

A PERFECT DAY

by Alei



A
STAR TREK
CARRINGTON
PRELUDE

Star Trek Carrington Prelude

A Perfect Day

A Star Trek Fan Fiction by
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STAR TREK CARRINGTON - A PERFECT DAY

This book is dedicated to

Sean

and Jord

without whose inspiration and assistance, this work would
not have been possible.

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Commander Bernice Paige
Utopia Planetia Shipyards
Stardate 28403.12



The sterile light of the corridor cast a bright, but pleasant light as I moved through the massive dock where so many of Star Fleet's vessels were now being constructed. The San Francisco yards, or better, the older Martian Conglomerate yards, were massive enough, and the Andorian yards not far behind, but Utopia Planetia was something different and was designed to be in a class all its own.

Like the older Mars facilities, the new yards orbited Mars but were being built with cutting edge technology and on an unprecedented scale. Unlike older facilities which required many parts of component modules to be constructed elsewhere and then shipped to the yards for assembly, the Utopia yards were designed to be a one

stop construction site where everything from hull components to warp drives were built on site. This had the potential of greatly speeding production and reduce costs.

Provided they can scale it large enough to make all that work ...

All of that was fascinating to ponder and I was duly impressed. But I was here for something other than sightseeing.

Well ... ok, maybe I am here to see the sights, but one sight in particular. I'm here to see the Carrington.

It was foolish, perhaps immature, but I couldn't get the grin off my face. Soon I would be Mistress and Commander of a brand-new *Baker* class destroyer, one of the finest and most capable designs in the fleet.

And she's going to be mine. I should pinch myself, just to be sure I'm not just dreaming this up ...

As far as I was concerned, when it came to destroyers, the *Baker's* had no equal in the fleet. Unlike most destroyer designs, the *Bakers* fielded two, not one, warp nacelle and boasted an energizer capable of generating

enough power to make them hum at speeds exceeding warp nine.

Sure, it cost them a bit of maneuverability; the warp field just wasn't quite as efficient as a single engine design.

But I'll take it ... no more balancing the ships power on the fine edge of a razor, not being able to do all the things you need to do because you have a pint-sized energizer onboard ...

And then there was space. The Baker's had it, a generous secondary hull extending backwards from the primary saucer with labs, a full-sized shuttle bay, the works. All destroyers were designed to be multi-mission platforms, but the other designs out there had to compromise somewhere ... range, speed, weapons, labs, defenses ... *something* ... but not a Baker.

It even looks cool ...

Ok, yes, that was a totally irrelevant thought, but I just couldn't help it. It was like the best Christmas morning ever!!

I tugged a bit on the pull tab for the grav cart that was carrying most of my personal belongings. The thing

seemed to have a small glitch and wasn't the most cooperative device I'd ever seen. Sometimes it just had to be reminded who was boss.

I brushed a lock of red hair away from my eyes as I fiddled with the controls to the recalcitrant device, silently wishing I'd brought one off the *Tellus*, the old fleet scout I'd commanded for the last two years. It would have been kind of a pain to take it back but ...

Well, she might have been a bit long in the tooth, but at least all her frizten gear worked!!

Finally, I managed to get the stubborn cart to work properly again and proceeded on my way.

*I'm not going to let this stupid piece of junk ruin my day. I've **earned** this and I'm going to **enjoy** this. For once the universe was going **my** way. No more weirdness, no more irritations, just smooth sailing, unfettered joy ...*

My smile broadened again. Yes, things were going to be just fine. I mean, what could be wrong? A new ship, even a brand-new uniform with new bright gold bars showing my new rank, a full commander no less.

And then, the corridor opened into a windowed viewing area and there she was.

Oh My God, she's beautiful!!

And she was. Just a diamond, bright new and shiny, fresh out of the box and there on the side in bold symbols, NCC-2987 *USS Carrington*.

It was love at first sight. I was so giddy I felt like skipping instead of walking, singing instead of just breathing, being totally un-Captain like, the urge to jump up and down, clapping my hands in delight for the joy of it all and ...

"Having a moment are we, Commander?" came an all too familiar a voice, a voice that I DID NOT want to hear on this, my most perfect day.

No, no, no, no, nooooo ...

I turned and saw what I most dreaded, Adam Pitt smirking at me with that awful ... smirk of his.

"*What* are you doing here Pitt?" I asked forcefully. "Aren't you supposed to be somewhere off on

the hind end of space making someone else's life miserable?"

"Nope," he said, his smug smile not wavering a micron. "Seems your new XO had a little accident and will be laid up for a while so Commodore T'Strell needed a replacement and ... here I am Commander. Surprise!!"

"No, not *you*," I gasped my mind reeling with the injustice of it all. "Don't you dare joke about this Adam!!"

"No joke, Bernice," he said with a victorious smile. "I can call you Bernice, right? Now that we're going to be working so closely together."

I just stood there, willing my mouth to work and tell him exactly what I thought he could do with his ... *attitude*. But despite all my training, despite all my experience, I couldn't seem to find the words.

"All righty then," he replied happily as he turned and walked toward the companionway linking the dock to the *Carrington*. "See you on board ... Bernice."

No!!! This is so not FAIR ... I WANT A REDO!!!

That's when I heard a sharp snapping sound as my grav cart malfunctioned and dropped all of my belongings to the ground.

I turned around and kicked the hateful machine in a very unofficer-like manner that only succeeded in hurting my toe.

God, just one day, all I asked for was one ONE day!! Crud!!!

I knelt and began to gather together my belongings, looking for a new grav cart and sighed. Apparently, my luck hadn't changed all that much.

Oh well, you've got a job to do Bernice, better get to it.

I managed to gather all my gear into the grav car's netting, then picked up the heavy bundle, threw it over my shoulder and began trudging my way towards my new command.

I mean, it's gotta be all onwards and upwards from here ... right? How much worse can it possibly get?

Of course, with my luck, chances were the universe would give me an answer to that, and I was pretty sure it was an answer I wouldn't like, not one little bit.

End.

Star Trek Carrington will return in "Demand of Honor"