

Previously in Star Trek: Personal Logs...

During its first weeks in the Gamma Quadrant, the Federation starship Sarek discovers a life pod containing Lt(JG) Sean Elliott McIntyre, a Starfleet officer last seen in the Alpha Quadrant sixty-eight years earlier.

McIntyre is returned to the Alpha Quadrant, his records altered by order of Starfleet Intelligence and the Office of Temporal Investigations to read as 'John Doe.' Aboard starbase Deep Space Nine in the Bajor sector, he is placed under the care of the infirmary crew, who have no idea of his true identity or origins.

DS9 Infirmary

Nurse Riley was wrapping up what had been a busy shift. While the patients were mostly minor cases looking for aid with some trivial ailment or other, about a dozen of them were participants in the latest fiasco at Quark's. The only patient remaining in the infirmary as she wrapped up her shift was the man transferred back through the wormhole from the *USS Sarek* and he didn't seem to need much care. Doctor Bashir was handling his case personally. He had been unconscious but stable since his transfer from the *Sarek*, and a team of Federation doctors was due to arrive in twenty hours to take him to a special facility for treatment.

Several of the nurses had been discussing the mysterious patient in between rounds since shortly after his arrival. Most assumes he was some member of the *Sarek's* crew that had been injured during a routine incident except for the fact his rank and identity were being withheld. Nurse Jabara had suggested perhaps the man was an agent of Starfleet Intelligence assigned to the *Sarek* as a spy to collect intelligence on new races encountered beyond the wormhole and had already been caught and tortured. Doctor Bashir had simply told the nurses to do their jobs and ignore the presence of the mysterious John Doe.

As she returned to the administrative area, she requested some quiet music to help her relax and began making entries in the large stack of medical record pads, hoping to finish before Nurse Shemmer would arrive to relieve her in less than an hour.

Space, the Final Frontier...

Star Trek: Personal Logs

“Arrival – Part 2” by Kevin Fossett

McIntyre awoke with a start and knew immediately he was somewhere unfamiliar. He slowly surveyed his surroundings and realized he was in some sort of medical facility with a number of diagnostic beds like the one he was laying on. The diagnostic beds were modified with what looked to be Federation style readouts, but the layout of the interfaces was something he had not seen before and contained symbols he did not recognize. This immediately made him uneasy and he could not help but wonder if was still trapped... No, time seemed to be moving in a linear fashion for the first time in what seemed to him like an eternity.

He noticed his personal effects stacked neatly on a table next to the head of the diagnostic bed, so he quietly slipped off the bed and dressed himself, then turned his attention to the readout. It simply read 'Doe, John.' He was not sure what to make of that, since his Starfleet identification had been in his clothes. He quickly decided he needed more information on his current situation before deciding what his next move would be. He opened a small access panel on the bed's diagnostic monitor and noticed the panel was run by the new isolinear technology he had heard was in development instead of the transtator technology he was used to. He quickly reconfigured the system to diagnostic loop and removed three of the rods from the configuration board. He looked around for an access station and found what he had been searching for at the far end of the room. He quickly and quietly made his way to the access station and surveyed its isolinear configuration board. Using one of the rods he had taken from the diagnostic panel, he made some discrete changes to the board which bypassed what he hoped were the security protocols, placed the other two isolinear rods in recordable data storage slots, then began manipulating the controls of the access panel. The first order of business was to find out where he was. After a few seconds he figured out the input pad and the information he requested began to show on the display.

Cardassian mining station *Terok Nor* located in the Bajor (Bajor-B'hava'el) System, redesignated *Deep Space 9* when administration of the station was turned over to Starfleet in 2369.

McIntyre was stunned by what he was reading. Cardassians? He had heard the vague rumors about such a race beyond the explored sectors of the Alpha Quadrant, but what were they doing giving space stations to Starfleet? And while he had heard of the Bajor system, was it not located a bit too far beyond established borders for the Federation to be worried about? It was at that moment his eyes refocused on the date. McIntyre felt the pit of his stomach rise to his throat. Had he been off that far? Just as he was about to request more information on the current date and status of Federation borders, he heard a conversation start over the soft music in the next room. He instead accessed the medical file associated with 'John Doe' and made several subtle changes, then disconnected two

of the isolar rods, closed the access panel, and rushed back to lie down on the same diagnostic bed where he woke up moments before.

A few seconds later, a young lady wearing an unfamiliar blue and tan uniform walked in from the other room. McIntyre propped himself up on his elbows and managed a weak smile.

“Excuse me, Miss...,” he said.

The young woman was a bit startled, but smiled warmly as she quickly checked the readouts on the diagnostic bed.

“Nurse Shemmer. Shemmer Neriah,” she offered. “What I can do for you Mister...” She looked at the readout above McIntyre’s head. “...Dougherty?”

“My father is Mister Dougherty. Please, call me Jonathon. I don’t mean to be a pest, but I was wondering how much longer I will have to stay here. I’ll lose my job on the maintenance crew if I’m late for shift again, and I really am feeling much better.”

Nurse Shemmer quickly reviewed the medical file, which listed moderate dehydration and borderline physical exhaustion; excellent response to initial treatment; prescribed light duty with plenty of rest and fluids.

“Well, Jonathon, Doctor Bashir has recommended that you take it easy for the next several days, but I don’t see any reason we need to keep you here,” she said as she typed instructions into a padd. “You need plenty of rest – one extra sleep cycle for the next three days – and double your fluid intake for at least a week. If you have any questions about post care treatment, stop back during open sick call.”

The nurse smiled and handed McIntyre the padd. He politely thanked her and walked out of the infirmary and onto the Promenade. Now he needed to find some way to access the station’s data core for the information he really needed. After wondering through the Promenade for almost two hours, McIntyre had managed to ‘liberate’ the necessary tools and had identified an old information kiosk away from the crowds that would serve his purpose. It took nearly forty minutes to build or bypass all the systems he needed. Fifteen minutes after that, McIntyre had a new identity, a lead on some transport back to Earth, and the name and probable location of one person he urgently needed to talk with. Ten more minutes to download some information on just what he had missed over the last several decades, then he removed the storage rods, set up a small circuit overload to cover his tracks, and headed for someplace the local directory called ‘Quark’s’ to find his ride.

A couple of minutes later, McIntyre entered Quark’s Bar and looked for a quiet place to wait. Most of the tables away from the gambling area were taken, but he noticed several seats open near the end of the bar and decided that would do for the moment. Before he had even finished sitting down, the bartender – a strange-looking little humanoid with large ear lobes – informed him he would have to drink if he wanted to stay. McIntyre found himself staring at the short alien for a moment before remembering what he had to do, finally ordering strong, black coffee. The bartender returned a moment later with a steaming mug of dark-brown liquid, grumbling something about getting coffee at the replimat next time. As the mug was placed in front of him, McIntyre vaguely recognized the smell of it but could not place exactly how he knew it, other than it was not regular Terran coffee. He decided to let the drink cool a bit and began reading through the information on the padd, amazed at the changes he had missed.

He was sipping the drink in the mug when he noticed the woman he was waiting for enter the door of the bar, followed a few seconds later by a small group of Klingons. Klingons!! That jarred his memory and McIntyre realized he was drinking Raktajino – a form of Klingon coffee. He savored the taste for a moment and tried to remember how long it had been since he ate or drank anything as he watched the freighter captain cross the room to sit with an Orion at one of the quieter tables. He decided to wait until she finished her business with the Orion before approaching her and continued to read information from the padd. As he did, McIntyre noticed the Klingons trying to look inconspicuous as they moved to the end of the bar near where he was seated.

Funny, he thought. There was nothing more suspicious than a Klingon trying not to look suspicious.

The Orion at the table with Captain Hardy – the woman McIntyre was waiting for – got up to leave. McIntyre made his way across the bar, taking a seat at Hardy’s table facing the door, and saw the look on the woman’s face change from surprise to curiosity.

“Something I can do for you, Mister?” the freighter captain asked.

“That depends,” McIntyre replied. “I hear you are in the market for some hard-to-come-by equipment... Captain Hardy, isn’t it?”

“You’ve obviously seen the ad I placed, but you don’t strike me as a dealer in spaceship parts. Why would I want to do business with someone who looks like they just raided my grandfather’s wardrobe?” she replied with a subtle smile.

Ouch! McIntyre had not realized he stuck out that much! He would have to do something about that.

“Because I can not only help you acquire the equipment you’re looking for... I can also get your warp drive fully functional in less than twenty four hours,” McIntyre said while calmly sipping his Raktajino.

“What do you want in return?” Hardy asked.

“Transport off this station to a destination of my choosing... Some help finding a less conspicuous outfit...” He looked down at his own clothes, noting for the first time how different they seemed from the clothes worn by the civilians around them. “...And a couple of answers,” McIntyre responded.

“Answers to what?” Hardy asked in return.

“Questions like; Why you are conducting business with the Orion Syndicate? And what you’ve done to attract the attention of the Empire?” McIntyre nodding toward the Klingons at the bar. He watched as she sized up the situation, her gaze shifting to the group of Klingons, then back to him.

“Let’s just say I have a score to settle,” she replied.

“Settling scores with either Klingons or Orions is both difficult and dangerous at best,” McIntyre remarked. “Trying to settle a score with both using an unarmed freighter that won’t even break warp three sounds like a death wish I don’t share,” he added calmly.

“Seems you’ve done your homework,” the captain remarked. “Let’s just say I’m not quite ready to pursue my ‘death wish,’ but I’m looking for someone who can help me finish with my preparations.”

“Beyond getting your warp drive functioning back up to par, what makes you think I would help with anything more than that?” McIntyre asked.

“We each have something the other needs,” Hardy replied. “You need a way off this station – without being discovered, apparently – and enough latinum to get you out of my grandfather’s closet and back into the 24th century. I need the kind of person who can wander the Promenade, gathering tools and information, and setting up a direct link to the station’s data core in less than three hours without being discovered by Odo and his deputies. That’s the kind of person who can help me get the upgrades I need to pursue my ‘death wish,’ as you call it.” She stopped to let what she had said sink in for a moment. McIntyre was disturbed that he had been made almost from the second he walked onto the Promenade. There certainly was a great deal more to this freighter captain than met the eye. He was convinced he would have to watch his back around her, but she was right about what he needed. Well, partially right anyway. “So, you in or out?” Hardy asked simply.

“In, on one condition,” McIntyre replied. “Instead of latinum, you drop me at the Omicron System as soon as we finish the upgrades.” That got a raised eyebrow from the woman across the table. For a long moment, McIntyre thought she would not agree.

“Fine,” she said after a moment while sliding a padd across the table to him. “Let’s get started. This is a list of the equipment we need to get my ship operating back up to specs. The warp drive is the top priority, but we will still need everything on this list delivered and installed.”

McIntyre quickly read through the list and could not resist a wry smile.

“No problem,” he said. “Let’s do some shopping so I can get to work.”

To Be Continued...