

Jimmi didn't know what to do. When her father had first called with news of Spock's death, he had said he was a hero. Spock had given his life so that the Enterprise could get away. But he wouldn't say away from what. Classified! He had saved all their lives. But he was dead and all Jimmi could do was cry.

Finally Enterprise had returned to Earth. But now James T. had called. Her father was in the hospital. He was having a break down of some kind. That didn't sound right. He was too strong. Jimmi couldn't imagine anything awful enough to break her father. It had something to do with their last mission. But that was classified! Jimmi was on her way but James T. had told her not to come. He had ordered her to stay on Starbase Twelve. Since she was a teenager she had always followed his orders.

She placed a call to Earth. She did not wait for his greeting but spoke as soon as she saw his image. "Harry. What's going on? Have you seen my Dad? James T. doesn't want me to come home. I don't understand."

"Do what the Admiral says." Hikaru Sulu told her seriously. He didn't smile or reassure her in anyway. "Everything that can be done is being done."

"My Dad?" She asked anxiously.

"I haven't seen him since we returned to Earth." Sulu said.

"And it's classified! Right?!" She said angrily.

"More than classified, Jeanie." He wanted to explain but he had his orders. And he wasn't even sure how much of it he understood himself. "Top secret. We've been ordered not to say anything to anyone. I've probably told you too much already."

"So what now?" Jimmi asked. She bit into her lower lip, trying to hold back her tears. "The Enterprise goes back out on patrol without Dad? Without Spock?"

"No Dear." Hikaru said softly. The use of her father's endearment for her caught Jimmi by surprise. It seemed that she could feel her own heart beating as he told her, "Enterprise is being decommissioned."

Jimmi wanted to scream. How could they decommission the Enterprise? How could they change something that had been such a constant in her life? But she just stared at his image. He was not in uniform. He wore the navy blue v-neck sweater she had given him just before he had left for the training mission. Quietly she asked, "What about you?"

"I am back on extended leave as is the rest of the Enterprise crew." Sulu said patiently. "Waiting for reassignment."

"Come see me."

"Jeanie..." He sighed and looked away.

"Please." she begged.

"I'll have to let you know." He said quickly. He did not trust himself to talk to her any longer and not tell her of the plans. How could he not tell her that their entire future together might change in the next few days? "Right now, I have things to do. I have to go."

She terminated the connection without saying goodbye. She couldn't stand the tears that were running down her face. She was sitting at her desk in her office of the No Ranks Café. She did not notice it was time to open. She sat at her desk for a while,

doing nothing but thinking. She wanted to see her father to reassure herself that he was all right. James T.'s order not to come only made her think the worst. She desperately wanted to see Hikaru. She wanted him in the same room so she could take all her frustrations on out him and then have him hold her and make them all go away.

"We're open, Boss." Randy said as he came through her office door. She just nodded. Randy stopped when he saw her and added. "George and I can handle it tonight."

Over the next couple of days Jimmi tried to get some answers. The Starfleet hospital would not even admit to her that her father was there. She tried to call Admiral Kirk. She couldn't get through to him. She tried Sulu again. He was not available. She tried Uhura, Chekov, Scotty, Chapel. Nothing. She couldn't find any of them. She called C.J., but Pavel hadn't even told her he was back on Earth.

The next day she decided she had to at least find a way to get on with her life while she waited to find out what happened to her family and friends. Shortly before the bar was due to open, Jimmi put on her gym clothes and went to the jogging track. She ran and ran until she couldn't think of running any more. When she stopped and picked up her towel, she felt more able to cope than she had in days.

There were only a few customers at the bar when she walked in. One of them was wearing an admiral's uniform. The insignia was for a rear admiral so he out ranked James T. Jimmi did not know the tall human with dark brown skin. She saw Randy nod towards her when she walked in. The admiral turned in his seat to look at her.

"Admiral." Jimmi went to him quickly. "I'm Jimmi McCoy. Has something happened? Is my father all right?"

"Ms. McCoy." The Admiral started, his deep voice deliberately slow. "I am Admiral Cartwright. And I came here to ask you about your father."

Jimmi didn't understand what he meant. After all she had questions about her father, but no answers. To give herself time to think, Jimmi turned and walked behind the bar. She poured herself a large Altair water and came back to the Admiral. "What about Dad?"

"I want to know where they are going and what they have planned." The Admiral said.

"They?" Jimmi asked.

"Your father and Admiral Kirk." He answered softly so that Jimmi had to lean across the bar to hear him. "And I suspect Scott, Uhura, Sulu, and Chekov. Are you going to tell me that you don't know that they have stolen the Enterprise?"

"Stolen?" Jimmi whispered in shock. "Why would they...?"

"Kirk wanted to take the Doctor to Vulcan. Said it was required to return Spock's katra to his ancestral home." Cartwright explained. He shook his head slightly and shrugged when he added, "Vulcan mysticism."

"Spock's what?" Jimmi asked confused. Cartwright shrugged again. The Vulcans were a very private people and Jimmi had no idea what their death rituals

entailed. She wondered if her father's breakdown had something to do with Spock's death. Could he be feeling guilty about it? It wasn't something she was about to discuss with this Admiral that she did not know. "So why don't you look on Vulcan?"

"That was not their last known heading." Cartwright said. Of course he couldn't discuss the Genesis planet with anyone. "And the Vulcan Ambassador claims they are not there."

"Sorry Admiral." Jimmi straightened up and returned to a normal volume. She reached for the coffee pot and refilled his cup. "But I don't know a thing. I guess they are doing everything that can be done."

"What's that suppose to mean?" Cartwright asked. Jimmi just shrugged. At least now she understood why Hikaru couldn't be with her. Whatever they were doing, it was important. It had to be for them to take the ship without Starfleet's permission. Putting the coffee pot back in its place, she turned her back to the admiral and thought.

She straightened her shoulders and turned to Randy. He was leaning against the bar. That was typical. No matter what the situation, he always appeared at ease. His sandy hair was not as blonde as it used to be and it was starting to get shaggy. It would not be long before George started nagging him to get it cut. When his clear blue eyes met hers, he smiled.

"Randy." Jimmi returned the smile and nodded towards the kitchen. "I want to thank you and George for taking such good care of things this last week."

"No problem, Boss." Randy said. He followed her into the kitchen momentarily leaving the bar unattended. They walked over to George who was mixing a batter for something at the kitchen's central worktable.

Jimmi lowered her voice and said, "If we get any subspace calls be sure to answer in the kitchen or the office, not in the bar. I don't want that Admiral to know what's going on around here."

"Do you know what's going on?" George asked. He was shorter than Randy, with a darker complexion and thick black hair. He was the one who could never stand still. He always had to be doing something.

"No." Jimmi said. "But whatever it is, they don't have Starfleet's ok. So..."

"Can't Starfleet trace any subspace calls coming here?" Randy asked.

"Of course." Jimmi said "But if there's a way they will find it. We better not leave the bar unattended too long."

Randy nodded and returned to the bar. Jimmi made herself a sandwich before going back to work. It was the first time in days she had felt hungry. Somehow knowing that her family and friends were on the Enterprise was comforting to her. Even if everything else in the galaxy was wrong, at least that felt right.

"Watch the bar, Randy." Jimmi said when she came out of the kitchen and headed for her office. "I need to talk to Lenny."

"Ok Boss." Randy called. He turned back to the officer who was watching the bartender so intently and asked, "Can I get you something else, Admiral?"

Jimmi had to talk to someone. She thought about talking to Randy or George, but she hadn't even told them she was pregnant yet. She really wanted to tell Hikaru first, but the chances of that happening were getting slimmer and slimmer. She needed to talk to Lenny. She called his new resort in New Orleans but they said he wasn't there. She tried everywhere, even the Jade Palace, but he was nowhere to be found. He wasn't answering his mobile line so she finally called his private line at home. She could at least leave a message there that no one else would hear.

"Lenny, where are you? I have been trying all over. I need to talk to someone. This is probably all classified, but I don't care. They've taken the Enterprise. After James T. told me not to come to see Dad in the hospital, he took him and the Enterprise. Hikaru is with them and Scotty, Pavel, and Uhura. Maybe others, I don't know.

"Starfleet is looking for them. An admiral has been here asking me what they are up to. As if they've ever told me anything. I can't believe they are doing this. I haven't had a chance to tell them, any of them, that I'm pregnant. L.J., what am I going to do?" Jimmi took a deep breath. "Call me as soon as you get this. Please Lenny. I need you."

In Lenny's townhouse in Moscow, India sat up in bed and looked at him. She pushed her long black hair out of her face. "Who was that?"

He walked his fingers up the smooth bronze skin of her back. "My business partner on Starbase 12, Jimmi McCoy."

"Don't you think you better return that call?"

"I will. But it's not a problem that's going away any time soon." Lenny said. "She'll be ok. She always is."

"You're not the one who got her pregnant, are you?" The young woman asked with a teasing smile.

Lenny laughed. "Nope. That wasn't me."

For the next three days Admiral Cartwright sat at that same barstool. He had dinner with them every night and stayed until closing sipping Andorian tea. He finished each evening with a Saurian brandy. He was pleasant enough and he laughed at all of Randy's jokes. They were starting to get use to him being there.

On the second evening he was there Randy challenged Cartwright to a game of trimensional chess. Randy was only just learning this most complex form of the game. Admiral Cartwright was a master and did not mind passing on his insight to a new student.

Lenny did not call as Jimmi asked, but showed up the next morning. When she saw him, she ran into his arms. Hugging her, L.J. assured Jimmi that he would stay as long as she needed him. The two of them disappeared into her office for a meeting. Jimmi brought Lenny up to date on everything that had been going on, including her dread of telling Hikaru about the pregnancy and her fear of never getting the chance to tell him.

On the fourth evening that Cartwright was there, Lenny came out of his office and called Jimmi over to the bar. She finished delivering a round of drinks to the table of civilians and joined Lenny.

"Randy, turn on I.I.N." Lenny ordered. Randy switched on the wall mounted computer screen behind the bar and accessed the Instant Information Net. George came out of the kitchen to watch. Everyone in the bar turned to see what was going on. The announcer was a Yridian female of uncommon beauty, if that could be said of any Yridian. The Yridians ran the infonet and took great pride in playing up to date information pirated from any source possible.

"This transmission was captured from a Klingon report. The ship which sent the transmission was also lost in the Mutara Sector which the United Federation of Planets has declared off limits." As she spoke the picture changed so that the announcer remained in the lower right hand corner of the screen. The picture that filled the rest of the screen was the Starship Enterprise. As they watched, the saucer section of the ship seemed to melt away then the whole ship exploded before their eyes. At first no one said a word.

"Turn it off." Jimmi said. When Randy did not comply fast enough she yelled. "Turn it off."

"Sorry." Randy said softly when it was off.

Jimmi turned to Admiral Cartwright. He was the only one in the bar who did not look shocked. "When?" She whispered. "How long have you known?"

"The information is classified." Cartwright said.

"How could you sit in my bar, eat my food and not tell me?" Jimmi demanded. "Everyone I loved in this galaxy was on that ship!"

"The fate of the crew is not known."

"Not known?" Jimmi asked fighting her tears. "Looks pretty obvious to me."

"There are still possibilities." The Admiral said calmly.

"Get out Admiral." Jimmi said. How dare him sit there calmly when her world was ending. "You are no longer welcome in my bar."

Both Randy and George came out from behind the bar. They had never heard Jimmi order someone from the bar like that. They stood ready to enforce that order if necessary. George was shorter and leaner than Randy, but never one to shy from defending what he considered his family. But when the star fleet admiral stood up, it was not to fight or argue. He said, "Ms. McCoy, if you hear from them..."

"Hear from them?!" Jimmi's voice broke when she had said that. She turned her back on Cartwright. She did not want him to see her cry. She just wanted him gone. Lenny put his arm around her. She leaned into him.

"This is not a good time, Admiral." Lenny said. Admiral Cartwright nodded, turned and left the bar. Jimmi struggled to get control.

"Possibilities, he said." Jimmi pulled away from Lenny. "What's in the Mutara Sector?"

"There is a nebula there." Lenny said. "As far as I know that's about it. But it was recently declared off limits by Starfleet."

"Why?"

"No explanation given." Lenny shrugged. Because of his holdings in Vasco Enterprises's transport business, Lenny would know about any restricted areas. "But it did happen about the time you told me about Captain Spock's death."

"I don't know what to think anymore. I don't know what else to do." Jimmi said sadly. She sighed and added, "Maybe we should just sell the bar and move on."

"This isn't the time to make major decisions, Boss." George advised her in a gentle soft voice, his hand resting on the back of her neck. "Wait until we know more."

"What else is there to know?" Jimmi asked in the same soft voice. But she didn't wait for an answer. She turned and left the bar for her office. George, Randy and L.J. just stood there looking at each other for a moment.

"Well?" George asked L.J.

Lenny couldn't help but smile at George. That George expected L.J. to take care of Jimmi in this case was no surprise. They had all known each other for years and George understood the complicated relationship between the two partners. Lenny rolled his eyes and said, "I'm going, I'm going."

L.J. followed Jimmi through her office and up the steps to her apartment. She already had the I.I.N. on to see if they had any more on the destruction of Enterprise. She was sitting on her couch, with her legs curled up underneath her as she watched the political analysis of the incident. L.J. did not wait for an invitation, but sat on the couch next to her and watched too.

There were Klingon accusations of a secret base and a powerful weapon. And Federation denial that anything more than a failed scientific experiment had occurred. Starfleet's official word was that the area was restricted so they could monitor and clean up after the experiment. Of course they showed the powerful footage of the Enterprise exploding over and over.

"e don't know they were on Enterprise." Lenny said

"Where else would they be?"

"I don't know." Lenny said. He wasn't sure if he should tell her some of the things Pavel Chekov had told him about their narrow escapes. He had never told his sister. Neither Pavel nor Lenny wanted them to worry. "You never got a chance to tell him. Did you?"

Jimmi's lip quivered as she looked at her friend. Her eyes filled with tears. She could not even get the word 'no' out. She just cried. Lenny put his arm around her shoulder to try to comfort her. Finally she whispered to him, "Oh Lenny, what am I going to do?"

"I'm not sure, sweetie." Lenny whispered.

The next morning Jimmi did not come out of her apartment. The Café had just opened for lunch and L.J. was sitting at the bar having a cup of coffee and watching the news when his twin sister walked in. He was a welcome site, sitting there dressed casually in black slacks and a lightweight green sweater.

As soon as she saw him, she ran to him. L.J. stood up and hugged his sister. He could see from her red eyes that she had been crying. She wore her shoulder length ash blonde hair in a ponytail. It was something she almost never did away from home. Her sleeveless bronze colored tunic covered her hips and topped a pair of skin-tight brown pants. But she wore no jewelry. It was obvious to her twin that she had left home in a hurry.

Without any kind of greeting, C.J. asked, "Where's Jimmi?"

"Haven't seen her yet today." L.J. shrugged. C.J. hesitated only a second. They had roomed together in boarding school. She was not about to stand on ceremony now. She turned to go to the apartment. She only stopped when her brother asked, "Has she told you?"

"Told me what?"

"Take a walk with me." L.J. grabbed her hand and started towards the Café door. As soon as they were out of the bar, he said. "Jim's pregnant."

"What?" C.J. stared at him and pulled him to a stop just a few feet from the Café door. At first she smiled. "Oh my god!" And then her face just fell and she whispered, "Oh my god!"

"Yeah." L.J. just nodded.

"Oh my god."

"She never told Sulu." L.J. said. "He didn't know."

"Oh my god."

"Say something else."

"What is she going to do?" C.J. asked. "The officer I talked to at Starfleet Command kept saying nothing is confirmed. Does she think? I mean, oh my god."

"The guy here said there were possibilities." L.J. nodded. "She doesn't know what to believe."

"So now she has to go through an entire pregnancy like this? Just not knowing!" C.J. said. "What can we do?"

"Just be here." L.J. shrugged. "I won't say this to her, at least not yet. But her baby will not be without a family. We'll be here for them. You and me."

"Yes, we will." C.J. agreed. She turned and headed back to the bar, saying, "I have to go see her. How could she not tell me? I'm going to have to smack her. You know that, right?"

L.J. followed her back to the bar but did not go upstairs to the apartment with her. He went back to the bar and refilled his coffee cup.

"J.M." C.J. called as she went up the stairs.

"C.J." Jimmi met her at the top of the stairs. The two girl friends hugged tightly. They both immediately started crying again.

"Hey, you couldn't tell me?" C.J. asked as they pulled apart. Cathy walked into Jimmi's small kitchen.

Following her girl friend, Jimmi sighed and wiped a tear from her cheek. "I wanted to tell him first. You know?"

"I know." C.J. said. She took a china teapot off the shelf. Jimmi got the teacups

that matched the pot out of a cabinet. They made a pot of tea and asked the replicator for warm scones, butter and lime marmalade. When they finally sat down together at the kitchen table, C.J. asked the question they both wanted answered, "Do you think they are alive?"

"I just don't know." Jimmi took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "They say James T. can turn any situation to his advantage. I hear the stories all the time in the bar. But you saw it. How could they be?"

"I don't know." C.J. said. She stirred half a spoonful of sugar into her tea. "I keep thinking I would know if Pavel was dead. I would feel something. But I don't."

Jimmi nodded. She understood that feeling. They sat at that table for hours talking over their love stories with Hikaru and Pavel. They talked about Jimmi's father and how Kirk and Spock had also been like fathers to her. And how C.J. had known them since the girls had been in high school together. They cried and laughed. And since neither had slept well the night before, they eventually felt the need to sleep. C.J. lay down on her friend's couch and Jimmi went to her bed.

As time passed, Jimmi tried calling her half sister on Earth. But Joanna had no more information than Jimmi did. Days passed. Both L.J. and C.J. stayed on the base. Jimmi tried calling Kiko Sulu but their family had no information as yet. The missing officers were not even listed as missing in action. They were assumed AWOL.

It was nine days after they had seen the news report when an unexpected subspace call came to the bar. Admiral Cartwright had not returned but Jimmi was skeptical of any lone officers sitting at the bar now. She took the call in her office.

"Ms. McCoy." The unfamiliar humanoid woman said "We've never met but you've known my son for a long time. I am Amanda."

Jimmi stared at the woman, not sure what she meant. Slowly it dawned on her. She asked, "Spock's mother?"

"Yes." Amanda smiled. Reaching for a control that Jimmi could not see, she added. "And I have some people here who want to talk to you."

The screen changed to Dr. McCoy and Admiral Kirk sitting next to each other. Jimmi felt like her heart stopped. She had thought she would never see them again. "Dad! James T.! You're alive!" Jimmi squealed. "Oh my god, you're alive."

"Yes dear, we are all alive." McCoy grinned. "Including Spock."

"But Dad...." Jimmi started and then stopped. How could Spock be alive? She had no idea what to ask. The words seemed to come out of her mouth by themselves, "How? What's going on?"

"Jean Marie, it's not something we can explain now. It's very complicated and I'm not sure I understand it all myself." Admiral Kirk said. "For now, just leave it at we did what we had to do. Spock is alive but he's....been changed."

"Changed?"

"He is..." Kirk searched for the right words to explain.

"Still recovering." McCoy supplied. Kirk nodded gratefully to Dr. McCoy.

"The others?" Jimmi asked. Almost afraid to ask, she added "Hikaru?"

"Hikaru is waiting to talk to you." McCoy smiled. "Jimmi, I don't know what's going to happen next. Please discreetly let your sister know I am well."

"I will Dad." Jimmi said. McCoy nodded and the screen switched again to Hikaru's face. Jimmi could barely speak, barely breathe. She bit her lower lip and whispered, "Harry."

"Hello Jeanie." He said, smiling at her. She felt like his deep voice could reach across space to caress her. "It's good to see you."

"You're ok?" Jimmi asked. A tear ran down her cheek. "I can't believe it."

"Yes, I'm ok." he said. "For now."

"For now?" Jimmi asked. "Dad said he didn't know what was going to happen next."

"Well." Sulu sighed. "I'm sure you realize there are charges pending against us. We have some decisions to make about how to handle the situation."

"Admiral Cartwright was here before we heard about the Enterprise exploding." Jimmi said. "He talked about court martial, dishonorable discharge, even prison."

"All possibilities." Sulu admitted.

"But now they think you're dead, Harry." Jimmi said almost desperately. "Stay dead. Disappear."

"That is not your decision, Jeanie." Sulu said patiently.

"I can't stand to think of you in prison." Jimmi cried helplessly.

"Whatever happens," Sulu wanted to comfort her, but could think of nothing comforting to say. "It will have to wait until we can complete repairs to the ship."

"What ship?" Jimmi asked.

"The ship we commandeered to come to Vulcan." Sulu said. Before she could question him further, Sulu added. "This call has gone on too long. We don't want to get you involved in our trouble. We only wanted you not to worry. And Pavel asks that you let C.J. know."

"I will. She's here on the base." Jimmi said. Not to worry was a tall order. They never wanted her to worry and yet, she always did. "And Harry. God, please Harry, please be careful."

"Always, Baby. Always." He said as if it had been a normal call home, only this time with more intensity. Hikaru terminated the connection.

Jimmi sat at her desk and silently said a prayer of thanks that they were alive. It was the first time in years she had thought to say a prayer of any kind. It took all of her self control not to run into the bar yelling that they were alive.

She started to place a call to C.J.'s ship which was parked in the civilian landing bay on the base but stopped herself. Jimmi decided she better go see C.J. in person. Trying not to smile too much, she left her office for the bar. Admiral Cartwright was waiting for her.

She had no trouble getting rid of the smile when she saw him. Jimmi stopped in front of him. Her tone was pure ice when she said, "Admiral, I thought I told you that you were not welcome in my bar."

"I am here on official business, Ms. McCoy." Cartwright said. "Perhaps we should speak in your office."

"I don't think so." Jimmi said putting the bar between them. She poured herself a glass of iced herbal tea. Except for the staff and the two security guards that came with the Admiral, the bar was empty. "Whatever you want to say to me, you can say here."

"You just received a subspace transmission on a diplomatic channel from Vulcan." Admiral Cartwright said facing her across the bar.

"Was it a diplomatic channel?" Jimmi asked and sipped her drink. "I didn't notice."

"Who was on that channel, Ms. McCoy?" Admiral Cartwright demanded. A diplomatic channel was secured as a matter of routine and it was against Federation law to attempt to listen in or tamper with it in any way.

"Amanda of Vulcan." Jimmi replied evenly.

"Why was the wife of the Vulcan Ambassador calling you?"

"It was a personal call." Jimmi shrugged. "She is also Captain Spock's mother. And I know her son well. Was there anything else, Admiral?"

"No." Cartwright said. "I believe I know what I need to know."

After the Starfleet officers left the bar, the staff breathed a collective sigh of relief. Jimmi smiled at her friends. "They are alive."

"On Vulcan?" Lenny asked. Jimmi nodded.

"Of course, by calling you here." Randy observed. "They let Starfleet know where they are. They have to realize that."

"Maybe that's what they intended." Jimmi shrugged. She now found it hard to stand still. Her smile could not have been bigger. "Anyway. They are alive. Thank god, they are alive! I've got to tell C.J."