

(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) Jatou 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)

"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."

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)

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?

(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 that 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."

