

**Subject: The Investigation Continues**  
**Author: Lt. Commander Jake Arrington**  
**Stardate: 81013.2044**  
**Scene: DS23, Promenade, Security Office, Indy**  
**Time: After "Arrington Returns (Part 3)"**

## **Promenade**

=====

The Promenade... A place where people patrolled around all day every day. People talking to each other. Species of all types. Klingons, Humans, Ferengi, Andorians. All interested in nothing but business and pleasure activities. "Especially the Ferengi", Jake thought to himself.

He rested his hands on the railing of the upper level of the promenade amused by the conversation his senses were picking up across the way on the other side between a Ferengi and a Klingon.

Ferengi: Are you sure? I can sell it to you for a reasonable price.

Klingon: Go away Ferengi! Before I throw you over the railing!

Ferengi: No need to be hasty. I'll leave you alone.

Jake just smiled and snickered to himself. How gullible the Ferengi are. And even though the Klingon attitude really gets to him, they are the species he admired the most. The perfect warrior race. Strong, authority driven, their only purpose in life, honor, and to die in battle on their feet. Jake only wished he had courage like that.

But instead Jake was born Tandorian. A race of beings that appear human in every way with the exception of 2 things that set them apart. The mercury colored eyes, and the 5 heightened senses. The ability to hear, see, touch, taste, and smell things that no ordinary human could. And for that matter, no other race that he was aware of. Abilities that Jake was very proud of since they give him the unfair advantage over the enemy in a battle.

And during all this thinking back he found himself doing, he was forgetting about why he was here. Jake stood up, supporting his weight on the railing of the Promenade and turned and started walking towards the Security office.

Jake: Computer, what is the location of Commander Fallan?

<Commander Fallan is currently being held in Security, holding cell 28A.>

Jake stopped for a moment and thought to himself for a brief second. "A holding cell? What the hell

is he doing in a holding cell?", and then he resumed walking towards Security.

Security Office

=====

Jake walked into the Security office and stopped at the door by the rows of holding cells. A guard approached him.

Guard: May I help you Commander?

Jake: I need to speak to Commander Fallan.

Guard: I'm sorry sir, that is not possible at this time.

Jake: Please. It's important.

Guard: All right. But make it quick.

The guard stepped aside and Jake walked down the rows of holding cells searching for 28A. When he found it, he stood in front of it and saw Commander Fallan sitting there staring at the walls, the expression on his face very angry.

Fallan: (Looking up) What do you want!

Jake: How did you get in here?

Fallan: That is none of your concern!

Jake: Okay, take it easy. I just came to talk to you. You remember me saying that I needed to talk to you. I just never thought I'd find you in a holding cell.

Jake couldn't help but to snicker a little to himself. He looked up and saw Commander Fallan getting more angry, noticing him snickering at him, and Jake stifled his laughter and hit a few buttons on the computer pad he was carrying and flipped the face of it toward Fallan's direction and held it for him to look at.

Jake: As you may know, I've been investigating the death of Ensign Masterson. He was killed in a holodeck accident.

Fallan: I heard about that. So what does it have to do with me?

Jake: I'm just poking around asking questions of everybody that was onboard during the incident.

Fallan: Well, that's fine, but what do you need me for? I was on the Monitor half way to

DS23 when it happened.

Jake: He was running the program you and I were running when we had our Phaser Tag duel.

Fallan: So?

Jake: Commander, when we ran that program, the safety protocols were off.

Fallan: Yes, that's right. Your idea I might add.

Jake: Yes, but you might be interested to know that onboard the Independence, whenever a holodeck program is running, and Red Alert is declared, all holodeck programs are automatically ended, and all safety protocols, on or off, are automatically re-enstated. During my investigations, I found that the safety protocols were infact in place when he was killed...

Fallan: Then how was he killed?

Jake: An independent program Commander. Which entered the system and hacked the program making it so that it's matrix wasn't bound by the rules of the safety protocols. I also have evidence that clearly shows that the program was tampered with prior to my arrival.

Jake holds the computer pad right in front of his face for him to see up closer. Hitting a button from behind it, he replayed the sensor log he recorded.

(SEE THE "INVESTIGATIONS" POSTS)

NRPG: I'll let Commander Fallan fill in the details of this. If you've read the "Investigations" posts I wrote on this matter Fallan, you shouldn't have any problems ;)

[This is the EMH program to Commander Arrington.]

Jake tapped his comm badge.

[Arrington here. What is it Doctor?]

[I believe I have some information that may interest you in the disappearance of the Chief Medical Officer Dr. Gray. Would you please meet me in Sick Bay at your earliest convenience?]

[I'm on my way now Doctor. Arrington out.]

And with that, Jake called for transport, and his pattern faded into nothingness and appeared in full form on the transporter pad in the transporter room on the Independence. He nodded to the transporter chief and exited the transporter room and entered a turbo lift

on his way to Sick bay.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Lt. Commander Jake Arrington**

**Security Chief**

**USS Independence**

**SMA032372@aol.com**

**Homepage: <http://members.aol.com/sma032372>**

**ICQ#: 4789624 (Okay, I'm back on ICQ. Everybody add me to your list.)**