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Portal of Chronos

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Making sure the teams are ready.

by Lieutenant Richard Wayne & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria
Security Office/Holo-trainer

Richard was out for a walk after the rough launch things had been going smooth. It was a really nice ship. Richard was a very hands on boss and loved making rounds throughout the ship as opposed to sitting in his office reading reports. Today brought him down to the Security offices. As he entered he noticed Finn's Office was empty he was probably on the bridge. He did come across the Sergeant that was on the Bridge during launch. Richard walked over to the Marine "Sergeant how are you this morning?"

Meera looked over as the First Officer walked in. "Morning Sir. Been better, been worse. One moment." She said, before her focused returned to the team scrambling into their gear. "MOVE FASTER ALPHA! YOU'RE ALREADY AT A MINUTE FROM BUNK!" She barked, getting a few groans and grunts as the group was working faster.

"Sorry. Readiness drills. After the little trouble we had at launch, and my not needing to be up on the bridge, figure I'd make myself useful. Afterall, bored Marines are available for what dredge work one can think of." She said a small grin on her face.

Richard grinned back he loved the initiative. He was trying to hide the fact that he had a soft spot for Orion women. "Well as a former Chief of Starbase Security I believe in running drills as much as possible. If you ever want I have brought some of my Holo-training programs on-board that I used back in the day if you ever wanna give your guys some real word scenerios."

"If I wanted to be evil Sir, I'd just load up some of my tours during the Dominion War. Jem'Hadar make for some nasty bastards to fight. TWO MINUTES AND YOUR STILL NOT READY?! PICK UP THE PACE LADIES! MY FATHER GETS READY FASTER THAN YOU!" She said, then barked, even though half of the personnel in this drill were ready and now scrambling to help their unfinished buddies.

"An considering this pace, I might very well talk to my boss about arranging a few training exercises purely for getting them moving faster." She said, a thoughtful expression on her face. "I mean, sure I could ask you Sir, but I'd rather not jump over my boss's head for this."

Richard loved the fire in her it was fresh to see that in someone. It had been a couple years since he had spent much time around a Marine with her fire. "Well if I were to request said training and participated in it, it would not be going over anyone's head" Richard gave a devilish grin.

Meera gave the Lt. Cmdr. a raised eyebrow. "If I wasn't wearing my regulator, I'd be wondering if my pheromones were getting to you sir. That said, I don't see why not." She said, before looking back at the now 'ready' security team. "Alright, let's see how many of you fucked up this little exercise. Took you all two and a half minutes from bunks to ready." She states, before walking over to them, and checking over their kit. Pulling forward the ones who failed, which constituted half the group, she sighed.

"Half of you were unprepared. Properly. Had all your gear, which is good, but not completely on or poorly so. So, put it all away, properly, and get back to bunk. I will throw out another alert and have you all do it again, at a time of MY choosing. So sleep well, if you manage to nod off." She stated, dismissing the group. Ironically it had been the Marines in the team that had failed, not the Starfleet Security pukes. "Think I just gave them the clue I didn't get where I am now by spreading my legs or manipulating my commanders. So, anything else I can do for ya Sir, since I want to give them a little while. Keep 'em tense and ready, but not knowing just WHEN I'll blow the whistle on 'em."

Richard was blushing he didn't think he had been that flirtatious. "I am glad you hold them to a high standard. It is very important that we be as prepared as we can be." Richard was trying to change the subject but felt bad that she had picked up on him admiring her. "Sergeant let me set the record straight I was not down here talking to you because of your pheromones or the fact that your very easy on the eyes. You are showing me every time your given the chance to be a very capable and valuable part of this team. I have seen your record it is impressive we have been in a lot of the same fox holes and you remind me of days gone past that are hard to get out of your system. We will need more and more people like you in the days to come and I am glad your on board. I do apologize if I came across inappropriately."

"Impressive? That's after reading the half dozen 'Incident Reports' I got from previous CO's who felt my race and gender was a issue? And to be honest Sir, I'm giving ya shit. Yes, I am an Orion woman, and yes, my mother is a mid-level Syndicate leader. Does that make me her? Or anything like the Syndicate? No. I fought, bleed and earned my stripes, and know when someone is talking to me because of respect, or because they want in my uniform. You Sir, and

most others I've met with on board the ship thus far, including the Captain, have only spoken to me with respect." Meera said, crossing her arms and giving a lopsided grin. "Keep it up, and maybe then I'll consider playing 'dirty'. But in all seriousness Sir, I'm here to prove I can do something without resorting to the underhanded tactics the Syndicate is infamous for. And each time I get leaders who respect that, and acknowledge that I'm not a 'victim', not a 'player', nor am I trying to garner sympathy, the prouder I am. Because it means I'm succeeding."

"You darlin' are a an amazing women and warrior regardless of your background and species. Anytime you want to run some drills let me know I maybe in a command position but I still remeber my roots." With that Richard turned and headed out satisfied of the work being done here.

Shrinks, why shrinks

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones

USS Tornado - Council Office

The regular check in with her counselor was already moving forward and she was not going to enjoy it. The man tried to pick her brain apart and feast on all the emotions Ryoko has. Well not today, like any day he was not going to succeed. Walking into the office of the good man "Counselor, here for the regular checkup"

Charles meanwhile looked onto his console, the crews mental health was quite steady, he expected more problems to arise since the start of their journey, hopefully it would stay that way... who was he kidding, it never stayed that way... He heard the door open and looked up with a smirk, he knew exactly how the captain disliked it when he asked her personal questions. She was no different from his former captain on this very ship who was here one year before the other captain retired. She was a good woman, had a motherly nature and seemed to have her life in control, at least on the surface. He knew much more than any of the crew back then, offering advice wherever he could...

And by the looks of it his new captain was no different, he knew that there was something buried down deep inside her and he just had to ask the correct questions to get her to spill it out. This was the tough part mostly, seeing as these kinds of sessions depended on the person in question. He was actually glad that not the entire crew requested appointments with him. He didnt like to make ones, but the protocol requires it. He was mostly found roaming the ships mess halls, the corridors and all other places where a crew could be found. He liked to stay in touch.

"Ah, welcome Captain, was looking forward to our little meeting, please sit down" he gestured to the couch at the end of the room. Standing up from his chair and walking over to the seat in front of the couch, he pushed the table aside a bit.

"By the looks of it you are not looking forward to this as I do" he chuckled. He was quite decent at reading body language

Sitting on the couch as Ryoko looked back at the Lieutenant "Not quite, I hate it when people try to understand a person that does not want to be understand" She sits a bit backwards "Nothing personal of course, matter of opinion" She quickly added to her sentence.

"Oh dont worry, you would be surprised on how many times I have heard exactly those words. And i'm not here to use some sort of drill to break you open. I usually ask more invasive questions, but seeing as you don't seem to react to those that well we will try something lighter... Tell me Captain, what do you think of this mission?" he looked at her, leaning back into the chair, placing his arms on the sides. It was a quite unusual question, but any question is better than silent staring.

Weird start of a council session "Basic as always, investigate a whisper and afterwards return towards our regular duties at the borders. You know the pesky Klingons that don't crack that hard under any Federation word" Ryoko pointed out, yet not stating the real nature of the mission they were on right now. The ship and it's crew were going to be tested more than before on their ability to work under intense stress and creativity.

Charles had a feeling and it was not a good one, the Captain was not telling him the full story and he made sure to let her know that he figured that by raising his right eyebrow for a few seconds looking at her. "Alright... " he sighted, knowing just too well that this nut refused to crack on her own. It was quite bothersome but he knew just asking wont do it. He pulled a old chess board up from under the table, it was the one he hardly ever used since it was incredibly expensive, it was made out of rain-forest wood and incredibly old. A true rarity. He opened the board and placed the chess pieces.

He looked at her, then took the Queen from the back and placed her in the middle, the queen used to be on the captains side. "The Queen, the theoretically strongest figure on the entire board, being incredibly versatile and agile, able to kill anything in her path... but now she is exposed, no one standing before her to take a hit for her, because they are left outside" he used his open hand to sweep off the entire board on the queens side. "This is what happens when you surround yourself with ranks" he hoped she would understand, hoped he could get the point across. If she would never warm up to anyone like this she would soon find herself in a bad situation. The other figures hit the ground. "We are not family, I know that Captain and I am aware that you do not isolate yourself, but you also do not open yourself to anyone either" he placed the other figures around the queen. "Check Mate, people don't play fair and you know that just as well as I do"

Looking at the Queen, she looked back at the Counselor "It is not a matter of opening yourself up to someone. It is a matter of privacy and discipline that require you to go on in life. You know my history, my family is strict and very old

in traditions. We live by the code of a royal Japanese family. I am the oldest of my family, I looked over my sisters. United we always stood next to each other and times change. I was honored to step into the academy to resume the honorable duties of a Federation Officer" Sitting back on the couch Ryoko looked at him.

"The thing you don't understand is that, when you take that board for example, I am never alone. For a year I blindly trusted every person on this ship as performing my duties on the Klingon borders. Remember that time that the Klingon challenged us for a duel and the only way to get their respect was to accept. A Starfleet Officer would not even consider it, my first officer had no real opinion and you advise against it. I accepted it and won the challenge that gained us a favor in the Klingon Empire. Why did I accept, basically because I trusted everyone in their abilities to do their job"

"Captain, I am not the one arguing with you that you have done anything wrong, I have too little knowledge about these sort of things. And I do not suggest you to trust people blindly. I am aware that your family and you past involved a lot of different kinds of trust." he leaned down and picked up the King, placing him next to the queen, sweeping away some of the others. "And I am not talking about external conflict" he picked up the towers placing them next to her. Figure "I am not talking about things that can be fixed by shooting at someone or something" he reached down one last time to get the rest, sweeping away the other figures this time. "Its not in my competence to do so anyways" he chuckled and placed the rest of the figures in a circle around her. "But everyone struggles, everyone fights inner demons Captain... even I do" he looked at her "You are an incredible captain madam, and an incredibly talented woman but even then you know that my job is not to compliment you. You wouldn't be opposed to these meetings if something wouldn't trouble you"

The flattering words were short followed by hard facts, the counselor wanted more than she was providing and getting her mind settled and steady. A fear that she would walk a different route with dangerous and such "What do you want to know Lieutenant, you are not specific in your questions" Ryoko asked as she looked at him.

He sighed, finally they were getting somewhere "Where do you see yourself currently? and where do you think the future will take you?" he asked rather simply "I'm not talking about where we are. located, how do you feel about our current situation"

Taking a deep breath "Dealing with the current situation as it is, doing my own duties. I feel normal under it, this is not something I am not used to" Ryoko looked at the counselor not pleased with the answer she gave, alright lets give the dog a bone "I feel tense a bit, it can go wrong and yet I am calm"

His gaze was apparently enough to make her understand "Its ok to be tense, I am nervous all the time, I just don't show it, neither do you obviously" he chuckled "There, I didn't want much more from you" he gave her another smile assuring her. that he was honest: "You always have your guard up, in all the time I served under you, you never admitted that you were nervous, or worried... Now, lets quit the psycho talk or how the rest of the crew calls it, you are one. of the last ones that cooperated by the way, still a few left... I'd like to let you know that. I won't be asking these kinds of questions regularly anymore, I know its not protocol, but it feels so clinical when I do. Now, why don't we play some chess?"

Ryoko looked at the man that was explaining his motives and did not like the regular council talks. Even though it was part of his job, but understandable that thinking outside the box was one of the key features that she needed on this crew and he was finally showing it "Alright, thought I am good at it Lieutenant" She pointed out as they started their game. Ryoko had some time left and afterwards she needed to report to duty again.

Quantum Mechanics

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield

USS Tornado - Engineering

The ship had arrived at the scene and Grid P20 and it was already showing abnormal behavior. The Captain however does decline the answer of *<i>'Don't go in there, it is unsafe'</i>* and rather wish to go in there. So Grace goes down towards Engineering to brainstorm with the Chief and see if they can bust the mechanics of this mysterious anomalies. Commonly known as Temporal Rifts or Quantum Time Dislocations. Grace walked into the Engineering and stopped close towards the Chief "Lieutenant Saunders, my name is Staff Warrant Officer Grayfield, first part is my rank and last part my name. Call me Grace. I am here to spar with you about the anomalies that might shred our ship to pieces with the heavy gravity whirlpools that the Captain so eagerly wants to pass."

Milton smirked at Grace, amused at her introduction. He had seen Grace several times before; they'd passed in hallways and in the mess hall on occasion, speaking minimally to each other, it was nice to be introduced formally. "Welcome to Engineering, if you don't mind I'd be more comfortable discussing this in my office," He requested, gesturing to the doors near the back of the room.

Nodding towards the Chief as she followed him towards the office in question. Grace looked around and liked the office, maybe one day she would get her own "The anomalies are quite unique, they spawn from one position to another. Its like a moving mine field without really knowing where the mines going be" Turning towards the Chief "Relationship to each other is still questionable, but tricky. These gravity pulls will hurt the ship badly"

The Chief nodded his agreement with the report, "So far we've not been able to discern any kind of pattern," He continued, activating a control on the panel on his desk, the monitor on the wall sprang to life, it's display showed a map of the immediate space in front of the Tornado taken from scans as they had approached the anomalies, the area ahead of the ship distorted and stretched the starscape, then contracted and twisted at random lengths and intervals, "we've completed modifications to the ship, we can withstand the gravimetric effects to a certain degree but there's a problem that has us stumped," He pressed another control. A filter appeared over the sensor data, countless dots covered the screen in two colours, the majority of the dots were green, spiralling out of invisible centres and following the contours made by the anomalies, "these represent graviton emissions," Saunders explained, he then gestured to the red dots, fewer in number, they mixed in with the green dots and followed along the same path, "and these are tachyons, since we've never encountered this type of anomaly before we have no way of knowing for sure what effect they'll have on the ship."

Looking with sparkling eyes at the screen and smiling at the information "The easy part is to avoid those red dots and get towards the location of the ghost whisper. Thought our job is never easy" She smiled and looked at him then back . Tapping on her PADD as the screen green dots begin to disappear and appear on various locations. Grace looked up at the screen and hums "Strange.." She points to the red dots "Why does tachyons not move, while the anomaly does?"

Milton sighed, he folded his arms across his chest, "I was hoping you'd be able to answer that, " he replied, "everything we know about tachyons tells us the particles in this anomaly aren't behaving as they should. Furthermore, watch what happens in this simulation." The Lieutenant played a recording of an earlier test, the Tornado moved forward, into the distorted space, the ship entered the graviton currents, like a raft on rapids it bobbed and swayed as it attempted to maintain a straight course, the green dots ignored the ship, but as the Tornado passed the tachyons, they attracted to the ships hull like a giant magnet. He moved around his colleague to the food replicator, "Can I get you anything?" He offered.

Interesting, the Tachyons were changing the parameters of the functionality of the anomaly. But why, why would it do something like that. "Mmm oh a American sandwich with extra bacon and old cheese. Love that stuff" She said as her hands slide over the board "The anomaly is used as a rough road to hinder a person, small enough to bump the ship, yet not damage it" Looking at the location of the Tachyons " Does something feel amiss with this location, I mean the field is concentrated here and only there. But at the same time, what I'm puzzled about is the size of the area"

Saunders replicated Grace's order, smiling inwardly at her good taste, aswell as a mug of Andorian coffee for himself, he placed the plate on his desk next to where they were standing and returned to the screen, blowing the steam from his beverage.

"It's certainly suspect to a number of questions, but every simulation I've run shows the ship running into trouble before getting too deep into the anomaly, projected trouble anyway, the computer predicts the tachyons are

attracted to our warp nacelles and impulse engines, after three minutes and forty-seven seconds all propulsion is disabled and the ship sets adrift in the currents," he neglected to mention that this was only the best case scenario, other tests had ending in much more dire outcomes. He frowned at the screen, showing the ship off-axis and frozen at the end of the simulation.

The calculation of the emitted energy, what's that smell. Grace looked at her side seeing the sandwich. Damn that looked good, but work first. She looked at the screen "It acts as if you are an enemy, like a bacteria. Why not show a way that you are friendly?" Tapping on the screen as the Tornado icon gets a gravity whirlpool around it "Become the anomaly?" She slowly walks backwards towards the sandwich and grabs it, it smelled so good. Taking a bite she looked at the screen "That location of tachyons is the size of an station..." Taking another bite "So tasty" Grace said almost drooling "There is a possibility that this area is artificially setup, is that even possible?"

"It's certainly possible, but who ever has set this up would have to be projecting it remotely, since there's no evidence of artificially created emitters at the source," he theorized, "and there are easier ways of keeping people off your lawn," He added. Saunders raised the mug to his lips as he thought over what Grace had suggested, "become the anomaly," He repeated in a low tone, "we could rig the deflector dish to produce a graviton field at the same magnitude as the ones here, that might repel the tachyons," He shook his head after a moment, "it would cause too much strain, a graviton pulse?" He asked Grace.

Looking at the screen "I am no real engineer, but pulsing would that not give us a certain time that we are open for tachyons?" Grace took another bite, this sandwich was exactly what she needed. Brain food as she licked off her fingers "What about short burst of graviton pulses, like a heartbeat. When the tachyons get closure, you pulse it away?"

"Yeah we could try something like that," he entered their idea into the computer and reset the simulation, the Tornado flew into the anomaly once more, tilting and curving as it navigated through the whirlpools of green dots, as red dots approached the ship, a sphere of green dots burst from the deflector dish expanding outwards. As they passed through the tachyons, the red dots came to a halt and the ship did it's best to swerve around them, a moment later the red dots resumed their pursuit of the Tornado, which again fired off another gravimetric pulse.

"A sustained field coming from the deflector would be too much for the energy grid to handle," He explained in response to her first question, "but this looks like it might be enough, the deflector dish needs approximately thirty seconds to recharge," He noted, "We've made a lot of progress here, I guess we'll have to entrust some faith in our Conns piloting skills."

"Give him an American Sandwich and he can pull off miracles!" Grace replied cheerful and a smile on her face "Now the next problem is where is our destination, I have to figure out where the broadcast of the ghost whisper will be. But how long will this heartbeat be durable for our ship hull? The gravity whirlpools will have a certain bang on our hull. I need an estimated time to search the signal before pulling out"

Milton scratched his chin, he had blushed slightly at the young woman's compliment, "credit where it's due, we're tackling this thing together," he hit the fast forward control on the simulation, it played through to its end and he checked the final time, "OK, with luck on our side we can stay inside for for a whole ten minutes, but it's heavily dependant on a few things; one, we can use the deflector dish a total of twenty times to stall the tachyons, if we increase the interval between pulses we can stay longer, but after twenty pulses the dish will burn out, two, the ship needs to give the graviton whirlpools a small berth, we can't fly into the center of one, and if one appears on top of us, we're in deep trouble."

Ten minutes to find a unknown source or signal that appears every so 3 minutes. That means 3 times a possibility to find it "My bars are on the red dots, does tachyons not appear on ships or stations?" Grace stated looking at map as she makes it bigger the wide scanned area expands and so did some red dots " See that is odd, why is it concentrated here and drips off to here another smaller concentration. Something happened here and we got the limit information package"

"Tachyons are versatile little sods, they can occur naturally under many different circumstances or as a byproduct of things like scans, cloaking devices and detection grids," he followed Grace's gaze to the concentration of particles, slurping a mouthful of his drink.

Nodding towards the screen, see finally looked at the chief "We got our work, cut out for us." With that said she turned around and walked towards the door "Thanks for the brain food, we should do this more often" Grace said with a smile.

Milton smiled back as she left, the doors closed between them and the engineer was left in solitude in his office, Saunders began a report for the Captain about the plan they had formed together, the young Ms Grayfield was certainly a bright spark, he looked forward to seeing how their relationship would develop in the future.

What up Doc?

by Lieutenant Richard Wayne & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones

Sick Bay

Richard made his way down the corridor he had lucked out his last few posts didn't have a very active Chief Counselor, but now it was time for his check up. Logistically it had not worked out for them to meet before launch so while they made there way it was time to get it over with. Richard strode in the room and checked in with administrative assistant and had a seat to wait his turn.

Charles just finished talking with the other crewmate, he was quite the nice guy, he just confessed his feelings for one of the women responsible for the mess hall, it was quite adorable to be honest, he gave him some advice regarding the situation and watched him leave with a smile. Always good to see people fall in love in the most unusual times. He looked at his terminal, seeing that the Commander was now waiting for him. He signaled his assistant to let him in as he sat down on the couch again. "Come on in Commander"

Richard walked in and as it is instinctive for him he took in the room. It was a custom that just happened every time he entered an unfamiliar room. "Pretty nice digs, Doc."

Charles looked around the room, looking at a lot of family pictures and a old chest board on his console, there was also a tennis racket mounted on the wall, one of the many profits of being a chief counselor is the amount of freedom you are given to design and change your room to your liking, same goes for his quarters.

"Why thank you Commander" he smiled and motioned him to sit down "You surely didn't come in here just to compliment my furniture did you? Who am i kidding, of course i know you are here for the check up... " he leaned back onto the couch. "We didn't really have had the time to talk yet, you can call me Charles if you want to, either way is fine" he leaned forward a bit. "I know your files so i will leave the usual questions be, your past and everything, im not the type of guy to value files that greatly anyways... So Commander" he looked at the man in front of him with a grin "A classic one, what do you think of our current mission?"

Richard gave a grin. "Well I think things could get very interesting. I think what you saw at the launch will be the tip of the iceberg. I think the crew is up to the challenge. " Richard paused not really knowing what else to say.

"Yeah, that kind of should be a thing to keep in mind. How are you feeling Commander? I mean not in a medical way, anything i should know? I usually keep those kind of sessions short, i prefer it when people come to me if they have something to talk about"

"I feel pretty good I am glad to be back on a ship and have really enjoyed the senior staff. Seems like a solid crew to take on the unknown."

"Agreed" Charles nodded "Lets see to it that it stays that way" he chuckled and said "You are free to go Commander, i am certain you are in a good mental condition, just do me a favor and come to me if you need something" he assured, knowing that he would watch the entire crew anyways, he always looked at peoples body language

"Thanks, Doc. I appreciate you keeping it short and sweet. I will let you know if I need anything or if I see anyone that might need your services. In the end we are in similar boats trying to keep everyone together and running like a well oiled machine!." With that Richard stood and headed to get some food!

The simulation will tell

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Ryoko Takato

Astrometrics Lab, Deck 4

"Computer run simulation using all available sensor inputs and adjust as information comes in using algorithm sierra-421" Jordan shouted at the computer, knowing it didn't care.

"Simulation will take 37.2 minutes to reach completion" the computer replied coolly.

Stepping back from his console to sip his coffee, Jordan heard the quiet swish of the doors and looked around.

Walking into the Astrometrics lab and seeing all the holographic equipment as Ryoko eyes stopped at the Ensign "You required my attention Ensign?" She halted at the side of him and looked at him awaiting an answers.

"Yes Captain, after reviewing Grace's data I have been attempting to extrapolate both a course that will minimize damage to the ship, specifically with regards to mortality levels and reduce the need to pulse as often to free up some power for shields" after this, Jordan halted to take a breath.

Looking at him and placing her arms over each other "If I remember correctly from Staff Warrant Officer Grayfield, she stated that it is almost impossible to navigate thorough the field without being hit by one of the gravity whirlpools." Ryoko looked at the screen "This mainly due the relocation of the positions of these whirlpools every 30 to 45 seconds" Looking back at the young Ensign "But I am open for suggestions"

"Using simulations I believe I have come up with a way to modulate the shields to reduce the effects of the whirlpools on the ship and so using this have replotted a course which means we will only need to emit a pulse once every 17 seconds, although I do confess that it is only a simulation and I can't guarantee how effective it will be Captain" Jordan said, unsure of himself.

Nodding towards the Ensign "Alright, but the re-modulate of the shields much be time on. Something Engineering is already breaking their heads on" She took a deep breath "The simulation is indeed a simulation, but it cant conduct the precision of what will happen and how it will happen, when we are in those fields. We got 10 minutes tops in there and we have no clue how these anomalies work"

"Frankly, Captain I can lessen the damage to the ship and maybe buy you another four or five minutes, but neither myself or the computer have been able to decipher any real kind of code or pattern to the movements or actions of the anomalies. Though that isn't there isn't one, just that so far I haven't found anything" Jordan continued.

"i'll continue working on it, but i'm afraid that's all the good news I have for now." Jordan finished, looking at his commanding officer.

Nodding towards the Ensign "Keep up the good work then Ensign, we shall move into the field soon" Ryoko turned around and walked out of the lab. Time would tell if these simulations would help.

Feeling a little swell of pride he didn't get yelled at for wasting the Captain's time Jordan turned the captain "Thanks Captain, i'll continue running simulations and let you know if anything comes up that might help" before turning back to his work.

Stars, Nebula's and some Quantum Particle

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield

Astrometrics Lab, Deck 4

Walking into the lab, Jordan prepared for his first shift, looking immaculate and with 2 Vanilla Lattes in hand, he took a deep breath and walked in.

With a slight air of trepidation, Jordan approached the Woman standing at his desk, "Hi there, nice to meet you, I am Ensign Jordan Brookfield, though calling me Jordan is fine. What's your name?"

Looking at the Ensign "Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield, the science officer around here" Looking at his desk and back "I presume I am keeping you up from your desk or work?" She stated looking at the Ensign.

"Not at all Grace, I hope you don't mind me calling you Grace, umm, I don't actually start for another fifteen minutes, I just wanted to come and introduce myself and bring you a coffee, I hope you like it, if not I can get you something else or-" Jordan stopped abruptly, realizing he was babbling again and handed Grace the latte.

Taking the latte "Thank you" Grace stated with a confused smile "I don't mind if you call me Grace, we are one big happy family here" She stated as Grace took a sip of her new drink and smiled "Nice" In approval of the drink.

"Cool, I'm glad you like it, it's a vanilla latte, one of my favourite drinks." Jordan said taking a large gulp of his coffee, "So, what do I need to be brought up to speed on?"

Looking back at the screen where the star chart of the empty space was "We are to enter a minefield of anomalies that are very unpredictable in its movements" Various simulations showed the trajectory of the Tornado in the field "Trying to lower the chances to hit, does not really help in any simulation"

Looking at the simulation, Jordan had an idea "If we can't reduce the amount of times we are hit, maybe we can reduce the damage, start by running simulations into shield modulations that reduce the damage from the graviton whirlpools, and avoid some of the damage by skirting them? it's just an idea though?" Jordan theorized with a glint in his eyes.

"That would be tricky, depending on what the Engineering can do. They already stated that the hits we take would burden our disk and possible burn it out" Grace pointed out "That and the tachyons will be beating on our hull bad"

"Simulations indicate that the ship could take it, and we would be saving additional power that could be routed to the shields as we would only need to emit a pulse to repel the tachyons once every 17 seconds instead of once every 5, but I will concede that would be a riskier plan" Jordan finished.

"It may be worth looking to reduce the tachyon damage with shield modulations or seeing if there is anything native to this area of space, other than the obvious we are missing?" Jordan finally thought 'SHUT UP' to himself realizing he was babbling.

"We are definitely missing something" Looking at the screen "the Tachyons are concentrated on one spot, drip off and than concentrated in a smaller area. While the gravity whirlpools move, they don't" Grace feels a certain irritation that she can't solve this.

With this Jordan had a thought, "What if we are the uncertain element, yes, fair enough the whirlpools move seemingly at random but the tachyon bubbles don't", "Computer, run a simulation using all current sensor data but assuming that the gravity whirlpools won't move", "Simulation running" the computer replied. Jordan looked at Grace, smiling. "Do you see what I'm getting at Grace?"

Looking at the simulation, she shook her head "Not really, enlighten me on what I am suppose to so?" Grace stated still looking at the screen.

"As we move through the field, this ship is the one causing the tachyons to group together and disband, but I think I know of a shield modulation to repel the tachyons so we can glide through with a minimum of fuss, assuming the computer and you both support my supposition, that is?"

"For a Astrometrics specialist, you are obsessed with that Shield Modulation heh? I have no real knowledge of such, mere Science Officer on that field. But so far I know the plan stands on using the disk to form our very own gravity whirlpool, to disband the field and move along. Thought this is all theory and needs to be field tested" Grace pointed out.

"Fair enough, it was just a theory and yeah I kinda am, operations and shield harmonics was my minor at the Academy" Jordan said, turning to look at Grace.

Smiling towards the answer as Grace looked back at Jordan "Ask the Chief Engineering if he got time to look into those shields modulations, maybe it can work" Grace looked at the time and moves towards the door "I have a meeting with the Chief, I let you continue with your work. Until next time" Grace stated as she walked out.

"Thanks Grace, it was nice meeting you anyway, see you around" Jordan said turning back to the simulations and analysing the latest sensor sweeps.

Overhauling Equipment

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

Engineering

Meera knew that normally she had to go through a large number of channels, requisitions and mountains of paperwork for what she was about to ask the Chief Engineer for, but why not. It wasn't like she was trying to get the entire armory changed overnight. She was just curious about his take on her idea.

Meera'd been spending some time, working on her equipment, but got to thinking on how 'rigid' weapon systems had grown in terms of use and function over the years. Pulling up the old records on the Federation Marine's predecessors, the United Earth's MACO's, and noting how they made their weapons adaptable and functional, despite the much more limited technology of the 2150's, in comparison to modern phaser weapons, got her thinking. Why not see about taking a modern Type-3b phaser rifle, and reworking it to act much the same? Adaptable, functional, and reliable. Then again, Borg would be always a headache for phaser weapons if the reports were to be accurate.

That was why she was curious to see what Lieutenant Saunders had to say to her idea. And why she was walking through the halls with her issued rifle slung over her shoulder as she walked down the passageway to the Chief Engineer's office. She'd messaged ahead, but considering how busy Engineering has been since entering this lovely little section of space, she wasn't sure if he'd gotten it or had time for her. If this whole idea of hers worked out, well, better to ask forgiveness than ask permission sometimes. Deloria would simply take it to Lieutenant Finn afterwards, and explain why she, well, undercut the chain of command for this little pet project.

Engineering had been quiet lately, a large portion of the engineering crew was scattered around the ship, finishing preparations for the mission ahead, leaving the rest to cover the daily maintenance of systems and any other problems that sprung up. He knew it had been rough going for everyone and the Chief had done more than his fair share to ensure they met the deadline, as well as host Ms Grayfield and now the Orion Sargent that was currently en route. Not that he was bothered by the distractions, he welcomed them in fact, but he was looking forward to getting back to a normal routine, maybe even throwing a party to celebrate all the hard work they had accomplished.

The Lieutenant lent against a workbench, it had taken him some time to notice the message Meera had sent and by the time he'd read it she must have been half way to him, he surmised. It was an interesting concept she had proposed, and while Milton was no weapons expert he was more than willing to help. He stifled a yawn and rolled back his sleeves, rechecking the tool kit he had prepared. The doors opened with a soft hiss and the Sargent stepped into the engine room, he waved her over as she looked in his direction.

As Meera walked in, she was waved over to a workbench. "Hello Sir, hope I'm not pulling you from anything important." she said, giving him a small smile as she unslung two rifles. One 'dud' model of a 2150 MACO issued particle rifle, and her own type-3b phaser rifle. Placing them on the workbench, she took a deep breath. "I brought a copy of the rifle I'm looking to garner inspiration from, that way we could see what kind of quirks we might be able to glean from it to make our own modern weapons more adaptable. And other than the fact it won't fire a thing, it's fully functional." She explained, gesturing to the particle rifle.

"To be perfectly honest, I only know enough about my weapons to know how to clean and maintain them, and I know less on engineering to really try this on my own." She said, grinning at the fact she needed help.

Saunders nodded as the Sargent spoke, shifting his gaze from one rifle to the other. He opened the tool kit and reached inside,

"Well let's see what we've got to work with," he replied, scanning both weapons in turn with a tricorder. It saved him time by not having to disassemble the rifles, he gave an abridged description of what his tricorder told him "there's pros and cons to both weapons, aside from the obvious generational gap between the two not too much has changed. The three-b is obviously more powerful and less prone to overheating, but it's compositional alloys make it heavier," He tapped a few buttons on his instrument and swept it over the MACO rifle "our antique here is actually lighter, it's components allow for a more rapid rate of fire but there are fewer power levels. I doubt it could vaporise a target at full strength."

Meera nodded. "Yeah, the records show that the particle rifle was only capable of stun or kill. However, it has some features not seen in modern rifles.." she said, reaching over, and pressing a button, revealing a scope off the top of the weapon. "The MACO's had the option of either a scope or not, while we have, well, general sighting and hope most of the time. In addition," She says, pointing to the more compact and simpler design, "It's vastly easier to swing this sucker around inside the corridors of a ship than the 3b. I can't tell you the number of times I've smacked my rifle's

barrel into a wall in a rush around a corner during a red alert. However, one feature I'm glad we don't have to worry about, is this piece... I THINK it might be an, well, energy cell. If I recall, weapons from that era were prone to running out of power due to the less efficient systems for generating and firing the weapon." She said, pointing to a nub the didn't correspond to a grip or a handle on the rifle.

"I'm sure I'd be wishing and dreaming, but I would love to fit the power and reliability of the three-b into a particle rifle size and capable package. The issue I think, again, lack of engineering experience on my part, is finding a way to fit all the needed parts of the three-b into it, and still retain the features desired of both." She says, sighing and shrugging.

"Well if there's one thing my career has taught me so far, it's this: if there isn't a way forward, you make one," He offered Meera a reassuring smile, "I can search the database for the parts in the particle rifle and find their 'descendants' and then we incorporate them into our modern day counterpart. If push comes to shove it might be more practical to design a new rifle case?" He suggested, he was starting to really get into this little collaboration of theirs.

"That's possible. Mind, I'm doing this purely on my time, since to get a proper run of it would require me filling out reams of paperwork on matters I haven't the foggiest clue on. I figure, might as well keep busy, and try something new. If that try results in a better rifle for ship units, then I think it might be worth the time to experiment then report." She says, looking over the weapons. "It's, kind of ironic, all the advances we've made in over 200 years, and yet, here we are, looking at the past to help push the present. Wouldn't you agree?" She says, smirking at the idea.

"Yeah, sometimes it's good to go back to our roots and rediscover things that got lost along the way," He agreed. The engineer raised the particle rifle, he pulled at the nub the Sargent had pointed out, it removed with a click and he turned it over in his hand, his expression one of wonderment at the archaic piece of technology. "I think you're right. This looks to be a power cell, modern day rifles carry cells half the size and are self-recharging, lucky for us this will free up room for other components." He placed the rifle back down, "On second thought I think we can make this work with the rifle case we have, if we integrate what we need from our rifle -which isn't a whole lot- and remove the redundant parts in the MACO one you might just get your wish," he beamed at his colleague, "it may be a little heavier though, but the difference should hardly be noticeable."

Meera nodded, and smiled. "And if it works as well as we hope it does, Might even see how well higher likes the idea. I wouldn't be surprised if we could take out the redundant parts, and find we have space for more options. Since, if, as you said, some of our parts are not only smaller, but less maintenance intensive, we can refine the design as needed."

"Exactly!" Saunders replied jubiant, Meera's suggestion had sent the cogs to work in Saunders head, "I've got some other work to finish up, but if you'd like later we could take a couple of prototypes to the holodeck to run some field tests, no point taking this to Lieutenant Finn without some data to back us up after all," He wondered how thinly he'd veiled his excuse to have some fun with their new toys. Not that he was particularly worried. Until he could upload his boxing program it was a good excuse to blow off steam and conduct research.

"Sounds like a plan to me. I'll take my tree-b back to the armory, but I'll leave the particle for ya to play with, since that came out of my replicator allowance. Just give me a buzz when your ready." Meera says, smiling. This looked to be a great idea, and having someone from engineering help, meant she wasn't as likely to have it blow up in her face.

Saunders nodded, picking up the remaining rifle and his tool kit, he moved to place them in an equipment locker. The engineer briefly considered placing security measures on the locker before remembering the gun was a dud. He shook his head, his thoughts distracted by the weapons test to come, some parts of his job he definitely loved more than others.

Arriving at Grid P20

by Ryoko Takato & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield & Lieutenant Richard Wayne & 1st Lieutenant Declan Finn & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

USS Tornado - Bridge

Walking out of her Ready Room into the bridge after receiving the arrival noticed. Looking at the screen as the ship slowly decreases and drops out of warp "Arriving at Grid P20, Sector 149, edge of neutral zone" The Helm Officer spoke as Ryoko sits down in her chair "Well we arrived in one piece, lets see what we can do about those whispers" She spoke "Lieutenant Finn get the ship towards Yellow Alert, I want shields up. Operations I want you to search for any of these...whispers and report them, Science I want any anomaly activity kept in check" Looking at her First Officer as she leans to him "I don't want to go in blind, but time will tell what we can expect out there. If these whispers are right, we might find something unique"

Looking at the Captain, she nodded in acceptance of the order "Checking for anomalies" It was pretty much no calculation as to what they would find in this area. The area was pretty much classified, yet expected to find temporal or something nearby close to that " Scans indicate whirlpools of gravitation on more than one location. Disappearing and reappearing in certain locations"

"Aye Sir" Finn said. Then tapping into the Ship wide comms *Attention all hands please report to Yellow Stations this is not a drill all hands to yellow Stations I repeat this is not a drill* Then he began to bring weapons to standby and to Raise the shields.

With hearing the assessment Richard turned to his Captain and said under his breath. "So much for not finding anything."

Liam kept to himself as he conducted his scans, which were mostly inconclusive. "Sir, I'm getting faint readings that are coming in and out," he reported, "I can't get a steady lock or pinpoint an origin. They're everywhere and yet nowhere. It's very unusual, Captain."

Taking a deep breath on that note "Captain, I feared for this scenario, the Chief Engineer and I calculated a possibility. Find the signal in there" Grace pointed at the screen where the anomaly are "We calculate that we got 10 minutes in and out to find it "

That was not a timeframe to work with and they needed more time to even find it. The suggested idea was already forward by her CEO and daring to say the least. Looking at her XO "What you say, it's a dangerous idea, but our only shot" Ryoko said

Richard didn't like that type of time frame. Turning to the CWO "Is 10 minutes a hard countdown or an estimate? If we are going to chance it I suggest we know exactly how much time we have and we error on the conservative side of things."

Grace looked at the Commander "Ten minutes, not more. The time frame is everything we get. Plus the disk would burn out while using a heart pulse gravity field if we use it longer than 10 minutes" She looked at the Captain as she was thinking it over.

Nodding towards the science input "Figure it out, we got to get this investigation going" Ryoko stated as she sits back in her chair.

Shrink Chat

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones

Counselor's Office, Deck 3

Having realised he needed a psychological evaluation before he could officially start duty, Jordan, armed with a mixture of trepidation and nervousness approached the counsellor's office. Pressing the door chime he waited for a response.

Charles was of course aware of the man approaching, having scheduled a meeting with him from the time he arrived on the ship. By the files he seemed to be quite balanced and a open minded polite man, yet his past also described something incredibly dark, his whole family had been assimilated by the Borg, a fate worse than death.

Walking in, Jordan was aware that all counsellors would want to discuss the assimilation of his El-Aurian family by The Borg, although for Jordan, this happened the best part of 200 years before he was born, and the people assimilated he had never met or even seen. Realising he was lost in thought, Jordan shook it off and extended a handshake. "Lieutenant, I'm Ensign Brookfield, reporting as requested"

"Charles Jones, my pleasure" he took the hand and sat down at the couch, motioning for him to follow. "By the way, you are well aware of many people like me being interested in your past right? And i want to assure you that you do not have to fear any questioning that would render you uneasy. I am sure that everything that has been said to you already covers the topics i would want to tackle anyways. So im just gonna ask how you are feeling today, or lately for that matter... i usually do these kinds of check ups more invasive but i figured you have had your fair share of questions directed at you"

Jordan sighed, slightly relieved at how understanding the counsellor was "To be honest, i'm grateful for that, I never knew or met any of that side of my family and they die about 100 years before I born so its not a massive sense of loss, if i'm honest" Jordan stopped realised he had headed into a conversation before actually thinking...again. "Anyways, with regards to what you are actually asking, I feel fine in myself, just nervous at my first space posting and what it may bring but also kinda excited. Do you have any advice on how I can overcome my nervousness around the command staff?" Jordan finished taking a signature deep breath.

Charles smiled as he was asked the question deciding to just not at the first sentence. "Yes, i can relate, its a bit daunting at first to come onto a new ship completely without someone to go to for advise or spend some time with. Sometimes there are couples on the ships that are asking to be assigned on the same ship, many times it doesnt work out quite as well because they are not allowed to do so but usually they manage. Now back at your question, i really recommend working yourself up with the seniors. They seem quite, to put it bluntly, hard assed at times, but they are a nice bunch when you get to know them. Just keep respectable distance at first, you know, dont overdo it on the first go. You seem like a nice guy so i dont think you will have many problems fitting in.

Smiling at the Lieutenant, Jordan said, "Yeah, I will keep that in mind, thanks, also, everyone thinks im nice and great to talk to because of my El-Aurian side, i'm a natural listener and lorekeeper so, it's only natural." Sensing the conversation winding to an end, Jordan continued, "Is there anything else you need to know for the evaluation Lieutenant?"

"Not that i am aware of Ensign, glad you could take the time to talk with me, i could bombard you with questions but that is for another day..."

Standing up, Jordan said "Brilliant, Lieutenant, it was a pleasure to meet you. Have a great day". And with that, Jordan approached the door and left, feeling slightly lighter for knowing that he now knew a friendly face, and he had one less thing to do for the day.

Unexpected Roommates

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Junior Officer Quarters - Deck 2

Finishing what was possibly the longest (if the first) shift of his life, Jordan entered his quarters. Locking the door behind him, Jordan got undressed and entered the sonic shower.

Coming out of the shower, Jordan was surprised to see another Ensign stood in the middle of his quarters.

Liam had entered his new quarters rather easily, using the passkey that was provided by the ship's quartermaster. He noticed that one of the beds had already been claimed, which was not ideal for Liam, but it was expected. As such, he marked the other bed as his territory and began unpacking while his roommate was using the sonic shower. It was night time and Liam had already toured the ship as well as completed a shift, so when he got off duty he had to retrieve his items from the Starbase and only now was he arriving.

Liam had already unzipped his duty uniform, leaving his bottom vest visible as he turned around to see a man roughly his age walk out of their joined bathroom, apparently having just taken a shower. Liam smiled as he looked at the man, "Ensign Liam Harrison, Operations Officer - and I guess your new roommate," he said smiling at the man and extending his hand as a friendly greeting.

Seeing an attractive guy standing in his quarters, Jordan was slightly confused, but happy. He took the man's hand and shook it "Yeah, I guess I am, I'm Jordan Brookfield, Astrometrics Officer here, umm-" Jordan stopped and realized that he was currently standing naked in his quarters with nothing but a towel around him, thinking "It's lucky I'm not easily embarrassed". "Let me just get some clothes on and maybe we can sit down and have a coffee?, if you'd want to that is?"

"Sure," Liam said smiling and blushing, only now realizing that the man was mostly naked. He turned around and began unpacking, allowing the other man time to change. He smirked to himself as he began to think that maybe this pairing wasn't half as bad as he'd thought it would be. He was expecting to get some bitchy and annoying roommate, but this guy didn't seem that way. Well, they'd only just met so he couldn't exactly tell for sure.

While the other guy was unpacking, Jordan put on some boxer briefs and a t-shirt then, went over to the replicator. Ordering himself a chicken caesar salad and a raktajino, he turned to the other Ensign. "Did you want anything by the way?"

Liam moved his lips around as a habit when he thinks and then turned, "I think I'll have some tea and maybe...maybe a grilled cheese..." he said as he bit his lip, both wanting and not wanting it at the same time. He then walked over to the table that they shared and took a seat as the other man ordered their food and drinks.

Ordering it from the Replicator, Jordan carried everything over and placed it on the table. "So Liam, is this your first assignment?" Jordan said, picking up his fork and digging into his salad.

"Thank you," Liam said as he smiled and accepted the food. "Yeah, my first assignment. Just graduated from the Academy and headed straight here. I know I'm ready, though. If not, why else would they have allowed me to graduate, right? I mean, I know that obviously it will be different than what they taught us, but hey, that's life." Liam too began to eat his food. It wasn't as good as a homemade grilled cheese, but it wasn't bad for a replicator.

"My thoughts exactly mate" Jordan said taking another bite "So, where on Earth are you from?"

"I'm actually not from Earth. I was born and raised on Raeya, my father was a civilian working with the Hawkeye Island Marine Base, so I spent a lot of time with Starfleet there and learnt a lot of things with them. Eventually I signed up and took the enrollment course at Hawkeye, using one of my dad's buddies as a reference. I'm one of few Raeyans in Starfleet," Liam explained. "What about you? Where are you from?" he asked.

Embarrassed at his closed-mindedness Jordan said "I'm sorry I didn't realize you weren't Human." He then paused, taking a swig from his Raktajino, "Strictly speaking I'm not one hundred percent Human either, I'm half El-Aurian, one of the only ones in Starfleet, so I guess we have something in common in that regard" Jordan finished, smiling at the new roommate in front of him. "So, is there anything you wanted to know about me?"

Liam smirked at Jordan, "Well, Raeyans are close to Humans in almost every regard. It's easy to get us confused." He then finished up his meal and took another sip of his tea. "Well, we are going to be roommates, so tell me a little about yourself. What do you enjoy doing? What don't you like? You know, that stuff," he said.

"Fair enough" Jordan said before taking a final bite of his salad and continuing, "When I'm not on duty I typically like to be active so I'll either be in the gym or on the holodeck playing velocity or lacrosse. In terms of food and drink, I

love Italian food and I love coffee in all forms. In terms of what i don't like to be honest there isn't much that comes to mind, i'm pretty open minded with most things. What about you?" Jordan said finished draining the last of his Raktajino.

Liam nodded as he sat back and took a sip of his tea, "Well, I'm not overly active. The most I'll do is go for a jog in the morning. Usually what I've been doing on my time between classes at the academy, and what I'll probably be doing off duty, is to try and reprogram some of the computer's core matrix to allow it to be more efficient and also to have a wider abilities when it comes to things like security, engineering, and things like that. Which means I spend my time either in my quarters working or in the mess hall getting a drink and doing research there. I know, pretty boring..." he said as he finished up his tea.

"Fair enough, I can't say it's my cup of tea but if that's what you like that's fair enough. If you ever fancy a change and maybe a jaunt on the holodeck, let me know" Jordan said, standing up and carrying his plate over to the replicator.

Liam nodded and smirked, figuring the other officer wouldn't really be in to his line of work. "Thanks," he told the other man as he stood up and followed Jordan to the replicator to dispose of his plate and cup. Allowing Jordan to place his plate and cup in first, Liam quickly followed and disposed of their plates.

"By the way, did you want to grab a drink sometime? When we're both off duty obviously" Jordan enquired, unsure of the other boy's response.

Liam turned from the replicator and began walking over to his bed, "Sure," he replied as he then looked at his bed and at the room thinking about what to add to make it feel like more of a home to him. "I love a good drink," he said as he smiled at Jordan, took a PADD in his hand, and then jumped on his bunk to begin doing some preparation for his shift tomorrow.

"Brilliant, see you then" Jordan said, elated that he had managed some in-roads with the boy, as a friend, if nothing else, though secretly, Jordan wished for something else.

With that Jordan picked up his PADD and started reading.

Liam put his head back and looked up at his PADD and read the information on it. After a few minutes, he looked at Jordan out of the corner of his eye and began to think.

Into the field, we go

by Ryoko Takato & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield & Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison & Ensign Jordan Brookfield & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

USS Tornado - Bridge

The teams on various department were doing their best to solve the issue at hand, people required to know what was the best course of action. They required to go with the plan in action of Saunders and Grayfield. Ryoko was sitting in her chair looking at the screen "Grayfield, any signals?" She asked as Ryoko focus was forward on the field that had the blue whirlpools appearing and disappearing.

"Signal was 2 minutes ago, if we go now we still have a shot of getting 3 chances to find the source" Grayfield stated tapping on the console with the young Ensign Brookfield next to her.

Ryoko nodded towards that statement as she taps the communication "Takato towards Saunders, is the disk ready and the hull strong enough now?"

"Aye ma'am were good to go on this end," The Chief replied to the call, his steady tone hiding the apprehension he felt.

Nodding towards the Chief Engineer "Helm bring us in the field, Science begin to work with Operations on getting the pin point of that signal. Astro, use your skills with navigation's to guide us thorough that field." Ryoko orders "Security keep the shields up and stay at yellow alert"

"Yes, Captain" Jordan said as he began to quickly and expertly move his hands over the console, quickly dissecting every area of every reading, before getting up and walking over to the ops console.

The Tornado fly's carefully into field as the gravity whirlpools take their beating at the hull and the ship began to shake. The scans and sensors were waiting for the next whispers and kept scanning the area. Nothing yet that would break the ship, but the Tachyons were interested in the new arrival and slowly began to move.

Looking at his screen Jordan saw that the tachyons were beginning to move in their direction. "Captain, we have some tachyons beginning to approach."

"Aye Aye Ma'am. Shields showing strain from the, 'whirlpools' of gravity we're passing through. Security personnel are in position at their posts with QRF ready to jump to any surprises as best as possible." Deloria said, tapping away at the console in front of her, once more on the bridge in her direct CO's place. She was starting to worry that people might very well mistake her for the CS/TO of the ship at this rate. Never mind that she'd been having to brush up on how to operate most of the controls as she went. "Weapons power still offline and being shunted to hull and deflector dish to help with power load." Meera reported, feeling extremely nervous about this whole task, in addition to not feeling 100% up to the task she'd picked up for this jaunt.

Looking at the console and getting just the beep he needed, Jordan turned to the Captain and said "Captain, I have been able to plot a course that may buy us another 23 seconds, sending it to the Helm now".

The ship was holding, there path was clear and every one was calm. The tachyons were at bay and they were down to 8 minutes "incoming signal" Grace spoke as Ryoko nodded letting the helm navigate "It's in the tachyon field! I was right, something was on that location, we have to reverse the effects!" Grace stated as another bump hits the hull "I'm open to suggestions" Ryoko spoke.

Jordan thought back to something he'd heard an old Oberth Class do once back home. "Captain, a polaron burst with an Anti-Tachyon pulse might do it, and will show any cloaked ships that could be lurking, i think anyway" Jordan said, unsure of himself, or if it could work.

"Actually, that's not a bad idea..." Liam said as he began thinking about the situation. He had kept quiet, doing his job and observing the rest of the Senior Staff as they worked. He was actually surprised that he didn't come up with the idea his roommate had, he had learned of the trick while at the academy, and yet he drew a blank. You need to get more on your game, he thought.

Walking over to the operations station Jordan leaned over and said "Liam, do you mind taking care of it? Its just that i'm swamped with sensor information at the minute, drinks are on me post shift?"

Liam smiled and nodded as he began to prepare the burst and pulse using the ship's deflector array. After a few minutes he turned to the Captain, "Ready to initiate on your order, sir," he spoke.

Taking a deep breath as Ryoko looked at the screen and nodded "Do it" She orders as the beam gets fired at the location. Not much happened until suddenly the ship gets shaken up "Report" Ryoko orders as Grace taps crazy on her console " Tachyons are combining, expanding and in repeat as if it a breathing or heartbeat" Ryoko shrugs.

Suddenly a flash appears and whirlpools disappeared. But there it was, a station of unknown to the crew. "Tachyons gone, whirlpools gone....station there. I'm right, I'm right" Grace said sniffing looking at the console "This is Mannheim Temporal Research Facility....been gone for 5 years..." Ryoko sits back " I want a full scans on what just happened, security get teams ready for possible boarding, operations try contacting the base. Get to work now..." Ryoko stood up and walked to her office.

Drinks

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Recreation Lounge, Deck 4 - USS Tornado

Liam walked in to the crew lounge of the Toronto. He had just gotten off shift and had agreed to meet with his roommate, Jordan, for a drink or two. He had changed into something decent, because he sure as hell didn't want to wear his uniform. As he walked in, he saw Jordan sitting down and so, Liam walked over to him. "Hey," he said shyly.

Sat in the lounge, after his shift, Jordan had been lucky enough to be let off shift 15 minutes early so had gone back to his quarters and got changed into a two-tone black and white shirt, Jeans and converse and headed to the lounge and waited, nervously for Liam.

Hearing his greeting, Jordan turned and said "Hey man, how was your shift?"

Liam smiled as he took a seat, "It was...long," he replied. "Especially considering I'm the ranking officer until Starfleet decides to shuttle one to us." He looked around trying to figure out where Jordan got his drink until he stopped and looked at Jordan, "How was yours? Oh, and where'd you get that drink?" he asked.

"Mine was long as well, because in addition for trying to find advantages for the ship against tachyon emissions, I've also had loads of research dumped on me by the Assistant Chief of Science". Smiling at the first part of Liam's statement, Jordan went on "So, you are the Chief of Ops?" Chuckling at his own statement, Jordan finished "I got this from the replicator over there" pointing at the replicator tucked away behind a corner. "What's your poison?"

"Acting Chief, I think. Well, me and another Ensign are running the show. Splitting up the workload, you know," Liam said as he glanced over at the replicator. "Eh, I'm in the mood for a beer. Will you excuse me?" he asked as he smiled and stood up, proceeding towards the replicator. Mmm, he looks good off duty. But, not as good as he looked getting out of the shower the other day..., Liam thought to himself as he ordered a drink. As he walked back to the table, he smiled at Jordan and waited for him to start up a conversation as he had no ideas.

Taking a crafty look at the other guy's butt as he walked over to the replicator, Jordan smirked to himself and thought "This guy seems nice and he's gorgeous, maybe i could see if anything could happen here" Taking a swig of his Acamarian Brandy, Jordan realized Liam had sat back down. "So, what was the colony you grew up on like?"

"Oh, it was beautiful. Lot's of outdoorsy stuff, but then we had a lot of advanced technology and buildings thanks to Starfleet and the tourists that we had coming. I hate to admit it, but I miss it," Liam told Jordan as he took a sip of his beer. "What about you? Tell me about where you grew up?" he asked.

Smiling, Jordan said "That sounds nice, a good balance between civilization and nature. I was born on Starbase 24 on the Klingon border and i lived there until i went to the academy. I enjoyed it and seeing all the different species i got to see every day from Betazoids and Klingons to Orions and Letheans, although my heart has always been in traveling the galaxy. I think it's the El-Aurian in me." Jordan paused taking a sip of his drink. "I can understand why'd you miss it, but I mean, the things you see out here I'm sure you wouldn't trade it for the world, am i right?"

"Yeah, you're right. But, sometimes, I could kill to be back in the open air, you know? I don't know, maybe I'm just a bit crazy..." Liam spoke as he looked up and thought about what Jordan had said about his childhood, "A starbase, huh? Were you a Starfleet brat born and raised?" he asked as he took a sip of beer and smirked at the man.

"No, i totally get that, starships and starbases can be claustrophobic for some people, though i quite enjoy them, i know it isn't the same but I have a good running program for the holodeck if you wanted?" Finishing his drink, Jordan said "Not quite, my mother is a schoolteacher on Starbase 24's elementary school, she excels at history, though at nearly 500 years old, she was there for most of it" Jordan said, chuckling, "What about you, are you a born and bred fleeter?"

"Urm, kind if mixed bred, I suppose. My mother was the governor of one of the provinces and my father was a civilian security rep for the Hawkeye marine base, so I have a bit of Civilian but I knew almost all of the officers on Hawkeye," Liam explained. "Mother a teacher, huh? That must've been fun..." he laughed as he took another sip.

"Yeah...not so much" Jordan said, with a hint of sarcasm "All i can say is thank god the middle and high schools are in different parts of the station to the elementary school" "Anyway with your parent's jobs i guess they probably weren't around much?" Jordan stopped, wondering if he was being too intrusive.

Liam felt a bit sensitive about that subject, but he still felt like he could open up and it would be fine. "Well, they were pretty busy with work. And, me being an only child, they had a nanny to look after me until I was old enough to stay home alone," he said as he took another sip and looked at his glass before looking back up and smiling again. "What about your dad, what did he do?" Liam asked.

Unknowingly, Liam had hit a nerve asking about Jordan's dad. After looking sad for a moment, Jordan said "Dad was the Assistant Chief Science Officer on Starbase 24 and was in command of the USS Pulsar, the Oberth Class assigned to the station", Jordan paused, wondering how to phrase his next sentence "in 2371, He went to survey a class 7 nebula and look to extract Decalithium from it. It took him close to the neutral zone with the Klingons. When they were just about finished 2 Negh'Var class battle cruisers decloaked and fired on him. Of course this was just a small Oberth Class surveyor with minimal weapons they didn't stand a chance and dad managed to buy everyone enough time to get to the shuttles and that was when the ship was destroyed."

Stopping to sigh and contemplate his new move Jordan continued "I don't miss him or remember him to be honest." Jordan told himself to shut up, convinced he had gotten way too heavy.

"I'm so sorry for your loss," Liam said trying to mend the wounds he just reopened. He looked down at his bottle, he could tell he struck a nerve about Jordan's dad, but he couldn't say anything else or it would make things a bit more awkward. Great, now you killed the mood, Liam thought to himself as he took a sip of his beer.

Putting a smile on his face, Jordan turned to Liam and said "Do you have any favorite music, or do you use any holo-novels? myself am into stuff from early 21st century Earth"

Liam was surprised at how quickly Jordan was able to change his emotions and the subject. It took strength, a strength that Liam didn't think he'd be able to have if the situation were reversed. "Music, let's see...I like a bunch of things, never really into the classics, though. I'm more into dance and house music. Holo-novels, I like a good murder mystery and relaxation program here and there. What about you?" he asked.

"I dunno, I guess in terms of music anything from Earth's early 21st Century, like dance and house and electro-pop but when I'm trying to sleep some acoustic chilled folk music can be good. In terms of Holo-Novels, it changes though at the moment I'm playing through an adaptation of a story called Harry Potter, which I'm finding fun, by the way, do you want another drink?" Jordan said as he got up to go to the replicator.

Liam smirked, he remembered reading the Harry Potter novels as a child. "Sure, thanks," he said as he finished off his beer. He watched Jordan walk off to the replicator and then looked around at the other people in the room, observing their conversations as he waited for him to return.

Approaching the replicator Jordan got a beer and another Acamarian Brandy. He came back to the table and passed Liam his beer, smiling. Unsure of whether he should be prying but emboldened by synthale, Jordan couldn't stop himself. "So, Liam is there anyone beside family who is waiting for you at home?"

Liam smirked, "Nope. Just my folks. I have some friends back at the Academy, but they're still finishing up their last year there," he replied. "What about you?" he asked, in his mind raising an eyebrow at the man.

"Much the same to be honest, after school my friends kinda scattered around the Federation, so a couple are on Bajor and some are on Betazed and my best friend is working on Risa, but no one massively special", Jordan said, secretly elated that the man didn't have a partner.

"So are you more career focused or would you like to have a family?" Jordan inquired.

"Urm, never really thought about a family...I've always had my mind set on developing my career, but I suppose that I'd also want to start a family." He took a sip of his beer then looked at Jordan, "That is, if I find the right person," he hinted.

"Same, plus being half El-Aurian means I'm probably going to live for several hundred years at least so it's not an immediate priority, but i guess if i find the right man I'd definitely consider settling down" Jordan said, in a confirmatory tone. "Though I'd probably want to be a department head before i consider it" Jordan sipped his brandy and waited for Liam to ask the questions realizing he had been dominating the conversation.

Liam nodded as he took another sip of his beer. What Jordan said was reasonable and he kind of thought the same way. After going quiet for a bit, Liam looked up at Jordan, "So, when did you realize?" he asked, being a bit cryptic, but referring to his earlier statement about finding the right man. Liam was bisexual, but he could still tell when someone was gay or straight.

"To be honest, I've always known, though i told my mother when i was 13, she was fine and just wants me to be happy but i think she was disappointed as she wanted me to carry on the El-Aurian heritage, especially as I'm an only child." Jordan stopped, realizing it had been a while since he had been this open with someone and for it to feel so natural. "What about you?" Jordan asked, wanted to know where Liam's desires lie more than anything else.

"Urm, I guess when I was 17. I had a crush on this guy while I had a pretty serious relationship with a girl in my grade. Then, while at the Academy, I dated a really cute girl and a handsome guy. Well, obviously not together, but..."

Liam said. He's always been pretty open about his sexual identity, but it's the first time he feels like the other person is actually listening and cares.

"Cool, and to be honest, i wouldn't judge you if you did have a polyamorous relationship, this IS the 24th century after all. Anyway, I'm more about personality than looks, looks fade, personality doesn't. Do you get what I mean?" Jordan said, referencing Liam's comments about who he dated at the Academy.

"Yeah, and that's probably why those relationships didn't really last long. They were cute but the girl was nice bat shit crazy and the guy was a bit of a slob and pretty arrogant. I only realized their true side after a few dates," Liam told Jordan as he drank his beer.

"True, relationships based on sex typically don't. As for women, i don't think anyone truly understand them, if I'm honest. In terms of my relationships I had a boyfriend at high school but he moved to DS6 on the other side of the federation and so we broke it off. The fact that he was cheating on me and thought i didn't know was another factor." Jordan paused, sipping his drink. "Besides that, i just fooled around a bit at the academy, but nothing too serious"

"Yeah, you're right, but they sure as hell can be pretty fun," Liam joked. "I haven't really had a serious relationship since high school." Liam finished up his bottle and pondered what to do next. "Want another?" He asked.

"I agree, they can be fun, but frankly they leave me feeling empty inside." Jordan confessed, "I definitely do want a serious relationship, its just finding the right guy for me, and making sure I'm right for him, you know what i mean?" Jordan asked, hoping he knew what the answer would be.

Liam smirked as he looked down at his empty bottle then looked up, "Yeah, I know what you mean. I've kind of been looking for the same thing," he said as he looked into Jordan's eyes.

Suddenly finding himself very nervous and his breathing ragged, Jordan finished his drink, hand shaking slightly and said "Well, it's getting late, i guess we should probably get some sleep?" Jordan said that, knowing that even though he wanted nothing more than to be with Liam, a slow burn was better than a bright flash.

Liam smiled and nodded, "Yeah, probably," he said as he stood up and picked up Jordan's drink, "Allow me," he said as he walked the empty glasses over to the replicator. He then walked back and looked down at Jordan as he waited for him to stand and start walking.

"Cool, let's go" Jordan said, waiting for Liam to return from the replicator and heading towards the door.

Chasing the Sun

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Holodeck 1, Deck 2 - USS Tornado

Approaching the Holodeck, Jordan said, "Computer, activate program Brookfield-42" After a brief pause the computer responded with a neutral "Program ready". Entering the holodeck and getting changed out of his uniform and into a grey running vest and yellow short shorts, Jordan awaited Liam's arrival.

Liam arrived at the USS Tornado's holodeck after having been invited to run with Jordan, Liam's new cute roommate on the Tornado. Liam gladly accepted this invitation and had just arrived at the holodeck's entrance. He looked both ways before he took a breath and entered. As he walked in he looked around, shocked at the view he was seeing. "How...?" he asked as he looked at one of the parks near his childhood home on Raeya III.

Seeing the gorgeous man enter, Jordan's heart did slightly skip a beat, though he was careful not to let it show, spending 7 hours creating this program was enough for now. Seeing the shocked look on Liam's face, he knew it was worth it. "One of the perks of being a science officer is that you have near unlimited access to all the science databases, so I just told the computer to use that information and generate a large park near the base on Raeya III and this is what it gave me. Do you like it?" Jordan finished, biting his lip with nervousness.

Liam's mouth was open slightly as he looked around. He was completely blown away at how well recreated this was, however he hadn't been to that park in three years so his memory of it isn't 100%. "I...I love it..." he said as he turned his attention to Jordan and smiling, "Man, it must've taken you forever to get this done..."

Jordan abhorred lying, but not wanting his new friend to feel guilty he knew he didn't have much choice. "Not really, I just transferred the data to the holodeck and the computer did the rest, it only took me about half an hour, although I can't guarantee its one hundred percent accurate."

Moving swiftly on, Jordan continued, "So, what have you been up to, I didn't see you in our quarters earlier?"

Liam, still admiring the detail that Jordan put in to the park, looked up at Jordan. He knew holo programming like the back of his hand, no way this only took him thirty minutes. "I had to pull a double shift with operations. What with us being understaffed. I'm a bit tired, but I still need to keep in shape. Plus, my day tomorrow should be pretty easy, provided nothing goes wrong."

Knowing that Liam probably knew he was lying straight away, Jordan continued "Double shift...ouch, rather you than me, mate" Smiling. Looking at Liam, Jordan realized something. "By the way, I know you're tired and everything, but do you normally go running in your duty uniform?" Jordan then chuckled.

Liam's eyes widened as he looked down at his attire, "Hmm..." he said. "It completely slipped my mind..." He then thought for a moment and smiled, "Well, I could always go jogging in my underwear?" he said chuckling.

Secretly wanting him to more than anything, Jordan knew he couldn't give into himself, however much he'd want to. "You could...or use the holodeck to replicate yourself an outfit?", Jordan hated himself for saying it, but he knew wearing short shorts around a underwear clad Liam wouldn't be good.

"Really, that works? I thought they were still working on it?" Liam asked. Pondering for a moment, he decided it would be easier than going back to his quarters and changing again "Don't look," he ordered smirking as he turned around and began to undress himself. "Computer, find my jogging outfit under memory block zeta, section 9. Then, project it onto me as holographic clothing." Seconds later, he was wearing what he usually wears when he goes jogging.

"They are, but all science vessels were given the upgrade, for some reason" As Liam was getting undressed, Jordan took more than a glance but was careful not to let Liam see him look. Seeing Liam fully dressed he turned "Just make sure to put some clothes before you leave" Smiling, he went on "So, we are on your home turf, where should we go?"

Liam looked in both directions and pondered what scenic route they should take. He then pointed in the northern direction, "That way," he told Jordan, "we'll pass a large pond in the middle of the park and at the end, we'll come across the beach where you just have an amazing view of the crystal clear blue waters."

Looked over at that direction Jordan started a fast jog, that was, for him at least, normal. "So, do you want some music?"

"Up to you, I don't mind either way," Liam said as he burst sprinted to catch up with Jordan and then matched his pace. It was a bit more vigorous than he was used to, especially since he was more tired than usual, but nothing he couldn't handle - so far, at least.

Realising that his half El-Aurian side meant he was exceptionally healthy and vigorous, Jordan slowed slightly to make it easier for the fatigued ops officer. "Music is always good for me to run to, Computer, access personal database and play file Sigma-3" instantly, an early 21st century song from Earth began to play.

[Shake It off by Taylor Swift is playing]

Liam smirked as he heard the music. He also noticed that Jordan slowed himself a bit. Liam wasn't sure if he did that just because he realized he couldn't keep up the pace, or because of something else, but either way it was easier for Liam to match the Ensign's speed. "Interesting choice in music," he said as the two jogged down a road filled with trees and open grass.

"Thanks" Jordan said smiling, it was music he could run to, and frankly the song made him smile. "As a child my mother lived on earth for a while and it was her favorite song. By the way, Raeya is beautiful. How was the double shift anyway?" As he said this, Jordan creped his speed up slowly.

"Well, the sensors are screwed up, with what's been going on lately. Spent it re-calibrating and reconnecting some relays that cut out when we left Providence. It's just routine stuff, but it still drives ya crazy, you know?" Liam said as he continued jogging.

Wincing, as he imagined how much work that must be, Jordan said "Still once its done, its done, I'm still buried under sensor scans of nebulae from our journey here, its a nightmare, plus the captain has decided to merge astrometrics and stellar cartography so i am now doing two jobs its crazy" Jordan said, as they came out of the field and spotted a large, steep hill in front of them.

Liam nodded, although no one would be able to tell it was a nod. "Race ya to the bottom of the hill!" he said as he turned to Jordan, smiled, then proceeded to sprint to the hill and then down it.

Jordan sprinted after Liam, Easily catching up to him at the top of the hill. As they approached the bottom, Jordan trips on a plant and tumbles into Liam. As he recovers from the fall Jordan realized he was straddling Liam. Embarrassed, he said "Are you OK, sorry I didn't see that plant and tripped" without moving.

Liam was very pleased to have Jordan in this position, it felt right but a bit awkward at the same time. "It's okay," he said as he giggled. "I guess I won, then?" he said smiling at Jordan, trying to stay as still as possible. At the very second he spoke, the holo-projectors glitched his outfit and some of the surroundings. Within seconds, he was naked up to his underwear while lying on the ground and having Jordan on top of him. Not knowing what to do, he blushed.

Secretly thrilled to be on top of Liam, Jordan said, "I guess so" Noticing the glitching and Liam's blushes, Jordan got off of him and pulled him up, only now realizing he was only in his underwear. "What happened, why are you nearly naked?" Jordan asked, knowing the ops officer was likely to have the answer.

"The processor must have overloaded, which disrupted the holo-matrix in select areas," Liam said, feeling comfortable in his underwear around the other man. "I should be able to have it fixed in a few mins." He turned to face another direction, "Computer, arch." Moments later, the door of the holodeck appeared and Liam proceeded to open up a panel to reset the matrix.

"Ahh, fair enough" Jordan said, not really understanding the other Ensign but knowing he knew his job. Jordan felt comfortable with the other man being in his underwear and due to his listener tendencies, his small amount of empathic ability let him know the other man was too. Jordan stole a glance at the other man as he bent down to remove a panel. "What seems to be the problem, then?"

"Since the program is experimental, I guess the kinks aren't worked out yet," Liam replied as he looked deeper into the issue, "It seems as if too much power was going to the projector for my clothes, thus not allowing enough for the scenery. So, the computer's protocols engaged and switched the power to the main matrix. It seems complicated, but it's an easy fix if I can get the right distribution." He then closed the panel and stood up. As he walked away from the arch, it disappeared. "Computer, re-initiate holo clothing projection." In that moment, the correct clothing reappeared.

"Makes sense" Jordan said, still not really understanding but smiling anyway. As they came back down the hill, Jordan looked out and saw the most beautiful lake with crystal clear waters and a nice breeze, stunned and lost for words all Jordan could manage to say was "Liam, i-i understand now why you miss Raeya III, this is possibly the most beautiful place i have ever seen"

Liam smirked, "Yeah, it's wonderful here. I'm so happy I can see it again, even if it is just simulated. It's a nice experience, though. If we ever get a chance, I'd love to show you around the actual planet. We have a nice concrete jungle with an amazing night life, in addition to this beautiful scenery."

"Sounds good to me, maybe on our next shore leave we can get a runabout and journey out that way?" Jordan posed, hoping Liam would say yes. Suddenly feeling very warm, Jordan decided to ask, "Do people normally swim in this lake?"

Liam smiled, "I'd love to show you around next time we get leave," he told Jordan. "Yeah, people swim in this lake all the time. Why? What'd you have in mind?" he asked.

Taking his shirt and shoes off and running into the lake, in just his short shorts, Jordan was pleased to find the water was calm and warm "Aren't you coming in then? the water's great!" Jordan shouted at Liam waiting to hear his response.

Liam smiled, jumping at the chance to swim in the lake with Jordan, he instructed to turn the computer to turn off the holo projectors. In his underwear. He followed Jordan into the lake. "Ahhh, Ive forgotten how nice this is."

Seeing Liam in his underwear was always nice, and Jordan was thankful to be in cool water. Swimming over to Liam, Jordan splashed him, "So, are all the lakes on Raeya like this one?"

"This one was preserved pretty well. There aren't many lakes as nice as this left. What with large facilities now, they're removed in order for expansion. It's quite sad, actually." Liam replied. He held his breath and then instantly went under water and swam a bit, gently nudging Jordan underwater as he swam past.

"It is sad, but I say that you should revel in the beauty that you have and not wallow in what you've lost" Holding his breath, Jordan went underwater and pulled Liam's leg.

Liam felt himself yanked backwards as he jumped up for air. Luckily, his hair wasn't long enough to go in his eyes, but it was enough to drop on them. He then turned to Jordan and smiled.

Jordan, equally as soaked as Liam, Smiling back, staring deep into his eyes. Unsure of what to say, he settled for "So, how far away do you live from here?"

Liam's eyes locked with Jordan's, and as he spoke, Liam looked a bit longer before speaking, "Oh, I lived in the main part of the city in an apartment," he said.

Looking back into his eyes, and feeling more than a twinge of nerves, Jordan said "Did you ever live alone or did you only live with family?"

"When here? I lived with my family here then moved to Starfleet Academy's campus, had roommates and such, and now I'm here rooming with you. So I guess I've never 'lived' alone," Liam told Jordan.

Sensing he'd unintentionally touched a nerve, Jordan said "Fair enough" as he moved closer to Liam.

Liam felt himself gravitating towards Jordan until they were practically touching. More than anything, he wanted to lean in and kiss him. Something that was oblivious to Liam held him from doing so.

Jordan felt Liam moving and was sorely tempted to kiss him. Just as that thought went through his mind he suddenly found himself back in the holodeck as the program went offline. Laughing, he turned to Liam and said "Well, I guess my programming skills aren't quite as good as i thought then"

Liam laughed then smiled to himself. Realizing he was back in only his underwear, he quickly scrambled for his clothes so he could hide the only thing that clearly showed how he was feeling. As he put his clothes back on, he glanced back at Jordan, "That was really fun," he said. "I still can't believe you were able to recreate it."

Seeing Liam quickly scramble for his clothes to hide the more than obvious bulge, Jordan smirked to himself but when Liam turned back to him, he hid that fact and said "Yeah, i think for my next holoprogram I'll try for something smaller than a planet though" whilst laughing.

Liam made a small sigh of relief before walking back over to him, but while still adjusting his clothes. "Well, I'll have a look at this program. I should be able to fix it, and then some," Liam told Jordan, hoping that he made to his clothes before Jordan could see.

Hearing Liam's sigh and knowing he had tried to hide his 'Excitement' from him, Jordan remained neutral faced and said, "Thanks, although maybe making the program smaller is a way to go and just having the running track and lake, what do you reckon?"

"Yeah, I'd have to agree," Liam said as he put one of his hands on the back of his neck and looked down. He regretted not taking advantage of the opportunity provided, but then again the program would have failed either way. "So, what now?" he asked.

Jordan regretted not taking the chance but was happy he wasn't giving in and rushing things. Thinking for a second he turned to Liam saying "umm, I'm thinking we get changed then grab lunch in the mess hall?" Secretly hoping the boy was getting sick of him.

"Eh, I probably should just take a shower and then get some rest. I'm still pretty tired and the swim didn't help that," Liam told Jordan as a small yawn came from his mouth. "But, I'll take a rain check on that lunch."

"OK, makes sense, i have some Tachyon readings to analyze so i may just grab a bite and do that. See you in a few hours?" Jordan said, wanting the other Ensign to not get sick of him.

Walking out of the Holodeck, both men went towards their quarters.

Caught In The Act

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

Astronomics Lab

Caleb ran a hand through his short hair as he stepped into the Astronomics Lab. He didn't really have any reason to be there, except his curiosity. He was Intel after all and knowing the ship inside and out, as well as knowing the crew was essential to the safety of the ship.

He wasn't snooping per se. Just observing, seeing what was there. Besides he was sure that the would have a viewport or two and he needed some time away from people. Some time to just get lost in the stars.

Walking into his duty shift, Jordan saw an unfamiliar man at his station "Who are you, and what the hell are you doing in my Astrometrics Lab" Jordan said, annoyed.

Caleb slowly turned to face the other man, "Caleb Mitchell," he replied, "Lieutenant Miller, and sorry, I'm just looking around."

Realising his mistake Jordan suddenly tensed up "My apologies, sir, its just that I am in the middle of several in depth sensor analyses so the array has to be calibrated, i didn't mean to snap at you"

Caleb shook his head, "It's okay Ensign, I'd be pissed too if I found someone in the Intel office snooping around. No need to apologize. I did know enough not to touch anything. So how are your experiments or analyses going?"

Walking over to the console he could see nothing had been tampered with "Ahh ok, and the analyses are going well so far, just time consuming is all. By the way my name is Jordan, Jordan Brookfield sir. How goes things in Intel?" Jordan said, attempting a smile.

"Just got aboard not too long ago," the blond man returned, his smile coming more easily than the scientist's, "but things are going well enough. Nice to meet you by the way." He held out his hand in greeting.

"Nice to meet you" Only now he had calmed down he saw the man's face truly for the face time and thought to himself 'My god, is every man on this ship gorgeous or is it just me being paranoid?' and a smile creped onto his face.

Caleb had wanted to be alone, just to think, but now that he had been interrupted he had to admit to himself that he really didn't mind at all. "Look, I don't want to wreck anything you have going on, I should probably just leave, but it is almost lunch time. Could I have you show me the way to the lounge, maybe buy you some lunch for your troubles?"

"Honestly, it's fine i guess i just get protective over my space, as illogical as that is, and lunch sounds good, I'll lead the way" Jordan said, only now realizing how hungry he was. Jordan led the man out of Astrometrics and towards the turbolift.

Just Lunch?

by Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Lounge

Caleb followed the other man out of the lab. He kept his focus, mostly, on his surroundings, and not the view of the other officer's posterior.

As they entered the turbolift Caleb thought of asking if the other man was single. He hadn't seen a ring, but that didn't mean he wasn't seeing anyone. Or for that matter if Jordan and he swam on the same team. But that question would be rude since the two had just met and had barely exchanged pleasantries.

So as the lift doors opened he said, "So how long have you been out of the academy, is this your first mission?"

Sensing this guy was checking him out, although not trusting him, due to his intelligence uniform, Jordan responded politely "Yes sir, i just graduated from the academy this is my first shipboard posting. And yourself?"

"Well the last year or so, I've been stationed in San Francisco, sometimes in Paris, but I was on a couple of other ships before that. So the Tornado will be my third posting. I think I'm going to like it here. Oh, and you don't have to call me sir."

"That sounds nice, I've only ever been to the academy on Earth, how was it for your posting? Also, what would you prefer to be called Lieutenant."

Caleb wasn't about to tell the Ensign how his posting on Earth had gone, the pain was too raw, too real, he knew if he brought it up he'd be crying in his beer to a stranger and he wasn't going to allow himself that luxury. So instead, he did what came naturally, he lied. "My posting was okay, but I'm glad to be done with it. You can call me Caleb if you want. I promise I don't bite." He almost added, 'unless you want me to' but stopped himself. Instead he continued, "Sorry, I just assumed you were from Earth. Where are you from?"

Approaching the Replicator Jordan got himself a black coffee "I grew on Starbase 24 on the Klingon border, by the way, what did you want to get, Caleb?" Jordan said, surprised how easily the using the senior officer's name came to him.

"Well I'll just have some cranberry juice to drink. I'm not much of a coffee person. I'm not sure what I want to eat yet. But if you get the drinks, I'll find us a table and we can decide then. What's your preference, I mean for a table. Near a view port, in the back, that kind of thing?"

"Sounds good to me" Jordan smiling, as he ordered a cranberry juice and walked over to the specified table.

Caleb smiled to himself, he should have made himself more clear when he phrased the question, so now he set out to find a table with a viewport nearby and one that was in the back. He sat down and waited for his companion.

Joining Caleb, Jordan sat down and passed him his drink "So, what is it you do on the Tornado?" Jordan asked, unsure of what the man did beyond 'Intelligence' which to him always sounded kind of vague.

"Well," Caleb said with a hint of a smile, "I could be a smart ass and say I seduce young virgins, but I doubt there area any virgins on board. Seriously under normal circumstances I'm just another security officer, just maybe with a little more license. But one of my jobs here on this ship is to help ensure we don't violate the Temporal Prime Directive and that none of our enemies do either. Other than that kind of the typical things you seen in a holoivid about spies. Though it's not quite as glamours as they make it out to be. What about you? You must be pretty smart to do what you do."

Laughing, Jordan said "No, i don't think so, but definitely some young people" Jordan then realized he was flirting with the man, against his better nature. "Umm...we regards to my work its my job to document record and analyze any anomalous sensor readings from the smallest grain of interstellar to the largest wormhole or supernova, including any disruptions to space or the space time continuum. Its difficult and time consuming but i enjoy it" Jordan finished with a hint of pride. "Also, i think its a shame intelligence work isn't as glamorous as they make out. the PADDs I read make it seem like you guys are always on Risa for 'Important Federation business'."

"Well there's nothing wrong with being young," Caleb returned quickly warming to the man in front of him, "actually our work i somewhat similar. You just don't have wormholes shooting back at you. And I wish it were as much fun as what you read."

I've only been to Risa once but it was for vacation, I couldn't even use the 'important Federation business' as you put it as an excuse. Though I do have to admit he, um, it was fun."

Chuckling at the attractive man in front of him, and secretly glad the man was on 'his team' so to speak Jordan said "True I concur, and we are both young after all. Anyway, I guess I've never really thought our work like that but I

guess you are right. Anyway, I'm very jealous of you, I've never been to Risa but i have heard it is a lot of, umm...'Fun'" Chuckling again, Jordan looked at Caleb.

Caleb was unable to keep the smirk off his face, pretty sure now that Jordan knew *exactly* what he had meant. "Well I take my fun where I can get it. It's been awhile though, since I've had any fun." ~Oh my god~ he thought to himself,~why did I just say that.~

Slightly shocked at Caleb's openness, which he knew to be a rarity among humans, Jordan was glad to have been brought up by an El-Aurian, a race who value openness and honesty. "Same here, though i know what you mean, my last semester at the academy was the last time for me" Jordan said, almost trying to raise the stakes, but knowing he didn't want anything from the man other than his honesty.

Keeping his hands by his side and careful not to invade Jordan's personal space, Caleb contemplated just how forthright he wanted to be. Finally he said,"more than that for me. Almost a year."

Finishing his drink, Jordan said, "Yeah, to be honest, I'm not that experienced. I prefer relationships, not players" Directing it exactly at the man sitting in front of him, letting the man know he should expect from the young Ensign in front of him.

Caleb almost made a smart ass remark but stopped himself, "Well,me too as far as that goes. Relationships I mean not experience. At least that's the direction I'm going in now. It wasn't always the case though."

Sensing he had touched a nerve with the older man, Jordan softened his approach "that's understandable we all need to let our hair down sometimes. Also apologies if i came across a little strong there, i just get tired of people wanting nothing more than sex from me, you know?"

"I understand, no offense taken its just that, well never mind, but yeah I totally see where you're coming from. I just want to get away from nice shoes, let's fornicate."

"Yeah, I'm glad we are on the same page there, and no offense because you seem like a really nice guy and everything, but friends is all we will ever be, just so we're clear" Jordan said, with a tone of finality to his voice.

Caleb held up both hands as if he were surrendering. "Well, I can't say I'm no mildly disappointed, you seem like a nice guy too. And you're easy on the eyes. But I can live with being friends."

Smiling Jordan said "Well thanks, here is to a long and fruitful friendship" Jordan said, holding up his now empty mug as a toast, still oblivious to the man sitting adjacent to them.

Liam walked in to the crew's lounge after a long shift to grab some lunch. He had taken a seat at one of the only empty tables near some Lieutenant and Jordan. As he ate his lunch, he couldn't help to hear their conversation, along with the that of others in the lounge. He knew that he and Jordan were not even together, but there was chemistry between them that neither could deny. He simply observed the two as he ate, soon things became a bit awkward for Liam to hear, but he was proud of Jordan's response. After hearing that, he turned his attention to his meal, although still within earshot of the two men.

Caleb held up his half empty glass. and clinked it against the Ensigns mug. "To a long and fruitful friendship," he agreed.

Scientific Debriefing

by Lieutenant Richard Wayne & Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Lieutenant JG Ariennye t'Jhiansu & Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield
Astrometrics Lab, Deck 4

"Brookfield to Lieutenant t'Jhiansu, please report to Astrometrics for a briefing on the Temporal research station, feel free to bring all relevant staff, Brookfield out" Jordan finished, in a slightly more commanding tone than he had wished.

Richard had been checking on things since the arrival of the station outside the ship. He knew this would get weird when he was briefed on temporal anomalies but this was getting even weirder. Richard heard the page for the science team to Astrometrics so being nosy and wanting to be in the know he decided to stop by. He tapped the entrance button and stepped in seeing Ensign Brookfield working on a console. "So is this where the party is at?" Richard joked trying to keep the stress level down.

Hearing the doors swish open and turning around Jordan was shocked to see the Executive Officer standing there, answering his query Jordan said "Uhh...yes sir, although i must say i wasn't expecting you to attend." Realizing he had probably just overstepped the mark, Jordan went on "By the way I'm Ensign Jordan Brookfield sir, Astrometrics Officer and Stellar Cartographer". Jordan then looked anxiously at the Commander trying to gauge his reaction.

Richard never liked making guys anxious with his presence he always saw himself as one of the crew and never got use to the looks his new rank gave him. "Easy Sailor, I am Lieutenant Commander Wayne, I wanted to sit in on the briefing as this is one of the bigger issues we face right now I like to be informed of our situation." Richard paused to give the Ensign a chance to settle back down. "That is if it OK with you." Richard grinned.

Standing at ease and privately grateful at the laid back nature of the executive officer he said, "Sure Commander, that's fine by me although there may be some scientific babbling, but if you need a translator just let me know." As he said it, Jordan realized just how condescending that may have sounded and hoped he wasn't about to be demoted to Crewman.

The doors closed behind Lieutenant Saunders, his entrance unnoticed by the two men occupying the room, he approached the duo,

"Reporting as ordered," he announced, a little confused at the small number of personelle attending the briefing, "is this it?"

Grateful for the engineer's entrance Jordan turned and said "No, sir, i'm still waiting for the rest of the science staff to arrive before we start."

Ariennye quietly slipped in just before the doors had slid shut behind those who arrived. She stood behind whoever was there, a tall lanky fellow she had not met her small stature hid her from most and she cleared her throat softly. "Jordan, please let's get started."

Looking at yhe woman who had just entered, Jordan said "Err...Yes, Ma'am" Looking back towards the viewscreen, Jordan punched in a few commands. "This is Mannheim Temporal Research facility. a Jupiter class research station, it normally houses a minimum of 550 staff, this station was deployed with 50." Jordan, paused, handed out PADD's with a list of the crew compliment of the station.

Arie studied the list after he had handed it to her to see if she recognized anyone's name. "Where are the rest?" she asked as she raised an eyebrow at the other science officer.

"That's just it Arie, There has never been anyone else, at least as far as my access let me see, also, that isn't the only weird thing...this place was deployed without any shuttles. On a station this size don't you think that's slightly odd?, nothing here seems to add up"

Tapping on the console a few times as Grace looked over her shoulder "Not quite Ensign, there is no soul on that station. What your scanners have caught are figments of what was. You get this when something is not in place or transported just occurred" She pointed out "Plus everything regarding Mannheim has been classified and black marked by the Federation on every note"

"So, i've just spent nearly an hour analysing a chroniton sensor echo? Great." Jordan said, disappointed in himself, knowing that he should have that to rule that out and didn't. "I did think it strange that i couldn't get more than names out of the computer, and even then it took some effort".

Nodding towards the Ensign "Well better rule it out than unknown what it possible could or could not be" Looking at her boss assistance "Ma'am we are dealing here with high friction of fracture anomaly that breaks every law

on positive energy on chronitonic level. We are dealing here with a unknown force that somehow force this base out of...phase?" Grace pointed out.

"You mean temporally out of phase?, If so, it would explain the anomalous sensor readings I've been getting."

Richard stood back taking it all in. "Ok my question any idea how long the station will be here and is there a threat it or us will be lost in the anaomaly? "

Looking at his sensor analysis, Jordan said "We don't know, sir, in all honesty until we know whether or not the station appeared out of its own will or was pulled here by the anomaly we don't know as regards the anomaly, because it is temporal in nature, i have been running constant scans for spikes in background chroniton particles and tachyon emissions to see if that can give us a heads up, further than that is outside of what i know to be honest" figuring that honesty was the best policy.

"We only will find out what is going on, when we are there" Grace pointed out "The station has allot of history that is classified and Starfleet wants us to bring it back for a reason", "They just gave us an impossible puzzle to solve"

Richard stepped up lots of good analysis was done but a lot more questions. "I agree lets wrap up I will lead a team to explore the base with Saunders, Brookfield, and Grayfield. The rest keep working to answer what you can from here. Great meeting guys" And with that everyone went about getting ready for the next step in this mystery.

Cold air and no echo's

by Lieutenant Richard Wayne & Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

Tornado > MTRF

Entering the transporter room and fully kitted for his first ever away mission, Jordan was both so excited he could reach the ceiling and so scared he thought he might die. Looking around he realized he was the first person there so began checking his equipment.

Saunders arrived a short time later, a tool kit slung over one shoulder and a tricorder and phaser attached to his belt, he glanced at the young man sifting through his belongings before giving a nod to Ensign Vale behind the transporter controls. The chief went over the mission details once more in his head, whistling an old ditty to fill the silence that hung over the room.

Finishing up the calibration to his Tricorder to account for Chroniton particles, Jordan heard a whistling sound and looked up. Seeing the Engineer stood there he smiled and extended a hand "Hi there Sir, how are you?" Jordan beamed.

"Tired, to be honest," He replied in a dry tone, the fresh faced Ensign in front of him seemed to portray the opposite of what Saunders felt, the young man's eyes shimmered with energy and life, he gave a small smile as he recognized the expression Jordan held, "First away mission?" He wanted to know.

Richard made his way into the Transporter room in his full Tac gear. These were the missions he loved the most you can take the man out of the field but never the warrior out of the man. He noticed the engineer and Science Ensign already on the PADDs he walked up to Saunders and offered his hand. "Great job so far keeping the bird in the Air"

"Hear that noise Sir." Meera said, rifle slung over a shoulder with her tactical assault gear strapped on. She had a phaser strapped to her leg, rifle over her shoulder, and a ruck on her back holding extra supplies in case things went wrong. "Gonna be the first time I can say I'm jumping into a bit of trouble involving time, if what I heard on the bridge meant anything. Figured better safe than sorry." She explained, giving a smile.

Richard was really having a hard time with Meera because each time he saw her she was impressing him. As he shook Saunders' name he looked over his shoulder to acknowledge the geared up Sergeant. "Well all scans are showing no life signs so let's hope there is no trouble!" As they all made their way on the pad Richard turned to everyone. "Well just a heads up we were able to remotely activate emergency power we are taking a crate with SCBAs in case something happens and life support fails. We are taking a small group for an initial sweep of the base. Saunders your checking for ability to get the base's main power on or anything you can get from the panels that are running. Ensign you keep an eye on the Chrono readings and fancy stuff. Sergeant you just be you and keep us safe and I will help where needed. We good?"

Turning to the Lieutenant, Jordan said "Yes sir, is it that obvious?" Before falling silent when he saw the Sergeant geared up enough to take down a small army and the Lieutenant commander enter. Taking in all of the conversations, Jordan said "Yes, sir, I have switched my tricorder to constant active scanning and transmission, so all readings should be broadcast back to Astrometrics here", Continuing, Jordan said "also, to protect against Chroniton radiation poisoning, I would recommend getting a Hyronalyn shot", in his most commanding and 'Intelligent' voice

"You providing sir?" Meera asked the Ensign, a small grin. "But understood Sir. Keep the brain trust from getting ruined. Oh, Lieutenant, when would a good time to meet you for that project test in the holodeck be?" Deloria asked, looking over at Saunders a moment as she asked about a 'project'.

Saunders occupied the transporter pad next to the Sergeant, he leaned over slightly to reply,

"Depends how this goes," He shrugged, the project was ready for testing it was just finding the free time, "tomorrow morning should be good."

"As a matter of fact I am, Sergeant" Jordan said in his most jokey voice before handing each of the away team a hypospray. "Turning to the security officer he said, "After all, I wouldn't want brawn to get hurt now would I?" Laughing to himself.

Entering the Transport room Grace was suited in her Away Team suit and walked onto the platform as she looked at the Commander "Sorry I was late, Captain Takato wanted me on this team due to my experience and knowledge on anomalies" She stated as they all stood ready on the platform the Transporter Chief nodded and used the transporter controls to beam them over.

The first thing they noticed when arriving was the cold air hanging around the location. The Transport room here was out of place, like some pieces was rotted or rust away and other was modern. It looked like something did a heavy beating towards this base and seeing the patron on the walls of new and old, it looked like a lighting hit the room.

Unslinging her type 3B, Meera turned on the flashlight and checked over the room with it on. Noticing her breath frosting in the air in front of her, Meera gave a small shiver. "Well, here we are. Now what?" She asked, glancing at all of the officers assembled for this jaunt onto a long missing station.

"This is where we let the smart ones do thier thing and we just keep them safe and investigate what happened to the crew." Richard whispered to Meera

Turning on his own flashlight and opening his Tricorder and taking some preliminary scans, Jordan found the immediate vicinity was barely habitable but the patteration of old, technology around the transporter room had a different temporal signature to other parts of the room. "Grace, what do you make of this?" Jordan said, walking over to the Warrant Officer currently taking her own readings.

Grace lowers her tricorder as she feels the wall from old to new "It aged....rapidly" Looking at Saunders "How long does it take for a plate like this to age, that it rust and falls apart?" She asked as she looked back.

"This class of station is designed to last about 150 years, this deckplate has aged almost twice that" Jordan said, double checking his readings.

"Agreed," the Engineer called out, scanning another section of rusted bulkhead across the room, he moved over to the exit, the doors jammed half open, "I hope the crew haven't met the same fate." He poked his head out into the corridor, casting his torch down the hallway.

"Commander Wayne, what needs to be our first priority, sir?" Jordan asked, knowing he would say the bridge, but was praying he would said environmental control.

Richard turned to the Ensign who was doing a great job of showing some initiative and leadership. "Let's see if we can find the nearest Ops Station these bases have one on almost any deck. With all the weirdness I don't wanna try and make it to CIC or Engineering. If we can find an Ops station we can try and access systems like Life Support or an Archive. Sarge you have point and I will watch the rear."

Turning to the Lieutenant Commander, Jordan said, "Ok, although i would like to see if we can get into the Science database and maybe pull some sensor readings and work what went on here, if we can sir?" Jordan asked, hoping the Commander would say yes as he was dying to get his hands on the research here.

"Aye Aye Sir." Meera said, stepping over to the hatch, and after it failed ot open automatically, growled, and slung her rifle. "I hate it when these jam..." She said, pulling out a simple 'jam correction kit'. AKA, effectively a knife, and a crowbar. Popping the panel next to the door off, she started fiddling with the control's interior, before a crack is heard and she smiles. Putting her knife away, she put the crowbar on the small gap in the door, and pulled.

Once the door was opened enough, with a lot of groaning and grinding on rusted bearings and units, she checked out the hallway. "Well, got more weirdness out here as on the pad area. Which way to Ops sir?" She asked, rifle in hand one more, and glancing both ways. The place felt dead, almost like they were the first beings to set foot in it in centuries.

The engineer moved behind the one woman army that was Sargent Meera, possibly the safest place should anything go wrong. Not that anything would go wrong, he reminded himself. He tried to shake his discomfort, but he had never been fond of derelict posts. The tricorder in his hand beeped for attention as they stepped into the hallway.

As the team filled into the hallway Richard looked around "Well I have never been here so its guess but if this is a Transporter room we should have an Ops Station straight ahead about 3 corridors down on the left." Richard turned his attention to the Ensign. "I would not get your hopes up most of the access to things on this base are above anyone's clearance level."

Understanding the commander, Jordan said, "Yes sir, while that may be true, we could at least try and access the station's chronometers and maybe see if we can pull some basic sensor readings off, see where the station and/or its inhabitants have been or when they have been? to maybe try and start explaining whatever it is that's happened here, sir." Hoping the commander would agree with him.

Meera nodded, and swung her rifle to the left, and started moving down the hallway. "You guys pick up anything weird ahead of me that isn't visible to the naked eye, tell me. I really don't want to walk into some kind of wormhole or some such on accident and find myself somewhere else in space, or somewhen else in time." She said,

eyes constantly flicking around in their sockets, trying to catch sight of anything that wasn't mix-matched panels of aged material.

Looking down at his tricorder, as far as Jordan could tell, beyond regular recurrent Chroniton spikes, there wasn't anything too dangerous for them beyond some aged EPS conduits. Turning back to Meera he said, "Don't worry sarge, at the moment as far as i can see the most dangerous thing here is the EPS conduits"

The station was ghostly quiet, no statics, only lights on emergency power. Nothing was going on, no sound, no console working, no crew to be noticed. Suddenly sparks before them began to appear around them and between them. Voices were heard from these sparks as if it were crew members and suddenly they see figments of ghostly crew members "Move move, we have to evacuate this base now!" A Security Officer stated as one looked at Grace and all figures disappeared again.

"Before anyone states the obvious question of 'What the hell was that', I have the slightness clue" Grace stated as she looked at the Commander "But I think we are seeing the final moments of this crew... We have to move"

Taking the time to not the exact Chroniton flux frequency on his tricorder, Jordan turns to Grace "Agreed" Something here wasn't right, and it was screaming in every cell in Jordan's body that they needed to be off the station.

Saunders eyes widened and he gasped as the ghosts seemingly appeared out of nowhere, only to vanish as fast as they had spawned, leaving the man stood with a racing heart.

"Looks like we've well and truly found our self a haunted house," He quipped to Meera, trying to calm his nerves, "we should press on towards the computer terminal,"

Richard being a very laid back go with the flow guy was speechless for a second. He had scene some crazy stuff that he will never speak about but haunts his dreams and this had him frozen. Negative Saunders, Everyone back to the Transporter PADD we are ex-filling the station!!!" As the team filed past him toward the way they came Richard tapped his COMM Badge. "Tornado this is Vulture team enroute to the transport pad beam out in 3 mics!!!" The team made there way and got situated and then they gleamed away and as they where fadding off the station Richard saw more sparks and around the Transport Console he say a Chief yelling something but he didn't make it out before they appeared back on the Tornado.

Changing the program

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Ensign Jordan Brookfield

Astrometrics Lab, Deck 4, Main Engineering, Deck 7

Sitting in Astrometrics preparing for his first ever away mission, Jordan suddenly had an idea. "Brookfield to Saunders" He spoke, and then sat, awaiting a response.

"Yeff, Enfun?" Came the garbled reply,

"Please repeat sir, your last message was garbled" Jordan said, confused.

Over in the mess hall, a Vulcan engineer sat with his dining partner and direct superior, an eyebrow arched at the man and his apparent lack of table manners, the human habit of speaking with ones mouth full was something Korvik had never gotten used to.

"Go ahead Ensign," the Chief repeated after swallowing his food.

"Could i grab a few minutes of your time to discuss something sir."

Jordan said, hoping he hadn't interrupted anything.

Saunders looked to Korvik, who nodded, "I believe our business here had reached its conclusion regardless, if you will excuse me Lieutenant," the Vulcan stood and moved to leave.

"Sure, I'm on my way," Saunders replied, he began his trek across the ship, wondering what his colleague wanted to talk about, his curiosity wouldn't have to wait long in reality, as a few moments later he found himself stepping into the Astrometrics lab.

Seeing the chief engineer walk in, Jordan held out a hand to greet the man "Thank you for coming Lieutenant."

"No problem, Brookfield, what can I do for you?" He enquired, glancing around the lab trying to spot the problem.

"I wanted your help with something for the away mission Lieutenant, I have a medical tricorder, and i wanted your help in modifying it a 'Science' Tricorder, i.e. instead of diagnosing medical conditions it will scan for biological, chemical and physical scientific anomalies using the scientific database on the Tornado. What do you think?" Jordan said, hoping something could be done.

"Definalty," the Lieutenant nodded, "I'll show you a little trick I picked up a while ago," He took the tricorder, and began manipulating the controls, "how are you finding it so far, this assignment I mean?" Milton probed, this was probably their first opportunity for small talk since launch, the man mused.

Watching the engineer closely, hoping to pick up some tips, Jordan said "Yes sir, it's good so far, more difficult than i had expected but good none the less. And yourself?"

"It's keeping me busy, so far I've made the rifles deadlier, the tricorders tricorder-ier and I'm just waiting for a request for the sonic showers to be sonic shower-ier," his tone deadpan, not everyone got Saunders dry sense of humour, "what are you struggling with?" He wanted to know.

Laughing at the deadpan humour Jordan said, "Nothing to do with the work itself just the volume of work, though i guess its something i'll adjust to after a few weeks, and i am lucky to have a really supportive team here, what about you, any unexpected bumps in the road so far?"

"Nah, it's all about perspective, 'a smooth sea never made a skilled sailor,'" He quoted, "there's been plenty of bumps so far, but none on this posting, most make for good anecdotes usually," He passed Jordan the tricorder, "Ok I've accessed the tricorders core memory, from here you can set the parameters for it's scans and what information you want the readout to display," He explained, "from here this is pretty much your own custom tricorder."

"Very true Lieutenant, thank you for all of your help, next time i see you in the Lounge, beers are on me" Jordan said, smiling

"Sure thing, see you at the away mission," He replied as he moved to leave the lab.

Debrief of Away Team

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Richard Wayne

USS Tornado - Ready Room

So the away team pulled out by merely being there for 10 minutes. Ryoko wanted to know why and what they found out. Sitting in her Ready Room, she waited for her first officer to arrive and begin the debriefing.

Richard had gotten out of his away gear, showered, and put on a fresh Uniform and headed to the Ready room for the debrief. As he stepped on the Bridge everyone was kinda on edge. Richard waved at the Chief of the watch and headed into the Ready Room. "Cap, you available for the debrief?" he said as he entered the room

"I'd did ask for it, yes" She stated as Ryoko lowered her PADD and looked at him "So what is the urgent withdrawal of the mission that was given to you. You know anything of the base?"

Richard was kinda put off. "Well we got a ton of great readings and find some very odd aging of the walls and systems throughout the system. And as we were making our way to the Operations Panel we all saw and experienced a very odd site and with how strange this whole mission is I deemed it best for us to get back to the ship and compile what data we had"

Looking at Richard, she smirks a bit "Commander, a ton of information would mean that my science department would still be busy. But Grayfield just give that after barely 5 minutes ago." Taking a deep breath "Look, whatever happened there is maybe a reason to leave. But Commander, we are here to investigate what happened. So coming back with plus minus 10 minutes is beyond my understanding.."

Richard understood the concern but the whole mission was very muddy. "Well if that is how you feel we can always go back out and try and figure out what more we can about the base and about the paranormal activity we saw." Richard paused rubbing the top of his head. "It was a split decision and I choose to come back see what we had a regroup. I have no problem going back for more data."

Nodding towards her commander, she raised her hand to say something "I read the report, to panic on such event is normal. But this is a figment of figures that are displaced in time, I barely understand it myself. But it's not paranormal" Lowering her hand and leaning forward "I will lead the next away team, from a cryptic and operation point of view in my past, I can do more there I think." She waited on a reaction.

Richard was trying not to be defensive but didn't understand the abruptness of the situation. "That's fine Sir, It might be more up your alley. For the record I do consider this being events beyond the scope of normal scientific understanding, which is what paranormal is." Richard paused "If there is nothing else I will take a bit of downtime and be on the bridge for my next shift."

The issue at hand was not really discussed, but Ryoko waved it off avoiding a confrontation "Dismissed Commander" and grabbed her PADD up again to read some scans. As she noticed the Commander leave the office. Well next away team towards the location will be hers.

Claws of Defiance

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones & Lieutenant JG Ariennye t'Jhiansu

USS Tornado - Bridge

The bridge was rather calm and her away team just transported onto the base. She did not like the idea that they were there after the appearing. But this base had black marked and classified top secret on it. It was starting to get annoying and things needed to be put back into place. Ryoko looked at her side " T'Jhiansu, what is the status on the other patron of Tachyons, can we bring it also back?"

"Any thing is quite possible, Captain." t'Jhiansu replied "However too much and it will shred the base apart or slip it into the unknown and pull us along with." The dark haired woman replied as she glanced at the results of scan taken and relayed from the science department.

That was something to be concerned about. Most likely the same trick with the base did not work on the ship. Maybe a lower impulse beam? Ryoko was puzzling as she looked at her side "Lieutenant Mitchell, your knowledge of the vessel?"

"Well," Caleb responded, "It's patron is identical to the Twin Towers, a Defiant class ship, that was attached to the base."

Looking at the Intelligence Chief, Ryoko shrugs and wondered what else this place had in store for them. The Captain sits back in her chair to relax a bit as she notice the entree of the Chief Counsellor "Good to see you join us, we require some ease to our minds"

The councilor entered the bridge, his face currently looking down at a pad displaying various informations about the crew. "Well, good im here then" he chuckled "Crew couldnt be better currently, at least from a efficient standpoint, i wont bore you with details captain" he said and placed the pad away. He looked around the bridge. "May i ask for the situation?"

Twin Towers? So what ever happened here did had bad effects in this Grid. At the other side, what ever the away team does on that station could effect them as well "Operations what is the status of the away team?"

"They are on their way back" She heard from behind as she shrugs "What?" Ryoko stated as she looked at the Counselor "I think you got your work cut out for you, something happened standby for anything" Ryoko orders looking at the Lieutenant.

London Fiasxo

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

London

1 year ago, a back post

Things were going good for Caleb Mitchell, he'd just helped take down a corrupt admiral in pretty impressive sting. True he had only partially been responsible for the planning, but he had primarily been responsible for the execution. And that was kind of the point. At least his superiors thought that was the case. He'd been promoted to full lieutenant and had been granted a three week leave.

He needed the time to rest and recover, as he had been deep undercover and cut off from everything and everyone in his *<i>normal</i>* life. Now that he'd been back a week, he had been debriefed for three days by a panel or two of Starfleet powerhouses. After that he and David had gotten reacquainted. First a long after noon of deep conversation, covering a range of subjects, then a leisurely dinner followed by a marathon of carnal activity. After which he's joked to his boyfriend he'd been debriefed in quite a different and much more pleasant way.

Now, he was on his way to still another different kind of meeting. One that he wasn't sure the outcome off. He was going to family dinner. And not just any family dinner. His mother and father had managed to put their differences aside, and forget the fact they'd been divorced for almost twenty years, just to celebrate Caleb's promotion.

There was sure to be conflict, Caleb was sure of it. And he was going to introduce David to them. His mother would be thrilled he was sure, David was the first serious relationship he'd had in a long time. His father, well his father would be less impressed.

London Fiasco Part 2

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

London-West End

1 year ago, a back post

There was sure to be conflict, Caleb was sure of it. And he was going to introduce David to them. His mother would be thrilled he was sure, David was the first serious relationship he'd had in a long time. His father, well his father would be less impressed.

And now the continuation.

He had decided to walk rather than use the transporter. He enjoyed walking, it helped keep him in shape. Besides, he'd allowed himself plenty of time. As he was walking through Piccadilly Circus he noticed a jewelry store. It was his birthday, but that didn't mean that he couldn't buy someone else a present.

He glanced at his watch and saw he still had plenty of time. It was only 1115 and lunch wasn't scheduled until 1230, so he stepped inside. He'd been intending to look at watches. His father loved old timepieces and he thought it might be an appropriate peace token. However before he could look at watches, his eye was caught by wedding rings.

Were things with David even close to considering looking at rings. Probably not, not quite yet, but they were close to that point. It wouldn't hurt to at least do some window shopping.

He turned away from the watch display and to the rings. A clerk, a blonde buxom woman of around forty had been watching him and quickly moved to the counter he was standing in front of.

"So who's the lucky lady or gent?" she asked.

Caleb gave a short laugh, "Oh, I'm mostly just looking," he replied, you know for down the road. But his name is David."

"Down the road?" she asked, not now?"

Caleb shook his head.

"But you love him right? I mean otherwise you wouldn't be looking at rings."

"I do," he replied, "but it's complicated. I'm in Starfleet and he's a civilian." He didn't mention that he was a spook of sorts. That wasn't any of her business.

"Well, if you really love each other, you can work all those kinds of things out. Can I at least show you something specific?"

Caleb nodded and examined a few different options that he suggested. He contemplated getting one. He knew the clerk was trying to get a sale, but what she said made a lot of sense. They did love each other and David even understood that in some assignments, he might have to sleep with someone else to preserve his cover and though he didn't like the idea, understood it. In the end however he decided he just wasn't ready to make the commitment. Especially since they hadn't really talked about it and he wasn't even sure how David felt about it. It was funny they'd been together almost nine months and the subject hadn't ever come up.

So instead he just found a watch for his dad and went on his way. An idea came to him as he went on his way. maybe he'd bring David around to the shop after lunch, surprise him, see how he really felt about them being together and how serious it really was.

He was within two blocks of the restaurant, threading his way through the mass of humanity. Excuse me he heard a voice say, "Can you help me?"

London Fiasco Part 3

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان

London-West End

1 year ago, a back post

Previously

So instead he just found a watch for his dad and went on his way. An idea came to him as he went on his way. maybe he'd bring David around to the shop after lunch, surprise him, see how he really felt about them being together and how serious it really was.

He was within two blocks of the restaurant, threading his way through the mass of humanity. Excuse me he heard a voice say, "Can you help me?"

And now the continuation.

Caleb turned, finding a young man not much older than himself. He was attractive enough, a thought that passed quickly through his mind and looked a bit anxious.

"What's wrong?" he asked the stranger as he ran his hand through his short blondish hair. Not because he was nervous, but it served as an excuse to glance around.

Tyler glanced around to make sure there was nobody else around. "Look, I had a run in at a local bar...spilled a drink on someone." Tyler said while he tried to catch his breath. "Long story short I've got several very angry guys after me"

Caleb made an effort not roll his eyes and was mostly successful. "They must be pretty upset to follow you this far. Are you sure it was just a spilled drink?"

Tyler's eyes widened as he thought about the situation more carefully. "Someone knocked into me from behind which caused me to bump into the table spilling the drinks."

The spilled drinks apparently offended them enough to chase me for twelve blocks"

"Wow that is weird, where are they now? Do you want to run some more, or do you want to try and kick some ass."

Tyler got a sinister grin on his face. "I lost them cutting through an alley if we go back they are probably still looking for me" "I'm tired of running lets bloody their noses for a change!"

Caleb glanced at his chronometer and briefly considered what both David and his parents would think to he came to lunch late, bloody or both. Or for that matter what David would think of him taking off with a handsome stranger. But it had been awhile since he had bloodied someone's nose like this man had suggested and decided it would be worth the risk. He hated bullies, that was no secret.

"Sure let's go," he said, "which way?"

Tyler pointed toward the alleyway when several figures emerging from the alley looking around. "Looks like we won't have to go far" "Lets give them a warm welcome."

"Sounds like a plan," Caleb responded as he moved towards the men advancing towards them.

Tyler followed Caleb toward the men and positioned himself for a fight. "Left or right? Tyler asked

There were five opponents altogether, four of them looked like common street thugs, more that a match for an out of shape accountant or second year cadet, but hardly a match for someone like himself, except that there were four of them. Still between him and the stranger it shouldn't have been too much of a challenge.

It was the fifth one, a Nausiciaan, and a big Nausiciaan at that, that had him worried. "I guess I have this one, " he said taking a few steps forward.

"I don't remember there being a Nausiciaan." Vorrان lamented .

"Well if you had to find someone to piss off, "came Caleb's dry reply, "you went right to the top." Then cutting his eyes back to the group of ruffians.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let's all take a step back here. We don't want to do something we're all going to regret."

They just looked at each other and started to charge the two men.

"Lets make sure they are the ones with the regrets." Shouted Vorrان as he ducked a careless swing from one of the thugs.

There was no time to disagree or back down, not that Caleb was in the mood to do either of those. So he feinted a kick at the Nausiciaan and went for his knee instead.

Vorran managed to throw his attacker into another which knocked them off balance. He was then grabbed from behind by another trying to put him in a choke hold. Vorran managed to elbow him in the gut sending him staggering away vomiting.

"Didn't your mother tell you to avoid fights after eating?" Said Vorran smugly

The good news was the Nausiciaan was not very bright and fell for the feint. The bad news was he was a Nausiciaan and what would have been a crippling blow for almost any other person bared fazed the giant alien, who reached out and grabbed Caleb by the neck, lifting him off of his feet.

Vorran saw this out of the corner of his eye. "Swell" he muttered. He then jumped on the back of the Nausiciaan while he was otherwise occupied. After a few hits the Nausicaan turned his attention back to Vorran and let Caleb go.

Quickly recovering his breath, Caleb spotted a broken water pipe from the dumpster and the large alien in the small of the back as hard as e could.

The large alien staggered and fell down Vorran still on his back.

Vorran got up brushing himself off and the Nausicaan remained where he fell. "Nice work" Vorran said to Caleb.

"Thanks, " Caleb said, " Thanks for the fun. I didn't even catch your name. I am Caleb Mitchell."

Vorran extended his right hand. "I'm Tyler Vorran, thanks for the help Caleb." said Vorran

"Anytime, "came the reply, "so what's a cute guy like you doing drinking so early in the morning?"

Vorran blushed. "I'm just enjoying shore leave, its not often I get to drink something besides synthale."

Shore leave?" Caleb asked, "you must be with Starfleet, me too. What are?"

"It figures you're with Starfleet you fought well." Vorran said

"I'm the Helmsman on the U.S.S.Thomas Paine."

Caleb nodded, "How long have you been out of the Academy?" he asked.

"I graduated 6 years ago and was assigned to the Thomas Paine." "Admiral Brand was friends with Captain Rixx and arranged for me to be assigned there." Said Vorran

Caleb was about to ask another question when he glanced down at his chronograph. Letting out an expletive he said, "Sorry, I really would like to talk with you more, but I'm supposed to meet my boyfriend and parents for lunch and I'm running late."

"No problem, you'd better hurry don't want to keep him waiting."Vorran said smiling

"I'm supposed to be getting drunk so I should look for another bar" Vorran said

"No, I don't," Caleb responded, "I might even take him ring shopping this afternoon. The good news is its only a couple of blocks away. The White Horse Inn,that's where we're meeting has the real stuff. Maybe you should check it out. But probably not a good idea for us to walk in together."

"Have a good night Caleb, I'm going to find a dive bar to finish my night of drinking" "With any luck it will be a quieter affair than the last one" said Vorran

"Sure, " Caleb responded, "maybe I'll see you around sometime. Have a fun time."

"I'm sure we will meet again Caleb" Vorran waved as he disappeared down the street in search of a bar.

Lock Stock and Smoking Phaser Barrels

by 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria & Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders

Holodeck one

The hallway was bathed in darkness, featureless and seemingly never ending, Saunders held his rifle up to his shoulder and peered through the scope. He held a modified version of the MACO rifle Sargent Meera had brought him, armed with the latest technology and a few updates of his own design, the gun was no longer an antique to be studied, but a weapon to be feared. Through the scope the corridor appeared in half a dozen different shades of blue, indicating heat signatures through the infrared spectrum, a lack of orange or red surfaces told Milton that the space in front of him was absent of life.

As he advanced he approached a T junction in the corridor, he hugged the wall to his right to check one side of the passageway before turning to step into the open, ready to fire down the other side, but still there was no one to be found. His ears strained against the void of sound, save for his own breathing, he was alone as far as he could tell.

Meera stepped up behind Saunders, and swung to the other side of the hallway. Thus far, the rifles were holding up nicely, but then, they hadn't fired a shot yet. Aiming down the hallway, she eased forward. They'd set up a test for the new rifle, and the foes they were facing, though holographic, were far from pop-up targets.

The sudden burst of fire from Jem'Hadar weapons in their direction had Meera hiss and slide into cover. "Three contacts! Far end!" Meera reported, risking getting pegged again by easing around the corner of her cover to confirm her own count. "Correction, 2 enemies!"

The weapons fire zipped between the duo, Saunders stumbled back around the corner and into cover, he nodded to Meera through the gloom and flicked a small switch on the side of the rifle, setting it to single fire mode. Despite the simulation being purely holographic, he always found himself getting too immersed in these kinds of things, he swung around the corner, took look aim a let loose several volleys of yellow energy towards the target.

"Single fire works," he stated to Meera, ducking back into cover, "can't say the same for my aim,"

Meera smirked and nodded. Well, she expected single fire to work, it wasn't any different from standard phaser weapons. Flicking the mode lever on her own, she braced it and spun around, firing a burst with a single pull of the trigger. There was a loud beep from the rifle as it finished, though at least she'd hit the Jem'Hadar. Tapping on the screen built into the rifle thanks to the new space allowances from the modern components, she grimaced. "Burst needs some work, nearly overheated the compensator. Also, maybe we should put you through a few range exercises next time first!" She remarked, watching the display showing a cooling down system.

That had been a simple burst of about 5 single shots in close sequence, so that meant they needed to work on the system handling the loads.

Saunders barked a laugh at the humorous jab, "It's not every day I get to play with rifles," He replied, as he stepped back into the corridor, the remaining Jem'Hadar were close enough for the chief to hit at close range with one solid burst to the chest, as they slumped to the floor he vocally ordered the program to freeze and the illumination increased. With his rifle pointed to the floor he approached the holographic targets, although they were mere facsimiles they had been recreated with accurate detail. Saunders crouched beside one of the bodies, he scrutinized the soldiers armour at the points of impact the rifles had made, nodding with satisfaction.

Meera stood up, and walked over, examining the damage done. "Certainly hits like a 3 Bravo. The cavitation of the armor and body from the shots prove that. So we got the power, just need to work on the patterning and cycling to avoid overheating the system and causing a grenade in our hands."

"Yeah," The engineer replied, scratching his chin thoughtfully, he had incorporated several other groups of baddies into the program for them to shoot at to test the rifles strength against various armour from races such as Klingons, Breen and Romulan but seeing as they had run into the Jem'Hadar first, who had arguable the toughest personal protection, he didn't see the need to continue, especially with the safety concerns in regards to overheating, "I think we've made some good first steps here, definitely report-worthy."

"Agreed Sir. It is certainly a step up from what I was expecting." Meera said, stepping next to the Chief Engineer. "Mind, it has issues, but I'm sure a lot of tech has that problem early in it's life."

"Oh sure, nothing leaves the starting gates without ironing out the kinks first." As the Sargent stepped closer her aroma- which until this point had lingered on the edge of his senses- intensified, the Chief was aware the Orion wore an inhibitor to combat the pheromones naturally produced by the women of her species, or so he'd been told. Out of politeness he attempted to mask his reaction to the heady scent.

"Easy Sir. Looking a mite dazed there." Meera said, taking a step back. "As fancy as my little inhibitor is, it has trouble after a hard bit of PT, or a session of combat." She stated, hoping he didn't get hit too hard.

The engineer blew his breathe, "Noted, I'm sure I'll grow accustom to it," the fog cleared from his head almost immediately as it had appeared, he offered his colleague a friendly smile, it seemed their work had concluded for now, "Okay, if you want to write up that report for Mr Finn I'll make the necessary adjustments for our next batch of tests,"

"Yes Sir. I'll see you when you have that next batch ready." Meera said, passing over the rifle, and walking to a hallway. "Computer, door." As the door appeared, she gave Lt. Saunder's a wave and stepped through to continue on her routine for the day.

Resting Hours

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

Tornado Lounge

Meera was actually glad for some down-time right now. After the up-cycle they just had, plus the testing of the new rifle, She was feeling pretty stretched and drained. But it was the good kind of working. Of course, a glance out the viewport next to her table showed the station just floating there that was the cause of all kinds of confusion and headache the crew and ship were dealing with currently.

Having changed out of uniform to enjoy some quiet, she was dressed in a simple 'tank top' shirt, with cargo pants tucked into a pair of brown boots. As per normal with her of course, is the small regulator sitting on her chest opposite her commbadge. She had a PADD next to her on the table with a cup of a simple Orion drink in front of her. It was about the equivalent of tea to most humanoids, though a mite more 'pungent' as some would claim.

Vorrان entered the lounge having just gotten off duty he was still in uniform. He walked over to the replicator and ordered his after shift usual. "Computer, one glass of synthale and a hasperat extra spicy. " The replicator hummed and a glass of amber liquid and a plate with the burrito looking hasperat appeared. Vorrان then looked around the room for a decent place to sit.

Meera was pondering some of the issues they'd found with the 'retro-upgrades' they had planned with the rifles she and the Chief Engineer had in mind, wondering how they would affect combat actions as it was currently. Then there was what they managed to 'record' from the short trip over on that station. She'd managed to get the science folks to 'dumb' it down into more readily understandable terms and phrases, but even then, it was extremely difficult to grasp.

Sighing, she took a swig of her drink, and leaned back, looking out the viewport, wondering what lay in store for them in the future, and how this station out of time and space would effect things further.

Vorrان noticed an orion woman sitting near the viewport apparently lost in her own thoughts. He walked over to her table which offered a view of the Mannheim station. He was not certain why but ever since they entered the vicinity of the station he felt unsettled. "Penny for your thoughts Sergeant?" Vorrان asked

Meera looked up as someone asked something. "Hmm? Oh. Just pondering matters. Like what we found on that station, and a little personal project I'm taking part in." She said, shrugging. "Not sure I'd want to do a second hop over. The place was just creepy to begin with."

Vorrان took a another look at the station through the viewport.

"I may not have been on the away team but I've had this feeling since we arrived" "This whole area of space just feels wrong" Vorrان said hesitantly.

"Be glad you weren't boots on the ground. That place is all kinds of creepy. And the, I guess, phantoms of the crew aboard showing up didn't help." Meera says, sighing. "That said, I was hoping to avoid talking about work while on my off-hours. I've been running hard and strong like a good Marine should the last 24 ship hours."

Vorrان realized he was still holding his food and drink. "You're right we come here to take our mind off work." "My name is Tyler... Tyler Vorrان mind if I join you?" Vorrان asked pensively

"Meera Deloria. And nah, the booth ain't filled with things is it?" she replied, giving a small smile and sitting straighter in her seat.

"Pleasure to meet you" Vorrان then took a seat at the table and began to drink his synthale. "I'm still trying to get settled in here my last posting was to Farpoint station and there were a lot more people"

"And you. And don't worry, at least you had a station duty. I was vessel-bound, and pissed off my previous Marine CO to get shuffled this way." She said, grinning.

Vorrان smirked. "I can't wait to hear the story behind that" he said before he took another sip of synthale.

"Not much to tell honestly. He said a few unpleasant words about how I managed to get where I have in the Marines, and I, in no uncertain terms, told him quite flatly where he could stick it. He didn't appreciate the humor.". She said, grinning about the joke.

"Humor is rarely appreciated" Said Vorrان "Just like Captain Jellico didn't appreciate the humor when a transporter malfunction beamed a bucket of custard above his head" Vorrان chuckled. "I almost got assigned to a garbage scow after that incident"

"Shame this mess ain't got any humorous lining to it yet. Whole situation just creeps me out.". Meera saying, not wanting to tell this kid that what her previous CO had been implying was in fact for her to spread her legs. Bastard. "Now we just gotta do what we need and get moving on."

"I will be happier when we leave this area" "Hopefully the away team will complete their mission soon." Vorrان said as he continued to drink his synthale.

"Not soon enough. Only one jaunt thus far, and pending a second one. That's on the Captain to decide though, not a simple grunt like myself." Meera replied, shaking her head sadly.

"I think the waiting is the worst part, being over there at least we could watch their backs" Said Vorrان

"Says you, you ain't the poor Security detail on the job.". She said sighing and shaking her head. The only thing to make this whole situation worse were in Meera's mind would be if her mother chose this time to show up in a Syndicate ship to 'Recover' her.

"Hopefully the waiting will be over soon." Replied Vorrان

Vorrان looks into his nearly empty glass. "Besides I'd like to drink something besides synthehol."

"'Heh, enjoy what ya got while ya got it.' My CO during the Dominion War loved to say that when we complained about our supply situation during the fighting." Meera said, gesturing to Vorrان's glass.

"Oh I did enjoy what I had." Vorrان replied "My supply of saurian brandy didn't last me a week" Vorrان said

"Yeah, don't abuse it, that's the other part." Meera said, chuckling at Vorrان's reply.

Vorrان chuckled as he finished the last of his synthale.

"I'll just have to bring a larger supply on board for our next mission" Vorrان replied

Smiling, Meera simply shook her head. "Doubt that'll help you in the long run. That said, I should get going. Don't want to waste all my down-time spent in the lounge. You have a good day Sir." She said, standing up and taking her things with her as she left, putting the empty glass in the proper receptacle to be reprocessed.

"Have a good day as well. It was nice to meet you." Vorrان replied. Vorrان then looked out the viewport one last time before getting up himself. He was overcome with a sense of dread in every part of his body. "Definitely not a synthale kind of day" Vorrان muttered as he left the lounge.

Away Team, a Second Attempt

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Scott Erickson & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

USS Tornado - Transporter Room

Clicking her belt to her body as Ryoko looked at her side seeing the Away Team getting ready for a second time "My apology that I have to send you two again" Looking at both Ensign Brookfield and Sergeant Deloria "But I need more information or a scientific explanation on what happened. I will be the expert on operations and we will lead ourselves towards the Operations Center" Looking at Caleb "You are with us because of the intelligence cracking I might require"

Entering the room while calibrating his tricorder for chroniton readings, Jordan turned to the Captain and said, "No problems, captain, although I should warn you, My El-Aurian side was screaming at me that something was wrong over there last time, temporally I mean." Jordan said, figuring honesty was the best policy

Deloria was once more geared up in tactical assault gear, ruck on her back, rifle in hand, hand phaser on leg. "Ma'am, your the boss. You say jump, I jump, then ask why and how high. The place maybe a bit off putting, what with the glimpse into what happened, but we're here to find out what exactly did happen." She said, still not wanting to take undo risks if it could be helped.

Nodding towards both of them as Ryoko walked onto the pad "If everyone is ready, lets move we have a station crew to find" She stated while adjusting her away team uniform. Every stepped onto the pad "Energize" She orders seeing her surrounding change towards that of the same room as the previous team had seen "Interesting" Ryoko stated walking off the pad and towards the exit of the transporter room towards the main hall "We have to find some active consoles first"

Stepping off the pad, Jordan immediately opened his Tricorder and began running a comparative analysis, though not much had seemed to change. "Captain, last time we were heading for an ops console to see what the state of the station is and maybe pull some basic sensor readings if we could, is that still our first plan of action?"

Deloria simply made sure her gear was ready to go, and moved through the door. Keeping her weapon ready, she was also keeping an eye out for a repeat performance of those weird 'phantoms' of whatever happened here.

Walking through the hallways "Clever idea, lets get towards the operation room and find ourselves a working console" Ryoko said "The area is beat up, but still operational. What are your opinions?" Wanted to get some conversation going, death silence away teams is not her thing.

"Something serious happened that warranted a station-wide evac... And whatever it was, seemed to trap the crew in time as they fled... If you want my opinion ma'am, someone was playing with something they shouldn't have, and it backfired." Meera said, rifle sweeping left and right, the flashlight showing randomized spots of long wear and aging scattered amongst the more fresh sections, some of which even looked freshly painted. "I honestly doubt Temporal Investigations would, I hear they hate futzing with time. So who else would have an interest in playing with time itself, and affect space with it?"

Surprised at the level of analysis from the Sergeant, Jordan decided to pipe up "Whilst that is a good analysis, I think we should maybe try and establish facts first and not get too carried away with the hyperbole" Jordan said, not wanting to step on Meera's opinion, but also knowing factual information would serve the team better than random hypotheses.

The Temporal Investigations Inspectors will have a blast at this. Yet Ryoko could easy point fingers at her Task Force Command Team that order this mission. They arrived into the area where the last team pulled out. Ryoko felt the area air cold and could hear metal cracking "Ensign Brookfield, what is the readings on this area on anomalies." Looking at the young man "Ensign Erickson try to override that console" She pointed at the side console that was flickering.

"Aye ma'am" Erickson put his riffle on his back on walked towards the console. He tapped on a few commands and checked the power status. It was minimal. He opened a panel, and attached a small power adapter to a control panel. He manipulated the console and override the console. "We have access Captain."

Caleb stood silently turning slowly three hundred and sixty degrees scanning the entire area with both his eyes and his tricorder.

The area began to fill with figments again as people started to reappear around the away team moving towards the exit. Ryoko did not blink, not got any stiffer or scared of what was happening. Looking around she noticed the security guard looking at her as they disappear again "Explanations? What did we just experience?" Looking at Scott

"Can you access any event logger, find out the last few moments?", "Caleb why would they classify this kind of station so badly?" Looking back at Deloria "Is this what you saw the last away team? If so, how long did it last Sergeant"

Scott checked the logs and retired the last entry. "Sir the last thing on the log is an evacuation order." Scott said looking back at her.

"Aye Ma'am. And it lasted only a few moments at a time. But we weren't present long enough to know the frequency or duration they have." Meera explained, keeping her ears and eyes open for whatever might suddenly change besides the 'phantoms' of the previous crew present showing again.

Caleb shook his head, "I don't know why they would do such a poor job. I doubt it was incompetency, which means it was deliberate, or something happened to change things after it was classified. I'd bet it was the latter, not the former, but I couldn't say for sure."

"We have a object slowly moving towards the ship, we will try to investigate as soon as possible, watch out for any anomalies down there" Ryoko heard over the Comm badge. Looking at the rest she responded "Understood Lieutenant, keep my ship in one piece please" As she cuts the signal "We move towards the Operation center. Ensign Brookfield keep those signals with Tornado in check. Deloria you have point, move" She ordered as she finally grabbed her own weapon.

This was something that Caleb could appreciate, he was out in the field again, where he belonged. He wasn't quite sure what was going on but he knew that something, or more than likely someone was missing with the time line. And it had to stop. No matter what. When one dealt with something like this, coloring inside the lines was to be preferred, but with the stakes this high, the ends would indeed justify the means.

Mind Games

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones

CNS Office

Caleb knew he had to see the Counselor. It was just routine. Did he have some issue?, Well yes he did. But he could handle those himself. He didn't need some <i>professional</i> trying to help him, or worse yet keep him from doing his job.

He had been seeing Federation Counselors for the past year, he figured he could BS one more. He was good at lying and covering up. It should be a snap.

With a freshly replicated uniform, not a hair out of place, putting on a calm face he stepped into the outer office and pressed the chime.

Charles was meanwhile inside, reading through various messages from across the ship, currently it was a quite slow week for them so he didn't have to look into anything serious right now, it was the perfect opportunity to get some yearly check-overs done. Before however he for once read through the files given to him about his next visitor... he saw that he was subject of a severe incident, he had the feeling that nobody really on this ship had no luggage, he himself was no different of course.

He scrolled back a bit more and found out that he was already in therapy once. However as he looked at the reasoning for that he was quite baffled to have the other man's sexuality be the issue. Apparently he was treated because he was gay... that was really worth a roll of Charles eyes. He knew that not many families were as understanding as his own. He himself had to go through a similar situation, being gay himself, however his family was incredibly supportive even though they had a hard time adjusting to his first boyfriends.... back on earth he was quite the Casanova himself.

He heard the door chime and activated his communicator. "Come right in" he said, opening the door and standing up

"Glad you could spare the time Lieutenant Mitchell."

Caleb gave him a crooked smile, "I didn't really see much of an option," he replied, "I have to go through the evaluation in order to be cleared for duty."

The other man chuckled, "You are not the only one that doesn't like those sessions, truth be told i never liked them either, most likely due the fact that in had quite a lot of my own..."

Caleb quirked a brow. "You did?" he inquired.

Charles chuckled: "Indeed i did" he said, sitting down on the sofa motioning him to do so as well as he sat back into a comfortable position "After a accident I lost quite a few people i held closely, one of them was my boyfriend at that time"

Caleb sat down when Charles motioned for him to do so. He was convinced this would be just another normal evaluation that he could skate through and be on his way. At least he felt that way until Charles started talking.

He leaned back against the sofa and let out a breath he didn't know he'd been holding. "You're not just making that up?" he asked a hint of skepticism in his voice, "because that's almost exactly what happened to me."

"I can assure you that is the truth, things like that are something that no one should lie about. " he saw the other man relaxing and smiled "See i can relate to you quite well."

"I guess you can," Caleb admitted, "It just hurts so much. I was going to ask him to marry me that day. And my family was killed too."

The other looked at him with a rather hit expression. He could feel his hurt somehow, however he did not know his boyfriend that much at that time, by far not ready to ask him to marry him. He was more of a slow guy when it came to that, for that reason no perfect match seemed to have found him so far since then, aside a few little adventures. "I'm sorry to hear that... it always hurts to find oneself alone after situations like this" he looked out of the window, at the stars flying by. "Take a look outside" he said, his gaze stern and calm outside "Back when it happened to me i looked for the stars and thought, for how unfathomable big the universe is, there is quite a lot of hurt found on a personal level" he looked back at him "But thankfully we both pulled through, otherwise we could have never met. if you want to we can get a drink someday later, then we can talk a bit more open about things."

Caleb's left brow rose slightly, "You mean like just two guys meeting for a drink, not a doctor patient kind of thing?" he asked unsure of the other's motives or intentions.

The other man gave him a gaze that pretty much said What do you think it means? "You know... just because your other councilor seemed like they have had a stick shoved up their ass doesn't mean I'm like them... that's something I make clear with everyone I meet, to answer your question its the former, just a lazy meet up without any special intentions" he chuckled "You haven't met many humane councilors did you?" he joked.

"I met my share," Caleb rejoined, "just not any like you. Sounds almost as if you're asking me on a date, not a counseling session."

Charles looked straight ahead towards the door, then rotated his head slightly in tilted it to the side giving him puppy eyes "Depends on how you look at it, can be whatever you want" he teased. He knew that he really broke a few counseling rules here, but thankfully councilors had the least rules of any position on the ship due to their variety of situations they can be in.

Caleb cocked his head to one side, studying Charles. He had a feeling that he was being played. Not in a bad way, more like a counselor playing the game just a little better than himself. He could live with that.

"Well I guess I could handle that,"he said, "you're pretty easy on the eyes and a date might be nice. It has been awhile "

Charles grinned in response to that, "Oh that it truly has, and hey, you ain't THAT much a sore spot either" he teased knowing that he might have broken the ice into a much more comfortable territory. "I mean... last date i had was when i joined the Starfleet so i might be a bit rusty" he chuckled "Of course we could also visit the holodeck."

"Well, hey, you're the one asking, so I guess you get to make the choice. I'm pretty flexible."

"Hm... i think a simple drink should do if for now" he reassured and stood up "So, as far as i see it you are not a threat for the crew and mentally more than stable, as for the threat you are for relationships on this ship that could break from people looking at ya... well i cant help you with that, medical officer might help you with that" he grinned and offered a hand for him to take to stand up.

Caleb took the hand and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet. This interview had gone better than expected and certainly in an unexpected direction. He'd gotten a date out of it. He was a little unsure of whether he was ready for that or not, but he was willing to try. It was after all, just a drink.

"What time?" he asked.

Responded with a smile "My schedule is flexible, just say what your next free time period is and I'll try to adapt."

"Sure," Caleb answered, "how about 1830 tomorrow?"

"Sounds good" he nodded "As far as i know you are clear for duty, was a pleasure to meet you Lieutenant" he grinned playfully.

Personal Log 1217

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrán

Personal Log

Personal log...Lieutenant Tyler Vorrán. I have been promoted to executive officer though I suspect not the captain's first choice. It seems like she has been holding a grudge ever since that incident with the Klingons. Hopefully we aren't headed for more trouble at the Klingon starbase.

The captain and I also have agreed to disagree on the extent of the Tornado's involvement in internal Klingon affairs.

On another more positive note Liam is moving in with me and our relationship is getting more serious.

End Personal log

Re-Alignments

by Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Astrometrics Lab, Deck 4

Slamming his fists on the desk and muttering a few Klingon swearwords he had picked up as a teenager, Jordan asked the computer, as nicely as he could muster "Computer, scan the station off our port bow" After a moment and a lot of computer sounds that were unfamiliar to Jordan the computer responded, in her neutral tone "Unable to comply, sensor resolution too low" Losing his temper, Jordan near shouted "WHY?!" in an instant the response came "Astrometric sensors are out of alignment", calming slightly Jordan muttered "Bitch" at the computer, to his surprise it responded "Please restate inquiry".

Realizing he needed help, Jordan hit his commbadge "Brookfield to Harrison"

Liam had just walked onto the bridge when the call came in from Jordan, "Harrison here," he spoke as he approached his station to take over the shift.

"I'm having a lot of issues with the Astrometrics sensor array, do you think you could maybe come and take a look at it for me?" Jordan said, in his nicest most sweetest voice, knowing that this was a huge favor.

Liam sighed, he had just fixed the sensor array yesterday when they left Providence and now the problem was back. "Alright, I'll be right there," he said, then he tapped his com badge to end the call. "Take over for me," he said, calling back the officer he had just relieved, "I shouldn't be too long." He walked back to the turbolift and took it down to astrometrics. Along the way, he picked up a toolkit in order to properly inspect what was going on. As he walked in he smiled as he saw Jordan, "Hey," he said. "What, exactly, is the problem?"

Glad to see a friendly face, Jordan smiled, "When we were being bombarded by the graviton whirlpools and tachyon bubbles the specialized Astrometrics array took a hit and is now way out of alignment meaning its basically worthless, do you reckon you can fix it?" Jordan said, pulling out the puppy dog eyes and grateful that Liam was the one that came rather than a faceless ops officer.

"Yeah, the same thing happened to some of the other systems when we encountered that anomaly while leaving Providence," Liam told Jordan, "I can have it fixed in an hour or two." He then opened up one of the panels under the main console and opened his tool kit to begin working.

Smiling, Jordan said "You're amazing", Realizing how that might sound he corrected himself. "That's amazing, i mean". Moving swiftly Jordan said, "Can i help with anything or do anything for you? I kinda owe you one" Jordan finished

Liam laughed as he began to take out his tools and work on the wiring behind the panel. "Nope, all you have to do is enjoy the view," he told Jordan smiling to himself as he turned on one of his tools and began working.

Definitely enjoying the view he saw before him, Jordan laughed and said "You wish, sparky" Before thinking for a moment and saying "So...the XO has me down for the away mission"

Liam stopped working for a second in order to think and properly process what he heard. "What? Why?" he asked in a bit of a concerned tone, "I mean, that's great news and all, but isn't it dangerous?"

Actually touched by Liam's concern, Jordan said, "Its kind of twofold, one they need a science officer and i'm the one who was drafted and two, the station suffused with Chroniton radiation which could suggest a temporal disruption of some kind, if that is the case i would be immune due to my El-Aurian blood, But i wouldn't be concerned yet mate" Jordan finished, trying to put Liam's mind at ease.

Liam turned the tool back on and began working again. "Well, I don't think it'll be too dangerous. I mean, it's not like Romulans are going to destroy the base or anything, but if you do phase out we could lose you all and the station," he said.

"Well, I can live for several thousand years, as most El-Aurians can so i wouldnt worry about it to be honest. But i do appreciate your concern" As Jordan said this he smiled at Liam, and grabbed his shoulder in a reassuring way so he knew not to worry.

That made Liam think for a moment, and made him completely oblivious to the man's hand on him. He thought about the fact that if the two were to get together and blossom into something serious, then Jordan would outlive Liam by a long shot and most likely get with someone else after Liam would pass. "Ok, so the problem is how I expected...I know for sure, now," he told Jordan.

Taking his hand off of Liam's shoulder so he can work, Jordan had the feeling he had freaked Liam out, Focusing on the work he said "So what is the exact problem then?"

"Just your regular misalignments and power cuts to some of the relays. All I need to do is realign the sensors properly and either reconnect or redistribute the power so that the sensors get enough juice to work properly," Liam told Jordan as he began the power redistribution.

Smiling, though mostly ignorant to the technobabble coming from Liam, Jordan continued "How long do you think it will take to fix?" As they continued their work.

Nervous Choices

by Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones & Lieutenant JG Ariennye t'Jhiansu

USS Tornado - Bridge

The second away team was away on the station with Captain Takato in lead. Commander Wayne was working with Chief Engineer Saunders in Engineer on the findings of the surrounding area and the station. Now that brought the bridge crew into a halt, but Lieutenant JG Jones was next in line for bridge duty. Grace was annoyed not being selected to go towards the outpost. But in Ryoko thinking, it was better to have someone on board for things that might go wrong to be acted correctly. "Away Team is reporting in the main corridor of the Outpost, no strange readings just yet. Spacial readings state no chronic levels so far" Grace stated

Charles was quite nervous... normally he knew how to deal with that kind of nervousness, however he was never really brought into that position before. In his years as a councilor he never had to be in charge of a entire ship, even temporary, the only situation that came close to that was the time he had to relive the captain and Second in Command from duty due to mental instability for their own well being, even then he was not forced to take the lead.

So now, with sweaty hands he entered the bridge "Alright... the captain is currently on the station, im the next one in command line, lets get this over with nice and smoothly" for the first in most likely forever he found himself gripping the railing in the bridge just behind the captains seat nervously. He was way out of his comfort zone, a quite rare sight for anyone that might be on the bridge at that moment.

Arie was at the science station she looked up as the Counselor entered and started to speak.

Vorrان manned the helm keeping the ship within transporter range of the station in case they had to get the away team out in a hurry. Vorrان also kept a sharp lookout for any further anomalies that could threaten the ship. Ever since they got to this region of space he had a feeling like someone had walked over his grave.

Looking at the Lieutenant that was nervous as what, the pressure of such great ship resting upon his shoulders would be heavy. There was nothing to worry about as of such, but then her console went off "What the.." Looking at the incoming data "A low frequent spike of chronic readings were at the away team location"

Of course it wouldnt be easy... its never easy... the councilor looked at the other, "Any information on what that might cause it, or better, effect the Away team in any way? "

Grace shook her head "Not that I know off, the away team is investigating the appearance. Man if I were there, I could have done something" She still wished that it would be her there instead of Jordan. Her console went off again "Tachyon readings of 300 meters pass the station is moving slowly towards our direction"

Vorrان looked towards Jones. "Shall I take Evasive Maneuvers sir?" Vorrان asked

"Yes, in appropriate speed" he tapped his communicator "Prepare for evasive meneuvers everybody" was heard through the whole ship as he held onto the railing a bit tighter he also contacted the away team "We have a object slowly moving towards the ship, we will try to investigate as soon as possible, watch out for any anomalies down there" he was far more confident now

"Yes Sir" Replied Vorrان. Vorrان brought the ships speed up and began evasive maneuvers. The inertial dampers strained as Vorrان brought the ship about 180 degrees at full impulse power.

Communication from the Away Team came back "Understood Lieutenant, keep my ship in one piece please" The Captain voice came back. As Grace taps onto the console " Tachyons readings following patron of Navigation"

"Sir I've still got a few tricks I can try but we risk not being able to keep a transporter lock on the away team." Vorrان said

At that Charles tapped his communicator yet again, establishing a connecting to the ground team once more: "Captain, the Tornado will need to evade some more, we might not be able to get a lock on you for a time as a heads up" he looked back at Vorrان "Do it, we dont want to scratch our ship, try to get a lock as soon as possible once the situation isnt as harsh anymore"

"Yes Sir" Replied Vorrان as he maneuvered the ship. "Hold on everyone" warned Vorrان as he brought the ship into a corkscrew maneuver.

Arie took a breath and steadied herself as the ship moved. She then went back to her scans on the particles. "Sir, various things can cause readings like the chroniton readings that were taken."

"Are these particles reacting to any other scans as of now? Just because they are picked up by one sensor doesnt mean it has to be just that" he looked ahead and let go off the railing after the evasive actions were done, he

looked at the crew present on the bridge "Quick analysis, is it safe for the away group to stay there yes or no? If we are dealing with something unknown im better safe than sorry"

The pointed eared woman replied as she glanced back at the Counselor "Well, wormholes are known to cause that but more often then not its caused by some unknown phenomenon. Sir." Arie said as she pressed a few more buttons. Beeps were the reply and she scanned for something else.

"Sir, I'm not certain about the chroniton readings but the Tachyon readings could be a cloaked ship." Vorrn replied

Looking from her console as she tapped madly onto it "Cloaked vessels, Tachyon Readings, Chroniton readings, everything might be it" Grace stated, sliding her hand over the scanners control "Lieutenant is close thought, its a mixed reading of both Chroniton and Tachyon readings" Suddenly her readings goes e-wire "What the...massive chroniton readings from the station!!! Its jumping!"

"Jumping?" Charles asked perking up, completely confused, he was not even aware of stations being able to do that "You mean, warp or what?" he was quite unsure on what to think of that "Clarify please"

Grace smirks as she kept the station in check "Time jump I think, it is dislocating from its current location" she stated looking up at the screen as the ship began to shake "we are getting tachyon beating! Can't get a lock on the Captain"

"Can we establish a channel to talk to them?" he asked walking forward in front of the captains chair.

"It is impossible to open channel, the particles are interfering with our signal sir. We have to take action now" Looking at the Lieutenant as the ship began to shake more seeing the station slowly disappear.

Charles was partly panicking, not sure what to do, however he wanted to make sure they were in safety. "Take us away from here, get us some distance from the station, full impulse" he commanded and looked at the station which was indeed slowly disappearing

Within seconds the station disappeared with a flash. The Away team fate was unknown. What will happen towards them, where are they and how will they come back, if they come back?

Away Team, Ghost of the Past

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Scott Erickson & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria
MTRF - Operation Center

Walking into a nearly destroyed Operation Center, the sealing had partly collapse. Consoles had exploded and barely anything was working "Caleb work with Erickson on retrieving any event logs. Deloria secure the area and give a shout if you find something. Jordan get me some readings" Ryoko kneel forward and grabbed a dusty plate from the ground seeing the signature of MTRF on it.

Looking around and unsure about what could possibly have caused this, Jordan walked over to one of the non-sparking consoles and began taking readings. To his surprise, Jordan was able to pull quite a lot of data off. Approaching the captain he said "Captain, It seems there was a anti-matter explosion, but, at the same time there also wasn't. My current theory is that at the exact second of the anti-matter explosion a temporal experiment overloaded and caused small subspace vacuoles all over the station to float around, basically which is causing the small fractures in time we are seeing" Jordan took a breath.

Caleb licked the blood off of his lips, he glanced over at the Ensign he'd never met, "Over here," he commented, "give me a hand and let's see if we can find anything more useful."

"Yes sir," Erickson said, he walked over and joined him at the computer station. "This station looks a took a beating, some of the data may come out corrupt sir."

"I wouldn't doubt it, if it did Ensign, but we can only give it our best shot. see what we can come up with. Maybe it will at least provide a clue as to what happened.

Deloria nodded, and began sweeping the room, checking to make sure there wouldn't be any physical surprises. And while there was one, it wasn't the sort to be readily dangerous near as they could tell. Slinging her rifle over her shoulder, Meera turned on the flashlight hooked into a loop on her vest, and examined the body, even checking for a pulse. Nothing. "Body here. Looks like he died... Call it half an hour ago? His uniform looks to have rank pips five years out of date." Meera reported, looking back to the group. This place was all kinds of messed up so far.

Ryoko heard the theory of Brookfield and it did not make sense to her. But from an Operation point of view. She could understand that it was not something good. The station took a beating. Walking towards Deloria to see what she found and saw the body laying there. Kneeling next to it, she shrugs "These pips are five years old...good catch there Sergeant" Ryoko looked at the two intel and await there findings.

Erickson got to work in the computer terminal. He connected his own computer console and began to download the last set of logs that he could find. "Captain, external sensors picked up the USS Twin Towers leaving the sector. I can't get a lock on there course but there's a 3 minute sensor glitch and then the ship is destroyed. I'm still digging for more information."

Looking at them, Ryoko took a deep breath. The information was chaotic and that was annoying. She checked the information on a barely working console. Looking at the gather logs and information she noticed an icon blinking at her side of the screen. Looking at her side, Ryoko saw it on other consoles also. When her eyes stopped at Jordan console hovering his finger over the icon "NOOO!"

It was only after Jordan had pushed the button to pull up more information about the temporal "Experiments" happening on the station, that Jordan heard the Captain screaming at him "What, what did I do?" Jordan said, Panicking at what may have unfurled in front of him

Ryoko eyes widen as she looked around seeing everything light up "No no no.." She tapped her comm badge "Tornado beam us out now!!" The only thing she heard was scrambling sounds as she grabbed the console. Ryoko felt an enormous force on her as if all G-forces hit her "Hold...on...to something..." She barely got out as the station was disappearing back into the timeline loop.

Everyone looked like they were being pulled apart at the seams, although Jordan felt a wave wash over him like a hot bath. Looking around, he was surprised at what he saw.

Meera reached for the nearest surface that would have provided a grip, and found herself slamming into the ground as if everything about her weighed so much more. "The... Fuck... Is... Happening?!" Meera tried to grind out as something went horribly horribly wrong.

Scott reached out to the control panel held on tight, but lost his grip just as quick as he reached out for it. He looked up to see the rest of his team do the same. He closed his eyes and let the darkness consume him.

Caleb found himself falling, if falling it could be called. He reached out for any available anchor and found Scott's foot. He grabbed hold of it.

Within seconds the station disappeared with a flash. The Away team fate was unknown. What will happen towards them, where are they and how will they come back, if they come back?

Introductions

by Lieutenant JG Ariennye t'Jhiansu

Astrometrics Lab - Deck 4

Jordan was busy working and running simulation after simulation on the Graviton whirlpools and tachyon bubbles and trying to find ways around them, when he suddenly felt someone behind him. Turning, Jordan said "Hello, Lieutenant, Can I help you?"

Arie had slipped, quietly into the lab in hopes of using the space a bit between the normal workload that was required. She had not expected anyone to be there. Her back straightened ever so slightly at the site of the Ensign. "No, not exactly" Ariennye stated softly "I came to use the equipment but I see that its occupied I can come back...." As Arie trailed off a bit as she lifted her chin and tilted her head slightly to look around the other officer and glanced at the simulation "if you like. What have you got running?" It was apparent that she was curious.

"No, it's fine, grab a desk I can do what I need from this centre console. With regards to what I'm doing i'm running simulations on the graviton whirlpools and tachyon "Bubbles" to either limit the damage, predict their course or find some way to overcome them, though I've little to no success so far. Any pointers?" Jordan finished then picked up and drained the last of his (now cold) vanilla latte.

"Pointers, not really." Arie replied quietly and moved to one of desks as she placed two PADDs on the desk as she continued on. "Has the gravitation effects which can be tracked in a way because of the pull of the surrounding influences effected upon the source been looked at?"

Handing the more senior officer a PADD, Jordan said "I've looked at the gravitational effects with regards to the tachyon bubbles but not to much else, do you have another theory?"

"Stabilize the tachyons." Ariennye replied lightly "and then try to see if it's measurable?"

"Acknowledged" Doing what the woman had suggested, Jordan was surprised to see his data input increase by more than 25% "Thank you so much for the help ma'am" Looking back at the data jordan was confused "Lieutenant, does this wavelength look like a power signature to you?"

"Please, can we dispense with the use of ranks, for it sounds odd to call every one Ensign or Lieutenant all the time. If I walk into a room and call out Ensign. I will have at least five people respond and none will be the Ensign I will need to query. Its Ariennye t'Jhiansu but you may call me Arie." She bowed slightly as she greeted him and straightened. Then she studied the data for a long moment and gave a short swift nod. "It does indeed. Can we track it back to the origin?"

Privately thankful for the laid back nature of his boss, Jordan Said "Yeah, that's fine by me, but until i'm used to it, expect the odd slip up now and again Arie" Jordan said, smiling. Turning back to his console he said "Not at this range" As one part of his console began to beep "That's unusual...I'm detecting traces of Chronitons"

"Oh?" Arieenne replied "from where?"

"As far as the sensors can tell, somewhere near the centre of the anomaly, but its odd, its more like a series of anomalies than one big one, although I need to analyse the readings in more detail to confirm it" Jordan said, perplexed as he had never seen anything like this, at least, nothing like this was taught at the academy.

Arie pulled up a chair and sat down as she studied the information she casually pressed a button and zoomed in on the local. "Nothing seems out of the ordinary... yet."

Still completely perplexed, Jordan said "If I can be honest, Arie, this is way above my head and frankly my level of knowledge. The computer is stumped to, so we be looking at a completely new form or type of a previously known anomaly."

Aries reply was a simple nod while she thought for a moment about what to do in this situation. "Well then chart it. Call it the the JB dash 01 anomaly for now and if it becomes official you can label it what you want. I suggest Brookfield Anomaly."

Smiling from ear to ear at the fact that, at just a month after the academy, he may have a brand new type of spatial anomaly named after him, Jordan charted the anomaly and sent the readings to the Starfleet council of Astrophysics for analysis. "Thanks for the suggestion by the way, Arie."

"Anytime, although I don't think I helped all that much." Arie sounded unsure of the outcome. While the two continued their research.

Shore Leave Rumble

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Providence Fleet Yards

Backpost - USS Tornado is at the Starbase

Vorrان woke up on a cold floor with a huge headache. As his eyes slowly gain focus he notices he's in a holding cell with a very attractive young ensign sitting on the bunk in front of him. The Ensign has piercing blue eyes, he also seems to have a bruise on his cheek and dried blood under his nose. "Either this is a fantasy come true or I had quite the bender last night" Vorrان says.

Liam had one of the worst hangovers he's had in his life and the night that landed him in the cramped cell with the cute Bajoran officer was amiss in his memory. He moved his head from looking at the blue glare from the brig's forcefield to looking at the man who he shared his cell with. "Why can't it be both?" he asked as he made a kiss motion at the man and then smirked.

Vorrان smirked. "Well there is worse company to be stuck in the pokey with." Vorrان rubs his face where it was sore around his left eye socket. "Swell I probably have a hell of a shiner" muttered Vorrان.

Liam took a deep breath as he leaned back against the bulkhead. "Do you remember anything?" he asked as he closed his eyes and tried to think back to last night. "I mean, about what we did last night," he said as he opened his eyes and looked down at the man.

Vorrان put a hand to his head as he tried to remember. "Last thing I remember was drinking a bottle of saurian brandy while trying to get the comm code of that vulcan science officer." "Guess its not time for Pon Farr... a shame he was cute." Vorrان shrugged.

"That's it?" Liam asked as he moved his head off to the side, looking at the bulkhead parallel to the forcefield. "Nothing else?" he spoke in a very grim tone as he too did not remember much of the previous night. Maybe it was his hangover, or it was from the bruises they had, but they needed to remember somehow.

"If I had gotten that vulcan's comm code I could have him mind meld me....among other things...." Vorrان Replied "Maybe it'll come back to me when the throbbing dies down" Vorrان said while he rubbed his temples.

"Last I remember, I came into the bar trying to wind down after my transport over here. After the third or fourth drink, things start to get a bit fuzzy for me..." Liam told the Bajoran, "Hell, I can't even remember your name..."

"Tyler.... Tyler Vorrان." Vorrان replies he extends his right hand.

Liam leans in to shake the man's hand, "Liam Harrison," he spoke as he smiled, then realizing how bad his headache was when he leaned forward, so he sat back again. "Do you remember how you got that bruise?" he asked as he closed his eyes to try to make the pain go away.

Vorrان sighed. "It's starting to come back to me." "The Vulcan shot me down something about it being illogical to become involved with another male." Vorrان shrugs. "He'll change his tune when pon Farr kicks in...." Vorrان rubs his shiner again.

"I think I was doing shots with a Klingon at the bar... Kag....no Klang..." Vorrان said.

"In the bar with the Klingon, yeah...." Liam spoke as he vaguely remembered a group of Klingons with them at the bar. "Also, I'm curious, how did we end up being stuck here like this? Why us? Out of all the people in the bar. Were we sitting together, talking? I can't remember a single thing," Liam said as he laughed.

"Again my memory isn't much better." "I do remember getting hit by Klang now though." Vorrان said

"I imagine when security broke up the fight we got tossed in here for being involved." Vorrان suggested.

"Well, then where is this Klingon?" Liam asked with a slightly worried look on his face. Being the younger of the two, he didn't have much experience with bar fights - or, for that matter, fighting in general - especially those with Klingons involved.

Vorrان shrugged and looked at the attractive young ensign. "Well it wouldn't have been the best of ideas to put him in here with us if we fought." Vorrان starts to grin "either that or he's in sickbay." "I do remember breaking the bottle of brandy on his head now." Vorrان said.

"Yeah, but I remember that there was more than one of them..." Liam told his new de facto friend, "I doubt both of us could've taken out a group of Klingons. Especially with my skills."

"Obviously we're still breathing after fighting a group of Klingons so we took them out somehow" Vorrان said. "I've been in a brawl or two usually in bars...go figure." "I don't think I'd be able to handle a group of angry Klingons" Vorrان said. Vorrان's head hurt more as he tried to remember what happened.

"I wonder when we'll be out of here. I think the *Tornado* is due to leave port today...I hope they don't leave without us," Liam told Vorrان as he sighed and looked at the security officer on the other side of the forcefield.

Vorrان sighed as well. "Great, the Captain is not going to be happy and will probably have me reassigned to a garbage scow." Vorrان lamented.

"I'll probably be sent back to the academy to finish the year they let me skip," Liam said sighing again. He was happy and proud to have been given the chance to start his career early and only hoped the Captain would have some sympathy for him. "What were you supposed to do on the *Tornado*?"

"I was supposed to be the new chief flight control officer." Said Vorrان "I won't get sent back to the academy as Admiral Brand has a shoot on sight order for me after my time there." Vorrان said smirking.

"Mmm, lucky you," Liam told Vorrان. "I am hopefully going to be an Operations Officer on the *Tornado*, although who knows what the Captain - and hell, even the Admiral - has in mind for me..."

"Thanks for bringing up the Admiral." "I'll be lucky if she doesn't toss me out the airlock when she hears about this." Vorrان said "This was my last chance to get a posting other than flying shuttles at Farpoint station." Vorrان told Liam.

"Eh, I'm not *that* worried. Worst case I'll never get a posting this side of Sol, but there are plenty more places to go out there, and with my skill set I'm sure I'll find *something* to do," Liam told Tyler, suddenly realizing he was boasting a bit too much and decided to shut his mouth.

"It would help if we could remember what happened in the bar." Vorrان replied. He looks at the oaf of a security guard on the other side of the force field. "Hey you!!!" "Mind telling us why we're in here??" Vorrان yelled startling the security guard.

The young Lieutenant manning the Security desk of the brig room looked up from his console for a brief second before nudging it off and returning to what he was doing, blatantly ignoring the Bajoran prisoner.

"Nice guy," Liam told Tyler, "very friendly." Glancing over to the security guard, he smirked seductively, although probably having no affect what so ever.

"If he could form a coherent sentence he would have a job other than guarding the brig." Vorrان replied loud enough for the security guard to hear

The security officer laughed at the man in the cage attempting to get his attention, instead he turned his chair around and began to finish his work.

Liam sighed as he stood up and walked towards the forcefield. "Can we at least get something to eat?" he asked as he knocked his fist on the bulkhead adjacent to the forcefield.

The Security officer sighed as he stood up and walked to the replicator. Liam smirked again at the man, hoping to get something out of him. The man smiled and picked up two ration trays for the men in the room, with a PADD hidden under Tyler's tray. Winking at Liam before returning to his desk.

Vorrان looks at the padd which contains a report from the incident in the bar. "Apparently I tried to call it a night and Klang saw that as a coward's way out from the drinking challenge." Vorrان tells Liam "Looks like you tried to help when Klang and I were discussing the matter with our fists" Vorrان looked at Liam appreciatively "At least until his associates joined the discussion."

"Ah. Look at me being a good samaritan..." Liam told Tyler as he smirked and began to eat the rations provided. "Mmm, I just love Starfleet standard issue rations...yum yum yum," he said sarcastically as he looked over at the security guard who was still ignoring them.

"I don't think the rations were designed for anything but making you miserable" "Not a good idea to eat with a hangover either" Vorrان said.

"Hmm, the creator of these rations must really hate me, then," Liam told Tyler as he reluctantly took another bite.

The security guard yawned as he looked over at the two officers in the brig, "Good news, folks. The brass is coming down to see y'all," he said as his smirk turned into a chuckle.

Vorrان looks at Liam trying to hide his disquiet. "I think my headache just got worse."

Shore Leave Rumble Pt 2

by Ryoko Takato & Rear Admiral Catherine Wolf & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Providence Fleet Yards

Backpost - USS Tornado is at the Starbase

After the incident in the bar resulting in Vorrان and Harrison ending up in the brig nursing hangovers they learned the captain was on her way to see them.

Vorrان was sprawled on the bunk in the cramped cell contemplating how he would explain this incident to the captain.

Vorrان at looked at Liam and smirked. "I think I would rather be fighting twenty klingons than being here when the captain arrives" Vorrان said.

"Eh, I'm better at mind games than I am at, well, anything physical - unless of course, it's..." Liam spoke, pausing as he heard the doors of the brig swift open. The doors stayed open for a few seconds, Liam's heart beating twice the regular pace, before getting back to his normal rate seeing just a crewman walk in. He turned his head to his Bajoran cellmate and sighed. "Anyways," he said with a relieved tone.

"Well that was anticlimactic." Vorrان said as he shrugged

Vorrان looked at the attractive young ensign with battle wounds evident on his face. "You did pretty well if you were trying to help me fight off klingons and lived to tell the tale." Vorrان offered "Well at least until the Captain arrives." Vorrان looked at the door again pensively.

"Well, who knows. Maybe I was hopped up on so much adrenaline and alcohol that I'd do anything to save a cute guy," Liam said laughing, before realizing what he had said may have made things a bit awkward for the two. Instead of confronting what he had said, he simply let his headache grow as he turned to the door and waited impatiently for their 'death sentence' to be announced.

Vorrان smiled. "If we make it through this without being reassigned to a garbage scow, I owe you a drink."

"A shame I had to break that bottle of saurian brandy on one of the klingons, now that's alcohol abuse." Vorrان lamented.

"I'm not sure you properly understand that term," Liam told Tyler, referring to his alcohol abuse statement. To be truthful, Liam was excited about another drink with the man. He didn't have anyone else in his life, so, why not?

"I understand that was a particularly good vintage and it's a shame it went to waste." Vorrان replied

Despite the circumstances Vorrان has enjoyed his time with the young ensign. He wished he had been drinking with him instead of Klang.

"Oh? I'm not that much of an alcohol expert. If it can get me drunk, and won't make me vomit, then I like it," Liam told Tyler. He honestly didn't really care what he drank, but, realizing it make make him seem 'uncultured' he added, "but, a good taste can't hurt." Well, that didn't really fix things... Liam thought as he closed his eyes for a few brief seconds.

"That leaves a wide range of possibilities" Vorrان replied

Vorrان looked toward the door again. "Maybe they are just going to leave us here" Vorrان said.

A few seconds later, the doors of the brig swooshed open revealing what appeared to be an Admiral and a Captain. Rear Admiral Wolf stepped into the brig room and walked towards Liam and Tyler's cell. "You two have made quite a mess for us," she told the two officers.

Vorrان stood at attention in his disheveled state.

"Yes Admiral, Captain." Vorrان replied

Ryoko was rather pissed off "HoS II' Dalo'Ha'chu!(You are a total waste of good energy!)" She cursed in Klingon as Ryoko took a deep breath "You both almost killed my year of work by a matter of a brawl. You are both Starfleet Officers and you behave as Orion Pirates! Get your act together gentlemen" Looking at them both.

Vorrان looked at Harrison with sympathy. He felt bad as Liam was just trying to help a fellow officer in trouble.

"Captain, I take full responsibility for what happened." "Ensign Harrison just happened to come to my defense like any other starfleet officer would have". Vorrان explained.

"Please, Lieutenant. You are both Starfleet officers who knew full well what you were doing. The Ensign's actions are his own, as are yours. The repercussions of said actions are for the Captain and I to decide," Catherine told the two men in a rather disappointing tone.

Looking at them both as her arms were over each other, Ryoko took a deep breath "The plus point out of this all, is that the Klingons enjoyed it. Like it is a normal break from their ship" She pointed out as Ryoko looked at the Admiral "I presume a 24 hours deck cleaning on Tornado would be ...acceptable or you want it higher?"

Vorran sighed. "Deck cleaning it is then Captain."

"Are we free to go at least?" Vorran asked

"For now" Ryoko responded as she waved towards the brig officer to release them. "Don't let it happen again" She spoke as she turned around and left with the Admiral out of the brig area.

Stargazing

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders

USS Merrimac, Stellar Cartography

Backstory [Two years ago]

<i>Bigger. Turbolifts.</i>

Through all of Starfleets technical marvels, it's discovery's and breakthroughs over the centuries of it's existence, no one had stopped to consider the cramped conditions of the turbolift as ship designs and crew compliments grew. Apparently there were no parents among the higher-ups of Starfleet Command either, Milton lamented, as he stood squished towards the back of the turbolift car, wedged between men, women and children alike whom were heading to their cabins as part of the school run at the end of the ships day cycle. The lieutenants destination took him elsewhere, however, with his duty shift now behind him he had one stop to make before retiring to his cabin for the day. He slowly rolled his head back to face the ceiling and released a heavy sigh, counting down the decks until the other occupants would spill out and continue their journey. Late afternoon was always the busiest period in terms of foot traffic aboard the Merrimac, the flow of officers moving to and from duty shifts coupled with school finishing made for a hectic hour or two. The car came to it's first destination, the doors parted and the number of occupants dwindled down, the large mass of children and accompanying parents flooded into the corridor, leaving Saunders and a couple of other duty officers to lap up the remaining space. The Chief alighted several decks later, following the curvature of the corridor and stepped through the large doors to stellar cartography.

Milton stopped as he passed the threshold and the doors closed behind him with a soft hiss. To call stellar cartography a room left something to be desired, it was more akin to a cylindrical tank, stretching above and below the platform that extended out into the center, the walls were covered with the stars of the cosmos, twinkling against the black backdrop of space and there, suspended among them, was his adored wife Onita Saunders. She sat weightless high above the platform which she was supposed to be working from, her legs tucked beneath her slender frame, she held a PADD as she focused on a star highlighted by a reticule, her long auburn hair anchored in a ponytail floating behind her head. For an endless moment Milton stood in place, watching her work. Onita turned her head slightly towards him,

"Enjoying the view?" She asked in a playful tone, her soft voice echoed slightly around the chamber.

Milton moved deeper into the room in slow careful steps, the lighter gravity inside the room felt almost like walking underwater, he offered a coy shrug in place of the cheesy star-related pun that had entered his head,

"I'm certainly not complaining," He replied, stopping at the rim of the platform beneath and slightly to the side of her, he craned his neck slightly to look up at her, since he had shown her how to adjust the controls Onita had spent the majority of her previous shifts in zero gravity whenever she worked alone, and like those previous shifts Milton had offered to visit her in his free time, "How's it going?" he wanted to know.

Onita lent back, stretching her legs out in front of her and with an arcing sweep of her arm she rolled onto her stomach, 'laying' in mid air, she held her hand out towards her husband inviting her to join him. Saunders pushed off towards Onita, he gently clasped her hand as he reached her and they stabilized against his momentum, resting beside her, he placed a peck on her cheek.

"I was just updating the ships star charts," She informed him, a window appeared next to the star she had previously highlighted. Information showing numbers and figures filled out the new space, to Saunders it was nonsense but Onita understood it perfectly of course, manipulating the data with elegant grace. He floated in revered silence as she worked, observing her beautiful form, she didn't seem to have aged since the day they met.

"What's the plan this evening?" She asked,

"Dunno, head to our quarters, make dinner, kick back and relax." Saunders listed,

"What's on the menu?"

"I was thinking smoked salmon and rocket tagliatelle."

She gives a satisfied nod, "Weren't you going to try out your new holodeck program?" Onita asked with a sideways glance. Saunders grunted, it was true he had planned to do so that evening, he had programmed a replica of the Absaroka Range to cycle along but work had been particularly demanding that day, "I'm tired," he replied,

"You've not been exercising very often lately," Onita noted, her voice carried the faintest hint of concern, something Saunders had learnt to pick up on in the early stages of their relationship, Onita was a worrier, after all, "You want to be careful, I might end up adding you to the star charts if you get any bigger," a wry smirk spreads across her lips. Saunders clicked his tongue at the teasing barb, he mumbled for her to be quiet, pushing down and against her hip

he sends her gently rolling across the tank, Onita let out a hearty laugh as she let herself turn over again and again across the tank.

Ranjan Balan cleared his throat loud enough for the couple to hear, standing at the platforms center he gingerly scratched one arm. Saunders turned to the source of the noise and spotted the ships conn officer, how long had he been there?

"I'm sorry to interrupt, I just came for an update on your work," He spoke to Onita as she brought herself to face him, her cheeks tinted slightly with embarrassment,

"Yeah, sure, I've just finished compiling the data, it's ready to transfer to the navigational computer," her attitude snapped from playful to professional in a heartbeat, her tone more serious. She placed herself next to Lieutenant Balan on the platform, her feet back on the ground she began adjusting the controls to normal. This was his cue to leave, Milton swam over towards the door, dropping a short distance with a soft thud as the gravity returned to Earth normal, he called out to his wife,

"I'll head home and start dinner,"

"Okay, I won't be too long," She replied, pointing out something on the console to her colleague, Onita kissed the air towards her husband. With a grin Saunders returned the gesture and left.

Taking The Reins

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones & Lieutenant JG Ariennye t'Jhiansu & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield

USS Tornado – Bridge

Lieutenant Saunders charged onto the bridge as the turbolift doors opened, his shoulders hunched and his face seemingly locked in a frown, the situation had apparently escalated rapidly while both he and the Commander had been off the bridge and it seemed Milton had been the first to arrive to find Counselor Jones in charge. He couldn't recall how much -if any- command experience the doctor had but the ship still appeared to be afloat, to the man's credit. The lieutenant approached Jones, glancing at the viewscreen to find the station missing,

"Report," he ordered in a stern tone.

Grace looked at the Lieutenant that took the command over "The Away Team under leading of Captain Takato beamed over towards MTRF to investigate the station records. Sudden tachyon particles were attracted towards us and when we were going away from the station it started to spike up chronic readings and disappeared. I am still reading the scans sir"

Vorrان glanced back at Saunders. "Sir we're at full impulse moving away from the former coordinates of the station" He reported. "With all the tachyon and Chroniton particles flooding the area it will make it difficult to form a warp field." Vorrان added

"Bring us to an all stop," Saunders navigated towards the center of the bridge, standing directly behind the joined conn and ops console. The gears in his mind began turning as he formed an idea, right now the away teams safe recovery was to be a top priority, more so since the Captain had joined the ranks of the missing,

"Ensign Harrison run a long range scan," the ordered doubled to not only confirm they were alone in the neighborhood, but see if the station had merely jumped to a different point in space, Milton knew the odds were practically zero but he wasn't willing to rule it out.

Vorrان brought the ship to a full stop. The hum of the engines dying down as he slowed the ship. "Full Stop confirmed, Sir" Replied Vorrان

Returning to Grace posted at the science station he hoped his anxiety wasn't too evident as he had been moving between the crewmen he now found himself leading, one of the first things he had learnt about command was to project an air confidence, despite what you felt inside, he spoke in a steady manner as he asked the Warrant Officer, "What have you been able to glean from your scans?"

Grace looked at the scans reports and took a deep breath "Nothing, its just gone" She looked at the Lieutenant "I can't find any lead towards the station and the Tachyons are behaving normally. So I have no idea"

Saunders turned to Arie, while not doubting Grace's skills as a scientist nor questioning her competency he hoped to get a better answer than a verbal shrug from Vulcan/Romulan hybrid, "What's your opinion?"

Arie lifted one eye eyebrow for a moment and walked over to Grace's station. "She is correct Sir. The scans are normal." Arie however did not stop there "But that does not mean that every thing is normal. It just has to be found." The pointed eared woman bit at her lower lip as she concentrated at the station next to the Warrant Officers. "we may be able to track it with adjustments made to a quantum beacon. Place it in a probe, or use the sensors with the modifications."

The second officer weighed both options, he wasn't too familiar with quantum beacons but his knowledge of the ship as it's chief engineer helped him figure the pros and cons of using probes or the ship itself, "Work with Ms. Grayfield to modify the sensors," he instructed. The knot in his stomach eased slightly knowing they had a lead to finding the away team, he moved to take the center chair, as he leaned into the seat he spoke to Vorrان, "Bring the ship about Lieutenant, take us as close as you can to the stations last co-ordinates."

"Yes, Sir" Replied Vorrان as he entered the course into the helm. The hum of the impulse engines could be heard as he increased the Tornado's speed.

"Mr, Jones if you have no objections I'd like you here on the bridge," Milton twisted to face the counselor, gesturing to the other empty command chair.

Ariennye nodded even as she replied "Yes Sir." She turned to Grace "Shall we get started?"

Looking at her boss, Grace nodded "We got allot of logs and scans to follow up. Long live time displacement events" She stated sarcastic.

The corner of Arie's mouth flickered with a slight smile. "Agreed" was her reply.

Vorran's sense of disquiet increased as the ship flew toward the empty area of space where the station was. He couldn't help but feel that this was just the beginning.

It was happening quite fast as the man returned to the bridge he reported as a add to the others report: "Pretty much what our crewmen said, i wasnt sure on the effects on the ship or crew soo i decided to get us some distance" he nodded as he was offered the second command chair and sat down next to him "Sir, any word from the captain?"

The second officer shook his head, "The entire away team went incommunicado when the station disappeared," Saunders tapped the status display between the command chairs, leaning on one armrest, a report beeped for his attention from Doctor Olmos. "Commander Wayne has fallen ill," he informed Charles after a moment, "So it's just gonna be us two running the show for a little while." He turned to face the viewscreen, tallying the events so far in his head; a missing away team, a disheveled command structure and an engineer and a shrink in command, a smirk settled on his face, "Buckle up counselor, I doubt we're through the thick of it yet."

Away Team: No mans land

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Ensign Jordan Brookfield & Lieutenant JG Scott Erickson & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria
MTRF - Operation Center

"Captain?" A strange dark voice spoke close towards Ryoko ear "I think she is waking up" Slowly her blurry vision cleared up as she blinked a few times with her eyes seeing a elder Bolian man standing next to her "Captain? Are you feeling alright, a chronic blast can smack up your senses quite bad" He stated as Ryoko sits up and cracks her neck looking around seeing that the other Away Team members are getting the same treatment "I'm okay...who are you?"

"My name is Hatt Syflon, I am the Captain of the Mannheim Temporal Research Facility, who are you and why are you wearing such pips?" Looking over his shoulder towards the others.

"Captain Takato, USS Tornado-C on voyages to your last known location and investigation strange readings" She stated looking at the man as he looked back at her.

Getting up off the floor, Jordan found himself standing in a bright, brand new looking station. Approaching the Bolian, Jordan said "Hello Captain, I am Ensign Brookfield, what is the stardate?"

Meera groaned, and shook her head, trying to clear the headache there. Grabbing her rifle, and using it to help her stand up at the moment, she looked around, and blinked a few times. Grabbing the grip, she set the rifle to low-ready, and observed the now much more lively station room. Okay, not so much 'more lively' as 'not as fucked up'. "Ma'am, Sir, what the fuck just happened? And why isn't this room messed up anymore?" Meera asked, looking between the two captains in the room.

"Basically?" Hatt replied "You are in the chornotonic dimension that dislocated you from the parallel dimension you belong to." Seeing that she lost the young Sergeant as he looked at Jordan "There is no time in this universe..so stardates are not really effective or relative in here" He pointed towards the window where a storm of blue/white nebula surrounds the station with some lightnings here and there.

"So basically we are trapped in a time dimension universe?" Ryoko replied as she grabbed her head, still hurting from the hit of the jump "This is not really the time for hardcore science on me"

"Can you just put it in layman's terms?" Caleb asked Hatt

"We are outside of our time and time as we know it." Scott said sitting up and rubbing his head. "It's vary simple actually."

"I realize that," Caleb answered the Ensign, "but I wasn't asking you. I was asking our new host."

Hatt looked at the Intelligence Chief "The Ensign prediction of chosen words are correct Lieutenant" He replied "My team is still busy with the resolve to get back in the location. But we only have arrived a few days here" He pointed out.

"Sorry sir," Ericsson said.

Looking at the Captain as Ryoko stood up "So you are saying that you are a few days here...while the station log of Starfleet record it lost with all crew 5 years ago?" She took a deep breath as she looked at the rest of the away team "Try and assist the other officers in their efforts getting this place back into the right setting" She ordered.

"Aye captain," Erickson said standing up. He turned to face Lieutenant Mitchell. "Sir, where should we get started at?"

"Well, that leaves me with a short end of the stick. Not much use a Marine has in this kind of situation. Still, if you need something shot or a door kicked, I'll do my best." Meera says, slinging her rifle over her shoulder and trying to grasp her head around the fact that they technically were no longer in the time or space they knew, much less in any other one.

Caleb looked over at the Ensign, "Let's start analyzing the data that we do have and see if we can make heads or tails of it. Then we can go from there."

Time Locks and Failures

by 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

MRTF Security Office

Meera had gotten directions to the Chief of Security's office on the station, and was walking resolutely there. She would be useless with the scientists or mechanics, but there was always an aspect of how a station runs, that most don't pay attention to.

The people who patrol, protect and watch over all of it in the course of their duties. The Security personnel. Always there, always 'invisible' till someone does something wrong or stupid, and always watching. Sure, they may not understand 75% of what they're watching over, but they notice things that, say a engineer might miss, because in the engineer's mind, it's insignificant, while in the security personnel's mind, that's something stranger than normal.

So, Meera's goal was simple. Find out what the Chief of Security knew. What he felt. And since the station was basically stuck out of time and space as it was known, it wasn't like he was going to be off station.

Walking into the office was, weird, since the person in question was a Lieutenant Commander, relatively slight, and reminded Meera of an off-colored Andorian, and who seemed to turn and view her with blank, unfocused eyes. Had he been blinded when the event happened? Not likely, since he moved with sure and deft movements like he'd had it for a long time or all his life. The race, not so weird. The fact that Meera was walking into the officer armed and armored was the weird part.

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Commander Shren? Sergeant Meera Deloria, Marine of the USS Tornado, requesting permission to enter." Meera said, her voice a sharp and quick clip as per training.

"Granted Sergeant. What can I do for you?" He said, putting down the PADD in his hand.

"Just thought I'd come in, see if you had an understanding of what's happened to the station, and what changed prior to, this event?" She said, shifting into an at-ease position, one hand holding the strap of her rifle while it was slung over her shoulder.

"Beyond the fact that I have a few days worth of reports unable to be sent? Nothing much Sergeant. We've been in this situation for a few days, five or six days since the teleporter failed and the crew of the station started lamenting on something more than the normal situation. Then again, when the Chief tells us he can't send anyone through the teleporter pad anymore since he can't detect any safe destinations, I take his word for it."

"Sir, why would that be an issue?" Meera asked, listening to the explanation.

"Well, when I get orders to evac the station personnel by the station commander, I don't exactly ask questions at the time. We got several groups through before the... 5th group returned without explanation."

"Evac sir? What caused that?"

"Damned if I know Sergeant. I've been working on keeping things from going crazy here. When I was told to evacuate the station, I was informed to keep a skeleton crew onboard. Only the most essential personnel only. Including security personnel. No idea what project they had going to cause this kind of ruckus though."

"Did you see... Sorry sir, I didn't mean to offend..." Meera started, and caught herself as she was about to ask him if he'd 'seen' anything that would have been the cause, but figured he must be blind by the look of his eyes.

"Don't feel that way Sergeant. I'm Aenar. Never had eyesight in all my life. But to answer the question you worded only slightly poorly, no. None of the people under my command reported seeing or hearing anything more out of place than normal around here. And before you ask, I doubt you have any more clearance to know than I do. I just keep the place safe from other factions out in this part of the sector. Whatever it was, the Captain himself can't tell me, and I head security." Shren replied, leaning back in his chair.

"I see. Wish there was more you could provide me, but I suppose that'll have to do. Permission to leave Sir?"

"Granted Sergeant, and I wish your Captain better luck than we've had thus far." Shren replied, giving Meera a quick wave of his hand.

Snapping into attention and giving a quick salute, Meera left, and activated her commbadge. "Sergeant Deloria to Captain Takato. Spoke with Chief of Security Shren and he knows about as much as us on what caused the issue. Only knows he had to evac the station down to a skeleton crew of essential personnel, and that in the midst of evac, the teleporter failed to function. From the size of it we saw... And the number they got through, I'm estimating the crew compliment is down some 24 persons from it's compliment at the time of vanishing from the Sector. Hope that gives you something to work with."

Food For Thought

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان

Tornado Mess Hall

The Lieutenant sat idle at his table in the mess hall, with a pensive look he peered out of the window. His thoughts were with the away team, where had they gone? Or *when* for that matter? Were they still alive? Saunders' excursion to the station had been brief but what he had seen was dire, the phantasms had spoken of evacuating. Plucking another roast potato from his plate he shook his head of the gloomy train of thought.

Stop it, he chided himself *they're fine, you'll get them back.* Milton turned his head to view the mess hall, which was largely empty at this hour, aside from others like him who had left their stations to grab a quick meal or drink, he didn't blame those officers for breaking their vigil, the ship had been on yellow alert for what seemed like days. Saunders felt a bit better about leaving Jones on the bridge after their discussion earlier and had excused himself to fill his empty stomach, hungry minds thought alike, it seemed, as the second officer spotted Tyler step through the large doors.

Tyler walked over to the replicator for his customary hasperat and synthale. He saw Lieutenant Saunders at a table near the windows. Vorrان walked over to his table after collecting his food from the replicator. "Mind if I join you sir?" Vorrان asked

"Be my guest," came the reply, he held his palm over his coffee, the steam had long since left but there was still some warmth, he raised the mug and took a sip, "Still no change I take it?" Saunders wanted to know.

Vorrان sat down at the table and with a pensive look replied. "No Sir" "We are continuing scans but still no sign of the station" Vorrان then took a swig of his synthale.

Saunders heaved a sigh, "Hopefully Arie and Grayfield can pull a rabbit out of their shared hat, I don't want to be the one that has to explain to Starfleet how we lost an away team, a starship captain and a research facility in one swing." He felt a tug at the corner of his mouth, under any other circumstance he would allow himself to chuckle at the ludicrous circumstances that had thrust him into command.

"No worse than having to explain how you borrowed an admiral's shuttle and abandoned it in the middle of the academy gardens" Vorrان replied. Vorrان continued to imbibe his synthale.

There was a long pause as Saunders stared at the conn officer, "...I'm sorry?"

"Romulan ale is illegal for a reason" Vorrان replied

The Lieutenant gave a slow nod, a little less secure in the knowledge of their chief conn officers' past, whom by some miracle had made it this far into their career, "Well if I ever need a spin doctor I know who to turn to," he quipped.

"The only thing spinning was my head" Vorrان replied

Vorrان drank more of his synthale and started on the burrito-like hasperat.

"I hope you didn't start as you meant to go on," Milton answered with a raised eyebrow.

"Between the hangover and being taken to task by Admiral Brand my head was spinning." Vorrان replied

"I had to help boothby maintain the grounds for the rest of the semester." Vorrان shrugged

"Well if we so much as hit a bump while I'm on duty you're fired," Saunders stated in a dry tone, a slight smirk betraying his deadpan humor. "Any other incidents I should be aware of?"

"The inertial dampeners should minimize any bumps" Vorrان replied "On the other hand the bumps usually come from photon torpedoes" Vorrان said smirking

Milton had stopped paying attention midway through Vorrان's sentence as something caught his attention from the window, a glimmer from the view port he had hoped to be the station appeared to be something much sinister that had given the man pause. He swore under his breath.

Vorrان saw a romulan warbird decloak on near where the station was. "Great, I don't suppose they are here to deliver me a supply of ale." Vorrان quipped

"Bridge. Now." Saunders called over his shoulder sternly, already half way towards the exit moving at a fast pace.

Vorrان is already following Saunders to the exit. "Either way this complicates matters. sir" Vorrان said

Saunders ordered the turbolift to the bridge as they rushed into the car. "You have a knack for understatement Lieutenant," he knew of their proximity to the Romulan border and the worry of exactly his happening had been in the back of his mind since he had taken command, he could only hope they could avoid a conflict.

"Hopefully it won't come down to a conflict this ship won't last long against a warbird." Vorrán replied.

So five days he?

by Ryoko Takato & Captain Hatt Syflon

MTRF - Operation Center

This time business was very complex to get a headache from and seeing that they are trapped in a space that they cant get out or anybody in, was already troubling. Ryoko looked at the blue space that looked like one big nebula. If only it was that easy.

"We already tried to figure out to go out there, the weather prediction was pretty much against our survival odds" Hatt spoke as he stands next to her.

"I bet, the time space had no real impact on the crew it seems?" Ryoko asked as she looked around seeing everyone work as best as they could. " Did you alter anything or was it pure luck so far?"

Hatt looked at her and back at his crew that was working with Ryoko crew to get answers "When we arrived we were exposed to Tachyons, not a real danger at first sight, but we needed to protect ourselves and thus we altered our shields to survive as much as long as we can"

"What brings me to my next question, how long are you here Captain?" Ryoko looked at Hatt with the idea behind it that he would say around a few years. But this space could do more then you think and asking something silly like that would give good answers.

The Bolian Captain took a deep breath and smiled "Well seeing that we only been here a few days...I say five what is the obvious respond time for the Federation to get here. Why you ask?"

Five days? Ryoko looked away and started to think...every day they spend here would mean that they would spend a year in the real time "We have to make speed on this problem, Captain every day you spend here so far is a year in the real timeline. Your station is already gone for five years and the area or also known as Grid P20 is been marked as classified hostile area where no ship may enter. We were sent here to investigate changes in the area."

Hatt smirked and nodded "That I was afraid of, time has gone lost in here. Lets continue our investigation and find that solution as fast as possible!"

Academy Rendezvous Pt1

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان

Starfleet Academy

2380 (8 Years Before joining the Tornado)

Cadet Vorrان was leaving Admiral Brand's office after being taken to task for yet another one of his pranks. The only good thing about being sent there was getting to see the beautiful Ensign that was assigned as her assistant. The Ensign was human, shaggy black hair, medium build, and these green eyes that could see into your soul. Every time Vorrان had been summoned to her office Vorrان caught the cute ensign looking at him with lust behind those beautiful green eyes.

Vorrان smiled at the ensign and decided to be bold and at least get his name before leaving. "Good Morning, Sir" Vorrان said. The ensign's eyes lit up and a toothy smile formed. "Good morning to you as well Tyler...err Cadet Vorrان" He replied. Vorrان continued to smile as he stepped closer to the ensign's desk. "You have me at a disadvantage." "I don't even know your name...Ensign...?" Vorrان asked. The ensign extended his right hand. "Blake Vargas." He replied.

Vorrان took his hand and instead of shaking it brought it to his lips and kissed it. Vargas blushed and pulled his hand away. "Not here Tyler." Vargas hissed. "Contact me tonight and we can get to know each other better" Vargas said smiling. "Very well, I look forward to it beautiful" Vorrان replied.

As the sun began to set on the campus Vorrان tapped his combadge. "Vorrان to Ensign Vargas." "Vargas here stand by Tyler" Vargas replied. Then Vorrان felt the familiar tingle and heard the hum of a transporter activating as his vision faded out. Vorrان materialized in a beautiful dining room overlooking the campus with candles lit and places set for two. Then someone embraced him from behind kissing his neck. "Surprise." Vargas whispered in his ear. "I have New York strip steak, roasted potatoes, and a chopped salad." "As far as dessert we can talk about that after dinner." Vargas said seductively.

First Time Part One

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell
St. Andrew's Academy London
Ten Years ago.

Caleb had a single room this year, the first since come to St. Andrew's more than ten years ago. And he was grateful. Despite the fact that it was the twenty-fourth century, despite the fact that St. Andrews claimed on all their holoads that they believed and practiced diversity, he was still ostracized for being who he was and loving who he did. Although the latter was something of a misnomer, he really wasn't in love. He'd never really been in love before. There was one time, last year where he thought he was falling love with his roommate, Eric. Eric had let him see him naked, had practically flaunted his nakedness for Caleb. Letting him look, but never really touch. But still he had held out the hope, the possibility of touching.

But in the end it had just been a cruel joke. A joke that had gone too far. He hadn't exactly made his homosexuality a secret before, but he'd kept it under wraps, not everyone at the school knew that he was gay and he'd fought to keep it that way.

But Eric had asked him to *perform* for him, which Caleb in his excited naivete had agreed to. What he did not know is that Eric and a couple of his friends used a holorecorder and his image, an image where nothing was left to the imagination., was displayed on the PAaDs of all the faculty, staff and students, it had even been posted so that other boarding schools and even the general public could view the display if they wanted.

He'd been embarrassed to the point that he had considered, dropping out of school. A school where the administration provided him with the opposite of support. A copy had even been sent to his father.

Caleb was mortified when he found this out and was scared of how his father would react. He expected rejection and had he received what he thought would happen, he would have considered taking his life.

And his father had been enraged, more angry than Caleb had ever seen him. His outrage was not aimed at Caleb however, but the school who allowed this to happen.

He threatened law suits and raised so much fuss in his ire that the school had no choice but to enforce the polices that were on their books. Eric had been expelled, several others disciplined in less severe ways.

That had been a mixed blessing. He was given his own private room and all of his expenses were covered for the remainder of his time at the school. On the other hand, he'd been beaten up twice one of those times pretty severely.

What Caleb really wanted was to leave the school and move back home to be with his dad, especially after the new found support, but his father had not allowed that. He had told Caleb he could not let the bullies win.

Now it was the beginning of a new school year and the young boy was not sure what to expect. There was a new teacher at the school, name Shane Williamson. That was not too unusual the school got new teachers on a pretty regular basis. But the rumors were that he was openly gay.

Caleb wasn't sure if he believed such rumors, though he not so secretly hoped they would be true. In any event he had to see for himself, especially since Shane, or Mr. Williamson, was to teach English and Drama, two of his favorite subjects.

First Time Part Two

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell
St. Andrew's Academy London
Ten Years ago.

If Caleb could have ditched the school uniform, he would have. It was drab to the point of lifelessness and must have dated back, without any significant changes for one hundred years, maybe more. But not wearing it would have resulted in an infraction and a few demerits. Too many demerits, Caleb seemed to draw them, would have meant he had to stay on campus on the weekend.

So, he had little choice in what to wear to class. But he could at least be creative with the rest of his appearance. His almost copper colored hair, which he habitually wore moderately long, was usually unruly and often hung down in his face. There was no one he was trying to impress so he didn't really care. In fact he kind of liked the look. He was comfortable with it.

But now he was trying to impress someone, well he thought he wanted to impress them, him specifically, so he took extra care in styling it. It was of course still on the long side, he didn't want to change that, but he did ensure that it wasn't unkempt and that it didn't fall down into his eyes.

He got to class early enough to be one of the first two or three students to arrive. This wasn't normal for him either. It wasn't that he was tardy, but he didn't want to draw attention to himself, so more often than not, he timed his arrival so he was in the middle of the pack.

Being there early allowed him his choice of seats and naturally he chose the front row, in the center of the class.

A few minutes later, the teacher arrived. At least he assumed it was Mr. Williamson. He couldn't be much older than twenty two or twenty three, St. Andrews was his first assignment, and he could have passed for younger. His hair was raven's wing black his eyes a deep cobalt and he had somewhat of a baby face.

"Good morning," he greeted the gathering class, "my name is Mr. Williamson and I have the honor of being your teacher this year."

The accent was American and Caleb smiled wistfully at him. When the teacher smiled back it was all he could do not to drool and let his imagination run wild.

Academy Rendezvous Pt2

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان

Starfleet Academy

2380 (8 Years Before joining the Tornado)

Vorrان stood dumbfounded in the dimly lit dining room the cute ensign was going all out for a first date. Vargas looked at him anxiously as he waited for a response, a few beads of sweat showing on his forehead. "I can't believe you did all this for me Blake" Vorrان replied embracing Vargas. "I wanted to make a good first impression." He replied Vargas separated himself from Vorrان's arms and pulled out a chair at the table for him. "We should get started before our dinner is as cold as a Breen colony." Vargas said. Vorrان sat down and Vargas did the same. They enjoyed the meal Vargas prepared while getting to know each other a little better. "So how did you end up at the academy?" Vorrان asked

"I didn't exactly graduate first in my class but Admiral Brand took a liking to me and her previous assistant was being reassigned to the Intrepid." Replied Vargas "What are your plans after the academy?" Vargas asked "Flight Control Officer on a starship, I have managed to take every extra piloting and navigation course offered." Vorrان replied. Vargas smirked "I seem to recall the incident where you borrowed the Admiral's shuttle, leaving it in the middle of the academy garden after your joy ride." Vargas said chuckling "There was also the fact that it was filled with empty bottles of saurian brandy and the half naked captain of the Parrises squares team." Vargas continued "Well he couldn't handle his liquor and I didn't feel like carrying him back to the barracks." Vorrان replied "As he was about to kiss me he turned as green as a vulcan's blood and projectile vomited all over the side of the shuttle." Vorrان continued Vargas laughed "Very romantic" He said "Not exactly, he hasn't even made eye contact with me since that incident so you don't have to worry." Vorrان said. He then felt Vargas' foot brush against him under the table. "I think it's time for dessert." Vorrان said grinning

They got up and closed the space between them rapidly, wrapping arms around each other as their lips met. Vorrان felt as if the whole universe didn't exist aside from the two of them. Vorrان felt the nothing but the warmth of his embrace and softness of his lips as he continued to kiss him. Then the door opened suddenly with two Starfleet security officers entering. "Hold it right there!!" One of them shouted. The other security officer tapped his combadge. "We found the intruders admiral." She said into the combadge.

First Time Part Three

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell
St. Andrew's Academy London
Ten Years ago.

Previously: Good morning," he greeted the gathering class, "my name is Mr. Williamson and I have the honor of being your teacher this year."

The accent was American and Caleb smiled wistfully at him. When the teacher smiled back it was all he could do not to drool and let his imagination run wild.

And now the continuation:

While the teacher had smiled at him, he'd smiled at all the other students as well. As far as Caleb could tell he wasn't singling anyone out.

For two months Caleb arrived early for class and sat in the same seat. He did well in English, even before Mr. Williamson came along he did well in English and he'd been acting in school plays since he was seven. The previous two years he'd even landed lead roles. First, two years ago he'd played Oliver, in *Oliver Twist*, then last year, a joint production with St. Frances, an all girl's school, he was Romeo.

There had even been a kiss. Jenna Adams was his age, dark hair, but with eyes bluer than his and buxom. From the rumors circulating around both schools, she was, *experienced*. It was rather ironic that he got to kiss her, possibly the only boy in all the school that didn't salivate and day dream at the thought of it.

This year, the school was doing a play that Caleb hadn't really heard of. As far as he knew it must not have been a very popular one. It was called *On The Waterfront*.

Caleb of course hoped for the lead role, he was a natural ham after all. So he decided to stay after class and talk with Mr. Williamson. Most of his interaction with teacher was ordinary teacher student stuff. Nothing personal. They'd interacted a few times outside of class but that had just been passing in the hallway, or in the school cafeteria.

Mr. Williamson looked up from his desk as the other boys filed out, leaving Caleb alone in the room with the teacher. "Can I help you?" he was asked.

For a split second Caleb was motionless as he stared into the slightly older man's eyes. Then, coming to himself, he said, "Yeah, I wanted to talk to you about the play. I'd like to get a chance at one of the better roles."

"Yes," Sean said, "I've heard you were quite the talent. However you'll get the same chance as everyone else. I don't play favorites."

"I don't expect you to," Caleb said, "I don't want any special treatment, I just want to know more about the play so I know what I'm doing."

The teacher got out from behind his desk and moved to sit in the chair next to the sophomore. Though the intention might not have been there, the close proximity to the teacher caused his heart to race and the blood to flow where he don't want it to flow.

For a good half hour Mr. Williamson explained the play to Caleb and said he thought he might make a good Terry Malloy. Then he asked a question that caused Caleb to flush furiously.

"Will you tell me what happened to you last year?"

First Time Part Four

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

St. Andrew's Academy London

Ten Years ago.

Previously: The teacher got out from behind his desk and moved to sit in the chair next to the sophomore. Though the intention might not have been there, the close proximity to the teacher caused his heart to race and the blood to flow where he don't want it to flow.

For a good half hour Mr. Williamson explained the play to Caleb and said he thought he might make a good Terry Malloy. Then he asked a question that caused Caleb to flush furiously.

"Will you tell me what happened to you last year?"

At first Caleb could only look down at his shoes. Until the teacher had asked that question, he'd been doing everything he could to hide his growing arousal. Now, that had vanished without a trace.

He knew of course that his image was still out there someplace. No matter what he and his parents had been told. The thought of his teacher seeing him like that, it caused his face to flush with shame and dread.

He knew that Sean was gay, he'd made no attempt to hide the fact, though up until now, he'd made every effort to keep his distance from any of the boys. To never be alone with one of them. The teacher didn't want the scrutiny, the possibility of accusations. Caleb had even thought, perhaps wishfully, that he didn't want the temptation.

The sixteen year old considered bolting from the room, it seemed a viable enough solution. Until Sean put a hand on his shoulder. "It's okay," came the familiar baritone voice, "there is nothing to be ashamed of."

Caleb looked up then with an almost accusatory look in his eyes. "Nothing to be ashamed of," he challenged, "I got played, I thought, I thought he wanted me, but I just made an ass out of myself. Did... did you see the holovids. I had this big stupid, shit eating grin on my face and I was playing with myself. I'm such a fool, such a universe damned fool."

"No, Sean responded, "I didn't see the pictures. I didn't want to see the pictures. What happened to you, never should have happened. It wasn't your fault. You have to quit blaming yourself. I'm here for you Caleb. You can trust me."

And then the teenager lost it completely and began sobbing uncontrollably. Tears streaming down his face soaking into his uniform shirt and tie.

And the teacher put his arms around him and kissed the top of his head.

After a few minutes Caleb brought himself under control and looked into Sean's grey-green eyes and did something he'd wanted to do since he had seen him the first day of class. Something he'd never done with another person before, at least not like this. He kissed him on the lips.

First Time Part Five
by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell
St. Andrew's Academy London
Ten Years ago.

Previously:

And then the teenager lost it completely and began sobbing uncontrollably. Tears streaming down his face soaking into his uniform shirt and tie.

And the teacher put his arms around him and kissed the top of his head.

After a few minutes Caleb brought himself under control and looked into Sean's grey-green eyes and did something he'd wanted to do since he had seen him the first day of class. Something he'd never done with another person before, at least not like this. He kissed him on the lips.

And now the continuation

There was a moment, an ever so brief moment, when the teacher seemed to be giving into the kiss, perhaps even returning it. But suddenly he stopped and pushed Caleb away, shaking his head.

"We can't do this," he said, "it's not right."

Caleb shook his head in disappointment, he'd been lost in the touch of the man's lips against his own. It had ended much too quickly, almost before it even got started.

"Caleb, you're going to have to leave. I can't do this. I'm teacher, you're a student. It's against the rules and besides it would never work out."

"But that's not fair," the teen said, "You're the only one that understands, your hot, and I think I'm falling for you. You can't tell me no."

"You're infatuated with me, there's a difference," Sean said. "Now, please just leave."

Caleb just sat there. "You don't mean it," he accused, "I can tell. You liked the kiss. I know it."

"Caleb, leave. Please."

The blond haired boy stood to his feet and picked up his backpack and flung it upon hunched shoulders. "I'll be at the Diana Princess Of Wales Memorial Fountain in an hour. Please be there."

Face Off

by Lieutenant Commander Milton Saunders & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Ariennye
t'Jhiansu & Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

Tornado Bridge

Saunders was hot on the heels of Vorrان as they exited the turbolift, both men moving onto the bridge, the tension in the room was almost palpable.

"Romulan Warbird, Ar'kif class," the tactical officer reported "No energy readings from their weapons or shield emitters." The Lieutenant nodded his understanding, the Romulan ship dominated the viewscreen, making an intimidating sight. It could only be a good thing they hadn't raised their defenses, if unusual, the ship must have slipped over the border and approached them under cloak. After a silent moment in thought Saunders spoke, "Hail them."

"Aye Sir" a young ensign replied and opened a channel with shaky fingers. The blonde man looked up "Channel open, Sir."

Vorrان took the helm relieving the white knuckled ensign that was filling in. Vorrان began plotting an escape course in case things got heated with the romulans. "Helm ready, sir" Vorrان said

The situation was, warranting of a military presence. A federation vessel was lingering near the Neutral Zone, a station had been detected a few terran days prior and vanished, and there was little sign that the ship was going to be leaving any time soon. The idea this could be a possible military build-up was very distinct.

Edral leaned forward in his seat on the bridge, his personal PADD in hand while he reviewed the intel gathered thus far. It, was difficult to work on centralized intelligence as Romulus and Reman were gone, and with it, the heart of the Romulan Star Empire, but enough remained functional that it was still possible.

The Federation vessel, the 'U.S.S. Tornado-C', looked to be a light-weight vessel. Possibly built for exploration near friendly systems, as opposed to deep-space operations as say the so-call 'famous' U.S.S. Voyager. And after the Dominion War, AND the U.S.S. Enterprise-E's role during Shinzon's little coup and attempt to reignite war between the Empire and the Federation, military build-up was on a back burner in the Empire's plans over finding a new home. Shinzon's war was something Edral had been for, with the Federation and the Klingon Empire's both weakened and still rebuilding from the Dominion War.

And still, he had to play 'nice'. Didn't mean he couldn't be ready for whatever these Federation fools had in mind. "Combat systems are still on hot stand-by, correct?" Edral asked his bridge staff, who confirmed the state. The systems were ready to kick on and go into fighting status at a mere gesture. If this 'Tornado' showed readiness to fight, Edral would be all the more happy to give them one.

Saunders checked the comm channel, reaffirming it was definitely open, "Romulan vessel, you have crossed over the neutral zone into Federation space, explain your actions at once," he demanded, hoping to provoke some sort of reaction. Being ignored was a sure way to get on the mans bad side and Saunders was in no mood to play the guessing game with a potential threat that wouldn't answer a simple hail.

Edral sighed, and opened the channel. He replied in an indifferent but cool tone, it was controlled and precise. "Federation ship, by our systems we have not passed out of the neutral zone and therefore are in compliance of said agreements between our peoples. However, your continued presence in said Neutral Zone could be construed as a breach of our governments treaty, that we are required to confirm your continued presence."

Arie raised an eyebrow but did not turn around as she started a scan on the vessel for life signs.

Saunders tried to keep a level head, ignoring the rising ire he felt for the Romulan captain. He wasn't about to get dragged into an argument over border disputes, nor was he going to reveal the entire mission to the man, Milton chose his words carefully in his reply, "We have been sent out to investigate an anomaly detected by our sensors, we are in the middle of a rescue attempt of our away team that was lost inside." He said through gritted teeth. Carefully omitting the sensitive data regarding the station.

Vorrان was at the ready to begin evasive maneuvers in case of trouble with the Romulans. They are unpredictable after the loss of their homeworld in the Hobus supernova. The fact that they are making contact and breaking their isolation means they are up to something.

Edral gave only the smallest of inclinations of his head. "I see. And the station our systems detected, 4 of your standard Terran days ago? And if you are attempting to rescue a away team, than where is your Captain? Or, are YOU the Captain, in which case, since when did Starfleet let Lieutenant's I believe your rank pips indicate? I thought Captains

were of, 4 full pips and above?" Edral queried, leaning forward and staring at his display showing the bridge of the Federation vessel.

Saunders folded his arms in front of him, leering slightly "The station you detected is a tem-" Saunders caught himself before he revealed too much, "A research facility, the Captain led an away team on board before it was lost. I'm in charge until they are recovered, once they are safely retrieved we'll be on our way."

That slip was most interesting. "If it's a research facility Lieutenant, than why is it missing? If it has cloaking technology in use, wouldn't that in fact, be in violation of the Treaty of Algeron?" Edral probed, seeking to find any chinks in this upset Federation officer.

She never gave it a second thought one second she was hiding from the Romulan and in the next moment her temper flared and Arie turned around and replied "It is not cloaked!"

"Have you found something?" Saunders wanted to know, turning to face her. He hoped that Arie's outburst was not just her emotions bubbling over.

"Well its not, its" Arie glanced up at the Romulan at the screen. "Are they to assist us?"

Edral sighed. "This IS an open channel. And no, we're not here to 'assist' you. We're here to determine why you haven't left the Neutral Zone, and where that station went and why our sensors can't pick it up. So, unless you want to tell us what is happening, I may well have to view this as the first 'shot fired' by the Federation against the Romulan Star Empire."

Arie raised a brow "and that is what we are here for as well and conflict is not always the best course of Action." She smiled a knowing smile for the briefest of seconds and glanced at the Acting Captain aboard the Tornado while she kept her eye on the Romulan and waited for either the comm to be told to shut the channel or for a motion to continue speaking.

Saunders nodded his agreement with Arie, returning the smile, before facing back to the viewscreen, the science officers intervention had offered him the chance to calm down a little, he addressed the Romulan commander in a much more self controlled composure, "As you can probably tell we're still in the middle of our investigation, we'll keep you apprised of our progress if it suits you and offer an estimate of our earliest departure once we have one. Saunders out." The second officer heaved a sigh of relief as the Edral blinked off the screen. "I hate to rush you but the sooner we solve this thing the happier I'll be." He informed Arie.

Edral muttered as the channel was closed. "Be on standby and ready to act if they do anything, unusual." He ordered his crew, knowing there'd be no rest for some time if his suspicions were true.

Vorran prepared a possible evasive course in case the Romulans acted upon their veiled threats. "Helm ready, sir" Reported Vorran.

First Time Part Six

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

Diana Princess Of Wales Memorial Fountain Hyde Park London

Ten Years ago.

Preveiously:You're infatuated with me, there's a difference," Sean said. "Now, please just leave."

Caleb just sat there. "You don't mean it," he accused, "I can tell. You liked the kiss. I know it."

"Caleb, leave. Please."

The blond haired boy stood to his feet and picked up his backpack and flung it upon hunched shoulders. "I'll be at the Diana Princess Of Wales Memorial Fountain in an hour."

Caleb had taken a hoover cab to the park as soon as he walked out of the classroom. He'd walked around the park twice before planting himself on the bench beside the historical fountain. An hour had passed and there was still no sign of his teacher, but Caleb had felt his reaction to the kiss and just knew that there was something there and the man would show up.

He held out hope but after ninety minutes he had resigned himself to the fact that he'd been wrong. And that resignation crushed him. Ne was now zero for two and would probably have to resort to a holosuite program, his imagination and his hand. But he knew that he wanted more than that. He wanted real, genuine love, a relationship. That was not going to happen to him. Not now, not ever.

He knew that waiting further would be a waste of his time. In utter frustration, he bent down and picked up a rock. He took careful aim at the Princess's face and brought his arm back to fling it as hard as he could, when he felt a hand on his shoulder and a familiar voice near his ear.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you Mr. Mitchell. taking your anger out on an innocent statue that didn't do anything to you. I think it's me you want to hit."

Caleb let the rock drop to the ground and looked up in Mr. Williamson's face. "You came, your really came, " he said excitedly.

"You're a pretty persuasive young man. Maybe you can make a career out of it. You know be a counselor or something like that."

"I was kind of thinking about being a spy." Caleb replied.

Sean laughed, "I still think this is a mistake, you know that don't you?"

"But I know it's not." He turned looking up at the man. "I want you."

"I know you do Caleb, but you're just a kid. A bright kid, a talented kid, but still just a kid. Are you really sure about this?"

"I am sure and I'm sure that its the right thing and that I'm ready, for... you know."

Sean shook his head, "Okay maybe we can try to see each other somehow, but you're only sixteen and it's way too early in this, whatever it is that you want, to be talking about sex."

"I told you Mr. Williamson, I know what I want and sixteen is old enough. I want you to me my first, and I want it to happen today."

"I don't think this is going to end well, " the teacher predicted, "but let's go back to my place and we will at least talk about it."

First Time Part Seven
by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell
Sean Williamson's Apartment, London
Ten Years ago.

Mature Content
Previously:

Sean shook his head, "Okay maybe we can try to see each other somehow, but you're only sixteen and it's way too early in this, whatever it is that you want, to be talking about sex."

"I told you Mr. Williamson, I know what I want and sixteen is old enough. I want you to be my first, and I want it to happen today."

"I don't think this is going to end well," the teacher predicted, "but let's go back to my place and we will at least talk about it."

And now the continuation:

Caleb and Sean walked out of the park. Instead of taking a hoovercab, they chose to walk. Caleb wanted to hold the man's hand, but Sean shook his head.

"Look Caleb, we're going to do this, we have to have some ground rules. This may be the twenty-fourth century, but there are still some things that cross the line. A teacher being romantically involved with a student of either sex is one of them. And sex between the two, well, that is way over the line.

I mean even the hint of it could get me fired and you expelled. Hell it could even get me prosecuted. So whatever happens between us, we have to keep secret and that means no public displays of affection. It means that I treat you like any other student."

"Okay, I can do all of that," Caleb said, "but what about you know dating going out. How do we pull that off?"

The teacher shrugged his shoulders. "Go someplace where we won't be recognized. Arrive and leave separately and be damned careful." came the reply.

"Okay," Caleb agreed again, "I just want to make this work." Then he walked up to Sean and kissed him again. This time the teacher did not pull back but leaned into the kiss, returning it with passion.

Caleb melted into the kiss and his arms snaked around Mr. Williamson's neck. He hung on for dear life for what seemed like forever but was probably around three minutes. Then their kiss broke and Sean took his hand leading him back to the bedroom.

They spent two hours there, consummating their relationship more than once.

Then they showered together before Caleb dressed and headed back to his dorm room.

Science will prevail!

by Staff Warrant Officer Grace Grayfield & Lieutenant JG Ariennye t'Jhiansu

USS Tornado - Science Labs

Time was really against them as they were fighting an anomaly that caught the away team in a different universe. The science about it was little and unknown, let alone classified beyond so many levels. However when entering the grid, they (the ship) got more access towards more files and thus able to work better towards a common goal. "The scans are allot, Tachyons are disappearing and we are losing our grip over the situation. From the events and experience I had on that station, it was like they were stuck between dimensions....what you think sir?" Grace asked Ariennye as she continued on the scanned files.

"It's Arie" The slender woman replied as she glanced up at the monitor in front of her and then looked back down and pressed buttons. "As far as what I think is that we are in serious trouble if we can't keep track of those Tachyons they will be permanently lost." Arie glanced at Grace and smiled slightly and replied "I most certainly hope that we don't loose them. It is not a good day on a ship when one has to write the report where we lost our Captain and half of the senior staff."

Grace nodded towards Arie and tapped onto the console "True in that sentence" Looking at the sensor logs "The base appeared when something was triggered and I think we are that trigger. But what trigger the Tachyons to boot that station back into place and what trigger it again to boot the station away? Whatever it is...its consuming Tachyons as breakfast" She pointed out.

Arie smiled "So we slow them down."

Looking at the Lieutenant, was expecting more than that answer. Grace slowly nodded to her "That could work, but do you have any idea as to how...Tachyons are not that plausible workable to begin with"

The dark haired woman wanted to laugh for the first time in months. It had been her moment of quirkiness of emotions unchecked and it had appeared. Arie shook her head, as the smile disappeared to be replaced by her serious self. "No I really had to think about it a few minutes. Tachyons travel faster then light, and to slow something like that would be near impossible but maybe with the reconfiguration of (shoot what ever she had said before in that earlier post? deflector dish? urrggh brain fart for the moment until I can get to my notes. gonna go with probes) some of the probes and tying them together to work in sync we can manipulate a small portion of space long enough to slow them down and track them."

"Plausible" Grace stated as she looked over the data "So bomb them with what is the next question. What has a strong effect on the Tachyons to slow down. Does the science database say anything about them?"

Arie shook her head negatively "No, no but we know that they can be created as after effect of time, or...." She paused in thought and ran her fingers through her hair for a second and then lowered them. "a transporter malfunction. Perhaps we can use either of those to create what we need with the probe or probes. Now how to create the opposite of effect of the effect of time." She pressed the computer and searched for something, events where Kirk used the sun to swing around it to travel through time. "Um that has got to be it, the tachyons are a residue of time twisting... how to reverse it?" The mixed breed woman started to pace, her hands behind her back and one eyebrow up apparently deep in thought.

Nodding towards Arie flow of thinking as Grace taps wild on her console searching for the common events "Most events had to do with ..." She looked up "speed, if we can produce Tachyons ourselves we can speed it up, like Kirk did and when Picard ship got hit by the temporal rift. Records show over and over that they were traveling at an high speed. If we can trigger that, we might create a chain event?"

"Yes, and that could get us to them, but that may not be the correct answer it certainly won't prevent things from continuing on this end. As in what's to stop shifts from still occurring. Something has had to create it and that is what we need to find." Arie said as she turned back to the computer she now searched for alternate ways of closing open portals. If that was what it really was, the dark haired woman was quite confused about the whole thing.

"Would it not be logical to find out where the Tachyons are heading to. I mean Tachyons are a residue of time travel, meaning that it cant disappear that easy without any reason. " Grace thinks for a moment as she taps slowly over the console and slides some rapports away "What if we are looking in the wrong direction, there is a hole in this universe and that of MTRF that connects the two. We have to rip it open, but how" The two woman began their work as it was cut out for them. Time was against them.

Is This a Date

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Lieutenant JG Charles Jones

Lounge

it had been a year since Caleb had been on a date. He wasn't even sure that meeting for drinks was really a date. After all he was meeting with a counselor for Universe sake.

Nevertheless he was nervous. Far more nervous than he should have been. He felt almost like he was in High School again. Of course he'd never gone to a bar in High School, but that was beside the point.

He'd taken a shower, twice, shaved changed his clothes, three times before deciding on a charcoal grey pair of chinos and black and grey long sleeved polo shirt. He'd even put on some cologne.

He arrived at the lounge five minutes early and began looking for a quite place to sit, isolated and away from other people.

Charles on the other hand was quite calm, while he didn't really have that many dates either his entire personality would just prevent him from stressing himself. So he showered, left his scruff in tact, because he always ran around with it, put some cologne on himself and rounded it up with a black Jacket and a red shirt underneath, simple jeans to make it whole.

He arrived just a few moments after the other, spotting him in the corner of the lounge as he walked over with a smile "Glad you could make it" he teased and sat down on the seat right in front of him.

Caleb smiled, that was easy, just like being with a friend. "Well you know what the Borg say, Resilience is futile. Besides it sounded like it could be fun. You're looking good."

He could just smile at that joke, hardly ever heard someone use it "Well you ain't looking too bad either" he replied with a smirk "So. Drinks?" he waved the waiter over "I'm not so much on the beverage stuff, I'm tending more towards sweeter things like cocktails" the pronunciation was almost childish.

Now it was Caleb's turn to smirk, an relax a bit. "Cocktails are fine, I'll have whatever you're having except a martini, what's your favorite kind of cocktail?"

As the waiter arrived he gave a smirk: "Two Sex on the beach please" the waiter just responded with a nod and left the scene "So, someone like you surely doesn't only have work in mind do you? What do you do in your off time?"

"Me?" he asked with a shrug, "There's a lot of things I'm into, but I really like to read. I mean real books too. I especially like Charles Dickens. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Oliver Twist, a Christmas Carol... yeah i think i do" he smiled "I also enjoy chess but I'm also into tennis and sport as a whole, love exercising, frees the mind"

"Yeah I am pretty much the same way, though I haven't played tennis for awhile, maybe we should play together sometime," Caleb offered, and if you like Dickens, I could let you borrow one of my books, as long as you are careful of course."

Charles leaned back "Ah its been so long since i had the honor of having a actual book in my hands. they are so hard to come by nowadays, I remember my father used to have huge amounts of of books in the attic... yeah we can play sometime sure, its getting boring playing against the computer, too little fun without the taunting" he grinned and watched the waiter arrive with the sweet cocktails, he raised his glass "To a wonderful evening"

Caleb took a sip, "Sex on the beach? That is an interesting choice. Any particular reason?"

The Chief Councilor showed a smirk "No, no particular reason" he made sure his tone said otherwise. thankfully he knew the game of teasing all too well, having picked up on quite a few techniques in his time as a councilor even on other ships "Just thought it would be nice and sweet, like someone else"

Caleb chuckled at that, "well thanks," he said then his face turned deadpan as he continued, "and I do love Sex on a beach, I had it on Risa once, well twice actually."

Charles coughed into his drink as he was at that very second taking a sip, his face showing a white grin of surprise at the words spoken, he hammered on his chest to get the liquid out of his chest as he chuckled "Well gotta admit you surprised me there" he shook his head "Never had sex on a beach, but " he started counting with his fingers "In the woods, in a hotel, after a wedding, underwater, on the model of a ship, in the rain, in a car, on a bike... but beach is new" of course he was just teasing, he preferred the classic bed for all of this to be honest."

Caleb was now smiling broadly all of his nervousness gone. "It was, well interesting, people around and all the second time, we had to be creative and discrete.

I have to admit though that you've had sex in more places than I have. Sounds like you've had a pretty interesting love life."

Charles snorted as he could hold back his laughter "I was just joking, most exotic experience I had was in a bed... well once against a Aquarium too but that was everything but. comfortable, those fishes looked at me funny" he smiled "Trust me in that regard. I'm the boring one."

"Well, you fooled me then, "Caleb answered, "but I must say, you look sexy, not boring."

The councilor chuckled at that "Look at that, alcohol seems to lower your inhibitions quite fast" he commented, the redhead winking "Not that I would mind though you are quite easy on the eyes as well if I may say so" he replied with a teasing tone. He loved playing the game of teasing, his first boyfriend was the best victim, he sometimes squirmed with nervousness from certain movements he made or signals he sent. It's all in the body language, so he leaned back, drink in hand with legs slightly spread casually.

Caleb could not help but notice the shift in Charles' posture and his grin widened. "I don't know if it's the booze or not. But you have a way of making me feel, I don't know relaxed, welcomed, that kind of thing."

He grinned "Oh, a skill one has to master if you desire to become something more than just a random shrink" he chuckled "but I'm glad you are feeling relaxed, lately everyone had been a bit tense to be honest and you can feel that a bit too, good to hear that at least one does find a way to relax, whatever way that might be" he teased

"Well, "Caleb returned in the same teasing fashion,"Some forms of relaxation take two people, or at least it's more fun with two people."

"Could it be that these sort of actions are not really suitable for the public viewing? I mean, some people are into that" he teased knowing all too well where this was going.

"Well the only things I can think of that involve two people having fun in public are tennis and pool," Caleb replied,"maybe playing catch. But you're right. Other things that two people do should be reserved for more secluded locales. Did you want to go to a more secluded location?"

He hadn't intended the evening to go like it looked like it was. He didn't mind of course, it had been too long since he'd been physically intimate with anyone. But he wanted to give the other man an out, just in case he was misreading the situation, or Charles was merely flirting with no intention of going any further than that.

The redhead stayed silent watching the others body language. They did seem to think the same thing, yet the other was hesitating, he decided he gave the other some time to read the situation for himself. To make his point clear he quite obliviously started to suck on the straw in his drink while maintaining eye contact. He was really playing dirty now

Caleb couldn't help but laugh at the other man's rather sensuous antics. "I guess that answers my question," he replied mimicking the other man's actions with his own straw before sitting the glass down. "Not to sound snarky," he said, "but you're place or mine."

Charles snorted at that, almost starting to cough again, it was such a welcomed back and forth between the two. "Well, considering our rooms are equally big, I'd still vote for mine, more cushions for sure" he teased.

Caleb finished what was left of his drink in a single gulp."Sounds good to me, are you ready to go?"

Eager aren't we he thought to himself as he finished his own drink as well, he never thought this evening would go down just like that "Yeah lets go" he smiled standing up offering the other a hand.

The Cave

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

Malu Caves, Capella IV

Eight Years ago

Caleb hadn't seen his cousin Ethan for a couple of years. The last time they had been together was when he had graduated from the Academy. Now Ethan was serving aboard the Magistrate as one of the ship's doctors. He had seen Ethan's younger brother Jhammon, who was his age a few times but they hadn't been as close as his older sibling.

Ethan was on leave and it was summer break for both Caleb and Jhammon, so they had decided to have a little get together, to reunite and get reacquainted. It had been the doctor's idea to meet at Capella IV, and the caves which over the years had become a tourist attraction.

The three young men were all of similar build and looked enough like each other to be brothers. But their personalities varied widely. Ethan was the most introverted of the three, taking after his father, he was an epidemiologist. Jhammon on the other hand was much more vocal, though he was a smart mouth and his mouth tended to get him, and those around him in trouble. But the other hybrid man could, usually, back it up. While Caleb fit somewhere in the middle. He would rather talk his way out of a situation, diffuse things, and while his mouth did sometimes get him into trouble it was more because he was flirting with anyone and everyone, and not because he insulted them, or made crude remarks.

In truth, he really wasn't very good at it, because it was more of a defensive maneuver, because of his insecurity.

Ethan served aboard the Magistrate, a junior officer, but he had a good relationship with the Captain and had been able to get them a shuttle. They had decided to hit one of the region's premier tourist attractions, the Malu caves on Capella IV. There was nothing much out of the ordinary on the guided tour, just some fantastic scenery, but they weren't going on the regular tour, they had, thanks to Jhammon gotten access to a more private tour.

They would basically be on their own, but the trio felt they could handle it. Only Jhammon had any experience in spelunking but they were all young and confident in their abilities, and of course they had more than enough supplies.

For the first few days, everything went as planned. There were actually five separate caves. In their excitement, and perhaps over confident they chose the Chesnan, the lowest and least explored of the five.

They took more light stick than they thought they would need, plus a couple of phasers, just in case. They reached the very bottom of the complex, or thought they had, when all hell broke loose. Literally.

It was Caleb's turn to take the lead. To hide his nervousness, the almost total darkness just beyond their light was starting to weigh on him, had turned back to say something to Ethan and he missed seeing the gap, until it was too late.

He felt himself dangling from the edge and tried his best to keep his balance. Normally he had pretty good reflexes but this caught him completely by surprise.

The drop, fortunately was not as bad as it could have been. It was about a ten meter drop. He bounced back and forth off the walls getting cuts and abrasions on his face and arms, but wasn't hurt too badly, until he reached a resting point.

He heard, then an instant later felt his right femur shatter. What made things worse is that he did not land on the floor of the cave, but had fallen into a slight crevice and had become wedged inside. Perhaps worst of all he'd lost all of his light sticks and was in pitch blackness.

At first, though his heart was pounding inside his chest, he did not panic. He was pretty mature for his eighteen years and was by no means a coward. But he called out to his friends, his cousins and it took them several seconds to respond.

The rescue operation itself, took almost two hours for them to pull off, and by that time Caleb had gone into shock. Had Ethan not been a doctor, he more than likely would not have recovered. As it was, the climb out, they couldn't just teleport out took another seven hours of excruciating pain.

The little trip, that was meant to be celebration of Caleb's acceptance into the Academy, almost kept him out entirely and would effect him, in other ways for the rest of his life.

Away Team: We reveal ourselves

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell & Lieutenant JG Scott Erickson & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria & Captain Hatt Syflon

MTRF - Operation Center

Leaning against the wall, she was thinking of what could be possible done. if the 24 hour mark strike down, they most likely would have lost another year in the real time they came from. Everything would change and she might not even recognize it any longer. Ryoko looked up as Syflon walked to her "We might have the answer, the tachyons are multiplying in this space rapidly. That means that there is a hole that connects towards the other side"

Caleb looked over at the other two, "then we should probably act quickly, we may not have much time."

Meera shrugged. "The sooner we get back, the happier I'll be. I rather like having time and space moving like it should. Less headaches on my part."

Looking at her away team, time was running out "Lets get going, what you need from us Captain" Ryoko spoke out waiting for a reaction "Time, lots of that" Hatt tried to joke as he signals the others to proceed. Ryoko smirks "Hold onto something, this might become a bumpy road."

Erickson grinned and secured his padd in his pocket and followed behind the others.

"This should be interesting," Caleb said.

"Engaging the Tachyons, reaction time is increasing, intense gravitation is increasing. Hold on everyone" The Science Officer replied as the station began to shake and people slowly started to get out of phase.

There really wasn't anything around for him to hold on to, so Caleb just stood there as things seemingly began to dissolve around him. It felt vaguely like he was being transported, but there was something different about it.

Scott had been phased out of time before on previous classified missions. But this time being phased out was starting to feel a little different. Oh well... He thought to himself as he was phased out.

Meera merely held onto her rifle and tried hard to steel her gut and body for any potential 'mishaps' that could likely happen.

The station shook as it began to transfer out of the time dimension and back towards its original place. The station reappears in real space as cracks of reality was forming around the station. People started to reappear as Hatt shouts "CLOSE IT!" The beam was pushed against those raptures. For a moment it was getting close to not working, but they finally closed.

"Sir we got a Romulan vessel that is hailing us" An Operation Officer spoke as Hatt looked at Ryoko "We will deal with them, it might be a few years that we were gone, but I know the diplomatic rules here. Go back to your ship" Ryoko nodded and waved to the others to get moving towards the transporter room. She turned around while stepping into the turbolift "Welcome back Captain Syflon" She smiled as Hatt only growls in enjoyment. The doors closed as the Romulan came in screen.

Great Scott!

by Lieutenant JG Jonas Savello
Time's Square, New York City, Earth
October 21st, 2158

On:

The skyline of Manhattan Island had changed over the many years New York City had occupied it. Over the centuries buildings fell, and were constructed. But only a few from the ancient era of the 1900s still remained including Time's Tower site of an old ceremony that welcomes the New Terran Year. Jonas loved this part of the city. The sights, the sounds, and even the food brought joy to him.

It was quiet in the Square. Very few cars were on the roads and shoppers were just as scarce. Jonas walked out of a specialty shop with a bag and a new hat. The war was on the move and the tension could be felt in the Thoroughfare despite what President Coombs had told the people. So many people were so afraid that another event like the Suliban attack would happen again that they remained in their homes.

Jonas had faced the war on board that Freighter and survived, lost the love of his life and his family when he was shunned for leaving El-Auria. Manhattan maybe be joyless at the moment but for Jonas nothing could destroy his spirit. Romulans be damned.

He walked to a corner stand and ordered a hot dog, his fifth for the day, out of the corner of his eyes he could see the news reel moving across the large screen at One Times Square, "Coalition Forces Pull Back Near Bolarus."

"Another retreat," Jonas said. The vendor turned to read the scrawl as it passed to another headline about teaching children to be open to new species.

"Damn Rommies think they can just attack whenever they want. It's a shame the Terra Primers didn't win that election and kick all those stinkin' aliens off Earth," the vendor said.

"Yeah," Jonas replied with a bad taste in his mouth. He raised his hand just as the vendor was about to hand the El-Aurian his sandwich. "I am not hungry."

Jonas walked away. I will be a long time before Humanity will accept galactic diversity. If they only knew how beautiful the universe was. He headed down 7th Avenue and pulled out his key. His apartment was close. He could hear footsteps behind him.

A sense of familiarity stopped him in mid stride. "How long have you been watching me," Jonas asked.

"Since you bough that ugly hat." A deep feminine voice replied.

Jonas turned to face the woman. She was short, dark skinned with toothy grin. "I didn't know that you were an expert on head wear."

"Please Ja'neram, Jonas, what ever you are calling yourself these days. You know why I am here," the woman said.

"I am not going home. There's nothing to say. I am here and I am staying," Jonas tuned toward the door of the apartment house. She grabbed his hand.

"You're incredibly strong for your age miss maybe it would be best if we discuss this inside," Jonas looked back and forth. "Before people start to talk."

He lead the woman up two flights of stairs and into his apartment. It was a small one bedroom space with a kitchen and living room. "Welcome to my humble abode, as the humans say."

"You have to leave here," the woman said.

"You shouldn't be lecturing me about leaving El-Auria," Jonas yelled. "Or should I remind you about your little venture here three-hundred years ago?"

"Our people need you."

"Why?"

"You know why Ja'Narem."

"To kill an entire species. No! I won't do it!. I don't care how much of a threat they are. They deserve to live" Jonas face grew hot. "Our people are dying the only way we're going to survive is if we leave our home world and spread out as much as we can."

"They are going to eventually assimilate all of us and you know it."

"Don't you thin I know that? And I know you think the plan, the thing they put in me isn't going to work." He pointed to his head. "And I know you feel the same way otherwise you wouldn't have taken this assignment to retrieve me and return to this planet."

"Don't you dare try to read me," she said. "You're coming home and that's that!" She grabbed for his arm.

"No!" Jonas threw his hand away from her. "I won't return. I finally made friends here. I have a life here and I have a feeling that there's something big on the horizon for these people and I'd hate to miss it. Tell my parents that I love them and will return when I can." Jonas gave a look sympathy. "It was a long journey to get here and I won't leave. In my perspective I just got here."

The woman stared at Jonas with disdain and then with respect. "Very well. I just hope you'll be happy here knowing our entire race will be part of that that Collective."

"You'll find another way to fight," Jonas said. "There's always a way."

She turned on her heel. "I hope you're right." Her eye caught a bottle of wine. She picked it up, "Chateau Picard. Good vintage." She looked up, "Good luck."

Night Shift

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Bridge

The bridge crew on the night shift consisted of Harrison and Vorrان. The night shift duties were part of their punishment for the incident with the Klingons back at providence fleet yards.

Vorrان looked at Liam. "It's way too quiet on the night shift." "Do you think the captain would notice if I took us to maximum warp?" Vorrان asked grinning.

"Captain doesn't have to know," Liam smirked back at Tyler while manning the Operations station. Technically, he was second in command of the ship while everyone else was sleeping. And although that didn't say much, he still felt kind of proud for himself, despite the fact that this was supposed to be punishment.

"Ok no more of this warp 5 nonsense" Vorrان said

He brought the ship to warp 9.2 and heard the hum of the engines turn into a loud strain. "Now for music computer prayer by disturbed!" Then the metal music could be heard blaring as Vorrان sang along "Another dream that will never come true Just to compliment your sorrow....."

It took a moment for Liam to fully adjust to the loud music and to the speed of the ship, but once he did he looked at Tyler, smirked and then relaxed himself. Admittedly, the music was a bit strange for his tastes, then again people usually thought the same of his music too.

"I take it you haven't heard 21st century metal music?" Vorrان asked after seeing the puzzled reaction on Liam's face.

Liam merely nodded in response as he smiled and tried to enjoy it. It wasn't bad, it just wasn't what he was really used to. "Think anyone noticed the change?" he asked.

"I doubt it" Vorrان replied. "I boosted the output of the internal dampers so we don't have to worry about the captain being thrown from her bed." Vorrان said snickering

"Well, that's good. But, there's still a skeleton crew working the night shift in Engineering," Liam said. A few moments later his eyes lit up as if there was a lightbulb in his skull. "I know what to do..." he said as he began to manipulate the output readings of the Engineering consoles. "That should do it, for now," he told Tyler, smirking.

"Strong work" Vorrان said. "I doubt their night shift can tell the difference from impulse anyways" Vorrان quipped

"I doubt they really care, to be honest," Liam said laughing. He turned his chair around to take a good look at the bridge. It seemed so empty...so accessible... Within a few moments, he found himself lifted up from his chair and sat comfortably in the Captain's Command Chair as Tyler was working the conn and there was no one else to use it.

Vorrان grinned seeing Liam making himself comfortable in the captain's chair. "Orders Captain?" Vorrان asked.

Liam shrugged. "Sleep?" he asked laughing and wanting to do just that after a long day of work.

"With or without cuddles?" Vorrان asked

Liam blushed and looked off to the side while he thought about what to say. "With is always better," he said as he turned back to Tyler.

"If that's how you feel I think you should come to my quarters for a night cap when we get off duty." Vorrان replied

Blushing again, this time more noticeably than before, if possible, Liam smiled and nodded. "Sure," he responded having a warm feeling come over him. He knew that Jordan had just been reassigned new quarters and that things between them had become more distant, but he couldn't help but feel betrayal in his stomach.

"It doesn't have to be more than a drink" Vorrان said sensing Liam's discomfort. "You had my back with the Klingons and we didn't even know each other." Vorrان continued. "I want to return the favor and at least be friends."

Liam nodded, and that relaxed him a bit more, despite wanting something more. He was slightly confused about what he wanted to do with his personal life. He had met so many people on this assignment, and it had only been the first few days. He needed to slow things down a bit and take a breath before he walked past the 'point of no return' with any one of these crewmen he'd be spending the next 5 years with.

Vorrان wasn't sure what it was about Liam but he felt there was a connection. It wasn't that long ago that they were sharing a cell in the brig because of his efforts to save him from a group of angry Klingons. Vorrان got up from the helm with the ship's course locked in then sat down next to Liam in the XO's chair. Vorrان reached out and put his hand on Liam's. "We can enjoy the view from here for the time being." Vorrان offered.

Liam was surprised that Tyler got up to sit next to him, but he went with it and gazed into the wonders of warp travel. "I don't know how they sit here, the chairs are so surprisingly uncomfortable..." he said as he turned to Tyler and smirked for a second before looking back at the view screen.

"Time to change things up Computer, Hoobastank Remember Me" Vorrان said as the familiar beat of the song started. "I stand here face to face with someone that I used to know

He used to look at me and laugh But now he claims

That he's known me for so very long But I remember being no one I wanted to be just like you So perfect, so untouchable....." Vorrان looked at Liam and smiled.

Liam leaned in a bit closer to Tyler. The idea of the two alone next to each other excited Liam, but he wasn't sure what to do about it. He turned towards Tyler and his mouth opened slightly, amazed with how he was feeling. The moment seemed so perfect, although Liam didn't completely agree with the choice in music.

Vorrان leaned closer to Liam becoming lost in his blue eyes. Those eyes seemed to see right through to his soul. Vorrان wasn't sure why but his heart was beating faster, sweat formed on his brow, and his breathing became labored.

Liam closed his eyes and slowly inched his head closer until their lips touched. Instantly, the two were engulfed in the other's sweet embrace. Liam knew full well he should've been less straight forward with Tyler, but he couldn't deny his feelings and obviously Tyler wasn't avoiding their feelings either, unlike Jordan now was.

The bridge around Tyler faded out nothing existed in that moment except the softness of Liam's lips on his own. Their tongues doing battle hungrily as they made out in the middle of the bridge. If Tyler's track record was consistent now would be a good time for the Borg to attack or the Captain to pay a visit to the bridge.

Liam leaned in closer, and felt his arms slowly stretch and rub against Tyler's back. In the bottom of Liam's stomach, he didn't feel right. He hesitantly opened his eyes and pulled his head away from Tyler, rubbing a hand on the back of his own neck. He stood up and quickly walked back to his station to fix the ship's speed and false sensor manipulation.

Tyler surprised at Liam's reaction shrugged and went back to the helm station. "Was that too much?" Vorrان asked

Liam bit his lower lip and shook a bit, he was feeling a bit uncomfortable and nervous. He had been through the whole thing before, but he had already made at least *some* type of commitment to Jordan. "It's just, I don't know if I'm ready for something right now, you know?" he told Tyler.

Vorrان nodded. "I understand....I've been hurt before too." He replied. "How about we get to know each other better and take it slow." Vorrان offered.

"Yeah...yeah, that sounds nice," Liam told the Lieutenant as he finished up normalizing the ship's system so there would be less to explain when the next shift came in.

"Our shift is almost over how about joining me for breakfast?" Vorrان asked. "I promise I will keep my hands to myself."

Liam smirked and then turned back to Tyler just in time for the smile to have mostly faded, "Sure, that sounds good." Just before the turbolift doors opened, Liam quickly turned off the music that was playing and stood up to be relieved of his post.

Tyler followed Liam to the turbolift after being relieved. He couldn't help but smile just being around the cute ensign.

First Time Part Eight

by Lieutenant Caleb Mitchell

London/New York

Ten Years ago.

Caleb melted into the kiss and his arms snaked around Mr. Williamson's neck. He hung on for dear life for what seemed like forever but was probably around three minutes. Then their kiss broke and Sean took his hand leading him back to the bedroom.

They spent two hours there, consummating their relationship more than once.

Then they showered together before Caleb dressed and headed back to his dorm room.

And now the continuation

The play, went off without a hitch and everyone seemed to enjoy Caleb's performance and fall tuned into winter. Normally Caleb didn't much care for the Christmas break. His mother really didn't celebrate it and his father was usually too busy with various projects to pay Caleb much attention. The only exception to that was Christmas day.

But that year, it was different, he had talked his father and a very reluctant Mr. Williamson into letting him stay at the teacher's house. His father had no idea that he and Sean were involved and both student and teacher were intent on keeping it that way.

Sean could afford to be open about his homosexuality at the school. He was American for one thing and they were expected to be somewhat eccentric and for another thing he came from money. Lots of money. He not only had the apartment where he and Caleb had, had many a tryst, but he had a ranch in Montana and an apartment in New York.

He had given Caleb a choice, Christmas in the relatively deserted western United States, or in the iconic and still standing, Dakota Apartments in Manhattan. With little hesitation, Caleb had chosen New York. It was a choice that he would come to regret for many years.

He had wanted to take a shuttle instead of the Transporter, but Mr. Williamson had nixed the idea as being too public. While Caleb couldn't see the difference, he wasn't going to argue.

It was a magical Christmas with a tree, Brandy Slushes, carols, holiday lights even some presents (Sean had given him an actual book of English poets and Caleb had gotten his teacher a necklace)

It was the day after Christmas that everything went south. they were in Central Park waling by the ice skating rink, when Caleb spontaneously and impetuously took Sean's hand. For a moment the teacher resisted, then he gave into the teen's advances and let his fingers entwine the boy's.

Then Sean was the one to act without thinking. He reached over and kissed the boy deeply. After all it was New York, far removed from the school and its harsh attitude.

They were in the midst of a very intimate lip lock when suddenly they both heard a familiar voice.

Morning After

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrان & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

USS Tornado Mess Hall

Vorrان entered the turbolift with Liam after their night shift. He kept stealing glances at the cute ensign. Vorrان didn't quite know what to make of their interaction on the night shift but he definitely felt a connection. Those soulful eyes just pulled him in like the event horizon of a black hole.

Liam had his hands held in front of him and his head facing down at the rug that layered the bottom of the turbolift. He tried to keep his mind off of what had happened, but he couldn't help his eyes from wandering. "So, what about that breakfast?" asked Liam as his head straightened and a faint smile came across his face.

"Mess Hall" Vorrان said the turbolift began to move toward their destination. "Works for me...Have you had a breakfast burrito?" Vorrان asked.

"Yes, but that's a bit too much for me," Liam told Tyler, "I'm kind of in the mood for some eggs benedict." The turbolift came to a halt and the doors slid open to reveal deck two. Liam walked out of the lift first, but then waited for Tyler to exit.

Tyler followed Liam. "A Breakfast burrito when spiced properly is a close approximation to Hasperat." Vorrان replied.

Liam had admittedly never tried hasperat before, but he knew that Tyler would probably make him try some if he knew, so Liam chose to keep it secret. As Liam entered the mess hall, he scouted for a good table near the window and not too close to other people.

Vorrان stopped at the replicator to get his breakfast burrito. The replicator whirred and it appeared within seconds. "That table looks good." Vorrان pointed to the table that Liam kept looking at.

As Tyler finished ordering and suggested a table, Liam nodded and made his way over to the replicator. He placed his order for his breakfast and walked his tray over to the table Tyler had picked. Placing it down, he plopped down in the chair and prepared to eat.

Vorrان sat down at the table with Liam and started on his breakfast. He couldn't help stealing glances at the cute Ensign. Vorrان decided to be bold and brushed his foot against Liam's leg.

Liam blushed, but continued on pretending like it wasn't happening. He cut into the egg and allowed the juices to spread out onto the ham and English muffin. Trying to focus on the food and not let Tyler try to bring out Liam's other, slightly less 'professional,' side.

Tyler grinned at Liam. "Sorry must be the hunger getting to me."

Vorrان took a bite of his burrito and awaited Liam's reply.

"Hunger for what?" Liam mumbled just loud enough for Tyler to hear, but while placing a piece of food in his mouth.

Vorrان blushed bright red. "Just breakfast for the moment." Vorrان replied. Vorrان took another sip of his orange juice wishing he had added vodka to it. "So Liam, what made you join starfleet?" Vorrان asked trying to keep his wandering leg to himself.

Liam looked at Tyler as he continued to eat. "I joined Starfleet because of their computer science program mixed with the chance to explore the stars. Sometimes I wonder if I've made the right choice, I could be working on developing the designs for a new starship. Then I take a look outside at the passing stars and don't regret my decision for a second. You?" he asked.

"I had second thoughts whenever I ended up at a disciplinary hearing." "They let me fly fast ships and the scenery is always worth looking at." Vorrان replied while looking at Liam getting lost in his beautiful eyes.

"Disciplinary hearing?" Liam asked quite curiously. He knew Tyler was bad, but he didn't know he was that kind of bad...He decided not to prejudge him and wait to hear what he had to say for himself.

"I pulled a few pranks during my academy days....." Vorrان started "I had a relationship with Admiral Brand's assistant which didn't go over well, and I took her shuttle for a joy ride leaving it in the academy garden when I was done." Vorrان continued.

"Well, that's a perfectly reasonable answer," Liam told Tyler. It was a strange thing to be arrested for, but it was still theft. "Was it worth it?" he asked.

"Not spicy enough, I'm used to Bajoran food." Vorrان replied

Vorrان put his foot in Tyler's lap this time.

Liam smiled as Tyler's foot went on his lap. He was a persistent fellow, Liam had to give him that. Liam looked sneakily from side to side making sure no one was looking, then he took off Tyler's boot and then brought Tyler's foot back on his lap.

Vorran grinned again. Liam made him feel happier than he had been in some time. "Sorry my foot has a mind of its own when in visual range of such a cute guy" Vorran said.

"Well, I can't blame it," Liam told Tyler smirking and laughing to himself. Liam moved his hands from Tyler's foot and let him have free reign while Liam picked up his knife and fork to continue eating.

Vorran finished the last of his burrito despite the distractions Liam presented him with. "We've come a long way from sharing accommodations in the brig." Vorran said.

After quickly devouring the eggs benedict, Liam still had a roaring appetite. "I feel like something sweet," he told Tyler.

"We could go back to my quarters and have Mimosas." Vorran suggested.

"That sounds perfect," Liam told Tyler as he smirked. Nudging Tyler's foot off of his lap, he was able to get up and bring his tray to the replicator.

Vorran put his boot back on and brought his tray to the replicator as well. Vorran took Liam's hand as they prepared to head out of the mess hall.

Debriefing of Away Team

by Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrán & 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria

USS Tornado - Observation Lounge

The stars were normal and in its place, time travel was not her thing and yet she had the odd feeling that this was not going to be the last time. Man now she notice how annoying these time reference jokes were. Ryoko stood before the window waiting for her Chiefs to arrive for the debriefing. Things could have gone differently and yet she was glad it was behind them.

Caleb, feeling no worse for wear, he'd even recovered from his slight disorientation, stepped into the Observation Lounge. His uniform was freshly replicated and was fresh and crisp. He was even wearing a small smile.

"Good morning, Captain," he said.

Meera had not been proud of her handling the immediate return to their proper time, considering she was still scrubbing the casing of her rifle once every shift trying to get the smell of her stomach contents off it. It was getting better. A little bit. Still, she was in a clean uniform, had given herself a quick touch up to make sure she didn't look like complete shit, since she WAS being called to report to the Captain in the Observation lounge. Walking in, she walked over to the captain, came to a smart attention with a salute.

"Reporting as ordered Ma'am." Meera stated, being the definite 'junior' in terms of rank as she was the only enlisted person she saw present currently.

Milton took his seat by the Captain, as the other officers entered and reclined into their assigned chairs he gave them a curt nod, after the away teams return it was with huge relief that he heard there had been no injuries among the party. As for the rest of the mission details, well, that's why there we here. Saunders had kept his questions at bay until the proper time, which he knew was only moments away.

Nodding towards everyone that was entering the room, it was filling up quickly and Ryoko approved of this. Only a few more and she could start her debriefing of what has happened "Please all take your seat, we will be waiting on the last arrivals"

Caleb, got himself a tall glass of cranberry juice and a couple of lox and bagels and sat down at the table, close to the middle.

Meera found herself a seat, and settled in, having turned one of the non-booth seats around and settled into it, while resting her arms on the chair's adjustable back.

Vorrán entered the room and sat down next to Meera.

t'Jihansu entered and quietly took a seat and applied her attention to the Captain.

Seeing the rest of the staff members getting into the room and taking a seat. Ryoko took a deep breath and looked at them all "We dealt with something unique, something we can't put our finger on to begin understanding what happened. Starfleet has stated that whatever was record by whom about this, will be classified. So if you get reports of crewman not able to access their logs or certain files, statement is quite clear, forget what you have seen"

"I guess," Caleb offered, "the question is what is it exactly we did we see?"

"Apparently as far as Starfleet is concerned we have not seen anything at all." Vorrán said

"Now you're getting the hang of it," Saunders quipped at the helmsman, turning to the Captain he asked, "should we expect a visit from Temporal Investigations?" He gave a concerned look, casting his mind back to the last time he was interviewed at length by a couple from one of Starfleets more mysterious branches.

Ryoko smirks at the mention of the DTI "I might expect them sooner or later for a formal debriefing yes" She responded in regret of even answering it "I can only hope we will not and it would be shoved up towards the CO of the MTRF"

Meera simply kept quiet, listening to the statements and questions, not entirely 100% sure why she had been brought in, then again, she'd been finding it strangely hard to find her direct superior these days. She knew he hadn't been lost in a fight, nor was he missing, just, hard to find. Frankly, he should be the one here, not her. But hey, she was just the dumb grunt, her job wasn't to question the logic behind those appointed above her after all. Unless it was particularly ass-inane and risked the safety of everyone involved.

Looking around as her eyes stopped at the junior enlist "Deloria, what is the status of our security. Everything back to normal?" Ryoko asked as she leans forward.

"Everyone's already following the mum order Ma'am. They know something weird happened, but short of someone with enough brass to make a statue out of it or with a verified written order, they ain't gonna talk. A few of

the sections are on edge, understandably so considering what we learned from the station, worried we might well accidentally have a repeat here on the ship." Meera reported. "As for where Lieutenant Finn is, I can't say, I'm not the only security personnel who's had trouble finding him for various reasons. There's no records of him leaving via the transporter, and all shuttles are accounted for." Meera added, figuring it'd make sense to get it clear that she had not a flipping clue where her direct superior was.

"Maybe he got left behind?" Caleb suggested, "you know wherever it was that we <i>didn't go</i>."

"I hope not because he could be anywhere or any time." Vorrn said "This will also make our visit from temporal investigations much more unpleasant." Vorrn continued

Saunders rubbed the bridge of his nose, "Which reminds me, did you get the chance to read the report from Doctor Olmos?" he addressed the Captain regarding Commander Wayne who had fallen seriously ill.

Taking a deep breath "Yes, there are some changes in that matter. First things first, Commander Wayne has been transfer towards MTRF with Doctor Olmos due the care of the illness that the Commander has suffered" She sits back in her chair "But that means we have no First Officer, in that matter Lieutenant Saunders is hereby reassigned towards this position. This already has been done by me before the meeting. But something else is also off, Lieutenant Saunders is also promoted towards the rank of Lieutenant Commander as of today. Please keep this in mind when addressing him next time" She smiled at him and claps in her hands briefly.

Looking at Deloria "Mister Finn however is being put into the progress of reassignment on board the USS Tornado. Thought you Deloria have impressed us all in your ability to act with the required responds. Thus I also adjust your position towards Chief Security/Tactical Officer of the USS Tornado-C. Do you wish to remain an enlist or take course towards becoming an officer?" Ryoko asked the green woman at her side.

Meera had started nodding as the Captain praised her on well, doing what she was supposed to do, when the realization she had just gotten a promotion dawned on her. "Wait, I'm now what?" she asked, surprise on her face and in her voice clear as day. She was still processing that and hadn't yet mentally grasped that she also being offered a chance for OTS to boot.

Everyone had congratulated the new Chief as the debriefing had finished up and things now had to be done from the administration point of view for the good Captain.

Holoprogram 'The Darkness Rising'

by 1st Lieutenant Meera Deloria & Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorran

USS Tornado-C Holodeck 1

BACKSTORY - 7 Days After Ship's Launch

Meera checked her weapon, pulling the archaic bolt back to reveal the bright gleam of a bullet in the chamber, before returning it to its forward position, locking the bullet into the chamber, ready to fire. This was a program that Meera had been getting regular new 'events' to, recreating the 'Cold War' era Geo-political climate of Earth, her character, by this point through her own efforts, having earned some renown on the various battlefields she'd taken part in over the course of, going on the 6th program to this series.

For Meera, this was one of the few times that she actually was willing to just let loose in a way that some would consider, abusive of her feminine charms. The tan jumpsuit she wore was zipped down to rest well below her naval, while the olive drab web harness holding her equipment and ammo for the rifle were the only aspects that kept her jumpsuit tight against her body, helping to keep it decent due to her obvious lack of undergarments. She wore her hair in a ponytail, with a simple 'baseball cap' keeping it in order. Despite being in the holodeck with her allotted personal use time, she still had her pheromone regulator clipped on, though in this case it looked more decorative being pinned onto her harness.

To finish the ensemble, there were a simple pair of patches on her outfit. On her both shoulders, were strips of fuzz that looked about the right size to hold a flag patch of the era, with a patch with the image of a descending eagle with the phrase 'Emerald Eagles' rested on her left shoulder, while on her right shoulder was a patch done in an Orion styling to signify her own touch, and to those aware, was her family 'banner', or as close to one as an Orion Cartel within the Syndicate would have.

Her current story line put her in the arid steppes of the Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, and Tajikistan borders, chasing after clues of a possible CIA vs. KGB clash about to happen involving nuclear arms, seeking to turn the 'Cold War', hot. This would be one of the first times she'd actually taken time to invite others at her current station to join her for one of these, so she took the time to glance at those with her and give a small smile.

"Time to have some fun, right?" She said, one corner of her smile rising higher than the other in an excited grin.

Saunders chuckled, turning to peer at the horizon, the parched environment offered little in the way of protection from the sun glaring down from overhead, he was glad to have read ahead and replicated some appropriate attire; a beige vest, matching camouflage trousers and aviator sunglasses. He had armed himself with a holographic German 9mm pistol from the era. If this program was anything like the spy programs he was used to his enjoying then it should prove a fun distraction, he mused.

Vorran entered the holodeck wearing a wool overcoat, ushanka, AK-74 slung over his shoulder and a flask of vodka in hand. "I am here comrade" Vorran said as he walked toward Meera. "Tell me again what this program is about?" Vorran asked Meera

Caleb had received the invitation and had been intrigued. There had not been a lot of detail, only that it would be something involving espionage and spy craft. That was of course something he did in real life, not a simulation or make believe.

If it had been something more modern, he most likely would have turned it down, but the fact that it was <i>retro</i> was what had motivated him to check it out.

He stepped into the holodeck wearing a pair of black slacks and a dark gray, turtle neck. He was wearing a shoulder holster with a Desert Eagle .357 in it. The gun was the real deal, but he'd removed the bullets, since this was just a game. He carried a knife in a sheath on his left ankle. It was seven inches long, razor sharp and was ceramic and polycarbonate.

As he stepped inside his eyes caught the Orion woman. His eyes, almost of their own volition wandered over her figure. He may have been gay, but he was not blind.

He smiled upon hearing the words. "fun is my middle name," he said, "what kind of fun are we supposed to be having?"

Meera smirked, and hefted her own FR F2 to rest more comfortably in her arms. "Sneak into a Soviet KGB compound, grab the Intel for what has them and the CIA willing to risk a nuclear war for, get out, then hunt it down and stop it. And if the pattern has held true thus far, expect to find us chasing some new 'stealth' delivery system being the

cause." Resting her own left hand on the M1911 holstered on her leg, she turned to look over the landscape around them. Good thing she had these programs arranged in a fashion that they couldn't be finished in a single session.

Caleb's left brow rose slightly as she recited the gist of the mission parameters. "I'm not sure I am familiar with who the KGB or CIA are, but it does sound like it could be a challenge. I am definitely in. Just one question, at least for now. Are we CIA or are we independent contractors?"

Vorran sighed as the mission was outlined by Meera. Vorran was hoping for a little more action than a stealth operation, but as with most stealth operations they usually deteriorate into a firefight.

History had always been a dull topic for Milton, he knew the gist of it but something about the topic had always put him to sleep. Still, they weren't here for a history lesson, they were here for fun.

"Will there be any foxy ladies with cheesy names to try and seduce us?" He wanted to know.

Caleb turned to him, "Well foxy ladies could seduce some of the team, others of us are immune to that."

"Apparently, they were the main spy agencies of the United Soviet Socialist Republic and United States of America respectively in this time period, I believe the Gregorian calendar puts the year as 1985. And we don't answer to the CIA. Last holoprogram had me against them most of the mission in Central America. In this, I can safely say, we're independent actors on the global stage." Meera explained as she began to walk over the landscape, her tan suede leather combat boots kicking up small bits of dust with each step.

"Oh, and if we encounter any of the characters in this program, I go by the handle of 'Banshee' here. We'll work out something for the rest of ya as we go, sound good?" Meera say, glancing behind her a moment.

"Sure, sounds good to me," Caleb responded, "as for code names, make mine Random, it's from an ancient Terran book series."

Vorran chuckled. "Well I guess I'll have to come up with something original then." "My code name will be peekaboo." Vorran said smirking.

"Peekaboo?" Caleb asked, unable to keep a smile off his face, "is there something we should know about?"

"It's just a code name." Vorran replied blushing.

The Intel officer examined him closely. "Sounds like something more than that to me, but I'll bite, figuratively that is, where did you come up with that?" he asked.

"uhhhh....back at the academy there was a rivalry with another squad of cadets....." Vorran explained hesitantly "In response to one of my pranks they beamed me into the middle of the common area minus my uniform." Vorran continued "I was given that nickname after." Vorran blushed even more

Caleb chuckled softly as he heard about the incident. "I would have liked to have seen that," he admitted, "and you're rather cute when you blush like that."

"Ummm...Thanks" Vorran replied "Lets get on with this mission" Vorran said before taking a swig from his flask.

Caleb quirked his brow in response and put on his game face. This was after all supposed to be about playing a spy, and he was very good at that, regardless of the time period the spying was taking place.

"Yeah, where's this compound? I don't see much of anything out here." Saunders piped up, his hand resting over his shades to help him peer at the surrounding landscape. He had to admit they'd picked an odd place to start the program.

Meera smiled. "Down the valley a ways. Had to deploy this far away so they wouldn't 'pick up' the 'helicopter' that would drop us off into the mission zone. Wouldn't want a sneaking mission to fail right away, now would we?" She said, continuing to walk along the valley wall. After about 10 minutes of walking, they came to a ridge and could see a fair number of people in period Russian uniforms with several heavy vehicles on the well flattened ground, including a couple of helicopter's props beginning to spin up.

"And behold, the KGB compound we want to get into. Looks like a fair bit of it is inside the valley wall, not sprawled out like most bases seem to be in this era..." She said, settling onto her rump and settling her rifle comfortably in her grip to get a good view of the situation down below. "Looks like a whole lotta AK's, and decent body armor. Three watch towers, each manned and have RPK's mounted on the frames. Vehicles look like a pair of Hinds, several BTRs, and a T-72. This is way heavier of a security element than I was lead to believe. Damn." She stated, letting her team know what she was seeing.

"Then, we just have to be sneaky," Caleb suggested. Maybe wait until nightfall, if time is not an issue. There's only five of us and a hell of a lot more of them. We're not going to be able to use force."

"Agreed, We should also try and be quiet about thinning out the guards." Vorrان suggested. He then pulled out his NR-2 Combat knife grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

"My knife is a little out of sync with the time period," Caleb said, "but it's a knife, I think it will be okay. Especially since I've used it for the real thing."

Meera chuckled. "A knife's a knife, just a question of how durable it is. And what other goodies it comes with." lowering her rifle a moment, she pulled out a suppressor from the buttpack she had, and screwed it onto her rifle. "Had there been far fewer guards and heavy armaments, I'd say let's all sneak in. I'm pretty good at being the 'foxy lady' as you so called it, when need be. But, as it is how it is, I'll provide overwatch. At least till the crowd thins out some."

Caleb looked over at her. "So you're staying behind, by yourself? Are you sure that's the best idea?"

Meera nodded, having settled the rifle back into a firing position. "Someone's gotta keep aware of the whole area to warn the rest about any troubles coming."

Saunders peered at the base they were to infiltrate, he realized just how bad his knowledge of ancient history was as Meera described the equipment the enemy had at their disposal, did they even have primitive scanners in this era? he wondered.

"Okay, if no one else volunteers I'll lead the rest of us into the base," he offered.

Caleb shrugged his shoulders. Had this been a real raid, he might have argued with the man. After all he was good at infiltration. But this was a game and for all he knew Saunders might have been better. "Well assuming you're good a stealth, I'll bring up the rear, just in case there are any surprises.

"I'll watch your back as well Saunders." Said Vorrان as he turned to face the base. "Just say the word and I will teach them how to play springball." Vorrان said grinning. He opened his coat to reveal ten grenades attached inside.

"I see we're playing it subtle today aren't we?" Caleb asked, with the barest hint of a smile.

"If things get explosive they will be busy running for their lives instead of looking for you." Vorrان replied

"True enough," Caleb returned, "It is a hell of an exit plan. And if we need it I'm not going to be arguing with you."

Meera nodded, and made sure to tap the radio on her harness. "I'll keep you all updated as you move unless or until you enter the cave itself. Oh, and since none of ya have body armor on... don't get shot. It hurts. Holoprogram or not, the designer made sure to make that part important."

"And what do you have the safety protocols set at?" Caleb asked.

"If they are even set..." Vorrان muttered taking a swig from his flask.

Caleb gave him a conspiratorial wink, "Working without a net. Now wouldn't that be a kick."

Meera chuckled. "Getting shot in the head won't kill you, but you will be out cold. I can attest to how vicious this program can be. Take a round to the gut and expect to be having trouble pissing anything but thinned blood for a couple of days." She stated, glancing at the watch on her wrist. "Best hurry, we're on the clock here."

Caleb turned to the XO, "Looks like you're leading the charge sir. You heard the lady, let' go kick some ass."

"Let's bring it!" Vorrان said eagerly as he drew his Makarov.

"Charming," Saunders replied to the explanation of the programs harsh penalties for being shot, he turned his attention away from the group, concentrating on the base they would soon be infiltrating, "okay, it looks like we can follow this ridge up to a large fence over there. I don't see too many guards, looks a good place to start. Follow me." He headed off in the direction he had pointed out, walking alongside the cliff wall, he felt a sense of giddy anticipation as they began the best part of the program in his opinion.

Vorrان followed Saunders keeping a careful lookout for any guards that may cross their path. He drew his knife in preparation for having to make a quiet kill.

Meera took a calming breath, rested her cheek on the stock of her rifle, and closed one eye, peering through the scope. Looking over the scene, her scope a fixed 10x zoom optic giving her a pretty decent view of the situation. She'd had it zeroed for 200 yard range, a decent one and pretty accurate in most of the environments she'd been in. This was one of the first times she was having ranges greater than that. Using known sizes (Average Russian male of the era about 5'9, something she'd made sure to review on given the chance considering her style in these missions), she was able to work out that her range was around 300 yards from the base.

A large number of Russian soldiers, well armed and decently armored, came out of the cave, a rough formation in movement, walking towards the compound's helipad, where the 2 Mil Mi-24's were sitting. They were geared much differently than most of the other soldiers present in the compound, primarily in the much smaller AKS-74U's slung on

their shoulders. They waited as they were given a final briefing and check over, before moving to the helicopter's proper.

Meera however, watched the whole thing and swore. Turning on her radio, she keyed it. "Guys, those were Spetsnaz GRU. Russian Special Forces. I'd recommend holding off entering the compound till those two birds have left the area." She reported, not taking her focus off the two Russian spec ops teams loading up for some mission or another.

Caleb stopped in his track as he heard her words, he really wasn't sure what Spetsnaz or GRU meant, but Special Forces he understood. He wasn't a coward, but neither was he a fool. He waited to see what the others would do.

As the team approached, the alert from the ship's intercom blared, pausing and halting the simulation. "Attention all crew, General Stations. Attention all crew, General Stations." The ship's computer voice droned, causing Meera to end the simulation, and having all of them hurry to their main duty stations, garbbed as they were for what was a surprise drill to test for readiness.

Night Shift Redux

by Lieutenant Commander Tyler Vorrán & Ryoko Takato & Lieutenant JG Liam Harrison

Bridge

As the night shift began Tyler sat with his feet up at the helm watching the stars streak by on the viewscreen. Tyler couldn't help but smile thinking about the last twenty four hours he spent with Liam.

Liam's turbolift arrived on the bridge just a few minutes late for the shift. He had to take care of something in his quarters before he could start, and apparently he had lost track of time. As the doors opened, he walked hastily to his station next to the Lieutenant. "Sorry, sir, I lost track of time," he told Tyler hoping the Lieutenant wouldn't punish him for his actions.

Vorrán looked at Liam. "I'll overlook it this time."

"That's a debt I intend to collect." Vorrán said as he licked his lips.

Liam gave Tyler a slight smirk as he began to take the Operations controls to his console. Once the change happened and he was able to watch everything, he turned to Tyler and smiled fully. Moving closer to him, he spoke, "I had a really great time last night."

Tyler smiled thinking back to last night. "I had a great time as well." Tyler reached over and took Liam's hand feeling the warmth of his soft hands.

Liam took Tyler's hand and held it, gazing into his eyes and smiling. He leaned in and gave him a kiss, which would have lasted longer if his console didn't begin to beep. He reluctantly turned his attention from Tyler and checked to see what it was.

Tyler took a second to recover from the kiss. "It better not be the Romulans, or they are getting a spread of photon torpedoes for the interruption" Tyler said.

"Nah, there was an inefficient distribution of power and the computer felt like I should be aware..." Liam told Tyler as he disabled all of the non-essential alerts. "Anywho..." he said.

Tyler didn't give Liam a chance to finish that sentence as their lips once again made contact.

Liam's eyes widened as their lips touched, but he immediately immersed himself in the experience and brought Tyler closer to him and wrapping his arms around Tyler.

Tyler lost himself in the moment as well. He felt nothing but Liam's touch, smelled nothing but Liam, and saw nothing but those blue eyes of his.

Liam's world faded around him leaving only Tyler in his view and on his mind. He soon found himself dragging Tyler over to the Captain's chair and then hopping up on top of his lap to continue kissing him more intimately.

"I hope it is not the new method of doing your bridge duty Lieutenant" Ryoko said standing behind the Captains chair with her arms crossed over each other looking at them. Ryoko was actually doing over time on some reports and had to grab something from the bridge.

Liam looked up at the Captain, blinked, and then continued in the teenage make-out session Tyler and he were currently in.

Tyler couldn't escape Liam's grasp despite hearing the captain's voice behind him. Oh well the time in the brig will be worth it as he continued making out with Liam.

Security Officers walked into the bridge and actually stopped wondering what was going on as they saw the Captain giving a nod they knew enough. They walked towards Liam and lift him with force away from Tyler and drag him towards the turbo lift "You can almost decorate your own brig Harrison...oh" Ryoko said as she turns towards them as the Security Officers stopped with walking "You are going to be removed from the bridge and reassigned towards Engineering"

Liam was lifted by force from Tyler's arms. He had a distinct look of shock on his face, almost not being able to comprehend what was going on. He wanted more than anything to resist, but that would only land him in even more trouble. Plus, seeing as his feet couldn't touch the ground due to the grasp of the Security officers, the only thing he could do was kick and scream, but Liam has more dignity than that. Hearing he was going to be reassigned wasn't the worst thing that could happen, he still had a love for Engineering.

Vorrán looked on in shock as Liam was taken to the turbolift. Still in the captain's chair with the captain's face towering over him. "Uhhhh.. Captain on the Bridge" Vorrán said meekly

The drama that was unfolding did let Ryoko slide her eyes towards the officer on watch "I expected a bit more from you, you have potential to become more than you are now. Keep that head of yours with the job and keep personal stuff off your duty. You know the saying, divide private and work life?" Ryoko snapped at Vorrان.

Vorrان got out of the chair and stood at attention. "Yes, Captain" "It won't happen again." Vorrان replied

Narrowing her eyes as she looked at the Lieutenant "Like the last two times that this has happened during your bridge duty? I am a Captain, not a blind woman" Ryoko said towards Vorrان

Tyler blushed bright red. "Should I report to the brig, ma'am?"

Shaking her head "Your duty is not over yet here, but if this happens again under duty. Consider a month brig time" Ryoko said as she turned around to go towards her ready room to grab what she actually needed.

Tyler resumed his post at the helm as the Captain left the bridge. Seeing Liam dragged away by security brought back memories of his short relationship with Admiral Brand's assistant back at the academy. Tyler watched as the stars streak by on the viewscreen losing himself in their beauty.