

Stardate: 2445.12.28, 2445.12.29

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(USS Exeter - Ready Room - CO, Captain Trip Williams - 0935)  
 (USS Exeter - Ready Room - COB - MCPO Janey'cheifBrown- - 0940)  
 (Risa Medical Facility - Katies Office - COO LTjg Paul Sleeford 10:41)  
 (USS Exeter, Ready Room - CO, Captain Trip Williams - 10:43 )  
 (Risa Medical Facility - Katies Office - Medical Officer, Ensign JG Katie Jamison, M.D.  
 10:45)  
 (Risa– Suraya Bay Resort - The great buffet - SO Ens.( Sg ) Stan More - 12:31 )  
 (Risa– Suraya Bay Resort, Hare Lounge - aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 19:37)  
 (Risa – Suraya Bay Resort – Beach – Yeoman, Ensign SG Thea Helms - 2100)  
 (Risa – Suraya Bay Resort – Beach –Nurse – CPO – Ewan McDonald- 2105)

Stardate: 2445.12.28

"Sir, thank you."

"As for your new quarters, you'll need to speak to the quartermaster..." Trip paused, "We'll need a new quartermaster, so if you have any recommendations, I'll be happy to hear them. But you are classed to move from NCO quarters to Junior officer quarters."

(reply Brown)

"There is one other thing Chief Brown. There are a few officers I have my eye on, for one reason or another. I'd like you to work with them, but that can wait until after Risa. I think they've earned a break."

(reply Brown)

"Ensigns Heinrich Kruze, Ensign Adala Michaels, and Ensign Stan More. Kruze is the most freshly minted, but he has a lot of potential. I want you to help him reach it."

(reply Brown)

"Michaels is smart, and a great geologist, but I think she can sometimes get lost in her work and More, well, what can I say about Stan. I've moved him to science and this is his last chance. He has a reputation, lets see if we can change it."

(reply Brown)

"But before all that, just enjoy your vacation. Dismissed, COB...Sorry Chief Brown."

(reply Brown)

(USS Exeter - Ready Room - COB - MCPO Janey'cheif'Brown- - 0940)

"As for your new quarters, you'll need to speak to the quartermaster..." Trip paused, "We'll need a new quartermaster, so if you have any recommendations, I'll be happy to hear them. But you are classed to move from NCO quarters to Junior officer quarters."

"I'll keep an eye out amongst the team, although I hear the previous QM was a bit of a ball buster." Janey relaxed a little

"There is one other thing Chief Brown. There are a few officers I have my eye on, for one reason or another. I'd like you to work with them, but that can wait until after Risa. I think they've earned a break."

~just chief~ "from the last few weeks I think the whole ships earned a month off, who you thinking of?"

"Ensigns Heinrich Kruze, Ensign Adala Michaels, and Ensign Stan More. Kruze is the most freshly minted, but he has a lot of potential. I want you to help him reach it."

"Ooh I just love fresh meat, was always a good day at the academy" Janey pulled her hair back again.

"Michaels is smart, and a great geologist, but I think she can sometimes get lost in her work and More, well, what can I say about Stan. I've moved him to science and this is his last chance. He has a reputation, lets see if we can change it."

"I've already had the pleasure of Stan, I'll be a little more forceful this time, I've not yet met Michaels but I'll look forward to it."

"But before all that, just enjoy your vacation. Dismissed, COB...Sorry Chief Brown."

Janey stood she was about to correct him again but just hoped that his telepathy would pick up on ~Just Chief, son~ "thank you sir, I'll grab a new uniform too" she nodded, turned and left happy she now has a purpose.

(reply Trip iyw)

(Risa Medical Facility - Katies Office - COO LTjg Paul Sleeford 10:41)

Paul stood and held out his hand and waited for Katie.

"I suppose we better go see the captain, now while we have a chance, before he gets too comfortable and relaxed and disappears off into the wilderness"

(Replay Jamison)

Leaving the office, Paul waited while a gurney was pushed past at speed, seeing the harassed look of the young orderly. Looking at Kati, he smiled.

"Do you need to go? If so I can speak to the captain"

(Reply Jamison)

Walking out into the sunshine Paul slipped his glasses back on to shield them from the glare. Tapping his badge he called the captain.

"Sleeford to Captain Williams"

(Reply Trip)

"Sorry to bother you on shore leave sir, but can you spare a minute?"

(Reply Trip)

(Reply Jamison & Trip)

(USS Exeter, Ready Room - CO, Captain Trip Williams - 10:43 )

=^=Sleeford to Captain Williams=^=

"Go ahead Paul." Trip said. He was giving a quick glance to the supply requisitions they would have filled during their time on Risa. As well as making sure to Deny his cousin Billy's petition to bring aboard a pet Feather Monkey as an emotional support animal.

=^=Sorry to bother you on shore leave sir, but can you spare a minute?=^=

"I literally have a minute." Trip said with a chuckle. "I'm filling out paperwork, making sure everything is set before heading on vacay. And I've got Ash waiting on me, so I have a minute. If you need a sitdown or face to face or longer than a minute, then I can meet with you tomorrow. But if it's quick, I'm all ears bud."

(reply Sleeford)

(Risa Medical Facility - Katies Office - Medical Officer, Ensign JG Katie Jamison, M.D.  
10:45)

Katie nodded and followed Paul out of her office.

"Let's go."

She was excited, but that stopped and she was pulled back to reality by the passing orderly. She was off duty but could tell from Paul's tone that he preferred to talk to the Captain alone so sighed and shrugged.

"I suppose, off duty or not."

With that she gave him a peck on the cheek and rushed off to join the orderly. The joy of the day gone as she pulled herself back to reality.

(Reply none)

(Risa– Suraya Bay Resort - The great buffet - SO Ens.( Sg ) Stan More - 12:31 )

Stan was getting excited and when that happened his accent took over. It was the same when he had been a kid. Once wee Billy had fallen out of a tree at school. It took him five attempts to tell his teacher. Before she understood what he said.

“ Well. Tis a wee bonnie flu that groows on yom.....” Stan stopped himself and took a long sip of his iced orange juice.

“ Sorry. Sometimes the Scotsman in me likes to come out. As yer know Risa’s environment is computer controlled. I am interested in how this effects. The natural flora and fawner. There are some ferns that grow high up on the mountain ranges near here. I just want to take a look at them. As it is against Starfleet regulations to interfere with any plant life. Without express permission. We won’t be taking samples.” Stan took another sip.

“ I can climb ok. I have climbed Ben Nevis back home. It’s just I need someone along just to keep an eye on me.” Stan said

( Reply , Michael’s )

(Risa– Suraya Bay Resort, Hare Lounge - aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 19:37)

Heinrich lost Billy through the course of the night and somehow stumbled through the back door of the Hare Lounge. The lounge was colored in greens and earth tones. Lepids hopped every which way. They were moderately tall humanoid beings with tall ears, large back feet, and busy tails. Heinrich had never seen Lepids before, being a sheltered soul from Alpha 5, and couldn’t help but giggle.

“Hey there! What’s so funny!” One of the Lepids shouted, startling Heinrich. He turned to see a figure not much taller than himself, with ears that made it look like he dwarfed Heinrich. Close up they looked far more frightening than he had anticipated (certainly no Peter Rabbit) with large protruding teeth that looked made to kill.

“No-thing at all, man. Nothing.” Heinrich slurred. The Lepid recognized Heinrich’s inebriated state and let down his defenses.

“Oh, don’t bother, then. The name’s Mr. Michael U. Hare but you can call me Mr. Hare for short. What do you go by human?”

“The name’s Kruze. Heinrich Kruze.” He said clearly thinking it was a far cooler name than registered for Mr. Hare.

“Glad to meet you Mr. Kruze. Why don’t you come sit down?” Normally Heinrich wouldn’t accept an invitation from a strange alien being in a strange place. But he was drunk. He sat down next to Mr. Hare.

Mr. Hare was watching some strange exhibition on a large screen. The figures on the screen were not Lepids, but humans. There were two of them, in a ring, dressed in what looked to be swimming trunks. They punched, kicked, and threw each other around. Mr. Hare was clearly transfixed, so Heinrich said nothing, but in his confusion grew bored.

“What is this?” Heinrich asked.

“You mean you’re a human and you don’t know what you’re watching? This is the finest art your species produced!” Heinrich grew even more dumbfounded at the spectacle, not knowing what to make of it having been told it’s fine art. The figures would punch each other, but not leave any bruising. They’d throw each other around in ways that clearly required mutual coordination. One would run into the ropes and run back as if ricocheting, even though he clearly could stop himself at any time. It all looked so fake.

“I don’t know what this is.” Heinrich confessed.

“This is professional wrestling! A fine art from the 20th and 21st centuries of your people!” Heinrich grew only more confused.

“I’ve honestly never heard of it before.”

“You are clearly not a man of culture, then.” Mr. Hare then proceeded to give Heinrich a lecture on the history of professional wrestling on earth, the major figures such as Toots Mondt, Vince McMahon, and Pitbull #2. He explained the nuances of the sport, how it is performed, and the nature of kayfabe. Heinrich was, of course, too drunk to take it all in. After what seemed like hours, but was really an hour and a half, Heinrich felt a little too sober and politely asked to leave.

(Reply none)

(Risa – Suraya Bay Resort – Beach – Yeoman, Ensign SG Thea Helms - 21080)

Thea walked along the beach, smiling as she watched the sunset. It reminded her of her native Hawaii. The crisp breeze, the ocean air. It was still an alien planet, but it was the closest she had felt to home outside the holodeck in six months. The best part was, she didn't have to watch the dumb dog the whole trip. Freedom from Layla, her terror, and nightmare. Since she had become the captain's yeoman and began watching Layla, the dog had chewed through three belts, her favorite dress, two bras, six individual socks, but not the matching pair, her favorite sandals, and her ducky pajamas. Watching Layla terrorized her so much, that Thea was beginning to be afraid how bad the dog would act out when the baby came.

~And what if I have to watch the baby.~ She thought to herself as she walked along the beach. She was wearing a red tankini top with black bikini bottoms, white shorts over the

bottoms with the top button unbuttoned and a pair of red, slightly chewed sandals. She didn't know what she was up to that night, but she decided she would follow the sound of the music, the roar of a bonfire, and laughter, human laughter, not malevolent demon dog laughter.

Approaching the group she saw some familiar faces and walked up to one of the Exeter's nurses.

"So what does a chick got to do for a cold drink?"

(reply Ewan)

(reply Ewan)

(Risa – Suraya Bay Resort – Beach –Nurse – CPO – Ewan McDonald- 2105)

"So what does a chick got to do for a cold drink?"

Ewan looked over as Thea approached and smiled. He saw Deeran opened a case he had no noticed earlier and handed two drinks to Ewan.

“Have a seat and enjoy this.”

He looked at his drink and handed he the other.

“What ever this is?”

(Reply Helms)

“I have no idea but it would be impolite to not accept a gift.”

(Reply Helms)

“How is has you day been. Done anything exciting for the start of your holiday?”

(Reply Helms)

[illegible]

## Mission: Auld Lang Syne

## Day:02

Stardate: 2445.12.29

[illegible]

(USS Exeter- Outside Ewan McDonald Personal Quarters - Lieutenant – Ire Williams/CPO - Ewan McDonald - 0232)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - FO Cmdr Ailynn Bracken- 0300)

(Risa–Suraya Bay Resort, Private Room 6 – ACMO – Ensign Dural Methor DrPH & Risan Hostess – Jemma – 0529)

(Risa– Suraya Bay Resort, Mysterious Room-SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 06:03)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO Lt Gabe Vespers- 0630)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - ACFO, Lt. JG Ronnie Winters- 0633)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO Lt Gabe Vespers- 0635)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - ACFO, Lieutenant JG Ronnie Winters- 0637)

(Exeter - Science Lab -SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 06:40)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO Lt Gabe Vespers- 0640)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - ACFO, Lt. JG Ronnie Winters- 0650)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO - Lt Gabe Vespers 0655)

(Exeter - Nine and Dine -SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 0803)

(USS Exeter- Sickbay – Nurse – CPO - Ewan McDonald - 0803)

(USS Exeter – Personal Quarters – ACMO – Ensign Dural Methor DrPH – 0806)

(USS Exeter – Personal Quarters –Nurse – CPO – Ewan McDonald – 0810)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort - Private Condo - CSO Lt Erin Cortez - 0845)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort - Private Condo -Lexington CO, Captain Jimmy Hart - 0850)

(Risa Suraya bay resort, captain's bungalow- Captain Trip Williams & CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok- 0900)

(Exeter - Dr. Kruzes’ Quarters -SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 1000)

(Risa–Suraya Bay Resort, Trinity’s bungalow- ACFO, Lt(jg) Trinity Frost and ACFO, Lt(jg) Ronnie Winters- 10:30)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok- 1031)

(USS Exeter- Transporter Room 1 – 2O/CEO – Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1033)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters- 2O/CEO – Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1037)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok- 1039)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters – 2O/CEO – Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1040)

(USS Exeter - outside the quarters of Acting Ensign Wakeman-SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander- 1045)

(USS Exeter - Personal Quarters - MedIntern Lana Wakeman - 1046)

(USS Exeter - Personal Quarters - SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander - 1048)

(USS Exeter - Armory - ACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze and Armory Chief PO2 Sytuk - 1050)

(USS Exeter - right outside the Armory - ACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 1054)

(Risa– Suraya Bay, beach, Dogg Lt(jg)Layla Williams - 1101)

(Risa– Temtibi Lagoon, On a boat- ACEO, Lt. JG Alistair Brightwood and Physio Lt(jg) Cerise Blake - 11:04)



He turned slowly towards the sound of the voice and saw Williams standing in front of him.

~Ow hell~

“Morning sir. I am just heading to my quarters.”

He indicated at the door as he pushed off from the wall and stumbled towards it. A strong hand gripped his arm and supported him as he staggered into his quarters. He wanted to go and lie down but his stomach was flip flopping inside his stomach he almost ran to the quarters small bathroom and vomited into the toilet.

A few moments later when he wondered if there was any thing left in his stomach, even then though he felt like he was going brining his stomach up as well as he slid onto the floor breathing heavily.

“Take this chief.”

He looked up again to see Williams standing over him with a glass of water in his hand. He reached out, took the glass, and sipped it trying to clear the taste of acid bile from mouth.

“Drink that, get some sleep and we won’t think any more about it.”

He nodded as he finished the water.

“Yes, sir thank you sir.”

Ire nodded, headed back out of the bathroom and back into the corridor. He had been on a run when he had found Ewan. Since getting out to the Brig he had needed space and as he was not feeling massively social at the moment, he had decided to go for late night or very early morning runs. This was where he had found Ewan hanging onto the wall like the floor had disappeared. Knowing that if someone from his department or security found him, he would get reported he had helped him to his quarters.

“Right then an easy five K to finish.”

He began to run at a steady pace along the corridor.

(Reply any)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - FO Cmdr Ailynn Bracken- 0300)

Ailynn awoke gently, and sighed as she looked at the time on the small display on the nightstand. Stretching and turning over, she smiled, Caity's hair tumbling down over the pillow, the gentle rise and fall of her breathing accompanied only by the gentle sound of the waves. Sighing gently, Ailynn slipped out of the bed, and pulled a pair of shorts and a tshirt on, and stepped silently out of the room.

She grabbed a beer out of the fridge, opened it, and silently left the hut, walking slowly down the path, and onto the beach, down toward the gentle surf.

~The Hood or the Exeter~ she mused. ~My own Command...~ she knew that she could do it, should do it even. It was however a step even further away from her chosen career of medicine. Her mother had done something similar, but she was, in the nicest way, a relic from a different period of Federation History. Where Ailynn to accept a Command, the rank of Captain, it would be so much harder, nigh on impossible for her to transfer back to medical, not now the Federation was in a far more expansionist phase.

~but I could do it.~

Ailynn found herself paddling in the shallow surf, her drink in hand. Slowly, she turned around, and began walking back, the moonlight dancing on the breaking waves, and illuminating the spray.

For a long, few minutes, she strode the beach, point and counterpoint vying for attention on her mind, eventually she sighed, and made her way back to the cabin. She rinsed off her feet, and dried them on a towel, before making her way back toward the bedroom, and removing her clothes once more she slipped under the covers, the gentle perfume from Caity's hair calming her nerves once again, she snuggled under the duvet and drifted off happily back to sleep.

(Reply none)

(Risa-Suraya Bay Resort, Private Room 6 – ACMO – Ensign Dural Methor DrPH & Risan Hostess – Jemma – 0529)

They had spent the night talking. The kanar bottle has long since emptied. They had both settled in laying down on a pile of pillows, snuggled in a little nest. Dural was supine with her

nestled in with her head on the pocket of his shoulder. Her body heat felt pleasant to his pseudo-cold blooded metabolism, and he had insulated her against the cooler temperatures of the night air. Dural was first to wake as a shard of sun's first light pierced the window and illuminated the one room dwelling. He looked down at Jemma sleeping. She looked so peaceful, and he hated to disturb her, but he had to get back to the ship.

"Jemma." He said softly.

She expressed her displeasure, her hand went up to the source of the sound, and gently pushed on his face.

"That's nice, but I really have to go." He said. The words came out distorted through his smooshed face.

"Fiiiine." She said and opened her eyes but not really moving from where she was. She stopped pushing on his face. " ' Morning."

"Good morning to you. Did you sleep well?" Dural inquired.

"Like a rock." She said smiling.

"I'm glad." He said, returning the smile.

She got back up to her feet and he did the same.

"May I see your PADD?" He asked.

“Over there,” she pointed to the desk while stretching, “in the drawer.”

He reached over and pulled the device out of the drawer. He keyed in a specific sequence.  
“Use this code via Federation subspace frequencies, and you can send letters to me.”

“I will.” She promised. “Don’t forget your souvenir.”

“Why? I now know what it represents.” He said.

“Keep it to remember me by.” She said.

He nodded and picked up the wooden effigy. “Goodbye.”

“Fair winds and following seas.” She offered, not liking to say goodbye.

He opened the door and walked to the beam out point.

(Reply none)

(Risa– Suraya Bay Resort, Mysterious Room-SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO  
Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 06:03)

Heinrich did not want to get up. His head was pounding, he was exhausted, he feared what might happen if he made any movement, but he desperately needed to take a leak. When he lifted up his covers to get out of bed he noticed an ornate looking urn laying beside him.

~That's strange,~ he thought. But the significance of waking up next to an urn never hit him in his hungover state. Instead he got up and made his way to the bathroom.

As he groggily took one of the longest leaks of his life he heard a rapping on the door to the suite. And then a pounding. "Open up!" The voice startled him. Suddenly, sensing danger, he was awake. Looking around the bathroom he realized it was not his own. Peeking out into the bedroom he recognized it was not his own. Instead he was laying in a luxury suite Starfleet surely did not pay for. ~Well, shit.~

"Five more minutes." Billy said as he rolled out of bed and fell onto the floor. Thud! "Umm, wait. Where the hell am I?" He looked around and saw the confused Heinrich Kruze. "Umm where the @\$% are we?"

"The hell if I know!" Heinrich loudly whispered. "Keep it down!" The people outside pounded on the door as loudly as his head was pounding.

"We know you're in there! Open up!"

"Ummm. Housekeeping. We're cleaning. Do not disturb." Billy said using a feminine voice.

~No way they buy that.~ Heinrich thought.

"Sorry to disturb you ma'am." Heinrich breathed a sigh of relief as he heard footsteps go down the hall. He sat on his bed and picked up the urn.

"That was close. Hey, d'you see this?"

"See what?" he asked. "And Why am I wearing a bowtie?"

He then looked at the urn. "Whose ashes are those? And whose room is this?"

"Woah, that's too many questions at once." He opened up the urn and looked inside. "I don't know whose they are, but these are definitely ashes."

"You know what this reminds me of. Did you ever watch the old 20th and 21st century entertainment company. World Wrestling Federtainment. Or was it Entertation. But there was a weird undead space wizard named the Undertake and he carried an urn like that one that stored all his gagu powers."

"You mean that fake stuff? I'll, uh, take your word for it." Heinrich stared at the urn. "Do you remember anything from last night?"

"One it's not fake. It's umm like a play, but there is only so many ways you can fake going through a table."

“Oh, I suppose.”

“As for last night. I remember karaoke. I remember bikinis. I remember telling someone I couldn’t sleep with them because my girlfriend would kill us. And I remember finish a whole bottle of tequila by myself.”

“Well that’s... a lot more than me.” Heinrich said. “Still doesn’t explain how we got here or how I got this urn.”

“Ummm, does it have an engraving on the bottom?”

“Uh, let me see.” Heinrich turned the urn around to look for an engraving. “There is, but don’t recognize the script.”

“At least we’re still fully clothed.”

“Gotta count your blessings.”

Then there was another pounding at the door. “Hey! You two in there! You’re not the housekeepers!”

Billy reached into his pocket and found his personal communication device. “Billy Alexander to Exeter.”

=^=This is the Exeter.^=

“Two to beam up, myself and Dr. Kruze.”

=^=Aye sir.^=

Billy turned to Heinrich. “Hold onto the urn.”

Heinrich grabbed hold of the urn like it was his only baby.

“Exeter, energize.”

In a flash, Billy and Heinrich were gone with the mystery urn, still unaware of what happened the night before.

(Reply none)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO Lt Gabe Vespers- 0630)

Gabe stood at the window once again, the sound of the water lapping at the underside of the hut as it extended across the ocean. He was lost in the pale blue never ending view of the sea, the smell filled his nostrils the salt grounding him.

He smiled, the morning sun and the events of yesterday seemed to level him, ground him and steady him.

Turning slowly he took in the room, he was glad he could feel happiness. Walking slowly over to the kitchen he put the pan onto the stove and started whisking the eggs as they cooked, he pulled out the bacon, crisping it he plated up.

The freshly brewed coffee sat on the counter top he pressed the plunger down and watched as the coffee turned it darker colour. Replicators were good but moments like this needed the real touch. Moving the food to the table on the balcony Gabe took another breath in of the ocean. He grabbed the orange juice from the fridge, poured it and walked with purpose to the bedrooms

Knocking the post he looked in and saw Ronnie sleeping, the most perfect woman he had met and she wanted to be with him.

"Good morning sleepyhead, I've made breakfast" he said as he moved to the bedside and placed the glass on the table.

(Reply Ronnie)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - ACFO, Lt. JG Ronnie Winters- 0633)

"Good morning sleepyhead, I've made breakfast"

Ronnie rolled over and yawned. She was wearing a red tank top and blue Texas Rangers baseball pajama pants. She had gotten into baseball because of the time she had spent with her dad, Trip, and because the rangers were his team, they were also her team. She leaned up in bed and smiled. "You really want me to sleep with you that bad, huh?" she said laughing. There day climbing was fun, and she had then gone over to his place for dinner and had decided to stay, which is why she had her jammies with her. She knew Gabe was probably frustrated that she wasn't ready to go all the way with him yet, but she loved how much he respected her choice. Gabe Vesper might have a reputation as being prickly, but she found him sweet and a gentleman.

(reply Vesper)

"So what did you make me?" she asked, surveying the tray and smelling the beautiful aromas.

(reply Vesper)

"Listen," She said in between bites. "I'm gonna go for a swim later and then hang out with Trinity, but I was wondering if maybe tonight we could go out. I hear there is an island 50 kilometers off of Suraya Bay that has a resort with a Casino, shows, lots of good bars, amazing food, and dancing. What do you think?"

(reply Vesper)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO Lt Gabe Vespers- 0635)

"You really want me to sleep with you that bad, huh?"

"What's to say we didn't" Gabe laughed and pulled the covers back leading Ronnie to the balcony and the table he had set. As she sat down he poured the coffee.

"So what did you make me?" she asked, surveying the tray and smelling the beautiful aromas.

"Your eyes still asleep? French toast, bacon and maple syrup. Freshly squeezed orange and my own favourite coffee, single roast Sumatra it's a little bitter but it compliments the maple really well." Gabe let the smell of the coffee do the talking for him as he set out a plate for Ronnie, watching her he was glad inside he was able to feel these moments.

"Listen," She said in between bites. "I'm gonna go for a swim later and then hang out with Trinity, but I was wondering if maybe tonight we could go out. I hear there is an island 50 kilometers off of Suraya Bay that has a resort with a Casino, shows, lots of good bars, amazing food, and dancing. What do you think?"

"Sounds like a Ronnie kinda night, I'm in. I'm going to get another hike enjoy the fresh air now I can finally breath. Meet you here about 1900?"

(Reply Winters)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - ACFO, Lieutenant JG Ronnie Winters- 0637)

"Sounds like a Ronnie kinda night, I'm in. I'm going to get another hike enjoy the fresh air now I can finally breath. Meet you here about 1900?"

"Sure, you can feed me. Plenty. So I can drink more." She winked.

(reply Gabe)

"You know you didn't really have to make me breakfast. I wish people knew how sweet you were."

(reply Gabe)

Ronnie took a sip of the coffee, smiled, and then sighed,

"I accidentally told Trinity who I was yesterday....It slipped. Gabe, I'm tired of hiding this, I'm tired of pretending I'm some rando, and not being able to publicly be with my family as my family. I mean it helps I was trips RIO back on the fighter wing. That there was history there that can, explain I guess, why we always hang. But I think the pressure of the secret is getting to me. I just wish I could share. But I'm afraid. Afraid of people thinking I'm getting preferential treatment, of getting transferred. But I....its just a lot of weight. So thank you for these little moments." She said as she kissed his cheek. "They help make me feel lighter."

(reply Gabe)

(Exeter - Science Lab -SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 06:40)

Heinrich walked into the science lab carrying the urn. "I figure if we want to know more about this urn we'll need to analyze it.

"Can I be not hungover first?"

"Hey, I'm hungover too. But in case you forgot we are being chased by I don't know who and I suspect they want the urn."

"Seriously where did this urn come from?"

"That's what I want to know." They approached one of the computers in the lab. "So... how do we do this?"

"Umm, well I think if you use the spectro mag something or other over there, we can date the urn for origin and age. Then if we use the thing that looks like a volcano, we can figure out the species of whoever those ashes belong to."

"Uh, yeah. Sounds good." Heinrich didn't quite understand what Billy was saying, he was a doctor not a scientist. But He figured he could wing it. He took the urn and put it on the spectro mag something. "Computer, identify object's origin and age."

The machine scanned the urn and made some noise. "Urn. Earth. Stardate 1990.11.22."

Heinrich was baffled, he'd never come across an object so old before. "Huh, that's thing's almost four centuries old. What do you make of it, Billy?"

“Like I said, it looks like the Undertaker’s Urn. But that was a prop. The metallic structure of this shows something more durable. Like titanium or something.”

“How strange.”

“Let’s look at the ashes.”

“Yes, let’s” Heinrich walked over to the thing that looks like a volcano, took the top off the urn, and sprinkled some of the ash on a dish. “Computer, identify these ashes.” Again, the computer made some noise before it said, “Species unknown.”

“Well, that’s helpful.”

“Well, dunno. Still, we should umm, figure out where the hell we got it. Here take a picture of the Urn and put it into the ship archeological logs. See what comes up.”

“Sure.” Heinrich took the urn to another computer for its picture to be scanned and added to the database. “Well, this is odd...” Heinrich said looking at the screen.

“Oh?”

“You’re not going to believe this.”

“Well, spill.”

“This urn hasn’t been seen for two centuries. It was stolen from the WWE Hall of Fame and lost to history. That, uh, makes it harder to figure out how it ended up in my bed.”

“No way, no @\$%#&^ way. This is that urn?”

“This appears to be The Undertakers urn.”

“No shit. Well slap my silly and call me sally.”

“Or maybe I’ll just pretend to.” Heinrich chuckled.

“Suit yourself.”

“Anyway,” Heinrich sighed, “I think the only way we are going to get to the bottom of this is by going back on the planet and finding the people who are looking for us.”

“Or and here is a thought. Bring them to us.”

“... Go on” Truth be told Heinrich was not looking forward to going back to Risa hungover and wanted for theft.

“Place the Urn on a the market, for sale. An auction for gold pressed latinum. See who comes, see who makes a move.”

Heinrich gave it a thought. “Yes, I think that just might work. Even if they’re not in it for the wealth, they’ll easily identify the item.”

“Tonight. We were tuxes and bring phasers. James Bond style.”

Heinrich smirked. “Hell yeah, sounds like a plan.”

(Reply none)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO Lt Gabe Vespers- 0640)

"Drat, you figured out my plan" Gabe laughed into his coffee.

"You know you didn't really have to make me breakfast. I wish people knew how sweet you were."

Leaning back Gabe looked at her again "ships best kept secret, well present company aside"

Ronnie took a sip of the coffee, smiled, and then sighed,

"I accidentally told Trinity who I was yesterday....It slipped. Gabe, I'm tired of hiding this, I'm tired of pretending I'm some rando, and not being able to publicly be with my family as my family. I mean it helps I was trips RIO back on the fighter wing. That there was history there that can, explain I guess, why we always hang. But I think the pressure of the secret is getting to me. I just wish I could share. But I'm afraid. Afraid of people thinking I'm getting preferential treatment, of getting transferred. But I....its just a lot of weight. So thank you for these little moments." She said as she kissed his cheek. "They help make me feel lighter."

Gabe sighed "and what do you think this is, free ride on medicals, which coincidentally I've assigned that new Doc to handle your care, but back to your point. It's going to come out eventually it's how you manage it that counts. Look, you're wonderful and everything aside I don't think Trip could ever be mad at you for doing something crazy like that, from what I've gathered from Trip, I don't think he could be real mad at you for anything."

(reply Ronnie)

Gabe leant forward and moved her hair out of her face

"Stop worrying and eat your bacon"

(reply Ronnie)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - ACFO, Lt. JG Ronnie Winters- 0650)

Gabe sighed "and what do you think this is, free ride on medicals, which coincidentally I've assigned that new Doc to handle your care, but back to your point. It's going to come out eventually it's how you manage it that counts. Look, you're wonderful and everything aside I don't think Trip could ever be mad at you for doing something crazy like that, from what I've gathered from Trip, I don't think he could be real mad at you for anything."

"No...he....treats me as his own. And I love it...I just....you know."

Gabe leant forward and moved her hair out of her face

"Stop worrying and eat your bacon"

Ronnie smiled and began working on her breakfast while looking out at the water. It was glistening under the sunrise of Risa, it looked beautiful and inviting. They truly were in paradise. Sipping her coffee she smiled. "Have you ever thought about how free it would be to be a tropical bird?"

(Reply Gabe)

"I mean think about it. You get to be free, live here, see this sunrise every day. Fly above the clouds, light as a feather. Not a care in the whole #\$\$%&#& world." Ronnie continued to eat her breakfast, finishing most of it and pushing the plate aside as she started to get full. She returned to her coffee.

(Reply Gabe)

"Guess I just miss flying. I mean I got into fighters to get close to Trip, but really, its freeing when you're up there in the sky at the controls. I mean I guess, like father, like daughter you know. I'm glad to be at the helm. So it would be great to be a bird."

(reply Gabe)

Ronnie then smiled as she finished her coffee and then downed her juice like a shot. "Why don't you get ready for the day, leave the dishes, I'll clean. I'm just gonna take a quick swim real quick."

(reply Gabe)

Ronnie then stood up and took off her pajama bottoms, her tanktop long enough to cover the bottoms she was wearing underneath. She then start descending the deck towards the water below. She just wanted to float amongst the waves, feel free.

"I know you hate to see me go, Gabe, but I know you love watching me leave." She said as she turned towards him gave him a wink and then fell backwards into the water.

(reply Gabe)

(Risa - Private Beach hut - CMO - Lt Gabe Vespers 0655)

"Have you ever thought about how free it would be to be a tropical bird?"

Gabe spat out his coffee over what was left of his breakfast, it wasn't a stupid question, but more an unexpected one given Ronnie wasn't normally prone to blue sky thinking "I'm sorry, do I need to send you for an evaluation with the counselor?"

"I mean think about it. You get to be free, live here, see this sunrise every day. Fly above the clouds, light as a feather. Not a care in the whole #\$\$%&#& world."

"Well, I suppose, but given we can go anywhere really at the touch of a button the sentiment is lost on me." Gabe mopped the coffee off the table and just looked at Ronnie unsure what was going to come next.

"Guess I just miss flying. I mean I got into fighters to get close to Trip, but really, its freeing when you're up there in the sky at the controls. I mean I guess, like father, like daughter you know. I'm glad to be at the helm. So it would be great to be a bird."

"Right, I'll keep that in mind" Gabe gave a confused look, he wasn't prone to day dreaming or fantasies so didn't really know what to suggest.

"Why don't you get ready for the day, leave the dishes, I'll clean. I'm just gonna take a quick swim real quick."

"Don't be silly, I'll use the replicator to clean up, I've nothing planned for the morning other than a few papers and then that walk, the downside of being the ships prick is very few people want to spend their free time with me" Gabe gave an insecure laugh, he meant it very few people didn't want to spend their time with him and those that did he failed to trust.

"I know you hate to see me go, Gabe, but I know you love watching me leave." She said as she turned towards him gave him a wink and then fell backwards into the water.

"Get out of here and enjoy your day" Gabe laughed pouring another coffee and picking up a PADD he had on the small table by the door, he returned to his research on DNA

modification and genes, he now had a vested interest in Trips case so wanted to find a more long term approach, the down side was genetic engineering was still outlawed. He watched as Ronnie swam and got sorted for the day, saying their goodbyes he settled back down to the paper, trying to get lost in the worlds but as always, failing.

(Reply None)

(Exeter - Nine and Dine -SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 0803)

Heinrich posed triumphantly over his breakfast of egg, bacon, and toast. "The breakfast of champions!" He proclaimed as he tore in. "So," he said between bites, "how do you propose we try and sell the urn?"

"Check on the lock intranet. Surely there's some ferengi around looking to make a profit of commission. Maybe F-Bay or Brunt's List."

"Ah, good idea." He started working on his PADD in between forkfuls of food.

Billy looked at his breakfast of biscuits and sausage gravy and smiled. "I have an odd craving for pizza."

"Pizza? For breakfast?" Heinrich asked.

"No. In general."

"Ah," he took another forkful of egg. "I don't know anyone who doesn't like pizza."

"It's like I have an odd desire to eat pizza and practice karate."

"I'd like to see you try karate. Ah, there." He turned the PADD over to show Billy. "I got it on F-Bay. Now we play the waiting game."

"Ok, so we'll need a public location to sell it so we don't get kidnapped. We'll need two phasers and we'll need muscle."

"There are a number of suitable locations back on Risa." Heinrich finished off his eggs. "I miss Risa."

"If jaelle was here we'd have that covered so we need to think of someone strong but maybe not super intimidating. But deadly."

"I hardly know anyone here but Nurse Drake. I doubt she's what you're looking for."

"No. We need someone...tall, scary looking, and who we can boss around."

"That's a specific combination, hard to find."

"We can check on ship or we can go find someone on Risa."

"Alright."

"We also need a pretty face to serve as a distraction."

"Well, you got me."

"Let's finish breakfast then look at the crew manifest. Surely something will stick out."

Heinrich nodded and ordered second breakfast.

(Reply none)

(USS Exeter- Sickbay – Nurse – CPO - Ewan McDonald - 0803)

Ewan sighed and held his face in his hands.

"Ewan"

"What" He mumbled through his hands.

"Look alive the boss is coming."

Ewan looked up and over at his colleague who was smirking at you.

"I hate you."

She grinned back.

"I guess you had good time on Risa."

He nodded and then wished that he had not.

"I was a nice evening on the beach, around a fire, talking to people, relaxing..."

"Drinking too much alcohol?"

“Yes, drinking too much alcohol.”

“Here this may help.”

There was a soft hiss as a hypospray at his neck.

“What was that?”

His headache and body pain began to dissipate.

“What was that?”

“It was a special concoction just for these types of occasions. Now you better get back to work before the on-duty doc comes and put you on report for being badly hungover. Here is some coffee to help as well.”

“I was not that bad....”

He picked up the cup and sipped the strong liquid.

“.....Okay maybe. Thanks.”

He began to scroll the daily routine messages. He tagged a couple of alerts and passed them for the duty doctor’s notice. He stopped scrolling at a caution message from the Risan medical board. He tapped his comm badge.

“Nurse McDonald to the on-call doctor.”

(Reply oncall doctor)

“Sorry to bother you. I have had a caution message from Risan medical board their seems to be a case of Bolian stomach bug causing vomiting and diarrhoea. They have is under control but are requesting ships in orbit do a random screening of the crew. In case it has been brought back from the surface.”

(Reply oncall doctor)

“No Doctor the message seems to be just in case rather than an actual problem. If you are happy, I can select two people per department and get you the results for you in a couple of hours.”

(Reply oncall doctor)

(USS Exeter – Personal Quarters – ACOMO – Ensign Dural Methor DrPH – 0806)

Dural had found himself transporting on board with plenty of time to spare before he had to start his on-call shift. The Horag'han found its way on a decorative shelf overlooking the living area. He had enjoyed a half hour or so soaking in the 40C standard temperature of his room before stepping into the sonic shower to clean up and afterwards changed back into uniform.

He was reading medical journals just uploaded from Risa yesterday and he got a call not too far into the beginning of his shift.

=^= Nurse McDonald to the on-call doctor. ^=

The Cardassian tapped his combadge answering the call, "Dural here. Go ahead Ewan."

=^= Sorry to bother you. I have had a caution message from Risan medical board their seems to be a case of Bolian stomach bug causing vomiting and diarrhoea. They have is under control but are requesting ships in orbit do a random screening of the crew. In case it has been brought back from the surface. ^=

Dural was familiar with the basics of Bolian physiology. Their digestive tracts in particular were hearty and tough. It's said a Bolian could eat anything. Gastroenteritis from a Bolian pathogen would not be something to wish on your worst enemy.

"The bio-filter on the transporters should catch the vast majority of any pathogens brought on board, before they are brought on board. Have we had any cases of non-ethanol induced gastroenteritis?" Dural asked.

=^= No Doctor the message seems to be just in case rather than an actual problem. If you are happy, I can select two people per department and get you the results for you in a couple of hours.=^=

Dural placed his PADD on the small coffee table in his meager but still best a junior officer could hope for quarters. “That seems a prudent move, Ewan. Add a good history taking to anyone reporting of symptoms or signs of the illness, where they’ve been and what they’ve eaten planet side until two weeks after leaving orbit, that will maybe help us and Risa track down some of the vectors for that little nasty thing. I’ll go pull the biofilter logs to see if indeed it’s come knocking on our door.” Dural stood. “Was there anything else to report?”

(Reply McDonald)

“No need, by the time your report is complete I should be back in Sickbay. Dural out.”

(Reply McDonald, any)

(USS Exeter – Personal Quarters –Nurse – CPO – Ewan McDonald – 0810)

=^=That seems a prudent move, Ewan. Add a good history taking to anyone reporting of symptoms or signs of the illness, where they’ve been and what they’ve eaten planet side until two weeks after leaving orbit, that will maybe help us and Risa track down some of the vectors for that little nasty thing. I’ll go pull the biofilter logs to see if indeed it’s come knocking on our door.=^=

=^=Was there anything else to report?.=^=

“No Doctor. It was just that. Do you want me to send it to you when I have completed it?”

=^=No need, by the time your report is complete I should be back in Sickbay. Dural out.=^=

Ewan nodded to himself before tapping the computer. He put in a search of all the people who was still on board and picked a few from each of the departments. He looked over at his colleague.

“Looks like I have some wandering around to do.”

She grinned at him and nodded.

“Have fun. Don’t skive off for too long.”

“Of course not.”

He grabbed a medkit and medical tricorder. He grinned back at her as he headed for the door.

(Reply any)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort - Private Condo - CSO Lt Erin Cortez - 0845)

After having a morning swim, Erin sat on the deck of her condo and sighed. She hadn’t slept incredibly well the night before. Concern was in her mind over her conversation with Jimmy the night before. Taking a deep breath, she walked back into the living room area and looked around.

~Okay, this isn’t exactly like before. He isn’t like anyone i have ever known and i can’t play games.~ she thought to herself as she got dressed. Taking a sip of the lukewarm coffee on the counter, she tapped her combadge,

“Cortez to Hart.”

(Reply Jimmy)

“I wanted to invite you to dinner. I have a condo just off the main beach. If you have time today, any time after 8pm would be good.”

(Reply Jimmy)

“I’ll be here. Just bring yourself.”

(Reply Jimmy)

“No problem. Cortez out.”

Sitting back on the sofa, she bit her lip and sighed. ~Now we see what happens~

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort - Private Condo -Lexington CO, Captain Jimmy Hart - 0850)

=^=Cortez to Hart.^=

Jimmy rolled over and hit his "phone". He had been trying to sleep in.

=^=I wanted to invite you to dinner. I have a condo just off the main beach. If you have time today, any time after 8pm would be good.^=

"8 pm Cortez, don't you mean 2000 hours." he said groggily "No one use that archaic version of telling time anymore." he said laughing. "Would I need to bring anything."

=^=I’ll be here. Just bring yourself.^=

"No promises. I still am figuring out my command staff. Might have to interview some candidates. Plus the conference. If I get done in time I'll definitely stop by. But I don't want to make a promise I can't keep."

=^=No problem. Cortez out.^=

Yawning, Jimmy stretched, contemplated getting out of bed, checked the time, closed his eyes, and went back to sleep.

(reply none)

(Risa Suraya bay resort, captain's bungalow- Captain Trip Williams & CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok- 0900)

Ravok beamed down to Trip's location and approached the door he was dressed in normal clothing consisting of a black t-shirt and dark blue jeans . ~ Nice place ~ he thought as he knocked on the door.

" Housekeeping " Ravok said in a high pitched voice.

Trip quietly made his way out of bed so as to not disturb Ash and walked towards the door of the bungalow. He looked through the peephole to see Ravok standing there. Trip quietly grabbed a pair of boxers, shorts, and a tank top and put them on before opening the door.

"Morning Bud ?"

Ravok stepped away from the door and allowing for Trip to come out if he needed to.

" Good morning Sir,I wanted you to know that I have thought about and considered the offer from Captain Hart. "

"Well, have you really considered it or have you just gone through the motions?" Trip asked as he walked out and sat on a chair on the deck. The bungalow was at the end of a private pier. The floors of the bungalow contained areas of clear glass where one could see directly under water.

Ravok pulled his commbadge out of his pocket. Looking at it he sighed.

" When I was 16 i made the decision that one day I would join starfleet and captain my own ship. Then I joined the academy. My first year was spent dedicating all my time to academic excellence. Then I discovered that It felt better to help others excel. I have spent my time in starfleet placing the interest of others before my own and I don't regret it. Now I face a bigger challenge where I yet again must place the interest of others before myself. I have a daughter who needs her father. " Ravok extended his hand with commbadge in it towards Trip.

" I have to be her father. I can't do that in starfleet."

"Bullshit." Trip replied. "Bullshit."

Ravok took a deep breath and looked around.

"You may not be able to do it. But that's on you. But it can be done. My family is proof of that." Trip walked over to the deck railing and looked out onto the ocean.

"You want to be a better father, be there for her. That's commendable. But don't say you can't do that in Starfleet."

" I'm not you or your family, I will never be you. I will never be one of you. Im lying to myself and everyone when I wear the uniform. "

"For @\$%'s sake man. You were mr. Starfleet on Mars. I drank the kool-aid but dude you bathed in it. What changed..." Trip paused. He allowed himself to read Ravok's emotions and sat back down. "I get it now."

" Get what? My fear of failing me daughter like I failed Baker and the others or how about how I failed Nesha? Or is it that My best friend cant even look me in the f@(\$!&# eye.

"Exactly. Because rather than deal with it. Your bottling everything up and its going to tear you apart."

Ravok sat down

"Besides its not your dag gum fault. Im the Captain, I was FSCO all there lives are on me. Baker, Kyros, Clark, Tyko, Nesha. Every single one. Even those of our enemies. So stop throwing a pity party because life got hard."

" So because your the commanding officer we aren't allowed to feel ? Because we should just say 'Trips dealing with it it's his problem not ours ?' No that's bullshit and you know it. "

Ravok said letting a lot off his chest.

"No. Im telling you, you don't Need to shoulder the blame alone or at all. If it was your fault . Believe me, I'd tell you."

"I asked for a higher alert status and it was denied. I should have challenged you on your call , made a protest and I didn't. I played the part of the good loyal romulan and followed orders. Because I don't have it in me to ask you to reconsider. "

"And I still would have denied it. Maxine it whoever she was lashed out because she was a Wounded animal feeling trapped. You can't play the what if game. Maybe nesha would be alive. But maybe more would be dead."

" So what do I do ? "

"You can't ask me to reconsider an order fine. I get that. But don't quit Starfleet. Transfer to the Lexington. You don't have the same loyalty to Jimmy. It might be easier for you and Rayna won't be the only kid "

Ravok thought about the fact of other children for her to be around, something he didn't have for himself as a child.

"And don't think for one minute you'll get to stay on my ship as a Civilian. I don't let quitters stay."

" I'm not a quitter. I'm a pretender if I'm anything at all."

"Then you can pretend on someone else's watch. Only way you stay on my ship as a Civilian is if you're married to Keira. Even then it'd be a middle finger to Starfleet to have a trained asset like you resign your commission."

" Your right. I need to be who I set out to be from day one. No more taking the backseat, but I need to sort things out."

"Ravok, I'm worried about you. The fact that I'm out here and not snuggled up to my wife is proof of it."

Ravok laughed a little. " What do I do about Ire?"

"I know Ire is your best friend but I'm your friend too. And we both know Ire has always been a bit of a robot. He's just....he's not dealing well with this either. Because the more you bottle, the more pressure you create, the worse the explosion."

" I don't deal with things the way you guys do. It's difficult to explain. "

"Have you even talked to a counselor about Nesha's death?"

Ravok shook his head. " No I haven't because it wouldn't do any good. Our counselors use methods that don't work on us. Our minds are wired differently. No offense but our brains are biologically more complex. Our senses are more detailed , our emotions run deeper. Our perception is drastically different. Most people look out into the ocean and see the water, the waves. We see the tidal forces at work on the water."

"Just stop. Don't give me any of the Romulan superiority bullshit. Have you even read poetry from the different species. Betazoid poetry is amazing. So just stop. Admit you don't even want to try."

" Romulan superiority ? There's nothing superior about being this way and yes I have read poetry and the only ones who got it right were the Bajorans." Ravok laughed, ashamed of himself and feeling stupid. The truth is I don't know how to try"

"You wanna know what I think?"

" What do you think ?"

"You've spent the last 5 or so years feeling like an outsider. You worked your ass off to belong thinking you never would. You used your Romulan heritage as a chip on your shoulder to push yourself and as an excuse if things didn't go your way. You flocked to Keira, who is lovely I might add, because you thought she'd be the only one who could understand you. Then you were proven wrong. We accepted you with open arms. You became my right hand at the fighter wing. You're my third officer. Starfleet wants you to be a first officer. All of a sudden you belong. You're wanted. You've made it. And you've lost the chip on your shoulder. Now you don't know what to do."

Ravok thought about what Trip was saying. " So perhaps I created a false conflict, set up a false challenge for myself to overcome ?

"I dunno. I'm not you."

" I've told you dozens of times that I've never been in a room with more than two other romulans before. I've never stepped foot on a Romulan world I've never seen romulan architecture with my own eyes I've never had a proper romulan meal prepared by romulan hands,maybe I'm more human than I have led myself to believe and if that's the case then perhaps I am also more ambitious than I think I am."

"There is nothing wrong with ambition "

Ravok nodded his head.

" I have made my decision. I'm going to reject the offer with the Lexington and remain with the Exeter. You don't allow quitters on your ship. I've started something with all of you on the Exeter and I intend on seeing it through to the end. "

"Ok. But under one condition."

" Ok..."

"Weekly counseling sessions with a counselor of your choice mandated by me. You've got a lot going on and you're going to @#\$%&£€ work through it."

Ravok stood up. " I will" He placed his commbadge on his shirt.

" Thank you ...Trip "

"Anytime"

" Now go back to your wife ." Ravok smiled.

"Ravok. You belong and that's ok." Trip said going back inside.

Ravok walked off the deck and onto the sand. He looked at the water again smiled. He removed his shirt and ran as fast as he could and jumped in the water.

( reply none)

(Exeter - Dr. Kruzes' Quarters -SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander and aACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 1000)

The pair had finished breakfast and were going over the crew manifest to put together a team.

"We should get Sytuk. He's big and scary and he used to work private security."

“Now there’s an idea!” Heinrich said.

"We could also ask your boss, Vesper. He's good and prickly, could be a good distraction."

“But how much do we want to admit to him?”

"We should also ask that pretty medical intern. What's her name Lana something. Pretty face for first place."

“I already told you, I can be the pretty face!”

"Of course they might all say no. That would put us back at square one."

“Yeah. But at least we have a bit of time. Wait, what’s this?” Heinrich checked his PADD and saw a message from fBay. “Looks like we got a bite. It’s a ... Mr. Turtle. Why does that name sound familiar?”

"I dunno. I have a vague recollection of Turtle soup."

“Well, he wants to meet with us tonight at the Hare Lounge, on Risa. Says we can name the exact time.”

"Why would a mr. Turtle want to meet at the hare lounge?"

Heinrich stopped, trying to register Billy’s concern. “What do you mean?”

"Just seems odd, you know?"

“You know what else seems odd? Waking up hungover in a strange room next to an urn that as far as we know was last possessed by a pretend pugilist from the 20th century. Where Mr. Turtle wants to meet us is the last of my concerns.”

"Where's your sense of curiosity, of whimsy, of adventure?"

“You can ask the cat about curiosity.”

"We're smack dab in weird county and you want to stop asking questions because it's already weird."

“I’m just saying that there’s probably a perfectly good explanation.”

"Maybe, but if we go in, half cocked, guns blazing, thinking everything will make sense eventually. Well one of us might end up dead."

“Well I certainly wouldn’t want that.”

"Why don't you pull up some research on the Hare lounge."

“Right. Computer, tell me about the Hare Lounge on Risa.” Immediately the computer produced an article about the construction and history of the Hare Lounge. Heinrich skimmed it. “See? Nothing untoward. Just a bar founded by and for the Lepids when they’re on Risa.”

"Yes, by and for the Lepids. Have you ever met a Lepid?"

“Nope, never.”

"If you don't count their ears, Lepids are 5 foot tall humanoids that resemble an earth rabbit."

“Uh...”

"So why, in all that's good and great in the cosmos, would a Lepid be named Mr. Turtle? And don't you dare say because of irony."

“I mean, it could be?”

"Kruzetopher, I swear, I'm going to slap you."

Heinrich hated being called Kruzetopher.

Billy began looking at the computer entry on Lepids. "It says here that the Lepids inhabit a solar system with two planets with sentient life, Lepidia and Terepinia. The Terepinians are a turtle like species. The two hate each other because of some race two centuries ago."

“Maybe one of them defected? You’re making a lot out of some dude’s name. And it doesn’t explain why I woke up with the Undertaker’s urn in my bed.”

"Well maybe you stole it?"

“I would never! What makes you think that?”

Billy began laughing, "Because how else would you end up in someone else's room with a random urn if you didn't steal it."

“Well! Uh...” Heinrich sighed. “That’s a good question. Hopefully this Mr. Turtle will help us answer that. What time should I give him?”

"1200. Gives us time to recruit a crew. And maybe mr. Turtle will buy us lunch."

“Sounds good to me. I’m feeling like pizza myself.”

"So Mr. Turtle at 1200. Adjust the sale to 1900. Then we tell our crew to meet us at 1830. Ill recruit Wakeman, you recruit Sytuk."

“Alright, I’ll try.”

(Reply none)

(Risa–Suraya Bay Resort, Trinity’s bungalow- ACFO, Lt(jg) Trinity Frost and ACFO, Lt(jg) Ronnie Winters- 10:30)

“Trinity, you home?” Ronnie asked knocking on the door. “Thought we might continue our conversation from yesterday.”

Glad of no duty today, and the long lie in, Trinity had taken a slow start to the day, and had only just got dressed in a pair of shorts over her bikini. She ruffled her hair into place as she reached the door and opened it, letting Ronnie in. "Hey Ronnie, come in." She kissed her friends cheek amicably. "Coffee?"

"Thanks," Ronnie said wearing white shorts over blue bikini bottoms and a matching blue bikini top. She had just come from a morning swim.

She fixed the drinks, and passed Ronnie's over to her, before motioning to the couch that overlooked the bay, sitting down herself. "So...what gives? When I said yesterday about the hanging out with an Admiral, related to the FO, I meant the admiral was related to her, not you...#@\$% Ronnie you're..."

"Well I'm not an admiral, but I am the FOs cousin. Technically."

"Technically?" She observed, sipping her coffee.

"Its complicated. Time travel. Alternate universe. But yeah. Gosh feels so good to say outloud."

"I'll bet. Who else knows? Wait...so is Ashlyn pregnant with you?" She asked, her mind blown slightly.

"No. Again. Time travel. Complicated."

"I see," Trinity said.

"Only Ash, Trip, Ailynn, Gabe and now you know."

"This is insane. Ronnie Williams-Bracken." She laughed.

"You can't tell a soul." Ronnie said not laughing. "And I'm sorry about that "

"I understand." She patted Ronnie's thigh.

"Because it Sucks and its soul Crushing. The More I get to know them, the more I want to shout it from the rooftops."

"I can't begin to imagine the torture." the playfulness had fallen from Trinity's face. "Ronnie, I let you down, I wasn't a great friend when I could have been, but not once have I ever broken a confidence."

"No you never have."

"So, what can you tell me? Why change...universes?"

"That's even more skull crushing..." Ronnie lowered her head. "When I was about two, a woman calling herself the empress managed to wipe out over half of sentient life in the beta quadrant. They stopped her, but she vanished before she could be captured. No one told me where she went or who she was. I grew up in a world destabilized. The Exeter was lost. You included."

"Me? I..." it was weird to hear about ones own demise.

"But things are occurring differently here. It's a different universe. Different universe means probably not gonna happen." Ronnie sighed. "I hope"

"You saw it all. All the devastation?"

"I saw the recovery. Klingons joining the Federation. I saw the hope. Then the borg came when I was 17. We barely fought them off. But we won again. My gran...sent me back, I thought to fix it. But studying her notes, she didn't send me back just back and over. She wanted a better life for me. Her daughter, my aunt Aimee, in my timeline helped my gran discover a way to jump. I thought time. But it was...timelines. that technology doesn't exist in this timeline. To my knowledge."

"I remember your gran...our version...at flight school, and later at Top Gun, she wasn't Admiral then, and you could see the incandescent fury that she carried about the way things were going with the Federation, she was always good to me, had my back. Had her fingers in a lot of top secret pies from what the rumours said." She said to Ronnie. "They didn't tell you what they were doing?"

"Aunt Aimee was.. dead by then according to gran. MIA during the fight with the empress. Gran just told me to find her on the other side."

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah. I've been avoiding talking about this for a month. Ailynn keeps trying to get me to say more. But I've told her all this. I think she thinks i'm holding back."

Trinity nodded. "She has to. I've seen you two out together, at first I thought you two were together. I get now that you just connected as family. However, she has a job. I'm sure she adores you. You have matching tattoos." she ran her finger over the ink on Ronnies ribcage. "Subtle"

"Yeah..yeah..sisters."

"Swimming pool changing room. Misunderstanding." Trinity smiled. "So what's the plan from here Ron?"

"Get drunk and make out?" Ronnie giggled. It was a joke.

"Well, it's a little early...but..pucker up...." she smiled warmly.

"Yeah. I think Gabe would be pissed "

"Possibly."

"But i wouldn't mind a piña colada "

"Thank god. I can't abide this coffee. Let's hit the bar." she laughed. "I was on the front, and there was a Bolian just staring at me. Asked me if my hair was real."

"What'd you tell him?"

"Told him I was a witch." She laughed.

"Lets go hit the beach and go be some bad ass basic witches." Ronnie winked.

Trinity nodded, and picked up her aviator style shades, before putting them on she stopped, feeling that the moment hadn't yet passed. "You've got me hun, you know that right?"

"I know."

She smiled, and after shaking her burning auburn hair loose, and putting her sunglasses on and then put her arm around Ronnie's waist. "Lets kick it" after a a few steps, leaving the apartment, she turned to RONnie, "We could totally get ink ourselves."

"Bad ass witches?"

Trinity beamed. "Bad Ass Witches!"

(Reply none needed /any welcomed)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok- 1031)

After a nice swim in the ocean Ravok returned home and took a shower. He dried off and got dressed and sat on the couch with his daughter. They were watching one of her programs when the screen changed to an incoming message alert.

=^= Personal message from klingon vessel Vur'tak ^= it was his step mothers vessel .  
Ravok accepted the message and opened it.

=^= Lathuel ! ^= Kora said happily as she sat on the bridge of her ship.

" SoSnI ! { Klingon: Grandmother }" Rayna screamed out as she scooted off the couch and ran to the center of the room and gritted her teeth at the screen as if she were displaying a mean face.

=^= pIruS! { Klingon: Princess} How are you little one are you being good for your father and Keira? ^=

" Yes" Rayna responded cheerfully

Ravok interjected. " You called from your ship , are you coming here or something ?

=^= No ^= Kora said her tone changing to a more serious one.

=^= The purpose of my call to you is a matter of honor, family honor. ^=

Ravok stood up. " What's wrong ? " He asked with a strong sense of concern.

=/= Kuor, my brothers son was supposed to represent our house in the Bat'leth tournament on Donatu V, but the boy can't lay off the bloodwine long enough to hold a bat'leth in his hands. =/=

Ravok laughed. " So...since your the Lady of the house and are no longer permitted to fight in any competition not held on Qo'noS your going to ask me to go instead? What about Kuor's younger brother? "

=/= He hasn't undergone the rite of ascension the second part =/=

" He's almost 30. Why hasn't he gone through it? " Ravok asked.

=/= He's SOFT! =/=

" I can't go. They wouldn't allow it. "

=/= Says who ?=/= asked Kora as she clicked a button on her chair sending Ravok a digital invitation.

=/= I already told them you'd be the one representing our house and they accepted. =/=

Ravok rubbed his forehead.

" They only accepted because they can't wait to kick my ass. I can see it now they are going to be like a pack of hungry wolves when they see me, a romulan walk in there wearing Klingon armor and declaring my right to combat."

=/= That is exactly why you must attend. I will come to risa and bring you, Keira and Rayna to Donatu V =/=

" I have to talk with Trip about this. He will most likely say no. "

Kora glared at him. =\= You're on shore leave, so you are required to have fun in the sun?  
This is for me, your mother. =\=

Ravok held his hand up. " Fine , fine I get it. When would you arrive ? "

=\= Tomorrow at 0700 the competition begins at 1200 =\=

" I will talk with Trip , after I have informed Keira " He sat back down on the couch.

=\= I love you son and I love you my little princess =\=

Rayna smiled. " Love you "

Ravok nodded his head.

" Goodbye mother."

The communication ended. Ravok took a deep breath and tapped his commbadge

" Ravok to commander Merek"

( reply Merek)

" Come to our quarters we need to have a talk"

( reply Merek)

(USS Exeter- Transporter Room 1 – 2O/CEO – Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1033)

Keira materialized on the transporter pad with two bags from her shopping experience. She had only to get them back to her quarters for their reservations that night. As she exited the transporter room, she was called.

=^= Ravok to commander Merek. ^=

“Merek, here.” She realized had he called moments earlier it would alert him to her not being on board.

=^= Come to our quarters we need to have a talk. ^=

~Again? What’s the news this time? He’s going to live the life of a hermit on the ruins of Praxis?~

“Ok, be there shortly, Merek out.” She said before closing the line.

“What am I going to do with these bags?” She said out loud. She could stash them in a storage bin on the way to her quarters, but thought better of it. Hiding things like that seemed too much like lying. So she made her way back to her quarters with her purchases.

(Reply none)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters- 2O/CEO – Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1037)

Keira entered and made a direct route to the closet.

(Reply Rayna)

“Oh, hi little one. Just need to put away my purchases.”

(Reply Rayna, Ravok)

Keira opened the closet and placed the bags inside, and closed it. “Now, what did we need to talk about?” She said coming out into the main room.

(Reply Ravok, Rayna)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters- CTO/3O Lieutenant commander Ravok- 1039)

Ravok saw Keira enter and she made a direct route to the closet.

Rayna ran after her. " Keira!" She yelled happily.

“Oh, hi little one. Just need to put away my purchases.”

" Purchases? " Ravok asked.

Keira opened the closet and placed the bags inside, and closed it. “Now, what did we need to talk about?”

Ravok held open his hand and a small device in his hand projected a holographic image of his invitation to the bat'leth competition on Donatu V.

" We leave tomorrow morning. My mom is coming here to take us on her ship. "

( reply Keira)

Ravok pulled her in for a hug and kissed her cheek. " I can't wait to see you in klingon armor." He whispered in her ear.

( reply Keira)

He laughed. " You are a member of the house , well you are once we get married that is. So not wearing it would be disrespectful. We are already two non klingons going to a time honored Klingon festivity, let's not make it anymore worse. Wear the damn armor. " He laughed.

( reply Keira)

(USS Exeter- Merek/Shara shared Quarters – 2O/CEO – Lt. Cmdr. Keira Merek – 1040)

Ravok held open his hand and a small device in his hand projected a holographic image. Her reading of Klingon was rusty, she really hadn't used it since she was a child. It looked like an official invitation for Ravok to attend the bat'leth competition on Donatu V.

" We leave tomorrow morning. My mom is coming here to take us on her ship. "

“Interesting, at least with it being Kora’s ship we know it won’t fall out of the sky.” Keira said off handedly.

Ravok pulled her in for a hug and kissed her cheek. " I can't wait to see you in klingon armor." He whispered in her ear.

Keira shook her head, "That armor is way too restrictive, I won't be able to move right."

He laughed. " You are a member of the house , well you are once we get married that is. So not wearing it would be disrespectful. We are already two non klingons going to a time honored Klingon festivity, let's not make it anymore worse. Wear the damn armor. " He laughed.

"Fine, you'll owe me," she said. "This won't interfere with tonight? We have plans." ~I have plans.~ "We beat out three other couples from two other ships for that beach front area you reserved."

(Reply Ravok)

"The invitation had your name on it, not the house. Kora knew you'd be available?" Keira asked. Keira knew that Ravok was decidedly the wrong forehead pattern and the wrong shaped ears. He will stand out in this tournament, maybe even be a target.

(Reply Ravok)

"You'll need a cha'Dich..." she said.

(Reply Ravok)

(USS Exeter - outside the quarters of Acting Ensign Wakeman-SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander- 1045)

Still a bit hungover, Billy made his way to the quarters of acting Ensign Lana Wakeman. According to the computer that was where she was located. Though she could have left while he was on his way there.

He didn't know why he decided to ask her to join the urn mystery, but Lana had gotten a reputation for being flirty and cunning, which could come in handy. No matter what Kruze said, he was not the right person to be the pretty face.

Billy pressed the door chime and waited for Lana to answer.

"Sorry to bother you Lana, but I was wondering if you wanted to join Dr. Kruze and I on a mystery."

(Reply Lana)

"Well it involves a man named Mr. Turtle, the Hare lounge, and a urn from the 20th century that was used as a wrestling prop."

(Reply lana)

"Interested?."

(Reply lana)

(USS Exeter - Personal Quarters - MedIntern Lana Wakeman - 1046)

She'd awoken a short while ago and pulling on fresh underwear, a pair of shorts, and slipping on a sleeveless crop top, then running her fingers through her close crop hair.

"Sorry to bother you Lana, but I was wondering if you wanted to join Dr. Kruze and I on a mystery."

She looked puzzled. "A mystery?"

"Well it involves a man named Mr. Turtle, the Hare lounge, and a urn from the 20th century that was used as a wrestling prop."

"That makes no damned sense." she stared at them. Baffled. "Slightly hungover"

"Interested?."

"A four hundred year old stupid sports prop, that you seem to have stolen, a man called turtle, and a bar called hare. Of course I'm interested." she smiled inanely. "Which came first?"

(reply Billy)

"The turtle, the hair, or the piece of stolen thingimijig."

(Reply Billy.)

"I'm in. One second. She stuck her head back into the flat. "I'm going. Leave." She then picked up a pair of light beach shoes and pulled them on, then fell into step aside Billy. "Can we eat on the way?"

(Reply Billy)

"Double Fried egg sandwich with chilli sauce and chutney. I'm hungry. Then We go see Mr Hair at the tortoise bar."

(Reply Billy)

(USS Exeter - Personal Quarters - SOPS, Lt. JG Billy Alexander - 1048)

"A four hundred year old stupid sports prop, that you seem to have stolen, a man called turtle, and a bar called hare. Of course I'm interested." she smiled inanely. "Which came first?"

Billy looked at her puzzled. ~I'm pretty sure it was the chicken.~ He thought to himself.

"The turtle, the hair, or the piece of stolen thingimijig."

"Kruze and I woke up, hungover, in a strange hotel room, fully clothed with the urn. But I don't know if that was what came first. I think we did drugs last night."

"I'm in. One second. She stuck her head back into the flat. "I'm going. Leave." She then picked up a pair of light beach shoes and pulled them on, then fell into step aside Billy. "Can we eat on the way?"

"I mean depends, I wasn't planning on you going with us to the Hare lounge, but I guess I can't say no now."

"Double Fried egg sandwich with chilli sauce and chutney. I'm hungry. Then We go see Mr Hair at the tortoise bar."

"Damn girl, that shit will give you indigestion."

(reply Lana)

"And it's Mr. Turtle at the Hare Lounge."

(Reply Lana)

"Look I'm sure there are some places planet side we can eat at. But you got to be charming and distracting. Is that understood?"

(reply Lana)

"Perfect." Bill then Tapped his commbadge. "Kruzezilla. I'm headed to the transporter room, I'll meet you down planet side at 11:15 hours right out side the Suraya Bay Buffet. I've got a plus one and she's hungry."

(reply Kruze)

"See you there. Billy out."

Billy then turned to Lana and offered her his arm in a friendly, and totally not flirtatious way as his girlfriend was a trained assassin. "Shall we hungry?"

(reply Lana)

(USS Exeter - Armory - ACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze and Armory Chief PO2 Sytuk - 1050)

Heinrich entered the armory and saw the giant Reman. He looked just like his picture, he was just as tall as the directory said, but approaching him in real life he was far larger and more imposing than Heinrich could have imagined. He was, to put it simply, scared. He walked up slowly, trying his best not to make a sound, but surely failing.

"Uh... Mr. Sytuk?"

Sytuk looked up from his PADD and down at Heinrich. " Yes Sir?"

"How are you on this fine day?"

Sytuk sat his PADD down on the ledge next to him. " I am...fine. Is there a problem Sir?" He asked with curiosity trying to understand what the officer before him wanted.

Heinrich stared at Sytuk for a few unbearable moments before he got a semblance of composure. "Uh, Billy Alexander and I are looking for help."

" Billy? The captain's cousin ? What's wrong ? " Sytuk questioned with concern, he liked Lieutenant Alexander.

"I woke up this morning with this, uh, urn next to me. And I don't know where it came from. I just know there were some people after me. Now we're trying to get it back to some person named Mr. Turtle. And were wondering if you could come along to make sure everything is, uh, safe."

He looked Heinrich in the eyes.

" Is this a starfleet matter?"

Heinrich wasn't sure how to answer, so he answered truthfully. "... no?"

" No? Then count me in." Sytuk responded with a grin that displayed his reman fangs

Heinrich was relieved to see Sytuk smile, though it was also a little unnerving. "Oh, good. Yeah. Glad to have you aboard." He was starting to relax.

"What are the parameters in which I am to follow?" Sytuk asked. It was a question he asked hundreds of times before his service in starfleet, during his time as a mercenary.

"Parameters?" Heinrich hadn't even considered parameters. So far this had all been a game to him, but Sytuk was making it seem all too real. "Keep us safe, don't get caught, nothing to trace back to us?"

Sytuk nodded. "Understood. Should I bring a phaser?"

"Yes, that would be a good idea."

"Understood. When and where?"

"On Risa, the Hare Lounge. We'll need you at 1830 this evening."

"Just call me and I will be there. Is the dress code casual or business?"

"Uh... I don't know what that means."

"Business it is," Sytuk remarked with a smile.

"Alright." Heinrich was just glad Sytuk was on his side. "I'll see ya, see ya tonight then."

Sytuk reached over and grabbed his PADD. "Yes you will. Good day Ensign." He said sharply as his eyes returned to his work.

Heinrich awkwardly waved to Sytuk as soon as he lost his attention, and walked out relieved.

(Reply none)

(USS Exeter - right outside the Armory - ACMO Ensign SG Heinrich Kruze - 1054)

As soon as Heinrich left the armory his commbadge went off. "'Kruzezilla. I'm headed to the transporter room, I'll meet you down planet side at 11:15 hours right outside the Suraya Bay Buffet. I've got a plus one and she's hungry." Heinrich hated being called Kruzezilla.

He tapped his badge. "Understood. I'll meet you there."

"See you there. Billy out."

Heinrich forgot to let Billy know about Sytuk, but figured he'd have his chance on Risa.

(Reply none)

(Risa– Suraya Bay, beach, Dogg Lt(jg)Layla Williams - 1101)

“I’VE INVENTED SAAAAAAAANNNNNNDDDD!” Layla barked excitedly as she dashed out of the cabin followed by mommy. ~MY NEW FAVOURITE THING!~ she ran round barking, even the black thing that chased her round seemed as excited about things, she certainly could catch it this morning, it was fast.

She leaned down and started to sniff her new invention, the sand went straight up her nose and made her nose tickle and hurt. She sneezed. “BAD SAND!” she barked at it, and ran off again, seeing a new person she thought she’d introduce herself.

“AAArgh!” the person on the beach screamed in surprise. “Beat it dog.”

~what? Wassup lady, you can sniff...~

“LAYLA!” mommy’s voice screamed from a short way off.

~oops. Gotta go.~ she ran off back to mommy’s side.

“Layla, calm down.” mommy scratched her ears.

~kinda need to go to be honest...~ Layla thought and ran off again, then her morning ablutions, this time on the beach.

“Seriously dog?”

Layla ran off again...this time seeing a great big wavy bath.

‘WOBBLY BAAAAAAAATHHHHH! MY NEW FAVOURITE THING!’ She barked at the waves, the bath was big, warm, but smelt funny and the water kinda made her itchy.

She leant down and smelt the bath. The water made her sneeze, hurting her nose. She growled at the water, and barked at the wave.

~haha success! It's running away!" she barked at the waves, telling them off

~aye up, they're coming back.~ she ran off again, but turned round and barked, scaring the waves to running away again.

"Ease up Layla" Mommy said. "Scared it did you?"

~Might want to split to be honest, man in the grey shorts with the grey ball looks cross about something.~

She wagged her tail, and mommy scratched behind her ears. "Silly dog. We love you."

A bit calmer, Layla ran a little bit, stretching her legs, but stayed near mommy, who had that same dippy happy expression on her face.

~stupid humans~ she barked to herself, still annoyed by the wobbly bath water up her nose. Sneezing gently, she ran up the beach.

(Reply none)

(Risa- Temtibi Lagoon, On a boat- ACEO, Lt. JG Alistair Brightwood and Physio Lt(jg) Cerise Blake - 11:04)

To say the mood from the day before to now had shifted would be an understatement. First the sailboat rental called and had to reschedule for an earlier time. So Alistair had to scramble, calm Cerise, hope she could reschedule, pack a lunch, and then get sailing. Luckily the boat was nicer and had a small cabin with table and couches that could be converted into a small bed in case either of them got sea sick.

They had been on the lagoon sailing for 30 minutes but it seemed like the magic from the night before was gone. It was awkward to say the least. Alistair was wearing a blue polo and white and blue checkered board shorts. He wore sandals and his mustachioed face glistened in the sun.

"So ummm" He said after 30 minutes of awkwardness. "Have you ever sailed before?"

Cerise pulled her attention away from the horizon, and smiled. "Only in a ship with officers and crew totalling 500 at effective FTL speeds." she winked playfully. She'd been awake late, and sure as predicted, her stomach had been none too clever that morning, the sudden hit of 'whatever she felt like eating and drinking' had played merry hell with her digestion.

"So never?"

"I haven't no. I'm assuming that you know what you're doing? She straightened the legs of her yoga pants, and then shifted her shoulders in the lifejacket.

"I'm a posh Brit." He smiled. "Grew up sailing. Sailed the English Channel at 18."

"Ah! Of course!" she smiled. "Spanish Armada and all that." she said playfully. She'd warmed to Alistair over the last day, all the conversations with him had settled her, and she felt comfortable around him enough to be a bit more like herself.

"You know you can take the life vest off if you want."

She raised an eyebrow? "Oh can I now?" She smiled.

"Well yes. The rental place said it's only mandatory for those under 13 and based on..." he stopped himself. "So yeah umm."

She unzipped the lifejacket and went to pull it off, however one of the fittings had come tangled in her hair, which had grown longer in length of late. "Ow Ow Ow...I'm caught...can you?"

"Uhh. I can try." He said approaching her.

She turned her back to him and twisted her neck

"Ok. Hold on. Turn 60 degrees to your right."

She turned to the side, aware that being comfortable around someone, and being comfortable with them in her personal space were two utterly different things.

He then took Out a small knife and cut Just the smallest amount of her hair to free her.

"Sorry. Had to take just a small Lock. Less painful that way."

"School me would have drowned you for that..." she smiled. "But thanks, I need it redone anyway." she turned back round, wearing a close fit white t-shirt covering a bikini top. "So what's the plan? Is the pointy end pointed somewhere in particular, or just see where it goes?"

"Oh just figured we'd sail around the lagoon for a bit. That's kind of the point. Just the freedom. The nature. No aim, just the wind guiding us. Though if it dies we have a motor to get us back to shore." He said as he returned to steering the boat.

"How fabulous." The sea breeze lifted her hair, and she filled her lungs with the delicate, sea scented air.

"But we'll drop anchor for lunch. If the water is nice maybe go for a swim. The Cabin has room to change and a replicator."

"Sounds lovely. This is so relaxing. "I grew up in the hills by 'frisco bay, but never went near the water. It didn't figure in Mom or Dad's plans. They owned a yacht that was moored in the marina, but he never took it out. I'm beginning to resent that."

"Last two years of the academy I requested off campus housing. I lived on a house boat right there in the bay. I took it out every weekend."

"How lovely. I grew to love the walk round by the bridge on up to the point, jogged it every other day when I became able to."

"What was it like," Alistair asked inquisitively, "being queen bee?"

She smiled. "You asking the me that's sat here or the me I was then?"

"Just Curious. I've never been popular. Didn't quite look as muscular back then."

“Then me, if she’d have spoken to you, that it was the be all and end all. You’re a Brit, so that may have gotten you a pass.” Her face fell slightly, saddened at the thought. “The now me realises I was a precocious annoying horrid little bitch. And I don’t miss her. I hurt so many people. I’m happier now, just sat here talking to one person, than I ever was then.”

Alistair just nodded.

“So tell me about you? School friends?”

"Just three. My best mates all the way from primary school. We went to the same posh boarding school. Reginald Crawley, Nigel Rourke, and Abigail McManus. Super nerds, super happy. Until I joined Starfleet. They shunned me. All have doctorates now. Except Abigail. She, she perished in the incident while in San Francisco. Headed to a museum after....making amends with me."

“Have you spoken to them since?” she looked at him tenderly as she spoke. They’d all lost people one way or another in the incident.

"At the funeral back home. Shortly after I shipped out on my first Starship. An old Luna class, the USS Phobos. Haven't been back to earth since if I'm being honest."

Cerise nodded. “Lost a couple of people, my gym coach, teachers, couple of the nurses who helped me. I haven’t been back either.” she sighed, reached out, and held his hand gently. “I was speaking to Lynn a while ago...”

"Who?"

"Forgive me, old school nickname. Ailynn, the Commander? She said the a similar thing to me, that every step that we've taken since we started at the Academy, has separated us further from what we were, and our lives; further from Earth even."

"It just reminds me of who I could have been, what people wanted me to be, but I could never be Professor Brightwood, and go about my life teaching philosophy."

"What of home? Do you not miss it?"

"Home is a reminder of other people's dreams. Not my own."

Cerise nodded, and looked at him, "I think you'd like Dad. Mom's a bit high maintenance, but she means well." She laughed. "You'd at least show him which end the pointy end is on the yacht."

"That I could."

"Can I steer? If I sit by you I mean?"

"Would be my privilege captain "

Carefully she moved over and sat by him, her body closer to his than she'd been to any other person, but she smiled her comfort, and took a hold of the tiller.

"Alright wind is shifting, so turn the wheel about 60 degrees starboard."

“It’s amazing,” she beamed at him as she turned “I can feel the current change. I feel so free.” the change in wind caught her hair and blew it behind her.

"Its a lot easier now. Technology handles most of the rigging on the sails. Almost takes some of the fun out of it. But makes it easier to sail solo."

“Can you imagine what it would have been like without it.

"I had a boat build to 20th century Specifications. Moored it back home. Was off world. Bad storm sunk it. Mum blamed it on me. I was on Betazed with the Phobos."

“You were light years away, and you caused a storm and sank your own stuff? Your mom think you’re Thor or something?” she grimaced, holding up a hand “I’m sorry. That was rude of me.”

"She wanted me to be superman. The best damn Professor in the history of the British Isles. Marry well, live in a country estate as if it was Pride and bloody Prejudice. So being in starfleet it was my fault. Had I been home I could have moved the boat or something."

“That...is tenuous at best...”

"There are some rocks ahead according To the sensors. Turn port 70 degrees."

She turned the wheel to the left, the rudder surprisingly responsive. “Aye Aye Cap’n” She said whimsically. “I’ve just had a great idea...”

"Yes?"

"We could sail round the lagoon boarding other ships and pinch their treasures." She grinned at him.

"You're not showing enough cleavage to be a pirate." He said without realizing what he was saying. "Sorry that was....rude."

She laughed warmly. "You're so cute when you relax." she said. "There's nothing wrong with a naughty joke. Lynn has got perhaps the filthiest sense of humour. Even at school when I hated everything, I always liked that."

"Yes but it is unbecoming of a proper gentleman."

"And also to be seen out with an unattached young lady without a chaperone..." she winked, and hugged him with her left arm. "You're fun."

"Well I am at sea. My home. For not only am I a proper gentleman, but I am a British Tar."

"A what now?" she asked, an interested look on her face.

Alistair smiled and began to sing.

"Ralph, Boatswain & Carpenter.

A British tar is a soaring soul,  
As free as a mountain bird,  
His energetic fist should be ready to resist  
A dictatorial word.

His nose should pant  
and his lip should curl,  
His cheeks should flame  
and his brow should furl,  
His bosom should heave  
and his heart should glow,  
And his fist be ever ready  
for a knock-down blow."

"I don't know the song...Kind of like it though."

"Gilbert and Sullivan, from the H.M.S. Pinafore "

"You have a nice voice. Kind of...I dunno, manly, in a pleasant way." she smiled. "I can't sing a note. Not a musical bone."

"Its Ok. I couldn't soar through the air the way you did. We all have gifts. Its foolish to be jealous of another's gift without first recognising our own."

She nodded, "I see that."

"Hold up, sand bank coming. Turn hard to port."

Quickly, she threw the wheel to the left, and continued to feed it through. Her hands, strong through years of her physio training, and the corded muscle in her lower and upper arms, from years of gymnastics and strength training, took the strain of the wheel, resisting the boats urge to turn back to the right.

"You okay?" She asked, "we good for direction?"

"You...sure you've never done this before?"

"I've never sailed, but Dad let me pretend and spin the wheel. You said hard a port so that's the way we went."

"Well done."

"Its never left the dock, but Dad uses his yacht as an office, We'd have a picnic sometimes on the deck, and he'd let me play with the wheel, and switch all the sonars on." She smiled gently, reminiscing. "It was so silly, there was always a lighthouse or something that we'd have to swerve around."

"Sounds lovely. It was my uncle Lionel who taught me to sail. My dad's brother. He wasn't married, no kids. A vagabond mum used to say. Hed travel around the quadrant as a marine

biologist. But always came home and he, dad, and I would sail every time. Until he was eaten by a shark."

Cerise looked at him, "I'm so sorry. Truly. I hate that special people are taken out of people's lives."

Alistair laughed. "That's what he calls my aunt Sylvine. He stopped sailing with me once he had kids. Sylvine is afraid of open water. So he just lectures now. So she's the shark that tamed him."

She punched his upper arm, looking at him, a look on her face of playful annoyance. "you are such an ass. I thought you meant he was dead." She scowled. "Asshat." she laughed.

"Only if you consider marriage a death sentence."

"You're so mean...Did I hear mention of a swim and lunch?"

"Yes." he said as he checked their depth. He then activated the mechanism that dropped the anchor and retracted the sails.

"Swim first or lunch first?"

"Swim would be lovely." she smiled happily, she was so at ease in Alistair's company, and he seemed to be relaxing too.

"Well then." He said tossing his polo aside. "The gate and stairs are at the stern. Motor should be off so no issues there."

Cerise beamed happily. A natural athlete she normally tried to swim every other day, but that was in the somewhat sterile and artificial pool on the Exeter. This was altogether different. She stepped away from the wheel, and pulled off her t-shirt, removed her yoga pants and moved toward the stairs.

"Coming?" she asked.

Alistair found himself admiring Cerise. The bikini was a far departure from the one piece she wore the day before. Distracted he tripped and fell overboard.

Cerise looked at him dumbfounded, then roared with laughter, the image of him plunging headfirst sicking forever in her mind. "You okay there hun?" she asked, still giggling. "You didn't tell me you made the dive team."

Surfacing and treading water He smiled. "Its the penalty for being improper."

She smiled and shook her head, "what are you like? Come round the back, I'll open the gate and grab your stuff. It'll dry quick enough in this warmth."

"Its ok. All my stuff is on board. Thankfully i took my shirt off and my swim trunks pockets were empty. " he swam to the gate.

Moments later she found herself stood by the gate at the stern of the boat. The last day, and especially this morning running over in her mind. She found herself at ease and comfortable in Alistair's presence, and it was clear that he found her attractive, and his manner, though

awkward and occasionally charmingly clumsy, was genuine, and gentle. She jumped into the water, dipping her head back and wetting her hair to keep it out of her eyes as she tread water gently. "I'm having such a lovely time you know." she smiled shyly.

"Odd. Usually by this point I've made an utter arse of myself."

"Well," She shrugged. "If I laugh, it's because a situation amuses me, not because I'm laughing at you." she swam gently but strongly, "I meant it, you're cute. I like you."

"Oh?" He asked.

"You've made me rediscover something that I'd forgotten about myself, that I used to have fun, also helped me to learn that I'm only judging myself, and to learn to reach out to people."

"I guess that means we're friends?"

Cerise was slightly crushed, the quick glances that had had of her...well...her, the gentle flirting, and the connection that she felt that they had made. She smiled it all back. "Yeah, I like that."

~idiot go for Broke~ Alistair Thought to himself.

"Just friends? I know you said you were not interested in romance and sort of asexual, which is a shame because look at you. Sorry not proper. I just don't want to think one thing when really its..."

She nodded, and swam gently up toward him. "I've never really felt a connection with anyone, so whatever I said I was, is based on simple experience." she smiled "However that was before the last 24 hours, which is utterly ridiculous. So not friends."

"That's my life." He laughed.

"I mean this." she leant forward and resting her hands on his shoulders, kissed him.

He kissed her back, grabbing the stairs with one arm and holding her with the other so that they wouldn't drown. "Well then. That was entirely unexpected."

Cerise smiled shyly. "Kind of surprised myself too to be honest. I don't mean this the way it will sound, but I'm attracted to you, I have no clue why, but I am."

"So what you're saying is, you want to see if you're the shark that gets to eat me?"

"I'm saying, that you get to eye me up and not fall in the sea again, or throw your comm device into my cleavage." She giggled, and kissed him again. "Look seriously though, I am not rushing, a lot is happening, and a lot of things still scare me, so baby steps yeah?"

"I'm a proper gentleman. We'll be going slower than tar." He smiled.

(Reply none)

(Risa – Expanse Dive Site– Engineering Officer – Ensign – Galu Vozi - 1129)

Galu smiled to himself as he descended towards the flashing icon on his hud. He had been descending for twenty minutes, keeping his eyes on his depth and oxygen levels. He had wanted to do some diving while he was on Risa as they had some of the better dive sites in the sector. He had been wanting to dive on the Expanse for years but had never really managed to get out here.

He flicked on the suit's lights which stabbed into the gloom he peered out through his helmets visor and saw something solidify out of the darkness below him. Letters appeared into readable text as he slowly rotated so that he was able to read them clearly as he descended towards the hull.

“USS Expanse.”

The Expanse was a Nebula class star ship part of the fleet that had been stationed in the sector during the Civil War. She had been a guard ship in orbit around Risa when Admiral Doenitz forces swept through the system. The Expanse which had been damaged from a previous engagement sacrifice herself as a rear guard for the remnants of the 52nd fleet to escape. She was disabled and pulled into the planet as the skeleton crew evacuated. The Expanse landed in shallow water, deep enough to stop her disintegration on impact and settling upright on the seabed. Since her impromptu landing the creatures of the ocean had made her their new home and thriving ecology had been formed. The wreck of the Expanse had been marked as a hazardous area until her military technology had been removed at which point, she had become a war memorial and a dive site.

He gently finned across the hull leaving small cloud of silt that were disturbed in his wake. He headed towards a blinking beacon light flashing by one of the upper airlocks that would show him his path through the ship.

(Reply any)

(USS Exeter- Williams quarters - Lieutenant Commander Ravok - Lieutenant Ire Williams - 1156)

Ire stood at his window looking out over Risa as it revolved below him. He tapped his comm badge.

“Ire to Ravok.”

=^= Go ahead Lieutenant ^=^=

“I would like to apologize for what happened yesterday as well as my behaviour in the ready room.”

=^= No need , I'm sorry for my behaviour as well.=^=

“I would like you to come round for a drink. It's the least I can do.”

=^= On my way=^=

A few minutes later Ravok arrived at Ires quarters. He pressed the pad to alert Ire of his arrival

“Enter.”

Ravok entered as soon as he did he put his hands up. " Look, let's just not talk about any of it. None of it. It happened, it's done. "

Ire nodded.

“Yes I understand thank you.”

He walked over to the fridge, pulled out two beers and he offered one to Ravok.

“Here. I am sorry it's only a beer.”

" Only a beer ? Come one man, you know I've never complained about a cold beer. " Ravok laughed as he used his commbadge to pop the top off.

“That’s good.” Ire followed Ravok’s example of using his commbadge to take the top of his beer.

" So how's your morning so far ?" Ravok asked tilting his bottle towards Ire's bottle to hit them together

He indicated to a pile of PADDs on his desk.

“Nearly finished the department's continuous professional development updates.”

He took a drink of his beer.

“Who would know that there were so many courses that can be covered by flying. I should be finished by this afternoon if I am lucky.”

" I know the feeling, luckily I have Lieutenant Blackwell to help with reports or else I'd never leave the office."

“How has Risa been for you?”

Ravok leaned against the counter and drank some of his beer. " Well I haven't had the fun everyone has seemed to be having. I got offered the chance to be the first officer on the Lexington yesterday, but I am turning it down. I did however manage to take a swim in the ocean though. " He smiled and took a drink.

Ire paused for a moment.

“You refused the XO position. They do not come around regularly.”

" I know, I know " Ravok said with a sigh.

" But I'm not done here. It's a dream come true but the timing isn't right. "

Ire nodded.

“What’s it like down there. Is it as people say?”

Ravok smiled. " It's beautiful. I've been here before when I was 12. My dad was delivering some expensive bajoran fertility sculptures. I didn't leave the cargo receiving area but the doors were open so I did see the surface, but coming here now is different. You should check it out if you get the time."

“That might be an option. You know I am not the most happy on solid ground compared to being up here. We passed here once but it was all orbital cargo transfer. I never got to the surface but it looks nice from orbit.”

Ravok laughed. " I think you and I are the only ones who hate being on a planet. I'll take being on a ship or sta base any day. I swear every time I'm on a planet I can feel it spinning. " Ravok said, noticing Ire still seemed a bit off.

" Have you ever been on a klingon vessel outside of the holding cell?" Ravok asked referring to the time Ire was taken prisoner

“No. The bird of prey was the first one that I have been inside but I have seen a couple over the years but they were at distance? Why do you ask?”

" Well...Here we are at Risa, your doing departmental reports. Which is fine , but maybe a change of scenery would do you some good. I know you have studied Mok'bara right ? "

“Yes I have studied Mok’bara but I have see it outside the holodeck.”

" Wanna see it done in competition?" Ravok asked.

“Yes that would be interesting.”

Ravok smiled. " Tomorrow morning my step mother's ship is arriving here at Risa. I am to represent her house in a bat'leth competition on Donatu V. You should come along we'd only be gone for the day. Plus if you want to be more involved you could be my Tawi'Yan, my sword bearer in the competition."

He nodded.

“What would it involve?”

" It means you'd have front row seats to the competition and you'd get to ceremoniously present me with my bat'leth at the beginning of everyone of my matches, plus you'd get to wear some klingon battle armor. " Ravok explained

“Thank you.”

Ravok nodded. " Truth be told. I can not wait to go to the competition. Those klingons are expecting a Romulan starfleet officer to roll over and play dead, but that's where they are wrong. I'm going to break some bones along the way. I'm going to be named champion standing and all those ridge headed a\$\$#@/&\* are going to know how it feels to be humiliated." Ravok said with a sudden boost of confidence.

" This beer is really good"

Ire looked at his beer and nodded in agreement.

“It was nothing special. I might have another one if you want?”

Ravok downed the rest of his beer. " No I'm good I need to talk to the captain and let him know of our day trip. It would be me ,you, Keira and Rayna. We will have to get together later and go over some things and get you properly fitted for the armor but that will take no time at all."

"That sounds like a good idea."

" Watch this !" Ravok took the neck of his empty bottle and threw his bottle like a tomahawk into the trash bin across the room.

" BOOM! Damn I'm good."

"Yes you are."

" I will catch up with you later and thank you man" Ravok said as he made his way to the door.

"See you later Ravok."

Ire watched as the door to his quarters closed.

"Sounds like tomorrow will be an interesting day but first I need to get my PADDs finished."

(Reply none)

(Risa– Temtibi Lagoon – Costal Path – OPS officer – Ensign (J.G.) - Oliver Wallis - 12:20)

Oliver reached the top of the out crop and looked back along the winding path that he had walked. He had gotten further then he had though he would have. He paused at the top and looked out over the sea beyond. The views were spectacular the blue ocean stretching for miles in either direction and clear sky for as far as eye could see until the horizon blended them both. He found an acceptable sizes boulder and swung his rucksack off his shoulder as he sat down upon it.

“This is the life.”

He grinned to him self as he pulled out a water bottle and pulled out a small package which he put beside him. He opened the package and took out a pasty. It was a thick traditional Cornish pasty which he had when he was a child walking along the costal paths in Pembrokeshire when he was younger. He remembered fun holidays where he and his brothers and sisters would go for long walks along the costal paths. He could remember the bright sun shine and warm days filled with walking miles and miles along the costal paths visiting the little villages and cafes that periodical dotted along the path.

His memories came back to him as he began to eat his pasty and drink his water. He could smell the sea air which was being brough in by the onshore wind. Something felt off but he could not place it. He looked around searching the sky until it suddenly hit him. There were no seagulls trying to eat his food. He remembered one walk where a seagull swooped in and took an ice cream out of his sisters’ hand. It had landed nearby with an ice cream bulge in its neck looking very pleased with itself.

“Well not seagulls here.”

He finished his pasty, put his empty box and bottle back in the rucksack. He stood up and slung it over his shoulder before heading off along the path towards the next out crop in the distance.

(Reply any)

(USS Exeter- CTO's office- CTO/30 Lieutenant commander Ravok- 1228)

Ravok sat in his chair as he looked at the things in office , pictures of friends and fellow crew members. He spoke

" Computer send a message to Captain Williams. Translate my voice into text format.

[[ Begin recording message]]

" Captain, forgive my interruption. I am contacting you to let you know of an excursion. Tomorrow at 0700 the klingon Vur'tak, commanded by my mother will arrive in orbit to transport Commander Merek, Lieutenant Williams, my daughter and myself to Donatu V. I have been invited to compete in the bat'leth competition while having the honor of representing the house Kal'Beroth, my step mothers house. Lieutenant Willaims is to be my Tawi'Yan, my sword bearer in the competition. All of this is of course contingent upon your approval. The completion is slated to begin at 1200 hours and shouldn't last more than 18 hours."

Ravok pressed the button on his desk to end the recording and sent the message to Trip.

He stood up from his chair and left the office to head back to his quarters to pack and also prepare for tonight with Keira.

( reply Trip iyw)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort, conference center - CO, Captain Trip Williams - 12:30)

Trip was sitting bored in the first hour of the second day of the conference. He was sitting in the back, dreaming about lunch, and drawing doodles when he should have been taking notes. At that moment his personal comm device went off, doing a quick look around, to make sure that Ailynn wouldn't catch him, he pulled out his "phone" for lack of a better term and read the message.

[ Captain, forgive my interruption. I am contacting you to let you know of an excursion. Tomorrow at 0700 the klingon Vur'tak, commanded by my mother will arrive in orbit to transport Commander Merek, Lieutenant Williams, my daughter and myself to Donatu V. I have been invited to compete in the bat'leth competition while having the honor of representing the house Kal'Beroth, my step mothers house. Lieutenant Willaims is to be my Tawi'Yan, my sword bearer in the competition. All of this is of course contingent upon your approval. The completion is slated to begin at 1200 hours and shouldn't last more than 18 hours.]

~Well it's nice that those two are playing nice again, but seriously, I sent you to paradise and you want to go play Klingon.~

Trip typed a return message.

"Ravok," it said, "You know, this could have been brought to my attention this morning when we talked. Seriously. Also, if you die, I will resurrect you and kill you myself. Seriously, you are on vacation. But I guess this is how you relax. You have permission to go, but you must be back on Risa on 2445.12.31 by 1500 hours."

He then hit send.

Trip then turned to Ailynn to make sure she hadn't seen him text instead of taking notes and then returned to his doodling. Which wasn't really doodles. It was more a lineup, a baseball lineup. He was creating the ideal Exeter baseball lineup. That was how bored he had gotten.

(reply any)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort, Conference Center- CO, Captain Trip Williams- 1300)

The conference had broken for lunch and Trip was hungry. The nice thing about the conference is that they had great snacks and a great lunch spread. The caterers had spent time traveling all over the Federation learning tropical cuisine and the lunch spread reflected that. Especially the hawaiian style pork. Still before he could eat, he had a few calls to make based on flyers and information that he had seen during the conference, from when he was paying attention and from when he was not paying attention.

He took out his "phone", again for lack of a better word and made an audio call to the commbadge of Lt. Cortez.

"Trip to Cortez, come in."

(reply Erin)

"Hey, there is an amateru archeological competition tomorrow on Risa, Starting at 0700, in the Ma'Guf'an rainforest. I want you, Michaels, and More to enter. There is a prize for the most unique discovery and the most impressive discovery. Who better to send then a geologist, a botanist, and an anthropologist."

(reply Erin)

"Get Prepping. I don't care if you win. Consider it team building. Trip out."

Trip then made another audio call to the commbadges of Hammerfield and Sleaford.

"Janice, Paul, this is the captain. Listen there is a tech expo tomorrow on In'ov'ateyon Island. I want the two of you to go, check it out, see if there is anything we might like or could benefit us. As my OPS chief and an ACEO you are qualified to do this. Commander Merek is leaving early tomorrow, so get with her today to talk about needs. Trip out, and you have whatever credit line you need."

(reply Hammerfield, Sleeford)

Trip then turned to Ailynn who was leaving the conference.

"Hungry?"

(reply Bracken)

"So thoughts on the conference so far?"

(reply Bracken)

(reply erin, sleeford, hammerfield, bracken)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort - Main shopping thoroughfare - CSO Lt Erin Cortez - 1302)

Having spent the morning wandering through the streets of the Suraya bay and talking with some of the locals, Erin was now sat in a small cafe with a salad in front of her and a glass of cool sparkling water. As she went to take a fork of her salad, her combadge chirped.

"Trip to Cortez, come in."

"Cortez here. What can I do for you, Sir?"

"Hey, there is an amateur archeological competition tomorrow on Risa, Starting at 0700, in the Ma'Guf'an rainforest. I want you, Michaels, and More to enter. There is a prize for the most unique discovery and the most impressive discovery. Who better to send than a geologist, a botanist, and an anthropologist?"

“Sounds interesting. “ Erin replied, her mind already awash with plans and strategies.

"Get Prepping. I don't care if you win. Consider it team building. Trip out."

Smiling to herself, Erin tapped her combadge and said, “Cortez to More and Michaels.”

(Reply More, Michaels)

“I know we are officially on shore leave but could you meet me at your earliest convenience?”

(Reply More, Michaels)

“I’m at the Howling Monkey Cafe. I’ll explain more when you get here.”

(Reply More, Michaels)

“Understood, Cortez out.”

Erin sat back, smiled widely and took a PADD from her bag and began to read up on the contest and the area where they would be digging.

(Reply Jimmy, More, Michaels)

( Risa - Suraya Bay Resort - Shore line - SO Ens.( Sg ) Stan More - 13:06 )

Crabs. Why was it they were just as unpredictable? No matter what planet you visited. Maybe it was conspiracy by the planets crustacean population. To get their own back. On the visitors for having their planets. Natural weather system changed from wet to sunny and warm.

Three times just as Stan slowly moved up on a beautiful crab sitting on a rock. Then the thing either turned towards him. Then spat a stream of sea water in his face , waved its claws

distracting him. While another snuck up behind. Then nipped his ankle or just shot off sideways into the sea.

He was glad when his comm. badge chirped.

“=^=Cortez to More and Michaels.=^= “

“ More here ma’am how may I help you?” Stan said

“=^=I know we are officially on shore leave but could you meet me at your earliest convenience?=^= “

“ Absolutely ma’am. Where do you wish to meet us? “ Stan asked

“ =^=I’m at the Howling Monkey Cafe. I’ll explain more when you get here.=^= “

“ Och that sounds a bonnie place to meet. I am on my way.” Stan said excitedly

“Understood, Cortez out.”

A big smile crossed Stan’s face. He had heard that the Howling Monkey Cafe. Did the best plant based beef burgers that were so good. You could swear they were the real thing. All this climbing had made him quite hungry. Plus he was curious as to what Erin had planned.

( Reply , Michael’s )

(Risa - Suraya Bay Resort, Conference Center- FO Cmdr Ailynn Bracken 1305)

Trip then turned to her as she left the conference room. Her patience was failing rapidly.

"Hungry?"

"I'm starving." She half snapped, drawing a surprised glance from a brunette in front of her who she recognised.

"So thoughts on the conference so far?"

Ailynn placed some food on a plate that she'd picked up. "I swear if I hear "of course you'll remember the translation of the original Samayan cartouche" one more fracking time I'm going to take this breadstick and give that moron a bloody lobotomy. And yes...I can totally do that." She realised that she'd said it far louder than the whisper she'd intended to.

The brunette in front of her turned round, mouth open in surprise. "I'm sorry...did I hear..."

Ailynn screwed her face up. "I'm sorry, that was horribly un..."

"Kimberly Novak, Commander," she smiled. "And if you do that, I'll be a witness and say it was provoked, self defense; anything to get us out of this torture."

Ailynn looked at the slightly older woman, possibly late thirties. She remembered her from the day before ~zebra pants lady~ her tired, bored mind supplied. "Be careful, I may just take you up on that."

(Reply Trip)

“I can’t even begin to tell you how annoyed I am Trip.” she sighed. “At least the food is decent, but there are a million things that we could be doing right now.” grumbling slightly, she regarded the plate in front of her and asked a waitress what it was. “Trillian cous cous,” can the reply.

She sighed heavily. “Figures. He’s trying to bore me to death and now the food is trying to kill me. I quit.” she said to Trip.

(reply Trip)

“Beats me.” She motioned to a table on the far side where few people were sitting, then after placing her plate down, grabbed a chilled fruit juice, and took a sip before sitting back down.

(reply Trip)

“Yeah I know, and I have made a decision, this isn’t the place or time to discuss it though. I have Bridge duty after this until 2200 I think. I’ll talk to you tomorrow about it.”

(reply Trip)

(USS Exeter - Sytuks Quarters-Armory Chief PO2 Sytuk - 1430)

Sytuk opened a large case in his room inside the case was his personal tactical gear. It had been nearly a year since he last wore it. The gear consisted of a titanium woven fiber body suit. The rest of the gear was duranium hyper alloy armor. Designed to absorb percussive energy, enough to wear Sytuk could take a hit and could keep moving if he had the endurance to keep moving attached to it was a breathing apparatus that could filter out toxins.

Sytuk rubbed his hands on the gear and took out the pieces checking it for wear and making minor repairs so that when the time came he was ready to assist Lieutenant Alexander and Ensign Kruze

( reply none)

(USS Exeter- Holodeck – CFO - Lieutenant - Ire Williams - 1654)

Ire stepped into the holodeck.

“Computer activate Klingon training scenario.”

The room changed to an underground cavern with sand covered floor and flaming braziers on the walls casting flickering light across the room. He walked to the centre of the room, shook his arms and rolled his shoulder as he prepared himself. He moved himself into the beginning stance of the Mok’bara, took a deep breath and exhaled long to clear his mind. He moved into the first move, breathing slowly as his body flowed from one movement to the other. Blocks flowed into attacks, flowed into fints, flowed into side steeps as he moved through the forms that he had been taught.

He finally stood straight with his hands be his side as he took a deep breath and exhaled. He nodded to himself happy with his routine but noted a couple of places where he needed to tweak.

“Computer one bat’leth and a Klingon opponent armed with a bat’leth.”

The bat’leth appraised by his side and a large Klingon male in full battle armour holding a bat’leth at the ready appeared inform of him. He grinned as he picked up the Bat’leth and gave it a practice swing. He was more of a knife fighter rather than something as big as a Bat’leth but if he was going with Ravok to a Klingon bat’leth competition he was sure that with the amount of drinking that Klingons do when they all get together that he would need to be ready for anything. He would make sure that he would take the knife that Merek had make for him. Having a back up weapon would not be a bad idea. He hoped he would remember enough of his bat’leth lessons when he was younger not to get himself injured or worse.

“Computer begin.”

He swung the bat’leth into a ready guard stance as the Klingon charged with a below of rage.

(Reply any)

(Risa - Suraya Bay Casino -The Golden Coconut Casino and Resort - CMO, Lt. JG Gabe Vesper and ACFO, Lt. JG Ronnie Winters- 2100)

The day had flown by and Gabe had enjoyed the quiet but was ready for his night out. Both of them had dressed, having had a few pre drinks the pair waited in line for the Casino, Gabe being a little more bravado than normal and making a point to keep a hand on Ronnie's waist, he caressed her lower back as they entered the room.

The music filled the air and the sound of the dice rolling and machines paying out filtered through. There was a faint sound of the Klingon Opera coming from the far regions of the resort and the Bolian cabaret singer was trying her best to drown it out.

Looking up there were Risian workers on silk ropes bounding down from the rafters finishing just above the crowds heads and trapeze artists flying from one side of the room to the other. The sweet smell of the alcohol filled the air and the aroma from the buffet attacked people's nostrils. Naked statues adorned the walls calling visitors for the one real reason many came to Risa, with workers beconing under them with Horga'hn in hand.

"I wonder what Trip would say seeing us together in a place like this" Gabe said grabbing two drinks from a passing scantily clad male waiter.

"He'd say," Ronnie began to act all muscley and changed her voice, "Vesper, I swear, if you hurt my daughter, I will #\$\$%&@kill you."

"Well, tonights our night, I've decided I'm letting my hair down and the prophets be damned so are you, I'll fix our livers in the morning" Gabe downed the drink and grabbed another laughing at her impression of Trip.

"Slow down there cowboy, its a marathon not a sprint."

Walking to the desk Gabe handed over some credits and took the chips ready for the tables he turned and caught a glimpse of Ronnie, silhouetted against the rolling lights he took a sharp inward breath and hid his self doubts, returning to her he ran a hand again down her back lingering longer than needed. "Shall we make our fortune Ms Winters?"

"Why of course, good sir."

Ronnie was wearing a stunning silver dress that about 5 inches from here knees and accentuated her form perfectly. Here hair as slick backed into a ponytail, with large blue hoop earrings, blue lipstick, and blue eyeshadow. Her ribcage on the right side was hurting where she had just gotten a tattoo earlier that day with the phrase Bad Ass Witches written in cursive. It mirrored in position the one on the left side that was the Bajoran word for sister.

Looking around she smiled. "Look at all the lights and colors."

"Well, Risa does know how to throw a party. After all that's what they're known for!" Gabe sipped his drink.

"So what shall we do first?"

Looking around there was so much to take in, Gabe wasn't a massive gambler, he wasn't a massive anything given his mostly quiet upbringing but he spotted the Dom Jot table and motioned to Ronnie "shall we show ourselves up with a little Bajoran game first?"

"I'm just here for the free booze." She said with a laugh.

Gabe winked and lead the way, intertwining his fingers with Ronnie's as they walked across the room, accosted by a few Risian workers he managed to get to the table without taking up the offer of a night of pleasure for three.

"So how does one play, Dom Jot."

"Oh...I'd thought you would have known. I'll let you in on a secret, aside from a little blackjack at the academy I'm a virgin at this stuff, we could soak up the show or just blow my credits at randomly trying to win."

"Is there poker, I've got a great poker face." Ronnie then playfully began poking Gabe's face.

Normally anyone else poking his face would cause Gabe to erupt in a ball of fire but tonight he was trying his best. He playfully bit Ronnie's finger secretly hoping noone from the Exeter was in the room, but half hoping they were. Looking round he saw the more quiet corner and a serious game being played "this way" he grabbed her hand again and lead her to the small table in the corner

"Let's see how good your bluff really is" Gabe waited for the round to end and was allowed to sit at the table. The dealer explained the hand and dealt the cards "money where your mouth is Ms Winters" Gabe winked placing a few chips on the table and exchanging glasses with a waiter.

Ronnie sat down. It was Texas Hold'em. She was good at it. Her grandpa Williams taught her when she was 5. She looked at her hand. Pair of twos Hearts and Clubs. Not good, but not bad.

As the game progressed Gabe was glad he knew he was rubbish at gambling and folded watching Ronnie continue playing.

All the players had placed in their bets, except Gabe. The dealer burnt a card and then made then revealed the Turn. 3 of Diamonds, Four of Clubs, 10 of Hearts.

~Ok, Ronnie you have a pair of twos. Which is nothing. But maybe you can bluff your way.~

“I raise 100.” She said emotionless.

Gabe swallowed his drink the wrong way and gasped a little for air, he liked her forward and blunt attitude but this took him by surprise.

“100 huh, I’ll call” said a Ferengi.

The rest of the table called. The dealer burnt a card, the river was the 3 of spades.

~Two of a kind, low two of a kind, but still. I can work with this.~ She thought to herself.

“Oh deary,” She said as she leaned forward to the table. “A straight is with three cards right?” She said, “I don’t think I’ve ever played this before.” She tried to get everyone’s attentions to her looks and not her actions. “Umm is 200 a good bet, I’ll raise 200.”

Gabe recognised the slight tone in her voice and looked over at the Ferengi then back to his date, he smiled inside so not to ruin the moment.

The ferengi licked his lips. “I’ll call.”

Two others folded, the third called.

The dealer burnt a card, the flop. It was two, the two of spades.

~Full house.~

“Gabe, honey, this game is boring, why’d you talk me into this. Only to fold. I want to go drink and swim. Can I just hurry up and lose so we can go have sex?”

Gabe spurted his drink over the andorian sat next to him ~if only~ "be my guest, I always had you down as wanting beat."

The Ferengi smiled. “You could go all in dear.” He said, then you’d be out. But if you fold, then you’d still have to play.”

“Well thats no good,” She said in a silly voice. “Ok I’ll go all in.”

The ferengi smiled, “I’ll call.”

The other player folded.

The Ferengin then revealed his hand, the Three of hearts and the Ace of Clubs. “Three Pair, Ace High.” He said sure he had just won a lot of credits.

“Oh Gabe, pooo, I lost all your credits.”

Gabe played along and hit his head on the table.

Ronnie then looked at the Ferengi , revealing her hand. “Full house, Twos and Threes. Pots mind Bitch.”

“What no!”

“Should have paid attention to my eyes and not my breast. Come on Gabe, lets go spend this fools credits somewhere else.”

~My damsel gimmick only works once. Thanks Gramps for teaching me to put fools in their place.~

"And let me guess, another Williams family trick?" Gabe said as they stood and swooped up the chips.

“Something like that.” She said with a smile.

(reply none)

[illegible]

End Compile

[illegible]