

As Diane's vitals slowly started to climb as she approached consciousness, there was a subtle energy in the room that seemed to affect all the smallest items in the room. Nothing large moved. Nothing organic moved, not even a strand of hair. Then, as her eyes slowly fluttered open, they abruptly stopped and she woke with a start.

She started to try to get up immediately, then realized how sore she was. She laid back immediately and tried to cover her eyes, squinting. "Okay, not a good idea." Then she stared at Tal. "You are not from Earth." It wasn't a question. She glanced over at Jonathan, who ... snored. Despite all her worry, the single noise brought a smile to her lips. But her voice dropped to a hushed tone. "If he gets too loud, try throwing a blanket over his face. Have you seen my glasses? Too much input. I get sensory overload. Hyperthymesia. I was probably lucky I wasn't born with autism. The only real difference is that I can process all the information."

Again she glanced over at Jon who had stopped snoring again. "Human chainsaw. If he gives you any trouble, try a hammer - to his head." Diane grinned, then frowned.

"I heard that," Jon mumbled.

"Sorry, go back to sleep," Diane ordered.

Jon rolled over sluggishly. "I'm fine."

"Oh really ... doctor? Where did you get your medical degree? A Cracker Jack box?" Diane teased.

"Wheaties," he responded.

"You need more sleep."

"And where did YOU get YOUR medical degree?"

"Fruit Loops."

Jon snorted a laugh, and kept laughing for a minute. "Good one."

"Proof that you need more sleep. Any time I can beat you that easily in a game of wits, you need rest."

“Rest, yes. Sleep no. I need to get back to the ship and get some things mothballed better. Then he paused. “Did I really challenge a ship so big that it made the Prometheus look like a mosquito?”

Diane looked at Tal. “Probably. Behold, the power of testosterone.”

“Hmmpf, the writing on the hull said - in English - USS Icarus.” He looked serious finally. We have questions. Diane, this is a Terran starship - a Federation starship. And there are - uhm - aliens on board. The Captain’s name is Shah - S-H-A-H, not W.”

“Oh. So that’s what happened.”

“Yeah. Sorry.” Jon frowned.

“Not like we left much behind.” Diane pointed out.

“True. Uhm, I should really get to the Prometheus and run a post combat diagnostic. Just to be safe. It’s one thing to risk myself; even you and me. But this ship was huge. I do not want to put these people at risk. Doctor, I know you think I need to sleep. But I can last for a little bit. Then I’ll get some sleep.”

Diane snorted a laugh. “You promise?”

Jon stiffened and glared a little at Diane.

“Say the words? I ... promise ... C’mon, you can do it!”

“Fine! I promise!”

“That you will ....” Diane was relentless, but Jon laughed in spite of himself. She looked at Tal. “He hates making promises. But if he makes one, he will never willingly break it.”

Jon made his promise.