

## EPISODE 1.5

### "Q-Riosity"

ON:

#### <<Captain's Ready Room>>

Captain's Log: Stardate 52489.2

We have finished repairs and refitting at Starbase 136, and have now resumed course for the Delta Quadrant. We have picked up several key personnel, among them a young Ensign who will be our Chief Security- and Tactical Officer. He will be a fine addition to our crew.

We have also acquired a talented host for the Bar in Eight Forward, something that will surely help keeping up the morale on the ship on our long journey.

Calandrah Paxton ended the recording by punching a button on her computer terminal. They had been out of space dock for three days, and everything seemed to be running smoothly. She had silently praised Mr. Moren for figuring out the cause of the computer glitches; the last thing she had wanted was to be forced to delay departure, or having to turn back because of it. The journey they had ahead was long enough as it was.

She closed her eyes and thought back a few days, to before they had left the Base, and how delightful it had been to see an old friend again, when she suddenly was shaken from her daydream. She felt a jolt, as if something had hit the ship from underneath. She quickly rose and exited the Ready Room.

#### <<Bridge>>

She came out to the calm buzzing and beeping of the Bridge. All senior officers were present, which usually didn't happen very often. Ketlan was manning the CONN, Kyle was at OPS, Tramor had found his place at the Tactical station, and Pretah'na was calmly monitoring his systems at the Main Science station.

Jorin looked up at her from the Command chair.

Jorin: I see that you felt it too, Captain. I was just about to contact you.

Paxton: \*smiles\* That was pretty hard to miss, even though I've only been Captain of this lady for a few weeks. Report, Number One.

Jorin: \*smiles back at her at the mentioning of his new position\* It seems like there's an ion storm up ahead. We are apparently on the outskirts of it, thereof the shaking you felt a minute ago. \*gets up from the chair and sits in his own\*

Paxton: \*sits down where Jorin sat not a minute ago\* Why didn't we pick it up earlier? We should have been able to see it on long range scanners several hours ago.

Jorin: \*looks serious\* Aye, that's what I found intriguing. Lieutenant Pretah'na is analyzing the data right now, but as far as we can tell, it's a natural phenomenon.

Paxton: \*shakes her head\* \*quietly\* My gut feeling tells me there's something more to that storm

than meets the eye, Tom... \*turns to Pretah'na\* \*louder\* Mr. Pretah'na, can you tell me the strength of that storm?

Pretah'na: Not with a hundred percent accuracy, Captain.

Paxton: \*smiles\* That's alright, Lieutenant.

Pretah'na: I would estimate the ion storm to be at level 10 and rising. I wouldn't recommend going in there unless we have to.

Paxton: Noted, Mr. Pretah'na. \*turns to face the view screen\* Mr. Ketlan, can you get us closer to that storm without getting us trapped inside it?

Ketlan: I think so, Captain, but it might be a bumpy ride..

Paxton: \*smiles\* I think we can handle it Ryan. Take us in, Mr. Ketlan.

Ketlan: Aye sir.

=/\= Calandrah Paxton [oooo]  
Commanding Officer

<Space>

Through the bleakness of space the ion blazed, light a fire that required no air to burn. Mixing purples and orange streams of energy, the process was threatening and soothing at the same time. Among the star field of limitless objects, a small gray dot rushed towards the raging storm. The U.S.s Sirius was a speck in space, compared to the monster it headed towards. Avoiding the perilous assortment of energy and plasma, which the storm spewed out. The Sirius edged closer and closer to the edge of the mighty storm.

<USS Sirius: Bridge>

Though the rattling of the deck plates was also going through her head. Paxton continued to keep a passive expression on her face. On the view screen, everyone watched as yet another stream of energy was spat out from the storm.

"Take it steady mister Katlen, those plasma streams don't look friendly."

"Aye captain, just the ships acting sluggish." Replied the ensign, as he struggled with the controls. Looking over at ops, Paxton spoke. "Mr.Kyle, report?."

"The plasma streams have varying gravitation fields. It's like we're being pulled in two directions at the same time."

"Do they pose a threat?." Inquired Jorin

"Possibly, the plasma is almost two-thousand, five-hundred degree's Kelvin. Without our shields up, we'd be cooked to a crisp."

"Understood, tactical raise shields." With a confirming sound from tactical, Paxton looked back towards ops. "Mr.Kyle, lock sensors on the phenomenon. I want to record as much information as possible."

Just as she finished, the bridge erupted into sparks and flames. Flung from their seats, the bridge crew quickly began to regain their stations. Crawling on his chest towards his chair, Jorin shouted at the top of his voice. "Report!!"

"We have passed through the wake of of the the energy streams, shields at 65 percent. Primary

systems offline."

"Sir." Interrupted ensign Tremor. "Propulsion is offline, we're being pulled into the phenomenon."

Now again in her seat, Paxton punched one of the buttons on her chair arm with her finger.

"Engineering what's happening with our engines?." For a moment there was no response. Finally the rushed voice of chief engineer Moren came through."

+"Bridge, we have a serious problem. The gravitational fields are depolarizing the warp coils. The magnetic fields that things emitting are ripping the inners of this ship up."

"Can you give us impulse power?."

+"Negative captain, the entire system has gone crazy. Unless we get away from that damn thing, there's not much i can do at the moment. We have a few idea's, i'll report back when i have something."

"Understood, bridge out."

"What now captain?." Asked Jorin, as he sat beside her.

"The only thing we can do. Batten down the hatches and ride it through."

Fortunately, once the Sirius had entered the ion storm things didn't get any worse. It was only when they began to close upon the other side of the storm that things took a turn for the worst.

#### **<USS Sirius: Bridge, 45 minutes later>**

"Report?." Said Jorin raising from his seat.

"We are approximately five-thousand kilometers from the other side of the storm. Estimated contact in 5 minutes." Reported Kyle.

"Good, any idea what's keeping us going in this direction?."

"Plain and simply physics, our momentum is keeping us going."

"What about the gravitational fields coming from the storm?." Asked Jorin.

Kyle glanced down at his console. "Currently they are not strong enough to effect us."

"Captain i suggest that we." Halting mid sentence, Jorin attention was on the suddenly fading lighting and the blinking out of computer screens.

"What the hell?." Commented Paxton, positioning herself in her seat. She tapped her arm rest once again. But the intercom didn't respond, to the frustration of it's user.

"The computers out." Replied Kyle.

"Could this be another one of those glitch's?." Inquired Paxton, as she looked across at ops.

"No captain, engineering reported that fault had been repaired. This is something else, i have emergency power and that's all." Pausing for a moment, the ensign soaked up the information on his screen. "Captain, i'm not sure what to make of these readings. But we are somehow suffering a power drain on all systems."

"What about live support?." Asked Jorin sharply.

"Unaffected, it's has it's own backup systems."

"This is not good gentlemen." Said Paxton raising from her command seat.

"Without power, we have no shields. And that means no protecting from the ion storm, or whatever the hell it is out there. Ensign Kyle, you will make your way to engineering at once."

"Yes captain."

"Find out what's going on and if at all possible." Like some practical joke, everyone glanced up as the lights came back on. One by one, console began to light up again. "Ah looks like Mr. Moren has solved our problems. Looks like you wont need to make that visit after all ensign. Can you give us a status report instead?."

"Just one moment captain." Said Kyle going back to his station. Within a few moments, he had run through the ships systems. "We're still suffering the power drain captain. Looks to me like someone in engineering pulled a rabbit out of the hat. But at this rate, we're only good for another 17 hours tops. After that we'll be dead in the water."

## <Main engineering>

Standing in front of the warp core chamber, Moren continued to stare at it.

"Ensign are you sure?."

"Sir i wouldn't make this up, i'm reading something." His emphasized the last word, while looking at his console.

"But that's ridiculous, run the sensors over it again."

"Aye, proceeding with sensor scan." Pressing several buttons, his station was silent for only a few seconds. "Same as before chief, sensors indicatesomething inside the core. Negative mass, just a pulsating power reading."

"Here let me see that." Said Moren taking a stand beside the young engineer. Keying in several commands on the console. "But that's impossible." Dumb founded, Moren rubbed his chin. "Have you noticed anything about this pulsation?." Asked Moren to the ensign.

"I can't say i have sir."

"It's the same as our injector rate, it synchronized with the matter,antimatter injectors."

"Well i'll be damned." Said the ensign, looking at the reading surprised.

Wearing a grim look on his face, Moren tapped his comm badge. "Engineering to bridge, we have a problem."

=/\= Tom Jorin [oo\*]

## LOCATIONS

Engineering: Leva, Moren, Daria

Sickbay: Oceane, Denise, Elana, Axianne,

Eight Forward: Blake

Bridge: Paxton, Jorin, Ketlan, Tremor, Kyle, Pretah'na

## << Engineering >>

Kyle: What do you mean the damn thing isn't working? It's been a whole week Crewman, you do realize that this ship is headed for the delta quadrant?

The young Ensign shuffled nervously, he clearly wasn't used to this kind of pressure.

Ensign: Erm, yes sir I do

Kyle: Good, then the sooner you realize how important the buzzard collectors will be the better it will be for all of us onboard ship. Need I remind you that once were out there there will be almost no way to replenish our power supply, without that thing we'd be a dead weight well within 2 years, and only then by rationing.

Kyle walked across the room to a vacant computer outlet in the corner, the ensign wearily following. Kyle accessed the external sensors, and ran a scan of the ion cloud they were currently drifting through at full impulse. After the computer located what Kyle was looking for Kyle tapped the enhance key.

The screen showed a bluish green aura of a swirling gassy substance, with the computer still

running a comparisons check on the periodic table. Kyle stepped back from the screen to give the ensign a look.

Kyle: Do you know what that is?

The ensign got a little closer to the screen, it took him a moment but he reached a conclusion.

Ensign: Well, that's plasma residue sir, highly volatile but its been known to be convertible into pure energy.

Kyle smiled, he seemed very pleased, as though he were about to pronounce judgment on the young man, and he'd seen first hand what it was.

Kyle: Yes, exactly. Pure energy, if you can get about 10 terrowats worth of energy out of these pockets here \*points to three different patches of light on the screen\* here and here then I'll consider not informing Chief Moren where you were when you had a repair shift to pull. \*Smile widens\* do you understand everything I've been saying.

Ensign: Oh! Yes sir, I'll get right on it sir.

Kyle: Good man

Kyle walks away, remembering his shift on the bridge hadn't quite finished yet

Ensign: Uh, but sir? How am I supposed to configure the Buzzard collector's to scoop up that much Plasma? It'll be hard enough to keep it contained and were quite busy here anyway.

Kyle: If Moren gives you any grief tell him your doing some work for me, I'm sure he'll not say no to the possibility of a few more power cells

Ensign: Okay, but what if

Kyle: Ensign, you worry way too much

And with that, Kyle headed for the bridge, leaving the Ensign to his mission impossible. Kyle didn't like giving people tasks without giving them a good chance at it, but in this case it served more as a punishment than a chore. And it rather neatly concealed his real reason for wanting a bit more energy, he didn't want to raise too many eye brows until he was absolutely certain

William Kyle [\*o]

Ops manager/Second officer

#### LOCATIONS

Engineering: Leva, Moren, Daria

Sickbay: Oceane, Denise, Elana, Axianne,

Eight Forward: Blake

Bridge: Paxton, Jorin, Ketlan, Tremor, Pretah'na

Headed for the Bridge: Kyle

## << Engineering>>

Tramor just finished his duty shift and was on his way to engineering to see if he could help in any way, having some knowledge of Engineering back in his Academy days. As he entered Engineering, he saw the familiar warp core and also Leva, Moren, and Daria were all huddled around the warp core talking, with a tricorder in there hands. As he approached, Commander Jorin entered and walked right behind Tramor.

Tramor: Hello, I'm Ensign John Tramor, New Tactical Chief on board.

The crew all responded, saying who they were and shaking hands.

Jorin: I see you all met Tramor, that's good. What are you doing here ensign?

Tramor: Just wanted to see if I could lend a hand. I do have Engineering experience, and just wanted to make sure there were no ship security issues involved. Besides, never been to engineering before and thought this would be as good a time as any.

Jorin: Good, So what do you have \*As he was handed the Tricorder\*

Moren: We'll something is definitely in there, something is draining power from the ships systems, at my best guess, we'll be back to square one in 17 hours. We won't survive in this storm without main power back on-line.

Daria: Well according to my scans, It appears to be feeding, look at the consumption/energy readings.

Tramor: If it is alive, its not carbon based.

Jorin: I have to agree Ensign. Energy based maybe.

Tramor: The only thing I can see is to get it out of there before we get into more serious trouble.

Jorin: Agreed, but how, suggestions?

Moren: We could shut down the core for a few seconds, maybe that would turn its "stomach"

Jorin: Or kill it and all of us all with this Ion storm brewing.

Tramor: If its feeding on the plasma, what about modifying the matter/antimatter mix a little?

Jorin: Could work, worth a try. You know about as much as I do about it.

Moren: Lets see \*The inputted codes start to change in the M/A flow, the vibration of the warp core, and the color is slightly changed\* We'll we're down to 80% efficiency..

Daria: Stop!! I detect the high resonance vibrations that is being given off and the energy signature in the entity are dropping, we could be killing it.

Moren: We don't even know if its alive, never mind killing it. It could be attacking us.

Tramor: Whatever is happening, its not good. Could be a threat to the ship. We should dispose of it.

Daria: No, it's just feeding, look at the power loss and compare it to the entities power signature, they almost match.

Paxton: \*From the back of the room, as though she was listening for a while\*Stop the procedure, if we do find out its alive and kill it, we will be in violation of the Prime Directive. We don't know enough about what it is to take drastic actions, Besides, where in no real danger from it yet.

Jorin: Yes, Ma'am.

Paxton: If we have 17 hours, lets use them to investigate it more in depth. Then we can come up with conclusions based on fact not assumptions. We are an Exploration based race, lets "explore". I want a full report on my desk in 4 hours.

=/\= John Tramor [o]

ON: Sorry Kyle, but i'm going to have to your little meeting short. There's a main plot that needs sorting out.

### <USS Sirius Briefing Room>

Gathered around the long table, the senior officers waited silently as the captain sat down. For a moment Paxton looked at her officer, then finally began to speak.

"Well it would appear that for the moment we have time to talk over what has happened and hopefully come up with a solution. After what was said in engineering i would say our chances of extracting whatever is on the warp core are very slim."

"Not to mention what it might do to the lifeform." Added Daria.

"With all due respect doctor, saving the ship should be our primary goal captain." Said Tremor from his seat nearer the back of the table.

"I might have to agree on that one captain." Said Jorin beside Paxton.

"You are all right, yet you are all wrong at the same time." Leaning on her elbows, Paxton eyed her colleagues. "What is the primary mission of this ship?. To seek out new life, how can we possibly consider killing that of which we seek?. It's a question i find i keep asking myself in our current situation." Allowing a short silence, she continued. "We will proceed with an investigation of whatever we have in our warp core, and possibly a means of it's extradition. Meanwhile reduce our..." In an instant Paxton was cut off with a piercing whine. The noise soo intense that all of them were forced to cover their ear's.

"What the hell?." Said Jorin confused, his voice only just audible above the din. However no sooner had the noise began then it had vanished. With a flash of light, a swirling pearlescent globe appear above the middle of the table. With a thunderous voice that almost felt like it would shake the ship apart. The globe began to speak.

"Greetings humans, please do not welcome me all at once. Huh, I would have thought by now you would have scurried back to your own star system."

"Who are you?." Shouted Jorin towards the globe, but if it had heard him it choose to ignore him.

"There are those of us in the Q continuum, who have been watching you and your new found friend. But I must admit you were more of a disappointment then I had expected."

"What do you want Q." Inquired Paxton sternly.

Ignoring her question, there was a flash of light and the orb transformed into a human dressed in the dress uniform of a starfleet admiral. With a slightly lean demure and a head of dark brown hair, he looked to be in his early thirties. Smiling back, he looked on the Sirius officers smugly.

"You still do not understand your good fortune. You're pathetic and barbaric species swarm the universe looking for answers they know not what. Yet when the answer stares you straight in your silly primate faces, you don't see it."

"That doesn't answer my question, what business do you have on my ship?. If it is another one of your pointless games, we're not interested. We are in the process of saving this ship and it's crew, and unless you have a solution to offer. I suggest you leave, because your presence is not needed."

Acting as if he had not heard a word, Q continued to speak. "Now that I have arrived more important matters are at hand, you will of course forget your other obligations. We have much to discuss." Snapping his fingers there followed a flash of light, then senior staff found themselves sitting around a large round table. Gazing around their surroundings Jorin leaned close to the captain.

"Captain, I think this is meant to be Camelot and this the legendary round table, which the knights of Camelot would sit around."

"Yes i remember it from my childhood." Whispered Paxton.

"Here is a much better place to do it, don't you agree." Said Q, sitting in a chair that resembled some type of throne. Covered in gold and silver, it was covered sparsely with rubys and gems. Looking in Q's direction. "I can't remember that being part of the story tho."

Leaning over on the large arms of his throne, Q was now wearing all the attire that came with being a king. "Shall we begin."

### < USS SIRIUS: Briefing Room >

"Where did they go?." Said Kyle

"I don't know, but it will certainly be up to Q if and when they return." Replied Tremor.

"So what now sir?." Inquired Katlan, standing beside Kyle as he looked across at the empty chairs.

"Take your stations and carry on with the captains last orders. Learn more about the entity inside the warp core and a means to remove it." In unison the the two officers nodded at Kyle, before departing. Leaving Kyle in the briefing room with his thoughts.

"Damn you Q, why did you have to turn up now."

Locations:

Engineering: Leva,

Sickbay: Oceane, Denise, Elana, Axianne,

Eight Forward: Blake

Bridge: Tremor, Katlan

Briefing Room: Kyle

With Q: Paxton, Jorin, Pretah'na, Daria, Moren

### <Great Hall>

Sitting around the table, the crew of the Sirius stared with annoyance towards their omnipotent host.

"Q why have you brought us here, and no more of your pointless jibberings. I want to know now." Started Paxton, barely holding back her frustration.

"Oh do be quiet captain, you're almost on the verge of becoming annoying. And if you want to expand that pathetic cranium of yours, I suggest you shut up." Retorted Q, his demur becoming ruffled from the captain's persistence. Ignoring the interruption Q continued. "You humans have



had what you would call `a turn of luck`, far be it for me to expect you to know or comprehend what i mean."

"If it's too difficult for us to comprehend, why brother to do all of this." Inquired Jorin, his tone neither threatening or otherwise.

"Ah, well you that's the funny thing." Said Q with a smirk on his face. "The continuum in it's infinite wisdom have decided to make this a sort of test."

"What kind of test?" Asked Paxton, her demeanor now much calmer.

"Test on you, on your crew and on the human race as you so call it.

That is why I am here, as a representative of the Q and it's interests. Make no mistake, we are quite interested in the choices you are about to make."

"This has something to do with that thing in the warp core" Concluded Jorin "doesn't it?."

"I am not allowed to interfere commander, what you think is entirely up to you."

"Interfere!, what do you call kidnapping the senior staff of a starship?.

You've already put the Sirius at risk with your actions." Said Paxton.

"Nonsense captain i haven't put anyone at risk, i'm merely watching."

With that the Sirius crew disappeared.

### **<Uss Sirius: Briefing Room>**

"Your where saying captain?" Inquired Tremor from his chair, not noticing the sudden stares being exchanged by the command staff.

"What?, what was i saying ensign??" Replied Paxton slightly confused. Gazing over at Jorin, she realized that she wasn't alone.

"You were talking about our primary mission."

"Just a minute this has already happened." Said Daria, looking confused.

"Indeed, i am also experiencing a replication of past events." Added Pratah'na

"I'll be damned, he must have brought us all back through time." Said Jorin.

"Who?" Asked Kyle, an expression matching some of the senior officers.

Slowly began to form on his brow.

"Q," The word came out of the captains mouth with frustration and annoyance.

"Commander place the ship on double alert. Pratah'na get down the engineering, i want as much information about that thing in the warp core as possible. In the meantime, ensign Kyle. I want you to work out a new method of conserving the ship energy. We may need some time on this, and it won't help things if we're dead in space."

"Aye captain." Responded Kyle

"Now ladies and gentlemen, dismissed." As they all filed out of the briefing room, some of them were confused, while others who remember meeting Q only felt a certain dread about the situation.

=/\= Tom Jorin [ooo]

Executive officer

Locations:

Engineering: Leva,

Sickbay: Oceane, Denise, Elana, Axianne,

Eight Forward: Blake

Bridge: Katlan

Briefing Room: Kyle, Tremor, Paxton, Jorin, Pretah'na, Daria, Moren

## << Kyle's Quarters, Deck 5, USS Sirius >>

Kyle was pacing back and forth in the darkness of his quarters, wondering if he'd made the right choice after all. The last thing he needed was an official reprimand, especially before he'd even started his plan, he was the kind of person who preferred to be caught in the act rather than before he'd even started. He just hoped he could defuse the situation before whatever was happening came to a violent head. Kyle stopped his pacing and sat at his desk near the window through which he could see the swirling light of the ion cloud they had stumbled into. Kyle wasn't worried about the flashes of ion discharges that briefly lit up the hull each time, he knew that

the shielding would hold for a good four days at least with the modifications. It was something else that forced that nervous gleam in his eyes, something at lot closer at hand, and a lot closer at heart.

The door to his quarters slid open, Kyle whirled round and saw the silhouette of a man with the light from the corridor behind him darkening his features. Kyle sat bolt upright, alert, ready to break out into a scream, or a laugh.

Tramor: " are you alright sir? I rang and no one answered"

Kyle let out a long shaky breath, ran a hand across his brow and turned back to the window.

Kyle: " please come in, Mr. Tremor. This won't take long" Tramor took a tentative step forward and the doors closed behind his causing the room to fall into darkness once more.

Kyle: " Mr. Tramor, I'll be brief and to the point. There is something going on around here, I've felt it since we left space dock. But this isn't what concerns me, it's the fact that I may know exactly what it is. I brought you here because being new here you have no affiliations with any of the higher command, and that you are the chief of ships security." Tramor, who stood at attention, cast a curious glance down at Kyle, creating a long shadow on the floor. There was a long pause, as if Kyle were weighing two alternatives in his mind. Kyle turned to Tramor once more, his brown eyes darkened with his gaze on the floor.

Kyle: " before I say anything more, I need your word that nothing of what is said will leave this room, whether you agree or no. I need your word on this Mr. Tramor"

Tramor: Of course sir.

Kyle: Mr. Tramor, I'm glad, because if I didn't have your support, I'd have very little chance of success. \*there was a slight pause, giving Tramor time to take everything in.\*

Kyle: Mr. Tramor, I believe that the ship has been infiltrated, and what's more I believe that my dear brother is the ring leader...Tramor: This is a serious accusation, what has he done or is he going to do for you to worry so much?

Kyle left the window now and faced Tramor, his face still in the shadows.

Kyle: You may not know this, but my brother was once a hired gun for the marquis, after our parents died in the dominion war he took it upon himself to avenge them. I tried to warn him against it but he wouldn't listen to me, he said that Starfleet life had made my heart weak, and he despised me for that weakness. I know you may think I am out of bounds here, neglecting my

uniform but I am doing no such thing, I am just protecting my family, thats all."

Tramor: Where do I come in sir?

Kyle smiled.

Kyle: believe it or not Tramor, you are in charge of the guns here. now I can't stress enough that my brother is not to be harmed, even though he may be intent on harming us. what I need from you is to cover my trail whilst I go look for him, you know, blank a scan report here, blot a few motion sensors there, until I can neutralize him.

Tramor: This is a serious request. \*Rubbing his upper forearm\*

Kyle nodded.

Kyle: do you have any family my friend?

Tramor: \*Pausing\* I did sir, not anymore.

Kyle: then you'll understand if I want to protect him, because the truth is, that no matter how much my brother despises me, he's the only family I have left. You do understand don't you Soldier

Tramor: \*reverting to his military academy days\* SIR, YES, SIR! Kyle takes a step towards Tramor and places a hand on his shoulder.

Kyle: just remember, I am only asking you, it is not an order, and I'll understand if you want to run straight to the ready room about this, your just doing your job, but me?. No, I\_m a brother first and a Starfleet officer second.

Tramor: I admire that, but there's more than one way to skin a cat. Maybe I could help you find him in a way where we both won't get ejected from the nearest air-lock?

A grin split Kyle's face.

Kyle: well, I'm all ears for suggestions. what is your first name by the way?

Tramor: John sir.

Kyle: okay john, what's your plan?

Tramor: First we need to find out what exactly he wants. Any ideas?

Kyle: and how do we do that? I'll tell you something, if my mercenary brother is on board it can only be bad news for the Sirius, did you hear about the Rombur assault?

Tramor: No, what assault?

Kyle: Well during the dominion war the marquis were taking a lot of flack from the Cardassian union right? Well, the Rombur assault was the code name given for the operation that eradicated marquis headquarters. My brother lead point in that battle, and survived only by killing his companions for there food rations. ugly stuff. anyway what were you saying?

Tramor: What do we know for fact about him being aboard this ship?

Kyle ran a hand absent mindedly down the back of his head

Kyle: Well, I tried to leave as much of my more personal history out of the record but I used to work for Starfleet intelligence based at San Francisco. Well I was running a system check one day and something didn't seem right, the EMS relay systems were in a state of constant flux which was sending all sorts of weird energy readings throughout the ship, hence all the problems we've been having recently...well, that's the kind of type four incursion...hey you might know something about this, being ex military and all, right?

Tramor: sometimes I know too much \*bowing his head \*. So you think he's hiding on board?

Kyle: bingo, with a few of his fellow recruits that were set up for this task. I spotted a few of them in the bar at space dock before we left.

Tramor: Then if he's Marquis, he wants this ship?

Kyle started pacing back and forth, startling his cat Tanya, who scurried across the floor and into the kitchen area.

Kyle: No, I don't think that's his game. If you knew my brother as well as I do then

Tramor: Then why would he go through the trouble of sneaking aboard? Its not easy to be here and not have anyone find you.

Kyle: If he was planning something like that then it'd all be over already. I'm guessing that there's a few people who would love to see a ship with a mission like this terminated. Use your head John, the power fluctuations is how he's moving around, the internal sensors cover every corridor and room yes, but...Then Kyle stopped pacing and thumped his fist down on the table

Kyle: The Jefferies tubes of course!

Tramor: Well if he were there, flood the tubes with inocuzine gas.

Kyle: No, that wouldn't work, the environment control systems have gone crazy, and due to the closeness of the ion cloud we've had no one around to fix them. we'd have to use the manual override at the far end of junction 24 beta, a hell of a long way, and also, in the line of fire.

Tramor: True, \*rubbing his arm again\* Lets bait him out.

Kyle: How about we do both? One of us can lure him into a corner whilst the other flips the two minute timer on the environment controls. But whoever is in that corner would have to get out fairly quick. or they'd be cornered too...

Kyle stopped, tremor looks up.

Kyle: See if you can't get hold of some spare phasers. nothing too heavy mind! we don't want to be too conspicuous. meet me at junction 14 gamma on deck 4 when you're ready.

Tramor: OK, but we should create an incident for us to be there. If he's monitoring crew locations

he'll be spooked.

Kyle: He can't watch everything at once, he'll only have a handful with him, and he won't have access to computer panels for long.

Tramor: Put yourself in his shoes, if your brother was on the ship you were sneaking around on, who would you want to monitor? I'll move into that area, you control the rest from the bridge.

Kyle's Voice rose a little, but not too much

Kyle: but I have to be there, if not who'll throw the damn switch?

Tramor: I'll figure something out.

Kyle sighed.

Kyle: Okay, but at the first sign of trouble, get out of there. Or i'll do it myself.

Tramor: Understood, give me thirty minutes to prepare. I'll meet you on the bridge \*Tramor turns away from Kyle and begins to walk away. He stopped for a moment, not looking back\* I'll get him for you sir, you have my word.

\*Tramor continued and the doors closed behind him.\*

OFF:

Joint Post:

William Kyle [\*o]

Ops Manager/ S.O.

Ens. John Tramor [o]

Chief Tactical Officer

**<<<Briefing Room, USS Sirius>>>**

Tramor filed out of the turbolift, Looking ahead he saw Kyle was at his console looking back at him. Tramor placed a hand on his type 2 phaser. Exchanging glances, Kyle nodded as Tramor took his tactical console. Kyle then returned to his panel and began working. A few moments later a beeping sound was heard. Kyle turned his chair and look at the XO, then took a quick glance at Tramor.

Kyle: Sir, I'm detecting a power flux in junction 14 gamma on deck 4.

Jorin: Notify Engineering and have them look into it.

Tramor: I'll do it sir, I haven't had lunch yet anyway sir.

Jorin: Very well Ensign.

Tramor turned and walked away heading for the turbo-lift door. As he entered he pulled out his phaser and set it to stun. He then re-holstered his phaser and waited to get out on deck 4. Once he left, he entered the Jeffrees tube and headed for the manual release valve. He pulled out his

tricorder and linked it to the override and reholstered his tricorder. He then turned around and made his way to the most recent power fluxuations in an attempt to accertain the location of there new "Guests". As Tramor walked by the junction mention by Lt. Kyle, he was ready to activate the gas.

Tramor: \*Tapping his comm badge\* Tramor to Kyle.

Kyle: +Kyle here go ahead Ensign

Tramor: It seems we're ready to proceed.

Kyle: +Understood, Kyle out.

Tramor knew Kyle understood what he meant. He secretly filled the compartment with the gas. After a few seconds he heard coughing, and knew there were people there. Tramor pulled out his tricorder and tapped a few keys in order to evacuate the gas. After several attempts, it failed and the gas was heading towards him. Tramor started coughing and knew it was now or never. After retrying on a new frequency it worked, but not before Tramor was knocked unconscious.

**<< Bridge, USS Sirius >>**

Kyle looked at his console and noticed the filling and then the delaye devacuation of the inocuzine gas. After several attempts he could not contact Tramor. He initiated a site to site transport sending Tramor to his quarters.

Relief Tactical Officer: Sir, I detect Inocuzine gas in the jefrees tubes. And also a site to site transport. Records indicate it was Ensign Tramor.

Jorin: \*Standing up\* What? How?

Kyle: Seems like a malfunction sir. Tramor is in his quarters.

Relief Security Officer: No, it was activated from..... The Ops console.

Jorin: Something is seriously wrong here, spill it Lt. on the way to Tramor's Quarters. \*Both getting up and walking to the Turbolift\*

Relief Security Officer: Sir I am also detecting 6 life signs at Ensign Tramor's last location.

Jorin: Something really smells funny, send a security detail. I'll meet them in the brig in a few minutes.

Jorin and Kyle stepped into the Turbolift. The rest of the Bridge crew knew someone was in serious trouble.

OFF:

=/\= Ensign Tramor [o]

Chief Tactical Officer

ON:

<<Ready room>>

Calandrah was pacing up and down in front of her desk. Thinking. Q always got her in that mood. Chewing on her lip, she kept moving. What Q had told them in the Observation Lounge had made her nervous, and that was a feeling she didn't like at all. But that wasn't all. All the malfunctions, all the crewmembers disappearing and then reappearing all the time... People conspiring? Plotting? Against her?

She shook her head. That was madness... Or was it? People WAS behaving strangely, and she wasn't quite sure why.

=/\= Calandrah Paxton [oooo]  
Commanding Officer

<< Eight Forward, some time later >>

(Ketlan is sitting on the bar and listens half to what Blake is saying. He is looking at Daria, who has taken a seat on a table next to the window and is looking into space. Ketlan stands up and walks over to Daria.)

Ketlan: -looking outside- Missing someone?

Daria: -looking up- Oh ...err... no, just looking outside.

Ketlan:- pointing to empty chair- May I?

Daria: Sure -Ketlan sits down- I always look outside when I am here, and it relaxes me.

Ketlan: Everybody has his hobby. -smiles-

Daria: Don't you relax?

Ketlan: Sure, but I mostly do that on the Holodeck. There I go hiking or jogging or flying.

Daria: Flying?

Ketlan: Yes, but with planes from the 20th century

(Blake sees that Darias and Ketlans glasses are empty, so he walks over to them.)

Blake: Can I get the two of you anything more?

Daria: I really could use a meal now, I take menu no. 4 and and another Guinness -to Ketlan- Would you like to join me for dinner?

(Ketlan is a little taken aback by Daria's question ... and starts a little to stutter. Daria notices it and gives him a nice smile.)

Ketlan: ...err... Sure ...err... I would like the goulash on your menu and a Kill Kenny.

Blake: Alright, I'll be right back with the beers.

(When Blake returns to the bar to carry out the order, Daria looks into space until she notices something. When Daria looks at Ketlan he quickly turns to look where Blake is gone too.)

Daria: So how did you end up in Starfleet and why are you on this ship?

Ketlan: I always wanted to fly and work in space, so I choose to become a flight Control Officer in Starfleet. Although my father also played a little part in that choice. He is a Starfleet Commodore at Starfleet HQ. And I ended up here because they needed a Flight Control Officer since Jorin has become XO now.

Daria: But why leaving your parents?

Ketlan: Should I walk away every time a dangerous mission or like this mission a long one appears? No, I am a starfeet officer and go where they send me, even when they take me far away from my home. But I think we will be back one day, maybe very soon ... you never know. And you ???

=/\= Ryan Ketlan [o\*]

### <Officers Quarters>>

Stepping through the doors, into Tremor's quarters. Jorin looked around but couldn't see the ensign immediately.

"Ensign Tremor." His voice filled with annoyance. Jorin knew everything that went on aboard the sirius. And when something came up to challenge that thought, the hair on his neck tended to stand up. Within a few seconds, Tremor came rushing through from his bathroom, with the addition of a freshly made cut on his forehead.

"Ensign are you alright." Inquired Jorin looking at the gash. Obviously not aware of it, Tremor raised his hand up. Wincing sharply as he found the area that had caught the commanders attention.

"It's nothing sir."

"Good, then maybe you can tell me what the hells going on. And after that lieutenant Kyle can have his say, then maybe, just maybe i won't throw you both in the brig."

=/\= Tom Jorin [ooo]

Executive officer

### <<USS Sirius>>

Calandra's good mood was deteriorating fast. Ever since Q had the pleasure of appearing at the top of her negotiating table in the Observation Lounge, she had been annoyed over practically everything. The fact that she felt paranoid had also something to do with it. She sighed and continued to walk. A few minutes earlier, she had turned over command to one of the junior officers on the Bridge, mostly due to the fact that the senior officers were elsewhere. And now she was walking around the corridors of her ship, not knowing where she was headed. A holodeck perhaps? The thought had occurred to her once or twice, but she felt she didn't have the time for pleasures. After another sigh, she turned completely around and headed for her quarters. She needed someone to talk to, and Thomas was her first choice. In another time and place, it would have been Denis, but he was beyond her now. His soothing voice would never touch her soul again



as

it had all those months ago when she was at the rehabilitation centre, and his arms would never hold her...

Shrugging off the cold feeling of grief that oozed over her, she entered her quarters and headed straight to the communications terminal. She knew where he would be, she had received a communique from him as late as yesterday. She sat down and slowly started to hail the USS Hathaway.

=/\= Calandrah Paxton [oooo]  
Commanding Officer

On:

**<<Deck 4, section gamma>>**

He knew something had gone very wrong, but right now he didn't have time to contemplate his shipmate's unintentional blunder. Kyle sped down the corridor until he reached the access panel to jefferies junction gamma. According to the environmental display beside the access hatch the conditions had leveled, kyle was suprised to see just how fast the emergency venting really worked.

Kyle did away with the hatch and clambered head first into narrow tube, being careful not to bang his head as he swung the hatch shut behind him.

Kyle instinctively crawled on all fours until he reached an intersection, a further tube in front of him that led into the bowels of the ships maintenance area and an open arch that led into a small supply alcove he stopped, puzzled at this choice Kyle unclipped the tricorder from his belt area and flipped it open hoping it would pick up any life signs nearby. A slight beep verified this, to the alcove to his left.

Kyle returned his tricorder to his belt and fumbled for something else, his personal sidearm, he set it to medium stun. moving slowly phaser first Kyle reached the threshold of the arch. Bracing himself he took a deep breath and strode swiftly into the room. Kyle's eyes darted in more directions than was normally possible for someone so on edge, and.....nothing, not even a stray rat that was rumoured to be running around terrorising Eight forward. Kyle was about to turn around when something caught his eye, a green flash underneath one of the many supply crates here. kyle crouched down and pulled it from underneath the crate for a closer look. he cradled the object his his hands rocking it from side to side as if not quite sure how to place it. it looked very much like a transport inhibitor, or something of it's like. Then kyle heard a noise behind him, he froze, only realising now that he had his back exposed to the junction he came out of, and that his position kneeling down beside an illuminated object was definitely vulnerable. Kyle managed to remember he was still holding his phaser in his right hand, and so, swung round to meet a fist crashing down on his jaw which spun kyle round on his knee, due to shock more than pain kyle dropped his phaser, only to receive a hard boot in the stomach, a hand reached down to grab the back of Kyle's hair jerking his head back, kyle who had his eyes squeezed shut after being winded felt a long sharp object pressed against his neck.

Gruff Voice: "well well, look at this, it seems i just can't escape the past, it always seems to creep up on me, or should i say try to"

Kyle felt the blade removed from his neck and was shoved forward, he spun round to face his attacker.

Kyle: "\*still winded\* it's good to see you too"

It was Mark, all kindness that kyle once saw in his brothers eyes were barren and dark, lit only by the occasional glint of his combat knife that he twisted restlessly in the dim light of the silent alcove they were in.

Mark: "i never thought you'd dare come this far, too afraid to bloody your uniform."

Kyle: "Why are you doing this Mark?"

Mark Smiled

Mark: "you should know that just as much as i do, Will, you were there too remember?"

Kyle: "only one problem there Mark, the war is over."

Mark: "oh, this war isn't over, not by a long shot. that piece of paper that's laying on a dusty shelf somewhere in san francisco may be a hope for people like you, but to me, it's just a piece of paper, why do you think I came here in the first place?"

Kyle looked back blank faced nursing his jaw.

Mark: "well all you need to know is that the war created some very unhappy people in high places, and i'm here on there behest, people not unlike you and i."

Kyle: "not like you and i Mark, like you. burnouts who make amends for their pasts by destroying other people's futures."

Mark: "now, that was unpleasant, i say you should think a bit harder before you talk, lets understand who has the knife here."

Mark paused, contemplating a seemingly new idea.

Mark: "You know Will, it doesn't have to be this way, you and i are a lot more alike than you'd care to admit. we both deserve a little payback, why don't you come with me? try terrorism for hire, shoot some dominion scum up it's more fun! what d'you say?"

Mark reached out his free hand to Kyle. Kyle looked at his brother, and he could see not the hardened fighter standing over him with a knife, but the 18 year old who had left him 3 years ago, his only family.

Mark: "C'mon, for our parent's sake!"

Mark was right, they both deserved peace of mind, so they could both get on with their lives, together. Kyle looked at it, he slowly reached out take it. A flash of red hit the left side of Mark toppling him over, he turned to the open corridor and was hit again, he hit the deck face first, dropping the knife sending it skidding across the floor to Kyle's feet. Jorin stepped over Marks unconscious body and into the room.

Jorin: "You've got some explaining to do Mr. Kyle"

Kyle was at a loss for words, he was scared, angry and guilty all at once.

Kyle: "how...how did you....?"

Jorin: "Your lucky Mr. Tremor isn't as stupid as you are, when i've seen this intruder safely behind a level 4 force field i'll be expecting a very detailed explanation."

Looking at mark, Kyle realised how much trouble he was in, but if that was the price for his brother's safety, so be it.

William Kyle [\*o]  
Ops Manager/second officer

### <USS SIRIUS: Captains Ready Room>

Sitting on the couch in the ready room. Jorin looked at the captain, she seemed out of sorts. But he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"So what have you got from our guest?." asked Paxton.

"Nothing much, appart from the fact, there's some connection with them and ensign Kyle." "How so?."

"Not sure yet, hoping i'll be able to find out later." Replied Jorin relaxing back into the sofa."

"Where is ensign Kyle?."

"In his quarters, though he ought to be in the brig. I'll be going to see him from here. Unless you would care to see to the matter." inquired Jorin.

"No numbers one, that won't be necessary. I'll be taking care of our power problem. We have less than 12 hours left."

"Has Pratah'na made any further progress?" Asked Jorin.

"When i last spoke to him, no."

"I think it would be wise if i made a visit to engineering."

+ "Pratah'na to commander Jorin." Came the voice through Jorin's comm badge. Exchanging surprised glances, he tapped his comm badge.

"What is it lieutenant?."

+ "Would you come to engineering please commander." Asked Pratah'na.

"I'm on my way."

=/\= Tom Jorin [ooo]  
Executive officer

### <Uss Sirius: Main Engineering>

It didn't seem that long ago that he'd been in engineering talking to Pratah'na. And now he was back again. This time he hoped there was good news in store for him.

"So what have you got?" Asked Jorin.

"Unfortunately we have been unable to scan the life form. However Mr Moran believes he has a method of extracting it from the warp core." Said Pratah'na.

"Great thats the best news yet. The captains going to be pleased." Said Jorin with a smile. Coming from his office, Moran interrupted.

"There's one small problem, we risk breaching the core in the process." The grim look on his face, was enough to let Jorin know he was serious.

"So what are our chances?" Inquired Jorin.

"I wouldn't really like to say commander." Retorted the Bajoran, while trying to show a smile. His attempt at lightening the situation. Didn't distract Jorin from the fact the ship and crew still faced serious problems. With or without Q and the alien being present.

"Well there's nothing like being stuck between a rock and a hard place."

Walking over to the warp core. He rested against the railings. With a sigh he turned back toward Moran and Pratah'na. "Better give me the details of your plan lieutenant."

### <Captains Ready Room>

"He want's to do what?" Came the captains surprised response. After Jorin had explained Morans proposal's for getting rid of the alien.

"Let me get this right," continued the captain. "He wants to open the antimater injectors for twelve seconds. Won't that kind of blow us up." She said, demonstrating the explosion with her hands.

"Given the right supervision, he says it can be done safely. Hopefully the resulting environmental changes in the core. Should make it inhospitable for the entity to stay."

"And if he's wrong?" Inquired the captain.

"Then we'll be back to square one. Or we'll have breach the core in the attempt." Said Jorin grimly, not liking the alternative. For a moment, the captain sat silently, obviously mulling over the situation.

"Very well, tell Moran to make the necessary arrangements."

=/\= Tom Jorin [ooo]

Executive officer

### << Bridge >>

(Jorin left the captain's ready room and headed for the command chair, when he sat down he contacted engineering.)

Jorin: +TAP+ Jorin to Moran.

+Moran: Moran here.

Jorin: The captain gave you the green light ... prepare everything. Oh and Moran let's hope you're right. Jorin out.

Ketlan: -turning to Jorin- Sir?

Jorin: Don't ask, you don't want to know.

Ketlan: -Turning back to his console- Oh boy .... this is going to be great

Jorin: Agreed.

Ketlan: When does the party start?

Jorin: As soon as Moran is finishes preparing the systems

### << Engineering >>

(After Moran got the word from Jorin, he started to give several engineers around him, their specified work. No Moran hopes he didn't make a mistake in his calculations. From a distance, while doing an other job, Pratah'na looks over his shoulder and is confident that Moran will handle this situation. He just hopes it all works out the way Moran thinks it should go ... or else they will have much more problems then they already have.)

Pratah'na: Moran, how long do you think it will take ?

Moran: I estimate 2 maybe 3 hours.

Pratah'na: Understood.

### << Bridge >>

(Ketlan starts to secure his station, he knows when something goes wrong in engineering his console also gets affected since it is also linked through engineering. By securing some parts of his console he hopes to keep damage minimum incase it goes wrong.)

=/\= Ryan Ketlan [o\*]  
CFCO

### << Outside Brig >>

The corridors were usually busy Kyle thought as he arrived outside the Brig, he'd bumped into 3 people already and it was only a stones throw of a walk away, well, as much as you can get a stones throw on a starship, with all the abrupt turns. Kyle thought there must only have been 16 yards worth of straight on the longest corridors, no wonder, not that that was the only reason he wasn't looking ahead, he'd never felt so... divided. He walked into the brig, lifting his head for the first time in what seemed like a whole 20 minutes.

Kyle swallowed, he'd begun to wish he'd stayed in his quarters, someone was waiting for him. He'd never seen anyone look so serious, and he'd spent a year more than anyone else at the academy. Jorin's arms crossed as Kyle stepped forward to close the doors. Jorin fixed Kyle with a stare that made him want to run hard in the opposite direction.

Jorin: "I thought you'd show up eventually, and now it's time for answers. Now Lieutenant, perhaps you could tell me who this is behind me?"

Jorin indicated the brig. Kyle shifted nervously under his stare, he didn't want to dig himself in any deeper by not answering, and he didn't want to dig a grave for his brother either. He should just tell the truth up to a point, but not volunteer anything.

Kyle: "His name is Mark sir, Mark Kyle"

Jorin seemed to sense he was being slightly evasive, because he gestured for Kyle to stand with him in front of the brig, perhaps thinking he wouldn't lie in front of the prisoner. Kyle did so reluctantly.

Jorin: "And can you tell me what he is doing here?"

Kyle stiffened, he wasn't sure how to answer.

Jorin: "Or should I ask him perhaps? \*Mark in the cell was doing push ups\* although it'll be like asking the Bulkhead.."

A sudden pang of fear hit Kyle

Kyle: "No!"

Jorin was taken aback, not expecting such a strong reaction. Kyle swallowed again.

Kyle: "I mean, no sir, there is no need, I think I can explain."

Jorin: "That's good Mr. Kyle, now I'll ask you again, what is he \*points in the direction of Mark who finished his push ups and now started doing situps\* doing here?"

Kyle: "well, i think, well i'm not sure, it's been a while since i last saw him you see, i haven't any idea why he's here"

Jorin cut in

Jorin: "I'm sorry Mr. Kyle, i don't see how, if you've no idea, why i found you on the floor and him standing over you with a weapon. His friends are just as silent as Mark himself here."

Kyle felt his palms getting sweaty, he was running out of options.

Kyle: "ah, yeah."

Jorin: "yes, indeed"

Kyle: "okay, i think i'd better start at the beginning. you may know that my parents were killed in the war with the dominion"

Jorin: "i read you file, but it said that there were MIA, during a border skirmish."

Kyle: "During that war commander if someone went missing, it was a fair indication that they're not coming back. Anyway, they died and Mark stopped talking to me, about a month later he tried to enlist in the marine corps, but was turned down because he was considered mentally unstable. Later the same night, he left earth, my last communication from Mark told me he'd left to find someone who would take him, someone who needed all the help they could get, someone in the thick of it, the Marquis."

Jorin looked baffled

Jorin: "But the Marquis were dying, and they're dead now."

Kyle: "Exactly, who didn't care who they were fighting with, as long as they stayed in the fight."

Jorin: "But like I said the marquis are extinct, who's employing him now?"

Kyle paused a second too long to sound truthful

Kyle: "I don't know"

Jorin looked hard at him.

Jorin: "very well, until i can prove anything i'm keeping you both confined, but since the episode in the jefferies tube i won't put you together, and since you've helped me i shan't put you in a cell either. You shall be confined to quarters until i can think of something to do with you both."

Jorin signalled the guard.

Jorin: "Ensign, take Mr. Kyle to his quarters and lock him in, then return"

Guard: "yes sir"

Kyle moved to leave, the guard following. But Jorin called to him.

Jorin: "I hope it was worth it"

Kyle then left Jorin alone with Mark in his cell.

William Kyle [\*o]  
Operations Manager/S.O

Locations: ???

### **<Deck Six Section Alpha: Jorins quarters>**

Looking at the data on the screen. Jorin sighed with exhaustion. With 1 hour left. He honestly didn't know whether they had a chance in hell of getting through it. Slipping off his boots and resting back into his chair. Jorin could feel the fatigue getting to him. Perhaps a few minutes sleep wasn't a bad idea. The last thing he wanted was to fall asleep on the bridge. Closing his eye's, he tried to relax. If only for a few minutes. The chance to rest was a welcomed one. Interrupted by the chirp of his comm badge. Jorin reluctantly pressed it.

"Jorin here, yes what is it?"

In response, Morens voice replied. "Sir, we're ready down here. We can start any time you want."

"Very well lieutenant, I'll inform the captain. Jorin out."

### <Main bridge: 10 minutes later>

Sitting in their command chairs. Paxton leaned over to speak to Jorin. Did you get anything more from our guest?"

"No, after I dealt with Kyle I tried his brother. But he would talk. And Kyle isn't telling me everything." He replied.

How can you be sure?" Inquired the captain. Without a word, Jorin simply answered her question with a stare. Which all the Paxton needed. To know that he was sure of it.

"If that's the case maybe when this test is done. I should go pay a visit. Telepathy is a handy tool you know." she said smiling.

Returning the smile, Jorin raised his head a little and spoke towards the comm pickups

"Engineering you can proceed."

"Understood bridge, we are commencing now. In 5...4....3....2...1." On cue, the deck plates vibrated beneath their feet. Taking hold of the arms of his chair, Jorin did the only thing he could think of doing. Fixing his gaze on the plasma stream before them on the viewscreen. He watched and waited for anything and nothing.

### <Main Engineering>

With people rushing around the place, Moren sat behind the panel facing the warp core. The huge protective window in front of him provided full view of the core.

"Larry!, get that EPS conduit shut down. We don't want a plasma leak on our hands. I'll monitor the injector flow." With his well trained responses, his fingers danced over the controls. Punching up the data regarding the core, and the alien within. From a speaker someone, captain Paxton's voice was speaking.

"Engineering what's happening?."

"It's having an effect captain, how much I can't tell." From somewhere behind him a voice shouted out their remaining time.

"Moren, you have five seconds remaining. How's the core holding?." This time the question was coming from commander Jorin.

"It's fine sir, I'm going to try and increase the flow." Tapping several buttons, the computer responded.

"WARNING INCREASED FLOW OF THE INJECTOR ASSEMBLY IS NOT ADVISED."

"Damn it, I don't care. Computer override, authorisation Moren beta two zero."

"CONFIRMED."

Inputting the data one more time, Moren watched the read out. Slowly the alien was reacting. Then suddenly the readouts went off the scale. Wide eyed in disbelief, he tried to reconfigure the computer readouts. But the sound of an explosion stopped him, even if the explosion hadn't have occurred. The fact that the ship had listed sharply to starboard had prevented it. Around the ship, men and women hung on as the ship took on the unexpected angle. Holding firmly onto the console in front of him, Moren heard the captain's voice barking orders over the comm link.

"Engineering what the hell's happening?, disengage the procedure. The alien is going to rip the ship apart!!." With a fizz and crackle, the link was broken. Reaching with his out stretched hand, he managed to touch the panel. Confirming his order the computer chirped. Looking at the core, the injectors had already begun to slow down.

"Can someone restore our pitch!!" He ordered, though he wasn't sure if anyone could carry it out. But fortunately He was reassured when the floor beneath him began to straighten up.

"Engineering can you hear us?." Came the worried voice of the captain.

Obviously having restored the comm link once again.

"Yes captain, just a few bruises I think."

"What happened down there?."



"Not sure captain." He said walking away from the suddenly active console beside him. "I'm going to have to look over the data we have. Something strange happened that's for sure." Just as Moren had finished, his attention was brought to the console he'd been working on. Producing some unusual sounds. The engineer examined the controls. Filled with binary digits. Moren looked around, trying to find who was transmitting all of it.

"Computer, who sent this data?"

"UNKNOWN" The response surprised him.

"Well, where did this data come from?"

"DATA WAS INSERTED INTO BANKS AT 13 HUNDRED HOURS. ORIGIN UNKNOWN."

"Computer, what does this data represent? can it be translated?." His request caused the computer to work for a moment. Then the collection of one's and zero's turned to letters. "Computer did I ask you to do this?."

"AFFIRMATIVE, REQUEST WAS FOR TRANSLATION OF DATA. USING STANDARD SEARCH PATTERNS."

Reported the computer. With it's calm female tone. Instantly Moren tapped his commbadge.

"Moren to captain Paxton, please come to engineering immediately." Looking down at the screen. The words read "Please no kill"

Only a short time had passed, before both the captain and Jorin arrived.

"What was it you wanted lieutenant?" Asked Paxton.

Directing them to the message on the screen. Moren explained the events leading up to its appearance.

"So where did it come from? the entity?" Inquired the captain.

"That's my guess, it's the only story that fits it"

Suddenly Jorin interjected "Captain if we are correct. We could have been hurting it more than we thought."

"If that's the case number one. We can't continue our plans using the injector. Any such action would be against the prime directive." Replied Paxton.

"Captain!" Moren looked confused. "That's our only means of getting the alien out of the warp core."

"What do you suggest lieutenant. Possibly kill the being. Just to save our selves. That's not an option, a life is a life, alien or not." Her words filled with conviction.

"Perhaps we have another alternative captain." said Jorin.

"How so?"

"Well if the being is capable of communicating with us. Surely we can do likewise."

"Could we do it?" Asked Paxton. Directing the question at Moren.

"I'm not sure" He replied hesitantly. "I'll have to look into it. I'm not sure how the entity even contacted us."

"Well look in to it, top priority. Pull anyone in that you need."

"Aye sir"

"Good, I want an update on your progress in 1 hour. After all we don't have much time, so work fast." On that note they both left. Leaving Moren with the difficult task of making contact. With a totally new lifeform.

=/\= Tom Jorin [oo\*]

Executive officer

<<Engineering>>

As they gathered around the computer terminal. Moren took to the chair in front of the computer. Feeling a hand on his shoulder, Moren looked up. Jorin was standing by his side. Allowing a smile, he spoke.

"So do you think you've worked it out?"

"If you mean the alien, not by a long shot. However I did figure out how it contacted us. Using an EPS conduit, it manage to reach the computer. And from there, it sent a series of pulses out. Almost like Morse code, but in binary."

"So how are you going to contact the entity." Asked Jorin.

"By using a similar method as the alien did. I've secured the core the best I can. So when I send a sequence of pulses through it. We shouldn't be looking at a core breach."

"Well that will be a relief to the captain." He grind. "So when can we begin?."

"Well everything's set, so really its up to you." Replied Moren. Exchanging smiles Jorin tapped his comm badge.

"Jorin to captain Paxton, we are ready to begin."

"Understood number one, tell Moren he may begin." Replied the captain.

"Aye sir" Closing the comm link. Jorin looked back down at Moren. "Well you heard the captain. Lets see if we can't make contact."

"Aye sir" Touching the control pad. The computer screen fired up. "I'm transmitting now." He reported. Looking down at the screen. Jorin could see the transmission. Taking form on the screen. As a series of one's and zero's. Gradually the string of numbers increased.

"Everything's going as planned." Said Moren, keeping Jorin updated on the situation.

"So is the entity getting all of this?" Inquired the commander.

"if I'm right, the alien should be getting this." Replied Moren. As the flow of numbers increased.

Something happened. In an instant, the screen was filled with garbled images. Once or twice Jorin thought, he'd seen the Sirius or the image of a crewmen.

"Moren, what's happening?" the engineer shook his head.

"I'm not sure. I think the alien's going through the databanks." As Jorin watched, he was startled when a voice spoke behind him.

"Do you really want some alien. Nosing through your computer?" The had come from Q. Who was standing close to Jorin.

"If I were you, I'd be wondering how to take this intrusion."

"Q unless you have something useful to say. Would you leave us alone." Commented Jorin sternly

"I try to offer my opinion, from what is obviously a superior intellect to your own. And you choose to ignore it. Well so be it." Said Q, acting as if his feeling had been bruised. Taking no notice of him, Jorin pushed ahead.

"Mr.Moren terminate the connection."

"I'm unable to comply Sir."

"Why?"

"The computer won't respond. The transfers locking the system."

"Captain," interrupted Pratah'na "I find it curious. That an alien considered with such interest by the continuum. Would need to learn about us in this manner."

"Why do you say that?" inquired the commander.

"Sir if indeed the alien is a higher form of life. One would theories its knowledge and powers to be beyond this."

"That's if it is a higher form of life." replied Jorin, glancing toward Q.

"Moren, can you determine what files are being accessed?" Jorin asked.

"Mainly our science and linguistic library banks sir."

"So nothing important. If that is the case, let the alien be."

"But sir!" Moren began to object. But Jorin cut him off.

"But nothing lieutenant, that's an order. If I'm right, the alien means nothing by it." As they watched the monitor. The flow of information was slowing down. Then suddenly it went blank. Looking on with interest. Both men were startled when it filled again. But this time with information.

Which Jorin was unable to understand.

"What the hell is that?"

Fascinated with what was on the screen. Moren almost didn't hear the question.

"That sir, looks like some very complex equations."

"But for what?"

"It's a little beyond my knowledge. At best I can make out bits. I think the alien has given us a way of allowing it and us to escape the asteroid field." looking confused, Moren cursed the fact he couldn't understand it. "Sir, I'm going to need the computer to look over this."

"Understood, I'll inform the captain." As Jorin turned to walk away. He found Q blocking his path. The fact that Q had been there watching all this time surprised him. The Q starfleet had encountered in the past, had shown little or no sign of patience.

"Finished now are we, with your little episode. I must say how entertaining it was." He said sarcastically.

"Its not my intention to amuse you Q."

"Ah, but you do it so well commander."

"Q either leave me alone or tell me what you want." Sharply replied the commander. "Your right of course," with a wave of his hand, the room changed. Jorin found himself back at Camelot. "We do need to talk."

"Damn it Q, I don't have the time for your games. Return me to the Sirius."

"You humans, what is it with you and your ship's? You either end up in the nearest black hole or fighting some race that happens to disagree with you. Is that all you people do in this part of the universe?." Retorted Q, as he dropped himself down into one of the large wooden chairs.

"Did you have something important to say?" Asked Jorin,

"As a matter of fact I do, and it regards your friend the prying alien. You see, there are others at the continuum that thought they had found a being akin to their own. That is the main reason for me being here."

"Because you think this entity is another Q?"

"Not quite, you see we needed to find out what it was capable of. If indeed the power it possessed, then why not stimulate it into showing them." As his words sank in, Jorin was almost unable to hold back the anger.

"You're responsible for trapping that being in to our warp core? Risking the life of every man and woman on board this ship."

"No, no, that was nothing to do with me. That was as you say, luck."

"That's sure is a funny way of looking at it." Replied Jorin

"Don't waste my time commander. You should be thankful I'm even bothering to tell you this much." For the first time, Q looked serious. Making Jorin pause for a moment. "By your actions and that of the entities, it has been proven. That the assumption was in error."

"You mean it's not continuum material." Asked Jorin

"In so many words, no."

"So what now?."

"Now my dear commander it's all up to you and your captain. My task is done, and I can't say how glad I am that it is. After a while you humans can become quite a tiring bunch." clicking his fingers he disappeared. Leaving Jorin back where he started. Standing in engineering outside the turbolift doors. Looking around, it was obvious that no one had seen him go. As everyone continued working, not even looking up to see who had just flashed into existence. Stepping into the turbolift once it had opened, Jorin made the order for the bridge. Knowing now that perhaps with Q gone they stood a chance of surviving.

=/\= Jorin [oo\*]

Executive officer

## <<Deck 5, Kyle's Quarters>>

The door to Kyle's quarters is opened and Kyle is pushed inside by the security guard who reached for the lock control.

Security: "Your to stay in here until told otherwise, i suggest you make yourself comfortable, you may be in here for a good while"

The guard steps back and the door is closed, leaving Kyle to his thoughts. Sighing he wandered over to his glass see through table which bore Starfleets insignia, and sat down at one of the chairs. A Padd Lay on it's surface, he reached over and slid it towards him. drumming on the table with his left hand Kyle activated the audio function.

Kyle: "Display last page of log entries"

The small screen flashed up with his information quicker than he could blink, and was shocked to discover that his last entry was last week, had it really been that long? He had always taken a pride in keeping regular reports, especially since the time he had been flayed alive by his instructor at the academy for misplacing his rotation timetable, and had not kept a backup in his logs. It was fortunate indeed that Marlene ran the same shifts as him and just happened to have a spare copy in her back pocket.

Chuckling at his somewhat complicated run ins in his life he chose an empty slot, entered the stardate and pressed record.

Kyle: "Second Officers Personal log, it has been a week since my last report, and not without good cause. So much has been happening so even if i had remembered to fill my logs i wouldn't have had time with them, hopefully i can make up for lost time now, because at the moment i have more time on my hands than i've ever had. the only problem being i'm confined to quarters. I don't blame Mr. Joren, i'd do the same in his shoes, he's got enough on his plate as it is. I have noticed that he seems to be taking on more tasks than is probably wise, but what worries me is how long it has been since i last heard the Captain gave an order. There are rumours going around, but lets face it, rumours are for gossip mongers. Freeze Record"

Kyle got up and went to the replicator.

Kyle: "Baileys, Creamy, Double strong."

His request shimmered into existence, and he returned with it to his table. Kyle Took a Quick swig, before continuing.

Kyle: "Edit Commands from Log and resume"

And with a chirp the computer resumed it's task. scrolling off Kyle's Words as he spoke.

Kyle: "I hope i haven't gotten Tremor into too much trouble, after all it was my fault, i goaded him into helping me, talking about family and how much more important that is next to your uniform. \*he laughs darkly\* who knows? if i'm lucky i'll only get life for mutiny. End log"

The Padd syphoned off his last words and saved the data to memory. somehow, although Kyle was guilty for putting Tremor through the rings in his first month, he felt better now he had grappled with his feelings. he leant forward over his table and saw Tanya the cat staring at him in an accusing manner.

Kyle: "shut up"

And with that Kyle finished the last of his drink, he couldn't ever remember drinking something so fast in his life...

William Kyle [\*o]  
Operations Manager/SO

## <Officers Quarters>>

Tramor was laying in his bed staring at the ceiling. He spent a few hours in sickbay, and now was ordered to spend a few days off duty. He knew after that, he would have to deal with the XO for his actions. He sat up in his bed with his head still throbbing, and walked over to his closet. He put on a new uniform and cleaned himself up. He never liked waiting for his destiny, so he decided to stare it straight on. Turning, he left his quarters.

He strolled down the hall towards the bridge, and decided to make a visit to Kyle. As he made his way to the brig, he noticed Kyle was missing. He turned to the brig officer.

Tramor: Where is Lt. Kyle?

Ens. Meelly: He is confined to quarters sir.

Tramor: Thanks.

Tramor left the brig and headed to Kyle's quarters. Once he arrived he found two security officers standing there. He nodded and one of them opened the door for him to enter. Once inside he saw the second officer sitting on the couch playing with his cat. He turned sharply at the noise of the opening and closing door.

Kyle: Tramor \*smiling\* How are ya?

Tramor: Except for a headache, I'm doing fine.

Kyle: I wanted to talk to you about what happened.

Tramor: Actually, I'd rather square things with the Jorin first. We'll speak later. It seems you have all the time in the world to wait.

Kyle: \*Sitting back in his chair\* Very true. I'm surprised you're not along side me as well.

Tramor: So am I. I'm just glad that everything worked out well.

Kyle: Agreed, I just regret dragging you into this whole mess.

Tramor: I volunteered, remember? Beside, \*heading to the door\* I'd do it again. See you later Lt.

Tramor left the second officers quarters and headed for the bridge. A few moments later he left the turbolift and walked onto the bridge. He approached the Security/Tactical station and relieved the officer on duty. Jorin left the turbolift and saw Tramor there.

Jorin: Aren't you suppose to be in your quarters off-duty?

Tramor: Yes sir, but I find them restless with other matters going on.

=/\= [o] John Tramor, CTO

USS Sirius

## << Brig >>

Mark Kyle lay on his bed, if you could call it that. The thing seemed more like a slab of concrete, and after a further 10 minutes came to the conclusion that the mattress was made of bricks. Not that he cared, he wasn't in here to be loved. In fact this was an advantage in it's own way because not only did it keep him awake but also alert.

Throughout his entire life he had been forced to turn disadvantages into advantages, and that was probably the sole reason he'd lived through the Marquis slaughter.

Survival after all was a soldiers game, it was a game Mark had become very good at, and because there were no rules for a trained killer, he had become the perfect survival machine. Remorse had never entered Mark's dreams, and never heard the screams of all the enemies he had killed. He was so set in this world of violence, he couldn't remember it being any other way. And now, now he was captured due to some stupid plan of getting even with his brother.

His brother... Will...now that was one thing he hadn't forgotten, he remembered only too clearly how Will had tried to stop his quest for vengeance, and damn near succeeded, if it wasn't for that ferengi transport that agreed to smuggle him off earth. "the fools" he thought, smirking to himself, "they'll do anything for money". even then it had been a close call. security burst through his door

just as he was about to leave, he should have known that Will couldn't keep a lid on it, and was forced to make a dramatic exit through his open window, and chased all the way to the landing zone.

But now he hadn't managed to escape, and he couldn't think of a single solution, completing the mission now was out of the question, he'd just have to worry about himself now, and as for his comrades...well, they weren't his concern anymore. He'd just have to hope the stupid trio would have the sense to keep their fat mouths tightly shut. After all, it wasn't just him they'd have to worry about if they did talk, his 'employers' had an eye in every bush and ears in every wall it seemed, Mark couldn't help but laugh silently to himself, the whole picture was just too twisted beyond recognition. even he didn't know who was the enemy any more, and didn't especially care either, as long as he was payed. Mark closed his eyes and tried to sleep once again. oh yeah, it would take a miracle to get out of this one. Will? no, he wouldn't, after all, he's one of the main reasons he was in here. Only time would tell what was in store for him.

William Kyle [\*o]  
Ops Manager/S.O

Locations: ???

<Captains Quarters>

Standing by the window, silently in her quarters. Paxton couldn't get the feelings out of her head. The voices cried out to her. Denise was calling her. Just as her grip began to break. Her senses were shocked back into place by the door chime. Looking herself over, Paxton straightened up her appearance. Before allowing whoever it was to enter. Beckoning them to enter. The door swished open and commander Jorin entered.

"Sorry to bother you captain, but as you were not on the bridge. I was concerned."

"Your concerns are noted commander. But unnecessary." Replied Paxton.

"Are you sure?" Sensing the coldness in the captains voice.

"Commander have you reason to think otherwise?"

"Spending time away from the bridge, hiding away in your quarters. It tells me something's wrong."

"I didn't realise it was your job to spy on me." Replied the captain, quickly regretting her words.

"Sorry commander, perhaps that was those were the wrong words."

"Understood captain, but the fact still remains. Something seems to be wrong."

"Jorin just leave it, your captain has it under control. And there's nothing you have to worry about."

"Are you certain, captain?" Asked Jorin

"Yes, now I ask you to forget it." Making sure that it sounded like an order, Jorin replied with a reluctant nod. "So did you have something else to tell me?."

"Moren has gone over the message the entity sent us. And reports that we can start it suggested course of action any time."

"And that being?."

"He.." Hesitating Jorin continued. "Engineering has had some trouble understanding the instruction. The physics are supposedly quite complex. However it is the general opinion, that it will somehow cause the engines to reach full power within 2 seconds. Giving us enough forward thrust to leave the plasma storm."

"And the alien?" inquired Paxton

"As I said captain we don't understand all of it. I sat through half an hour of Moren trying sell me the idea. He's certain that the alien intentions are benign."

"Very well, make the necessary preparation. Call me when you're ready

"Aye captain."

### <1/2 hour later-Main Bridge>

Back in his seat, Jorin looked up at the view screen. The plasma storm was still as fierce as ever. Making the Sirius's chances seem slimmer than ever. Exiting from the turbolift, Paxton headed for the command seat. "Report."

"All stations report ready captain. We can proceed whenever you're ready."

"Very well commander." pressing a button on her chair arm. "Bridge to engineering. You may proceed."

"Bridge, this is Moren. Understood captain, beginning the procedure now."

Followed by an unusual silence. Jorin was tempted to call engineering again. But his attention had drifted to the vibrating deck plate beneath his feet.

"Helm report." ordered the captain.

"We're encountering spatial turbulence, sir. Nothing too serious at the moment. But it's increasing."

"How long until its a problem?" Inquired Jorin.

"In approximately one minute 45 seconds, sir."

"Engineering, what's happening?"

"We've got a build up in the core. It's destabilising the inertial dampers."

"What's causing it?"

"The aliens instructions, where. That we increased the cores output. We've done that, and this is the result." Replied Moren.

From his seat at helm, Katlen interrupted. "We have now passed safety limits."

Upon his report, the ensign at ops spoke.

"34 seconds remaining, until structural collapse."

"Never rains but it pours." Commented Jorin, loud enough. For only himself to hear. With a shudder, the picture on the view screen. Had begun to change.

In the vastness of the plasma storm. The Sirius hung like a lone white speck. Beside it, distorting and blending the space around it. Something was forming, as it's size increased. So did the force that had grasped the Sirius. On her bridge, opens eye's where fixed on the strange spectacle.

"What is that?" Asked Paxton, surprised.

"We seem to be causing a warp in subspace. Our warp engines are channelling the effect, approximately three thousand kilometres off our port bow." Reported Katlen, looking taxed.

"Gravimetric forces increasing exponentially. We are Being pulled into the distortion."

"Reverse full impulse" Ordered Paxton, holding onto her chair. The shaking was becoming so fierce. That not a man or woman remained, who wasn't gripping on to their seats. Stepping out of the turbolift, Moren stumbled to his station. Looking away from his console. He shouted over the din of the alarm klaxons.

"Registering quantum flux phenomena. Relative time dilation."

"Mr. Katlen, reverse full impulse." Ordered Jorin, his voice becoming echoed and slow. Around him the movements of the crew had become blurred. As the distortion took its effect.

"Helm not responding commander. The pull from the phenomena is too strong. I don't think that

even full impulse would make any difference." Added Katlen.

Pressing the controls for ship wide alert. The captain spoke. "This is the captain speaking, maintain your stations."

Around them, the bridge had begun to stretch. Trying not to notice it, the crew keep focused on their work. The distortion now filled the viewscreen. Mixing the red and amber colours of the plasma storm into one. Under different circumstances, Jorin might have found it fascinating. Helplessly the Sirius was pulled forward. Her engines unable to fight the gravitational forces. Of the mighty distorting. Then like the snap of a rubber band. The starship lurched forward. Reaching an almost unbelievable speed in a matter of seconds. The Sirius was hurtled out of the plasma storm, and into normal space. As the stars flew by, this ship showed no sign of slowing, as Paxton watched the scenario on the viewscreen unfold. Her senses told her something was wrong, slowly the passing of stars began to slow. At the same time, the whine of the inertial dampers and other systems faded.

"Helm, all stop."

"Answering all stop sir."

"Ops report, what happened?"

"We travelled through what could only be described as a subspace layer. We are approximately 86.5 light-years from our last location."

"My god, where are we?" Said Jorin, trying not to show the shock.

"According to all our records. On the far side of the delta quadrant." Replied the woman at ops.

"What? that can't be!" Exclaimed the captain in surprise and shock.

"Captain it's quite true." Interrupted Pratah'na from his science station.

"Local astrometric charts indicate we have over shot our mission target by 21 light-years. Our initial objective was to reach the inner boundaries of the delta quadrant. Trying to avoid the more hostile cultures. However according to the information starfleet has received from voyager. We are quite close to several systems they have visited."

"We're in deep water captain." Jorin commented, while looking grim.

"We'll deal with that problem later number one." Replied Paxton getting up from her seat. "Right now I need to know how we got here and what happened to the alien. Mr Moren, do you have some answers for me."

"I'm afraid not captain, except that the entity has vacated our warp core. We have full power restored, all system reporting normal. The alien must have escaped during our journey through the layer."

"Well then, I want you to work out how we re-enter that layer. There's no way we can stay all the way out here."

"Aye captain." Replied Moren, quickly heading for the turbo lift.

"Captain, we might have to consider that we are stuck here." Said Jorin.

"I'll accepted that when I see some proof, until then. I'm willing to look on the bright side."

"Now lets get to work people."

=/\= Tom Jorin [oo\*]  
Executive Officer

## << Deck 5, Kyle's Quarters >>

Kyle picked himself up off the floor, he had been on his bed dreaming about strange plantlife before a series of violent jolts had thrown him off his bed. Just what the hell was going on?! If Kyle didn't know any better he would have thought they were under attack and taken a direct hit from an energy discharge with no shields, but that was impossible. Kyle steadied



himself on his chair that had previously fallen over.

"no, don't be ridiculous. it's more likely to have something to do with that damn cloud they were..." Kyle looked around and happened to notice his window.

Kyle: "WHAT THE?!"

Kyle rushed over to the window, knocking his chair over again in his hurry which almost landed on Tanya, who leapt back into the shadows under the bed. They were out of the cloud! There could be no mistake, unless the jolts had scrambled his brain and his eyes were lying to him. the window clearly showed the black open void that was space, and not a single purple tinge that hinted the presence of the Cloud. Kyle couldn't help but burst out into a series of laughs, whatever the brass upstairs had done, they were safe. But little did Kyle know that in the space it had taken for him to wake up and run to the window, his course in life, and the lives of everyone else on the Sirius had been terrifyingly altered.

William Kyle [\*o]  
Ops Manager/S.O

<<Brig>>

Mark frowned, something was happening. He sat up and took a look outside, the security guard that was supposed to be watching him was looking extremely agitated and was concentrating furiously on something he was doing on the master control panel. Mark's frown deepened, from what he had gathered from the other man's stature and manner of pushing people around he wasn't the type that seemed easily agitated.

After a while the guard slumped back into his chair and tapped his Comm badge. Mark had to strain his ears to listen in.

Guard: "Remerez to Bridge, I just felt a series of jolts, will it in any way hinder the security systems down here?"

+Ops: "this is Ops, that's a negative, all security systems register okay. Carry on."

Guard: "Ops, this is Remerez again. Do I get an explanation as to what happened?"

There was an awkward pause, then

+Ops: "The senior staff will give a ship wide explanation at 1700 hrs. Ops out"

The guard slammed his fist down on his console.

Guard: "Bloody need to know pencil necks!"

Mark, who was still listening thought it must be something pretty major to keep it from the crew, more so the security personnel. Maybe they'd had an engine failure. Anyway, whatever it was, mark figured if it's bad to them, then it's an edge to him. If only he knew what it was.

He got up and started pacing his cell, while his head buzzed away with ideas on just what was happening buzzing around in his mind. He must remain alert, he must.

Just then the door to the brig opened and two more security men entered, mark noticed they wore type 6 personal Phasers at their sides. They walked up to Remerez and stood at attention.

Guard 2: "Scuse me sir, but we have been ordered to tell you to report to the chief at once, they're calling staff meetings upstairs. We're to take your shift."

Remerez snorted.

Guard: "what's so important that it won't wait 20 minutes when I finish?"

Guard3: "I'm not sure, but I think it has something to do with the announcement at 1700 everyone's so worried about"

The Senior Guard looked down at the man, even though he was sat down, he was that tall.

Guard: "A piece of advice from one hard head to another, you don't earn your pins by speculating

Ensign, remember that"

Guard 3: "yes sir"

Guard: "well I'd best be off, but be warned, if this guy gets away I'll hunt you both down with a plasma torch"

And with that he left. The two remaining guards visibly relaxed. They prowled over to the master control panel, pulled up an extra chair and sat down. One of them pulls out a deck of cards.

Guard 2: "you know, that guy drinks way too much caffeine, even if it is a Synth brand."

The other man reached over for Remerez's cup, which was still half full, but cold. Un-daunted the man took a quick swig, and by the look on his face instantly regretted it.

Guard 3: "the man's definitely got a corn cob up his butt, granted."

Guard 2: "so what's the deal then?"

Guard 3: "same as usual, straight flush, 8 card draw"

Guard 2: "not the game you prune, the big problem upstairs"

The man smiles.

Guard 3: "well whatever it is, it can't be worse than this man's coffee."

They both laugh, and the cards are dished out.

Guard 3: "right, no cheating this time, you hear?"

Guard 2: "Hey, I learnt to cheat from you remember?"

Guard 3: "SHH! Keep it down man, the camera's are still recording remember?"

Forgotten for the moment, Mark reached behind his left ear, his codec was still there, fortunately they hadn't checked the interior of his ear where the transmitter was, he had been waiting for the slightest opportunity, and now he had it. He tapped three times on the back of his left ear three times to active the device, the frequency was pre logged into it.

Mark checked once more the guards weren't watching, hopefully the camera's would think he was just thinking aloud.

Mark: "Gold dragon, this is hatchling, I have an emergency transmission for an admiral Jocab, repeat, this is hatchling, I have an emergency communiqué for an admiral Jacobs, over"

The micro transmitter inside his inner ear scrambled away in radio-static, that was strange. He tried again, nothing. The frequency was right, and his equipment was in peak condition, it was as if there was nothing out there to receive his signal. He boosted the power cells to full, which was perhaps not wise, it may have been detected, even though it was inside himself. Still nothing. The one of the guards laughed as the other spotted the card up his sleeve.

Nothing.

William Kyle [\*o]

Ops Manager/S.O

### << Security/Tactical Office, USS Sirius >>

Ens. Tramor was sitting at his desk going over some recommended Security protocols based on Voyager's reports. Being hurled into the Delta Quadrant along with Voyager is not what he expected, but there wasn't much to go with on that. Finishing up, he stood and decided to go pay a visit to the brig. Ops reported an unusual low band frequency emanating from there. Not wanting to cause any alarm he decided to go investigate it himself. Exiting his office, he wandered down the hall thinking about what is going on, and how his life changed in minutes.

It was odd, because going to the Delta Quadrant was expected. It just was strange to actually get there and experience the oddity of being there. Being where the crew of Voyager has been.

The doors to the lift opened and Tramor entered. He turned and laid up against the lift wall and

muttered the brig to the computer. Still contemplating the Delta quadrant, the doors opened and he wound up at the entrance to the brig. Entering, he noticed two officer's playing cards while on duty shift. Noticing, the officers grabbed the cards and stuffed it in his pocket.

Guard 2: Uh.. what a surprise sir.

Tramor: I bet, \*walking past the guards and looking at the prisoner\* enjoying your stay?

He didn't bother to answer, but instead just looked at the wall. Tramor turned and looked at the guards.

Tramor: Has everything been quiet around here?

Guard 3: Yes sir. Not a peep.

Tramor: Good, then someone mind explaining to me \*walking towards the console\* why the computer has been flashing a low frequency power output coming from the prisoners cell?

Guard 2: Uh, I had no idea.

Tramor: Of course not. These readings show a low level EM band type signal. Put up a dampening field and secure that cell. +taps+ Tramor to Mr Kyle and Mr. Jorin.

Kyle: +Yes Ensign?+

Jorin: +Yes Mr. Tramor?+

Tramor: I detected an unknown device on the prisoner. I recommend you come down here and have a look sir.

Kyle: +On my way Ensign+

Jorin: +Secure the area, I'll be on my way.+

Tramor: Already done, see you then, Tramor out. \*Looking at Guards\* Both of you are on night shift duty in the vacant brig on deck 18. Next time, stay aware of what's going on.

Guards: Yes sir.

Ens. John Tramor, CT/SO [\*]  
USS Sirius

<<Brig>>

Kyle stormed into the room, closely followed by the guard that was assigned to watch him.

Tramor: "Sir, that was quick"

Kyle did look an unusual shade of red, and his breaths came in shallow gasps.

Kyle: "I'd have been even faster if I wasn't officially confined to quarters"

Tramor smiled back. Kyle headed over to Mark's Cell.

Kyle: "Tell me what happened please Mr. Tramor"

Tramor stiffened in a formal manner. He still hadn't lost his militaristic air.

Tramor: "Well sir, at approximately 0940 I detected a short band energy emission originating from this prisoner's Cell. However the guards stationed here reported no unusual activity at that time period"

Tramor fidgeted a little.

Kyle: "you don't sound as though you'd put much faith in that report"

Tramor: "well, no sir. But hopefully the security camera's will provide more, how can I say, reliable input."

Kyle nodded. It wasn't for him to decide how the investigation was to be carried out, since he was under house arrest so to speak, but if he could swing it?

Kyle: "Mr. Tramor, if you please I'd like to be kept in the loop in all matters concerning this man. It's important to me."

Tramor stiffened again.

Tramor: "I will, unless I'm told otherwise"

Kyle nodded. Just then the doors opened and in came Jorin, looking even more run down than usual, the poor man obviously hadn't had time to sleep for 2 days straight, with all the emergencies they'd been having lately.

William Kyle [\*o]  
Ops Manager/S.O

### **<Captains ready room>**

Busy at the computer terminal. Jorin was acting like a man possessed. Missing breaks, his attention was elsewhere. The crew were still troubled by the situation. And so was he. Until engineering got back to him. He didn't see a way back. Resting back into his chair. The silence which had entered the room was short lived. Chiming. The door announced someone's presence behind it. Knowing who it would be, he signalled for the doors to open. Stepping inside, ensign Kyle looked like a fly trapped in the spiders web.

"You asked for me commander."

"Yes ensign I did, though the captain is busy with other matters. She has left me with the task of seeing to you. Need be it for me to say your actions disappointed the captain, not to mention myself, you kept us all in the dark. Using the ships systems without authority was totally out of order and given the situation we were in, you placed the entire crew in danger."

Shaking his head in acceptance. Kyle began.

"I apologise commander, I really regret what I've done. I just"

"Well I'm not here to discuss it, needless to say the people who thought they could trust you will find it hard to do so again." Getting up, Jorin moved up towards the ready room window. Standing silently, he looked out of the window into space. "The situation as it is, we need every able bodied crewman. So I'm left with no alternative, than to put you back on active duty, I need you at OPS. But be certain of this, there will be a reprimand going in your personal file, your dismissed Ensign." Said Jorin sternly

"Yes sir." Replied Kyle, realising he'd gotten off lightly. Not wanting to overstay his welcome. Kyle quickly made a discreet exit.

Lingering in front of the window, Jorin stared out into space. When he'd imagined travelling to the Delta quadrant, he'd never pictured himself arriving so soon. Besides so many things were not as they had once been. Kepler was no longer Captain, the man who had brought them all together

and now Paxton was showing signs of stress. Which left him holding the proverbial torch, could he keep them together, he wondered. He honestly didn't know, for now his main concern was trying to get them back home, while at the same time figuring out what was wrong with Paxton. Her absence from the bridge and neglecting duties hadn't pass unnoticed by the crew. His only problem was facing her with it, she was after all still the captain. How could he possibly go about questioning her? It was like treading on a frozen pond, never knowing when it might it would give beneath his feet. Suddenly his comm badge chirped, tapping it he replied. "Jorin here"

+ "Commander, this is Lt. Moren. We've completed examining all the sensor data we have on what got us here."

"At last, I hope you have good news." A hint of hope lingered in his voice.

+ "That depends on what you were wanting. We now know that the alien used subspace to transverse the great distance. Using neutrenose to pull the sirius along at faster than light speed. However we do not yet know how or have the technology to duplicate it. I'm sorry commander, but this is one time i can't pulled the rabbit out of the bag." Even over the comm link, Morens regret was all too clear to hear.

"Understood lieutenant, thank you for working to quickly."

+ "I wish i could have done it sooner, sir." He said wearily

"When was the last time you slept?." Inquired Jorin

+ "At last count 22 hours ago, but that was after i lost count." He joked

"Well consider it an order, go to bed. We're all going to need our strength. Life just became a lot more complicated and we still have a mission to complete."

+ "Aye sir." Once he had closed the comm link, Jorin tidied his uniform before setting out onto the bridge. Trying to put a good face on, he quickly made his retreat to the turbolift. Away from all those lingering glances, all those eyes asking him for some hope, which was exactly what Jorin searched for himself.

=/\= Tom Jorin [oo\*]  
Executive officer

### <<Captain's Quarters>>

With the children cared for by Farah Starbuck and the ship cared for by Jorin, Cal felt she had some time to think about things. There were a lot of things to think about, some so complex she didn't know how to even START the thought process about them. One was the feeling of paranoia that was haunting her. She was irritated at most people, and even lashed out at Avianne and the twins, Denise and Oceane. And the fact that Daria and Moren still had no clue on a cure for Denis Kepler was annoying her more than ever. Were they even trying?

That thought scared her. How could she even think that? Of course they were trying, they had all loved Captain Kepler, she more than most, but it still felt..... unreal.

She shook her head, trying to shake off the feeling of despair that had suddenly overcome her. She needed a vacation. A long one. She wanted to talk to her brother, but they were too far into the Delta Quadrant now to be able to talk with him over the communications system. What she would get in return from him would be a recording, or a letter, and she wanted to SEE him, talk to him face to face.

With a long sigh, she stood up from the bed she was lying on, let her hair fall down her back, and on the way to the bathroom and the waiting shower, she dropped her clothes one by one on the floor.

=/\= Calandrah Paxton [oooo]  
Commanding Officer

Uss Sirius