

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:24:07 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 07:25:17 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: Re: DEF: St Clair

Gabriel is surprised at Battai's reaction. Normally the Admiral would jump to his wife's rescue... Then he sees Rhiannon calm down and hug her daughter. "What happened?" he ventures "How are you feeling? What's wrong?" But Rhiannon does not answer. Then she lifts her head and stares behind him. Gabriel turns around to see Battai, and moves back, out of the way..

The Admiral pathes to Gabriel
<<I am gonna need some privacy with Rhiannon. Please remove all personell from the immediate area.>>

(actions)

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Thu Apr 6 18:24:13 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 01:42:28 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: Re: DEF: St Clair

> The Admiral pathes to Gabriel
> <<I am gonna need some privacy with Rhiannon. Please remove all personell from
> the immediate area.>>
>

Gabriel frowns at the Admiral. He doesn't like to be told what to do in his sickbay, even by the Admiral, especially when the Admiral appears to be directly responsible for hurting one of his patients. But he complies, signalling to the 2 nurses in the area to move back to the other side of sickbay. Then he pulls down the separator which isolates the biobed where Rhiannon is sitting. He goes to the other side of the room, where Jason is looking after Liridian. There, he notices that Dhiy has woken up. He approaches the biobed: "Hello, and welcome back... How are you feeling?" As he speaks, he scans Dhiy to check the improvement in her condition.

<response?>

From nwhitehe@MIC.DUNDEE.AC.UK Thu Apr 6 18:24:20 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 15:54:09 GMT
From: Nik Whitehead <nwhitehe@MIC.DUNDEE.AC.UK>
Subject: DEF: Feeling better

>Gabriel frowns at the Admiral. He doesn't like to be told what to do in his sickbay, even by the Admiral, especially when the Admiral appears to be directly responsible for hurting one of his patients. But he complies, signalling to the 2 nurses in the area to move back to the other side of sickbay. Then he pulls down the separator which isolates the biobed where Rhiannon is sitting. He goes to the other side of the room, where Jason is looking after Liridian. There, he notices that Dhiy has woken up. He approaches the biobed: "Hello, and welcome back... How are you feeling?" As he speaks, he scans Dhiy to check the improvement in her condition.

"I... feel fine, thank you Doctor." She smiles, just to prove it. "How is Amira?" Dhiy remembers how confused and disorientated Amira was on the station. "And the rest of my team - are they alright?" Her face loses the smile and

takes on a look of concern.

(resp?)

*** T'Lhaintrha out ***

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Thu Apr 6 18:24:35 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 01:04:40 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: DEF: St Clair

Gabriel is surprised at Battai's reaction. Normally the Admiral would jump to his wife's rescue... Then he sees Rhiannon calm down and hug her daughter. "What happened?" he ventures "How are you feeling? What's wrong?" But Rhiannon does not answer. Then she lifts her head and stares behind him. Gabriel turns around to see Battai, and moves back, out of the way..

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:24:46 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 08:00:10 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: Re: def: it was getting *so* tense...

> Finally, Rhiannon raised her head and opened her eyes to see Antoine
> standing across the way. Her gaze hardened as she looked upon him and
> waited to see what he would say or do.
>
> The stare from Rhiannon was cold and hard. She was angry and had every right
> to be. The Admiral walked closer to her. He didn't say a word, nothing he
> could say would make things better and there was no point trying to redeem
> himself. Coming within arms distance of Rhiannon the Admiral just stood
there
> and waited for Rhi to speak.

Rhiannon looked down at Llan'rhiel, whom she still held close, and her expression warmed. "Hun," she said softly, "Would you excuse your father and me? We need to talk."

The child gave her mother a kiss on the cheek and hopped down to give the same to her father. Feeling the growing tension between them, she frowned and seemed about to say something when she simply disappeared.

There was a strange mixture of anger and hurt in Rhiannon's eyes when hers met Antoine's. Again, she waited to hear what he had to say.

When the room was cleared of people. The Admiral sat down next to Rhiannon, not knowing what to say to her. He already assumed that she knows what just took place. He had to choose his words carefully, all the while telling the truth. Not once but twice he started to speak but caught himself. He wanted the words to be right. This was not a easy thing to tell your mate. Finally after taking a deep breath the Admiral begins.

" Rhi, I just was engaged in something that is not helpful to our relationship. You have always wanted me to be upfront with you. We have been always able to overcome any obstacle together but, I am at your mercy on this one."

The Admiral pauses, his heart is beating faster as the adrenaline begins

pumping throughout his body. This is the moment of truth.

"Rhi," the Admiral begins. "Commander Cassandra Schmidt who is the ship's second officer. She and I have engaged in an intimate encounter. Although we did not perform together, we did end up leading to that action. Looking back on what happened and how it started. I cannot explain why, because at this time I don't know how to put it into words. I do know that both of us were hurting emotionally. With all that has happened, we found ourselves in a situation where we both were looking for some type of comfort or distraction from our problems. However our actions do not excuse us from what our emotional problems. Rhi, I am so sorry. I cannot believe that this happened and never planned it to happen. I wish it never did."

The Admiral begins to cry as he awaits Rhiannon's response. He knows he threw away his chance of ever developing a relationship with Rhiannon.

(response)

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Thu Apr 6 18:24:57 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 11:40:16 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: Re: def: it was getting *so* tense...

> The Admiral begins to cry as he awaits Rhiannon's response. He knows he threw
> away his chance of ever developing a relationship with Rhiannon.

Rhiannon ran the full gamut of emotions as Antoine spoke. When he finished and began to cry, she had to ball her fists in her tunic because she did not know whether she would have used them to throttle him or comfort him.

"Antoine," she finally said, her voice so low that he had to strain to hear her, "I can hardly demand fidelity of you to a relationship I don't remember. However, I must question the love you so vehemently professed to me less than an hour ago. Your words seem very hollow to me now. I'm not sure who you love, and I don't have the strength to debate it with you.

"Please, just leave me alone."

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:25:02 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 08:38:01 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: DEF: FYI

Hi all,

This is to inform you that pretty soon there will be some changes to Stargame. When I get a confirmation back from Brian Hartsfield, we will be changing our email address.

Stargame is switching over to a different server. To logon you would send the subscription request to this address: Majordomo@stargame.org.

To send an announcement: SG-Announce@Stargame.org

To send any Stargame related items or issues: Stargame@stargame.org

If all goes well the only address you will need to send a message to the Defender crew.
It will be: Defender@Stargame.org

However the Defender address needs to be setup first. I will let you know more later. Please keep this post in your records.

Cheers,
Anthony
The GM from H*ll

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:25:08 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 08:56:16 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: Re: def:Rhi and Antoine

"Please, just leave me alone."

Battai didn't want to leave. That would only make things worse. He wanted Rhiannon to yell at him. He wanted her to hit him. But he did not want her to tell him to leave. That was the last thing he wanted. It was the worst.

"Rhi," He began. " I know I am wrong and there is nothing to debate. You have every right to hate me, you have every right to doubt my love for you. But please don't send me away. Let's at least talk it over."

(response)

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Thu Apr 6 18:26:01 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 12:36:22 -0500
From: Randye Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: Re: def:Rhi and Antoine

> "Rhi," He began. " I know I am wrong and there is nothing to debate. You have
> every right to hate me, you have every right to doubt my love for you. But
> please don't send me away. Let's at least talk it over."

"Antoine, can you imagine what it feels like to have your memories stripped away from you and to find yourself amongst strangers who claim to know you and a past that is no longer yours? To have one of those strangers tell you that he is your lover and spouse of many years, that you and he have produced two children and built a strong, enduring relationship?

"Can you then imagine what is like to suddenly yourself engulfed in a wave of erotic desire so intense that it hurts and blocks out all coherent thought? You see, I don't know why or how, but I could sense those moments you shared with that woman. I could feel it all, Antoine, yet I didn't know why I felt it until you explained what happened.

"What I sensed wasn't pure lust or even a simple desire for comfort that went too far. You felt passion for that woman, if not love, whether you acknowledge it or not."

Rhiannon's green eyes dimmed with sadness. "If I remembered the past, maybe I would be angry enough to fight. All I can do is to ask you, if you honor my wishes in any way, to leave me alone until you can decide

what it is you really want. I'll never trust you otherwise."

Although she did not move, it was like there was suddenly a gulf a million bleak kilometers wide between them.

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:27:33 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 10:11:14 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: Re: def:Rhi and Antoine(back to his quarters)

Although she did not move, it was like there was suddenly a gulf a million bleak kilometers wide between them.

The Admiral could not understand what Rhiannon was going through. He doesn't know what it is like to not remember and then have all of this put upon you. Rhiannon wanted nothing to do with him, and that fear of being rejected is growing to the size of the Defender itself inside of the Admiral. Battai felt as if his bond with Rhiannon was broken. He is sad, and he is wrong, hurt and now lonely. That loneliness could culminate into forever, if the Admiral doesn't abide to Rhiannons wishes.

"I have alot to think about Rhi. I will leave you now. Please contact me when you are available. And for what it is worth, truly I am sorry."

The Admiral then disappeared.

Back in his quarters he sees Llan'rhiel in his bed sleeping. Looking at the chronometer, the time is zero three hundred hours. He has to be on duty at zero eight hundred hours. Not much time to sleep, too much pain right now, and too much regret. Quietly the Admiral laid on the bed so as not to wake up a sleeping Llan'rhiel and he also quietly, sorrowfully fell asleep.

tbc....

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:27:43 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 10:34:35 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: DEF: Update *All read*

Hi all,

I am going to fast forward the time abit. Right now the time was 03:00 hrs. I am now going to fast forward it to 08:00 hrs. That is the time the alpha shift takes over. Cassie when you get to the bridge assume the Command chair. Now The Admiral is supposed to show up for duty also.

Anyhow crew, let's take it from there.

Now in Sickbay, The doctors have their hands full. So you guys will have to find your own time to get some sleep.

Take it away,
Anthony
The GM From H*ll

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Thu Apr 6 18:28:03 1995

Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 13:56:30 -0500
From: Randye Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon (a silent war)

Rhiannon did not say another word to Antoine before he left. The emotions she felt were too strong and too confused for any words to adequately express them. Like a small child, she huddled into the bed and tried to shut out the warring feelings that made it impossible to think straight.

She had her whole life to plan. One, it seemed, without Antoine Battai in it.

Soul-weary, Rhiannon closed her eyes and slept.

Battai ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:29:13 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 11:27:45 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (a silent war)

She had her whole life to plan. One, it seemed, without Antoine Battai in it.

OOO - Boy that hurts.... Oh well the Admiral shouldn't have been messing around. Even with all of the problems that has been going on. I for one, have no sympathy for the man. He needs to accept his mistake and the consequences involved. It looks like he might become a very lonely man.

Anthony

From cassie@NETCOM.COM Thu Apr 6 18:29:39 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 12:09:54 -0800
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@NETCOM.COM>
Subject: DEF: The day after

Ian woke first the next morning and let Cassie sleep a little longer. He slipped into the sonic shower and had a clean uniform replicated. He had finished putting the pants to the uniform on when Cassie woke up.

For a moment she forgot what had happened the night before and she smiled at Ian when she woke up. He crossed over to the bed and sat beside her. She looked at the earrings on the night table though and everything came back to her. Her stomach flip-flopped, her green eyes turned geener and she stuck the pillow over her head.

"Please don't make me go to work today. I don't feel to good. Feel my forehead, I think I have a temperature." She carried on a bit like an 8 yera old might.

"I'm sorry my love, but you have to. Luckily not that many people know what happened last night, so you might be okay for a little bit, until the Admiral shows up on the Bridge." said Ian as her rubbed her shoulder.

"That's just the thing, Dagar knows too, did I forgetto mention that, he walked in on us."

Ian winced, "That might be a problem. but you will have to deal with that too."

Cassie remembered what Alex had said in her dream, that things would all work out, she just had to let time pass. She sighed and looked into Ian's eyes, she reached up her hand and ran it through Ian's hair. "No matter what happens today, I love you."

He smiled and wished they could just run away now, "I know I love you too." He leaned down to kiss her, she still smelled like perfume from the night before and he buried his face in her hair.

Cassie took the opportunity to distract Ian from getting back up and dressing to go on duty. He was amenable to the situation and it was another passionate and fiery half-an-hour before they got up to start all over again. This time she ducked into the shower first. She felt loved, happy, content, innocent and natural. What had happened with the Admiral last night had felt wrong and dirty in comparison.

They both dressed and went to the Bridge. Cassie gripped Ian's hand as the turbolift doors opened. She was relieved to see that the Admiral was not on the Bridge yet. She sighed as Dexxa announced the change of shifts. Since the Admiral was not on the Bridge yet she took the Command Chair.

"All Stations Report." she announced.

Navigation was first, "Sir, we are still in orbit around the listening post. The U.S.S. SOL has arrived though and are in a similar orbit pattern around the listening post."

Ian reported from Sciences, "It appears that all traces of the energy beam are gone. The First Officer is still missing though. Dexxa and the Beta shift and now U.S.S. SOL have been scanning for him all night and there is still no indication of him."

The officer at communications voiced up, "Sir, the Captain of the U.S.S. requested to speak with the Captain on the Alpha shift, shall I wait for the Admiral or would you like to speak with her."

"Let's try and get him, if not I will speak with her."

Cassie tapped her compin, "Bridge to Battai, Sir alpha shift has begun are you reporting for duty?"

No answer came through so Cassie had Dexxa take a message and decided to speak to the U.S.S. SOL herself.

"Okay put them through Lt." she said.

"Before I do that Sir, Starfleet is once again calling us back to STArbase 19, what shall I tell them?"

"We should be heading back momentarily, with the other ships here they can look for Bolkavorse, but wait to send that message until I finishing talking to the SOL just to make sure. View screen up." responded Cassie.

The view screen popped up the Starfleet emblem and then went to a headshot of the U.S.S. SOL Captain, Sonya Gomez who served on the

infamous U.S.S. Enterprise unter Captain Jean-Luc Picard.

"Good Morning Captain Gomez, I am Commander Cassandra Schmidt, acting Captian for the Alpha shift what can I do for you." Cassie had heard about Gomez's recent promotion, unfortunately this was hardly the time for pleasantries ortherwise she would have extended her congratulations.

"Good Morning Commander," replied Gomez, "We've all been searching through the night to locate your first officer Misha Bolkavorse and as yet there is no sign of him. Starfleet as asked me to request that the Defender head back to Starbase 19. The U.S.S. SOL will handle the reparis of the outpost and continue the search. when we locate your XO we will return him to you on Starbase 19. In the meantime you are to proceed directly to Starbase 19. "

"Understood Sir," replied Cassie. "I will have us head out as soon as all stations are ready."

"Very good Commander." at that point Gomez must have caught a glimpse fo the science station and Ian standing there. (He looks more and more like his father with each passing year,) she thought to herself, (although those are without a doubt his mother's eyes.) "Good morning Mr. Riker how are you today," said Captian Gomez, conversationally and smiling now. Cassie instinctively stepped off to the side a bit.

Ian smiled. "Not bad, but you keep forgetting Sonya, its Ian Troi now."

She chuckled, "That's right. At your familys' request, you were always an obedient son. I must say though, with the shorter hair you look much more like you father than you ever have. You are going to make quite a catch for some lucky girl."

Ian blushed, <<Hear that, lucky girl.>>he 'pathed to Cassie.

Casie blushed and smiled as well, ian knew more people than G-d himself she thought.

"Thank you very much Sir. It was nice seeing you again." replied Ian as he self-consciously ran a hand through his now short hair, that he could do, he would never grow a beard though.

"Likewise," responded Sonya Gomez, and taking a more offical tone she once again addressed Cassie. "Well, Commander, rest at ease we ill find your XO. have a safe trip to Starbase 19, we will see you there in a few days. SOL out."

"Thank you Sir. Defender out." replied Cassie. The view screen closed to the starfleet emblem.

Cassie turned towards Communications, "Send the message to Command and Starbase 19, we're on our way." She looked at Ian, <<I do like the hair, when did you have time to do that though>>> she asked.

<<During the second shower,>> he replied giving her a sly grin and proojecting an image of what was happening in her quarters that caused the second shower to occur.

She blushed and turned away. Opening a link to engineering she issued the order, "All stations, prepare for Warp 10 to Starbase 19 as soon as

we finish getting the morning news. To be engaged on my command please."

Various stations acknowledged her command and said they were standing by until she heard from Engineering and Helm, then they would be on their way.

(responses where applicable)

Elaine

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Thu Apr 6 18:31:03 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 15:13:21 -0500
From: Randye Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: ooc: Re: def: rhiannon (a silent war)

> She had her whole life to plan. One, it seemed, without Antoine Battai
> in it.
>
> OOC - Boy that hurts.... Oh well the Admiral shouldn't have been messing
> around. Even with all of the problems that has been going on. I for one,
have
> no sympathy for the man. He needs to accept his mistake and the consequences
> involved. It looks like he might become a very lonely man.
>
> Anthony

you won't find any sympathy for him in this corner, either. the one i do
feel sorry for is cassie. when she and rhiannon finally cross paths, it
could get ugly.
randye

From cassie@NETCOM.COM Thu Apr 6 22:09:01 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 12:49:25 -0800
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@NETCOM.COM>
Subject: Re: ooc: Re: def: rhiannon (a silent war)

> you won't find any sympathy for him in this corner, either. the one i do
> feel sorry for is cassie. when she and rhiannon finally cross paths, it
> could get ugly.
> randye
>
>

Cass automatically wins fists fights though...jaw breaking free of charge,
just ask Franklin and Bolkavorse...meow....

Elaine

From JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu Thu Apr 6 22:09:06 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 16:08:07 EST
From: "John E. Owens" <JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu>
To: Randye Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: Def:Dagar heads for work

When the chime went off Dagar could hardly believe it. -I never
seem to get enough sleep.- As he showered the events of the past
night come back to him. -I wonder if this is a new thing or
something thats been going on for a while. They've always been

close, but... I don't know. Its their business not mine. I wonder if Jade knew about this....hmmmm...and Ian! The poor kid. I hope he can handle this.-

Stepping out of the shower Dagar realizes his head is throbbing. As quickly as he can he gets dressed and heads for sickbay. As the doors open Dagar walks over to Dhiy, "How do you feel this morning?" (Responce)

Looking over at Gabriel Dagar asks, "Has the good doctor cleared you for duty?" (responce)

John E. Owens

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 22:09:36 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 13:50:26 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: DEF: *All read* Important

Hi all,

Hi have setup a Majordomo site for the Defender. I want to migrate everyone to the server. This is strictly just for the Defender. This is how to subscribe onto the defender mailing.

To: Majordomo@stargame.org

In body of the message:

subscribe Defender Defender@stargame.org

If you have that information in your email you will be fully subscribed. I would like everyone to be subscribed by the 27th of March. Once you are subscribed please send a test message. That way you will know if it is working for you.

Our email address to send the postings to will be: Defender@stargame.org

Remember we will only be receiving Defender mail here. Please sign up as soon as possible.
Any questions please ask.

Thanks
Anthony
The GM from H*II

From Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM Thu Apr 6 22:09:43 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 14:17:48 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: DEF: A new day(Battai)

Something woke the Admiral up. He was still very tired, and wanted to sleep more. However, looking over at the chronometer the time said 08:21 hrs. Already he was twenty one minutes late

Walking to his desk as he usually does he checks his messages. There was only one this time. However it was from a familiar person:

Hi Daddy.

Sorry I haven't written in a while. After so many transport changes, I don't even know what starbase I am on. Probably will find out in the morning when I report in to find out my next assignment.

I hope to have some time off before my next assignment. I really need to see you and Mother and Llan'rhiel. So many things have happened since the hearing.

How is the new ship? You haven't written since you took command. Oh, and how is Gabriel? I also haven't written to him in a while.

Well, since I can barely keep my eyes open, I better sign off. Please give my love to mother and Llan'rhiel.

Hugs daddy.
Bronwyn

"If she only knew," the Admiral said to himself outloud. If they meet anytime soon Bronwyn will be in for a shock of her life. And what timing for her to write to her father. Obviously she is back from her mission. And it appears that she is awaiting her next mission. But the Defender is heading back to the otherside. So more than likely they will not see each other. The Admiral made a mental note to write back later that day. After he had more time to think things over. All memories of what happened last night were all too clear. The Admiral was not a happy man. He then changed his clothes and took the long way to the bridge.

tbc.....

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Thu Apr 6 22:10:40 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 19:03:08 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
To: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@NETCOM.COM>
Subject: Re: ooc: Re: def: rhiannon (a silent war)

> > you won't find any sympathy for him in this corner, either. the one i do
> > feel sorry for is cassie. when she and rhiannon finally cross paths, it
> > could get ugly.
> > randye
> >
> >
> Cass automatically wins fists fights though...jaw breaking free of charge,
> just ask Franklin and Bolkavorse...meow....
> -----
> Elaine

can't speak for Bolkavorse, but I can testify on Franklin's behalf--I'm the one who had to do the repair work!

Deb (Jason)

From cassie@NETCOM.COM Thu Apr 6 22:10:58 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 15:41:03 -0800
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@NETCOM.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (a brand new day)

(Buttons, I couldn't wait I have to see what Rhiannon is going to say!!!
Ad you said you were gonna do it anyway...so...)

> *those* were just men! >};
>
> besides, sometimes the tongue can be far sharper than the sharpest blade.)
>
OOO: you hear a Simba type roar...Come on, I'm ready...

> ic:
>
> With renewed resolve, she pulled herself to a seated position, then
> slowly she slid down to her feet. This time, her legs supported her
> weight with only a shaking protest. It seemed to take forever, but she
> made it to the door and leaned heavily on its frame until one of the
> medical staff approached. "Excuse me," she said, "Do you have some sort
> of computer around here?"
>

The nurse looked at her quizzically as she seemed fraile still but remembering that she was a doctor figured she knew best and pointed her towards a room with a terminal in it. "Right through that door on the left."

(reponse)

Elaine

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Thu Apr 6 22:11:14 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 10:02:30 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: DEF: The next morning (sickbay)

Gabriel got up from the armchair in his office, bleary-eyed. He had managed only one hour of sleep in the past 2 days. He couldn't remeber what he had spent the 2 days doing, but obviously he hadn't been sleeping at all. And now, with all the action in sickbay, he had only managed to doze off for about an hour in his office, more because he couldn't stand up anymore than anything. It was a testimony to the amazing regenerative powers of the Gift that he still could function at all.

He went for a round around sickbay. A lot of the injuries which had happened while the ship was subjected to the beam were healing, slowly. A few of the oldtimers who had the Gift were ready to be released. Dhiy in particular, with the benefits of the Romulan constitution, was fit for active duty...

Amira was still mentally confused, but was also healing well. However, until she could get her bearings, Gabriel could not discharge her. McLeod was still unconscious, and there was no telling how his mental state was...

As for Rhiannon... Gabriel saw her stand up and being shown to her office by a nurse. He approached and offered her a hand to help her to her chair... He said: "How are you feeling this morning?"

<response>

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Thu Apr 6 22:11:37 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 10:09:03 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: DEF: OOC: I'm going to America!!

I just thought I'd let the list know that I am going in a bit over a week to the US for a holiday. I will be passing through South California (LA and San Diego), New Orleans, Chicago, North California and Seattle... Maybe even NYC. The precise dates when I will be in each place are still up in the air, since I will be improvising a lot of this trip. However, if any of you are in the cities I mentioned, and are interested in a phone call from a guy with a strange French/Australian accent, feel free to email me your phone number... If time permits, we can even do lunch or dinner :-).

Bruno (St Clair)

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Thu Apr 6 22:12:22 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 19:44:30 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon (in sickbay)

> (Buttons, I couldn't wait I have to see what Rhiannon is going to say!!!
> Ad you said you were gonna do it anyway...so...)

(ooc: hmmm.... my gm-about-to-sock-it-to-player alarm just went off!!)

> The nurse looked at her quizzically as she seemed fraile still but
> remembering that she was a doctor figured she knew best and pointed her
> towards a room with a terminal in it. "Right through that door on the left."

"Thank you," Rhiannon replied, and she made her way down to the aforementioned door. Abruptly, she stopped as her eyes caught the plaque near the doorway. Disbelieving, she reached up and ran her trembling fingers along the surface that held her name, with the abbreviation "Dr." in front of it.

<< Seven rings of Minerva!! How much *have* I forgotten?! >>

She was so intent on her thoughts, she did not hear Gabriel approach.

> As for Rhiannon... Gabriel saw her stand up and being shown to her office
> by a nurse. He approached and offered her a hand to help her to her
> chair... He said: "How are you feeling this morning?"

Her heart still beating rapidly from startlement, Rhiannon gratefully accepted his assistance into the office. Looking around, she admired the tasteful way it had been decorated before it hit her that she had likely been the one who was responsible.

"I thought I was feeling better," she replied honestly. "Now, I'm not so sure."

(response)

Rhiannon B. ends.

From magneto@BCFREENET.SEFLIN.LIB.FL.US Thu Apr 6 22:12:33 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 20:15:14 -0500
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@BCFREENET.SEFLIN.LIB.FL.US>
Subject: Re: DEF: Liridian to Keeler

On Tue, 21 Mar 1995, Confused as ever. wrote:

> AMira nodded. "Do what you have to, Doctor. Right now, my mind is
> shifting and disoriented. Truthfully, I can't be sure what I might say
> next." she spoke slowly and deliberately.
>
Jason led her over to the biobed and helped her onto it, then scanned her.

(results?)

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Thu Apr 6 22:12:38 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 11:42:09 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (in sickbay)

> "I thought I was feeling better," she replied honestly. "Now, I'm
> not so sure."

Gabriel had spent some of his idle moments during the night thinking about what Rhiannon must be going through. He just shook his head: "I can't promise you that we will succeed, but I can promise you that we will try everything we can to get your memories back... I want to start a treatment today, with a new drug which can stimulate nerve growth. There is a good chance that it would give you at least some of your memories back... But in the meantime, I can show you how to access your personal files... Dexxa, our computer, will show you everything about your life that you will ask for and that she has on record. Maybe some of these images will trigger some associations"

<response?>

From radar@VORTEX.ITHACA.NY.US Thu Apr 6 22:12:41 1995
Date: Wed, 22 Mar 1995 21:57:57 EST
From: "Todd M. Bullivant" <radar@VORTEX.ITHACA.NY.US>
Subject: DEF: [Bridge] The start of another day...

J.P. found that he was finally relaxed enough to leave the Bavarian. He dragged himself away from a group of officers that had captured his attention earlier, feigning fatigue. He headed back to his quarters and promptly fell into a deep sleep. All that talk about siblings had made him think of his own. He dreamed about his twin, Carisa. He had spoken to her frequently. Surprisingly, he also dreamed of his other sibling, his brother Kris. He hadn't thought of Kris in a while, since his going rogue and leaving Star Fleet to become a mercenary. J.P.'s dreams that night were chaotic and jumbled, but oddly made some sense.

J.P. woke up the next morning feeling more refreshed than he had in days. He showered, shaved and did all the other necessary morning activities. He had a breakfast of eggs and pancakes, with O.J. (Day 20564 ;-). He then checked his schedule. He again had a full slate due to the last couple of days events. But he was at least cleared for a couple of hours while the

rest of the ship had yet to wake up. He headed off to the Bridge. He passed members of the crew and smiled at them, flirted with a couple of female members, generally enjoyed being in a good mood for a change. He arrived at the Bridge and saw Cassie on duty. He took his seat to the right of her and remembered what had happened last night. He hoped everything had turned out okay. He reported in.

"Hello Commander, I'm ready for work."

{response}

Todd M. Bullivant - radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Thu Apr 6 22:14:16 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 08:05:24 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon to gabriel

> Gabriel had spent some of his idle moments during the night thinking
> about what Rhiannon must be going through. He just shook his head:
> "I can't promise you that we will succeed, but I can promise you that
> we will try everything we can to get your memories back... I want to
> start a treatment today, with a new drug which can stimulate nerve growth.
> There is a good chance that it would give you at least some of your
> memories back... But in the meantime, I can show you how to access your
> personal files... Dexxa, our computer, will show you everything about
> your life that you will ask for and that she has on record. Maybe some
> of these images will trigger some associations"

"Thank you," Rhiannon replied. She stood up and headed towards the desk and its terminal. "You 'named' your computer?"

(response)

Taking a seat behind the desk, she watched as he went through the procedure to call up her records.

Rhiannon B. ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Thu Apr 6 22:14:25 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 5:40:29 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (a brand new day)

With renewed resolve, she pulled herself to a seated position, then slowly she slid down to her feet. This time, her legs supported her weight with only a shaking protest. It seemed to take forever, but she made it to the door and leaned heavily on its frame until one of the medical staff approached. "Excuse me," she said, "Do you have some sort of computer around here?"

"Yes" responded one of the nurses. "Just go up to that pane." she points to the wall by the cardio scanner. "And ask Dexxa any question."

(response, actions)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Thu Apr 6 22:14:39 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 6:07:34 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: DEF:Update

Hi all,

I would like to start using the new Defender mailing list as soon as possible. So all please sign onto the new defender listing that I sent out to all of you. Any questions about that, please ask me.

Onto the Defender.

It is now 08:37 hrs. It is a new day, and this is going to be interesting. The Defender is now on its way to starbase nineteen. BTW - The mystery person will be meeting us on the base. Anywho, Have your character start the new day with its new anxieties. BTW- there is a dinner in the Bavarian at 19:30 hrs. Plan on being there. This should be interesting.

If anyone remembers what happened at SB04. That is a prelude. ;)

Take it away,
Anthony
The GM from H*II

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 19:12:08 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 10:19:46 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: DEF:Update

> character start the new day with its new anxieties. BTW- there is a dinner
> in the Bavarian at 19:30 hrs. Plan on being there. This should be interesting.
>
> If anyone remembers what happened at SB04. That is a prelude. ;)

anthony, unless there is something specific to indicate that rhi is supposed to be there, she won't. even if there is, she really won't want to face antoine and will likely try to manuever out of attending. randye

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 19:12:19 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 07:26:36 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: Re: DEF: [Bridge] The start of another day...

> "Hello Commander, I'm ready for work."

Cassie had just come in from the ready room and was feeling a little better after have written the letters.

"Glad to hear it," responded Cassie to J.P., "My job is fairly easy from here on out, you're the one that is going to be having a busy schedule. "

(response)

"did you manage do get some rest last night, you look a bit more relaxed. "

(response)

"I took your advice and wrote some letters to my family. I am waiting to talk to my mother until we get to Starbase 19 though. Will you be able to spend most of your time today with us on the Bridge or are you just here for a little bit?"

(response)

Elaine

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:12:24 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 7:27:57 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: DEF:Update

Rhi will still more than likely, be confined to sickbay. So don't worry about that. :)

She doesn't have to come.

Anthony

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Mon Apr 10 19:12:48 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 02:05:59 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon to gabriel

> "Thank you," Rhiannon replied. She stood up and headed towards the desk
> and its terminal. "You 'named' your computer?"

Gabriel smiled: "Oh no, Dexxa named herself! She's a lot more than a computer, as I'm sure you'll find out soon!"

He heads towards the door, then turns around: "Don't hesitate to call me if you need anything!"
Then he goes back to checking his patients...

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Mon Apr 10 19:12:50 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 11:28:04 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon

> He heads towards the door, then turns around: "Don't hesitate to call me if
> you need anything!"

"Wait,..." she started to say, but Gabriel had already left. She thought he was going to show her how to get started. Shrugging her shoulders, she looked back down at the computer access.

"Dexxa?" she asked quizzically.

(response)

"Hello. My name is Rhiannon... Battai. Would you show me all of the information you have available on me?"

(response)

Rhiannon B. ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:13:02 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 8:44:36 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (Dexxa)

"Dexxa?" she asked quizzically.

"Yes Doctor, How may I help you?" Dexxa responded.

"Hello. My name is Rhiannon... Battai. Would you show me all of the information you have available on me?"

"Very well Ambassador," said Dexxa. "I will pull up your Dossier, and you can start from there."

Just then the monitor brought up Rhi's Dossier:

Name: Rhiannon Battai
Rank: Commandant of Medical Diplomacy.
Position: Ambassador

Starfleet History: Ambassador Battai is a 54 year old 33year veteran of Starfleet. She has served aboard the USS Hood, USS Aries, USS Enterprise, USS Valor, and USS Defender. When her tour of duty aboard the Aries was over, she took a six month sabbatical to finish up her studies on xenogenetic regeneration and returned with a PhD to serve aboard the USS Valor for eight years. At the end of the Valor mission, she took up residence at the Bethesda Annex on Starbase 56. After promotion to Commandant of Medical diplomacy, she has served throughout the Federation as an Ambassador.

Ambassador Battai has been frequently published in the Scientific Community, albeit controversially for her theories on Klingon generational mutation which she lectured on at a symposium on Starbase 117.

Service record:
Harvard College of Medicine: Doctorate of Human and xenomedicine

Starfleet Academy:
Graduate, Magna Cum Laude, Salutatorian.

USS Hood: 1st-3rd Tour, Seven standard years
Rank: Ensign 1st tour.
Promotion: Lieutenant, Junior grade 2nd tour
Promotion: Lieutenant, 3rd tour
Received Recognition of excellence, Starfleet Medal of Bravery.

USS Aries: 4th and 5th Tour three standard years
Rank: Lieutenant, Assistant Chief Medical Officer
Promotion: Lieutenant Commander
Received: Purple heart, Starfleet Medal of Valor

Starfleet Medical: 6th Tour two standard years

Rank: Lieutenant Commander Assistant to Commandant of Starfleet.
Studies included Cardassian XenoBiological research

USS Enterprise: 7th Tour 2.5 standar years duration
Rank: Lieutenant Commander, Assistant CMO
Research project, received recognition of Acheivement in unravelling Jaradan DNA code.

Sabbatical: Completed studies towards PhD in XenoGenetics at the Vulcan Science Academy.

USS Valor: 8th Tour eight standard years
Rank Lieutenant Commander Chief Medical Officer.

Starbase 56: Bethesda Annex ten standard years
Rank: Commander, head of research
Promotion: Captain

Ambassadorial Missions: Current Assignment
Rank: Commandant of Medical Diplomacy

Personal File:

Sex: Female
Race: Terran
Birth: Glasgow Scotland, Earth
Height 5'9"
Weight: 140lbs
Hair: Red
Eyes: Hazel Green

Marital Status: Married to Fleet Admiral Antoine Battai
Dependants: Bronwyn Siobahn Battai
Llan'rhiel Battai

Non Career interest: Tap, Jazz, Modern and Scottish Folk Dancing, Classical and Advante garde music, Bagpipes, rugby, Acting, Teaching.

(response, actions)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:13:34 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 9:30:53 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: DEF- Battai on the bridge

> Taking a deep breath the Admiral walked down the ramp heading towards the chair
> Battai said to Ian.
> "I have the bridge Commander."

Ian stood up and ceded the command chair to the Admiral. He hadn't expected to feel anything when he saw the Admiral but he felt a lump rising in his throat. The Admiral could have pushed Cassie away at anytime and he didn't. Ian knew that Cassie idolized Battai too, and he knew it and she being a junior officer she may have felt pressured. Battai could have easily taken advantage of the situation. Cassie he could forgive, the were Imzadi, the Admiral it would be harder. If he knew he could win he might attack him, but there was no chance of that. Cassie would only come out of the ready room and get into more trouble by

going to his rescue. For the moment he watched and waited. He 'pathed to Cassie <<I love you.>> Oddly the enough, this occurrence had worked oppositely for Cassie and Ian than it had for the Admiral and Rhiannon, while it had pushed them farther apart, the younger couple was closer than they had ever been.

The Admiral sensed tension from Ian. However Ian didn't want any confrontation. He walked away but the body language was more than enough to tell the Admiral that he is not happy with him.

Battai didn't say a word but only sat down in his chair. Checking the status', it showed that the ship is heading towards Starbase nineteen at Warp nine. The eta was two days. Which would put them on schedule.

Relaxing in his chair as the crewmembers go about their daily activities. His thoughts turn to Rhiannon and how she doesn't want to see him. His heart was sad and it was all his fault.

'I have to try and reconcile with her.' The Admiral said to himself.

Battai doesn't want to lose Rhiannon in marriage. Not many Sirians ever get divorced from their mates. Actually it is frowned on and a sign of the inability to be successful. Battai doesn't want that or to lose Rhiannon. But there is nothing he can do right now but to wait. However he starts to project images of Battai and Rhiannon together and how happy they were. He projects those to Rhiannon, in hopes that she might want to work things out.

tbc....

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Mon Apr 10 19:13:56 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 13:19:12 -0500
From: Randye Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon (just when she thought she'd seen it all!)

<< This can't be possible! >> Rhiannon thought to herself as she read the record of what was supposed to be her life. What in seven moons was a commandant of medical diplomacy?

The things that she was supposed to have accomplish astounded her, but one thing she read pulled her over the edge. She leapt to her feet, or tried to anyway, and went over to a mirrored surface she saw hanging on the bulkhead. The face and body she stared at was, indeed, about 5'9", with red hair and hazel/green eyes. However, there was no way that she could be 54 years old!

"Uh, Dexxa? Can you scan me and give me an analysis of my physical condition, including chronological age?"

(response)

Rhiannon B. ends.

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 19:14:04 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 10:13:09 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- Battai on the bridge

> But there is nothing he can do right now but to wait. However he starts to

> project images of Battai and Rhiannon together and how happy they were. He
> projects those to Rhiannon, in hopes that she might want to work things out.
>
> tbc....

Cassie decided to play dumb for the time being but it was unlike her to not come running out of the ready room when the Admiral came onto the Bridge. The Navigation team just assumed it was because she was preoccupied. Alyssa came running in and let her know that Battai was around. This would take some acting, thought Cassie.

"Thanks Alyssa, I'll come out in a second." Cassie answered. She transferred everything that she had been working on to the science station. for the time being she would work on analyzing the beam with him. It would help them both to be together, and if Nav needed any help, which would be doubtful, she was right there.

Cassie took a deep breath and walked onto the Bridge.

"Good Morning Sir." she said and smiled to the Admiral. "As I'm sure you already know we are on our way to Starbase 19. I spoke with Captain Gomez of the U.S.S. SOL who told us that ehy would continue the search for Mr. Bolkavorse and rendez-vous with us at SB19. In the meantime she told us to head back." She paused but did not allow more time than for a simple head nod form the Admiral.

(response)

Ian felt a fire rising in his stomach, he desperately wanted to curse the Admiral out for taking advantage of his Imzadi. <<Take it easy killer, she's doing fine by herself right now.>> he thought to himself.

"In the meantime, Commander Troi and I are working on analyzing the beam. The research is still in the preliminary stages but we hope to have something, that might just be helpful to Dr. St. Clair as well as for Starfleet records."

(response)

She nodded to Battai, and was feeling a little uncomfortable now. She was throughly embarrassed as seh recalled her actions. He was like a father to her and as the word INCEST popped into her mind she grew more and more repulsed as she watched. She now quicly scurried up to the science station to stand with Ian.

<<Are you okay>> Ian 'pathed to her.

<<Yeah fine>> answered Cassie, <<lets just get to work.>>

"Okay," said Ian out loud. "From what I can tell the beam was localized, meaning that once we managed to move out of the range of the beam we were no longer affected. thta first fact is fairly simple and we discovered thta immediately. Once the vessel from which the beam was being sent out was destroyed, the emmissions were terminated. I was just listing a bunch of test and analyses I wanted Dexxa to run. The first one is a spectral anaylysis of the energy particles. Dexxa, did you catch that? Lets run that the spectral alaysis first."

(response)

Elaine

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:14:30 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 10:40:26 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (just when she thought she'd seen it all!)

<< This can't be possible! >> Rhiannon thought to herself as she read the record of what was supposed to be her life. What in seven moons was a commandant of medical diplomacy?

The things that she was supposed to have accomplish astounded her, but one thing she read pulled her over the edge. She leapt to her feet, or tried to anyway, and went over to a mirrored surface she saw hanging on the bulkhead. The face and body she stared at was, indeed, about 5'9", with red hair and hazel/green eyes. However, there was no way that she could be 54 years old!

"Uh, Dexxa? Can you scan me and give me an analysis of my physical condition, including chronological age?"

"I would be happy to Ambassador. You are chronologically fifty four years old. Your body has been regenerated and is still regenerating. Your physical status is one hundred percent of normal and relative to a twenty four year old in physical age."

(actions)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:14:40 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 10:45:47 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: DEF- Battai on the bridge (Dexxa)

(snip!)

Cassie took a deep breath and walked onto the Bridge.

"Good Morning Sir." she said and smiled to the Admiral. "As I'm sure you already know we are on our way to Starbase 19. I spoke with Captain Gomez of the U.S.S. SOL who told us that they would continue the search for Mr. Bolkavorse and rendez-vous with us at SB19. In the meantime she told us to head back." She paused but did not allow more time than for a simple head nod from the Admiral.

The Admiral could see right through that facade. He knew Cassie was holding back. And so was he. They both are embarrassed and feeling somewhat awkward. Not to mention the vibes coming from Ian wasn't helping any.

Ian felt a fire rising in his stomach, he desperately wanted to curse the Admiral out for taking advantage of his Imzadi. <<Take it easy killer, she's doing fine by herself right now.>> he thought to himself.

"In the meantime, Commander Troi and I are working on analyzing the beam. The research is still in the preliminary stages but we hope to have something, that might just be helpful to Dr. St. Clair as well as for Starfleet records."

"Thank you Commander," Battai said professionally. Normally he was personable but not this time.

"Keep me posted as to your findings."

(stuff deleted again) (OOC - Man the Admiral and Cassie should be on Oprah.)

"Okay," said Ian out loud. "From what I can tell the beam was localized, meaning that once we managed to move out of the range of the beam we were no longer affected. That first fact is fairly simple and we discovered that immediately. Once the vessel from which the beam was being sent out was destroyed, the emissions were terminated. I was just listing a bunch of test and analyses I wanted Dexxa to run. The first one is a spectral analysis of the energy particles. Dexxa, did you catch that? Let's run that the spectral analysis first."

"Got it," replied Dexxa. "I am running a spectral analysis, as well as a particle scan on the beam."

(actions)

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 19:14:58 1995

Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 14:48:06 -0500 (EST)

From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>

Subject: def: rhiannon to antoine

> "Uh, Dexxa? Can you scan me and give me an analysis of my physical
> condition, including chronological age?"

>

> "I would be happy to Ambassador. You are chronologically fifty four years old.
> Your body has been regenerated and is still regenerating. Your physical status
> is one hundred percent of normal and relative to a twenty four year old in
> physical age."

"Another effect of 'the gift,' I suppose," she replied.

Just as Rhiannon was about to ask another question, her eyelids fluttered closed. Like images projected on a screen, scenes played themselves before her. In each, she was smiling, her eyes expressing everything from deep joy to erotic ecstasy. There was times in which she appeared older than she had when she looked in the mirror, and others where she had a youthful blush and actually glowed!

Were pieces of her lost memory returning?!

Then, her eyes snapped open as she realized that she was seeing all of this from someone else's perspective!!

<< Damn you, Antoine!! Must you even invade my mind?! LEAVE ME ALONE!! >>

(response)

(ooc: uh-oh. our man seems to be batting .000, doesn't he?)

Rhiannon Battai ends.

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 19:15:00 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 11:37:14 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- Battai on the bridge (Dexxa)

> "Got it," replied Dexxa. "I am running a spectral analysis, as well as a
> particle scan on the beam."

"Thanks Dexxa," answered Ian. Cassie then pulled up various diagrams and navigational plottings and started pointing to various points on the charts and telling him certain details and things that she had thought about while she was sitting in the ready room.

Ian watched Cassie and glanced at the back of the Admiral's head, if he started to imagine the two of them up in the holodeck and a scowl came over his face.

Cassie saw that Ian wasn't paying attention to her, especially since his eyes were burning into the back of Battai's head. she had to try and snap him out of it, with his mental powers who knows what he might do unconsciously or consciously.

She projected an image to him of her and Ian of that morning.

Ian was busy being annoyed that the image Cassie was projecting to him caught him completely off guard. He blushed and smiled at her and started paying attention to what she was saying again.

tbc...

Elaine

From JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu Mon Apr 10 19:15:11 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 16:09:24 EST
From: "John E. Owens" <JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu>
Subject: DEF:Dagar herads for the bridge

After talking with Dhiy for a while Dagar turns to leave. As he does he sees Dr. Battai go into her office. -I hope she's strong enough to handle this. Its gonna be a pretty big blow.-

Dagar steps onto the bridge and sees Cassie and Ian hunched over a console working. -They seem to be taking this well.- Dagar walks around the tactical console and reports to the admiral. "Admiral, Dhiy will be along shortly. She has just recently been released for duty. Shall I take helm or man Tactical until she arrives."
(responce)

Battai looks as though he's not handling the situation as well as Cassie and Ian. Dagar wonders if Rhi knows yet. He decides from the look on Battai's face that she does. And that she's not real happy about it.

John E. Owens

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:15:13 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 13:17:23 EDT

From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon to antoine(bridge)

The Admiral was sitting in his chair peering into the Viewscreen when all of the sudden a sharp pain raced through his mind.

<< Damn you, Antoine!! Must you even invade my mind?! LEAVE ME ALONE!! >>

The Admiral couldn't believe it. Rhiannon resisted him and practically projected hate towards him. The Admiral became angry and standing he called to Cassie.

"Commander Schmidt, in my ready room Now!"

The Admiral began to storm off the bridge, he never relinquished command to anyone. But he at least thought to himself. That if he can't resolve things with Rhi. He can at least come to an understanding with Cassie.

(response)

(ooc: uh-oh. our man seems to be batting .000, doesn't he?)
OOC- Strike three! Batters out!

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:15:15 1995
Date: 23 Mar 95 13:52:31 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: DEF:Dagar herads for the bridge

After talking with Dhiy for a while Dagar turns to leave. As he does he sees Dr. Battai go into her office. -I hope she's strong enough to handle this. Its gonna be a pretty big blow.-

Dagar steps onto the bridge and sees Cassie and Ian hunched over a console working. -They seem to be taking this well.- Dagar walks around the tactical console and reports to the admiral. "Admiral, Dhiy will be along shortly. She has just recently been released for duty. Shall I take helm or man Tactical until she arrives."

"Take the helm." the Admiral said to Dagar, somewhat distant and upset.

Battai looks as though he's not handling the situation as well as Cassie and Ian. Dagar wonders if Rhi knows yet. He decides from the look on Battai's face that she does. And that she's not real happy about it.

(actions)

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 19:15:29 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 14:15:32 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon to antoine(bridge)

> The Admiral began to storm off the bridge, he never relinquished command to
> anyone. But he at least thought to himself. That if he can't resolve things
> with Rhi. He can at least come to an understanding with Cassie.

<<And so it begins,>> thought Cassie, and projected to Ian. <<See you in a bit.>>

<<I'm right here if you need me.>> Ian spoke back to her.

Cassie, with the usual stubborn look on her face piped up, "Yes Sir!!" and marched herself right into the Captain's ready room.

She gave Dagar a fleeting glance and wondered what he was thinking.

She stood at attention to Battai and stared blankly at the wall behind him.

(responses)

On the Bridge Ian pathed to Dagar, <<Cassie told me everything, and she told me that walked in on them. I'm sorry it had to be you, but I'm glad that you did to stop them from making a huge mistake.>>

(response)

(OOC: The home team takes the field. Anthony "Slugger" Battles is up at bat. The skies above are coulded over, the stands are practically empty and even the hot dog vendors are falling asleep, the only guy having any fun here today is the beer vendor who keeps making special deliveries to the field. "Getcha be-ah, getcha ice cawld be-ah." This could be fairly amusing sports fans.)

Elaine

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 19:17:29 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 18:16:07 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: def: rhiannon (something to think about) (fwd)

Taking a seat behind "her" desk again, she said, "Dexxa, what was the musical selection I most frequently asked to hear?"

(response)

"Play it, please."

Rhiannon leaned back in the chair and just let the music flow over her. It soothed her jagged thoughts like a balm.

After a while, she opened her eyes. The room was silent. She must have fallen asleep. She smiled as the silence was broken by a distinctive, growling noise that centered from her abdominal area.

She stood up. "Dexxa, there's got to be an eating place somewhere around here. What do you recommend?"

(response)

Rhiannon B. ends.

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 19:17:40 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 15:18:55 -0800 (PST)

From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: Re: DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> Cassie, with the usual stubborn look on her face piped up, "Yes Sir!!"
> and marched herself right into the Captain's ready room.
>
> She gave Dagar a fleeting glance and wondered what he was thinking.
>
> She stood at attention to Battai and stared blankly at the wall behind him.
>
> The Admiral look intent on accomplishing something. What... I don't know, but
> it evidently showed on his face.
>
> "Commander, sit down please. I am not one to leave something unfinished. We
> need to settle this little incident that happened. I have enough problems with
> Rhiannon. Than to have you tip toeing your way around me and Ian staring me
> down with hate."

"I'd prefer not to sit Sir." said Cassie stubbornly, the Sirian in her
shining through. "And I feel that tip toeing is much better than
clodding around and causing a ruckus Sir."

(response)

Elaine

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Mon Apr 10 19:19:02 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 10:39:10 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: Re: DEF- DEF: sickbay (unfinished business)

> "Well...*yawn* Liridian's sleeping but *yawn* I think someone
> should stay close by in case *yawn* there's any problems like we
> had with Rhiannon...*yawn* and I...I guess I'm volunteering...."

Gabriel was coming out of Rhiannon's office, rather bleary-eyed himself.
He answered: "You don't look like you have had enough sleep, Jason.." *yawn*
"Maybe you should go and rest, and I'll look after sickbay..." Gabriel
felt that if someone was going to sacrifice himself and stay awake, he,
as the Chief Medical Officer, should do it..

<response>

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Mon Apr 10 19:19:06 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 20:03:43 -0500
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF: Jason leaves sickbay for bed (about time!:))

> Gabriel was coming out of Rhiannon's office, rather bleary-eyed himself.
> He answered: "You don't look like you have had enough sleep, Jason.." *yawn*
> "Maybe you should go and rest, and I'll look after sickbay..." Gabriel
> felt that if someone was going to sacrifice himself and stay awake, he,
> as the Chief Medical Officer, should do it..
>

Those nagging feelings of inadequacy were getting worse...and combined with
his exhaustion (ooc: give the man a break, he's been up for 16 hours
straight!) caused Jason to take Gabriel's suggestion the wrong way...

"What are you trying to tell me...Doctor?" he snapped..."that you don't think I can handle things...? Well....maybe you're right, maybe I should just leave before I mess anything else up...!"

Without waiting for a reply from Gabriel, Jason stormed out of sickbay, heading for his quarters.

tbc in next post....

From gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU Mon Apr 10 19:19:08 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 11:20:28 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@ANGIS.SU.OZ.AU>
Subject: Re: DEF: Jason leaves sickbay for bed (about time!:))

> Without waiting for a reply from Gabriel, Jason stormed out of
> sickbay, heading for his quarters.

Gabriel watched Jason storm out of sickbay, a bit surprised... However he was so tired himself that he put it all on account of fatigue and shrugged. He thought: "He must be very tired to rush off to bed so quickly, good thing I sent him there..." He realized that he was just about to fall asleep on his feet himself and decided to use some special measures. He approached the replicator: "Dexxa, could you recall Sean Ratscheck's special coffee recipe and prepare a cup for me? I need a bit of a boost"

A cup of foul smelling black liquid appeared on the replicator tray. Gabriel picked it up and started sipping it, grimacing all through the swallowing of the bitter mix. <<far out, Nerves was really out of his brain to drink something like this. Wonder what he's doing now...>>. He put the cup down as his mind was getting clearer, and started thinking again about what Jason had said just before leaving. It slowly dawned on him that Jason may have taken things the wrong way... <<Well, too late to call now, the lad's probably sound asleep. I hope he feels better after a good snooze>>.

Gabriel was feeling more awake now, but still rather confused... He walked around sickbay for a while, checking out the patients, then went to sit down...

[OOO: Gabriel has slept a lot less than Jason in the past 3 days, with his little adventure through the crawlways which he can't remember. In fact, if it wasn't for the Gft, he would have already collapsed from exhaustion. As it is, he isn't far from it, but is not aware of it]

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Mon Apr 10 19:19:10 1995
Date: Thu, 23 Mar 1995 20:43:12 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF: Jason gets to bed...

Arriving at his quarters, Jason was in even worse a mood than he had been when he left sickbay...now he'd messed things up with Gabriel, too. How he was going to face him next shift....?

He tore off his uniform and took a quick shower...but that didn't seem to make him feel any better. Well, maybe it was just the lack of sleep...

hopefully, anyway.

"Lights out"

As the room darkened, Jason composed himself and tried to relax. Finally, he sank into sleep....

....and suddenly he was somewhere else....

the Crescent River Settlement, Talyra IV, 23 years ago....

he sat in the living room with Lissy and Jen holding him and each other as they tried not to hear the screams from the back bedroom...Jacey tried not to cry that was what mommy had said before daddy had taken him out of the room don't cry daddy needs you to be a big boy now...he bit his lip he was trying so hard maybe if she knows i'm doing it she'll stop hurting....

he didn't know how long it was but the screams finally did stop oh good now mommy's ok...but daddy didn't come out and tell them why didn't he come out why didn't he come out? then the doctor came out "children i have to tell you your daddy needs you now your mommy's in a better place"

...and he burst into tears couldn't keep it in any longer why mommy why wasn't i good didn't i do what you said?

back on the Defender...

in the present...

Jason sat up in bed, shaking, trying to clear away the dream...he hadn't had THAT one in years, in fact he'd thought he'd put all the horror behind him....why was it coming back out now, or had he just been fooling himself, he'd never really shut it out at all...one more thing he'd managed to mess up in life...sighing, he tried to force the thoughts away and get back to sleep...

more to come....

Deborah Capuano

From JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu Mon Apr 10 19:20:45 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 07:58:11 EST
From: "John E. Owens" <JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu>
Subject: Re: DEF:Dagar heads for the bridge

> "Take the helm." the Admiral said to Dagar, somewhat distant and upset.

>

"Aye sir." Dagar relieves the ensign at helm and does a quick systems check.
(Anything unusual, Anthony?)

John E. Owens

From JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu Mon Apr 10 19:20:47 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 08:01:07 EST

From: "John E. Owens" <JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon to antoine(bridge)

> On the Bridge Ian pathed to Dagar, <<Cassie told me everything, and she
> told me that walked in on them. I'm sorry it had to be you, but I'm glad
> that you did to stop them from making a huge mistake.>>

Dagar winced at Ian's news, <<I'm sorry this happened Ian.>> As
Dagar thought back on last night he started to feel as though he were
being followed again. <<It was just luck that I was there Ian. But
I'm glad I was.>>
(response)

John E. Owens

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:20:55 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 5:34:25 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon (something to think about)

Antoine did not reply to Rhiannon's demand that he leave her alone, yet
the images her mind had been receiving stopped. And she felt strangely
lonely.

Taking a seat behind "her" desk again, she said, "Dexxa, what was the
musical selection I most frequently asked to hear?"

"The song you most enjoyed is, the Celtic sonata, The walk of Aberdeen.

"Play it, please."

Rhiannon leaned back in the chair and just let the music flow over her.
It soothed her jagged thoughts like a balm.

After a while, she opened her eyes. The room was silent. She must have
fallen asleep. She smiled as the silence was broken by a distinctive,
growling noise that centered from her abdominal area.

She stood up. "Dexxa, there's got to be an eating place somewhere around
here. What do you recommend?"

"Well Ambassador, your desires lately has been somewhat irrational. However on a
regular basis you have ordered a Sirian Vlondi with a side salad. Would you
like to have that?"

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:20:57 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 5:40:25 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: DEF: sickbay (unfinished business)

> Amira allowed herself to be led to the biobed and then scanned.
> She wasn't entirely sure what was going on with her mind, but she did
> know that she was awfully tired both physically and mentally.

Jason ran a full exam scan on Amira...

Scans reveal a notisable memory block is located in Amira's brain. This block refers to accessing past memories stored and not used.

Once that was done, and he saw she had fallen asleep, he went to the computer. If she woke up still disoriented, it might be helpful to have some information on her....

"Computer," he began. "Personnel files on Amira Liridian..."

He caught himself. What was he doing, this was what had caused trouble earlier! He wondered if he was really losing it, what was wrong with him that he couldn't even remember a simple name..

He yawned and began again...."Dexxa...I'm sorry, can I start over? Get me the files on Amira, please...and can you tell me if there's any record of incidents involving Romulans...?"

"Yes there is," replied Dexxa. "Amira Liridian had several contacts with Romulans. From the ages of fifteen through nineteen she has had repeated contacts with Romulan forces."

Once he had the information, (ooc: I'm assuming he gets it) Jason walked over to Gabriel (ooc again: assuming he's still here)

"Well...*yawn* Liridian's sleeping but *yawn* I think someone should stay close by in case *yawn* there's any problems like we had with Rhiannon...*yawn* and I...I guess I'm volunteering...."

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:20:59 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 5:37:17 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> "Commander, sit down please. I am not one to leave something unfinished. We
> need to settle this little incident that happened. I have enough problems
with
> Rhiannon. Than to have you tip toeing your way around me and Ian staring me
> down with hate."

"I'd prefer not to sit Sir." said Cassie stubbornly, the Sirian in her shining through. "And I feel that tip toeing is much better than clodding around and causing a ruckus Sir."

"What! is this direct defiance?" Battai thought to himself. He wanted to clear the air and Cassie wasn't helping it was on five and half hours ago when they almost did it and now look at her stubbornness.

"Cassandra Schmidt sit down!" the Admiral demanded.

(response)

"What? what has gotten into you? We need to clear the air here!"
The Admiral was becoming frustrated.

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:21:05 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 5:48:22 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: DEF:Dagar heads for the bridge

> "Take the helm." the Admiral said to Dagar, somewhat distant and upset.

>

"Aye sir." Dagar relieves the ensign at helm and does a quick systems check.

All systems appear to be working within normal parameters. There does appear to be a slight deviation in the reflector grid.

(actions)

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 19:21:09 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 06:26:26 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: Re: DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

(OOC: The pitcher stands at the mound watchign the batter approaching him, this chump should be good for a laugh, he thinks to himself, as he spits casually and elegantly to his left.)

> "Cassandra Schmidt sit down!" the Admiral demanded.

>

Cassie wasn't sure what had gotten into her, but it was much like when she was a little girl and her father would try to talk to her, and she didn't want to...

"There is nothing in the code that says I HAVE to sit down when you tell me to, so NO!" she responded.

> "What? what has gotten into you? We need to clear the air here!"

> The Admiral was becoming frustrated.

>

She narrowed her eyes, "Fine, go ahead." Battai would find thta Cassie is much like Brownyn when she got in her childish and stubborn moods. The relationship has lapsed to that of a father daughter one, and this is going to be more like a father daughter confrontation, about eating candy before dinner or staying out too late.

(response)

Elaine

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Mon Apr 10 19:21:18 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 09:46:31 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon to dexxa

> She stood up. "Dexxa, there's got to be an eating place somewhere around here. What do you recommend?"

>

> "Well Ambassador, your desires lately has been somewhat irratical. However on a

> regular basis you have ordered a Sirian Vlondi with a side salad. Would you

> like to have that?"

Rhiannon arched an eyebrow and wondered what the computer meant. "No, Dexxa," she replied, "What I'm looking for is some 'place' away from sickbay where I can eat."

(response)

She stood and was surprised to find that she felt stronger than she had earlier. Still far less than 100 percent, but definitely better. Looking at her garb, she continued. "This definitely won't do. Dexxa, can you fashion some clothing for me? Something I would normally wear?"

(response)

Rhiannon B. ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 19:22:22 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 7:06:36 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon to dexxa

Rhiannon arched an eyebrow and wondered what the computer meant. "No, Dexxa," she replied, "What I'm looking for is some 'place' away from sickbay where I can eat."

"The Bavarian is where you most frequented. It is on Deck twelve."

She stood and was surprised to find that she felt stronger than she had earlier. Still far less than 100 percent, but definitely better. Looking at her garb, she continued. "This definitely won't do. Dexxa, can you fashion some clothing for me? Something I would normally wear?"

"That would be without a problem." Dexxa said.
Dexxa replicated a fitting dress that is aqua-green in colour. Rhiannon usually wore colours that accented her hair and brought out her eyes.

"How is this Ambassador?" Queried Dexxa.

(response)

From JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu Mon Apr 10 19:22:43 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 10:14:20 EST
From: "John E. Owens" <JEO@vetmed1.vetmed.ufl.edu>
Subject: DEF: Dagar calls Engineering

> "Aye sir." Dagar relieves the ensign at helm and does a quick
> systems check.
> All systems appear to be working within normal parameters. There does appear
> to be a slight deviation in the reflector grid.

-Damn!- Dagar calls down to engineering, "Helm to engineering. There appears to be a deviation in th reflector grid again. Can you put someone on it. I'd like to have it fixed before we reach starbase 12. Helm out."

(response)

John E. Owens

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 20:08:22 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 7:39:59 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: DEF: OOC - *All read*

Everyone,

The: Defender@stargame.org is now working (Properly). Go ahead and start posting there.

And a BIG thanks to Brian Hartsfield for helping me on that.

Cheers,
Anthony

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Mon Apr 10 20:08:26 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 11:10:49 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon's bustin' loose

(ooc: as the batter and pitcher scutinized each other, both forgot the runner on first. leaning slightly, she noticed that the pitcher made no movement in response. with a sudden, blinding burst of speed, she was on her way to steal second.)

> "That would be without a problem." Dexxa said.
> Dexxa replicated a fitting dress that is aqua-green in colour. Rhiannon
> usually wore colours that accented her hair and brought out her eyes.
>
> "How is this Ambassador?" Queried Dexxa.

"Very nice. Thank you. Now, let's see...." Rhiannon headed towards one of the doors that led from her office. It slid open at her approach and revealed what appeared to be a private laboratory. (gm, i hope you don't mind. i'm likely redesigning her office a bit. actually any previous description you know of would be helpful, too. please send privately.)

She backed away, deciding to explore it later, and turned towards the last door. Behind it, she discovered exactly what she was looking for: a bathroom with what had to be a shower of some sort. After a bit of work to figure out what she was doing, Rhiannon managed to get herself cleansed. << Hmm,... you must have to do this often. >> she thought to her as she found items stored in the bathroom with which she could complete her toilet and dress.

" Oh, my..." she whispered to herself as she looked at the finished product in the mirror. The woman who stood before her was stunning. Her red tresses were styled simply to curl about her shoulders, and the makeup had been applied with a light touch. The skin was clear and glowing with a slight, natural blush to the cheeks. And the dress.... It clung to her womanly curves in a very flattering way.

Then, she spied her feet and starting laughing. "Dexxa, I think I need some shoes."

(response)

Now completely attired, Rhiannon crossed the office space to its exit. The door *swished* open, and the escapee glanced about to see if anyone was paying her any attention. Head held high and walking as if it was totally normal for her to leave, she strode out of sickbay.

(ooc: please note that she is not wearing a combadge. for all intents and purposes, she has disappeared.)

Rhiannon the explorer ends.

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Mon Apr 10 20:08:33 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 11:32:45 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
To: lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu
Subject: re: Rhiannon's busting loose (ooc)

oh, way to GO, woman!!!
(and have a great time too!) :)
but what IS it with all the baseball references? between buttons elaine and you....are you a bball fan?
w/b (or if you can't, cya on chat at 3)

Deborah Capuano

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 20:09:01 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 11:53:39 -0500 (EST)
From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
To: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: re: Rhiannon's busting loose (ooc)

thanks. i plan for rhiannon to have a little fun 8-)

i'm not sure what prompted the baseball references (i'm more a football fan myself). i just kinda got into the swing of things.

oh, anthony told me he dislikes the "buttons" name, plus since it's y'all's, i'm going to coming with one of my own. talk to you at 3.

randye

From cshuy@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 20:09:20 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 09:43:04 -0800 (PST)
From: "Confused as ever." <cshuy@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Chen

Sara nodded. "Dexxa, can you isolate the problem in the deflector grid?"

[reply?]

Chen out.

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Mon Apr 10 20:10:02 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 14:16:11 -0500 (EST)

From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF- Jason dreams on...and on...

Jason's quarters, the Defender, the present....

He pressed his hands to his closed eyes as if by doing so he could shut the images out...and it seemed to help, at first...he relaxed again and turned over....but after only a little while something within him shifted again...

and once again he was in the past...

Talyra IV, 23 years ago...

he stood by the wall watching as daddy rolled about on the bed crying and lissy and jen held on so he wouldn't fall out

"so hot it hurts oh i'm burning make it stop oh make it stop please"
"lissy we gotta find a doctor there's gotta be somebody"
"shut up jen there isn't i've looked for three days"
"burning burning up oh please"
"jacey go get some water get ice too get the bucket outta the kitchen ok?"

he ran as fast as he could to the kitchen scabbled for a chair so he could reach the icemaker then got mommy's pail...(don't think about mommy now) climbed up and dumped all the ice out into it back down and ran into daddy's room

lissy grabbed it and put ice all over daddy....just then he screamed the loudest jacey'd heard yet and fell back didn't move no more...lissy put her head on daddy's front....

"oh no no no" she started crying and so did jen...

jacey wanted to cry too he shoulda been quicker oh why oh why i came quick didn't i wasn't quick enough daddy come back oh please i'll be quicker come back...

back on the Defender, in the present....

Jason sat up in the bed, the tears running down his face even as he tried to rub them away...and the memories with them, memories he thought he'd long since put behind him...

and somewhere in his mind a voice whispered louder and louder you're no good couldn't save them couldn't help rhi couldn't help mark can't help anybody...

"Nooooooo" he sobbed, collapsing into a huddle on the bed...

more to come...

Deborah Capuano

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 20:10:07 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 11:29:18 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>

Subject: Re: DEF- Re: DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> The Admiral started to get upset with Cassie's defiant attitude. He completely
> went off the subject as to why he brought her in. Now it was a matter of
> principle.
>
> "Don't take that tone with me young lady. Now sit down!"

"Not only am I not going to sit down, but I'm going to stand on this chair." she said as she stood on the chair presently in front of her.

(OOC: The second baseman glared at the runner heading for second and shook his head. "Can't do that when they call a time out bud. The ump'll catch you not to worry you cannot escape Dexxa." At the pitcher's mound the pitcher spit again at the batter's feet as he approached him. The batter then assumed an in-your-face stance and started kicking dirt on the pitcher's spikes. They both turned red in the face and the pitcher pushed the batter's hat and helmet off of his head.)

(response)

Elaine

From cassie@NETCOM.COM Mon Apr 10 20:10:26 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 11:38:11 -0800
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@NETCOM.COM>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon to antoine(bridge)

> Dagar winced at Ian's news, <<I'm sorry this happened Ian.>> As
> Dagar thought back on last night he started to feel as though he were
> being followed again. <<It was just luck that I was there Ian. But
> I'm glad I was.>>

Ian nodded even though Dagar couldn't see him, he started to get all annoyed again and wished that he was stronger so he could beat the tar out of Battai. There was one way to get at Battai, but that was too drastic and then they would have to throw him in jail away from Cassie. He looked at the ready room door and wondering what was going on, he heard voices being raised. <<Well at least she's screaming no, if I hear it one more time though I'll go in there myself..>>

Elaine

From radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us Mon Apr 10 20:11:20 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 95 15:32:52 EST
From: "Todd M. Bullivant" <radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us>
Subject: DEF: [Bridge] Reply to Cassie

>Cassie had just come in from the ready room and was feeling a little
>better after having written the letters.
>"Glad to hear it," responded Cassie to J.P., "My job is fairly easy from
>here on out, you're the one that is going to be having a busy schedule. "

"Unfortunately, you're right. I'll be working hard until the mission is over. Why is it that it seems like no other Counselor in Starfleet works as hard as I do? I'd like to meet another one that works as hard or harder than I do. I'd like to shake their hand."

{response}

>"Did you manage do get some rest last night, you look a bit more relaxed.

"Yes, believe it or not, I did. The Bavarian was just what I needed. A good relaxing night to catch up on needed food and talk with friends. You should take that advice also. You look a little tired still."

{response}

>"I took your advice and wrote some letters to my family. I am waiting to
>talk to my my mother until we get to Starbase 19 though. Will you be
>able to spend most of your time today with us on the Bridge or are you
>just here for a little bit?"

"That's good. I hope that everything will turn out good. I believe that I'll stay here for a while. I'm cleared for a few hours, so I guess I'll hang out here until they drag me away. Got anything for me to do?"

{response}

Todd M. Bullivant - radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Mon Apr 10 20:11:45 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 13:03:50 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> The Admiral started to get upset with Cassies defiant attitude. He completely
> went off the subject as to why he brought her in. Now it was a matter of
> principle.
>
> "Don't take that tone with me young lady. Now sit down!"

"Not only am I not going to sit down, but I'm going to stand on this chair." she said as she stood on the chair presently in front of her.

(OOC: The second baseman glared at the runner heading for second and shook his head. "Can't do that when they call a time out bud. The ump'll catch you not to worry you cannot escape Dexxa." At the pitcher's mound the pitcher spit again at the batter's feet as he approached him. The batter then assumed an in your face stance and started kicking dirt on the pitcher's spikes. They both turned red in the face and the pitcher pushed the batter's hat and helmet off of his head.)

"Oh yea!" yelled Battai. "Well two can play at that game."
With a flash the Admiral stood on top of his desk.
"See!" he said. "I'm taller now. You have to listen me now!"

(OOC- The batter reaches out to rip the hat off of the pitcher and began to stomp on it. All the while daring the pitcher to do the same.)

(response)

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 20:12:10 1995

Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 13:46:49 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Re: DEF: [Bridge] Reply to Cassie

> "Unfortunately, you're right. I'll be working hard until the mission is
> over. Why is it that it seems like no other Counselor in Starfleet works as
> hard as I do? I'd like to meet another one that works as hard or harder
> than I do. I'd like to shake their hand."

"If I find one I'll let you know, perhaps set up an appointment for you
to shake their hand."she smiled.

> >"Did you manage do get some rest last night, you look a bit more relaxed.
>
> "Yes, believe it or not, I did. The Bavarian was just what I needed. A
> good relaxing night to catch up on needed food and talk with friends. You
> should take that advice also. You look a little tired still."

"Last night was a busy night to say they least. Work hard, party hard,
that's my motto." she paused briefly.

> >"I took your advice and wrote some letters to my family. I am waiting to
> >talk to my my mother until we get to Starbase 19 though. Will you be
> >able to spend most of your time today with us on the Bridge or are you
> >just here for a little bit?"
>
> "That's good. I hope that everything will turn out good. I believe that
> I'll stay here for a while. I'm cleared for a few hours, so I guess I'll
> hang out here until they drag me away. Got anything for me to do?"

"You could help Ian with the beam, but why don't you just enjoy this time
and take it easy, we don't want to wear out the best Counselor in the
'fleet before noon."

continue with next sequence of events...

Elaine

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 20:12:21 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 13:50:53 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Re: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> "Oh yea!" yelled Battai. "Well two can play at that game."
> With a flash the Admiral stood on top of his desk.
> "See!" he said. "I'm taller now. You have to listen me now!"
>
> (OOC- The batter reaches out to rip the hat off of the pitcher and began to
> stomp on it. All the while daring the pitcher to do the same.)

"That's what you think," she levitated so that her head was touching the
ceiling. "I'm in control of this situation now, so there."

(OOC--the pitcher reaches out and rips the team emblem off the the
batter's uniform throw's it on the floor and starts jump9ing on it and
kicking dirt all over the batter.)

(response)

Elaine

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 20:12:24 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 16:58:15 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
To: antoine battai <Anthony_Battles@3MAIL.3COM.COM>
Subject: def: ooc

boy, oh boy, i wish rhi could walk in on the confrontation between cassie and antoine. randye

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Mon Apr 10 20:12:26 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 13:55:09 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- Chen (Dexxa)

Sara nodded. "Dexxa, can you isolate the problem in the deflector grid?"

"Yes, There is a defective power stream in the main ioniser power supply. This procedure can only be fixed at a Starbase as the Defender doesn't carry the necessary equipment to repair the system."

(actions)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Mon Apr 10 20:12:37 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 14:04:42 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

"That's what you think," she levitated so that her head was touching the ceiling. "I'm in control of this situation now, so there."

(OOC--the pitcher reaches out and rips the team emblem off the the batter's uniform throw's it on the floor and starts jump9ing on it and kicking dirt all over the batter.)

That last action of Cassie was the straw that broke the Camels back.

(OOC - The Batter was incensed. he leaped onto the pitcher and threw him to the ground. Grabbing dirt he shoved in his hair.)

"Well check this out!" Battai screamed and flew straight to the ceiling.

What he didn't realise is that for every action, there is an opposite and equal reaction. The Admiral slammed his head on the ceiling knocking him dizzy. His body floated awkwardly until he regained his senses. Floating down to the ground and grabbing his head. He only said.

"Ow! dang it Cassie!"

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 20:12:39 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 14:07:11 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>

Subject: Re: def: ooc

I know, That would be sight. :) it is rather unorthodox for Starfleet officers to act like this. But believe me, we are going somewhere with this scene. :)

Anthony

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 20:12:43 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 17:15:24 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
To: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: def: ooc

i'm working on something. if you don't want it to happen, let me know with dexxa's response. randye

From rljones@mail.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 20:12:44 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 17:20:18 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye L Jones <rljones@mail.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: DEF- DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> That last action of Cassie was the straw that broke the Camels back.
>
> (OOC - The Batter was incensed. he leaped onto the pitcher and threw him to
> the ground. Grabbing dirt he shoved in his hair.)

(meanwhile, the runner, forced back to first, gets mad because she had a perfectly good stolen base stolen from her.)

> "Well check this out!" Battai screamed and flew straight to the ceiling.
>
> What he didn't realise is that for every action, there is an opposite and
> equal reaction. The Admiral slammed his head on the ceiling knocking him
> dizzy. His body floated awkwardly until he regained his senses. Floating
> down to the ground and grabbing his head. He only said.
>
> "Ow! dang it Cassie!"
>
> (response)

Meanwhile, Rhiannon, enjoying her newfound freedom, had begun to explore the ship, her hunger temporarily forgotten.

She heard the sound of children's laughter, and thinking about Llan'rhiel, she decided to investigate. Before she made it, however, she was staggered by a blinding pain in her head.

A crewperson helped her rise to her feet again. "Do you want me to call sickbay?" he asked.

"No, no," she replied with vehemence. "I'll be okay. Thank you."

The crewperson studied her for a few moments, then he said, "Okay. But you really shouldn't be walking around."

"I'll be fine." Rhiannon straightened and smiled at the crewperson.

"Thanks for your help."

The crewperson finally walked away. When Rhiannon was sure she was steady on her feet, she called out, "Dexxa, what is Admiral Battai's current location?"

(response)

"What is his physical condition?"

(response)

Rhiannon B. ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Mon Apr 10 20:12:54 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 14:23:03 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
To: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: def: ooc

Go for it!!!!

Anthony

From cassie@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 20:12:59 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 14:35:39 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Re: DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> "Ow! dang it Cassie!"

Cassie was at first concerned, <Mon Dieu, I think I killed him.> when he came to he breathed a sigh of relief but couldnt' gkeep a straight face for too long. she erupted into a sheer fit of laughter, fell down on the floor and starting rolling on the floor laughing.

(response)

Elaine

From rljones@mailier.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 20:28:03 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 17:54:58 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye L Jones <rljones@mailier.fsu.edu>
Subject: DEF- Re: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> The crewperson finally walked away. When Rhiannon was sure she was steady
> on her feet, she called out, "Dexxa, what is Admiral Battai's current
> location?"
>
> "The Admiral is in his ready room on the bridge."
>
> "What is his physical condition?"
>
> "The Admiral just bumped his head. He is experiencing a mild disorienta-
> tion. Nothing serious, he will be fine."

Was the link between them so strong that she could sense when he injured himself?

Rhiannon was tempted to ask Dexxa to direct her to the ready room, but she hesitated. If she came, he might read the wrong things from her presence.

"Dexxa,..."

(more to come)

Rhiannon ends.

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Mon Apr 10 20:28:04 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 18:00:25 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: def: ooc

> Go for it!!!!

dexxa's response, however, gave me the impression that i shouldn't send her to the ready room. i'll wait until i hear from you before her next actions.

enjoy your weekend, and don't sing too much!

randye

From cshuy@netcom.com Mon Apr 10 20:28:08 1995
Date: Fri, 24 Mar 1995 15:03:22 -0800 (PST)
From: "Confused as ever." <cshuy@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Chen

Sara took a deep breath, thinking about what she could do next.

"Dexxa, is there anything that can be done to do a temporary fix for the deflector shields? Also, leave a note for Lt. Commander Liridian about getting to a starbase or something like that and getting the deflector shields fixed."

[reply?]

Chen out.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Mon Apr 10 20:28:13 1995
Date: 24 Mar 95 14:32:37 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- ready room (Battai and Cassie)

The crewperson finally walked away. When Rhiannon was sure she was steady on her feet, she called out, "Dexxa, what is Admiral Battai's current location?"

"The Admiral is in his ready room on the bridge."

"What is his physical condition?"

"The Admiral just bumped his head. He is experiencing a mild disorientation. Nothing serious, he will be fine."

(actions, response)

OOO- Hi all, it is 2:30 California time. I have to run off to band practise.

Have a good weekend
Anthony :)

From nwhitehe@mic.dundee.ac.uk Tue Apr 11 21:55:15 1995
Date: Sat, 25 Mar 95 16:48:08 GMT
From: Nik Whitehead <nwhitehe@mic.dundee.ac.uk>
Subject: DEF- Reporting for duty

The doors to the bridge fssshhh open to reveal Dhiy. "Lt Commander t'Lhahtrha reporting back for duty, sir." She reports to whoever has the conn [As the Admiral is having a bit of a fit right now...]

(resp?)

*** t'Lhahtrha out ***

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Tue Apr 11 21:56:44 1995
Date: Sun, 26 Mar 1995 12:43:36 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF- Jason: the claws of the past sink deeper....

"Noooo" he sobbed, collapsing into a huddle on the bed...

The sobs continued for a time, heavy at first then slowly fading to whimpers and then back into silence as he sank back into slumber...but the darkness inside him would not let go, it was getting stronger all the time...

and once again, it flung him back through time and space....

Talyra IV, 23 years ago...

lissy on the bed crying crying and jacey by her rubbing her arms her legs so she wouldn't hurt so much jen was before but now it was jacey's turn but "oh i hurt oh oh please oh it hurts" and he was rubbing as hard as he could but she kept crying then twisted all up screamed real loud and stopped.....

jacey sat there "lissy talk please lissy" then jen ran in looked at lissy "oh no oh no not lissy too oh no" she cried and cried and jacey crying too oh lissy come back i'll do it better i will please come back i will....

back on the Defender, in the present....

He woke up the tears flowing like rivers and this time he was too spent to even try to stop them and the voices kept on whispering you're no good you're no good never were never were....

more to come....

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Tue Apr 11 22:02:38 1995
Date: Sun, 26 Mar 1995 16:44:45 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF- and the nightmare continues...

He pulled the pillow over his head and pressed his face into the bedding in desperation...would nothing silence the voices, couldn't he even do that right? why wouldn't the memories stop welling up, he'd buried them all long ago...or had he?

He tossed and turned for he didn't know how long, but eventually sleep did take him once again....

.....only to once again find himself hurled back into the horrors of the past..

Talyra IV, 23 years ago...

mommy daddy lissy and now jen too screaming screaming oh it hurts it hurts please don't hurt jen don't hurt you can't go too please oh please

and jen lying there twisting around oh help me jacey can't stand it please help and jacey can't oh jen wanna help but don't know how only please don't cry you'll go too

jacey holding on to jen's hand tight as he could maybe that'll make her stay maybe that'll stop the hurting let it jen please im here i wont let go

and then oh no just like mommy daddy lissy she twisted all up and didn't move no more oh jen don't go i didnt let go i didnt let go come back please

back on the Defender, in the present...

He woke up, shaking with the sobs...but there weren't any more tears, he'd cried them all out....and still the voices whispered you're no good you can't help anybody never did never will....

more to come....

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Tue Apr 11 22:02:40 1995
Date: Sun, 26 Mar 1995 17:23:16 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF- Jason's nightmare ends..or does it?

The dry sobs racked him for a time (he'd long since lost all sense of that) but eventually they subsided, and once again, he slept, tossing and turning all the while...and then he was flung away again...but this time was different...

He found himself on a rocky, dismal seashore the waves crashing on the stones and overhead a dull, gray sky thunder rumbling and the flashing of lightning...where am I? what is this place? he wondered..

Suddenly he saw people ahead...one of them saw him, and pointed...
"There....there he is...!" and suddenly they were all chasing him...
he ran as fast as hard as he could why are they after me why why
then suddenly he tripped on a rock and fell everything went dark....

....next he knew he was standing at the base of one of the craggy rocks
and they were all around him pointing yelling he tried to see in the dimness
who they were....

a woman pushed her way forward and Jason saw it was his mother "You
didn't do what I told you and I died because of it...you let it happen"
then his father appeared "why didn't you come faster like lissy told you"

"No...please...I didn't...."

and then Lissy was there "You let me die too Jacey I told you how to make
me stop hurting and you didn't" and then Jen "why did you let me go...?"

He looked wildly about...only to focus on another woman in a patient's robe
with red hair and green eyes..."I woke up screaming and I needed help and
where were you?" then a man holding a padd in his hands typed something on
it then held it out for him to see..."You didn't stop Cassie you let her
hurt me and it's all your fault.."

"Rhiannon...Mark...you can't believe that...I couldn't help it..."

Then Amira was there... and Cassie...and Gabriel, too...and all of them
shouting "You failed...you didn't help any of us...you never could..."

and Jason woke up screaming..."No...no....please....no....!"

Deborah Capuano

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:08:07 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 5:45:04 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- Re: DEF: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> "Ow! dang it Cassie!"

Cassie was at first concerned, <Mon Dieu, I think I killed him.> when he
came to he breathed a sigh of relief but couldnt' gkeep a straight face
for too long. she erupted into a sheer fit of laughter, fell down on the
floor and starting rolling on the floor laughing.

Sitting with his hand on his head. The Admiral watched Cassie break out in
laughter. The Admiral began to see the humour in all of this. He also broke in
a laughter.
Both he and Cassie were laughing on the floor of his ready room. A certain
understanding developed between the two who are practically family members.
However until they can regain their control and demeanor. They could do
nothing but laugh....

TBC...

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:08:10 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 5:46:23 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- Re: ready room (Battai and Cassie)

> "The Admiral just bumped his head. He is experiencing a mild disorienta-
> tion. Nothing serious, he will be fine."

Was the link between them so strong that she could sense when he injured himself?

Rhiannon was tempted to ask Dexxa to direct her to the ready room, but she hesitated. If she came, he might read the wrong things from her presence.

"Dexxa,..."

"Yes Ambassador?" responded Dexxa.

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:08:13 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 5:48:57 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
To: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: def: ooc

> Go for it!!!!

dexxa's response, however, gave me the impression that i shouldn't send her to the ready room. i'll wait until i hear from you before her next actions.

** That is because, Rhiannon usually does. The Admiral really doesn't let any other doctor treat him.

enjoy your weekend, and don't sing too much!

** Thanks. I had a good weekend. I did a short set last night. But other than that, I didn't sing.

Today I have a meeting with a guy who might be our new manager. How was your weekend?

Anthony

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:08:15 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 5:50:39 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- Chen(Dexxa)

Sara took a deep breath, thinking about what she could do next.

"Dexxa, is there anything that can be done to do a temporary fix for the deflector shields? Also, leave a note for Lt. Commander Liridian about getting to a starbase or something like that and getting the deflector shields fixed."

"Not at this time Lieutenant. the power system is defective and will continue to show a decrease in power. I will leave a not for Commander Liridian."

(response, actions if necessary)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:08:16 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 5:54:35 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- Reporting for duty

The doors to the bridge fssshhh open to reveal Dhiy. "Lt Commander t'Lhaihtrha reporting back for duty, sir." She reports to whoever has the conn [As the Admiral is having a bit of a fit right now...]

"You might want to take the conn Commander," Said Ensign Mahala. The Admiral took Commander Schmidt into his ready room and they started yelling. He never turned the bridge over to anyone."

(response)

From lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU Tue Apr 11 22:08:29 1995
Date: Mon, 27 Mar 1995 09:07:05 -0500
From: Randy Jones <lyre@FREENET.SCRI.FSU.EDU>
Subject: def: rhiannon

> "Dexxa,..."
>
> "Yes, Ambassador?"

After making a brief inquiry and receiving a response from the ship's computer, Rhiannon started down the corridor again. At least, the pain she had felt had ebbed.

Moments later, the turbolift doors opened, and she got her first (to her, anyway, look at the bridge. "Excuse me," she said to the first person she saw, "Would you direct me to Admiral Battai's ready room?"

(response, anyone?)

Rhiannon ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:08:40 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 6:27:13 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: def: rhiannon

> "Dexxa,..."
>
> "Yes, Ambassador?"

After making a brief inquiry and receiving a response from the ship's computer, Rhiannon started down the corridor again. At least, the pain she had felt had ebbed.

Moments later, the turbolift doors opened, and she got her first (to her, anyway, look at the bridge. "Excuse me," she said to the first person she saw, "Would you direct me to Admiral Battai's ready room?"

Ensign Mahala was happy to see Rhiannon. As a matter of fact he wanted her. But so did alot of the guys on the ship. Smiling at her he says point to the

door on the left of the bridge and down the ramp.

"It is right there," he said. "Just go down the ramp."

(response)

From nwhitehe@mic.dundee.ac.uk Tue Apr 11 22:08:52 1995
Date: Mon, 27 Mar 95 15:28:19 BST
From: Nik Whitehead <nwhitehe@mic.dundee.ac.uk>
Subject: DEF- The centre seat

>"You might want to take the conn Commander," Said Ensign Mahala.
The Admiral took Commander Schmidt into his ready room and they started
yelling. He never turned the bridge over to anyone."

She steps down to the centre to take the conn. "I have the conn." Her
grandmother was right - she always said that the first time you sit in the
centre seat you feel like a goddess. "Status report?"

(resp?)

*** t'Lhaintrha out ***

From lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu Tue Apr 11 22:08:58 1995
Date: Mon, 27 Mar 1995 10:04:17 -0500 (EST)
From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet3.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: def: rhiannon on the bridge

> "It is right there," he said. "Just go down the ramp."

"Thank you," she replied and left before the young man could wonder why
she might need to ask such a question.

None of the faces were familiar to her; however, she was beginning to
accept that fact. She nodded to those who looked in her direction,
careful to keep her expression friendly since she did not know who
amongst them was supposed to know.

Upon reaching the door the young man had indicated, she pressed what she
guessed was a button to request admission to the room.

(response)

the singin' one.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:09:05 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 7:19:00 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- def: rhiannon on the bridge

Upon reaching the door the young man had indicated, she pressed what she
guessed was a button to request admission to the room.

The Admiral and Cassie started to calm down a little from their laughter. The
Admiral heard the chime to his door and standing with his body leaning against
his desk he says.

"Come in."

The door opened to show the Admiral and Cassie still smiling from what happened a few minutes earlier.

(actions)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Tue Apr 11 22:09:06 1995
Date: 27 Mar 95 6:43:50 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- Update

Hi all,

Well here is your update for the Defender.

There is a sparse amount of people on the bridge. Dagar is at helm one of Cassies navigation team is at the nav station. Dhiy just arrived and more than likely will take the conn.

Battai and Cassie are in the ready room trying to settle a small matter that Dagar knows about.

One thing though, Rhiannon is at the door step. What will happen here? Rhi is mad at Battai and he doesn't want to make it worse. Man what kind of soap opera is this?

Just kidding

Down in sickbay - The Doctors are busy with the patients. Little did they know that Rhiannon left sickbay without discharge. Ooh that could spell trouble.

Poor Jason Keeler is having some trouble sleeping. I like how it is developing. All, keep up with that.

The ship is on its way to Starbase 19 and will be there in forty hours.

take it away,
Anthony
The GM from H*ll

From lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu Sat Apr 15 17:16:49 1995
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 1995 08:12:02 -0500 (EST)
From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: DEF- def: rhiannon & antoine (step 2)

> The Admiral stood up, he walked around the table and brought himself in front of
> Rhi. Reaching out with his hand to her arm, he gently brought her one step
> closer. Looking down into her eyes. The Admiral could see that this Rhiannon
> is not much different from the previous. There are slight differences, but it
> is still Rhi. Battai smiles and starts to say.

Rhiannon's eyes followed Antoine as he came towards her. She felt the powerful attraction that seemed to draw them together. And when he touched her....

> "Although you do not remember who you are, you will start a new life. It will
> be a long and hard road. Definately will not be easy. However you can count

> on me to support you every step of the way. And in time we can come to know
> and love each other. Start fresh a new life together.
> Rhiannon S. Battai, I would love to start over with you again."

She smiled back, her eyes meeting his. No words seemed adequate, so she responded in the only logical way possible. Somehow the distance between them closed, and her hand slipped behind his head to draw him lips towards hers.

The kiss began tenderly, almost hesitantly.

Rhiannon ends.

From cassie@netcom.com Sat Apr 15 17:17:15 1995
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 1995 07:01:52 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Bavarian (Back Track to Jason)

Cassie stepped back at Jason's outburst. As he ran out of the room he tapped his badge.

"Schmidt to Keith. Counselor Jason Keeler just wiggled out on me I think he is feeling a little stressed right now. I don't know if a man hunt is appropriate, but I think it may require some investigation."

(response)

She put sighed and walked out of the Bavarian.

(continue as before)

Elaine

From cassie@netcom.com Sat Apr 15 17:29:03 1995
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 1995 13:51:00 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Plot in Navigation Team....

The E-mail went from Henrietta to Zen Mahala to the Engineering team to the Fighter crew to the teams on Deck 17 and back to the Bridge to the Navigation crew. Alyssa happened to be sitting at the station when the message came through.

(That is disgusting,) she thought to herself. (Cassie would never have done that willingly. The Admiral must have instigated things.) She shook her head. She was a big fan of the Commander's but was not too crazy about the Admiral's command style. Especially since one time he had snapped at her during a critical point in one of their missions. Even though he apologized profusely and thought that he had made it clear to her that it had nothing to do with her personally, she never forgave him for it. She went to great lengths to avoid Battai and deal solely with Cassie, which was an easy task. She shook her head.

(Someone ought to teach him a lesson.) It was at that point that she decided it she would be the one. She was afraid to take the Admiral on alone though, because he was so much stronger and she was also not one of the people with the Gift. She started talking to one of the other

members of the Navigation crew, he was in agreement on the situation. The Admiral needed to be taught a lesson, no matter what you should never take advantage of a woman.

She decided to rally the troops, what she was planning would require a lot of moral support. She sent out a message to her friends in the other departments.

To: Sara Chen, Zen Mahala, Mark Franklin
From: Alyssa Cephas
Re: Bavarian

Meet me in the Bavarian at 19:30 hours, we're gonna crash the officers party.

(OO: Christina and Bruno please answer for your NPC's, Anthony will answer for Zen tomorrow.)

Karch motioned her over to his terminal for a second, "Do you really want to go through with this?" He eyed her seriously.

"If we don't do something he might try it again. And anyway someone has to stick up for the Commander. Did you hear how upset she was and how mad she was when she left. She's never like that. Commander Troi must not know, otherwise he would have done something to avenge her when the Admiral walked on the Bridge." said Alyssa.

"I know. She didn't even take the conn from the Lt. when she came back. That is so unlike her. What time are we meeting again?" asked John.

"19:30 hours. It's 13:17 now, so that gives me about 6 hours to think of something. I know that when we confront him I want him to be isolated. I don't want anyone else in the way. That's why I asked those guys to come, maybe they can help me barricade him off. I better get back to my station though." said Alyssa as she straightened and started to walk away.

"Alright, later 'lyssa," with that John Karch turned his chair slightly away and proceeded with his work.

tbc...

Elaine

From radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us Sat Apr 15 17:29:08 1995
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 95 17:45:34 EST
From: "Todd M. Bullivant" <radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us>
Subject: DEF- DEF: [Bridge] Collisions

J.P. finished his conversation with Cassie, and she left when the Admiral. He wondered if those two would ever grow up and stop fighting. But, he thought, that was what made them lovable. From the looks of things, Cassie and Ian had made up. He just wanted to make sure no harm had come of it. He'd talk to Ian later and talk about it. It looked like he was busy working at the moment.

He sat back in his chair and watched the stars go by. Even though he had just gotten up, it seemed like it was night with the blackness of space. He always liked the night and would frequently wander around planets in the

dark listening to the sounds of the local wildlife. Breathing deeply the aroma and enjoying the beauty. But he was on duty, so he couldn't indulge, not even in the holodeck at the moment. Oh well.

He remained resting, but got bored eventually. It was funny. Not a year ago and he would have thought just sitting there would have been exciting. A lot had changed since those days on Starbase 78. He had more excitement in his life than he thought he could handle, but somehow he managed. He was in a good mood this morning and just had to do something.

{anyone got anything for J.P. to do? He's in a good mood and bored!}

Todd M. Bullivant - radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us

From gaeta@angis.su.oz.au Sat Apr 15 17:29:10 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 09:16:04 +1000
From: Bruno Gaeta <gaeta@angis.su.oz.au>
Subject: Re: DEF- Plot in Navigation Team....

> Meet me in the Bavarian at 19:30 hours, we're gonna crash the
> officers party.
>

Franklin's jaw was healing quickly and he could walk around sickbay, although he still couldn't speak. When he got the message on his terminal, he looked over his shoulder to make sure St Clair wasn't watching (and saw him sitting down, obviously fighting to stay awake but almost dozing off). Then he answered using the manual input...
"Count me in, I'll be there. Mark"

From cshuy@netcom.com Sat Apr 15 17:58:35 1995
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 1995 22:52:36 -0800 (PST)
From: "Confused as ever." <cshuy@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Chen

Sara was busy trying to figure out what to do next when the message came through on her PADD about crashing a party. She grinned to herself and send the reply straight away.

--I'll be there. This should be fun!--

Chen out.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM Sat Apr 15 17:58:48 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 6:03:06 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3Com.COM>
Subject: Re: DEF- def: rhiannon & antoine (step 2)

She smiled back, her eyes meeting his. No words seemed adequate, so she responded in the only logical way possible. Somehow the distance between them closed, and her hand slipped behind his head to draw him lips towards hers.

The kiss began tenderly, almost hesitantly.

There was nothing different here. Rhiannon knew how to kiss. And even with her not remembering who she is. She obviously didn't remember how to kiss her

husband. The Admiral was just drawn into her. Battai's heart jumped as the adrenaline rushed throughout his body. He began to glow once more as he and Rhiannon began to close the gap that he created between them.

Tenderly the Admiral kissed Rhiannon back. Coming up for air, The Admiral held his wife close to him. He hugged her with his Sirian strength. All the pain, the crying, the anger, was gone now. He had Rhiannon back.

(actions response)

From cshuy@netcom.com Sat Apr 15 17:58:51 1995
Date: Wed, 29 Mar 1995 22:57:49 -0800 (PST)
From: "Confused as ever." <cshuy@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- Lirdian

[OOC: I seem to have been left in the lurch!]

Amira was awake and shivering. Her head hurt and it seemed to be from a broken link she had had. Closing her eyes briefly, she sought to find out who the link had been to.

<'Oh, Goddess... Sal... WHere are you and where the hell am I?> she thought despareately to herself, forgetting that the link to Sonya A. Lirdian had been broken over 20 years ago.

<<'Amira? Are you ok?>> came the message from her brother Steven, only he seemed to be older... he still sounded concerned, though.

<<'Still the mother hen, Steven? I'm fine. What happened to Sal? And where the hell are we?>>

She could sense Steven sighing. Moments later, she got images of things she didn't think were possible... well, most of which at least. SHE screamed loudly...

[OOC: if THAT doesnt bring someone running, how would the rest of the crew like it if the Chief Engineer went berserk? *smile*]

[response?]

TBC.
Lirdian out.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Sat Apr 15 17:58:56 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 6:09:12 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- Plot in Navigation Team....

The E-mail went from Henrietta to Zen Mahala to the Engineering team to the Fighter crew to the teams on Deck 17 and back to the Bridge to the Navigation crew. Alyssa happened to be sitting at the station when the message came through.

(That is disgusting,) she thought to herself. (Cassie would never have done that willingly. The Admiral must have instigated things.) She shook her head. She was a big fan of the Commander's but was not too crazy about the Admiral's command style. Especially since one time he

had snapped at her during a critical point in one of their missions. Even though he apologized profusely and thought that he had made it clear to her that it had nothing to do with her personally, she never forgave him for it. She went to great lengths to avoid Battai and deal solely with Cassie, which was an easy task. She shook her head.

(Someone ought to teach him a lesson.) It was at that point that she decided it she would be the one. She was afraid to take the Admiral on alone though, because he was so much stronger and she was also not one of the people with the Gift. She started talking to one of the other members of the Navigation crew, he was in agreement on the situation. The Admiral needed to be taught a lesson, no matter what you should never take advantage of a woman.

She decided to rally the troops, what she was planning would require a lot of moral support. She sent out a message to her friends in the other departments.

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(OOO: Christina and Bruno please answer for your NPC's, Anthony will answer for Zen tomorrow.)

Karch motioned her over to his terminal for a second, "Do you really want to go through with this?" He eyed her seriously.

"If we don't do something he might try it again. And anyway someone has to stick up for the Commander. Did you hear how upset she was and how mad she was when she left. She's never like that. Commander Troi must not know, otherwise he would have done something to avenge her when the Admiral walked on the Bridge." said Alyssa.

"I know. She didn't even take the conn from the Lt. when she came back. That is so unlike her. What time are we meeting again?" asked John.

"19:30 hours. It's 13:17 now, so that gives me about 6 hours to think of something. I know that when we confront him I want him to be isolated. I don't want anyone else in the way. That's why I asked those guys to come, maybe they can help me barricade him off. I better get back to my station though." said Alyssa as she straightened and started to walk away.

"Alright, later 'lyssa," with that John Karch turned his chair slightly away and proceeded with his work.

"Yes!" Zen said as he read the message from Alyssa.
'She is going to tell Battai off.' Zen thought as he began to reply.

To: Alyssa Cephas,
From: Zen Mahala
RE: Bavarian.

Alyssa,
Count me in. I will be there, just tell me what you need me to do.

Zen.

Zen sent the message off to Alyssa. Even though she was at the navigation console. He didn't want to make it obvious. Zen like being part of the J.O.C. The Junior Officers Club, was something that was made up about sixty years ago by a guy named Morgan Chane. It was sort of a non- official club to make the Junior officers feel good about their positions. They were not Senior officers but they were more than just enlisted men. Zen was anticipating the action in the Bavarian.

"Six hours to go." Zen said as he continued working on the deflector grid.

tbc...

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Sat Apr 15 17:59:22 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 6:13:06 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- DEF: [Everywhere] Searching for Jason Keeler (tm)

>"Schmidt to Keith. Counselor, Jason Keeler just wiggled out on me I think >he is feeling a little stressed right now. I don't know if a man hunt is >appropriate, but I think it may require some investigation."

J.P. knew his rest was too good to be true. He answered Cassie's call. "This is J.P. I'm still cleared for a little while, so I'll go see if I can find him. Kieth out."

"Dexxa, where is Jason Keeler located at this moment, and is he moving in any direction?"

"He is in his quarters." Dexxa responded.

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Sat Apr 15 17:59:27 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 5:57:02 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- Dealing with deflectors

>"Commander," Zen says as he turns around. " The deflector grid is actually defective. If we don't get to the Starbase in three days it will terminate its function. The power system is draining power. What do you want me to do? or tell Sarah in main engineering?"

"Our ETA puts us at Starbase 19 in under two days. In the meantime can we use the shields to bear some of the deflectors' workload while you look for an alternative?" After all, the ship's shields are quite capable of handling all but the largest meteoric impact, and anything large enough to cause damage should be detectable and therefore avoidable.

"Understood Commander." Said Zen. "We'll get power boosted to the shields. Anything else Commander?"

(response)

From radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us Sat Apr 15 17:59:30 1995

Date: Thu, 30 Mar 95 06:16:51 EST
From: "Todd M. Bullivant" <radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us>
Subject: DEF- DEF: [Everywhere] Searching for Jason Keeler (tm)

>"Schmidt to Keith. Counselor, Jason Keeler just wiggled out on me I think
>he is feeling a little stressed right now. I don't know if a man hunt is
>appropriate, but I think it may require some investigation."

J.P. knew his rest was too good to be true. He answered Cassie's call.
"This is J.P. I'm still cleared for a little while, so I'll go see if I can
find him. Keith out."

"Dexxa, where is Jason Keeler located at this moment, and is he moving in
any direction?"

{response}

Todd M. Bullivant - radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Sat Apr 15 17:59:32 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 6:28:15 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- Update *All read*

Hi Crew,

What is happening in sickbay? Somebody better attend to Amira Liridian.
Already Rhiannon has ran off and noone noticed. Wake up crew. Oh and Jason
Keeler is not on duty, Gabriel, I know you haven't slept for three days. But
Amira really needs attention. :)

On the bridge: Your priority is to get some type of fix for the Deflector
grid. Just think how happy the Admiral would feel if the grid is fixed when
he comes back on the bridge.

Hey, what is up with Alyssa? She is one mad lady. So you should go to the
Bavarian at 19:00 hrs to see what happens.

The Admiral and Rhiannon are in the ready room. Where is Cassie? Everyone
else on the bridge please put your heads together to fix the Deflector grid. I
sure hate for it to go down on you. Pulling double shifts is not fun. :)

Take it away,
Anthony
The GM from H*II

From rljones@mailier.fsu.edu Sat Apr 15 17:59:38 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 09:48:32 -0500 (EST)
From: Randy L Jones <rljones@mailier.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: DEF- def: rhiannon & antoine (step 2)

> Tenderly the Admiral kissed Rhiannon back. Coming up for air, The Admiral
> held his wife close to him. He hugged her with his Sirian strength. All the
> pain, the crying, the anger, was gone now. He had Rhiannon back.

Rhiannon's sigh turned to a small groan as she felt Antoine squeeze her in
his bear hug. "Antoine," she gasped, "I can't breath."

(response)

It took a moment for the air to rush back into her lungs. "I see that Llan'rhiel is not the only one who forgets her strength."

(response)

She could not help but notice that the glow that had been missing from around his body since the night before had return. While she still was not used to it, she smiled because she remembered that Llan'rhiel had told her it meant he was happy. And that pleased her greatly.

Stil held in his arms, but more comfortably, she said, "Antoine, I think that this could be very exciting. Hard, yes, for both of us. But exciting... and fun."

Rhiannon reached up to caress Antoine's face, and for the second time, she involuntarily gasped.

The hand she had raised was glowing!

Rhiannon ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Fri Apr 21 16:44:16 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 7:28:33 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- def: rhiannon & antoine (step 2)

Rhiannon's sigh turned to a small groan as she felt Antoine squeeze her in his bear hug. "Antoine," she gasped, "I can't breath."

"Oh, sorry Rhi." the Admiral said loosening his grasps.

It took a moment for the air to rush back into her lungs. "I see that Llan'rhiel is not the only one who forgets her strength."

"I can't help it" the Admiral said. "You are so huggable." Battai smiled looking into the eyes of his love.

She could not help but notice that the glow that had been missing from around his body since the night before had return. While she still was not used to it, she smiled because she remembered that Llan'rhiel had told her it meant he was happy. And that pleased her greatly.

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Rhiannon reached up to caress Antoine's face, and for the second time, she involuntarily gasped.

The hand she had raised was glowing!

"Not used to the glow?" Battai said. He reached out with his hand to hers. Gently taking her hand in his, he brings it to his chest. Placing Rhis hand on his chest the Admiral said.

"Tonight we will go to the Bavarian and have dinner. Then after that we can do what ever you like. If you feel like a quiet evening just let me know. "

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Fri Apr 21 16:44:53 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 10:22:17 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- DEF OOC: I'm off to the US

Hi Bruno,

Have a safe trip coming over. Also call me when you get up my way.

Deborah - Could you handle all characters in Sickbay?

Thanks
Anthony

----- Previous Message -----

To: Defender @ stargame.org @ UGATE
cc:
From: gaeta @ angis.su.oz.au (Bruno Gaeta) @ UGATE
Date: Friday March 31, 1995 04:01 AM
Subject: DEF- DEF OOC: I'm off to the US

Hello everybody, sorry I haven't been able to contribute much this week, but I was flat out getting ready for my US trip. I am leaving soon now, and although I hope to be able to get some network access in the US, I doubt I will be able to contribute regularly, so someone may have to take over Gabriel momentarily (Deborah? Anthony?)...

I'll be back to my normal routine in a bit over a month...

Bruno (St Clair)

From rljones@mailers.fsu.edu Fri Apr 21 16:45:10 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 13:39:38 -0500 (EST)
From: Randy L Jones <rljones@mailers.fsu.edu>
Subject: DEF- rhiannon (ready room)

Feeling the strong beat of Antoine's heart under her hand, Rhiannon was amazed that their kisses would affect him so. She would not consider the pounding of her own heart or the natural feeling of their intimate embrace.

"Dinner?" she replied, finally hearing his suggestion. "That sounds very nice. I'd love to, that is if I can."

She smiled up at him, and her green eyes danced mischievously. "You see, I'm an escapee from sickbay. I was hungry and wanted to see the ship."

As if confirming her words, a most indelicate growl sounded.

(response)

Rhiannon ends.

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Fri Apr 21 16:45:14 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 10:56:36 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- rhiannon (ready room)

Feeling the strong beat of Antoine's heart under her hand, Rhiannon was amazed that their kisses would affect him so. She would not consider the pounding of her own heart or the natural feeling of their intimate embrace.

"Dinner?" she replied, finally hearing his suggestion. "That sounds very nice. I'd love to, that is if I can."

She smiled up at him, and her green eyes danced mischievously. "You see, I'm an escapee from sickbay. I was hungry and wanted to see the ship."

As if confirming her words, a most indelicate growl sounded.

"Mon dieu!" Battai said in response. "We better get you back down to sickbay or Gabriel will be very upset with me." Taking her by the hand he then said. "After we eat lunch." Just then the Admiral and Rhiannon popped into the Bavarian and had Henrietta bring them a quick lunch. When the food was brought, it was a traditional Battai lunch that Rhiannon had normally fixed for them. Smiling the Admiral said to Rhi, "Eat up!"

(response)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Fri Apr 21 16:45:12 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 11:04:16 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- J.O.C's

Henrietta saw the Admiral and Rhiannon pop into the Bavarian. She smirked as she knew something that he didn't. She knew that Alyssa was going to give him a piece of her mind tonight.

The Admiral ordered lunch for Rhiannon and Henrietta expeditiously provided that for them. She sat back behind the counter and quickly typed a memo to the others:

To: Alyssa Cephas, Zen Mahala, Sara Chen, and Mark Franklin
From: The Bavarian

Subject: The Admiral

Hello everyone,

Just to let you know. Battai and his wife are in the Bavarian right now having lunch. They look like they were able to resolve their little "infidelity" matter.

See you tonight,
Henrietta.

Henrietta just sat back and smiled, as she contemplated the evening to come.

(actions)

From rljones@mailier.fsu.edu Fri Apr 21 16:45:18 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 14:35:39 -0500 (EST)
From: Randye L Jones <rljones@mailier.fsu.edu>
Subject: DEF- rhiannon (in the eye of the gathering storm)

> "After we eat lunch." Just then the Admiral and Rhiannon popped into the
> Bavarian and had Henrietta bring them a quick lunch. When the food was
> brought, it was a traditional Battai lunch that Rhiannon had normally fixed
> for them. Smiling the Admiral said to Rhi,
> "Eat up!"

Rhiannon was surprised to find herself seated at a table in a restaurant-like room with an excellent view of the starfield. Another part of the gift, she guessed to herself. She said nothing, though, choosing to save it for later when she and Antoine could talk quietly.

Studying the food placed before her, she said, "Antoine, what is this? It smells wonderful."

(response)

She picked up a fork and tentatively plucked up a morsel of food from the plate. Blissfully unaware of the storm of innuendo gathering around them, she tried the food then, finding that she enjoyed its flavor, attacked it with gusto.

(ooc: i can't wait to find out who spilt the beans about antoine and cassie. after all, none of the parties involved had motivation to want to discuss it, and there was no way that anyone could have seen the pair enter or leave the holodeck.)

Rhiannon ends.

From cassie@netcom.com Fri Apr 21 16:45:33 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 12:52:32 -0800 (PST)
From: "Elaine M. Furnari" <cassie@netcom.com>
Subject: DEF- J.O.C.

Alyssa smiled as the positive responses came through from the other junior officers. (The more help, the better.) she thought to herself.

When Henrietta's message came through she grimaced though. (Look at that, that pig probably hasn't even told her the whole truth. He probably crucified Cassie so he would look good. We'll see what he has to say when we crash that party tonight. Then he'll see who gets the last laugh.) She decided to send a message to Cassie.

To. Cassandra Schmidt
From. Alyssa Cephas
Re. Concerned

I just wanted to let you know that I was worried about you and hoping you are feeling better. Don't worry about anything, I'll take care of it for you. I'll cover for you too incase anyone asks where you are.

Alyssa

Things were fairly quiet on the bridge so other than that Alyssa decided to plan the nights events. First she called up a layout for the Bavarian...

Meantime...

Cassie rolled over and woke again. She got up and decided to see where they were.

"Dexxa, ETA to Starbase 19, and what time is it now?"

response

"Okay, thanks"still feeling slightly groggy she decided to listen to some music, feeling slightly depressed she had Dexxa pull up Mozart's Requiem Mass. She then went over to her terminal and noticed a message from Alyssa. Cassie smiled and thought that was sweet of her to be concerned, it struck her as a little odd and she wondered if there was trouble on the Bridge, (I wonder what she meant about everything.)

She decided to check with Ian.

To: Ianandru Troi
From: Cassandra Schmidt
Re: Okay?

Is everything up there okay? I just got a message from Alyssa at the Navigation console.

Ian who was getting kind of bored now, responded almost immediately.

To: Cassandra Schmidt
From:Ianandru Troi
Re: Re-Okay?

Everything is going smoothly right now. Did you just wake up babe? what are you wearing tonight? What are you doing right now?

Cassie smiled as the email came back.

To: Ianandru Troi
From:Cassandra Schmidt
Re: Tonight

Yeah, unfortunately that bottle of Sirian wine that I just chugged is working its magic. As far as attire goes I think its uniform dress, but as usual us females have the option of wearing regular clothing. I think you should wear your dress uniform, especially to see how is goes with your new haircut. Right now, I am just sitting here writing back to you. Miss you too.

To: Cassandra Schmidt
From:Ianandru Troi
Re: Re-Tonight

Okay I can wear the dress uniform. So you like the new haircut huh? No one else has said anything yet. To tell you the truth I feel kind of

bald. I guess I felt like I had to do it as a type of cleansing thing, and besides I had too many dead ends. You still didn't say what you were going to wear...you have to give me something to look forward to.

Oh, and I was thinking, maybe we should do something about officially changing your last name soon, I think it's time these emails were addressed to Cassandra Troi.

Cassie smiled and blushed when she read the last line.

<<Ah, but then that would mean taking that big step, are you quite ready for that.>> she 'pathed to him.

<<My dear. No step is too big to keep you by my side forever.>> he smiled and 'pathed back. Just then the frisky jr. officer walked on to the bridge. <<Guess who just showed up for work. She's not even looking at me.>>

<<Count your lucky stars for me dear.>> 'pathed Cassie back. <<And to make sure you're keeping your mind on me, tonight I'm wearing the black dress with the bead work.>>

Ian's ears practically perked up, <<You mean the one that's stretchy?>>

<<Yes.>> she answered.

<<I'll pick you up at 18:00>> he 'pathed back.

<<But the dinner's not until 19:00,>> she said.

<<Who said we were leaving right away.>> he said as a closing remark and started looking back at his terminal.

Cassie stretched out and smiled, looking towards her arm though she noticed the black arm band again. Her mood shifted and she got up to replicate her dress for that night and then curled up on the bed again making sure she had an alarm set for 17:00, knowing full well she would delay it till 17:30. She fell back asleep thinking about the Ambassador and Bronwyn way back when.

tbc...

Elaine

From radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us Fri Apr 21 16:45:46 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 95 18:00:02 EST
From: "Todd M. Bullivant" <radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us>
Subject: DEF- DEF: [Quarters] Talking to Keeler

>"Dexxa, where is Jason Keeler located at this moment, and is he moving in any direction?"

>"He is in his quarters." Dexxa responded.

"Thanks Dexxa. Call me if they need any help working on this Deflector problem. I'll be in Keeler's quarters for probably a while."

{response}

J.P. headed off the Jason's quarters. Arriving there, he rang the bell and waited for an answer.

{response}

Todd M. Bullivant - radar@vortex.ithaca.ny.us

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Fri Apr 21 16:45:47 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 14:33:58 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: Re: DEF- J.O.C.

Cassie rolled over and woke again. She got up and decided to see where they were.

"Dexxa, ETA to Starbase 19, and what time is it now?"

"Forty two hours and twenty-one minutes." Dexxa replied.

"Okay, thanks" still feeling slightly groggy she decided to listen to some music, feeling slightly depressed she had Dexxa pull up Mozart's Requiem Mass. She then went over to her terminal and noticed a message from Alyssa. Cassie smiled and thought that was sweet of her to be concerned, it struck her as a little odd and she wondered if there was trouble on the Bridge, (I wonder what she meant about everything.)

(stuff with Ian deleted)

From Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com Fri Apr 21 16:45:50 1995
Date: 30 Mar 95 14:31:25 EDT
From: Anthony Battles/HQ/3Com <Anthony_Battles@3mail.3com.com>
Subject: DEF- The Battais in the Bavarian

Studying the food placed before her, she said, "Antoine, what is this? It smells wonderful."

"Well it is some Scottish dish that you always cook up. Here are scallop potatoes, with a side of green beans. This is my favourite from Scotland" Battai said pointing to, "Mouton."

She picked up a folk and tentatively plucked up a morsel of food from the plate. Blissfully unaware of the storm of innuendo gathering around them, she tried the food then, finding that she enjoyed its flavor, attacked it with gusto.

"Slow down babe!" Battai said as he saw Rhiannon attack her food with a fervor never before seen. He laughed a little while watching her. He then said. "How is it?"

(response)

(OOC- Now What kind of Folk did Rhiannon use? Po-Folk, Rich-Folk, Dumb-Folk or Smart-Folk? I never seen anyone eat with a Folk before. I don't know about plucking a Folk. I never seen it done.) Just kidding. :)

From lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu Fri Apr 21 16:45:58 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 18:19:20 -0500 (EST)

From: Randy Jones <lyre@freenet.scri.fsu.edu>
Subject: Re: DEF- The Battais in the Bavarian

> "Slow down babe!" Battai said as he saw Rhiannon attack her food with a
> fervor never before seen. He laughed a little while watching her. He
> then said. "How is it?"

Rhiannon smiled sheepishly after she swallowed the *fork*ful of food in
her mouth. "Very good," she replied.

(ooc: why did i suddenly get this picture of the kelvan who had never
eaten solid food until scotty introduced him to it?)

As they continued to eat, she said, "Tell me about Llan'rhiel and Bronwyn."

(response)

> (OOC- Now What kind of Folk did Rhiannon use? Po-Folk, Rich-Folk, Dumb-Folk
> or Smart-Folk? I never seen anyone eat with a Folk before. I don't know about
> plucking a Folk. I never seen it done.) Just kidding. :)

(ooc: hey, after some of the typos i've seen come from *thee*, sir, thee
should not talk! 8-)

Rhiannon ends.

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Fri Apr 21 16:46:01 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 18:21:20 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: Re: DEF- DEF: [Quarters] Talking to Keeler

> "Thanks Dexxa. Call me if they need any help working on this Deflector
> problem. I'll be in Keelers quarters for probably a while."

>
> {response}

>
> J.P. headed off the Jason's quarters. Arriving there, he rang the bell and
> waited for an answer.

>
Inside the darkened room, Jason was still tossing restlessly on the bed,
having cried himself to sleep for the umpteenth time...

...then the bell rang, once, twice....

...he stirred and sat up in the bed..."What..who is it?" he called.

(who'd want to be seeing him anyway, they all knew what he was)

(resp?)

He sighed. What was he doing here...come to join in the game the others
were all playing, no doubt...well, he deserved it anyway.

"Come in."

(resp?)

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Fri Apr 21 17:02:48 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 20:24:37 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: DEF- ATTENTION ALL CREW

This is to let you know that until further notice all matters regarding sickbay personae will be handled by myself....(Anthony: will be calling you for your ok/input/etc.)

Christina: will have Gabriel come and deal with Amira in next post...

From magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us Fri Apr 21 17:02:51 1995
Date: Thu, 30 Mar 1995 20:48:13 -0500 (EST)
From: Deborah Capuano <magneto@bcfreenet.seflin.lib.fl.us>
Subject: Re: DEF- Liridian

> She could sense Steven sighing. Moments later, she got images of things
> she didn't think were possible... well, most of which at least. SHE
> screamed loudly...
>

Outside at the desk Gabriel was almost out of it...but the sound of Amira's screaming revived him somewhat. Bleary-eyed he made his way over to her...

He reached out with his mind, trying to calm her.

(results?)

(ooc...I hope I'm doing this right, haven't run anyone w.the Gift before..bear with me please all!)