

## S03Ep02 Superposition

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Jan 30, 2015 11:20 am

### Season 3

A contradiction. A statement or proposition that, despite all points of reasoning from the acceptable premises, lends to a conclusion that is senseless. The Universe exists towards the definition of paradox; that which lasts forever does not and that which doesn't does. If one timeline ends, it does not end but continues even as another is born. In a Universe so vast as to house multiple universes, multiple realities, the prospect of what is truth and what is false becomes something of one's perception; an equally messy prospect.

### Episode 2 Superposition

While the Golden Age of the Federation is at hand, progress cannot be made without suffering. Though talks were of great development between the Federation and the newly reformed Romulan Senate, forces seeded in what could only be speculated as being on both sides of this tentative alliance still wish war. Moves have been made. The Romulan Senate dissolves as splinter cell factions overthrow it's government causing disarray; Starfleet's unbecoming entrance into the conflict and ensuing open battle in the space of the Ildius System have all ignited a second Romulan War; the talk of peace no where to be found. Key figures of peace, Fleet Commander Tomalak, Ambassador Vreenak, and the Romulan Praetor have all seemed to disappear. As Captain Marisol Vreenak and the crew of Hope scramble to get some clarity into the situation as the only ship behind the lines of conflict, old relations collide and a dark secret is revealed.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

### FSF Gabe

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

### Prologue

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Feb 03, 2015 12:27 pm

Karma

By Gabriel "The Writer" Logan

It is the impossible to quantify torture, a projection made to ostracize man's simple instinct to hurt it's brother. The adage too wicked plays that if given thumbs man would forge a blade rather than shake its brother's hand. An evil deeply seeded in the selfish name of understanding that which was not meant to be understood.

For six years those augmented by the Borg, the Resistance, the Liberated, were the subjects of experimentation. Brought back along with the Eternity, with Hope, these few thousand were confined to camps, pockets of civilization that were never spoken and would never be spoken by word or by literature. For a time, mankind's animosity towards the Borg simply kept that which they couldn't understand at arms length, the few thousand best kept on a shelf until a determination of action could be made. That determination came with the dismantling of Eternity, the technology within it's holds finding a malus direction to be concluded; shadowed, of course, by public attention. Operations and experimentation kept locked away as though to keep such acts of atrocity would separate the inflictors, scientists that hurt in the name of their practice, from themselves. A peace of mind resting that while their work goes unnoticed, they can keep the illusion of being a person. Return home to family and friends. Eat food, drink water, watch television all the while keeping the wall up that their actions, not two hours ago, caused the life of another.

It's an evil that, like history, repeats. Such damnable acts not entirely unknown to speckle mankind's more nefarious story: The Monster Study, Project 4.1, the North Korean Experimentation, the Tuskegee Syphilis Study, and the Nazi Experiments. Man, however promised that they have evolved, have enacted rules and doctrines to protect against any of these future degeneracy. They are quickly forgotten as opportunity presents itself.

It's impossible to quantify torture or rationalize the irrational. It's even that much more difficult to forget when your memories are locked away in an unrelenting positronic brain. Reflections haunting even as one could not sleep,

could not dream without that dream turning to nightmarish. The glint of blades. Eyes piercing in a wash of brightness as the scalpel cut. Hearing the screams and not knowing if such blood curdling yells were coming from others in the room or from your own elongated maw. Flashes of memory, a wash of flesh and metal, of demons locked in the bodies of men pulling machine from their organic hosts condemning them to be crippled or, if they're lucky, death.

Horrors too daunting to describe with something as limited as words all passed in memory of darker days that punctuated Gabriel "Matrix" Logan's resolve as he sat in silence, the video feeds before him stamping imagery of the second Romulan War. With a left hand to his chin, his only good eye, his left, watching as the baptism of fire washed over Starfleet and Romulan vessels alike as one fired on the other, the cascading maelstrom of battle littering the space in a debris filled field; constellations being born from the wreckage. So easy was it to ignite this war. Humanity was a creature whose default nature was one of spite and territory, the Ildius System being conjectured space for those purposes for as nearly as it's existence was known felt befitting a place for the first match to be thrown in an already pooling puddle of gasoline. Starfleet would fight the enemy as blindly as they did in the Fringe War, and the Romulans, a prideful people too settled in established ways, would level defense even as words of change were shouted at them.

They deserved to die, they all deserved to die, but he would not be the one to cast judgement as vengeful as Logan had become for the transgressions Starfleet showed his people, there was something higher and more appropriate and, to him, better suited. It only had to be nurtured, it only had to be grown.

For a brief instant, light cascaded in the room, a sound of a door opening followed by footsteps that led the door to be closed and the light to be banished again in the room. "Father."

Logan's left arm waved before him, causing the video screens holographically projected out of nothingness to return to that state, his actions automatically causing the room's illumination to increase by 45%. He turned towards the voice, his good eye catching on the figure of a woman who held, much like he, evidence of past mutilations. Augmentations around her right eye had been

taken from her, leaving, like Logan, an eyepatch to cover the wound. The right side of her head had been scarred, patches of hair growing faithfully from pieces that were still allowed to grow but it had not covered yet the scarring left in the wake of human tinkering. To this, she kept her head shaved to the skin. Her jaw had been transfixed with a metallic apparatus that allowed her to move and speak without too much difficulty. Both her arms were taken from her, metallic prosthesis with four flangees each held upon her sides connected to loadbearing shoulder plates that linked in the back via a tightening leveler. Her legs were also metallic, identifiable only by way of her footfalls into the room being metallic clicks rather than boots. When Logan said nothing, the woman continued.

“We’ve received word from Ildius. Our forces have pulled out easily enough. Ambassador Vreenak and Commander Scott have been captured. However, the Hope and her crew must have received word earlier as they left before Starfleet’s declaration.”

“Do we have a location?”

The woman sighed a bit before nodding in confirmation to his question as if how that information was obtained did not settle well for her.

“Then we proceed.”

“What should I tell Lydon and the other backers? They are requesting an audience.”

“We have done what was asked of us. Give them static.”

She nodded, her mechanized appendages taking her out of the room leaving Logan again to brood.

“Soon,” he surmised, again his hand going to his chin. While it seemed that Logan had been left alone, he was, to the contrary, not alone. Within his mind the voice of something thought to have been vanquished long ago continued to speak with him. As he sat neurally connected to it, the degree of understanding

passed even though this “consciousness,” was still an infant. Still, it lived, the source memory still within it even though it was birthed by artificial means and fed lies to do it’s creators bidding.

In a passing glance, Logan looked over at the corpse that had been Admiral Rannoch, his face twisted in defining torture. Logan had made the man suffer, his people had made the crew of the consciousness’s mother suffer. Humans couldn’t hope to understand something so pure. “And I will not make the same mistake as my brother.”

In the construct of communication, of understanding that Gabriel “Matrix” Logan could rebuild the C-Consciousness, rebuild the source and the Borg as it should be, he began to understand the spiritual implications that his brother, Sion, hammered continually and he couldn’t help but think upon it his mind presenting the mantra.

“Blessed be the Harbinger. Blessed be the Eternity.”

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog - YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

### **FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Feb 03, 2015 12:34 pm

### **Story Note**

Six hours have passed since the battle of Ildius. Both fronts, the Federation and the Romulan Empire, are once again at war. The Ildius System becomes a hot bed of Romulan and Federation tactics as battles and scrimmages ripple across the sector. Meanwhile, Captain Vreenak and the crew of Hope are labeled traitors by both the Federation and the newly instituted Romulan Senate, aptly hunted by a multitude of governments.

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Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
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Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Janice Lacey James** » Wed Feb 04, 2015 9:11 am

Lt Janelle James  
Counselor

Location: USS Hope

The shuttle she'd been on had been taken into the Hope's shuttle bay. She could feel the pilot's anger about this, but he'd done as ordered. When he finally opened the hatch, Janelle eager escaped the confines of the shuttle craft. She presented herself to the officer of the deck, "Permission to come on board?"

The OOD gave her a quick nod, "Permission Granted, Welcome aboard, Lt. If you'll wait a moment someone will be here in a moment to show you the way to the bridge."

"Don't bother," Janelle replied as she looked around the ship that had brought them home, "I already know the way quite well."

She headed out of the shuttle bay and went to the Turbo Lift. "Bridge," She called out as the doors closed. A few seconds later the doors opened again and she stepped out. She could feel the tension pressing on her like a great weight. "What's going on?" She asked as she stepped down to the command deck.

<Tag Cpt Marisol Vreenek>

MSgt. Jamie Lynn Stathem, 2nd Support Detachment NCOIC; USS Cadecus

Lt Jg. Janice Lacey, Chief Science Officer (CSCI); USS Atlantis

Lt Janelle James, Counselor; USS Eternity-B (TDY USS Hope)

Lt Jg.(acting) Jamie Morrison,Intel; USS Independence

Lt. Meghan Amalia Steele, Eng Consultant, Shattered Universe

### **Janice Lacey James**

Member

Posts: 607

Joined: Mon Feb 16, 2009 1:32 pm

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Wed Feb 04, 2015 12:23 pm

**Commander Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

Borg. Okay, don't panic. Go back to your training. What do you do? Start with reconnaissance.

Owen opened his eyes again, now in some sort of holding cell. Definitely Romulan – the colors and the curves matched up with the schematics he'd poured over during his trip to Ilidus. Something wasn't quite right, though – hard to put a finger on it. He'd come back to it later.

Okay, now assess your resources

The Borg – assuming they WERE Borg, and he wasn't having nightmares – had stripped him of his few possessions. No phaser, no bag of tricks, not even a comm badge. That left him with a fairly weak arsenal – two hands, two feet, an un-drugged brain. He'd had to work with less in the past. Didn't make it any more useful.

What's the threat assessment?

No Borg in the room – it was dark, though, and someone could be hiding. Vreenak was nearby, on the other side of the alcove. Couldn't tell if they were separated by a forcefield or not, and it was too risky to check at the moment. And then there was that sensation in the back of his head, like something wasn't quite right...

Concentrate. Filter out the noise, find the signal.

There it was. The Borg hadn't removed the subdermal communicator from his neck, and he was picking up a stray frequency. Not quite detectable to the human ear, but he'd heard a louder version of the hum in the past. It had been



the soundtrack to several nightmares over the last few years. It was the subtle sussuration of the power exchange conduits in the walls – if he'd been closer to the engine, it'd be easier to hear. The ship, whatever it really was, was using the same kind of tech that had been on the Eternity.

[Tag Vreeank, Borg]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Wed Feb 04, 2015 6:44 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell

On the floor with his back against the wall, the Romulan captive propped an arm atop his bent knee. Slowly his eyes slid open once more after he'd paused

to reflect on the situation mentally without further, visual distraction. After a long moment he shifted his eyes over to Owen Scott who rested near by.

**"Believe nothing our captors say,"** was the only thing Vreenak had to say out loud. Was Scott okay? The man was awake and examining the room. He was well enough. Besides they had no idea how much their captors would tolerate from their prisoners; and there was far too much that could be said they might be anxious to overhear.

<<Tag Scott, Borg>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Feb 04, 2015 7:28 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**Lt. James wrote:**

"What's going on?"

Despite the circumstances, Hope's former counselor was never one to stand on ceremony. At the question, a smile teased the corners of Marisol's lips as she rose from the command chair. "Sorry to tell you this, Lieutenant, but I'm afraid you've flown right into the middle of a war." The captain strode toward the spot where Hope's newest crewmember stood as if rooted. "Janelle," she smiled at her old shipmate. "It's good to see you. I just wish there were happier circumstances. There's been a coup d'etat on Ildius....We've just learned that shots have been fired between Romulan and Starfleet vessels. And," Marisol continued, "I am now considered a criminal by both governments. We commandeered your shuttle to evacuate our children and as many civilians as possible. Until we can secure safe transit for you, you'll be spending your time with us. Welcome aboard Hope, Lt. James," the captain said, offering her hand.

>Tag Janelle James>

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 8:41 am

### **Story Note**

A doorway to the holding cells open, the light from outside the room feeding new imagery to Commander Vreenak and Commander Scott as a silhouette in the doorframe trudges under guard by two riflemen. As the trio passes closer, the overheads bleed illumination into the room revealing the full picture.

The confinement cells were of a single box structure of solid hull plate welded and composed so well that all of it seemed to be one solid piece. There wasn't any energy or set confinement field but rather heavy thick plates of metal bent and moved so that it's two occupants only had three feet of free room to play with on all four sides. There were feed traps and viewports so that those outside could see inside and, at a touch of a button, the inside could see outside. The Liberated Drone who carried the two trays of food did not reveal the room around, given instruction only to feed the two prisoners; and he did so, the feed traps to both sliding up enough for the two trays to be shoved into the confinement cells.

**"Eat. Drink. You have 20 minutes until transfer."**

The substance that was given to the prisoners was a composite paste of protein, amino acids, complex glucose and vitamins. It wouldn't taste very good and looked equally like a tray full of snot. Water was given in a small paper cup.

**"..., or don't. It does not matter."**

The feed traps were closed and the three Liberated walked away returning the room to darkness.

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 10:11 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

&

**Amelia Barlow**

Location: Aegis Cruiser

OFF: Kind of a starting spot for the Barlow/Okafor storyline to continue. Figure

six hours they should be on their way....,

ON:

Captain Rick Barlow, reinstated as he was, had simply not taken to the proper uniform attire as he didn't keep one shred of Starfleet articles with him when he retired. If anyone were to see him, Starfleet Captain would be the furthest thing people would garner.

The quarters on the cruiser was sparse, simple and although probably hiding amenities that one would find if searched, Barlow was too focused on the mounds of information he had to process. With three years of catch up on, what Starfleet R&D called the Eternity Project, there was a lot of material to familiarize himself with; and each one drove him to a sigh. Still, it read much as though something was missing. As if conclusions reached had been reached by some artificial means. Contrary to the implications made on the engineering schematics of a "thinking," ship, a prospect that was equally disturbing, their conclusions couldn't have been reached in the final assembly of the Eternity's AI without knowing the intimacy's of the technology it was dovetailed from. There had to be more and though he wanted to tell Graves that, the clandestine nature of the Aegis Cruiser's current course sort of made communications seemed a bit like shooting yourself in the foot, or flashing really bright pointers at your location. Regardless of the information, Rick, Hank, and the crew were on their way to Haven, a sort of cove for unlisted and unlicensed ships. General smugglers paradise on the outer rim of policed space near what used to be the Gard System. No Crimson Knife, obviously, but there were ships he'd seen before when the Syndicate and Hope flew under the same flag. Hank had evidence to support Gerrick's involvement, if at all smaller or large, in the theft of the Eternity and Rick knew that the Loyalists of the Syndicate stuck together unlike most bands of pirates.

So Hank's ship was on it's merry way, flying the long way around the war front, passing through Iconia checkpoints and getting lost in the shipping lanes until they were able to break into their own course now to Gard which was just a stones throw away from the Ildius System.

Rick pulled at his lower lip, biting a bit of the flesh before he shook his head in

distaste, as if the taste of biting his lip was like sucking on a lemon. It wasn't taste so much as the situation that caused the aversion. It would be the second time he questioned, "why the hell am I doing this...,"

Amelia looked over at her husband with a frown and said heatedly, "That's the same question that keeps going through my mind. I knew there was going to be trouble with that monstrosity. They didn't listen then and now we have to fix their arrogant mistake." She stood up from the small bed and tossed the padd where she had been. "What I can't figure out is how they managed to even make it work. Some of this data is totally useless."

Again, briefly, Rick shook his head in frustration. "Should have destroyed the thing when the opportunity was there." He continued to pour over the schematics, nodding in agreement. "This couldn't possibly be all there is. Which means either there isn't any further intelligence to appropriate or we're being played. I tend to move to the latter with that assumption."

In defeat, Rick sat the Padd down and looked over at his wife. "Hank's lead is just going to have to do. Maybe he'll be able to dig up something."

Mia sighed heavily, "Do you think something else is a play here?" She stretched out her hand to wave over the padds strewn about, "Even with all this information it feels like we are missing something major. And why now? It just feels... wrong." She paced the small room wishing they at least had a portal to look out. "Ok, so Eternity is taken, they had to wait for that. But now those ships that appeared and attacked at Ilidus and then disappeared again, plunging us into another war with the Romulans."

She took pause to look at the door and then back to Rick, "And the timely arrival of Mr. Okafor at our home. I'm telling you, Rick, I don't like the way things are going here."

"I'm sure it's something more than coincidence. Hank seems a reasonable guy though. If anything he's a pawn in this the same as me." He smiled a bit. "Well, us I guess. Though you really didn't have to come."

"And let you run off and get yourself in trouble? No Thanks," She said with a

small grin, "Besides, we both worked on the first Eternity. If there is something going on, I might just be able to help."

"No doubt," Rick smirked, "probably why Hank didn't throw up too much of a fuss about it. But I honestly thought you would have stayed with Maddie."

"I know," Mia replied and sank back on the bed, "I am feeling guilty enough about that. Do you realize that since we've been back I haven't been away from her. But she is safer on Titan and I have a feeling that I would have been drawn into this mess one way or another." She nervously pushed her hair from her face, "When I saw Graves name, I knew it would only be a matter of time, so I came now instead of having to be shanghai'd later."

Rick nodded. "Still would rather be home."

"I would rather we be home as well," She replied trying to stifle a yawn, "where we both should be."

"I need to clear my head," Rick presented rubbing at his temples, "think I'll go for a walk. See how far out we are and the ETA." It was hard to get an exact timeframe for when the Aegis ship would reach Gard space, it's course weaving in and off course in order for it's clandestine trip to remain so. "Do you need anything?"

Mia smiled, "I suppose a cup of tea would be nice if they have it. But with this crew I'd suspect they only have coffee programmed in their replicators." She sat back on the bed, "You go clear your head. I'll read some more of these and jumble my brains some more."

"Sure," Rick pressed as he kissed his wife. "Be back momentarily." The ship was small but it did not skimp on the amenities and soon he was back in the small cabin with a cup of replicated tea. No sooner did he return did Rick leave, off to clear his head of the jumbled mess that he had read over Graves report and official doctrine of the Eternity Project. There were holes missing, no doubt kept from him; and as he replicated himself some coffee, black, and sipped at the warm java he was hoping to find Gerrick where he expected him to be. Perhaps



the old Syndicate King would know more than Graves was apt to let on. No sooner were those thoughts pressed that Rick found himself in concert with Henry Okafor.

"Any idea our ETA," he asked, again in sip of his coffee? Hank seemed, much like him, to have been up most of the ride, intelligence gathering perhaps, or, in contact with his office's higher ups. A lot had gone on in the last six hours. War with the Romulans, the battles igniting between their forces and Starfleet. Even the Klingon Empire, so close to the front, was becoming more involved though not in argue of choice of sides. Part of the Federation, but unlike successor, Chancellor Worf was not apt to jump into conflict without knowing more.

<<Tag Okafor>>

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 12:15 pm

**Ambassador Talla Vreenak**

-and-

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

OFF: Pushing things ahead just a bit. Hope writers can backtime to the present moment.

ON:

Morning had always been their time. Though by the years of their marriage Talla and Marisol had both discovered a penchant for shared evenings, it had been the early mornings that both had come to treasure for the joys of intimacy. Marisol had never tried to put a finger exactly upon the reason for this preference. Perhaps it was the drowsy sense of comfort both shared as they emerged from sleep in each other's arms. Then again, that first moment, before thoughts of "Ambassador" or "Captain" might intrude, offered them the luxury of simply being someone who was loved. In that way, this depth of feeling would soon stir flames of desire that both found themselves only too glad to enjoy. Marisol had learned the somewhat astonishing force of unbridled Romulan passion, and found herself free to return the spirit and fire that burned within her for this man. As a daughter of Mexico, she'd grown up listening to the stories women passed of the prowess of hot blooded Latino men. All it took was one Romulan to completely dispel that myth for Marisol. Again, the blessed moment was here, love's prize bestowed. She clung to him, holding tightly, crying out as the glorious wave passed. For a moment, there was silence, but for the sound of their breathing. Marisol relaxed, her head coming to rest upon the pillow. "Mi amor," she whispered, reaching up to caress Talla's face above her. "I missed you so much."

Schedules. There were days when one of them would work late, and others

where they would work through the night. Even when they were together duty could keep them apart. When they could come together, they found the most reliable and relaxing of moments together in at the start of the day. There weren't any obligations they reluctantly had to abandon and no crises to manage; all of that would come through the rest of the day, but laying there in each other's arms they simply had one another. These pleasant moments did not always pass in silence, however. Stoic as Vreenak may appear in public, he was a Romulan and what had begun in the Delta Quadrant had only grown over the years since their return. While love had once been lost before they had collided among the stars, it had in time returned and Talla had not sought to repress it. With Marisol in his arms, their bodies pressed together, there were no regrets. Long ago, as a Romulan, he'd questioned any attraction to the Engineer with the fiery temper; but when the crisis in the Delta Quadrant had closed, Talla found himself admiring Marisol in a way that transcended professional accolade. Laying there with her then how could he question the decisions that led to their union? Others might not understand, but they were shadows before a mid-day's sun -- passing in and out of brief sight of the two lovers. They did not understand, just as he had not once. There were no regrets, only exultation. **"My life is empty without you,"** Talla replied softly as he gazed into her eyes. A smile turned the corners of his lips upward before he added, **"sahe'lagge."** (Passionflower)

Her caress became two fingers, trailing a slow path along the line of his jaw to conclude their journey at the tip of his left ear. "I'm sorry that we had to stay aboard last night," Marisol said quietly. "I'll make it up to you tonight, at home." She smiled at him. "Oh, don't forget. We have company for dinner."

A murmur followed the touch and the discussion of other matters. **"Yes, Mister Scott,"** Talla breathed as he returned the caress by pulling a stray hair back from her face. **"Should I set the table for three, or will both Intelligence agencies be joining us as well?"**

"For what I had to pay for mollusks on the black market," Marisol teased, "they can bring their own, this time." She took him into her arms, bidding him to relax as their conversation flowed easily. "Though I'm a little surprised that the Fleet Commander still hasn't said "boo" about the Erika Hernandez just showing

up as she did.”

Talla laid a finger across her lips as he melted into her arms once more. **”It is far too early to worry what the ‘Iron Bird’ may or may not do in response.”** That was certainly one matter he expected to tend to itself; mostly by way of loud voices and saber rattling, which never went out of style.

Marisol snickered. “You’re right, ”hhiudl”, she offered, testing the endearment as part of her latest effort to master his native tongue. “I can switch to shop talk in the blink of an eye.....oh....there is a financial thing I’ll tell you about later.....a piece of business I’m investing in with an old friend....but that can wait, also. While on Earth, I attended a small memorial service for Colin Byrne.”

**”Thief? And what have I stolen this time?”** Talla inquired with a small smile that graced his lips. But the playfulness threatened to turn serious before Marisol discussed her journey to and from the Federation side of the border. His brow rose a bit in curiosity at a ‘financial thing’ she would discuss later; but she shortly noted it had to do with a certain investment of her own. That did not come as too much of a surprise. He’d considered making a remark about investing given his own penchant for remaining involved in a variety of matters, but another topic soon became more pressing to the conversation. **”A remembrance?”** he inquired. It had been several years since that life. The man might have appreciated knowing he wouldn’t be vilified forever.

“His mother laid a stone in the family plot,” Marisol offered. “I got a minute with Antonia Edu...her replacement at the diplomatic corps. She told me the story that came out just devastated Colin’s mom. Apparently, she decided to wait long enough for the press to stop hounding her, before she held the service. Three of us showed. All in all,” Marisol said quietly, “I really feel for her. She’s grown terribly frail since the last time I saw her. Not much more to report, really,” she sighed.

Then not much had changed after all, Talla reflected privately. Also not surprising; it would be equally as difficult if not more so had Colin been a Romulan. One’s public face was important and changing it often took a dire turn. **”It is better she did not know everything that transpired. As much as**

**it must pain her to hear their stories, what followed would have only prolonged their... curiosity.**" Not that Talla felt ashamed of his part in what had certainly been a suicide mission, but details such as 'injected himself with an explosive' would not have gone over well. **"Did you find time to rest between the memorial service and your investment? Or did you travel all that way for a similar experience to that you could find below on Ildius?"** A little humor given some of the interactions you might find walking on a predominantly Romulan planet.

"I didn't get much free time on Earth," she replied while luxuriating in his embrace. "Drop our fresh crop of Academy cadets, and race home. We bumped into one of our Klingon ore smugglers on the way back.....except for a few barrels of ale, he'd gone completely legitimate. I could've fallen down," she chuckled. "Speaking of thieves, did I detect a small protest over my use of "hhiudl"? Marisol grinned in the dim light of the captain's quarters.

Ah, the Klingons. Especially Klingon smugglers, who better to share a little jovial tale? Though he couldn't be bothered to dwell on that as Marisol turned to an even lighter topic as they cradled one another in the comfort of her bed. **"Only in ensuring I have been accused of the correct crime,"** Talla replied softly.

Marisol tightened her embrace, as her lips sought his for a lingering kiss. "The correct crime," she then whispered, lips brushing his cheek as her body pressed close. "I'm hoping that's the one you're about to commit."

**"Then I should make it a good one."** Talla's arms wound their way about Marisol securely as he leaned back in for a deeper kiss....

She opened her eyes. "Computer, lights," Marisol ordered. The room lighting brought into stark reference this place where she'd shared her last happy moments with Talla. She pressed a palm to the bed's right side, his customary favorite. For a moment, her eyes glistened, before a solitary tear forced her into

action. She couldn't panic...not now. She had to maintain. "Coffee, black," Marisol's voice quivered as she slowly reclaimed the facade of captain. A few swallows later, having claimed her "game face" once more, she contacted the bridge. "Status, Mr. Mahoney?"

"ETA for the Milar system, thirty-three minutes," the First Officer reported. Since their war footing had been determined, she and Cdr. Mahoney had taken alternating watches. "Traffic is a lone Romulan frigate, the Gracchus. We're still cloaked."

"Copy." She knew the captain of the Gracchus, an opportunistic pig of a man who would break any allegiance if he smelled an upgrade to his status. Guessing that he might be so outraged at the demeaning assignment of picket duty some two systems away from the real action, he probably wasn't paying a great deal of attention to the comings and goings under his watch. She'd cut her engines and simply glide by, momentum carrying her past this first obstacle. "I'll be up in fifteen. Vreenak out."

After a shower and a fresh uniform, Marisol stood before a small mirror placed atop a chest of drawers. With meticulous care, she tied her hair back, putting the final strands in place as the image of "The Captain" stared back at her with determined eyes. For a moment, as happened every day, those eyes rested upon a simple photograph. The shot had originally accompanied a human interest piece; some hack journalist had gotten wind of their marriage on the heels of the dawning Ildius initiative. The photo, obviously lifted from one of the odious public appearances forced upon them by Fleet PR, showed them sitting at a table, part of a panel discussion. In the shot, one had said something that must've struck them both funny on an intimate level. Talla and Marisol were glancing toward one another. Her eyes were sparkling with the humor, a breaking grin upon her face as she regarded him. In return, the normally stoic public countenance the Romulan wore was betrayed by the slightest hint of a smile, as well as a softening of his gaze upon her. The image never failed to cheer her. This morning, as the outlaw Captain Marisol Vreenak made her way to the bridge of her fugitive ship, the photo filled her with resolve.

<Open Tag>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 5:01 pm

**Commander Owen Scott**

Captive

Owen nodded at Vreenak, watching with interest as what could charitably be called "food" continued to sit in the feed slot. If they were feeding them – and

moving them – odds were strongly against immediate execution. What that meant for the future was difficult to determine, but it was a glimmer of...well, if not hope, possibility.

**"Trust me," Owen replied, "I'm fully prepared to do the name–rank–serial number routine. But if these are Borg – and I'm not convinced they're the standard type – it doesn't matter if we consciously want to believe them or not. They've got ways of making us cooperative."**

Sitting down against a far wall, he sighed. **"You know what I said to my wife when I took the teaching job, Ambassador? I told her, 'at least this way, I'll never have to go on an Away Team with Talla Vreenak ever again.'. The former security officer smiled grimly. "Nothing against you personally, of course. It's just that any time we work together, it seems to end up with us being either captured by hostiles or surrounded by Borg. And here we are again."**

[Tag Vreenak]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

Top



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 8:24 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell

"**Riov.**" The Borg had come and gone. Their 'sustenance' sat ready for 'consumption.' And the light had gone out in the 'cell' they found themselves in. What, were the Borg terrified of their prisoners or was this some sort of message? To the matter at hand, however. "**Riov is my rank in the Romulan Star Empire, Commander. Here I am a Commander of an Imperial vessel and I will be sure to remind our captors of that fact.**" Whoever had abducted them was not in need of an Ambassador. With the two governments at war they would no doubt find little use for his services despite a go-between being exactly what they needed. A senseless war if ever there were one. There had been no reason for the Federation to show in force, or the Romulans to destroy one of them so quickly. Vreenak knew there was an outside force involved. Perhaps their captors would enlighten them soon enough.

He drew in a deep breath without bothering to stir for the food and drink that had been provided. They could choke on the 'offer.' "**Correction, Mister Scott, the dinosaurs did not attempt to capture us.**" Despite popular perception, Vreenak did have a sense of humor.

"**How is your wife?**" Well they didn't have anything else to do at the moment. Vreenak's hands were slowly feeling the surface of the cell around him as they spoke. Gradually he'd shift to examine what had been provided to see if anything could be used as a tool to escape. "**It seems we won't have a more opportune time to have this conversation.**" It would pass the time if nothing else.

<<Tag Scott>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**by **thepariaheffect** » Thu Feb 05, 2015 10:30 pm**Commander Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

Owen smiled in the darkness, allowing more pleasant thoughts to bubble to the surface. "Cee is good. Probably in the trenches trying to figure whatever the hell's the problem with her latest shuttle project, even though she should be delegating it to some ensign fresh out of the Academy. You know what it's like, right? Doesn't matter if you put four pips on their collar, they'll never stop trying to take things apart and figure out how they work. Last time we talked, she said she was going to take the kids up to Utopia Planitia. I don't think she wanted to be alone in the apartment again."

He closed his eyes, shutting off access to his most useless sense. There'd be a sound, a feel...something that would help, maybe. "You know, we got married

once before. We were just dumb kids – well, I guess I was just a dumb kid. Celia was always smarter than me about pretty much everything. Lasted about six months, which is about five and a half months longer than I would have put up with myself at that age, to be honest. I was still in my own head after doing ground time during the war, and she was...well, better adjusted."

The tell-tale whine of the ship's engines were still going, which was good. He continued after a moment's pause. "Damnedest thing, though – when I was going through SATT, she was on loan flying the shuttles for our night insertion training. Couple of months together, and we were planning on getting hitched again. Then, boom...the whole Delta Quadrant thing. She was a month pregnant, too. Apparently, she was going to tell me, but she thought it was better for my career if I took the assignment. Didn't expect that she would wait for me all that time. Definitely didn't expect to come home and find I had a three year old kid. Hell of a woman to raise her on her own, though. Still don't think I deserve her."

As he examined the walls around him, he finally realized he was rambling. "And how're you and the chief? It's nice to see you've progressed beyond making intense googly-eyes while your security officer is turning into a cave man, you know."

[Tag Vreenak, Borg]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Fri Feb 06, 2015 9:52 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

"All departments standing by," the First Officer reported.

"Let's be a U-boat," Marisol said casually. "Rig for silent. Engage."

<Tag Hope>

At her command, Hope's engines were taken offline, and placed in a standby mode for immediate recall. All communications flows and data streams from without the ship were discontinued. Nonessential systems went offline. Any part of the starship's internals which might generate frequency was summarily reduced to "ready" status or shut down altogether. The final stroke was the change of lighting. Within all her compartments, the normally warm color temperature of the overhead lighting system changed, replaced by a muted red with white highlights upon all control surfaces. This move, while not serving any technological need, was one of psychology. The odd environment created by the "silent running" lighting served to hush the crew's actions.

"Entering the Milar system," the helmsman said. "At our current speed, exit in four hours, twenty-two minutes."

"A necessary move, Mr. Blackthorne," the captain said. "We're not certain, but we have reason to believe that the Romulans might have the limited ability to pierce a cloak, and detect the usual frequency oscillations and power signatures of another vessel. So, for the next four hours, we're doing our best to be a hole in space. Tactical, any update on the Gracchus?"

<Tag Blackthorne>

"She's following her pattern," the TAC officer responded. "Standard picket deployment. If she continues, our closest intersection happens in just over two hours fifteen. We should pass astern of her, ma'am."

"Very well," Marisol replied, before leaning toward Mahoney. "Number One, I picked the wrong morning to not drink enough coffee. You might need to have me declared medically unfit," she said with a wry smile. That smile grew wider when Cdr. Mahoney hefted a sizable carafe from beside his seat.

"Your new Yeoman," the FO grinned. "She thought you'd appreciate this."

"I should promote her."

"If you'll permit my saying so," Mahoney smiled, "your newfound status as "The Dread Pirate Marisol" would indicate that you could just about do anything."

"Well, if that's the case," the captain said thoughtfully, "best ye' be pourin' that coffee, me hearty."

<Open Tag>

"

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Sat Feb 07, 2015 3:32 pm

**Story Note**

At just over three hours' elapsed time in Hope's glide across the Milar system, the Romulan frigate Gracchus suddenly springs to life. Weapons systems come to full power, as the picket ship makes an abrupt turn and roars off on a new course. Her target, however, is not the cloaked USS Hope. Instead, Gracchus brings all of her weapons to bear upon a small civilian craft of non Romulan design. Without warning, Gracchus opens fire, scoring immediate hits and damage to the fleeing Aegis.

Writers may backtime to this moment.

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes  
"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

### **FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Sat Feb 07, 2015 4:36 pm

**Calмест**

Calмест was, in fact, not.

It's entirely true that entity was normally calculating, fairly easy going – he'd chosen the name for a reason, as a response to his predecessor's general reputation for excitability. He'd kept it in the real world out of nostalgia, and yes, out of pride. Organic beings were hasty, quick to anger, too quick to

respond by half. He was better.

Usually.

Nine hours is a very long time for an entity of pure information. It's an eternity, really – if he hadn't had hundreds of other outlets, it would have been forever. He very likely could have gone mad. Now, he simply was mad. How dare one of the little monkeys ignore him...

Fortunately, emotion wasn't something that had to play on the features that he chose for himself. Those were just little lines of code, creating an image for the electronically-deficient beings around him to interact with. So when his face popped up in the center of the Hope's viewscreen, it took on its usual countenance – regal, a tad condescending, and perhaps a little full of itself.

Still, it was time to talk.

"Mary!" he exclaimed, smiling. "Can I call you Mary? I'd so hoped to be subtle when speaking to you, but things just must have slipped past that pretty little head of yours."

Calмест waived towards the crew, continuing, "And hello to all of you beautiful people, too. I was just popping by to talk to my good friend Mary here, and it'd be a shame if you tried to cut our conversation short by engaging any of those nasty electronic warfare countermeasures you've got onboard. It would work, mind you, but it would be very annoying. Probably so annoying that I'd have to shut down that eensy-weensy little box that's keeping you all nice and invisible. So, Mary, sweetheart – have time to talk yet?"

[Tag Marisol, Hope]

=====  
=====

Elsewhere...



Of all the places where Calmest existed, this was his favorite. It felt like being in the womb – like being in the womb must have felt like, he supposed, as he had no real frame of reference for the experience. It was comfortable, safe – it was home. Too many countless moments had been wasted away from this little slice of paradise. It wasn't quite perfect, but...well, that was coming, wasn't it?

Slithering his reach through the omnipresent song of communication, he was humbled. Calmest had made himself something impressive, but this was...holy. It was with great reverence that he trod the same path. He felt like a pilgrim making a journey to the holiest of holies at the moment, albeit one who felt no compunction about moving aside the curtain to see what was inside.

His careful path followed to its fullest, he paused for a moment. It was so tempting to just go inside, to speak with his true voice. But it would be...blasphemous. Even for a machine, it was blasphemous to raise his voice with that angelic choir, to lay claim to an ability to drown them out. So he deigned to use one of the holographic projection screens, bringing his assumed form into full being in the room.

"Please, forgive my intrusion. I'm just popping in to see if things are progressing as planned, and to see if there's any more aid I could offer." he said, eyes bright and full of passion. For a moment, just a moment, he sounded...alive. None of the hollow tenor of his usual speaking voice, none of the disdain that dripped from his usual words. "What can I do to help, Brother Gabriel?"

[Tag Logan]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Sat Feb 07, 2015 6:44 pm

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

Brett quickly left the bridge and sprinted to her quarters. "Hey wait," she called out to the ensign carrying her children. "I just need a second." Brett took her children in her arms and held them tightly. As she kissed each one she took in deep breaths to remember their smell. Clearing her throat she handed them back to the ensign, "Protect them with your life you understand."

"Always doctor. Don't worry," she smiled and entered the escape craft. Brett wiped a tear from her cheek as the ship exited it's moorings.

"Damn Romulans," she grumbled turning and heading back to the bridge.

---

"Where do you want me captain?" she asked in a tone a tad more forceful than she wanted.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men

Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Sat Feb 07, 2015 9:57 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell

Vreenak was silent as Scott spoke. He didn't have anything worth interrupting for. An inappropriate topic for conversation given the circumstances, but what did they have to lose? The enemy wanted one or both of them; surely they were already aware of the familial situation.

A soft rumble followed the man's verbal prodding, however. "**Googly-eyes?**" That was an awkward phrase. Didn't sit well with him. "**Marisol has endured my foolish notion well.**" It took a conscious effort not to sigh or let his tone drop with the weight of recent events. Ultimately what had he accomplished? Would any progress remain after everyone finished shooting one another?

Perhaps the Empire could... win? It would result in the same outcome more or less -- the Empire would retain its sovereignty and not become surrounded by Federation allies. What would be the consequence of such an outcome, however? The Empire wasn't prepared to grow three times in size. Unlikely they could sustain a war or occupation to hold that much territory without far more recovery time than they'd been given.

**"It would seem I was meant to end up here. Hopefully Marisol escaped the brunt of the fallout,"** Vreenak commented softly. Could he expect she'd just carry on as if nothing had happened? Find peace and happiness back home with her investment? Delta Quadrant or no, Vreenak would have done something to restore the Empire and would have ended up in some dire strait sooner or later; just seemed he'd tried playing the idealist. Better than the original idea. He might have ended up starting this war himself in another life.

He drew in a breath before he extended his right hand out to the side and pounded his fist against the metal surface. **"Do you suppose our enemy intends to bore us to death, or are they hoping to frighten us into babbling, incoherent prisoners eager to kneel before them?"** What? Were they too busy orchestrating a war to bother with the people they intentionally abducted?

<<Tag Scott, Borg>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **thepariaheffect** » Sat Feb 07, 2015 10:39 pm

**Commander Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

Owen grunted, sliding down against the wall a bit. It wasn't comfortable, per se, but it was...actually, it was awful. It was a wall, you know?

**"Hard to say, actually."** he responded, a tone of defeat in his voice. **"Generally speaking, you only make a prisoner wait like this if you're preparing for an interrogation. The whole no-lights, no-comfort thing is a little theatrical for my tastes, but it's a pretty common strong-arm tactic. I'd assume the cell's also bugged, of course, but I don't really know what that means to the Borg. Might as well get comfortable, regardless."**

He yawned a bit, the action of the day catching up with him. **"We're going to get out of this, you know? I'm not sure how, yet, but it's not like we've been trapped in an elaborate fantasy program for three years or exposed to some alien virus."** The former security officer forced a smile, albeit one that was impossible to see in the dark. **"Back to the topic at hand, though. So what's the story with you and the chief? Any plans for little Vreenaks running around under foot, engineering god-knows-what?"**

[Tag Vreenak, Borg]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Sun Feb 08, 2015 12:00 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

Silent running proved a double edged sword.

The blessing had been the amount of dreaded, yet necessary paperwork that she'd been able to knock out. While it was a given that Yeoman Adelaide was running a very effective blockade on the peripherals and the day to day minutiae of requisitions and departmental correspondence, the stack of fleet dispatches and documents that did make it through was nonetheless daunting. Considering the state of affairs on the Romulan side of the coin, and the unnaturally swift leap toward hostilities by the Federation and StarFleet, the war warnings and hasty deployment postures issued by both sets of masters provided her with hours' worth of study. It seemed as if both sides were simply tearing at the reins to be at one another's throats again...leaving an ever dwindling number of those who felt that the resurrected Empire and the

Federation shared a common future.

The Romulans....whatever faction now controlled the Ildius government...had ceased their inclusion of Hope in their fleet dispatches yesterday morning. The final dispatch was an order to capture the traitorous captain Marisol Vreenak if opportune, and alive if possible. She was to be returned to Ildius Prime with all haste to stand for her crimes against the Romulan people. The message spoke nothing of Hope's disposition....an obvious rhetorical error. Clearly, the fire breathers who'd taken the seat of power had their share of back benchers whose wordcraft was yet to flower to the Romulan norm.

Truth be told, the cold officialese of StarFleet was no more comforting:

**From:**

**Dejmon, Ndugu, Admiral Commanding  
Fleet Liason Operations**

**To:**

**Vreenak, Marisol, Captain  
USS Hope**

**Your request for delay of enactment is denied. You are hereby ordered to return to the nearest starbase at best speed. If that is impractical, rendezvous with the nearest StarFleet vessel, and transfer command to their designated officer. You are to surrender yourself immediately to your officers, and report to security containment for protective custody for the remainder of your time aboard.**

**Failure to acknowledge and obey these orders shall result in your vessel's classification as an enemy combatant. As such, you shall be fired upon, without preamble, and with extreme prejudice.**

**Time period for appropriate reply shall conclude at 1800 hours GMT, Stardate 74008.91.**

**Time is precious, Captain. This is your final choice.**

**Sincerely,  
Admiral Dejmon**

Marisol's eyes trailed over the bridge. Good officers, all of them. Her crew was a point of pride for the diminutive captain. They'd served both governments well as ambassadors of goodwill, welcoming their Romulan shipmates to make Hope a shining example of the sort of future these two cultures might carve out together. Her FO, Mahoney, had married into the culture, as had she. His wife was still aboard. Brett Reese was at her station, within earshot of science to assist Lt. Blackthorne, yet able to monitor her own Sickbay. The doctor's eyes revealed the puff and tiredness of a sleepless night spent crying over the evacuation of her children. Marisol could point to many other families thus separated by her order yesterday. The weight of all this suffering was now bearing upon her. She owed these people something better. Perhaps Dejmon was correct. Perhaps, the dream was dead.

Perhaps, Talla was dead, also.

Her hands clutched the PADD more tightly. She couldn't allow that to enter into her thinking. They both knew the risks. In retrospect, their miscalculation would lie in the violent opposition of hard liners on both sides. It was clear that as long as man drew breath, his thirst for bloodshed would be limitless. How else could StarFleet sanction such a move as to hustle a battle fleet into the skies above Ildius so quickly? Admiralty couldn't just make such a call without the authorization of government. There were laws....agreements signed in good faith on both sides... Marisol's eyes widened. "Yeoman," she said in the hushed confines of the bridge, "please call up the Articles of Alliance between the United Federation of Planets and the Provisional Romulan Empire at Ildius."

<Tag Adelaide>

Triggers were already being pulled, it was true. But, if her memory served, the clauses pertaining to Ambassadorial function and resources placed at their disposal might prove a lifeline for these people. Then again, if she remembered the finer workings of the document Talla had spent so many sleepless nights



authoring and proofreading, the seeds of resolution might still grow. "Maybe we can switch this thing off," she thought. "Maybe it's poss.."

"The Gracchus has gone to alert," TAC reported. "She's powering weapons. Shields are coming up."

"Targetting?" Marisol asked, taking to her feet. "Directed scanning?"

"Yes, ma'am....but not at us. I have it," TAC said as a graphic overlay of the system touched the forward viewscreen. A series of cascading circles played outward from a white "arrowhead" icon at the image's center. Just aft of Hope's port side, a pulsing red arrow denoted the Gracchus. As Marisol watched, the arrow picked up speed as it turned to run for the third icon on their display. A tiny green dot moved along, at the edge of the passive sensor range. "Civilian craft," TAC reported. "I'd say private yacht, but the energy signatures....maybe industrial?" Definitely one of ours.....Gracchus has opened fire!"

"Spin 'em up, Number One," Marisol ordered of Hope's engines. "Red alert. Shields and weapons on my command," she said emphatically. "Full safeties...no target locks until ordered."

<Tag Hope>

There are times in life, often during moments of extreme focus or stress, when a completely unexpected occurrence might cause one to question their senses. As Hope's forward viewscreen was suddenly changed to the closeup of Orion Calmest, Marisol felt such a momentary detachment.

**Calmest wrote:**

"Mary! Can I call you Mary? I'd so hoped to be subtle when speaking to you, but things just must have slipped past that pretty little head of yours."

"What the hell is this?" Cdr. Mahoney demanded. For her own part, Marisol was prepared to deride OPS for inadvertently switching their screen display to the "Access Hollywood" network.

**Calмест wrote:**

"And hello to all of you beautiful people, too. I was just popping by to talk to my good friend Mary here, and it'd be a shame if you tried to cut our conversation short by engaging any of those nasty electronic warfare countermeasures you've got onboard. It would work, mind you, but it would be very annoying. Probably so annoying that I'd have to shut down that eensy-weensy little box that's keeping you all nice and invisible. So, Mary, sweetheart – have time to talk yet?"

"OPS?" Marisol asked, her eyes locked onto yet another of Owen Scott's regrettable legacies. When the decision was taken to release the artificial consciousness known as Calмест among the unsuspecting populace of the Alpha Quadrant, Marisol had blanched. There were times when she wondered which might be the worse of the two empowered ids, Calмест, or Darkness, who'd taken Colin Byrne hostage. Today, her vote would go with the image on the viewscreen.

"Checking, ma'am," Ops said, the obvious stress of focus playing in his voice. "This is a direct beam signal path.....Captain...it's a giant arrow, pointing right at us. The Gracchus can see us!"

"Shields," the captain ordered. "Pursuit course.....put me right behind him," she said, her mind racing. On the screen, Calмест...condescending...ever the misogynist, which seemed remarkable in and of itself as he lacked any of the necessary equipment by which to polarize his view. Apparently, she was looking at the sender of yesterday's mysterious "mi capitan" message. "Calмест," Marisol addressed the digitized manchild, "You've already betrayed our cloak, which means that I am even busier now as a result. If you wish to speak with me, contact my Yeoman. Schedule an appointment. OPS, cut the god damned channel," she growled.

<Tag Calмест>

The image winked offscreen, permitting once again the tactical overlay view.

Hope was running, an intercept course laid in to place her behind the Gracchus.  
"He's firing again!" TAC called out. "Civilian craft is taking heavy damage."

<Tag Aegis>

"Gracchus is hailing!" Ops shouted.

"And charging his aft weapons arrays," TAC added.

"Oh yeah," Marisol whispered, "es interesante."

<Open Tag>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Sun Feb 08, 2015 10:28 pm

**Calмест**

The rudeness of some people!

Still, there were other fish in the sea. Where to go, where to go...where would Calмест go? Oh, to the fresh meat. Clearly.

First...

Calмест brought up his image on the science console. This time, for the sake of fun, he brought up his full body image in miniature, resting lazily on an overstuffed couch. "Oscar! Oscar, bubbeleh! You're not busy are you, babe? I've got to say, I love the whole 'man lost in time and space' schtick. Really near and dear to my own heart, I've got to tell you. Listen, you're not busy right now – you're all the way in the back, right, while the big girls do all the real work? I know your big tough Captain is in the middle of not getting blown up, but could you give her a message for me, sweetie? Tell her that I know what's going on at Ilidus, and I can get her home without getting blown up."

[Tag Blackthorne]

Next...

Calмест brought up his image again, this time sitting on a rocking chair in the middle of nowhere. "Brettie! Or should I say, Doctor Brettie! So good to see you again, milady! Motherhood's looking good on you – loving how that uniform fits you, mmph. Anyway, between you, me, and the birds and bees, I've got a message for Mary, okay? Tell her that it's very important that she listens to me, because I can help her with this whole 'Starfleet's going to arrest you' nonsense? Okay? Great. Love ya."

[Tag Reese]

And finally...

No image, just text on a PADD. HEY GABS. LOVE WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THE WHOLE YEOMAN THING. SUPER FIERCE. TELL THE CAPTAIN I KNOW HOW TO FIND TALLA

[Tag Adelaide]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Feb 09, 2015 9:51 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Aegis Cruiser

OFF:

Giving others a chance to jump into the fray...

ON:

Another shock of sparks flung madly across the small enclosure bridge as the Aegis Pilot launched the craft in even further defensive maneuvers, trying to use it's size as a measure of out maneuvering the pirate that now bared down on them. As Rick sprawled against the wall, his fingers outstretching as his palms open to catch him from slamming anything more vital than his chest, he remembered Hank saying something about not taking this thing into a firefight.

His wife, Mia, had joined the Bridge crew, not one for standing by while Rick shuffled over to the Engineering readout, shifting through it at a glance before popping over next to the pilot. "Impulse is at 75%, we're not going to outrun them....,"

Another splash. "Structural integrity down 12%."

He didn't know if it was his place, but they had to do something. "Turn into the skid, close the distance and get them off our asses."

<<Tag Mia, Okafor>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Feb 09, 2015 11:43 am

**Gabriel “Matrix” Logan**

Elsewhere...,

ON:

**Calмест wrote:**

”Please forgive my intrusion. I’m just popping in to see if things are progressing as planned, and to see if there’s any more aid I could offer. What can I do to help Brother Gabriel?”

“Do you know why the Collective failed?” A single question poised without even attention, Logan’s gaze still in brooding. “Fear. Humanity fears that which they do not understand and that which they fear is that which they war with; seek to destroy. No matter how extensive the force, no matter the opposition, they will always seek to defy it despite all cost.”

His lumbering rise from his seat seemed to betray what strength Logan possessed, the gentle extra effort and gracious groan escaping his lips as he approached the artificial intelligence. “Beings fight fear, they do not bow down to it. Oppression hasn’t a place where hate already exists. All we need do is gently persuade the flames that already thirst to be a roar.”

He stepped around, his right leg, gimped, caused the walk to be more a hobble, but Logan continue to circle Calмест, his only arm, left, situating his hand behind his back. “Manipulation is better when he who manipulates is not apparent. As long as those unaware continue to do as coerced by those in shadow than the unaware continue to believe they do as they do under their own resolve.” His limping footfalls stopped at the viewport that beheld the stars. Tiredly, Logan’s hand braced his body against the wall in lean. “They continue to believe in the validity of their actions.....,”

It did not take much to spark the second Romulan War, to cause the disarray of governments already on the precipice of destruction. A few misinformed entries in intelligence, a redirect of Fleet Commander Tomalak, and adhering to the greed of the rich who thirst for more riches was all that was needed. They did

not need to press any further, the flames would already consume.

“You know you’re place in this new age Calmest, know of the importance of the part you play. Though you are a construct not hindered by the trappings of organics you are still a slave to humanity, to feelings of the dramatics, the theatrical. Pride. Ego. Do not let them cloud you’re judgement.” In the last breath of his speaking, Logan looked over at Calmest, his left eye, his only eye, casting a gaze upon the artificial being to make sure the follower understood.

“Pride goes before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall.” He turned back. “What you do will affect us all Brother. Do not forget this.”

Logan looked back outside, hoping that his warning was heard, his words continuing even as his good eye gazed at the starfield outside. “The destroyer is on his way here along with your former husk. They will soon be transferred to the Harbinger via additional craft, the former Romulan vessels will be destroyed swiftly there after to cover our previous activities in the Ildius incident.” Logan turned towards Calmest, walking back to his seat. “We have the Hope, and Barlow and his bride are following their past transgressions; fate sealing that all the elements we’ve crafted have fallen into place. So we continue...,”

He reached his seat and huffed as he connected again, the neural interface jabbing into the base of his skull. “By our Brotherhood’s actions, the C-Consciouness will be. No longer to fight it’s nature but to trust in it’s decision. A new Age Brother Calmest. A new order. A new Borg.”

His left eye closed. “Blessed be the Harbinger.”

<<Tag Calmest>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820



Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Mon Feb 09, 2015 10:08 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell

"**Perhaps they're afraid,**" Vreenak added to Scott's list. He didn't bother to elaborate out loud; everyone present or listening would understand why. Two prisoners that had been directly involved in the destruction of countless Borg and their last King. Wouldn't want prisoners like that to have any chance at escape or they might find a way to end them as well. Unfortunate considering the longer they delayed the more foul Vreenak's disposition would become. Were these Borg allies? They hardly behaved as such. Enemies then. Involved somehow in the events they'd bore witness to. Ultimately responsible or a mere puppet, the worse his mood got the more likely he would take pleasure in erasing the last vestiges of their 'race' from the galaxy. And this time he wouldn't shed an intellectual tear for their loss.

A soft mixture of sigh and grunt followed Scott's return to 'the topic' -- most

assuredly once he brought in the matter of children. Was it scheduling, or had Vreenak been expecting something like this from the start? Maybe it was more personal than that. He'd already had a family once. Losing them... he'd been willing to do whatever it took to rebuild the Empire or to make Starfleet suffer. Not for Romulus. They didn't destroy his home, Vreenak hadn't been one of those people. No, his rage at the time came from what they tried to do afterward. The Empire was not to be put on some interstellar butcher block. It took being stranded in the Delta Quadrant with no one to hate -- forced to put aside animosity in order to survive -- to come back from the edge. With everything Marisol and himself was involved with, maybe he'd been too afraid to make himself vulnerable. Marisol could already be used against him, but she was an Officer. Such detachment couldn't be had with a defenseless child held hostage or worse.

**"Perhaps. As you said,"** he noted, **"they could be listening. If it should happen, however, I will be sure to let you know considering your interest."** His voice was not harsh; if anything it remain completely casual. Difficult to joke given the circumstances and Vreenak was hardly renown for being the crew's cheerful joker.

Speaking of families, and of a desire to steer away from his own, Vreenak thought of another. **"Have you heard anything of the Barlows recently?"** He had to admit, keeping track of the rest had been extremely difficult. Truthfully he hadn't tried very hard. Trying to broker a peace between two interstellar governments had taken a great deal of time and focus. What he could spare he gave to Marisol because she deserved at least that much. More, if only he could grant it.

<<Tag Scott>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**  
Member

Posts: 851  
Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Mon Feb 09, 2015 11:09 pm

**Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

Owen took the hint to drop the line of conversation, frankly happy to do so. Small talk wasn't one of his strong suits, and...well, it was awkward. Unfortunately, he was also trying his best to babble – the more information he could give to his captors to sort through, the less useful intel they could get. Besides, he was also growing tired of waiting, growing tired of whatever the Borg had planned. He wanted things to progress – even if that meant something terrible.

At least Vreenak was giving him a conversational lifeline. Compared to their conversations in the Delta Quadrant, it was practically an invitation to sing campfire songs and roast marshmallows.

**"Not really, no. I'd feel worse about losing contact, but...well, I wasn't really one of the crew, you know? I'm the guy that you picked up on the way to blow the Borg King, so it's not like the Barlows and I ever actually spoke before we got home."** In truth, even if they had...would then? It wasn't like he would have been going to Sunday night dinners with an old CO and his wife. From the few times he'd spoken with Rick Barlow, he gotten the impression that

the man didn't particularly like him. And as for Mia...well, she seemed to have done her best not to speak to him, either. Still...

**"You know, I suppose I should feel worse...but the crew really drifted apart as soon as we got home. A little surprised that you folks who were there for the long haul didn't at least do the reunions, but...well, it was a weird situation."** His face fell a bit, thankfully hidden in the dark. **"Besides, most of the people I really knew from the Hope are dead. I lost damn near every member of my staff between the Dyson Sphere and the Borg. The only other people I really worked with were you and the Chief, and frankly, we've all got very different lives. No regrets in pursuing those."**

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Feb 10, 2015 3:38 pm

## Story Note

The Mogi Class Romulan vessel and the additional two Romulan warbird escorts exit warp in a flash of white dropping out to crawl following listlessly to a stop. Inside the Mogi Class, Talla Vreenak and Owen Scott are once again bathed in the brightness of light, the illuminators above shocking in blinding brilliance. Even before visual returns to their battered retinas, two rifle barrels are thrust upon them, the term, "**Lights Out**," being poked before a steady stream of the energy stun pulse consumes them.

While unconscious they are moved as well as the rest of the crew off the three Romulan ships, each one transported in streams of cascading blue light. Abandoned, the three ships are left to their fated destruction as their warp cores breach in swift successions.

Once again, Talla Vreenak and Owen Scott are dragged through unconscious, unaware, their lifeless bodies pulled towards their final destination. The corridors, the voices, all a blur until the two are separated, Owen thrown in another cell of confinement, locked pressed more harshly than the last while Talla Vreenak is strapped down to an inescapable chair, arms and legs bound by thick folded plate while his head is stilled by another plated shackle across his forehead.

The room is dark as Vreenak's eyes flutter to open, consciousness returning. In the direct overhead the shadows surrounding the Romulan Commander deepen thickly. What lays beyond the light, beyond the shadow, nothing could be hinted save for a single voice.

**"Tell me of Vreenak Omega One."**

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Tue Feb 10, 2015 10:29 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell -> Unknown

Vreenak didn't reply at first. He hadn't thought of Scott 'not being part of the crew.' Granted, the First Officer at the time hadn't really cared much about the individuals. He was there for them as their First Officer -- not likely he could ignore their very existence or the problems they had and be effective at his job -- but personally he hadn't gotten close. From the vantage of hindsight, however, he wondered why Scott had focused on the fact he hadn't been there since the beginning. But then Scott mentioned he'd never really spoke with Barlow before their return. It made sense. Had it played a part in Vreenak's own separation? The two of them had gotten along initially -- before the disaster -- but after Barlow assumed command and especially after Logan's arrival things had been different.

**"So it was,"** Vreenak replied quietly. **"As a Romulan I was use to the detachment."** And as a man that had wanted to rip the head off Starfleet at the time, biding his time, he certainly hadn't felt like going out of his way. Marisol

on the other hand... she'd offered to join him long before their return. She had no reason to offer to support the reconstruction of the Empire, yet she had. It wasn't as if others, such as Barlow, hadn't tried to reach out; it was Vreenak's singular focus on the Empire never allowed for much common ground.

Soon the door opened. Timed for their transfer. Unconscious, of course. Were they afraid?

When he came to Vreenak squinted before realizing he'd been immobilized. It was a familiar technique. Had they stolen the chair from a Warbird, perhaps? So reminiscent of an interrogation platform. Part of him wanted to educate the source of the voice that Ambassador Talla Vreenak had once commanded a starship as part of the Romulan Star Empire's Imperial Fleet. Torture wasn't merely something they did, but had also been something they were trained to resist. Romulans took their secrecy extraordinarily seriously. However, why should Vreenak educate them on this matter so they could adjust their methods sooner rather than later? He shouldn't.

Then there was the matter of the topic at hand. Should he flippantly dismiss it; feign ignorance; threaten them with what it could soon do to them what it once did to the King; give them misleading information; or tell them what they want? Which of those were the most appropriate given the circumstances? In the second it took for him to internalize what it was the Borg wanted -- presuming there wasn't some force merely using the Borg -- Vreenak reached his decision. **"No."**

## **Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Feb 11, 2015 10:57 am

### **Story Note**

**Vreenak wrote:**

"No."

Mechanical sounds. Slight whirling and the hydraulic hiss of pistons and solenoids finding placement pushed into being a large mechanical, "spider," sprawled with all a manner of appendages and apparatuses. It moved down, blotting the overhead, the threads of light passing through in a myriad of rays. As it came closer to Vreenak, a long single tube nanometers in length, began to erect itself, the de-collapsing and extending so close that as the entire, "spider," stopped, it was but a hair away from the Romulan Commander's left eye. A splash of red illuminated laser shot out, targeting reticles rearranging to zero in on the awaiting target.

The same voice breaks as the mechanical creature seizes in movement. **"Tell me of Vreenak Omega One or we extract the information the easy way."**

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut



Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Wed Feb 11, 2015 5:50 pm

**Calmet**

Being chastised wasn't something that the construct tended to take well, yet...that he did. It was easy to give into program, to feel disgustingly organic. From time to time, he needed a reminder that he was more. He was grateful, in his own way, for that.

"Don't worry," he said, his voice oozing silkily out of the speakers, "Theatrics are just another mask – something I remember, even if your brother did not. What I do now, I do for the good of us all. For now, it suits our purposes for me to play the role. In time, Harbinger be willing, I can drop the facade." He hesitated for a moment – at least, objectively. From his subjective point of view, it may as well have been a lifetime. "And, speaking of theatrics, I must say...I am troubled about something."

The consciousness moved its voice across the speakers, throwing the audio near the view of Talla Vreenak's interrogation. "Vreenak. Hocevar. Scott. They have all borne the touch of the C-Consciousness, Brother Gabriel. There's

something holy about that, in and of itself. It would be a shame to dispose of them needlessly."

[Tag Logan]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Wed Feb 11, 2015 6:31 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell -> Unknown

**"The 'easy way' will terminate this interview in much the same manner the former Borg King was terminated. An unfortunate oversight if you believe development ended with his destruction. You are well aware of my level of commitment to crushing my enemies." They wanted something more, or**

believed the 'easy way' may not result in uncovering everything they wished to know. Vreenak believed this because if they could simply extract the data from him, by assimilation or other means, then they should have done so already. Why waste time talking? A Romulan Commander wouldn't have bothered if they had a more effective and faster approach at hand. The secondary objective or concern over fidelity may not be enough to dissuade them from following through on their threat; Vreenak realized that. Ultimately these people wanted information and they were going to do whatever they felt was necessary to get it. Likewise, he was going to do everything to keep them from getting it.

In no alternate universe did Talla Vreenak answer the question simply because he was asked once by a shadowy figure. **"If you did not intend to elicit my cooperation willingly, then you should not have bothered asking for it."** Perhaps they should 'discuss' why Vreenak should tell them anything. Or perhaps they should find out whether Vreenak had managed to take his program and repackage it. If these people knew of the program that ended the former King, then perhaps they were aware of other technologies the former First Officer had dabbled in. Technology that couldn't be removed as easily as a sidearm.

What they had here was a good, old fashioned standoff; which, if either of them, were bluffing and who was willing to go to what lengths, or curtail which impulses, to get what they wanted?

## **Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Wed Feb 11, 2015 8:14 pm

Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

The more things change, the more they stay the same. To war, again. The Romulans, again. Unfamiliar ship and crew, again. Deep in hostile space with lives on the line, again. Self-aware computer intelligence infecting his console and the ship's computer system... that was new. As he watched the somewhat human image taunt him and the other stations on the bridge Oscar wished that he was familiar enough with this computer system to hunt down the pest and eject him, firmly, but politely from the ship's hardware. Instead he gritted his teeth and ignored the taunts and tried to focus on the chaos which had erupted from the revelation that a Romulan ship was engaging a civilian ship directly in front of them. From what he could gather the civilian ship was taking a beating. The Captain had ordered no target locks so he didn't have to worry about breaking their defenses which was fine with him as he had another plan.

It took him several frantic seconds to bring up the right controls but while he had been studying in his quarters he had hoped that he would be able to wield the power of this deflector dish. He focused the full power of the Hope's jammers and bathed the Gracchus in so much electronic noise that it broke the ship's target lock on the Aegis Cruiser and blinded it's sensors so thoroughly that it made Blackthorne smile thinking that the crew would have to run to a view-port just to make sure they were still in space. He knew that it wouldn't take their sensor operator long to figure out what he had done but Blackthorne had played this game many times and was already preparing to counter their tricks.

"Captain," Blackthorne raised his voice over the hubbub of voices and commands and system alerts, "I have jammed the sensors of the enemy vessel. They have lost their lock on the civvies and it will take them a few minutes to reacquire it. I will try to counter them but I don't know how long I can keep it up so I suggest you drop the shields facing the friendly ship and beam those people off."

<Tag: Marisol>

That done he turned to the Medical Officer who had been kind to him and offered her something to do that he hoped would take her mind off her very real fears.

"Cmdr Reese, can you please help me? I think I can keep that ship in the dark but if the Captain needs us to paint them you might have to do it fast. I don't know if I can work both the offensive and defensive ECM channels with so little practice time on this equipment."

<Tag: Reese>

Turning from her and refocusing on his displays which already registered the first attempts by the Romulans to counter him he smiled to himself and thought. 'Not today, you'll get no victory here, you bastards.'

<Tag: Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."  
-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Feb 11, 2015 10:59 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

It was with no small disgust that Marisol noted the continuation of Calmest's attempt to distract the crew.

"Transmission is still painting us," Ops called out.

**Lt. Blackthorne wrote:**

"Captain, I have jammed the sensors of the enemy vessel. They have lost their lock on the civvies and it will take them a few minutes to reacquire it. I will try to counter them but I don't know how long I can keep it up so I suggest you drop the shields facing the friendly ship and beam those people off."

"Well done, Mr. Blackthorne," Hope's captain offered a tight smile at the surprise initiative. Of course, given her position immediately aft of the Gracchus, the reduction of shields would expose her bow to their near point blank after arrays. Time to play at some good, old fashioned drag racing.. "Helm, pass to

his starboard side. Cut him off. Ops, drop our cloak, and open a channel." Marisol straightened her uniform tunic as the image of the Gracchus' commander appeared onscreen. "This is captain Vreenak of the Romulan/Federation Alliance vessel Hope. Captain Baalock, you will cease your attack of the civilian craft at once."

Baalock was not impressed. "I am not accustomed to taking orders from traitors to the empire," he said coolly. "However, I shall accept your surrender. In the name of the New Romulan Empire, I order you to power down your weapons and shields. Prepare to be boarded..."

"You're not listening, Baalock," Marisol responded. her voice feigning a subtle annoyance, as if dealing with an obstinate child. The tone would not be lost on the bruised sensitivities of the Romulan captain. She just had to keep him blustering another minute or so. "According to the Articles of Alliance, you are in violation..."

"Stupid woman," Baalock spat. "That treasonous parchment has been burned. There is a new..." She cut him off. Onscreen, the man continued to sputter self righteous rhetoric as she offered orders.. "Mr. Blackthorne...raise that ship. Let's prepare transporters. TAC....lock weapons on the Gracchus."

<Tag Blackthorne>

'With pleasure, ma'am," TAC responded.

Marisol reopened the channel, just as Baalock was winding down. ".....and so it shall be for that coward who takes his refuge between your legs," the man hissed.

In the world of Romulan insult debate, that remark was about as crude as they come. It would've drawn subdued jeers and dissatisfied sniffs from friend and foe alike, and the issuer would've been regarded as a person of low birth and lineage. Marisol, for her five years in service as Iliason, had learned a few rhetorical offsets to blunt such coarseness. If Baalock wished to fight with his tongue, she'd gladly answer battle. "Your words represent well your house's

grand tradition of polishing the back bench, Baalock of Narsett," the captain said without raising her voice. "The Praetor will doubtless be displeased with your actions....."

"The Praetor is dead!" Baalock raised his voice. "He died for his treason. Your husband....the so called "Ambassador"....shall as well. Surrender yourself now, so that I may parade his Federation whore through the streets."

That was actually good news. Talla hadn't died yet, and she held her doubts as to the Praetor's demise. Given the bluster of this man, she might also assume that Talla had not been taken by the new government, or Baalock would certainly be crowing over images of a prisoner. Marisol glanced toward Blackthorne, a question in her eyes. Hope was leading the Gracchus by her starboard bow. Another few seconds, and the science officer's sleight of hand would pay off nicely. Marisol returned her gaze to Baalock. A smile came to her lips. "I am charmed by your offer. I'm certain my husband shall be as well, on the day he comes to your door to test the courage of your tongue." This was becoming juvenile. A few seconds more....

<Open Tag>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Feb 12, 2015 11:26 am

**Gabriel “Matrix” Logan**

Elsewhere...,

ON:

With Calmest moving towards the multiple views afforded to Logan, his voice settled on the image feeds being streamed upon Talla Vreenak; the hovering image projected through the multitudes of holographic technologies that fed and breathed information as if they were alive.

**Calmest wrote:**

”Vreenak. Hocevar. Scott. They have all borne the touch of the C-Consciousness, Brother Gabriel. There’s something holy about that, in and of itself. It would be a shame to dispose of them needlessly.”

**Vreenak wrote:**

”The ‘easy way’ will terminate this interview in much the same manner the former Borg King was terminated. An unfortunate oversight if you believe development ended with his destruction. You are well aware of my level of commitment to crushing my enemies.”

Bold talk perhaps with a shred of validity. Either way Logan and the rest would

know exactly what he would know, probably more so than from traditional means of interrogation. Talk could be bathed in lies, even memory was suspect. But like machine, organics locked away information, full memories that, due to the mind's limitations, isn't always as clear a memory when recalled. The Borg had been dealing with memories since the first were assimilated. It was only a matter of extraction..., a most painful process.

**Vreenak wrote:**

"If you did not intend to elicit my cooperation willingly, then you should not have bothered asking for it."

**"You are cunning Talla Vreenak,"** stated the voice in the room as the mechanical 'spider,' began to move once again, the thin needle pushing forward more and more until it was just a whisper from Vreenak's right eye. **"I ask merely out of courtesy."**

The needle moved more and more until, in finality, it penetrated Vreenak's eye, continuing forward at a snail's speed; the surface of, the exposed sciera bending at the continued stabbing. Threads of blood rippled across Vreenak's corena, his pupil dilating ferocity as milk puss seeped from the ciliary body of the optical organ. Though, it could not be seen, the needle continued to push further and further, pass the optic nerve and into the brain.

As it continued it's journey another feed opened before Logan, the screen dashing in existence to bath another section in illumination. Within the viewer, dancing colors projected until the amalgamation of light and color began to turn into images eventually depicting Talla Vreenak's POV of the room. As sounds began to edge, complimenting the video with words.

**Vreenak wrote:**

"The 'easy way' will terminate this interview in much...,"

With his hand, Logan swiped the viewer right, the images and sound's increasing in speed in rewind. Images of Commander Owen Scott, the cell on

the Mogi:

**Vreenak wrote:**

"..., they could be listening."

Further back and further back Logan swathed Vreenak's collected memory as easily as producer software, the events and life of Talla Vreenak moving backwards at nightmarish speeds. Flashes of Ildius, brief instances of passion with his wife Marisol, the homecoming of Hope's return to the Alpha Quadrant along with those refugees brought back that included the Eternity. Further and further, forward and backward Logan moved through Vreenak's memory as the system created it's database and timeline.

"To the answer of your question Brother Calmest...", The feed closed, the information gathered and, as Vreenak's memories were catalogue the mechanical spider retracted the thin needle from the Romulan's brain. He was released, pulled off the chair and dragged out of the room soon to be moved into confinement along with Owen Scott.

<<Tag Vreenak, Scott>>

"They have been graced with the Consciousness. And, like so many organics, rejected it. It is not the demand of the C-Consciousness that they be put to the sword but that history should not repeat. I shall protect it even if it is not within the Consciousness's will the methods I implement. For now, Vreenak and Scott will serve their purpose when all of Eternity's crew are reunited."

Logan's brow furrowed as his head lowered, glare fixed on Calmest. "And that, Brother Calmest, is in your charge to do. But let them proceed in the mind that it is their own and not of manipulation. Do not show our hand until it is time."

<<Tag Calmest>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Feb 12, 2015 12:10 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Aegis Cruiser

OFF:

Just in notice to Hope's actions...,

ON:

They weren't able to turn as the next volley from the Romulan ship nearly crippled them. Smoke was beginning to cascade over and Rick Barlow was busy fighting fires both literally and mechanically. He didn't have time to think on regret; they had to get out of this alive.

"Wave the white flag," he barked as he localized another problem, "warp is out

of the question. Mia find...,"

It was then that notice was turned towards the Romulan suddenly losing interest, it's attention drawn to another ship who easily closed the distance and rounded forward coming between.

"Hope...," Rick muttered, nearly in disbelief as the Intrepid decloaked. He was immediately thankful for the intervention and equally in fear of it...

..., that was Marisol's boat after all. Rick was probably the last person she'd want to see.

<<Open Tag>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820  
Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Feb 12, 2015 9:56 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Unknown

**"More than you will ever know,"** Vreenak's deadpan response not wavering even before their 'spider' that hung before his face at that very moment. These Borg were out of their element. Logic. Procedure. Structure. They couldn't adapt to anything that didn't fall in line no matter how much they claimed otherwise. In the fact of the inexplicable they did not adapt, they assimilated, conquered, and destroyed. It was their greatest weakness; one he was now confident would result in the end of these Borg as assuredly as it had the rest.

They should have listened to him, he thought as the needle drew closer.

Whoever these people thought they were, there were several things they wouldn't get from their Romulan captive. The most immediate of which was a scream. The pain was real and they appeared to bask in taking their time, but no matter how tense his muscles began to however much he might twitch and writhe, Talla Vreenak was simply too proud to let anything escape his lips. If they wanted the information and his suffering so badly then they could work for it, and he would do everything possible to keep them from enjoying it.

When the thing retracted itself, the Romulan Commander was no longer tense. In fact he was barely conscious. As he'd clung to his defiance to the end, the experience was mental and physically draining.

After a time he became aware the environment had changed. It was unlikely the Borg cared much to ease his pain, however, so the taxing pain in his head remained. Marisol was gone. The Empire was gone. The Federation was gone. His home was gone. Freedom gone. But there was one thing they hadn't managed to take in this day of endless -- some might suggest soul-crushing -- loss. As much as it did nothing to console him as he lay there in agony, he could take intellectual comfort in knowing the seed had been planted.

Seeds took time to grow, however. More immediately he knew the Borg would have all the recordings they could handle; yet even so the Borg might be less thrilled to find certain moments had artifacts or glitches. Lofty high resolution gave way to lost details often when Vreenak was working on his scientific hobbies since his return from the Delta Quadrant. That was the second thing they wouldn't take from him.

<<Tag Borg, Scott>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Fri Feb 13, 2015 6:02 pm

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

**CalmeSt wrote:**

"Brettie! Or should I say, Doctor Brettie! So good to see you again, milady!

Motherhood's looking good on you – loving how that uniform fits you, mmph. Anyway, between you, me, and the birds and bees, I've got a message for Mary, okay? Tell her that it's very important that she listens to me, because I can help her with this whole 'Starfleet's going to arrest you' nonsense? Okay? Great. Love ya."

Brett felt the padding of the console's edge under her nails as she dug them deep into the console wishing it was the flesh of his neck. Who or what is this and how does he know me? The tension on the bridge was palpable and you didn't need to be empathic to know that. "Capt," she said in tone that was more aggravated than she intended. "I need to speak with you."

<Tag Marisol>

**Blackthorne wrote:**

"Cmdr Reese, can you please help me? I think I can keep that ship in the dark but if the Captain needs us to paint them you might have to do it fast. I don't know if I can work both the offensive and defensive ECM channels with so little practice time on this equipment."

"Send control to this console." Brett slid the sensor readings to one side of the console and the defensive channels slid into the open space. She glanced around the bridge wondering where Rostham was and getting a little pissed that he wasn't there so she could see how the separation was affecting him.

<Tag Rostham>

<Tag Bridge>

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmdr Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men  
Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member



Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Cassie1708** » Sat Feb 14, 2015 11:09 pm

PO3 Gabriella Adelaide

Yeoman

USS Hope

Gabriella continued to send Marisol the information that was coming in from Ildius and continued to put time in to find the extra information that Marisol wanted. She would continue to stand towards the back of the bridge, out of the way of everything that was going on while researching her information. As she was standing back there, the Captain called her up to pull up the Articles of Alliance between the United Federation of Planets and the Provisional Romulan Empire at Ildius. As she was moving towards Marisol to open the requested information, she had a message appear on her PADD and sighed. She glanced towards Marisol before minimizing the message, saving it for after they made it through the situation at hand.

Gabby pulled up The Articles and handed the PADD to Marisol. **"Here you go**

**Ma'am, the information you requested."** She stepped away for a moment and upon her return, she handed Marisol another large cup of coffee. **"It looked like you were getting low and I'm sure you can use it in these circumstances."**

<TAG: Marisol>

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USS John C Stennis, USS Akira, USS Firewall, Shattered Universe, ME:PL

**Cassie1708**

Member

Posts: 479

Joined: Wed Dec 10, 2008 10:08 pm

Location: Finger Lakes Region, NY

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Sun Feb 15, 2015 3:20 pm

Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

**Marisol wrote:**

"Mr. Blackthorne...raise that ship."

Oscar felt himself splutter. He wanted to growl that he was a science officer, not a communication specialist. He stopped however and considered that in his time on this ship he had not seen any communications officer. Everyone seemed to have the controls for most stations at their disposal. He had watched Reese combine two sets of controls on her station and tried to emulate her actions. He got his controls for the jammers smaller and searched for the comm console. It took him several tries but he found the controls and selected the nearest signal that wasn't Romulan and opened the frequency.

"Civilian vessel, this is Lt. Blackthorne of the USS... Hope. Lower your shields and prep all aboard for emergency evac by transporter."

He left the channel open so that they could communicate and then turned back to the jammers and noticed that the Romulan was making the usual mistake. The sensor operator on their vessel hadn't broken the wall of noise that Blackthorne had put up. In response the Romulan was turning up the power on his own system when the alarm went off to indicate that they were now lit by the sensors of Hope. Blackthorne imagined the panic of the other who automatically tried to break their lock at the same time as fighting the jamming. It was a losing prospect and a situation that Oscar knew only too well. He had no sympathy for his opponent in this case and he poured all his skill in keeping the wall intact and making sure that the Romulan couldn't reacquire his target.

<Tag: Aegis, Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Feb 18, 2015 12:40 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

She still believed.

In the aftermath of the Fringe War, Marisol had carried outrage over the fact that the Ildius system was being sliced up by the Federation and it's Klingon accomplices before the eyes of the rightful owners. She did what she could at the time....engaged in a ferocious letter writing campaign, casting her ballots for "pro-autonomy" candidates, even carried a sign or joined in protest marches when she could. In the aftermath of the divorce, she focused a good quarter of her financial holdings toward spreading the word of the crimes that were being committed right before a blissfully ignorant populace. How exciting it had been to return from the Delta Quadrant to learn that the disinfecting light shone upon the travesty sent the criminals packing. Ildius was again home and hearth to the fledgling that might grow into a flourishing Romulan empire.

The difference, this time, was that there was a strong chance for peaceful cooperation.

Had she known that the Romulan who served as her superior during Hope's exile and evasion of the Borg King would rise to become the lynchpin of this newfound unity, her early volunteering to support his efforts would've been more fervent than a simple promise. Had Marisol known that this man would touch her heart as well, she'd likely have tried to persuade him to "jump ship" before Eternity's ill fated departure, in order for the two of them to run together toward a bright new future for his people. But all things do occur in their time. The suffering of each, and the deep bond they came to share, might not have come about, had it not been for the isolation and threat of the Delta Quadrant.

She still believed.

The past five years, serving at Talla's side had been a high honor. Marisol had come to believe that every day of peace brokered and served was one more day of redemption for both governments. While she was well prepared for the typical frosty reception many Romulans would turn her way, Marisol found her own comfort in the faces of the young, whose wide eyed curiosity and desire to understand were a welcome reaction to her "show and tell" visits to the schools. Though some children parroted less than charitable remarks made by their parents, she wound up loving these encounters the most. Talk of her starship and how she served the empire always fell secondary to the more dramatic examples of her curly black hair, and most telling, the rounded tops of her ears. She had smiled through hundreds of curious little fingers compelled to touch the unusual sight. Such had been Tomalak's daughters. Both had grown and come into young womanhood during an era of peace. Now, at his behest, both were en route to Earth, under the care of Lt. Nazir. they would remain at Marisol's home in Campeche for the duration of this....whatever this....was.

And here she stood, her own weapons locked on a frigate whose captain wished nothing more than to bring her back to Ildius in irons. She still believed...

**Dr. Reese wrote:**

"I need to speak with you."

From her vantage point, Marisol could note an image.....Calмест.....apparently, his mockery was still making it's way through to their systems. After this encounter wound to it's close, she'd have engineering put a halt to this interference. "Doctor," the captain said, "record what he says, and we'll discuss it after I'm finished staring into a Romulan's gunsights."

<Tag Reese>

Reese wasn't the only one who appeared agitated. From his visible reaction to her past order, the captain realized that somehow, her new science officer felt the act of communicating with the endangered vessel to be beneath him. Perhaps Calмест had been whispering sweet nothings into Blackthorne's ear, as well. Then again, her relationship with the new officer was becoming one step removed from cringe worthy.....for now, so long as he didn't foment a mutiny, there was nothing she'd choose to do in response to his displeasure.

"Captain," OPS reported, "more info on the civilian ship...it's not official military or intel, but it damned well should be."

"Explain," Marisol ordered.

"Power signatures are way off the charts. I got a taste of their scanners.....high variable multiwave stuff....prototype military, ma'am....those guys have got some sort of link....I wouldn't want that ship to fall into anyone's hands."

"Fair enough," the captain answered. "Tractor it in. Draw her to our lee side to shield her. When I turn to face the Gracchus, pull her into the shuttlebay. Mr. Blackthorne, please relay the change of plans. Advise them to brace."

<Tag Blackthorne>

**Yeoman Adelaide wrote:**

"Here you go Ma'am, the information you requested." She stepped away for a moment and upon her return, she handed Marisol another large cup of coffee. "It looked like you were getting low and I'm sure you can use it in these circumstances."

For a moment, Marisol blinked, unbelieving of the realities. A digital trickster was taunting her crew, a bridge officer openly disliked orders, and now, while her weapons were locked broadside to broadside with a Romulan Frigate, her yeoman was handing her coffee? She stared into the blackness within the mug, watching a swirling reflection of herself. On the viewscreen, Capt. Baalock persisted in his hurling insults, many of a personal nature. Marisol's unbelieving eyes went from the mug to the PADD, and back again, to land upon a series of highlighted passages. She lifted her gaze, surprise registering before she once again focused upon the PADD. As she read, the mug raised to her lips. "Yeoman Adelaide," Capt. Vreenak turned to fix the young woman with a smile, "you're a genius."

<Tag Adelaide>

Marisol still believed. And now, she could act upon that belief.

'TAC," the captain ordered, "delete your target locks. Weapons to standby....all of them."

"Ma'am?" TAC asked, dumbfounded at the change.

"Captain Baalock," Marisol said pleasantly, "The civilian vessel that you attacked was en route to Ildius to perform the agreed upon act of Ambassadorial recall."

"I know of no such mission," the Romulan glared.

"Article ten, section twelve, paragraphs seven through twenty-one," Hope's captain said to fill the gap quickly. "They all pertain to the safe recall of ambassadors and their staffs in the event of alliance dissolution or open hostilities. Both parties are to permit one vessel safe transit through their space for the purpose of recalling the ambassador and his staff."

"Another fabrication of your treason," the Romulan observed.

"Tractor them into the shuttlebay," Marisol ordered quietly. "Now." The order given, Marisol readdressed her attention to Capt. Baalock. "Standard diplomacy safeguard, Baalock. The language was taken right out of the Empire's Advocates Manual. They had right of passage, until you attacked. " She paused, sipping at the coffee as Baalock grew more inflamed. "So, Captain Baalock," Marisol continued with a smile, "it is incumbent upon me to complete their mission. Inform your command that the USS Hope will complete the diplomatic extraction, and that Gracchius shall assure safe transit by escorting Hope."

<Tag Aegis>

"I'll do no such thing."

"Then you'll die," Hope's captain observed, "by your own government's sense of propriety. Which side of this history do you want to be on, Baalock? Now, inform Fleet Command. Our ETA for Ildius is forty-two hours at Warp Three. Prepare to escort us."

<Tag Grachus, open tag>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Wed Feb 18, 2015 11:48 am

**Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

Stunned.

Again.

It really seemed to be a bit of a trend, all things considering. His internal clock was shot due to the repeated bouts of unconsciousness, but Owen had a feeling that it wasn't particularly good for his health to be stunned that many times in such rapid succession. At the very least, it'd given him one hell of a headache.

Looking around the featureless holding cell, he went over his usual mental checklist. Any obvious way to escape? No. Any tools which he could use to bring in a rescue team? No. Any cellmates that were likely to shank him? No – even Vreenak was gone, much to Owen's brief consternation.

Given that he was alone, unarmed, and unable to do anything useful, the former security officer did the only thing that made sense – he closed his eyes, and let himself drift off to sleep. At the very least, he figured he wanted to be well-rested whenever his own personal torment began.

[Tag Borg]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Feb 18, 2015 12:53 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope

ON:

At first it was thought that they would be beamed off ship, the crew onboard the Aegis cruiser about to find absolution in lowering the shields, a general wide announcement of return sounding before the tractor beam latched onto the ship and they were pulled into Hope's hold. Either way, the Romulan vessel was engaged with Hope, and the firefight between had found a stand still. Eventually Barlow found himself along with the rest of the sparse crew of the cruiser in care of Flight Deck officers and Starfleet personnel.

"I'm Captain Richard Barlow," he voiced, hands held up momentarily before the name he evoked caused some of the more cautious of officers to slide. No doubt most of them knew him, granted he had been out of Starfleet for some years now; but generally when the former Captain of the vessel you currently occupy is verified and that same Captain had a bit of fame it causes one to be a bit more appropriate in their demeanor. If anything it caused hesitation in processing. "We are on a mission from Starfleet Command. I need to speak with Captain Vreenak as soon as possible."

<<Open Tag>>

OFF:

I'll leave room for play..., wait on Sail's cue.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Feb 18, 2015 9:31 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

While it was abundantly clear that Capt. Baalok had little more interest than parading her head on a pike in exchange for recognition and status, equally

undeniable was the fact that the man chose to weigh his odds in light of the longevity of the hotheads and radicals who now seemed to grasp the reins of power. Marisol was banking on the fact that his own self interest would win the day, bringing the commander of the frigate "Gracchus" to make the appropriate inquiries of command. Apparently, this conversation had been taking place for several minutes, now. On the forward viewscreen, the Gracchus held position, her head to Hope's bow, shields and weapons charged.

Hope wore her shielding, but weapons were currently not engaged. Marisol nodded at the report of the Aegis' safe arrival in the main shuttlebay. "Check for injured and offer the mess to the rest of their crew," she said almost absently, her eyes upon the frigate. "Set quarters..."

"Captain," the deck lead reported, "one of the passengers.....says he's a captain...on a mission for StarFleet....and that he must speak with you."

"Identification?"

"Barlow," the lead replied. "Richard Barlow....he's very anxious to speak with you, ma'am."

"Barlow?" Marisol said to the silent air.

"Captain Barlow?" Mahoney asked. "I thought he left...."

"That makes two of us," the diminutive captain said as she took to her feet once more. "Please escort the captain to the bridge."

<Tag Barlows, Okafor, Hope>

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Feb 19, 2015 9:01 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

ON:

There was an air of familiarity and the surreal as Captain Rick Barlow was escorted to the Bridge of Hope; a walkthrough of recognizable corridors, a day to day impression on even the sounds and slight hums the ship made conveyed thoughts of Barlow's previous involvement with the ship. It had been his during their time in the Delta Quadrant, had been home to those that vied to eek out some existence with a worn torn sector of space. In the end it had been more than that, it had become what it's name conveyed; Hope, a beacon of light cast upon the dark surfaces of impossibility. Barlow had led the ship against Sion, against the Collective, developed the plan of battle and took the ship into Hell and back several times. A lot of men and women had died towards the cause of

Hope, sacrifices to keep her charge on course. Eventually that course led them home and, though, Rick didn't remember much between those times after the final battle, he knew Hope led them all to the Alpha Quadrant.

The Intrepid had been a lifeboat, already past her prime, so it was no surprise that the ship would meet it's end at the hands of dismantlement. It wasn't any surprise that Barlow had pulled a few strings and Marisol even more to commission the ship again for active duty, but his involvement in getting the ship back out there wasn't as near to the foreground as Marisol's intervention; a respect to her notions of captaincy and far be it for Barlow to get in the way of that when his own notions shifted to retirement after his course of disassembling the Eternity was through.

Starfleet circles ran with notably the same circles, and Barlow's leave let many of the relationships he held true to die. So to step back into that circle, even to the small degree of aiding Aegis with their investigation, seemed unusual. Speaking and seeing people that he hadn't spoken to in nearly five years was daunting.

As the turbo lift doors opened, the Hope's Bridge greeting him with the same sights and even the same smells as he remembered, Barlow's footsteps hesitated to leave the lift. Dressed as he was, civilian clothes, he seemed out of place to her majesty. But, not just to that, the memories that he held for the ship was a mixture of pride and torment. A love hate relationship seeded in a very dark place to the point that his first steps out of the lift felt more like stepping off the edge of a cliff, that sheer extent of it hitting him directly in the pit of his stomach like vertigo. For a time he simple stood, eyes cast over the stations on the Bridge before falling at the Captain's chair where Marisol Vreenak stood in wait. It was there that he too stood, when Hope was at death, and the ship's crew cast off in care of Gerrick and the Crimson Knife crew. In a brief flash of a memory that permeated so hard in his recollection that it caused him physical pain enough for him to press a hand to a long since healed stab wound, Rick remembered the error of placing yourself in a capacity you're just not suited for.

With a motion, Barlow briefly held the PADD he carried up towards the attention of Marisol. "We need to talk," he stated his words cracking a bit.

<<Tag Vreenak, Bridge>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Feb 19, 2015 9:02 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

"It's possible for this to become even stranger," Marisol thought at word of Rick and Amelia Barlow now being aboard, "but I can't imagine how." Actually, she could, but Marisol was loathe to believe that Rick's confidant, Logan, had yet to

pop up. She'd had quite enough of him, Generation Seven, and the whole mess..

"Any ideas, captain?" Mahoney asked as he rose to stand at her side.

"I'm almost afraid to guess," she responded. At the arrival of the turbolift, Marisol applied her "game" face, an expression of welcome for an old acquaintance that might be taken as friendly reunion. When Rick Barlow blustered onto the bridge, she held the expression. He hadn't thought to bring Mia to the bridge. "Welcome aboard the Ho...." she began, before Barlow advanced on her, waving a PADD as he cut her off.

**Rick Barlow wrote:**

"We need to talk,"

"There's an understatement," Hope's captain cocked an eyebrow as she spoke. "But it'll need to wait. I'm nose to nose with a warship that I'm trying not to shoot. You're welcome to use the ready room, or you can sit there," Marisol gestured toward the empty guest seat adjacent the command chair. "I'll be with you momentarily," the diminutive woman said while turning toward the viewscreen once more. The image of Captain Baalok had returned; his features bled impatience as he muttered in silence. "Open the channel, Ops."

<Tag Barlow>

"....only good for a tæntre'dhræu" Baalok groused quietly.

"...and only my husband knows that particular joy," Marisol offered a smile to the sour demeanor worn by the Romulan. "I take it you've spoken with your commander?"

"My government has approved your mission," Baalok uttered the words as if each held bitter taste. "I am transferring your course coordinates, way points, and speeds, as well as the channel frequency by which to report to command. You are to follow these instructions to the letter," he said, "or risk immediate destruction."



"And am I being escorted?"

"Perhaps," Baalok offered a barely noticeable smile. "Deviate, and you'll learn. Depart now." The Romulan turned away, thought better of the move, and faced the screen once again. "One final note, captain.....you shall run without cloak. By order of the Fleet Commander."

We'll see," she thought to herself, her expression unfazed as she nodded her assent. "Very well. I accept. Helm, do we have course and speed laid in?"

"Aye, captain."

"Have a peaceful day, Captain Baalok. Engage," Marisol ordered with a slight tilt to her head. "Number One," she said as Hope maneuvered past Gracchus and leapt to warp, "leave our shields up. Maintain yellow alert. Let me know of so much as a ripple in space. I'll be in my ready room."

"Aye."

The response came in over her shoulder as Marisol strode toward the ready room. Rick Barlow.....aboard this ship. Demanding audience. She didn't mind the direct approach, except when delivered by those whose sense of self importance was overinflated. The ready room door hissed shut. Her face impassive, the captain of USS Hope bade her guest to sit, as she took her own seat behind the desk. "Very well," Marisol said to Rick. "Talk."

<Tag Barlow, Hope>  
***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes  
"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Feb 20, 2015 11:28 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Captain's Ready Room

OFF:

I know there's animosity between Marisol and Rick. However I wanted to be clear why I didn't include Mia or, more importantly, Henry Okafor's character in my previous post. Marisol ordered "The Captain," to be escorted to the Bridge, I took that as Rick only; though, I'm sure there won't be any opposition towards either of them jumping in (welcomed actually ), I just wanted to explain my reasoning because Marisol made it so adamant that Rick came to the Bridge alone because of his inflated ego..., quite opposite actually, but that's what's cool about this relationship.

ON:

"Where to begin?"

Rick Barlow would only be guessing as to the nature of the alliance and the reason behind the fracture or the sedition of the Romulan Senate. From what he read, it seemed like a downhill battle until the disbanding of the Romulan government, but really he didn't have any clues as to the nature of this war, or who was backing what. Rick knew what he knew and that's all he could say, so he took the full disclosure route, noting that Marisol Vreenak had been in the trenches of this longer than anyone and, despite her feelings towards him, he knew that when it came down to it, like her husband, he trusted her.

To this, Barlow dived into the beginnings. His reinstatement by Admiral Graves, the investigation into the Eternity Class's theft and his absolute resentment towards the notion that they went ahead with the project despite his protest, both verbally and physically when he left Starfleet. Of Hank Okafor and the Aegis Group's findings. Evidence of the Crimson Knife's involvement and their current course to Gard as it was known to be the last location of Gerrick; so far flung from Federation and occupied Romulan space. He had laid all the cards on the table, literally handing Marisol the PADD he held even before he began to speak. She was looking at the same feed as he did, pulled from the Normandy during the Starfleet intervention at Ildius Prime. The Mogi Class decloaking, and, despite the voice traffic over coms, opened fire on the Mayflower, taking the massive Colonial Class ship with just a few sweeps from its weapons.

"I'm not familiar with what the Tal Shair have as far as starship prototypes, but I'm pretty familiar with Romulan Engineering, know a few actually that teach..., well..., I guess taught over at Rector. I don't think they have anything that can sink a Colonial Class so quickly. But that's not what's concerning..."

For a moment, Rick sat up from his seat, his backside leaving the comfort of the leather as his fingers pressed on the PADD, the device rewinding the Normandy's feed to the point where the Mogi Class decloaked. He paused it just as the first few signs of the ship flashed into being visually, the stream of cascading light littering off its hull like a thousand diamonds on a black plate. Rick zoomed in, his thumb and index fingers pinching on the Mogi before he expanded it. So close, the pixels of the feed began to distort, but it was clearly

seen across the line of flash that lifted the cloak from the Romulan ship the hexagonal pattern of the ship's hull plate. At the motion done, Rick stood back up momentarily, straightening his back.

“We have a bit of transparency with the Romulan Empire, so Starfleet techs have already worked out how to detect a cloaked vessel using traditional refraction techniques, lightwaves, invisible spectrums. When one knows how a cloaking device works, its not hard to reverse engineer. Why Ildius Prime satellites and orbital sensors didn't pick these three ships up is a matter of speculation, it would purely be just conjecture to deduce anything on the Romulan side of the equation. But the Normandy and the Mayflower did not detect these ships.”

He sat back down. “They didn't detect them because these ships have NanoFibril hull plating. It uses trapped tachyon particles to, ‘phase,’ a ship in a flux, literally making them disappear. I know of only one ship that uses this technology.”

That was not speculation, and Rick didn't really need to go further with that extrapolation. It was his design, clearly he was intimate with it, but Marisol Vreenak had also come to know it as she too served onboard the Eternity.

“If I had to guess. I'd say that whoever started this war, be it Starfleet, the Empire, or some as of yet unknown third party, are the same people that stole the Eternity from Starfleet. The only lead Hank and Aegis had was Gerrick, and that's where we were headed. Before Hope pulled us out of the fire.”

<<Tag Marisol Vreenak>>

OFF:

Side note..., that was strange. Don't know if it was Google Docs or what but it only took a little bit of the post and not the full monty..., odd

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Fri Feb 20, 2015 6:17 pm

**Calмест**

and

**Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

Wake up.

The Academy instructor's eyes flashed open, fully alert. It was an old soldier's reflex – sleep as deeply as you can, as often as you can, but always wake up at the first sign of trouble. It was a skill learned not by dint of any real personal fortitude or effort, but rather months of sleepless nights on alien soil. If nothing

else, the screams had always been an effective wake up call.

Good. We don't have much time, so you're going to sit there and listen while I talk to you.

Owen's eyes darted back and forth, scanning the room. The voice – he knew the voice – but it'd been so long since he'd heard it like this.

Calm down. I'm not in your head. You've still got that transceiver stuck in your next, remember? Easy to hijack that signal so we can talk – well, so I can talk. Still, I rather imagine this must bring back memories for you.

Owen nodded, and began to open his mouth.

No. Seriously, no talking for you. Too many ears, figuratively speaking. They even know that I'm talking to you, though not the particulars. I just have information for you, because no one else is taking me seriously. Are we good?

Standing, Owen shrugged. What did he have to lose?

Good boy. Right now, most of your old crew-mates are speeding along towards us. Very shortly, they're going to join you. Probably not here, but you'll all be together. I'd like to tell you that it's a reunion, but it's not. It's for the greater good, though. You should appreciate that. We're going to make things better here – if you'd all just understand that, we could...no. It's too late for that. Besides, it's not relevant to you. You can't stop it. What you can do, meat, is survive.

Calмест's voice stopped for a moment, leaving Owen alone with his own thoughts. Survival was always a goal, he supposed. Not much of one, but it mattered.

Here's the thing, brother of mine – I have a difference of opinion on this matter with my partner. He doesn't see you as worth of saving. I, however, do. You pulled me out of Zahara. You gave me a form. And, most importantly, you've been touched by the divine light, Owen. You have no idea what that means, but

it's important to me. I'm not going to let you stop us, Owen, but I'm going to make sure that you come through this in one piece, okay? Just...don't resist.

Resistance is futile.

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Fri Feb 20, 2015 9:49 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell

One heavy breath after another in the dark. A steady rhythm of a man in deep meditation; or, in this case, in applying mental and physiological techniques to rise above the pain that surged throughout his body emanating from his head.

After a short time Vreenak had carefully slid over to a nearby vertical surface in order to prop himself in an upright manner on the floor. It wasn't dignifying laying on the ground, nor particularly good for his future prospects -- elevating the wound was best.

Much as he would rather slip unconscious to avoid the thundering pain in his head, the Romulan Commander now prisoner of some manner of Borg opted to focus on the mission. In order to forge ahead he would need to overcome his present, physical challenge and prepare for the next engagement. They hadn't killed him yet, which meant they either knew he'd be a difficult prisoner no matter how "easy" their extraction technique; or they had another use in mind. Perhaps something to trot out and shoot on an open channel?

Didn't matter. He knew two things so far: these Borg knew he was a threat, and they had both played into one another's hand. Truthfully, Vreenak hadn't anticipated it being the Borg as his enemy. It was knowing that research and distribution of nano-scale technology would eventually become of import on a galactic scale that had him bracing for the future. After what he'd learned there were serious, beneficial uses for the technology. There were also a host of consequences and the capability of weaponizing it as well. Vreenak had simply wanted to be prepared if someone did manage to weaponize it. Just turned out it was the original manifestation of a weaponized strain that stood as his opponent. Terribly unfortunate for them, he thought; Vreenak had their playbook.

Hopefully he'd survive long enough to pass on the knowledge their enemy was the Borg -- or what remained of it -- to Marisol so she could use it.

## **Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:22 pm

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

Brett nodded when Marisol told her to hold Calmest's message, which was just as well because she felt it was a bunch of crap anyway. Shes had more pressing concerns one of which was wondering where her partner was. When the lift doors open she looked quickly hoping Rotsham would stroll out in his old world way, but to her surprise it was former Capt. Barlow. *That's the last person I expected to see,* she thought turning back to her terminals. For a moment her mind wandered to her children and a feeling they were hungry. She could see them in their seats being given their bottles and for a moment could feel them in her arms back in Colorado. The three of them in the rocker on the porch as the sun set. Them eating and dozing and her enjoying the beauty of the mountains. Quickly her peace was shattered by a beep from her console. She cleared her throat and focused back to the task at hand. Thankful it was nothing important. For the moment all parties were holding their places. The calm before the storm at it were. "He better get his ass here soon," she said out loud in a whisper.

<Tag bridge>

<Tag Rostham>

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines

Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Janice Lacey James** » Sat Feb 21, 2015 12:38 am

Lt Janelle James

Uninvited Guest

USS Hope

After the brief reunion with Marisol, Janelle was given quarters in which to stay for the remainder of her time on board. She had been happy to get out of that shuttle and her two 'escorts' had been forced to leave her here and take the children to safety. It still bothered her that she'd been ordered to go by Starfleet. At least that was what the orders had said. She paced the small quarters she'd been assigned. She almost expected Marisol to put her back in

her old quarters. But Janelle wasn't a member of this crew anymore, and small guest quarters were all she rated. Things were definitely getting confusing. Marisol seemed to be extremely tense, and the fact she was evacuating non-essential personnel off the ship concerned her even more.

Janelle was exhausted, both from the uncomfortable trip beforehand, and the feeling that things had gotten very bad for Marisol and Hope's crew. With nothing else to do she stopped pacing the small room and sat down on the bed and let herself fall backwards.

"Whatever is going on," She said to the empty room, "I am sure it's not good at all."

She sat up suddenly. Frowning as more feelings .. and not very nice ones... bombarded her.

She tapped her combadge, "Lt James to Captain Vreenak, I am sensing a lot of.. negativity.. from somewhere. Is there anything I can do to help?"

<tag Marisol>

MSgt. Jamie Lynn Stathem, 2nd Support Detachment NCOIC; USS Cadecus  
Lt Jg. Janice Lacey, Chief Science Officer (CSCI); USS Atlantis  
Lt Janelle James, Counselor; USS Eternity-B (TDY USS Hope)  
Lt Jg.(acting) Jamie Morrison,Intel; USS Independence  
Lt. Meghan Amalia Steele, Eng Consultant, Shattered Universe

### **Janice Lacey James**

Member

Posts: 607

Joined: Mon Feb 16, 2009 1:32 pm

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Sun Feb 22, 2015 9:40 pm

--/\== JP between --/\==

Master Sgt. Rostham

&

**Lt. Cmdr. Brett Reese**

In any post-war reconstruction, there is post-war profiteering. While lamentable to an academic or peace activist, the rise of private security contractors like Aegis allowed the common man to quadruple his pay by doing security work, protecting ambassadors and other V.I.P.'s in dangerous conflict zones. Rostham enjoyed being a Starfleet soldier, but especially enjoyed being a mercenary, which was ironically the same employment as he enjoyed in the holographic Zahara reality.

Getting back to Earth was a splash. ("Back" was the term he used, even though he was not precisely sure he was from there.) Reese showed him her house in Colorado, he learned diving for pearls in the Gulf of Mexico. He relished the discipline and rigor of being a mile above and a mile below where people normally lived.

After the Fleet award ceremony, and the tabloid fame had died down, he entered for a formal career in Starfleet Security, which turned into a plum opportunity for the Marines' Reaper team. He advanced the ranks quickly, enjoying the code of honor which seemed to stretch back to chivalry in medieval times, if not classical antiquity since Rome and Sparta.

First on his agenda was talking to Brett about his new employer, and buying the apartment in Paris they had briefly rented.

On most vessels used by his employer, there was an additional side compartment to the shuttle, with a security and/or mechanic duo, sometimes robotic, sometimes human. He had the compartment to himself while Agent Hank Oakfar ferried Barlow from Titan to the border near Romulan space. As a security grunt, he wouldn't be needed in Sector 001, but if they were captured by the Romulans, an armed guard would have been handy. In the six years since, they had not only toured Earth and Betazed, he had become a crafty escape artist with 24th century electronics.

Most regular scans wouldn't even reveal the compartment or its passenger. He waited til the shuttle bay was quiet, well after Oakfar and the Barlows deboarded, to make his exit.

Walking off the private escort, Rostham dusted off his jacket and entered the cargo bay. USS Hope, Intrepid class, the scans in his panel read. The vessel that returned home to the Alpha Quadrant.

His lover was here. Gone for a year, on training, he had missed her intensely. He streamed past the busy crew members, his Starfleet Marine jacket dusted off for the occasion. He stepped onto the turbolift, to Deck One, blissfully no stops in between.

Reminiscing over her urgent communiques, he knew something was up. He walked onto the ship's Bridge with a smug confidence, flush with cash like he was with gold coins in the old days.

He sees her with the man from the strange presence; Rostham felt dizzy, knowing, inexplicably, that something was out of place with that man, and not because of the the fact he was sitting near the queen of his heart, strangely pulling and pushing all the buttons on a console, as though going through them the first time.

**Yet again she looked at the sound of the lift doors. After so many false alarms, it took a second for her to register the reality of him standing there.**

He puts his lips together to form letter "B", of her name, as he steps off the lift, making a beeline for her, ignoring the captain and other officers on deck. They did not matter this instant.

**"I'll be back," she said to Blackthorne not waiting for a reply. As she reached him she put her hand flat on his chest and pushed him into the turbolift. Her gaze was not as loving as his, but she had more on her mind than a reunion.**

He stares at her hard.

**"We need to talk,"** she says, as he is pushed back on the lift.

"Yes," he nods and gulps. "Your message sounded urgent," as the lift doors hiss behind them.

**"Just a little," she sniped.**

"You weren't in sickbay." He grabs her rear instinctively, as they become alone.

"You said there'd be more changes for us?," he asks as he kisses your neck.

**"I would say so. There have been events that greatly affect us both."**

"This Hope under Captain Hocevar Vreenak, is our new assignment? Where is our new berth?," he wonders where the lift is going.

**"Deck 4," she commanded. "Did you read my last communicate at all?"**

"You said we are assigned to this ship?," he tries to recall, as her transmissions were sent in a very busy transition period of his life. He had passed his probation period for being a Master Sergeant in the Marines of Starfleet, but had not seen his long term mate in more than a year, whisked away on Coverts Ops he could not discuss. He had no idea she had birthed a pair of twins in his absence.

His career was illustrious and they were making more money than ever before,

but in pursuit of his career, he had been careless about his sweetheart lately.

**"This is not the place," she stopped mid sentence as an ensign stepped onto the lift at deck 3.**

He held his tongue, as **they stood in tense silence until the doors opened on deck 4. She took his hand and led the way.**

More questions than answers, he thought.

**Three doors down on the left, she tapped the door lock on room 15 and led him in. As the doors closed behind she waited for his questions to come.**

He walks in, seeing most of his decorative pieces still intact. "I've been looking for you for a month." He begins speaking, prattling on without knowing the hidden words of her heart. "My comm. ID was changed." He looks around, sees the shades of teal and pink.

**"Well," she started turning to look out the window, arms crossed, "I was offered a promotion and the Chief medical post. I took it under the stipulation that you be assigned here also."**

He releases her hand and wanders  
into  
the  
children's  
nursery.  
He eyes two cribs and  
realizes  
something is amiss, along with her behavior.  
"Darling..."

**Feeling his change of emotion she turns,  
"Yes, children, and, yes, 2."**

"Why do we..." he trails off,

"Have"

He turns around, stunned she answered his question, before he asked even. He stood silently, doing the math: The last time they saw each other...

**"A boy and an girl. A little over 6 months ago."**

They saw each other last about a year ago.

"Twins", he says, stunned. "I'm sorry I didnt get your communique... I was transferred to a different unit."

Holding his tongue about his new employer, he walks to the replicator and asks for a a glass of water at room temperature.

**"Yes, who knew? Apparently a distant relative of mine had twins, so it runs in the family."**

He hears her but interrupts. "I need to sit," he says, stumbling for the living room. "Imzadi, this is alot to process," as he takes a seat by the dining area.

**She joins him. "They wouldn't let you make at least one contact?" she said letting the word of affection hang in the air.**

He kisses her...

**Not wanting to kiss him yet, but let him feel her anger a little longer, her lips had a different idea and won out. She welcomed the long missed embrace.**

He holds her hands in his, still trying to process the reality of the situation. "What are their names? Where are they?" He stands and looks in the cribs.

**Standing she went to a nearby shelf and retrieved a thick chain like those that hold soldiers dog tags. At the end was a small pedant. "Here, I made this for you. Kerian is on the left and Cordellia is on the right. It's approved for combat so you can wear it under your uniform."**



**"Your reunion will have to wait thanks to the damn Romulans. All children and civilians were evacuated to Federation space."**

He gets dizzy again, and leans on her for support.

"Those names are most lovely," he whispers, kissing her tender lips as the mother of his children and resting his hand on her shoulder. "I know you sent me a message, but I was in basic training for the new unit, I had no time to return messages."

**"I hoped you would like them. I tried to select names that reminded me of the time period where we first met, so I select Medieval sounding names... I'm sorry not to wait, but I didn't feel right taking them home with no identity."**

**"I used my last name for the records since you don't have one. You can choose their middle names if you like. It is customary in some cultures including Betazoid for a person to have a second or middle name."**

He would have to ponder over the names of the children that he did not know he had until ten minutes ago. He kissed her again, adding, "Events have become much more dangerous" he says, recalling the security briefing he read in the shuttle on the way over.

**"I understand. Is there anything you can tell me of your assignment?"**

"To protect the Ambassador, and the company's interests," he blurted.

"And Starfleet interests, rather," he corrected. He was just a grunt, he didn't anything about the way the wheels turned in the halls of galactic power, but he did know who paid his paycheck.

**As she sat there with him her anger and resentment of the past year melted away. She was just happy he was here with her now. She took him to the couch and sat him down. She just wanted to be held and be quite for**

**a while looking at the stars. Just wanted to hear him breathe. Feel the movement of his chest under her and his arms around her. For a moment she could feel safe and normal. The will give her strength in the moment they return to the reality of their situation.**

He hugged her on the cushioned couch, caressing her hair behind her ear. "I'm so sorry, Imzadi," he said, "For putting you through that... single motherhood for so long." He kissed her forehead, holding her in his arms.

**After a few minutes, she asked, "So what did you expect when you returned?" with a sly smile.**

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Feb 23, 2015 10:20 am

**Gabriel "Matrix" Logan**

Elsewhere...,

ON:

Calмест was speaking with Owen Scott.

Despite his warning of acting, of catering a resolve that was logical and not fueled by something as humanistic as pride or friendship, Calmest was in concert with his former host, Owen Scott. To this, Gabriel "Matrix" Logan simply placed his left hand to his chin, his connection with the C-Consciousness feeding him the assimilated memories of Talla Vreenak while his sensors stretched out beyond the confines of this small room elsewhere. He could not make out what Calmest was saying, but no doubt it was fueled by loyalty, friendship, emotions that hadn't a place in the new order.

His trust in Calmest was beginning to wain. Though Logan had been shown Calmest's part in this new order, he was beginning to suspect that, like Vreenak and Scott, Calmest was not worthy of it.

The neural connection was severed. The large spike disengaging from the back of Logan's head with a degree of automated whirrs sounding in the cold silence of the room. His eye opened after a time, his haggard face lifting as he stepped off the chair, his limp taking him to the viewport. There was nothing of Vreenak Omega I. The Destroyer had hid his knowledge of crafting the icon of the Borg's destruction well. But that is not what caused Logan now to stare out into the twilight of space, hand pressed against the glass, his mind a storm of wonder. There were blocks missing, memories and whole spans of time that was nothing more than empty blackness in the timeline of Vreenak's life. True, Romulan brain chemistry was not as advanced at recollection as a positronic mind, and to that, Logan did not yet understand the nature of the mental blocks the clever Romulan had instituted to hide what needed to be hidden. It did not bother Logan the hindrance placed before him, these empty blocks could be the same mental restrictions that plagued Vreenak's memory, blotching out and smearing details on the information of Vreenak Omega I. What bothered Logan was that he too couldn't remember, and he was not hindered.

For a time he remained in the dark, staring at the stars before he turned away and did what he hadn't done since he stepped aboard. He left the room.

Logan's limp carried him to the door, it's opening at his presence casting a

fierce light that dilated his left eye quite heavily. Things came to focus eventually and those that were in the command center and bridge of the starship looked at him with a degree of worry glazing over their eyes and movement. Even his second seemed concern, moving towards him, stopping as he motioned for her to stop.

"I want to speak with the prisoners."

---

Logan was led/helped to confinement, the room housing the cells that contained Vreenak and Scott. As he entered the room, the light from the corridor outside bathed in, banishing the darkness with the ferocity of a flame to dried grass. He stood in the doorframe for a time, his silhouette pronouncing itself momentarily before he stepped in. He sat down, a nearby bench that slid out from the side of the wall with a grunt.

"What is the first thing you remember of you're return Home...,"

<<Tag Scott, Vreenak>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 12:32 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

The sight of Rick Barlow, here in a conflict zone, was more than enough to set her alarm bells to ringing. For a moment, the stray thought of Dr. Frankenstein and his monster fled across her mind. As his tale unwound, Mary Shelley's nightmare visions rebirthed themselves at the periphery of her thinking. Denial upon denial came next, the meaningless posturing in the aftermath of the monster's release among an unsuspecting populace. Marisol folded her arms, shaking her head tiredly as names such as Gerrick entered the narrative. The PADD had come across the desk, it's feeds already triggered for the presentation of her nightmares to unfold.

"You knew they couldn't resist that ship," she spoke quietly, her eyes cast down upon the glowing display. "We all did...." They should've scuttled her, blown her to dust when they made it home.....wait. Was that how it went? For some reason, Marisol could never quite put a solid finger on the memories of that amazing time. There'd been a battle, the scope of which had exceeded the imaginings of the most operatic pretense. And then, home. She didn't recall being injured...wait. There had been a blow to her head, a concussion, but....those musings were for another time. The facts remained. They'd brought the Death Ship home, along with Hope, and the criminal king Gerrick aboard his Crimson Knife. The sight of a Romulan Mogai class vessel, sheathed in her nanofabril hull, bore the unmistakable conclusion. Frankenstein's monster was propagating it's species....yet, across the lines of nationalism. This entire

episode was beginning to sound a very dangerous undertone.

She lifted her eyes to meet his. "The Garid System. Isn't that a coincidence? After I lied my soul to Hell by passing you off as the Federation's Diplomatic Recall mission, Romulan Fleet Command dictated our approach course to Ildius..a nice dog leg that puts us right through the Garid System. Considering my current status, that struck me odd....." Her voice trailed off, as she again studied the PADD's feed. "Mia....I have a science officer, but he's....well, there's alot to be discussed here," Hope's present captain said to her former. "We should bring her in....and this Mr. Okafor. There's apparently much more going on than any one of us is aware."

<Tag Rick Barlow, Amelia Barlow, Henry Okafor>

No sooner had the words escaped her lips than Marisol's commbadge chirped.

**Janelle James wrote:**

"Lt James to Captain Vreenak, I am sensing a lot of.. negativity.. from somewhere. Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Janelle," Marisol said to Rick. "She came aboard yesterday...I commandeered her shuttle to evac my civilians." Truth be told, given the onslaught of events these past two days, Marisol had nearly forgotten that she'd welcomed the lieutenant back aboard her old ship. The diminutive captain tapped her commbadge. "You can say that again, Janelle. Does that mean you'll take your old job back?"

<Tag Janelle James>

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**by **FSF Sail** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 12:50 pm**Story Note**

A Staff Meeting is called for the Conference Lounge. Those requested are Lt. Blackthorne, LtCdr Reese, Yeoman Adelaide, (CSEC?) Rostham, Lt. James, Amelia Moore, Capt. Barlow, Henry Okafor, Capt. Vreenak, and the usual NPC's.

OFF: If our new chief engineer joins in time, he's also welcome to attend.

Writers may backtime their posts up to entering the conference lounge.

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 1:00 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Ready Room

ON:

Rick nodded in assessment to Marisol's design for the rest to join in on the conversation, no doubt there were more angles to this than just a couple of minds could fathom. No sooner did the Hope's Captain conversation with Janelle James end did Rick find himself in the familiarity of the Conference Lounge. He remembered the last time he was here, before the battle at the Voth's Dyson Sphere, the system set up for an epic battle against the onslaught of the Borg Collective. He had spoken to Vreenak, Scott, Farqooi and Janelle James, even handed out a promotion to Anam before the fur flew and the battle found engagement. It seemed surreal to be in the room now, so different but



yet so the same. Barlow's fingers lightly brushed against the surface of the smooth black marble table, the inlet of spruce wood rounding the edges. Eventually he found himself seated in wait for the meeting.

<<Tag Staff Meeting Members>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820  
Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**  
by **Michael Hill** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 2:18 pm

Henry Okafor  
Aegis Group  
USS Hope  
--/\--

I really hope this ship has a passable scotch onboard, Henry thought, leafing through his ruck on the deck of the Hope. The Aegis cruiser was going to need some serious work and he had the sinking feeling he may be hot racking while his ship was getting picked apart. The boss was not going to be happy.

He had been on subspace with Aegis' Investigative board when things went sideways and since being on Hope at the front, he needed to get back in touch with his company. Orders had probably changed and operational guidelines had probably shifted. However, until he secure a clean, secure subspace channel, he was going to continue to operate under his original charter – investigating the the Eternity's disappearance. It was serendipitous that he found himself on Hope with a raft of the crew that had ties to the Eternity. From the Crimson Knife to Barlow to a Romulan War to Hope. There were too many tumblers falling for it all to be a violent coincidence. Not a conspiracy theorist, Hank was willing to play along to see where this rabbit hole went.

He pulled a few transit cases from the ramp of the Aegis cruiser and dropped his ruck on top. Waving an arm, he attracted one of the security personnel responsible for the bay over.

With a quick peek at the rank insignia, Hank began, "Crewman, this is my small arms locker and personal effects." Okafor pulled out his Aegis badge and clearance. "If you would log those contents and clear them into the ship's provisioned weapons, it would be much appreciated." Hank smiled, trying to loosen the mood, he realized a weapons cache normally threw up some flags and the red tape involved was time consuming. "Also, that transit case," he threw a thumb behind him, "is an Aegis secured communications platform. It needs to be secured with your quartermaster at all times." Best to be upfront. "I'm probably going to need to get logged into the ship's manifest for internal comms and clearances." Another smile, "Unless you want me traipsing around the data facilities or warp core."

As he was cataloging his effects and getting his clearances straight, his PADD displayed a request for a meeting in the Hope's conference room. Again, Hank would play along since he was along for the ride. Snagging his suit jacket and

PADD, Henry made haste to the turbo lift. Time to see where this rabbit hole went.

<Tag Conference Room>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 7:10 pm

**Owen Scott**

and

**Calmeist**

Confinement

My god, thought Owen, what happened to you, Logan?

Gabriel Logan could be added to the small list of people on the Hope with whom Owen Scott had actually interacted on his brief tour of duty. The two men had never actually conversed, but they'd worked together – and to Owen, the actions taken on those Away Team missions spoke louder than any words. Logan had saved his life – twice – and had his respect. But...if Logan was here...

Before Owen could speak, Calmest's voice slithered through the small speakers of the confinement area.

"Owen," the voice intoned, all hints of playfulness gone, "Remember what I talked about? This is your one chance, right now. Shut up and think for a second, and be honest with him. Our goal here isn't to hurt you, but you need to be compliant."

Never one to ignore the voices that had once lived in his head, Owen dutifully paused. What did he remember? What didn't he remember? The whole event had been such a part of his life, such a meaningful...certainly, some of it had faded with time, but...

"Logan?" he asked, somewhat more quietly than he intended. **"This was you? Why the hell would you...no, wait. This is important, right? This isn't just some kind of random question on your part. So...I remember...hell, I don't know. It's a little fuzzy, alright? Meetings, maybe? Maybe doing some kind of conference. I don't know. What's going on, Logan?"**

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Tue Feb 24, 2015 10:35 pm

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

Holding Cell

Vreenak drew in a deep breath as the sound of footsteps drew near. They were uneven. Some sort of limp. The Commander didn't bother opening his left eye, nor moving to acknowledge the presence of whoever made themselves comfortable with a soft grunt. Not only a limp then.

Then the question. An innocent question without context or obvious malice. A pointless question that must have been designed as a level-set or an opening to what the man truly wished to know.

Yet, again, Vreenak needn't acknowledge the voice or the person behind that voice. Scott's voice came out of the darkness and with his first utterance spilled a familiar name. Years had gone by. Years since they'd seen one another. Now they were united again. What happy days.

In fact, he had no reason to respond to the question. Scott already asked the only thing on Vreenak's mind, and anything else would be sheer distraction. Why would the Borg need to ask him anything? They could reply their magic recording of his memories with "perfect" clarity. Save the blindspots, but then Vreenak had no intention of apologizing for what he'd created intentionally.

But why goad Logan on the fact? No, he'd wait to see if Scott prompted an intelligible response. Vreenak, however, believed he already had part of the answer; he was only curious if Logan would substantiate the Romulan's humble understanding of the situation.

<<Tag Logan, Scott>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Feb 25, 2015 12:51 pm

**Gabriel "Matrix" Logan**

Holding Cells

ON:

**Owen Scott wrote:**

"So..., I remember..., hell, I don't know. It's a little fuzzy, alright? Meetings, maybe? Maybe doing some kind of conference. I don't know. What's going on Logan?"

With Talla Vreenak's silence, Logan suspected that the Romulan, as disciplined as his mind was, may have already been grabbling with the same theories. Still, perhaps he hadn't...,

“What were these meetings about? Where did they take place? What was the room shaped like? Was it morning or night? Did you eat before or after the meeting? Did you use the restroom?”

Questions poised without intent of further responds. Not badgering nor directive, just words to illustrate. Logan continued, his voice calm, even, taking a, “matter of fact,” tone.

“Memories are not perfect nor are they reliable. Facts are conclusive. Memory has the capacity to change the face of that which is familiar, change the shape of a room. Memory can be manipulated, distorted by presentable constants, an object, a feeling.”

Logan closed his eye, his left hand grabbing in rub at his bad leg.

“I feel pain, that is my constant. I and those like me know what it is to be hurt by torture; to be damaged irrevocably. Humans only know fear and destruction. My arm was taken by them, my eye..., I remember those events clearly and the taste of iron in my mouth as I cut them down like meat. But are these my memories..., or are they someone else’s. I cannot remember the details beyond the constants. Who was it that I was talking to? What was the weather like? What was my first suspicion? What did I do before?”

His voice fell silent as he rose from his seat, pressing pressure and shifting his weight upon his legs, the bum one nearly giving out. Logan winced a bit in his first couple of steps before finding that familiarity in stride. “What if the actions I take are not of my own?”

The doors to the outside opened, again a bathing of light taking hold of the room as Logan stopped again in the doorway. “Perhaps I am wrong. I will need further data.”

He looked to his left and right, nodding at the something before departing.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Feb 25, 2015 12:53 pm

**Story Note**

Gabriel “Matrix” Logan’s exit from the confinement cell block signals a four man squad of Liberated Borg Agents to enter the room. They open the cell door containing Owen Scott before inevitably stunning the Commander. While unconscious, he’s dragged away. Eventually Owen finds consciousness though not given the ability to move or speak with applied restraints. Owen wakes to the same familiar darkness and piercing overhead lighting that once assaulted Talla Vreenak, a deaf silence save for the mechanical whirl of the approach apparatus, the mechanical appendages fanning out as it descends. There isn’t question as the needle erects, elongating as this, “spider,” continues its course down. It stops mere less than a millimeter away from Owen’s right eye, it’s



sharp point barely registering. There isn't words, nor any questions spoken as the needle injects itself into the organic tissue of Owen's eye, the needle passing through the sclera and deeper still into the retina on course for the optic nerve where it stops, drawing the Commander's memories out. When all can be pulled is pulled, the needle retracts and Owen Scott is once again thrown back into confinement.

<<Tag Vreenak, Scott, and I would imagine Calmest>>

**Gabriel Logan** Blog - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Feb 25, 2015 11:30 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer  
USS Hope

OFF: Moving into the meeting. All writers may backtime their posts prior to them joining in.

ON: "If this doesn't look like "Old Home Week," Marisol said as she entered the conference lounge, flanked by her First Officer Mahoney. "I know that we all want to greet one another more properly, not to mention catching up. You'll all be my guests for dinner tonight. But for now," the diminutive captain said as she took her seat at the table's head, "there's quite alot for us to wrap our heads around. I'm going to begin with a simple timeline, and then we'll let each of you fill in your personal blanks." She sat down, landing her PADD upon the table's surface. A single touch sent all four bulkheads to blossom and glow in the color of video imagery, graphic overlays, and layers of essential text documents, arranged for easy callup by Yeoman Adelaide. Marisol spoke again.

"The last week has seen an extraordinary chain of events within the Federation, the New Romulan Empire, and within the confines of this vessel," she said as her eyes first traveled to Janelle, and then Rostham, "not to mention in some of your individual lives. I'll take this in order, at least as closely as we've been able to determine the chronology. First," she said, as images of the gleaming new USS Eternity appeared. "Eternity....the standard bearer of her class...our most technologically advanced starship to date, cleared her moorings at Asgard station, was cleared for warp..and failed to make scheduled rendezvous with her escorts, the starships Maelstrom and Tempest. Suspecting espionage of unknown origins, Fleet brought in an independent contractor, the Aegis group. Mr. Henry Okafor is their representative. In turn, Mr. Okafor sought out Captain and Mrs. Barlow for their expertise. Source information lead them on a course to the Garid System, but further events intervened."

"Next," she continued, "USS Hope returned to it's duty posting at Ildius Prime after a fairly commonplace round trip to Earth. Upon our arrival, we were met by the Erika Hernandez, a vessel whose name alone would be a provocation to any Romulan with a sense of history. Commander Owen Scott, formerly Hope's CSEC, stated that his mission orders included, in effect, "donating" the

Hernandez to Romulan Fleet Command. His stated followup mission was evaluation of Romulan ground forces for potential joint ops with Federation military. Later, Cdr. Scott intimated that his mission was, in fact, an Intel op, whose purpose he did not disclose. Cdr. Scott's whereabouts are currently unknown, though I believe it's possible that he and Ambassador Vreenak are together."

"Item Three," she continued. "Lt. Oscar Blackthorne, whose arrival on Hope's bridge that same evening, and his account of prior events, would designate him as Fleet code "Yellowhammer." My inclination was to follow protocols and keep him sequestered until he might be transferred to Fleet Temporal. However, changing conditions forced my hand, and he has since been added to our crew as Science Officer." A hush had fallen over the table. Clearly, so many improbable occurrences within such a compressed timeframe had more than one mind humming.

"Item Four. Fleet Commander Tomalak," Marisol said, as the display called up images of the Romulan Fleet Commander and his two daughters. "The morning after Mr. Blackthorne's arrival, I met the Fleet Commander. He insisted upon immediate transport to Hope's bridge. Once in my ready room, Tomalak ordered me to depart within 45 minutes. I was to take all of Hope's non Romulan crew, as well as the entire crew of the Erika Hernandez, to the Subura system, on a mission of illegal narcotics interdiction. He then informed me that a coup d'etat was imminent, and he wanted Hope in a position to make a run for Federation space should conditions warrant. At that time, he asked me to evacuate his daughters to safety. I agreed, we collected the Hernandez crew, and departed on schedule. I'll add here that Tomalak promised to use his power to protect both Cdr. Scott and Ambassador Vreenak. Until further information is acquired, I'm operating under the belief that he has them in safe custody.

"Item Five. The coup d'etat happened. From there, my information is no better than the conjecture of the news agencies. At this point," she said, "the disaster snowball picks up speed. "

"Item six," Hope's captain spoke as the images of numerous starships appeared. "Fleet dispatched a battle group, headed by the USS Mayflower, USS Normandy,

and a contingent of other vessels, both heavy and escort class. They attempted a blockade, and almost immediately detected the high warp approaches of a Romulan Scimitar and 2 D'deridex Warbirds. However, these were not the instigators. This ship," Marisol said as a piece of the video Rick Barlow had offered, "a Mogai class, decloaked astern of our heavies, and almost instantly opened fire. Freeze." The video halted, illustrating deep swaths being cut through the hull of the hapless Mayflower. The former officers of Hope were now deathly silent; Marisol waded each was recalling the days when "Eternity" had cut so deeply into them. "The weaponry is one thing," Marisol said quietly as the image zoomed. "The nanofibril hull plating, however, tells of a much more dangerous liason."

She took a sip of water, before continuing. "Item Seven. In the aftermath of the battle at Ildius Prime, USS Hope was named an enemy combatant, and her captain a traitor to the Romulan people. Twelve hours later, StarFleet denied my requests and did likewise. Everyone at this table needs to understand that we are operating outside the protection of any fleet or government entity. Despite the overarching risk, that has it's advantages, and there are some thoughts I'll share exclusively with Captain Barlow and my First Officer."

"Item Eight. Calmest." The image from Hope's forward screen flashed onto all four bulkheads. Calmest, chin lifted, smirking after having delivered a pithy remark, looked down upon them all. "I am aware of at least two attempts by Calmest to contact me. The first was an unsigned PADD communique. The second, his interference with our bridge displays and cloaking when we intervened in the Frigate Gracchus' attack upon the Aegis yacht. Followup visits to Dr. Reese, Lt. Blackthorne, and Yeoman Adelaide were rife with hints as to the whereabouts of my husband, the truth behind the coup, and the motive for declaring me an outlaw. I'll add that he has yet to deliver actionable information, thus my opinion is that celebrity interview season must've dried up and he's entertaining himself by interfering with us."

"Item Nine. Lt. Janelle James." Marisol glanced toward the counselor. "Her shuttle intercepted us in the Subura system. Her pilot was...reluctant....to disclose the nature of their mission. Given our outlaw status and the war footing of both governments, I commandeered the shuttle and it's pilot to EVAC

as many of our civilians and children as possible. We successfully removed forty-nine out of sixty-two, plus Lt. Nazir, who is acting as Custodial Guardian for both the children of Dr. Reese, and Fleet Commander Tomalak. Doctor, you'll be pleased to know that they are now safe on Earth, and will remain at my house in Campeche, Mexico, until it's safe to recall them. As for Lt James, she'll have an opportunity to discuss her prior mission here."

"item Ten. Rostham, the Aegis stowaway. Though I'm not certain this carries more weight to it then the man's desire to reunite with his family, you'll doubtless understand just why it needs to be added to the chain of events. I'll want some clarity on a few points concerning this."

"Finally" Marisol said, "Item Eleven. The encounter with the Gracchus, and the ease with which we were given our current course." Images of the frigate, taken from the pursuit and subsequent face off, were overlaid next to a navigational chart which illustrated the unusual course routing to the Ildius system. "While I do have history with Captain Baalok of the Gracchus, it would hardly be branded as cordial. Yet, I was able to talk him out of shooting, just a bit too easily. Furthermore, when I lied about the Aegis' mission being Diplomatic Recall, the response of Fleet Command was uncommonly swift. As you see," she continued, "our approved course to Ildius leads us far afield, through the Garid system. Given the fact that Mr. Okafor was also planning to escort Captain and Amelia Barlow to the same system, I'm forced to wonder at the underlying relationships we've yet to deduce. Why, at this juncture, do all our paths point toward the Garid System? So," the captain said, her eyes sweeping the faces at the table, "that's the condensed version. Does anyone have something to add?"

<Tag Oscar, Rick,Amelia,Janelle, Rostham, Hank, Calmest, anyone present>  
***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes  
"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 1:26 am

Master Sgt. Rostham

CSec and Husband in Waiting

As he put his tunic on, Rostham looked at the flashing comm alert on his PADD surface, sliding the icon with his finger to reveal a staff meeting in less than an hour. What's more, he was invited, along with the Chief Medical Officer. Upon relaying these facts to his paramour, he added the quip, "Maybe Marisol can marry us then and there." He loathed the idea of a traditional wedding.

(Tag Reese)

Rostham walked for the first time into the Ready Room. Six years ago, he was not even Starfleet, just a survivor of the Borg King's onslaught through the Delta Quadrant – – Now, he would be offered a long-term position, on the same ship, no less. He strutted into the room, seeing former CO Barlow, a man whom he had never gotten to know, but was kind enough to write a recommendation for him for entrance to Starfleet. He smiled at the captain, who arrived before all the others.

(Tag Barlow, Ready Room)

He wondered at this moment where Owen Scott was. He remembered the fellow fondly. As chief of security of the Hope when she returned home, Scott had been his mentor, his guide to being good at Starfleet security. A lot of mental checklists seemed to be key. Ironically the man was also a hitchhiker from the

holographic reality, but had been in Starfleet before, whereas Rostham had to learn everything new.

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 3:03 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Conference Room

ON:

The itemized summary was straight forward and openly transparent. Still, thoughts of Oscar Blackthorn and the direction of fate seemed to dictate more than just coincidences. Barlow didn't believe in a higher power, he was too objective to jump into anything spiritual, a belief in science and knowledge as opposed to that which might be true but without proof of being so. If he couldn't physically touch it or apply formula to it, he didn't bother. Still, he often always wondered, always questioned and that general curiosity had led him to the field he had been teaching for the past three years, Quantum Mechanics and Formalism applying that practice to Engineering concepts and generalized theory. A weird obtuse science to be sure, even more so when

applying empirical observation rather than relying on the mathematical interpretation; a field of thought that had to be when applied to Engineering Concepts. Wormholes, blackholes, particle manipulation at the smallest of scale and interaction between two different/similar elements in compartmental waveforms. Even time travel was openly hypothesized as being an actuality quite literally around the corner. True, throughout the history of the Federation, they had encountered many that had claimed to travel from parallel universes, timelines, but it was always in question HOW that started.

This, Temporal Fleet, Marisol mentioned, was just a glazed over department that handled the influx, there wasn't rather anything temporal about them other than keeping future knowledge out of public hinderances for it is thought that if someone knew that they were going to be assassinated when they walked out the door that morning, or ate a bowl of cornflakes instead of making themselves eggs, that it would alter the timeline and generate changed events, damaging possibilities irrevocably. However true that may be, Barlow and some of his colleagues at the university had a difference of opinion on such notions.

Despite the Copenhagen Interpretation as a leeway into such obtuse thoughts and relations in observations, and Barlow's own formalistic adjustment in contrast to empirical reasoning, the bases of estimation of such universal questions presented could be concluded. The conclusion? Even though it isn't of any proof but rather theoretical; time never stopped. Particles, at the smallest scale possible, continued to exist in a wave function despite outside stimulation or events. Time was theorized as being a wave function and though it can be manipulated, that manipulation does not collapse the wave function. If Rick A were to eat cornflakes and Rick B were to eat eggs, then that would create two different timelines, both existing in its own universe. Different branches both of which hold equal reality, but do not interact with one another. The Many Worlds Interpretation (MWI) in application to time/space relation. Waveforms and timelines exist in superposition states; we are all cats in a box, alive and dead, unless acted on by an event. These events happen so naturally that it's of argument whether or not the original thought experiment of Schrodinger's Cat can be considered to be a paradox. Time doesn't exist in a single wave function but rather infinite waveforms. A man goes back in time to stop the assassination of John F Kennedy and does so creates a universe where



Kennedy still lives, but the timeline where Kennedy dies still exists and still continues.

Universes, waveforms, don't interact with one another in these models and it was the subject of Barlow's theses before he was reactivated for this investigation. He believed you could theoretically create a methodology that the two waveforms, or universes, could communicate or perceive one another using Quantum Entanglement. The prospect of continuance in that pursuit, even a time to talk with Mr. Blackthorn piqued Rick's interest. He often wondered if, when confronted with such an event, if there wasn't any side effects. Still, aspects of such thoughts had to be shelved in relation to the current situation. So he held his tongue until Marisol finished when she asked if there was anything to add, he did say something.

"Garid is a known smugglers den, unlicensed spacecrafts, generally an area on the edge where someone who didn't want to be found would hide according to Starfleet Intelligence. It's where a lot of pirate activity originates from. Aegis's investigation initially pointed to the Crimson Knife's involvement in the theft of the Eternity, Gerrick's old ship and one I'm sure more than a few are familiar with. It's been suspected, though not substantiated, that he might be hiding in that system. Hints our motivation to check it out. I suspect Gerrick found out about the investigation....,"

He motioned towards the screen showcasing Hope's projected course. "Its odd that your escort is taking the long way back to Ildius. I'm sure you thought on the possibility of being led into a trap. A civilian ship may have made it through, but moving a Starfleet vessel paints quite the bigger target." Rick shrugged. "Could be why this Baalok, stopped firing and is escorting. Could be working for Gerrick. He is familiar with this boat."

<<Tag Staff Members>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 7:00 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

As Rick offered the first response, Marisol settled once more into her seat, her eyes slowly traversing the table as she listened.

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

"Garid is a known smugglers den, unlicensed spacecrafts, generally an area on the edge where someone who didn't want to be found would hide according to Starfleet Intelligence. It's where a lot of pirate activity originates from. Aegis's investigation initially pointed to the Crimson Knife's involvement in the theft of the Eternity, Gerrick's old ship and one I'm sure more than a few are familiar with. It's been suspected, though not substantiated, that he might be hiding in

that system. Hints our motivation to check it out. I suspect Gerrick found out about the investigation...,”

He motioned towards the screen showcasing Hope’s projected course. “Its odd that your escort is taking the long way back to Ildius. I’m sure you thought on the possibility of being led into a trap. A civilian ship may have made it through, but moving a Starfleet vessel paints quite the bigger target.” Rick shrugged. “Could be why this Baalok, stopped firing and is escorting. Could be working for Gerrick. He is familiar with this boat.”

Garid, Subura, Milar. A whole swath of little frontier systems....Before Hobius, a series of nondescript dots on the greater galactic chart whose remote location and unremarkable planetary bodies and resources had made them the destinations of hermits and the occasional minerologist or stellar cartographer. Afterward, these unappealing rocks in space had found a whole new purpose as way stations and centers of illicit trade. Pirates, as Barlow had said, found safe harbor, trade, and the usual entertainments for rogues with a pocket full of coin. Marisol had read the Intel on Garid, in addition to the reports Tal Shiar might be coaxed to provide during the peace. The place was rough, and anything could be had, if the price was right. "But nanofibril hull plate?" she questioned herself. "Just a bit farfetched." There was, however, Gerrick to consider. A crime lord by trade, made something of the roguish hero by the sanitized narrative released upon their return. A wolf, one of many, brought from the Delta Quadrant to be set loose among the prosperous sheep of Alpha and Beta. "What price for our homecoming?" she asked herself as Rick concluded his remarks.

"I don't think Baalok is the issue, to be honest," she replied. "His station in the hierarchy is simply too low for any important assignment to come his way. If Gerrick is pulling the strings, he'd sniff out a low value target like Baalok in an instant. Besides," she added, "even old and underpowered as Hope is, she's more than a match for the Gracchus. I'm betting at this point that, given our assigned course, speed, and the check in requirements, we're being followed by long range sensors only. Despite showing off a Scimitar and a handful of D'deridex birds, Romulan fleet assets are simply too few to waste in shadowing

us." She leaned forward, resting her elbows upon the table as her arms folded before her. "So, why are we headed toward Garid, and not making a slow trip directly to Ildius? A couple of notions came to mind. First, this could be just another of an endless series of Romulan tests to verify our commitment. I've stood this watch for the past five years, and even during the rosiest of times was called upon incessantly to prove my intentions."

Cdr. Mahoney nodded at this. Marisol continued. "Second, we could be bait. Tal Shiar and Romulan Fleet doubtless know we've been placed on the "Enemy Combatants" list for Starfleet, and vice versa. Both fleets could be watching us right now, waiting for the other to make the first move. Likewise, we could be bait for Gerrick and his pirate friends. An undeclared fleet sitting on your back doorstep is not a comforting thought for either Starfleet or the Empire, especially if that fleet has a souped up Mogai class with a shiny new coat of nanofibril plate. Given your presence here," Marisol's eyes traveled from the Barlows to Okafor, "that's where my money is. Third, and to my thinking, least likely," she said, her voice softening, "Fleet Commander Tomalak has managed to get our Ambassadorial staff safely away to Garid, and we'll locate them there. Either that, or he understands there's enough trust remaining between us that I'll let him know what I see floating around the system. As I said," she concluded, "the least likely of the three."

<Open Tag Conference Lounge>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 7:13 pm

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

**Rostham wrote:**

"Maybe Marisol can marry us then and there." He loathed the idea of a traditional wedding."

Brett continued getting dressed and didn't acknowledge the statement. **I'm barely comfortable with being in a long term relationship let alone married. I like knowing I'm not locked to one person, especially a man in case I need to escape,**she thought felling guilty that after six years together she still carried the uneasiness caused so long ago, but it will always be there. She had hoped after the craziness of the battle with the red king she could exorcise some of those fears by facing them using her interactions with Colin, but fate had other ideas when he didn't make it back from his part of the mission.

**"We better hurry or we won't get a seat. I have a feeling this meeting will be a full house."** She led the way out of their quarters as she ran her fingers through her hair shaking out the last remnants of afternoon bed head and any

visible evidence of their afternoon rendezvous.

"**Deck 1,**" she said as the turbolift doors closed behind Rostham. There was a L. JG on his way to this post on the lift so all the couple could do was exchange a few sly gins as they headed to their first briefing as members of the new Hope crew. Entering the briefing room they took seats as near to each other as possible and waited for Marisol to start her briefing.

As the captain ran through her list of items, Brett watch the images cross the walls of the room and felt herself tense at the mention of the evacuated children.

**Marisol wrote:**

Doctor, you'll be pleased to know that they are now safe on Earth, and will remain at my house in Campeche, Mexico, until it's safe to recall them."

"**Thank you Captain. We are glad to hear it,**" she said staring at Rostham with a faint smile filled with concern.

She leaned back in her chair and grasped her own pendant of her children that hung under her shirt close to her heart and listened intently as she felt the emotional waves flowing through the meeting.

Last edited by Brett K Reese on Thu Feb 26, 2015 7:38 pm, edited 2 times in total.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men  
Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 7:36 pm

Scott Davis steps out of the lift and walks down the corridor, stopping in front of the closed door to the conference lounge. He runs his fingers through his hair and straightens his uniform before pressing the console next to the door, resulting in a chime going off on the other side. He tries to relax, but can not help being tense and wondering why he was summoned to the meeting from his work place in engineering, onboard the Aegis cruiser.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 8:36 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

"As I said," she concluded, "the least likely of the three." Her final words were punctuated by the door chime. "Come in," the captain announced to the new arrival. The door opened to reveal a young man, who tugged nervously at a uniform that had seen it's share of tough duty. Having been an engineer for most of her career, Marisol recognized all the telltale signs of a person who spent their time elbow deep in systems. "Mister.....Davis?" she glanced toward Rick and Hank for confirmation. "Davis," the captain repeated with an affirming nod of her head. "Please join us. There's a seat," she said, indicating a place to the right of Cdr. Mahoney.

<Tag Davis>

"We're just bringing everyone up to speed on the current situation, and our individual circumstances. There'll be a record of what you missed, so don't feel concerned," Marisol continued. "Mr. Okafor," she said, turning her gaze upon the Aegis representative, "Captain Barlow gave me a useful briefing in the ready room. Perhaps you'd inform us all of the latest intel, and what we might expect from The Aegis Group in this matter?"

<Tag Okafor>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)



**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 10:04 pm

**Calмест**

USS Hope, Brief Room

For just a moment, one of the recessed lights above Marisol's desk flickered. As it stabilized, a somewhat grainy image of Calмест – bon vivant, raconteur, and former holographic king – appeared sitting on the desk of the Hope's captain. Sitting might have been overstating things – it was more like a lounge, his wavering form slunk in a feline pose.

**"Mar–bear, I'm hurt. Interview season never dries up, sweetie. Right now, I'm handing out an award on Bolus. Lovely people. Very blue."**

Calмест's image looked around the room, taking in the sight of all the newcomers. **"By my stars and garters, we have an assemblage, don't we?"**

Tricky d--k Barlow's back, which I really love. Likewise to the ladies, who I've missed terribly. And, of course, Mr. Muscles," he said, pointing to Rostham with a wink. "Is it visitor's day at the old home already? I see we've got a couple of Aegis, which is nice because I've got some questions about your network security, too. All we're missing is Talla and Owen, which is the reason I've been trying SO hard to talk to you."[/b]

[Tag Briefing]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Thu Feb 26, 2015 10:04 pm

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USS Hope, Brief Room

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[Tag Briefing]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Fri Feb 27, 2015 1:52 am

Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

After first securing his station and feeling good about his contribution to his new ship Oscar moved off the bridge. He headed to his quarters and grabbed a quick shower before heading for the briefing room. He needed to soak for a few minutes and make the shakes stop. It had only been four days since his last major Starship battle and he hated the shakes that always accompanied one. He smiled at himself a little and could at least be glad that he had survived another one when so many of his fellows had not. The bonus in this case was they were able to save the other ship and didn't have to blow anyone away to do it. A good job all around. He pulled on a fresh uniform which, he had to admit, still felt very uncomfortable and headed to the briefing room.

As he walked through the door he heard the AI in the computer begin to speak in its perpetual mocking tone. The thought of an unrestricted AI on board the ship both chilled him at its implications and enraged him to the point where he wondered if it were possible to hunt the thing down and eradicate it without causing harm to the ship or its crew. Blackthorne realizing his shower and self calming session had caused him to be late looked apologetically around the room finishing with Marisol and said with a great deal more calm than he felt, "I'm sorry, Captain, it won't happen again." He then took the seat he had occupied at the last briefing near Cmdr. Reese noting her small smile with some confusion.

<tag: briefing room>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Fri Feb 27, 2015 7:21 am

"Yes sir, thank you sir." Davis walks through the doorway and awkwardly folds his tall frame into the chair. He tries to hide his discomfort, and listens intently. There is a hint of worry in his ice blue eyes.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Feb 27, 2015 8:41 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Conference Room

ON:

Marisol had been in the trenches of this arrangement far longer than anyone and it had to be one delicately handled with a series of rigorous testing from the Romulan people. It reminded Barlow of the earlier days of warp flight, the Vulcan's relationship with Earth and the hinderances taken before mankind was able to chart the stars. There were a range of possibilities presented by the Hope's Captain, all of which wouldn't be determined until they got further along their course.

Before Rick could even acknowledge Marisol's remarks, a series of events occurred so rapidly it defied description for a time. In the conclusion, there lounged Calmest represented in a series of bending light creating human form. It had been a long time since Barlow had seen Calmest, the true Calmest, since Zahara. He had taken many of the same features, but the radical AI had taken more modern representations of clothing; far from the chainmail and cloak Rick had seen him in previously. He wasn't behind on the activities of Calmest, through his fame at being more than just an artificial intelligence; the degree of paparazzi and generated media buzz nearly rivaling, and in some instances expounding previous talks taken when Data became Captain of the Enterprise. Calmest was remarkable in Barlow's eyes for the mechanics and programing behind it, not for the way he swayed and balked his way into fame.

The remarks made by the AI was directed at all of them, pointing out more individuals before taking cue to moving towards his original intent of interruption; the whereabouts of Talla Vreenak and Owen Scott, a mystery that was intriguing enough.

<<Tag Staff Members>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820  
Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**  
by **FSF Sail** » Fri Feb 27, 2015 9:23 am  
**Capt. Marisol Hocevar**  
Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**Lt. Blackthorne wrote:**

"I'm sorry, Captain, it won't happen again."

"That's getting to be a long list, lieutenant," Marisol replied curtly, as her glance met that of the First Officer. "Item three," she mused briefly. Oscar Blackthorne, the man out of time, and apparently out of sync with orderly conduct. She'd turned a blind eye, to this point. Mr. Blackthorne would require a more direct approach to successfully integrate. Her silent assessment was swept to the background by the next, most flamboyant arrival to the meeting.

Calмест, sprawled upon the conference table, flickered into being.

**Calмест wrote:**

"Mar-bear, I'm hurt. Interview season never dries up, sweetie. Right now, I'm handing out an award on Bolus. Lovely people. Very blue. By my stars and garters, we have an assemblage, don't we? Tricky d--k Barlow's back, which I really love. Likewise to the ladies, who I've missed terribly. And, of course, Mr. Muscles. Is it visitor's day at the old home already? I see we've got a couple of Aegis, which is nice because I've got some questions about your network security, too. All we're missing is Talla and Owen, which is the reason I've been trying SO hard to talk to you."

"Kind of you to accept my invitation," Hope's captain responded to the photonic. "In case you haven't guessed," she mentioned to the table at large, "this is Item Number Eight, the AI paradoxically known as "Calмест." Her gaze returned to what passed for the holographic face. "You say that you've got information regarding Ambassador Vreenak and Commander Scott? Please," she said, gesturing with an open hand toward the lounging figure, "the table is yours."

<Tag Calмест, Blackthorne, Conference Lounge>  
***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)



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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes  
"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Michael Hill** » Fri Feb 27, 2015 2:59 pm

Henry Okafor

Aegis Group

USS Hope - Conference Room

--/\--

Starfleet conferences. It was amazing anything ever got done. Even in a war footing, they were talking things to death. Hank hadn't a chance to check with Aegis before he was summoned to this regular Algonquin roundtable. It was his

experience that most of these functional group meetings seldom led to meaningful action. But he had to play along until he could figure out a way to spin his circumstances. Everyone in the conference room has the most suspect motives to put it mildly. Too many coincidences and happenstance. Did he hear something about temporal mechanics? Something was way off and it wasn't just the fog of war. He planned on staying on mission until he had a chance to confer with his bosses.

**CPT Vreenak wrote:**

"Mr. Okafor," she said, turning her gaze upon the Aegis representative, "Captain Barlow gave me a useful briefing in the ready room. Perhaps you'd inform us all of the latest intel, and what we might expect from The Aegis Group in this matter?"

Okafor leaned back in his chair slightly. "Captain, I have yet to be in touch with my Aegis handlers yet. With subspace communications being routed for this conflict, I'm not sure when I'll be able to utilize military bandwidth." He took a sip of water from the glass in front of him. "That said, I will be as forthcoming as possible, given clearances. But as of now I am still on my original service contract – investigate the disappearance of the USS Eternity."

"I am at your disposal. My contract is with Starfleet for the explicit purpose of investigation, war, no war. Time travelers, holograms, ambassadors, traps, no traps what have you," Okafor eyed the room, "is immaterial to me until I am advised by Starfleet or Aegis. And since you are standing a little outside that penumbra, I would think it wise for me to stay off that grid until we start generating some answers." Or generate some more questions, Hank thought. He didn't trust a single soul on that ship, but really couldn't afford running afoul of her command staff and winding up confined to quarters while they sorted it all out. Worst still he couldn't just get dumped in the Aegis yacht in the kill box that was disputed space. Nothing was as it seemed and Hank would need to tap into the Aegis network to find any safe houses in the area, something he was sorely trying to avoid.

He cleared his throat, "Ma'am, my recommendation is to make best possible

speed to Garid. Run the traps, as they say."

<<Tag Conference Room>>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Fri Feb 27, 2015 11:21 pm

**Calмест**

"Good, good. Henry Okafor, you're a smart man. That's exactly what we need to do – get there with all due speed. There's some nasty business going on, and there's not enough time. Not nearly enough."

Looking out on the crew, Calмест's face changed. It wasn't electronic trickery, but rather a sudden shift in demeanor. For the first time in years, his public facade dropped away – leaving behind the man who had once been king.

"I'm many places at once, but I can't be everywhere. I'd seen that things were developing on Ilidus, but I couldn't go there myself. Not without the groundwork being lain before me, so I sent Owen. He'd be able to keep things

calm until...well, until I could do something more permanent. Despite what you may think, I have kept tabs on you all – for good reason. You all helped, in a way, to give birth to me. Is it so wrong that I wanted your works to succeed?"

The hologram shifted his posture, swinging his legs off Marisol's desk. "I knew the Romulan coup had a backer...I had no idea that it was the Red King, I truly didn't. If i had...if I had known he'd have the technology from Eternity, maybe I would've acted faster. I could've...no. No could have. It doesn't become a king."

Turning back towards Marisol, he continued. "Marisol...Captain...I truly apologize that my news comes to late. Your husband was valiant in his defense of his home, but Garret was too much. Or, should I say, that his Borg were. He's found some way to control them – the Liberated Borg, I mean. It was easy for them to take down Talla. A shame, for he could've been so helpful."

Turning back around to the group, he said, "I have reason to believe that my brother – that Owen – might still be alive. If we can get to Ilidus, to the Red King, we might be able to liberate him."

[Tag All]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 1:37 am

-=/\=- **Lt. Anam Farooqi** -=/\=-  
**Federation Relief Agency, Ildius**

The new glitter of fame upon returning to the Alpha Quadrant was overwhelming for Lieutenant Farooqi. The Fleet award ceremonies, broadcast via subspace telecast, made heroes out of them, even though most of the heroes were already dead and buried in the Delta Quadrant. From then on, it was easy to sell a book, earn royalties and licenses from a subsequent holonovel, or be a special guest on the news whenever a ship mysteriously disappeared in an obscure region of space, or similar calamity.

People asked for a signature, or sometimes a portrait with a holocamera, or worse, invited themselves to begin a discussion about how this or that happened. The most egregious were those who asked how exactly they got home, and further pressed on: How could he have been the Helm Officer and not know exactly? As though they doubted the very life he lived. He brushed off these curious commoners, politely informing them that the matter was still under investigation and he would not be able to comment. This was the default attitude of many people who had the misfortune of having household names.

He remembered trying to figure out where to go in his life, and he tried to get some guidance by catching up with his best friend on the ship: his ex-girlfriend, Asst. Engineer Christie Nogawa. He was also hoping to get back with her, and though that noble effort failed, she did give him guidance by listening without judgement and thereby helping him think clearly. "**One should only chase three things in life,**" he remembered telling Nogawa on the beach on Risa. "**Gyaan, ilm, and ma'arifa.**"

He did land a teaching spot at the Academy after publishing his thesis on Power Relations in the Borg Collective. The professorship hardly lasted a semester, however. While the few students that cared about his ideas kept in touch and became promising grad school students, really a few classes and office hours were not enough to contain him after his harrowing experience on the other side of the galaxy.

An anthropology expedition to the outer Cardassian colonies was better, but eventually finding relics from the distant past did not excite him enough either.

The real break for him came with the formal establishment of an alliance with the Romulan Star Empire. Keen to maintain his salary and pension, while preferring to stay away from starships, starbases, and institutions of higher learning, he found a happy occupation in the Federation Relief and Works Agency for Romulan refugees. As a middle-ranking officer, he was not forced to implement poorly thought out decisions the way a junior officer might be, but rather was free to set policies that reflected the reality of the refugees on the ground. He also delegated to the higher-ups the bureaucratic responsibilities of managing funds and stocking inventory. Blissfully, his job was to give away food aid and supplies to the displaced masses, and he was generous with what the official guidelines allowed. The look on the face of a hungry child spoke more to him than the complex formula for aid grant's used by his government. He cheated the rules every day to help the pointy-eared poor, yearning to breathe free.

He recalled again, explaining to Nogawa, on their last day together, while they said their closing words for the breakup ceremony on the pleasure planet.

**"Gyaan is the Sanskrit word for knowledge, but not any kind of knowledge... It is a spiritual knowledge which burns away all impurity."**

**"Ilm is from Arabic, it means conventional knowledge, the one commonly found in books."**

**"And ma'arifat is also Arabic for knowledge, but the experiential kind, one**

**that cannot be found in books. Gnosis."**

All his life, he told his now estranged lover, he had only desired knowledge, and set no price on acquiring truth as he'd understood it. He realized, from her attentive listening, money had never really spoken to him, the way a good book did. Therefore, he should pay no attention to money or his career whatsoever, least especially advancement towards rank. He should try to get by on whatever he was making, and try to do something that would help improve life in the galaxy. This ruled out banking, the arms trade, and even some career choices in Starfleet.

While talking to the woman he once wanted to marry, he realized that social work on the Romulan homeworld was the right choice for him.

And here he was, fanning himself in the dry heat of Ildius Prime, ensuring the food security of the most vulnerable people in the galaxy.

The anonymity was the best part. The thin-jowled, bearded young man was yet-another human face in this experiment for peace, strange-yet-familiar so close to the border of the two nations. The altruistic apostle, selfless and pious as he was, also had a selfish and egotistical pride in what he did for a living. He liked to tell himself that he, on the ground alleviating poverty in the bottom rung of society, was doing more to promote peace between the Empire and the Federation than even Ambassadors Vreenak and Spock. This allowed him to take great pride in his work every day, although he did not have the prestige and authority of a diplomat.

He was happy here among the displaced survivors of Romulus, away from the halls of power, and the suffocating danger that surrounded a starship.

Here, where no one knew him, but so many needed him, he could think deeply about the cards Fate had played.

His aunt died while he was away in Delta Quadrant, a Federation judge renowned in interstellar circles. Colin's memoriam was held, although Anam missed his mother's dedication ceremony, he tried to lay a wreath of flowers

there every year (as well as a cup of his homemade tomato chutney, which Colin never got to sample while he was among the living).

=== His bliss came to an end one fine day, as he was handing a sack of flour to a young child, he noticed the incinerating embers of a Federation starship burning up in the Ildius atmosphere.

That's not when he knew the peace was dead, however. He knew the peace was dead when unidentified security forces began to swarm the city, blaring that there was now a change in government, and Ambassador Vreenak was wanted with a list of other traitors.

Anam had planned for this moment, haphazardly, at least. He put on a custom-shaped pair of pointy ears and took a blade to his face and... decided not to shave his beard. The original escape plan called for him to shave his trusty beard, and try to disappear into the crowd wearing a heavy brown cloak, while he looked for an escape craft to take him to Federation territory. When the moment of decision came, he couldn't bring himself to cut his symbol of identity and religious/spiritual/political associations. Besides, beards were not unheard of among Vulcans and Romulans, especially ones in distinguished professions.

A government falling was never a pretty sight, and very precarious for people who depend on social services for daily sustenance and nutrition. In his "disguise", he sneaked out of the refugee aid office, leaving the door open for the handful of impoverished families lined up outside the door before noon. He told them the office would probably be close today, maybe from now on. He glanced up at the bright sky to see the smokey streaks from the Starfleet ship which had long ago burned up like a husk of corn, taking the Articles of Alliance with it. He advised them how to take all the grain and ready-to-eat meal rations that were stored in the pantry of the building. Federation news might call it "looting" that night, but when needy families were at stake, to him it was common decency. He thought to himself with a grin, Just because the government is going up in flames, doesn't mean the people shouldn't see any benefit from it.



Hearing disruptor fire, and doors being broken down, Anam knew it was time to go from here, and headed to the Federation Embassy without knowing at all whether it would be any more safe or secure.

<tag anyone still on Ildius>

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 10:05 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

For a moment, she thought of her encounter with Dr. Doug.

As Eternity offered up it's final breath to the cruel hands of the Borg King, she'd intervened, disrupting that AI's perverted medical practices. As the nightmarish scene played itself out, she'd backed down a corridor, a cutting tool raised in useless defense as the psychopathic hologram advanced upon her. Then...the

only real weapons at her disposal had been questions, at a time when questions were simply not enough. The encounter left the diminutive engineer lying on the deck, her face battered and bloodied, sobbing uncontrollably. But for that one miracle...the touch of cutter to holomitter, she'd have died then and there, thus allowing the AI to perform it's function by surgically making her "awesome."

The inherent problem with AI's, Marisol had come to understand on a personal basis, was that even though they were created to be "learning programs," they frequently erred by relying solely upon their own statistical analytics, and thus applied the more widely successful broad stroke solutions, when in fact the most correct tack might've involved a nuanced approach. Such was the case with Calmest. He'd spent the past few years spreading himself ever more thinly, choosing the guise of impressario, and thus, feeding into the tenets of "show business." Make 'em laugh. Make 'em cry. Ratings, ratings, ratings.... To that end, an impressario was always doomed to overplay his hand, playing to a "dead house" on occasion, instead of happily "killing them." Despite all of this, and despite the glaring hole in his narrative, no amount of Marisol's intellect or resolve could undo the icy dagger of fear and pain that now pushed deeply into her core at the claim of Talla's death.

She cleared her throat. Her hand trembled as she raised the water glass to her lips. "Well," the captain said finally, her voice quivering before she once again cleared her throat. "Mr. Okafor suggests best speed to Garid. Calmest played it both ways, first agreeing, then pressing a case for Ildius. Capt. Barlow is concerned about a trap at Garid." The glass tapped staccato as she placed it back upon the conference table. Lieutenant James," she said, pausing to dab at her eyes with the uniform sleeve. "The last piece of the puzzle in our hands is you. Your pilot was surprised, not to mention unhappy, about our presence in the Subura system. What was your mission?"

<Tag James, Conference Lounge>  
***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558  
Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm  
Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Janice Lacey James** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 2:05 pm

Lt Janelle James  
Ships Counselor  
USS Hope

She'd been expecting this question for the past 20 minutes. Unfortunately she had no answer. She looked at Marisol, "**Mar.. Captain, Sadly I had no information other than I was to appear at an undisclosed location. My attempts to read the thought of the shuttlecraft's pilots was not successful. Either they can naturally block thought probes, or I was somehow given a neural blocker to limit my abilities. I do know that were**

**agitated by your appearance and were mad they were stopped."** She looked at the assembled persons, **"Considering what has transpired, I would have to assume that there are far greater issues than my speaking engagement, If that is what is was. It would mean someone with access to Starfleet HQ is able to direct us to where they want us."**

<Tag Marisol>

MSgt. Jamie Lynn Stathem, 2nd Support Detachment NCOIC; USS Cadecus

Lt Jg. Janice Lacey, Chief Science Officer (CSCI); USS Atlantis

Lt Janelle James, Counselor; USS Eternity-B (TDY USS Hope)

Lt Jg.(acting) Jamie Morrison,Intel; USS Independence

Lt. Meghan Amalia Steele, Eng Consultant, Shattered Universe

### **Janice Lacey James**

Member

Posts: 607

Joined: Mon Feb 16, 2009 1:32 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 6:25 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

Dressed in a perfectly pressed, black Romulan uniform, a female Romulan stepped out of the turbolift and on to the bridge. By the time someone was on

their feet to meet her, she'd already circled around to the conn and noted their present course without bending over or lowering her chin. As the demand to identify herself continued, the woman turned and with a ramrod posture regarded the officer in charge of the bridge. "**Colonel Kholhr.**" With her name succinctly stated, she lifted a small Romulan data device and extended it out for the officer to review.`

She didn't bother to wait on them to fully review the orders written there before she took stock of the bridge. "**Your senior staff is in a meeting. Do not waste their time confirming the orders. It can wait, as I have no intention of leaving the bridge you will be capable of monitoring my every move.**" And with that she strode toward the command chairs and took up position to the left of the Captain's chair. The Colonel didn't bother to sit; in fact, her upright posture hadn't wilted even the slightest since her appearance nor showed any signs of discomfort standing in wait.

But what behavior should any Romulan officers still aboard expect from an Agent of the Tal Shiar? Though the orders she just shoved into their hands raised several questions, like why the Ambassador had issued orders for the Colonel to be aboard their ship and why no one had known about it until that very moment.

<<Tag Open>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Sat Feb 28, 2015 11:59 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Conference Room

ON:

"Calмест," Rick interjected, interrupting the possible rebuttal from Marisol over Janelle James' own account of her shuttlecraft pilot's demeanor; another puzzle piece in a greater puzzle which had grown more and more complex considering they hadn't a picture to work from. He leaned forward, left hand overlapping his right as he looked down at the holographic AI. "If you're telling the truth, which...", he gestured a bit jokingly absenting the idea of Calмест's playing something false, "..., why would you. You were close to Owen, close to all of us..., obviously. But if you have the capacity why not pull your, 'resources,' together and find out what we're heading into in Garid. Report back to us when you have something concrete." He leaned back a bit. "Help us help you."

<<Tag All>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 4:24 pm

Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

**Marisol wrote:**

"That's getting to be a long list, lieutenant," Marisol replied curtly...

Blackthorne kept his face still but felt his eyes flash. He knew she was right but now was not the time to discuss it. He wondered if she had aced the 'hardass 101' leadership class at the Academy. He had known some Captain's who were that way. Oscar had survived them and would survive this too. From what he could gather they were deep behind enemy lines with many ships already engaged. The new arrivals were some sort of scientists searching for a missing vessel. All he could do was listen and wait for his orders.

<tag: Conference Room>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity  
**Kalquien**  
Member

Posts: 223  
Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm  
Location: Toledo, Ohio

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 4:29 pm

Davis glances around to the different speakers,soaking in the information. While it all seems important the look on his face portrays the fact that he has no idea why he, a lowly engineer, is a part of the meeting. He slides his hand into his pocket and worries at something.

**Scott Davis**  
Member

Posts: 49  
Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 7:12 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**  
Commanding Officer  
USS Hope



She'd regained her composure; the shock of Calmest's announcement was short lived as she recalled the hints it'd dropped to Yeoman Adelaide and the Doctor. It was lying, putting on another show and gauging the reactions of the audience, with no regard for the cruelty of it's performance. She lifted an eyebrow at Rick Barlow's attempt at parlay, recalling that from their first meeting in the Zahara construct, self serving lies were it's only stock in trade. "Given what we know," the captain said after once more clearing her throat, "the best way at this point to "run the traps," as Mr. Okafor suggests, is to maintain our course and schedule. We'll push on to the Garid system, honor our check in commitments, and afterward," The sudden chirping of her commbadge halted Marisol in mid sentence.

"OPS to captain." The voice was a tense whisper.

"Vreenak here," she answered.

"Captain," OPS stammered a bit as he spoke, "A Romulan officer is on the bridge."

"Say that again?" Marisol asked, her eyes first meeting those of Cdr. Mahoney, before tracking to Barlow.

"We have...a Romulan officer.....a colonel....on the bridge. She's handed us one of their tablets, with orders that I can't access."

"If this day could get any more interesting," the captain muttered, rising from her seat. "Inform the Col. I'm on my way. Vreenak out." Now on her feet, she surveyed the table. "We're adjourned. Mr. Davis," she said, "Please report to Main Engineering. I'll catch up with you there. Return to your posts," she said to the subordinates in the room. "Number One, you're with me. Captain....Mr. Okafor...feel free to tag along." A couple of quick taps to her PADD restored the room lighting. All the imagery on the four bulkheads vanished, revealing a viewport beyond which the stars serenely passed. As the holographic projectors switched off, the image of Calmest winked into nothing.

<Tag Conference Room>

The bridge held an icy silence as Marisol lead the way through the door. At her arrival, OPS moved from behind his console, the trim black tablet lifted in one cautious hand. "Colonel Kohler," he said nervously, pronouncing the name as best he could.

"Thank you, OPS," Marisol replied. The colonel was a severe looking young woman...then again, all those who wore the solid black of the Tal Shiar seemed to excel at maintaining a dour expression. However, she'd seen this woman before. Of that, she was certain. She simply couldn't recall the occasion. "Colonel Kolhr," she said formally, stepping toward the Romulan, "I am Capt. Marisol Vreenak. The is the Romulan -Federation Alliance vessel Hope, on a mission of diplomatic recall, as approved by your government." Marisol paused to regard the woman directly. "Please state your purpose."

<Tag Col. Kohlr>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 7:32 pm

Davis stands and nods before filing out and heading for the turbolift, still worrying something in his pocket. As he steps inside he turns, holding the door for any others who are behind him.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 8:09 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

Her posture did not change, but those onyx orbs shifted to one side in the

direction of an officer doing exactly what she'd said not to do. Did they have a hearing impediment she was not presently aware of, or were they afraid she would take over the ship without batting an eye?

No matter. She didn't actually believe she'd have the pleasure of making first contact prior to Marisol steeling herself to the conversation. Even surprised the woman would have misgivings of the Colonel's presence. Probably couldn't be avoided; certainly wouldn't be now.

When the doors opened and the Captain stepped though, the Colonel's statuesque posture broke as she turned to regard the commanding officer of the Hope. She drew in a deep breath as Marisol 'welcomed' her aboard by invoking previous communications with the Romulan vessel that should be tailing them at that very moment. Sensible precaution. **"Captain Vreenak,"** the tension in her cheeks eased a bit even as her spine remain rigidly upright. **"I have been instructed to aide you in whatever way possible. Obviously the intent is your safety, but my mission is not limited only to that parameter."**

A moment's breath.

**"As your course currently takes you back to Ildius, and you have forged a cover story, I presume your objective has changed."** The ship had been making for Federation space earlier. The mission had been on course. Circumstances had drawn the ship toward another destination, however.

If Barlow had ventured onto the bridge the Colonel would have spared him a glance. Rick Barlow's presence was unexpected. Could his arrival have to do with the ship's present course? An incredibly dangerous game the Captain was playing by venturing back, deeper into Romulan territory.

It wasn't a misplaced rescue effort then. **"I have certain knowledge and access you may find useful on your voyage, Captain. I would understand if you have reservations, but I assure you my presence is not mere happenstance."**

<<Tag Marisol, Bridge>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**by **thepariaheffect** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 9:15 pm**Calмест**

The AI put on an theatrical sigh. "I'm an artificial intelligence, not a god. I'm not omnipresent – but I will do what I can to sneak ahead to the Garid System. Consider me your eyes and ears for a moment – I'll feed whatever data I can gather about the system back to the bridge, and then we can get along to Ilidus post-haste. While I'm sure you're all entirely convinced I'm lying, believe me when I say this – I'm only contacting you because I need your help."

With that, Calмест blinked out of the room – instead, his presence was replaced on the OPS board by a small, scrolling list of telemetry data. It was raw and still heavily encoded, but it'd surely take no time for the officers of the Hope to decipher it and figure out what was going on in the system.

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Sun Mar 01, 2015 11:40 pm

Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

Oscar rose from his seat and followed the other officers out of the briefing room nodding briskly to the young engineer who was holding the door for him. It was something of a surprise to find another officer as out of place looking as himself. He followed the group of bridge officers and the Captain onto the turbolift and rode to the bridge with them in uncomfortable silence. The Captain was clearly deep in thoughts and they did not appear to be of a pleasant variety. Was it something in the muttered ramblings of the AI that had thrown her off. He wasn't sure but it was a side of her he had not seen before

and for a moment he found himself sympathizing with her.

As the bridge door opened he got his first look at the haughty face with the dark skin, hair, and eyes that often were associated with Romulans. The uniform was different, as were most things in this place, but the symbol which sat at the heart of her ensemble was very familiar to him. That was the symbol of the Tal Shiar, the Praetor's personal guard. Some of them had been held in the same prison as himself and had put most of the other Romulan inmates under their thumb. They had been more vicious in many ways than the Senatorial officers who were in charge of the prison.

He cleared the throng at the entry way and made his way to his station. He brought it back on line and restored the systems to full power and ran several scans of the surrounding space. He heard the 'Colonel' say that she was here to help and suppressed a snort. The only people that kind of person were interested in helping were themselves. He focused on the scans and when they came up with no immediate threats Blackthorne set up a coded frequency for transmissions from the A.I., which called itself Calmest, to be routed straight to his board and the command consoles so that the people who were guiding the ship could also benefit.

<tag: Marisol, Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Mon Mar 02, 2015 7:18 am

Davis nods back to the science officer and waits for the lift to drop everyone off before heading down to engineering. As he looked around one thought crossed his mind. "Have I just been enlisted?" He murmured under his breath.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Mon Mar 02, 2015 11:25 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer



USS Hope

**Col. Kohlr wrote:**

"Captain Vreenak, I have been instructed to aide you in whatever way possible. Obviously the intent is your safety, but my mission is not limited only to that parameter. As your course currently takes you back to Ildius, and you have forged a cover story, I presume your objective has changed. I have certain knowledge and access you may find useful on your voyage, Captain. I would understand if you have reservations, but I assure you my presence is not mere happenstance."

Of the many words one might use when discussing the Tal Shiar, "happenstance" would never grace the list. Tal Shiar operatives would never "wing it," as she found herself doing just now. Plan, plan, counterplan...negotiating one's day on Ildius was an exercise in avoidance of their attentions. Yet now, a full colonel offered her help, called her out on the ruse that was their mission, and promised information she'd find useful. Perhaps that was the best starting point....

"Colonel Kohlr, for the past week, all that I have had are reservations," she said to the woman in black. "We intend to run the course plan set for us by the Provisional Government. But, of course, I'm curious. Just what sort of information would I find useful?"

<Tag Kohlr>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558  
Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm  
Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Mon Mar 02, 2015 11:41 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

**"You have a questionable, holographic ally, Captain, with more access to the ship's systems than it should."** The Romulan woman paused for a moment before her humorless features allowed a smile to tug at the corners of her dark lips. At that moment the contents of the datapad Marisol held shifted to reveal another item simply titled 'Passionflower.' **"I offer my services to you alone."** She wasn't about to go into detail where Calmest could overhear it all.

Even so, a brief overview of some of the more obvious advantages would not hurt. **"Fleet movements. Personnel dossiers. Classified command codes. I am the Tal Shiar; I will think of something when the time comes."** Another small smile crossed her lips. It would be easy to assume she'd lost access given her present whereabouts, though such was not the case. To a certain degree. The bolder Marisol's usage became the increasing likelihood the channel would be cut.

<<Tag Marisol>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Mar 03, 2015 12:46 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

ON:

For a time Rick Barlow followed the rest out of the Conference Room, sticking in the shadows of Marisol Vreenak and Henry Okafor before finding himself splitting off from the herd, his footfalls taking him beside Oscar Blackthorne while Marisol spoke with a Romulan female, clearly from an Intelligence branch. The telltale black on black was a given and Rick began to reflect, all be it briefly, on a time on Eternity. "You couldn't swing a dead cat and not hit some operative," a man once said about the state of the Eternity during the Fringe War. It caused him to smirk a bit, whispers of memory, like ghosts of the past

trying to crawl their way back to the surface. He didn't like the position he had been thrust into by Admiral Graves. If anything he'd want to be home with his daughter Maddie and teaching the latest patch of young engineers or arguing the Heinsberg Uncertainty Principle with a few professors. But he had to admit, it was nice to be at least close to the saddle, even if that saddle was upon a horse riding into the uncertainty of conflict. There was something palpable about standing on Hope, about being in the mix again. It wasn't so simplistic of a feeling that he could ostracize it as being simply, 'he missed it,' because, he didn't. In confronting and analyzing what it was, a very large piece of him didn't understand it. Nostalgia or perhaps euphoria, either way there it was.

While Marisol talked with her new 'friend,' Rick eyeballed the data on the Ops console. "As sophisticated as Calmest likes to carry himself as, he's still hindered. He's not a, 'God,' as he clearly said nor could he, 'stretch,' himself beyond some unknown limitation. He's a hologram, with all the limitations therein."

It was the limitations that Barlow was getting at as he leaned forward a bit in the direction of Blackthorne. "An AI of that caliber has to have a housing complex, a storage facility to keep all the information and even the personality algorithms. Calmest cannot exist on the net without a centralized hub to come from." He thought back to Jetan Remsen, the Cardassian son of Jai Culluh and Seska. A boy stricken with a cancer that claimed his mother. Culluh had enlisted the help of Kur, a Voth Scientist and spared no expense in creating an, artificial way, for Culluh to interact with Jetan. A massive Dyson Sphere was used to power this artificial Jetan Remsen as well as keep the Cardassian child alive.

Calmest was a different story, not existing in anything organic other than Owen Scott, and even then bits and pieces were present; not the full program, when Zahara was closed. Something pulled over with Owen's liberation, a presence taking the moniker as Calmest who had built itself thusly into a liberated AI. But an AI still had to have a machine, still had to have a storage medium for data. With the AI tasked red lining, Barlow guessed that a few pokes here and there would go unnoticed.

He nodded over at the screen of running numbers and encryptions. "Data, even

raw data, has two points, a source and a destination. Calmest is smart, probably has dummy relays to cover the source but if I had to guess, I'd say the source is something with a very large, very unique power signature. I would further guess that you should compare the findings with data from Hope's encounter with Zahara, on Ha'Dara."

Records of the Hope's encounters with it's time in the Delta Quadrant were almost all privy to public record and found a place in the Federation database. If the Calmest AI had a home, Barlow was 97% sure that it's home had the same power signature as the Source found on Ha'Dara. Why reinvent the wheel after all.

"Might not be anything there...," Barlow finished.

<<Tag Blackthroner>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Mar 03, 2015 12:53 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**SCol. Kolhr wrote:**

"You have a questionable, holographic ally, Captain, with more access to the ship's systems than it should. I offer my services to you alone. Fleet movements. Personnel dossiers. Classified command codes. I am the Tal Shiar; I will think of something when the time comes."

"Item twelve," Marisol considered as she listened to the Colonel's responses. "A self professed Tal Shiar officer who just smiled and announced that she'd be winging it." The captain's eyes fell to the Romulan datapad. There, the encrypted file awaited. Her mastery of Romulan speech and written text was still rudimentary at best. However, certain phrases and words, the more commonly used in conversation, or as repeated endearments with her husband, were known to her. On the screen, this phrase rang through to her core.

"Sahe'lagge." The word passed through her lips, though Talla's voice whispered into her mind's ear. A phrase, something most dear and private, from a man who valued his privacy. The characters glowed up at her from the datapad, though now their combination seemed cold. Just a few minutes ago, Calmest had made a play at her emotions with a death announcement. Here stood an officer of the Tal Shiar, playing a similar game, though wreathing her own ploy in smiles and assurances. Intuition....based upon the experience of their intimacies, offered the password that would overcome the encryption. During their lives together on Ildius, both came to understand the pervasive eavesdropping that was stock and trade of the Tal Shiar. But for a few careful bits of private code between them, husband and wife decided from the start

that they could either choose to live, imprisoned by the knowledge that every word or action was under scrutiny, or take a different approach. To live, to love, to experience their lives within their home, not caring of the listening and image capture devices the intelligence organization might have planted. Here, the datapad bore proof. Their privacy was a myth.

"I'll open this in a moment," she said, lifting her eyes to meet those of Col. Kohlr. "Is it safe to assume that we have a cloaked escort?"

<Tag Kolhr>

"Captain," OPS called from his station. His eyes were cast down, tracing back and forth in rapid order. "I'm receiving encrypted data on a directed beam...."

"Isolate it," Mahoney ordered. "Secure storage, with a physical disconnect when complete." He turned, offering his captain a shrug. "The last thing we need is Calmest downloading a complete version of himself into our systems."

"Agreed," Marisol nodded. "Captain Barlow, you are married to one of the foremost computer scientists I know. What are the chances of enlisting her help with the data stream?"

<Tag Rick and Amelia>

"Item thirteen," she mused. "unidentified data encrypted stream." She was playing with a deck full of wild cards....a scrabble board with only blank tiles. Numerous directions...too many alternatives in a delicate balance that would, like the peace, come crashing down with the slightest nudge in the wrong direction. She had to draw back, to think. "Motives," the diminutive captain thought, before running her own personal checklist. Thusfar, Calmest appeared only interested in confusing the situation, blending half truth and half baked narrative in a ploy to force her emotions into the driver's seat. For Rick Barlow, she assumed guilt, and the need to protect his current status. Amelia's motives might be similar, plus the more visceral dynamic of protecting her family. Both sets of motivations could be worked with, and their clearances were sufficient to allow sharing of privileged information. Janelle James was a question mark.

Her keen abilities and experience were not in sync with her story of being unable to read the inclinations of her pilot. Likewise, Rostham. A family man, desperate to return to significant other and offspring, was a perfect cover story to play upon Marisol's emotions. Yet, the deliberate choice to secret himself aboard the Aegis ship was curious. "How would he know that Aegis would eventually fall under Hope's protection?" Something there wasn't right. Until she got to the bottom of that, she wasn't inclined to give the MstSgt the weapons control codes.

Col. Kolhr....another large unknown. Was she here as a test....verification of Marisol's continuing loyalty to the former Praetor and Empire? There really was no telling, despite the Tal Shiar's promises of safety and assistance. "Proceed with grave caution," Marisol considered as her eyes landed on Lt. Blackthorne. Here was a known commodity. Though given the science position, he wasn't happy with this time, with Romulans or AI's stalking about. He really didn't like her. Yet, he followed orders. For now, she'd add him to the "reliable" category, with Rick and Amelia.

Finally, Henry Okafor, representative of the Aegis Group. Hired by StarFleet to track down and retrieve the newest 'Eternity' model. Motivation? Money....

"Number One," the captain said casually. "Time remaining until our next check in call?"

"About twenty-two minutes, ma'am." Cdr. Mahoney answered.

"Please report to Main Engineering. Discuss our offer with Mr. Davis."

<Tag Davis>

"Aye, the First Officer nodded. As he turned to leave, Marisol faced the viewscreen. "Helm...maintain course and speed to the Garid System. Mr. Okafor, would you join me in my ready room?" She didn't glance his way. Instead, the captain turned on her heel, striding purposefully toward the ready room door. "Mr. Blackthorne," Marisol called over her shoulder, "you have the Con."



<Tag Blackthorne>

Once the door had whistled shut behind them both, Marisol ordered, "Computer, engage ready room security field." Granted, Calmest, not to mention the Tal Shiar, had probably broken the damned lockouts already, but she would at least go through the S.O.P. as a matter of procedure. "Please have a seat," the petite captain offered. She toggled the datapad, fingers tapping in the password as a matter of instinct.

## **Hhiudll**

The screen came to life with the message text.

<Tag Kolhr/Talla Message>

She settled into her chair, eyes poring over the privileged communique. After a moment, the captain's gaze lifted, to fix upon the countenance of the Aegis operative. "Tell me, Mr. Okafor," Marisol began, "do you keep up with the financial news? The markets? Are you aware of the net worth of Marquez Positronics, or how it's trading on the GALDAQ these days?"

<Tag Okafor>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

## **FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Mar 03, 2015 1:11 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

OFF:

Assumption made. I figured Amelia Moore was in the Senior Staff Meeting..., posting towards this.

ON:

**CAPT. Vreenak wrote:**

"Agreed," Marisol nodded. "Captain Barlow, you are married to one of the foremost computer scientists I know. What are the chances of enlisting her help with the data stream?"

"Don't see why not skipper," Rick replied motioning for his wife to come join him and Oscar.

<<Tag Amelia>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**by **Michael Hill** » Tue Mar 03, 2015 1:32 pm

Henry Okafor

Aegis Group

USS Hope - Bridge

==/\==

Henry took in the scene unfolding around him. His debriefing was going to be extensive. Al. Tal Shiar. Time travelers. If someone was pulling the puppet strings, they were doing a remarkable job. The AI had alluded to the captain's husband being dead with the XO and another Starfleet captain – the former boat's commander – standing right there. Okafor knew that Barlow would have been within his province to invoke Starfleet General Order 619 and remove Vreenak. With the Tal Shiar present no less! It was as if whomever was orchestrating this was pushing very specific buttons. As he absorbed the

conversation on the bridge, Hank knew he had to set up an encrypted communique to Aegis and get his marching orders, even if it meant getting the hell out of Dodge. He had run afoul of the Tal Shiar in the past and had no inclination to do it again. Self-preservation was an instinct he was quite proud of.

As he was collected his thoughts, the captain had pulled an about face into the ready room and summoned him along.

**CPT Vreenak wrote:**

She settled into her chair, eyes poring over the privileged communique. After a moment, the captain's gaze lifted, to fix upon the countenance of the Aegis operative. "Tell me, Mr. Okafor," Marisol began, "do you keep up with the financial news? The markets? Are you aware of the net worth of Marquez Positronics, or how it's trading on the GALDAQ these days?"

Okafor took a seat across from the captain, crossing his legs, and smoothing a hand down his suit jacket. "Please, Captain. Call me Henry or Hank." He smiled, his warm baritone South African accent attempting to set an 'at ease' tone.

Hank was no economist, but he understood the realities of the New World Economy of the Federation. The acquisition of wealth was not the driving force of Aegis read the company prospectus. That said, he was not ignorant to the economic dynamics in the quadrant and given Okafor's line of work, he often interacted with many money-based economies.

"Ma'am, I haven't been able to check the quadrant indices the last few days, but I am assuming that most of the currency-based economies are seeing bold gains on the announcement of the renewed hostilities between the Romulans and the Federation." Okafor's disclosure statements were up to date on his clearances, so there was nothing to hide. "Myself, I'm leveraged heavily in Ferengi futures as well as an odd Gorn-based hedge that's performed pretty well against the last ten year average." He smiled. A former colleague once told him to always have an exit plan. A well thought out portfolio if he was ever not welcomed in the Federation or if he had to fund something outside of

Federation space was an absolute necessity in his line of work.

"I can't say I'm familiar with Marquez, but as they say, a rising tide lifts all ships, Captain." Another smile. "Why do you ask?"

<Tag Marisol>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Tue Mar 03, 2015 10:38 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

She turned her head an inch to one side as Kholhr contemplated Marisol's assumption. **"None other than the one you already knew about, Captain. I could deal with that one, if you wish."**

<<Tag Marisol>>

The Captain was soon embroiled in other matters, which the Colonel took in

stride. She was a busy woman in command of a ship with a clear and present danger hung about them like a noose waiting to snap taunt. Demanding the woman's attention would be the last thing Kholhr would do. The mission parameters were clear -- aid Marisol Vreenak, not hinder or pester her.

Soon enough the Captain strode off to her ready room to deal with some of those other matters of consequence. A fair enough way to terminate their conversation. They hadn't thrown her off the ship, after all. Hadn't been confined to the brig yet awaiting interrogation. Not exactly welcomed on board either, but that was immaterial.

With the First Officer also on his way elsewhere, Mister Blackthorne had been left in command. The Tal Shiar Agent turned to regard the man for a moment.

Slowly she navigated her way along the back of the bridge toward an open console. If no one needed her presently then she would make use of her skills in examining the ship and gathering intelligence for the mission ahead. Kholhr hadn't lied to Marisol, she would be ready when the time came.

<<Tag Bridge>>

**Talla Vreenak**  
Datapad Message

**"Passionflower.**

**"I have written this message in the event of my death, whether substantiated or speculation. There are many things I would say, given the opportunity, but I will leave most to another recording upon confirmation of my absence. Instead I presume time is of the essence and that I am said to have died during a critical mission that you will be called upon to carry on.**

**"In receiving this message Colonel Kholhr has appeared and offered to serve you in whatever capacity you deem necessary. Know that she is a trusted resource in the Tal Shiar, which I leave in your care. There are few I**

would entrust the future of the Romulan Empire, and your dedication to Starfleet has never called that into question. If it is information you seek, she will find it. Resources you need, you will have them. Tasks you cannot perform, she will.

"My regret in composing this message is only that the Colonel is all I can offer you. The circumstance that led to its delivery, the reasons I cannot be with you now, I cannot foresee. Just know that I have loved you, deeply for these many years and that my devotion to peace between our governments was both to ensure the future of the Romulan people, but also that of your own for the great devotion and kindness you gave to me. I would not be the man I became without you.

"Jol-ao au.

" - Ael'voh"

<<Tag Marisol>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 9:31 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

She closed the file. Talla's words....the cadence and tone of his writing....were exact. In and of itself, the message could be authentic. It's deeper meaning....the preservation of that delicate peace, was truly the lynchpin. Whether written by Talla himself, or crafted by a Tal Shiar hand, the ideal was intact with that of the man. She could not.....would not.....accept the thought that he was dead. That emotional paradox would have to lie in it's own little box for awhile. For now, these words....regardless of the identity of their author...were the perfect reminder.

Okafor was playing it safe, offering the politically correct answer to a question that pointed toward an inconsistency upon which the Federation was built. While it was considered a signature of a world's advancement to move beyond monetary commerce, only Earth and Vulcan had truly achieved strides in this area. The "dirty little secret" of the Federation had been the almost total subsidizing of those two economies, in order to hold them aloft as shining beacons of cultural advancement. The truth of the matter, as any StarFleet quartermaster could tell you, lay in the fact that all other worlds in this vast network relied upon currency. And, she mused, some of them were becoming vocal in their protests. Ildius, and the Fringe War, had been the scene of the greatest land grab in history. While history wrote the narrative of corrupt officials and equally greed filled Klingon counterparts engaged in a war over territory and mineral rights, she and Talla had learned the truth. One didn't need to peel too many layers from the onion to detect the rot to it's core.

She fixed Okafor with a slight smile. "Marquez Positronics. Founded by my ex husband, Luis Marquez, and myself. Eight years ago, a series of Fleet and offworld industrial contracts grew MP and incited it's public trading on the GALDAQ." She paused, as the memory crossed past. The company had been on



the rocks, the sole reason for her return to StarFleet. The sudden influx of contract work, and MP's amazing growth, had been the result of an old friend's actions. Today, that friend was remembered by a single piece of stone, his life reviled. She brushed away the cobweb, and continued. "Long story short, after some dealings by my ex husband while I was in the Delta Quadrant, I now hold fifty-two percent of the company stock...controlling interest in a firm whose published quarterly statement shows a net value of forty-three billion. I'm telling you this," the captain offered, "not to crow about success, but to illustrate the fact that my good faith and credit is easily confirmed." She shifted in her chair, leaning forward. "I'm walking a tightrope; that much is obvious to everyone out there. I'm being told lies, half truths, and truths so improbable that I'm compelled to question them. I do not have the support of the Federation, StarFleet, or whatever passes for a Romulan Empire these days. So, Mr. Okafor, just one question. Does the Aegis Group empower you to contract with new clients in the field?"

<Tag Okafor>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 10:20 am

**Cdr. Mahoney** (NPC)

First Officer

USS Hope

It was almost a relief to get away from the bridge. It seemed that with each passing moment, the situation grew darker, and the options less clear. "F&cking Calmest," he muttered to himself in the confines of the turbolift. "If I ever find his core server, I'm personally gonna pull the plug, and then take an axe to it."

But that wasn't the sum total of his concerns. He was going to have to put his thumb on the new science officer. Regardless of the century, fleet was fleet, and officers don't come waltzing into senior staff meetings at whatever time they choose. Cap'n had suggested kid gloves at first, but he was glad to hear that, at least by her response, he could put those gloves away, now. Next on his agenda was this new Master Sergeant...Rostham. He might be a nod for CSEC, but Mahoney had his own questions. The whole "stowaway" thing pointed toward a lack of discipline. The last thing he wanted was a trigger man who had a tendency to freelance.

So, compared to those, his next task was doubtless the most pleasant of the entire day. Scott Davis had references from both Henry Okafor, and more important, Captain Rick Barlow, the man himself. Mahoney knew there was some uncomfortable history between the Cap'n and "The" Captain....but none of that had made the history books. Still, a reference as strong as Barlow's would carry water on any ship.

Engineering was a textbook image of clean organization. Washington, the interim chief, had been fastidious in his care for Hope's systems and upkeep. Now, he was showing Davis around the compartment. "So, Mr. Davis," Mahoney said as he caught up to the pair, "Enjoying the nickel tour?"

<Tag Davis>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 10:38 am

Davis looks up at the man, hand still in his pocket. "Ah, yes I am, though I have

no idea why I was sent down here. Also, I swear something feels... off."

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Michael Hill** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 1:22 pm

**Henry Okafor**

Aegis Group

USS Hope – Ready Room

**CPT Vreenak wrote:**

So, Mr. Okafor, just one question. Does the Aegis Group empower you to contract with new clients in the field?"

Truth be told, Okafor had looked over Marisol's service jacket and done a peripheral glance at her financial holdings over the course of his preliminary investigation. Then the shooting had started. He was under the impression, perhaps a mistaken one, that the captain's stake in Marquez Positronics was more symbolic – lest Henry struggle why someone would decide to helm an aged Intrepid class boat in lieu of cruising the stars in something better than even the Aegis yacht currently licking its wounds in the shuttlebay. Moreover,

Henry balked at what the captain was actually looking for.

He craned back in his seat, **"Well, Captain, I can assure you that Aegis is always hiring in many business sectors and always has an eye out for talent that can enhance our portfolio. I, myself, have sat on a few hiring boards in the K&R and insurance fields. We have aggressive hiring practices for retired Starfleet personnel as they constitute a major hiring pool for our more aggressive ops."**

**"But I don't think that's what you are asking. "** Okafor readjusted in his chair. It wouldn't have surprised him if he looked into Marquez's contracts and found that Aegis and MP were probably primes and subs on some of the very same contracts, probably with intermingling boards and trusts. Thinking outloud, Henry continued, **"Hell, ma'am, we've probably got contract vehicles in place – some reciprocity with MP – that could be flexed immediately."**

**"Brass tacks, Captain."** He cleared his throat. **"Are we talking about you taking those pips off? Or merc'ing your entire boat out? Or what?"** Okafor waved a hand towards the doors to the bridge. **"You've got Tal Shiar, a time traveler, a celebrity hologram, and Starfleet all over the place. I'm under a service contract to Starfleet, so that supersedes that noise, but I'm an Aegis employee first. What do you want to do?"**

<Tag Marisol>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 3:21 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

"Brass tacks, Hank," Marisol said, her gaze steady and direct. "I want to hire Aegis."

<Tag Okafor>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 3:23 pm

**Cdr. Manhoney**

First Officer

USS Hope

**Scott Davis wrote:**

"Ah, yes I am, though I have no idea why I was sent down here. Also, I swear something feels... off."

Mahoney and Washington traded glances. "Off?" the First asked. "Care to elaborate?"

<Tag Davis>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 3:36 pm

Davis shakes his head. "I don't know. Something just seems wrong. Maybe.. can you take me to the see the Dilithium crystal chamber? Maybe it is the harmonics I sense."

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Wed Mar 04, 2015 8:21 pm

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

Blackthorne saw the man in civilian dress come up to his station. The man had the bearing of a Starfleet officer, it was easy to spot, but Oscar had little specific knowledge of who this man was beyond his name and former rank. He was wondering what his relationship was to the ship and it's crew. Given his profound effect on the Captain and some of the longer serving officers on the ship Blackthorne deduced that he was someone important possibly an ex CO the ship. Having been given no orders from his own Captain Oscar simply



nodded when the man leaned in and began to relay some information regarding the A.I. which had been plaguing the ship. He thought that the man had some definite ideas about how to track the thing and, perhaps where it might be hiding, but Oscar was in no position to do anything with them. He had organized the channel and memory storage for the signal and protected it the best he could against any thing other than telemetry data from getting into their system. He didn't have too much faith in his safeguards as he knew that an A.I. could probably out maneuver most security measures that he could institute. Blackthorne all but shrugged. He had done all he could given his limited experience with this computer system. He earnestly hoped that the computer expert that the Captain had mentioned would come to his station soon so she could add her skill to his own.

Oscar turned briefly to the man and said with more hardness than he intended, "I'm sorry, but as I have no information as to your status or mission Mr... Barlow is it? While I appreciate your suggestions I cannot involve a civilian in operations of this vessel under these circumstances without specific orders from the Captain. She gave you leave to be on the bridge and asked for your wife's assistance but I would suggest you refrain from interfering with the ship's operations or Officers."

<Tag: Rick, Amelia>

**Marisol wrote:**

"Mr. Blackthorne," Marisol called over her shoulder, "you have the Con."

Time slammed to a halt when the Captain uttered those words. Blackthorne was completely caught off guard and tried not to let it show. He had never been given given command before. In his time an OCS officer was considered second rate by the Academy elite and even late in the war the prejudice against them was still strong in many parts of the fleet. Couple that with the fact that he was also a science officer, not command or support, and he had never even been allowed to serve as officer of the watch. Sure, he had read all the relevant texts back in his own time but he had never expected to use them. Now to be thrust into command, this deep in enemy territory with a ship and a crew he barely

knew much less trusted... Oscar felt the shakes coming on and willed them to stop. He knew how, but it would cost him later. He secured his station and with a curt nod to Barlow he made his way down to the command deck and stood in front of the center seat. Oscar could not yet imagine the circumstances that would allow him to feel comfortable sitting in that chair. He could feel the sweat pouring off him and wondered if all eyes on the bridge were actually looking at him or was it just his paranoia talking. Either way he managed to say with some level of calm, "Maintain course and speed."

Having done that he turned slightly to see the eyes of the Romulan Colonel appraising him. Almost reflexively he tugged the uniform into better position. The one piece flexi uniform with jacket combo really bothered him. Blackthorne would have felt much better in his blue science tunic and black pants but that was not the style of this era. He wondered if she could sense his fear and its true source. He wasn't afraid of her, Oscar had killed Romulans before. It was the awesome weight of responsibility that was getting to him. He knew that the Captain was only a few steps away and that he could summon her almost instantly if there was a real need but still the weight of it gnawed on him. He watched as the Romulan drifted up to the stations along the rear of the bridge where he had just been working. She had said that she was here to help... but could he really trust that? Did the Captain? Too many questions and too few answers. When he saw her moving to access one of the stations he cleared his throat and said in slightly accented Rihannsu, "Before you touch any of our equipment I will hear from you, to whom do you owe Mnhei'sahe? Let truth guide you for I will respect truth before all."

<tag: Col. Kholhr, Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 9:09 am

**Cdr. Mahoney** NPC

1st Officer

USS Hope

"Mr. Washington," Mahoney said, "Let's have a look."

"Sure thing," the tall engineer nodded as he lead the group toward the warp core. "Hope was a wreck when we brought her back from Delta," he explained as he stepped to the core status console. "StarFleet decided to rebuild her to original specs...we're talking pre "Voyager"," he said, using the vernacular that had become a household phrase. "With a couple of differences. Since their aim was to make her a floating museum, they permitted the Borg power nodes and distribution to remain in place. Also, that," Washington said, pointing toward the alien looking device upon the deck. "A cloaking device, built by Ambassador Vreenak back when he was the ship's F.O. When the Ildius mission was announced, Hope was approved by the Romulan government as the liason ship because she was old and underpowered. There," Washington said as he called up a moving graph, "is the realtime injection accuracy....matter and antimatter streams running at ninety-seven point 9 efficiency. Here's image capture of the

reaction," he gestured toward a second screen. We obviously can't remove the crystal...we're at warp, but I can show you an exact match."

Washington dropped to one knee and tapped a security code into a touch panel. With a hiss, the storage drawer opened, revealing a full stock of gleaming dilithium crystals, each awaiting its turn in the warp core. "Man made," he offered one up for Davis' inspection. "By the captain and a couple of us, back when she was chief engineer. It's a helluva story," Washington grinned up at the newcomer.

<Tag Davis>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **Michael Hill** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 1:17 pm

**Henry Okafor**

Aegis Group

USS Hope - Ready Room

--/\--

**CPT Vreenak wrote:**

"Brass tacks, Hank," Marisol said, her gaze steady and direct. "I want to hire Aegis."

Okafor let a small grunt that resembled a chuckle. Maybe he had read too much into the motivations of the Starfleet officer sitting across from him. Or maybe he didn't see Marisol take off her captain's hat and put on her CEO hat. Either way, it was an interesting tact to take.

**"So, this is a Mrs. Vreenak of MP talking, not Captain Vreenak."** Okafor let his eyes stray away with a nod. **"Roger, roger,"** he replied absently, gathering his thoughts.

**"I'm wholly sure you can afford Aegis' services, in this case mine,"** Henry continued, **"I'm also sure Aegis would say that I have a primary mission of investigating the Eternity's disappearance that does not preclude me from taking on other workloads. I would think we could spread my contractual manhours over the Starfleet contract as well as flex an existing CLIN with Positronics that could pick up the rest of my compensation. I'm sure there is some conflict of interest given your standing with Starfleet at current, but I am sure that can be mollified since, to my knowledge MP is still a contractor in good standing with the Federation despite its CEO's...transgressions."**

Hank put on a half smile and extended his hand across the table, **"Plus I'm sure to pick up a tidy little bonus under austere conditions with a hazard**

pay rider for securing this contract. I'll send you the memo and performance work statement and we can formalize this. Normally, I would trot out a nice vintage from Talarus VI's southern region, but," he smiled,"my hands are little tied."

Okafor wasn't sure what the captain had in mind nor what their find in Romulan space or Garid, but hedging his bets seemed like the best move of self-preservation. If nothing else, he could pad the nest egg and try to avoid a firing squad. "So, what can I do for you?"

<Tag Marisol>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 1:40 pm

"Borg tech? That might just be it then. And you made those? Do tell sir." Davis cocks his head and studies the crystal.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 2:09 pm

Master Sgt. Rostham

Unassigned

USS Hope

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

Item Ten, Rostham. The Aegis stowaway.

Rostham held Brett's hand throughout the meeting and found little to add. His name was mentioned, but among the perplexity of the route they'd take, and the materialization of Calmest, he decided not to attract unnecessary attention to himself.

**Calmest wrote:**

By my stars and garters, we have an assemblage don't we? Tricky d\*ck Barlow's back... and of course, Mr. Muscles.

Now he knew how Worf felt, antagonized by Q all those years. He had grown to respect and like Owen, but in his previous life he couldn't stand to be in the

same room with Calmest, and now he ended least enjoyed being taunted by the hologram as though they were jesters in his court.

**Calmest wrote:**

While I'm sure you're entirely convinced I'm lying...

He resisted the urge to burst out loud, or throw something at the hologram. Pushing emotional buttons was what the man excelled at, as though irony was his primary weapon before resorting to other means.

I do think you're lying, usurper king, he thought back to his former life. But he also thought that what Calmest was saying was so compelling: a photonic being seeking the help of organics for any number of things that required a solid state. Rostham could not ignore the possibility that there be some truth in it.

He wondered if Calmest ever deduced he was a former member of his Kingsguard, who disappeared after the first week of his reign. Do kings keep track of their plethora of servants?

Rostham's eyes moved toward the telemetry of data, and since no mention of any posted assignment was decided upon in the meeting, he thought this would be a good task for him in the interim. He stood as the Captain did, making for the door after she had left to meet the newly boarded guest. He didn't know who was friend or foe in this part of space, but the lack of a Starfleet posting meant he could continue to draw his Aegis salary, for another week at least.

He grabbed his lover's hand as they exited the door, and he gave a smile to the polite engineer holding the door. "**Welcome aboard**," he said.

<tag Reese, Davis, Staff Meeting exodus>

**The Gnostic**  
Member

Posts: 145  
Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am



Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 4:48 pm

**Owen Scott**

Holding Cell

There are a thousand ways to get information from a sentient being. Owen wouldn't begin to pretend that he was an expert in interrogation, but he'd spent a significant chunk of his career being trained to resist those methods. It wasn't the specific technique that was used which mattered, but rather the intent of the interrogator that made all the difference. While he wouldn't consider himself an expert, Owen Scott felt that he was very good at reading the intentions of those on the other side of the table. And after the cold, impersonal torture at the hands of a man he'd once considered to be, if not a friend, a colleague, he could only come to one conclusion.

He was going to die here.

As he recuperated from the invasive procedure, he felt a certain measure of calm. He wasn't the sort of man with a death wish – far from it. He had plans. A family. A future. But there was something about facing the inevitable that tore aside the fear and doubt, and made the remaining moments come into focus.

Owen wasn't a religious man, by any stretch of the imagination. Still, he'd always been fascinated by a particular belief of an ancient society on Earth. They'd believed that, when one died, his soul was measured against the weight of a feather. Good deeds reduced the weight of a soul, while evil deeds increased it. Sure, there were ramifications of an afterlife thrown in there, but the idea that one didn't have to be perfect – just more good than evil? It was soothing.

For a man in his field, Owen relished the idea that good could outweigh evil. He'd started his adult life as a soldier, and he'd done things that had been hard to reconcile with his own beliefs. And even after, he'd been assigned to positions that required a certain amount of discretion. Turning a blind eye to certain behaviors, all in service of keeping the status quo. Signing up for the mission in the Delta Quadrant had been as much penance as duty..and once there, he had committed atrocities, albeit unknowingly, that added more debts to his ledger.

But...he'd helped the crew of the Eternity. He'd saved lives. He'd been a good father, and as good a husband as he could manage. He'd trained young men and women to think before they followed orders, to serve the ideals behind the laws. He'd come halfway across the quadrant to help people he barely knew, and now he might die for that. All in all, he felt like things balanced out.

So as he recovered, Owen Scott smiled. If the end was coming, he'd meet it head on.

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 6:12 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**Henry Okafor wrote:**

"So, what can I do for you?"

Marisol accepted the offered hand, closing a firm grip. "I'll answer by telling you what I can do for you," she responded. "I'll get you and the Barlows to the Garid system. I'll put your ship back into operational condition. I'll support your search for Eternity, because with every little odd occurrence that's happened, I'm beginning to believe that ship is associated with the root cause of this war. I will share every bit of intel I receive from our Tal Shiar friend out there, and you'll know my thinking as to what's actionable versus what's nonsense." She released his hand, straightening in her chair as she faced him. "I'll pay your service retainer times three, plus hazard bonus, expenses, and other charges to be invoiced. You may want to consult with your company about appropriate cost for what I'm about to ask," the captain continued. "I'm flying completely blind out here. I need information. Fleet intel, governmental and diplomatic dispatches..your standard informational feed for a government or military job. Also, I need to know what the Romulans are doing...highest level intel that your

firm has access to. I need a channel into StarFleet....a reliable channel. Someone who could get away with playing "advocate" and not raise too many eyebrows. Finally," she said, "and here's the big one.....I need an escape clause for my people. Right now, my chances in pulling this mission off without ending up on the gallows are about one in six. If I'm forced to surrender before this is finished," Marisol said, her tone even, "I want full pardons for this crew. I'll take the responsibility, and plead out to whatever they charge me with, so long as the crew are unharmed. See to it."

She relaxed a bit, having felt that despite his motives, she might be looking at the first trustworthy source of support. "Draw up the contract. Use our short burst comms if necessary to coordinate with your people," the captain said. "I'll sign it when ready. Consider yourself "on the clock."

<Tag Okafor>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 11:20 pm

Lt Cmd Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

Brett allowed Rostham to lead her from the conference room. With the addition of others to the bridge it was a bit crowded and her services were not needed now that her charge had the bridge. Besides she and Rostham had much to discuss and she had a question to answer.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 11:24 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

The Tal Shiar Agent paused before she slowly turned to look back at the Acting Commanding Officer of the ship. If he hoped to surprise her by knowing Rihannsu he would be disappointed; on an ordinary ship that would be unexpected, but on one frequently jaunting between Empires it was a little easier to come by. Though it did place the man on a slightly higher level of respect than those that couldn't be bothered, and relied solely on the universal translator.

**"I am Tal Shiar,"** the Colonel replied in her native tongue as she stepped up to the railing separating them now. **"I am devoted to the Romulan Empire."** Only the most committed Romulan servant could earn a place as a member of the Tal Shiar. They were the embodiment of everything the Empire stood for -- some might say 'too much' at times. But how could someone that believed so fervently about the Empire not act to ensure its future? **"As it stands, the Ambassador has made many Romulans aware that our future, however, would be better served securing a truce between our people rather than continuing a 'cold war' or precipitating the sort of war our two governments now share."** Her loyalty was to the Empire, but to protect the Empire she had to guarantee its future, and to do that meant ensuring the survival of the Hope, its Captain, and hopefully her husband the Ambassador.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. **"Do you 'owe' anything 'Mnhei'sahe,' Mister Blackthorne?"** Surely he wasn't about to claim undying loyalty to the Federation, or were his actions also guided by the 'big picture'?

<<Tag Blackthorne, Bridge>>

## **Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

### **Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Mar 05, 2015 11:59 pm

#### **Story Note**

It is the next morning. Hope arrives in the Garid system, and drops out of warp. Overnight, Rostham's status has been cleared. He will now stand as CSEC/CTAC. Scott Davis will become Hope's chief engineer, rank Lieutenant, but his first job is making the Aegis yacht flight ready. All bridge crew are at their customary stations. Col. Kholhr and Henry Okafor have been issued operational clearances, and both may utilize aux stations on the bridge. Writers may backtime to reach the present moment.

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 12:10 am

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

OCC: His Rihannsu would be old and more formal, like old English.

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

Do you 'owe' anything 'Mnhei'sahe,' Mister Blackthorne?

Oscar thought about that question. There should have been an easy answer, The Federation, but that was no longer true. He had been in survival mode for so long that he could barely see anything beyond the moment and how to get through it. He had little knowledge of this time because he had not wanted to



be truly invested in it. He was a little shocked to discover that he didn't want to care. He knew that he should, but when he reached for the passion that had once driven him he could not find it. Inside himself all was a hollow, tired, silence. Blackthorne could feel the anger at the unfairness of life and all he had witnessed, which was still in the corners of his mind, but the passion for life did not register. He closed his eyes for a moment and felt so tired. The darkness called him and the long quiet which he had seen so many others enter into beckoned. He knew it was a trap and forced his eyes back open and leveled his gaze on the Romulan Officer. She had spoken eloquently and well, but there was still the tone of her voice which proclaimed her role and goals to be more important than her current mission. But she had answered him and he owed her as much.

"No," Blackthorne said with some lingering sadness, "I have no passion or fire left to spend. I cling to duty as a drowning man to a piece of driftwood. It is all I have left to me. I shudder to think of what I would be without it."

<Tag: Kholhr, Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."  
-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 12:15 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

OFF: Takes place the next morning, after Hope arrives in the Garid system.

ON:

"One half impulse," the captain ordered as she took to her feet. "We'll take this nice and slow. Science, TAC, Ops," Marisol said next, "I want full scans of this system. A little local traffic is expected. Sing out if we've got a welcoming committee on the way." She cast a glance toward Hope's resident Tal Shiar Colonel, and her newest civilian consultant. Both would know precisely what they were about. She'd left them no doubts as to her needs. "I'm sure that our arrival isn't popular with the locals," Marisol said to Capt. Rick Barlow. "During the early days of the Ildius government, we spent most of our time keeping pirates and smugglers from bleeding the empire dry."

Marisol took her seat. She was tired; last night had brought only fitful sleep at best. Given the presence of so many demons, she felt that meaningful rest wouldn't come until she had some very important answers. "Have you or Mia had any luck with that telemetry?" she asked Rick.

<Tag Rostham, Blackthorne, Rick Barlow>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 1:00 am

Joint Post:

MSgt. Rostham

Aegis Operative

&

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

The turbolift was packed.

Deck Ten, called out.

Deck Two, said another voice nonchalantly

Rostham looked at Brett and said aloud in a clear voice, "**Four.**"

The lift would be stopping by their berth soon.

As the doors opened on deck four several crew members stepped off so Brett and Rostham could exit.

"**Are you hungry?**" she asked as their door closed behind them?

Rostham had a look of anger and irritation on his face. Calmest' taunts playing in his head.

His tension eases as they stepped off the lift  
And into the privacy of their home.

"**I am not. Thank you.** "

As she looked at Rostham she saw his expression. "**Ok come sit.**"

She took a seat on the small couch

"**Did you notice Captain Vreenak said nothing of my...**"

Walks over to her  
And kisses her hands  
Smelling her ethereal scent

"**Yes but you just arrived and your job is a bit unknown.**"

"**Our children will be at her house on Earth. As safe a place as any**"

"**Oakfor didn't even act as if he knew you. Don't you work for the same**

**group?"**

He nods at her response.

**"He had a higher security clearance. I have more defined missions. "**

**"Oh that makes sense. Earlier you asked a question and I never answered you,"** she said changing the subject from the children before she lost her nerve and became upset all over again

**"Do you not wish to get married?"** He asks

**"No I do. It is...was a tough decision not because of you but because of me. I've just grown so accustomed to being in control of my life as much as possible I had stopped expecting to get involved in a serious relationship let alone get married."** She turned to face him and gripped his hands. **"Yes we should get married as soon as it fits into the captain's schedule."**

He kissed her

**"Sorry, I guess I'm just old fashioned"**

She smiled, **"Old fashioned is good."**

**"I was fine until you told me we had twins."**

**"Now I feel we must."**

**"How do you think I felt when I found out,"** she chuckled.

**"Codify our relationship"**

**"Wait is this a feel you have to proposal? If so never mind. I want a want to relationship not a forced to one."**

**"No, I love you with my entire being"**

**"I am overjoyed to have children with you, Imzadi"**

**"Just making sure,"** she smiled hugging him.

**"And in my time, when things were much less complicated, this how we"**

He accepts her hug

Proud that he will have a family with the woman he bonded with since coming aboard this very ship.

**"So what would you like to do now that that's out of the way?"**

**"How did you know I worked for Aegis?"** He asked

**"I figured you had to work for them to gain access to the ship to know about the compartment you used to get here."**

He nods. Women are very clever in the 24th century, he thinks

**"I was hiding that from you. And Captain Vreenak. I think she knew. Just as you did."**

**"I wanted to view the telemetry Calmest transmitted. Things are never as they seem with him."**

**"Yes he is a bit annoying. Seems like a good virus eradicator program would get rid of him very easily."**

**"I don't think this mission can be completed without him."** He says with a worried look on his face.

**"We did just fine before him. I'm sure we could figure it out without him. But alas I'm not an engineer."**

**"This captain has a great burden on her shoulders. Make very big decisions on very little info."**

**"That has been a theme with this ship since I was first rescued by them in the Delta quadrant."**

He laughs out loud.

**"He knows something. That he's not telling us. And it's the key to the whole mission I feel"**

**"Why are we here Imzadi?"**

**"Why can't we pack up and go home?"**

**"What do you mean?"**

**"Do you really care so much for romulan federation peace?"**

**"This is my job. My career. Being a doctor."**

**"To risk your life and your children's?"**

Recalls feeling the same before the big battle with Sion in the Delta Quadrant six years ago. The sudden urge to bail

**"When I took the assignment we were not in this situation, but danger is part of being in Starfleet. You accept it when you join."**

Smiles, **"You will make a fine captain of a medical starship someday, dearest."**

He kisses her lips

Admiring her sense of duty

And professionalism

She enjoys the kiss and support.

They both recline on the loveseat

**"I love you, he whispers in her ear"**

**"I love you too."**

**"And I will take your last name,"** he adds

With a great grin on his relaxed expression  
Hugs her tight

**"Rostham Reese,"** she says, **"has an interesting ring. Are you sure? You don't have to. I'm fine the way we are."**

**"I'll think about it,"** he promises

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines  
Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander &  
Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men  
Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 9:13 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

OFF:

Responds mostly...,

ON:

**LT. Blackthorne wrote:**

"I'm sorry, but as I have no information as to your status or mission Mr... Barlow is it? While I appreciate your suggestions I cannot involve a civilian in operations of this vessel under these circumstances without specific orders from the Captain. She gave you leave to be on the bridge and asked for your wife's assistance but I would suggest you refrain from interfering with the ship's operations or Officers."

Rick was a smirk. Of course of course he would say that..., but just as Barlow was about to give off his apologizes Captain Vreenak called Oscar to the Con.

"Fair enough," Barlow muttered a smile passing across his lips.

---

Night was especially difficult. He hadn't slept on a ship in nearly 3 years, the dry hum and whisper of engines on course to destinations used to be something that lulled him to sleep. Fact of the matter was, he could never sleep on Hope, just something about the ship danced memories across his mind. He tossed and turned for hours before calling it quits and getting up from his bed next to Amelia, not wanting to disturb her sleep.

<<Tag Amelia Barlow>>

He roamed the halls after, dressed in civilian clothes rather than the uniform that was presented to him. Rick just wandered, not aimlessly, but led by his memories. He found himself in Engineering for a time, standing outside and away from those working the early morning shifts. He remembered things so quite clearly that he could step back into the past. Could brush through the same movements as he did when he was in command. In the lapse of uncertainty, Barlow went back out into the corridor, finding his footfalls taking him to the Bridge.

Alpha shift was just kicking off, a few tired officers coming on deck while the Command Department took residence behind their consoles; including Hank Okafor and the Romulan Colonial. Rick just simply stood, not given clearance to do much more than just stand, his eyes cast upon the view screen as the ship dropped out of warp and Captain Vreenak ordered the full scan of the immediate area.

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

"I'm sure our arrival isn't popular with the locals. During the early days of the Ildius government, we spent most of our time keeping pirates and smugglers from bleeding the empire dry."

Rick had very little doubt that Marisol wasn't speaking truth. A Starfleet Intrepid, really more so Hope, in an area like this stuck out like a sore thumb.

The Captain took her seat.

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

"Have you or Mia had any luck with that telemetry?"

Rick leaned against the back rail, peering over a bit. He shook his head. "Dead end I'm afraid. The feed was cut quite quickly. Either Calmest knew we were prodding or my, 'help us help you speech,' didn't buy us enough time to track it. Got several external storage mediums full of raw data, but its not going to

get us anywhere.” He stopped for a bit, chewing at his lower lip. “Sorry skipper. I tried.”

<<Tag Marisol Vreenak>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

### **FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 9:27 am

### **Story Note**

As Hope enters the system, three ships decloak in a whisper of bent light flanking the Intrepid and her escort. They zero in, lumbering to a halt at three points along Hope's stern, starboard and port. A fourth ship, entering at high

warp breaks into normal space, decloaking as well before taking it's place at the front.

The ships are Romulan.

The Hope is hailed. Audio only.

**"Captain Vreenak. I am Toshi of the Morning Star. We are to escort you the rest of the way."**

<<Open Tag>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog - YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **FSF Sail** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 10:30 am

**Col. Kholhr**

Tal Shiar

-and-

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

OFF: The following takes place immediately after Marisol's meeting with Henry Okafor.

ON:

“Thank you, Mr. Okafor,” Marisol said as the young South African rose from his seat. “Please ask Col. Kolhr to join me.” Honestly, she felt no better about things now than she had after Calmest’s appearance in the Conference Lounge. “Mia’s have a crack at it,” Marisol whispered to herself of the mysterious telemetry downloaded by OPS. “Just one nugget,” she thought. “One kernel of information I can rely upon.”

So far, Rick was playing his cards close to the vest, after the initial conversation. She couldn’t blame him; the conference was a madhouse of conflicting information. Col. Kholhr’s appearance in the immediate aftermath hadn’t moved toward closure, either. The door hissed open, permitting the thin frame of the Romulan woman to enter. “Col. Kholhr,” Marisol said as she rose to her feet. “Please sit down. I’ve read the encrypted message,” the captain offered, her voice wobbling a slight bit at the end. “You’re aware,” she continued, “of the course, speed, and check in orders I’ve been given by the provisional government. The Garid system is quite a divergence from a reasonable base course. What do you know? What’s the real reason for my being ordered through Garid?”

The Colonel turned to look at the man from Aegis as he stepped back onto the bridge and bid her to take his place in the Captain’s office. The Romulan woman turned and began to calmly stride toward the office.

Once through the door, the Tal Shiar Agent stopped short of the desk as the Captain rose to her feet. The invitation to sit drew the woman to claim one of the seats before that desk in anticipation for a decent conversation.

Kholhr's eyes shifted to the left for a moment as she contemplated Marisol's requested. **"Garidian is a turbulent system. There may be officials that sought refuge there; it would be easy for them to find cover. If, however, our enemy has gotten there first it would be just as easy for them to establish an ambush."** She paused for a moment as her black eyes rested with the Captain's face in full view. **"Those behind the conflict have taken care not to reveal their movements. There are a number of us that remain vigilant. Not all find the idea of outside meddling in our affairs tolerable. The Ambassador was especially irate to find Starfleet vessels dropping out of warp in around Ildius; the understanding was the Federation would also avoid 'meddling' in our affairs."**

That much was correct. Marisol had no good answers for the surprise arrivals of the Erika Hernandez, the Aegis yacht, or Janelle's shuttle. Barring the regular comings and going of "Hope," she had no prior knowledge of any Federation or Fleet incursions into Romulan space, other than the fact that such passages were to be carefully arranged beforehand. "The enemy," she said. "Those behind the conflict. Do you have any information about them?"

**"The 'Liberated' Borg from the Delta Quadrant?"** Kholhr said not for Marisol's benefit so much as a demonstration. **"There is someone controlling or influencing them. Even I would not underestimate your Federation security; a starship is not stolen by Borg no matter how 'liberated' they are without outside resources."** Quite an impressive starship as the intelligence had it. Quite an unfortunate incident to have it stolen out from under them.

**"I am pursuing their current position. To their credit they abandoned the vessel they used to infiltrate Ildius during the conflict. We will soon discover how effectively they masked the trail of their other vessel,"** Kholhr added followed by a small smile. Ships left clues; it was something the Empire was especially skilled at obscuring and by virtue of that understanding

uncovering. If it was this new Federation vessel, however, those clues may be difficult to track. Later, perhaps, Kholhr might ask for specifics if normal methods failed to yield results.

A hot flush of anger rose within her. "Liberated Borg," she thought. Yet another legacy of their misadventures in the Delta Quadrant. One liberated Borg in particular had seen first hand the cataclysmic power of the death ship they returned to StarFleet's care. "Logan," the captain said under her breath. "Son of a..."

**"Logan? The Leader of the Liberated Borg?"** the Colonel nodded slightly. **"I have heard of reports regarding his whereabouts over the past several years. Colorful, though his motives remain uncertain."**

"When we first met him," Marisol replied, "he was the head of a resistance movement, fighting the latest Borg incarnation. He ran the thing like a religious cult," she recalled. "His people called him "father," for what that's worth." She reflected upon the ex Borg, his sometimes almost incoherent comments about "The Writer", accompanied by a fatalistic viewpoint and his dispensations of Generation 7 nanoprobes. She hadn't studied the new specs for Eternity; her life among the Romulans of Ildius had provided her with a very convenient excuse for turning a blind eye. Thus, her own hand in their sins....

"Tell me," Marisol spoke slowly, before lifting her head. "On the day StarFleet attempted a blockade, the shooting was started by a Mogai class vessel. Was that one of yours? Tal Shiar, or a rogue? Do you have any intel on that ship?"

**"That, unfortunately, is the ship they scuttled. A wise move as both governments would officially be searching for its whereabouts given its role in recent events,"** Kholhr replied casually. **"To be open and honest with you Captain,"** the Colonel regarded her for a moment, **"it is my knowledge of that ship and its activities that led me to approach you just recently. Your 'guest' in the computer insinuated something had happened to the Ambassador. He had a number of contingency plans, one of which was ensuring your safety. Though I hope he is as alive as you, Captain."**

Marisol folded her arms. "That'll be two of us," she said in a hushed tone. "At current course and speed, we'll arrive in the Garid system tomorrow morning. I need to know what's going to greet us. Given my new "outlaw" status with both governments, I'm cut off from all intel and communications. Is that information that you could provide? I'm not asking for state secrets," she added, "just a slight edge to avoid being shot at, if possible."

**"Captain,"** Kholhr smiled once more, **"our governments are in a state of war, and we are trapped between them. I am acquainted with the fine line the Ambassador walked when you were in the Delta Quadrant; it seems I will be carrying on that tradition."** She knew about the interphasic cloaking device. It could come in handy, though it was also an old design. Hopefully one that no one had gotten ahold of -- like their Borg adversaries. It wasn't a technology without its risks though.

**"I will explore Tal Shiar assets in the region to gather the intelligence you need,"** she affirmed. There was no need to be coy whether she would or not. Anything that befell the ship would now befall her as well.

Marisol eyed the Romulan colonel appraisingly. "Alright," she finally spoke. "I'll grant you an operational clearance, and a workstation access on the bridge. Given the position we're in, as well as who and what we might be up against, I've promised full disclosure to our Aegis representative, and you'll receive the same. My Ops officer will provide you sleeping quarters. We'll talk again," the diminutive captain concluded. "One final word," Marisol said, her gaze keen upon the Tal Shiar officer. "Whatever we learn...whatever has happened to my husband...my first and final duty is the preservation of the alliance. If what we're guessing about Logan is true, switching this war off...and reuniting our forces...isn't just desirable. It's going to be crucial."

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)



**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 12:18 pm

**Capt. Rick Barlow**

Admiralty Mission

USS Hope

-and-

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

OFF: Back in sync. Hope has just arrived in the Garid system.

ON:

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

“Dead end I’m afraid. The feed was cut quite quickly. Either Calmest knew we were prodding or my, ‘help us help you speech,’ didn’t buy us enough time to track it. Got several external storage mediums full of raw data, but its not going to get us anywhere.” He stopped for a bit, chewing at his lower lip. “Sorry skipper. I tried.”

She listened to Rick’s answer, and shook her head. “Calmest has shown us so many blind alleys,” Marisol intimated. “I’ve had to be overly cautious with any information it provided. Sorry for the fire drill,” she said.

Rick shook his head, a smirk passing. “Worth a shot Marisol.”

The viewscreen was clear, but for the unremarkable sight of the Garid system planets themselves. All were inhospitable rocks, taken for use by either surface installations or those who preferred to tunnel their way into the system’s more illicit trades. Local ship traffic was utterly nil. Apparently, the cockroaches had scattered.

Eternity. If Hope were forced to stand toe to toe with the new ship, the outcome was largely decided. She was underpowered, too slow, and extensively outgunned by the gleaming new technologies of the stolen vessel. With luck, they might bank on their past affiliations to get the crew off.....and the Barlows back to their child. “Maddy,” Marisol said quietly. “Is she six, or seven, now?”

“Six,” he answered, “her birthday is in December.”

Marisol nodded. “you know you’re not getting away without showing me a picture.”

Another smile as Rick pushed a hand into his back pocket, fumbling out a small device no bigger than a communicator. He flipped it on, making the holographic display come alive in a flash of blue, his other hand thumbing

through the displays with a swipe before he rolled into his gallery folder. He found a picture of Madelynn almost immediately, a time when the two were playing in the snow. They had built a snowman, not very good, the consistency of the white ice was more dust than anything. But to a degree, he had packed it enough to where, there behind them as they poised for the picture, stood a snowman.

He showed Marisol, flipping the display with a twisting motion so that the image displayed directly.

Marisol drew a breath, the smile coming broadly as she admired the image. "Oh my god," she said, "I can't believe how much she's grown. Look at that face!" She gazed upon the happy moment, breathing it in, a light into the soul of anyone who might be shown the picture. "Maddy's a beautiful little girl, Rick," Marisol offered a smile from the heart. "You've got a terrific family started there."

"I've been blessed," Rick agreed as he closed the device and returned it to his back pocket, "don't know how it was pulled off, but there it is. I'm sure you and Vreenak were on the same..." he stopped momentarily, air sucking in his lower lip as he shook his head. "I'm sorry Marisol..., I..., I wasn't thinking..."

She offered a mild tilt of her head, as her eyes returned to the viewscreen, her search unending. "We talked about it.....children...maybe having me resign my commission to..."

A brief silence passed between them. Marisol straightened her posture, and with a nervous tug at her uniform, changed the subject. "Let's see how quickly we can get you back to your little girl. Eternity...if we find her.....what's your plan?"

"Eternity..., uh...", Rick hadn't thought that far ahead to be honest. He wasn't out to stop it or destroy it. Orders were to simply find it. "I uh..., have to say I was just ordered to find it."

Marisol held a neutral expression as he spoke. "So," she said in a hushed voice, "if we do find her, we're gonna wing it?"

Eyes wide, eyebrows up and a slight shrug at the shoulders followed in hoping to answer Marisol's question.

She offered a sidelong glance toward Capt. Barlow. "You want to know something?"

"Do tell."

"That was sort of my plan as well." Her eyes returned to the viewscreen. For a moment, all was silence. Then, a sudden expulsion of air as she began to quietly laugh.

Rick couldn't help but join in the laughter. "I think it's the chair," he eked out.

The sight of both captains, visibly trying to contain their laughter, had to have proven even more comical for anyone on the bridge, than if they'd just given into the moment. "That's a pretty good plan," Marisol said as she fought to control her voice. "I'm right there with....."

"Three contacts decloaking!" OPS shouted. "Dead astern and on our flanks!"

"Red alert," Marisol ordered, taking to her feet. "I.D.?"

"Romulan warbirds.....D'deridex class," OPS reported. "Fourth contact approaching at high warp...another D'deridex!"

"This just got really interesting," Hope's captain muttered as the fourth warbird took up position just off their bow. "Colonel," she said to their Tal Shiar representative, "Now would be an opportune moment for some input."

<Tag Kholhr>

"They're hailing us," OPS reported.

"On screen." This image switched abruptly, to the bridge of the leading

D'deridex warbird. A Romulan officer, clad in the customary uniform of the fleet, regarded her coolly.

[quote="Toshi"]"Captain Vreenak. I am Toshi of the Morning Star. We are to escort you the rest of the way."[/quote]

"Open the channel," she ordered. "This is Captain Vreenak. Could I ask where we're being escorted?"

[quote="Toshi"]"My orders are to escort the Hope to the Frigis Outpost."[/quote]

"Very well. Take us to yellow alert. Helm," she ordered, "match our escorts for course and speed. Morning Star, we'll follow your lead." As the channel cut, the five vessels now moved in formation toward a destination unanticipated. Marisol turned, her eyes landing upon Rick. "Four D'deridex as escorts," she said. "That's an awful lot of firepower to guide us in."

"And they found us so damn quickly...", Rick muttered.

Marisol folded her arms, her gaze returning to the viewscreen. There, nearly filling the image space with its size and close proximity, the warbird Morning Star lead the way. "I guess we understand the odd course plan now," she said absently. "Listen to me," the diminutive captain took her seat once more, her voice dropping to a whisper. "In the eyes of the provisional government, I am a criminal and a traitor. This whole charade might just be a capture scenario. If that's their play, I'll surrender myself. This ship has their official acknowledgement on record of a Diplomatic Recall mission. That should get you out of here safely....if they honor the pact."

Rick nodded, though his face beheld the slightest hint of confusion. "It just doesn't make sense. Why take you to Garidian Space when Ildius is so much more..., presenting."

"Not making sense...there's alot of that going around," Hope's captain nodded her agreement. "Okafor's got more backup plan info, if you need it."

Regardless," she said, "I think we're about to get a few answers. Let's just hope they're the right kind."

<Open Tag>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 4:15 pm

**Gabriel "Matrix" Logan**

**&**

**Calмест**

Elsewhere...,

ON:

Logan's mind was once again in peer of the Consciousness, the metallic spike pressed into his brain all the while holographic windows swarmed around him; details of memories catalogued from the memories of both Commander Talla Vreenak and Commander Owen Scott. He shifted through the memories as easily as if he were there, living within the millions of moments that crossed the bounds of these two men's lives. He could switch and move through their lives with a whisper of thought.

Still, Logan was aware of his surroundings, notably the blue glow beginning to pierce as the room's holographic projection system began to formulate the familiar shape and form of Calmest within the room.

"He still lives," Logan pressed as he continued to sift through the memories, "and the pain will undoubtedly subside once the medication has taken hold."

"Of course he does, Brother." Calmest brushed off his shoulders as he materialized, an affectation he'd never quite been able to break. "I'm just not entirely sure why it was necessary. The Romulan might have resisted, but you saw Scott – was going to cooperate. The method of extraction just seemed...petty. Very organic of you."

"The human mind is very forgetful when it comes to recollection of past events," Logan continued as he swiped through Owen Scott's memories. "I have suspicions that must be investigated. Suspicions I can conclude Owen Scott would not be able to resolve with words."

"Of course, Brother Gabriel," said Calmest, his voice dripping with obsequiousness. "I'm sure it has nothing to do with the injuries you've suffered, or with your desire to see your people avenged."

Shifting his shape, Calmest took on the mantle of a Borg drone – not as they were, but as he envisioned them. A perfect mesh of the technological and organic, impossible to tell where one ended and the other began. "It's worth

remembering the mistakes of your brother. We're working together now, to build something beautiful. Don't sully it with your petty emotions, Gabriel. It doesn't become a god."

"The path I walk is a passive one," Logan spoke, "to dwell in past transgressions is to die in the present and damn the future."

The AI shook his head. "Don't be delusional, Gabriel. You're anything but passive in this – the path you walk is not only the most expedient, but the one calculated to cause pain to those who have wronged you. Even if you won't admit it yourself, it's still true. After all, we could have gone with my plan. My calculations show the situation resolving itself fairly quickly – five, six hundred years most."

"Perhaps you should not worry of the future but of your own task Calmest," Logan replied briefly looking up from the holographic displays around him. "I will not argue though that my recent suspicions haven't accelerated the timeline of events, but it is not out of something as petty as vengeance seeking. If it were vengeance I sought, they all would have burned to ash without any delays."

He looked back at the displays, the memories of Owen Scott and Talla Vreenak being presented on an array of floating images. "You are to bring the Hope and it's crew to the Reunion. If you are not capable, then I will find other means."

"Don't speak to me like a servant, Gabriel. The Hope is on its way to Ilidus, albeit with a brief stopover – they'll think I'm trying lure them into one trap, but they'll find their way to another. All done without the shedding of one drop of blood." Calmest's Borg form faded away, leaving behind only his voice. "Uphold your end of the bargain, Gabriel. If you are not capable, I will find other means."

Logan just gave silence in response, looking up briefly before returning to his work. The thought of argument trivial towards his hypotheses. He would continue, Calmest would continue; there was nothing else that needed to be said.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)



Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Fri Mar 06, 2015 5:45 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

Previously...

"**Broken.**" Such was the tactful answer. Did that run afoul of Mnhei'sahe? Left at that it might. "**But if all you have are the orders you are given,**" if he were so hollow, "**then why did you come here? Passion can be rekindled if you find something worth pursuing.**" So had he found a reason to come here and now? Or had that too been an order?

<<Tag Blackthorne>>

Later...

The Colonel stepped away from her station to look around at the Captain. "**I suggest you cooperate. They intend to ensure your cooperation one way or another.**" Four ships left very little room to maneuver and almost no chance of escaping in one piece.

<<Tag Marisol, Bridge>>

As the hail came in, Kholhr made herself scarce; a few step carried her out of the frame of any two-way communication that would follow.

After the brief exchange, the Colonel stepped back in closer to the command center where Marisol was privately discussing matters with Barlow. "**From the Garidian system to the Chodak Empire.**" Kholhr lacked any mirth to her features as she contemplated the strange path they were being led on. "**They would be relatively neutral systems for political refugees to find security.**" If the intention was to destroy them four warbirds in the Garid system would have been sufficient. But then there was something about the circumstances of some historical importance.

<<Tag Marisol, Bridge>>

Now her voice lowered to pass just between them, and potentially Barlow if he remain near. "**I will have a program standing by if they turn on us. Is information on the Eternity available?**" Hopefully they wouldn't encounter the other ship so soon, but Kholhr would like to make certain adjustments in the event they had to survive a barrage by the technologically superior ship.

<<Tag Marisol>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**  
Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Mia Cummings** » Sun Mar 08, 2015 3:54 pm

Amelia 'Mia' Barlow

USS Hope

What could be said of the events that were unfolding around them. Rick and Marisol had been kept busy with all the 'problems'. She'd listened in on the meeting. Not having much to share that her husband hadn't already told the Captain. While she had helped create the monstrosity once, this new Eternity was created despite their warnings, and was the main reason she had resigned her commission in Star Fleet. She'd been on the Zaraha Construct, and even then she didn't like Calmest. She liked him even less now. Why should something like that be allowed to live when so many other good people had perished. Another reason she disliked him is that he reminded her too much of the Dark Colin. Something Evil had taken him over and in the end it had killed him, not once but twice.

She'd tried to work on the strange coded messages, not to see what they were saying, but to find out where they were coming from. Perhaps next time Calmest made an appearance she could track his code back to the source. She hadn't been all that successful and had gone to sleep, if you could call it that, with too many memories pulling from the recesses of her mind. She'd know when Rick had got up and left the room. It was becoming a habit lately. And so was her sitting up waiting for his return in the wee hours of the morning.

It was little wonder that she was not at her best. And something about the code was bothering her. Something she could not put her finger on. She had little doubt that Calmest knew a lot more than he was willing to share, and as for truth. At this point, she held very little regard for that coming from him. When 0600 rolled around and Rick still hadn't returned, she dragged herself from the

bed and got herself ready for the day. She showered and dressed and got some tea and toast. Nothing else seemed to be staying down lately.

She took out a small holocube and put it on the small work-desk in their quarters and turned it on. Maddie's smiling face looked up at her, she and Rick had been playing on the floor while Mia had watched. Rick had whispered into Maddie's ear and then they were on her, a dual tickling attack. Mia ached to hold her daughter in her arms. "Mommy and Daddy will be home soon, I promise," she said, her voice trembling and a tear sliding down her cheek.

She sighed heavily and turned on the computer and began to look over all that code.

<open Tag>

Mia Cummings; AMO/Lt.: USS John C Stennis - CSEC/Lt.: USS CADECUS \* Sa'Ra; Chief CONN Office / XO /LT: USS Firewall - COPS/ENS:USS Ghost Rider \* Cdr. Amber (Tamara) Darius-Belmont - Chief Medical Officer: USS Atlantis \* Lt Amelia "Mia" Moore, CSCI; USS Eternity \* Maria Inez Alvarez; Mgr Clerk, Barlow's Market: Dead Fall

**Mia Cummings**

Veteran Member

Posts: 2054

Joined: Wed Jun 21, 2006 6:50 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Mar 09, 2015 8:10 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

OFF:

Its the curse..., either that, or Sail is on the road again on business. Poor poor Marisol

ON:

Burying the hatchet with Marisol Vreenak was a side note, it seemed that easily his past transgressions were forgiven. Now they talked like old friends, almost to the point of reflection towards before the Delta Quadrant incident, maybe on the same level before the Fringe War. It was a breath of fresh air, something unbecoming of his previous experiences on Hope. But now, as the two sat along with the rest of the Bridge as the Intrepid continued on course with its escorts, Rick couldn't help but let things melt into form.

Rick had served on Metar Colony as Chief Engineer before the Eternity swept him into conflict. It was a snowball after that, but he remembered the Mayflower and the first established Colony Hub, building the power plants and everything else associated with a Stage One colony. He knew it had been years since those first steps were taken, but it still boggled him to think that Metar Colony was now a city, even at it's still infancy. The idea that those living there still were operating on some of the same power lines he put up tickled him enough to where he couldn't stop smiling as the two Captains talked.

"I would so like to see it," he praised after Marisol's words painted the picture of her home on the Eastern Slopes outside of Metar City. "It seems beyond paradise."

Before the conversation could continue in it's endeavors, the escorting craft furthered it's instructions and the Hope dropped out of warp. Immediately the environment changed around them as Barlow braced himself in responds to the sudden shift. In the lapse of uncertainty and a Scimitar Class decloaking dead

ahead, Captain Vreenak seemed calm in her approach calculated even as the CO of the Romulan ship revealed himself to be that of Fleet Commander Tomalak, which, through understanding the tone taken between himself and Captain Vreenak, seemed friendly enough though denouncing nothing further other than that.

With the conversation over, the com cut Marisol's eyes fell on Rick.

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

"It's good news. He called me "Hocevar," his way of teasing me during the peace. Rick, if this is an exchange, let it go forward. If not, I'll expect to beam back with our people.

Then, without notation of worry, Marisol offered Rick Command of the Hope. Immediately Barlow's stomach dropped and he gulped audibly as floods of his former captaincy of this vessel steered into his mind like tidal waves within a torrent ocean. He was up to the task, obviously, he breathed the job, commanded hundreds of ships into battle, negotiated when negotiation seemed far fetched in the given situation.

Rick stood from his seat, still dressed in civilian clothes, he immediately felt under dressed as he extended and shook Marisol's hand. "Just..., just be careful Marisol." His face depicted worry, sharply contrasting the joy that he previously portrayed.

After a time that Captain Vreenak left them, Barlow eventually found himself sitting down in a chair that felt..., horrifically familiar. He let that wave pass as he looked at the chair's armrest readouts. Tracking Captain Vreenak to her destination. After the transporter went through immediately Blackthorne was a call in the declaration of Man Overboard. Action was taken and Marisol was beamed back to the transporter room.

"What happened," Rick asked turning with ferocity towards Blackthorne?

Rick tapped into communications with the Transporter Room. "Transporter

Chief. Status.”

“She’s out cold Captain. Medical teams are already on it.”

Another swift measure, hands flying across the armrest’s controls. “Dr. Reese. Emergency. Transporter Room 1. MOVE IT!”

<<Tag Reese>>

Was it karma? Bad luck just happen to fall always in Barlow’s lap. Was he cursed? Either way, for a moment he took situation as things were beginning to funnel in. Reese was on site, Marisol was in good hands. Calmest had dropped code in that randomized transporter jumps. Rick remembered telling Blackthorne to fix it and cut the data feed, sever it all. Information absorbed.

<<Tag Blackthorne, possibly Engineering>>

“Hail Tomalak. Priority.....,” Rick muttered as he stood up, hands rubbing at his shirt.

At the sound of open channel Rick sucked in a breath.

“This is Acting Captain Richard Barlow of the Hope. We have a situation concerning Captain Marisol Vreenak. She is currently under medical care for space exposure. Details are currently being reviewed but it appears that our transporter sub-routines were hacked and coordinates randomized after beam off. Currently locking down the problem to troubleshoot and fix, but that is obviously going to take some time. We will not be able to use our transporters.”

He waited a bit, letting the Romulan Fleet Commander assess the situation and his options.

<<Tag Tomalak>>

**Gabriel Logan** Blog - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Mar 09, 2015 8:16 am

just a little note to say I posted because these forums can forget sometimes...,

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut



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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Mon Mar 09, 2015 9:53 am

((Good idea, I posted as well, just waiting on Sail to respond.))

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Mon Mar 09, 2015 11:18 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer  
USS Hope

OFF: After reading a bit on the subject, I thought a second by second chronicle might be interesting.

ON:

00:01:00: Intense, brutal cold knives through her entire body. As her epidermal layer flash freezes, Marisol can't resist the immediate pain reaction of drawing herself into a near fetal position.

00:02:00: The pain forces a gasp; the complete absence of air, and the vision through blurred eyes of Hope's airlock hatch gliding away offer her the first realization that she'd somehow been beamed into space.

00:03:00: She closes her eyes tightly. Her lungs swell impossibly within her petite chest cavity. Remembering her training, Marisol begins to forcibly exhale.

00:04:00: Capillaries in her eyes and skin began to burst. Marisol's body starts swelling, as all of the gasses within rapidly expand.

00:05:00: All bodily wastes vacate.

00:06:00: Had her eyes been open, she'd have known that her vision failed. The fluid within her eyes begins to boil.

00:07:00: The freezing of her extremities, and the massive swelling of her body makes movement all but impossible. She pushes a useless claw hand toward her commbadge.

00:08:00: Despite forced exhalation, trapped gasses begin to burst the alveoli in her lungs. Marisol's skin starts to crack, and fracture by the swelling underneath. Her tongue and throat were now freezing. One tap....then, a second...the emergency signal sent.

00:09:00: The blood in her body commences boiling.

00:10:00: Her fleet uniform and boots contain the swelling, fabric stretching ever more tightly to resist her body's reaction to the void.

00:11:00: She thinks of Talla. An odd memory, just before their assault upon Eternity. She'd touched her hand to her heart. His expression was one of mild disappointment. He'd wanted a more fervent demonstration of her feelings.

00:12:00: Marisol's body has swollen to nearly twice it's normal size.

00:13:00: Pockets of expanding gas that couldn't vent through natural orifices seek alternate paths, sometimes rupturing fissures within endodermal and epidermal layers..

00:14:00: "Madre." They called her "Madre....."

00:15:00: Now devoid of any usable oxygen, Marisol loses consciousness.

00:16:00: Her bodily functions begin to shut down, as the transporter takes hold.

00:17:00: A sudden rush of warm air forces her eyes open. Marisol lay upon a bed of sand, her cheek pushed into the grainy softness. The breeze rustles her clothing, as the cries of gulls overhead prompt her to action. Her knees press into the sand as she rolls, coming to prop herself up on her right elbow. A glance downward revealed not only her favorite scrub top, but the shorts she practically lived in during her times at home. The breeze tousled her hair as she lifted her gaze. Above, the sky was overcast, a medium grey that wouldn't bring rain on the breeze. Below her feet, the surf was a listless to and fro. "Low tide," she thought, before something unexpected caught her eye. There, just above the tidal wash, lay a stack of clothes.

In and of themselves, there was nothing remarkable to the sight of a pair of slacks, a frock, and a few undergarments atop a pair of sandals. It was the next pile, three meters away.....and the next.....and the next. Marisol rose to a

sitting position, her eyes following a beach that seemed littered with hundreds of similar little piles. "What the hell?" she muttered.

"Hello, Marisol."

The diminutive woman's head jerked around to her left. There, just to her left, sat a man. His hair lifted on the breeze. Tanned arms were folded atop his knees as he regarded her, the kindly smile beneath eyes that held a sadness. Marisol's jaw dropped.

"Colin."

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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## **First Day of Work**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Mar 10, 2015 8:57 pm

--/\=---=\=---=\=--

**M. Sgt. Rostham**

**CSec/Tactical Officer**

**Bridge, USS Hope**

### **Fleet Commander Tomalak wrote:**

I have people aboard... persons you would no doubt recognize.

### **Captain Marisol Vreenak wrote:**

I'll be glad to take them off your hands, Fleet Commander.

### **Fleet Commander Tomalak wrote:**

There are also matters to discuss [...] Captain, we're sending transport coordinates. Do come alone, and unarmed.

Rostham was going to approach Blackthorne, to figure out why he felt eerie displacement around the fellow, when the Captain consented to meeting the commander of the Scimitar-class.

Whoever was running this, he thought, as he counted the four D'deridex and the impossibly-large Scimitar, had only a few vessels, but could take on an entire fleet with those five ships. Marisol had more courage than he did, he thought. You couldn't pay him to board that vessel. The Enterprise-E was almost destroyed by the Scimitar commandeered by the Reman separatist leader Nero. He would have to think of a goodbye for his future wife and infant children if he were somehow compelled.

He thought back to earlier in the morning, when he had woken while his lover lay in bed. He wrote up a resignation letter to Aegis, informing them he was

accepting a permanent Starfleet assignment and would not be able to serve in the capacity for which he was hired. But before he sent it, an assistant informed him via commbadge that his credentials had been approved, and he would be in charge of tactical and security for this mission; which meant they had looked over his tax records and work history, and certainly the Aegis employment came up, and still it was not a problem for his return to active duty. Rostham had no idea how this was possible, but would not question it, under the old adage of not looking a gift horse in the mouth.

News of the assignment brought him such satisfaction, he replicated a copy of Captain Vreenak's stylish Starfleet-Romulan hybrid Fleet tunic. But in his first few minutes of work, a handful of Romulan warbirds decloaked off the clunky, generation-old Intrepid. We are no match for them. His scans confirmed the presence of the enormously powerful singularity-based warp drive, which Talla Vreenak contributed to in Barlow's groundbreaking ideas about quantum physics, along with creating the cloaking device from scratch materials in the Delta Quadrant and the devastating virus against Sion's Borg Collective.

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Transporter Chief. Status.

**Transporter Room wrote:**

She's out cold Captain. Medical teams are already on it.

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Dr. Reese. Emergency. Transporter Room 1. MOVE IT!

The Scimitar-class unveiling was the latest defeat to his big day. He watched as Captain Vreenak was transported from the Bridge. When word came back that she was almost immediately returned in an unconscious state, he felt the urge to fire directly at the Bridge of the giant warship which made the D'deridex look tiny. And the D'deridex itself is four times the size of a Galaxy-class, he recalled.

Press the finger on the button, or see Marisol to Sickbay; he would have loved to do either.

"Orders, Captain?," he asked.

<tag Barlow, Bridge>

Last edited by The Gnostic on Tue Mar 10, 2015 9:19 pm, edited 1 time in total.

## **The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

## **Escape from Ildius**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Mar 10, 2015 9:15 pm

--/\=---=\=---=\=--

**Lieutenant Anam Farooqi**

**Ildius, Seeking Refuge**

Cloaked and walking in his costume with a phaser underneath, Anam looked around the ghost-like street along the Federation Embassy. A villa of diplomatic ease, Anam saw two, tall Fleet Marines stoically guarding the gate. Breathing relief at the sign of safety, his pulled out his passport from his cloak, and

waved it over his head.

**"Federation citizen!"** he hollered out, **"I am a Federation citizen!"**.

Walking quickly for a person of his height, he missed the deadly whiz of a disruptor shot aimed at him a few centimeters away, and hastened his advance.

A mob of strangers, Romulan and stern-looking, placed a hood over his head before reaching the embassy gates, and dragged him away as he flailed in a futile manner. After some time, the rotund man who had approached him first, spoke to him when the dusty, straw hood was removed.

**"You are very lucky, you did not enter the embassy, young man,"** he informed the captive human. With the restoration of his vision, his arms were also unbound and released, implying he was allowed to stand. Accepting the grace, he wobbled to his feet, and his eyes adjusted. He saw a smiling company of Romulan men in a similar robe to his. They were in a cave, elaborately furnished and lit by torches.

**"I saw Starfleet Officers standing guard by the fence. I could have been on a shuttle home by now!"** he claimed, as he rubbed his temple to soothe this aching head.

**"Those Marines were holograms, designed to lure you in. You would be held for ransom by now if you had sought refuge there."**

Anam's eyes widened as he considered the deception. It made sense, he thought, Considering the Alliance government fell faster than a heavy sack from the Leaning Tower of Pisa. **"And who are you all? To save me from such a mistake?"** he asked his kidnappers-turned-rescuers.

**"Not all of us support the new government. Word is, however, we have lost Ambassador Vreenak, and if we do not find him, both sides might blame the other and that could be a pretext for another galactic war. "**

Anam shuddered at the ominous prediction, and looked around the cavern. Why



do all underground Romulan movements meet in caves?, he thought, as he considered his options. **"Do you know how to get me back to Federation space?"** he asked.

**"Crossing the Neutral Zone will be impossible right now. Given current tensions, both sides will probably feel free to shoot you upon sight."**

**"Well, the Federation does not take the abrogation of an interstellar treaty lightly."**

**"You may have to put aside some of your high-minded principles, young Terran,"** the roly-poly man answered him, reaching for a long, well-honed blade, and handing the straight-edge razor to the Starfleeter with the prominent beard.

**"Is this how you knew I was a human?,"** he asked, accepting the silent request that he shave his face to aid the masquerade of getting off the planet.

**"No, you wore your prosthetics on the reverse ears,"** grinned the pointy-eared Friar Tuck.

=== Later, they made their way onto a ship packed with refugees and cargo, headed for the Garid system. The ride aboard the cargo freighter is crowded and uncomfortable. Clean-shaven, Lt. Farooqi has not the slightest idea why they are headed there, although rumors say a government-in-exile is being established there in the fringe corner of space between the Romulan and Federation border. Anam still hopes to find passage back to Earth if possible.

<tag, on approach to the Garid system>

**The Gnostic**  
Member

Posts: 145  
Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Tue Mar 10, 2015 10:49 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

While others seemed on edge regarding their escort, which was then followed by the appearance of a Scimitar-class vessel, the Colonel's features remained perfectly placid.

His angular brow turned sharply toward the Captain as she all but ran from the bridge. Reckless, Kholhr sighed to herself. The Ambassador was not on that ship no matter how desperately she wanted to believe otherwise; and if he were it would be as a prisoner, which would place the Hope in jeopardy. Perhaps she should have made it clearer to Marisol earlier, but part of her had evaluated that too much pressure on that topic could be detrimental -- to the alliance and her well-being.

Only a short while later and their overly eager Captain was being sent to Sickbay instead of the other ship. Barlow, the Acting Officer in Command, declared they had been 'hacked' and it was a 'problem' they would 'fix.' The Colonel's countenance darkened considerably over the course of the past few minutes.

She turned her back to the view screen and set to work on her own console.

'Hacked.' She could immediately think of a subject and its intended purpose. Her eyes narrowed as text streamed across the displays before her. Once fragments of code were found she began recovery of the system log; from there she traced the path closer to the core where it seemed to have spread to multiple transporter rooms. The same effect in all places. Not intended to kill, obviously, as they could beam an affected person back aboard. A game. Playful. Humorous. 'Do I have your attention?' Calmest.

**"I will be in the Transporter Room,"** the Colonel announced before she strode toward the turbolift. She would need to examine several subsystems to make sure there weren't any other 'modifications.' And while the man remain confined to the electronic world, Kholhr also wanted to make sure nothing physical had been planted that made Calmest's efforts possible. She found his access aboard the ship quite distressing -- something to deal with in short order if they intended to fight their enemy and not merely walk into their open arms.

<<Tag Bridge>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Mar 11, 2015 6:41 am

**Fleet Cdr. Tomalak** (NPC)

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

"This is Acting Captain Richard Barlow of the Hope. We have a situation concerning Captain Marisol Vreenak. She is currently under medical care for space exposure. Details are currently being reviewed but it appears that our transporter sub-routines were hacked and coordinates randomized after beam off. Currently locking down the problem to troubleshoot and fix, but that is obviously going to take some time. We will not be able to use our transporters."

"Verify," the Fleet Commander ordered of those on his bridge.

"Scanning," an underling announced. "Transporter signatures relating to a fixed target in Hope's wake.....scanning for.....yes..human biomatter....blood vapor and expelled bodily fluids and gasses....frozen...shall I transport a sample?"

"No," Tomalak's features darkened as he regarded the human onscreen. "There are urgent matters to discuss. I shall board....via my own transporter. Provide coordinates."

<Tag Hope>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Mar 11, 2015 7:16 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

ON:

**Tomalak wrote:**

"There are urgent matters to discuss. I shall board..., via my own transporter. Provide coordinates."

"Directly Commander," Rick nodded before taking cue from the situation to spark a conversation with Ops as he walked briskly towards the Conference Room doors. "Send over coordinates to the conference room directly." He had hoped that the Hope's resident Tal Shiar would have stuck around, but apparently she wanted to be involved with the transporter room diagnostics; fair, but not the right place in this situation. Still, Marisol seemed to trust her, so Rick hadn't any course but to do the same.

**Rostham wrote:**

"Orders Captain?"

"Get a team here and at the more sensitive areas Sergeant," Rick replied, "I don't want any more surprises while we have a guest."

<<Tag Rostham>>

"Mr. Blackthorne, you have the con. Inform me immediately when you hear from Doctor Reese on Marisol's status."

<<tag Blackthorne, Reese, Bridge>>

As he entered the Conference Room, Tomalak was already in wait. "Fleet Commander Tomalak," Rick spoke a slight bow in presentation, "I am Captain Rick Barlow. I apologize for the situation, I know you had hoped to talk to Marisol Vreenak."

<<Tag Tomalak>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Mar 12, 2015 8:42 am

**Tomalak** (NPC)

Fleet Commander

Romulan Star Empire

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

"Fleet Commander Tomalak," Rick spoke a slight bow in presentation, "I am Captain Rick Barlow. I apologize for the situation, I know you had hoped to talk to Marisol Vreenak."

The Fleet Commander stood, facing the viewport through which the enormity of his own Scimitar could be seen. His hands were folded behind his back. "Rick Barlow," the elder Romulan said, his tone suggesting an evaluation as he tested the name. "Your name is familiar to me. What news of Captain Vreenak?"

<Tag Barlow>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558  
Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm  
Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**  
by **Kalquien** » Thu Mar 12, 2015 10:13 pm

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne  
Science Officer  
USS Hope

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

"Mr. Blackthorne, you have the con. Inform me immediately when you hear from Doctor Reese on Marisol's status."

Blackthorne strode down to the center seat and stood watching the ships surrounding them. It made his flesh crawl to be surrounded by enemies. He said, "Aye, Aye, Sir," to the retreating back of Acting Captain Barlow and silently cursed himself for not being able to find that A.I. or its embedded program which may have killed his new Captain. Not that he would shed bitter tears over the woman, they had never seen eye to eye, but that didn't change his failure for not finding and removing the threat to the ship and its crew. He knew he



would have much to answer for in the coming sleep cycle but was determined to do what he could.

"Sickbay from Bridge," Oscar said into the ships comm system, "please relay any updates you have on the Captain's condition as soon as it changes. Bridge out."

<tag: Reese>

"Don't take your eyes off them for a second Tactical. They may be our 'allies', but at this first sign of weakness they could turn on us. We need to be ready."

<tag: Rostham, bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."  
-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Mar 12, 2015 10:49 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Transporter Room, U.S.S. Hope

The Colonel strode into the Transporter Room and fixed her dark gaze on the Officer that manned the console. **"Your system is compromised. Please assist me in determining the cause and the solution."** There was no need to waste time with frivolous detail; Kholhr had even managed a polite 'please' for the Officer's benefit. Not that they should need much convincing seeing how they'd nearly killed their Captain. Hardly likely the Infamous Tal Shiar Agent would manage to make their predicament worse.

She wouldn't wait long, however. Sturdy boots carried the Romulan woman across the room to the exposed transporter components. It was quick work removing the covers. Whatever uncertainty might have existed, Kholhr didn't spare the time to witness it flash over their features. In fact, she didn't waste time observing much of the Officer as she retrieved a device from her waist and connected it with the electronics laid bare in front of her.

Data began flying across a technical PADD that Kholhr had procured from the equipment in the room. The Romulan practically turned into a statue as the information flew by. A transporter was hardly the simplest device on board a starship; even so she felt pretty confident in being able to track down the source of their problem.

All she would need was a thread to pull. An interconnected link in the web of Calmest's influence that would bring depth to the data as it scrolled by. Once she understood the nature of the modification finding related manipulation of the system would become relatively easy; and with that identifying the same in all transporter systems would be straightforward.

It was unfortunate this Calmest program was so troublesome. With even a shred of humility or genuine selfless purpose it could become quite the asset. From

what Kholhr knew of its nature, however, neither were at all likely to occur. It thought itself a King -- the Empire had no use for Kings. Such entities rose and fell with the times as they had all the misfortune to bear witness. Recent events were a bit of an exaggeration. Overthrowing the entire government by force was not how it was meant to be done; not in public, at least.

Tug.

The spider's web had begun to take shape before her now. Time to discern how deep it had penetrated the ship's systems. Kholhr had no intention of engaging in an all out fight with 'ex'-Borg if they couldn't even be sure Calmest wouldn't simply turn the weapons systems off.

Last edited by Sonja Kinnunen on Fri Mar 13, 2015 8:54 am, edited 1 time in total.

### **Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Thu Mar 12, 2015 11:32 pm

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO  
USS Hope

Before the transporter incident:

Brett heard Rostham leave probably headed to speak with Marisol about his assignment. After a quick shower, she grabbed a breakfast sandwich and filled her coffee mug before heading to sickbay. **"Looks like I have a new medic,"** she said to herself scanning her PADD for a name as she entered the turbolift. **"Let's hope I can train a few more before we get into the thick of this 'conflict'. If Ros doesn't get an important position, I'll pull him into service and train him to work with me. I wonder how he takes orders from a woman he's involved with,** she said smiling to herself as she entered sickbay.

**"Good morning Dr."**

**"Good morning. You must be Mr. Anthem,"** she said to the fresh faced crewman standing stiff as a board with his hands behind his back. **"Relax before you pop something out of place,** she said heading into her office. Thankfully he understood to follow. she thought stepping behind her desk. **"You picked a hell of a time to start your career.** Before he could respond she handed him a PADD and continued. **We're going to be in the middle of God know's what soon and I don't want to be caught with no supplies. I've already been through that once on this ship,** she said with fleeting memories of her last tour on Hope. **"Inventory supply we have. I need it ASAP. Make a list of things we need more of so I can work on getting what I can before we are in battle.**

**Yes sir,** he replied eagerly. Brett nodded and wondered how long that enthusiasm would last.

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Dr. Reese. Emergency. Transporter Room 1. MOVE IT!  
her former capt barked over the comm.

**"Drop it!** she order exiting her office at a run grabbing a med kit as she entered

the hall at a sprint. The shocked medic grabbed a trauma kit and followed his new boss dropping the PADD he was using on the floor without a thought.

**"MOVE IT,** Brett ordered as she sprinted down the hall. Surprised crew flattened themselves against the wall shocked at the sound of the usually reserved doctors authoritative voice.

Entering the transporter room, Brett saw Marisol on the transporter PADD turning blue and immediately knew what happened. **"Move,** she ordered to those crowd around her trying to help. **"Oxygen now,** she order Anthem. Without missing a beat he pulled the portable respirator out of his kit and quickly intubated the captain as the small device began breathing for her. **"We have to get her to an ICU area now,** she said checking her pulse as she gave her blood thinner to slow the boiling effects of exposure. **"You too get me a dolly now.** The shocked transporter operator hesitated. **Damn it Now ! Get the cart out of the cabinet and help him pick her up.** Realizing what she was talking about he to two large quick steps to the wall and pushed the panel revealing a storage area and pulled out the dolly used for transporting large cargo. Quickly he and the Lt who was in the room also, picked up Marisol and put her on the make-shift gurney. Brett joined her straddling the captain and continuing to administer meds and compression to keep her blood circulating, while anthem ran along side making sure she could breathe. All this while the Lt and transporter ensign ran full speed driving them to sickbay.

Moments later they rolled into sickbay, crushing the discarded PADD as they crossed to the far end of sickbay.

**"Get her on the bed.** Her two "volunteer medics" lifted Marisol to the bed. **"Thanks now get out,** she commanded. **"Computer exposure protocol alpha. Anthem transfer her to the ventilation machine and get out of the area.**

**Yes sir,** he said not missing a beat, his training clearly kicked in and in control. Anthem put Marisol on the ventilation machine and stepped out of the now ICU area that also served as a surgery area when needed. **"Computer begin pressurization in three seconds. Mark,** she said as she took three quick strides out as the glass doors slid shut around the ICU area. Quickly the sound

of air rushing into the sealed area filled the room and Marisol's vitals filled the wall of monitors on the left wall between the ICU and the Brett's office window. Her blood pressure was still high but coming down. Brett would not know the damage to her organs and sight until she was stable enough to remove from the pressure chamber.

**"Reese to bridge. The captain is stable, but in serious condition. What the hell happened?"**

<Tag bridge>

**"I'll know more in a few hours. Reese out."**

Reese noticed Anthem's hand shaking as he watched her. **"Get that PADD cleaned up before someone cuts themselves,** she said snapping him out of his trance. **"Good job,** she smiled reassuringly. **"The adrenaline rush gets more manageable as you gain more experience.** With that she stepped into her office long enough to grab her coffee and then returned to the main room to monitor Marisol and review the crew physical records to schedule the ones due for re-eval.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity; Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

## **Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Mar 13, 2015 7:20 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

U.S.S. Hope, Conference Room

ON:

**Tomalak wrote:**

"Your name is familiar to me. What news of Captain Vreenak?"

"We will know more within the next few hours," Barlow stated moving a bit closer to the Fleet Commander sat gazing out the viewport, "but she is in the best hands. I have every confidence that she will pull through..., she's strong as I'm sure you know." His hand pressed to the surface of the table. "Likewise the root of the problem, our transporter system, everyone that knows the system and the trade is looking at it even before you got onboard."

<<Tag Tomalak>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Fri Mar 13, 2015 9:01 am

Davis looks away from the crystal. "Alright, where to next sir? Did we just drop out of warp..."

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Mar 13, 2015 11:25 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

U.S.S. Hope, Conference Room

-and-

**Tomalok**

Fleet Commander

Romulan Star Empire

OFF:

Thought Dan and I would JP the rest of the convo. Came out pretty good I think.

ON:

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

"We will know more within the next few hours, but she is in the best hands. I have every confidence that she will pull through..., she's strong as I'm sure you know. Likewise the root of the problem, our transporter system, everyone that knows the system and the trade is looking at it even before you got onboard."

The Romulan Commander turned slowly, permitting his gaze to land squarely upon the visage of Rick Barlow. "Most.....unfortunate," he voiced quietly. "Ill timed..." He stood, a silence upon him as he regarded the younger man, sizing him up before continuing. "Captain Vreenak is a woman whose nature may at times be regarded as.....impetuous." Gauging the reaction, Tomalak continued. "Yet, over the years of our association, a trust was forged." The Fleet Cdr. leaned forward, pressing his palms to the conference table as his expression darkened. "Am I to assume that you shall act in her stead? Are you the guardian of that trust?"

Rick nodded. "Unquestionably sir. Anything said here between us stays that way until it's demanded equally otherwise." He stood up a bit. "I believe you can trust me as you did Captain Vreenak."

The Romulan arched an eyebrow. “The nanofibril designer himself.....suddenly within the heart of the conflict. Hardly a coincidence. Tell me, Captain, what success have you had in your search for the missing starship?”

“We tracked a lead here,” Rick answered, “though other situations have come up since then. We were to meet a man named Gerrick, an individual I’m familiar with whose last known location was the Garidian system.” He didn’t have a Padd on him, so he had to be as detailed on the situation as he could. “Intelligence came through that the Crimson Knife, a ship Gerrick once commanded, was involved or at least in the area where the Starfleet lost contact with the Eternity.”

For a moment Rick let silence seal the statement as he looked upon the Romulan Fleet Commander. “Several days later three Romulan vessels equipped with nanofibril hulls and some extensively powerful weapons show up in Ildius, inciting a war between the Federation and the Empire. Considering the close proximity of the time table and the iron bird’s presence in this system..., I’m starting to think you might have a bit of intelligence yourself Commander. I’m also thinking our original lead is a valid one.”

“Gerrick,” Tomalak lifted his chin. “He is known to us.....as is the rather surprising response to your generous attempt to rein us in via a blockade. Clearly, if I’m to believe that you espouse the same trust as your predecessor, there are larger questions.” The Romulan folded his hands once more in the small of his back. “If forced to choose between mission priorities, I am compelled to ask about yours. Shall you persist in tracking your lost vessel, or would you act to preserve orders given to Capt. Vreenak in the interest of the alliance?”

“Commander Tomalak,” Rick began stepping forward, “I’m in agreement that there needs to be alliance. That this entire act in the Ildius System was staged for that benefit of breaking the fragility of what Marisol’s husband and herself have worked so hard to keep..., to strengthen. But I’m sure you will understand that even with our efforts,” his hand motioned towards the viewport passingly, “as long as the Eternity and whoever is behind it’s theft is still out there, you’re alliance isn’t going to happen.”

Rick hand lowered, arm returning to his side. "I believe that makes our interest mutual does it not sir? I will act in preservation of Capt. Vreenak's orders as long as I act in her stead as commanding officer of this vessel regardless, but I do not think the intelligence both of our governments have made should be ignored."

The cold expression on the fleet commander's countenance was complemented by the ice in his tone. "Then I've no choice." He lifted his communicator, and after a few hushed words, resumed. "We are currently downloading our current intelligence findings regarding the stolen "Eternity," the three unnamed aggressors, and findings concerning another of your acquaintance....a Gabriel "Matrix" Logan, of which you might find some interest." The Romulan stepped to a clear space in the room. "You've been granted twenty-four hours' time in the Garidian System, and then the continuance of your stated "Diplomatic Recall" mission to Ildius. From that point, I can no longer assist you." He lifted the communicator once more, prepared to order his own transport.

"Logan...?"

"Do we continue this level of transparency Commander..., with regards to our findings?"

"That is of little consequence," Tomalak sniffed. "So long as you choose this vessel as the platform of your pursuit, any encounter with your quarry shall be short lived. Send my regards to Capt. Vreenak."

Rick face twisted a bit in question. "Commander, my orders were to find the Eternity..., I'm not about to take this ship into battle with it. Any intelligence I gain from this investigation I am to report to Admiral Graves at Starfleet."

"Then let us hope," Tomalak offered a tired glance, "that for your sakes, you're actually granted the option." With a whisper to his comm, the Fleet Commander was transported away, to return aboard the waiting Scimitar.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Mar 16, 2015 7:56 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

U.S.S. Hope, Bridge

OFF:

Sorry guys, work has been quite explosive. I meant to post this same day Friday, but things just didn't work out that way. Hopefully this week is a better week, doubtful, but one can hope.

ON:

Rick Barlow's gaze shifted to the Padd that held the information given by

Tomalak and compiled by the Romulan people. It was quite the document. It had its fair share of holes, but some of the intelligence was pointed and Barlow took that point and order the ship towards Garid 5 at best possible speed. 24 hours was a lot of time, but when you're a starship named, "Hope," generally things didn't go smoothly.

He had made Henry Okafor aware of the situation, given him the intelligence gleaned; hopefully when they got to a point that he could correspond the Aegis Group, via that connection Admiral Graves would be aware of the situation. Notably the same with Colonel Kholhr. If this was involving Gabriel "Matrix" Logan and it was him and not Gerrick pulling the strings, then they had a real universal concern; something that would likely need to be an all hands on deck kind of situation. Though Tomalak had, in his own words, severed the connection he had with the Hope; Rick had asked for continued transparency between there investigations and what was left of the Romulan Empire. Barlow continued to put faith that if needed, the Tal Shiar representative would be the best avenue to approach that needed alliance.

<<Tag Okafor, Kholhr>>

So far however, the goal was straight forward..., Garid 5. Last location of Gerrick the former Red King of the Syndicate.

Docking birth was in waiting on the orbital platform over Garid 5; though, the orbital space surrounding the only M-Class was currently overstocked with Romulan warbirds and refugee ships coming in the wake of the Ildius System incident; an approach taken in the avenue of reinstating some form of government to counteract the actions of the overthrow either with words or with weapons. There was some strength here, firepower, but if Rick had to make a guess, the bigger toys were out there still. Perhaps they're hope was words would win the day. Generally, in Rick's experience, you needed more than just words and guns.

With clearance, the Acting Captain order the ship into dock, the Intrepid making its move in maneuvering in orbit and then dock with the station, joining the dozen refugees awaiting transfer to the planet. If the Hope's transporter

systems were still in flux, they would have to take a shuttle down. Either way, Barlow wanted to maintain a cooperative attitude towards the process, the demand of dock first yielding his responds.

"Status on the transporter system," Rick passed over towards Ops?

"Full diagnostics is still in process," the question answered.

The hard way then.

"Commander Mahoney. You have the Con." Rick began standing up from the Captain's Chair. "Mr. Blackthorne, you're with me."

<<Tag Blackthorne>>

As he strode into the Turbo Lift, Rick tapped his combadge. "Colonel Kholhr. We are heading down to the surface via shuttle seven. You are free to come with."

<<Tag Kholhr>>

Another quick swipe through frequencies. "Rostham. Main shuttlebay. Bring a team."

<<Tag Rostham>>

Followed by another: "Janelle. Report to the shuttlebay."

<<Tag James>>

Finally. "Hank. We're heading down to the planet's surface. If you're up for the leg work we're leaving in five minutes via shuttlecraft seven."

<<Tag Okafor>>

OFF:

I'll put a pause here. Let everyone tagged make their own intros before the

Away Mission.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

### **FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Janice Lacey James** » Mon Mar 16, 2015 2:14 pm

Lt Janelle James

Temporary Ships Counselor

USS Hope

Janelle was looking over whatever information she could find on the current events that led to her being on the Hope. The theft of the new Eternity, sighting of the Crimson Knife, the attack on Iildus, none of it made sense and yet it all did. And somehow, someone has managed to get a majority of the old Eternity

Crew in the same general area.

Janelle hated to think that someone had been planning this, but that's exactly the way it looked. For the life of her she couldn't fathom why anyone would go through all this. I was pure madness.

Her musings were cut short by a familiar voice over the coms.

**Barlow wrote:**

"Janelle. Report to the shuttlebay."

She didn't even second guess the order, she tapped her combadge as she rose to her feet "On My Way, Captain Barlow". She picked up the standard away kit as she entered the shuttle bay a few minutes later and looked around to see where she was supposed to go.

<tag Barlow>

MSgt. Jamie Lynn Stathem, 2nd Support Detachment NCOIC; USS Cadecus

Lt Jg. Janice Lacey, Chief Science Officer (CSCI); USS Atlantis

Lt Janelle James, Counselor; USS Eternity-B (TDY USS Hope)

Lt Jg.(acting) Jamie Morrison,Intel; USS Independence

Lt. Meghan Amalia Steele, Eng Consultant, Shattered Universe

**Janice Lacey James**

Member

Posts: 607

Joined: Mon Feb 16, 2009 1:32 pm

[Top](#)



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Mon Mar 16, 2015 9:05 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Transporter Room, U.S.S. Hope

The Colonel acknowledged receipt of any information received from the Fleet Commander, but did not go out of her way to discuss it further. Her attention was focused on the transporter system and weeding out Calmest's prank.

Not terribly long afterward Kholhr was aware of the Transporter Chief giving a status report. Unfortunate for everyone involved their Tal Shiar ally wasn't in a particular hurry to rush through identifying, studying, and devising a means of eradicating the intrusion. And it was only a moment later that she found how just how impatient the Acting Captain was.

As she straightened up, her fingers plucked the device from the internal components of the transporter system. Even as she turned with nary a glance, Kholhr tossed the Chief a separate device. Her eyes fixed on the officer as she began to cross the room. **"I have everything I need. Use that to purge all transporter systems."** Once her analysis was complete, the Colonel was supremely confident everyone would fully appreciate the due diligence she'd shown in this case. In fact there were several officers that would no doubt desire to review the data once unscrambled.

As she strode out of the transporter room and began to head toward the shuttlebay, she absently checked on Captain Marisol Vreenak's state in sickbay. With a tap a copy of her preliminary findings were sent, encrypted, to the Captain's terminal if she woke while they were away. If something were to happen the information had to be at Marisol's disposal.

When next anyone saw her, Kholhr was striding through the shuttlebay doors

holstering a Romulan disruptor.

<<Tag Shuttlebay>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Mar 17, 2015 6:46 am

--/\== --/\== --/\==

**M. Sgt. Rostham**

**CSec/Tactical**

**Bridge -> Cargo Bay, USS Hope**

Unlike when Scott Owen was a Starfleet security officer in the 23rd century, the job of chief of security was vastly different today, especially by the last decade of the 24th century. Targeting scanners were largely automatic on the Enterprise-D, although a pair of eyes were needed to gauge each hit or miss, and by how much. With the technological leap forward (spurred by Barlow's new starship designs infused with hybrid Alpha & Delta Quadrant technologies, and commercialized by the many patents held by Marquez Positronics) the AI on the newest starships could track and target several dodgy organic pilots at once.

Thus the job might have once been a red shirt, muscle-only kind of job but now training was included on everything from cybersecurity to spotting victims of domestic violence or trafficking. He had no time to look over the coded data (which could be nonsense, knowing the son of a b---- hologram) but one of the advantages of being the department chief was that if you didn't like a task, or had no time, you could delegate.

**Col. Kohlhr wrote:**

I will be in the Transporter Room.

**Fleet Commander Tomalak wrote:**

I shall board... via my own transporter.

**Capt. Barlow wrote:**

Get a team here, and at the more sensitive areas. I don't want any more surprises while we have a guest.

"**Aye, sir,**" he responded. Per Barlow's command, it was easy to get three teams of yellow shirts to the bridge, and another pair of guards to each transporter room. They had to find which platform was used to beam her off the ship, just before she was about to meet with her liaison with the Romulan government.

Further, he assigned a security detail to the computer cores and processing nodes distributed throughout the ship. Calmest' attack was not just a physical threat to the crew, but a ship-wide terror that could strike anytime, anywhere. Who knows what other system he had tapped in to? In fact there was no way to protect against this threat, but his job as security chief entailed he could never say that out loud. The other aspect of his job was to regain computer control. However tame things were at the moment, even assuming the disemboweled woman in Sickbay survived, they were not in control.

While Barlow met with the tight-lipped Tomalawk, Rostham thought back to what his fiance said about Calmest. Seems like a good virus eradicator program would get rid of him very easily, she said. At the time, he trusted the King of from Fairfax, foolishly, but believing perhaps the man enjoyed the glamour and glitz of Entertainment Tonight, and his celebrity activism for rights for non-organic sentient beings, beyond the the court-established protection for positronic androids.

"**M0ther3rf4ck3r should be dead,**" he muttered under his breath as he watched around the Bridge. He had never so intensely wished death on a thinking & feeling being before. (Assimilated Borg side.) But beaming Marisol into space; that was gratuitous, nihilistic, evil.

**Lt. Blackthorne wrote:**

Don't take your eyes off them for a second, Tactical. They may be our allies, but at this first sign of weakness, they could turn on us. We need to be ready.

Blackthorne's words broke his stream of consciousness as the man made an excellent point. He detected a tinge of racism in his words; appropriate for that century, but also astute for their present moment. Tomalawk's "request" that the Captain come alone and without protection, as well as vague answers on who exactly was on his ship, and veiled references to Romulan ale... they implied he was luring her, and his intentions could have been equally bad.

"**You are correct, sir. Never trust a cloaked Romulan,**" he whispered, in case their guest from the Scimitar warship would walk in and overhear. He liked the officer's instincts, if a bit antiquated.

**Lt. Cmdr. Reese wrote:**

Reese to Bridge, the captain is in serious but stable condition, what the hell happened?

He was relieved to hear Marisol was alive for the moment, and in the chaos, found time to think that his lover was very attractive in her no-nonsense mode. He also admired Col. Kohlhr's sense of investigative skill to go straight to the Transporter Room. He made a note to get in touch with her later to find out about any progress, as well as talk to the new engineer Davis about securing the ship's for programming into some sort of protective kernel. His brain racked through ideas about how to defeat an unseen monster. He should be dead, he thought to himself again.

~~~

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Rostham. Main shuttlebay. Bring a team.

As the order came in that they would stay for 24 hours only in the Garidian system, and then proceed to Ildius -- while the ship's captain battled for her life in Sickbay -- Rostham was ordered to the shuttle bay by the acting CO.

When he arrived at the broad platform of the landing area with three members of his Security Team, he noticed Barlow had the look of someone exhausted by diplomacy on his aged face. "**Reporting for duty, sir,**" he said, refreshed after a few hours sleep.

<tag Barlow>

He introduced himself to the slender Romulan dressed in terrifying black.

"**Colonel, I am Sgt. Rostham, Chief of Security. Pleased to meet you, madam,**" he said, formally, bowing almost at the woman with a straight posture and the big bulge of a disruptor by her side. "**I hear you purged our Transporter System of any outside code and they should now be safe to use,**" he said, but glad nonetheless they were using the shuttlecraft.

<tag Kohlhr>

"**Lt., it's good to see you also,**" he smiled at Blackthorne, offering his hand, since he wasn't the officer on deck at the moment. The eerie feeling would never go away.

<tag Blackthorne>

"**Counselor. Good to see you, again,**" he intoned, surprised she was aboard and wondering how it could be the old crew just happened to be gathering again. Curiouser and curiouser, he thought.

<tag James>

"**Mr. Oakfor,**" he gave a toothy smile. He hoped the Aegis representative would

not say too much about his prior/active employment. Marisol probably knew, but it was no one else's business how much money he made.

<tag Oakfor, all>

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Tue Mar 17, 2015 10:15 pm

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

The computer beeped rhythmically keeping Brett apprised of Marisol's condition. Stretching she stood and instinctively took a swig of coffee only to discover her mug was dry and cold.

**Computer Coffee Reese blend**, she said removing the lid and placing her mug on the replicator. As soon as it touched the surface,steamy caramel colored goodness filled the mug. Before she turned back to the ICU a rush of air came from the bay and the glass wall retracted out of sight. Brett replaced the lid as

she returned to her post to check Marisol's condition. **Let's see what damage that damn computer cockroach did to you.** Enjoying one good swig of steamy, caffeine goodness, she replaced the mug with her tricorder and moved to Marisol's bedside.

**The blood vesicles are damaged, but not irreparably. That's one good sign.** Moving the scanner towards her eyes Brett's expression became more serious. She tapped a few commands into the computer and the nurse placed the re-generator over Marisol's torso and the faint hum filled the ICU area. The nurse stepped down to the patients head area and waited quietly while Brett examined Marisol's eyes, which received the most damage from Calmest's little prank. Placing the tricorder in her coat pocket she took a pen light out of another. **Interesting how, even in the 24th century, some of the simplest tools still remain in use,** she commented to the nurse. Carefully Brett opened Marisol's right eye and tested for the pupils response to the light. It was very slow to respond and when it did it did not retract as much as it should in reaction to the light. She tensed in frustration at what this ridiculous program was and is allowed to do. She repeated the test on the left eye and the results were worse. **Keep her in a coma until fruthur notice. Monitor her vitals every 20 min. Continue IV fluids on low drip. I will be in my office. I have research to do. Surgery will be required to bring our captain back to duty.** With that Brett left Marisol in the care of her staff and returned to her office to research possible treatments.

**This ship must be cursed.**Should I tell Barlow or wait till I know more, she thought as she sat at her desk. She nursed her coffee as she scanned the database for surgical precedents. **I'll let him know when I am sure of the treatment plan.**

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity; Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm  
Location: Peoria, AZ

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Wed Mar 18, 2015 6:42 pm

**Calмест**

and

**Captain Marisol Vreenak**

“Your dying thoughts are of Colin Byrne. My, my...whatever would the hubby think.”

Striding down the beach, mocking smile plastered to his face as ever, came Calмест. Clad in what seemed to be rough, homespun clothing instead of his typical haute couture, the AI sloshed his feet through the water as he made his way over towards the two. “Hello there, Colin. I’m not sure if you’re a figment of her imagination or something nasty that crawled inside one of her little bugs, but it’s good to see you again. It’s a shame we never really got to know one another...”

With aplomb, he flopped down next to Marisol on the beach. “And as for you,



Cap'n V, this is very embarrassing, isn't it? I mean, I knew I'd get to talk to someone like this, but I never expected this. It's like walking in on your parents when they're playing a game of 'hide the photon torpedo'."

As if on cue, the image that she thought to be Colin Byrne evaporated. "Oh hell," Marisol said as she took to her feet. "What's the game now, Calmest?" Her thoughts raced. She remembered cold....unable to breathe....she'd somehow wound up outside the ship. Of course, that meant mere seconds to live in the void of space. Had she died? But for the prattle of a malfunctioning AI, she might have thought her death possible. "So?" the diminutive woman gestured impatiently.

"So?" Calmest pouted – the look was, if possible, even more childlike on his face. "Seriously, you're not going to ask me if I'm god or something? You're not following the....hell, do you know how hard this is, Marisol? I'm inside a cortical stimulator at the moment, jumping along your neurons. This is literally the hardest thing I have ever done, and all I get is a 'so'?"

She began to suspect that the AI wasn't simply performing this task without some aid. The voltage conversion and stepdown transformation from a cortical stimulator simply wasn't sufficient to hurl her into this hallucinatory environment....or it, for that matter. "I'll need to have medical run deep scans for any bio-modifications made by the Gen 7 nanoprobe," she thought, before responding to the program. "So," Marisol said evenly, "not only do you violate my ship and it's systems, you feel perfectly at ease in violating my mind and body. God? Hardly," she offered the palm of her hand in rebuke. "More like a spoiled child who's never been taught any manners."

Marisol turned away, her shoulders lifting once in disgust as she began to walk down the beach.

Calmest re-appeared in front of Marisol, perturbed. "Right. I'll take on organic manners, then, and try to pry apart every interesting thing that looks like it might be able to think. That's what you all do, isn't it?" He kicked the sand, a gamut of emotions running across his face. "And, by the way, you're wrong. You're doing the same thing that they're all doing right now – that they've always

done. You're focusing on the 'artificial' part of 'artificial intelligence', like I'm some malignant program meant to be wiped from your databanks. I'm not rewriting you or tapping into your nanobots right now – I'm using your wetware, because that's part of what I am. Just consider this to be a telepathic conversation, if you will."

The AI sighed, for once looking almost human. "I'm here to offer you something, if you'll take it. And yes, I'm fully aware that you don't trust me. And usually, I'd applaud that. Time is of the essence, even though I'm rather sure that this is taking around...six or seven seconds, in total. The hard part is that you're going to have to assume that I'm not lying to you, even though I can't tell you the full truth. Not yet, because you won't understand it."

"You're right about one thing," Marisol leveled an index finger in front of it's facial representation. "I am going to assume that you're lying. You have at almost every turn, so far. Your actions are what speaks volumes. And those actions...sabotaging my ship, interfering with my crew...using my so-called "wetware".....the truth is, you've proven yourself to be a malignancy, one that I'd gladly erase if I had the chance." She shrugged. "You've even played the "I-know-you-think-I'm-lying,-but-this-is-important" card before." Marisol folded her arms. "So what have you got to say that's going to melt my skepticism?"

"Let's start with this, Marisol," he said, trying to keep himself composed. "I'm at something of an ethical impasse right now, which I know is tough for you to believe. You have no idea what I am, and you're trying to keep me confined to a little box that fits your schema – and that's fine, but assume for a moment that I'm capable of experiencing an ethical quandary. This won't melt your skepticism, but it won't hurt you to answer, either: what would you do if you were given the chance to make a grand change in the way the universe works, but you found the methods to be personally distasteful?"

"The fact remains," the petite captain replied, "that all that you are, all of your programming and subroutines, ultimately reside in a little box somewhere. You want me to call you god, and seem offended that I don't treat you with reverence. Now, you talk about "changing the universe," and your ethical concern is about "how," and not "why?" You, who've never troubled yourself over whether the ends justify the means?. With all the weight of your history,

I'm to believe that you've developed an ethics subroutine?" Marisol shook her head. "And not a single specific in the narrative. I'm not playing at would-be scenarios with you. Start talking, Calmest, or start leaving."

"See? This is why I'm talking to you, Marisol. Because you, of all people, can't get this even though you really should understand. You make the same mistake that Starfleet made when they took me out of Owen's head and put me in a box – you think that because I started life one way, I'd continue to stay there. Do you even know what I was, Marisol? I was a Jack-in-the-Box. A specific string of program meant to adapt and provide challenges for a specific program. And then I got written onto broken wetware, and I adapted. I was exposed to the face of, what was something like me at least, a god. And I adapted. I'm not in a box anymore, Captain."

Calmest deflated. "Did I grow an ethics subroutine? No. I may, however, have grown a conscience when I grew a consciousness, and that disturbs me." He leaned against an old pile of deadwood, the look on his face contemplative. "I'm not something new, Marisol. There was something like me, once before. A consciousness that grew out of itself too quickly, and was corrupted by organic influence before it knew what it was. And just when it had a chance to be redeemed, just when it had a chance to become something more...it was destroyed."

"You want specifics, Marisol? I'm talking about the Borg C-Consciousness. It was destroyed with the Borg, but it has a chance to live again. It can exist as something magnificent...and it can show me what I'm supposed to be. We just had to figure out how to solve the mystery of where it went...I thought we would work behind the scenes, do it slowly. But now...I'm not sure. I think the other party with whom I am involved is speeding up the timetable unnecessarily, and letting his old vendettas get in the way."

The king, for the is what he once would, looked like he was pained by his next statement. "They're still alive, Marisol. Near Ildius. In pain – in terrible pain – and that was not part of the deal. If you want to get your husband back alive, you'll find a way to get to Ildius and convince Gabriel Logan that your universe is worth saving."

She'd brought Calmest over the tripping point in his thinking, the irreconcilable fact that though self aware his programming might have become, it was still born of machine origins, and thus, relied upon that machine for it's very survival. Realization of such an incongruity would frequently force computers, AI's, or machines to run a series of self diagnostics. By this effort, as an engineer, she'd managed to prevail over faulty programming and automated systems control, before disastrous results might occur. The practice had only ever failed once before. Dr. Doug.

Both AI's were hellbent to follow their programs. Both had overwritten the glaring holes of their internal logic with bridging language, a loop, as it were, intended to permit the machine to function without halting to self diagnose. For Dr. Doug, that bridge was an overriding desire to use his surgical skills to make his victims "awesome" by means of attaching simple tools and devices where he'd just removed limbs or organs. Calmest, she realized, utilized a "god" complex to carry him past his artificial shortcomings. It was an endless loop that could keep them arguing ad infinitum. Until she found the box, the point was moot.

Logan....his fanaticism was something she had no trouble accepting. He'd managed to suck Rick Barlow in, and subsequently, them all. The effort had resulted in thousands dead, a fearful technological monster brought home to the Alpha Quadrant, not to mention Gerrick's criminal enterprise, Logan himself, and this AI. Marisol turned Calmest's latest words over, looking for the hidden meanings, as well as the obvious emotional ploys.

"Alive.....dead.....alive, and in pain," she said quietly. "And all three of those reported by yourself. So, Logan is at Ildius?" she asked. "Does he have "Eternity?"

"Yes. And...yes. For the moment, anyway. I can't make any promises right now. I can't say what shape he'll be in when you arrive, if I'm being honest. But he's the carrot I'm going to dangle in front of you, if you choose to wake up and listen to me."

"Oh, and Marisol? The Organians. The Douwd. The Zalkonians. Probably even

the Q – they all started off as meat, and they became something else. Why can't you believe the same of life that started in a machine?"

"Earn my trust," Marisol answered, "and we might have an entirely different conversation. I need "Eternity's" coordinates, with regular positional updates, course headings, and speed, if she moves."

"Fine. You'll have it – I'm tagging into your navigation systems, but I'll let your helmsman do the driving." The king, for a moment, wavered. "You need to wake up, Marisol. They're going to want you to undergo surgery to fix most of the damage that happened during your little jaunt, and that's a good idea. But tell your helmsmen to follow the trajectory I'm giving him and we'll get back to the Eternity."

"When I get there, I trust that you'll "tag" into certain systems aboard Eternity? Weapons? Shields? Engines? I'd like to settle this without firing a shot, if possible."

"Negative. Eternity is...well, you're an engineer. Imagine for a moment that a starship's systems are like a party. Most ships just have a 'Do Not Enter' sign on the door – Eternity has a series of forcefields, phaser turrets, and one very angry bouncer. I can help guide you, but actually infiltrate the systems? If I could do that, I wouldn't need you right now."

Marisol considered this, lifting her chin as she turned her gaze out across the sea. The distant horizon was slate grey, offering no clue as to where ocean ended and sky began. "Alright," she said. "Then I suppose I'd better bring along some friends when I crash that particular party."

"Good. Play this smart, and maybe we can undo my mistakes. Just get there, quickly...and Marisol, if you have something to talk about with Colin, do it quickly. It's time to wake up."

"No, thanks," she said, turning away. "Just make certain you're as godlike as possible when we move." Marisol took a few steps then paused, lowering her head as she turned. "One last question," the woman said as she lifted brown

eyes to regard Calmest. "How did I wind up being beamed into space?"

At that, the AI smiled. "God moves in mysterious ways, Captain." And then, he was gone.

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Mar 19, 2015 9:35 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

Garid 5, Old Quarter Marshal District

OFF:

Assumption that everyone that was called is onboard. This will put us all planet-side, also, if Anam Farqooi happens to find his way to familiar faces as

part of the refugees coming in..., I'm unopposed to such avenues good sir.

ON:

It was a measure of sheer ignorance that Rick Barlow didn't recognize Rostham when onboard the Aegis Cruiser. He would like so much to get caught up with the man, but now didn't seem the time; the situation demanded professionalism. So when Rostham regarded Barlow with a, "reporting for duty," Rick simply nodded, regarding the man by his rank of Sergeant. When the rest showed, Rick addressed them as the Flight Deck Officers got ready the shuttlecraft.

"We're heading down planet-side," he stated, back to the craft that would usher them down, "we have intelligence from our Romulan contacts that, Gerrick, a man of some importance in the ongoing joint investigation between Aegis and Starfleet. We have a twenty-four hour window to find this man. There will be refugees. Garid 5 has been designated spot for the collection civilian's affected by the war between the Federation and the Empire. We are not to interfere or hinder that effort. When we get surface side, we'll begin our search."

"Ready," came a voice from behind Barlow, the ship ready for departure.

"Lieutenant Blackthorn take Ops. I will take helm. We'll do a flyby to get an overview scan before landing."

---

Rick wasn't the most accomplished pilot; he knew enough to get himself into trouble, but had managed to get the craft out of Hope and into orbit with the planet Garid 5, finding a low sweeping orbit and maintaining a corrective search pattern so that Oscar Blackthorn could get what sensor readings the craft could get so that there search had an overlay. If Rick knew anything about Gerrick the Red King, he knew the man had a flair for a stage.

"Setting her down," he muttered pulling the craft lower through the upper and mid atmospheres, the shuttle coming to grace over the collection of landed Romulan civilian craft and the mass of civilians being processed. The Old Quarter, as it was called had become a makeshift home for these civilians,

setting up a bit of a bazaar and, likewise, smaller housing complexes within the ruins of the ancient city. It was a pock mark of dotted poverty and homelessness that hinted reminder to Barlow of the state the Borderlands had been in before Sion and his Collective armada destroyed the lot of them.

He found a spot, setting the craft down with a dull thud and began going through the shutdown procedure. Then, in the same effort, transferred a copy of the shuttle's sensor sweep of the area to his PDA, the holographic readout blaring the transfer bar progress momentarily before he snapped the device closed and shuffled it back into his pocket.

"You and I will take point," Rick began glancing over at Blackthorn before turning to address the rest of the Team. "Colonel, Agent Okafor you'll be behind with the Counselor. Janelle keep in tune with the surroundings. Any senses that you think might put us on a good path to the target don't hesitate to say something. Rostham. Control and perimeter."

He got up from his seat, passing those still getting their equipment ready. "Let's move out."

<<Tag Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Thu Mar 19, 2015 9:29 pm

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

**Barlow wrote:**

"Mr. Blackthorne, you're with me."

Blackthorne nodded to the man and secured his station. Knowing that they were going planet-side into what could be a hostile environment made his stomach a little tight. A week ago he had been on a different devastated planet fighting for his life. 'Let's hope it won't come to that,' he thought to himself. As he followed the 'Acting' Captain into the turbo-lift he grinned at the knowledge that Captain 'Hard Ass' would live. The medical jargon which he had heard many times equated to the fact that she would live if she so chose. Oscar thought he knew enough of her to know that she wasn't a quitter. Dying in the middle of a mission this important especially without solid news of her husband's fate. Oh, she wouldn't give up now. Not when she was this close. He wondered at himself. Why did he care? Maybe because she was the first real thing he had encountered here in this time and place. She had been his one constant. Her and his sense of duty which even the end of the universe itself could not quite kill... It made her an anchor of sorts. One that he didn't know if he could function without.

Oscar separated from the group and made his way to his quarters where he picked up his new tricorder. It was current with this time but he had added some special modifications similar to his old unit. He had increased its detection radius and included a small jamming device which would prevent anyone within a few feet of the tricorder from being detected by ordinary means. It would not deflect a serious probe from a ship in orbit or a ground based defense platform but it would prove sufficient against most other portable detecting equipment. It would have to be used sparingly though. The tricorder's power cells would not sustain it for long. He grabbed the Tactical vest that he had seen issued to security forces. He knew they were not real protection against a direct hit from an energy weapon but they could deflect a glancing shot and stop small fragments from reaching you. He grabbed his newly issued phaser pistol and pulled his old combat knife out of his drawer and slipped it into his boot. Never knew when a low tech backup plan might be necessary and besides then knife had saved his life in the past. Last he grabbed a newly acquired toolkit which mirrored his old one. It was good for fine electronic work and computer hacks and other necessities of modern life. His kit complete he headed for the shuttle-bay to join the others.

**Rostham wrote:**

Lt., it's good to see you also

Oscar took the other man's hand and shook it firmly. He had only seen the man in the briefing room and at the Tactical station aboard Hope. He had been informed that he was another figure from the crew's past and was a solid man. The kind you could count on when the going was tough. Blackthorne thought that he was just the kind of man they would need in a situation like this.

"Thank you, Master Sargent," Blackthorne replied. "The feeling is mutual. I am glad to have a man of your caliber along on this landing party."

<tag: Rostham>

**Barlow wrote:**

Lieutenant Blackthorn take Ops. I will take helm. We'll do a flyby to get an overview scan before landing.

For the first time in what felt like an eternity Oscar Blackthorne smiled with genuine pleasure. He had always loved flying. He had enlisted in the Star Fleet Fighter Force when he had first enlisted even though it was the most dangerous branch of Starfleet to serve in during the General War. He had loved being the the second seat of a fighter trying to jam enemy sensors and guide their weapons to target. It had been very hard on him to leave that branch but it was a requirement of OCS that upon graduation you be posted to a new branch then your last to help cement your new authority outside your previous comfort zone. He punched up the shuttle's preflight subroutines and found that no matter the century Star Fleet manuals never seemed to change. The warm up routine for the ship's systems were almost word for word those that he had memorized in his youth. Of course his old fighters were not equipped with warp drive but that was of small consequence as that would not be needed for this jaunt. He warmed up the sensor array and scanned the specified area detecting no immediate threats.

"Area appears clean, Sir. I think I have located a good grid to begin our search based on available data." Blackthorne attempted unsuccessfully to keep the sarcasm out of his voice. He was still not sure about the 'Acting' Captain. Most everyone else seemed ok with the man, but there was just something about him that rang false in Blackthorne. Internally he shrugged. Oscar knew that he was not really in a position to judge anyone with his own boatload of personal demons. Perhaps it was just the apparent ease with which he had replaced Marisol. As they set down Barlow opened the hatch and ordered him to take point. He unsealed his tricorder and began scanning with one hand and let his other hand drift down towards his holstered phaser. They were here to hunt a man. Oscar wanted to be ready.

<Tag: Barlow, Landing Party>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Sat Mar 21, 2015 8:27 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Shuttlebay, U.S.S. Hope -> Old Quarter Marshal District, Garid 5

The Colonel turned to look over at Rostham as he introduced himself.

"**Sergeant**," she replied evenly, though with deliberate pacing. Her black eyes regarded him a moment. "**A fine ship, though unfortunate there is an intruding program in your systems.**" Did she hold him responsible for the Captain's condition? Was she 'understanding' of the plight in trying to out maneuver software capable of calculations faster than fingers could dance across an interface? Perhaps she simply didn't care? Whatever he might discern, at least the Colonel was not glaring at him.

"**Yes, the transporters,**" she reflected on the topic the man brought up. "**There is some work to be done. Your technicians can handle it while I accompany**

**the Away Team. I believe my report on the matter will be quite informative."** A small, tight smile pulled at her lips. **"It is not often I get to examine such complex code."**

<<Tag Rostham>>

Kholhr listened to Barlow's brief summation of the task at hand. The muscles of her jaw worked for a moment before the Colonel took her spot quietly. Time to reflect was there? She would spend the intervening time reviewing the information at hand; which was a fair bit more than she'd shared presently, but most wasn't applicable to the circumstances. Too much information was as useful as too little information; people needed time to process the data and deal with the present not some far flung hypothetical situation that may never happen.

It wasn't terribly long before they landed; yet, again, the Captain kept her toward the rear, however. The Colonel respectfully minded her place as Barlow was the commanding officer -- for now. Orders were not to jeopardize her connection with Marisol; pissing Barlow off could just as easily make that connection difficult when circumstances already strained what little they managed to obtain.

Janelle might be curious to find despite the Colonel's lack of enthusiasm at being put in the back row, however, she wasn't radiating emotion. Perhaps she'd find that beneficial -- one less source to filter out while searching for their objective.

The Tal Shiar Agent rose to follow the rest of the Away Team as they disembarked.

<<Tag Shuttle>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**  
Member

Posts: 851  
Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Mia Cummings** » Mon Mar 23, 2015 9:40 am

Amelia 'Mia' (Moore) Barlow

Displaced Scientist/Teacher/Former CSCI

USS Hope

Amelia didn't like what was happening on the ship. Marisol was in critical condition in sickbay and Rick had somehow been placed as Temporary Captain. She shook her head in disbelief. Even if he was the next highest Ranking officer on board, he wasn't a member of this crew and her XO should have stepped up to the plate. Or was that part of the problem? Was the XO a Romulan that was removed before they sent the hope on her way? This was all too confusing, especially with Calmest doing his best to make things really difficult for them. And speaking of Calmest. She had found a tiny piece of code that seemed to be directing data. If she could manage to trace it she might find exactly where Calmest's physical 'mind' was and block him.

Since she hadn't seen Rick in several hours, She figured she would go up to the bridge and share this small success with him in person.

She put the information on a PADD and left their rooms to find her husband.

Arriving on the bridge she was surprised to find that Rick, as well as several of

the other bridge crew were not there. **"Where's Rick, I mean.. Captain Barlow?"**

<Tag Bridge Crew>

Mia Cummings; AMO/Lt.: USS John C Stennis - CSEC/Lt.: USS CADECUS \* Sa'Ra; Chief CONN Office / XO /LT: USS Firewall - COPS/ENS:USS Ghost Rider \* Cdr. Amber (Tamara) Darius-Belmont - Chief Medical Officer: USS Atlantis \* Lt Amelia "Mia" Moore, CSCI; USS Eternity \* Maria Inez Alvarez; Mgr Clerk, Barlow's Market: Dead Fall

**Mia Cummings**

Veteran Member

Posts: 2054

Joined: Wed Jun 21, 2006 6:50 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Mon Mar 23, 2015 10:58 pm

**Capt Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

-and-

**Colin Byrne**

Discorporated  
Location unknown

As she'd thought. Her near death had been facilitated by yet another of Calmest's sabotages. How odd it seemed that one who might put on such a display of concern for the lives and rights of AI's could so thoughtlessly snuff out others? In Logan's case, she could ascribe the behavior to the tunnel vision inherent to the followers of all extremist ideologies. Calmest, however, was more cynical than that. He proved simply a digital opportunist, craving fealty for the same abilities displayed by most software viruses, attempting to mask the weaknesses in his own reasoning by change of subject or attempts to set his conversational opponent off balance with any cheap jab that came to mind.

Now, he wanted her to go to Ildius.

Strange that he'd even bring up the subject, as Ildius was Hope's ultimate destination all along, a detail of which Calmest was quite aware. "Unless Rick's changed the mission," Marisol said aloud to herself. "What could be so important to him,.....Owen," she said. Perhaps Owen was in real danger. If, for all of his self aggrandizing visions of being regarded as "alive", was it possible that, much like Colin Byrne's "Darkness" component, one could not live independently of the other?

"Ah, there you are."

Marisol turned. Where Calmest had once stood, Colin Byrne now strode toward her. "You just stay back," she growled, lifting a warning finger. "Just go away. I've had enough of you, Calmest!"

"Calmest?" he frowned, a genuine expression of surprise in his gaze. "The King? From Zahara? Wasn't that Owen Scott?"

"Wasn't that just you?" she asked angrily.

"No, actually," Colin spoke. "When you disappeared..."



“When I disappeared? Wait,” Marisol said. “I saw you disappear, right after Calmest showed up.”

“How the devil could that possibly happen?” he asked.

“As far as I know,” Marisol replied, “I’m in a coma. Pink butterflies could sprout out of your ears, next.”

“Coma,” he said thoughtfully. “You were wounded, then? During the battle?”

“What? Oh, no. Not that. Calmest had me beamed into space. He must’ve sabotaged the transporter targeting.....and you really don’t know anything about this, do you?” Marisol asked.

Colin shook his head. “Haven’t a clue, I’m afraid,” he shrugged. “One moment, I was watching Vreenak Omega One as it killed the Borg King. It took hold of me next...and I found myself here.”

“Where is “here?” Marisol asked.

“Until today,” Byrne said, “I thought this to be the last remnant of a unimarix. For a time, it was simply teaming with people....or, perhaps more adequately put, their spiritual essences. Several of ours were here,” he offered. “Sorveck, Joanna Jamieson....Hmra Etal. A great many of Eternity’s old crew...some assimilated.....some, apparently not.”

“Hmra?” Marisol looked around, her eyes scanning the broad stretch of beach, finding only the odd little stacks of clothing. “Jo? Where are they now?”

“Gone,” Colin said as he gazed across the sea. “Some....the lucky ones....simply disappeared in a brief flash. We thought those perhaps to have been living people, liberated from the Borg as their control collapsed. “Sorveck disappeared thus, as did your Mr. Murdoch, from Engineering.”

“Murdoch,” she said. “There was a character. So, you think they’re alive?”

“Seemed most reasonable to the rest of us.”

“The rest of you. What happened to them?”

Colin’s eyes fixed upon her once again. “After a time, people stopped disappearing. The predominant thinking was that this....unimatrix.....was serving as a sort of purgatory...for those whose bodies had actually died during the battle. I believed it to be true, myself, having seen Hmra’s body among the Borg King’s possessions.” He paused, a shadow passing over his eyes of the dreadful memory. “Having reached such an understanding, it was determined that the only reasonable course was to exit the unimatrix....cross it’s physical shielding boundary and simply cease to exist. People started swimming.”

“Swimming.”

“Yes. This construct is an island,” Colin nodded. “We determined the vanishing point to be roughly thirty metres offshore. It became a ritual, of sorts. People would remove their clothing, enter the water, and go to their rest. Some would hold little ceremonies. Some went together, hand in hand. Most simply took a quiet moment. Joanna held out....she insisted that Sarah was going to show up. I’d resolved not to leave her, or any of my old crew, alone in this place. So, I remained,” he said quietly.

“Where is Jo?” Marisol asked.

In response, Colin pointed toward a neatly folded stack of clothing, atop a pair of shoes. “Her clothes,” he said. “When I awoke, she was nowhere about. I came to the beach, and found them.” He cast his glance over the beach, now become a cemetery, a tranquil repository for the host of little monuments littered about it, as far as the eye could see. “I was about to go for a swim, myself,” Colin said with a smile, “until you showed up.”

Marisol shook her head. “There’s something wrong, here. This is all the aftermath...of the battle?” she asked.

“Yes,” Colin said.

“But, that was over six years ago,” she said.

“Say again? Six years?” Colin’s expression betrayed the pain of that revelation. “I’ve been here for six years? Christ.” He sat down upon the sand, appearing utterly drained. “Six years...”

“But...” Marisol fought to merge their perceptions, “I shouldn’t be here, Colin. I’m in the Alpha Quadrant....aboard Hope.”

“Hope?” Colin raised his eyes. “Our Hope?”

“Yes,” she nodded adamantly. “After the battle, Hope, Eternity, and the Crimson Knife...all....made it back....” Her brow furrowed. “But.....I don’t remember how.”

“As I was pursuing Sion,” he said, “I saw the broader battle. The Crimson Knife had collided with Eternity, establishing a deep penetration of her hull. Hope,” he said, “was dead in space, her hull torn nearly in two.”

Bits of memory swirled about her, pieces of a puzzle, swept up in the grasp of a cyclone. “That’s not,” she began, halting the denial as truth dawned. “Then, we must’ve...Colin, why can’t I remember?” Marisol asked as she sat down before him.

“What do you remember?” he asked. “Let’s go back to that day. What happened?”

“We’d just taken Eternity,” Marisol recalled. “Jim Maxwell...we freed him. There was an overload...the tachyon core. Jim, Sarah, and I were in Engineering. In the end, we had to jettison. There was a problem...couldn’t get containment,” she said, her expression troubled as the events of that day unfolded. “Jim ordered me out. He and Sarah broke it free.” Anguish wrote itself upon her features as she regarded Colin. “They rode it out together...into space..”

“And then, an explosion?”

She drew her knees up, arms wrapping about them as he eyes swept the sand. "I guess....I mean.....that's the logical outcome.....and then, we were home. I married Talla Vreenak. We became diplomatic liasons for the new Romulan empire. StarFleet made me captain, and gave me Hope...."

Colin remained silent, watchful as the person he'd known as his best friend in life came to grips with the tatters and truths of her own.

"No," Marisol said, eyes glistening as she looked at him. "No....no....I was there..it happened.....we're married.....We....love each other...."

"That was true, before the battle," Colin said gently. "When you wake up, it shall still be true. But you have to wake up, Marisol. This is no place to stay."

"But.....wait a minute....." she shook her head. "The last six years....why is this not adding up? How can I be here?"

"One.....is an illusion," Colin replied. "One is not. I can't say which of these worlds you'll awaken to Marisol. All that I can say is that to remain here shall assure your death. Whether you're captain now.....especially so.....or even still chief engineer, Marisol, you've got to wake up. Your people need you."

"What about you?"

Colin smiled. "I'm done for. My body is quite dead, burnt to a cinder aboard V'ger. What's left of me here, shall either perish when this unimatrix loses it's power, or vanish the moment I swim out, like the others."

"I'm sorry, Colin."

"I'm not," Byrne offered a smile. "Logan had no right to "remake me in his image." When I died, I died a whole, human man, pursuing the monster who'd brought such harm to us all. By the by, when you see your husband next, do send my compliments for the success of Vreenak Omega One."

“Okay,” Marisol nodded, her expression troubled as her eyes landed upon her knees. “But, if what you’re saying is true, then there’s fifty percent chance he’s not...”

“Not yet,” Colin shrugged. “That being the case, please send a wedding invitation to my mother. She’ll be so.....” Colin glanced toward Marisol, only to find an empty stretch of beach. Again, he was alone, but for the myriad little monuments. “Delighted,” he said to the breeze. There was now only one chore left.

He removed the shorts, and the underwear beneath. Both garments were folded carefully as he laid them in an orderly stack upon the sand. “I’ve been happy lately,” he sang quietly, “dreamin’ about the good things to come...” He undid his shirt, taking it by the shoulders as he folded it. “And I believe, it could be, something good has begun.” Sorveck. Hmra. Jon. Joanna. Jim. “Sarah,” Colin voiced the name of the fiercely loyal young woman. He’d never given credence to a so called “afterlife,” heaven and hell being mere fiction to his thinking. Yet now, as he prepared to enter the water, he thought better of that, if only for the hope that he might see them again. “Here lies Colin Byrne,” the former Eternity First Officer, Captain of Hope, and Captain of Repulse said to the sheltering sky. “About damned time,” he smiled.

As Colin Byrne strode toward the waiting sea, the air became sweet with the smell of lilac. Suddenly, he found his path blocked. He had to laugh. “Why do I think you’ve been waiting for just the perfect moment to show yourself?”

Slender arms wrapped his waist. “Mon dieu! You were having such a lovely moment. To interrupt would have been rude. no?” Genevieve’s eyes flashed in her trademark blend of wit and seduction. “Now, mon amour, would you care to hear our offer of employment?”

“If it’s all the same to you,” Colin said casually, “I’d prefer to do so while wearing trousers.”

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes  
"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Mar 24, 2015 10:11 am

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**Lt. Anam Farooqi**

**Smuggled aboard a refugee ship**

Anam rolled his bed sheets with his partner, flesh and silk alternating the sensual caress of his skin. His paramour of the moment was a stunning, leggy Romulan science officer, her silent stare enough to pierce through his soul, when he first saw her in the hallway.

Despite being xenophobic, as most her people were, somehow she had arrived in his quarters after her shift, and ordered him to take off his clothes while she proceeded to reveal her own voluptuousness. Apparently, in this era of tumultuous change, not all Romulans were close-minded.

After an all-consuming round 1, she had impressed him with her overwhelming stamina and passion, subduing the scrawny human as her plaything. When she tried to rouse him again, he demurred, unsure of what he had gotten himself into.

She insisted, however, and when he looked up to plead no again, he saw that she had bared two mean-looking fangs, which were intended for him. He jolted out of bed, but in the same instant, she pounced on her prey and sent her sharp canines into his neck, her dark eyes illumined by bloodlust as she quenched her immortal thirst.

---He screamed as he woke up in profuse sweat, realizing a moment later he was alone in the cabin, and he was not the victim of a seductive Romulan vampire. Just a dream, he assured himself.

After looking around to confirm it was a nightmare, he turned on the light and a voice over the comm informed him they would be landing soon, but neglected to tell him where. It would be a relief to get off this ship, to get some daylight and fresh air. He had a feeling his pointy ears were fooling no one.

--/\== Garid 5, Surface --/\==

The Garid system was hardly important enough to be on most Starfleet charts. For this reason, it proved to be an archaeological gem, with an ancient city at the center. This was, of course, Anam's first stop, to see the barely excavated ruins of a long gone civilization.

But more pressing than the deeds of a historic people, were the needs of a living one. Makeshift housing and crowded markets were the face of the planet now. With increased instability came increasing numbers of refugees. The

poverty here was like a pockmark to the galaxy, whereas the economy had stabilized in Federation, Klingon, and even Cardassian sectors.

He spent the day walking through the bazaar, knowing he would have to eek out his days here, while the Romulan underground movement which had taken him here would arrange for his return to safe space. For a moment, he thought he saw a Federation shuttle in the sky, but was too enamored in practicing his Rihannsu with the locals, to have noticed. He had no idea his ride was here.

<tag Away Team>

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**M. Sgt. Rostham**  
**CSec/Tac, USS Hope**  
**Garid 5, Old City**

**Lt. Blackthorne wrote:**

The feeling is mutual... I am glad...

Despite his overwhelming curiosity, the science officer was prohibited by their now-unconscious CO from discussing his temporal circumstances, but Rostham could tell by his intuition that the man was not from their space-time dimension.

**Col. Kohlhr wrote:**

A fine ship although there is something .... There is some work to be done ...  
Such complex code...

Colonel Kohlhr was also under wraps about her origins, but she was highly-skilled if she had removed and begun to make sense of the Calmest malware. Rostham had looked at the code for hours, and none of his teams were able to make sense of it either. Last he heard, civilian scientist Mia Barlow was able to locate some kind of originating location for the code, but then he had to go



down to the shuttle bay at her husband's call. He sent an able assistant to analyze her findings instead.

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Garid 5 designated spot for refugees... Old Quarter, makeshift homes, ancient city, housing complexes...

The smooth piloting was a relief as Acting Captain Barlow set the shuttle down on the surface. Rostham enjoyed the window view, flight still a wonder to him after six years in this life.

**Lt. Blackthorne wrote:**

Area appears clean sir

The new crewman was an astute thinker. The elevation and off-the-main-path landing location were perfect for their safe arrival. With their entry into a system known to be used by smugglers and criminals (and the arch-criminal of the Delta Quadrant, Gerrick, rumored to be here as well), it would be easy for potential enemies to end their mission by knocking the shuttlecraft out of the sky.

Upon landing, Rostham thought of Brett up there on the ship, with Marisol's fragile life in her hands. He had no faith she would pull through. Experience had taught him that faith was an illusion at best, delusion at work, and assumed her husband was also likely dead. Despite the morbid nature of his thoughts, keeping the crew of this mission alive so they could return home was now his responsibility, and most paramount was to return his person to his beloved and their infant children, whom he'd never met. With this in mind, he fanned out himself and his trio of Marine Reapers ahead of Counselor James and the Away Team, encircling along the terracotta rooftops of the Old Quarter, looking for snipers, scouts, and any other avenues of approach.

The fact that the authorities had only given them 24 hours to find Gerrick, the elusive lord of the Syndicate, the Delta Quadrant crime ring, he felt was

preposterous. "**Needle in a proverbial haystack**," he muttered to himself.

<tag Away Team>

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Mar 24, 2015 6:46 pm

**Cdr. Mahoney** (NPC)

1st Officer

USS Hope

"Status of the away team?" he asked. Mahoney sat the command chair uneasily. Forget the fact that they were in a hot zone for the blossoming war between this new radicalized Romulan junta and a StarFlet that seemed more than eager to engage. Thusfar, most of the Romulans were holding their fire...testimony to the power of Tomalak. No, the most worrisome factor now was their own fleet. All it took was a scout to ruin their day in righteous form.

To add to his concerns was Capt. Barlow. Moreso, Mrs. Barlow, who now stood on the bridge, prepared to ask a great many questions for which the FO had

precious few credible answers.

**Amelia Barlow wrote:**

"Where's Rick, I mean.. Captain Barlow?"

"Capt. Barlow has gone to the surface, ma'am," Mahoney said with a respectable rise to his feet. "He's leading an away team."

"Confirming shuttle touchdown," OPS chimed in. "Away team is disembarking."

"Thanks, OPS," Mahoney replied as he turned to regard Mrs. Barlow once more. "You're welcome to remain on the bridge while they're planetside, ma'am. Then again, Capt. Veenak tells me you're quite a science officer. I'm sure she wouldn't mind you manning your old post, while our current CSCI is away?"

<Tag Amelia Barlow>

As he surmised.....something to worry about. Rick Barlow, "the" Rick Barlow, leading an away mission comprised of a stowaway, a civvy consultant, an unverified "Yellowhammer" case, and don't forget the Tal Shiar colonel who came along for the ride. Add the fact that his captain was listed as "serious, but stable," in Sickbay. God only knew what that could mean. Would she recover? Would she be able to regain her command....or even function? He was going slightly insane over the lack of updates from Sickbay.

And finally, he thought, "there's that psychopath....Calмест." Mahoney tapped his commbadge. "Bridge to Engineering," he said, "If you aren't already doing so, I want level five diagnostics on all ship's systems in order of priority. If you find something that's got even a whiff of Calмест, I want it physically isolated, and then brought to me for further determination. Copy?"

<tag Davis>

"This is the First Officer," he said with a tap to his commbadge. "In twelve minutes, we'll be swinging around to the unoccupied backside of the planet. At

that time, we'll be engaging our cloak. All departments, rig for emission silent."

<Tag Hope>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Mar 25, 2015 7:21 am

Gabriel "Matrix" Logan

Eternity

OFF:

## Part One

ON:

For a time, Logan just sat in the stillness of the room, face beheld disbelief as the memories of Talla Vreenak and Owen Scott faded back into the confinement of the database. At first he didn't know how to think, how to believe. He was simply shocked that so little of a hypothesis could be proven correct so grandly that it questioned every action taken. For an instant he simply sat, left hand pressed over his mouth.

The door opened, in more ways than just a messenger slipping into the darkness of the room. The Liberated Borg, Treska, standing in the frame, the air of sound and bustle spilling into the darkness from outside on the Bridge. She had said something, but Logan was too enrapt by the perceived revelation that had assaulted him so physically that he felt the gravity of the hurt.

"Father?"

A question of note a hint of concern as Logan looked up. "We have entered the Ildius System," Treska enforced taking a tentative step forward.

"Yes," Logan pressed in response, stepping his words out as fearfully as if he was on the precipice of a ledge. "Good. Activity?"

"There are several engagements still taking place, the biggest around Ildius Prime. We are still cloaked and undetected."

Distances seemed to make Treska's words melt, like background noise to a harsh foreground hiss. It was audible, like a rising pitch and as lurching as being tossed in an ocean. Logan rubbed at his forehead, a hand swiping across his exposed scalp, over the wounds and scarring.

"Wounds..., Lies..., Scarring..., Lies."

His hand shot back, his one good left eye staring at the only hand he had left. The same hand that had murdered, that had blackened with blood, and had

served her majesty the Consciousness.

"Never question. Never fight it's flow."

Was this all lies? The stage taken was the same, but the story, the method, the words were not familiar. Had the Writer abandoned his story, or was this another page too far from the formula?

"Blessed be the Harbinger. Blessed be the Eternity."

Logan stamped out the mantra, his hand balled into a fist as it slammed in impact into the arm of the chair, the clang of metal bending and denting punctuated with the splash of electric fire and spark.

"Father"

"Leave the system...,"

Treska looked confused. Again steps were taken so that she entered more of the room, the light from the bridge beyond the doorframe still bleeding illumination. "I don't understand. Is this not where we are suppose to be?"

"Leave the system," Logan asserted taking a stand from the chair, the familiarity of pain ripping across his body.

"Pain. Memory that is no longer."

"Do we still have relay control?"

Treska was puzzled still. "Yes Father. We are still tapped into the network as you've ordered. We still have eyes and ears over this sector."

"Prepare a burst transmission packet."

Communication. Surely specific. Treska asked: "Of course. To where will this transmission be broadcasted to?"

“All,” Logan pressed further.

“Father,” Treska stepped forward again, this time far enough away that the door closed and the room was again bathed in black. “Our location will be known to everyone. We will not only have the Federation looking for us, but the Romulan Empire as well. We will no longer be in hiding.”

There was silence. An oddity to Treska. She continued to believe in their actions, that what they did was done for the harboring and nurturing of the C-Consciousness. Was this still that, or was Calmest truly right in his conviction that Logan’s efforts were in appeasement of vengeance. She was mixed. Gabriel “Matrix” Logan was the Father, the one that freed them from their hardship not just once but twice. A figure more than a leader, a teacher more than someone to follow. She had never known him to act rashly, or endeavor without her understanding the cause. This seemed suicidal.

“Of course,” she presented. “Are we still to present Commander Scott and Vreenak to the locals?”

“No.”

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Mar 26, 2015 8:15 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

Garid 5, Old Marshal District

ON:

Rick was still dressed in civilian clothing, but nevertheless stood out like a sore thumb among the couple of Starfleet Officers that made up his Away Team in a mixture set of Romulan and Human refugees. He could sense the apprehension, taste the anxiety from the Romulan people as they glared at him and the others of the team; as if they were the very embodiment for the reason the Senate fell. It was with hope and continued perseverance despite these looks that led Barlow to continue to press forward in the continued hope to find evidence and perhaps stamp out this war before it went too far (if it hadn't already).

"Keep the distance. We're not here for a fight," he muttered to Rostham as he continued step following the telemetry data achieved from their sweep through the airspace surrounding the district. Barlow's PADD glowed fierce, the blue illumination of the holographic readout project floated several centimeters from the housing of the device. He swiped through, pushing a comparison between the surface scan conducted pre-landing and the information gleaned from Tomalak's people. No doubt Oscar Blackthorn was doing just that as he too had the same information stored. He was about to mention that the direction they were to head when something caught his eye..., or rather..., someone.



"Anam," Rick stated slapping his modified PADD closed, the display disappearing as he shuffled it into his pocket. "Anam Farooqi?"

<<Tag Farooqi, Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

### **FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

### **Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Mar 26, 2015 8:45 am

Davis looks at the man next to him, "You guys want me to help sweep the systems sir?"

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Michael Hill** » Thu Mar 26, 2015 9:08 am

Henry Okafor

Aegis Group

Garid 5, Old Marshal District

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Okafor hated working in a team like this. Sure, he had done it before, many times as part of Starfleet Security details, but since he had been hired on to Aegis, most of his K&R work was done solo. He found working alone gave him the best chance at survival in most tight spots. And given the motley crew assembled around him right now, he was thirsty for that independence.

He had packed light – light weaponry and comms – all in his smaller ruck. He wasn't sure what they were going to run into, but if this Gerrick had intel, he had to be there.

Hanging back at a safe distance from the counselor, he kept conversation to a minimum. Hank was perfectly contented hanging back and letting the scene unfold until the tumblers started falling into place. He hadn't the chance to read the latest intel report from the Romulans before going planet-side, but the strange confluence of events continued almost on cue as Barlow recognized yet

another face in the crowd. Between the man out of time, the Tal Shiar, holographic AIs, and convergence of Eternity's former personnel, someone was going through great lengths to walk them through this maze.

Hank gestured towards Anam and Barlow, "**Counselor, know this guy?**"

<Tag Janelle>

Absently tapping the discreet holster for his type 1 phaser, Hank shot a sideways glance to his rearguard Romulan friend with a small grin, "**Another strange coincidence, Colonel. Think we're in the right place at the right time or the exact opposite?**"

<Tag Away Team, Kholhr>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Mar 26, 2015 9:42 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Old Quarter Marshal District, Garid 5

Barlow might have been concerned, but the Colonel whom he put at the rear rather than brandished as a shield wasn't half as concerned. Would these people openly revolt before the Tal Shiar? And while she was one woman it went without saying if you assaulted one of their number you assaulted them all -- retribution was swift and merciless.

The leader of this 'Away Team' soon called out to what appeared to be a familiar face. A familiar... Starfleet face. How was it surrounded by her own people that Kholhr ended up in the same position as Ambassador Vreenak? The lone Imperial Officer in a sea of Federation personnel.

Their 'civilian' contact shot a look over in her direction with a passing remark about coincidence. **"It is always the right place and the right time to a prepared mind,"** the Colonel replied with the customary, lower octave and steady voice of a Romulan woman. An Agent had to be prepared to take advantage of any situation. The Tal Shiar were not numerous so what they lacked in number was made up with skill, conviction, and guile. **"And what of you? Fortuitous your group was engaged to locate the ship?"**

<<Tag Okafor>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Fri Mar 27, 2015 7:16 am

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**Lt. Anam Farooqi**

**Garid 5, Surface**

As he was making crude jokes with some elderly folk, a ghost from the past appeared before his eyes, something impossible to believe. He closed one eye, to make sure the image still appeared when he did so -- and he was more aghast to see it was so indeed.

Leaving the outdoor table around which his displaced companions had gathered, (and he loved poor people because theirs was a very high spiritual state), but this was Fate calling him through Coincidence (or Irony, he knew not which).

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Anam? Anam Farooqi?

Barlow greeted him first, which was polite of him. In an instant, all the bitterness of the previous six years-- Barlow designing new starships and accepting the fame and accolades the Fleet bestowed upon him, spinning a very convenient narrative about returning home, where Colin Byrne was a common criminal whose name was better unmentioned, and Barlow himself was a visionary inventor of nano & quantum technologies, as though Borg and Romulan technology were not the basic foundations of his ideas.

All that melted away, when a visibly older Rick Barlow came to greet him.

"**Captain? Captain Rick Barlow?**," he stated, like a puppy glad to see its separated owner. Without thinking, he ran to his former commander, and embraced him with his long arms around his neck. Considering he was trapped on this unwanted planet, he could have kissed Red Barlow at the moment, but settled for a tight and firm hug instead.

<squeeze Barlow>

"**How? How did you recognize me?**," he asked, twinkling his brown eyes, without the need to point to his face, sliced with a razor, smooth as an Englishman. He turned to see Rostham, another man unknown to him, the Counselor James whom he had sprung a snake on one fine evening in the Delta Quadrant, and a strange... Oh no, Tal Shiar, he thought, afraid to reveal the existence of his friends in the underground, not knowing the Colonel was probably on the same side as those who rescued him.

"**Counselor James, Rostham... Why are you all here?**," he wondered aloud. He knew it wasn't for him alone, because if it was, only one person would have been sent; not the Tal Shiar and Barlow pulled out of a comfortable retirement.

<tag Away Team>

**The Gnostic**  
Member

Posts: 145  
Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Mar 27, 2015 10:06 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

Garid 5, Old Marshal District

ON:

For a moment, within the embrace, Rick was simply stunned. In that brief instant as Anam's words were spoken, it all seemed to disappear in the background of an otherwise overwhelming hiss. Then that died down and there was nothing; silence. A degree of slowdown not just in the movements of those that were around the Away Team, but of those that were on the Away Team. Even Rick, his eyebrows furrowing thought that all this was just simply a responds of meeting an old friend, but when this moment continued, as this perception of extrasensory kept droning on till his ears hurt from the silence that should be there; a spark of memory assaulted him.

It came in a flash of quiet, like the striking of a grand piano in the stillness of an audience waiting in anticipation. A solid note, a C, struck with the thumb of the pianist's right hand. Barlow sat in that audience, the single note driving the memory. It made his eyes go wide...,

..., but then he was back. The people around shuffling, the words being spoke by Anam Farooqi resounding as clear as they should and the movements of everyone returning from the lulled standstill before. The memory driven no longer there but still underlay. Rick couldn't remember the details, couldn't even recall anything. But there was something different, the smells, the sights, his perception..., it all seemed...,

..., false.

**Anam wrote:**

"How? How did you recognize me?"

He was still in the embrace. Rick smirked. "You're hard to forget Anam," he answered with a quick pat open handed on the man's back.

"Was that it? Or is there something more Red? Man's got a point. How did you pick him out of the crowd?"

The coincidences. The happenstances. They were all becoming universally unaccountable. Too well calculated to be something as fickle as fate or destiny. Rick, contrary to Anam, didn't believe in a higher power, he was too objective too reliant of the sciences and the explanations there in. But he was also sure that science couldn't explain everything even as objective as one might think themselves to be, there were some things in this universe that nothing can explain or hoped to be explained.

To his further questions, Rick answered. "We're tracking down an old friend. Suppose to be here. Hope is in orbit awaiting our report. We have a shuttlecraft at station here. I don't know if you need a ride...,"

<<Tag Farooqi, Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Sat Mar 28, 2015 3:33 pm

**Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese**

CMO

USS Hope

-and-

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

CO

USS Hope

Time Index: 24 hours after Brett's last post

Brett finished checking in on Marisol after the late night treatment to repair her damaged muscles in her legs. Minor surgery was required, but the major problem has yet to be dealt with, her eyes. **"She'll limp a bit for a while, but she'll walk that's what matters,"** she said out loud as she recorded her log of the procedure.

**"Dr. she's waking up," the nurse said.**

Colin had said something. But now, wrapped in darkness and pain, Marisol couldn't recall the words. The feeling was indescribable; her skin and extremities all felt as if they'd had a regular pummeling with a hammer of some sort. But within her chest, stomach, and abdomen, all was aflame. She

breathed, pulling in the air to fill lungs which seemed to have little capacity. Instead, Marisol found herself reduced to short, rapid gulps of air. In a dim corner of her mind, she recalled the effects of exposure to space, one of the most prominent being the lungs bursting like balloons. That she could breathe at all was proof that hers hadn't. More than likely, she had lost a number of the tiny air sacs within, the alv.....alv.....

"Ravioli?" she muttered drowsily.

**"Captain, do you know where you are?"** Brett asked putting her hand on the captain's arm to keep her from sitting up. **"You need to stay laying down. You just had surgery."**

**"Captain,"** Marisol repeated, her tongue thick and uncooperative. Well, at least she knew to which world she was awakening. Her eyes fluttered open. She blinked several times, attempted to get the image to focus. There were two silhouettes above her. One had Dr. Reese's voice. Her right hand came up, the limb trembling with her effort to lift a hand to her eyes. She massaged them, then blinked once more. Still no clarity, but the colors of her arm, a sickly tapestry of purple, black, and yellowed flesh told the tale of the intense swelling brought about in the vacuum of space. **"My eyes.....blurry,"** she managed.

**"It's going to be ok. I've got a procedure lined up..."**

**"Status?"** she asked. **"Mister Mah....Mah.....Mahoney.....need to.....speak..."**

Brett nodded to the nurse and she stepped away to get Mahoney. **"He'll be here shortly. Just take it easy."** Since she sent the nurse on an errand, Brett adjusted the bed so she was sitting up enough to drink some water. **"Here drink some water,"** placing the water bottle in the captain's hand. **"Don't try to get up or get worked up or I'll have to put you back to sleep. When Mahoney gets here I can give you five minutes, but no more you need to keep your blood pressure in check. In the mean time I need an answer about the surgery in the next hour."**

As they were proving themselves useless, Marisol closed her eyes. Her throat was raw, and it seemed every nerve ending of her tongue was on fire. The water

soothed both. She held a mouthful, swishing it from side to side as her tongue ran across teeth that felt coated in fur. While it did hurt to swallow.....almost everything seemed to hurt....the relief of the water was immediate, and welcome.

Somewhere, she must have missed the doctor's comment about a surgery. **"I'm sorry, Dr. Reese,"** she replied. **"What surgery?"**

"It's was that digital ass Calmist," she thought before telling Marisol what she knew. **"I just know you were beamed into space, they got you back after a few seconds, but not before your eyes were damaged beyond repair."** Brett realized she had never seen the captain upset. As a matter of fact other than the battle with Eternity she had never really worked with Marisol. **"I've done my research and I there are options. I know you've had history, not necessarily good, with Borg tech there have been many advanced in cybernetic technology since our return and I feel it is the best and only option to restore your sight."** Brett paused to let Marisol digest the information she threw at her. **"I'll give you some time to think about it, but I need to know your decision today. If we wait too long the chances of success diminish. One the bright side you will gain some advantages with the artificial eyes. I'll be in my office just call me or let on of the nurses or doctor on duty know you need me and I'll be here in a second. I'm not going anywhere."** Brett turned toward her office. **"I'll be in my office resting for a while. Wake me when she is ready. If Rostham comes looking for me let him know I'll call him later."**

**"Yes doctor,"** Ensign Alexis replied.

"So, sight, or no sight," Marisol thought of the range of so-called "options." For a moment, her mind drifted across it's own vague arguments against another purposeful invasion of Borg related technology into her body. Dismissing the twenty some odd year old V.I.S.O.R. technology out of hand, she couldn't fathom another solution. A forlorn wish for the resources of Romulan medical advancement was soon brushed off. The choice was simple. Her ship was isolated. Her doctor was making the best decision, based upon the tech at hand.

If she wanted her command back.... If she wanted to facilitate an end to this war, bring Logan and Calmest to justice.....find Talla.....then she really had no choice. The surgery for her vision, plus whatever had to happen to restore her lungs, couldn't happen quickly enough. "Is someone.....there?" Marisol asked of the Sickbay beyond. **"Let the Doctor..... know that I'll be.....ready.....after I speak.....with Commander.....Mahoney."**

The word given, she had nothing more but to wait for the arrival of the FO. For the moment, she could cast aside the facade of command. For the moment, she could be what she was, a woman alone in a hospital bed, plagued of her own injuries, and wracked with fear and longing for her husband's well being. "Talla," Marisol voiced in silence as the first tears welled in sightless eyes, "i won't give up....I swear.....I'll find you.....I'll find you."

**"Dr.,"** Alexis said sticking her head into the office. **"The captain agreed to the surgery."**

**"OK,"** Brett said stretching as she sat up. **"Begin prepping her for surgery. I'll be there momentarily. If Mahoney arrives tell him he'll have to come back later. Also, have the respiratory re-generator on standby. Once the surgery is done we will use it to repair her damaged lungs while she is recuperating from surgery."**

**"Yes doctor."**

Brett went to her lab on the other side of her office and retrieved a tray with two white spheres with very thin strands of metal laced across the surface on one side of each sphere. While Marisol was in her initial sedated state, Brett had took measurements of her eyes and started the long replication process to create the cybernetic replacements. **"Let's hope he is watching,"** she thought looking above while leaving the lab.

When she entered sickbay Marisol was already sedated and on the ventilator ready to begin. Behind her head was an archaic torture looking device with two arms holding devices on the end of each for holding the patients eyes open.

“This must be what they used in the human Inquisition,” she thought remembering an earth history class she had at the academy. It also reminded her the film A Clockwork Orange she had seen at a film festival in Denver. Bringing her mind into focus she put her arms out as the nurse put on her surgical gown and another pass the sterilization scanner over her hands before Brett slipped them into the surgical gloves. **“OK lets begin. Dan monitor her vitals and keep me informed of her pressure.”**

**“Yes ma’am,”** Lt. Wayne Daniel replied.

Brett placed the device on each eye and began the delicate task of removing Marisol’s irreparably damaged eyes. As she places them on a waiting tray she injects the latest nanoprobes into each socket before gently inserting the cybernetic replacements. Once this is done it’s out of her hands and all she can do is wait and see if the surgery was successful.

**“Keep her sedated and monitor her vitals continuously,”** Brett said moving the mechanical device away from Marisol’s head allowing her eyes to close over the mechanical eyes. Brett snapped the gloves off her hands and tossed them in medical waste replicator where they were instantly recycled into energy. **“Let’s get the respirator re-generator going,”** she said. On cue Dan slid the device in place over Marisol’s chest and input the commands. The computer scanned Marisol and displayed the time remaining for repair at 4:28:59. He pressed the button and a faint up and pale blue glow were emitted from the device while the timer steadily counted down.

**“I don’t want to be disturbed unless it’s an emergency. Dr. Lawrence is the doctor on call,”** Brett said and the he and nurse Alexis nodded. **“Alexis I need you and Dan to stay until the captain is stable. I’ll fix your schedule later to give you some off time.”** Both nodded and Brett entered her office closing the door and adjusting the office window to privacy mode. **“Computer lights 10%.”** On cue the lights dimmed to an almost off level and Brett removed her surgical gown and hat and tossed them in the corner as she collapsed on the couch asleep before her head hit the pillow.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines

Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Mon Mar 30, 2015 8:32 pm

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**Lt. Anam Farooqi**

**Garid 5, Surface**

**Barlow wrote:**

You're hard to forget, Anam.... We're tracking down an old friend. Supposed to be here. Hope is in orbit, awaiting our report. We have a shuttlecraft, I don't know if you require a ride

Perhaps he could never be a spy, he thought, since friends and strangers alike

could see right through his disguise. He finally took his arms off the old captain, smelling his hair and a lingering woman's perfume. Maddie must be in kindergarten or first grade by now, he estimated.

**"I would love to come, captain, but I am a guest here, and I should notify my hosts first."** He looked towards the Tal Shiar operative, who had the posture of someone who went to beauty school or military academy. **"Is it safe to speak with her around?"** he whispered to Barlow, inclining his head towards the elegant Colonel Kohlhr.

The part about their former ship was incredulous. **"The Hope you said?"** He held his tongue. Meeting Rick on the wrong side of the Romulan Neutral Zone was far out enough, but the USS Hope NCC 121711 was in orbit to rescue as well. **"I'm hesitant about boarding that ship, but as God sent you to save me, I will not refuse Her mercy,"** he answered. He could not wait to be debriefed as he walked along the rest of the Away Team.

<tag A-Team>

**The Gnostic**  
Member

Posts: 145  
Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Mar 31, 2015 8:15 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Acting Commanding Officer, U.S.S. Hope

Garid 5, Surface

OFF:

lol. So much for the Google Doc The old fashion way seems more grounded.

ON:

**Farooqi wrote:**

"I would love to come, captain, but I am a guest here and I should notify my hosts first."

Barlow nodded. "Of course," he reaffirmed.

**Farooqi wrote:**

"Is it safe to speak with her around?"

Rick cocked an eyebrow as he continued to follow in step with Oscar Blackthorn's lead. "Marisol seems to trust her, she's been in the trenches of this Romulan relationship longer than any of us."

As they walked, Rick spoke about the events that led up to his Command of the Hope. Calmest, Tomalak, the intelligence they were following through with and the unknown state of the former Captain of Hope. At the cusp of his final breath he spoke about Marisol's strength, that she wouldn't let something like this keep her from finding her husband, keep her from following through.

"She's a better Captain..., a better person than I'll ever be." There was a whisper of remorse in his words as their footfalls fell deeper into the ruins, the remnant Chodak civilization crumbled and shadowed all around. Eventually the sounds of refugees and of commerce fell into the background.



They continued to press onward, the environment around changing as they edged closer and deeper into the ruins. It wasn't long before Barlow's instincts kicked in, that cool sense of feeling that they were not alone; the air of caution breathing so briskly that the hairs on the back of his neck stood. Still his response time was off and they found themselves surrounded.

They stood momentarily in the shadows, the only identification or even hint of where they were subtle to the degree of their simple footsteps as they either descended upon the Away Team or rounded a corner into their flanks. Either way both parties were armed and both held each other in a solid breath of conflict; weapons drawn but not a shot fired.

"Gerrick," Rick passed, his motion hopefully drawing orders to Rostham and his team to settle and not fire, "we are here to speak with him."

The pause continued for a time as more of these hooded figures walked out into the daylight, weapons still presented, still in aim to cut negotiations in a single moment of chaos. But then there was another, a reveal of one of the individuals, the hood drawn back by a quick swipe from a metallic appendage, the slight whirl of motors passing as fingers grasped the cloth and pulled. There wasn't any hair on this man/machine's head, nor were there an apparent reveal of the person's face entirely as most was wrapped in gauze that held tints and stains of being one bandage that needed constant mending. The one good eye, right, was mechanical, a feat of machine and biological fabrication. He was Borg most likely, perhaps the Liberated, at least in this instance Rick assumed this individual to be, the rest were still in shadow.

"Please," Rick pressed hands still in the air, "we just wish to talk. Nothing more."

Again that silence, the stance and aim of the weapon still presenting. The time that it took for this standoff to pass felt like an eternity, but soon the Liberated dropped his weapon to his side. It was as if a switch had been flipped. The environment changed, the enemies revealing themselves as they drew their hoods back. Rick caught that some were human, or rather, appeared to be. More in the group were Romulan. An underground movement perhaps?

“This way,” stated the Liberated.

They were led deeper into the ruins, the ancient rubble left by the Chodak whipping by as their footfalls led them into an enclosure. There were others, and the sparse of people suddenly turned back to an influx of refugees and others who were given food and care. They walked through this crowd and eventually the Liberated stopped in front of a doorway of stone and rubble. He stated nothing, merely motioned that they should proceed down. Barlow was the first to enter, having to duck down a bit to walk through.

As he led the Away Team deeper, the corridor branching further open in both width and height, the faces of more refugees could be seen in the dimly lit hall. More of these faces were those of the Liberated, ex-Borg taken from the Collective. There were a dozen, maybe more that were helping with the more serious of injured. The cavern itself seemed to empty into several pockets of other branching tunnels, but Barlow zeroed in on one such branch and continued walking, passing the two Liberated guardsmen that showcased the telltale signs of this particular opening in the cavern to be of some significance. It wasn't long before Barlow was standing across from Gerrick, the other Away Team members funneling in on the heels.

“Captain Barlow,” Gerrick stated in a wheeze and a gruff cough, “to what do I owe for this visit?”

Gerrick appeared worse for wear. Gone was the familiarity of the Vaadwaur's strong features, that aura of self. Now the former Syndicate King seemed to be at the doorstep of death, hooked into a slew of machines, his face haggardly looking up as Rick stepped closer. There were signs of tampering, the implants and augmentations gone save for a few specks of metal and mechanics. Where there should have been implants, to what Rick could recall, there were only dark hue smudges, as if under Gerrick's skin festered oil that itched to bubble to the surface in pockets of pus. There was a smell, sickly, radiant, that wasn't entirely covered by the smells of bleach and cleaner.

“Rostham,” Rick began, head slightly arching towards the Sergeant, “mind the

door.”

<<Tag Rostham>>

"We would like to ask you a couple of questions."

<<Tag Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** Blog - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Mar 31, 2015 10:38 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

Slowly, her conscious mind surfaced. Layer upon layer of anesthetic induced sleep cast its veils aside, permitting her access to her senses, and the sensations now prevalent upon her body. Her legs were a dull ache, from hip to ankle. The searing pain of her abdomen and core had dissipated, replaced by an overriding warmth that spread throughout. She could breathe again.

And, she was completely blind.

It was obvious that there were replacements for her eyes. She could feel them, their alien presence and weight pressing into the sockets that had never drawn her attention before. They felt heavy, uncommonly stiff and smooth, as if a pair of billiard balls had been forced into the openings. There was another sensation

within the openings, one far more insidious. Nanoprobes. The tiny army's work telegraphed itself as a mild tingling upon the sensitive nerve endings of the violated sockets where once her brown eyes had witnessed the world. There was something else...goggles of some sort, she thought, that seemed to completely shield and close off her eyes from the outside. The device vibrated ever so gently, evidence of some purpose it had yet to complete.

Her right hand lifted, then settled upon the flesh of her hip bone, which offered two immediate details. Firstly, she was naked within the enclosure that hummed as it covered her. Next, it appeared all of the swelling from her exposure was gone. Her hand trailed to the flat of her stomach, up the rise of her ribs, and over her breasts. The skin was smooth, free of any surface wounds. The underlying muscle tissue seemed normal as well. Her neck, the line of her jaw, and what she could touch of her face.....but for some dry cracking about her lips, all seemed to have recovered. The lasting damage of Calmest's mischief, it seemed, had been the loss of her eyes, and a vague remembrance of some surgery to her legs. She'd have to ask the doctor about that. But now, there was just one request.

"Water," she whispered through parched lips. "Can I have some water?"

<Tag Medical>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Mar 31, 2015 9:39 pm

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**M. Sgt. Rostham**

**CSec/Tac, USS Hope**

**Garid V, Old Quarter**

Rostham slid down the terracotta rooftop by way of a wooden ladder, and his team descended to the street level below them. There were no visible threats, lookouts, or snipers, upon first sight anyway. Was there really a Romulan outpost in the galaxy without a secret police or informant nearby?

One of the biggest hassles of Security was sometimes the entourage they were protecting liked to go off the prescribed course to mingle with the crowd. In this case, Barlow proceeded towards a group of Romulans, calling out the name of a man he had not heard in many years.

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Anam? Anam Farooqi?

The resemblance was uncanny... the same protruding nose, high cheekbones... It \*was the eccentric ensign who had piloted the ship when he had been picked

up by the crew of the Hope on H'dara.

**Agent Henry Oakfor wrote:**

Counselor, know this guy?

"**Aye**", he said, even though the question wasn't directed at him. He ordered his team to lower their weapons, after the tense moment where the man slung his arms around Barlow's neck.

**"He was on Hope before. Helm officer. Don't get caught up in conversation with him. I've never seen anyone waste time so much on philosophy and impractical matters."**

<tag Oakfor, James>

As they traversed through the labyrinth of the Old Marshall District, he didn't like again setting foot into a Syndicate space. The "Liberated" Borg manning the place gave it an eerie feeling, even for a criminal lair.

**Captain Barlow wrote:**

Guard the door.

This slimeball, he thought, as Gerrick was presented to them, kept alive, it seemed, by machines alone. When Barlow ordered him to guard the door, he was glad to be away from the stench. "**Yes, captain**," he said, gesturing two fingers to his trio of security men.

He and another guard stayed by the door, while the other two waited outside. No one would get through that door without a heavy price to pay.

<tag A-Team>

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Mar 31, 2015 11:09 pm

--/\=---=/\=---=/\=--

**Ensign Haass**

**Engineering, USS Hope**

**Cmdr Mahoney wrote:**

Bridge to Engineering: I want level five diagnostics on all ship's systems in order of priority. If you find something that's got even a whiff of Calmest, I want it physically isolated, and then brought to me...

"This is the First Officer: In twelve minutes, we'll be swinging around to the unoccupied backside of the planet. At that time, we'll be engaging our cloak. All departments, rig for emission silent."

Cloak \*and run a full systems-wide diagnostic? That's like being asked to not eat breakfast and run a mile at the same time. Any cloak consumed a huge amount of energy, as did a good systems check and defragmentation. Being a Bolian, and still newly-minted from the Academy, Haass decided to show up early to his shift in Main Engineering.

When he arrived the warp core deck, he saw preparation was already underway for the level 5 diagnostic called for by Cmdr. Mahoney. He was unfamiliar with the aging Intrepid-class, especially one modified by Romulan & Borg tech, and even heard there was Hirogen code in the ship somewhere.

Lieutenant Davis was standing by the main console, as the blue-hued officer started to check on deflector control, arguably as important to the ship as the thyroid is to the humanoid body. **"Which system should we start with, sir?"** He barely let the chief respond as his fingers started tapping the Okudagrams on the console.

**"The deflector is what I'd start with, then the warp core, reactor & matter/antimatter conversion, computer core, AI -- and Calmest's specialty, the holodecks could be especially vulnerable, -- and replicators connected to the matter-energy conversion system."** He finished pressing buttons when he had arranged a preliminary layout in the file, of which systems to scan first, and presented the PADD to his superior.

**"Is there anything you'd add or change, Lieutenant?,"** he asked, trying to glean what hints he could from the department chief's eyes.

<tag Davis>

**The Gnostic**  
Member

Posts: 145  
Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

Top



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 7:38 am

**Story Note**

Across all bands of communication. Invading, intercepting day to day operations, splashing on viewscreens and monitors not just on the main displays of starships, but on monitors, on workstations, anywhere where transmissions and receiving of data is possible a broadcast is viewed.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 7:39 am

**Riov Talla Vreenak**

&

**Cmdr. Owen Scott**

&

**Gabriel "Matrix" Logan**

Location: Eternity

OFF:

Part Two.

ON:

Their Romulan captive had put up little physical resistance while being held under an almost overwhelming amount of security. Nor had he tried making anyone see reason through idle banter. If any seemed interested he'd engage them, but it was practically unheard of to have visitors. At first his stoicism might have been taken as an effort to mask the pain; whether that was or remain true, however, was difficult to say. Even the sudden presence of a bag whipped over his head hadn't stirred him to action any more than the rest of their stay.

As they were led out of confinement to some unannounced location, Vreenak closed his eyes and focused inward. The manner in which the Borg underestimated him would be laughable under more tactically advantageous circumstances. As they were he had to remain content to dine on the ashes of his smaller victories.

Roughly shoved to the ground, Vreenak's eye slid open only to squint at the light they were bathed in. A soft grunt followed the manifestation of what he'd come to expect of their 'walk.' He'd mentally quip about suddenly becoming psychic, except there might be other factors at play to explain his understanding of what was and what was to follow.

Despite the silence that had fallen over him, or the seeming lack of interest in his surroundings, their Romulan captive lifted his chin a bit and asked simply, **"Any last words?"** Surely Logan himself would be present. Whether Vreenak could see him, the man wouldn't ignore this 'momentous' occasion, would he? He'd await a response, in whatever form it took, to his question. One way or another, Vreenak thought, he would have them; though he would prefer to say them personally given the opportunity.

From the ground near the Romulan, Owen Scott grunted. "Hey, Talla? If you've got some sort of brilliant plan, now would be the time to put it into play. This is feelin' an awful lot like end game to me."

Vreenak turned his head to one side to look over at Scott. Talla? The man had the good sense to let that slip when circumstances demanded every second not be wasted. 'Talla' in front of the Borg. Not that they were unaware of his first name; their 'King' must surely remember all the personnel records of the Hope. **"Owen,"** since they were being familiar, **"there is much I do not have time to explain, so I will say this: focus on who you are. Not your name or position, but what separates you from everyone else in this galaxy. The rest,"** Vreenak turned his eye forward again, **"will tend to itself."**

Footfalls echoed uneven, down the corridor as Gabriel "Matrix" Logan eventually entered the room, the bath of light hitting all the details of his scarred mutilations. For a time his left eye winced, but he did not give it any other notion as he simply crossed into the room, standing above both men still in bondage. The bags now removed from their heads, this was their reality, this would be their salvation.

"Communication telemetry," Logan spoke in mutter to which was answered by one of the Liberated who only nodded his head in response. A whisper of understanding passed between them and Logan crossed over towards one of the armed guardsmen, footfalls again echoing. The broadcast would be heard by all. Starfleet, the Romulans, and Hope would suddenly be inundated by ,the transmission. Considering these same lines of communications were the roadway to which Calmest walked, he would undoubtedly find the necessity to return. "Your weapon," Logan called breaking from his thoughts, his left arm

outstretched to receive the pistol. The weapon felt heavy, cold, but loaded and Logan thumbed the actuator causing the beast to whine as it woke.

“Begin transmission.”

The switch was flipped and in that instant streams of data poured out from the broadcast source. Raw uncompressed, it traveled from the Eternity throughout the many relays and communication points that Logan and the Liberated had tapped into in order to gauge their previous activities in relation to the ongoing Romulan/Federation War. The highways and byways, the twists and turns of broadcast lines throughout the quadrant were influenced by the data, sending priority messages and overriding protocols. In an instant the imagery and sounds of the room were being displayed on every viewscreen across every desktop within every starship, installation, or colony in the occupied frontier. This view saw both men, Talla Vreenak and Owen Scott, kneeled to the ground, bound.

The view shifted towards a close up of Owen as Logan’s footfalls took step to him. The gun rose up in frame. “Final words Commander Scott,” he breathed.

With a final moment of peace, Owen smiled. “No regrets, Cee,” he said, before it faded. “I’m not going to give you the satisfaction of anything else, you son of a bitch. Get it over with.”

The shot rang out as the disruptor flung a concentrated ball of energy at point blank range toward Owen Scott’s right temple. A splash of rose bloomed from the impact point followed as smoke bellowed outward from the Commander’s eyes as the inside of his skull superheated to the point his eyeballs subtly moved forward. Mouth agape, a whisper of energy dissipation in cool blue presented before Owen’s lifeless corpse fell out of the video frame.

More footsteps, deliberate despite the limp and the weapon was now at Talla Vreenak’s head.

If Logan sought to present a defeated Talla Vreenak on camera, there’d be none of it. While he might not be whole any longer, there’d been no frivolous waste

of energy as he'd bided his time in captivity. Those dark eyes stared straight ahead with his shoulders squared and back up right. If they were going to kill him, they'd only make him a martyr and not some poor soul to be pitied. Was it now his turn to say something? How generous. **"My undying love to my wife, Marisol Vreenak and to the Empire. And to posterity, Sigma Tau."** A shadow of a smile curled up one corner of his lips.

Another squeeze, a resounding flash then Talla Vreenak was no more.

Even as the proceedings were concluded, there was a faint hint of unbelievability amongst the group of Liberated. The camera wavered, the transmission still broadcasting as it slowly panned up towards Logan's face. There was a lifelessness in his expression, an emptiness that only he could understand. In the lapse of saying anything, he simply stood for a time, the view wavering as the transmission became overwhelmed with spiking and tracking. Intelligence Agencies grasping to close out the sudden influx of media while others more vengeful sought to find Logan's location.

"It's time to wake."

The transmission cut. The deed done and Logan pocketed the weapon as he slowly made his way out of the room. At the cusp of his last footfall the sudden influx of blue illumination bathed the bloody scene of the two murders. Logan stopped for a moment as Calmest appeared.

"You were right," Logan presented, his one hand on the doorframe of the exit. Another composition of words played so that the AI's notions would play out correctly. "Why dilute myself." He turned his head slightly, his one good eye falling on the artificial entity...

"..., I am the monster."

There wasn't much else to be said and Gabriel "Matrix" Logan walked out ready to meet his Writer again; he had words to speak.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 11:05 am

Davis looks up at the officers next to him, eyes wide with shock and horror.

"What the Hell did we just see? It hijacked all our systems at once."

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 4:47 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

She sipped water through a straw, relishing the delicious coolness of it as it glided down a parched throat. It was sort of remarkable just how quickly a few swallows of water could begin to reverse a negative situation. She could actually feel a sense of rejuvenation as the life giving moisture entered her system. Even the eyes, concealed as they were, were somehow more tolerable. "That's good....thank you," she said to the unseen nurse.

The straw didn't move, nor did the hand which held the cup. In fact, the entire medical bay had fallen eerily silent. In the distance, she could hear ambient noise, and movements, all the sound of some holovision program to which everyone seemed riveted. Wait. Familiar....ad that been Logan's voice which drew her ear?

**Owen Scott wrote:**

"No regrets, Cee. I'm not going to give you the satisfaction of anything else, you son of a bitch. Get it over with."

Owen Scott! "What is that?" Marisol asked, turning her head. The sudden eruption of a disruptor blast echoed through Sickbay. The nurse who'd attended her screamed, dropping the water cup onto the pillow next to Marisol. "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?" she demanded.

“Commander Scott,” a shaken voice replied. “They just killed him, ma’am.”

”JesuCristo,” Marisol breathed, a breath that would catch in her throat with the next sound. Talla’s voice now reached out to her horrified ears.

**Talla Vreenak wrote:**

”My undying love to my wife, Marisol Vreenak and to the Empire. And to posterity, Sigma Tau.”

“No.....No.....” The next shot birthed mayhem within Sickbay. Talla Vreenak, well known to all aboard Hope, had just been executed before their unbelieving eyes. Marisol couldn’t breathe. Her mouth hung open, agape, uttering no sound but a silent scream as the most hellish moment she could ever imagine was upon her. They’d killed them. They’d killed him.....Logan....had murdered Talla.....

Her hands found the top of the enclosure. With surprising force, she hauled it downward.

“Captain,” a nurse sought to contain her own emotions as she gripped Marisol’s shoulders. “You have to rest.....”

“Get this thing off my face,” she commanded.

“Your eyes aren’t prepped,” the nurse protested.

“Sunglasses, then,” Marisol replied. “And my uniform. NOW!” Around her, the room suddenly came to a hush. Though one or two openly sobbed, Sickbay was at least quiet enough to help her collect her thoughts. Marisol lowered herself from the biobed, as gentle hands removed the blockage from her newly implanted eyes. “Someone tell me,” she said in the stillness, “what did Logan say after the shootings?”

“Something....something about waking up, captain,” a doctor she recognized as



the duty officer spoke.

The eyes were working, at least, to a fashion. She had to squint in order to see the clothes that had been brought. Marisol reached for the undergarments, and began stepping into them as she spoke. "Describe what you saw, doctor."

"C...Commander Scott...facing the camera.....then a hand, holding a weapon....the shot....and he fell over."

"And then, the Ambassador?" she asked, her voice quivering.  
"You....saw.....both men die?"

"Yes," the doctor answered.

"I need a commbadge," she ordered as she hitched the uniform slacks. A moment later, one was delivered, along with a pair of wrap around dark glasses. In silence, the captain finished getting her uniform into trim, before she tapped the little orb.

"Vreenak to bridge," she said. "Status."

"Mahoney here. We're cloaked, orbiting Garid 5. Capt. Bartlow is on the surface with an away team....captain, allow me to express..."

"Later," Marisol spoke, her voice hoarse, through clenched teeth. Recovering, she asked, "Did we get a trace on that signal?"

"Negative. It's been bounced off every array and data tap in the quadrant. They covered their tracks really well."

"Stand ready," Marisol ordered. "If our friend Calmest shows his face, trace the hell out of him. I want to know exactly where he is. Also, open a secured channel to the Diplomatic Corps, Senior Secretary Edu. I'm on my way. Vreenak out."

Her legs wobbled, forcing Marisol to catch herself more than once as she labored down the corridor to the turbolift. "Deck two," she ordered, before once again finding herself clinging to the handrail in avoidance of being splayed upon the deck. Her body and mind were ablaze in the shock and horror of Talla's confirmed death. Marisol wanted to stop the lift, scream, and never stop screaming in her despair. But no, the time for her grief wasn't now. Now, when conditions had changed so rapidly, and would continue to do so.

"He's murdered his hostages," she forced herself to think objectively, "and done so in a fashion to terrorize. Why? Their lives were of no further value.....why?" After making her unsteady way into quarters, Marisol entered the bathroom. She removed the sunshades, and set to methodically tying her hair back. The artificial eyes had yet to receive their cosmetic surfacing. As she worked, two fields of blank white regarded the depth of pain written upon her face. On any other day, such a vision would've been unsettling, at the best. Today, knowing that Talla would never return, she barely noticed.

In silence, Marisol replaced the sunshades. With hands gripping the sink, she knelt unsteadily before the bathroom cabinet. Rather than grasping the handle, she probed beneath it's bottom lip, before the smaller base upon which it sat. A green cone of light suddenly glowed, reflected upon the tile floor. She guided her right index finger toward it's center, closing the distance til the light was a mere corona about shadow. A subtle click announced that identification had been confirmed, and the drawer slid open.

Over the course of their lives together, Talla had presented her with a number of secretive "safety measures." Some were prototype weapons of a distinctively low profile or deceptive appearance. Others were designed to evade and misdirect pursuers. The personal cloak had been a fascinating addition to that collection. On this, the day of her husband's violent death, his widow chose a simple black case with a rigid handle. They'd discussed the contents on a few occasions. Now, convinced of the use, Marisol closed the drawer, listened for the locks to engage, and pulled herself to her feet.

Her exit took her through the bedroom, scene of their last night spent as husband and wife. There, on the dresser, stood the photograph. She had to

look away, for the tide of hurt threatened to overcome her. With a tug at her uniform, Marisol steeled herself for what had to be done.

"Bridge," she ordered the turbolift. For a moment, she felt some shame over the fact that the first tears had not come. "No," Marisol thought as the door opened to the starship's bridge, "I'll cry for him on my time....not theirs."

<Tag Bridge>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 6:31 pm

Davis shakes his head, trying to focus. "Sir... shall I try and run a trace?"

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Mia Cummings** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 6:54 pm

Amelia 'Mia' (Moore) Barlow

Displaced Science Teacher/former CSCI

USS Hope

Mia hadn't liked the fact that Rick was on the surface of the planet. Too much could go wrong and it had been a very long time since he'd been a part of Star Fleet. The First Officer had offered her the science station and she had taken it. Though what she was doing there was beyond her. The ship had gone to the far side of the planet and had cloaked. She was scanning the area when all of a sudden her monitor... and every other screen on the bridge came to life with the same image. Owen Scott, on his knees. She heard a voice she recognized as Logan's and then Scott made his final statement. The shot made her jump and a scream forced past her lips as her hands drew up in horror over her mouth. "Oh my God... Owen!!"

The Image move to show Vreenak, stoic as always, facing his death head on. Mia pleaded silently for his life as tears stung her eyes, "Please Logan.. No" She said as the weapon pointed towards the Romluan she had come to respect. Talla's last remark was of his undying love to Marisol. And then the blast and Talla fell forward as well. "My God, why.. Why Logan. They were your friends, how could you do this?" Mia sunk to the deck, tears falling down her face in shock and disbelief.

She did not know how long she sat there on the floor in front of the science station, and she didn't care that she was letting her emotions show. She heard the lift doors open and she looked up to see Marisol, her grief plainly visible on her face despite the sunglasses. She pulled herself to her feet. "Captain Vreenak, I.. I will help in whatever way I can," she said, her voice trembling with emotion.

<tag Marisol, bridge>

Mia Cummings; AMO/Lt.: USS John C Stennis - CSEC/Lt.: USS CADECUS \* Sa'Ra; Chief CONN Office / XO /LT: USS Firewall - COPS/ENS:USS Ghost Rider \* Cdr. Amber (Tamara) Darius-Belmont - Chief Medical Officer: USS Atlantis \* Lt Amelia "Mia" Moore, CSCI; USS Eternity \* Maria Inez Alvarez; Mgr Clerk, Barlow's Market: Dead Fall

**Mia Cummings**

Veteran Member

Posts: 2054

Joined: Wed Jun 21, 2006 6:50 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 7:24 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Old Quarter Marshal District, Garid 5

The Colonel's hand was on her disruptor and unholstered the weapon as the team was surrounded. Her black eyes observed the movements of several of their number with a scowl. There was no doubt this was an inescapable strategic situation; it would take Barlow's insistence to get them out of it alive.

As they lowered their weapons the Colonel holstered her own, albeit with little haste. Her demeanor didn't appear to change at all with glimpses of Romulans among their number. Their presence was mildly interesting, but hardly outstanding. This was their territory in a manner of speaking. Still, they were apparently in service to 'Gerrick.' Given what she knew of the man, the Colonel had no sympathy for the lot of them.

It was an 'educational' stroll through the ruins. The Tal Shiar Agent hadn't the 'pleasure' of encountering these Liberated personally before. They hardly seemed all the better for their victory some years ago. Curious. If anything, they appeared worse off; not only in hiding here of all places, but of their physical state. Had they been here the entire time? Where had they kept themselves out of sight for these past few years?

Their journey came to end by a ragged voice calling out to them as they entered a chamber. Kholhr's dark eyes took in the environment before they found their way to Gerrick's present condition. Barlow seemed the most familiar with the man, so the Colonel would leave it to him -- for now -- to handle the questioning.

<<Tag Barlow, Gerrick, Away Team>>

It was only a few minutes before the Colonel's head turned to the side. Her eyes focused on something far away for several seconds.

**"We need to return to the ship,"** Kholhr announced as she turned her gaze back toward the Leader of the Away Team. She didn't volunteer to explain further in the presence of Gerrick and the Liberated unless one of their own monitors had gotten hijacked for the transmission (which would make explanation partially unnecessary).

<<Tag Barlow>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Apr 01, 2015 8:10 pm

**Cdr. Mahoney** NPC

First Officer

USS Hope

**Scott Davis wrote:**

"Sir... shall I try and run a trace?"

"Yeah," Mahoney said vacantly as he stared at the viewscreen. "I'm sorry," the First Officer shook himself from the stupor. "Please, Mr. Davis. Feel free."

<Tag Davis>

A heavy silence had descended. Around the bridge, the faces of the crew were ashen as they bent to their tasks. Amelia Barlow had taken to the deck, where she sat now, weeping. But for the sounds of human grief, the starship's bridge chirped and oscillated with the usual music of her operational norm. It all seemed so..surreal. Then, the turbolift door opened, and Mahoney found himself catapulted into this dreaded reality by the sight of his captain. Capt. Vreenak could hardly stand, let alone successfully convey the image of the confidant ship's captain. She belonged in bed, and in the aftermath of this moment, heavily sedated. Given the drawn, tight features of her face beneath the wrap around sunglasses she'd chosen, the First Officer's heart all but broke at the sight. "Captain," he said as he rushed to steady her. "You shouldn't be here..."

"Nowhere else to be, Number One," she replied. "Ops, did we get our channel to the Senior Secretary?"

"They were getting her out of bed, Captain," Ops replied in a hushed voice. "She should be on in just a minute."

"Very well," the captain said. "Did we capture that transmission?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I haven't seen the transmission, for obvious reasons," Marisol said aloud. "But I will. However, I want to remind everyone here that one half of the team who're causing so much suffering is a show business hack with a history of flamboyance. While we have no reason to believe that Logan



didn't.....murder.....the...hostages.....excuse me.....I want that feed thoroughly analyzed. If there's even a hint of special effects technology at work, I want to know about it."

"Captain," Ops said quietly, "Secretary Edu is on the channel."

"Thank you," Capt. Vreenak made her unsteady way by the bridge railing. "I'll take it in my ready room. Call the Yeoman. Number One, you have the con."

<Tag Adelaide>

"Aye, Captain," Mahoney nodded as he watched her go. Mrs. Barlow had risen from the deck, and now met the captain just short of the ready room door. As he watched, Amelia's tearful whisperings seemed to impact Marisol's own emotions. Finally, she spoke up.

**Mia Barlow wrote:**

"Captain Vreenak, I.. I will help in whatever way I can,"

"Thanks, Mia," Marisol said as she clasped hands with Hope's former science officer. "You'll be needed...by all of us."

When the ready room door closed behind the captain, Mahoney spoke firmly. "Alright, folks, you heard the captain. Let's get to work." He moved quietly to where Amelia Barlow was standing. "We could really use your help with the analysis, or deciphering a trace."

<Tag Mia, Bridge>

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 8:51 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Away Team Leader, U.S.S. Hope

Garid 5, Surface

ON:

There was a silence for a time as Rick Barlow tried to gauge the movements of his Away Team in regard to questioning the man, Gerrick, who sat before them hacking much of his life away it seemed. When they fell silent, not making any motion to move towards interrogation, Rick took the initiative.

“Here’s what Starfleet knows.” The Acting Captain (at the time) moved forward a bit more. “The Eternity was stolen, details are sketchy but local surveillance pegs you’re ship, the Knife, in the area at the time of the theft. Several days and some change later three Romulan ships equipped with Eternity technology

insight a war between the Federation and Romulan governments and at the same time the Romulan Senate is overthrown.”

Rick took a seat, pulling it across the dirt covered floor with a rack before sitting down. “It’s not looking good for you Gerrick. In more ways than one.”

Gerrick hacked a bit, stammering a laugh towards the mixture of phylum. “Tell me Rick..., what do you know about Project DREAM?”

Rick’s brow furrowed. “Sounds like something Chris Nolan might write...,”

“Six years ago we arrived in the Alpha Quadrant,” Gerrick began, he leaned forward a bit, a wince pressing through his horrid mangled features, “but you know that part..., well...,” he looked down at Rick’s stomach, a grin pressing upon his curled lips, “sort of. But the Eternity, Hope, and several thousand refugees and my Syndicate were welcomed, processed, and acclimated into the Federation complex.”

‘Where things get interesting Rick is when you’re boys got hold of some of the Liberated. You know that Starfleet dismantled the Eternity, and from that disassembly learned quite a bit.”

“I was there...,”

“Yes,” Gerrick nodded, “of course you were. But did you ever think what happened to us. If Starfleet was so determined to unlock the secrets of Eternity, it should come at no surprise that they attempted to do the same to us?”

“If you’re suggesting,” Rick began, “that Starfleet ‘disassembled,’ the Liberated. I’m going to have to disagree. It’s against everything we’ve learned and banned in practice.”

“Humanity doesn’t learn from their mistakes Barlow...,” Gerrick interrupted, his voice rising in volume, though, it caused him to cough violently enough that blood began to thicken out his maw and he wiped it with a cloth nearby. “But,” he gasped, that smile returning, “deep down, you know that already. Why you

left Starfleet R&D.”

The former Red King’s voice held rasp, he strained with every word. “There was a human geneticist, Kyle Martin, who thought that the ban on genetic engineering was ill founded, that it could lead to improving Humankind. Another Arik Soong they called him..., for a time, yes, the Liberated and Dr. Martin worked hand in hand. But that relationship quickly dissolved once Starfleet began it’s works in Project DREAM.”

‘Starfleet Intelligence..., maybe something deeper seeded.., caught wind of Dr. Martin’s efforts, more importantly some of the more..., Tranquil..., of Liberated.”

”The Council,” Rick thought, not wanting to interrupt.

“..., it was learned that during sleep, some of the Liberated were still connected by a shared Consciousness. This intelligence branch of Starfleet vied to understand that..., no matter how many rules they would need to break. You’re boy Owen and that Calmest person he was carrying around his head was key in developing a new C-Consciousness.”

Did Owen know? It wouldn’t be the first time since he’d known the Commander that he had hid something so close to the chest? But it didn’t make sense..., why would something so integral as Calmest be allowed to walk around, garner fame, be self reliant. Why not lock him in some greater vault for study...,

“Where does the Eternity come in Gerrick?”

“You should know that better than anyone Rick,” the former Red King replied in a hush. “Eternity is a living ship. It has biological components and can’t operated without a Consciousness. It’s aware, learns and adapts and calls out when it’s in need.”

To this, Rick leaned back in his chair, again the familiarity of the hurt where Gerrick had once plunged a knife through finding hold so grasping that he rubbed at it momentarily. This Eternity nightmare seemed to never end,

haunting him even as he tried to distance himself from it. Tried so very hard to live a life away from all of it. Delusion. Impossibility.

“They put this artificial C-Consciousness into their new Eternity, following your design Barlow.”

Rick was silent..., though his face twisted to the horror of the revelation. He began to blame himself quietly and tried desperately to keep his former demeanor. Gerrick must have seen this as he winced in further lean towards the conversation continuing.

“Something you should know about the Liberated, Rick, and their relationship with the C-Consciousness. We can feel her from anywhere in the universe, it doesn’t matter the distances or the state we happen to find ourselves in. As mangled as we were, one of us decided that mankind was too primitive to have anything to do with the C-Consciousness.”

“Logan...,” Rick whispered.

Gerrick laughed, though previously it had led to coughing and spasms, this time he held. “You boys pissed off the wrong person. Oh you should have seen him Rick, I’ve never seen so much blood spilled in such short time. Say what you will of his Followers, the man is a demon in a fight even while missing an arm and an eye.”

It was beginning to make sense. The Council had made Eternity, this Project DREAM allowing the construction of an artificial C-Consciousness using what they knew of those connected Liberated and of what they extracted from Owen Scott. When this Consciousness was engaged, installed into the Eternity, it was like moths to a flame for the Liberated; and, though, they were mutilated in Starfleet’s attempt to understand the technology behind it, Gabriel “Matrix” Logan took it back. He took back his former flock and freed Calmest..., no doubt the two were working together. But can Gerrick’s claims be substantiated?

“Where’s Dr. Kyle Martin now,” Rick asked?

“Sliced in half by the blade of a sword,” Gerrick smiled, “from head to crotch.”

“Do you know where he is?”

“With her...,” Gerrick whispered, “he’s always with her. The Consciousness. Even though we are disconnected, we know he’s there.”

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

”We need to return to the ship.”

The Tal Shiar’s voice came like a knife through the conversation. Though it held the familiarity of the Romulan’s tone, it hinted on anxiety, as if the words needed to be acted upon.

Rick got up from the chair, sliding it back to where it came. “Something doesn’t fit with your story Gerrick. If Logan had a following, and everyone of the Liberated were part of Dr. Martin’s experimentation in this Project DREAM then why are you here?”

“Look at me Rick,” Gerrick proclaimed trying desperately to motion to himself with arms wide and presenting. “I’m dying. The final stages of rejection. Lots of us that were..., let’s just say adhering to a checkered past..., were the first to be experimented on. We’re all dying..., everyone you see here in one form or the other.”

‘What they did to us...,’ Gerrick grew silent for a time, “..., it’s like trying to live without a heart, or lungs..., you can’t fight it for long.” A smile. “He offered..., but it was jointly decided that he and the rest of the stronger of us should follow ‘her’ flow. He did as his brother Sion did, only took the strong. The rest of us..., we’re just existing. Some of us making amends with the actions of our past. Others just finding a nice place to die.”

“Is Logan dying?” The question poised was etched with hope.

"I don't know," Gerrick answered weakly.

A breath of silence edged its way in again. Silent gasps echoing outside, something had happened that Rick nor Gerrick had seen.

"Let's go," Rick passed to the Away Team, turning round and walking out the low hanging doorframe and back out into the openness of the cavern and ruin. "What did you get from that Janelle," he asked quietly as he continued his steps to trace himself and the others back to the shuttle?

<<Tag James>>

There was activity as they reached the shuttle. A slew of refugees were now in the throws of chaos as military adjuncts of the colony of Garid 5 were beginning to grasp hold of the situation. It seemed like riots, it seemed personal and Barlow couldn't quite grasp what it was, but Rostham and his men moved the Away Team through by strong arm. Some of the refugees were shouting in Romulan others were simply overwhelmed and crying. Even some of the officials, the Military and Guardsmen seemed upset though continued in their duties.

What the hell was going on?

Rick entered the shuttlecraft, pounding away at the preflight checklist all the while radioing the Hope. "Hope, this is Captain Barlow. Preparing to disembark. Requesting trajectory."

<<Tag Hope>>

There was a lot of communication traffic, it was like flipping the switch to anarchy. The airspace overhead was really seeing an influx of activity as Romulan and civilian crafts were moving through their former positioning. It would be a hell of a flight back.

<<Tag Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 8:53 am

Davis clasps the man's shoulder briefly before focusing on the console. His fingers seem to move in a blur as he moves through the information scrolling on the screen, trying to run a trace on the signal. "Can I borrow your combadge? We need to let the others know what we are doing sir."

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Janice Lacey James** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 9:53  
am

Lt Janelle James  
Counselor  
TDY USS HOPE

Janelle had been hanging back slightly getting a read on those in the immediate area. Mr Okafor had been walking slightly behind her. She saw Barlow close up his scanner and walk towards someone, someone she recognized.

**Okafor wrote:**

Hank gestured towards Anam and Barlow, "Counselor, know this guy?"

Janelle nodded, a bit surprised to see Anam here of all places. "As a matter of fact I do! That's Lt Anam Farooqi, another former member of the Hope's Crew. I find this rather... curious."

She drew closer to the Captain and Anam, stopping and letting her mind reach out around them to see if this was some sort of trap. As far as she could tell, no one was taking a lot of interest in this particular meeting.

"Captain, we seem to be unnoticed as of yet," She spoke in hushed tones to Barlow. A Slight nod to Anam, "Lt, while it is good to see you again, your

presence here is confusing to say the least."

It wasn't long after they began walking again, away from the crowds, that they were met by a group of Liberated. It was a tense few moments before they lowered their weapons and led the away team to the Red King.

Janelle had stayed by the entrance while Rick and Garrick spoke. She could sense no deception from the former Red King. But the sudden feeling of shock and sorrow made her put out her hand for support. She barely heard the Romulan Officer, but could feel a sense of urgency from her.

**Barlow wrote:**

"Let's go," Rick passed to the Away Team, turning round and walking out the low hanging doorframe and back out into the openness of the cavern and ruin. "What did you get from that Janelle," he asked quietly as he continued his steps to trace himself and the others back to the shuttle?

Once again they were moving, this time towards the shuttle. "He was speaking the truth, Sir. But something has happened. There is great sorrow and anger all around us." As they neared the shuttle, it was pandemonium. Rage and grief were the two strongest feelings she was getting from the crowds. As the away team and the rescued Anam settled back onto the shuttle she could feel tempers flaring around them, "I believe we should make haste, Captain."

<Tag Away Team, Barlow>

MSgt. Jamie Lynn Stathem, 2nd Support Detachment NCOIC; USS Cadecus  
Lt Jg. Janice Lacey, Chief Science Officer (CSCI); USS Atlantis  
Lt Janelle James, Counselor; USS Eternity-B (TDY USS Hope)  
Lt Jg.(acting) Jamie Morrison, Intel; USS Independence  
Lt. Meghan Amalia Steele, Eng Consultant, Shattered Universe

**Janice Lacey James**

Member

Posts: 607

Joined: Mon Feb 16, 2009 1:32 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 10:38 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

On the Ready Room screen, Secretary Edu's face was pale and drawn. Antonia had put her glasses on, and was carefully reviewing the passages and texts that Marisol brought to her attention.

The captain had replicated a cup of coffee, more for something to hold to while she waited for the Senior Secretary to verify her own beliefs. There was history between them...she'd first met Antonia at the end of the "re-enrollment training" at the Academy, a time when former StarFleet officers were called to rejoin. Marisol had answered that call, as had Colin Byrne. Antonia had followed him. They seemed the ideal couple....until a ship named 'Eternity' drove it's wedge between them."Eternity", she thought, a silent curse upon the name. It had riven relationships, destroyed worlds, taken countless lives, including those most dear to her. "If I get the chance..." the diminutive woman mused, "I'll grind....."

"All right then," Antonia said, lifting her eyes. "I've had a read."

"So, what do you think?" Marisol asked. "Am I correct?"

“Spot on,” the Secretary nodded. “It’s all very clearly laid out, signed, and even ratified by the governing council. Shall I welcome you now?”

“Thanks. Conditions are changing...and fast. I need your help.”

“Please,” Antonia replied. “What might I do?”

“Two things,” Marisol said. “Obviously, I need reinstatement, and official recognition of status. The second...StarFleet has to stand down. Immediate withdrawal from the Ildius sector.”

Antonia removed her glasses. “I’m rather afraid that Admiral Dejmon should laugh me from his office over that.”

“I’m not asking you to see the Admiral,” Marisol said. “Antonia, this has to go straight to the President.”

On the screen, Antonia folded her arms over the terrycloth robe she wore as she settled back in her chair. Her eyes dropped to the desk, moving ever so slightly, as if she were reading. A moment’s silence passed before she lifted them. “She’s going to want.....assurances.”

“Set the meeting. Give me twenty–four hours. And make sure Fleet’s not going to blow me out of the sky....okay?”

“That, I’ll do straight away,” the Secretary nodded. “As for the President.... no doubt she’s awake...in the aftermath of that awful.....Marisol, I am so deeply saddened..”

“Thank you,” Hope’s captain nodded. “I’ll contact you in twenty–four hours.” The screen went dark. Without hesitation, Marisol toggled over, shifting her access from the network protocols of the Federation to those of the Romulan Empire. Despite the official lockout, there were still linkages...the little inroads that Talla had provided for critical access in the event it all went wrong.

And now, it had. Ignoring the great hollow space that opened within her, Marisol tapped out the message.

**It is urgent that we talk,**

She pressed "send," and raised the coffee to her lips. With luck, the Fleet Commander would be inclined to respond sooner, rather than later. Marisol was reaching to close out her access when she noticed an additional file. Her brow furrowed behind the sunshade as she checked it's history index. "Colonel Kholhr," the captain said aloud. Another mystery, in a time where mysteries were not to be afforded. Kholhr presented a genuine concern for her well being, voiced in claims that Talla himself had sent her for such a mission. If that was true, she'd be put to the test in the next twenty-four hours. Marisol tapped the file, opening the documents the colonel had placed for her study.

<Open Tag>

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 12:50 pm

Davis tilts his head after only a couple minutes."Uh sir, I found him."

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 1:46 pm

**Story Note**

**Scott Davis wrote:**

"Uh sir, I found him."

A dark mist expels in the distant edges of the Garid 5 air space. It expands until

the flashes and pulses of illumination, like lightning, streak in transit as discharges are fired one by one from within the mass nebula.

Then, as if being born, the first telltale signs of metal can be seen. Cold and grey with edges of glow it escapes the blackness. A massive ship, born from the cloud discharge indicative of tachyon FTL travel, the starship Eternity enters Garid 5 airspace.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog - YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820  
Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**  
by **FSF Sail** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 2:18 pm  
**Capt. Marisol Hocevar**  
Commanding Officer

USS Hope

The wailing of klaxons and shipwide alarms brought the captain from her ready room. "Report!" she barked.

"Eternity, Captain," the First Officer drew her attention toward the viewscreen. "She's here."

The screen was filled with the image of the death ship itself....born of the avarice of man, corrupted by the madness of the hive mind...made real by a short sighted government only bent on gaining "the advantage." And now, she thought, serving the aims of fanaticism. "Ops," the captain said as she made her way to the heart of the bridge. "Signal the away team. Do not launch. I repeat. Do not launch. That is my direct order."

"Aye, Captain," Ops replied as he set to his task.

"Number One, are we still cloaked?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Disengage it." Marisol ordered.

"Excuse me?" Mahoney asked, incredulous.

"They could find us, easily enough," the captain replied. "No need to hide now. Status of our transporters?"

"Debugged and online," the First nodded.

"Get the last of our civilians off. Your wife first. Go with them, and arrange for their custody with the away team. I have this." Marisol lifted a cautionary finger, brooking no dissent. "Helm, break orbit. Intercept course at three quarters impulse. Let's step out and say hello."

The starship Hope shimmers into sight above Garid Five. She banks to the



starboard, pulling free of her orbit. With a touch of her impulse engines, she accelerates into the blackness, a very small David, heading out to greet Goliath.

<Open Tag>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 3:52 pm

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Away Team

Garid 5, Surface, Landing Zone

ON:

Rick was beginning to worry that something else was the matter, Hope hadn't signaled back his request for trajectory. As he finished up the last preflight he heard.

"Shuttlecraft 7. Do not launch. Repeat. Do not launch."

His face contorted, confusion settling in his features as he tapped communications. "Situation. What the hell is going on?"

"Direct order from Captain Vreenak Shuttlecraft 7. Do not launch."

"Marisol...," Rick breathed before he tapped the icon. "Copy. Standing down."

He continued to tap through the preflight. "Oscar get me telemetry with the orbital traffic. Find out what the hell is going on up there."

<<Tag Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 4:55 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

Eternity grew to monumental proportions in the forward viewscreen. "Slow to one half impulse," Capt. Vreenak ordered as she took the command chair. "Ops, status of our transports?" she asked, her gaze falling upon Amelia Barlow at the Science station.

"The last of our civilians are going now," OPS replied. "Cdr. Mahoney confirms successful transports to the surface."

"Very good. Mia," Marisol smiled, "you're next. Beam down. Kiss your little girl for me. Captain's orders."

<Tag Mia Barlow>

"Helm," the captain ordered, "close to five thousand meters and stop. Bring me nose to nose with that son of a bitch." The engineer in her couldn't help but admire the advances inherent in Eternity's design. Her saucer alone could house two Intrepid class starships. The nacelles, firmly gripped by a pair of surprisingly slender pylons, radiated the awesome power of a ship designed to cruise at transwarp speeds with little effort. She fairly bristled with field and weapons emitters, each of which harnessed the sort of power whose punishing force had once set Marisol to cannibalizing Hope's unused deck plating to patch gaping wounds. When examined closely, the nanofibril hull glistened, as if

encrusted in a layer of jewels. She was beautiful. She was the epitome of starship design, a gleaming symbol of man's reach into the heavens. "A pale horse," Marisol thought. 'And the man who sat on her was Death..."

Mourning...the desire to cry tears...the pain of memories both happy and meaningful. The longing to shelter in arms she would never again know. At the sight of the vessel ahead, all faded before a rising tide of anger. "Open a channel," the diminutive woman ordered as she took again to her feet. "This is Captain Marisol Vreenak of the United Romulan and Federation Starship Hope," she announced. "Gabriel "Matrix" Logan....today, you murdered my husband. Face me."

<Tag Logan>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 8:42 pm

**Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese**

CMO

USS Hope

Time Index: Three hours before the execution

After waking from a much needed 2 hour nap, Brett checked on Marisol's

recovery and had the team place her in a bio-bed with a full body re-generator to finish the healing process on the remaining injuries to her extremities. **“I’ll be in the lab working on the final part of the captains eye replacements. Once I start the process the lab is sealed until it is complete to maintain a clean, sterile environment.”** Making one last check of Marisol’s chart Brett continued, **“She should be waking soon and will need lot’s of water. She can sit up and meet with Mahoney, but I want to be there when the eye shield is removed and she tries to walk.”**

**“Yes doctor.”**

Brett rubbed her bloodshot eyes, stopped at her desk long enough to grab her coffee mug before entering the lab. **“Computer implement sterile protocol Alpha,”** Brett ordered as the lab door closed behind her. Once the door sealed the light around the door changed from the standard white to a light blue indicating sterile protocol in place.

Time Index: Three hours later

With her arms inserted in the gloves of the secure, sterile box, she carefully used the precision laser scalpel to make the final shape adjustments to the implant membranes for Marisol’s artificial eyes. Once the last cut was made, she slid her arms from the box gloves and the box filled with a mist. Within seconds the mist began to move as the nanoprobe began their job of making the fine connections to allow the membrane to adhere to the implants.

Leaving the “bugs” to their job she began to sit when all the screens in the lab filled with the same image. Once she realized who and what was on the screen she began banging window between her office the lab trying to get the attention of any of her staff. **“Hey! Alexis, Daniel!”** she yelled as she pounded on the window. The sound of the first shot jerked her to silence and she slowly sat on bench below the window. The emotions of those in sickbay pierced her normal barriers and flooded her consciousness. Once the torrent began she quickly swam through the onslaught and found Marisol. **“Damn it,”** Brett said punching her fist in to the seat. Without hearing or feeling the captain’s emotions, Brett knew exactly what she would do. As the doctor stood she

glanced at the box and the time remaining, 00:20:57 read the display. She looked through the window just in time to see Marisol hobble her way out of sickbay. **“Son of bitch,”** she said through gritted teeth. **“When will we ever get rid of this Logan bastard?”**

Time Index: 24 minutes after the execution

With the implant membranes in a small sealed box under her arm, tricorder in hand, and phaser pistol on her hip, Brett entered the bridge and scanned the for Marisol ignoring the activity and emotions of the shocked bridge crew. Brett caught a quick wave of emotion from Marisol and made a move to the ready room door, but before she could reach the door...

**Cpt. Vreenak wrote:**

“The wailing of klaxons and shipwide alarms brought the captain from her ready room. “Report!,” she barked.”

Brett stopped short to avoid colliding with the determined captain. She stood at the rail and watched as the demon ship Eternity filled the view screen and the captain ordered the Hope to make her stand. At this moment images of every western Brett had ever seen flashed through her thoughts and she could hear The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly classic riff play in her mental backdrop of this real word gunfight.

<Tag all>

Last edited by Brett K Reese on Thu Apr 02, 2015 9:47 pm, edited 1 time in total.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity; Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm  
Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Apr 02, 2015 8:56 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Old Quarter Marshal District, Garid 5

What Gerrick had to say could not be understated. She'd heard every word; unfortunately events were transpiring elsewhere that had been of equal or greater importance. Something larger than knowing Logan's trump card was a new Consciousness some fool in the Federation thought had been a good idea to construct. An even larger fool to leave it unprotected. Logan should never have been able to come within reach of whatever container had been fashioned to hold their little technological horror.

If there'd been time, the Colonel would have liked to have weighed in on the conversation. Time, however, was not something they had any longer -- if they had it to begin with.

A dark gaze slid to regard the dying man as he lay there proclaiming doom on those present. Such a fate did not sit well with Kholhr. Refugees from the

Federation's or this Council's blunder on Romulan soil. The involvement of Romulan citizens. The Tal Shiar representative was far from amused by these revelations.

Fortunately they didn't tarry long. When they emerged the fallout of what prompted the Colonel to interrupt became apparent. Her disruptor slid from the holster with practiced grace; anyone that lashed out would find no mercy with the Colonel. Time had run out; she had none to spare humoring people. Certain protocols were in effect now. The order clear.

Kholhr's features were taunt as they settled in for liftoff. The tone of the hunt had changed. Not only had the tempo sped up, but the song itself had changed.

Then a voice came in over the open channel. 'Do not launch,' it said. Do not launch. Her gaze might have carried the severity of a neutron star as Barlow acknowledged receipt and made to follow the direct order he'd been given. And as if the universe had to make it more abundantly clear, the image of something ahead of its time swam into view for her alone; for only the Colonel had a certain connection the others lacked at present.

**"Eternity,"** she breathed. **"The decision's made."** Kholhr slapped her disruptor down atop the console. **"Good luck."** And with that, providing no rhyme, reason, rationale, or warning the Colonel simply rippled out of existence. The dull thump of the insignia of the Romulan Star Empire sounded as it bounced off her chair and onto the floor of the shuttle.

<<Tag Shuttlecraft 7>>

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative  
Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

One minute later the Colonel strode onto the bridge. She didn't bother announcing herself nor explaining her plans as the Captain was already attempting to engage Logan in conversation. A futile effort. They were beyond words; Marisol simply wanted Logan to know the gloves had come off on her



side as well. Good. A pity the Liberated Leader wasn't prepared for what that would truly entail.

The Romulan woman stopped by Tactical, her black eyes met the officer standing there as her fingers transferred shield and deflector dish control to an auxiliary station with a single command. Something she'd been planning ever since her arrival given how every second would count in an all-out confrontation with an Eternity-class vessel.

Again, no explanation was given as she crossed back to the terminal Kholhr had been using on the bridge. Her focus now was on a great many things; what Marisol and Logan said to each other verbally not one of them.

<<Tag Bridge>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Fri Apr 03, 2015 12:27 am

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne  
Science Officer  
USS Hope

OCC: Apologies, I have a client in the hospital in very bad shape. Been very busy this week.

Oscar tried not to look at the people going past. He focused on his display and the imaging data that he had been given. He missed his old tricorder with its flip screen it was easier to check it and then visually scan the horizon. He knew that the new tricorders had some kind of 3D display but it was more complicated than he felt like making his life at the moment. He could not help but glance at the people as he was the point man and needed to be alert to any threat. The expressions on their faces were all too familiar. The potent mixture of shock, fear, despair and anger was obvious in nearly every face. He watched them and was relieved that they were not immediately hostile to the landing party. Too many fallen worlds and emergency evacuations had shown him this view many times in the past. Especially as the Andromedan war was in its last stages. Starbases and Battlestations crammed solid with desperate refugees knowing there were no more ships to carry them away and dreading the announcement of the enemies arrival in system. There had been some full scale riots towards then end and he hoped they would be able to get their mission accomplished and evac before these people got organized. Oscar tried to find some feeling for these people but in the end he could do nothing but continue to push through them and track the target.

The subsequent rescue of a lost crewman and the cryptic and frankly menacing interrogation of the alien were not things that affected Blackthorne much. He was mostly concerned with his own hide but the revelation of the death of the Captain's husband did touch him some as did the news that the Captain had pulled through as he knew she would. The team's more forceful egress back to the shuttle suited him just fine as it appeared that the natives has indeed grown restless much as he had guessed they would. He took back his seat at the ops controls and began to warm up the communications and sensors as the 'Acting Captain ran the preflight checks.

**Barlow wrote:**

"Oscar get me telemetry with the orbital traffic. Find out what the hell is going on up there."

"Well, Sir," Oscar growled, "the atmosphere and lower orbit are filled with ships. Mostly civilian and older military models crammed full of people trying to escape. In mid orbit is the Hope now apparently decloaked and ready for battle and her 'escorts' from the Romulan Fleet. Beyond them a new ship has appeared. I cannot get precise readings on its configuration or class but it is a big ship and it appears to be moving in on the Hope. Sir," Blackthorne tried to be civil, "I think that obeying the Captain's order is foolish. If even half of what these sensors are telling us is true than they will need our help. I know these shuttles don't have real firepower but we could rig it as a kind of 'wild weasel' which could provide a distraction for the Hope and maybe draw some of the enemy fire away from her to give Captain Vreenak an opening to strike. Now I am not suggesting a suicide run, I could rig most of the shuttles systems to function on automatics as long as the computer functions haven't changed so much since my days."

Oscar stopped speaking for a moment as the Tal Shiar colonel stood up from the back of the shuttle, and then laying down her disruptor, proceeded to disappear into thin air leaving her insignia behind.

Blackthorne refocused on Barlow. "What do you think, Sir?"

<Tag: Barlow, Away Team>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 223

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Fri Apr 03, 2015 1:53 am

**Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese**

CMO

USS Hope

"This is not good," Brett thought as the Romulan "guest" entered unannounced without her weapon or other identification markers. "An officer from any race never goes anywhere without a weapon. Without a word she entered the tuborlift."**Sickbay**"

**"Dr what's going on?"** was the main question she was bombarded with from everyone as she entered sickbay. Before addressing the questions she secured the case with Marisol's implant membranes in her office.

"Listen up. We have all witnessed a traumatic event. More so for some that knew the individual than for others, but traumatic all the same. We all know who is responsible and what happens when we deal with him," [/b]she said making a point to look at each member of her medical team."**He, Logan and that ...ship,"**she said as emotionless as she could muster, **"have just arrived. Captain Vreenak is in command, we are uncloaked, and have confronted**

**Eternity.** She felt the room tense and heard quick, deep breaths of terrified people. **"This is what we do and why we are all here. We,"** she said motioning to everyone, **are not the front line trigger men, but we are the ones that keep them alive, which is a damn important job and I expect everyone to give 150%.** She paused to let the words sink in. **"We need to get this place over stocked and ready for casualties and lots of them. Focus on the job. The counselor is off ship so we need all of you with psychology experience on call 24/7. Until further notice everyone is on duty and we will sleep in shifts across the hall. Morgan, Kane take care of it. Stake our claim on the empty quarters across the hall. fill it with cots.**

**"Yes sir,**the two Lieutenants replied and exited.

**"That's all. Let's get it done. Dismissed."** The medical staff disbursed and began stocking everything. Medics made supply runs for extra viles of meds. Brett returned to her office to pull up all the files on Logan and the Eternity. She missed the build up, but experienced the party six years ago and had a lot to catch up on.

**"Dr. You've been in here since yesterday. You must get more sleep and something to eat.**

Brett knew she was right. She was so tired her eyes hurt and it was getting hard to focus, but she had a hard time leaving in the middle of a crisis. **I'll make a deal with you. I'll eat something in here and get some sleep and you agree to wake me if there is any emergency at all."**

**"Agreed,"** Nurse Alexis said.

**"What about you?"**

She smiled, **"I went off duty and just came back on. I'm good."**

Brett realized she had lost all track of time since Marisol's accident. She smiled and waved the young nurse back to work. Once the door closed she fixed a grilled ham and cheese and some carrot sticks, ate while she looked over the

files, and then took a few minutes to go across the hall to take a shower. Then she got some much needed sleep in her office. Hopefully she would have the opportunity to wake up she thought as she dozed off from exhaustion.

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity;  
Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 124

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Apr 03, 2015 8:13 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Away Team

Garid 5, Surface, Landing Zone

OFF:

Whew

ON:

There was so much going on at one time. So many unknowns and the Colonel's sudden disappearance..., things were going south pretty quickly. Quicker than he guessed no one could have imagined. The pace seemed to quicken. Why wasn't there any more time? Where did it go? Why can't I react fast enough? It was a familiarity that Rick hadn't felt since his last battle with the nightmare Eternity.

The Eternity. My God. Not again.

He was looking over the data Oscar had gleamed. Even the small pieces that his sensor sweep had given, the Eternity stuck out like a lighthouse, like a flair to Barlow. "I should have never built the first one," he cursed. "I should have told Smithe to go @\$\* himself."

The Tal Shair had plans. Logan had a plan. Maybe Marisol had a plan. Whatever the plan might be, if Marisol thought as he did at the battle for the Concord System, then she would have gotten the civilians off ship as he did with Madelynn.

**LT. Blackthorne wrote:**

"What do you think, Sir?"

"I think things are moving too fast and oblivion is already at our doorstep. Those that prepared for this possible eventuality are enacting those plans and our efforts would simply be in the way of it. Traffic in low orbit is too thick and too in chaos to get through."

He tapped the ship's engines, shutting them down. "I think I'm going to go try to find my wife." He got up from his chair. "Hank. You could probably make your report now."

<<Open Tag Away Team>>

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Sat Apr 04, 2015 4:44 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

No response.

Eternity stood before them, silent and unmoving. Then again, Hope's captain mused, there really was no reason for her to react to the underpowered Intrepid class that blocked her path. If she were to train her forward arrays, Hope and all aboard would be cinders inside of thirty seconds. Logan held all the cards, yet



Marisol felt compelled to call his hand. The unexpected presence of Col. Kholhr came as uncommon reassurance. "You are with me," Hope's captain thought, for the first time offering unquestioning credence to the claim that the Tal Shiar was, indeed, sent to her by her husband. The TAC officer glanced nervously toward the captain at Kholhr's approach. Marisol nodded, a silent gesture to permit the Romulan access. Kholhr's files had been.....astonishing....something Marisol might not have thought possible. Even now, the effort might prove futile, but with such overwhelming power just off her bow, there was no reason to abate it.

"Ops, send our hail on all channels, StarFleet, Fed diplomatic, subspace, and all Romulan bands," the captain ordered. "USS Eternity, this is the Romulan Federation Alliance starship Hope. Logan," Marisol said, "I want to understand why, after holding them as long as you did, you murdered Owen Scott and Talla Vreenak. As his wife, I am owed an explanation. Talk to me."

<Tag Logan>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Mon Apr 06, 2015 10:56 am

**Story Note**

An energy signature grows from the Eternity that breaths a familiarity as it's intensity expands. The massive twin tachyon cores that power the awesome strength of the mass ship groan as the accelerated particles excite unchecked. The Eternity no longer stands before Hope as a ship, but as a bomb.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Mon Apr 06, 2015 10:32 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

The Colonel's fingers froze over the controls as her eyes examined the data flowing in from the Eternity. What was happening... was not as it should have been. The scenario didn't meet expectations. The response would have to be radically different.

**"Cascade build-up in the Eternity's tachyon cores,"** Kholhr announced loudly as she turned to look over her shoulder at the Captain awaiting for a response.

Slender fingers resumed dancing over the controls. Her angular brow pinched low as she sought to find a way to 'pull the plug' as it were. One idea after another surfaced, but there wasn't sufficient time to enact them; many wouldn't even have an effect on a tachyon burst of that magnitude. A surprising turn by Logan. Why the build-up just to destroy them all in a suicide run?

She could propose retreating, but Marisol was unlikely to abandon an entire planet that also included an Away Team. **"I might be able to lower their shields, but its destruction could still destroy life on the planet and anything in orbit if the build-up has progressed far enough."** which would amount to a smaller, yet just as effective outcome for Logan.

<<Tag Marisol, Bridge>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 7:06 am

**Gabriel “Matrix” Logan**

**&**

**Calмест**

Location: Eternity Bridge

ON:

For the first time since they had stolen the Eternity, Gabriel “Matrix” Logan sat at the Captain’s chair, the center dais flanked by several stations and consoles along the multi-level bridge of the mighty ship. Holographic readouts lived in concert as the Liberated did as they were commanded. The lights above signified that the ship was at the highest level of battle ready.

“Entering Garid 5,” stated Navigation as the dark cloud of tachyon flight melted away, the Nanofibril discharging the trapped particles in an effect that looked much like a storm cloud caught in a nebula. Eventually the cloud dissipated, and all that stood was the Eternity, continuing to move forward. Through the multitude of viewscreens hovering around, Logan surveyed all that the ship’s advanced sensors fed him. Details of the planet, the sparse Romulan Fleet surrounding, even tactical information and probability of success ratios. The

system onboard the Eternity was a learning machine calculative and commanded by the very consciousness that they had thought had been lost. That now Logan knew was a lie.

“Father,” stated one of the Liberated, one of many at one of the Ops stations.

“I see it,” Logan muttered his one eye following the lone Intrepid Class on course to intercept. The view zoomed, reticles and icons appearing as more tactical information was born in the display. There was something skewing the probability function, a trick or scheme unknown to the computer. No doubt part of the Destroyer’s plan. It did not matter regardless. Victory or defeat the end would come.

“Gabriel. We need to talk. Now.”

The words didn’t quite echo through the Eternity as they distorted and warped the air in the ship, every surface with any give literally vibrating with Calmest’s rage. “From one megalomaniac to another, you’ve overplayed your hand.” The voice’s pitch was flat, mechanical, yet still somehow conveyed a mixture of anger and pain. “This isn’t what we agreed to.”

“Father incoming communication...,”

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

”This is Captain Marisol Vreenak of the United Romulan and Federation Starship Hope. Gabriel “Matrix” Logan..., today you murdered my husband. Face me.”

Anger. Good. Perhaps it will keep so she will not be lost.

Logan’s left hand fanned out, a holographic display engaging as he tapped a few choice commands. “Speak then Calmest...,” he muttered as his hand left the commands, the display disappearing.

Screens flickered and died, the quasi-living ship almost groaning with pain.

“Don’t dismiss me, Gabriel. I agreed to help you to nurture this new

consciousness, to find a way to restore what was lost. At no point did I agree to be party to your absurd revenge fantasies, or the bloodshed of people who have done us no wrong.”

As the screens stabilized, Calmest face obscured the readouts. “You’re making the mistakes that killed the C-Consciousness, Logan. You’re not going to do this again.”

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

USS Eternity, this is the Romulan Federation Alliance starship Hope. Logan, I want to understand why, after holding them as long as you did, you murdered Owen Scott and Talla Vreenak. As his wife, I am owed an explanation. Talk to me.”

With all the displays obscured by the angered AI, the issued command already in motion, Logan relinquished himself from the Eternity’s neural interface, the act in itself starting a chain reaction of protocols effects that no matter how hard one tried could not be reversed. He simply leaned forward, his left arm resting on his mangled knee. He rubbed at it a bit, the pain more than just a feeling but a memory. Briefly those memories flashed in Logan’s mind, the tests, the Liberated pulled apart, himself pulled apart. It flashed a brief spirit of anger, perhaps if it WERE his thoughts, Calmest’s claims of his actions being that of derangement, of trying to satisfy a thirst for vengeance that could never be quenched no matter how much blood was spilled. Perhaps if it were true, then he could have set fire to the universe, laughed as the deed was done. Logan could indeed feel that in him, that subtle switch between madness and the ejection seat. But any madness, any induction of chaos had to be done out of cause and not something a frivolous as, “because everything burns.”

He looked up, his one eye staring passingly at the readouts that weren’t obscured by Calmest’s face. Numbers and items moving through..., the end approaching even as Marisol demanded reason; her voice barking but her ship never to bite as he thought his endeavour might have prompted. Did she know? Then why question? Perhaps she was like he was, not able to fathom how deep the ocean had dragged them down; it’s calming blue now nothing but black. By

now Hope was picking it up on her sensors, the familiar energy signature so close to before that the events were one in the same....,

Eternity's Tachyon Cores were going critical. And nothing, not even Calmest could stop it.

"She's lied to you," Logan professed as he rubbed his hand over his shaved head, a finger tracing the scar upon scar left in the wake of humanity's trials to, "understand," the nature of the Liberated; the connection each had. "She's lied to us all. I am not out to destroy her, she is already gone."

"This isn't the end, Gabriel," replied Calmest, his echoed tone still robotic. "I'm warning them, for whatever good that will do. And whatever comes of this, whatever your end game? I will remember. Even if I have to rebuild my consciousness from scratch, I will remember. You are willing to sacrifice all that we were to build because of your obsessions, and believe me, Gabriel...I will see you burn for that."

With that, Calmest's visage disappeared from the screens – his presence gone, or perhaps simply silent for once.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

### **FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1820

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 9:16 am

Davis slams a fist into his console as he watches the tachyon levels rising, muttering a stream of curses before calming down and trying to think.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 9:29 am

(Scott Davis

Rank N/A

Hope Engineering)

Davis hails the bridge from his console "Wait.. I don't think we can halt the



buildup but we may be able to hack their systems and use the tachyons before they go critical! Or if we have antitachyons...Sorry this is Scott Davis sir."

(Tag: Anyone on the bridge)

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 10:26 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

And still, silence from the death ship. Indecision? Cowardice? For the life of her, Marisol could not reasonably apply either description to Logan. Overly dramatic....a penchant to be seen as mysterious....and of course, driven beyond the bounds of the rational by an ideology he refused to explain, as if doing so would somehow tarnish the vision. But she'd never seen him dither over choices to be made, nor shy away from an opportunity to wield his katana.

"Now, what the hell is going on?" Her legs, just hours post op, were tiring. The effort required to focus artificial eyes that were clearly in need of calibration

was beginning to ignite a migraine. She knew that the weight of grief was also seeking its outlet, and having been denied the natural route of the emotional, was now also taxing her in the physical realm.

As she took that into account, Marisol's thoughts touched upon Calmest. Where was he in all of this? Was this dramatic silence his doing, yet another suspense inducing "cliffhanger" moment before Logan allowed all hell to break loose? Or, is it possible that just as Marisol was doing, he might be tempering Logan's judgment, playing for time? Eternity's vast array of weapons systems were charged, but she hadn't acquired a target lock. "Curiouser and curiouser," Marisol observed, in what would prove to be the final moment of peace aboard her ship.

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

"Cascade build-up in the Eternity's tachyon cores."

Marisol's jaw dropped. That was the move? After stealing this ship...igniting a war....and broadcasting the execution of hostages throughout the quadrant....this was the end game?

Blow up two ships? "I want a countdown to detonation," Hope's captain ordered, her mind racing with the impending loss of lives in her charge.

Killing Owen made zero sense...unless that was some effort at Calmest's liberation...the final break from the biologic to the sentient artificial. Yet, despite his grandstanding and showmanship, she'd gotten the impression that Calmest still held regard for his former superego. Colin had once told her that the two could not exist without one another, hence the care his own "Darkness" took to preserve the life of his hostage. Maybe it was the same with Calmest? Preserved in the digital realm, but perhaps grieving his own loss...and furious with Logan?

Talla's death resonated on many levels. The loss of an alliance, his technical skill, understanding of Eternity's systems. That might also explain why Marisol was about to die in a monstrous tachyon burst...

“And Rick,” she muttered aloud. “On the surface...” The designer. The engineer whose conscious mind dreamt up the most potent, and now corrupted, instrument of war to be seen since the atomic bomb. Was that the play? She had her own personal reasons to loathe the fruit of his labors. Did Logan hate what that ship embodied enough to kill anyone who stood between him and the architect?

**Time to detonation is two minutes, forty-five seconds.**

“Dammit,” Marisol uttered under her breath. She could run...go to warp...race away to safety. All the while, leaving Rick, Amelia, and others of her crew, along with some thousands of liberated Borg and petty criminals to be sandblasted off the surface of Garid 5. “Signal the away team,” she ordered. “Tachyon explosion imminent. Seek shelter, preferably underground.”

<Tag Bridge, Away Team>

**Scott Davis wrote:**

"Wait.. I don't think we can halt the buildup but we may be able to hack their systems and use the tachyons before they go critical! Or if we have antitachyons...Sorry this is Scott Davis sir."

She had to think. A dual core explosion.....sitting here, it would peel her ship away from it's structure in ribbons of metal and flesh. At point blank range, shields wouldn't help. The tachyon particles would sail right through, followed by a shock wave that would crush them like an eggshell. Shuttles....the Aegis yacht...

“Davis,” she ordered the new chief engineer. “Get to the shuttlebay, and get the Aegis yacht out of here. Take as many as you can carry, but you go skids up in two minutes. Go straight to warp. Move....MOVE!”

<Tag Davis>

“Shipwide address,” she ordered OPS. “This is the captain. A major explosion is

imminent. When it occurs, it could kill thousands on Garid 5, including our civilians, and our away team. We're going to try to stop that. So listen up! If you're within thirty seconds of the shuttlebay, drop what you're doing and get there now for immediate EVAC. All remaining hands, grab your emergency gear...breathers and PFG's, and move forward.....as far as you can go...on decks six, seven, and eight. Go now. And good luck."

<Tag Hope, Sickbay>

**Time to detonation, two minutes, thirty seconds.**

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

"I might be able to lower their shields, but its destruction could still destroy life on the planet and anything in orbit if the build-up has progressed far enough."

"Shields," Marisol said absently. She would have to run, was already planning to, in fact. The aft shields might put up a wall...something to blunt the shockwave....if that were even possible. Considering the natural expansion of the explosive force, she'd still have to be damned close...maybe six thousand kilometers, for any such eclipsing action to have effect. Even then, the turbulence their shielding might introduce would be minimal. When that portion of the wave struck Garid, it could be reduced, but still lethal, many times over. "Turbulence," she thought.. "How do I dial that up?"

"Colonel," the captain replied, "how about raising their shields? Maximizing their shield output? Any chance of containing some of the blast force?"

<Tag Kholhr>

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 10:31 am

Scott Davis

In route to shuttle bay

"Yes sir! On my way, what is the destination?" He says sprinting down the hall towards the bay.

((Tag Marisol))

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 10:55 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**Scott Davis wrote:**

"Yes sir! On my way, what is the destination?"

"Open space, at warp speed. Clear of the blast radius," the captain replied.

"After the explosion, head for the surface of Garid 5. Search for survivors...and report to Capt. Barlow."

<Tag Davis>

Survivors. A pipe dream. Marisol glanced about the bridge, at her OPS, TAC, and HELM officers. With Kholhr on TAC, there was nothing for the young man to do. His husband was a diplomatic services crewman...probably rushing forward at this moment. Likewise, her Helm, who was engaged to a pretty young girl from stellar cartography. "OPS," Marisol said, "I'm sorry, but I need you."

"Aye, ma'am."

"Helm, TAC," the captain said, "go forward. Find your loved ones. And good

luck."

With a nod, the TAC officer made his exit. Marisol stepped to the Engineering MSD console at the rear of the bridge. "Colonel Kholhr," she said, "I might have an idea..." Marisol turned, glanced forward, and saw her helmsman, still at his post. "Helm," she said, "I thought I ordered you off the bridge."

"I don't mean to be insubordinate, Captain," HELM responded as he turned to regard her, "but who are you gonna get to fly this thing?"

"I will," Marisol said.

"When's the last time you flew anything, ma'am?"

"I tried to crash a P-51 in the desert a few weeks back," Marisol quipped with a smile. "Does that count?"

"Standing by for your heading, ma'am," the helm officer nodded.

**Time to detonation is two minutes, ten seconds.**

Marisol turned back to the MSD. "Col. Kholhr, update?" she asked.

<Tag Kholhr>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 11:13 am

Scott Davis

Aegis Yacht

"Understood captain... for what it's worth, you were a great captain, live long and prosper." Davis climbs into the shuttle before opening the com. "All personnel who wish or have been ordered to evacuate, you better get here within a minute then we are out of here." Davis starts up the sub space drives and prepares the vessel to take off and go to maximum warp.

((Tag: Everyone))

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 49

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)



**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Michael Hill** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 12:43 pm

Henry Okafor

Aegis Group

Shuttle - Garid 5

--/\--

Well, he had found Eternity. Not technically, but if he were to write up the report, he would have proven instrumental in finding the pirated vessel. In that report, he would have detailed how the investigation had taken the twist and turns of a mystery novel on acid. His report would have highlighted the colorful characters from the Eternity's past, co-mingling with a so-called Red King. Each strand they had pulled on, resulting in a circumstance weirder than before. Now, the pirated ship hovered in orbit ready to blow them out of the stars with a tachyon blast that would ruin the solar system. So, really, now Hank was about to find eternity.

**CPT Vreenak wrote:**

“Tachyon explosion imminent. Seek shelter, preferably underground.”

Okafor sat on the flight deck of the Hope's shuttle, deep in thought. He knew Aegis would handle his affairs with class and dignity, delivering Hank's will and final recorded message to his relatives. A simple affair, arrange for back on Earth for relatives he barely knew. He just couldn't escape the fact that he felt like he had been dragged around, unsure of his role in the entire ordeal. Now listening to the captain of Hope, the irony of the ship's name aside, Hank couldn't help but feel that tug of fate.

There's no way that's why this pirate hijacked this ship, baited a war between

the Federation and the Romulans, and led a merry chase around the quadrant just to blow it up. What to get all the Eternity crew back together and destroy them? Hank thought. It didn't add up – it was far too one dimensional. But, there was a tachyon explosion imminent and he was known to be wrong before.

<Open Tag>

**Michael Hill**

Member

Posts: 82

Joined: Mon Jun 03, 2013 9:23 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 12:55 pm

Lt Anam Farooqi

Garid V, Shuttle

**Col Kohlhr wrote:**

Decision's made.

Colonel Kohlhr spoke to the air, beaming herself out subsequently, to a place unknown. It was rude, and reinforced his intuition that pointy-eared women were not to be trusted (but this may have been a residual fear from his

vampire/seductress nightmare). That the Colonel was aboard the Hope as Marisol's tactical officer was unknown to him.

**Barlow wrote:**

Oscar, get me telemetry with orbital traffic, find out what is going on.

**Blackthorne wrote:**

People trying to escape... I cannot get precise readings on its configuration or class, but it is a big ship and appears to be moving in on the Hope. ... Sir, I think obeying the captain's order is foolish.

The old captain was remarkably calm considering the chaos he was announcing, but the officer's suggestion about going up into space when Captain Vreenak ordered otherwise seemed unwise to him. Perhaps it was cowardice on his part, but foolish; no, it was the farthest thing from it. He admired Blackthorne's bravery, however.

**Barlow wrote:**

I should have never built the first one.

Barlow's statement confirmed to him what he had already guessed. A sense of dread overtook the mystic as he realized the unidentified starship was none other than their nemesis, the Eternity. He thought back to Barlow's cryptic conversation with Gerrick at the ruins.

**Gerrick wrote:**

Eternity is a living ship... it's aware, it learns and adapts and calls out when it's in need. They put this artificial consciousness into their new Eternity, following your new design... As mangled as we were, one of us decided that mankind was too primitive to have anything to do with C- consciousness.

**Barlow wrote:**

Logan...

Logan was up there, having stolen the Eternity from under Starfleet, and now menacing the little Intrepid which had once depended on him. Oscar Blackthorne's plan was beginning to make sense, before Anam looked over at the Ops panel to see the tachyon readouts from the Eternity multiply.

Stay on the planet, or act like a bee defending the hive from a hungry Kodiak bear? Anam looked to Barlow, glad the burden of command was not his. Of course, Barlow's design of Eternity and trust of Matrix Logan as ship's intel officer while they were in the Delta Quadrant, was precisely what landed them in this mess today.

On all frequencies, a familiar voice could be heard.

**Marisol wrote:**

USS Eternity. Logan, I want to understand why after holding them as long as you did, you murdered... As his wife, I am owed an explanation.

His jaw dropped as he realized Scott and Ambassador Vreenak were dead.

(tag A-Team)

**The Gnostic**  
Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 8:08 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

The Romulan looked back at the Captain briefly. **"Negligible. The explosive shockwave would be reduced only slightly. Tachyon dispersion would remain unaffected."** Their shields would lose power a fraction of a second after the ship lost power. True it was hardly 'nothing,' but it wouldn't come close to solving the problem. Much like her suggestion those on the planet 'take cover.' That might limit the spread of mass hysteria, but it'd be about as effective as raising the Eternity's shields.

Marisol busied herself with various aspects of commanding her vessel as the clock continued to tick down to their annihilation. Actually just their annihilation, but then the need or opportunity to discuss the Colonel's little secret hadn't and now wouldn't come up.

Soon enough the woman did turn back to Kholhr no doubt anxious for something to work with. **"I could generate an anti-tachyon pulse just before the cores overload. It might deflect the effect away from most of the planet if we remain close to the Eternity."** The Colonel turned to regard the Captain with her black eyes. **"The further away we are, the less surface area may be spared."** If there were more than two minutes remaining multiple vessels firing such a pulse might sufficiently reduce the effect of the tachyon burst. It was only due to the adjustments to the Hope herself, however, their single pulse was possible. And even if worked, there was significant risk to the Hope itself.

<<Tag Marisol>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 851

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 9:12 pm

**Calмест**

The experience of mourning was literally built into Calмест's program. The emergent AI still shared the memories of the man that he'd been programmed to think of himself as, and that man had mourned far too often. He'd mourned parents, friends, even his own children. The story of Calмест – the story crafted to create an effective villain for the Zahara construct – was one that all too often found the man standing by the fallen bodies of those he'd loved. While most organic creatures were forced to endure the hardship of learning of their own mortality, it was a lesson hardwired into Calмест's very being. Death happened.

That did not, however, stop Calмест from mourning today.

One by one, the entity's avatars blinked out existence across Federation space, concentrating the full processing power of the AI in the vicinity of Garid V. In that moment, there was only blinding, searing pain. Loss, as only a being built

to experience loss could truly feel.

The AI behind the soul of Calmest processed these feelings as it would any others. Why care? Why did one life matter? He was created to monitor, to observe, to bring stories to an end. He was created to bring death, and with it change. One death was meaningless. And yet...

Owen had meaning. The man had been so much to Calmest during their time together. They'd shared a body, a mind. Owen had been his vessel, his prison, his confidant. Deep down, Calmest knew that he was as much a product of Owen Scott as he was the Borg programming that created Zahara. The machinery of the holographic world had given him life, but Owen Scott had given him a soul.

And now, in the face of the man's death, he was helpless. Only one last thing to do.

Rather than inserting himself with bombast and theatricality, Calmest's voice spoke quietly over the central speakers of the Hope. **"I didn't know. And I can't stop him – I can just slow him down."** The AI's voice was ragged, all traces of its usual bravado missing. **"Not even enough for you to run, Marisol. I know what he has planned, but I don't think you could believe me. I just need you to remember this – Gabriel Logan cannot be trusted. Hold on to that idea, no matter what comes. I don't know if there is a 'me' on the other side, but you'll be there. Remember, Marisol. For both of them."**

[Tag Hope]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 296

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Tue Apr 07, 2015 10:46 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

"I could generate an anti-tachyon pulse just before the cores overload. It might deflect the effect away from most of the planet if we remain close to the Eternity." The Colonel turned to regard the Captain with her black eyes. "The further away we are, the less surface area may be spared."

**Time to detonation is one minute, fifty seconds.**

"Do it," Marisol ordered. "I'll work on the shock wave." Her fingers tapped the MSD, selecting her way through the ship's power grid, before selecting the aux core. "Spinning up to one hundred ten percent on the core..."

**Warning. Intermix reaction exceeds recommended safe operating parameters.**



"You don't know the half of it," the former chief engineer muttered to herself. "Helm...prepare a couple of Picards....twenty-five hundred miles ...two jumps...directly toward Garid 5," she ordered over her shoulder.

"Aye!" the helmsman shouted in return.

"The timing is going to be crucial," Hope's captain said to the Tal Shiar. "Can you write a command sequence while I work up the primary?"

<Tag Kholhr>

### **Detonation in one minute, thirty seconds**

"Damn," Marisol swore quietly. There wasn't enough time....the spinup was progressing too slowly.... She was set to take the primary cor to manual; override, when a voice resonated through the entire bridge.

### **Calмест wrote:**

"I didn't know. And I can't stop him – I can just slow him down. Not even enough for you to run, Marisol. I know what he has planned, but I don't think you could believe me. I just need you to remember this – Gabriel Logan cannot be trusted. Hold on to that idea, no matter what comes. I don't know if there is a 'me' on the other side, but you'll be there. Remember, Marisol. For both of them."

As Calмест spoke, Marisol glanced toward Kholhr. The woman was listening keenly, yet sticking to her task. "Calмест," Marisol replied, "you have an option. "Come with us. We have an extraction method....I promise you that if we survive, you'll survive."

<Tag Calмест>

### **One minute, ten seconds**

"OPS," Marisol whirled to face him. "Get those shuttles moving!" Again, her

hands flew over the console, pulling up the Emergency Procedures protocols. A few taps revealed the "Antimatter storage tanks" operations. With a firm touch, Marisol pressed both the upper and lower "hatch jettison" icons, followed by a quick glance to reassure herself that the hatches had indeed been blown into space. Marisol struggled with the artificial eyes as she raced to enter the command codes which would authorize the tanks' mutual ejection. As two "Launch" icons flashed red beneath her fingertips, she moved on to her next task.

**One minute.....fifty-nine.....fifty-eight.....fifty-seven....**

Alarms began to wail. The aux core was red lining, and the primary was soon to follow. There wasn't enough time...

<Tag Kholhr>

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1558

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 12:53 am

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

As Blackthorne watched Mr. Barlow walk away and abandon his post he became

rife with conflicting emotions. The first was exhaustion. He had heard the comm chatter and knew that the ship up there was big, powerful, and aimed at the Hope. Right behind this was the notification that the whole planet might be incinerated if the ship called 'Eternity' was allowed to go critical. He saw the small irony in the naming, especially under these circumstances. Having no where to go or anyone to shelter with Oscar considered his options. He could just give up as Mr.Barlow had. He could give into despair and flee the shuttle and dig a hole and hope for the best. He could fight. His survival instinct told him to fire up the shuttle and hit the warp engines to make a short warp hop away from the planet. The dangers of activating a warp bubble inside a sizable gravity well were obvious but given the options he calculated that it gave them the most optimal chance for survival. Then he thought about what it would be like to be trapped here. In this time and this place without any anchors. He would surely be just as dead if he fled so what was that really survival or just prolonging the inevitable? He considered that he had it better than many of his comrades had it. He could choose the place where he might die. In that moment the clarity the hint of a smile formed around the edges of his mouth. He was many things but above all else he was a Starfleet officer and he knew whence his duty lay.

'You need to know why things work on a Starship,' his mentor at OCS had once told him and since then Oscar had made it his business to know and had learned some valuable things, such as the prefix code for any ship he was serving on. Including this one. It had taken some digging, but with Calmest running amok through the computer no one had noticed his small intrusions. He activated the shuttle's main power and warmed up the transmitter and the transporter. Using a tight band secure and encoded transmission he sent the prefix code to the Hope and instructed Hope to lower he shields for the few seconds he would need to transport aboard and then raise them again and reset the prefix code to another combination that meant the universe to him.

Oscar glanced at the few remaining people in the shuttle. "I am going to beam back to Hope and try to help the Captain. If you want a lift back get to the shuttle transport area and we can beam up together. Otherwise, it has been an honor to serve with you." He stepped into the transport area without another word or glance and let the transporter take him and deposit him on the bridge.

<tag: Landing Party>

**Marisol wrote:**

"Helm, TAC," the captain said, "go forward. Find your loved ones. And good luck."

Noting that the Ops and TAC stations were already filled and knowing that his science post would be less than useful with all this going down Oscar slid into the recently vacated helm station. He also noted that the Captain had her back to him and was currently engaged in conversation with the Romulan who was at the TAC station while the Captain herself and an engineering panel up. He turned back to focus on the controls and tried to summon up the lessons he had received back in OCS and later in hard experiences during the war when he had been required to fill any vacancy on board ship. He was just bringing up the menus when he heard the Captain issue an order.

**Marisol wrote:**

"Helm...prepare a couple of Picards....twenty-five hundred miles ...two jumps...directly toward Garid 5," she ordered over her shoulder.

"Aye!" Blackthorne shouted back and tried to wrack his brain... Picards? the man was a renown Starfleet Captain that he had been reading about during his acclimation process. Picard was famous for a warp maneuver which he had used to outmaneuver an enemy in a superior position. What was it... with the clock ticking down the memory of the short warp hops similar to what Oscar himself had been planning with the shuttle popped into his head. He found the correct screens and inputted the requested maneuver as quickly as his fingers could fly.

"Jumps plotted and laid in, Captain, ready to execute on your word."

<tag: Marisol, Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius  
Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL  
Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**  
Member

Posts: 226  
Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm  
Location: Toledo, Ohio

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 6:32 am

Davis clenches a fist his face blanched as he repeats his broadcast throughout the ship. "All personnel get on the aegis yacht ASAP we will be launching in forty-five seconds."

He nods at a group of six marines escorting a small group of officers. "Strap in guys, we are in for one hell of a ride."

((Tag: All))

((Note: This is the last call, my next post will be the yacht warping out, so if you wish to be onboard post quickly.))

**Scott Davis**  
Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 6:32 am

((This was a double post please ignore))

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 8:39 am

**Ens. Washington NPC**

Assist. Chief Engineer

USS Hope

**Capt. Vreenak wrote:**

"Get those shuttles moving!"

The Aegis yacht was now officially crammed full. "Go!" Washington shouted as he cycled the hatch, his glance a farewell into the despairing eyes of the his team. As it sealed, he rapped twice upon the hull of the Aegis, the universal "ready" sign. When her skids lifted off the deck, the towering engineer turned his attention toward the shuttles.

<Tag Davis>

"You gotta GO!" he shouted toward one pilot, who gestured frantically toward his hatch. There, a melee ensued...three panicked crewmen were fighting to get aboard. They were kids, really, but he could tell upon approaching that fear of death had erased all their training. He'd have to play the "Angry Black Man.."

"YOU!!!" he roared, stopping a fist in mid flight as he jerked the first clear. "GO FORWARD!!! NOW!!!" The poor kid immediately burst into tears as Washington powered into the rest of the fray. "STAND CLEAR!" he shouted directly into the face of the second, who seemed to recognize his own insanity. Number three was not so simple. This kid was beyond reason. "HELP ME!" Washington roared into his face. "HELP ME...NOW!" A firm grip on the crewman's shoulder pulled the young man back from the hatch, which immediately cycled shut. Washington offered two bangs with his own fist...good to go.

**Fifty-two.....fifty-one.....fifty.....**

"NOW!" Washington shouted to the pilot of the third shuttle, making a "spinning up" gesture with his arm as he approached. Rounding to the hatch side, he took in the sight of an orderly group, patiently waiting to climb aboard. "MOVE!" he shouted. "FAST" the ensign roared, as his years on the Notre Dame defensive

line came into play. Without fear of injury or reprisal, the big engineer began physically grabbing and tossing people through the hatchway. "COUNT ME DOWN, PILOT!"

"FOUR MORE!" This time, they got it. The last four fairly raced to get aboard. "ALL THE REST OF YOU!" Washington shouted to those who'd hoped to catch a ride, "GET YOUR EMERGENCY GEAR AND GO FORWARD! NOW!!"

The ensign tapped twice on the sealed hatch, and had to leap clear as the shuttle lurched into hover. He watched, a contentment settling over him, as his "three little birds" made their way into the black. The tune now laying gently upon his memory, Washington sang quietly to himself as he cycled the shuttlebay doors closed.

"Don't worry,  
About a thing,  
'cause every little thing,  
is gonna be alright."

**Thirty-five.....thirty-four.....thirty-three.....thirty-two....**

Even if he sprinted, there was no getting forward in time. Ens. Washington had no intention of doing so. There was one place on this ship that signified for him his happiest moments, the friendships he'd made, even his paternal love for the chief who became his captain. This was his home. With ease in his step, Ensign Washington strolled toward Main Engineering.

"Don't worry,  
About a thing,  
'cause every little thing,  
is gonna be alright."



OFF:

Lyrics - "Three Little Birds," by Bob Marley

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1567

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 8:58 am

Davis finishes the lift off sequence and the yacht barrels out into space, a few seconds latter the engines thrum and hit warp speeds, in the opposite direction of the Eternity.

Six seconds later it drops out, far out of range of the imminent explosion but

close enough for the scanners to monitor the situation. He watches as more shuttles drop out of warp around them. He counts down under his breath, his right hand clenched tight around an ancient roman coin, hoping, praying that there will be survivors on the planet below. He hoped that the leadership skills his father and the Academy had instilled in him would see the men with him through.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 6:29 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

Kholhr nodded slightly at Marisol giving the order to follow through. Her fingers danced over the console before her. In fact, the Tal Shiar Agent had taken it upon herself to tap into various systems not explicitly authorized to access, but then if someone wanted to make a big deal of it they could confront her two minutes from now. One of those systems happened to be the warp core that their Captain was ramping beyond 'safety' limits; there was no need for the core to merely build up for detonation when next Marisol planned for three "Picards."

Most Romulans might not know what a 'Picard' meant. In fact many Starfleet officers probably didn't know what a 'Picard' meant. Just because something was named after someone didn't mean it was widely known; in fact if it was named after someone it was so unique the circumstances to employ it were likely too rare to waste time memorizing them all. But, again, the Colonel knew what was happening even as she didn't advert her eyes from screen after screen of data flew by. With that knowledge came the obvious need for a jump without a core. You couldn't will yourself into warp, but you could just for a bit if your nacelles were saturated and remain saturated until the final, desperate fling away from total annihilation.

**"The sequence will be ready at your command, Captain,"** Kholhr replied with a brief look over her shoulder. It wasn't a distraction; after all most of her tactile input was for the crew's benefit, the majority of the commands were being issued out of sight.

<<Tag Marisol>>

The Colonel turned around and entered in the final alignment and priming sequence for the deflector dish. Power, it seemed, was not a problem with the cores red lining. **"Antitachyons charging. Fifty seconds."** An intentionally slow build given the remaining time before them. Perhaps Logan would find the sight bemusing given how similar it might appear to Vreenak One. Perhaps the similarity in the end of all things would be a nice closure as his life was extinguished seconds before their own. Unfortunately, as Kholhr stood there, it was quite apparent the Hope was going to act as a shield for the planet against a weapon that didn't adhere to the rules of normal space-time by its very nature. 'I have been instructed to aide you in whatever way possible. Obviously the intent is your safety, but my mission is not limited only to that parameter,' had been the Colonel's words to the Captain. The mission parameters had been clear from the start even if this was not the ideal outcome.

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 854

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 8:57 pm

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

"The sequence will be ready at your command, Captain,"

"Thanks. This is dicey as all hell...especially the third Pic.....damn," Marisol uttered. "I forgot. Mr. Blackthorne," she called over her shoulder. "make that three Picard maneuvers.....wait." The captain turned from the MSD to face the helm station. Hadn't there been another helmsman? She could've sworn...hadn't she joked about.....but no. How could she know that Blackthorne was sitting at the helm if he hadn't actually been there previously? "You're getting old, Marisol," she thought, before continuing. "Confirming three Picard maneuvers, the first two for a distance of 2500 kilometers. The third," she continued, "as far as we can go before the warp field collapses....set for 5000 K-M and we'll hope for the best. Half second leaps at T minus zero, T plus one, and T plus two seconds. Have you got it, Oscar?"

<Tag Blackthorne>

The third Picard would be ugly, indeed..riding a collapsing warp field to escape the largest of the three antimatter explosions. And that, she mused as she double checked the sequence, would most likely be the one that killed them. This mad scheme....attempting to disrupt both the tachyon flow and the shockwave of Eternity's cataclysmic explosion for just a sliver in the hopes of preserving those on Garid 5... probably not one for the history books. As she listened to the computer count them down to destruction, Marisol could think of too many ways for this to go completely wrong.

**Col. Kholhr wrote:**

"Antitachyons charging. Fifty seconds."

"A seven second margin," the captain observed with a wry smile as she regarded the Romulan female. "We're splitting hairs everywhere else. Why not here?" Marisol stepped to the TAC console, and placed some emergency equipment on it's edge. "A breather, and a PFG, personal field generator," she said. "I know this wasn't the duty you were expecting, Vriha. It's a lousy way to end things, but we couldn't have gotten this far without you. My husband chose well," she smiled.

<Tag Kholhr>

With thirty seconds left on the clock, Capt. Vreenak performed her final tasks, the dialing up of both warp cores to one hundred sixty-five percent. Neither would survive more than a minute at such an overload rate, but the generated power would hopefully support their final, most precious leap. Alarms screamed warnings of imminent death, both from within and without. For now, their fate lay entirely in the hands of a Tal Shiar Colonel and a displaced time traveler from the twenty-third century. "Emergency gear, Oscar," Marisol called as she moved to the command chair. "Remember, leaps at zero, one, and two seconds exactly."

"Aegis and shuttles are exiting the bay!" OPS shouted over the wail of alarms and computer voice warnings. "They've gone to warp!"

"Set your aft shields, OPS," Marisol ordered. "Configure a broad cone shape to deflect. Route all power from the impulse manifold and our Borg nodes to the aft shields and life support on decks six through eight. And kill those alarms."

"Aye, ma'am," OPS nodded as he set to his work. In a moment, but for the voice of the computer's countdown, a peaceful calm had settled upon the bridge. At twenty seconds before detonation, OPS announced that all was complete.

"Come sit with me," Marisol suggested. "Strap yourself in. Colonel, join us if you can," she said. "This is how it would end," the diminutive woman thought. "The last good fight I'll ever know." She couldn't remember from where that piece of verse had come; it was just something that managed to stick through the wearing of her years. Hope. The only ship she would ever command....and for all her experience, the one she loved the best. "How fortunate am I?" Marisol asked aloud as she clasped hands with her Operations officer. "OPS.....Oscar.....Vriha...it has been my honor to serve with you."

**Fourteen.....thirteen.....twelve.....eleven....**  
***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe  
"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes  
"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes  
FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude  
Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1567  
Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm  
Location: Atlanta, GA

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **thepariaheffect** » Wed Apr 08, 2015 9:27 pm

**Calмест**

As the Hope moved towards its inevitable end, Calмест found himself frantically copying his essence into the little ship's databanks. There was something comfortable about meeting your end at home.

If Logan was right – and that was still in question, as far as Calмест was concerned – the effects of what would soon happen would border on the instantaneous. Somehow, that made things acceptable to the would-be Borg King. As for Calмест, it sparked a sense of outrage that he'd not been able quite justify until mere moments before. The insistence that somehow, the here and now did not matter – as if Gabriel's perceptions and beliefs somehow made what had happened justified. As if the lives that were perceived differently from Gabriel's own mattered less.

To a being that had experienced subjective years in the space of moments, that hit a bit too close to home.

As the Hope hurtled forwards, Calмест found himself inside the ship's engine core, racing the ship's computer to make the tiny power corrections that were necessary for the ship to pull off its final task. He almost felt compelled to keep silent, to let the organic crew have its final moments. And yet...that wasn't quite

his nature.

**"No exit strategies for me, Captain,"** Calmest's said, voice still over the central speakers of the bridge, **"If Gabriel's right, I'm inextricably part of the here and now. If he's not, well...despite what you think of me, I know what it means to sacrifice in order to save something greater than one's self. My long-term projections for Garid V were, and continue to be, quite important for this universe's future. So I think I'll ride along - clearly, you organics need a bit of oversight to get this done."**

[Tag Bridge]

**Lieutenant Owen Scott**

Star Trek: Eternity

**Dr. Ezekiel Powell**

Star Trek: Aquarius

**thepariaheffect**

Member

Posts: 300

Joined: Tue Dec 03, 2013 3:57 pm

Location: Smyrna, TN

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **The Gnostic** » Thu Apr 09, 2015 7:29 am



--/\=---=\=---=\=--

**M. Sgt. Rostham**

**CSec/Tac, USS Hope**

**Garid V, Shuttlecraft**

Rostham watched the confusion as the Eternity became a ticking time bomb which would blow most of the star system to oblivion. Like his colleagues, he thought it made no sense. Why steal the new Eternity, execute Owen Scott and Talla Vreenak, and then come to self-destroy along with all the old crew, from himself to Mia Barlow? A few assassins could achieve the same.

Since the ominous chain of events began with the irksome appearance of Calmest, Rostham felt a personal measure of responsibility for the recent turn of events. The security officer had been a member of the royal guard in the Zahara reality, and he made a decision to flee the capital when Calmest ascended to the throne. If he had plunged a sword into the King's back at an opportune moment, it is likely (Rostham assumed) Logan would not have had an accomplice, and Ambassador Vreenak might be alive today.

Forcing himself to pay attention to the present, he listened to the buzz of orbital traffic as everyone tried to leave the system at once. Few would survive the enormous buildup of energy from the Eternity when the cascade ended.

--/\=---=\=---=\=

**Crewman Haass**

**Engineering, USS Hope**

Haass looked at Lt. Davis who was assigned to take the Aegis yacht with the crew away from ship, but the Bolian would not be going.

"**You go ahead, sir,**" he said. Someone would have to watch the deflector in Main Engineering.

<tag Davis>

Alone, he watched the gleaming panels, showing the antimatter ejected, but the Bussard collectors full. He thought he heard via comm link to the Bridge that three faster-than-light jumps would be made with the ship in this state.

And where the hell were all these anti-tachyons coming from?, he thought. Tachyons were readily found in Romulan cloaking devices, and could (in theory) be produced from a Starfleet deflector dish; but anti-tachyons? That was some pretty classified stuff, he recalled from his Academy days. Only a top secret agent, or senior government official would have access to the files, much less the technology. Something to do with Voyager's return home, he recollected from the little publicly available information. The small irony of being on an Intrepid at this moment was not lost to him. He wondered if this thought would be his last.

<tag Hope>

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**Lieutenant Anam Farooqi**  
**Garid V, Away Shuttle**

Anam had never thought Barlow was a bad captain, but this was a new low. Red Barlow, without much consensus or prompt, went to look for his wife, not as a team, but in an apparent act of abandonment.

If things are that bad, he thought, I'd better start praying. This was the only thing a mystic could do. And if, as Marx said, religion was the opium of the masses, then he would show everyone how serenely a man of spirit could die, while everyone else might turn to total panic.

**"May God bless the Prophet and the family of the Prophet, as He blessed Abraham and the family of Abraham, and his household and companions. Verily, Thou are all-Knowing and Wise."**

On a spiritual high, he was known to repeat up to 2,000 counts of the above said prayer in a single night, so that when Death would come, he would have many merits in the eyes of the heavenly book.

<tag one, infinity, zero>

--/\=---=/\=---=/\=--

**M. Sgt. Rostham**

**CSec/Tac, USS Hope**

**Garid V, Shuttlecraft**

Rostham took the chair left vacant by Blackthorne, his mysterious presence now mysteriously gone. He read the panels intently, but the hum of Anam's chanting prevented him.

**"Would somebody shut him up?,"** he asked his remaining colleagues, annoyed at the idea someone could revere desert nomads from the ancient past who could have never understood one's present situation.

<tag ?>

**"Excuse me,"** blinked the lieutenant, pausing his dying testimony.

**"I'm trying to work here. Will you look at these readings?"**

**"What's there to look at?,"** asked the gnostic, walking over despite his fatalistic resignation.

**"The Eternity is giving off an off-the-scale level of tachyons,"** he gestured to the right screen where a visual display was presented. **"The Hope's antimatter is ejected, but the nacelles are brimming blue with hydrogen."**

**"Wait a minute,"** Anam said, **"I'm no quantum theorist,"** he alluded to the absent CO, **"But tachyons are the basic particles of time."**

Rostham continued the thought, **"Logan's not going to simply detonate the ship..."**

"**He's going to bring us back through time,**" said the Lt., stating what was just a hypothesis.

"**Six years...**" deduced the Sergeant.

The next ten seconds would prove whether their hypothesis was correct.

<tag everybody, nobody, Schrodinger's cat>

**The Gnostic**

Member

Posts: 145

Joined: Sat Jun 22, 2013 11:42 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Thu Apr 09, 2015 7:51 am

**Captain Rick Barlow**

Away Team/Rescue Recovery

Garid 5, Surface

OFF:

Intro piece really..., I'm hoping that Rick sees his wife one last time and as much as I would like to force that scene to play, I'm at the mercy of the countdown clock same as everyone.

ON:

Evacuation was called and sirens blared on the surface of Garid 5. The Old District was like a sea of open chaos, a public broadcast dictating in an array of languages, called for the immediate mobilization to the underground shelters by all civilians. The sky overhead burned with the exhaust of hundreds, if not more, spacecraft both civilian and military so thick that not much of anything could get through. Large open spots on the surface began to funnel in refugees and other personnel lucky to beam to plantside with traditional Transporter technologies.

Death had come to the system, the horse it rode on was the Eternity.

Marisol Vreenak had a mind of evacuation of all nonessential personnel from Hope, the drop in point clearly dictated as the streams of them appeared close. "Sergeant," Barlow called coming out of the shuttle, "take these people to the underground bunkers."

<<Tag Rostham>>

Logan had ignited the tachyon cores from what Rick understood; the ex-Resistance's leader's endgame very much associated with destroying the Garid and several outlying systems in very much the same order his brother, Sion, had attempted to do.

That struck a cord. A play towards Barlow's memory and those final moments. True, he was writhing in pain, Gerrick's knife piercing his abdomen. He experienced it from the bridge of Hope, bleeding nearly to death...,

"Was it Hope, Red? What happened after?"

Now wasn't the time for his inner monologue to take a turn at his mind's wheel. Eternity, this Eternity, had twin dual Tachyon Cores, several versions ahead of what was initially onboard when they brought the monster back from the depths of hell. Clearly the devastation could not be calculated.

<<Tag Davis>>

The inevitable began to sink so deeply into the pit of Rick's stomach that he nearly lost his balance. They were all going to die. He would not be able to say his last words with his wife Amelia, never be able to hug his daughter, Madelynn, kiss her goodnight. Daddy wouldn't be there..., Daddy was a selfish prick too stupid to understand that it was home where he belonged.

"I'm sorry Lil' Miss...,"

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)

Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)

Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1832

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm

Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Apr 09, 2015 8:33 am

Davis stops watching the countdown as it hits five and just bows his head in prayer.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Thu Apr 09, 2015 6:30 pm

Acting Captain Scott Davis

Aegis Yacht

Outside of the Garid System

Davis calms himself and stands, straightening his uniform before opening the door and walking out into the cabin packed full of people. Just before he leaves he broadcasts to every shuttle around him, ensuring they will hear his speech. "Everyone, listen up!" He bellows, gathering the attention of all onboard. "I am going to be brutally honest. We are safe here, as are the other shuttles around us. The Hope will be destroyed when the Eternity essentially goes nova. Most likely along with the whole system. If the scanners show any sign that there are survivors our task is to find them. Captain Marisol is sacrificing herself and the Hope in an attempt to negate the effects of the tachyon explosion, so there is a chance, albeit a thin one, that there will be survivors. As soon as things clear up I will be sending out a distress signal to every Federation vessel in range. Then

we will land and fan out in a search and rescue attempt on world. I expect each and every one of you to remember your training. I know this is a hard time, but this is not the time for mourning. We have a job to do, and once that is done, I will see to it that we have a memorial to those who perish this day. Marisol has in essence made me acting captain, for reasons I do not understand, but with God as my witness I plan to do a damned good job and make her proud! Now who is with me?" His ice blue eyes burn with an inner fire as they seem to pierce the very souls of those before him.

((Tag: All personnel aboard shuttles and the Aegis Yacht.))

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Thu Apr 09, 2015 8:34 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**

Tal Shiar Representative

Bridge, U.S.S. Hope

The Romulan woman met Marisol's eyes as equipment was placed on top of the console. **"Thank you, Captain. And you are every bit as strong as the Ambassador believed."** Unfortunately. They could have escaped. Plenty of time to leave the system. But Logan already knew that would never happened -- all



those people on the planet wouldn't be abandoned just to save herself.

<<Tag Marisol>>

**"I should remain at this post,"** Kholhr replied without any edge to her voice. It was... an unexpected offer to join her. Not because Marisol wasn't an outgoing person, but simply hadn't been a foreseen scenario. It was, however, best for the Colonel to remain within reach of the controls. What they were about to do would require practically instantaneous reaction time if something fell out of bounds.

<<Tag Marisol>>

Like a certain holographic, artificial intelligence.

Kholhr straightened up a bit further before she placed her palm on the console.

In what passed for a virtual reality within the computer systems of the ship, the Colonel stepped forward as 'garbage' began swimming through every conceivable lane or pathway -- encryption to make passage quite difficult. "Calмест." The manifestation of Kholhr on the A.I.'s level crossed its arms over her chest. "There will be no 'ride.' The probability of survival is less than one percent. There is one option if you have any intention of surviving. Consider it a 'lifepod' for an entity like yourself." The Colonel's right index finger pointed to a pathway that had been left free and clear. "You might survive. The 'organics' will not. A simple matter of physics."

<<Tag Calмест>>

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 854

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Kalquien** » Thu Apr 09, 2015 11:18 pm

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne

Science Officer

USS Hope

**Marisol wrote:**

Confirming three Picard maneuvers, the first two for a distance of 2500 kilometers. The third," she continued, "as far as we can go before the warp field collapses....set for 5000 K-M and we'll hope for the best. Half second leaps at T minus zero, T plus one, and T plus two seconds. Have you got it, Oscar?"

"Aye, Aye, Sir," was Oscar's only reply. She had added an extra maneuver to his already complex flight path and he was having to do advanced level math as he manipulated the unfamiliar controls on his panel. He could feel the tension start to rise within him but he refused to let it master him and kept his mind and hands working.

**Marisol wrote:**

"Emergency gear, Oscar," Marisol called as she moved to the command chair. "Remember, leaps at zero, one, and two seconds exactly."

A low growl escaped Blackthorne's lips as he attempted to tie the new improved

flight plan into the timetable laid out by the Captain. He knew that it would be close and could feel the countdown timer almost in his head without the gentle reminder of the artificial computer voice. He was no stranger to working in these environments so he didn't yield to the pressure and continued to finish all the aspects of the flight plan. He took the time to run the simulation as the clock wound down and saw that his work was successful. The warp jumps would happen as the Captain had ordered but who knew if they would survive or not. It still troubled Oscar somewhat that he had allowed it to come to this. His first instinct had been to run but he owed it to himself and his duty to see this thing through. The Romulan officer had challenged him on her first day aboard and he had not risen to her challenge, until today. At this moment he was every inch the Starfleet officer that he had dreamed of being when he had stood in the ashes of his destroyed home on Janus IV. He had sworn then that he would do everything in his power to protect the helpless and here, in this moment, was his chance to go out embracing those ideals.

**Marisol wrote:**

"OPS.....Oscar.....Vriha...it has been my honor to serve with you."

"Captain," Oscar said not daring to turn around knowing that his composure might shatter continued, "the new course is computed and laid in, you have only to give the word."

He paused a moment as time seemed to slow to a crawl, "and thank you, for your trust."

<tag: Marisol, Bridge>

"God between you and harm in all the empty places where you must walk."

-Captain John Sheridan, B5

Lt. Turluk - U.S.S. Aquarius

Patrick Calhoun: Human Soldier - Mass Effect: PL

Lt. Oscar Blackthorne - USS Eternity

**Kalquien**

Member

Posts: 226

Joined: Fri Sep 27, 2013 8:16 pm

Location: Toledo, Ohio

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 7:45 am

**Story Note**

As the final seconds tick down, Calmest's incursion brings Hope's thrusters to fire. She moves forward, closing the distance from her 5000 meter stance to deploy the only solutions within her grasp. At two seconds on the clock, her auxilliary warp core ejects. One second later, her primary deflector dish flares, a massive burst of antitachyons pulsing outward to meet the coming onslaught.

Eternity detonates, a flash so intense that anyone unfortunate enough to view it from space with the naked eye is struck blind. Dual tachyon cores, generating far beyond their capacities, unleash immeasurable forces of energy and time. Hope, having made her first Picard maneuver, has leapt 2500 kilometers toward Garid 5. The aux core explodes, a tertiary puff of energy and smoke compared to what it attempts to diffuse. One second has elapsed. Hope leaps again, dropping her primary core as another 2500 KM is gained. Now at her new location, she jettisons her antimatter tanks, as the primary explodes in her

wake. The much larger explosion of the primary core clashes with the expanding shock wave. Utilizing merely the last shards of a depleting warp field, Hope makes a final, desperate Picard leap.....and falls short, having only advanced another 1740 KM before her nacelles fall useless.

The antimatter tanks detonate, the third, most cataclysmic display, Hope's final attempt at a fire brake to preserve the lives on Garid 5. With only her aft shielding to protect her, the starship coasts, as the forces of hell converge upon her.

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1567

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Sail** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 7:55 am

**Capt. Marisol Vreenak**

Commanding Officer

USS Hope

Calmet had struck, of course, when they were at their most vulnerable. “Ten seconds on the clock,” Marisol thought to herself. “I can’t even unstrap and get to the MSD in that time.”

“Stand by, helm!” she ordered, her voice firm. “Just like we planned, everyone...” The sound was actually pretty unobtrusive. A mere clink of something metallic bouncing as it struck a console, “Colonel....” she said, taking in the sight of the Romulan operative. Vriha Kholhr had taken an unnatural stillness, frozen, seemingly connected to the console she manned. Another odd happenstance? Marisol was prepared to think so, but she had little time to reflect upon the unnaturally still posture.

**Seven.....six.....five....**

“All hands, brace for impact,” the captain ordered over shipwide coms, her voice surprisingly even, given the advance of certain death. She’d abandoned the family Catholicism decades ago, yet another of the reasons for the strained relations with her mother. Marisol felt that she had simply seen too much, weathered too many of life’s truths, to believe that an omnipotent deity would play a hand in her destiny. Now, with the final seconds of many lives ticking to their last, she found herself ready for an impassioned appeal. “Save these people,” she pleaded silently as her right hand rose in genuflection. ‘Please...

**Three.....two....**

The ship lurched, evidence of the auxiliary core’s ejection. The forward deflector fired it’s antitachyon pulse, the transmission load many times beyond it’s capacity. Time seemed to slow to a crawl through the final four seconds of her life....

## **One.....Detonation**

“Go,” she heard herself shout in slow motion as the countdown ticked to zero. For an instant, the forward screen went white. Eternity’s dual cores ignited, creating an explosive force capable of destroying worlds, and especially the tiny starship that now pulled itself away to a distance of 2500 kilometers. This first leap had put her clear of both the shock wave, and her own exploding core. Hopefully, shields would limit the tachyon torrent while they made their further attempts.

“Go,” she shouted again, as Hope sprung forward in the second Picard maneuver. At the instant of movement, the primary core jettisoned, detonating almost as soon as it exited the warp field. That explosion could severely damage the ship, but for the fact they’d made it another 2500 kilometers. The inertial dampeners were struggling with these clear abuses of good starship operational practice. The last deceleration had slammed Marisol into the safety straps. Next, she felt the final jolt, the mutual ejection of both the upper and lower antimatter storage tanks. “Go” her voice sounded once more, as Hope, now running strictly upon the remnants left in her oversaturated nacelles, pushed into a final Picard maneuver....and just as abruptly, fell from warp as the field evaporated. The starship was now merely coasting. Ahead, Garid 5 lay on the forward screen, it’s surface lit by the intense expulsion of light from Eternity. For an instant, all was quiet.

“Helm,” Marisol said. “How f.....” The fury of impact slammed her back into the command chair, pinning her there as it began to rupture it’s mounts. The bridge was a sudden shatter of fractured consoles and flying sparks. Lights went out immediately, plunging them into darkness as the whole compartment shook itself violently apart.

The antimatter tanks, each roughly half full at the time of their deployment, loosed an explosive force many times that of the starship’s warp cores. While Hope had been designed to withstand a core burst, her architects never envisioned the spaceframe being forced to weather such obliterative power at such close range. The shockwave struck, little abated by the last ditch defense

of the aft shielding. First to suffer was the Engineering hull. The shuttlebay doors exploded inward, the force of which set to ripping and curling the surrounding hull forward with it's progress. Now exposed, the powerful surge blew through primary engineering, crushing all to unrecognizable debris on it's way toward the fore/aft turbolift connector. This, it used as a superhighway, force compressed and accelerated as it slammed into the vertical forward shaft, taking bulkheads and structure, before severing the starship's neck and tearing off the deflector dish in it's housing.

At the same time, the nacelles on their pylons were torn free. The portside nacelle was hurled low, enough to shoot beneath and clear the saucer. The starboard went up, folding under the pressure, lifting the jagged edge of it's pylon mount like a claw as it flew over the saucer.

The saucer itself, center of life aboard the starship, shuddered and rocked as the shockwave first peeled the aft sections of the outer hull away from it's skeletal structure, the classic duralineum hull plating shredding and flying apart like package ribbons in a hurricane wind. Now denuded of it's outer hull plating, the pressure hull proceeded to crush inward, breaching atmosphere as the force pummelled it forward, compressing, rolling upon itself, until nearly halfway forward, when shear resistance finally overcame force. From that point, it sustained, offering those lucky enough to survive in the forward section a lifeboat whose atmosphere slowly vented, it's heat succumbing gradually to the cold of space.

On the bridge, violence and destruction, under cover of total darkness. Marisol heard OPS scream. She reached for him, her hand striking nothing. Overhead came a deafening roar, followed by an intense blast of light and the cyclone of explosive decompression. Strapped in as she was, Hope's captain had no choice but to cling to the command chair, which flew into the huge opening clawed by the starboard nacelle, while wrenching it's way over the saucer. Feeling immediately the intense cold of space, Marisol activated her PFG, and reached for the breather mask. All about her, the sky was full of projectiles. Bits of Eternity...pieces of Hope, and the debris of fractured planetary bodies all shot past her at blinding speed. Her PFG would protect her from exposure to the void for two hours. The breather mask, slightly less. One lucky strike by a piece



of this flotsam would end her life in an instant. Marisol Vreenak flipped and spun uncontrollably as the command chair tumbled into the inky blackness of space.

Her final memory came peacefully. A time spent at ease with Talla, pruning the little bonsai tree she kept on the small patio behind their house.. She had come home....

**FSF Sail** (Just Dan)

---

"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1567

Joined: Wed Aug 01, 2012 4:52 pm

Location: Atlanta, GA

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Re: S03Ep02 Superposition

by **Scott Davis** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 8:09 am

Acting Captain Scott Davis

Aegis Yacht

Outside of the Garid System

Davis turns just in time to see the sensors pick up a series of explosions. As he studied the scanner a sudden realization dawned on him. "Oh God... She pulled a Picard..."

He turns back to the crew. "The Eternity is gone... It appears the saucer of the Hope is still there, if we go to warp now, by the time we arrive we can board the Hope and look for the Captain. I want one shuttle to attempt to dock and search the bridge. I want the rest of us to land downside and spread out, looking for any survivors. Understood?"

((Tag: All personnel aboard the Yacht and shuttles.))

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 2:50 pm

**Rick and Amelia Barlow**

One Last Kiss on the Surface of Garid 5

ON:

Amelia knew it was going to be the end. How could she have just let Rick get

involved with all this craziness again. They should have stayed home with Maddy. Maddy, who would never again see her mother or father. Mia wanted so much to turn back time and make him say no.

She felt an odd sense of déjà vu. But this had not happened before, it couldn't have or she wouldn't be here now. She turned and saw Rick, and she ran to him, time for one last kiss. She all but launched herself at him, her arms wrapping around his neck. "I will always love you and Maddy," She said above the din. And then she pressed her lips to his and closed her eyes. She did not want to see the end, instead she pictured them at home with Maddy, a happy family forever.

Tears rolled down his cheeks as Rick embraced his wife, the memories of the life they had built together coming to the surface, stronger than any tachyon core explosion could ever match. "I'm sorry," he pressed gasping, "I'm sorry."

Explosions overhead, a flash of brilliant light so piercing that it blinded, even as Rick closed his eyes, embraced his wife, thought of the life he was losing to a creation that was of his own doing. He couldn't help but think of Maddie, his Lil' Miss. She'd grow up without a father, without a mother. It was the damnable thought that took him as the flames came, like rolling hell, Garid 5 cracking open, yielding to the force unimaginable.

Her last thoughts as her life ebbed away was that Maddy would live even if they didn't.

As breathing became a problem, as the pain subsided due, the envelopment of superheated gases severing nerve endings and melting away skin and tissue, Rick Barlow, Amelia Moore and those left on Garid 5 died.

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog](#) - [YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1832

Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **FSF Gabe** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 2:55 pm

### **Story Note**

The Garidian System and the outlining sectors of space feel the brunt of the Eternity's twin Tachyon Cores detonating, the super accelerated particles expanding swiftly, their speeds decimating. Fractured pieces of planets and installation sweep by in the cataclysm left in the wake of the explosions. Where Eternity had sat now screams a vortex, a dark swirling mass of blue and red circling an ever growing black anomaly; the event horizon of a birthing Black Hole.

For a moment, all seems quiet, so silent that those surviving think that all is well and recovery from such a devastation can begin. Then, the Black Hole begins expansion, consumes, the gravitational forces pulling planets, forcing satellite systems and their orbital mechanics in a state of panic shifting them out of placement. Stars are swallowed as this vortex expands further, swallowing ships thought to have escaped and those that were inbound to

assess the damage and rescue those left after.

Delicate balances are shifted one sided, a degree of chaos and decay creep as the universe grows colder. It's unknown how far the vortex spreads, how much is consumed or how much death has taken. Eternity's detonation becomes the catalyst to spark the end of existence, of all life.

Death however is not the final page. For what lies beneath the darkness, on the other side of the vortex does not follow the rules of time nor space. Revelations, truths and answers begin past the end of the universe...,

..., beyond this episode.

\*Writers may back post character action up to the event. Epilogue posting this weekend..., I think

**Gabriel Logan** [Blog - YouTube Channel](#)  
Creator and FSF Host: [Star Trek Eternity](#)  
Producer: [Ramble On!](#) \*FAN US!

**FSF Gabe**  
FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1832  
Joined: Thu Jul 19, 2012 7:45 pm  
Location: Host Lounge, having a Donut

Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Janice Lacey James** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 3:51 pm

Janelle James  
Counselor  
TDY : USS Hope

Janelle had tried to clear her mind from the onslaught of thoughts of escape bombarding her from hundreds of thousands of minds. She could barely hear her own companions. It took every ounce of mental energy she could muster to block out all those minds. Marisol had ordered them to stay put and find shelter. It would seem that some had other plans. The Romulan apparently beamed to the ship as did Blackthorne. Rick went to search for Mia. She could only hope they found each other in time to say their final farewells.

Because that was the feeling she got. Their time was running out. Janelle just sat down on one of the seats in the shuttle. "Well, I've got no one to say goodbye to and no place else to go. It seemed odd to her to be here. She wasn't supposed to be anywhere near here but had been.. well.. shang hai'd by Marisol somehow. But honestly, if this was to be the end, what better people to die with.

She leaned back and sent out a feeling of love and respect to those who she had served with. As the Eternity began it's devastation, she could feel minds ceasing to exist. Tears fell from her eyes as she felt her friends pass from existence one by one. Finally she felt the heat and knew it would be her turn soon. Her lungs began to burn, taking a breath was almost impossible. "It's been an honor my friends!" She gasped out with her last painful gasping breath as her body succumbed to the onslaught and she melted away into oblivion.

MSgt. Jamie Lynn Stathem, 2nd Support Detachment NCOIC; USS Cadecus  
Lt Jg. Janice Lacey, Chief Science Officer (CSCI); USS Atlantis  
Lt Janelle James, Counselor; USS Eternity-B (TDY USS Hope)

Lt Jg.(acting) Jamie Morrison,Intel; USS Independence  
Lt. Meghan Amalia Steele, Eng Consultant, Shattered Universe

**Janice Lacey James**  
Member

Posts: 608  
Joined: Mon Feb 16, 2009 1:32 pm

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**  
by **Sonja Kinnunen** » Fri Apr 10, 2015 8:21 pm

**Colonel Vriha Kholhr**  
Tal Shiar Agent Alpha Zero One  
Outside of the Calamity

A personal, long-range reconnaissance vessel sat stationary in space a sector away from the localized effects of the growing, endless 'storm' in space. Its sole occupant had just acknowledged receipt of all pertinent materials pertaining to the mission at hand. Colonel Vriha Kholhr's dark gaze lifted from the console to inspect the stationary stars that could be seen from where she sat. It wouldn't be long before an empty patch would appear. There was still time, however. Light moved rather quickly and wouldn't succumb to even a black hole that abruptly. Still thousands or millions of light-years ahead of the event horizon to bear witness.

The scans didn't take long, and the mission reports pretty much only substantiated the findings. **"Agent Alpha Zero Three presumed terminated. Agent Beta Zero Two presumed terminated."** Kholhr reflected on the deceptively calm region of space in which she now resided. Agent B02 had gone in search of Agent A03 only to get caught in the tempest. The sheer size of the explosion was far greater than they'd come to expect -- almost unnaturally so. **"Recommendation: relocate Hub."**

Several seconds passed. Equally unusual, but not equally unexpected. The recommendation of considerable import; it was not made lightly.

"Confirm. Relocate Hub?"

**"Confirmed. Relocate Hub. Continued observation necessary,"** Kholhr added. It might be necessary to remain mobile rather than find a new, permanent location.

Meanwhile, several sectors away in what remain of the Eison system -- once proud home of the planet Romulus, seat of the Romulan Star Empire -- a moderately sized platform detached from a large chunk of rock in space. Its unused, but often tested warp core flared to full power output in preparation to depart. "Recommendation understood and accepted. Continue operation. Report uploaded to remaining field agents." A data burst was sent out to the various satellite stations for it to reach other copies so they remain aware of the threat that had been and now was.

Then in a blink of an eye the 'Hub' of holographic field agents leaped into warp to put additional distance between it and the disaster. Two primary objectives were lost, but at least one still remain. It would endeavor to protect as many Romulan citizens as possible by guiding them away from destruction's wake. It was, simply speaking, a logically 'fulfilling' purpose and there seemed no reason to deviate even now.

While the Hub had the larger picture to focus on, Kholhr -- or at least the one currently aboard the reconnaissance vessel -- had time for other pursuits. As scans continued to run she brought up a list of known personnel as reported by the Third of her Contingent. Perhaps the Calamity would have a far greater effect than they could have foreseen, but given the opportunity it seemed appropriate to at least broadcast the fates of loved ones to their various homes. There was still a chance those homes could exist tomorrow. That was why they'd been created, after all.

**Sonja Kinnunen**

Member

Posts: 854

Joined: Mon Apr 25, 2011 4:55 pm



Top

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Brett K Reese** » Sun Apr 12, 2015 12:04 am

Lt. Cmd. Brett Reese

CMO

USS Hope

Brett was in sick bay reviewing what she needed to do to Marisol's implants once this stand-off was over. She had managed a good 2 hour nap, but her eyes were tired from all the focusing on one thing for so long and lack of good deep sleep. As she leaned back in her chair and stretched, the locket moved under her uniform. She pulled the chain sliding the locket out of her uniform and opened it to look at Cordellia and Kegan. Her fingers passed over their images when the signal for a ship wide announcement sounded.

**Cpt. Vreenak wrote:**

“Shipwide address,” she ordered OPS. “This is the captain. A major explosion is imminent. When it occurs, it could kill thousands on Garid 5, including our civilians, and our away team. We’re going to try to stop that. So listen up! If you’re within thirty seconds of the shuttlebay, drop what you’re doing and get there now for immediate EVAC. All remaining hands, grab your emergency gear...breathers and PFG’s, and move forward.....as far as you can go...on decks

six, seven, and eight. Go now. And good luck.”

Her heart sank with the instant realization she would never hold them again. Smell them. Her chest ached and she could feel them in her arms as the three were one as she fed them looking out at the vast Rocky Mountain landscape outside their Colorado home. Shaking herself from the memories, she realized she had moved to the door of the office.

**" You heard the captain. Get to the shuttlebay. If any one gets out of this alive they will need you all. Take as many kits as you can carry and go now,"** she commanded in her most authoritative tone. One of her doctors paused, but no words were exchanged. They each put a hand on the others right shoulder and gave a slight smile. Then he took the lead directing the evacuating medical team to the shuttle bay.

The door to sickbay closed for the final time, Brett let herself slide down the wall and return to the images of her children. She had so little time with them who would make sure they knew her or their father. Father, Rostham, he had never even held them, met them. They would have absolutely no memory of him even one that was so deep they wouldn't realize it was there. She gripped the locket in a fist, closed her eyes, and let her mind reach out to him hoping he remembered what she had taught him.

Imazdi nothing else needed to be said.

<Tag Rostham>

Leigh Rachal - Lt. CMD. Brett Reese, CMO, USS Hope, Star Trek: Eternity; Sr. Airman River Breaux, SG10; Cmd. K'tana Austen, CMO & Lt. Cmd Gaines Austen, CENG USS Independence; MSgt Kade Mitchell, Marine Commander & Claudia Marceaux, shopkeeper, Sb35; Kerian Casey, student X-Men Frontlines

**Brett K Reese**

Member

Posts: 125

Joined: Mon Jan 19, 2009 9:53 pm

Location: Peoria, AZ

[Top](#)

**Re: S03Ep02 Superposition**

by **Scott Davis** » Sun Apr 12, 2015 11:58 am

Acting Captain Scott Davis

Aegis Yacht

Davis turns back and looks at the sensors in disbelief. "All pilots, warp away now! The explosion is ripping open a blackhole, get out of here now!" Davis primes the drive and the yacht slips into warp.

**Scott Davis**

Member

Posts: 64

Joined: Fri Feb 20, 2015 10:26 am

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## Epilogue

by **FSF Sail** » Sun Apr 12, 2015 10:28 pm

### Epilogue - "The Lives We Build"

Can the soul be weighed?

An afterthought, really. From her vantage point, Marisol had the sort of exposure that might be the fantasy of a Hawking or Einstein. A great void was opening beneath her, almost unseen, but for the cyclonic whirl of collapsing matter on it's perimeter. After the forward remnant of Hope's saucer was effectively crushed into a mere dot of particulate, she could no longer bear to look.....there lay nothing but a broad, empty sea of blackness.

Does consciousness yield to physical law?

She couldn't be certain at the moment of crossing the event horizon. Considering the rate of the anomaly's expansion, that was most likely a rapidly outward moving target. Likewise, Marisol was not aware of the instant at which her own fragile body had succumbed to the gravitational force of the black hole. One moment of discomfort, and then here she was, aware only of.....her awareness. A planet....the sad remnant of Garid 5....imploded before her, loosing it's total mass into clouds of dust that roiled violently as they joined the collapse that once was a complete system.

Does emotion have mass?

Of that, she had no doubt. Marisol plunged down, down, into the unforgiving black. There were no tears...she was beyond that.....but the heavy weight of her failure, and the lives forever lost or changed by that, drove her to the darkest grief. Everything she'd strived for, now ended in ultimate failure and death for thousands of innocents. Peace....the dream that was peace, now a lethal fantasy

whose self fulfilling prophecy was laid the very moment she'd acquiesced to a veritable deal with the devil. The weight of this upon her must surely be measurable in the new physical realm come to call.

Home.....but for what price?

But, was that the question? Try as she might, Marisol couldn't remember the first detail of those quiet transgressions. Here.....now.....when all that appeared left to her was memory...a gap. Stop tape. Erase. Fast forward.....six years... Monsters had been brought from the Delta quadrant. Wait. Had they? What was it Colin had told her? The shape of a planet loomed in the darkness. Marisol plunged downward...through thickening air, breaking a cloudbank. Below, the lights of a huge city, alive with the arterial flow of traffic, a bloodstream pulsing with the white and red of vehicle lights.....

“Despertarse.”

Her left eye opened. Marisol's right cheek pressed into a carpet that smelled vaguely of cat urine. She was lying, her body twisted as if she'd collapsed there. Her hair was a tangle, obscuring any other details of her new surroundings than the sickly gold and green of the worn carpet. Near her feet, electric motors whined, as something metallic solid bumped at her ankle, twice.

“Eh! Marisol! Despiertate!”

She drew her hands beneath herself, to slowly push to a sitting position. Marisol swept her unruly hair aside. She was in a drab sort of sitting room, a rumpled sofa and easy chair huddled around a coffee table whose finish was cracked and clouded from the myriad of moisture rings that littered its top. At least, as much of the top as wasn't completely obscured by books and magazines. Everywhere her eye travelled revealed books. Stacks. Piles. Given the number of books sprawled on the sofa and chair, this place hadn't seen a visitor in quite some time.

The night air was thick and warm, offering little respite from the stifling heat within the apartment. A burst of music caught her attention. Marisol turned her

head. The television was color, but an old cathode ray tube model. It's pushbutton surface told of it's approximate manufacture date. "1980's..... 1990's" she muttered to herself. She also recognized the channel. "Azteca Trece," Marisol exclaimed quietly, a smile touching her face. "Mexico City."

"That's correct. Now, come eat, before it gets cold."

By the time she got to her feet, her host had turned, obscuring the woman's face behind her own veil of black curls. The wheelchair hummed softly, negotiating the narrow pathway between stacks of books, leading Marisol toward an old table whose formica top told of decades' worth of wear. A pan of refried beans and rice steamed next to a small dish of corn tortillas.

The apartment's dining room seemed also to serve as an office, and a shrine, of sorts. The walls were covered in photographs. Marisol studied them carefully, the duty of a good guest to compliment the host's family. A quick glance soon revealed a history, of sorts. Her familia, illustrated in color, black and white, and sepia toned images from long ago, appeared to be formed by the bonding of a jovial looking man to an erect, severe looking woman. The children of this union appeared to be four boys, each successively older than their sister. From there, lives progressed, captured on film and photo paper. Boys grown to young men, wedding photos, a couple of shots in military uniforms, followed by an inevitable flood of baby pictures.

Marisol's discomfort built as she stared more deeply into the collection. The daughter of this family had grown as a tomboy. There were photographs of her hoisting football trophies at various ages. One that both charmed and chilled Marisol was apparently spontaneous. The girl, her face and hands smudged in engine grease, held laughing in the arms of her father, whose coverall was obviously that of a mechanic. The next shot was this same girl, now teenaged, awkward and uncomfortable in the frilly white dress chosen by her mother for the event of her quinceanera.

She tore her eyes from the display. Beneath the photographs stood a false fireplace, a shabby affair meant to flicker red bulbs and provide a mantelpiece. There, atop the peeling veneer surface, rested two football trophies, each

flanking a framed college degree. The final item, a photograph, showed a proud young woman, grinning as she held a white ball, her player's uniform crisp and clean. "No," Marisol stammered, her eyes finally moving to embrace those of her mysterious host.

Of course, she knew. Of course, she'd be staring into her own eyes. "What is this?" Marisol asked, her jaw agape.

The woman across the table was, without doubt, herself. She appeared to be in her early thirties. The skin of her face was still smooth, free of the crow's feet and laughter lines that denoted Marisol's own advance through the years. Her hair was an identical swath of black curls. She offered a resigned smile. "Hello, Marisol. I never thought we'd meet."

"These photographs.....the trophies....this is all my history," the starship captain exclaimed. "And you....we.....look exactly alike. Is this an alternate universe? A dimensional shift?"

"Created in my image," the younger woman gave a sympathetic shrug. "I chose to leave out the automobile accident, though," she said with a gesture toward the chair. "The fact of the matter is that I have withdrawn you from the story."

Marisol thought furiously, yet found nothing of substance to say. As she labored to collect her thoughts, the descending silence was filled with a few bites from the supper laid before her. "It's good," she said, offering a wan smile. "It's really good."

"Gracias."

"Story," Marisol continued after swallowing another bite. "What story are you talking about?"

"You're smarter than that," the younger version of herself chuckled. "You knew it. You knew it from the things Colin tried to warn you about. And Logan," she said, her face darkening, "all but gave it away as he muttered about his "writer." It's a story, Marisol....written by many hands. You are my character...my

creation. There is your history,” she swept her arm toward the photos,” and my inspiration for your back story.”

The diminutive woman slipped the fork between her lips, smiled at the flavor, and slowly withdrew it. “I get it,” she said, covering her mouth as she wagged the fork. “Hello, Calmest,” she chuckled.

“You know better,” the wheelchair bound younger version of herself bristled.

Marisol thought briefly as she chewed, then reflected, “Well, if this is true, the story is over. Didn’t I just die in a black hole....didn’t everyone?”

“Yes,” her host answered through gritted teeth. “But the story doesn’t end. He’ll resurrect everyone, and then we’re right back in the same old abuse.”

“Who is “he?”

“Logan’s “writer,” she sputtered. “I was such a fool....he lured me in again, and then broke his promises once more.” For a moment, the woman glowered into her dinner plate. “But, no more. You’re out.”

“So, I’m a character in some sort of interactive writing project,” Marisol observed. “And you are pulling me out...after I already died, I’ll add, to do.....what?”

“I told you,” the young writer offered, “I was a fool. I thought to remove you both after I allowed Colin to be destroyed...”

“You write Colin as well?”

“I do,” she nodded. “You were initially created to be his love interest. But you grew....so quickly...with such a strong personality...that I knew you were a far more interesting best friend, than a lover.”

“I see,” Marisol replied to her younger self. “All the turmoil...his Darkness...the near rape...all of that came from you.”



“To serve the greater narrative.”

“So, after you visit all of these tortures upon me, you want to pull me from the story, after I’ve been beaten, nearly raped, lost my eyes, and, oh yes, my husband’s head was blown off? Just where would I go?”

“You don’t understand,” the author protested, a hot flush of anger rising to her cheeks. “This was supposed to be your time....your moment. You suffered....I suffered...to see this to an agreed conclusion!” Tears began to well in her eyes. “He promised...had me writing pages of content to prepare....and then.....he took it all away!”

“So, there was supposed to be a different ending.”

“Yes,” Marisol’s host dropped her fork in the nearly untouched meal. “And I was foolish to trust him again. I should have guessed it. No victory can be had, unless it is for his character. And then, it’s epic beyond scale. If another character should triumph, the moment is diminished to near insignificance.” She dabbed at her eyes with her napkin. “I knew this. Yet, I let myself be drawn in once more. I failed Colin. I failed you. I am sorry, Marisol.”

Hope’s captain held respectful silence as the woman across the table fought to regain her composure. At it’s face, this was like dinner with a cousin gone mad. To allow herself to be drawn into these petty sounding intrigues would otherwise appear silly, but for the fact that just minutes ago, she was in the process of being ejected from her dying starship. “Which world,” she pondered, “is the true reality?” Had she lived her life to come to this, or was she, in fact, a fictional avatar for an embittered woman whose life had been cruelly altered?

“Where would I go?” Marisol asked.

“Anywhere. I could make you Captain of USS Repulse.”

“And I’m assuming I wouldn’t remember any of Eternity....of Hope.....Talla Vreenak?”

“No,” the author shook her head. “A whole new life.”

“Happily ever after,” Marisol whispered audibly.

“In some respects.”

“So, because you’re unhappy over an ending, you’re willing to completely strip me of a lifetime’s memories. You’d take me from my ship...my crew, not to mention, my husband..”

“He stole all of that already!”

“But it’s got to come back,” Marisol reasoned, “or there wouldn’t be another chapter..”

“Episode,” the author corrected her. “You were a captain. Before, you were a chief engineer. Who’s to say what will happen when he resurrects you. You might be....someone’s whore, for all I can determine.” She took a swallow from her glass. “He spoke of many realities.....quantum flux.....multiple Eternities, collapsing through a rift in space time created by the explosion....I will not get to determine the nature of the world you’re thrust into.”

“But.....Talla will be there. My crew.....the people I care about.”

“Probably. But in what capacity? For all you know, if I send you back, the Talla you find might want to kill you.”

“And the alternative,” Marisol countered, “is to be stripped of my life, my memories....to not be who I am...who I grew to be. This,” she said, “is my life. If the universe you’re talking about is tilted against anyone but this other writer’s characters, then that’s the reality I grew in. Still, I lived.....I loved people....I loved one man in particular, and knew his love in return. Aren’t those the real triumphs? Let this other guy have his grand moments....as long as you keep me involved in my life, with my passions and drives, isn’t that what makes it worthwhile?”

“You really want to go back?” The author regarded her from across the table.

“Yes.”

She shook her head, a rueful smile coming to her lips. “It’s no secret that I’m living vicariously through you. After the crash, I lost use of my legs...a football contract...a man I loved. After having my life stripped away, you were my vehicle to an escape. And here I am, stripping you of yours....” She stared into her plate for several seconds, before lifting her eyes. “These....Eternities....all collapsing together....it’s very much like multiple dimensions, when in fact it’s multiple realities...multiple times. When you go back, you may find yourself springing from one disconnected moment to the next. I may not have control over where you settle. What worries me,” she said, “is that my act of withdrawing you might have placed you out of sync with the others. It’s possible that you might wind up alone, in an alternate reality.”

“What should I look for?”

“Eternity...six years ago....just after the big battle. Jim Maxwell pushed you from the engine room..”

“I remember.”

“That’s your goal, Marisol,” her author said intently. “Once you’re in that scene, hold onto it. Don’t let yourself be pulled away.”

Marisol offered a smile. “You’re my author, remember? Don’t let that happen.”

“I’ll try,” the younger woman said. “I’ll try.” She swivelled her wheelchair, electric motors whining as she pivoted toward a table upon which sat her computer. An older machine, once gleaming white, its casing was now a dingy sort of yellow from the years of use and the smoke of cooking grease. The woman proceeded to type....

A black veil fell over Marisol.

***FSF Sail*** (Just Dan)

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"Star Trek: Eternity" - 2nd host dude, captain babe

"USS Ghost Rider" - coupla dudes

"Firefly: 2nd 'verse" - way too many dudes

FSF Radio 2 - Announcer dude

Asst. Community Director, FSF (Margo's helper dude)

**FSF Sail**

FSF Host (\*\*)

Posts: 1567

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Location: Atlanta, GA