

Previously in Star Trek: Personal Logs...

Soon after entering the Gamma Quadrant, the Federation starship USS Sarek detects an unexplained phenomenon that causes two planets in the nearby Theta 317 star system to disappear. Upon investigation, the Sarek discovers a life pod containing Lieutenant (JG) Sean Elliott McIntyre, a Starfleet officer last seen in the Alpha Quadrant sixty-eight years earlier.

McIntyre is returned to the Alpha Quadrant and placed in the care of the infirmary aboard starbase Deep Space Nine, where his records are altered by order of Starfleet Intelligence and the Office of Temporal Investigations to read as John Doe.

After awakening in the infirmary and accessing the computer to learn where, and more importantly when he is, McIntyre escapes the infirmary undetected and explores the Bajoran space station, obtaining a few required items before meeting Captain Amanda Hardy - master of the converted Miranda-class transport ship SS Shenandoah Valley - at Quark's Bar, perhaps the one person who can get Mack off the station and where he needs to go.

And now the continuation...

The *Shenandoah Valley* reached warp five faster and smoother than the ship had been able to do for years. Once the transport ship passed the orbit of the outer-most planet of the Bajor-B'hava'el system and Captain Hardy told the helmsman to enter a new course into the navigational computer.

"Helm, set course for the Omicron system."

"Omicron? Are you sure, Captain?" the helmsman asked, looking at Hardy with surprise. "That's at least ten light years out of our way."

Hardy glanced at McIntyre for a moment before saying, "We need to make a quick stop before delivering our cargo to Rigel." The helmsman shrugged before programming the new course into the helm console. Meanwhile, Hardy turned to McIntyre and said, "Nice job, Mack. I don't think these deck plates have ever felt so smooth at warp in the entire time I've been aboard this ship."

"Nothing a little periodic maintenance wouldn't have kept in check," McIntyre replied, still unable to hold back a slight grin in spite of himself. "I'm glad you're happy with my work and that it will suffice as my payment for passage."

"Are you sure I can't convince you to sign up for a tour?" Hardy asked. "Like I said before, I could use someone with your obvious skills aboard the *Shenandoah Valley* for a while."

"Your offer is tempting, but I have something important I need to get done first. Besides...", he added. "Who knows what the future holds once I'm done with my... errands?"

Hardy got up from the center seat and, as her first mate took her place, started moving toward the turbolift as she said, "Maybe we can talk more about it over dinner? My quarters, 6 PM."

"Fraternization, Captain?" McIntyre asked jokingly.

"This is a civilian transport ship, Mack," Hardy replied as she entered the turbolift, turning to face him once inside. "There are no rules against fraternization here." And the doors swished shut as Hardy smiled.

Star Trek: Personal Logs

“Arrival - Part 4” By PJK

Based on characters and situations developed by Kevin Fossett

Commander Sisko’s office overlooking Ops seemed crowded with eight people inside, all the more so due to the fact most of them were agitated in some fashion.

“First your Doctor here tells me the John Doe simply got up and walked out of his infirmary without a single nurse or orderly trying to stop him,” Captain James Ralston of Starfleet Intelligence ranted. “Now your security chief says he can’t locate this man anywhere aboard your station?!? What kind of crew are you running here, Sisko?”

“Captain Ralston, please, calm down,” Sisko requested. “Perhaps if Starfleet Intel had informed us of the importance of this man prior to him simply being dropped off in our infirmary, Constable Odo would have posted guards to make sure he didn’t go anywhere, even though we were informed by the *Sarek*’s chief medical officer that the chance of him even waking up within the next week were near minimal.”

“What’s so important about this guy anyway?” Major Kira asked. “What did he do that both Starfleet Intelligence AND Temporal Investigations are after him?”

Ralston’s face looked like he would rather not answer. He glanced at the pair of TI agents and the one that had earlier introduced himself as Stevens nodded slightly.

“Very well,” Ralston said with reluctance. “What you all are about to hear is Top Secret Level Crimson. No one outside this room can even hear a whisper of what you are about to be told.”

“My crew is well aware of the consequences of divulging secret information,” Sisko assured.

Ralston removed an isolinear chip from somewhere inside his uniform and slipped it into a slot on Sisko’s desk. The monitor screen at the end of the office lit up and a sensor image of a distant star system appeared.

“As you’re all aware, the starship *Sarek* entered the Gamma Quadrant a few weeks ago to begin its long-awaited exploration of the Gamma Quadrant,” Ralston explained. “Shortly after they emerged in the Gamma Quadrant and completed construction and testing of the *GammaOne Relay Post*, and while traversing a relatively uninteresting region of space, the ship’s sensor’s detected this...!”

The monitor screen displayed the sensor readings of a distant star system consisting of twin stars – one class G, the other class F – orbited by seven planets, all either F, G, H, or L-class terrestrial planets. As the station’s senior officers watched, three brief flashes representing bursts of radiation appeared on the monitor. The image then indicated two small vessels had entered warp from within the system – heading in opposite directions – before a huge burst of light and radiation appeared in the vicinity of the sixth planet of the system. The light grew until the screen nearly blanked out, and then quickly receded.

“That was the system designated Theta 317,” Agent Stevens said. “According to one of your own surveys, Lieutenant...” The man nodded at Lieutenant Dax, who nodded back, remembering the survey of the system she had conducted with Chief Miles O’Brien the previous year. “...Prior to those quantum energy bursts, the binary star system had consisted of seven planets. When the *Sarek* entered the system after detecting the quantum bursts to investigate, they found only five planets remained - all of them reduced to molten surfaces similar to A or E-class planets - roughly orbiting two brown dwarf stars, one of which is now spiraling down into the other. That system is, for all intents and purposes, dead.”

“They also found one other thing in the system,” Ralston added. “Something that could NOT possibly have survived the energy release of the explosion that followed the three quantum bursts, but did.”

“What was that?” asked Dr. Bashir.

“A life pod,” Ralston replied. “A lone, single person escape pod from a prototype vessel similar to modern runabouts that disappeared along with its pilot sixty eight years ago.”

“Wait!” Kira said, holding up her hand to pause the captain from Starfleet Intelligence. “Are you telling us the man we had in our infirmary, the one you are now searching for, disappeared almost seven decades ago?”

“That is correct, Major,” Stevens replied. “Which is why Temporal Investigations is involved in this matter. We do not believe the life pod was adrift for all this time, particularly since the ship it came from, the *Arguilius*, was lost in the Beta Quadrant near the Romulan Neutral Zone. We want to know what happened to the *Arguilius*, how the life pod arrived in the distant Gamma Quadrant, and what - if anything - the pilot did that caused the destruction of the Theta 317 system and how his actions may or may not have altered the time stream.”

“It would probably be helpful if we knew exactly who it was we are looking for,” Odo remarked in his typical gruff voice, his arms crossed over his chest as he was oft known to do. “After all, searching for ‘John Doe’ is like looking for one of a hundred needles in a haystack.”

Ralston and the two TI agents exchanged glances. Finally Ralston looked at Odo and said, “His name is Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Sean McIntyre.”

“McIntyre!?” Dax suddenly exclaimed, startling several people in the room. “I thought he looked familiar!”

“You know him, Old Man?” Sisko asked his science officer.

“Not personally,” Dax replied. “Curzon Dax met McIntyre aboard the starship that was transporting him to a meeting with the Klingon Chancellor during the negotiations that led to the alliance between the Empire and the Federation. He was just an Ensign at the time, fresh out of the Academy.”

“You said he looked familiar, Lieutenant,” Stevens said. “Did you see him here aboard the station?”

“In a manner of speaking,” Dax replied. “And I think I may know why Odo’s deputies cannot locate him aboard the station.”

“Why is that?” Ralston asked.

“Because he’s no longer here.” Dax pulled out the isolinear rod she had confiscated from the Bajoran officer in Ops and plugged it into a reader slot on Sisko’s desk. The monitor screen in the corner that had displayed the sensor image from Theta 317 now displayed the surveillance footage from the Promenade. The footage showed Ensign Parsons flirting with the rugged yet attractive looking human man.

“That’s him!” Ralston exclaimed, pointing at the monitor. “Where was that footage taken?”

“It was recorded yesterday on the Promenade,” Dax explained. “Apparently in the short time he has been awake, your Mister McIntyre not only managed to slip out of the infirmary but also signed on as the new maintenance engineer aboard a cargo transport ship that was docked here and obtained the parts and supplies needed for them to repair their propulsion systems.”

“Quickly, we need to get to that ship before he knows we know where he is!” Ralston said, starting to move toward the office door.

“Too late,” Dax said, trying to hold back a grin. “The *Shenandoah Valley* was leaving the station at almost the same moment your ship was docking. We gave them a priority clearance to depart to make room for the *USS Powers* because your ship had already taken the last open port on the docking ring.”

Captain Ralston shared a look of frustration with Stevens and his fellow TI agent. Finally he turned to Major Kira and said, “Retrieve that transport’s flight plan. We need to intercept that ship as soon as possible.

* * * *

At 6 PM ship’s time aboard the *Shenandoah Valley* that evening, McIntyre arrived at the door of Captain Hardy’s quarters. He pressed the door chime, and a female voice quickly responded, “Come.” The door swished open and McIntyre stepped in. The sight that greeted his eyes surprised him slightly.

Sitting on the couch across the room sat Amanda Hardy. No longer dressed in the uniform-style duty clothes she normally wore while in charge of the *Shenandoah Valley*, she had changed into a low-cut tight cocktail dress that accented her attributes.

“That’s a nice outfit you’re almost wearing, Captain,” McIntyre remarked with a smile as he entered the quarters.

“We’re off duty, Mack. Call me Amanda,” Hardy replied.

McIntyre spread his hands apart, showing they were empty, as he moved closer to the woman and said, “Sorry I came empty handed. I checked the main cargo bay, but you didn’t have any shipments of fresh flower bouquets on the manifest.”

“I’m sure you’ll find some way to make it up to me,” Hardy responded with a demure smile. She then gestured toward the small dining table in the corner of her quarters, where two plates and appropriate silverware had been placed. “Take a seat. Can I offer you a drink?”

McIntyre glanced around the room hoping to spot a familiar bottle, but could not figure out where Hardy would store her liquor collection in the small stateroom. “I don’t suppose you have any Saurian brandy, do you?”

“Coming right up,” Hardy replied as she stepped over to a device mounted to the bulkhead that McIntyre did not recognize. It looked like a simple lit shelf, and was certainly not a food processor like McIntyre was used to from his own original time. Hardy paused by the device and said, “Computer, Saurian brandy. Two glasses.”

Puzzled, McIntyre started moving toward Hardy and was surprised to recognize the hum of a transporter device as two glasses half-filled with an amber liquid materialized on the shelf. Hardy lifted the two glasses and turned to hand one to McIntyre when she noticed the look on his face.

“You manage to get my ship with its fifty year old warp drive running better than it has in decades, but a simple replicator puzzles you?” she asked.

McIntyre tried to cover for himself by quickly saying, “No. It’s just I haven’t seen a model... um... replicator this old in a long time. I’m surprised it still works.”

Now it was Hardy’s turn to look puzzled. “That replicator is one of the newest pieces of technology aboard the *Shenandoah Valley*, Mack. I just had it installed a few weeks ago when we made a stop at Earth. In fact, it’s the same model of replicator installed aboard the newest Galaxy and Nebula-class starships in Starfleet. Cost me a pretty credit to get just this one. The crew makes due with ten year old replicators and their limited menus on the mess deck.” Hardy handed one glass of brandy to McIntyre before inviting him to sit on the couch beside her instead of the dining table, intent on learning more about her mysterious new crew member. As Mack sipped his drink, his nose wrinkling slightly as the flavor did not quite match what he remembered and not knowing why, Hardy started to say, “You are a bit of a puzzle, but I think I have you figured out.”

“Oh really?” McIntyre replied, slightly amused. “How so?”

“It’s obvious you’re Starfleet...”

“What would give you that idea?” McIntyre cut her off.

“Oh please! The way you hold yourself. Your knowledge and ability to repair the warp drive aboard this ship. Your expression of concern regarding fraternization earlier, which you then tried to pass off as a joke. It’s pretty obvious. I just haven’t quite figured out what your duty status is.”

“While I neither confirm nor deny your supposition, what do you mean my duty status?” McIntyre asked.

“You won’t tell me your real name. You managed to sneak around the entire station and get the parts and materials I needed to get my ship underway AND slightly ahead of schedule, which shows either a talent and skill for larceny while managing to remain below the radar, but could just as likewise have been a cover and you actually obtained the needed items through covert yet official means. I’m sure you’re Starfleet, but I don’t know if you’re on some sort of undercover assignment working FOR Starfleet, or have committed some sort of crime and are on the run FROM Starfleet.”

“Just assuming you are in some way correct... hypothetically speaking...,” McIntyre remarked. “How does that change our relationship as ship master and subordinate? After all, I still have my errands at Omicron I need to complete.”

“Oh, it doesn’t,” Hardy remarked off-handedly. “Because if you are on an undercover assignment, then when we reach our destination you’ll be gone and I can only hope my chief engineer and his staff learned a thing or two from you during your time aboard my ship.”

“And if I’m a renegade being hunted by Starfleet...?” McIntyre asked, hoping the grin on his face would make it appear he was enjoying the verbal sparring.

“Then who knows? Perhaps we can... help each other?” Hardy leaned closer to McIntyre’s face as she spoke, the only thing separating the two being the glass of brandy McIntyre had lifted to his lips. The glass slowly started to move down and away as their faced moved even closer.

“Bridge to Captain Hardy.”

Hardy closed her eyes as a look of frustration appeared on her face. After taking a deep breath, she put her glass of brandy down on the end table next to the couch and activated the intercom control there.

“What is it, Mathews?”

“Captain, we’re being intercepted by the *USS Galveston*,” the *Shenandoah Valley*’s first mate replied. “They are ordering us to come to a full stop and prepare to be boarded.”

Hardy looked back at Mack, an expression of mild surprise in her eyes. After several seconds, she told her first mate, “Drop us out of warp and bring us to a full stop, Mathews. I’ll be up on the bridge in a minute.” She then got up and moved toward her small bedroom to change into her duty clothes as she said to her guest, “Well, I guess that answers MY question. The next question is; what are YOU going to do now?”

“I don’t suppose you have any shuttles or similar craft aboard that could outrun a Federation starship, do you?”

“We have a couple of work bees, a Sphinx pod, and two old Type V shuttles that couldn’t outrun a Pakled patrol ship, but you’re welcome to any of them.”

“I think I’ll take my chances with the *Galveston*,” McIntyre remarked.

Hardy emerged from her bedroom, wearing her duty coveralls, and paused to look at McIntyre. “Maybe... Maybe we can hide you in plain sight?”

“What do you mean?” McIntyre asked.

* * * *

Several minutes later, the crew of the *Shenandoah Valley* was gathered in one of the ship’s main lounges, awaiting the arrival of the boarding party from the *USS Galveston*. Among the *Shenandoah Valley*’s crew was McIntyre, dressed much like the others in their uniform-like duty coveralls.

The lounge doors opened, and First Mate Mathews walked in, followed by two Starfleet officers wearing red-breasted uniforms of the command division, two wearing the gold color of security, and a fifth man wearing a dark civilian suit.

“Captain Hardy,” said Mathews. “This is Captain Nicolas Wise and Lt Commander Robert Meyer of the *USS Galveston*.”

“Captain... Commander...,” Hardy greeted, noting the man in civilian clothes had not been introduced. “What can the crew of the *Shenandoah Valley* do for Starfleet today?” she asked.

“Captain Hardy, is it correct that your ship recently departed station *Deep Space Nine* in the Bajor Sector?” Captain Wise asked.

“Yes,” Hardy replied, seeing no reason to lie about something that was so easily confirmed. “Why? Is something wrong?”

Meyer responded, “There was a fugitive loose aboard the station around the time your ship departed. We believe he may have slipped aboard prior to your departure, as he could not be located aboard the station after you had left.” Meyer looked at the gathered members of the *Shenandoah Valley*’s crew and asked, “Is this your entire crew, Captain?”

Hardy glanced at the two dozen or so people present and said, “Everyone except the handful necessary to man the bridge and main engineering. Wouldn’t want the ship to blow itself apart while we’re all here... meeting with you.”

Captain Wise activated his combadge and said, “Wise to *Galveston*. Perform a sensor sweep of the transport ship and report if you detect any life-signs outside of the bridge, main engineering, or the crew lounge where I am located.”

“Performing sensor sweep,” confirmed the *Galveston*’s first officer. “Currently reading three humanoid life signs on the bridge, four in main engineering, and thirty one in the lounge where you are located, including the away team.”

“Very well, thank you.” Wise deactivated his combadge again and then turned to his security guards and ordered, “Lieutenant Allen, go to the bridge and confirm the identity of everyone located there. Lieutenant Carson, you do the same in main engineering.”

Both security guards acknowledged their orders before turning and leaving the lounge. Hardy felt the urge to protest this unwarranted search of her ship, but something about the Starfleet officer’s attitude gave her pause. In the meantime, Lt Commander Meyer had activated a padd and started moving down the line of *Shenandoah Valley* crew, comparing a picture of what looked like an unconscious or perhaps even dead man on the screen to each of the male members of the crew. Within moments he was standing in front of McIntyre. He looked back at his captain and nodded. Wise moved over beside his officer and addressed McIntyre.

“And what is your name?”

“That’s Mack, my chief engineer,” Hardy interjected, stepping closer to where Wise and Meyer were studying McIntyre’s features. “He can’t be the fugitive you’re looking for. Mack’s been a part of my crew for several years.”

“Really?” the man in the civilian suit said, speaking for the first time since entering the lounge. He stepped over to the closest of the *Shenandoah Valley* crewmen and asked, “And exactly when and where did Mister... Mack, is it? When did Mister Mack first come aboard this ship?”

The crewman, the *Shenandoah Valley*’s navigator, briefly glanced at Captain Hardy before replying, “Must have been at least two years ago. Signed aboard after we completed a cargo run to the Deneva Colony.”

“Mack is a real miracle worker. The ship has never run better since he came aboard,” Hardy confirmed, not exactly lying. “In fact, I don’t think I could keep this ship running without Mack on board.”

The man in the dark civilian suit stepped directly in front of McIntyre, barely glancing at the photograph on the screen Lt Commander Meyer was holding before looking McIntyre directly in the eyes.

“Are you going to make a scene, Lieutenant? Or will you let this charade end and come with us quietly... Mister Doe?”

McIntyre cracked a smile as he remarked, “My father was Mister Doe.” When his remark prompted no reaction, McIntyre knew any further pretense was pointless, and that anything he did to avoid being taken into custody by Starfleet and whoever this man in front of him was would only reflect badly on Captain Amanda Hardy, the *SS Shenandoah Valley*, and her crew, and for some reason it was important to him not to let that happen.

“I guess I’ll be getting off here with you,” he said, trying to sound like it was no big deal.

“Captain Wise to Allen and Carson,” the *Galveston*’s commander said after activating his combadge. “We’ve located the fugitive in the main lounge. Return here and escort him to the brig aboard the *Galveston*.” Less than a minute later, both security guards had returned to the lounge and taken positions on either side of McIntyre. “Wise to *Galveston*. Six standing by to beam back aboard.”

“Mack!” Hardy said, suddenly rushing toward the group surrounding McIntyre. One of the guards started to react and aimed his hand phaser in the civilian ship captain’s direction, and she stopped short. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

McIntyre looked grim for a moment before the annular confinement beam of the transporter started to form around the six men and he said, “Pray. Pray the Qatar don’t find you if they come looking for me.” A second later, McIntyre dematerialized in the beam of the transporter.

* * * *

McIntyre could tell the ship he was on was back in warp speed from the feel of the deck beneath him, though he was clueless as to where he was now heading. For the moment he sat on the lone bunk inside the brig cell aboard the *USS Galveston*, staring out through the invisible forcefield at the man in the dark civilian suit sitting just outside the cell, looking back at him with a slight smile on his lips.

“Where shall we start, Lieutenant?” the man said.

“You obviously know more about me than I know about you. Why don’t we start there?” McIntyre suggested.

“Of course. How rude of me not to introduce myself,” the man said. “My name is Stevens. I’m an Agent of the Office of Temporal Investigations, and I...” A curt laugh from McIntyre cut off Agent Stevens’ sentence.

“Temporal Investigations? That’s just a fairy tale they tell around the officer’s club at Starfleet Academy to make the cadets nervous, just like those tall tales about something called Section 31,” McIntyre scoffed.

“Oh, I can assure you, the Office of Temporal Investigations at least is real, Lieutenant McIntyre.” The man inside the cell reacted slightly at hearing his name said aloud for the first time since he had woken up aboard *Deep Space Nine*. “We exist specifically for cases like yours, to make sure nothing you have done has altered the time stream as we know it.”

“Assuming for the moment I admit I’m this... Lieutenant McIntyre you refer to... How would you know if anything I did has changed the time line? After all, you would have lived through anything I changed and it would all seem normal to you. And... again, assuming I’m this McIntyre... I would have come from the past and not known what the future was destined to look like anyway, so even I wouldn’t know if anything has changed.”

“All in due time, Lieutenant. All in due time,” Stevens assured. McIntyre was not sure if the man in front of him was deliberately trying to make a pun or not. “But first, we need to know what happened to the *Arguilius*. AND what happened to the two planets that used to be a part of the Theta 317 system in the Gamma Quadrant. AND what caused the remaining planets to liquefy and almost come apart just as your escape life pod - a device that should not have been able to survive the amount of energy detected by the *USS Sarek* - appeared in the remains of the system. And it would take an awful lot of energy - greater than that of a supernova - to do what the crew of the *Sarek* witnessed half a galaxy away.”

“Half a galaxy...?” McIntyre repeated, again confused. But if any explanation was coming, it was interrupted by the heavy outer door of the brig opening and another unfamiliar man in a red Starfleet uniform walking in.

“Has he said anything yet?” the new arrival asked, striding over to Stevens’s chair and looking in the cell at McIntyre.

“Nothing of any consequence yet, Captain Ralston,” Stevens replied. “Though he did say something curious as we were leaving the *Shenandoah Valley*. He mentioned someone or something called the... Qatar.”

Ralston looked at McIntyre inside the cell and said, “What is the Qatar, Lieutenant?”

“Let’s hope you never find out,” McIntyre responded calmly, though inside his emotions were roiling as he remembered his last battle against the Qatar heavy battlecruiser.

“Do you have any idea the amount of trouble you are in?” Ralston said to McIntyre, his voice just short of shouting. “Destruction of Federation property! Severe environmental damage resulting in the destruction of an entire star system! Espionage! Conspiracy! By the time the Judge Advocate is done with you, it will be another seventy years before you see the outside of a cell again!”

“Seventy years...?” McIntyre repeated, suddenly very contemplative, as if he had not heard anything else the captain had said. Though he had read the current year just after he awoke in the infirmary several days earlier, the amount of time since he had departed the *USS Roosevelt* was only now really hitting him. “Has it really been seventy years? It seems like so much less... and more.”

Frustrated by his prisoner’s lack of concern regarding his fate, Ralston angrily turned to Stevens and said, “I’m going to go start the paperwork necessary to convene a court martial. I’ll be in my quarters. Let me know if the prisoner has anything relevant to say.”

“I will,” Stevens replied as he watched the Starfleet Intelligence officer depart the brig. He then chuckled slightly himself.

“What is it YOU find funny about this?” McIntyre asked, unable to resist his curiosity.

“Only how full of himself Captain Ralston is. As if the galaxy revolves around him rather than a super massive singularity.”

“And I assume my capture and interrogation is just the latest feather in his cap?”

“In a manner of speaking,” Stevens confirmed.

McIntyre, the fatigue of the past several days starting to settle on him, decided to lay down on the bunk while he continued his conversation with the mysterious man from the fairy tale organization. “What’s going to happen to me now? And what happened to the crew of the *Shenandoah Valley*? They knew nothing about me or my background. Only that I was a wiz at fixing their warp drive and getting the ship back into nominal operating condition.”

“The transport ship has resumed its course,” Stevens assured. “No one has been arrested or detained. As for you... You will be spending at least several months in isolation under the care of Temporal Investigations at one of our facilities to make sure you haven’t done or said anything that can affect the time stream. Following that you will be debriefed on your last mission - official or unofficial - before likely facing a court martial, if for no other reason than to clear your name and record.”

“And then...?”

“That depends on the outcome,” Stevens admitted honestly. “If they find you guilty of the crimes you have been accused, you will spend anywhere from several years to the rest of your life in a Federation penal colony - probably in solitary confinement, given your circumstances. If, however, you are cleared, you can go on with your life. The Federation will provide you with training to get you up to speed with the technology of the late 24th century.”

“Can I resume my Starfleet career?”

Stevens looked back at the door leading to the outer corridor and then back at McIntyre. “I can almost guarantee that no matter the outcome, you will never serve as a Starfleet officer ever again,” he replied.

McIntyre appreciated Agent Stevens’ honesty, in spite of the fact his answer just made the now-former Starfleet officer feel sadness and a touch of depression. But none of it would matter anyway if the Qatar ever managed to track him and the two shuttles that had emerged in the Theta 317 system.

To Be Continued...