

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY/EASTER ISSUE

STARLIGHT

VOLUME THREE

MARCH/APRIL 2011

ISSUE FOUR



HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY AND HAPPY EASTER

Tales of the Defiant

Rebel Universe

Chapter Six

6

A few minutes later, we were standing at Ensign Woods's console in transporter room three.

"Sir, the bridge just relayed the coordinates and the Freebird has signaled that they are ready to transport," Ensign Wood reported to the Captain.

"Thank you Ensign...ah, what is your name again?" the Captain asked with an embarrassing smile.

"Ensign Wood, sir."

"Thank you Ensign Wood, proceed with transport."

"Aye, sir. F.F.P. Freebird, Defiant is ready for transport," Ensign Wood stated as she made final adjustments to the transporter console.

"Acknowledged Defiant, transporting now."

With a shimmering light and high pitch sound, three individuals began to materialize and take shape on the transporter pad. Within seconds they became solid enough to make out who they were. In the center was Captain Worf. Off to his right was that universe's Miles O'Brien, and to the left of Captain Worf was a heavily armed Vulcan. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised at this, but I knew our universe's Vulcan's prized peaceful solutions over armed conflict.

Captain Worf was the first one to speak after what seemed like an eternity of silence.

"Captain Bartle, permission to come aboard your ship?"

"Permission granted Captain Worf. Welcome aboard the Defiant."

"Thank you Captain. I think some introductions are in order. On my right is Miles O'Brien; he's just been promoted to be my First Officer on board the Freebird. Here on my left is my Chief of Security, Lieutenant Commander V'tok. He's a Romulan exchange officer of the Romulan Free Alliance." Once he said this, everyone's jaw hit the floor.

"Captain Worf, according to our records, the entire ecosystem of Remus was destroyed and the Romulan population committed suicide," I reminded the Captain of this fact.

"Your records are essentially correct. Lieutenant Commander V'tok and thirty thousand of his fellow Romulans were in deep cryogenic freeze aboard their ship, when we found them while looking for a deep space base. Actually," Captain Worf continued, "It was blind luck that we came across them when we did. Their guidance system was completely gone and their ship was about to crash into a planetoid."

"Sir, they and their ship left for Vulcan over a millennium ago," I commented to the Captain.

Captain Bartle glanced in my direction and returned his attention back toward Captain Worf. While this was going on, the doors to the transporter room hissed open and in came Commander Sisko followed by Chief Odo.

"Let me introduce my officers. On my right is my First Officer Commander Mark Williams and to his right is Commander Benjamin Sisko of DS9. On my left is our Engineering Chief Miles O'Brien of DS9 and next to Miles is my Chief of Security Lieutenant James Webb and Chief of Security Odo of DS9," the Captain was about to make a suggestion when Captain Worf walked to where Odo and I were standing and stared intently at Odo. Odo was about to ask if there was a problem when Captain Worf spoke.

"Correct me if I am wrong Chief Odo, but aren't you a changeling?"

"Why do you ask Captain?" Odo answered a question with a question.

"Because in my universe your species are all but extinct."

There was a moment of silence between the two, and then Captain Bartle spoke,

"Captain, I don't want to rush you, but what is this information you have that is vital to our survival?" the Captain inquired.

"Yes, of course Captain, I think we need to adjourn to a briefing room. I assume you have one," Worf said with an air of decorum.

"Of course Captain, is there anything else?" Captain Bartle answered in a mildly sardonic tone.

"Yes, I know this is asking a lot, but in order to brief you, we will need access to your computer."

There was a brief pause, and then Captain Bartle turned toward me and asked,

"What do you think, Jim?"

"I recommend limited and supervised access to the computer, sir," I answered in a no nonsense fashion.

And with that, I heard a mighty, if not hearty Klingon laugh erupt in the air of the transporter room. In between the burst of laughter, Captain Worf managed to say,

"You are a true security officer. You must have Klingon blood running through your veins."

"I don't have the blood, I was just raised by them," I retorted.

Captain's Worf grin disappeared and was replaced with a studious air of appraisal.

"Lieutenant, when we get to the bridge, allow them the access they need to the computer and after that is done report to the ready room."

"Aye, sir," I responded never allowing my eyes to move from Captain Worf's cool study.

"If you, Captain Worf, and your group will follow me, I will take you to our ready room," the Captain said in his best diplomatic behavior.

"Just lead the way Captain, and please just call me Worf. All this calling each other Captain is going to wear thin very quickly."

"I agree Cap...err...a...Worf, and you can call me Gary." With a swoosh, the doors of the transporter room opened and everyone filed out. As I began to leave, I caught a glance from the other Miles and could not shake the feeling that he was seeing a ghost every time he looked at me.

Within minutes, we were back on the bridge and Captain Bartle turned towards Worf. "And this is our bridge and over there towards the right is the ready room," he said as he finished his tour of the ship.

"Thank you, Gary," Worf then turned towards his O'Brien.

"Commander, if you please, download the information from the Freebird."

"Aye, sir," Miles replied.

"Also signal the other ships to prepare for phase two and to get underway as soon as we have an answer."

"Aye, sir. Lieutenant Webb, which computer do I use?"

"This one right here, sir," I responded.

Without hesitation, Miles pulled out the chair and sat down. He then turned around to face Captain Worf and said,

"Sir, it will take about five minutes before all of the information from the Freebird can be downloaded to the Defiant's main computer.

"Understood, Commander. Report to the ready room when you're finished."

"Yes, sir," Miles murmured.

Then Captain Bartle spoke, "Jim, you stick around just in case he needs help downloading."

"Aye sir. Then you'll want me in the ready room also, sir?" I asked the Captain.

"Correct Lieutenant," but he was not done yet, "and I want a security readiness report by 0800 tomorrow morning."

"Aye, sir. Security readiness report by 0800 tomorrow."

With that Captains Bartle and Worf, Commanders Williams and Sisko, Lieutenant Commander V'tok and Security Chief Odo proceeded to the ready room, while I turned my attention back toward the computer and their universes O'Brien. As I watched him work, I was surprised how well he manipulated the computer console. And my suspicions were growing to a point that I had to ask him.

"Forgive me Commander, but how did you gain such an impressive knowledge of our computers and their workings?"

"The knowledge did not come without its price!" Miles said with venom in his voice. I was getting ready to apologize to him when he whirled around to face me.

"I'm sorry Lieutenant. I did not mean to go off on you like that," Miles said apologetically as he turned back to the computer. Freebird's first download completed. Beginning second download."

"That's all right, Commander, I think I understand," I said.

"Do you? I don't think you do, yet!" Miles spoke vehemently, a small tear welling at the corner of his eye. Miles struggled to regain control of his voice and he began.

"You see, the price we had to pay for the information was your doubles life."

But before I could ask how or when my double had met his fate, the Freebird signaled, "Downloading completed, Commander."

"Acknowledged, Freebird. Freebird signal the other ships to prepare for phase two."

"Acknowledged, Commander. Freebird out."

Miles pushed himself away from the console, stood up and looked at me and said, "I'll explain later, but right now there is a briefing I have to give."

STAR TREK

Journeys of the Brightstar

Chapter Two

2

Stardate 52278.3

After leaving space dock the Brightstar is currently on a shake down cruise. So far we've had only a few minor problems. Easily fixed without having to return to space dock. The first officer is learning what it is to be a parent of a two year old.

Everyone keeps asking him if he needs any help, but in true Klingon fashion, he will just glare at them and say "No thank you" and be about his business. Doing mostly, well trying to keep his quarters picked up after Miss Violet has gotten into everything. It is amazing what he has been able to do with her in the last two years.

Captain Deora recording

"Sir we're receiving a priority one message from Starfleet Command." Lieutenant Commander Kathy Henderson relayed.

"Put them up on the screen Cadet." The Captain ordered.

"Sorry sir no can do. They want to talk to you and Captain T'sikes alone if possible." The security officer responded.

"Have them piped into my ready room and then down to the first officer quarters." Captain ordered as she got up from her chair and proceeds to her ready room.

The doors to her ready room opened but just before she stepped in, the Captain turns and speaks to Cadet Josh Charron.

"Oh, Cadet when you pipe that signal down to the First Officer, do so with out all the bells and whistle. We don't want to wake the two year old do we Cadet." She said with a fake grin on her face. She then walks into her office and the doors close behind her

"No sir ah I mean aye sir." He responded with a nervous tone as he routed the call as ordered.

"T'sikes are you ready?" Deora whispered as she sat down in her chair.

"Sir, you don't have to whisper. Violet is asleep and the doors are closed. He stated.

"How hard was it this time around? I'm mean telling a bedtime story, that is." Deora asked with a masked chuckle in her voice.

"Well let's put it this way, I am going to have to study up on my Klingon history." T'sikes relayed. But before the Captain could finish with a come back a familiar face came on the screen.

"You didn't tell her...."

"Captain T'sikes you're not telling your Captain about that problem you had when you first came onboard the Defiant?" Admiral Bartle asked.

"What problem are you referring to Admiral?" The First Officer questioned the Admiral with innocent tone.

"So you haven't told anyone." The Admiral said with relief in his voice.

"Well who would believe that the First Officer of the Defiant could get so drunk that he could hold a complete conversation with a lamp shade and still have no idea what he was talking about." T'sikes said with hint of annoyance in his voice.

"He did what?" Deora yelled at the screen.

"Oh that party...um I meant problem. That one you're going to have to explain to your Captain someday." The Admiral said with relief.

"What story did you tell her Sikes?" Admiral inquired.

"The story I told her was the story of Kahless and Molor." T'sikes answered with a certain air of pride.

"What are you trying to do to her? You want to give that child nightmare?" The Admiral asked with a smile.

"No sir, I was not trying to give her nightmares Admiral. Point in fact sir, this was the first time she sat and listen to an entire story.

She was so caught up in the story that she wants to hear another Klingon story tomorrow night." The First Officer stated with a pride of a warrior.

"And how did you manage that Sikes." Deora asked with a tone of curiosity in her voice.

"Why, I told the story in Klignese." He answered with note of smugness.

"Well I'll be bravo Captain. Bravo." Deora complimented her first officer.

"I agree that was well done Captain." Admiral Bartle seconded Captain Deora's opinion.

"Now Admiral, you didn't call just to tease my First Officer?" Captain Deora said with a smirk.

"No Captain I didn't. Even though I did enjoy it just little bit." The Admiral admitted then continued. "The reason is Starfleet Command has new orders for you. Starfleet needs you to check out something in the Bergman star system. Gary finished.

"Any particular reason Admiral?" Deora asked.

"Yes there is Captain, but I cannot say on an open channel." The Admiral said cryptically.

"Admiral I don't quit understand? What is going on in the Bergman system that has Starfleet so concern?" T'sikes asked Admiral Bartle.

"Again, I cannot say. Not on an open channel. All the information pertaining to your mission will be sent after we get down here." Admiral Bartle said with a perplex look on his face.

"Understood Admiral. The Brightstar will be standing by. Once we get the information I'll have my new Chief Science Officer go over it." The Commanding officer stated.

"Oh, and who is your new Chief Science Officer?" Admiral Bartle questioned.

"Admiral you're looking at him." Captain T'sikes said with pride.

"Well now, First Officer of the Brightstar, a brand new parent and now the Chief Science Officer. My, my, your plate is a full one, isn't it Captain." Admiral Bartle said with a grin as his image faded from the screen.

"Captain T'sikes, I expect a report on our orders and the information sent to us by noon tomorrow." Captain Deora stated but the First Officer knew it was an order.

"Aye sir. I'll have everything ready for you by nine." The science officer responded.

"Now T'sikes let's not push ourselves here you do a have child take care of. Noon will be just fine. Beside it will be some time before we get to the Bergman system." Captain Deora said in a motherly tone.

"Aye sir. Noon tomorrow. The briefing room then?" T'sikes answered.

"The briefing room will do just fine. In fact we could have light lunch while were at it." She said

"What is a light lunch sir?" T'sikes said with a seriousness of a Klingon warrior.

"Oh that's right. Klingons do not believe in anything being light, do they Captain." She teased him.

"That right sir. We do not." He said not taking the bait.

With that both screen fade to black.

Look who having a Birthday



Lt. Commander Kathy Henderson

April 15, 1988



Captain James (T'sikes) Webb

April 11, 1965



Cadet Kenny Charron

April 13, 1958

