

Garr opened his eyes slowly, glancing around in an attempt to figure out exactly where he was. In either direction, for as far as his Anurian eyes would allow him to see, there was nothing but pure white. Up, down, left, right, every direction... he was surrounded by light.

He noted that his temperature was a bit... strange. As a cold blooded species, he was always a bit uncomfortable with the temperature in any room; it was something he was use to. But here, he noticed that he was neither hot or cold. Everything was a mild temperature. He wasn't comfortable or uncomfortable, he just *was*.

"Hello? Garr here!" he called out, but didn't get a response.

In fact, he didn't even get the echo he was expecting. An echo would have indicated he was in a small, confined space. Not only was there no echo, there didn't seem to be a definitive entrance or exit anywhere.

"How Garr get here?" he snapped, almost defensively.

*He is small minded. Weak. He is not ready.*

Garr recognized the voice as Ella, who he had come to respect as a friend, which made it unusual that she would say something like that to him.

"Garr no small. Garr big. Garr warrior," he said proudly, pounding on his chest.

*It obsesses over trivial pursuits, such as honor. He is not ready.*

"Garr have honor. Garr fight to protect friends. Garr warrior," he proclaimed. "Why friend say this to Garr?"

There was no response.

Garr tried to remember the moments leading up to him being there... wherever *there* was, but his mind was a complete blank. He knew most things, but when he tried to recall anything he was doing prior to this, he simply couldn't.

"Where is Garr?!"

*It is limited, small minded. He is not ready.*

"Why KJ say things? Garr thought KJ was buddy," he said, not realizing just how much the statement affected him until he heard himself respond.

*It contributes nothing. It has nothing to offer. It must be rejected.*

“Garr warrior. Garr show. Garr prove. Garr fight!” he said, standing ready. He reached for his morpher. “SPD EMERGENCY!”

But nothing happened.

*It relies on technology. It is weak. He must be rejected.*

Garr placed his morpher back on his waist, then took a moment to look around. There were no warriors to fight, nothing to destroy, no enemies to oppose him. As he glanced around, realizing no one was there except him, he realized that brute strength wasn't going to get him out of this situation.

The voices he'd heard, while they had gotten to him, Garr decided not to allow them to. Those people were his friends, they had fought beside him, and there was no way they would say such horrible things about him. He knew he wasn't the smartest on the team, but he knew he belonged with his team, and his friends would never intentionally hurt him.

“Voices in Garr's head. Garr no listen. Friends love Garr. Garr love friends,” he said proudly.

*Serenity sacrificed herself just to be away from you. They left you on the ship during battles because they knew you would be no help. You are weak.*

“Voice lie. Garr is warrior. Serenity love Garr. Garr love Serenity,” he said.

*Then where is she?*

The question was enough to for Garr to give pause. He wasn't familiar with the human traditions of an afterlife, or even if there was one. If there was, he was sure Serenity would have gone to a happier place.

“Serenity in Garr's heart,” he said.

“Congratulations, Lieutenant,” a voice said.

Almost suddenly, Garr was no longer alone. He was in a room of some kind, and in front of him was a gentleman wearing a pair of sunglasses. “You had us worried there for a moment, big guy. But you pulled through,” he said.

Garr responded by grabbing the man by the throat. “Explain to Garr now!” he snapped, lifting him off the ground.

Before he could apply more pressure, he realized the man was gone, but was now standing next to him. It was as though he was always there.

"I've read about Anurian strength, but I'd never experienced it up close. You pack quite a wallop, don't you?" he asked.

"Explain to Garr now!" he repeated.

"You and your friends have volunteered for Time Force. We are a peacekeeping organization dedicated to the preservation of the timeline. We eliminate threats to the space/time continuum," he explained to him.

"Why want Garr?"

"Your service in the Vorthsoth invasion was instrumental in SPD winning the war. We want you to bring that same level of dedication to Time Force to assist us with a serious crisis," he said.

"Friends here?"

He nodded. "Yes, your friends are here. All of them. They all offered to help, but first we have to be sure if any potential agent can endure the tests. We test to see how far we can push you mentally and physiologically. You are the first we have tested, depending on your perspective," he said.

"Friends will help?"

"Yes, they have all agreed to..."

"Then Garr help," he said.

"You'll do it based only on if your friends are willing?" Alex asked.

"Garr head of security. Garr keep friends safe. Garr warrior," he said.

Alex nodded. "Yes, you are, Lieutenant. Welcome to Time Force," he said, putting his hand on Garr's shoulder.

Garr glanced over at his hand, then back at Alex. "No touch Garr."

"Sorry."