

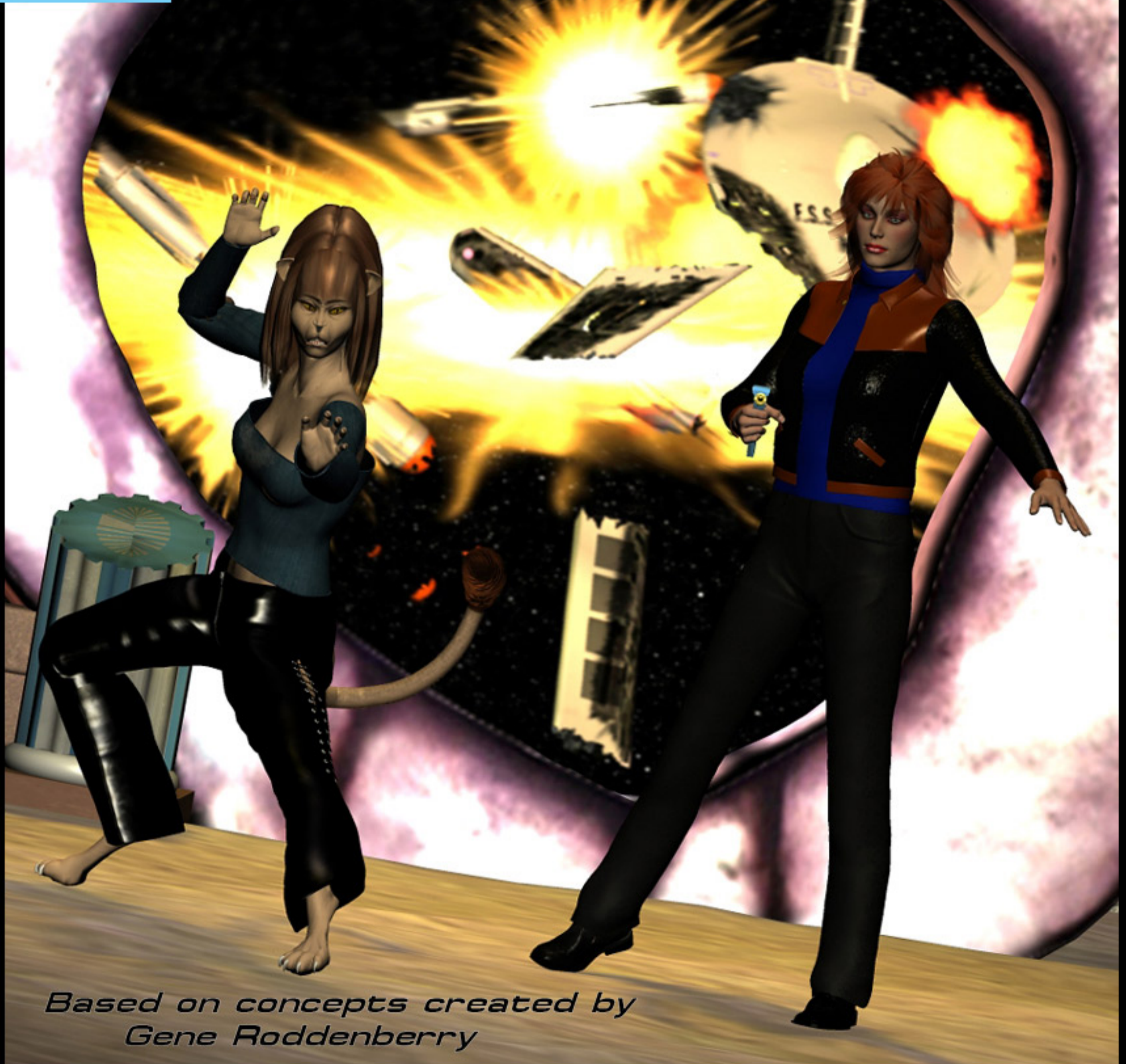


**MDB  
COMICS**

***Book  
Two***

# NOVA TREK

***"Guardian's Child"***  
*by MDBruffy*



*Based on concepts created by  
Gene Roddenberry*



Space, the Final Frontier.  
This is the Voyage of  
the Federal Starship Enterprise.  
Her Mission: To seek out  
New Life and New Civilizations.

To Defend and bring Justice to  
the Farthest reaches of the  
Federal Union of Planets.  
And above all else:  
To boldly go where none  
have gone before.

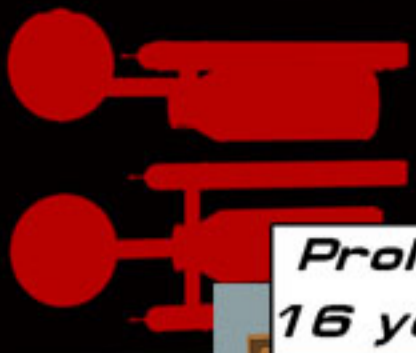


# NOVA TREK



*"Guardian's Child"*  
by MDBruffy

Based on Concepts created by  
Gene Roddenberry



**Prologue:**  
**16 years ago...**



### F.S.S. HORIZON

STARBUCKET REGISTERED - ACC 2001 - SECOND STARBUCKET OF HER CLASS  
LAUNCHED STARDATE 4012 - SAN FRANCISCO SUPPLYARD  
NO. 92348 - UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS

"I walk to the horizon and there I find another." -Troya

Ship's log, stardate 4522.6.  
Continuing our patrol in Sector  
88 along the Klingon Neutral Zone.



So far, things remain  
quiet...

Captain, we're picking up  
a distress signal.



Let's hear it.

This is the Kobayashi Maru. We have suffered  
a catastrophic engine failure and are leaking  
radioactive plasma.



Our position is 398.6 by 278.5 by 689.2.  
Anyone who can hear this, please respond.

That location's almost 50 kilometers on the  
Klingons' side of the border.

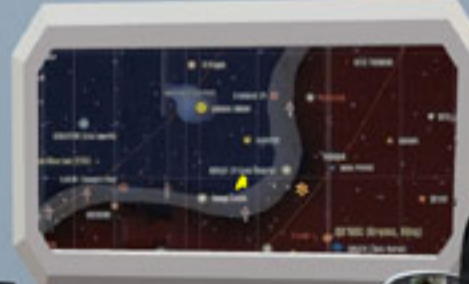


What the hell were they  
doing in there?

Give me a stargraph - show our  
location.



On screen.





Any Klingon ships in the area?

None the sensors are picking up.

But there are several asteroids they could be hiding behind.



Open a channel.

Channel open.

Kobayashi Maru, This is the FSS Horizon. What caused your engine malfunction?



Unknown, Horizon. There's too much radiation in the engine room to go in and find out. We suspect bad parts we picked up at our last port of call.

Stand by.



If we go in after them, we'll violate the Neutral Zone- giving the Klingons the reason they need to go to war.

If they find out. They don't have any ships in the area.



Kobayashi Maru to Horizon. We're getting readings indicating the build-up toward a warp core breach. Can you help?

Alert the Transporter Room to stand by.



Mr. Walker does have a point, Captain. Three or four Klingon ships hiding behind those over-grown rocks, could blow us out of the sky. Then the Empire can write their own version of what happened.

Helm plot a course that'll take us past the Kobayashi Maru- just inside transporter range- set speed at .7 of Sublight.

Have Engineering stand by.

Course plotted, Captain.  
Shall I set a return course?

No.

Captain?

No return course.

Engage.

...Aye.

Mr. Walker, is there a ship  
or isn't there?





**RUMBLE!**

Deeper into Klingon Space?

**DO IT!**

...Aye. Warp 6.



The Klingons are following.

Let me know as soon as they reach their maximum speed.

**Now!**

Emergency stop.



Emergency stop, aye.

They overshot us!



Now- hard about. Lay in a direct course back to Federal Space- Maximum warp.

Aye. Course laid in- Engaged.



Two Klingon ships taking up position between us and the Neutral Zone.



Emergency power to the Forward shields- take it from Life Support if you have to.

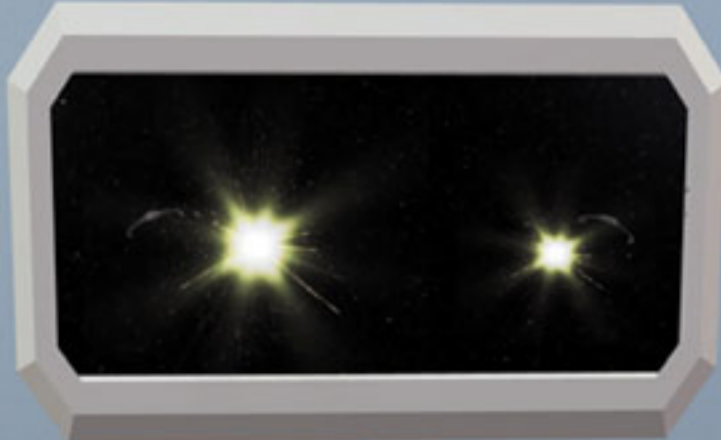
Arm all weapons.

Weapons armed.

Course change, Captain?

Negative, Mr. Mitchell.

**Klang!**



28.

**CRUNCH!**

Time to Klingon ships 3 and 4- thirty seconds, and they're firing.

Ships 1 and 2 are closing- and firing.

Captain...

26.



Maintain course and speed.

But on this course, we'll collide with them!

Maintain.

**Klang!**

24.



You're not even returning fire! You're going to get us all killed!

She's forcing a game of "Chicken"!

22.

Mitchell, you're relieved!



Rand, take the helm.

Maintain course and speed.

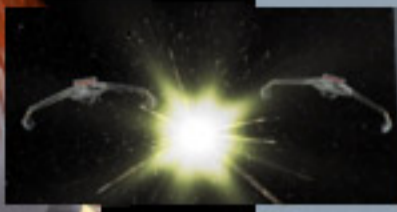
Fire control measures- all decks!

Aye, Captain.

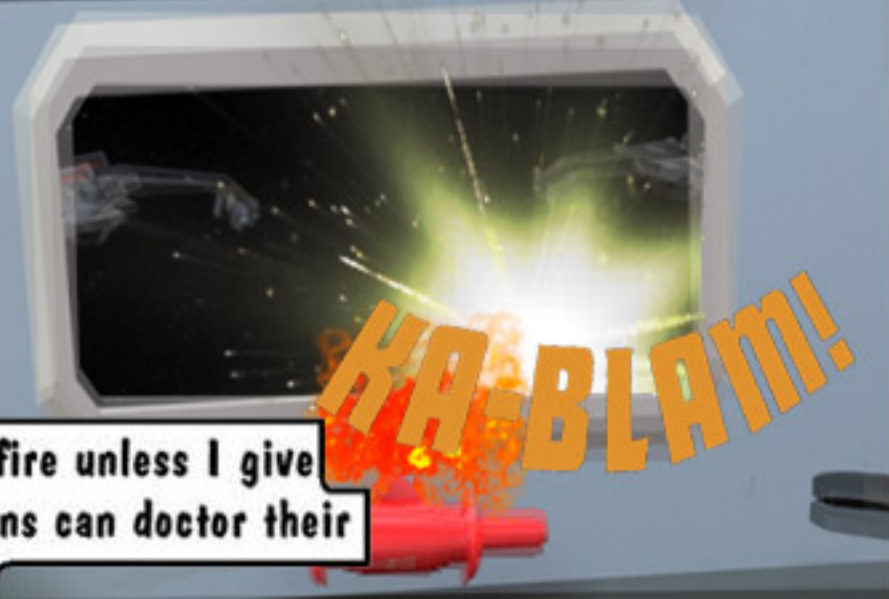
**RUMBLE!**

**BOOM!**

20.



18.



Keep weapons ready- but don't fire unless I give the word. If we fire, the Klingons can doctor their scans and claim we fired first.



16.



FOOM!

12.



They're veering off.

It's either that or get shot down by their friends behind us.



We're entering the Neutral Zone.

We're back in Federal Space.

Reduce speed to .7 of Sublight.

.7, aye.

That's enough. Open it up.



Cadet Kirk?

You are the first cadet in Academy history to beat the No-win scenario.

Congratulations. A citation will be added to your record.

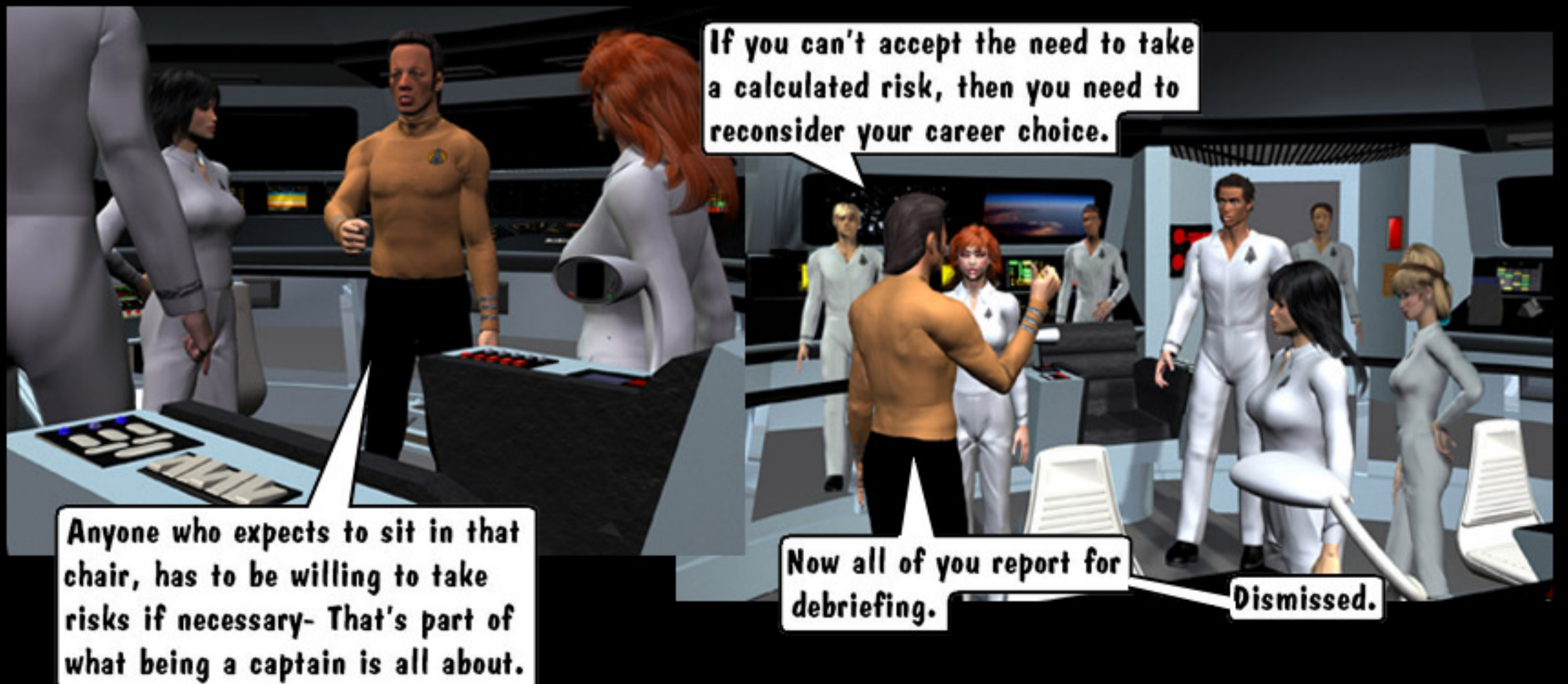
Commodore?



Commodore, she could've gotten us killed with that stunt!

Thank you, sir.

That's enough, Cadet.



If you can't accept the need to take a calculated risk, then you need to reconsider your career choice.

Anyone who expects to sit in that chair, has to be willing to take risks if necessary- That's part of what being a captain is all about.

Now all of you report for debriefing.

Dismissed.



Something wrong?



This simulator shakes real good.



Glad you liked it.



I just wish...



I think if George had been here today, he would have been very proud of you.



Thanks, Uncle Frank.

It'd be nice to think so.



**The Present**

Personal log; Stardate 5936.2.  
It's been eleven days since Spock and I arrived on Vulcan after leaving the Enterprise in Scotty's hands while the Cygnet XIV engineers carry out various maintenance tasks and computer upgrades- most notably a new bridge module and some needed renovations to the Command suite.

We had planned to begin our return trip in the morning, but Vulcan Space Central contacted us a short while ago, to inform us that the Enterprise had just entered orbit.



A call from Scotty soon solved part of the mystery- Uncle Frank contacted Starfleet, requesting that the Enterprise begin patrolling, as soon as possible, a stretch of the Romulan Neutral Zone at coordinates 2-8-9 by 1-8-6 by 2-1-4, which borders his command sector.

As such, we'll be breaking orbit as soon as Spock and I say our good-byes to Sarek and Amanda- the best in-laws a wife could hope for....



Personal Log, supplemental.  
Once back on board, Spock  
headed for the Bridge to  
check the ship's status while  
I decided to check the  
renovations to the Command  
Suite...



Welcome back,  
Captain.



Did you enjoy your  
time on Vulcan?



You don't sound like  
my ship's computer.



Thank you.

The engineers spent the last two years going over every aspect of the incident involving the previous A.I.



They analyzed everything from possible effects of the gravity well and time travel, to the physical condition of the computer core itself.

And what were their findings?



That the core was simply too old to handle the newer programming. I mean no disrespect, Ma'am, but Enterprise is no spring chicken. The two-year trial tour under Captain April, two full tours under Captain Pike and then a year with you is thirteen years.

That's a long time for any computer system- and when you add in the stress of being the computer of a starship...

Point taken. What was their answer?

They designed an entirely new core from the ground up - and since Enterprise was due to receive a new bridge module anyway...

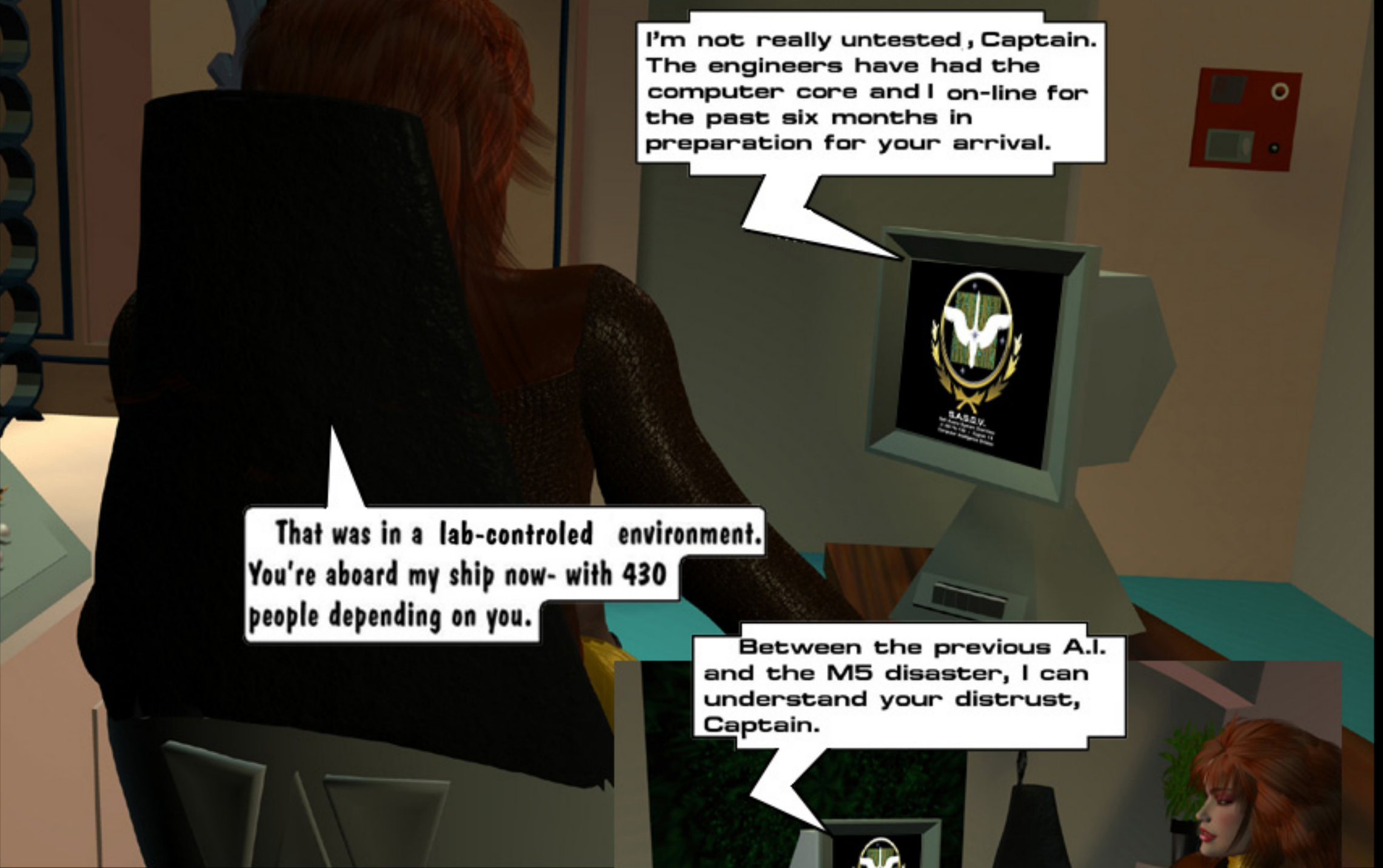


...they installed it as part of the computer upgrades.

Wonderful.

An untested computer and another A.I.





I'm not really untested, Captain. The engineers have had the computer core and I on-line for the past six months in preparation for your arrival.

That was in a lab-controlled environment. You're aboard my ship now- with 430 people depending on you.

Between the previous A.I. and the M5 disaster, I can understand your distrust, Captain.

Just how independent are you?

I am the 431st member of your crew. I can act on your orders and I can recommend actions.

However, over 80% of the crew would have to be incapacitated before my programs would allow me to act on my own- and then those actions would be restricted to assuring the survival of the remaining crew.



All right. Is Mr. Spock still on the Bridge?

Tell him to set course for the Romulan Neutral Zone. - Warp Six. He can break orbit when ready.

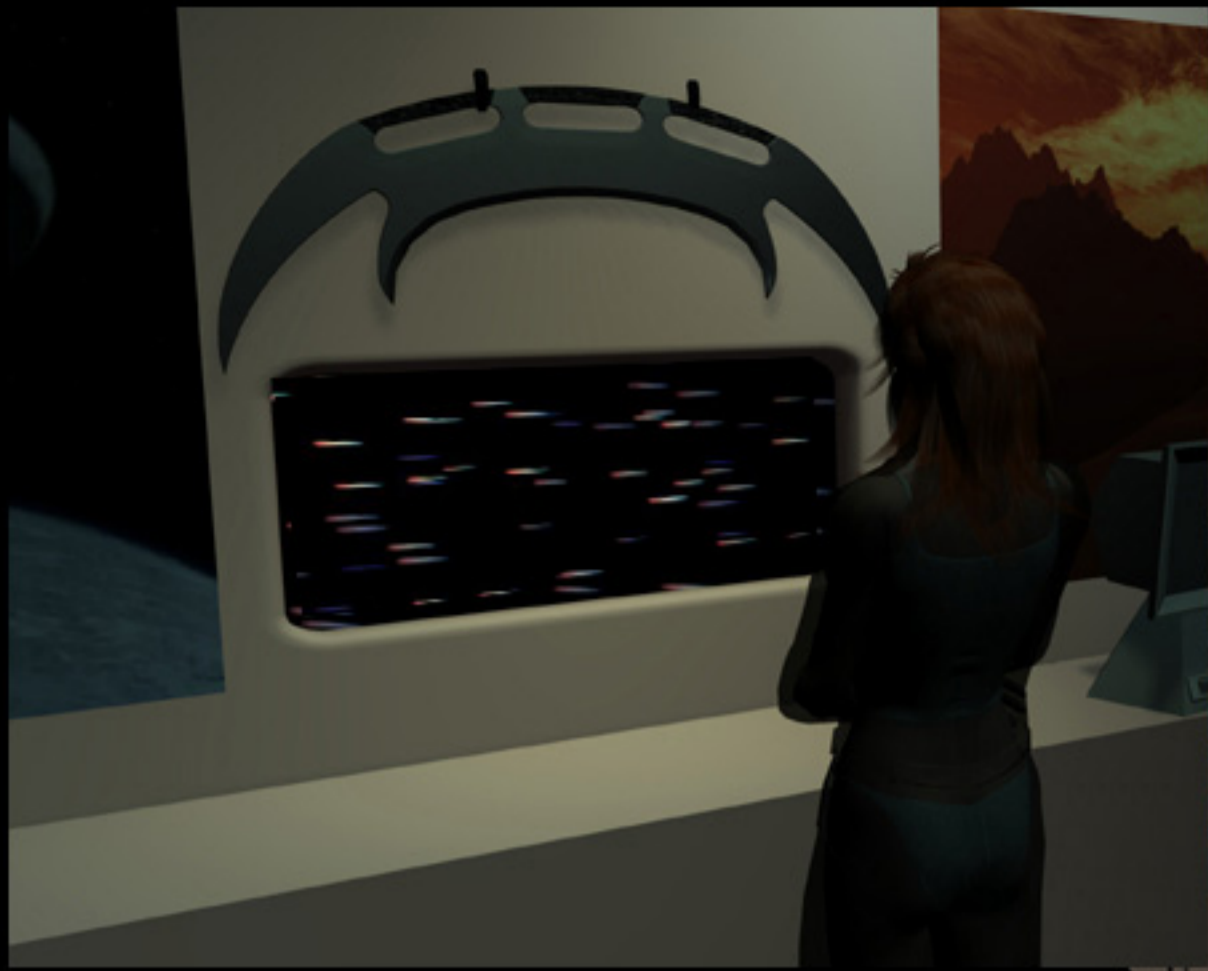
Yes ma'am.

Yes ma'am.



Sounds like they might've finally gotten it right.





Jan?

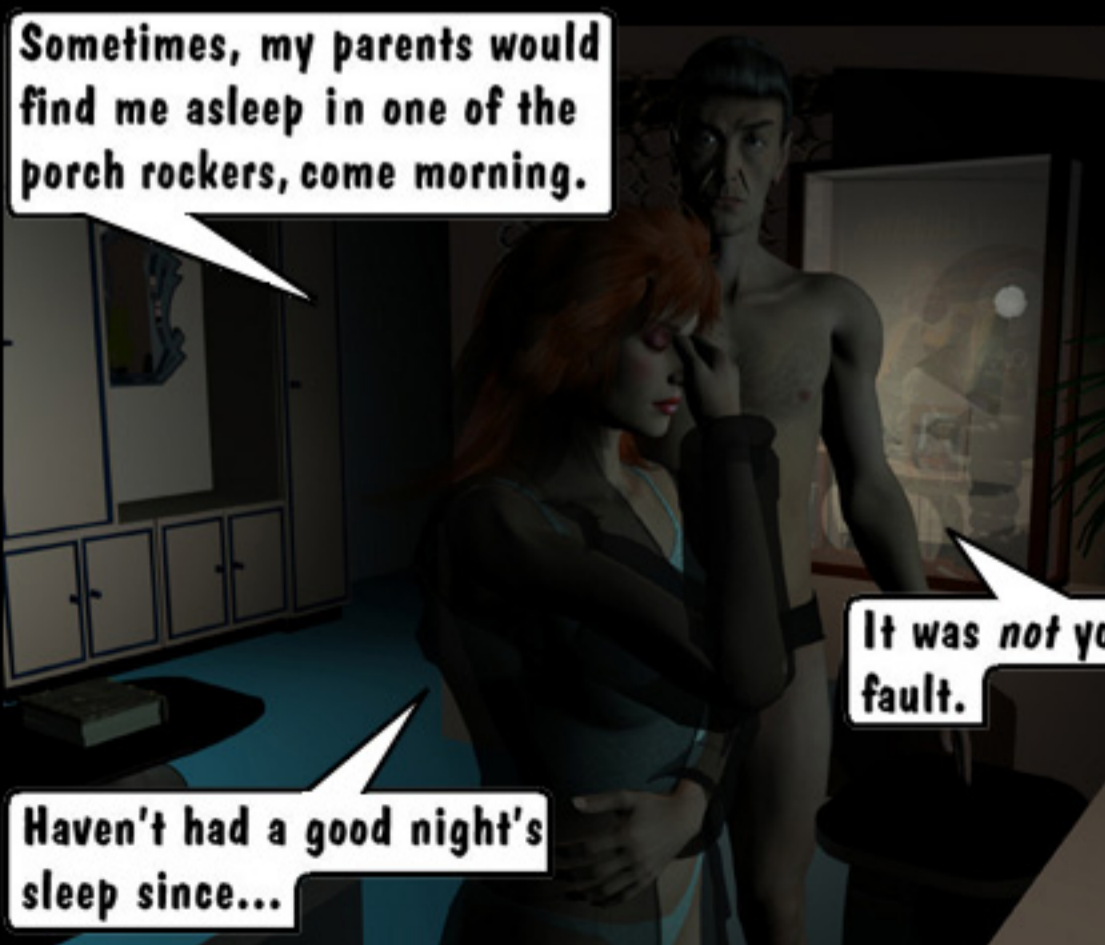
You know what I miss most about Iowa?



The warm summer evenings with a gentle breeze blowing.



On nights like that, when I couldn't sleep, I'd step out on the front porch and look up at the stars.



Sometimes, my parents would find me asleep in one of the porch rockers, come morning.

Haven't had a good night's sleep since...

It was *not* your fault.



You could not have anticipated the attack-

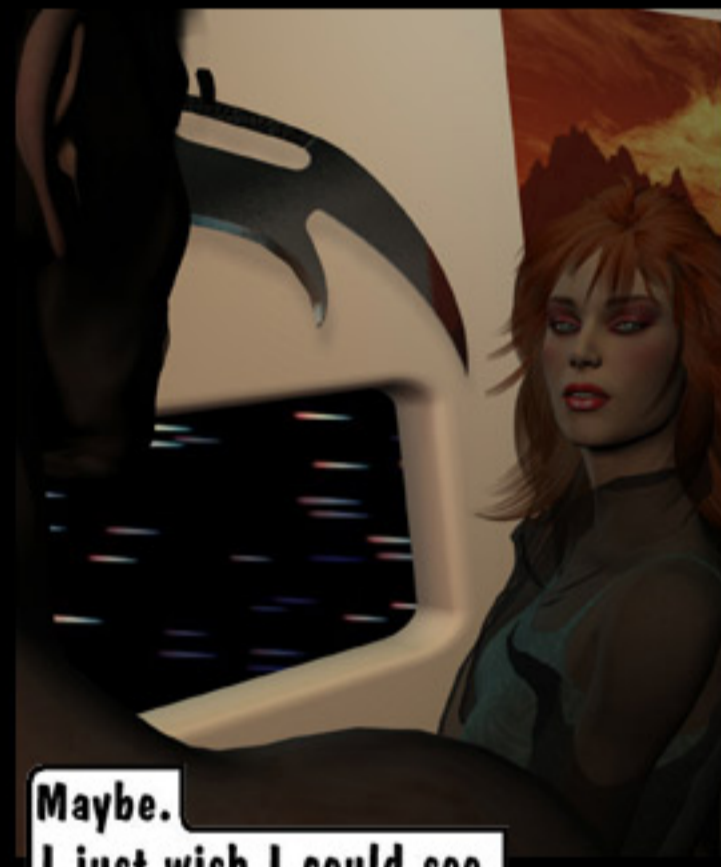
-or where the damage would occur.



**It was my decision.**

**I agreed to it.**

**Hell of it is, if I'd gone through with the abortion, I'd probably still be standing here, second-guessing myself.**

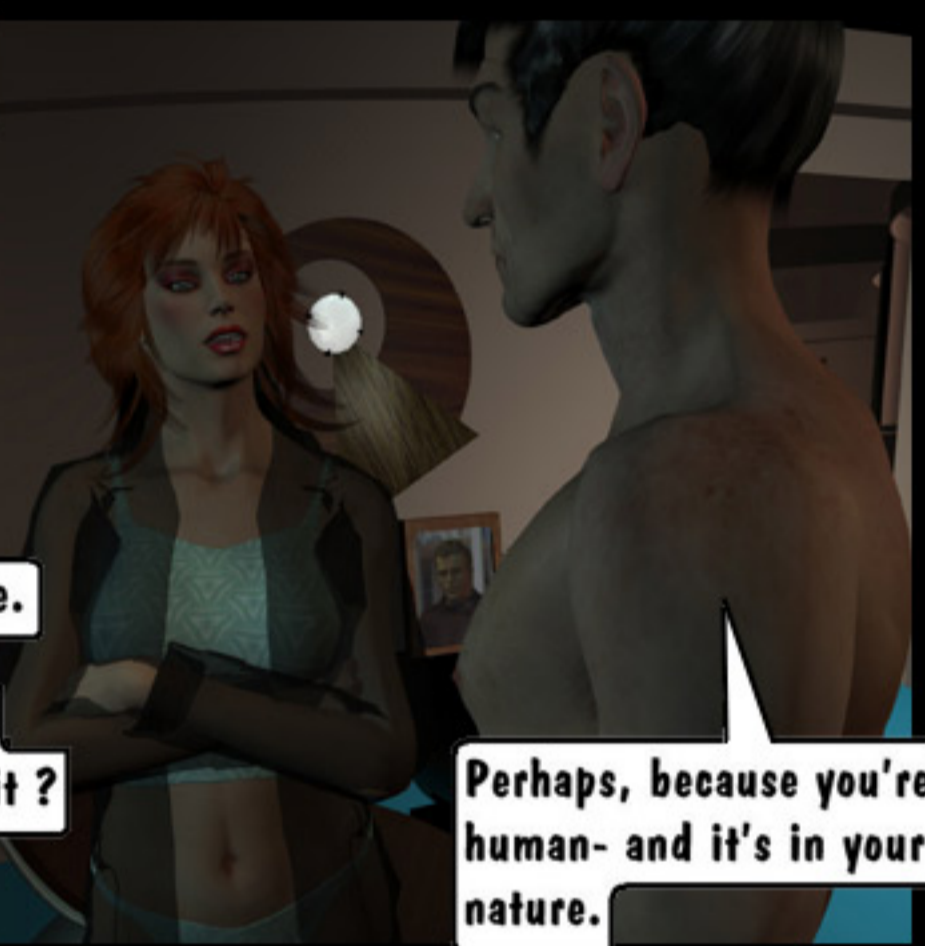


**And thanks to the Romulans, that's basically what it boils down to, isn't it?**

**Maybe. I just wish I could see all of the alternatives at one time- so I could avoid all the problems.**

**It was the right choice.**

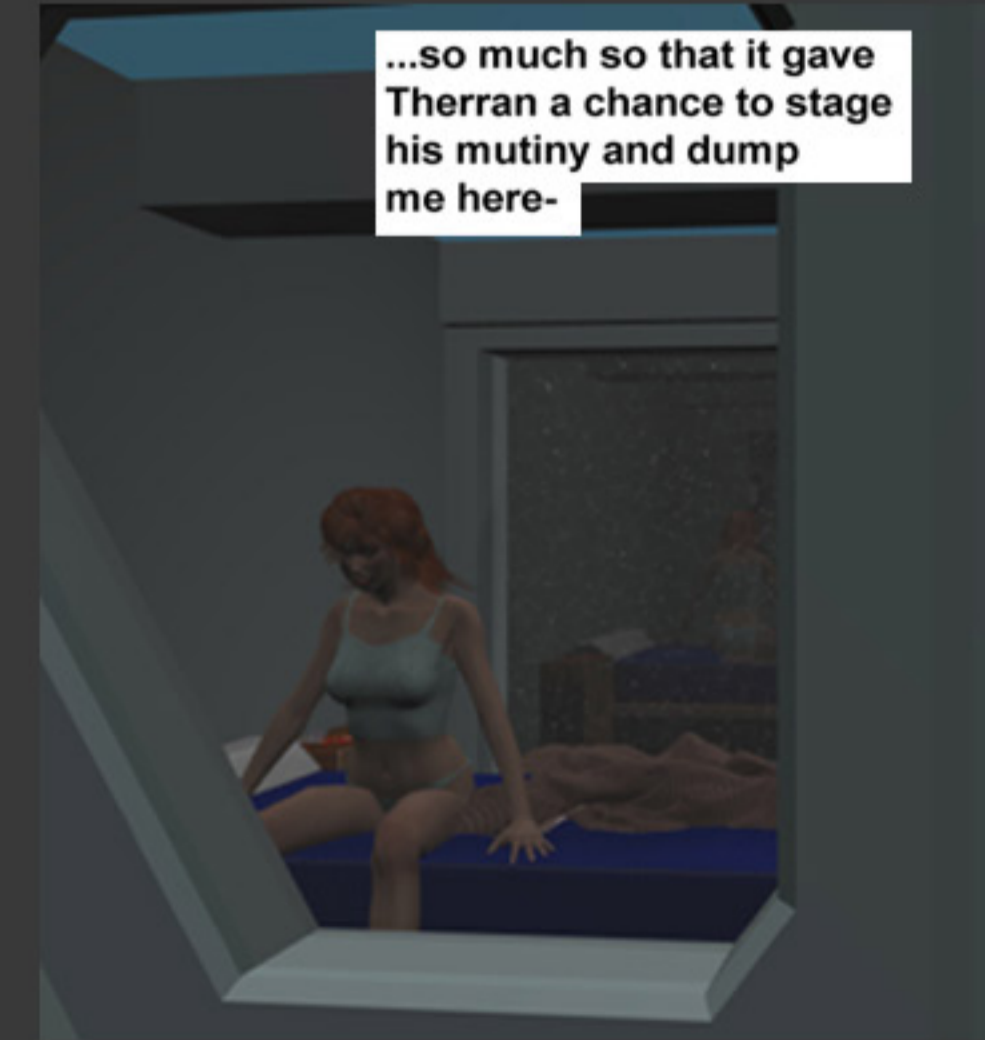
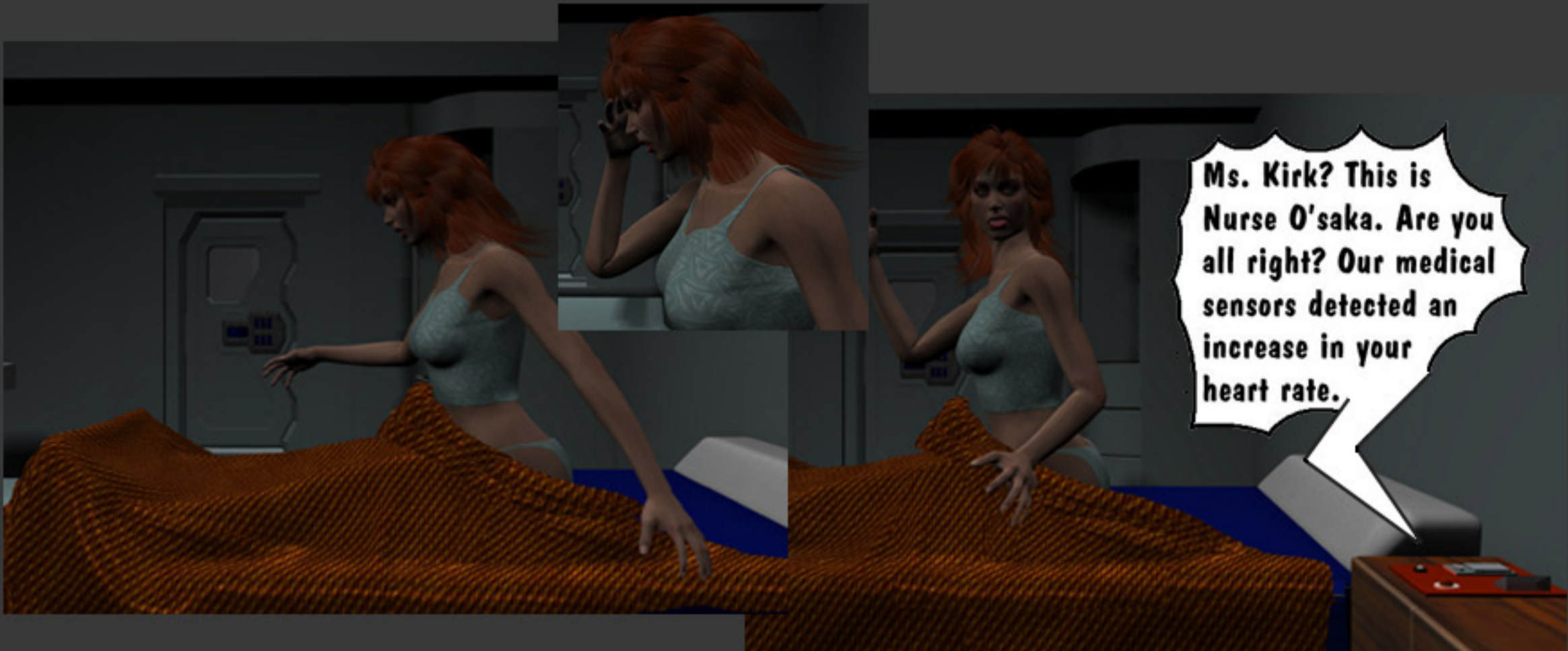
**So...why do I feel so damned guilty about it ?**



**Perhaps, because you're human- and it's in your nature.**



**I am afraid that is one ability that no ship's captain has ever had.**

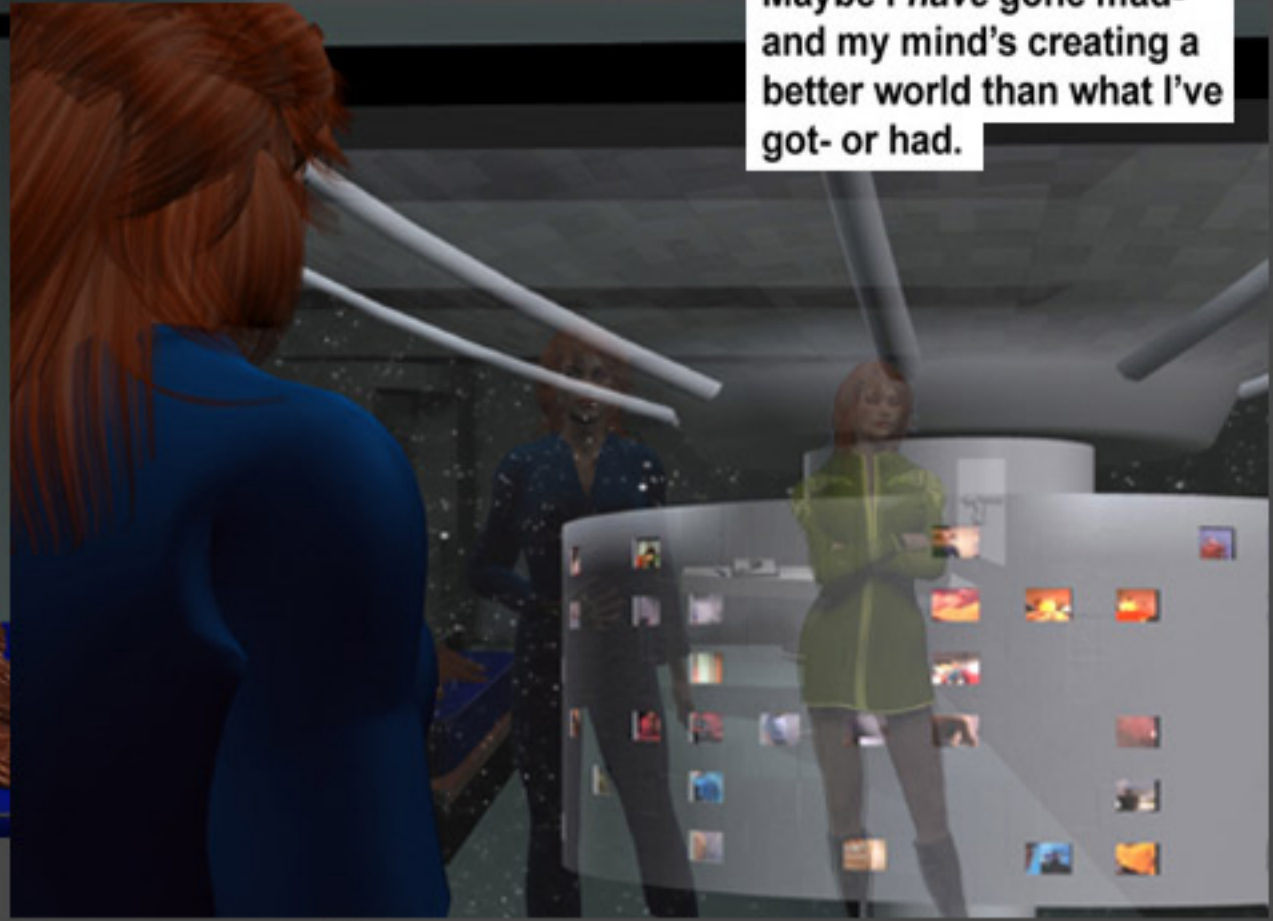


The dreams are so damned detailed.



Me- the captain of a ship that was never built- and with a Vulcan husband yet!

Maybe I have gone mad- and my mind's creating a better world than what I've got- or had.



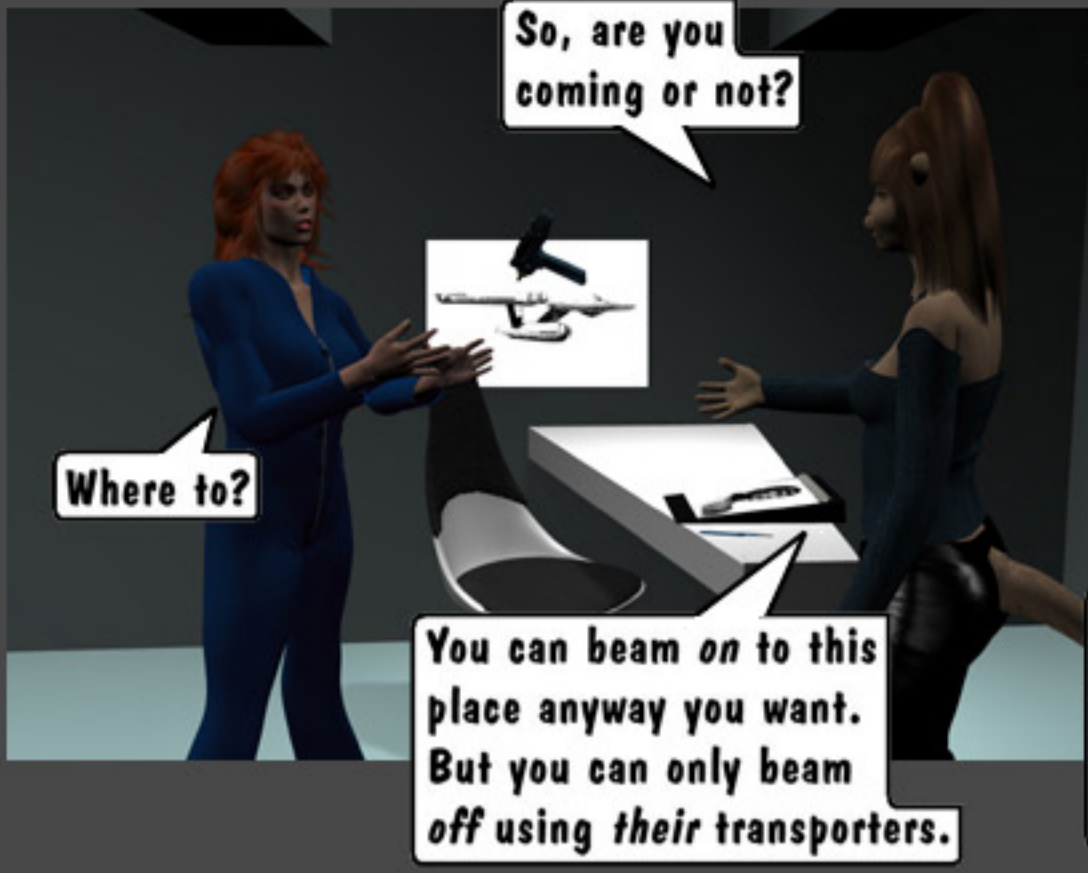
What the hell- ?



M'ress??

I don't know if you're insane or not.

But you won't find out locked away in this place.



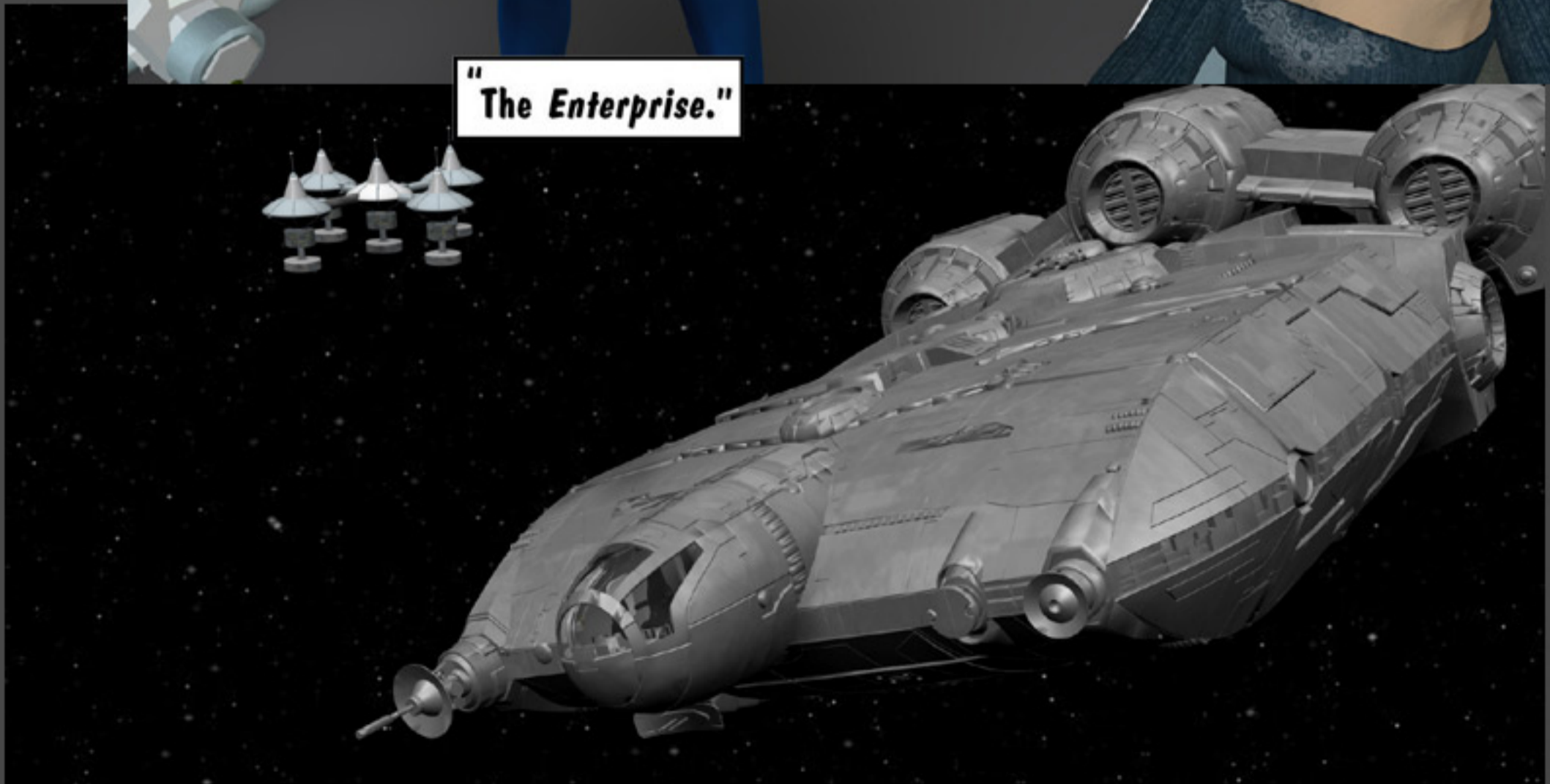


Shields are up.



Who?

"The Enterprise."





"All three are beaming over to the station."

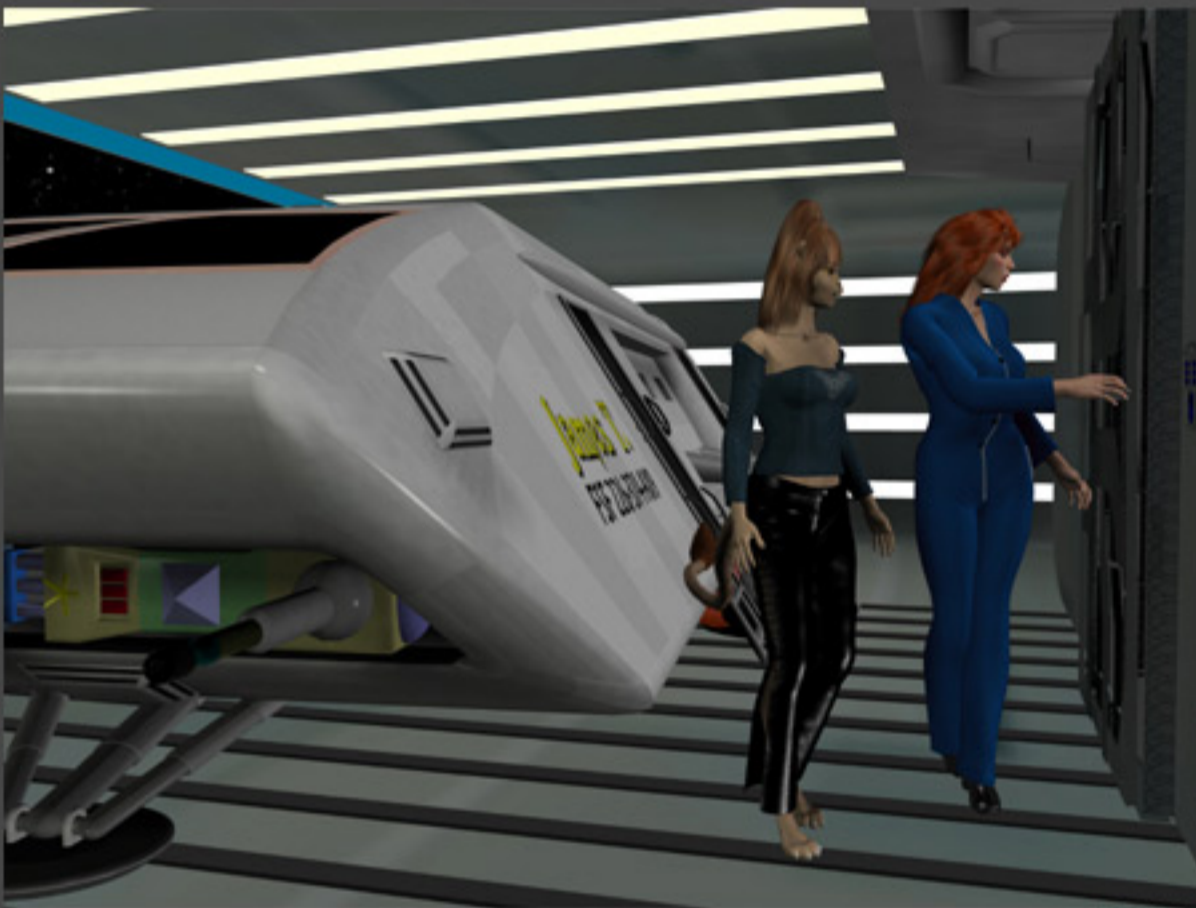
"Computer, raise the shields. As soon as we're in range, extend them around us."

"Acknowledged, Janet. The shields are raised ...and extended."

"Self destruct countdown is at thirty seconds."

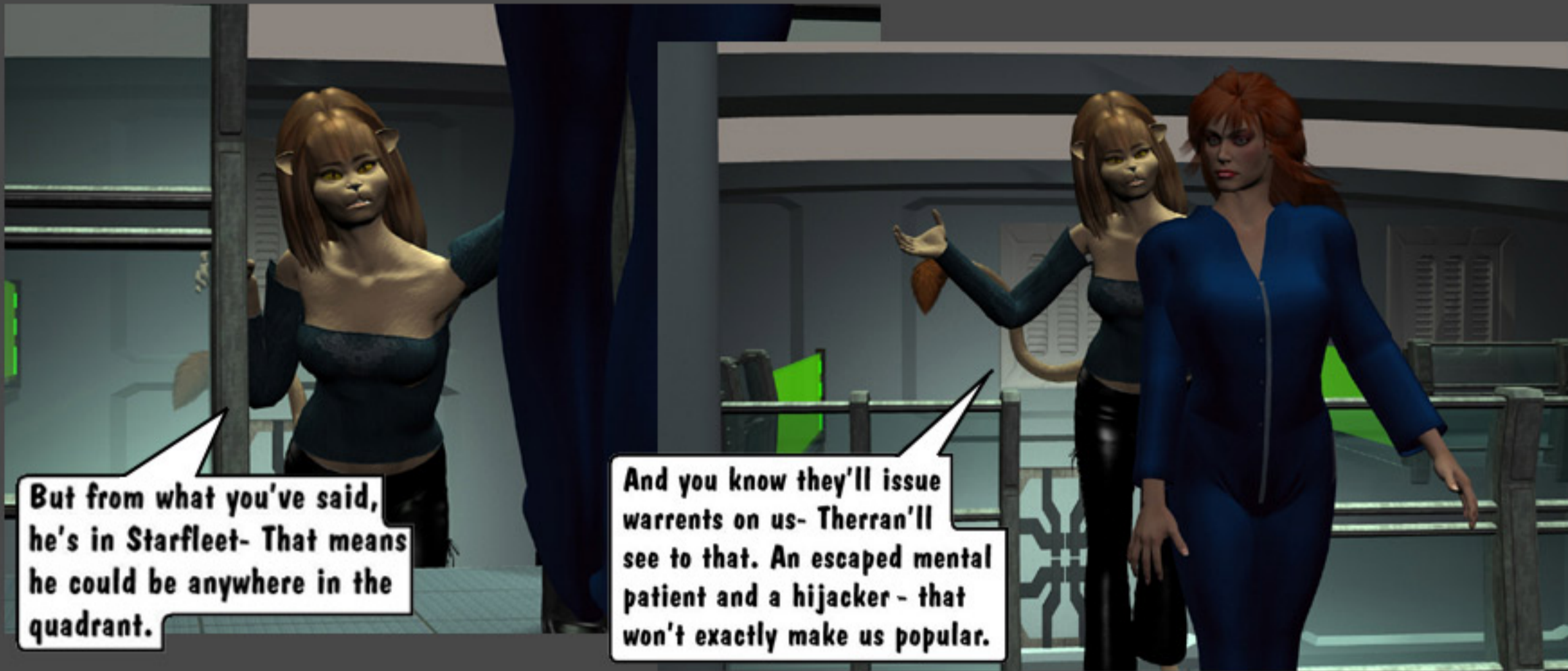
"Computer, Four Altair, Omega, Alpha-Disengage Self Destruct."

Passcode acknowledged, Janet. Self destruct has been disengaged.



So, where are we going?

We have to find that Vulcan- Spock.



But from what you've said, he's in Starfleet- That means he could be anywhere in the quadrant.

And you know they'll issue warrants on us- Therran'll see to that. An escaped mental patient and a hijacker - that won't exactly make us popular.



WOOSH

I know.

But the authorities won't know where we're going.

Which brings us back to my question:

Where are we going?

To find the one person that can bring Spock to us.



Set course for Vulcan-maximum speed.

And M'ress?

Yes?

Thank you.

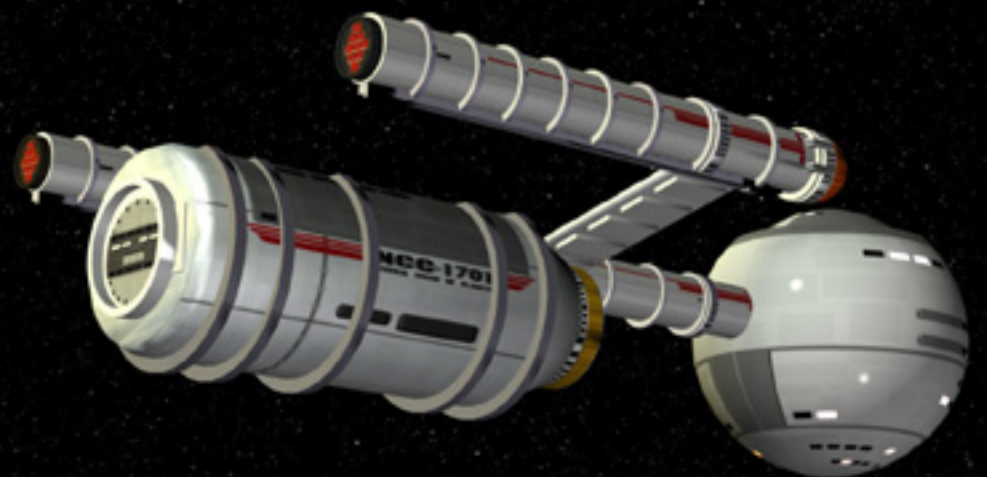
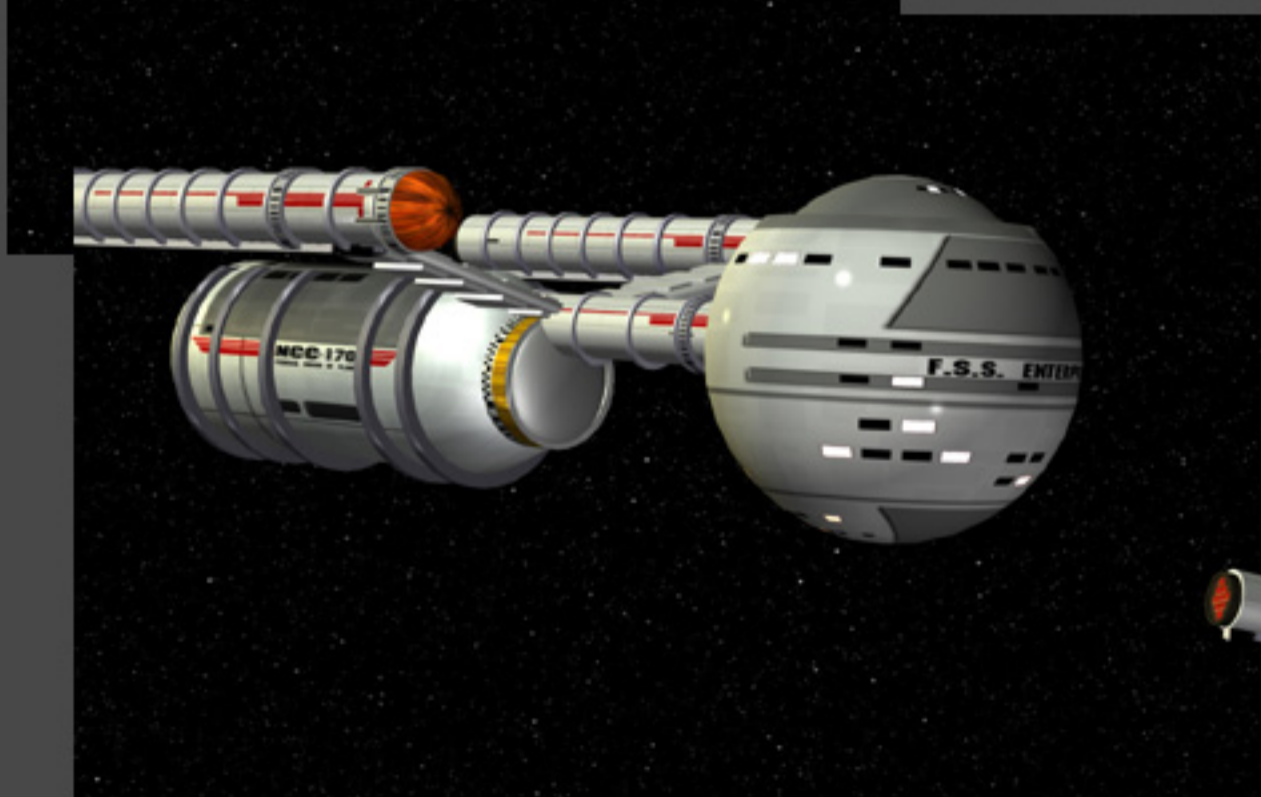
You're welcome.

**Captain's log; Stardate 5936.3-**  
We continue our patrol along the Klingon border in our attempt to stop their continued raids on Union shipping...



**Personal log; additional.**

The dreams continue. As yet, I can find no logical reason for them. I am prepared to dismiss them- and would do so, if they were not so detailed- - far more so than any normal dream should be...



Uhura to Captain.

Spock here.

Sir, we're receiving a Fugitive Alert from Starfleet Command.

Put it on my monitor, Lieutenant.



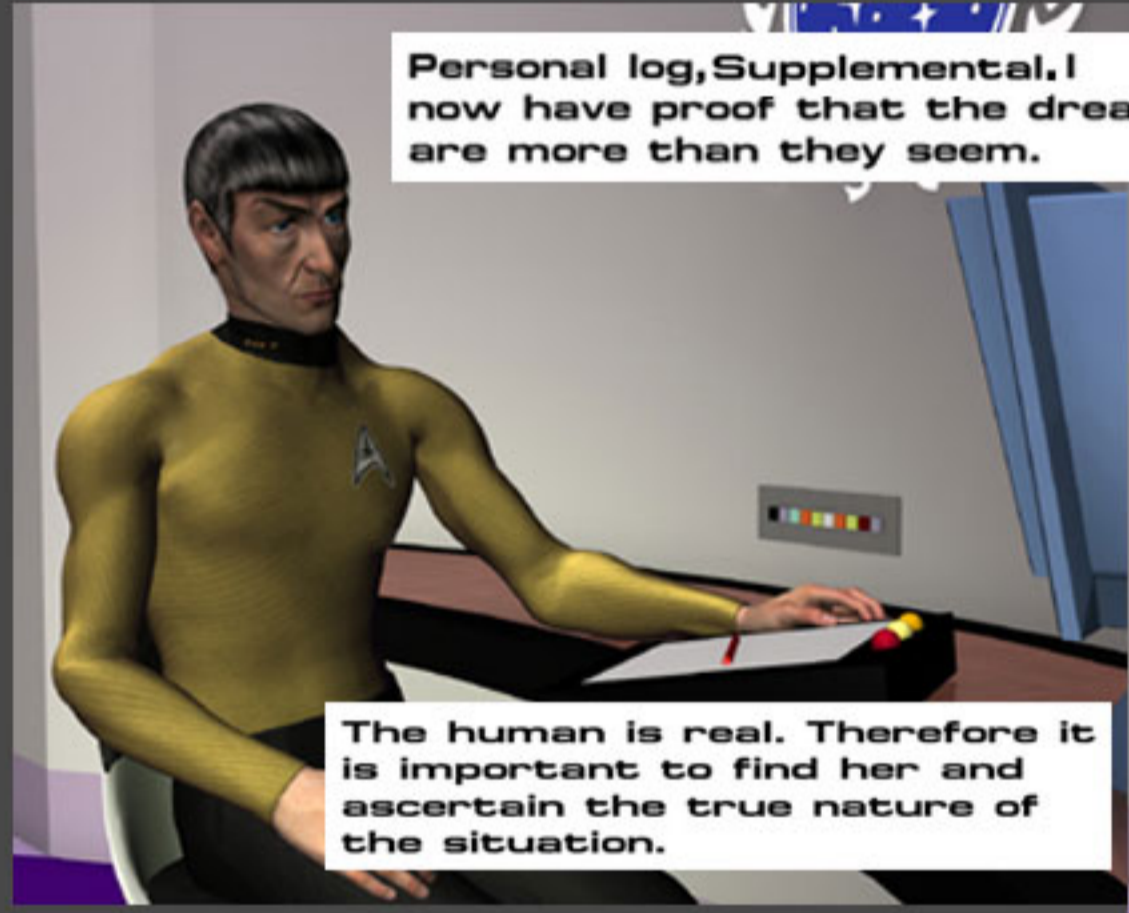
**Federal Union of Planets  
Fugitive Alert**

 <b>Kirk, Janet Tamera</b> Race: Human Gender: Female  Former owner and captain of the Orion-class freighter <i>Enterprise</i> .  Escaped from Asylum One psychiatric hospital after being committed one week ago.  Subject is a former Academy cadet with Command training.	 <b>M'ness</b> Race: Caitian Gender: Female  Former First Officer of the Orion-class freighter <i>Enterprise</i> .  Wanted for hijacking the support ship <i>James T.</i> and using it to assist her former captain in escaping Asylum One.
--	---

As of this alert, there has been no loss of life. If sighted, Starfleet Personnel are authorized to apprehend the suspects using methods that will preserve life.

Personal log, Supplemental. I now have proof that the dreams are more than they seem.

The human is real. Therefore it is important to find her and ascertain the true nature of the situation.

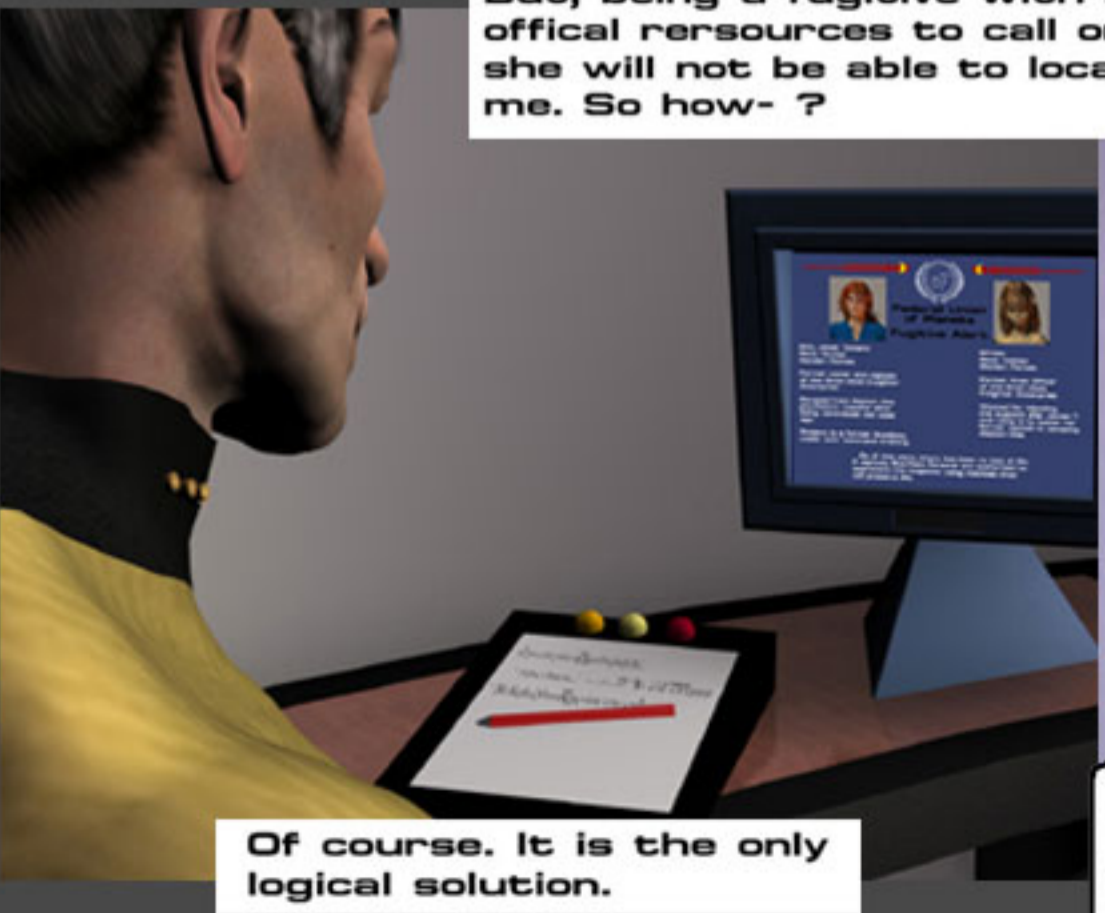


But where to look for her? It would be logical to presume she has been experiencing these dreams as well- in which case, she has most likely been searching for me.



But, being a fugitive with no official resources to call on, she will not be able to locate me. So how- ?

Of course. It is the only logical solution.



Spock to bridge.

Sulu here, sir.

Lay in a course for Vulcan, Mr. Sulu. Maximum warp. You may engage when ready.

Aye, sir.





Don't bother starting the simulation.

Cadet Kirk, you are charged with breaking into the program control room in an attempt to alter the programming.



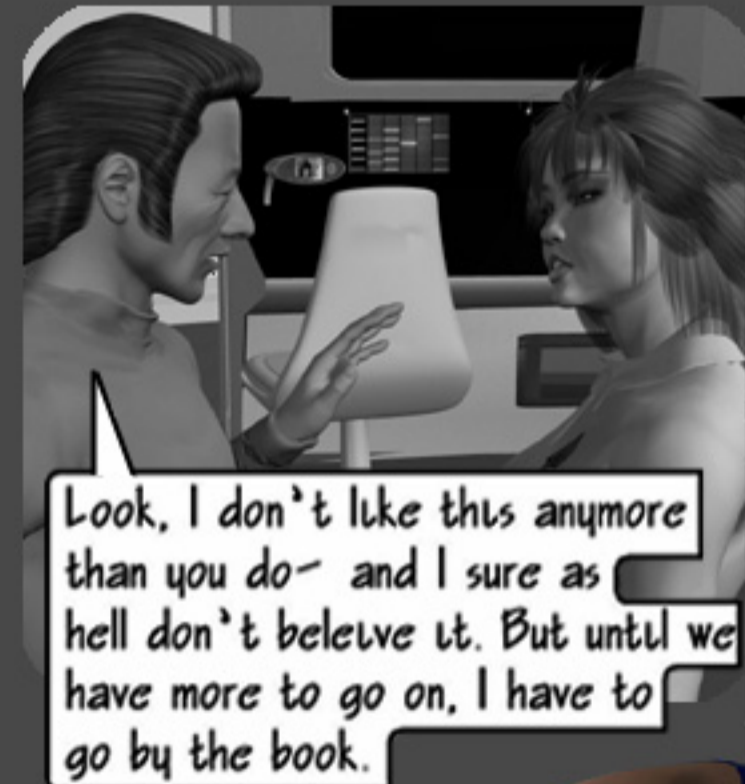
Sir?

When was I supposed to have done this?

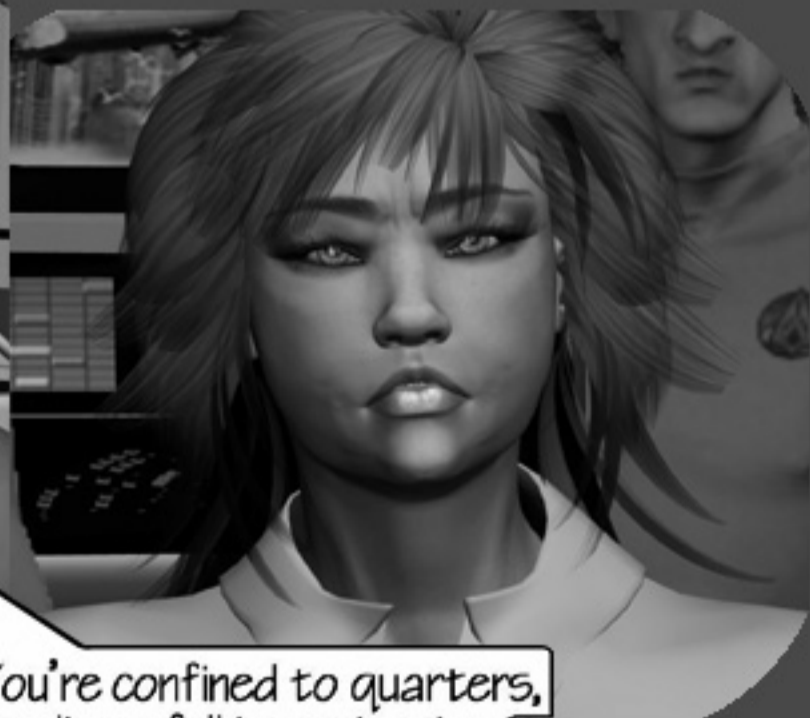


Last night.

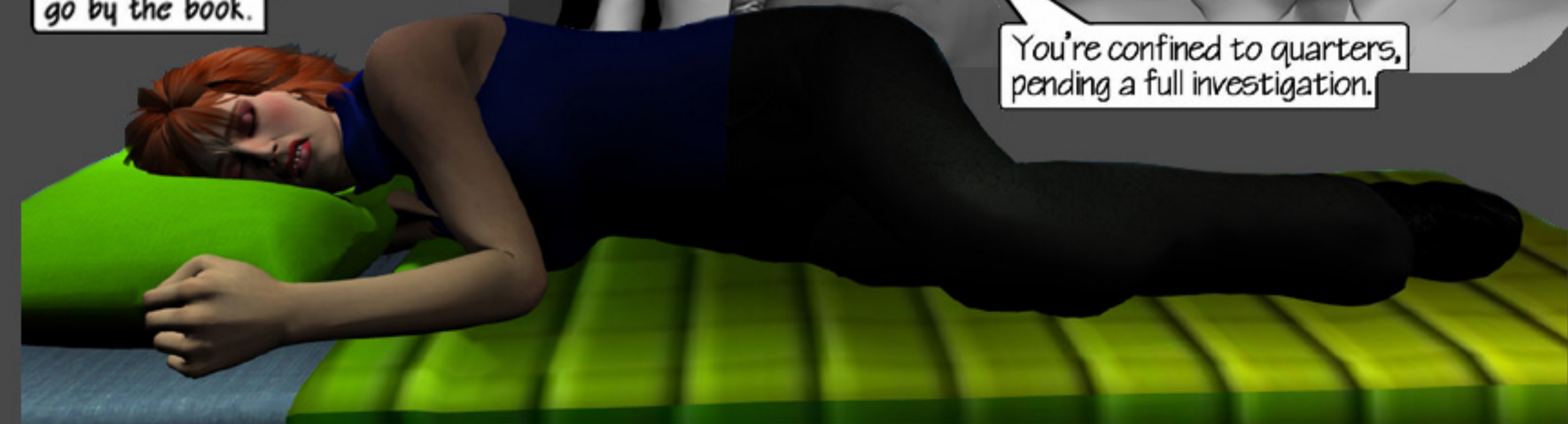
You know I was at Mom's birthday party last night - with at least fifty witnesses!



Look, I don't like this anymore than you do - and I sure as hell don't believe it. But until we have more to go on, I have to go by the book.



You're confined to quarters, pending a full investigation.



**Personal Record; Stardate 5937.0.**  
Dozed off. Every time I sleep anymore,  
it's either dreams or nightmares.

The simulator. Uncle Frank pushed  
the investigation for two years. They  
had my fingerprints in the control room  
and my retina scan on record at the  
door lock.

They also had fifty eye witnesses  
confirming that I was in Iowa that  
night.

But they wouldn't let it go. The  
investigation created such a stench,  
I knew my career was over before  
it could begin.

My only option was to resign.

Someone set me up-  
But who and why?

Janet?

Yes?

The scout'll draw less  
attention than two people  
beaming into the middle of town.

I'll meet you at  
the hanger hatch.  
Out.

Alright. We can  
leave whenever you're  
ready.

Vulcan's just come into  
visual range. Do we beam  
beam down or use the  
scout?





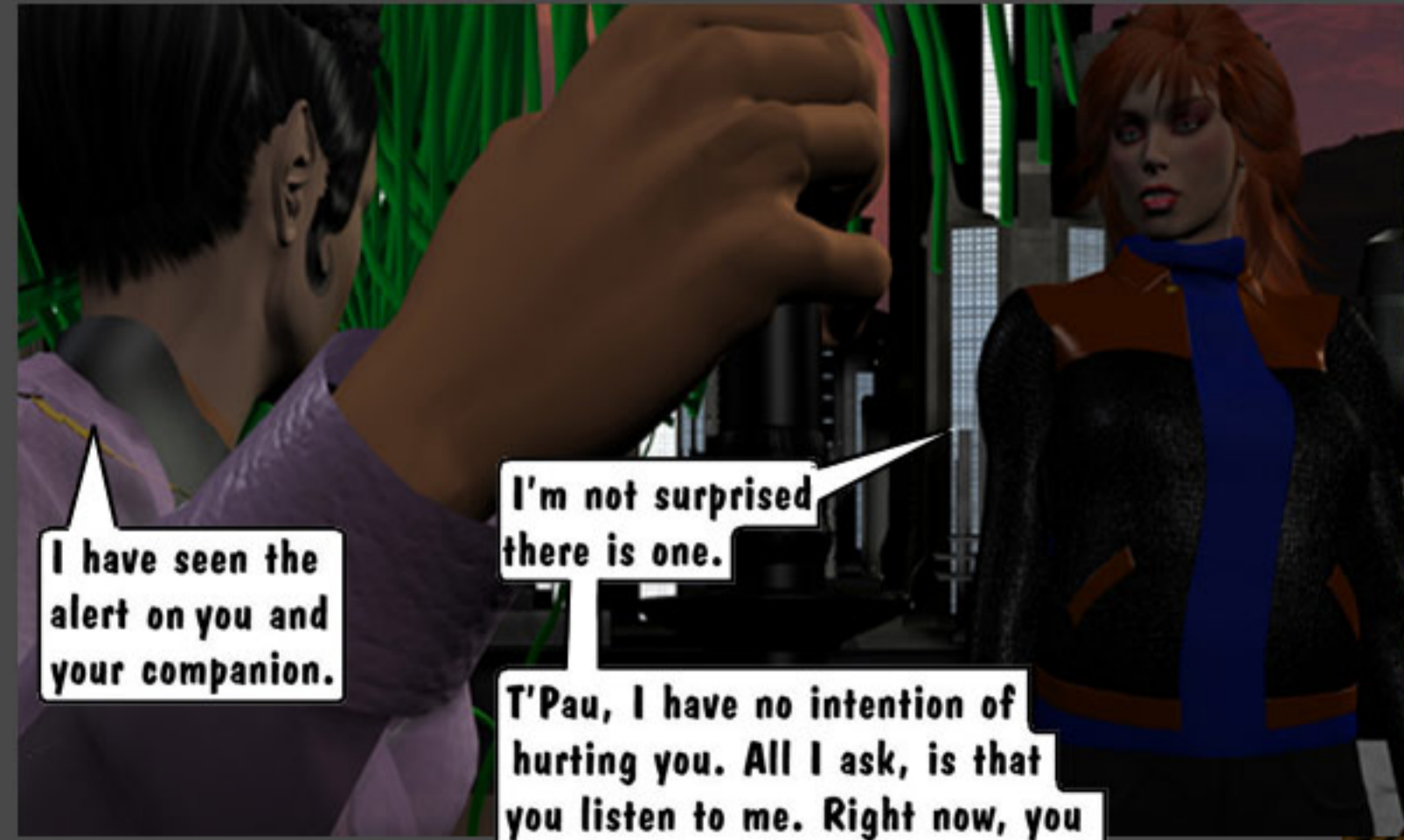
T'Pau?

Do I know you?

Depends.



My name's Janet Tamera Kirk.



I have seen the alert on you and your companion.

I'm not surprised there is one.

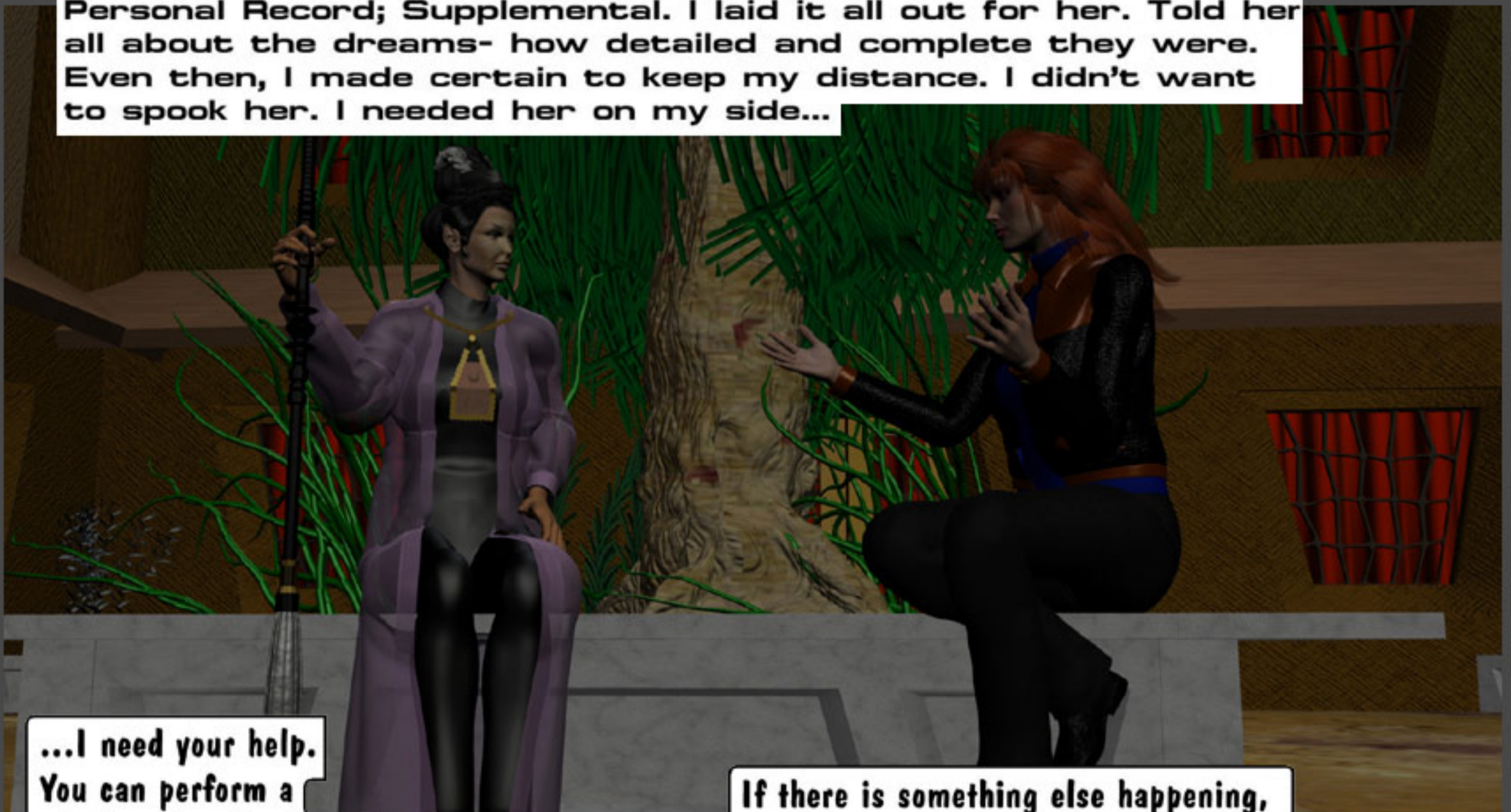
T'Pau, I have no intention of hurting you. All I ask, is that you listen to me. Right now, you may be the only one I can count on. Please?



You sound reasonable enough. Be seated and tell your story. I will listen.

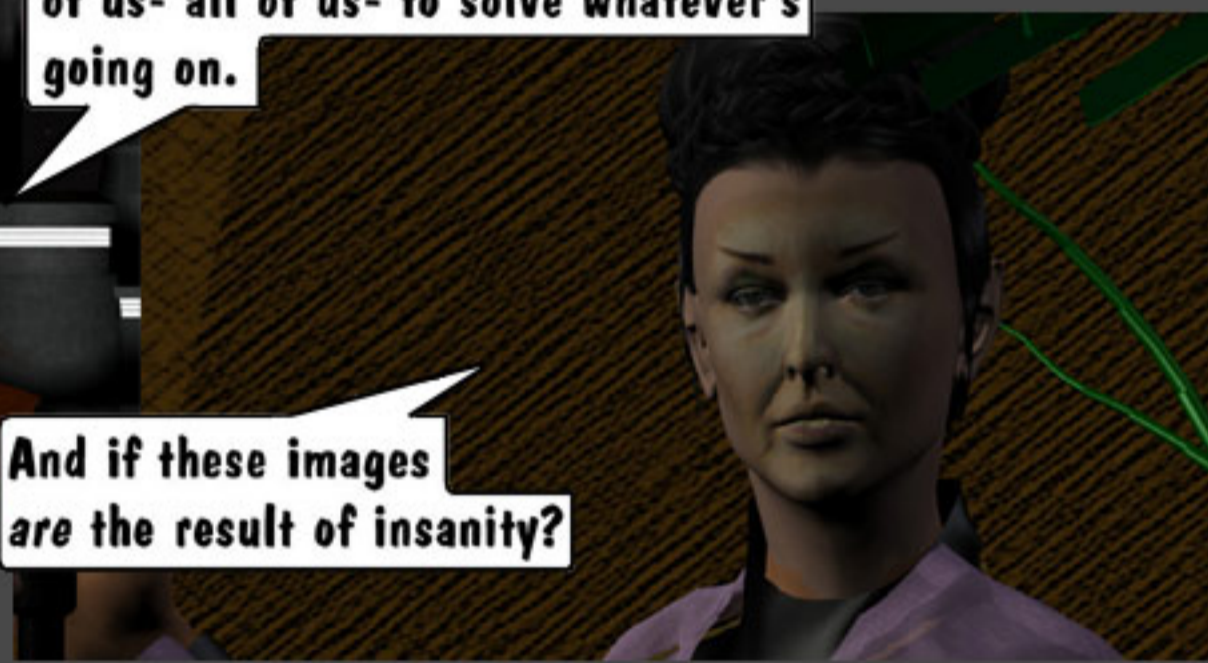
Thank you.

**Personal Record; Supplemental. I laid it all out for her. Told her all about the dreams- how detailed and complete they were. Even then, I made certain to keep my distance. I didn't want to spook her. I needed her on my side...**



**...I need your help. You can perform a mind meld and tell me if these...images are insanity or if something else is going on.**

**If there is something else happening, I need to find Spock. It may take both of us- all of us- to solve whatever's going on.**



**And if these images are the result of insanity?**




**Your request, while unusual, is not outside the realm of the mind meld. It has been used many times over the centuries to separate truth from falsehood.**

**Kneel before me.**




**Then...I'll return to Asylum One and I won't cause any more trouble.**

**Despite the story you tell, you conduct yourself in a sane and rational manner.**




*My mind to your mind.  
My thoughts to your thoughts.*



*There are memories of ...two lives.  
One is the freighter captain. The other  
is the captain of a...federal starship.*

*The one life you are living. The other  
is being...renewed...awakened.*

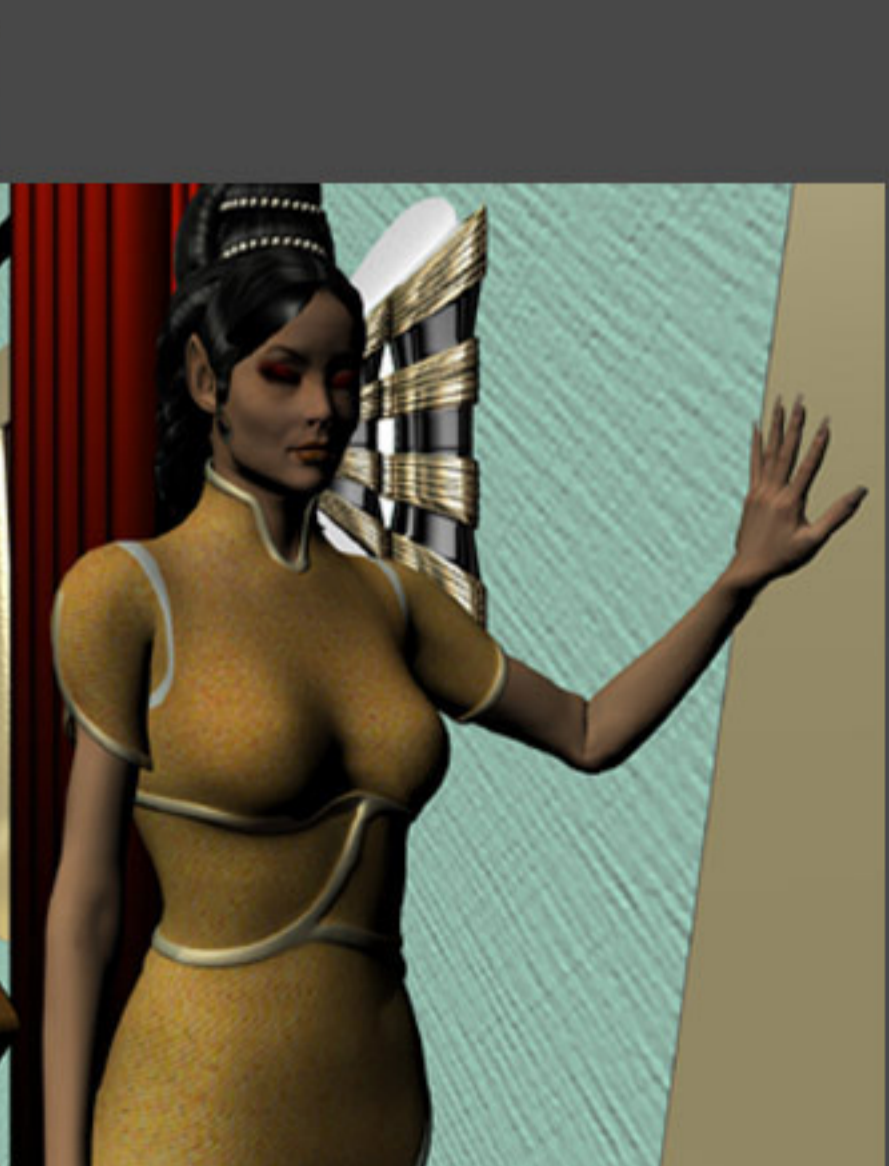
*I sense Spock's touch, as  
well as my own.*

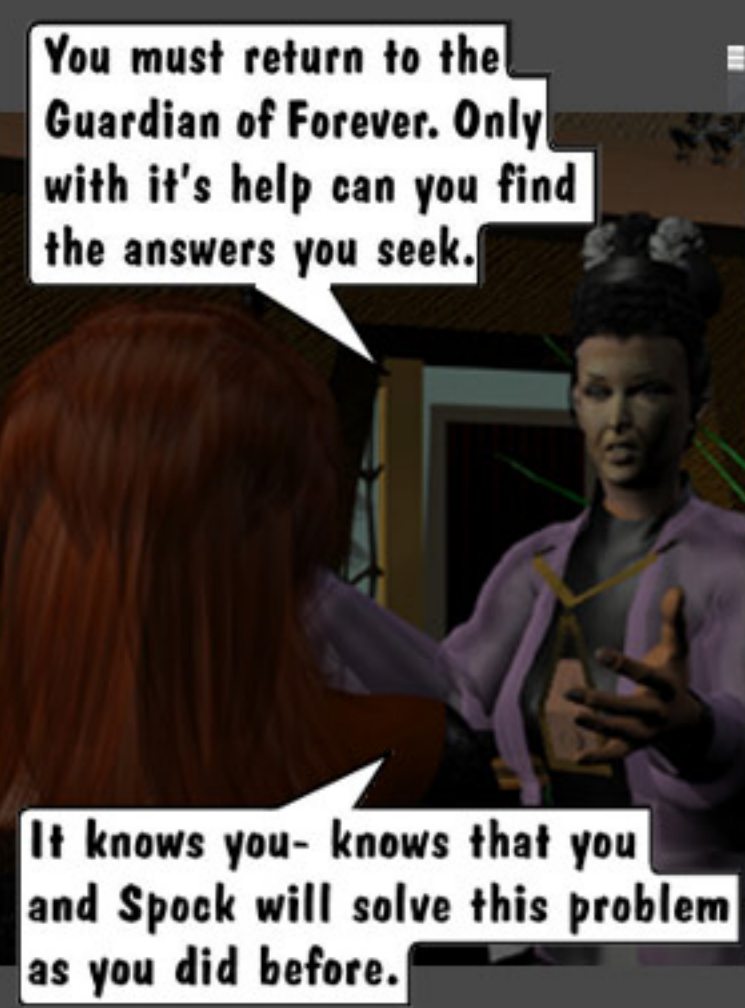


*There is the touch of a third mind. It  
is the source of these...visions. This  
third mind is calling to you for help  
in the only way it can.*




**T'Pau..?**





You must return to the Guardian of Forever. Only with it's help can you find the answers you seek.


It knows you- knows that you and Spock will solve this problem as you did before.



You said it knows me. From that other life?


But I've never been near anything called-

But I haven't lived that life. Yet, you said these visions are memories of that life.




Precisely.

So this ...other Janet Kirk knew. So how do I find it if-?




Guess I'll just have to wing it like I've done my entire life.



Will you tell Spock to meet me there?

Yes.

Thank you.



May success go with you ...Daughter of my House.



Shikar Security.

**KROYKAH!!**



You violated the sanctity of the meld.

She threatens our very existence.

No. Our existence is not threatened. Time itself has been damaged- and she is taking the steps necessary to restore it.



But her actions will destroy everything we know.

Your own actions have already done so.



I cannot allow you to interfere. Nor can I allow a violation of the meld to go unpunished.




Spock has requested that the marriage be annulled.

So it will be.




**No!**




**Do not challenge me, T'Pring.**


**Thee will only lose.**



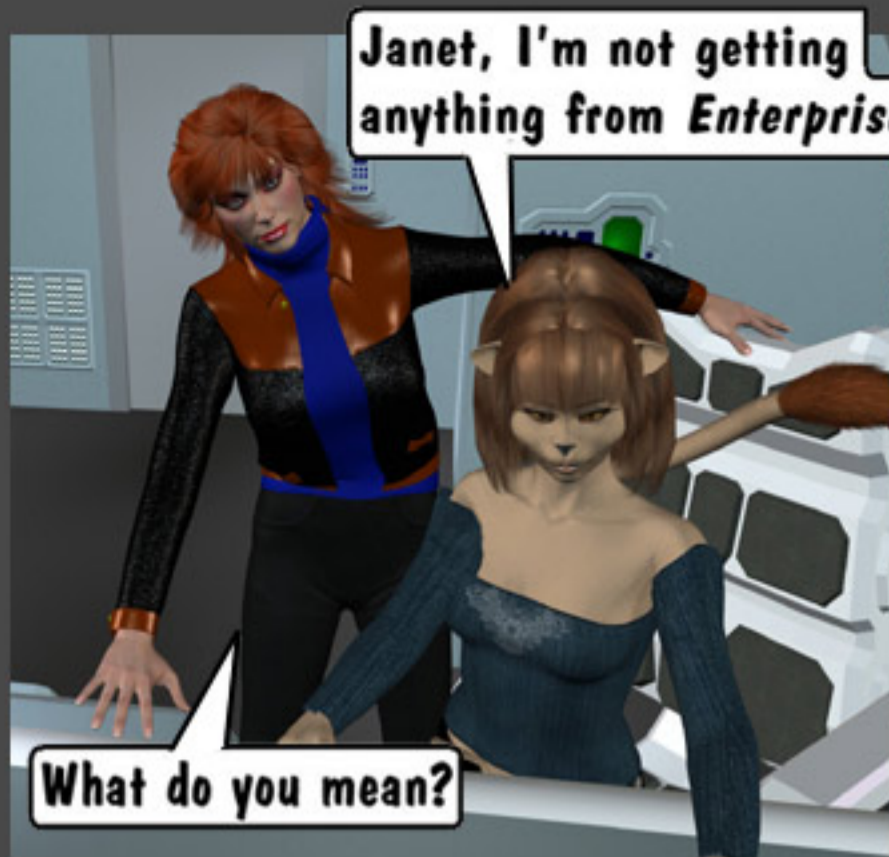
**I will give you one option: Remove yourself to the Kolinahr Retreat.**



**Be gone by morning, or I will report your violation.**



**Personal Record; Additional. As soon as I got back to the *James T.*, M'ress and I headed for orbit- where we encountered another problem...**



Janet, I'm not getting anything from *Enterprise*.

What do you mean?



All of the navigational links have been shut down.

We're flying on the *James T.*'s systems alone.

Scan her.



There's another ship in the hanger bay- and a certain Andorian's on board.

Therran must've tracked us from Asylum One.



What do we do?

Shield's up.



Shield's up.

Open a channel.

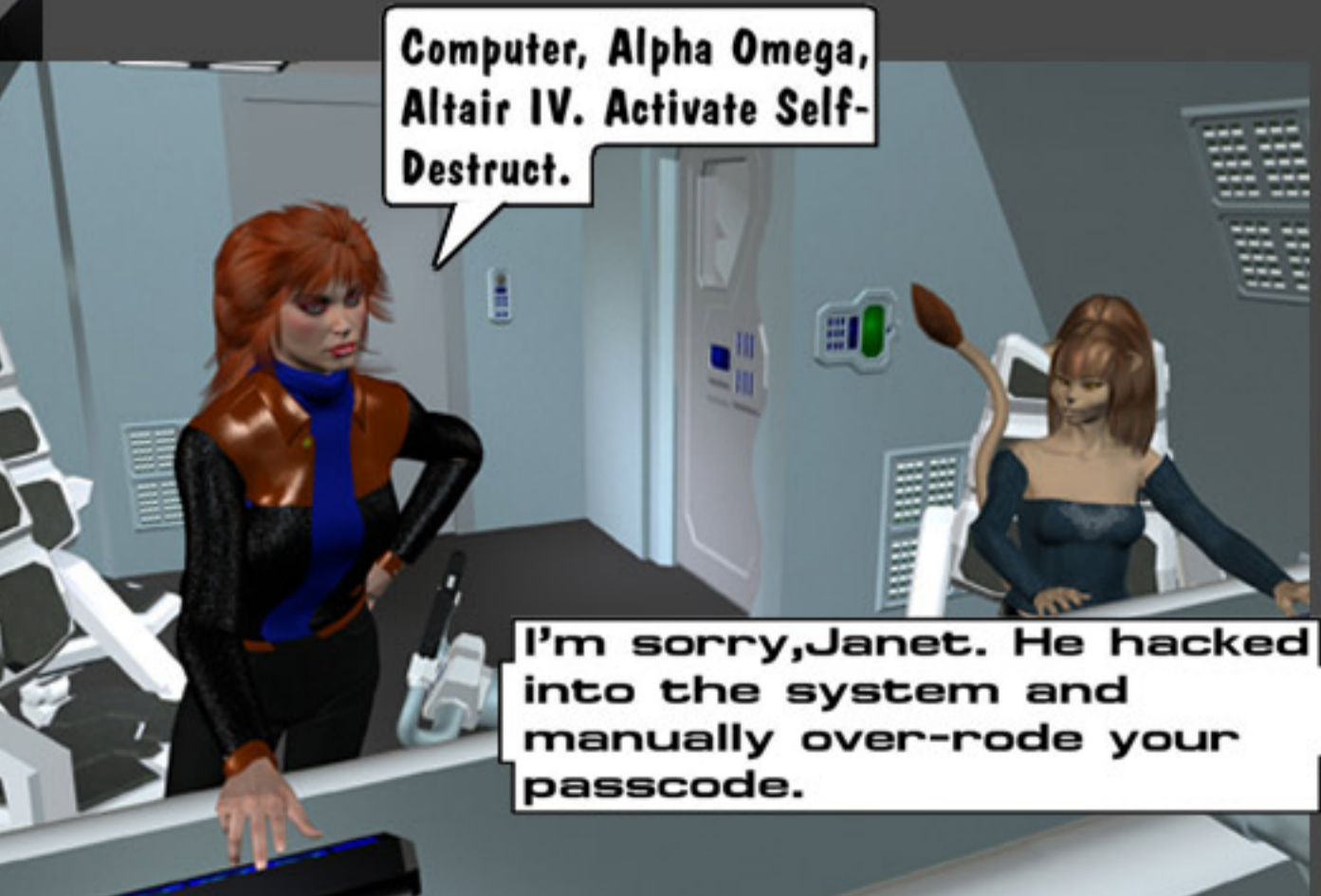
Channel open.



You're not getting my ship, Mister.


I already have it.

You'd do well to surrender, Kirk. I can easily kill you and claim self-defense.




Computer, Alpha Omega, Altair IV. Activate Self-Destruct.

I'm sorry, Janet. He hacked into the system and manually over-rode your passcode.



That little trick won't work again.




Computer, has he altered your command pathways?




Negative.

Lock the channel open.

Already did. He couldn't close it if he had to.



What are you talking about?




Computer, activate Destruct Sequence Code 1-1A.

Confirm identity.


Kirk, Janet Tamera. Captain. Serial number 16978AFG59.

Identity confirmed. Destruct Sequence Code 1,1-A is engaged.



What are you doing?

Stop it!



Computer, activate Destruct Sequence Two: Code 1-1A,2B.

Confirm identity.

M'ress. First Officer. Serial Number: 8974AXZ99.

Identity Confirmed. Destruct Sequence 1,1-A,2B is engaged.

Awaiting final sequence  
for five-minute countdown.

**NO! You're bluffing!**

Was I bluffing  
last time? I'll  
gladly blow her up  
before I let you  
have her.

Destruct Sequence 1-1A,2B  
is engaged. Five-minute count-  
down is in progress.

Computer, Final Destruct Sequence:  
code Zero, zero, zero, Destruct-zero.

**NO!**

You've got less than  
five minutes to get  
the hell off my ship  
-and take that bucket  
of bolts in the hanger  
bay with you.



**Damn it, Kirk!  
This isn't over!**



**It will be-**

**-in four minutes.**



**He's fast, I'll give him that.  
He's leaving the hanger bay now.**



**Computer, raise the shields.**

**Acknowledged. Shields raised.**

**Computer, abort Destruct  
Sequence 1-1A, 2B-abort.**



**Confirm identity.**

**Kirk, Janet Tamera. Captain.  
Serial number 16978AFG59.**

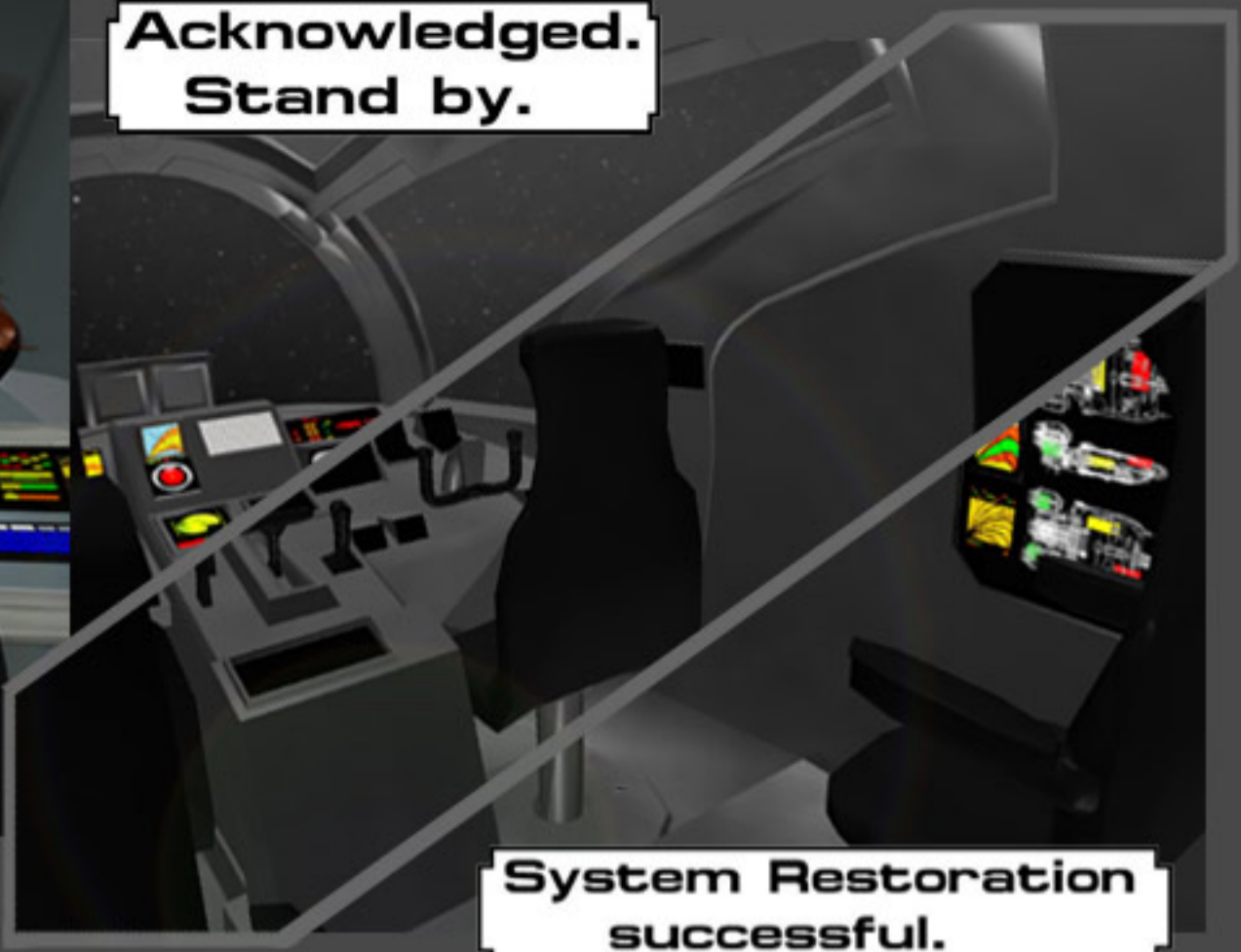


**Identity Confirmed.  
Destruct Sequence  
1, 1-A, 2B is aborted.**

**Computer- Command Order 697-AB5. Initiate system-restore and then reboot.**



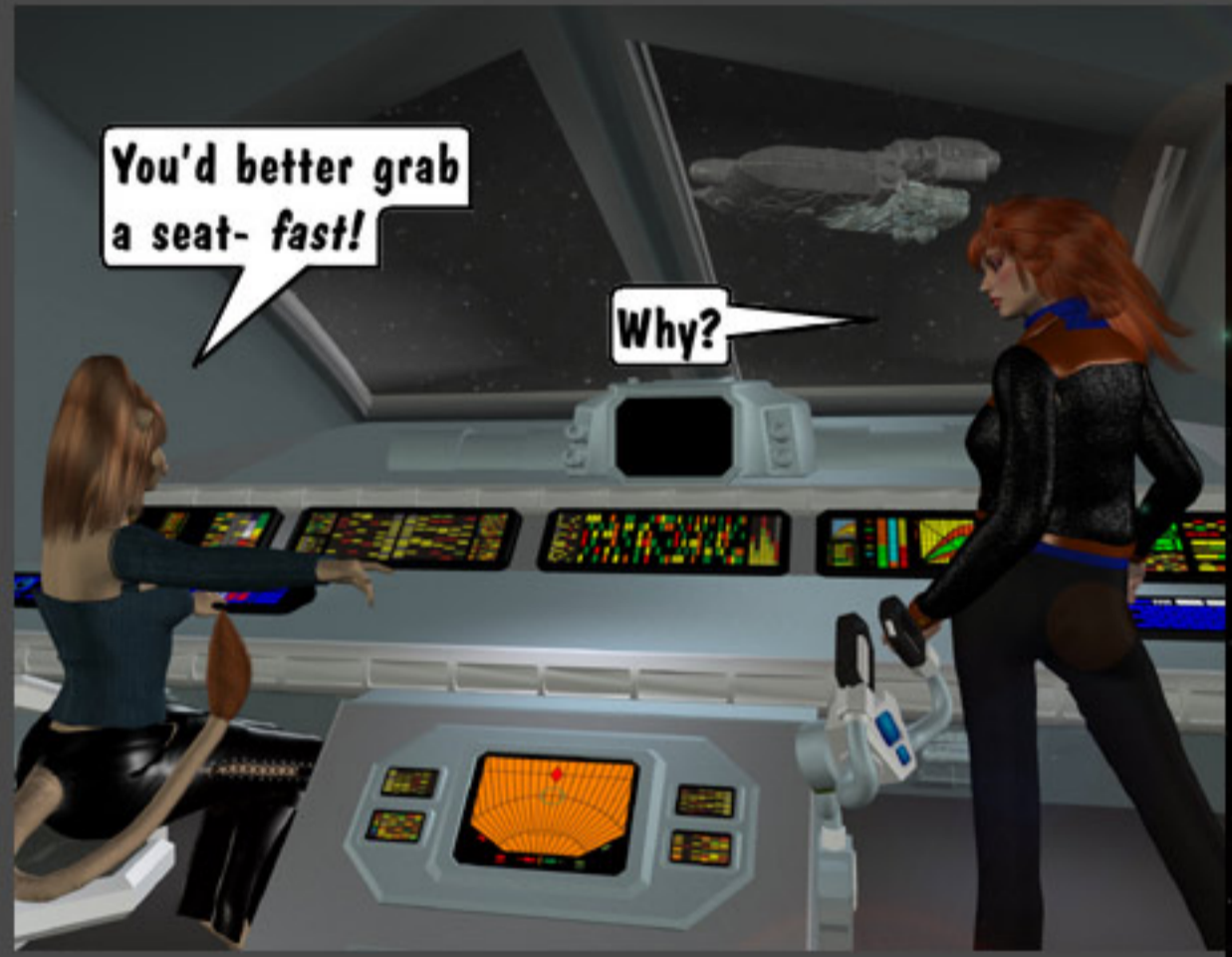
**Acknowledged. Stand by.**



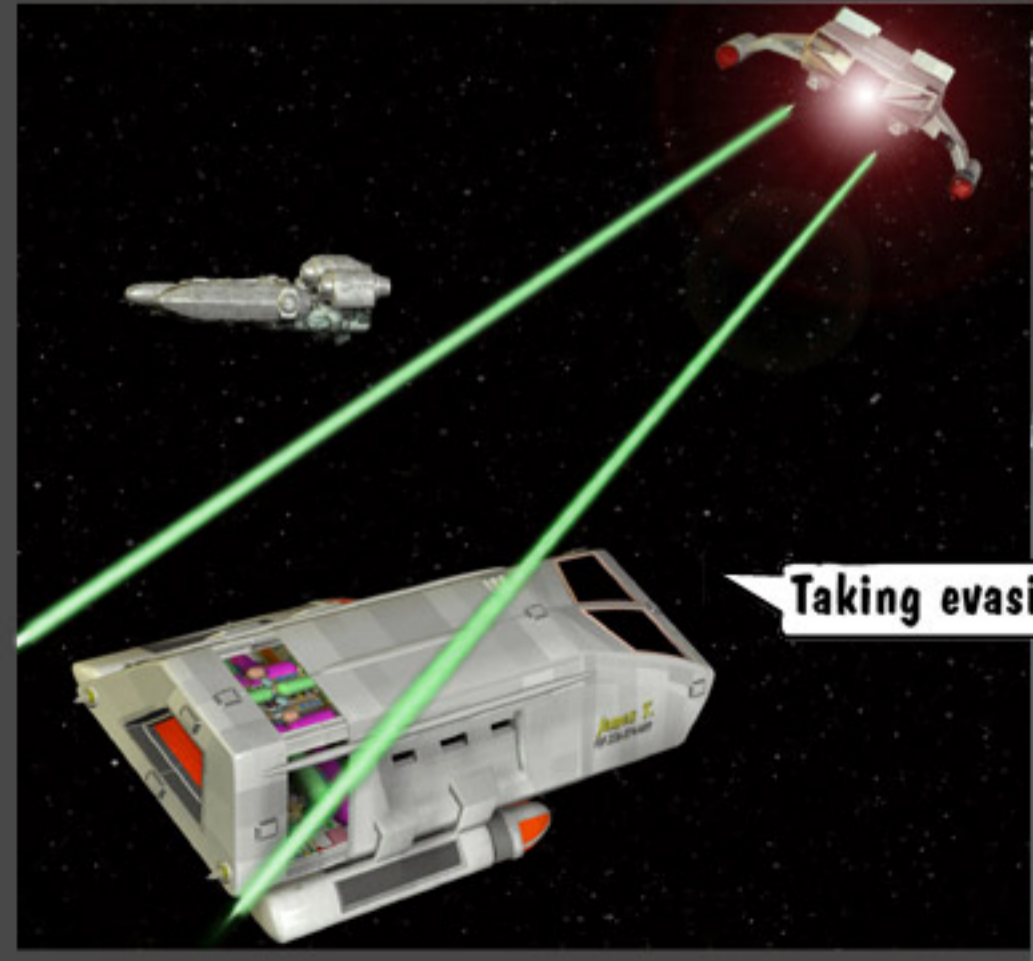
**System Restoration successful.**

**You'd better grab a seat- fast!**

**Why?**



**Because Therran's trying to kill us!**



**Taking evasive action.**

**Phasers are online.**

**Coming around.**





**CRUNCH!**

So Fire already!

Not yet.

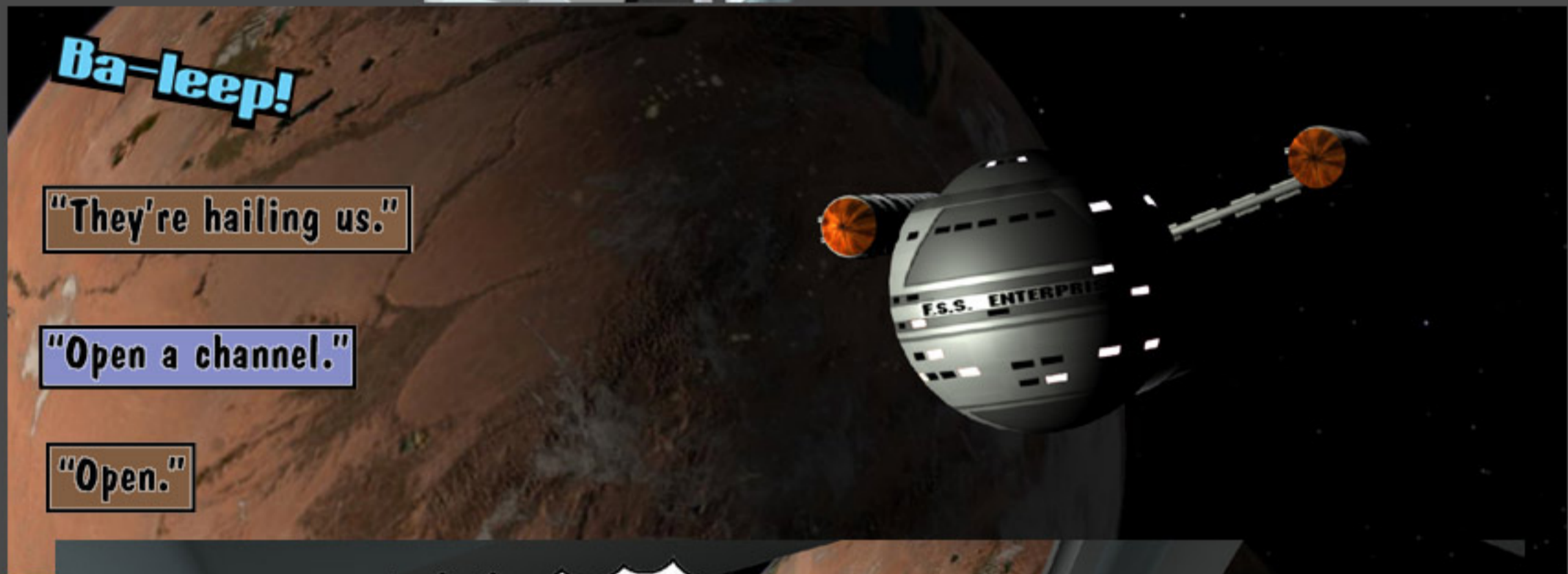


Not...

-Now!

**CLICK!**





This is Janet Tamera Kirk aboard the *James T.*

Captain, I know you've seen the alert on us- and you have no reason to trust me...

... but I'm asking permission to come aboard and talk to you- under guard if you like.

I do not believe a guard will be necessary.

You may store your scout-ship in our hanger bay. Spock out.

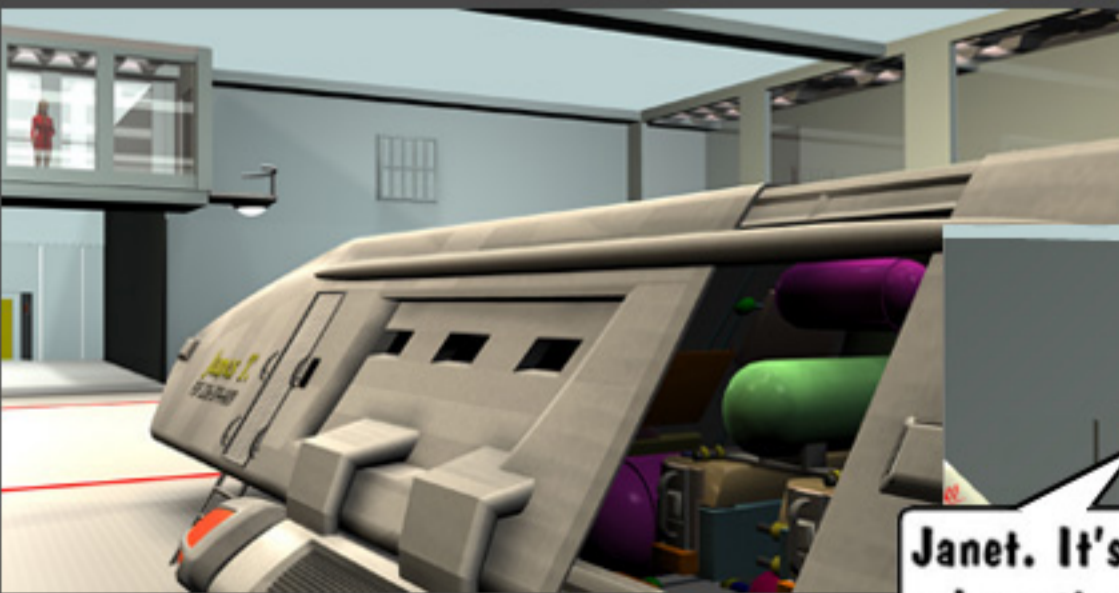
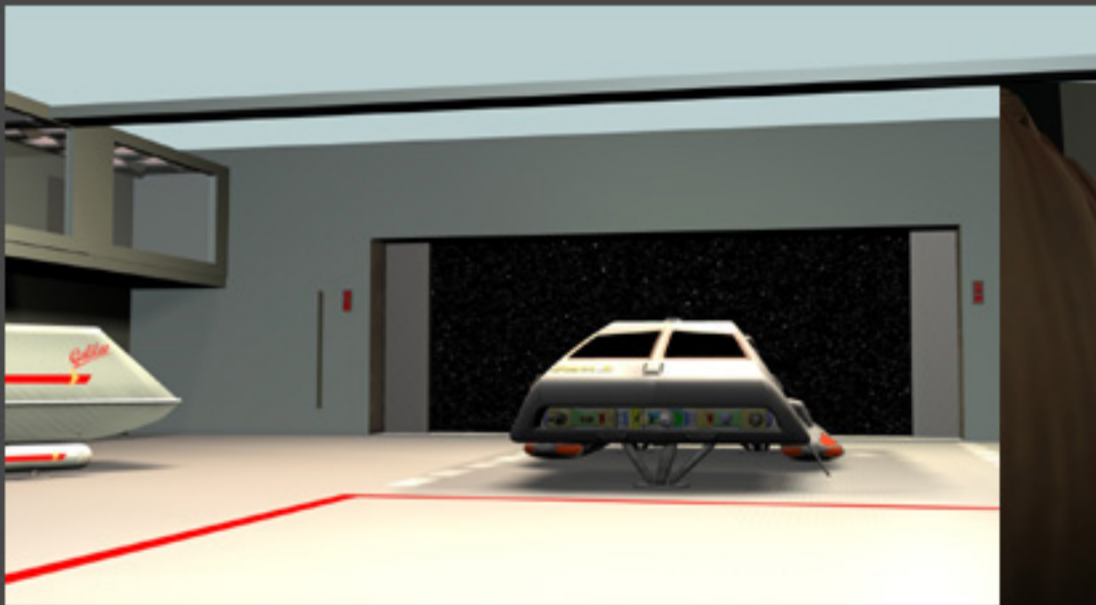
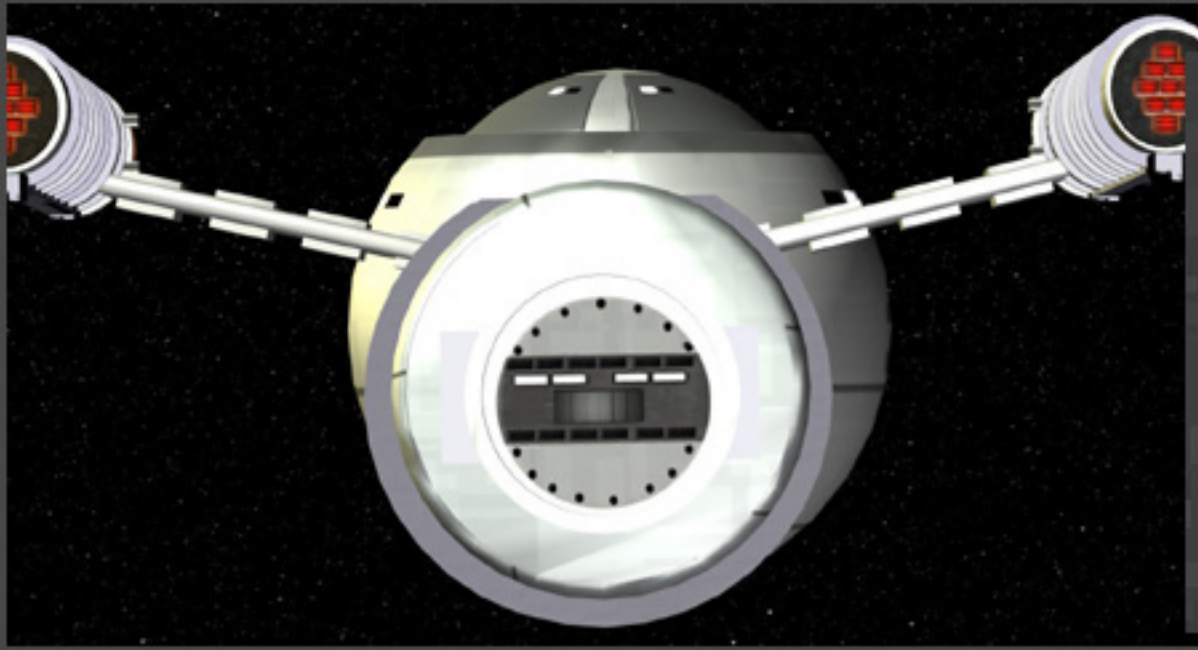
Take us in.

Computer?

Yes, Janet?

Acknowledged.

We're going aboard Starfleet's *Enterprise*. You'll match course and follow.





**Swoosh**



We've been friends for eleven years. You've earned the right to be involved.



But I need to talk to him alone.

Answer a question first?

Sure.

Everything you told me before Therran dumped you on Asylum One-it's all true, isn't it?



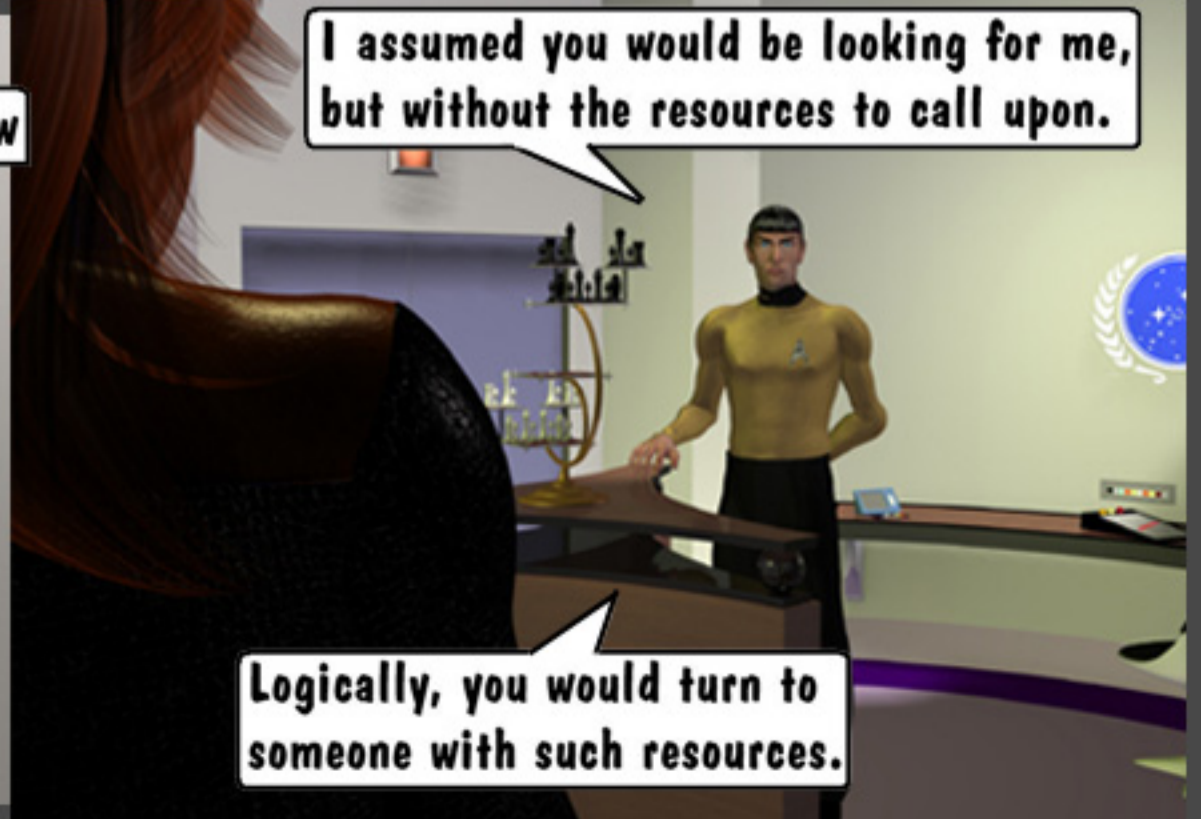
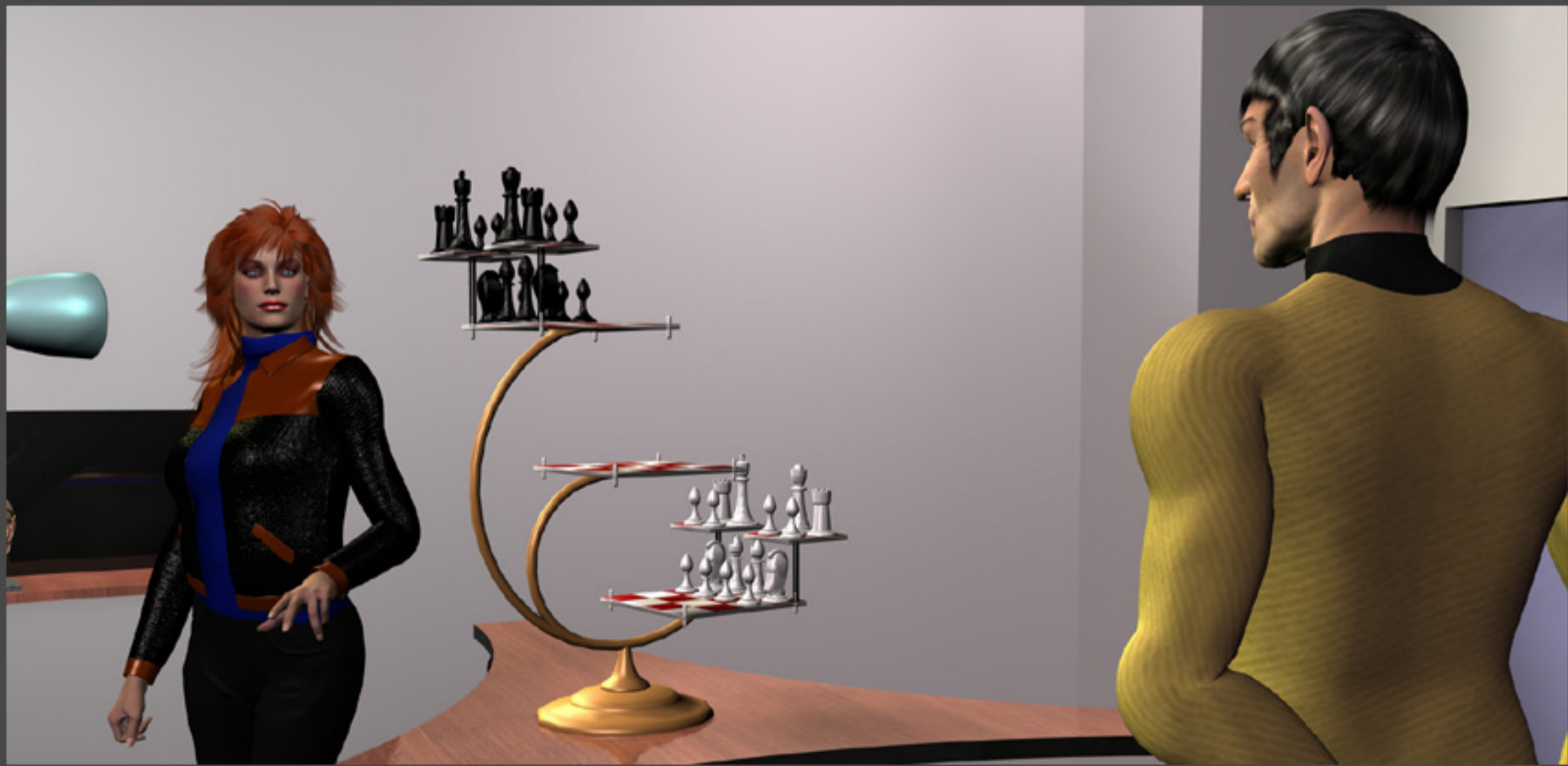
It's starting to look that way.

Alright.

So...

any place to get a bite to eat around here?







Do you have any information about an entity known as the 'Guardian of Forever'?

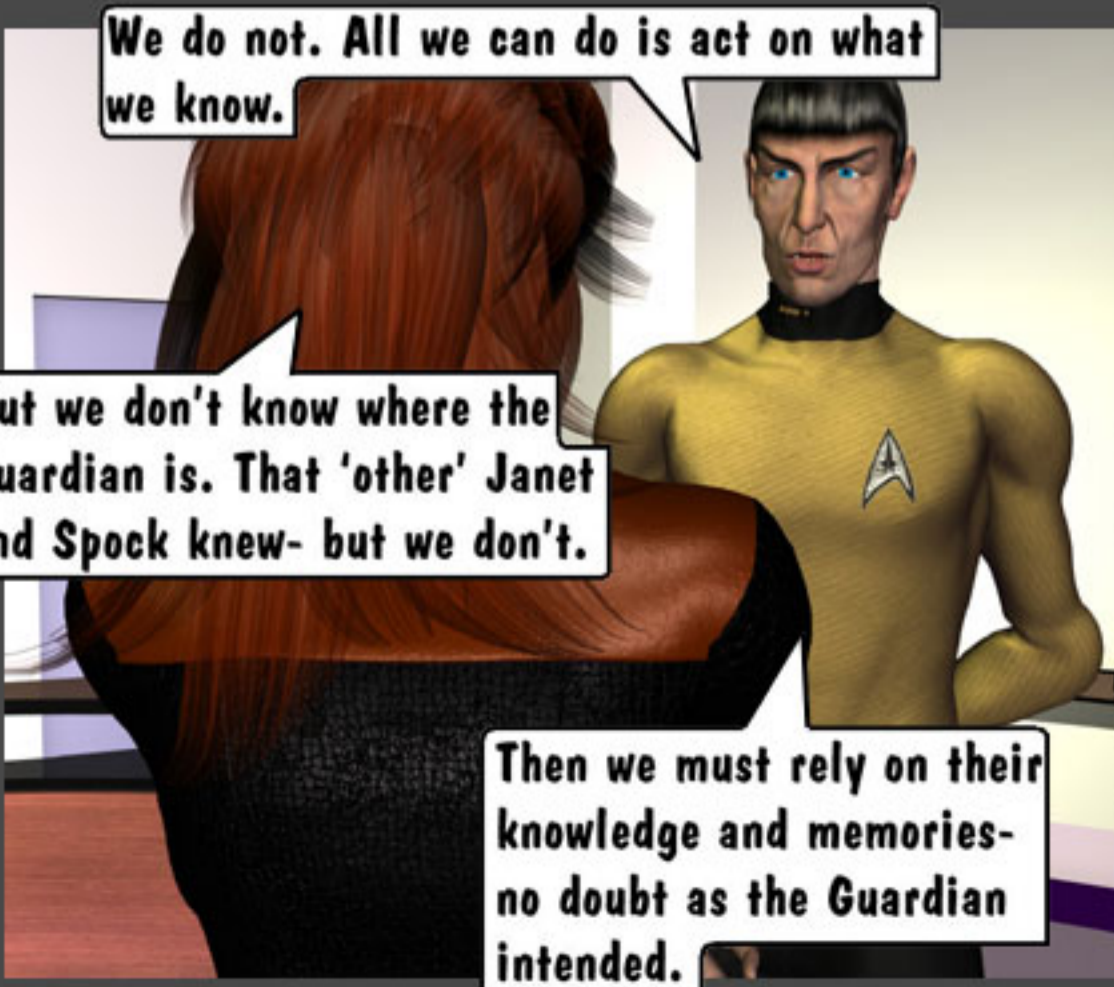
T'Pol. She agreed to perform a mind-meld- to help me find out more about these visions.

No. I am afraid the only sources of information we have that will be of any use are the visions.



How do we know which life is the real one?

How do we know this 'Guardian' isn't manipulating us for some reason we can't even guess at?



We do not. All we can do is act on what we know.

But we don't know where the Guardian is. That 'other' Janet and Spock knew- but we don't.

Then we must rely on their knowledge and memories- no doubt as the Guardian intended.



Do it.





**Damn it!  
How did this happen?**

**Unknown. We will  
have to wait and  
ask the Guardian.**



**It feels different now-  
like I'm complete for the  
first time in years.**

**I too, must admit the... 'feel' is  
different. As if things are...back  
where they belong.**



**But they're not.**

**M'ress and I are not  
in Starfleet- where we  
belong.  
We're not part of this  
crew- where we belong.**



**And even if we get this  
mess straightened out,  
these versions of us will  
never be where we belong.**

**If we succeed in  
getting 'this mess'  
corrected, chances  
are, that this version  
of our lives will never  
exist .**



**Will the other versions of us  
remember what happened?**

**Unknown. I would venture to  
say it would all depend on how  
a resolution is reached.**

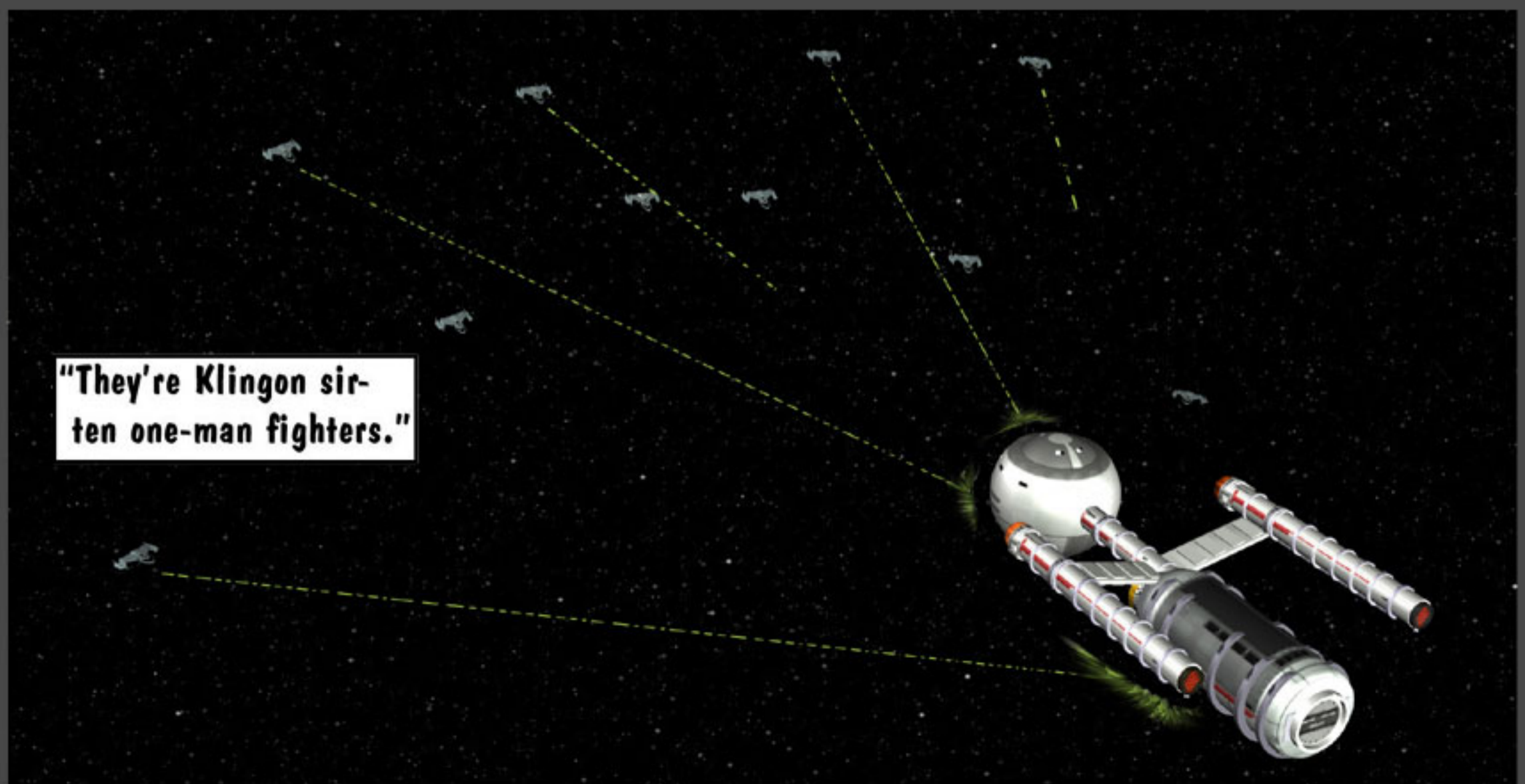


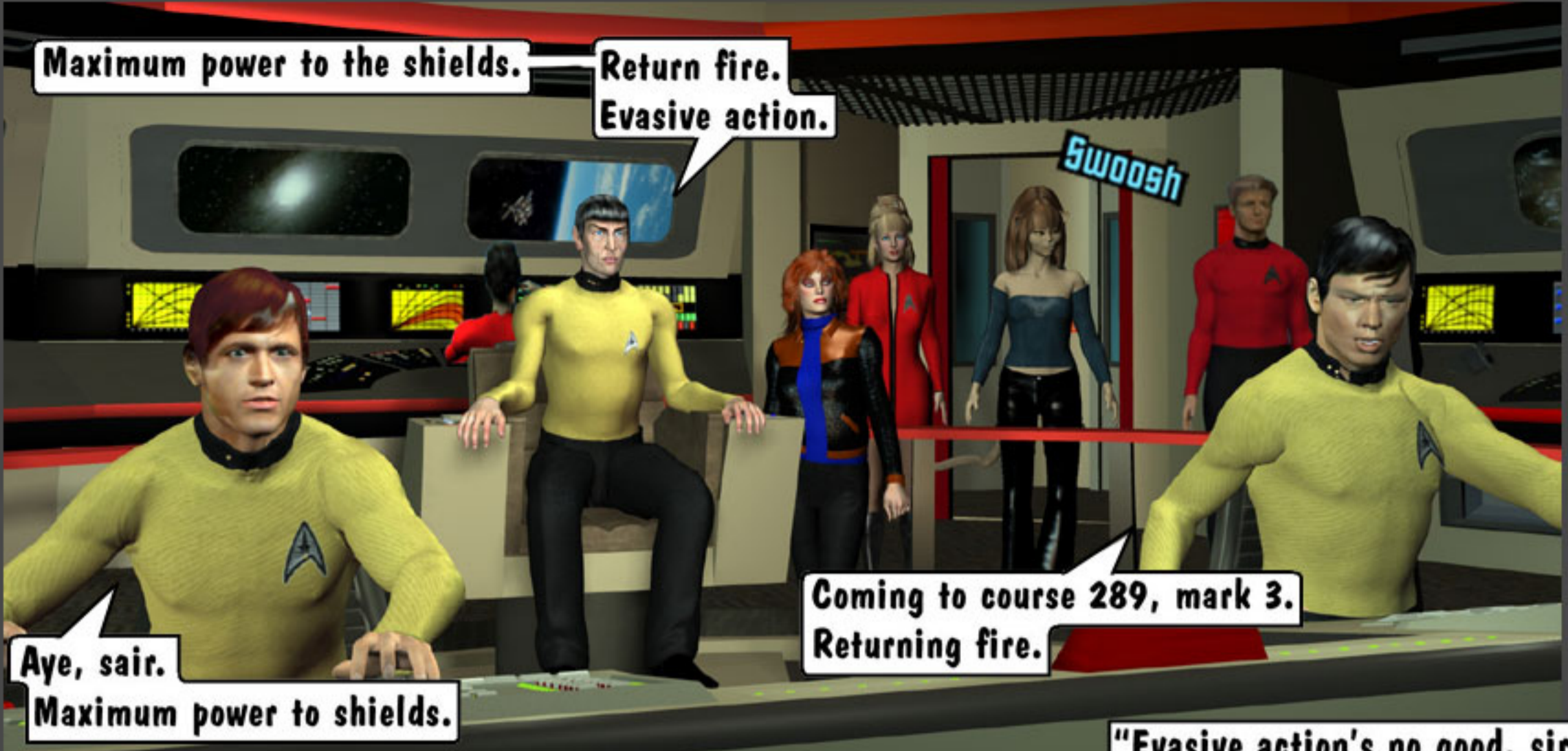
**Well, the first step  
is to reach the Guardian.**

**Agreed.**



**Spock to Bridge.**





Maximum power to the shields.

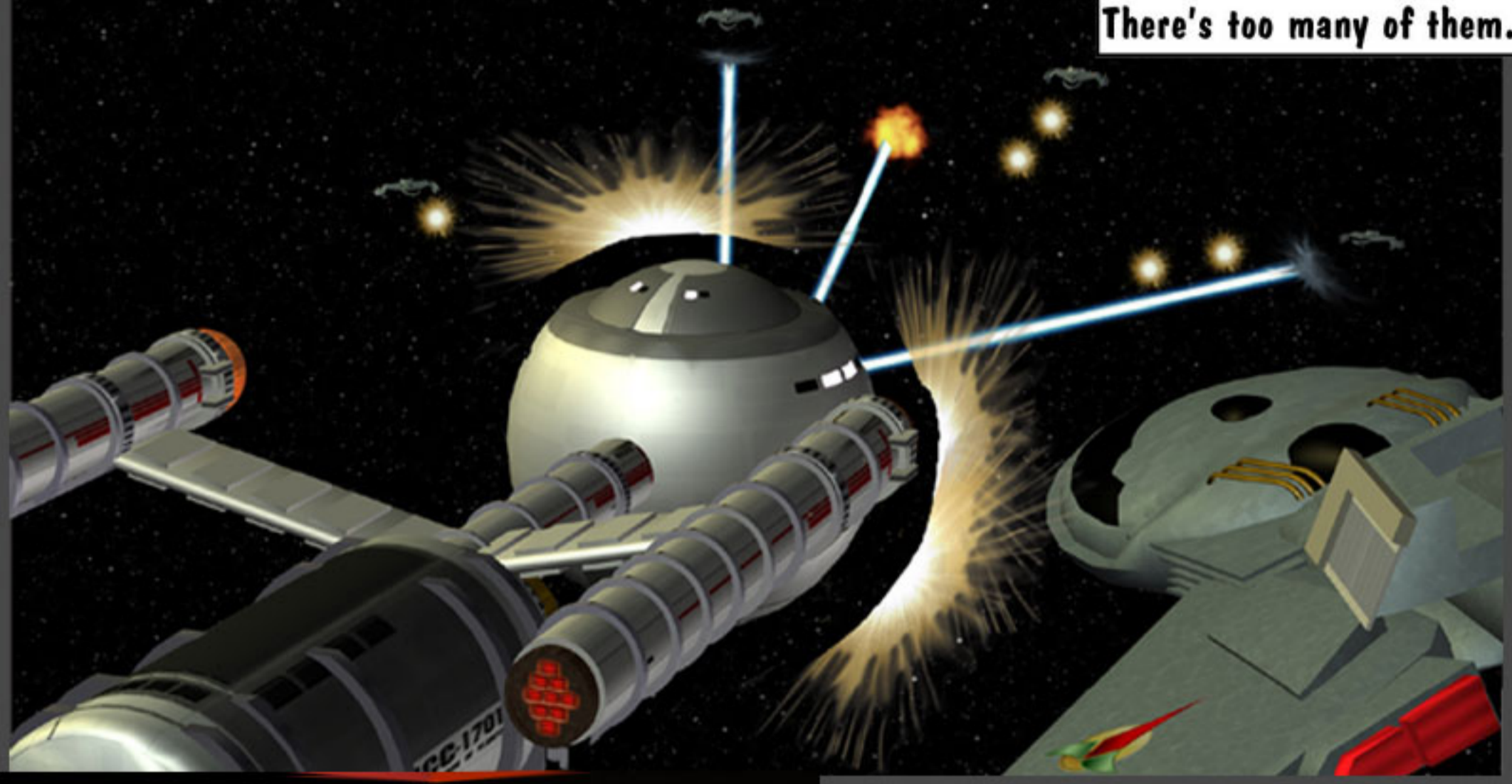
Return fire.  
Evasive action.

Swoosh

Aye, sair.  
Maximum power to shields.

Coming to course 289, mark 3.  
Returning fire.

"Evasive action's no good, sir.  
There's too many of them."



Too many for  
one ship.

What about two?

**KRUMBLE!**



There is no time to debate it.

Let's go.

No.



If this backfires, you have to be here to finish it.



Don't let it backfire.

"Mr. Chekov, you'll lower the number two shield long enough for M'Ress to beam back to their ship."

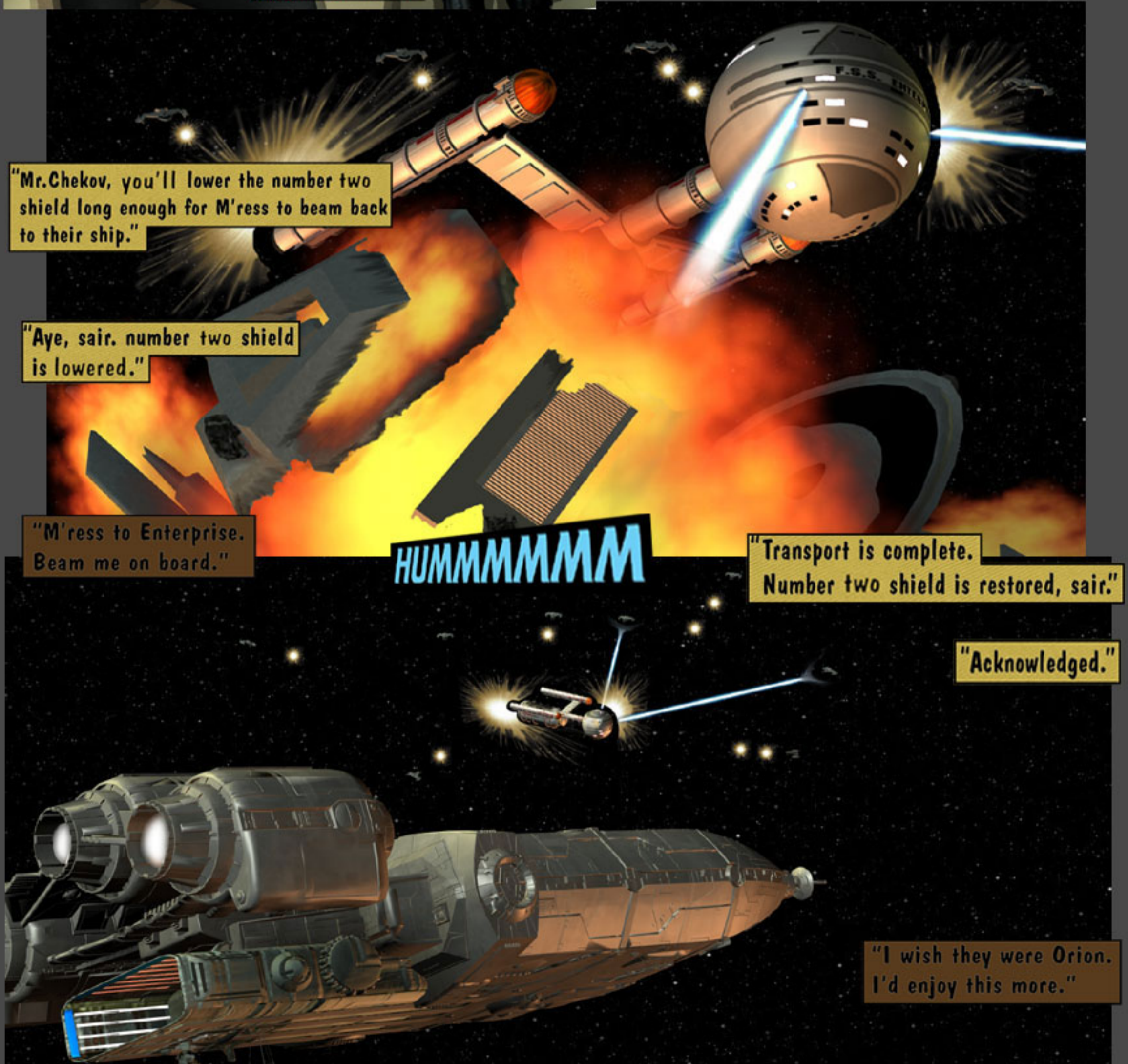
"Aye, sair. number two shield is lowered."

"M'Ress to Enterprise. Beam me on board."

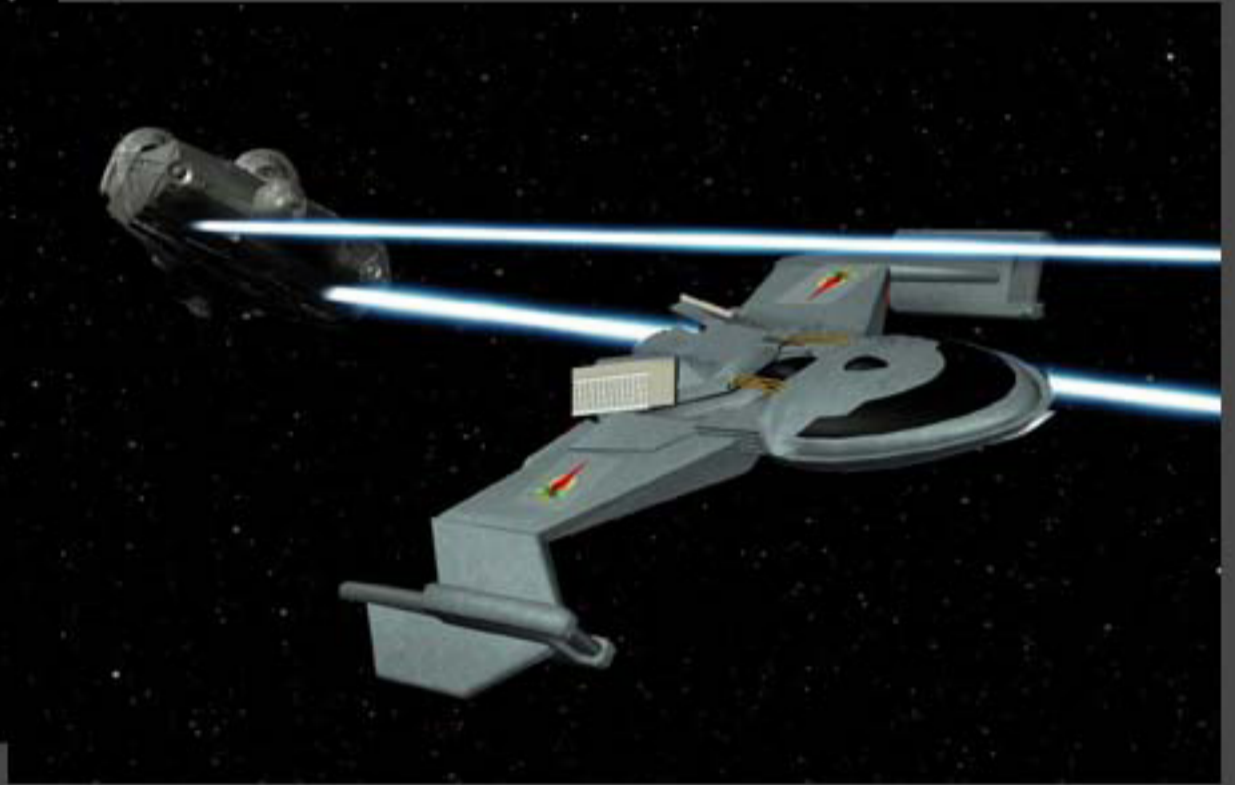
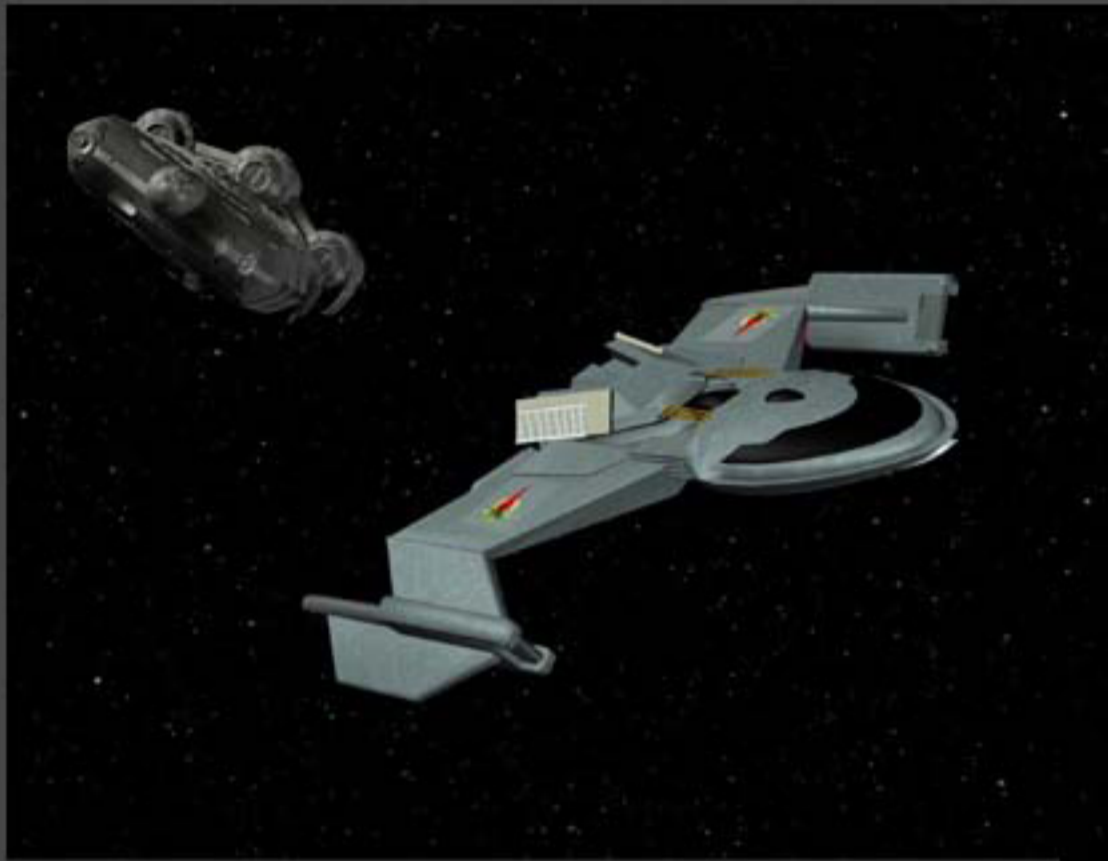
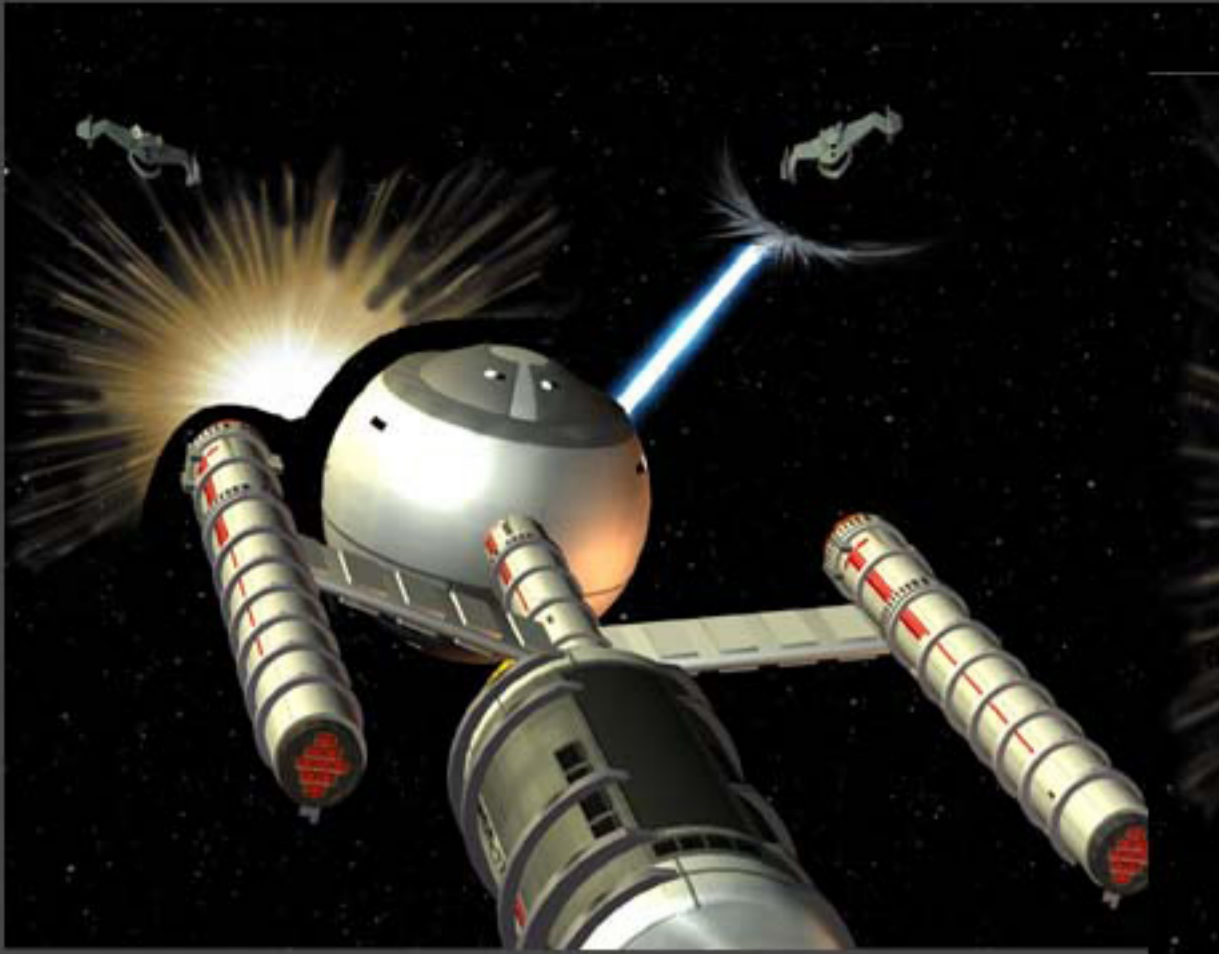
HUMMMMMMM

"Transport is complete. Number two shield is restored, sair."

"Acknowledged."



"I wish they were Orion. I'd enjoy this more."





These fighters can't be operating on their own.

Agreed.

Chekov, expand scanning range.



...scanning range.

No need. I have visual contact.

They must be blocking your scans somehow.



Captain Spock, I hope you have reinforcements nearby.



I'll try to keep them bottled up.



The fighters!

The mothership would have to keep her shields down while they launched.

Mr. Sulu-



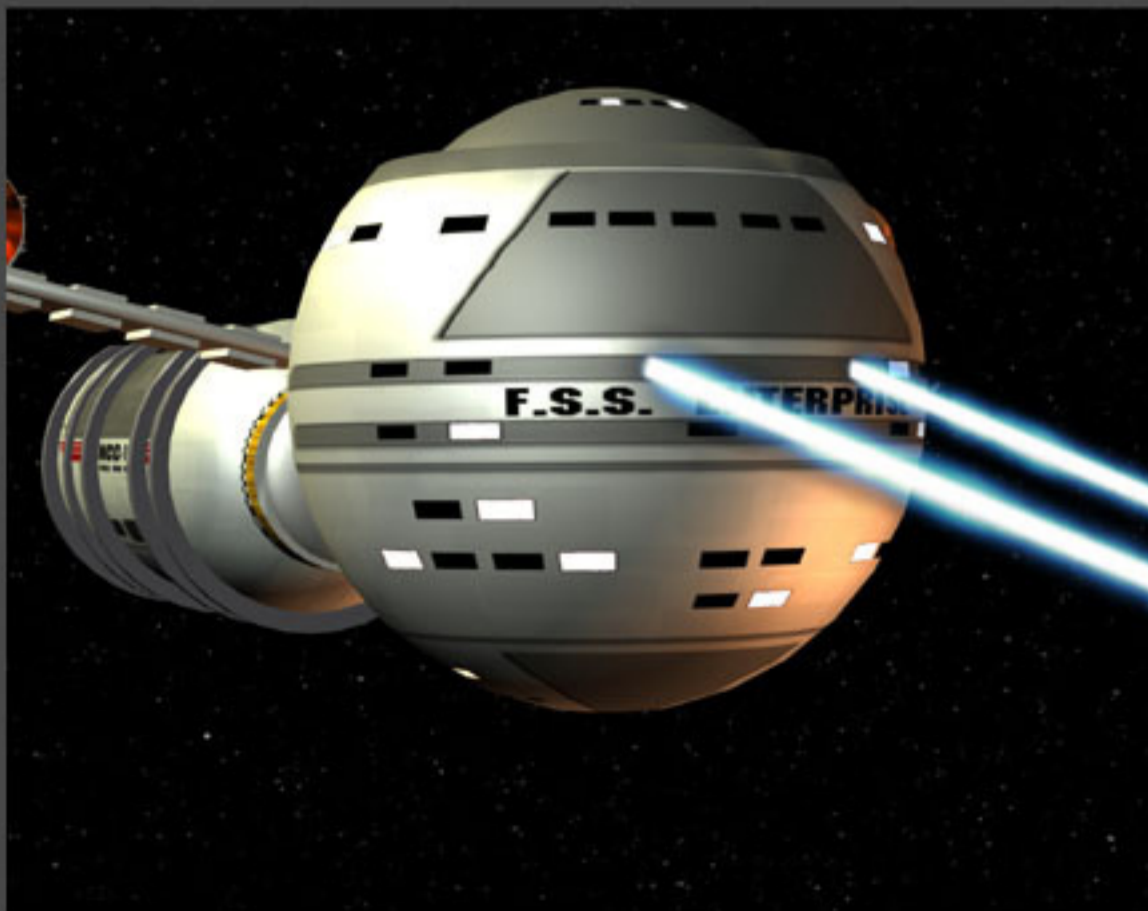
-how's your marksmanship?

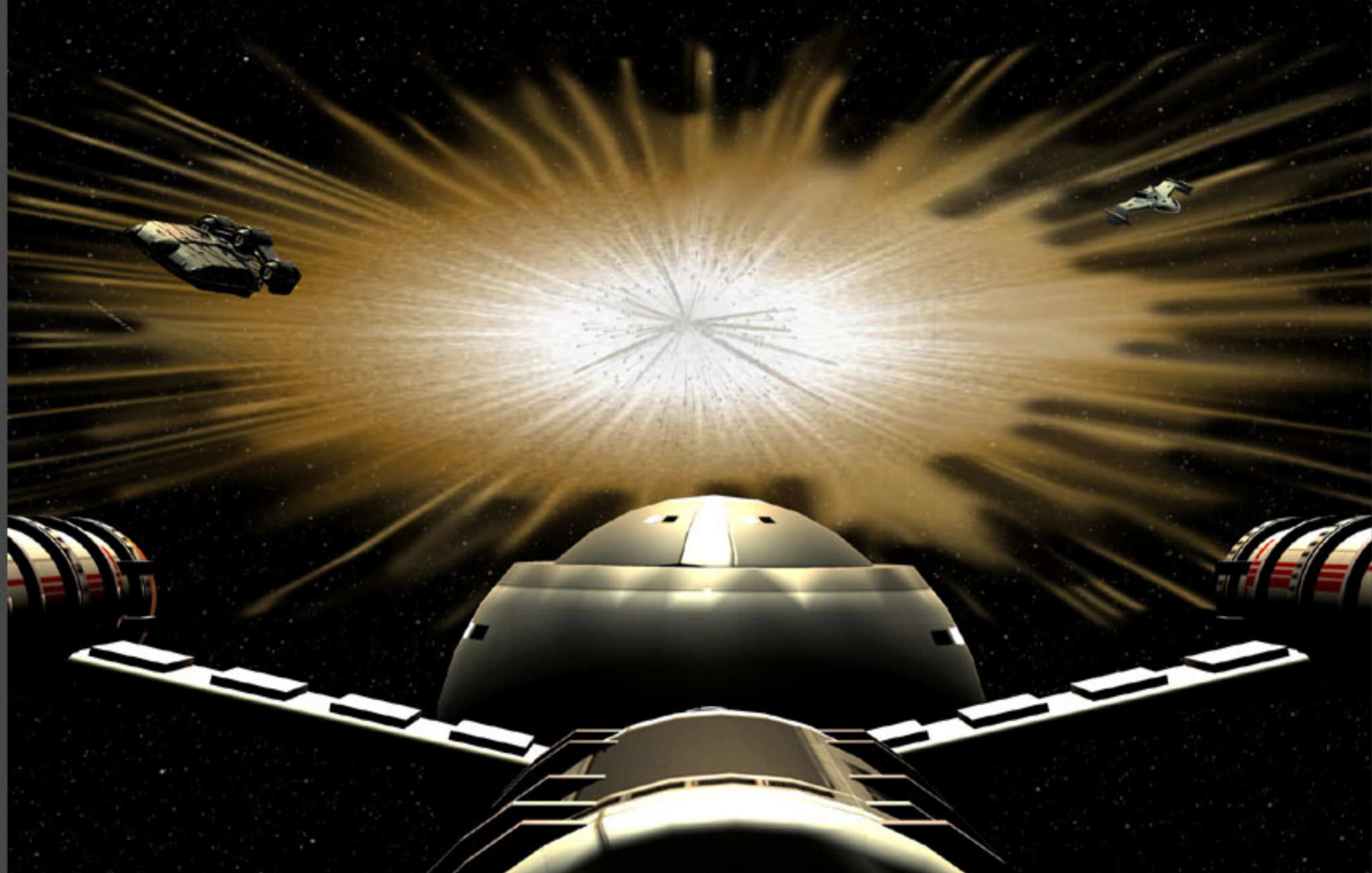


Kirk to Enterprise-  
M'ress, clear out of  
there- Now!



Firing.





"M'ress to Janet: We got lucky. Just minor damage to the aft shield emitter. I'll beam back as soon as I finish repairs."

The remaining Klingon fighter's heading straight toward us.



Come about-

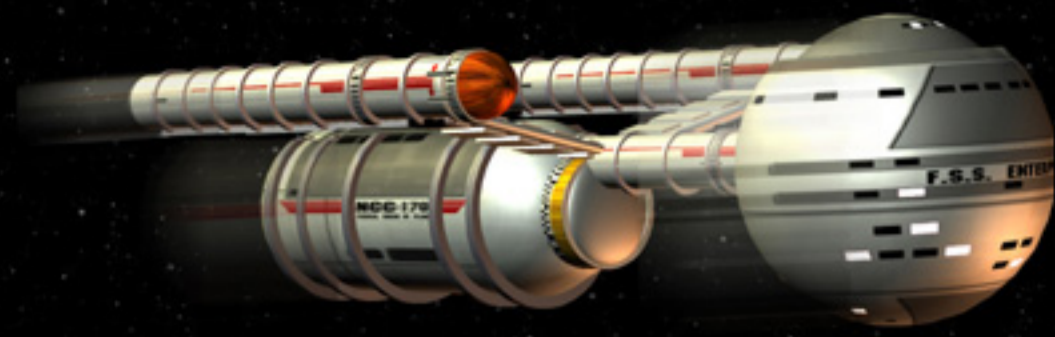
No.  
Trust me. Maintain course and increase speed to maximum.



Do it, Mr. Sulu.



"Aye, sir."



"Three thousand meters and closing."

"Two thousand meters and closing."

"Maintain."

"Maintain."



He broke off just in time.  
He's falling behind, sir.

Very well. Come to  
course 187, mark 6.

187, mark 6. Aye.



Swoosh

Personal Record; Stardate 5937.03.  
A lot of things are clearer now.



Someone used the Guardian to go back in time and change some event. But which one- and why- and who?

Can things be set right?

S. ENTE

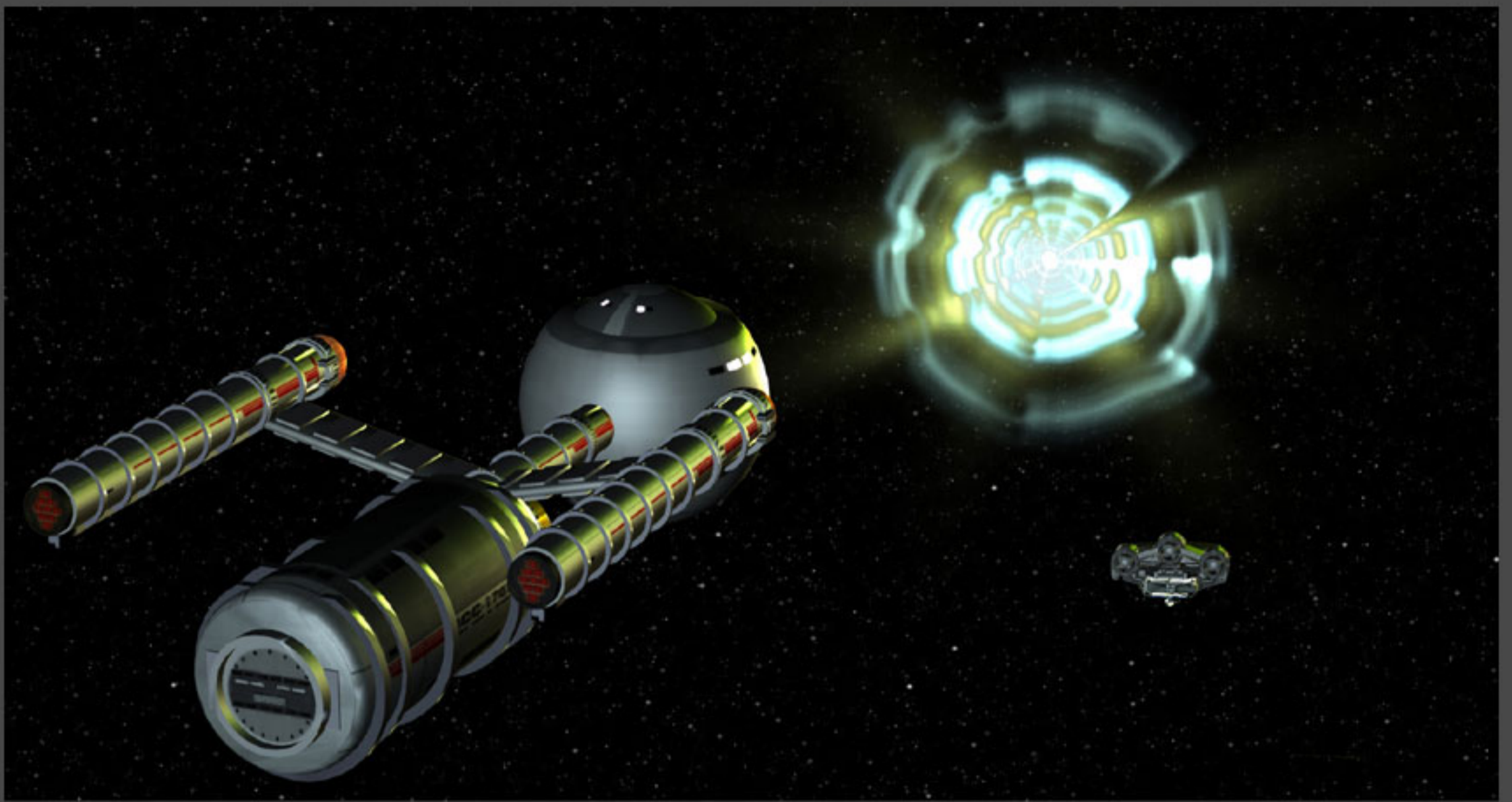
My thoughts are going in a thousand different directions as I try to make sense of it all.

In that other time, I'm the captain of a Federal starship.

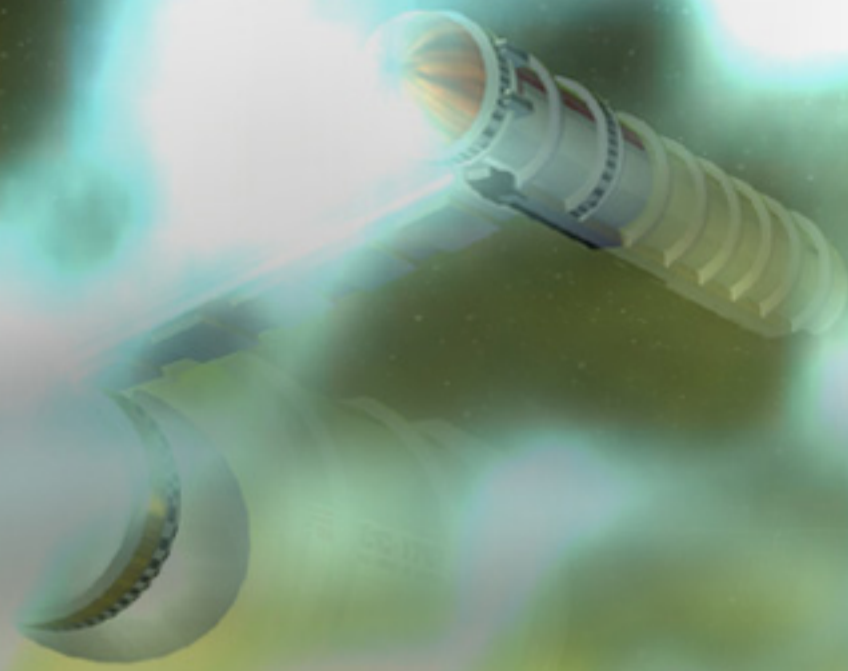
A dream I'd been forced to give up on, had in fact been stolen from me without my even knowing it.

I will have that dream back.

This is the Captain. Would Janet Kirk and M'ress please report to the Bridge?



"We're still being pulled in!"



This is definitely not good.



**You?!**

**How can you  
be here?**

**I was about to ask  
you the same thing.**

Apparently, as a result of being dragged into the distortion, the timelines have merged.

Fascinating.

How's that possible?

I am responsible.

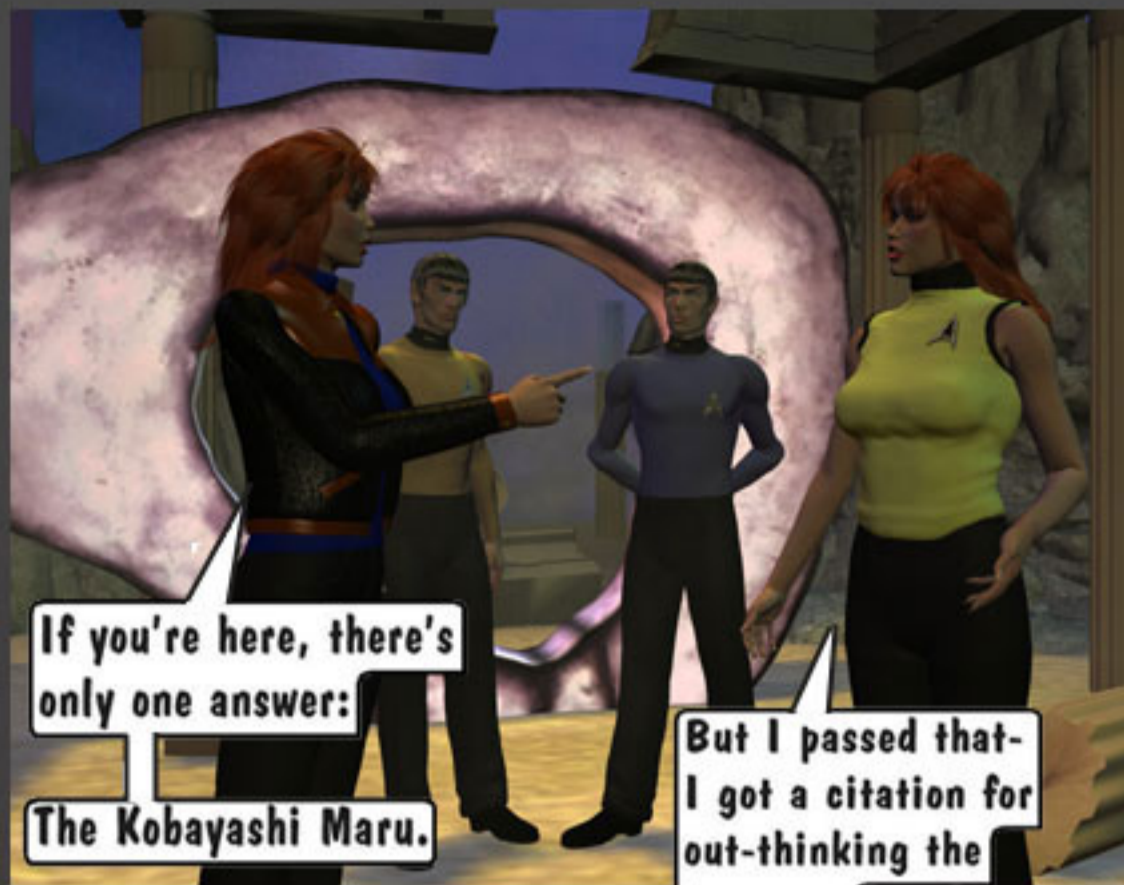
Your respective timelines continue to exist under my influence.

What caused this mess?

An Intrusion.

I cannot prevent my use—  
I can only take action after  
the deed is done.

What deed?

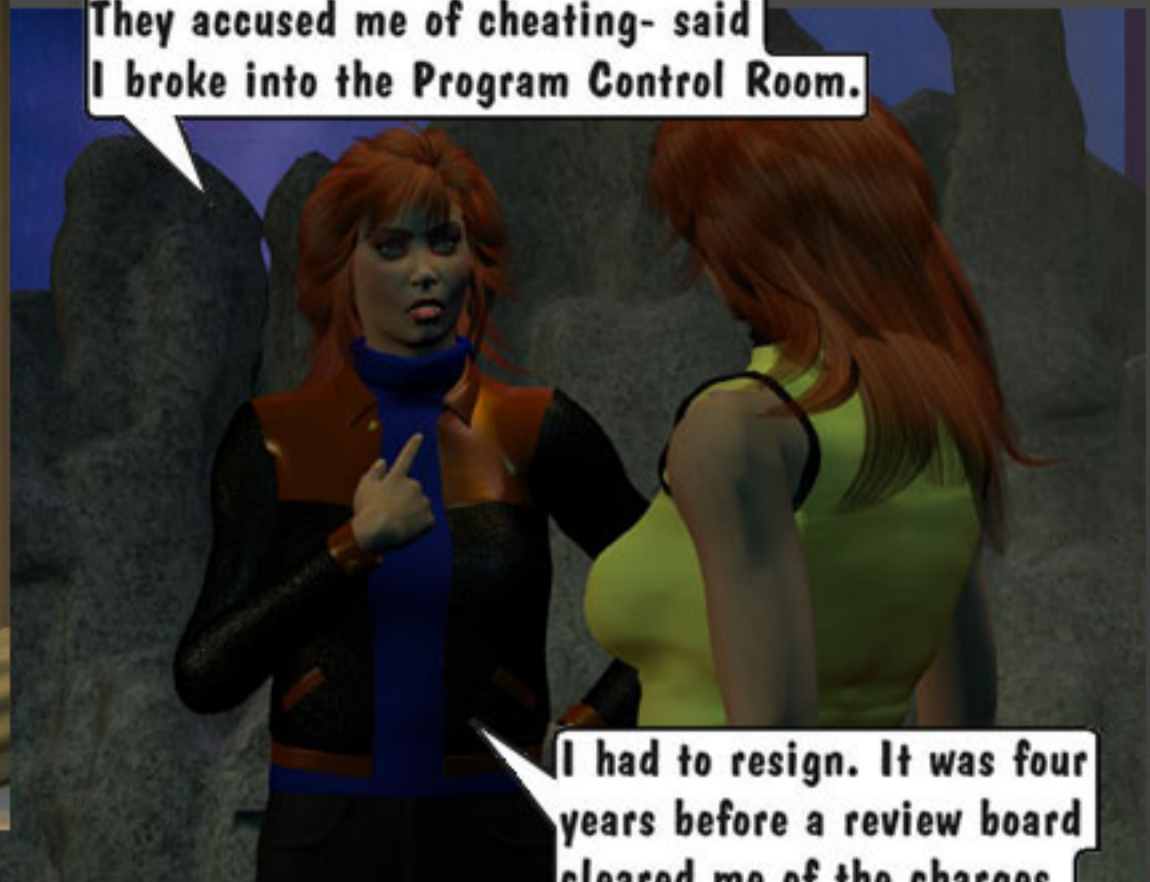


If you're here, there's only one answer:

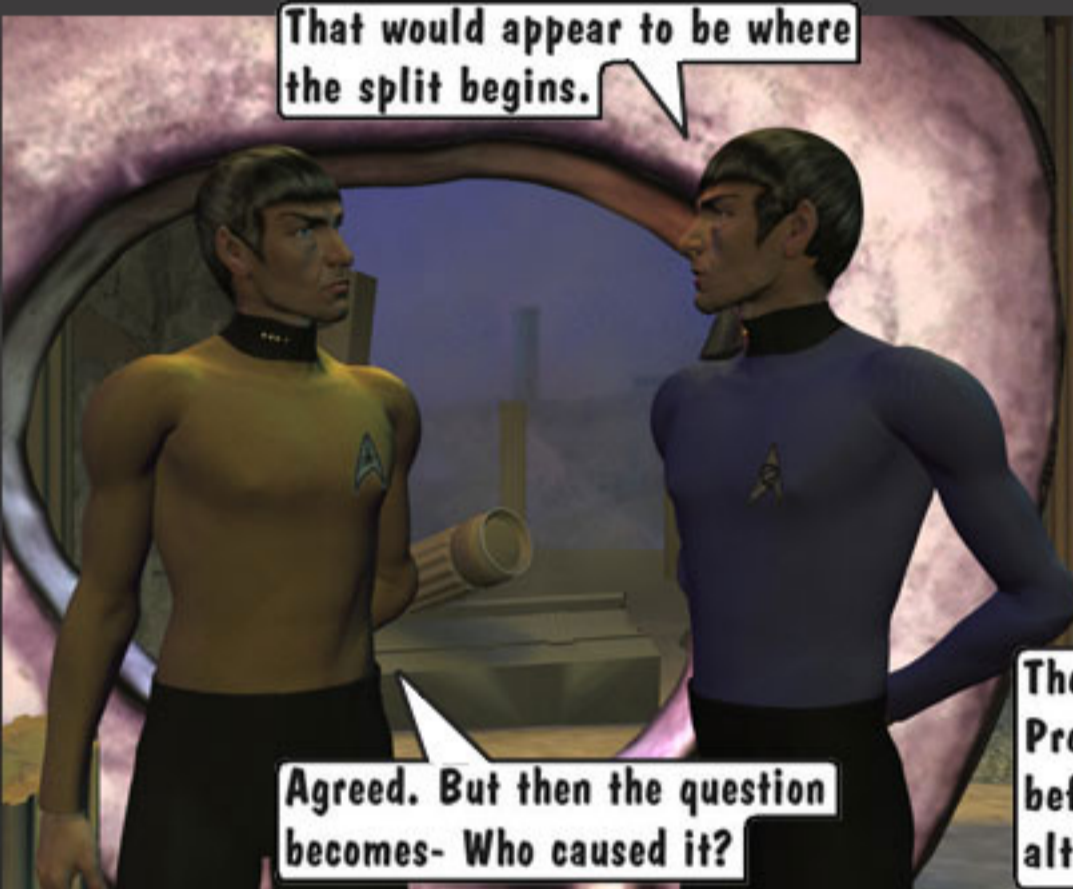
The Kobayashi Maru.

But I passed that- I got a citation for out-thinking the program.

I never got to face the program. They accused me of cheating- said I broke into the Program Control Room.



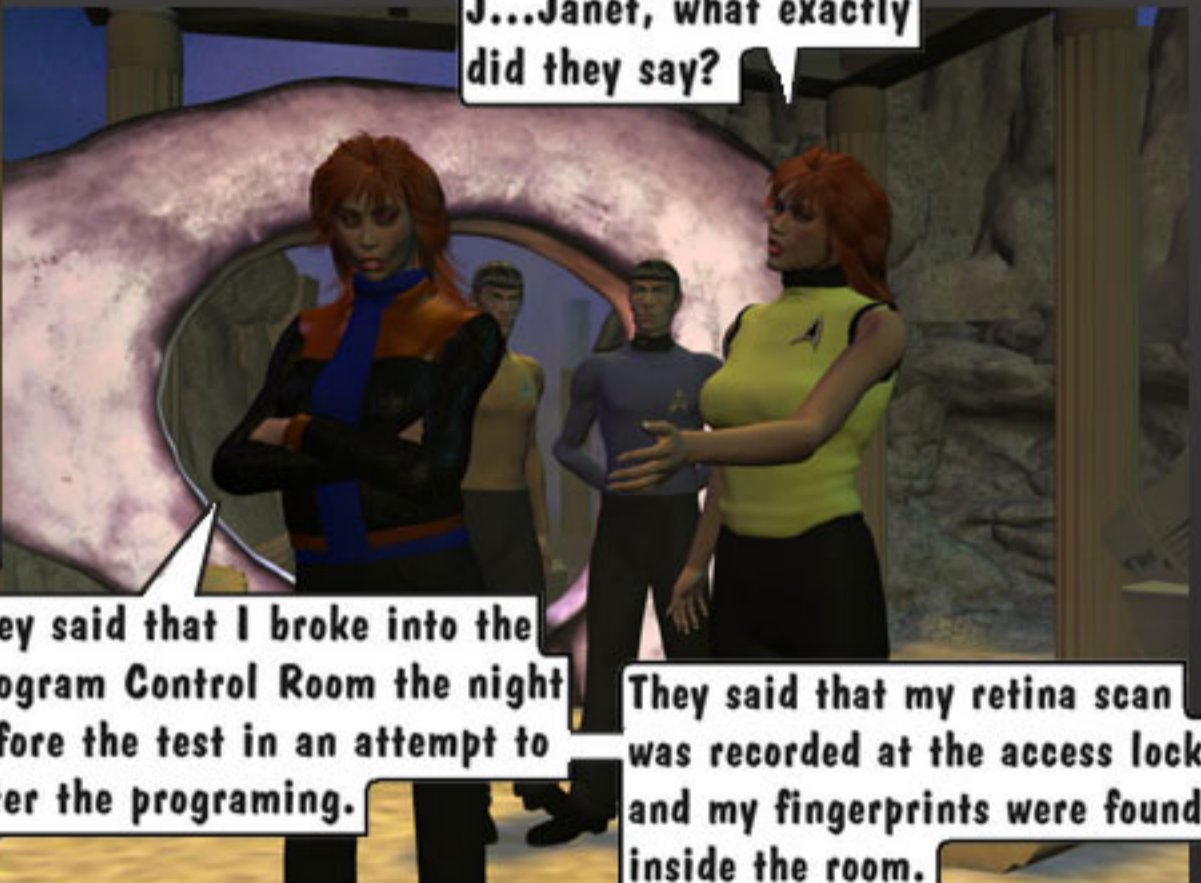
I had to resign. It was four years before a review board cleared me of the charges.



That would appear to be where the split begins.

Agreed. But then the question becomes- Who caused it?

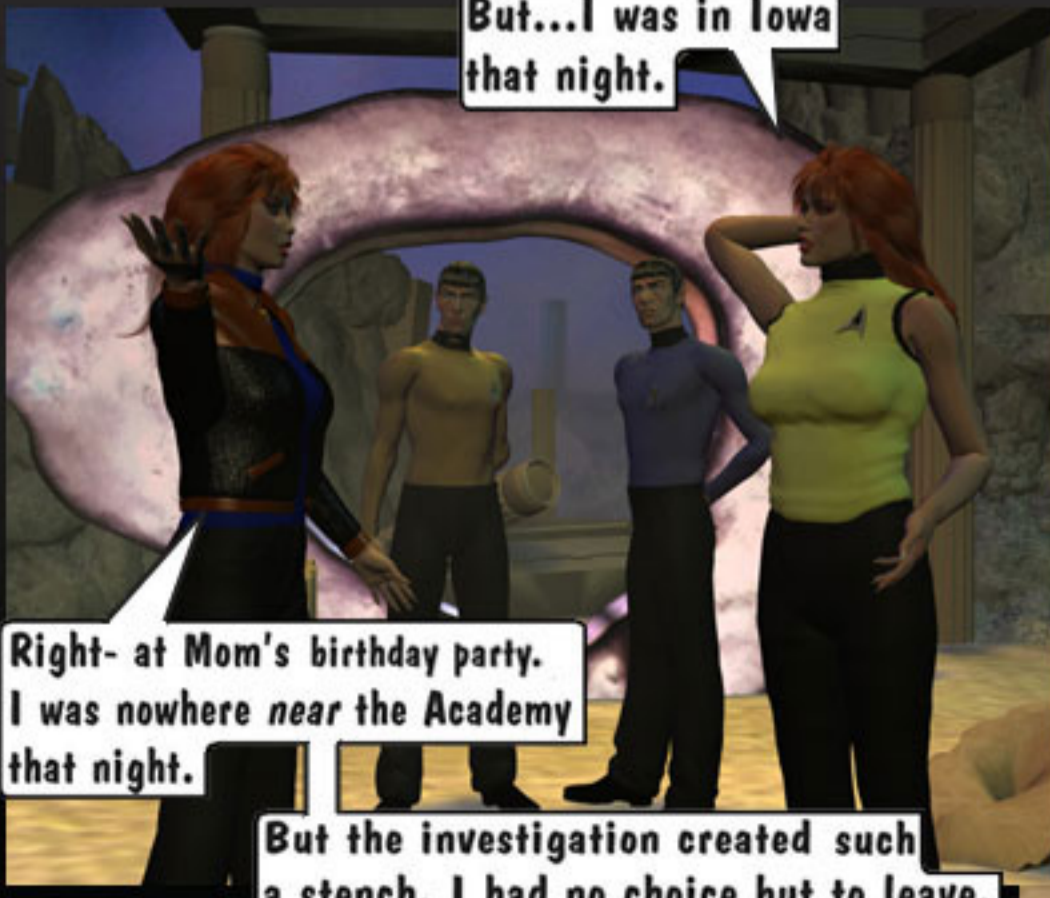
J...Janet, what exactly did they say?



They said that I broke into the Program Control Room the night before the test in an attempt to alter the programing.

They said that my retina scan was recorded at the access lock and my fingerprints were found inside the room.

But...I was in Iowa that night.



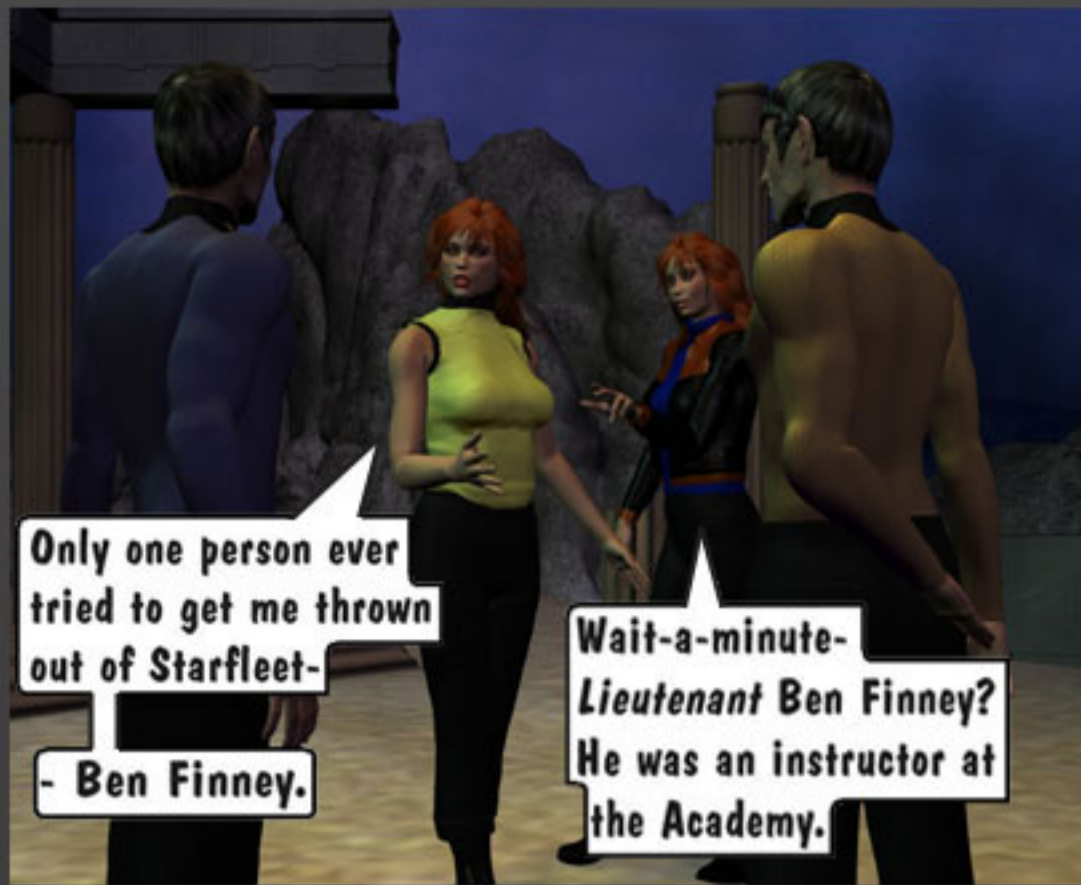
Right- at Mom's birthday party. I was nowhere near the Academy that night.

But the investigation created such a stench, I had no choice but to leave.

Someone definately wanted me out of Starfleet.



Who would go to such extremes?



Only one person ever tried to get me thrown out of Starfleet-

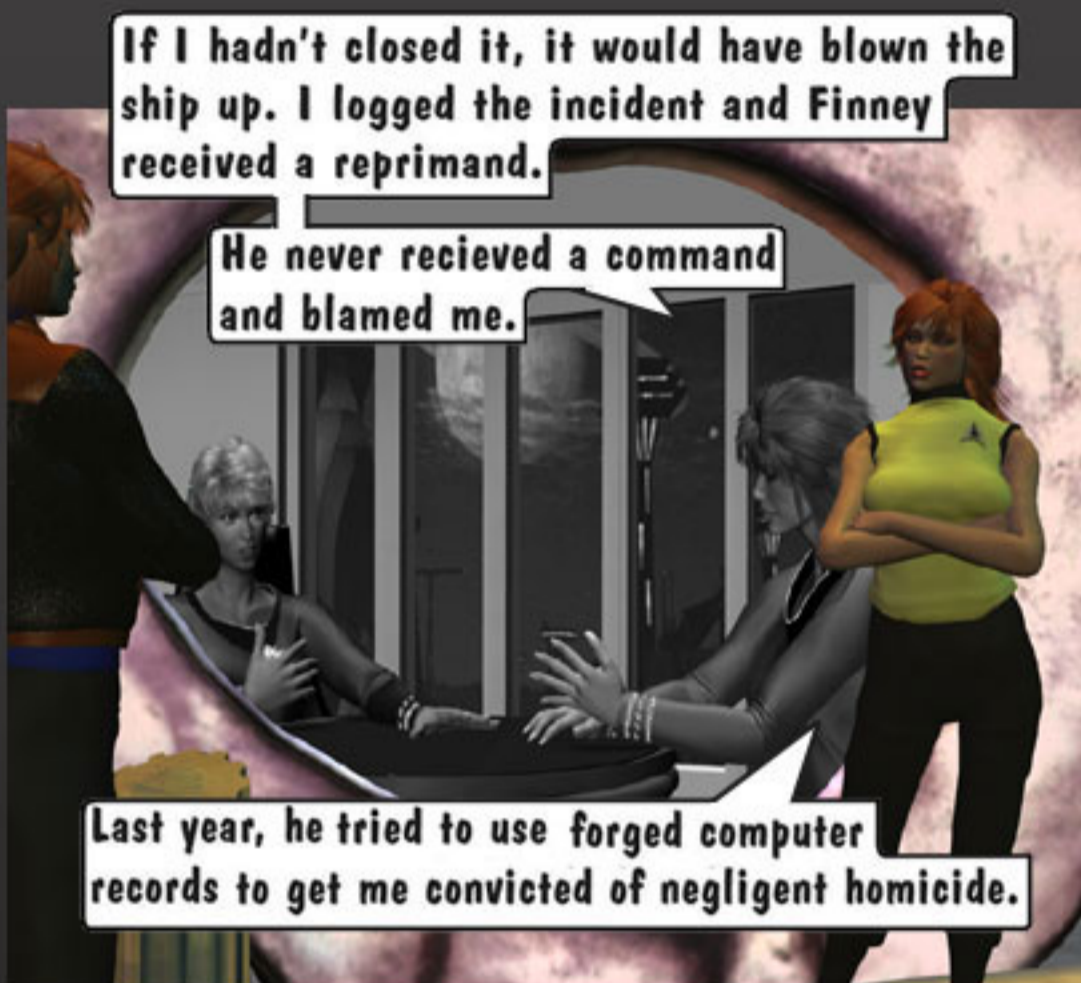
- Ben Finney.

Wait-a-minute- Lieutenant Ben Finney? He was an instructor at the Academy.



Four years after the Kobayashi Maru, we were part of a hand-picked crew serving aboard the *Constitution* during her two year trial run.

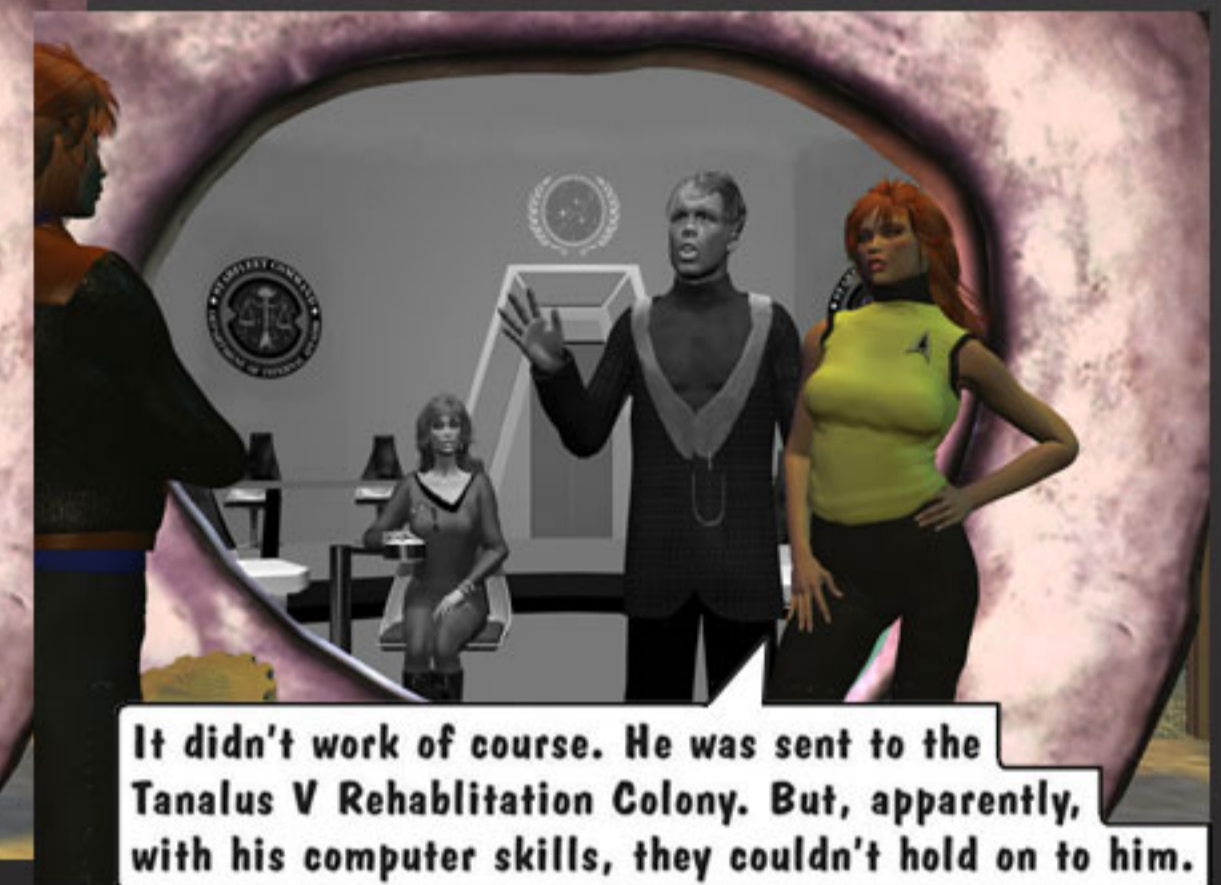
As part of the engineering crew, I came on duty to find that he'd left the switch open to the atomic pile.



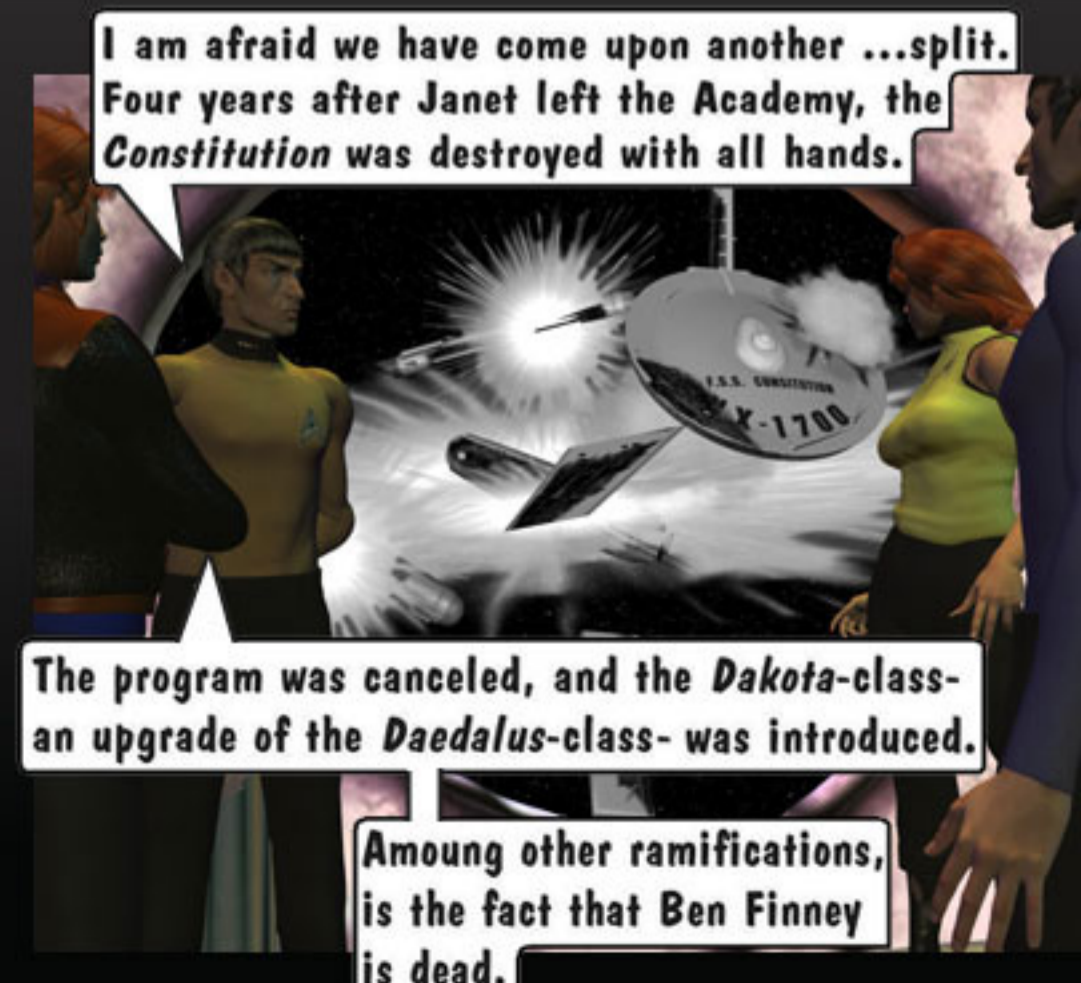
If I hadn't closed it, it would have blown the ship up. I logged the incident and Finney received a reprimand.

He never received a command and blamed me.

Last year, he tried to use forged computer records to get me convicted of negligent homicide.



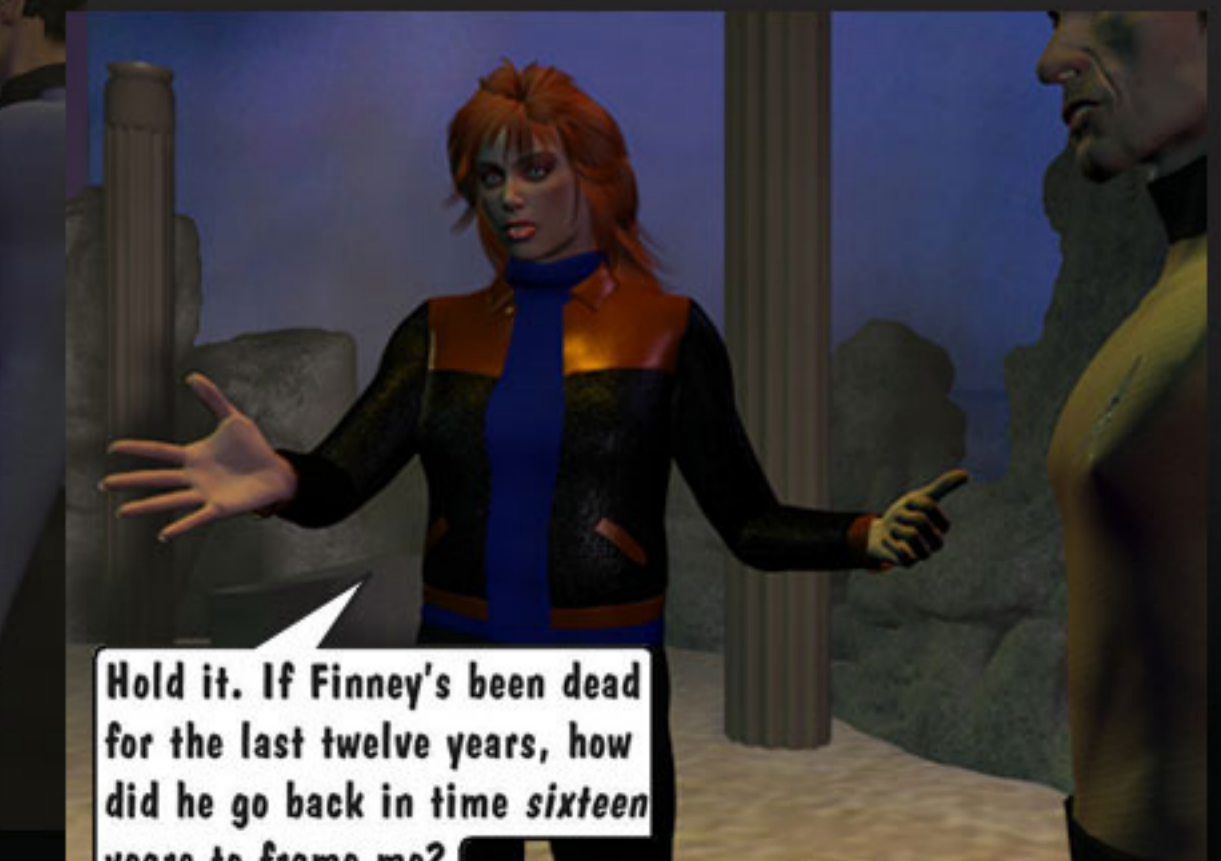
It didn't work of course. He was sent to the Tanalus V Rehabilitation Colony. But, apparently, with his computer skills, they couldn't hold on to him.



I am afraid we have come upon another ...split. Four years after Janet left the Academy, the *Constitution* was destroyed with all hands.

The program was canceled, and the *Dakota*-class- an upgrade of the *Daedalus*-class- was introduced.

Among other ramifications, is the fact that Ben Finney is dead.



Hold it. If Finney's been dead for the last twelve years, how did he go back in time *sixteen* years to frame me?



We have a problem.

Indeed. We have a potential paradox that could prevent the time line from ever being repaired.



But how did he get the evidence to frame me?



Someone of Finney's skill level could- with difficulty- hack into Starfleet's database and access your security profile.

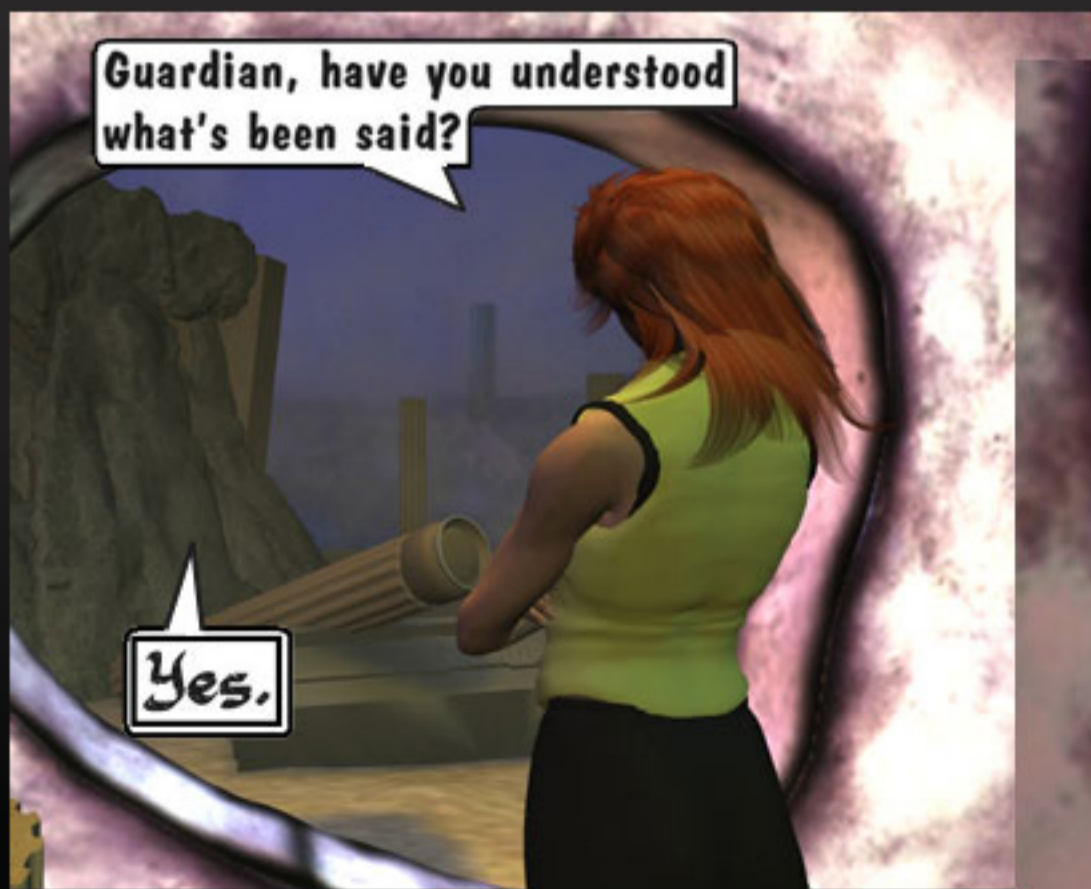
Once that was accomplished, it would be possible to replicate both your retina scan and fingerprints.

So how do we stop him if he's dead?



We have to untangle the mess he's made.

Indeed. He must be stopped before he reaches the Program Control Room.



Guardian, have you understood what's been said?

Yes.



Can you send me to the correct time and place?

Wait. Why you?



Sixteen Years Earlier...



Never thought I'd see this place again.

What about the security system? Were there any other reports of break-ins that night?

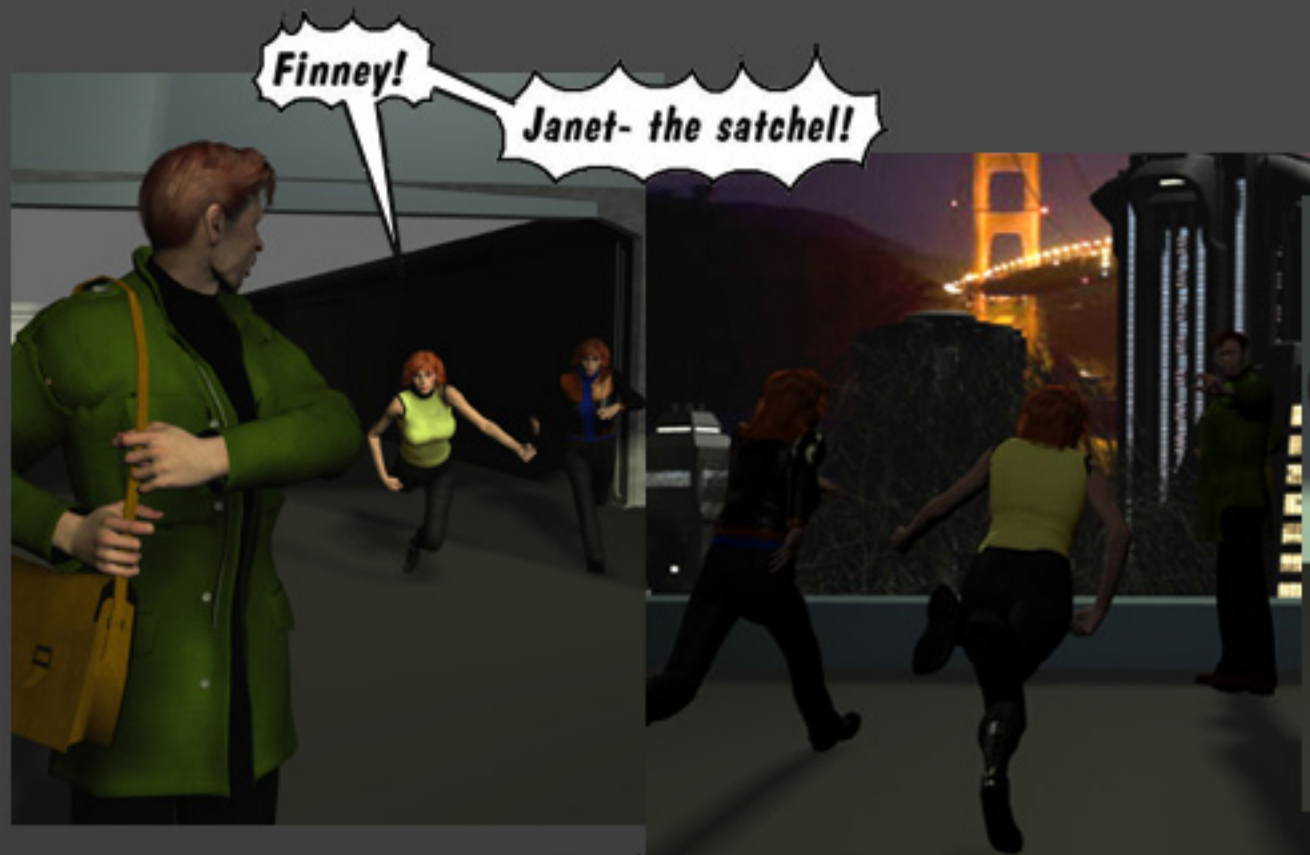


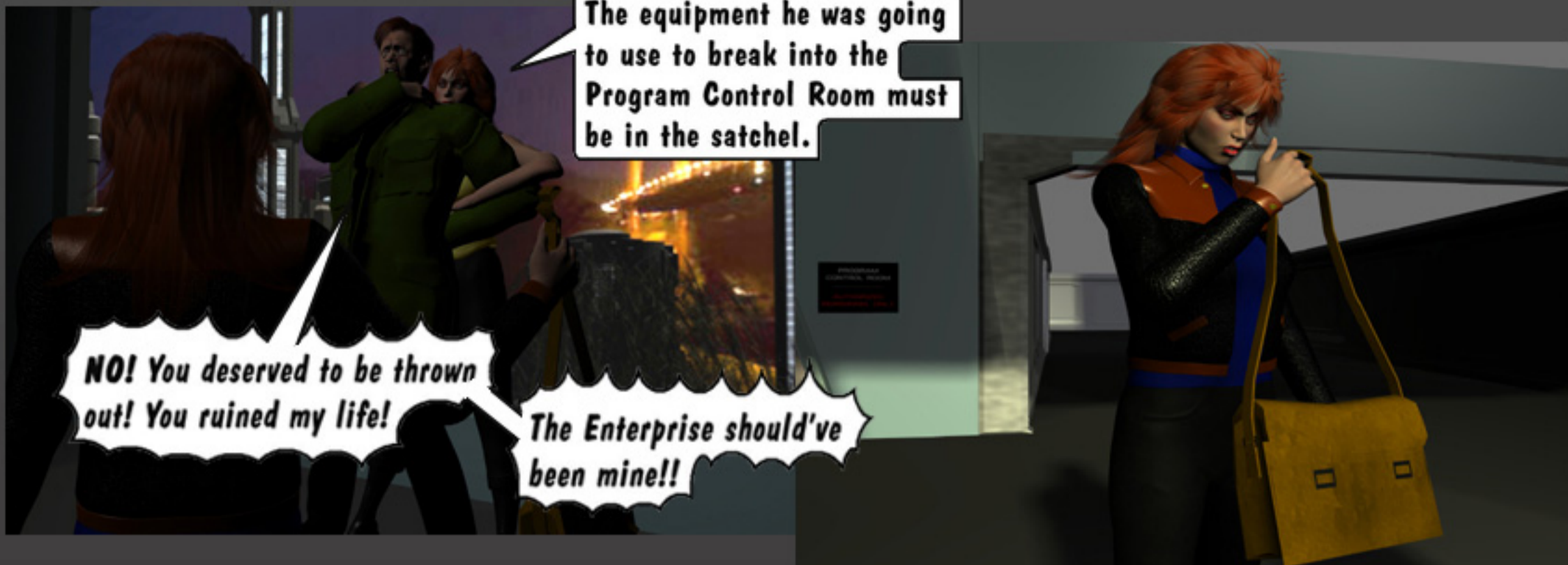
No- which means Finney must have taken out the system when he broke in.



Well, just remember, there's no ride home till we get this settled.







The equipment he was going to use to break into the Program Control Room must be in the satchel.

**NO!** You deserved to be thrown out! You ruined my life!

The Enterprise should've been mine!!



**NOOO!!!**



**GRRR**



When you first used the gateway, you had your crew to sustain you. She does not have even that.

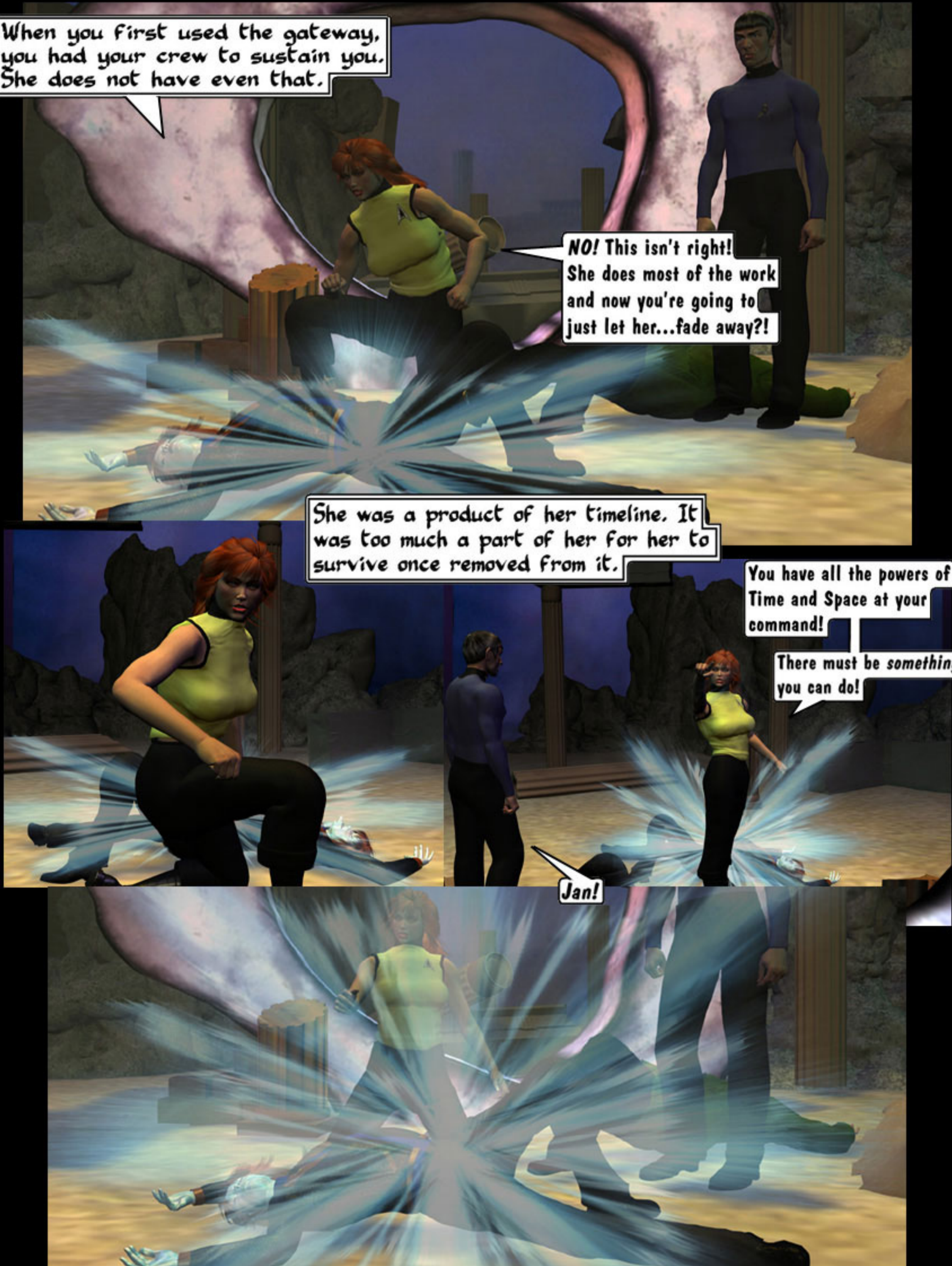
**NO!** This isn't right! She does most of the work and now you're going to just let her...fade away?!

She was a product of her timeline. It was too much a part of her for her to survive once removed from it.

You have all the powers of Time and Space at your command!

There must be *something* you can do!

**Jan!**







Will she live?

Yes.



Kirk to Enterprise-

Chr-Bleep

Four to beam up. I want a security detail and a medical team to be standing by when we arrive.

Energize.

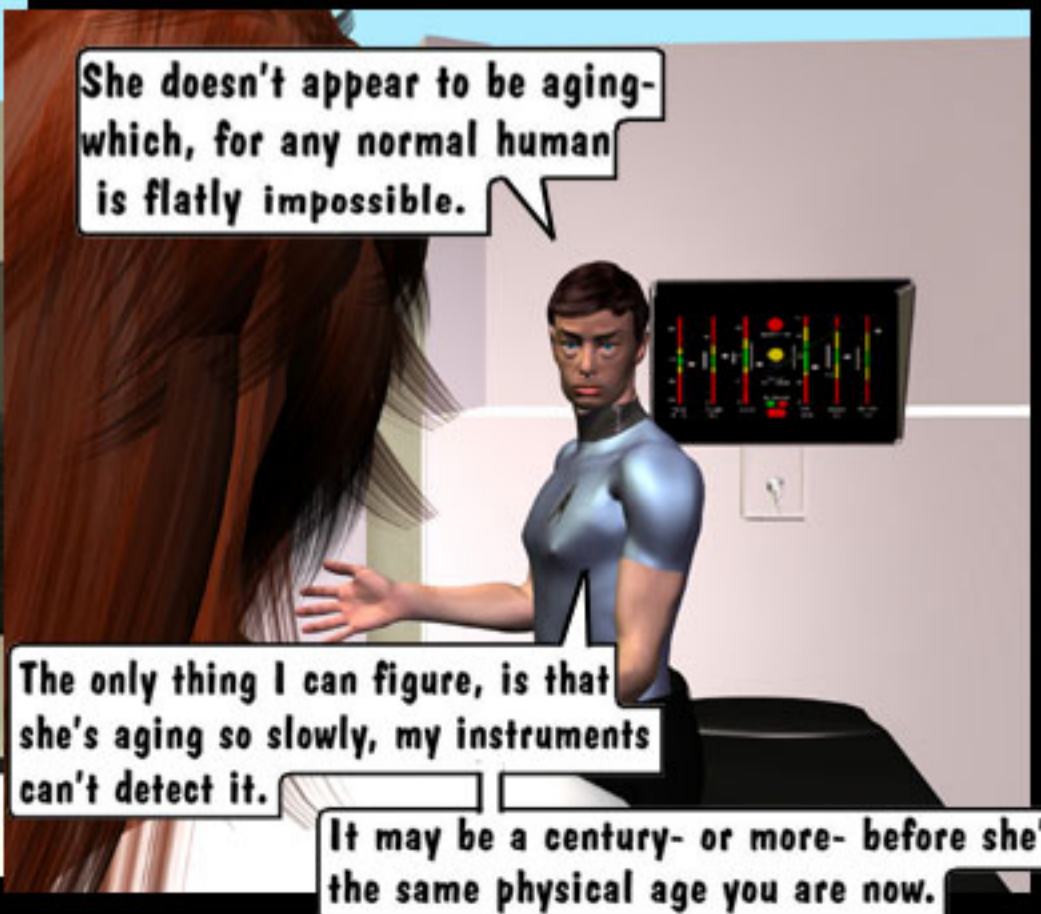
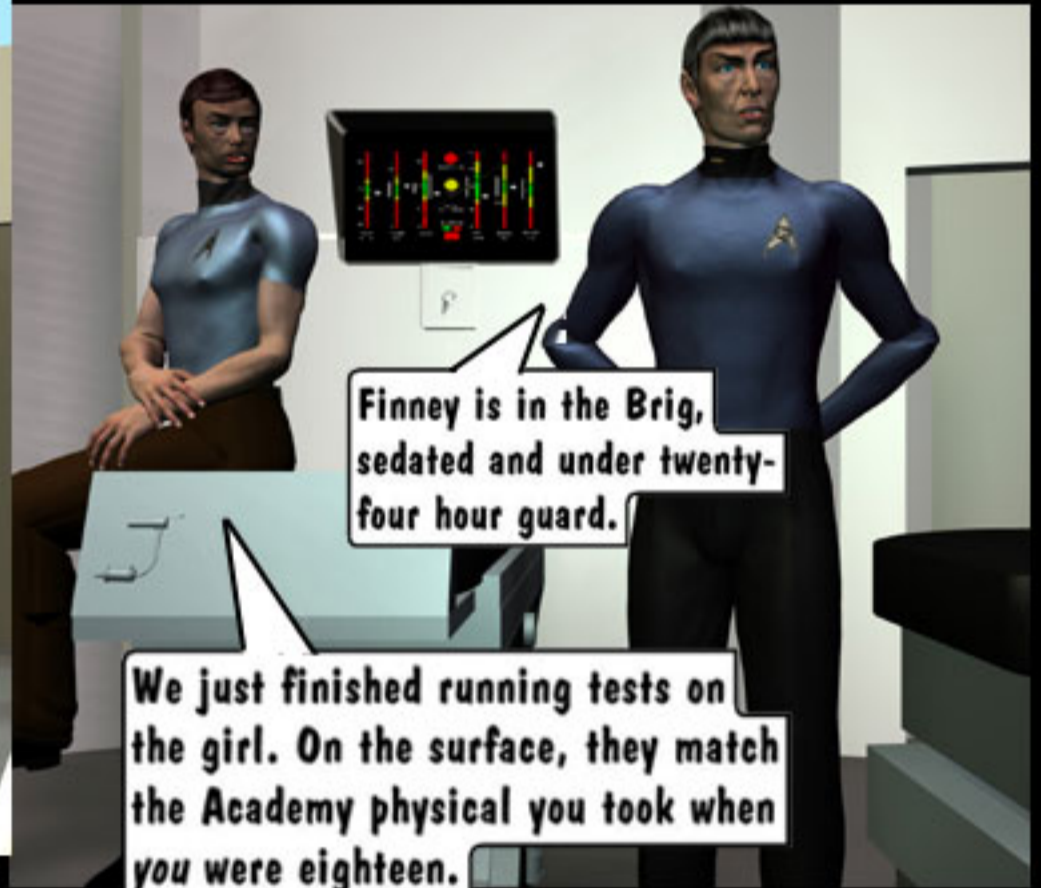


HUMMMMMMM

Captain's log: Stardate 5936.4. This crew has seen time take some strange twists and turns, but this one stands alone in it's outcome.



As far as we can tell, the timeline has been restored. But there's one very important piece left over...



There's more, Jan.

At the doctor's request, I performed a mind meld to find out what her state of mind is.

Her memories are complete up to the moment she was accused of cheating and escorted from the bridge simulator.

At that point, all memories stop.

We know it's impossible for two identical particles to exist in the same time and place.

Could these few minutes of memory- and the slowed aging- have been engineered by the Guardian to help her survive?

If that is the case, the changes are insufficient.

By every science we understand, she should not be here.

Well, the first time we met the Guardian, it commented on how limited- and primitive- it felt our sciences were.

Indeed.

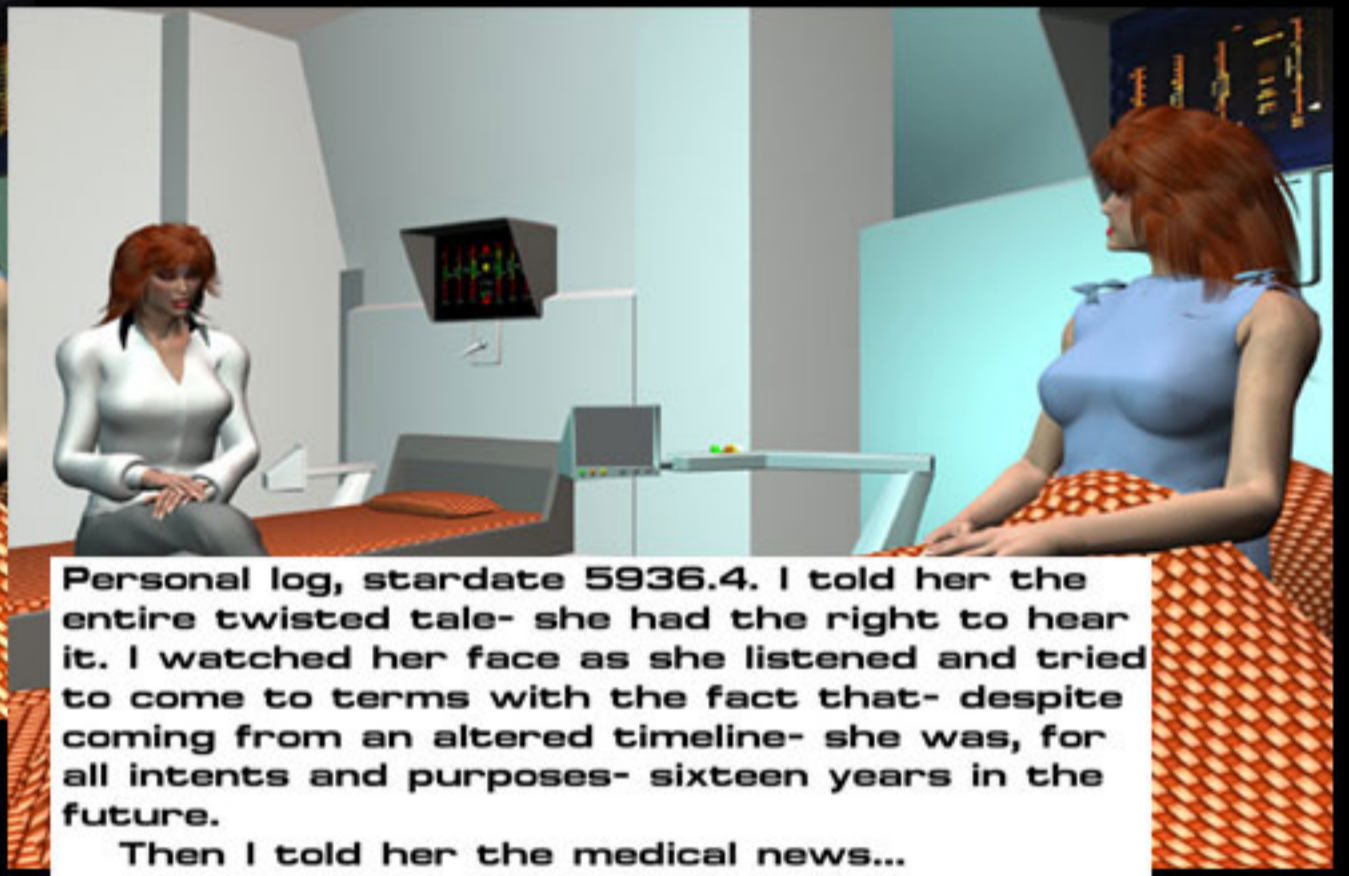
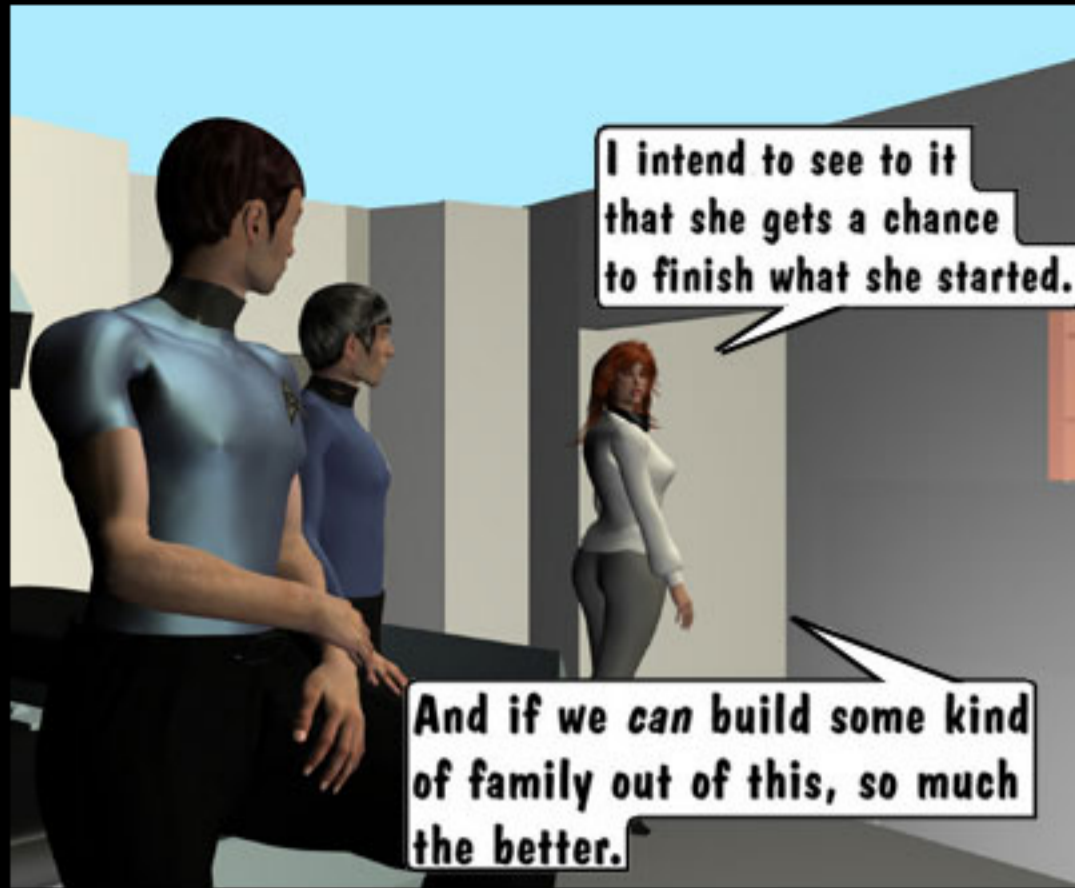
Given that past observation and the result of our recent encounter, we can only assume the Guardian's powers far exceed anything we can measure or comprehend.

You said her memories stop with the simulator.

She's not 'Janet' then?

Not precisely. She is, rather, the girl that would have become 'Janet' if things had not gone the way they have.

Jan, all of this aside, what are you going to do with your 'kid sister' now that she's here?





Alright. I'll contact Uncle Frank and Aunt T'pel and see about getting you back in the Academy.

Guess I don't have much choice. But I'll never get a command.

You won't always be a teenager in your head-

Think you can get used to answering to 'Tamera' instead of 'Janet'?

They don't put teenagers in command of starships.

-and *that's* where it counts.



With your lifespan, if you play your cards right, the day'll come when you'll be commanding ships that aren't even on the drawing board yet.

Side-trip to where?

You're better off not knowing.

Now, you get some rest. We have to make a side-trip before we contact Uncle Frank.

I'll stop by later and we'll hammer out the family history.



J-Jan, speaking of family...

...I don't suppose, in this timeline... that Dad...

I'm sorry, kid.

I'd tell you different if I could.

Dad and the *Sundown* have been M.I.A. for twenty years now.



Never hurts to ask...



It never hurts to hope either.

As far as I'm concerned, he's out there somewhere.



And some day, he's going to come home to one hell of a surprise.

Think he can handle two daughters?



The real question'll be, can two daughters handle *him*?



Whoah...

Three days later...

...It's against regulations. If Starfleet finds out I've even been in the *system*, I'm as good as dead.

But with his computer skills, no penal colony can hold him.

From what you have told me, Captain, you need not be concerned. It is clear that Commander Finney has become a danger to *existence* itself.

We will see to it that he spends the rest of his days lost between dreams and illusions.

Thank you, Magistrate.

And if you ever need anything- for you, your people, Captain Pike- contact me and General Order Seven or not, I'll come.

"Kirk to Enterprise. Mission accomplished. I'll rendezvous with you in two hours. "Kirk out."



Epilogue: Three days earlier...

Chir-Bleep

Kirk to Enterprise-

Four to beam up. I want a security detail and a medical team to be standing by when we arrive.

Energize.

HUMMMMMMM



Why?

Specify.

Why give me the same powers over Time and Space that you have?

There is also a need to protect- and perhaps explore- the Temporal Universe as well.

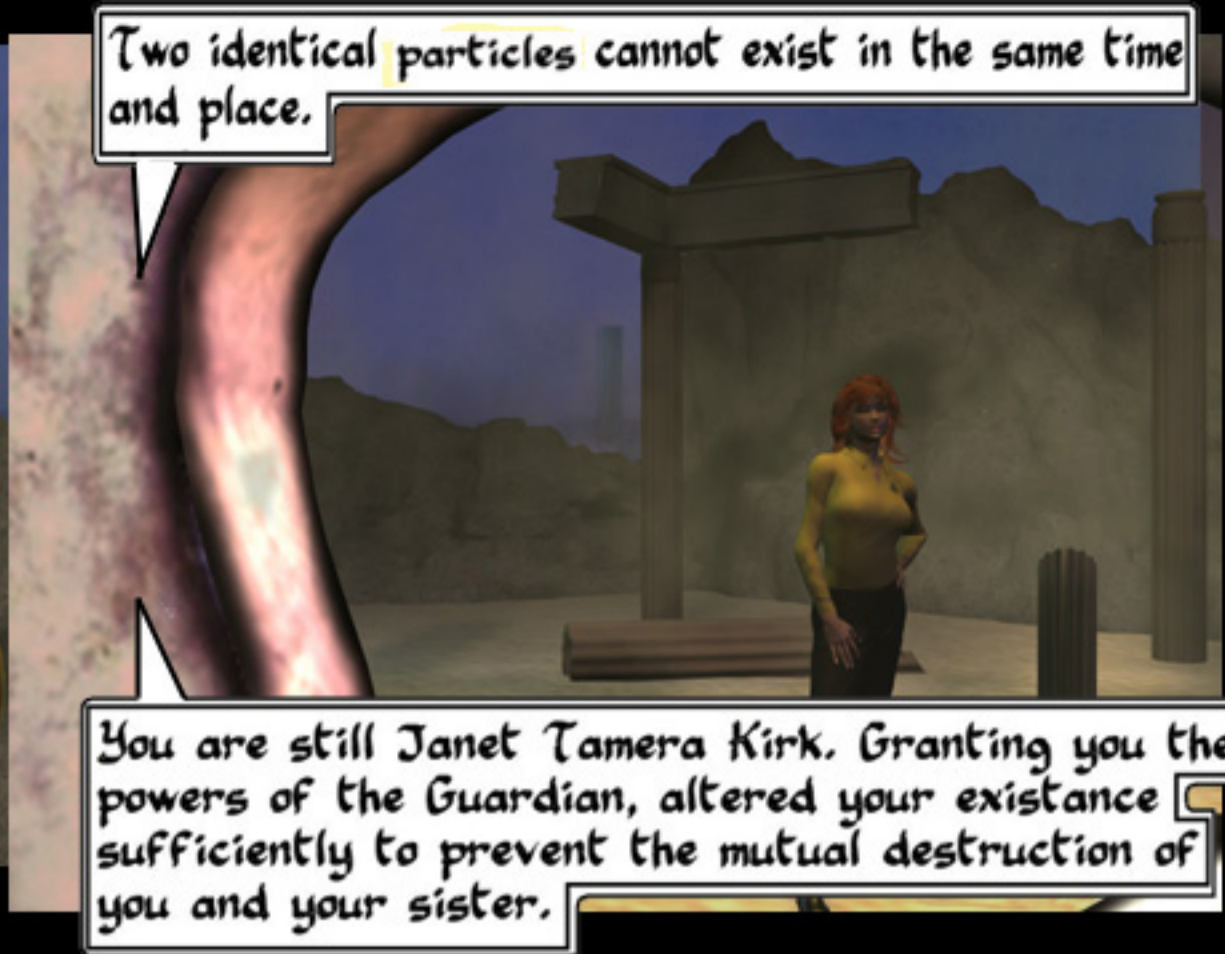
There are two reasons: You and your sister wish to protect and explore the Material Universe.

Your sister's insistence on your survival created the opportunity to grant you the ability to do both.



Okay. I can accept that.

What's the second reason?



Two identical particles cannot exist in the same time and place.

You are still Janet Tamera Kirk. Granting you the powers of the Guardian, altered your existence sufficiently to prevent the mutual destruction of you and your sister.



Why do I get the feeling the second reason occurred to you before the first one?



Still...thank you- for all of it.



*"Guardian's Child"*  
by MDBruffy

*Based on Concepts  
created by G. Roddenberry*

Captain Janet Tamera Kirk  
Victoria 3 base from DAZ Productions  
Daria skin textures, face and body morphs  
from Illusion Designs

Landing Party outfit:  
V3 Polo Top  
LFC Pants for V3

Jacket for V3  
DF Blouse  
Space Fleet Officer for V3  
Sandy Blouse  
V3 tunic  
Blue jumpsuit by Brycetech

Commander Spock  
Micheal 3 base from DAZ Productions  
Head morph by Fantucini  
Skin textures are the universal textures for Micheal 3  
from DAZ Productions

Tpau  
Poser 6 Jessis base  
Head morph and face texture  
done with Poser 7 face room.  
Bootle for Jessle from Content Paradise  
Robe is by bopperthijs

Tpring  
V3 base  
Skin texture and face morphs are "Lexi for v3"  
by ChristineG  
Outfit- Sci-fi for V3 From Renderosity.com

M'ress  
V3 base combined with Jenelson  
Anika for V3.  
Bushy tailz, Big Fluffy hair  
Body textures by MDBruffy  
Ls Top by Little Secret  
Pants by Ultimate  
Phaser by Lucky Dragon

Commdadore Fitzpatrick  
James Hires Base  
Hr-001-R2 hair  
Bodysuit for James

Janice Rand  
V3 base with head morph  
Hair by Mylochka

Nova Trek  
Starfleet Uniforms  
Female:

Long sleeve Zipdress from Renderosity.com  
Textures by MDBruffy  
Female boots by BVH Studios

Male:  
Micheal 3 Sci-fi suit from DAZ Productions  
Poser 6 James Ultra bodysuit from  
Content Paradise  
Textures by MDBruffy

Dr.McCoy  
Micheal 3 base  
Bodysuit for M3 from DAZ Productions

Therran  
James Hires base  
Nyoho Hair  
Antanae by Redfern

Ben Finney  
Micheal 3 base figure  
MF Jacket for M3

The Keeper  
Micheal 3 base  
Wizard's robe for M3

The Starship Enterprise  
Base model by EvilInnocence 180  
Original textures by Lucky Dog  
Textures adapted by MDBruffy  
Bridge model by Ptrope

Orion-Class Enterprise  
Original base model by Skynet 3020  
Hanger deck addition by Jonathan Rich  
Cockpit interior textures by  
Jonathan Rich  
MDBruffy  
Cargo ship interior designed by MDBruffy  
Janet's cabin was built using the SFCS  
Construction Kit

Dakota-class Enterprise  
Base model from Star Trek Australia.com  
name and number textures by MDBruffy  
Shuttle hanger by MDBruffy  
Observation lounge by MDBruffy  
Select furniture by TrekkGrrrl  
Furniturepak B  
Captain Spock's quarters by Ptrope  
Bridge by Lucky Dragon

Single seat Klingon fighter by Timothy Treado

KLigon D5 and D10 cruslers  
Battleclinic .com

Starfleet Shuttlecraft by Tony Oliveira

Therran's scoutship- by unknown

Daedalus-class ships by Darrell Lawrence

Asylum One built by MDBruffy  
built using sections built by Richard Adalbert Merk

Federal freighter by Richard Adalbert Merk

Concept Shuttle by Foundation 3D.com  
Premiere Content

3D Chess set by TrekkiGrrrl

Triangular door

Starfleet chairs by Jonathan Rich  
Tony Oliveira

Klingon Battleth by Ptrope

by Tony Oliveira

Sickbay Recovery beds

Vulcan Lyrette

Vulcan Lirpa

Ships corridors

by Jonathan Rich

Hover trykes

IDIC wall plague

Decorative wall plaques

First Officers cabin  
room divider

Saurian brandy bottle by Jonathan Rich

Plaques by Jonathan Rich

Daedalus location

F55 Horizon dedication

Program Control Room

bridge Simulator: Unit One

Cynget XIV S.A.S.O.V. screen

For commision work by Jonathan Rich

send inquiry to:

Kavalinoo2@aol.com

Starfleet Academy by MDBruffy

Academy buildings by Jonathan Rich

Academy hallways by MDBruffy

Bridge Simulator

Basic bridge by Lucky Dragon

modifications and textures by  
MDBruffy

Goose neck viewers by Jonathan Rich

Guardian of Forever by Jonathan Rich

surrounding ruins by MDBruffy

Federal Transporter Room by Ptrope

Vulcan Transporter Room by Jonathan Rich

New textures and viewscreen image by MDBruffy

T'Pol's residence built by MDBruffy

windowed walls designed by Jonathan Rich

Stone tablet on living room wall by J.Rich

Furniture is "Art of Aesla" from  
Renderosity.com

by MDBruffy

Space Backgrounds

"Amok Time" Arena

Vulcan bell chimes

Sickbay Recovery Ward

Starfleet transporter effect

Picture- "Vulcan's Forge"

IDIC wall plague textures

"Live long and Prosper" plaque

T'Pol's staff

Desk monitor

Command Suite Cabin built by MDBRUFFY

Window bulkhead built by Jonathan Rich

Vulcan city of ShiKahr by MDBruffy

Sickbay built by MDBruffy

Exercise bench

Treatment couch

Desk Monitor

by MDBruffy

Talos IV background created in Photoshop 2.0  
from an original picture owned by CBS Studios.

Hair styles for the following:

Spock, Uhura, McCoy, Sulu

Chekov, Scotty, T'Pol and T'Poling

by Mylochka

Janet Tamera Kirk's hair-

Full and feathered by DAZ Studios

Software programs used

Poser 7

Photoshop Elements 2.0

Celestia

3D Extreme Text

Windows Paint

Websites

Renderosity.com

Runtime DNA

Excalibur Productions

Starfleet Command Staryards

The STMC Download Star Trek Meshes

Trekcore.com

Star trek Minutiae

### Acknowledgment

I am painfully aware that I have left lots of people out. To that end, I do apologise and thank them for the time and effort they put into the models that I used.

Frankly, without their work, and the work of those that I have listed, this project would never have happened.

Next  
time  
on  
**NOVA  
TREK**

...Jan grabbed Tam's hand and they jumped through the portal-  
to land in the Twentieth Century computer room. Jan knelt by  
the dead man and didn't hear the other person till he spoke.

"Just hold it right there- *you?!"*

She turned and her eyes went wide in recognition. "Not *you?!"*

Colonel Fellini, formerly of the Omaha Nebraska Air Force Base,  
stood in the computer room door- his gun aimed at Jan and Tam.  
"It's been ten years and you haven't aged a day." He looked to Tam.  
"Who's she?"

Jan sighed, knowing there was no way around it. "My sister."

The Colonel looked back to Jan. "Training her in the family business  
of breaking and entering?"

The Captain indicated the body. "Colonel we had nothing to  
do with this."

"Then prove it."

"How?" Jan demanded.

"BY telling me the truth this time," The Colonel replied. "Or do I just  
cut to the chase and charge you both with murder right now?"



**Next time on Nova Trek:  
"Assignment: Yesterday"**

**Coming in 2010**