

B4FV Episode 3.16

Phase In Time

The Conference Room:

Everyone but Kathryn, Chakotay, Ian, Danny, Kes, Jessie and obviously James sat around the table.

"Everything's back to normal. Repair teams are still fixing the damaged systems," B'Elanna said.

"So let me go through this so the readers and us have got everything. That thing was interfering with systems that would have helped us fight it or escape from it. Demon boys appeared only to get James, something else seemed to attack him. He suddenly figures it out that he's the solution and jumped into it?" Tom said.

"Yeah so it would seem," Harry mumbled.

"But how, why? It doesn't make sense," Tom said.

"It was probably a weapon to kill him off," Neelix said.

"If so, that would mean that they plan to invade without any risk. So where's the army?" Tom questioned.

"Logically it does not make sense. However the creatures could have been trying to stop him from jumping into it, thus leading us to the conclusion that the rift was designed to destroy us," Tuvok said.

"Ok maybe, but what's their beef with us?" Tom muttered.

"Yes and where is everyone?" Harry asked.

"Jessie's um sick, Danny looked like she needed to cry when she ran out, Ian's probably with her or Jess, Kes is helping Jessie, Chakotay too, and Janeway I don't know," Tom replied

"The Captain does not wish to be disturbed, and I'd avoid her until she does," Tuvok said.

"Why is she taking it so personal?" Harry asked.

"Well I've got one better. Doc, is there something unique in James that explains how that portal thing died, and don't say the obvious?" Tom said.

"Nothing scannable, that obvious you hinted at I've never found evidence of medically. However the portal did the same to him as it would have done to anyone else, maybe anybody could have closed it," the Doctor replied.

"That makes even less sense," Tom muttered.

Meanwhile:

The corridor leading to the turbolift was dark, dank with debris lying everywhere. A shadow of a man edged around the corner, followed by a confused James. He began to walk slowly down the corridor, halfway down the red alert lights flickered on for ten seconds. It's colour reflected onto him from the shoulders upward.

A panel nearby continuously flickered on and off, he stopped in front of it. It shut off completely after a few commands. "Damn. Computer?"

The computer responded with a few distorted beeps.

"Where to start," James muttered to himself. "Ok show a damage report on this screen." The panel reactivated, only slightly though. A long list displayed in the middle, flickering every few seconds. "How did this happen, was it the rift?"

"That information is unavailable."

"How many lifesigns are there?" James questioned.

"One human."

James' face turned paler than usual, "that's me right?"

"Affirmative."

"But how? The rift was closed," James said.

"Please restate the question."

"What happened to the crew?" James asked. The computer just beeped at him. He heard the turbolift moving into place on the deck. "No crew huh?" He quickly opened a jeffries tube door, and climbed inside. He closed the door only slightly, leaving a small gap.

The turbolift door crookedly opened, three of the type of demons from the previous episode stepped through it. The smallest one spoke, "sir the only way it could have..."

"I don't want to hear excuses," the obvious leader snarled.

"But the Slayer, it's the only way this could have happened," the third demon stuttered.

The leader stopped roughly in front of the two. "I know that, do you think I'm an imbecile?"

"Sorry," the two smaller demons said.

"It couldn't have got very far. Now you find it and tear it apart, or its your heads that we'll be using to keep the consoles working this week." The leader charged back into the turbolift.

The two remaining demons stared at each other. "Ok you check the tubes, I'll go this way." One headed away down the corridor. The last one looked nervous. It didn't notice the jeffries tube door open behind him. James quietly climbed back out of it.

"Great, if we're dealing with a Slayer shouldn't we stick together? Moron, hope he dies," the demon said.

"Yeah me too," James said.

The demon nodded, then looked puzzled. "That's weird." It glanced slowly behind itself. James grabbed a hold of him, put one hand around it's mouth.

"Ok tell me what I want to know, and I won't kill you."

"Ok," the demon managed to mumble. It was dragged into the tube.

The proper/real Voyager

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Chakotay sat down opposite Jessie, she had been sat on the floor in front of the akoonah and other vision quest stuff. Ian and Kes stood nearby.

"Anything that means something to her will do," Chakotay said.

"We'll have a look in their, well her bedroom," Kes said. She headed toward the closest door, Ian followed hesitantly.

"Two or three items will do," Chakotay sighed.

The Ready Room:

Tom nervously stood at the doorway, not believing the state of the entire room. Lights were dimmed, almost everything was lying on the floor, some of that stuff was broken and the area wrecked of coffee more than usual, with a tint of something else he couldn't identify.

"Uh, I have the repair report."

"Whatever, give it to someone who gives a damn," Kathryn growled.

"Um Chakotay's helping Jessie," Tom said.

"Then throw it at Tuvok's head, now get out," Kathryn grunted.

"Ok," Tom squeaked, he dashed back out.

Meanwhile

The other Deck Thirteen:

"For the last time, where's my crew?" James groaned. He and the demon were near the ladders leading down to Deck Fourteen, and up to Twelve, but the demon was still in the tube.

"Your crew are here, you just can't see them."

"What does that mean?"

"Does it matter? There's lots of us here, the boss wants you dead and once he has his mind on something, it'll happen."

"Stop kissing your boss's ass for one second, he's not doing anything. Like every other boss, you guys are doing all the work. As long as you're all just as stupid as your friend, I'll have no problem. Now same question."

"I can't explain it, they are here but they're not. You're only here because of the portal you closed."

"So you must have created that to kill us all. Why? It's not like we were bothering you, we couldn't sense you and vice versa right?"

"We are aware of a few of your kind. Killing you all was just part of the package."

"Ok fine you were doing something else, fine. How come I didn't get incinerated?"

"Who knows, I don't."

"Last question and you can go."

"Yeah, why don't I believe that?"

"How do I get back there?"

"You can't. You'll die before you get a chance to try."

"In other words I can."

"If you survive, which I doubt. Boss'll make sure of it. I don't fancy your chances, one human versus over three hundred of us."

"All right, you can go."

"Really, I figured you'd..." The demon shrugged it off, he started to crawl back.

"Well it was either die quickly by my hands, or die horribly by your boss who'll be incredibly brassed off when he finds out you told me stuff. Oh and you didn't try to attack me either," James said.

The demon stopped in his tracks, "ok good point. I'll just get some er, back up."

"Yeah that isn't something you should tell me," James sighed. He sat down in the tube, "I'll be here."

"Um ok," the demon scrambled to the door. While he did that James picked up a sharp bit of debris, and casually threw it without even looking. The demon collapsed without much of a struggle with the debris in it's side.

James sighed again, "this is just great."

The real Voyager:

Ian and Kes stood around the bedroom, Kes looked around the top of a chest of drawers while Ian walked up to a bedside cabinet.

"Found anything?" Kes questioned.

"Yeah, Jessie left a necklace here. Don't know if it's any good though," Ian replied. Kes headed over half way, he handed a necklace to her, she kept it in her palm.

"This'll do, it was a present from him."

"Great," Ian sighed. Kes turned back to the drawers. "I could have stopped him, she's going to hate me."

"No she won't. If you could have, that would mean it would have come to blows. That doesn't sound like you could have to me," Kes mumbled. Her eyes focused on one of the pictures in frames. She reached out to pick it up.

Inside the frame was a recent photo of James and Jessie sitting together against a large tree. She sat directly in front of him, his arms wrapped around her, she held one of his hands, and had her own arm around one of his. They were smiling toward the camera with their faces side by side.

"I still feel awful though," Ian said.

Kes smiled a little at the picture, she walked over to Ian's side. "What about this?" He looked over.

"That's New Earth, yeah," he said, placing a hand on the cabinet. "I hope to god this isn't where she keeps underwear, she'll still be mad enough at me as it is." He pulled the drawer on it open, inside were a few things of James'. What caught Ian's eye was a small ring box near the back. "Oh my god." He reached out to pick it up.

Kes glanced back at him briefly, "what?"

Ian opened the box, inside it was a silver diamond ring. "Oh my, he was going to propose."

"What really?" Kes said.

"This is an engagement ring, it has to be," Ian said. "Ugh, this is awful."

"I hate to sound cruel but we'll have to tell her eventually, cos if we put it back she'd find it," Kes said.

Ian shook his head, "whatever we do it's going to be hard on her. It's not like in a few months she'll be over him enough to clear out his stuff. Oh god, what if she never gets over him. They've known each other for nearly nineteen years."

"Ian calm down, she will eventually. Not fully but enough to keep her going. Besides she has the baby," Kes said.

"Yeah great, poor baby. It's either going to get loved to death to make up for him or it's going to be too painful for her and she does the opposite," Ian muttered. "First one I'd wager."

"Look we should just worry about getting her back, is there anything else that would work?" Kes said.

"Yes I just need to find it," Ian replied. He headed over to the other side of the bed. He opened the drawer of the other bedside cabinet, inside it was a lot of stuff like makeup, accessories, and a small teddy bear that looked over ten years old. "Bingo."

Ian knelt down in between Chakotay and Jessie, "I'm not sure if these'll do. First is a necklace he got her recently, or something."

Kes sighed, "she'd been after it for a while, he got her it when he thought she was just sick but, you know."

"Ok as long as it meant something to her it's fine," Chakotay said.

"A uh, bear, she had it since she was eight, again it was something he gave her. Last is a picture she framed from New Earth," Ian said, placing all the items with the other things.

"It'll do, they're all related to James too so it should be fine. You two should go though," Chakotay said.

"But," Ian protested.

"If you want her to get better, you'd better go. I'll keep you up to date if I can," Chakotay said.

The entire quarters were only lit up by the small candles on the coffee table next to him. He closed his eyes, held the stone in his palms. Jessie's eyes were still open, but her hand had been placed on the akoonah.

"Ah-koo-chee-moya," Chakotay began, placing his own hand on top of hers so they both were touching the akoonah. He felt the air around him change, a light shone into his eyes, forcing him to open them. His surroundings were now what looked like a school assembly hall. The usual tall narrow windows were the source of the light, the air around him was dusty. Surrounding him were lots of young girls, from babies in cribs that were in the only dark part of the hall to pre-teens.

"Ok?" His eyes quickly lay on a beautiful three year old girl, with curly raven black hair that went down to her shoulders. She sat on her own playing with a raggy old soft toy. Something about her seemed very familiar to the Commander, he wasted no time in heading over to her.

"Jessie?" Chakotay sighed. "Ok, what about Jessica?" The girl looked up at him, her eyes wide in confusion and fear. "Where are we?" She of course didn't answer him. "Jessica, Jessie, why are you here?"

"I dunno," she shyly said.

"I don't get this, what's so..." Chakotay said.

The double doors opened, two women walked in with a young couple. They walked to the centre of the hall. All of the kids looked over, a lot of them headed over.

"Now children you know better than that. We're only looking for girls aged from one to five," one of the women said.

The older children walked away looking disappointed.

"I'm guessing this is the orphanage," Chakotay said, glancing back down at the younger Jessie. "Why aren't you going over?"

"No point, no one likes me," she replied. Instead she crawled toward the doors. Chakotay didn't notice right away as he glanced toward the other children near the adults. He quickly followed once she had already gone through the doors.

Only three metres away from him there were stairs going down, two doors were on his left, one of which was half open. Jessie was very close to the stairs, now just walking on her feet. Before she got there she tripped over a toy, landing back on her hands and knees. Her eyes filled up with tears.

Chakotay was about to run to her when a young woman stepped through the half open door. "Aaaw you poor thing." She rushed to pick her up off the floor. "You should be more careful."

Another woman, but older hovered by the door while the younger woman gently wiped tears from the toddler's face. "Gosh you're a beautiful little girl aren't you?" Jessie managed a little smile as she looked up at her. "That's it, I've made up my mind, I want this one."

The older woman looked confused, "her, but you always adopt babies. She's three."

"I know but she's gorgeous, and she seems like a sweet shy type. She's perfect," the younger woman sighed.

"But Miss Rex, you don't want that one. She's always unhappy, rude, she ignores the other kids. She'll be a handful," the older woman said.

The young woman glanced at her with a scowl on her face. "She's just shy, no wonder she's miserable here." She looked back at Jessie. "I'll take her off your hands, this way everyone wins."

"Fine," the older woman sighed. "There's paperwork to be filled in."

Chakotay frowned as the scenery around him changed to a primary school outdoor playground. "Ok, she isn't going to go through her whole life, is she?" He glanced toward the building.

Jessie and a young boy the same age stood against the wall nearby the door. He couldn't hear them but he could tell they were talking. Jessie looked uncomfortably shy at first but she calmed down quickly, she was soon smiling and giggling. The boy also seemed familiar to Chakotay, his blonde hair reflecting in the harsh winter sunlight.

Chakotay began to walk toward them but the playground changed, all of the children's positions changed instantly. "What the?"

Jessie now was on her own nearby by a little park which was packed with kids. Two boys the same age headed over to her. One of them hit her in the arm while the other's mouth wouldn't keep shut for half a second. All Jessie did was stare blankly at them.

The first boy she was with walked up to them. He punched one of them in the face, the other in the chest. Chakotay sighed, "James, of course." The two boys began crying, the one who got hit in the face had fell over.

The nearest teachers ran over, "James, did you do that?"

He looked up at them with wide eyes, and with his bottom lip clearly showing. "No miss, those two were fighting."

"Aaaw ok," one teacher sighed. The second one helped one on the ground up.

Again the surroundings changed, he now appeared to be in a school classroom. "Ok this is going to get tedious, how am I supposed to get a word in?"

The alternate Voyager:

The present day James climbed up to the next deck on the ladder, and onto the next one. The Jeffries tube door opened crookedly, he pulled the rest of it open, crawled down the tube. The door ahead of him was slightly open, the handle appeared to be badly dented. He pushed it open a little to look through. With the coast clear he climbed out into the corridor.

Then he could hear what sounded like lots of people talking quietly. Slowly he looked around the corner. There stood a few dozen of demons plotting away. James turned back, instead he went in the other direction.

A couple more demons stepped out from the other corner, stopping him in his tracks. A lot of the other demons walked around to block his only exit, the Jeffries Tube.

"So uh, which of us gets the day off?" one demon asked.

Another shrugged, "whoever kills it." Most of the demons charged forward to attack, James tried his best to defend himself but he was outnumbered about thirty times over. They soon had him held back while two pulled out knives.

The leader pushed it's way to the front, "wait, I've got a better idea. Whoever knocks it out gets the day off. No-one can kill it, dump it in the brig."

Everyone looked at him confused. "Why sir?"

The leader snarled at them all, "don't question me."

James struggled, a demon cringed and backed away clutching it's chest. The remaining demons holding him threw him onto the ground.

"Anybody who draws any blood also gets a day off. However anyone who kills it will die too," the leader hissed.

All of the demons gathered around him like a whole flock of pigeons to a small piece of bread, all tried to get through to throw their own punches or kicks. All James could do was lie there and take it.

Meanwhile:

Chakotay stood in a school dining area filled with teenagers. A ten year old Jessie sat on her own, her black hair in pigtails. You would have mistaken her for an innocent looking first year student to a Comprehensive school if it weren't for the make up she wore. She also had the figure of a fourteen year old.

"Jessie?" Chakotay said to get her attention. She looked up at him. "Why are you making it harder on yourself?"

"Doesn't matter," she replied.

"What are you doing here?"

"It's easier here."

"At what do you English call it, Comprehensive School? How is that easier?" Chakotay questioned.

Jessie's face dropped, "everything's easier than, that."

"You can't stay here though. It's not good for you, and your baby," Chakotay said.

"What is now? Trust me, this way it's better," Jessie said.

"I know it's hard for you, you've known him a while now but you can't just..." Chakotay said. He was interrupted by another scene change. "Think of yourself."

This time he was in the Mess Hall. The lights were off, he could hear people whispering and shuffling around. The doors opened letting Jessie, James and light into the room.

"Ok, did Neelix burn the wires again?" Jessie asked, glancing briefly at James.

The lights switched on, about two dozen people jumped out from under tables and from the kitchen. "Surprise!"

Jessie jumped a little, she put her hand against her chest. "Um, did we walk in on someone else's surprise party?" She noticed the smirk planted on James' face and grew a little suspicious. Everyone gathered around her.

"Nope it's yours," Tom said. "You can blame him," he said, eyeing James.

Jessie glanced again at him, "you do know my birthday is in October right?"

"I know but I was in a coma during it, and Danny told me you stayed in Sickbay with me the whole day," he said.

"You didn't have to," Jessie laughed, placing a hand on his arm.

"You know I hate to miss your birthdays, so yes I did," James smiled.

"I should have known," Jessie muttered. "This is typical of you."

Ian handed James a big gift bag he had behind his back, he gave it straight to Jessie. "I know. Happy belated birthday Jess," James said. He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. Her smile turned to a grin as he put an arm around her.

Chakotay watched her looking solemn. The scenery changed back to the orphanage. "Hmm, okay?"

Alternate Voyager:

Three demons dragged James, who was barely conscious and badly beaten into the brig. There were strong looking chains attached to the wall in the cell itself, and a rather mean looking demon stood guard.

They attached the chains to James' wrists and ankles, then stepped out. A green forcefield appeared around the cell.

The leader walked in, glancing briefly at his minions. "Did you inform the whole crew?"

"Yes sir, we've already got a queue around the whole deck. Everyone else are booked in for tomorrow," one said.

"I noticed, good work," the leader said.

James raised his head to lean against the wall, "queue for what?"

"The doc's coming to treat it. Got to make the competition harder don't we?" one minion said.

"Yes yes," the leader sneered. "Schedule him weekly." He turned back to face James. "It's your lucky day Slayer, we're not going to kill you, you're just going to be our entertainment for two weeks while we fix your mess. That queue is all the guys and girls who will get five minutes each pummelling you."

"The aim of the game is to knock you unconscious, without the use of weapons or dirty tactics," a minion said. "Whoever wins gets to be the chaperone for the winner of the following week's competition."

"The winner will be the one who kills you, again without the use of weapons," the leader said. "The reward will be the honour of going to your ship and kill whoever they please. No doubt they'll be able to track down anybody you were close to via their scent."

"I wouldn't try escaping either. Those chains are cross wired with an electrical current, one tug and you'll probably get knocked out early. And we won't care if you kill, injure or just threaten anyone who comes in here. So it's up to you whether you want to bother fighting back at all." The leader headed back to the doorway, "welcome to hell." He stepped out.

Meanwhile:

Chakotay again was in the orphanage, he looked around. As the young couple and other woman walked in, he noticed a girl slip passed in the opposite direction behind them. He quickly followed her, by the time he got to the door he could see the back of her as she got to the bottom of the stairs.

"Wait," he called.

The girl glanced back briefly, she picked up speed but so did Chakotay.

"Jessie, why are you trying to get away?" he asked. He managed to catch up with her, and grab her arm to stop her. This Jessie was the right age much to his relief. The area around her eyes were wet from tears. "Were you trying to distract me with these flashback loops?"

The scenery changed around them to the primary school. "I don't know what you mean."

"Jessie it's always hard to lose somebody, especially someone as close to you as James was," Chakotay said.

"Is, not was," Jessie said.

"Tell me, what do you feel when you watch all of these flashes then? Happy, comforted, at ease?" Chakotay questioned. Her only answer was a sigh and dropping of shoulders. "It's harder isn't it, you can't hide in here."

"But at least I can still see him, hear him. There, there's nothing. I can't," Jessie said.

Chakotay sighed, "not even for your baby. You'll die if you stay here, and so will it."

"There's plenty time to get it out of me, you can't just come in my head and..." Jessie muttered.

"What about James?" Chakotay asked.

"I saw it. He's not, he's not coming back," Jessie stuttered, now crying again. Chakotay stepped forward once, she backed off twice. "I can't live without him in my life, I can't. I've done it before. Now we're closer it's going to be worse."

"He gave up his life for you," Chakotay said. "He didn't do it to be a hero, or just save the crew. He only did it for you and your baby. If you give up now and stay here, you're just making what he did meaningless."

Jessie stared at him, "what if I can't? What if I can't cope, as a mum? He was always my strength."

"You're forgetting, you have a new strength. In a few months you're going to get something you'll love more than anything else, that's what'll keep you going," Chakotay said. "If you can't see that and understand me, then no one can help you. Only you can help yourself, but you can't do that until you make that first step." He held out a hand, "will you take it?"

Jessie hesitated before reaching out to take his hand. A light blinded them briefly, they both opened their eyes to see the quarters. She put a hand over her face, crying into it. Her other hand rested on the ground to keep her from dropping to the floor.

Later

The Bridge:

Chakotay stepped out of the turbolift, everyone looked toward him expectantly.

"How is she?" Tom asked.

"She's out of the catatonia, but I can't say that she's all better," Chakotay replied, glancing briefly at the Ready Room door. "Has she..."

"Nope, Tuvok tried but all he got was drunken sounding screaming," Tom replied.

"Drunken?" Chakotay muttered in disbelief.

"Yeah it was all slurred. If it was just the coffee she'd be more or less clear," Tom said.

"Why is she taking this so hard?" Harry frowned.

"She knew him, there's a history," Chakotay sighed.

"Oh yeah, she used to be his babysitter, one of the few things we had in common," Tom said. "I wonder if..."

"No she wouldn't care as much if you died," Chakotay muttered.

Tom pouted his lips, "you don't know that."

"Oh but I do," Chakotay said.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Danny, Ian and Kes occupied the living area all looking a bit sullen.

"So Chakotay did his little vision quest thingy and she's back with us again?" Danny questioned, sitting down on the sofa.

Kes nodded, "she's still a bit quiet and distant, but that's expected."

"I can't believe it, why did he do this to her?" Danny mumbled.

"He wanted her to live, you know how stubborn he is," Ian muttered.

"Yeah but she's really hurting, it's nothing she'll get over quickly," Danny said.

"If he didn't we would all be dead," Ian said.

Danny groaned, glancing down at her hands. "Is she allowed visitors?"

"I guess so but I did warn you," Kes replied.

Danny stood up again, "I don't care if she ignores me. She's my best friend, and so was James. We need each other." Her eyes filled with tears. "We've all been together since we were ten."

Ian stood beside her to slip an arm around her shoulders. "It's going to be ok Dan, so's she. Its just going to take time."

"I know it's harder for her than me but, I'm still going," Danny said.

"Nobody's going to stop you," Ian sighed.

Danny walked towards the nearest bedroom, with a sigh she stepped inside. Inside it was dark, with the light over the bed being the only source of light. Jessie curled up in the bed with James' jacket around her, her face wet with tears.

"Hey it's me," Danny said.

"Hi," Jessie quietly mumbled, without looking at her. She pulled the bed cover over her like it was a shield.

"Do you need me to get you anything? Food or..." Danny asked as she sat down beside her.

"No I feel too sick to eat," Jessie replied.

"Oh, maybe I should get the doc," Danny said.

Jessie finally looked at her with slight panic in her eyes, "no don't. I'm not ill, I only feel sick cos, you know."

"Oh sorry, is there anything I can do?" Danny asked.

"You could um, leave me alone," Jessie replied, turning her head away again.

Danny frowned, "but it might help you to get your mind off it all, if I keep you company."

"Mind off him you mean," Jessie muttered with a tint of anger in her voice. "I don't want that."

"But you're not going to get better if you..." Danny said.

"Don't take this the wrong way but, get the hell out," Jessie unenthusiastically said.

"Ok ok," Danny muttered. She headed back to the door.

Jessie glanced at her briefly, "wait."

Danny stopped, she turned back looking a little hopeful. "Yeah?"

"I'm sorry, it's just I want to be alone," Jessie said.

"It's all right," Danny said. She walked back into the living room.

"Well?" Kes questioned.

"She doesn't want anyone around," Danny said.

"I know, we have to let her grieve on her own terms. At least for now," Kes said.

"No, we can't leave her alone. We have to help her somehow," Danny said.

"Kes is right, we can't rush her. We can't expect her to want to either," Ian said.

"We have to let her come to us, only then we can do something," Kes said.

"Makes sense, but I can't just leave her alone still," Danny said.

"Why don't you stay here with her then, here here that is," Ian said. "Then if she needs you, you'll be here."

"Right, good idea," Danny said.

Ian headed toward the replicator while Kes made her way to the main door.

"Ian, since I'll be here a while, can you get a few things for me?" Danny questioned.

Ian used the replicator but neither of them could see what while his back was turned. He glanced back over his shoulder briefly, "Sure I can do that." He turned back holding a gift bag in one hand and a bunch of flowers in the other. "Can you give her these for me?"

"Only if they're fake," Danny muttered, raising an eyebrow.

"I did just replicate them you know," Ian said.

Danny shrugged her shoulders, "yes but you can replicate real moving Klingon food, or alcohol if you know how."

"I don't know how," Ian said.

"Ok then, what's in the bag?" Danny asked.

"Do you think I'm trying to kill her or something?" Ian asked with a smirk on his face. "It's chocolate, the cure for everything."

"Except somebody who thinks they can lose weight without working out, at all," Danny said. She pulled a face, "god I talk some crap don't I?"

"I like that about you," Ian said.

"Gee thanks," Danny sighed. She took the bag and flowers off him, "I'll give them to her. I really hope that's not all she'll eat for a while. The chocolate not the flowers."

"I don't know, the flowers might be better for her," Ian said. "I'll see you later." He walked straight out.

Danny pouted as she looked at the gifts, "you never get me flowers." The entire ship shook briefly, making her lose balance just for a second. "Ugh, what now?"

The Bridge:

The ship shook again, only this time it didn't stop. Chakotay stumbled out of the turbolift. "Report!"

"The ship's caught in a rift, an outside one this time," Harry replied. His console continuously beeped at him. "Oh it's a temporal one." The lights started to flicker on and off. "We're right in the middle of it."

"Great, we're still recovering off the last rift that tried to tear us apart," Chakotay groaned.

"Well whatever this baby is, it's forming around us and not in us. Bad news is we don't have a Slayer handy to jump into it," Tom said.

"I really hope Janeway heard that," Harry muttered. He held onto his station tightly, "hang on, it's going to get rougher. It's almost done."

After about thirty seconds of shaking, everything died down. "Report," Chakotay said.

Harry looked confused as he worked at his station. "Um ok, I'm not sure how to put this. We seem to be in a different fabric of space, and we're not alone. I'll show you."

The viewscreen activated. All anyone could see was a dark red coloured space with lighter red shimmers. There were also small grey specks scattered around, some bigger than others.

"It looks like there's hundreds of other ships trapped here," Chakotay said. A brief flash of light blinded them only for a second, the ship shook lightly at the same time. When they all got their sight back another Voyager was facing them, very close up. "What the?"

"That one is only a few kilometres away, close call," Tom said. "Wait, it's the Voyager."

"Oh it's not the anymore, every single ship in our scanning range are Voyagers," Harry stuttered.

The viewscreen zoomed in on three Voyager's facing in different directions to the other. One looked like it had seen better days, one exactly the same as the current Voyager, and the last one had extra pieces of what looked like Borg technology on.

"One of them must been in one hell of a battle," Harry said.

"So where are we exactly, a Voyager reunion party?" Tom muttered. "Seriously did space decide we all should have some anti-time hang out area, to you know compare notes? The real question is, are they from different dimensions or times?"

"It was a temporal rift, so different times yeah," Harry replied.

"Somebody had a theory that everytime somebody changed the timeline, a new dimension was created to accommodate the new events," Chakotay said. "Kind of like when somebody has to make a choice, and each one plays out in another reality."

"There's no way to know for sure, but if that theory is true it'll be neat to investigate the other ships," Harry eargly said. "One of them might have the ability to make the ship go faster. I really doubt that temporal rift appears in only one place."

Tom shook his head, "Harry you should know better than that."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "indeed."

Chakotay ignored everyone, "looks like one of them is from the future, or from a dimension where we've been assimilated by the Borg. I'm going to be an optimist."

"Well we can't talk to them, can we?" Tom said.

"Well unless you're suddenly a time and dimension expert and know how to escape here, shut the hell up," Chakotay snapped.

"Whatever happened to that old attitude of yours?" Tom muttered.

"Um Commander, we're being hailed," Harry said.

"On screen," Chakotay ordered.

"Um how, there's ten ships," Harry said.

"Well you didn't say that before, did you," Chakotay groaned.

"Commander, we should avoid contact with these ships," Tuvok said.

"Woah hang on, didn't the Enterprise have the exact problem?" Harry asked.

"We don't know that for sure. One crewmember claims to be the only one who remembers," Tom replied.

"Exactly. If it was true, we don't have to worry about contacting them," Harry said.

Chakotay nodded his head, "it'll have to do. However we need someone who'll keep calm while talking to future or alternate selves. We need to pick a few crews to work with."

"Um why a few?" Tom asked.

"Cos we're going to need help from others beside a far future crew for example. What if somebody we need is, well gone from that future?" Chakotay said.

"Commander, I should talk with them," Tuvok said, not sounding very pleased about it.

Chakotay turned to him, "good call."

"What about Janeway?" Tom questioned.

"She'll not care enough right now, good idea," Chakotay said. "I'll be there too."

Tom scoffed, "oh you won't freak out or whatever. Let's get Jessie on the job as well."

"With so many Voyagers around she'll probably see a James at least once," Harry said.

"Three is enough, let's just hope the other Voyagers have put some thought into it too," Chakotay said. "Harry re-route comm options to the Conference Room, Tuvok you're with me." He headed toward the Conference Room, Tuvok began to follow him. "Somebody should get the Captain in with us too."

Tom and Harry glanced at each other with worried looks on their faces. "It's ok Harry, we could always just replace you again," Tom said.

Harry rolled his eyes, "not funny Tom. I'll just beam her in there, they can deal with her."

"Well done Harry," Tom smiled.

The Conference Room:

Tuvok and Chakotay sat on the command end of the table, facing the screen on the wall. Kathryn sat out of sight of it looking totally uninterested, with of course a few big flasks of coffee by her side.

"So you understand why we had to do it this way, um *Captain*," Chakotay said with a smirk.

An older Tom on the screen pulled a face, "hey are you mocking me?"

"Still as sharp as ever," Chakotay whispered.

Kathryn jumped up from her chair, "wait a minute! Tom, captain of my ship, how did this happen?"

"That oughta do it," Chakotay muttered.

The Tom on the screen looked very nervous. "We're um low on people, and uh shouldn't say the rest."

"Yeah sure, how did you get low on people huh? No way, you'll get this ship over my dead body, and theirs!" Kathryn hissed, pointing at Tuvok and Chakotay.

Tom turned away from the screen, "that's pretty accurate." An arm was swung at him, knocking him unconscious and out of sight of the screen. All they heard was him making contact with something hard, groaning, and a familiar voice muttering something.

"Don't tell them anything, you half wit."

Kathryn perked up, "was that?"

Chakotay looked confused, "odd."

"Indeed," Tuvok added on.

"Ok, we or rather Tom and others will meet on your ship," James' voice said.

"Why don't you show your face?" Chakotay asked.

They heard James groan and mutter something rude. "Tom'll not fill you in on that ok, if he starts to, kill him."

"James how are you, how come you're still around?" Kathryn awkwardly asked.

"Because Tom's head landed on the station," James' voice replied quietly. Tom's head then suddenly reappeared in sight with the usual crooked nose and blood under it.

"Why does he give me attitude and talk to you like a shy, thing?" Chakotay asked Kathryn.

"Oh don't get us started. It's tragic really, but at the same time it was very tense and dramatic," Tom said.

"Tom!" James yelled.

"Right right, we may as well meet on that future ship," Tom said.

The screen turned off with James saying, "we, screw that."

"Ookay, moving on," Chakotay said. "There's a ship from a more distant future, that last one was just nine years ahead of us." He turned to Kathryn, "are you all right?"

"Yes, now I am. We get him back somehow, but we must get rid of Tom before he gets my ship," Kathryn muttered.

Chakotay smiled, "that one was probably a bizarre alternate reality." Kathryn's face dropped, "the Tom part of it anyway."

"Both Mr Paris being in command of Voyager and Mr Taylor's resurrection seem *bizarre* to me," Tuvok said.

Kathryn growled at him. Chakotay quickly butted in before yelling began, "actually the next one is insisting on speaking now, but its closer to the present. Audio only."

The intercom went all staticy, they barely could hear the muffled distorted voice. In the background were faint sounds of screaming.

"Ok this is close to our present, before or after?" Kathryn questioned.

Chakotay looked at her in confusion, "before."

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "please speak up, we can't understand you."

"Try remodulate," Chakotay ordered. Tuvok nodded, he worked at the padd in his hands.

The voice, a little clearer sounded annoyed. "Well maybe if you didn't talk so much."

"James again?" Chakotay said in disbelief. "We can hear you now, what's happening?"

In: "This may sound like a weird request from me, but I need you to send your um, me over here."

"Um that's not possible why?" Chakotay asked.

In: "Cos I can't handle this many."

Another Kathryn's voice interrupted him, "now sonny, you shouldn't be playing with the com, you're so grounded for this." The comm went dead.

"What the?" Kathryn muttered. "What was seriously wrong with that?"

"Sonny, playing and grounded Captain," Tuvok replied.

"Right whatever," Kathryn grumbled.

"Maybe his own crew had gone crazy, you seemed out of it," Chakotay said. "And we could be dealing with alternate dimensions as well."

"Ok so one crew, how many do we need to team up with?" Kathryn asked.

"I'd say at least two more. We need to be sure to have everybody handy to help us," Chakotay replied. "Tuvok, hail the far future ship."

An elderly Kathryn appeared on the screen, "ah hello Captain."

Present Kathryn moved her chair next to Chakotay's, "hello Captain."

Chakotay groaned, "oh god."

Transporter Room:

Chakotay, Kathryn, B'Elanna, Harry, Tom, and Craig stood around nearby the pad, Kathryn was in the middle of giving the rest a debriefing.

"No doubt the future ship has some advanced technology, so if anyone steals coffee off me, rest assured I'll have acquired a weapon to kill you with," Kathryn said.

"You should be cutting down on the coffee," Chakotay muttered.

Craig meekly raised a hand, "um ma'am, what year is it over there?"

Kathryn giggled, "aaw you're so cute." Everyone stared at her blankly. "I don't know, Chakotay?"

"Um, I think they said 2390," Chakotay replied.

"I can see the old jokes getting old before I say them," Tom said. He laughed, "oh, see what I did there?" Everyone else groaned.

The transporter girl looked up from the station, "far future Voyager has signalled us, they're ready. The less than future ones have already joined them."

The awayteam stepped onto the padd. Kathryn sniffed the air, she eyed the transporter girl. "Did you have coffee?" The girl widened her eyes in pure terror.

Chakotay quickly butted in, "energise." The team disappeared before Kathryn got back off the padd.

2390 Voyager:

The awayteam rematerialised in a more advanced looking version of the same transporter room. There

to greet them were an aged Kathryn, a young teenaged boy who they didn't recognise, and a forty year old James who had a deep scar across his eye. Nearby they saw the Tom they talked to earlier and Damien who looked like he hadn't aged as much as Tom.

"Ah Captain, welcome to my Voyager," the older Kathryn said.

Present Kathryn couldn't take her eyes off James, making him uncomfortable. Before he knew what was happening she ran over to hug him tightly. Chakotay smiled nervously, "I did mention the lack of James in our timeline right?"

"Yes you did," the older Kathryn said.

The older Captain Tom looked over nervously, "oh god, there's two of them."

"What Janeway, James?" Damien muttered. He smiled, "oh you mean you, I know, we're so doomed."

Chakotay looked confused, "two James', I only see one." A fist then smacked him in the face, knocking him unconscious.

"James!" the older Kathryn snapped.

The one in the other Kathryn's arms tried to pull away from her, "what?" The teenager next to him couldn't help but smirk at him.

What the awayteam didn't realise was that there were two James', one from the Captain Tom's time. This one had a scar on his neck instead, and had a scowl on his face. He didn't look in either Kathryn's direction, "that's all I came here to do, beam me back."

Tom groaned, "you've already beaten him up twice!"

The younger James looked toward him, "and?" He looked towards the remaining awayteam, that Tom was hiding behind B'Elanna.

"There's two..." he stuttered.

James rolled his eyes, "you don't need two of me unless there's an army of Chakotay's on the loose, or demonic stuff so." The present day Kathryn interrupted by hugging him as tight as the other one, the previous one looked a bit breathless.

"Oh my baby, you're alive," she whispered.

The younger James looked very uncomfortable, "um, yeah."

Captain Tom leaned in closer to Damien, "this is going to get uglier."

The older James turned to their transporter girl, which actually was the same one. "You may as well beam him back when she's done, it's damned creepy."

"Aye aye sir," she said.

The present day Kathryn backed off, she patted her James on the cheek. "Don't do anymore jumping into rifts, ok."

"Oh, right, that's when you're from," he said quietly.

"And what's with smacking Chakotay?" Kathryn asked.

James gave Chakotay a light kick instead, he grunted. "Let's just say, don't marry him."

The present day Tom burst out laughing, "aaw, that's sweet." B'Elanna nudged him with her elbow.

"Can I beam back now?" James asked. Everyone else got off the transporter pad, not long later he was gone.

"Aaaw," the present day Kathryn sighed. She looked back at the older James, his eyes widened.

"No, I've had my hug," he stuttered.

The aged Kathryn sighed, "we've already allied ourselves with a younger Voyager, they have a few ex-Borgs. Well ones that are willing to stick around anyway, we're now minus one. Oh and a Tolg."

"James is Borg, since when?" Tom muttered. He looked worried as he looked at the remaining James, "don't assimilate me."

He rolled his eyes, "the Borg tried, the most I got was an implant or two."

"Why don't we go to the Conference Room, we have a lot to discuss," Older Kathryn said. She and the present one sniffed the air at the same time. "Coffee?"

The transporter ensign quickly snuck out before they both noticed.

"We haven't met everybody yet," Kathryn said. She looked down at Chakotay, "do you have any idea why your younger self punched him?"

The older James shrugged, "I don't know, he's not properly my past self anyway."

"We're from a different dimension," the teenager finally spoke up.

"Um Chakotay tried to kill him just yesterday," Captain Tom said.

Damien smirked, "is that all you're going to say?"

"We have more important things to talk about," Tom whispered to him.

"Why have you got Damien here?" Kathryn asked.

"He's an expert on alternate dimensions, he'll be handy," Captain Tom said, sounding disgusted.

"Since when?" B'Elanna questioned.

"Since a few months after you guys," Damien smiled smugly.

Kathryn looked at the teenager, "so who's this young man then? If I'm guessing right, he hasn't even been born yet in our time."

James glanced at the teen briefly, "this is Michael Stuart."

"Stuart, where have I heard that?" Tom said to himself. He then gasped and pointed at James, "when did you and Jessie get busy?"

The teen looked disgusted, "ew gross."

Older Kathryn shuddered, "Conference Room."

The Conference Room:

Everyone from the previous scene and a few others squashed around the table. Damien and a familiar eighteen year old girl stood next to the advanced looking wall panel, the girl looked a bit annoyed that she was next to Damien.

"This is a weapon," he said. "I don't see the point of it unless you want a collection of the same ship, losers."

"The Borg called it anomaly 67312, it's a natural rift not a weapon," Lena muttered, rolling her eyes. "It attacks randomly one ship, and uses all of its energy to create the temporal rift around it."

"That ship is pulled into *nothing*, time doesn't really affect it so bam! It drags every single version of this ship it can. Other times, dimensions, you name it," Damien said. "I actually used a nebula to create something similar to one of these bad boys, to lure lots of Voyagers into normal space but..."

Kathryn frowned, "why on earth would you do that?"

"Your lack of intelligence may be where you're going wrong," Damien muttered.

Chakotay groaned, he held an icepack against the massive bruise on his face. "This is great and all but how do we get back?"

"Wait, we had no power drain like you said," B'Elanna said.

"You weren't the original ship," Lena said. She turned to the computer, worked at it, a picture of a Voyager with no lights or anything on appeared. "It doesn't affect the others like it, as the rift has already formed initially. It forming in every other reality is really just an echo."

"I've got a headache, why did I even volunteer to come?" Tom groaned.

"You said that it'll drag every single version of the ship in that it can," James said. "If there were that many ships here we would be crushed before we'd notice what happened."

Damien smiled smugly, "ah somebody with a tiny bit of brains. New ships are appearing every few minutes. It would take forever, literally to bring every single one."

Lena sighed, "I say we only have a day at best before it gets too crowded, so to speak. But these ships arrive anywhere. One could just appear in our spot at any time."

Older Kathryn nodded, "we need an escape plan. Do either of you know enough about this thing?"

"A Borg ship encountered one, and let's just say they didn't get any more readings than that," Lena said. "They probably got crushed by thousands copies of itself."

"Doesn't mean that they died though," James said. "Think about it. If they were all destroyed, the collective wouldn't have any clue about this thing. With all of them there, they would have been erased from the timeline."

"So all we have to do is wait, score," Tom grinned.

"I'd rather not wait around to get crushed," Older Kathryn said. "Suggestions?"

"What about the Voyager that was drained, maybe there's something different with it that'll help us," a different, much younger James said.

"Oh we could use my nanoprobes to do, something," a tall blonde woman, with um, big assets said in a hyper way.

Two of the Voyager crews glared at her. "Shut up Annika."

"Or we could just throw her into that space and see what happens," Lena said with a smile.

A different Kathryn groaned into her hand, "save killing her for when we return."

"Um ok? Why don't we check out this powerless ship," Kathryn said. The other Kathryn's agreed.

"We should set a course, Lena where is it?" the middle Kathryn asked.

"I just checked, I've already sent the co-ordinates to the helms of all four ships," Lena said.

"That's my girl," the middle Kathryn cooed.

Kathryn looked confused, "isn't she a bit old to be your girl?"

"Oh it's a long story, but it can't be as confusing as this anomaly right Lena?" the middle Kathryn said.

The youngest James stood up, "can I go? I've got a three Janeway headache."

Nearly everybody raised their own hands, "me too."

"How rude," all Kathryn's said.

Captains Log for the um original Voyager, Stardate, there is none you idiot: Voyager has been trapped in an anomaly with thousands of other Voyagers, with more on the way. After forming an alliance with two future versions of us from six, nine years ahead, and one alternate Voyager from seventeen years in the future, we've learned more about the anomaly. We're on our way to what we believe to be the source of all this, I really hope this'll involve blasting the idiots into oblivion for this. Yes I know they're us, but it's probably cos Harry's in charge or Chakotay's at the helm. I've tried to keep clear of the crews working together as there are two James', it's rather confusing regarding one as he's a future self. Now my headache's really bad, time for a coffee. Stupid Doctor thinks that causes them, I'll show him.

Captains Log... er er, FV Season Three Voyager, Supplemental: When are the writers going to give up on these stupid time episodes, they never make a damn bit of sense. What, one writer? Oh whatever. I'm so glad there will be a new episode in a week or so. Ok, why are those guys from two years in the future laughing?

Acting Captain Tom Paris' Log, Season Five Voyager: God that Janeway's so naive, an episode next week, haha. Ah hem excuse me. Hahahahahaha.

Captain's Log um... what season would you call us exactly? Um Stardate 2390 heh. Our crew's are getting on well, and so far we've managed to avoid another incident like the one in the Transporter Room, but knowing this series that won't last long. Though in our view we haven't had an episode based on us since, well seventeen years ago, so I may be wrong.

The 2390 Voyager:

Present day Harry walked into the Conference Room reading a padd and talking to himself. "I think it's a good idea to collect a sample of that red shimmer from the space. It's matter so it..." He looked up, his eyes widened in horror.

"Harry aww, look how young you look in this time," the oldest Kathryn cooed. She and the other Kathryn's ran over to surround him, all were stinking of coffee. The present day one drank from a cup while the other two pinched his cheek and continued to coo over him.

"Oh you're so cute when you're not angsting over a dead girl you liked," the Kathryn a few years older than Present Day Kathryn said.

"Um great, who?" Harry stuttered.

"You don't know her yet sweetie," Middle Kathryn said.

Present Kathryn smirked, "well the way things are going with you guys, she'll be back from the dead in no time."

"Oooh, who died and came back?" Older Kathryn asked, sipping at her cup of coffee.

"Shouldn't you know," Harry stuttered.

"Ohno, she's the alternate dimension one silly," Middle Kathryn replied.

"Ookay, can I go now?" Harry squeaked. "My idea."

"That's my boy, you're a smart one aren't you?" Present Kathryn cooed.

"Um no, it's rubbish, I'll go," Harry said. He managed to squeeze through them and ran for his life.

Meanwhile:

A small meeting between two B'Elanna's, Lena, Tom, and the James from Season Three, were in a futuristic looking Stellar Cartography. It had a large half circular viewscreen taking up most of it.

"It should be simple with our combined forces," Present B'Elanna was saying.

"And beau..." Tom mumbled, almost drooling as the two B'Elanna's stood side by side. He noticed them both staring at him, making him snap out of it. "Smartness and brains." He waved at them, "hi ladies."

They glanced at each other, "typical."

"So uh, this is Astrometrics then?" Tom nervously said.

James folded his arms as he stood next to him, "if we have combined brains, why do we need him?"

"I'd ask the same of you," Tom muttered smugly.

"Don't be smug. I couldn't be bothered to even bother thinking up an insult, let alone a good one," James said.

"Aaaw, getting slow in your old age?" Tom teased.

James turned to look at him, "I'm nearly twenty nine actually."

Tom stared blankly back at him, "um ok, forget I said that." Everyone else began smirking toward him.

"Someone's at least the same age," Lena said.

"Um and you are?" Tom questioned.

"Eighteen," Lena muttered.

"No, who? All I remember is Borg girl," Tom groaned.

"Tom! Don't make me throw you out of this meeting," the far future B'Elanna snapped.

The um, big assetted woman strolled through the door, grinning like a Cheshire cat. This time she looked a little older and wore a skin tight catsuit. "Aah hello homies, sorry I'm late."

The B'Elanna's widened their eyes, "what the hell is that?"

"Now that's just a Borg girl," Lena muttered. "And that's actually a compliment for her."

James stared at Annika in disgust, "when did you start wearing the catsuit again?"

Annika giggled, "oh about a year or two later for you, at your mother's wedding."

Tom frowned in confusion, "I thought your mum was dead."

"I wish she was," James muttered. Lena passed him a *don't start glare*.

"Don't mind grouchy here, he's only just returned from being evil," she said.

Tom quickly walked to the other side of the room with wide eyes, "god again? I didn't die this time did I?"

Older B'Elanna cleared her throat, "we're now nowhere near the point of this meeting."

"How many Borg's are there exactly?" B'Elanna asked.

"We lost count after Harry and Tuvok got assimilated," Lena replied.

Tom laughed, "poor Harry. I don't get it, do I?"

Lena laughed too, "ha yeah right, what would the Borg learn that's new from you exactly?"

"Apart from how to punch weaker than a baby that is," James said.

Tom glanced at the two, "god you two are too damn alike, you don't cheat on Jessie with her do you, cos you should."

"Eew," Lena groaned, pulling a disgusted face.

"I second that, but we can just tell the Janeway's that we are together to freak them out," James said.

Lena pouted, folding her arms in a huff, "aaaw man, now I'm going to want to do that instead of being here."

Annika giggled, "that's ok, I'll be a stand in for the ex Borg babe slot. Except I'll be the babe and you just the ugly girl, though you do have the chest for a catsuit."

"Aaw thanks, that's very thoughtful," Lena said angrily through a fake grin. She punched the scary ex-drone to the ground.

"Ok clearly you don't need me at all," Tom stuttered. He dashed out. "Just when you think things couldn't get any crazier." Somebody small bumped into him. He turned to look down at a cute one year old boy with familiar blonde messy hair. "Oh hi there."

The boy poked him in the leg, "tag." He ran off.

Tom sighed, he ignored what happened and started walking down the corridor. He frowned as a boy that looked very similar to the last one except he was about thirteen walk around the corner. "Oh, I'm guessing you're that other kid's brother."

"No, did he tag you?" he asked.

"Yeah why?" Tom replied.

"No reason," the boy said, smiling in an evil way. This made Tom nervous. The boy punched him in the chest, and ran off too. Tom clutched his chest, then collapsed to his knees.

Not long later an older Jessie walked up to him. "Tom?"

"Yes," Tom wheezed as he had not much breath left, looking up at her.

"You haven't happened to see a one year old blonde boy, have you?" Jessie asked, trying not to laugh at his condition.

"Actually yeah. He tagged me, then a kid that looked like an older version of him, punched me," Tom managed to mumble. It finally hit him, "he's yours isn't he."

"An older version? That can't be good," Jessie said, looking worried.

The younger boy ran around the corner, he poked Tom again and was about to run off again. Jessie grabbed him and picked him up. "Aaaw mum."

"What are you doing here Duncan? Actually no, how are you here?" Jessie asked.

"I know how to use the transporter mum," Duncan replied casually. "I'm not stupid."

"No but you shouldn't be able to reach and..." Jessie muttered.

The older version of Duncan ran around the corner, this time he punched Tom in the head. He then noticed Jessie watching him, "uhoh, hi."

"Are you two playing together?" she asked.

"Yes in an innocent way only of course," the teenaged Duncan replied.

"Yeah I noticed," Tom moaned from the floor. "I like how you innocently made contact with my head and stomach with your fist."

"Thanks, so did I," teenaged Duncan said, looking pleased with himself.

Jessie sighed, "out of all the things you could have done, you decided to beam here and play with yourself." A Danny the same age walked passed just then laughing her head off. "Play with your older self, oh shut up!"

Teenaged Duncan glanced after Danny in disgust, "she doesn't change, does she?" The other Duncan glanced at him in confusion.

Meanwhile:

The present day Craig walked down the corridor cheerfully. An older looking Lena walked toward him from the opposite direction. She picked up speed, staring at him coldly as she walked by. He stopped in his tracks, turned around to look at her.

"Um can I help you?" he asked nervously.

Lena stopped, she turned around. "What was that shaky?"

"You were staring at me, why?" Craig asked. "Shaky?"

Lena smirked as she eyed him up and down. "It's funny how different you are to the ass I know, it's like watching jelly."

"We've met huh, so uh." Craig muttered.

"Don't bother. I can't wait to humiliate your future self about this, I really can't," Lena said. She was about to turn away.

"We won't even remember this," Craig said.

"I will supposedly," Lena smiled.

"Oh you're Lena, I heard about you or is it Tani?" Craig questioned.

"Neither. My name's Ylara, bye now." She walked away.

"Huh, pretty but ugh," Craig muttered. He continued walking the way he was going before, "horrible woman."

The Bridge:

All three Kathryn's stepped out of the Ready Room, all of them did the usual, "report?" Everyone on the bridge shuddered.

The older James got out of the chair next to the Captain's seat, "we're being hailed by a nearby Voyager that's recently appeared."

"Aaw, are you first officer or something?" Middle Kathryn cooed.

James shuddered, "eugh so glad I'm not remembering this when we leave."

The older Tom nodded his head in agreement, "here here."

"He replaced Tuvok, so third in command actually," Older Kathryn said proudly. "Put the newbies on screen."

"Shouldn't two of you hide, you're going to scare them," James said.

Older Kathryn stood beside him, "stop being a tease."

The viewscreen activated to show a young teenaged girl looking a little distressed. "Hi, we have a problem."

"Um, it's usually polite to introduce yourself and yes we've noticed," Older Kathryn said.

"Fine my name's Sasha, now can we talk?" the girl said.

"What seems to be the problem?" Older Kathryn sighed.

The Middle Kathryn walked up to her, "Sasha?"

"You know her?" Older Kathryn asked.

"Yes, in our reality she's James and Jessie's second child," Middle Kathryn replied.

"Oh that explains the familiar feeling," James said.

"But she doesn't exist here, does she?" Tom questioned. "Though you are her dad, I get it."

Sasha looked a little nervous, "dad? Ok this is awkward. Um, the problem."

"Yes what is it?" Middle Kathryn asked.

"I'm looking for someone, I don't know which Voyager he beamed to when we got here," Sasha replied.

"Ok, we have advanced Borg sensors, we'll find any new guests," Older Kathryn said.

Meanwhile on the Present Day Voyager

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie climbed out of the bed, with her left palm against her cheek. She heard movement coming from one of the rooms. Like she didn't give a damn about it, she walked straight in the living area. "Please be a demon."

A man was heard talking from the other room. "Hey that's not right, which is..."

"That doesn't sound like a demon," Jessie mumbled. "Meh." She shrugged and sat down.

The bedroom door opened, a young teenaged boy stepped in. As the lights were off his face was hidden in the shadows.

"Could be a vamp," Jessie said to herself, sounding a little hopeful.

The boy stepped closer, "mum?"

Jessie's eyes widened in confusion, then turned her head toward him. "Um I think you got the wrong quarters."

"Um what year is it here?" the boy asked.

"Year here?" Jessie muttered.

"You don't know, look out the window," the boy said.

Jessie glanced behind her at the window, "holy crap, where are we? I was wondering why it seemed reddish in here." She calmed down instantly, glancing back in front of her. "Neh why do I care. Look um you don't want to be here, it's depressing."

The boy stepped out of the shadows, "ok this is awkward. This isn't like me but, what's wrong?"

"Don't go there," Jessie replied. "Look I mean it, you're in the wrong quarters."

The boy looked at a computer screen, then back at her. She finally looked at him, something about his boyish yet handsome face seemed familiar to her. "Actually I'm not."

Jessie stood up and walked closer. "You look familiar, oh, oh god." She put a hand on her baby bump, "you must be..."

"No um, again awkward. I just checked on that computer, it's only 72," the boy said. "That's my brother actually, I mean brother slash sister, crap."

Jessie glanced out the window briefly, "ok just when it was making sense it stops doing that."

"I'm even more confused myself," the boy said.

The Bridge:

Tuvok sat in the Captain's Chair, the far future Voyager's bridge was on the viewscreen. "Is there a problem, Captains?"

"One of the new ships told us that a member of their crew escaped just as they arrived. We've localised him to our ship," Kathryn said.

Middle Kathryn sighed, "he's very dangerous, you need to catch him before he hurts anyone."

"Where is he?" Tuvok asked as he stood up.

James/Jessie's Quarters:

Jessie and the boy were sitting on the chairs, he kept avoiding looking at her.

"I don't get it though, your father, well this one's anyway, is gone and..." Jessie said, turning pale and sickly. "God I hate saying that. Anyway you being here means that you have a different father, but I refuse to believe I'd ever."

The boy looked up briefly, "72, oh yeah dad mentioned it, it's just temporary."

Jessie stared blankly at him, "ok I know James was good at close calls but he couldn't survive being disintre... oh god." She put a hand across her mouth, "this doesn't make sense."

"Yeah well, I don't know the technicals. I was barely one when I was told about it," the boy said.

"So he comes back?" Jessie asked, still looking a bit sick. "So, what's your name?"

"Duncan," he replied. She put a hand over her face and started to cry. "Oh hey, it's not that bad a name," he stuttered, moving closer to her. He put an arm around her.

"No no, it's a nice name. It suits you," Jessie cried, glancing toward him. "I just, you said the Voyagers aren't just from other times, some are other dimensions. James couldn't possibly come back, your dimension must have been different."

"I don't know honestly, if dad told me more then I'd be able to help you," Duncan said.

"It's ok, we won't remember this right," Jessie said. She looked at him directly, "you look so much like him. Except your eyes are brown, I think." Duncan nervously looked away. "I'm sorry it's the lack of light." The door chimed, "um who is it?"

Duncan literally jumped off the chair, "I'm not here."

"Why what's wrong?" Jessie asked.

The door opened slightly on its own, a hand slipped in to pull it the rest of the way open. Duncan then stood behind Jessie's chair. Sasha stepped in with a few scared Security guys and Tuvok behind her, all holding rifles but her.

"What's going on?" Jessie asked, standing up.

"Jessie, step away from the boy," Tuvok said.

"Why should I, he's..." Jessie muttered.

"This is Jessie?" Sasha asked, glancing back at Tuvok briefly.

He ignored her, "he's an Evil Slayer."

Jessie stared at nothing in particular with wide eyes, "what, no he can't be." Duncan backed away a little, she looked at him. "Dark eyes, oh god."

"No don't *oh god*, I didn't come here to hurt you," he said. "We just talked."

"Duncan, what did you tell her you blonde ass?" Sasha snapped.

Duncan scowled back at her, "nothing really, stop your screeching."

Jessie put her hand across her forehead, "what the hell is going on?"

"You have to get away from him," Sasha replied.

"Oh never mind, forget it," Duncan muttered. He stepped forward toward them. "I just wanted to see mum."

"Come on Duncan, I'm not falling..." Sasha said.

"I'm not that far gone, Sash. You know how much I loved mum," Duncan said.

"Aaaw really," Jessie placed a hand on her chest. "Wait, did something happen to me?"

Sasha and Duncan glanced at her uncomfortably, then looked back at each other. Tuvok stepped forward to grab Duncan's arm, he kicked him in the knee cap, making him lose his balance. "Rude, we were talking."

"Yep, James is his father all right," Jessie muttered.

Sasha went forward to attack Duncan, he only blocked her punches. "Sasha stop it, for god's sake." She settled for kneeing him in the chest after he ducked one punch.

"Then why did you come here?" she asked.

Duncan straightened back up, "like I said."

"If that's true then you wouldn't mind going to the brig," Tuvok said.

Duncan raised an eyebrow, "um no, I would mind. I'm here to see my mum."

"You're in the wrong time for dad, you could have picked..." Sasha said. Duncan cleared his throat and widened his eyes. "I mean for your dad, um that person."

"God you suck," he muttered.

Jessie stared blankly at the two, "ok so that's three kids so far. Wait if James comes back, how come you're talking about us like you haven't seen us in ages." She sat down looking a little worn out, "this is too confusing." Her eyes lit up a little, "um is any version of him visiting by any chance?"

"Eew mum, gross," Duncan muttered.

Jessie looked at him in shock, "no no, I'm not. I just thought it would make me feel better. Maybe not."

"Ok so instead of the brig," Sasha said.

Duncan groaned, "what would be the point in killing anyone if the timeline gets erased. Don't bother."

"Ok, that's my boy," Jessie sarcastically said. She stood back up, "I need to lie down and wake up from this weird dream, and the nightmare before it hopefully." She walked back to her room.

"Well done Dunc," Sasha muttered.

Astrometrics on 2390 Voyager:

Present Craig stepped in holding a padd, he handed it to one of the B'Elanna's. "Thanks."

Lena stood next to that B'Elanna, she glanced briefly at Craig. "Hey."

Craig frowned, "hey um, Lara or something right?"

Lena stared at him, "what?"

"Sorry you just, I wasn't expecting you to be friendly at all," Craig replied.

Lena managed to raise both her eyebrows, "oh, that's nice what people think of me. Why did you call me Lara?"

"That's what you said. You look younger than the one I met," Craig stuttered nervously, trying too hard to hide his blushing cheeks. "I'm sorry."

"I've already changed my name once, I doubt I'd do it again," Lena said.

"Oh, the older one was probably just joking around with me," Craig said, smiling nervously. "You're a lot nicer than the one I met, maybe she's from an alternate dimension or something."

"What, a nasty dimension?" B'Elanna smirked.

Craig looked down at his feet, looking ashamed. "I'm so sorry, please forget this." He rushed out.

Lena glanced at B'Elanna, she quickly followed him. "Wait."

Craig stopped, he slowly turned around. "It's Lena, I was right the first time."

"Yeah that's right, how did you know?" Lena smiled.

Craig shrugged his shoulders, "it's a pretty name."

"And Tani isn't?" Lena smirked at him.

"Lena suits you, Tani doesn't," Craig said, blushing a little too much. "Maybe your future self was mad at me, well her timeline's me."

"Probably but sometimes I do tease you, don't take it personally," Lena said.

Craig looked away briefly, "so when do we rescue you from the Borg?"

"How did you know I was?" Lena questioned. She sighed, looking at her hand with the assimilation tubules on. "Dumb question. Um it'll be a few years, but you'll rescue some stupid blonde one first. She has trouble seeing her feet cos, you know are so big and she's so annoying. She makes my superior complex seem non existent compared to her."

"Thanks for the warning but we won't remember it," Craig said. "You don't seem like you act all superior, but I'd understand if you did."

"Oh, and why's that?" Lena asked, folding her arms, eyeing him suspiciously.

"It should be easy to act superior when you are, but it's more deserved if you don't realise it fully," Craig replied.

Lena smiled, shaking her head. "Being Borg doesn't make me superior."

"I wasn't talking about that," Craig smiled. He turned to walk away.

"Uh huh. You know I haven't ate in a few hours, do you want to join me? I hear Neelix was replaced by an actual cook on this ship," Lena said.

Craig turned around, his whole face was red by now. "Yeah sure, I'd love to."

Lena grinned as she walked up to catch up to him, she attached herself to his arm. "Just one condition, stop blushing."

"I'll work on it," he said.

Meanwhile:

The adult Duncan walked down the corridor with Jessie holding his arm. "So you're not..."

"I'm evil yeah, but I'm holding it back for you," Duncan said.

"That's sweet," Jessie said, patting the arm she held. "I don't understand why you're like this. I want better for you."

"I'm sorry I'm a disappointment," Duncan said.

"No you're not. Even though you're evil you still act like a pleasant, witty young man. I'm sure evil means for a Slayer that you lose yourself, you haven't," Jessie said.

"How do you know that I was like this before?" Duncan asked, smirking slightly.

Jessie smiled back at him, "mother's intuition, mum's always right."

"And dad supposedly was witty too," Duncan said.

Jessie looked at him in surprise, "in a sarcastic way sometimes, yes."

"I may have lost him when I was a year old, but I do remember him well," Duncan said.

"That's one hell of a memory you have there, but he is memorable I'll give him that," Jessie said. "I hate to ask but, what happened to me and your father, and please tell me I was first."

Duncan glanced down at the ground, "you were, why would you want to hear that?"

"If it's true that your father is coming back, I don't fancy going through this horrible grief stage again," Jessie replied. "Sorry if I upset you."

"It's ok," Duncan said.

Jessie sighed, "if I died first, and you were what one when your dad did. I find it odd that your sister looks about a year younger than you."

"Yeah, the doc learned a few tricks to keep her alive after you..." Duncan said, trailing off. "She never met you, and she doesn't remember dad either as she was only a screaming baby at the time."

"It's probably easier for her then," Jessie said. "So, is there any girlfriends I should know about?"

Duncan glanced at her, looking disgusted, "ew, no."

Jessie laughed briefly, she rested her head against his shoulder, "that's what I like to hear, unless it's boyfriends?"

"Are you trying to make me ill?" Duncan asked.

"Just checking, I didn't want to be the kind of mum who makes that mistake," Jessie said, giggling slightly.

"But you obviously wanted to be the kind of mum who tries to scare off potential love interests," Duncan said.

"Oh yeah, naturally," Jessie said.

Duncan grinned slightly, "huh cool. What about Sasha?"

"I think your father would have been overprotective enough for her without me on her back as well," Jessie smirked in response. They walked in to the Mess Hall.

At one of the tables Lena and the Present Craig were talking like they were old friends at a table near the window. Craig's face was still slightly red though. At another table all of the Kathryn's were discussing the situation, all with coffee's to help them concentrate. Obviously the tables around them were empty.

At another table the present Damien and his future self were talking to each other. "I know, I got rid of the old coot by coaxing him into another dimension. Haven't seen him since," the older one said.

"Maybe I should do that, He is making me more crazed than usual," Present Damien said.

"It only gets worse," Older Damien said. "Though the whole possessing people is kinda cool."

"It sounds it," Present Damien smiled evilly.

A friendly looking alien woman walked up to them, she left a tray on the table. "Here's your two strawberry and rhubarb sundae with yogurt." She walked off. The two Damien's grabbed their huge sundae bowls.

Present Tom watched them looking worried. B'Elanna sat next to him reading a padd. "Look at them, they're probably plotting something evil together."

"The only evil thing the Captain army could do is raid the other Voyagers for real coffee," B'Elanna muttered.

"I wouldn't put it passed them," Tom said, glancing at her. "I meant Damien anyway, two of them are talking."

"The most evil thing Damien's ever done is recruit Justin Timberlake, stop worrying," B'Elanna said.

Tom sighed in relief, "good point."

A young male teenager that looked around B'Elanna's height stopped at their table, he sat down next to them. "Hey."

"Hi," the two said, glancing at one another.

Tom noticed the teen had Klingon facial ridges that were just like B'Elanna's. "Oh you're part Klingon."

"Quarter yeah, you know that," the teen said, staring at him like he was stupid. He clicked his fingers, and blushed madly. "Sorry, I should have realised that you're younger than my parents."

B'Elanna looked up in shock, "what?"

The teen smiled nervously, "oops, bye." He rushed off.

"A teenaged son huh, he must belong to this timeline," Tom said, smiling.

"Why does my child have Klingon ridges?" B'Elanna asked, almost growling.

Tom looked nervous, "I don't know, cos he's quarter Klingon maybe?"

"Don't be smart with me," B'Elanna muttered. "It doesn't suit you."

"Sometimes your words hurt more than violence," Tom said.

"Well I'll hit you to make you feel better, if you want," B'Elanna smiled.

Tom shook his head, "no but thanks."

"Anytime," B'Elanna said.

All three Kathryn's slammed their cups against the table at the same time, "more coffee, damn it!" Everyone nearest to them, moved their chairs further away.

Later

Astrometrics:

This time a lot more crewmembers were there, having a meeting.

"There's still an echo around the source ship," Older B'Elanna said.

Lena nodded, "now we just have to figure out what to do with it."

Older Damien walked over to stand next to a young alien girl whose facial expression looked like Seven's used to when she wasn't crazy. "I'm assuming the Tolg know what I know about dimensional stuff."

"You assume right," she replied. Everyone looked at her oddly. "The Tolg assimilated him not long after his body was ejected into space."

"Good then you'll be able to back me up here. These kind of rifts can be opened like a packet of crisps, but only to huge outbursts of energy," Damien said.

"How much energy?" Chakotay asked.

"Oh a few warp core breaches should do it," Damien replied.

Kathryn rolled her eyes, "I hope you have a substitute."

"Well as fun as it would be, yes luckily there is one as blowing up ships would destroy the source ship," Damien said. "It won't really open the rift unless we fire at it with this energy at certain points."

Nikki nodded, "however we don't have the means to fire out that much energy on all of the ships. This one has the means, the others don't."

"Can we adapt those means to the other ships?" Harry questioned. "It should be easy considering it's the same ship."

Lena sighed, "maybe we don't have to."

Sickbay:

Michael stood with his arms folded with a look of uncertainty on his face. The Doctor walked up to him, "what's the matter?"

"Couldn't you of gotten a babysitter each for him, I'm dreading what'll happen if you don't split them up," Michael replied.

The Doctor looked toward one of the biobeds, the adult Duncan was busy telling a story to his three younger selves.

"And then he said *you have quite the imagination, you'd be a great addition to the demon assassins*. He didn't mean they were assassins for demons either," he said. "They assassinate leaders, and whatnot's children to weaken them for their clients."

"So then what, did you join?" the one year old Duncan asked.

"Ha no, but you should have seen what I did with all of their heads," Adult Duncan smirked. "Oh I can't, damn."

Thirteen year old Duncan grinned, "you can tell me."

"Hmm, how old are you?" Adult Duncan asked.

Thirteen year old Duncan looked away nervously, "fifteen, or is this story rated eighteen?"

"Nice try, but I could do better than that," a Duncan who looked about nine said, rolling his eyes.

By this time Season Three James had walked in and was watching them. "I don't know how he does it. I couldn't hang out with lots of me's."

"Yes well, some people like their own company," the Doctor smiled.

James looked at him, eyebrow raised, "you're going to hang out with multiple you's aren't you?" The Doctor nodded in response.

"God that's sad," Michael said. "Duncan's only hanging out with himself cos every single one, but the one from my time, decided to escape nursery or school. And there's only one person willing to babysit."

"Yeah but he seems to be doing ok," James said. "I wasn't fancying seeing the evil Duncan from that alternate future I was told about. He's not that bad though, I was a lot worse."

"You haven't been listening to his stories for the last ten minutes," Michael said. "He promised me he'd tell ones more appropriate for kids as well."

In: "Janeway to everybody who doesn't belong in this timeline. Report to Conference."

"Doc, keep watching Duncan's," James said. The Doctor nodded.

Adult Duncan headed over, "actually I'm giving myself a headache, can I go too?"

"I guess so," James replied. He and his two teenaged sons stepped out.

The Conference Room:

The room was crowded as it was filled with a lot of characters from all four ships, as well as Duncan and Sasha.

"Each of the Voyager's deflectors will fire at a specific point around the blackened out Voyager, each one taking a different point. It should reverse the affect," Harry said.

"Will this take us back to our own times or pack us all into one place?" Present Kathryn asked.

"It should undo the rift like it never existed, taking us back to the point right before we encountered it," Lena replied. "However Tani and I, and of course other versions of us will remember this while you guys won't."

"We should attempt this asap, we've had a few close calls," Tom said.

"Agreed," Kathryn said. "However for the more primitive Voyagers, this'll be our only chance. If it doesn't work, this Voyager will have to recruit others as it'll be the only one able to do it."

"It should work though, there's no reason why it shouldn't," Lena said.

James sighed, "oh there is." He walked over to the wall panel, he pressed in a few commands. It showed a damaged, smoky bridge and two men were talking. One of them was Frenit. "I managed to hack into one Voyager, and they've got a few old friends in charge."

Kathryn frowned as she stepped closer, "how did he?"

"Shh," James muttered.

Everyone kept quiet to listen to the conversation. "We'll be able to make a huge army out of these humans, take their ships and go around the entire quadrant with them," Frenit said. "We may have to deal with a few more Slayers, but hopefully if the plan goes right they won't even suspect a thing until it's too late."

James turned off the video, "I don't think Frenit's going to let us ruin his plans, even though he can't actually take all Voyagers out of here like he thinks."

Older Kathryn nodded, "what we need is a distraction while we do this." She looked toward Duncan and Sasha, then at James and Lena. "We have two generations of Chosens on board, two more James' that are Chosen and Natural. I say we should give Frenit a little scare."

"One of the James' is a Natural, weird," Tom said.

Lena ignored him, "there's one problem."

"She has a death phobia," James added on. "It might not count for vamps, you don't know."

"Oh I do know, they're dead," Lena muttered. "Before I got it we had a little incident where one vamp tried to sire one of us on the Borg Sphere. Since vamps don't have working hearts, only one part of him was assimilated, quite funny actually."

"Yes I'm sure it was," Middle Kathryn muttered.

"I'm sure you'll manage Lena," Older Kathryn said. "If I remember right Frenit didn't have many of his friends on board in one of our allies time, right?" Present Kathryn nodded her head. "It won't take long to kill them, with this many Chosens Frenit won't be boasting for long."

"So we're agreed," Present Kathryn said. She nodded at the other Kathryn's, they all said the same thing at once, "let's do it."

The Bridge:

"We're ready," an older Harry wearing a lieutenant pip said.

Older Kathryn looked toward her viewscreen, "on my mark, fire toward designated co-ordinates. Harry when I raise my finger, send the signal to the transporter room. We have to get this right."

"Yes ma'am," Harry and an unknown person at Tactical said.

Kathryn raised her finger into the air, Harry nodded.

The Transporter Room:

Adult Duncan stepped onto the transporter pad, where his sister, three versions of his dad, and Lena stood also. Two Jessie's were standing nearby, both looking worried.

"I'll make you proud for once mum," Duncan said as he turned to face her.

The older Jessie smiled, shaking her head, "I've always been, just be careful ok."

"Yeah me too, but it probably means more from this one," the younger Jessie said awkwardly.

The older Jessie glanced at her briefly, eyebrow raised. "Ok James, er James's, you know the drill."

The James the same age as her shook his head, "I know, if I get killed you'll be mad."

"Sounds about right," Season Five James muttered.

"I think she should be saying it to me, at least you two are Chosens," the older James said. He looked a bit weirded out, "I really shouldn't talk to myself, it's a sign of craziness."

"It gives you a headache actually," Duncan smiled.

Sasha groaned, "I'm surprised your ego wasn't petted the whole time."

"Energise before the team start fighting each other," the older James ordered.

Transporter girl nodded, she keyed in the commands.

Present Voyager:

"We've received the signal, the Slayer army has been beamed to the vampire ship," Harry said.

"Fire Mister Tuvok," Kathryn ordered.

The viewscreen showed the powerless Voyager, then four blue beams firing around it. The ship started shaking violently.

"It's working Captain, the rift is destabilising," Harry said.

"We can't keep this up for anymore than a minute," B'Elanna said from the Engineering station.

Kathryn and Chakotay quickly sat in their chairs. "How long do we have to keep this up?"

"Forty seconds," Harry replied. The shaking got worse, he held on for a dear life. "Thirty seconds."

A different Voyager:

Frenit snarled at his vampire minions, "for god's sake, disrupt that!"

A transporter beam surprised them all. The Slayer awayteam stood in the centre of the bridge.

Even Frenit managed to look worried, "aah crap."

"Ok whoever never got a chance to kill this guy, can attack him," Season Three James said.

Season Five James grumbled, "ugh fine." Everyone split up. Duncan, Season Five and far future James attacked the vamps on the bridge. Sasha decided to attack the minion at the helm. Season Three James and Lena picked Frenit.

Present Voyager:

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five," Harry counted down.

"We're losing power to the deflector!" B'Elanna yelled over the noise.

"One," Harry said.

There was a flash of light which blinded them. Outside the rift disappeared, so did the other Voyagers.

The Bridge:

"She knew him, there's a history," Chakotay sighed.

"Oh yeah, she used to be his babysitter, one of the few things we had in common," Tom said. "I wonder if..."

"No she wouldn't care as much if you died," Chakotay muttered.

Tom pouted his lips, "you don't know that."

"Oh but I do," Chakotay said.

In: "Engineering to the Bridge."

Chakotay slapped his commbadge, "what is it?"

In: "Can you report here, it's urgent."

"On my way," Chakotay said. He headed for the turbolift.

Tom sighed, "Harry, do you ever get that weird feeling of deja vu or the feeling that an episode's just flew by?"

"No cos we haven't technically experienced the original Season One, though our first season I remember a few flew by's," Harry replied.

"No not like that, I mean that something happened but nothing did you know?" Tom said.

Harry nodded, "what like a time episode?"

"Ohno stupid, the last one lasted longer for me than you," Tom muttered. "And the one before that was pretty long, oh there was also..."

Harry groaned, "ok if I said *yes I get the weird feeling too*. You know in answer to your first question, would you stop prattling on?"

Tom glanced back at him, "yes I would."

"Ok I get a weird feeling too Tom," Harry muttered.

Tom smiled, "well done Harry."

"Ok there's the deja vu," Harry said quietly.

******THE END******