

Mission: The Rhyne Odyssey

Day: 1

Stardate: 2446.03.02

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 15 – Main Engineering – EO – Ensign Angus McGuyver - 0451)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 15 – Main Engineering – EO – Ensign Angus McGuyver - 0453)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 4 – Sickbay – CMO – Dr. Kyllee Stev - 1715)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1800)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - Leeza Pel - 1805)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1810)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge – aXO – Michael Weston - 1815)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 – Bridge - SO PO3 P’Rah and mascot Leeza Pel - 1820)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - aCO LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1825)

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - aXO Michael Weston, and the survivors of the Rhyne - 1827)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 15 – Main Engineering – EO – Ensign Angus McGuyver - 0451)

The two crew mates where getting along and had jostled about their situation for sometime now. Scott thought MacGyver was a character and he enjoyed the banter between the two.

“Are ye talking piracy me hearty. Well this bucket won’t be goin’ anywhere till we cold start this warp core. Then, me bucko, you should rest. I can monitor the engine after the restart. We have a lot to do and we can’t do it if we’re both falling o’er ourselves with fatigue.”

Scott smiled back, “No...no piracy, but things are getting weird to say the least.” Scott moved back away from the panel so MacGyver could have a better look.

Scott yawned, “Oh yeah...well I could use a short nap, but where on this bucket of bolts? There is either no lighting or no life support in most of the quarters I’ve scanned.”

(Reply MacGyver)

Scott mused, “Just like finals week at the Academy...rest whenever and wherever you can.” He started.

(Reply MacGyver, IYW)

“Very well then...say an hour and I’ll take over whatever you’ve started.” Said Scott.

(Reply MacGyver)

Scott moved out of the work area and searched for something, some spot that might provide him with some needed rest. The corridor was almost completely dark, some emergency lighting here and there, but it was quiet. ~There!~ He thought. ~Perfect as can be.~

Scott dragged what appeared to be a gear bag over to the bulkhead and propped it up as a makeshift pillow. He tapped out a timer on his PADD. Resting his head on the canvas he closed his eyes and quickly fell asleep.

(Reply MacGyver)

(Posted by Steve)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 15 – Main Engineering – EO – Ensign Angus McGuyver - 0453).

"Oh yeah...well I could use a short nap," Matrix admitted, "but where on this bucket of bolts? There is either no lighting or no life support in most of the quarters I've scanned."

McGuyver pointed with his head at a door, "I noticed a small office over there. There's a cot set up. Probably an emergency bunk for a cadet."

"Just like finals week at the Academy...rest whenever and wherever you can," Matrix said.

"Yeah, except finals week never had a prospect of dying if you didn't pass your test. Go. Get some rest. I'll let you know if something bad happens."

"Very well then...say an hour and I'll take over whatever you've started." Said Scott.

Angus smiled, "You got it. One hour. Dream good dreams."

He watched Scott disappear then got back to work. The warp core was already warming up. He went to work on the sensors. He had no intent of waking Matrix up on an hour. After he heard the man's snoring begin he stepped to his sleeping form and adjusted his alarm to go off in eight hours. He'll probably be mad, but Angus wanted him to be awake, while he slept. With just the two of them it was going to mean some long, lonely hours.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 4 – Sickbay – CMO – Dr. Kyllee Stev - 1715)

It had been a long day, in both the universes they'd been in. Stev sat down in CMO's Office, his office, and sighed heavily, stretching as his body descended. He looked at the monitor then tapped the records button.

"Chief Medical Officer's log. It's been a long day and I've been on the go for nearly twenty-four hours. I feel like I'm doing a residency program again. On top of that I've been witness to some of the weirdest stuff I've seen in a while."

He paused and took a drink from his desk tea, then resumed, "Whatever was affecting the crews brain activity seems to have gone into remission since we have started moving away from the area around their deposit sight from the Maelstrom. Other than this incessant idea that I'm being watched, the fight or flight instincts seem to be returning to their normal levels, and the brain activity around the amygdala have dissipated to nominal levels. I suspect that they will return to normal within the next twenty-four hours."

Stev paused for another sip, rubbed the back of his neck, feeling the tension in the muscles, "Ans that brings me to the stasis pods. It was hoping to get some sack time when Mr. Weston made his grand discovery. He found a dozen stasis pods in the main cargo bay. Since then we've found twenty-seven. Of the twenty-seven five failed. The occupants were dead. We managed to extricate the remaining twenty-two, but two of them did not survive the reanimating process. That gave us twenty new patients to tend to. Most were showing signs of malnutrition and dehydration as you might expect from being in a stasis pod for an extended period of time. We haven't been able to determine how long yet, but I would bet around twenty years.

He leaned forward on the table and rested his chin in his hands, "We don't know who they are yet, or how they wound up in the pods, but I can say that the crew of the Rhyne was fairly diverse. The survivors included not only humans, but an Andorian, a Vulcan, a Klingon, a Cygnian, a S'ti'ach and believe it or not a Brikarian. However, none of them have recovered enough to give us any serious answers to our questions. Hopefully we'll be able to get something from them after I get a little rest.

Then, maybe I can try and get through some of the medical logs, now that I have access. Right now I couldn't put two cognitive sentences together if my life depended on it."

Kyllee stopped recording and plopped down on the sofa at the side of the office. His eyes closed, and he could feel sleep wash over him.

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1800)

Dieter was going over the list of people who'd been found in the stasis chambers. The expertise of the crew was going to be helpful for filling out shifts and getting the Rhyne operational. He was still not sure when or where they were. But one problem at a time.

The turbolift opened and closed. Gregory thought nothing of it and concentrated on setting up a schedule.

"Miss me, Not Captain," he heard Leeza say. Looking up, there, in the XO's chair sat little Leeza Pel. Clearly she was more creative and with the Pel symbiont helping her, she had charm and brains. A dangerous combination.

"I need some chococake. Daddy is gone," she said.

Gregory nodded. "Why don't you have some dinner first, and dessert second."

"I am hungry, Milk and chococake, peeeease?" Leeza asked again.

Standing up, "Wait right here," he said, as he walked into his ready room. He inputted some commands and the replicator produced what he asked for.

Walking back onto the bridge, carrying a tray, he stopped in front of Leeza. "OK Miss Leeza, here you go," he said, placing the tray in front of her.

On the tray was a kid sized plate with spaghetti and small meatballs. A dinner roll was on one side, and a small bowl of applesauce on the other. At the head of the plate was a glass of chocolate milk. He glared at the bridge crew to keep quiet.

"Now Leeza, why don't you eat that, and when you're done you can have chocolate cake. I'll see what your daddy is up to, but I hope you don't mind keeping me company in the meantime?"

(reply Leeza)

(Posted by Tim)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - Leeza Pel - 1805)

Leeza looked around and while Dieter walked away, Leeza got into her secret compartment and pulled the PADD. She punched some buttons and was reading it. Suddenly Dieter returned.

"OK Miss Leeza, here you go," he said placing the tray in front of her. She looked at the meal that was put in front of her.

"Now Leeza, why don't you eat that, and when you're done you can have chocolate cake. I'll see what your daddy is up to, but I hope you don't mind keeping me company in the meantime?"

Leeza looked up at Dieter, "You know my favorite bagetti. Now I want to be nice to you." Leeza showed Dieter her PADD. "Carbby Filters are yucky."

(Reply Gregory)

Leeza then put her PADD down and her hands grabbed a meatball. She proceeded to shove it in her mouth. She whipped her dirty hand on the seat next to her. "Not Captain, yummy, but I sad. I lost Mommy's Blanksy when I first found Daddy. Mommy will be sad. Mommy made the blanksy."

(Reply Gregory)

"Please, can we find it?" Then Leeza gave him the look.

(Reply Gregory)

(Posted by Kris B.)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1810)

Gregory looked at Leeza's PADD. Sure enough there were some issues with the Carbon Filters that helped keep the atmosphere clean. It wasn't a hard fix, but did require them to be purged and reset.

"Thank you Leeza, you are quite adept at identifying issues on this ship. Your Uncle Captain would be proud," he said.

Turning to his left, "Ops, please notify Engineering to detach someone to purge the carbon filters asap. Unless, that is, they like to breath stale air."

The Andorian at operations nodded, "Yes Sir," she said.

Gregory tried to remember her name. "Thank you Ms. Zh'qaolorh," he said as her name popped into his head. He made a mental note to review the files of the crew.

Watching as Leeza used her hands to eat the sauce covered meatballs, he made a note to keep a couple of cloths on hand when she was around.

"Not Captain, yummy, but I sad. I lost Mommy's Blanky when I first found Daddy. Mommy will be sad. Mommy made the blanky."

He knew he needed the Pel symbiont and if they could find a way to access it directly, that might make things easier. Maybe learn more about the Rhyne and such. Even though he didn't show up on the roster, Ronan Pel had to have some level of authority.

"Leeza, that is indeed sad, however I have an idea." Gregory tapped his COM badge, "Mr. P'Rah, please report to the bridge, I have a personal assignment for you."

=^= On my way, Sir =^= came the Caitian's purr.

Gregory nodded to Leeza, "Help is on the way," he said. "Please, can we find it?" she asked.

"Yes indeed Leeza, we will find it." Minutes later, the turbolift opened and in walked P'Rah.

"Reporting as ordered, Sir," he said. Gregory nodded,

"Leeza, this is Mr. P'Rah. He's a member of the security, err, your Daddy's department. He is an excellent finder of lost items. When you finish your dinner, he can help you find your blanket."

"Mr. P'Rah, this is Leeza Pel, our guest and mascot of the ship. She has lost a blanket her mother made for her, and I am hoping you can help her find it."

The Caitian looked at the Captain, "Sir?"

"It is extremely important, Mr. P'Rah, otherwise I would not ask you to do it. Do you understand?"

P'Rah nodded, "Yes, Sir." He turned to Leeza, "Well Miss, when you are ready we can find your blanket."

(Reply Leeza, Bridge)

(Posted by Tim)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge – aXO – Michael Weston - 1815)

Weston halted the turbolift before the door could open. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. In all of his years of intelligence work he realized that appearances were important. What people perceived by what they saw could make a situation easier, of life and death. Sometimes it didn't have to be that way, simply by the perception of others.

Lee's words rang in his head. *"You're barely fleet."* Michael had to admit that the man was right. He had flaunted his association with Starfleet without ever giving them an ounce of credit for what they were. They had used his services... often... and they, even, held him outside of their purview. Michael knew that if he were to function as the executive officer for Gregory he was going to have to look the role, as much as act the role. If, for no other reason, than to garner trust with his own crew. That meant a change.

He tugged at the collar of his shirt, attempting to force more blood into his brain, and prepare himself for what lay on the other side of that door. With one more deep, cleansing breath, he opened his eyes. "Resume."

The door opened, and Weston stepped onto the bridge wearing a red uniform. Taylor turned around from the tactical station and was about to ask to say something but the words stuck in his throat. All he managed was a wolf whistle.

Weston gave him a hard look, then a wry smile and a nod. He moved over to the command center and watched as P'Rah walking with little Leeza Pel. The Caitian couldn't help but give him a big toothy grin.

"As you were, Mr. P'Rah," Michael said. Then he turned to Leeza, "Well Miss Pel, it is a pleasure to see you again. What adventures hold for you today?"

(reply Leeza)

"Well, that sounds important," Weston smiled, "I won't keep you."

(reply Leeza)

When the pair left the bridge Michael presented himself to the CO. "Did you get time to rest, sir?"

(reply Gregory)

"I see that the crew of the Rhyne is recovering more quickly than the doctor had anticipated," he indicated to the Andorian at the Ops station.

(reply Gregory)

Michael moved over and sat down at the XO position. As he sat, he could feel something underneath him. It was wet, and it was squishy. He quickly stood up to see a mostly eaten plate of spaghetti that he had sat on. He almost laughed to himself as strands of red noodles plopped to the deck of his pants. His hand was now covered in the sauce. Tentatively he licked his finger and gave an approving nod.

"Well, it's not Mama Weston's sauce, but it's not bad," he said. To himself he said, ~I should have known..~

(reply Gregory)

He picked up the plate of Leeza's meal and looked at the CO. "I was thinking that I would go down to sickbay and interview the Rhyne's survivors," he said. "Maybe we can get an idea of what happened here."

(reply Gregory)

(reply Gregory, Leeza)

(posted by Al Muir)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 – Bridge - SO PO3 P'Rah and mascot Leeza Pel - 1820)

P'Rah bent down to look Leeza in the eye, "Come on Leeza, let's go hunt your blanket."

"Hi, Kitty." Leeza smile. "Lets find Blanky."

The two moved towards the turbolift when Weston stepped onto the bridge.

P'Rah gave the XO a toothy grin. "As you were Mr. P'Rah," he said

"Well Miss Pel, it is a pleasure to see you again. What adventures hold for you today?" Weston asked.

Leeza whispered to Michael as if it were a secret, "We are off the find Blanky." She said.

"Well, that sounds important," Weston smiled, "I won't keep you."

"Wait," Leeza cued Weston to bed over and he did for her, "Take care of Daddy's secret." Leeza then handed the Doll to Weston. It was the first time she was letting it out of her sight. She then gave Weston a huge hug. Little girl red tomato hand prints were on his shoulders. She then gave him a sloppy tomato kiss on the cheek. She then turned back to P'Rah to find her blanket.

Michael was a little surprised by the trust this girl was giving him. He took the doll in his arms and looked at it. "Daddy's secret." What an odd turn of phrase for the girl to use.

"I will protect her with my life," the aXO promised. He watched them leave and proceeded towards the CO.

(USS Illuminar - Turbolift - SO PO3 P'Rah and mascot Leeza Pel - 0825)

P'Rah looked down at the human child, "Do you remember where your quarters were? That would be a good place to start," he said

"Nope." Leeza said as plain as day. "Nanny would know."

"And where is your nanny? Can I reach her by the Coms?" the Caitian asked.

"Nanny is not allowed to leave or she disa...disap... she goes bye bye." Leeza supplied.

"Oh." he said as he swished his tail back and forth, "So you mean she is a hologram?"

"Hologame?" Leeza did not know that P'Rah was talking about.

"Computer, where are Leeza Pel's quarters?"

=^= There are no quarters assigned to a Leeza Pel =^=

P'Rah scratched his chin, "That is odd. Let's try this. Computer please list rooms where a holonanny was activated."

=^= That information is not available =^=

He looked at Leeza, "The computer isn't being too helpful. You seem to be an enigma, little Leeza. How might we get to the answer and find your holo-nanny? I know, Computer, what decks have holo emitters installed?"

=^= Holo emitters can be found on Decks 1 through 5, and decks 14 and 16. =^= came the response.

"There, we have a start," P'Rah said. "I think we'll go to Deck 2 first, what do you think Miss Leeza?"

"Ok," Leeza said. "Kitty, carry, peeze." Leeza then pointed to her bare feet.

"I see Miss Leeza. What happened to your shoes?" he asked as he picked her up and swung her onto his back. "Hold on, Leeza." he said as they stepped out of the turbolift.

"Mommy Blanky is pink" Leeza said.

"OK, let's start our search," he said as he started with the first quarters they came to. "If anything looks familiar, let me know."

“OK.” Leeza said.

Over the next hour, they searched all the quarters on the second deck with no luck. Leeza had colorful commentary in each room, jumping off P’Rah’s back a couple of times.

After a couple of decks, Leeza was getting frustrated about her blanket. She had no clue where it was. “Kitty, I need chococake, peeze” Leeza asked. “Pretty Kitty, peeze.”

P’Rah stopped, “OK Miss Leeza, you’ve been very patient in this search. Let’s find a place for you to get some chococake,” he said. Not knowing what chococake was, he decided to head to the five forward lounge.

As they entered the bar a woman with a braided chain around her neck appeared behind the bar, “Welcome to Five Forward. I’m Brandy, how can I help you?”

P’Rah lifted Leeza up and placed her on a stool there. “Hello Brandy, can you get my little friend here some chococake and a Shirly Temple?”

“Coming right up, darling,” she said.

“Hi, Banny.” Leeza looked perplexed. Then Leeza reached over the counter for a Cherry. “Banny?”

The hologram didn’t seem to acknowledge the girl as it went to the replicator.

Leeza looked up at P’Rah, “Banny don’t know me?”

“This is most curious,” he said.

The woman returned with a piece of chocolate cake and the red colored drink, with three cherries. She placed it down in front of Leeza before leaning forward in front of P’Rah.

“So, what brings you in here today?” she asked. “I’ve not seen you around before.”

The Caitian smiled, “I’m new here, helping Miss Leeza find her blanky. But she was hungry.”

Brandy looked blankly at P’Rah. “How do you like the ship so far?”

P’Rah shook his head, something was definitely up.

A tear started to run down Leeza's right cheek. Someone she finally knew did not know her. "Banny, why? Mad at me?"

Brandy ignored Leeza and focused on P'Rah, "So what does a Caitian like you drink?"

Leeza slid out of her seat and ran off. Brandy did not know her and her daddy was gone (both real and Lee). She started to think she was a bad girl that no one wanted to be around her.

With catlike agility, P'Rah lept after the girl and caught up to her quickly. He picked her up and asked. "Miss Leeza, why did you run away from me?"

"Everyone left me. I am a bad Leeza. Daddy left me, Uncle Captain is gone, nanny dissapeared, Banny, pretends I not here. I sorry I was bad." Leeza looked down the hall and saw it. She started to squirm, "Mommy Blanks" Her arms were reaching for it.

P'Rah put the young girl down and watched as she went to get the blanket. He followed behind her, "Miss Leeza, you are not old enough to have been bad. I think there is a mystery here. Maybe you and I can try to solve it?"

Leeza wrapped herself in her blanket. "How, Kitty?" She then moved towards P'rah. With her hand she turned it palm up and asked, "How?"

P'Rah sat down on the ground and motioned for Leeza to come sit in his lap. "What we need here Miss Leeza is a detective, a regular Sherlock Holmes. Do you know who that is?"

Leeza shook her head.

"He's a fictional character, but he was pretty smart. At least in the stories. So what we need is someone like him. I'm just a streetwise Caitian security officer, if you come to my homeworld I'll show you the place, but for now we need to think of someone who's pretty smart and we can go talk to. You have any ideas?"

Leeza scrunched her face together like she was thinking hard, "Uh.. maybe Not Captain 'cause he knew my favorite was bagetti, and he let me sit next to him. Daddy left me and I'm mad at him," she said, her temper flaring in her eyes.

P'Rah nodded, "Well, I may not be Daddy Lee, but I'm here Miss, and I bet the Captain ... er Not Captain will let us work together to solve the mystery."

"And Not Captain is really smart, but you know who else is smart? Mr. Weston, the man taking care of Little Leeza. He's a real spy, and I bet he could help us too. So what do you say we go back to the bridge, and show everyone you found your blaky?"

Leeza took a deep breath and wiped her face with her blanket. "Ok. You stay with me Kitty?"

P'Rah nodded, "Through thick and thin Miss. Leeza."

P'Rah picked Leeza up as he stood up. "You want a ride?"

He bent down to let Leeza climb on his back, as he headed to the turbolift.

(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - SO PO3 P'Rah and mascot Leeza Pel - 2025)

The turbolift doors opened and P'Rah stepped onto the bridge. Bending down, he let his package down.

Leeza ran to her seat to find it occupied. She glared at him and tried to find a way to get her spot. She then decided to climb up on the man. Afterall she trusted him with baby Leeza. She made her way into Weston's lab and wrapped herself in her blanket where she fell asleep.

"Stay Kitty, please."

P'Rah looked at Mr. Weston and back to Leeza, "Of course Miss. Leeza, I'm here for you."

"Mr. Weston, Sir, Miss Leeza and I have stumbled over a mystery that could use your special skills, Sir." He paused waiting for the XO's response.

Weston smiled as this little ferret of a girl climbed up his chair and wriggled on his lap until she became comfortable enough to fall asleep.

"Well here's something that doesn't happen to me every day," he said.

Realizing that he was probably there for the long haul, he wrapped the blanket around Leeza more snuggly and pulled out the doll she had left him with. He placed the doll in her arms and the stuffed symbiont fell to the deck plating, making an odd sound.

Finally he looked up at P'Rah and dropped his voice level, "Only one mystery. Mr. P'Rah?"

"This one revolved around Miss Leeza here," he said. "It seems that the computer does not recognize her. First, when I asked what room had a holo-nanny activated, the computer said the information was not available. Second, we could not find a room that she recognized when

we searched the quarters that are on the decks that the computer said had holo emitters. Third, when we went to Five-forward for a break and to feed Miss Leeza some chococake, the bartender there, Brandy, completely ignored Leeza, even though Leeza seemed to know the hologram," P'Rah said. "So either the computer is lying to us, or something else is up with our Miss Leeza."

Weston looked pensively at the young girl. He absentmindedly used his thumb to remove some crumbs of chocolate cake from the corner of her mouth.

"Now that is interesting indeed," he said. "You people keep feeding her chocolate cake she'll lose her desire to eat good food."

"I'm a Caitian, Sir. I don't know the care and feeding of trill children. I missed that class in basic training," he said, flashing a toothy grin.

Then he looked up at P'Rah who seemed to be looking at him with his own curiosity.

"What? I have a younger brother," Michael said. He took a deep breath, "Well computers don't lie, unless they are programmed to. Got to wonder if the computer's programming has been altered. Have a look at the computer's access logs and see when it was last accessed and altered. I'd do it myself, but I have something in my lap."

"Sir, I'm just a common security type, I leave computers to the other guys. Want me to try to move her to someplace more comfortable?"

Michael chuckled, "Somewhere more comfortable than this?" He indicated to his lap. "Perhaps a spot more convenient would be a better suggestion. If you don't mind?"

P'Rah slowly slid his hands under the child, and lifted her off of the XO. Looking around, he moves her to the Captain's chair, making sure she is comfortably curled up. Once that was done, he sat down in front of the chair, facing the sleeping child.

Relieved of his burden he moved over to a computer station. He tapped a few buttons and the station came to life.

"Computer, access computer programming access logs."

[Unable to comply.]

Michaels eyebrows furrowed, "Explain."

[Unable to comply.]

~Unable or unwilling?~ He sighed. "Computer prior to time index 2446.03.02, 0000 when was the last time the computer programming for the Rhyne was accessed?"

There was a long pause. [The last time the computer programming was accessed was ... unable to comply.]

~So that's the way you're going to play it? Ok.~

Michael pulled the access panel off the station and pulled out his gold card. He replaced an isolinear chip with the card and began to type in some access codes. He added a few lines of his own coding to the program then sat back for a moment. Then he leaned forward again.

"Computer, display requested data on this monitor," he said.

The computer began to blink, and the lights and buttons around began to randomly flash. It was as if the computer was having a conversation with itself, and not necessarily a polite and kind conversation. Eventually the screen flashed. Michael took his PASS and quickly downloaded the information he had asked for it, as he predicted it would, disappeared.

[Computer logs are no longer accessible.]

Michael nodded and turned away from the computer saying, "Of that I am certain."

He went back to his seat, checked it to make sure he was not about to sit on something, then noticed the stuffed symbiont on the floor. He picked it up as he sat down. He placed the small toy on the arm of his chair as he looked at the data on his PADD.

After a few minutes he gave a deep sigh, "Well, that's odd, indeed.

(reply none)

(Posted by Al, Kris and Tim)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - aCO LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1825)

Gregory watched as Weston dealt with Leeza, and was surprised when she handed her little doll to the spy.

Watching the security officer and Leeza head out on their SAR mission, he turned his attention to his XO.

“Did you get time to rest, sir?” Weston asked.

Gregory chuckled, “I caught a couple hours sleep, but there is so much to do, and we still don’t know where we are, or when we are.”

(Weston)

“I see that the crew of the Rhyne is recovering more quickly than the doctor had anticipated,” Weston said.

“Well some seem better suited to the effects of stasis than others,” Gregory replied. “At least we have another body on the bridge.”

Gregory turned back to the screen while Weston moved to sit down. Before he could say anything, Weston sat in the remains of Leeza’s dinner.

“Well, it’s not Mama Weston’s sauce, but it’s not bad,” he said.

Gregory chuckled, “Replicated sauce, just like Mamma replicated,” he said.

“I was thinking that I would go down to sickbay and interview the Rhyne’s survivors. Maybe we can get an idea of what happened here,” Weston said.

“Excellent idea, Mr. Weston. Let me know if you learn anything more,” Gregory said. “With the loss of Jaton Alyl, we need a science officer to help us figure things out. And another helmsman or two would be great. Engineers too. Hope springs eternal, I guess.”

(Weston)

(Posted by Tim)

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(USS Rhyne - Deck 1 - Bridge - aXO Michael Weston, and the survivors of the Rhyne - 1827)

Gregory had admitted that he only had a couple hours, but Weston understood. So many unanswered questions. He had to admit that he only had about four himself. Still, he was used to having less than optimal amount of sleep. When he had told Gregory his plan to question the survivors. He agreed that it was an "excellent idea" and proceeded to express a need for the ship.

"With the loss of Jaton Alyl, we need a science officer to help us figure things out. And another helmsman or two would be great. Engineers too. Hope springs eternal, I guess."

Weston smiled, and gave a half chuckle, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast: Man never is, but always to be blest. the soul, uneasy and confined from home, rests and expatiates in a life to come." Probably a better quote than one might have thought. Guess we're the expatriots now, aren't we. I'll see what I can do with your shopping list."

With that he made his way back to the quarter's he'd acquired and replicated a new uniform to replace the spaghetti stained one. He noticed the spaghetti kiss on his cheek. Michael wasn't sure how Gregory resisted the urge to jibe him about it. The man was becoming a CO before his very eyes. Changed he went to sickbay.

(USS Rhyne - Deck 4 - Sickbay - aXO Michael Weston - 1900)

Michael walked into sickbay to see it full of the Rhyne's crew. He looked around until he found Klinger.

"Doctor Kylle?" he asked.

"He's catching some shut eye, sir," the medic replied. "Do you want me to wake him?"

"No, no, no," Weston said holding up his hands, "let him get some rest. He's been hard at it."

"He's the only one of us that hadn't had any sleep," Klinger told him.

"I just want to talk to these people," Weston said as he wandered through the room.

"Most of them are up to it," Klinger nodded. "We even released that Andorian woman. Well, released may be too strong a word. We let her leave since we were sure that none of us could have restrained her."

"Fair enough," said Weston. "She's up on the bridge now. A testament to her people. You can go back about your duties, I've got this."

Klinger nodded and went over to a biobed, picked up a PADD and began to record the readings. Weston continued his tour of the medical center of the ship. There was a grumbling sound from a room that caught his attention.

He went into the room and walked into a large brick wall. As he rebounded he looked up to see a head and eyes looking down at him.

"Oh, sorry," the wall said, "that happens more often than you would think."

"It's a first for me," Weston replied lightly.

The wall reached down with a Rough hand and pulled Weston back to his feet, "The names Cal Dogan, Brikarian. I am with security."

"Mr. Dogan," Michael said, gripping the Brikarian's hand. "Michael Weston, for the USS Illuminar. Acting XO. Can you tell me what happened here."

"It's all kinda fuzzy," Dogan said. "There was this gravity well that drug us here." He indicated to the universe around them. "It didn't take us long to figure out we weren't in Kansas any longer. After a while something strange started happening. People started Dying under mysterious circumstances. I never really heard what was going on, but these stasis pods were set up and I was selected to go in one."

Weston nodded, "Okay. Can you tell me where you think we might be?"

Dogan shook his head, which wound up being an entire trunk rotation, "No. I was a junior officer. Never really got the scoop of what was going on on the bridge."

"We'll have to see what we can do about that. We've only found about 20 survivors, so at this point you are one of the more senior officers. Are you going to be okay with that?"

The floor plating creaked a little as the huge Brikar shifted his weight, "Absolutely. I'm ready as soon as I get release from here."

"Excellent," Weston said with a nod, "I'll see what I can do to facilitate that."

He moved on to the next bed.

E'Mare stretched "nuqneH, joHwl?" (What do you want, Sir) Apparently her Universal Translator was on the friz.

"Good afternoon," Weston said to the gruff officer. "My name is Michael Weston, from the USS Illuminar. We've taken control of the ship and you are safe, well, for now."

“qatlhob, qamuSHa'pu'.” E'Mare let out a hardy laugh.

Michael frowned a little. This was going to take a little time. The only Klingon he really knew would get him into a fight in a bar.

“She wants to know what you want.” A bored voice spoke up from nearby. “E'Mare yaj'a, does not understand. Yaj'be E'Mare.”

Michael nodded, looking from the translator back to the Klingon wearing a Bajoran ear piece. “I'm just trying to find out what happened here. How you all wound up in stasis pods, and where the rest of the crew is.”

“Chay'SoHqaw pa'Qap E'Mare.” (What do you remember from before you woke?) The speaker was a nondescript crewman wearing gold and could have been from security or engineering.

“mu'mey vISopbe'chugh, vaj jISaHbe'chugh ghewmey. Qu'vam vIbuSlaw' paghvam vIleghpu'. ngeng vItuQmoH neH.” E'Mare supplies (Translation: I was told I was not essential at the moment. To save energy, I was put in that thing. I work in waste extraction. )

Michael turned to the crewman, “And who are you?”

“Danny Ambrose, security.” The guy looked him over or tried to. “My vision is still fuzzy from being in the stasis pod but I hear fine. E'Mare said they dumped her in the pod to save energy because she wasn't essential.” He turned back toward the Klingon. “E'Mare pong DaSov'a” (Do you remember anything else E'Mare?)

“vIta'rup je. 'e' vIQoybej.” (Translation: No, I just do what I am told. The Prophets protected me in that contraption.) After a moment, “qo' vIlo'meH jljalhlaH?” (Translation: Can I go back to work now?)

“She said she doesn't remember anything else.” Ambrose suppressed a laugh. “Plus something you might find a little strange, she got Bajoran religion at some point.”

Weston looked at the security officer, “What about you Mr. Ambrose? Do you know why you were put in a pod?”

He went from a grin to a frown in zero seconds flat. “I'd prefer not to talk about it.”

Weston wasn't sure how much he should press on the subject, but decided to wait and change tact. “Are you aware of what happened to your CO, and so much of the crew?”

“Captain Meredith? No. I have no idea what happened to her, I was in the stasis pod. I will say one thing though, if not for her none of us would be alive now.” He squinted at Weston, seeing

blurry features that were hard to focus on. “Speaking of which, just who the hell are you and your fellows?”

E’Mare became frustrated and jumped out of the biobed and headed for the exit to sickbay.

“Ylcheugh E’Mare nuqDaq SoH!” (Come back E’Mare, where are you going?). “Nuvpu’ Sovbe’ nuvpu’ (We don’t know who these people are). “maDo’niS’ (We need to stick together). Ambrose called to the retreating Klingon.

“jIHeghpu’. jIHvaD ylpmey.” (Translation: I am going to my station. I am needed at my station.)

Suddenly the door was blocked by the Brikarian. He looked down at the Klingon and said, “ba’.” Then he looked for a moment and added, “nuqNeh.” Dogan stood there silently, looking about as immovable as he was.

“Listen,” Michael called out. “We are from the USS Illuminar. WE came aboard thinking that the ship had been abandoned... a while ago.”

“And you want to help right? And I’m just supposed to take what you say at face value? Where is your ship and your CO? And what happened to Captain Meredith?” Ambrose rose from the chair bristling and with his fists clenched. “Did you take her? Is she dead? Did you kill her? Because if you did I swear as God as my witness I will kill every last one of you and putting me in that torture chamber of yours isn’t going to stop me!”

Weston raised his hands and kept his body relaxed. He didn’t want there to be any unfortunate incidents. “Those are all very good, and understandable questions. And we have the same questions. We have no idea where we are. We were brought into this universe by accident. We do not know where your Captain Merideth is. And we do not, I assure you, have a torture chamber. What I do know is that we are all in this together, and if we want to get out of it alive we’re going to have to work together. If we fight among ourselves we’re doomed right now and might as well blow the warp core and get it over with.”

Ambrose turned and walked away several steps, his face was red and jaw clenched. He unknotted his fists before speaking. “E’Mare wants to return to her duties.”

“jIHvaD latlh puqloD, vlgahajtaHvIS.” E’Mare pounded her Fist on the nearest biobed. (Translation: Puny Human, Let me out!)

Finally there was a sentiment that Michael could agree with. “That is our intention. The doctor has already cleared your Operations Officer for duty. As soon as your all cleared for duty we would love for you to return. However, Dr. Kyllee is not available at this moment since he just spent the last twelve hours pulling you all out of the stasis pods.”

"Perhaps I can be of service," a tall, auburn haired woman appeared. "I am Doctor Belisanna. The crew know me. And I ..." she paused for a moment, "can sense you, but do not know you. I do know you are being honest with us. Allow me to clear those who are capable. I am certain you could use the help."

Weston smiled, recognizing the woman to be Cygnian. He could almost feel her mind stroke at his with her telepathic ability. His guard was immediate, but he nodded.

"That would be fantastic," Weston said. "I'm certain the doctor would appreciate the help, and we could sure use some extra hands."

He looked around the room looking at the nineteen crewmen, all on edge. Asking more questions now would only agitate them more. Once they're back at their stations they might be more willing to talk.

"Once you've all been cleared, medically, check in with the current department heads." He turned to the doctor, "If you would make me a list of the ..." he almost said survivors but decided that wouldn't go over well, "crewmen and their stations I'd really appreciate that Doctor Belisanna."

"Of course... ummm, I don't see your rank insignia," she said.

"Just Mr. Weston," he replied, smiling his best disarming smile. "Just call me Michael."

"Michael," she said, her voice like a song. "I will bring you the information as soon as I have it."

"Thank you," Weston said with a tone of finality. "I'm pretty sure our CO, Commander Gregory, Will want to meet with you all soon. He's kind of that way. I will see you all soon."

With that he left sickbay, heading for the bridge, finally able to breath.

Ambrose turned his head as the officer left, his vision was slowly clearing and he felt it would be back to normal within a couple of hours. He turned to the Doctor who was a little blurry. "Doc I'd be better off doing something if you don't mind. At the very least I can get to my quarters with no trouble and take a nap. What do you say?"

The Cygnian looked at him with her big catlike eyes and smiled, "I'd feel better about clearing you for duty when your vision clears. If you can get someone to go with you to your quarters, and then check back in with me before you start duty, I can accept your terms. But who will make sure you get home?"

"I'll take care of it," said a deep, gruff voice from the crowd. Then people started getting shoved aside until a meter tall, blue furred creature stood before them. "Besides, I'm not sure how

much longer I could stand being cooped up with you lot before I got hungry enough to eat one of you."

There was an uneasy laughter that went through the crowd, as if they were trying to keep it light, but knew that the S'ti'ach was kind of serious.

"Thank you, Lt. Suison," the doctor said. Then she did smile. "No fair biting him while he can't see properly."

Barion Suison looked at the Cygnian and snapped the fingers on his third hand, "You are no fun at all." He turned to the security officer, "Let's get out of here."

Slowly, but surely, after that, Belisianna released all but a few of the recovered and prepared a report for the doctor from the Illuminar.

(reply none)

(posted by Al, Kris and Charles)

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