

"Hello again, Mr. Smith." Jimmi smiled when Tomas sat back down at the bar. He was an attractive man with deep brown eyes. His broad shoulders filled out his uniform jacket nicely. It was easy for Jimmi to see what Rosita found so compelling.

"If I can't call you Ms. Sulu." Tomas said. "I don't think it's fair for you to call me Mr. Smith."

"All right." Jimmi smiled and leaned on the bar as she spoke to him. "It's Tomas, right?"

"Right." Smith nodded.

"So are you ready for a drink, Tomas?" Jimmi asked "Or are you waiting for Rosita?"

"I'll have another Trillian." Tomas said. "Rosa will be back in a minute."

"Rosa?" Jimmi raised her eyebrow at Tomas, mimicking a gesture she saw so often in her fathers. She handed him the ale across the bar. "Not Rosita?"

"That is her actual name." Tomas said as he pressed his thumb to the payment padd.

"Rosita is for a little girl. And Rosa is the most grown up person I know."

"She's never objected to Rosita before."

"She doesn't object." Tomas shrugged. "Rosa tells me you are fond of giving out nick names."

"I've been known to from time to time." Jimmi shrugged. "Since I've been explaining my name all my life, I think it's only fair."

"Ok, I'll bite." Tomas leaned on the bar and asked. "Is Jimmi some kind of family name or something?"

"No." Jimmi smiled. "When I was about seven there was a three year old boy who lived next door. He couldn't say my real name. What he could say sounded like Jimmi. It wasn't long before everyone called me that."

"Even your parents?"

"Sure. Mama thought it was cute." Jimmi nodded. "And by the time I met Dad, I had been called Jimmi for a couple of years."

"Hey Boss." Lt. Chadwick called. "How about another?"

"Excuse me, Tomas." Jimmi smiled. Smith absentmindedly rubbed his short beard as he watched her go.

"Miss me?" Rosita asked with a warm smile when she sat down next to Tomas. He turned to her and took her hand.

"Of course." Tomas leaned over and gave her a quick kiss. "I was just talking to Jimmi about names and nick names."

"Randy." Rosita called. "How about a Trillian?"

"No thanks. I'm working." Randy laughed and handed her the ale.

"How often do you use that line?" Rosita asked as she paid for the drink.

"On a night like tonight, no more than five or six times." Randy grinned and went on his way.

"You know, I've been to this bar a hundred times." Tomas said. "But this time is very different."

"Well, you've never been here with me before." Rosita laughed.

"So true." Tomas laughed too. It was nice to be at a bar with a woman who was important to him instead of looking around for someone to meet. "Want to dance?"

"Sure."

Jimmi watched Captain Uhura come through the crowd. She stopped to say a few words to a couple of Excelsior's engineers. Whatever she said, they laughed heartily before she continued towards the bar. When Uhura reached the bar, Jimmi smiled. "It's about time. I was beginning to think you didn't like us anymore."

"Business before pleasure." Uhura said. "How have you been, Jimmi? How are the kids?"

"We're all fine." Jimmi said. "Hikaru is up stairs with Dee and Brian now. How about you? I heard you took quite a ride."

"It wasn't any fun." Uhura said. "I wouldn't want to do it again. I hope George is cooking up a storm. Because I'm starving."

Jimmi took Uhura's dinner order and went back to work. The rest of the Artful Dodger's senior staff came into the bar. Captain Uhura, Commander T'Penn, and Dr. Douglas Miller had dinner together. Pavel Chekov returned to the Café and spent some time dancing with his wife. Time was passing slowly for Jimmi as she waited for her husband to return so she joined the band for a couple of sets.

Jimmi was behind the bar again when Hikaru finally came back to the Café. She handed him a beer. "I was beginning to wonder if you were ever coming back. Are they asleep?"

"Brian is." Hikaru said. "Demora is reading. I set the computer to turn off the lights in her room in half an hour."

"You realize she is capable of reprogramming the computer." Jimmi said.

"If she wants to read that badly," Hikaru drank his beer with relish. "I am not going to discourage her."

"Good." Jimmi said. "I'll let you get her up and ready for school tomorrow. That is if you are going to be around."

"I'll be here most of tomorrow." Hikaru said. "I thought her school was on a break right now."

"It is." Jimmi admitted. "This break she is taking the gymnastics class. Didn't I tell you about that? She's getting quite good. But the class starts at oh-eight hundred. And you know how slowly she gets up in the morning."

"I'll get her up." Hikaru assured Jimmi.

"Should I tell her teacher she'll be missing some time or not?" Jimmi asked. "You've been gone for a week. That's almost half the time we are normally on board."

"I have to check in with command in the morning." Hikaru said. "I'll have let you know."

"Captain Sulu." Uhura walked up to them.

"Captain Uhura." Sulu smiled.

"It seems to me it must be time for a poker game." Uhura said. "Unless of course you lost all your credits last week."

"Poker?" Jimmi asked.

"I did not play long." Sulu explained. "Pavel disappeared. You didn't show up. Pat and I played a couple of hands with Yaz, Kim, and Willie. But I gave my seat up to Lt. Briscoe. It just wasn't the same."

"Besides, he lost a week's pay on that other bet." Jimmi said. "And that is enough gambling for anyone."

"Poker is not the same as gambling." Hikaru informed his wife with a straight face. "If you know what you are doing."

Jimmi just shook her head and sighed. "Right."

"I've been teaching T'Penn the finer points of the game." Uhura said. "Spock suggested she view the game as a study of human behavior."

"Is that how Spock looks at it?" Jimmi pour a glass of Uhura's favorite wine and handed it to her.

"That's what he claims." Uhura laughed. "But that was just a cover for when logic did not win the hand."

"Harry." Sulu grabbed his son's arm as he was passing with a load of dirty dishes. "Go tell Commander Chekov that it is time for the poker game."

"Ok Dad." Harry nodded. He put his load of dishes in the kitchen and made his way through the crowd searching for Commander Chekov. He found Chekov on the edge of the dance floor. Pavel had his arms draped loosely around his wife's waist. Her hands rested lightly on his shoulders. They were talking quietly, their faces only inches apart. Harry wasn't sure if they were actually dancing or not. He stopped behind Chekov and called tentatively, "Mr. Chekov."

Chekov kept his arms around C.J. when he turned his head to see who was calling him. "Yes Harry?"

With a nod of his head back towards the bar, Harry said. "Dad says it's time for the poker game."

"Poker?" Cathy asked.

"Thank you, Harry." Chekov ignored his wife's protest as he spoke to the teen who seemed to be almost a clone of his father. "Do you know Commander T'Penn?"

"The Vulcan lady?" Harry asked.

"Yes." Chekov nodded. "Please relay that message to her."

"Ok." Harry went looking for Dodger's first officer. There were three Vulcans in the Café. But only one was a commander. She was talking to a small group of Excelsior officers. Harry walked up to the edge of the group between the Vulcan and Commander Gonzoles. T'Penn was taller and fairer than Gonzoles. She wore her light brown hair just long enough to make an efficient braid. "Commander T'Penn?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Chekov wanted me to tell you it is time for the poker game." Harry said.

"You are Captain Sulu's son." It was a statement, not a question. T'Penn studied the teenager. Harry nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Sulu."

T'Penn excused herself and walked off towards the bar. Harry just stood there watching her go. Smith and Gonzoles watched Harry watching T'Penn. After a minute, Gonzoles put her

hand on his shoulder and shook gently. "Harry."

"What?" Harry turned his attention to Gonzoles.

"Is something wrong?"

"No." Harry said sheepishly. "It just sounded funny. She called me Mr. Sulu. Everybody calls me Harry."

"I remember the first time someone called me Mr. Smith." Smith said. "I kept thinking they were talking to my Dad."

"Yeah." Harry nodded. The teen looked at Gonzoles and asked. "Aren't you playing tonight, Commander?"

"I hadn't really thought about it, Harry." Gonzoles smiled. Harry could feel the color rising in his cheeks. He turned away and picked up a couple of empty glasses from a nearby empty table. After Harry had gone back to work, Rosita asked Tomas. "Do you want to play?"

"We haven't really been asked." Tomas said.

"That's not a problem."

"Well..."

"Weren't you complaining that you never got to speak to the captain?"

"I wasn't complaining." Tomas said. "I just noted that there was a difference between being helm officer and second helm officer in terms of interacting with senior officers."

"Uh huh." Gonzoles smiled at his distinctions. "This is a really good opportunity to interact in an informal setting. And you like informal settings. Right?"

"I guess." Smith said reluctantly. Gonzoles took his hand and pulled him towards the bar.

Chekov was getting his chips. Gonzoles smiled at him. "Mind if Tomas and I sit in for a few hands, Pavel?"

"Of course not." Chekov returned her smile. "Your contributions are always welcome."

"Contributions?" Smith asked.

"It is always a good idea to let your commanding officers win." Chekov said.

"Hah!" Gonzoles laughed. "Since when have you subscribed to that theory?"

"Since I have become one of the commanding officers." Chekov turned on his heel and left them before they could respond.

"Oh, this could be fun." Smith smiled at Gonzoles. Finally feeling comfortable with the idea. "Randy, give us a couple stacks of those chips."

"Two hundred's the buy in." Randy said putting the chips on the bar and turning the payment padd towards them.

By the time Gonzoles and Smith made it to the table, everyone else was seated. They took the two empty chairs that were next to each other. Captain Sulu was shuffling the cards. The other three officers were stacking their chips.

"Mr. Smith, I don't believe you have met Captain Uhura and Commander T'Penn." Sulu said. They said a quick hello before Sulu went back to the subject they were discussing before Excelsior's second and third officer sat down. "It's a girl. She thinks it's dumb."

"Well, Hikaru," Uhura said. "He is fifteen."

"What's dumb?" Gonzoles asked.

"Baseball." Sulu said.

"You mean Harry isn't going out for the varsity team this year?" Gonzoles asked.

"I suggested to him that he should not make his life decisions based on what the girl of the month thought." Sulu said.

"You didn't say it like that!" Uhura laughed. "Did you?"

"No! Give me a little credit." Sulu started dealing. "Ante up. The game is five card draw."

"Did your son take your advice, Captain?" Commander T'Penn asked as she picked up her cards.

"While we were talking about it, sure." Sulu said. "But a human teenage boy is easily swayed by his girlfriend. If she is really opposed there will be some reason he did not make the team."

"And he will make is sound very reasonable." Chekov added. "Rosita, have you ever told Harry of your interest in baseball?"

Before she could answer, Captain Sulu turned to her. "You like baseball?"

"I played in high school. Catcher. On the varsity team." Gonzoles said. "But I don't think I've ever mentioned it to Harry."

"He may listen to you." Chekov said. Gonzoles tilted her head to the side and studied him through half open eyes. Chekov recognized her expression as one of complete confusion. He explained. "You realize he's had a crush on you for the last couple of years."

Gonzoles turned from Chekov to Sulu then back to Chekov. Her voice was full of doubt when she said. "No."

"Oh yes." Sulu nodded while he arranged the cards in his hand.

"Told you." Smith said.

She turned back to Tomas and said "I had no idea."

"Par for the course." Sulu said. "Every boy has to have some unattainable woman to dream of. All part of growing up."

"Every boy?" T'Penn and Gonzoles said at the same time.

"Never mind." Sulu said and quickly changed the subject. "Are we playing poker or what? It's your bet, Girl."

Captain Uhura looked at the other two women and smiled. "I'll tell you later." Sulu shot Uhura a warning glance. She met Captain Sulu's steady gaze for a second before adding. "And I'll open for ten."

The game went on as usual.