

## Episode 4.06

### Rites of the Crypt

#### **The Enterprise, Holodeck Four:**

The doors opened swiftly, Daniel strolled through them, the door closed behind him.

"This is odd, where is the old man?" he asked, after a quick look around the room.

Lena shrugged her shoulders, "dunno. It is strange, he's never late."

The doors opened once again, James walked through them with Faye not far behind him. She glanced around nervously, "um has anyone seen somebody called Wesley? He told me to come here last week."

"I haven't seen him ever since the incident," James replied.

Lena glanced in his direction, "me neither, do you know something about it?"

"Why would I?" James replied, without looking at her.

Lena narrowed her eyes, "hmm charming."

"Well it looks like I'm starting this lesson today," Daniel muttered. He began to pace backwards and forwards, "last week Wesley informed me that there were too many telepaths that had no control of their abilities. He wanted the three of you to go through Slayer type training, for two of you that'll be familiar."

Faye glanced at James and then Lena, "I don't have to fight things, do I?"

"No pet," Daniel muttered in response.

"What kind of training are we talking about then?" Faye questioned.

"I wasn't really listening, but I'll probably figure out what to do soon," Daniel replied.

"If you don't know what you're doing now, what's the point in us being here?" James asked.

"Yeah we should wait for the Wesley guy," Faye said.

In: "Paris to Janeway."

Lena tapped her commbadge, "yeah what is it?"

In: "That planet who contacted us, we're there."

"I'll contact you guys if I see the old man, or if I figure out what to do," Daniel said. He walked back through the doors, Faye followed him.

"I'm on my way," Lena muttered, she tapped her commbadge. She glanced towards James as he was heading towards the doors. "Wait, I want to talk to you."

James stopped at the doors, they opened. "Ok then."

Lena made her way over to him, "why are you trying to ignore me?"

"I'm not," James replied while turning away from her.

Lena put one hand on her hip, "yes you are, you keep looking away from me."

"Maybe I don't want to look at you," James said.

Lena stood in between the doors, "fine, when you grow up, come and see me."

James glanced at her with a raised eyebrow, "maturity advice Lena, really?"

"I'm more mature than you," Lena snapped. James turned back away from her. "What's up with you?"

"Lena, you're my sister for crying out loud," James said.

"Yeah I know that," Lena muttered.

"Have we gone back a few years or something?" James said questioningly.

Lena groaned, she stood in front of him, "no, and I'd rather talk to somebody's face, not their back, or arm or whatever."

James folded his arms, "ok what happened last week, if you still remember?"

Lena sighed, "that's what this is all about, is it? That is between me and Craig, you shouldn't be mad."

"If you remember he was in my body at the time, that's what makes it so gross, wrong and pretty weird," James said.

"Well I'm sorry that I'm more open minded than your wife," Lena muttered.

"Look if Jessie had done the same thing as you, you'd be mad too," James said.

"Maybe, no you're right I would. All I meant was that I managed to look at Craig without seeing you, I can't explain it," Lena said.

"Fine whatever, but it was still gross and wrong. Can you even imagine what it was like to see that?" James said.

Lena glanced briefly at her feet, "yeah, I'd imagine it looked pretty strange."

"You're damn right Lena, this is worse than the time on Thairo. Much worse," James said.

"Yeah but that one wasn't my fault," Lena said.

"Look Lena, I just want to know something," James said.

Lena shrugged, "ok shoot."

"It's probably none of my business but do you have any feelings for Craig?" James questioned.

Lena laughed, "not in the way you're thinking no."

"Stop doing that," James grumbled.

Lena smiled, "I haven't read your mind in a while. Wesley is wrong, I do have control."

"Fine, don't do it again," James said.

"Why did you ask that question anyway?" Lena asked.

"I'm just trying to figure out what happened in Sickbay," James replied.

"To be honest, I'm kind of confused about it too. I don't feel any kind of crush or attraction to him, I never really have," Lena muttered.

"Now I'm even more confused. Why did you even go out with the guy?" James questioned.

"That's what I don't get, maybe I just didn't want to hurt him," Lena replied.

"Well mission failed, I've seen him moping around all week. I think you should stop worrying about him, and move on," James said.

Lena nodded her head, "you're right, Craig'll find someone else and I will just play Captain."

"The way you said *play Captain*, it sounded like you don't like doing that," James said.

"Don't believe that for a second. Come on, you're a practising telepath, you shouldn't get stuff like that wrong," Lena said as she headed towards the doors.

James started follow her, "it's not my fault your mind voice is so quiet."

### **The Bridge:**

A rather annoyed alien man was on the viewscreen, "I am not going to wait any longer. I must speak to your Captain."

"She's coming already, I can't do anything more," Tom said.

The alien's face turned pale, "the Captain is a she?"

"Well yeah, is that a problem?" Tom replied.

"You let a woman boss you around," the alien muttered in disbelief.

"Not at all, she's just well, if I argue with her she'll knock me out cold," Tom said.

Triah sniggered, "all girls can do that Tom. Lena can kill you in just one hit, she just holds back."

"Don't listen to her, she's a girl after all," Tom said, smiling innocently.

"Strange species," the alien muttered to himself.

Lena stepped off the turbolift, "sorry I'm late." She stood next to Tom, "hi I'm the Captain of this ship."

"You failed to mention that the female was a child too," the alien said.

Lena glared at the alien, "I am not a child."

Tom leaned on the opps station. "Triah mute," he whispered.

"What did you do that for?" Lena questioned.

Tom stood back up fully, "I think we've encountered another sexist species Lena."

"How come we never seem to visit planets where the guys are slagged off all the time," Triah muttered.

"We don't need to, our homeworld is one," Tom said.

"No it's not Tom, we're just more even there," Jessie said.

"Well it wasn't like that at my high school," Tom grumbled.

Lena shook her head, "Triah unmute."

Triah glanced behind her nervously, "I didn't put it on mute, I don't know how."

"Enterprise, if you're quite finished, I'd like to start the negotiations with a male commander," the alien said.

"Look Mr..." Lena said. Tom whispered something in her ear. "Mr Jharman, our species are even when it comes to gender. Of course Tom is a bad example of that." Tom pulled a face.

"Your point female," Jharman said.

Lena tried to keep her cool, "it's Lena to you mister. Anyway, the negotiations will be done by me."

Tom took a hold of her arm, "Lena, you're not respecting their beliefs, that's breaking the Prime Directive."

"They have space ships capable of warp, I don't see why they haven't learned to respect the obviously better gender. I think for once somebody should respect our beliefs," Lena said quietly.

"No offense Lena, but we're supposed to be an even society remember," Tom said.

"Chill, I was joking about that part," Lena grumbled.

"I'm sorry Enterprise, but your female Captain is too offensive for us to deal with. I request a male commander for the negotiations," Jharman said.

"Fine, I'll probably end up smacking that smirk off his sexist face," Lena grumbled. She sat down in her chair.

Tom stepped closer to the viewscreen, "do you want to meet here, or down where you are?"

"We would rather you visited us, Commander," Jharman replied.

Tom nodded his head, "send us the co-ordinates and we'll beam down in a few minutes."

Jharman bowed his head, the viewscreen changed to space view.

"From now on Triah, when I tell you to mute the viewscreen, you mute the viewscreen," Tom said.

"I will, just tell me which button it is," Triah said. Tom leaned on the opps station, he pointed at one of the buttons.

Lena shook her head, "don't you have some negotiating to do, Tom."

Tom turned around, "aye aye Captain." He tapped his commbadge while heading for the turbolift, "Paris to Stuart, bring an all male team to meet me in Transporter Room Five. I'll explain there. Paris out."

Jessie glanced in Lena's direction, "I thought it was Craig's shift, not James'."

"Craig's taken over night shift, James is Security Chief for two shifts a day," Lena said.

Bryan shuddered, "I couldn't do that."

Triah turned around in her chair, "who was doing the night shift originally?"

"Crewman Martin, he's been moved to James' shift. Look Tom helps organise all the shifts, why don't you ask him the rest of your questions," Lena replied.

Triah turned back around, "sorry."

"Yeah sorry Lena, it's just I wasn't told about the shift changes. If I'd known I wouldn't have accepted a double shift," Jessie said.

Lena glanced at the panel next to her, "no I'm sorry, I should have told you. It's almost 1500, you'd better pick up the kids."

"Who's going to do tactical while I'm gone?" Jessie questioned.

Bryan turned around, "ooh pick me."

Lena quickly stood up, "no way, I'll do it for the rest of this shift."

"Thanks," Jessie said before stepping into the turbolift.

Lena stood behind Tactical, "Triah, can you remind me to talk to Tom about the duty shifts. We'll have to find someone else to do the evening shift, heck I'd settle for Zare."

"Will do. Just a thought, Naomi's been on security longer than Zare," Triah said.

Lena burst out laughing, "you can't be serious."

Triah smiled, "actually I was, I don't get how I managed it."

#### **Transporter Room Five:**

Tom entered through the main door, James, Evil C and Foster were standing around nearby the pad.

"Tom, why an all male team?" James asked.

"The aliens on the planet only think of girls as objects, the mothers of their children, if you catch my drift," Tom replied.

"Well this is going to be fun trip," James muttered.

"Yes well I think we'll be fine with an all male team," Tom said. He and the others stepped onto the transporter pad. "Chief energise."

#### **An hour later, the bridge:**

In: "Paris to Enterprise."

Lena sat down on her chair, and put her feet up. "Enterprise here, how did it go Tom?"

In: "Surprisingly well Lena, just there's one problem."

"There always is," Triah commented.

In: "Yeah well Crewman Martin has nicked off."

"Why do I sense an *and* Tom?" Lena questioned.

In: "Well we teamed up into pairs, Foster and I met with Jharman. James and Martin were supposed to guard the area, you know just in case."

"You're saying that James has gone too, right?" Lena said questioningly.

In: "Exactly, I thought they may have contacted you or something."

Lena climbed out of the chair, "Triah can you locate them?"

Triah keyed in several commands, "yep sure do, they're about fifty metres away from Tom and Foster and closing."

"They must have went shopping or something," Bryan said.

In: "That's ok I guess."

"Tom, why didn't you just say that he was missing too?" Lena asked.

In: "Well to be honest, whenever I think James is not around and I mention him, he comes up behind me or something. Do you know how annoying that is?"

In: "What is?"

In: "Aaah, see?"

Lena shook her head, "finish off what you're doing guys, I'd like to leave this planet as soon as possible."

"Lena, we're being hailed by Jharnan again," Triah said.

"Great, put him on screen," Lena commanded.

The viewscreen quickly changed to show Jharnan, "Captain Lena, we require your ship's assistance."

Lena turned around, she passed Triah a confused look. "What for?" she asked.

"Your ship has the capability to scan places to determine if there's anyone there. Am I correct?" Jharnan questioned.

"Something like that yeah," Lena replied.

"We've recently had a raid inside one of the family sized crypts outside the capital. We need to know who did it. The family concerned are very angry about this, and demand immediate action," Jharnan said.

"Ok, what time did this happen and I'll check for you," Triah said questioningly.

"Between twenty and forty minutes ago, we're not exactly sure," Jharnan replied.

Lena stood closer to the opps station as Triah keyed in commands. "Send us the co-ordinates and I'll get back to you," Lena said.

Jharnan bowed his head, the viewscreen changed back to space view. Tom stepped off the turbolift, "hello children."

Triah turned her chair around, "how did you do that?"

Tom glanced at Lena before glancing at Triah, "do what?"

"That guy seems very friendly towards girls now," Triah replied.

"Nah, I'm willing to bet that he's just being nice so he can use us. Once we've finished helping out he'll go back to being a sexist pig," Lena said.

"What's the problem exactly?" Tom asked.

Lena shrugged, "we have to scan a crypt to see if anyone went into it."

"One person was inside thirty minutes ago, but the location of the crypt makes it hard to detect who went inside it," Triah said.

"I didn't know we could find out who exactly went in a room outside the ship in the first place," Bryan commented.

"We can't, unless it's a member of our crew with a commbadge," Lena said.

"So what's the difference then?" Bryan questioned.

"Well I would have normally found out what species it was, and well where they went afterwards," Triah replied.

"Shouldn't you be able to tell me where that person went afterwards still?" Lena said questioningly.

Triah blushed, "oh yeah I could."

"Once you find out, inform Jhaman. Meanwhile I'll take a team down," Lena said as she headed towards the turbolift.

"Shouldn't I take another all male team Lena?" Tom suggested.

"Hey as long as it isn't an open coffin crypt, I'm going," Lena replied.

"Besides there's no one inside that we have to worry about. Heck you can send an all female team just to spite them," Triah said.

"Good idea. Janeway to O'Tani, Wildman and Kiara Janeway, report to Transporter Room One," Lena said. She tapped her commbadge again, "Janeway to Rex."

In: "... Computer, stupid surname. Yeah I'm here."

Tom tried to keep a straight face, "too many Stuart's on this ship."

"Jess can you spare half an hour, you know to spite the sexist pigs by being apart of an all girl team?" Lena questioned.

In: "Sure, just give me ten minutes to find a last minute babysitter. Ugh, Rex out. Stupid surname."

"She could just use Rex-Stuart for the intercom, or just keep Stuart. You and Kiara manage," Tom said.

"Noted, I'll tell her when she comes by the Transporter Room," Lena said. She stepped inside the turbolift, "crap I forget to tell her which one." The doors closed.

"And who says we can't get by with a nineteen year old Captain?" Tom said grinning in his usual way.

"Um you did, dad," Bryan muttered.

"Not to her face, no-one's that stupid and suicidal," Tom said through gritted teeth.

### **The planet, inside a small crypt:**

Lena, Jessie, Faye, Kiara and Naomi rematerialised in the centre of the crypt. Several large coffins were placed randomly around the room, a large dusty cloud hovered nearby the ceiling.

Lena shuddered, "dead people's homes, my favourite place." The girls started to spread around the crypt.

"It doesn't look like it's been raided, does it?" Kiara said.

Jessie pulled out a tricorder, "I don't think we should stay here long."

"Why, what's up?" Lena questioned.

"There's some gas leaking in, the tricorder doesn't recognise the type," Jessie replied.

Faye leaned on the nearby wall, then placed her hand on her forehead. Naomi made her way over to her, "are you ok?"

"No, there's something here which is not dead. Jessie's right, we shouldn't stay here long," Faye replied.

Kiara glanced up at the ceiling, "you mentioned gas right Jessie?"

Jessie walked over to her side, "yeah I did."

Kiara pointed up at the ceiling, "is that it?"

Jessie looked up at the ceiling, "yeah and more of it's leaking in, we'd better get out of here."

Kiara glanced at Lena, "um Lena, time to beam out."

Lena collapsed, nearby Faye did the same. Jessie tapped her commbadge quickly, "Awayteam to Enterprise, emergency beam out."

In: "Acknowledged."

### **Sickbay:**

Tom rushed through the main doors, "report."

Jessie raised her eyebrow as she glanced away from the awake members of the team. "Lena and Faye collapsed, some gas was leaking into the crypt, that must have done it."

Freddie shook his head, "the rest of the team would have been injured too if that were the case. These two collapsed because of increased telepathic activity in their brains. It was obviously too strong for either of them to handle."

"Telepathic activity, inside a crypt? Were they contacting each other or something?" Tom said questioningly.

"If they were, how would we know about it," Jessie muttered.

Tom sighed, "how are Faye and Lena, doc?"

"When they wake up they will be just fine," Freddie replied.

"Good. Besides that, how did it go down there?" Tom questioned.

"It looked to me like there was no raid," Jessie replied.

"It must have been a trap then, right?" Naomi said.

"I'll have a word with Jharman, if something's going on that he hasn't told us, he'll tell me. We got on really well," Tom replied.

"Why does that not surprise me?" Jessie muttered.

### **A little while later, the bridge:**

Tom was standing in the centre of the bridge looking very worried. He glanced towards the turbolift as

Lena and Jessie stepped out of it. Lena made her way over to stand beside Tom, "is there another problem?"

Tom nodded his head, "supposedly we weren't allowed to actually enter the crypt."

Lena turned her head towards the viewscreen. "We were told that the rites were stolen only. If something happened to you in the crypt then somebody must have read them," Jharnan said.

"Full explanation please," Lena muttered.

"Every member of our species has their own special rite when they die. If read they will come back to life, after draining energy from volunteers," Jharnan said.

Tom leaned in closer to Lena, "your awayteam volunteered."

"Ok I feel fine, when does this energy draining take effect?" Jessie questioned.

"Well it should take effect very soon. Luckily the amount of volunteers always effects how easy the recovery is," Jharnan replied.

"There's a cure? What is it?" Lena asked.

"The person who read the rite must read it again, this'll kill the one who arises," Jharnan replied.

"Hang on, what's the point in this little resurrection rite thingy? You have rites to bring people back but you have to kill them to save the volunteers," Triah said.

"The rites are only designed to allow the deceased to talk to relatives for the last time, give out requests, that sort of thing," Jharnan replied.

Lena leaned on Triah's chair, "did you find out where our little rite reader went?"

"Kinda. He or she went further into the capital and I lost them in a crowd," Triah replied.

Lena stood up fully, "ok Jharnan, five of us volunteered for this resurrection thing. How much energy will get drained from us each?"

"The usual amount of volunteers is eight. I'm afraid that since there are only five, the whole procedure will drain most of your energy. The last group of five to volunteer weren't so fortunate," Jharnan replied.

"If another team went back to the crypt, would they be considered as volunteers?" Tom questioned.

"No, of course not," Jharnan replied.

"I'll take a team down to continue investigating," Tom said.

"Hang on, Faye and I collapsed because of high telepathic activity, there's more going on than a resurrection spell," Lena said.

"Ok then, I won't take any telepaths," Tom said.

Triah turned around in her chair, "just a theory, maybe you and Faye sensed the person you're reviving."

"It was an overdose so maybe it was the entire family they were sensing," Jessie said.

"I don't think it's possible to sense the dead, besides if it was that I would have been more creeped out," Lena said.

In: "Sickbay to Bridge, I have something."

In: "Ahem."

In: "Ok Kiara has something."

"Let me guess, our energy is getting slowly drained," Lena muttered.

In: "Damn telepathy, go on."

Lena glanced briefly at Tom, "Kiara I didn't read your mind."

In: "Oh ok, I'll go on then. I scanned the rest of us when Freddie went for a tab and well I found this out. It's draining us in different places, for example Faye's brain's getting slower."

"Wow, not much of a difference there," Tom muttered.

In: "Hey I re... resent that, that's right isn't it?"

In: "Whatever."

"What's happening to you and Naomi then?" Jessie asked.

In: "Well Naomi just blacked out before, that's when I did the scans. It's like somebody took away a bit of her blood just like a click of a finger."

"And you?" Lena said questioningly.

In: "Nothing's happened to me yet."

"Same with me," Jessie commented.

In: "Garvin here Captain, I suggest the entire team stay in Sickbay so we can keep an eye on you all."

"Can I interrupt you?" Jharnan asked. Everybody glanced back at him. "You should expect draining in the brain, leg and arm muscles. The other symptoms are a loss of blood, blurry vision, deafness, skin irritation, and dangerously low blood sugar levels. Some of you will experience two or more of those symptoms."

"Eight people go through one of those just to see their dead loved ones for a minute, unbelievable," Jessie said.

"Most of the symptoms won't kill on their own, they are only minor symptoms. Some of them will if we don't find the thief in time," Jharnan said.

Lena glanced towards Tom, "go on, send your team."

Tom nodded his head, he tapped his commbadge, "Paris to Stuart, we'd better get back to the planet and..."

Lena elbowed Tom gently in the ribs, "you said no telepaths, James is telepathic."

"James is a telepath? Oh dear god, why didn't anyone tell me?" Tom stuttered.

"I thought everybody knew," Jessie said.

In: "What's going on?"

"It's ok James, Tom will take another team," Lena replied.

Tom nodded his head, "will do. Paris to Zare, Young and Lavine, report to the transporter room." He tapped his commbadge, "with that team I'm surely doomed." He headed for the turbolift muttering to himself.

"Sickbay then, Jess?" Lena said.

Jessie shrugged, "I knew I'd die this way, of course I mean the stay like that kind of dead."

### **The crypt:**

Tom, Nikki, Daniel and Zare rematerialised. Tom pulled out a tricorder, "ok guys spread around, we need to find something that'll give us a clue of who this person was." Everybody went their separate ways.

"This is stupid, we barely know anybody on this godforsaken planet, what do you expect to find that'll help us?" Zare muttered.

Nikki felt something crack under her left foot. She knelt down to pick up a commbadge, "what about a commbadge?" Tom rushed over to her side.

"You've got to be kidding," he said.

Nikki stood up, she passed the commbadge to Tom. "Nope, obviously a member of your first team stopped by here."

"Well we managed to beam up the team who came here no problem, they all must have had a commbadge," Tom said.

"Same with the original team," Zare added on.

"I don't know much about the bloody things, but if you don't have one you can still get beamed up, can't you?" Daniel said questioningly.

"Yeah you can, the commbadges are just there to make transport from other planets or ships easier and for the transporter to know who they are beaming up," Tom replied. He tapped his own commbadge, "Paris to Sickbay. Lena, does your entire team have a commbadge each?"

In: "What kind of question is that?"

"That's a yes," Daniel commented.

Tom nodded his head, "thanks I guessed that. Look Lena we found a commbadge in this crypt, if none of the second members are missing a commbadge then it was a member of my team who visited this place."

"Before, during or after the raid though, that's the question," Zare said.

"It can't be before, why would anyone from the ship come here before we were told about it?" Nikki said.

In: "You said Clive Martin and James disappeared for a while, didn't you?"

"Well James answered me when I called him earlier," Tom replied.

"So that leaves Crewman Martin, he works in my team doesn't he?" Zare said.

Tom shook his head, "if he separated from James at any time, he would have mentioned it."

In: "What about Foster?"

"Me and him were negotiating the entire time we were down there," Tom replied.

Nikki gasped as she pointed at Tom, "it was you then."

Tom raised his eyebrow, "I have a commbadge, you silly girl."

Nikki groaned, "oh man."

"Look the answer's obvious now. Somebody saw one of our commbadges, made a copy, and left it here to frame us," Daniel said.

Tom nodded his head, "right good, you're useful for something, good for you."

Daniel rolled his eyes, "stupid little man."

"I'm not little," Tom grumbled.

"You failed to mention that you're not stupid," Nikki pointed out.

"Right, I'm not that either," Tom quickly said.

Zare sighed, "I'll do it. Zare to transporter room, beam us up."

"We haven't finished here," Tom protested. The group dematerialised, they rematerialised on the transporter pad.

"Yes we have. Examine the copy, you'll find the real thief's finger prints on it along with yours and Nikki's," Zare muttered.

"I can do more than that," Tom said as he stepped off the pad. He walked out of the room. The others followed him not long afterwards.

***First Officers Log Supplemental: It's been over two hours since Lena's awayteam were infected by this resurrection spell. Their condition has worsened. Because of Lena's symptoms I have taken temporary command of the Enterprise.***

**Sickbay:**

Freddie strolled out of his office, he sighed at the sight before him. He then walked over to Lena who was sitting on a biobed. "You should lie down," he said softly. He scanned her with a tricorder, "how are your legs feeling now anyway?"

"How are my legs feeling? Not an issue now," Lena replied, she lay down.

Freddie sighed, "every one of the team members is the same. In the last hour each symptom has increased, I can't explain it," Freddie said.

"How are the others?" Lena asked, she scratched her arm.

"Captain please, you should only worry about yourself right now. Your skin has become really sensitive now, so I'd stop scratching it," Freddie replied.

Lena tried to sit back up to glare at him, "doc."

Freddie sighed, "Faye is getting really confused, it's like something is eating away at parts of her brain. Naomi lost another lot of blood before but before she lost consciousness her hearing was impaired. Jessie sight, according to her, is very blurred, also her blood sugar level keeps dropping."

"What about Kiara?" Lena questioned.

"She's fine except that her arm muscles have weakened, just like your leg muscles have," Freddie replied.

Lena lay back down, "that's weird."

"What is?" Freddie asked.

"I kept hearing Faye every now and then, you know in my head, but it's been quiet for a while now," Lena replied.

Freddie frowned as he turned himself around. The biobed that was in front of him was clear. "Sickbay to Security, Faye has left."

In: "How long ago, do you know?"

"At the most five minutes," Lena replied.

In: "Damn so much for closing off Deck 16. Stuart out."

"Computer locate Faye O'Tani," Lena said.

"Faye O'Tani is on Deck 16, section 23," the computer responded.

"Thought so, with her mind being mixed up there's a good chance she can't remember how to use turbolifts," Lena said.

### **The Bridge:**

"Tom I've finished the analysis on the commbadge," Triah said from one of the stations at the side of the bridge.

Tom walked over to her side, "and?"

"For starters it isn't a copy, plus your finger prints and Nikki's too has covered the whole thing," Triah replied.

"Damn, can you find out who's it is?" Tom questioned.

Triah shook her head, "no it was like they re-programmed it to be just like a blank or spare."

"Someone's went to a lot of trouble to frame a member of our crew," Tom muttered.

"Or it was a member of the crew and they're just trying to make it look like they were framed," Triah said.

"Look for all we know that commbadge could have just been accidentally dropped by Lena's team," Bryan groaned.

"No, they went into the crypt after the raid," Triah said.

"I think Bryan meant that this commbadge isn't a clue at all," Tom muttered.

"I know that but explain this, these commbadges are designed not to fall off, they stick on so it must have been took off and dropped on the ground," Triah said.

Bryan rested his head on the helm, "we're going around in circles here."

Triah ignored him, "why would a member of our crew do that, for a reason other than trying to cover up where they had been."

Tom sat down on a nearby chair, "Foster was with me the entire time, James and Martin must have stuck together during the whole time too or we would have been told by now."

"Don't just assume, I'd check with them if I were you," Triah said.

Bryan sat up again, "guys can I interrupt?" Triah and Tom glanced at him. "If it was one of those two, why would they want to revive one of those aliens? I mean neither of them would know any of them, plus they're risking lives of people they are friends with, relatives etc, you get the idea."

Triah sighed, "he has a point."

"It's one mystery after another, I think we've met our match this time," Tom muttered.

### **Deck 16:**

Faye peeped her head around the corner of a corridor junction. A couple with a baby in the woman's arms were coming her way, talking angrily with each other.

"I can't believe you, how could you steal from me?" the woman screamed. The baby in her arms started screaming also.

"I did not, why would I steal from you?" the man yelled.

Faye quickly hid back around the corner, and tried to block out the yelling but the volume of the couple's argument rose.

"Because this isn't the first time, is it?"

"There hasn't been a first time, I'm not a thief!"

"Well why not, you're already a liar and a pig, why not add thief to that list."

"How could you accuse me of something like that."

"It's very easy cos it's the truth."

"You'd make up anything to make me look worse than you, wouldn't you?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

She then put both hands over her ears, the sound of the couple arguing was like a blur to her. Then the sound of the couple's thoughts came through clearly, she stumbled to the ground and fell unconscious.

### **A little while later:**

James, Zare and Foster were heading down the corridor, Zare picked up speed. "Guys do you see that?" she asked as she pointed to the junction. They could just see the top of Faye's head sticking out from around the corner.

James tapped his commbadge as the three rushed over to her, "Sickbay we've found her."

In: "Good, how is she?"

James and Zare knelt down nearby Faye. "Well she's kind of unconscious," Zare muttered in response.

In: "Acknowledged, transport her here quickly."

Zare tapped her own commbadge, "Zare to Transporter Room, beam Faye to Sickbay."

**Sickbay:**

The biobed scanner closed over Faye, Freddie frowned as he worked on it. "Interesting."

James and Tom stared at him both looking annoyed. "What is?" Tom asked.

Freddie pressed one button, the scanner slowly opened back up. "She didn't collapse because of the resurrection spell. Apart from what the spell's doing to her head, she's perfectly fine."

"Well maybe the part of her brain that tells her legs to walk stopped working, she collapsed and hit her head or something," Tom said.

"Well you'd think she'd have something wrong with her head then, get my point," James muttered.

Freddie nodded his head, "exactly, there is no sign that she hit her head hard enough to knock her out."

"Ha, she did hit her head then!" Tom yelled, pointing at Freddie and then James.

"Just barely, it must have been when she hit the ground," Freddie said, raising his eyebrow.

"Who put you in charge," James mumbled.

Tom glanced at him, "what?"

"Anyway as I was going to say, my medical database tells me this has happened before," Freddie said.

"I'm not surprised," James said.

"No you don't understand. It looks like that resurrection spell has took everything it wanted from my patients about ten minutes ago, there is no way that the spell affected her para-cortex this way," Freddie said.

"Her what?" James questioned.

Tom scoffed, "everyone knows what a para-cortex is."

Freddie's face lit up as he looked over at him, "you do, then you can tell your Security Chief what it is while I double check my database."

James glanced at Tom, "go on Mr Know It All, what is it?"

Tom looked nervous, "well he doesn't need to know, Security is his job."

"Convenient," James said.

Freddie shook his head, "the para-cortex is the Betazoid telepathic lobe. Currently its activity is off the scale, apart from that her condition is the same as when I last scanned her."

"You said that this has happened before," James said.

"Yes, on the last Enterprise a Betazoid suffered the same condition. Another Betazoid went inside her head, she was eventually cured," Freddie said.

"Does the one who can cure Faye have to be Betazoid?" Tom asked.

"Not really. They don't really have to be telepathic either if there is someone to start the telepathic link for them," Freddie replied.

"But it is recommended though," James said.

Freddie nodded his head, "yes, somebody who is not telepathic wouldn't be used to the experience at all."

"Lena connected to Kes via a telepathic link just to get a message, she'd be the best choice," Tom said.

"If you haven't noticed already, Lena is a bit stuck on her biobed at the moment," James grumbled.

"I can hear you lot talking you know," Lena said from the neighbouring biobed.

"There can't be much of a point in this telepathic cure as she'll get better when those rites are re-read," Tom said.

"No, this condition is not related to her previous condition, or at least enough to be affected by it," Freddie said.

Lena tried to sit up, "just move out of the way, I'll do it."

"But Lena, Kes was the one who started the link, you don't know how to do it," James said.

"Well I have a good idea on how to do it," Lena said.

"Ok, but is there any risk in doing this?" James questioned.

"That is not known," Freddie replied.

"Ok, let's do it," Lena said.

Freddie and Tom moved away from the gap in between the two biobeds, James stayed put. "Lena you can't even sit up, what makes you think you have enough energy to do this?" he asked.

Lena rolled her eyes, "from the waist up I'm perfectly fine."

"That's not exactly accurate as the whole draining process has weakened each of you," Freddie butted in.

Lena glared at him, "shut up." Freddie nervously nodded his head.

"I could do it instead of Lena," James said.

Tom laughed, "you're not telepathic, oh wait, crap." James shook his head.

"That doesn't really matter, you don't know how to create a link," Lena said.

"No but neither do you," James said.

"Yes but at least I know what to expect when I do create it," Lena said.

"No you don't. The Commander said that this Kes contacted you via a telepathic link to send you a message. Faye however was very confused before all of this and it'll be very hard to find her," Freddie said.

Lena rolled her eyes, "yes I know it'll be different, but somebody more experienced with these links should do it. We're wasting time just arguing about it."

"She's right," Tom muttered.

James walked over to Tom and Freddie, "fine, link away."

"Ok here goes nothing," Lena muttered to herself. She glanced over at Faye, not long later her eyes closed.

Freddie opened up a tricorder, "it seems to be working, I'll keep a close eye on them both during the link."

James sighed, "I could have done that."

Tom patted him on the arm. "There there," he said with no emotion in his voice.

**Meanwhile:**

Lena appeared in a dark Enterprise corridor, dizziness quickly came over her. She leaned on the wall for support, and placed her hand over her eyes. She uncovered her eyes, Faye was now standing in front of her shaking her head.

"No, no. What are you doing here?" she stuttered.

"Isn't it obvious, I'm here to help you," Lena replied.

"Just leave me alone, please," Faye said.

Lena pulled herself away from the wall, "no."

Faye turned away from her, she started walking down the corridor. Lena went to follow her, she quickly tripped over something on the ground. As she glanced down at the ground her eyes widened in terror.

**Sickbay:**

"No!" Lena screamed, she bolted upright.

Freddie placed a comforting hand on her shoulder, "it's ok, I had to separate the two of you."

Lena lay back down on the biobed, shaking slightly, "already, what happened?"

"You are too weak to keep a stable connection with her, she's obviously too strong for you to reason with," Freddie replied.

"Did you see her at all?" James asked.

"Yeah I did, she wanted me to leave her alone," Lena replied.

"Of course she does, she's scared, that's why she's retreated into her conscious," Freddie said.

"Yeah but what's made her so traumatised to do that?" James said questioningly.

"Maybe she saw a poster of Annika," Kiara butted in from the other side of the room.

"Seriously I have no idea," Freddie muttered.

"Fine, don't listen to me," Kiara grumbled.

"We need another plan. We've got to find out what scared her so much. That way I can get straight to the point," Lena said.

Freddie smiled, "I'm sorry you're not doing that again."

Lena sat up quickly and deathglared him, "what?"

"I said that you're not doing that again, doctor's orders," Freddie repeated himself.

"Well what about Faye?" Lena said angrily.

"We'll figure something out, we always do," Freddie replied.

Lena glanced up at James, "I bet you did this."

"No, my EMH editing pranks are part of the past," James said.

In: "Paris to Stuart, can I talk to you a second?"

"You've already talked to me for a few seconds already," James muttered in response.

In: "Oh very funny, any second now I'm sure to laugh. Just meet me in the Ready Room."

"He's in my Ready Room?" Lena snapped.

In: "Oh crap, she's awake already?"

"Yes she's awake," Lena muttered.

In: "Ok just the bridge then, chop chop. Paris out."

"He really shouldn't give me any ideas," James said as he left the room.

Lena groaned, she fell back down onto the bed.

### **The Bridge:**

James stepped off the turbolift, he found Triah dusting the Captain's chair with a feather duster. She stopped what she was doing when she saw him, "um, I wasn't cleaning again, I swear."

"Yeah yeah, where's Tom?" James asked.

"Ready Room," Triah replied.

Right on cue Tom stuck his head through the Ready Room doors, "hey over here."

James headed over to him. They both went inside the room, "I thought you were going to evacuate this room."

"I changed my mind, besides I need to show you something on the computer," Tom said. He sat down behind the desk, he turned the computer around. "What's this?"

"It looks like a computer Tom," James replied.

Tom rolled his eyes, "look at the screen, what's on it?"

James sat down opposite him, "that's the ship's outward scanner, right?"

"Right, I asked Triah to run them through to this computer so I could double check the readings of the planet. The raid happened while you and Clive had decided to do a disappearing act," Tom said.

"We overheard some commotion so we went to check it out. It must have had something to do with the raid," James said.

"No the crypt was empty around and before that time," Tom said.

"Hmm weird," James muttered.

"Yeah well according to the scanner you and Clive were near the crypt in question. One of you must have collapsed or got knocked out for a while and..." Tom said.

James nodded his head, "yeah I forgot about that. I had the same problem as Lena and Faye did when they went inside that thing."

Tom stared blankly. "Um and... one of you went inside the crypt, ah," he finished off.

James looked confused, "wait a minute, how long was I unconscious according to that?"

Tom turned the computer back around, "according to this, about five minutes."

"Tom, one question," James said. Tom replied by shrugging his shoulders. "Did you think I was the one who went in that crypt?"

"Well, one person got knocked out so I thought it was him, not you," Tom said nervously.

James leaned on the table, "you've got to be kidding."

Tom shuffled backwards in his chair, "yeah well it's an easy mistake to make, quickly moving along." He tapped his commbadge, "Paris to Martin, respond."

James leaned back in the chair, "what a surprise, there's no response."

Tom nodded his head, "no commbadge yeah, crap."

"Still one mystery remaining, why would he want to revive one of those people in the crypt?" James said.

"I don't know, but I know we're going to find out," Tom said.

### **Meanwhile, Evil C's quarters:**

The room was poorly lit, the only ray of light was the system's star reflecting off the planet below. A small dark feminine figure was standing by the window.

Another figure emerged from the only bedroom, "this isn't right, you are not supposed to be here."

The girl near the window turned around, "then why did you bring me here?"

"Because I thought I had everything figured out, but obviously not," Evil C replied. He placed a hand over his face, "what the hell did I do wrong?"

"I don't understand, where did you bring me to?" the girl stuttered.

"Do you not remember, this is the Enterprise," Evil C said.

"This place is strange, I don't belong here," the girl whispered before running out of the room.

Evil C walked slowly towards the door, "crap, that's not good."

### **Sickbay:**

James walked in through the main door, "what's up doc?" Freddie frowned at him. "What, I've been waiting to say that for years."

Freddie shook his head, "we haven't got much time to figure out what happened to Faye to help cure her, so the Captain and I have come to a decision."

"Ok, what then?" James said.

Lena pulled herself up meekly, "I'll set up the link between you and Faye, but you'll do all the talking."

James made his way over to Lena, Faye and Freddie, "now?"

"Now," Freddie said.

"You do realise that we have an idea who the rite reader is, and we have to catch him right?" James said.

"I'm sure they can find him without you," Freddie muttered.

"Ok, what do I have to do?" James asked.

"I'd take a seat nearby Faye if I were you, and well just wait," Lena replied.

### **The Bridge:**

Tom stepped out of the Ready Room, he sat down in the first officer's chair. "Anything to report?"

Triah looked up from her station, "uh no."

Tom pulled a face as he sniffed the air, "have you cleaned up Triah?"

Triah glanced around nervously, "no of course not."

In: "Anderson to Bridge."

"Phew saved by the annoying brother," Triah sighed in relief.

Tom pressed a button on the side panel, "what is it Craig?"

In: "You won't believe what I've just found."

"A corpse walking around the corridors. It wouldn't be the first time," Bryan suggested.

Triah shuddered, "so unhygienic."

In: "Do you want to have another guess, or would you rather find out what I found?"

"Oooh, is it my Linkin Park album?" Bryan asked.

Tom glanced up at the ceiling, "please no."

In: "Linkin what? Who cares, I found somebody, not something."

Tom pulled himself out of the chair, "interesting, I'm on my way."

"On your way to what?" Triah questioned, she turned her chair around.

Tom stopped dead in his tracks, "oh, where are you Craig?"

In: "Deck Four yeesh. Anderson out."

"God he's touchy isn't he?" Tom muttered as he headed for the turbolift. He quickly turned back around, "no more cleaning Triah!"

Triah quickly hid a cloth behind her back, "Tom, how could you suggest such a thing!"

Tom rolled his eyes, he stepped into the turbolift.

**Deck Four:**

Tom joined Craig and several unknown crewmembers, who were all standing around doing nothing. "Well what did you find?" Tom asked.

Craig pushed through the crewmen, Tom followed him. Craig then beckoned his head towards the large view port.

Tom turned his head towards it, he gasped in shock, "Claire?"

"Yeah, that was my reaction," Craig said.

Tom slowly walked towards the girl standing nearby the view port, Craig quickly grabbed a hold of his arm.

"I would go easy on her, she's pretty confused," he said. The girl turned around to reveal her face. She noticed the new arrival and backed away as far as she could.

Tom raised his hands half way into the air, "it's ok, I'm Tom. Remember me, you used to poke fun at me whenever the timing was right."

"I don't remember any Tom, that name is weird," Claire stuttered.

"I'd ask where you've been, but you might not remember that either," Tom muttered.

"I was in hospital," Claire said.

"Ok she does," Tom said.

"Why were you in hospital?" Craig asked.

Claire glanced at the ground shyly, "I was attacked by a group of men."

"You don't by any chance remember taking a shuttle for a spin, do you?" Tom questioned.

Craig shook his head, "don't mind him, he's a jackass."

"Jackass?" Claire said.

"That's right. See, we're getting somewhere," Craig said. Tom glared at him.

**The Conference Room:**

The remaining main cast, excluding James, were sitting around the table. Freddie was on the wall panel, and he appeared to be in his office.

"This better be a quick meeting, I have to monitor a telepathic link very soon," Freddie said.

"We just want your input doctor," Tom said.

"The young girl I scanned looks like Claire Lewis, but she is not her at all," Freddie sighed.

"Is she another one of Damien's clones?" Craig asked.

"No, it is the original body," Freddie replied.

"Why do I sense a but?" Tom said questioningly.

"But she is showing some strange but familiar readings," Freddie replied.

"Familiar, how?" Bryan butted in.

"Maybe if you stop interrupting me I'll get this done faster," Freddie snapped.

"Maybe if you stop snapping at us you'll get this done faster mate," Daniel commented.

Freddie sighed again, "Claire's readings are similar to the readings Jessie had when she was revived, from a seriously decayed corpse I might add, over a year ago."

Triah shuddered, "I wish you lot would stop it with the corpses, ones like that leave a mess if they walk and talk."

Everyone stared at her with raised eyebrows. They all finally glanced back at the wall panel screen. "How convenient that this episode takes place one season after that one he just mentioned," Tom commented.

"I think you're missing the big revelation Tommy boy," Nikki muttered.

"Oh right," Tom said. He gasped, "Claire's body must have recently regenerated."

"Er yes that is my theory," Freddie said.

"Here's a wild theory. Clive read the rites in a certain way so they'd revive Claire instead of someone in..." Bryan said.

"I think we already figured that out Bryan," Craig said.

Tom looked confused, "we did?"

"Yes well there is no sign of memory loss in the slightest," Freddie said.

"Maybe she's possessed," Zare suggested.

"That's a possibility," Freddie said.

"It would explain why her last memory was being in a hospital," Craig muttered.

"It would?" Tom said, glancing in his direction.

"Well think about it. Girl dies in a hospital, she gets buried in the family crypt, some guy creeps in and steals her rites. He reads them so he can revive a different girl, it goes wrong and she wakes up in that girl's body," Craig said.

Tom nodded his head, "Jharnan did say the rites were only designed to help family members say goodbye to their loved ones, bringing back the soul in any body would be good enough, right?"

"Well all we need to do now is find our rite reader and we're all set," Craig said.

Tom stood up, and leaned on the desk, "ok guys, I want all of you on this. We've got to find Clive, or those girls in Sickbay are going to suffer longer. Dismissed." Everyone got up and left the room.

### **Not long later, Sickbay:**

Freddie walked over to Faye and Lena's biobed, he scanned Faye and then James who was sitting between the two biobeds. Kiara came over to his side, "well?"

"Well this link is a lot more stable. So far it's going just fine," Freddie replied.

"Is she ok?" Kiara asked, beckoning her head in Lena's direction.

"She's fine, don't worry," Freddie replied.

**Meanwhile:**

Craig tapped his commbadge, "Anderson to Paris, Zare and I have found him."

In: "What already? Where is he?"

Zare folded her arms, "still in his quarters."

In: "He obviously doesn't know that we suspect him, perfect."

"Ok shut up, we're going in," Craig grumbled.

In: "Touchy aren't we?."

Zare giggled, Craig glanced back at her not looking too happy. He tapped his commbadge again, "arse wipe. Ready, Zar?"

Zare shrugged her shoulders, "whenever you are."

Craig keyed in some commands on the side panel next to the door, it opened letting the pair into the room. Craig placed a hand on the phaser in his belt.

"Hey, you have gun. I want a gun," Zare loudly moaned.

"You're new to Security, aren't you?" Craig muttered.

"Yes," she replied.

Craig shook his head. Evil C came through the bedroom door. He spotted Zare and Craig straight away, and quickly backed into the room. Zare and Craig rushed over to the door, it refused to open for them.

"Computer open these doors," Craig ordered.

"Unable to comply."

"Security override, Anderson Beta three," Craig ordered. The door opened up.

"I want one of those too," Zare muttered. Craig ignored her and went inside, she quickly followed him.

Craig took out his phaser, "ok Martin, we know you did the rites thing."

"What makes you think I did?" Evil C said questioningly, while folding his arms.

"For one thing the scanners know either you or James went inside that crypt, and the other collapsed or something. He collapsed because of the same reason Lena and Faye did," Zare replied.

"And you took his word for it?" Evil C questioned.

"Not exactly, we found Claire wandering around on Deck Four. She's possessed by a girl that died in a hospital on the planet. Why would James want to revive Claire, actually how would he even know what happened to her, let alone want to bring her back?" Craig replied.

Evil C groaned, "you found her then, is she ok?"

"No she's not. You should have done your research before doing this stupid ritual thing," Craig replied hastily.

"I did but I didn't know she'd get possessed," Evil C said.

"That's not it. The soul will slowly die in that body, when that happens everyone of the 'volunteers' will die too," Craig said.

"Can we just get on with the arresting thing?" Evil C mumbled.

"Later, we need you to read the rites again," Zare said.

"And kill Claire again, no way," Evil C said.

Zare and Craig glanced at each other briefly. "Again?" Craig said, sounding confused.

"Oh who cares, look this Claire person is not really this Claire person. She's some girl who got killed off a while ago," Zare said.

"Have you ever thought for a second that she just can't remember anything, she might be Claire just with amnesia. Coming back from the dead is traumatic, probably," Evil C said angrily.

"There are no signs of amnesia," Zare said.

Craig stepped forward a few steps, "you said kill Claire again, did you really kill her?"

"Not in cold blood if that's what you think," Evil C snapped.

"Look the last time we saw you and her, you were both stealing a shuttle," Craig said.

"And she had a love spell on her as well, yes I do remember. My memory is just fine," Evil C grumbled.

Zare groaned as she sat down on a nearby chair, "this is going to take a while."

"I'd ask what happened but we haven't got time," Craig said.

Evil C ignored him, "she kept following me around, she suggested taking a shuttle and starting a new life elsewhere. There was no way I was going to go in one of those death traps willingly."

Zare glanced at her watch, "we haven't got time for a previous season flashback, so make it quick."

Craig shook his head, "no flashbacks Martin, please!"

Evil C shrugged, "doesn't matter. If you're telling the truth Claire is going to die anyway, this way I'm not responsible for it."

"I don't know where to begin on that," Zare muttered.

### **Seven months previously:**

Evil C entered Voyager's Mess Hall. He went over to Faye's table.

"Are you ok?" he asked.

"You don't think I'm heartless do you?" Faye muttered in response.

Evil C glanced back at the door Sid went through, he glanced back. "Did he say that?"

"No, but I think he meant that. I'm not used to talking to people, I used to have no friends. But I do try to be nice," Faye replied.

Evil C sat down beside her. "I understand what you mean. If he doesn't get that you have good intentions then he's not worth it."

"Yeah but he was right, I do think he's a freak. That's why I talked to him, cos I'm one too," Faye said.

"How are you a freak?" Evil C asked.

"I used to collect kids toys," Faye said behind her hand.

"Is that it?" Evil C muttered.

"No, I talk too much, and well everyone seems to think I'm weird cos I don't want to get a boyfriend," Faye said.

"Look freak is another word for different. There's nothing wrong with being different," Evil C said.

Faye shook her head, "then why have I been bullied for my whole life? Cos people don't like people who are different, or freaks."

Claire and Lee walked passed, he pointed at her and laughed. "Puppy in my pockets," he sniggered. Claire elbowed him hard in the ribs.

"Ignore him Faye, he's just very gay and he's jealous of your collection," Claire said. She turned around, and sat down at the table next to Evil C.

"Hey, I'm not gay. Why do people keep saying that?" Lee moaned. He walked off.

"Believe me, he is," Claire whispered. She moved her chair closer to Evil C. "How are you doing?" she asked.

"Um, fine," Evil C replied.

"Were you chatting him up there, that's Kevin's pick up line," Faye asked.

Claire laughed, "no I don't chat people up. What are you two talking about then?"

"She's just kinda fell out with a friend," Evil C replied.

"Oh, which friend?" Claire asked.

"Well I..." Faye said.

"Never mind that, what are you doing tonight?" Claire asked quickly.

"Nothing, but you didn't let Faye answer your question," Evil C replied.

"No it's ok, I'm going anyway," Faye said as she stood up. She walked away.

"But you haven't ate yet," Evil C said loudly, but Faye still didn't hear him.

"Do you wanna take a shuttle out tonight?" Claire asked.

"We actually have some of those left?" Evil C said.

"Well yeah, duh," Claire said.

"Sorry, I have to go," Evil C said. He stood up, he followed Faye out.

Claire shrugged, she quickly stood up and followed him. "Maybe we can go to the holodeck."

He stepped into the turbolift, Claire quickly joined him, the doors closed immediately afterwards. "Deck Five," he ordered.

"Same please," Claire said sweetly. She stepped closer to Evil C, "so how about the holodeck?"

"No I'm going to see somebody," Evil C muttered in response.

Claire's face fell, "see somebody? A girl?"

Evil C glanced around the room looking worried, "ok turbolift stop." He turned to Claire, "what is wrong with you?"

"Are you seeing another girl?" Claire asked angrily.

"What? No, answer my question first," Evil C replied.

"There's nothing wrong with me except for this little dilemma," Claire replied.

"No kidding. You've shown no interest in me before, why now?" Evil C said.

"Oh come on, I've always liked you. I just couldn't hide it anymore," Claire said. She started to stroke his arm.

"Ok stop it, this is not like you!" Evil C exclaimed.

"You are seeing another girl aren't you? I bet it's that Faye, or that psycho Emma," Claire stuttered.

"I'm not seeing anybody," Evil C replied. He turned away from her, "continue to Deck Five." The turbolift stopped, Faye stepped inside looking pretty nervous. Claire snorted quietly, she didn't notice.

"Hi again," Faye said quietly.

"Yeah hi, what's wrong now?" Evil C asked.

"Mick, I ran into him and he's being very abusive towards me. I don't get why," Faye replied.

"I wonder," Claire muttered to herself.

Faye glanced down at Claire, "is this pick on Faye day, or something?"

"What, what did she think?" Evil C asked.

Faye glanced over at him, "she said something like 'no wonder ginger bitch'," Faye replied.

"Claire that's enough," Evil C snapped.

"Sure take the side of the telepath," Claire muttered.

The turbolift stopped. "This is my stop," Evil C said, he briefly glared in Claire's direction. "Are you going to be ok?"

"Sure, no problem," Faye replied, she managed a weak smile.

Evil C nodded his head, he stepped off the turbolift. Claire followed him, "oh Faye, it would help if you told it which deck to go to." Emma passed by her, she stepped into the turbolift.

"What was that all about?" she asked, the doors closed behind her. Faye shook her head just as the doors closed.

"So where are we going then?" Claire asked.

Evil C stopped outside the doors to Sickbay, "here."

Claire laughed, "you think I'm sick?"

"It looks to me like you've got a love spell on you," Evil C replied.

Emma stepped back out of the turbolift, she rushed over to Evil C and Claire. She pushed Claire violently, "hey bitch, why did you pick on Faye like that?"

"Pick on her? Please, if I wanted to do that I'm sure she would have been a lot more upset," Claire replied.

"Emma it's ok, she's..." Evil C said.

Emma quickly butted in, "she's a cow, yeah I know that. Faye has done nothing to you."

"In a way she has, and so have you. You two just love to take Clive away from me, don't you?" Claire said.

Emma glanced at Evil C looking confused, "um what?"

Evil C sighed, "she has a love spell on her, I think."

"That's what this is all about?" Emma said. She headed off down the corridor, "it's ok, you can have him. Nobody else wants him."

"I find that hard to believe," Claire giggled.

Evil C quickly went after Emma, "you don't think I did the love spell, do you?"

Emma turned around, "it makes sense, you have liked her for a while."

"I wouldn't do that to her," Evil C said.

Emma shrugged, "who did then?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to find out," Evil C replied.

"Whatever, have fun," Emma said. She turned back around, and continued down the corridor.

Evil C turned back around also, to face Claire. "Ok you're going to Sickbay."

"But I feel great, well except for the annoying pains in my neck that are Emma and Faye," Claire said.

"They are my friends, so if you continue to provoke them I..." Evil C said.

"Like you'd hurt me to protect them," Claire cooed.

Evil C sighed, "I wasn't going to say I'd hurt you. Look we need to get to Sickbay."

Claire started stroking his arm again, "oh come on, just one trip to the holodeck. It'll be fun."

*"When are you going to get to the point?" Zare's voice moaned.*

*"I'm getting there," Evil C's voice said.*

"No Claire, I'm not going to..." Evil C said. Claire pushed a hypospray into his other arm, he fell to the ground.

"It wasn't open for debate sweetheart," she giggled.

### **Present day:**

"I woke up in a shuttle craft, Claire was piloting it. Suddenly she was acting confused about where she

was, you know like the spell had worn off. We were heading towards a planet, so I quickly took the helm but it was too late. The storm in the atmosphere seriously damaged the shuttle. We had to beam out, but it didn't beam her out. The shuttle exploded.

The only thing I had left of her was a bit of DNA on my arm, where she touched me. I used that to help with the rites, it obviously worked," Evil C said.

"It was an accident, you didn't kill her," Craig said.

"It doesn't matter, she's alive now," Evil C said.

"No she's not, some other girl is but very soon she'll be dead again, taking the volunteers with her," Craig said.

James walked into the room, "Tom told me you were all here."

"Yey join the party," Zare said unenthusiastically, while staring at her nails.

"Faye is out of her hiding place now, no thanks to you," James said.

Evil C looked shocked, "what Faye, what happened to her?"

"That little resurrection spell meddled with her brain. After witnessing a couple with a baby fighting, she remembered a similar argument between her parents, thus making her retreat into her meda-conscious," James replied.

"So that's what did it," Craig muttered.

"Faye was one of the volunteers, is she going to be ok?" Evil C stuttered.

"No, she's too confused to be ok," James replied.

"Who else volunteered? No I don't want to know. I'll read the rites again," Evil C stuttered. He walked over to a drawer, he opened it up and picked out a tattered piece of paper.

Zare sat up in the chair, "how did you do that?"

James just shrugged his shoulders. Craig glanced over at him, "I could have mentioned Faye to him, it wasn't that hard."

James rolled his eyes, "Zare take him out of here before I kill him again."

Zare's eyes lit up, "again?"

Craig shook his head as he walked out of the room, "don't sound too thrilled about it."

Evil C read some alien lines from the piece of paper. He placed it onto the bed, "there, they should recover very soon."

Zare stood back up, "you chose Faye over this Claire girl, why?"

"I didn't want to be responsible for killing her too," Evil C replied.

***Captains Log Stardate 5 something, I don't know. The awayteam and I have recovered from the resurrection spell thing, but unfortunately Claire, or rather the girl inside her, didn't make it. I am faced with a bit of horrible decision, I'm not sure whether to let Crewman Martin off as he felt guilty and he was in grief over Claire's death, or to put him in the brig for endangering five of us and meddling with another culture's affairs. Actually I've just decided, I'm going to let Tom make this decision, that'll teach him for putting that Will Young poster up on my wall.***

### **The Mess Hall:**

All but two of the main cast, and Evil C also, were sitting in chairs that were in rows. Lena and Tom stood at the front nearby one of those coffins that look like a torpedo.

Lena shuddered, "this is one Captain duty I hate, doing funerals right next to dead bodies."

"I'll do it, you sit down," Tom said.

"Thanks," Lena said. She sat down next to James.

Tom cleared his throat, "we are gathered here today to pay our last respects to Claire Lewis, a good friend and colleague. She will be truly missed by everyone who knew her, and I know I will continue to miss her slugging me off on the bridge." A few people laughed quietly. "Goodbye Claire, you've left a hole in the crew that no one will be able to fill, not even newcomers Daniel and Zare."

Daniel looked confused, "I was in Season Two for goodness sake, I'm not new."

Zare nodded her head, "yeah and I was in B4FV Season Two. I was just made into a main character in this season, ok I see your point."

"Ok can everyone stand," Tom said. Everybody stood up. Tom tapped his commbadge, "Paris to Transporter Room, energise." The coffin dematerialised. Some crewman played that instrument thing they always seem to play at Star Trek funerals, well all the ones I've seen anyway.

Lena walked over to Tom, "that was good, you're doing the funerals from now on."

Tom pouted, "great, just great."

**\*\*\*\*THE END\*\*\*\***