

B4FV Episode 3.09

Yesteryear

Voyager

The Bridge:

Everyone there were in their usual places, well except Tuvok who was still at the Engineering station.

"How long is it going to take to repair that hole?" Kathryn asked.

Chakotay shrugged, "I'd say another few days. It's not top priority at the moment."

"It's the bridge, it so should be," Kathryn said. "Oh well, I'll just have to drink all my coffee out here," she said as she sipped on a big cup of coffee.

"Captain, the FDA ship has just uncloaked," Harry said.

Kathryn groaned, "whatever, main viewer."

The FDA ship appeared on the viewscreen looking badly damaged, and floating around like it was adrift.

Chakotay stood up, "what happened to it?"

"I don't know, it looks like alien phaser burns on the hull. I don't recognise the type though," Harry replied.

"You know what we have to do," Chakotay said, glancing at Kathryn.

"What, finish it off?" Kathryn questioned.

"No, rescue any survivors. They helped us out with the memory problem," Chakotay replied.

"No one's forgetting that they probably lied about who did it in the first place," Tom said. "Right?"

"No, but I doubt it was them, they gave us the cure didn't they?" Kathryn muttered. "Fine, rescue them this once. But get security to guard Sickbay."

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Chakotay said. "Tuvok, see to it. Harry, beam them aboard in about five minutes."

Harry nodded his head, "um aye sir."

Sickbay:

"What's the matter with you? You know what kind of morons I have on my crew," Damien snapped at the Doctor.

"Every life is important. Further more I didn't actually do the transporting. I wish everyone would realise that," he muttered.

"Ha right, important? These guys should have been dead centuries ago. Who cares?" Damien said.

"And whose fault is it that they're annoying you now?" the Doctor asked smugly. Damien narrowed his eyes.

Kathryn and Chakotay walked into the room. "Obviously the others were killed during whatever happened," Chakotay was saying.

"What's that?" Damien questioned as he glanced at them.

"We only managed to beam seven of you, I'm sure there would have been more. Are all seven accounted for?" Chakotay asked.

"Unfortunately," Damien grumbled, he quickly passed a stony glare to the Doctor. "The most damaged part of the ship was on the cleaner's quarters deck. I only have one cleaner now."

"Finally, we can now go to the public toilets instead of sneaking into the one in Damien's office," Gareth whispered. Johnny Junior groaned, he elbowed him hard.

"You're welcome, really," Chakotay muttered.

"Ahem, well you're welcome to prepare for trouble," Johnny said. He glared at the others. Myleene jumped up to stand next to him.

"Uh and you should thank us for making it double," she said. The new version of the TR music quickly started and then sped up to catch up.

"To protect the universe from randy, perverted celebrity managers," Johnny said. An older guy nearby rolled his eyes.

"To perfect our ship by buying some more bandages," Myleene said, shrugging.

"I knew I forgot to buy something last week," Justin muttered.

"To pretend to..." Johnny said slowly, while trying to think.

"Ok enough!" Damien snapped. The music stopped abruptly. "This is way too old."

"Remind me again why we saved these guys," Kathryn whispered to Chakotay.

"Strangely I've just forgotten," he said.

Damien shook his head and stepped forward, "you know it's not too late to send them all back."

"I wouldn't recommend it. Everyone of them was suffering from radiation poisoning," the Doctor said.

"Your point being?" Damien commented.

"What happened?" Kathryn asked.

"I don't know. These aliens just attacked us, I've never seen them before," Damien replied.

"Yeah, we were in the middle of setting up the tra..." Justin said. Damien quickly smacked him, then smiled at the command team.

"Setting up a what?" Kathryn questioned.

"Oh a track. He's trying to do music again, with a dog or something," Damien replied. "The attack was a relief actually."

"It's Snoop Dog," Justin muttered, pouting.

"I was hoping he forgot," Damien said.

"Hey that's probably why we were attacked," Johnny Junior said.

In: "Tuvok to Janeway, please report to the bridge."

"On my way," Kathryn said with a smirk on her face. She left the room.

The lights dimmed, the siren and the red lights started to flash. "Oh great, they're back. My ship better not be in more danger, it's a good ship," Damien said.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "I know where you're going with this. Just find yourself a good window somewhere, two Security guys will take you." He followed Kathryn out.

The Bridge:

Kathryn and Chakotay stepped out of the turbolift. "Report," she said.

"There's a temporal rift forming next to the FDA ship," Harry replied.

"Not again," Chakotay groaned.

"There's a ship approaching from it," Harry said with a yawn. Everyone else braced themselves, well not really. "Federation, why is it always Federation?"

"Hail it," Kathryn ordered.

"Temporal anomaly, it's Federation, it's not hailable," Chakotay muttered.

Harry frowned, "there's an energy build up." The bridge lit up, then everything shook violently.

"What the?" Kathryn said. A smashing sound startled everyone, everyone looked towards the source. As soon as they did, everyone but Kathryn were fearing for their lives. "My big cup of coffee!" she screamed.

Jessie chose that moment to walk onto the bridge, she almost ran into Chakotay and Kathryn. The bridge lit up and shook again. "What's going on this time?"

"My cup of coffee," Kathryn cried. She turned to Jessie. "I blame this on you."

"Me? I just walked in," Jessie said.

"All right fine, next time I'll blame you," Kathryn grumbled. "Damien, where is that asshole, I'll kill him!"

Chakotay put a hand on her arm, "calm down Kathryn, you can kill him after we get blown up."

A minute or two earlier

Deck Two:

James stepped out of the turbolift, he bumped straight into Damien, who was watching out of the big window.

"Hey, how did you get here?" James asked.

"The guys guarding Sickbay were too busy gambling to notice," Damien replied.

"They weren't gambling with rations, were they?" James questioned.

"Nope, hyposprays," Damien replied.

"Yeah thought so. Most of the unknowns prefer suicide to being stupidly killed off instead of regulars or main guys," James said.

"Suicide ey," Damien said with an evil smile on his face. "I was always good with the gambling."

"Hey, be my guest," James muttered.

Damien glared at him, "no, kill my crew and make it look like suicide. I've been planning to ditch them for months. They think I'm just messing around with you guys, you know with that memory thing."

"That was you?" James said. He frowned, "why did I sound surprised?"

"Because it was a brilliant plan of mine to lower my crew's guard. Even an imbecile like you can understand that, right?" Damien replied.

"You know, you're this close to getting a broken face," James muttered.

Damien didn't seem bothered, "you're not unproving my point. Only stupid people would use violence or sarcasm as a retort."

"And only stupid people would piss me off," James grumbled, clenching his fists.

"Jeez, take a pill," Damien said. He smiled evilly, "I could win you a hypospray of your own, if you want."

The ship shook again. They both glanced out of the window and saw the FDA ship in pieces.

"Oh crap," they both muttered. "Seventy years of you guys." They both glanced at each other with raised eyebrows.

The Bridge:

"And then we tranpublicfy the phasers to a spectralathon setting," Harry was busy rambling on.

"Harry I have no idea what you just said, but just do it. I can't have my precious coffee, er ship destroyed," Kathryn said.

"Ohno, we can't have that," Jessie commented.

"I take it that coffee cravings gone, huh," Chakotay said quietly.

Kathryn's stare turned even colder, she slapped both of them at the same time. "No one insults or steals my coffee," she said.

"I didn't do either," Chakotay muttered.

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "ok I undo the slap, god." She glanced away from him just to get a similar slap from Jessie. "Hey!"

"Don't ever touch me again, stupid coffee bitch," she grumbled. The glare on her face even managed to out match Kathryn's. "Do you understand me?" She walked off towards the Engineering station, "stupid f***** Chakotay loving whore."

Tom looked rather worried, "great work Captain."

"What the hell are you doing at my station you Vulcan tosser?" Jessie snapped at Tuvok.

Harry looked uneasy, "it seems to have worked by the way. The ship's hailing."

"Suddenly he or she's talkative. On screen," Kathryn said as she headed for the centre of the bridge. Chakotay did the same while watching Jessie.

A human guy appeared on the screen. "I am Captain Braxton of the Federation Timeship Aeon."

"Big f***** deal," Jessie grumbled.

Kathryn sighed, "she'll be moving onto another mood soon enough, hopefully."

"Um, ok. I'm from twenty ninth century Earth, I'm here to avert a disaster in my century that destroys the entire solar system," Braxton said.

"Well that made more sense than Harry's crap before," Jessie commented. Harry tried not to pout, but failed miserably.

"Anyway, your ship was in the debris. My mission is your destruction. You must not resist," Braxton said.

"I really don't think we would have been able to effect your century, and.." Kathryn said.

"Oh so you're here to save your own ass, well I hope one member of your family is on this ship so you won't bloody exist," Jessie grumbled.

"Now that's a paradox," Tom commented.

"And by the way, you're too fat ok. I figured by the twenty ninth century they'd have cured that, I guess you just like being fat. Oh and you're ugly and stupid," Jessie continued to ramble. Everyone on the bridge was getting more nervous with every word. "Oh and if you're Starfleet, wouldn't destroying this ship mess up the timeline?"

Braxton started sniffing, "I'm big boned ok, and destroying Voyager would not mess up the timeline. On the contrary..."

"So what's your excuse for the other ship being blown up huh? And explain to me why killing us all wouldn't effect anything. Time crap only happens because prats like you keep coming back in time to mess around in the first place. So get a life you fat..." Jessie grumbled.

"Jessie, breathe between each insult," Tom said, trying not to laugh.

Braxton started crying, the viewscreen changed back to the rift view.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have a winner," Tom laughed.

"What are you laughing at Tom? The size of the nose on your face, the pretty colours on your console, or the fact that you have hands?" Jessie asked.

Tom started pouting, "I was cheering you on, you're mean."

Harry was now a lot paler than usual, "I think she's making up for lost time. I haven't seen her lose her rag for a while."

"Aaw, what's wrong Harry? Do you need your nappies changing again?" Jessie asked. "Go on Janeway."

Kathryn was busy fuming, Chakotay held her back. "Ok Jess, you've got to calm down."

"I didn't give you permission to call me that. Don't you have to hit on me a lot to get that permission, isn't that right Janeway?" Jessie said.

"Maybe we should get sedatives," Chakotay whispered. "We should've guessed that a girl like Jessie would be dangerous during mood swings."

"Oh my god, are you two whispering flirts to each other again? I'd say get a room but I doubt that Harry's techno crap will last anymore than ten seconds, and it probably takes Chakotay eleven," Jessie commented.

"Ok, is there anyone on the bridge she hasn't insulted?" Tom asked.

"Oh you can talk with all that mush about James about two months ago, and all your bigger mush afterwards!" Kathryn snapped back.

"He's firing again. Thank god," Harry sighed in relief.

"Oh Janeway, you had a chance to make fun of James the same way she did to Chakotay," Tom moaned.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "for god's sake Tom, if you love James so much, why don't you go to a screwy alternate reality where he's gay and get off with him." Tom started sniffing.

Right on cue James and Damien came onto the bridge. "Do absolutely anything and I'll break something."

"Ok, can I breathe?" Damien muttered.

"No," James replied. The ship started shaking again.

Harry groaned, "um, suggestions?"

"James, will you..." Tom said.

"Sorry Tom, you haven't dimension jumped yet," Jessie muttered.

Tom glared at her, "I was going to say, muzzle your woman, please!"

"Ok I don't know where to begin with that," James said. "Oh I do, what?"

"Fine, I'll do it myself," Harry muttered to himself. He started keying in something.

Kathryn shook her head, "she's trying for bitch of the year. As Tom said, we have a winner. Right Jessie?"

Jessie glanced at her with a confused look on her face, "what?" She giggled, "you're crazy Janeway." She walked over to stand near James.

Kathryn sighed in relief, "finally."

Damien made his way over to Harry, James shook his head and followed him, of course Jessie followed too. "What are you doing?" Damien asked.

Harry glanced at him, "re-modulating the thingmatron."

"You fool, that'll just delay him. Just transport some of the content from the kitchen into a torpedo. Rig it to explode next to the other ship. Not one ship will be able to live through that," Damien said.

"That's the stupidest plan I've ever heard," Kathryn muttered.

"Since about five episodes ago, right Kathryn," Chakotay commented.

Kathryn started blushing, "fine, do it."

"Fine, beaming all the Leola root into a torpedo. Ok explain to me how I do that," Harry said.

"Oh fine," Damien grumbled. He pushed Harry away and started working on the station himself.

On the viewscreen lots of Leola roots dematerialised surrounding the time ship.

"Brilliant," Kathryn sarcastically said. She pulled out a contract, "how many seasons do I have left of this ridiculous series?" Her eyes widened, "damn it!"

"I wasn't finished yet anyway," Damien muttered. "Tactical, fire phasers at the Leola root."

"Captain?" Tuvok said.

Kathryn threw her hands into the air, not literally, "why do I have to make all the decisions around here? What's the point."

Chakotay shook his head, "just do it."

"Firing," Tuvok said.

The blast threw the time ship backwards, it disappeared into the rift.

"Oh, so that's what Leola root is for," Harry said.

Damien nodded, "yep, one species uses it to fuel their explosives."

The ship started shaking again. "Oh crap, we're being pulled into the rift," Tom said.

"Uh, why?" Chakotay questioned.

"Beats me, Harry's the geek," Tom replied.

A white light blinded them for a few seconds as they hit the rift. Once it had lifted, the crew looked around confused.

"Rift's gone," Harry muttered.

Tom started blushing, "oops, my elbow was resting on one of the increase speed buttons, sorry." Everyone glared at him. He quickly glanced back to the front of the room to avoid them.

"We need to figure out where we are. Harry?" Kathryn sighed.

"Captain, Earth," Tom said.

"For god's sake Tom, knowing you it'll be a planet that looks like it," Chakotay grumbled.

"No, it isn't. Look," Tom said, pointing at the screen. Everyone glanced at the viewscreen, most of them widened their eyes.

"This is not good," Jessie said.

"Hail Starfleet Command," Kathryn ordered.

"Why, we went through a tem..." James started to say.

"Yes ma'am," Harry giddily said.

Damien shook his head, "I can't believe you guys used to thwart my attempts to kill you or whatever. You're all, more or less so stupid."

"We're getting different kinds of signals, it's EM," Harry frowned. "Not subspace."

"Let's hear it," Kathryn ordered.

The room was overwhelmed by the sound of mixed radio stations, people talking and modems connecting. Faintly in the background you could hear some guy mumbling about a candy shop, or something to some repetitive 'music'. Harry quickly fiddled with the controls to switch it off.

"I think the question is not where are we, but when," Kathryn said.

"Really?" Tom sarcastically said.

"Well Harry?" Kathryn said, eyeing Tom.

"Um, we're in the twenty first century ma'am," Harry replied nervously.

"Oh god, please tell me it isn't First Contact, again," Chakotay groaned.

"No, 2005," Harry said.

"Ooh, does this mean we can get a better copy of the dubbed Pokémon specials? The computer only has crappy ones," Jessie asked. Everyone stared at her funny. "No, it hasn't been dubbed yet. Oh well."

"There was only two good ones anyway," James said quietly to her.

Kathryn shook it off, "ookay, think people. We're stuck in 2005, that time ship got pulled through so is that here?"

"Can I just point out that Earth has satellites in orbit in this century, we need to stay clear of them," Tom said.

"Noted, you sort that out," Kathryn muttered. "Well?"

"Yes ma'am. There's a subspace signature in San Francisco, America," Harry replied. "It's scattered throughout though."

Chakotay sighed, "if we want to avoid being noticed by the locals, I wouldn't advice one small team looking around the whole area for hours."

"Smaller teams, less time, good idea," Kathryn said. "Four teams of three or four should do it."

Damien cleared his throat, "can I be in one?"

Kathryn laughed, "ha yeah right. A good chance to pick up more celebrities, Damien?"

"Hey, I asked didn't I?" Damien said. "And no, I've got enough losers already. Hmm, maybe I can send them back."

"Don't even dare, you could tamper with the timeline," Kathryn snapped.

"Right, and about twelve of you guys wandering around with tricorders wouldn't," Damien muttered.

"You're not going and that's final. Remember who's side you're on now," Chakotay said.

Damien rolled his eyes, "that doesn't mean I take orders from the psycho woman."

"Yeah, nobody takes orders from Jessie," Tom sniggered.

Jessie glanced over at him, "what, huh?"

Tom smiled sweetly, "oh nothing."

"Ok that's enough. Tuvok, you're in command. Chakotay, Tom, James and I uh..." Kathryn said. She glanced around the room, Harry smiled eagerly and pointed at himself. Then she spotted Jessie fiddling with James' sleeve. "Jessie, as long as her and James are apart."

Jessie pouted, "but why?"

"Yeah why? She calmed down when he came in," Tom questioned.

"Convenience," Kathryn quickly replied. She tapped her commbadge, "Janeway to Torres, report to transporter room one."

"We still need six more," Chakotay pointed out.

"Oh fine, Harry you're in command, Tuvok join us," Kathryn said.

"Is that wise, he's only an ensign," Tom muttered.

"I think we all know who has the most command experience on this ship once you guys are gone," Damien smugly said.

"Fine, you and Harry work together, but remember Harry is still in charge," Kathryn said.

Chakotay sighed, "five more."

"Then you pick the rest, god," Kathryn grumbled. She headed towards the turbolift. Everyone picked, excluding Chakotay followed her.

"First, I need to get more known people to the bridge," he sighed.

Transporter Room One:

B'Elanna strolled in and joined the rest of the awayteam. She eyed Tom funny, "why is he coming?"

"Expert on the century we're in," Kathryn shrugged.

"Actually that's twentieth century," Tom said.

Kathryn glared in his direction, "first you bring us here, now this!"

Tom cowered, "it's only five years into the twenty first, we'll be fine."

Chakotay walked in. Claire, Lee, Faye, Lisa and Craig followed him. "There, twelve."

"Finally, lets make this quicker. Two teams go to the second room, two others will stay here," Kathryn said.

"We haven't even picked team leaders," Chakotay commented.

Kathryn groaned, "easy, that's me, you, Tuvok and..." She looked around, "oh great, Tom's the highest rank."

"Actually," both Craig and B'Elanna cut in.

"He's a bridge officer, Craig you're too young and... when did you get promoted?" Kathryn asked.

Chakotay groaned, "Claire, Jessie, you're with me. B'Elanna and Craig are with Tuvok, if that helps with the seniority problem. Faye and Lisa with the Captain."

"What, that leaves me with James," Tom moaned.

"And me," Lee said.

"I can already tell this'll be a lot of fun," James said.

Earth, San Francisco:

Chakotay, Jessie and Claire stepped out of an alley, they were quickly blinded by the sunlight.

"Great, do you know what this looks like?" Jessie said.

"No, what?" Chakotay questioned.

"Guy, two girls, alley," Jessie replied. She walked away looking disgusted. Claire quickly followed her.

Chakotay groaned, "this should be interesting."

Meanwhile:

Kathryn, Faye and Lisa stepped out of a more rundown alley, and into an even more run down old looking street. It was creepily quiet, nobody was around and the whole place looked like everyone had left in a hurry.

"This isn't San Francisco," Kathryn stuttered. She pulled out a tricorder.

"Well at least we don't have to worry about fitting in," Faye cheerfully said. She took off a jacket she had on, "boy it's hot here though."

Lisa did the same, "oh yeah, where on earth are we?"

Kathryn was turning a little paler, "on the island of Cyprus."

"What's the problem? We can have a mini holiday," Faye said.

"We're in the early twenty first century, in the Turk side of Nicosia," Kathryn stuttered.

"And?" Lisa muttered.

"Nobody is allowed in the Turk controlled area, trespassers are usually shot," Kathryn replied. Faye turned pale too.

"Well we might get lucky, I'm sure sometime in this century they give the land back," Lisa said. They jumped at the sound of yelling. A gun shot was heard, a small hole appeared in front of them at the same time.

"Us lucky, never," Kathryn said.

A few Turkish guys surrounded them, pointing guns at them. They spoke, but the girls could not understand them.

"Um, translators are not working," Kathryn whispered.

"Then why are you whispering?" Lisa asked.

"They might know English, we don't know their language," Kathryn replied.

The guys continued yelling in their direction.

"Um, we're screwed, I hoped I wouldn't die like this," Faye stuttered.

Another guy pushed passed two of the others, he stopped in front of them. He yelled something at the others, they all lowered their rifles. Instead they all went forward to grab the team.

"Uh, suggestions?" Faye stuttered.

"Let them, it's better than being shot," Kathryn replied. "Hopefully Voyager will get us out when we're alone."

"If..." Faye muttered.

Meanwhile again:

B'Elanna, Tuvok and Craig also stepped out of an alley. They entered a busy street, nearby one of many stone bridges crossing a river. They looked around all confused. B'Elanna quickly lowered the cap she had on a little to hide her forehead ridges.

"Well, America's nice," Craig commented.

"No, I don't think this is," B'Elanna said as she eyed a building on the other side of the river. Tuvok and Craig looked around to look at what she was looking at. Just across the river was Notre Dame.

"Well, maybe Tom should've swapped with you anyway. We're in Paris," Craig said.

"Hmm yeah," B'Elanna sighed.

Tuvok turned back to the alley, he tapped his commbadge, "Tuvok to Voyager." No answer.

B'Elanna turned back too, "Tuvok?"

He turned back, "we appear to have lost communication with Voyager."

Craig's eyes lit up, "do you know what this means?"

Tuvok and B'Elanna glanced at him. "No," B'Elanna replied.

"Well we replicated money, we're a little drive away from Disney Land," Craig said.

"Oh good god," B'Elanna groaned while Tuvok raised an eyebrow.

Last meanwhile for a.. um, while:

A few girl's screams echoed around a long corridor, startling everyone walking through it. A few girls ran out of one of the doors, two were just laughing while the others looked freaked out.

"What, what's wrong?" one guy asked a girl.

"These guys stepped out of the stalls," she replied.

"In the girls toilets?" the guy said with a smirk.

Tom stuck his head out of the door, he blushed madly as he went back in. He tried to close the door but struggled to move it just an inch. Suddenly it slammed closed. Tom glanced at James nearby, "uh thanks."

"Whatever, but I don't know why I did it. The longer we're in here..." he said.

Lee started fidgeting, "yeah I'm with you, and I think there's girls still in the other stalls."

James smiled, "I've got an idea."

Tom looked nervous, "I don't like that smile, what are you planning?"

James pulled the door back open and grabbed a hold of Tom's arm, "just go with the flow." He pushed him out of the room, he fell to the floor. "Tom, that wasn't funny!" he yelled as he stepped out.

Lee shrugged, he slowly did the same. "Yeah, that was..." He noticed a lot of people smirking at them.

Tom looked confused, "I didn't do anything."

"What was it, did you put vodka in again or did you just..." James said.

Tom caught on, he quickly got back up, "guys lighten up, this is a stag night right?"

Lee glanced at his watch, "isn't it suppose to be day here?"

"It's the only way I could get you to see girls," Tom said nervously as he glanced around at the audience.

James groaned, "how we managed to get in there without the girls noticing is beyond me."

"An artist doesn't uh... give away his secrets, wait is that a chef?" Tom muttered. Lee and James stared blankly at him. "Come on you pansies, you can get your own back later." He rushed down the corridor.

"Ookay, sorry about that," James muttered as he started to follow. Lee did the same. "Sorry, that was the best I could come up with."

"It was ok, I guess," Lee stuttered. "Very embarrassing."

"Look on the bright side, all of these people will be dead when we get back, so we'll never see them again," James said quietly. They both bumped into Tom who had stopped at the doorway at the end of the corridor. "Tom, what are you doing?"

"Well one, we're indoors and two, I don't recognise the building," Tom replied.

"Well duh, it probably was pulled down long before we came about," Lee commented.

James looked around with wide eyes, "oh I recognise it." The others glanced at him. "This is the old Metro Centre."

"A shopping centre obviously," Tom muttered, eyeing the stores Game and Burger King. "I still don't recognise it."

"That's probably cos we're not in San Francisco," James said.

Tom frowned, "well, where are we?"

"Welcome to my neighbourhood, well more or less," James replied.

Two girls walked passed them, giggling between them. Lee glanced at his companions, "can we leave this uh spot?"

"We really should, we need a quiet place to contact Voyager," James said.

"Well tell me wise one, where is a quiet place?" Tom asked.

Voyager:

"I don't understand it," Harry muttered.

"Come on science boy. What do you think you've been eating the last few years?" Damien said.

"Well it would explain my stomach bugs," Harry sheepishly said.

Danny and Ian stepped out of the turbolift. "Reporting for duty," Danny said. She eyed Harry, then Damien. "Ok, where's the bosses?"

"You're looking at him," both Harry and Damien replied, they glared at each other.

"Great, we're so screwed," Ian muttered.

In: "Transporter room to Bridge."

Harry tapped his commbadge, "Bridge here."

"As I'm stuck on this ship, don't I get one of those?" Damien asked.

"Shush," Harry muttered. "What is it?"

In: "The strangest thing happened. I thought it was just an error on my part, but it happened to the other transporter officer too."

Harry frowned as he moved away from his station, "what did?"

In: "Well Janeway's team got sent to one of the Greek islands instead of America."

"How funny, I doubt they'd have a Costa Coffee place in sight in this day and age," Damien sneered.

In: "Not in the Turkish side of Cyprus no, I know my history."

Harry looked rather pale, "oh god, get them back."

In: "Don't you think we tried? Something's blocking the signal, and guess what?"

"What, another team joined them?" Danny said.

In: "Not exactly, the other two teams got sent elsewhere. Paris' team was sent to the UK, and Tuvok's to Paris."

"Shouldn't it have been the other way round, that would have been funny to say," Danny giggled.

In: "Again something blocked the signals."

"Well at the moment I think the Captain's team is our top priority," Harry said.

Damien nodded, "agreed, I want to get down there to watch Janeway get shot by Turks, oh fun."

Harry stared blankly at him, "you're sick."

"Well duh, ex villain, I'm evil," Damien muttered.

"So remind me again why Janeway told you to help me command?" Harry grumbled.

"Can we transport down to help her?" Ian asked.

"I doubt it, we'll just end up elsewhere too," Harry replied.

"I find it weird that something blocked a transporter signal, and instead of destroying it, they sent it to another destination. It doesn't sound random to me," Damien said.

"You think Braxton is trying to stop us interfering?" Harry questioned.

"It's a good idea. But what I don't get either is why send Tuvok and Tom to neutral countries, and Janeway to a ghost town guarded by people named after a bird you eat at Christmas," Damien replied.

Danny sniggered, "I always wondered why they called the country Turkey."

"We're in the twenty first century remember, the other teams could be in danger too. They could have sent Tom's team to a gang's hideout, uh the prime ministers office or in a jail cell. Tuvok's, well same," Harry said.

"So, what do we do?" Danny asked.

Harry keyed in a few commands, "they haven't contacted us about this yet, so this is a long shot." He shook his head, "nope, same signal is blocking communications."

"Here's a thought, scan for lifesigns in the supposed ghost town. Then we'll know if the team are ok," Ian said.

Harry nodded, "right, but for all we know they could be Turkish."

Damien fiddled with the station, "there are more than three in the empty half of Nicosia, the other place is empty."

"That could mean..." Harry stuttered.

"A lot. One, they appeared in the other city and got shot. Two, they're in the other half and are getting ambushed, or already have," Danny said. "Or they were shot there already."

"There is one thing we can do," Damien said.

Harry glanced at him, "as long as it doesn't involve violence, or anything that'll..."

"Or effect the timeline, whatever Kim," Damien groaned. "Something's obviously happened to Janeway, or going to, so we already have big time. The Turks might think of this as an act of aggression and declare war. Or they might just find commbadges and tricorders, that's enough to screw things up."

"That's why we can't do anything more," Harry muttered. "What is the plan anyway?"

Cyprus, inside a small prison:

Kathryn, Faye and Lisa were all in two cells, Kathryn on her own and the other two sharing one.

"You don't think they'll execute us, do you?" Lisa asked.

Faye shuddered, "I dunno, we're in the twenty first century but these guys. Maybe they still believe in the death penalty."

"America even still do it, but only for extreme cases," Kathryn said.

"It was an accident, can't we just tell them that. Surely one person knows English," Lisa said.

"Oh yeah, how would you tell them Lis? Hey mister, we accidentally beamed here from our ship from the future. We just wanted to find a ship that can go back and forth in time," Faye sarcastically said. "Actually that's kinda good, you won't be executed, you'll be thrown in a loony bin."

"I'm sure we still could have gotten in here accidentally," Lisa muttered.

"Not really, it's not easy for common people to get in," Kathryn said.

"Oh I got it," Lisa said. "I flirt with a guard, sneakily get the keys out, and when's he gone. Well you know the rest."

Kathryn frowned, "I doubt that's a good idea."

"It's brilliant," Lisa said. She walked over to the bars, she cleared her throat to get the guard's attention. He glanced briefly at her. "Hey um, come here handsome," she said, beckoning her finger.

"Oh god," Faye groaned. "Slut alert."

Lisa glanced back at her with a glare, "you're lucky you have me here at all, be thankful." She glanced back to find the guy really close to the bars. She jumped a little, "oh, that works. Anyway, are these the ones who are pervs and everything?"

"I don't know, but I think that their women are suppose to be all shy, sweet and have hidden faces," Kathryn said, folding her arms.

"What does that mean?" Lisa said while smiling sweetly at the guy.

"It means that sluts in their country probably get burned at the stake," Faye said, sniggering a little.

Lisa's eyes widened, "ok screw that plan." She backed away.

"I think that's an exaggeration," Kathryn muttered.

Faye shrugged, "you never know."

San Francisco:

"Anything?" Chakotay questioned as Claire made her way over to him.

"Yeah, I got half of that beach in my shoes," she moaned. She took off one of her shoes.

"No, I meant..." Chakotay muttered.

"I know," Claire groaned. She emptied the sand from the shoe, then put it back on. "I didn't find anything."

"No need to worry," a familiar voice said. Chakotay and Claire glanced at the source. "I found it, I think."

"You think?" Chakotay said.

Jessie shrugged, "just wait and see, you won't believe it until you see it."

Meanwhile, the UK:

James, Tom and Lee were sitting at a table in Burger King, a rather empty one as well.

"I don't get it, something's blocking communication," Tom muttered. He took off his commbadge.

"It's probably the same thing that dragged us here," James said.

Lee glanced around at the only occupied table, his eyes lit up as he eyed a girl's bag. "Oh there's a Debenhams here?"

"Yes, I'm sure that they're the ones responsible," James said.

"Really," Lee said as he glanced back. "Then I'll be rather bold and check it out."

"You mean you'll be a little gay," James muttered.

"What, Debenhams is not gay," Lee grumbled.

"No, but the urge to shop for clothes right now is," James said.

Tom developed a smirk on his face, "I quite agree."

"Somebody must have brought us here though. I'm sure of it," James said.

Tom frowned, "how can you be so sure?"

"Well we're dealing with a guy from the twenty ninth century, right? We don't know what he's capable of," James replied.

Tom sighed, "fine, so he's probably sent us here to get us out of the way, and blocked our commbadges. If you're right, we should find an alternate means of communications."

"Where? The mobile store?" James muttered.

Tom's eyebrows both raised, "hmm, interesting. Tell me." He tried to do an English accent, "mob-eyel what?"

James rolled his eyes, "uh typical Americans, they always make us all sound like posh gits."

Tom shrugged, "oh come on, tell me."

"Doesn't matter, it's just technology that's outdated like everything else," James said. "Ok, what I suggested, sarcastically might I add, was a mob-ill phone store," he said.

"Don't mock me, I do the mocking," Tom muttered. "You British make it sound stupid, kinda like the word futile."

"Just remember where your language came from, get it right someday soon," James snapped. He shook it off, "just remember, as soon as we're in a quieter place I'll do what I usually do after you mock me."

Tom shrugged. "Fine. Mobile phone," he said, mobile was pronounced the way James did the second time. "Is that British for cell phone?"

"Great, we're getting somewhere. Next lets sort out the alphabet, the letter Z does not sound like the letter C, it rhymes with said," James said.

Tom frowned at him, "that's stupid, it's like a word, not a letter."

James shook his head, "oh forget it, we're getting nowhere."

"Not really, we could re-configure the cell. Braxton might think it's just a normal phone signal," Tom said.

"All right fine, I hope one of us replicated some money before leaving," James said.

Tom smiled as he pulled out a wallet, "I sure did."

"Just remember, you're in England so you can't say cell. And you can't insult the people who work in the store," James muttered.

Tom rolled his eyes, again he spoke in a posh English accent, "I will try."

"And please don't do that," James groaned as he covered his face with his hand. "I don't talk like that."

"Ok ok, sorry, I'd try Geordie but my main English sounds better," Tom said. He frowned, "wait, hasn't Lee been a little quiet?" He and James both glanced at Lee's seat, which was now empty.

"Oh great, he must have gone shopping after all," James said. "Oh and before I forget, you're near Newcastle so avoid insulting everybody."

"Uh why?" Tom frowned.

"Back in this century Newcastle people were known to be, how can I put it, a little rough," James said.

"We don't know that for sure," Tom said as he put his wallet back. He glanced at him, "but we do know people like you can come from it at the very least."

"I didn't come from Newcastle, I lived in a town further south from it," James said.

Tom turned a little pale, "ok, so there's rougher people than you then. No insults then."

Another table nearby got taken up by three men, Tom and James failed to notice. The men watched them for a short while. "Well?" one said quietly.

"Yes, that's him," another one replied.

The third one nodded, "when they're alone."

Tom and James got up off their chairs. "Well lets go do some, uh more manly shopping," Tom said with a smirk. He walked towards the exit.

"You do realise that girls love their means of communication, don't you?" James said as he followed him.

"All right, we'll go to a bar afterwards. Happy?" Tom muttered. They started heading back the way they came, making their way through the heaving crowds. Neither of them noticed the three men were not far behind them.

San Francisco:

Jessie stopped next to a table outside a café, Claire and Chakotay stopped behind her. "There's one bit of the signal," she said, pointing towards an old homeless man.

"What, him?" Claire questioned.

"Oh yeah, I followed him around for a bit to make sure. The tricorder seemed insistent it was him," Jessie replied.

Chakotay shrugged, "fine, lets talk to him shall we." He continued walking towards the direction of the homeless man, who had a shopping trolley with him. He began pushing it away. The girls glanced at each other before following them both.

Chakotay stayed about five metres behind the homeless guy with the trolley, as he headed down an alley way. The man turned the corner and went out of sight. Chakotay stopped to allow the girls to catch up with him.

"Great, we do look like nimphos," Claire said with a smirk, glancing at Jessie.

"Told you. In and out of alley's with the pervy older man," she said with a smirk.

Chakotay stopped and turned around with an insulted look on his face. "I'm not pervy, and second I doubt people would have noticed us going and coming from alleys."

"Just kidding," Claire said.

"Yeah," Jessie said, she pointed ahead of her, "we're losing our old man."

Chakotay shook his head as he turned back around. He turned the corner, the girls picked up speed to catch up with him. The homeless man stopped dead in his tracks, he turned around. "Who the hell are you?" He grabbed a hold of the trolley, "no, it's my stuff."

"What kind of loser would want that crap?" Jessie commented.

Chakotay sighed, stepping forward. "It's all right, we just want to ask you some questions."

"No no, no more questions!" the homeless man snapped. He abandoned his trolley as he started wandering aimlessly around the area. "No more surveys. Damn social workers coming around all the time," he muttered as he headed back over to them.

"For a homeless guy he sure is, you know fat," Jessie whispered to Chakotay. He shook his head.

The homeless man pointed a finger at them, "you, you've insulted me like that before."

"I doubt that, maybe a lookalike relative did," Jessie said.

The guy's eyes widened as he stepped closer to the team. "Oh, you're that abusive girl from Voyager," he snarled.

"Abusive, that's a first," Jessie said.

"This is all your fault," the homeless guy grumbled. Chakotay quickly took something out of his jacket, it looked like a commbadge. "What are you doing!"

"Captain Braxton," Chakotay said.

"I told you to turn off that deflector pulse but you wouldn't listen to me. Voyager, fools," the homeless guy snapped.

"What happened to you, does razors not exist in this century?" Jessie asked.

Chakotay ignored her, "the last time we saw you..."

Braxton snatched the commbadge back off him, "I was a younger man, confident in my mission." He marched off towards an old car with graffiti on it. The team slowly followed him. "You wouldn't listen to me, no you were too concerned about yourselves."

"Well you were trying to re-write five hundred years of history, that's if we actually got back," Claire commented.

"I was trying to save billions of lives. A chain reaction that started with Voyager!" Braxton snapped, slamming his fist on the roof of the car.

"How long have you been here?" Chakotay asked.

"Too long, thirty years too long," Braxton replied.

"We just got here though, why?" Jessie asked.

Braxton shrugged, "pure chance. When you knocked my navigation system off course, who knows where we would have ended up." He stuck his head through the window muttering to himself. "Who's been in here, who's took my pencils?"

Jessie and Claire glanced at each other, trying not to laugh. Chakotay raised an eyebrow as he made his way over to the car.

"Ugh, there's always something missing," Braxton muttered. "Greedy people!"

Chakotay leaned on the opposite window, "Captain, we want to help you. You'll have to give us more information though. You said that Voyager causes the explosion."

Braxton stared at him, "no. Yes, no." He pulled himself out of the car. "That's paradoxes you see. A leads to C, then C leads to A."

"Told you he was stupid," Jessie commented.

Braxton shook his head, "juvenile minds." He grabbed a piece of chalk from the car then walked over to the wall. "How can I make you understand, huh?" He drew an A on the wall, "A, there's an explosion in the twenty ninth century. A piece of Voyager's hull is found, I go back in time to destroy you."

"And the 'brilliantly stupid idea' award goes to," Jessie commented.

Braxton ignored her as he drew a B next to the A, "B, you try to stop me. You destabilise my equipment and I end up back in the late twentieth century."

Next he drew a C, "C, somebody in this century steals my ship and launches it. They go into my time, and once there they make one critical mistake. This takes us all the way back to A." He drew a line connecting C to A. "Boom, there's an explosion in the twenty ninth century. The cycle of causality is complete."

"How do you even know that your ship was even around, let alone cause it?" Claire asked.

"Ah, I've been spending thirty years trying to answer that very question," Braxton said. He picked up some old folded up light brown paper, he unfolded them and placed them on top of the trolley. "When the explosion first happened, my sensors picked up a whole variety of chronometric data."

Everyone gathered around. "The pulse was highly chaotic, at first I thought it was a warp core implosion. Then I find the debris from Voyager and my theory seemed to be confirmed, it was you."

"Yeah but how could we do that kind of damage, and what's your ship got to do with this?" Chakotay questioned.

"It's really obvious, if lame brain here hadn't of came back to zap us, we wouldn't have a problem," Jessie replied.

Braxton stared at her, "is she always so..."

"Yes," Chakotay and Claire replied in unison.

"Hey, you don't even know what he was going to say," Jessie grumbled.

"Anyway somebody here stole my timeship. Then it started to dawn on me, if my timeship was flown into the twenty ninth century without collaborating the temporal matrix correctly, it could cause the kind of explosion I witnessed," Braxton said.

"So it wasn't Voyager?" Claire questioned.

"No," Braxton shook his head. "No no, my ship causes the catastrophe."

"I have a question," Jessie said. Braxton folded his arms with a sigh. "No insults this time, promise. Starfleet have always been strict with rules and their prime directive, so why would they have developed time travel, and make ships designed just for it? Everyone knows that stuff only happens when some nameless idiot jumps right into something before actually thinking about it."

"She has a point," Chakotay muttered.

"I mean, they make a big deal out of cloaking devices and quadrant expanding in our century. Who's great idea was to have timeships?" Jessie said.

"That would take too long to get into," Braxton said.

"What I want to know is who was crafty enough to steal a timeship under its pilot's nose," Claire said.

Braxton growled, "Silverman. Anthony Silverman, he used to manage a computer company named Pirix."

He turned around to pick up an old newspaper, he opened it up and put it on top of the other lot of paper. "When I crash landed in 1975 I made an emergency beam out," Braxton said, pointing at a small picture of a dark haired man. "But he found my ship before I did. I've been following this corrupt little man ever since, tracking his movements. But he's become too powerful, I can't get close to him."

"Pirix, that sounds familiar," Chakotay muttered to himself.

"Of course you can't achieve anything in this wretched century or the last. Nobody here listens," Braxton grumbled. "Did you know that once they put me into a mental institution, and filled me with primitive pharmaceuticals."

"You didn't tell them about starships and time paradoxes did you," Jessie asked with a frown on her face.

Chakotay shook his head, "maybe we can find Silverman and your ship, and get us back to where we belong."

"Oh I wouldn't do that if I were you," Braxton said.

"Well it's better than asking people around here to help us," Jessie muttered.

"Haven't you been listening, A leads to B..." Braxton said.

"Yes we heard you. Why can't we at least try?" Chakotay asked.

"Because somehow you're involved in the disaster, that's why I found a piece of your hull in the disaster. You will be destroyed as well," Braxton replied.

"So, you don't know why that happens. Maybe we listened to you last time," Claire said.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "yeah, as if. Tell me Brax, did you steal that ship? Cos if you didn't, how old was the guy or girl who employed you to pilot a timeship? One, two?" Braxton burst out crying again.

Claire tried not to laugh, "is this what you were talking about?" Chakotay nodded his head with a smirk.

"I mean what kind of moron would tell everyone that he's from the future, and expect to be taken seriously. Come on, you'd think that the first thing they'd teach you is to blend in, un-noticed so you won't contaminate anything. God," Jessie muttered.

"Jessie, I think he's already learned his lesson," Chakotay calmly said.

"Yeah I'm sure, he could at least get a job. He stinks, and that look is so..." Jessie said. The sound of a police siren stopped her. Everyone glanced behind them and saw a police car pulling in. A guy climbed out of it.

"Careful, don't insult the cop, we don't have time to break you out of jail," Claire whispered. Jessie pulled a confused face.

"What are you talking about?" she asked calmly.

Chakotay sighed, "finally."

"Hey Captain," the cop said.

Braxton tried to stop sniffing, and wipe away the tears. He folded his arms.

"I heard you've been putting up signs everywhere again," the cop said.

"Me, oh no, I'd never do that," Braxton muttered.

"Well why don't you come down to the station and we'll talk about it," the cop said.

"Stay right where you are!" Braxton snapped. "Quasi-Cardassian totalitarians."

"What?" Jessie whispered to the others. Claire shrugged.

"Now calm down, we're not here to hurt you or anything. We just want to talk about those signs," the cop said.

"Tell them," Braxton said to the team. "Tell them I'm from the future." Chakotay sighed, he glanced at the two girls. "They came from the future too."

"Um right?" the cop said.

"Yes, they came from a starship," Braxton said.

Jessie rolled her eyes. "Told you, he's a thief or was promoted by a baby," she whispered.

"Tell them," Braxton said.

Claire looked worried, "um dad, I don't like it here."

Chakotay frowned at her, then glanced at Jessie who was trying not to laugh. "Yes daddy, this isn't the way to that cafe."

"Oh you're lost?" the cop questioned.

Braxton was now fuming, "traitors!" He ran off, pushing the cop out of the way as he ran out of the alleyway. The cop ran after him while the driver of the car put the car into reverse.

"Ok Claire maybe, but Jessie?" Chakotay muttered.

"Oh come on, I'm a twenty two year old who looks nineteen so I'm told, and you're forty odd. It works," Jessie said.

"It's better than the cops thinking you were some pimp," Claire said.

Chakotay groaned, "fine." He picked up the newspaper, "we've got a ship thief to find, and I'm not talking about Braxton."

Operations Officer Log Supplemental: Our four teams are still on the surface, and we've been unable to reach them. Right now our only advantage to the situation here on Voyager, is the subspace signatures on the surface.

The Bridge:

"Well?" Harry questioned, heading over to opps.

Damien just responded by rolling his eyes.

"Oh come on, we're all trapped here. I thought you were suppose to be on our side," Harry muttered.

"You said in your log that you're the Operations officer. I'm a feared moron celebrity leader," Damien said. He cringed, "I mean a feared evil leader, we're in the wrong positions."

Harry tried to keep a straight face, "this isn't your ship though. Just tell me..."

"No, there are no more subspace signatures. Something is obviously blocking the awayteam's commbadges," Damien said. He shook his head, "did I mention the word obviously."

"Yes you did," Harry replied.

"Good, moron," Damien muttered.

"I wanted you to try and find out the exact locations," Harry said.

"And then what, write a message, drop the PADD out of an airlock, and just hope it lands in the right place?" Damien said.

"Maybe a bit of paper would be safer, but harder to control," Ian said from the Engineering Station.

"Brilliant, it would burn up in the atmosphere," Damien said smugly, folding his arms.

"So would the PADD," Harry said in an even smugger tone of voice.

"Oh your god," Damien groaned with another roll of the eyes. "That suggestion was sarcastic. My point was that there's no point in us looking as the teams down there won't get the message."

"But if we find the exact co-ordinates of them we'll be able to do something. The teams were sent down to get those co-ordinates," Harry said.

Damien groaned, "fine, whatever. I'll humour you." He continued working at the station, he raised an eyebrow. "Huh."

"Huh? What's that?" Harry asked.

"There's only one in San Francisco. Do you even know how to work this thing?" Damien replied.

Harry frowned, "yes I do, they were all there before. Where are they now?"

"What do you know, I was right," Damien smugly said.

Harry started tapping his foot impatiently, "what?"

"Of course that's not a surprise," Damien said to himself with a smile.

"You know we could write the message on you and drop you out of the airlock," Harry said.

"I'd like to see you try, you pansy," Damien muttered. "About 50% of the signal that's not in San Francisco is now in England. 30% France. 20% Cyprus."

"There was only one on that ship, so what's going after the teams?" Harry questioned as he glanced around. "Are you sure that's just not their commbadges?"

"Very, unless you beamed more people to join Tom and co," Damien replied.

"Here's a theory, you know they could be pieces of the timeship like we originally thought," Danny said from the helm.

Harry sighed, "yes but how did the pieces get to the other places so quickly?"

"Well duh, we have transporters so you'd figure they'd have some in the twenty ninth century," Damien replied. "Nim rod."

"Nim rod? What's that?" Harry asked with wide eyes.

"Sorry Dan but why would the pieces follow the teams?" Ian asked.

"Perhaps it's just a coincidence. We know Tuvok's team went to Paris in France, but where about's in the UK is Tom's?" Harry said.

"Obviously a place that isn't written in big bold writing on the map of it's country," Damien muttered. "Paris would be right, London would be and the dumb ass transporter guy or girl would only be able to remember that from Geography. So there probably no where near there."

"That narrows it down," Danny muttered.

Ian tried to keep a straight face, "or the capitals of Scotland, Wales or Ireland, right Damien? Maybe Birmingham too."

"I wasn't going to be lame and name all of them, it was an example," Damien said, rolling his eyes again.

"Get the transporter officers to send their data to opps, we need to know where they are," Harry said. "If they are anywhere near the subspace signatures, we'll need to find a way to contact them as well."

"Well subspace number three is in the Nicosia city, but in the lively part. Subspace number two is in Paris," Damien said. "And subspace one is somewhere near Newcastle."

"Would that be in big bold writing too? I'm sure it would be," Ian said.

Harry shook his head, "just leave it Ian. We need a way to contact all of the teams and fast, it's our top priority."

"Whatever happened to localising the signals from here?" Damien asked.

"Three out of four teams are local, one maybe preoccupied though. Just get Tom's team's location," Harry replied. "If you're as smart as you think you are, you'll help us think of a way to contact them."

England:

The crowds had finally started to die down in the centre. James was working at one of the computers on the centre information stands. "According to this we're not far from four stores," he said. He pointed a finger towards one of three walkways that was nearby. "We'll probably find Lee further down too, Debenhams is there. Oh, an HMV." He glanced to his side to find a couple next to him, looking at the map that wasn't on the computer. "Uh Tom?"

He walked away from the information point, and looked around. He finally spotted Tom talking to a guy manning one of the cart things.

"So you only sell cell phone parts here huh," he was saying. "Oh sorry, mobile."

"Yes, there are many stores that'll sell you a phone," the guy said. He pointed in the same direction James was before, "there are three that way, two upstairs and one on this level."

"Really?" James said as he appeared at Tom's side.

"Thanks a lot," Tom said.

The guy nodded, he glanced at James, "what can I do for you then?"

"You don't happen to sell anything heavyish I can hit this guy with, do you?" he asked.

Tom laughed nervously as he took a hold of his arm, "oh he's just kidding, we're best friends really." He walked away, James pulled his arm away and followed him. "What's that all about?"

"I told you I'd be able to find out using one of those machines," James muttered in response. "You never listen to me, do you?"

"Oh, you found out too then," Tom said meekly. "We may as well go to the one on this level." The pair started to make their way down one of the walkways, this one was crowded, it was hard to see where they were going.

"Can you see it?" James asked as someone nearly walked into him with a pram. Tom got further ahead, he stopped and turned in his direction.

"Um, what was that?" he asked.

James walked around the girl with the pram, "I said, do you see it?"

"No, what was it called again?" Tom meekly asked. A few people pushed passed him.

"This is ridiculous, we're not going to get anywhere like this," James muttered.

Tom sighed as he looked around, in between a few people he saw mirror coated doors with the words 'fire exit' written on them. "Why don't we go somewhere quieter."

He pushed his way towards them, James followed him. Tom quickly pushed the door open and they both slid inside. They then found themselves in a cold wide corridor.

"Great, you know what that looked like," James muttered. He glanced back at Tom, he had his hands on the door while it closed slowly. "Is that you?"

"Yes it's me," Tom groaned as the door shut.

James glanced back, he sighed, "that's not what I meant, and it wasn't you anyway."

"I wonder why the doors had mirrors on them," Tom said.

"Tom," James grumbled. "Guess what."

"Ooh, I'm good at that game," Tom said. He took a few steps backwards, then turned around just to get a gun in his face. "Oh right. I never would have guessed that."

James turned to him, "do you have an annoying ancestor I should know about?"

"Silence," a man snapped. James looked back at him to get the gun he was holding in his face. Several other men slowly came closer, all holding guns too. The man who spoke used his other hand to get out a small mobile phone. "Awaiting orders sir."

"This is weird," Tom commented.

"Really?" James muttered sarcastically.

"Yeah ok, I know getting guns in our faces isn't something we expected right now sarcy, that's not what I meant. I'm sure guns are illegal in this country," Tom said.

The first man lowered his phone, "all right boys, let's move." He beckoned his head down the corridor, some of the group turned around and headed down. The remaining guys either walked backwards, still holding guns, or stayed where they were. "That means you too," the man growled in Tom and James' direction.

Tom stepped forward, "listen, this is all one big misunderstanding. We've just arrived, visiting our old um, high school buddies and..."

James shook his head, "it's not called high school here."

"Stop nitpicking," Tom muttered. "Anyway point is, you've got the wrong guys."

"Move, or you get lead in your head," another man snapped.

"Oh, that rhymes," Tom quietly said. He slowly started to follow the others, James grabbed his arm. "Ok, you want bullets in your head, that's fine."

"We were just leaving, right Tom," James said as he pulled Tom back where he was.

Tom rubbed his arm, "ow."

"We've got nothing to do with your gang, or whatever you guys do so if I were you, I'd leave while you still have unbroken bones," James said.

One of the guys shook his head as he raised a gun into the air, he fired it at the ceiling and then pointing it back at the pair.

"Look James, I wouldn't. Unlike phasers, you can't avoid gun shots," Tom whispered.

"All right, fine," James groaned. He and Tom made their way slowly down the corridor, while most of the guys kept on guard and did the same. Two locked up the fire exit doors.

"Where's the other one?" one guy asked.

"Other one?" Tom muttered. "Oh you mean Lee, yeah he's probably girling it up in a clothes shop."

"It's secure," one of the guys near the doors called out. They both quickly caught up with the others, but everyone stopped just as they did.

"So, who have you mixed us up with then?" James asked.

One of the guys rolled his eyes, "oh we haven't mixed you up."

"Are you sure? Eugene and I haven't done anything, and we have no idea who you are. And frankly, we're not even from around here," James said.

Tom started fuming, "don't call me Eugene!"

"I see, and you're supposed to be who now?" the first guy asked.

"Um," James muttered, glancing at Tom who was still peeved. "Stuart."

"Yes we know," the first guy said. "You're not very good at making up false names, are you?" His phone started ringing, he took it out and put it by his ear. "Yes?"

"Ok, maybe they've mistaken you for a guy called Stuart," Tom whispered. "Oh maybe you look like an annoying celebrity."

"Great," James muttered.

"Yes, I'll escort them now," the first guy said. He nodded at a few of his men, they stepped closer to Tom and James.

James sighed, "you know I'm getting tired of this." He elbowed one guy, and hit one with his other arm at the same time. Tom widened his eyes, he quickly ducked just in case. James quickly ducked as well just as somebody shot at them, he picked up a dropped gun and quickly pointed it at the supposed leader.

The leader just sighed, "sorry boss, its got a gun now." He put away his gun, "now you don't think you're getting away, do you?"

"It? Ok that's the last time I get called that," James grumbled.

"I told you, it's the hair do," Tom whispered to him.

The leader shook his head, "we're not letting you go that easily."

Tom looked around, everybody else were still aiming their guns at them. "Ok, we could be here all day."

"Tell me what's going on. Why do you want us for?" James asked.

"Oh no, we don't really have any use for Eugene here or the other guy," the leader said.

Tom pouted, "that's not my name."

"All right, so why me then? I didn't think I was known at all around here," James questioned. The leader just smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"How should I know, we just follow our boss orders. We cannot fail him in this matter," he replied. "Which is why, you're not leaving without us."

"Fine," James said, he moved around to point the gun at another guy.

"Lets just talk sensibly for a second. You won't kill anyone, and we cannot kill you. Even if you did get away, we'd hunt you down again. Wouldn't it be easier if you just gave up now," the leader said.

"Not until I know what this is about," James said.

"Yeah, I'm kinda curious too," Tom said.

"Oh, you'll find out if you come with us, won't you," the leader said. "Now put the gun down, you're not a killer."

"Hmm, what do you know, they don't know me after all," James said. Tom started to look uncomfortable. James reached out to grab one guy, he brought him over and pointed the gun at his neck. "Let us go, or I shoot him. Is that sensible enough for you?"

"Uh, wouldn't killing someone um, er... how do I put this, break the rules?" Tom said quietly.

The leader put his own gun away, he shook his head at the others then folded his arms. "Go ahead, shoot him if you can."

James glanced over at Tom, then back at the guy he was holding. Tom watched him with a worried expression on his face. He backed off a little. Once he was right in front of the guys blocking the way to the exit, he pushed the guy he was holding away into a few of the others. The two in the way got easily knocked to the ground, Tom quickly ran after him. A gun shot startled them, and stopped them both dead in their tracks just as they got to the doors.

"Ok, that didn't work," Tom stuttered.

"I told you, you couldn't kill anyone, now let's..." the leader said.

"Let's not," Tom quickly butted in. He looked over at James briefly, "great plan, now what?" He glanced back again and spotted him fiddling with the lock out of sight from the guys. He handed the gun to Tom, "yeah that'll do." Tom quickly pointed it at them, "ok, nobody move any closer or I'll..."

"The boss told you to be careful," one of the guys snapped at another.

"I didn't hit him," he muttered.

"Enough," the leader snapped.

"Ahem, as I was saying," Tom muttered. "You stay right where you are." He glanced to the side and noticed James wasn't beside him anymore, however the door was unlocked again. "Hey did he..." he grumbled before looking down at the ground. He was kneeling beside him, he grabbed a hold of Tom's arm to pull himself back onto his feet.

"Fire at anything," he said quietly.

"All right, are you..." Tom said quietly. He shrugged, then quickly fired a few warning shots at them. James quickly went through the doors, Tom followed after slipping the gun in his jacket.

The area was now quieter, some people were standing nearby as well as some security people. "Great, let's go.." James muttered. He and Tom quickly ran off down the corridor. Moments later some of the other guys stepped out, one security guy came over to them. One of them groaned, and took a small device out of his pocket.

Tom stopped running, he turned around to find James wasn't with him again. "Ok, where did he go?"

"Hey Tom," James' voice quietly hissed at him. He looked around frantically for the source. He eventually spotted him standing inside a café, behind a large woman. He quickly headed over to him.

"Would you stop doing that," Tom grumbled.

James shook his head as he made his way over to the furthest away table. Tom followed him not looking too sure.

"I don't think this is the time for a coffee break," he said.

James sat down, "will you stand next to me so no one sees me?"

"Ok," Tom shrugged, he did as he was told. "We really need to contact Voyager some time, this is really weird."

"Yeah I know, I'm 100% with you on that," James muttered as he took off his jacket. He put his hand over his shoulder, which was bleeding. "One of them didn't miss."

Tom turned a little pale, "oh, we're in the twenty first century so no quick treatment for that."

"I can't go around a busy shopping centre bleeding, and with blood on everything. You're an expert on this time, suggestions please," James said.

"Well for starters," Tom said as he took off his own jacket, he placed it on the table. "You wear that when I stop the bleeding, I'll buy a new one. Second there should be somewhere I can buy bandages, you know it should stop after a lot of pressure. Then I get a mobile to contact Voyager."

"Great, how am I going to get around without being noticed?" James muttered.

Tom picked up James' jacket, "it's not so bad, just put it on and hold your shoulder to block the bullet hole in it. Come on."

"And what if our stalkers spot us?" James said as he stood back up. He took the jacket off of him.

"As long as we don't go anywhere quiet, we should be fine," Tom replied. He put his own jacket around his waist, and tied the sleeves.

They headed back to the entrance, and waited for a group of people to come passed. They joined the group at the back, but separated once the group went into the lift. Tom led the way down the corridor, he stopped outside of Greggs. "Hmm, is that egg sandwiches?" James dragged him away with his good arm. "Ow hey! Ok later."

They kept walking until they started passing a place called Superdrug, James stopped, making Tom bump into him. "Oh sure, if I want to stop for food it's wrong, but if it's you it's fine."

James elbowed him gently, "Tom, shut up for one second."

Tom groaned, "what?" He glanced towards the store, "oh right, they'll probably sell bandages."

"No really? I just wanted to stock up on hair gel," James muttered.

"Actually that's a good idea, Harry's birthday will be all sorted out then," Tom said, grinning cheekily.

"Yes, give him more," James said, shaking his head. He walked into the store, Tom shrugged and followed him. They searched the aisles, Tom grabbed a box.

"Ok, now we need to find out where we pay for it," he said. He continued going up the aisle, they got to what looked like a counter that was manned by a young woman.

Tom placed the box on the counter, she scanned it. "Five fifty please," she said.

Tom pulled out his wallet, "and don't say I never do anything for you." He opened it up and took out a note.

"Uh Tom," James said, eyeing the note.

"Yeah yeah, you're welcome," Tom said. He handed the note to the woman. She frowned at it.

"Uh sir, we don't take dollars," she said.

"I tried to tell you," James muttered. "You replicated money to be used in the US," he whispered.

"Oh, not good," Tom said. He smiled nervously, "oh you know what, it's a crazy long story how it happened so I won't bore you." He leaned on the counter while trying to laugh in a convincing way, but just sounded nervous. "But we ended up in the wrong country."

"Uh huh," the girl said uneasily.

"Listen my *friend* here needs these, can't you take them just this once?" Tom said.

"Sorry," the girl said. "There is a travel agent just upstairs, they'll exchange it."

"Right that's great, James you stay," Tom said. James raised his eyebrow. "Oh come on, we can't both walk out. You should stay."

"Fine," he sighed.

"Ok, where is it?" Tom asked.

"Upstairs. Go up the escalator, make a left then it will be straight ahead of you," the girl replied.

"Ok, thanks a lot," Tom said. He turned to walk away. Half way down the aisle he turned around and rushed back over. "What's the name of the currency?"

"Pound or Euro right," James replied.

Tom pulled a face, "ok smarty pants, you could have mentioned that sooner." He stormed off. A little while later he had gotten to the top of the escalator, he stopped nearby to look at it. "Hmm, that was fun."

"Oh, sorry. Excuse me," a familiar voice laughed.

Tom rolled his eyes, he turned around towards the source, "Lee, get over here now."

Nearby Lee stopped in his tracks, somebody behind him accidentally walked into him. "Oh Tom, hey."

Tom marched over to him, "where have you been?" He looked down and caught sight of the many carrier bags Lee was holding. "Debenhams, New Look? My god."

"I'm sorry, I just thought you two were more experienced with crisis' than I was, and left you to it," Lee said uneasily. He pulled a Greggs back out of one bag, "I bought too many sausage rolls, want one?"

"We could have used your help you know, you won't believe what happened to us. A couple of guys started pointing gun... Wait sausage roll did you say?" Tom said. He snatched the bag off of him. He quickly scooped the sausage roll inside.

"Nice huh. Isn't it nice to eat food that isn't replicated or cooked by Neelix?" Lee said.

Tom wiped the crumbs away from his mouth, "mmm oh yes, that was..." He frowned, "ok no more distractions, I need to get rid of these dollars."

Lee pointed towards a Travel agents, "I got rid of mine there."

"That's a point, how did you afford Debenhams? I heard that place was expensive," Tom said.

Lee shrugged, "is it, didn't really notice. I'm not used to money so I just bought whatever was nice. I don't have much left though."

"No surprise there," Tom muttered.

Later:

James, Tom and Lee were sitting in the middle of a small crowded McDonalds, Lee was busy eating one of those baguettes and had some fries still to eat in front of him. James and Tom just had a drink.

"Well?" Tom said questioningly. He quickly snatched a chip off of Lee, he moaned in disappointment as it went into Tom's mouth.

"I love this place. First a Greggs, now McDonalds and I even heard there was a Pizza Hut," Lee said.

"God, I thought I ate too much," James commented. Tom nodded in agreement.

Lee pulled an innocent face, while he still had mayonnaise and a bit of lettuce around his mouth. "What? There's nothing wrong with eating."

Tom sighed, "ok, again I ask."

"It's fine," James replied.

"Good, I was surprised that you could fit into my jacket," Tom said with a smirk on his face.

"You're just taller than me, no small jokes," James muttered.

"No, the joke was about you being fatter," Tom said.

"I'm not fat," James said.

Lee tried not to laugh, "now girls, no fighting." Tom and James glared in his direction, he just shook his head as he turned back to his sandwich.

"How come he's got enough money still?" Tom asked. "I just bought bandages and a new cell... mobile, a few cheap tools. I still need to get a jacket, after that all I could afford was these coffee's."

"Well you did get the most expensive phone in the store," James muttered.

"Not the most expensive, no," Tom pouted. "Hey, we need the most advanced just in case."

"If I understand the plan right, the phone just has to generate a signal. All of them do that," James said.

"Obviously you don't, we can't just phone any random person and hope Voyager will hear it. There are probably millions of signals," Tom said. He took out a small box out of a carrier bag beside him, then put it into the table. "Now you two, just move around a little. I don't want people watching."

James and Lee shifted their seats around the table, Lee still managed to stuff his face with his chips at the same time. Tom took out the mobile phone that was inside the box, a few seconds later it was in three pieces.

"This won't take long. A few modifications and it should be able to contact Voyager," he said.

"How exactly?" Lee asked with his mouth full of chips.

"It would take longer to explain it, and we are kinda in a hurry for it," Tom replied.

"Oh, does that mean we don't have time for Pizza Hut?" Lee asked with a pout.

James shook his head then turned it briefly to the left. "Uh guys..."

The two guys who had followed Tom and James out of the fire exit corridor were looking around nearby the counter.

"It's a wonder that you're not twice as fat as the both of us put together," Tom muttered.

"What are you talking about, I'm not that bad," Lee said.

"Just wait until about 21 to 25, then it'll happen," Tom said.

James covered his face with his hand, "guys, red alert."

"Huh?" Lee said.

Tom glanced towards the exit, and quickly back again. "Great, it's our stalkers."

Lee looked confused, "stalkers?"

"Oh yeah, forget to mention that didn't I?" Tom said.

"Just put the phone away and let's go," James muttered. Tom did as he was told, for once, he and James climbed out of their chairs slowly. Lee did the same after popping the last of his chips into his mouth. He mumbled something.

"What?" Tom asked.

Lee pointed behind him, still mumbling. Both James and Tom started to get annoyed with him. He finally swallowed, "there's another exit." He headed towards a door, the other two quickly followed him.

"They were here," one of the guys said quietly. He sneakily slipped something into his pocket.

The other guy spotted the group going down the corridor. "There was another exit, come on." They both left and started following them.

"Just try not to look suspicious," Lee said.

"They already know what we look like. We could have signs on us and be pointing a gun everywhere, it wouldn't make a difference," Tom said.

"Walk faster, they're following," James said.

"You have a gun?" Lee asked, eyes lighting up. The other two groaned.

"I have it now, it's still in Tom's jacket," James said. Tom pouted and clicked his fingers, muttering something.

They reached two parallel escalators from behind, quickly they went around them and made their way up to the next floor. Right in front of them was a large seating area that was partially surrounding several cafés.

"Where to now?" Tom asked.

James eyed the area to the left of the seating area. "There, it should be really difficult to find us in there." He ran towards where he was looking, the other two guys shrugged their shoulders before following him.

"Woah," Tom gasped as they reached their destination. Right in front of them was the entrance to a mini indoor theme park.

"Oh oh, do we have time to ride the roller coaster?" Lee asked, clapping his hands.

Tom smiled deviously, "actually that's an excellent idea, they'll never see us."

James turned to him, "you're going to make a height joke aren't you?"

"Damn it, you ruined it," Tom moaned. "It's still a good idea. Lee, get your money out."

"Hey, shouldn't the older ones be paying," Lee said, pouting. He reached into his pocket while Tom made his way over to the ticket booth.

"Hi, three tickets for the roller coaster. Actually what's the restriction for it?" he said.

James rolled his eyes as he glanced around him. There was no sign of the guys who were following them, but four suspicious looking men were heading directly their way from another direction. "Guys."

"Lee, give me your money and hide. It's best they don't see you," Tom quickly said, he covered his own face with a hand. Lee just stared at him with an *are you crazy* look on his face.

"Crap," James muttered while glancing between the ticket booth and the guys coming for them. "Meet you guys later."

"What, why?" Tom stuttered.

James looked at him. "Remember they said they didn't have a use for you two," he said quietly. The guys picked up speed and were only a few metres away. Two of them had their hands by their pockets.

"But..." Tom said. The ticket guy handed him the tickets. James took a step back, then jumped up to grab the top of the booth and pulled himself on top of it. He jumped up again to grab something else, he threw himself towards the next floor. He just managed to get over the barrier, and avoid crashing into anyone. A lot of people stared right at him, but he ran off as fast as he could.

"Woah, I want to be able to do that," Lee said.

Tom grabbed a hold of his arm and pulled him away, "scramble!" They both ran off into the crowds.

"Great, he's going to draw attention to us," one of the men muttered. "Split now." He went one way with one guy, the other two went another way.

Meanwhile a lift opened up its doors, a few people emerged from it. James was amongst them. They all headed towards a huge arcade area. He stopped nearby one of the machines and moved around to stand behind it.

"Great, I didn't think this through, I need a mobile to contact someone so..." he muttered. "How the hell am I going to afford one, idiot." He looked around, his attention focused on one of those machines that have lots of ten or two pence coins in them.

One kid put in a coin but nothing happened, he tried shaking the machine, again nothing happened. The kid walked away, he dropped a 10p coin on the ground but didn't notice. James smiled.

Voyager

The Bridge:

"You can't do that!" Ian snapped.

"I so can," Damien grumbled as he sat down on the Captains chair. "I have to, it's my destiny."

Danny giggled, "destiny, that's so geeky."

"I meant it's my prerogative, or some word I don't actually know the meaning of," Damien said.

"Tough, I want to watch Friends on E4," Ian said.

"Kim left me in command so I get to choose what to watch," Damien said. "Now Danny, have you finished tapping into that satellite, or whatever it's called?"

Danny sighed, "yeah, they've got all episodes of Watership Down."

"Oh baby, I missed the third episode of Season One," Damien said gleefully.

Ian glanced over at Danny, "I wish we could just destroy that damn thing."

"This maybe the answer," Danny said with a smile. "Damien uh, sir," she said with a snigger.

"You may call me Evil Overlord," Damien said as he stood up. "Or maybe Evil One. Never mind, what is it?"

"We're getting a EM transmission from the surface," Danny replied.

"I'll take that," Harry said as he stepped out of the Conference Room.

Damien rolled his eyes, "damn."

Harry stared at him, "move it or lose it."

"He's already lost it," Ian commented.

Harry sighed, "fine. Danny, let's hear it." Danny nodded her head, she pressed one button.

In: "Hello, this is Tom."

"Tom it's about time, where are you and how did you..." Harry questioned.

In: "We're in a place called the Metro Centre, James' native land supposedly."

"Oh damn it," Danny groaned. Ian glanced back at her with a raised eyebrow.

In: "I managed to get a cell phone and re-configure it."

"Great, now we just have to figure out how to get you back," Harry said.

The Metro Centre:

"I wish it were simple but it's not," Tom said into the phone. Lee stood nearby fidgeting.

In: "What, what is it?"

"We lost James a few minutes ago," Tom said, he eyed Lee funny. "And I think Lee would rather look around more shops, or ride that roller coaster."

"Well we got tickets," he moaned. "It's not that anyway, I need the toilet."

In: "Roller coaster? Never mind, how did you lose him?"

"For some reason these guys are after him. He nicked off in the most *hey look at me* way possible," Tom replied.

"That was cool," Lee nodded his head.

Tom passed him an annoyed glance.

In: "Why, what did he do?"

"That doesn't matter, we just need to find him before the men with guns do," Tom replied.

In: "We're having trouble with the transporters. The subspace readings you were sent down to find has scattered to the teams locations, and is blocking everything."

"Irony, gotta love it," Lee commented.

Voyager:

Harry started pacing in circles around the centre of the bridge, Damien watched him and started to get a little dizzy.

"Do you have any idea why these guys want him?" Harry asked.

In: "No. They referred to him as it, and seemed to think they knew him. He didn't recognise them, obviously."

"Surely only Braxton could fit on that tiny shuttle," Danny said.

Harry stopped and turned to her. "Why do you say that?"

"Well think about it. The subspace signatures spread out to the areas the awayteams ended up, something's blocking transporters and communication, and James is being stalked by guys who somehow know who he is," Danny replied. "But like I said, there was only room for one on that thing."

In: "Neelix to Bridge."

Harry tapped his commbadge, "go ahead Neelix."

In: "There's a program on the television you should see. It's a regional current events program in the UK."

In: "Oh boy, that's not good."

"Tom call back, this'll probably still cost you money," Harry said.

In: "Will do in five minutes, Paris out."

"Put it on the main viewer," Harry ordered.

An elderly news reporter appeared on the screen. "They reported what heard like a few gun shots in the Red Quadrant. Security failed to find anyone at the source. We go now to our reporter Lauren Taylor that's there now." A screen behind him changed to show a woman in the Metro Centre, that shot took over the full screen.

"Lauren, has there been anymore information released?" the man asked.

"Yes but not much. A few onlookers reported two men in their twenties walk out of the fire exit and run off. The police are already in the process of tracking down these men for further information," the woman, Lauren replied.

Harry shook his head, "this is just great."

"The onlookers described one of the men to be about six foot, and have blonde hair. He was wearing light blue jeans and grey jacket, one person claims he hid something in his jacket as he left the exit. The younger man was about five foot nine or ten, he also had blonde hair. He was wearing a black jacket, and dark blue jeans. He apparently looked injured too. The police are urging anyone that has seen them to report it," Lauren said.

"Is there anymore information about the other incident?" the man's voice asked.

"Not as yet, the description of the second man fits the one on the video footage however," Lauren replied.

The screen changed back to the man. "Thank you Lauren," he said, turning back to face the screen.

"Turn it off," Harry muttered. "Neelix, did you catch the video footage she spoke of?"

In: "Sorry sir I didn't."

Harry sighed, "double check Neelix and keep an eye on the English channels just in case."

In: "Aye sir. Neelix out."

"This isn't good, if they got anything on video then..." Danny said.

"It could be just him amongst a crowd and that won't do anything," Ian said.

Harry shook his head, "no but that news report wouldn't have took place originally. It would be nice to know who these other men are and what they want."

"Well there's a chance that the other teams would have encountered them, they could still contact us in the same way as Tom did," Ian said.

"True, I guess all we can do is wait then," Harry said.

San Francisco:

Chakotay, Jessie and Claire stopped outside a tall worn down building with the word 'Pirix' on the front.

"Looks abandoned," Claire muttered. "Are you sure this is a good place to start? Silverman used to work here and he doesn't now."

"Look Braxton himself told us that so it's got to be wrong," Jessie said.

Chakotay smiled as he glanced back at her. "We're going in, stay behind me." He headed towards the entrance.

Later:

The three were going down a corridor that was well lit, Chakotay had his tricorder out and was scanning around. "Hmm, for an abandoned building it seems to keep up with its electricity bill."

"Huh, that's weird," Jessie said.

Chakotay glanced back at her, "I agree. There are a few lifesigns in the building as well." The group reached some stairs. "I'd imagine Silverman's office will be on a higher floor." He started to climb them, the girls followed him.

"No offense intended but somebody could have bought the building to start another company," Claire said.

"Really, so why is one of the subspace signatures coming from upstairs?" Chakotay questioned.

They eventually reached the top of the stairs. One of the first doors they came to had 'Anthony Silverman' written on it. The handle seemed to be attached to a security system.

"This'll take a minute or so," Chakotay said while pointing the tricorder at it.

"What if somebody spots us in the mean time or if Silverman is in there?" Jessie asked.

"Then we'll just annoy you and set you onto them," Claire replied.

"What's that supposed to mean you little brat?" Jessie snapped.

Claire looked nervous, "you're the toughest of the three of us, that's what."

"Oh, well that's true," Jessie said, sounding calmer.

The door clicked open, Chakotay gently pushed it further open. He slid inside, the girls slowly followed him. They all split up to look around the large office. Claire picked up a computer magazine on one of the tables and started reading it. Chakotay started scanning the left wall by the window.

"Wait, is this the company that ended up selling out about ten years ago?" Claire asked, looking up from the magazine.

Chakotay briefly glanced at her. "If I remember right most computer companies did, Pirix probably was one of them."

"Yeah that's going to help us," Jessie commented with a roll of her eyes. She sat down in front of a black computer. "For a company that hasn't been around in ten years, they sure have a new looking computer."

"I dunno, maybe it looks new cos it's not been used," Claire said.

Jessie swiveled the chair around, "why would they leave it though?" She turned it back around and turned it on. It loaded up to the password screen in only a few seconds. "Crap, I need a password."

"Hmm, maybe I should have brought James instead of you," Chakotay commented. "At least then Braxton and the taxi driver would have had their feelings unhurt."

Jessie pulled a face as she got a tricorder out of the handbag she had. "He's taught me a few little things anyway," she said, placing the tricorder next to the mouse. The password box filled in. "Now what?" She spotted one of the buttons underneath the log in box.

Claire made her way over, still holding the mag, "try that thing next to the tricorder."

"All right, give me a break. These things are primitive," Jessie muttered. She got a hold of the mouse, after moving it around for a little while she then noticed what it was for. "Oh, neat idea," she pressed one of the buttons on the mouse. The log in screen disappeared. It was replaced by a bright picture of a field, with a blue sky behind it.

"Eugh, cheesy," Claire said.

Chakotay walked over to them. "The subspace signature is behind that wall, but as you remember this was the first door we came to via the stairs."

"So how do you get in there?" Claire questioned.

"I don't know. Jessie, see if there's any databases in there," Chakotay replied.

"Easier said than done. There's 'My Computer', 'Recycle Bin'. This may take a while," Jessie said. Claire pointed at the bar at the bottom of the screen. "Oh there's some more icons on there."

"Let me know when you find it," Chakotay said. He turned around to have a better look around.

England

Metro Centre, Arcade area:

Two teenagers walked up to those coin machines. They stared at them with wide eyes. "That's weird, where's all the coins?" one asked. Sure enough, the machines only had a few coins left in them.

A worker was busy putting more coins into another one of the machines, muttering to himself. Another worker came up to him. "My god, most of the coins are gone."

"I know, looks like a big group of teens pushed it at the same time. They don't usually get this much," the first worker grumbled. He pointed at the new dent on the metal part of it. The second guy's eyes widened a little.

Meanwhile James was in the 18+ area where all the proper slot machines were, hidden away at the back. A lot of coins were sitting in a messy pile inside the jacket he had on before, in front of him. He was leaning against the wall in a way so anybody walking over wouldn't see the bullet wound in his shoulder.

A young woman walked over holding some pound coins. "Sir, here's the change you gave me," she said, handing it all to him.

"Thanks," James said.

The woman walked off looking worried. "Wow, what a gambler."

James waited until she was out of sight before counting the new coins. He slipped them into his pocket, and quickly scanned the change in the jacket. "Great, two more games should do it." He slipped another coin into the machine, pressed a few of the buttons. His other hand fiddled with a tricorder. The machine made noises and money started dropping out of the slot.

A few minutes later he emerged from the area, made a quick glance around and then went over to the counter. The woman who gave him the money was there. "Hi, last lot I promise."

"Sure, no problem," she muttered.

Meanwhile:

Tom was standing at one of the information points nearby a McDonalds. Lee was standing a metre away, dividing his attention between the McDonalds, the Pizza Hut and then the KFC he had recently spotted on the upper floor.

"Well now we wait and see if he's smart enough to come by here," Tom said.

Lee turned to him, "what?"

Tom rolled his eyes, "we're right next to a transport interchange. Hopefully James'll have the sense to come here."

Lee looked confused, "why would he do that?"

"Cos let's face it, the longer we stay the here, the more chance we have of getting exposed on TV. You do remember right?" Tom replied. He got out the mobile phone he had, he tapped in a few numbers and put it by his ear.

"Yeah I get it, but he doesn't know about that," Lee said.

Tom sighed, "I know." He moved away to a quieter spot. "Hey it's Tom again. How's it going?"

In: "Not good. Some people saw you and James leaving a gun incident area, also there was another incident and James got caught on video. Do you have any idea..."

"That probably would have been his daring escape," Tom muttered.

"So, it's too late to worry about TV exposure," Lee commented.

In: "So far it's only regional news for the area. I take it you haven't found him."

"No, we're waiting nearby the transport area. We're hoping he'll be smart enough to drop by," Tom replied.

Voyager:

"We're receiving another transmission," Danny said.

"Ok Tom, stand by," Harry said. He nodded at Danny. "Voyager here."

England:

James stopped next to the centre on the first floor, holding a black phone by his ear and had his other hand across his other ear. "Hey Harry, how are you still in charge of the bridge?"

In: "Because the teams haven't got back yet. How did you contact us?"

"Long story short, I started with ten pence and ended up with over a hundred pounds," James replied.

In: "Hehe, how did you do that?"

James pulled a face, "yeah right, like I would do that." Some really loud, horrible music and singing started playing from the centre. "Hang on, there's a book store nearby, that'll be quiet right." He walked into Waterstones but then his phone went dead.

Voyager:

"Crap we lost the transmission," Danny said.

"See if you can get it back," Harry said.

England:

James stepped back out of Waterstones, "damn, bad signal." He stared at the phone's screen.

Two people walked passed him, one of girl's phone was playing the annoying Crazy Frog ringtone. She got it out and just let it play for a while, all of them started giggling like crazies.

"What the?" he muttered. He shook his head as he turned back around. The girl's phone continued to make that dreadfully annoying sound. He marched over and snatched it out of her hands, pressed the button to answer it. By the time he'd done that the phone had been crushed. The girls all looked pretty freaked.

"Next time, answer the thing," James grumbled. He shoved it back into her hands, not noticing that he broke it. His own phone started ringing. "Hey guys. The signal is terrible here, and so is the taste."

Conveniently a Security guard was walking by, like they never do when something's actually happening. One of the girls stopped him, "excuse me, that guy just stole my friends phone and broke it." She then pointed at James.

"Transport area? Where's that? Oh great," he said.

The Security guard walked over to him. "Excuse me."

James lowered the phone a little, "yeah, um do you know where the transport inter... thingy is?"

The guard narrowed his eyes, "you're one of the guys who left the gunshot scene. Trying to get away now are we?"

James stared blankly at him. "Uh ookay," he raised the phone again. "I'll call you back."

"Also a few workers at the arcade noticed you near the coin machines just before they were found empty," the guard said.

"He also broke my phone," one girl said.

"I didn't, I just took it to stop that noise," James muttered. He glanced at the phone in her hands, "oh, must have been more annoying than I thought. Look, I can explain everything."

"Really, you can do that at the station. The police are looking for you," the guard said.

"All right fine," James sighed. He was about to step forward, but then turned around quickly and ran away as fast as he could.

"Damn it," the guard muttered. He raised one of those radio phones as he started to follow.

The Pirix building:

"Hey look at this," Jessie said. Claire and Chakotay crowded around behind her.

"Hmm nifty," Claire commented.

"All of the computer systems Pirix released were inspired by technology from that time ship," Jessie said.

Chakotay leaned on her chair, "Silverman introduced the first isograted circuit in 1977."

"Two years after Braxton's ship crash landed," Claire muttered.

"It looks like every two years there was an equally revolutionary advance in computers, all from Pirix, based on Silverman's crude understanding of twenty ninth century technology," Chakotay said.

"Until he sold out ten years ago," Claire said.

"Oh god, is anyone thinking what I'm thinking?" Jessie questioned.

"The computer age of the twentieth century shouldn't have happened," Chakotay nodded his head in agreement.

"No but now I am," Jessie sighed. "When he sold the company to Microsoft, did he sell the ship too?"

Chakotay shook his head, "I doubt Silverman would sell something as valuable as that. Without his company he could still use that ship to help with other things."

"I dunno, I'll continue looking," Jessie said as she continued to type on the keyboard, and click the mouse a few times. "Oh look, Silverman has an EM communication system, maybe we can use it to contact Voyager."

"Activate it," Chakotay ordered.

Jessie rolled her eyes, "I was going to anyway." A program appeared over the top of the other windows on the desktop. Jessie fiddled with the tricorder she had, then nodded at him. "It's linked up."

Chakotay took out a commbadge and tapped it. "Chakotay to Voyager."

In: "Commander, it's good to hear from you."

"Harry it appears that somebody from this century stole the timeship, and that leads to the disaster. We've got access to his computer database, try and download everything," Chakotay said.

In: "Acknowledged, but we'll need a few minutes to re-configure to their binary system."

"Ok, interface with the tricorder we're using to communicate, keep us informed," Chakotay said. He tapped the commbadge again.

Claire frowned, "hold on, that looked interesting." She pointed at a window on the screen, "try *time ship security portal*."

Jessie put up two windows that were mainly text, one scrolled down to show a launch bay draft image. "Looks like he's preparing for a launch."

"Braxton was right," Chakotay sighed.

"Maybe this one will give us a proper image of it, then we might be able to figure out where the ship is now," Jessie said.

Chakotay nodded his head as she worked. A window then appeared out of nowhere on the wall that Chakotay scanned. They all turned their heads to look at it.

"Ookay, that was where the sub space signal was right?" Claire muttered. She, Jessie and Chakotay headed over to look through the window. On the other side stood the time ship inside a small launch bay.

The lights in the room intensified, the main door opened and two men stepped inside.

"You were right, we do have some guests," one man said.

England:

Lee and Tom were playing tug of war with Lee's arm, Lee seemed to be winning and was getting closer to the Pizza Hut entrance.

"Come on, we have time!" he moaned.

"Oh no we don't," Tom groaned as Lee continued to pull him closer. "Damn you for being a tiny bit stronger!"

"James'll find us if we sit by the window, or I can get a take out or something," Lee grumbled.

The two were just close enough to join the small queue in front of the door, then suddenly they were pulled away roughly like they were nothing.

"Tom, where on earth did you acquire one muscle let alone a whole load," Lee moaned.

"Wasn't me," Tom moaned. The two turned their heads to their left to find James holding onto Tom's left arm. "Oh, thanks."

"Don't thank me, let's get out of here," James said.

Lee moaned in disappointment. Tom sighed in relief, "ok, just up that escalator is the interchange."

"Yeah um, they'll be expecting me to go there," James said awkwardly.

Tom raised an eyebrow, "you told the guys after you where you were going?"

James glanced in the direction of the escalators to his left, two security guards were walking down one. "No, I asked for directions. There has to be a less obvious exit to this place nearby." He ran off to his right, towards another pair of escalators Tom and Lee followed him.

"Oh, let's stop by KFC. They'll never look for us in there," Lee said as they got onto the escalator

"This is going to be worth it," Tom muttered. He snatched the Debenhams bag out of Lee's hands and ran as fast as he could to the next floor. James got there just after him.

"What will be worth it?" he asked.

Tom raised the bag into the air in front of him, and started waving it from side to side. "Come and get it."

Lee eyed him with a confused look on his face, "that's mine, how did you?" He charged the rest of the way up. Tom quickly threw the bag as far as he could as James walked off shaking his head.

"Hey! You're supposed to catch it and throw it again," Tom grumbled.

James stopped next to the corridor leading to the car park, "I'm not telepathic you know." Just as he knelt down to pick it up Lee shoved Tom out of the way, and ran towards him. Tom shook it off and followed them. James turned the corner.

"That's my bag, give i..." Lee snapped as he did the same. His eyes widened and he stopped dead in his tracks, right behind James.

"Well at least I got him away from KFC," Tom muttered. He finally caught up with them, "why are you stopping?" He looked up and saw the many guns pointed at their faces.

"Damn it," James muttered.

"Ok we were just leaving," Lee stuttered. He glanced at James, "bag please."

Both Tom and James rolled their eyes. "You've got to be kidding me," Tom muttered under his breath.

The leader stepped forward. "You have caused us a lot of trouble."

"Oh I'm sorry, next time we'll allow you to shoot us in the face," Tom said.

"Yeah speaking of..." James muttered. He pulled his gun out from his jacket and pointed it at the leader.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," another man said from behind him. He walked around and stood in front.

"Sir, we were just about to bring it to you," the leader said.

"You're going the wrong way about it," the other man muttered. "I apologise, I give my men orders and they'll follow in a little too over the top style. My name is Antony Matthews."

"Uh, that's great but um, excuse me for sounding rude but... what the hell are you talking about? And what's going on?" James demanded.

"I'll explain, but we really should go somewhere else. We've polluted this time and place enough," Antony said. He glanced back at his men and waved his hand at them. They all lowered their guns.

"I don't understand sir. I thought when you ordered us to capture the Slayer, it was the reason we were here," the "leader" said.

"Ok I've had enough of the it comments," James growled.

Tom put a hand on the arm was holding the gun, a quick glare made him lower it. "Hold on, did you say time and place?"

"Yes we did. I'll explain but you have to trust us," Antony replied. He quickly glanced to the right, "a few people are coming anyway, you don't want to get yourself arrested."

James sighed then glanced briefly to his left, a group of girls were walking towards them. He lowered the gun to put it by his side. They walked straight passed.

"Why should I trust you?" James asked.

"You don't have any reason to, I know. Keep the gun if you want, if it makes you feel better," Antony said. "We'd better be going, we have transport waiting. I'll explain everything." He nodded his head at his men, all of them walked away.

"Ok this is weird," Lee muttered.

"I wanna know, what do you want with me?" James asked.

"I'd have to explain everything else first. All I can say is that we came back to fix the mess Braxton made," Antony replied.

The Pirix building:

"I know why you're here, you're here to take my ship," Silverman said.

Chakotay sighed, "Mr Silverman, you don't understand."

Jessie marched forward, she ignored the guy who was with Silverman reaching for a phaser like weapon. "Listen you, how dumb can you get? You're planning on taking that ship back to where it belongs, with you in it for whatever reason, and you think it's a good idea?"

"What are you talking about?" Silverman raised his eyebrow.

"And she's off," Claire commented with a smirk planted on her face.

"Yup thought so. Idiot, that's all you are. You never thought for a second what technology from the future would do, what an ass hole. And going into the future with a ship you'll probably crash before you even take off, brilliant idea you schmuck. I bet you and Braxton are related," Jessie grumbled.

"Jessie, breathe," Chakotay butted in. "We've already talked to the ship's previous owner, if you launch that ship you're going to destroy the solar system."

"How could I possibly do that?" Silverman said.

Jessie sighed, "oh that's getting annoying." Everyone glanced at her oddly, "I'm back. It's good, I'm back."

"Uh huh, multiple personalities?" Silverman commented.

"For god's sake man, don't get her going again," Claire giggled.

In: "Kim to Chakotay."

"Who's that?" Silverman demanded.

"My operations officer, he's just trying to contact me," Chakotay replied. He took out his commbadge again, "Chakotay here."

In: "We're ready Commander on your signal."

"Do it," Chakotay said.

The computer nearby started loading to itself, lots of windows started popping up on the screen. Silverman glanced briefly at it, while his assistant raised the phaser. "My database." He snatched the commbadge off of Chakotay. "Stop, or I'll kill your Commander."

Jessie meanwhile raised her right fist, Chakotay quickly grabbed her wrist. "Don't."

In: "Who is this?"

"You've got ten seconds or I'll kill him, any longer and I'll kill one of the girls too," Silverman said.

"Can I at least kick?" Jessie asked quietly. Chakotay shook his head.

Voyager:

Harry sighed, "break the link."

"Fine, but you could at least wait until the last second," Damien muttered as he keyed in a few commands.

"It took almost ten seconds for you to do it anyway," Danny commented.

"Transporter status?" Harry questioned.

"Same," Damien replied.

"Not necessarily. We know their location don't we, why don't we just use lock onto that area and clean up the mess later," Ian said. Everyone stared blankly in his direction. "You know, lock up the 'villains'."

Harry pulled himself out of the chair, "you may be onto something."

"Onto a bull button maybe," Damien muttered. "With those subspace signals blocking transporters, how do you expect us to lock onto anything?"

"Not really. That signal was just disrupting contact with their commbadges, we know exactly where they are," Ian said.

"We know the guy who talked to us will probably be at the computer we just hacked into, we just avoid that area and lock onto the area with at least three lifesigns," Harry said.

"There's one problem I already mentioned, the transporters have been wonky since we got here. I wouldn't recommend beaming anybody from here," Damien muttered, rolling his eyes. "Maybe a little closer we could."

Harry groaned, "you never mentioned that!"

"I did so, I said it would be impossible to beam up the teams," Damien muttered.

"Ugh, Danny, how close could we get without being detected?" Harry questioned.

Danny shook her head, "not very far, I'd say we'd need to go into a much lower orbit."

Harry sighed, "we have four teams down there, this will be our only chance."

"It is, how?" Damien asked with a raised eyebrow.

Harry muttered something under his breath. "Just tell the transporter room what to do, Danny take us down."

The Pirix Building:

Silverman had sat in front of his computer, and was busy typing and clicking away. His assistant had moved over to stand nearby the team, still aiming a phaser at them.

"You've taken over three thousand gigabytes of information, including my launch plan," Silverman said. Chakotay slowly made his way over to the desk. "That isn't a problem though. You're not going to stop me."

"Give us that ship, or we'll just take it. Simple as that," Chakotay said.

"You're not in a position to make demands, I'm holding the gun," Silverman said.

Jessie glanced at the assistant, "no, he is."

"You do realise that our starship in orbit can destroy this building just like..." Chakotay said. He snapped his fingers, "that."

"Why would you do that when you're still inside it?" Silverman questioned.

"Five lives, a few billion lives, it doesn't really compare does it?" Chakotay replied.

Silverman sat back in his chair, "I don't believe for a second that my trip costs that many lives."

Chakotay shrugged, "believe what you want, it doesn't change anything." He then started to disappear in a transporter beam.

The assistant was about to react but got a fist in his face instead, knocking him to the ground. Jessie smiled, "I still got it." She and Claire dematerialised too.

Silverman slammed his hand on the table, "damn."

Voyager:

Chakotay and Jessie stepped out of the turbolift, Harry quickly got out of the big chair. "The bridge is yours sir."

"Good work Harry. Now the timeship was only a few metres away from us, just try to lock onto where that subspace signal was," Chakotay commanded.

"Yes sir," Harry said as he rushed over to opps. Damien pulled a face as he tried to take over. "There's a forcefield in place, stand by."

Jessie stood behind the station behind the command chairs. "Am I the only one concerned about leaving our tricorder behind?"

"Yes, twenty fourth century gadget to a twenty ninth century ship. Figure the rest out," Damien muttered.

Jessie turned to glare at him, "that's not what I meant you nim rod."

"Initialising transport," Harry butted in. His console started beeping a few seconds later. "It's fluctuating." He looked up from the station, "sir he's using our transporter beam as a downlink, he's accessing our main computer."

"Block him," Chakotay ordered.

"I can't without disabling the transport," Harry said.

"Why's he doing this, he's already got his twenty ninth century ship. What does he want with our database?" Ian asked.

Chakotay sighed, "cut the transport, we can't let him get anymore of it."

"Transport and link terminated, but he got at least 15% of our main computer files," Harry muttered.

"Get us back into orbit," Chakotay ordered.

In: "Commander Chakotay, Anthony Silverman here."

Chakotay frowned, "this is he..."

In: "USS Voyager, Intrepid class. Quite a big ship you have there, and very primitive too. You failed to mention you're only from the twenty fourth century. Here I thought you were either from the twenty eight or ninth. Looks like I don't have to worry about the temporal police for the time being."

"Temporal police?" Jessie said quietly. Nearly everybody looked just as clueless as her.

In: "Oh this is interesting."

Chakotay nodded at Harry.

In: "Could be prof..."

"We've still got three teams down on Earth, and the timeship is still in that guy's hands. What do we do now?" Danny questioned.

"Yeah where are all the other teams?" Jessie asked.

In: "Sickbay to bridge, we have a problem. The Doctor is gone."

"What do you mean?" Chakotay asked.

In: "No, the program is all gone."

"Finally some good news," Ian commented.

Meanwhile, the Pirix Building:

The Doctor appeared in the middle of the office. "Please state the na... what huh?" he mumbled as he looked at his new surroundings. "Where am I?"

Voyager:

"He must have been in that 15% Silverman got," Harry said.

"I didn't know downloading meant stealing in computer language," Jessie said.

"This can't get any worse," Chakotay groaned.

In: "Neelix to the bridge. I've caught another televised news report, and you're not going to like it."

"Sorry sir, I told him to keep an eye on all broadcasts, just in case," Harry said. "I'll put it on the main viewer."

The viewscreen re-activated to show a news reporter. "Incredible footage was just taken a few minutes ago by one of our news groups." The screen changed to show a clear blue sky, the tops of buildings, and Voyager flying in the far distance. "The massive unidentified object doesn't resemble any plane or helicopter in use, and is not any military aircraft that's been seen before..."

Chakotay closed his eyes and turned away, "shut it off. Conference everyone."

France:

B'Elanna, Craig and Tuvok were sitting at a table outside a café. Tuvok was busy working on his tricorder.

"I'm telling you, Voyager will be finding a way to get us back right now," Craig said.

"Doesn't mean that we shouldn't try," B'Elanna muttered as she turned in her chair. She started to watch the TV attached to the wall inside, through the large window.

"They will be having the same problem as us. All we need to do is generate a signal that will help them locate us," Tuvok said.

B'Elanna got out of her chair, "uh guys." She walked inside the café watching the TV. Craig and Tuvok glanced in her direction. The television was showing the same footage of Voyager, only the man was speaking French. A few people had already gathered around to watch.

"Voyager," Craig said quietly. "How, what are they doing?"

"They must have been attempting a transport from a low altitude," Tuvok said.

"This can't be good," Craig muttered.

"Indeed," Tuvok said.

A man standing next to B'Elanna muttered to himself, "damn it." He walked back over to another table. B'Elanna watched him with a frown on her face.

"They've been seen, we have to do something fast," he said.

"Agreed," another man at the table said.

They watched B'Elanna as she headed back to her table. "Somebody knows about us."

"Yeah I bet everyone does now," Craig muttered.

"No," B'Elanna said. She beckoned her head towards the other table. "They were talking about Voyager like they're not from here."

"You mean like Braxton would, for example?" Craig questioned.

"Exactly," B'Elanna replied.

Craig's eyes widened, "and they're coming over." Tuvok and B'Elanna glanced in the direction he was facing. The men at the table were walking towards them.

"Excuse me," one said. "May we join you?"

"I guess so," B'Elanna replied.

The man sat down in the only available chair around the table, the others stood closer. "Allow me to introduce myself, I am Commander Lian Worth, of the Starship Sedna."

"You're not from this time, I thought so," B'Elanna said.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "what century are you from? Also where is your ship."

"It's cloaked and in orbit," Lian replied. "We're from the year 2773."

Meanwhile, England:

James, Tom, Lee and the mystery men were sitting inside a quiet train, around a table. Some of the men were standing.

"We detected a disturbance in the time space continuum, so we came back to fix it," Antony said.

"So let me get this straight, you're some kind of time officers that fix stuff, like Braxton?" Tom questioned.

"Yes like Braxton, except more competent," Antony replied. "He is obviously new to the job and didn't think things through. He caused the mess he went back to your time to fix."

"Interesting, it doesn't explain why you chased us around a shopping centre with guns," James said.

Lee pulled a packet of crisps out of one of his carrier bags, then started stuffing them into his mouth. "And the whole appearing in the wrong place."

"At first I was skeptical about your ship being here, none of you are really trained to deal with this. We tried to keep you away from San Francisco while we deal with the problem," Antony said. "I assigned teams to keep an eye on you all, keep you out of trouble."

The sub leader's phone started to ring, he answered it. "Lieutenant Arnolds here."

"And one of my teams recognised the Slayer, he specialised in past Slayers at the Academy," Antony said.

"Wow, that's a subject in the Academy now, neat," Tom said, glancing at James. "I wish I was apart of a subject."

"You will be, I'm sure the Academy will have a compulsory subject called 'how not to be an annoying moron so you don't get punched out'," he said. "It has examples of morons and you're the first one."

Tom pouted, "you'd be in there if you weren't covered by that freakshow subject."

James rolled his eyes, "if you say so. I still think that's creepy that I'm talked about in the future."

One of the men sitting next to Antony folded his arms on the table. "Your case is one of the bigger books, I had to do coursework on you once."

Tom and Lee glanced at James with interest, he looked uneasy. "Uh, do I wanna know why I had a big book?"

"You don't, but that's because a lot of it hasn't happened yet," the man said. "It was very interesting, that's why I chose yours. I wouldn't have passed otherwise."

"Um you're welcome?" James muttered.

"Sorry it's strange to be actually talking to you," the man said.

"Yeah that's great, you passed with flying colours then you must know everything," Tom said, ignoring James' glare. "So when and how does he die, and is it before me?"

"We're getting way off track Ensign," Antony said in the man's direction.

"Sorry sir," he said.

The Lieutenant walked over to the table. "Sir, we have a problem."

"What is it?" Antony asked.

"Voyager has been spotted," Arnolds replied. "It attempted a transport and was caught on a video camera."

"We'd better do this fast," Antony sighed. "Ok I'll explain. A man named Silverman stole the timeship that attacked you. He was using it to create computer hardware to out rival other businesses. Ten years ago he sold the company, and ever since he's been working on something else using the money."

"What is it?" Tom asked.

"The twenty first century is fragile, the third world war isn't that far away. What better way to make a profit," Arnolds muttered.

Antony sighed, "Silverman knows a war is inevitable as he has had access to a database filled with history. He's gaining profit from that."

"I don't understand," Lee mumbled with crisps in his mouth.

"He's making a weapon, he's almost finished and he's trying to sell it to the highest bidder," Antony said.

"Every country wants to get their hands on it, either to avoid a war or to gain advantage," Arnolds said. "Some can afford to but the ones who can't will do anything possible to get their hands on it."

Antony nodded his head, "this'll cause mayhem as soon as it's ready, luckily it won't ever be."

"So what's the problem?" Tom asked.

"The whole twenty ninth century Earth being destroyed, I would think," James replied.

"Exactly," Antony said.

"So how does that happen exactly? This doesn't make any sense," Tom said.

"Silverman needs some metals that can only be acquired in that century, and a few other items that cannot be made. He'll be launching that ship sometime soon," Antony replied.

"Oh, that can't be good," Lee commented.

"Silverman takes the ship into that century, and the loop begins again," Arnold said.

"How do we stop him?" James asked.

"We need to get inside his building long enough but everytime we try, he catches us," Antony said. "He is a hundred years ahead of us after all."

Arnold nodded, "we need a distraction. He does only have a few workers left in his company building."

"I still don't get why you wanted me," James said.

"I was just getting to that actually. Silverman's low on cash right now, he hasn't really got anything to sell until his weapon is completed," Antony said. "I'm sure he could get a lot of money if he sold a Slayer to an army or something."

"What? You're going to sell me?" James stuttered, with his eyes a little wider than usual.

"No of course not. If he sees you he'll recognise you instantly as he should know now about Voyager, and'll research his enemies. He'll be desperate, once his back is turned we'll break in," Antony said. "All we have to do is destroy that ship and the timeline will fix itself."

"What are we waiting for then?" Tom said.

Voyager

The Conference Room:

Everyone remaining were sitting around the table discussing the situation.

"Ok capturing the ship isn't an option," Chakotay said.

Jessie shrugged, "we could destroy it. If there's no ship to launch into the future, no explosion, no brainless temporal agent will come back to kill us."

"Actually that makes sense," Harry said. "However weapons are still down."

"It's up to our teams," Chakotay muttered.

"That's a longshot too. None of them are in the right place and know nothing about this," Danny said.

"We can tell Tom's team though, but it would take them a while to get to the US," Harry said. "I wouldn't recommend going into a lower orbit again."

"What about a shuttle," Damien said. Everyone glanced in his direction. "I installed a cloaking device to my ship, I may have enough time to install one on a shuttle. Someone can take one down to get the teams back, and take their time about it too."

"We need to rescue the Captain's team first, we have a basic idea where they are as well but it would take time," Chakotay said.

"And there's no reason why we can't use a shuttle's weaponry to destroy the timeship?" Jessie questioned.

Chakotay nodded his head, "right, Damien you work with Harry on the shuttle. First we rescue the teams, then we head to Pirix. Is everyone clear?" Everyone nodded their heads in agreement. "Lets get to work, shall we."

San Francisco:

A couple of figures rematerialised in an alley, a few seconds later a second lot appeared next to them.

"Captain sir," Lian said with a nod of the head.

"Glad you're all here. Do you understand the plan?" Antony questioned.

Lee looked around the corner, "hey, that guy looks familiar."

"Taylor go," Arnold ordered.

James sighed, "fine, distraction away." He walked passed Lee and out of the alley. The Pirix building was just across the street, there was a man standing in front of it looking around like a tourist.

"What's the signal?" Tom asked.

Antony raised a small communicator with a little screen on it. "We've hacked into security footage, the signal is the workers running after him."

"What about Silverman?" B'Elanna questioned.

"I wouldn't worry about him, one guy we can handle," Antony replied.

Meanwhile James had gotten to the building, he walked up to the guy who was standing there. "Doc?"

The man turned to him with a cheerful look on his face. "Aah, Mr Taylor. Glad to see you here."

"How are you here?" James questioned.

"I'm glad you asked," the Doctor beamed. He showed off his right arm that had a small device planted on it. "This is a portable mobile emitter, I can go anywhere I want." His face dropped as another man walked up to them.

"Time to go back doc," he said. He looked at James funny, "who's this?"

James smiled politely, "hi, I'm James, nice to meet you." He punched the guy in the face, knocking him unconscious. He then pointed at the alley he just came from, "the rest of the team are over there."

"Oh thanks, where are you going?" the Doctor asked.

"A little infiltrating here, a little punching there. You get the idea," James replied. "See you Doc." He headed into the building.

The Doctor cheerfully wandered over to the alley, "hello everyone." All the crewmembers from Voyager widened their eyes. "I got myself a mobile emitter."

"See, mobill, not mob-eyle," Tom said. Craig pulled a face at him.

"Ok, you need priorities stat," he muttered. B'Elanna smirked.

"So, what is James doing?" the Doctor asked.

"He's providing a distraction," Tom replied.

Meanwhile, shuttle Cochrane:

Danny and Jessie were sitting at the front consoles, while Damien stood in between them.

"You just keep an eye on the cloak and be quiet about it," Danny muttered.

Damien rolled his eyes, "so it all comes down to this. Taking orders from blonde bimbos." Danny passed him a glare.

"Take us in low, we can search for them easily that way," Jessie said.

"Check. It looks really nice out there," Danny said. "Doesn't it Jess?"

"Yeah but hurry up, James' team is next," Jessie replied.

"Sorry, is it time for your twentieth smooch of the day?" Danny said, smiling cheekily. Her console started beeping, "ah ha, I think I found them. Energising."

"Remind me to smack you later," Jessie muttered.

Three figures rematerialised behind everybody.

"What the, what just happened?" Faye asked.

"We're just saving your ass," Danny replied. "Moving on to England."

Kathryn sighed, "so much for that plan, huh."

"How did you find us? We were in the middle of a prison," Lisa questioned.

Danny pointed at the front window, the newcomers averted their glance. Right in front of them was the prison building. "I saw Janeway's hair through the barred window. Now let's get out of here." Everyone quickly clung on as she keyed in new commands, the shuttle violently tossed to the side and flew upwards.

San Francisco:

"Well?" Tom questioned as he stood next to Antony.

"He's in, surely somebody has seen him by now," he replied.

"Obviously their security isn't people," Lee commented.

"You'd be surprised," Arnolds said.

"Hasn't anybody thought that Silverman will try to capture him using some kind of technology?" B'Elanna questioned.

"Believe me if he does, he'll get out of it," Antony replied.

Meanwhile:

James got to the top of the staircase and stopped in front of Silverman's office. He tried to open the door the normal way but it didn't budge. "Fine," he sighed. He then kicked the door, the whole thing slammed down on to the ground.

Not long after he walked in three security people came into the room. "Good god, that's a heavy door. How did it come off?" one asked in shock.

"Never mind that," the second one muttered. He raised the phaser he had. "Now turn around slowly and put your hands up."

James turned around while putting his hands up a little. "I'm guessing this isn't that club I was told about."

"What? No!" one man grumbled. "This is a company building."

The third one elbowed him, "you idiot. Hey, why is there only one of you?"

"That's kind of a personal question, and I don't know you that well," James replied.

"Enough, stop playing these games. We know who you are," the third guy said.

"Good, I know you too," James said.

One guy's eyes shifted nervously, "you do?"

"Yeah I do," James said. He slowly put his right foot underneath the door, lifting it a little. The three guys didn't notice.

"Oh yeah, so what's my name?" the first guy asked.

"Hmm, isn't it..." James muttered. He kicked the door back up, and it slammed right back into place. It didn't stick around long, it fell right back down to the ground. The guys were lying on the ground on their backs. "Unconscious?" He shrugged.

Outside:

"That was too easy," B'Elanna said. "You guys just had to knock out three guys."

"It's not as simple as that for us, they didn't hesitate to shoot at us. Besides that door is heavier than a few of my men," Antony muttered. "Believe me, we tried to break into it without hacking into the security system the second time."

"There's more men than that anyway, he's not even doing what we asked him to do," Arnolds said.

"Look, more security have transported into the room, I think," Tom said.

"No, they have a secret door in there somewhere," Antony said.

"You know I'm wondering why I'm not dead after all the punches I've gotten," Tom muttered. "I mean that door, yikes."

B'Elanna smirked as she glanced at him, "haven't you noticed? He holds back a lot. Cos let's face it if he hit you full power, your face would just be a... well bigger mess than it is now. Oh and you'd die when your brain gets squished into a small corner."

Tom looked uncomfortable, "you're exaggerating to freak me out."

B'Elanna shrugged, "is it working? You never know though, he does hold back I can tell. He's probably doing that to avoid killing you."

"I hold back all the time, it's hard," Tom said.

"Ha, no you don't. Your face twists up and goes red everytime you try, it's really funny as the punch is lighter than a slight poke," B'Elanna sniggered. Tom folded his arms and pouted.

"All right, there should be just Silverman left. Lets go," Lian said. He nodded at the ensigns who were with him. He left the alley, with them right behind.

"I think you should stay here so you don't break a nail," B'Elanna said. She and Tuvok followed.

"She's so mean," Tom grumbled.

Craig started smirking, "you still fancy her don't you?"

Tom sighed as he watched the team head for the Pirix building. "Yeah, I'd better go with them, so she's ok."

Lee and Craig both grabbed him by the arms. "I think they've got enough people going in," Lee said.

Antony nodded his head, "agreed." He nodded at Arnolds.

Arnolds pulled out his phone, "Arnolds to Sedna. Our team is going in, get ready to transport on our mark."

Pirix:

The team reached the doorway to the office. They could hear Silverman's voice prattling on and on.

"Damn it," Lian muttered quietly.

Inside Silverman was standing nearby a sofa, with his back to where the timeship's launchbay window was. James was sitting on the sofa looking bored to death.

"I'll make it worth your while, what do you say?" Silverman finally finished his speech.

"Do Americans use the term *get stuffed*?" James asked.

"That's a no then, all right," Silverman sighed. He pulled out a normal gun and pointed it at him. "I wouldn't try anything if I were you, a bullet's faster than you."

"No thanks, I already have one of those," James said.

"I don't think you understand the situation you're in," Silverman muttered.

Meanwhile B'Elanna and Lian were walking towards the launchbay window, very quietly.

"I don't think you understand either. We're in the twenty first century still. If you fire that, you've lost a few hundred dollars or whatever," James said.

"Hundred? If it were that much I wouldn't even bother. You see I knew you'd come eventually, why not send their strongest, fastest, and best hacker down here to steal the timeship? I've already sold you to the American government for one point two million," Silverman said.

James' eyes widened, "really? Wow they were ripped off."

Lian attached a device onto the wall, B'Elanna worked on a bigger device in her hands. A little light started flashing on it. She nodded at him, he glanced behind him briefly.

"I know that, but they haven't paid yet so. They won't fork over that much until they're happy with you," Silverman said.

"Then you're screwed, no money for you," James said as he stood up. "You see, they have no means of controlling me, besides putting a gun to my head. That's really the same deal with you."

"That's fine with me. They'd still pay me for the corpse," Silverman smiled smugly, stepping forward one step. "Did you think you'd get into bodyguard or army work? No, they're more interested in cutting you open and doing lots of research. It doesn't matter if I take you there alive or not."

"Oh, I didn't realise we were in the twentieth century or earlier," James muttered, looking uneasy.

B'Elanna handed the device to Lian, he attached it to the one on the wall. Silverman frowned and turned his head around. While he did that James quickly got out his gun and pointed it at him. Silverman turned back around to find it in his face.

"What is this?" he growled. His spare hand went into his trouser pocket.

"Sorry," James quietly said. He fired, startling everyone else in the room. His body made a loud thud as it landed on the ground.

"I can't believe you just did that," B'Elanna stuttered.

"It's ok, the timeline should reset right," James said.

Lian nodded uncomfortably, "yes once I'm finished here." He pressed a button on the device, then pulled out a communicator. "Worth to Matthews, the bomb is set."

In: "Acknowledged."

A few seconds later everybody dematerialised. One minute later the whole building exploded.

Voyager:

Chakotay turned to opps, "what happened?"

"I'm not sure Commander. The subspace signatures are all gone." His station started beeping, "sir, a ship's decloaking off our starboard bow."

On the viewscreen a big advanced looking Starfleet ship appeared, it was heading slowly towards them.

"We're being hailed," Harry said.

"Well why not, on screen," Chakotay ordered.

Antony, Lian and all the rest appeared on the viewscreen, standing in an advanced looking bridge. "Commander Chakotay, this is Captain Antony Matthews of the USS Sedna."

"Where did you come from?" Chakotay asked.

"We arrived here two days ago to correct a temporal paradox," Antony replied. "Your team members proved useful, we'd like to thank you for your help."

Chakotay looked confused, "are you trying to say it's all fixed?"

"Yes, we'll send your crewmembers back to you now. Your shuttle will also be transported back to your shuttle bay," Antony replied.

Tom, B'Elanna, Tuvok, James, Craig and Lee rematerialised on the bridge.

"He's right Commander," Harry said.

Chakotay frowned, "if everything's fixed, how come we're still here?"

"It would be too complicated to explain. We can easily send you back to your time and place," Antony replied.

"Thank you again for your help," Lian said.

"Not a problem," Tom said.

B'Elanna rolled her eyes, "you didn't do anything."

"It's a matter of opinion," Tom muttered.

Chakotay groaned, "Tom shut up."

Present day

The Mess Hall:

The entire room was filled with the senior staff and lots of other crewmembers. Almost everybody had a drink in their hands.

"I still can't believe that French woman slapped you," B'Elanna said.

Craig pouted, "well I was never good at French, the commbadges weren't working."

A few metres away from them Tom, James, Jessie and Kes were talking.

"I can't believe that you managed to lift up a really heavy metal door with your foot," Tom said. "It was funny though."

"Please, it wasn't that heavy. But yeah it was funny," James said.

"Sorry I missed it," Jessie said.

"You know what you really should be sorry about, missing him actually shoot a guy in the head," Tom said.

Jessie and Kes stared at James in shock. "What, you did that?" Kes stuttered.

"Yeah but he's not dead now, the timeline reset," James nervously replied. "Plus he was going to sell me to the government so they could perform experiments."

"Aaaw, poor baby," Jessie said sweetly, she put her arm around his. Tom raised his eyebrow of course.

"I know, they got the wrong one. He should have sold Jessie instead. I mean what's been up with you lately?" he asked.

"Nothing, I'm just in a good mood. Is that a crime?" Jessie replied. She grinned and looked up at James.

"Uh huh, what's with all the snapping and insulting?" Tom asked.

"That wasn't me, you're obviously getting mixed up with someone else. Come on cutie," Jessie replied, she dragged James away with her.

Tom stared at Kes with a bewildered look on his face. "She's got uh, Hermiaphobia. It makes her mood change a lot and she doesn't remember what she does in other moods. I'm treating her."

"Huh, ok? For a minute there, I was fearing the worst," Tom said. He walked away, sighing in relief.

****** THE END ******