

Captain Sulu was sitting in the command chair when they arrived at Starbase Twelve. Mr. Chekov was busy with last minute details between Excelsior and Dodger. Several officers of the Excelsior engineering staff had taken the trip on Dodger. There was less than half an hour until change of shift. "Standard docking orbit, Mr. Smith."

"Aye Sir." Smith nodded.

Sulu turned towards the science station. "Everything straight with Dodger, Chekov?"

"Yes." Chekov nodded. "Dodger has docked at air lock six. Our crew members are disembarking right now."

"Good. So Pavel, did Cathy and the boys stay?" Sulu asked. "Or did she have to go back to Earth?"

"They are on the base." Chekov smiled.

"Then what are you waiting for?" Sulu asked.

"You." Chekov said. "Come on."

"Rand, issue shore leave for all off duty personnel." Sulu said as he headed for the turbo lift. "Gonzoles, you have the bridge."

"Aye Sir." Gonzoles said.

"And Gonzoles." Sulu stopped on the upper circle and turned back to Gonzoles. "I've given all department heads twenty four hours to complete any business in port."

"Yes Sir."

"Anyone that can't meet that schedule," Sulu said. "Let me know."

"Yes Sir."

"Hikaru." Chekov stood in the open door of the turbo lift.

"I'm coming." Sulu said. When the lift doors closed and they were on their way to the transporter room, Sulu added. "Are you in a hurry or what?"

"Or what." Chekov said.

Gonzoles didn't bother to move to the command chair. Smith looked over at her and asked. "Does the Captain realize you are off duty in fifteen minutes?"

"Of course." She smiled. "We discussed everything he just said a couple of hours ago. I'm not sure why, but he was deliberately stalling to drive Mr. Chekov crazy."

"How can you tell?"

"I've known them a long time." Gonzoles shrugged. "In case you haven't noticed, Captain Sulu can be very subtle about these things."

"I'll keep that in mind." Smith said. "So. Here we are back at Twelve. Do you want to try having dinner at the Cafe? Think we can do it right this time?"

"I promise not to start a fight." Gonzoles smiled at him. "What about you?"

"I promise." He returned the smile.

Ensign Chai came onto the bridge. She walked up to the helm station and came to attention to say. "Reporting for duty, Mr. Smith."

"No need to come to attention on my account, Ensign." Lt. Commander Smith checked the helm station chronometer. He turned his chair towards her and said. "You're fifteen minutes early, Chai."

"Only eleven, Sir." Ensign Chai said and relaxed slightly.

"Damn, Rosa, she's as gung-ho as you are." Smith laughed.

"Good. You keep it up, Chai." Gonzoles said. "You will probably come to depend on her, Tomas."

"You are probably right." Smith stood up. "She's all yours, Ensign Chai."

"Thank you, Mr. Smith." Chai smiled and sat down. She happily checked all her readouts.

"Where's Briscoe?" Smith walked around the helm station and leaned on the console in front of Gonzoles.

"She has a few minutes yet." Gonzoles said. "Are you so anxious to get to the bar?"

"Yes. I am anxious to relax. To be able to really talk to you." Tomas said. "Have a couple of drinks. Maybe dance."

"Sounds like a real date."

"Yeah." Tomas wanted to lean forward and kiss her, But Rosa would never allow it. And Ensign Chai was sitting there trying not to pay attention to them. Yes, he was anxious to get off duty. Off the ship. When Briscoe finally reported to the bridge a few minutes before the change of shift, Smith had exhausted several topics of meaningless small talk. Everything from how long they would be at the station to what repairs were still required on the Dodger.

"You have the bridge, Lt. Briscoe." Gonzoles said. "I hope you have a very quiet shift."

"Have a nice evening, Commander." Briscoe nodded.

When Lt. Commander Gonzoles and Lt. Commander Smith walked into the Café, all the tables were taken. Many of the Dodger's crew was already there as were quite a few Excelsior officers. And all ten of the ensigns due to report to the Artful Dodger rounded out the crowd.

Smith and Gonzoles found a seat at the bar. Jimmi came over to take their order. "Hi, Rosita. Trillian?"

"Yes. Thanks." Gonzoles smiled. "Do you know Tomas Smith, Jimmi?"

"Hello, Mr. Smith." Jimmi smiled. "After the last time you two were in here, how can I not know you. What are you drinking?"

"Trillian will be fine, Ms. Sulu." Smith said.

"None of that." Jimmi said. "In the Café it's Jimmi or Boss. Got it?"

"Got it." He smiled at her. Tomas wondered if Jimmi knew how much she sounded like her husband.

The smile made Jimmi stop and study him. "You remind me of somebody, Mr. Smith. I'm not sure who."

"I can't imagine." Tomas shrugged.

"If I think of it, I'll let you know." Jimmi nodded. Her teenage son came out of the kitchen. "Harry, go see what dirty glasses you can clear. And keep an eye on tables two and eight. I think we'll be able to clear them soon."

"Ok, Mom." Harry nodded to his mother. Seeing Rosita Gonzoles sitting at the bar, he smiled and said. "Hi Commander Gonzoles."

"Harry." Gonzoles said. "Is it my imagination or have you really grown a lot this past

year?"

"Yeah." Harry blushed. "Mom had to get me all new pants twice in the last six months cause they got too short."

"You are going to be taller than your Dad." Gonzoles said.

"Yeah." Harry's cheeks turned a deeper shade of red. He really hated when he blushed. He was sure it made him seem younger and weaker. Wishing he could control it, he abruptly turned and went back to his work.

Tomas leaned over to Gonzoles and quietly said. "I think you have a fan there."

"I don't think so." Gonzoles said. "I've known Harry his whole life. He probably just thinks of me a very old family friend."

"Not many teenagers blush like that when talking to a very old family friend." Smith said.

"Jealous?" Rosita asked with a grin.

"Not me." Tomas smiled and drank his ale.

Jimmi came back over to Smith and Gonzoles. "I've got it. Are you any relation to Admiral Smith?"

"He's only my father." Smith acknowledged reluctantly.

"I should have known right away." Jimmi said. "You look just like Robbie when you smile."

"Robbie?" Smith asked.

"It took me a while because Robbie hasn't been in here since, oh my, it must be a couple of years now." Jimmi said. "I remember one time, just after James T. retired, Robbie, James T., and my Dad came in. The three of them got falling down drunk. They were telling old war stories. Reliving old loves. Talking about getting old. Notice the word old keeps reoccurring. They were so funny."

"You're sure you are talking about Admiral Roberto Smith?" Tomas asked.

"Of course." Jimmi laughed. "I've known Robbie since I was in high school and he was a captain. But then you know what that's like, being a Starfleet brat."

"I guess." Smith said. But Jimmi wasn't paying attention to his answer. Captain Sulu was coming through the crowd with a child clinging to each arm. Demora was eleven now and gangly. Her coal black hair which had curled so prettily when she was younger hung straight now and she almost always wore it in a pony tail. Brian had just recently turned seven and his reddish brown hair was a series of waves over his head making it look permanently messed and tousled.

"Go ahead." Captain Sulu said as they reached the bar. Demora climbed onto an empty bar stool while Sulu picked his youngest son up. "Tell her."

"Mommy!" The two kids said together. "We're hungry. We want dinner."

"I don't know where you found these two kids." Jimmi said to her husband. "Because my children say please when they want something."

"Please!" The kids said.

"Go wash up. Dinner will be ready in a minute." Jimmi said. Hikaru put Brian down and the kids ran off to do as they were told. Jimmi handed her husband his favorite beer. "So, did you have fun at the playground?"

"Sure." Sulu smiled. "Dee was talking my ear off until Harriet and Maddi showed up. The three girls disappeared into the maze. I didn't see them again until I called her for dinner. But Brian showed me all his playground tricks."

"Dee, Harriet, and Maddi have been playing some secret club all week." Jimmi shrugged. "They've had Bri in tears over it more than once."

"Have you talked to her about that?" Hikaru asked.

"Of course." Jimmi said. "But at her age, what her friends think is sometimes more important than anything else. I'll go check on our dinner."

Sulu looked around. Chekov and his family were having dinner in one of the booths along the far wall. The band was milling around on stage getting ready for the evening's work. He did not see Captain Uhura anywhere in the bar. Just two bar stools away, Dr. Patrick and Mr. Smith sat on either side of Gonzoles.

Sulu was about to join them when he saw his oldest son walk behind the bar with a tray of dirty dishes. "Harry."

"Hi Dad." Harry delivered his dirty dishes to the kitchen and returned to his father.

"How's the sliding curve ball coming?" Hikaru asked.

"I can throw the curve ball. And I can throw the slider." Harry said. "But I can't seem to get the sliding curve ball."

"That is the hard one." Hikaru nodded. "If you have some time tomorrow we can work on it. I bet you make the varsity team this year."

"I don't know, Dad." Harry shrugged. "I might not go out for the team this year."

"Oh?"

"I'm going to have three science classes," Harry explained. "And that's going to require a lot of lab time."

"That's true." Hikaru nodded. "But your grades have always been good, Harry. You've got to do things that are fun too. You've heard the saying all work and no play?"

"Yeah." Harry said slowly, looking down at his feet.

"Hikaru. Come here." His father leaned on the bar. Harry leaned on the bar close to the captain. Sulu lowered his voice. "Is there a problem?"

"Um..." Harry hesitated.

"Whatever it is." The Captain said. "You can tell me."

Finally Harry whispered. "It's not a problem, Dad. It's just that some people think baseball is, well, dumb."

"I see." Hikaru smiled. "What's her name?"

"Cicily." Harry blushed.

"Daddy." Demora said from behind her father. "Mom says dinner is ready."

"You go on over to the table, Dee." Sulu said. "Harry and I will be there in a minute."

"Ok." Dee said and wiggled her way through the crowd to her mother's private table.

"Come on, Harry." Sulu waited for his son to come out from behind the bar. He put his arm around Harry's shoulder as they walked toward the table. "It's up to you whether you go out for the team or not. But do what you want to do, not what some girl tells you to do. After all it is your life, and there are plenty of girls who like baseball."

Back at the bar, Tomas shook his head. "I have never heard anyone call my father Robbie before."

"That's just Jimmi." Rosita dismissed his concern. "She gives everybody nick names. When she said James T., she meant Captain Kirk."

"Even my mother always calls him Roberto." Tomas said.

"I have never known Jimmi to stand on ceremony." Rosita said. "When I first met her, she said she was waiting for Harry's ship to come in. Imagine how surprised I was when Harry turned out to be Commander Hikaru Sulu. I have never heard anybody else call him that."

"Didn't you just call her kid Harry?"

"Yeah." Rosita nodded. "His name is also Hikaru. Don't ask me to explain it because I don't know."

"I thought you knew everything." Tomas teased.

"I know everything that matters." Rosita laughed.

When the Sulu family had finished their dinner, Harry went back to work bussing tables. Jimmi spelled Randy behind the bar. She walked down the bar, clearing dirty glasses and filling orders. When she got to Tomas and Rosita, Jimmi said. "Aren't you guys eating tonight? There are a couple of tables available now."

"I guess we weren't really paying attention." Rosita smiled. She looked at Tomas. "I could eat. What about you?"

"Sure." Tomas smiled at Gonzoles. "What ever you want."

"You two are hopeless." Jimmi laughed.

"Jeanie." Hikaru called across the bar from behind Smith's shoulder. "I'm going to take these two upstairs."

"Ok." Jimmi nodded.

"It's not late." Demora protested.

"Too late for the two of you to be in the Café." Hikaru said. "Come on."

"Harry gets to stay." Dee mumbled as she followed her father.

"Harry is working." Hikaru explained. "When you are his age you will work too."

"Daddy!" Demora rolled her eyes. "I am never going to be Harry's age. He's always going to be four and a half years older than me."

"Now Demora." Her father ordered.

"Smart kid." Tomas laughed as he and Rosita claimed a table for dinner.

"Hi Rosita." C.J. Chekov smiled on her way to the bar. "Mr. Smith."

"Hi C.J." Rosita answered for both of them.

"Well." Cathy sat at the bar in front of Jimmi. "Looks like that fight cleared the air for those two."

"It seems that way." Jimmi nodded. "Where's Pavel?"

"He's taken the boys back to our suite at the CTQ." Cathy said. "Evidently daddies tell the best stories."

"They've heard all of ours before." Jimmi said. "And I think the daddies enjoy it as much

as the kids do."

"Oh yes." Cathy agreed. "And we get a break. Hit me, J.M."

Jimmi took out two glasses and poured them each a vodka. "I'm glad you could stay, C.J."

"Just a major rearranging of my work schedule." Cathy laughed. "No big deal. Aren't you singing tonight?"

"Later." Jimmi said. "I would like to actually spend some time with my husband tonight. I don't know what this rescue mission did to his schedule."

"According to Pavel they'll be here for twenty four hours." Cathy said. "Will you be going on Excelsior?"

"Hikaru and I haven't had a chance to talk about that yet." Jimmi shrugged.

"Hey Boss." an officer sitting several bar stools down the bar called her.

"Duty calls." Jimmi said to Cathy and went off to refill the drink. She was busy for the next hour. Filling drinks. Taking dinner orders.

"Give me another, Jimmi." Dr. Patrick leaned on the bar.

"You seem down tonight, Pat." Jimmi said as she mixed the drink. "What's the problem?"

"Living up to the time honored bartender's code, Jimmi?" Pat asked with a smile.

"Just making an observation." Jimmi said putting the drink on the bar in front of him. "It seems to me it is your job to listen to everyone's problems on the ship. Who listens to your problems?"

"Doctors aren't suppose to have problems." Pat smiled.

"Ok." Jimmi smiled.

"But sometimes others people's problems...." Pat sipped his drink. "You know what I mean?"

"Sure." Jimmi said.

"Command officers are the worse." Patrick said. "They need to let out the self doubts and second guesses. And I get to listen to them."

"Right." Jimmi nodded.

"Everything is their fault. Good or bad. I'm waiting for a command type to take credit for the big bang." Pat said. "But of course I can't talk about it."

"Of course."

The doctor sipped his drink again. Then he looked up at Jimmi behind the bar and said "But you know who never comes to see me?"

"Hikaru." Jimmi said.

"Wrong." Pat laughed. "The Captain and I have had many long conversations. Many, many. No, it's Gonzoles."

"Well, I guess you don't keep a box of chocolates in your office." Jimmi said.

"What?"

"When Rosita has a bad day, she indulges in a box of chocolates usually with a girl friend." Jimmi said. "I wonder who that is now that Jenna has transferred."

"Girlfriend?" Pat asked. He sat up straight, full of mock indignation. "Girlfriend? Does it have to be a female? Isn't that gender bias?"

"I believe that would fall under the heading of personal bias." Jimmi laughed at his posturing. "And as a doctor you should know that when it comes to informal personal relationships such bias is not only expected it is healthy."

"Good god!" Pat laughed. "Where do you have your father stashed back there?"

"I hear him up here." Jimmi winked and tapped her temple. "All the time."

"Me too." Pat laughed and drank his drink. "Chocolates, huh?"

"Yep."

"I had no idea." Pat said. "And if she and Tomas weren't behaving themselves so nicely, I would march right out on that dance floor and confront her."

"So, Pat." Jimmi leaned down on the bar. "What happened with them after the fight? Hikaru won't tell me a thing."

"Slap on the wrist." Pat shrugged. "He restricted them to quarters while off duty, which is not as bad as confined to quarters. After a couple of days he told them to straighten up and lifted the restrictions."

"Well, he couldn't be too hard on them." Jimmi smiled. "You know how he is about Gonzales. It's a good thing I'm not the jealous type."

"Not jealous at all?" Pat asked.

"Well." Jimmi straightened up. "On the one hand, I trust Hikaru. And I think I would know if there was another woman."

"And the other hand?" Pat asked.

"Rosita was involved with L.J. all that time." Jimmi smiled. "And L.J. is not about to share a woman with Hikaru. And visa versa."

"If L.J. had never been in the picture?" Pat asked.

"Do you see how Rosita looks at Tomas?" Jimmi asked. Pat nodded. "And how she looks at Hikaru? Two different emotions."

"Ok." Pat grinned. "I see that your faith is unshakable."

"That's right." Jimmi laughed