

Summary: This is an answer to the "Delusions" Friday the 13th Challenge.

Categories: [Babylon 5](#) Characters: Ensemble

Genres: Slash

Warnings: AU, Brain-Insane

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

Author's Notes: One Earth year equals 0.74 Minbari cycles. The Minbari words and phrases were found at the "JumpNow" website in John Hightower's Minbari dictionary, though not all are direct translations. -----

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Third Charm

Chapter 1 by Third Charm

Michael Garibaldi usually loved Saturday mornings. They usually meant that he got to sleep in late, got to NOT go to any morning meetings and got to indulge in a lovely home made breakfast. Unfortunately, today was no ordinary Saturday. Today was Saturday, October the fourteenth. Yep, that's right! It was Saturday, October the fourteenth, as in the day after Friday, October the thirteenth. As in the day in which he ALWAYS got stuck fixing all the messes left behind by the proverbial broken mirrors, black cats, too much booze imbibed by too many soldiers and that truly sick and twisted bastard known as Murphy. This was the one Saturday morning that all Security Chiefs in the entire EA had learned to hate 💎💎“ and Michael had learned that lesson better than any one of his compatriots!

Oh yes, Friday the thirteenth and everything it brought with it stunk! And this year was no better than any other year so far. In fact, it may just be worse. Which was why Michael had only gotten about two hours of sleep this past night and wasn't going to bed any time soon. Which was why there were a bunch of jarheads in his lockup right now 💎💎“ and none of them were `fessing up either. Which was why he was downing antacids like they were candy instead enjoying a lovely breakfast and which was also why he was sitting in the blue sector's primary med lab's private waiting room, with ten of his best guarding the exits, and silently cursing out the four taciturn men and two crying women sitting before him while the unbelievably frustrated doctor was doing the same thing verbally.

"O.K., Steven! I think that's enough from the medical peanut gallery," Michael broke into the good doctor's diatribe. Then he turned to the beings in question. "Folks, I know this is embarrassing as hell, and I know that none of you here WANT to be here and would rather be facing an entire Shadow fleet 💎💎“ alone 💎💎“ then filling out this report but..."

"But nothing Michael! This is a very, very personal matter! This is NOT a security matter, so butt out! No one is bringing charges against anyone! All we came in for was some medication. And for that matter, you shouldn't even be here!" A very green around the gills Sheridan shouted. "In fact I'm making this a direct order 💎💎“ get the fuck out of our private lives!"

A very, very angry doctor jumped in before Michael could reply. "Oh no you don't! You're in my ballpark now mister, and guess what? I have the final say in this! This is a case of mass poisoning that could have killed the Station's Minbari Ambassador, the Station's Captain and XO, the EA's Ambassador to the Minbari Federation, a Ranger and a visiting Minbari dignitary! And guess what else? Under all the laws of Babylon 5, the EA, AND the Federation, I have the authority to and AM pronouncing all of you unfit for command, duty, etc due to medical issues! And that means none of you are getting out of here until this is settled!" Steven roared back.

That was when the afore mentioned Minbari dignitary, one Alyt Neroon of the Star Rider Clan, began to growl in frustration. "This is of no concern to either of you!" the Warrior spat out while

trying to rise and make his point "Warrior style". Unfortunately for him, Neroon was also dealing with his first ever hangover. Therefore, he found himself sitting down hard and fighting down an exceptionally ugly, to his mind anyway, wave of nausea.

A truly unimpressed Geribaldi smirked at the Warrior's misery. "Riiight, Neroon. This is of no concern to me OR the doctor that you asked to break Minbari law by giving you guys that poison. No of course not. Oh, no! No concern of mine at all," Michael said sarcastically drawled out.

When the rest of the folks involved were about to vociferously add there two cents, Michael cut them off. "Right! That's it! If none of you want to tell me whey in hell Jeff's back here that's fine! If none of you want to tell me why my best buddy Jeff didn't want to even tell me he was coming back here, that's fine too! If none of you here want to tell me why a Minari Warrior SNUCK onto the Station, that just as fine as everything else!"

"But what you all have done here goes beyond the pale! Some idiot decided to spike your effen drinks with booze, which could have led the big bad Alyt here to kill every one of us, but somehow didn't. It could have poisoned or done the same thing to Delenn but again thankfully didn't! And it didn't occur to ANY of you human idiots to call Steven for help? It didn't occur to you to call me for a security detail BEFORE Ranger Boy, Neroon and Susan went on a rampage because of those jackasses that jacked into the B5 security cameras? It didn't occur to any of you that brazening this out would be a BAD idea?"

When none of the people involved said anything, Michael pressed the issue. "Well? You all really have nothing to say for yourselves? Nothing to say about the God-awful intergalactic scandal you six idiots have just created?"

All he got as an answer were a barrage of profanity in a myriad of languages questioning his legitimacy of birth, his mother's professional occupation, his sexual practices and choice of life partner's, um, "species" preferences. And again, Michael was NOT in impressed. Frankly, the only one in the hung over bunch with any creativity was Susan. Finally, the exhausted, hungry and pissed off Security Chief had had enough.

"Enough!" he roared. "I don't give a damn about all of your insulted sensibilities! You ARE all going to fill out these statement flimsies and you're going to do it now! I AM going to be pressing charges against the bastards you tried to get you all killed and tried to restart the War to boot with this stupidity. I can do that you know. I AM the Security Chief. And when it comes to terrorism, I don't need any one of you to actually press charges! And you bastards ARE going to tell Steven why in the name of God you want to him to break Minbari law and give Delenn and Susan a morning after pill and why you idiots need a third dose for someone else!"

The only answer he got was two Minbari, his best friend and a Russian showing him what they'd had for dinner the night before.

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