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## PCs

PC	Species	Dept.	Residence	Description	Name
<b>Prarc Logrinn</b>	Tellarite	OPS Damage Control	Deck 19, Staff quarters	Exceptional Engineer and good to have around with things go sideways.	Joy
<b>Kirk Porkins</b>	Human	CMD Station Engineer	Deck 12, Division managers quarters	Friendly, trigger happy, and generally a good time.	Adam
<b>Nigel Pomilla</b>	Human	SCI	Deck 15, Staff quarters	The opposite of Kirk.	Wiggles
<b>Sten</b>	Vulcan	OPS	Deck 15, Staff quarters	The opposite of anything normal.	Gareth

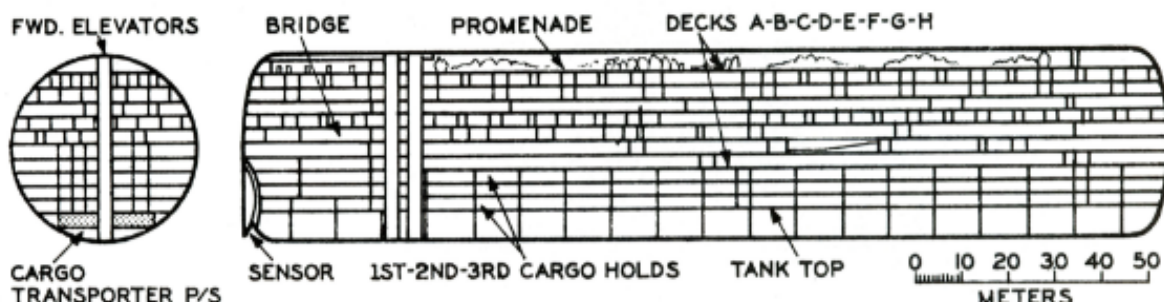
# The Cassini Incident

Tuesday, June 29, 2021

Personal Log

## Meeting Dr. McRaven

MK-IV STARLINER  
DECK PLANS



I got assigned to Deep Space 1; it's near the border with the First Federation. I met a Dr. Lt. Yeager McRaven on the month+long journey on the Ptolemy, also assigned to DS1. His eyebrows are quite bushy; he's a bit hirsute — rather attractive for a Human.

While Kirk, Sten, Nigel, and I were minding our own business, Dr. McRaven started chatting us up. He says to expect our assignment to be at least 18 months. Hopefully my tour at DS1 will be that short, then I'll get re-assign to a 5-year exploratory mission.

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

Dr. McRaven's first assignment was on Earth. He was disappointed since he didn't meet as many aliens there as he would just about anywhere else. He wanted DS5, but they didn't need a counselor. I guess they gave him DS1 as the closest thing to what he wanted, but which also had a need for a counselor. Hopefully I won't have to wait till I'm a lieutenant before I'm assigned to a starship.

Dr. McRaven is annoyingly chatty. I direct the conversation away from me on to Kirk. Kirk Porkins is from Nashville. Turns out that is where McRaven did his residency. Kirk sings and plays guitar, with uneven results. McRaven says there is an extensive recreation deck on DS1. Kirk is actually excited about DS1. Idiot. He looks forward to meeting lots of new species ... and females. Not a complete idiot.

Dr. McRaven's attention finally lights upon Sten. Sten grew up on [Merak](#) colony. He is [V'tosh ka'tur](#), i.e. he's a Vulcan with emotions. Not surprisingly, this interests Dr. McRaven mightily. What a freak show.

Next it was Nigel's turn to be examined by the exhausting Dr. McRaven. Nigel is a naive man-boy of about 20 years, from Mars colony. He spent all his free time at observatories during the Academy; which means he really never burdened me with a relationship, which makes him the least offensive friend I have. He's hoping to be assigned to the Theia Array, which is near DS1, so he may actually get his wish: toiling away observing distant astronomical phenomena instead of actually going there. Wonderful.

3 cp

Tuesday, July 6, 2021

**CURRENT DATE: 2271.01.01**

## STATION NEWS

Commodore George Stocker has been appointed as commander of Deep Space Station K-1. The station bids a fond farewell to Commander Maono, wishing him the best of luck in his new command, the USS *Hannibal*.

*Welcome to*

**DEEP SPACE STATION**

**K-1**

**CURRENT DATE: 2271.01.01**

**MISSION STATUS: *IN TRANSIT***

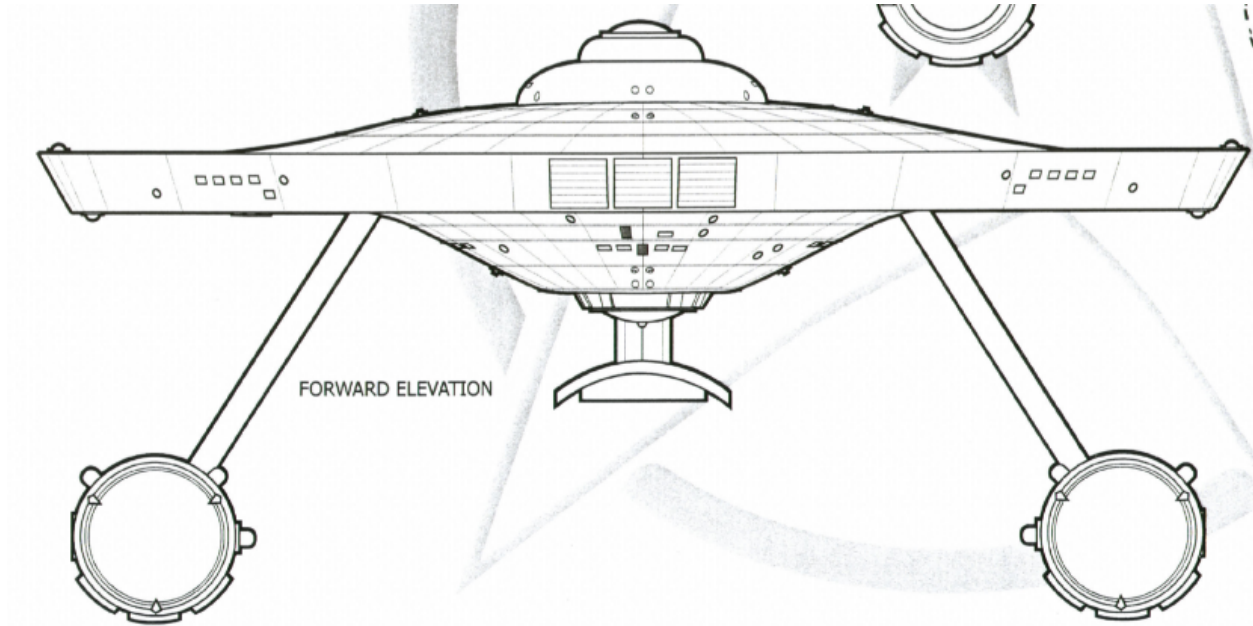
**LOCATION: *USS Cassini***

**USS *Cassini*** (NCC-3824) is a [Ptolemy-class](#) transport equipped with a MK-IV Class 1 Starliner transport container, with a designated mission to ferry Starfleet and Federation personnel as well as civilians to various locations within the Alpha Quadrant.

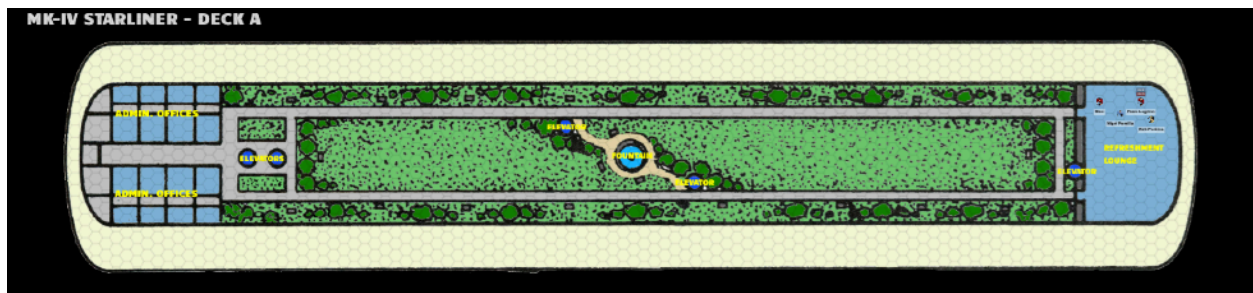
Tuesday, March 8, 2022

# Cruising on the Cassini

Ptolemy-class Starship



MK-IV Class 1 Starliner Transport Container - Deck A



The crew of the MK-IV Starliner are Star Fleet, but they're basically in charge of a cruise ship. This is not as nice as it may sound because my roommate on this cruise is Sten; at least he lets me set our room temperature to 82°F (29°C).

The **Cassini** makes a few stops between Earth and DS-1, not the least of which was Memory Alpha.

We also got our first assignment packet when we were about about two weeks out from DS1. Nothing to interesting. There is enough info that I'll know my way around DS-1 when we get the.

## Emergency Boarding of 70 Ophiuchi Colonist

While near the 70 Ophiuchi system a call went out: “Emergency Boarding Operations”.

The 70 Ophiuchi system is home to several colonies. They’re mostly private Human mining colonies—not Federation members—buy within Federation space.. One is an Earth replica; it had been wiped out by disease, but is in the process of getting repopulated. One is a high-gravity world with some heavy-worlder Humans.

A violent uprising had occurred on one of the mining worlds. It was bad enough that the powers that be thought it best if we bring no small number of colonist up to the strainer. I volunteered to assist with the heavy-worlders. While I’m comfortable in the Human’s preferred 1.00G, it was nice to be on a world whose surface gravity was closer to home: 1.24G The boarding operation takes all night, and afterwards we're beat.

## Pirate Attack at 70 Ophiuchi

I had meet up with Sten, Kirk, and Nigel at the mess for breakfast, and oddly, we're about the only ones eating breakfast. Kirk contacted one of his girlfriends and found out that most of the other graduates were currently getting a tour of the Cassini. (Everyone was mystified as to why we hadn't been invited; I figured it was because of Sten.)

I felt us drop out of warp. A check out some nearby view ports did not show us in orbit around any planet. A yellow alert sounded. Sten, Kirk, and Nigel were at the mess for breakfast and we all move into action. Master Chief **Karina Calder** (Mark IV commander—a noncommissioned officer) and **Leno Mallik** (Mark IV Tellarite security chief), while nominally in command of the starliner, seem primarily concerned with the civilian passengers and were happy to give us access to whatever we needed to deal with whatever resulted in a Yellow Alert.

Communication with the Cassini was out, but sensor scans we determined there were a few (not more than 6) small ships attacking the Cassini.

Yellow alert was upgraded to red alert: condition 4. To gain more information, Leno attempted to access the Cassini logs; he was out of his element so Nigel had to do it.

The Cassini logs gave the following sequence of events:

1. Cassini dropped out of warp.
2. Cassini lost comms.
3. Cassini was attacked by several small ships.
4. Fights break out within the Cassini.

Whatever this was, it was clear to me that our assailants had an inside man: at least one—possibly dozens if the 70 Ophiuchi “rescue” was a ruse. I ordered Leno Mallik to get us all some weapons. Turns out their weren't any close.

Safety protocols for this situation and resulted in everything in the Mark IV getting locked down. We wanted to get to some weapons and then board the Cassini to render assistance as soon as possible, so I tried to override the turbo lift lockout. The panel I was working from exploded in a shower of sparks. (I was okay.) This meant we were forced to use jeffery’s tubes.



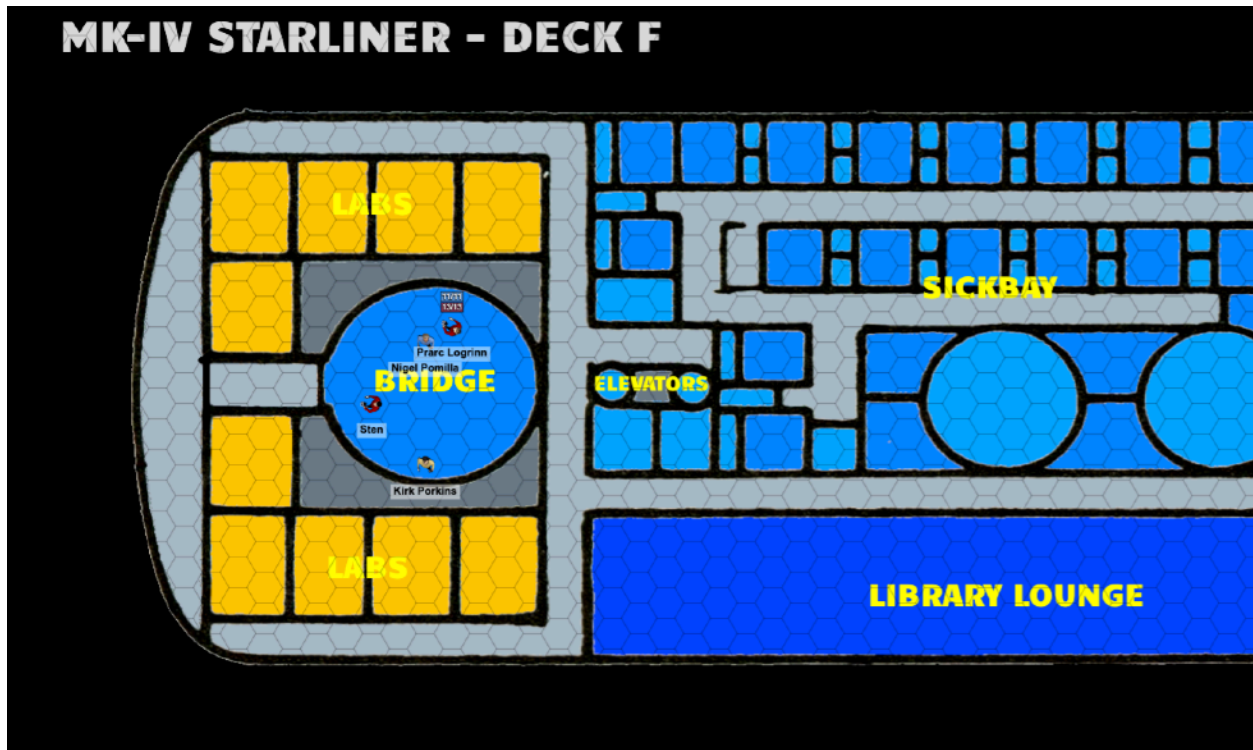
We head down to lower decks: Deck A, Deck B, .... Civilian passengers were a bit panicked, but we left them to the crew of the starliner to deal with.

We made it to Deck G where we acquired some Phaser II's and accessed the Mark IV's connection to the Cassini. The Cassini end of the connection appeared to be forced shut from their side. We suspected our Star Fleet counterparts on the other side did this to prevent the pirates from accessing the Mark IV. To further support that action, Kirk ordered me to ensure that the turbolifts would remain unusable even if the pirates did manage to gain control of the starliner's systems. I obliged by removing vital hardware from the turbolift system.

Kirk suggested we decouple from the Cassini — the idea being that when this happened, Cassini's control of Mark IV would be severed, and Mark IV's systems would come back online.

We made our way to the Mark IV's bridge.

### MK-IV Starliner Bridge



We decouple from the Cassini and the Starliner's systems return to our control (although the turbo lifts remained inoperative). I got our shields up and Nigel sent out a mayday. Sten and I then headed to the rear of the starliner and got the impulse engines online. By this time Nigel had access to sensors and he informed us we are near the Stameris system, know for pirate activity.

Our reestablishing control of the starliners systems got the pirate's attention as they son contacted us. The pirates were being lead by Dr. Lt. Yeager McRaven; visual showed him our of his Star Fleet uniform and dressed like a typical pirate. He tried to convince Porkins—the acting captain of the starliner—to stand down. McRave wanted a person and the cargo from 23B.

PORKINS: Who is the man and what has he done to you?

MCRAVE: He stole from me, from the cartel.

Crewman Leno Malik and I headed to 23B where we found four sealed unlabelled barrels. My tricorder was broken, so Leno and I used systems on the Mark IV to analyze one of four barrels. It was trilitium residue: warp core waste and a substance which can be weaponized. I moved the barrels to 17B.

Porkins tried to raise the Cassini on coms. They didn't answer. Nigel on sensors noticed there was a shuttle in some kind of stealth mode approaching the ship. Captain Porkins engaged the impulse engines to buy us some time. I argued against this, feeling doing so would lose us the element of surprise, as they would be eventually boarding us either way.

We set up to ambush them. As we waited, we wondered who the guy McRaven is after might be.

Area Knowledge (DS1) + 3 points (4 total)

Tuesday, July 13, 2021

*Welcome to*  
**DEEP SPACE STATION**

**K-1**

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.06.11**

**MISSION STATUS: IN TRANSIT**

**LOCATION: USS Cassini**

**Kirk Porkins** instructed Master Chief **Karina Calder** that if she could spare anyone, to put a phaser in their hand and send them our way. **Nigel** looked in **sickbay** for some kind of **knockout gas** but couldn't find any that could be quickly integrated into the **airlock**—away from sensors he's useless.

**Kirk** set up the outer **airlock** door so it would shut and stay shut behind whomever came through it. Our plan was the once we had the **pirates** stuck in the **airlock**, we would suck the oxygen out and wait for them to pass out.

**Nigel** informed us that four pairs of **pirates** had beamed onto the **starliner** to four different locations: the three **passenger decks** and the **cargo deck**—where **23B** was. Since the *Inconceivable's* (our starliner's name, so dubbed by "acting Captain **Porkins**") shields were up, that transport had to come from somewhere within our shields. Clearly, the **pirate shuttle** was equipped with a two-man transporter. There was not much we could do about that right now; they would have to be dealt with after we neutralized the **pirates** that were about to enter through the **airlock**.

Three **pirates** entered the **airlock** and our trap was sprung: all three **Orions** were quickly suffocated and retrained. Myself and **E. Porkins** entered the pirate's now deserted **shuttle**. I

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

disabled their shuttle's **contragravity motive system** by removing critical piece of hardware and hiding them inside bulkheads just inside the *Inconceivable*.

Some *Inconceivable* **crewmembers** that were guarding the **transporters** informed us there was an **Orion** trying to gain access. We moved up their level to assist.

When we got there, the **crewmembers** said the **Orion** had already moved away towards the bow of the deck—which leads to the **bridge**, where **Nigel** was. We moved to intercept the **Orion** and found him trying to open a door leading to the **bridge**. We stunned him, restrained him, and left him in the **bridge** with **Nigel**.

Next we made our way to one of the passenger decks: **Deck B**. We took a position in an **enclosed observation balcony** overlooking an open area at the bow of this deck where a bunch of hostages have been collected. Using his **tricorder**, **Sten** reported there are 23 hostages, but he can't pick the **Orions** out of the mass of bio signs. We risk a peak from our observation perch and see two **Orions**; they also see us and move to our position. This required them to climb up a flight of stairs, and we were ready for them. **Kirk**, **Sten**, and I stunned the two **Orions**. **Calder** joined us at this point; claiming she's had weapons training. She was clearly disappointed when **Kirk** handed her an **Orion disruptor rifle**. I gave her my **phaser II** and took her **disruptor rifle**.

We knew that the contents formerly in **23B** were a target, so we began moving to that location. Before we got there, we came across an **Orion pirate**. **Kirk** with **Calder** engaged the pirate while **Sten** and I moved to surprise him from behind. On the way we encountered a second **Orion pirate**. We exchanged fire. Since I was using one of the pirate's **disruptor rifles**, I was forced to kill him. **Sten** and I then made our way to assist **Kirk** and **Calder**. I killed that **Orion** as well, but not before he seriously wounded **Kirk**. **Calder** begin administering first aid.

At this point, we suspected 3 of the 11 **pirates** were still about. 8 had beamed aboard + 3 entered through the airlock. Eight **pirates** had been rendered harmless: 3 from the airlock + 1 in the bridge + 2 corralling **hostages** + and the 2 I had just killed.

With **Kirk** out of it, I ask **Nigel** to locate the remaining pirates. He said the people on **decks B** and **C** looked like they were either in their **state rooms** or crowded into **common areas in the center**. On **deck E**, everyone seemed to be in **state rooms**. I tell him to scan the **cargo decks**, especially **room 23B**. As I anticipated, **Nigel** says there was a life sign moving around down there; I'm sure it's "**Dr. McRaven**". The other two **pirates** are probably mixed in with the bio-signs of the **common areas on B and C deck**, keeping those **hostages** corralled.

no cp's given — they'll be given at the conclusion of this exciting adventure.

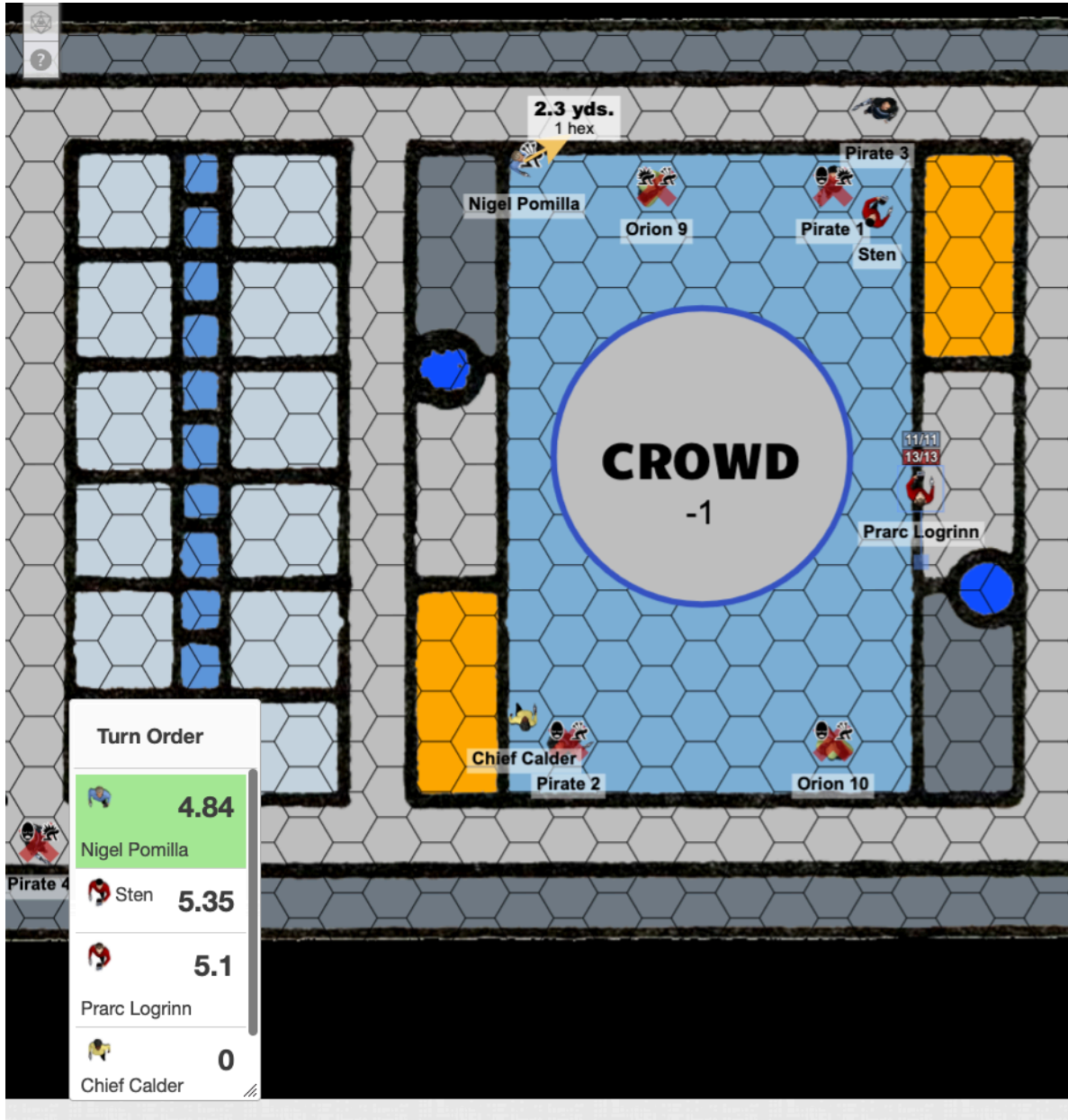
Tuesday, July 20, 2021

We regrouped at the Bridge. We left the injured Kirk Porkins there, and the rest of us set out to take care of the remaining pirates: 2 on deck C and 1 in the deck 3 cargo hold. I suggested to prioritize the rescue of the hostages on deck C, but Porkins, who is a command officer, orders us to apprehend the pirate in cargo deck C.

Sten notices a communication ping. It's "Dr. Lt." Yeager McRaven. He threatens to start kill hostages unless we give up the goods. "Acting Captain" Porkins refused to negotiate. McRaven orders a hostage killed.

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

We all agree that liberation of the hostages has become our top priority. Once we arrive at deck C, tricorder scans reveal the hostages are being corralled by four pirates, with two more out of sight checking staterooms. We had arrive in two pairs, from turbo lift tubes on either side, so we take position on four corners and hope the element of surprise wins us this skirmish. It does, but Nigel is badly wounded. He receives immediate first aid and is back on his feet, barely.



We next head down to cargo deck 3. There are two life signs: one checking storage containers —in fact, he’s got some kind of scanning device and is in front of the storage room where I’d placed their trillithium residue.

Sten, from a safe distance distracts the Orion, and I get the drop on him from just a few yards away. While I'm eliminating yet another Orion threat, Nigel investigates a second life sign in cold storage.

THE ORIONS COMMUNICATOR: Char! Come in! Char!

Things seem under control. We all assemble on the bridge. McRaven threatens to destroy the Cassini if we don't give him his trilitium residue. Kirk agrees. Then we plot on the best way to booby trap it. McRaven sends us instructions on how to safely transport trilitium residue. Nigel thinks he knows how to transport it ... not so safely. The shockwave rattles the ship.

CALDER: [to Kirk in the bridge] No damage. The ship is safe.

PORKINS: [on Comms to McRaven] Oops. Guess we missed a decimal point.

MCRAVEN: When I first met you, I didn't think much of you. You have made an enemy this day.

Commander Redgrave of the Cassini is impressed and anxious to meet us. Calder praises us. A medical team come on board and Sten informs the lead medic of the guy that's on ice down on cargo deck #3.

DR. CHANDER: Chandler to Redgrave.

A security team beams over and we follow them and the doctor to cold storage deck #3. It is not a "Qwyllyr", but a human. The resuscitate him and beam him over to the Cassini.

Was McRaven actually a Lt. in Starfleet?

In the coming days, there are meetings. Some of it is above our classification rating. McRaven (and alias) was a psychiatrist for some time on Earth. Marik Thazor, former a physicist, is one of McRaven's lieutenants, wanted for smuggling dangerous materials. The working theory is McRaven hired Thazor, then Thazor decide he could make more money if he sold it himself.

The Black Claw operates in this system, and we're on their radar.

When Porkins regrets the civilian casualty, Commander Redgrave commends him on the minimization of loss. The trilitium could have been a city-destroyer; enough could theoretically collapse a star.

On the Cassini, there were pirates on the tour group. During the tour, some infiltrators tried to take the engine room. The bridge crew locked everything down then surrendered. The stand down stopped the fighting and the loss of life.

8 cp, (Wiggles 6 cp), MVP to Sten

Tuesday, August 24, 2021

*Welcome to*  
**DEEP SPACE STATION**

*Tuesday, March 8, 2022*

# K-1

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.06.11**

**MISSION STATUS: *IN TRANSIT***

**LOCATION: *USS Cassini***

**USS Cassini** (NCC-3824) is a *Ptolemy*-class transport equipped with a **MK-IV Class 1 Starliner** transport container, with a designated mission to ferry Starfleet and Federation personnel as well as civilians to various locations within the Alpha Quadrant.



They have comm badges here. They're a little buggy.

**KIRK:** Do we have to wear them on and off duty?

**SONAK:** We recommend you wear them at all times, but it is not required for you to wear them when you are off duty.

They have something called a "**holodeck**".

**Sonak** informs us that generalists do well on space stations, which is not as true on a starship. He encourages to pick up skills and seek work outside our discipline.

- I am to report to **Chief Garrison**. He is in charge of the refit of the station; this includes the flight deck.
- **Pomilla** is to report **T'Pra** with the stellar imaging project. Yawn.
- **Porkins** is to report to some high level administrator.
- **Sten** is to report **Sonak** himself.

**Sonak** maintains an open door policy: personal or professional.

**Chief Garrison** meets me right out of the meeting. I'll be supervising a handful of crewman. There is a main flight deck and a few other smaller ones. He introduces me to three young crewman. They're installing some plating. They want the current 4-day job done in 2 days. The refit is about a week behind in general. The doctor's death in the shuttle accident was taken pretty hard. Apparently if I don't toe the line, there is a proper officer that will crack the whip.

**Kirk** meets with **Cmdr. Thani zh'Rheen**. Apparently, **Cmdr. Redgrave** sent her some report about the "Cassini Incident". She thinks **Kirk** got lucky (he did) and everyone but us are the reason for the "missions" success (rubbish). She is impressed with her little wonderboy **E. Reed**, who is in a dead-end job. She's promoting **E. Reed** giving his job to **Kirk**. **Kirk** will manage the non-military, non-essential functions on the station.

**CMDR. ZH'RHEEN:** Report to **Ensign Reed** on the **Recreation Deck**.

Two armed Tellarite red shirts approach me. One gets in my face. **Chief Drax** (with **Chud**, another Tellarite) insults and invites me to his training classes. My new crewmen say he deliberately hurts people.

**Sten** meets with **Sonak**. He's got a 3D chess set. Very Vulcan. He'll be giving **Sten** a floating duty assignment. He understands it can be difficult for Vulcan's to work with irrational non-Vulcans. He offers to mentor **Sten** in Vulcan discipline, off hours. **Sten** says he would like that. **Sonak** has no idea what he's getting into with **Sten**; and I can't believe **Sten** agreed to such "mentoring", which will obviously be an attempt to turn **Sten** into a proper logical Vulcan.

**SONAK:** Which of the new officers are exemplary and which should I keep an eye on.

**STEN:** They are all excellent officers.

**SONAK:** Yes. I would have like to keep your team together, given how well you worked together during the Cassini Incident, but **Cmdr. zh'Rheen** has other ideas.



**STEN:** Well, **Prarc** has a tendency to insult people on sight.

**Kirk** meets with **E. Reed**; they get along great. **Kirk** asked about **zh'Rheen**. She was set to be in command of the station—she re-upped her 5-year mission, then **Commodore Stocker** requests this assignment, even though he was previously in charge of a **Starbase (9?)**. **zh'Rheen** was not pleased. **Commodore Stocker** is ... not friendly; he's been here 3 months.

There is stuff going on: **The Old Federation**, stuff happening in **The Patriarchy**, exploration. **Stocker** has been a Commodore for a long time—long enough if he was going to be promoted to Admiral, he probably would have been by now.

1 cp

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# Quarrel Among Us

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## Our First Week

Tuesday, August 31, 2021

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.06.30**

**Deep Space Station One** is located 46 light years from Earth, near the outer edge of Federation space in the "northwest" area of the Alpha Quadrant. The station was constructed in 2246 in the Delta Sector, near the Deltan system, and its design served as a prototype for later K-series deep space stations. DS-1 is central to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the First Federation and other worlds located beyond the current perimeter of Federation space.

### Station News

Ensign Theodore Reed, former Manager of Station Services, has been promoted to lieutenant. Lieutenant Reed will be assuming new duties as Director of Station Security. The new Manager of Station Services is Ensign Kirk Porkins, recent graduate of Starfleet Academy serving his first tour of duty aboard DS-1.

All flight decks are off-limits to all non-essential personnel until further notice.

Our award ceremony is epic or anything. The Commodore pins them on us; first time I've seen him. He gives nice speech, if it's a bit perfunctory. He's an older guy. Porkins and Pomilla also get wound badges for not being good at dodging enemy fire.

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

## Level 16 - Kirk Porkins

**Gus** is a “cullinary engineer”. He makes meta-food which are cookies that look like what they taste like. (He does not like being called the “cook”.)

**Yoss** is a Dennobulan that runs a night club: **The Blue Lotus**. He moved here with his three wives. One of the husbands joined starfleet about year ago and is also around. He runs it like an old fashioned restaurant. He actually cooks some stuff, even though it much of it comes out of the replicator. It has an extensive menu, about 8 pages long. It’s a popular off-duty destination.

A **junk shop**, one of the three or so shops in DS1, is closed. The **owner-operator-trader** left for the **First Federation** about 6 months ago, and hasn’t come back. He was not a Human. **Yoss** says he had a shop helper that’s still on the station named **Volaris**. He’s short with no body hair; he’s blue, with darker blue colorations on his head: **Bolians**. They arrived about two years ago.

## Flight Deck 4 - Prarc Logrinn

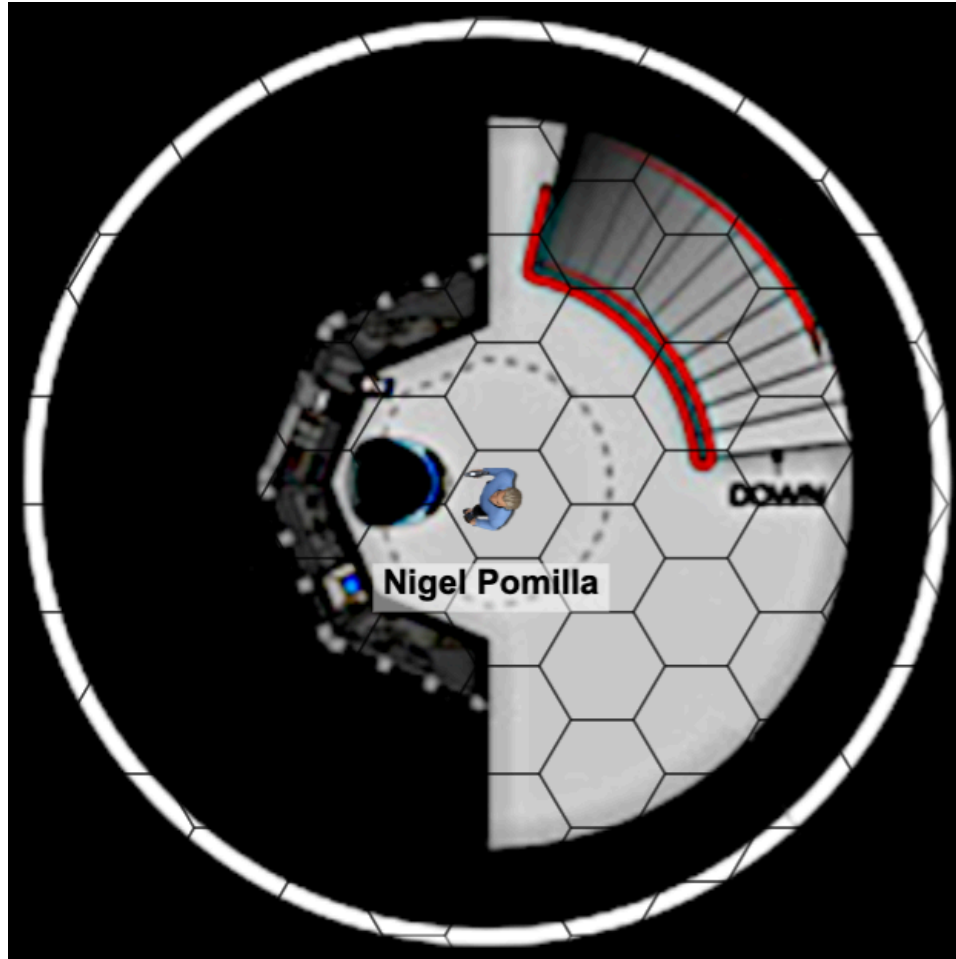
There has been a malfunction with the **tractor beam** equipment. The intensity is acting up; even switching from tractor to repulser.

My teams are hard workers, as good as any Tellarite.

## Isolated Sensor Station - Nigel Pomilla

It would be difficult to sneak up on **Nigel** when he’s at his **sensor station**. He’d hear them clanging there way up the stairs (unless his music is too loud). It’s possible a non-negligible portion of his job is just busy work.

## Nigel Pomilla's Sensor Workstation



## All Other the Places - Sten

**Sonak** gives him a new list of things to do each day. Sometimes it's stuff to help **Sonak** do his job, e.g. sorting out performance reviews. Once there we two soon-to-be(?) ambassadors from a planet in the **First Federation**. The problem is that the culture views speaking through a 3rd party/technology/what-have-you as dishonest. I.e. they are not fans of the universal translator, but they are aware it's needed.

## Getting the Junk Shop Open

So, **Volarus** is apparently working as a freight handler. The owner-operator-trader and the shop is listed; but **Volarus** isn't listed anywhere, at any time, in any station records. Strange. **Porkins** asks some of the cargo crew about **Volarus** and tells them to tell **Volarus** there is a free meal in it for him. They think he may sleep at the **junk shop**.

There is a dark complected human on the turbo lift with **Porkins**.

**WOMAN**: Where in the depth of hell now?

**PORKINS:** The depths of hell? I'm sorry, I'm new here.

**WOMAN:** Anything below level 30 is all "engineer" sorts of things.

**PORKINS:** What brings you down here.

**WOMAN:** A package for **Lt. T'Pra**

**PORKINS:** Ah. Have you met **Nigel Pomilla** by chance? He works for her.

**WOMAN:** Na, I don't meet many of her staff. I'm her yeoman.

## Commodore Stocker's Interest in the First Federation

It's late during gamma shift our fifth night. **Nigel** is singing away, because he's alone up there, when he hears the swoosh of the turbo lift. **Commodore Stocker** ascends the stairs.

**POMILLA:** [slutes]

**STOCKER:** At ease. You're new here. I pinned a medal on you the other day. What is it you do here ensign?

**POMILLA:** We monitor [tech tech tech]

**STOCKER:** You have access to the **Theia Array** don't you?

**POMILLA:** Yes, I do.

I recall the **Chief Garrison** (the Chief of the Station and my C.O.) mentioned that **Commodore Stocker** was odd and might have insomnia. Although **Kirk** has never seen him on the recreation deck. I wonder where he likes to spend his insomnia.

## Volarus Shows Up

About a day goes by and a little blue guy, semi-dressed like a star fleet crewman, shows up in from for **Porkins**. I say "semi-dressed" because they aren't quite the right cut or color of a stand crewman's uniform and he looks to be growing out of them. **Porkins** asks him if he could start minding the **junk shop** again?

**VOLARUS:** Are you a merchant?

**PORKINS:** No, I'm in Starfleet.

**VOLARUS:** Ya, I can see that.

**VOLARUS:** So what do you want me to do? You want me to run it?

**PORKINS:** Sure. Who better than you.

**VOLARUS:** So I'm not in trouble?

**PORKINS:** No. Why? Should you be? Don't answer that.

**Volarus** goes off on what a jerk **Chief Drax** (Chief of Security) is. **Drax** calls him a stow away and has it in for **Volarus**, so says **Volarus**. **Volarus** is been working down in cargo because it allows him to avoid contact with **Drax**.

**Porkins** says he'll try to get **Drax** off his back. **Volarus** would like to not have to hide all the time. **Porkins** walks with **Volarus** to the **tubolift**.

## Urgo Drax's Combat Training

**Drax** has beginner, intermediate, and expert classes. We're all in the beginner class. He is a gruff teacher. Stories of him breaking students arms may be an exaggeration however. He does respect our rank.

## Kirk Meets With Reed

**Yas** is happy to help **Porkins** out with helping **Volarus** out. He invites **Porkins** to dinner with him and his wives. He's serve up some Denobulan dishes.

Next, **Porkins** asks **Lt. Reed** — the new far less experienced in such matters head of security but is **Commander zh'Reen**'s pretty boy— about **Volarus**. He remembers him. **Porkins** fills **Reed** in on the situation. **Reed** says **Drax** has actually toned down from when **Reed** first arrived on the station. **Reed** confirms **Porkins**' suspicion that **zh'Reen** will go by the book and review **Volarus** when the time come to make his presence on **DS1** official. But, **Reed** says **zh'Reen** never game him any trouble with any calls he made for the **Rec deck**.

**Porkins** is considering theme nights. **Reed** doesn't have a lot of advice; claims it wasn't really his thing. **Reed** wants starship duty, but was assigned to **DS1** out of the academy. He's happy that **zh'Reen** is doing things that might eventually make **Reed** more starship ready.

## Sten Delivers Late Night Meal to Commodore Stocker

**SONAK**: I have a rather odd assignment for you. I need you pick this up at **The Blue Lotus** and take it to the **Commodore's quarters**. You are not to speak to him or look him in the eye.

**Sten** head to the **Blue Lotus**.

**WIFE**: Ah, looks like the Commodore is having dinner.

**STEN**: Can I have one as well?

**WIFE**: Aren't Vulcan vegetarians?

**STEN**: Usually.

**Sten** take the food to the **Commodore's quarters**. He chimes the door. It takes a good minute, but eventually the door opens and **Stocker** invites **Sten** in.

**STOCKER**: Did I order two meals?

**STEN**: No. I'm just expanding my experiences.

**STOCKER:** [looking out a window] That will be all. Thank you.

## **Nigel Does a Job for Commodore Stocker**

**Nigel** is singing again. The **Commodore** shows up again.

**STOCKER:** How are you doing this evening.

**POMILLA:** Enjoying the solace of my work.

**STOCKER:** You're good at operating this console.

**POMILLA:** I'm good at operating a lot of consoles.

**STOCKER:** You have access to the **Theia Array**?

**POMILLA:** Yes.

**Stocker** gives him some coordinates.

**STOCKER:** If you wouldn't mind, I ask you to handle this one yourself. Don't hand it off to anyone. If you get anything, report it directly to me.

**Pomilla** punches in the coordinates. They're somewhere in **First Federation** space. This will be the first time **Pomilla** has scanned something that's not simply of astronomical interest. The scan will take a full 8 hours to do right. When **Pomilla's** replacement, **Jenna**, shows up, he tells her to go ahead and grab some breakfast as he's finishing something up; she's happy to oblige.

**Pomilla** detects a regular signal, about three times an hour. The signals grew longer through about half his shift, then they started getting shorter. **Pomilla** downloads the intel to his data pad, then deletes it from the system.

**Jenna** returns from breakfast, touting **Yas's** hash browns.

**Pomilla** determines the transmissions he found are encrypted. He gets a program going to decrypt them and climbs into bed. About an hour later his room comm starts beeping.

**STOCKER:** Ensign. I'm sorry, did I wake you? [**Stocker** is not in uniform. He's wearing a white tunic.]

**POMILLA:** Yes. It's currently processing...

**STOCKER:** Ah, no. Please bring it immediately. Do not mention this to anyone.

**Pomilla** goes to **Stocker's** quarters. He's in a fencing outfit.

**Stocker:** Do you have the data? You detected a signal? [He's reaching for the pad.]

**Pomilla:** [Give's **Stocker** the pad. **Stocker** snatches it away and mumbles to himself.]

**Pomilla** tries to pry some information out of **Stocker**, but **Stocker** is clearly anxious for **Pomilla** to move along.

## Filchus and Finch Fight on the Flight Deck

I'm with my flight deck team. Some other team meets with me. Finally they allow us to complete shut down a flight deck during an upgrade/install, so we won't be constantly interrupted. They also assign me two more crewmen, and ...

**Filchus** (a jocular fellow who like to needle people a bit) and **Finch** (a big guy) are fighting! **Finch** is on top of **Filchus**. **Finch** stops when I threaten to bring **Drax** in. **Filchus** then clocks **Finch**. I send **Filchus** to my office and have someone take **Finch** to sickbay.

I interview the other crewmen that were there. **Finch** was joking around, then **Filchus** was shoving and fighting. But **Finch** was holding his own against the bigger **Filchus**.

Next, I interview **Finch** in Sickbay. (Lots of pretty nurses at the sick bay, but no Tellarites.) He was joking around then **Filchus** attacked him. He has no idea what set **Filchus** off.

Next, I interview **Filchus** in my office. **Finch** says they were working on the improved **hydraulic compensator**. [tech tech tech] **Finch** was telling one of his usual jokes. Either he is unwilling to tell me why or he's lying, but **Filchus** can't give me reason why he attacks **Finch**.

The crew would all rather not make a formal issue of this. I agree.

The fight was unusually violent, and for a moment I thought **Finch** was going to punch me. In case this behavior precipitated by any environmental factors, I contacted **Doctor Favor** and ask him to examine **Filchus** and **Finch** to see if he can find any clue as to why they became so enraged with each other.

## Stocker's Backstory

**Stocker** was formerly the head of **Starbase 10** and requested transfer here. Much of his last year on **Starbase 10** is classified. He has some black marks on his record.

- Violating the **Romulan Neutral Zone**
- Being unusually harsh with junior officers

2 cp +1 for Cassini Incident report

# Quarrel Among Us

Tuesday, September 7, 2021

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.07.04**

**Deep Space Station One** is located 46 light years from Earth, near the outer edge of Federation space in the "northwest" area of the Alpha Quadrant. The station was constructed in 2246 in the Delta Sector, near the Deltan system, and

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

its design served as a prototype for later K-series deep space stations. DS-1 is central to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the First Federation and other worlds located beyond the current perimeter of Federation space.

## STATION NEWS

Ensign Theodore Reed, former Manager of Station Services, has been promoted to lieutenant. Lieutenant Reed will be assuming new duties as Director of Station Security. The new Manager of Station Services is Ensign Kirk Porkins, recent graduate of Starfleet Academy serving his first tour of duty aboard DS-1.

**All flight decks are off-limits to all non-essential personnel until further notice.**

## Kirk, Yoss, Yoss's Wives: Kirk Fails To Deliver

**Kirk's** dinner with **Yoss** and **Yoss's** three wives went well. **Kirk** ends up with one of them that night, with **Yoss's** blessing; but **Kirk** was unable to ... take advantage. So embarrassing.

## First Federation Message: Analysis

**Nigel** has been working on decryption of the ... signals coming from the **First Federation**, that **Stocker** was interested in. They came in 19 repeating packets.

### Signals from the First Federation

Packet	Description
1-9	a mathematical primer, e.g. Pathogurs, primes
10-18	just numbers, but very long prime numbers
19	a sequence of numbers, Fibonacci sequence, incomplete: 19 missing numbers

If you graph the Fibonacci sequence in a spiral, the missing numbers look like they may form a pattern.

**Nigel** shows us his Fibonacci sequence in a spiral puzzle. The coordinates that **Stocker** gave to **Nigel**: there is no planetary system there; it's empty space as far as the **UFP** knows.

In our History class (maybe Xenology) early protocol for establishing communication with an alien intelligence made use of mathematics for the initial "hand shake".

## Blue Lotus Brawl

And ... two crewmen are fighting! I move to break it up; **Kirk** grabs a **phaser** from behind the bar, jumps up on the counter.



In seconds, the scene at the **Blue Lotus** escalates into a full scale donnybrook. **Kirk** stuns some of them. The un-stunned are not pleased and advance on **Kirk**. I keep myself between them and **Kirk** and talk them down

#### Donnybrook at the Blue Lotus 2270.07.04



**Kirk** standing on the counter and keeps stunning fighters; I keep fighters from approaching him. **Sten** and **Nigel** hide behind the counter like frightened children.

Security shows up pretty soon and efficiently establish control. **Drax** interviews **Kirk** about the what happened; **Drax** sends all the combatants to the brig.

The ever diligent **zh'Rheen** then contacts **Kirk** and he tells her the same story he told **Drax**.

Both **Drax** and **zh'Rheen** confirm that nothing like this has ever happened at the **Blue Lotus**. The **bowling alley** however...

## Sten and Nigel Visit the Bridge

**Sten**, with **Nigel** in tow, go to the **bridge**. **Sten** tells **Cmdr. zh'Rheen** about a strange alien he saw during the fight; the little (about 1 meter tall) Vulcan-looking guy seemed to be enjoying the situation a bit too much. She takes **Sten** seriously and tells him to do what he can to identify the alien.

**Sten** tells **Drax** about the alien.

**DRAX**: There is no one like that on the station.

**Sten** assures him he saw what he saw. **Sten** also says he'll provide **Drax** a play-by-play of what we saw during the **Blue Lotus** brouhaha.

**DRAX**: We'll keep an eye out for this little green man you saw.

## Stocker Stocks Nigel

Again, **Commodore Stocker** shows up during **Nigel's** shift.

**STOCKER**: Did you perform any analysis and the message?

**NIGEL**: Yes. Just looking at things like that, my brain goes to work. Sorry, if I wasn't supposed to do that.

**STOCKER**: I was wondering if your analysis might help with some of my analysis. Do you think it could be a greeting?

**NIGEL**: It would a strange greeting. I think you'll have to go there to figure it out.

**STOCKER**: I don't want this it interfere with you duties, but I'd like you to continue to analyze this. Report anything you find to no one but me.

**Nigel** tells **Stocker** to be careful. The **Blue Lotus** bar fight comes up; **Stocker** was unaware and is unconcerned.

## zh'Rheen Warms Up to Kirk

**zh'Rheen** actually compliments **Kirk** about how he handled the situation. It was mostly Humans fighting. There were two Andorian officers who fought. They don't know why they suddenly become angry. **Drax** wants to close the **Blue Lotus**. **Kirk** thinks the **Blue Lotus** too important for moral, but keeping some guards on the **Rec Deck** would be okay.

**Kirk** brings up the possibility of psychic influence. **zh'Rheen** poo-poo's this. She informs him she doesn't hold **Kirk** responsible for any of this.

## Fighting Fallout

In the fallout, only a few of the brawlers—the ones that “started” it—are formally disciplined. 1 of 4 officers were disciplined, and 2 of 8 crewman. The crewmen that were fighting were mostly from the same engineering teams. The officers that were involved didn't really have

anything in common. It seems people became suddenly angry. Personal insults were launched. That's all it took to for things to get physical.

**Kirk** shows me the security report and we talk about the similarities with the fight between the two friends that work for me. Now I'm worried **Sten's boogyman** might have gotten into my **flight deck**; which he ought not be able to do as the **flight deck** was off limits during upgrades. I intend to bring **Nigel** in to help me go over the security surveillance during the fight on the flight deck.

Several officers come forward with stories about fights that they dealt with quietly. I report the **Filchus-Finch** fight to **Drax**.

## Kirk Informs zh'Rheen

**Kirk** requests a meeting with **zh'Rheen**.

**KIRK**: It's clear now the **Blue Lotus** was not an isolated incident. If it's not a chemical or something, are there any other species besides Vulcans that could possibly influence people psychically?

**zh'Rheen** is now more open to this idea. They consider why it's mostly Humans that are effected. **zh'Rheen** tells **Kirk** in confidence that the two Andorian officers also felt a flash of anger, but it's natural for Andorians feel such flashes a dozen times a day, and they have learned to cope.

## Sonak Tells Sten of the Quarrel

**Lt. Cmdr. Sonak** (Director of Operations) interviews **Sten** about what he saw at the **Blue Lotus** brawl. **Sten** tells him about the little (1 meter Vulcan-looking fellow) alien he saw who was very amused by the fight.

**SONAK**: What is this? [He shows him a cartoon image of a **Quarrel**]

**STEN**: The image is a bit stylized, but yes.

**SONAK**: Do you know what this is?

**STEN**: No

**SONAK**: Had you grown up on **Vulcan**, you would. It's an imp from Vulcan folklore. He travels from village to village tricking people into emotions. The idea is that a lesson will be imparted. I suspect there is a creature on the station that is able to take this form.

**SONAK**: In one of the stories, he gets two women to fight about water. The lesson in that story was the water is the link that unites us all.

## Kirk Continues Wasting his Time With Volarus

**Volarus** shows up at the **Blue Lotus** for breakfast.

**KIRK**: I've talked to **Drax**, but nothing concrete. Do you have identification?

**VOLARUS:** Uh, no.

**KIRK:** Did you partner have any paperwork for you? Once I have that, I can hire you.

**VOLARUS:** I thought you wanted me to run the shop.

**KIRK:** Right. But once you're officially on the payroll, **Drax** can't hassle you.

**VOLARUS:** But I don't want to ... clean tables and stuff.

**KIRK:** Well, you need to be here officially. What I really want you to do is open the shop. You may be on the payroll for something else, but I don't care if you do it.

**Yoss** brings the kid **Volaris** his food. It's pungent.

**VOLARUS:** Okay. What do you need me to do?

**KIRK:** For now, let me looking into getting you official papers.

**Kirk** moves to get the bureaucracy into motion.

**PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATOR:** So, he's not a member of the **Federation**. Is he a refugee? No, well then we'll just start the citizenship process... They'll check if he's been involved in any criminal activity ... it will take a few weeks/months.

**KIRK:** So we can get that started; but in the meantime, I can hire him and he can start working. Great. Hey, come down to the **Blue Lotus** and grab a drink sometime. You may have heard there was a fight there recently, but that's all taken care of?

**PERSONEL ADMINISTRATOR:** Ya, there have been a few arguments around here recently. Not fist fights, but things have been pretty tense here. Civilians are a lot harder for us to deal with than Starfleet.

## Only Vulcans See the Quarrel

**Sten** has a picture of the **Quarrel** circulated. **Sonak** calls **Sten** into his **office**. There are a few Vulcans in the room: **Sonak**, **T'Pra**

**T'Pra** woke up and saw it in her **quarters**. She thought it was a dream. Another Vulcan, **Sahva**, saw it walking around the **recreation deck** and assume it was just an alien. **Sonak** (the oldest Vulcan in the room) has not seen it.

**SONAK:** I believe there is a creature that has chosen to take the form of a **Quarrel** and is appearing to Vulcans. It may be appearing to other people in another form.

The violent outbursts started about 3 or 4 days ago: department heads bean reporting near-physical arguments.

## What to About the First Federation Signals

**KIRK:** You should send the 19 missing numbers to the First Federation.

**PRARC:** That's what I said!

**NIGEL:** Can I do that?

**KIRK:** Sure!

**PRARC:** Not without authorization! And sending the 10 missing number back was my idea.

**Nigel** goes to **Stocker's quarters**. Surprisingly, his door swishes open immediately and he is in uniform.

**Nigel:** A devil on my shoulder suggested we send the 19 missing numbers back to those coordinates.

**Stocker** contacts **T'Pra** and informs her that **Nigel** is working on something for him now.

**Stocker** leaves; **Nigel** follows.

They receive an immediate response. Tons of data starts streaming back.

**STOKER:** [sweating] We're receiving a message aren't we?

**NIGEL:** Ya.

**STOCKER:** Good work ensign. Good work!

## The Quarrel Visits Sten

**Sten** is awakened by the smell of **steak**. It's dark; someone is eating at the table in his room.

**STEN:** Illumination 30%

**Sten** sees the **Quarrel** eating a steak dinner in his room.

**QUARREL:** This is very tasty?

**STEN:** Yes. Can I get you anything else?

The **Quarrel** disappears. When **Sten** investigates, he sees the same meal that he got when he matched **Stocker's** order. He makes a report to **Sonak**.

2 cp

# Tool Thief

Tuesday, September 14, 2021

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.07.08**

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

**Deep Space Station One** is located 46 light years from Earth, near the outer edge of Federation space in the "northwest" area of the Alpha Quadrant. The station was constructed in 2246 in the Delta Sector, near the Deltan system, and its design served as a prototype for later K-series deep space stations. DS-1 is central to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the First Federation and other worlds located beyond the current perimeter of Federation space.

## STATION NEWS

**INTRUDER ALERT!** Station security has been put on **yellow alert** due to the presence of an **unidentified alien intruder**. Security teams will be maintaining a discrete presence on the recreation deck (Level 19) and other public areas. A description of the intruder has been made public and all station personnel notified to report any unusual disturbances. Division managers have been put on notice that any and all incidents of interpersonal conflict are to be reported and resolved according to Starfleet regulations.

**All flight decks are off-limits to all non-essential personnel until further notice.**

## Tools Stolen

A **Plasma Flow Conduit torque wrench**, **Transporter tuning tool**, and other basic **engineering tools**: what do they have in common? They're all missing! This will set my flight deck upgrades back—by hours if we have to fabricate new ones. I checked the use logs to see if I could get some kind of timeline about when they went missing, but there was just so much to sift through. I called Nigel.

**PRARC:** Nigel, get over here. I'm on my flight deck. Some of my tools have been stolen and I need to you come over here and help me go through the use logs.

**NIGEL:** [waking up] What? I'm asleep...

**PRARC:** Get over here!

**NIGEL:** Okay. Give me 20 minutes.

Before heading over, **Nigel** sends a message to **zh'Rheen** and requests a meeting with **Commodore Stocker**. (**Stocker** does't have a yeoman? Weird.)

I contact **Drax** and inform him of the theft. He says he'll be over right away. Because that is how people who want to be a contributing member of a larger team respond.

**Nigel** and **Drax** arrive at the same time.

**Nigel** efficiently manages to sort through all the information. Yesterday, complete **tool kits** were checked out and returned. The first indication of missing tools was the beginning of my shift: alpha shift. **Lt. Nelson** was the last person to check out the **tools** — his code at least: he is the team leader during gamma shift.

**Tools** are accessed via a key-code, which also ID's who's doing the accessing. If someone knew someone else's key code, they could use it.

**Drax** leaves to interview **Lt. Nelson**. I contact Nelson on comms and warn him **Drax** is on his way.

## Sava Is A Mess

**CMDR. SONAK:** **Lt. Sava** and **T'Pra** are involved in an intimate relationship.

**STEN:** I don't see how that concerns me. What do you want me to do?

**SONAK:** **Lt. Sava** and Lt. **T'Pra** got in an argument and **Lt. Sava** became quite emotional. He's asked to be relieved from duty. In order to keep their relationship private, I would like you to see if can help **Lt. Sava**.

**STEN:** Why me?

**SONAK:** As a superior officer, I'm not sure he would be as comfortable with me; you don't outrank him and you're more his age. Were this not such a private—Vulcan—matter, I'd recommend he see a counselor.

**STEN:** Will you check with **Lt. Sava** and make sure he's conformable with me knowing of his situation.

**SONAK:** Certainly.

**Sonak** contacts **Sava** and **Sava** is fine with a visit from **Sten**. **Sten** arranges to meet **Sava** in a **private fitness room**.

**STEN:** I understand that you and **T'Pra** are in a relationship.

**SAVA:** [green-bloodshot eyes, hands shaking, sweaty, pale (green)] I believe I have a problem. Normally, I would share this only with a close family member.

**STEN:** Pon farr?

**SAVA:** Yes, but there is a problem. I'm not due for my pon farr for a few more years. It seemed to have been triggered by our argument.

**STEN:** How long have you two been together.

**SAVA:** Two years. We were betrothed as youths. My mom says we argue too much. **T'Pra** has a keen mind; I would say we have "discussions". But what happened recently was what humans would call "a fight". [**Sava's** hands are in a clinch now.]

**Sten** looks into getting **Sava** to **Vulcan**. That would take several weeks. **Sten** wonders if he really has to go back to **Vulcan**. There is one Vulcan on **DS1**'s medical staff: **Lt. Cmdr. Selias**, the deputy chief surgeon. **Sten** has two ideas. 1. Sleeper ship him to **Vulcan**. 2. Turn some part of **DS1** into **Vulcan**. **Sten** contacts **T'Pra**, **Sava's** girlfriend.

**STEN:** **Lt. Sava** is having a medical emergency. Could you go and help him?

**T'PRA:** With all do respect Ensign, I do not think that would be wise.

**STEN:** Would you meet me at **Lt. Cmdr. Selias** (middle aged Vulcan female) office?

**T'Pra:** Yes.

The three meet with the benefit of medical privacy.

**STEN:** I've been tasked by **Lt. Cmdr. Sonak** to deal with a health issue regarding **Lt. Sava** — pon farr related.

**T'Pra** sits up. They explain it's impossible **Sava** is going through pon farr as he just went through it about two years ago. **Sten** explains he's seen him, and he believes it is pon farr.

**Dr. Selias** and **Sten** go to **Sava's** room. She examines him. Every symptom of pon farr is there with one exception: the hormonal trigger is not present.

The doctor gives him a hypo, and she and **Sten** put him in his bad. **Doctor Selias** ask **T'Pra** to stay with him, and she agrees.

**DR. SELIAS:** I don't believe this is pon farr, but we'll keep him under observation. You've helped your friend here today.

**STEN:** Would you say this has been solved?

**DR. SELIAS:** I've given him a sedative. He should be able to meditate now. I think some time alone with **T'Pra** might get him through this.

**STEN:** Please keep me apprised.

**DR. SELIAS:** I will.

## More Quarrel Nonsense

**Sten** and **Nigel** are in the **Blue Lotus** eating breakfast. **Sten** sees the **Quarrel** sitting with them.

**STEN:** **Nigel**, would you scan this seat for me?

**QUARREL:** [looking at **Nigel's** plate] Mmm. **pancakes**. [A plate of **pancakes** appears in front of **Quarrel**.]

**NIGEL:** First **Prarc** and now you?





**STEN:** [reaches for **Nigel's tricorder**]

**NIGEL:** Please, don't break it.

**Sten's** scan shows nothing is in the chair.

**QUARREL:** That's not going to work.

**NIGEL:** [Looking at **Sten**] Are you okay?

**QUARREL:** [Looking at **Nigel**] He's a weird one. [Looking at **Sten**] You want me to make him do something?

**STEN:** [Thinking about it for a moment] Yea.

**NIGEL:** [getting angry] I don't have time for this.

**QUARREL:** Well, that worked. That looks good; what are you eating?

**STEN:** It's a **banana milk shake**. Do you want to try it. [slide his shake towards him]

**QUARREL:** [making a face] I do not like that. Did you like what I did to your little friends?

**Sten:** [to the **banana milk shake**] It's a shame it wasn't poisonous. [to **Quarrel**] Can you make people fall in love?

**QUARREL:** I don't do that.

**Sten** informs **Sonak** about his encounter.

**SONAK:** Interesting. If happens again. Keep him talking. Maybe we'll learn something about him.

## Tools Recovered

**Drax** found the tools! He assumed if it was **Volarus**, he might have stashed them away in his old **junk shop**. And, there they were. And not just **engineering tools**, he found **tricorders**, **communicators**, all kinds of **stolen property** (but no weapons. They would be more difficult to steal, of course).

**Sten** wants to check out the **junk shop** and see if there is anything to learn.

Indeed, security is there and they detected odd energy readings: something like old dilithium.

We head to the **Security lock-up** where my **tools** are being held. **Drax** has me check them out.

**Sten** offers to help **Dax** in the search. He suggests making the search for **Volarus** public.

**DRAX:** If he was dangerous, I would.

**STEN:** Well, what if he was stealing **dilithium**?

**DRAX:** **Dilithium**?! What are you talking about?

**STEN:** There were some strange energy readings found in the **junk store**...

**DRAX:** [on comms] Crewman! You found dilithium energy readings over there?

**CREWMEN:** [stammering] Uh, yes chief. But we found the source. It's a **piece of jewelry**...

**DRAX:** Bring it to me immediately.

**CREWMAN:** Yes, chief.

**Sten** recognizes it as a **Vulcan idic**.

**STEN:** I would like to take this to **medical**. I'm working on something for **Sonak**. I can't say what it is: confidential. I'd appreciate your discretion.

**DRAX.** Sure.

**STEN:** I'll bring it back if it's not important.

**Sten** has **Lt. Cmdr. Selaya** check out. She says it's quite old; probably a family heirloom, might be **Sonak's**? It's not dangerous. So, **Sten** returns to **Drax** with the **pendant**. When **Drax** hears that it might be **Sonak's**, he's happy to let **Sten** return it to him.

## Stocker's First Federation Fixation

**Nigel** return to bed. Two hours later, **Cmdr. Stocker** wakes him.

**STOCKER:** Yes, **zh'Rheen** contacted me, saying you want to meet with me.

**NIGEL:** Yes.

**STOCKER:** I told her it was a family matter. The meetings in only an hour. On your way here, could you go the **Blue Lotus** and pick me up my dinner?

**NIGEL:** Sure.

One of **Yoss's wives** gets **Commodore Stocker's steak and eggs**.

**YOSS'S WIFE:** By the way, do you know an engineer that could help me with a problem?

**NIGEL:** That depends entirely on the problem.

**YOSS'S WIFE:** It's odd. The **replicators** are only making **steak and potatoes** and **blueberry pancakes**.

**Nigel** puts in a standard request to station repair.

**Stocker** answers the door sans boots. He snatches his meal from **Nigel**.

**STOCKER:** There is supposed to be broccoli with this meal. Where's the broccoli?

**NIGEL:** Sorry, I didn't know what your order was and I thought this was it.

**STOCKER:** [eating noisily] Ah, no matter. They didn't give you a beverage? [to replicator] One beer.

**Blueberry pancakes** appear.

**STOCKER:** What?! [He keys in an order for one beer.]

**Blueberry pancakes** appear again.

**NIGEL:** Ya, there is a problem with the replicators.

They eventually get around to talking about the **massive stream of data** coming in from the **First Federation**.

**STOCKER:** I'm wondering if this project is too much for you?

**NIGEL:** I couldn't disagree more.

**STOCKER:** Do you have any friends that you trust that you could bring in on this? I'd like to keep it out of the chain of command.

**NIGEL:** I have a few friends.

## **Volaris Nabbed**

About ½ though the "midnight" shift, they find **VOLARIS**. Some naive officer was hiding him in his quarters as the offer had been staying at his girlfriend's.

I can't wait to tell **Kirk** his charity case is common criminal.

2 cp

# **The Romulan Solution**

Tuesday, September 21, 2021

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.07.09**

**Deep Space Station One** is located 46 light years from Earth, near the outer edge of Federation space in the "northwest" area of the Alpha Quadrant. The station was constructed in 2246 in the Delta Sector, near the Deltan system, and its design served as a prototype for later K-series deep space stations. DS-1 is

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

central to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the First Federation and other worlds located beyond the current perimeter of Federation space.

## STATION NEWS

**INTRUDER ALERT!** Station security has been put on **yellow alert** due to the presence of an **unidentified alien intruder**. Security teams will be maintaining a discrete presence on the recreation deck (Level 19) and other public areas. A description of the intruder has been made public and all station personnel notified to report any unusual disturbances. Division managers have been put on notice that any and all incidents of interpersonal conflict are to be reported and resolved according to Starfleet regulations.

**All flight decks are off-limits to all non-essential personnel until further notice.**

## Volarus Claims Innocence

**Volarus** will only talk to **Kirk**, who visits him in a holding cell.

**VOLARUS:** I didn't steal anything. I swear.

**KIRK:** Then how did all that stuff get into the junk shop?

**VOLARUS:** I don't know, but I haven't been staying in the junk shop for some time. The guy you replaced, **Reed**, he locked me out of there. I've been staying in **Nelson** and **Arloth's** (who stays with his girlfriend) quarters.

**DRAX:** A forensics report is forthcoming.

**KIRK:** [to **Drax**] If **Volarus's** DNA isn't on the stolen tools, then he should be in good shape.

**KIRK:** [to **Volarus**] Have you seen any acts of aggression, or the intruder?

**VOLARUS:** I heard about the fight.

**KIRK:** Have you felt angry?

**VOLARUS:** I'm always a little be angry. Ever since **Gideon Mercator** went into the **First Federation** without me.

**KIRK:** Well, if not you, who else could get into the trading post?

**VOLARUS:** You, high ranking officers. I don't know.

**VOLARUS:** Everyone is going to think I'm a thief.

**KIRK:** [realizing that **Volarus** doesn't mind being in a holding cell] Would you like something to read?

**VOLARUS:** I like comics. Superman.

**DRAX:** [to **Kirk**] Do you intend to be his legal representation?

**KIRK:** Ya. (**Kirk** assumes **Volarus** will ask him to represent him.) Have that forensic report sent to me.

**DRAX:** Sure. We're operating under the assumption that he was stealing these things — **science, medical, and engineering tricorders, communicators, engineering tools** — to resale them.

## Quarrel's M.O.

**Sten** does the research as directed by **Sonak**. **Quarrel** never(?) messes with machinery.

**Sten** is interested in how the stories resolve themselves. They resolve themselves in a Vulcan manner. They come to the ethical and logical conclusion. During one story when a whole town was fighting, an elder asks for peace. **Sochya**, **Quarrel's** sister?wife appears and corrects things.

## First Federation Message

**Nigel** isn't sure who to add to the "team". He's considering who has the expertise to help, and who he can trust.

## Yoss Defends Volarus

**YOSS:** **Ensign Porkins**, this **Volarus** character has been arrested for theft?

**KIRK:** Yes, but it may be more interesting than that.

**YOSS:** He didn't strike me as a thief. Did this happen yesterday morning?

**PRARC:** Yea.

**YOSS:** I'm only asking, because usually at the end of an engineering shift their team comes here for a meal. And, they all were here yesterday morning as usual.

**KIRK:** So nothing unusual that morning?

**YOSS:** No. Although that might have been when the replicator started acting up.

**Kirk** brings up theme night for the second time today—we're eating breakfast. He's excited about an old west theme.

## Forensics Report

The complete forensics report is ready, **Drax** informs us without comment. There is no evidence that **Volarus** touched all the items. Indeed, the last people to handle most of the tools were people that would have been handling as part of their gamma shift job.

Crewmen **Rubens** and **James** were interviewed. They were with **Volarus** during gamma shift, **Volarus** did put away tools.

The **junk shop** hadn't been opened in days, since **Reed** locked it.

**KIRK:** I wonder if all this isn't another aspect of **Quarrel's** work.

**STEN:** **Quarrel** doesn't break things, but he will mess with things to get people upset with each other. It's not obvious to me how framing **Volarus** works for **Quarrel**.

**KIRK:** It could be his attempt to pit us against each other. Pro Volarus vs pro Drax.

No stolen objects were transported. No unauthorized personnel were where they shouldn't be. No way into the **trading post** but by that door.

## zh'Rheen Conviens a Meeting

**COMMANDER ZH'RHEEN:** I find the evidence inconclusive. [to **Kirk**] Defense.

**KIRK:** As for the DNA evidence on the tools, they were all touched last by they authorized user. Crewmen **Rubens** and **James** worked with **Volarus** during most of the gamma shift. **Volarus** did take a turbo lift to the **recreation deck** to get sandwiches for the crew. My client simply had no time to acquire all of these item and place them in the **trading post**. Besides, the **trading post** has not been accessed since **Reed** locked it. There are no transport logs indicative of the transport of the stolen items.

**ZH'RHEEN:** **Drax**, what is your theory on how these items ended up in the **trading post**.

**DRAX:** He managed to get rid of his DNA. I'm not sure how he got them in the **trading post**.

**ZH'RHEEN:** **Kirk**, how do you think the stolen item ended up in the **trading post**.

**KIRK:** I think this is the doing of our intruder. Besides, my client doesn't have skill to remove only his DNA while leaving other people's intact.

**VOLARUS:** I don't even know what DNA is!

**ZH'RHEEN:** No intruder has been detected.

**KIRK:** I understand. But all this is consistent with the folk lore surrounding the intruder.

**ZH'RHEEN:** **Ensign Sten**, may I ask you a question: you are sure you have seen this intruder?

**STEN:** Correct. And I have gone through a medical examination.

**ZH'RHEEN:** It is my understanding that other Vulcan's have seen this entity.

**STEN:** Correct.

**ZH'RHEEN:** Does this being have a capabilities that Ensign **Porkins** has ascribed to him?

**STEN:** While I have not seen it exercise such capabilities personally, according to the folk lore, yes.

**ZH'RHEEN:** I will render my decision in one hour.

[When we reassemble; **Cmdr. Sonak** has joined us.]

**CMDR. SONAK:** Among the stole items was an old **idic**; it was a family heirloom. I know for a fact that the **Quarrel** took the item: he was in my **quarters** admiring the **idic**.

**ZH'RHEEN:** I am not going forward with a trial. Ensign **Porkins** will take a supervisory relationship over **Volarus**. [**Kirk** nods his acceptance] We will direct our attention to this **Quarrel**. I'm finding it difficult to accept it is a **Quarrel**, but more likely a creature masquerading as a **Quarrel**.

**SONAK:** We need to direct our efforts to dealing with the alien presence acting as a **Quarrel**.

**KIRK:** Why don't we call his sister in to take care of him?

**SONAK:** Assuming he has a sister.

**PRARC:** Why don't we find out what lesson he's trying to teach us and logically and ethically learn it in an obvious fashion?

## Kirk Quells the Quarrel

**Sten** starts talking to someone we can't see. Then, we all see a 3' tall pale green Vulcan.

**Kirk** talks the **Quarrel** into trying a drink and to revealing himself to everyone. **Quarrel** does agree to a drink. **Yoss** serve us up five **tranyas**.

**QUARREL:** I know this drink. This is an old drink. I did not know you humans had this drink. [clap clap] **Tranya** for everyone!

[A glass of **tanya** appears in front of everyone.]

**QUARREL:** [to **Kirk**] I like you human.

**KIRK:** I like you to, although you have been causing me a bit a strife. Why do you do that? I like to make people happy.

**QUARREL:** When you've been around as long as I have, you find puzzles so you're not as bored anymore.

**KIRK:** So you create puzzles and then solve them.

**QUARREL:** [clapping his hands] I create the puzzles, then you solve them.

[**Nigel** seems panicked; he runs out of the **Blue Lotus**. I drink his **tranya**.]

**KIRK:** So, are you feeling any physiological effect from the **tranya**?

**QUARREL:** I am not a physical being.

**KIRK:** So you can appear as anything.

**QUARREL:** Yes, but I like this form. Vulcans are so much more challenging.

**KIRK:** You should check out the Romulans. They're [pointing] over there.

**QUARREL:** What are they like?

**KIRK:** [looks at Sten]

**STEN:** They're like Vulcans. But very secretive and warlike.

**QUARREL:** Very well. I am curious about these "Romnians" — "Romulans". I will see what puzzles I can create there.

**PRARC:** Fix the repli... [the **Quarrel** disappears] Argh!

## Kirk Is a Hero

**Kirk** is called in front of **zh'Rheen** and **Sonak**.

**SONAK:** Am I to understand that you sent a being of discord and mischief into the **Romulan empire**?

**ZH'RHEEN:** [who might be almost smiling] I believe we will keep this out of official records. A creative solution, **Kirk**.

## Drax On Human Nature

**Drax** runs into **Porkins** at the **Blue Lotus**.

**KIRK:** You just missed the **tranya**.

**DRAX:** **Tranya** is for children. I like a human drink: **long island tea**.

**KIRK:** **Long island tea** is it.

**DRAX:** I wanted to commend you on the way you handled the **Volarus** situation.

**KIRK:** Thanks.



**DRAX:** I should let you know, I will be keeping an eye on the boy.

**KIRK:** He is under my care; I will try to keep him on the straight and narrow.

**DRAX:** You humans thinks that people can change. Well people are born good or bad, and there is nothing we can do to change that. If he is bad, I will get him.

**KIRK:** We have a difference of opinion. If he does something terrible, I hope that you do get him.

2 cp base, +1 for contributing to Quarrel case (Porkins +1 bonus for Romulan solution)

## 2+ Month Time Jump

Players have 100 hours on the job = 1 point in "on the job" skill of player's choice.

200 hours of DMA training = 2 points in any skills or techniques included in the training.

Similarly, I'm allowing players to spend up to 3 additional points in any skill of their choosing, including job-related and DMA training.

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# TBD

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## Fasarius Follies

Tuesday, February 1, 2022

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.09.12**

**Deep Space Station One** is located 46 light years from Earth, near the outer edge of Federation space in the "northwest" area of the Alpha Quadrant. The station was constructed in 2246 in the Delta Sector, near the Deltan system, and its design served as a prototype for later K-series deep space stations. DS-1 is central to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the First Federation and other worlds located beyond the current perimeter of Federation space.

### STATION NEWS

As of **7009.01**, several Starfleet vessels have been permanently assigned to duty at DS-1. Refer to the list of [DS-1 Starships](#) for more information.

The **DS-1 Trading Post** is once again open and operating on the Recreation Deck. Managed by [Volarus](#), the shop will continue to sell and trade in collectibles and other items from across the galaxy.

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

On **7009.14**, a convocation of Federation historians will gather on DS-1 for a weeklong conference. Ambassador Balok of the First Federation is scheduled to address the conference. Several Federation and Starfleet luminaries are anticipated to attend, including Admiral James T. Kirk, Director of Starfleet Operations, and Aurelian historian [Aleek-Om](#).

## The Past Two Months

Things have been pretty dull. **Commodore Stocker** pestered **Nigel Pomilla**. Some “five star” ships showed up and kept **Kirk Porkins** busy for a while.

There is a big history conference coming up. Apparently The **First Federation** will be featured this year. There will be plenty of activity

I am **Chief of the Flight Deck** now. I work closely with **Chief of the Cargo Deck, Chief Gains**, and his crew. My crew hasn’t warmed up to me yet, but they’re competent and I don’t anticipate any problems.

To ensure all shuttles are space worthy, I authorize replacement over repair when such would be more expedient. We can always repair the removed parts later at our leisure.

## Breakfast at the Blue Lotus

**Porkins** is busied by the needs of the conference. **Kirk** is looking for rare booze, in anticipation of some of his high-end guest’s proclivities. Nothing illegal, mind you.

**KIRK**: Would you have happened to come across any interesting booze?

**PRARC**: Possibly. What’s in it for me?

**KIRK**: Solidifying bonds of friendship.

**PRARC**: And I’m invited to any good parties.

**KIRK**: Sure.

**PRARC**: I’ll see what I can do.

## Yeoman Sten

**Sten** has been pulled into **Commodore Stocker’s** realm of the bizarre. **Sten** actually seems eager about the assignment! **Dr. Favor** encourages **Sten** to watch **Stocker’s** diet. It seems the commander of the station can’t be trusted to feed himself.

## Pomilla’s Puzzle

For eight weeks **Pomilla** has been receiving and analyzing “**the message**”.

Two weeks into it, **Lt. T’Pra** noticed all the recourses that **Nigel** had been tapping. Soon after, she left the station on personal leave. No idea when she’ll return.

Who might fill **Lt. T’Pra**’s shoes? Not **Flannigan**! She considers not doing overtime as slacking off. But **Flannigan** did design the **Theta Array**, so she’s excellent and she expects excellence.

As **the message** repeats, **Pommilla** is sure he has all of it. And, encryption is proceeding. **Nigel** thinks part of the data is a program, whose purpose is to unpack (execute?!) the rest of the data. If **Nigel** set up a virtual machine to run this program, it’s almost certain to be noticed.

**Nigel** gets the idea to use non-station computers.

**NIGEL:** **Prarc**, what kind of ships are in our bays?

**PRARC:** Mostly shuttles. Nothing bigger that 3 shuttles could fit.

**NIGEL:** So, **Lt. Cmdr. Sovek** is now in charge of **Astrophysics & Stellar Imaging**. He’s had quite a career: Yorktown, Kongo. In 2240 (30 years ago) his father disappeared; so **Sovek** never knew his father. He requested the change to **DS1**

**PRARC:** Why would he do that?



## LT. CMDR. SOVEK

Lieutenant Commander  
Director of Astrophysics & Stellar  
Imaging  
Deep Space Station K-1

Former Senior Communications Officer  
aboard USS *Kongo*, **Sovek** was transferred  
to DS-1 and appointed Director of  
Astrophysics & Stellar Imaging on 7009.11.

**NIGEL:** I think **Stocker** had **T’Pra** removed from the station.

**PRARC:** Wasn’t she involved in domestic abuse?

**STEN:** No, and that is a private matter.

For what it’s worth, **Lt. Sava** is also off the station.

## Nigel Updates Stocker

**STOCKER:** I'm not sure if you're aware, but **Admiral Kirk** will be on the station.

**NIGEL:** Oh.

**STOCKER:** I met **Kirk**, when he was a Captan. **Lt. Bailey** will (**Ambassador Bailey**: I still think of him as Lieutenant—cadet actually) will be back as well.

## Back at the Blue Lotus

**NIGEL:** The **Sensors Dept.** yesterday noted that something left Federation Space (passed Federation sensor buoys) traveling at Warp 1, headed for **DS1**. If it maintains course it will get here in 8 days.

**PRARC:** [Receiving in incoming message.] The **Fesarius** is here! I gotta go.

**STEN:** Do you need any help finding this alcohol?

**PRARC:** Sure. [rushes off to the flight deck to see what's what with the **Fesarius**.]

**STEN:** [mumbles something about **Denevan whiskey**]

## Flight Deck

**MADIGAN:** The crews worked through the night. They found out what was wrong with the **nacelle**: a slight neutrino imbalance in one of the coils. I clever crewman thought the problem had to be one of the coils and found the problem by doing a level 3 diagnostic.

**PRARC:** Well done, man!

**MADIGAN:** Ya, he saved us blowing a ton of fabricator time on making a new **nacelle**.

A request comes in: a **shuttle** from the **Fesarius** is coming in! **Bay 37** is empty so I send them there.

The turbo lift door swishes open. In full dress uniform, the three **DS1** top officers and **Lt. Cmdr Chin**, in full dress uniform, walk in.

I inform **Kirk**, **Sten**, and **Nigel** that this is the place to be.

The ship arrives and **Ambassador Bailey** steps off (after being with **Balok** for the last four years). **Balok** floats (not walks) along just behind him — no, he's in some kind of antigrav chair.

The **Commodore** and **zh'Reen** greet him.

**BALOK:** [Noticing me] Ah, this is a Tellarite. I've always wanted to meet a Tellarite.

**PRARC:** Well, you've met one.

**BALOK:** Maybe I'll see you at dinner? [Looking at Stocker] Will the Tellarite be joining us at dinner?

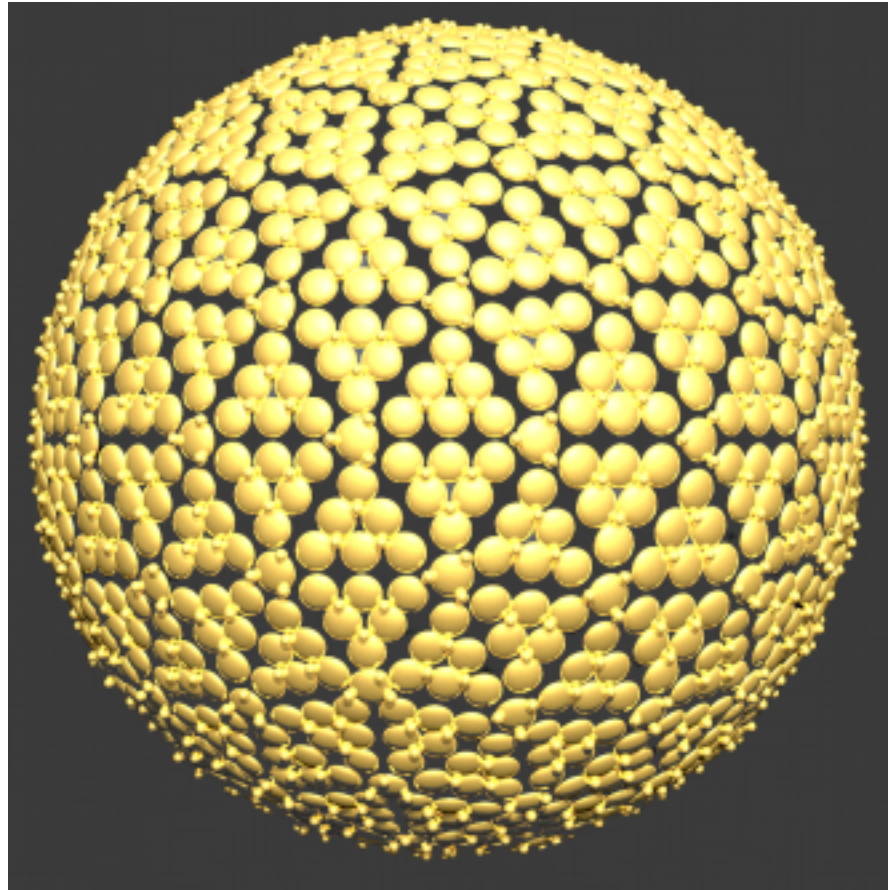
**STOCKER:** That can be arranged.

**BALOK:** Excellent. [Looking at Prarc.] Then I'll see you there.

[**Balok, Bailey,** and the big brass leave the fight deck.]

**MADIGAN:** [looking at the massive **Fesarius**] How'd you like to fight that thing?

**PRARC:** We wouldn't stand a chance.



## Finding Booze

**Chief Gains** is not distracted by the **Fesarius**.

**KIRK:** **Chief Gains**, I have a special request from the **Commodore**. He wants to impress a friend that will be visiting. You wouldn't happen to have come across any ... **interesting beverages**?

**GAINS:** Ah. **Yoss** has made similar requests of me in the past. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure it's exactly what you're looking for... We had a **freighter** come through; they had some **leaky cargo**. We went on board for an inspection... Well, let me show you what I've got.

[**Gains** takes **Kirk** and **Sten** through door. "Swish." There are some weapons crates.]

**GAINS:** This is where I keep all the contraband. I do happen to have some **Denevan whiskey**.

**STEN:** That will do.

**GAINS:** [pointing to the weapons] **Disruptors**. **Draxy** held the crew for 3 days while we went through their cargo. I gave **Yoss** some **perishable food** that would have gone bad otherwise.

Kirk makes off with a case, 12 bottles, of 13y old **Denevan whiskey**, 2257.

## Fesarius Shuttle

**PRARC:** I want the best passive scan I can get of that **shuttle**. *Passive scans only.* Is that understood?

**MY CREW:** Yes sir: passive scans only.

**PRARC:** **Nigel**, you could help. [to my crew] He might not know what the scans mean, but he can help you get the best possible scans.

[**Nigel** helps with setting up a **passive sensor array**.]

**MY CREWMAN:** [excited and impressed] The **shuttle** is made of a strange alloy. It's much more durable than a **Federation** ship. It's got a hot impulse engine, about 4x the acceleration of **Starfleet**. It could probably do warp 4. Seems to be recently fabricated. [pause] There is **something organic** in there.

**PRARC:** [the crew looking at me expectantly] I will not authorize an active scan. Continue passive scans.

**PRARC:** [on a comm link to **Drax**] **Drax**, I got a **shuttle** in **bay 37** from the **Fesarius**. I need two guards here around the clock: as much to keep the curious away as to keep an eye on this **shuttle**.

**DRAX:** I'm stretched pretty thin for the conference. I'm anticipating plenty of fights.

**PRARC:** *Historian* fights. So what.

**DRAX:** I can give you one guard.

**PRARC:** That will do.

## Delivering Booze

**Kirk** and **Sten** deliver 3 bottles of **Denevan whiskey** (they keep 9 back) to **Commodore Stocker**.

**STOCKER:** [fencing in full garb with a foil] Please forgive my attire. Ah, what have you got there?

**PORKINS:** **Denevan whiskey**, sir.

**STEN:** 2257, a good year.

**PORKINGS:** We could decant it in a most interesting bottle, made of dilithium.

**STOCKER:** “Dilithium” you say?

**STEN:** Your dress uniform is coming along.

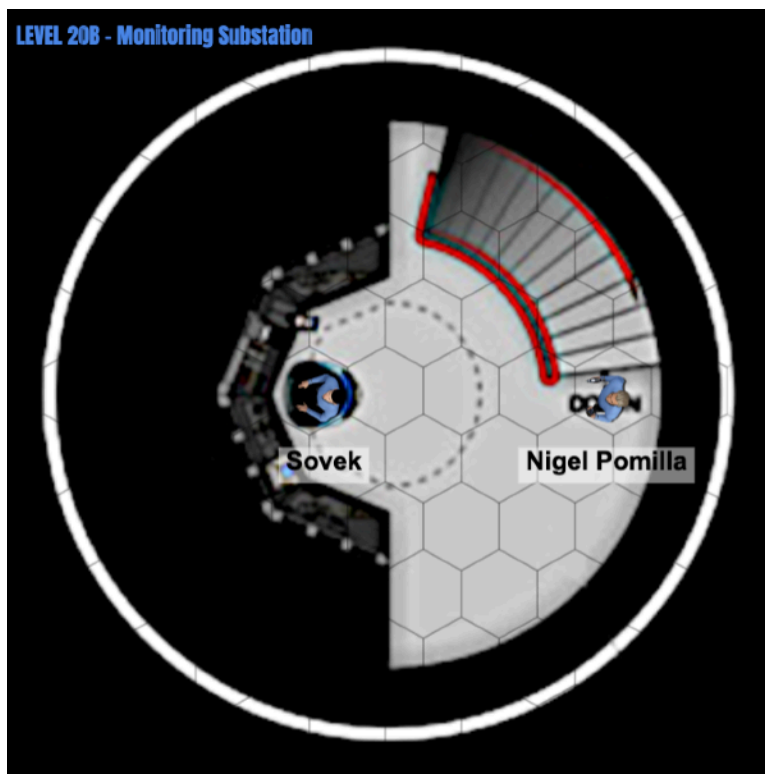
**STOCKER:** Excellent. Maybe I’ll come by the Blue Lotus later...

## Sovek Is on to Nigel

The afternoons go slowly.

**Nigel** show up for his evening shift. **Sovek** is sitting at **Nigel’s** work station.

### Level 208 - Monitoring Substation



*Nigel Pomilla’s tragic lonely place of work.*

**SOVEK:** I was looking at some of the report logs left by **Lt. T’Pra**. I’m interested in what you’ve been up to. About a month ago she spoke to you about this. She set up an audit to monitor you. Your work is excellent and on time. I’m wondering what this analysis is that is taking up so many resources. Is it a personal project?

**NIGEL:** Yes, sir.

**SOVEK:** I chose not to breach any security. I’m merely looking into the usual allocation of resources. You’re not in any trouble, Ensign.

**NIGEL:** I was never worried about being in any trouble.

**SOVEK:** Well, I am curious, if you’re inclined to tell me.

**NIGEL:** Check this out. [shows **Sovek** the data, but does not mention **Commodore Stocker’s** interest/involvement, e.g. his “vision”]

**SOVEK:** Fascinating. [**Sovek** doesn’t seem suspicious; but he’s Vulcan, so who can tell.] This white data is apparently executable code; you agree?

**NIGEL:** Yes.

**SOVEK:** Why have you not shared this with a superior officer?

**NIGEL:** I can not answer that question.

**SOVEK:** I understand wanting to pursue this on you own. What is your next step?

**NIGEL:** I was considering requisitioning resources that would allow me to execute the code without disrupting the array.

**SOVEK:** Well, that would have to be brought up the chain of command. I believe this project is important enough, that your request would be granted. The longer this is kept under wraps, the more suspicious it seems. As your superior officer, I can not keep this unreported forever; but for now, carry on.

**NIGEL:** Before you go, may I ask you a personal question.

**SOVEK:** I suppose. Go ahead.

**NIGEL:** Why did you ask for this assignment?

**SOVEK:** When I learned that **T’Pra** had gone to **Vulcan** for personal reason, I took advantage of the opportunity to get close to the **First Federation**, which I am interested in. I’m ½ Vulcan, so leaving the **Kongo** was not easy.

**Sovel** leaves, leaving **Nigel** all alone, once again, in his tiny workspace. **Nigel** quickly notices that **Sovek** did not log himself out entirely from the work station. **Nigel** resist the temptation to see what he was up to; he log’s **Sovek** out.

## Dress Uniforms at Big Dinner

It’s a grand meal. **Commodore Stocker** is talkative. **Commander Thani zh-Rheen** doesn’t say peep; she would rather be on the **bridge**, I suspect. **Balok** is odd.

**BALOK:** You may enjoy the subtle notes of the aged **Tranya**.

**SONAK:** [to Bailey] I’m interested: how have your five years gone? I expect quite lonely.

**BAILEY:** **Balok** was good company. But it is good to sit around a table with Starfleet officers again.

**LT. CMDR. SOVEK:** [with folder hands in front of him] I’m curious about the number of ships that have been lost in the area.

**BAILEY:** Yes, ships have been lost, but starship are lost everywhere, is this not the case **Commodore Stocker**.



**STOCKER:** Huh? [It's not clear he was listening to the conversation.] Oh yes.

**LT. CMDR. SOVEK:** The number and types of vessel lost in this region of space are statistically significant. [a notable one 15y ago, a couple scouts — lost “near here”, so not necessarily in **First Federation** space]

[My **communicator** chirps. I step away from the table.]

**CREWMAN:** [over communicator] “Sir, the **organic material** in the **shuttle** disappeared.

**PRARC:** Disappeared?

**CREWMAN:** Yes, and at the same time, we detected an energy signal. We think it might have been a transporter beam.

**PRARC:** Can you trace it.

**CREWMAN:** We think it originated within the **shuttle** and beamed something within the **station**.

**PRARC:** Where in the **station**.

**CREWMAN:** We can't tell.

[3 cp, 4 MVP]

# Biomass Bloviation

## Dinner Interrupted

**PRARC:** **Balok**, what do you know about an undetermined amount of **biomass** that just beamed off your **shuttle**?

**BALOK:** [doesn't answer, seems unconcerned]

**BAILEY:** But that's impossible.

**PRARC:** [to **Kirk**] Contact your pretty-boy **REED** and tell him we've got an intruder alert.

I gather **Kirk**, **Nigel**, **Sten**, and **Ambassador Bailey** and we make our way to the **bay** containing the **Fesarius shuttle**. I grab my glass of aged **tranya** before I head out.

## Biomass Detected

**Reed** and some security crewman join us in the shuttle bay.

**PRARC:** I'm authorizing active scans. Find that **biomass**; it's our top priority.

**NIGEL:** I think I've got it. I'm detecting ... something, some **biomass**—on another **deck**. The scan's are not getting a solid reading.

## Biomass Thawed

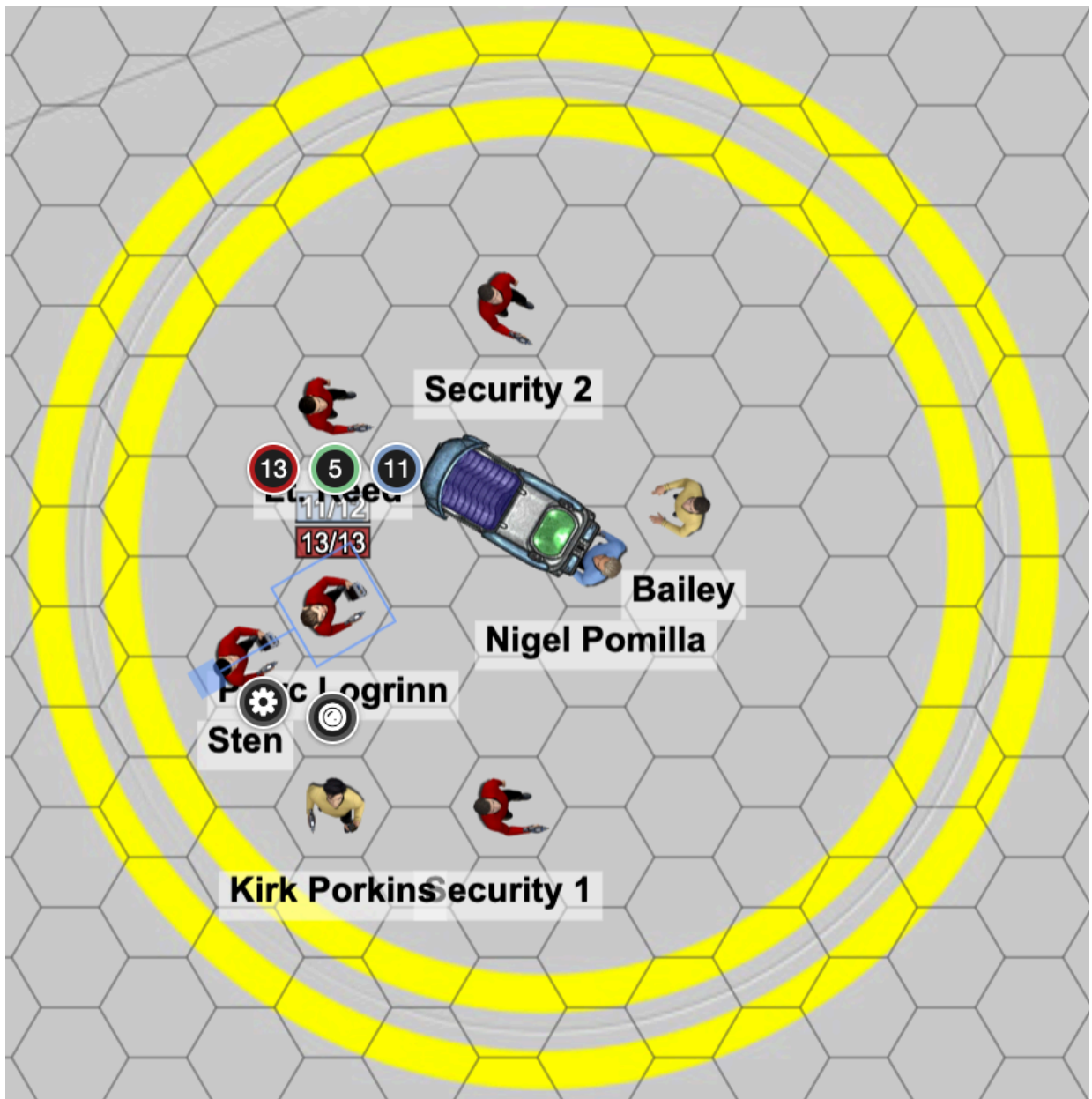
Myself, **Kirk**, **Nigel**, **Sten**, **Bailey**, **Lt. Reed** and a few security make our way to the **deck** with the mysterious **biomass**. We find some kind of small **machine**.

**PRARC:** [drawing his phaser] Assume the **intruder** is hostile, but don't make the first aggressive move. **Nigel**, **Sten**, find out what that is and what's inside of it?

**KIRK:** Is somebody in there?

**NIGEL:** [scanning with his **tricorder**] Yes, there is somebody in here.

Cryo/Life Pod



**PRARC:** [on comms] **Dr. Favor**, someone in a **cryostasis tube** has just beamed off the **Fesarius's shuttle**. I think you better get down here.

Dr. Favor and Lt. Starling (MED) don't wait any time getting here. With Nigel and Sten's help, they safely open the cryochamber.

Kirk: Who is it? Does he look exactly like Bailey?

Dr. Favor: He does not. [The guy in cryo has salt-and-pepper hair, nice beard] This man is bit bigger than Bailey.

Stowaway: [Waking up] Take me to the Commodore. [He sits up in the cryotube revealing a tattoo on the back of his neck. Kirk recognizes it as an Orion tattoo.]

Dr. Favor: Calm down; calm down. You're severely dehydrated and your body is low in metabolic fluid.

Kirk: [on comms, about to contact...]

Stowaway: No, you can't let them know I'm here.

Kirk: [pausing before contacting anyone] Which who? Nice tattoo.

Lt. Starling: I think I recognize this man. He left right after I transferred to the station. He used to run the trading post.

Kirk contacts his little klepto buddy, Volarus

Sten: I believe this was some kind of modified escape pod or cryochamber. A single-use transporter has been added to it.

Nigel: This [pointing] is a sensor scatterer, made in the Federation. This is why we could never get good reading.

Volarus: The Horatio left the station over a year ago. That is Gideon Mercator.

zh'Reen and her attendants arrive and we will her in on what's happened. Dr. Favor takes our story zh'Reen puts me in charge of the investigation; she does have occasional flashes of brilliance.

## **Shuttle Entered**

Nigel: There isn't much space in there.

Prarc: [approaching the shuttle with Lt. Reed] Is it locked? Are there any boobytraps?

Nigel: I don't think so.

Reed accesses the side door and enters the shuttle. Prarc follows close behind. There are two seats: one for a pilot and one for a passenger. There is a door in the back that leads to the engine compartment.

Nigel: [moving about with his tricorder] I detects no unusual DNA traces, even in the engineering area, which is the only place that cryopod could have got unnoticed. [continuing to scan] Energy readings do indicate that the cryo pod was beamed onto the ship—probably while it was in transit; then later it beamed itself off the shuttle. The transport of the cryo-pod could have taken a powerful beam; I doubt the transporter was of Federation make.

Our working theory is that the escape pod was beamed onto the shuttle from a third, as yet unknown ship. We work on possibly matching any of the tech on the cryo-pod to any ships.

## Vagus Intreats

Sten and Nigel seem like they're on top of the technical research, so I stop by the dinner (it's over, but they're still cleaning up) grab two glasses of aged tranya, and head over to Kirk in sickbay.

Horatio Vagus [aka Gideon Mercator]: Am I on DS1?

Lt. Starling: Easy: you're still weak.

Vagus: Volarus, my boy! How have you been?

Volarus: [timidly from behind Kirk & I] Fine, sir.

Kirk: Give me a good reason why we should trust you.

Vagus: The Fesarians; they aren't what they seem to be. They've had me prisoner over there the past year.

Kirk: Why?

Vagus: Because I know the truth about the man. It's important I talk to the Commodore.

Kirk: [Contacting Commodore Stocker via comms]

zh'Rheen: This is zh'Reen. What have you found out.

Kirk: It's Gideon Mercator, aka Horatio Vagus. He's insisting that he speak to Commodore Stocker.

zh'Reen: I'll be right there.

zh'Reen arrives moments later and we fill her in.

zh'Reen: Move Vagus to the brig. No one is to have any further contact with him.

Prarc: [whispering] Say what he want into my Tricorder; I'll see that it gets to Stocker.

Horatio: [Thinks for a moment then shakes his head "no".]

zh'Reen leaves.

Prarc: [over come] Sten, find Stocker and inform him personally that Fesarius shuttle stowaway is Gideon Mercator he is insisting to talk to him.

Sten: By the way, that escape pod and cryo tech is not Federation.

Nigel: The sensor scattering tech was good, but not Starfleet good. The two transporter signals—one that beamed the pod onto the shuttle and one that beamed it off—do match. The energy that powered the first transporter/energy beam is beyond that of any Federation starship. That the beam must have come from a really big ship nearby, or a nearby planet.

## **Stocker Appearance**

Sten and Nigel find Commodore Stocker in his quarters.

Stocker: Gentlemen, sorry that fine meal was interrupted.

Sten: Sir, the Fesarius shuttle stowaway is Gideon Mercator. He is insisting to talk to him.

Stocker: Have you reported this to Lt. Cmdr. zh'Reen? I don't know this gentlemen.

Nigel: He claims to have been a prisoner of the First Federation of the past year. He claims the First Federation isn't what they claim to be. For all we know...

Stocker: Yes?

Nigel: For all we know he might know something about this signal from the First Federation.

Stocker: Really? Well, let me tell you... No, let's go.

Vagus Makes His Case

Prarc: [to Volarus] Are you afraid of Horatio?

Volarus: He has a temper. And, he's a very good liar.

[Sten and Nigel arrive with Commodore Stocker]

Stocker: I'm Commodore Stocker.

Vagus: I've never met you, but you look like Commodore Stocker.

Stocker: What do you have to tell me.

Vagus: Send the boy out.

Vagus: I encountered another ship, very large, like the Fesarius. They took my vessel and imprisoned me. They never tried me; they kept me healthy and fed, but never answered any questions.

They eventually let me out of my room, where I met other prisoners, some of whom I think were Starfleet. During those brief times, we hatched a plan to use my escape pod.

About 6 weeks ago they started questioning us about Deep Space 1, Starfleet Security protocols. They might have got the information they needed, because they stopped asking me about that kind of thing and started asking me about the stuff I deal with.

One of the guys I occasionally talked to: he knew enough I think he was a Starfleet officer. He got some information, hacked a computer or something, and I volunteered to ride the cryo-tube to freedom.

Commodore: Let me tell you what Balok told me. You're wanted for several crimes in the First Federation, including murder.

Vagus: They said the Fesarius is their only ship. They have more.

Kirk: ah-hem. This gentleman is a know prevaricator. If he might submit to a Vulcan mind meld.

Vagus: No mind meld; but I'll submit to any other technology you might have.

Nigel: Could you describe the individual you believe to have been a Starfleet officer.

Vagus: Brown hair, 140#, 5' 8-10", male, brown eyes, no scars on his hands or face.

Kirk: Any speech mannerisms.

Vagus: Now that you mention it, he used to speak in an old Earth tongue: Navaho.

Stoker: Do you have any idea what you found that made them so interested in you.

Vagus: I have no idea. I had only visited three of four systems. I was getting close to their home system when another Fesarius ship took my ship. I think it's the ship that's outside the station right now.

To my knowledge they never harmed me nor anyone else. They had some sort of technology that interfered with our thoughts. If you started getting angry, you would calm down. You could remember your name, but you couldn't say it. I tried to write my name in the dirt, and was unable to do so.

We did figure out a way to communicate to each other. There was this Starfleet officer, and Human Federation male, a maybe Alpha Centaurian male.

Stoker: Why did you ask for me specifically?

Vagus: I'm not sure you want me to answer this in mixed company.

Stoker: Those in this room are Starfleet officers in good standing. I trust them.

Vagus: I was asked about you repeatedly. They ask my fellow prisoners about you as well. They are very interested in you.

## **Researching Vagus's Story**

There were about 2 dozen that spoke Navaho, but they're all in linguistics. Nigel's data comes down to one likely candidate: over 40 years old, knows Navaho, missing. Qalataqa Ahote, Sovek's father! Graduated in 2246; he had a good service record. Went missing in 2253. Was in command of an early Miranda class: Shanghai. All personnel declared legally dead 4 years ago.

Sten gives Vagus pics of all the Navaho linguists and Ahote.

Vagus: This looks like him, but he looks younger here. [Nigel gives him photos of Shanghai personnel. He recognized Lt. Jana Anderson and Lt. Carl Janson (SEC).]

Stocker: What Vagus broached is well know to others in Starfleet. What I'm about to tell you is classified. We know that there are other Fesarius ships. The Thea project is to keep an eye on them.

Nigel: My I be given system resources to decode "the message".

Stocker: Do you think it's related to the current incident?

Nigel: No necessarily, but any information we can get about the First Federation has to be of help.

Stocker: The Fesarians are very cagey. And given how eager the Federation is in matters of diplomacy, we have given them much more about us than they have about themselves.

Meanwhile, something will be passing by the Thea array in about 24 hours.

[3 cp, 4 MVP Nigel]

### Missing Ships



# Bailey or Vagus?

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.09.13**

## Morning Comes

**Kirk Porkins** is anxious to meet **Admiral James Kirk**.

**KIRK:** **Sten**, could you please let me know when **Admiral James Kirk's** ship docs, because I'm a raving fanboy for that dude.

**STEN:** Have you got any projects or work that **Kirk** might be interested in?

**KIRK:** **Denevan whiskey?** **Yoss's wives?**

**PRARC:** [Checking the day's work order: I have several big ships coming in; one is from **Delta**.]

**Kirk**, a **Deltan ship** is arriving today. I'll let you know when they're here.

## Flight Deck

My crew are talking about the incident.

**PRARC:** What do you know about it?

**UNDERLING:** Well, I was here when things went down. I know some **biomass** was beamed off the **shuttle**.

I figure letting them speculate a bit is better than ordering them not to discuss it and make the topic even more irresistible.

## Stocker's Ire

**STEN:** I believe him.

**STOCKER:** That a starfleet officer was held on the ship for 40 years. I tell you it offends me to my very soul. (Shanking his fist.) You're friends with that **Kirk**?

**STEN:** Yes.

**STOCKER:** He's friends with that boy that knows **Vagus**.

**STEN:** Yes.

**STOCKER:** If he could get more information from the man: if he knows anything else, if he's lying. I'm not ordering you, or **Kirk**; but more information about the **Fesarians** could be vital.



## Blue Lotus

**KIRK:** [to some arguing **civilian Tellarites**] This better not get beyond the level of raised voices, or you'll have to leave.

**STEN:** How about getting **Volarus** to talk to **Vagus**...

**KIRK:** He might have some some questions of his own for **Vagus**. I'll ask him, but I won't force him.

**STEN:** I wouldn't want you to.

## Volarus's Shop

**KIRK:** Would you be willing to talk to **Vagus** or **Mercator** or whatever you like to call him. You don't have to if you don't want to.

**VOLARUS:** Is it important.

**KIRK:** If the **Fesarians** are behind half a dozen missing **starships** and **100's of crew** held hostage, yes, very important. If this is just another of **Vagus's** lies, then no.

**VOLARUS:** I'm not afraid of **Vagus**, he just makes me uncomfortable. What do you want me to ask him?

**KIRK:** We just want to verify his story.

**VOLARUS:** Is it hard for humans to tell if someone is lying?

**KIRK:** Yes.

**VOLARUS:** Oh, well I don't find it that difficult.

## Brig

**KIRK:** [to security crewmen in the hallway] What are you doing out here?

**CREWMAN:** Lt. **Commander Sovek** order me her, sir.

**KIRK:** Lt. **Cmdr.**, if we've interrupted, we can come back.

**SOVEK:** Not at all. I was just finishing up.

**VAGUS:** [smiles when he sees **Kirk**, **Sten**, and **Volarus** enter]

**VOLARUS:** [smiling] How are you **Gideon**?

**VAGUS:** Well. Have they been taking good care of you?

**VOLARUS:** Yes, ever since you left me.

**VAGUS:** Oh, sorry my boy.

**VAGUS:** This poor boy was in a colony that was harassed by some **Orions**. I tried to help him; **Volarus** made quite an impression on me.

**KIRK:** I've been sponsoring **Volarus** for **Federation** citizenship.

**VAGUS:** Excellent, my boy! Thank you, **Kirk**.

**VOLARUS:** Are you lying about the **Fesarians**?

**VAGUS:** I wouldn't lie about this. As much as I've been on the wrong side of the law, I've never crossed any lines with **Starfleet**.

**KIRK:** You have been accused of murder by the **FESARIANS**.

**VAGUS:** I assure you, **Kirk**, I've never killed anyone except in self defense; and I've never killed any **Fesarians**. I'm not sure what I did to them.

**KIRK:** Who knows what upsets a giant baby race that runs around in giant starships.

**VAGUS:** I don't think the **Balok** is in charge over there. Are you familiar with Earth history? A tactic was to send a weak looking emissary to gather information, prior to conquering them. I think the **First Federation** has been watching us a lot longer than we've been watching them.

**Kirk** believes **Vagus** is being truthful, but he hasn't told us everything.

**KIRK:** Well, the **brig** is one of the safest places on the **station**. And you seem to be good at skating mild to moderate charges. There's not much I can do; but should you need anything, let me know.

**VAGUS:** I believe **Commodore Stoker** to be an honorable man. I'm comfortable waiting for with **Starfleet** decides.

**KIRK:** [handing him a **flask**] I've never met a Starfleet officer that carried a **hip flask** [looking down] or wears **blue-suede shoes**.

**VAGUS:** And you're an interesting Vulcan.

**STEN:** You're a well informed individual. Most people just assume all **Vulgans** are alike.

**VAGUS:** Well, I'm guilty of that as much as anybody, but I've spent some time among **Vulgans**, albeit under less than pleasant circumstances.

**KIRK:** Do you prefer **Vagus** or **Mercator**?

**VAGUS:** *Vagus* will be fine. That is my name.

## Deltan Shuttle

It's a big ship. It docks. An older looking **Deltan** approaches.

**QASHAM:** I am delegate **Qasham**.

**PRARC:** **Ensign Logrinn**. Welcome to **DS1**.

**Qasham** goes back into the **Deltan** ship and returns, escorting about a dozen **Deltans** off the **shuttle**. As they walk across the deck, my **Human crewman** stop work and watch, mesmerized. In about a half hour, the scene is repeated, but they're all a bit younger,

**DR. RAQUAR:** I'm **Darek**, the senior scientist. You are a **Tellarite**?

**PRARC:** I am.

**DR. RAQUAR:** I'm a specialist in **Tellarite** history. Are you the senior **Tellarite** on the **station**?

**PRARC:** There are others who have been on the **station** longer.

**DR. RAQUAR:** I would love to meet with any **Tellarites** while I'm here.

**PRARC:** I will see what I can do. How may I contact you?

**DR. RAQUAR:** [Gives **Prarc** contact information] I am **Dr. Raquar**. I am **Deltan's** chief and only specialist in **Tellarite** history.

**PRARC:** As the only, you would be the chief.

**DR. RAQUAR:** Your hair is rather thin. Isn't most **Tellarites** fur thicker? [His attempt at an insult falls flat.] I am delivering a paper on when the **Tellariates** joined the **Federation**. I would be honored if you would attend and let me know if I get anything wrong.

**PRARC:** Well, I'm quite busy; so if I'm not there, don't take offense.

## Volars Vocalizes

**KIRK:** So, was **Vagus** lying about anything?

**VOLARUS:** Not about the **Fesarians**. If he was being evasive, it was about the **Orions**. He's never talked about what happened with them. He hates them. Whatever they did to him, it was bad.

**KIRK:** I have some idea what that might have been.

**VOLARUS:** When he says he doesn't know why the **Fesarians** picked him up—that wasn't true.

**KIRK:** I hope the experience wasn't too unpleasant.

**VOLARUS:** He has changed. I can't quite say what it is.

**KIRK:** If it's brain washing, that's bad. But if it's getting past his rage, that's good.

**VOLARUS:** I'm having lunch with him. Maybe he'll tell me something along that he wouldn't in front of everyone else.

**KIRK:** And if you tells you anything you're not conformable sharing with he, you don't have to tell me.

**VOLARUS:** I must get back to my shop.

## Stocker's Quarters

**KIRK:** **Volarus** and I spoke to **Vagus**. He believes there are **Federation** and **Starfleet** individuals are being held by the **Fesarians**. Whether it's true, I don't know; but he believes it.

**STEN:** It would be nice rule out brain watching. Maybe **Dr. Favor** could do some kind of brain scan.

**STOCKER:** [via comms] **John! George** here, **John**.

**DR. FAVOR:** What can I do for you **Commodore**?

**STOCKER:** I'm going to send you some eager Ensigns. They are operating with my consent.

**DR. FAVOR:** Ha! More cloak and dagger.

## Sick Bay

**NURSE STARLING:** [highly attractive walks passed] **Ensign Sten. Ensign Porkins.**

**DR. FAVOR:** [raised eyebrow] **Ensign Porkins. Ensign Sten.** What brings you here?

**STEN:** We need some brain scans done on **Vagus**. We're hoping to rule out any possibility of mental manipulation.

**KIRK:** He has not consented to a mind meld.

**DR. FAVOR:** Well, I don't do that. Bring him on in.

## Kirk and Kirk

**STOCKER:** Well, I think I can arrange for Kirk to be the dinner table when Kirk arrives—tomorrow sometime.

Tellarite Plans

**DRAX:** **Chief Gess** and my assistant are all the **Tellarites** onboard. We could have **Yoss** whip up some traditional **Tellarite food**.

**PRARC:** Excellent idea! I'll have **Kirk** ask him; **Yoss** never refuses him.

## Blue Lotus Dinner

There is a hush when four **Deltans** walk in and are seated, all bald heads, wearing **diplomatic badges**.

**YOSS:** If you don't feel you're up to it, I can go wait on them.

**KIRK:** No, I've got it. I'd rather you keep you focused on the upcoming **Kirk** dinner. [Kirk feels that there is something more to the **Deltans** than their just being so hot: pheromones.]

**MALE DELTAN:** We are with the **Deltan** diplomatic delegation. This is... Do you have any **vegetarian fare**?

**KIRK:** I'm sorry, what were you wanting?

**MALE DELTAN:** We do not eat animal flesh. We would like vegetarian food.

**KIRK:** Do you want vegetarian food, or we have synthetic meat.

**MALE:** Real vegetable, if that is possible.

**KIRK:** I'm sure **Yoss** will have anything.

**FEMALE DELTAN:** Excuse me. I've heard of a drink: **Scotch**?

**KIRK:** We don't have **Scotch**, but we do have some nice **Denevan whisky**. It's not from the **Scotland** region of **Earth**, but it's very close.

**YOSS:** Do you have any idea what **Kirk** might like for desert?

**KIRK:** **Crème brûlée**? It's cream and sugar and a blow torch. You can look up the recipe.

**YOSS:** Oh, I don't have a ... blow torch.

**KIRK:** [via comms] Does engineering have a blow torch. I don't need to weld anything, it's for cooking.

**PRARC:** Sure.

## Vagus Prognosis

**DR. FAVOR:** His **amygdala** looks ... It looks like a residual effect of suppressing his more extreme passions.

**Sten** is worried about what might become of **Vagus** and researches what extradition to the **First Federation**. Turns out, there is nothing known about the **Fesarius** justice systems. There is a little bit about some of the worlds of the **First Federation**. Much of the information is 50+ years old.

## No Yoss For Dinner

**STEN:** **Porkins**, I'm going to need some help. I need **Ambassador Bailey** away from everyone else so I can ask him some questions.

**KIRK:** [on comms to **Yoss**] Could your wives maybe show some interest in **Kirk** and **Bailey**? I'm sure **Kirk** will be no problem; I mean if I were even a little bit gay... But **Ambassador Bailey**...

**YOSS:** I'm sorry, **Kirk**; neither I nor my wives are invited to this dinner.

Kirk Porkin's, comically, attempts to remedy the situation.

**KIRK:** **Commodore**, could **Yoss** and his **wives** be invited to **Kirk's** dinner.

**STOCKER:** That's an unusual request. I was planning on a small dinner. Is there some reason?

**KIRK:** **Yoss's** wives are extremely good company, and if there is any information to be had, **Yoss's** wives could get it out of them.

**STOCKER:** Are you asking me to use **Yoss's wives** to vamp **Ambassador Bailey**. I'm delighted by your zeal, but I am not adding Yoss nor his wives to the guest list.

## Bailey Talks

**Sten** and I pay **Bailey** a visit in **Balok's quarters**. **Bailey** hasn't been seen much since the dinner when **Vagus's life pod** beamed itself out of **Balok's shuttle**.

**BAILEY:** It is a habit of his people to talk in a circuitous manner. I've learned by doing. The **Fesarians** have a very formal way of interacting with each other that others would find evasive, but it's not that to them.

**BAILEY:** So, Lt. Cmdr. Sovek has a personal stake, and Balok is aware of this now and all is forgiven. Cmdr. zh'Reen and I have been talking about the Vagus matter.

**STEN:** Is there anything about their justice system that would keep us from handing over Vagus.

**BAILEY:** There are a couple problems with their system. They aren't a cruel culture, they don't execute, but life in prison is a thing. Some crimes we consider minor they consider significant.

**PRARC:** I read about your and **Kirk's** initial encounter with **Balok**. Is that how they usually deal with first contacts?

**BAILEY:** I did study their methods of first contact. They peaked a thousand years ago. A previous civilization, aggressive in their approach, resulted in the **Fesarians** developing this method of first contacts: they don't want to seem diminutive.

**PRARC:** What do you think would have happened to the **Enterprise** if **Kirk** hadn't of come up with his gambit?

**BAILEY:** I suspect they would have captured and studied the **Enterprise**. This is why I have trouble believing **Vagus's** story. When they met **Kirk's Enterprise**, I think it was their first contact with the **Federation**.

**PRARC:** How many **Fesarians** are in one of these big ships?

**BAILEY:** Each **Fesarian** has one of these ships. Some of these ships have more than one **Fesarian** on them. A **scout ship** like this one, only one pilot. They operate far more autonomously than **Federation** vessels. Their **artificial intelligence**, all their intelligence, is like the **Federation**, but more advanced.

**BAILEY:** Every **Fesarian** I met, four of them, looked and acted like **Balok**. But, their game is one of deception; it's their culture.

**PRARC:** Where you allowed to travel freely about the ship? How much of it did you see?

**BAILEY:** I had unrestricted access to the ship. I saw maybe 10% of it. A great portion of the ship is dedicate to energy production and propulsion.

**PRARC:** How many **Fesarian** ships are there?

**BAILEY:** We made contact with a few other **scout ships**. (They probably have other ships that carry more than one **Fesarian**.) We went around the outskirts of the **First Federation** and made contact with planets there. In the **UFP**, there is a governing body that makes decision. Each **Fesarian** is an autonomous person and his ship is his territory. Anytime they have to make a decision, they either do it on their own, or they have to go around and gather a consensus.

**BAILEY:** They find our methods terribly difficult. If you could get three **Fesarians** to agree, the fourth would disagree on principle—an imposition on his sovereignty.

**STEN:** Do you think Balok felt threatened when we directly question him when he was outnumbered.

**BALOK:** Oh, certainly. [in hushed tone] In fact, I suspect his illness if feigned.

**PRARC:** How long to they live?

**BAILEY:** No idea how old they are. I asked **Balok** once how old he was. “What an impertinent question.” was his answer.

**Sten** is obsessed with making sure **Balok** isn't stressed. So weird.

**PRARC:** So, you're an ambassador. Do you consider yourself a **Federation** ambassador to the **First Federation**, or a **First Federation** ambassador to the **Federation**?

**BAILEY:** I am still a **Starfleet** officer, but I am, at least informally, a member of the **Federation** diplomatic core.

[2 cp, MVP Sten]

# Something Suspicious Going On

**CURRENT DATE: 2270.09.13**

**Deep Space Station One** is located 46 light years from Earth, near the outer edge of Federation space in the "northwest" area of the Alpha Quadrant. The station was constructed in 2246 in the Delta Sector, near the Deltan system, and its design served as a prototype for later K-series deep space stations. DS-1 is central to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the First Federation and other worlds located beyond the current perimeter of Federation space.

## STATION NEWS

As of **7009.01**, several Starfleet vessels have been permanently assigned to duty at DS-1. Refer to the list of [DS-1 Starships](#) for more information.

The **DS-1 Trading Post** is once again open and operating on the Recreation Deck. Managed by [Volarus](#), the shop will continue to sell and trade in collectibles and other items from across the galaxy.

On **7009.14**, a convocation of Federation historians will gather on DS-1 for a weeklong conference. Ambassador Balok of the First Federation is scheduled to address the conference. Several Federation and Starfleet luminaries are anticipated to attend, including Admiral James T. Kirk, Director of Starfleet Operations, and Aurelian historian Aleek-Om.



## Sisalak

### Data Decrypted

It was a great deal of work, but **Nigel Pomilla**, with some help from **Sovek** (**Nigel's** c.o.) and **Lt. Felicia Lux** (Senior Communications Officer) and the go-ahead from **Commodore Stocker** to make use of the station's resources, got the **mysterious data** from the **First Federation** decrypted.

The information — now being called **Sisalak Codex** — is a massive database collecting and collating information concerning the area of space known as the **First Federation**. It is named for the **[Sisalak] civilization**, which created the database and stored it in some fashion prior to their extinction.

Initially received as a mysterious data transmission (referred to as "**The Message**"), the full set of data was compiled and decrypted to reveal an "encyclopedia galactica" of **First Federation** space, including a historical timeline covering over 4,000 years of history. The **codex** includes detailed information regarding the civilizations that once comprised the **First Federation**, with considerable focus on the **Sisalak** themselves as well as the **Fesarians** and the **Vak'eth**, whose warfare caused the destruction of the **Sisalak** civilization.

The **Sisalak** are a race of reptilian humanoids who formerly populated **First Federation** space. Their species was nearly entirely eradicated from **First Federation** space by the **Vak'eth**.

The **Vak'eth** were an intelligent and technologically advanced species who once dominated **First Federation** space. According to information provided to the **Federation** by **Balok** of the **Fesarius**, the **Vak'eth** were violent expansionists who were defeated and destroyed in a massive war over 1,000 years ago. **Balok** notably employed a life-sized



*Dominated by the psionic Fesarians.  
Nearly destroyed by the Vak'eth.*

## Vak'eth



*Overthrown by Fesarians*

model of a **Vak'eth** in an attempt to intimidate **USS Enterprise** during their initial encounter in 2266.

The **Sisalak Codex device**, built by the **Sisalak** and beamed from on the **Sisalak homeward**, was designed to activate when an intelligence got near it.

**NIGEL**: How does this help us?

**SOVEK**: It gives us far more information about the **First Federation** than we've gotten from the **Fesarians**. [He calls up a star map.] For example, these worlds here are missing from maps provided to us by the **Fesarians**; in the **codex**, they are **Sisalak worlds**.

## Interrupting the Commodore's Dinner

**STOCKER**: This will help us with deciding how to deal with the **Fesarians**. Please collate the data so we can learn as much about the **Fesarians** as possible. We've got all these historians here, you might consider enlisting one or more of them.

The **Fesarians** seemed to use some kind of mind control to conquer, as opposed to military might. The **Fesarians** live to be 500 Earth years old. It's possible **Balok** is about 40-50 years old; as he ages, he will begin to look like an adult. Their telepathic abilities don't emerge until they're over 100 years old. They make extensive use of genetic manipulation. The **Fesarians** are a Type II Kardashev civilization.

The first **Sisalak** ship to encounter a **Fesarian** ship was taken inside it.

Of course, all the **codex** information is 1000 years old.

**NIGEL**: What's the news about that ... thing that's on it's way here.

**CO-WORKER**: We're not supposed to say. It passed **the array** and it not only scattered sensors but shut it down for a few hours. They sent the **USS Essex** (CS-09), a Daedalus-class Cruiser, **Capt. Octavia Quinn**—the most expendable ship we have stationed here.

## Waiting for Kirk

20:00

**STOCKER**: Looking forward to tonight?

**KIRK**: [babbles]

**STEN**: Very much so, sir.

## zh'Reen Barks Orders

**ZH'REEN**: [over comms] I need that shuttle from the **Fesarius** ready to go, ASAP.

**PRARC:** [to my men] We need that **shuttle** prepped for takeoff immediately.

**MY TOP TWO GUYS:** We've got it. Internally, this is a Federation ship; so prepping it for flight will be no problem.

**PRARC:** [over comms to **zh'Reen**] That will be no problem, sir. [to my men] Was the ship made from cannibalized **Federation** parts?

**MY TOP TWO GUYS:** No. It's a new ship: some parts were replicated only a month ago.

**SOVEK:** [getting off comms] **ZH'RHEEN** ask them to get a 6-hour job done in 2 hours.

## Dinner With Kirk

**ADMIRAL KIRK:** Sorry I'm late; I had trouble getting this monkey-suit on. [It's fitting a bit tight around the waist.]

**STOCKER:** [Introduces everyone]

**ADMIRAL KIRK:** [Intrigued by **Kirk Porkin's** introduction] Well then, where's the whiskey?

**PORKINS:** Just a moment. [on comms] **Voss**, can you send two bottles of the **Denevon whiskey** up here?

**ADMIRAL KIRK:** You're recent graduates; what did you think of **The Academy**? How was **professor**...

**KIRK PORKINS:** May I speak freely?

**ADMIRAL KIRK:** Sure.

**KIRK PORKINS:** It wasn't nearly as exciting as my first command. [**Kirk Porkings** regales him a slightly embellished tale of the **Cassini Incident**. **Sten** corrects all embellishments. **Admiral Kirk** looks amused.]

**ADMIRAL KIRK:** It sounds like you handled your first command quite well; and it's nice to have a **Vulcan** around to keep you in line.

**KIRK PORKINS:** Sir, during the **Cassini Incident**, I routinely asked myself "What would the **Enterprise** do?" "What would **Captain Kirk** do?" While I was at **The Academy**, I made a **book out of all your mission**. [pulls out what looks like a late 20th century paperback novel] Would you mind signing this?

**ADMIRAL KIRK:** I don't have a pen.

**KIRK PORKINS:** I do.

Yoss's dinner is excellent, not surprisingly.

## Briefed by zh'Rheen

**ZH'RHEEN:** [over comms] Is the **shuttle** ready?

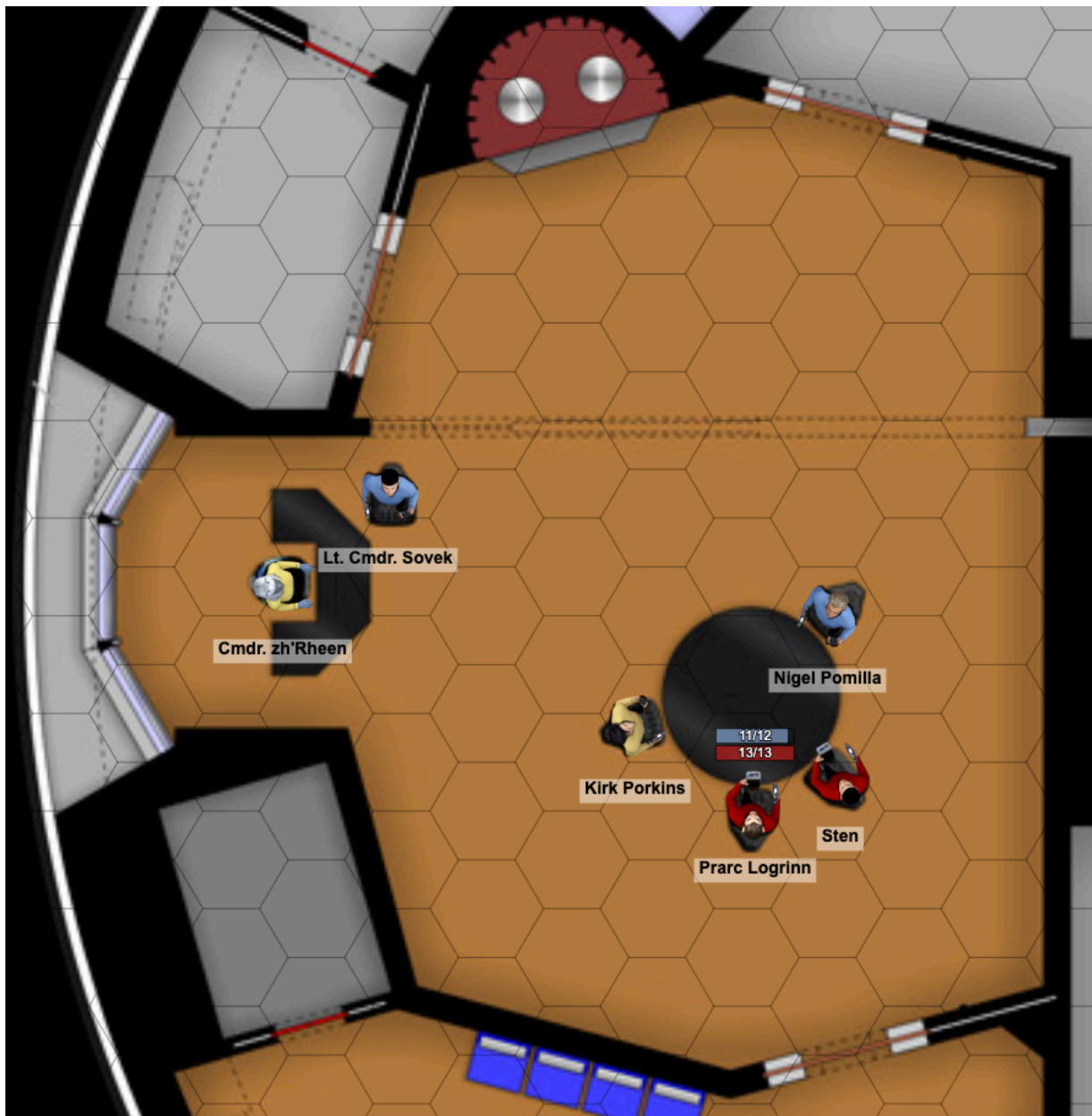
**PRARC:** [getting a signal from my two men] It's ready.

**ZH'RHEEN:** Good. Please report to my office.

**PRARC:** Yes ma'am.

**zh'Rheen** calls **Kirk Porkins** and **Sten** away from their dinner. **Sovek** and **Nigel** as well.

I'm relieved to see the others arrive.



**ZH'RHEEN:** We have determined it is imperative that we determine the veracity of **Vagus's** reports.

**STEN:** We don't have anything conclusive.

**ZH'RHEEN:** Which is why we need more. And everything we do have indicates something suspicious going on. I've decided we need to take some sort of action to see if this is true. Obviously they are advanced; anything we do must of a surreptitious nature. If there are any objections to this, I need to know now.

**STEN:** If we're captured, will we be disavowed.

**ZH'RHEEN:** I'm going to let **Sovek** take things from here. I'm here to let you know that this mission has my sanction. [**zh'Reen** leaves.]

**SOVEK:** This is what we are going to do. **Bailey** and **Ambassador Balok** will be kept busy by the **Commodore** during dinner. We, and **Vagus**, are going to take their **shuttle** over to the **Fesarius**.

**Kirk** is worried about **Volaris** should he not return. **Sten** is worried about **Vagus** being armed. I'm worried that the longer we take get started, the more likely it is that **Balok** will notice his **shuttle's** absence.

**SOVEK:** **Dr. Favor** has been studying their psionic abilities. He has prepared something that should offer us some protection. We're not certain where their psionic influence comes from, **Balok** himself or technology on the **ship**. **Vagus** told me the **ship** "sleeps" most of the time. Once a guy had a heart problem and the **ship** beamed him away; he later returned, healed.

You'll be issued your weapon of choice and a tricorder. I grab a **Type II phaser**, an **engineering tricorder**, and **communicator**. I grab an **ablative jacket** as well.

**STEN:** Any more questions?

**PRARC:** The sooner we leave, the better. Let's get going. [on comms] Clear the bay. [as I pass **my two crewmen**] Don't enter this in the log.

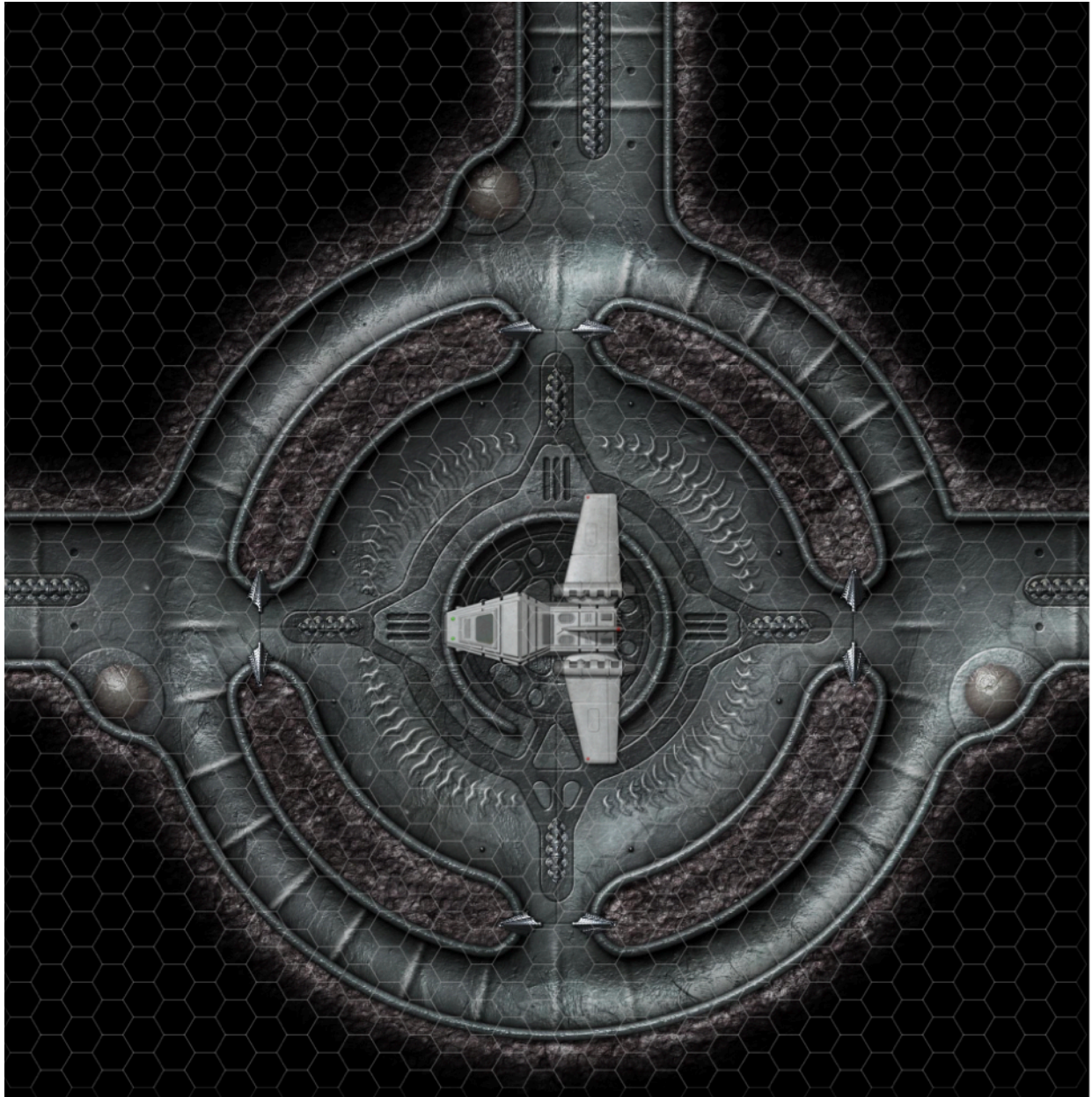
**PRARC:** **Nigel**, you should keep an eye on comms. I'm sure there will be some kind of handshake protocol to get inside the **Fesarius**.

**Sovek** takes the same flight path in that the **shuttle** took leaving it, which takes us to the far side of the **Fesarius**. **Nigel** and **Kirk Porkins** manage to transmit the proper key, and a tractor beam pulls us in to one of its many bubbles. It looks organic: no corners, soft edges, grey. This bubble could hold two constellation class starship, maybe even all of **DS1**.

**PRARC:** This would be the time for a sensor scan. [**Nigel** starts with bio scans.]

**NIGEL:** This bubble we're in is very symmetrical. There are three corridors that lead out, to other bubbles. As far as biosignatures, either entire ship itself is a biological creature (unlikely)

or organic mater is part of the structure of the ship. The atmosphere outside the ship is breathable.



We exit.

**VAGUS:** I've never seen anything like this. I wonder if they've still got my ship in here.

**SOVEK:** **Mr. Vagus,** I suggest you employ your mental efforts to the task at hand.

**VAGUS:** I have no idea where to go from here.

[2 cp, MVP Nigel]

Tuesday, March 8, 2022

# Happy Habitrails

We scan for power flows, hoping it will lead us to a terminal where we can gain some intelligence. The **Fesarius** doesn't seem to have EPS conduits, but "yellow" energy flows through the floor and walls like a web.

**NIGEL:** Let's take the door to starboard

**SOVEK:** No reason not to.

## Nodes

Some kind of force field powers itself down, allowing us to pass. Beyond there is a tunnel and a large glowing orb that is flush with "blue" lattice energy.

**NIGEL:** [scanning] I think this might be some kind of 3-dimensional data set. [Nigel establishes a connection the orb with his tricorder] Huh, towards the end that alien device actually kind of took over and finished the connection. [Poking his tricorder] I can't control anything, but I have access to the Fesarius data. I've got a schematic of the ship. The schematic ... updates—the ship may be altering itself. The exterior bubbles all seem the same size; interior bubbles: some are divided into section.

**PRARC:** That terminal might work psionically. Sovek...

**SOVEK:** I'm only half Vulcan. My psionic ability is no more than some humans. On the other hand...

**PRARC:** Oh ya, **Sten** is such a freak I forget he's a Vulcan sometimes. **Sten**, put your hands on that data node and get to work.

**STEN:** [Putting his hand on the glowing orb; he feels a bit of a jolt. He thinks about some of the prisoners and their images pop up] There are files on the prisoners. I'm getting the impression that they are near the center of the **Fesarius**. I think this data node knows more about this side of the ship than elsewhere.



## Prison Cell

We continue down the tunnel/hallway. We get to a room with a **floating glowing orb**. It turns out to be a prisoner. **Sten**, by touching a nearby glowing orb and concentrating, drops the force field. We free another of its kind. We hope that they will help us free our prisoners.

## Transporter

The **glowing blue orb lifeforms** are able to deactivate these red neurogenic-fields that cover corridor intersections. They lead us to a region that is drawing a lot of power. That power powers a **transporter**. Our **little blue friends** ask **Sten** to free them. **Sten** thinks about the Delta system—the nearest star—and in ¼ the time of a Federation transporter, they are gone.

**Sten** tries to pull a known Federation prisoner to the pad, but it doesn't seem to work that way. So, we all get on the pad and **Nigel** picks one of the big rooms surrounded by many little rooms near the center of the ship. And we're all there.

It's eerily quiet, not much power being used here. We walk down a long corridor, which curves and tilts, but not too obvious due to the artificial gravity. The long corridor is featureless beyond a few **data nodes**. It goes down. We get to large door, like a blast shelter door, there is a **data node** right there.

This time, **Sten** can't seem to make contact with the mechanism. **Nigel** wonders if maybe it doesn't have to be a Vulcan. The blue node turned red under **Nigel's** hand. A shimmering hologram appears: a 6' tall humanoid with a big bald head, looks like an adult Fesarian. It looks us over.

**HOLOGRAM:** I'm sorry, no one is allowed beyond this point. Please return to your rooms.

[It tries to touch our minds.]

**HOLOGRAM:** Very curious. [he disappears]

**PRARC:** Don't go!

The **access node** goes from red back to blue.

## Courtyard

We're not sure what to try next, but we all want to get through this door. The node did turn back to blue.

**PRARC:** I don't know anyone who can withstand **Porkin's** patter. Call that big head back and let **Kirk** do the talking.

**STEN:** Okay, here it goes again.

This time, the door opens. **Vagus** sees his ship and is obsessed.

**VAGUS:** That's my ship. My ship! We should lower the force field and take it out of here.





**STEN:** After we find the other prisoners.

**VAGUS:** Oh, oh yes, of course.

There is also a **blue data node**.

**NIGEL:** [accessing the node with his tircorder] There are several other hangers, but no records about what, if anything, are in the hangers.

**PRARC:** Are there any big nodes surrounded by lots of little nodes?

**NIGEL:** Yes ... down. Underneath that ship, we'll need to drop that force field.

**PRARC:** **Sten**, see if you can get one of these little blue nodes to drop the force field.

It works. **Vagus** runs to his ship. There is a door beneath his ship. **Sten** uses a node to get it open. **Vagus** wants to stay behind: "Two ships are better than one."

The rest of us set off down the tunnel. It leads to another giant air lock door. **Sten** opens it. We're in a small corridor that leads into...

It's (at least some of the) **prisoners**.

**STEN:** I recognize him: a members of the crew of the **Shanghai**. [Sten runs up and shakes his had.] **Nelson, chief Navigator**.

**STEN:** **Captain Ahota**, I am **Lt. Commander Sovek**, of Starfleet intelligence, and your son. Quite an emotion reunion for creatures of logic.

Some of the people have been here since 2240, almost 30 years. We need to wisely choose 4 of them to dose with our **anti-psi drug**.

The people think the ship is piloted by an intelligence of some kind. They've never seen a **Fesarian**, only interacting with holograms. A few prisoners have died of natural causes. Their quarters are down a few corridors. They did not know the door we came through was even there. They show us the hatch that allowed **Ahote's chief engineer** to smuggle **Vagus** off the ship. The **Chief Engineer** disappeared soon after.

Who to give the four doses of psi-blockers to? Does **Vagus** have anything to do with **Ahote's chief engineer's** disappearance. Is it possible to disable the **ship**, allowing the rescue of everyone? Can it be piloted deeper into **Federation space**? Is the ship's intelligence disparate, or is there a central control.

**SOVEK**: I recommend we give my father one of the four doses.

**KIRK**: Agreed. **Captain Ahote**, who else should get the other three doses?

There are two other Captains: **Pegasus** and **Alvarado**, and an executive officer of **Endeavor** (the Captain died two years ago, he was old).

**KIRK**: I think stealing a giant alien spaceship would be pretty cool.

**SOVEK**: It is not practical. However, if we could bring down the shields, we could get more prisoners beams off. Or, we use the transporters on this ship to beam prisoners on to **DS1**.

I think we've curved around the **Fesarius**; we're a bit deeper in, but not on the **DS1** facing side.

1 cp; MVP Sten