

Episode 1.09

Worse Case Scenario 2

Foster's forehead started to sweat nervously. He only had two choices and neither were any good. One choice would tip his hand too early if it didn't work. The other would be the coward's way out.

Everything depended on him making the right decision. In the end, the first choice called out to him. He had to prove himself once and for all. He was better than this, he will defeat this formidable foe.

A smile spread across his lips, "Ampharos." He placed one out of two cards onto a pile in front of him. Another card appeared from the opposite side of the table.

"Dwagon thing," a sweet child's voice said.

Foster's shoulders dropped, his eyes threatened to water. "No!" he couldn't help but whimper.

Standing at the side of the table, Naomi giggled. "We win again?"

"Yay," Kiara laughed and clapped her hands.

Thompson meanwhile shook his head, "how can you lose? She can't even read."

"I..." Foster looked at the last card in his hand. Inside he was kicking himself, it would have won that last round. All he could do was bury his head in his arms.

Chakotay walked over to the table, Kiara greeted him with a grin. "Did you girls win then?"

"Duh," she laughed.

"That hurt," Foster's muffled voice said.

Thompson folded his arms in a huff, "well I dunno about Foster here, but I let Naomi win. You gotta take it easy on the little girlies."

Naomi looked up at him, her eyebrows raised. "So why did you cry at the end?"

Thompson laughed nervously, "see, you were fooled."

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "sure." He eyed the cards on the table, "what is this game anyway?"

"Dwagons beat yellow things and well everything," Kiara answered.

Foster started sobbing while tossing aside his last card. Nobody knew what was on it, it was just some cutesy pink looking thing.

Thompson hunched over to look at it, "everything but cutesy fairies. This game makes no sense."

"Ice works too," Naomi reminded him.

"Yeah, of course but not all," Thompson laughed nervously to cover his mistake.

"How come you two keep getting assigned to our first Security team every year?" Chakotay asked.

"I know, that's what I keep asking," Thompson said huffily. "We're always first to be called on the slightest thing. I'm way too good for that."

Foster stopped crying instantly to look up at his teammate, his eyes narrowed. "How the hell can you dress yourself in the morning?" Thompson frowned, he didn't get it.

Kiara pulled a disgusted face up at the man, then looked back over to her dad. "Where's mummy? She promised she would take me to the holodeck."

"Holodeck," Chakotay softly corrected her. "After she returns from the mission. She said they would be away most of the day."

"Aaaw," Kiara pouted. "Will you take me?"

"I'm afraid I don't know what she had in mind," Chakotay replied, suddenly feeling awkward. "I'm hoping it isn't one of her old programs."

"I'll say. It hasn't been the same since the Hirogen blew it up. Add on malfunctioning ghosts and coffee factories spitting out decaf, you've got yourself a childhood trauma," Thompson commented.

Chakotay coughed into his hand, "never happened."

Thompson looked confused, "of course it didn't, she hasn't gone there yet."

Chakotay shook his head, picked up his daughter and walked away. Foster just stared up at his teammate again with a blank expression on his face. He got a smirk back in exchange.

Naomi pulled a face before running off after them.

"Ooh, you can come with me and Neelix to the Adventures of Flotter," she suggested as they sat down at another table.

"Eeew," Kiara complained.

Naomi pouted, "eeew? What's the eeew for?"

"Neelix, Flotter," Kiara said in a disgusted tone. "Sounds like crap."

Chakotay groaned, "Kiara please stop saying that word. While we're on the subject, stop copying everything you see your mother do. It's the last thing we all need."

Despite sitting Kiara put her hands on her hips and scowled, "why?"

"Lets just say I've had a lot of complaints, many of them from our ex Borg drone," Chakotay replied.

"Who?" Kiara looked confused. Naomi pretended to draw a half circle around her eyebrow which relieved Kiara's confusion. "Oh, Boob Lady?"

"Oh god," Chakotay groaned into both of his hands. "You know what, forget it. Why don't we try that Flotter program, it has done Naomi a world of good." Naomi smiled sweetly at him, then expectantly at Kiara.

Kiara pulled a disgusted face, her eyes narrowed. "Mummy said you'd try to make us do original episodes, and stinkers too. You're mean!"

"Flotter isn't stinky!" Naomi cried.

"Yes well mummy isn't here. This isn't Once Upon A Time either, so stop having such a hissy fit, okay," Chakotay snapped. Kiara folded her arms in a huff.

Kathryn squinted her eyes at what was in front of her, it wasn't making things any clearer for her. Meanwhile Tuvok was trying to remember the last time his eyebrow was in a normal place, but he couldn't. Instead he just tried to ignore what was happening.

"Captain please, I'm trying to run the survey," Samantha Wildman said uncomfortably.

Kathryn still stared at her, her forehead lines were getting more intense. That was lifted as she thought of something. "Oh, you're the girl who got lost and shot, so Chakotay could make out with that fake blonde bimbo."

Tom sniggered to himself as he piloted the shuttle they were in. "Yeah, she was hot. Good times."

Tuvok's eyebrow felt like it was stuck this time, he attempted to push it back down to normal. It sprung back up as soon as he let go.

Samantha tried to continue her work at the back stations on the wall, but ignoring the Captain wasn't ever a good idea. She could still see her staring at her in the corner of her eye, also the heat in the shuttle was starting to burn.

"Get real Tom, nobody wants to make out with you," Kathryn hissed without turning her head.

Tom pouted, "but she did."

Kathryn sighed, "so if you're not her. Oh! Are you that ninny who was pregnant for two seasons, had a spiky headed kid and then disappeared?"

"No, for the last time, I am..." Samantha blurted out.

Tuvok felt the need to cut in so he turned his chair all the way around. "Captain, perhaps you should make an effort to remember people who aren't in the main ca... senior staff."

Samantha looked a little embarrassed, "no she's right."

Kathryn turned around to smile smugly at the Vulcan. "What were you saying about remembering who people were?"

"You always get it wrong, so I stopped listening to your wrong answers. I did not realise you had guessed correctly," Tuvok said carefully.

"Guessed?" Kathryn's own eyebrow started to twitch.

Samantha turned her attention to the front window, a large planet was blocking most of it. "Captain, there's a storm forming just ahead of us. We should retreat for now."

"Very well..." Kathryn said, quickly peeping at the woman's collar. "Ensign, uh..." She noticed Tuvok was still looking at her, "er... Ensign. Lieutenant, get us back into a higher orbit."

"Don't worry about it Captain. The Delta Flyer isn't like the other shuttles, we won't crash," Tom said proudly.

Kathryn frowned, "the what?" She wasn't the only one.

"Oh right, haven't built it yet," Tom said meekly. He turned his seat around just as the sight of a planet filled the front window. "Boy, is my face red!" Everyone pointed towards at the window. "It is? Hmm." His hands went to his face. They could now see some of the planet's finer details like mountains and trees.

Next thing everyone knew they were lying on the shuttle's ceiling in two different heaps.

"Okay, at least I haven't died this time," Kathryn groaned. She pulled herself up, not noticing that she was lucky enough to have a soft landing thanks to poor Samantha. Her hands went to check her hair, all she saw after that was red. "Tom!"

Tom, still very dazed struggled to get up, he decided to stay where he was. "Uh... Coda, one of our... most interesting missions." Tuvok's eyebrow had returned to normal but raised again as the helmsman passed out.

Voyager's Bridge:

Jessie looked over to the centre of the Bridge with disgust all over her face. She wasn't the only one either as a female crewmember walked out of the turbolift holding a cup and a muffin in her hands. The person sitting in the Captain's chair accepted both of them gratefully.

"Is it just me or is this promotion getting to his head?" Craig commented from Tactical.

Jessie rolled her eyes. "No, apparently he was like this during his night shift *glory days*."

"Mmm perfect," Harry smiled after sipping at the cup. "Well done Crewman."

"Thank you sir," the woman said like she didn't really mean it. With his muffin hand he waved her away, angering her further.

Craig watched her leave, once she did he quickly tapped something on his padd. "If only I was here before the promotion, I'd be able to relieve him."

Jessie cringed as an image popped into her head.

"All the girls on the Bridge are ordered to go out with me tonight on Holodeck Two. Oh and you can invite your friends too. The more the merrier," Craig said. Stacks of pads and tricorders were thrown at him.

"I dunno which is worse," she said once it was over.

"Worst," a random crewmember tried to correct her. He immediately realised he was wrong and forced a cough to hide it.

Jessie heard it just fine though, she gave the man a funny look. "I suppose you thought the episode was called Worse Cast Scenario as well."

The man laughed nervously, Jessie quietly assumed he did.

"That title would be more appropriate," Harry grunted from afar. "Speaking of which, Jess and Craig, you're late with your reports."

Craig was about to respond but Jessie held up her hand to tell him to keep quiet. "I estimate Harry will get his probably gelled ass kicked in ten seconds. Should I delay the next five minute report, as his lordship will be too busy in Sickbay getting my foot removed?"

Harry laughed very nervously. "It's not every five minutes," was all he could muster.

"I meant to say seconds, my bad," Jessie said.

"I just take my command role very seriously. You don't have to be rude about it," Harry grumbled.

"How's the muffin?" Craig asked.

Harry smiled at the half eaten muffin in his hand, "good, it's actually..." He then began to scowl, "hey, I work hard here and I can't leave. There's nothing wrong with asking for a little..."

"Demearing waitress service. No, nothing wrong at all," Jessie commented.

Harry sighed loudly, but he kept what he said next as quiet as he could. "Somehow I don't think therapy is working on her."

"What?" Jessie snapped, making Harry jump.

Craig laughed, "why should it? I like Jessie the way she is."

Jessie still rolled her eyes despite the compliment. "Really? Are you that desperate for a date?"

"Um... I wouldn't call you a desperate option," Craig said a little nervously.

"Guys, can you flirt later? We need some work done today," Harry said.

Jessie pulled a disgusted face. "Eeew." Craig naturally pouted. "He's like fifteen, Harry."

"Eighteen," Craig continued to pout.

Harry couldn't help but let out another sigh. "No, it's okay. Voyager flies itself."

"Why the sarcasm? It's doing that right now and neither of us are at the helm," Jessie pointed out. She shook her head to try and get rid of her bad mood. "I don't know why I even try to hide it." She tapped a few panels to bring up a game that was on pause. Harry looked over as the sound on it was turned up so he could hear it.

"Craig, surely I can count on..." he said, glancing back at Tactical. He found the teenager tapping on his PADD again. Craig did notice that he was looking at him, but didn't try to hide it. "I'll stick to night shift, at least everyone there respects me."

Obvious flashback, one year ago:

Harry stood at Opps chatting with the smiling woman there. Once he turned his back on her she flipped two fingers up at him.

"Helm, are we still on course?" he asked while returning to the Captain's chair.

"Where else would we be going?" the woman at the helm said in good humour. Her eyes rolled and she pulled a face when he laughed at her comment.

"Tactical, if you want Harry to be the Captain someday say nothing," Harry said.

James looked up from Tactical with a frown on his face. "Seriously, what is that noise?"

Harry groaned, "damn, worth a shot." He collapsed in the chair.

"There it is again. Does anyone else hear that narcissistic squeaky noise or is it just me?" James asked. The rest of the Bridge nodded and murmured their answer.

Present Day:

Harry smiled, "well almost everyone. Not that I care if James doesn't."

"Please," Jessie scoffed. "For months James would tell me that it was strange no one was in charge of the night shift."

"But... I spoke to him, he'd ignore me and usually not say anything at all," Harry protested. Craig started sniggering behind his hand. "Only time he spoke was to complain about a squeak he kept hearing. I ignored it as the man's obviously nuts."

"Actually," Craig said thoughtfully. "Now that you mention it, I can hear it too."

Jessie nodded, "yeah it's subtle, but I didn't think it was worth mentioning."

Harry just looked even more confused. "What? I don't hear..."

"There it is," Craig interrupted. Harry looked around expectantly. "No it's gone."

"Oh I get it," Harry said in a suspicious voice. "I keep talking over it." Craig and Jessie smirked at each other. Harry glanced over his shoulder and caught them. "I knew it."

"When you start to miss Janeway or even Chakotay..." Jessie commented.

Craig nodded, "you know you're in trouble."

"Where is Chakotay anyway? Isn't he supposed to be here by now?" Jessie wondered.

Holodeck Two:

Naomi jumped up and down in excitement, clapping her hands. Meanwhile Kiara stood beside her with her arms folded tightly and a very Janeway like angry look on her face. Chakotay hadn't seemed to notice that yet, he was too busy admiring the forest they were in.

They weren't alone. A man completely covered in blue was standing beside a lake, talking up at a nearby tree. Another man sat on one of the tree branches, he seemed to blend into the tree stump, at least until he talked anyway. He jumped down in front of the blue man, eager to pick a fight with him.

"Oh yeah!" he snarled.

"Yeah," the blue one snarled back.

The two put up their fists. It wasn't really worth worrying about, it looked like what Tom and Neelix would look like if they started fighting.

"Hey, stop that!" Naomi scolded. Kiara gave her an annoyed look when her friend put her hands on her hips. "You two need each other, so you should get along."

"Oh, and how's that?" the man from the tree said dubiously.

"You would die without Flotter's water, while Treebus shades your lake from the sun," Naomi said with a smile. "Everyone knows that heat makes water evaporate."

The two men looked astonished. "My god, she's right!" the blue man stuttered.

"She's a smart one!" the tree one said.

Kiara groaned, "I get it."

Naomi glanced at her, her smile grew. "See, told you it was fun."

"No," Kiara said, her head shaking to make sure she wasn't stuck. "I can hear *Naomi clever, Naomi good* outside Holodeck too. It's boring."

"What?" Naomi said with a pout.

Kiara shrugged, "should've let them fight. Funny."

"No! Fighting is bad," Naomi complained.

"Maybe, but a bad guy appears and you make him be nice in seconds. What's fun about that?" Kiara said.

Chakotay finally stopped looking around to stare down at his daughter, then Naomi. He frowned at them. "What did I miss?"

"We learn things and hang out. That's fun," Naomi replied.

Kiara rolled her eyes, "jeshus cwist!"

Chakotay cringed as he knelt down, his hand gently touched her shoulder. "Sweetheart, we've talked about this; think before you speak and stop copying your mummy."

"But... mummy is funny," Kiara protested.

Chakotay sighed, "yeah I'm sure she is when you're not her target." Kiara looked at him with a puzzled look on her face.

"Oh look at me, I'm Tom, the best pilot in the universe. Oh look a planet, I'll crash into it!" Kathryn snapped while poor Tom drowned in his own forehead sweat.

Tuvok and Samantha made sure they were as far away from her as possible, even if the tiny shuttle meant that was only an extra metre if they were lucky. Tuvok held a regenerator over one of Samantha's wounds, but her trying not to laugh at Tom was making it harder for him.

"Ensign," he scolded.

"I know, it's hard not to," Samantha smirked. Another giggle made the pain in her chest worse.

Kathryn pulled the helmsman closer to her using the scruff of his own uniform, all he could do was take it and hope for the best.

"Too busy looking at your reflection and dreaming about making out with yourself, weren't you? Or maybe straining your minuscule brain trying to think of a witty comment, huh?" Kathryn more or less spat at him.

"Oh sure when I do it, it's annoying. But when James does it, it's hilarious," Tom muttered to himself.

Kathryn looked behind her with a puzzled frown on her face, then back again. "What the? Why are you bringing him up? I never..." Her eyes widened a little, "oh. I see." She laughed as her hands loosened their grip on him, he stumbled back onto the floor and painfully. "Good luck with that, you moron."

"Captain," Tuvok thought it was safe to speak up.

Tom didn't understand why she let him go, he was just relieved to be free for now. He quickly clambered a bit further away from her.

"If the next words out of your mouth are oxygen and low, I'll start picking off people to conserve it," Kathryn growled in Tuvok's direction.

Tom couldn't help but laugh quietly, Kathryn laughed over him, shutting him up immediately. "Oh Tom, you're so naive." He swallowed the brand new lump in his throat.

"I wasn't going to remind you of that, Captain," Tuvok said. "Voyager is scheduled to rendezvous with us in ten minutes. They should discover our crash position as it seems the storm has already passed us."

"I'm sensing a but," Kathryn said. She scowled at Tom as if she was daring him to laugh.

"However, we only have enough power for five minutes," Tuvok said. Before Kathryn could attempt to grab him, he quickly continued, "if we shut down non essential systems we'll be able to make it last long enough to be rescued."

Tom glanced around the damaged shuttle, none of the consoles seemed to be working. The only light they had seemed to come from the broken red alert light that was flashing. "Like what, gravity? We're already upside down so that ship has sailed already."

Kathryn growled at no one in particular, or at least that's what Tom hoped. Tuvok however knew exactly why she was growling.

"Captain, it's only ten minutes. I'm sure you can handle being without another coffee for that long," Tuvok said as he inched towards the nearby wall.

"Wow, I thought she was already without," Tom whispered. "Yikes."

"You're wasting valuable oxygen Commander," Kathryn said dangerously.

"Kim to Shuttle Cochrane, come in."

Tom sighed in relief, "oh he's early, thank god."

Kathryn swung her head his way, pulling a disgusted face. "Good god, make up your mind!"

Tom's eyes shifted side to side, his jaw half dropped. "What?" was all he could say.

"*Oh he's early, my hero!*" Kathryn mocked him. She marched forward to the front of the shuttle, her arm tried to reach the console above her but she couldn't reach what she wanted. "Wow you're useful for something after all. Answer your boyfriend."

Tom's face turned bright red, he quickly rushed to his feet. "Why, because I'm tall? I have many fine skills other than that."

"And we're back to wanting to make out with yourself," Kathryn rolled her eyes. "Just do it and the dream will be the reality. Hopefully where I can't see it."

Tom grumbled under his breath but he did what he was told anyway.

"Why couldn't I be posted on a sane starship like the Enterprise?" Tuvok wondered aloud.

Meanwhile in the Alpha Quadrant:

The Next Generation crew, minus one of course, sat around the bridge of their mostly brand spanking new Enterprise bridge. All but one of them looked bored to tears.

Picard glanced at a watch he had on his wrist then back straight ahead again.

Data seemed to be busy looking at two pictures of his emotion chip, each one was side by side for comparison.

Troi frowned, then looked towards Riker who had managed to get a hamburger out of nowhere.

At the back of the Bridge Geordie was keeping himself occupied by staring at his reflection in the screen showing the Enterprise schematics. Crusher seemed to be searching for somewhere to sit and was getting a little mad that she couldn't.

"We've been dumped for Original Series reboots, haven't we Number One?" Picard asked, finally breaking the silence.

Riker's eyes widened, he glanced at his Captain with his mouth full of hamburger. "Yesh shir..." he spat crumbs all over the floor and his lap.

"Wait, don't we still have Nemesis to do at this time?" Troi questioned. Everyone stopped what they were doing to shush her. She gasped at the suddenness of it. "What? I think I suffered the worst from it, don't you?"

Data turned his chair around to stare at her briefly, she sheepishly smiled at him.

"You handsome devil," Geordi said in the direction of the Enterprise schematic.

Troi rolled her eyes, "yeah and the Enterprise suffered too, I get it."

Picard squinted his eyes at the viewscreen, "is that a ship in the distance?" Everyone perked up. "Red Alert, all hands..."

"Sorry sir, that's just a crumb from my sandwich yesterday," Riker said nervously. He hurried over to wipe the screen, it looked smudged afterwards. Picard groaned, but that wasn't the worst part. Riker quickly licked the crumb off his hand afterwards.

Geordi glanced around the Bridge, he looked confused. "I wasn't talking about the Enterprise, I was..." Everyone stared at him, he laughed nervously. "Wasn't checking my reflection, I was keeping an eye on things. This ship is like my baby."

Crusher frowned to herself. "Wait it's only 2374, have we forgotten Insurrection again?" She went back to her chair hunt.

"That reminds me," Picard said. He reached over to give Riker a slap in the back of his head. He was in the middle of scoffing another burger at the time, it made him almost choke on it. "Stop using the manual steering, you fool. It's not a toy."

"But sir!" Riker protested once he got his breath back. "You've already banned me from the slide on Deck 29."

Picard groaned into his hands. "There is no Deck 29!"

"Oh yeah, then why is there a slide on it?" Riker said smugly.

"I told you, Will. That was a Jeffries tube leading into the warp drives. You really should get Beverley to check you out, you haven't been the same since," Troi said.

"But I slid down it," Riker pouted. "There was a hole at the bottom of it."

"If there was a bottomless hole like you said, you wouldn't be able to tell us about it," Picard said. He seemed disappointed. "It is a shame."

Riker decided to cheer himself up by bringing out another burger. "It was so 29, I read it."

"Yes yes, we have five extra decks and the ship hasn't gotten any deeper. Next you'll be telling me the Enterprise will get shorter and slightly change shape between the next two movies," Picard grumbled at him. "Honestly, you'll believe anything Number One."

"I knew it, my emotion chip grew between the episode and Generations," Data muttered to himself. "No wonder I can't get it out, it probably still is growing."

"Hey Will, I heard there's a library on this ship. Do you want to go annoy the librarian?" Troi said, ending with a wink.

"Sure, I need a napkin real bad," Riker replied after finishing what looked like a Big Mac with four burgers in. Troi looked disgusted as some of the sauce and lettuce was stuck in his beard.

"You know what, you should shave first. I'll meet you there," Troi sighed. She climbed out of her chair to head for the turbolift.

Riker laughed, "me shave? That's hilarious."

Crusher finally found a place to sit, but it was just on the empty Tactical station. Everyone heard a few beeps, then the familiar sounds of torpedoes being fired.

"Well that's all the quantum torpedoes gone," Picard sighed. "Two years and only one movie, and you people lose it. I'm going for a drive."

"There's only one habitable planet nearby, Captain, and it's pre-warp," Data reminded him.

Picard looked disappointed, "oh, well never mind."

Meanwhile a cloaked Romulan ship saw the Enterprise fly by a random planet. They all sighed in disappointment, after gaping in awe at it of course.

"Well so much for them finding the android we planted," one said.

"Should we retrieve it?" another asked.

The first one shrugged, "nah, what's the worse that could happen?"

"Worst," the rest of the bridge corrected him.

Back in the Delta Quadrant:

"Well that was... that was weird," Craig commented.

"Not Once Upon A Time weird at least," Jessie said.

Harry looked worried, "that worries me."

"Are you worried?" Craig asked just to make sure.

"No I'm not worried, it just wouldn't be Fifth Voyager without word repetition," Harry answered, rolling his eyes. "Tell the transporter room to beam up the shuttle crew."

"What about the shuttle? It's our last one and the giant mythical shuttle replicator hasn't been fixed," Jessie questioned.

Harry cringed, "that's a cringe-worthy thought."

"Seriously stop that. It's bad enough when it happens by accident," Jessie hissed.

"Fine, we'll retrieve the shuttle later," Harry said.

Craig nodded and smiled. "Transport complete."

Harry squinted his eyes suspiciously at him. "What's with the smile?"

"Oh, just that the reign of Harry Kim will be over soon," Craig only half lied. Harry's suspicious face grew even more intense. "Really."

"Mmm hmm," Harry didn't believe him.

The turbolift doors opened. Harry barely had any time to turn around to see who was in it, Kathryn had already ran over to reclaim her seat, with a coffee cup in hand. She sniffed the air a few times.

"Has someone been making fourth wall jokes in my absence?" she asked dangerously.

Harry panicked, he turned to point at Jessie first but was surprised to see she had vanished. When he went to do the same to Craig, he had gone too. "Oh, not cool guys. Not cool."

Sickbay:

The Doctor only had to turn on his heel to face his next patient on the neighbouring biobed. He didn't expect though to find she wasn't there.

"Captain?"

Tuvok shook his head. "She didn't even wait for the transporter beam to finish."

The doors opened. Chakotay lead the two little girls through them, Neelix soon ran in after him struggling to breathe.

"Once... Upon... A... Time... was my... ep..." Neelix tried to breathe.

"Yeah well you can have In The Flesh instead," Chakotay retorted.

Naomi ignored all of this and ran over to her mother on the solo biobed. "Mom!"

Kiara pulled a confused face, her eyebrow even raised. "What the hell is a mom?"

"Is In The Flesh the one with the crash or the future Borg?" Neelix asked.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "yeah sure, whichever you want."

"Chakotay!" Kathryn's voice screeched over the comm.

Chakotay cringed, "she couldn't have heard any of that, surely." He glanced down at his confused daughter. "Mom is just another way of saying mummy."

"Mom," Kiara tried to say but she overexaggerated the O part. "It's stupid, like fewtal."

The Doctor chuckled. "She's a chip off the old block, that one."

"Unfortunately," Chakotay groaned into his hand. He then remembered and tapped his commbadge quickly. "Yes Captain?" he said nervously.

"Why did you say it like that? I just wanted to congratulate you. Tom's beaten your shuttle crash record."

"Oh great," Chakotay was very relieved, in more ways than one.

"Yes it's great I have so many morons on my ship. We now have no shuttles left, so well done spankings are very much needed for you two imbeciles. Janeway out."

Kiara giggled as her dad's shoulders dropped. "Mummy funny."

"I thought the angry and insulting Janeway joke was just for Aggression," Chakotay said after tapping his commbadge.

"Well she didn't have coffee for a whole five minutes. It still makes sense," Tuvok said. "Oh and lower your voice, I believe she has some rooms bugged."

Chakotay's eyes widened. "Crap..."

"Crap!" Kiara laughed.

"So a well done spank and a fourth wall smack. Today's a good day," Chakotay muttered to himself.

"I doubt she's serious," the Doctor said. Both Tuvok and Chakotay stared at him, both with their own judgmental look on their face. He only laughed nervously.

The Ready Room:

Kathryn's eyes narrowed as far as they could without completely closing. Her hands showed that she meant business, tightly clutching her hips.

"Can we make this quick? I've got a talent night to run," Tom said nervously.

Kathryn scoffed, "you believed that once a year nonsense? Proves my point."

"We had one last..." Tom squeaked. Chakotay shushed him.

Kathryn obviously heard him though and knew what the rest of the sentence was. "And I wasn't invited?"

Tom swallowed hard, he now couldn't see as nervous sweat had fallen into his eyes. "Uh... yes."

"Kath... Captain you were eight months pregnant and telling everyone that dared to speak to you to *shove it up their butt*," Chakotay reminded her.

"Ass, and that reminds me," Kathryn snarled. "Bend over."

Chakotay and Tom looked at each other with their eyes wide.

"I'm never going to be able to do this again without thinking of this moment," Tom pouted.

Chakotay's wide eyed look turned into a one of disgust. Kathryn joined him, but hers was an angrier version.

"Tom, really? What's wrong with you?" Chakotay snapped. Tom winked at him, then gestured his head Kathryn's way.

"Ugh, you've ruined it," she groaned. Tom smiled in relief, then smugly at Chakotay. That went away when Kathryn walked up to the helmsman and settled for grabbing his ear roughly. "The classics are called classics for a reason," she said as she pulled it.

"But... it's not always me. James crashed the last shuttle. Why does he keep getting away with everything?" Tom whined.

Kathryn rolled her eyes and pulled harder. "The Borg assimilated it, pay attention."

"That's probably the real reason why they crashed their own ship," Chakotay said thoughtfully.

Tom's eyes widened, "see what I mean. No blame."

With her other hand Kathryn gave the unfortunate helmsman a slap. "Cut it out, you sound like a naughty toddler."

"Um, so can we really not repair the shuttle? I hear it just landed upside down," Chakotay said while trying not to laugh.

Kathryn rolled her eyes. "Of course we can, that's not the point. We lose shuttles faster than we lose torpedoes."

"Actually, about that..." Chakotay said.

Tom interrupted him, "I have the perfect solution for that."

"The Delta Flyer," Kathryn muttered. "So? You've been promising that for years. You're all talk."

Tom fidgeted in her grip, she groaned and let him go for now. "Nope, I'm in pain too." Kathryn's eyes narrowed again. "It's next on my list, right after finish the mutiny program."

"What kind of moron takes one and a half years to finish one silly little story," Chakotay said. He coughed and looked around the room nonchalantly.

"Yes, and how long does it take to write everyone out of character so they'd go along with such a ridiculous story?" Kathryn rolled her eyes again.

Tom chuckled, "I didn't and it isn't. I finished the other day."

Kiara giggled from Kathryn's chair. Tom jumped, he hadn't noticed she was even there. "Bet Tom saves the day and everyone loves him."

Kathryn nodded, "I'd bet my whole coffee supply on that."

Tom's jaw dropped, "what? If I'm the hero, there's no point in the program. The player would just watch."

"Oops, better change it," Kiara laughed.

Tom stared at the girl, his eyes wide. "I don't need to change it."

"It'll suck then," Kiara said.

Chakotay groaned, "Kiara..."

Kathryn batted him on the arm, "what are you doing? I don't want Tom to be encouraged."

"You don't mean that," Tom laughed nervously.

"I do. I could make a better game than that," Kiara said.

Tom shook his head, "no you couldn't, you're just a kid. An evil one, but still a kid."

"Tom!" Chakotay snapped at him.

Tom's eyes widened, "oops, I really need to learn how to stop thinking out loud." He ran out as quickly as he could.

"Too bad Jessie's not on the Bridge," Chakotay muttered. "He wouldn't get very far."

Kathryn hurried over to her seat as her daughter started sniffing. She picked her up in time for her to start bawling. "Is that why she came back to work? I was doing fine on my own."

Chakotay tried to laugh it off but his daughter's cries were putting him right off. He reached over to stroke her hair while Kathryn gently rocked her. "I have this feeling that somebody else used to keep Tom in check, but I don't remember who. It's bothering me."

Kathryn frowned, "now that you mention it, Jessie's a lot more hotheaded than I remember." Her head shook. "It doesn't matter. Violence doesn't work, telling him off doesn't work. The only way to get Tom to start behaving and stop annoying people, is to get him where it really hurts."

"You already did that once," Chakotay pointed out.

Kathryn smiled darkly, it made him a little nervous. "Yes once. I imagine he'll be releasing his masterpiece very soon to the public. He was very picky about what other people came up with."

"Yes so..." Chakotay said, trailing off when he realised where she was going with this. At least he hoped so. "Oh."

"Hmm, Kiara sweetie, how would you like to make your own holodeck program?" Kathryn asked.

Kiara's cries were back to only sniffles as she looked up at her mum. Her eyes were sparkling. "Really? Yay!"

"Well I was half right," Chakotay said to himself.

"It's hard to make one from scratch, especially at your age. We'll have to use one that already exists," Kathryn smiled sneakily.

"Hmm?" Kiara was confused.

"Like you said, Tom's program is likely full of problems," Kathryn said.

Kiara giggled, "I get to fix Tom's stinky program?" Kathryn nodded. "Take years."

Chakotay sighed, "really? Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Kathryn shrugged casually. "I know, Kiara's a bit too young to know what to do. I'm sure there are a few people who'd love to make the changes for her."

"I don't mean..." Chakotay said quietly. "Tom was rude to our daughter, but Kiara's not exactly innocent in this." Kathryn growl almost frightened him into silence, his daughter also pouted at him. "I'm trying to teach her to be careful with what she says, in case she hurts someone and you keep encouraging her."

"Hmph," Kathryn grunted. "I know what I'm doing, Chakotay. Like my father did for me, I encourage her to speak her mind but I tell her when she goes too far. Telling Tom the truth is not too far."

"Free thinking. That explains..." Chakotay said carefully. "A lot. That reminds me, if you're serious about this, I know who will be able to get into Tom's program to change it without him noticing."

"Oh?" Kathryn said, raising her eyebrow. "Who?"

Chakotay smirked at her, "really, you have to ask?"

Jessie stepped into her quarters holding a couple of folded clothes. Naturally she had a big smile on her face as she hurried over to one of the bedroom doors.

"Hey guess what, somebody's reduced the ration cost for the cute tops I was eyeing up." She gasped when the door opened for her. What she saw was something she never thought she'd see.

James looked at her as he crept back to his feet. He looked a little shocked to see her, he then tried to hide something behind his back but it was too late. "What?"

"You're... what are you doing? Are you trying to kill me?" Jessie stuttered. The shock almost made her drop her new clothes.

James thought it was a bit late to hide it, so he unhid the items from his back to put them neatly on the bed. He walked over to her without having to step over anything as the floor was empty for once.

"You were right. The Mess was getting a bit over the top," he said, cringing slightly. "Literally in some ways."

Jessie's eyes were far wider than they usually were, she had to rub one of them to make sure she wasn't just seeing things. "You... did you.... did you hit your head?"

"No," James laughed. "When you look in your wardrobe and find it empty, it's time."

Jessie pulled a face, she glanced around at the folded clothes across the bed and then at the clear floor. "And here I was worried you'd start wearing things not just twice, but thrice."

"Yeah," James' eyes shifted nervously. Jessie's face twisted even more. "If it's dirty I don't wear it, really, I promise."

"Then why drop everything on the floor? It's probably the only thing I'd change about you in a heartbeat," Jessie said.

It was James' turn to pull a face, his was confused. "I worry about you sometimes."

Jessie narrowed her eyes but only in jest as the door chime went off. "Fine, maybe I'd make you less snarky too," she said, walking back towards the main door. "Come in."

Kathryn entered still carrying Kiara in her arms. James and Jessie shared a curious look, then looked back towards the pair.

"Ah you're here too, good," Kathryn said as she glanced at Jessie.

In Jessie's perspective though she looked at them both. "Oh god, did Harry try to rat me out?" she groaned.

"No?" Kathryn's eyebrow raised. Kiara glanced up at her and copied. "I'm here to talk to James."

James walked out of his bedroom, the door shut behind him. "If this is about that thing I taught Kiara. It was an accident."

Kathryn's eyes narrowed, "why, what did you teach her?"

Kiara giggled, "Tom's a pwick."

James casually shrugged, "that." Kiara copied him as well, it made Jessie hide a laugh behind her hand.

"Oh," Kathryn said, she knelt down to let Kiara stand near her. "I've said worse. Knowing you, I was worried."

James' shoulders slumped a little, "yeah, knowing me."

Jessie glanced between the two. "Why was it good that I am here too?"

"Chakotay pointed out that James would be the perfect person to teach Tom a little something. I figured you could help too," Kathryn smiled deviously.

"Really?" Jessie was surprised, she noticed James was even more than her. "Are you getting bored of beating him up?"

"Hardly," Kathryn smirked.

James folded his arms. He was about to speak when he noticed Kiara copying off him again. "Um.. I doubt that's what she meant anyway."

"Hmm," Jessie said before noticing Kiara again. She laughed, "No, probably not. I'm already helping with that anyway."

Kathryn seemed confused, "what? You both thought I wanted help beating up that scrawny son of a..."

"Bish," Kiara finished for her.

Kathryn smiled proudly down at her daughter. "Yes." She then got back to being confused. "Wait, where did she learn that one?"

"Probably the same place she learned *good lord* and *coffee black*," Jessie answered.

Kathryn gasped, "I hope not." Her whole body started to tremble at the thought of her daughter stealing her precious coffee. She tried to shake it off, "no. Remember when my decaf suddenly appeared in my coffee factory program? Or even worse, when coffee disappeared from the replicator?" The memories of both made her sick.

James laughed, "yeah." Of course Kathryn glared at him. Kiara made a little squeak and hurried over to him, just in case. "I mean no," he lied.

"I need the person responsible to do something similar to Tom. Make him cry," Kathryn said.

Jessie looked confused, "all it takes is a kick. I can do it now." She started to leave.

"Oh please. He's like a lemming, he never learns," Kathryn scoffed. "He's been working on this stupid Holodeck program for over a year now. It's likely full of insults and parodies of us. I need someone to change it so he's the one who is embarrassed. I need the best."

Kiara pouted angrily, "but mummy, you said I was going to do it."

"Of course you are. You just need help doing it," Kathryn said.

James glanced down at the little girl standing by his feet. "What did he do?" he asked her.

"He's Tom," Kiara answered cutely.

James smiled, "right answer." He looked back at Kathryn, "I'll do it."

"I hate to be a kill joy, but why did you want me around?" Jessie asked.

Kathryn shrugged, "open the program, you'll see why."

"We don't need a hacker to see the program?" Jessie questioned.

"*Tomisawesome* is not a password so no," Kathryn replied. James and Jessie smirked at the disgust on her face.

Holodeck One:

Harry was sitting in the Captain's chair with a big grin on his face. No one else on the Bridge were familiar.

"Fear me!" Harry laughed maniacally just as the turbolift doors opened. He quickly looked around to catch Jessie arrive on the Bridge with Craig and James. "Oh, hi guys!"

Craig smiled sneakily at the other two. "Yeah hi. Since I'm a Lieutenant and you're an Ensign, I should be in command."

"Nope. I'm a senior officer, fear me," Harry said.

"I'm one too," Craig smiled.

"Damn!" Harry moaned.

Five minutes later:

"All the girls are ordered to go out with me tonight on Holodeck One. Oh and you can invite your friends too. The more the better," Craig said. Stacks of pads and tricorders were thrown at him.

The real Jessie glanced at James and then down at Kiara, with a frown planted on her face. "That was a little too familiar."

"You suck!" Harry groaned.

Another five minutes later:

Harry was back in the Captain's chair, cackling away. "Fear me minions! Bwahahahahahahahaha!"

Craig was scowling at him from afar, his arms folded. "Would you stop it! Nobody acts like that."

Meanwhile:

"Fear me minions!" Damien cackled. "Mwahahahahahahahaha!"

His so called minions ignored him and continued to chew on their carrots. One of them decided that wasn't insulting enough, so they pooped in a yoghurt lying on the table. Luckily Damien saw it before he reached out to grab it. The spoon was tossed to one side seconds later.

Voyager:

"See they do, but mine was with a B," Harry pouted.

"Oh that sure showed me." Craig muttered.

Harry's eyes widened as a realisation struck him. He then rubbed his head, "ow! Who keeps throwing things around?" Everyone rolled their eyes in unison. "I mean I'm a Lieutenant now, that joke doesn't fit here."

Craig stared at him blankly, obviously judging him with only his eyes. "Silly Harry, assuming there's any continuity."

Holo-Jessie turned to Holo-James. "For god's sake, if you want a job done right..." she grumbled.

"Say no more," Holo-James said in a cheesy heroic voice. He stepped forward and put his hands on his hips.

Holo-Jessie waited but he just stood there for five minutes. "What are you doing?" she hissed.

"Looking fabulous," he answered.

"Ugh!" Holo-Jessie groaned. She pulled a phaser out of nowhere and started shooting at mostly everyone.

"I've seen enough," real Jessie grumbled. "Freeze program." She glanced down at Kiara pulling a disgusted face. "I can't believe it."

"I know," James said.

Jessie shook her head and looked back up. "He made me the bloody villain. Does he really think I'm like this?"

James slowly turned his head towards her, his eyes wide. Jessie was too mad to really notice it though. "Um, that's bad sure but you saw the other problem, right?"

Jessie huffed and folded her arms. "Yeah, that Damien cut away was a bit silly."

"Wow," James only mouthed.

Kiara glanced at them both one at a time. "James wrong too."

Jessie glanced at James, he nodded quickly. "Oh, well yeah duh, that was obvious. People could actually believe I'm the type to mutiny," she said.

"So you're saying Tom's programming of you is accurate?" James questioned.

Jessie's eyes narrowed, "careful."

"You said it," James shrugged.

Jessie elbowed him in the arm, "no, I didn't mean it that way! I meant that he went all over the top with you, but he made me just start shooting people. There was no character thing, no motivation. Nothing."

"Sure," James said, shaking his head. "Computer arch." The Holodeck arch reappeared, he walked over to work on the panel there. "The editing program will open via voice command." Kiara was disappointed, a big pout grew on her face. "You're not even trying, Tom."

"My hair was all wrong too," Jessie grumbled to herself.

Kiara knew better than to say anything there, so she ran over to where James was. "You got in?"

"Easily. According to the program information this will launch tomorrow. He's got a press release and even an advert for it, ready to send to everyone at 0800 tomorrow," James said. "And he wonders why people like to hit him."

Kiara was worried, "are we too late?"

"No," James shook his head, he smiled warmly down at her. "Not everyone can or will be playing this tomorrow. We can start slow; put some stuff in and come back later."

"That makeup I was wearing made me look like a clown," Jessie grumbled.

James tried not to laugh, he had to bite his lip briefly. "So erm... what should we do first, Boss?"

Kiara grinned, "can we mix other programs in?"

"We can do anything," James replied. Kiara's grin turned into a very familiar devious smile, it reminded him of a smaller and obviously cuter Kathryn. He smiled similarly back. "Before we start though, I have one little tweak to make."

The next morning:

Harry marched out of the turbolift, his face was very red, fists were clenched and his eyes were flashing with rage. Instead of going to Opps he stomped over to the helm. Kathryn was about to tell him off until she noticed his very bad mood. Instead she sat back in her seat and watched with a devilish smirk on her face. Chakotay noticed her reaction first before Harry's, he promptly did the same.

"Tom the beginning, what the hell!?" Harry snapped.

Tom winced a little before turning his chair around to look up at his friend. A cheeky smirk was on his face. "Don't be mad Harry. I was inspired."

"Inspired?" Harry spat at him. His face somehow had managed to get redder.

Tom folded his arms, he had a cheeky sparkle in his eye as well. "Don't hate the game Harry. All of my work is based on real people and real events." Harry's eyes were very wide at this point. "Nobody likes to see themselves from the outside."

Jessie overheard and almost burst out laughing, though a few members of the bridge heard the snort she did before then.

"You... you... people are going to see this! What's wrong with you?" Harry screamed at him. "Change it before anyone else plays it."

"Why? It's a part of the plot," Tom complained.

Jessie giggled as quietly as she could behind her hand, tears were streaming down her face. Kathryn and Chakotay very curious now, they looked at each other with a smirk. He nodded at her.

"I didn't even know you thought of me that way. My god," Harry stuttered, his face was bright red now.

Tom smirked, "dude, everyone knows. No one will be shocked." Harry groaned and stomped over to his station.

Jessie snorted again, this time the whole Bridge heard it. Everyone but Harry looked at her. "Excuse me, I... just erm, funny text message." She quickly hurried out of the Bridge, desperately holding in her laughter.

"That's it. I'm going to have to see this," Chakotay said. Kathryn nodded too. "Both of us can't go, how do we decide?"

Kathryn stared at him with her eyebrow raised, "really Chakotay? You should know better by now."

Holodeck One:

"Computer, activate Insurrection Beta," Kathryn said gleefully.

The hologrid disappeared and was replaced by a very rural and old fashioned village. Sappy music was playing while the locals got on with their lives. Kathryn was thinking that she needed to have a talk with her daughter about her lack of sense of humour when she heard a phaser shot. Everyone in the village started panicking as phaser shots blasted into their crops and buildings.

"Seriously, what is..." Kathryn said just before being shoved to one side. Nobody was there, or at least she couldn't see anyone.

"Gosh, I hope I get killed off in this one," a very familiar android's voice said, like it was running away from her.

"What the fu..." The hologrid changed to her horror. Now she was floating in space nearby a ship flying by. "Holy crap, I'm..." she noticed she could still breathe, thanking the coffee stars that the safeties were on. Then she noticed the ship was Federation and had a very familiar registration. "Oh, that's right Tom changed the name. Silly me. Computer end program."

The stars and the Enterprise disappeared. The hologrid reappeared to her relief. "Okay, who programmed that fourth wall joke program? I'll fire them... into a nebula," she growled. "Never mind, later. Computer activate The Mutineers."

The hologrid refused to disappear this time. Kathryn felt herself getting more irritable, then a desk appeared in the middle of the room. Tom appeared from out of nowhere to sit at it, he was wearing a maroon robe and very loose pants. He looked ridiculous so Kathryn assumed this was the change Harry was talking about.

"Welcome. What you are about to witness is the greatest story ever told," Holo-Tom said with that smug smile on his face.

Kathryn resisted punching it for now. She felt at least that the credit for this wasn't Tom after all. "Hmm, James got Tom in character... a little too well," she said through gritted teeth.

"Greater than Shakespeare you ask? Well of course," Tom continued. "This is a story about heroics and evil, it's about love and loyalty. We have villains and heroes, lovers and enemies."

Kathryn's eyebrow raised, "computer skip introduction!"

"Good call, you lasted longer than I did," the computer's voice responded.

Kathryn looked up with a confused look on her face. As the hologrid changed to show the Bridge she berated herself for thinking that James or her daughter would write such rubbish, even if it was making fun of Tom. She looked down to find herself in a gold uniform with an ensign rank on her collar. Before anything happened she had a quick look around.

Holo-Kathryn stepped out from the Ready Room. The real Kathryn was a little miffed that her alter ego sported not one but two giant buns, one was sitting on top of the other like two scoops of icecream on a cone.

"Ah Captain, good mor..." Chakotay greeted her but before he could finish the holo Kathryn punched him in the face.

"Morning chump!" she said cheerfully.

Tuvok carefully approached her while she sucked on her cup of coffee through a straw. The real Kathryn noticed that Tuvok's eyebrows were both sticking up, it made him look permanently wide eyed. "Are you ready for the awaymission, Captain?"

"Yeah, yeah whatever," Holo-Kathryn muttered without a care. She kicked her first officer to try and roll him out of her path. "Where is Tom?"

The turbolift door opened to reveal Tom. Suddenly all everyone could hear were cheering, clapping and a lot of whooping like the Holodeck was a sitcom. Tom waited for them to stop before stepping out. Kathryn wasn't sure what to think of any of this, then she noticed he was carrying a bunch of roses in his arm.

"Remind me to give that ponce a promotion," Holo-Kathryn muttered to Tuvok. "Tom, you have the bridge."

"You got it babe," Tom said, winking at her.

Kathryn stared in dismay as her alter ego walked out of the bridge, with Tuvok right behind her. "I know they said it wasn't finished yet, but..." she muttered to herself.

Tom walked by her to get to Opps. She noticed Harry briefly look his way and blush madly. "Hi Tom," he said shyly.

"Hey Harry," Tom said in a flirty voice.

"Ooooooh wooooh!" the invisible studio audience hooted.

Tom leaned on the station with one arm while brandishing the roses in the other. Harry gasped, his hands went across his chest. "For you," Tom said.

"Oh Tom, you shouldn't have," Harry giggled.

Tom reached out to grasp his left hand gently, "of course I did. Whenever I think about you, my heart, it flutters."

Harry visibly swooned, "oh Tom."

Kathryn meanwhile was struggling to keep a straight face, she didn't notice the familiar Bajoran woman walk onto the Bridge behind her.

"I can't bare to live without you. I think about you every second," Tom continued. "So..."

The woman brought out a phaser from her belt. Nobody had time to react, she started shooting at almost everyone. Kathryn was too busy enjoying the Tom and Harry show to care about that.

Tom dropped to one knee, "Harry Kim, will you be my husband?"

"Oh my god, oh my god," Harry stuttered, tears began to fall.

Thompson and Foster stepped out of the nearby turbolift. Instead of being shocked at this, they shrugged and walked around the pair like they were used to it.

"Seska!" another Bridge crewmember yelled as a warning.

The woman swung around to dodge the two Security members phaser shots, she shot back.

"Yes, oh Tom yes," Harry giggled. He was a bit worried when Tom didn't say or do anything afterwards. At least not at first. He then suddenly collapsed onto the floor.

"Oops, missed," Thompson laughed nervously.

Foster rolled his eyes as his team-mate was soon shot as well. "Finally, I surrender."

"Tom!" Harry cried out. He knelt down to try and get him to wake up, but he wasn't even moving. "This isn't real!"

Seska smiled evilly, "good. This ship is now no longer Starfleet."

The only two crewmembers who she didn't shoot at walked over to Kathryn, who was in stitches at this point. "What about this one?"

"Meh, she's a nameless gold shirt. She'll probably die before trying anything," Seska groaned.

"Nooo, stop it! It doesn't matter, Tom is gone," Harry cried. "Tom will no longer make horrible jokes, no longer take the piss out of people, or get beaten up by Jessie." Harry pulled Tom in closer. "What about us, what are we supposed to do?" As he was doing that, Tom groaned and started to drool. Obviously he wasn't dead like Harry thought. He didn't notice though.

Seska looked at them both, her eyebrow was raised quite high. Her shoulders shrugged before turning back to the other conscious people in the room.

"Now, find out how the rest of the crew are doing. Then send all the Starfleet personnel to Cargo Bay Two. They can stay with Neelix's crops until we drop them off on another planet," Seska cackled.

"You fiend!" Foster blurted out. He laughed nervously, "oh I meant to think that. Marquis forever, yeah."

"What about my pain?" Harry whimpered, he lowered Tom gently to the floor.

"Mmm, I look quite fetching in this pink dress," Tom slept talked.

Seska got a bit bored so she aimed the phaser at them. Harry started to tremble as the tears started falling. "My fingers are tingling. My mouth is dry. My eyes are burning." Then he fell to the floor.

Seska looked at her phaser settings, "phasers don't do that, oh well."

Later, the Ready Room:

Kathryn was in tears while re-telling her adventures to Chakotay. He was struggling to drink his cup of tea as he was laughing too much. Of course Kathryn didn't have this problem.

"Then they're attacked by these aliens, Tom actually pees his pants at the sight of them," Kathryn continued. "I guess it's only funny if you see them."

"Kathryn, I have a confession to make," Chakotay quickly cut in, still chuckling as he did. "While you were away I left Tuvok in charge and went to see it for myself." Kathryn was too amused to care. "It's definitely funnier if you're on the Marquis side."

"Oh?" Kathryn was curious and already planning a second trip.

"Yeah, the program must bring Tom into it regardless of what option you pick. Very clever," Chakotay smirked.

Kathryn finished her second cup of coffee. Her head gave her back the memory of Tom and Harry again, she almost spat the coffee back out. "God damn it. Kiara said that James didn't have time to put everything she wanted in. There's still stuff there from his program, it's obvious which but it just makes the changes all the more funny. I don't know whether to wait until it's upgraded or go before it is."

"Why not both?" Chakotay said, his eyes twinkling with mischief. Kathryn smirked back. "Thanks to Tom's advertising campaign and word of mouth, we'd better play it as many times as we can before there's a queue to get in."

"Mmmhmm, that's why you're my first officer," Kathryn giggled.

"Yep, I'm here to serve," Chakotay laughed back.

Back in the Holodeck, the bridge scene was playing. There were a few minor differences though.

Kathryn sat down in a chair twice the size of her usual one, it also was completely brown and stunk of coffee. "Good lord, do you really think I give a crap about your itty bitty little problems," she said towards the viewscreen.

On it was a very sad and meek looking Treebus. Behind him his forest looked like it had been burned down. "But this is a kid's progra... place. Somebody just waltzed in and set fire to everything, killing the main character. Surely you can see the problem here."

Kathryn rolled her eyes as she reached for a coffee cup the size of a large bucket. It took up the entirety of Chakotay's chair. He had to sit on the floor nearby. "Yawn, tell it to someone who gives a damn. Get him off my screen."

Chakotay glanced over meekly, he didn't dare look her in the eye. For some reason he was not only sitting on the floor, he had a chain around his neck which was tied to the banister behind them.

"Maybe we should help them, Captain. It's not like we made any friends here. Even the Borg ran away from us," he said.

Kathryn pulled a whip out of nowhere and raised it high, all the while sipping on her coffee. Once she was done she snarled, "it's not crunch time..." Chakotay winced as the whip slapped him across the back. "I'll let you know when."

Tuvok carefully approached her. "Are you ready for the awaymission, Queen Janeway?"

"That's better," Kathryn smiled his way, then scowled at Chakotay. He cowered under her glare. "I'll be ready when you sort that ridiculous hair out, Commander."

Tuvok's eyebrows raised so high they were floating above his head, and I mean that literally. "Hair?"

"Yes. I don't want to be seen with someone that thinks that look is cool," Kathryn spat.

"But..." Tuvok protested.

Kathryn only had to raise the whip to get him to back off. The poor Vulcan hurried into the turbolift without looking back. As he did Tom stepped out.

"Do not worry, da man is here to save the day," he announced. The sitcom audience were still around but this time they booed at him. Tom failed to notice this, "thank you, thank you. I am that awesome, I know." A tomato flew and splattered into his face. The audience whooped and laughed.

"Ugh remind me to give that ponce a cremation," Kathryn grumbled to Chakotay.

His eyes widened, "you mean demotion, right?"

"Yeah sure. Like when I say futile I mean *useless*, but when you say it, it means *I'm a dumbass*," Kathryn said.

Chakotay glanced down at his hands, his shoulders slumped. "You know, words do hurt more than sticks and stones." Kathryn gave him another whip slash. "And whips... but only just," he squeaked.

Tom walked by her to get to Opps. Harry briefly looked his way and blushed madly. "Hi Tom," he said shyly.

"Hey Harry-kins," Tom said in a flirty voice.

Kathryn looked over her shoulder to stare at them in disgust. "Oh god, what did I tell you two? Keep that mushy crap off my bridge!"

"Oh, Kathryn's jealous of little old me. How cute," Tom giggled.

Kathryn's eyes widened, fire started burning in them. Chakotay got a glimpse and the intensity of it made his hair burst into flames. As it was so big and gel-y he didn't notice yet. "What... what did he say?" she asked slowly and dangerously.

As before Seska strode out of the turbolift while Tom proposed to Harry. She reached for the phaser on her belt. Before she could do anything a gigantic coffee cup flew at her head, knocking her flying to the floor.

"Who is stealing my coffee!?" Kathryn screamed loud enough for Deck Fifteen to hear. "God, if I have to listen to this crap I'm going to need a bigger cup."

Everyone sighed in relief when the irritable Captain finally left to go to the Ready Room. Well almost everyone, the latest player of the game was a little disappointed.

"What just happened?" Seska groaned from the floor. As she sat up little mini Kathryn's, each with their own hairstyles, ran around her sore head.

Chakotay got a little worried as he could smell smoke, he glanced around for it not realising that it was coming from his head. "Is Neelix cooking again?"

The player frowned, "I don't get that one, it doesn't smell nice in here at all."

Seska shook her head to get rid of the Kathryn's around her head. It made her dizzy but it worked. "Okay, let's try this again." She tried to pull her phaser out again.

The player, who was obviously Neelix in a gold uniform, gasped in horror. He dove forward to tackle her, however he was too far away for that to work. In Seska's point of view an Ensign just randomly jumped onto the floor. She shrugged and started shooting at people.

Later in the Cargo Bay, Seska paced in front of a few Starfleet personnel in her old Marquis outfit, speechifying them. A lot of them were already asleep, not that she noticed. Even the people guarding them were nodding off.

"Now, join me and the devilishly handsome Kazon..."

"Eeew," the only awake people commented.

Seska didn't hear that, she continued. "... as we lay waste to this quadrant. Our supreme and powerful alliance will be the envy and nightmare of everyone who stands before us."

This time she got laughter from some of the people not currently napping. She looked annoyed as she was expecting a rousing applause. "Ahem, I'm finished!" she snapped loud enough to wake most of the room up.

The Doctor, in the Ensign uniform, glanced around. He politely clapped. "That was a wonderful speech," he said and actually seriously. "Very well written."

"I know," Seska smiled proudly. She leaned in closer to B'Elanna standing nearby and whispered, "we could do with some *red shirt* fodder."

"I don't need to think about it, I will join you," the Doctor grinned.

Kathryn coughed behind Seska and the Marquis, they all turned around to look at her. Unlike the others she was locked in a metal cage, surrounded by what looked like teabags. Kathryn fidgeted anxiously. "Hey, anytime you're ready to let me out of this hellhole... you know, on your own time."

Seska smiled maliciously, "I'm in no hurry. Now, anyone else like to join me?"

"Pfft, this wouldn't have happened if that parasite hadn't made me ill. I'd have sorted you out in no time," Kathryn huffed.

Tom pouted angrily, he stood up. "I'm in too. I am tired of being made fun of. I deserve respect."

Seska's smile grew, "great, welcome aboard... uh..." B'Elanna whispered something into her ear. "Welcome aboard Lieutenant Bag."

Tom was naturally confused, "Bag?"

"Oh, you prefer to be called by your first name? Fine, Crap and Ensign Unknown take the rest of these pathetic Starfleet fans to the Brig," Seska ordered.

The Doctor nodded while Tom's pout grew even bigger. The Marquis crewmembers were handing their latest recruits a phaser each when the doors opened. Jessie rushed through them.

"Captain the Spongebob aliens are back and..." she stopped when she noticed Kathryn in the cage, then everything else. "What the?"

Tom started to panic, "oh god, we're all doomed."

Seska pulled a disgusted face at her. "Change of command you little piece of sh... that's a nice top."

Jessie rolled her eyes, "well duh, it's mine."

"Hmph, we'll see about that," Seska growled.

Tom giggled, "kinky."

"Quiet Crap Bag," Seska hissed. "Which side are you on? Starfleet or Marquis?"

Jessie glanced at the Starfleet people being lead away, Kathryn in the cage and then at Seska who wasn't hiding the jealousy on her face at all. Her last glance was at the armed Marquis officers.

"If I picked Starfleet I'd get locked up. Marquis," Jessie answered.

Seska cackled evilly, "yes the Marquis side is alluring, isn't it? Soon the Kazon will be able to replicate food and beam people around. They will be unstoppable, mwahahaha."

"Um yeah, that sounds terrifying," B'Elanna said, for the tenth time having *second* thoughts.

"Replicate!?" Kathryn spat. "How come those giant sunburnt headed assholes get coffee and I don't!"

"What should we do about the alien attack?" a nameless Marquis officer asked.

Seska looked a little worried. "Ooops I left Chakotay on the Bridge." She shrugged it off, "well I'm sure he wouldn't mind dealing with it."

The Holo-Bridge:

Chakotay stared ahead of him blankly, water dripped from his hair onto his face and shoulders. Not that it mattered, he was drenched already.

An ensign knelt down to unchain him. "I knew that Mr Paris would make a mockery out of my original program."

"What?" Chakotay was obviously confused.

The ensign lowered his eyebrow for once, he shook his head. "Never mind, Commander. Miss Seska clearly believes that this mutiny is what you want, we need to stop her."

"Oh I don't know. Janeway's a bit of a... what's a nice way to put it?" Chakotay said while he climbed to his feet. "Spawn of Satan, if I believed in such a thing... though meeting her would make anyone a believer."

"Indeed," Ensign Tuvok agreed.

"But Seska, that's something far worst," Chakotay said.

Ensign Tuvok's eyebrow jumped back up, "far worse."

Chakotay sighed, "yeah that may have looked like another Worse/Worst Case title joke, but it was an accident."

"Interesting," Tuvok said.

"Yes and it stays anyway, *haha*," Chakotay groaned and rolled his eyes. "We need to come up with a plan if we're going to stop Seska. Any..."

Harry's loud sobs interrupted him. Even Tuvok couldn't help but roll his eyes too. "Why would Tommy-wommy join the mutiny? I thought he loved me."

"So yes a plan," Chakotay tried to continue.

"We were going to get married and adopt lots of little babies," Harry whimpered.

Chakotay looked very impatient by this point, "you should keep up your act Ensign Nobody, having someone on the inside will be..."

"Though the Doc could probably help us make our own babies," Harry cut in again. He swooned at the thought, "so beautiful."

Tuvok shook his head, "trust Mr Paris to have somebody obsessed with him in his program."

Chakotay was too disgusted to really register that, he tried to think of a plan but all he could see in his head were Tom and Harry hybrid babies running around. "Excuse me a second, Ensign." Tuvok nodded. Chakotay walked over to pick up Kathryn's giant coffee cup, he proceeded to throw up in it.

Tuvok didn't know how to react, his eyebrows were high enough. Unlike his holographic self, they couldn't leave his face. "I will continue my infiltration then, Commander. Do you have anything specific in mind?"

"Kill Tom, that's all I ask," Chakotay answered, his face now very sickly white. "Make the rest up yourself."

"As you wish," Tuvok said carefully.

This time Chakotay was the one in the Ensign uniform. He ran down the corridor, phaser rifle in his arm. He could hear a phaser fight ahead of him. Moving himself out of sight around the corner, he aimed his phaser and waited.

He didn't have to wait long, there was some movement from just a few metres away. He almost fired and he was glad he didn't.

"Can you feel the love tonight?" Tom wailed as he strolled down the corridor. He turned to smile at Harry following him. He stopped to smile shyly back. "The peace our bromance brings." He continued walking but then stopped again, Harry was closer this time when he stopped. "The ship for once, in perfect harmony..."

Chakotay sighed as a team of Security officers ran down the corridor, constantly shooting behind them. A team of Marquis ran after them, shooting back.

The lovebirds didn't notice or care about any of this, they walked into the Mess Hall. Chakotay was torn between playing the game by following the fight, or staying to watch. In the end the choice was obvious, he followed Tom and Harry.

The pair picked up a few drinks that had been abandoned on the nearest table. While they drank them they made lovey eyes at each other.

"How do I ever tell him? I joined the Marquis," Tom sang. "Just because I pisse... no, no." He was relieved Harry didn't seem to hear that, he was too busy slurping his drink. He smiled at him warmly. "They scare the hell out of me."

Harry frowned. "He's faking a smile, he's hiding. But what I can't decide." Tom's smile turned into a smirk as he climbed to his feet. "Why can't he be the man I know he is, the bravest man I know."

He was surprised when Tom hugged him so hard he was pushed backwards from his seat. They both laughed as they hit the floor.

Chakotay was starting to think this joke was going too far and decided to leave. "Yeah I bet this wasn't Kiara's input," he said to himself.

"No Seska, she's right," Jessie said defiantly.

Seska scowled at her as well as the group of people opposing her. The only thing between her group and them was the faint glow of the warp core reflecting off the glass floor.

"Yes, it's over," Ensign B'Elanna said. The rest of the Marquis looked astonished as she walked over to join the Starfleet group. Jessie followed her as well.

"I knew I shouldn't have trusted you nameless Ensign," Seska spat at her. "I never liked Jessie either. I don't like people prettier and smarter than me. It doesn't matter."

The rest of the Marquis also started to break away, Seska's eyes widened in horror.

"Where are you going, get back here!" she stuttered.

"It's time to put the past behind us," Chakotay said.

Seska growled, "I'll never let it go. You betrayed me by not letting me continue to spy on and steal from you. How can anyone forgive that!"

The screen on the nearby station to the Starfleet side activated. For some reason it was showing the Teletubbies, nobody really reacted like they should to this.

"We are the Teletubbie Collective," they all spoke in unison. "Surrender or you will fall at the hands of the baby sun."

The sun with a baby's face in the middle got a close up, it laughed like it normally did.

"It's worst than we thought! I'm scared!" Tom screamed like a little kid. Everyone laughed at him including Seska, even Tuvok couldn't suppress a snigger.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, after she finished laughing of course. "Yes we get it, the episode title has been wrong for over a decade. Can we let it go yet?"

The Teletubbies disappeared to show a strange looking starship instead. That didn't last as it imploded. Another ship flew into the screen, only to be replaced by a shot of Flotter and Treebus.

"Voyager," Flotter snarled.

"I want my mummy!" Tom interrupted by screaming.

Treebus and Flotter glanced at each other nervously. "Um... we're here to bring back Naomi. Ever since she boarded the ship nothing can go wrong. She's too smart. It's boring," Treebus explained.

"Yeah we're in the middle of something here," Chakotay said.

"Oh," Flotter looked disappointed. Suddenly Naomi popped her head into view.

"Hi guys, you really should be working together. You need..." she said.

"Oh my god that kid's got spikes on her head!" Tom screeched, he started to run around in circles. Everyone moved out of his way when his trousers started to look a little wet.

Seska stomped her feet, "enough of this!"

"Yeah while we're on the subject, there's a guy called Wesley here too. Can you take him?" Treebus questioned.

Seska fired a phaser at the screen, it sparked and thankfully went off.

"I really hope our shields are up," Kathryn commented.

"Now, no more distractions," Seska sneered.

Her phaser pointed at the warp core. Everyone looked a little worried. Well not everyone, a certain someone was way past that. He dove under a nearby console to tremble and continue to moisten his trousers.

"No, what are you doing!" B'Elanna snapped.

"I still have control of Voyager and there's nothing you can do about it," Seska laughed. "This'll teach you for not letting me continue to live on your ship while giving away exploding replicators to aliens."

Tom started sucking his thumb.

"Seska don't be a fool. If you destroy the core, you kill yourself," Chakotay warned her.

Seska faked a gasp, "oh Chakotay you too. Even after I pretended to love you just so I could steal your secrets. How could you betray me so? I'm so angry at you people."

B'Elanna frowned, "someone's not a Seska fan. What to do?"

The ship began to shake like something was firing on them. James looked at a nearby console that wasn't sparking anyway. "The Flotter ship is firing on us."

Tom squealed while hugging his knees with one arm, his thumb was still in his mouth. He was also starting to stink, if you know what I mean.

"The pricks are probably trying to lower our shields so they can give us Wesley," Kathryn said. "Excuse me." She cracked her knuckles and walked out like nothing was happening.

"Hey, hey, take me seriously! I'm a serious villain!" Seska snapped.

Jessie yawned, "yeah you are."

"I shouldn't be here, I'm a pretty boy. I'm a good boy," Tom stuttered, rocking back and forth.

Seska growled, "fine. Chakotay, consider yourself lucky. I can't kill you as I still love you. Remind me to steal your DNA later." Chakotay pulled a disgusted face. "I'll just kill the girl who's better than me."

"You can't kill us all," another B'Elanna piped up. The regular B'Elanna tried not to laugh.

"I meant Jessie!" Seska snapped. This time she pointed her phaser towards the group.

The ship rocked a few more times, Tom screamed in response. "Abandon ship!" Seska was about to fire when he scrambled out from under the station and bumped right into her. Instead of hitting Jessie, the phaser shot flew down towards the core. Nobody really looked that surprised, they just looked annoyed as the blast created a green fire at the base of the core.

Seska ran over to the group, while pointing her phaser at them. Her target still seemed to be Jessie. "Perfect, I'll kill you first and then Voyager will be blasted to smithereens."

"But I thought you wanted Voyager for its technology," Chakotay pointed out.

Seska's face gave away her embarrassment, "um er... right. I meant kill you first or Voyager will be blasted to smithereens." Her spare hand grabbed Jessie by the arm.

"That makes no sense," she muttered as Seska roughly pulled her over to the barrier around the core. Nobody dared to move as the phaser was pointing at them. Jessie however wasn't too happy about being dragged around so she tried to grab it. The pair struggled over it.

B'Elanna thought it had been a while since she did something, so she hurried over to a nearby station.

The struggle between the two women caused them both to lose their balance, they each stumbled over the barrier. They each grabbed it in time.

"God, I hate you and your luscious locks," Seska snarled at Jessie, she then kicked her.

"Ow! Maybe you should try brushing yours, then..." Jessie grumbled back. By this time mostly everyone had ran over to them. "No mine would still be better," she smiled.

Seska growled in response. She got even more annoyed when James reached out to help Jessie, yet no one bothered to help her. "Hey, what about..." The final straw was Chakotay standing close by, munching on popcorn. "Chakotay, a little help!"

Chakotay shrugged, he offered her some popcorn. Meanwhile Jessie was safely back on the ground.

Seska wrongly assumed that he was offering to help her, or she really just wanted some popcorn. Everyone cringed as she fell down towards the fire. Moments later the fire was put out.

"Ah, well done Ensign," Chakotay said towards B'Elanna.

B'Elanna smiled, "no problem, Commander."

The computer then began to narrate, "and so this story comes to an end, but the Voyager journey continues on. Will Janeway ever keep to one hairstyle? Will Chakotay ever tell us how popcorn keeps appearing randomly?"

"No," Chakotay said mid crunch.

"Would things have been different if the Ensign stayed loyal to Starfleet? And will Tom ever be useful for anything?" the computer continued to narrate.

"No," everyone answered.

"Find out in the sequel, Worst Case Scenario 2; Tom and Harry's Wedding. Or is it 3 I'm not sure anymore," the computer said. Almost everyone shrugged. "Coming soon to a Holodeck near you. Thanks for playing and spread the word."

The hologrid reappeared, leaving B'Elanna definitely satisfied with what she had just played. It was only seconds after the program ended that the doors opened to let the next person in.

"Oh hi B'Elanna," Craig said nervously.

B'Elanna smiled, calming him down a little. "You're in for a treat."

"So I've heard. Everyone's talking about it," Craig said.

"Yes Tom's definitely out done himself this time," B'Elanna sniggered. "It's like a love story, adventure and comedy all rolled into one."

"Cool, I'm in," Craig finally smiled back.

B'Elanna quickly hurried out to allow him to enjoy the program. Outside there was a massive queue going all the way back to the turbolift. On the way there she spotted even Seven standing in it. Not far behind her was Chakotay.

"Again?" was her amused response.

Chakotay casually shrugged, "apparently there's been a few revisions since yesterday."

"Hmm," B'Elanna looked suspicious for a moment. "After that opening scene I checked the game's programming to see if it had been tampered with..."

"Why? Tom walks out of the turbolift to a screaming audience, and not in fear. Who else would do that?" Chakotay smirked.

"Hmm he's changed that," B'Elanna said, looking a little worried. She quickly shook it off. "It definitely was only Tom, no one else could have gotten in there. I'm sorry I doubted him, he doesn't spare himself in this parody."

Seven turned around to scowl at them both. She wasn't the only one either. "I do not like to be, what was the term? *Spoilt* before I use a program. Can you please keep it down?"

B'Elanna couldn't help but laugh, "sorry, I'll go. Enjoy." She continued on her way to the turbolift. A couple of people were even queuing in there.

Meanwhile:

Tom sat at the helm, unaware that most of the bridge were sniggering at him. He seemed to be concentrating on something that definitely wasn't helm related on his console.

"Hey Harry, the program's been used almost two dozen times," he said.

Harry grunted, "don't talk to me Tom!"

"What's the matter, lovers spat?" Jessie asked, triggering much louder laughter from the rest of the bridge.

Harry muttered some obscenities to himself and got back to work, his face turned very red.

Tom didn't seem to be bothered, he was just happy with what he was reading. "I guess everyone knows now who's the King of the Holodeck."

Kathryn stepped out of the Ready Room with one of her death glares on her face. It stopped everyone's laughter immediately. She made her way over to Tom. "Paris!"

Tom squeaked as his finger quickly removed the information he was looking at. The chair span around to face her. "Yes Captain?"

"Conference Room, now," she growled.

Tom was confused, he had no idea what he did wrong. "Um yes ma'am." He got up to do as he was told but Kathryn slapped the back of his head. "Sorry, Captain."

Kathryn's glare disappeared instantly, it was soon replaced by a smirk once he had gone. "All right," she sighed while putting her game face back on. "I want every senior staff member who played Tom's little game in there too." She pretended to glare at Tuvok, "I know who you all are."

Everyone but Jessie looked a little nervous to say the least. They all started gossiping between themselves. Kathryn glanced over at Jessie to give her a sly wink, she smirked back.

The Conference Room:

Tom felt like he had shrunk quite a bit as everybody at the table stared at him. They all looked very angry at him, he was genuinely confused and a little freaked out.

"Guys please stop looking at me, if I keep shrinking into this chair I'll be shorter than James," he said.

James didn't look very happy at all, he was about to say something but Kathryn looked like she was ready to explode.

"Aaw such a big man, aren't you Mr Paris," Kathryn said in a mocking voice. "You like to make people feel bad, don't you?"

Tom's eyes widened, "um... excuse me?"

Kathryn climbed out of her chair so she could stare down at him. "Oh I'm six foot twenty three. I must be awesome and everyone shorter than me, who is mostly everybody by the way, must be bullied cos they're obviously being short on purpose. The bast..."

"Kathryn," Chakotay whispered to her.

Kathryn groaned, "do you mind, I'm making a point here."

Tom just rolled his eyes, "wow, somebody's a favourite, I wonder why."

James knew that was a remark against him, his fists clenched. Jessie reached out to gently pat them, they loosened a little. "I'm glad I programmed that song in at the last second," he whispered. She giggled behind her other hand.

"You think we're all just a big joke, Mr Paris?" Kathryn questioned dangerously. "Hmm? Do you think my love of coffee should be made fun of? That Tuvok's tendency to raise his eyebrows is something to point and laugh at."

Tom sighed in realisation, "oh, this is about the program isn't it?"

"Gee, what gave you that idea?" Chakotay snapped sarcastically.

Tom chuckled nervously, "gee guys, have a sense of humour. Nobody was really that bad, I even made fun of myself too."

"You don't say," B'Elanna laughed.

Harry twitched quite violently, "that bad!? Tom, everyone I meet keeps doing impressions of *me*. I won't be able to show my face around this ship for months."

"But... you do act like that sometimes," Tom protested. James soon joined in the quiet sniggering that Jessie was doing. "Overexaggerating personality traits is a Fifth Voyager thing."

"Oh, we're going down the fourth wall route are we?" Kathryn growled, she started rolling up her sleeves.

Chakotay shook his head, "rewind Tom, quickly."

Tom's nervous laughter picked up, "right yeah. Everyone was perfectly in character, I just made a few minor jokes about them. I don't see the problem." He looked at James who managed to stop laughing just in time so he wouldn't notice it. "You I got spot on, my best work."

Jessie had to grab James' arm to stop him from getting up, so he settled for only glaring at him.

"I would urge you to stop Paris, before we all decide to use you as a punching bag," Kathryn warned.

"What else is new?" Jessie commented.

Kathryn shrugged, "I said all. Now I want you to have a think about how you'd feel if somebody had made a parody of you. Really think about everyone's reactions here while you go have another test run of your *masterpiece*." Chakotay bit his lip to stop himself from laughing. "I hope that you will see the error of your ways."

"Um, you're punishing me by sending me to the Holodeck? I don't get it," Tom said.

Kathryn's glare was back on full death mode, Tom shrunk further into his chair. "Really think!"

"Ok, yes Captain," Tom whimpered. Kathryn's eyes widened briefly, her head gestured to the door. "Now? Okay sure." He ran for his life. Once he was gone, she and Chakotay allowed themselves to laugh. Everyone who wasn't them or James and Jessie looked very confused.

Holodeck Two:

Tom felt very proud as he had to push his way through queues to get here, with promises to make a sequel. Luckily he didn't have to wait long for the previous player to finish. Craig walked out still laughing, Tom's proud smile still managed to grow.

"Craigy, what did you think?" he asked.

"Good. I think I'd be able to play it properly if I wasn't laughing all the time though, that's my only criticism," Craig answered. Tom's smile changed to a fake polite one. "See you, can't wait for the sequel."

Tom nodded until he walked out, then he frowned. "How did he know about the sequel? He was still playing when I said that." He shook it off. "Computer activate The Mutineers."

"Acknowledged," the computer responded.

The table appeared in front of him, he happily waited for himself to appear. Instead a tiny figure appeared in the chair behind it instead. She could barely see over the top of it. "K... Kiara?"

"If you are watching this right now then congrats Tom, everyone is laughing at you," Kiara said, ending with the biggest smile she could manage. "Oh yeah and you have to play it to the end, no escaping," she said while pointing her finger at him, scolding him with her eyes.

"I don't understand, how did you even get in? I had the top security stuff on it!" Tom stuttered.

Kiara giggled, "now Tom, stop hissy-ing. Save it for the end. Bye, enjoy." She waved at him, then vanished with the table. The bridge appeared seconds later. His uniform changed to an Ensign one.

"Oh well, she's just a kid. How bad can it be?" Tom said nervously.

"Do not worry, da man is here to save the day," Holo-Tom announced. Tom actually smiled and nearly clapped. He was relieved that Kiara had made his entrance better and much earlier, but then the sitcom audience started booing at him. Holo-Tom was just as oblivious as before, "thank you, thank you. I am that awesome, I know." A tomato flew and splattered into his face. The audience whooped and laughed.

"Heh heh, typical kid. Did she think this would bother me?" Tom sighed in relief.

Holo-Tom walked by her to get to Opps. Harry briefly looked his way and blushed madly. "Hi Tommy wommy," he said shyly.

"Hey Harry-kimby-wimmy," Holo-Tom cooed at him, then he winked seductively.

Tom's face lost all of its colour in an instant. "Oh."

THE END