

















“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.”









(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.



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



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.





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.





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?"

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."







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)







tongues of multicolored flame that surged out toward himself, Bohb and Trei. Before they could move they were surrounded by a colaidoscopic 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.







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 guys 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.

(Repy: 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.



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)











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.



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 =^= Whiskey 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.



















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)









- 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. All 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-----