her authority."

Alaya could make peace, or she could continue with the eval. She chose to continue the eval. "One of those questions that I have to ask you. What do you view as your strengths and weaknesses as a command officer?"

Gregory took a sip of his tonic water. "I have a logical mind, training as an engineer so I understand the inner workings of the ship. I am not afraid to take calculated risks. I am still working on my tactical knowledge and experience. That is why I am practicing almost daily in the holodeck with a variety of simulations. I've started working with Gamma shift as well to get everyone on the same page. Another

strength is, I think, building teams. I am still learning to read people away from the poker table. How does that check your boxes?" he asked

"And weaknesses?" She bantered back, smiling.

"Dislike of invasions of privacy, pushy people, people who read more into personal situations. " he replied

"What do you do to deal with the stress from the job? Hobbies?"

"I exercise, i am a runner. I have taken up physical training with the security NCO's. I am a free climber, which i practice on the holodeck. Gambling, I am trying to learn Tongo. And of course tinkering, like SPOTs over on the bar."

"And..." She spoke with a grin, "Where do you see yourself going in your career? What's your ultimate goal?"

"Command a starship, discover a new planet. Seek out new civilizations. The stuff that dreams are made of."

"That seems a little pat. Do you know which ship you'd like? Many career officers decide that they want a specific ship."

"But isn't that the dream of all career officers? I have no specific aspirations for a specific ship. We will see what the next generation of the fleet will look like. I guess if I had a specific aspiration, it would be to command the engineering trials of those ships."

"And I guess one of my last questions for the evening should be, How do you handle working with Luma? Any issues?"

"I have dealt with the computer as such. I have had little direct interactions with the entity known as Luma, other than the reintegration event when the crystal shattered. I have assigned Bohb to solve that problem," Gregory replied.

"And why are you so against working with telepaths? I grew up on Earth, so I know that humans in general have issues with telepaths and privacy. But you seem to go to an extreme. Is there something that you fear?"

"I do not fear telepaths. I protect my privacy and would rather not have someone traipsing around my inner most thoughts when I have no control of what they are actually doing," he replied, "Nor do I have

an issue working with telepaths, except when I am being ordered to let one scan my mind on a hunch," he added.

Alaya pulled out her padd and looked down at the questions that she was supposed to ask, checking them off mentally as she went, "I'm a diplomatic counselor usually, I advise ambassadors and help with first contact and away missions. I'm not usually a personnel counselor. That's why I'm checking the official list." She smiled, reaching up to brush back a strand of her blue hair.

"Check away, don't want you to miss any details or boxes," Gregory replied.

"I'm not sure how to phrase this question so I'll just ask it and please do not be offended. Do you think that you have ever been compromised by the Roanoke group? I know that you submitted to a scan that cleared you of having an implanted personality. I think, and this is my speculation, that there are still agents on board, just based on the way the senior staff are acting."

"With respect Councilor, I do not believe I have been compromised by anyone. I had never heard of this group till now, and doubt I am on anyone's radar. As you said, the Doctor scanned my brain with no findings. If the Captain had not been stabbed, and the incidents in 2443, I would think this all an illusion."

"And as you can see, I have refused a security escort because I don't think I would be a target anyway. Does that answer your question?"

"Why don't you think that you would be a target? With Commander Peters gone, you and Commander Verin are the obvious choices to attack next." She spoke quietly, "One of the reasons Commander Verin was concerned about you is that you came from DS9 which is a very irregular posting at times. Or so the rumors say."

"Councilor, I am a Star Fleet officer, I've pledged an oath to uphold and defend the Federation and it's ideals. The idea that there is a boogieman around every corner is not how I plan to live my life. And like every officer, I go where I am told. I needed training and conditioning, the Deep Space Nine billet was open and a junior officer doesn't have any real say in where they go. Perhaps it is my degree and work in particle physics that attracted the brass to send me to DS9. It seems it was a good thing too with the issues we saw there due to the parallel dimension orb."

"As for an order of attack, I'm not sure I agree with your logic. If the captain and first officer are incapacitated, and in the absence of any immediate threat, StarFleet regulations demand that the senior officer at the time take command and return to the nearest starbase. That order can be executed by the computer in an extreme emergency and is not something that can be readily countermanded.

Except by flag staff or the return of senior officers to duty. So I suspect if the Captain and Commander were incapacitated, Luma would not hesitate to run home.”

“So therefore, I don’t need a shadow. It’ll just get in my way. And no, I don’t think it is bravado or machismo on my part, just logic. With respect, Councilor, are we done? Do you have sufficient information to file a report that my mental health is ok and I can resume my duties to the ship?”

Alaya laughed, “Yes, indeed. All the boxes have been checked. Thank you for not making me chase you down or having to use threats to get this done. I’ll let you get back to your relaxation and I’ll file the report within 24 hours. I think.” And Alaya smiled, “That you were the first one to actually get the evaluation done, so thank you for setting a good example.” She finished off her drink and moved to get up.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Mel - Councilor Hammons

Tim - Lieutenant Gregory)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 3 -- Captain's Quarters -- CO -- Captain Sekal --1908)

Two bottles materialized on the sink cabinet of his bathing area while the tub was filling with warm water.

=^= Our Sekal is tired and requires rest so this one has been researching Terran remedies. These are called the bubble bath. =^=

He gave the bottles a suspicious look. "They are for making bubbling water?"

=^= No. They are a type of soap that makes many pleasing bubbles. It helps to make the relax. ^=^=

"Luma I am not feeling \*stress\*. I am a Vulcan."

=^= Luma's brother is arguing again. If our Sekal will do this then this one will stop annoying him. ^=^=

"I have your solemn word?"

=^= Yes! ^= The Lenai sounded inordinately pleased with herself.

"Very well."

=^= You takes off the top and squeezes some into the water until it makes big soapy happies. =^=

The Vulcan considered rolling his eyes then decided it would be an illogical action. He held up both bottles, one labeled "Vulcan Sunrise" and the other "Shades of Blue".

=^= One makes the sniffs and chooses based on the odor. The most pleasing one is used. ^=

"Vulcan Sunrise" sounded logical so he set the other bottle down.

=^= No! One must make the sniffs. ^=

"There is no need. I have made my choice."

=^= Squeeze some into the water. ^= Luma sounded sulky.

He did so. It didn't take an ounce before it had begun foaming outrageously.

Luma squealed. ^= It makes the happies! ^=

The tub was about half full, the remaining volume was nearly filled with foamy soap. The scent smelled nothing like sand or sunrise on Vulcan. "Illogical to name something what it is not."

As Luma tittered he disrobed and entered the tub then laid back in the water and foam. T'Lah padded in quietly to see what was going on and gave him a questioning look.

She jumped back a bit startled as something materialized on the floor close to the tub. He looked down and his brows creased as he considered it before picking it up from the floor. Appearing to be made of soft, rubbery plastic it was yellow and in the general outline of a Terran waterfowl. Merely squeezing lightly caused it to give off a squeak.

He quirked an eyebrow at it then looked at T'Lah who had come close and was eyeing the toy greedily. He held it down and she reached up with a white paw to bat at it. He pulled it back and suddenly pitched it out the door. T'Lah was on the move as soon as it left his hand and dove on it immediately after it hit the floor. She rolled around with it, her front paws locked around it while her back claws raked and she bit its bill.

The toy gave out squeaks of alarm at being so abused which entertained her even more and she redoubled her efforts.

Sekal shook his head and turned away from the sight as he sank against the back of the tub. He was soon almost engulfed in bubbles except for his head.

"Illogical but true. The combination of warm water and soap bubbles is strangely relaxing."

=^= Luma told you so, she did much research. ^=

He closed his eyes as his muscles unwound.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G) :P

[illegible]

Ariel pressed the door chime before entering Chief Lee's office. She took a seat and addressed him on her assignment. She had several ideas that could be useful in security but will follow the orders of the chief.

(Reply Lee)  
(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Chief Lee's Office - ESIO LT JG Ariel Trei - 0815)

"I have been assigned to work under your command to investigate the infiltrators using my empathic and telepathic abilities. I am assigned to interview these infiltrators as well. If i have to fight a few of them along the way so be it. As you may know I am preparing for the Rite of Ascension. Getting in physical situations should help in that regard. I have some theoretical ideas for security to discuss when you are ready for that What do you need me to do Sir and how will I be I officially addressed." Explained Trei

“As we got time, I would like to hear your ideas for what you would like to do” offered Lee (reply Trei)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Chief Lee's Office - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 08.20)

She listened to Chief Lee explain where she will be working. She didn't know what to call him. She suspected that Ken was acceptable. He asked her of her special items to use in various situations. The pellets were still not tested but will be most useful when they needed to be.

"May I call you Ken? As far as the special items go they are various colored pellets that do different things for each color. Keep in mind that they are not sufficiently tested. White pellets release a hallucinating gas that will make the subject see what we want them to see and can provide a great explosion if used in space. Yellow pellets will provide a significant electrical charge not unlike a tazer but specific targeted strikes. Green pellets will provide a super matrix enhanced shield. It can be an individual one or large enough to surround a starship possibly a starbase if necessary. Red pellets will direct attacks back at the subject who initiated the attack. Black pellets will be like a missing link to whatever is needed to complete the link. Blue pellets will cause a great surge of water. What do think sir?"

(Reply Lee)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 5 -- Transporter Room 1 -- EO Ensign jg Tycho Alantar -- 1635)

Tycho had replaced the tech at the controls, sent him to get the parts they were replacing in the process of fixing and updating the ship to their best ability. The chime came over and he smoothly slid his hands over the panel.

He got their lock and tapped the com to announce, "Illuminar to Captain Sekal, energizing," as he pushed the controls to activate the stream. In his mind he thanked his lucky stars he'd decided to braid his beard and targ-tail his hair. At least he wasn't looking as disheveled as his usual engineering work left him.

He watched carefully as they materialized, ensuring that the buffers were working properly. As soon as the four materialized, he set a diagnostic running for analysis, checking new parts against old baselines. His quick hand movements didn't stop him from giving a nod to the group however, "Welcome home, Captain, gents."

(Reply any)

(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS

Illuminar - Holodeck 1 - EO Ensign Bohb & Luma of the Lenai - 1800)

## Bohnb

entered the empty holodeck holding a burlap sack. He went over to the control panel and began to tap in some commands. He was pleased to see that some of his programming from 20 years ago was still accessible.

"Hello  
Luma," he called out.

=^=

The Bohb. ^= The Lenai sounded grumpy still. She was not in a great mood apparently as she was still having minor repairs done and those were irritating.

"I'd  
like to run an old program tonight. Please pull up Bohb program 2, Magilla Prime."

Luma  
thought a moment and then obeyed the command after scanning the program to make sure that it was safe and would not harm any of her small ones. She was not taking anything for granted currently.

The  
room shimmered and transformed into a tropical jungle setting. In the middle of the jungle was an opening with a fire pit surrounded by a circle of white stones. There were a series of logs set on end to be used as seats.

"Would  
you like to join me, Luma?" Bohb asked, sitting on one of the wide logs.

=^=

The Bohb would like Luma in her small one form or her normal form? ^=

Bohb  
blinked. "You have a small one form? I've never seen it. However I will let you decide. Whichever you are most comfortable with."

Shimmering  
before him was an odd creation. It had long purple hair, cat ears, a winding tail, a glaringly fuchsia sundress and extremely long purple hair. Peeking out from her hair was a second set of vaguely vulcan ears. Her skin was lightly tinged pink and her eyes  
matched the dress. She smelled like the sea. And Luma looked positively delighted to be interacting in this form.

Bohb  
smiled, "I must admit, I did not expect this. Incredible. Nice dress."

=^=

Luma asked Our Sienna what one wears on a date. Our Sienna said a dress was the normal choice for a female small one. Luma is pleased that the Bohb likes it. Luma modeled it on the holo-vids. ^=

Bohb  
was flattered that she had put so much thought into what she was wearing. Flattered... and worried.



“Well

it certainly looks better on you than it would on me,” he said, feeling awkward. He stood up and offered a hand to Luma to guide her to one of the log seats.

Her

hand was warm to the touch and almost velvet like in texture. She seemed pleased with his response, =^= The Bohb promised Luma music? =^= Luma took a seat on the log and tucked her princess sundress around her. She looked up at Bohb with expectation.

Suddenly

more at ease with an actual direction Nohb nodded. “Indeed I did.”

He

opened the sack and pulled out an instrument that looked like three bongos connected together. “These are Magillan drums. I thought I could play some traditional music of my people. Would you like that? Have you ever heard Magillan music?”

=^=

No, Luma has not heard any. She consulted the library but there was none in the system. Additionally all the relays to the library core are not entirely functional.=^=

Bohb

shook his head, “It’s not surprising. My people keep to themselves. To my knowledge I’m still the only Magillan to have spent much time off planet. There has never been a huge cultural exchange program.”

That

awkward feeling returned as he realized he was talking too much about things that only interest him.

“Anyway,

Magillan music. It tends to be a bit primitive but it is good music to dance to.”

He

moved the drum base between his legs and grabbed the base with his feet. Then he struck the main drum with the base of his thumb once, sending a deep and echoing thump into the jungle setting. He hit the drum head with his other, then each other the smaller drums as he warmed up his hands, the drums and his memory. Then he turned to Luma.

“Are

you ready for this?” Bohb asked.

=^=

Luma is eagerly looking forward to hearing the cultural music of the Bohb’s people. May Luma join in on the music once she has a feel for it? =^= The Lenai’s avatar was not great at mimicking humanoid expressions. =^= Why does the Bohb find Luma uncomfortable?

At least Luma thinks that is the correct emotion. Luma is not good at the emotions of the small ones by body language or tone, when she can not sense them telepathically. =^= A short pause. =^= The Bohb will the Jatón and his Alyl recover? =^=

Bohb

shifted his weight awkwardly as he sat, and thought hard how to answer that question. "I do not find you uncomfortable," he said reassuringly. "I am generally uncomfortable around most people when I speak. Most species have an odd aversion to a speaking primate, humans being the exception. It has made me uncomfortable. And I rarely allow myself to get emotionally close to anyone because of that. Perhaps I am just out of practice and so I tend to ramble until my point comes across more than is necessary. Like now."

He

stopped and smiled at the current form she had created, "And to be honest I think you are doing well with emotions and my body language, anyway. I too have similar problems."

He

struck the drum again, and began a slow, rhythmic pattern to build on. "And yes, if you are feeling the music, by all means, join in."

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jMz6e-mRUVY>

His

hands moved smoothly from one drum to the others, creating a rhythm that he began to move his head to. The different tones created by the other two drums were contrasting in tone and vibrations. There were also beads on the side of the drum that he periodically stroked to give another sound. It created music that was easy to dance to.

Luma

looked utterly delighted as she listened, her tail twitching in time to the drums. She began to clap her hands in time to the music after about a minute, laughing as she immersed herself in the beat. Her cat ears finally began to twitch along with the tail. She likely would start dancing if there was a choice.

Bohb

began to watch Luma react to the music and smiled. He enjoyed watching people enjoy his music. The way her tail, ears and head all seemed to twitch simultaneously was very cute.

The

song came to an end and Bohb smiled at kitty Luma. "So you liked it?" he asked.

Luma

clapped her hands again, this time louder and in delight. =^= Very much so! The Bohb has great skill with the banging of the drums. The Bohb did not answer Luma's question about the Jatón and his Alyl? =^=

Bohb

shrugged his shoulders and said, "To be honest I'm not really aware of either of their conditions right now. If they are being treated in sickbay then I'm certain they'll recover. I know how hard it is to not be able to contact those you care about. I will check on them for you later. Is that alright?"

Luma

made a sound of assent. ^= May Luma play for the Bohb? ^= She asked hopefully. ^= Vocal or flute; Lenai or Illumari? ^=

Bohb

grunted a happy grunt. "Absolutely." At the mention of it he was already curious about how the flute would sound with his drums. "Oh please, the flute. I really don't know the difference between Lenai and Illumari. Which ever has the better beat and rhythm."

Luma

paused in that pose that she had that indicated thinking as she conjured up a flute and held it in her hands. ^= Luma can not play traditional Lenai music in this small one form, so she will play music of the Illumari. ^= She lifted the flute to her lips and blew experimentally. This was a new way for her to make music, normally she thought it and it occurred. This was different and she was not note perfect, but it was rather pretty. Very reminiscent of Betazoid music.

Bohb

closed his eyes and listened to the music. His hands began to move over his drums automatically, beating to the rhythm of the soft and flowing music. It was not as ... celebratory as what he had played, but it was equally moving, just in a different way.

When

her song came to an end and his hands came to a rest he looked at Luma. "That was... beautiful. Amazing. I could actually feel the emotions of the music."

He

paused for a moment and then said, "Would you mind singing just a little from the Illumari? In your natural form? And please, don't think it's because I don't find your current form pleasing. But I would like to hear the natural music of your people."

Luma

nodded, ^= The two are not the same. My native people are the Lenai, not the Illumari. But I will sing you one of the Illumari pieces first, in this form. It is a song about the search for a home again. The Lenai and the Illumari both had that in common.

The Illumari wanted to find a new home for their people and the Lenai did not wish to embrace entropy."

She

began to sing, the song heart breachingly beautiful even if the words were not understandable. ^= The Bohb likes? ^= She asked hopefully.

Bohb

sat silently for a moment with his eyes closed, rightly back the tears of the emotions that the song had brought. He did. It understand any of the words, the feelings that were intertwined with the harmonics.

Suddenly

he threw his arms around Luma. "That was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard." He said. "The way the harmonics ...," and that was when it struck him.

He'd

been going about his problem with the crystals all wrong. It was the harmonics, they were alive.

"That's

it!" he said full of joy. He pulled Luma into a hug again and kissed her cheek. "That's it. Why didn't I think of it before?"

He

smacked himself in the head as if to shake his brains loose. "Luma, you are a wonder."

Luma

looked at Bohb curiously. ^= Luma likes kisses! Thanks you the Bohb. Is the date over now? Luma is unsure how long one lasts. ^=

Bohb

shrugged, "To be perfectly honest I am not sure either. On Magellan Prime "dates" generally lead to mating rituals and last a very long time. Days."

^=

The Bohb has never been on a date either? Is not the Bohb ancient by small one standards? ^= Luma didn't mean to sound rude, she was just curious.

Bohb chuckled at the reference to his age. "Well... I try not to think of myself as being That old. But I am older than almost anyone on this ship. I guess I just never found anyone that I connected with... well ... there was this one time... but I'm no Bohemian. For the most part the females of most species either are not seriously interested in who I am, or only want a once in a lifetime experience that I am unwilling to give."

^= Ah they desire to mate with you and not have a relationship? Luma is not capable of mating with any small one. But Luma is happy for her first date. The Bohb is a good male small one. ^=

If anyone could tell, Bohb blushed slightly. "Thank you Luma. That's probably the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me. I enjoyed our first date as well. I would like to do it again. Perhaps others could join us?"

^= Yes, it is best to make music with more small ones. We should bring Our Sienna, she is quite musical and it makes her happier. She has recently bonded with her T'Mur, so perhaps she will be our audience? Luma needs to go and assist in a science lab. This was

a pleasant evening, the Bohb. =^=

Bohb was a little taken aback by the abruptness of Luma's announcement. But to be honest he wasn't sure how to end the evening. Besides, Luma had given him much to think about with regards to her crystal.

“Thank you Luma,” he said politely. “I enjoyed the evening as well. I have to go to the engineering lab as well. I’ll talk with you soon.”

Luma's form faded and disappeared and that sense of her faded from the holodeck, leaving Bohb alone.

Bohb oddly felt the loss of her presence. He'd forgotten what it was like to have a real friend. He moved over to the holodeck controls. He pressed the controls to save the program and it shimmered and dissolved into the hologrid.

He turned back to the empty holodeck and smiled. He wondered about Luma's statement about mating. Was it the act of mating or the procreation element of mating she was meaning. An interesting thought that made him smile as he put his drums in their bag, threw them over his shoulder and headed to the engineering lab.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir and Mel G)

[illegible]

Sienna

was curled up in the gigantic, oversized plush recliner that was patterned in a hideous jewel tone of purple and was fuzzy to the touch. It was one of her favorite items and she had found it ridiculously cheap on Vulcan of all places. In her hand was a PADD

that she was reviewing the remaining few repairs. At her side was a glass of vulcan sparkling wine. She was wearing a loose caftan type robe and no shoes, her bare toenails painted a light pink. Her long dark hair was down, and her latest bite from T'Mur

was barely visible on the edge of her shoulder. A soft sigh as she finished the last of the reports and leaned back. She missed T'Mur who was doing a training shift with the other security officers. Sienna knew that they couldn't be together at every moment,

and that they were incredibly lucky to spend as much time as they did together.

She

closed her eyes after finishing her wine and leaned back, relaxing in the chair. So when the door comm went off, she was surprised and rose, smiling when she answered it and saw Quinna there.

Quinna

stepped into the room, "Are you alone?" Quinna said in a deep tone. She looked at Sienna as a goal about to be achieved. She took a closer than normal step towards Sienna.

"Yeah,

T'Mur's at a training exercise. Are you all right? You seem a little off. I have some sparkling white vulcan wine if you would like a glass?" Something about Quinna bothered Sienna, and she took a step backwards, suddenly very nervous.

::Luma,

keep a watch on my quarters please. Something's not right.:: Sienna sent to the being that lived in their ship.

Quinna

ran the back of her hand along Sienna's cheekbone. "There is something about you I find, shall I say, alluring." Quinna said as she circled Sienna.

Sienna

froze for a moment, a look of fear mixed with revulsion on her features. Sienna ducked the hand caressing her face. "Quinna?" Sienna asked, fear in her voice. "I can't. I'm bonded to T'Mur and I just... she will kill you if you threaten that bond, it is her nature. Please don't."

Her

fear spiked along the bond between Sienna and T'Mur.

"You

know your bondmate desired this body first before yours. I am willing to offer this body to you." Quinna was forthcoming.

"Ah.

No thank you." Sienna smiled, but her smile was nervous. "Quinna, what is going on? Why are you acting so strange?" Sienna moved so that a piece of furniture was between her and Quinna. Unfortunately this put her further from an exit.

"I

am offering you the biggest gift. This body is pure and untouched. I wish you to have it." Quinna offered again.

"Quinna,

first off, you are not attracted to girls. Secondly, thank you again but I'm not interested. Maybe we should go to sickbay and we can get you checked out? I think when you were hurt the other day there were some lingering effects. But your new doctor should be able to fix you up in no time."

::Luma

get T'Mur here, now. Use the site to site transporters. Something is seriously wrong with Quinna. If she attacks me, can you handle her?::

::Luma

can use the gases and knock you both out, or she can move the Quinna to the brig. The Quinna is not herself. She feels like a boy.::

::She

-what-?: Sienna asked as Quinna moved closer and Sy continued to move, keeping distance between the two of them. Sienna's attention was now entirely on Quinna and Sy's fear was growing worse.

"No.

I am fine. I am guessing by now you have figured out that Quinna does not live here anymore." Said the shell of Quinna's body.

"Excuse

me? Who are you if not Quinna?" Sienna hoped that T'Mur would get here quickly.

"I

am Rito, well I guess Rita now." Rito was rather Cocky at this point. "And what I really wanted is your body. But this pure body has intrigued me. Want to hear my original plan?"

"My

body belongs to my bondmate, not you. But sure, tell me about your plan." ~Where was T..~ What was going on with Quinna?

"Computer,

initiate Quarantine Authorization Solice Davis Samuel nine" Quinna's body stared at Sienna, "I bet you can't read me."

"Not

easily, no. But you are my friend and I don't want to read you." Sienna kept distance between them.

::Luma,

whatever she just did, override it, please! Get T'Mur here!:: Sienna was almost frantic now.

::Luma

is trying! What is wrong with the Quinna! Why is she broken?:

T'Mur

suddenly shimmered and appeared in the hall outside of hers and Sienna's quarters. Her senses strained to hear the sounds inside the apartment. She still had a sheen of sweat coating her body, that had pretty much soaked through the tank top and shorts she'd been wearing. She also sported a couple new bruises from the combat training.

Luma

had warned her that Sienna was in trouble, and that something was wrong with Quinna. She didn't know what kind of danger Sienna was in but she was not pleased to hear the news. She listened carefully to the voices in the quarters, and the telepathic communication

with Luma through their connection.

::I

don't know Luma but I promise we'll figure it out and try and fix her.::

"So

Rita... How do you plan to take over me?"

"You

know, I don't need you exactly, but Your friendship made it easier to get you. I just needed a telepath. A Telepath was needed to read Sanchez. He was not supposed to die, but I became trapped in a limp body. A Telepath would have made things easier."

Rita began to pace. It was now harder to leave a not telepathic body. Rita moved closer to Sienna and took hold of her neck and sniffed her hair. "I think Quinna needs to talk. Why not talk to her telepathically." Rita needed the telepathic connection to hold. "You do not know what you are missing with this body."

"I

think not. It's exceptionally difficult to make a non-telepath hear us. It would leave Quinna with a terrible headache since she is not an empath. As for Quinna's body, it belongs to Quinna."

::Luma

has Sienna's T'Mur outside the door and Luma is working on overriding the not-Quinna's commands.::

::Work

faster Luma, I'm really scared. If you can't, please gas the room. I'd rather have a headache from the knockout gas than have whatever is in Quinna attach itself to me.::

"If

you want me to leave this body to the prude that owns it, then let me into yours." Rito demanded. "Where is that bond mate of yours? Shouldn't she be here by now? Perhaps you are not bonded like you think you are."

T'Mur

had had enough. She could sense Sienna's fear and she moved to the door. Standing in the center of the doorway she placed her right hand on the door. She closed her eyes and focused. In her mind she could hear the words of her teacher.

"You

must remember that there is no obstacle you can't get through. The only thing that prevents you from passing through the loosely bound atoms of any object. If you strike with enough force, in the right place, you can break through. Just clear your mind and strike all of the way through, as though the object did not exist."

T'Mur

took a deep breath, opened her eyes and with all of strength struck the central edge of the door. It created a handhold for her to grip and forced the door open.



She

moved quickly to Quinna, who still had hold of Sienna's neck. Before the human could react T'Mur was there, he had shot out and grabbed Quinna by the throat and lifted her from the floor.

"Get

your damned dirty hands off my mate," she said, with a dangerous voice.

Sienna's

fear had her frozen when she noticed Quinna had grabbed her neck. But then T'Mur was there and taking care of it. Sienna tried to breathe through the fear filling her.

"That

is not Quinna. It is Quinna's body but not her." Sy gasped out, some bruising on her throat from the hands that had been trying to forge a connection with her.

Sienna

hit her comm badge, "Security and medical to the first officer's quarters." She ended the call and watched, "Be careful, that thing wants a telepathic body for some reason. " Sienna felt betrayed and slightly sad by this encounter. And she needed the comfort of T'Mur protecting her.

T'Mur

looked around to Sienna, intentionally avoiding their telepathic link, barely understanding the warning. "What?" Then she turned back to look at Quinna, who apparently was not Quinna. She maintained her grip on the woman's throat as her feet kicked in the air while she struggled to breathe.

Struggling

to talk, the entity in control of Quinna Body, "This body is weak...Just a little squeeze, Snap the neck. This body will not survive much longer." Then the hand lifted to T'Mur's Face. "Kill me, kill her. Is that what you want." Then moved off the eyes caught with Sienna's. "Enter my mind and find the truth."

T'Mur

shook her head, "I do not need to kill her to render her unconscious. I feel her body already going limp. She will not feel great when she regains consciousness, but she will regain consciousness. Then we can take time to reveal all."

She

lowered the body of Quinna to the ground then changed her grips. Pushing her against the wall she crossed her wrists and put the cross on her throat and continued the pressure onto her carotid artery. Whatever happened next, she knew that Quinna would not completely survive this experience unless she did something right now.

T'Mur

turned her attention to Sienna and for the first time used their connection. ::I need to do something now, but it is dangerous, and I need your help.::

Sienna

moved to kneel beside T'Mur. ::What do you need?: She asked, laying her hand on T'Mur's leg. Security should be here soon, as well as the medical help. If it took much longer, she would have Lee's head on a platter.

Slowly

T'Mur released her grip on Quinna's shoulder and touched her fingertips to the woman's face. She closed her eyes and began to send her mind into Quinna's

"My

mind to your mind, your mind to mine. My thoughts to your thoughts."

T'Mur

could feel her mind move between the thoughts of Quinna's as she attempted to avoid anything that was truly hers and sensitive. Suddenly she found herself in a large, empty room. Then another person was there. It started out to be Quinna, but as it walked towards her the figure changed to a man. And he was smiling.

Sienna

kept her hand on T'Mur's skin, and linked in with her bondmate. ::What can I do to help?:

::Stay

with me and protect me.:: T'Mur sent, making a mental note of their exchange of places. But Sienna's telepathic defenses were much stronger than her own.

"GET

OUT!" Rito Growled.

T'Mur

shook her head. "I do not think so. I believe it is you who should... get out. This mind is already occupied."

"The

prude you know is dead. This is my body." Rito could feel the powerful mental bond the young Vulcan had.

T'Mur

brought her other hand to Quinna's face and delved a little deeper. She could feel Quinna still there, trying to fight back but not knowing how.

"You

are a poor liar Rito," she said flatly. "I can sense Quinna still fighting you. She is stronger than you believe. Release her or you will be destroyed."

“Destroy

me, Destroy her. No one can free her but me.” Rito choked out.

T’Mur

dove deeper into Quinna’s mind. She calmly looked for where this Rito had hidden the true Quinna Solice. She found an area that she could not access. That would be it. Suddenly a box shimmered and appeared. She could feel the pressure from inside, and almost hear Quinna’s voice calling out, “help.”

“Another

lie. There is one who can free her. She can free herself.”

A

smallish figure finally showed himself. A little imp that kept his distance. “The little prude is weak. She has no reason to free herself even if she could.” Rito looked, “Ahh I see the pathway to your brain. Let me in and I will leave this one intact.

You are just as capable of achieving my goal.”

This

was what T’Mur was waiting for. She did believe that Quinna could fight back with training. But she was not prepared for such a battle. However, T’Mur was uniquely qualified. And what he wasn’t realizing is that on T’Mur’s playing field he wasn’t just fighting her, he also had to deal with Sienna at the same time.

::Be

ready my heart,:: she sent to Sienna.

“Agreed,”

was all T’Mur said to Rito. With that she wrapped her mind around the impish figure and drew him towards herself. Feeling Sienna shore up her defenses she maintained the meld until she watched the walls melt around Quinna’s image.

Rito

knew this was all too easy. He felt the Vulcan but saw the path to the Betazoid. “Thank-you my lovely. Before I exit, there is one thing.” He made a fireball and flung it in the direction of Quinna’s prison.

“You did not think I would let the little prude win. She knows too much.”

Sienna

bolstered the telepathic shields externally of both Quinna’s personality and T’Mur. She had some of the strongest shields on the ship, because of her time living with the pain of her broken bonds. They were impregnable. And as a psion who had been augmented by a Q, she held power. She was skilled, holding them. Outside of the trance of the three, no four of them; security came in and put Quinna’s body in restraints. Sienna spoke very quietly out loud, “We’re working on this, just please guard us.” Then turned her attention back to the trance ignoring what was going on outside of them.

T'Mur's

trust in Sienna allowed her to press her position. She enveloped the personality of Rito. In her own telepathic net, tightening its hold, until it was squeezing the imp.

Then

she turned to Quinna. It was time for her to free herself from the hold of this personality.

::Now

is the time to assert yourself Quinna. You are Quinna Solice, Chief Medical Officer of the USS Illuminar. Say it, believe it, and be free.::

Quinna,

all dressed in blue, was not in the box but was indeed standing behind T'Mur. "Who are you talking to?" She was carrying a net.

Sienna

held their telepathic shields, not trusting what she sensed. ::Quinna?:: Sienna asked hopefully.

T'Mur

continued to hold the woman's arms until she was certain that she was herself.

"What

the hell are you doing?" Quinna yelled. Quinna fought to get free. "Is that little imp in you. I swear I am going to tear his little wings off."

Now

she was sure and released Quinna's arms. She needed to turn her mind inward.

T'Mur

checked, "He is indeed in me. But not for long." She withdrew herself from Quinna's mind and released her hands from her face. Then she sat on the ground, cross legged and sent her mind deep into her own subconscious.

Now

it was just Rito, herself and Sienna. Slowly T'Mur picked at the personality of the imp. ::You have no power here. It is time to end your existence.::

This

personality was strong, the joint strength of T'Mur and Sienna was more than a match. It was the first time that T'Mur felt the confidence in her own telepathic control. A personality without a receptacle could no longer exist. Rito was fighting for existence but it would not be enough. He was not enough.

With

nothing to hold onto, and Sienna keeping him from everything he could try T'Mur could feel him wither, until finally he was simply no more.

By

this time security brought Quinna to her feet and bound her hands behind her back.

"Belay

that mister," T'Mur said and then rushed to Sienna's side. She threw her arms around her neck and pulled her in.

::How

are you my love?::

::I

am ok but I was so scared. I knew something was wrong but not how badly it was. Quinna of all people.. :: Sienna clung to T'Mur for a long moment then pulled away.

::Thank

you. You were so brave and so strong.::

Quinna

felt the tug of the security guards. They were ready to take her to the brig or sickbay but were waiting for the cue since they were ordered to wait, or so they thought.

T'Mur

reluctantly moved from Sienna to Quinna. "How are feeling Doctor?"

"I

am confused." Was all Quinna could say. It hurt for her to talk.

"Well

we will try to help," T'Mur told her, putting a hand on her shoulder and removing the restraints. "Why don't you go down to sickbay with these security men and we will follow shortly."

While

T'Mur talked with Quinna, Sienna spoke softly to the security guards.

"When

we are ready, take her to sickbay and have a full set of diagnostics run. Ensign T'Mur and I will fill the Captain in on what occurred even though I am not entirely sure myself. "

Sienna

smiled as she realized that both of them had said almost exactly the same thing at the same time, evidence that their bond was deepening.

"Quinna,

what is the last thing you remember?" Sy asked curiously.

Quinna

tried. She could feel the swelling in her throat. "Pain."

"Before

the pain," Sienna pressed. "What is the last event you remember?" The kindness and caring that Sienna had for her fellow shipmates had almost completely replaced the fear which still lingered in the back of her mind. She needed to process those feelings.

She needed a counselor.

Quinna

closed her eyes, as she was trying to speak, she had almost an inaudible whisper, "Sanchez.....De"

Sienna

stood up, heading into their shared bedroom to change and make a call. It took her exactly two minutes to shimmy into her uniform and pull her hair back into a tail.

"Commander

Verin to Captain Sekal."

He

had been meditating when the comm chirped. "Luma put the hail through. Sekal here."

"Sir,

are you in a private area?"

"I

am in my quarters Commander and I am alone save for T'lah. What is this communication regarding?"

"Uh,

Well. Dr. Solice just came to my quarters while T'Mur was away and attacked me. She was being driven by an implanted personality which Ensign T'Mur dealt with. Security is taking her to sickbay." There was true distress in Sienna's voice.

"An

implanted personality?" He rose from the chair. "Explain."

"Some

things are easier to discuss in person, Sir."

"I

will meet them in sickbay and investigate the matter. And I will need details on how Ensign T'Mur dealt with the implant. We need to be certain there is no contamination left before proceeding. I am leaving now." He slipped into his boots and made his way quickly to the door after affixing the combadge to his shirt. He wasn't currently in uniform and unconcerned by it.

"Yes,

Sir. We are heading there now, to an isolation room to avoid embarrassing her."

"Understood.  
I will be there momentarily."

Sienna

walked back out into the living area where the two security, MedTech Anson Williams had arrived, T'Mur and a very quiet Quinna were.

"Luma, please transport all of us to the main isolation room in sickbay."

The shimmering field enveloped them all and they were in sickbay.

(reply none)

(posted by Mel, Kris and Al)

[illegible]

T'Mur, Sienna, and Quinna rematerialized in an isolation room without any of the security or medical teams. T'Mur was gratified as there had just been too many people in their quarters, but it also meant that all of those people had just been left alone in their quarters. Suddenly T'Mur remembered the door.

::Sienna, I am concerned about Kenna. The door is not going to close::

Sienna frowned and touched her comm badge, "Commander Verin to Operations, please send a repair team to my quarters. Please be aware that my cat has a collar that won't allow her to leave the confines of my quarters but will not stop her from trying." Operations replied that they would deal with it and not disturb her brat ragdoll siamese cat.

Then T'Mur turned her attention to Quinna, "Sit down Quinna," she said. She hadn't meant it to sound like an order. "I want to see how you are doing before all of the medical people come in and do their ... work."

She lifted Quinna's chin and examined the bruising that was forming around her throat. It would heal soon enough, but she could easily have killed the woman.

"I am sorry Quinna," she said, trying to sound sorry, but not certain if she succeeded. "Does it hurt much?"

Sienna frowned as she stood against the wall, watching her mate tend to Quinna. She had to be here and they were awaiting the Captain.

"Ye.." Quinna also nodded in the affirmative direction. Instead of sitting, Quinna moved toward the medical cart. She entered the code to open the cart.

“Sit down,” T’Mur repeated, “I can take care of that.” She moved over to the cart and took out a hypo spray and a vial of an anti-inflammatory and analgesic. She showed the vials to Quinna before inserting them into the hypodermic. She wanted to assure her that she was not still trying to kill her.

Quinna shook her head no and grabbed the hypospray. T’Mur was close. But not close enough. Quinna took a PADD that she stashed. There was one under every mattress of every bio bed. Feeling weak she finally sat in the chair and typed out that she was allergic to the med she was about to give her. Then Quinna reprogrammed the hypospray. It was a less effective anti-inflammatory, but it worked. She then administered it to herself. She then wrote, “This will take a while.”

T’Mur understood. She was not aware of Quinna’s medical record. Why should she be? She had learned most of her first-aid, and medical training in the dojo. Her teacher had shared wise words with her. “If you plan to hurt someone, you should also know how to heal.” She would make a passable medical technician, but she was not a doctor. And Quinna had no reason to trust her right now.

Quinna felt shame, she could not look at her friends. She spoke but it was barely audible, “What did I do?”

T’Mur shook her head, “That is not important right now. You were, apparently, under the control of a subversive personality that had been implanted in your mind. We will summarize and analyze the actions of that personality later. For now, let’s look at your present condition.”

She picked up the medical tricorder and began to scan Quinna’s neck. The damage had been considerable, but not permanent. The pressure to her throat had caused severe hematomas throughout her neck and down her upper spine. There had been some minor ligament damage. With just a little more pressure, she could have crushed one of Quinna’s vertebrae.

Quinna put her hands on T’Mur and made her stop scanning her. Whispering, “The commander ..check her first. More... Important.” Quinna leaned against the wall next to her. She closed her eyes to the light. “Commander first”

T’Mur put her hand on top of Quinna’s. “I am gratified that you see the value of my Sienna as well. And trust me, I WILL take care of her. As soon as your injuries are revealed to my satisfaction, otherwise I would be unable to give her the care she deserves.”

She looked over at Sienna who looked on.

Quinna took a deep breath. Quinna could feel her injuries were more intense than T’Mur’s training. “Doctor?....E....M...H?” Quinna started to drift, “Mich...ael..”

Catching the doctor’s intention she stepped back and touched the wall for a better connection.

::Luma I need the EMH::

::Is the Quinna all right?:: Luma said concerned.

::She is injured and I do not have time to explain right now. EMH... please::



The EMH shimmered into place in front of T'Mur. "What is the nature of the medical emergency?"

"Multiple injuries to the neck and throat," T'Mur stated.

"You appear to be unharmed," the EMH said, looking confused.

"Not me," T'Mur shook her head, not being filled with confidence but trusting to the programming, "her."

She pointed to Quinna who was starting to fade into unconsciousness.

"Put her on the biobed," the EMH ordered, and T'Mur complied, picking her up easily and placing her on the bed.

She stepped back and let the hologram get to work, then turned her attention to Sienna, starting with a tight hug.

"My love," she said, "are you all right?"

Sienna nodded, sore and tired, "I am. I'm sorry I had to have Luma snatch you from your training session. I knew something was wrong, I just didn't know what was wrong." Sienna shivered, "It wanted me so badly. It tried to tell me that you were not going to come for me." Sienna was shivering from shock, though she didn't realize she was actually shivering.

T'Mur squeezed her tightly, "I will always come for you. I wish it hadn't taken me so long."

Quinna laid still on the biobed, she moved a hand to cover her eyes when she felt a sharp pain, "This is the worst experience ever? How did I get like this?"

"Hold still." the EMH ordered. "How do you expect me to treat you when you are moving about?"

Quinna knew why she hated the Mark I EMH. "Why did we not upgrade him?" Quinna moved to sit up.

"Lay down or I will sedate you." the EMH protested. "And I have been updated with the latest medical techniques. If you have an issue with my bedside manner you should take it up with the Captain."

With a bit of dizziness, Quinna did not argue. She lay back down. Her brain was starting to cognitively become more coherent. "I think I am going to be sick."

"Which is why you are here, now be still." The EMH said. The EMH turned back to T'Mur. "She will be fine. Now if you will move, I can tend to the Commander."

Sienna shook her head and stepped behind T'Mur, "I am just fine." She lied.

"I will be the judge of that" The EMH moved closer. "Let's take you into the other room."

T'Mur presented herself to the EMH with her full authority, "I don't think so. We will all wait here for the captain. You tend to Quinna, I will take care of the Commander... if you don't mind."

"Actually," the EMH began.

"Luma, prepare to terminate the EMH if he speaks another word to me," she said.

The EMH made a mute gesture to speak, but thought about it then went back to work on the CMO.

Then T'Mur moved Sienna to a chair and knelt beside her. "Where are you hurt?"

Sienna reached up to unzip her uniform top, pulling it back so that T'Mur would see the bruises formed on her collarbones. "I pulled a muscle in my leg by straining to get around a chair. In my left thigh. And I'm scared, T'Mur. What if that thing got a hold in me? I want someone to make sure it didn't." She was still shivering from shock.

For the first time T'Mur realized that she might not be the one to check that. She herself needed to be checked that she was clear of the influence of the personality. However, she could still give physical comfort. Slowly she bent over and looked at the bruises. She leaned in and planted a kiss on her clavicle.

"Does this help it feel better," she asked, as she had noted that people had done that with children and loved ones.

Sienna made a soft sound, "Mhmm hmm. But I think I need more of that type of medicine." Her eyes were haunted. This was what Admiral Winters had been so concerned about. That someone would have an implanted personality in them. Sienna wondered how long Quinna had it in her.

T'Mur could still see the fear in her mates eyes, and knew she could do nothing to alleviate it, just yet. She did not even want to reach down through their connection until she was certain that there was no trace of the personality remaining. That would require a mind meld. But she would have to keep trying to reassure Sienna that she was as safe as she could be right now.

She put her hand on Sienna's thigh, "And does it hurt here?"

"Only a little bit. It should probably have a hypospray medicine, not a kiss. Where is the Captain? He should be here by now. And who do we trust to read the three of us? Alaya Hammons?" Sienna sighed, distress on her face. She kept her eye on Quinna though.

T'Mur raised an eyebrow at the suggestion of a kiss to make her leg feel better but agreed that the hypospray was probably a more logical solution to the issue. She got up and went to the med cart and picked up a second hypospray. She still had the analgesic with her and inserted it into the spray. She came back over and laid the hypodermic on her thigh and pressed the button to release the medicine.

"We will have to determine who we can and cannot trust when the Captain arrives," she said logically.

Certain that Sienna had received all of the medical attention she required T'Mur went back over to observe the EMH, who look at her as if she were a full grown Sehlat. He looked at her as if to ask permission to speak. She nodded.

"What caused these injuries?" he inquired.

T'Mur looked at him blankly and replied, "I did."

He gave a grunt of disapproval, "Why am I not surprised? Well, despite your best efforts, your friend will survive. She'll be in pain but she will live."

T'Mur looked at the EMH coldly, "Trust me, that was not my best effort."

"Honestly, I have a swollen throat, tissue damage to my spine and such, but you know that. I am experiencing photosensitivity, and recovering from an aneurysm. And yes, I do hurt." Quinna spoke softly. Quinna had managed to read that from the PADD she still had in her hands. She then waved off the EMH. "What is the stardate. It is 2446.02.04/05 right?"

Luma had directed Sekal to the appropriate room and he entered the door with a quick step then looked about at the tableau. The Mark I EMH was tending to his CMO while Commander Verin and T'Mur were talking to the side. He moved to them first. "Report please and explain in detail what happened."

"Dr. Solice came to my quarters about an hour ago. She pushed her way inside, which didn't bother me. She's my friend, so I didn't think anything of it at first. But something was not quite right about her, and I asked her if she was ok. I finally found out that there was a personality calling itself Rito or Rita controlling her. It kept offering me Quinna's virgin body for myself. Then it wanted me to try and read Quinna, so that it could take over me. It really wanted me. I kept distance between myself and Quinna, but she did something to put a quarantine seal on my quarters and no one could get in. Luma could not use the site to site transporters to get T'Mur through, so T did something where she literally broke the door to our quarters down. At that point security arrived, and put Quinna in restraints and T'Mur and I melded to bring Quinna's personality back to the surface and I'm not sure what T did but somehow she destroyed the Rito personality. At least we think she did. The bruising on Quinna is from T'Mur defending me." The unspoken words were there, 'Because I can't defend myself'. Sienna was still shaking with reaction from the night. "We need someone to make sure that the personality is not lurking before we trust ourselves. It was awful, I've never experienced anything so violent and lewd before." Sienna twined her fingers with T'Mur. "We were discussing if Alaya Hammons might be the best choice to check us."

Quinna turned her back to the others while on the bed. She could not believe what she heard. She did not remember any of it happening. She found herself more embarrassed. A tear slid out of her closed eyes.

Sienna realized that it was more of a ramble than it was a report after the words had tumbled out, but she supposed that it did not really matter. The Captain had the gist of the situation.

His head snapped toward the EMH. "Give Commander Verin a mild sedative."

The EMH turned his head toward him. "I'm a little busy Captain."

"Is your patient's life in immediate danger?"

"No."

"That was an order." The Vulcan snapped.

The EMH then did as told.

"Luma seal the room and begin protocol Zeta, Omega 5 on my order. All authorization codes subverting Commander Overrides are to be purged immediately. Begin process."

He then turned his attention back to Sienna who had received the sedative. The EMH looked at him inquisitively. "You may return to your patient."

The sedative worked and Sienna relaxed, the tension leaving her body. T'Mur shifted so that she was holding Sienna's body up. The woman's eyes closed and the tremors faded. Her telepathic shielding came down some as she relaxed. "Thank you Sir. I did not feel up to handling this." She whispered as her jaw unlocked, the drug going through her body.

"If this synthetic personality was intent on invading and taking over a host telepath then we will not bring Mrs. Hammons into this, I will take care of the matter personally as I will not be able to trust implicitly that it has been dealt with until I have seen to it myself."

Sienna simply nodded, seeming to doze a bit, "You should probably start with Dr. Solice then."

Quinna found her voice, "There is another way. Neuro testing. I performed the testing on Commander Dieter a few days ago. He was clear." Quinna refused to turn to the direction of the others. "Sorry the lights are too bright for me to see, but you are not too loud for me to hear." Taking another breath, "I do not like anyone in my head."

"Very well, you will not have it forced on you Doctor. EMH have the equipment brought in immediately. Luma unseal the room." He tapped his combadge. "Security send two officers to Isolation room 3 in medical, no one is to enter or leave it without my authorization."

=^= Routing them now Captain. ^=

"Lights at fifty percent." As the lighting softened he moved around the biobed so that Quinna could see him then halted before her. "Do you remember anything that might have initiated this doctor? Any kind of trigger perhaps or event?"

"I don't know what day it is. All I remember is waking in pain and Sanchez's death." thinking harder. "I know I awoke in Commander Verin's Quarters. Security lifted me up and bound me." Quinna hoped they believed her as she really knew nothing but remembering what was said that she did, She was not sure if they would.

"You say you remember the death of Sanchez..." the CO prodded, attempting to gain more information, "... what about his death do you remember? Any thoughts or impressions? Even emotional ones might be helpful."

Sienna sat dozing, half listening to the conversation, her head now on T'Mur's shoulder. She would need the cliff notes version later to refresh her memory.

"Ummm," Quinna slowly sat up, "Sir, I was in Sanchez's Room, He died and I let him go in peace. Then I exited the room, I remember screaming out in pain, and nothing." Quinna supplied she then remembered something, "Captain, what are you doing out of your room? It is not time for your release."

The voice of the EMH spoke before he did, he had appeared again on the other side of the biobed. "Her memory is faulty Captain."

"I am aware of this." Speaking to Quinna then. "You released me from sickbay two days ago doctor."

"Excuse me?" Quinna was confused.

The EMH spoke again. "The doctor was found in Sanchez's room unconscious and unresponsive. The nurse called me in for a consultation then requested the presence of Doctor Hezuela. After she was commed to sickbay I left. Medical records also show that Doctor Solice regained consciousness then attempted to leave the room but collapsed and her heart stopped beating. Doctor Hezuela presided over her resuscitation. As an additional note the doctor had a device attached to her temple which appeared to be linked with a similar one on Sanchez."

Quinna was starting to get angry. She would deactivate the EMH but instead..."And that still does not explain how I got from there to the Commander's quarters. I know what happened with Sanchez and this is a personal conversation with different people."

Sienna's sleepy eyes opened for a second to focus on Quinna, "What do you mean?" Her voice was slightly slurred as she asked.

The EMH was completely nonplussed. "This is a report to the Captain on events pursuant to the time at which your memory was shown to be faulty and is appropriate to the situation. If you disagree then you have the right to an appeal however I assure you my report will be ruled as admissible. The neuro scanner will be here shortly. I will be available when it arrives or you may call in other medical personnel. It does not matter to me." With that he vanished.

Quinna put her hand on her forehead and shook her head. "Damn EMH. I wasn't contradicting him. That egotistical Hologram." Quinna made a few confessions, "Captain, remember the other matter where you said I should not get any more involved in, well I got more involved."

"More detail would be appreciated." He deadpanned.

It was time for more confessions. "I used a piece of technology developed by Dr. Bashir to talk to Mr. Sanchez over your attempted assassination. At first I thought it was all connected. When the brain started to deteriorate faster, I had to talk to him. He talked to me."

"Do you remember any of what was said?"

"Yeah, I do. He has a PADD in his belongings that contains information. Also someone had to kill him. So he is not the only one onboard, but he has no idea who else is onboard. It is more information than that but I need more time to recall. Some things are fuzzy."

He nodded. "We will talk more about this later. After you have had time to collect your thoughts."

A young human nurse came to the door, bringing the equipment that was needed to check Quinna for implanted personalities. The security officer looked to the Captain for permission to let Nurse Ferell into the room.

The Captain nodded. "Let her in."

"Let's just do this so it can be cleared." The Quinna thought about how Dieter he felt .... How did he feel. She kept thinking.

The young human nurse came in, pushing past the security officer with a soft huff. "Sir? Who am I setting this test up for?"

Quinna looked at Ferell, "That would be me." Quinna said.

Sekal moved to a chair and sat down though he remained alert to what was going on in case he was needed.

The nurse moved over to Dr. Solice and set up the test, placing the electrodes on Quinna's forehead, and settling the light mesh over Quinna's brain. She linked the electrodes to the system box, then looked towards the Captain who seemed to be in charge, "It would be best to sedate the patient, Sir. It allows the test to get the best readings if the patient is not conscious. It will take about three hours for it to fully run. It's not quick but it's thorough."

"Ferell, the test will work fine with me being awake. Don't you think I have slept too long already." Quinna was now afraid that when she woke she would not be where she slept and doing something she was not aware of. She also did not let anyone know she was scared.

Ferell kept her attention on the Captain, but she knew that she was going to pay for this later.

"According to Ensign T'Mur the doctor should be free of any influence. You may do the test with her conscious."

"Thank-you," Quinna said with a sign of relief.

"Yes, Sir." Ferell activated the test, "Lay back and try to relax, Dr. Solice."

Quinna complied, slowly. She took deep breaths and closed her eyes. She started thinking about Michael, pasta, and cheesecake.

Sienna looked out through lowered eyelids, trying so hard to hold onto the current situation, but the stress plus the sedative had her slightly out of it. She leaned against her mate, half dozing. She too wanted to be checked out but she trusted Sekal to allow him to read her. He would know that she had been curious about the vulcan mindmeld. That curiosity had been satisfied with T'Mur, but it seemed that Sienna would be getting a long wished for curiosity. Sekal would know her better than her parents did, and that was not a terrible thing. It was so hard for her to keep her thoughts on topic.

"Captain," T'Mur stepped up to the CO, "I had the greatest exposure to the personality of Rito after Dr. Solice. It is logical to assume that I present the greatest risk after her. Perhaps you should check me first."

His eyes were penetrating. "My thoughts exactly Ms. T'Mur."

T'Mur nodded and took a deep breath. She had spent most of her life avoiding melds, but in the months since her treatment she had embraced the telepathic nature of her people and practiced the skill as much as possible.

"Are you sure it is wise to Mind Meld?" Quinna opened her eyes and turned her head. It was the first time she looked at the people in the room. Everyone had been keeping their distance from her. Despite the fact of how anyone felt about her right now, still cared for them. "With recent treatment for Panar, a mindmeld could cause a recurrence of the condition."

T'Mur did not turn her face. "I appreciate your concern, Doctor, but I am certain that not only is this the best course of action, I am completely safe. I have melded with Sienna and there has been no sign of symptoms of the Pannar syndrome returning."

Quinna shrugged and turned away.

"Are you prepared?"

"I am," T'Mur replied calmly.

He lifted his right hand and placed fingertips at her left temple as he began the process of lowering his mental barriers. T'Mur's control had hardened noticeably in the time she had become bonded to Sienna. There was no deluge of emotional content in the surface contact, only the feel of another mind near enough to touch. His left hand with his small finger high on her right cheek, the other fingers splayed across the upper portion of her face to her forehead touching sensitive pressure points that would give him access to her thoughts. He spoke as he leaned closer. "My mind to your mind, my thoughts to your thoughts."

He met the surface layers of her thoughts and passed through them, in this way their shared consciousness becoming one slowly and with delicate finesse. He had accomplished much in his time with the monks at Mount Sehlaya and though not a master he was practiced in the discipline.

She could feel the wave of his thoughts slip through her own, as he intertwined his thoughts with hers. It was a gentle cohesion, not at all like the forced meld of her youth. It was... effortless. There was no push through, only a natural connection. Her mind was connecting to his as well. His basic surface

thoughts became hers, hers became his, until they arrived at the logical conclusion. There were no thoughts that were hers, no thoughts that were his, there were only thoughts that were theirs.

They thought back to the encounter, could feel Sienna adding to her strength as she completely encircled and began crushing the life from the malignant, pernicious synthetic personality. Little knowledge could be gleaned from it, to invite it to initiate further contact would have brought disaster. :: A logical conclusion well considered.::

A deeper search could find no lingering trace in their mind. All that was left were questions. Curiosity was what drove them. But there were no answers. Nothing left to answer them. They were satisfied. There was no trace of the personality remaining. The only question they could answer was if there had been enough contact with Sienna to make that transference.

Sekal began slowly to withdraw, gently untangling himself from her thoughts. The process was long practiced and deft. He rose through her mind, brushing the bond with Sienna but not disturbing nor intruding upon it. He opened his eyes and raised his head, his forehead had lowered until it had nearly touched the back of his hands. When he had regained the surface and came clear he paused for an instant to ensure his exit was clean. Ripples in her consciousness were non-existent. Satisfied he removed his hands in reverse order and stepped back. "She is free of it."

T'Mur nodded, "I concur."

Then they both looked at Sienna. "I can easily reach into Si... Commander Verin and give you the information you wish, but I know you would not be satisfied without firsthand knowledge."

"Correct. I must know for myself that she is uncompromised. As she is partially sedated it will not be a difficult task."."

Sienna sat quietly, her head leaning now against the wall but her focus was on the two of them. "Go ahead, Sekal. I trust you." And she did, despite the slight slur of her words. "Need to be sure." The last word was more slurred than the others. There was no fear in her and with the sedative her shields were as far down as they ever got.

He pulled a chair close before her and sat down. As she sat up toward him he placed his hands just as he had placed them on T'Mur. He could sense her mind just beyond a whisper of mental shielding as he dropped his own. He prepared for the meld carefully in the event he was to meet up with the implant, his own mental reserves bolstered by logic should be enough to keep it at bay. And he had other reserves to call upon should it become necessary.

"My mind to your mind, my thoughts to your thoughts." The last of Sienna's shields had fallen and tendrils of his thoughts began to merge with hers, reaching outward to encompass them both. Two beings became one in thought, one slightly dazed by the tranquilizer and the other seeking anything that did not belong.

Sienna had practice with mind melds due to T'Mur and did not resist at all. Of course part of that was the sedative that was leaving her slightly dazed. Her view of the incident showed that Dr. Solice had touched her twice. Once in the earlier part of the encounter when the implanted personality Rito wanted





carried Sienna into the bedroom and lay her on the bed. She sat on the edge of the bed and tentatively reached out through their connection, trying to get a gauge on how she was really doing. T'Mur saw the logic in ordering the sedative, but she was not certain of its necessity. Sienna is a great deal stronger than most give her credit for. Sometimes even herself. There was no doubt in her mind that Sienna had saved her earlier.

She

put a hand on her cheek then followed it with a kiss. "I love you," she whispered and then moved to stand up.

Sienna

made a soft sound as T'Mur pulled away from her, and tried to surface through the mild drugs that had dealt with the telepathic shock that had her shaking in sickbay. "T, don't go." Her words still slurred, "Tol' me that you weren't comin." She blinked wearily, coming up with energy enough to touch T'Mur's hand for a brief moment.

"T'Mur

sat back down, then lay down and snuggled into Sienna. "I told you, I will always come for you. I will come back from the dead to protect you."

"Not

allowed to die." She spoke with a soft smile. "Sekal's touch was gentle when we melded. I understand him better now than before. I think without the sedative, I'd'a fought him. I like that yours is not so gentle as it feels like you claiming me each time and that was the only reason I didn't want to with him. He was careful of our bond, I wonder why." Even half asleep with slurred words she still was thinking. "Never expected it to be Quinna to attack me. I trusted her." There was a hurt in her voice.

"It

was not Quinna," T'Mur reminded her, knowing that she would have to remind her again. "Quinna did something she should not have done, or at least not without supervision. She was foolish, and we will talk with her about it. But not tonight."

She

brushed the hair around Sienna's ear with her finger. "And Sekal has a practice with a gentle entry into the mind meld. Mine does not always have to be so... forceful. But it is usually when we are in the grips of passion. My control may not be at his level yet."

"Like

when you are like that. Like knowing I'm yours." She stumbled over the words, "Check on Kenna?" She couldn't remember if she had told Operations that Kenna's collar would keep her in the quarters, or should have.

"Give

me a minute," she said and rolled away from Sy. She went into the other room and looked in Kenna's usual hiding spots. This time she was under the sofa. With a little coaxing she was able to get the cat out and picked her up. The siamese hissed slightly as T'Mur picked her up. She was certain the cat did not appreciate her invasion of her territory. Then T'Mur brought Kenna into the bedroom and put her on the bed.

"Someone has come for a visit," T'Mur said.

Sienna

held out her hand to Kenna and the cat stalked over to curl up atop Sienna's chest and begin to groom her chin. This had Sienna laughing after a moment, which seemed both to offend Kenna and encourage her to greater grooming efforts. "Glad she is not lost.

She was my freshman biology project. I built 'er from the dna up. She's so smart." Sienna scritched behind the cat's ears in bemusement. Kenna stopped her grooming and glared at T'Mur, making it very clear that Sienna was /her/ being.

T'Mur's

eyes narrowed slightly and she said, "A little too smart." She did not realize that the cat was genetically engineered. Sienna always found new ways to impress her. She may not be the best fighter, but she had genius level intelligence. And that was something the Vulcan gave a higher value to.

As

she attempted to sit on the bed again, Kenna gave a territorial hissed and swiped her claws at T'Mur. "Looks like I'm being invited to leave. Kenna wants you all to herself."

"Kenna

doesn't get her wish in this case." Sienna looked into Kenna's eyes, "She is my mate. That does not mean that I stop being your person. The two can coexist." Sienna put Kenna down on the opposite side of where T'Mur was. "Want both of you." Kenna growled in a low voice and jumped off the bed, her long fur bristling as she pranced away in disgust.

T'Mur

watched the cat walk away. She gave her tail a swish of dismissal as she left the room. "I know how she feels. I want you all to myself as well." She lay back down and wrapped her arms around Sienna and pulled her mate into her tightly. The contact of flesh on flesh activated their connection and T'Mur showed her how gently she could intertwine their minds, and within moments they shared a mind.

For

now it was just surface thoughts, and she could still see the fear of Quinna/Rito in her mind. It was going to take a while for her to get past that. To amuse Sienna she would send a series of pictures of them being together into her mind.

Sienna

replied with changing the images slightly. Her responses were not even sexual, mostly about living their lives together, happily. ::Safe with you.: She snuggled further into T'Mur's body, relaxing completely so that she fell back to sleep. Indeed her mind was scared of Rito, and it would take time for Sienna to calm and for the fear to fade.

T'Mur

could feel Sienna start to fall into a deeper sleep. She remembered something that they had talked about briefly, and before Sienna's mind turned off she changed the image one more time, adding a child. A young girl with dark hair, black deep feeling eyes, and Vulcan ears. The image was of the three of them hugging.

Joy spread through their bond before Sienna was completely out.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir and Mel G)

[illegible]

He had remained silently in the chair except to answer questions from the nurse about the doctor's injuries with as few details as possible and Vulcans were notoriously deft at avoiding adding extraneous detail. The nurse finally gave up trying to pry out who had caused it and why. The Captain certainly had the strength to cause them but from the looks of it he was hiding the participation of someone else or Doctor Solice would have had him thrown out.

“So, Good thing that Commander Verin and Ensign T’Mur are clear.” Quinna said.

"Agreed. And I expect that Ensign T'Murs report on your freedom from it will be validated as well. This will also be 'good' news."

“What are you thinking right now?” Quinna wanted to sit up, but crossed legs at the ankle.

He crossed his arms as he turned His head slightly. "I am thinking that too many of my officers have been caught up in deadly events and that Roanoke needs to be disposed of completely at the earliest available opportunity Doctor."

"This goes much further than the Roanoke." Quinna started, "We all knew about doing deadly events when we signed up. No regrets."

"You are correct. Roanoke needs backers to finance their depredations and we have another mission to deal with first however the presence of that organization in StarFleet, even spread out as they are believed to be endangers the overall mission of the fleet and cannot be allowed. I have no 'regrets' doctor but I do understand the importance of removing those that threaten my ship and crew and I will make every effort to do so."

Quinna thought for a moment. "Sanchez does not know who else is involved. But he said he needed to get to Altair Four."

Sekal tilted his head showing interest. "Did he say why?"

"The Admiral knows it all."

"An Admiral? Did he give a name?"

"I don't remember a name, but there is a PADD amongst Sanchez's things. I think it may have the information on the Admiral." Quinna said. "He was starting to lose it towards the end."

Sekal pondered this for a moment. "I will instruct Mr. Weston to search his quarters if he has not already done so. While the majority of the Admiralty was sacked it is possible one may have infiltrated the current group. Was there anything else?"

"Don't you want to pursue this? Send someone to gather more information?" Quinna wanted to know what was going to happen next.

"I am pursuing it, doctor. As Captain I have many duties to attend to and orders of my own to follow. As for Altair Four, I will add that to my report and you may be certain they will be interested in hearing it. If Illuminar can be spared to investigate directly you may rest assured that we will do so. One ship cannot do everything which is why we exist within a fleet."

"No I guess not, but..." Quinna was about to suggest she could move in where Sanchez left off. "Nevermind, forget it. You would never let me. I suppose..."

"Let you what doctor?" He turned to regard her fully with a look of curiosity on his face.

"Continue on Sanchez's mission." And it was out there.

"And what was Sanchez's mission Doctor besides murdering me and acting as an infiltrator on my ship?" He asked.

"Well maybe 'completing his mission' is a poor choice of words. But I could take the lead back and find out exactly who this admiral that is leading the rally for your death." Quinna said. "Sanchez says he has evidence against you. We could get enough evidence to bring this, for lack of a better word, Syndicate down." Quinna suggested.

"Doctor there is no 'evidence' to use against me nor will there be. You were subject to the ravings of a dying mind." He leaned back in the chair. "And I can think of no logical justification for my chief medical officer to use herself as a go-between on my behalf in defense of my actions. While we do certainly take on an element of risk as members of the fleet there is sound reasoning behind it as space itself is a hazard that has to be managed along with the assorted conflicts that occur. The risks and hazards you are volunteering for are unacceptable for the lead physician on my staff."

"Obviously, I am replaceable. Not needed. I am living proof of that. But this group, This Admiral and his minions are going after a prominent member of the family. And now they are after others. They need to be stopped." Quinna was speaking from the heart and not the mind. "However illogical this sounds, you are family to me."

He leaned forward in the chair with elbows on his knees. "Doctor humans tend to see Vulcans as disdainful of life, cold and calculating and willing to sacrifice anyone on the slightest provocation but that is far from the case for most. The crew and his ship were of primary importance to my father and it is the same with me. No one on my crew is expendable, none are replaceable and none will be needlessly sacrificed. Were it necessary to order one to the death to insure the survival of the others I would do so without hesitation but not without questioning my own motivation."

He got quickly to his feet. "What happened when you were under the control of the implant which I know to have existed, what you did has not and will not be held against you. I have implicit trust in T'Mur and what she experienced. Once again your offer to place yourself in danger for myself and others is denied. We have others on board who are far better suited to the task due to experience and training and you with your experience are not replaceable in sickbay. Had you not been available I would not be standing before you. The ones who are fomenting insurrection within the fleet will be run to ground in time, it is only logical and they will not find myself or any of the Admiralty a simple target."

Quinna may have respect for the captain, and she know as well as everyone that he was not uncaring, but she did feel that he was not seeing her full potential. "You have to know, I respect you and your decisions. I will not promise to stay out of anything that will effect the family. I really don't want to go beyond your orders."

He had tested her resolve, now it was time to see if she was truly ready. "Explain to me Doctor, give me a logical reason why I should allow you to trace this lead back to its source, how you intend to do so and I will reconsider."

Quinna looked at the captain. She used her rational calm thinking voice. She wanted to sit up, but the equipment would not allow her. She did the best she could. "Well, first of all, I am already set in the perfect position. Whomever else is involved probably already knows about the attack on Commander Verin. I can maintain my distance and make it look like I am isolating myself from everyone. I assume that has already gathered the attention of others. Sanchez told me enough, and if I can access the PADD then we will know more. You have secured this room so only you and I will know the truth. No one will have to be involved."

"And if you are confronted?"

"That is part of the point. We want them to confront me. To 'recruit' me." Quinna added.

"Then you will bring Mister Weston into it?"

Quinna had to think for a second. "Why, he may be a liability in this. He is a burned ag... um. No. This should stay between us?" She knew Michael was an expert at this but she was not sure if anyone would approach her if she was not alone.

"You misunderstand. You needn't bring him front and center into your plan but he will be a valuable resource of information and tactics. You can also use him as a middle man to report to me. You will need backup doctor and without it I will not allow you to undertake this." His tone was flat and final.

Quinna agreed. “I agree to this.” Now all Quinna had to worry about is talking to Michael.

Sekal turned as there was a knock at the door. "Come."

The nurse reentered to check the results of the neuro scan. While she looked over the results he clasped his hands behind his back and waited.

"A clean bill of health Doctor." The nurse turned and smiled at Quinna.

Quinna was quick to remove the probes and sit up. “Thanks. Can I go now?” Quinna asked.

"You are stable and appear ready. When that shot wears off if you have any trouble just let us know but there shouldn't be an issue. I'm releasing you." The nurse gave her a small bottle of 10 pills. "Just in case you need an anti-inflammatory and it's mild. Don't even think about ducking us if you have trouble breathing."

“Really, would I do that?” Quinna moved to stand up. “I never think of hiding out.”

Sekal moved from his place. "Good evening Doctor, I will see you tomorrow." Then moved toward the door. "Luma you may remove the seal on this room."

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Kris Bailey. (Quinna)  
And Charles G. (Sekal)

**DAY 7>>>**

(USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO Lt. Quinna Solice --0001)

Quinna sat on the floor in her office. No one seemed to notice when she rolled off her biobed and moved to her office. She never wanted to cause the problems that she had. Quinna broke down and let the tears fall. She was not one to show her emotional breakdowns in front of the staff.

At this point, Quinna did not care about the relationships she lost. Quinna had no regrets. She would do it again. Someone was messing with her family, and even not by blood, she felt a connection just as tight as if it was. She knew she had done everything right, so why did this happen? Dying was never part of the plan. She was not looking forward to the “Conversations” she was to have. She knew the Captain said they would talk later. She figured that if she was not arrested and Court Martialed then everything would be ok.

(Reply none)

[illegible]

Things had become a mess since the battle with the pirates and with Weston on board. Knowledge and information were good things to have, so rule of acquisition 7 applied. Keep your ears open.

Quinna was moving toward her office.

After a few moments, Reea could hear the sounds of crying.

"I will. Give her some time," said Reea.

A few minutes passed and Reea got up and stopped at the door to Quinna's office. Listening, she heard soft, deep, regular breathing. The CMO was asleep.

(reply any)

[illegible]





(USS Illuminar-- Deck 6 -- High Energy Particle Physics Lab -- SciO-- Ensign (SG) Skashe (Sky) Winters --1305)

The Captain had set Sky on a project which had taken some time to get to. A breakdown of the completed missile composition and structure from the captured marauder ship had been completed before it was sent over to the Protector. From the final rendering they could and would complete the one they had on hand before arrival at Sigma Draconis Six. Before that could be started he had one additional duty that was in its final stage.

One of the bomblets from the missile had been removed, carefully disarmed so that it wouldn't activate prematurely and brought to this lab for tests and the results were what he was awaiting. He took a drink from the covered mug in his hand as he strolled around the lab deep in thought. The Captain had also recommended some changes to the original design if the results were satisfactory and were based on the initial scans. If he was correct then they had not only a workable weapon but a defense.

The test chamber let out a tone noting the tests were complete so he beat feet to get over and verify the data.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 11 — Main Engineering -- EO — Ensign Bohb— 1405)

Bohb had been sitting at the terminal for nearly two hours. It was the longest he'd been still since he came aboard the Illuminar. Which was good since he didn't really think well sitting still. But what he was doing now required patience and perseverance. It also required him to look more deeply into crystal harmonics and energy transfer. He needed to find the answer to Luma's imprisonment in the Illuminar, and the unlikely need for her evacuation if something happened to the ship. He did tend to be a little obsessive when solving a problem.

His comm badge chirped grabbing his attention. It was Skashe Winters. Bohb smiled as the boy reminded him of another Winters from a long time ago. He had the same attitude as Vanessa.

=^=The Captain was right, you can make those modifications to the bomblets he suggested. It should nearly double the explosive yield according to my calculations. Reconfiguring the detonator to use the Selenium isotope will improve the sub-atomic fission reaction resulting in a 'canberium cascade' effect that will juice it significantly.=^=

Bohb humphed then tapped his badge, "That is ... good news?" Did they really need these things to be more destructive.

=^=His defensive countermeasure scheme looks to be good as well. According to the  $H = H^0 + H\vec{d}$  formula changing the magnetic field of the hull to 135<sup>7</sup>- 157<sup>3</sup> Mh range will repel the bomblets rather than attract them.=^=

Now Skashe was talking his language, "So your use of the null hypothesis lead you to the range of of magnetic field variance? But can they change the magnetic field used by smaller mines remotely?"

=^=That only applies if they catch on to what we are doing. Reconfiguring the magnetic field the bomblets operate on won't be a quick or simple undertaking. If they realize their weapon won't function properly in a battle they will essentially be useless.=^=

Bohb nodded, "That is better news than making them more dangerous. That is, of course, if we don't just run into them."

=^=I'm just about to send the report to him. If you want to wait on his go-ahead feel free, I'm just a minion.=^=

Bohb shook his head. "You are far more than that kid," he said to himself and the monitor.

He tapped his com badge. “Bohb to Matrix I have a little project for you if you’re up for it.”

(reply Matrix)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 6 -- CSRD Office -- SciO-- Ensign (SG) Skashe (Sky) Winters --1410)

His feet were on the desk as he reviewed the data on the PADD he was holding. He could have used the monitor on the desk but that felt too official. He was a minor league grunt and at this point in his career preferred it to stay that way. Some had 3 year plans, some 5 and some 10. Heck some had their career goals completely mapped out before them. Sky's career goal was simple, have fun doing a good job in the profession he loved and take things as they came. Running his own science vessel some day might be fun but having responsibilities right now was not in his plans and guaranteed to snuff out his enjoyment.

He scratched one pointed ear before letting out a chuckle. "Damned if the CO wasn't right! It must be nice to be not only a scientific prodigy but an engineering one as well."

Forgetting for the moment that his "promotion" was only temporary he placed a call to engineering. "The Captain was right, you can make those modifications to the bomblets he suggested. It should nearly double the explosive yield according to my calculations. Reconfiguring the detonator to use the Selenium isotope will improve the sub-atomic fission reaction resulting in a 'canberium cascade' effect that will juice it significantly."

(Reply: Matrix, Bohb)

"His defensive countermeasure scheme looks to be good as well. According to the  $H = H^0 + H\vec{d}$  formula changing the magnetic field of the hull to 135<sup>7</sup>- 157<sup>3</sup> Mh range will repel the bomblets rather than attract them."

(Reply: Matrix, Bohb)

"That only applies if they catch on to what we are doing. Reconfiguring the magnetic field the bomblets operate on won't be a quick or simple undertaking. If they realize their weapon won't function properly in a battle they will essentially be useless."

(Reply: Matrix, Bohb)

"I'm just about to send the report to him. If you want to wait on his go-ahead feel free, I'm just a minion."

He signed off then chuckled. "And thank the heavens for that."

(Reply: Matrix, Bohb, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Ready Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal --1430)

The comm chirped and he answered it. "Captain here."

=^= Sir this is Skashe Winters. I've reviewed the date from the tests and your plan looks good to go. I've already reported the results to engineering. The bomblet has been removed and they have the go-ahead to begin making the alterations. I've also calculated the magnetic field polarity that should insure we don't take any hits from further enemy attacks and they are aware of it. Is there anything else you need from me? ^=^=

"Not at this time Ensign. I will notify you if any other projects become available."

=^= Got it sir. I'll finalize the report and send it on. ^=^=

Sekal signed off, the science department appeared to be operating efficiently.

The Vulcan had regained his strength over the last 2 days and the shifts had gotten easy. Sienna had just recently taken the bridge and he planned on getting in some brisk exercise before eating the evening meal then adjourning to his cabin.

He got up from behind the desk and moved toward the door. There were no further bubble baths planned, having coerced him into one Luma appeared to be satisfied and had held so far to her word not to trouble him further on his health for which he was grateful.

The door opened onto the bridge and he strode toward the lifts. Preparations for the upcoming transit to Sigma Draconis Six were now and truly in motion.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar-- Deck 1 -- Bridge -- CO -- Captain Sekal --1435)

His movement to the lift was halted as a thought occurred to him and he turned instead and walked toward Sienna who was keeping a watchful eye on the ship. As she turned toward him he stopped and

folded his arms. "Commander please announce a senior officers meeting at 2200 hours in the briefing room on deck 1."

(Reply: Sienna)

"It is time to discuss the upcoming operation and the plans I have set in motion. Ensign Matrix from Engineering and Skashe Winters from science should be there also." His department head in science was down and his acting ranking officer in Engineering was unavailable but he was prepared to take steps forward on the latter. "Any questions or concerns you have may be brought up there however I believe we will have the answers."

(Reply: Sienna)

He waited as she made the announcement and the replies came back. There was indeed much to discuss and settle before they set off from Regulus and into the proverbial lions den.

(Reply: Sienna, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The transporter chief looked none too happy despite the 2 security guards who were bunched up behind the CO. Lieutenant Lee had gone pale upon hearing the Captain was beaming down and had assigned him an additional shadow. Their orders being to throw themselves between Sekal and an attacker if necessary. Sienna had been displeased as well and tried to step in but he had firmly ordered her to remain on the bridge to watch over the ship. Had they had their way he would have been bracketed before and behind with "red shirts". As it was Steven Hammons and the massive Klingon Galk had been assigned to his protection detail and were armed to the teeth.

Galk stood behind him with a scowl on his face while the human appeared uncharacteristically serious. God help anyone who so much as looked at the Captain cross-eyed.

The three stepped to the transporter pad. "Energize." Sekal spoke and the trio were soon broken down into energy and whisked to the planet's surface.

[illegible]

The three had been shown to the holding area after a short wait. Their brig was now holding the erstwhile pirates Illuminar had transported down but they were of no consideration to him now. Instead someone else had happened upon his radar and forced him to change his plans for the evening, a Caitain who he had just been informed was assigned to the ship. There was a proviso attached however, first he had to fetch him aboard. Upon beaming down Sekal had found out why. It had elicited a curse from Petty Officer Hammons and a snarl from Galk.

P'Rah stopped his pacing with the arrival on the Captain. His eyes followed the Vulcan's movement. "Captain..." He said in an undertone.

Sekal had stopped before the cell and observed the Caitian silently for a moment as though he had not heard. His eyes took note of the beings disheveled appearance and missing extremity. The guard who had led him here fidgety nervously and his two bodyguards kept their eyes moving, never stopping for long with their right hands near weapons. "Mr. P'Rah I presume."

P'Rah's eyes raised. He was wondering why the Captain had stopped with him, "Yessss." He answered with a hiss at the end.

"I just received notification from StarFleet Command that you have been assigned to my ship. I find it fascinating that the new officer coming aboard is currently "cooling his heels" as the euphemism goes in a brig on the planet's surface. Do you perhaps have an explanation for this?"

P'Rah's pleas had gone on deaf ears. He wondered if it would here. "This time I was not fighting. I was stopping it." P'Rah anger became more apparent, "Not like anyone cares. Or even bothered to check the video."

Sekal turned to the guard. "Is this true?"

The man's face reddened. "Now look here Captain, this one is a constant trouble-maker and we have 3 good eye witnesses."

"And who are these eye witnesses you speak of?"

P'Rah spoke up, "Anyone without black fur."

The guard glanced over at P'Rah with a glower then turned his attention back to Sekal. "Eye witnesses and injured parties that's who."

"And what did your security team find when they arrived? Mr. P'Rah in conflict with these injured parties?"

"Yes. Absolutely."

"Did you as Mr. P'Rah claims refuse to consult the video of the incident?"

"Yes the ruling was that there was no need!"

The Vulcan crossed his arms. "Then I suggest you do so now while I wait here." There was a vicious growl from behind his left shoulder as Galk leaned slightly to his left to see around the CO. The guard blanched and backed away.

"Yes sir, I'll be back momentarily."

Sekal turned his attention back to the Caitian as the turnkey retreated. "Now Mr. P'Rah. As to the claims that you are continually involved in conflict?"

"Look, Captain, I own up to everything I do, good or bad. It has been almost a year since I was last detained," P'Rah started. "I was breaking up that fight. Those furless out there do not want to know the the truth."

The Vulcan's gaze didn't waver. "We will know for certain momentarily. As for the rest, there will be no preconceptions on Illuminar if you are innocent of this charge. Let it be known however that I expect discipline and decorum from my crew and should that be broken there will be repercussions. I assume you understand and agree with this?"

"I am not going to be rolling on my back and purring if that is what you mean." P'Rah said.

"I would not expect you to act like a housebroken pet Mr. P'Rah, only that you comport yourself with respect for your shipmates. I would also expect them to treat you with that same respect. And if they do not they will answer to me. Is this agreeable?"

"You don't have to worry about me. What is this job you want me to do?"

Before Sekal could speak the guard came back red-faced with a padd which he handed over. Hammons intercepted and activated it. The guard looked at him questioningly as he inspected and then handed it over to the CO. Sekal started the file and watched it for 2.3 minutes before looking back at the guard. The scene was playing outside a building where P'Rah happened upon a vehement disagreement. He was attempting to push the parties apart when a free-for-all started with him as the target. The Vulcan looked up. "Have you reviewed this?"

The guard began minutely inspecting his boots for scuff marks. "Yes sir."

"Then I suggest you release him."

"I will have to get authorization."

"I will take care of the matter while you are releasing my crewman." He tapped his combadge. "This is the Captain, connect me with Commander Jaris immediately."

P'Rah's softened his demure as he heard he was about to be released. No one had listened to him in the past. So he wondered what was the catch. Last person what seemed to care ended up selling him to a cargo ship.

"Why are you doing this?" P'Rah "I never received orders. It makes me wonder, what do you want with me?"

Steven Hammons grinned at the Caitian as the CO was speaking with the commanding officer of the base. "It sounds like you've been hanging out with the wrong people. This is StarFleet and the Captain is a stickler for doing things the right way, you'll find that as long as you do your job you will be treated

fairly and if anyone tries to give you any guff..." the grin faded, "...they will wish they hadn't tried. He takes care of his crew Mr. P'Rah."

The force field came down at the orders of Commander Jaris and Sekal thanked him then signed off. The turnkey looked like he wanted to be anywhere else right about now.

"Mr. P'Rah you will be entering my security force aboard the ship and your immediate superior officer will be Lieutenant Keung Lee. You may report to him tomorrow morning at 0700 for duty."

The irony of his new position did not allude him. P'Rah felt it was probably the best fit for him.

Steven Hammons gave a chuckle. "Welcome to the USS Illuminar Petty Officer 3rd Class P'Rah, I trust your time with us will be exciting."

With the bow of a head, “It is my honor to serve.”

"Then let us go retrieve your belongings..." the Vulcan spoke, "... so that we may return to the ship and I can turn one of my 'babysitters' loose for other duties."

Agreeing to the Captain, P’Rah started to lead the way to the little hole in the wall which he called anything but home. “You do not seem like a typical Captain. Are you use to broken cases like me?”

"A typical Captain? I am unsure of your frame of reference. My crew is a collection of disparate individuals bound together by duty to StarFleet and the Federation. They have their own goals and frame of reference but they are united in a common purpose and as long as they continue on that course they are afforded every right and protection. That is at the core of Federation values and I uphold it strictly as it is my duty."

After a short walk, in a not so nice area, the group reached a door. Inside was barren, a table, a chair and a bed was all that was needed. A replicator that was malfunctioning flickered in the background. P'Rah pulled his Starfleet back out from under the bed. He pulled open one drawer of his belongings and packed them. There was nothing else. He traveled light. "That is it. I own nothing else in this hovel of a place." Then he remembered one thing. He stepped into the bathroom and pulled a panel off the wall. He pulled a box and shoved it in his bag. "Now I am done."

Hammons and Galk squared their shoulders as Sekal tapped his combadge "Transporter room, four to beam up."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G (Sekal, Hammons, Galk) And Kris Bailey (P'Rah)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 5 -- Transporter Room 1 -- SPC Luma'Lenai, CO Captain Sekal, EO Ensign jg Tycho Alantar & PO3 P'Rah -- 1636)

Not even a moment after the party had beamed aboard the Illuminar did a voice come from over the speakers. A happy voice, full of joy. Childish seeming and high pitched. She squealed. =^= Our Sekal



brought Luma home a kitty! ^= She said so pleased and happy. ^= Hello the Kitty! Welcome to the Illuminar! I am Luma and you are exactly what Luma was desiring. Did the Bohb acquire you? Our Sekal, you bring home the best presents! ^= So excited and happy, the joy was infectious to the others who were more emotional than Sekal was. ^= Does the Kitty have a name? ^=

Tycho listened to the hyper voice of Luma, and could barely keep a straight face. His eyes flicked over to the Caitian he'd just beamed aboard, and he could see that Luma's enthusiasm was, well, somewhat lost on him.

P'Rah stood still. He was prowled for defense. "Kitty? Desired?" He turned to Captain Sekal, "Did you bring me as a play toy. I am not a present or a Kitty. If this is why I am here..."

Luma seemed shocked that the Kitty was not throwing himself at her, ^= The Kitty does not like Luma? ^= That joy had changed to abject sadness and it sounded like the voice was almost crying?

Sekal inclined his head toward the Caitian. "Mr. P'Rah you were not brought aboard to serve as a pet but as a member of my crew." He looked about the room which included only trustworthy officers. "Allow me to formally introduce Luma'Lenai. Luma is not an artificial intelligence but resides at the heart of this ship within its computer. Luma is a highly emotional being who has existed for millenia and is I believe ... lonely. She means you no harm or affront and is still learning our ways. She has many friends aboard and is considered a congenial companion." He then turned away from him to address Luma.

"Luma this is petty officer P'Rah, a Caitian. He is neither animal nor pet but is here as one of my crew. I do not doubt that if approached correctly he will be a friend to you but I believe he finds the term 'kitty' to be offensive. While outwardly he may have some similarities to a feline he is a highly intelligent being."

Luma's rich voice came from the speakers in reply, ^= Luma apologizes in the small one's way for insulting the P'Rah. Luma has been desiring a ki..ergh Caitian since there was one on the Mars Base that would not play in the Skyrims holodeck simulation with Luma. ^= This annoyed the Lenai. ^= Does the P'Rah like playing on the holodeck? That is one of the few places that Luma can manifest as a small one too. ^=

"P'Rah has never been on a holodeck," P'Rah became fascinated. "How do you work? Are you everywhere?"

=^= Luma is the ship. She lives in the computer core and the ship is her skin, the engines are her legs and the sensors are her eyes. Also the weapons are her claws. Luma is a telepathic being and her mind-bondmate is not currently present aboard the ship. This makes interacting with the small ones much more difficult. Luma makes mistakes. But Luma is a secret because she is the last of her people. The P'Rah will be Luma's friend? Luma has seen how the small ones interact with their feline companions. Does the P'Rah have a favorite treat? ^= She sounded so eager and hopeful.

P'Rah looked around. "Ummm sure, I will be your friend," P'Rah was timid in his answer. "You will be my first." As an afterthought he added, "I am not a Pretty Kitty."

=^= Your colouring is indeed quite handsome.^= She agreed happily, having squealed in delight when he agreed to be her new friend. Her voice showed her emotions easily. ^= Luma will make sure that the P'Rah is taken care of. ^=

P'Rah was still skeptical about all this. It seemed too weird for him to be in a place he found luxurious. "Ok, Luma," Looking around, "so where can I put my bag?"

Tycho interjected, now that Luma's enthusiasm was satisfied, at least momentarily, "You'll have assigned quarters on the ship, the Quartermaster will have the direct numbers, and I'm sure Luma will be happy to light your way. I'm Ensign Tycho Alantar, engineering."

He tapped a few things on the console, and transferred the pertinent info onto a PADD. He offered over the small piece of equipment, "This should help you out, basic ship schematics, your quarters marked, plus the standard highlights, including department offices and anything else you'll need in security."

"Umm Thanks." but P'Rah really wanted a drink. "Oh, P'Rah." He extended his disformed hand/paw to shake.

Tycho smiled and gave a friendly shake to the offered appendage.

Luma's voice chimed from the speakers, ^= Our Sekal, may Luma assist the P'Rah in finding his quarters? Luma does not approve of where the quartermaster put him, Luma thinks he deserves officer quarters not the small rooms for the enlisted. May Luma fix this error? ^= The Lenai had obviously adopted the kitty and was going to make sure that he was happy aboard her skin.

A

"I have no logical objection however the VIP quarters are not intended for long term occupation." He noted after considering just where she might desire to put the new crew member. "We are far from capacity for officers quarters and the request is granted."

P'Rah offered a nod of respect to the Captain. He felt there had to be a catch. The shoe had to fall somewhere.

Luma squealed again in delight and made adjustments to his assignment. She picked a good sized lieutenant's quarters and made a mental note. ^= Luma will guide her P'Rah to his new home. The P'Rah will be happy here, Luma will make sure of it. ^= She declared happily.

"Just lead the way." P'Rah said.

=^= Our Sekal must dismiss you. That is the small one protocol. Luma listens well. ^=

An eyebrow quirked. "Dismissed Mr. P'Rah, it would appear Luma has your evening planned."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Kris Bailey (P'Rah)  
Melinda Gatling (Luma)

[illegible]

Penn sat at the table looking carefully at the reaction that was happening in the transparent box in front of him. He really wanted to finish this experiment before he had to leave Regulus. The conditions would not get any better, and timing was perfect.

Well, with the exception of the fact that the CO of the Illuminar would be expecting them very soon.

he titrated the clear liquid, into the flask that contained a bright purple liquid, and observed. At first noting that nothing was happening. He started the timer. After 7 seconds the liquid began to foam. Then with a minor explosion the liquid coated the container completely.

he exclaimed and looked over at his Tamarian partner, Dr. Teller. “I believe it worked. Thor, when the hammer fell.”

looked at the data coming in from the sensors. “Sokath, his eyes uncovered.” He handed the PADD to his partner, the data flowing accumulating and the theoretical graph overlaid with the results from the experiment. The correlation was spectacular, fitting the exponential decay with a calculated  $r^2$  of 0.957.

smoking a cigar, “ he said to his colleague.

smiled, although it was often difficult to tell with a Benzite, if they were happy or otherwise. “Indeed. The Professor, with a coconut.”

He

reached over for the phaser which was out of his reach. "Tiemba, his arms are open," he said looking at the Tamarian. A toe in the water to see if it's cold."

Teller

gingerly grabbed the phaser, handing it to his partner. "Bolt on a treadmill. McGuyver with a knife. Newton under the apple tree."

He

accepted the offered phaser and pointed it at the container. Adjusting the power setting to full he activated the energy pulse. The container glowed and disappeared, but the purple substance remained unharmed. He nodded with satisfaction. He looked at the new reading on the PADD and handed it back to Teller.

"Jessica

with Roger," he said excitedly.

The

mixture of references came from the amount of time the two had spent together watching what Penn had called educational and linguistic material on their video monitor. After a while they had almost come up with their own version of the Tamarian language that they both clearly understood. It came in handy for Teller to explain what they were doing with other Tamarians, and Penn could explain it to everyone else.

Teller

was grinning from ear to ear as he reviewed his data. He started transferring the data to a secondary modeling program he had written, modeling the data. The three dimensions of the compound came on the screen, rotating around. The phaser power dissipated.

While the compound absorbed about 50% of the dose, the rest was reflected away with a far red shift in the spectrum, decreasing the energy of the photons to a level that would be harmless.

He

handed the PADD back, "Hawkings measuring the singularity."

Suddenly

a timer began to chime on the PADD. Penn knew his own propensity to forget about anything else when working so he had gotten into the habit of setting a timer for anything important, like meal times, meetings, and the fact that they were supposed to contact the USS Illuminar

He

sighed heavily, his excitement over the successful experiment dissipating. He looked over at Teller.

"Darmok and Jalad on the ocean," he said. "Long when the ship leaves?"

Penn nodded, "Ahab looking for the whale."

With that he moved over to the comm monitor and hit the call button. "Dr. Gaillus Penn to the Illuminar, for one Captain Sekal."

=^=  
Captain a transmission for you. =^=

"Put it through. Sekal here." He had just completed a series of strength training exercises and it was time for a cool down. He had also been expecting a transmission. After he had finished with assignments and dinner he would have approximately three and one half hours before the senior officers briefing.

The image of Captain Sekal came on the monitor. The Benzite bowed his head to the Vulcan.

"Captain Sekal, I am Dr. Gaillus Penn, and this is my... associate Dr. Teller. We have received orders to present ourselves to you for assignment. I'm certain that Teller and I can be of enormous assistance to you and your crew. Don't you agree Teller?"

The Tamarian scientist nodded, "The professor. With a coconut," he replied. "McGuyver with a knife. Beckett leaping across time."

"Exactly," Penn said, looking at the captain. Then he looked at Teller. "Newton under the apple tree. Peter Parker in Queens." He turned back to Sekal, "Do you not agree Captain?"

Sekal

cocked an eyebrow at both. "Very well. Send your coordinates to my transporter officer... Picard and Dathon at El Adrel."

He then activated his combadge. "Transporter Room, two to beam up. Coordinates incoming."

=^=Roger  
that.=^=

Penn turned to Teller and smiled, “Darmok and Jalad on the ocean.”

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(reply
 none)
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(posted  
by Al, Tim and Charles)

[illegible]

The Captain had arrived early as was his normal routine and was seated at the head of the table once again in uniform. His rest interval had been cut short as had a number of others but he had taken some time to relax and shower before coming up.

A number of his senior officers were in a similar strait as he was aware but the timing had been due to several factors and he had provided ample warning so he sat quietly as they filed in.

Ariel Trei walked into the briefing room for the meeting. She replicated an iced tea for a change with a nice mango flavor. She took her seat near the front of the table as she always did. She placed her PADD down on the table and waited for others to file in the room.

Quinna slowly made her way to the conference room and sat in the middle on the right side of the Captain. She pulled her PADD to take notes. "Captain, Lt. Trei." She acknowledged them but said no more. She was still not sure where she stood with the captain at this point, however she was happy for Trei's new inspiring position.

Sekal nodded. "Good evening Doctor."

Gregory was due on the bridge at 2200 to start his shift, but one does not miss the briefing if at all possible. He left Morganthall in charge, with orders to page him immediately should anything out of the ordinary appear. Walking into the conference room, PADD in hand, SPOTS on his right side, he moved to the far end of the table, nodding to the assembled officers. SPOTS jumped into Gregory's lap and laid down.

Sienna moved into the room, T'Mur behind her, the ever present shadow. The two women sat down, Sienna in her accustomed place on the other side of the Captain, T'Mur beside her. The last few days had been a steady and exhausting blur and she was ready for life to settle. She wanted time alone with her bondmate to allow the bond to deepen as it should and not to be running from crises to crises. She wanted a proper night of rest. Her eyes itched from fatigue.

T'Mur touched her leg and Sienna smiled at her bondmate. She then nodded to Quinna, not sure where things stood between the three women. The chaos of the previous day had left the 3 women in an odd place, and Sienna needed her few friends.

T'Mur could sense her own fatigue settle in as she sat down. However she shared her stamina with Sienna. There would be time to regain strength later. Meanwhile she looked over at Quinna and nodded, gratified that she was able to attend this meeting. The markings on her throat were slightly visible above the collar of her uniform. She then looked at Gregory who looked as though he would much rather be any place than this meeting. He was most likely thinking about the shift ahead of him.

When Bohb entered the room he smiled a huge smile at Sekal. He was the oldest member of the engineering staff, which by default made him the most senior officer, at least until Lt. Jordaan returned. He moved around the table quickly and came upon the CO, putting his hand on his shoulder.

"Son of Saleke, it is so good to see you alive," he said loudly. "You had us all a little worried, I must tell you." Then he poked the Vulcan in the shoulder. "But you don't seem much worse for the wear." He looked at him with an inquisitive stare. "Perhaps a little wiser around the eyes I think."

Suddenly he realized that he might be acting a little too familiar with his CO. "I apologize if I'm out of line. But I am excited to see you."

Sekal shrugged. "Noted Mr. Bohb. Your well wishes are appreciated."

As Bohb went around the table he greeted each of the staff with a poke or a prod. Then he came to Commander Verin.

"Glad to see you again Commander," he said, picking up her hand and placing the back of his hand in her palm.

"And the ever lovely Ensign T'Mur," he repeated the gesture to her.

T'Mur nodded, appreciating the fact that he didn't poke her in the chest with one of his large digits. "Ensign Bohb, please sit next to me."

Bohb beamed, "It's my pleasure." He squeezed himself into the seat provided and plopped onto his bottom.

"Am I the last to arrive?" he asked.

Sky walked in uncertain why he had been called to a meeting of the senior staff. He was moving toward a seat when it hit him. ~Oh yeah, it's one of the privileges of standing in for the CSO.~ He sat down with a sigh and placed the padd he was carrying onto the table.

Not everyone was present but it was time and he wasn't going to delay the meeting so Sekal got down to business. "It is not news to anyone here that the missions the ship has been on recently were mundane in nature however it was merely an outward show of normality. We have been shadowing an operative whose mission was to ferret out an organization that found a cache of alien weaponry and is selling it clandestinely. We had also been warned that Roanoke operatives were believed to have infiltrated the fleet based on an incident that happened in the Altair system."

"The incident, sir?" Quinna asked even though she tried to keep a quiet profile in the meeting.

He paused and gave a slight nod. "Former elements of Roanoke consisting of scientists gathered at one of the defensive Interdiction platforms in the system and were conducting weapons research until an explosion in the magazine destroyed them along with what they were working on. The investigation as to its cause has reached no logical conclusion though it has been closed."

"The operative failed in his mission and had to be evacuated from Starbase 23 before he was killed. Someone is believed to have linked his operation with the presence of the Illuminar and his cover was blown. We beamed him out just as they were attempting to murder him. That Roanoke is aboard appears to have been confirmed by recent events; first someone tried to murder me then he himself was poisoned. I had Lieutenant Alyl and Ensign Matrix assigned to uncover evidence of surreptitious communications off this ship. Lieutenant Alyl is now medically incapacitated in what may or may not be an unrelated matter. The operative Michael Weston will be traveling with us to Sigma Draconis Six and I have assigned him to hunt down the other operative or operatives aboard."

Quinna made notes on her traditional PADD that she brought to every meeting. She thought about the device that she had yet to return to Michael. She still had it recessed in the panels of her office.

"While his primary mission was unsuccessful we did find evidence aboard the marauder pointing to our destination and Mr. Weston also agrees with the assessment. Sigma Draconis Six is thirty two hours from Regulus and I have already been making preparations. Mr Bohb will you update us on the technical changes to the missile please?"

Bohb nodded and put his PADD on the table. It emitted the three dimensional hologram of the missile. "Thanks to the work of Ensign Winters, Ensign Matrix and I were able to make some adjustments to the "bomblets", as they have been dubbed, so that they now have an energy release level twelve times higher than before. Relatively speaking, each bomblet has the destructive capability of a quantum torpedo." He then said under his breath, "What we want with such a destructive weapon is beyond my comprehension." Then he returned to his briefing.

"On the up side, the magnetic locking mechanism has proved to be quite interesting. By changing the magnetic field modulation of the hull the bomblets will be unable to lock onto us. The locking mechanism is what activates the explosive charge, so it renders the weapon useless. Unless, of course, we simply crash into them. Which is a possibility since the missile itself releases dozens of the little critters."



Gregory entered Sigma Draconis IV into his PADD and started reviewing the data on the planet. A class M planet that was mostly under ice age like conditions, with a small temperate band. First visited on stardate 5431.6 by the Enterprise under command of Captain Kirk. Two distinct populations, one living on the surface in ice age hunter/gatherer conditions, The other underground with advanced technology. Kirk forced it to integrate after their visit. Not a member of the federation, but have had several of the species join Starfleet.

He entered the search term into a wider database to see what else he could learn. The query could take a bit longer, but they had 36 hours.

Sekal turned to Skashe. "And the other task I set for you, Mister Winters?"

Skashe cleared his throat. "We can configure the navigational array to emit an electromagnetic pulse that will fry the guidance circuitry of the missiles once they are fired. They will have no homing capability and be essentially flying blind which should make them relatively simple to avoid. Add that to the change in magnetic charge of the hull and we will have a stout defense. I'd say these weapons are only good for a surprise attack on an unsuspecting victim. Anyone who knows what they are up against in advance can easily avoid them. While in theory they are a horrific weapon in practice they are a long term failure and dead end for the Federation."

"I would agree." The Captain leaned back in his chair. "The remaining missile is being configured to be fired from a torpedo tube rather than operating under its own propulsion. Should we have need we may fire it at the same speed as a quantum torpedo."

He looked around the room. "If we find our quarry at Sigma Draconis our orders are to shut down their operation completely with whatever force is necessary."

"Are there any final questions or comments?"

Quinna mouthed nope to herself. This was typical, have sickbay ready just in case mission. She thought this would be a good time to stay out of the way and start thinking about her next step.

Sienna remained in her chair, listening to everyone as they spoke, assessing them carefully. "Yesterday we had an issue where an implanted personality attacked a senior officer. It was dealt with and everyone is in the process of recovering." There were rumors going around the ship of course, but Sienna was going to protect Quinna's privacy. "There is a test that can be done in sickbay that ..." She glanced at Quinna for elaboration, "scans brain waves. It doesn't hurt, it just takes a while. Or a telepath can skim your thoughts. Several of the senior officers have been through one of the available options. We had information from Vice Admiral Winters that there might be some people with implanted personalities aboard, but it was not something that I took seriously until the Captain was attacked. We have Luma, so I thought that she would be enough of a safeguard, but she is not. So please, make time to go to sickbay or to Counselor Hammons and get scanned. For the peace of mind of everyone." She sighed, leaning back in the extremely comfortable chair.

Gregory frowned at the Commander's comments. He remained opposed to the invasion of people's privacy. Perhaps it was just him, but his thoughts turned back to the wisdom of Judge Aaron Satie, a

famous jurist of the 24th century, ~With the first link, the chain is forged. The first speech censured, the first thought forbidden, the first freedom denied, chains ua all irrevocably. Perhaps there were exceptions, but even in the 18th century, this issue was being discussed, before the presence of telepaths on earth. The statesman Benjamin Franklin was quoted as saying ‘They who can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety, deserve neither liberty nor safety.’~ Clearly something to explore with his philosophy program.

“Also, while we are on our way everyone should get a full 12 hours of rest before we arrive. Be refreshed, because I have a feeling that something is going to go wrong the moment we get there.” Most of the senior staff knew that Sienna’s intuitions were something worth listening to.

Gregory chuckled, 8 hours on shift, two hours of exercise in the morning. He could get 8 hours of sleep and start work at 1600 to deal with operations before his training sessions with Gamma shift. ~Maybe I have to put that off for a day~, but that was not ideal.

“Sir, when do we leave for Sigma Draconis VI? It seems we have taken on the rest of the crew transfers, and have topped off our supplies as best we could from here?” Gregory asked. “We are at about 75% capacity after the repairs to the ship, but to wait for a supply ship would take 3-4 days. I could request that the USS Robert Bush meet us at Sigma Draconis. Looking at her manifest, she would be able to top us off. Looking at the star maps, she could arrive 24 hours after we did, assuming these data are correct.”

The Captain looked over to his 3rd officer. "We leave in three hours. Have the ship meet us in the system, Mister Gregory." He looked about. "Is there anything else?"

Gregory made notes on his PADD, and looked around the table to see if there was further discussion.

There were no volunteers. "You are all dismissed. Illuminar leaves for Sigma Draconis at 0200." He stood from the chair.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by:

Al -Engineer Bohb. T'Mur

Edward - SPA Trei

Charles Captain Sekal, Acting CoS Skashe

Kris - Doctor Solice

Mel - Commander Verin, Councilor Hammons

Tim - Lieutenant Gregory)

[illegible]

She walked into the briefing room for the meeting. She replicated an iced tea for a change with a nice mango flavor. She took her seat near the front of the table as she always did. She placed her PADD down on the table and waited for others to file in the room.

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 22:15)

"Ms. Morganthall, notify all departments that we will be leaving orbit at 0200 hours. Make sure all are ready for warp. Additionally, notify our hosts that we will be departing and that all loading needs to be completed in two hours."

"Helm, please set a course in for Sigma Draconis IV. That is our destination."

"Miss Collins, can you pull up what we have on Sigma Draconis IV. I've got some searchers going on now, and would like you to augment and correlate the data to brief the team Mr. Falcon, I want a security report on Sigma Draconis IV. We don't know what is out there, but the Captain thinks it may be related to the missiles."

"Mr. Musk, interface with science and engineering. they have some details how to polarize the hull to prevent those magnetic bomblets from binding to the ship. I want to make sure its programmed in to activate. Also ensure that the sensors can pick up any changes on the bomblets in case we have to adjust the field strength."

Gregory sat down in the command chair as the gamma shift started their work.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - COps/3rdO Lieutenant Dieter Gregory - 00:45)

"Yes sir, opening a channel. A Commander David Poole, sir."

"Evening there Lieutenant, what can I do for you, and what can you do for me?" Commander replied.

"We have run into a bit of a supply issue, and while we've gotten some resupply, we're still down and could use some additional material. My ensign is transmitting a complete list to you now." Gregory nodded to Morganthall, who transmitted the current supply levels.

Poole looked it over, "What the heck? Did you have to repair half your ship?"

"That's classified, Sir, I am sorry to say, but as you can see, we've got some needs and our current mission prevents us from getting back for a supply run."

Poole nodded, "That is a bit of a sticky wicket. So why come to me?"

"Well, I noticed the manifest of the USS Robert Bush. She seems to have everything we could need, and her course puts her within a day of our next location, the Sigma Draconis system."

"This is all well and good, Lieutenant, but can you cut to the chase?"

"My captain would see it as a personal favor if you could divert the Robert Bush to our location for resupply. It'll take her 50 hours or so to get to us, and then she can be on her merry way."

Poole sat back, "Those supplies are needed elsewhere Lieutenant, that's why StarFleet pays for a central logistics division, to make these decisions."

Gregory nodded, "I understand sir, I do, but my Captain is insistent, and this is a priority mission."

"Like I've not heard that before," Poole replied. "Tell your Captain to fill out the proper paperwork and it will get evaluated like all other requests."

"Thank you sir, " Gregory replied. "One more think, do you know where Admiral Nguyen is the moment? I wanted to send him and his family my Captain's regards."

Poole turned a bit pale. "Why would I know that, Lieutenant?"

"Well, I heard that you were on very good terms with the Admiral and his wife," Gregory replied.

The man at the other end of the line started to look nervous. "I'm sorry Lieutenant, I can't help you. However, let me see what I can do about rerouting the USS Robert Bush."

"Thank you Commander Poole, I appreciate your help. My Captain will be quite pleased. Gregory out."

(Reply None, unless you want to be on gamma shift)

(Posted by Tim B)

[illegible]

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