

Jimmi sat on the edge of the wharf and eyed the end of her fishing pole dangling out over the water. She dipped her toe into the cool water that gently lapped against the wharf's supports. "What happens if I actually catch something?"

"Depends on what you catch." Hikaru cast his line out into the bay and sat down next to her. "If it's edible and big enough, I'll fry it up for you."

"Fry?" Jimmi asked. "Isn't that bad for you?"

"You've been living off bar food since you were eighteen and you're going to worry about one fried fish." Hikaru laughed.

"Bar food?" Jimmi asked, laughing with him. "You'd better not let George hear you talk like that."

"Of course not." Hikaru said. "But when my Dad and I used to go fishing, we'd get up before dawn to go to one of our favorite spots. Then after we caught a couple, he'd build a fire and fry up the fish for breakfast. Those were some of the best meals of my life."

"Is this one of your favorite spots?" Jimmi grabbed her straw hat as a sudden breeze threatened to blow it off. It was a warm afternoon and they were both dressed casually in shorts and t-shirts. Their shoes sat next to the tackle box and picnic basket they had brought with them.

"Yeah." Hikaru nodded. "My Dad loved to fish. In the bay. The ocean. Mountain streams. Anywhere. We fished all over the planet."

"Did this 'we' include your Mom and sisters?" Jimmi asked.

"Sometimes the family would go out on the boat together." He said. "But they weren't as interested. I enjoyed it more when it was just the two of us. I think he did too."

Jimmi leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "This is nice."

"I'm glad you like it." Hikaru said, smiling at her.

"I still hope I don't catch anything." Jimmi said. Hikaru laughed. "So, any idea how long this leave is going to last?"

"Not really." Hikaru was waiting for reassignment. They had given Enterprise to the Academy under Captain Spock's command. Sulu was hoping for Excelsior. Lt. Gonzales kept him up to date on her progress. But he did not want to think about work today. He smiled at Jimmi. "This is more vacation time than we've ever had together."

"Yes." Jimmi nodded. "But I have to think about getting back to work. The Café won't run itself for long."

"Don't think too hard." Hikaru looked out over the bay, squinting at a small pleasure boat. Trying to sound casual, He asked. "So, how is the business running?"

"Good." Jimmi said. "There is a fairly steady stream of ships through the base and the base population comes in regularly. We've become a favorite spot for birthday parties. I'm really happy with the way it's going."

"I'm glad things have settled down for you." Hikaru said. He reached into his tackle box and took out two small hollow pipes. He reached across Jimmi and pressed one end against the pier. The pipe stood at an angle. "Just stick the end of your pole in there and you can have your hands free."

"Ok." Jimmi said. She put her pole in the holder while Hikaru attached one to the pier next to himself. "Am I going to need my hands?"

"Yes." Hikaru put his own pole in the holder and turned towards her. Taking her hand in

his, he smiled and said. "Jean Marie McCoy, I love you. There is no one else in this galaxy I want to make love to. No one else I want to share my most intimate thoughts with. No one else I want to share my life with. I want to make it official, Jeanie. Will you marry me?"

Jimmi smiled at him. "Of course I will."

"No hesitation? No protests?" Hikaru couldn't help but laugh. He reached into his pocket, but hesitated. "Is it safe to bring the ring out?"

"It's safe." Jimmi laughed too. He opened the tiny box and slid the ring on her finger. Jimmi stopped laughing. The ring was a delicate arrangement of emeralds and diamonds. "Harry! It's beautiful!"

"The jeweler said a single diamond was traditional." Hikaru explained. "But when I saw this, well I thought you'd like it."

"I love it." Jimmi kissed him. "And I love you."

"I think this calls for a celebration." Hikaru said. "I brought champagne."

"Um, Harry, what's that mean?" Jimmi pointed to Hikaru's bending fishing pole.

He turned and grabbed the pole. "Feels like a big one." Hikaru grinned at Jimmi as he reeled in the line.

It wasn't long before they were having a picnic lunch of fried fish and champagne.

Jimmi slowly opened her eyes to the now familiar suite in the El Dorado Hotel on one of the hills surrounding San Francisco. She rolled over to find Hikaru awake and smiling at her. Jimmi sighed contentedly. "Is it late?"

"No." Hikaru reached for her left hand fingering the engagement ring she finally wore. "Besides sleeping late is one of the benefits of extended shore leave."

"But you never sleep late." Jimmi countered.

"Old habits." Sulu shrugged and changed the subject. "You know, there are some people we should inform about yesterday's decision."

"Did we make a decision yesterday?" Jimmi asked, her eyes dancing mischievously.

"Are you backing out?"

"No." Jimmi laughed. "I'm just teasing. But you are right. I guess we owe your mother and my father a visit."

"I think they would appreciate it." Hikaru nodded. "Although I doubt it will be much of a surprise to either of them."

"Dad's been at the Academy with James T. all week." Jimmi said. "I'll give him a call and find out what is a good time for him."

"While we are at it," Sulu stoked her arm lightly. "There is the matter of a wedding date. With this extended leave..."

"Planning a wedding does take time you know." Jimmi said.

"But everyone we are going to want at this wedding is on the planet now."

"Except Pavel" Jimmi said.

"Right, but it should not be too hard to get Pavel home with a little notice. If the Admiral requests..." A signal from the hotel's communication network interrupted him. Sulu reached over to the nightstand and touched the bedside audio control. "Yes?"

"Commander Sulu." The desk clerk said. "I have a call for you from Admiral Kirk."

"Speak of the devil." Jimmi said with a grin.

"Thank you." Sulu got up and put on his robe. He went over to the hotel room's computer access terminal. "Put the Admiral through please."

"Sulu." Kirk smiled. "Enjoying a life of leisure?"

"I have taken advantage of it, Admiral." Sulu nodded. "But I am ready to get back to work."

"Good." Kirk said. "Spock's trainee crew is ready for their first cruise on Enterprise, but I'd like some experienced hands on board."

"When do you need me, Sir?" As soon as the words were out of Sulu's mouth, Jimmi grabbed her robe and got up to start packing.

"A.S.A.P." Kirk said. "We'll take the Enterprise out in a couple of days, but several of the command cadets are scheduled to take the Kobayashi Maru test today & tomorrow."

"I'm on my way, Admiral."

"My apologies to Jean Marie." The Admiral added. "Kirk out."

"So much for shore leave." Jimmi said as she packed her case.

Sulu turned the desk chair towards the bed and watched her. "Sorry."

"I have to get back to the Café anyway." Jimmi shrugged. She stopped packing and looked over at him. "I guess I'll talk to Dad myself and you can inform your mother."

"I would rather we spoke to them together." Sulu put his suitcase on the bed next to hers.

"But..."

"No need to pretend, Hikaru." Jimmi laughed. She put her arm around his waist. "I know you are just itching to get back on a starship."

Hikaru put his arm around her shoulder and kissed her. "I love you."

"So how long do these training cruises last?" Jimmi slowly pulled the belt on his robe.

"A couple of weeks.." Sulu said letting her undress him. "Maybe a month. It will be at the Admiral's discretion."

"Then the Admiral won't mind if we take the time to say a proper goodbye." Jimmi smiled.

"What the Admiral doesn't know...." Hikaru grinned and helped her off with her robe.

Jimmi walked across the San Francisco campus of Starfleet Academy. A cool breeze blew across the green hills. Cadets of many different species were taking advantage of the weather for their noon break. Jimmi felt out of place without a uniform. She found the main administration building and her father with little trouble. He was talking to a superior officer. She wore both admiral rank and medical insignia on her uniform.

"Dad." Jimmi smiled as she approached. "Sorry to interrupt..."

"Jimmi, I didn't realize it was that late." McCoy seemed surprised. He checked the time. Jimmi had called and asked to meet him for lunch. "I'd like you to meet Dr. Odensos. Barbara, this is my daughter Jimmi."

"Hello Doctor." Jimmi said as she shook the admiral's offered hand. "Dad has spoken of you often."

"I hesitate to ask." Dr. Odensos smiled. "It's nice to meet you, Jimmi. We'll finish this later, Leonard."

After Dr. Odensos left, Jimmi said. "I know a great little deli just five minutes walk from here."

"I know it well." Dr. McCoy put his arm around his daughter's shoulder "Let's go. But I have to be back in half an hour. Jim is intent on getting the Enterprise out for this training cruise, although I'm not sure how satisfying he will find the trip."

"Is that what you and Dr. Odensos were talking about?" Jimmi asked as they emerged into the bright sunshine.

"What I talk to my superiors about is none of your business, my Dear." McCoy said. As they walked along he changed the subject. "So how was your vacation with Hikaru?"

"Wonderful." Jimmi grinned and held up her left hand with the emerald and diamond ring.

"Jean Marie O'Brien McCoy!" McCoy grinned widely. His blue eyes sparkled with delight. "Does this mean you've actually agreed to marry the man?"

"If I add another name to that list, you won't be able to get it all out in one breath." Jimmi laughed. "Yes, I've agreed to marry him."

"When?"

"We were just getting down to details when James T. called him back to work." Jimmi started walking again. "So I guess we'll work that out after this so called training cruise."

"So called?"

"It's really just an excuse to get back on Enterprise, isn't it?" Jimmi asked. "I mean Hikaru couldn't say yes fast enough when James T. called."

"Well..." McCoy shrugged. There wasn't any point in denying it. "But back to this wedding. What made you change your mind?"

"I never said I did not want to marry him, Dad. I just wasn't ready before." They walked into the crowded deli and took their place in line. "Now I am. And you know Hikaru has a hopelessly old fashioned streak. He really wants to get married."

"So you are doing it to please him?" McCoy asked.

"No, I really am ready." Jimmi protested. "I love Hikaru. I am not going to change my mind about that. So..."

"So you are no longer concerned about his mother?" McCoy asked. "Or his or his mother's expectation of children?"

"Hmmm..." Jimmi waved away the problem with a vague. "Details...details."

McCoy hugged and kissed his daughter. "Congratulations Dear. I wish you all the happiness in the universe."

Once Hikaru and her father had reported back to Enterprise, Jimmi returned to Starbase Twelve and the No Ranks Café. George and Randy were overjoyed with her engagement and engagement ring. They immediately questioned her about a wedding date and arrangements. But Enterprise was on her training mission and Jimmi did not expect to talk to them for at least a week, possibly longer. So Jimmi just laughed at George and Randy's plans and waited.

When Hikaru did not call her at the planned time, she sent him a letter. There was no response. Her father did not call. She sent him a letter. No response. She called Starfleet command. All they would tell her was that Enterprise's status was changed from training mission to active duty. George said don't worry.

But the Enterprise was not all Jimmi had to worry about. She had been back on Starbase Twelve for a little over a month when she started to wonder. One morning she finally asked the question out loud. "Computer, access medical scan."

"Working."

"Am I pregnant?"

"Affirmative."

Jimmi was sitting at her desk. What was she going to do? She ran her hand through her auburn curls. She took a deep breath and touched a couple of panels on her console. "Dr. Gawung."

The doctor's face appeared on her screen. She wore her dark brown hair short. She preferred bold gold jewelry against her olive skin. When she saw who was calling, she smiled and said, "Jimmi, what can I do for you?"

"I need to see you, Beth. When would you be available?"

"I have some time this morning. Come down when you can."

"I'm on my way." Jimmi left the bar and went up six decks to the infirmary. Dr. Beth Gawung was only a few years older than Jimmi. She had been assigned to the Starbase for three years now. She and Jimmi had become friends. Jimmi walked in and started without waiting for Beth to even say hello. "I'm pregnant. How can this have happened? I've been so careful."

"Sit down and relax." Beth said from her desk chair but Jimmi did not sit down. She paced around the office. Beth picked up her medical scanner and activated it. Studying the readings, she added. "Yes, you are six weeks pregnant. It's still early and we have lots of options. I take it this comes as a surprise to you"

"That's putting it mildly." Jimmi shook her head. She sighed when she said. "I thought I had things under control."

"The human body is unpredictable, it plays tricks on us. No matter how careful you are, no method of birth control is one hundred percent effective." Dr. Gawung explained hoping her calm tone would help calm Jimmi. "It's rare. But accidents still happen."

"Ok. Ok." Jimmi continued to pace around the doctor's office. She thrust her hands into the deep pockets of her walking shorts only to take them out again and run her fingers through her hair. "But what do I do now?"

"What do you want to do? Have you told the father?"

"He's on assignment." Jimmi shook her head. She stopped pacing in front of her friend's desk and explained. "I probably can't reach him right now."

"We are talking about Hikaru, right?" Beth asked calmly.

"Of course!" Jimmi was not calm at all.

"Just checking." Beth said. "Do you want this baby?"

"I don't know. I just don't know. Hikaru and I have talked about getting married. Eventually." Jimmi said. She took a deep breath, fighting the tight feeling in her chest that would end in a sobbing crying fit if she let it. "But he's going to have a meltdown over this. He'll only

see one alternative. Beth, what am I going to do?"

"Calm down, Jimmi." Beth said. "Let's not worry, right now, about what the commander will think. Your first choice is whether you want to continue this pregnancy or not. At your age and this stage of the pregnancy, terminating will not effect your ability to have a baby at a later date."

"You think I should?" Jimmi sank into the chair in front of Beth's desk.

"I am just giving you your options. I wouldn't even begin to tell you what to do in this situation. Medically you can terminate or you can continue. The choice is yours." Beth said. "Also what you tell your lover is totally up to you. Since he is on assignment you have the option of not telling him a thing. He need never know."

Jimmi got up and paced around the office again. She didn't know what to do. Not tell Harry? How could she do that? Pregnant, how could she be pregnant? Finally she stopped and turned back to the doctor and said, "I can't do that, Beth. How could I ever look Hikaru in the eye again?"

"Then perhaps you should talk to him." Beth said. "Look Jimmi, you just found out. Live with the idea for a while. But until you make up your mind no alcohol, limited caffeine, and a balanced diet. If you decide to continue we will have a lot more to talk about."

"I guess I have a lot of thinking to do." Jimmi sighed and left Beth's office.