

Subject: Lt. Arrington Finally Reports In For Duty

Author: Lt. Arrington

Stardate: 71104.0500

Scene: Ten Forward, Sickbay, Bridge

Time: After Caitlin's post "Leaving the Bridge"

Jake Arrington's Quarters

Time!

Oh Seven Fifty-Eight Sir!

Keep those phasers firing and where are my photon torpedos!

Armed and ready Captain!

Let's see if we can shake em up a little Ensign!

Yes sir, initiating Delta attack!

I'm reading a small weakness in the shields!

Shields are holding fine but power is down 10%, weapons having no effect!

Damn! They've adjusted their shields already!

<Intruder Alert!>

Captain!

Security! Isolate the ops console now!

Shield modulation is shifting on it's own! Shields are dropping!

I need shields back up now!

Anyone near Jeophry's Six! We need manual power rerouted through the secondary cupplings!

Evasive Menouvers!

It's too late! The BORG cube is firing!

Lt. Arrington is suddenly awakened by the computer sounding his wake up call he set it to do the night before. He jerks up in his bed. His face and clothes dripping with sweat.

Shoving the covers aside, he tiredly stands up and goes to the sink and splashes water on his face and looks in the mirror. The face of a tired warrior who has just been rudely awakened by the computer's annoying signals, hair soaked, clothes soaked with his own sweat stares back at him. And his body aches from tossing and turning in his sleep. After whipping his face with a towel, he looks in the mirror again. Still the same face stares back.

What a nightmare! he thinks to himself as he opens a drawer of his dresser and pulls out a clean uniform. His comm badge sitting on the top of the dresser next to his father's picture. He steps out of his sweaty bed clothes and disposes of them and dresses in his clean uniform. Adjusting the collar, he grabs his comm badge and fastens it to the left side of his chest and looks around.

"My comb! Where the hell is my comb!", he shouts as he scurries around his quarters searching for it.

After upturning couch cushions and digging through the dresser, he stands up and looks on the sink counter and finds it sitting in a corner in a cup where he left it the morning before. He takes it and slicks his hair back and drops it back into the cup and smacks himself in the head for forgetting he had put it there only the morning before. After looking in the mirror once more and making sure his collar was nice and straight, he sits on the bed and polishes his boots and puts them on.

"Computer... Time.", he said as he stood up and patted his hair once more while looking in the mirror.

<Oh Five Thirty>

Two and a half hours before I report to duty. Why did I get up so early?, he asked himself as he exited his quarters and walked down the corridors to the turbo lift. All was quiet. Not a sound. Nobody else was up. He reached the turbo lift doors and pushed the button on the wall next to them, and to his surprise, they opened immediately. What did he expect? The turbo lift probably remained there all night from when one or two officers finally went to bed the night before after returning from their duty shifts. He stepped onto the turbo lift and the doors closed.

"Deck 10!", he said in a loud voice, his tone that of a person sounding like he was reporting somewhere important.

The turbo lift began to move. Only 2 decks up from where he was, it seemed like forever as he waited for the turbo lift to reach it's destination. The doors opened to a corridor right outside Ten Forward. He exited the turbo lift and stood right outside Ten Forward and thought for a moment. The doors suddenly startle him as they swish open and two officers, a male and a female, obvious to Lt. Arrington a couple, exited Ten Forward. They looked at him and smiled and continued onto the turbo lift. Jake watched the doors to the turbo lift close, then he entered Ten Forward and looked around. The bar was

dimly lit, and empty. He walked over to a corner and found a replicator on the wall.

"Computer, one plate of scrambled Eggs, and one cup of hot coffee, jammacan blend, double strong, double sweet.", he said.

His order appeared on the replicator table, and he picked it up and looked around for a moment. He spotted a table in a dark corner and went to it and sat down. He took the fork and began eating. Looking around all the while, having the feeling that he wasn't alone. A feeling that somebody was watching him. Shaking the feeling quickly, he looked at the plate of scrambled eggs. It tasted good to him for once. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a female figure sitting down across from him, at his table. He jerked to a stand ready to defend himself.

"Relax Leutennant!", the female said to him.

Jake stared at her for a moment.

"Who are you?", he asked as he sat back down and continued eating, watching her every move.

"My name's Iveyena.", she said as she watched him enjoying his scrambled eggs.

Jake looked up and saw her extending her hand to shake his, and he put down his fork and took it.

"Pleasure to meet you. I'm Lt. Jake Arrington. I'm the new Security Deputy of the USS Independence.", he said as he let her hand go and finished off the eggs, and picked up his coffee and took a sip.

"So you're the new Leutennant. Everybody's been wondering what happened to you.", Iveyena said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm not a conduit of gossip or anything, but there have been a lot of people coming and going through here who have been wondering why you haven't reported in for duty in a week. Where have you been?", she asked.

Jake sighed as he sat back in the chair, his cup of coffee never leaving his nervous hand. "It's been a real hectic week lemme tell you. Being a new member of this ship, not knowing my way around, not knowing what to expect from people I've never seen before in my life, I felt that staying in my quarters until i was called upon was best.", he said.

"And were you called upon this morning?", Iveyena asked.

"No. I figured today should be the day that I come out of my nervous shell and report for

duty since it appears that nobody knows I'm onboard.", Jake said.

"Who are you reporting to?", Ivyeena asked him.

"Commander Be`vaj.", Jake said as he pushed his plate aside and set his cup of coffee down in it's place.

Ivyeena stifles a snicker and smiles at him. "You better be careful around her. Klingons don't take kindly to officers reporting in for duty, especially a week late."

Jake felt a feeling of fear rushing through his body. A Klingon commander? Great, just what he needed to look forward to. As if his life wasn't bad enough, he had to go and take insults and loud yelling from a Klingon. He knew he was going to get it when he reported in for duty. "Thanks alot Ivyeena, just what I needed to complete my morning.", he finally said.

"Oh I was kidding. It won't be that bad. Commander Be`vaj has actually been pretty lenient through her time onboard. Just be careful at what you say around her. She's very tempermental, and doesn't take crap from anybody.", Ivyeena said.

"Kinda reminds me of my ex girlfriend. She was human, but she had a Klingon's attitude.", Jake snickered.

"I'll bet. How did you survive that?", Ivyeena asked.

"I didn't. I finally stood up to her and told her I wasn't going to take her crap one night, and she moved out of our house on Earth, never to return.", Jake said sadly.

"I see. Okay, well, I'll let you finish your coffee. Good luck with the Commander. You're going to need it.", Ivyeena smiled at him as she stood up and went to the back room.

Jake finished his coffee and stood up and exited Ten Forward into the turbo lift. "Sick bay!", he said, once more in that loud officer like tone.

In Sickbay

Jake walked into Sickbay and stood there for a moment as he saw Doctor Gray talking to one of her nurses. "Run a level 3 diagnostic just to be sure.", he heard her say. She then walks over to him and says, "Can I help you?"

"Jake Arrington, reporting in.", he said.

"Ahh yes.... The new Security Deputy. Where have you been Leutennant? We expected you to report in a week ago.", Dr. Gray said.

Jake didn't say anything as he watched the Doctor go over to her office and push buttons on the computer. She looked up at him. "Your medical records have arrived from your last posting Leutennat, everything seems to check out...." She gets up and approaches him again, "Commander Be`vaj has been asking if you were onboard, you should check in with her."

Jake sighed. Once again with the Klingon. What was he gonna expect from the Commander. After all, he should have reported in for duty a week ago, but instead, he decided to sit in his quarters like a scared Targ waiting for somebody to come to him.

"Leutennant?", he heard the Doctor say.

"Sorry. Yes... I will go report to the Commander immediately.", he said as he turned around and exited Sickbay and back into the turbo lift. "Bridge!", he said.

On The Bridge

As the turbo lift approached the bridge and the doors opened, Jake stood there for a moment peering out onto the bridge. He saw a Klingon standing by the science station talking to Lt. Breen, who was busily pushing buttons at the console. Annoyed by the sound of the turbo lift doors, Commander Be`vaj turned to face him. Recognizing him immediately, she snarled at him and approached him. Being 4 feet taller than him, Jake had to look up at her. She stood there, hovering over him like a city tower, her face quickly turning to anger.

"Leutennant! How nice of you to finally join us! Step into my office.", the Klingon said to him loudly so everybody on the bridge could hear her.

Jake, embarrassed, followed the Commander to the ready room. She sat down at the table, and he stepped inside, the doors closing behind him.

"Leutennant! You realize if this were a Klingon ship, your body would be covered in bruises for being this late to report in for duty!", she yelled.

"I'm sorry sir.", was all Jake could say as he stood at attention in front of her. Explaining his situation to the Klingon seemed futile and useless, since she was angry enough at him. He just stood there, straight and stiff as the Klingon continued.

"I am a very tollerant Commander Leutennant! Except for when it comes to punctuality! I suggest you make it a point to report in when expected! Do I make myself clear Leutennant!", she growled at him.

"Yes sir.", Jake said.

***NRPG: Well Be`vaj, this is my first posting writing a Klingon.

Hope I wasn't writing you out of character. The same goes for you too Iveyena. But I've finally reported in for duty. Figured I'd write something while I wait for Migs to tell me whether or not he's going to post my novel size post I wrote last week. Now somebody give me something to do.

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