

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Mysterious shuttle - SecO, Ensign Galk, Sonn of Jos of the House of Kor -- 0945)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Mysterious shuttle - EngO, Ensign Tegian Pex -- 0946)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - EngO, Ensign Tegian Pex -- 0950)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - EngO, Ensign Tegian Palk -- 0952)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - SecO, Ensign Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor -- 0952.5)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO- Lt. Bohb -- 0954)
 USS Illuminar - Deck 8 - SecO, Ensign Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor -- 0958)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 8 - EngO, Ensign Tegian Pex -- 0958.5)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 8 -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1000)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 8 -- EngO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1001)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 8 -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1002)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 8 -- EngO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1003)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1005)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1007)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters -- CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1015)

 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1030)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1032)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1034)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1036)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1037)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1039)
 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1040)

 (USS Illuminar -- Starboard Warp Nacelle -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1043)
 (USS Illuminar -- Engineering -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1050)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1051)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1052)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters -- CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1445)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters -- CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1450)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 15.05)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 15.10)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1511)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 15.13)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1514)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 15.15)
 (USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1516)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Staging - SC/Tac -- Lt. T'Mur - 1600)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - SO PO3 Alex Collier - 1603)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Chief of Security Office - SecO -- PO2 Carol Lannis - 1605)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 14 -- Chief of Security Office - SC/Tac -- Lt. T'Mur - 1607)

 (USS Illuminar - Deck 13 - SO PO3 Alex Collier - 1615)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.30)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1635)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.40)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1645)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 13 - SO PO3 Alex Collier - 1655)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 13 - SO PO3 Alex Collier - 1656)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex, Lt. Bohb - 1700)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - CSec Office- CSec– Lt. T'Mur - 1701)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 13 - CSec– Lt. T'Mur - 1702)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1710)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1713)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 13- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1715)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 - Corridor - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1716)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 13 - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1717)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 - Corridor - CSec– Lt. T'Mur - 1720)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 - Corridor - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1722)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Lt. Bohb - 1735)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1738)

2446.03.03

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge -- CO, Captain Sekal - 0600)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CSec/Tac- Lt. T'Mur - 0604)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice- 0612)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room -- CO, Captain Sekal & AU Sienna Verin - 0620)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Control Center – SecO, Ensign Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor - 0625)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay -- ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 0631)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CSec/Tac- Lt. T'Mur - 0634)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room – CO Captain Sekal, Alter- Sienna Verin, CSec- Lt. T'Mur - 0636)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge --ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 0650)
(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge --3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice- 0653)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Briefing Room -- CO, Captain Sekal , 3/0 Lieutenant Commander Quinna Solice, ACSO Ensign T'Shalaith, CSec T'Mur, Scientists Extraordinaire, the Drs.Gailus Penn and Teller & AU Sienna Verin - 0800)

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 0923)
(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Ready Room - CO, Captain Sekal -- 0925)
(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Bridge - CO, Captain Sekal -- 0928)
(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Bridge - ACSO Ensign T'shalaith-- 0929)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.30)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1800)
(USS Illuminar – Deck 4 - Explorers Lounge– - CO, Captain Sekal - 1801)

(USS Illuminar -- Medical Bio Lab -- Deck 5 -- CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 18:30)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 5- Medical Bio Lab -- Drs Penn and Teller, CMO/3O Dr. Quinna Solice - 1835)
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 6 - ACSO Office -- ACSO T'shalaith-- 1900)

2446.03.04

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - -- CO Captain Sekal - 0700)
 (USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 0701)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge -- ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 0702)
 USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - CO, Captain Sekal - 0702)
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - CSec - Lt. T'Mur - 0705)
 (USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 0706)

[illegible]

T'Mur looked into the eyes of the Romulan infidel who had aided in the escape of her intended. The woman was being held ten centimeters from the deck plating of the ship, with T'Mur's fingers wrapped around her throat, squeezing.

“Where did my bride go?” she inquired coldly.

The Romulan's mouth moved, but she didn't have enough air to articulate words. Her eyes began to bulge in their sockets. The contact was enough for the Vulcan to reach through Tovay's pittance of mental shielding and tear out the answers to her questions.

"I shan't be gentle next time," she warned. "Open your mind to the information I want and your suffering shall cease, immediately."

::Lie:: was the only response.

T'Mur shook her head, "Vulcans do not lie. We do not have to. Now give me the coordinates of Sienna Verin."

The Romulan's legs began to twitch uncontrollably until there was a snap. Her head flopped to her side and T'Mur withdrew her mind as the light of thought dwindled down and events went out. T'Mur released her girl and looked at the body laying on the floor.

“What a waste,” she said. “She would have subjugated well. Her mind was weak.”

“Strong enough to keep the information you wanted from you,” came a voice from behind her.

“True enough,” T’Mur said, “and yet not exactly. The truth was this one did. It know everything. But she did show me a path through the Maelstrom, and that is where my Siena has gone.”

“So we go after her?” the voice questioned.

“Is there any other logical course?” T'Mur shot back. “Without this union there is a flaw in the armor of the Vulcan Human Alliance the Cadassians can exploit. It could be enough to bring their alliance with Klingons into a stronger position, and perhaps add fuel to their movement.”

“Besides,” the voice said, “if your deductions about her connection to the rebellion are true...”

“Then I will extract the information from her, one scream at a time,” T’Mur finished the sentence. The prospect of forcibly removing the Betazoids soul made T’Murs loins tingle slightly. “Set course for the spacial anomaly. We have a hunt to begin.”

(reply none)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 07.56)

Ariel kept firing at anything that moves. She saw Quinna repress the urge to laugh. If she had her full abilities she would feel it more acutely, but since she doesn't it felt like an amusing reaction. She waited for orders.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 08.05)

She saw the look Captain Sekal gave her but the task at hand was resolved so she filed the stern look in her memory for later. Her Klingon side enjoyed the battle but her Betazoid side will be way more controlled when she gets her abilities back. Until then it was fun to get in touch with her warrior side. The order for 6 hours of downtime was a welcome order. She will crash rather hard in her quarters like a rock dropped from a crane. She left the Bridge to get some rest.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 0815)

Quinna let out a sigh of relief as the Klingons left and they were back on course for the Maelstrom and she was ready to find the other half of their crew. She sat there and looked down at her PADD she carries everywhere. She started pulling up the reports from sickbay. As she was reading about Larry Day, she was not surprised to see Penn and Teller's name come up. She made a mental note to go talk to them.

"Lieutenant Commander, our presence is once again necessary in that sector in order to determine the final fate of the Rhyne. I would suggest efforts be geared toward finding a solution to the destabilizing factors there or we will once again be faced with madness and a deranged crew. You have 18 hours to accomplish this after you take some downtime of course.."

“Yes, sir. I know just the scientists to help with that.” Quinna said. She wanted to make sure they were on it as soon as she could.

His finger hit the shipwide comm. "Gamma shift will remain on duty for the next six hours, alpha rotation will resume at 0600 tomorrow, beta rotation begins at the normal time. All crew not on gamma shift are to take a mandatory 6 hours of downtime." His finger tapped the button again as his eyes turned to Quinna. "That includes yourself as a doctor and is an order."

“Of course, I will get some rest.” Quinna said, “But even though you are Vulcan, you will need to get some as well. We must all be in tip-top shape for tomorrow we save the rest of the crew.”

(Reply Sekal)

Quinna stood to leave the bridge. She stopped in front of T'Mur. You have 1 hour and then you are to leave and will not be allowed back for another 7 hours as you need to rest.” Quinna said in regards of T'Mur in sickbay with Sienna.

(Reply T'Mur)

(Reply any on Bridge)

Quinna hit her commbadge as soon as the doors closed to the turbolift she entered. "Solice to Penn and Teller. Can you meet me in the CMO office? The sooner the better."

(reply Penn and Teller)

The turbolift swooshed to deck 5 and the sickbay area.

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

T'Mur watched as the Klingon Bird of Prey approached, a ticking bomb just waiting to explode.

The captain's voice cut through the tension, "Switch main phaser bank to dark matter alignment and fire Lieutenant."

T'Mur and Luma had been prepared for this eventuality and the switch of the array took seconds, “dark matter phasers are set and locked. Firing.”

The purple energy cut through the space between them and the Klingons. She watched as it ripped through the Bird of Prey, as the dark matter energy pulled it apart, molecule by molecule, until it erupted in a spectacular release of energy.

"Shield 12 is active!" came the report from Ops.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO, Captain Sekal -- 0818)

“Of course, I will get some rest. But even though you are Vulcan, you will need to get some as well. We must all be in tip-top shape for tomorrow we save the rest of the crew.”

"A logical suggestion, even Vulcans need time to rest." There was one thing left to do though.

"Lieutenant Grey Wolf, you will be taking the CONN for Beta tour in the Interim. Mr. Winters remain on the bridge until 1400."

"YES SIR!: Tempest turned to him with a look that was thinly hidden, she hadn't had a turn in the chair yet. She stood up and turned helm over to Montero. She was going to drop into her bunk for a long nap before coming on later.

"Yes sir." Skashe was relatively fresh, far more than the rest, a few extra hours wasn't going to hurt and he had a lot to catch up on.

Sekal stood up from the chair, his day would be sleep followed by watching the status of the ship closely but first he had something to do, he followed Quinna out less than a minute behind her.

"Deck 5." The doors closed behind him.

[illegible]

The two scientists had, as usual, worked late into the night on one project or the other before retiring to their quarters. Left alone while the Starfleet types were busy doing, well, Starfleety things, the two had debated the merits of the transforming data using the Entanglement theorem, even though it theoretically violated the, so called, Bell's theorem.

The remains of that debate lay on the table while the two checked their eyelids for light leaks.

Suddenly a chirping sound filled the room. Teller swatted at an imaginary insect. “Brundle’s teleportation accident,” he said still half-asleep

The chirping continued to get more insistent. Knowing his partner was a deep sleeper, he gradually opened an eye and realized it was a communication.

=^= Solace to Penn and Teller. Can you meet me in the CMO office? The sooner the better. ^=^=

He tapped his COM badge, “Hawkins. Fred Hawkins. To Yoko.” he replied

“Excuse me?!” Quinna seemed a bit perturbed over that comment.

"Mel Horowitz to Cher Wolowitz."

“Morning hours I believe. I really need your help with your pal Larry Day.” Quinna figured that she could get their foot in the door then she could ask about the rest later.

Teller shrugged his shoulders and stood up to make coffee. He tapped Penn on the shoulder, “Mrs Collins to Tommy, with breakfast,” he says before grabbing the coffee and offering it to Penn.

Penn yawned as he was drawn back to the conscious world. His ears could hear what his friend was saying but his brain was having trouble translating it to a form of communication that he could comprehend. Their discussion the previous evening had turned into a game of gin checkers. Every time a player hit their piece (shot glass) and got jumped they had to drink, then solve the next level of their equation to reach the next quantum level of separation of c-ons. To be honest, the last couple of levels were a little fuzzy in his mind.

The Benzite opened one eye and looked at the chronometer to see the time and groaned. "Robert Lamm to the man in the street,"

He took the coffee and sat up.

Teller chuckled, and moved over to their small bar setup. It was a traditional still, so that the two scientists could control the process of making alcohol. None of that synthehol for these two minds. He began mixing their drink of choice - five parts of their alcohol, one part of a dry vermouth with just a dash of bitters. He began to stir the concoction with ice before straining it out into a decanter of Penn's design, to keep the liquid at the proper temperature.

He looked at his still waking up partner, “Cabot. Joe Cabot to his crew.”

Penn chuckled and stood up, "Ok, Mr. Pink."

He grabbed his robe and tossed the other to Teller. Armed with their decanter, three glasses and a mild hangover, they headed to sickbay.

[illegible]

Sienna's isolation room was simple to get into, no medic on duty was going to turn the Captain away, he sat down in a nearby chair after giving her a good look over. The white lock in her hair was unnatural but the uniform she had been wearing had been removed and she was wearing a one piece garment. Her features were gaunt and stark but the monitor was displaying near normal readings which indicated a smooth recovery. He had beat T'Mur down here which allowed him a moment alone with her to gauge her status.

After settling himself he closed his eyes and began meditating which is something he had not had a chance to do since the encounter with the Klingons, he had just finished reinstituting his mental focus when he drifted off. Once awakened he would return to his room for a full sleep and to check on and feed T'lah but for now a brief nap couldn't hurt.

(Reply: Any, none)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

The meditative trance he had entered was not as deep as the healing one he had used months ago in a similar room, this time however he was not the patient. Within its tranquility a memory formed.

(Vulcan- Mount Selaya Foothills - Shibu Monastery - Stardate 2430.11.13)

Himself and the aged master were facing one another and sitting cross-legged upon the tiles to the left of the doorway leading to the portico, beyond it was the wide, stone stair that descended to the courtyard. Sekal had been eleven years old at the time and only recently come from his father's ship which had returned to Vulcan after a mission relating to the 'Project'. His eyes were closed, his hands loosely set upon his knees.

"What do you feel, young Sekal?"

"I feel the breeze upon my face and the sand and grit it brings, the stone beneath me and the suns upon me master. They warm my robe."

"Yes. And what do you hear?"

"The sounds of initiates doing their chores, the chimes set at the gate rustling in the breeze, the sparring of those in the courtyard, their blows and exhalations. And in the distance the cry of a hunting Sehlat."

"Good, and what do you see?"

"I see only darkness master, my eyes are turned toward the doorway and away from the light."

"No, young Sekal look inward, beyond what your eyes see. What do you find there?"

The young Vulcan considered for a moment. "I see memories, I am upon Earth with the delegation, my mother is speaking with the diplomats from Tellar. They at first appear rude, attacking until she explains to me in private that they are merely speaking their mind, holding nothing back lest they be misunderstood and accused of hiding their intent."

"And what else?"

"I am upon the Sinya watching my father, I see his decisiveness, his authority, the way he carries himself yet he seeks information from others upon which to form his decisions."

"Again, what else?"

"I am much younger, my father has returned home early, I have entered his study and am watching the crystal he left there turning slowly in the air above its base, it is throwing off bluish glints of light like sparks."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, some I can name, memories of anger, fear, embarrassment, others are faded, until I cannot grasp them."

"Good. The mind is a deep pool, when it is still as glass, unmoving, it is at peace. From such a pool one can draw out more than memories. When still, emotionless, we think with clarity, every decision made with logical, flawless execution. Everything we have learned can be drawn upon, calculated and measured..

But when the pool is roiling, turbulent we see only dimly, emotion clouds our judgement, it controls our actions and co-opts our attention. It causes conflict, chaos and indecision."

"I understand master, this is why I am here, to learn control."

"Yes, you may open your eyes."

His eyes opened to dazzling light and he blinked them until the monk became clear. The master was sitting in shadow just beyond him, the awning above and wall to Sekal's right blocked direct sunlight from reaching him. Master Sheu was wearing his dark yellow robe tied at the waist with a red sash.

"Why did you blink your eyes?"

"They have been in darkness master and I opened them to the light, they needed time to adjust and you were sitting in shadow."

"Yes." The aged monk nodded and leaned toward him. "Returning to the light of logic from chaos is not instantaneous young Sekal. Keep your emotions tightly controlled lest you be forced to strive to quell them. Meditate daily, exercise control and do not let down your guard."

"I understand master."

"Good. You will learn much here but it all is based upon this. Without control you will never master them."

"Thank you master, I will learn."

Within the monastery a gong tolled and the sounds in the courtyard ceased. Sekal waited for the master to rise but he did not.

"It is the time for meditation master, the others go to their chambers."

"Indeed it is but meditation need not be performed only in private. One who has mastered it may do so anywhere, even on the stones of the portico. You will find the truth of this and sometimes its necessity."

Sekal drew in a deep breath in response, closed his eyes and began to clear his mind as the last of Vulcan's trinary suns cleared the awning and he was left in shadow. He tried to push out the other

Quinna slipped into the room. She remained quiet as she took her readings. Quinna was pleased that things were improving very slowly with Sienna, but improving is improving. It was still a bit soon. Quinna exited the room to grab her PADD and then reentered.

The Captain stood when Quinna entered. It was evident he had not turned to see her yet.

“Sir.”

"I came here to check on her status personally since I had ordered my Chief Medical Officer to take a mandatory rest period. I am on my way to my own cabin now. T'lah needs looking after and sleep is required on my part."

“That is the problem with that CMO of yours. She listens but then does it her way anyway.” Quinna smiled. “She is improving, but she has a ways to go. But she will be ok.” Quinna supplied.

He turned his head toward Sienna. "Once she wakes I wish to be informed no matter the hour. Lieutenant T'Mur will no doubt be along shortly, I am certain she will see to my wishes."

“When she wakes, you will be the second to know. And Lieutenant has been ordered to an hour only and then she too must rest.”

(Reply Sekal)

"I take it she means more to you than just your XO. One day you will have to let me know the story." Quinna adjusted some of the setting on the biobed and then inputted them into her PADD.

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Once Tavay had arrived on the bridge and T'Mur had gone through her report, and asked her to double check on the availability of torpedoes. She left her with the instructions to call if anything unforeseen occurred. She then made her way down to sickbay to check on Sienna. She moved through their connection to find that she was still resting peacefully. Quinna's medical treatment had been its usually exemplary practice, even if she had made some odd statements over the day. The stress of the day had taken its toll on everyone.

As she walked through the doors to sickbay she could see the captain standing over Sienna's bed, speaking with Solice. Her right hand reached up to her cheek to feel the spot the Sekal had struck her, earlier. They had yet to discuss the incident, but they had not had an opportunity, and she was uncertain that it was absolutely necessary. She stepped forward to the isolation room.

“When she wakes, you will be the second to know. And Lieutenant T’Mur has been ordered to an hour only and then she too must rest.”

Sekal gave a sharp nod, "Logical."

"I take it she means more to you than just your XO. One day you will have to let me know the story." Quinna adjusted some of the settings on the biobed and then inputted them into her PADD.

An eyebrow quirked at her comment. "Commander Verin has been a compatriot since the revival of Mars, a renowned scientist in her field and a friend. It is not necessary to conduct an in-depth analysis of our relationship, Doctor."

"Of course, My apologies." Quinna did not imply anything. She was curious and giving him an opening to talk.

"Captain," T'Mur said, looking at Sekal, "Doctor Solice," she said looking at Quinna, "how is Sien... Commander Williams-Verin?" Just saying her full name gave the Vulcan a more personal sense of her mate.

The Captain nodded but remained silent so the Doctor could answer her query.

Quinna turned to see Lt. T'Mur walking in. "She is getting better than she was before, but it is going to take time. She is going to be ok." Quinna tried to assure T'Mur. She then moved closer to T'Mur. "I think I will take my leave." Then she looked directly at T'Mur, "one hour only."

T'Muir raised an eyebrow in near defiance, almost challenging the doctor to remove her from the room. However she remained silent. Suddenly she felt a shift in the Sienna's consciousness and turned to the biobed.

Sienna's biobed monitors showed her continual and steady climb towards wakefulness. A low, breathy moan of pain came from Sienna's cracked lips. It was the first sound she had made since her collapse on the bridge. Her eyes felt gritty to her, and she was too tired to really open her eyes. Her head turned a fraction towards T'Mur but she was too exhausted to do more than that.

"Qui...nna." Sienna's voice was gravelly and rough. "Meds." She was asking for something to help her energy levels, to wake up enough to communicate. T'Mur could feel her resolute need to report through their bond, which while not exactly stable, was recovering as her body did.

Quinna turned and went back to the biobed. She moved to Sienna's side and looked at her. A spot of brightness in the darkness had just occurred. "Hey there. Let's get you sitting up." She pushed a button to slightly elevate the bed. "Are you in any pain?" Quinna asked. She was not wanting to administer any meds if at all possible.

Sienna whimpered as the bed was tilted. "Meds." She asked again. "Pain." She agreed with Quinna. Everything hurt and she was not going to be opening her eyes without a lot more help to do so. She wasn't going to be staying awake either without the help and it was imperative that she be able to talk to the people in the room with her.

Sekal had been planning to leave but remained near the door, his hands cupped behind his back as he looked on impassively. Interfering in the Doctor's work was unthinkable and had resulted in his being expelled from sickbay in the past, this was an event that he had no interest in repeating.

T'Mur fought the urge to go to the bed and hold her mate. She understood that Solice needed to perform her craft on Sienna. And the Vulcan wanted to be certain that her mate got the best of Solice's attention.

Quinna reached over with a hypospray and administered some Ketoprofen with a bit of stimulant. "This should help. You will still feel tired but not as drowsy. You will be able to sleep and wake naturally later." Quinna turned and picked up her PADD and started inputting the information. "You should start feeling something, but it will take some time to be fully effective."

"Commander Verin, it is gratifying to have you back among us." The Captain spoke simply.

Sienna groaned again, her eyes opening slowly and with a lot of effort. "Quinna. I know you have better meds." She complained, lightly. "You can make me sleep again but I either need a monstrosity," She was referring to the sugar/chocolate/coffee drink she loved so much, "Or more energy." Her lips twitched a little bit, but the light hearted banter seemed pretty heavy. "I wouldn't say I'm among us, Captain." She needed to talk to the Captain about what had occurred, not her friend. "Did you find her?" She looked at Sekal intently. "We have to find her."

"Who, Commander, is her? I do not know who you are referring to." He gave her a curious look. Her penchant for cryptic statements and oblique references appeared to be exacerbated by her current condition.

Sienna stared at him, "The other Sienna. She came through when Luma pulled me over. From where I think..." She shook her pounding head. "I can't feel her right now. Maybe it's distance, or maybe she died. I really hope she's dead." Sienna didn't have the energy to rub her arms, her skin prickling and burning. "How much time did I lose? It felt like forever. I am never doing that again." As the meds worked she began to get more coherent. She still longed for coffee.

He cocked his head in interest. "You were returned to the ship approximately six hours and thirty eight minutes ago. As for this other Sienna of which you speak, we have had no knowledge of any other Sienna Williams-Verin within this timeline, are you certain of her existence?" Perhaps the shock of being relocated by Luma to the Illuminar had caused a dissociative break, otherwise known as an hallucination.

Sienna frowned, "I don't know. The last time I felt her, she was hiding inside a comet tail. Her shuttlecraft had a cloaking device, but the shuttle had taken a great deal of damage. She's being hunted. She's not a nice person, Captain. She's..well she is the opposite of me." Sienna knew that the medication induced energy was running out, quickly.

"I will have Mr. Winters check on this as soon as I leave." He noted she wasn't finished and allowed her to continue without interruption for the remainder of her report.

"When we arrived on the Rhyne, we lost communications almost immediately, including within the ship. Systems were down across the board, energy readings were flatlined. We had not found anyone alive when I left the ship. We all felt something was on the ship with us. Some of us felt physical touches, or the wind that is displaced when someone passes. We all felt eyes on us. We ascertained that whatever was causing this was already affecting us, so many of us took off our isolation suits. I..." She had no energy to reach up to where she had put the chip, "I copied the logs, and put them inside my uniform pocket. The command codes had been changed recently." She was trying to make this report but it was visibly exhausting her. "We began to get control of the ship with the help of Mr. Weston. When the battle began, I ordered everyone to the TIC since it was near a shuttlebay, transporters, the battle bridge and was appropriately shielded. I thought if I got everyone into one place, it would be easier to protect our people."

Her eyes drifted closed again, and they could see her trying to stay awake. "Then Luma did her thing. And the pain, the pain was horrible. I felt like I was being burned alive, from the inside out. It felt like it lasted forever and... I knew that I had broken my promise."

That was it. Her eyes closed again and she collapsed in on herself, out again like a light. She was indeed still in pain. But she was back asleep.

T'Mur pushed past the doctor and the captain, repressing the irritation at having Sienna conscious for a moment and not being able to speak with her. She took hold of her hand and knelt beside the bed. She sent thoughts of her love through their connection.

::Rest my love. I am here with you::

Sienna seemed to relax some when T'Mur took her hand and held it, giving her an anchor.

Sekal stepped back and away toward the door, giving Quinna and T'Mur room as he located her uniform draped over another chair in the room, his searching fingers found the chip and he removed it from the pocket carefully, inspected it then placed it in his own shirt pocket. "I will take my leave." He told the others then stepped through the doorway as his right hand tapped the combadge on the left side of his chest.

T'Mur watched the captain as she maintained her vigil over Sienna. They would still have to reconcile their actions on the bridge. And she was interested in the information on the chip. But that would have to come later. Right now she had more important things to do.

She continued to reach down through their bond, holding her hand and touching her gaunt face. Her mind searched for this other Sienna.

"She should rest. She will feel more comfortable when she wakes." Quinna moved to leave, "If you need me, I will be on duty in sickbay. Remember, you need your rest as well." Quinna then stepped out and back into main sickbay.

(posted by Al Muir,
Kris Bailey
Charles Gatling

[illegible]

The two scientists dressed in robes walked into sickbay. Teller looked around at the hustle of the facility, “Lurch, to Gomez.”

Teller looked at his partner and shrugged. Taking a seat, he took out two glasses and began to pour a clear liquid into each one. With the glasses full, he added a toothpick with three olives to each one, and handed a glass to Penn. “Quint, to Matt Hooper. In the shack.” he said as he raised the glass to his lips.

He took a drink and made a face as the alcohol cut through what was left of his hangover. At moments like this he cursed his partner's Tamarian ability to metabolize alcohol.

Teller stood up, “Dorothy on the yellow brick road. Porthos to D’Artagnan, on the king's birthday. ”

Penn shrugged his shoulders and took a drink from his glass. "Why not?" He followed his partner and the doctor into her office. The door closed behind them.

Penn held his own drink up, realizing that she didn't realize what she was being offered. "I promise you Doctor Solice, it is completely natural, and completely safe. After all, look at us." He smiled as only a Benzite can, which rarely looks like a smile.

Quinna took the beverage and then took a huge drink. She coughed a bit but then recovered. “Do you have anymore?” Though she should not be drinking, technically she was not on duty. “So what do you know about Neuro Physics?”

“Neuro Physics? Well I used to teach a course on Quantum Biology with an emphasis on Quantum Neurological Reset Theory.”

=^= Here sir. ^=^=

Sekal had just left Commander Verin's isolation room and was striding through the medical bay. "Go back through the sensor logs from the time we were in the comet's tail and look for any anomalous readings. I also require scans of our back trail to ensure we are not being followed."

=^= Followed sir? May I ask why? ^=+

"I am uncertain at this time however there is the possibility there may have been another cloaked vessel in our vicinity while we were picking up the shuttles and fighting off the Klingons."

=^= What size of vessel am I looking for Captain? ^= Sky's voice had gone from inquisitive to business-like.

"Approximately the size of one of our shuttles."

=^= Is it possible they could have snuck aboard when we picked up the others? ^=

"A logical question, the answer is unknown at this time."

=^= I'll get right on it Captain. would you like me to notify security to do a sweep of the shuttlebay? ^=

"Affirmative but do so quietly, if we have an intruder I do not want them alerted."

=^= Roger sir, I'm all over it.^=

The channel closed and he continued on his way.

[illegible]

Steven Hammons wasn't bright-eyed and bushy tailed, matter of fact he was currently sitting in a chair before a desk with his feet propped upon it. His arms were hanging loosely, head propped back, eyes closed and snoring lightly. Steven had been on duty all night along with the rest of the crew who had gone through a battle with the three Klingon ships followed by a short respite while the ship transited to the rendezvous location with the shuttles then another shorter battle. When the final ship had turned tail and hastily exited the vicinity Steven like a number of other crewmen had taken the opportunity to "rest their eyes" which involved investigating the dark recesses behind closed lids. Steven's inspection had so far been fruitful. But it wouldn't last much longer.

From the recesses of sleep he first felt the hand rocking his right foot followed by "....Hammons wake up dang you. How long am I going to have to keep doing this?"

The snores stopped abruptly and his eyes shot open. He was in one of the unassigned offices he routinely ducked into to take a break between duties. Why wasn't he in his cabin with his loving wife? Was Alaya even in their cabin at all at the moment? Things were more than a bit confused in his sleep-addled brain since he had been napping when the call to stand down had come through.

Carol Lannis removed her hand from his foot and it occurred to him that she looked like hell. He had worked with her on a number of occasions since Mars until Chief Lee had promoted her first to Armory

officer then assistant to the Chief of Security. Between the two she rarely got out of the control center and into the field. Steven hadn't seen much of his buddy Boyles either since Lee had set him up to run security during gamma shift though they traded jokes on occasion along with some backslaps when he came on tour. Hammons normally worked with the mountain of Klingon muscle known as Ensign Galk now.

"You look like three miles of bad road."

Carol snorted. "While you were napping the Captain called a full stand down and a return to normal shift rotation, I've been up finalizing daily and readiness reports."

"Good! That means I can sleep in a comfortable bed."

"Not yet, I need you to do me a favor."

His legs dropped to the deck and he rubbed his eyes as he sat up. "And what does said favor entail?"

Carol sat on a corner of the desk and stifled a yawn. "I just got a call from the bridge and they want a thorough inspection of the Shuttlebay, there's a concern a cloaked shuttle may have slipped aboard when we picked up the others."

"A thorough inspec... do you realize how long that might take?"

"Hammons..." She gave him a steely-eyed look. "The Captain wants this done quietly and you and I both know you are the best man we have for the job. Anyone else I send is going to go in with a hammer and anvil and make a lot of racket but I know I can trust you to do this on the sly."

He grinned. "Yes, you do know me very well." Steven Hammons, Petty Officer 3rd class at the time had been instrumental in ferreting out and taking down the Roanoke cell on Mars. He was considered a throwback to an earlier era, a man who didn't rely blindly on technology to do his work for him but used guile, solid techniques and gut instinct to get the job done.

Carol rolled her eyes. "Don't get a big head about it..." followed immediately by a sigh, "... never mind, too late."

"Correct as always." He got up from the chair. "No getting in a few hours of sleep eh?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Nuts! All right, let me get a cup or two of coffee in me and I'll rustle up Galk from wherever he's roosting. We'll get right on it."

"Thanks, Boyles will be glad to hear you're on it. Now I'm going to go to my cabin and crash."

"Don't use up the ship's sleep allotment, I'm going to want some later. I'll stop by and check on Boyles before I go."

[illegible][illegible]

"Less intimidating, less intense... you know, just less. Lighten up a bit, If there is someone in the shuttlebay who isn't supposed to be there we don't want them to catch wise to what we are doing."

Galk son of Jos rumbled. "Very well, I will attempt to be less. But do not expect me to be a jolly good fellow."

"Never fear..." Steven smirked. "... I won't delude myself but you can save the intimidating stuff for when and if we get our hands on a stowaway."

"Agreed."

Hammons and Galk both had sidearms, Stevn also had the telescoping rod he almost always carried now and hefted a tricorder, not that he had any misconception that it would work if someone was sitting in the shuttlebay cloaked, it would be good cover though for their activities. "Let's be off."

(Reply: None yet)

(Posted by Charle G)

[illegible]

Two men made their way through the doors to the shuttlebay, the human was staggering slightly while the Klingon was singing something in a baritone that sounded like a cross between opera and a Klingon death chant.

Hammons stumbled and was caught easily by Galk who set him back on his feet.

"Shay Galk, which shuttle was it that you did the hooch in?" Hammons' voice was slurred.

The Klingon stopped his singing for a moment. "Hooch?"

"Yeah, hooch. You know, shine, tippie, hooch, liquor... that kind of stuff. Alcohol you big goof!"

"Ah alcohol." Galk looked offended. "Bloodwine is not HOOCH or any of the other names you called it, it is a warrior's drink for the celebrations of a warrior race."

Hammons swayed on his feet. "But it is alkeyhol."

The Klingon rumbled. "That it is."

"And there ya go." Hammons peered about. "The Erikson right?"

"Yes."

"Then what are you waiting for? Pick up your feet."

Hammons half ran, half stumbled to the Leif Erikson which was halfway across the bay and let himself inside followed by his partner.

[illegible]

USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay – SecO, PO1 Steven Hammons and SecO, Ensign Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor -- 0903)

As soon as the hatch had cycled closed Hammons sobered up instantly and made his way to the pilot cabin. The viewport was polarized which screened out Most light and radiation under most circumstances though the polarization could be changed making it easier to view stellar phenomena. If you were close to a star you certainly didn't want to view it full force! The result was the the port was opaque from the outside and hard to see into.

Hammons sat in the pilot seat and pulled out his tricorder.

"I do not see the necessity for such a display upon entering the bay." The Klingon said sourly.

"We want to look as harmless and inoffensive as possible in case anyone is hiding in here and two drunk officers are highly inoffensive." Hammons explained.

Galk watched him set the tricorder. "You could use the shuttle's sensors... or the ship's for that matter."

Hammons sighed. "We are supposed to be partying in here, not taking the shuttle out for a joyride and I'd have to activate the power supply. As for the ship, when a Vulcan says to do things quietly he means with as few people knowing as possible. Plus a sensor sweep of the bay would be a big tell. Hey We know someone is in here, come out, come out wherever you are!"

The Klingon hmphed. "And why this shuttle then?"

Hammons chuckled. "It gives me the best view of the bay. Look Galk..." he turned, "... logs showed the secondary bay hasn't been opened so if a cloaked shuttle is hiding in here it isn't going to be there but here. I got a look around when we came in but the Erikson is situated where I can look into the other nooks and crannies like those..." he pointed to the empty spaces left by the shuttles that had gone to the Rhyne and remained, "... they're perfect and near the bay doors."

"I do not see how another vessel could have gotten aboard in the short time the shield emitter was down. I was on the bridge when it happened."

Hammons sighed. "The shield emitter was offline for ten seconds, yes?"

"Yes."

"And the shuttles were butted up against the shielding before that and cycling their shields, yes?"

"Yes."

The purpose for the move was well known, while the shields were being cycled they resisted the push of the Illuminar's shields away from the ship and kept the shuttles pretty stably in place.

"Think about it. The shuttles were already there against the shields, how long would it have taken them to accelerate beyond the 30 meter zone where the shields are located?"

"Hmmm. Not long, three to four seconds perhaps."

"And how long from then until the Captain ordered the shuttlebay closed?"

Galk thought about it for a second. "He ordered it closed after the Bird of Prey was destroyed, perhaps twenty seconds."

"Plenty of time for the shuttles to make it a mere thirty meters right?"

"Yes, more than necessary."

"And there you go. The timing would have been fine and it would have taken a damn good pilot but they could have managed to slip into the bay before the doors closed, picked an open spot and hunkered down to wait it out."

The Klingon scratched his beard. "Perhaps. But we still don't know if one got aboard."

"I was working on that before you started asking so many questions." Hammons chuckled and turned on the tricorder.

"Will they not see they are being scanned?"

Steven let out an explosive breath. "I've keyed it for passive scans, it's just reading what it sees, not making an intrusive scan and the power signature will be almost unnoticeable outside the hull."

Hammons started whistling a tune as the tricorder powered up and began scanning the area, as he waited he propped his feet upon the console away from any controls.

"I would prefer to challenge the enemy to show themselves and do combat." The Klingon growled.

"Of course you do, that's why they picked ME to run this sting." Hammons chortled, then dropped his feet to the floor and leaned forward as the tricorder let out a tone indicating it had picked up something outside of normal parameters. "Well I'll be damned!"

"What is it?"

Galk leaned forward.

"A small radiation leak has been detected here in the shuttlebay." Hammons picked up the device. "I'm going to have to open the hatch so I can get a location, you know what to do." They moved back to the ramp and Hammons poised with his hand over the control as he looked at Galk expectantly.

The Klingon gave a grimace, pulled in a deep breath and began his song again. Hammons grinned and popped the hatch. A few seconds later. There was a long moment while the device read the area then he slapped the hatch control again. The portal slid shut and Hammons crowed. "Got it!"

His eyesight seemed to short circuit for an instant but he squelched the impulse to flee and instead took two more steps which brought him to the hull of the invisible shuttle which was now visible. The area was tight though, he got his bearings and slid his hands down it while looking for the hatch which should be on this side. It wasn't though so he reversed direction and followed the Klingon, they made their way around the back and to the other side. The hatch was here.

Galk moved to the other side giving Hammons access to it. He tapped the control which didn't respond. ~Locked of course.~ How to override it? Hammons had come prepared, he pulled a small disc out of his pocket and it sealed to the control, a touch activated it and the device began cycling through command codes, searching for the correct sequence. As it hit on a match it would lock it in. The process took about twenty seconds as Steven perspired nervously. Finally there was a beep from the device and the hatch began cycling open. Hammons and Galk both pulled their sidearms as it slid aside.

Galk was through first with a leap and Hammons right on his heels.

There was no stowaway immediately available, Hammons first thought was that the interior was off-colored with red much more evident than blue but it didn't register at first. Galk slipped to the pilot cabin like a stalking predator and looked inside. "Empty." He growled.

Hammons searched quickly for any nooks or crannies anyone might be hiding in then seeing none pulled off the tricorder and began scanning. The device whirred as he swept it around. Finally... "Our bird has flown the coop."

The Klingon snarled at that as Steven slid back out of the hatch and through the cloak before tapping his combadge, he was looking around as he tapped his combadge. "Hammons to Boyles."

=^= Boyles here, what do you have to report buddy? ^=^=

"We found the shuttle but our stowaway isn't here, he, she or they are on the ship."

There was an expletive. "...damn it all. Security breach it is then."

Yellow lights began to flash across the ship as Jared initiated the protocol and his voice boomed through the speakers as it also came through the combadge. ^=^= This is a Security alert code zebra. The ship is now on lockdown. All non-essential personnel remain in your quarters. Security personnel to your assigned stations. Any personnel seen outside of established duties will be held for questioning. I repeat this is a security alert code zebra. All security personnel to your assigned checkpoints. ^=^=

After the announcement his combadge activated again. ^=^= All right Hammons, get your butt back here for a full report, is the cloak down? ^=^=

"No, which means Galk hasn't been able to override it. Send an engineer or three to take care of it. The power supply needs to be taken offline as well, it's causing a small radiation leak which we were able to detect through the cloak. So the cloak is apparently damaged and so is the engine."

=^= On it, have Galk stand by there in case someone returns and to guard the engineers when they arrive. ^=^=

"Got it."

Hammons ducked inside to relay the message to Galk then headed out of the shuttlebay to Deck 14.

(Reply: All)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 - Sickbay-ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 0909)

“You are not finished.”

The voice of her father echoed through her mind. The world around her was pitch black, and she could only see her body in the consuming blackness of reality. Some feeling of panic rumbled beneath her, and she wondered where she had been before awakening in this...place. The last memory was a surge of pain and the bright white of something...then nothing. Her ears were filled with the roar of silence, and her eyes roamed the consuming emptiness looking for something to explain why she was here.

“You are not finished.” She frowned. Sath had refused to transfer his Katra and had steadfastly accepted his fate in death. The only remnant of him was in the holographic program of her own design. They had never melded minds, and it had been her wish that they had as Sath was losing his battle with death. He had refused, and she had found it odd. She’d even told him so, and his response, “It is not the time” had always bothered her. What better time than when your life was coming to an end?

“You are not finished.”

She looked around at the emptiness once more, "...father?"

The blackness tingled with scatters of lightening and rumbled with her father's voice, "It is the time." T'shalaith tightened her fists, unsure if she was going to have to fight some twisted image of her father. Instead, his normal visage faded into view before her a curious expression filling his face. "I am awake."

She could...feel him? A thousand questions followed by a thousand feelings. "You...are within me?"

Sath let out a long breath and breathed deeply as he stretched out his arms into the colorless world around him and his daughter. He gave her a quiet nod, "I must ask your forgiveness, daughter. It was one of the early weeks of my treatment. You were asleep beside my bed." Another nod, "Yes, I knew I wasn't going to live. I admit I was selfish in wanting to...continue the journey with you. So I...what is the human expression...hitched a ride."

T'shalaith wasn't sure what to say first. "You...you've been within my mind all this time?"

Sath allowed a thin smile, “Having been the teacher of all that you knew, it required much preparation and process. I have several thoughts...”

His daughter, now furious, interrupted him, "You did not have my consent!"

“I did not. I do not think you would have agreed to my request. You were convinced I would survive my battle. I had limited options.”

T'shalaith shook her head, "This not possible. No two Katras can remain in one."

Her father shrugged, “The possibilities of the impossible are enumerable, daughter.”

She shook her head further, "This is part of my condition, isn't it?"

This time he did not shrug. He slightly bowed in apology, “Yes. My presence in you has not helped your current status.”

A third shake of her head, "You cannot stay within me."

Sath glanced around the room as the darkness was brightening, “You will be relieved to hear me agree with you. You will need to construct a Katric Ark.”

T'shalaith was rendered speechless. She beheld her father in a new light, and she wasn't sure it was a good light. It was unsettling to hear his disregard for so much. She was also uncomfortable in recognizing that her lack of care for certain things was something she shared with the man.

“Listen, daughter. You’re going to be waking up. I must return to my hidden space within you. You must construct a Katric Ark. You must do so soon.”

She watched him fade away and realized the world around her was growing brighter and brighter until she heard...

=^= This is a Security alert code zebra. The ship is now on lockdown. All non-essential personnel remain in your quarters. Security personnel to your assigned stations. Any personnel seen outside of established duties will be held for questioning. I repeat this is a security alert code zebra. All security personnel to your assigned checkpoints.=^=

T'shalaith's eyes flew open and she groaned.

(reply sickbay)

“It is welcome to see the inside of a starship once more...and not the corners of my mind.”

(reply sickbay)

(reply sickbay)
(posted by Aaron D)

[illegible]

Mason exited the CMO office. He left Quinna be asleep on the couch but put a blanket over her and put up the 'Do Not Disturb' so she would sleep.

He went back into the main sickbay. He was taking charge until things went back to normal. He went to check on T'shalaith. He could hear her muttering and then looked down at her. Her eyes were wide open.

"Hey, Ensign. Are you with me?" Mason asked trying to get her to focus.

"It is welcome to see the inside of a starship once more...and not the corners of my mind."

"We are happy you are awake as well. So can you tell me what you remember?" Mason started with that to determine if there was any damage from the swelling on the brain.

(Reply T'shalaith)

"Please tell me that you remember me?" Mason said lightheartedly.

(reply T'shalaith)

"I need to run more scans but things are looking much better than was it looked like last night." Mason commented

(reply T'shalaith)

[illegible]

(Posted by Aaron D)

[illegible]

Boyles was fidgety; it had been a while since Hammons and Galk had been sent out. Was there a cloaked shuttle or not? When the comm from Hammons came in he almost mis-hit the reply key.

=^= Hammons to Boyles.^=

"Boyles here, what do you have to report buddy?"

=^= We found the shuttle but our stowaway isn't here, he, she or they are on the ship.=^=

Boyles cursed royally. "....damn it all. Security breach it is then."

Jared hit the Intruder alert protocol followed by the intercom, his words would be broadcast all over the ship as well as through the security only channel. "This is a Security alert code zebra. The ship is now on lockdown. All non-essential personnel remain in your quarters. Security personnel to your assigned stations. Any personnel seen outside of established duties will be held for questioning. I repeat this is a security alert code zebra. All security personnel to your assigned checkpoints."

He then hit the direct channel to Hammon. " All right Hammons, get your butt back here for a full report, is the cloak down?"

=^= No, which means Galk hasn't been able to override it. Send an engineer or three to take care of it. The power supply needs to be taken offline as well, it's causing a small radiation leak which we were able to detect through the cloak. So the cloak is apparently damaged and so is the engine.-^=

Not good, not good. "On it, have Galk stand by there in case someone returns and to guard the engineers when they arrive."

=^= Got it.^=

Boyles then commed Engineering directly. "Engineering this is Boyles in Security We have a shuttle of unknown origin in the shuttlebay with a leaky engine core and cloak, both of which need to be shut down before it contaminates the ship. I need an engineering team in the shuttlebay post haste. I have a member of security standing by to guide you and serve as bodyguard."

(Reply: Engineering)

"Roger that. I'm notifying the security checkpoints to let you through. Notify me if you see anything suspicious. Boyles out."

(Reply: Engineering)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Quinna strolled out of her office. Despite her effort, Quinna could not sleep. She was worried about the missing crew. She worried for Michael. Now she was strolling into sickbay to get something to help her sleep.

"My informal diagnosis is that I am stable and within parameters to return to duty." She looked to him, "What is your evaluation of my condition, Doctor?"

Quinna followed the voice. She did know one of her medical staff was in a biobed.

"I need to run more scans but things are looking much better than was it looked like last night."

T'shalaith considered for a moment before asking, "How did...as you say, it look last night?"

"I thought I heard someone up in here."

"Ensign, last night you were unconscious and had swelling on the brain." Mason said.

"But you knew that. I was not aware you were a doctor, Ensign T'Shalaith." Quinna said. Quinna let Mason continue with the medical tests. "Did I hear you say you were stable and cleared to return to duty?" Quinna asked the Vulcan woman. Quinna took a deep breath, "Ensign, Please let Mason do his job." Quinna then walked away. Surprisingly, Quinna did not go off on the ensign like she normally would. She hated it when non medical personelle thgout they knew more than the doctors.

"Sorry, she needs some rest." Mason said aplogizing for Quinna, "But she is right, you are not stable enough to go back on duty."

"Then I am thankful for the medical staff who kept my life in their hands. Life is meant to be lived."

"That is indeed true. Right now, you need to rest." Mason said.

"What is our current situation, Doctor? I suspect my chief will need to discuss matters with me."

"You can talk to your Chief when they return from the Rhyne." He supplied.

She frowned deeper now, "They did not return?" T'shalaith felt an echo of sadness play across her heart for but a moment before she returned her attention to the doctor, "What has happened to them?"

"The only one that has returned is Commander Verin and she is in no condition. You my dear are not in any position to leave either. I want to keep you under observation a little while. You just woke."

(Reply T'shalaith)

"And those are my final orders, of course if you want to talk to Dr. Solice"

(Reply T'shalaith)

[illegible]

(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible][illegible]

0 0 0 0 ,

"Yes, the cloak is definitely damaged, Galk. It just gave me a nasty shock and affected my symbiont. We're okay, but it's not something we want to experience again." Tegian put his phaser on his belt and started scanning things with his tricorder. "I will see what I can do to shut everything down safely."

"The cabin and main controls are forward." He shrugged. "I expected more of you, it would be unwise of me to assist as I would not be able to protect you in case the stowaway or stowaways return. I will keep watch while you work."

Tegian paused, thinking there was some failure of his in Galk's words and then reinterpreted them. "I was the only one in Engineering when the call came. Everyone else is out doing repairs. I just happened to have returned to check the readings, resupply and check the list for next assignment."

Tegian headed forward. "Thank you for keeping watch. Call out if you see or need anything, please. I will do the same."

(reply Galk)

Tegian entered the main cabin, opened up his toolkit on a handy seat and began to type on the console to see if he was going to be able to do it the easy way or the hard way. Finding that the security officer was right, he started opening access panels.

He pulled the toolkit on the floor and slid under the front console and began to work around the locked out console. Ten minutes later, he was back in one of the chairs, typing at the console. There was a soft whine from the shuttle, that grew and then died down. The cloak first shut off and then the engines powered down. He put his tools back into their case, closed it up and came towards the back. "Galk," he called softly. "I am done."

(reply Galk)

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

The Klingon had stationed himself crouched just inside the hatchway. He could have easily stood outside which would have allowed him to survey the entire shuttlebay and anyone approaching but that could possibly have exposed him to fire and if he went down then Pex would have been at risk as well. And so Galk had elected to take his protection detail seriously. It's not what a Klingon warrior wanted to do but what was expected. From his crouched position he could lunge at anyone coming through the hatch or fire up at them. A coward's way of doing battle in his estimation but with solid tactical reasoning behind it.

There was a sudden sound of the engine powering down.

"Galk, I am done." Pex called back softly from the cockpit.

"Good." He growled and stood to his feet as he activated his combadge. "Galk reporting in, the shuttle cloak has been deactivated.."

=^= Roger that Galk, I'm sending two down to seal it up and keep watch. Please escort Pex back to his duty station.. ^=

"Acknowledged." He stood and waited for Pex to join him aft. He wasn't fresh and this manhunt aboard wasn't going to help matters, personnel aboard the ship needed sleep.

(Reply: Pex)

Galk didn't let down his guard yet, he preceded the Trill as they stepped out of the hatch. "Something is ... off ... about this shuttle." He stepped through and turned after a few steps before finding out why.

The scorch marks and damage now visible were expected, he had seen some evidence of them while himself and Hammons had been creeping around within the embrace of the cloaking field but the shield emblazoned on the aft side of the craft was jarring and unfamiliar. There was a planet of blue and green depicted there and piercing it from the top and with its tip protruding through the bottom a stylized dagger. The Klingon walked up and studied it closely, this was a very warlike, martial symbol which someone like himself could appreciate. Whoever had been flying the craft could be considered an enemy.

"I am not familiar with this device."

(Reply: Pex)

A growl rumbled from his throat. "Whoever came from this craft shall be approached with the utmost care." He tapped his combadge again. "Galk here, the shuttle has an unfamiliar design on it. A planet which appears to be Earth pierced by a dagger."

There was a moment of shocked silence. ^= Damn! Is that security detail there yet? ^= It was the voice of Steven Hammons.

"Yes." Galk heard the sound of approaching footsteps and familiar voices.

=^= Tell them to trust no one, to shoot first and ask questions later if necessary. ^=

The Klingon gave a pleased growl, this sounded interesting. "For what reason?"

=^= I'll brief you when you get here. Hammons out. ^=

Galk turned to Pex. "Are you returning to Engineering or the warp nacelles? I've been ordered to escort you."

(Reply: Pex)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

T'Mur was starting to feel the fatigue from the days events, but she was going to have to eat before resting. She recognized that her body required sustenance, and her lack of desire to eat in their quarters without her mate, so she opted for the officer's mess. It wasn't that she required, or even desired, companionship. She just wanted to avoid being alone at home for as long as possible.

As T'Mur approached the serving station the chef was already there with a tray of her favorite vegetables and a special protein substitute.

"I figured you'd be by," he said. "I look forward to serving you and Commander Verin a special meal when she is back on her feet."

T'Mur was constantly amazed at how this man always had the information he possessed. She always suspected that there was an underground information complex among the service staff of the ship.

"Thank you," T'Mur replied, "I too anticipate that moment."

Sekal walked in with fatigue growing on him, he had made arrangements with Skashe Winters to go over the sensor logs and to scan their backtrail, if anything came of that he was to be notified after 1800, T'Lah had been taken care of and there was still the matter of the logs from the Rhyne to go over. The chip was currently still nestled within the pocket of his uniform. He walked up behind Lieutenant T'Mur and waited until she had procured her meal before ordering his own from the chef.

AS T'Mur turned with her tray she stopped to acknowledge the CO, "Captain Sekal."

“Lieutenant.” He noted with a nod. The chef proudly presented a dish and he turned his head to regard it.

“For you Captain, a special surprise. Roasted Eggplant souffle along with the plomeek soup I know that you like.”

He inspected it then nodded his head. "Thank you chef, you have proven to have some... interesting dishes. Please have it sent to my dining room."

The chef looked delighted, it wasn't often that the Captain chose to use that room and never when there wasn't a special occasion. "Right away sir." He began bustling about and ordering a helper to make sure the dining area was in perfect condition.

Sekal gave him a benign look then turned to T'Mur. "With me Lieutenant if you please." then made his way toward the private dining area.

Once inside he gestured her to a chair and sat while ignoring the chef who was fussing about and inspecting the furnishings. Eventually their places were set to his satisfaction, dishes and drinks arranged and he departed with the door closing behind him.

T'Mur sat across from the captain and watched as the chef preened over the captain. She couldn't help but find it mildly humorous. He gave T'Mur a smile and a wink as he closed the door. She looked at the two meals. Both were quite simple yet his more elegant, while hers more functional.

~It must be good to be captain,~ she thought to herself.

She pulled her plate towards herself and found that the chef had brought her a large glass of iced Vulcan spice tea. Taking a sip, she allowed herself to appreciate its flavor.

He watched her for a moment, there was a small welt remaining on her jaw from the blow he had given her earlier. His food was as yet untouched though he had taken a drink of the beverage. He set the glass aside and broached the subject. "An apology and explanation are in order. How much of what happened on the bridge do you remember?"

T'Mur took a breath as she took a bite of her vegetables, then replied, "To be honest, what is most vivid is what I felt. The sensation was similar to the night I was raped. There was fear and a need to save Sienna. The actual actions of the moment are a bit vague. However, apologies are unnecessary. I was behaving... inappropriately and needed to be stopped."

He cocked his head at her reply. "Then an explanation is forthcoming. I was affected as well though not all were. Doctor Solice for one was in apparent agreement with you that I was somehow delusional. What affected us however was not the same, my emotional controls were broken down though I was in complete control of the input I was receiving from the sensors and they showed that the other ship was not powering up weapons, neither had they raised their shields while you were convinced they were. Under the circumstances I could not allow the Rhyne to be fired upon. Are you in agreement with this?"

T'Mur stopped for a moment and looked at her captain. An instant of guilt washed over her with the thought that she could have been the cause of the death of the others, and Sienna. Then she pushed it back with the logic that she was not in total control of her actions.

"We are in agreement," she replied. "Allowing me to destroy the Rhyne would have been unfortunate."

"What happened next was unwise on my part, I approached the tactical station, you perceived it as a threatening gesture and locked in an automated firing sequence. Your actions were a direct result of mine and my actions were fueled by emotion. In short then I hold myself responsible. This led directly to me striking you in order to override that sequence as quickly as possible. The action was effective but would not have been necessary had I remained in control. If you wish to file charges I will see personally that they are relayed to command."

Once again T'Mur considered her options for a minute before replying, "I believe that will not be necessary. However, I do submit myself for disciplinary action for disobeying a direct order. It was unacceptable, even under the circumstances."

Sekal used his fork to take a bite of the souffle before it became cold, he found it... stimulating. "As you were not in your right mind like myself I see no logical reason for doing so." He took a sip of the tea and set it aside once again. "It is understood that during exploratory missions we might encounter circumstances that are beyond our control or comprehension. I will not condone or countenance

disobedience to orders under normal circumstances however due to the anomalous region of space we are returning to I understand it.” He found himself suddenly, incredibly hungry, having not eaten in the last 24 hours. “I will say that it is my hope in the future that my officers will trust me to make the right decisions despite what they may believe. If I abridge that trust then that quite logically nullifies my authority.”

He gave her a long look. “I also believe in this instance I shall refrain from.... What is it that Terrans call it?... calling the kettle black I believe.”

T’Mur took a bite of the protein substitute. It did not have a flavor to it that would entice someone to eat it. Sienna had likened it to a substance called tofu.

She nodded, “I am uncertain how the color of a pot nor a kettle could sway the beliefs of authority, but I would like to assure you that I do hold your authority in high regard. I do, as you put it, trust your decisions. Even if I did not have my own experiences, those that I have gleaned from Sienna have given me more than enough evidence to warrant such trust. Under normal circumstances I could not believe I was capable of such a breach. It is MY hope that they will learn to trust me as well. And also my hope that this experience has not damaged, not just my position on the ship, but any trust that you may have already had in me.”

“Negative. This matter has been settled to my satisfaction and I see no reason to belabor it. Had I an issue or lack of confidence I would not have set you in charge of Security as well as Tactical. It is to be hoped that Lieutenant Lee along with the rest will be found in short order and returned to the ship. Until then I have every confidence that you will run the department to my satisfaction.” He then turned his attention to the souffle which according to the chef had been prepared without animal proteins as per his own secret recipe.

Between forkfuls he spoke. “The next time Commander Verin awakens, please thank her for returning the isolinear chip. I have not had an opportunity to review its contents but I’m sure the information will be ... fascinating.”

T’Mur nodded, “Indeed. I will pass along your appreciation. I would also appreciate an opportunity to review the information as well.”

She took a long drink from her iced tea, then found herself stretching the muscles in her neck.

He took another sip of the tea, not sure how to broach the next subject. “ Doctor Solice asked me about my relationship with the Commander and I was unsure how to answer her. I don’t believe she was implying anything ... and as you are no doubt aware we have never had a ... relationship. She is a friend only and I am not in any way a threat to your bond nor do I wish to be.” His voice trailed off as he turned his head.

T’Mur raised her eyebrow, “Your concern is not necessary nor logical. What lever the doctor may have been implying, is not important. I am aware of your past with Sienna. She highly respects you, and appreciates you as a friend, and perhaps more. I might go as far as to say she loves you. But it is a love of value rather than of her heart. Beings of emotions use the word love in so many different ways.

Sienna loves chocolate. One might even say in a sexual way. However, she does not want to mate with it. I believe your virtue is safe from her.”

“However, that being said,” she continued, “I do not believe that Quinna was as unaffected by what we felt as you have surmised. Her comment to me on the bridge after Sienna’s returned about my medical training, and again, her reaction to Lt. Trei did not fit her normal pattern of behavior. It may not have been as obvious, but I still believe she was affected. Perhaps she” still is, slightly.”

“One thing is for certain.” He took another drink as he considered. “Until we have a treatment or preventative I cannot risk going within that sector except to insert the probe and vacate the vicinity to monitor the data. The risk to the ship and crew is too great under the circumstances.. And...” He turned his head back to her. “...once I have reviewed the logs I will make them available to you. Having the security department forewarned will be critical. We don’t know yet how far reaching the effects may be.”

"Agreed," T'Mur said, "and thank you."

She ate the last of her food, and tipped her glass to finish the tea, then stood up. "I have much to do before I return to the bridge. By your leave Captain,"

He gave a brief nod. "Dismissed. I will see you tomorrow." As she left him to finish his dinner he thought about their conversation. Yes his concern was illogical, perhaps the still pool still had ripples but the hint of emotion was disconcerting. And who knew what else might lie hidden beneath its surface.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Al Muir and Charles Gatling)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - Mysterious shuttle - EngO, Ensign Tegian Pex -- 0946)

Tegian heard Galk speaking over the comm as he made his way aft. He heard the response as he came to stand behind the Klingon. Tegian had his phaser in his hand again, unconsciously.

Galk mentioned that the shuttle was 'off'. Tegian nodded, knowing what he meant. "The console and construction are close to Federation standards, but not quite the same. Almost a perfect copy, but not completely."

They went outside and Tegian almost whistled at the damage on the hull. They also saw the shield emblazoned on the aft side of the craft. It was a planet of blue and green depicted there and piercing it from the top and with its tip protruding through the bottom a stylized dagger. Galk walked up and studied it closely.

The Klingon grumbled to Tegian, "I am not familiar with this device."

Tegian was studying the damage and scorch marks with his tricorder. "Neither am I, Galk."

Galk's reaction was seemed a little urgent, but then he was security and his job was to take security issues seriously. Tegian listened to the conversation with Hammons with partial concentration while continuing to take scans.

Galk turned to Pex. "Are you returning to Engineering or the warp nacelles? I've been ordered to escort you."

Tegian hadn't actually considered what was next, but the security alert was still in effect and that meant that he couldn't work on anything alone. And he shouldn't tie up security with an escort.

"You're right, Galk. The warp nacelles is probably where I should go. Lieutenant Bohb is there."

He offered his tricorder to Galk. "Here are all the readings I took of the shuttlecraft. Maybe Hammons can make something of what I found. And while the power is shutdown on the shuttlecraft, the leak isn't fixed. If it is started up again, the leak will likely get worse. Oh, and I locked out the console. I left the code on the tricorder."

(Reply: Galk)

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - Main Shuttlebay - EngO, Ensign Tegan Pex -- 0950)

Galk gave a sharp nod and turned to the Trill. "Time to go."

"Do you wish me to lead, follow, or walk side by side, Galk?" asked Tegian, not wishing to interfere with Galk's duties. Tegian wanted to be respectful. He knew he could use Pex's past experience as a soldier and hold his own, but that wouldn't be appropriate in this situation. Save it for when it was needed.

(Reply Galk)

As they walked through the shuttlebay he glanced over at the Trill. "The rumor has it that Lieutenant Bohb estimated three days for repair to the warp drive because of the battle with Duras."

Tegian shrugged in a manner that approximated the humans onboard. He still didn't have it quite right. "That is the estimate that I heard when the Lieutenant first surveyed the damage, but as they start to pull things apart, it could end up being worse or better. I haven't had a chance to see an update. Just like you, I imagine, everyone in Engineering has been running around ragged. When the call came into Engineering, I'd just came back from repairing the damage to the shield emitters. We took quite a lot of damage, but at least the shields are back to full power."

Galk's comment on the Duras clan and something called Grint Hounds made little sense to him.

"I don't know enough about the Klingon politics to make sense of that Galk. All I can say is that I admire your people's code of honor."

(Reply Galk)

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 10 - EngO, Ensign Tegian Palk -- 0952)

Galk indicated that he would lead and he seemed to be right handed, so Tegian walked two paces behind him on his left side. He switched to carrying his phaser in his left hand.

Galk rumbled appreciatively. "Without honor we are nothing and the Empire would stand for nothing but chaos. This is what Duras stands for, nothing but their own ambitions."

"It's a shame that the Empire is unable to eradicate them," responded Tegian, thinking that was the appropriate thing to say.

The pair traveled to the turbolift and got on. "Deck 8," ordered Galk.

Tegian stood silently next to Galk, lost in his own thoughts. He was amused that he even though he was only an inch shorter than Galk, he felt much smaller than Galk. He supposed that was due to Galk's ability to be imposing, something Tegian lacked.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO- Lt. Bohb -- 0954)

Bohb cursed for the twenty millionth time as his fingers fumbled to hold onto the tiny tool required to adjust the flow rate of the plasma injector. He had sent the cadets off long ago to get some rest, but he knew that there was no rest for him until this was complete. Suddenly his comm badge chirped. He sat up and immediately bumped his head on the closest warp coil.

"Ow," he cried out, holding his wounded skull. "What?"

=^=Uhhh, Mr. Galk is bringing Ensign Palk to you. Please meet them at the access hatch.=^=

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," he grumbled. "Sorry, got it. On my way." He needed a break anyway.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 8 - SecO, Ensign Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor -- 0958)

The Klingon stepped out and led the way down the corridor, past another checkpoint until they had come near their destination. Galk saw the Magillan waiting for them at the Jeffries tube access. "I bring your engineer who disabled an enemy craft in the shuttlebay, he did exemplary work."

(Reply: Bohb)

Galk turned to Pex. "Thank you once again for the readings on the shuttle." He hefted the tricorder. "The data will be put to good use. I take my leave."

(Reply: Bohb, Pex)

The Klingon made quickly for the turbolift, he needed to get the tricorder to Security and meet with Hammons, the man seemed to know far more about what they were up against than anyone else and Galk was curious why.

(Reply: Bohb, Pex)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 8 - EngO, Ensign Tegian Pex -- 0958)

They stepped off the turbolift and Galk led the way past a security checkpoint to the Jeffries tube where Lieutenant Bohb was waiting. He was paid a very nice compliment by the security officer.

Galk turned to Pex. "Thank you once again for the readings on the shuttle." He hefted the tricorder. "The data will be put to good use. I take my leave."

Tegian gave the Klingon a slight bow. "Galk, thank you for protecting me while I disabled the shuttle. Your presence was appreciated."

He watched Galk take a few steps before saluting the Magellan. ::Pex, stop that:: admonished Tegan for what must have been the millionth time. ::They don't salute onboard this ship::

"Lieutenant Bohb, before I powered down the shuttle, I finished the repairs to the shield emitters. The ships' shields are at one hundred percent. How may I assist with nacelles repair?"

(reply Bohb

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 8 – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1000)

The Magillan made short work of climbing down the Jeffries tube from the nacelle. He landed on deck 8 and stepped out of the access hatch, and leaned against the bulkhead, as he waited nonchalantly for the arrival of his “guests”. He saw Galk coming down the corridor with an ensign, who looked as though he had been freshly manufactured and just had the plastic wrap removed. He hadn’t had an opportunity to meet all of the new arrivals, and to be honest, some have said that he was a bit intimidating to approach. He never really understood that. Although he did tend to be a little over gregarious at times.

He waved down the corridor at Galk, with a big smile. The Klingon liked to act as though he were dispassionate, but he'd seen the Klingon let loose and enjoy himself. He had a wonderful, full body, belly laugh that Bohb enjoyed hearing.

"I bring your engineer who disabled an enemy craft in the shuttlebay," Galk said in his usual monotone voice, "he did exemplary work."

Bohb looked surprised, "Did he now? High praise indeed from you Mr. Galk."

Galk turned to Pex. "Thank you once again for the readings on the shuttle." He hefted the tricorder. "The data will be put to good use. I take my leave."

Bohb nodded to Galk as he loomed down the hallway.

"Lieutenant Bohb," Pex said, "before I powered down the shuttle, I finished the repairs to the shield emitters. The ships' shields are at one hundred percent. How may I assist with nacelles repair?"

Bohb nodded, and looked at his PADD. He was gratified to know that work had been completed, as he would have been irked if it had not. “Where do you stand with a plasma injector rebuild? I’ve almost completed the actual mechanical work, but am in the process of recalibrating it manually, as I don’t really trust an auto recal.”

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 8 – EngO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1001)

The Lieutenant asked him about where he stood with plasma injector rebuilds. And then mentioned that he almost completed the mechanical work, but wanted to recalibrate it manually. Tegian was a little confused. He still hadn't gotten use to the imprecise language of others. Did he want him to rebuild it or recalibrate it? Well, he would answer both.

"I haven't rebuilt one at this level of technology. sir, but Pex says the last host that he had that was an engineer worked on technology near equivalent. However, I have done recalibrations at my university. We had access to Starfleet technology in some of our labs. How many of the injectors need to be recalibrated Lieutenant?"

(Reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 8 – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1002)

"I haven't rebuilt one at this level of technology. sir, but Pex says the last host that he had that was an engineer worked on technology near equivalent. However, I have done recalibrations at my university. We had access to Starfleet technology in some of our labs. How many of the injectors need to be recalibrated Lieutenant?"

Bohb contemplated Pex's response. He'd had many dealings with Trill before, some joined, but most not. He rarely heard them speak openly about their symbiont in this manner. He knew that a new joining was a difficult transition, but he hadn't thought they been together that short a period. What did he know?

Secondly, he did not like to deal with second hand knowledge. Especially as an engineer you had to get your hands greasy. He had heard this boy had a knack for fixing things. Was that his knack or his symbiont's.

“Just the one we’ve been working on,” Bohb said warily. There is only one in each nacelle. Have you ever had a chance to be inside a warp nacelle? Either you or,” he pointed at his mid section, “your friend there?”

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 8 – EngO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1003)

“Just the one we’ve been working on,” Bohb said warily. There is only one in each nacelle. Have you ever had a chance to be inside a warp nacelle? Either you or,” he pointed at his mid section, “your friend there?”

"No sir, I've not been in one. And Pex tells me that his previous hosts never served aboard Starfleet vessels."

Tegian turned to enter the Jeffries tube and then stopped and looked back. "Sir? I know that Joined Trills make some people uncomfortable. If you have any questions, please feel free to ask. If I don't want to answer, I'll let you know that it's too personal. But, it's better that you don't avoid asking the questions."

With that, he entered the tube and scurried up to the nacelle making room for Bohb when he got to the end.

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1005)

Bohb used his strength and agility to quickly climb up the tube to nacelle, where he'd been working. He moved pretty well for an old Magillan. The floor of the area around the plasma injector was strewn with old parts and tools that he'd been using. Standing in front of the open injector he put his hand on his hips.

“Listen, Ensign, there is no substitute for an actual hands on experience,” Bohb began. “Theory and stories that others have shared are all well and good until you actually get your hands on the item you need to repair. It’s time to get your hands dirty. I want you to put your hand in the injector and find plasma flow regulator. Then take this tool,” he held up the tool that he had been dropping, “and insert

it into the small slot in the middle. When you're ready turn it slowly, counterclockwise, as I monitor the readings for the proposed flow rate. Got it."

(reply Pex)

“Just let me know when you’re ready,” Bohb said as he connected his PADD to the injector data relay.

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir0

[illegible]

Tegian could hear and feel Bohb move up the tube behind him, making him wish he'd asked the Lieutenant to go first. It pushed him to move faster, so as to not slow the more agile officer. Not necessarily the most coordinated in athletic competitions prior to being Joined, Pex's past experiences occasionally allowed him to tap into his body's reflexes unexpectedly. He'd noticed it with his fencing, although that wasn't a skill that Pex's past hosts ever had. And ascending this tube, he moved quicker and more coordinated than he should be able to do so.

The floor of the area around the plasma injector was strewn with old parts and tools that Bohb had been using. Standing in front of the open injector the Lieutenant put his hand on his hips.

“Listen, Ensign, there is no substitute for an actual hands on experience,” Bohb began. “Theory and stories that others have shared are all well and good until you actually get your hands on the item you need to repair. It’s time to get your hands dirty. I want you to put your hand in the injector and find plasma flow regulator. Then take this tool,” he held up the tool that he had been dropping, “and insert it into the small slot in the middle. When you’re ready turn it slowly, counterclockwise, as I monitor the readings for the proposed flow rate. Got it.”

Tegian held up his hands in some confusion. He'd stopped using the universal translator long ago, but idioms like this still slowed his understanding. His hands were dirty. He hadn't cleaned them since fixing the shield emitters, so that couldn't be what the Lieutenant meant. It had to mean that he needed direct experience. Tegian took the tool with his left hand while he slid his right hand into the injector and felt for the flow regulator. He knew what he was doing. He'd practiced this at the university. Maybe he hadn't made that clear to the Lieutenant. He'd done recalibrations. It was likely his confusion on how many injectors for a nacelle that was the problem. He should have remembered that Starfleet used a ratio of one to one.

"Understood, sir," responded Tegian, his confusion gone. He inserted the tool into the small slot and aligned it.

“Just let me know when you’re ready,” Bohb said as he connected his PADD to the injector data relay.

"I am ready." He began to make very small turns counterclockwise.

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

"It is late for one so young as yourself to be out so late."

"Perhaps she is expressing a sense of rebellion from her parents that often occurs at this age."

"Perhaps she is looking for some... entertainment?"

"Then we should entertain her in the manner in which she desires."

One of the men reached for her. She was afraid. It was a logical emotion for the moment. She pulled away and swatted at the next approaching hand.

"She has spirit."

"Then we should hone that spirit."

Suddenly arms wrapped around T'Mur from behind. She tried to fight back but she was small, and untrained for combat. She was powerless as the men held her down and began to tear the clothes from her. Then something changed.

The weight of the assailants lessened. There was a light shining through the night, emanating from one place, like the light of a sun. T'Mur blinked to see the source of the light. It was Sienna. She was dressed in a leather tunic and pants, wielding two long blades.

With a series of swift movements the first assailant fell with a spray of green blood. Then she struck again and the blade in her right hand drove through the middle of the second man's chest. He dropped like a heavy stone. With her left hand she slashed out and dropped to a knee. The angle she created sliced through the leg of the third man, who had been attempting to remove himself from the conflict. The final assailant began to run away. Sienna threw one of the blades impaling the Vulcan to a wall.

The light came towards T'Mur and picked the girl off the ground. "Don't be afraid little one, I am always here for you."

"But will I always deserve you?" the girl asked.

Sienna smile, a blinding smile, "You will."

She leaned down and gently kissed the girl on the lips. Young T'Mur responded with a burning that grew in her. She closed her eyes, until their lips separated.

When she opened her eyes the scene had changed. Smoke filled the air of the bridge of a strange ship. T'Mur looked around seeing the bodies of the away team. Michael Weston was at the helm, which had exploded and ripped through his body. Lee's body was laying on the ground behind the tactical station, his left arm gone and a pool of blood around him. And then she saw Sienna.

"I'll race you to main engineering, however you must stay in the Jeffries tube systems. I assure you that there is a direct line. I will even give you a head start as I clean up here before I start."

(reply Pex)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Bohb nodded at the results and then looked at the ensign. "I appreciate your assistance Ensign Pex. We need to complete this process in Main Engineering." He paused a moment and smiled. "How familiar are you with the Jeffries tube system in this ship?"

"Thank you, sir. I have been in some of the Jeffries tubes as part of my duties, but I haven't had an occasion to explore them all," replied Tegian with a smile back.

“Are you up to a challenge?” Bohb asked of him.

Tegian was curious. What kind of challenge. "Sir?"

"I'll race you to main engineering," said the lieutenant," however you must stay in the Jeffries tube systems. I assure you that there is a direct line. I will even give you a head start as I clean up here before I start."

Tegian was uncomfortable. "Sir, aren't we still under a Code Zebra? I think that means we shouldn't be traveling alone or skirting security checkpoints. Correct or do I have that wrong, sir?"

(reply Bohb)
(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

Bohb frowned. He had hoped that he'd found a kindred spirit in the Trill. Is this what the fleet has come to. Creating automitons who only know how to follow rules and regulations, sucking the joy out of space travel. He shrugged his shoulders in disappointment.

With a sigh he said, “Perhaps you are right, Ensign Pex. It was a bit brash of me to flaunt my knowledge in the face security forces. I am a product of a different time, where finding the flaws in systems was just the thing we did. Now it’s all do as your told.”

He took a deep breath and nodded, more for himself than the ensign, “Very well then, we shall do it your way.”

He tapped his comm badge, “Bohb to security, have someone come to the nacelle access hatch to escort Ensign Pex to Main Engineering.”

=^=Roger that Lieutenant. Security on its way.^=

Bohb nodded to his companion, "Go ahead and head down the tube the way we came up Ensign. I will clean up here and meet you there."

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1036)

Tegian had disappointed the lieutenant. It was always difficult figuring out when he should obey orders and ignore them. But, in this case, he knew things that perhaps Bohb didn't. And that might mean that his superior officer would see things the way he did.

With a sigh the Lieutenant said, “Perhaps you are right, Ensign Pex. It was a bit brash of me to flaunt my knowledge in the face security forces. I am a product of a different time, where finding the flaws in systems was just the thing we did. Now it’s all do as your told.”

Tegian interrupted. "My apologies, Lieutenant. I should have told you what I found on the shuttle. It's a shuttle like Starfleet's, but it's off just a bit. The engineering was about ninety-eight percent identical, but there were things that were different in places. I gave all the readings to security, but there's at least one intruder on board the Illuminar, maybe more. So, I'm concerned that our running through Jeffries tubes may provide a way for the intruder to get past security."

Bohb then contacted Security to arrange an escort for him and told Tegian to leave him alone.

Tegian was very concerned. The Lieutenant wasn't following the security orders. "Sir, should I really leave you alone? Security said we should stay in teams. I can stay here and help you clean up and then we can return to Engineering to finish up the recalibration. In addition, there's still a list of repairs and before the shuttle and security orders, I had intended on asking for clarification on what was most important. Once the warp engines are back to one hundred percent, all the remaining items aren't urgent."

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1037)

Bohb stopped, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He opened his eyes and turned to the Trill.

“Let me get something straight, Ensign Pex,” he said, “are you going to second guess my every directive simply because it doesn’t agree with your sense of rule following? I just need to know if this is something that I need to prepare myself for. This might put a wrinkle in our working relationship.”

He stood up to his full height and size and filled the nacelle with his presence, “I have been in this nacelle, alone I might add, for the better part of this day. It had not been a problem for me, security, nor the captain, who I am certain is aware of where all of his crew is. And I appreciate your concern for my safety, it’s kind of cute. But even as old as I am, I still am a formidable presence in combat. I am certain that my safety is not at risk.”

He lifted his PADD, "I understand that we have a series of repairs to complete, but we are done here in the nacelle and I want this thing fully functioning before I start another repair. I do one repair at a time so that it gets my full attention. Does that philosophy meet with your approval. Now don't apologize kid. I don't want to hear it. All I want to hear is yea I can accept that or no I cannot. We can take it from there."

The ensign began to speak and Bohb held up a warning finger, “Do NOT apologize to me right now. Yes ... or no. That is it.”

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO - Ensign Tegan Pex - 1039)

Tegian had a flashback to the one day he had in Starfleet Academy and another Lieutenant that he managed to make angry. This constant war that he had with Pex about following the chain of command versus following Starfleet's rules just seemed to get him into trouble, no matter his intentions. What he couldn't understand was if everyone on the ship took to behaving like Lieutenant Bohb, wouldn't that make it immensely easy for the intruder to move around and even surprise someone?

He felt very stuck. Damned if he did and damned if he didn't. What would the Captain say if he left and the Lieutenant was killed or wounded? What would the Captain say if he disobeyed a direct order?

There had been two other ensigns here earlier, but Tegian had no idea when they had left. So, Bohb had been here alone when the Security alert went off, but he had no idea if this area had been searched and cleared and it hadn't occurred to Tegian to inquire. And it was too late to do so now. The Lieutenant was certainly right that he looked formidable, but he couldn't look all ways at one time and Tegian had this suspicion that the intruder had a personal cloak of some sort.

He wanted to sigh in resignation. But, without even realizing, Pex had his body ramrod straight and sighing wasn't an option. Tegian hadn't been focusing, but his eyes were looking straight ahead at Bohb's rather menacing stance.

The Lieutenant lifted his PADD, “I understand that we have a series of repairs to complete, but we are done here in the nacelle and I want this thing fully functioning before I start another repair. I do one repair at a time so that it gets my full attention. Does that philosophy meet with your approval. Now don’t apologize kid. I don’t want to hear it. All I want to hear is yea I can accept that or no I cannot. We can take it from there.”

And again, Tegian was confused. He hadn't meant to abandon the work on the warp drives. Hadn't he even asked what was next after the warp drives were done? Or did the Lieutenant mean that going

back to Engineering to finish the recalibration wasn't the final step. Tegian wanted to rub the back of his head, but Pex held on to the control of their body. It had been, eighteen hours since he had last slept and more than twelve since he had last eaten anything. He was rapidly developing a really bad headache in reaction to this new stress. Of course he wanted to finish this repair! The only time you went on to something else was if the something else was more urgent.

The ensign began to speak and Bohb held up a warning finger, "Do NOT apologize to me right now. Yes ... or no. That is it."

"Sir, yes sir!"

(reply Pex)
(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

"Sir, yes sir," Pex finally got out.

Bohb sighed, "Excellent. Now I want you to go to Main Engineering and prepare the plasma injector to interface with the computer. Then we will need to reintroduce plasma to the warp coils through the plasma manifold in the matter/antimatter reaction chamber. That process is going to take some time. I want you to get going and get a start on it."

He could see the stress in the new guys body and took a breath. He reached out and dropped a heavy hand on the Trill's shoulder.

“Look Tegian,” he said soothingly, “I have no idea what experiences you and your friend bring. But you are fresh from the academy, where rules and regulations are drilled into you. I get that. Once you’ve been on a ship a while you’ll find that there are rules , and there are rules. Engineering principles fall into a different category. If you continue to second guess older officers when they have a way that may not,” he gave a dismissive shrug, “probably is not, the way things are ‘supposed’ to be done. But you’ll find that sometimes you need to find ways to have fun.”

He moved the hand from Pex's shoulder and hit him in the chest with the back of his hand, "A word of advice? You are too serious for someone so young, my friend. Break a rule once in a while. Get in trouble. Hell, spend a couple of days in the brig. At least you'll have a story to tell kids."

He missed up the ensign's hair and pushed him towards the access hatch. "Now go. Security will probably be there already."

(reply Pex)
(posted by Al Muir)

(posted by Al Muir)

USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1043)

Ah, so there was more. He should have known and asked. He had boasted that he had read the manuals, but the manuals talked about concrete steps of doing such and such, not what happens when you're in a battle and your warp drive is damaged. Although there were troubleshooting guides. But, he hadn't gotten through many of those as yet. There hadn't been much down time since he had arrived. He knew what he'd been doing with his next holodeck appointment.

Bohb messed up the ensign's hair and pushed him towards the access hatch. "Now go. Security will probably be there already."

He exchanged pleasantries with the ensign in security as they walked back towards Engineering. He thought she was cute, but Pex was against any sort of romantic entanglements.

(USS Illuminar – Engineering – EO - Ensign Tegjan Pex - 1050)

He tapped his comm badge in hopes of reaching the Lieutenant before he left the Starboard Warp Nacelle

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1051)

Bohb had cleaned up from his work in the nacelle quickly and strapped his bag of tools to his back. Then he proceeded to make his way through the Jeffries tubes until he exited on deck 10 in the reserve warp engine core. He figured he had halved his travel time by avoiding certain check points, but he didn't want to challenge the security detail by suddenly appearing at Main Engineering so he got out three. He made his way to deck 11 and wound up going through three separate security check points before he could enter his domain.

As the door opened his comm badge beeped. It was Ensign Pex.

=^= Lieutenant Bohb, the computer keeps giving me an error on my attempt to interface it to the plasma injector. Looks like there's an error in the EPS conduit. ^=^=

Bohb stepped into the room and smiled, "Well you know what that means Ensign? Someone is going to have to go through the series of conduits between here and there to find where the facilities is, and replace it."

(reply Pex)

Bohb winked, "Have fun with that."

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Bohb stepped into the room and smiled, "Well you know what that means Ensign? Someone is going to have to go through the series of conduits between here and there to find where the facilities is, and replace it."

Tegian's eyes roll. "Any suggestions on how to shorten the search, sir?" he said as he got out of his seat and grabbed a tool box, a PADD, and some replacement plasma conduits.

(Reply Bohb)

Bohb winked, "Have fun with that."

Tegjan chuckles. "Thank you, sir. I'm sure I will."

(reply Bohb)

He tapped his comm badge, "Ensign Pex to Security, I need an escort from Main Engineering back to the Starboard Nacelle access hatch, please."

=^= Roger that, Ensign. Security is on its way. ^=^=

Tegian finished his food bar, stuffed another one in tool box and finished his water. He was in luck. The same cute ensign in security walked into engineering as he was cleaning up.

He smiled at her and she smiled back. He left chatting amiably with her on their way through security checkpoints.

(USS Illuminar – Starboard Warp Nacelle – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1110)

Tegian climbed back up the Jeffries tube, still a bit warm and fuzzy from his interaction with ensign. He'd forgotten to ask her name, but he had managed to get an agreement for drinks the next time they were both off shift. He probably should already know her name, but he tended to forget names if not regularly reinforced.

He made it through to the Nacelle and started scanning the electro-plasma conduits, hoping he would get lucky and find it quickly. After two hours and three Jefferies tubes, he had finally found the damaged conduit and replaced it.

He looked at his PADD and realized that Lieutenant Bohb was right. It made more sense to travel back to Main Engineering via the Jeffries Tubes, but he was also wrong. Tegian had been unlocking and relocking each tube behind him. He navigated his way back to Main Engineering via the tubes

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1320)

Tegian emerged from one of the tubes and locked it behind him. He sat back down at the work station attempted to prepare the plasma injector to interface with the computer once again. This time, it worked. He leaned back in the chair, relieved.

He headed to the matter/antimatter reaction chamber where he found Lt. Bohb already introducing plasma to the warp coils. He had been monitoring Tegian's progress. They spent the next six hours going through the process before Bohb sent him to take a sleep cycle.

(Reply none)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1425)

T'Mur sat straight up in the bed. Kenna looked at her from Sienna's pillow with curiosity. Something was wrong with her face. She reached up and felt the wetness on her cheeks. Looking at her fingers she realized where the water had come from.

She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and focused on her self control. The images of her dream went in a box and got locked away, for later consideration. Slowly, she reaches along the tendril of their union to find Sienna's mind, peaceful and alive.

::I love you. I'm sorry I couldn't be there with you.::

Sleep was not going to return. T'Mur rolled off the bed and picked up the PADD on her bedside table. Pulling up the notes on Lee's security rotations she began to make her own notes for the meeting that had to happen next.

She reached over and opened a comm channel. "T'Mur to all security personnel, there will be a meeting at 1600. All off duty security personnel are required to be in attendance."

She looked at the PADD and made a very unVulcan face at it. ~Time to go back to work.~

(reply any, if you want)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible][illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1445)

T'Mur had done as much as she could sitting in her quarters. Besides, the absence of Sienna's physical presence was becoming a distraction. She needed to get out and move. Before the meeting she had one item to take care of that needed a more one on one setting. However, she was not yet ready to move into Lt. Lee's office. He was missing, not dead.

She dressed and looked at herself in the mirror critically. She ran a comb through her long, raven hair and tied it back in a pony, rather than her usual bun. It was, after all, still regulation. She sent the mental image of her view in the mirror to Sienna, who often inspect her appearance.

::I hope this satisfies you.::

Then she tapped her comm badge, “T’Mur to Trei, I want to speak with you. Are you available to meet me at lounge in fifteen minutes?”

(reply Trei)

With that she turned and left her quarters.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4- The Prancing Pony – CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1500)

T'Mur entered the Officer's Lounge to find it a little busier than she had expected. She found a table in a more secluded area and sat down. A server had come over and T'Mur ordered a strawberry, banana, orange smoothie with a protein compound added. It was brought back and the Vulcan sat back for a moment, taking a long sip through a straw, enjoying the mixture of flavors and textures on her tongue, waiting for Trei to arrive.

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1450)

T'Mur watched as Trei entered the lounge and made her way over to the table. She ordered a smoothie of her own and looked up.

"What do you need to talk to me about?" Trei asked, getting to the point.

T'Mur was impressed, as most people have a propensity for small talk, which the Vulcan was not very proficient with even with Sienna's support.

“First I would like to say that I appreciated your aid during the conflict with the Klingon ships. It allowed me the opportunity to focus on the Bird of Prey.”

(reply Trei)

"I would recommend a little more self restraint," she added, "if the opportunity arises, the next time, when it comes to using torpedoes. We have a limited number of torpedoes until we can resupply."

(reply Trei)

"I am not sure if you realized, but I have been assigned as Chief of Security and Tactical, until the return of Lt. Lee. As the Analyst and Consultant for security I am looking for any insights the you may have for the department. Are there any changes that you might recommend?"

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

She entered the Prancing Pony and saw T'Mur sitting at a secluded table. She took a seat at the table and ordered the same drink T'Mur had in front of her. It looked good and smelled good. She turned to face her.

"What do you need to talk to me about."

(Reply T'Mur)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

She appreciated what T'Mur said. She will gladly work with her again. T'Mur asked for suggestions on improving the security department. She really didn't have anything to suggest at the moment but a more comfortable environment to talk with each other would be an improvement. If she had her abilities she could enact that concept a bit better but until then she could not. What she could do is be a good listener for T'Mur to ease her concerns for her mate Sy. Her abilities would make this much easier but she was willing to listen as a friend and comfort her. She turned to face T'Mur.

"The department could be more communication friendly. There is no need to be so tense. I suppose that will be my job but we can come to an agreement to be less tense around each other. What I can

(USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1514)

T'Mur was disappointed to hear that. It seemed unusual for the Security Chief and his assistant to be so out of touch with their staff. It would have to be something she rectified. Perhaps Linnis was an excellent administrator, but that does not always make an excellent leader.

She looked at her PADD and saw the notification of the intruder alert. She wondered why she hadn't been notified. Another breakdown in communication?

“Do you have any information on the intruder alert?” She asked the analyst,

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 15.15)

T'Mur asked about the intruder alert. she did not have direct information but it was her understanding a cloaked shuttle made it aboard the Illuminar during the battle. Engineering was handling that. She didn't have any more information to tell.

"It is my understanding a cloaked shuttle made it aboard the Illuminar during the battle. Engineering is on it."

(Reply T'Mur)

(Posted by Edward

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - The Prancing Pony - CTO - Lt. T'Mur - 1516)

"It is my understanding a cloaked shuttle made it aboard the Illuminar during the battle. Engineering is on it."

This conversation was continuing to perplex the New security chief, “I am forced to wonder why security is no, as you say, on it.”

She paused for a moment then continued, "When the intruder is captured it would be best if you were to be available for the interrogation."

(reply Trei)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Staging - SC/Tac – Lt. T'Mur - 1600)

T'Mur walked into the staging room and looked at the security personnel who had assembled there. Many had quizzical looks in their eyes. There had been a little low level conversations as she took her place behind the podium. As she looked out her gaze caused all of the conversation to cease and turn to look at her.

“Thank you for all being here,” she began. “Most of you already know that Lt. Lee, and the rest of the away team on the Rhyne, are now listed as missing in action. To the best of our knowledge they went through the anomaly that we encountered earlier and are now in some other location, either in time or in space, or both. As such, the captain has decided to name as Chief of Security and Tactical as a combined unit.”

There were a few mumbles which quickly died down, and T'Mur waited. "Next, we will be returning to the sight of the anomaly that has been named the Maelstrom to discern the disposition of the Rhyne. Our goal is to rescue the Rhyne, we just are uncertain as to a plan. It also means we will be entering the area of space that had affected so many of us before. I want all security personnel to work in teams of two. Keep an eye on each other."

She paused for a moment to wait for her next point. “My final item for the group is in regards to the intruder. I am uncertain how it was that I was not immediately alerted, but that is not a problem for those of you in this room. But now that I am aware I want a deck by deck, room by room search. That is every room. I will clear the intrusions with the captain. Once a room is cleared I want it locked down. We have eight hours to find this intruder. This is an all hands on deck. Any questions?”

“What happens when we get Lt. Lee back?” someone asked.

“We will deal with that once we have him back,” T’Mur said. “Until then I am your new chief. You will call me Lt. T’Mur. When this crisis is over we will discuss any further changes. If there are no further questions you are dismissed.”

She turned to Carol Linnis, “Ms. Linnis, I would like to meet with you in my office.”

(reply Linnis)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 14 - SO PO3 Alex Collier - 1603)

Alex stood with the other security officers. He had heard what happened, well, what people thought happened to the USS Rhyne. He was concerned about Hercules and P'Rah. He and Herc went back to basic, and P'Rah was turning into a good third foil for the pair. Listening to the Lieutenant, he began to worry again. Another mission into that area of space and the resulting issues. True, they needed to find the Rhyne, but he was not ready for the consequences. Maybe the Doc could synthesize something to protect them.

Meanwhile, the Lieutenant was talking about an intruder. Another room by room, deck by deck search. Just lovely. By now he knew the ship by the back of his hand.

When they were dismissed, he wandered over to the gaggle of crewmen in the corner, "OK Lakot, you're with me. We'll be on deck 13 and work our way up. Lets go draw sidearms."

The Betazoid broke off from the others, "Sure think Mr. Collier," he said.

Alex raised a finger, "Call me Alex, we enlisted have to stick together," he said. "If you want to be formal, and I pray do you don't use Petty Officer."

"Sure thing ... Alex."

The two made their way to the armory, and drew sidearms. Alex pointed, "I'll take an ASP too," he said. Turning to Lakot, "Herc is deadly with this. He's been teaching me a thing or two." Alex clipped it to his side, across from his holster. He tossed a tricorder to Lakot, "You scan. We shoot anything that isn't Illuminar crew," he said. "but check your phaser is on stun." Alex checked his phaser as well.

[illegible]

Carol felt hungover from too little sleep after too long of a night but the meeting was thankfully short. Lieutenant T'Mur's bombshell wasn't entirely unexpected with Chief Lee lost wherever himself and the USS Rhyne had disappeared to. Carol wasn't a commissioned officer so her taking over the department if the thought had even been considered was a non-starter. Carol was feeling more than fatigue as well, she felt out of her depth. Running the armory was one thing but being an assistant to the chief? It meant more hours behind a desk than she had ever considered and very little time in the field. Carol Lannis was a woman of action and the most action she got lately was from training exercises, most of which she only took enough part in to keep her creds up. Hammons, Galk and Boyles with whom she had worked for two years now however were up to their armpits in the thick of things.

She entered the office and stood uneasily beside the door as T'Mur settled herself.

"What do you need to know Lieutenant?"

(Reply: T'Mur)

Carol shrugged her shoulders. "Hammons did a great job finding the intruder's craft as I knew he would and we kept it quiet as the Captain ordered until the time the alert was called and Operation Zebra was set into motion. At this time the stowaway or stowaways has not been found. That's the long and the short of it. If there is any issue with anything the department has done in the time you were out of the loop the responsibility should fall on my shoulders." She straightened up and squared those shoulders and waited for the officer's reply.

(Reply: T'Mur)

"With all due respect Lieutenant..." Carol took a deep breath, "... Chief Lee promoted me to Assistant to the Chief for whatever reason and took me out of fieldwork and to be honest I've done a good administrative job but that is the problem. I didn't join Security to do administrative work but to bust

heads when needed and to clean up messes, to work in the field with my comrades and be a part of the team. I don't feel a part of the team anymore and that bothers me. So ..." she strengthened the gaze on T'Mur that had been wavering, "... this is me tending my resignation from the positions of assistant to the chief of security and armory officer I want back in the field. It has nothing to do with the change of leadership in the department, if Chief Lee returns at some point in the future I'm not interested in the position. I hope you do not take it personally, it has nothing to do with you and I'm sure you can find someone more deserving of the position."

(Reply: T'Mur)

"My reports on the incident are already filed along with the others involved, if you have any additional questions for me I'll be happy to answer them at your convenience..In the meantime I request to be dismissed."

(Reply: T'Mur)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

T'Mur led the way to Lee's office and entered. She moved to the desk that appeared neatly organized. Sitting in the chair she looked over at Lannis, standing in the doorway.

"What do you need to know Lieutenant?"

“Ms. Lannis,” T’Mur said, leaning towards her, “I need a situation report on the status of the intruder, and your analysis of how it is going.”

Lannis gave her report of Hammons discovery of the ship and the order of Operation Zebra, and that the intruder had not yet been found.

"If there is any issue with anything the department has done in the time you were out of the loop the responsibility should fall on my shoulders," she ended her report.

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "You seem to be of the opinion that I am displeased with your performance of your duties. That is not necessarily the case. However, I have been unable to get an adequate evaluation of your time as assistant to the Security Chief position. Perhaps you could give me your own analysis."

Rather than give her evaluation of her duties Carrol began to explain that she'd done a good job but, as she put it, "to bust heads when needed and to clean up messes."

"This is me tending my resignation from the positions of assistant to the chief of security and armory officer. I want back in the field. It has nothing to do with the change of leadership in the department, if Chief Lee returns at some point in the future I'm not interested in the position. I hope you do not take it personally, it has nothing to do with you and I'm sure you can find someone more deserving of the position."

T'Mur put her elbows on the table and steeped her fingers in contemplation. It was not what she had expected from the woman across from her, but she did understand the reasoning. If, for no other reason, it showed the flaw in the manner in which Lee had led the department, with a sort of detachment from his people. She wondered how many others were dissatisfied.

“Concern over my feelings in not necessary,” the Vulcan finally said. “I accept your resignation. You will find your name on the duty roster later today. Thank you for your service to Lt. Lee and your candor

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1635)

(reply Trei)

(Reply Trei)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.40)

"So what do you have me here for Ma'am"

(Reply Quinna)

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 5 Sickbay - CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1645)

"So what do you have me here for Ma'am"

“Things will not come back at once but you should feel things quickly. I suggest if you have time, to go back to your quarters and take a nap.” Quinna said.

(Posted by Kris B)

<Reply Engineering>

Alex tapped his badge again, "Collier to lieutenant T'Mur. Ma'am we found something, possible sabotage. I've notified engineering and Suwwbt are about to detain the individual. Recommend another team be sent here."

<Reply T'Mur>

"Copy that Ma'am," he said as he snuck back to his position to observe the fellow a bit more. The Bolian was talking to himself. Alex tried to hear him, but it made no sense.

"John Valuk is dead. He fell on his head," the Bolian mutters, "We'll show them, won't we Big-booty. Big-booty. Where are you, Now is not the time to hide you coward. We are so near success and will get back to our homeworld. Big-booty!"

Alex heard a sound, and watched as the Bolian jumped. "Who is there. Big-booty? It's about time. We are almost ready. The monkey-boys won't know what hit them." The Bolian began to wander over to where the sound and Lakot were.

Sneaking forward while the Bolian's back was toward him, he heard the Bolian cry out in surprise and saw him take a step backwards. "You'll never win you John Parker. You are weak," he cried out as he pointed the laser cutter at Lakot.

"Duck," Alex called as he ran toward the Bolian, asp in his right hand. He reached the Bolian just as he pushed the activate button on the cutter. The beam shot out and caught Lakot right in the chest. Collier swung his club, hitting the Bolian in the knees. There was a cracking sound and the Bolian's knee crumbled, he fell to the side, hitting his head on one of the upright braces there with a sickening crash.

Jumping over the Bolian, Alex, kicked the cutter out of the way before kneeling next to Lakot. The burn was jagged and near the man's heart. "Hang in there Lakot. Don't die on me."

"Computer," he called, "Emergency transport to sickbay, all three of us."

Alex felt the warmth of the transporter as the three were whisked to sickbay.

[illegible]

Tegian was working in the matter/antimatter reaction chamber was Bohb when the call came in. Knowing that he was assisting Bohb and learning, but that he couldn't do this without the Lieutenant, he answered the call.

He hit his comm badge. "Tegian to Collier. I'm on my way."

He addressed the Lieutenant. "Sorry, sir. I'll be back as soon as I can."

He hit his comm badge once more. "Tegian to Security. I need an escort from Main Engineering to Deck 13, near EPS junction Omega-13."

=^= Acknowledged, Ensign. Someone will be there shortly. ^=^=

A few moments later, the doors opened, but Tegian's luck had run out and it wasn't the same cute ensign from security. Instead, it was a human male that he didn't recognize. Tegian nodded, holding up his tool box and his phaser. "I was summoned to take care of strange device that Collier found. Can you take me there, please?" He got a nod and they passed through a few checkpoints on their way to the turbolift and then another few checkpoints.

[illegible]

Alex and Lakot re-materialized in the middle of sick bay. He picked up his partner and put him on a biobed. "Emergency," he called, "Man down. Shot with a laser cutter."

As the medical staff began to work, Alex got out of the way. Moving over to the Bolian laying on the ground, he was shocked when the medic kneeling next to the man shake his head. "He's dead."

<Reply Medical>

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

Quinna was just walking out of sickbay when she heard a ruckus behind her. She did an about-face and noticed her attention was definitely needed.

Alex and Lakot re-materialized in the middle of sickbay. He picked up his partner and put him on a biobed. "Emergency," he called, "Man down. Shot with a laser cutter."

Quinna made her way to the patient and she noted that the medic working on the Bolin just gave that look. Quinna took a deep breath and looked back at her patient. “We need an internal body scan and let's get an IV started.” Quinna looked at the scans. “Oh, crap.” Quinna said, “We need to get him into surgery.”

The results showed internal bleeding and the blood flowing into the body cavity. The man was going to need an artificial heart. Emergency surgery was all set up and Quinna was prepped in her surgical gown. But after making the first incision, Quinna called for immediate suction of the blood in the body. She needed to stop the bleeding, but the man stopped instead. He stopped breathing. The shredded heart stopped beating, and the brain stopped thinking. Try as she might, there was no recovery of the man. Lakot was gone.

"Time to call it. Death Stardate2446.03.02 time 1735" She said it for the official record.

Removing her surgical gear, Quinna went back into the main sickbay. Biting her lower lip she saw Alex standing there.

Taking a deep breath she walked over to Alex, "I am sorry. Lakot did not make it." Quinna then took Alex in her arms and held him.

(Reply Alex if you feel the need to.)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Tegian looked around and wasn't sure where anyone else was. He expected to find Collier or someone else from Security here. He looked at his escort. "Can you watch my back while I work, please?" He got another nod. This guy wasn't much of a talker.

He took a better look at the device. It was tapped into the EPS, but there were lots of connections. The screen was blinking 'ready' and the yellow arrows at each vertex were flashing, along with flashing lights traveling from the center triangle to the vertices. To Tegian, it looked rather ominous.

He knelt down to get a better look and kicked a tool. He took a look around the ground and saw a scattering of tools. He made a clearing for himself, pushing them aside with his foot, so as not to touch them with his hands. He didn't like to touch others' tools and he didn't it was wise to handle a saboteur's tools. They might be protected in some way.

He sat down next to the device, opened his tool kit, took out his specialized tricorder and began scanning the connections. It was tied into one of the EPS trunks, which had him concerned. It was drawing a lot of power and there seemed to be nine connections. But, despite the screen displaying ready, only six of the nine connections seemed to be drawing power. The other three didn't seem to be complete. Tegian scanned those three closer.

Tegian couldn't see a way to program the device and it didn't seem to have anything seams to give him access to its innards. So, he pulled off the access panels to the EPS trunk to see how the device was connected.

What he saw didn't thrill him. He fed all the data to his PADD and had it render a schematic of the device. It definitely was some sort of bomb. And hooked into the EPS trunk, it was going to cause some major damage.

He hit his comm badge. "Tegian to Lt Bohb. Sir, the device is a bomb, attached to one of the EPS trunks. The installation wasn't finished, but the device appears active. I'm sending you the results of my scans. I think I can remove it safely, but I would recommend some force fields in the area, just in case."

(reply Bohb)

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

The ensign made requests to clear the decks above and below, and then requested that she also leave. She did not smile.

“Ensign,” T’Mur replied, “I have full confidence in the containment fields. However this section of the ship has been sufficiently vacated. I will not be leaving. Firstly, I will not leave a crewman behind. And secondly, if something goes wrong you may need assistance, so leaving would not be a logical solution.”

She touched the wall of the ship to address Luma, ::Luma, erect a level four containment field around this section of the ship.::

She could feel the Lenai's trepidation at the command. ::Is this the best course of action?::

::It is, we need that device.::

There was a blue flicker and the hum of the security field was in place.

"Proceed Engin," the CSec commanded.

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1713)

Bohb had been slightly irked at the sudden departure of his assistant, but he was in less of a position to leave his place than Tegian. The multiple repairs of the ship had spread his team out thinly as it was. The good news was that even though the recalibration they were doing was recommended for two people, he could still accomplish the task alone using his prehensile feet.

With a tool in his right hand and left foot it was almost like having a second person there. He was aware of how uncomfortable his difference made others feel and how compromising the position he was in looked, so it only encouraged him to finish quickly, before anyone caught him.

He had completed the adjustment and went to the monitor to check on the results when his comm badge chirped.

=^= Tegian to Lt. Bohb. Sir, the device is a bomb, attached to one of EPS trunks. The installation wasn't finished, but the device appears active. I'm sending you the results of my scans. I think I can remove it safely, but I would recommend some force fields in the area, just in case. =^=

Bohb accessed the data being transferred with interest. ~A bomb? Who? And how?~

“Hold that thought, Ensign. A bomb would be highly unlikely,” Bohb said, as the ship’s sensors should have recorded the explosive and sent out a warning. There are only five people on board the *Illuminar*

that could bypass that. Himself, Captain Sekal, Commander Verin, Lt. Commander Gregory, and Luma, herself. None would do such a thing.

Whatever the device was, it was generating an energy signature that could have exploded without the use of explosives. Suddenly a thought came to his mind.

"Give me a moment Mr. Pex," he said.

Then he pulled up the schematics of the device he was building for Penn and Teller. Now that was interesting.

“Negative, Mr. Pex, it is not an explosive, per se. But it might exploded if you disconnect it incorrectly. I am sending you the directions to remove the device safely. But I agree that a containment field should be erected as a precaution. Are you certain you are ok with this. I don’t want to lose just yet.”

(reply Tegian)

“Once you remove it I want that device in my hands,” Bohb ordered. “Do you need me to come down there?”

(reply Tegian)

(posted by Al Muir)"

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 13- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1715)

=^=Hold that thought, Ensign. A bomb would be highly unlikely=^=

Tegian rolled his eyes on the other side. What else would you call it? It would ignite the plasma, and since it was connected to a trunk, he couldn't see an easy way to isolate it. He kept quiet as he waited.

=^=Give me a moment Mr. Pex=^=

Tegian kept looking at the connections. Something nagged at him. Something he had studied from his days at University.

=^=Negative, Mr. Pex, it is not an explosive, per se. But it might exploded if you disconnect it incorrectly. I am sending you the directions to remove the device safely. But I agree that a containment field should be erected as a precaution. Are you certain you are ok with this. I don't want to lose just yet=^=

"Sir, I meant that the device is capable of igniting the plasma thus causing an explosion in the trunk. There is no explosive material otherwise."

Tegian looked at the instructions on his PADD. It was very close to what he'd already thought to do, which was a relief. "Lieutenant, your directions pretty match with what I was going to do. What I would appreciate is if you could have the power reduced in this EPS trunk. Shutting it off will likely trigger the

device, but if we reduced it to twenty-five percent, the device shouldn't be affected and if I mess anything up, the damage will be a lot less. You also should have people evacuated from Decks 12 and 14 in this area. I will erect multiple layers of containment fields to contain any blast that may occur."

=^=Once you remove it I want that device in my hands. Do you need me to come down there? ^=

Tegian closed his eyes and took a breath. "Sir, I appreciate the offer, but only one person can execute the steps and they aren't that complicated. If the saboteur had completed their work, I think this would be more serious. As only six of the nine connections are active, this seems fairly straightforward with proper precautions. If you wish, I can have my tricorder send the readings to my PADD and transmit those to you continuously so that you can monitor my progress."

"We also don't appear to be under any deadline, sir. The device is blinking ready, but it hasn't been activated, per se. It just doesn't seem wise to leave it here awaiting someone the chance to arm it."

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 12 - Corridor - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1716)

The Chief of Security responded the way he expected any officer would. ::Brainwashed heroes:: was the whisper from Pex as Tegian went through the steps again and laid out his tools in order of use.

"As you wish, Ma'am." He didn't take his eyes off of the device, but he knew that Luma had erected the additional containment fields. Pex could feel them, which meant that Tegian could.

Tegian set up his tricorder to record and transmit all of his changes to the device and any changes to the EPS trunk to his PADD and he had that continuously sending that to Bohb.

He had left his comm badge open to Bohb this entire time.

"Okay, power to the EPS Trunk has been reduced to twenty-five percent and there's no change to the device. Proceeding to remove the connections in the order specified, Lieutenants."

Five minutes later, the device had been removed. Tegian had followed the steps that Bohb had sent for the first four connections.

"Sir, connections five and six are reversed. Look at the power draw on both of them. Cutting connection six, first and then connection five." Without waiting, he did just that and the device powered down. He then gently removed the inert device from the conduit.

"Lieutenant T'Mur, Lieutenant Bohb ordered that I bring this device to him immediately," he said while he put away his tools and cleaned up the mess into a small container, not leaving any extraneous piece behind. He then closed the access panels. "Do I have your permission to do so?"

(Reply T'Mur, Bohb)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

Tegian was conversing with Lieutenant Bohb over his comm badge, when a voice from behind and above him, calmly said, "Containment field is set Ensign. Proceed."

Pex already had his hand going for his phaser, but Tegian clamped down on his body, arresting his body's movements. He hadn't seen the arrival of anyone, but he had the security ensign watching his back who hadn't raised any alarm. The voice was a female's voice, Vulcan from the sound and familiar. He should know it. Ah, Lieutenant T'Mur, Chief of Security. There was no threat and therefore, no need for a weapon. There would be a discussion later, he knew. Pex wouldn't be pleased, even if Tegian was right this time.

Tegian continued to stare at his PADD and then the device. "Ma'am, you startled me. I was going to ask the Ensign to leave," he motioned with his head to the Security Officer watching the corridor," before I set the containment fields. I didn't want to risk any others lives. Could you also have Decks 12 and 14 evacuated in this vicinity, please? There aren't living quarters, but I don't know if any there are any security checkpoints or engineers repairing anything. I would request that you leave as well, Ma'am."

Tegian ran through the directions Bohb gave him, pointing at each connection, making sure it all made sense.

(Reply T'Mur)

(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

Tegian released his breath. He had been afraid there was going to be a conflict between the two Lieutenants.

T'Mur returned her attention to Pex, "Lead on Mr. ..."

She left the name hanging, since she did not know it.

Tegian beamed at her. "Tegian Pex, Ma'am."

"See you in a few minutes, Lieutenant Bohb." He hit his comm badge to turn it off.

"And my apologies for the internal conversation with my symbiont. We still struggle with some our Joining from time to time." Tegian shrugs. "Both of us are a little stronger willed than expected, I think."

(Reply T'Mur, optional)

Tegian led the way to the turbolift and then to Main Engineering.

Arriving, Tegian carefully spread out the device and its pieces on a table, arranging it so that it resembled how it looked when it was whole. "Any questions, Lieutenants?" he asked as he sensed Lieutenant Bohb's presence.

(Reply T'Mur, Bohb)
(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

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(Reply T'Mur, Bohb)
(posted by Keith Bilafer)

USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Lt. Bohb - 1735)

Bohb made his way over to the table that Tegian was working. When he stepped away the Magillan stepped up.

He could feel T'Mur try and see around his large frame and stepped to the side.

"Is there anything else Lieutenant?" Pex asked.

"So this is how it looked as it was set up?" Bohb asked. "Which connectors were hooked up to the power grid?"

(reply Pex)

"Fascinating," Bohb said as he picked the box up and examined it. Then with a swift motion the side of the device popped off and clattered to the table, revealing the insides. He pulled up his tricorder and began to scan it.

"This is incredible!" Bohb exclaimed.

“Ands what is so incredible,” T’Mur asked.

Bohb turned to face the pair, "What's incredible is that this is impossible. Do you know what this is? No, of course you don't. Because it doesn't exist yet. It's something I've been working on for Doctors Penn and Teller."

He turned back to the table and put the box gently on the table and bent over it, staring almost lovingly at it.

“This, my friends,” he announce, “ is a trans dimensional portal generator. But I haven’t finished it yet. I’ve been stuck on a couple of points for power conversion, but whoever built this solved that problem by tapping into the ships own power supply.”

He looked down at T'Mur, "Whoever was setting this up was, most likely, trying to open a trans dimensional portal to, I don't know, take someone back with them. Maybe even the whole ship. I'll need to look at the power output of this thing. By the size of it I can only assume they were after a smaller prize than the Illuminar. But it's giving off a lot of energy."

Bohb then turned to Pex, "We'll need to set up a black power distribution unit , isolated from the ship's systems. Can you handle that?"

(reply Pex)

Then he turned back to T'Mur, "You might want to let the captain in on this. He'll be interested. And I'll contact Penn and Teller."

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 11 - Main Engineering - EO - Ensign Tegjan Pex - 1738)

"So this is how it looked as it was set up?" Bohb asked. "Which connectors were hooked up to the power grid?"

Tegian nodded and then pointed out the six connections that were active. "Sir, these other three might have been going to the computer judging from how they were situated, but I can't be certain since they weren't completed."

"Fascinating," Bohb said as he picked the box up and examined it. Then with a swift motion the side of the device popped off and clattered to the table, revealing the insides. He pulled up his tricorder and began to scan it.

Tegian looks surprised. He had been unable to get any part of the device to open and now it's falling apart.

Bohb, with great fanfare announced that he thought it was a trans dimensional portal generator. How he knew that, Tegian had no idea. It seemed like a huge leap, but since he claimed he had been trying to build something like it, Tegian didn't feel the need to argue with him. Then he was asked if he could handle setting up a black power distribution unit. He could. He wasn't sure if they had the power cells for the draw this was going to need, but he could create the necessary housing for something.

"Yes, sir. But, we're going to have to figure out those extra three connections. And, I don't know if we can provide enough power. That device was attempting to siphon a lot of power and it wasn't yet doing anything. But, I can create the housing to attach this device to it and we can connect additional power distribution units, if one isn't sufficient. Give me thirty minutes to put something that should work, sir?"

(reply Bohb, T'Mur)
(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Personal Quarters -- CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinn Solice - 0545)

Quinna needed to sleep but every time she closed her eyes, she just lay there awake with her eyes closed. When she did fall asleep, Mason moving her made her wake. She sat there on the edge of her bed looking at the hypospray. She knew this was not the best option but it was her option. The best part of being Chief Medical Officer was the access to the good stuff.

Taking the last drink of Brandy, She laid back, administered the hypospray. Her eyes fluttered shut as she planned for the next 10 hours of sleep.

It turned out she slept a lot longer, Quinna awoke at 0500 the next morning. She felt rested and ready for Duty. After a shower, a bagel, and coffee, she was ready for duty. Taking a cup to go and her PADD, she had made her way to the bridge in her red tunic.

[illegible]

The Vulcan walked onto the bridge and was immediately noticed. Lieutenant Nelson who was manning the Conn turned his head then swiveled the chair toward the CO followed by him immediately rising.

"Captain, we are closing on the Maelstrom now."

The lift opened behind him and Lieutenant Greywolf and others stepped out to take their stations. Alpha shift had been notified of the impending arrival at their destination.

"Understood Lieutenant, you are relieved."

"Sir." He stepped aside as Sekal sat and turned back toward the viewscreen.

Skashe Winters behind him had relieved the science officer manning that station, Tempest was dropping into her chair at helm.

The Maelstrom was immediately visible on screen, due to its size it squatted maleovantly in the center.

"Captain." Skashe called. "Class four probe is ready to be deployed on your order. We will be within range in two minutes."

"Thank you Mister Winters, stand by."

"Yes sir."

The First Officer's chair was currently empty though Doctor Solice should be arriving shortly. Commander Verin was still recuperating in sickbay and would be there for up to two more days as he had been informed. Sienna had been missed but Quinna had been doing a credible job in her absence.

(Reply: Quinna, T'Mur)

Sekal's head turned and he noted the two coming in. "Lieutenant T'Mur please verify this sector is clear of enemy activity." There was no reason to believe the Klingons had returned but he had no intention of being caught unaware.

(Reply: T'Mur)

"Acknowledged. Mr. Winters you may launch the probe when we are at optimal range."

"Aye, aye sir. Compensating for Temporal displacement and rift eddy currents. Launch in thirty seconds."

Sekal glanced over at Quinna who was taking it all in. She had been a medical practitioner more versed in the arts of sickbay than being on the bridge of a starship and this was only her second time here since she had been elevated to command. Such a post had a steep learning curve which is why the training she had undergone had been so immersive. But holodeck simulations can only take one so far, these experience would be instrumental in her future endeavors.

"Launch in five seconds Captain."

His eyes turned to the screen, there was a thump as the probe was fired from the primary torpedo launch tube and it traveled unerringly toward the rift, there was a long moment of waiting before a short flare of light appeared at its corona.

"Probe insertion successful Captain, I'm receiving telemetry now."

"Lieutenant Grey Wolf, turn us about, get us out of this sector."

"Aye sir, turning now."

Sekal stood to his feet. "Lieutenant Commander, you have the conn, notify me if there are any difficulties. I will be in the Ready Room."

(Reply: Quinna)

He stepped away and entered his office.

(Reply: All Mentioned, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Now she was on the bridge, she made her way to her place listening to the happenings. “Sorry, I’m later, sir. I almost made it sickbay when I realized I was going to the wrong place. Good thing Lt. T’Mur was there to set me on the right path.”

(Reply: Sekal, T'Mur)

"Lieutenant T'Mur please verify this sector is clear of enemy activity." There was no reason to believe the Klingons had returned but he had no intention of being caught unaware.

(Reply: T'Mur)

Quinna made notes and drank her coffee. She let out a breath she was holding as she realized it was time to find the crew.

"Launch in five seconds Captain."

"Probe insertion successful Captain, I'm receiving telemetry now."

"Lieutenant Grey Wolf, turn us about, get us out of this sector."

"Aye sir, turning now."

Sekal stood to his feet. "Lieutenant Commander, you have the conn, notify me if there are any difficulties. I will be in the Ready Room."

Quinna had the “Deer in the Headlights” look when the captain left. He left her in charge. Knowing he was not mentally ill, Quinna knew she could handle this. She started to put the pieced together when she realized they were backing off because of the Klingons. For the first minute, everything was so far doing good.

Looking at the science station Quinna knew what she needed to do. She tapped her commbadge, “Solice to Quincy.” Mason was quick to comply.

“What up, Quinna.” He said.

"We could really T'shalaith," Quinna said.

"I will check on her and release her if I am happy with her results," Mason replied.

“That is all I ask. Solice out.” Quinna was ready to get her on that information. And get their crew back,

(Reply any on Bridge)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CSec/Tac- Lt. T'Mur - 0604)

T'Mur had gotten up early to see Sienna before her shift. The truth was that she had barely slept. Between the work she was doing to prepare Security for her take over, and the fact that she was having difficulty sleeping without her mate beside her, she found that the late night and waking ever hour, was more of a distraction than restful. She had wound up just setting the environmental controls of their quarters to a higher temperature and gravity setting to give it more of a Vulcan climate, and then meditating. That wound up being more beneficial than sleep.

However, by 0430 she had decided to get up and dress, then visit with Sienna in sickbay. Unsurprisingly, Sienna was still asleep at such an early hour. However, her mind was more typical in its thought patterns, with the exception of something that was playing at the corner of her consciousness. Every time T'Mur attempted to identify it, it disappeared.

Not wanting to wake her, T'Mur sat in a chair and watched her mates chest rise and fall with the near musical pattern it usually did. Oddly enough she had an urge to sit at they piano and play right now. Perhaps later.

Eventually she was shooed out by a nurse quoting Solice's orders of only an hour long visit. Before leaving she stood beside the bed, took Sienna's hand and kissed it gently. Then turned and headed for the bridge.

Along the way she had run into Quinna who seemed lost. Together they rode the turbo lift to the bridge. The captain took note of their entrance. Quinna had made her apologies for being tardy and T'Mur felt no need to make such an excuse. She was certain knew where she had been.

"Lt. T'Mur, please verify this sector is clear of enemy activity."

T'Mur relieved Tavay at the tactical station and ran scans of the sector looking for any sign of activity or gravitational displacements. Then she compared her readings to those takes for the last hour.

"There is no sign of Klingon activity, Captain," she reported. "By the sensor readings it appears they maintained their heading to Qonos with no deviations."

Sekal ordered the launch of the probe and T'Mur monitored its progress until it disappeared from sensors into the Maelstrom. All that remained was the telemetry information being transmitted to the science station.

With that task complete and the ship withdrawing from the sector before the effects of the space hit them again Sekal excused himself to the Ready Room, leaving Quinna in charge.

The ship came to a full stop just out of range of the Maelstrom and T'Mur continued to monitor the space around it. After five minutes of monitoring she stepped away from the station and approached the 3rd Officer.

"Lt. Commander," she said softly, "I wish to speak with as the CMO rather than the 3rd Officer, if it is not inconvenient."

(reply Solice)

"I wish to know the prognosis of Sienna, Commander Verin. How much time will she require to recover? When will she be able to leave sickbay? What can I do to help her?"

(reply Solice)

=^=Security send Ensign Galk to the Ready Room, we have a guest he will be escorting through the ship during Alpha tour. I will send a list of those officers who will be on the duty roster throughout the day.=^=

T'Mur stepped away from Quinna and tapped her comm badge with a raised eyebrow, "Understood."

She really did not understand but understood to follow the orders. She tapped her badge again, "T'Mur to Galk, report to the bridge immediately."

She had already decided to accompany Galk into the Ready room to see who this “guest” was.

(reply Solice, Galk)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice- 0612)

Quinna sat there with her PADD watching the monitor and taking notes. She wondered how much trouble she would be in she stole a shuttle and followed the probe. Of course, she wasn't really going to do that, yet.

"Lt. Commander," she said softly, "I wish to speak with as the CMO rather than the 3rd Officer if it is not inconvenient."

Quinna looked at her Vulcan friend. She made a gesture with her hands that T'Mur should sit next to her. "Sure, Doctor Solice at your service. What is on your mind?"

"I wish to know the prognosis of Sienna, Commander Verin. How much time will she require to recover? When will she be able to leave sickbay? What can I do to help her?"

Quinna signed. Though they do not express emotions, she knew that Vulcans were one of the most passionate races in the federation. “Sienna needs to be more stable. She needs to regain her strength and be able to walk out on her own. The goal is to get her out, but not before she is ready. When you are with her, get her out of bed. Make her walk around but most importantly...” T’Mur’s Comm went off.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room -- CO, Captain Sekal & AU Sienna Verin - 0620)

Sekal stepped into the Ready Room intending to send the morning report to StarFleet Command. Illuminar would be hobbled significantly with the warp drive down but he intended to make the time count efficiently. While repairs were ongoing the science department would be working hard to determine what had happened to the USS Rhyne. If it still existed they would need the ship at full capability to catch up to it and bring the crew back. Two of his senior officers were aboard as well as his 2/O and many more besides. To the Vulcan the situation bordered on irritating and it took a lot to irritate one at the worst of times.

To say that she was ticked off was an understatement. Yes, the directions given to her had worked. Yes, the cloak on the shuttle mostly worked. She had accomplished her goal to get away from the AU T'Mur and the impending bond between the two women that would seal the treaty between Vulcan and Earth. She had monitored the situation as best she could, choosing her place to hide out easily. The Ready Room. Getting around the psychic entity known as Luma was more difficult, but Sienna had injected herself with a psi-nullifier that would keep her presence blanked from those psionics aboard for at least 10 more hours. Finding out that the high inquisitor was aboard did not please her, either.

What would the High Inquisitor of Betazed be like in this peace loving universe? Sienna didn't intend to find out.. But Sekal, she knew Sekal. At least she knew her Sekal. This Sekal? She was about to find out. Moving to stand before his desk, she tapped the device on her upper right shoulder, revealing herself. The mobile holo-emitter had been modified to be a moveable cloak. It would take maybe one, perhaps two more uses before the components burned out. She couldn't keep it going for the days it would take to get away.

She looked nothing like this universe's Sienna. Black leather combat armor that was tight fitting to her body and hid nothing. High heeled black knee-length boots. Her long hair crowned in a braid, the gaudy gold of her uniform sash holding the dagger that she had killed with in order to advance.

"You found my shuttle almost an entire day ago, Sekal. MY Sekal would have trawled the ship looking for the traitorous first officer. And yet, you didn't look for me. I have to wonder...why." She took a seat across from him and put her feet up on the desk, the boot daggers visible from this angle.

He inclined his head at her appearance and watched her take a seat as he reached for the pitcher and poured water into the second glass that occupied his desk. The first had already been filled. He picked it up as he took a drink then leaned back in his chair. "Curious. Had you wished to meet with me you could have announced yourself. As it turns out I had already ordered Alpha shift off duty for the day and rest was required. According to my understanding a manhunt has taken place on this ship during that interval, had there been any developments I would have been informed."

He studied this alternate version of Sienna closely, there was nothing about her dress or bearing that would have fooled any of the crew aboard and certainly not with the general knowledge that his first officer was in medical and would be there for a defined period. Her mere appearance moving about would have caused suspicion. "Where are the others you brought in aboard the shuttle?"

She gave him a contemptuous look, "You call that a manhunt? They never even looked in the right spot. A spot that I knew from my time aboard this ship when she was being put together. I'm shocked your enslaved entity didn't notice the shuttle, but I suppose she was ... distracted." She was not directly

answering the question. "As for why I'm making contact, my resources are not unlimited. That shuttle isn't going to survive the trip to a starbase, and I don't fancy trying out the new-ev suit that was based on the borg tech. Can't trust a borg." She reached up and detached the holo-emitter from her uniform, sliding it across the table.

"A peace... offering." Her lips quirked up.

He looked at it but made no move to pick it up as of yet. "Then I extend my appreciation. As for a detailed and thorough search..." his right eyebrow quirked slightly, "... it would be difficult for anyone other than myself or Sienna to find every nook and cranny aboard this ship, while she was aboard from the beginning I, myself designed it. As for our methods." He leaned forward slightly in the chair. "Perhaps we do not do things in the manner to which you are accustomed. This is a peaceful ship of exploration that uses force only when necessary." His eyes flicked to her martial attire then back to her face. "Which is not how your people go about their affairs I assume."

He indicated the glass. "You must be thirsty unless you made use of the replicator in my absence." While she was playing some cards close to her vest he kept some of his in reserve as well, making no mention of Luma, her term 'enslaved entity' summed up what he already knew about the environment she had come from.

She eyed the water but did not partake of it. Poison was a common way to kill someone and she wasn't going to be baited into drinking. "The couch was comfortable to nap on. The food replicators are better than what we have. I had never partaken of 'swedish meatballs' before, I have to say they were a delight. So. You have questions I bet, I have demands. Let's negotiate."

He noted her look toward the glass and picked it up, refilled his own glass from it, took a long drink then returned it to the desktop. "Before negotiations begin it would be advantageous to know your demands"

She leaned forward slightly, "I do not want to live in the brig, and I do not want to live on my damaged shuttlecraft. Sending me back to that place would be a death sentence for me. So if the choices are to kill me or send me back, well. Killing me would be the better choice." She looked into the distance the way this Sienna did, and unlike the true Sy, she sneered rather than smiled. "I can give you the harmonics that got me through the Anomaly. I can advise you on what has happened to the Rhyne's crew. And how to close the Anomaly. How to detect them at distance. And if our history propaganda is to be believed, you will venture into my reality and will need an advisor to guide you through the politics. To be fair, if I were in your position, I wouldn't trust me. I would also abandon those crew as a lost cause."

The Vulcan's face grew tight. "Do not think me gullible Commander Verin, and have no concerns about misplaced trust. For all I am aware your offer to guide us through your political intrigues could be setting up the Illuminar and crew as a way to reinsert yourself into the good graces of your superiors. Sienna's warning about dealing with you is sufficient to ensure I will monitor your actions carefully. As for your demands, I find your offer to be sufficient. You have done nothing yet to warrant incarceration outside of stealing aboard my ship without clearance and I can overlook that if the circumstances warrant it. Background therefore would be helpful, why are they hunting and trying to kill you?"

She leaned back in the chair, "Our families are prominent members of the alter-fleet. It was decided that I would be bonded and wed to a vulcan female in order to cement the treaty between Vulcan and Earth. I am being hunted because I ran away rather than be forced into a bonding with that woman. When I am caught, if I am caught, then I will be interrogated by the High Inquisitor and likely bonded to her anyway. My Resistance contacts will have hopefully had the time to scatter, to fade away. I am not fond of the way my universe has acted towards aliens. So when I entered the academy at the age of 16, while my dearly beloved twin," And she said those words with rancor, "Fought for the glory of our family, I quietly slipped information to the Resistance. And don't get me wrong, Sekal. My universe is not a nice place. And I'm not a nice person. But I don't believe in destroying entire cultures because a leader resisted the conquest of the Empire." She sighed and leaned back, closing her eyes, "I knew they were on to me. When we poisoned the symbiont pools on Trill, trying to kill off the symbionts... I slipped the antidote to a trill scientist through a courier. Courier was killed, antidote was maybe, maybe not traced back to me. That's why this bonding was announced. Can't have the heir to Strategic Operations a traitor to the Empire." She sighed again. "I should be thrilled to feel the destruction of a planet - other betazoids certainly are. For me... it's a sickening thing to witness and I've witnessed too many to count."

"Such should not be countenanced." He studied her as he considered the evidence, the damage to the shuttle would seem to back up her narrative and such placed her in a desperate situation. Her motives would continue to be analyzed until further evidence became available. "You are seeking asylum then with this ship and I grant it based on your offer of information which could be instrumental in regaining the personnel lost with the Rhyne. Let me be quite clear however." He placed his elbows upon the desk and leaned on them. "You have no standing aboard this ship beyond that of a civilian, you will not be able to use any command codes to which you may be privy and I will see to it personally that there are no back doors or work arounds you might use to defeat the safeguards. In addition you do not have permission to carry a weapon aboard this ship. I will assign you one of the VIP rooms and a security officer to see to your safety wherever you may go. If this is unacceptable then we are perfectly capable of finding our own way through the anomaly and your quarters will be in the brig. Do we have an agreement?"

She quirked an eyebrow at him, "Fair. Do I get to pick the security officer that is my guard?" She was well acquainted with having personal bodyguards, and was perfectly capable of taking care of herself. She reached forward to pluck a padd off his desk, and began to type in it. A few minutes passed as she typed, then she slid the padd back over. There was a screen of equations on it now - the key to the Anomaly. "My universe discovered an unending supply of slaves, weapons and supplies could be taken easily. The moment of a starship's destruction is fairly powerful, fairly disruptive. By tweaking the subspace strings, you can open a rift..almost a wormhole...through realities. It was based on something that Kirk's time did. But those equations will collapse the Anomaly from this end. It takes a lot of energy to open one though, so if you really mean to go through it, collapsing it would be a bad idea." She put her feet back on the carpet and stood fluidly, moving in a martial way that this universe's Sy could not.

"What is Riven Mias' position in this universe?" She asked curiously.

"I believe the correct term for Doctor Mias would be that he wears many hats." Sekal stated. In answer

"In my universe, he is the High Inquisitor of Betazed, a torturer without conscience who delights in pain and misery." She smiled slightly. It was not a nice smile.

"I believe Doctor Mias would be scandalized at being referred to as such here." His comment was made dryly. "You will find him to be nothing like the one in your own reality." He reached for the comm. "Security send Ensign Galk to the Ready Room, we have a guest he will be escorting through the ship during Alpha tour. I will send a list of those officers who will be on the duty roster throughout the day."

(Reply: T'Mur)

“With a name like Galk... he’s got to be a klingon. I’ll be interested to study your history. Know your enemy and all that. But for now, allies.” She turned to sit down on his couch and wait for her ‘escort’.

“Our history Ms Verin will explain why I will not leave any of my crew in your reality when I have the capability to extract them no matter the obstacle. And as for Luma...” he paused as he leaned back in the chair again, “ I would not refer to her as an enslaved entity were I you. It is not my desire to be rescuing you from a locked shuttle ... or worse. Luma’Lenai is as much of a crew member on this ship as any other and a highly emotional being.” He picked up the Padd and the holo-unit she had placed on his desk, set the latter in a drawer to be inspected later and began looking over the equations on the screen.

(Reply: T'Mur, Galk)

(Posted by Chales and Mel)

[illegible]

Ratkajino, the stuff of legends. The Klingon was enjoying a big mug of it prior to going out on tour. Once finally getting to his cabin he had slept hard despite Steven Hammons dropping his bombshell. What was his insight? It was from a shared dream himself and Alaya had which he likened more to a vision of something seen through a mirror darkly. The reference was a bit of humor from Hammons which the Klingon didn't "Get". A vision of living in another universe, another reality, a reality in which the people were unbelievably vicious, scheming and vindictive. Where the governing authority was brutal, authoritarian and upward mobility was accomplished at the tip of a dagger. The latter sounded a bit like Klingon on steroids without honor or perhaps led by Duras.

At any rate according to Hammons someone coming over in the shuttle could possibly look like any one of them. Why them specifically? Hammons wasn't sure but didn't want to take any chances. The Klingon couldn't help but agree. If one of their mirror selves had made it aboard then they could use their knowledge to infiltrate the crew and do incalculable damage.

=^= T'Mur to Galk, report to the bridge immediately. ^=^=

He cut the sip short, the mug was almost empty anyway. "Understood sir, on my way."

The mug went into the recycler on the way out, his rounds would have to wait.

[illegible]

Quincy had just finished talking with Quinna. He had already checked on T'shalaith so he felt confident with his decision. He made his way to her biobed noting she was already awake. "Ahh, Ensign. How is your day today?"

(Reply T'Shalaith)

“Well, I have no reason to keep you here. I am releasing you back to active duty. In fact, Lt. Commander Solice has requested you to presents on the bridge.”

(Reply T'Shalaith)

“Just let me know if you feel dizzy or develop a headache,” Quincy added.

(Reply T'Shalaith)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

"I do not...feel I know you anymore, father." The world was white and Sath stood before her, hands clasped behind his back. He stared at her, unmoving. T'shalaith's hands were clasped in front, her fingers fidgeting as she stood before the man she had long revered. Now, she questioned.

Sath gave a slight nod, "Your feelings are deserved, daughter. You must know I never intended the harm that has come to you."

Her anger, normally controlled, flashed. “You of all people should understand the power of intention and destiny, father.” She spat it out and felt her face grow warm with the barely controlled rage. “My bond-mate failure wasn’t a mystery to you. You knew what could result from your...reckless act.” A fire burned inside her eyes, chaos brewing from within.

"Our people need me, daughter."

She stepped forward, the boldness from her simmering anger pushing her forward, “I swear if you claim the needs of the many I will find where you live in me and burn it with the fires of my hatred for you.”

Sath did not flinch or step forward. He closed his eyes and sighed softly, “Logic is the center of all we do. You do not know what has happened in my absence from the colony. They have need of knowledge.”

T'shalaith's eyes widened as she considered his revelation, "You...how? This is impossible."

A mild shrug, "As I keep reminding you, the possibilities of the impossible are enumerable, daughter. I cannot hope to explain...only plead for you to listen."

The assistant chief science officer's eyes both marveled and feared her father. The power he was claiming wasn't supposed to exist. Had this power existed before his death? Or had his death and the addition of his Katra without her knowledge exponentially amplified him? The possibility of studying this scenario was tempting to her as a scientist but was enormously concerning as the person carrying the burden.

"I must consider all of this, father. You have given me a great weight to carry."

Her father's Katra gave a slight bow, "I await your decision, daughter." He faded as he retreated to his hidden space within her, leaving T'shalaith to consider her options. The world began to fade into reality as she let out a small sigh. Reality had its advantages. It allowed her to get away from her father, even as he lived inside her.

“Ahh, Ensign. How is your day today?”

She blinked and felt her strength returning. “It is better than it was yesterday. I expect it to continue to improve.”

“Well, I have no reason to keep you here. I am releasing you back to active duty. In fact, Lt. Commander Solice has requested you to presents on the bridge.”

T'shalaith shifted to the sitting position, "That is a welcome request. I suspect whatever awaits us out there will require much consideration from all, including science. Thank you for the assistance you have rendered, Dr. Mason. I am...appreciative of your efforts."

“Just let me know if you feel dizzy or develop a headache,” Quincy added.

The ACSO pushed herself off the bed, “You will be one of the first to be aware of my condition, doctor.”

She headed for her quarters for a shower and uniform change. Her world had changed in the short time she'd spent in sickbay and she needed to focus on something else for a time.

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – SecO, Ensign Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor - 0632)

The turbolift hissed open and he made immediately for the tactical station. "Reporting for duty sir."

(Reply: T'Mur)

His eyes opened in surprise and his head turned toward the Ready Room. "Understood." The Captain it appeared had found at least one of the stowaways. The sidearm filled his hand as he stepped to the door which opened before him. What he saw inside caused a growl to rise from his throat. An alternate universe copy of Commander Verin?

"My apologies Captain that the intruder gained access to the bridge. I will escort her to the brig."

"No Mr. Galk. You will escort Ms. Verin to Guest room five on deck three and see that she is not disturbed. If she needs to leave the cabin you will escort her to her destination and back. I will have the duty roster for your replacements set up within the hour. She will be your primary responsibility while you are on tour."

The Klingon nodded, the inference was obvious. The alter Sienna Verin now had a gilded cage and Galk was one of her handlers.

"Understood Captain."

(Reply: T'Mur, alter-Sienna)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

T'Mur looked up as the turbolift door opened and Galk stepped out. He made his way over to her station.

"Reporting for duty sir."

“Mr. Galk,” T’Mur nodded, “the captain has requested your presence in his ready room. Apparently he has a guest that needs attending to, and he has selected you to be that attendant.”

"Understood," the Klingon said looking towards the Ready Room in surprise.

T'Mur followed the officer in the Ready Room, allowing herself to feel curiosity over who this guest was that made it in there without anyone noticing.

[illegible]

As she walk into the room she scanned the room but her gaze stopped at the woman sitting across from the captain. She immediately recognized the lines of her body. The musculature was a little more defined, but the dimensions and overall shape were the same. It was Sienna.

And yet it wasn't Sienna. The face was hers, but the eyes were different. Harder. They showed signs of a life that had had much more pain than her Sienna's. This was not her Sienna. Not an imposter. A doppelganger? No, those were apparitions, and this was clearly real.

Galk broke the silence of the room, "My apologies Captain that the intruder gained access to the bridge. I will escort her to the brig."

"No Mr. Galk. You will escort Ms. Verin to Guest room five on deck three and see that she is not disturbed. If she needs to leave the cabin you will escort her to her destination and back. I will have the

duty roster for your replacements set up within the hour. She will be your primary responsibility while you are on tour."

"Understood Captain," Galk confirmed his orders.

"Captain," T'Mur finally got words to come from her throat, "who is this person?"

(reply Sekal)

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "Indeed? An alternate Commander Verin? Curious."

She walked around the desk so that she could get a full view of this woman, “I do not mean to question your orders, sir, but why is this person not being kept in the brig? She is not to be trusted.”

(reply Sekal)

"I would, at least, request an opportunity to... interview her." She continued.

(reply Sekal, alter-Sienna)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room – CO Captain Sekal, Alter- Sienna Verin, CSec- Lt. T'Mur - 0636)

"Captain," T'mur croaked as she finally found her voice. "Who is this person?"

Sekal turned his attention to her, she hadn't been called but had every right to attend since he had summoned security.

"Lieutenant, may I introduce Commander Sienna Williams Verin ... from an alternate reality."

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "Indeed? An alternate Commander Verin? Curious."

She walked around the desk so that she could get a full view of this woman, “I do not mean to question your orders, sir, but why is this person not being kept in the brig? She is not to be trusted.”

"On what grounds Lieutenant?" He asked simply.

"I would, at least, request an opportunity to... interview her." She continued.

Sekal looked over at Sienna, the other Sienna. He watched her face as he spoke. "I have no objections."

Sienna Verin was not thrilled with being near T'Mur. She didn't move when T'Mur glanced towards her, but she was not comfortable being this close to the vulcan who was the figment of her nightmares.

T'Mur's vision seared into the woman across from her, as if trying to reach into her brain and pull out the truth. This was not her Sienna. They were not connected. And the only other alternative would have been unthinkable under these circumstances. If she forced a mind meld now, how would she be any different than those who had attacked her as a child.

Sekal couldn't help but notice the tense body language being exchanged by the two.

"Why did you come here?" T'Mur's first question was direct and obvious. The answer would not tell her much. She doubted that she would hear the absolute truth. But she asked anyway.

Galk hadn't lowered his phaser and kept a close watch, if there was any injury done here it would be him applying it and the alter Commander was visibly carrying knives upon her person.

Sienna looked at Galk, then at Sekal. "Let's start this off right." She stood up and moved as far away from the three as she could, taking off her sashed belt knife, still in its leather hilt. "I would ask that you keep this safe." She placed the dagger on a table, then took the blades from her boot sheathes and placed them beside it. "The boot blades are not heirlooms, but my uniform dagger is an heirloom, and has been passed down in my Mother's family from her House on Betazed. It's considered one of our holy relics." She left her blades there, and went back to her seat. She stayed as far from T'Mur as she could, however. It was obvious that she didn't trust the Vulcan any more than T trusted this version of Sy.

"And for the record, I'm not a Williams-Verin. My brother is the Williams, our father's heir; just as I am my Mother's heir, the Verin." The first of many differences.

"Believe me when I say that you are not Sienna Williams-Verin," T'Mur said coldly. She reached out and brought the blades closer to her. Withdrawing one of the blades from their sheaths she examined the blade carefully. She felt the weight of the blade from the handle and balanced it on her middle finger. It was well balanced. However she avoided the blade. For all she knew it was tainted. Spinning the blade around her hand skillfully she thrust it back into its sheath.

"These are all the weapons you have on your person?" T'Mur asked.

A look of disgust crossed her features. "-I- am a weapon." She replies. "And I'd rather you didn't touch that blade. Unless you plan on bleeding on it. Then you are more than welcome to come close enough that I can ram it into your cold, stone heart. But knowing as much about you as I do, I'd likely break the blade. I suppose I could just carve it out of your chest." Said conversationally.

T'Mur raised an eyebrow, "Indeed. It would be illogical for you to test that weapon on me." However she returned the blade to its place on the table. "Now answer my question. Are these all of the weapons you have on your person?"

"I suggest you have me scanned. We're..." She sighed, "Implanted with chips that contain data, our records and the implants are used to punish with pain." She shrugged. "I only carry the 3 blades, and I left my phaser pistol on the shuttle. I'm not here to make trouble, I'm here to avoid getting my people killed."

Sekal spoke up then. "I have not yet had an opportunity to verify her story though damage to her shuttle is outwardly compatible with it. Ms. Verin claims to be on the run from her own forces due to being in league with dissident elements. They are attempting to find and/or eliminate her and she has sought sanctuary on this ship. I am not making these claims to defend her but to add clarity to the proceedings and the steps I have taken are in harmony with that. A scan would be a logical step, I would suggest medical since there may be pain inducing elements. We are not savages here."

Galk gave a scowl and lowered the phaser but didn't let down his guard.

T'Mur sat back in her seat and thought. The information from Sekal was consistent with what her Sienna would do under similar circumstances. An act of compassion or a selfless act was not what she was seeing in the eyes of this woman. All she could see was fear.

"What are you afraid of?" T'Mur asked. "I see it every time you look at me. Fear."

The AU Sienna looked away, "The figment of my nightmares in flesh. I was suspected due to leaking the trill antidote for the symbiont virus. Since I was a large part of its creation, not really understanding what I was helping to create. It was decided by my mother that the best way to deal with me would be to barter me in a treaty marriage to a vulcan whose family was in their ruling council. There is a schism between the pro-human element and the vulcan faction and it was thought that my being subjugated by a strong vulcan would solve all the problems. Sophie Verin's heir can't be a traitor after all. When the bonding takes place, she will be able to find my resistance activities and dismantle it. I warned those I could, to go into hiding, but... she is pursuing me. My personal bodyguard Tavay helped me escape and stayed behind to muddy the waters. She's most likely dead now." A hint of pain on her features. She cared about Tavay.

T'Mur listened carefully, and suddenly the flashes of fear made sense. "I am to presume that your... intended is me, from your universe? And that I, the alter me, would not approve of your activities with this resistance?"

Sienna stared at T'Mur and then laughed. "To say she wouldn't approve would be an understatement. To say that she is hunting me is not a strong enough term. She is coming for me and she will destroy anything to get to me. I don't particularly want to be bartered, and certainly not to Her." She shrugged a bit.

The Vulcan looked at Sekal and understood his position now. Still, there was something in her posture that didn't seem right. Perhaps it was the way she watched Sekal. Perhaps she was always that way, like she was looking for a weakness. Was his acceptance that weakness? T'Mur still didn't trust this woman.

There were hints, slight traces of the woman she loved there, but they were covered by anger, pain and fear. Perhaps her lack of trust hit a chord closer to home than T'Mur would care to admit. But logic had to dictate that she face that possibility. Is this who she could have been, left to the streets of Vulcan after her rape.

She tore her eyes from the woman and looked at Sekal. "I accept your logic." She looked over at the woman and said, "I accept your offer of peace."

She reached over and took the belts and knives. "Rest assured these will be well taken care of." Looking back at Sekal she said, "If you will not be needing me further Captain, I shall return to duty."

Sienna watched T'Mur pick up her heirloom blade and something in her did not like having her arch-nemesis holding something with so much family history. She bit her tongue however and ignored her instincts, which were honed in a much harder environment.

Sekal nodded. "Dismissed Lieutenant." Turning his attention to the Klingon. "Mr. Galk you may escort her to her quarters."

Standing up, she headed behind Galk, headed for her new quarters.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles,
Mel
And AI)

[illegible]

The shower had helped, and her fresh uniform was an added benefit. She had spent the walk from her quarters to the bridge building her emotional control wall back and stronger. The turbolift ride had given her a brief chance to meditate on logic and control. The doors opened the bridge, and she stepped forward. The CMO and third officer held the center chair. T'shalaith caught the eye of the science officer at her station and gave them a nod as she stepped to their side. A brief report on the situation was relayed and the Vulcan made notes as they reviewed what had occurred and where they were positioned. T'shalaith thanked them and stepped into her position, a sense of relief in being in a familiar place settled over her.

She tapped the console and accessed the probe's feed, her eyes scanning the ongoing and incoming results. "Commander Solice, I'm receiving and reviewing the data from the probe recently launched. What additional details would be advantageous for science to identify or watch out for?"

(reply Solice)

The ACSO gave a nod, “Starting search now, commander.”

(reply solice, any)

(reply solace, any)
(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible]

Quinna was bored. She had been sitting in the command chair. She was idle and that was not common for her. Relief came in with the swooshing sound of the turbolift door. “Welcome back, Ensign.” She noted that T’Shalaith went straight to her station and went straight to work.

She tapped the console and accessed the probe's feed, her eyes scanning the ongoing and incoming results. "Commander Solice, I'm receiving and reviewing the data from the probe recently launched. What additional details would be advantageous for science to identify or watch out for?"

“We want anything that would help us find the USS Rhyne and are there any anomalies in the area that could affect the mental facilities of the crew.” Taking a deep breath. “Just anything unusual.”

The ACSO gave a nod, “Starting search now, commander.”

“Thank you,” Quinna said. “Also if you see anything biomedical in nature, could you please send it over to me,” Quinna added?

(reply T'Shalaith, any)

(posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

The day had already held some surprises and at least one of them was about to be shared. He sat down at the table and keyed the comm. "Dr's Penn and Teller to the briefing room." The scientists should find this to be a "fascinating" subject. His next call was to Quinna. "Lieutenant Commander please bring Lieutenant T'Mur and Ensign T'shalaith to the briefing room, we have something of importance to discuss."

Having done that he set two objects on the table before him, the Padd and the holographic device that the alter-universe Sienna had given him followed by, “Mr. Galk please invite our guest to the briefing room.” As he waited for everyone to arrive he set up the holo viewer for the upcoming meeting.

Quinna followed T'Mur and T'Shalaith. On the Bridge she nodded at them and the three left together. She took her usual seat and opened her PADD to a new Document. She looked up at the Captain.

“Sir?”

T'Shalaith found a chair and sat, wondering what was next for them. Her chief was still missing from the Rhyne and she'd stepped back into the role of interim without assuming the role. The reports were straightforward enough and managing the various scientists and pieces of the department was a challenge. Her eyes caught the device on the table next to the captain's PADD. Whatever it was, it wasn't something she was terribly familiar with.

T'Mur walked around the table and sat across from Sienna's usual seat. She nodded to the captain as she sat. Not for the first time that day she could feel that curiosity creep through her brain. She

remembered explaining to her parents that her curiosity was not an emotional response. She just had more curiosity than her parents had experience with, or knew how to deal with.

She noted the device sitting next to Sekal's PADD. With curiosity. But patience prevented her from reaching out and picking it up.

The alternate Sienna Verin strode in. Dressed still in her leather combat uniform, with the high heeled boots making a soft clicking sound as she confidently walked in. "You summoned me?" She asked Sekal, ignoring everyone else in the room as insignificant, although if someone were to bet, she would know where everyone was and had a plan to kill them all if necessary. She moved around the table and sat opposite of T'Mur, staring hard at the woman who carried the visage of her nightmares.

T'Mur sat looking back at the woman who had, for the most part, the same appearance of her mate and watched with dispassionate and watching eyes. She noted a hint of something when that woman looked at her. Was it fear?

Quinna sat higher in her chair with the entrance of Sienna. The What-the-f look was no secret. She noticed that this was not their Sienna but what was she?

Alter- Sienna's shadow was visible near the door where he had taken up residence with his arms crossed and a scowl on his face as he watched her closely.

The Captain glanced at her. "Affirmative. I am waiting for two other individuals to arrive." He activated the holographic interface and what they had been calling "The Maelstrom" without affection appeared over the table. It was translucent and he could see everyone clearly through it. "While we wait Ensign T'shalaith can report on what we have been able to ascertain about this anomaly."

The ACSO slipped out a PADD of her own, tapping the screen as she gave her report, "The variables we are aware of - instability in the space and time continuum, the significant interdimensional fracture and the hypothesis that it could lead to an alternate reality of some type." She clicked to the next part of her report, "What follows is less of the known and more of...an educated guess or theory. Several instances of madness have been observed with long term exposure to the Maelstrom. Using reports from medical and cross examining with the science department there is no consistent measure of who it affects in what context or to what length." She paused for a moment.

"However, would you agree that the effect should be able to be observed through Neuro monitors." Quinna added.

"You are correct. The effect is observed and quantified. Which leads us to the next theory. The phenomenon is emitting an unusual amount of anti-matter. We know that in time dilation or time disruptions anti-matter is present. In most cases we can identify them via sensor readings which allows us to classify the type of anti-matter present."

T'shalaith turned the page on her PADD, "It leads me to hypothesize something I've considered since we encountered it. There were several reports and observations quantifying this phenomena as possibly a living thing or a creature of some kind. I investigated further with the ongoing results from the probe we sent earlier and I'm mildly confident we are dealing with a living...thing."

Quinna's head popped up more. She was curious on the bases on the claim. "Have you going through the Daystom's criteria defining what constitutes a lifeform?"

The ACSO shook her head slightly, "I do not think that qualifies in this situation. Parsing out the anti-matter readings together with the observations and information the more like comparison would be to flora...essentially a plant." She tapped a key on her PADD, "I've sent my preliminary report to each of you for review. Whatever data we examine from the...retrieved PADD will be essential in exploring the hypothesis. The connection with the reported and observed madness could be a defense mechanism of the plant and perhaps certain genetics make some more vulnerable to its effects. Within that, a vaccine against it may indeed be possible." She sat back in her chair, "That is the current evaluation of our situation from what I've been able to gather and examine."

The door to the room opened and Penn and Teller walked in. They were still wearing their lab coats over shorts and floral print shirts. Penn was also wearing a cowboy hat.

"Excuse our tardiness," Penn said, "we had to shut down our current experiment lest we have a similar incident as we had the last time we were dragged out of our lab."

The Tamarian nodded, "Malcolm and Jayne to Badger, on Persephone."

They walked around the table and found the pair of seats that had been set aside for them. Penn was the first to notice Sienna sitting at the other side of the table. He nudged Teller with his elbow, leaned over and whispered, "Marcellus to Horacio about Denmark."

The Tamarian nodded, "Oda Mae Brown, to Sam Wheat. Zima and Bakor at Anzo?"

Penn looked at Sekal, "Did we miss anything important?"

"Negative. Ms. T'shalaith was discussing what we know of the Anomaly of which you have already been apprised." Sekal looked about the table. "Now that everyone is available I will make the introduction after which we will continue the discussion. You all will have noticed that the Alter-Universe Commander Verin has put in an appearance and she has given me something that may be of value to us. Let it be noted that she has no rank here but is on this ship for the purpose of sanctuary and has valuable information." He then sat back. "Please continue your hypothesis."

Teller looked at the science officer, motioning with his hands, "House. Gregory House to Foreman regarding the ANA. Kira at Bashi. "

Penn got a glint in his eyes and nodded, "Me too."

Quinna sat there making notes. She wondered if there was a way to countermand the effects of the antimatter. She wondered if they could set up some sort of relay of probes to communicate. She noted there was some sort of time dilation, most of all, Alternate universe? Quinna waited for more before she started asking for more clarification. She also needed the raw data for the biomedical side to help with a countermain to the effects of the Malstrom.

T'shalaith sat forward in her chair, "An additional theory on the anti-matter is that somehow the Maelstrom plant has been injured." She activated her PADD once more, "The question is how it created the connection to the alternate universe in the first place...and how we can seek to have that event occur again." She tapped her PADD, "Without further study of sensor records, the ongoing probe reports, and the information there..." she nodded at Sekal's desk, "It would be unwise to speculate further." T'shalaith tapped the PADD one more time, "One last hypothesis - communication."

"Within most flora in the universe there is traditionally a manner of communication that occurs from plant to plant or even animal to plant." She put up examples on the viewscreen in the room, "It is often used to diffuse defenses or convince the plant that no harm will come." She returned her attention to the table, "More investigation would be needed to validate any and all hypotheses presented here, but it is the best approximation of the scenario we find ourselves in. It does bear consideration that if we are able to cross through and over using the Maelstrom we'll need to ensure a way back or at minimum an open path allowing a return." She turned to Penn, Teller, Quinna, and the rest, "Your thoughts and contemplations are most welcome in order to discover the validity of the theories."

Teller laughs after the science officer finishes and invites commentary. "Audry II, to Seymour at Mushnik. Wanda and Otto. Wanda's dresses. Jessup, the Colonel to Kaffee. The code red. Buzz Lightyear and Sheriff Woody, when they met." He turned to his partner and shrugged.

Penn shifted in his seat and cleared his throat. He removed the cowboy hat and put it on the table. "Perhaps," he said, "that Dr. Teller and I can shed some light onto the situation as well. He pulled his PADD out of his lab coat, which seemed speckled with red dots, and put it on the table. He tapped a few icons on the device and a holographic image appeared above it. The image was a hologram of the two scientists, heads together, with large, cheesy grins on their faces. Clearly an image that they had taken by themselves in their lab.

Penn looked at his partner and smiled a guilty smile, "Sorry. Let me..."

He played with the device for a moment and an image of Teller holding a brain in his hands came up. Penn explained, "We had theorized that the radiation had affected the brain as well, but in order to find out what area of the brain was affected we actually need to have access to an actual brain. Fortunately, for lack of a better way of putting it, the Rhyne graciously provided us with samples."

He tapped the screen and showed the scans of the brains.

"The first brain is of one of the crewmen from the Rhyne," Penn began to explain. "The second is of a typical human brain. Note the size difference and deep indentations in the tissue between neural ridges. Then we wanted to see what caused those changes." He tapped the screen again.

"Again, the first is a typical brain. See these White markers," he pointed to the second image, "these irregular protein sequences. Prion sequences. Prions are misfolded proteins with the ability to transmit their misfolded into normal variants of the same protein."

Another tap changed the image, "We dig deeper to see what may have caused the folding miscue."

"Those white protein sequences are being bombarded by the radiation from the Maelstrom causing the nucleus of the brains cells to send out the messages to fold the proteins incorrectly."

Teller nodded, "Marie Curie and the Marigolds. Wilhelmina Roentgen at Wurzburg."

He looked over at the Vulcan science officer and shrugged, "Sorry ma'am, no plant in the universe, known or unknown, could send out those messages."

"Mister Ed to Wilbur, in the barnyard." Teller added.

He looked at the group, "How are we doing so far?"

Teller looked around as well and back to his partner in crime, "Kadir beneath Mo Moteh. Kiteo, his eyes closed. Chenza at court. The court of silence." He shrugs and looks at the Chief Medical Officer, "Shacka, when the walls fell."

He sat back and waited.

"So," Quinna started, "You are looking similar to Creutzfeldt-Jakob-Disease." Quinna shook her head. "Sorry, A neurodegenerative disorder. It is fatal. Most races are susceptible to the effects. Ferengi not so much."

Quinna turned to Penn and Teller, "Can the personal shields, you two were working on, help countermand the effects of the Malestrom?"

Teller looked over Quinna as he thought, "Brant, in the limo, to the Dude. Yoda, to Luke on Degobah" "

"I have a hard time believing that the Maelstrom is a lifeform. It seems to be more of a rift in time and space. If the PSD's, sorry, Personal Shielding Devices would work, we should take a shuttle and go back there."

Penn shook his head, "The Maelstrom itself is not alive, it is energy though. Directed energy, created from a source outside of this universe. Like all energy it has some qualities of life. But it is not alive. The PSD, as you call it, may or may not protect us, but we don't really have time to test it. However, I think we can develop a protein resequencer that will counteract the effect of the radiation."

Quinna then turned to the Alternate Sienna, "You came through here through the Maelstrom, right?"

Sienna had sat quietly through their talking. The science was top notch, but she was used to action, adrenaline and constantly being on the go, "I did. My shuttle used the equations I gave to -your- Sekal to navigate it. But it was damaged. When we started creating the energy fissures, we used the energy dispersal at the time of destruction to fuel the theft of the ship and personnel. The good news is that once we use my equations and close the rift, the after-eff`ects should disperse. On my Illuminar we used psionic inhibitors to deliberately cripple the boarding crew so that they won't continue to be affected by the distortion."

"In the shuttle we can take a ship in and then back out again. Take more intense reading." Quinna suggested.

Sekal considered it. "We have already inserted a probe which should give us those readings and I see no logical reason to expose more crewmen to it at this time. If the temporal flux being generated by the anomaly causes a drastic change in the temporal state of someone going into it we could lose them entirely."

Sekal placed the Padd within reach of his ACSO. "These are the equations she gave me that may close the rift. I would like it checked thoroughly and a recommendation made as to its utility."

T'shalaith accepted the PADD and examined the equations and notes contained on the device. There was enough there to start working on but she found some of the results that she had worked out in her head to be found wanting. There was the wildcard of trust in the dynamic with the data they'd been given by the officer from the other universe. "Surface level view sir, they are functional. I'll start the simulation and scenario work immediately."

Teller looked at Penn, then at the Vulcan. Putting on his best smile, he nodded to the PADD, "Temba, his arms wide," he said

He passed the altered holo-unit to the Civilian scientists. "Something you both may be interested in studying."

Teller remained focused on the PADD, turning to Penn, "Rockford and Richie, saving Brockelman. The curse of King Tut. Coombs in ruins."

Penn nodded, "Captain, if we might have a copy of those calculations as well. We are quite well versed with Quantum Field Theories and energy transference."

"Of course, I expect you may be of assistance in this matter." Sekal answered.

He looked about the table before standing to his feet. "Your reports were fascinating. Lieutenant Commander Solice, do you have anything to add?"

"No, Sir." Quinna sat back.

"Thank you, dismissed. Mr. Galk you may escort Ms. Verin back to her quarters."

Quinna left and marched herself back on the bridge.

T'Mur narrowed her eyes and watched as Galk escorted the woman out of the room. She was up to something. Sienna would have told her it was a gut feeling, but it was really an extrapolation of data, based on past reports of personnel from the alternate universe, and the fact that every time they locked eyes she turned away.

T'shalaith considered the captain for a moment, but determined that T'Mur was waiting to speak to him. She wasn't sure who to reveal or if to reveal the complication that had developed recently. She knew

putting her mind to work on the equations would assist in keeping her focus on the important needs of the mission and the crew. It was the only solution she could figure out at the moment. She made a note to seek out the two doctors and headed for her office. She wasn't sure how long her chief would be out. For the moment, she was a placeholder in the midst of a mission gone wrong.

“Captain,” T'Mur said after the others left the room, “I would like to renew my objection to this woman, this alter-Sienna, being given even the most basic freedoms. I do not trust her. She should be in the brig.”

Sekal turned a dispassionate gaze on her. "On what grounds Lieutenant? The fact that she comes from a warlike and brutal culture? On that basis Mr. Galk himself should be in the brig. I do not trust her and will not without a concrete justification for doing so however I cannot justify her incarceration in the absence of damning evidence and by doing so we could be seen as lowering ourselves to the standards to which she is accustomed. I am not taking her assistance on blind faith and have instructed the science department to verify her calculations. You are within your right to question her at your leisure and impose stricter limitations on her freedom of movement within reason."

T'Mur took a deep breath and relaxed her posture. She may not agree with his logic, but she would not argue with it. Especially since her logic seemed to come from an instinctive feeling. She nodded.

“Of course,” she replied. “She has not asked to as much as to step out of her quarters. But I have restricted her access to replicators to food and water. I have been monitoring her usage even with that. If anything changes I will, of course, inform you immediately.”

"All logical precautions." The Captain agreed. "Until she steps out of line the status quo will be maintained. If she steps out of line you may confine her according to regulations. Dismissed."

T'Mur nodded, thinking but not saying, ~If that is not to late~. She turned and exited back to the bridge.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G

Mel G

Kris Bailey

Aaron DeLay

Tim Bushnell

Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 0923)

Quinna found her seat on the Bridge. She found it hard just to sit there and be 'patient'. That was probably why Vulcan made better captains since they did have that patient state of mind.

“Commander,” A voice came from behind her. She turned to see the nondescript Ensign behind her who had been monitoring the information from the probe.

"Yes," Quinna answered.

“The information from the probe in coming in 10 times faster than it should,” the Ensign said.

“That that good or bad?” Quinna asked.

“The probe is not designed to do that. It is coming in faster than we can handle. Right now I am trying to keep up with the data.” The Ensign said scrambling her fingers across the panel. “Ma’am, we lost it. We lost the probe”

Quinna took a deep breath. “What happened?”

"I assume the probe could not keep up with the information it was sending."

Quinna shook her head, “Solice to Sekal” Quinna waited for the Captain to reply.

(Reply Sekal)

"Sir, we lost the probe."

(Reply Sekal, reply any)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Ready Room - CO, Captain Sekal -- 0925)

He was tired, they were all tired, events of the last 2 days had been taxing on all. With Vulcans it was difficult to see fatigue owing to their self-discipline, they could keep going until they collapsed, humans tended to be more vocal and demonstrative.

The screen he was looking at was scrolling the calculations the science department was currently running. As for those submitted by the alter- universe Sienna? He had already absorbed them and drawn his own conclusion but that was why he had a science department and an officer delegated to manage it. He had run the department on Mars as well as research and development but he was not in command at the time. As CO of a vessel he delegated duties and considered recommendations, due to his expertise it merely gave him the knowledge base to more accurately weigh those recommendations. Science and Engineering were his fortes after all.

=*Sir, we lost the probe.=^=

"On my way." He was on his feet and out the door quickly.

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1 -- Bridge - CO, Captain Sekal -- 0928)

"Report." He said as he neared the CONN. He turned and made no move for the command chair but motioned for Quinna to remain seated.

(Reply: Solice, T'shalaith)

There was only one logical conclusion. "The quantum flux and temporal eddies overloaded the data transmission circuitry. Ms. T'shalaith prepare another probe and set the transmission output to minimum. Data reception will take longer to receive and investigate but it may prolong the life of the device."

(Reply: T'shalaith)

He crossed his arms and stood immovable, looking at the screen as the probe was being prepared.

(Reply: Quinna, T'shalaith, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

"Report."

T'shalaith ran her hands quickly across the console. There were numerous reasons why the probe was lost. She settled on what the probe had transmitted when it was lost. "A massive energy surge of unknown and unmeasurable quantities overwhelmed the probe before it went dark."

(Reply: Solice)

"The quantum flux and temporal eddies overloaded the data transmission circuitry. Ms. T'shalaith prepare another probe and set the transmission output to minimum. Data reception will take longer to receive and investigate but it may prolong the life of the device."

The ACSO gave a nod and adjusted the settings on the console quickly. The changes were simple to make but she made every effort to ensure the probe lived longer in order to give them better data.

She watched out of the corner of one eye as the captain crossed his arms and stood looking at the screen as the probe was being prepared. There was much weighed on his shoulders. There was much to be discovered in the worst type of scenario. She had confidence in him and most of the crew. She wondered if they had confidence in her.

“Captain, adjustments are complete and verified. Ready to launch on your order, sir.”

(Reply: Solice, Sekal , any)

(reply Solice, Sekal, any)

(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible]

T'Mur entered the sickbay carrying a covered tray. She hadn't heard that her Sienna had been on a restricted diet so she managed to gather some of her favorite foods so they could have lunch together. The food she had prepared may not have gotten the approval of the medical staff, but she was fairly certain they wouldn't ask to look. But to be sure she simply made a straight line to Sienna's isolated room.

She stood in the doorway, just looking at her for a minute, as she rested peacefully, but she could tell that she was awake. She knocked on the door jam with her free hand.

"May I come in?"

Sy looked towards the door and nodded, sitting up, shakingly. "Still pretty weak." She chose the words carefully. No one was telling her anything and Luma was being oddly silent. Sy patted the edge of her biobed, inviting T closer. "Why are things so odd between us?" She asked, not realizing the true extent of her physical changes. "They shouldn't be odd. Luma did us a favor, right? Keeping us together rather than whatever happened? I should be grateful, but I'm exhausted, and I don't feel like me. And I keep getting the oddest flashes..." She didn't even know about the alter-Sy being present on the ship.

::Have I told you how beautiful you are?::: Sy floated the thought to T, trying to get that closeness back with her mate.

T'Mur walked over to a counter and deposited the tray of food, then sat on the edge of the bed. She looked down at Sienna and quirked, what Sienna had realized was, an amusing eyebrow.

"It has been two days, eight hours and twenty-seven minutes since you last commented on my appearance. So yes, you have." She paused for a moment and then added, "You are pleasing to look at as well. I am... happy to see you."

Sienna tried to smile, but the exhaustion put a lie to the attempt. She was so exhausted. But T was here, and Sy tried to muster the enthusiasm she felt for her mate. Stuck in her room, alone for so long, had caused Sienna to be stuck in her head. The psychic insulation on the ICU room was protecting her from the thoughts of the crew. She's had far too long to think.

T'Mur looked on with concern. She stood up and retrieved the tray she had brought.

"I was fairly certain that the medical staff would not provide you with the foods that you require for... sustenance, so I brought a selection, with the proposal that we could have lunch together."

She pulled the cloth off the tray to reveal some of Sienna's favorite foods. She had often commented that Sienna's veins contain a substantial amount of chocolate in them, and she would have some form of anemic reaction if she were deprived.

Sienna smiled a real smile of delight when T'Mur revealed the foods she had chosen. Of course it wasn't just all chocolate but there was a good portion of chocolate included. One of her favorite stress treats - milk chocolate covered bacon - was there and she reached for a piece weakly. It felt like forever since she had landed back on the Illuminar when in reality it had only been a few days at most.

"One of the nurses came in and was thinking about the alter-me. She's here on the ship? And Sekal hasn't restrained her at all?" Sienna's dark eyes showed the pain that she had been sensing from her alter-counterpart before they had moved her into a shielded room to let her recover in peace. Her shields were non-existent currently and she had been sensing far too much, impeding her restoration to her duties. Her dark eyes looked at T almost accusingly.

"So..what's she like?" Sy asked curiously.

T'Mur looked at her mate, eyes narrowing slightly. She didn't know how much she should tell her, but would not be untruthful. She picked up a piece of fruit, that had managed to avoid being drenched in chocolate sauce and took a bite of the sweet morsel.

"She is like you, in some ways, but very different," the Vulcan admitted. "She does not have the same sense of caring for others that you do. She claims to be part of a resistance, and is running from an enforced marriage to... me. Which I find an intriguing proposal. However, I do not trust her. The captain wants to give her some latitude until she has done something that reflects my level of lack of trust."

She paused for a moment, looking at the fruit in her hand. "It is not very logical why I have this... feeling towards her. I refuse to trust her."

Sienna took another piece of the chocolate covered bacon then reached out to encircle T'Mur's wrist with her hand and draw the fruit in T's hand to her lips, eating it from her mate's hand. The skin to skin contact meant that T'Mur could easily hear Sienna's thoughts. And Sienna did not trust this alter-version of herself at all.

::I'm worried she's going to do something that will damage the ship, get us trapped in the mirror universe. When Luma pulled me back to the ship from the Rhyne a time dilation event occurred and it was like I was viewing her life from the outside. Like watching a vid.:: Sienna sent the memories that she had of the event in a burst of thought. ::Nothing in those memories discount what the other Sy is saying. We need a better name for her. Giovanna?:: Sy picked the earth middle name that she had been given by her father. ::Does that suit her?:: Her betazoid family had a habit of using names that began with S traditionally, so her Father had insisted on a human name for her to reflect the human side of her heritage.

T'Mur sighed, taking a moment to enjoy the sudden connection with her mate. She see each image as Sienna had seen them. There were images within the images, but it would take some time to separate them out.

::A different name would make things easier for us, but I doubt that she would accept the change. Perhaps just between us.:: She sent Sienna the image of a wink, which she had learned was a gesture of a friendly secret. ::I do not trust Giovanna...:: she drew an image of herself throwing the other Sienna, Giovanna, as far as she could, which was a fair distance. ::Maybe not that far.:: The tone of the thought, though serious, was also playful.

She reached up and stroked Sienna's cheek, "I miss you my love. I want you to come home."

Sienna leaned into the touch of her mate. "I need to come home. I don't think Quinna is going to release me until I can walk from here to the door without collapsing. You could always sneak me out." She began to tease as she would have in the past. "You are the chief security officer. I need to be more secure. Only you can guard me." She says this solemnly, the playfulness behind the words. But the truth was there too, Sy was scared of Giovanna.

T'Mur nodded, "And the doctor tells me if I can get you walking then you can leave sickbay, so I say it is time to get your..." she thought hard for the next phrase and nodded approvingly at her next choice of words, "lazy butt out of that bed and stand up."

She looked at her mate with curiosity, "That is the correct phrase is it not? Although I do not understand how just your derrière is lazy."

Sy eyed T'Mur, "I wish it as laziness, love. It's exhaustion. I'm willing to try as long as you are willing to catch me." Her weakness frightened her.

"I am here for you," T'Mur looked into her eyes, "for whatever you need. I believe you have consumed enough chocolate to give you some energy. We can start with a stand, and see where it leads from there."

She reached out and took hold of Sienna's hand, using her strength to bolster her mate's muscles.

Sienna curled her fingers trustingly into T'Mur's hand. Her mate was more than strong enough to carry her if needed. She swung her legs to the side of the biobed and sat fully up. Her head swam, she was dizzy. Her breath came faster from the unusual sensations. She felt ashamed, weak.

Still she put her hands on T'Mur's shoulders and slid to the ground, leaning heavily into the other woman's body before her knees began to shake with the effort of holding her up. Fear spiked between the bond, the fear that Sy was about to fall.

T'Mur shot a thought through their connection. ::Sienna Williams-Verin, you will not fall. I have you. Just straighten your legs and stand::

She put her hand on the small of her back and lifted a majority of her weight. The problem was more mental than physical. She was in a weakened condition, but her lack of belief appeared to be the major issue.

T'Mur leaned in and whispered in Sienna's ear, "I have a special reward for you if you stand up."

Sy stood. It wasn't pretty, it wasn't stable, and she wasn't entirely sure that she could walk. But she did it. It took T'Mur supporting most of her weight and Sy clinging to her, but she made it. As T'Mur stepped back, Sienna tried to bend her knees to follow her mate, but her muscles were not responding properly. Her knees buckled and she fell forward, into T'Mur. Sy stared into her mate's eyes, ::This would be fun at any other time:: She communicated with a mix of despair and frustration and laughter.

Staring into her mates face T'Mur's eyes filled with love as she held Sienna in her arms. ::I promised you a reward:: She leaned in and planted a soft kiss on her lips.

Sy leaned more purposefully into T'Mur's kiss. Her legs knocked, quivering as she tried to stay standing. This was the first step. She knew that. ::You'll always have me? Never leave?: Fear touched her thoughts, she always worried that one day she would lose T'Mur and be alone. And it terrified her, the woman who always had a bond with another person.

T'Mur nuzzled into Sienna's neck, then suddenly took a nibble at the flesh. ::You are mine. I am yours. Always::

∴Always∴ Sy whispered back. Her shields were still nonexistent. But that was just fine. T'Mur was there.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Mel)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Lt. Bohb - 1800)

Bohb yawned and stretched his arms out in his chair in front of the monitor. Then he leaned forward and rubbed the burning sensation from his eyes. He had been working nonstop since the battle with the Klingons to repair the damage to the warp nacelle and get the warp drive back online. He had only taken a few 'cat naps' to recharge. Every time he fell asleep he would wake up with another solution to the problem. He would not be able to sleep so he would get up, grab another engineer and get the work done.

He already had some intimate knowledge of the ship's systems, but now he had actually put his hands on most of the systems required for warp drive. It was exciting and exhausting. Now he was just waiting for, what he hoped, would be the final compile of all of the work his team had completed.

Finally a satisfying and positive beep came from his monitor, accompanied by a green light. Bohb stood up, lifted his arms in the air like a prize fighter and growled in joy. "Yes!"

He tapped his comm badge, "Bohb to Captain Sekal, I'm pleased to announce that we have completed our work and you know have full warp capability. Sorry it took so long."

(reply Sekal)

Bohb dropped his weight back into the seat and heard it strain under his sudden weight. He closed his eyes and rolled his neck, feeling the tension of the last two days slowly release. Then he took a deep breath and stood up.

“Good work everyone,” he said to the room of engineers. “You worked hard and deserve a vacation. However, I doubt that’s going to happen, so on your next shift change I will arrange that everyone gets a drink, on me. Meanwhile, let’s make sure that the ship does not blow up before we can have a real celebration.”

(reply none, any in engineering)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 4 - Explorers Lounge— - CO, Captain Sekal - 1801)

The Captain was in the main dining area of the lounge and currently off duty, if that is the CO of a ship was ever actually "off duty". Anything that happened on the ship at any time was of concern to him though all things must be prioritized. At the top of the list was a red alert denoting a state of emergency followed closely by yellow. Below that were any number of items such as mechanical issues, crew disciplinary problems or high priority messages from StarFleet.

He was finishing off his vegetables as he read from the Padd in his left hand. The technical drawings of a new starship which he has been interfacing with Utopia Planitia on was contained therein along with a number of notations. Construction was well underway and questions concerning placement and orientation of a number of pieces of equipment had already been resolved. Theoretical power consumption and component integration had as well. All that remained was to have a finished model to test.

=^= Bohb to Captain Sekal. ^=^=

His eyes left the padd and he put down the fork to answer the hail. "Captain here."

=^= I'm pleased to announce that we have completed our work and you now have full warp capability. Sorry it took so long. =^=

"Thank you Mister Bohb, no apologies are required. You have completed the repairs in 65% of your estimated time. You have my gratitude. You are now on downtime, take your sleep cycle."

Having signed off he activated the comm again. "Mr. Lawrence I have just been informed we should have warp capability. I shall be on the bridge shortly for a test run."

=^=Acknowledged Captain. Everything has been running smoothly on the bridge, nothing to report.=^=

Sekal picked up the padd and took it with him as he left his half finished dinner and swept toward the door to the main hallway.

[illegible]

The lift door gave a muted hiss as it opened on the nerve center of the ship. Beta shift was manning the consoles as per his orders.

Lieutenant Lawrence stood as he approached, giving the command chair over to the CO and took the XO seat. Having settled in he turned to the engineer's station. "Please confirm warp availability."

"Yes sir." The technician manipulated the board and began warming up the warp coils. "Power flow initiated, ready in five minutes."

"Mr. Montero plot a course away from the anomaly, we will be taking a short test run to confirm functionality."

(Reply: Montero)

"Operations confirms full warp engine availability Captain. I will be monitoring the test run."

"Acknowledged. Immediately report any variation from normal parameters."

The minutes passed quickly as the crew performed their duties like a well choreographed ballet.

"Mr. Montero initiate warp 1."

He would start the ship out slowly and if it performed smoothly bump up the speed in increments.

"Power flow stable Captain with minimal adjustments."

(Reply: Montero)

[illegible]

Quinna stayed at her post until the Beta shift had been completed. The Captain had been too busy to return her communication about the probe so the decision was to make use of what data was received. The Illuminar was too far away to launch another probe and it was not safe to take the ship back. Quinna left that in a report for the Captain. As soon as the beta shift transitioned, Quinna left.

Quinna looked intending at the samples to find what Penn and Teller reported. Afterward, she came up with a holodeck program that would simulate the effects of the Maelstrom on the crew. The Scenario would help them understand the theoretical ways to make the Maelstrom inert.

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 5- Medical Bio Lab – Drs Penn and Teller, CMO/3O Dr. Quinna Solice - 1835)

Penn and Teller had kept themselves busy since the meeting in the morning. Together they were a formidable scientific force, but individually they still were two of the top minds in their respective fields.

And while Teller poured through the readings and calculations that had been collected on the PADD Captain Sekal had given them, Penn continued to work through the medical data from their samples they had collected from the dead Rhyne crew's brains. They knew that there was a connection between the two so they took a divide and conquer approach.

By the end of hour nine they had come to the conclusion that they were going to need the services of a medical doctor and there was only one person they trusted on this ship that could help them. They located Doctor Solice, packed their information into their PADDs and headed to the medical bio lab.

"Henry Morton to Dr. Livingston in Africa," Penn said to Teller with a smile.

Then the Benzite approached Solice, "Ah Doctor Solice, just the person we are looking for."

Quinna looked up from her microscope and turned to the physicists. "Gentlemen, What can I do for you?" Quinna was busy setting up her one data parameters.

"Sergeant Hulka, to the recruits," he said with a smile.

"We have been looking at the results of the brain scans, and deep sub molecular probes with a scanning microscope and find that we need to get medical advice on our next steps. You are the only person on the ship we feel comfortable bringing these results to."

He handed her his PADD, "As you can see the brain tissue has been affected at the sub molecular level, causing the changes to the brain cells. Those changes are causing the cell nucleus to send out false messages that are causing the protein folding we are seeing creating the prions that are causing the brain damage."

"Archimedes', to the Greeks running to the king." Teller added triumphantly.

Quinna took the PADD. She stood and paced the lab as she was reading the data. The analysis seemed spot on. "Ok, so Sub-Molecular....So neuro..."

"Quantum neural," Penn corrected.

Quinna looked up from her thoughts. "Excuse me?" She said. Quinna put the PADD down. "I suppose you two already have a plan as well?"

Teller looked pained, "Shaka, when the wall fell."

"No," Penn said looking confused, "that's why we came to you. We're not medical doctors. We may be able to determine the cause of the problem, but when it comes to live specimens we may not have the exact skill set appropriate for that task. We don't want to kill anyone while we are trying to save them."

"Book, the Shepherd, to Zoe Washburne," Teller added, with a slight grin. "The Curie's in Stockholm. Roentgen and his wife, Bertha, taking an image. Emil Grubbe, in Chicago. Grubbe and Rose Lee."

Penn smiled and clapped his friend on the shoulder, "Exactly."

Quinna picked up the PADD and then headed over to where she was working. "So it is almost like a Quinna bit her lower lip and reached for her coffee. Sadly it was empty. "Fudge Monkeys!"

Penn smiled and reached into his pocket and pulled out a shot glass. Looking at Teller he said, "Jimmy Buffet on the Hullbilly?"

Teller chuckled and pulled out a flask and a second shot glass. "Tyrion Lannister to Missandei, his glass raised."

Penn looked at Quinna, "Doctor Solice, you look a bit stressed. Allow me to offer you... you might call it a tonic."

"Oh, no, I just ran out of coffee..." Quinna moved what she was looking at to the big screen. "You don't suppose the answer to all this could be simple, do you?"

Penn looked a little disappointed and shrugged. However he offered his own glass to his partner who filled it. They acknowledged each other then emptied their glasses.

"It has been my experience," Penn managed to say through his body's strain to allow the "elixir" to go down, "is that the best answers tend to be the simplest and often the most overlooked. What were you thinking?"

Quinna moved to the big screen, "Computer, extrapolate the effects of a cortical suppressant if applied to exposure to the Maelstrom effects."

The display populated. There showed a build up of the cell mutations.

"Hmmm...", Penn said as he looked at the data, holding his glass out for a second round. "That is not the effect we were looking for, was it?"

"So a blocker or suppressant is not going to work." Quinna turned, "Computer, reset sample."

He looked at his glass full of the clear, syrupy liquid, and said, "Perhaps a suppressant is the wrong way. Perhaps we should be looking at a stimulant? Or at least something that stimulates Serotonin in or dopamine levels that appear to decrease through the apparent protein mutations."

Quinna looked at Penn. That was what she was thinking. "Get out of my brain." Quinna replied. She went over to the replicator for more coffee. She then moved past the men and exited to room. Then in turn she popped her head back in. "Are you coming?"

Penn looked at Teller who shrugged. They both followed the doctor out of the lab.

Quinna led the duo into sickbay where she proceeded to move to a med stand. “I think I have the stuff that we can use.” Quinna replied. “I received a shipment of supplies and of course I have over ordered. A member of the crew was given a Neuro suppressor. A rather nasty one. The medicine I have is supposed to fix that person. I think we have enough to administer to the crew to...” Quinna looked at them, “Open their minds.” Quinna opened up the supply.

Penn looked at Teller, then looked at Solice and said, “You mean that you’ve had the solution all this time and we just didn’t realize it?” He suddenly burst into laughter, “That is fantastic. How do we test it?”

Quinna shook her head, “Good question.” Quinna looked at the meds. “We can introduce it to the sample and see what happens.”

Penn started to get excited. He didn't even know what was in the magic elixir she was introducing them to, but if opened peoples minds then he needed to see it in action.

“Absolutely, Doctor,” said, “let’s do it. If that is successful we’ll need a live victi... Ummmm... subject to try it on.”

"I have already used it once on a patient whom, of course I obtained this from. I am not even sure if it works yet, I sent her to rest." Quinna said, "So any other ideas?"

“Any ideas?” Quinna was ready for the drink that Penn and Teller had.

With a smile and a wink he looked over at Teller, “Mind opening you say? I have a thought.”

Quinna followed Penn's eyes to Teller, "I need that drink now."

Penn smiled and pulled a clean glass from his lab coat and held it out for Teller to fill it.

(reply none)

(posted by Al, Kris and Tim)

[illegible]

The door to the office was closed and the windows tinted to obscure the work going on in the office. T'shalaith had long ago adopted this practice in her previous assignments in order to signal to the humans and other aliens that she was currently occupied and pending a Red Alert condition, she was not to be bothered. She had been working on the reports, scans, information, and more that had been collected regarding the phenomena.

Had being the keyword. Her father had stepped out from his hidden place in her mind to question her. For what purpose, she was attempting to understand as he stood in her field of vision.

“So your theory of it being a plant was not accepted...or confirmed?” He was musing and she could feel a bit of his mild amusement at her misstep in the meeting. It irritated her. Her father had always

walked the line of emotional control, allowing things like happiness, mirth, and others to bubble faster to the surface and be released. It had really come to light in his last month. T'shalaith had felt lost watching him flagrantly express emotions and that grating sensation was returning as she sat in her chair, staring down her father's Katra.

“I did not expect for it to be refuted and refused so quickly. Given the data I was working with...it seemed a worthwhile hypothesis.” She muttered, her emotions warming her face slightly, “It seemed.”

“Well, I can only hope you have a better idea of what it is out there. Your scientists seem to be running circles around you.” He shrugged when she snapped her head up from the PADD she had started to read, “You must admit they are smarter than you.”

She sat back in her chair, "What is the logical conclusion with this line of questioning, father? Do you intend to provoke me into working harder and faster to outpace two scientists who speak in riddles and work at levels I cannot even begin to fathom?" She shook her head, "I have made the study and application of science my life. You charged me with that at my birth." She stood and pointed at him, "You, if anything, must shoulder the blame for some of this."

He cocked his head to the side, "That is very illogical."

T'shalaith sat down in her chair and cursed him in Vulcan, Klingon, and English. She sighed, "I do not know if this place is where I belong, father. I am unsure if I will find an ark for your Katra, and I have no possibilities when it comes to a bond mate. The solutions of our chief medical officer are temporary. Once they run their course, I will go mad and die." She threw the PADD on the desk and grunted, "I do not expect to see my next birthday if this continues."

Her father furrowed his brows, "That is not rational or logical, daughter."

“Then you fix it, father. I am without options. I cannot maintain control with my bond-mate scenario and you rattling around in my head beyond the time I have with the measures we’ve gamed out.”

Her father's Katra stared at her for some time, the silence of the office broken by the beeps and clicks her of consoles. Finally, he shook his head, "I cannot fix you, daughter. As responsible as you think I am for your state, you are as equally responsible for it. Remaining contentious with me, even in death, will do neither of us any favors. I do not imagine my version of help would be accepted in your current view of me." He paused, an unknown emotion crossing his face, "I will retreat to within your for a time. I will return when I feel welcome once more."

And he was gone. T'shalaith took ten deep breaths and let them out slowly. Her father wasn't wrong but he wasn't right. She would be running out of time eventually. She was the only one who could fix herself. She returned to her reports and shakily continued until her mind found a stable purchase in the facts and figures.

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron D)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - – CO Captain Sekal - 0700)

The previous 24 hours had been used to give the crew some downtime as the science department went over the numbers submitted by the alter-Sienna and had confirmed to the best of their ability its viability. The warp test had been successful though minor variations had been noted, accounted for and recalibrated to specifications.

Sekal had just taken his chair after sending a communique to StarFleet Command outlining what was about to happen. Illuminar was about to enter hostile space and in a perfect universe its torpedo complement would have been refreshed before taking such a foray. This was not a perfect situation however, officers and a part of his command crew were trapped there and no stone would be unturned in an effort to retrieve them.

All were waiting for the expected trip into the Maelstrom but there were some final calculations to be run.

"Ms T'shalaith, how long before the insertion point and speed factor calculations are complete?"

(Reply: T'shalaith)

"Good. As soon as you are ready send them to navigation. Lieutenant Grey Wolf is all in readiness?"

"Yes Captain. Impulse and warp drive are green to go. We are ready when we have the navigation points."

Tempest wasn't nervous outwardly, her stoic mein was not the least bit fazed.

"Doctor is there anything new to report on those in sickbay?" There were few now left in Medical. His meaning was obvious however.

(Reply: Quinna)

"Tactical report Lieutenant T'Mur."

(Reply: T'Mur)

He tapped the comm. "All stations report."

(Reply: All)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 0701)

Quinna was getting used to her new work schedule. And she started to find her time on the bridge more meditative. This in turn helped open her mind to things other than medical. With the help of Penn

and Teller, they were able to find a countermeasure to the effects of the Maelstrom. Introducing it as an airborne solution allowed the fastest distribution amongst the crew.

"Doctor, is there anything new to report on those in sickbay?" There were few now left in Medical. His meaning was obvious however.

“By the end of the beta shift, all but one should be released. However, the commander will not be cleared to return to work. When she gets her strength back.” Quinna answered. “Until then, You are stuck with me, but on the plus sided, I am adapting to the position.”

(Reply Sekal)

Quinna sat back in the seat and watch the ship go forward.

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - CO, Captain Sekal - 0702)

“By the end of the beta shift, all but one should be released. However, the commander will not be cleared to return to work. When she gets her strength back. Until then, You are stuck with me, but on the plus sided, I am adapting to the position.”

An eyebrow lifted at the reply. "My.... concern over the condition of Commander Verin should not be seen as a slight toward your competence in the current position Doctor. You are doing a credible service both to myself and the crew and will become more capable as you gain experience." He paused and looked away for an instant, his eyes taking in activity around the bridge before returning to her.

"I am uncertain how to classify our relationship, she is a friend, almost a sibling by nature. She has fleet parents as do I yet was not groomed as I or her brother were for command. One might say she was forgotten or overlooked in that regard. She feels she has much to prove and does have much to learn but has made great strides since we were assigned to Mars."

(Reply: Quinna)

He shrugged. "I believe she originally viewed me as a rival. Both I and her brother graduated at the top of our class and within one percentage point of one another. When I was transferred from Chief Science Officer to Chief of Scientific Research and Development she took that position and seemed ... content. Since that point we have worked together closely and I believe she has learned much from studying me. She made this ship her home before it ever officially launched."

(Reply: Quinna)

His chin dipped slightly. "There is also the matter of the physical abnormalities in her system due to her multi-species nature which requires medication. She collapsed on the way to medical on Mars while we were nearby and I was forced to carry her in. So you see my concern for her medical condition has a number of facets Doctor."

(Reply: Quinna)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 0702)

The morning had come hard and fast for the ensign. Her dreams had been muted with incomplete and incoherent conversations with unknown faces passing all around her. Some she had thought she recognized only to find the faces further blurred as she peered into them. She feared if this continued her ability to focus on the tasks at hand would suffer. She had come to the bridge at 0630 with a fresh cup of Vulcan coffee. She'd had to warn fellow crew members in the past of the effect of the special brew on humans - paralyzation and pancreatic damage would quickly occur. The impact on her was the desired impact - she was more awake than she had before. She had been working on the console and gathering the data she had worked on.

"Ms T'shalaith, how long before the insertion point and speed factor calculations are complete?"

The ACSO tapped the console once more, "Three minutes, Captain."

"Good. As soon as you are ready send them to navigation. Lieutenant Grey Wolf is all in readiness?"

She returned to her work as the CO went around the bridge checking in with stations and officers. There was something calming about the bridge on a starship - perhaps it was the circular nature of the Starfleet command center design or perhaps it was the fact that everyone on the bridge represented the best the ship had to offer? She wasn't sure and it was more of a passing thought than one worthy of investigation. She had plenty on her metaphorical plate at the moment. She took another pull of her coffee and went back through the calculations once more to ensure it was as clean as it could be. She waited until each station had reported in, leaving science as the remaining department. "Science is at keeping, Captain. Calculations are complete and have been relayed to navigation for their use."

(reply Sekal, helm, any)

(reply Sekal, helm, any)

(posted by Aaron DeLay)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - CSec - Lt. T'Mur - 0705)

T'Mur found that the work involved in merging the security section of the ship switch tactical to be an adequate distraction from her concerns over her mates apparent slow progress in sickbay. Although there was a portion of her mind constantly monitoring the situation, she was able to devote a majority of her thoughts to the tasks aid training more security personnel to acquire the knowledge to assist at the tactical station, in the event of her demise.

"Tactical report," the captain demanded.

"Shields are at full strength," she replied. "All weapons are functioning to the fullest of their capability. There continues to be no sign of any Klingon activity in the area. I have had a series of beacons prepared to warn any approaching ships away from this sector lest they fall prey to the same consequences we did. I have forwarded you a copy of the potential message for the beacons to relay. I have also sent you the names of security candidates I have selected to receive more intensive tactical training."

(reply Sekal)
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

“By the end of the beta shift, all but one should be released. However, the commander will not be cleared to return to work. When she gets her strength back. Until then, You are stuck with me, but on the plus side, I am adapting to the position.”

An eyebrow lifted at the reply. "My... concern over the condition of Commander Verin should not be seen as a slight toward your competence in the current position of Doctor. You are doing a credible service both to myself and the crew and will become more capable as you gain experience."

Quinna had meant nothing by the comment. She had expected to be told that the situation would be satisfactory, however...

"I am uncertain how to classify our relationship, she is a friend, almost a sibling by nature. She has fleet parents as do I yet was not groomed as I or her brother were for command. One might say she was forgotten or overlooked in that regard. She feels she has much to prove and does have much to learn but has made great strides since we were assigned to Mars."

“And that is what makes her success even better as she did this all on her own.” Quinna too knew the feeling however she was not forgotten, she was abandoned. Listening to Sekal, there was a relationship there that he did not have with anyone else. “Look, I believe in friends and in Family, but there is a middle ground that has no words. A very small group and those are the friends you make your family. She is in that group for you.”

He shrugged. "I believe she originally viewed me as a rival. Both I and her brother graduated at the top of our class and within one percentage point of one another. When I was transferred from Chief Science Officer to Chief of Scientific Research and Development she took that position and seemed ... content. Since that point we have worked together closely and I believe she has learned much from studying me. She made this ship her home before it ever officially launched."

"You sound like you are giving a eulogy," Quinna looked almost concerned.

His chin dipped slightly. "There is also the matter of the physical abnormalities in her system due to her multi-species nature which requires medication. She collapsed on the way to medical care on Mars while we were nearby and I was forced to carry her in. So you see my concern for her medical condition has a number of facets, Doctor."

Quinna was trying to assess that Captain. It did not seem like him to be this emotional around the crew. "Sir, All of which you speak of, I know about. I also know how much the commander means to you because if it was anyone else in that biobed, we would not be talking. She will be released and not allowed back on duty until I release her from care, but she will do much better if she was in her own comfort area."

(Reply Sekal)

“Perhaps there is something I don’t know that I should know,” Quinna said, not knowing if that was a question or a statement.

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - CO, Captain Sekal - 0708)

“Sir, All of which you speak of, I know about. I also know how much the commander means to you because if it was anyone else in that biobed, we would not be talking. She will be released and not allowed back on duty until I release her from care, but she will do much better if she was in her own comfort area.”

"Agreed." He spoke, one simple word.

"Perhaps there is something I don't know that I should know,"

He gave her a puzzled look. "About what doctor? You appeared to be in need of an explanation and I provided it. There is nothing, whether hidden or overt to be added."

“Captain, adjustments are complete and verified. Ready to launch on your order, sir.”

He looked to the left. "Thank you Ms. T'shalaith, launch the probe."

(Reply: T'shalaith)

That completed and the subject he had been expounding on exhausted he watched the viewscreen as the second Type IV probe entered the corona.

"Status?"

(Reply: T'shalaith)

"Very good." To Quinna he gave a nod. "I will be in the Ready Room as before."

He then turned on his heel and left the bridge.

(Reply: Quinna, T'shalaith, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

Charles Gatling
Commanding Officer
USS Illuminar
NCC 61240

[illegible]