

Episode 2.23

The Atamit

Outside the Mess Hall:

Tom finished fixing a small holocamera onto his head, and he placed his off duty hat over it. Obviously having it back to front so the camera could see through the usual gap.

He finished what he was doing and he made his way into the Mess Hall.

He looked around the tables, hoping to see something good he could record.

On one table Mick was sitting on his own, writing on a PADD. Other tables had unknown crewmembers at them. Tom sighed, nothing interesting was going on.

Tom was about to walk back out of the room, when he saw the doors opening again.

Meanwhile, the Bridge:

It was the night shift, as usual there was people asleep on consoles, people playing computer games, and some people were listening to personal CD players.

"Come on you stupid piece of crap! Don't go down there!" Danny yelled as she played on Tetris at the helm.

"I'm in the middle of a chain reaction, something something," Triah sang from the Science station.

"Well this scene looks familiar," a guest star muttered.

Suddenly a white flash engulfed the room. Once it was gone, people were working at their stations, and the ones in charge weren't asleep in the chairs.

"Now, that's unexpected," the same guest star muttered. A console exploded next to him, and he died instantly.

"That wasn't," Danny said.

Some unknown deck:

Lena and James were walking down the corridor, like you do, but instead of talking about nothing in particular, they were actually talking about something in particular.

"What time then?" James was asking.

"I dunno, ten," Lena replied. They both stopped outside one of the doors.

"See ya then," James said, and he walked into the room. Lena continued down the corridor.

James looked around the room, it was dark and nobody was around. He headed towards one of the bedrooms, and went inside. Jessie was lying on the bed playing on a handheld game console.

"I really hope you made a second account," James said.

Jessie jumped slightly at the sound of his voice. She quickly switched off the console. "I, er, just wanted to see what was so good about it, that's all," Jessie said and she put it on the table near by.

"And er, how long were you doing that?" James asked as he sat down next to Jessie.

"A few minutes," Jessie replied.

James tried not to laugh, "and did any of that include dressing up your character?"

"No, that took half an hour... and a bit," Jessie said, smiling innocently.

"Why do I get the feeling you didn't pick the fire starter?" James said. Jessie pulled a face and shrugged her shoulders. "So is Duncan with Danny and Ian?"

"Yeah, probably explains why I was so bored," Jessie replied.

"Do you want to go to the Holodeck then, I've got two hours before Lena and I are going to training," James said.

"Training, what training?" Jessie asked.

James shrugged, "she says I need to practise types of Game Cubes that don't involve fighting. I said I had plenty." He pointed at the console.

Jessie glanced at it with a raised eyebrow and back. "So's she with her 200 hour save." She sighed, "I'd rather stay in anyway. There is something we can do," Jessie said and she looked towards the replicator.

"What, eat?" James asked.

"Half right, why don't we have a picnic in here," Jessie replied slyly.

"If you really want to," James said, unsure of why she said it like that.

The Mess Hall:

Lena walked into the room via the right door. She looked behind her as a group of people followed her in. She shrugged her shoulders and she sat down in front of Craig. She didn't notice that the people who followed her in were still watching her.

"Lena, who are they?" Craig asked as he pointed behind her. Lena turned her head to look the group's way. They didn't make an effort to look innocent, they just continued to watch them.

"I have no idea, but they're getting on my nerves," Lena replied and she stood up, so did Craig. They both walked over to the group of stalkers. "Ok, why are you watching us?"

"I consider all scenes with you two in shippy," one person said.

"You two are such a perfect couple," a woman cooed.

Lena and Craig looked at each, confused, then suddenly it hit them.

"Aaah, they're shippers!" Lena stuttered.

"Yep we're Lenaigs, the best ship in the world!" one person yelled.

A lot of the people in the room laughed at Lena and Craig. Lena blushed angrily, "that's a stupid name."

Meanwhile a different group approached the table, not one of them looked happy. "No, you're wrong. Jamssie is the best ship here," one member of the group said.

"Nah, they're slow and annoying. They took ages to get together," one of the Lenaigs said.

"So, think of all the chemistry," a Jamssie said.

"Aaaw," all the Jamssies sighed.

"If you're Jamssie, why are you here? James and Jessie aren't here," Lena said.

"We can't find them, where can we find them? We might be missing something," a Jamssie said.

"There's never anything new, it's always the same thing," an Lenaig shipper said.

"Shut up, Jamssie is better than Lenaig!" a Jamssie yelled. A lot of people came into the room and came over.

"J/C is the best," one person said.

"What? Clearly C/7 is better," one person said. All the J/Cers, K/7ers and D/7ers glared angrily at the C/7er. "Uhoh, I shouldn't have said anything." The C/7er got chased by all the shippers mentioned.

"P/T is a lot better than this Lenaig and Jamssie, the arguments make it interesting," a P/7er said.

"I'm getting disturbed, lets go," Lena said. All the Lenaigs looked at her funny.

"Where?" they all said.

"Nothing shippy, lets go Craig," Lena said and she stormed out. Craig quickly followed her. They both ran into another group of people.

"You're not going anywhere with him Lena. You are suppose to be with James," one person said. Craig put on his jealous face.

"Ugh gross, we have to escape from these freaks," Lena said.

"Freaks? That's a bit weak for them, more like loonies!" Craig grumbled, and he pushed passed them. Lena shook her head and she followed.

"Noo, Lenaig and Jamssie are the ships from hell, don't!" all the shippers yelled.

Right on cue the Jamssie shippers turned the corner. "Damn, where's all the action we were promised?" one asked.

"I dunno, lets just kill the Jamna shippers," another replied. The James/Lena shippers overheard.

"Aw crap!" they all stuttered, and they ran out with the Jamssie's in hot pursuit.

Back in Jessie/James' Quarters:

The pair had gotten the picnic all set up. They were a little hyper off the Cherry Coke they had, and they were having a fruit fight. They finally got tired of throwing small fruit at each other, and they started eating all the ones that had landed on the bed.

Jessie picked up a Strawberry from the bed. She waved it in front of her. James saw, and he reached over to try and get it, but she'd already ate it.

"That was the last one," James moaned.

"No it wasn't," Jessie said as she found another one beside her. She started waving that one around. "If you want it, you're going to have to come and get it." James tried to catch her arm, but she was too fast for him, and she kept swapping the Strawberry to her other hand.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Jessie giggled. She spoke to soon, James tried something else, he pushed her instead. She fell onto her back, but she just laughed. She threw the Strawberry as far as she could. "Go get it."

James looked at her with a shocked expression on his face. "I can't believe you did that," he managed to say.

"I saw where it went, I'd tell you, but you have to pay me with something," Jessie said, she couldn't stop laughing. James collapsed next to where Jessie had landed earlier.

"I haven't got anything," he said finally after a few minutes. Jessie sat up a little bit, and she leaned over him.

"Forget about it, it landed on the floor," she said and she giggled. She gently placed her right hand on the side of his face, and she started kissing him.

One and a bit hours later, Lena's Quarters:

Lena was sitting impatiently on the sofa, while Craig just sat on the chair looking bored.

"Can you remind me, what the hell are we waiting for again?" Craig asked.

"James and I were supposed to go to the Holodeck to train," Lena replied.

"And you didn't invite me?" Craig asked huffily.

Lena rolled her eyes. "You can come anyway, it doesn't look like he's meeting me here after all," she replied as she stood up.

"Maybe he forgot," Craig said.

"How could he forget, we've been planning this for ages," Lena said angrily and she walked out of the door. Craig followed her.

"Busy?" Craig said questioningly.

"I doubt he would be," Lena said. Craig ran to catch up with her, and he slowed down to her pace when he did.

"Ok then, maybe he's already at the Holodeck," Craig said.

"That's what I thought. He'd better be, or I'll kill him," Lena said.

"Can I watch if you do?" Craig asked. Lena laughed slightly.

"If you want," she replied.

The next day:

Tuvok walked into his office expectantly, he looked around to see who else had come in. He was disappointed to see only three people impatiently waiting for him, one of which was nursing her cheek with a makeshift icepack.

"Where is Lena?" Tuvok asked.

"She said she's going to perform a murder," Kathryn replied, briefly narrowing her eyes beside her.

"Ok then. Having just the three of you will make it easier for me," Tuvok said.

"She wasn't joking, I think she's actually going to kill someone. Psychos this family are," Annika said, mere seconds before she was knocked over by a flying empty cup.

"She always says that," Tuvok said.

"She's going to kill James," Annika said cheerfully despite the new cut on her face.

"That's nice, Miss Hansen, we had better be going to the Shuttle Bay," Tuvok said.

"What for?" Kathryn asked.

Tuvok sighed, "didn't you read the memo inviting you here?" He got blank stares in return. Annika raised her hand anyway, Kathryn slapped it down. "You have received the most complaints about your attitude lately. So I thought a teamwork exercise may clear the air, so to speak."

Kathryn looked in disgust at Annika. She smiled back.

Tom glanced between them, "wait, and only Lena didn't show up. Surely a certain other two should be here too."

"Yes, their invite is for tomorrow with a few others. Lets begin, shall we?" Tuvok said.

Kathryn got up, eyeing him dangerously. "You know, I am the Captain. You're going to have to do a lot better than ask me."

"There's flasks of coffee already in the Delta Flyer," Tuvok said with a straight face. By the time he was done, Kathryn was gone.

The Mess Hall:

Lena looked around for her target as soon as she stepped through the doors. Once she had spotted him she stormed over to the table.

James stopped eating as soon as a shadow loomed over him. He slowly looked up nervously to see Lena staring at him with a killer look in her eyes.

"Do you mind telling me why you didn't turn up last night?" Lena asked.

"Would you believe me if I said I forgot," James replied quietly.

"Nope," Lena said.

"Well I forgot," James said.

"Don't give me that bulls**t, what's the real reason?" Lena asked.

"Why won't you believe me, I forgot," James replied.

"How could you forget, we've been discussing this all week. You can't just forget," Lena said angrily.

"I lost track of time," James said.

"How?" Lena asked and she folded her arms.

"I don't want to talk about it," James muttered in response.

Lena rolled her eyes and she sat opposite him. "Did you have an argument with Jessie?" she asked.

"No, I just lost track of time," James replied.

"So, what is it you don't want to talk about? Something must've happened," Lena asked.

"If you must know, Jessie and me had a picnic in our quarters," James muttered.

Lena tried not to laugh. "A picnic? Tell me, how could you lose track of time when you're doing that?"

"You know what me and Jessie are like after two bottles of Cherry Coke," James replied.

"Oh god, maybe it was a good thing you didn't come to training. I wasn't hyper enough to level two bottles," Lena said.

"I only noticed the time once it was midnight, so there was no point in turning up," James said.

"Well I didn't get an apology over the comm for not turning up," Lena muttered.

"I never thought of that at that particular time, I wasn't in the mood," James said.

"What mood were you in, and it can't be a hyper mood," Lena said.

"Far past the hyper stage, Lena," James muttered.

"So, why did you have a picnic?" Lena asked.

"It was her idea, not mine," James said.

"Erm, that wasn't the answer I wanted but never mind," Lena muttered. She watched him continue eating his chips, and she thought for a few seconds. "So what's with the long face?"

James looked up at her. "What long face?"

"When I came in I saw you sulking over something, you looked almost.. guilty," Lena replied.

"I wasn't sulking," James said.

"You were, was it because of what you did to me?" Lena asked.

"If I said yes would you believe me?" James said questioningly.

"Not after you asked that," Lena replied.

"Damn, I really should stop doing that," James muttered to himself.

"Well, spill it," Lena said.

"It's embarrassing, I don't want to say," James said.

"Oh I get it, you two had a hyper fight," Lena said.

"Er, no we didn't," James muttered.

"Yeah you did, you just thought it. Something to do with fruit," Lena said.

"I wish you'd stop reading my mind," James said.

"I wouldn't have to if you didn't keep things from me," Lena said.

"Right, now you know. Lets change the subject," James said.

Lena eyed him suspiciously. "No, something else happened," she said.

"No, nothing else happened. We finished the picnic, went to bed late, slept in, now I'm trying to have breakfast," James said.

"That's your breakfast?" Lena said questioningly while eyeing the plate of chips.

"It's all I can afford right now," James said.

"Ok, whatever. I still don't believe you. Something happened and you don't want to say. In order to make it up to me about yesterday you're going to have to tell me," Lena said.

"Why are you being like this?" James asked.

"Like what, getting my own back for being ditched? Now tell," Lena replied.

James sighed, and he looked around to see who was nearby, then he looked back at Lena. "Do I have to?" he asked eventually. The look on Lena's face was his only answer.

She waited patiently for him to answer. After 5 minutes she had enough. "Just tell me, it can't be that bad," Lena said angrily.

"Lena don't, I feel bad enough about it already," James muttered.

"What is there to feel bad about?" Lena asked.

"I can't say," James replied.

"Just tell me, if you can't tell your friends, who can you tell?" Lena asked.

James shook his head. "No, I'm not telling you."

"Don't be such a baby, James. I won't judge you, I won't laugh at you, I'm your friend for god's sake! I don't see why you won't tell me, it can't be that embarrassing."

"I slept with her," James muttered.

Lena just looked at him in a confused way. "What.. did you say?" she asked slowly.

"I slept with Jessie, are you happy now?" James replied.

Lena looked confused still, "and that's bad for you because?"

"It's not that. No offense Lena, but it's none of your business," James said.

"I understand that, why didn't you say that in the first place. I wouldn't have asked," Lena said, grimacing. "I don't want to know."

James shrugged, "then why did you ask?"

"What I'd like to know is why were you looking like it was the end of the world?" Lena asked.

"Look, this is more than inappropriate. Can we drop it?" James said.

"Ookay, but it's a bit weird you're acting all strange about it. You're still together aren't you?" Lena said.

"Yes," James sighed a little impatiently. "Look, why I'm... it's private, okay?"

Lena tried not to laugh. "You're just being paranoid. I think she understands that because you're a couple it isn't such a big deal."

"No she's mad at me, she's just pretending that she's not," James said. He frowned at her, "what did I tell you about mindreading?"

"Why do you get that impression?" Lena asked with an innocent look on her face.

"I just started to apologise when she said something like, don't waste your breath, and then she left the room to pick up Duncan. Secondly, she'd be here if she wasn't mad at me," James said.

"Maybe she was late," Lena said.

"Don't you mean maybe she is?" James asked.

"Nope, not at all," Lena replied and she pointed behind him. James looked around and he saw Jessie coming over to the table. Lena stood up. "I'll leave you two lovebirds alone." She giggled and she walked away.

Jessie sat down where Lena was previously sitting, eyeing him curiously. It made him even more uncomfortable. "What?" he meekly asked.

"Are you still doing that?" she asked. "I told you, it's fine."

James shifted around in his chair uncomfortably, "so you're not mad at me?"

Jessie started laughing. "Mad at you? Why would I be mad at you?"

"You know why," James answered.

"Yeah, but I'm not complaining," Jessie said. She briefly looked at the plate of chips James had in front of him, and then she looked back up at him. "It's been long enough, we're good. More than good."

"Okay," James didn't sound convinced.

Jessie looked at him sympathetically. "I'm fine, I promise you," she said softly while grasping his hand. "By the way, I left Duncan with Danny. I thought if I went to her she'd interrogate me until I told her what happened. So I contacted her, she's going to take him to class for us."

James nodded, "probably a good idea."

"Aren't you going to eat those?" Jessie asked as she eyed his plate again.

"Yeah," James replied.

"Before you do, I have something to tell you," Jessie said.

"What?" James said questioningly.

Jessie tried to stop a grin from coming onto her face. "I'm pregnant," she whispered. James stared at her in shock, then he accidentally slipped off his chair. Jessie burst out laughing, and she tried to eat as many chips as she could off his plate. She tried to look innocent once he got back onto the chair.

"Please tell me I heard wrong," James said.

"No you didn't, just look at your plate," Jessie managed to say in between laughs. James did so, and he looked back up at Jessie. She couldn't stop laughing.

"Jessie, you're cruel. Don't ever do that again," James moaned.

"I'm hungry, I couldn't resist," Jessie said.

"There's a replicator just a metre away, it wouldn't kill you to go to it," James said, and he pouted.

"Aaaw, I won't do it again, I swear," Jessie said. She burst out laughing again.

"What?" James asked.

"I can't believe you fell for it. Doctor Jones said it would be nearly impossible for me to get pregnant," Jessie replied.

"So why...?" James stuttered.

Jessie breathed in to stop herself laughing. "Just in case. I'm better now but still..." she sniggered quietly.

"It's not funny," James muttered, without realising it he was still pouting.

"You're cute when you pout, I really should do this sort of thing more often," Jessie said.

"Just go and get something to eat," James muttered.

Jessie stood up, and she walked over to him. She caressed his face, then into his hair. "Ok, but I'll be back," she purred. Once she walked away, James quickly tried to fix his hair before anyone noticed, but he then noticed everyone was watching him already.

Jessie came back over to the table a minute later with a tray of food on it. She dumped it on the table, and she sat opposite James again. He looked at what she had, on one plate she had Cheese Macaroni, and on the other she had a pile of chips.

"Hungry?" James said questioningly.

"Starved, do you want some?" Jessie asked.

"No, thanks," James replied slowly.

Jessie tried the chips, and she looked back at the replicator. "I could do with some chocolate sauce," she muttered.

"What for?" James asked nervously.

"I don't fancy gravy, salt or vinegar, the chips need some savoury," Jessie replied and she stood up.

"I think I should get going," James said quickly and he stood up.

"Ok, see you later," Jessie said and she headed over to the replicator. James headed towards the nearest door as quickly as he could.

The Delta Flyer:

Tom was at the helm, Tuvok was standing over him. Kathryn and Annika sat at the other stations, avoiding eye contact with the other.

"Are we going to die?" Annika asked.

Kathryn glared at her, "you are."

One of the consoles started beeping, "A ship is approaching from that, er planet? Where did that planet come from?" Annika answered.

"They always appear when a shuttle is in use," Kathryn said, rolling her eyes.

"They're hailing us," Annika said.

"Put them onto this screen," Tuvok ordered. The little screen on the helm came on, showing a really goofy looking alien guy.

"Our sensors detected females on your vessel. We demand that you turn them over," the guy said.

"Why?" Tom asked. Meanwhile Kathryn viciously twitched.

"We don't have enough females on our ship to clean up and cook for us," the guy replied.

"Do it yourself!" Annika said angrily.

"What a disrespectful young lady, she needs discipline," the guy said.

"I am sorry, but our females aren't for sale. They're members of our crew," Tuvok said.

"What a strange man you are, besides I wasn't going to pay you for your females. We're just going to take them," the guy said. The screen switched off.

"What a big jerk," Annika pouted.

"Mr Paris, take us back to Voyager," Tuvok ordered.

The shuttle shook. "Um, no can do. They've locked a tractor beam on us," Tom said.

"Crap, why does that always happen?" Annika asked.

"I have an idea, Mr Paris, get ready to take us to full impulse," Tuvok said. Tom nodded nervously. "Captain, get ready to fire a phaser beam directly at their tractor emitters. Miss Hansen, take that station, and get ready to put a tractor beam on that ship."

"Can't you tell us the plan?" Annika asked.

"No time," Tuvok replied. He looked towards Kathryn. "Fire," he ordered. He got a glare. "Please."

The Flyer fired a phaser blast at the other ship, the tractor beam was cut off. "Miss Hansen, tractor beam," Tuvok ordered.

Annika rolled her eyes, "I prefer Annika," she said to herself.

The Flyer put a tractor beam on the other ship.

"Mr Paris, fly us in the opposite direction of Voyager, once in mid flight, I want the tractor beam released," Tuvok ordered.

"When we're moving, are you crazy?" Annika said questioningly.

"Once the ship is released go back to Voyager," Tuvok ordered.

The two reluctantly agreed.

The Flyer flew into the planet's atmosphere, and the ship was let go. For some reason the Flyer kept flying towards the planet.

"Mr Paris, take us back to Voyager," Tuvok commanded.

"I can't, there's some sort of weird error on the helm," Tom said. Tuvok went over to the comm. On the computer it said 'Warning, the plot is being initiated at long last, going back to Voyager wouldn't work out too well, so get bent. Have a nice day.'

"I told you you were going to die," Kathryn said. Annika whined pathetically. The Flyer flew out of control towards the ground, and it flew over some nice flat fields. The shuttle didn't come for a land until it reached a less welcoming place. The Flyer crashed into a large hill.

Later:

Everyone had regained consciousness.

"Why the hell did we have to crash here? It was like the Flyer didn't want to land in the fields," Tom moaned as he stood up.

"All shuttles are programmed to crash instead of land," Kathryn said.

"That is not true," Tuvok said.

"So why do shuttles always crash?" Annika asked.

"Sometimes to develop the plot," Tuvok replied.

"So, any guesses for how long we're going to be trapped here?" Tom asked.

"I'd say two days," Annika said.

"Make that one, if we can gather the parts we need, we'll be able to repair the shuttle within a few hours," Tuvok said.

"So what's the plot then?" Annika asked. Kathryn screamed and collapsed. Annika gasped and smiled, pointing at her, "I'm free, free at last!" Tuvok and Tom rushed over to Kathryn while Annika ran out laughing maniacally. Strange whip marks were appearing on Kathryn's arms and face like if somebody was actually whipping her at the very moment.

"We'd better get her to a Doctor," Tuvok said, he picked Kathryn up and headed out of the shuttle.

"So I take it the shuttle's medical kits aren't any good?" Tom asked as he held the medical kit.

"Obviously not," Tom muttered and he followed Tuvok out.

Voyager, Sickbay:

Doctor Jones appeared out of nowhere with the usual smile on his face. "Please state the nature of the medical emergency," he said cheerfully. He looked around the room to see his 'patient', but all he saw was James. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"No, yeah. Maybe. I'm just a little worried," James said.

"Well I'm afraid I can't treat you for that, it's not really an illness," Doctor Jones said.

"That's not what I meant, I meant Jessie was freaking me out. There's something wrong with her," James said.

"Ah, I see. What's the symptoms?" Doctor Jones asked.

James pulled a few faces, "how do I put this? Her moods shift to extremes, she's been eating this weird stuff, and her... um, tastes have changed."

The Doctor stared curiously. "Tastes, isn't that the same thing as eating weird stuff?"

"Sure, but it was worth mentioning twice," James stuttered, his face turning red.

"Is it just me or do you think you already know what's wrong with her?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Actually, I was only worried that it could be that," James replied.

"Well you don't have to be. She has 30% less chance of conceiving than an average woman. On another note, I don't think she has a boyfriend," Doctor Jones said with a twinkle in his eye.

James looked on worried anyway, "thirty percent?"

"Yes, such an improvement if I don't say so myself. I'm very proud of the results," Doctor Jones said, beaming a little too much.

"Uh," James mumbled, growing increasingly uncomfortable.

Doctor Jones failed to sense it. "No worries. Tastes change, I suppose. Sometimes people start to like food they never liked when something's happened."

"Really?" James said. "Even dipping chips into chocolate?"

"Well, that's a completely different thing all together. I tell you what, she's due for another checkup later today. If there's anything else wrong, I'll deal with it," the Doctor said.

"Thanks Doc," James said.

"Just doing my job," Doctor Jones said cheerfully.

The planet, an alien hospital:

Kathryn was lying on a hospital bed, the others were standing around her. An alien was scanning her. He shook his head.

"Just as I thought," the doctor muttered.

"What?" Annika yawned. The doctor looked at her strangely, and he turned to Tom and Tuvok.

"Has this woman been disrespectful in anyway, like disobeying orders or mouthing off at one of you two?" the doctor asked.

Tom snorted before he laughed, he managed to contain it. Annika elbowed him hard anyway. The doctor gave Annika another strange glance.

"Well this female has the Atamit, my guess it won't be long until the other one you have will get it," the doctor said.

"What is the Atamit?" Annika asked. The doctor looked at her funny again. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Is she always like this?" the doctor asked.

"Yeah," Tom said, Annika elbowed him again.

"Then why don't you punish her?" the doctor asked.

Tom laughed, "me? The one who usually does is a bit preoccupied right now."

"You're so mean," Annika grumbled. She stuck her tongue out at Tom.

"Your female is out of control, I suggest you train her to be respectful, or she'll end up with the Atamit as well," the doctor said.

"Doctor, what is the Atamit?" Tuvok asked.

"I hate explaining this to off worlders. The Atamit is the Gods' word for Spiritual Punishment. Any female which breaks the amendments will be spiritually punished by the gods," the doctor replied.

"What are the amendments?" Tom asked.

"Basically a female is supposed to be a faithful servant to the males. That means they have to be respectful, fully obedient. If they argue back, yell at a man, hurt a man in anyway, or be disrespectful, they are breaking the amendments," the doctor replied.

"Those gods must be insane, it should be men who have rules like that against them," Annika growled. The doctor glanced at her oddly again.

"So, erm, the whip marks were the result of the gods actually whipping Janeway?" Tom asked.

"That's correct, young man," the doctor replied.

"What's the cure?" Tuvok asked.

"There is none, I suppose some alien women who are being punished in this way are cured when they leave the planet," the doctor replied.

"Then we'd better get to work and repair the shuttle," Tuvok said. Tom and Annika nodded in agreement.

"So how come Janeway got the whipping, and Annika didn't?" Tom asked.

"What have you got against me?" Annika moaned.

"I have no idea, but you should keep her at the hospital just in case something does happen," the doctor replied.

"That'll slow down repairs," Tuvok said.

"It will slow them down even more if we had to rush Annika to the hospital if something did happen," Tom said.

"A very logical point, Mr Paris," Tuvok said.

Tom laughed nervously. "Is that a compliment?" he asked.

"There's a first time for everything, well almost everything," Annika muttered.

Later Tom and Tuvok were repairing the shuttle. They both heard a banging noise coming from the doors to the shuttle. Tom stood up and he headed towards the source. He stepped outside and he stopped dead in his tracks.

"Annika, what are you doing here, and what happened to you?" Tom asked. Annika was facing him with blood coming down her face, and blood was also pouring from her hands. She looked at him with bright red eyes.

A strange devilish voice came from Annika's mouth, "live eurt morf devas eb llahs selamef ruoy dna edis ruo ot emoc, neila ynup!"

"Er, what?" Tom said questioningly and he slowly stepped backwards.

"Pots!" Annika bellowed with her new voice.

"Pots?" Tom said questioningly, he couldn't help but laugh.

"Em kcom uoy od?" Annika said angrily.

"Mr Paris, step away from her. If I understand correctly, the being inside of her is speaking backwards. When you thought she said pots, she said stop," Tuvok said as he stepped out of the shuttle.

"Devas eb lliw selamef ruoy dna edis krad eht ot emoc, swal sdog eht rednu hsirep lliw selamef owt eht," Annika said.

"I think the being said something about to the dark side, and the females will be saved," Tuvok said.

"How do you do that?" Tom asked.

"Noised ruoy si tahw?" Annika said.

"If it's the only way to save Annika and.." Tom said.

"No Mr Paris. The being wants us to turn to this planet's version of the devil for help," Tuvok said.

"You mean they make take our souls?" Tom asked.

"Possibly," Tuvok replied.

"Tey uoy htiw dehsinif t'nsah eh syas eh, kcuF, retsam ym tlusni uoy!" Annika snapped. Her normal voice screamed in pain, and she collapsed onto the floor. Blood continued to pour from her body as she lay there. Tom and Tuvok knelt down beside her. Tuvok checked her pulse.

"She's still alive, we better get her to the hospital," Tuvok said.

Back on Voyager:

James and Lena were walking down a corridor talking. Lena kept looking behind her, she noticed the James/Lena shippers following them.

"Shippers Alert," Lena said. She and James tried to walk faster, but the shippers just ran to catch up with them.

One grabbed James' arm tightly. "Leave Jessie, you'd be great with Lena," she said. More shippers surrounded the poor pair.

"You'd make such a cute couple," one said.

"Oh the chemistry," another said.

"Craig? He's a girl chasing freak, you can do better," another said. James and Lena tried to push their way through the shippers.

"Come on, just one little kiss and we'll leave you alone," one shipper said, the others agreed. James and Lena turned slightly pale, they looked at each other.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Lena asked.

"Yep," James replied.

Lena went over to the nearest corner, and James went to another, both pretended to throw up.

"Aaw, I was hoping they'd go to the same corner if you know what I mean," one shipper said.

"That's a little more than I wanted to know," one shipper said. The shippers started arguing amongst themselves.

Lena and James quickly snuck away while the shippers argued. One noticed them getting away.

"Where exactly are you going?" the shipper asked. The others turned to look.

"Away," Lena replied, she and James walked faster. They both smiled as they turned the corner. Their shippers hit the corner, they quickly turned around and went back the way they came. A few seconds later the Lenaig and Jamssie shippers came around the corner and they chased after them.

"Lena and James together, yeah right!" one Lenaig shipper yelled.

"Get a life, losers!" one Jamssie yelled.

"They're entitled to their opinion.." one Lenaig shipper said. A few stopped and glared at her. "But I like mine better," the shipper stuttered.

"Run faster!" one Lena/James shipper yelled.

Lena and James watched the Lenaig shippers and Jamssie catch up with them, and a fight ensued.

"For once, those Lenaig and Jamssie shippers came in handy," Lena said.

"Yeah, lets get out of here," James said.

The pair quickly ran off leaving the shippers to fight for their opinions on couples.. when you say it like that, it sounds sad doesn't it, but I can't say anything.

The planet:

The doctor was scanning Annika, as Tuvok and Tom hovered nearby.

"Yes, she has the Atamit. But the possession was not caused by the gods," the doctor said.

"So how and why did she get possessed?" Tom asked.

"It happens very rarely, but sometimes a messenger from the Dark Caverns takes over an Atamit victim to try and claim their souls," the doctor said.

"Dark Caverns?" Tuvok said questioningly.

"The afterlife people go to if they are disrespectful to the gods," the doctor replied.

"I like that name better than Hell," Tom muttered.

"How is your repairs getting along?" the doctor asked.

"We'll be able to leave in a few hours, I don't see why Voyager hasn't found us yet," Tuvok replied.

Voyager:

"Harry what are you doing with that opps station?" Chakotay asked angrily.

Harry looked up from his station, alarmed. He nudged the crewmember next to him, hinting to stop.

"B'Elanna, why did you let them do this?" Chakotay asked.

B'Elanna looked up from reading a magazine. "What?" she said. Chakotay groaned and he snatched the magazine off her. He looked at it and he gave her a strange look. "Star Wars?"

"I er was just looking at it to gain secret information," B'Elanna replied.

Chakotay dropped it onto the floor as it scorched his skin. A passing crewmember picked it up to look at it but it exploded, killing the crewmember instantly, nobody could have cared less.

"Aaaw, my magazine. I knew I shouldn't lent you it," Harry complained.

Chakotay rolled his eyes, "really?"

"I was only kidding," Harry said and he laughed nervously.

"Never mind, any sign of Tuvok's group therapy?" Chakotay asked.

B'Elanna looked confused, "what, they're not doing it on the Holodeck like Tom said?" She scowled, "he lied to me, again."

"Oh great, for all we know they've crashed on a planet which is causing two crewmembers to experience incredible pain," Chakotay muttered.

"Now that's just stupid, where would you get that idea from?" B'Elanna asked.

A group of shippers arrived onto the Bridge in a poof of smoke.

"There's our favourite couple, lets have a kiss then," one said.

"No, no, no, that was only her fantasy, we need them to sweet talk each other first," one said.

Chakotay stared gormlessly. B'Elanna meanwhile growled and leapt over the banister to chase after them.

The planet:

Tuvok and Tom came into the hospital as fast as they could.

"Is there a problem?" the doctor asked.

"Well I'd think that the Delta Flyer being totally raided leaving nothing but metal is a bit of a problem," Tom replied.

"Well if these girls stay on this planet any longer, they will die of loss of blood," the doctor said.

"Can't you replace it?" Tuvok asked.

"No, that would anger the gods," the doctor replied.

"You're a f****ng doctor, not a priest, just heal them!" Tom yelled.

"What's a priest?" the doctor asked.

"Mr Paris, stay calm. There is a way out of every situation," Tuvok replied.

"Okay, awaiting beam out," Tom said sarcastically.

A male nurse ran up to the doctor. "Doctor, one of the patients, she's getting the knife wounds," he said.

"You know what to do, I'll be there in a minute," the doctor said. The nurse nodded his head and he rushed back down the corridor. "The girl you know as Annika has been having more of the Atamit, the girl called Kathryn has only had the whiplashes."

"That's strange, I wonder why Annika's getting punished more than Janeway?" Tom said. He burst out laughing, "oh, couldn't keep that up."

"Maybe she's broken more rules than Kathryn has. I'd better get to work," the doctor said, and he ran down the corridor. Tuvok and Tom followed him.

Minutes later:

Annika was lying unconscious as lots of vicious knife wounds appeared on her skin. Kathryn was on the neighbouring bed. The doctors and nurses were trying to stop the bleeding but more knife wounds kept appearing.

"Doctor, if this keeps going on she'll die," one nurse said frantically.

"It should have ended by now," the doctor said, he walked away from the bed and he knelt down on the ground. Everyone looked at him like if he was crazy. "Uiloi iutej sertic pilou, ira yuter!" he said like if he was saying a prayer. Nothing happened. "Uiloi iutej sertic pilou, ira yuter!" he repeated.

"Translation?" Tom said questioningly.

"It's an old religious phrase, it means spare this girl from your wrath," one of the nurses said.

"Oh, I er get it," Tom muttered.

"It's working, the knife wounds have ceased!" another nurse exclaimed. The main doctor got off his knees, he placed his left hand on his face, and he muttered some more foreign words behind his hand.

"He said thank you," the nurse said.

"Oh, ok," Tom said.

The doctors and nurses tried to stop the bleeding, as the main doctor scanned her.

"If something else happens, she will most probably die," the doctor said.

"But I thought they spared her from their wrath," Tom said.

"Just temporarily, they'll probably continue to punish her," the doctor said.

"Crap, when things started looking up," Tom muttered.

Voyager:

"I've found them," Harry said.

"Good work," Chakotay said. "Can you hail them?"

Harry nodded.

In: "Harry my man, how's the video network I installed shaping up?"

"I er haven't tried it... honest," Harry replied.

"Is that what you were installing?" Chakotay groaned.

"It's connected to that video camera in the transporter room, and various other places I can't name... I'd better stop talking since it was that unknown crewman that got blown up who did everything. The fiend," Harry stammered.

"Ah, ok. Anyway, Harry beam up the awayteam," Chakotay said.

"To Sickbay?" Harry asked.

"They always come back injured, besides I have a hunch that at least two crewmembers are badly injured," Chakotay replied.

Harry looked nervous, "why, because Annika is with them?" He tapped on his station for a while. "They're in Sickbay. Doctor Jones says the reset button is ready after Suicidal's little usage," Harry said.

"Excellent, that reset button never fails," Chakotay said, he looked at another notebook quickly, then put it away. "I stand by my comment."

Sickbay, hours later:

"Finally, I now have time for that examination I wanted to do," Doctor Jones muttered to himself. Right on cue Jessie walked in, just a little too cheerfully.

"So what do you want, Doccie?" Jessie asked.

"It's time for your monthly check up, won't take long," Doctor Jones replied. Jessie shrugged her shoulders and she sat on the biobed. Doctor Jones walked over and he scanned her.

"I take it I'm ok then," Jessie said.

"I suppose so. Just tell me, has there been anymore love spells?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Er.. no," Jessie muttered.

"Only kidding. Anyway, seriously this is sort of impossible," Doctor Jones muttered.

"Erm, what is it, have I got the plague?" Jessie asked.

"It's not that impossible," Doctor Jones replied.

"Then what is it then?" Jessie asked.

"Well you're erm, pregnant," Doctor Jones replied.

Jessie just stared at him in shock. "That is bloody impossible!" she stuttered.

"Indeed, do you want me to check to see who the father is?" Doctor Jones asked.

"No, I know, and I don't want you to know," Jessie said.

"So who is it then, or do I have to find out for myself?" Doctor Jones asked.

"Oh for f**k sake, it's James, we've been sort of seeing each other since August. Are you happy now!" Jessie muttered, she folded her arms and she pouted.

"Actually no, those damn shippers will be in here any..." Doctor Jones said. A huge group of shippers rushed in cheering away. "Minute," Doctor Jones finished.

"Yey, are you going to tell him?" one asked.

"Are you going to marry him?" one asked.

Doctor Jones shook his head and he walked away in disgust.

"The answer to both of those questions is no, so leave me alone!" Jessie yelled.

"This is just sooo cool, I hope it's a girl, it'd be so cute," one said.

"Oh maybe it'll have her eyes, his hair. So adowabs," one cooed.

"That's it, I'm getting out of here," Jessie muttered and she pushed her way out.

THE END