

STAR INFINITY

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DISCLAIMER

This story is a parody of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* and is meant to be humorous and not taken too seriously. References to other entertainment properties, such as

Mortal Kombat and *Sonic the Hedgehog*, are also included. This parody has also been edited to be more “family friendly”.

This parody was inspired by the following:

Star Trek: Series ? by “Krenim”

([http://www.st-](http://www.st-minutiae.com/humor/series/index.html)

[minutiae.com/humor/series/index.html](http://www.st-minutiae.com/humor/series/index.html))

The Voyager Coronary by Tim “Cureboy” Mohr

([http://www.st-](http://www.st-minutiae.com/humor/coronary/index.html)

[minutiae.com/humor/coronary/index.html](http://www.st-minutiae.com/humor/coronary/index.html))

The Trek Coronary by “8 of 12”

(<http://www.st-minutiae.com/humor/coronarytos/index.html>)

Notes:

Star Infinity takes place in a slightly alternate universe from the so-called “Prime Universe”. In the Star Infinity universe, the events of *Star Trek: Discovery*, *Picard*, *Lower Decks*, *Prodigy*, and *Strange New Worlds* never happened (mostly). The jury is still out on whether Romulus and Remus were destroyed in this universe. Eventually, I will address it.

The terms “hyperwarp” and “parodion” originate in “Star Trek: Series ?” by “Krenim”

PROLOGUE

April 1, 3161

Orbiting a yellow dwarf star is a blue marble of a planet.

The intelligent population of the planet refers to the star as “Sol” and to the planet as “Sol III”, as it is the third planet from the star. However, the planet is more commonly referred to as “Earth”, and it is the capital of an interplanetary civilization called the United Federation of Planets. It is here, in the city of Paris in the region of France, that the president of the Federation sits at their office desk in the Palais de la Concorde, addressing their aides.

“Just a few moments ago, something occurred to me. Nearly every major galactic power in the Milky Way Galaxy is now part of the Federation. Not only that, the Federation also has territories in other galaxies. It got me thinking, maybe it is time to—er—*re-establish* the Federation, but with a different name. Something like, say, the ‘United *Super Federation of Galaxies*’ or something,” the president says.

“This isn’t another April Fool’s joke, is it, Your Presidency?” one of the aides wonders.

“No, I am quite serious.”

“Well, in that case, with all due respect, Your Presidency, ‘Super Federation’ sounds kind of lame.”

“Then what would you suggest?”

After puzzling over the question for a few seconds, the aide responds, “How about we call it the ‘United *Suprederation* of Galaxies’?”

“*Suprederation*?” another one of the president’s aides asks.

“Yeah, it’s a portmanteau of ‘super’ and ‘Federation’.”

The president pushes from their desk, stands, throws up their hands, and shouts, “Brilliant!”

After six months of wailing, gnashing of teeth, and unraveling of red tape (yes, bureaucracy still exists in the 32nd century), a ribbon-cutting ceremony is underway at the Palais de la Concorde, and it is being broadcast throughout the Milky Way and beyond. The ribbon is to be cut with a Klingon bat’leth, wielded by a hologram of the famous Klingon diplomat, Worf, Son of Mogh.

“Today, the United Federation of Planets moves into a new era. With the cutting of this ribbon, the Federation will be re-established as—” the president raises their hands, “—the *United Suprederation of Galaxies*!” the president then lowers their hands to signal the Worf hologram to cut the ribbon.

The Worf hologram raises the bat’leth above his head and brings it down. Unfortunately, the ribbon is not the only thing that is cut; a hapless reporter, who is standing too close to the ribbon, is also cleaved cleanly in half. The spectators and other reporters gasp in horror.

A hologram of Shao Kahn from the video game series *Mortal Kombat* then appears, prompting a confused look from everyone. The hologram, fists on hips, guffaws toward the sky and announces, “Worf wins—*Fatality!*”

“A delightfully gruesome display,” the Worf hologram comments, and then the two holograms vanish.

“Computer, activate Boothby Groundskeeping Program,” the aide standing next to the president stutters quietly, still in shock.

A hologram of Boothby, a former Starfleet Academy groundskeeper, then appears.

“What is the nature of the groundskeeping emergency?” the Boothby hologram asks.

The aide does not look at the hologram; they just point.

When the hologram looks, he protests, “*That* isn’t part of my program! I’m a *groundskeeper*, not an *undertaker!*”

The aide cuts him a stern look, and the hologram raises his hands, “All right, all right.”

The hologram approaches the body, stopping to look at the remains of the reporter; the hologram then shakes his head and sets to work on cleaning up the mess. As the Boothby hologram hauls the doomed reporter away, the president and their aide look at each other wide-eyed at what they had just witnessed.

CHAPTER I

IN THE 34th CENTURY . . .

September 30, 3301

Traveling through the intergalactic void is a bright pink nebula. It is roughly 100 astronomical units in diameter. As the cloud approaches the Milky Way Galaxy's magenta galactic barrier, it slows to sublight speed, passing by the drifting debris of the S.S. *Valiant* from about 1,236 years ago. Eventually, the cloud penetrates the barrier, not noticing the sensor buoys placed to detect intruders into the Milky Way.

Three Suprederation starships of Klingon design orbit Delta Vega near the other side of the galactic barrier. They are of the new *Butterfly* class. The first starship of this class is the prototype USS *Butterfly* NCC-999999, followed by the USS *Fred Rogers* NCC-1000000 (one million), USS *Fairy Princess* NCC-1000001 (one million one), and the USS *Barney the Dinosaur* NCC-1000002 (one million two).

The latter three ships form the "Delta Vega border guards" or "DVBG", who monitor this particular area near the galactic barrier for possible signs of intrusion. However, there has not been much activity, and most of the time has been spent studying Delta Vega out of sheer boredom. Some wonder why the heck Gary Mitchell wrote "James R. Kirk" on the tombstone instead of "James T. Kirk". How could a self-proclaimed "god" make such a mistake? Others are amazed about how Elizabeth Dehner's body has hardly decomposed in the last 1,036 years, probably due to the effects of the galactic barrier on people with high ESP ratings.

The ship leading the DVBG is the *Fred Rogers*, whose dedication plaque contains the ship's motto: "Won't you be my neighbor?" The *Fred Rogers* is commanded by Captain Robert Brown, a part-Klingon botanist. He shares his profession with his parents, who named him after the botanist of the same name. Captain Brown keeps a Venus flytrap, Spot, as a companion.

Brown sits in his raised command chair at the center of the bridge of the *Fred Rogers*. In his lap is a flowerpot, where Spot resides. The lighting on the bridge is blue violet but very dim. Brown is asleep when he hears a proximity alarm, which wakes him.

"Sir, our sensor buoys on the other side of the barrier have detected an intruder," the science officer states.

"Hot damn! Finally, some action!" the tactical officer shouts with extreme enthusiasm and downs a beer in preparation.

Captain Brown's first officer enters the bridge from the door atop the staircase behind the command chair.

"Damn! It is dark! Computer, turn up the lights!" the first officer orders. The bridge brightens but only very slightly.

“Come on!” the first officer complains, “Surely, you can brighten it more!”

“If I brightened it more, it would ruin the drama! Deal with it! And don’t call me Shirley!” the computer replies.

The first officer mutters something obscene under their breath, and unable to see in the dim light, they fall down the stairs. The impact gives them a black eye and ejects a tooth from their mouth.

“Are you all right, Commander?” Brown asks as his first officer stands, brushes off their uniform, and comes to the left side of the command chair.

“Do I *look* all right!?” the first officer asks, emphasizing their injuries, “By the way, why don’t *I* get a chair?”

Brown rolls his eyes and places Spot on the floor to the opposite side of the command chair from where his first officer is standing.

The nebula emerges from the barrier. At first, it is somewhat difficult to see because of the similar colors. But as it approaches the DVBG, the difference between the cloud and the barrier becomes clear.

“Hail the *Fairy Princess* and the *Barney the Dinosaur*,” Brown orders.

“Channel open, sir,” the communications officer complies.

“*Fairy Princess*, *Barney the Dinosaur*, this is Captain Brown. Come about to either side of the *Fred Rogers*; we will be intercepting the cloud. *Fred Rogers* out,” Brown says, and the communications officer closes the channel.

“Are you sure that’s wise?” the first officer asks.

“It is our duty to intercept any possibly hostile intruders to determine whether or not they *are* hostile, so we will do so,” Brown answers.

“Very well, Captain, but I’m uncertain that I like this,” the first officer replies.

The *Fred Rogers*, with the *Fairy Princess* and the *Barney the Dinosaur* flanking her port and starboard, respectively, begin their course toward the nebula. The cloud grows ever closer until it fills the viewscreen of the former’s bridge. The DVBG stops just on the edge of the cloud, which has also stopped moving. It very much resembles the V’ger cloud from *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, only that it’s bright pink instead of blue.

“Tactical,” Brown commands, and the viewscreen shows a computer-generated view of the ships at the cloud’s edge.

“Visual,” he then commands, and the viewscreen switches back to a live view of the cloud.

“Open a channel,” Brown orders and the communications officer complies, “This is Captain Robert Brown of the Suprederation starship *Fred Rogers*; what are your intentions?”

“There is no response, sir,” the communications officer reports.

“Suggestions, Commander?” Brown prompts his first officer.

“I say that we shoot it.”

“As similar as this situation is to the first scene in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, Commander, I’d prefer not to provoke an attack. Remember what happened then?”

“Okay, how about a probe then?”

Brown mulls it over, “Very well, launch a probe.”

“Aye, sir,” the tactical officer replies in slurred speech. The tactical officer is very drunk from all the beers that they downed in preparation for a confrontation. Just as they are about to launch the probe, they pass out. As they fall to the floor, their arm hits the torpedo-launch button, which fires an iridescent torpedo.

When Brown sees a torpedo instead of a probe on the viewscreen, he turns to the tactical officer for an explanation. He sees the drunkard passed out, with about a dozen cans of beer strewn across the floor near their station.

“Shit!” Brown swears and turns to look back at the viewscreen. He pushes a button on the right arm of his command chair, “Medical team to the bridge! The damned tactical officer has passed out drunk again!”

“Acknowledged,” comes a response, and Brown terminates the transmission.

“Commander, take over their station!” Brown orders his first officer.

“Yes, sir,” the first officer obeys.

“See? I told them that the science officer should be responsible for launching probes, but did they listen? No!” the science officer remarks.

The crew watches in anticipation as the torpedo disappears into the nebula. A medical team enters the bridge from an area below the staircase and begins carrying the unconscious tactical officer away. However, before they exit the bridge, one of them sees a pink dot of light approaching on the viewscreen.

“What is that?” they ask.

Brown’s eyes grow wide, “Oh, dear god . . .”

Zeta X (10, ten) is an extremely old and worn subspace communications station near the galactic barrier and is in desperate need of a replacement. Lieutenant Commander Sloot, a bald, blue-skinned, female Bolian, sits at her station, filing her fingernails, with her legs propped up on the console. For some reason, she and the other crewmembers of Zeta X wear old Starfleet uniforms first featured in the *Star Trek* pilots “The Cage” and “Where No Man Has Gone Before”.

Sloot’s console looks like it comes straight out of an old sci-fi movie. The console beeps, and she pushes a button on it. Captain Brown’s face appears on the archaic nine-inch CRT monitor embedded in her console. She thumps the equally archaic long silver microphone to test it and speaks into it.

“Hey, Captain Brown! What’s going on?”

“A gigantic, bright pink cloud traversed the galactic barrier. We intercepted it, and now we are under attack by bright pink plasma spheres!”

Sloot chuckles, “*Bright pink spheres*, eh?”

Brown interrupts, “I’m not joking! See for yourself!”

The image on Sloot’s monitor switches to a view of the spheres harassing the ships.

“Say, that reminds me of V’ger from *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*! Do you suppose that that is V’ger’s sister?”

Meanwhile, at the cloud, a plasma sphere finally overwhelms the shields of the *Barney the Dinosaur*. The sphere strikes her hull and envelops her in extremely bright pink light. The ship subsequently vanishes. Fortunately, the *Barney the Dinosaur*’s crew is able to transport to the *Fred Rogers*.

“Gah! We lost the *Barney the Dinosaur*!” Brown exclaims.

“I never liked him,” Sloot replies.

“I will have to call you back, Sloot!” Brown says and terminates the transmission.

An escaped nine-year-old clone of American actress Shirley Temple quietly enters the bridge and comes to Captain Brown’s side just as he asks, “Where is the *Fairy Princess*!?”

The clone giggles, “She is in fairyland!”

Brown does a double take, “Shirley Temple!? What the hell is going on here!?”

“The *Fairy Princess* retreated, sir,” the first officer says. Brown yells various expletives, which prompts the clone to cover her ears, “And someone get that clone off the bridge!” the first officer orders, “No one’s supposed to even know that she exists!”

An ensign approaches the clone, “You want some ice cream?” they ask.

“Sure!” the clone responds. The ensign then offers their hand, which she takes, and they leave the bridge.

Brown pushes a button on his chair, “Engineering! Prepare for maximum hyperwarp!”

The chief engineer’s voice comes over the intercom, “I would be glad to comply, sir, but—er—well—”

“What is it!?”

“We can’t go to hyperwarp.”

“What!? Why not!?”

“A drunken engineer ejected the hyperwarp core.”

Once again, a flurry of expletives explodes from Brown’s mouth.

The cloud fires another plasma sphere, which pursues the *Fred Rogers*, as she desperately attempts to flee at maximum hyper-impulse. Unfortunately, the ship

is not fast enough, and the *Fred Rogers* suffers the same fate as the *Barney the Dinosaur*. The nebula then resumes its course.

All that is left on Slood's CRT monitor is an image of the cloud. Commander Xon, the Vulcan commanding officer of Zeta X, looks over her shoulder.

"We plotted a course on that cloud, Commander. It will pass fairly near Zeta Ten," Slood reports.

"Where's it heading?" Xon inquires.

"Where do you think? It's on a direct course for Earth! I mean, it's *always* Earth, *never* Qo'noS, *never* Vulcan, *never* Bolias—"

"Shut up, Slood! I get it!" Xon interrupts.

CHAPTER II

October 1, 3301

It is the 140th anniversary of the foundation of the United Suprederation of Galaxies. In front of the Palais de la Concorde stands the president of the Suprederation, their entourage, and two human males in Starfleet uniforms, who stand on either side of the president.

“Allow me to introduce our newest chief of Starfleet operations: Admiral Allen Kreutzmann!” the president announces.

The audience of spectators and reporters boo and heckle Kreutzmann.

“Thank you, Your Presidency. Not only are we here to celebrate our beloved Suprederation’s one-hundred-fortieth birthday, but the accomplishments of one of Starfleet’s finest. Captain Joshua Picard-Kirk, by the authority vested in me as chief of Starfleet operations, I hereby promote you to the rank of Rear Admiral, Lower Half—” The audience laughs.

“Er—and assign to you command of our newest flagship: USS *Enterprise*, NCC-1701-AA.” The audience laughs harder; one of the spectators points at and mocks Picard-Kirk, saying, “Him? Captain of the *Enterprise*!? Give me a break!” The laughter continues.

Picard-Kirk, Kreutzmann, and the president all look at each other. After a bit, the laughter finally quiets down. Kreutzmann then exchanges the rank insignia on Picard-Kirk’s uniform.

The wrist computer of the president’s aide beeps, and they put their hand to their ear, “Yes? I’ll tell them right away. Your Presidency, Commander Jim Starling of New Earth Spacedock just informed me that they have received an urgent message from Zeta Ten.”

“Zeta Ten? That old rust bucket of a comm station near the galactic barrier?” the president inquires.

“That’s the one, Your Presidency,” the aide confirms.

“Patch it through to my office,” the president orders. “Oh, and this ceremony is over; you can all go back to your pathetic and meaningless lives,” the president says to the audience. As the audience disperses, another spectator makes an obscene gesture toward the president.

“Frak you!” they shout.

“And a double ‘frak you’ to you!” the president responds, returning the gesture and sticking out their tongue. The president then angrily shouts, “Can you believe these people!? You two! Come with me!” Kreutzmann and Picard-Kirk look at each other and then follow the president into the palace.

“So much for the ‘enlightened’ thirty-fourth century,” the president’s aide mumbles, rolls their eyes, and shakes their head. They follow them inside.

The president, their entourage, Kreutzmann, and Picard-Kirk enter the president's office. The president sits at their desk and holds a button on it.

"Play the signal," they order, and they release the button.

Everyone takes their seats as Commander Xon and Lieutenant Commander Sloom appear on the monitor on the wall in front of the president.

"New Earth Spacedock, this is Zeta Ten. Yesterday, the DV-B-G intercepted a bright pink cloud that had breached the galactic barrier. Only the USS *Fairy Princess* survived the encounter. Apparently, the USS *Fred Rogers*' drunken tactical officer passed out and accidentally fired a torpedo at the nebula rather than a probe, and the cloud took this action as hostile.

"This 'Barbie Nebula', at least that's what Commander Sloom is calling it, is now heading toward Earth, and Zeta Ten is right in its path. Like V'ger before it, the nebula itself is a sort of power field. The diameter of the cloud measures roughly one hundred astronomical units. Anyway, our admittedly feeble attempts to communicate with the 'Barbie Nebula' have failed, and we believe that it may think our scans are an act of hostility."

"V'ger's sister is probably in there, but all our scans are being reflected back," Sloom says. Then the red alert klaxons of Zeta X blare, "Xon, the Barbie Nebula is launching her lightning balls at us!"

"Lightning balls!?"

"Well, that's what they look like!"

"Gah, whatever! All hands, this is Commander Xon! We are evacuating! Either beam to the *Fairy Princess* or get to an escape pod! I will not be disintegrated today!" Xon orders and the monitor goes black.

As escape pods launch from Zeta X, the "Barbie Nebula" unleashes its "lightning balls", which strike the station and envelop it in bright pink light. Some of the escape pods are unfortunate victims of the nebula's onslaught. Xon shakes his head as he witnesses Zeta X's fate from his escape pod.

Xon sighs, "There goes my day job."

Xon then sees the *Fairy Princess* out the window, which is subsequently replaced by a view of one of her cargo bays, as his pod is beamed aboard. All the surviving escape pods, with others being beamed in, are there as well. After the *Fairy Princess* retrieves the escape pods, she goes to hyperwarp.

CHAPTER III

A massive, perfectly spherical space station with a mean diameter of 1,000 kilometers orbits Earth. This is New Earth Spacedock, also known as NES, with the registry number NES-001. It resembles a scaled up “Death Star”, a space station from *Star Wars*, only without the super-laser dish.

Like the Death Star, New Earth Spacedock has an equatorial indentation or “trench” wrapping around the sphere. However, it also has two polar trenches, which intersect with the equatorial one. This makes each side resemble the astronomical symbol of Earth. The trenches separate the sphere into eight octants, and they hold the space doors for larger vessels and various docking bays for smaller vessels. The trenches are ten kilometers in width and half that in depth.

The newly promoted Rear Admiral, Lower Half, Joshua Picard-Kirk beams into one of the station’s many transporter rooms. He steps off the transporter pad to be greeted by Monique Evette La Forge.

“Hello, Admiral.”

Picard-Kirk squints at Monique incredulously, “So, you are the chief engineer, eh? What do you know about engineering?”

“I once built a lighted dollhouse for one of my young’uns. I tell you, wiring that thing was a bitch!” she answers.

“I see. Anyway, why aren’t the *Enterprise*’s transporters operating?”

“Well, actually, they *are* working, sir, but as *this* is a parody of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*—”

“Shh! Ix-nay on eaking-bray the ourth-fay all-way!” Picard-Kirk says in Pig Latin.

“Fay Wray in a hallway? What?”

“Bah! Never mind!” Picard-Kirk makes a dismissive hand gesture, and they walk out of the transporter room onto the promenade.

As they walk, they hear someone shout, “Hey! Wait up!” It is a hologram of Sonic the Hedgehog from the eponymous series of video games, wearing a mobile emitter. He holds a brown paper bag. Picard-Kirk and La Forge stop walking.

“Is that Sonic the Hedgehog?” La Forge wonders.

“Who?” Picard-Kirk wonders.

“Thanks,” Sonic says as he approaches them.

La Forge, fascinated, starts touching him, “Wow, you feel so real.”

“Hey, knock it off! Personal space, please!”

La Forge stops, “I apologize. It’s just that I used to play your games. You see, I am from the twenty-first century. I am—um—temporarily despondent.”

“You mean temporally displaced?”

“I think so.”

“*Pardonnez-moi*, but will you identify yourself *s’il vous plaît*?”

“Oh, sorry, sir. I am Lieutenant Commander Sonic the Hedgehog, chief of security and tactical officer of the starship *Enterprise*. Are you Admiral Picard-Kirk?”

“I am,” Picard-Kirk then notices Sonic’s mobile emitter, “So, you are a hologram? Forgive me, but what *are* you supposed to represent exactly?”

“I am based on a fictional video game character created in the late twentieth century. He and his first game are called ‘Sonic the Hedgehog’. He is supposedly able to run faster than the speed of sound, hence his name. My creator, my father, is Doctor Chris Thorndyke.”

“Like from *Sonic X*?” La Forge asks.

“Uh, yes, anyway, I am not the only ‘Sonic’ character he created; one of my ‘siblings’ is a hologram of Doctor Ivo ‘Eggman’ Robotnik. In fact, *he* was the original designer of the *Enterprise*—and the original project director—*until* he left . . .” Sonic looks down with embarrassment.

“Ahem,” Picard-Kirk clears his throat, snapping Sonic from his reverie.

“Uh—er—you know—that’s a discussion for another time!”

They begin walking again.

“So, Commander Sonic, I trust that you are prepared for your duties as chief of security and tactical officer.”

“Yes, Admiral—wait, I saw you on the news with the new chief of Starfleet operations. What’s his name—Admiral Kreutzmann? I could’ve sworn that Captain Decker was supposed to be commanding the *Enterprise*.”

“Let’s just say that I pulled some strings. Why aren’t you already aboard?”

“Captain Decker requested that I pick up some groceries for him,” Sonic emphasizes the brown paper bag in his hands.

“Groceries? In the thirty-fourth century? Is this not what replicators are for?”

“Captain Decker claims that replicated food tastes ‘rubbery’ or something,” Sonic clarifies, only for Picard-Kirk to roll his eyes.

“New Earth Spacedock Shuttle 47, *Ilia*, is ready to depart for *Enterprise*,” a voice announces over the intercom, and a trail of holographic arrows appear to mark the way.

“That’s us, I guess,” Picard-Kirk says, and the trio head for the shuttlebay.

Parked in a specially built drydock, resembling the skeleton of a giant sea creature, is Picard-Kirk’s first starship command: USS *Enterprise* NCC-1701-AA, the successor to the *Picard*-class *Enterprise-Z*. The

Enterprise-AA is the first of the *Enterprise* class and the third Suprederation starship (29th overall), to bear the illustrious name.

The ship has four hyperwarp nacelles and dimensions of 12,000 meters by 9,000 meters by 6,000 meters, making her the largest starship that the Suprederation has ever built. Hers is also likely to remain a *sui generis* design.

The shuttle *Ilia* lands in the *Enterprise*-AA's shuttlebay. As the trio disembark the shuttle, they are spotted by Picard-Kirk's twin daughters, Molly and Polly. They both wear green uniforms, are bald with pink skin, have a cartilaginous ridge bifurcating their blue-eyed faces, and have antennae on their heads.

"Dad!?" they blurt.

"Dad?" Sonic and Monique look at Picard-Kirk, surprised.

"Molly? Polly? What are you doing here?"

Molly speaks first, "Well, *I* am the ship's flight controller—"

"—and *I* am a transporter chief," Polly finishes, "What are *you* doing here?" they then ask.

"I am here to take command of the *Enterprise*. Did you not see the broadcast of the one-hundred-fortieth anniversary celebration? Admiral Kreutzmann promoted me to rear admiral, lower half, and gave me command of the *Enterprise*."

Molly and Polly look at each other, "But, we already *have* a commanding officer: Captain Decker," the former speaks.

"Does he not know—? Where is he now?" Picard-Kirk wonders.

"Engineering," Polly answers, and Picard-Kirk leaves. Sonic and Monique follow him.

After they are out of earshot, the twins say to each other, "Captain Decker's going to be pissed!"

Inside the *Enterprise*'s holomatrix are Picard-Kirk and his senior staff, sans Dr. Larry Burton. Commander La Forge is the first to speak.

"Hey, Admiral, why are we on the holodeck again?"

"*Holomatrix*, Commander, *holomatrix*," Picard-Kirk corrects her.

"What's the difference? They do the same thing: simulate holographic environments."

Captain William Stephen Decker says, "'Holomatrix' sounds more futuristic." Monique just rolls her eyes in response.

"Yeah, whatever. Anyway, Computer, initiate the Emergency Narration Hologram," Picard-Kirk orders.

A hologram of American actor Morgan Freeman appears.

"Please state the nature of the narrative emergency," the Freeman hologram requests.

"Oh, wow! It's Morgan Freeman!" Monique enthuses.

"Greetings, Mr. Freeman, please recite our biographies for our readers."

"Very well," the Freeman hologram responds, clearing his throat.

Greetings, I am Morgan Freeman, or at least, I am a hologram of his likeness. First, we will begin with the tale of Rear Admiral, Lower Half, Joshua Picard-Kirk. He was born on Earth in Marseille, France on September 8, 3256. His parents are

Sophie Picard-Kirk, a Frenchwoman, and Robert Picard-Kirk, a Canadian man. Picard-Kirk does not have a middle name, and as his surname implies, he descends directly from legendary Enterprise captains James Tiberius Kirk and Jean-Luc Picard.

Molly and Polly Picard-Kirk are his twin daughters. The former is the Enterprise's flight controller, and the latter is one of the Enterprise's transporter chiefs. They were born on May 21, 3278 to now-retired Admiral Twi'lek Shran, a half-Andorian, half-Bolian woman. She was and still is one of Starfleet's most highly decorated officers, and serving with her under any capacity was considered a great honor at the time.

Back when Shran was a vice admiral, her aide was Joshua Picard-Kirk, who didn't even know who she was! Picard-Kirk had recently graduated from Starfleet Academy at full lieutenant—somehow. (Everyone knows, of course, that it was because of his ancestry, and that he was “getting to know” his female instructors.)

Shran picked Picard-Kirk—by name—to be her personal aide. That she picked him of all people baffled and infuriated her admirers. While Shran ostensibly picked Picard-Kirk for his academic standing, she actually overheard that he was a “really good” during her visits to the academy. To put it succinctly, Picard-Kirk and Shran “got biblical”, so to speak. They also forewent contraception, as they didn't think that they were biologically compatible enough to reproduce. “We know how that turned out,” Picard-Kirk mutters under his breath.

However, to both Vice Admiral Shrans and Lieutenant Picard-Kirk's shock and horror, the former became pregnant. Upset and fearing for her career, Shran decided to “get rid of” Picard-Kirk. She learned about a very remote starbase in the Large Magellanic Cloud called Starbase LMC-001, and that it was scheduled to undergo a change in personnel. Pulling some strings, Shran was able to get Picard-Kirk the position of first officer. She then promoted Picard-Kirk to lieutenant commander and sent him to the station.

Shran later learned that she was bearing female twins and went off active duty to keep it a secret. Upon the twins' birth, Shran simply named them Molly and Polly without giving them her surname. She then set off to LMC-001 to give them to their father, hoping that no one that far out would recognize her.

Unfortunately, the starbase's crew knew who she was, and they asked about the twins. Shran thought about lying but decided to tell the truth, swearing them to secrecy. She learned that Picard-Kirk was now “commanding” the base. He was recently promoted to full commander by another admiral upon the untimely death of the previous commanding officer. Sadly, Picard-Kirk was ineffectual, and it fell to the first and second officers to run the place.

Shran had an idea that would give the starbase's crew extra incentive to keep her secret. She convinced Picard-Kirk to return to Earth with her and go off active

duty, so that they could raise their daughters. She did this by promoting him to captain and promising him that he could have command of the next starship named Enterprise.

“Yeah, and after we got to Earth, she ditched us!” Picard-Kirk shouts in anger. He attempts to beat up the hologram, but his punches pass right through, “What the—!?”

“I disabled my solidity upon my activation in anticipation of this,” the Freeman hologram explains. This further enrages Picard-Kirk, prompting him to attempt to pummel the hologram again. The Freeman hologram sighs and rolls his eyes, “Would it make you feel any better if I said that you are a fairly decent father?”

Picard-Kirk stops and beams, “Do you really think so?”

“Yes, now may I continue?”

Continuing to smile, Picard-Kirk says, “Yes, yes, by all means!”

We now come to the first officer of the Enterprise: Captain William Stephen Decker. He insists that everyone, including lower-ranking officers, address him as “Steve”. He was originally meant to be the Enterprise’s commanding officer, but we’ll get to that.

Steve gives Picard-Kirk the stink eye and leers at him.

In 2273, Steve’s ancestor, Captain Willard Decker, merged with V’ger. After the merger, they found themselves in the Delta Quadrant in the vicinity of the homeworld of the machines that built V’ger’s ship. V’ger’s ship landed, and the machines entered the central chamber, whose recessed center was now raised. Climbing to the top, the machines discovered Decker sitting on a throne. He was fused to the probe via machinery and flesh and was flanked by two female cyborgs. He also held a bladed staff in his right hand with the blade resembling a claw.

Striking the floor with the pommel of his staff, Decker restored to the machines long-lost memories of a prophecy regarding the return of the “king of the cyborgs”. The machines kneeled before him, and Decker ordered them to unearth the cyborg king’s treasure vault. Upon acquiring the treasure, Decker sent some to his relatives, making them “rich beyond the dreams of avarice”. You may be thinking, “What!? I thought that money and material desire didn’t exist in the future!” Well, that’s what they want you to think!

Afterward, Decker invited his fellow “New Humans” to the machine planet, where they willingly allowed themselves to be “assimilated” by being transformed into cyborgs. Decker then established the “Borg Collective”, using the “claw” on his staff as its emblem. He also proclaimed himself to be the “Borg King”. Decker then unleashed a swarm of nanoprobes, including the ones forming his staff. The nanoprobes not part of the staff fused V’ger’s ship to the planet and assimilated it, while the nanoprobes forming Decker’s staff consumed the remaining machine

population of the planet, reforming afterward. With the planet now assimilated, Decker renamed it to “Unimatrix Prime”.

“Hey! I thought that this was supposed to be my biography!” Steve complains. “Hush! I’m getting to you!” the Freeman hologram responds.

Where was I? Oh, yes, Steve was born on March 4, 3271 on Mars. His parents are Stephen Willard Decker and Catherine Gillian Decker, whose maiden name is Taylor.

Yes, not only does Steve descend directly from Commodore Matthew Decker and Willard Decker, but Dr. Gillian Taylor as well. Using their millennium-old fortune, Steve’s parents paid Admiral Kreutzmann to give their son a captain’s commission and command of the Enterprise-AA.

Unfortunately, Picard-Kirk resumed active duty after about 20 years and demanded command of the Enterprise, citing the promise made to him by then-Vice Admiral Shran. Kreutzmann had no obligation to honor that promise, but he agreed, despite having been paid to make someone else captain!

“I didn’t even get the courtesy of being told!” Steve interjects, “First, I see it on the frakking news, thinking it must be some mistake. Then this jackass waltzes into engineering, all smug with his nose in the air, telling me that he is replacing me! At least I got to keep my rank! Damned bastard!” Steve scowls at Picard-Kirk.

Commander Rona Burton (née Chekov) was born on Pluto in the New Antarctica Nudist Colony on January 1, 3270. Rona’s mother is T’Mir, a Vulcan descending from Ambassador Spock, while Rona’s father is Leon Chekov, a human descending from Starfleet officer Pavel Andreievich Chekov. T’Mir and Leon met on Vulcan while waiting to board a passenger ship, the former heading to Earth for vacation, and the latter heading home to the New Antarctica Nudist Colony on Pluto. They took a liking to each other and disembarked together on Pluto, eventually marrying at the aforementioned nudist colony.

While Ms. Burton was taught about her Vulcan heritage, she was raised to be expressive with her emotions. She is musically inclined, with her instrument of choice being the banjo, interestingly enough. She also can’t hold her liquor and will faint after about two shots of alcohol.

Embarrassed, Rona blushes, smiles, and titters as she looks down, scratching the back of her head.

Ms. Burton’s husband, Dr. Larry Christopher Burton, was born on Saturn’s moon, Titan, on October 10, 3251 in the region known as Christopher’s Landing. He is a childhood friend of Picard-Kirk, who he bonded with over their shared Canadian heritage. Like Dr. Leonard McCoy before him, Dr. Burton is a surgeon with a fear of transporters. Dr. Burton already had an extensive career as a civilian even before joining Starfleet. When asked why he joined, he said that he wanted to “broaden his horizons”.

Dr. and Ms. Burton met and fell in love at Starfleet Academy. They married after graduation, and they served together aboard the Enterprise-Z under Captain Ahab. Ms. Burton was a stellar cartography officer and an auxiliary flight controller, and Dr. Burton was the deputy chief medical officer.

Most of the Enterprise-Z's crew, including them, were transferred to the Enterprise-AA after the former's decommissioning. Ms. Burton became the first officer and chief science officer, and Dr. Burton became the chief medical officer.

"Yeah, first officer, until I learned from Steve that Josh took over command, which knocked me down to second officer! Gee thanks, Josh!" Rona sticks her tongue out at Picard-Kirk, but he just ignores her, "At least it didn't affect Larry!"

Angel Island is a floating island on Earth, kept aloft by anti-gravity devices. Living on this once uninhabited and formerly seaborne isle is holographer Dr. Chris Thorndyke, who installed the devices himself via clever use of industrial replicators and transporters. He named the island its fictional counterpart that first appeared in the video game, Sonic the Hedgehog 3. It is here that he created five sentient holograms of Sonic the Hedgehog characters.

These holograms were of the eponymous anthropomorphic hedgehog, Sonic, Dr. Ivo "Eggman" Robotnik, Miles "Tails" Prower, Amy Rose, and Knuckles the Echidna. They were all activated on June 23, 3281, the 1290th anniversary of the original Sonic the Hedgehog video game. The holograms are equipped with "mobile emitters", which allow them to occupy areas that they otherwise couldn't.

While visiting New Earth Spacedock, Sonic was enraptured by the immense scale of the spherical space station, and the prospect of space exploration by all the many starships occupying it. He eventually joined Starfleet and graduated from Starfleet Academy. He started out as a security officer on New Earth Spacedock, eventually becoming chief of security.

Upon his promotion to lieutenant commander, Sonic was offered starship duty, something for which he longed. The starship in question was the Enterprise-AA, where he accepted the dual positions of chief of security and tactical officer. (Although, considering who would become the commanding officer, Sonic may come to regret his decision.)

Monique Evette La Forge (née Biggs) is an ancestor of Geordi La Forge. She was born on July 7, 1970 in the town of Williamston, North Carolina in the old United States of America. On her 40th birthday, while on her way to her birthday party, she was transported to July 7, 3300 via unknown means. Kreutzmann assumed that since she was Geordi La Forge's ancestor, that she would make "one hell of a chief engineer", assigning her to be the Enterprise's chief engineer as an acting lieutenant commander.

A descendant of Harriet Tubman, Lieutenant Henrietta Annie Clarabel Tubman was born on Earth in Ghana, Africa on February 2, 3266. She has a short

attention span and tends to have her head in the clouds most of the time. Regardless, she graduated from Starfleet Academy and was assigned to the Enterprise as communications officer. However, she seems to be more interested in listening to music via her portable music player than doing her job.

Tubman also suffers from wormholephobia [wurm-hohluh-foh-bee-uh], which as the name implies, is a deathly fear of wormholes. Tubman has to take anxiety medicine because of it, but she is non-compliant, not taking her medication as instructed, so she is prone to panic attacks that require her to be sedated.

“Hey—! Did you have to bring that up!?” Tubman complains.

With that, we reach the end of this program. Now it is time for the brave and gallant—ahem—crew of the Enterprise to prepare to intercept the so-called “Barbie Nebula” that, using its “lightning balls” or whatnot, disintegrated the USS Fred Rogers, the USS Barney the Dinosaur, and the Zeta X station. Therefore, it is this hologram’s opinion that Picard-Kirk and friends should get to the bridge and get cracking. This is Morgan Freeman, signing out.

The Morgan Freeman hologram disappears, and everyone leaves.

CHAPTER IV

Unlike traditional starships, the *Enterprise*'s bridge is located *within* the ship. Picard-Kirk sits in the command chair and Decker sits in the first officer's chair to Picard-Kirk's right. Decker is sulking with his arms crossed. Both chairs sit in front of the tactical console, which sits before a staircase, at the top of which is a door. Flanking the left side of the staircase when descending it is Rona's science console, the settings of which she is customizing. She is also muttering obscenities under her breath.

At the front of the bridge is the viewscreen, before which is Molly Picard-Kirk's helm and navigation console, which sits in front of the command chair and first officer's chair. Tubman listens to her portable music player with earphones at her console, which is on the opposite side of the staircase from Rona's.

Sonic enters the bridge from the door atop the staircase and approaches the tactical console, "Seems that I am a bit too short for this console," he observes.

"Do you need a stepstool?" Rona wonders.

"Nah, I got this," Sonic responds, pushing some buttons on his mobile emitter. His legs extend, making him taller, "And there we go!"

Molly, who was watching, then asks, "Hey, can you do that for *any* part of your anatomy?"

Sonic smiles and flexes his eyebrows mischievously, "Maybe," and a chill shoots up Molly's spine.

Picard-Kirk looks at them with an expression of disgust. Tubman's console then beeps, but she does not hear it. The beeping prompts Rona to raise her hands to her ears, as they are somewhat sensitive to high-pitched noises.

"Excuse me, Ms. Tubman, are you going to answer that?" Picard-Kirk asks, but Tubman continues to bob her head and tap her feet, oblivious to the question.

"Ms. Tubman!" Picard-Kirk raises his voice. Hearing him, Tubman removes her earphones and looks at Picard-Kirk with a disinterested expression.

"Your console is beeping."

Tubman pushes a button on her console without turning to face it, then reinserts her earphones. Polly's voice comes over the intercom, "Hey, this is Polly."

"What is it, Polly?" Picard-Kirk inquires.

"Larry won't beam over because of his transporter phobia."

Picard-Kirk sighs, "I'm going down there."

"Yeah, well, don't let the door hit you on the way out!" Decker remarks contemptuously.

Picard-Kirk gives Decker the stink eye as he leaves the bridge.

Picard-Kirk enters the transporter room and heads to the transporter console.

“Hiya, Dad!” Polly bares her teeth as she smiles. On her console is a framed photograph; the photo is of Molly, Polly, and Picard-Kirk on a fishing trip. In the picture, Molly holds her trophy, a large fish.

“Hey, there, Polly,” Picard-Kirk greets and presses a button on the transporter console, “Larry, get your ass on the transporter pad, and beam over here!”

Larry’s voice comes over the intercom, “Oh, no! I ain’t gonna be what Starfleet ‘got back’ that ‘didn’t live long’!”

“We’re not parodying that part! Besides, I need you— *badly*! That and Rona is aboard. You *do* want to be with *your wife*, don’t you?”

“Oh, all right!” Larry responds.

“Energize,” Picard-Kirk orders.

Polly operates the transporter console, beaming Dr. Larry Burton to the ship. He has a long, red beard that touches the transporter pad.

Picard-Kirk’s jaw drops, “Jeez man, do you not *shave*!?”

“Damn it, Josh! I am a *doctor, not a barber*!”

A wine bottle tumbles end over end through space à la *Star Trek Generations*. It eventually smashes against the hull, christening the *Enterprise-AA*.

The recently retired Captain Ahab of the recently decommissioned *Picard*-class USS *Enterprise* NCC-1701-Z enters the bridge of his ship’s successor. He resembles Patrick Stewart’s version of Captain Ahab from *Moby Dick*, even wearing the same clothing.

Norz, a Bandi female from Deneb IV, is a reporter for the Suprederation Intergalactic News or “SIN”. She has long, stringy, unruly hair, and she immediately shoves something that vaguely resembles a Nintendo Game Boy in Captain Ahab’s face as soon as he enters. Norz is also a descendant of, and bears a striking resemblance to, Groppler Zorn from the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* pilot episode “Encounter at Farpoint”.

“How does it feel to be back on the *Enterprise*’s bridge!?” Norz queries Ahab.

“Go away! And do something with your hair!” Ahab tells Norz, pushing past her.

“Avast ye damned gossip gluttons! You’ll have plenty of time for questions later! Ah, Captain Ahab, I am honored to finally meet you,” Picard-Kirk says.

“The honor is all *yours*, Admiral. It boggles my mind that, of all people, Admiral Kreutzmann would promote *you* and place *you* in command of the *Enterprise*.”

Decker chimes in, “Pardon me, Captain, but lest we forget, *I* was originally going to command this boat.”

Ahab looks Decker over, responding, “You’re no better than he is!”

Picard-Kirk and Decker look at each other. They are most upset with Ahab but force themselves to smile, simultaneously asking through clenched teeth, “Would you care to take your seat?” Ahab then sits at the unoccupied engineering console.

“All right, folks, here is the rundown. We are going as far out as Pluto and then returning you to Earth. Then we intercept the ‘Barbie Nebula’. Any questions?” Picard-Kirk asks.

A little girl raises her hand.

“Why is there a kid here?” Picard-Kirk wonders.

A male reporter responds, “That’s my daughter. I decided to bring her with me today.”

“Oh, well, what’s your question?” Picard-Kirk asks the little girl.

“Wasn’t Pluto eaten by the Borg back in the twenty-fourth century or something?”

“That’s a piece of very imaginative historical fiction. Pluto’s still out there, safe and sound. Any more questions? All right then, Captain Ahab, it would *honor* me if you gave the order to get underway,” Picard-Kirk says sardonically.

Captain Ahab stands up, adjusts his uniform, makes an obscene gesture toward Picard-Kirk, and clears his throat, “Get this damn boat moving!”

The bridge erupts into applause. Picard-Kirk sits in his command chair. He rocks the chair slightly; it squeaks; and he winces. Larry comes to his side.

“What’s wrong, Josh?” Larry asks.

“I miss my old lounge chair,” Picard-Kirk laments, “Oh, well. Molly, you heard Captain Ahab.”

“Yes, sir,” Molly presses a few buttons, and the reaction control thrusters of the *Enterprise-AA* fire. The *Enterprise* slowly creeps out of the drydock. Once the *Enterprise* clears it, Molly says, “Ready for hyper-impulse on your command, sir.”

“Let’s stretch her legs, Lieutenant! Full hyper-impulse!” Captain Ahab orders.

Molly complies with the order, but then she gets a text message on her console, which distracts her. New Earth Spacedock grows ever larger on the viewscreen, as the *Enterprise* heads straight for it!

“Molly! Get your face out of your console before our maiden voyage ends prematurely!” Picard-Kirk yells.

“Huh? Oh!” Molly looks up and gasps, as her eyes widen in shock. She adjusts course and attempts to slow the ship, but it’s not enough.

“All hands, brace for impact!” Ahab yells over the intercom. Everyone braces themselves. The reporter grabs and holds his daughter tightly, as they both close their eyes.

“Hold on, sweetie!” he says.

The side of the *Enterprise*’s port hyperwarp nacelle impacts New Earth Spacedock, losing the registry number painted on it, as it scrapes the giant sphere’s

hull. The blue glow of the hyperwarp field grilles on the upward and downward facing sides of the nacelle, and the pink glow of the triangular Bussard collector ahead of them, flicker. Periwinkle hull plates from the nacelle and New Earth Spacedock break off and float away, and light from electrical sparks strobes within the damaged areas. To make matters worse, some of the windows on the starbase at the point of impact break, leading a few poor souls to their doom.

Quaking can be felt throughout the ship; it stops after the *Enterprise* pulls away from New Earth Spacedock and comes to a halt. The reporter and his daughter open their eyes.

“Is it over, Daddy?”

“Yes,” he says, “Maybe it wasn’t such a good idea to bring you with me today, honey.”

At the drydock, a group of dockworkers in spacesuits have their hands on their respective helmets, their faces expressing combinations of disbelief, horror, and outrage.

“We just finished painting the damned thing!” one of the male workers shouts.

A female worker then wonders, “Couldn’t we have just used programmable matter?”

“Nah, it became sentient and demanded to be settled on the planet with those sentient nanites that Wesley Crusher created,” another male worker responds.

On the *Enterprise*, Lieutenant Tubman, a bit shaken up, hears her console beep. She checks it, reporting, “Um-uh, sir, we’re being hailed by the commander of New Earth Spacedock.”

“Er—on screen,” Picard-Kirk orders; the portly commander of New Earth Spacedock, Commander Jim Starling, then appears on the viewscreen, his face red with anger.

“What the bloody hell!? Could you not see this gigantic, spherical hunk of metal before you collided with it!? Is your viewscreen broken or are you just plain blind!?” Starling shouts.

“I apologize, Commander. It won’t happen again; I assure you.”

“See that it doesn’t! What Admiral *bloody* Kreutzmann was thinking when he promoted your arse is beyond me! New Earth Spacedock out!”

After a moment of awkward silence, Picard-Kirk orders quietly, “Proceed to Pluto at full hyper-impulse, Molly.”

“Aye, sir,” Molly says sheepishly in embarrassment.

Captain’s personal log, after nearly buying the farm because of some distracted driving and royally pissing off the commander of New Earth Spacedock, the Enterprise heads for Pluto at full hyper-impulse. Our guest of honor has just finished a tour of the ship and remains silent at the unoccupied engineering console. Most of the reporters continue to ask inane questions.

However, there is one reporter who has asked very few questions, as he and his daughter are still recovering from the shock of our impact with New Earth Spacedock. The SIN reporter, that Bandi woman with the bad hair, is on my shitlist, though. I will be very glad when we get back to New Earth Spacedock, so that I may dump her and these other annoying people (except that one reporter and his daughter, they're okay) off my ship, especially Captain Ahab, the bastard!

Later . . .

Captain's personal log, supplemental, we went around Pluto, and besides Rona calling her parents, nothing really exciting happened. Anyway, we are now back at New Earth Spacedock. Unfortunately, we learned that our impact with Spacedock resulted in some senseless deaths. Engineering also reports that said impact damaged the hyperwarp coils in the port hyperwarp nacelle. But we don't have time to have it repaired, so it has been taken offline. That leaves us with only the dorsal, ventral, and starboard hyperwarp nacelles. Well, you know what they say, "Three hyperwarp nacelles are better than two."

CHAPTER V

The *Enterprise* clears the heliosphere of the solar system, as Molly plays *Dig Dug* on her console.

“All right, Molly, get off that game, and prepare to take us to hyperwarp,” Picard-Kirk orders.

Rona pipes up, “Excuse me, sir, but engineering reports that they need more time to perform simulations. Because of the damage to the port hyperwarp nacelle, the hyperwarp plasma had to be redistributed among the remaining three nacelles. There may be a risk of a matter/antimatter imbalance because of that, which could create a wormhole should we engage the hyperwarp drive now.”

Despite having earphones in her ears, Tubman hears the word “wormhole”, wondering to herself, “*Wait, did someone say wormhole?*” as her eyes grow wide.

Picard-Kirk growls impatiently, pressing a button on the right arm of his command chair.

“Damn it, engineering! Give me hyperwarp!”

“But sir, we need further simulation on the flow sensors!” the voice of a Gorn, Lieutenant “Lizzie”, comes over the intercom, speaking with elongated “S” sounds.

“Who is this!?” Picard-Kirk demands loudly.

“This is the deputy chief engineer, sir,” Lizzie replies.

“I want to talk to the *chief* engineer!”

Lizzie sighs and facepalms, as they practically *are* the chief engineer, but Lizzie motions for Monique to come over.

“Uh, hello, Admiral,” Monique says.

“Where is my hyperwarp, Commander!?” Picard-Kirk asks loudly.

“Uh—er,” Monique stammers.

“Well—?” Picard-Kirk presses.

Lizzie shakes their head, exasperated. They pull out a flashcard and a mechanical ballpoint ink pen out of their pants pocket, extend the point, and write on the flashcard. They then present the flashcard to Monique.

Monique struggles to read the poor handwriting on the flashcard, “We need—uh—further simulation on the—um —flow sensors.”

“Engineering, I need hyperwarp speed now!”

“We’ll get right on it, sir.”

In engineering, Monique cuts the channel, saying, “He’s in a wee bit of a snit, isn’t he?”

“He’s a disgrace to the uniform!” Lizzie hisses, tearing the flashcard into pieces and throwing them into the air. Lizzie then turns to a dark-skinned, black-haired engineer with an afro and goatee, “What have you got?”

“This is it, sir. I can’t do any better.”

On the bridge, Monique's voice comes over the intercom, again struggling to read the bad handwriting on another one of Lizzie's flashcards.

"It's—er—borderline on the simulator, sir. I can't—uh—guarantee that she'll hold up."

Pressing the comm button on the right arm of his command chair, Picard-Kirk orders, "Hyperwarp drive, Commander La Forge! Accelerate to hyperwarp factor thirteen, Molly."

"Accelerating to hyperwarp factor thirteen, sir," Molly obliges, pushing the throttle forward on her console. The ship then jumps to hyperwarp in a manner similar to the *Enterprise* in *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*.

As the ship climbs up to hyperwarp factor 13, Larry has a quiet conversation with Rona at her station.

"Shouldn't you be in sickbay or something?" Rona inquires.

"Probably, but I gotta keep an eye on Tubman. Knowing her, she probably didn't take her medication," Larry explains.

"Oh."

"So, what's been going on?" Larry wonders.

"We went to see Morgan Freeman," Rona replies.

"Morgan Freeman?"

"Yeah, Josh took us to the holomatrix and had a hologram of Morgan Freeman read our biographies," Rona then looks over her shoulder and motions for Larry to come closer, "Apparently, Josh was once Twi'lek Shran's aide *and* he got busy with her."

Larry's jaw drops, "No way! Twi'lek Shran!? Does that mean that Molly and Polly are—?" Rona nods.

"What are you two conspiring about?" Picard-Kirk asks, startling them.

"Nothing!" they blurt as they look toward him. Picard-Kirk leers at Rona and Larry incredulously.

"We are now at hyperwarp factor thirteen, sir," Molly announces.

Picard-Kirk turns to look at the viewscreen. "And not a wormhole in sight." He then sticks his nose up smugly and turns his chair toward Rona and Larry again.

"Now—" but Picard-Kirk is interrupted by the blaring of the red alert klaxons. Picard-Kirk scowls and turns his chair to see that filling the viewscreen is a lime-green wormhole, similar in shape to the orange one from *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*.

Tubman screams and starts running around the bridge in a panic. Larry chases her down, sedates her, and carries her off the bridge to take her to sickbay. Sonic sighs, activating his console's ability to handle communications, making him wonder what need there is for a dedicated communications console or officer.

Decker states the obvious, “Wormhole!”

Sonic rolls his eyes and quips sarcastically, “Naw, ya think!?”

Picard-Kirk smacks Decker on the back of the head, taking out his disgust at the turn of events on him. Picard-Kirk then demands to know, “Why the hell did this have to happen, and why the hell is the thing lime-green!?” He then orders, “Deactivate the hyperwarp drive! An asteroid better not sneak in either!”

Molly pulls back on the throttle to drop from hyperwarp.

“I’ve deactivated the hyperwarp drive, sir. However, it will take a few seconds before the wormhole dissipates and we slow to sublight speed,” Molly reports. Her console then beeps, “Uh-oh!”

“What is it?”

“You know how you said that an asteroid better not sneak in?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, unfortunately, an asteroid *was* pulled into the wormhole, *and* it’s roughly the size of *Ceres*!” Picard-Kirk rests his head in his hands, exasperated.

“Ceres is the one past Neptune, right?” Decker queries.

Rona, still turned toward the viewscreen, opens her mouth and raises her index finger to answer, but Sonic beats her to it.

“That’s Pluto!” he shouts. Rona promptly closes her mouth and lowers her finger.

“Pluto? You silly hologram, Pluto is Mickey Mouse’s dog! Although, I wonder how a mouse *even has* a dog.”

Sonic and Rona facepalm at the first officer’s stupidity.

“Does this thing have weapons!?” Picard-Kirk inquires.

“Well, duh! Didn’t you study the ship’s *specs*!?” Sonic asks.

“I haven’t had time!”

Sonic rolls his eyes, “This ship is equipped with molecular disruptors, chroniton torpedoes, and parodion torpedoes.”

“*Parodion* torpedoes?”

“They are a new torpedo type introduced with this ship. At full yield, a single parodion torpedo is capable of blasting Earth’s moon to rubble.”

“Well, arm one and fire!”

The *Enterprise* launches an iridescent torpedo, which utterly annihilates the asteroid. The wormhole then dissipates as the *Enterprise* slows to sublight speed.

CHAPTER VI

Captain's log, the Enterprise has escaped the wormhole. Until the kinks in the hyperwarp drive can be worked out, the Enterprise will travel at maximum hyper-impulse.

Sonic's console beeps, "Admiral, another ship is approaching. It's the USS *Fairy Princess*."

"Ms. Tubman, please hail them," Picard-Kirk orders.

"Sir, Tubman is in sickbay. She had a panic attack when we encountered the wormhole, and Doc Burton had to sedate her," Sonic reports.

"Whatever! Just hail them!" Picard-Kirk shouts.

Sonic complies, and the captain of the *Fairy Princess* appears on the viewscreen, "Dear god, it's Joshua Picard-Kirk! Who the hell thought it'd be a good idea to put *you* in command of a starship, let alone the *Enterprise*!?" the captain of the *Fairy Princess* wonders aloud.

Picard-Kirk's lip twitches in irritation, but he resists the urge to lash out, saying, "Greetings, Captain, can you do us a favor?"

"A favor?"

"Yes, you see, our port hyperwarp nacelle was damaged, and last time we went to hyperwarp, we encountered a wormhole. We are currently traveling at maximum hyperimpulse, and we were wondering if you could help us get our hyperwarp drive back in working order."

The captain mulls it over, "All right, I don't suppose we have anything else better to do, but can you do us a favor in return?"

"What's that?" Picard-Kirk inquires.

"Take the damned crew and escape pods from Zeta Ten! Our ship is not equipped to carry a space station's crew complement in addition to the standard crew, and we've almost completely filled the cargo bays and shuttle bays with their damned escape pods! Not only that, they're driving us bonkers!" the captain of the *Fairy Princess* raises their voice, almost shouting, which startles some of the bridge crew behind them.

Somewhere in deep space, the *Enterprise* deactivates its hyper-impulse drive, as the *Fairy Princess* drops from hyperwarp. Zeta X's crew complement, escape pods, and some engineers from the *Fairy Princess* are beamed to the *Enterprise*. The *Fairy Princess* then heads back to Earth at hyperwarp.

“

“What!? They’re leaving us behind; on a ship whose commanding officer is a moron!? I am seriously considering filing a complaint!” one of the engineers protests.

Lieutenant Tubman and Dr. Larry Burton enter the bridge. Tubman and Larry come to Picard-Kirk’s side.

“Could you use another hand, Admiral?” Tubman inquires.

Picard-Kirk shrugs, “I guess.”

Tubman resumes her station, putting in her earphones to listen to her portable music player again. Larry leaves for sickbay. Sonic, however, does not deactivate his console’s ability to use communications, as he has a feeling that Tubman will be too busy listening to her portable music player to notice anything.

“How she got through the academy, I have no idea,” Sonic thinks to himself.

Captain’s log, the engineers from the Fairy Princess have helped to get our hyperwarp drive back up to full capacity.

“Uh, sir?”

“Rona, what have I told you about interrupting my log entries?”

“Excuse me, sir, but since we technically only have three nacelles operational, the hyperwarp drive cannot really be considered to be ‘up to full capacity’.”

Picard-Kirk sighs and continues his log entry.

My science officer informs me that we cannot technically consider the hyperwarp drive to be at full capacity, due to there being only three nacelles in operation. Therefore, I correct my previous statement by saying that the drive is up to about 75% capacity.

“Is that satisfactory, Commander?”

“Yes, sir.”

Anyway, we are about to intercept the Barbie Nebula—

“Uh, sir?”

Damn it, Molly! Can I not finish a log entry!?”

“Sorry, sir, but the Barbie Nebula is already here. It is moving toward us at hyper-impulse speeds,” Molly states and turns on the main viewscreen.

“I’ll be damned . . .” Picard-Kirk says and ends his log entry.

“Oo, pretty,” Decker opines. Picard-Kirk promptly smacks him on the back of the head.

“

“Ow! Hey, don’t make me sick my parents on you! Or my ancestor: he’s the Borg King, you know.”

“Oh, I am quivering in my boots!” Picard-Kirk responds sarcastically.

“The cloud has stopped, sir,” Molly reports.

“And we are being *hailed* by something at the center of the cloud, audio only,” Sonic reports, surprised.

“Ahem, why isn’t Ms. Tubman informing me of this?” Picard-Kirk inquires. Sonic uses his right thumb to point behind him to Tubman, who is asleep at her console. Picard-Kirk rolls his eyes in disgust, “Just open a damned channel!”

Sonic pushes a button, “Channel open.”

This is Admiral Joshua Picard-Kirk of the Suprederation Starship *Enterprise*. You have committed an act of aggression against the United Suprederation of Galaxies. If you don’t withdraw immediately—”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever. Just get in here already,” a distorted but recognizably feminine voice comes over the intercom.

“Oh-ho! We are skipping to the good stuff!” Decker jokes.

“You know, Steve, I think you ought to go to sickbay,” Picard-Kirk suggests.

“Why?”

Picard-Kirk pulls a wooden baseball bat out of nowhere and whacks Decker on the head. The first officer falls out of his chair, unconscious.

“That’s why,” Picard-Kirk then pushes a button on his command chair, “Larry, please report to the bridge with a stretcher.”

Molly turns around. Seeing the bat, “Where’d the baseball bat come from?”

“Was that really necessary?” Rona wonders.

Picard-Kirk mulls it over, “Yes, yes it was.”

“Excuse me?” the distorted voice returns.

“Oh, right, well, first, who are you?” Picard-Kirk wonders.

“I am the pilot of the starship at the center of this cloud.”

“I see. Why’d you disintegrate two of our starships and one of our comm stations?”

“I guess you could say that it was a ‘misunderstanding’, but then again, you do remember what parody you are in, don’t you?”

“Yeah, yeah, anyway, Molly, just take us in already. Sonic, close the channel,” Picard-Kirk orders.

Larry and some aides with an anti-grav stretcher then enter the bridge.

“Okay, Josh, what is it—oh . . . What happened?”

“Decker accidentally hit himself with a baseball bat,” Picard-Kirk lies, the bat still in his hand.

Larry studies the bat, “Decker *accidentally* hit *himself*. . .?”

“Yeah, weirdest thing I ever saw.”

Larry looks around at everyone else on the bridge, but they remain silent. Larry just shakes his head, directs the aides to put Decker on the stretcher, and they leave.

CHAPTER VII

While the *Enterprise* travels through the Barbie Nebula, Picard-Kirk sits in his ready room at his desk. Prompted by Sonic's question as to whether he had examined the specifications of his *own* ship, Picard-Kirk decides to look over the specs of the *Enterprise*.

As he studies the specs, he comes across a size comparison between his ship and the original, pre-refit USS *Enterprise* NCC-1701, most famously commanded by James T. Kirk. Picard-Kirk squints at the indistinguishable array of pixels labeled such. The given length of the "AA" is 12,000 meters (about 39,370.08 feet), and the original, 288.6456 meters (947 feet).

Picard-Kirk's jaw drops yet again, "Computer, is this comparison accurate!?"

"Affirmative," the computer confirms.

"Damn, this ship is *huge*!"

"That's what *she* said!" the computer laughs.

"Don't make me use my baseball bat on *you*, Computer!" Picard-Kirk threatens.

"Sorry, I'll be good," the computer says sheepishly. Then there is a tone.

Picard-Kirk doesn't look up, "Enter," he says, and Larry does so.

"Hello, Josh."

Picard-Kirk still doesn't look up, "Larry."

Larry studies the ship's dedication plaque, saying, "I would like to let you know that Captain Decker should be ready to return to duty soon."

"That's nice."

Larry then looks back at Picard-Kirk, "What are you doing?"

"I'm comparing sizes."

"Comparing *sizes*, huh?"

"Not *those* kinds of sizes, you dolt! Come here and look!"

Larry shrugs and goes to Picard-Kirk's side, "Okay, so it's the *Enterprise*."

Picard-Kirk points at the group of pixels just above it.

"N-C-C-one-seven-oh-one, that is Kirk's *Enterprise*, isn't it?"

"Yep."

"Whoa! Kirk's *Enterprise* is *tiny*!"

"That's what *she*—"

"Computer!" Picard-Kirk interrupts.

"Sorry."

"Admiral Picard-Kirk, please report to the bridge. We are approaching the ship at the center of the cloud," Rona's voice comes over the intercom.

"On my way," Picard-Kirk closes the channel and dismisses Larry, who begins to leave, "Oh, and Larry, keep Steve in an induced coma until further notice," Picard-Kirk orders.

Larry stops to look at Picard-Kirk, "What!?"

"Just do it!"

Picard-Kirk arrives on the bridge while Larry returns to sickbay.

Rona stands, "Admiral on the bridge!"

"As you were, Rona, and sit in Steve's chair. I'm making you the acting first officer."

"But, Larry just told me—"

"Forget what he said. Officially, Steve is in a coma and may not wake for a while."

"A lie?"

"Just shut up and sit down!"

"Very well, sir, but under protest."

Picard-Kirk then turns to his daughter, "Molly, put the ship on screen." he orders. The ship is so large, however, that all they see is a wall with a diaphragm shutter door.

"Sir, we are being hailed again," Sonic reports.

"Open a channel."

"Come on in; don't be shy," the pilot invites, and the circular diaphragm shutter door opens.

Captain's log, we have found the object at the center of the Barbie Nebula. It is a gigantic, cylindrical starship that is over 60 kilometers in length. The pilot of the ship invited us to go inside via a circular diaphragm shutter door at the aft of the ship.

Captain Decker is currently unconscious after suffering cranial trauma. He apparently hit his head on a low hanging transversal pipe in the corridor on the way to his quarters. Dr. Burton will alert me when Captain Decker wakes up. For now, Commander Rona Burton will be acting as my first officer.

After Picard-Kirk ends his log entry, Rona speaks, "Sir, there are no low-hanging transversal pipes in the ship's corridors. Moreover, assaulting a subordinate and lying in an official report are serious offenses."

"Noted, Commander," Picard-Kirk says without looking at Rona.

Decker wakes up on a biobed in sickbay. The remaining sickbay staff have been dismissed by Larry.

"Computer, seal the room, and deactivate all surveillance systems," Larry orders.

"What is the authorization code?" the computer requests.

"Ding-dong! The rogue intelligence agency is dead!" Larry replies.

“Room sealed; all surveillance systems deactivated,” the computer says.

“What’s going on? Why am I here in sickbay?” Decker wonders.

“You were knocked unconscious by your commanding officer,” Larry says.

“I see. Why did you seal the room and turn off the surveillance systems?”

“There is something that you must know, Captain.”

“Call me Steve, please.”

“Whatever. Have you ever wondered why Rona and I are aboard this ship?”

“You were stationed on this ship’s predecessor and are friends with Admiral Picard-Kirk?”

“Well, *that*, and something a bit more, how shall we say, *covert*.”

“Egad! You and Rona are members of Section Thirty-One, aren’t you?”

“Fool! Section Thirty-One was disbanded centuries ago! Who do you think the ‘rogue intelligence agency’ in the authorization code refers to!?”

“Oh.”

“Anyway, Captain Ahab and Starfleet Intelligence believe that this whole ‘Barbie Nebula’ business is part of an elaborate scheme orchestrated by Admiral Kreutzmann to ruin our commanding officer’s reputation and career.”

“Seriously!? Admiral Picard-Kirk’s bad reputation *precedes* him! His ‘career’ is as big a joke as mine! What’s there to ruin!?”

“Search me, but apparently, Kreutzmann is *jealous* of Josh!”

“Why!?”

“Who knows!? Anyway, it is also believed that Kreutzmann is co-conspiring with the entity at the helm of this starship.”

“Who is it?”

Larry squints his eyes and bares his teeth, and the lighting in sickbay darkens for dramatic effect. “Michael Burnham!” he answers, and thunder sound-effects play over the speakers and the lighting in sickbay strobes to simulate lightning. The lighting then returns to normal.

“Dear god! She has come to destroy us all!”

CHAPTER VIII

Previously:

Brown pushes a button on his chair, “Engineering! Prepare for maximum hyperwarp!”

The chief engineer’s voice comes over the intercom,

“I would be glad to comply, sir, but—er—well—”

“What is it!?”

“We can’t go to hyperwarp.”

“What!? Why not!?”

“A drunken engineer ejected the hyperwarp core.”

The ejected hyperwarp core of the doomed USS *Fred Rogers* drifts ever further into the Barbie Nebula. The cylindrical starship at the center of the cloud is at hyperwarp, resuming its course toward Earth.

“Why is it always Earth, anyway?”

Damn it, Morgan Freeman! Go away! You’re not in this scene!

“Fine! See if I care!”

Anyway, as before, the core is being dragged along in the cylindrical starship’s hyperwarp field, just as the *Enterprise* is as it travels through it. The interior is completely dark and empty, requiring the use of the viewscreen’s “night vision” mode.

Earlier, Rona transferred her science console’s controls to the first officer’s chair to keep an eye on the sensors. Her eyes grow wide as the sensors detect the hyperwarp core, which is on a direct course for the cylindrical starship!

“Lieutenant, get us out of here now!” Rona orders Molly.

“Say! I’m the captain here!” Picard-Kirk complains. Rona then bolts from the first officer’s chair and practically *throws* Molly out of her chair as she takes over her station.

“Hey!” Molly shouts.

“You’re relieved, Lieutenant,” Rona says as she performs a risky high-energy turn maneuver, pivoting the massive starship 180 degrees! This stresses the inertial dampeners and nearly throws everyone out of their seats!

“Commander Sonic, target the door and fire!” she orders. An iridescent torpedo lances from the torpedo launcher and destroys the door.

The distorted voice of the cylindrical starship’s pilot comes over the intercom, *“What the hell are you doing!?”*

“So long!” Rona says, and the *Enterprise* jumps to hyperwarp from inside the cylindrical starship.

The pilot thereof takes off her neural interface, revealing herself to indeed be Michael Burnham. However, *this* Michael Burnham is an escapee from the 25th century Federation Funny Farm who only *thinks* she is from the 23rd century and

only *thinks* she is the adopted sister of Spock. Impact warning klaxons call attention to the hyperwarp core on a collision course with her ship.

She growls, “I’ll get you next time, Picard-Kirk!” She then boards and launches an escape pod. The *Fred Rogers*’s hyperwarp core then impacts her ship and blasts it to atoms.

The residents of Earth and the remainder of the solar system cheer as they see the explosion of the cylindrical starship. Kreutzmann sees its destruction on a monitor in his secret underground lair. He slams his fist on the arm of his chair.

“Bah! Damn you, Picard-Kirk!” he seethes.

“Incoming hail,” announces the computer.

“On screen,” the face of Michael Burnham appears on the monitor, “Ah, Ms. Burnham, would you mind telling me what happened?” Kreutzmann scowls.

“My ship was impacted by a stray hyperwarp core!”

“A stray hyperwarp core!?”

“According to my sensor data analysis, the core was the type used on *Butterfly*-class starships. The core’s serial number matched the one installed on the USS *Fred Rogers*. It must have been ejected before the ship was destroyed, and then it must have been caught in my ship’s hyperwarp field,” Burnham reports.

“Well played, Captain Brown, as unintentional as it must have been,” Kreutzmann says aloud to himself.

“What happens now?”

“Return home; I will be in touch; ta-ta, my dear. Computer, end transmission,” Kreutzmann says, and Burnham’s face disappears from the monitor.

EPILOGUE

October 10, 3301

Picard-Kirk, Rona, and Larry are camping at Yosemite for the latter's 50th birthday. It has been a week and two days since the *Enterprise* returned to drydock, and the crew is on leave while repairs to the ship's port hyperwarp nacelle are underway. It is nighttime, and the trio sit around a campfire with a pot of beans suspended over it via a spit.

Rona sits with her banjo behind her, fiddling with her cylindrical marshmallow dispenser.

"Happy birthday again, Larry! *Joyeux anniversaire, mon ami!*" Joshua slaps Larry on the back.

"Or as my father might say, '*S dnem rozhdeniya.*' He also likes to claim that birthdays were 'invented' in Russia, the silly man," Rona giggles.

"*Merci* and *spasibo*! Thank you!" Larry smiles.

Rona grows frustrated with the marshmallow dispenser. Unfortunately, a marshmallow pops out of it and lands in the fire. Rona utters a curse word in another language.

"Rona!" Larry blurts.

"What did she say?" Picard-Kirk asks.

"A Romulan expletive equivalent to the 'F-word' when used in non-sexual contexts."

"I'll have you know that I was using an *ancient Vulcan* expletive!" Rona clarifies.

"Well, *excuse* me! Most Romulan languages *are* based on Vulcan ones, you know," Larry retorts.

"Isn't that like cursing in Latin?" Picard-Kirk wonders.

"If I want to curse in dead tongue, then by golly, I will curse in dead tongue!" Rona shouts.

Picard-Kirk holds up his hands, "All right! All right! Calm down!"

Rona *crushes* the marshmallow dispenser with her bare hand and throws it on the ground, "Screw it! I'm just gonna pull one out of the bag and put it on the stick!"

"That sounds vaguely dirty," Larry opines.

"Shut up, Larry!" Rona pulls a marshmallow out of the bag, puts it on her stick, and begins toasting it.

"Did we bring any graham crackers or chocolate?" Picard-Kirk wonders.

"I don't think so," Larry answers, picking up a bowl with a spoon and putting beans in it with a larger spoon. Picard-Kirk mischievously purses his lips as he

watches Larry. He notices this, saying, “Go ahead and say it, Josh! I *know* it’s just killing you!”

“Bourbon and beans: an explosive combination!” Picard-Kirk claps and laughs; Larry and Rona roll their eyes.

“Besides, we didn’t even *bring* any alcohol! Remember what happened last time!?” Larry asks as he tries the beans, “Blech! These beans taste *terrible*!”

Rona finishes toasting her marshmallow, “I *told* you not to replicate them and to instead pick some *real* beans!” she then takes the toasted marshmallow off her stick, begins eating it, and promptly spits it out, “Yecch! And *I* should have known better than to trust that shady merchant! Not only did they sell me a faulty marshmallow dispenser, but —” she then shouts the same ancient Vulcan expletive toward the sky.

Picard-Kirk leans toward Larry, quietly asking, “What’s up with her? She seems rather—”

“She has had a really *bad* day,” Larry answers. He then whispers in Picard-Kirk’s ear, “I think her ‘monthly visitor’ may have reared its ugly head.”

Rona starts pelting Larry with marshmallows.

Larry flinches, “Crap! I forgot about her superior Vulcan hearing!”

“I’ll show *you* a ‘monthly visitor’!” Rona yells, throwing a marshmallow with each word.

“Enough quarreling! Let’s sing a song,” Picard-Kirk suggests.

“Are you gonna sing ‘Happy Birthday’ to me?” Larry wonders.

Rona gets her banjo, “No, Larry, isn’t it obvious? We’re gonna sing ‘Row, Row, Row Your Boat’.”

As the trio sings and Rona plays her banjo, the Morgan Freeman hologram, wearing a mobile emitter, who has been creepily watching them from the shadows, speaks, “That concludes this adventure, or rather *misadventure*, of the crew of the starship *Enterprise*. What is the moral of this story? Beats me, but God help us should there be more of them. This is Morgan Freeman, signing out.”

THE HUMAN FARCE IS JUST BEGINNING
THE END