

Part 4:

Everyone met Sikozu in the med bay, everyone except for Kelly, they thought it better that she continue to sleep for a little while longer. Sikozu requested that Pilot put the example of Kelly and John's DNA up side by side on the clam shell.

Turning back toward the others, "As you all know I have been waiting on the test results for a couple of arns. But I am not familiar with human physiology. Pilot allowed me access to the medical data stores, so I could examine Crichton's records. After I found them, I still had to wait for the results to compare the two. So I thought I would familiarize myself with all of the crews medical records. I came across something in the data stores that was very familiar. It appeared that I had seen this before, but could not place 'where' I had seen it. It was not until I had Kelly's results back that it occurred to me."

She looked to the others expecting someone to comment. Everyone appeared to be waiting for her to continue.

Pointing at the screen, "If you will look at this example of Kelly and Crichton's DNA, you can see how they are similar in nature. Pilot please change the screen."

Pilot complied. Sikozu turned back to the group, but blocked their view of the screen. "As I have mentioned, I noticed something familiar. As I was going over some of the tests, it came to me. I went back through the records and found what I was looking for."

Stepping back from the console so everyone could see the results of her search. On the screen they could see the familiar DNA strand that belonged to Kelly, but on the right side, another strand was shown, unlike any they had seen before.

John looked at it for a moment, "What exactly are we looking at? I don't see anything similar between the two and who does the second one belong to?"

Sighing in annoyance, "You don't see it because your human eyes are deficient. Here, I'll magnify it for you."

"My eyes..." John began.

Chiana interrupted, "Give it up old man."

John looked back toward the screen and whispered, "...are not deficient." When he focused back on the screen, what he saw made him react as if someone had knocked the air out of his lungs...

What he saw was an improbability. The screen had expanded to an extreme close up of both DNA strands, while the first version showed nothing in common between the two. The close up genetic markers in both samples were identical.

"Who is that?" John asked pointing to the right side.

Appearing as if she didn't want to answer, Sikozu didn't say anything as she rocked on the balls of her feet.

John looked at her, "Who. Is. THAT?!"

Sikozu straightened her back, "Moya."

Everyone started talking at once. Mostly along the lines of Sikozu's incompetence. After spending several microts trying to defend her findings, she gave up and sat down.

John just stood there looking at the clam shell in disbelief. Finally noticing what the others were saying, "Shut up."

They kept it up, "SHUT UP! Are you insane? How can you guys start screaming at her like that when you can see the results for yourself. And you all know she is not going to show us anything unless she thinks she is right. She likes it too much."

Walking over to Sikozu, "Have you told her yet?"

Looking up at John, "No, I thought I would tell you first. How do you tell someone that they are a genetic link to a leviathan?"

Rubbing his thumb against his bottom lip; nodding his head, "Your right, especially since she doesn't like you very much. She'd think you were messing with her."

"Pilot, is Moya aware of these developments?" Aeryn asked.

Pilot's image replaced the scan readings on the clam shell.

"Yes, Officer Sun, Moya is aware of this. I was finally able to convince her to tell me what she was withholding. It was this new information that actually convinced her."

When Pilot hesitated, Chiana jumped up, "Why won't you just tell us?"

Pilot looked in her direction, "I hesitate because I observed that Kelly is not in the room. Moya wants her to be with all of you when she relays this information. She feels that this will be very troubling to her and will be in need of assistance."

'Damn, how bad could the news be?' John thought.

"I'll go wake her. I took her comms, so we wouldn't wake her." Chiana said and ran out of the room.

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When Chiana and Kelly walked into the room, Kelly was still wiping the sleep from her eyes. It was obvious this was already taking a lot out of her.

“Well I’m here. Chiana said Sikozy found something?”

Noranti stood up to give Kelly her seat, but Kelly just shook her head. Sitting on the floor with her back up against the wall, she propped her arms on the knees, waiting.

“Okay. What’s the deal?”

Sikozy went over the info again for her benefit. Everyone was watching for Kelly’s reaction, they all thought she would react badly. John was especially prepared to see her start screaming, but she remained stone faced . She just slowly shook her head. Looking at John she asked, “Anything else?”

“Actually yeah, Pilot says Moya has something to tell us. She wanted to wait until you were in here with the rest of us.”

Kelly looked to Pilot’s image, “What does Moya want to tell us?”

Pilot appeared to be uncomfortable with either what he had to say or the fact he had to say it in front of the whole crew.

Looking at Kelly, “This is a rather delicate subject with everyone. I do not know how to put it precisely. But after all that has happened recently, Moya has come to the conclusion that somehow Talyn has returned with Kelly.”

Once again everyone started talking at once,

Aeryn, “No, that is impossible.”

D’Argo, “This is insane...”

Chiana, “No frelling way.”

John, “You have got to be frelling kidding me.”

But no response from Kelly, except to close her eyes.

Pilot began again, “If you will allow me to continue. Her reasoning is one great thought and observation over the last monens. I believe she has always held the hope that Talyn never really died when he starburst. She stated there was not enough debris. She thinks that somehow; when his spirit passed, it went into the wormhole that Scorpius had open at that moment. She is firm in her belief even more now with the evidence of Kelly’s genetic link. She thinks that Talyn found Kelly and led her here, back to his mother.”

Crossing his arms, D’Argo took a step forward, “It is understandable that a mother would not accept a child’s death. No parent wants to out live their child. But what Moya is believing...”

“I’ve got to go.” Kelly suddenly stated and walked out of the room.

Chiana started to follow her, worried. Noranti just laid a hand on her shoulder. Chiana shrugged it off but remained in the room.

John sat down, looking in the direction Kelly just went, “Just let her sort it out Pip, that’s a lot of information to take in all at once. She’s handling it a lot differently than I expected though. If she doesn’t join us for lunch, I’ll go look for her.

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Tears streaming down her face, Kelly started running.

‘Okay, okay. Don’t freak. You are just having a bad, bad, dream. Oh my God! What the hell does this mean? Moya? Talyn? Oh my God, I’ve got to get out of here!’

She continued to run until she reached the hanger. She reached John’s module first and climbed in.

“Pilot! Open the hanger doors now!”

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“So this means we have another felled up human who cannot control their own felling brain. What does this mean for the rest of us?” Rygel commented.

Aeryn walked over to him, “Rygel, if I hear you say one derogatory thing to her about all this...I will personally remove your mivonks and shove them down your throat.”

Pilot’s voice came over the comm, “Commander, Kelly is demanding I open the hanger doors, she wants to leave in your module. She is saying she has to go and appears to be very upset.”

John jumped up and ran out of the room, “Thanks Pilot, it’s just a delayed reaction. Don’t let her out the doors.”

‘I’ve already disabled the doors in case she attempts opening them manually.’

Running down the corridor with John, Aeryn answered, “Thank you again Pilot.”

When they reached the hanger, it was quiet. Looking around, they saw Kelly sitting in the Farscape 1, leaning against the forward console with her head in her arms. They couldn’t hear anything, but they could see her shoulders shaking from the force of her sobbing.

“I’ll leave you alone with her.” Aeryn said and walked out into the corridor. Chiana and D’Argo were waiting for her.

“We have to let John help her alone.” Aeryn responded to their questioning looks.

Walking up to the module, John waited for a couple more moments before deciding how to approach her. Knocking on the window to get her attention, he waited. Either she didn't hear him or she chose to ignore him. So he knocked again, harder, against the window. Kelly looked up. John made a circular motion with his fist as if to say 'roll down the window'. She hit the button to open the canopy.

“Hey...” she said.

John responded with, “Hey back atcha.”

“I was just going to take it around the block I swear.”

John smiled. She wasn't as bad off as he had thought. He was expecting total breakdown. He started feeling ashamed of himself as he stepped back so she could jump down.

“Let me buy you a drink and talk. We'll come up with a plan.” John said as he put his arm over her shoulder.

Laughing quietly, Kelly said. “I thought you were going to make me feel better?”

John gave her a light slap on the back of the head and they walked to the center chamber.

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The soldier walked up to the figure standing in front of the control panel going over the findings that were just given to him. When the figure turned around, the soldier inwardly cringed.

Scorpius glanced at the soldier, “Are you positive these reports are correct? I don't want Commandant Grayza to find another reason to report failure to High Command.”

Officer Telka stood even more rigidly, “Yes Sir, We are positive. Marauders have confirmed reports that the Leviathan left the planet Mokesh 12 solar days ago. We have positive identification of John Crichton and the rest of the fugitives. Plus one unknown Sebacean female.”

Looking at Telka, “Another Sebacean? That is of no concern to me. All that matters is that we obtain Crichton again.”

“We have more patrols going out. They are observing just out of sensor range of the Leviathan. We will not lose them again Sir.”

“See that you don't,” Scorpius said as he walked out of the room.

Telka turned around and continued with his work.

Walking toward his quarters, all Scorpius could think of was the moment that Crichton was in his hands once again. If the human thought the Aurora Chair has been painful, he would have to teach him new meanings to the word pain. He had more torturous things in mind that would not harm the knowledge in Crichton's brain. He also owed Crichton a great deal of pain for the humiliation he suffered with the loss of the Command Carrier *and* at the hands of Commandant Grayza.

At that moment, as if summoned by the thought of her name. Commandant Grayza appeared with Capt. Braca on her heels as usual. Scorpius grimaced at the sight of them. Stopping where he was, Scorpius waited for them to reach him. So to update the Commandant on report he had just received.

Very pleased with the news, Grayza smiled. "Very good. I want to be kept abreast at all times of any developments." She started to walk away when she remembered something and turned back toward Scorpius.

"Were the techs able to identify the source of the two unusual energy readings?" She asked.

"Yes and no, they were not able to ascertain the exact nature of the energy signals, but they believe they can isolate and contain them due to their spectrum waves."

Grayza turned around without a word and walked in the direction of Command. Starting to feel the heat building up in his body, Scorpius started walking to his quarters to replace the spent coolant rod.

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Aeryn stood in the doorway of the center chamber watching John and Kelly talking about what Moya had relayed through Pilot. She was relieved to see Kelly had calmed down, at least in appearance. She had to give the humans credit that was due to them. Their ability to cope and to put on a brave front was impressive even to her. But she knew Kelly could not have been unprepared for emotional price she was paying. She had been trained as a soldier herself, though that was not her goal, she was trained nonetheless.

She decided to join them when she heard Kelly ask John, "So, do you think that is how I was able to come out of a wormhole where Moya just happened to be flying? Talyn was somehow guiding me?"

Glancing at Aeryn, John said. "It's a possibility. Hell anything is possible these days. All bets are off."

Standing up and beginning to pace, Kelly was starting to get anxious again. "How in the frell could I even, in tiniest, remotest chance have a genetic link to Moya?"

“Kahanew? Moya’s creators?” Aeryn asked.

Looking confused, Kelly looked at John.

John said, “ Filed under Godlike aliens. I told you about them, didn’t I?”

Nodding her head, “Oh yeah. I remember now, but you didn’t know much about them.”

“No one really does I believe, at least I’ve never heard anyone speak about them, much more than the information John provided you.” Aeryn answered.

Looking back and forth at the both of them, “That still doesn’t answer my question. How in the frell did this happen?”

Jumping off the table, John said, “Well, we are all going to put our heads together and come up with something kiddo, don’t worry. We have your back.”

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No matter where he went down the corridor, he kept hearing that noise, ‘What in the hell is that?’ He kept looking for it, but no luck, he continued looking for the repetitive thumping noise. It was driving him crazy. After searching for half an arn, he found it. Sitting on the floor against the wall was Kelly, bouncing what looked to be a rubber ball. She had the DRD he called blue sitting next to her. She was bouncing the ball off of the opposite wall and if it hit one of the ribs and rolled down the hall, the DRD would retrieve it for her.

It had been two solar days since Moya and Sikoze broke the news and there had been no return of ‘Talyn’ that anyone had seen or heard.

Deciding he could use the conversion during his shift at the wheel, John walked up and sat down next to Kelly. “Hi, watcha doing up? I thought everyone was asleep?”

“Yeah, I was. But I woke up hungry and couldn’t fall back asleep. Just killing time now until my shift, which is only in a couple of arns anyway.” Kelly continued bouncing the ball.

“Where did you get that? It bounces pretty good.” John asked, pointing to the object.

“Oh, I found some in the maintenance bay. I accidentally dropped some and it came right back to my hand, so I asked Pilot where I could find some more and he had bluey show it too me. I think it’s suppose to be a kind of rubber cement or something. When it hardens, it’s a bouncy ball.” She said grinning.

Leaning his head against the wall and closing his eyes, John started talking, “Well, I’ll have to grab me one. I need something to make time go by fast during the down time. Man, I really miss those damn infomercials. Use to wake up in the middle of the night....couldn’t sleep because my mind wouldn’t shut off. So I’d turn on the boob tube and watch infomercials until the break of

dawn. I think in a way...it was a good thing I ended up here. I had planned on buying the pocket fisherman when I returned after the Farscape mission. Then it would of went to the food dehydrator, then God knows what else I would have bought.”

Shoving him over; Kelly told him, “Go to bed, get some sleep. I got it.”

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It had been three solar days since Kelly had any sleep. Everyone else thought it was just quiet, but Kelly had decided while sitting in John’s module that until she could find a way to keep ‘Talyn’ away, she would stay awake and alert. She wasn’t going to give him a chance to come back. She enlisted Noranti’s help to find an herbal remedy to help her sleep without her subconscious going out for a midnight stroll, but Noranti was having a problem creating a mixture that would do what Kelly needed. Until then, Kelly stayed awake with the help of two of the DRDs, Blue and 1812. If she began to doze off, one of them would give her a small shock to wake her back up.

Neither Pilot or Moya had an explanation for how a human, so far from the Builders and the Uncharted Territories could have even a trace of Leviathan DNA. The only thing John could come up with was an evolutionary jump. But even he found that solution wanting.

Routines began to go back to normal, with only infrequent checks on Kelly’s well being.

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Finding the conductor she needed to finish the repair, Kelly climbed back into the duct. As she finished, with the help of Blue, she tried to think of other repair jobs she could do while everyone was asleep and not alert John to what she was doing. It was becoming harder to keep the fact she wasn’t sleeping anymore a secret. But she was determined to stay awake until Noranti could come up with something to help. It wasn’t that she was afraid to go out of her body anymore, but she didn’t like the idea of Talyn hitchhiking back with her. Also she didn’t want to accidentally drag John along for the ride. The same scenario kept going through her mind, Talyn jumping in and wanting to stay for the duration, with herself and John, stranded with no ‘body’ to go to.

Tightening the last clamp, Kelly started backing out. As she climbed out, she grabbed the DRD and put him on the floor and turned around. She jumped and screamed at the same time, holding her chest, she leaned against the opening she had just climbed out of.

“What do you think you’re doing?” John asked.

“What does it look like? Having a freaking heart attack. By the way, thank you. I was overdue for one of those.” She answered.

“Don’t be a smart ass, you know what I mean. What are you doing awake and doing my repair work. No one has shown you how to patch those conductors yet. You might mess it up even more than it is.”

As Kelly walked over to the work table, she started to get angry. She began wiping off the tools she had been using and put them away. As she did this, her fatigue started catching up with her, but it only served to make her more angry. She began slamming the tools.

Turning around, she asked, “Are you ready to get down?”

Confusion came over John’s face, “Get down? What are talking about? I just asked you a simple question. Why are you getting mad?”

Asking again, “Are you ready to get down off of that fucking pedestal you put yourself on? Cause I sure as hell get tired of having to look up to you. It’s none of your business what I’m doing awake, and I ‘thought’ I would help out since I was up. If you must know, Pilot had one of the DRDs helping me.”

She turned around and finished putting away the tools. Stepping back in shock, John just stared at her for a moment then turned and walked out of the room without saying another word to Kelly.

Realizing she was acting like a royal bitch, she turned around to apologize, but he was already gone. ‘Nice job, keep this up and they’ll all notice something is wrong.’ She decided to go after him.

He was standing in Command looking out the front view when she finally caught up with him.

“John...I wanted to tell you I’m sorry for going off like that. I didn’t mean to get mad. Hell, I don’t even know ‘why’ I got mad. I guess I’m just tired and hell I don’t know...Just I’m sorry.”

She stood there waiting for him to turn around and let her have it. What she didn’t expect was to see his shoulders shake, but still no word. ‘Oh shit, he’s really mad.’ She thought.

As he turned around, he busted out laughing, it was Kelly’s turn to be confused.

“Your not pissed?” Kelly asked.

All he said was, “Are you ready to get down.” and started laughing even harder.

Kelly smiled and thought, ‘At least I’ll live for today.’

“Girl, I didn’t think you had it in you to go off like that.” John stopped laughing.

Wiping his eyes, he walked over to her. “Listen, I know you’ve been stressed the last few days, but you can’t just keep yourself busy constantly. You’ll burn out. Fast. Trust me on this, I know.”

Nodding her head, “Yeah, you’re right. I guess I’ll go and try and get some sleep.”

Standing up, she turned toward John, “I really am sorry for being such a bitch.”

John smiled again, “Just be lucky I’m not D’Argo.”

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