



MONDAY, DECEMBER 05, 2005

## Enterprise Christmas Party (Part One)

Welcome to the first day of the Enterprise Christmas Party.

I shall be taking a back seat mostly this week, as a group of people each day relate their experiences at the party.

I will change them daily around 6pm English time (1pm EST).

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To start us off, we go to [Nic](#) who has this:

When I arrived at the Enterprise Christmas party, only slightly fashionably late, it was already in relatively full swing. I was a little famished from the long journey. After all, I had traveled across 3 centuries and several galaxies to get here. I headed over to the extremely lavish refreshment table - *yum* , *a roast beef carving station!*, where Worf was staring across the room at Riker and Deanna, who had conveniently stepped under some mistletoe next to the enormous, brilliantly lit and decorated Christmas tree.

Deanna had on a slinky red dress that fit like a second skin - *how in the world did she fit into that thing? With a shoe horn?! She also wore a mischievous, slightly drunken smile on her face and was pulling Riker to her by his God-awful blinking Christmas tie. Haven't those been outlawed yet in the 24th century? Where on earth did he get that monstrosity? Oh, yeah, we're not on earth.*

Deanna wrapped her arms around Riker, did a little shimmy and then planted a full kiss on Riker's mouth.

\*CRASH-TINKLE\*

I turned my head and saw Worf trying to clean up the mess he had made when he crushed the delicate crystal brandy snifter in his fist. Not sure if it was Saurian or Rigelian brandy that he just wasted. He was looking around to make sure nobody noticed his rather uncharacteristic little outburst. Our eyes met and he looked

slightly chagrined at letting his emotions show so easily. I pretended to not have noticed and just offered a friendly smile and looked away quickly. No need to get on Worf's bad side! By the thunderclouds forming behind his eyes as he looked back to the mistletoe where Deanna and Riker were still at it, I figured I could grab a bite of the roast beef later, even though my rumbling tummy chose loudly at that moment to exclaim otherwise.

I decided I might as well get something to drink since I was fairly parched as well. Dinking on an empty stomach was *never* a good idea, but it was a large Christmas party and I was without a date so I figured no harm, no foul. I'm more of an observer of human nature (and other species) than a participant anyway.

As I walked toward the bartender, whose nametag said he was Isaac. *gee, a bartender named Isaac, where have I heard that one before?* I looked toward the crowded dance floor where I saw Captain Picard, looking rather dashing in a splendid tux complete with tails, dancing with Dr. Crusher, who was absolutely ravishing in a silvery strapless gown that dipped, ahem, rather low in the back. Her red hair was artfully piled on top of her head in curls and it showed off her neck and shoulders to perfection. They both looked entranced and I would be surprised if one could even fit a piece of paper in-between the two of them. Now *that's* some HEAT right there!

Hey there beautiful, what can I get for *you* this evening?"

*UGH! Did he have to do the cheesy smile and the double finger point too?*

"I'd like a Cape Cod please with Grey Goose Vodka."

Pitiful small glass I got. Mental note: ask for a bigger glass next time.

As I took a drink I looked around the room. There was laughter, a lot of dancing and conversation and everyone looked like they were having a blast, with the notable exception of Worf. Some rockin', jazzy holiday music was being played by Sid Starr & The Starrlighters. I finished my Cape Cod in record time and ordered

another drink. This time an Italian margarita with Porfidio tequila and Lazarroni amaretto.

"Large glass this time, please."

This time bartender Isaac didn't disappoint. Taking a sip of the sweet-tart drink I sighed in relief. It was so good almost forgot I was still hungry. Almost, but not quite.

Near the stage I saw the delightful Xtessa deep in conversation with the witty and kindhearted Trinity and on the dance floor I saw Jon, the Intergalactic Gladiator and Ciera dancing and having a good time.

After the current song set wrapped, Sid announced that we were going to be treated to some Christmas songs by certain members of the Enterprise . Most of the invited guests were laughing. Apparently they knew what was about to occur. Some of the officers looked around questioningly. *As if the previous talent show hadn't been bad enough?!*

Murmurs ran through the crowd. Who would be the first victi - er, entertainer for this part of the party?

"Captain Jean Luc. Come up here."

Poor Captain, he looked terribly uncomfortable but after several encouragements and a VERY warm smile and even warmer squeeze from Bev as she whispered something in his ear, he gave in to everyone's wishes and got up on stage.

He sang his own version of "Let It Snow":

*Oh, the vacuum outside is endless,  
Unforgiving, cold, and friendless,  
But still we must boldly go--  
Make it so, make it so, make it so!*

After Captain Picard got this part of the night warmed up, a few other officers were cajoled to follow. I think it was the slightly veiled threat from Captain Picard that did it though.

There were such classics as Riker's "Deck the Halls" complete with large gestures that made the scotch in his glass slosh over the side while he sang:

*Here's a vexing Christmas riddle:*

*(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)*

*Why must I play second fiddle?*

*(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)*

*How can I impress Deanna*

*(Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la la la)*

*When I'm number two banana?*

*(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)*

He got a rather stern look from the Captain after that one, but Deanna seemed to enjoy it rather well as she simpered and preened at the words. Worf's gaze only got darker. If looks could kill there would be a certain Second in Command who would be lying in a chalk outline right now.

From there we had Data's Jingle Bells:

*Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,*

*Jingle all the way!*

*Oh, what fun it is to ride*

*In a one-horse open sleigh--*

*or so I am reliably informed lacking a subjective*

*and intuitively perceived referent for the term "fun,"*

*I am able only to report the phenomenon as experienced*

*by others, whose individual perceptions somewhat colour the--*

*yes, sir.*

Data was interrupted by the Captain who called for someone else to go b/c Data would have gone on all night if he hadn't.

Worf went next and I think that everyone was a little afraid to not give him a rousing round of applause after he was done. Though for such a fearsome personage, he had a rather pleasing bass voice for his rendition of "White Christmas".

*I'm dreaming of a dead Pakled,*

*Just like the one in Rec Deck Eight.  
They all think they've hidden,  
But this one didn't,  
And I'm using him as bait.  
I'm dreaming of a dead Pakled--  
Their mental skills are rather lame.  
May your foes die sonless, in shame--  
And I hope you're wishing me the same!*

As a surprise for Dr. Crusher, there was a song from Wesley that had been beamed over on the vid screen from the Academy. The poor Captain looked rather pained, like he had suddenly developed a severe case of indigestion. Wesley's poor adolescent voice cracked something awful singing his submission to "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen":

*I'm at Starfleet Academy,  
And I'd just like to say  
I miss the opportunity  
To weekly save the day--  
To make things worse, I have to be  
In some dumb Christmas play!  
Yes, I'm bright, though I'm just a teenaged boy,  
Only a boy,  
And the Enterprise is my most favorite toy!*

After a few more songs, Sid got back up on stage and the party once again was in full swing. The Enterprise crew certainly had been entertaining, but Sid Starr & the Starrlighters were definitely preferable.

My head was very nicely fuzzy by this point causing me to see everything is a lovely glow and my stomach was growling loud enough to alert some nearby guests to my dire hunger predicament. Ignoring their looks, I made my way past the throng of dancers and back to the refreshment table and wouldn't you know it?! The dratted roast beef was all gone!

"Can anyone show me where the nearest food replicator is, please?"

Oh and I wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New

Year! Remember the reason for the season.

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After that, here is [M.C. Pearson](#) ....

Last week I received a strange invitation. I'm not really sure how it got here...first it wasn't there and then it just materialized with a tinkling sound on my kitchen table. It looked really 'state of the art', all silvery and shiney. When I opened it up, I immediately dropped it back onto the table. Some kind of 3-D hologram emerged from the card. A debonair and noble looking man in a red and black leotard started talking with a British accent.

"M. C. Pearson of the 21st century, you are invited to a Christmas party on the Starship Enterprise. You may dress formally or allow us to fit you when you arrive. You will be transported tomorrow evening. Happy Holidays."

The miniature holo-man shrunk back into the card which in turn dematerialized from my table. I went and checked my blood pressure. I decided that I'd been watching too much TV and went to lie down. After a nap, I realized it had to be part of my dream and therefor removed it from my mind...or so I thought.

The next evening after taking a long soak in the tub, I dressed in my red and green flannel pajamas, stuffed my feet into my Garfield slippers and wrapped my wet hair in a towel...yes...I looked like a swami. Just as I went into the kitchen to pop some popcorn, I felt really dizzy. Looking at my hands, I saw yellow light in my skin! That weird tinkling sound came again but it seemed to be coming from inside my head. Before I knew it, I was standing on a funny looking disco-like deck with four leotard-clothed people smiling at me.

"Welcome to the Enterprise, Mimi," said an unshaven man in red and black. He turned and I heard him whisper to the female next to him. "I thought she was a Christian writer, not Hindu."

The gorgeous female shrugged and then looked over at me and smiled. "Where did you get your outfit? It is stunning! Of course you

will not be in need of our assistance. How festive you look. Ah, did you bring pets?" She pointed at my feet.

I just stared at her, mouth agape.

"Perhaps you would like to have some eggnog? We've programmed our replicators for all the centuries and planets to produce traditional celebration items. If you'll just follow me?" the bearded man said and started walking to a wall, which immediately slid open, revealing a corridor beyond.

I found my footing and trailed after the man. The dark-haired female turned to one of the other leotarded people and said, "Now, beam up Trinity13, another 21st century female." The door closed with a puffing sound and I jogged after the man.

We stepped into a tubular elevator and a second later arrived at a big metal door.

"The party is on Holodeck One. I must excuse myself to dress now. Since you are suitably attired, you may enter and enjoy." He pressed a button, pushed me through, and closed the...where did the door go?

I was in the middle of a huge ballroom that looked like the inside of the Titanic.

Another person appeared next to me. She, like me, looked rather out of place.

"I hope they have Vegan meals here..."

I shrugged. No idea what she meant.

"I'm Running2ks...are you from Earth?"

I stepped away in confusion. But soon a man with pointy ears walked up and said, "It is illogical for you to stuff your feet inside of cats." He turned to Running2ks and said, "I'm a Vulcan. Have we met?"



Running2ks said, "I'm a Vegan."

I walked to the food bar. I don't know about Vegans, but I sure liked what I saw. Talk about a feast! As I stuffed my face (hey this is my fantasy—no repercussions, right?), the handsome man from the Christmas card came up and introduced himself.

"Happy Christmas. I am Jean-Luc Picard. Captain of the Enterprise."

I gulped the mouthful of food down and said, "I-I'm M. C. Pearson. You're a captain? I was a sergeant in the Army."

"Ah, good to have a fellow soldier on board. Glad you could come."

He walked off before I could ask, "Did I have a choice?"

Another man sauntered up and oily said, "I'm Captain Berk. Your place or mine?"

"Er. I'm married. Bye." I ran away.

After a few blue drinks and a purple steaming one, I don't recall the names of, I think I danced the Robot with a guy named Data. He was a bit strange. Yellow eyes. Then some really tall angry looking fellow (something about his face was odd...) introduced himself as Worf and handed me a smoking orange bowl of liquid.

I must have fainted then. A girl can only take so much ya know.

I awoke in my bed the next morning with a note pinned to my pajama top. My head felt like a Starship had landed inside my temples. Squinting I read:

*"Take the two green pills in your right pocket. They will counteract the Klingon Firewater you seemed to enjoy. Thank you for the lovely dramatization of The Christmas Cats Swallowed my Toeses." Dr. Beverly.*

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Two fine entries to start off Party Week!

Tomorrow (Tuesday), there will be some more to see!

Labels: [Christmas](#), [Enterprise Christmas Party](#)

POSTED BY JEAN-LUC PICARD AT 6:00 PM 19 STARFLEET TRANSMISSIONS

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