

*Personal log, Security Chief Penji Fil, stardate 48156.3:*

*The past few days have been somewhat of a mystery to me. It all started when Emissary Ronag Rajo of Cheska II came aboard the USS Sarek. We were asked by the government of Cheska II to take Ambassador Rajo and his entourage to a diplomatic meeting on the planet Skolarn IV. I was assigned by the captain as the security escort for the ambassador as protocol requires.*

*Two days later the talks on Skolarn ended successfully, and the ambassador's party and I returned to the Sarek. Having received a clean bill of health from Doctor Rasa, I resumed my normal duties aboard the ship. Fil, out.*

Space, the Final Frontier...

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## Star Trek: Sarek

### “I~Magination” by Phil Schreiber

With contributions by Virginia Raab

USS Sarek – *The Gamma Quadrant – Five Days Later*

Penji Fil awoke in his bed. A sudden sense of confusion overtook him.

“Computer, what is the time?” he asked.

“1100 hours,” the computer’s voice replied.

“Oh no!” exclaimed Fil as he jumped out of the bed and threw on the closest uniform he could find. He darted out into the corridor and the nearest turbolift.

“Deck thirty six!”

Moments later, Fil walked into main engineering, taking a position next to the master systems display table. A second later chief engineer T’Veer stepped out of her office near the warp core and noticed Fil.

“Can I help you, Penji?” the Vulcan woman asked.

“Just reporting for duty. Sorry I’m late,” Fil replied.

“Though it is true you are late, I believe your duty station is on the bridge, is it not?”

Fil looked around engineering, confusion on his face. Then without a word, he left. T’Veer, one eyebrow raised, looked at the spot where Fil had been standing a moment ago, then returned to her work.

\* \* \*

The next day, on the bridge, the crew was participating in a battle simulation.

“The Jem’Hadar attack ship is coming around,” reported Lt Commander Yu-Fen Mic Cosner, referring to the simulated enemy she was monitoring on her screen.

“An easy kill,” remarked Captain Kalin Kale, the *Sarek*’s commanding officer. “Fire phasers.”

On the screen, the Dominion warship continued to make its approach unchallenged.

“Fire phasers!” Kale again ordered. The Centauri looked back over his shoulder toward the tactical post, where Penji Fil simply stood, eyes on the main viewscreen, arms at his sides. On the main viewscreen, the Jem’Hadar finally maneuvered into position and fired its own phased polaron beam.

“Direct hit. Shields down by seventy five percent,” reported Lt(JG) Setton To’Lock Arbelo at ops.

“FIRE PHASERS!” shouted the captain.

As if in response to Kale’s order, the simulated ship on the viewscreen again fired its weapons, and again Arbelo reported, “Another direct hit. Computer reports numerous casualties and major hull damage.”

“End simulation!” ordered Kale as he turned around to confront his security chief, but the only thing he saw was Fil’s back as he entered the turbolift and disappeared as the doors swished shut.

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Several hours later, as Captain Kale worked on reports in his ready room, his intercom beeped. Kale paused what he was doing and pressed the button.

“Captain Kale, this is Lieutenant Kathy Fil. Penji was supposed to join me for dinner in our quarters over an hour ago. Do you know where he is?”

“I’m sorry, Lieutenant. Your husband left the bridge before his shift even ended. I thought he might have gone to sickbay. I don’t know where he is right now.”

“That’s the problem, Captain. Nobody knows. I asked the computer for his location and it told me he was in holodeck four. But when I went there, all I found was his combadge and phaser.”

“Please stand by, Lieutenant,” said Kale as he stepped out onto the bridge. The captain motioned for Lt A-ZuRQuIL and informed the assistant chief of security of his superior officer’s apparent disappearance, then returned to the ready room to inform Kathy Fil that an organized search for her husband was underway.

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Penji Fil awoke in his bed, the sound of a door chime having awakened him. He felt a wave of dizziness overcome him. He felt lousy. Grasping his head in his hands, he left the cabin and headed toward sickbay.

“How can I help you, Lieutenant?” asked Dr Rasa Palin, the starship’s Bajoran chief medical officer. Fil quickly explained how he was feeling, and the doctor gave him a complete physical.

“I hate to tell you this, Lieutenant,” the doctor informed him, “but you’re fine. You probably just got up too quickly. Simply take it easy for a short time and you should feel better.”

Fil thanked the doctor and left sickbay. As he wondered aimlessly through the corridors and passageways, he bumped into his friend and subordinate, Jon Q. Laren.

Without warning, Fil slugged the other security officer. Before long, there was a real knock-down, drag-out fight taking place. A crowd quickly gathered around the fighting officers, but rather than stop the fight, the crew started making bets on the winner. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the fight ended. Leaving Laren laying bleeding on the deck, Fil began to walk away.

“Thanks,” Laren called out to his departing friend.

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The next morning at 0800 hours, instead of reporting to the bridge, Fil came skipping into engineering. He noticed T’Veer standing with her back toward him, monitoring a critical engine display.

Tip-toeing up behind the Vulcan woman, Fil grabbed the engineer’s shoulders and spun her around, and gave her a passionate kiss that lasted several seconds.

Returning T’Veer to her feet, Fil started to leave engineering when he noticed the smile on her face as she said, “Thanks.”

Fil made his way to a turbolift, taking it up to the bridge. He stepped out and took a seat in the command chair. On the screen appeared a decloaking Romulan Warbird.

“Raise shields. Prepare to fire,” ordered Fil.

“Aye, sir. Thanks,” replied Kalin Kale, who stood at the tactical post. As the red alert klaxon sounded, Lt Kro’Toth, the leader of the Klingon security team aboard the *Sarek* appeared out of the turbolift, taking a position near tactical.

“A Klingon!” exclaimed Fil. “Security to the bridge!”

Fil grabbed the phaser from the holster on his waist and pointed it at the now-cowering Klingon officer. Kale, suddenly standing beside Fil, grabbed the Catullan’s arm and started shouting, “Fil! Don’t shoot him! Wake up! Wake up!”

Penji Fil awoke in a diagnostic bed in sickbay, surrounded by Dr. Rasa, first officer Cosner, security officers Carrie Karandanz and Jon Laren, Lt Kathy Fil, and Captain Kale – whose hand gently grasped the security chief’s right arm.

“Where am I? What happened to me?” the groggy security chief asked.

“Relax, Lieutenant, you’re in sickbay,” said Dr. Rasa. “Apparently while on Skolarn IV, you picked up a previously undetected virus that – among Federation species – only affects Catullans. Lieutenant Karandanz found you asleep in the brig two days ago, and when she couldn’t wake you, you were brought to sickbay. The virus, which was undetectable in its earliest stages, explaining why the transporter biofilter did not remove it when you returned with Ambassador Rajo and his party, is very similar to the Terran disease called malaria.”

“Which is why your behavior on the bridge several days ago is being excused,” said Captain Kale. “...This time.”

Fil looked up at the faces gathered around him for a moment before saying, “I’d like to apologize to Commander T’Veer and Jon.”

A puzzled look crossed Jon Laren’s face.

“For what?” he asked.

“For beating you up, of course,” Fil replied.

The gathered group exchanged curious glances with one another. Dr. Rasa offered an explanation.

“As I said, this virus was very similar to malaria. No doubt Lieutenant Fil experienced some very vivid dreams. So vivid, he may have believed the events were actually occurring.”

“It was all a dream?” asked Fil with a puzzled look on his face.

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*Personal log, supplemental:*

*On the advice of Doctor Rasa, Captain Kale has imposed a quarantine on Skolarn IV to all Catullans. And while the chief medical officer has given me another clean bill of health, I must wonder... Am I completely cured?*

**The End**