

[illegible]

Stardate 2446.02.15-2446.02.16

[illegible]

DAY 15

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1750)

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice/SFI Michael Weston -- 1755)

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice/SFI Michael Weston -- 2345)

<Skyrim Adventure>

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Dragonsreach - Balgruuf the Greater, Jarl of Whiterun - 17.21)

Scott yawned as the doors to his quarters opened. “Computer, lights ten percent.” The replicator generated the usual drink upon his arrival, and he gulped it down. It was about the only thing he had for calories in the past 24 hours.

The past few days had been hectic but rewarding. He'd been tinkering with new technologies, built one off components and programs to interface it with Federation systems. Something he never thought he could do. By all accounts it was a success. The proof would be actual field tests of his and the team's work. If things went well, this might be incorporated into future Star Fleet vessels.

~Well, today will be interesting.~ he thought as he sunk into his bed. “Computer set an alarm for 0530.”

(Reply none)

(Posted by Steve)

[illegible]

After Hezuela beamed back to the Illuminar, she decided to enjoy the last of her leave. Mason had holed up in Autopsy, and she had no intention of stopping him. She understood very well that he needed to think about what had happened, and frankly, so should she. While she had hoped that things with Mason would go beyond friendship, she had not expected such a quick marriage.

Taking a deep breath, the Orion read the last page of the kitschy romance novel she had picked up from Risa at some point and finally put the book on her nightstand. She removed her reading glasses and placed them right next to the book before running over to the replicator and running her fingers over the digital menu bar. She finally decided on a hot lemon tea and had a cup of it replicated. Slowly, she took the cup in both hands to warm them as she brought the tea over to the table in front of the couches. Slowly, Mason might as well come back from autopsy. But picking him up would be a little...silly, wouldn't it? She could wait for him.

So she leaned back a little with the tea in her hand and sipped it once, very carefully. It was still a little too hot, so she lightly blows some and then took a small sip and then sighed. Tea was the

perfect introduction to everyday life on a starship. Especially into everyday life on the Illuminar. Still, she had liked the ship ever since she had first seen it.

(USS Illuminar - personal Quarters - Ensign (jg) Hezuela - 1640)

Ten minutes later, Hezuela had almost finished her tea and was just lying on the sofa, one leg crossed over the other. She glanced at the clock and then at her communicator. ***Hezuela to Mason. Hi, how are you doing?***, she asked him through the communicator and waited for an answer.

(Reply Mason)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Autopsy -- Deck 5 -- ME Mason Quincy -- 1631)

After beaming aboard the Illuminar, Mason left to Autopsy. He needed to think. It was romantic on the planet, but now they were back in reality. There in the middle of his desk was a picture of his wife. Deceased wife.

He picked up the picture and held it to his heart. He felt that instant of guilt. The one that happens when you figured out that moment of wild self-indulgence meant he just cheated on his wife. He also knew that if she was alive, then this would never happen.

“Why are you guilty?” A female voice said from across the room. “You should be happy.” Mason looked up and saw his beloved dead wife all in white across the room.

“What?” Was all he could say trying to muster up the words wondering how she was there.

"How is life? You look lousy for a married man." She said.

“You look fabulous for a dead person.” Mason Replied.

“Thanks. It is nice that I do not have to moisturize anymore.” She laughed. “You know I approve.”

“What?” Mason asked.

“You getting Married to Hezuela. She already has done something I always wanted you to do” The ghostly woman said, “You lived in the now. You took a leap and you flew.”

Mason sat there stunned.

“Mason, it is time to put my picture in the desk and go be with your Hezzy.” She said.

"I miss you." Mason called out.

"I know you do but you are not alone anymore." And then the figure faded away.

(Reply none)

(posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- CMO 3XO Lt.Quinna Solice -- 16:48)

Quinna decided to make a visit to the bridge. She figured she could get a few more appointments scheduled for the next day. In the center seat, she saw Commander Dieter. She moved to the seat next to him.

“Good afternoon,” Quinna said as she smiled. She was very relaxed and happy.

(Reply Dieter)

“So you know I have this little general order about physicals, and I came up to get your appointment scheduled. 0900 tomorrow is already taken.” Quinna informed.

(Reply Dieter)

Quinna then offered, “Perhaps we should schedule an extra long appointment. I found Bajoran Artifacts on Betazed. The old lady then gave me a small locked box also with the small talisman I bought.”

(Reply Dieter)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 16:50)

The bridge shift was quiet. Tomorrow they would leave Betazed for their next mission. In the meantime, he was looking forward to the tests on the cloak that installed in the Hillary. He also had to arrange a meeting with Luma's new bondmate. Not that he fully understood what that was, but it seemed important to Luma.

The turbolift doors opened, and moments later the good doctor was sitting next to him.

"Good afternoon," she said.

"Indeed Doctor, it is a good afternoon, even if a bit boring. Hopefully the crew will have enjoyed their brief respite on the planet."

“So you know I have this little general order about physicals, and I came up to get your appointment scheduled. 0900 tomorrow is already taken.” Quinna said.

"I had heard that. I thought my physical was up to date, but you're the Doctor, so I am at your service. How is 1000?" he asked.

“Perhaps we should schedule an extra long appointment. I found Bajoran Artifacts on Betazed. The old lady then gave me a small locked box also with the small talisman I bought.”

Dieter's eyebrow raised , "That is indeed interesting news Doctor. Very interesting indeed. Perhaps we might do it later tomorrow? We'll be under warp and I am sure Commander Verin wouldn't mind me taking the time for a proper physical?"

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- CMO 3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 16:57)

Dieter's eyebrow raised, "That is indeed interesting news Doctor. Very interesting indeed. Perhaps we might do it later tomorrow? We'll be under warp and I am sure Commander Verin wouldn't mind me taking the time for a proper physical?"

“You are not always on duty. There should not be a problem. I am interested in exploring this matter further. But report first. Thank you, Commander.” Quinna stood and went to the others on the Bridge.

(Reply if any)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- Bridge Officer Ensign Tavay -- 17:01)

Her duty was boring. She ran diagnostics because she was bored. The Tactical station's software update went without a hitch. All other systems were operating better than before.

“How about first thing in the morning, Maam?” Tavay replied.

"0600 would be just fine, Ma'am."

(Reply if any)
(Posted by Kris)

Quinna looked around her Quarters. Things were ready for her date to show. She even dug up her old dress that consisted of 7 veils and nothing else.

(Reply Weston, or anyone wanting to make a surprise visit)

[illegible]

"So are you going to tell me what your all important meeting with the captain was about?" Quinna moved the food to the table.

As she set out the meal Michael opened the wine and poured some into the glasses on the table.

"I thought that I should tell him about my meeting with Fiona," Michael told her. Then he sat and looked at Quinna as she sat down. "And then there was what she said to me."

"I still would like to know what happened in that cell you were in." Quinna said.

"She offered me a job," he said. "Well, the prospect of work in espionage, at any rate. A job that I had no interest in taking. However, there might be a reason to string her along for a while."

"What are you thinking we can do?" Quinna said as she took a bite of her Brussel Sprouts.

Michael smiled and shook his head at the "we". Cut off a piece of the chicken and put it in his mouth. His eyes rolled with pleasure at the flavor.

"Right now "we" are going to wait," Michael said seriously. "They will be in contact with me... soon. We'll see what they want me to do. Hopefully this will get me closer to Roanoke. Captain Sekal will fill in the senior staff at some point, but you have advanced notice."

"You know I am going to help you as long as I can." Quinna offered yet announced at the same time. "Actually I almost decided to go back down the Betazed to see if I could find out more information. Figured you would not like that." Quinna admitted.

"You got that right," Michael said, narrowing his eyes. "And I doubt that I'd be the only one. I don't need to give Verin any more reason to hate me. Even if I don't understand why she hates me to begin with. But the captain would not be too pleased either. That I would worry about."

Quinna was a little disheartened, "Good thing you are doing that, right." she started to pick at her food. She did not feel like eating anymore. "So the next few days I will be busy in sickbay, I am going to be too busy to do anything but being a doctor."

"So I noticed," he said, taking another bite of the food. "I have not responded to your message yet."

"I hope you are enjoying your chicken," Quinna said. "Don't be afraid to tell me if you don't. It has been a while since I cooked." Quinna asked. "I have something a little sweet for later. Well Dessert. It's called Dessert. There is also a chocolate cake as well."

Michael smiled, "Your meal is delicious, you constantly amaze me. Although it doesn't taste as good as you do." He leaned over the table and kissed her lips. "As for dessert... we'll ... maybe we can work up to cake. I have something else in mind."

Standing up he pulled Quinna into his arms, "Maybe you'd be willing to give me a thorough examination right now?"

"I am off duty tonight." Quinna said as she closed the distance with her lips. She turned and pulled Michael with her as she led him to her room. Instead of twisting into the bed, she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into a dance. A slow dance to the music.

Michael responded to Quinna, and moved into the flow of her dance. He held her closely, his cheek next to her ear. "Ummm, this is nice. It's been a while since I've gone dancing."

He moved his right hand to the small of her back, turned and dipped Quinna. As they came back up he drew his left hand down her arm and side and stopped just under her breast. Suddenly the dance slowed beyond the rhythm of the music.

Quinna became a bit chilled. Her seductress outfit was certainly thin. She moved closer to Michael's warm body to warm herself up. She swayed with her eyes closed. This to her was pure bliss. "If only we could do this forever."

Michael smiled, "Dance? My feet would start to hurt. Be together? That is quite possible. However, let's get through tonight, and worry about the future tomorrow. Meanwhile, know that I am not planning on going anywhere, for a long time."

He pulled Quinna into a passionate kiss, his thumb moving playfully, and his right hand moving down. “Now as for this dessert you promised me.” Michael picked Quinna up and carried her to the bed. The door to the bedroom closed.

[illegible]

Vic showed his ID badge, submitted to the retinal scan and finally his command code. Once the system showed green, he entered the Aerowing, and waited for his copilot to go through the gauntlet.

The two of them entered the flight deck and stowed their gear. They were wearing full flight suits in case things went south quickly. "Ok, let's begin pre-flight."

Slipping into the Pilots seat, Vic closed his eyes, while this was not the same as being a test pilot of the latest equipment, it was the best he might ever see, so he wanted to relish the moment.

"Computer, recognize Victor Montero, pilot."

=^= Acknowledged. Victor Montero is pilot ^=^=

"Computer, recognize Bebe Sheridan as copilot."

=^= Acknowledged. Bebe Sheridan is copilot. ^=^=

Those tasks out of the way, the real work began.

"Power up warp core," he said as his fingers started moving across the control panel. He and Sheridan worked well together and after fifteen minutes had the ship fully checked and all systems nominal.

=^= Acknowledged Hillary. Notify us when you have full complement. ^=^=

"The guy who designed the cloak, Scott Matrix, I believe his name is."

(Posted by Tim)

Gregory has been notified when Montero and Sheridan had boarded the Hillary. This was the moment of truth, where the rubber meets the road, as they said.

Gregory stood up and looked around the bridge. "Everyone, we will begin testing a modification to the USS Hillary. Operations, I need you to monitor all space traffic and communications. Science, I want you to monitor the Hillary. I want to know if it is emitting any unusual particles. Tactical, backup Science and provide secondary monitoring of Hillary's signature."

=^= Hillary to Illuminar. All systems are go. I repeat all systems are go. Just waiting on our Engineer.
=^=

"OK people, let's play some hide and seek."

(Posted by Tim)

Gregory tapped the comm button on the command chair, "Lieutenant T'Mur, report to the bridge," he said.

"Ms. Tavay, are there any unknown ships in the region?"

(Reply Tavay)

"Very good, thank you. Keep monitoring our local space for any intrusions."

"Helm, monitor the release of the Hillary."

Tapping the comm button again, "Illuminar to Hillary, you are cleared to depart."

=^= Copy that Illuminar. Hillary will depart in 5 minutes. Repeat 5 minutes. ^=^=

"Acknowledged Hillary. Good hunting."

Gregory stood up and walked over to tactical. "Lets see how good Engineer really is."

(Reply bridge)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CTO Lt (jg) T'Mur - 1813)

T'Mur had already been on her way to the bridge when her comm badge beeped. She had not anticipated missing the test run of the Hilary with the new cloaking device

=^=Lieutenant T'Mur, report to the bridge.^=

She tapped her badge, “En route Commander.”

The door to the turbo lift opened as Gregory was giving directions. She nodded to the 2nd Officer as she moved over to the tactical station.

"Helm, monitor the release of the Hillary."

Tapping the comm button again, "Illuminar to Hillary, you are cleared to depart."

=^= Copy that Illuminar. Hillary will depart in 5 minutes. Repeat 5 minutes. ^=

"Acknowledged Hillary. Good hunting."

T'Mur looked on with curiosity. She did not realize that the ship was going hunting for anything. What were they expecting to find. She thought this was a simple test run of the cloak.

Gregory stood up and walked over to tactical. "Lets see how good Engineering really is."

“To the best of my knowledge, Commander,” T’Mur replied, “they are quite functional and capable of performing the task you have set for them. However we shall see how successful they have been with the cloaking device. May I ask a question, what manner of creature will they be hinting on the Hilary, sir?”

(reply Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Gregory stood up and walked over to tactical. "Lets see how good Engineering really is."

"To the best of my knowledge, Commander, they are quite functional and capable of performing the task you have set for them. However we shall see how successful they have been with the cloaking device. May I ask a question, what manner of creature will they be hunting on the Hilary, sir?"

Gregory chuckled, "I have full faith in our engineering team, especially having given them an impossible task on an impossible deadline," he replied.

Pausing, "If this works, and Ensign Bohb's project comes to fruition, this will be the emergency evacuation process for our dear Luma."

(reply T'Mur)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice/SFI Michael Weston -- 2345)

Michael sat at the table jabbing his fork into a large slice of chocolate cake, with chocolate icing. The cake was moist, and the icing was decadent. All in all it was a marvelous experience for his taste buds. He looked across the table at Quinna who sat in front of her own piece of cake.

"Oh my God Quinna, this is fantastic," he said.

"Are you talking about the cake or the view?" Quinna asked as she slowly licked the last of her chocolate cake off her fork.

A thought went through Michael's mind. He took his fork full and tapped the frosting on her lips then leaned over and kissed her, tasting the cake on her. "Maybe a little of both."

Quinna always loses herself with Michael. Her IQ tended to drop a 50 points when she took in his scent. His musk was intoxicating. "There is more of both. All you can desire."

Smiling, he dropped the fork and picked up a piece of the cake. With slow deliberate moves he took his cake and wiped the icing on Quinna's chin, then kissed her chin to lick it off. He moved the piece to her shoulder and repeated the action. And again in the middle of her chest.

Quinna started laughing uncontrollably. She could not help it as he was tickling her more than anything else. "I...can't... Breath." She edged out between laughs.

"So I take your breath away?" Michael asked.

His application of the cake took a turn as he began to rub it on her breasts. Then he buried his head to lick the cake off.

Suddenly he swept the plates off the table and lifted Quinna onto it. He pushed Quinna back as he brought his kisses back to her lips.

"Quinna," he said breathlessly, "I've never felt this way about anyone before."

“Michael....Love...” was all she could muster to say.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Kris)

[illegible][illegible]

“Just one. Does this helmet make my head look funny?”

Steven's face got a bit of color as he stifled what he wanted to say and segued a bit. "No more than usual." That seemed like an innocent enough answer. "Just don't fall on your face or those downward curving horns might poke an eye out." Having made his verbal riposte he quickly was out the door.

[illegible]

One thing that had become obvious to Steven was that time or distance seemed out of synch in the game, perhaps both. The province had to be massive, you just had to look to the mountains on the Western, Eastern and Southern horizons to get an idea of the scale but they hadn't been walking for more than twenty minutes (at a fast pace mind you) eastward beside the river when signposts on the inland side of the road began to point out that their destination was imminent. Plus as they had been walking downhill pretty much he had gotten dim glimpses through the trees of a walled city set on a hilltop and lit here and there by guard fires to the northeast. The roots of that massive mountain known as the Snow Throat were just beyond the river and he had to crane his neck upward to make out its crest against the night sky. Both moons shed a silvery light that made the snowy glaciers that covered nearly a third of the mountain glow with an eldritch sheen.

"Beautiful in a very visceral way." He muttered. He had seen many sights on Earth and a few in space now but none rivaled that of the moonlit landscape and glowing snowy mount.

They reached a crossroad a while later. The road continued onward seeming to circle the hill that the city was sitting on after crossing a short bridge. To the right the crossing road continued to a bridge that forded the river that was flowing deep and swift and appeared to curve up the northern foot of the mountain before turning around its Eastern edge. To their left was the city on the hill which the crossing road led to. Immediately to their left was a very large wooden structure set just off the road with a path

running up to it and Steven could swear he smelled honey in the air. As they turned onto the road they passed a sign.

HONNINBREW MEADERY

"Well now we know where that particular beverage is made." Hammons smiled as he set a fast pace. A farmland abutted the meadery property and they had just gotten to it when Steven heard the clash of arms, a thunderous bellow and shouts. He broke into a run to see what was going on, vaulted the pole fence and ran toward the torches he saw being waved.

The shorthairs on the back of his neck sprung to attention when he realized what was going on. Several warriors wearing leather and fur with bits of metal were engaged with a humanoid being with blue skin and standing not less than fourteen feet in height. With a shout Steven drew his sword and charged in toward the giants flank.

(Reply: Any who want to take part.)

The giant had flowing hair down to his shoulders and beard to match and he was lashing out with a tree trunk sized club. Hammons darted in and cut at his legs making several deep lacerations. The giant bellowed in anger as he swept his club in an arc and knocked one of his assailants down. Hammons was sure the guy was dead but to his surprise he got back up, picked up his two handed war hammer and rushed in to get a telling blow on the giant who had tried to stomp on Steven. The glancing blow of its foot knocked him into a roll and he would no doubt have been toast had not all of the others been distracting it.

(Reply: Any)

Hammons drove in for a stab to its knee as someone got in a telling blow and the giant dropped his club before crashing down like a falling tree. Steven made haste to make sure he didn't get caught under it.

The ones who had been attacking it put away their weapons. "Well done Farkas, Vilkas, the farmer will have no more raids from this giant." The speaker had been a woman and she turned toward them. "Your aid is much appreciated travelers, the beast was a handful. If you are interested in joining the Companions come to Jorrvaskr in Whiterun. Fare well."

With that the red haired beauty turned and walked off with her companions toward the city.

Hammons turned to the others. "Is anyone hurt?"

(Reply: Any)

"Done, we are almost there."

They passed another farm on the left then the road forked, one path leading North around the city and the other to it. A stables was to their right with a nearby wooden house before they came to the first

gate. The walls here were of stone though they looked the worse for wear. City guardsmen wearing chainmail with cream colored livery and helms with a face guard were patrolling those walls but made no move to challenge their entrance. Steven liked the device on their shields which was the head of a charging horse.

The road curved to the right and that is where the real defenses began. A gatehouse with the drawbridge across a moat currently down was crossed and they entered a large courtyard. The wooden gates to the city on the left were closed and two guards stood watch before it. Hammons approached them.

"Halt." One of the guards stepped forward. "The city is sealed traveler by order of the Jarl. What business do you have here?"

"First of all why is the city sealed if I might ask?"

"Dragons have been seen traveler. Have you not heard of it?"

"Heard of it? I've been in the middle of it." Hammons laughed. "I was at Helgen Keep when it was attacked and I bring news to the Jarl from Riverwood. Please let me pass." He had thought of demanding to be allowed in but who knew how they might react?

"Helgen Keep attacked?" The guard sounded amazed then turned and called out. "Open the gate, these travelers have news for the Jarl."

The gates were opened just enough for the group to slip through then promptly closed again.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

As they walked down the path they came to a crossroad. The group turned to the left towards the smell of honey. They passed a sign that said HONEYBREW MEADERY, and Conan got quite excited.

“Well now we know where that particular beverage is made,” Hammons said with a smile. Bohb really did not know what beverage he was talking about. He had no idea what mead was, but the sweet smell gave him more than a passing interest in sampling it. Suddenly they could hear the sounds of a conflict was just up the road.

Hammons suddenly ran off ahead. Bohb looked at the others and shrugged and jogged up to catch up to him. As they came upon the fight he could see that Conan had joined a group of warriors fight a

rather large, blue skinned humanoid. Although there were several of them they did not look like they faring very well. In order to keep Hammons safe Bohb rushed in to defend his friend. The creature suddenly swung his huge club. Hammons suddenly made a turn to avoid the crushing blow from the tree sized weapon, but Bohb was not so lucky, as his attention was on Hammons.

The club suddenly struck Bohb in the chest sending him sprawling across the ground,

[Health reduced by 40%.]

“No kidding,” Bohb said rubbing the spot where he was hit. He staggered back to he feet in time to duck under another strike. Suddenly the giant cried out and dropped his club. The end came down towards Hammons and Bohb. The Magillan braked himself and pushed the handle away from them both. Then the giant feel forward onto its face, he presumed dead.

“Is anyone hurt?” Hammons asked.

“Mostly my pride,” Bohb replied, “but I did lose a considerable amount of health on that blow.”

Hammons did something over his body and suddenly he felt better.

[Health is fully restored.]

Then Raven appeared, saying, “I am Raven. What can I do to help?”

Bohb thought, ~How about showing up two minutes ago to help with the fight.~

Bohb was feeling better, but his mood was still a little low. He was upset that he let that giant get the hit that he did on him. But he knew he’d have an opportunity to redeem himself soon.

The group passed another farm then came to another fork. They turned onto a road that led them to a gate to the city. Two guards stood outside of the gate.

"Halt." One of the guards stepped forward. "The city is sealed traveler by order of the Jarl. What business do you have here?"

"First of all why is the city sealed if I might ask?" Hammons asked.

"Dragons have been seen traveler," the guard replied. "Have you not heard of it?"

Hammons went into a story of being involved with the attack of a dragon which impressed the guards enough to have them order the gates open. As they entered the gates already started closing and clanged shut just as Bohb got out of the entryway. As they walked down the street someone came up and told them their arrival had been announced and handed Hammons a torch, giving him directions.

The group came to the stairs and began to climb. As they climbed Bohb could feel the temperature drop. Once they reached the top they went towards a temple building. They continued to travel until they met another pair of guards.

"Dragonsreach is at the top of the staircase travelers, the Jarl is expecting you," one of the guards said.

"Up we go," Hammons said and began to climb more stairs. The rest followed closely behind him.

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

She saw the blue giant fall and was quick to step away from the impact. She wished to offer whatever she could to help the people of the city.

"I am Raven. What can I do to help?"

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun Hold - Aela the Huntress - 16.41)

"I am Raven. What can I do to help?"

Aela stopped and turned, the black haired Farkas and his sandy haired brother Vilkas would stop and wait for her when they saw she was not following, the pack always cared for its own. The black war paint beneath and around her eyes and in diagonal slashes on her left cheek gave her a fearsome appearance. She carried a sword at her side and her long hunters bow was slung on her back.

Aela didn't wear fantasy trope armor, her thick leather jerkin and knee length pants were full and wolf fur fringed her neck, waist and the bracers on her forearms. Her hair was dark red, eyes were green and her face was slim. She was supple and athletic and the finest hunter of her brethren.

"What the Companions need is different from what others seek Raven. We need members to do what others cannot. To kill or drive off monsters or wildlife that threaten their existence or livelihood. Cities need guards and nations need warriors but the Companions need shield men and maidens. If you wish to join with us then come to Jorrvaskr and speak with the Harbinger Kodlak Whitmane and we of the circle will test your mettle."

With a nod she then turned and loped off into the darkness. Farkas and Vilkas might be far ahead by now waiting but she would catch their scent soon and join them. There was more work to do this night and they had a long distance to travel.

Not long after she had disappeared and after the walk to Whiterun had begun the group heard the howls of hunting wolves in the distance.

(Reply: Any, none)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - City of Whiterun - PO1 Steven Hammons - 1651)

The avenue within the city gates was wide and well paved with a short bridge spanning a watercourse immediately outside the gatehouse. Steven stepped onto the bridge and looked to the left and right. The stream came from beneath the wall on the south side and had to be fed from a subterranean waterway, it then turned and submerged under the wall beyond the gates and he realized this was what fed the moat, ran through a grate on the east side of the city then traveled south toward the Whiterun River. This tributary had been between the city and them and was what the bridge was for on the road they had been following from Riverwood. For a walled city such as this a source of clean, fresh water was essential. A guard tower was to their left along the wall and two of the cream liveried guards were

talking in the doorway. A cobbled pavement ran up the hill beside it to the north and it dawned on him Whiterun was built on two levels. Cobblestones also ran straight ahead between buildings in this lower district. Being night there wasn't much activity on the street but it wasn't terribly late so light was spilling from the houses and businesses from hearthfires and here and there guardsmen could be spotted bearing torches as they made their rounds. One of the men from the guard tower broke away and met the group.

"A runner has been sent ahead to tell Jarl Balgruuf that you have arrived." He pointed down the avenue. "Follow the road to the Bannered Mare Inn then climb the stairway to the left. The stairway to Dragonsreach is off the park around the Gidergreen, that tall white barked tree in the center. You can't miss it." He pointed up to the northeast and Hammon's breath caught at the sight of the palace perched on a bluff above the city.

The guard handed over a burning torch and returned to his duties.

They passed a smithy, tavern and several homes, one of which looked unoccupied before entering a market square with a covered cistern in the center. There were shops and booths for wares, the Bannered Mare Inn was on the far side and identified by a sign bearing a frolicking horse draped with ribbon. Sure enough a stone stair to their left beyond some booths ascended from the plains to the wind district, it was wide and steep and water ran down stone troughs from grating above on either side.

"So much water here." Hammons mused. "It must all come from some crazy spring much higher up."

(Reply: Any)

They took the stairs and climbed to the top, up here there was more wind certainly and the air continued to get chillier as the night advanced. Steven's face was starting to tingle and he judged that the temperature had fallen well below the twenties into the lower teens (fahrenheit). Before them was a small paved circle surrounded by flower beds with the heretofore mentioned tree in the center, it was leafless and looked to be in bad shape as the bark was starting to peel in places, if it wasn't dead it was dying.

To their left was a large house, wood without the thatched roofs as below and well built it stopped just short of ornate with a cow grazing on straw within a pole fence. There was a much smaller house to the right beyond the rivulet of water and beyond the Gildergreen an ornate building that looked like a church. "A temple of some kind no doubt."

(Reply: Any)

He walked past the tree to the right and spotted a wide stair that led to a large and long hall of some type, in the light of the moons its roof looked peculiar.

And past that stair and a wide stage backed by stone which included a large statue of some warrior with sword sheathed. One would have to cross the stream to get to the stage.

Farther on a narrow staircase watched over by two guards who watched them closely then beckoned them forward. "Dragonsreach is at the top of the staircase travelers, the Jarl is expecting you."

Hammons realized he must have dallied longer gazing at the sights than he had thought to have the Jarl already notified and orders sent down. "Up we go."

(Reply: Any)

The stair turned right and they had the bluff on their left before arriving at the landing stop it. Dragonsreach as it turned out was beyond a long bridge and it towered upward fifty to sixty feet. It was awash in flickering firelight from charcoal braziers and light from the windows and its entrance was through a large double door. They stepped up, opened one and passed through.

[illegible]

The hall was immense. Wide, long and tall with at least one balcony which wrapped around the other end and sides of the long haul. There was no hearthfires but it was well lit by charcoal braziers both low and hight. The floor was wood highly polished and they stepped onto a thick, ornate carpet dyed in reds and gold thread. Mounting five stairs he could see the Jarls high seat clearly against the far wall. Balgruuf was in a lavish though not kingly robe and his "crown" was more of a circlet inset with rubies. His hair and beard were yellow and well manicured. A number of guards stood silently around him until they had passed a long feasting table and benches. It was at that point one stepped forward.

"Stop! You will come no closer to the Jarl with your weapons." She had her own sword drawn. Steven could clearly see that her skin was dark, nay black and her ears were pointed.

(Reply: Any)

He raised his hands in the air just before Balgruuf spoke. "Now Irileth these travelers bring news of import in these dark times and their journey has been a dangerous one. Let them pass." The Jarls voice had a rumbling Nordic accent and cadence and was pleasant to listen to.

The Dunmer stepped back and sheathed her sword with only a small objection but object she did, still she obeyed his command.

"Come forward and state your news travelers. Tell me what you have seen."

Hammons led the others forward. He removed his hood then gave a bow of respect before speaking. "Jarl Balgruuf I was at Helgen Keep when it was attacked by a dragon, an immense black one. The soldiers were unable to come to blows with it and relied on arrows which didn't seem to faze it. It set fire to much of the keep before most of the civilians were able to escape and I with them. I met my companions later." He gestured to the others with his right hand as he partially turned.

"And what were you doing at Helgen then ay?" The Jarl leaned forward and Hammons could see that his eyes were blue.

He could easily have lied but didn't, according to the trader crimes didn't cross holds. "I was caught up in a net while the Imperials were capturing Stormcloaks though I wasn't with them."

Jarl Balgruuf chuckled pleasantly as he leaned back. "You speak truth when you could have easily lied so I believe you. Do not fret, I do not concern myself with Imperial matters outside of my hold. Is there more you can tell me of this dragon?"

"Only that it circled Helgen before leaving and flying north."

"North you say? What news from Riverwood?"

Hammons took a deep breath. "They are concerned that the village is too open and easy prey should a dragon attack and are requesting reinforcements."

"Jarl I must object." Irileth stepped forward. "The city needs every sword we have for its defense."

Balgruuf leaned forward and when he spoke his voice was harsh. "I will not leave a village within my hold unprotected. Send a detachment of guards immediately. I want them there and in place before the dawn breaks."

"Yes my Jarl." Apparently she knew when not to argue. Irileth quickly swept past the group on her way out of the hall.

"I know it is getting late and you have traveled far today but I want you to speak to my court wizard Farengar about the dragon before you seek a bed." Balgruuf spoke. "Who are your other companions?"

Hammons stepped back and let the others introduce themselves.

(Reply: All)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Dragonsreach - EO- Ensigh Bohb - 1717)

As the group approached the throne of Jarl Balgruuf announced, "Stop! You will come no closer to the Jarl with your weapons."

She had a drawn sword and was surrounded by several guards.

“Ummm...,” Bohb said, “I guess this is the part where we put down our weapons?”

He dropped his Morningstar and the silver sword that he'd been carrying. Hammons threw up his hands.

"Come forward and state your news travelers. Tell me what you have seen."

Hammons led the others forward. He removed his hood then gave a bow of respect before speaking. "Jarl Balgruuf I was at Helgen Keep when it was attacked by a dragon, an immense black one. The soldiers were unable to come to blows with it and relied on arrows which didn't seem to faze it. It set fire to much of the keep before most of the civilians were able to escape and I with them. I met my companions later." He gestured to the others with his right hand as he partially turned.

"And what were you doing at Helgen then ay?" The Jarl leaned forward and Hammons could see that his eyes were blue.

"I was caught up in a net while the Imperials were capturing Stormcloaks though I wasn't with them," Conanc explained.

"You speak truth when you could have easily lied so I believe you," Jarl said with a chuckle. "Do not fret, I do not concern myself with Imperial matters outside of my hold. Is there more you can tell me of this dragon?"

"Only that it circled Helgen before leaving and flying north."

"North you say? What news from Riverwood?"

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Hammons stepped back and let the others introduce themselves.

Bohb pulled off his Helmet, and stood up tall, his fangs gleaming in the firelight. “I am Grog, Orsimer of the Dragontail Mountains.”

(reply Alaya, Raven)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

The Jari asked who they were. After Conan reported what they encountered, she stepped forward and identified herself.

"I am Raven a fire evocation wizard sent by the Harpers faction to join their noble quest. I am from Neverwinter. What Conan says is true. We have encountered many zombies on our journey here. We are tired but we can address the court of our journey as you wish."

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Dragonsreach - Balgruuf the Greater, Jarl of Whiterun - 17.21)

"I am Raven a fire evocation wizard sent by the Harpers faction to join their noble quest. I am from Neverwinter. What Conan says is true. We have encountered many zombies on our journey here. We are tired but we can address the court of our journey as you wish."

"Zombies? I know not of zombies." One of his attendants leaned close and whispered in his ear, the man was not tall, had thinning hair and was dressed for warmer climes though he was wearing an extra layer of warm clothing beneath his finery. "I see Proventus." Balgruuf spoke when he had concluded

and addressed Raven again. "You speak of draughr do you not? The walking dead? Of these I do know though they do not walk the lands openly. You have been through a barrow I conclude."

His eyes traveled over the group. "You are not simple travelers but adventurers seeking treasures and glory in the songs of the skalds. Proventus is my chief steward and at times may have bounties for the hold you might fill to put coin in your hand for deeds done. Seek him out when you desire work."

His eyes fixed on Bohb. "An Orsimer I see. Your people are welcome to walk the lands and many tales are told of your mighty deeds. A fierce people and strong in battle. Many times has the battle turned in the favor of the Empire due to the legion from Orsinium."

(Reply: Bohb, as much as you want)

He then focused on the last member of the party. "And another of the Altmer among your number. It lifts my heart to see not one but two of your race who do not come in the armor and robes of the Thalmor." His teeth gritted at the last word but otherwise he gave no other sign of his distaste for what had become a scourge in the north. Dealing with the Empire to procure food and supplies for his people carried a price, a burden that he had to bear to insure the survival of the hold and them due to the long and bitter winter and the scourge of bandits that plagued the roads. They often lay in wait for supply wagons and took the goods for themselves to unknown or hard to reach holdfasts and were fattening themselves and their coinpurses on the ill gotten gain.

(Reply: Alaya)

Balgruuf turned his head to the left as the court wizard emerged from his study. He motioned toward him. "This is Farengar, both mage for the hold and advisor to the court. He will no doubt have questions to ask of you."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun - EO- Ensign Bohb - 1722)

Bohb had watched the aerial fight with the dragon helplessly, and worked to avoid the dragons fiery breath as it rained down from the sky. He had not picked up any bow skills, nor any magical incantations, like Hammons and Raven, in order to help out. But once the dragon's wings were damaged and the creature was earthbound, then he jumped into action.

A group of men charged at the dragon and were immediately mowed down by the fire shooting out of the creature's belly. Bohb had made his way to outflank the creature as others continued their frontal assault. Hammons joined the attack, having procured a shield that might give him some protections from the fire. He ran at the head with a roar of almost pure anger.

It was at that point that the party heard the computer voice announce. [Use the Fus shout on the dragon.]

Bohb had finally gotten into position when the voice made him stop and blink. He looked over a Hammons who practically shrugged then shouted the word as loud as he could. Bohb stood up from his vantage point and followed his lead.

“Fus!” he yelled out in his deepest Magillan voice. He heard Trei’s smaller voice make the same call.

There was a blast of sound and force that came from the three dragonborn and the dragon recoiled in shock and was momentarily staggered as they converged on their target.

Bohb suddenly jumped and landed on the back of the dragons neck. He held on as the head whipped back and forth, in an effort to shake the Orc off. Grog squeezed with his thighs as hard as he could, feeling the scales of the dragon's neck give slightly under the pressure. He may not be choking the giant lizard, but he sure wasn't going to get shaken off easily.

He drew his silver sword, and prepared to strike down into the dragon's skull. Every time he raised his arm to strike the dragon it whipped it's head again and the blow would only glance off the scaled skull, showering sparks from the contact. However Bohb did notice that the sword did cause some damage to the area it struck.

Looking down at his companions he gave questioning look that begged, "What do I do now?"

(reply Hammons, Trei, Alaya)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun - EO- Ensign Bohb - 1723)

Bohb could hear his character's name being called out and looked down from his position on the dragon's head. It was Conan.

"He's tough but we can do this, keep up the pressure Grog!"

Grog tried to give him a thumbs up, but he almost lost his hold on the bucking dragon. He managed to give him a thumbs up on one of his opposing toes. There was a rumble throughout the dragon, and it whipped its head back then down, releasing a stream of flames from its mouth. Suddenly Conan ran at the dragon and slammed his shield into its face.

"Forget the sword, use your mace!" Hammons called up to Bohb. "Pound on it!"

While the dragon was momentarily stunned Bohb pulled out his Orc dagger and drove it into the side of its head. He grabbed it with his foot for balance and tossed the sword to the ground. Now standing on the head he pulled round his Morningstar and swung it high over his head. With a crushing blow he brought the mace down on the area of the scales that he had damaged.

The dragon roared in pain and shook its head violently. Bohb barely held on for a second strike. This time the bladed edge of the mace stuck deep into the dragons head. Now he had this hand hold as well, as the dragon increased its efforts to dislodge him. Suddenly the dragon lurched forward and knocked Conan aside, stunning him. Bohb could feel its jaws open wide as it reached out to pick up the fallen human.

Once again, grabbing the dagger with his foot, he pulled the Morningstar out of its embedded position. He struck the dragon hard at the side of its head. The sharpened edged penetrated the creature's eyelid and sunk into its eye. The cry of pain was almost human. Then he brought the mace up and around and back down at the exact same spot it had been before. This time he could feel the skull crush beneath the weight of the blow. The dragon flailed one more time, finally causing Bohb to dislodge from his position. He managed to land, feet first, in time to watch the dragon to the ground, its chest still moving up and down.

(reply Hammons, Trei, Alaya)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun - PO1 Steven Hammons - 1725)

The battle on the ground was getting white hot. The charcoal grey dragon had spit out some kind of ice ball cast by Raven and as Hammons closed the distance the computer began counting up his health in increments of five so he figured Alaya had cast a healing spell. These sorts of spells including heal self and burning hands which ALL players started with (hello Bohb used magicka over time until it ran out and could be quite effective though slow).

Hammons was joined by two guards before he reached it. Mirmulnir had time to open his mouth and let out a roaring stream of dragonfire which caused the guards to scatter as Steven dove to the ground and raised the shield in front of him. An inferno raged around him for several seconds after which Hammons jumped to his feet. [Conan takes 20% damage, total health now 50%]

He saw Bohb vault onto the dragons neck and begin banging on the back of its head. Mirmulnir was now sufficiently distracted and Hammons darted in swinging, raining blows about its face and neck. It was well protected in this area but he was scoring some damage. Bohb meanwhile paused and Hammons caught a look of helplessness from the Magillan just before the dragon snapped at him.

Hammons managed to get his shield up in time but its strength knocked him backward and almost off his feet. Ice spells were raining intermittently upon the beast as well as firebolts from Alaya's feminine looking flame atronach.

"He's tough but we can do this, keep up the pressure Grog!" His shout carried above the din of battle as he charged in again.

(Reply: Bohb, Trei, Alaya)

Some guards were hanging back firing arrows which were bouncing off, apparently its underside was not as well protected, three more joined attacking its flanks and were either knocked away by its powerful tail or buffeting wings. Irileth screamed a battle cry and charged in beside him and together they were pounding away again. Mirmulnir drew back his head to hose them down and Steven knocked her away then dove the other way.

Dragonfire blew through the spot they had been standing as Steven positioned his shield then ran in and slammed it against the dragons cheek which stunned it for an instant and stopped its breath weapon.

"Forget the sword, use your mace!" Steven called up to Bohb. "Pound on it!"

(Reply: Bohb, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Dragonsreach - Balgruuf the Greater, Jarl of Whiterun and Farengar Secret Fire - 17.26)

The Jarl stood to his feet as the mage clad in a blue robe with white piping approached, he turned to Proventus. "Give the travelers their reward for timely news."

The steward stepped forward and gave each a bag of one hundred coins then stepped back, bowed slightly and left the hall.

"A reward for the service you have given my city. You have no need to fear Irileth, as housecarl she is tasked with protecting me but I see no ill will in you. Follow me." He strode toward the mage and beckoned him to fall in line as well. Once they had reached the study he turned and watched all enter. There was what looked like a poster stand to one side with a map of Skyrim showing each of the seven holds and their capitals including Hjaalmarch in the northwest with the royal city of the province, Solitude set along the bay which gave access to the sea of ghosts. The Mages desk and table dominated the center of the room and were stacked with books, scrolls and odd crystals. Against the far wall was an odd table inscribed with arcane symbols and had on it an alembic and beaker as well as a potion bottle.

"Farengar I believe I have found the ones you need to complete your research. Tell them what you require and let them decide if they can be of service to you." With that he turned and left the room to return to his place in the hall while he awaited their decision.

(Reply: Any)

Farengar sighed. His hood was off his head exposing a black mane of hair and a face that looked slightly too young to be a court wizard but his voice was cultured if a bit thin. "So you are the ones that are to do this task. I see there are mages amongst you, if you wish to learn more of the arcane arts I would suggest attending the college of Winterhold. In the meanwhile I have spell books and soul gems that I can sell you if you wish to avail yourself of them."

(Reply: Any)

"Ah yes, when reports of dragons began circulating around I started researching the subject to find out where they might be coming from and why. There is something that should help me immensely if you would retrieve it for me, a simple mission. Well simple if that is what you call going to an ancient and dangerous place, fighting the inhabitants and bringing it out safely. It's called a dragonstone and my research indicates it is nearby in a place called Bleak Falls Barrow."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun - Mirmulnir, Loyal Strong Hunter - 1728)

The battle had come in close and he was surrounded by enemies, using his tail and wings he managed to keep them away from his flanks but they were relentless. One was perched behind his head, spells were raining upon him and his very pesky nemesis refused to be dissuaded from attacking frontally, a blow to his cheek stunned him momentarily.

The great dragon, one of only four of Alduin's surviving original followers was weakening, this battle was going against him. His wings were damaged, he could not fly and was closely beset. He roared his rage then lunged forward at Hammons knocking him aside and almost unseated the orc astride his neck.

He turned and his jaws opened to grab his stunned opponent and crush him before his strength fled completely.

(Reply: Bohb, Trei, Alaya)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Steven was knocked to the ground and suddenly the dragon was over him with mouth agape. ~Oh, oh! Looks like I'm toast. The only question is how far this will knock me back. A character level maybe? Three? Or will the game restart for all of us? There's been no save point. Gotta research that.~

Then he saw Grog (Bohb) rise up with his morningstar and begin to whale on the beasts head. The dragon recoiled, roaring in agony and Hammons used the opportunity to roll over and vault to his feet to get out of the way.

Mirmulnir felt the final crushing blow and let out an involuntary keening wail that spread throughout Skyrim. Riding the wind Alduin heard it and slowed, raising his voice in mourning along with others of his brethren. Loyal Strong Hunter had fallen but not for eternity, he would find and revive him to ride the currents of air once more.

Outside Whiterun however a different tableau was being played out. Steven stepped over to where Bohb was standing as the rest closed in. The good eye of Mirmulnir was watching them seemingly though the life was leaving it as its labored breathing slowed.

"Krosis." It muttered in finality then expired. The word had been clearly enunciated.

Hammons dropped to a knee and grounded his sword tip as he leaned on it. "Geez what a monster. And the one I saw at Helgen had to be ten times worse."

Then something extraordinary happened which caused his breath to catch in his throat. Around the dragon multicolored light was growing and began swirling from its body. It came together and coalesced above Mirmulnir then flames of the same color burst from the flesh and began to consume it from within. There was no heat, just the rainbow of colors which suddenly leapt high then split into three

tongues of multicolored flame that surged out toward himself, Bohb and Trei. Before they could move they were surrounded by a colaidascopic light show. Hammons eyes were dazzled by the light which went on for several long seconds before seemingly being absorbed into the very air around him. From another perspective it might appear as though he and they had absorbed it. That was seconded by the voice of the computer.

[Dragon Soul absorbed.]

(Reply: Trei, Bohb, Alaya)

"What...?" Hammons shocked exclamation was cut short as he remembered the book that was in his pack. ~Dragonborn absorb the souls of those dragons they kill.~

He was wide eyed as he turned and saw a nearby guard go to his knees. "Dragonborn!"

Hammons eyes cut over to the fallen foe, the flesh had been consumed and naught was left but bones and ... ~Is that the chainmail and equipment of a Whiterun guard? Looks like he became dragon kibble.~

"Preposterous! That is just a legend." Irileth had stepped up to the grizzled man who rose to his feet.

"It is not legend but the history of this land dark elf. You saw it yourself. They consumed the dragon and its power."

"Well I...", she looked them over, "I did see it. Can it be true?"

Hammons didn't feel like arguing the point as she looked at them severely for a moment before her face softened. "We will clean up this mess and tend to our wounded. Please report to the Jarl what happened here." She then turned and moved off.

Hammons turned to the others. "I'll bet we get a reward for this, let's go collect it then exit the holodeck. This looks like a good fight to end the day on."

(Reply: Any)

Before starting out he clambered through the bones and collected the guards equipment, stuffed it in his pack except for the shield which he hung on his arm then got going.

They were halfway back to the city, the day had dawned clear and the summit of the snow throat glittered in the air as they were walking on the same general bearing of it when a sound like thunder shattered the stillness followed by a strange word in a man's voice which rang clearly.

"Dovahkiin!" (Pronounced Dough Vah Keen)

Hammons turned to the others but didn't stop walking. "Did the rest of you hear the voice?" It had come from the direction of the Snow Throat.

(Reply: Any)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Dragonsreach - PO1 Steven Hammons - 1730)

"Ah yes, when reports of dragons began circulating around I started researching the subject to find out where they might be coming from and why. There is something that should help me immensely if you would retrieve it for me, a simple mission. Well simple if that is what you call going to an ancient and dangerous place, fighting the inhabitants and bringing it out safely. It's called a dragonstone and my research indicates it is nearby in a place called Bleak Falls Barrow."

Steven wasn't thrilled about jumping into another quest at the moment and had decided to hear the guy out then stop the program and call it a day, they had already been in the holodeck for several hours and he was getting hungry. The thought fled his mind however when the mage mentioned their destination and he guffawed. "Bleak Falls Barrow? That sounds familiar... we just came from there." He pulled the bow, quiver and pack from his pack and opened the latter. Inserting his hand he grasped the stone tablet and pulled it out. "Quest item indeed, how convenient." He then handed it to the mage with a flourish. "Is this what you are looking for?"

The mage gasped with amazement as he took the object and flipped it to its etched side then began looking it over closely. "Why this is it, I don't believe it!"

Hammons was rearranging his gear on his back as the wizard continued speaking. "I can't believe you had it on you. I'll start studying it right away!"

Hammons turned and winked at Raven. "Good call." He was about to call it a night when he heard a door to the great hall thrown open and shouting.

"Jarl a dragon is attacking the western watchtower, a runner just brought the news!" It was the voice of the housecarl Irileth.

"A dragon?" The voice of Balgruuf was both incredulous and concerned. Hammons beat feet to the hall with the others to see what the heck was happening.

Jarl Balgruuf was on his feet. "Take a unit to the watchtower now!"

He turned his eyes to Hammons and company. "Your help is needed at the watchtower. Follow Irileth, she will show you the way." The voice was commanding.

Hammons would wonder later why he did what he did then, he was hungry and could have shut the simulation down then and there to pick up where he had left off at a later time. He had no witty comeback (perhaps a first for him) and all he could picture in his mind's eye was that immense black dragon that had looked him in the eyes as it was torching Helgen and it would occur to him to wonder what insanity could cause a rational being to face off against such a creature. Then he would remember that damn it all you could say the same about humanity going up against some of the aliens they had encountered and after all it was only a game and he couldn't really die in it. But that tone of voice, the

air of command was clear, it was like listening to the Captain. "Yes sir!" He snapped and took off at a run to follow the Dunmer.

(Reply: Any)

He raced through the door and across the bridge then pelted down the stairs at an alarming rate, taking the corners of it in leaps as it changed direction. The dark elf was fast and knew these stairs, as he got to the bottom he caught a flash of her going around the temple at the Gildergreen and put his legs into high gear.

The walk turned into an avenue and she was running down it so he continued following. The avenue wended its way through the Wind District past a number of houses, many of which were quite fine and some also very large. By the time it turned south he was glad he had gotten into peak shape and then the avenue dropped down the hill into the plains district past the very guardtower he had been looking at as they entered the city. Irileth was already there rallying the troops.

"Every man with me!"

By the time he got there she and the group was headed to the gate so he followed her through.

(Reply: Any)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun- Mirmulnir - 1739)

The dragon had eked out a lonely existence for over two thousand years. Once worshipped as gods they had been flung to the four winds after the uprising and betrayal. Then the firstborn of Akatosh had fallen in battle with those the humans had called tongues who spoke in the language of dragons. With his kind scattered and hunted Mirmulnir had hidden himself in the northernmost peaks between Skyrim and Highrock. His diet had consisted of walrus from the frigid Sea of Ghosts, reindeer and those who very seldom strayed into his path. In the language of the dova his name meant Loyal Strong Hunter, very few of his kind had survived and all four of which he knew had hidden themselves in such a manner. The betrayer survived as well, this one at times heard his voice.

But the firstborn, the greatest of them had returned from exile and his call to war had been heard by all. Now was the time to punish this world for its treachery and affront to those who were its rightful rulers. Of news Loyal Strong Hunter had heard little in his enforced isolation but one thing he did know. Among those who dwelt in the lands the language of dragons had been all but forgotten. At times he would hear a word or three upon the wind but their voices were often weak and their meaning was of peace. They were not prepared for such as he, they were not ready to have the iron yoke of dragons to be thrust once more about their neck.

The priesthood would be reestablished and their might would once again circle Nirn until the firstborn decided the time was right to end the kalpa and restart the cycle of time. Even now he was awakening their brethren who had once fallen in battle. Not all of them would rise having had their power stolen but there would be more than enough.

His target had been the city in the center of the Nord province, once home to their mightiest champions. He would burn and ravage until its walls crumbled around them. Those in the watchtower had been quickly overcome but others had come, he began the run with a roar of triumph and challenge. The words of the dragon language were words of power and as he gave voice withering flames scattered them. Their arrows were mere annoyances though given enough time they could wear him down.

He gave a screech of laughter as some of them faced him atop the tower and was bearing in upon them when a shaft pierced his jaw. He swooped over that one and snatched him up in his talons, he would lift him high then drop him to shatter like an egg on the rocks below.

The one he had snatched was frisky though and his pitiful attempts soon brought sharp pain. Mirmulnir attempted to snatch him away from his legs and crush him with his jaws but he somehow managed to evade him. With his head down though he had dropped his wingtips and when the human fell away Loyal Strong Hunter could not pull up in time to completely avoid a tall tree nor swerve to avoid it. The pain of impact shattered bones in his wings and he fluttered to the ground enraged at the puny beings and their attacks.

He spoke once more, his flame engulfing a charging man who dropped screaming to the ground. Then he heard the cry of the one who had brought him such trouble. His long neck swiveled and his head turned to give voice to his rage.

Then the unthinkable happened. Not just the one who was his target but three spoke all at once and he staggered back at their words. "Force! Unrelenting force you shall have!"

Where had three learned to speak with such power? Their voices were weak yet but given time their power would grow. The dragonpriests had once warned them of a human prophecy that at the end of the kalpa dragonborn, those of the blood would arise to give battle. Was this them? Within his rage a kernel of fear formed and he lashed out with his jaws at the closest one. They must die before he fell, they must!!

(Reply: Any, none)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun - PO1 Steven Hammons - 1740)

Irileth and the troops were making good time but they weren't sprinting which Steven was glad for, no warrior wanted to be so winded by the time he got to a battle that he couldn't fight so he slowed down to follow them, after exiting the city fortifications and making it to the fork they turned north onto the road.

The run was for a half a mile with no one bothering to light a torch which was good but Hammons decided he didn't want to fight a battle against a winged terror in the dark, two moons or not.

"Computer move the time forward ten hours." He gasped as he kept his legs churning. The moons quickly maintained their course and dipped below the mountains in the west to be followed by the sun peeking over the chain of peaks in the east as they ran. It didn't improve the temperature much but he wasn't cold anymore and having daylight would help immeasurably with visibility during the battle.

The stone watchtower was in sight as Irileth motioned her troops behind a large, lichen covered rock formation beside the road. Hammons and company were right beside them. He had caught a glimpse of smoldering grass beside the tower though there was little smoke.

"Bows ready men. We will go in and look for survivors. Watch the skies in case the dragon returns."

Hammons quickly dismissed using the bow he had brought, he hadn't practiced with it and was more likely to hit a friendly than the dragon. All told there were ten guards with the housecarl, the number of this force all told was now fifteen. There had been many times that at Helgen and the dragon had all but laughed at them.

The group of guardsmen followed her from behind the rock formation and legged it to the tower, there was a ramp to the doorway and Steven saw two guards slumped outside of it. He rushed past the group of guardsmen and to the doorway when he saw one man propped inside. The guy's livery was singed and he turned his head when Hammons approached. "No, go away. You'll all die here!"

As though it had been waiting for the words a roaring call came from beyond the watchtower soon followed by a great winged shape flying past overhead.

"It's the dragon, stand your ground men!"

The great armored, scaled dragon performed an impossible aerial maneuver and dipping its right wing made a tight turn and it came in hot. Fiery breath roared from its open mouth as it tried to flame the guardsmen.

"Fire!"

Arrows flew up to meet it, some actually burying their heads in its scaly hide.

"So not like the other one, this one can be hurt."

(Reply: Any)

Men were diving away from the flames as the dragon flew past the watchtower again and Steven realized he was at a disadvantage, he was going to have to use the bow to have any hope of attacking the flying beast and the best shot he could get would be at the top so he had pulled the bow off his back as he was running for the stairs.

The tower was 30 feet high so there were a lot of stairs, as he reached the top puffing the dragon had already made another pass and the guards were scattered but still gamely firing arrows at it along with spells from his own party.

(Reply: Any)

Hammons stopped on the wooden floor of the roof and strung the bow as he looked around for his quarry. He was nocking an arrow when he saw and swung around to face it, the critter was flying right toward him! He pulled back and loosed the arrow and scored a lucky hit because it was almost on top of him. The feathered shaft had buried itself in its jaw!

The dragon roared as it swooped over him and grabbed him up with a taloned foot. Steven's breath whooshed out of him as he was caught around the waist and it squeezed. Fortunately his hands were free and he managed to free his dagger and began hacking at the leg. Sky was passing by overhead at dizzying speed as he was carried off, arrows were flying by and Steven thought he heard Alaya scream over the blood pounding in his ears.

He struck several times as it turned and let loose with another blast of fire scoring more hits and drawing blood. He knew what he was doing was dangerous, if the dragon dropped him... More cries were coming from somewhere below him.

When he felt the talons loosen he was already prepared and dropped the dagger, when it opened its claws completely he grabbed onto talons with his hands to keep himself from plummeting to the ground. The dragons head snaked back to try to chomp him with its armored beak but he swung to the side. The scaly flying reptile was too busy with Steven to notice it was losing altitude rapidly but Hammons could see the ground coming up fast.

He waited for the softest landing spot he could see, a tall patch of grass, hoped there weren't rocks within it then let go about twenty feet from the ground. As he dropped the dragon realized its peril and tried to pull up, it succeeded but got a faceful of treetop. It managed to claw its way into the air right into a flight of arrows and a barrage of spells.

(Reply: Any)

Steven had hit the patch of grass and rolled.

[Conan takes sixty percent damage.]

~Ouch that hurt.~

He had dropped the bow when grabbed and the arrows were kindling by now but as he got to his feet he saw the dragon fly brokenly from the tree only to have to land near the tower. Its wings were now tatters and it was sporting enough quills to push it into the porcupine category. Grounded it wasn't defenseless and opened its maw to hose a screaming guard down with fire when he rushed it.

Hammons broke into a run as he pulled his sword, made a short arc to grab a shield laying on the ground between himself and the dragon and rushed toward it yelling.

The dragon heard him, turned its head and opened its gaping maw.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Whiterun SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 17.45)

She followed Conan to fight the dragon. They were moving at a blistering pace when she spotted the dragon. It looked to have armored scales but arrows were able to penetrate the scales . She knew that would only slow the dragon down. She saw Conan climb the tower steps as fast as he could. She followed him.

"I have your back my friend. Slow the dragon down as much as you can. I have some spells to use but need to prepare them."

She saw Conan stick the dragon with an arrow then grab him with a talon. He is truly a brave warrior. He would be worthy to fight with the Klingons. Perhaps that could be arranged at a later time. The time was now so she produced ice bolts to try and bring the dragon down. She used ice to counteract the fire and the sharp jagged prongs should be able to penetrate the dragons scales. She saw Conan hanging on for dear life while the dragon tried to chomp him with its beak. His effort seemed to be working as the dragon was losing altitude. The dragon dropped Conan. He landed on a soft patch of ground but it still was a hard rolling landing. She was further impressed when Conan continued to take the fight to the dragon. The dragons wings were hurt so it fought from the ground. She had a spell to even out the odds a bit so they can fight the dragon without worrying about being baked. She made her way down to the ground and threw an ice sphere down the throat of the dragon. The spikey prongs should add more pain to the act along with shutting down the dragons production of fire. She went back to rapid fire ice bolt for the duration of the battle.

(Reply Hammons. Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Holodeck 2 - Dragonsreach - P01 Steven Hammons- 1745)

They had entered the hall, as they approached the high seat the Jarl stood to his feet. "What news?"

"That dragon was one tough SOB but it's dead." Hammons replied as he stopped well short of Balgruuf, he had worn his weapons inside again.

"Thank the gods. What of the others?"

"Irileth is gathering them, you've lost at least three men and your guard tower is pretty torn up."

Balgruuf sat down with a sigh and was about to speak when the door to the hall opened again. Irileth hurried forward.

"Jarl the wounded are being escorted back."

"Good work."

She stepped up beside him and turned to face the group of adventurers. "We could not have defeated the beast without them. The men are calling them Dragonborn."

"Dragonborn!" Balgruuf stood quickly to his feet and looked them over with a surprised, nearly reverent expression. "Then it's you the Greybeards were calling!"

(Reply: Any)

"The masters of the Thuum, the shout. They reside in High Hrothgar high upon the Throat of the World. They have summoned you."

Hammons opened his mouth then. "Not today, we are done in. That will have to wait."

"Of course, you must rest." The Jarl agreed then turned and whispered something to his steward Proventus. "But first I would reward you for your service."

Steven smiled at that. "We've got time for that then we're uh... going to find a bed to sleep in after we grab some food."

"The Bannered Mare Inn will stand you in good stead then." Balgruuf looked to his left to see Proventus and Farengar approaching as quickly as they could without running.

Balgruuf motioned Hammons and Bohb forward as the two arrived. "To you gifts from my armory." Proventus handed to Hammons a gleaming steel war axe that was small enough to wield one handed. It reflected the light brightly and looked to have a keen edge. The handle was expertly wrapped with leather and the grip was well suited to his hand. The device, the head of a horse with flowing mane was etched into the head of the axe on both sides. To Bohb went an orcish war axe as expertly crafted and etched which was made of a greenish metal.

"Axes of Whiterun bearing your badges of office." Balgruuf explained. "Undead will fear you."

~Badge of office?~ Was the question that came to Hammons mind as he hefted his axe, it felt sweet in his hand.

(Reply: Bohb)

He and Bohb stepped back and Balgruuf motioned Alaya and Trei forward. As they stopped Farengar stepped forward and gave each a staff. Each staff was intricately carved and bore a small horse head at its tip.

"A staff of flame bolt for the evocation mage." (25 points of damage per bolt, 100 charges) "And a healing staff for the high elf." (Heal 25 points of damage per charge, 100 charges)

(Reply: Trei, Alaya)

"Also with your badge of office." Balgruuf drew himself up to his full stature. "I name you thanes of Whiterun and you are presented with a housecarl of your own. Additionally you are given permission to purchase property within the city. Proventus can tell you of what is available to buy. Present yourself to him if and when you are interested."

(Reply: Any)

Hammons turned with a smile and spotted a woman in steel armor (not plate or chain) walking toward him. Her hair was black as a ravens wing and shoulder length as she was wearing no helm and a two-handed sword was strapped across her back. She was very pretty though with strong features, she walked up to him and stopped. "My name is Lydia my thane and I will protect you with my life."

(Reply: Any, introduce your housecarls)

Hammons gave her a grin. "I like the sound of that." He turned to the others. "Let's get out of here, I think we've had enough for one day. Computer save our progress for Pete's sake and open the arch."

The portal opened and he gratefully stepped through. "What have we gotten ourselves into?" He then gave a big grin. "Not that I'm complaining but there is some high power action going on in that program I can see myself getting into in the future if anyone else is interested. What's the phrase? High fantasy, high adventure?" He began removing his adventuring equipment to change back into his uniform at the locker he had chosen to start the program.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

Megan felt the usual slight tingling sensation when her molecules were put back together by the transporter. The yellowish light faded and she had her first few of the transporter room. Behind a console stood the transporter officer who beamed her aboard.

(Reply Transporter officer)

"Thank you," Megan said. She smiled slightly. The officer reminded her a little of her older brother. Not of course that they looked anything alike. Her brother was a blue skinned Bolian, and the transporter officer was clearly not. But it was something about the way his eyes twinkled, and the slight smile he had that she thought could be similar.

“My name is Megan, Megan Botal” Megan began, “But I guess you already knew that, didn’t you? I suppose that you were informed of my new assignment here. I guess I better report to sickbay then, shouldn’t I? O, that reminds me, my luggage and personal belongings need to be... Oh no, that had been taken care of earlier... Well then, perhaps I should report for duty, shouldn’t I?” she gasped for breath, she was talking faster with every syllable. Her cheeks were flushing too. “Right, reporting for duty it is,” she said.

(Reply Transporter officer)

(Posted by Merel Lensen)

[illegible]

After her physical, Tavay had been asked to cover the transporter room. This job was more active today than other days as shore leave was ending and people were starting to beam up.

“Ensign Tavay to Illuminar Staff.” Transport will commence in 5 minutes.” Tavay messaged those waiting in the transit area.

“Ready when you are,” she said.

With a few flips of the buttons, a group materialized. The ensign wearing the blue walked up to the transport stand.

“Welcome aboard the USS Illuminar” Tavay greeted

"Thank you," Megan said.

“You look new?” Tavay observed.

“My name is Megan, Megan Botal” Megan began, “But I guess you already knew that, didn’t you? I suppose that you were informed of my new assignment here. I guess I better report to sickbay then, shouldn’t I? O, that reminds me, my luggage and personal belongings need to be... Oh no, that had been taken care of earlier... Well then, perhaps I should report for duty, shouldn’t I?” she gasped for breath, she was talking faster with every syllable. Her cheeks were flushing too. “Right, reporting for duty it is,” she said.

“Actually I am just filling for a few minutes. I am Ensign Tavay.” Tavay smiled at the new officer. She remembered she was new once. “However, you should check in with the Officer in Command on the Bridge at the moment and also with Dr. Solice. She would be in sickbay. Welcome aboard, Ms. Botal”

(Reply Botal)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

While the four cadets were busy getting dressed and checked out for their first real orbital dive, Winston was cutting up, as he did. It was his defense. "I was never afraid of heights, but widths terrify me."

When none of the other cadets laughed, he shrugged as the technician continued to check the fit and make sure all the connections were properly made. Seemed like a lot of work when one could transport to the surface of a planet. "You sure this will work?" he asked the technician.

"Yea, sure. And if it doesn't it'll be a short trip."

Winston looked around. He'd done this a dozen times in the holodeck, things looked a bit different from the shuttle bay. He looked at his fellow cadets and tried to muster the strength for the activity. "It's not the fall that'll kill you," he quipped. "It's the sudden stopping that does it every time."

From the safety of the shuttle dock, the cadets watched as the Chief stepped out and into space. The cadet watched as the Chief activated his thrusters and started down toward the planet. Winston started breathing hard as he watched the Chief's descent on his heads up display. The dot representing Chief Lee followed the planned trajectory into the atmosphere. Suddenly the dot disappeared.

He remembered that they would enter a blackout period, when the ionized air would mess with the signals. At that point, you would be alone with your thoughts, near maximum reentry speed and maximum temperature. This was predicted to last for 4 minute 15 seconds. The time ticked by slowly. Winston held his breath as he waited watching the clock countdown in his HUD. Suddenly the blip reappeared and Winston let out a sigh of belief.

The rest of the reentry went according to the plan. The blip eventually stopped moving and the HUD indicated that the Chief had landed. Winston started clapping till he saw the look on their trainer, a very serious Klingon.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - FO Sienna Williams-Verin and CTO Lt (jg) T'Mur - 0800)

T'Mur had still not grown quite accustomed to Sienna's sleep cycle. It seemed her mate was capable of sleeping for extremely long periods of time. Her own body, however, was not used to such extensive periods of inactivity. And as much as she found snuggling with her and letting her mind wander through Sienna's surface thoughts agreeable, she also felt the need to be active.

So she had gotten out of bed and gone down to the gym for a quick, but invigorating workout, then came back to their quarters. She had removed her sweaty workout clothes and opted to patter through the apartment naked.

One of the items that Sienna possessed was a free standing keyboard. Music was more than just a passing activity for Sienna. It was a part of her and when T'Mur touches the keyboard she could almost feel Sienna through it. She gently stroked the device, as if it were part of her lover's body. Her head tilted to the side. And she lifted an eyebrow thoughtfully.

Now music had never had much place in the young Vulcan woman's life. On Vulcan there had always been other things that were more important to her family. In the academy and later in the fleet she had her duties to perform. But being with Sienna had given her a deeper appreciation of music, especially the "rock music" Sienna enjoyed so much. Suddenly she had a desire to make that part of her life as well, so they could appreciate it together.

Slowly she pulled out the stool and sat at the keyboard. She turned it on and adjusted the volume so that only her sharp Vulcan ears could hear it. Then, one by one she pressed each key, noting the tone

they made. She repeated the action until she had memorized each key and the sound they were associated with.

Sienna stirred, sleepily, stretching in their bed. She was a bit surprised to wake up and not have T'Mur there, but Sienna was growing more skilled at following the trail of her Love's glittering mind. Sienna too was naked and came over to sit beside T'Mur. ::Hello my Love, Good morning to you.:: The reason Sienna tended to sleep late was that she still had a difficult time getting to sleep, and she needed T'Mur to wear her down to exhaustion before she could. The 6 hour shifts in the last month had taken their toll, and Sienna had made it very clear that she wanted to bank sleeping hours ahead, not that such a thing was possible. But she did love her sleep and was fiercely protective of it. There were two things that she would put up with - T'Mur waking her up, and there being a ship emergency. Anything else got the snarly, hissy FO until a sufficient amount of sugary caffeine was poured into her body to improve her mood.

Sienna pressed her leg to T'Murs as she shared the bench. She thumbed the audio control up on the synthesizer portion of her keyboard. "Play around with the keyboard, you don't need to have music, or play a set piece. Just play with it, and I will play with you."

T'Mur smiled as she felt Sienna reach into her own surface thoughts. She turned the volume up to an acceptable level. Her hands stretched out across the keyboard, memorizing the distance of the keys and the stretch of her hand span. Then, slowly, she began to make a progression of notes.

Sienna waited for her love to follow her advice and after T'Mur did, Sienna had her repeat it again, and this time Sienna played around, harmonizing, except in a lower key from where T'Mur was. "Just like that, hear it?" Sienna radiated the pride she felt for her mate who seemed to be learning rather quickly. Sienna very quickly began to hum along with the notes the two of them were producing.

It did not take long for T'Mur to develop a logical sequence of notes that created a pattern which resembled music. Sienna's addition to her notes created something more. T'Mur's notes were... planned out and easy to follow. Sienna's notes were more instinctual, and although they followed T'Mur's pattern created a new rhythm that flowed. It was a musical version of them.

T'Mur stopped and turned to face her love. She reached with a hand and stroked her face. "Yes, I hear it, I understand." She pulled Sienna in and kissed her.

Sienna leaned into the kiss and met it with her own joy, the two playing together in music as they played together in other ways. Sienna's thoughts flowing through T'Mur as T'Mur's did through her. Life was joy now instead of the pain that it had been before. ::I love you even more each day:: Sienna slid closer to T'Mur. ::More music or more play?: She asked quietly. This was the most aware and happiest she had been at this unholy hour of the morning. Sienna liked sleep, she had spent most of the last 2 years not getting a sufficient amount of rest without the use of sedatives.

::For now more music. Play later:: She sent an image of the manner in which they would play. If someone were listening to their thoughts they would have blushed. But for now the closeness she was sensing through the music was something she wanted to explore further.

Sienna nodded and waited for T'Mur to begin playing, and she joined in, having fun with it. What she did not realize was that this was deepening their bond. And so they continued to play up until the moment that Luma began to scream telepathically. Sienna's hands went from her piano to her ears, covering them in a vain attempt to stop the sound that was surrounding her. ::Luma what is wrong?: Sienna shouted telepathically. ::Luma stop crying and tell me what happened:: Sienna could not get anything coherent out of Luma as the Bridge called to summon her to it.

T'Mur was worried. Sienna hadn't had much interaction with Luma lately. Especially since Temas Laredo had arrived. She reached into her mind to find that it was not the bonding but Luma crying out in anguish.

=^=Lt. T'Mur, please meet me in transport room 2.=^=

The voice was that of Lt. Commander Gregory. She went to tap her comm badge and realized she was still naked. She quickly went to the pile of clothes she had worn to work out. She retrieved her badge and tapped it with her thumb.

"I'll be there shortly," she replied.

T'Mur looked at Sienna concerned. It looked like their piano time was over. She went to the bedroom and dressed, tying her hair back in a ponytail. When she came out she kissed Sienna.

"I would like to do this some more," she said.

Sienna nodded, also pulling on her uniform. "Without battles, or dying cadets or Luma having a panic attack." She nodded to T'Mur. "Do you think it's safe for me to go to the bridge on my own, or would you escort me? Please?"

T'Mur looked at Sienna reassuringly and said, "I am certain that you would be safe going to the bridge. However, I will gladly escort you there."

She rooted through Sienna's surface thoughts and found a reference. ::Would you like me to carry your books for you as well? It's a reference to an old Earth romantic custom. Although I'm not exactly how manual labor is romantic. However, perhaps I can carry your PADD.::

Sienna's grin widened and she laughed, ::Only as long as you hold my hand the entire way:: Even in tragedy there was joy in life.

T'Mur held out her hand and took hold of Sienna's. The contact made their connection stronger, and thoughts just flowed.

::Have I told you this morning how much I love you?::

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Mel)

[illegible]

Winston liked the freedom of outer space. It was one of the best parts of being in Star Fleet. The computer was displaying his reentry trajectory. The countdown to activating his maneuvering jets slowly ran down to zero. Assuming the position that he had been taught in training, he worked to keep his body in the right position to follow the reentry. The Jets cut off, having given him the necessary speed for reentry. Watching the gauges count down until he began reentry in the atmosphere, somewhere around 90 km above the planet. Now came the hard part, maintaining his focus as the suit heated up.

The computer announced, "=^=Entering blackout zone. Time to emerge 5 minutes and 3 seconds. =^="

Winston thought the planet looked lovely as the intensity of the flames began to surround him. He wondered what people on the ground would see. Another meteor shooting across the atmosphere.

=^= T minus 4 minutes =^= came the computer, interrupting his thoughts.

Winston checked the HUD display. His trajectory was fine. "Here he comes to save the day," Winston started singing to himself. "Underdog. Underdog. Underdog. Underdog. Speed of Lightning, roar of thunder. Fighting all who rob or plunder. Underdog. Underdog. Underdog."

=^= T minus 3 minutes =^=

His form was perfect, according to his monitors. "Its a bird... Its a plane... It's Super Winston." He hoped that no one would hear the recording of his off-key singing, even though he knew it was all being recorded.

=^= Exiting the blackout zone. Altitude is 40 kilometers =^=

Over his radio, he heard a different voice =^= Whisky 3, this is control. Report status =^=

"Control this is Whiskey Three. I am in the pipe, five by five," he replied.

=^= We show you are thirty. That is three zero kilometers above the planet. =^=

"Copy Control."

He watched as his gauges continued to count down the distance till he deployed his chute. At 10 Kilometers he pulled the first chute, designed to start to slow his descent. It separated automatically at 8 kilometers, and the second chute deployed. Winston's speed decreased some more. This happened several more times as his speed decreased from supersonic to subsonic. At 2 km, he deployed his final chute that would allow him to land. The trajectory was perfect, and he'd land where the Chief was.

"Control, Whiskey Three. Final chute deployed. Still in the pipe."

=^= Confirmed. Clean deploy =^= came the response.

Winston settled in and began to enjoy the final descent. Suddenly he was jerked upwards again, and then to the left. Alarms began to sound in the suit. There was a failure. Winston started to hyperventilate as he tried to go through his options. The right wires holding the parachute had broken free. Thinking quickly, he pulled the release and the parachute blew away.

He activated his emergency parachute. "Control, Whiskey Three is declaring an emergency. I have deployed the emergency chute." he said as he was jerked up again.

=^= Acknowledge Whiskey Three. We are monitoring the situation. You are still too fast for beam out.=^=

Winston started to hyperventilate again as the adrenaline started to flood his body. Heart rate rising. The ground was coming up fast.

Looking at his indicators, he was less than a 500 meters above the planet. The landing site was in view, but without a chute to slow his descent, he started speeding up again. "Control, help." he called softly.

Traveling at terminal velocity, the Illuminar had difficulty getting a lock on the Cadet. He did not know of the hectic activity on the ship as the transporter chief tried to compensate for his speed. Winston started to feel the warmth of the transporter as it locked onto him. Closing his eyes, he waited for the transport cycle to bring him safe back to the ship.

[illegible]

Chad Wilson had been waiting for this moment for a long time. He'd been seeing Felicity Tate for nearly two years and the time to take their relationship to the next level was at hand.

Last night had been the perfect night to prepare himself, and his family for this momentous event. He'd gotten up early and found the perfect spot, where he knew the sun would shine perfectly at just the right time, flowing over the purple Betazed mountains.

He'd laid out a a red and white checkered cloth on the ground. On it he set a basket. Around the basket he had laid out plates and glasses, with a chilled bottle of Betazoid sparkling wine. The basket contained handpicked, perfect strawberries, and a container of fresh whipped cream.

The final touch was a small, portable, force field generator that would protect his setting perfectly from the elements and any uninvited guests from disturbing his plans. It gave him time to rush back to pick up Felicity and bring her to his breakfast set up. After all of his careful preparations he was finally ready.

Felicity looked fantastic. She was wearing a flowing sun dress, which tied behind her neck, that crossed over her chest, accentuating her curves. Her long, flowing, auburn curls fell over her shoulders as it was backlit from the rising sun.

He had served the strawberries and cream to the ladies delight. The carbonated wine tickled her nose and made her giggle.

"Oh Chad," she said through the giggles, "you spoil me."

Chad smiled and held Felicity's hand, "You are so worth spoiling, Felicity."

The moment of truth had arrived and he reached into the basket one more time and withdrew a small box. Felicity had been looking up at the sky.

“Chad,” said, her voice now sounding completely impressed, “did you arrange for the skydivers to give a show as well. It’s amazing.”

Chad look over his shoulder, confused, then saw the series of parachutes that had opened. He hadn't planned, be he would capitalize on the moment.

"Felicity," he bucked up his courage, "I have something I want to ask you."

Felicity refocused for a moment and beamed, seeing the box, "Oh Chad."

“Felicity,” he began. Then suddenly there was a strange sound. It was almost like someone screaming. And it was getting closer. Chad looked up and his eyes grew wide. Suddenly he threw himself on Felicity, pushing her off the cloth.

“Chad!” she said, “can’t this wait until...”

Then she heard the sound. Suddenly there was an explosion on top of their breakfast. Without warning they were hit by a wave of a wet, red wave. They were coated in blood and human flesh as they realized that what exploded was a body that had fallen from the sky.

Felicity's eyes rolled to the back of her head as she slumped into unconsciousness. Chad looked to see what was left of the body and quickly joined her.

The next thing they knew they were being revived by an emergency medical response team. All he could hear was Felicity saying, “Was that a sign?”

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - Ops Lieutenant Menzi - 0845)

The saurian sat at operations. There was a lot to get done before the Illuminar left orbit, and he was busy assigning crew to complete those last tasks. He also was keeping an eye on the the security cadets who were performing an orbital insertion exercise. It was not for his reason to wonder why the Chief has ordered the training exercise so close to departure.

He was talking to the operations team finishing the loading of the replicator components when he started to hear chatter on the Betazed emergency channels, including the space tracking office. Almost simultaneously, he started hearing chatter on the security channels. Quickly, he turned his attention to the sensors and saw the problem.

"Captain," he called out, "We have an emergency. There is a cadet in free-fall. Transporter is trying to get a lock on him," he called out, the clicking language contrasting the computer generated translation.

(reply Sekal, bridge)

He started rerouting power and sensor control to Ensign Kud, who was managing the transporter room this morning. Each second seemed like an eternity as the two operations officers tried their best to get a lock on the cadet. He was at terminal velocity and that was impacting the targeting computers ability to get a solid lock-on. Try as they might, the could not get enough of the cadet to transport him out of danger.

He watched in horror on the sensors as the cadet crashed into the ground. Tragic though it was, there was still work to do.

"Captain, sir. We were unable to transport the cadet back onboard. He has crashed into the planet and there are no life signs," he said.

(Reply Sekal, bridge)

[illegible]

Preparations were underway for departure in less than 3 hours. A final training exercise had been scheduled at the last minute by Security Chief Lee. Sekal was manning the bridge when his operations officer got his attention.

"Captain, we have an emergency. There is a cadet in free-fall. Transporter is trying to get a lock on him."

The Vulcan's head snapped up. "Give the transporter room emergency access priority and shut down the training exercise, now!"

The Vulcan could do nothing but wait for the final report; either the Cadet would be able to reassert control, the transporter room would get a lock or the Cadet would plummet to his death. There were no other alternatives.

"Captain, sir. We were unable to transport the cadet back onboard. He has crashed into the planet and there are no life signs,"

The Captain shot to his feet with hands clenched, his face was stony.

"Why were the participants not outfitted with emergency recall devices?"

(Reply: Ops)

He snapped the button on the chair arm to open a comm channel. "Chief Lee, training exercises are suspended indefinitely, find the body of your missing Cadet and have it transported aboard. All participants not active in the search to be beamed aboard immediately. Once you have recovered the body you will report to me for a full report followed by an investigation into the incident."

(Reply: Lee)

The Vulcan deactivated the comm channel then began to prowl the bridge restlessly.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0849)

Gregory had been in his office reviewing the last of orders for resupply of the Illuminar, as well as confirming that the crew who had taken shore leave on the planet had returned. There were a few crew still staggering in, the appeal of being dirtside after being on the ship for months was hard to deny. Suddenly the screen on his desk flashed red, and he saw the note from Lieutenant Menzi .

He was out of his chair like a shot down the corridor.

As he entered the bridge, he heard the Captain, "Why were the participants not outfitted with emergency recall devices?"

Lieutenant Menzi saw Gregory approach operations and pleaded with his eyes for the Commander to answer the question. Gregory nodded, "Sir, we will investigate that as soon as we can get the details of the trajectory, the suits recording device and such. It will take us at least a hour to reconstruct the accident," he said.

Nodding to the Lieutenant, "Dispatch a team to secure the site, have them coordinate with the local response team. Get Engineering to secure all the drop suits, including the ones that were used in this training exercise. Then secure the maintenance logs so we can begin a review."

While Menzi started putting things in action, Gregory turned his attention back to the Captain and caught the tail end of his message to Chief Lee, "...Once you have recovered the body you will report to me for a full report followed by an investigation into the incident."

He watched as the Captain started pacing the deck, "Sir, I have ordered a team to secure the site so we can get ahold of the suit and suit recorder. Additionally I have ordered Engineering to secure all the drop suits and the maintenance logs are now secured. Star Fleet regulations state that a command officer must lead the inquiry when crew are killed in a training accident," he said, letting it linger.

(reply Sekal)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 0852)

"Sir, I have ordered a team to secure the site so we can get ahold of the suit and suit recorder. Additionally I have ordered Engineering to secure all the drop suits and the maintenance logs are now

secured. Star Fleet regulations state that a command officer must lead the inquiry when crew are killed in a training accident..."

Sekal stopped and turned. "Affirmative, you will be presiding over the investigation Lieutenant Commander with special attention paid to safety protocols, how they were prioritized and utilized and any missteps made. This is now your number one priority and I require the report no later than 1400 hours tomorrow. The departure of Illuminar from Betazed is now on hold until that report is finalized to my satisfaction."

(Reply: Gregory)

Sekal turned and strode to the forward console where he looked at the image of Betazed on the screen. His hands were balled into fists. Space travel was a hazard yes, the job Starfleet did was classified as extremely dangerous. When faced with hazards you mitigated them, you put controls in place and trained the crews for the time when safety procedures or equipment failed. And equipment DID fail which is why emergency protocols existed. Emergency recall devices were one such protocol. Was the Cadet wearing one and had it failed as well?

Notwithstanding cadets were future participants in the fleet without the knowledge or experience base of the more seasoned crews and it was vital that they be afforded every protection. Just as his orders to Ensign Alantar to safeguard the Cadet in Engineering who would be monitoring the test of the cloaking device once they were en route to Altair. Everything depended on keeping them safe while they gained the experience necessary to excel in the fleet. He was the Captain and the consequences would, must ultimately fall on him and the question of WHY it had happened must be answered. The answers would impact future such operations.

(Reply: Any)

"Lieutenant Menzi stand down from departure preparations until further notice. Notify all departments of the delay."

(Reply: Menzi)

=^= This is Lee to the Captain. A medical team has arrived to retrieve the body of Cadet Winston Soar. We will transport back to the ship. As soon as I find out what went wrong. I will report to you. ^=^=

He returned to the command chair and activated the comm. "Acknowledged."

Having deactivated the comm he turned on his heel and strode to the Ready Room. His presence on the bridge was now unnecessary, illuminar would be going nowhere for the time being.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - Engineer Ens ign Tycho

Tycho took the call from upstairs and went about securing the suits. Any suits not being used were immediately locked down, and all maintenance logs pulled and locked in on a PADD and a secondary chip as backup. Accidents happened, but until they ruled it out, Tycho had a suspicious nature when anything technological failed.

He counted heads as they assembled. The small cadet team was all accounted for, at least for the current rotation, but they would be hearing news very shortly. He wanted to be able to field their issues immediately.

He sighed and steeled himself as much as anyone, "There's been an accident with a training exercise. Since there is only one exercise active, I'm certain you are all aware of which of your classmates were participating. If you need to process, the counselling department will want to help you through it, please let them. With other recent losses, it's absolutely understood that you will need to."

(reply any, none needed)
(posted by Lorenz)

It took several minutes for Sienna to move from their quarters to the Bridge. She found that she was angry about the Cadet dying. Her Father ran the freaking Academy, the Cadets were under the protection of the Fleet and they would never have been brought out to the active Fleet in the past, instead stayed in the safety of the Academy before their first assignment. T'Mur had stayed quiet beside her as Sienna worked through the emotions that were flooding her. How was she supposed to explain to her Father that what was being called a training accident had killed one of the irreplaceable

cadets? It was bad enough that crew had been lost in the previous mission. This was worse than that. This was tragic.

::I wonder if this was the damage that person was thinking about that Mr. Laredo picked up on. This certainly hurt our ship.:: Sienna's anger warred with grief, and she struggled to contain her emotions behind the mask. As the two exited onto the bridge, Sienna noticed the Captain was not on the Bridge but Gregory was. She moved over to him, "Report, Lt. Cmdr." She took her seat as she waited for the current situation report. Luma was unhappy, and singing a grieving song telepathically. Sienna envied the Captain's limited telepathy.

∴Mr. Laredo, I wish you good luck calming Luma.∴ Sienna sent to the other telepath. She knew that Alaya and Riven would be handling the counseling for the other cadets.

(reply Gregory, Laredo, T'Mur, any)

(posted by Mel)

[illegible]

(Betazed, Lake Cateria resort region - Emergency personal - 0905)

The resort emergency team reached the broken body in five minutes. One of the team stopped and began to vomit at the scene.

(reply none)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0907)

Gregory found himself in charge of the investigation into the training accident. He sure hoped it was a training accident, giving all the other issues the Illuminar had faced on this mission. While the Captain finished issuing his commands and disappeared to the ready room, Gregory moved over to operations.

Lieutenant Menzi had reached out and was now downloading telemetry data. Gregory stood over his shoulder, looking at the streams of data coming in from the telemetry from Cadet Soar's descent. This included data from ground tracking stations as well as the Illuminar and a few other ships in the area. Intellectually he knew he wouldn't learn anything till it was properly plotted and modeled. "Mr. Menzi, please get this data together and send it to Ensign Chifukukku and get Ensign Mcfry up as well. I want him to go over transporter 1 with a fine tooth comb. You need to deal with the our delay."

Tapping his comm badge, "Lieutenant T'Mur, please meet me in Transporter room 2, and bring two trained security investigators with you."

(reply T'Mur)

His next call was to medical, "Dr. Quincy, grab your kit and meet me in transporter room 2."

(Reply Quincy)

His final call was to Engineering. "Mr. Bohb, grab your kit and meet me in transporter room 2."

(reply Bohb)

His team assembled, he turned and noted Commander Verin and Lieutenant T'Mur enter the bridge. The Commander approached him, "Report Lieutenant Commander." she said.

"Ma'am, best we know is that Cadet Soar was participating in a space dive training mission organized by Lieutenant Lee. There were a series of cascading failures that lead the Cadet hitting the ground at terminal velocity. The Captain has delayed our departure and I am about to beam down to the surface to begin the investigation. I have ordered Engineering to secure the remaining suits, as well as secure the data on inspections of same. We are currently receiving telemetry data from various sources and I've assigned one of my team to begin to analyze it. I've send another to begin an inspection of transporter 1. I was about to order it taken offline till further notice."

He paused to let the Commander process the information. If there are no more questions Ma'am, I need to get to the surface to preserve the scene from lookie-loo's."

(Reply Sienna, IFW)

Gregory nodded and headed to the turbolift, "Deck 4," he said once he was inside the car.

(Reply Verin, IYW, Bridge)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Betazed - Near Lake Cateria Resort - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 0912)

The investigation party materialized on the planet. While everyone started to get their gear together, Gregory looked for Chief Lee.

He spotted the man over by the Illuminar medical personal who had been transported down ahead of him. Gregory moved over to them. Speaking to the medical team, "This is now a recover mission. Go assist Dr. Quincy as he needs."

Turning his attention to Chief Lee, "Mr. Lee, I relieve you. I will be taking over the investigation of this accident. You are to report back to the Illuminar. First, go to medical so they can check you over. You know the drill, I am sure. Once you have completed that, I want you to gather all the training records for Cadet Soar and the other cadets who were to have completed this training exercise. At this time all training exercises are cancelled and locked down."

He paused, "Finally, make sure the training officer and other cadets go see medical and then the Counselor's."

(Reply Lee)

Once Lee had transported back to the Illuminar, he tapped is comm badge, "Dr. Solice, Gregory here. I have ordered Chief Lee to medical. We are investigating the accidental death of Cadet Soar, and I need a standard workup of the Chief, crewman Giisq Ao'Lik and the three cadets who were involved in this mornings exercise. Since this will be entered into the official file on the investigation, please observe all protocols for chain of custody."

(reply Solice)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(Betazed - Near Lake Cateria Resort – Chief of Security - 0915)

Lee watched the medics from the Illuminar placing the body of Cadet Soar into a body bag. Winston Soar was a competent and likeable crewman not the sort of person who was likely to make mistakes. Such a shame that one so young end up in an accident like this, thought Lee. He couldn't imagine what the feelings of the cadets felt like right now. They were a close bunch. As for Giisq Ao'Lik, their trainer and mentor, Lee wasn't sure how he felt losing one of his trainees. He definitely wasn't to blame. He knew how far to push the cadets, he was hard but fair.

He became aware of LCDR Dieter Gregory approaching him and the medical team. He spoke to the medical team that this was now a rescue mission and that they should now assist Dr Quincy. Lee listened to Gregory that he was taking over the investigation of the accident. That Lee was to report to medical along with Giisq Ao'Lik and the other three cadets and the counsellor. All training records for the cadets were to be gathered up to be used in the investigation. Lee realised he was going to be bogged down in paperwork!

"Aye, Sir." Said Lee. He pressed his comm "This is Chief of Security, Keung Lee. One to beam up."

(reply, any)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 15 Chief of Security's office --Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee 1000)

The mood around the conference table in the Chief of Security office was a mood of despondency as Lee glanced around the table. Sitting there was crewman Crewman Giisq Ao'Lik, Eish Cuvh, Raymond Wong and Jane Walker. Jane had been in tears before she came into the office and had been comforted by Assistant Chief of Security, Carol Linnis. To avoid any sign of insensitivity, Lee had earlier spoken to Carol about discretely collecting all the training records of the cadets and training schedules of Giisq Ao'Lik for the forthcoming investigation. For Lee, in an odd way he was used to seeing the death of comrades because of his experience in the past but it was not easy. As an officer of the line, he was expected not to show outright emotion and to be distant..not easy when it involves the death of an inexperienced young person. All the cadets were personally chosen by Lee when he visited the Academy.

Lee had to assure everyone around the room that nobody did anything wrong least of all Gissq. He didn't go to far in pushing people to the limits. "I authorise your training schedules so the ultimate responsibility falls on me." The only person who didn't seem any facial emotion was Eish, an Andorian but Lee couldn't read him anyway. Lee explained that the investigation of Winston's death will be conducted by Mr Gregory. No, he didn't know how long it will take.

"Okay." Said Lee. "According to Starfleet regulations, we all have to go for a medical check up and to speak to a counsellor. I've already spoken to Medical that we be on our way."

"Who will contact Winston's family?" asked Jane "His family are on the Mars colonies."

"I expect someone from Starfleet will be visiting. The Captain will liaise with the appropriate authorities." Replied Lee. "Hen will probably write a letter of condolences"

"So let's head off to medical." Said Lee. He wasn't in the mood for talking further with the group.

(reply any)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

=^=A cadet killed in an orbital HALO training jump for crying out loud.=^=

Sekal was at his desk communicating with Vice Admiral Haynes of Starfleet Tactical who was currently stationed on Earth, this had been verified beyond the shadow of a doubt by communications and the Admirals Aide who had initially fielded the "call". Jack's face had hardened when he heard the news directly from the Captain.

=^=The Chief in Charge of Starfleet Security is not going to be happy when he hears this.=^=

"Understandable." The Vulcan was not sitting but standing behind the desk with his arms crossed. "Neither was I ... happy ... when the incident took place. The CinC was not available for the preliminary report." He didn't rush to lay out his actions from the point of the incident, he wasn't human and felt no need to defend himself nor "suck up" to authority. He had done what was necessary and would lay out the steps taken when asked, he was asked.

=^=What steps did you take? ^=

"I shut down further jumps immediately and have assigned my second officer to oversee the investigation. Additionally I have halted preparations for departure until that is concluded. Illuminar's time frame for transit to our destination is uncertain."

The Admiral nodded at each step. =^=Exactly how it should have been handled. Have you drawn any conclusions yet?=^=

"Negative. The investigation is in its initial stage. Once the final report is complete I will send it to Admiral Bell so that she may disseminate it to the rest of the Admiralty."

=^=You don't have any theories at all yet Captain?=^=

"I actually have several such theories in que Admiral however without sufficient evidence to assign odds therefore I will withhold them for now. As evidence begins to accumulate it will enable me to begin drawing conclusions and dismissing those not applicable to the situation."

=^=I have to agree with your methods. As information becomes available forward it to the CinC's office so they can track the data.=^=

Sekal understood this was in order to provide an impartial secondary investigation at command which would be observing and interested in the proceedings. "Understood. My information is that you might be unavailable shortly."

Haynes gave him a confused look. "What? Where did you hear that from?"

(posted by Kris B.)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee -- 1015)

(USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice --1020)

Suddenly sickbay was filled with angry security personnel. She certainly did not appreciate the attention that security was causing. “SETTLE DOWN! THAT IS AN ORDER” Quinna yelled. Quinna waived for the officers to settle down. She shook her head but would not back down even if some of the officers towered over her.

(Replies)

“I CAN WAIT. NO ONE HERE HAS AUTHORITY OVER ME! FALL IN!” Quinna reminded the group that reminded her of an angry mob.

(Replies)

“Now that you can hear me, I don’t have to yell. I will address any concerns you have but as for Mr. Lee, that is my business and Lt. Lee’s business and no one else’s.” Quinna said straight out. “Now that you are here, find a biobed and lay down. You are all locked in for your physical.”

Quinna's face meant business.

(Replies)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

Chief Lee was reviewing some of the safety and etiquette protocols for the Security officers mainly for the benefit of the cadets and any new arrivals to the ship. He took a sip of tea before started reading out loud his notes on the screen.

In addition to regulations and Starfleet tradition, follow common sense and good judgment about yourself and your surroundings at all times when aboard the ship. Be aware at all times; Starship is, by definition of its function, an extremely hazardous environment. So you need to be aware of the following safety related issues.

- The loss of electrical power aboard ship is always a possibility. It is highly recommended that you have some kind of personal lighting device, such as a small flashlight, to help you in the event you are "caught in the dark."
- Make sure that you know all possible routes of escape from each location. In the past, lives aboard ship have been lost to fire or fumes. In part, this was due to a lack of planned escape routes.
- Take care when listening to personal music devices, not to turn the volume so high as to preclude the hearing of emergency announcements. Remember that the ship operates 24 hours a day and important announcements could be made at any time.
- When departing your quarters always wear shoes, even if only for a brief time. Ladders, metal decks, sharp protrusions and other hazards present problems if walking barefooted.

- Look for out for Oxygen Breathing Apparatuses and fire extinguishers in your quarters and workspaces. Check your online manuals online for a demstration of this important life saving equipment.
- More deaths aboard ship result from electrical shock than any other type of accident. Most electrical shocks are due to human mistakes or improper procedure rather than equipment failure. The following are common mistakes:
- Unauthorized use of or modification of electrical equipment.
- Failure to observe the applicable safety precautions when using or working on energized equipment.
- Failure to report equipment known to be defective. Use of privately owned electric equipment must be authorized if inspected and approved by the ship's Electrical Safety Engineers

Etiquette

Generally rank has its privilege going up and down ladders, passageways, corridors and using turbo lifts with juniors yielding to seniors. Make way for seniors. Remember you are in a three dimensional environment. Be sure to offer proper military courtesy to seniors. Tape pasted down the middle of a passageway or hatchway indicates the deck is being cleaned and waxed. Work is done on one half at a time to keep the passageway open. Stay to the side that is not being worked on. Al robot cleaners and other maintainace robotic devices, respect should be observed. That means you don't or kick robots out of the way! Neither are they to be used for target practice

Waiting in Lines

Officers and chiefs normally have head of the line privileges at the ship's store, public food replicators, transporter use, armoury, holodecks, sick call and dental spaces. Although this is a traditional privilege, this privilege is not always exercised. Consult your online ship's guide about normal ship's procedures and policies.

Exercise

The Illuminar is one of the few ships of the line to have a gym and Fitness Suite set up with free weights or Universal machines, stationary bike and rowing machines, cross trainers and treadmills. Exercise contributes to your overall performance and effectiveness while you aboard ship. Apart from using the hologram suites, running along on deck passageways are strictly out of bounds. The hangar decks and shuttle bays are another place to run but only when there are no flight operations."

Lee was satisfied with what he read, corrected a few typo and grammatical errors before sending it to all Security Officer's personal computer devices. He wondered about updating

the current weapons policy particularly as some of the lockers throughout the ship which held the hand phasers were missing. He had received reports that phasers were found in the most unlikely places! But however that was the job of his Armoury Officer to deal with

(reply no one)

(posted by John)

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