

Subject: Lt. Arrington Comes Home For Valentines Day

Author: Lt. Jake Arrington

Stardate: 80213.2100

Scene: On The Strange Looking Ship

Time: After Lanaar's Post, "Away We Go II"

"Well, crew, you heard the Captain!" Be`vaj turned to Lt. Arrington and Ens. Ashoka who just appeared out of one of the turbolifts still stunned by its speed. "Lt. Arrington, Lt. Lanaar, check on the cloaking device - we need to disable it, ON THE DOUBLE! Ens. Ashoka, find the main engineering and check for possible surprises!" The Klingon did not like relying solely on the tricorders, thinking of them with certain degree of mistrust.

Jake didn't like the tone and anger in be`vaj's voice, but decided not to say anything and get to work on the mission at hand. He looked at Lanaar, and turned and walked into the Turbo Lift. Lanaar followed. As the doors closed behind her, Jake began studying the Turbo lift. Somehow the workings looked familiar to him. But he wasn't quite sure where he had seen this type of technology before. His own race was technologically advanced, but not as good as this.

Lanaar: (Pulling out her Universal Translator) Engineering!

The Turbo lift jolted and quickly began its descent 30 decks down, and 5 decks over, to the Engineering section of this strange looking mass in space. This time they both had strong holds on the walls to brace themselves for when the Turbolift's speed tried to surprise them, and failed. Moments later, the Turbo lift slammed to a stop sending them both flying into a wall. The doors opened and they stepped off into a huge room filled wall to wall with highly advanced computer systems. And in the center of the room was a long cylinder that stretched from floor to ceiling. It was flashing red and blue and emitting a low pitch very loud humming noise.

Lanaar: (Fascinated and looking around) My god! I've never seen anything like this in my entire life. I'd really like to know who this ship belongs to.

Jake: (Looking around as well) So would I.

Jake began using his senses to try and see if he could locate anything that looked the slightest like the controls for a cloaking device. But since he had no knowledge of this technology, his senses failed him. For once he found the situation hopeless.

Lanaar: (Staring at him) See anything?

Jake: (Sighing) No. I'm afraid my sense aren't going to help us out of this one. There's just too much advancement in technology here, it's completely alien to me.

Lanaar: (Approaching a console directly across from the Turbo lift) Then I suggest we start pushing buttons and get this damn cloaking device turned off.

Jake: (Following her) Are you sure that's wise? What if we set off an alarm?

Lanaar: (Turning to face him) There doesn't appear to be anybody here Jake.

Jake: Yeah but that doesn't necessarily mean that there is nobody here. But I have no other plans for a course of action to take, so we'll go with your idea.

Jake left Lanaar standing at the console she was working on, and began walking around the room studying each console up close. After a few minutes, he came to a small isolated console near the Turbo lift doors. On the monitor, he saw a bunch of strange numbers and symbols transposed over an image of what looked like the ship's schematics with a strange green glow around it. He pulled out his tricorder and began to scan it. As he pushed buttons, the tricorder's display translated the numbers and symbols into the words "Cloaking Array Active". He turned to where Lanaar's last position was, but didn't see her. Instead, she was standing right behind him scanning the console he was at with her own tricorder.

Lanaar: This looks like the controls to the cloaking device.

Jake: Right, but how do we de-activate it?

Lanaar: I'm going to try interfacing my tricorder with it and using the Universal Translator's algorithm to tell us what we need to do to deactivate it.

Lanaar began tapping buttons on her tricorder. Jake stepped away from the console and let her go to work, and he tapped his comm badge.

[Arrington to Be`vaj!]

[Go ahead Lieutenant!] he heard be`vaj snarl. Obviously very irritated by something.

[We think we found the controls to the cloaking device. Lanaar is trying to interface her tricorder with the console.]

[Good work Lieutenant! Keep me informed. be`vaj out!] Her voice seemed a slight bit more calm than it was when she first answered him.

Jake tapped his comm badge again and de-activated it and returned to Lanaar's position. He watched her as she studied the console and continued tapping buttons on her tricorder. A few moments later, she looked up at him.

Jake: Any luck?

Lanaar: Yes. I believe I have it. I had to do some digging into the ship's database to find the specs for the console, but it looks like all we have to do, according to this, is push the Triangle 3 times, the Circle 1 time, and the Square 6 times, and then repeat the sequence 3 times, and....

Jake: (Interrupting her) No need to explain, just do it.

As Jake watched Lanaar push the symbols on the controls, he snickered to himself about how confusing the code sequence was, and why an alien race this advanced in technology would go through so much trouble just to keep unwanted people out of their controls. A few moments later he heard Lanaar's voice.

Lanaar: Got it!

Jake: Okay. Good. Let's get out of here.

Jake taps his comm badge.

[Arrington to be`vaj]

[Go ahead Lieutenant] he heard her voice. A little calmer now.

[The cloaking device should be deactivated now Commander. We're on our way to you.]

[Understood. be`vaj out.]

Jake tapped his comm badge and de-activated it, and he and Lanaar stepped into the turbo lift. Jake shouted, "BRIDGE!" and the Turbo lift jolted once again and began moving very fast all the way up to Deck 1 (Bridge). Moments later, the Turbo lift slammed to a sudden stop, and the doors opened, and Jake and Lanaar walked out onto a big huge platform with a large viewscreen. be`vaj was standing in front of it talking to Captain Morris.

be`vaj: The cloaking device has been deactivated sir. We're ready to return to the ship.

Morris: Understood Commander. We'll shoot out a tractor beam to the ship just as soon as your aboard. Morris out.

The view screen displayed the image of the Independence, which was altering her course in a position to use her tractor beam on the alien vessel. Commander be`vaj tapped her comm badge.

[Computer! 4 to beam up!]

Their patterns dematerialized and they appeared on the shuttle, which was heading back to the ship. Jake looked out one of the windows of the shuttlecraft from the controls and

watched as the Independence shot a tractor beam out to the alien vessel, which was visible now, and held it in place, waiting for the shuttle to dock with her.

Jake: (Tapping buttons) Approaching shuttle bay now Commander.

The shuttle bay door opened, and the force field deactivated, and the shuttle glided in and landed with a thud. be`vaj went to the rear and opened the hatch and they all exited going their separate ways. Jake went into the turbo lift with be`vaj. Ashoka and Lanaar stood by the shuttlecraft and began talking to each other. As the doors closed, Jake continued to look forward, acknowledging the commander's presence, but not wanting to say anything that might piss her off. Because these days, everything seems to piss a Klingon off. He has never seen a Klingon smile.

be`vaj: (Growling) Where are you headed Lieutenant?

Jake: Uhh, I have an appointment with the counselor, and then I'm off duty for the rest of the evening sir.

be`vaj didn't speak again. The doors opened on the bridge, and she stepped off the Turbo lift, leaving him behind. The doors closed and the Turbo lift began moving again. A few moments later, the Turbo lift stopped and the doors opened. The hallway was empty. Not a sole in site. Jake walked down to the end of the hallway, and stopped at the Counselor's quarters and pushed the signal.

"Come in!" he heard a soft voice shout from inside.

He pushed the button and entered. The Counselor was seated at her table with a cup of tea reading a computer pad. She looked up at him and motioned him to sit down in one of her comfy couches, in which he did so and waited.

Lt. Jake Arrington
Security Chief
USS Independence
boyziime@aol.com

and...

Ensign Jay Masterson
Security Officer
USS Independence
boyziime@aol.com