

Captain Sulu walked into sick bay. Dr. Patrick was right. He felt considerably better than the day before. If it wasn't for Pat's orders he would change into his uniform and head for the bridge. He was rarely out of his cabin out of uniform but today he was wearing tan slacks and pale green linen shirt his wife had given him.

The doctor was busy with a minor injury. Sulu wandered into the recovery room. Mickey Lenin was the only occupant. From across the room Sulu asked, "Feeling any better, Lenin?"

"I'll live." Lenin opened his eyes. He activated the bed control to raise the head. "How about you?"

"I'm getting there."

"I guess I should thank you again for saving my life." Lenin said.

"Thank Mr. Chekov, not me." Sulu leaned against the bed next to Lenin's. "I'd like you to explain what was really going on on the Breen ship."

"What do you mean?" Lenin asked.

"Did the Breen set the bomb on your ship?"

"I can't prove it." Lenin sighed. "But I know Layg Ianis has an ability with chemically activated explosives."

"How do you know?"

"I met Layg on Rigel. He was full of himself. Wanted to make his mark." Lenin said. "You see he's the fourth son in his family."

"So?"

"So his three older brothers are dead from the war." Lenin said. "Family reputation now rests on him. But he's young and his father and uncles don't think he's ready."

"So he has something to prove." Sulu said.

"And if you are Breen, you prove yourself in battle." Lenin said. "But the negotiations for peace are making some progress. Fighting has almost stopped. So young Breen men will have to look for other fights. Many are looking towards the Federation."

"Wonderful."

"So when I met Layg, he wanted information about Starfleet."

"What kind of information?" Sulu asked.

"Strategic. Tactical." Lenin shrugged. "Information I didn't have. But he was buying the drinks, so I was willing to hang around and talk. I may have embellished my knowledge a bit."

"You lied."

"Whatever." Lenin said. "When he introduced me to his cousin, Enez, I got the feeling he did not want the marriage to happen. He doesn't want the war to end."

"So how do you know about his ability with explosives?" Sulu asked.

"I wasn't the only one talking while we were drinking." Lenin smiled. "Because his brothers were on the front lines of the war, Layg's father put him in the espionage business. He didn't want to be in the Vidtre. But he told me about the training. He's a bit of a braggart."

"Interesting." Sulu nodded. "Did Layg help Enez run away with you?"

"Don't know." Lenin shrugged. "I guess it's possible."

"Good morning Captain." Dr. Patrick came into the recovery room. He pushed his blond

hair out of his eyes. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"No problem, Pat." Sulu smiled. They left Lenin and returned to the exam room.

"I can't remember the last time I saw you out of uniform." Patrick said once Sulu was sitting on the exam table. The Doctor passed his medical scanner across Sulu's chest and down his arm.

"Last night." Sulu reminded him.

"You know what I mean." Patrick laughed. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"Better." Sulu said. "I'm ready to get back to work."

"Not today, Captain." Pat shook his head. He studied the readings. Dr. Patrick walked around the table and scanned the captain's back. The muscular bruising was healing quickly. "So how are the other things we spoke about last night going?"

"Also better." Sulu smiled, glad that Pat had chosen to ask that question when the doctor was behind him. "A healthy dose of truth and a good nights sleep will do wonders."

"Good." Pat said. He came back around the table. "You are healing faster than I expected."

"Then I can resume my duties tomorrow." Sulu said.

"Come see me tomorrow." Patrick said. "We'll make that decision then."

"I'll be here." Sulu nodded. "How is Lenin doing?"

"He will make a full recovery." Patrick said. "And I believe he will enjoy it. The Donnar sisters have been very concerned about him."

"A lucky man." Sulu laughed and got off the exam table. "Of course he may not feel that way when we get to Starbase 12."

"What do you mean?"

"After I report what he just told me." Sulu said. "I am sure Starfleet Intelligence will want to talk to him."

"Does he know?"

"I haven't said anything." Sulu said. "I didn't want him to stop talking. I'll see you later."

Captain Sulu entered his ready room through the door that did not go through the bridge. There was always a backlog of reports, schedules, and requests in his current computer files to go through. He decided to spend his free time clearing that file. He worked steadily for two hours.

"There you are!" Jimmi walked in without bothering to signal.

"Is there a problem?" Hikaru looked up from his screen.

"Two and a half hours ago you told me you were going to check in with Dr. Patrick." Jimmi said. "Because you are on sick call, I assumed you would come back to the cabin and rest. Aren't those Pat's orders?"

"Resting does not necessarily mean laying in bed." Sulu said.

"Should I call Pat and ask his opinion?" Jimmi leaned on his desk.

"I am in the middle of something here, Jeanie." Sulu explained. "It will take less than an hour to complete. After that I will come home and rest. Will that satisfy you?"

"No." Jimmi unconsciously used her mother voice. "I want you to come home now."

"When did you become such a mother hen?"

"Yesterday."

"Please sit down, Jeanie." Sulu closed his file and shut down his terminal. She sat down.

"Pat explained that you were not notified when the Breen beamed me off of Mr. Lenin's transport without my permission. I'm sorry. That was my fault."

"How was that your fault?" Jimmi asked softly. "You weren't even here."

"I never set up a procedure for such an incident while you are on board." Hikaru said.

"That will change. You had a right to know."

"You aren't planning on this happening again, are you?"

"Planning on it, of course not." He smiled briefly. In a more serious tone, he added.

"But I have to be prepared. And so do you."

"Harry, I don't like the sound of this." Jimmi said.

"We've never talked about anything like this before." Sulu said. "But it is a fact of life aboard this ship. I can't change that."

"We may not have talked about it." Jimmi sighed. "But that doesn't mean I am unaware of the possibilities. I am all too aware."

"Because of yesterday?"

"No." Jimmi shook her head. "You obviously have forgotten the destruction of the original Enterprise. I thought you were dead then. For nine days I thought you were dead. And even when I knew you were alive, I did not see you for months."

"Sorry." Sulu said. He had not forgotten, he just did not feel the same need to bring it up over and over again that she did. "I had no control over that situation."

"I know." Jimmi nodded. She shook off the old sadness and smiled at him. "I married you any way. I knew what I was getting into."

"Still." Hikaru said. "We need to deal with you being on this ship and me having to continue to do my job. It's that, or this experiment is over."

"That's possible anyway. Isn't it?" She asked. "Maybe it isn't a good idea for families to be onboard ship."

"Do you mean that?" Hikaru asked.

Jimmi sighed. She wasn't sure if she honestly meant it or not. "I was just so scared, Harry. And there was absolutely nothing I could do."

"If there had been something you could do, would that make you feel better?"

"Like what?" Jimmi asked. Science and technology were not her strong points. Somehow an advanced degree in history did not seem that relevant on a star ship. "What could I possibly do during a crisis?"

"Well, you helped the Verset children adjust after their rescue." Hikaru noted.

"I had a lot of help." Jimmi reminded him. "Eddie Pascal, Doreen Loh, Jack Carter, and Greg Banks all pitched in. And there were many more."

"And you organized them?"

"Yeah, I guess." Jimmi said. "I still don't see..."

"I need to think about it." Sulu said. "At the very least, should anything like this happen again you will be kept informed of the situation."

"And what's being done?" Jimmi asked.

"Yes."

"Thank you." Jimmi smiled. She stood up and nodded towards the door. "Now, are you ready to go home and go back to bed?"

"Will you come to bed too?" He said as got up and came around his desk to join her. Putting his arm around her waist they left his ready room together.

"Really Captain!" Jimmi laughed. "I thought you were injured."

"I feel better." He winked at her.