

Tales of the Fleet

These are the Inane Voyages ...

By Dnoth

**In the Milky Way Galaxy
In the Alpha Quadrant
In the Forlak Cluster
In Sector 3568
In the Lorim Star System
In Orbit of Lorim VIIA
On board the USS Codependence
On Deck 1
In the Captain's Ready Room
Behind the Captain's Desk
In her chair...**

Captain's Log, stardate 42 and 3/8. "We've spent the last several days charting and cataloging star systems in Sector 50614. The mission has been uneventful and other than astrometrics, the crew is looking forward to some well deserved downtime...which means something is about to happen."

All was quiet on the bridge until an indicator sounded at the science station.

LTJG Tang Zian, reported, "Sir, some type of quantum anomaly has appeared dead ahead!"

"Fascinating," observed the Vulcan engineer from his bridge position.

"Captain to the bridge!" ordered First Officer Ethan Windslow. He addressed the science officer, "Where did it come from?"

Tang turned, "I don't know sir! It just appeared right on top of us."

At that point, Captain Sintina Aurelia walked in from her ready room. "Report."

“Something has just manifested in front of us,” said Tang.

Aurelia looked unsatisfied, “Something. What does that mean?”

Windslow leaned in and whispered in Sintina’s ear, “A certain undetermined or unspecified thing, captain.”

She blinked unbelievably at her first officer.

Tang burst, “It’s pulling us in!”

“Full reverse!” commanded Aurelia.

The Tamarian helmsman, D’nas, said, “Helm isn’t responding, ma’am.”

“Why not?” questioned Windslow.

“I don’t know,” rejoined D’nas. “I hit the button, but nothing happened.”

Jinal cocked an eyebrow, “That’s illogical.”

Sintina ordered, “Transfer power from weapons to the impulse engines.”

The Tamarian manipulated the controls, “It had no effect, ma’am.”

“Ok,” Aurelia responded, “Transfer power from life support!”

“Still no effect!”

The captain was in shock, “My god. Transferring power from life support wasn’t enough to fix it.” She flapped her arms, “What do we do now?”

“Let me see,” began Commander Windslow as he made his way to the helm.

“What wrong?” egged Aurelia.

The first officer leaned over the shoulder of D’nas, “It says ‘a problem has been detected and LCARS has been shut down to prevent damage to your computer. If this is the first time you’ve seen this stop error screen...’”

“It’s too late,” shouted Tang, “we’re going in!”

The ship rocked and shuttered. Jinal was thrown to the port side. Everyone else was thrown starboard. Once Jinal saw he was going the wrong direction, he jumped to starboard. After the sparks died down, everyone returned to their station.

"What happened? Where are we?" asked Aurelia.

"We appear to be in same spot we where before," reported Tang.

Windslow commented, "Looks like we dodged that bullet."

And just like that, a new problem developed. Commander Karim Bin Nadal called out from the tactical station, "Ma'am, a ship is decloaking, port-aft!"

"What?"

The space behind the *Codependence* shimmered to reveal an *Akira*-class starship.

Back on the bridge, Windslow redundantly asked, "How many Federation ships have cloaks?"

"Hail them," commanded Aurelia.

"They're hailing us," rejoined the Andorian Lieutenant Junior Grade Kimula sh'Somachanar, the ship's counselor, communications officer, loyal friend to the captain, neutral good Halfling-Elf when she plays D&D, and harlot.

"On screen," said the captain as she tugged down on her jacket and put her hands on her hips.

The main viewer materialized to reveal...Will Riker! But it wasn't, he was wearing a modified Nazi uniform. In his arm, he cradled a tribble. It was cooing softly as he stroked it.

Jinal stated from the back of the bridge, "Fascinating"

"Christ, Nazis and tribbles. Not again," complained Windslow.

"I am Captain Riker," began, um, Captain Riker, "of the Interstellar Domain of the Fatherland ship, *Lollypop*." He paused, examining his counterpart, "Sintina is that you?"

"You know me?"

"You're dead!" blasted the Nazi. "I executed you after you attempted to assassinate me in my own bedchambers! What's the meaning of this?"

"I think there's been some type of accident..." began Aurelia.

Riker boasted, "The only accident is you showing your face again! Prepare to be boarded!"

Aurelia shouted, "Raise shields."

Bin Nadal looked back at her, "They've accessed our prefix codes. I can't."

"Funny how it's the same code in a different universe," observed Windslow.

"That's illogical," was heard in the background.

Sintina sighed, "I really hate that thing."

Moments later, a group of Nazis beamed onto the bridge. Captain Aurelia immediately hit the nearest man with a heavy double hammer fist. Unfortunately, the intruder wasn't fully materialized and she fell to the deck with a thud. The rest of her bridge crew was easily subdued with karate chops.

It was the first time Sintina was on the other side of the force field of a brig. Half of her senior staff, however, couldn't say the same. At least, they were still in the *Codependence*, she thought.

Riker, with his Nazi apparel and tribble, walked in with arrogance. He stopped in front of the cell. "We are in complete control of your ship."

"Fascinating," said Jinal from the back of the crowded cell.

Everyone in the cell looked back in unison and yelled, "Shut up!"

"What have you done with the children in this ship?" inquired Windslow.

The tribble in Riker's arm fidgeted a little. "We put them in a classroom, Lt. Barclay is guarding them."

Aurelia stepped forward defiantly, "And what..." then she ran into the force field and stumbled back. "Damn, I forgot about that." She recovered as she took mental notes on who was snickering, "What are you going to do with us?"

"I studied your computer once I rebooted it," responded Riker. "I understand you're not from our universe, but a parallel one."

"That didn't answer my question," pressed Sintina.

Will continued to stroke his furry ball, "The Fatherland can always use a new ship. Most of your crew could probably be reeducated; the rest will be...feed to the tribbles."

The *Codependence* crew look at each other and begin to laugh.

Riker remained somber. The laughter subsided.

Aurelia said, "Oh...you're serious."

The Nazi paced a bit, "You see, in our universe, tribbles are carnivores...they're nasty little...critters."

Now the crew was aghast. Windslow shouted, "You can't do that!"

Riker turned to the guard, "Create a 5 centimeter hole in the field." Seconds later, a small hole appeared. Then, Riker pulled a phaser and shot Windslow. "Oh yes I can."

Windslow fell into Jinal's arms. The Vulcan eased him to the ground. The reptilian doctor, Zo'Kama, moved to his side.

After a moment of examination, she said, "He's dead, Ji...nal."

Aurelia leaned over, "Is there anything you can do for him?"

The Arkonian doctor shot back, "I'm a doctor, not a necromancer."

An ever so quiet, "That's illogical," sounded.

Zo'Kama looked at the Vulcan, "If you weren't such a heartless, cold blooded..."

Tang interrupted with, "But doctor, you're a reptilian. You *are* cold blooded."

"Don't get fighsty with me, young man," said Zo'Kama. "I've been insulting Vulcans since before you were potty trained. I'll knock you down to first year cadet so quick it'll make your colon involuntarily evacuate!"

The Asian man's jaw slowly dropped and his eyes grew wide.

Windslow seemingly came back to like. He groggily said, "I'm actually ok. It was just on stun."

"But Zo'Kama declared you dead," protested Tang.

The reptilian snapped, "I don't tell you how to do *your* job, lieutenant!"

Riker pointed at Aurelia, "You, come with me."

"Like hell I will."

"If you don't," threatened the man, "I'll get some hungry tribbles and put them in your cell!"

A few light chuckles escaped from the crew.

"I see we need a demonstration," said Riker. He turned to the guard once again, "Beam the tribbles and one of the prisoners into the empty cell."

Everyone waited anxiously. Who would be the one beamed into the other cell?

Suddenly the Vulcan, Jinal, began to dematerialize. Most of the other crew members sighed in relief. One man in the back said, "Thank god."

In a cell adjacent to the rest, Jinal and several small hairy balls appeared. They began to jump on him like popcorn. Each took a chunk of flesh. The Vulcan's copper blood began to spray. He fell to the floor. His last words were muffled by the creatures. "That's illogical!"

Within seconds, there was nothing left but bones.

Riker again addressed Sintina, "Now, come with me."

Aurelia forced herself to look away from the carnage, "Yeah, ok...sure...no problem."

In the ship's classroom, the children sat. Paul and Jeff Windslow, six and twelve years-old respectively, and Zo'Kala, the doctor's daughter, pondered around a single desk.

Zo'Kala stated the obvious, "We need to get out of here."

"Yeah," began Jeff, "but there's an armed guard just outside of the doorway. How are we going to get past him?"

Paul perked up, "I have an idea."

In the corridor outside of the classroom Lieutenant Reginald Barclay stood vigil. Behind him, the doors quietly parted a few centimeters. A red ball was rolled out. It passed his feet and went on down the hall.

Barclay looked at the red ball. He wondered how it got out here. *'Maybe I should follow it,'* he thought. So, he did. He caught up with it about 5 meters away from the door of the classroom. He had his back to the door as he picked up the ball and looked at it very closely. *'Red. That's a red ball. The color of the ball is red,'* he thought.

"Ok, he's distracted," whispered Jeff.

Then, all of the children quietly tip-toed out of the classroom.

It was darkened in Sintina's quarters. The light from Captain Riker beaming in filled the room. He wore a loosely fitting wrap and nothing else.

The sight of his thick, dark forest of cheat hair made Sintina tingle.

Riker slowly moved toward her, "I'm glad you put on what I beamed over."

Sintina sported what could only be called a Klingon dominatrix outfit. She wielded a cat o' nine tails and had an obvious forgery of Klingon ridges on her forehead.

Will disrobed. He presented himself to her, and roared, "Take me like a Klingon!"

She looked at Will. Then, down to the cat o' nine tails. Then, back at Riker. "I can do that."

The three children settled down into an isolated part of the ship.

Jeff began, "Ok, to get the ship back we need to set the self destruct and all the bad guys will leave. Then we can rescue our parents and they can stop the self-destruct."

"Good idea," commented his younger brother.

The young Arkonian thought for a moment. Then she added, "It is good, but I know how to make it better."

"How?" inquired Jeff.

"We can access environmental control and knock all of them out at the same time!" suggested Zo'Kala with enthusiasm.

Paul was equally excited, "Wow, we're sure to get them by doing both!"

Jeff didn't miss a beat, "Ok, I'll set the self-destruct and you pump the knock out gas into the air."

"Great," responded Zo'Kala.

Paul stopped them for a moment and asked, "But how do you guys know how to do all that?"

"Take your kids to work day," said Jeff.

"Yeah," added Zo'Kala, "You were sick that day."

"Oh."

Windslow burst into the captain's quarters, "Ma'am, the kids have retaken the ship!" He paused and grimaced. "Oh...my...god."

Sintina shot back, "Couldn't you have waited five more minutes!"

Windslow was at the conn. He felt, however, that he had forgotten something. He wasn't sure what.

Captain Aurelia strode on the *Codependence* bridge after another exciting adventure.

Windslow reported, "We beamed all the tribbles over to the *Lollypop's* bridge."

Aurelia and the rest of bridge crew shared a laugh.

The captain commented, "Glad to see you've given them a good home."

D'nas turned around from the helm, concern in his eyes. "But weren't these tribbles meat-eaters?"

The laughter halted. A quiet pause ensued as people exchanged glances.

Windslow broke the silence, "Well, it's not as funny when you point that out."

The captain turned to the science station, "Mr. Tang, can you recreate the

quantum anomaly that got us here?"

"Well," responded Tang, "it was a complete mystery to me a few hours ago. But now that I've had no time to analyze it...I'm sure I can."

"Very well," confidently said Aurelia. "Engage."

"Seven...six...five..."

"Who's that counting?" questioned Aurelia.