

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU) -1000)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Imperial Intelligence - Michael Weston (MU) -1002)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 15I4- CSec Office- – CSec, Lieutenant Galk (MU) - 1006)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Operations Center – CPO Steven Hammons- 1010)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab –Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU) -1010)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Imperial Intelligence - Michael Weston - (MU) -1015)  
(Sol System- Earth - ISS Command Headquarters - Emperor Karel Singh (MU) - 1020)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Medical Specialist Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU) -- 1030)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Imperial Intelligence - Michael Weston (MU) -1032)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1, COO Office - LCDR Dieter Gregory (MU) - 1100)  
(Betazed - Shlril City - Market District - Personal Office - Detective Ariel Trei MU - 11.00)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge – All around bad girl Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU) -- 1100)  
(SS Zeus - Deck 1 - Bridge - T'shalaith (MU) - 1102)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1- Bridge – CO, Captain Sekal (MU) -- 1102)

(Betazed - Shlril City - Market District - Personal Office - Detective Ariel Trei MU - 11.10)  
(Betazed - Shlril City - Market District - Personal Office - Detective Ariel Trei MU - 11.20)  
(Kir Kumari - Command Center - Kar, Kera Sheia (MU) - 1140)  
(ISS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- CTO (Chief Torture Officer)/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1202)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COO Office - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1215)  
(ISS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory and 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1230)  
(ISS Illuminar - Shuttlebay - Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) - 1232)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2- Conference Room - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1249)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) - 1250)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1253)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) - 1256)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1258)  
(Kir Kumari - Command Center - Kar, Kera Sheia (MU) - 1300)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) -1300)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - Officer's Lounge, Prancing Pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1300)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1301)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.05)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1306)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.07)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1308)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.10)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1311)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.12)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1314)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.15)  
(Personal Roundabout - Detective Ariel Trei - 13.15 MU)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1317)  
(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) -1320)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.20)  
(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1322)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.25)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1327)  
 (ISS Illuminar -- Scanner Deadspot #3 -- 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory and 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1330)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 13.30)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1332)  
 (ISS Illuminar - Scanner Deadspot #3 -- 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1430)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Commander's Quarters- CO, Captain Sekal and Commander Sienna Verin - 1450)  
 (ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COO office - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1500)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Ready Room -- CO, Captain Sekal - 1600)  
 (ISS Illuminar - Scanner Deadspot #2 -- 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1600)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1-- Bridge- ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 1601)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge -- CSec- Lt.- T'Mur - 1604)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Commander's Quarters- ACSO Ensign T'shalaith and Commander Sienna Verin - 1610)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 -- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 1615)  
 (ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COO office - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory (MU) 1615)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.20)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CSec- LT T'Mur - 1622)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.25)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CSec- LT T'Mur - 1626)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - 3XO/CMO - Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1630)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.35)  
 (USS Illuminar - Ship's Corridors between Decks 1 and 2 - 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1830)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 6 - ACSO Office - ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 1832)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Commander's Quarters- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1835)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Commander's Quarters- FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin, CSec Lt. T'Mur and 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1836)  
 (USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Officer's Mess - ACSO Ensign T'shalaith, CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1845)  
 (ISS Illuminar -- Sensor free Zone -- Lt. Commander Quinna Solice and LCDR Dieter Gregory (MU) -- 1910)

2446.03.05

(SS Zeus - Deck 1 - Bridge - T'shalaith (MU) - 1102)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- CEO - Lt. Bohb - 1400)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1405)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- CEO - Lt. Bohb - 1407)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1409)  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1- Bridge-- EO - Lt. Bohb - 1415)  
  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 11- Main Engineering -- EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1420)  
  
 (USS Illuminar -- Deck 1- Bridge-- 3O/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1425)

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - EO - Ensign Teqian Pex - 0630)

Tegian sat alone at a table eating what he understood to be a typical human breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon, toast with fruit preserves and coffee. The texture and tastes were something he still hadn't quite gotten used to, but they weren't unpleasant, just different. He did like the bacon. The aroma and taste always had him ordering extra. And eating human food was better than having a Trill dish. Not quite as disturbing as some of the Klingon dishes, but when he first joined, some of his choices put off his shipmates.

Bohb had let him have a full sleep cycle after completing the housing and black power distribution for the potential trans-dimensional portal generator and helping getting the warp drives back online, plus a few more key repairs to the ship.

Tegian had to provide four black power distribution boxes in series to provide the power he estimated would be necessary, but that wasn't an issue. What was a problem was figuring out what to do with those three remaining connections. After breakfast, he figured he'd be going to back to working on the device.

He looked around the room for any friendly faces as he continued to eat. He'd been told more than once not to bring a PADD so that we more approachable, but he still found himself eating alone, often. It didn't really bother him, but it seemed to bother others, so he made an effort to be friendly. Plus, there was that cute ensign in security that he would like to get to know better. And he wouldn't mind having a meal with her.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - SO - Ensign Larry 'Lucky' Day - 0632)

Larry stepped into the mess hall and looked around at the others eating there. One by one they would stop, look at him, then go back to their conversations. He didn't really belong there any more.

It was sad, because he and his friends were usually the life of breakfast. He never realized how much he looked forward to breakfast with Sandy and Ned. Now, seeing them there, not inviting him over, stung like he walked into Corellian hornets nest.

He had tried to rekindle, or in their case start up, a friendship with the pair. But when Lieutenant Lee disappeared, it all became a while new struggle. It was the same thing. Nobody knew who he was, as if he never existed. It drove a wedge between them even deeper. At least Lt. T'Mur put him to work. He wasn't sure Lee would ever trust him.

He trudged through the hall and picked up a tray. After getting a breakfast burrito some OJ and a cup of coffee he looked for a place to sit by himself. He was feeling alone and he really didn't feel like having anyone around to change his wallowing in self pity.

However there was no such place. The best he could find was a table that was occupied by one other person, a Trill he didn't recognize. He sighed heavily and stepped over to the table.

“Mind if I sit here?” Day asked.

(reply Pex)

(posted by AI)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 0635)

Tegian was focusing on his eggs when he heard a heavy sigh and a request to sit at his table. He looked up, embarrassed that he hadn't noticed the other's presence, and motioned to the seat closest to the newcomer. "Of course. Please, join me. I'm Tegian Pex in Engineering. I don't think I've met you before."

(reply Day)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - SO - Ensign Larry 'Lucky' Day - 0636)

Day nodded to the Trill and accepted his offer. He put his tray down and extended his hand.

"Tegean," he said, "Larry Day. My friends call me Lucky. Well, they used to anyway. Not so much recently. I'm in security. I mean, I'm not insecure, but I'm a security officer. Or I was... and I am again." He shook his head. "It's complicated."

He took a bite of his burrito then said, "Engineering eh? What's your specialty?"

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 0638)

Tegian smiled while wondering about the nickname and the explanation. "Nice to meet you Larry." He extended his hand. He didn't understand the significance of the handshake, but he'd grown accustomed to humans wanting to do it when they met. So, while he never offered, he tried to be ready for it, when a hand was extended.

"I don't know that I have a specialty. What is it that I have heard? A jack of all trades, master of none? I think that's used in reference to many occupations, rather than just one. But, that's how I am in engineering. I find all of it fascinating; that I've never wanted to specialize. There's so much to learn and experience." Tegian shrugs. "What about you, Larry? Do you specialize in Security?"

(reply Larry)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - SO - Ensign Larry 'Lucky' Day - 0640)

Larry chuckled, "I reckon my specialty would be causing mayhem. It seems that is what follows me around. Security people don't usually have a specialty."

They ate in awkward silence for a couple of minutes, until Larry finally broke it, "I don't know a whole lot of people on the ship, but I know that you're new. Otherwise you'd never have allowed me to sit with you. I'm kind of a pariah on board. Nobody really trusts me, or wants to be my friend. I don't why? I used to be quite popular, you know. Especially with the ladies, if you know what I mean?"

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 0645)

Tegian wondered if Larry sitting with him would prevent his chances with the cutie in Security whose name he still couldn't remember. Tegian shrugs. "I came onboard at Betazed. But, I don't know anything about you, sorry. And, I do understand what you mean about the ladies and that makes me uncomfortable. They have minds and your popularity is their choice, not yours."

(reply Larry)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - SO - Ensign Larry 'Lucky' Day - 0648)

And there it was. The sudden coldness that he had become accustomed to as those finally knew who he was. And who he was not. He had hoped that he'd found a new friend. It was just someone else to cast judgement upon him. His head dropped slightly.

“Yes,” Day said, “it is. I’ve just been used to them making a different choice. As well as those I ate with. I apologize if I’ve intruded on your time, space, and reputation, but eating with you. I guess I’d better get to work.”

He took a deep breath and stood up. For a moment he looked as though he had something else to say to the engineer, but chose to keep it to himself.

“Good-bye Ensign Pex,” he said with an air of finality.

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Officer's Mess -- Deck 2 - SO - Ensign Tegan Pex - 0650)

Tegian looked confused. Perhaps he hadn't explained himself sufficiently. "You haven't intruded at all. Have I said something that offended you? I simply expressed that your comment about the female sex made me uncomfortable. My symbiont has been joined with mainly females and has a strong dislike for males that dismiss them or think that they are easy conquests."

Larry got up and said goodbye without having finished his breakfast. Tegian wasn't sure if he could repair what seemed to be pain in the man's eyes, but he would try.

"Would you reconsider, please, and sit back down?," replied Tegian earnestly, still not quite sure what he'd done to hurt Larry, but aware that he'd done so. "I apologize if I've hurt your feelings."

(reply Larry)  
(posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

Larry stopped when he heard the engineer speak to him, "I apologize if I've hurt your feelings."

Larry stopped and turned around. He shook his head. “Tegian, you seem like a nice guy, but you don’t crap about people. I could seen the tension in you when you realized who I was, and what I could mean to you, a new guy, being seen eating with the pariah of the ship. It’s bad enough when my best friends don’t want to trust me, but when strangers look at me that way.”

He shook his head and looked around at the room. Heads had turned and were looking at his display. He stared back, then fired away, "WHAT!! What the hell are you all looking at? You've never seen someone have a freakin' melt down before? I know what you all say about me."

He turned back to Pex, “Look, I really do have to get on shift. I’ll see you... whatever.”

He threw his hand up in frustration and stormed out the door. Maybe he was sincere, maybe not. At this point he just didn't care. T'Mur had given him a job to do, and damn, he wasn't going to be late to it. Of course, he was going to be hungry, as he realized he hadn't finished breakfast.

(reply none)  
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

Gregory stepped onto the mat and looked his opponent in the eye. There was blood and fear there. Gregory gripped the training knife and before the referee could start the bout, he lunged, landing a solid strike to the man's ribs. "Strike first. Strike hard. No mercy," he said as he pivoted away from the man's clumsy response. "Where did you learn to fight?"

(Reply none)  
(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

"Thank you Ms. T'shalaith, launch the probe."

She tapped the console and the probe fired forth from the ship and she activated the tracking sensors quickly as it entered the phenom. A quick glance at the readings showed it was progressing more than the previous probe.

"Status?"

“All indications are that the adjustments made have assisted in ensuring a longer life for the probe. Data is transferring and being analyzed.”

"Very good. I will be in the Ready Room as before."

The Captain left the bridge and returned to his ready room. As for the ensign, she returned her attention to the ongoing reports and information flowing into the science station.

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron D)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Bridge -- Deck 1 - 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 0715)

Quinna sat back in the command chair of the ISS Illuminar. The seat was starting to fit her. Or she was starting to fit it. Receiving a message from her PADD, she nodded to herself. She sent a message to the waiting room for an ensign to come in and replace a station attendee. Tavay had stepped in and waited for the station to occupy.

“Lt. T’Mur,” Quinna said as she stood and walked around to the tactical station. When she made it to the station, Quinna continued, “I am relieving you of duty at this moment. Dr. Quincy is releasing Commander Verin. We thought that you may want to be with her and help her back to her quarters.”

(Reply T'Mur)

“Ensign Tavay will man your station for the rest of your shift,” Quinna informed T’Mur.

(Reply T'Mur, any)

(Posted by Kris B.)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1 – Bridge – CSec – Lt. T'Mur, 20/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice- 0716)

T'Mur was monitoring for any Klingon activity, but could see nothing outside of the new lines of Klingon space. She then moved on to monitoring activity around the anomaly. She was looking for any indication of temporal or spacial modulations.

“Lt. T’Mur,” Qunna said, interrupting her train of thought. “I am relieving you of duty at this moment. Dr. Quincy is releasing Commander Verin. We thought that you may want to be with her and help her back to her quarters.”

T'Mur looked up from her panel to look at the doctor. She looked back down at her calculations and her fingers began to move, though much slower, "That is not necessary, Lt. Commander. I should continue my duties."

“Ensign Tavay will man your station for the rest of your shift,” Quinna said, more firmly. She put a hand on T’Mur’s and smiled.

T'Mur sighed, her mind fighting over what she wanted to do and her duty. But Quinna had removed that obstacle. What was she waiting for. Finally she nodded.

"Thank you, Quinna," she said softly. She turned and went to the turbo lift.

[illegible]

T'Mur entered sickbay and acknowledged the staff as they greeted her. She quickly moved through the main medical room, feeling a slight amount of anticipation ran through her as she entered the room. Dr. Quincy was examining Sienna and looking at the readings on his tricorder.

“Greetings doctor,” T’Mur said, “I understand you are releasing the Commander from sickbay this morning. I am here to escort her home.”

“Good to see you. Dr. Solice suggested you should be here for the Commander.” Mason started.

T'Mur shrugged, "It is my pleasure to help with her recovery in any way. When will she be ready to leave?"

“We can release her right now. So, Commander,” Mason looked at Sienna, “Dr. Solice and I feel that you will heal faster back in your own space, so we are sending you back to your own bed.”

Sienna smiled quietly, tiredly. “Whatever you think is best. I just want to sleep.” She yawned, barely able to cover her mouth before the yawn came. “Sorry. They won’t give me my concoction that I drink in the morning.”

One of the nurses looked horrified, “It’s sugar, caffeine, more sugar , chocolate, MORE sugar, 6 times the amount of caffeine as recommended. And I’m pretty sure you somehow stuck more sugar in it with the whipped cream. It’s horrible for you.” She shuddered. When the replicator had analyzed Sienna’s request, twenty flags had been raised, at least. The nurse admonished Sienna, “And don’t you dare replicate a cup of it the moment you get in your quarters! LUMA!” The nurse called out.

The sense of Luma being present came into sickbay, ^= Our Sienna! ^= Luma sounded sad, proud, pleased. It was an interesting combination of emotions.

The nurse spoke over Luma, “Commander Verin is not to get her coffee drink until someone in Sickbay authorizes that she’s fit enough to have it.”

=^= But Our Sienna will perish without the drink.=^= Luma protested.

“Hasn’t happened yet.” The nurse groused.

=^= Luma isn’t sure the restriction is needed.=^=

“It absolutely is.” The nurse maintained.

=^= Our Sienna is a sensible being...=^= Sienna’s vulcan mate was likely hysterically laughing behind that vulcan facade.

“Hasn’t been yet.” The nurse interjected.

=^= Luma will abide by the restrictions of the Sickbay. =^= The alien that inhabited the ship sounded slightly peeved and left before the nurse got around to forbidding Sienna all chocolate. Sienna shook her head, she knew she was stubborn but was she really that stubborn?

T’Mur had been monitoring Sienna during the exchange and caught the last thought, looked at her mate with a knowing look and simply nodded. She stepped around Quincy and took her mates hand. Her parlor looked better but the gauntness from the lack of body fat made her look frail, breakable. It did emphasize her musculature, which was better than she always joked about.

“Are you ready to come home, love?” T’Mur asked.

Sienna stared at the back of the nosy, mouthy nurse who had forbidden her drink. Maybe she could get the various ingredients and mix it herself. “Yes, Absolutely. Different four walls but with a view.” She wanted to be able to study, to work. Getting out of sickbay was exhausting her.

“Personally, I would not let you do any work, but Dr. Solice assures me that you can handle some reports and such.” Mason said.

Sienna narrowed her eyes at the coroner. “Thank you for the vote of confidence, Doctor.” She hadn’t realized she had mimicked T’Mur’s voice, expression and accent. She had reflected her mate. It was a sign that her shields were impossible to hold up, too many holes in them. She needed Dr. Mias.

“I am not going to keep you any longer. Please let myself or Dr. Solice know if you need anything.” Mason turned on his heels and left.

T’Mur looked at Sienna, letting her feelings for her flow through their connection. She had expanded her own shields to protect Sienna as much as she could from the invading thoughts of others. Her shields were nearly non-existent and the constant flow of chatter from the minds of those around her could drive her mad. It was clear that she had already picked up the thoughts of some of the medical staff that she had trouble sifting through, that T’Mur had to help move to a part of her mind that could help her ignore it as minutia.

“Get me out of here, please.”

With those words T'Mur put an arm around Sienna's waist, and supported her weight as they walked out of sickbay. Holding Sienna was like carrying a child. She was practically weightless in the Vulcans strong arms. Outside of the shielded medical room T'Mur focused her mental shields exclusively on Sienna, ignoring her own need for them.

She spoke quietly, out of the shielded room she was picking up far too much and that bothered her. "I need to get Dr. Mias to our quarters." Her skin was itching terribly, which she was told were the nerves realigning. It didn't make much sense to her, and as the two made their slow, painful way to the shared quarters, Sienna leaned on her mate. She hated the crew seeing her like this, weak, ugly, aged, exhausted. It wasn't what a federation command officer was supposed to project. And certainly not the image of the competent First officer.

It was with great relief that the two women finally reached their quarters. Sienna stumbled inside while T'Mur moved around the room, activating the psi nullifiers that Bohb had whipped up in case of a problem with Luma. T'Mur had not anticipated the release of Sienna from sickbay, and their quarters had still had been set to a more Vulcan like environment, with a heavier gravity. She quickly reset the controls back to their standard setting for Sienna.

With an audible sigh of relief, Sienna collapsed into their bed after stumbling to it. She didn't even bother to change for bed, she just lay there, spread out as far as possible on the softness of her plush, jewel toned nest. The blessed silence of no one but T'Mur was relaxing. T'Mur came in and place a cup of a hot liquid on Sienna's bedside table and her mouth gave as much of a smile as she would allow.

"You may not be allowed to order your drink from the replicator," she said playfully, "but that order did not apply to me."

"Luma." Sienna spoke quietly, patting the space beside her in a silent indication that she wanted T'Mur curled up beside her. "Can you please tell Dr. Mias that he is needed, and could you inform him that the psi dampers are on so he can be prepared?"

=^= Luma will tell our Riven. Our Sienna should make the sleepies after rolling around with her T'mur and making noises. ^= Sy blushed bright pink.

"Luma!" Sy let out an exasperated sigh.

T'Mur gingerly sat on the edge of the bed, noting Sienna's discomfort. "Luma, there will be less vigorous noise making and rolling around until Sienna has more energy."

She lay back on the edge of the bed and rolled over to look at Sienna, her eyes filled with love and concern. "I have missed you."

Sy pulled T closer to her, weakly. "Mine." She spoke in as firm a voice as she could manage. "I came back to you. It took Luma to do it but I promised I'd return. Just in a less attractive form this time." Sy sounded somewhat sad. She wasn't the vain sort most of the time but her appearance deeply bothered her. She didn't feel like herself.

T'Mur brushed Sienna's hair away from her face and kissed her gently, "I do not find your current condition to be unattractive." She held her tightly, but gently.

::Although we can put some more meat on your bones.:: She teased, poking her in the side.

She pulled back a little, "This gives you a cleaner pallet in which to build your new body upon. I will make you physically stronger than you were before."

Sienna looked up at T with a dismayed look, “Quinna mentioned I’d be doing physiotherapy for a while. This body is so weak.” What had Luma seen that had prompted her to pull Sienna from the Rhyne? If the bond had snapped, Sienna would have been useless on the Rhyne, lost to the misery of a deceased mate, a broken bond. “Do you have plans to help me recover?” She asked hopefully.

T'Mur looked at Sienna with a very serious look. "I do, indeed," she said. "It starts with some light cardiovascular activity, followed by heavy breathing, and perhaps... even some noises."

She pulled Sienna to her and kissed her with more passion, moving her attention lower to her neck, then lower... then lower.

Sienna gave into T'Mur's attentions with a happy sigh. She was home.

(reply none)

(posted by Al and Mel)

[illegible]

Sitting in his usual corner of the officer mess, where he would 'hold court' with the younger officers attempting to curry favor with him. Ships politics were always difficult to navigate. Access to the captain was very limited, so the younger officers would try to befriend the first and second officers. Unfortunately, their first officer went missing, and the ship was abuzz with theories and conspiracies. Sipping his tea, he chuckled to himself while another ensign, this one from engineering blathered on about a sensor dead zone he had discovered during routine maintenance. Only one, he thought to himself, ~I must get better concealing those spots~. Yes, he had created four different areas on the ship that were private places for his dalliances. Diverting the sensors around the space and using some clever coding to make them seem empty.

He waived his hand, "Thank you Ensign. Do not tell anyone else of this matter. You did well to bring it to me. As your reward, starting at 0700 tomorrow, I want you to come to my personal training sessions in the gymnasium."

The ensign smiled and took his leave. ~Have to watch that one closely~ he thought again. Taking a PADD, he made some notes for his CPO to begin to find out more about the engineer.

Motioning to one of the mess staff, he indicated he was ready for more tea and his breakfast, when an attractive Bajoran slid into next to him. Her hand slid down to his crotch as she kissed his cheek. "I missed you last night, Commander," she said seductively. "I had thought we had an understanding?"

Gregory considered his options, "Lieutenant, that is unacceptable when on duty, you should know better than that," he said gruffly. "Report to my office at 0900 and we will discuss the consequences of your actions."

The woman stood, a pout on her face, a tear in her eye as she rushed out of the officers mess.

The steward placed his food on the table in front of him. Gregory waved the man away, before scanning his food. While poison was not common as in the old days, it never paid to be too careful. Closing the scanner, he began to butter his toast before cracking the soft boiled egg. Perfection, he saw, as he dipped a piece of toast into the runny yoke. As he raised the toast to his mouth, another figure entered his peripheral vision. Sitting down, the Benzite placed a box on the table. "As you requested Commander. This should fit the task nicely."

Gregory took the box, and opened it. Yes, they would do nicely. "Excellent work Mr. Tazdar," he said closing the box again. Picking up his PADD, he made some entries, "As of now, Mr. Tazdar, you have been transferred to operations as my personal troubleshooter."

The Benzite grinned, "Thank you Commander, it is an honor."

Gregory nodded. Of course it was, to have the favor of a superior, one's career could go far. "You should report to Operations, my petty officer will process you in and make sure the details are finalized. When that is done, I have another job for you."

Finishing his meal in relative peace, he left the mess and went to his office. He had a lot to catch up on.

[illegible]

T'Mur almost scowled at the burning mass of energy of the Maelstrom. Every attempt to track Verin's path through it, but could not. All of the calculations needed to be exact, and she was missing some key information to cross the boundary of the anomaly. She'd been attempting for the past two days, and was starting to understand the sensation of frustration.

Once again she went back to the monitoring station and reviewed the results from the deep scan. The previous day a probe had come through the anomaly. She had scanned it and then began to extract as much data as she could about its source. The USS Illuminar. It had given her a moment of... pleasure... to see that name in the data stream. So this probe had come from a parallel universe. Perhaps it was THE parallel universe of which she had heard so much, most of it in vague references, but all of it quite intriguing.

Suddenly an alert sounded from the panel. Something was coming through the anomaly. She activated the cloaking device and the shuttle disappeared from the visual spectrum. Then she watched as the USS Illuminar extricated itself from the Maelstrom. Moments later the warp nacelles glowed and the ship went to warp.

T'Mur brought her engines on line and went in pursuit. Clearly this ship was taking the straightest line to the Human homeworld, Earth. With a calculating eyebrow she discontinued her pursuit and made a different choice. After all, what could she do in this yacht. It was, by no means, a match for that ship. But she had an idea who might.

She opened a comm line, "T'Mur to the ISS Illuminar, I am returning to duty and should arrive at your current location in 4 hours 37 minutes and 18 seconds. Have Sekal prepared to meet me when I arrive. I have information for him that he will find intriguing."

=^=Roger Princess T'Mur. Illuminar out.=^=

T'Mur had to admit, it was pleasurable to hear her title as Princess over the open comm line. She got up and removed her hunting clothes and piloted the ship naked for the next three hours. Then she dressed in her uniform. A purple spandex long sleeved one piece suit, with black leather boots. The suit clung to her muscular form and accentuated her female attributes tauntingly.

She put a long Vulcan dagger in each of her boots and donned the bolero style strap across her chest with another blade. She put on bracelets on her wrists that contain neutralizers, and mag locks so they can also be restraints. She looked at herself in the full length mirror, approving of the outfit. It was both functional and distracting to most males, and most females as well.

Once ready she opened another channel, "Computer, send a summons to Ariel Trei on Betazed. Inform her that I have a job for her and she is to meet me on the Illuminar immediately."

[Confirmed. Message sent.]

By the time she was done the yacht was on approach to the Illuminar.

=^=Illuminar to the Surak, you are cleared for approach. Welcome home Princess.=^=

(reply Trei(MU), Sekal(MU))  
(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

All was in readiness, the Vulcan's finger hit the yellow alert button.

"Lieutenant, take us in."

Tempest released the breath she had been holding as the Maelstrom pulsed maleovantly ahead, it had gorged on one ship but was as yet unsated. The coordinates given by science had been locked in and the speed of warp 1.3 would be reached just prior to entry.

'Aye sir." Her fingers danced upon the console and Illuminar responded, flashing into warp as the crew tensed reflexively.

"Warp 1.2, 1.3..."

Light flared in the Vulcan's vision as they crossed the quantum boundary and time took a drunken turn. Before his eyes the crewmen aged rapidly. Tempest's hair grew long and grey then turned white before regaining its color as time recoiled back upon itself with the same dizzying speed.

Sekal's own hands has grown thin and frail before his eyes prior to fleshing back out into their normal, unlined hue. The ship around him whined in protest as mechanisms struggled to cope with the unexpected stresses.

The viewscreen went dark for a long instant before flaring back to life, colors in a myriad of hues coiled and undulated, twining together then breaking apart in a kaleidoscope of patterns.

Tempest groaned, stifling a wail at the thought that the ship was about to break apart, scattering them into the void between realities as Sekal clenched his fists and his brows furrowed. The Rhyne had been sucked in unmercifully by the anomaly while they had entered by choice, it was as though the Maelstrom was fighting back against the invaders.

Lieutenant McKenzie at Ops shouted. "Captain! The ship is going to break apart."

"Hold this course helm." The Vulcan's tone was unrelenting.

"Yes sir. Maintaining."

~I come to join you spirits.~ Tempest thought as the wolf spirit appeared in her vision, it stood before the viewscreen facing her with tongue lolling, it panted as though from exertion.

~Not yet, girl who rides the storm. Your tasks have just begun.~ Above its head Bajor appeared, turning slowly. ~The fire has been banked but not yet snuffed. And there are others.~

The vision disappeared as the ship lurched and the viewer returned to showing a pristine starfield.

"Helm slow to an all stop and maintain position."

"Aye sir."

Sekal looked back at the viewscreen after the terrified Ensign had turned away. The Vulcan was not sadistic but for competence and efficiency to reign the point had to be made. The officer was new and

had much to learn but had proven in the past that he was a quick study. If punishment was in his future he would have brought it on himself.

His words were not lost on any of the other officers that were manning the bridge who continued their duties with acute focus.

Efforts were currently underway to determine if anyone had left the now destroyed ship, if so they would be found and added to the brig.

How and where he would meet the Princess was not a difficult choice, titled nobility on Vulcan was an ancient and complicated structure that existed by tradition more than power. Logic dictated that allowing a select few to govern was unwieldy and inefficient, they carried their titles with respect but little power. The noble houses as they existed were touch points for other species and they made sure their dealings were made from a logical standpoint. Those that had tried to twist such to their own ends in the past had been summarily dismantled. After all, it was their squabbling and infighting eons ago that had nearly resulted in the destruction of the Vulcan race. In order to insure Vulcan's survival it had been necessary to gut them of much of their former power. Some tried to use their station at times, they quickly learned their efforts were ineffective.

He was also the Captain of this ship and needn't bow and scrape to anyone short of the Admiralty. If it could be said that a Vulcan bowed and scraped to any.

"Notify Princess T'Mur that I will meet with her in the conference Room on Deck 2." The chamber was near to the VIP quarters. It should be noted the Princess had an cabin on deck 2 along with the other Senior Officers, not VIP quarters.

[illegible]

They were about to do something T'shalaith had only read about in mission reports and science journals. They were about to jump into the mirror universe and do so willingly. She had rarely felt fear in her life and she wasn't experiencing that emotion at the moment. It was more the discomfort with what was coming and the unknown that lay just beyond. Science delighted in the unknown. There was something out there that needed studying. The yellow alert klaxon rang out throughout the ship as the alert lights changed to reflect the alert status.

The Captain spoke at last, "Lieutenant, take us in."

'Aye sir."

"Warp 1.2, 1.3..."

She had read of the impact of the transition that would occur. You would see things through the various universes. You would see the past, present, and future played across your vision. She closed her eyes. It was not out of fear but out of necessity. Given the possibility of her future, there was a chance she would not exist in some of the visions she would see. She opened them briefly to verify the readings on the science station before closing them again. There was a shout about the ship breaking apart and the captain's insistence that they continue on. A moment or two more passed until the ship

stopped shaking and it lurched one last time. She opened her eyes and looked to the front of the bridge, finding some relief in what she saw. The viewer returned to showing a pristine starfield.

The ACSO's attention returned to the science station as she attempted to calculate their position given the entirely different universe they had arrived within. She worked on her console for a moment, frowning as the maps of the sectors and galaxies were slightly off, and matching them was proving a challenge. She quickly pulled the system's data on previous interactions with the mirror universe. Some planets had been found to be either destroyed or shifted. It took a moment while the stations reported in their damage reports which allowed her hands to direct short-range and long-range sensors in the various directions needed. Her frown was light as the data streamed back to her console and the reconciliation of the star maps was nearly complete.

"Ms. T'shalaith I need our location, Ms. T'Mur activate the cloak."

(reply T'Mur)

T'shalaith tapped the console once more and the data she had collected and combined was displayed on the main view screen, "We are located here." A reticle focused on their location as she then zoomed the map out and identified where Earth was supposed to be, and other various points of interest. "There are still some inconsistencies in this universe with star maps and readings. I will continue to monitor and update as we travel."

"Operations being monitoring subspace communications, I want the Rhyne found as soon as possible. Lieutenant Grey Wolf plot a course to Earth, that would be the Rhyne's logical destination, they will be seeking to contact Star Fleet Command."

(Reply: Any)

"Aye sir, course plotted and locked in."

"Warp factor 3 Lieutenant and engage."

"Warp factor 3, entering warp now."

T'shalaith held her breath for but a second. She wondered where her universe counterpart was and how this world had transformed her. The unsettling questions involved her family and beyond - her mother, father, and community. What lay beneath each of them? And how much had been allowed to break free here in this place?

(reply any, T'Mur,)

(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1, COO Office - LCDR Dieter Gregor (MU) - 0900)

Right on time, the door chime rang. "Enter," he said.

In walked the Lieutenant, "Lieutenant Piya, reporting as ordered, Sir," she said, standing at attention.

Gregory pushed a button on his desk and part of the wall slide aside. The Lieutenant's eyes grew wide.

"Lieutenant, your behavior this morning was unacceptable and out of bounds. I cannot have such lack of respect on my watch. I don't know what you've been told about me, but I have very clear expectations from my subordinates. Now stand there," he said, pointing to a spot revealed by the open wall.

She slowly made her way there, and stood. Gregory stood behind her, and took each of her wrists, fastening them with the agonizer cuffs over her head. "I will have discipline on this ship," he said activating the cuffs.

The Lieutenant cried out in pain.

Taking his knife from it's sheath, he placed it at the neck of her uniform. With a downward motion, he cut the fabric off the woman, as she struggled against the pain. "This will not happen again," he said softly into her ear, "Ensign."

Sobbing, the woman slumped, defeated. Her gambit had failed and now she was at the bottom again.

"I think you'll do nicely here as a wall decoration," he said, reversing the cuffs so she was now facing out. "And you will give me an opportunity to test out this," he said, opening the box and holding the device before her eyes.

He was unmoved by her screams as he applied the device to her.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Tim)

[illegible]

The ISS Illuminar hung in space near a ship barely the size of its saucer section. The smaller craft was heavily scored and its hull blackened in places by energy discharge.

The Captain's office was sparse as one might expect of a young CO on a brand new ship. The launch plaque above the sideboard was centered within the painted representation of a planet pierced by a dagger. Before it was a single crystal suspended in the air. The sideboard itself was of dark cherry wood and highly polished. There was also a dark matter phaser pistol in the room but it was sitting on the desk and near at hand.

Sekal was studying the holographic image that hung in the air above the desktop, the ship was sleek and nearly one hundred meters longer than the one he currently commanded. It was an Inquiry class dreadnought that Command as well as he himself believed would bring a swift and conclusive end to this war with the Klingon/Cardassian alliance.

The history of this was relatively simple though the details were not and being the son of Saleke he was aware of the primary underpinning. Some 35 years ago a Captain Devan Sash from the Mirror Universe

had crossed over and using the resources of this universe's counterpart called together a small conclave of ships commanding officers. Captain Saleke had been one of them. His argument had been thusly, working together they could overthrow the status quo and bring an end to the reign of tyranny.

Saleke had found his pitch to be both reasonable and logical but rather than begin a military uprising his tack had been political, to convince the Vulcan governing authority to withdraw its support from the Terran autocracy.

The resultant backlash had been severe as Andoria as well as many other member worlds of the Empire along with Vulcan had seceded. The resulting war as the Empire attempted to re-exert control had severely weakened all. In the end however the Empire had been fractured and their autonomy won.

This had a domino of effects however as a weakened Empire and weakened former member worlds became prey for a new alliance that emerged 6 years ago between the Klingons and Cardassians. This alliance had then stepped into the power vacuum left and gone on a foray of conquest in the Alpha and Beta quadrants. Many of the world's that had won their freedom from the Empire had been conquered and forcibly annexed by them. In the end this had forced former enemies to mend the rift between them and unite against a common foe.

One result of this had been the rejoining of Vulcan with its Terran counterparts. Saleke had been forced to accept the logic of this unprecedented measure and as an Admiral in the Vulcan Defense Force had thrown his support behind it. As a conciliatory measure the Empire had brought Saleke back aboard and given him the plum of its technological drive, head of Research and Development.

This had proven wildly successful as his son had made a breakthrough that significantly improved its forces and that advanced warp engine was on this class of vessel. Thanks to advances the encroaching war front had been stalled and the Empire was pushing back, taking over worlds formerly captured by their enemies.

This new ship, a compact dreadnought was expected to be the breakthrough that would push back all the way to the enemy home worlds. It sported Type 14 phasers, carried over 600 torpedoes between a two deck armory and included the Aneulurian crystal drive and Quantum displacement shielding. It was a match and more for any enemy craft it might face and would overpower them easily. The only craft that might match it would be the Andorian Kir Kumari class dreadnought flagship. But that had been anticipated as well. Andoria was at this time staunchly neutral in the struggle between powers and had managed to bring a handful of former members into its own alliance.

There was a small sheet of black metal also lying on the desk before him, his eyes dropped to it as he reached to heft it.

Neutronium plating made from the hardest, densest material in existence, a sheet 2 millimeters in thickness and 10 centimeters in surface area weighed over 1,300 pounds. This sheet was of that size. He slid it to the edge of the desktop and picked it up however, when he closed his hand it crumbled easily.

How? You ask. The answer lay in the weapon upon the desk. The development of the dark matter phaser by Section 31 had reaped unexpected windfalls as the gravitational shearing forces the energy form created affected ANY material it touched. Neutronium was more highly resistant certainly and didn't break down as readily but it's very atomic structure could be weakened by a prolonged blast.

Andorians dreadnoughts sported neutronium plated armor and Illuminar and the newer ships could be quickly converted to dark matter phased energy output. Even Andorian dragons could now be slain by the proper weapon once their shields were taken down.

The fragments sifted through his fingertips and fell to the desktop, he opened his hand to allow the rest to fall then reached up to feel the stubble upon his chin. Not a full beard or even the beginnings of one. Commander Spock's famed facial hair had become a prized goal of every Vulcan command officer.

The door chimed and he reached for the phaser, heating it and bringing it down out of sight behind the desk as he spoke. "Enter."

The portal opened and the burly Klingon walked in. Seeing him Sekal placed the phaser back on the desk. When one of the enemies you face is a Klingon is it wise to have one of their race as a personal bodyguard? No matter, Galk's loyalty was trusted and absolute, he had submitted to a mind meld to prove it. The matter of the blood debt that had brought the Klingon here was even known to him, all secrets had been revealed. As Princess T'Mur was off the ship Galk was running the security department and even when she was aboard there was no change. T'Mur was here for other purposes and her oversight of security was largely a formality. The Princess was here to study and learn from one who had risen quickly through the ranks and was a son of one of the great minds in the fleet.

"Yes Lieutenant."

Galk came to attention before the desk. "Sir! Three prisoners have been taken from the Denebian ship, one a high ranking member of the resistance according to our records, a Nells Barik. There are up to a dozen still aboard in a shielded compartment we are having issues penetrating."

The Vulcan gave it a moments consideration. "Pull your crew off immediately and turn your prisoners over to Lieutenant Commander Solice, if anyone aboard knows where Commander Verin has gone it will be Mr. Barik. Has their database been downloaded?"

"Yes sir. We have a copy aboard and are transferring it."

"Excellent. You may go."

The Klingon gave a nod and turned as the Vulcan blanked the hologram and stood to his feet. The phaser was attached to his belt along with the dagger as he followed Galk from the room.

[illegible]

"Ma'am, message from the transport ships - they're ready for warp speed."

She swiveled the center chair to face the main screen, her hands resting lightly on the arms, “About damn time. Helm, get us out of here. Signal the ships to follow.” The Constitution refit starship leapt into warp and was soon followed by the three transport ships she was escorting. T'shalaith drummed her hands on the arms of the command chair. They had captured her six months ago and had been searching for a new home while dodging the darkness that stalked the galaxies. It had been one year since T'Rukhemai had fallen under attack from the Vulcan Fundamentalists who had long claimed that the skin color that was prevalent in the colony suggested they were not the true Vulcans. They had avoided clashes and managed to cobble together peace year after year.

Then the warning had come from a friend inside the movement. Get out. They're coming to kill you all. So they had fled in the three transport ships and an aging Miranda class. They'd lost a hundred in the attack and had been on the run ever since.

“Ma’am, we’re one hour from the arrival at the checkpoint.” T'shalaith gave a nod as the science officer motioned her over.

“T, this is damned peculiar.” Jordan Reid was human, and the only one aboard their ragtag fleet. She had sought them out after hearing what had happened and went to work for them. T’shalaith looked at the monitor as her friend adjusted the scanners. “This just came through on our long-range sensors.” She tapped a few keys on the console and the image resolved into something. Something that did not look like anything they’d seen.

“What is that?” T'shalaith leaned in, her eyes searching the readings for clues, “Was that a...ship?” Another run of the console from Reid and she nodded.

“We’ve done some work on these sensors to improve them but they’re still a little shaky on a good day.” She pointed at the screen, “That’s something I’ve only read about in stories. Something came through something, T.”

“How far away is it from us?” T'shalaith thought about the question she was asking. If they shifted, they'd have to bring the transport ships with them.

Reid calculated on the console, “An hour, maybe two if we play it safe. We can still keep our arrival at the checkpoint if we swing by this thing.”

T'shalaith smiled and felt the warmth of the banter between her and Reid reassuring in the most chaotic of times. Her father had helped her see the power of emotions and why they should be used. It was also a part of why they had been targeted. Her father's teachings were not popular with most. "Swinging by a thing. Note that in the ships log." She chuckled and turned to the helm, "Plot an intercept course to this...thing. Advise the transport ships we're shifting our course. Play it safe in our course correction." She got a nod and soon they had changed course. She returned to the center chair and found herself wondering what mysteries the universe still had to show.

(Reply none)

(posted by Aaron D.)

[illegible]

ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CO Captain Sekal - 0915)

Galk continued to the tactical console as Sekal stopped beside the command chair.

"Lieutenant Galk has a high priority prisoner and has been instructed to deliver him to you. If he knows where Commander Verin has fled to I want that information no matter what is necessary for you to do to obtain it."

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

He nodded as he turned.

"Captain, all boarding teams have returned."

Sekal nodded to Galk then looked forward. "Helm back us away 5,000 kilometers. Mr. Galk prepare a dark matter phaser burst."

"Aye Captain."

Sekal looked back at Quinna as preparations were underway. "Just be certain he doesn't expire before he tells you all he knows. Whatever information he has is worth his life though not his freedom."

(Reply: alter- Quinna)

"All stations ready Captain."

His eyes turned to the viewscreen. "Fire."

The violet energy reached out and enveloped the ship which began to glow the same color before detonating in a brilliant flash. Sekal then turned away satisfied.

(Reply: Alter-Quinna, any)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU) - 0925)

Quinna sat in the command chair. Her hands were in front of her looking at her nails. She thought they needed to be sharpened at the tip. When the Captain entered the bridge, Quinna put her hand on her lab but did not budge from her seated position. Afterall, it was quite a comfortable chair.”

"Lieutenant Galk has a high priority prisoner and has been instructed to deliver him to you. If he knows where Commander Verin has fled to I want that information no matter what is necessary for you to do to obtain it."

Quinna had a little euphoric look upon her, "Oh Captain. You always give me the best presents."

"Captain, all boarding teams have returned."

"Helm bank us a away 5,000 kilometers. Mr. Galk, prepare a dark matter phaser burst."

"Aye Captain."

Sekal looked back at Quinna. "Just be certain he doesn't expire before he tells you all he knows. Whatever information he has is worth his life though not his freedom."

"That goes without saying, when have I ever let you down?"

"All stations ready Captain."

His eyes turned to the viewscreen. "Fire."

Quinna smiled at the blaze. "Breathe-taking," Quinna said while watching at the screen.

"If you could have it brought to my lab, I would be obliged. I have a little something to take care of first." Quinna then stood and moved towards the turbolift.

"What about the other two? Can I indulge my fun with them?" Quinna had such delightful experiments she has been wanting to conduct.

(Reply Sekal, Bridge)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge – CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 0928)

“Breath-taking,” Came from behind him.

"If you could have it brought to my lab, I would be obliged. I have a little something to take care of first."

He cocked his head curiously at her haste.

“What about the other two? Can I indulge my fun with them?”

"Of course, they may have some information of value." He turned his head to Galk who was moving toward the lift as well.

"Mr. Galk see to it and make sure they are not damaged prematurely."

"Aye Captain." Galk followed her into the lift and the door closed.

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Turbolift- CSec, Lieutenant Galk (MU) - 0931)

"Your lab is on deck 5 is it not?" Galk rumbled as the lift came to life and moved to her destination, after she left he would continue down to security to fetch the prisoners.

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

"Understood." He crossed his arms. "Your primary target was roughed up slightly with a number of minor contusions that look worse than they are, I was forced to pacify him. The other two surrendered meekly so are in slightly better shape." He remembered one punch that Hammons had thrown into the gut of the male who had his hands lifted in surrender. Galk would have to have words with the non-commissioned officer, his zeal was excessive among other faults. The Klingon's blood debt did not cover accepting such behaviors among the subordinate officers.

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

"Expect them in ten minutes, no less. I will expedite the transfer orders."

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

The lift started up once again giving him time to brood before arriving at his destination.

(Posted by Charles G)

Nells Barik looked up from his bunk, head cradled in hands cupped behind it.

Galk stepped inside, the two accompanying him had pulled their dark matter phasers.

"No. The Lieutenant Commander is going to interview you."

"That is not going to happen. Get on your feet."

Nells complied grudgingly. "And if I don't come along nicely?"

"Then you will be rendered unconscious and I will carry you."

Galk stepped forward and looked down at the others eyes. "I have been instructed to deliver you undamaged. Attempting to goad me into killing you will not be successful."

Nells shook his head sadly. "No respite for me then. Perhaps I can persuade you to kill me afterward so that I won't linger on in pain."

Galk gave a slight shrug. "Perhaps. Executing you then might be allowed but I make no vow."

"No promises that you can't keep eh? You are too honorable to be among such rabble Mister...."

Galk withheld his name, becoming too personal with the prisoners was a bad idea on many levels.

"Come along quietly or I will force you."

"Follow quietly as a lamb is led to the slaughter. Very well. I will spare myself pain in the present though the reward is far, far worse." Nells held out his hands before him and Galk placed the agonizer cuffs on his wrists. With the press of a button he would be almost instantly incapacitated.

[illegible]

The door opened before him and he stepped inside then moved to a corner where the two prisoners who had been carried were deposited on metal gurneys and secured with restraints. Nells Barik stood just inside the doorway and shivered at the equipment the lab held. He could have fought like the others but had chosen to meet his fate with courage and dignity though his knees were currently weak and wobbly.

At a gesture from Galk he stepped forward until his legs gave out on him and he collapsed before the chair in the center of the room.

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

"No. I won't get into it willingly. You will have to force me."

He screamed as the cuffs were activated and curled up into a fetal ball. When it ended he whispered. "I won't do it. Kill me if you wish but I won't obey you."

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

Three security officers here were unnecessary. Galk motioned to Taylor to remain then looked to the Lieutenant Commander. "The prisoners have been delivered as ordered. Mr. Taylor will remain behind to assist you."

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

"With me Ms. Lannis." He stepped through the doorway with Carol behind him as Barik screamed again.

(Reply: Alter-Quinna)

(Postee by Charles G)



(Posted by Kris B)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – SecO, Johnathon Taylor and Nells Barik (MU) - 0952)

Taylor, seeing that the woman was moving toward Barik ceased mashing the control button for the agonizer cuffs. Not from pity but to keep the prisoner from thrashing around as she dealt with him.

“So let's start with something simple. What is your name?”

“So let me tell you what I am going to do. My little elixir will get to your brain faster this way. It will help you remember the truth.”

The pain of entry in his eyeball was excruciating but his muscles, still rigid from application of the cuffs wouldn't obey him.

As the drug entered his system he finally found his voice. "You want to know the truth? You couldn't handle the truth of what a vile, twisted individual you are. You are a minion of an evil and perverted system that feeds on the pain and misery of its citizens. You and all you stand for are a malignant tumor in the Alpha quadrant that deserves extermination."

He tried to struggle as the security officer pulled him up and into the chair then secured him with restraints.

When Taylor moved aside he saw to his horror that she had moved Gess Kells gurney before him.

“Let's try something different. Who is your friend here and what does he have to live for?”

Nells' face hardened as anger rose in him.

"You don't need to tell me what you are going to do but I will tell you something witch."

He tried to lean forward but the drug circulating through his system made him groggy. "You really think us soft don't you? That we will cave in and tell you what you want to know in the hopes we will gain clemency." He gave an ironic chuckle. "I'm not stupid, none of us are going to live and if we do it will be as pathetic, twisted individuals, it's better to die."

Having spoken he shut his mouth and looked away.

(Posted by Charles G)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Imperial Intelligence - Michael Weston (MU) - 0958)

He stepped behind the “Doctor” and wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her into his body.

"I came as soon as I got your message," he explained. "But I should have known you'd start without me. You are insatiable."

(posted by Al Muir)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 14 - Security Operations Center – CSec, Lieutenant Galk, Son of Jos of the House of Kor and CPO Steven Hammons- 1000)

"You know if her highness died you would be the real power in security Lieutenant with no one to look over your shoulder."

The massive Klingon growled and rounded on Hammons to see that he had approached him.

"And if Princess T'Mur were dead you would have only me standing between you and running the department Mister Hammons. No doubt you would be too late in killing me to protect the Princess."

Steven gave a lopsided grin. "Funny. That would be a shame wouldn't it?"

The Klingon's hand dropped to the Dakh'Tang he wore at his belt, a gesture that Hammons didn't miss.

"Do not think me stupid Mr. Hammons, I am well aware of your machinations."

Steven gave a feigned look of surprise. "Lieutenant you wound me, I have no idea what you are talking about." He protested.

"Chief Petty Officer Ferrell informed me mere days before his death that he knew you to be plotting against him."

Steven threw up his hands. "Me? That's preposterous. Ferrell attacked ME in front of witnesses and a security camera."

Galk growled. "The feed of which in the minutes leading up to the attack appears to have been erased."

Steven Hammons gave a grim smile. "Yeah, that's a tragedy. It would have proven conclusively that he was not provoked by me in the least. I'd love to find out how that footage was tampered with."

"Of course you do." Galk was not in the least bit fooled by the other's insincerity. "You have moved from Petty Officer 2nd class to Chief Petty Officer due to a number of such unfortunate occurrences. Let me be blunt Mr. Hammons."

Galk lowered himself so that he could look the human in the eye. "I am aware of your intrigues and I will not be swept up in them. And should you make a move against me I will not only spill your blood but that of your wife as well."

Hammons bristled at that. "Be careful who you threaten Lieutenant."

Galk's chuckle had no humor in it. "The both of you have high ambitions Hammons but neither the Captain nor I are entertained or feel threatened by them. You are not the warrior you believe yourself to be and your conquests will be limited. And If you step out of line I will crush you like an insect. Do I make myself clear?"

Steven Hammons face had gone red at the overt threat. "Loud and clear Lieutenant but just remembered one thing. If I were to go after you I wouldn't do so alone."

Galk knew of 2 others in Hammon's orbit, Boyles and Frederick's and both had been the "witnesses" to Ferrel's purported attack on Hammons.

The Klingon gave a toothy smile which caused a chill to run down Steven's spine. "You may be assured I will be counting on it. It will give me the opportunity to sweep this department of the filth that has accumulated."

Having spoken the Klingon removed his hand from the weapon and strode to his office leaving Hammons chagrined, angry and more than a little afraid.

(Reply; None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

He focused his blurry vision on her. "So play your sick, twisted games to their end and after that is overall of you will receive your just desserts as we all die together."

Having spoken he shut his mouth and looked away.

Quinna shook her head, "Really, that is what you are going with? Oh gee, that is so original." Quinna leaned in closer. Her lips close to his ears. "You see, the Princess what her Sienna back, and you will tell me how to find her. Because if you don't, I am going to let you live."

(Reply Barik, Alter Taylor)

Quinna felt the strong arms come from behind. It meant one of two things. Either Taylor was now interested in her, and she wondered how he could please her and Michael or that Michael was behind her.

Nuzzling into her neck he said, "Did you already do the eye thing. You know how I love the eye thing. "

Quinna moaned a bit, "Snookie, I am working."

"I came as soon as I got your message," he explained. "But I should have known you'd start without me. You are insatiable."

Quinna then turned to Barik, "Excuse me, I will be right back. Think about what I just said." Quinna turned and lead Michael to a side room.

She grabbed his chin and kissed him. "What are you doing here? You know how I feel about anyone watching me. Especially you. Now all of a sudden you have to be here. Why?"

(Reply Alter - Weston)

Quinna stepped away from Michael, "Have you been ordered to watch me?" Quinna asked, "Remember I know when you are lying."

(Reply Alter -Weston)

Quinna relented. She felt lately that Michael seemed more clingy than usual. "Michael, if you insist on staying, then you cannot distract me. You are very delectable." Quinna ran her hands along his face and kissed him again.

(Reply Alter-Weston)

They exited the privacy of the back room and entered the main lab.

Quinna headed back over to Barik, "Sorry about that, dear, but you should be ready to entertain me with your name. And where can I find the Princesses' Sienna?" Quinna pulled a finger slicer out and placed it over Barik's right ring finger. Right now, Quinna was just being nice and she pushed a button and severed the finger right off. She then did the same with the other body in front of her. Then she attached the fingers but not before switching the fingers.

(Reply Barik, Alter Taylor, Weston)

[illegible]

Quinna turned her attention back to Barik he watched as she began to dismember the two men in her “care” and then reattach each piece onto the wrong body. But he knew she was just getting warmed up. It wouldn’t take long for the body’s natural defenses to produce some kind of neural depressor to mask the pain.

He pulled a box out of his jacket and placed it on the table beside her. "You can always borrow my bore worms."

With that he opened the box slightly to show long, stringy, worms wriggling around inside the box. One poised to try and coil itself up to spring out but he closed the box up beforehand.

“Not as spectacular as what you’re doing. But ... enjoyable to watch as they crawl through your orifices and into your brain.”

(reply Quinna, Barik)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1514- CSec Office- – CSec, Lieutenant Galk (MU) - 1006)

Galk sat in the chair heavily and paused for a moment in reflection over the words of Nells Barik.

~You are too honorable to be among such rabble Mister...~

Yes, honor was his life's blood and the reason he had come to the Empire to fulfill a blood oath made to his father. He was learning what it meant to be truly committed, to let none stop or divert you from your goals. When the day came and it was time to move forward he would be ready.

That time was still a ways off but opportunity to put the lessons into practice would come. When that opportunity was before him he would seize it with both hands and throttle it, bend it to his will. But that did not mean he would relish the doing. Klingons were a warrior race, crass and brutal to many but in some ways their barbarism was matched and exceeded by the Empire. The experience was hardening him, preparing him for what was to come.

In the meanwhile he would have to watch Steven Hammons closely, if the human had his wish Galk wouldn't be allowed to reach his destiny and restore the House of Kor.

He exhaled then spoke. "Computer log the prisoner transfer as complete. Lieutenant Commander Solice has taken possession."

[Working. Prisoner transfer to Lieutenant Commander Solice complete. Chief of Security is now on Department time.]

The reference noted that he had been on a detached task but had now returned to normal duties.

(Reply: None)

[illegible]

He replicated a gin fizz on a whim, tasted and discarded it as too weak and took a ratkajino instead then sat at the desk as he sipped the potent brew while the wheels in his brain ground on the problem.

"My favorite Chief Petty Officer on duty." She leaned toward him giving him a good sight line which showed off the curvature of her upper torso and licked her lips. "Are you up for it?"

She smiled. "I have the hots for upwardly mobile men who are virile, so sue me. You even have your own private office for morning delights."

"She wouldn't need to know."

Carol Lannis rolled her eyes as she wiggled a bit which caught his eye. "I know she also likes it rough but I don't swing that way."

"Damn Hammons! You were so much fun before you got married, now you act like a prude."

Hammons laughed again. "You're joking with me aren't you. Damn it! That's just what I needed."

Carol shrugged. "It's actually the truth, you WERE a lot more fun before you got married." She stood up and moved to a chair then plopped down in it. "But you did look like you needed cheering up after your chat with Galk. You never can get along with a superior officer can you Hammons? First Sarsgaard and now Galk. I was surprised you and Lee actually were on speaking terms."

Steven shrugged and gave her a sour look. "I would have had that desk if they hadn't pulled Sarsgaard away from me before I finished him off. I was **THAT** close!"

"And you're getting closer all the time."

"Direct force isn't going to take down this Klingon, I could use some more help. Say if you really want some action..."

"Count me out Hammons." She stood to her feet. "Women in this fleet have a lot worse things to fear than death. Unless you come up with a fool proof plan pretend I don't even exist."

"I'll just have to make it airtight then. I'll get with you later."

"Not until you ditch the wife." Carol cracked as she swayed to the door.

Steven was chuckling, she HAD cheered him up. "Thanks by the way."

"Anytime." She gave a wink then passed through the door after giving him a lot to think about, to consider and to plan.

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

Quinna decided that as much as she wanted to have fun, she did not have the time and with Michael showing up, she was now under scrutiny. It did not help when Michael produced the bore worm. He now crossed a line in her lab that sent anger pulsating through her. He just earned himself a cold bed tonight.

“Thank you, for your generous offer dear, but I have something new I developed. I think I will go with that first.” After closing the box to the bore worm, Quinna locked Barik’s head down and used a device to keep his good eye open. She then took a new device out of her drawer and placed it over the eye. The device vaporized the eye and bore into the cavity and attached to the brain stem. Quinna walked around Barik. She knew that he had no self-terminating devices in him so she felt safe in the knowledge that not only has he survived the process and the device attached to the brain stem, but Barik was also conscious.

She leaned over closer to Barik's ear. "You see, oops sorry I guess you cannot see, silly me. Anyway, you do not have to say a word." Quinna pulled a data connector. "My new toy will retrieve all the data

(reply Alternate Weston, Barik)  
(posted by Kris B)

(reply none)  
(posted by Al Muir)

He was on his feet when the Bajoran Admiral entered. Remae Ktell stopped just inside the entrance and stood there nervously as the Emperor closed on him.

Karel stopped in front of him, his handsome, vaguely middle Eastern features and tanned skin transformed by rage. "It has been 3 days since that fleet brat disappeared, why has she not yet been found?"

"Your highness..." Ktell bowed his head hoping like hell he wasn't about to be dismembered. "... we have pulled every ship we can spare for the search without jeopardizing military efforts and the Illuminar is tracking her as well as her betrothed. She can't hide forever."

Karel made a fist until the knuckles grew white. "She jeopardizes our alliance with the Vulcans by her disobedience not to mention the damage she may cause because of the intelligence she carries. And you let her into the fleet, MY FLEET!. You trained her at Mars, the offspring of loyal officers and while under your nose she became a traitor to MY EMPIRE. I should kill you for your oversight."

Karel Singh, Emperor of the Terran Empire reached out and his right hand closed on the Bajoran's collar, with little effort he was hoisted into the air at arms length, his feet kicking in panic as the Emperor held him aloft with one arm.

He was then pulled in until nearly nose to nose with the red-faced Emperor.

"I gave you and your wife my trust. I gave you high rank and command because of your experience and leadership. I entrusted YOU with the first of a new class of officers and you have betrayed that trust."

"The others Emperor, what of the others? They will give us victory in this war. The new blood has fire that will consume your enemies."

Karel Singh merely snarled in his face. "But the one shames me before the Vulcans. Their Princess is out seeking her on her own." His grip tightened and Remae Ktell's face began to darken as he fought for air.

"If you value your life you will make sure that she is found before the Princess catches up with her. She must be brought back here so that she can be properly mated. The Vulcan will then know all she knows. With this intelligence we can stamp out the resistance elements behind our lines and push forward without having our forces fighting internally. This will give us a quicker victory. If you value your life and the life of your wife do not fail me."

Ktell gasped and choked before the pressure finally eased and he was dropped to the floor.

Karel turned and walked to his desk. "How long before the Raptor is completed?"

Ktell sucked in deep lungfuls of air before croaking. "3 months my Emperor. But it is only one ship, it will not win the war alone."

"Do you think I am stupid?"

"No Emperor. Never."

Karel sat down lightly. "It is but the first of twenty, enough to destroy any fleet sent against us. I want a seasoned, veteran crew to put it through its paces before the class is certified for full construction. Now leave me."

Ktell bowed. "Yes Emperor." He scuttled out but not before hearing.

"You have been warned, do not fail me."

(Reply: None)

(Posted by Charles G)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 5- Medical lab – Medical Specialist Lt. Commander Quinna Solice (MU) -- 1030)

Quinna moved about the lab ignoring the fact that she was being watched. At least if it was a handsome set of eyes. Quinna was on edge lately. She had been given a message that she was being watched. Although it was not verified, it still put her on edge.

An alarm went off. It was done, The information that Barik had been downloaded into an isolated terminal as the desired information was put into a PADD. Quinna went over and kissed Michael. “I have all the information he knows.”

(Reply Alter-Taylor, Alter-Weston, Barik)

Quinna went over to Barik. She gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Thank you for the help.” Quinna removed the ocular device and put it in the sanitizer. “As promised, you are very much alive.”

(Reply Alter-Taylor, Alter-Weston, Barik)

Quinna looked at Taylor, "I am done with him. Let them patch up his eyes in sickbay and then take him, where ever. Though I think we should send him back to his people and them see what can happen."

(Reply Alter-Taylor, Alter-Weston, Barik)

Quinna looked at the two on the gurneys, “Hmmm you know, not to brag, but I got some Horta DNA. I think I was to splice human and Horta DNA. Maybe even breed super soldiers.” Quinna glanced again. They can stay sedated into the iso lockup until I am ready. For now, I am off to see Sekal.” Quinna flaunted the PADD once again.

(Reply Alter-Taylor, Alter-Weston, Barik)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

Michael had put his feet up on a table and made himself comfortable as Quinna worked her art. He had already determined that they had gotten all of the reliable information they were going to get from him by the time the alarm had gone off to signal the end of the download. He had to admit that he was curious how extraction of information directly from the brain affected the subject.

Quinna went over and kissed Michael as he set his feet back on the deck. "I have all the information he knows."

"What a depressing prospect reading makes," Michael said pulling her in for a deeper kiss.

Then he watched her walk away playfully and give her patient a peck on the cheek and a than you. She removed the device and put it in a container of a blue fluid.

"As promised, you are very much alive," she said.

Michael joined her and patted the man on his head, "But you look terrible, friend. Maybe women dig an eyepatch, but I'm not sure that will cover the damage. Well, maybe a really big eyepatch. Ewww!"

"I am done with him," Quinna announced. "Let them patch up his eyes in sickbay and then take him, where ever. Though I think we should send him back to his people and them see what can happen."

"Yes ma'am," Taylor said, and hefted the unconscious man over his shoulder and dropped him on a gurney, dripping blood along the way.

Michael looked at the other man, laying on the other gurney, "And what of this one? What plans do we have for this young man?"

"Hmmm you know, not to brag," Quinna said, Michael restrained himself from saying that it would be a first, "but I got some Horta DNA. I think, if I was to splice human and Horta DNA. Maybe even breed super soldiers."

Michael fought not to shiver at the prospect of genetically alter super soldiers. They had never worked out. "But for now?"

"They can stay sedated into the iso lockup until I am ready" Quinna said. "For now, I am off to see Sekal."

Michael smiled and patted her bottom, "You have fun with that. I'll see you tonight."

With that she waved the PADD at him and scooted out of the room. Michael rolled his eyes at her childish display. But he had to admit it was kind of sexy.

Once she was out of the room he went over to the counter and picked up a pair of forceps. He retrieved the device from the sanitizing solution and looked at it carefully. Then pulled out his own PADD and attached some wires to it and to the ocular probe and began to go through the information that had been stored on it. This would give him something to think about for later.

(posted by Al Muir)

The young ensign moaned again from behind Gregory. This lesson and this demotion would serve to remind her of the consequences of a poor play. She would be quite eager to please and earn her rank back. But Gregory had other plans for her.

In walked the Bolian Tazdar, maker of his latest toy. Gregory stood up, "Welcome Mr. Tazdar, I trust everything is settled?"

Gregory lifted the control and pushed a button. The Bajoran woman squirmed in agony, but was unable to let out a cry. "Yes, quite well. Thank you. Have a seat."

He let that sink in. "You see, if I am right, and I am sure I am right. There will be room for several promotions especially for those supporting this investigation."

Gregory nodded, "A very good question, Mr. Tazdar. A very good question. If you look at the file, you will also see my insurance. I am sure you will understand, even if you don't fully agree with my methods. Support me and you're on the fast track. Turn on me, and the consequences will be severe. Not just for you either."

"Now we understand each other, I have cleared out a laboratory on deck 6. It is outfitted with both the standard tools of interrogation, as well as a full workshop at your disposal. Additionally, knowing that I want these devices to work properly, I am assigning Ensign Piya here to you. She will be your test subject. Only rule is no permanent damage, but the quarry we are chasing has had years to build up tolerances to most standard stimuli and methods of extracting the truth. I need something new, do you understand the assignment."

Quinna entered the bridge. She stopped to change into something a little less bloody. Something more comfortable and less form-fitting was more her style. Her curves were only for one set of eyes.

Quinna sat in her seat next to the Captain. She crossed her legs at the knees. The right hand rested on her knee while her right hand held the PADD to Sekal. “Looks like my ocular upload seems to be very efficient.”

(Reply Alter Sekal)

"It seems that Ms. Verin has escaped in a cloaked shuttle. However, she did not tell him anymore in case we caught him." Quinna giggled a bit, "Apparently she was right."

(Reply Alter Sekal)

“Everything he knows is on the PADD. Also, he is still alive and will live a very long life.” Quinna said as a gloat. “My job is done” Quinna stood from the seat.

(Reply Alter Sekal)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

“Engineering says he’ll have the stabilizers back up and running at full speed within a few hours. Medical is asking us to keep an eye out for any kind of supplies in the near future, and security is working on assembling the phaser rifles we found in the wreckage of that station.” Jordan Reid handed her the PADD and sat back in the science station chair, “We gotta find someone to run Ops, T.”

T'shalaith signed off on the report, "We don't have anyone. The people we did have are already on stations. Hell, Ka'al was training to be tactical with the old books we had at the colony." She looked to the tall officer hunched over the tactical console at the front of the bridge. He was reading through the manuals of the Constitution Refit tactical station. He gave a half wave and returned to his studies. "My point is you're the only one rated for the job. I can take science if needed."

Reid gave her a look and rolled her eyes, “T, we gotta find a place to call home.” The rest of the conversation had been dug into deeply over the last year, and especially in the last few months. People on the transport ships were growing restless. They hadn’t been planetside for more then a day or so before they had to scatter in fear that their enemy was nipping at their heels. “We can’t keep running.”

T'shalaith felt her frustration rise and held it with a long sigh to help balance out her emotions. She leaned back in her chair, "Running's what we've gotten good at."

Reid shrugged, “What happens when there’s no where else to run? We’ve been careful. And it’s taking more time because we’re careful. You’ve read the reports from the transports.”

T'shalaith had. And as much as she didn't want to admit that Jordan Reid was right, she was. A year on the run after an eternity in a home made the heart grow weary and the soul tired. Emotions needed release. They needed room. They needed space.

"We're coming up on the sector now, ma'am."

Reid swung back to her console and scanned the screens, "All clear here, T."

T'shalaith turned the command chair to the front of the room, "Yellow alert, shields up. Alert the transports to do the same. Drop us out of warp in 5..4...3...2...1."

The ship thundered into the sector followed by the three transport ships. T'shalaith stood bathed in yellow lights as she scanned the main screen. It was a sight to see. "Helm, full reverse. Get us back." Reid gave her an odd look but T'shalaith shook her head. Something felt off, and she didn't want to be close to it. As they reversed away, the feelings eased. She turned to Reid, "What is that?"

Reid was tapping away at her console, shaking her own head, "Sensors are giving me everything from wormhole to time travel to plasma storm to nebula with varying qualities to organic life and then it just starts cycling. This ship wasn't built to understand that...thing." T'shalaith moved from her chair to standing over Reid.

"That's a state of flux....I haven't seen anything like that...well, ever." She straightened up, "What's on the other...side of it?"

Jordan shrugged, "My best guess? Some kind of something that connects somewhere. Where? It ain't here, that's for sure. I could try and fine tune the sensors, but it'd keep us from getting to where we need to go."

T'shalaith considered her options and returned to the center chair. The ship's original dedication plaque was still bolted into the deck by her chair. She had been the ISS Yorktown in a previous life and from what they had been able to find the adventures the ship had experienced were legendary. She was old, and would be celebrating her 170th birthday in a few months. Yet the crew that had called her home before they'd captured it had done an incredible job keeping her fit for duty and improving her over the years. T'shalaith was quietly thankful for this. They'd spent the last six months shining her up and upgrading what they could as they traveled pel-mel through the galaxy.

"Treat her like a lady...and she'll always get you home." She muttered it and Reid swung in her chair to give her an odd look. T'shalaith shrugged, "I read it somewhere. Some old admiral or something was talking about his ship."

Reid chuckled, "You and your reading." She returned to her station, "T, I'm guessing this thing has the attention of a bunch of people...and I don't want to be around when they show up."

T'shalaith gave a nod, "You make an excellent point, Jordan. Let's get our people moving. Helm, plot a course resuming us to the next check point and engage when ready. Let our transport friends know to follow us." She looked back at Reid, "Study what you can on this thing. If there's a way out of here, I want to know. Our people deserve to live." Reid returned her focus to her station, wondering if this was an answer to their hopes and dreams.

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron D)

[illegible]

"Looks like my ocular upload seems to be very efficient."

He cocked an eyebrow as she sat down and wondered what information such an implant had shown. "What information did you retrieve?"

“It seems that Ms. Verin has escaped in a cloaked shuttle. However, she did not tell him anymore in case we caught him.” Her apparent humor at the maneuver was unexpected. “Apparently she was right.”

"It was a logical move." His brought up his hands and steepled the forefingers as he considered it. "Logic is not what I would have expected from the Commander, perhaps I should rather say that she is covering her tracks well."

“Everything he knows is on the PADD. Also, he is still alive and will live a very long life. My job is done”

He took the padd and inspected it as she rose. "Very well, your task was carried out deftly. You have earned your rank and more. See to it that he has an extended punishment session in an agonizer booth when he is fit to undergo it."

(Reply: MU Quinna iyw)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

She heard a disturbance below her 2nd story office window. It was most likely some thieves trying to rob a few merchants. Well that wasn't going to happen on her watch. She looked out the window to see 3 thieves walking toward the flower merchant and the fruit merchant. The one big one seemed to be the leader. She thought of a plan to clear out the trash. She reached into a pocket in her coat. She grabbed a handful of hypnotic gas filled pellets and threw them down to the street. The gas cloud plumed out to fill the general area. While engulfed in the gas cloud Ariel swooped down from her office window using her coat to land like a panther from a tree. She had a gas mask covering her face to not feel the effects of the gas. She must have looked like a hungry panther with red eyes blazing to the thieves which was her intended effect of the gas. She looked direct into the leader's eyes and bore into him telepathically.

::You and your gang will clean up the streets. You will take back all that you stole and work to make the Market District a safe place for business. If I have to confront you again, you and your gang will pay the price with pain.::

She used a grappling hook to pull her back up to her office window. She stepped inside the window to find the gang frantically performing the task forced into their mind. She thought the street would be safe for a little while.

(Posted by Edward)

(Betazed - Shril City - Market District - Personal Office - Detective Ariel Trei MU - 11.20)

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

(Kir Kumari - Command Center - Kar, Kera Sheia (MU) - 1140)

Her people were a warrior race in origin and alliance with the Terran Empire had made sense for a time but there is a line an honored warrior will not cross. When the Empire had fragmented that line had been the attack on her homeworld. So like her former commanding officer she had left that fleet to rejoin with her own race.

Now she was a captain and diplomat whose job was to spread peace among former worlds of that detestable body which she hated with every fiber of her being. Her current mission? To meet with resistance elements who were fighting to retain their autonomy and freedom.

No longer the vicious warrior of youth but a warrior nonetheless and in charge of the most powerful ship in the Andorian arsenal who would take no challenge or affront and destroy her enemy when called for. She was a veteran of numerous battles and knew their ruthless tactics would spare none so in return... she reciprocated.

The bridge of the ship was wedge shaped and well lit with blue accent lighting, bright and comfortable with the hard edge of resolve and competence.

She was clad in the traditional hazel garb with a jeweled dagger at her waist, not a holdover from the Empire but fashioned and worn according to the ancient customs of her people.

Business in the command center was being handled efficiently as she had been trained and in turned trained this crew, a time for showing their mettle was fast approaching.

"Kar, scanners are not reading the Denebian ship we are expecting. There is scattered debris and what reads to be an ISS ship in the vicinity."

Her antenna rotated as she turned her head, her long silver hair brushing against her shoulders.

She knew, there wasn't room for doubt, the Denebians wouldn't have been late. How they had been tracked and found didn't matter now and she had no reason not to challenge the other ship at any rate. No, not challenge... destroy. It's very existence in the area she had been summoned to was an affront.

"They are either dead or captured." Andoria's aid to the rebels was no great secret to be protected but she owed it to them to do what she could. If they could be extracted.

"Take us within weapons range and come out of warp. Shields up, energize phasers."

"Yes Kar. Raising shields. Weapons energized."

There was an almost subliminal feeling of deceleration as the dreadnought dropped out of warp into normal space.

"Kar they are raising shields!"

"Good. I would not wish to give a cowards blow. Lock on and fire!"

"Firing Kar."

The Kir Kumari's phasers were rated at type XV by Imperial standards and her torpedoes beyond Imperial power. Her shields were tough and she was protected by tough neutronium armored plating.

Dual phaser blasts sliced through space and struck the other ships shields, ravaging there was several seconds.

"Kar it is one of their new ships, the Illuminar."

Commanded by the son of Saleke. Why had the logic of the Vulcans led them back to the Empire? Wasn't fear supposed to be an illogical emotion? No matter, Sekal may as well have been the son of an ice wraith as far as she was concerned.

Her own shields shrugged aside the return fire.

"Fire three torpedoes."

The launch of the small spread hurtled toward the other ship which tried to evade them, one detonated against its shields.

Alone in her thoughts, Quinna was able to think about many things, but this time she thought about her ends. She never had a reason to feel threatened until recently. It seemed all of a sudden she was never alone except for. Interrogations were supervised. Which never happened before. She never let her techniques be known to others. Fear of the unknown seemed to help give Quinna what she

needed. Right now she thought that if they were going to devalue her service, she too may need an escape plan.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COO Office - LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1215)

While he had enjoyed the sweet sounds of Ensign Piya, he was sure that Lieutenant Tazdar would make good use of her in his work. He had read over the report on the curious engineer, and decided he would take care of the fellow tomorrow. A training accident, for sure. He just had to make sure that there was no other record of his find, and that's what he would use this morning's plaything to find out.

Turning his attention to other matters, he went to work dismantling his blind spot, while making sure the remaining ones were even more well hidden than before. He had need of one today, for the purpose of learning what others knew. Lieutenant Tazdar's device, which induced pain, but paralyzed the vocal apparatus was ideal. It would be instrumental in his upcoming efforts.

"Computer, where is Dr. Quinna Solice?" he asked.

[Dr. Solice is in her quarters]

Gregory stood up and grabbed his kit. The day was about to get interesting.

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar -- Personal Quarters -- Deck 2 -- 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory and 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1230)

Outside of Dr. Solice's door, he scanned the room to see if she had company. Interestingly, her badge was there, but there were no life signs inside. It was a calculated risk, knowing that it is possible to mask life signs, and a doctor would surely know how to do that.

Using an override code, one from engineering, and the door opened. The lights were dimmed, so he quickly entered and secured the door so he would not be disturbed. Hypospray in his left hand, as he didn't need phaser fire to alert anyone, he began to sweep the room. After a few minutes, he found her badge, but no Dr. Solice.

Gregory had time, making himself comfortable, hypospray at hand, he sat and waited.

Quinna sat the access panel back in her quarters. She was starving and ready to eat something and despite popular belief, she did not literally eat the hearts of her tortures. She opened the panel and slipped back into her life.

“Computer lights, 50%” Quinna ordered which was her typical setting. She sashayed over to the replicator and ordered up a steak.

Gregory watched as an access panel opened up and out came Solice. ~Have to map that later~ he thought to himself.

Standing up, he approached Solice from behind while she ordered from the replicator. He placed the hypospray to her neck and was rewarded by the hiss of the device injecting the paralytic into her body.

Catching her as her muscles locked up, he lowered her to the ground. “The effect will pass soon, Dr. Solice. But we need to have a conversation,” he said as he removed something from his kit. Placing the hood over her head, he tapped his comm badge, “Protocol Charlie Tango Two,” he said as the two began to dematerialize.

[illegible]

T'Mur stepped out of her yacht and looked around. She quirked an eyebrow as she noted that there was nobody there to greet her. She hadn't expected a ceremony or fanfare, but she had expected Sekal to be present, since she had requested his presence. That only led to the logical conclusion that the Vulcan was asserting his own authority on this ship. He was the captain, the lord of his realm, and she would have to lower herself to be subjugated to his whims. Typical.

Suddenly a flurry of activity showed up as the post flight shuttle team arrived to care for her vessel.

“Princess,” the old Bolian said, “I apologize for our lateness. I wanted to make sure that we had everything ready for your arrival, and I couldn’t quite motivate some of the younger technicians to move faster.” He smacked a young human in the back of the head.

"Indeed," T'Mur said coldly, "perhaps I can find better motivation Mr. Spot?"

The Bolian held up his hands and shook his head, “No, no, that’s quite all right. I believe that I can resolve the issue.”

The last time T'Mur helped him with a discipline issue they spent three weeks looking for where she had transported the half of his body that wasn't embedded into a bulkhead.

“As you wish,” T’Mur concluded the conversation.

She headed towards the door and was suddenly flanked by Jarvin, her assigned bodyguard. Originally her family had forced a team of bodyguards on her until an attempt on her life had been made by a faction of Vulcan separatists. She wound up having to kill two of her own team as they were simply in her way to defend herself. Since then they had found it satisfactory to have one guard, who she was familiar with, and they would accept. Javin was from their own bloodline. T'Mur nodded to the servant.

"Mistress," the bodyguard acknowledged and fell into step behind her.

[illegible]

He was seated at the table when she arrived and did not rise.

(Reply: T'Mur)

[illegible]

However, T'Mur entered the conference room with the air of the scenario was what she had actually wanted. She looked at Galk as they entered. He gave her an intent look of distrust. She gave him a look of disapproval. Have a Klingon on the ship was an affront to everyone on board. Blood Oath or none, he was still a Klingon. And if he thought that he was capable of stopping her from killing Sekal if she wanted to, he was wrong.

"I have been told you have news for me, please take a seat," he said.

“Indeed,” T’Mur said, and slid a PADD across the table. “As you are aware, I had taken my leave to attend my arranged wedding with Sienna Veriun. Apparently she was less appreciative of the positive outcomes of our union and ran off. She made her escape through a temporal-spatial anomaly. It is my hypothesis that this led to an alternate universe. Perhaps the vaunted alternate universe that much has been focused on during this time of conflict with the Klingon/Cardassian Alliance.”

“What is not generally known is that a ship from that universe has come through the anomaly back into our reality.”

“That ship,” she tapped the PADD to show the image of the ship, “is the USS Illuminar.”

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1253)

The two Vulcans faced each other across the table as his niminal Chief of Security watched. Technically the Princess was Galk's superior and he reported to her but in terms of the Captain's own security he had no other authority than Sekal. He picked up the Padd she slid toward him.

““As you are aware, I had taken my leave to attend my arranged wedding with Sienna Verin. Apparently she was less appreciative of the positive outcomes of our union and ran off. She made her escape through a temporal-spacial anomaly. It is my hypothesis that this led to an alternate universe. Perhaps the vaunted alternate universe that much has been focused on during this time of conflict with the Klingon/Cardassian Alliance.”

An eyebrow quirked. "As she is on the run such a maneuver could be considered a logical move on her part. It is unlikely she will find assistance however. It is quite likely her return may be forced though we cannot assume so and will be forced to pursue her."

"What is not generally known is that a ship from that universe has come through the anomaly back into our reality."

"Interesting." He replied as he began going through the readings taken of the other ship from the Princess' yacht. The data was intriguing and extremely familiar to him. Not unlike the class of ships he was currently a Commander of.

"That ship," she tapped the PADD to show the image of the ship, "is the USS Illuminar."

The screen changed at her touch of the Padd to show the mirror opposite of his own. An eyebrow climbed his forehead as he looked from it to her.

"Fascinating. The Illuminar from another reality."

He rose to his feet and began to pace slowly as he considered the possibilities.

"The readings you took are identical to this ship, a mirror to my own and it must be presumed with the same capabilities. But their arrival at her behest would be illogical though she may be aboard. Why are they here?" He expected no answer to the question he voiced, he was merely verbalizing his thoughts. "What would bring them through the gate of acquisition?"

(Reply: MU T'Mur)

He gave a shake of his head. "Their arrival is too coincidental, we must act on the theory that she is for some reason aboard the vessel until we are given evidence to the contrary. The intelligence we received from one of her contacts is that she used a cloaked shuttle to slip through our lines."

(Reply: MU T'Mur)

He tapped the comm. "Navigation I am sending you evidence taken by Princess T'Mur, you will reconstruct the ship's course and plot an intercept at maximum warp."

=^= Aye sir. ^=^=

He entered a command code which linked the Padd to the ship's database and sent it to helm then turned back to the Princess. "If she is aboard we will deal with this ship and capture her. I anticipate it will not be a simple matter but knowing it's existence here is to our advantage."

(Reply: MU T'Mur)

(Posted by Charles G)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) - 1256)

T'Mur watched Sekal's reaction to the image of the other Illuminar. He stood up and began to pace the floor behind his desk. She wondered what was actually being calculated in that fantastic mind of his. Too bad he did not appeal to her physically, as he made a logical mate for the princess. Still, she listened to his soliloquy as he contemplated the ship's emergence into this universe.

"Why are they here?" Sekal queried. "What would bring them through the gate of acquisition?"

“There are too many uncertainties to make a viable hypothesis,” T’Mur replied. “However it can be surmised that their arrival and Sienna Verin’s disappearance are somehow connected.”

He gave a shake of his head. "Their arrival is too coincidental, we must act on the theory that she is, for some reason, aboard the vessel until we are given evidence to the contrary. The intelligence we received from one of her contacts is that she used a cloaked shuttle to slip through our lines."

T'Mur nodded, "That would agree with the information that I have. But I have not been able to ascertain any further information than that, even through a forced mindmeld."

"Navigation I am sending you evidence taken by Princess T'Mur, you will reconstruct the ship's course and plot an intercept at maximum warp."

=^= Aye sir. ^=^=

Then he turned back to the Princess. "If she is aboard we will deal with this ship and capture her. I anticipate it will not be a simple matter but knowing it's existence here is to our advantage."

T'Mur nodded, "I would appreciate all efforts to tonretrieve my betrothed with as little damage as possible. It is, after all, a matter of state. I am willing to accept a certain amount of damage, of course. But our alliance with the Human coalition is involved with our union."

(reply Sekal)

(posted

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Conference Room - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1258)

“I would appreciate all efforts to retrieve my betrothed with as little damage as possible. It is, after all, a matter of state. I am willing to accept a certain amount of damage, of course. But our alliance with the Human coalition is involved with our union.”

"Noted. My intention is to secure her unharmed though my orders give me a great deal of latitude to ...."

=^= Captain, a ship dropping out of warp, an Andorian sir. Its weapons and shields are hot!"=^=

He was instantly on the move. "Red alert, prepare for battle."

The klaxon sounded as he bounded out the door on his way to the bridge with Galk close on his heels.

The ship shuddered from a phaser barrage before he got to the turbolift.

"Bridge!"

[illegible]

The woman sitting in the command chair of the Andorian flagship had at one time served in the Imperial fleet as helm officer under Captain Saleke on the ISS Furious. She was well into her fifties now but remained beautiful though time had taken something of a toll as it always does. No one stays young forever nor do they retain the trim figure and tight skin of youth.

Her people were a warrior race in origin and alliance with the Terran Empire had made sense for a time but there is a line an honored warrior will not cross. When the Empire had fragmented that line had been the attack on her homeworld. So like her former commanding officer she had left that fleet to rejoin with her own race.

Now she was a captain and diplomat whose job was to spread peace among former worlds of that detestable body which she hated with every fiber of her being. Her current mission? To meet with resistance elements who were fighting to retain their autonomy and freedom.

No longer the vicious warrior of youth but a warrior nonetheless and in charge of the most powerful ship in the Andorian arsenal who would take no challenge or affront and destroy her enemy when called for. She was a veteran of numerous battles and knew their ruthless tactics would spare none so in return... she reciprocated.

The bridge of the ship was wedge shaped and well lit with blue accent lighting, bright and comfortable with the hard edge of resolve and competence.

She was clad in the traditional hazel garb with a jeweled dagger at her waist, not a holdover from the Empire but fashioned and worn according to the ancient customs of her people.

Business in the command center was being handled efficiently as she had been trained and in turned trained this crew, a time for showing their mettle was fast approaching.

"Kar, scanners are not reading the Denebian ship we are expecting. There is scattered debris and what reads to be an ISS ship in the vicinity."

Her antenna rotated as she turned her head, her long silver hair brushing against her shoulders.

She knew, there wasn't room for doubt, the Denebians wouldn't have been late. How they had been tracked and found didn't matter now and she had no reason not to challenge the other ship at any rate. No, not challenge... destroy. It's very existence in the area she had been summoned to was an affront.

"They are either dead or captured." Andoria's aid to the rebels was no great secret to be protected but she owed it to them to do what she could. If they could be extracted.

"Take us within weapons range and come out of warp. Shields up, energize phasers."

"Yes Kar. Raising shields. Weapons energized."

There was an almost subliminal feeling of deceleration as the dreadnought dropped out of warp into normal space.

"Kar they are raising shields!"

"Good. I would not wish to give a coward's blow. Lock on and fire!"

"Firing Kar."

The Kir Kumari's phasers were rated at type XV by Imperial standards and her torpedoes beyond Imperial power. Her shields were tough and she was protected by tough neutronium armored plating.

Dual phaser blasts sliced through space and struck the other ship's shields, ravaging there was several seconds.

"Kar it is one of their new ships, the Illuminar."

Commanded by the son of Saleke. Why had the logic of the Vulcans led them back to the Empire? Wasn't fear supposed to be an illogical emotion? No matter, Sekal may as well have been the son of an ice wraith as far as she was concerned.

Her own shields shrugged aside the return fire.

"Fire three torpedoes."

The launch of the small spread hurtled toward the other ship which tried to evade them, one detonated against its shields.

"Their shields are weakening."



Tegian ordered something called a Philly Cheesesteak with fries and a garden salad and decided to try a beer, after all, since he was sitting at the bar.

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Keith Bilafer)

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – Vulcan High Consort - T'Mur (MU) -1300)

T'Mur sat in her quarters contemplating the conversation she has had with Sekal, considering the benefits against the cost of having him killed. It was not a logical move, at this time, as she had. I desire to move up the chain of command of the Illuminar. Her appointment on the ship was more... ceremonial than functional. Although she officially held a rank of Lieutenant, it was not logical to refer to that rank as it was lower than her position as Princess in the Vulcan hierarchy.

Her mind had been preoccupied with Sienna Verin, and why she would go against her family and her government in reneging in their promise of their bonding. It made sense to bring the two worlds closer together. A royal from Vulcan joined with a member of human royalty.

She found herself needing more information about the woman. Information that was not available in any official records. Information she could most easily gain from the Williams-Verin clan. She tapped to key by her desk console.

“Computer, open a line to Captain Trip Williams on the ISS Exeter.”

[illegible]

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CO, Captain Sekal (MU) - 1301)

The lift ascended quickly, as the door opened and he took a step out the ship rocked drunkenly from a torpedo hit. He was aware their new, altered torpedoes had been enriched but was not yet knowledgeable of how. He stumbled and nearly fell through the portal due to the force of the explosion. He was springing to his feet as he called.

"Activate the cloak and take evasive maneuvers. Mister Anderson positive declination of 900 meters."

"Aye sir."

The impulse drive was diverted to the secondary hull and as the doors opened for planetary transit the helm officer fired them to full. Illuminar had no sooner gone to cloak when she was rising quickly.

"Helm do you have that course locked in?"

"We do sir."

"Engage the warp drive and follow that ship."

The warp bubble opened and the ISS Illuminar shot through, accelerating with mind boggling speed as they neared the subspace hyperwarp threshold.

Sekal took the center chair and waited for several seconds.

"Hyperwarp capable Captain."

Damage reports were beginning to come in from all stations.

"Tactical what was that ship?"

"The Kir Kumari sir, the Andorian flagship."

"I am aware of its status Lieutenant." Little wonder they had sustained damage from the bombardment, the dreadnought was capable of obliterating his ship and might have done so had he not arrived. The prisoners he had aboard had just increased in value.

At the moment the ISS wasn't in shape to take on its mirror counterpart.

"Decrease speed to warp seven."

"Aye sir."

He needed time, there would be no quick engagement but that gave him opportunity to plan the encounter more thoroughly as well.

(Reply: MU T'Mur iyw)

(Posted by Charles G)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.05)

She walked into the Prancing Pony to see Engineering officer Pex sitting at the bar. She sat in the stool to his right and ordered a small bowl of nutty tasting beetles to start with. She also ordered an iced tea and turned to face him.

"Hello I am LT JG Ariel Trei. I am the SPA in Security.. How are you doing on the Illuminar?"

(Reply Pex)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(ISS Exeter - Deck 2- Personal Quarters – CO- Captain Trip Williams (MU) -1305)

As the call from the bridge that he had an incoming message came through Trip rolled his eyes at the annoyance of being interrupted. He rolled out from his bed and placed a robe around himself. He always hated when his “debriefings” were interrupted.

“Just a moment ladies, we can continue when this nuisance gets taken care of.” He said with a smile at the two women currently laying on his bed. He was very selective with his aides, who relished the opportunity to advance their careers with their proximity to the great Trip Williams.

As he walked into his study and sat down, he didn’t care what the person on the other end saw. Perhaps in a different reality he was a boring, monogamous, family man who would have put on pants or conducted his briefings in a more dignified manner. But that wasn’t this Trip, and that other Trip sounded boring.

“Oh, Princess T’Mur, what a surprise. To what do I owe this little chat?”

T’Mur looked at the semi clad CO of the Exeter. His reputation had preceded him. He was the “golden child” of the Williams clan. The youngest captain of a ship in recent history. His meteoric rise in power was met with some scrutiny, but one by one his enemies disappeared or recanted. She could also see the physical appeal he would have to the females around him, though it did little to impress her.

=^=Captain Williams, I hope I did not interrupt an important meeting.=^=

“Well, just a debriefing,” he said with a chuckle. “To what do I owe the displeasure?”

=^= I am curious why your sister has reneged on our families’ arrangement for our bonding? Has your family decided that the agreements between our worlds are no longer valid? =^=

“My sister did what now?!?” Trip said, slamming his fists into the table and standing up in a flash of anger. “I assure you, that it was nothing my family is party to. I told my mother that I should be the one offered so to speak. It would have been perfect, I keep to mine, you keep to yours, only mingle to produce an heir. Only need to show ourselves together in public. You could have hated me for all I cared, you would have simply been a trophy to me. But no, mother always favored Sienna. And this is what we get.”

Now she raised an eyebrow. =^=As enthralling as being your trophy sounds, that was not the arrangement. Our family was less concerned about a potential heir conceived in the typical manner as keeping me entertained by my mate. And you would not entertain me.=^=

“So what exactly did she do?” Trip asked.

=^= She obtained a cloaked vessel and escaped through a spacial anomaly into the other universe. I suspect that she may have returned with some company. But that is an assumption based on the evidence of the ship coming into our universe Is the USS Illuminar. If this is the case I am uncertain how she might have convinced them to come across. What could she possibly have to offer them? =^=

“How the hell am I supposed to know, and how the hell is this my problem?” Trip exclaimed.

His sudden expression of emotion should have been expected but it still caught the Vulcan by surprise. =^=I would imagine that it is your problem, or rather your family’s problem, as my next contact will be to Vulcan. If your people cannot be held to trust in a simple marriage contract, then perhaps the whole

Vulcan/Human Alliance is also a mistake. Good luck with the Klingons and their ever growing empire, Captain. =^=

“Oh, the Alliance won’t fall just because of the selfishness of my sister, I will see to that myself. If the history books have taught us anything it’s that those goody two shoes probably came over here to bring us peace and justice and virtue and whatever crap the peddle over there. Sienna is dangerous. Straight up dangerous, and if I had it my way I would have gotten rid of her years ago. Who knows? For all we know she could have killed that world’s Sienna and tricked them here. What worries me is not the crew but the ship. Giving a ship of that caliber to any enemy of the empire. Well if I get my hands on her, I will execute her myself. Then you’ll have to wait until I father a daughter or something and then you can bond with that miserable cretin, if this alliance is to continue. But yes, Sienna, well on the brightside, I truly will be the favored child after this. But rest assured, even if I have to share my mistresses with you so you can be entertained, I won’t let this alliance fail, I won’t let her destroy what my bloodline is trying to build.”

=^= As I suspected you wouldn’t, =^= T’Mur replied, giving the Vulcan equivalent of a friendly smile. She was not impressed by his bravado, as she was aware of the Empire’s record on their battles with the Klingons. =^= However, your aid in bringing Sienna... home... would be appreciated. I am interested in her particularly, so if she is killed, or damaged, I will be quite put out. And the sharing of your personal concubines will be the least of your concerns. =^=

“What do you see in her anyways. Why her?” Trip asked curious as to the wording used by the Vulcan.

She thought for a moment, both to reluctantly give any information to this man, and secondly she had to find the right words.

=^= I find her mind to be complex and intriguing, =^= she finally said. =^= It will give me great pleasure to ... acquire her obedience. She is not simply physically attractive. You speak of women as prizes then you should understand how I would prize her possession. =^=

“Well yes women are prizes. But make no mistake, I prefer for them to surrender willingly. I believe in conquest, but in the carnal, I prefer it when they finally relent to my charms and say yes, but I concede your point. If nothing else, it is clear my sister wants nothing to do with you. To turn her over, defeated and humiliated into your custody will be a prize enough for me.”

T’Mur nodded, =^= As you prize their... willingness, I give value to their breaking to my will. =^= She let that thought sink in. =^= Then we have an accord? You will help in the retrieval of your sister? Can you think where she might lead this Illuminar? =^=

“Truthfully, I have not spoken to my sister in a long time. I had Betazoid priests sever our bond so I wouldn’t have to hear her thoughts So no.... I do not know where she might be leading the Illuminar. Though I assume if she had some favorite place or planet, that might be it,”

T’Mur paused thoughtfully, then said, =^= The next time we speak you will have knowledge of her location or you will have her in custody. =^=



remember that Starfleet isn't Trillius Prime and that we don't have to salute superior officers. When I'm surprised, Pex's instincts take over. Pex would rather that Starfleet be more formal all the time."

Tegian took a swig of his beer, aware that he blurted all of that out in front of someone he'd just met. "I haven't tried a bacon cheeseburger yet, but I did just order a Philly cheesesteak. Are they similar? I once tried Gagh, although I went with the recommendation to eat it stewed. It wasn't bad, but didn't make the list of things that I want to try again." He smiled apologetically. "Then again, there a lot of Trill dishes I will be glad to avoid as well."

He took another drink from his beer and said, "You said you were part Klingon, Ariel. If it's not prying, what is the rest of your heritage?"

(Reply Ariel)

(Posted by Keith)

[illegible]

She nodded in agreement that she never tried any trill dishes. Some of the rare Klingon dishes were something to be desired along with some Betazoid dishes as well. Her father would have reacted sharply to the stewed Gagh. Gagh is best served live. It is ok with her that Pex had the sense of tradition. She understood that.

"I am mostly Betazoid."

(Reply Pex)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

Tegian took a closer look at Ariel's eyes and berated himself for not noticing earlier. "My apologies, Ariel, for being tactless. I should have noticed earlier. You have a lovely homeworld. I had a chance to spend a few days there while waiting to join the Illuminar. The honesty, about everything, was refreshing, although it took me a little time to get used to it. I just had to let go of holding back any of my feelings. Very similar to what I went through when I joined with Pex."

He smiled at those few days. His joined status made him a bit of curiosity. He took another sip of his beer. "Will you be ordering anything for lunch, Ariel? Or are the beetles going to be the extent of your dining?"

(Reply Ariel)

(Posted by Keith)

[illegible]

Pex asked her if she was going to order anything more for lunch. She called the bartender over to order a bacon cheeseburger. She imagined that Pex would feel like his emotions were exposed for all

to read them. He really didn't need to feel like that. Everyone on Betazed were disciplined with their abilities.

"I am ordering a bacon cheeseburger. Tell me about yourself please."

(Reply Pex)

(Posted by Edward)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1314)

Ariel placed her order and made a request of Tegan. He took another drink of his beer and considered how to begin.

He smiled, thinking back on his happy childhood and family. "My Mother, Misla, is a diplomatic minister back on Trillius Prime. My Father, Grajol, is a shuttle pilot. And I'm the youngest of three children. My oldest sister followed my Father's path and my brother followed my Mother's. Neither felt right for me. But, from a young age, I had a affinity with technology. Oh, my parents both attempted to teach me their livelihoods, but engineering is what I wanted to do. And with my Mother's connections, I went to the best university on Trillius Prime for engineering. Exposed to everything that the university had to offer, I got my first introduction to Starfleet and knew that's what I wanted, even if the technology is a bit behind. I didn't want to stay on Trillius Prime, but I wanted to explore the stars. My species is content to stay amongst our own systems. Most don't wish to venture beyond."

As Tegian is finishing his background, his lunch order arrived. He thanked the bartender and asked for some water.

"I went to the Academy on Mars for a few days and then shipped off. It took a while to join the Illuminar, but I got onboard from your homeworld."

Tegian grabbed a fry and ate it, not quite sure what to make of the taste. "Now, that I have told you about me, what about you, Ariel?" Tegian smiled.

(Reply Ariel)

(Posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 13.15)

She received her bacon cheeseburger and took a bite of the deliciousness. She took a drink of iced tea to think about how she was going to tell about herself. She was almost certain that Pex's symbiont will know her father so she started with that.

"My mother was a homemaker on Betazed. My father as your symbiont might know Detron served as chief of security of several ships. The last one was the Hades I think until he retired a LT CDR before the war. Now he does consulting to the council on Betazed. I also have an Aunt Melodia on Betazed. I went to the Academy to be a counselor. I was a counselor for a while now I am a security profiler of sorts."

(Reply Any)

Now that Ariel had her food, Tegian felt comfortable eating his own food. He picked up the elongated sandwich in both hands, examining it, before deciding to eat it at one end. Sauce dripped out of the other end as he bit down and he just managed to get the sandwich repositioned over the plate to avoid staining the floor or his pants. He chewed slowly while eyeing the food in his hand, suspiciously, as he decided about the tastes he was experiencing. In the meantime, he listened to Ariel intently.

::No, young one. You know that, until you, I never ventured out of the Trill system.:: responded Pex.

There was an almost an audible sigh through their link. ::No Tegian. I don't remember any Klingon named Deltron.::

He took another bite of his cheesesteak, deciding that he liked this food, but he kept the far end over the plate.

(Reply Ariel)

When the screen went blank T'Mur considered Williams' promise. She was not as impressed with the man as was with himself. She was uncertain that he would be able to help find Sienna Verin. But he might, at least, give her fewer places to hide.

“This is princess T’Mur,” she announced. “I am expecting a guest. When Ariel Trei arrives, escort her to the ship's gymnasium. I will be there alleviating the effects of my voyage.”

She wanted to remind the officer that enjoyment was irrelevant. It would have been more logical to wish her the best results of the workout, but decided that the reminder would have been pointless. She sighed, changed into her black leotard, foregoing the leggings, and headed out of her quarters, her mind already working on the techniques she wanted to work on.

(reply Trei, none, any)

(Posted by Edward)

(Posted by Keith)

(Posted by Edward)

(Posted by Keith)

ISS Illuminar -- Scanner Deadspot #3 -- 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory and 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1330)

Arriving at his sensor dead spot, he positioned Quinna into the chair, before securing her to the chair at the wrists, ankles, and neck. Keeping the hood on her, he sat down and waited for the drug to wear off.

"What the hell is this Gregory?!" Quinna demanded. "Where are you, you coward?" Quinna instead of fighting started to feel around for some clues. She learned not to struggle when tied up. You never knew when things tightened when you struggled.

"Coward?" he replied, chuckling, "That is rich, coming from the chief torturer on the ship. You will have to forgive my methods, but I have studied yours. Quite effective ones at that."

Gregory sat down, "I have a few questions for you, Dr. Solice, and I hope at the end of this, we can become allies. I believe we can go far, you and I. However, if you don't wish that, well, that will have other implications."

Quinna sat back and relaxed. "Oh this should be good. Sure lay it on me."

"You see, I have evidence that you helped the Commander escape. You and that boytoy of yours," he said softly. "It was quite ingenious, actually. However, I need to know who else helped you. Where, for example, did you get a cloaking device?"

Quinna started laughing, "Oh Nice. You have Evidence" Quinna tried to make air quotes. "That is your talent... Faking things."

"You wound me, Dr. Solice. I do not fake things, just help people see what they already want to see. A simple matter"

"Why don't you take this hood off and let me see what you have." Quinna suggested.

"Ah, but where is the fun in that, Dr. Solice," Gregory said. "So you deny having any part in helping the Commander escape? You do not sympathize with those who would wish to see the alliance with the Vulcans fall apart? What about your brother?"

"My brother? What are you talking about? I have no brother. The Egg and Sperm donor abandoned me when they got their precious male child. Left me to die for him. I have nothing to hide." Quinna relaxed more. "Personally I have no preference with the Pretty Princess. I keep to my work and I do that very very well."

"That is most interesting indeed. He has been looking for you," Gregory said. "But that is for another day. Back to your work. Tell me about Michael. When did you meet him?"

Quinna became curious. "The day he boarded. Why?"

"Did he tell you about his previous partners?" he asked, "And about his assignment here?"

"I think you better take my hood off so we can talk. I know you have me just torture him. I know I am about to die. I just want to talk face to face." Quinna suggest in a plain normal tone.

"Oh no Dr. Solice, you are too valuable alive. As long as we can arrive at a mutually beneficial understanding." Pulling off the hood, "and here is a show of good faith."

A bright light shone in her face. "Better now?"

"And if you know my reputation, you know I don't waste good flesh," he says with a grin.

"Now, tell me a secret and I will tell you one too."

"Michael Weston is reporting on me to someone." Quinna confided.

"Fair is fair. Michael is only sent to ferret out and eliminate spys. Here is a bonus, he befriends them, gets romantically involved and one day they disappear. He is very good at his job," Dieter replied.

He paused, "Now I don't like spies any more than the next person. But to kill an asset, rather than turn them, well that is a waste of material, and I hate waste," he said slowly sliding his finger down her cheek.

"I hate to disappoint you both but I am not a spy." Quinna shrugged her shoulders, "you got to do what you have to do." Quinna paused for a moment, "It would be funny to see how he would react when he finds out that I was killed. His reaction would really show how he really felt about me."

"You suggest an interesting test," Gregory says.

"Oh?" Quinna said, "And here I was looking forward to my death."

"If you are not the spy and traitor that Weston is typically sent after, it might get him to reveal his real target. For this to work, however, you will need to disappear for a few days. Are you comfortable with that?" Gregory asked.

Quinna looked at Gregory with a bit of scrutiny, "Are you going to keep me strapped in this chair?"

Gregory raised an eyebrow, "I was thinking a bed might be more comfortable for you," he replied.

"You are going to need some proof of my death." Quinna thought.

"That is not too hard. Just need a body about your general shape. I have backdoors into most databases so I can change your DNA profile to the bodies relatively easily."

"Deiter, My Dear, I think we have the start of a beautiful plan. What is in all this for you?" Quinna asked, "Why?"

"Two possible outcomes, either of which advance me to 1st officer. It also gives me what I need to move up to my own command," Gregory replied "And I will need someone I can trust at my back."

He looked at Quinna, “Are you interested?”

“Wait, with Pretty Princess gone, wouldn’t you automatically move up?” Quinna said, “All I want is to left alone to do my work in peace, or pieces in some cases.”

“It will depend on what is decided when we recover the Princess. And if the Vulcan’s will still accept her. Of course, I don’t like to leave things to chance,” Gregory replied. “I can respect your position, and will provide you that peace and quiet, especially if I can send you special work along the way.”

He pushed a button, and the band around her neck retracted into the chair. “Another sign of good faith.”

“I have a request.”

“Yes?”

"If we find out that Michael is not what he says he is," Quinna paused, "He belongs to me."

"Agreed," Gregory replied.

"I also need a PADD so I can monitor him. I have one behind my couch that is not part of the ship supply." Quinna started. "So where am I to hide?"

"I will take you to a place where no one will be able to find you. You'll be safe and off the radar," he replied. "I will retrieve your PADD and return shortly," he replied. "Anything else?"

“Well since you asked, My steak dinner would have been nice.” Quinna smiled.

"Of course, would you like some wine as well?" Gregory asked.

“Actually, I don’t drink. I like to feel everything.” Quinna commented.

“Very well. I shall return shortly,” Gregory replied as he tapped his com badge. “Execute Bravo Zulu Two.”

Quinna was left bound to the chair, as the room lights faded to black.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Kris and Tim)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 13.30)

"The Rite of Ascension is a very important ritual in the Klingon culture. It is to declare to all that you are a warrior and set an honorable place in Sto'vo'kor upon death. You may have heard of the Death Ritual

She thought she was ready but that would be proved when the time came to go through it.

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 4 - The Prancing pony - EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1332)

"If I am offering advice you don't want, please let me know, but have you talked to any of the medical personnel on board or Galk about this? I was thinking that some of the doctors might be able to help you with pain tolerance and Galk likely went through the Rite of Ascension. Also, are you allowed to practice the Rite in the holodeck to see if you are ready?"

"If you want any help, I would be happy to do so." He shrugged. "It sounds like the holodeck can give you everything you need, but if you want a live, unpredictable opponent, I would be happy to give it a go. I have picked up human fencing, but I can't say I'm all that good at hand to hand combat. One of my symbionts former hosts was a drill sergeant, though, so I can occasionally fall back on some of that training."

(Posted by Keith)

(ISS Illuminar - Solice Quarters - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1420)

He had a meeting at 1500, and needed to make a small addition to this PADD.

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Commander's Quarters- CO, Captain Sekal and Commander Sienna Verin - 1450)

He had been eating dinner when the request had come through from Commander Verin for him to meet with her, finishing the meal, he made straight for her cabin..

He walked in and found her awake and alert.

"Commander, that you sent for me indicates you are regaining your strength."

He pulled up a chair and perched on it, leaning forward.

Her appearance was still strikingly different than it was before the away mission. Luma's interference had burned all the available fat from her body along with most of her weight. In spite of Quinna's ministrations, she was still weak, tired and exhausted. She knew that this was going to be a long recovery, likely over months. The white streak in her hair was the weirdest part. She wasn't sure if she would be able to dye that out, it was a scar that marked her experience.

Sy looked over at her mentor, her friend and her colleague. She was his right hand person.

"My mate tells me that my alternate is aboard. It's not her fault - one of the nurses let it slip by accident. I'm not sure if T'Mur told you, but when Luma pulled me aboard from the Rhyne I went through some sort of time dilation event. In what seemed like it went on forever, but Luma assures me that it was only a few seconds, at most." She began, looking into the distance, over Sekal's shoulder as if she saw something that was not there. Perhaps she did.

"While I was there, in that in-between place I saw a lot of what was happening to my counterpart. And after I was back aboard, I tried to warn you about her, but I obviously didn't do a good enough job doing so."

"You appear to be operating from the false assumption that I place any sort of trust in her motives." He leaned back in the chair. "I can assure you it is quite the opposite. She has been disarmed and my most capable security officer has been charged with seeing that she is not allowed to roam the ship without supervision. While there are numerous ones who might be detailed Mr. Galk would take any attempts at deception personally." He gave her a long look. "Were I an emotional being it is likely I would find the crew's continual lack of faith in my decision making to be ... disconcerting. Your mate has already expressed her disapproval over the matter twice without giving me a logical reasoning behind confining your counterpart to the brig. This is the Federation Commander, we do not incarcerate beings based on criminal activity they have not yet committed."

"Yes, but..." She sighed. "I saw what this woman has done in her world. I have been inside her thoughts. I saw her sneak aboard the ship in her cloaked shuttle. I saw her walking around the ship..somehow...without being noticed. I have no idea how she came to your attention, but... her allegiance to her brother is stronger than her allegiance to anything else, including what she is running from. I'm not even sure that what she's running from is real." She sighed, absolutely exhausted.

""Which would seem to mirror a statement I made to her to make clear my doubts." He noted.

Sienna grinned. "Good. How the heck did she get a cloak to work on a shuttle..." Sienna shook her head wearily at the thought.

He folded his arms. "Her cloaked shuttle is damaged and has been shut down. I was asked about making repairs to it but declined. Were she to slip away and cause mischief she would try to flee and her initial attempt would logically be in her craft which is still currently unfit."

An eyebrow quirked. "You might also be interested to know that the good doctor believes me to have some hidden agenda due to my concern for your well being though I made clear my reasons for it. I do not understand why humans insist on attaching deep seated, emotional reasoning to a Vulcan's actions."

"Quinna's forbidden anyone from talking ship's business with me. She doesn't seem to understand that not knowing is worse. I promise to stay in this bed. I promise to not move. And I'll cover for you, but I need to know. What happened. Did everyone make it off the Rhyne? Was it destroyed? I know that the Maelstrom was caused by the alter universe. Luma wouldn't tell me what happened, how she got me back or why it altered me."

That one caught him by surprise. "There is no need to... cover... for me. If she takes issue with it she can express such to me directly. You were the only one to make it off the Rhyne which slipped through the Maelstrom. We have gone through and are searching for it with the intent of finding it and them."

Sienna reached out to pick up the small box of chocolate covered fruit. She opened it and offered a piece first to Sekal, then took one for herself. "T'Mur brought them. They are really good, and the chocolate is vegan, so safe for a Vulcan to eat. She humors me and has a piece, but I know she doesn't get the same joy from it that I do."

He eyed the sweets before declining. "Natural sugars are sufficient and I do not see the necessity for making a confection of them. Thank you for the offer but no. I have just eaten as well. I assume that it was made with soy milk?"

Sienna gave him a playful pout, more like herself than she had been since reappearing on the ship. "I need to know... how did Luma do this. What did she do? Quinna says I aged a little over six months from my last transporter scan." She took a deep breath, "Those 6 months I feel like I lived the alter-Sienna's life. I remember what she was doing. I couldn't affect it but I was there and I felt it all."

He thought about it for a moment then shook his head. "Any conclusions to be drawn from that would be purely theoretical. You have a history of unstable bonding according to Doctor Mias' report which may have led to the unintentional link with your mirror self. The time dilation effects of the anomaly are documented and we experienced a powerful temporal flux when transiting through."

She nods, "And the damage to the ship? What were the casualties?" Sienna lived and breathed the ship, she needed to know. "How long did the repairs take?"

"Repair to the warp drive was done speedily by the engineering crew and there were no casualties, damage to the ship was minimal and overloaded components are being replaced. The ship is otherwise healthy and under warp toward sector 001."

"Why are we headed for Sol?" She asked curiously. "Is that where the Rhyne was headed? Does Starfleet know where we've headed?" She could only imagine the horror when Trip found out where they were headed. She hopes their Dad had a good hold on him or the other ship was gonna end up coming after them. She wondered for a brief moment if Ashlyn had the baby yet. "Have we heard anything from the Exeter?" She needed to know if Trip was all right and being in a shielded room made that connection between them moot.

A small shake of the head at that one. "Command has been informed of our intentions and I've received no word from Captain Williams. Commander Gregory's logical destination would be toward Earth in order to lessen the communication lag with StarFleet Command however we are bending all our efforts toward locating them wherever they may be. I've kept the warp factor low against the event we have to alter course due to an unexpected change of direction by the Rhyne."

"I'd like to meet her. T'Mur's going to have something to say about that. But I feel like I know her and I really would like to talk to her. I proposed we call her Giovanna - my second name in the Earth tradition. As soon as I can walk out of here on my own, I want to meet her. Maybe I'll get a glimpse when I'm with her."

Sinna looked worried, "I'd like to talk to Ambassador Mias too. If you could relay the message. Alaya is a friend, and she wouldn't understand. I think that the Ambassador could help me recover."

"Of course, I'll inform Doctor Mias but we will hold off on your meeting with ... Giovanna until you are feeling stronger as you have stated."

Sienna's eyes began to drift shut, but she reopened them quickly and turned her head towards Sekal. "Sorry. I can't make sense of what Luma did and my brain keeps turning the idea around and around in my head. And Luma mentioned something about Giovanna having brought equations with her for opening and closing the Maelstrom at will. Could I see those? Give me something to occupy my mind. To be frank, Sekal, I'm bored in this room, even if most of what I do is sleep. I'm worried that I'm not going to recover, and Dr. Solice says I'm wrong, but I'm pretty sure I'm getting weaker."

Sienna had always possessed remarkable insight and intuition into the things around her. Some said it was an application of her empathic abilities that led her to develop the skill.

"I will have a Padd sent so that you can review the data. If Doctor Solice was concerned about your physical state she would have noted it, I believe my continual queries as to your welfare struck a nerve with her." He noted with a typical, dry Vulcan understatement. "Understand something as well, sometimes the healing process can take unexpected turns as the body recovers, due to your malnourished condition when brought aboard your system is in process of rebuilding itself. And sleep is a way of conserving energy during that process."

She smiled lightly, "I look forward to the day that we can resume our self defense lessons. And reading through the PADD's data." Her eyes began to grow heavier again and she leaned back, making the mistake of becoming comfortable. Her lids grew heavy and her breathing slow and rhythmic as she fell asleep again. She was exhausted, and she needed to sleep. As usual Sekal was right. She fell asleep with a slight smile on her face. His visit had cheered her up.

(ISS Illuminar - Scanner Deadspot #3 -- 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1430)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COO office - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory - 1500)

(ISS Illuminar - Scanner Deadspot #2 -- 3/O LCDR Quinna Solice (MU)-- 1600)

"I am good. Thank you." Quinna looked over at her PADD.

"Ms. T'shalaith, Outrider 1 downloaded the Roanoke letter substitution codes into the database, I need you find the one they were most recently using and draft a communication on Subspace Frequency 1. Begin the missive with the words Altair 4, DP 7 followed by using the randomization code pattern. The Android, once made aware of the origin of the transmission may decode it.

The Roanoke transmissions were normally made in the pattern of informal reports. Once you have the transmission ready send it out. My voice is likely to be more recognizable than your own.

Broadcast the rendezvous point of Bajor within the message, rendezvous time 1300 hours on Stardate 2446.03.08 and have your department monitor the channel for reply transmissions from them."

(Reply: T'shalaith)

"Also have a PADD with the formulas for the Maelstrom contributed by the alter universe Commander Verin sent to our own Commander Verin in her quarters."

(Reply: T'shalaith)

He activated the comm again. "Lieutenant Commander Solice I have instructed Ensign T'shalaith to use one of the Roanoke codes to attempt to communicate with the Rhyne, change course to Bajor and increase speed, if they are able to respond and make the rendezvous point we need to be in that location first to insure the way is clear for them. If they change the rendezvous point adjust our course accordingly."

(Reply: Quinna)

His next was to Lieutenant T'Mur. "Lieutenant lower the cloak, the disguise should be unnecessary while under warp and will save on power draw. Monitor the communications traffic, I will need as complete a picture as you can give me on the distribution of Imperial forces between our current location and Bajor."

(Reply: T'Mur)

And then engineering.

"Replacement of overloaded equipment needs to be completed within the next 24 hours, I am going to need the ship operating at maximum efficiency when we enter Imperial space. Make adjustments to the rotation if necessary to facilitate the timetable."

(Reply: Any in Engineering)

(Posted by Charles G)

(USS Illuminar -- Deck 1-- Bridge- ACSO Ensign T'shalaith - 1601)

The day had been long in the science department. Checking sensor readings from both short range and long-range scans, routing the relevant data in report cycles to tactical, operations, and the command team with interpretations, theories and ideas had been a helpful way for her to keep her mind focused on something mission-related.

The latest report had been sent out moments ago and she was starting the process of building the next hourly report when her communications badge beeped.

=^=Ms. T'shalaith, Outrider 1 downloaded the Roanoke letter substitution codes into the database, I need you find the one they were most recently using and draft a communication on Subspace Frequency 1. Begin the missive with the words Altair 4, DP 7 followed by using the randomization code pattern. The Android, once made aware of the origin of the transmission may decode it. The Roanoke transmissions were normally made in the pattern of informal reports. Once you have the transmission ready send it out. My voice is likely to be more recognizable than your own. Broadcast the rendezvous point of Bajor within the message, rendezvous time 1300 hours on Stardate 2446.03.08, and have your department monitor the channel for reply transmissions from them.=^=

She finished typing in the variables he was requesting into the console, "Confirmed, sir. Will begin work on that immediately."

=^=Also have a PADD with the formulas for the Maelstrom contributed by the alter universe Commander Verin sent to our own Commander Verin in her quarters.=^=

The ACSO nodded more to herself than anything, "Affirmative, Captain." The channel closed and she went to work on the console. The mystery of why Bajor was the chosen point was of curiosity to her but she was less familiar with the Mirror Universe. The topic itself was interesting, but it was illogical to imagine what that world would look like or what the people she knew would be like. Too many variables existed in alternate realities to confidently predict the development of someone's character given the unknown nature and nurture scenarios you would need to work out in order to make a reasonable prediction. It was, to T'shalaith's mind, too much work without much of a reward.

The console beeped as it located the most recent substitution codes and her hands quickly returned to action as she composed the message in the manner the Captain had requested, crafting the narrative pattern into an informal report. She read it back three times and made several minor changes in the text and programming. It took her another few moments to weave the rendezvous point with the time and Stardate into the message in a way that it wasn't too easy to find but also didn't present a challenge that would mean the message was never opened. Another few minutes for her to review it once more to ensure completeness. Now all she needed was the captain's voice. She sent him a copy of the message portion he would need to record and attach to the message. Once she had his portion, she could assemble it and send it out to the universe.

(reply Sekal)

While she waited for his recording's return the ACSO turned her attention to the PADD request. She felt useful in these moments when she was doing something that would impact the mission. That she had a purpose within the ship and crew. It was less an emotional response and more of a communal response, she hypothesized. Her hands returned to the console and pulled the requisite data from the computer. She pulled a PADD from under the console and cleared whatever data had been on it and started the transfer process. Her interactions with Commander Verin had been limited. She knew that her father would tell her to deliver it personally and try to engage with someone new and outside her comfort zone.

The PADD beeped and she verified it had been transferred. She thought for only a moment before asking a science officer to hold her station. She headed into the turbolift and hit the button for the deck where Commander Verin would be.

(reply Sekal, any)  
(posted by Aaron D.)

T'Mur had spent her time in the morning securing Sienna in their quarters. She had tucked her into bed, fed her, and watched her sleep. However, her sense of duty nagged at her to get back to the bridge. Emotionally, she would have stayed to tend Sienna's needs. However, logically that was not the correct decision, for either of them. Before leaving their quarters she had managed to convince Luma to keep an eye on her mate and keep the door sealed until her return. It was not likely that Sienna would attempt to leave their quarters, but someone coming in would be another matter. If there was an issue Luma was left with the directive to STS transport T'Mur back to their quarters.

She could tell that Solice wasn't particularly happy to see her, but T'Mur calmly reminded her that Sienna was resting and did not require any assistance with that activity, and her monitoring her mate's sleep, which she can do from the bridge, was not a logical use of her time. Quinna finally acquiesced to the Vulcan logic and permitted her back to duty.

Fortunately the shift was quiet, as they had yet to encounter any antagonistic forces. It gave her time to attempt to isolate the subspace frequencies used in communications in this universe. As of yet they had only been mildly successful of receiving communications from mostly mundane or merchant level organizations. Nothing of military or strategic value. Then her focus was interrupted by the captain.

=^=Lieutenant lower the cloak, the disguise should be unnecessary while under warp and will save on power draw. Monitor the communications traffic, I will need as complete a picture as you can give me on the distribution of Imperial forces between our current location and Bajor.=^=

~Bajor?~ She raised a questioning eyebrow. “Affirmative Captain,” she replied, “cloak is disengaged. I will alert you when we have access to the data you seek.”

Once she had found those lower level communications, it did not take long to access mainstream communications. At first they were low priority communiques. Then there was some that became more interesting to her quest. She listened to them through her head set and categorized them, creating a chart of ship locations and destinations, and, for some, purposes. The information began to compile in her head, as she was able to turn into recordable data.

(reply none)  
(posted by Al Muir)

T'shalaith walked down the corridor, both hands grasping the PADD tightly before her. She could identify with the emotion and feeling of nervousness, but it was not something she experienced normally. The reality was that the commander had been the last person to see any of the crew from the Illuminar alive, including her Chief Science Officer, Jatón Alyl. She had not been able to spend much time getting to know him and there was a sensation of wondering if she would ever get that chance. As illogical as friendly relationships with superior officers was to her, there was a sense of wondering what would happen to her and the science department next? She was but an ensign in the rank structure on the ship.

She forced her mind back to the task at hand as she stood in front of the door to the commander's quarters. She pushed the door chime button and waited.

Sitting up on the couch, she was trying to keep her body up and away from bed, pushing herself to try and get her body working again. No matter how much she slept, she was still exhausted. She heard the chime, and looked towards the door. "Luma, who is outside my quarters?"

"=^= Is the science girl who is like our T.=^= Sienna laughed, and put a name based on the description. She'd have to ask Luma later what that was about.

"Come in Ensign. Luma unlock the door."

T'shalaith blinked at the closed channel and now open door and looked around her. She had not been updated on the commander's condition, but suddenly realized there may have been a reason. She straightened her uniform out of habit and stepped through the door that had opened. She found the commander on the couch. The ACSO resisted the urge to frown, knowing that humans often interpreted body language or facial expressions. Given the commander's condition, she decided erring on the side of caution was the logical path.

Sienna had been a somewhat plump, soft curvy betazoid. At least she had been. This Sienna had the same bones as the before-mission version, but she was bones and tendons with very little fat. Her hair looked dull, instead of bright and there was now a broad streak of white in the front. She looked exhausted. There were circles under her eyes. And she seemed to not be as bright as she had been.

"Commander, Captain Sekal had asked me to compile the data from your...alternate's device and interviews. He had hoped it would assist you and possibly serve to assist us."

"I'm sorry Ensign. Have a seat please. I am not strong enough to stand up yet, and I am growing bored. If Doc Solice gives you crud about bringing my this, you send her to lecture me. Got it?"

The ACSO accepted the offered seat and gave a nod, "I believe if the CMO and third officer gives me, as you say, 'crud', I will refer her to Captain Sekal and his orders." She gave a slight shrug, "To a Vulcan, 'getting crud' is illogical. Or giving it, for that matter."

"Now talk me through the Science Ensign. And I want to ask you what your opinion on what Luma did..when she brought me back .. how it affected me. I want an answer to why I aged 6 months in less than a second." Sienna leaned back tiredly and closed her eyes for a moment. "Assume that I'm a plant

biologist.” A faint hint of a smile. ::Luma let T’Mur know that Ensign T’Shaelith is with me please. She’ll feel better knowing that you are keeping watch.:: Sienna sent to Luma who replied with affection.

T’shalaith cocked her head to the side, “The answer to that is both complex and simple, commander.” She slipped a PADD out of her back pocket and tapped some keys, “Traveling through the phenomena affected us all differently but similarly as we went from our universe to this universe. Various reports on accelerated aging, visions and other assorted experiences were documented.” She sat forward, “The Maelstrom is constantly in flux and is unstable in ways I’m not sure any of the scientists onboard fully understand or grasp.” She paused, “There are a great many intelligent people onboard the Illuminar. This scenario tests the collective knowledge and understanding.” She pointed to the commander’s PADD, “A theory of what happened to you is that you traveled through times when Luma retrieved you.”

Sienna listened, trying to keep her eyes open and focused on T’Shalaith. “I suppose that would fit the facts. Luma seems to exist in all times simultaneously.

=^= Crude but accurate.=^= Luma was being Sy’s nurse and was always close.

She nodded, “The instability within The Maelstrom means exactly that - time is at best relative and at worst in an out of control state - a hypothesis is that you traveled through multiple times and possibly multiple universes as Luma pulled you from the Rhyne.” She leaned back in the chair, “It is entirely possible that you experienced the lives of other yous in addition to the individual we have onboard. Even in the limited time you were exposed, travel could have irreversibly aged you forward six months, with additional side effects.” T’shalaith thought for a moment, “I do not think Luma is to blame for this, commander, if that is a thought she would have. It would be illogical to suggest so. No one could have known what this would have done...without doing it.”

“I understand. I’m not unhappy with Luma, in fact, I’m glad she did it. She knew that T’Mur would have been strained by the bond, and so would I. Mates belong together.” She sighed. “I did relive events in the alter’s life, and some of them felt like memories, some felt like experiences. She seems to have little sense of me while I can feel her. I know that it’s been proven that being around your counterpart can weaken the prime universe version. I need you to work with Doctors Penn and Tellar in order to make sure that this doesn’t happen to me. I am not recovering at the rate that Doctor Solice wishes. And Ensign.. Thank you for delivering this PADD. Do you have any concerns about the department?” The first officer in Sy peeked out for a second, doing her duty in checking in and monitoring a young officer thrust into a department head position.

T’shalaith considered her answer. Verin was the first officer and while she was still recovering, the position and power that came with that label still stood. She did not hate covering the Chief of Science position. It was refreshing to get the overall view of the department and the various pieces of the puzzle as it were. This was the second time the Vulcan had been thrust into the role in a very short amount of time. She was becoming accustomed to the extra workload but readily knew that she could not juggle both positions simultaneously beyond a certain point. T’shalaith was strong, but there were limits. “My only concern would be with my chief, commander. His absence has been felt in many ways...and without a timeline, for his return from the Rhyne I’m left to wonder if finding a science officer to assist me in the everyday work would be advantageous.”

Sienna tapped the padd and pulled up the science department list, “The pair of Ensign Winters are not ready for command yet. Skashe Winters has a great foundation as an all around science officer, and his younger sister was chosen for two reasons. One, she’d be acceptable to Luma to care for the roses she so loves, and because she and Skashe are the children of Admiral Winters, who discovered Luma and was her first bondmate. The problem with the Fleet is that we are very young experience-wise. So. Celiste is noted for her abilities managing paperwork. I think it would be very good experience if you oversaw her as she took on the administrative aspect of the job. Skashe, he’s going to be your acso. He isn’t specialized like his sister has in plant biology. Looking over the roster, those are your two best bets. Go slow with them both and they should in turn be very helpful to you.” Her eyes grew heavier and her head lay back against the pillow on the couch. The commander had fallen asleep, exhausted again. Something seemed to be sapping her energy even as she seemed to recover.

Luma spoke very softly, ^= The T'Shalaith should leave and let our Sienna rest. Luma is watching over her. Please reactivate the telepathic blocker by the door on your way out, Luma will see to relocking the portal so that none may harm Our Sienna.=^= Luma was quite stubborn on this point.

T'shalaith felt the presence of Luma and did her best to be comfortable with it. She slipped out a tricorder and did a quick scan of the first officer. Her brows furrowed as she read through the scans. Was it possible the close proximity to her alternate version was having an effect on her so much so that it was causing her condition to worsen? She tapped out a note to the CMO with the results of her scans attached. The second officer would know how to better interpret the results and determine what was really going on.

“Thank you Luma. I will do as requested.” She collected her things and headed out the door, tapping the telepathic blocker and returning to the bridge.

(reply none)  
(posted by Mel and Aaron)

Quinna remained on the bridge for Beta Shift. The Last few days, Beta shift meant it was time for her to work in sickbay, but she was assured she was not needed so she stayed where she was at. When the turbolift doors opened, she turned to see Lt. T'Mur entered. She was not at all surprised when the Vulcan woman returned to the bridge. She had sent T'Mur more for Sienna than for T'Mur. She thought T'Mur would help Sienna settle quicker.

Captain Sekal sent word that they were heading to Bajor. Quinna in turn, "Set course to Bajor, Maximum speed." Quinna ordered Lt. Grey Wolf.

(Reply Grey Wolf, IYW)

There was a sense of unease coming from the bit of Quinna's stomach with the idea of going to Bajor in the Mirror Universe. With her recent explorations with Dieter and the Prophets, Quinna could not help

but wonder if there was a wormhole here that was created by the Bajoran Prophets. She started thinking if the prophets here were more like the Pa'Waiths of the fire caves.

Quinna started rubbing her hand that contained the burn with the ancient Bajorian symbol. Nothing would heal it. It gave her an idea that perhaps while she was there, that maybe she should consult the mini orb in her locket. With both Dieter and Michael gone, she knew she was going to have to do it all on her own.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar -- Bridge -- Deck 1 SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.20)

Ariel entered the bridge. After the treatment to cure her blocked abilities was administered, she let the cure work through sufficient rest. She felt that her abilities were back as best as they could be, but testing them would make sure of it. She took a tactical station next to T'Mur and offered to help find the Rhyme.

"Sir. I could try to empathically find the Rhyme. I feel my abilities are back but a test would make sure of it."

(Reply Any)

(Posted by Edward)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge - CSec- LT T'Mur - 1622)

T'Mur was aware of Ariel Trei's on the bridge, even before she stepped off the turbo lift. But when she saw the woman the Vulcan realized that something was different. He exuded a confidence she hadn't had since the incident in the cafe on the station at Altair. The only logical conclusion was that Quinna had found a way to restore her telepathic abilities.

Trei made her way to the tactical station and took position next to T'Mur without asking permission. Clearly she had something to say, so T'Mur waited for her to speak.

"Sir. I could try to empathically find the Rhyme. I feel my abilities are back but a test would make sure of it."

T'Mur looked at her with a raised eyebrow and said, "Indeed. I am gratified that you have regained your abilities. However such a task would require an ability that you did not possess before. Unless you are telling me that your abilities now can span light years, which I find highly unlikely."

“Lt., we are uncertain where the Rhyne is, but more importantly we are uncertain how long they have been here, or even if they have arrived yet. The anomaly transported them through space and time. Our journey through was calculated. Their’s was more random.”

She looked at the analyst, who simply wanted to help and said, "I am looking for anything that might indicate where the Rhyne may have gone. As I understand they were in need of dilithium. Perhaps you can look for dilithium sources in this route."

(reply Trei)  
(posted by AI)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.25)

She scanned the area. Scanners detected a series of asteroids that could supply some dilithium. They were more than likely to go there. She responded to T'Mur.

"Scanners pick up an asteroid field that could have a supply of dilithium. They are most likely to go there."

(Reply T'Mur, Any)  
(Posted by Edward)

T'Mur looked over at Trei's readings. They were 1 dead power readings that could be dilithium signatures. But there was no indication that the Rhyne had traveled that way recently. It was possible they followed that path months, perhaps just weeks before. There was simply no way to tell.

The other piece of information was that the signal was 8.3 light years out of the way from their current course. However, it was not her decision to make. Logic dictates they stay on course. But logic did not always make the decisions.

"Lt. Commander," the Vulcan called out, a moment."

(reply Solice)

“Lt. Trei has found an energy signature that may be a source of dilithium. I am uncertain of it’s status. It is possible that the Rhyne may have gone that way in an attempt to secure dilithium crystals for their warp core.”

(reply Solice)

"It does take us 8.3 light years off course," she said. "At our current speed it would take us 78.85 days to make the trip. At warp 5 it could take us 14.18 days. At warp 7 4.62 days. I seriously doubt that we will find the aRhyne there, however there may be clues to their course. I emphasize 'may be'. Should we investigate, or continue our current course."

(reply Solice)  
(posted by Al Muir)

Quinna sat in her seat and was looking at her PADD. She had taken time to complete her medical reports. She found the bridge to be a more peaceful place to work.

Quinna turned her head, “Yes, Lt.”

Quinna turned and looked over at T'Mur, "Lt?"

“There are too many ‘if’s in what you relayed. There is not enough information at this time to make a change in our direction, but it is worth a look. Can we send out a class 9 probe to track the energy signature and report back to determine if it is our missing ship?” Quinna suggested.

(Posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 1 - Bridge SPA LT JG Ariel Trei - 16.35)

(Reply Any)

(ISS Illuminar - Deck 1 - COO office - 2/O LCDR Dieter Gregory (MU) 1615)

Gregory returned to office, to make sure the trap and trace was working on the PADD he left Quinna with. Pity it would not interface with the computer systems, but he could learn a lot about her based on the places she would try to go.

Turning his attention to the other matter of making her dead enough to satisfy or fool that damned Weston and his meddling ways.

He was leaning towards a plasma accident that would vaporize the body, leaving only bits and bobs that could be analyzed. Of course, he would need to get a few samples from Quinna first.

Next came the where. The obvious place was her quarters. He pulled of the ships schematics and began to study them. ~Aha~ he thought, noting the small space behind the wall. Gregory would bet his bottom slip that is where she was while he had waited for her.

Lost in his plotting and preparing, he didn't notice the passage of time. It was almost 1900. Walking to his replicator, he pulled a meal from Quinna's personal file and waited while it was replicated.

As Beta shift concluded, Quinna was relieved from the Bridge. Pulling a double duty proved to be more productive for Quinna. Quinna made a list of things she needed to do before dinner and bed.

Quinna sought out Sienna Verin from the Mirror Universe. She had not seen any check - up done on her and felt that was a good excuse to meet the MU Sienna's acquaintance. While looking through her messages and walking, she noticed a set of scans from T'Shalaith and wondered if she should address them first.

“Solice to EnsignT’Shalaith.” Quinna had sent the message through the commbadge. “Would you care to join me for dinner in the Officer’s mess. I would like to discuss the scans you sent me.

(Reply T'Shalaith)

“Since I want to meet with you, I can meet you based on your time schedule.” Quinna said.

(Reply T'Shalaith) (NPRG: Totally up to you if you want to meet. I know I have probably missed some stuff with your character that I should not have)

“OK, Solice out.

The stack of PADDs had lessened in the last few hours for the interim chief science officer but it was an ongoing issue. The reports from the various labs had required additional resources on her part and tracking the ongoing experiments, their findings, and crafting an overall report that then went to the senior officers took time. Even with her Vulcan mind at play, it was an ongoing and laborious endeavor. Thankfully she had handled the more pressing matters and was now down to the last remaining details and reports. She glanced at the chrono. The evening was approaching quietly. She leaned back in her chair, allowing a moment for her mind to rest. Something was sliding around in the back of her mind, and she furrowed her brow as she attempted to grab a hold of it. It leapt away into the depths but not before her mind's eye got a glance at it.

It was her. Well, it wasn't T'shalaith, specifically, but someone who looked very much like her. There had been emotions scattered across the fleeing face and it left her confused and concerned. She had long wondered what the effect of being in the mirror universe would have on someone long-term. The first officer was evidence of something related to the concept, but T'shalaith did not have a full and in-depth hypothesis ready to dig into.

=^=Solice to EnsignT'Shalaith. Would you care to join me for dinner in the Officer's mess? I would like to discuss the scans you sent me=^=

The interim ACSO contemplated the CMO and third officer's request. She was growing hungry and it would offer her a chance to build further connections with a senior officer. The possibility raised her chances of managing to find a way to stay alive and onboard.

“Very well, Lieutenant Commander. I would be interested and willing to discuss.”

=^=Since I want to meet with you, I can meet you based on your time schedule.=^=

The Vulcan looked at the reports in her office and did a quick mental calculation. “I can meet you in the mess at 1900 hours.”

=^=OK, Solice out=^=

She leaned forward in her chair and checked the time once more. The work did not stop and she needed her mind cleared of the work in order to discuss the matter Solice was interested in.

(reply none)

(posted by Aaron D)

[illegible]

Next item on Quinna's list was to check on Commander Verin. Quinna had not been as attentive to her patients as she wanted to be. She found herself outside Verin's quarters and rang the chime. She entered when she was given permission to enter. "Good Evening." Quinna greeted. "I hope I am not intruding too much. I wanted to make sure everything was good."

(Reply Verin/T'Mur)

Quinna made her way to Sienna's side. "I hope being back in your quarters will help you." Quinna felt a bit strained. Things had been strained between the two since Quinna and Michael became an item. She wished things were different.

(Reply Verin/T'Mur)

Quinna handed one of the two PADDs in her hand to Verin. She had been prepared knowing that Verin would want to keep up to date. “I thought you would like both my bridge and Sickbay reports. I also

want to do some DNA analysis between you and the Alternate Verin we have onboard. I am going to try to get with Ensign T'Shalaith on that one."

(Reply Verin/T'Mur)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Commander's Quarters- FO Commander Sienna Williams-Verin, CSec Lt. T'Mur and 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1836)

T'Mur had returned to their quarters after her shift, quickly stripped down to her shorts and tank top and crawled into bed with Sienna. She snuggled into her back and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her in tightly. She nuzzled into the back of her neck.

::I missed you.::

Sienna knew that her mate was home, present, and she was safe. She snuggled into T'Mur's body, wearing only a thin nightgown. Her peace was shattered when the chime went off and T'Mur jumped, the disconnection leaving Sy breathless, sparing energy she really didn't have.

Suddenly the door chime rang. By reflex T'Mur jumped from the bed, suddenly disconnecting from Sienna. As she realized it was just the door she went into the main room and opened the door. The Vulcan had to admit that she was surprised to see Quinna standing there.

Uncertain as to the reason she was there, T'Mur was unsure how to refer to her. Was she there as 3O, as the CMO or just as a friend. She opted for the third choice.

"Quinna," she said, "please come in."

“Good Evening.” Quinna greeted. “I hope I am not intruding too much. I wanted to make sure everything was good.”

T'Mur nodded, "I am uncertain as to your meaning of everything being good. If you are inquiring as to Sienna's condition, little has changed since this morning, though I have managed to give her some stimulation."

Quinna made her way to Sienna's side. "I hope being back in your quarters will help you."

Sienna had slipped on a robe over her thin clothing, blinking as she stood there unsteadily. She needed to sit back down but she was determined not to feel weak before the crew.

Sy took the PADD from Solice as she explained what was on it. Quinna also revealed her thoughts about comparing the DNA between her and her doppelgänger.

“An appropriate recommendation, Doctor,” T’Mur interjected. “I can make myself available when you are ready to collect a sample.”

Quinna turned to T'Mur. "I appreciate it, thanks." Quinna looked between T'Mur and Sienna. "Oh ummm, so what can I do for either one of you?"

T'Mur furrowed her eyebrows and tilted her head. It was a sign that she was thinking of what she is about to say and weighing the consequences.

“Forgive me Quinna, but Sienna often says that my tendency to speak freely tends to leave others feeling uncomfortable. However, you came to see us. The question should be what can we do for you?”

"I wanted to make sure you two were ok. It is no secret that I am finding my equilibrium with bridge duty. However I am neglecting my duties as CMO. I needed to visually be sure that you are going to be ok." Quinna knew that T'Mur would find it illogical with Quinna's reasoning but Quinna was human and not used to having to delegate and letting go.

"I understand the difficulties of dual duties, balancing tactical as well as being the chief of the security department," T'Mur admitted. "However, I also know that there are more efficient ways to see how we are doing. I also have noted the pattern of your behavior and you do not regularly make, what is the term, house calls? I can only deduce that there is an alternate reason for your visit. It does make an assumption, and that may be incorrect. So please feel free to correct me."

"Typically, I do what I feel needs to be done. Since this is a special circumstance, I thought I would stop by. I hope it is not a problem." Quinna all of a sudden felt like she was intruding.

T'Mur shook her head, "You are not intruding, Quinna."

Quinna was taken back a bit. She was just thinking that. "Anyway, I am pleased I am not intruding. Now..." Quinna turned to Sienna, "...are you comfortable? What can I get you?"

"Comfortable?" Sy said. "No. Being home helps, but until she's far away I don't think I'm going to recover. Quinna, I'm more exhausted after I rest. I'm not improving, or even just running in place, I'm getting worse and it scares me."

"I can understand that. Perhaps when I work on the DNA comparison, we can get some answers. I have a vitamin supplement you should have daily and I will leave you something mild for the pain." Quinna suggested.

Sy wrinkled her nose, "You know I don't like pain meds, but I need something. T is promising to help me with my physiotherapy. She thinks that she can rebuild my body into something less soft." A tired frown, "Maybe you can work with T'Mur on that. It's disheartening to look into the mirror and see someone you don't recognize, in a body that doesn't feel like your own." She paused for a moment, "Quinna have you met her? The other? What's she like?" Sy needed to know. Quinna was unbiased.

Quinna shook her head regrettably. "I have not. It is part of my to-do list for tomorrow." Quinna thought for a moment. "I think a physical is in order."

"Please keep me informed of your schedule," T'Mur said. "I will make myself available to be there with you."

Quinna nodded, "Of course."

"Do you have plans for your evening?" the Vulcan asked. "I am about to make dinner. You are welcome to join us."

Quinna looked over at Sienna. She bit her lower lip. "Thank you but I should go. Sienna needs her rest."

T'Mur sighed and nodded, "As you see fit. It has been a long time since we've spent time together, just the three of us. Perhaps another day, soon?"

"I'd like that Quinna. Please?" Sienna used some of her energy to try and make it clear that she missed what used to be.

Quinna turned to look at Sienna, "Only if you are feeling up to it. I will stay for a spell."

T'Mur looked at Quinna for a moment, inquisitively. "What would you have us spell in order for you to stay?"

Quinna chuckled a bit, "It means I can stay for dinner."

"Indeed?" T'Mur commented. "Intriguing. Sienna has attempted to introduce many colloquialisms but that one was not on her list. I shall add it. Stay for a spell."

With an almost childlike skip she moved over to Sienna and kissed her on the cheek. "Now my love, I am thinking that you are in need of carbohydrates and protein. Would you not agree Quinna?"

Quinna nodded.

"Perhaps Jumbo Vulcan Mollusks on a bed of red spice rice, and a salad. What do you think? For me it is a night to celebrate."

"Indeed you do." Quinna said as she sat in a chair. She crossed her legs and put her PADD in her lap.

T'Mur didn't bother covering herself and went into the kitchen and began to pull out pots and pans, and began to get to work.

"My parents thought it important to learn how to cook," she began to explain to Quinna. "As prominent members of the Merchant's Guild they often needed to entertain off world guests and it was considered a greater honor to actually cook than serve replicated food. Food had an interesting affect on non-Vulcans."

Soon the smells of her cooking began to waft from the kitchenette. She did use the replicator to produce some of the ingredients, but she put the meal together by hand.

"Have you found a medical connection between cooked food and replicated food, Doctor?"

Quinna thought about it, "I have not done any research on the topic. Maybe I should think about it. I am sure there has to be a difference. The replicator is designed to provide people with the nutrients needed."

"True, but I wonder if replicated food has all of the natural nutrients found in cooked food. I have also been led to understand that the enjoyment of the meal is in the anticipation created by the smells, and

sounds that are made in its creation. I wonder if that anticipation opens the body to nutrients it might not typically have access to.”

“I have never had a replicator produce good caramelized onions or a sizzling plate of beef fajitas.” Quinna took a waft of the air, “Or the smell of food cooking in the seasonings. We eat with our eyes and our nose. There is something to be said for the smell of cooking that can work up an appreciation for a good cooked meal.”

Sy had drifted after her mate and the person she was hoping was her friend. “I’m glad that you are here Quinna. When I was observing the alter’s memories, there were moments that the alter-you was there. Quinna, she was so cruel, so awful. I don’t want to end up in her hand’s. Please, please don’t send me back to her.” Her eyes widened as she realized those words tumbled out of her mouth. “Those weren’t my words. I need Riven.”

Shivers went down Quinna’s spine. “Has this been happening often?”

“No, this hasn’t been happening, it’s usually in my dreams. I’m reliving the memories. I’ve not spoken as her before. At least I don’t think I have?” She looked over towards T’Mur, needing her mate close, anchoring her.

“I will be paying her a visit tomorrow.” Quinna announced. “We shall see how she reacts tomorrow. Hopefully I can find something that will help weaken if not sever the connection.”

T’Mur shook her head, “I am not convinced it is a direct connection. Otherwise I would sense her in our bond. However, the memories shared are very real. And it concerns me that they are merging into your natural memories.”

Sy reached for T’Mur’s hand, needing her. “Luma doesn’t see a direct connection, either. I need to talk to the mind-healer though. Soon.” Sy clung to T’Mur as Quinna took a look at her chrono.

“Oh my, I let time get away from me. I have a meeting with Ensign T’Shalaith that I need to get to. I am so so sorry.” Quinna jumped up. “See you soon.” Quinna ran out of the room and down the corridor towards the officer’s mess.

Sy leaned her head against T’Mur, clinging to her mate. She was already exhausted and she still had to eat.

T’Mur frowned. The gathering had ended before her meal was served, just as she was finishing the preparation. She did not understand many human interactions. But a sudden, and expected leaving such as this did not leave a positive impression. The initial intention was to begin a restorative conversation for the relationship with Quinna and Sienna, and T’Mur was dismayed that this was suddenly cut short. She wondered what could have taken precedence.

Shrugging, she said, “Perhaps I should save some of this for her?”

She gathered a fork full of food and offered it to her mate, to sample. Sy opened her mouth with a grin and leaned slightly forward. There was a good side to everything.

(Posted by Mel G., Al M. and Kris B.)

(USS Illuminar - Deck 2 - Officer's Mess - ACSO Ensign T'shalaith, CMO/3XO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1845)

Quinna made it in the Officer's Mess at 1900 exactly. Looking around she saw the science officer early as usual. Quinna found her way to the table and had a seat.

"I appreciate you meeting me. I seem to have little time these days for much of anything." Quinna stated

“Everyone has to eat.” Though Quinna was not hungry. She did say dinner so she took the offered plate. She picked up her fork and poked at her food.

“You are right, It is not. I was curious more about your report and was wondering if you would be willing to give me a brief rundown of your findings and your thoughts. I am more interested in what you are thinking about for a next step.”

The Vulcan raised an eyebrow and took a few more bites from her meal as she considered her response. She took a drink and settled on, “The first officer’s condition is worsening in ways I cannot fully explain from a science perspective. It is a rare situation we find ourselves in being in a universe that is not our own.” She paused and took a drink, “The next steps will need to be centered around the survival of Commander Verin. It may require the involvement of scientists Penn and Teller. What we are dealing with is not something we have regularly tested or understood.”

"Tomorrow I am going to see the other Verin. I want to run DNA Level medical tests on both Our Verin and her. It would be interesting to know the differences down to the molecular level." Quinna shared her thoughts.

T'shalaith ate quietly as she listened and nodded as the doctor spoke. She sat forward on the table, "The nature of the maelstrom is unique in the effect it has on those that travel through it." She slipped a PADD across the table, "I've been working on understanding some of the elements." Another bite before she spoke again, "I am having experiences in sensing or feeling my opposite here in this universe."

"Have you been feeling this since we entered?" Quinna was curious.

The ACSO shook her head, "It is fleeting and inconsistent - once a day has been the amount so far. It is not a connection as much as it is a glance or two from a great distance. I do not imagine I could effectively communicate in any way with her without extensive training and possible medical modifications to my neural network." A pause as she took a drink, "I think it is connected to our journey through the Maelstrom. No other journey into this universe has recorded symptoms similar to this. The phenomenon appears to have significant side effects on some and not others."

"I am one of those not others. It would be interesting to narrow it down to certain races, perhaps those that have more mental abilities than others such as telepaths." Quinna thought for a moment. "Perhaps some neuropathway mapping could be in order."

T'shalaith gave a nod as she cleaned the remaining food from her plate, "I am willing to be examined and studied in order to understand this scenario further." She drained the last dregs from her cup, "The possibilities of what could come from this...could have a great many applications."

"We can check with other Vulcans on board as well. Your symptoms could also be attributed to your other condition as well. We can also check into that as well." Quinna was trying to be discrete. Quinna kept pushing the food around her plate.

The ACSO gave a slight nod, "It is entirely possible. There is an additional layer." She handed the CMO another PADD and unlocked it using a code. "I have recently discovered my father's Katra...is within me." She pointed at the PADD, "Further details as to how it occurred and my own scans confirming it are enclosed."

"Oh boy, This is an issue." Quinna started, "Correct me if I am wrong, but the Vulcan Katra activates additional areas of the brain that was initially inert."

T'shalaith gave a brief nod, "There is some research in this area but not enough to say for certain the eventuality that comes with carrying two. Transference generally occurs within a short time to ensure the carrier's mind and existing Katra are not...affected." Her hands grasped the empty cup, "It is made more challenging in that it was hidden from me...that he was hidden from within my own mind for so long. It is an unknown scenario."

"I want you to proceed with caution. Document your occurrences. I would like to scan you during one of the episodes. It might help." Quinna suggested.

The Vulcan released the grip on the empty cup, “I am willing to do so. It is...most advantageous to my future to find a path forward in all this.” She paused for a moment, “I am concerned for us the longer we stay in this universe, doctor. The effects and impacts of our travel may not fully be understood at this time...and the sooner we can return to our place and time the better.”

“Well, As long as our missing crew is home, I would be happy to be out of here.” Quinna said solemnly and then turned her mood, “Ok, so we have a plan. Talk to Penn and Teller. They were a part of the initial inoculations given before we went through the Maelstrom. I will get the DNA for our guest and arrange some neuroscans. And you are going to let me know when you are having a moment that you described so I can scan you.”

T'shalaith gave another nod as she accepted the PADD back from the CMO, "I will send the two of them the information followed by a brief report on what examination and testing is needed. As for the rest, it is agreed." The ACSO frowned, "There is within the calculation of odds the possibility of failure to return home. I am uncertain what our path forward would be if that was our fate." She stood as a crewman collected her tray and cup, "I am slightly less concerned about our situation becoming that after this conversation, lieutenant commander. Thank you for that...relief."

"Any time, Ensign. Let's just focus on getting through the here and now and work about the future, later." Quinna put her fork down on the tray of uneaten food.

The interim science chief thanked her and left the mess her mind whirling at the revelations she had given the CMO and the ease at which it had been shared. Perhaps there was hope for her yet on the Illuminar.

(reply Penn, Teller, none)

(Posted by Kris B. and Aaron D.)

[illegible]

Arriving in the 'love nest', as she had called it, Gregory put the tray down on the small table. Looking at the bed, he saw Quinna sleeping, covered by her tunic, boots next to the bed. This was too perfect. Having both of those partially destroyed in the accident would just add to the realism. And plenty of DNA to use.

He grabbed the boots, and moved them to one side, before slowly removing the tunic from the sleeping woman. Putting that next to the boots, he leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Dinner time."

Quinna was deep into sleep. “Hmmm, I’m not hungry.” She said as she rolled over. Her exposed arms started feeling cold and she started to shiver a bit. She reached for her jacket and could not find it. She gruntenly sat up and looked around. “Why did you take my jacket?” Quinna asked, noticing that it was with her boots.

“Props for your death scene, Quinna,” he replied, “they will help me sell it better for your friend Michael.”

He paused, "If you are cold, I am sure I have something in the wardrobe to help," he offered, he said as he pulled out a pink silk robe, "How about this."

"Umm no. Not sure which of your tramps wore it and what they had. Perhaps the gray cardigan in my quarters would work." Quinna said refusing what Dieter had to offer. "And I am not getting in between those sheets."

"Very well," he replied. "However I am wounded that you would think I would offer you something worn by another person, or that the sheets would not have been changed? What sort of barbarian do you think I am?" he asked

"I only know you by what you have shown." Quinna glared at him. "You have to show more of your other side." Quinna stood and moved to the chair by the table. She was closer to the man that she tended to sneer at before.

"Why Dr. Solice, I never knew you cared," Gregory replied. He pirouetted to the left, "Is this better?" he asked. "Or do you mean the crude methods I have used to get you here? I thought you might appreciate those, being in your line of work and all."

"I think you also have me all wrong." Quinna said, "I am even better than you at what I do. However, I leave it in my lab." Quinna was not sure why she was revealing this to him.

"I am a mere novice in your world for sure, Dr. Solice. But we all use the tools at our hands to achieve the goals we have. Right now, I have a goal to expose Mr. Weston for the criminal he is as he plants lies and spreads innuendos about people. Good people. Which leads to their disappearance, and his promotion."

"It is a Dog eat Dog universe. How are you so sure it is Michael?" Quinn had thought she might have loved Michael but she also saw love as a vulnerability that she would not allow herself to have.

"I have other evidence. He's been under watch for a while, and when the opportunity came to me, well action had to follow thought. Do you have any exculpatory evidence otherwise?"

"Of course not. You have already been through all my things including my personal PADD. I have no secrets anymore. You make sure of that. So what do you have against me? You were prepared for anything." Quinna inquired.

"Better to be over prepared than not. I had no idea how you would react to being kidnapped and taken prisoner. Believe me Dr. Solice, I have nothing against you personally, you are but a means to an end," he said, "As for secrets, if you are as cautious as I think you are, your deepest secrets, the ones that are career ending or career advancing are held elsewhere, or otherwise safe. Some are probably so important, you keep the information in your head, and have the evidence scattered around so no one person could easily find it all. Or are you telling me you are an open book?"

Quinna shrugged, "Try me. What do I have to lose. I am a dead woman anyway. In the end you will kill me to get back at Michael. I don't kill but I do not play the game of chess like everyone else does. I earned my way without bedding or killing anyone."

"How little you actually know me. I do not kill out of revenge, oh no dear Dr. Solice. Killing someone ends their suffering, and can serve to make a martyr out of them. Rather to break them completely and turn them into an asset. Something I would think you would approve of," Gregory replied.

"As for getting revenge on Michael, again, better to keep you alive, with him thinking you are dead while I get the information and proof I need from him. I will make an exception about killing him, however, and that is in retribution for what he has done trying to destabilize the Imperium and our relations with Vulcan. But first he must suffer, and you are the key to that suffering," he replied, placing a finger under her chin and lifting her head to look him in the eye. "I regret having to involve you in this matter, but you are the most expedient opportunity to achieve this goal. I take no," he paused, "little," he paused again, "Honestly having you here does give me pleasure, as I do have unusual tastes."

He looked at her and smiled. "Humor me, how did you meet Michael?"

"I met him when he came onboard. I never get to leave this ship." Quinna took a moment. "I was asked to conduct an interrogation for him. A man... I choose not to know their names." It helps to keep her distance from the subject. "I impressed him. I had the man talking within 10 minutes." Taking a few seconds, "So are you attracted to me?"

"And from your impressive interrogation techniques, he seduced you into his bed?" Gregory asked. "Did you feel that he sought you out specifically? As for my attraction to you, why yes, I am attracted. You hide your beauty, as if you are ashamed of it, you should not."

"Why would anyone want to seek me out? I do not deal in security clearances. I do not have the Captain's personal ear. No. I keep to myself. He started to come around me. Taking time to see me." Quinna said. Quinna started getting a bit confused. "Are you suggesting that I was a pawn in Weston's game?"

"A pawn. A queen. I am not so sure. What I do know is that where Weston goes, people disappear. He has done this with some regularity. Do you think it a coincidence that Weston appears and our First Officer, promised to the Vulcans, disappears?" Gregory replied.

"Figures. I am tired of talking." Quinna said. She had some hard confirmations to what she had suspected.

"Well then, i will leave to your thoughts." Gregory said. "I have work to do, so thank you for the boots and jacket. I will put them to good use."

Gregory stepped back and Quinna watched as he dematerialized to parts unknown.

(Reply none)

(posted by Kris and Tim)

[illegible]

“You’re saying you’ve seen yourself? That makes no sense, T.” Jordan Reid was sitting at the science station, her feet resting on the edge of the console.

T'Shalaith shook her head, "No, I'm...feeling something like myself. You know the legends of the other universe."

Reid scoffed, “Enough to know that most of those stories are blown out of proportion for propaganda efforts.”

“Jord, I saw her...it...whoever. I was taking a nap in my quarters and there was a flash of a face in my mind’s eye as I slept. It wasn’t enough to say anything to, but it was enough to get a glimpse of her face. It was me...but not me.”

Jordan leaned back in her chair and motioned her hands in surrender, “Okay, fine. What do you mean by you but not you?”

The Vulcan leaned against the railing of the bridge, “She was cold. Like emotionally cold. Her face was straight and without expression of feeling. I couldn’t read her. Just felt as if a cold front had fallen on me. Then she was gone.”

Reid grumbled, “Did she seem to notice you?”

“I don’t know. We didn’t make eye contact...but she did pause when I tried to get closer to her before she scattered away in a run. What if she’s an enemy? What if she’s able to find us?”

The scientist shook her head, “We can’t try to game out every piece of this thing. We have to keep an eye on whatever this connection means but we can’t lose focus on studying that thing.”

T'Shalaith nodded ruefully as the helm spoke up that they were arriving at the point of the mystery once more. "Yellow alert. Drop us in far enough away to keep our distance but still do some work." She turned to Reid as the lights flicked over to a dull yellow and the klaxons reminded all aboard they were at an elevated alert level. "Get ready to see what we can find, Jord."



Tegian heard the Lieutenant almost shout the word 'Incredible' as he was staring at the warp field configurations. He ignored the Magillan. If he needed to know what was incredible, he'd be told. Besides, something was off in this universe and he was trying to pinpoint it by looking at the warp field that the ship was projecting.

The Lieutenant came up and broke his train of thought for the moment. He looked up and asked him to monitor the plasma flow and matter and antimatter mix. It seemed that the Bohb had noticed something as well.

"Lieutenant, I noticed something as well. That's why I was studying the warp field. I just haven't been able to figure out what it is, yet. But, perhaps studying all three inputs might help me narrow it down..." Tegian started to get a faraway look in his eyes before he snapped back to look at the Lieutenant.

"Sir, remind me to talk more often with you. Pex can't keep up and I get myself stuck going too deep without considering other possibilities."

(Reply Bohb)

"While, you're gone, I'll run comparisons of all three inputs with our own universe."

Tegian was visibly excited as his hands started dancing over the keyboard in front of him and the plasma flow and matter and antimatter mix information came up on screens alongside the warp field configuration. And then that information split again with comparisons with a few hours before they entered the anomaly.

"Do you want me to interrupt you or wait for your return if I find something, Lieutenant?"

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – CEO - Lt. Bohb - 1407)

"Lieutenant, I noticed something as well. That's why I was studying the warp field. I just haven't been able to figure out what it is, yet. But, perhaps studying all three inputs might help me narrow it down..." Tegian started to get a faraway look in his eyes before he snapped back to look at the Lieutenant.

"Sir, remind me to talk more often with you. Pex can't keep up and I get myself stuck going too deep without considering other possibilities."

Bohb gave the Trill an inquisitive look of concern. He had to wonder if this internal dialog he had with his symbiont was typical. He knew few Trills, and those that were joined rarely spoke of the symbiont or the host as separate entities before.

“Considering alternative solutions to problems, Ensign Pex, is the biggest part of our job,” Bohb said. “I find talking to myself out loud gets the best responses from others. Consider that.” He smiled and winked at his mentee.

"While, you're gone, I'll run comparisons of all three inputs with our own universe," Pex said. "Do you want me to interrupt you or wait for your return if I find something, Lieutenant?"

“That depends on what you find, Tegian,” Bohb replied. “If it’s strange and bizarre by all means contact me immediately. Otherwise, make sure you record everything. We can go over when I return.”

(reply Pex)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1409)

Tegian absorbed the advice. "At University, we were in competition most of the time. After that, when I was joined with Pex, I've used his past engineering experience as a second mind to bounce ideas off of, but Yobeh never made it offworld and didn't work on starships. So Pex's knowledge is somewhat limited." He shrugs. "I'll try speaking aloud in the future, sir."

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1- Bridge– EO - Lt. Bohb - 1415)

Bohb stepped out of the turbo lift looking for Sekal, noting Solice in the center seat. He made his way to seat and patted Solice firmly on the shoulder.

"Lt. Commander Solice, how are you enjoying command?" he asked.

(reply Solice)

"I've been running tests on the device that we found those rascals on deck 13 trying to attach to the ship. I believe I know what it is.

(reply Solice)

(reply Pex, Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex - 1420)

Bohb left Tegian studying the patterns of the warp field, matter/antimatter mix and plasma flow between this universe and their own. There was definitely a minor drain on the ship in this universe. Nothing dramatic, but the loss wasn't consistent. Tegian frowned and pulled up another row of patterns after they arrived and went to warp 3. And then when another when they changed direction to Bajor and went to warp 5.

Tegian overlaid the three points of information; from their entry point, warp three and warp five. The graph didn't look pretty. The drain of power on the ship was exponential. It didn't look like it was catastrophic, but Tegian figured it was at least serious. At their current speed, there was a 5% loss in power.

He tapped his comm badge. "Tegian to Lieutenant Bohb. Sir, the power drain is exponential. Up to a five percent loss of power at our current speed. I think we need to make some changes to the warp field. I'm going to begin running simulations."

(reply Bohb)

Tegian brought up another set of screens and started a simulation of the warp field, making minute changes to see if it affected the power loss. He tried changing the matter / anti-matter mix, altering the plasma flow, nothing seemed to greatly alter the loss for the better.

He hunkered down in front of his screens and decided to input all the variables that could be changed and let the computer run all the simulations rather than do this manually. After twenty minutes of considering all the possible choices, he let the program run.

Getting up from his workstation, he grabbed a PADD and started doing some more reading on warp theory while getting some water.

(reply Any)

(posted by Keith)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1- Bridge– 3O/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1425)

Quinna had once again taken a double shift bridge duty, The was able to get more work done away from the confines of the CMO office and here quarters. She seemed to be starting at the empty view screen. Today she was having a hard time. She was missing her life. She turned when she felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned and smiles at Bohb who was now sitting next to her.

“Lt. Commander Solice, how are you enjoying command?” he asked.

“Well, it is a bit getting use to but I am getting the hang of it. More relaxing than sickbay.” Quinna paused for a moment. “What have you been keeping yourself busy with?”

"I've been running tests on the device that we found those rascals on deck 13 trying to attach to the ship. I believe I know what it is."

Bohb really got Quinna's attention, "Please do not leave me in suspense?"

## “Reply Bohb”

“Lucky it was caught before it was attached.” Quinna said. She then followed, “What can we do with that?”

(reply Bohb)

(posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1- Bridge– CEO - Lt. Bohb - 1426)

“Please do not leave me in suspense,” Solice pleaded.

“Based on the work I’d been doing with Doctors Penn and Teller, it is my belief that this is a trans-dimension inter-spacial portal generator,” Bohb said. He noted the look on Solice’s face and smiled. “In other words it opens a portal between the two different dimensional universes by changing the harmonics of the area around the ship, creating a rift that a ship can pass through. Much like the “maelstrom”, as everyone has begun to call what we went through. It is my opinion that the people who were attempting to attach it to our power systems was in the process of trying to bring the Illuminar into their universe at a specific place and time.”

"Lucky it was caught before it was attached." Quinna said. "What can we do with that?"

“Well, we got here by using a specific algorithm that was given to us by Commander Verin’s doppelganger,” the Magillan continued. “Without those coordinates we could have ended up in a different universe, and different place in this universe, or even a different time period. I believe that with this device, we would simply need to attach it to our power reserves and reverse the polarity, and it should send us back to where we started. Theoretically, of course.”

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1- Bridge– 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice - 1430)

Quinna listed as Bohb explained what the device could ‘Theoretically’ do. It was nice to know there is a probably way home. “Of course. I am happy I have you on the case. What do you need to make the theory more concrete?”

(reply Bohb)

“What can I do to make things easier on you?” Quinna wants to be there but she had to admit the engineering is a little over her head. Perhaps next time she goes through the academy, she would take the engineering route.

(Reply Bohb)

“I promise I will do my best and whatever it takes to help you out,” Quinna said. She was not one to make empty promises.

(Reply Bohb)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1- Bridge– CEO - Lt. Bohb - 1432)

"What do you need to make this theory more concrete?" Solice asked.

Bohb thought for a moment, rubbing his chin, “I need to speak with the good doctors. They have the theoretical base used in the design of their version of this device. After that, we are going to need an opportunity to try it out. That is the dangerous part since I’m not exactly certain where, or when it will send us, nor if we can even come back once we return.”

“What can I do to make things easier on you?” the 3O asked.

Bohb shrugged, “Make things easier? You could change the laws of physics, and that might make things easier, but I doubt it. The universe works the way the universe works. I guess I just need time, and opportunity.”

“I promise to do my best,” Solice said, “and whatever it takes to help you out.”

Bohb chuckled, “Be careful what you promise, Lt. Commander. I may hold you up to it. Meanwhile, I’ll make a visit to Penn and Tellers lab and see what they have to say. I may need a shuttle for the test run.”

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar – Deck 1- Bridge– 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice- 1434)

"I promise to do my best," Solice said, "and whatever it takes to help you out."

Bohb chuckled, “Be careful what you promise, Lt. Commander. I may hold you up to it. Meanwhile, I'll make a visit to Penn and Tellers lab and see what they have to say. I may need a shuttle for the test run.”

Quinna shook her head, “We, Ensign T’Shalaith and I will also be picking their brain on some biophysics.” Taking a deep breath, “They will be earning their paychecks on this one. Go ahead. I will see what I can do about getting you that shuttle.”

(posted by Kris B)

(USS Illuminar – Deck 11- Main Engineering – EO - Ensign Tegian Pex, ACSO Ensign T'Shalaith - 1427)

There were moments on the Illuminar where T'Shalaith needed to breathe. It was highly illogical and yet here she was, walking into Main Engineering, her hands behind her back. It was a simple exercise in centering the mind - going somewhere that wasn't the normal duty station and resetting the brain. She spotted the new Assistant Chief Engineer with several PADDs around him on the console and the screens showing data she wasn't even sure made sense.

Tegian looked up when he heard the doors open, expecting to see Lieutenant Bohb. Instead, a tall, female Vulcan walked into the room. Tegian had never seen her before and quickly put down the PADD he was reading and got to his feet.

She gave a nod, “Ensign Pex. I’m Assistant Chief Science Officer Ensign T’Shalaith. I had been curious when we would cross paths. It is most...agreeable to meet you here, in your department.” The ACSO gestured to the screens, “This seems...unusual.”

“Nice to meet you, Ensign T’Shalaith,” replied Tegian with a friendly smile. He looked over his shoulder at the screens. “We seem to be experiencing a minor power loss in this universe while traveling in warp. I’m running simulations to see if I can alter our warp field to minimize or stop the power drain.” Tegian points to different points on the screen where he illustrates the power loss. “While the loss isn’t drastic, it’s still concerning enough that I’d like to address it before we need that power for something other than powering our engines.”

“Now, I’m sure you weren’t aware of this issue, so is there something I may assist you with, Ensign?” he asked, almost hopefully. He just stood a bit taller than her, which was unusual. With most women, he towered over them. Being able to look one straight in the eye while standing was a nice change.

T'shalaith listened carefully to the ACEO and she slipped out of her belt her own PADD and moved closer to the screens as she spoke, "I sometimes feel the need to walk my...as the humans would say...restless energy off in order to ensure logical balance in my mind. That was the original intention...however, I am trying to meet the crew and...get to know them." She tapped at her PADD as she examined the readings on the engineering console step by step. "You are...kindred soul in some

ways. Your joined status as a Trill is familiar to me.” She tapped at her PADD and then tapped on the console briefly, “There is something curious in these readings, Ensign.” She handed her PADD over, “Doctors Penn and Teller along with myself are exploring the possibilities of quantum entanglement in several cases onboard the ship.” She looked back at the screens, “A strong possibility exists that there is an Illuminar in this universe. Is it possible our existence and their existence may be causing...some of this?”

Tegian was trying to process the concept of kindred souls and how his joined status was familiar to her as he took the PADD from her. “Quantum entanglement?” Tegian looked at her blankly for a moment. He looked at her PADD and then back at her, dumbstruck. “What do humans say? Eureka!? That has to be it!” Tegian excitedly handed the PADD back to T’shalaith and sat back at his workstation. His fingers flew over the keys. “I didn’t even consider the possibility. We need to somehow isolate the effect. Did the Doctors suggest how?” He kept typing, popping up more screens. “Yes. The drain is coming from beyond the Illuminar. And quantum entanglement could explain the phenomena.”

T’shalaith contemplated her response. The Doctors were a challenging pair in normal circumstances. That they were going to be proven right again would not help matters. Thankfully, her emotions were still being held at bay by her control. Logic was winning the day. So far. “I believe Doctors Penn and Teller are working to isolate the effect. It is impacting several crew members...and if it is indeed impacting the ship in a similar fashion...the effect will only grow with time.” She frowned, “You will need to build a report on this and present it to the command team, Ensign. Partner with the Doctors in their work. With your engineering expertise, you may very well be able to assist them in discovering an answer.”

Tegian grinned up at her. “Magnetic shielding. I read about it when I was in University. But, yes, the Lieutenant mentioned that I should meet the Doctors and I guess it’s time. I need to update him on what I’ve found. In the meantime, I can set the computer up to run more simulations to try out different frequencies and strengths for magnetic shielding and see if any of them will be successful.” He was inordinately pleased that T’Shaliath had walked into Engineering. He keyed in the program. “I feel like I owe you a thank you. Perhaps dinner tonight?”

The ACSO raised an eyebrow. The ACEO seemed genuine in his actions. Her logical evaluation of his actions suggested friendship and a desire to do what she was doing - get to know the crew. “The opportunity to cross my understandings with engineering is thanks enough, Ensign Pex...however in the interest of expanding my connections with the crew, I would be agreeable to dinner.”

Tegian smiled. “Excellent. Do you have a preferred venue for dinner? And a time you would like to meet?”

T'shalaith gave him a nod, "I am available after 1800 today. I will yield to your choice of venue, Ensign. It was agreeable for us to meet under such circumstances. Keep me updated on your discoveries. Learning something new is something I find fulfillment in." With that, she left engineering. She felt something in herself that she hadn't had in quite some time. She wasn't sure how to explain it, but there was something there in herself. And it was a good feeling.

Tegian watched the Ensign leave Engineering thinking about her timely arrival. Quantum entanglements was something that hadn't occurred to him, but it could certainly explain the power drain. And magnetic shielding might be the answer. He grabbed another PADD and started searching for papers on it. It was time to learn more while the computer ran its simulations.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Aaron D. and Keith B)

[illegible]

(The Ferb -- Engine Compartment -- Merchant (MU) P'Rah -- 1000)

\* P'Rah's Collectables "We sell only the finest Crap in the Quadrant" \*

“Oh my, Oh my,” P’Rah said as he was looking over the fried circuitry of once what his computer core.  
“I knew that Andorian mechanic cannot be trusted. What is the universe competing too? And to think I traded my best bottle of Andorian Brandy for it.”

Suddenly the proximity alarm went off. “Oh, I wonder that that could be.” It seemed coincidental since he was now adrift in space. “I swear if it is those crooked Andorians again...” but P’Rah was rather surprised to see that it was not. Through a small window, he could make out USS Ill..

“Oh My, Oh my. This cannot be good, for them.” P’Rah could hailed the ship but with his computer systems fried, he was forced to find and use a separate system. He could only get audio and not visual, “To the USS Vessel. This is the Ferb. Please answer me.”

(Reply USS Illuminar)

“You are in danger. I can help you.” P’Rah sent again.

(Reply USS Illuminar)

[illegible]

T'Mur had been monitoring the progress of the vessel on her scans, or rather the lack of progress. It was a Kaplan F17 speed freighter and it appeared to be floating, without control, in space. There was only one life form noted on board, a Caitian. She had reported her findings to the CO, but made no effort to make contact until the comm line chirped.

(reply Sekal or whoever is in command)

"This is the USS Illuminar, Ferb, what is your status?"

=^=You are in danger. I can help you.=^=

T'Mur raised an eyebrow and looked over at the center seat.

“Please state the nature of the danger Ferb,” T’Mur replied. “And does this danger threaten you, considering your circumstances?”

(reply P'Rah)

(posted by Al Muir)

Looking glass? T'Mur turned her head at the reference. She muted the transmission as Dolice was requesting it.

"Can you scan the ship and see if they pose a danger?" the 3O asked.

"I have already ascertained that the ship is no threat," T'Mur reported.

“Let’s then tow the ship into the shuttle bay,” Solice ordered. “Proceed with caution. Have the security team waiting and then we can meet the Captain at his shuttle.”

T'Mur thought that the order for caution a bit superfluous, but still not uncalled for. She would have taken all safety precautions even if it had not been the offer. Disregarding such precautions would have been illogical and ill advised.

“Aye, sir,” T’Mur replied and opened the comm channel. “Be advised, Ferb, we will tow you into our shuttle bay. Once secured you will remain in your ship until an escort has arrived, at which point we will ascertain your intentions. Illuminar out.”

She closed the channel before the Caitian had a chance to respond and latched onto the ship with the tractor beam. She set the sequence to bring the ship into the shuttle bay.

Then she nodded to Tavay to take over at the tactical station and headed to the turbolift. She tapped her comm badge.

“Ensign Day, Ensign Nederland and Ensign Bottoms report to thee main shuttle bay immediately.”

She waited at the turbolift as the door, “Was it your intention to join us Lt. Commander?”

(reply Solice)

(posted by Al Muir)

[illegible]

(USS Illuminar- Deck 1- Bridge- 3XO/CMO Lt. Commander Quinna Solice -- 1015)

Quinna listened to T'Mur making all everything come together. Quinna originally planned for T'Mur to take the conn while she went to Lt. Trei and a security team to meet the Ferb.

She waited at the turbo-lift as the door, “Was it your intention to join us, Lt. Commander?”

Quinna turned and faced T'Mur. "Lt., Take the lead on this one. Find out what we need to know and see what kind of repairs the Ferb needs." It may have seemed illogical curse of action but Quinna knew it wud be better this way.

As the team left Quinnna forgot an important step. She knew she needed to talk to the captain before proceeding any further.

“Solice to Captain Sekal.” Quinna called over the communicator.

(Reply Sekal)

“Sir, we have encountered a small ship that seemed to be damaged. Scans have confirmed the damage. The individual seems to indicate that we are in danger and was willing to help as a trade. Right now the ship is being towed into Shuttlebay. Lt. T’Mur has been the one in contract with the Ferb and I sent her as lead on this one.”

(Reply Sekal)

(Posted by Kris B)

[illegible]

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