

It was a very slow night at the Fly by Night. Jimmi sat on a bar stool behind the bar talking to Matthew Brady.

“Just how did you end up married to Captain Sulu?”

“I am stubborn.” Jimmi laughed.

“Ok.” Brady laughed and waited. But she did not continue. “Come on Boss, you are going to have to explain that.”

“I fell in love with him the first time I danced with him.” Jimmi shrugged. “But he spent the first couple of years telling me that nothing was ever going to happen between us.”

“Is the man blind?” Brady asked.

Jimmi laughed. “Well I did leave one important detail out.”

“What?”

“That first dance happened when he was a lieutenant and I was 17.” Jimmi shrugged. Brady laughed. “You see, he was serving on the same ship as my dad and I was visiting while the ship was in port. I was friends with Pavel, who was an ensign then, and Pavel took me to a party on board ship.”

“And Sulu asked you to dance before he realized how young you were?”

“Not exactly.” Jimmi shrugged. “I was complaining about my social life at school to Chekov and Uhura, she was a lieutenant then as well. I told them I did not know how to dance. She calls Hikaru over and asks him to teach me.”

“Why him?” Brady asked. “Why not Chekov?”

Jimmi shrugged. “She knew how good a dancer he is.”

Brady smiled. The image a young lieutenant dancing with the teenager did not match his mental picture of Captain Sulu. “Really?”

Jimmi laughed and decided not to elaborate. Instead she asked. “What about you, Matthew? Never been married?”

“Nope.” He shrugged. “Never found the time.”

“No special person?” Jimmi asked.

“Hey, I am not a monk.” Brady laughed. “But the relationships have never lasted.”

“I’m surprised.”

“Why?”

“Because I see how much you like children.” Jimmi explained. “Most people who feel that way find time to have a family.”

“I love kids.” He nodded. “Especially when they belong to other people.”

Jimmi laughed. “Ok.”

“I am very good at being the uncle.” He said. “I bring presents, play games, teach them things their parents don’t want them to know. But that’s as far as it goes.”

“You’d make a good dad.” Jimmi shrugged.

“Naw.” Brady said and drank his beer.

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Jimmi and Mike were tending bar at the Fly by Night. There was a nice crowd in the bar. A couple of big freighters were at the base and their crews were having a good night. The pool table was well used as were all the computer games. Paco was busy cooking late night fare and the waiters had their hands full at the tables. They did not have a band, but were playing music from the databases.

A particularly rowdy song was playing when Matthew Brady walked up to the bar. Jimmi danced down to Brady's spot at the bar. "Matthew! Good to see you. What are you drinking tonight?"

He smiled as she could not help but move to the music. "If you can stay still long enough to pour a draft, that would be good."

Jimmi laughed and went to pour the draft. Just to make him laugh she continued to move her feet and hips in time with the music while she poured and served his drink. "Why should I stop dancing when it feels so good?"

"You are a hedonist, Boss." Matthew said with a grin and sipped his beer.

"You betchya!" Jimmi said and danced back towards Mike.

Brady had not been sitting at the bar long when an Andorian man sat down next to him. His antenna were shorter than average for his race and seemed to move about independently of each other. Jimmi danced back towards Brady.

"Evening." She smiled. "Welcome to the Fly by Night. My name is Jimmi. What can I get you?"

The Andorian man smiled at her and ordered. "Rum splash."

"Coming right up." Jimmi said. She continued to dance and to sing along with the music. It was a hard driving song from her 20<sup>th</sup> century database. She mixed the drink, put it on the bar and got the payment from the Andorian without skipping a beat.

He sipped his drink and let out an appreciative sigh. Looking at Brady, he asked. "Are you with the Nairobi?"

"Nope." Matthew said and sipped his beer. "I've got my own small ship. If you are not on the Nairobi, are you on the Alew?"

"Yes." The Andorian nodded. "I am an engineer. I am Ghee."

"Brady."

Ghee nodded and took another long drink. "This is the first break I've had off ship in a Narthel."

"That's a long time between stops for a freighter." Brady observed.

"The last two times we were in port, I was on duty and had some big problems I had to work on." Ghee said. He lowered his voice considerably and leaned towards Brady. "I have heard that Vasco is a good company to work for. I hope to speak to someone from the Nairobi discreetly in here."

"I've heard that too." Brady said and finished off his beer. He held up the glass and caught Jimmi's eye. "But I've never had the pleasure."

"Another?" Jimmi asked.

"Please." Brady smiled at her. "And a bowl of chili too. Extra crackers."

"Sure." Jimmi nodded.

"I have heard of this Human dish, chili." Ghee said. "It is spicy?"

"My chef says it is hot enough to make a Cardassian sweat." Jimmi said with a wink and a smile. Ghee laughed. "Can I get you a bowl?"

“Yes, I think I would like to try it.” Ghee said. “And another rum splash too.”  
“Coming right up.”

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Matthew Brady had landed his ship on the outskirts of the small settlement. The planet was beautiful. Green and wet, it was very much like Earth. Most of the colonist were farmers but he was headed to the center of the village. He passed the shops, schools and the pub and walked into the yard of an average house. Two small children came running to him.

“Uncle Matty!” They yelled as they clamped onto his legs.

Brady laughed. “Aislinn, Paddy! How big you’ve grown.”

“Did you come for supper?” The golden haired little girl asked.

“If your Mom will have me.” Matthew looked over the kids to his sister-in-law standing in the door way of the house.

“Of course you will stay.” She smiled. “How are you Matty?”

“I’m good, Shin.” He walked over to her, dragging the two small children with him. He kissed her on the cheek. “You are looking even lovelier than the last time I saw you. How is that possible?”

“Ah, you Brady men are all the same.” She laughed. “Full of it! Come in. I’ll put the kettle on.”

“Did you bring us something, Uncle Matty?” Paddy asked, jumping up and down.

“Leave your uncle be.” Their mother scolded gently. “He will be here for awhile. Go play and let us talk.”

As Sinead went back into her house, Matthew leaned down and took two small packages from his vest pocket. He whispered, “This candy is from the mountains of Shareil Three. Don’t tell your mother I gave it to you before dinner. Now scam.”

“Thank you.” They whispered together and snuck off to open their packages in the back yard.

Matthew followed his sister-in-law into her kitchen. It was a large, open sunny room with a table to one side big enough for the family and several guests. He placed the bottle he carried on the table and sat down. He smiled as he watched Sinead Brady take down the tea pot and a couple of china cups. “So how are things around here?”

“Danny is quite busy with all the details of getting this new settlement established.” Sinead said. “The kids are thrilled with the place. And I am teaching again. I am very glad to get back to it.”

“That’s great.”

Sinead put the cups and sugar on the table. She looked at the bottle. “Have you been home?”

“No.” He said. “But I have found a great little bar on Starbase 18 that always has a supply of good Irish whiskey. The manager ordered this particular brand for me.”

“An Irish pub manager, I am shocked.” Sinead laughed and brought the tea pot to the table.

“This guy’s name is Woo.” Matthew laughed as well. “I don’t think there is a drop of Irish blood there. Although the owner is an O’Brien.”

“There you go.” Sinead brought the cookie jar to the table and sat down. “I knew there

was an Irishman somewhere in this story.”

“Of course, of course.” Matthew agreed with a grin. “I can’t believe how much the kids have grown.”

“Well, now that we are here, you have no excuse not to come see us more often.” Sinead said. “You could even settle here. You know you are welcome.”

A deep voice answered from the door way, “Do you really think that anything can tie the great Matthew Brady down?”

“Well it’s about time you came home.” Sinead said to her husband and got another tea cup from the cupboard.

Matthew stood up and reached across the table. His older brother took his hand and shook it. “Good to see you, Dan.”

“And you Matt.” Dan said. “Where are the kids?”

“Matt bribed them with candy.” Sinead said.

“You have mother ears, Shin!” Matthew laughed.

“She’s got the eyes in the back of her head too.” Dan Brady winked at his wife.

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Jimmi sat on a chair on the edge of the Fly by Night’s small dance floor. Her eyes were closed as she strummed the guitar and sang the slow love song. There were only a few people in the bar and she was singing as much for herself as anyone else. She did not see her husband come into the bar. The song was one of his favorites. He sat on the bar stool closest to her as she sang.

When she finished he applauded with the rest of the small crowd. Jimmi looked up and smiled. She put the guitar down and walked into his arms.

Hikaru spoke to his wife softly in Japanese. She only understood part of the sentence. He had told her she looked sexy, that she understood, but the phrase at the end contained words she did not recognize. She repeated the phrase softly.

“Eyes closed.” Hikaru explained. In standard, he whispered to her “You looked so sexy strumming your guitar and singing with your eyes closed.”

Jimmi smiled and kissed him deeply. Then she asked. “How long?”

“Tonight.” He said. “We’ll be on our way in the morning.”

“You granted liberty?” Jimmi asked. He nodded. She stepped back from him and quickly went behind the bar. Hikaru sighed. He would have just once liked her all to himself. But she was behind the bar, checking stocks and glassware. She stopped long enough to call the rest of her staff to work. He sat down on a bar stool and watched her. She brought him a beer. “You know how it is. A ship comes in.... “

“And everyone goes to work.” Sulu said. He took a drink of his beer. “I know.”

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