

The Illogical Female Mind.

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As soon as he signed off, the communication's console in his quarters flashed and beeped to indicate an incoming message. However, this transmission, unlike the last, was coming from inside the Enterprise. He flipped the switch.

"Spock here."

The screen sprang to life and the chief communication's officer's face filled the screen.

"Well?" she said.

He was momentarily puzzled. The word *well*, for humans, had various meanings. He decided immediately that she was not referring to a location to collect water. Additionally, the inflection in her voice seemed to indicate that she was posing a question rather than making a statement. As to the nature of that question, he had no indication. He would need to pose his own question, and according to the logic of human females, posing a question to answer a question would only serve to irritate them both.

"To what do you refer, Miss Uhura?"

He heard her make a noise that signaled the first sign of irritation. He also could have done without seeing her eyes roll.

"What did your mother say?" she asked, impatiently.

His brow creased.

"My mother?"

"You just called home, didn't you? What did she have to say?"

His brows lifted.

"How did you know that I spoke to my mother?"

She snapped at him, “Is that a serious question?”

“Miss Uhura, I hardly think that I, as a Vulcan, would consider injecting humor into a situation such as this.”

She barred her teeth as she spoke.

“Mr. Spock, I am the chief communications officer on-board the finest starship in the fleet. I *think* I can distinguish the not so subtle differences between four-hundred and twenty seven transmissions sent to the planet Earth and one transmission being sent to the planet Vulcan.”

He remained silent for a few moments before he replied.

“Noted.”

They stared at each other for several long seconds before Uhura began blinking rapidly.

“Well?”

“And again, we return the starting point of our recent debate.”

Uhura grimaced. The first officer, if he wasn't purposely trying to be funny, was obviously choosing to be obtuse. She spoke plainer.

“Does your mother mind that you are bringing a guest home with you while you are on leave, Mr Spock?”

“Mind? Why would she mind?”

“Wait a minute, did you even ask her?”

“I assume you are asking me if I asked her if I could bring you home with me while I visit?”

Uhura looked heavenward for strength. Spock continued.

“If that is indeed your question, then the answer is no. I did not ask her if I could bring you home with me for a visit.”

“And why not?”

“Miss Uhura, the facts are these: It is my home on my ancestral lands. I may invite whomever I wish, whenever I wish.”

“That is not an answer.”

“Quite the contrary, that is an answer and a relatively simple one: I do not need to seek permission.”

She hated when he got like this.

“Call her back!”

“As I stated quite clearly—”

“Call her back!”

Kirk, who was sitting just to the front of the communication’s station had been monitoring the conversation from the captain’s chair, and had grown increasingly irritated by the back and forth going on between the two officers. He got up from his own chair, walked directly to communications, and crouched down until his own face filled the screen.

“Dammit, Spock, call her back!”

Spock pressed his lips together, switched off his communications console, and counted to four.

1. Breathe in... I am in control of my emotions.

2. Breathe out... I control my emotions so they do not control me.

3. Breathe in... I am a logical being.

4. Breathe out... Human females are highly illogical

He flipped the switch to turn the unit back on. Uhura’s face still filled the screen.

“What’s taking you so long?”

* * * * *

It had all began with McCoy.

As usual it was McCoy who first noticed when there was something wrong with the crew. And, as usual, he always made sure he reported it to the Captain in the monthly medical briefing.

“Make it quick, Bones, I am a very busy man,” said Kirk sliding into the briefing room chair next to his first officer.

“Crew leave,” he stated succinctly.

Kirk had heard it all before. “I told you Bones, I’ll take leave when I have time to take, leave.”

“Not you, Jim,” said McCoy, glancing in the first officer’s direction.

“Well, I know you don’t mean Spock. Spock has always claimed that he doesn’t need leave.”

“Oh, really?” said McCoy smugly. “Are you sure about that?”

Kirk blinked. “What? Am I missing something?”

“Captain,” interjected Spock before the doctor could add his own snide comments relating to Vulcan anatomy, “I have decided to take two weeks leave at the end of this month.”

Kirk looked askance. “Oh? That’s very... surprising.” He then furrowed his brow. “I thought you said you didn’t require rest.”

“True. To rest is to rest. Through both meditation and reflection I am well-rested. However, my mother-” Spock’s comment faded. He sighed and lifted both brows.

Kirk laughed and swatted at the air. “Say no more; I know all about mothers. And, you’re in luck, I can drop you off on Argus II in a couple of days and from there you can catch the weekly transport directly to Vulcan.”

“That was my intent.”

McCoy now spoke.

“You know who else I would like to see take a little leave?”

“Who?”

“Uhura. She hardly ever goes and she really needs to get off this ship for a while. She nearly took my head off this morning when I reminded her to come by for her physical. She has almost as much accumulated leave as you and Spock.”

“Oh, no, Bones! Absolutely not. I need her for the Uldosian trade negotiations. The Uldosian delegation only like to deal with other females—they do not like men.”

McCoy made an impatient gesture with his hand. “You can use Palmer on this one.”

“Bones,” replied Kirk sighing tiredly, “that’s two senior officers off the ship at the same time. It will be hard enough around here without Spock.”

“Fine time to start playing favorites!”

“Who said anything about favorites?”

“Oh, so Spock can go away for a few weeks and to hell with everybody else!”

“When Spock comes back from Vulcan I will see that Uhura gets all the leave she wants.”

“No, Jim, I’m putting my foot down on this one. You take her for granted, you always do. She works harder than anyone else on the ship and she puts up with your mood swings without complaint. The woman has to be on the verge of going bat-shit-.”

Kirk groaned.

“Fine, Bones, fine! She is authorized to take leave. Are you happy? Not that she’s going to agree. But answer this, where is she going to go? We’re out in the middle of no where as it is and there isn’t a Starbase for twenty light years. And I hardly think she wants to spend two weeks on Argus II; hell, I don’t even think the Argusians was to spend two weeks on Argus II.”

“What about Vulcan?”

Spock swiveled around in his chair at McCoy's comment and raised an eyebrow.

"Don't you think you'd better ask our first officer if he wants Uhura tagging along with him on his vacation."

"Who said anything about tagging along? Vulcan is a very large planet. I am quite certain that she will be more than happy to be on one side, while our pointy-eared friend here in on the other."

Kirk took the heels of both hands and rubbed them across both his eyes. McCoy's arguments had both wore him out and wore him down. Straightening up, he flipped the switch on the comm unit.

"Lieutenant Uhura to briefing room one."

Uhura's voice broke back. "Aye, aye, sir."

McCoy sat back in his chair, grinning like a cat who had gotten all the cream.

"You needn't be so full of yourself, Bones," replied the captain, staring at his friend, trying to look stern, and failing.

"How often do I get the last word?"

"You haven't gotten it yet. Ten credits says she'll say no."

"Oh yea of little faith. But I'll happily take your money. And you need to sell it; not some halfhearted attempt to get her to go. Deal?"

"Deal."

A few moments later the door to the briefing room swished open. Three sets of eyes and chairs swiveled around to face Lieutenant Uhura upon her entrance. Kirk and McCoy both smiled warily, Spock merely regarded her blankly. She was immediately on her guard.

"Lieutenant Uhura reporting as ordered, Captain."

"At ease, Lieutenant, at ease. Come in and take a seat," said Kirk gesturing for her to come forward.

She hesitated for a fraction of a second before taking a seat on the empty side of the table. Kirk had folded his hands before him and placed them on the table surface. Doctor McCoy was grinning and turning his chair back and forth with anticipation. Spock simply sat there looking on, his arms folded across his chest. Kirk spoke.

“I’m sure you are wondering why I called you here this morning, Lieutenant?”

Uhura gave a slight nod of the head but said nothing.

“I’ve been talking to the doctor and he informs me that you have quite a bit of leave built up.”

She nodded again, turning suspicious eyes upon the doctor.

“He thinks, as do I, that you can do with a little time off.”

McCoy threw the captain a look of perturbation for taking partial credit for his own idea.

“What do you have to say, Uhura?”

Uhura was thoughtful for a moment before she replied.

“Am I being punished for something, Captain?”

Kirk’s look was amused, though incredulous.

“Since when is leave considered a punishment?”

Uhura paused before answering.

“When am I to take this leave exactly?”

“I was thinking about the end of the week.”

She started shaking her head before she answered.

“Out of the question, sir—the Uldosian negotiations—I can’t possibly go now—I have prepared—”

“Now, now,” said Kirk raising his hand to stop her, “you let me worry about the Uldosians. Give all your notes to Palmer and bring her up to speed. I’m going to let her take the lead on this one.”

“But the end of the week—that gives me no time to plan—and we’re at least three weeks away from the nearest starbase. I’d have to get brochures and make reservations. No, it’s just not a good time.”

“I’ve already thought about that,” added Kirk, smiling charmingly even though he knew full well that she had always been immune to his charms. “We’ll be moving into Argusian space in a couple of days and Argus II—”

Uhura’s eyes widened in horror and disbelief. “You expect me to take a vacation at a borite mining facility. You expect me to spend my entire leave breathing toxic gases and swimming in radioactive lakes?”

“Of course not, Lieutenant. There’s a freighter that transports ore to the planet Vulcan every two weeks—”

“Vulcan?” she exclaimed. “I don’t know anything about Vulcan. What am I supposed to do on Vulcan for two weeks?” she said incredulously, immediately regretting her harsh words when she caught the first officer looking at her strangely.

“I am sure that you will be able to think of something. I’m also certain that Mr. Spock would be willing to fill you in on all the delights awaiting you on his home planet. The Enterprise will drop you both off on Argus II and pick you back up again at the end of it all.”

She glanced at the first officer quickly. “So, Mr. Spock going on leave, too?”

Kirk smirked. “Is that a problem for you, Lieutenant?”

“Well then, if that’s the case, I can’t go, now can I?”

“And why is that?”

“Because that’s two senior officers off the Enterprise at the same time.”

Kirk threw the doctor a smug look as if to say “see” then turned back to his communication’s officer.

“Are you saying that you are indispensable, Lieutenant?”

“Of course not, sir?”

Uhura turned to the doctor and shot him a pleading look with her eyes. McCoy gave her a amused grin as if to say that he would be of no help at all.

“Are you saying,” added Kirk, sharply, to draw her attention back to him, “that I don’t know how to run my own ship?”

“No sir, I’m not saying that at all. But-”

“Am I going to have to make it an order?”

“No, sir.”

“Then the only answer should be: ‘Yes, sir. I would be delighted to take leave, sir. Thank you very much, sir.’”

“But, sir-”

Kirk widened his eyes. “Excuse me?”

Uhura folded her arms across her own chest, huffed, then grimaced. “Yes, sir. I would be delighted to take leave, sir. Thank you very much, sir.”

“Now, was that so hard?” He flicked his wrist. “Dismissed.”

Uhura, with one parting glance of obvious anger, stood and stomped from the briefing room. When she was gone, Kirk spun around to face McCoy.

“You owe me one, Bones.”

“On the contrary, Jim, you owe me ten. I’ll come by tonight to collect my credits.”

McCoy got up and swiftly exited the room. Kirk turned to Spock.

“Why do I get the impression that I have just been played?”

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It was at the end of the day, when the alpha shift was over that Spock found himself standing before the door to Lieutenant Uhura quarters. He rang the buzzer.

“Come.”

He entered and looked around. Her cabin had a pleasing warmth and aroma. He felt usually comfortable... that is, until she came around the corner and stood before him dressed in a long, sheer, diaphanous white caftan. He coughed slightly and cleared his throat involuntarily.

“Mr. Spock!” she exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise. “I thought you were Christine and Janice.”

“If you are expecting visitors I will not keep you.”

“You’re not keeping me from anything. It’s just a girl’s night. How may I help you?”

He held out a computer tablet. “This is for you.”

She took it from his hands, looked at it for a moment, then glance up, a question reflected in her expression.

“This morning, I believe you stated that you were unfamiliar with the the planet Vulcan. My home world is the cultural capital of the quadrant. There is art and music and many historical sights to view. I have taken the liberty of preparing a list of the various places to visit that might be of interest.”

Uhura smiled.

“That’s very kind of you, Mr Spock.” She turned the device on and began scrolling through the listings. She paused. “I don’t see any hotels listed. You’re going to have to suggest a good place to stay; I have no idea where to begin.”

“I was thinking—would you consider making Shi’Kahr your initial destination.”

“Shi’Kahr? That the capital right? That makes sense. I’m sure there are some very nice hotels there.”

“Certainly. However, I was wondering is you would like to stay in my own home?”

Uhura blinked. Her lips formed the word “*Oh*” and Spock watched as she glanced left then right, a gesture humans generally used when they were considering an alternative strategy.

“I couldn’t possibly intrude, Mr. Spock. But thanks, that was nice of you to offer.”

“On the contrary. I was not being, as you say, nice; I was being logical. Shi’Kahr and the surrounding area has much to offer in the way of places of note. My family home is on the outskirts of the city and a convenient distance from those places you may wish to visit. Additionally, I believe that my mother, as a human, would take delight in your company.”

“I would not wish to be in the way.”

“Miss Uhura, I would hardly believe you would be in the way. The house is a large one. My father, in his capacity as a Vulcan Ambassador, has often entertained off-world dignitaries. There are several suites to accommodate guests. You would find my home quite comfortable.”

They stared at each other for a second or two. Uhura was just about to say something more when the door buzzer sounded. Spock seemed to recollect himself and stood up straighter.

“Come,” said Uhura, glancing behind the Commander.

Christine and Janice entered. Janice was holding two bottles high up in the air: one Saurian brandy and one bottle of scotch.

“Look at what Scotty gave me!”

Christine, carrying several glasses, giggled. “Gave?”

They both stopped short upon seeing the first officer.

“Oh, Mr. Spock. Excuse me, sir. I didn’t see you there,” said Janice, slightly embarrassed.

Nurse Chapel had better luck with her composure. “If we’re interrupting we can come back.”

“On the contrary, Miss Chapel, I was just leaving.” Spock turned back to Uhura. “Please consider my proposal, Lieutenant.” He then turned, nodded to the other two women in the room and made his exit.

Janice was to first to speak. “Don’t tell me that he was bringing you work to do,” she said nodding to the tablet in Uhura’s hands.

“No, you heard him, he was offering me a proposal,” Uhura said, grinning coyly.

Christine laughed, but there was no humor whatsoever in her eyes. “Not a... *marriage* proposal, I hope.”

“Well, actually, he was, in a way, inviting me home to meet the parents.” She wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Janice snickered. “That ought to be really fun,” she said setting down the bottles in the kitchenette and digging through the drawers looking for the bottle opener.

“H-Home... to meet his parents?” questioned Christine.

“That’s right,” said Uhura, suddenly remembering. “You did spend quite a lot of time with Ambassador Sarek and his wife when they were on-board for the Babel conference a year ago. What are they like?”

“Nice... very nice. I mean, Lady Amanda was. Ambassador Sarek was...well, he is a Vulcan, isn’t he?”

“And hot!” said Rand, fanning herself. “That is one handsome-ass man; well, Vulcan-handsome-ass Vulcan, rather. What I wouldn’t do to see up under that-”

“Don’t finished that sentence,” laughed Uhura, pointing at her. “I might be meeting him in a few days and I certainly don’t want to be thinking what you’re thinking when I go shake his hand.”

“He’s not going to read your mind,” said Christine, “I don’t think it works that way. They only read minds when you permit them to read your mind.”

“Yeah, good thing for you, eh, Christine?”

Christine chose to ignore Janice's dig.

"So, what brought all this about?" asked Christine, trying to get to the bottom of it all.

"We're both taking leave at the end of the week and I'm going to Vulcan. Mr. Spock was only dropping off a list of places that I ought to visit. When I asked him to recommend a hotel he surprised me with an invitation to stay in the family home."

"Oh," said Christine, feeling a little better. "That's different then." At Uhura's furrowed brow, she felt the need to explain. "I mean, it's not like you'll actually going there to visit his parents; you're going there as a tourist. It ought to be interesting to see where Mr. Spock grew up."

"I'm not going to stay at his house, Christine!"

"Why on Earth, not," cried Janice.

"I would feel awkward. And to tell the truth, Ambassador Sarek kind of scares me. He's so—"

"Hot?" chimed in Janice, with her one-track mind.

"—disapproving and stern looking."

"Ummm. Disapproving and stern; yes, please!" said Janice, going all jiggly.

"And I'm sure I'll be offending him at every turn with my illogical human ways."

"The Ambassador married a human, for Pete's sake," said Janice, flopping down on Uhura's bed. "I think that means that he rather likes having human females around. Mrs. Sarek is one lucky woman. I think you should do it."

"I don't know. I'll think about it. Anyway, are we drinking or not?"

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And she did think about it. But she had several very important stipulations which the Vulcan did not seem to understand.

“And make sure that I won’t be in the way. And tell your mother that I will be no trouble. And let her know that she doesn’t have to do anything special. Now, call her back!” she snapped, again.

Spock regarded Lieutenant Uhura’s image on the screen for a moment. Her brusque manner to him was verging on insubordination and he would be well withing his rights as the first officer of the Enterprise to put her on report. He decided again that course, however: It would not be logical to begin their leave with a rift between them.

“Why Spock,” said Amanda Grayson to her son with obvious surprise when she saw her son’s face on the comm unit. “Two calls in one hour. What is it? Don’t tell me that you’ve already changed your mind about coming home.”

“No, Mother, I have not.” He sighed tiredly and got straight to the point. “I have invited a colleague from the Enterprise to make the journey home with me. They have asked, most vociferously, that your permission be obtained first before they agree to stay in our home.”

Amanda’s face radiated mischievously with her smile. “Oh, is *she* anyone that I know? Nurse Chapel, perhaps?”

Spock was clearly at a loss. “Miss Chapel?”

Amanda merely blinked slowly and smiled in the knowing way of hers. Spock’s lips instantly thinned with impatience.

“Your estimation of the current state of affairs is incorrect. Miss Chapel is not the individual who will be accompanying me home.”

“Well, then, who is *she*?”

“Mother, I have no idea why you assume automatically that it is a female that I am bringing home.”

“Well, it is a she, is it not? I mean, if it were Captain Kirk or Doctor McCoy you would have said something straight away and not gone through this ridiculous song and dance.”

Spock repressed the urge to roll his eyes.

“Noted.”

“Well?” she said.

There is was again, that word. He now rolled his eyes.

“I have asked Lieutenant Nyota Uhura to stay.”

“And?”

This illogical way of questioning him by both human females amazed him at that moment.

“I do not understand what you are asking of me, Mother.”

“Where is she from? What sorts of things does she like to eat? What type of things does she like to do.”

“I am sure that I do not know.”

“Think!” she said, aggravated.

Spock paused, going over everything in his mind that he knew about the Lieutenant.

“She is from Africa, from the area formally known as Tanzania.”

“Then I will put her in the south wing. It has a prospect that looks a lot like the Tanzanian plains.”

“She is also quite musical. She sings.”

“And there’s a concert of Iridian choral music next week; I’ll need to see about getting four tickets. What else?”

“She regularly participates in something called: girl’s night.”

“Ooo! So, lots of shopping and a visit to the spa, I should think. Well, that tells me everything I need to know. Darn, this means that I’ll need to get to the market first thing in the morning. And I ought to have a dinner party at least one night while she’s here and invite all of my friends to meet her. Really Spock, you could have told me all this sooner. What is she going to think of me? I’ll tell you what she’s going to think, she going to think that I don’t know

how to entertain people in my own home. You are just like you father, so inconsiderate sometimes.”

As she continued to rant and rave, Spock could not get a word in to tell his mother that the Lieutenant did not want her to go out of her way. Feeling harassed now from both ends of the spectrum, he thought it best to get off the comm as quickly as possible.

“I have to go, mother. Mother, I have to go. I am on duty in twenty-two point four minutes. I will see you this Friday. Goodbye, mother. Yes. Yes, Goodbye.”

He clicked off the comm unit and waited for the inevitable. He did not have to wait long.

The intraship transmission switch beeped and flashed red. He crossed his arms and he watched it blink on and off for several long seconds, refusing to answer it.

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Part 2

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When they were to meet in the transporter room at the start of their journey together, Spock was confronted with, what he considered, an alarming amount of luggage.

Compared to his one duffel bag, her two larger bags plus one smaller case sitting on the top, were very much in the extreme. Additionally, there was the unsettling fact that Lieutenant Uhura was late and nowhere to be seen.

His eyes moved from the bags to Mr Kyle.

“She forgot something, sir,” Kyle grinned, knowingly, almost as if he could guess exactly what the first officer was thinking.

Spock considered that a person with three pieces of luggage could hardly have forgotten anything— until he saw the fourth piece of luggage hanging from her shoulder when Uhura, dressed in civilian attire like he was, finally breezed through the door.

“I know, I know; I’m late,” she said, thinking it best to cut him off before he could complain.

She headed straight for the transporter pad, pausing, only momentarily, to retrieve the smaller of her three original pieces of luggage.

Spock glanced down at the two remaining pieces on the floor and then looked up at Uhura, raising an eyebrow in a silent question. She merely countered with a look that was the visual equivalent of the word: *Well?*

Frowning, he slung his own duffel bag over his shoulder, bent down, and picked up her bags with both his hands and stepped on to the platform himself.

“Energize,” he sighed.

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They were met by an Argusian attendant who would lead them to their transport for their overnight trip aboard the Vulcan freighter, *Rushan*.

The attendant bowed and addressed Uhura.

“I regret to inform you that the *Rushan* is delayed with repairs. They expect to get underway in two hours time. If you and your servant will follow me, I will conduct you to the waiting area.”

“Thank you,” she said, grinning, noticing the thinning of Spock’s lips upon hearing the word *servant*.

“This way, if you please,” said the man, moving off to lead the way.

“Yes, come along, *Servant*. You heard the man, and quickly now.”

Spock rolled his eyes heavenward, but said nothing; she reminded him so very much of Doctor McCoy at that instance, and like the doctor, Spock would let her amuse herself at his expense... for now.

They were shown into an large, empty lounge inside of a bio dome, and both looked up, just in time to see the Enterprise warping away in a flash of bright light. They both then turned their attention to the room itself and observed the various entertainment consoles and stations all around.

The attendant again addressed Uhura.

“The beverage center is programmed with fifteen hundred selections, several of them palatable to a human, and one, so I am told,” he eyed Spock briefly, “very adequate Vulcan tea. You are free to use the entertainment facilities. An officer from the Rushan will come for you at the appropriate time. All of Argus II wishes you a most satisfactory and uneventful journey.”

“Thank you,” said Uhura, nodding, as he left them alone.

Once he was gone she sighed and looked around.

“I’m up for a cup of coffee; how about you?” she asked stepping to the beverage station.

“Oh?” replied Spock, evenly, both brows lifted. “Are you sure you wish to get it yourself. As your *servant*, isn’t that my job?”

She giggled. “Now don’t be mad, it was all in good fun. He saw you with the luggage and just assumed.”

“Obviously,” said Spock, still sounding somewhat put out.

“Come on, Mr. Spock, don’t be like that, we’re on vacation; let’s start this time out on a pleasant footing. Now tell me what you want to drink.”

“Apparently, I have little choice beyond a very *adequate* Vulcan tea.”

She waved that statement away.

“You can drink all the Vulcan tea you want for the next fourteen days. You’re on vacation; live a little! I know, let me choose.”

However, before he could reply, she was making the selection for him.

“Computer, two raktajinos, extra hot, extra foam.”

“Raktajino?” questioned Spock, as he set their bags in a corner.

“Trust me, you’ll like it,” she smiled, looking, in Spock’s estimation, somewhat mischievous.

“I do not believe I wish to-”

She cut him off again. “You’re on vacation, remember; try something new!”

Spock conceded the point, sighed, and selected a table with a games unit in the center. As soon as he sat down, a holographic projection materialized up on top of the console.

“PLEASE STATE THE TYPE OF GAME YOU WISH TO PLAY,” stated the computer’s mild feminine voice.

“None,” said Spock, succinctly.

“WORKING—”NONE” IS NOT A GAME CURRENTLY IN MY DATABASE. PLEASE STATE THE TYPE OF GAME YOU WISH TO PLAY.”

“I do not wish to play a game.”

“WORKING—”I DO NOT WISH TO PLAY A GAME” IS NOT A GAME CURRENTLY IN MY DATABASE. PLEASE STATE THE TYPE OF GAME YOU WISH TO PLAY.”

Uhura laughed as she set his raktajino before him.

“Computer,” she said, addressing the game console, “show us a selection of games from Earth.”

“CLASSIC OR MODERN?”

“Oh, classic.. make that classic card games.”

“PLEASE STATE THE NUMBER OF PLAYERS?”

“Two,” she said, lifting both brows, daring the first officer to contradict her.”

“PLEASE STATE THE METHOD OF GAME INTERACTION FOR PLAYER ONE. EXAMPLE: HANDS, TENTACLES, TELEPATHY?”

“Hands, for both players,” she said.

“PLEASE STATE THE NUMBER OF HANDS AND DIGITS ON EACH HAND.”

“Two hands, five digits, for both players.”

“WORKING... THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF VARIOUS CLASSIC CARD GAMES ORIGINATING ON THE PLANET EARTH: POKER: FIVE CARD STUD. POKER: TEXAS HOLD’EM. CRAZY-EIGHTS. FISH. OLD MAID. UNO.”

“That’s it!” exclaimed Uhura, excitedly. “Computer, bring up Uno.”

“WORKING... DO YOU REQUIRE INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO PLAY THE GAME: UNO?”

“Well, Mr Spock, would you like instructions on how to play the game: Uno.”

“Miss Uhura, I hardly think-”

“No,” she cried, smilingly, cutting him off before he could wiggle his way out of it. “We do not require instructions. Deal.”

Two visual barriers rose up between them to prevent them from seeing each others hands just before the cards were dealt as digital projections on the table surface before them.

As Spock glanced down towards his cards, he got his first look at the beverage Uhura had provided him. It was dark and thick and steaming and possessed a frothy, white head. It did not look at all appealing.

“Miss Uhura, might I inquire what a raktajino is exactly?”

“No,” she said, suddenly, “now drink up. And I get to start the game first.”

Between them, on the table surface, the computer had projected a blue card with the number eight as the “up” card. Uhura smiled smugly and tapped the

screen behind her barrier. A Wild card appeared... a wild card that also said Draw Four. The computer dealt four additional cards behind Spock's barrier.

"PLAYER ONE," said the computer, "PLEASE STATE THE COLOR YOU WISH TO PROCEED WITH."

"Blue," said Uhura.

Spock looked up and locked eyes with his fellow officer.

"That is illogical, Miss Uhura."

She flashed an incredulous expression before asking, "Why is it illogical?"

"Because, if you had a blue card to lay down to begin with you should have laid it down on the blue eight."

"I didn't want to. Besides, just because I didn't lay a blue card down right then, doesn't mean that it is illogical."

Looking doubtful, Spock said nothing more, and laid down a blue five on top of Uhura's Wild Card..

Uhura now tapped her screen in rapid succession. On top of Spock blue five card, she laid down a blue *Skip* card, another blue *Skip* card, ending with another blue card that said: Draw Two.

"Who's illogical now?" She teased, smiling widely, her eyes shining.

"I do not wish to play this game any more," said Spock, highly perturbed and not caring in the least that he was showing it.