((USS Constitution - Deck 09, Ji-hu's Quarters))

::The plan was to sleep in, after giving himself his first day off from ESPO duties in a week. He'd stayed up late, gaming with a Starbase 104 *STARSHIPS* network, a nostalgic endeavour, and had planned to sleep in.::

::Plans so rarely went accordingly on the Constitution. The door to his quarters chimed mid-morning as he dozed. He leapt up in a half-sleeping stupor, suddenly terrified he was missing duty, or had forgotten some task Sindri had assigned to him. Then reality came back to him and he slumped back in bed, groaning. He slid out of bed, pulled on some underwear and searched around for a sufficiently clean hoody to pull over his head.::

Choi: Computer, who is it?

Computer: Ensign T'Reshik, science division.

::He stumbled over to the door, trying to find the head hole, tripping over a discarded uniform. What would someone from the science division want from him during shore leave? When he finally pulled his head through Ji-hu rubbed his bleary eyes and keyed the console to open the door.::

Choi: Hello?

T'Reshik: Greetings, Lieutenant. Congratulations on your recent promotion. I am Ensign T'Reshik. I wish to solicit your assistance with a personal matter.

::Ji-hu blinked. He took in what he could, a glaring Vulcan woman, a stranger in an advanced motorized wheelchair, clutching a PADD like a weapon.::

Choi: Oh… kay?

T'Reshik: I understand you specialised in computational systems at the Academy and have some experience with interplanetary communication networks. ::She thrust out a PADD at him.:: This is a message I received to my personal account an hour ago. I wish to know who sent it.

::He fumbled with the PADD as she pushed it suddenly into his hands, still trying to blink the sleep out of his eyes.::

//
T'Reshik,

My apologies for not contacting you sooner. There were many factors involved, and I previously believed that establishing communication with you might cause harm. Circumstances have now changed, and I consider this to be the best course of action.

I am one of your biological parents. It is my intention- -
//

::Ji-hu blushed. He immediately felt like he was reading something he shouldn't. He took a deep breath, exhaling. Why did people on the Constitution spring things like this on him first thing in the morning?::

Choi: Uh… c-come in Ensign. I'll see what I can do.

T'Reshik: ... Thank you.

::Ji-hu left the door open for her as he rushed into his single bed quarters, kicking discarded uniforms and dirty clothes strewn across the floor into a pile in one corner. The squat L-shape [https://wiki.starbase118.net/wiki/index.php/File:Quarters-galaxy-Data.jpg] design was sparsely furnished beyond his large computer console against one wall of the living area. He slid into his console chair and opened the top drawer of the desk, sliding a pile of replicated plates and bowls into the drawer, barely able to close it. He really had to clean more if he ever expected to have company, and replicate some decent furniture…::

::He turned in his chair to see T'Reshik's sharp eyes making a quick study of his quarters.::

Choi: This… looks like a civilian V-Vulcan subspace message channel?

T'Reshik: That much was evident from the peritext. I am interested to know where on Vulcan it was sent from.

Choi: Do you… think this is a s-s-security risk? Someone imitating a family member for… s-some reason?

::The Vulcan eyed him for a moment, seeming to size him up.::

T'Reshik: If I said yes, would that provide an incentive for you to extract more information?

::Ji-hu blinked, trying to wrap his head around her answer. He usually got Vulcans.::

Choi: Oh… kay… Well… it shouldn't be too d-difficult with the right tools.

T'Reshik: I see.

::He turned in his chair, still trying to shake the sleep out of his head. There was something odd about the situation, something Ji-hu couldn't quite put his finger on. It was almost like there was something vaguely familiar about T'Reshik, but that was probably racist—the assumption that all Vulcans looked the same.::

::Ji-hu transferred the message to his console and called up Turing, which would speed things along.::

Choi: Turing, initiate personal console's civilian parameters, route net transmissions through Starbase 104.

::Tracing a message certainly wasn't illegal, or against the rules, but after his little confrontation with McLaren he didn't want to appear like he was abusing his Starfleet powers for personal use.::

Turing: Completed.

Choi: Initiate "Best of Neo Alba Ra" kit to console, open trace message tool.

T'Reshik: What are you doing?

Choi: I'm g-going to crack open the parts of the message that you d-don't normally see, which should give us some information about the subspace net provider where the message originated from. ::frowning:: I d-d-don't know a lot about Vulcan net providers, b-but it should at least give us s-something, maybe a location.

T'Reshik: Interesting. ::Pause:: Should you require it, I actually have an advanced decryption program still loaded onto Surya from a previous mission - er, Surya is the name of my chair's telematic interface.

::There was an awkward moment of silence as the program initiated, Ji-hu's eyes fell to the final paragraph of the terse message.::

//
I am one of your biological parents. It is my intention to invite a discussion regarding your wellbeing, and to answer any questions you might have. You are not obligated to respond immediately, or at all, but I believe it would serve both of us if we communicated further. You may contact me through this account.
//

Choi: Your… b-biological parent… that's kind of cool.

T’Reshik: ::she considered this:: Cool... ah, FSE colloquial, meaning "good" or "interesting" or "stylish". ::Pause:: I suppose to an outside point of view, the situation is interesting. My adoptive parents concealed the truth from me, but I worked it out when I was studying genetics as a child. This is the first contact I have received, however.

::Ji-hu was mortified on her part. He had sometimes been frustrated with his parents. His mother was set in her ways and unadventurous, she had rarely left the Korean peninsula in her life. His father was kind, but had never been able to understand Ji-hu on the level of technology. He was a words person, not a numbers person. Still, perspective. At least he hadn’t discovered he was adopted while studying genetics… not that he’d ever looked into the possibility…::

Choi: W-wouldn't your adoptive parents know?

::He ran the message through the program and started to study the lines of information provided. The system it had been received on, the subspace channels it had gone through…::

T'Reshik: I have no direct contact with my parents. There were... irreconcilable differences. Have you found anything?

Choi: Huh… that’s weird.

T’Reshik: ?

Choi: Well… it was processed through a Vulcan subspace receiver channel, but it didn’t a-actually come from Vulcan…

T’Reshik: What is?

Choi: One second…

::He was trying to make sense of it. Why did the message ID look so familiar, and the mailer program description.::

::Then it dawned on him why… it didn’t just originate from a Starfleet console… it originated from a console aboard the USS Constitution.::

Choi: This has to be some kind of m-m-mistake… it says the m-message originated from this ship.

T'Reshik: ::Trying to peer over his shoulder:: From... this ship?

Choi: I think so… unless its some kind of s-subspace communication error, some data corruption on the way?

::He ran the message through the program again. Same information, he checked the net provider address with his own, and it was definitely different, not just a parsing error. He accessed a Constitution net security portal and signed in. He hadn't wanted to use his privileges as an officer, but if someone was sending conning messages, perhaps harassing T'Reshik, it was certainly a net security issue he could advise command about.::

T'Reshik: Is there any way of telling which specific console it was sent from? Or who the account was registered to, perhaps?

Choi: Yeah, I'm trying something to see if I can find a m-match.

::He ran the Constitution NP address through the security portal and quickly found a match. Ji-hu read the match, cross-referenced it with the directory, re-read it and then closed the program and turned to Ensign T'Reshik, handing her the PADD, considering his words carefully.::

Choi: ::slowly, cautiously:: I have completed my analysis to the best of my ability.

T'Reshik: And?

Choi: ::slowly, cautiously:: I'm sorry Ensign, but there's nothing else I can do for you here.

T'Reshik: I see. Is there nothing else you can try?

Choi: ::slowly, cautiously:: It was very nice meeting you, Ensign T'Reshik, but I'm afraid I have to attend to other business now. Goodbye.

::Ji-hu turned in his seat, dismissively, more rude than he would have ever dared on a normal day, so he practically had his back to T'Reshik.::

T'Reshik: You have been most helpful, Lieutenant. If your cultural expectations require some kind of reciprocal favour, please let me know.

::As he listened to her leave a sweat broke out across his forehead. Once the door had closed behind her his lips pursed anxiously as he opened the program and ran the message through a final time. The results were the exact same. The NP matched the console in the counselling department, one belonging to Ensign Taurek, his counsellor. Ji-hu closed the program again, deleted the message and crossed the room, tossing himself onto his bed. It was too freaking early for this.::