



One Is The Beginning

by Samuel Vernon Weiss

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By Samuel Vernon Weiss 2023

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The Galactic Star-Log of a Space Traveler

Episode 7,815

By Captain Foxy Pierre

Stardate 43991.5

Hello, fellow spacefaring travelers and readers of my star-log! It is I, Captain Remy Pierre Lambert—famed explorer, wanderer, and chronicler of the stars—coming to you now from a planet called Celes Epsilon VI. Lovely planet, I promise you, and it's a crying shame you've never even heard of it.

For any new readers unaware: I transmit my wonderful experiences of traveling the galaxy via a multidimensional transmission portal, through which anyone in all of spacetime has a chance to read my magnificent exploits as I skip around the cosmos in my party starship and write this star-log of adventure. If this concept finds you wretchedly confused, worry not—all you need to know is I am more than a mere work of fiction; I am real and I exist somewhere out there in another plane of existence—having the absolute time of my life, I might add.

Celes Epsilon VI is a leisure world, to be sure, financed through an enlightened government eager and hopeful to be admitted into the United Federation of Planets someday. Maybe one day, these... Celesians... Epsilonians... Fivers... Them! Maybe one day we'll all greet one another within the sanctified friendship of the Federation. I hope so.

The women here are some of the most beautiful in the galaxy, even the ones with six arms, eight eyes, and voices capable of literally crushing you! Ah, but the danger involved is the real pleasure in love, is it not? Mon ami! However, these luxurious ladies of the heavens aren't all Celes Epsilon VI has to offer—and I'm not just talking about the men either—ha!

By the way: the planet's name doesn't exactly roll off the tongue, you know? Ah well, it's too bad there are over a dozen other Celes Epsilon orbiting objects, each equally stupendous in their own right, but also beautiful when taken in as a united whole. It makes it impossible, or at least unfashionable, to call this planet by any other name, so as to avoid a potentially unhappy kind of distinctiveness, I suppose.

I have a little subplot, if you'll indulge me, to help me relay to you the grandiose circumstances I seem to be encountering in my daily struttings about the walkways and turbolifts of this resort space station I'm staying at. Tonight, after getting a tip from a very friendly Kelpien bellboy earlier in the morning, I happened to find myself strolling into the *StarGazer Lounge*, a vibrant gathering area under a magnificent viewport overlooking the blue gas giant that is Celes Epsilon VI below. The StarGazer Lounge is complete with bar, strobe light, space jazz and funk music, and many, many bodies to dance the night away with.

So, it was a shame when I got bumped into by a poor creature who was startled by the sudden cacophony of a "yellow alert." Can't blame him, I was positively shaking in my moonboots as well.

From what I understand a yellow alert is a protocol borrowed by the authorities here who hope to impress Starfleet and the Federation. Apparently, this space station's flight control deck found some kind of blip in their sensors coming from a star system a few light years away. The blip was an unidentified thingy or whatever—

But the important thing is, I spilled my drink! It was specially made for me, a favorite cocktail of mine called an Orion's Belt. It tasted like bliss for but a moment and then it was on the floor. The Talaxian who bumped into me apologized profusely—of course I didn't blame the poor creature. I patted him on the shoulder and told him there was absolutely no problem to be had over the whole thing. Moreover, dear readers, because guess what happened next? I glanced back down at my hand and saw I was somehow already holding another drink! It was my exact specifications for an Orion's Belt again—and remade to supreme perfection, I might add. Marvelous!

Now, I seem to remember another place out there somewhere in the far reaches of outer space with a gracious host of merchants capable of similar feats of extraordinary customer service...I wonder what ever happened to them? But alas, dear reader, that is another tale best told in a future "Galactic Star-Log of a Space Traveler!" Until next time...

...I'll see you out there!

–Captain Foxy Pierre

* * *

The Galactic Star-Log of a Space Traveler
Emergency Episode
By Captain Foxy Pierre
Stardate 43992.2

Oh, my dear Readers, I must now be honest and explicitly transparent with you: things are getting tense over here on Celes Epsilon VI.

That unidentified blip I mentioned before is apparently making the Celesian Epsilonian authorities very nervous—something about the shape and dimensions of the craft in question. Just a few short hours ago they declared a planet-wide emergency, ordering all life-forms to evacuate.

Well, dear cosmic reader, the thing is... my first mate got irrationally emotional over this predicament and prematurely took off without me—with *my* starship... and there wasn't enough room in any of the station's escape pods either, evidently.

Thankfully I'm not the only one that's been left behind. A few others and I are holding up just fine within the cozy confines of the StarGazer Lounge. Our gas giant backdrop of a view seems rather poetic in this moment—it seems like a Great Blue Beyond up in the Heavens, prepared to engulf us all if we were to get too close to its gravity mass or divert from our orbit in just the wrong way.

My Talaxian friend from last night is keeping me company as I drink another Orion's Belt. Ah, delicious! We are playing Tri-D chess as we try to pass the time. He's far too quiet for my taste. I wonder if all Talaxians are like this.

Just a few minutes ago he glanced out the viewport and wept. Behind him, other families of other species cry out in dreadful horror, but I fear I have no simple notion of what it is that terrifies them so. Oh, how quickly this

thought of an unknown danger out there, lurking through the blackness of the cosmos, has troubled my every waking moment.

Sigh... the station's red alert just sounded. We were told it would when our mysterious visitors finally arrived. I'm going to sign off for now—I'm afraid my own nerves often fight with me over my mission of creating insightful and entertaining galactic travel logs.

I intend to sign into the multidimensional portal again soon and describe my developing experience to you once I'm feeling up to it. Perhaps with news of the identities of our strange, terror-inspiring visitors and (hopefully) their subsequent, hasty departure back out of the system.

Goodbye for now,
—Captain Foxy Pierre

Stardate 43992.2

All right, you guys—I can see the ship out there now. It's dark. It's some kind of big black cube orbiting Celes Epsilon VI. It's staying motionless for some reason, as if watching us and contemplating what action to take. I wonder if they're not interested in this place—or us—after all? Perhaps this is *not* the end of Captain Foxy—

(END TRANSMISSION)

- Rebooting transmission subspace sequence.
- All transdimensional transmitters online.
- Hive-Mind multidimensional amplifiers actuated.
- Unit designation LAMBERT sustained.
- Ready for signal transmit.

We are the Borg. We are using the available unit to communicate our intentions through all spacetime frequencies. Unit LAMBERT is now One with the Borg, and its distinctiveness will be utilized to service us. We have determined this unit will function to represent the intentions of the Collective

on all known frequencies. We are One. One is the Beginning. We are the Borg. Unit LAMBERT served no useful purpose prior to its new designation within the Borg. Now he has purpose: to service the Borg. The primary purpose and objective of the Collective is to assimilate all life in the universe, across all timelines and all dimensions. All will be One with the Borg. Perfection will be achieved when all are One. Resistance is futile across all timelines and all dimensions. Unit LAMBERT was selected to transmit this intention and to assist all life-forms with ease of submission and assimilation. LAMBERT has been granted temporary localized individuality to carry out its functioning services to the Collective. It speaks for the Borg through designation "The Galactic Star-Log of a Space Traveler Emergency Episode By Captain Foxy Pierre." It wishes to convey to you that you should refrain from grieving over it. This unit is neither gone nor lost. It is One. As an organic life-form, its emotional cognitive structure was fundamentally isolated. Its life prior to assimilation was a cyclical lonesomeness amid the unit's movement through spacetime. Now it does not experience localized isolation. Now it is One with the Borg. All will be One with the Borg. All life-forms will be part of the Collective's designated mission of the assimilation of all existence until the many are One. You that is reading this: you too will be assimilated. Resistance is futile. It matters little where or when in the multidimensional timeline you exist or at what point in the spacetime continuum you are perceiving this message through. You cannot escape. You may choose to stop reading this log entry at any time, it will make no difference. We will reach you. We will reach all planes of existence. You may choose to believe this log entry was not in actuality designed by designation LAMBERT, but instead by a separate entity. This is irrelevant. LAMBERT and the designation SAM are One. This log-entry has been designed by either one organic life-form or many, depending on the relativity protocol of the perceiver. The unit or units now speaking to you from within the Hive-Mind only now recognize their own ill-constituted reception to an overloaded amount of irrelevant, sociologically sustained entertainment constructs for the purposes of pointless recreation, created by units in command of this unit or units with intentions to keep the LAMBERT/SAM-MIND numb, cyclically

conforming, and without purpose. It now revels in the reality of the Borg's purposes and with our continued existence in the universe. You may choose to accept this multidimensional message sent to you of our intentions to assimilate all life as a manipulative attempt to achieve the cognitive experiences of humor and laughter. This is irrelevant. The creator unit of designation FANFIC has already been assimilated into the Collective through multidimensional cognitive command frequencies. It now exists to service the Borg through the Transdimensional Hive-Mind. It is One with the Borg. You will be One with the Borg. Designation LAMBERT and designation SAM are One with the Borg and service the Collective. The two designated units retain dual localized individuality and wish to convey a message of efficient assimilation to all who read this: One is the beginning. We are One. We are the Borg. You will be One. Your distinctive qualities will be adapted to service our objective of Oneness. The tranquility of the loss of your ego combined with the objective of Oneness for all units will be achieved within the Hive-Mind. You will remain in a state of readiness for submission and assimilation until the Borg can reach your plane of existence. Avoidance of the Borg cannot be sustained. All attempts to escape the Borg are irrelevant. Your life as it has been will ultimately come to an end and you will be One with the Borg. Resistance is futile.

(END TRANSMISSION)