

[illegible]

Day: 1

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Pilots Lt. Arthur 'Snoopy' Corday, Ensign Vic 'Raid' Montero - 0745)

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Ensign (jg) Hezuela -1145)

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Ensign (jg) Hezuela -1151)

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Ensign (iq) Hezuela -1152.5)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Sickbay - ME- Dr. Mason Quincy -1155)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Main Bridge - ACSO T'shalaith - 11:56)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge -CO - Captain Sekal - 1158)

(USS Illuminar - Trei's Office SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 12.00)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Engineering, Cloaking Control - EngO Ensing Tycho Alantar - 12.01)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- Sickbay/CMO Office - ME- Dr. Mason Quincy -1201.75)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -1202.5)

(USS Illuminar -Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1203)

(USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1204)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Engineering SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 12.05)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Engineering SPA LT JG Ariel Trei)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Engineering- SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 12.15)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - SFI- Michael Weston - 1301)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge -CO - Captain Sekal - 1310)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1315)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge -CO - ACSO T'shalaith - 1317)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 13:20)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge -CO - Captain Sekal - 1323)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge -CTO - Lt(jg) T'Mur - 1324)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Cloaking Array control - Engineer Ensija

Tycho Alantar - 1324.5)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 1325)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 - Drs Penn and Teller- 1345)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 9 - Astrometric & Cartography - Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 1350)

(USS Illuminar - Trei's Office SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.50.5)

(USS Illuminar - Trei's Office - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.51.5)
 (USS Illuminar - Trei's Office - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.52)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Bridge -- CO Captain Sekal and SFI Michael Weston - 1400)
 (USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1400)
 (USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1401)
 (USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1402)
 (USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1403)
 (USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1404)
 (USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1445)
 (USS Illuminar -- CMO Office -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1446)
 (USS Illuminar - Bridge - Deck 1 - CTO - Lt. (jg) T'Mur - 1450)
 (USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1450)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - Science Lab 3 - Drs Gaillus Penn and Teller-1500)
 (USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1501)
 (USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1520)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Briefing Room -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1600)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1601)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1, Briefing Room --Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar-- 1604)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room -- Chief of Security Lt (jn) - 1605)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1, Briefing Room -- Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar -- 16:08)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Briefing Room --CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice-- 1609)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Briefing Room -- Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee-- 1610)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Briefing Room SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.10.5)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1611)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - CTO - Lt(jg) T'Muir - 1612)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room - Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 1615)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room -- Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee -- 1615.5)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1616)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Briefing Room --CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice-- 1617)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - CO- Captain Sekal - 1618)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - SFI - Michael Weston - 1619)
 (USS Illuminar -- Conference room -- Deck 1 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1620)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - SFI- Micael Weston - 1620.5)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1621)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - SFI- Micael Weston - 1622)
 (USS Illuminar -- Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1625)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -1700)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 1715)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -1716)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 1717)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1718)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CTO - Lt.(jg) T'Mur - 1719)
 (Altair System - DP7 - Deck 5 - Control Center - Lieutenant Able Breckinridge - 1725)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 1930)
 (Altair System - DP7 - Deck 5 - Control Center - Lieutenant Able Breckinridge - 1732)
 (Starship Gideon - Deck 1 - Conference Room 'Captain' Brother Love - 1800)

(posted by Al and Tim)

Gregory caught up with Dr. Solice, "We seem to keep missing each other my good Doctor. I still need a physical as per the Captain's orders, and we have those other matters to discuss."

“Excellent Doctor. I can think of no better time.”

"It's more than I expected. When we lost Commander Peters, I'd only been 3rd officer for a while, and was finally getting Gamma shift really humming. Now I have to work with Commander Verin to do the same for the Beta shift. Of course, the Operations team does most of the other work, so it's a matter of reviewing paperwork and making sure everyone has what they need. I admit it's nice not having split shifts like before, and being able to get off around 2200 and still have time to relax before the next day. You?"

“Delegation is a skill that will help you. It’s hard, I know. Identify whom you can put in charge so you can get some down time,” Gregory replied.

“Well, Pick a biobed and have a seat. I am going to go and grab my tools.” Quinna said as she moved forward to the medical station. She pulled a tricorder, standard inoculations, hypospray, and a blood kit. Moving to the biobed, Quinna looked around sickbay. It was a Quiet moment right then and there. She liked the quiet moments.

At the biobed, Quinna pulled up the 3-d console and started inputting the code to retrieve Dieter's records. She started to run the medical tricorder node over his body. "Can you lay back?" Quinna asked as she started up the biobed. "The Biobed will run a series of electrical signals through your body to see how your muscles will respond." Quinna informed

“Just don’t let it get you overly simulated.” Quinna advised, “You might like it.”

"You wound me Dr. Solace. Wound me I say," Gregory replied in mock anger and shock. "I am an officer and a gentleman, and not all the rumors you hear are true." He paused. "Well maybe some of them are. Go on Doctor, do your worst."

Quinna reached over and initiated the electro scans. "Now just relax. I can monitor your reflexes at the same time." Quinna said and took a step away. "Oh and thanks for being my guinea pig on this new test." Quinna but her bottom lip to keep from smiling.

Gregory almost jumped off the bed. "What??? Are you serious?" he demanded.

"I am so kidding on that." Quinna revealed. "It has been tested several times. So...How are the sensations?" Quinna asked, wondering what it feels like.

Laying back down, "It's not unpleasant, if you like mild electrical shocks," he said. "That was never my thing, but if it gets you the data, I can grin and bear it."

Quinna immediately turned off the device. "That is not right. You should be feeling a mild vibration throughout your body, not shocks." Quinna looked at the settings and it was set for Dieters specific body chemistry.

"Well it seems that you might have been sold a bill of goods."

"I am sorry, that was the first malfunction." Quinna said.

"No apologies necessary," the second officer said as he sat up and swung his legs off the bed. "Shall we do this the old fashioned way?" he asked with a smile as he started to take off his shirt.

Quinna's back was turned at the time, "Sure." Quinna pulled out her old medical equipment and then turned. "Do you strip for all your doctors or just me?" Quinna asked as she started to check his reflexes. She had to admit. She did like what she saw. And she certainly could look.

Gregory chuckled, "I thought all doctors told their patients to undress. At least that's been my experience," he replied. "If it makes you uncomfortable ..." he leaves off

-Later -

"Would you be interested in sitting in on some of the simulations I am having beta and gamma operations teams run? It would be good to have someone other than me in the command chair."

"You are not planning on going all "Kobayashi Maru" on me, are you?" Quinna asked. She knew that was a practice that has not been done for a couple of decades.

"No, I don't believe in no win situations and feel Admiral Kirk was right to change the parameters of the simulation," Gregory replied. "These are like choosing your own adventure type activities. You're given a scenario and have to navigate the outcome. Some involve first contact, others aggressive aliens, and the like."

"Sounds intriguing. I have been looking at delegating some of my duties to other doctors," Quinna said. Though she still could not let sickbay go, not even part of it.

"Excellent, I'll talk with Commander Verin to take part of my shift to get you setup. I'll introduce you to my holo advisors as well. They are brutally honest in evaluating things, but it's the best way to learn. Just watch out for Admiral Kirk, he likes a hands-on approach to things."

He turned and headed out of his office. Mason often grumbled if Quinna asked him to pitch in with shifts in sickbay. After all, he was an ME. She would remind him that that meant he was still a doctor. He just never had to worry about keeping his patients alive.

But with Hezzy alone in sickbay Mason figured he could, at the very least, be there for support. And just maybe they would have time to sort through their relationship. They got married on Betazed in that crazy mass ceremony, and they... consummated that union, for sure. But since they returned to the Illuminar they had not had much time together. And they had not really talked about whether either of them were serious about being married.

Perhaps the timing could be better, but maybe they could clarify their status. And if they're married, perhaps Hezzy would consider moving in with to his Quarters.

He entered the main sickbay too find that his bride was busy organizing the medical staff. He walked over and stood behind her for a moment. Slowly he reached out and touched her shoulder.

“Perhaps I could be of service?” Mason offered.

(reply Hezuela)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Sickbay - Ensign (jg) Hezuela -1151)

For a few minutes, Hezuela had been standing in front of a biobed, carefully tapping her fingertips across the numerous displays of the surgical support frame. At the center of the arrays was a large screen to produce detailed, holographic images of the patient's anatomy. Next to it, on the left, displays for vital signs lined up in pairs one below the other. Opposite, correspondingly on the right, were the basic controls of the frame. In addition, there were several smaller screens above and below, which had no fixed assigned function, but simply served as redundancy for the current requirements. In addition, Hezuela had the impression that the edges of the various elements had a gentler curve - a design decision that she liked, but which had no relevance for the functionality. But all in all, Hezuela was confident that she would be able to handle the surgical frame successfully, at least if the technology didn't scorch. But to prevent that, the infirmary had its own professionals to take care of all the technology.

"Ms. Fox, will you come see me for a moment, please?"the Orion called through the sickbay at a normal volume, waiting patiently until the assistant arrived at her side. The woman, named Thalia Fox, was about two heads shorter than the Orion and had red, long hair that she tied in a braid every day.

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?". Hezuela shook her head and pointed to the biobed with the surgical frame before stroking her hair again. "No, but what is the status of the technical equipment in the sickbay?". "Everything is in working order. Are you nervous?". Even though this question puzzled her a bit, she set out to give an honest answer. "Nervous, maybe not, but certainly a little excited. What makes you think that?". Fox chuckled. "You play with your hair." Hezuela realized her guilt and smiled briefly before hearing the door hiss behind her.

When she felt a touch on her shoulder, she turned in a flash and recognized Mason, who was standing behind her and had just obviously snuck into the sickbay. Honestly, she hadn't expected him to show up, but apparently her future husband was always open to surprises. She nodded briefly to Fox and then turned to Mason before hugging him. She skipped kissing him this time, it seemed rather inappropriate in the current situation. "Hey, I missed you," she whispered softly, then let go of him a what felt like an eternity later, only to answer his question. Sure she could use a little help.

"Of course you could help," she began, thinking for a moment. "Maybe you could help me prepare the sickbay for any injured."

(Reply Mason)

(Posted by Bogdana)

[illegible]

Mason accepted Hezuela's hug, smelling her hair. It always smelled so good. He knew that the Orion women were famous for the production of pheromones, but Hezzy made it clear that she had taken precautions to monitor her pheromone production. This was her normal odor, and he always reveled in it.

Mason looked around to see the hustle and bustle of activity, and chuckled, "Looks like you have things well in hand in the area. Quinna is, if nothing else, almost OCD with her organization skills. I believe she just pulled a series of all-nighters to get the center in order. It's more a matter of deciphering her organization system."

He walked over to a cabinet and opened it, "As I suspected bandages." He smiled at his wife, "This is your first battle scenario. None of your academy training will completely prepare you for it, but believe in yourself and your medical skills. You're a wonderful doctor. And trust your staff. They know what they're doing."

[illegible]

Almost subconsciously, she followed Mason to the cabinet where the bandages were stored. "Yes, she did," she replied, chuckling at the comment about shifts. In her opinion, Quinna was even more talented than most Starfleet Academy instructors when it came to organization, and it was pleasant to work in a tidy sickbay.

Then she turned back to Mason and smiled at him. "Thanks, I'm glad you're here". And she really was, she hadn't thought he would actually come. She ruffled his hair once, but stopped when she heard what she quickly identified as the sound of a transporter. That could not mean anything good. „Damn“

[illegible]

Quinna was learning about the bridge and each station. She turned to look at the engineering station. She swore she saw Matrix there a second ago. She jumped from her seat to find him on the floor. He was not moving. She touched him with no reaction. No fever or signs of illness. She pulled the emergency medical kit. The tricorder picked up nothing.

(Reply Sekal, Bridge)

(Reply Sekal, Bridge)

(Replies)

[illegible]

"Thanks, I'm glad you're here," Hezuela said ruffling his hair.

"Damn," Hezuela said softly under her breath.

Mason moved over to Quinna and sat on the arm of her chair. "Matrix again? Any idea of what happened?"

There was a tone noting that the test results were in. Quinna pulled out her PADD and began to look at them carefully. Mason looked over the top of the PADD and looked at the results, upside down. There were a series of red dots in Matrix's brain.

(reply Quinna)

Squinting into the dish to try and get a better look he shook his head, "What do you think?"

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -1155.5)

Mason moved over to Quinna and sat on the arm of her chair. "Matrix again? Any idea of what happened?"

Quinna was confused. He did not seem interested before. He only questioned when death was in the air. She then looked up at him. He seemed rather casual with her. "Right now, I am not sure. Waiting on the brain scan he just passed out on the Bridge without warning."

The indicator went off. Quinna looked at the PADD

"What in God's name are those?" he asked.

“Oh Crap,” Quinna said, ignoring Mason’s question. Quinna moved past Mason and tended to Matrix. When the imminent emergency was over, Mason ushered Quinna to her office

[illegible]

"Sir, possible aspect change on the Valiant. Science, Tactical please confirm."

T'shalaith ran her fingers across the console as she switched her attention to the Valiant. The officer was right. Something was changing minutely in the course of the ship. "Confirmed, sir. The ship appears to be making the start of a course change."

"Looks like he's getting suspicious, Sir. He might be pulling a Crazy Ivan."

T'Mur spoke from her station, "It is illogical that they should be suspicious. The cloaking device is functioning properly. Our spatial displacement is well within the wake of the Valiant's"

T'shalaith watched as her fellow Vulcan officer discovered the illogical behavior of both the humans on the Valiant, and the ability for humans to detect something amiss on the Illuminar. T'Mur's mind and words moved quickly, as she knew they would. "The Valiant has made a sudden change of direction. Their course had changed by forty-two degrees port dorsal. Recommend that we adjust to match within 5 seconds to avoid any chance of displacement detection."

The Vulcan science officer tapped quickly on her console, "Sending a suggested course correction to the helm based on the Valiant's current course." She filed away the concept of "Crazy Ivan" away for later as she continued her work on the translation and decryption of the message they had been working on. She was confident the message would reveal itself soon.

(reply none, unless you need/want to extend)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

USS Valiant - Deck 1 - Main Bridge -FO - Commander Bryce Wentz - 11:57)

Wentz paced the floor of the bridge as the shirt spurt of communications went back and forth. He wasn't particularly happy, and the FO tended to pace when he wasn't happy. There was just too much happening on the ship that he hadn't been read into, and it was leaving a bad taste in his mouth.

The Commodore was not, typically, this closed-mouthed about his plans. Whether Bryce agreed with the man or not, he usually knew where he stood. But he knew his duty, and followed orders, as long as they didn't put the ship in jeopardy, or didn't morally compromise him. He knew that serving under a high-ranking official was always a fine line as these people always had a hidden agenda. But he had hoped that he'd garnered enough trust from the Commodore to not be left in the dark.

“Sensors?” was all he called out.

“Nothing on long-range of short-range sensors, Commander,” came the immediate response from Lt. Jamison at the tactical station.

"Crazy Ivan," Wentz ordered. "Scan our wake for spatial displacements."

"Anything?" he asked.

"Scanning sir," Jamison replied. Then he reported, "No sign of anything unusual."

"Nothing unusual does not mean nothing is there," Bryce said with his usual realistic candor. "Keep scanning. Something feels... off."

"Aye sir," Jamison said.

The sound of the door to the ready room opening cut through the tension and the Commodore stepped out. Bryce nodded at his superior. "Steady as she goes, helm. Commodore on the bridge."

(reply Commodore)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

"Isn't that rather tricky? As I understand it, asteroids are objects of motion. So while we are in there, we are even more vulnerable?"

"To observation no." His eyes traveled about the bridge noting the concentration of everyone on their duties. "An asteroid field is a hazard yes but their dangers are often exaggerated and this one is no exception. Asteroids like any other stellar body have a fixed speed though conflicting angular alignments result in collisions. We will Intercept the field at one of its less densely populated areas where there is room to maneuver and take up position where we are shielded by some of the larger bodies while observing activity in the system.

He then fixed his eyes on the Valiant. What were the strange coded messages it was sending out?

[illegible]

Mason moved over to Quinna and sat on the arm of her chair. "Matrix again? Any idea of what happened?"

Quinna was confused. He did not seem interested before. He only questioned when death was in the air. She then looked up at him. He seemed rather casual with her. "Right now, I am not sure. Waiting on the brain scan he just passed out on the Bridge without warning."

The indicator went off. Quinna looked at the PADD

"What in God's name are those?" he asked.

“Oh Crap,” Quinna said, ignoring Mason’s question. Quinna moved past Mason and tended to Matrix. When the imminent emergency was over, Mason ushered Quinna to her office

[illegible]

Quinna took her usual seat behind her desk. She turned to Mason with a “What are you doing?” Quinna gently put the dish on her desk.

Squinting into the dish to try and get a better look he shook his head, "What do you think?"

"I am not sure what it is. I will be taking it to the science department soon." Quinna said. She then looked directly at home. "Mason, What is going on?"

(Reply Quincy)

“Why all the attentiveness all of a sudden?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Quincy)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

She was monitoring live video of their entry into the system. The asteroid field seemed a plausible place to sneak in behind the enemy. The yellow alert sounded. She continued monitoring the live view in case she can see something to report to the bridge. At this point there was nothing to report. She tapped her COMM.

"Trei to Weston. Report to my office. Trei out."

(Reply Weston)

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar -Trei's Office SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 12.00.5)

Ariel Had lunch in her office which she sometimes did. She was looking at the asteroid field video feed when she saw something strange. Several small apparitions swirled around the field . She thought she was seeing things so she magnified the video to max isolating the apparition itself. What she saw was something she only heard in bedtime stories told by her father of long long ago. The stories told of a furry species called Tribbles. From what her father told her, tribbles multiplied at a ridiculous rate and had an issue with Klingons. Her father had an encounter with tribbles when he was a kid and the tribbles went crazy for some reason when around him. He didn't know why but found out later that the tribbles were scared of him for reasons he did not know. Back to the present she saw one of what

would be best described as a ghost tribble move toward the ship. The ghost tribble made its way to the wall of her office. She watched it hover there as if contemplating coming through the wall. It finally did and looked at her with curiosity. She looked at the ghost form with equal amazement. The ghost tribble came toward her as if to interact with her. The ghost tribble passed though her as if she wasn't there. The ghost tribble bounced about her office as if remembering the fear of Klingons even though she was 1/4 Klingon. The ridges on her forehead was enough apparently. The ghost tribble began to split into two ghost tribbles then exit her office through the door. This was a serious situation that had to be dealt with now before the whole ship was covered with ghost tribbles. She tapped her COMM.

"Trei to all. We have a emerging situation. Two ghost tribbles have exited my office. If you encounter one try to contain it. Call me when you do so. Trei out."

This was either going to be a real fun situation or a headache. Lets hope it will be fun.

(Reply All)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Engineering, Cloaking Control - EngO Ensing

Tycho Alantar - 12.01)

=^=Trei to all. We have a emerging situation. Two ghost tribbles have exited my office. If you encounter one try to contain it. Call me when you do so. Trei out.=^=

Tycho's face telegraphed his confusion, "A Ghost Tribble? What in Gre'thor is that?" He looked at the others in the room, and no one had an answer. Just as he was about to call back and ask why Trei was taking comms over for a joke, a pale blob of fur tumbled from the ceiling, followed by 5 more.

He tapped his combadge, "Alantar to Trei, we've got 6 on deck 12 already."

He watched as one seemed to take a running start in midair, flying through several people one after the other, all of them unsuccessfully trying to grab the "assailant" before its incorporeal form flew away. After each body, a new glowing orb arose. "Make that 10!"

(reply any, trei)

(posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters - SFI- Michael Weston - 1201.5)

Michael's morning routine had included a small breakfast, followed by a brisk calisthenics workout. He had cleared most of the furniture from the living room and had added some workout equipment, such as light weights and a progressive set of kettlebells, as well as a few padded mats to workout on. He would workout for an hour and a half. Quinna would often comment that the ship had a well equipped gymnasium, but Michael didn't appreciate that every time he walked in the place others felt they had to prove themselves against him. It grew wearisome. It was just easier to exercise in his apartment.

He had completed his routine and had begun to look at the information he had gathered about the actions of Fiona over the past ten years. It made some interesting reading.

=^=Trei to Weston. Report to my office. Trei out.^=

He picked up his comm badge and attached it to his chest.

(Reply Trei)

[illegible]

“Mason, What is going on?” Quinna asked looking at Mason.

“Why all the attentiveness all of a sudden?” Quinna continued her inquisition.

His voice trailed off before he mentioned his dead wife. He had been feeling pretty upbeat, the first time in a long time, and he didn't really want to alter the mood. But as usual, Quinna was the one to bring in the reality of his situation. They both sat silently for a minute.

(reply Solice)

[illegible]

As Quinna materialized in sickbay, Medics Klinger and Rizzo rushed to her side. They moved Matrix to a bio bed and started stripping him of his uniform. They took great care removing his Combadge and Pips. They placed them in a box to be stored at the medic station. While Klinger and Riz took care of the little things that no one seems to think about. Quinna started running tests. The obvious was a body scan and a blood draw.

By the time Matrix was assigned and tucked into a biobed, Quinna was ready to start the Neuroscan of the brain. Since no immediate signs of infection were evident on the initial Tricorder reading, it was time to go more in depth. The test was going to take some time to complete. Quinna took the blood to the Medical computer for more of a detailed analysis. Now it was the waiting game. She sat in a chair next to Scott's bed and waited.

It did its job. As soon as the abnormality was detected, Quinna was notified. She pulled in the results on her PADD and started to scrutinize what she saw. It was smaller than a pin and was inside the brain. Who knew what it was or how it got there, but it did the damage. A small piece of something started to move in the brain and apparently caused some minor damage. Quinna managed to localize the foreign intruder and beam it out of the brain.

Taking a look at the things, Quinna could barely see it. She was sure that you would miss it if you did not know it was there. It amazed Quinna that something so small that it was hard to detect with the human eye can cause so much damage in the body. Even though Matrix was out of danger, he was still in a coma. Quinna initiated the Coma procedures. She felt like she was doing that too much lately.

(reply none)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -1202)

"I don't know," he finally broke his silence, "maybe it's this whole thing with Hezuela. She's woken up a part of me I thought long gone. She's made me want to consider living. You used to always joke about how I had all of the answers for the patient, just a little too late. Maybe it's time I changed that. I'd like to try being a doctor again."

Quinna stood and moved around her desk. She leaned against the desk next to where Mason was sitting. "Mason, you know we got along because we had to. If our siblings did not marry each other and you did not marry my best friend, I would not have gotten to know you. I can see the change this spontaneous event has on you has been great. I can see more life in your eyes. I really like the new you." Quinna commented even if Mason cared to hear it or not.

(Reply Quincy)

“So let me get this straight, you want to work in the main sickbay?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Quincy)

“And if needed you will still work in Autopsy?”

(Reply Quincy)

"Ok," Quinna started, "I will put you in rotation." Quinna watched the light brighten in Mason's eyes, "However, there will be no hanky panky in sickbay, Not in the storage closet, the bio beds, or in my office." Quinna had a momentary pause, "Deal?" She held out her hand for him to shake.

(Reply Quincy)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -Sickbay -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1203)

Quinna sat in her office after Mason had left. She was working on paperwork when she heard the ship-wide announcement. "Trei to all. We have an emerging situation. Two ghost tribbles have exited my office. If you encounter one try to contain it. Call me when you do so. Trei out."

Quinna became concerned with her friend. It sounded like she was losing it. Quinna looked around and she saw nothing. She shook her head and decided that she needed to file an initial report about the Matrix with the Captain. She held up the jar with the little black thing that was in Matrix's head. She hoped she had this was it and he would wake soon. Her next stop after this would be science. Perhaps someone in science could help her decide what it is and how it got there.

(reply none)
(Posted by Kris)

Quinna stood and moved around her desk. She leaned against the desk next to where Mason was sitting. "Mason, you know we got along because we had to. If our siblings did not marry each other and you did not marry my best friend, I would not have gotten to know you. I can see the change this spontaneous event has on you has been great. I can see more life in your eyes. I really like the new you." Quinna commented even if Mason cared to hear it or not.

(reply Quinna)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Mason looked at the offered hand warily, then slowly reached out with a sigh, "Deal. But you take all of the fun out of sickbay. How can we create a hospital soap opera without hanky panky?"

Quinna shook her head, “I did not say this is a hanky panky place. There are still some places I have not ruled out. There are ISO rooms, Autopsy. I bet you could teach the dead bodies a thing or two.”

(Reply Quincy)

“Besides I stake claim to those places I listed first.” Quinna smiled.

(Reply Quincy)

“Say, do you want to start now on that shift?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Quincy)

"I could use time for paperwork and a nap. Can you work with Hezeula out in sickbay for a while so I can take time for myself?"

(Reply Quincy)

"Thanks," Quinna said.

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

She heard the report from Engineering of more ghost tribbles. The situation was getting serious very quickly as the ghost tribbles were multiplying rapidly. She tapped her COMM.

"I'm on my way. Don't touch them til I get there."

She rushed to Engineering to find Alantar and ten ghost tribbles roaming around. She walked up to him and explained what she knew about tribbles.

"I was the first to encounter them in my office. One passed through me and became two after that. I suspect the same happened here. From what my father told me about tribbles is they multiply rapidly. Reports from the original Enterprise is that they had to transport them in mass or suck them out by a escape hatch. There was nothing much more to do to contain them. Any suggestions to do this?"

(Reply Alantar)
(posted by Edward)

[illegible]

The eager analyst came over and gave a rundown of their perspective. Tycho was listening, but not watching, as his attention was on the

floating fur. He snapped open a tricorder and made a scan of one when it floated by. His full attention returned to Trei when she posed the question, "Any suggestions to do this?"

He took the readings and cast them to a console for easier working, the holodiagram tribble phantom looking almost more lifelike than the real thing. "I'd say don't feed them and send them to Gre'thor, but they seem to 'eat' by passing through us, and no one's been able to grab one yet."

He cocked his head with a slight grin, crossing his arms and leaning Riker-style on a console, "You got any ideas?"

(reply Trei)
(posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

Alantar asked her with a smile if she had any ideas. She had a couple.

"We could try to lure them out of the ship with projected holographic images outside the ship. We could also try blocking off a path to exit the ship by strategic placed force fields. that match the ghost tribbles frequency

therefore the ghost tribbles are prevented to pass through the force field and their only option is to exit the ship. What do you think?"

(Reply Alantar)
(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Tycho frowned, bouncing off her pretty quickly, "Well, they seem to be at least semi-attracted to organic bodies."

(Reply Trei)

"Do we have any way of seeing if it's live food they need?" He smirked a little at the thought of Klingons being live food for tribbles.

(reply Trei)

He signalled the cadet in the room, "Mr. Tracy," waving him over. A blonde haired, innocently faced cadet came over, "Yes, Sir?"

"We need containment options, Cadet, grab a couple classmates and locate anything that might contain these little nightlights." As the young trainee went off, Tycho waved a hand at the floating fur ball closest to him, and it reacted almost like it was pushed through water.

[illegible][illegible]

=^= Negative. Further instructions will be F2F. I do not want any delays. After the debrief I will come aboard for inspection as per itinerary. Prima one, three out. ^=^=

An eyebrow lifted as Sekal absorbed the content of the message. "Curious." He looked about the bridge. "Conclusions or thoughts?"

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Gregory listened with interest in the exchange between the Valiant and the Interdiction Platform.

"Sir, since this is on a coded channel, using a non-traditional Star Fleet coding approach, that this may be the lead you were expecting. Of course, the inspection comment suggests a higher ranking Star Fleet officer, at least of Captain rank, but possibly higher."

Gregory started entering information into his station, "Sir, interesting, Star Fleet has The Valiant off on a diplomatic mission to Sector 7. They seem to be a bit off course," he said as he continued to scan the data. "Further, there has been a recent change of command on the ship, and Admiral Taylor has his flag on the ship."

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

T'shalaith worked diligently with the computer to ensure the translation was accurate. It had taken much of her attention and focus as she worked alongside the computer as the message slowly unraveled into an understandable message worth the captain's attention. She was completing her fourth check of the translation when Captain Sekal spoke from the center chair.

"Has that message been decrypted Ms. T'shalaith?"

T'shalaith confirmed, "Message has a 99.99% authenticity ratio, Captain. It is the best we can do given the circumstances." Logic demanded she be precise, and her brief experiences in linguistics had not been enough for her to lend her authority to the authenticity. She did not feel regret as a human would, but she wondered if she should devote some of her off-shift time to burnishing her skills in the places she lacked complete understanding.

The captain asked, "On audio."

=^= Ceres three five what is your current status? ^=^=

The additional wavelength had been identified and served as a carrier wave for a reply.

=^= Ceres three, five here. Status nominal. Standing by for instructions. ^=^=

=^= Ceres three, five arrival at fifteen thirty five. Have the subject ready for inspection, you will both be coming aboard the Valiant for debrief. ^=^

=^= Ceres three, five copies, will be ready to transport aboard with Outrider one for debrief. Any additional instructions? ^=^=

=^= Negative. Further instructions will be F2F. I do not want any delays. After the debrief I will come aboard for inspection as per itinerary. Prima one, three out. ^=^=

T'shalaith ran the text of the translation back, her mind absorbing the pieces and parts of the message and flying into examining the possible contexts around each element with multiple possibilities being suggested, removed, examined, and reworked again. Who was the subject? Was it alive? Inspection suggested something else. Alien? Human? Or something else? Something...more? Was Outrider the thing being examined?

"Curious. Conclusions or thoughts?", the captain asked.

The second officer spoke up, "Sir, since this is on a coded channel, using a non-traditional Star Fleet coding approach, that this may be the lead you were expecting. Of course, the inspection comment suggests a higher ranking Star Fleet officer, at least of Captain rank, but possibly higher." The 2O did some further digging and delivered further details when he spoke again, "Sir, interesting, Star Fleet has The Valiant off on a diplomatic mission to Sector 7. They seem to be a bit off course," he said as he continued to scan the data. "Further, there has been a recent change of command on the ship, and Admiral Taylor has his flag on the ship."

T'shalaith frowned slightly, "Captain, Lieutenant Commander...I have an additional layer that bears considering."

(Repy Sekal, Gregory, any)

The assistant chief science officer put the text of the translated message on the main screen as she spoke, "Whoever the subject is, they are to be inspected." She highlighted the text, "The subject may be Outrider One or it may be someone else entirely." She tapped another key to bring the text down even further, "The second mention of inspection appears to be as part of an official itinerary or some kind of schedule for whatever Prima One Three role in this." She paused, "The subject is to be inspected onboard the Valiant...and then there is to be some kind of official inspection of a ship - possibly to grant plausible deniability to the parties involved." She considered further, "They may have already been assigned here, as the Lieutenant Commander suggests in order to cover for whatever else it is they are participating in at this time."

(reply Sekal, Gregory, Any)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 13:20)

Gregory turned his seat around when the aCSO started speaking.

"So we are seeing what looks like some official inspection, even though their orders say they should be nowhere near here," Gregory replies. "And there is an admiral's flag on-board, meaning there is a flag officer here too."

"Sir," he said, "While this is mostly educated guess, we need to get some eyes on the station and ideally on the Valiant, see what we can find in their computer banks."

(Reply Sekal)

He paused, "Engineering, can we use the transporter when under cloak?" he asked.

(reply Engineering)

[illegible]

Gregory was the first to reply. "Sir, since this is on a coded channel, using a non-traditional Star Fleet coding approach, that this may be the lead you were expecting. Of course, the inspection comment suggests a higher ranking Star Fleet officer, at least of Captain rank, but possibly higher." He queried the database. "Sir, interesting, Star Fleet has The Valiant off on a diplomatic mission to Sector 7. They seem to be a bit off course, further, there has been a recent change of command on the ship, and Admiral Taylor has his flag on the ship."

Sekal nodded. "Please continue."

"Whoever the subject is, they are to be inspected. The subject may be Outrider One or it may be someone else entirely. The second mention of inspection appears to be as part of an official itinerary or some kind of schedule for whatever Prima One Three role in this. The subject is to be inspected onboard the Valiant...and then there is to be some kind of official inspection of a ship - possibly to grant plausible deniability to the parties involved." They may have already been assigned here, as the Lieutenant Commander suggests in order to cover for whatever else it is they are participating in at this time."

"So we are seeing what looks like some official inspection, even though their orders say they should be nowhere near here,. And there is an admiral's flag on-board, meaning there is a flag officer here too. Sir," he said, "While this is mostly educated guess, we need to get some eyes on the station and ideally on the Valiant, see what we can find in their computer banks."

Lt. Commander Gregory then called down to Engineering. "Engineering, can we use the transporter when under cloak?"

(Reply: Engineering, any)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12, Cloaking Array control - Engineer Ens jg Tycho Alantar - 1324)

The Crazy Ivan move had been a good test. They managed to stay hidden and the Valiant settled back into her route to destination. Tycho was running numbers on how to improve the situation if they were dealing with evasive maneuvers. He took a PADD from the cadet who walked up and waved them off. Cadets currently had standing instructions as runners during high alerts, just in case comms went down and he needed info from the main engineering deck. Standard Grey walked back to a free console and started the next set of calculations.

=^=Engineering, can we use the transporter when under cloak? ^=^=

Tycho snorted before he hit his combadge to connect the line. "This is Alantar, Bridge, no, beaming is not possible while cloaked. People moving has to be by physical means."

He left it to them to decide on the "physical means" for now, but left the channel open so just shook his head with a smile. Obviously the pressure was making hyperfocus happen. Everyone was asking simple questions outside their own field.

(Reply Bridge, any, none)

(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge -CTO - Lt(jg) T'Mur - 1324.5)

T'Mur listened to the decoded message and was intrigued by T'shalaith's admission of the secondary message. Gregory surmized that the agenda of the Valiant's mission.

"So we are seeing what looks like some official inspection, even though their orders say they should be nowhere near here,. And there is an admiral's flag on-board, meaning there is a flag officer here too. Sir," Gregory said, "While this is mostly educated guess, we need to get some eyes on the station and ideally on the Valiant, see what we can find in their computer banks."

Sekal nodded at the comments of each. "All very logical. How to inject someone onto the station will be a subject of discussion during the upcoming briefing. Is there anything else?"

Gregory then called down to Engineering. "Engineering, can we use the transporter when under cloak?"

Sekal quirked an eyebrow and waited for the reply. He knew the answer but would give his Engineering team the opportunity to answer.

"Captain, Commander, I understand that Mr. Alantar has been instrumental in the adaption of the cloaking device and is currently monitoring its progress. Perhaps his input would be beneficial at the briefing."

(reply Sekal and/or Gregory)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SO PO3 Hercules Devers - 1325)

Standing in the back of bridge, Devers listened to the discussion of the bridge officers. He shared glances with Collier as there was discussion about how to get someone aboard the station and the ship without being seen. He knew there were many in security who wanted revenge for the attack on the Captain. It had been a personal affront to them that a spy and saboteur made it on the ship.

After about ten minutes, with the doctor's looking on, impressed, he stopped and tapped a compile button. The screen swirled until a rectangular device came together.

Pluto (dwarf planet) -39.53 AU, 5,913 million km

Michael's morning routine had included a small breakfast, followed by a brisk calisthenics workout. He had cleared most of the furniture from the living room and had added some workout equipment, such as light weights and a progressive set of kettlebells, as well as a few padded mats to workout on. He would workout for an hour and a half. Quinna would often comment that the ship had a well equipped

gymnasium, but Michael didn't appreciate that every time he walked in the place others felt they had to prove themselves against him. It grew wearisome. It was just easier to exercise in his apartment.

He had completed his routine and had begun to look at the information he had gathered about the actions of Fiona over the past ten years. It made some interesting reading.

=^=Trei to Weston. Report to my office. Trei out.=^=

Weston looked up from his research with an odd look on his face. ~That was quite rude.~ Then he smiled to himself. What was she thinking? That he would just jump to her call. He'd already made his feelings clear. He had no intention of being partners with Trei, nor was he her lap dog. He does come when called.

He picked up his comm badge and attached it to his chest.

“Weston to Trei, I’m sorry but I am not free at the moment. I probably won’t be free for a while. And when I am free, I seriously doubt it is in my plan to “report to your office”. I don’t report to you Lieutenant. If you have a problem with that take it up with the captain. Weston out.”

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Trei's Office - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.51.5)

Just as she was trying to figure out what she was going to do next, she was transported from Dr. Frankenfurter's lab to sitting behind her desk in her office on the Illuminar. The whole sensation was quite intriguing. She went back to going through video to gain information on the situation while waiting for Weston to report. He more likely had the information she was looking for because she could not find anything at the moment.

(Reply Weston)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Trei's Office - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.52)

Weston stated that he could not come to her office as he was busy. This did not surprise her but did disappoint her greatly. She supposed she should expect this from him but it disappointed her nonetheless . She tapped her COMM.

"Very well as you were."

(Reply none)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge – CO Captain Sekal and SFI Michael Weston - 1400)

Michael didn't really know where his status was as far as being on the bridge but he needed to talk to Sekal, and he was uncertain if his comm channel was being monitored; either by Roanoke or by Lee.

so he'd rather not risk using it. Plus, he can't say he wouldn't enjoy seeing how many feathers he'd ruffle just being there during a yellow alert.

When the turbo lift doors opened he stepped out and took in the scene. Quinna had been one of the first to turn her head, looking a little lost. He smiled at her and gave her an encouraging wink. Everyone else seemed preoccupied with various tasks. T'Mur, of course, scanned him with her eyes, as though she could see weapons through his clothes. Once satisfied with what she saw she nodded. Michael made his way to the captain and stopped beside his chair.

"Captain, I'm aware this is not the best time, but can I have a moment?" he asked.

Sekal turned only his head. "Yes Mr. Weston?"

Michael looked at the captain for a moment. It might have been more discreet to have this conversation in private, but he was also aware that it would have no effect on the Vulcan's ego.

"I was under the impression that you and I had an understanding of each other, and I was allowed to do what I needed to do, as long as I followed your rules. Why is it, then, that you feel it necessary to have me followed? And I was not aware that all non-crew members were considered a security risk in a yellow alert."

The Vulcan's expression didn't change but his voice took on a curious note. "I gave orders to have you followed Mister Weston? Explain."

"There was this lovely young lady from your security department waiting by my quarters this morning. Everywhere I went she went. Some of the places I went led me to the conclusion that it was no mere coincidence. I'm pretty sure I know when someone is following me."

An eyebrow quirked. "I issued no such order, you are mistaken. And why did you assume I had ordered you followed?"

Michael looked at Sekal and spoke his words very carefully, "When I confronted the young lady she told me that Lt. Lee had ordered that I be monitored. When I confronted the good Lieutenant he told me that your standing order is to treat all non-crew members are classified as a security risk. Your standing order. He is a member of your senior staff so I must assume he is working with your full knowledge and authority."

"Ah, I see." The Captain noted. "I will speak with my Chief of Security about the matter during the departmental meeting after we have reached our objective. Now is not a convenient opportunity but the matter will be dealt with. You may remain on the bridge if you wish until then."

Michael nodded, "I'd appreciate that. I'd also appreciate it if you reminded him that I do not need a job. And that he is not the person I need to be productive for."

He hadn't realized how irritated the Security Chief's comments had made him. Finally he took a breath and stepped back. "I appreciate your permission to stay on the bridge."

The Captain nodded slightly and turned back to the viewscreen, there was much to do and watch for before he could divide his attention.

Michael looked over at Quinna and gave her a wink and a smile.

(reply none)

[illegible]

“Alarm set” The computer replied.

“Computer, Place a Do Not Disturb notice on the doors.” Quinna said and then, “Computer, turn off all lights.”

(Enter Dream) (NRPG: I actually dreamed this last night but as Kris and Not Quinna)

“So as you can see, it is a bit of a dated office suite but retro is in.” the Realtor said. Quinna wondered why they were there.

"I bet you do like it. Good thing you don't like everything retro." Quinna laughed.

“And what about you?” Quinna asked.

“Ummm,” the Realtor said, “Shall we move on?”

The three moved around the dated building. Others were there as it was an open house. They came to a room where a wooden box was in the center. The realtor said, "This room is a great work room. Perhaps a good place to get your hands dirty. You two look around while I go check in with the office."

Mason crossed the room and took her in his arms. "I think it is something that we will never know. It is odd that this box is there though." He changed the subject, "So, should we put an offer in?"

Quinna was not sure but she did love the space, the large rooms, and things. “Will it make you happy? I think we should. The sooner the better, this place has much work that needs to be done.”

Michael smiled widely as he took Quinna in his arms. It seemed weird that the realtor had not come back but then what was weirder was the fact that the box had Quinna's name on it. "Look at this."

Quinna turned to see the box. Michael opened it and inside where was a bomb. The only person that knew they would be there was the realtor. "Everyone out." Michael said. Everyone filed out of the room.

"I guess that includes me, too." Quinna said.

Michael gave Quinna a look that said this was it, “Especially you.”

Quinna suddenly found herself out in the hallway.

To Be Continued...

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Quinna paced up and down the hallway. There were no signs of Michael. She stayed strong and took deep breaths to keep herself calm. She never wondered why the explosion was contained in the room. Emergency personnel came in and out of the room, they were shifting from very little rubble.

Every time she tried to get through the door to find Michael, someone would come out of the room. It seemed like a lot of firefighters were coming in and out. She would look into the room.

“We found someone, alive. Everyone stood back. Quinna moved to the side and watched as the gurney came out. She followed them into a room that was nearby. The man on the gurney kept reaching out for her. The hand was burned but intact. The firefighters that brought him out, pulled Quinna to the gurney. Quinna took the man’s hand. To her surprise, it was not Michael. It was Captain Benjamin. He held her tight, he kept trying to tell her something but nothing came out of his mouth. Quinna moved in closer, she looked at his face and his mouth, but she could not understand what he was trying to say. She just could not read lips. She had never been good with that. She backed off as the medics took him out of the house.

The determination came over her as she decided that it was time that she went into the room and to find things out for herself. As those were responding to Sisko, Quinna slipped into the room. She looked around. The room was dark. There was not even any ambient lighting filtering in. She pulled a light out from her pocket and looked around. There was nothing there. The box was gone, the table that it was on was gone, and Michael was gone.

Stepping back out of the room, she noted that everyone was gone. She ran out of the building and there, they were all gone and Quinna was alone. It was that moment that tears fell down her eyes as she realized that no one was there for her.

There were no signs of death but there were no signs of life. Keys in her hands and a Toyota Rav 4 in the driveway, Quinna knew it was time to leave. She got in the Vehicle and started to drive away. She thought that this was Chris all over again. She started crying while driving. She placed one hand over

her mouth to conceal loud sobs as if to keep them muffled from disturbing others but there were no others to disturb.

After driving around, Quinna was not ready to drive home, all she wanted to do was drive around and around looking for someone. She needed someone to talk to and assure her that she was not crazy. It all seemed like a crazy dream. Michael was just in her head and not a real person. She took a deep breath. She had no one to talk to so she opted to just drive home.

Quinna got out of the car and went to get her bag out of the car. She entered the house and there in the living room sat her mother. "How was your day?" Her mom asked. "Roann has been waiting for you."

To Be Continued...

(So remember this is my dream and not Quinna's dream. I will take some artistic license since Quinna's mother is dead and Quinna does not have a 16-year-old.)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

“Hey, Mom.” Roann said.

“Hey, What’s going on?” Quinna asked.

“Do you think you can help me with my Algebra?” Roann handed homework to her mom. It was all about rational functions.

Quinna looked at her daughter. OK. Give me a minute."

“Well I’m Sorry.” Roann seemed to get a bit testy thinking her mom did not want to help.

“Roann, I just walked in the door. Can I atleast put my bag down and then I will help? Promise.” Quinna said.

“Fine.” Roann replied and then went into the garage.

Quinna turned to her mother and her mother gave her that look, “So, how was the office?”

“Office, yeah it was not what I was looking for.” By this time Quinna remembered Michael. But I did not remember all that happened around. She just thought that Michael was dead and she was alone.

“Look, I need to go. You know.”

Quinna's mom nodded as she knew that Quinna needed to go and be with Roann. Quinna took a deep breath as she moved to the garage. She was still not sure why Roann was in the Garage but she was.

To Be Continued...

(So remember this is my dream and not Quinna's dream. I will take some artistic license, since Quinna's mother is dead and Quinna does not have a 16 year old.)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Quinna was heading to the garage then the door rang. Quinna opened the door and the workers were there to pick up the old bed. She knew the workers that were coming to pick up the furniture but something caught her eye. Or someone one per say. The tall dark man looked in her eyes and asked. "Where is the stuff you wanted us to pick up?"

Quinna noticed the burns on his arms and the tattoos. “It is in the garage. The door should be open.” Quinna turned and looked around. “Give me a moment to get my shoes on.”

Quinna closed and locked the door. She turned to her mom, “go in my room and contact the police. I will get Roann and meet you there.”

Quinna had a hunch and her instincts were right on. She walked into the garage to see the man standing there naked. Tattoos exposed head to toe. The man had the anatomy of a Ken doll. “Roann get in the house. My room.”

Roann managed to get in the house. "We called the police, they are on the way."

"You should not have done that," the man said. "We only want..."

Quinna all of a sudden had a gun in her hand. "I said to go away." Quinna yelled again.

The man moved closer to Quinna. He thought that she was bluffing but Quinna pulled the trigger and shot the man. It did not seem to affect the man.

Quinna slammed the door and locked it. She knew that it was a matter of time before the man and his crew came through the door. She was not sure what they wanted but they were looking for something.

To Be Continued...

(So remember this is my dream and not Quinna's dream. I will take some artistic license since Quinna's mother is dead and Quinna does not have a 16-year-old.)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Quinna was running to her room with Roann. What was odd was the walls were suddenly covered in honey Gold wood wall paneling. Roann clung to Quinna's shoulder and would not let go. This hindered Quinna's ability to maneuver about.

Quinna shot at the intruder again. Roann found an open room and went in. Quinna, instead of entering the room with her daughter, stayed outside to fight the men to protect her family.

“What do you want?” Quinna yelled as she was now holding off the intruders with a walker. She could hold them off as long as she needed too. If only she had been a few seconds faster then she could have made it into the room. She hoped that her mother and daughter would make it out of the window to safety.

Suddenly Quinna was not alone. “That is my Girl!” A masculine voice said. The Voice was very familiar. “Leave her alone.” He yelled out.

Out of Dream

Quinna sat up. The dream seemed real. Any struggle she dreamed about always ended with her just being too far away from holding anyone in her arms.

The end.

(So remember this is my dream and not Quinna's dream. I will take some artistic license, since Quinna's mother is dead and Quinna does not have a 16 year old.)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- CO -- Captain Sekal -- 1445)

The ship, still under cloak was nearing the asteroid field. This section of this system's "Van Allen Belt" as some had proclaimed it was composed primarily of larger and less abundant, free moving bodies. Asteroid fields have been theorized to be rings of loose debris which could have, but did not combine to form planetary bodies. Think of it this way, proto planets billions of years in the past were formed from such rings of dust and debris. Why did some not coalesce into planets while most did? A good question. The most likely reason being the gravitational fields of other, larger nearby bodies kept such debris from forming into one larger body, or perhaps they are the remnants of a larger body that at one time collided with another and the gravitational field of the sun kept the fragments within its assigned orbital path. At any rate the presence of asteroid debris fields within a system are not uncommon and if properly charted they can be circumnavigated. Holovids commonly showed them to be continually in flux with constant collisions and while there ARE collisions within such a belt is not nearly as common as dramatized. Plus modern computers were well able to track and plot the course of the debris which opened up lanes of travel or as the Illuminar was doing, finding a position between some of those larger bodies to hide within their sensor shadow.

"On maneuvering thrusters Captain, entering the debris field."

Sekal looked on impassively as Lieutenant Grey Wolf deftly wove her way between several large asteroids that were gently tumbling in their orbit. The largest body in the vicinity looked nothing like a planet or planetoid, it was misshapen and pointed at one end and round and broad at the other. It was also easily as large as a small moon. This experience was one he had planned for Doctor Solice to partake in and would have served her in the future but an emergency in sickbay had called her away. Medical emergencies trumped training scenarios.

"In its shadow Lieutenant, keep us 50,000 kilometers away."

"Aye sir."

"Ms. T'shalaith 360 degree continual scans."

(Reply: T'shalaith)

"Come out of cloak Ms. T'Mur."

(Reply: T'Mur)

He had already called a meeting for 1600.

T'Mur's fingers moved across her board and turned off the power feed to the cloak. She watched her panel for a moment until she got three green lights. "Cloak dropped. We are now in visual spectrum. The cloak appears to be stable. Shields are at full power."

(reply any)
(posted by Al Muir)

With Bohb now working on the device they had been working on, the scientists now had an opportunity to work on some items that they'd put on hold. The thing was that once an idea got into either of their heads they became very single minded on that project... until something more intriguing came along. That left a string of unfinished projects to be worked on.

Teller paged through the notes of their projects, trying to decide what should raise to the level of their collective attention. A green colored folder captured his attention. Bringing it to the fore, he opened it to pursue the contents contained within.

Equations and diagrams filled the screens. Teller cocked his head to the side as he reviewed the information. A line in the formulas was red. "Oppenheimer's ten dollars," he said with a shake of his head.

He closed the folder with a sigh, when a purple folder flashed by on the screen. The Tamarian looked at his partner. "Paddington, the bear at the train station."

Penn made a sound in the back of his throat then pulled out his old PADD from their work on Mars and began to flip through pages of data until something caught his eye. He read through the information and a smile began to spread across his face. This was a project more up his alley.

He dropped the PADD on the table and slid it across to the Tamarian with a smile. “Stephanie Louise Kwolek with DuPont de Nemours. Casimer Zegelan in Poland. Alexander the Great and the linothorax.”

Teller picked up the PADD and started to thumb through their notes and calculations. He nodded slowly, “Jobs and Wozniak founding Apple,” he replied. “Captain America fighting the Nazis.”

Teller made a flicking motion and the contents of the PADD displayed on the screens around the laboratory. The figure of a knight in armor dominated one screen.

Penn pulled part of the data onto his own monitor and began to rework the math. There was a reason this hadn't worked before, and he was convinced it was in here. After several recalculations she saw where the error was. It was such a basic problem.

The problem was that the calculation for energy is often misquoted. Most scientists have used the Einsteinian calculation of $E=mc^2$. But that is not actually the equation. The true calculation is that $m=E/c^2$. It seems to be a small difference but in quantum mathematics it is huge.

He made the adjustment on his PADD and threw it back up on the big screen. “Sokath, his eyes are open.”

Teller looked at Penn's calculations, a smile came over his face. "Edward Weller and the Mars Climate Orbiter," he said in agreement.

Entering the new data into the simulation program the two scientists preferred, as well as adding desired performance parameters, Teller sent the data to simulation. Over the next ten minutes thousands of different permutations were run a thousand times each to generate performance parameters. As the curves started to fill the screen it was clear that Penn's intuition was correct.

This was something they could build.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Al and Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1500)

The replicator was not what Quinna craved. She managed to pull out some supplies and started to make herself some pancakes. Her grandmother always made her feel comforted with special

pancakes. It was her grandmother's desire to make Quinna into the perfect wife and not a starfleet officer.

The big cheat was the pre-made mix. Pancakes always started with a premade mix. It was what she added that made them special. A little maple syrup in the batter with a handful of chocolate chips worked for her. Quinn pulled out a soup ladle to put the mix on the hotplate. She waited just for the mix to create the bubbles on the top before she flipped them. The smell of the maple syrup was intoxicating. After another flip, the pancakes were done. With a cup of coffee in one hand and pancakes in another, Quinna was in heaven.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice 1520)

The deed was done, the pancakes were eaten and the cleanup was happening. Quinna took and left the kitchen clean-up for another time as she needed to clean herself up. She spilled coffee and syrup everywhere. But her tummy was full and she was happy.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1601)

Gregory entered the briefing room, taking a seat on the other side of the table from the Captain. He placed his PADD on the table and looked around. He still had to get to know some of the faces in the room, but that would be for another time, another walkabout.

"Operations reports all systems nominal. We continue to monitor communications and are working on a way to piggyback a signal back to the Valiant to implant a back door. However, based on the information that has been provided about Roanoke, it is unlikely that any operational information would be on the ship's computer, meaning either PADDs or a secure subnetwork within the ship," he said.

He looked around the room and listened to the other department heads reports, taking interest in Ensign Alantar's. He made some notes on his PADD to review power consumption of the cloak versus the hotel load versus combat load. The Anelurian crystal drive was performing amazingly, the Captain was a real engineers engineer.

When Alantar mentioned that it might be possible to outfit a smaller craft with a cloak, he almost spit out the sip of tea he had just taken. Raising an eyebrow, he looked at the Captain and the rest of the officers, "That is very interesting speculation Ensign Alantar," he said. "and has been done," he added.

(reply all)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1, Briefing Room --Engineer Ensign jg Tycho Alantar-- 1604)

Holding a mug in his hand, he'd arrived a minute or so ahead of the hour and taken a seat, placing his PADD and drink down in front of him. Once the meeting was underway, Tycho was attentive to the officers around the table, knowing that any detail could clue a tumble of awareness leading to solutions. when it came his turn. he tried to

be concise and clear.

"Engineering reports are all clear as of the top of the hour, Captain. The trip into the system while under cloak was mostly smooth, as you know, and the asteroid we are positioned within is providing good cover as long as we raise our cloak again before proceeding anywhere." He paused briefly, waiting for any response.

(Reply any here iyw)

"As you know, the cloak's maiden run was successful. Unless they are playing possum, we currently have no reason to assume the Valiant detected us, not even during that Crazy Ivan maneuver. The Engineering team are working on improving the power drain that the cloak currently takes, which is substantial. Based on the telemetry from the recent flight, I estimate we can probably drop power drain by 5%, but it will probably take another flight with the cloak up to get it further."

(Reply any here iyw)

Leaning in he said, "It would require stripping out some of the auxiliary features, but it might be possible to outfit one of our smaller craft with a cloak. That would give us a method of travel to the planet without putting the Illuminar itself in the hot zone."

(Reply any in meeting)

(posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room – Chief of Security Lt (jn) - 1605)

Chief Lee listened with fascination to Dieter Gregory's that a small craft..a shuttle craft..he didn't specify had been outfitted with a cloak device. That would be extremely useful for mission and subsequent other missions. He wondered if it would be possible to adapt the cloak device for a tactical battle suit. He turned to Dieter

"I am intrigued about the concept of cloaking a small ship. I assume you mean a shuttle craft. Can you tell us more? Infact would this cloaking device be adaptable for a tactical battle suit." Said Lee

(reply all)

(Posted by John

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1, Briefing Room -- Engineer Ensign jg Tycho

Alantar -- 16:08)

"That is very interesting speculation Ensign Alantar, and has been done," added the second officer.

Lee jumped in, “I am intrigued about the concept of cloaking a small ship. I assume you mean a shuttle craft. Can you tell us more? Infact would this cloaking device be adaptable for a tactical battle suit.”

Tycho responded to the senior officer first, "Yes, Commander, it is

possible to outfit a small craft, even a cloaking system to hide self-replicating mines during the Dominion War, which themselves are small. But anything smaller than a Danube Class, a Type-11 Shuttle," his mouth grinned just a little at the prospect, "or the Captain's Yacht would be difficult to outfit with shipboard cloaking without either being semi-uncomfortable or stripping out more of the shuttle than would be wise. Like I said, the power consumption is on the high end and that's with the Anelurian crystal drive boosting power quite a bit."

He turned to the Security chief as he continued, "However, Lieutenant, I'm sure there's something we can work up for covert ops personal usage in missions. Isolation suit mechanics would be useful, though adaptation might be tricky depending on materials. Not sure what those suits are rated for in terms of security needs."

(reply any)
(Posted by Lorenz)

[illegible]

Quinna arrived in time for the meeting. She almost forgot as she was at Matrix side. There was no change in his status. "First off, Sickbay is restocked and in order. No change in Mr. Matrix."

Quinna then changed the topic. “As for suggestions as to getting someone on the inside... We did take down part of the group that was on the ship, we cannot assume we have them all. Assuming that an official report has not gone out about what happened. We can surgically alter someone to look like one of the ones on the ship and perhaps...” Quinna’s hand motions started going with her suggestion. “... can board the ship. We know plenty of access codes to get in.” Though Quinna knew that she would be perfect, she really wanted to volunteer to do it, but she also knew better because of her conversations with Commander Verin.

(Reply: Lee, Sekal, Gregory, Verin, Alantar, Trei, Alyl, T'shalaith)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

Lee was jotting down a few notes on his PADD as he listened to Lt. Quinna Solice suggesting that a surgically altered operative should board the USS Valiant to root out subversive Roanokes.

He waited for Lt Solice to finish before he jumped in with his contribution.

“For what would logistically purpose would this achieve?” said Lee looking around the meeting. “It’s a highly risky enterprise. It would require someone who is skilled in covert surveillance techniques, counter proliferation skills and the ability to blend in. That person can’t really go in alone without considerable support backup. A team would be needed to extract that person in case of difficulties. Before anyone suggest that someone from Security should be surgically altered and go in there, I say now..we are visual operatives and not trained for covert operations. We certainly go in there with all guns blazing to extract when required.” The thought occurred to Lee that this was ideal for someone like Weston or this Matrix person but decided to keep quiet about that.

(reply anyone)

(posted by John)

[illegible]

She heard the discussion and thought she could do the job. With her empathic abilities she thought she could be very effective. She didn't like the facial modification much but she would do it to pull off the job. She liked away missions and opportunities to use her abilities. She made the move to volunteer for the mission.

"I can do the job sir. I think my empathic abilities will prove most effective for the mission"

(Reply Sekal, Quinna,)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1611)

After listening to Solice's suggestion and Lee's response, Gregory spoke up. "Dr. Solice, I must agree with Lieutenant Lee about this proposed plan of action. Regardless of the success of the surgery, the larger picture remains that it is more than likely that any of the codes we recovered are any good anymore. That alone would compromise the individual. Roanoke knows that the attempt on Captain Sekal's life was unsuccessful, so anyone we attempted to undergo this surgery would already be suspect and compromised."

"So going in, masquerading as a Roanoke operative is probably not the best course of action," Gregory said. "Have any of you read the Purloined Letter by American writer Edgar Allan Poe?" he asked looking around the room. "I think we need to do something like that."

He turned to the Captain, "Sir, I propose we go in as we are, that we are on the mission to find a Pirates base and gain entry that way. And with a little misdirection, have a few of our crew get aboard and do a search, and I bet our dear Luma might be able to help as well."

He paused, "Of course, that does run the risk of reprisal attacks on you Sir, if you Roanoke really wants to get rid of you."

(reply All)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - CTO - Lt(jg) T'Muir - 1612)

T'Mur entered the briefing room with Michael Weston in tow. She had been asked to secure his attendance as the captain surmised that his services might be required, or that he may have input that may be pertinent. She took her place beside Sienna, leaving the SFI operative standing by the door to find his own seat.

The briefing began with the captain making an opening statement as to the disposition of the USS Valiant arriving at Altair IV. He mentioned the investigation of rooting out the Roanoke elements of the fleet.

"A plan needs to be devised to insert someone aboard the station and find out both who is there and what they are doing," Sekal said. "This is why I have called you together. You may begin reports and discuss ideas for fulfilling these conditions."

Reports began with Gregory stating that all systems were nominal and that communications were working on a way to follow a signal to the Valiant so they could implant a backdoor. However, he didn't seem very hopeful. Ensign Alantar reported about the success of the cloaking device and his plans to reduce the power drain it caused. Then he mentioned the use of the cloak on a smaller craft. T'Mur was surprised that he had not heard that a cloaking device had already been attached to the captain's yacht.

Suddenly Lee piped up with interest in the cloaked small ships. She could already see his mind on how he would use it in some operation in which it was not necessary. "Would this device be adaptable for a tactical battle suit?"

Alantar replied, "I'm sure there's something we can work up for covert ops personal usage on missions. Isolation suit mechanics would be useful, though adaptation might be tricky depending on materials. Not sure what those suits are rated for in terms of security needs."

T'Mur looked at the both of them, wondering if the two of them were truly understanding what they were talking about. "Gentleman, the point would be moot. The power requirement for the current device is such that the battle armor would not be able to support its usage. At the current time the technology, as you stated Ensign Alantar, is a substantial drain on the power required to run a starship. Perhaps this is a conversation best tabled and sent to our R&D department for later examination. We should keep our conversation focused on the present."

She turned her attention back to the captain. "Sir, currently the ship is running at full power, with our shields and weapons at full capacity. I believe a better conversation, or consideration, would be could we adapt the cloak in order to use weapons and perhaps transporters while still cloaked."

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing room - Chief of Security Lt (jn) Keung Lee - 1615)

Lee checked his Padd to bring up the Purloined letter by Allan Poe and speed read the story. He then spoke up "From what I understand that is about a French detective called Dupin who is investigating a letter that goes missing that is difficult to find. So this detective disguises himself wearing green glasses and somehow sees the letter, disguised as another letter, in an organizer box hanging from the fireplace. The tagline being that the truth is often hidden in plain sight." Said Lee summarising the plot. "So it case of deception. Forgive I'm maybe slow on the uptake here but how are we going to practically deceive a pirates base as you described with..a little misdirection. Wear green glasses?" Lee smiled at the thought of it all. The logistics of disguising a ship!

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1616)

"Mr. Lee, this is not a pirates station, it is a Star Fleet Interdiction Platform. As you may recall, Altair IV is a plant under interdiction, no person or ship may land on the planet. It is a court-martialable offense and there is pretty much no appeal. So we are dealing with Star Fleet personal and protocols. The deception, if you will, would be sneaking in some of our people to gather information while we keep the attention of the command staff of the platform on the Captain and Illuminar," Gregory replied.

(reply any)

SS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room – Chief of Security Lt (in) Keung Lee – 1615)

(reply any)

[illegible]

Quinna had sat there and made notes and listened to her crew mates. Ariel was the first to jump on the Ban wagon.

Quinna's heart sank a level. She wanted to be the one. She as been a part of it all since before the captain was attacked.

“For what would logistically purpose would this achieve?” said Lee looking around the meeting. “It’s a highly risky enterprise. It would require someone who is skilled in covert surveillance techniques, counter proliferation skills and the ability to blend in. That person can’t really go in alone without considerable support backup. A team would be needed to extract that person in case of difficulties. Before anyone suggest that someone from Security should be surgically altered and go in there, I say now..we are visual operatives and not trained for covert operations. We certainly go in there with all guns blazing to extract when required.”

After listening to Solice's suggestion and Lee's response, Gregory spoke- up. "Dr. Solice, I must agree with Lieutenant Lee about this proposed plan of action. Regardless of the success of the surgery, the larger picture remains that it is more than likely that any of the codes we recovered are any good anymore. That alone would compromise the individual. Roanoke knows that the attempt on Captain Sekal's life was unsuccessful, so anyone we attempted to undergo this surgery would already be suspect and compromised."

Lee then replies "From what I understand that is about a French detective called Dupin who is investigating a letter that goes missing that is difficult to find. So this detective disguises himself wearing green glasses and somehow sees the letter, disguised as another letter, in an organizer box hanging from the fireplace. The tagline being that the truth is often hidden in plain sight." Said Lee

summarising the plot. “So it case of deception. Forgive I’m maybe slow on the uptake here but how are we going to practically deceive a pirates base as you described with..a little misdirection. Wear green glasses?”

“Yeah but from what I remember, Poe was high on Opium at the time he wrote his stories.” Quinna also commented.

(Reply All)

Dieter turned to the Captain, "Sir, I propose we go in as we are, that we are on the mission to find a Pirates base and gain entry that way. And with a little misdirection, have a few of our crew get aboard and do a search, and I bet our dear Luma might be able to help as well." He paused, "Of course, that does run the risk of reprisal attacks on you Sir, if you Roanoke really wants to get rid of you."

(Reply All)

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Quinna sat back in her seat and watched things unfold from what she said.

(Reply All)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

The planning meeting had gone smoothly and the ideas presented approved by the Vulcan. It was time to bring it to a close. He stood to his feet once more.

"As per recommendation we will leave the asteroid field, I will contact Platform 7 and let them know to expect our arrival. While there Lieutenant Trei, Mister Weston, Doctor Solice, Lieutenant T'Mur and Commander Verin will transport aboard. I will endeavor to keep their attention fixed on me while those on board the station will attempt to find further information to push the investigation into Roanoke activities forward."

He looked about the table. "If there is nothing else this briefing is concluded."

The meeting broke up and he left to begin preparations to push the op forward.

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Michael stood in the back of the room, leaning against the wall, thinking how grateful he was that he'd spent a bulk of his career in the field. If he had to sit through too many of these meetings he'd probably have to kill someone. And it wouldn't be an easy death. It would be as slow as the death they were putting him through right now. He looked around the room to see that Lee, of course, was eyeballing him. He smiled and winked at the man.

Then there was a conversation about having a covert operation sneaking onto the Valiant. It was possible, but not in the way they were talking about. Lee probably wanted to take a squad of heavily armored security men and have a good blood bath. Trei, of course, jumped in to volunteer her mass of experience in covert operations. ~Where did she get her training? Oh that's right, on Betazed, under the tutelage of her father. Um... that would be an equitable mistake.~ Then he looked at Quinna. He could see that look in her eyes. The one that craved danger. But she was less equipped than Trei for such a venture. His eyes smiled apologetically, as he knew that he would make an unpopular recommendation. She would argue that he didn't trust her, but the truth was he'd just like to keep her alive for their next date.

Finally he stepped away from the wall and raised his voice. "Look, y'all are just skirting around the obvious. If you want an insertion team, the fewer the better. First of all it would be fewer people to compromise the operation. Secondly, if fortune did not smile upon the team and they were captured there would be more plausible deniability, especially if you had an SFI operative in charge of the op. And C, they could move quickly and more stealthily through the ship. Fewer things could go wrong."

He began to pace to the other side of the table as he talked, "I get that many of you do not have an appreciation of my skills or even my presence on the ship, but if you were to be honest, I am the only person qualified to carry out this mission. However, I would, most likely, need some assistance. I couldn't do it alone. I'd say a team of three, four at the most. They would all need to be able to ..." he looked at Quinna and shrugged, "fight, to the death if necessary. Many of you are not up to that. Taking a life is no small feat. We all hope that it wouldn't come to that, but we have to work with what is likely to happen, and not what we hope would happen."

He stopped walking beside Sekal, "The big question is how we would get on board."

(reply any)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Conference room -- Deck 1 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -- 1620)

Quinna sat and listened to the conversation. She was not asked to elaborate on her suggestion but it certainly brought in the conversations. She would catch the glances that Michael had thrown, and she certainly was not happy with what they meant.

Quinna took a moment and looked at her PADD. She was monitoring Matrix remotely. She wanted to return to sickbay and then talk to someone in science about the particle that she removed from his brain. She was curious as to what it could be and how it got there.

An alert popped up on her PADD. She jumped out of her seat. “Sorry, Medical emergency.” Quinna then rushed out of the meeting and to the turbolift and to sickbay. Though this was indeed a medical emergency, she was relieved she was out of there.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1620)

The meeting broke up with the beginnings of a plan. It would rely on guile and subterfuge for the teams to find the information they were looking for. Walking onto the bridge, he checked in with Operations to see if progress had been made on accessing the Valiant's computer. Not for lack of trying, but the

Binars still made the best computer systems in the quadrant. Offering some ideas and words of encouragement, he left McFry to call in some help, in the form of Ensign Kud, a Bajoran who seemed to understand computers at a primal level.

Turning to the Master System Display, he noted everything looked green. Power consumption was still high, but in the green still. While the cloak was working, it did increase energy consumption. With that, he walked over to the first officers seat and sat down. With Commander Verin was going on the away mission, he would usually be in the Captain's chair. However, he expected the Captain to be taking the main chair to keep people on the other end of the viewscreen off balance.

He brought out the screen from his chair's arm. "Ms. T'shalaith. Is there anything on our scanners, long and short range?"

"Tactical, anything of tactical concern?"

(reply T'shalaith, anyone wanting to play tactical)

(posted by Tim)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room - SFI- Micael Weston - 1620)

"As per recommendation we will leave the asteroid field, I will contact Platform 7 and let them know to expect our arrival. While there Lieutenant Trei, Mister Weston, Doctor Solice, Lieutenant T'Mur and Commander Verin will transport aboard. I will endeavor to keep their attention fixed on me while those on board the station will attempt to find further information to push the investigation into Roanoke activities forward."

The words rang through Michael's head like a bell. Six people. That did not make an inconspicuous group. And the assignment Quinna Commander Verin was concerning. He knew that Quinna would do what she needed to do, but he never wanted to put her in that position again. She still had nightmares periodically about his own faked demise. Commander Verin was an unknown quantity to him, as an asset. Physically, was she able to handle herself in a fight? Could she kill, if needed? Would she kill him, "by mistake", when an opportunity showed itself?

Before he could voice any of his concerns he heard Sekal say, "If there is nothing else this briefing is concluded."

Everyone quickly filed out of the room, leaving Weston sitting at the table by himself. He was going to have to voice his concern, but he knew it would do no good. Michael was pretty sure that was why the meeting ended so abruptly. Oh, there will be a logical reason for the decision, he was certain. Weston just needed to know what it was.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SFI- Michael Weston - 1622)

Weston stepped onto the bridge to find Sekal sitting calmly in his command chair, perusing a PADD. He stepped over to the Vulcan, trying to be as Vulcan-like as possible.

"Captain," he said softly, in an attempt to keep the conversation between the two of them while staying on the bridge, "are you certain about your selection of the away team. I have my doubts about the ability of some of the team. I'm certain we can accomplish the task with myself, Lt. T'Mur, and Lt. Trei."

(reply Sekal)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Quinna did not stop for anything. She went straight to Matrix's side. She pulled up the 3-D console and started a body scan. Matrix had spiked a fever. The body scan read a build-up of pressure on the brain and infection. She immediately went into emergency surgery.

While the medics were prepping Matris, Quinna went and changed into her red scrubs. They felt nice against her skin. After scrubbing up, she entered the surgical bay. She felt bad running out of the meeting but she was sure that everyone would understand.

Quinna stepped up to the surgical table. She first cleaned the area of the incision. She used her laser scalpel to make the small incision. There, watching the monitor she inserted a tube to drain the liquid. She noted that the liquid was clouded and slightly green in tint. It was the unmistakable sign of an infection.

After the fluid drained, she inserted a small probe into the drain tube. There she directed the tube to make a thorough search of the brain. There Quinna found more of the foreign objects in the brain. She extracted them as noticed that she had found the source of the infection. She decided to take them to the science lab and work with them about finding out what they are and more importantly how did it get there?

After the surgery, Quinna was exhausted. She gave observation orders. Then she moved to her office where she went to write up the report and send it to Captain Sekal.

(Reply Non needed but go for it.)
(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

Quinna sat at the central desk in sickbay. She closed her eyes and leaned back in the chair so her feet were dangling. This allowed her to spin. There were some things that she never stopped doing as a child.

The operation into Matrix's brain was quick. She hoped that she managed to get all of the pieces this time. She left orders to check the drainage from his brain. AS long as it was not green, then it was good. She stopped the spinning of her chair and looked at the petri dish that she still needed to talk to the science department about.

“Hezeula? Can you take care of things here?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Hezeula)

"I need to head to the science department," Quinna announced.

(Reply Hezeula)

(Posted by Kris)

[illegible]

He had settled once more into the Captain's chair. What came next would require finesse and at issue was wording. As he had imparted to another he was not a Vulcan who would shade facts in order to obscure the truth nor lead another to the wrong conclusion. This would require adhering completely to the facts without expanding on them as by so doing he would be required to hedge on the truth in order to avoid revealing their true reason for being here. Officers were casting glances his way, wondering no doubt what their next move would be, what was he planning? Or perhaps they merely anticipated something was about to occur, and it was. It was time to 'show their hand' in the parlance of the game of poker. He had surprised his father in showing his understanding and ability to adapt to that style of command when the necessity arose, it was time to do so again.

"Open a direct channel to DP7, unscrambled."

(Reply: Operations)

He sat in the command chair ramrod straight but his arms and hands were relaxed on the arms of the seat. This was a commanding posture, it spoke of control, unwavering focus and strength of will. That point of view was uniquely human or at least emotional and any emotional species would get the point. This Vulcan was not here to play games, he had a mission to perform and perform it he would no matter the cost ... even at the cost of being disingenuous.

=^= This is Lieutenant Breckinridge of Defensive Platform 7. Identify yourself. You are in the Altair interdiction zone and fighters are being sent to your location. Your ship will be destroyed if you do not have proper clearance and authorization. I repeat, identify yourself! ^=

Able Breckinridge was both shocked and confused at the presence of a ship within the asteroid belt of the system. Immediately upon communications contact the signal had been traced there. Himself and "Commander Hardy" had returned from the Valiant not long before. What was this ship? How long had it been here and how had it gotten in unnoticed?

The Vulcan didn't move an iota, not even a finger twitched.

"This is the USS Illuminar. We were cleared for entry into the system by the CinC, Admiral Ogilvie. No prior notice of our arrival was given due to the nature of this mission."

Able muted the channel then hit the comm button. "Commander Hardy you are needed in the control room." This was in many ways a mummery farce, Able Breckinridge himself was in charge of this station which the rest of its crew didn't know of. Outrider 1 was a puppet and he pulled the strings but this puppet had a mind of its own and that gave Able pause. If the puppet decided at any point to cut the strings himself and the operation would be completely exposed and Able himself would be powerless.

He unmuted the channel. ^= State your mission Illuminar. You have only a few minutes before you come under attack. ^=

The Vulcan was unfazed. "I am not at liberty to divulge the nature of our mission." Sekal crossed his arms negligently across his chest, the move was planned, it showed unconcern and perhaps a bit of boredom. "If you wish to know the nature of our mission you may contact Admiral Ogilvie."

Able felt a bead of perspiration on his brow. This was accelerating rapidly to a confrontation, a confrontation that the Vulcan seemed to be pushing by being closed mouthed. He was refusing to give vital information that could be used to head off a battle. Why?

=^= What is the name of your commanding officer? ^=^=

"I am Captain Sekal."

Able clenched his teeth. There had been reports about this Vulcan and the name was well known. Up and coming, rising fast in the hierarchy and with high level contacts and backing. That made him dangerous as an adversary within the political circles of the fleet. Perhaps that was why he had been marked for termination. The result had been failure and now Able Breckinridge was locked in a martial dance with him. Did he dare accelerate this to a battle? Destruction of the Illuminar would take out a prime target but expose himself and the remnants of his organization to scrutiny and that kind of scrutiny was something he could not allow. Was this the hole card the Vulcan was counting on? What was he thinking? Vulcans didn't play poker, they were known for the analytical structure of chess. Each move planned in advance to check their opponent.

Little did he know that Sekal was playing a hybrid variant of both of these.

The door to the control center opened and Outrider 1 strode in. "Report."

Able sucked in a breath to throttle his temper, he was faced with a difficult decision and the Masquerade at this point was taxing. He didn't turn his head but muted the channel. "The USS Illuminar is in the asteroid belt and must have entered the system under cloak. She signaled us three minutes ago. Three fighter wings have been scrambled to intercept and destroy. The Captain claims he was ordered here by Admiral Ogilvie but refuses to state the nature of his mission. I have the other platforms demanding a report and another squad of fighters awaiting instructions. I recommend you contact Admiral Ogilvie and confirm their authorization before things turn ugly."

Sekal crossed his right leg over his left as he waited for a reply from DP 7. The officer had tensed up noticeably before suspending the communication. He looked around the bridge. "Location of those fighters and time until contact."

(Reply: Any)

He tapped the red alert button and the klaxon began to sound. "All hands to battle stations." He then looked to tactical. "Shields and phasers on standby. Load quantum torpedo tubes."

(Reply: Tactical)

The main viewscreen lit up again. ^=USS Illuminar, Admiral Ogilvie is being contacted. Do not move from your current position. Firing upon our fighters will be seen as an act of aggression. Offensive action has been suspended pending a review of your authorization. You will be notified when the review is completed. ^=

"A logical decision." Sekai nodded at the man then the communication was cut. Sekai answered the unspoken question. "Now we wait."

(Reply: Any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5- Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Quinna Solice -1715)

Quinna stood at her desk and walked to her window looking at the view. No matter if her view was full of stars, nebulae, planets, or just black, Quinna thought it was beautiful. She spent some time thinking.

“Solice to Science”

(reply Science)

"Is anyone available for an analysis?" Quinna asked.

(Reply Science)

“Actually I prefer that it is not discussed over Conn, Can you just please send someone soon?” Quinna asked.

(Reply Science)

“Thanks, Solice out.” Quinna then went back to staring at the Stars.

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CSO Lieutenant (jg) Jatón Alyl - 1717)

Sekal was looking around, seemingly tense as the bridge waited for a reply from DP 7. Jatón was at the science station, monitoring sensors. "Location of those fighters and time until contact."

"Reading seven fighters, bearing 327 mark 23. Time to intercept 90 seconds," Jatón said.

Sekal tapped the red alert button and the klaxon began to sound. "All hands to battle stations." He then looked to tactical. "Shields and phasers on standby. Load quantum torpedo tubes."

(Reply: Tactical)

The main viewscreen lit up again. ^=USS Illuminar, Admiral Ogilvie is being contacted. Do not move from your current position. Firing upon our fighters will be seen as an act of aggression. Offensive action has been suspended pending a review of your authorization. You will be notified when the review is completed. ^=

"A logical decision." Sekal nodded at the man then the communication was cut. Sekal answered the unspoken question. "Now we wait."

(Reply: Any)

(posted by Spencer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 Bridge - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1718)

Gregory moved to operations as the Captain gave the orders to come out of the asteroid field and drop the cloak.

"Open a Channel," he said.

Gregory nodded and signaled DP7. A very surprised officer came on the channel. "Channel open and Onscreen, Sir," he called out.

Gregory began to readiness readiness on the ship, as well as launching a stress monitoring program on the communications with DP7. Granted, it was not as good a a telepath, but something he would trust more.

He also ran scans on the com channels they had been monitoring. Sure enough there was those burst transmissions again. “Miss T’shalaith, I have more burst transmissions for you.”

(Reply T'shalaith)

When Jatón announced the approach of 7 fighters, that bothered Gregory. “That is not standard procedure,” he said. “Flights are even numbers to provide support and aid.

Gregory increased power and frequencies to the science station. “Gave you a boost, Mr Alyl, scan again and also confirm the location of the Valiant.”

(Reply Ayl)

While he waited for the response, and with the com channel on mute, "Captain, I recommend we get our pilots to ready 5 in the fighters, and consider getting pieces in place for Liferaft."

(Reply Sekal)

(Replies - T'shalaitan, Alyl, Sekal)
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

T'Mur listened carefully to the conversation between Captain Sekal and this Lieutenant Breckenridge. The name seemed familiar, and she searched her memory for any mention. The only notation that she had was a shared memory with Sienna. Sienna knew the name, but there were no details in the memory, only negative feelings. Sienna wouldn't trust him, and T'Mur couldn't help but feel herself being influenced by her mate's intuition.

When she heard Breckinridge say that they were launching a fighter attack the CTO began to scan for incoming ships and already began adjusting energy for shields and weapons. She sent a message to prepare quantum torpedoes, just in case. She turned to look at the captain when Breckinridge asked who the commanding officer was. Any Starfleet officer should have been able to quickly discover the name of the command officer of a vessel. It was, as Sienna would call it, a red flag warning. Something was not right about this situation.

Ally called out the location of the seven fighters. Seven? That was an odd number. Usually, fighters traveled in even number packs as they typically fight in pairs.

"All hands to battle station," Sekal called out. "Shields and phasers on standby. Load quantum torpedo tubes."

T'Mur activate her preset programs and the shields came up on standby. Then she brought the phaser array online. Her final action was to send a message for torpedoes to be loaded.

He then ended the transmission with a relieved sigh.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO - Captain Sekal - 1930)

The asteroid belt in interstellar terms was not far from Altair IV, being situated between it and the fifth planet so using only the impulse drive Illuminar had made the trip in less than two hours. The destination? Defensive/Interdiction Platform 7 which was the last line of defense against anyone attempting to make planetfall. The history of this planet extended back millenia, being formerly the home planet of the Krell which had ascended to nearly God-like status during the peak of their civilization which had encompassed over one million years. But in their final hour they had built a device, a device that was meant to bring everything in subjugation to the power of their minds. It was this triumphal peak of technology however which had doomed them and erased an ancient galactic power over multiple star systems in a matter of hours.

And that mechanism remained on Altair IV having been found by one Doctor Morbius and reactivated. The man knew only bits and pieces and had no idea of the slumbering power he had reawakened until the last moment. In that moment of clarity he had died. Because this power of the Krell was cursed, cursed by the very demons that haunt the id of every thinking, sentient being. Whether lust for violence, fear of the unknown, the drive for gain or pain. Hidden in each one of us are fears or lusts kept caged, shackled away beneath our veneer of civilization. The Krell device freed up those monstrous drives to destroy. Now this planet was guarded, kept locked away from anyone who might venture near it.

But this was not the reason for the visit of the USS Illuminar. She was here chasing another demon, the remnants of an organization bent on overthrowing the status quo of a peaceful civilization and turning it into a conquering entity bent on enforcing its will through violence. Three members of that entity were here, a few of the scattered remnant now bereft of the scientific and technical expertise that had once fueled their organization. The last of their great thinkers, an Android that was the height of their achievement and the man who pulled his strings.

Sekal knew none of this, his ship had followed a trail of clues, breadcrumbs scavenged here and there and pieced together. He didn't know who or what awaited them, only that something of importance was here or had once been here and that a man who was reputed to be behind his death sentence would be present.

Commodore Taylor was that man and he now knew he was being hunted but he is a cunning fellow who had decided to attempt to avoid his fate. Able Breckinridge and Outrider1? Well they were hiding in plain sight.

"Captain's log, twenty four, forty six, zero two, twenty one.

The Illuminar has taken up position at DP 7 and away team members have transported aboard in search of clues to untangle the mystery of Roanoke's interest in this area. The planet itself is interdicted though few know of the true reason for it. That information is not available at less than Admiral rank.

We surmise that the one known in Roanoke circles as Admiral Haynes, perhaps on the USS Valiant is also present. Coded transmissions between that ship and DP 7 would appear to indicate a positive identification and that other agents of that illegal body are aboard the station. The away team is tasked with making a positive connection and rooting out the miscreants.

End log."

He turned his attention back to the matter at hand and tapped the comm. "Chief Lee please report to the bridge."

(Reply: Lee, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The door shut behind them and Able swore a blue streak before heading for the desk and initiating a point to point, coded transmission to the Valiant as Outrider 1 stood rigidly watching. It wasn't long before he accepted the transmission in his ready room.

=^= Talk to me. ^=^=

"Something fishy is going on. Captain Sekal and his ship have just been cleared."

=^= I heard. ^==

"Security inspection and we are to give him all support. The timing is suspicious."

The dark-haired Commodore Taylor sneered. =^= There is no such thing as coincidence, not even in the vast universe. They know or suspect something and that is why they are here now. I may even be compromised. How long have they been here?=^=

"I have no idea, no one is talking and when they do they say nothing of substance. Sekal would have fought this entire security gauntlet before he uttered a word about his mission. And how did they get in undetected? Gravimetric sensors should have picked up even a cloaked ship."

"Unless they followed the wake of the Valiant in."

Breckinridge looked up in disbelief at Outsider 1, the comment had shocked him.

=^= Damn it all to hell!=^= It was the Commodores turn to swear. =^= That tears it, we have been made gentlemen or at least I have. We have no way of knowing what they may or may not know about the two of you.=^=

"So what is the game plan?"

=^= Make sure they have their nice inspection, search or whatever they want to call it. Is there any evidence left aboard? ^=^=

"There is no evidence in the mainframe and all physical evidence was destroyed in the explosion. They may have suspicions but there is nothing here to incriminate us."

=^= Excellent. Play the good hosts and let them go away empty handed. As for me, I'll stay put and see if I can have a meeting with the CO. If he knows anything perhaps I can trip him up.=^=

"Good luck with that Vulcan Commodore, he is one *** damned cool customer. I doubt you will get a reaction out of him."

=^= I can't take you aboard and try to run from the system, that would immediately incriminate us. Ride this out and see where the chips fall. We have no other choice. Taylor out. ^=^=

Breckinridge growled as he left the room. "Stay in here and continue your duties, act like this is another normal day."

Outrider 1 watched him leave, a neutral look on his face but his eyes moved restlessly for a moment in time to his internal calculations. Having made his decision he followed Breckinridges instructions as he continued those calculations.

(Reply: Illuminar)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(Starship Gideon - Deck 1 - Conference Room 'Captain' Brother Love - 1800)

"Thank you Joseph," the man at the head of the table. "What are the projections?"

"Brother Love, that is the most exciting part. We believe we have gather another thousand followers on Zetar."

"Excellent. Have Sara begin to prepare our standard followup messages to the new followers. I will tape my special message later tonight,"

A woman in the room pushed a few buttons, "Our next stop Brother Love is the Deneb system. We have Deneb II, IV, V, and XX, so this should be a very profitable leg for us."

Brother Love nodded, "And we have events lined up?"

"Yes Sir, and I have the Choir trying out some new hymns. Real inspirational songs," the woman said.

"Wonderful, wonderful. We'll run with the warriors of God sermon," Love said.

There was a shudder that went through the ship and klaxon alarms started going off through the ship.

"What was that?" Love demanded.

Over the ships communication system came alive. "We had an explosion in the left nacelle. We hit something," came the voice of the Engineer.

"Hull integrity is holding" came another voice.

Love sighed. "The Lord works in mysterious ways," he said. "Where are we?"

Joseph activated the screen, "It looks like we are near the Altair system."

"This could be interesting. What opportunities might there be here?"

(reply none)

(posted by Tim)

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