

Ensign Rosita Gonzoles and Lt. Jack Higgins walked into the No Ranks Cafe. They had piloted the last two shuttles of new ensigns from Earth to Starbase Twelve that day. Gonzoles just wanted to find a bunk at the barracks and get a good nights sleep before heading back to Earth in the morning, but Higgins suggested they get dinner at the new bar.

It was a decidedly human establishment with a long bar against the far wall. Tables of various shapes and sizes surrounded a large dance floor. The holographic games were well used and a four piece band played on a small stage beyond the dance floor.

The place was filling up but they found a couple of seats at the bar. There were two bartenders. The pretty human woman with the long curly hair came their way.

"Lt. Higgins." The young woman smiled warmly. She was wearing a gold and green midriff blouse with matching short pleated skirt. Gonzoles couldn't help but think she must be cold. "Welcome to the No Ranks Cafe. What can I get you?"

"Do you have any Zirrian Whiskey, Jimmi?" Higgins asked. Jimmi reached for the bottle. "On the rocks."

"Of course." Jimmi poured the drink. She looked at Gonzoles questioningly. "What about you, Ensign?"

"How about a Trillian Ale." Gonzoles said. Jimmi nodded and got her drink.

"Rosita Gonzoles, this is Jimmi McCoy." Higgins said as he pressed his thumb to the computer padd to pay for the drinks. "Ensign Gonzoles is on loan to help pilot transports this year."

"Really?" Jimmi asked. "Where are you usually stationed, Ensign?"

"Starbase 68."

"Oh. Out on the edge of no where." Jimmi smiled. Gonzoles nodded. Jimmi touched the mini computer screen that was embedded in the bar. The menu appeared. "If you guys are hungry, we have a great chef. Let me know."

After Jimmi had moved down the bar to wait on someone else, Gonzoles asked. "I thought this place was brand new. How do you know the bartender?"

"Her father's in the service." Higgins sipped his drink. "I've known her since she was a kid."

"Oh." Gonzoles drank her ale. They ordered dinner and had a few more drinks. There was a good size crowd at the bar. Most only a couple of years younger than Gonzoles. These were the lucky ensigns that started their careers on starships. A couple of young men tried to talk to her but she just smiled and declined their attentions.

Ensign Gonzoles was surprised when Jimmi McCoy came out from behind the bar and up onto the stage to sing with the band. The music had a lively pace suited to dancing. She had a good voice and the crowd was really enjoying the show.

Later that evening, when Jimmi was getting Gonzoles another ale, the Ensign said. "Lt. Higgins tells me you have family in Starfleet."

"My Dad is CMO on Enterprise." Jimmi nodded.

"Oh, McCoy." Gonzoles said. "I should have made the connection."

"Have you met the good doctor?" Jimmi asked with a smile.

"Briefly." Gonzoles said. "A couple of years ago, when I was first assigned to Starbase Sixty Eight. We could use a place like this on 68. Why'd you choose Twelve?"

"When my partner Lenny, he's that tall guy at the end of the bar," Jimmi nodded toward L.J. "When he heard that every July we'd have a captive audience with the new ensigns shipping out, he was willing to give it a shot."

"He's not bad looking." Gonzoles observed.

"No, he's not." Jimmi agreed, leaning on the bar and looking at Lenny. He had let his light brown hair grow out a bit in the last couple of years and now wore it in a ponytail. He was wearing a light rusty red shirt with the sleeves rolled up and slacks of the same color but a shade deeper. Lenny was sharing a joke across the bar with a young woman as Jimmi and Rosita looked at him.

"I'm sorry." Gonzoles said quickly "Are you two...?"

"No, no." Jimmi laughed "We're good friends. Don't let me stop you."

"I am not looking for a relationship right now." Gonzoles waved away the idea. "Especially not one that crosses subspace."

"You career officers are all alike." Jimmi laughed. "The job is always first. But you do have a point. Subspace relationships are not easy."

"Well, I'm glad it's not just me." Gonzoles shrugged. "It sound like you speak from personal experience."

"I sure do." Jimmi smiled. "Harry's ship will be here any day now. And I can't wait."

"Hey, Boss." a waitress called her attention. Jimmi went down and filled her tray with drinks. The bar was doing a good business.

Jimmi worked her way down the bar until she came to her partner's sister. The blond haired blue eyed Russian beauty wore a deep violet dress that attracted most of the men in the bar. Cathy was flirting with just about everyone, but then she always did.

"Hey, J.M. Hit me."

"Having a good time C.J.?" Jimmi asked as she poured Cathy another vodka. The ensign sitting next to her nodded towards his glass. Jimmi filled Mr. Jogues's glass although trying to keep up with Cathy could be a mistake.

"This place is great." Cathy said. "But what happens when the ensigns ship out?"

"Then I sleep." Jimmi laughed.

"C.J. and J.M.?" Ensign Jogues smiled at the girl friends. "Do you ladies ever give out your real names?"

Cathy and Jimmi looked at each other and shrugged. They answered with one voice and matching smiles. "No."

Jimmi continued on her way. Filling drinks and taking dinner orders. The newly commissioned Starfleet officers were intent on having a good time before leaving their friends for the assignments. Jimmi and Lenny reached for the same bottle.

"Hey." He protested when she took it out of his hands. Jimmi just laughed and poured the drink then returned the bottle to him.

"L.J." Jimmi said after delivering the drink to the waiting customer. "There is an ensign who is flying transports sitting at my end of the bar who thinks you are very good

looking."

"Oh yeah?" Lenny asked. "Who?"

Jimmi discreetly nodded towards Gonzoles. "Black hair. Pretty face. Drinking Trillian."

"Not bad." Lenny grinned at Jimmi. It was not normal for Jimmi to point woman out to him in the bar. "What's her name?"

"Rosita." Jimmi smiled. "Seems like a nice girl."

"Thanks, J.M." Lenny kissed her on the cheek. "Now go sing. Randy and I will handle the bar for awhile."

"Be nice, L.J.!" Jimmi warned him teasingly. He just laughed and made a face at her.

After her set with the band was done, Jimmi returned to the bar to find Lenny flirting shamelessly with Ensign Gonzoles. Rosita seemed to be enjoying herself. Jimmi couldn't wait until Enterprise came into port. Just one more night, maybe two.

The next night the party was in full swing. Everyone was busy. Lenny and Randy tended bar. Jimmi and Diane waited tables. George had his hands full in the kitchen. The band was going full tilt and Jimmi didn't think they could pack any more people in. A young ensign bumped into her almost spilling the drinks on her tray. He smiled and put out a hand to steady her. "Sorry, Boss."

"No problem, Kwasi." Jimmi smiled. He had been there every night for over a week. She had gotten to know several of them. "There's barely room to move in here."

"Hey honey." An ensign she did not know said to her. "How about a dance?"

"No thanks, I have work to do." Jimmi declined. She looked over at Kwasi and rolled her eyes. He just laughed.

"Smooth, Ray. Real smooth." Kwasi laughed at his classmate while Jimmi continued towards the table that had ordered a refill.

Before she had moved two feet, she looked up and he was there. He was smiling at her. Commander Sulu took the tray out of her hands and set it on the nearest table. The group of ensigns sitting there were about to object, but seeing he was a commander said nothing. Sulu wrapped his arms around her and lifted her from the floor. She kissed him, holding on tight.

"Where have you been?" She asked. "I have been waiting."

"Miss me?" he asked. She kissed him again. "I missed you too." Several of the ensigns around them were staring. But Jimmi didn't care. Harry was here.

"Hello Princess." a voice said from behind Sulu.

"Hi Pavel." She laughed. Sulu put her down and Jimmi retrieved her tray. "You guys want a beer?"

"Of course," Chekov answered. "That is what we came for."

"How about you?" Jimmi winked at Sulu. "Is that what you came for?"

"Among other things." Sulu answered. The ensigns made way for the Lt.

commander and commander as they made their way to the bar. Jimmi left them to deliver the drinks on her tray. Sulu squeezed into the crowd at the bar and caught the bartender's eye. "Randy, two beers."

"Well?" Jimmi asked when she joined them. "What do you think of the Café?"

"It's hard to see it, there are so many people." Chekov said taking a drink of his beer. "But it does seem to be a target rich environment." Jimmi reached out and smacked him playfully on the shoulder.

"Where is your apartment?" Sulu asked. Jimmi nodded over her shoulder.

He leaned close to her and said in her ear. "Want to show it to me?"

She laughed softly in his ear. "With the bar this full? I don't have the staff to handle the place with me here. There is no way I can disappear now."

He straightened up and took a long drink of his beer. "So, you're going to make me wait."

"Who was it that said suffering is good for the soul?" she teased him. She put her hand on his chest, tracing the lines of his jacket.

"I don't know." Hikaru leaned close and kissed her. "I've never heard it before."

Sulu looked over her shoulder again. He saw Admiral Kirk and Dr. McCoy come into the bar. Automatically, Hikaru took half a step back from Jimmi. She looked up and followed his gaze. It took the two senior officers a little time to reach the bar, but whenever an ensign realized it was an admiral trying to get through they did their best to get out of his way. Jimmi gave her two fathers a kiss and a hug each. Relieving Lenny behind the bar, Jimmi poured their drinks.

"It's amazing." Jimmi said "There hasn't been an empty bar stool in an hour. You walk in James T. and two just open right up."

"Rank does have it's privileges." Kirk smiled.

"Not in my bar. After all I do call it the *No Ranks* Café."

"You think these ensigns will take you seriously?" Kirk asked. Jimmi shrugged and smiled.

"Quite a crowd." McCoy commented, sipping his bourbon and water "I think maybe you have a gold mine here."

Jimmi smiled at her father. She had worried about his reaction. "I'm glad you approve, Dad."

"There is just one problem." Dr. McCoy put down his drink and took on his lecturing voice. "Where are the rest of your clothes?"

"Give me a break, Dad." Jimmi laughed. Her father had been giving her a hard time about her fashion choices since she was in high school. She would have been shocked if he had not said something about it. "I am just giving the customers what they want."

Jimmi was wearing her black satin dress because Hikaru loved her in it. It had a plunging neckline and practically no back, but the slightly flared skirt did come down to her knees. What did her father want?

"Any one customer in particular?" McCoy raised his eyebrow at her.

Jimmi just laughed. And moved down the bar to serve other customers. When

she reached Hikaru and Pavel she gave them each another beer on the house. Sulu was standing at the bar, leaning on one elbow and talking to Chekov. There was barely room for him.

As Mikey was trying to get by with a tray of dirty glasses, Sulu reached out and grabbed him by the collar of his drink stained shirt. "Well, Junior. Having fun?"

"Uncle Hikaru." Mikey smiled anxiously. He tossed his head to throw his black bangs out of his eyes. The boy did not know his uncle well. After all he had been in space as long as Mikey could remember.

"You know you scared your mother half to death." Hikaru voice was harsh.

"I didn't mean to." Mikey defended himself sullenly. "It just kind of happened."

"Is that what you are going to say to your father when he gets here?" Sulu asked. "You better start taking some responsibility for your actions Junior."

"I've got work to do." Mikey said and pulled away from his uncle.

"He seemed to be having a good time before he talked to you." Chekov observed. Sulu just shrugged and drank his beer.

Lt. Commander Chekov leaned against the bar and motioned to Randy. The bar was very crowded with the Enterprise officers and the ensigns waiting to report. Randy came down to Chekov and leaned across the bar. Chekov's beer was still half full, so he wanted something other than a drink.

"Who is the blond?" Chekov asked nodding towards the other end of the bar.

"Which one?" Randy asked although he knew exactly which one Chekov meant. Cathy sat at the end of the bar flirting with a couple of ensigns. She had been holding court like a queen for the last three nights.

"The gorgeous civilian in the royal blue dress." Chekov smiled "The one pretending to be interested in what the tall ensign is saying to her."

"That's C.J." Randy laughed "And how do you know she's pretending?"

"Wishful thinking?" Chekov shrugged.

"You've never met C.J.?" Randy asked surprised. Chekov just shook his head and gave Randy a questioning look. "She's Lenny's twin sister."

"That's Cathy?" Chekov asked. Somehow in all the years he had known Jimmi he had never met her best girlfriend. But he had heard Jimmi talk of her high school roommate often. "Perhaps I should introduce myself."

As Chekov started down the bar towards Cathy Vasco, he saw her disengage the ensign's hand from her leg and throw a drink in his face. There was a brief but angry exchange before the ensign stalked away to the amusement of his friends. Chekov casually sat on the barstool the ensign had vacated.

"Could I replace that drink for you?" He smiled at her.

Without looking at him she called him an extremely crude name in Russian. She added in standard. "You Starfleet types are all alike."

"Not all." Chekov said in standard. Then he switched to Russian and added, "Such a beautiful young woman should not use such ugly language."

Now Cathy turned and looked at him. He couldn't have been more than an inch or two taller than she was. He was older than the ensigns with a higher rank, but Cathy had

never bothered to learn the differences in the rank insignia. Regardless of rank, he was definitely attractive. She couldn't help but return his smile. In standard she asked. "So, am I suppose to be impressed that you speak Russian?"

"It is a beautiful language. Do you speak it or just know how to swear in it?" Chekov answered her question with a question.

"I speak it fluently." Cathy said. "And I'm drinking vodka if you still want to buy me that drink."

"Randy, a vodka for the lady." Chekov ordered. Randy refilled Cathy's glass and winked at Chekov before continuing on his way.

"You have a very different style, Mister." Cathy said sipping her drink.

"Chekov." He supplied. He shrugged. "You set the tone of this conversation. What did you expect?"

"Standard Starfleet plan of attack." Cathy smiled sweetly. "In the last three nights one ensign said I am the most beautiful woman in the galaxy, another said I reminded him of someone he once knew, another even saw me in a dream."

"Oh, I see." Chekov nodded. "Instead of someone who would listen to what you are saying and feeling, you would rather hear a preprogrammed line from an overactive adolescent with no imagination."

"Mr. Chekov!" Cathy laughed. "You have put a new light on Starfleet officers."

"Is that good?" Chekov asked. She just smiled. She was really starting to enjoy herself. "Then have dinner with me, Ms. Vasco."

"How did you know my name?" Cathy asked suspiciously.

"I asked Randy." Chekov shrugged. "He seemed surprised that we had never met before. As am I. I have known the Princess since she was in high school."

"Oh my god. You are Pavel." Cathy laughed. She hadn't made the connection, but no one called Jimmi that except Pavel Chekov. He nodded. "Jimmi has spoken of you often."

"I hesitate to ask what she has said." Chekov smiled.

"I understand you are friends with Mr. Wonderful." Cathy downed the rest of her drink in one gulp.

"I take it you mean Sulu. Yes, he and I are friends." Chekov acknowledged. He watched as Cathy motioned to Randy for another drink. "Is that a problem?"

"I don't know." Cathy said slowly. "I guess that depends on you."

"Then let me buy you dinner and restore your faith in me." he suggested.

"That assumes there was a faith in the first place." Cathy countered.

"I assume nothing." Chekov said.

"Ok, dinner." Cathy smiled..

They found a table and ordered dinner.

"Hey Boy." Uhura said over the noise as she laid her hand on his back.

"You made it. About time." Sulu grinned. He got up and offered Uhura his barstool. Seats were at a premium.

"A girl's has to freshen up." She smiled as she sat down. "Where's Chekov?"

"Blonde." Sulu answered.

"Ah." She nodded. Sulu caught Randy's eye. When he came over to them, Uhura ordered. "A Finagle's Folly, please."

"Never heard of it." Randy said with a smile and a shrug. "But I'm willing. What's in it?"

"It's Dr. McCoy creation. And it's something else." Uhura said. "Why don't you ask him."

Randy nodded and went down the bar to where Dr. McCoy and Scotty were talking. Admiral Kirk had finished his one drink and returned to the ship. It took a while because McCoy had to relate the story of how and where he created the drink before he would tell Randy how to make it. Finally Randy returned to Uhura with the potent drink.

"You weren't really planning to drink this, were you?" Randy asked putting the glass gently on the bar in front of her.

"I was." Uhura smiled. "I just plan to drink it slowly."

"You're a better man than me, Commander." Randy laughed. "By the way, Dr. McCoy paid for it."

"Thank him for me." Uhura smiled and sipped the drink.

About midnight Jimmi was taking a break. She was having a glass of wine with Sulu and Uhura. They had finally managed to claim a couple of barstools together. Sulu gave his to Jimmi. Mikey took a load of dirty dishes to the kitchen. George had closed the kitchen and was tending bar with Randy.

"Mikey." Jimmi called. "It's midnight."

"I'm not tired Boss." Mikey objected. "I can work until closing."

"I'm going to need you in the morning." Jimmi said. "This place is going to be a mess. So go to bed now."

"Ok, Boss." Mikey said.

"His father is very angry at him." Sulu observed as Mikey made his way to her office. "And I have never seen my sister as upset as she was in the letter she sent me about the whole mess."

"He's a good kid, Harry." Jimmi defended Mikey. "He's been a lot of help to me this last week. What will Mike Sr. do when he gets here tomorrow?"

"I don't know." Sulu smiled at her. "But I wouldn't want to be in Mikey's shoes."

"Maybe you could mediate their meeting." Jimmi suggested. "You know, offer a calming influence."

Sulu studied her for a minute. He was a little surprised by Jimmi's concern. "I am on Mike's side about this whole situation. But if it will make you happy, I'll see what I can do."

"Thank you."

It was getting late. Jimmi was enjoying herself. She had been up to sing her favorite love songs several times. She and Hikaru had danced and danced. Mr. Scott and Dr. McCoy had left just after midnight. That left Sulu and Uhura as the highest ranking Enterprise officers in the bar. All Enterprise personnel were having a very good

time. With all her friends there, Jimmi allowed herself a few drinks. It was something she didn't generally do while working.

After Cathy and Pavel had finished their dinner, Cathy suggested they return to the bar. She looked around. They had been talking in Russian for the entire dinner together. She was still using Russian when she said, "Unfortunately there doesn't seem to be any place to sit. I hate when a bar gets too crowded."

"I don't think Jimmi would agree." He tapped an officer sitting at the bar on the shoulder and spoke in standard. "Ensign, let the lady have your seat."

The ensign looked at him for a minute as if he didn't comprehend. Then he got up saying "Aye, sir." Cathy sat down and Mike brought her a drink.

Cathy reverted back to standard. "Is that what they call the privileges of rank?"

"I suppose." Chekov said.

Cathy sat at the bar and Pavel was leaning against it next to her. It was getting late, almost closing time. They had been talking most of the evening. They learned that they both had grandmothers living in Moscow. Cathy explained how she was working her way through her family business and was aiming at the position of chief financial officer. Chekov had a hard time believing she fit into the straightlaced world of finance. He told her about his ambitions in Starfleet. Some of which had been realized, and some which he was sure never would be.

Cathy drained her drink and smiled, "I need another."

"You've had quite a few." Chekov said. "Perhaps it's time for you to call it a night."

"No, I'm having a good time." She motioned to Randy for another drink. Randy nodded to her but did not immediately come down the bar.

"Where are you staying tonight?" Chekov asked. "I will walk you home."

Cathy smiled. "Now there's an idea. I have a bottle of vodka in my ship."

"Your ship?" Pavel asked. "Where is your pilot?"

"Right here. I am a pretty good pilot." She informed him indignantly. "Would you like to see my ship? It's not very big but it gets me where I need to go."

"Yes, I would like to see it. Let's go." Pavel reached out to steady her as she stood up, but Cathy was not falling down. Chekov was amazed. If he had drunk that much vodka, he'd be on the floor. As a matter of fact, a couple of years earlier Jimmi had refused to serve him any more vodka at all. She said it made him nasty so she would only serve him beer.

They left the bar together. As they walked to the shuttle bay, Pavel found he had to put his arm around her to keep her going in a straight line. It was catching up with her. She stopped and smiled at him. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Pavel?"

"I would like that." Pavel said. He was going to add that he didn't want to take advantage of her condition, but it was too late. She kissed him. "Which ship is yours?"

She showed him her ship. It was about the size of a Starfleet long range shuttle. He followed her inside. There was a small cockpit for pilot and copilot. She went through the door to the passenger area. There were a few chairs and a table and a larger than usual bunk. It was obviously a custom job.

"Want a drink?" Cathy asked smiling.

"I don't think so." Pavel said. "I better go."

"We just got here." Cathy protested. "There's no need to leave." She put her arms around his neck and kissed him again. She stepped back, letting her hands slide down his arms. She took his hands in hers and started backing up towards the bed. "Stay with me."

Pavel smiled at her. "It's not that I don't want to. I do." She sat on the bed, smiling up at him. "But I prefer that you remember it in the morning." He leaned down and kissed her, then turned and left quickly before he changed his mind.

Cathy laid down on the bed and passed out. Pavel briefly considered going back to the bar. Jimmi would not throw him out just because it was almost closing time. But he decided against it and beamed up to Enterprise.

Closing time drew near. Jimmi was exhausted and Hikaru was feeling his beer just a bit. As the last few people were filtering out, Lenny and Randy said they would close up and sent everyone else home. Jimmi and Hikaru went up to her apartment.

"Harry..." Jimmi laughed. He was undoing her dress as they went up the steps. "Wait until we get to the bedroom."

"Why?"

"Because Mikey is in my extra room." She whispered as they reached her common room. She kissed him, backing up towards her bedroom.

"You are a brazen woman Jean Marie McCoy." he grinned.

"I know." She couldn't help but laugh at him. He so rarely let himself lose any control. "But why do you say that?"

"Keeping a teenage boy in your apartment." He teased her. "You must drive him crazy."

"Well, I'm not trying to." They were finally in the bed room. They stayed up quite late making love. They finally fell asleep after giving the computer orders to wake Hikaru at 07:00 hours. He had to be at work to check the ensigns in at 08:00.

When the computer called, Hikaru would have sworn he never even slept at all. Jimmi pulled the covers over her head. Sulu sat on the edge of the bed for twenty minutes holding his head.

"A shower might help." Jimmi suggested. She got up. "I'll get you some coffee."

In a feat of sheer will power Commander Sulu managed to report to the Starbase's transporter room at 08:00 hours. Just after he walked in Lt. Commander Chekov beamed over from the Enterprise. He had the computer padd that contained the information on the ensigns that were due to report.

"You look like I feel." Chekov said.

"If I pay you, will you put me out of my misery?" Sulu asked him. He took the padd. "How many ensigns do we have to check in?"

"Fifteen." Chekov answered, ignoring the first question. Two ensigns walked into the transporter room together. They carried their duffels. They both snapped to

attention.

"Ensign DeBasse reporting for duty ,Sir."

"Ensign Merrick reporting for duty, Sir."

"Quietly Ensign, please." Chekov said. Just then Mikey walked in carrying two large cups of coffee. "Mikey, I hope one of those is for me."

"Yes sir." Mikey smiled. "One black, sweetened." He handed it to Chekov. "One black." He handed the other to Sulu.

"Tell your boss thank you." Sulu said.

"Tell her she's an angel" Chekov said.

Mikey laughed and left them. Sulu glanced at the two ensigns. They were still standing at attention. "At ease." he ordered. "Relax, this is going to take awhile."

The next few ensigns that dragged themselves in were not so eager. They were as hungover as the two senior officers. All the ensigns were to have reported at 08:00 hours.

At 09:00 only nine had reported. By this point Sulu had had two large cups of coffee, Chekov had thrown one up. Several of the ensigns had asked Mikey for coffee. He started selling it and was doing a good business. It was shortly after nine o'clock that Admiral Kirk beamed over from the Enterprise. The collection of ensigns snapped to attention. Sulu and Chekov exchanged looks and also stood at attention.

"Mr. Sulu you seem to be short a few officers."

"Aye Sir." Sulu reported. "Six ensigns have failed to report."

Admiral Kirk was obviously not happy and his tone did nothing to hide it. "What do you plan to do about it?"

"Mr. Chekov has already checked to be sure that all six are on the base. They are. We just received their barracks assignments. We are about to go get them, Sir."

"Carry on, Mr. Sulu." Kirk said crisply and quickly left the transporter room.

"Got the list?" Sulu asked once the door had closed behind the Admiral. Chekov nodded. "Let's go. I'm in the mood to bust a few heads."

"At least the Admiral is talking to you." Chekov said as they headed for the barracks. "He saw me this morning trying to stand up straight. And has not spoken to me since."

Kirk strode through the base's park, heading directly for the No Ranks Cafe. The door did not open. He buzzed the door. "The No Ranks Cafe is not open for business. Please return at sixteen hundred hours." the computer told him. Kirk buzzed again. He should have called her before leaving the ship. But he wasn't very angry before he left the Enterprise. Now he was missing six ensigns, half his crew was on sick call, and those that had made it to work were barely able to stand up. If the Enterprise was needed anywhere, Kirk doubted they could respond. He buzzed again and banged on the door for good measure.

Jimmi finally appeared at the door. The surprise in her voice was obvious when she said, "James T. What's up?"

"My blood pressure." He said. "I need to talk to you. Now!" He walked past her into the dirty bar. Jimmi turned and watched him walk up to the bar. She and Mikey had been in the process of cleaning up when Kirk's insistent banging got their attention. Mikey disappeared into the kitchen. Jimmi followed Kirk.

"Coffee?" She asked stepping behind the bar. He just nodded. She poured them each a cup. "What's the problem Admiral?"

"It seems my crew had quite a time here last night." Kirk said. "The sick call list is five times what it should be."

"It was a good party." Jimmi said with a grin. "But you don't seem too happy about it."

"Very perceptive." Kirk said. "If a red alert sounded right now, we'd be helpless. Six of my new ensigns have not even reported."

"Not a good start." Jimmi said. Kirk drank some of his coffee. "What do you want of me, James T.?"

"I'm sorry, Jean Marie." Kirk said slowly, "But I'm going to have to declare your bar off limits to Enterprise personnel."

He had to be kidding. Jimmi sipped her coffee to keep herself from yelling at him. "You know," She said, speaking just as slowly as he had. "If you declare us off limits so will the other star ships. I might as well close up now. There's got to be another way."

"I am open to suggestions." Kirk said. "Perhaps you could limit the number of drinks you sell."

"Are you looking for ways to put me out of business, Admiral?" He did not respond, just drank his coffee. She sipped also, thinking. Finally, she said, "Maybe we can make a deal."

"I'm listening."

"I'll take care of the ensigns. Most are here for a few nights and it shouldn't be too hard to convince them they should report in good working order."

"Good."

"You, James T., handle the senior officers. After all they should know what you expect of them by now." Jimmi suggested.

He thought for a minute. "Jean Marie, that is a deal I can live with." They shook on the deal. He finished his coffee and left.

As Admiral Kirk made his way towards the transporter room, a familiar figure was coming down the hall towards him. She was in a hurry and almost ran into him.

"Ensign Gonzoles." Kirk said. She looked up, startled. "It's nice to see someone ready for duty."

"Admiral Kirk." Once she recovered from the surprise, she smiled. "I didn't know the Enterprise was here."

"Yes, we came in last night." Kirk said. "Weren't you at the Café last night? Everyone else was."

"I turned in early." Gonzoles explained. "I have to return to headquarters pick up passengers and be back here by nineteen hundred hours."

"That's a tight schedule." Kirk acknowledged. He started walking towards the landing bay. She walked along with him. "Mr. Sulu tells me you would like to transfer off of Starbase Sixty Eight. Getting bored?"

"Not bored exactly." Gonzoles said carefully. She wondered when she was going to get use to Sulu telling Kirk everything she said. "Each mapping mission is new and different, but I think I am ready for a new challenge. I've asked for a transfer to a starship."

"What does Commander Von Maltz say?" Kirk asked.

"That this is the wrong time of year to ask." Gonzoles said. All the openings on starships were being filled by the new ensigns and all she was doing was shuttling them to those ships. Rosita felt like she was being passed by. She was sure she should have made lieutenant by now.

"There is a new ship being built at the San Francisco yards." Kirk said. "She won't be ready for trials for awhile, but they will need some experienced hands."

"The Excelsior?" Gonzoles asked as they walked into the landing bay. The Admiral nodded.

"If you are looking for a place to distinguish yourself, ask for Excelsior." Kirk advised her. They stopped in front of her transport. "And be patient. I'm sure your transfer will go through."

"Thank you Admiral." Gonzoles smiled. "I'll do that."

In the barracks, Sulu and Chekov roused the six severely hung over ensigns, giving them a lecture regarding the importance of reporting as ordered. It was a bad start and Sulu knew he hadn't heard the last of it. They checked the ensigns in and gave them their cabin assignments. The ensigns were required to check in at sick bay. Chekov and Sulu each headed to their own cabins. Sulu threw his uniform jacket on the chair and laid down on his bunk. It wouldn't hurt anyone if he didn't make it back to the bridge until after lunch. He had just closed his eyes when Commander Uhura's voice came across the comline. A list of ten officers were to report to the admiral. His name was on that list. He got up, put his jacket back on, and went to report.

He met Chekov in the hall on his way. There was no need to discuss it, they knew why they were being called in. Every name on that list had been in the bar until closing the night before. Everyone in the room looked like they could use a good night's sleep. When Admiral Kirk walked in they all snapped to attention.

Kirk took his time. "Gentlemen, let me start by congratulating those who managed to stand their watch today." He walked up and down the line, stopping at Chekov. "That was the only thing done right since we arrived last night." He continued by talking about the necessity for the crew to be at the ready at all times and the bad example they had set for the new officers just assigned. "Those of you who chose sick call as your option this morning are restricted to the ship for the remainder of our time in port. Those who did report for duty on time are advised to think seriously before

indulging themselves again. Dismissed."

As they walked down the hall, Chekov said. "That wasn't as bad as it could have been."

"We haven't heard the last of this, Pav." Sulu warned. Instead of returning to their bunks as they would have liked, they both reported to the bridge to finish their shifts.