

**Subject: A Rough Day**  
**Author: Lt. Arrington**  
**Stardate: 80218.2200**  
**Scene: Outside The Counselor's Quarters**  
**Time: After "Counselling"**

"I dream. Nightmares... of images aboard the USS Righteous. I can't change the fact that what happened did happen. I can't change the fact that I was there. I can't change the fact that I was the only survivor." He stood from the couch, towering over her. She refused to raise her mental shields against the sudden onslaught of frustration and guilt he felt. She forced to look up at him calmly, despite the emotions she felt that weren't her own. "I can, however, control my life at this moment, and if what I choose makes me happy, that's all the better." He moved towards the door. "Now, if you'll excuse me, Counselor."

Tues remained seated. "Jake, " she called out after him.

He stopped without turning around. His head slightly cocked to one side. Listening.

"Next week, same time. If that's all right with you?"

He nodded once and exited. As the doors to Tues' quarters closed behind him, he stood there right outside and closed his eyes for a moment. He didn't know if he liked his first counselling session onboard the great Independence. It seemed that the counselor was trying to pry into his personal affairs rather than help him with his nightmares. But it did make him think about some things. He stood erect and turned towards the end of the hall and began walking.

Jake: (Approaching the turbo lift) Computer, where is Dr. Gray?

Jake: What time is it?

Jake pushed the button for the turbo lift. The doors opened immediately and he stepped inside.

Jake: Deck Ten!

As the turbo lift began to move, Jake quickly looked around for something to hang onto, but suddenly realized he was no longer on the alien ship, and holding onto something wasn't necessary. His thoughts were interrupted by the turbo lift screeching to a halt on Deck Ten. The doors opened and he stepped out and approached the doors to Ten Forward just a little down the hall from the turbo lift. The doors swished opened and he walked inside and approached the bar. There were dozens of officers at tables, some walking around, and a few leaving Ten Forward. When he reached the bar, Ivyeena immediately walked up to him.

Ivyeena: It's nice to see you again Lieutenant. What can I get ya?

Jake: Spinach juice with a touch of pear.

Ivyeena: Ahh good choice. I'll be right back.

Jake watched Ivyeena leave him alone and go to the replicator behind the bar and order his drink. As he sat there, he began noticing his surroundings. A couple at a table directly across the room from him were having a small argument about having a baby. As Jake listened to them, he began sensing tension in their voices, and one of them, a tall dark haired man suddenly stood up and looked at the woman, anger in his face.

"I told you Anna! I'm not ready to have a child! Why can't you listen to me! Why do you always have to pester me about this!", Jake heard the man suddenly shout out. The room got quiet, and all eyes turned to them.

Ivyeena set Jake's drink in front of him, and he took it and took a sip from it and slowly approached the table where the couple was fighting. The man was still standing, anger still in his eyes as he was huffing and puffing, and getting ready to yell at the woman some more. Jake identified the man as Ensign Ashmore. An old friend of his from the academy. His fiancée was Leena. Jake set his drink down at their table and stood next to the man.

Jake: (Whispering in his ear) Ensign, please sit down and calm yourself. You're stirring up trouble in here, and many people are on edge.

Ensign Ashmore looked at Jake and was about to yell at him, but decided not to when he not only recognized who he was, but also recognized his authority for keeping the peace on the ship. He slowly sat down and took a sip from his drink. Jake took a chair from another table and sat down with them. Leena began to cry a little bit.

Jake: (Speaking in a calm tone) Now I don't know what problems you two seem to be having, but if you're going to argue, you need to take it in private. Arguing in public only causes animosity among the crew, and pretty soon in some situations, causes bar fights. And I don't think the Captain would like hearing of something like that, do you?

Ensign Ashmore nodded his head towards Jake and said, "I'm sorry sir. I've been a little on edge lately." Ensign Ashmore slid his hand across the table and put his palm on top of Leena's folded hands and gave them a little squeeze. "I'm sorry honey. Can we talk about this in private?"

Leena: (Wiping tears from her eyes) Yes.. Thank you Jake.

The couple got up, and Jake stood up and shook Ensign Ashmore's hand, and watched them walk out of Ten Forward. He looked toward the bar and saw Ivyeena staring in his

direction, obviously very interested in what he did. Jake approached the bar again and stood in front of her.

Ivyeena: That was very good Lieutenant. You handled that well.

Jake: (Smiling) Thanks. Michael is a friend of mine from the Academy. His life has always been a living hell from the day his parents were killed in the battle of Wolf 359. His father was in command of the USS Saratoga. He always displays anger towards me because I survived that battle and his parents didn't. But he mellowed out a little bit and we became good friends. But he's always been bitter about the past. I keep suggesting to him that he see the counselor about his problems, but he keeps telling me he can handle them himself.

Ivyeena: Have you ever thought about talking to the counselor about him? Maybe she can get through to him.

Jake: Nahh. It's his choice really. And he's not such a bad guy when you get to know him. Him and Leena have been a couple for 5 years now, and despite the personal problems, they seem to be very happy together. They're getting married in a few months, and problems and fears are to be expected. I think he'll be fine. He just needs a vacation, like most of us. We've all been through some bad times, and some time off work would really help us all out I think.

Ivyeena: (Smiling at him) I'm sure it would.

A few customers walked up to the bar, and Ivyeena had to leave Jake standing there by himself again to go help them. Jake finished his drink and walked towards the doors. They swished open and he walked out and got into the turbo lift.

Jake: Deck 8!

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