

NOVA TREK

A Universe away from the one you knew

"A Tale of Two Captains"
Part 3 of 3



**MDB
COMICS**

**Book
Seven**

*Based on concepts created by
Gene Roddenberry*



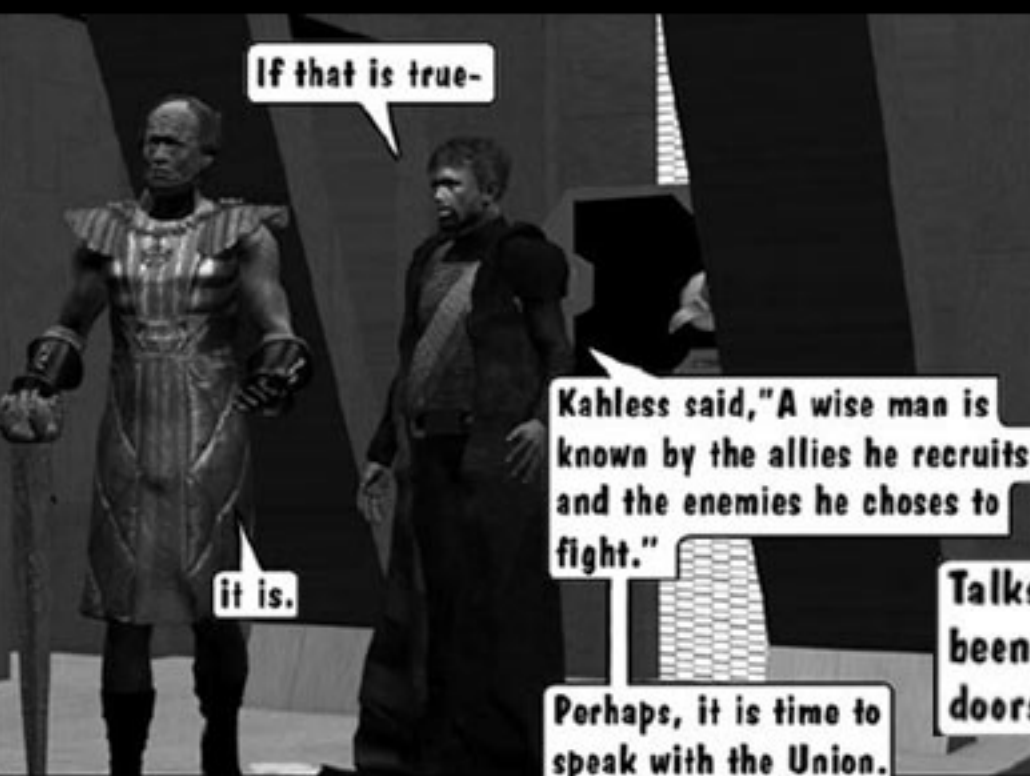
Do you know this region?

The Que'Pak Region-
The Humans call it
the "Triad".

It is the only place in the
quadrant where Klingon,
Union and Romulan borders
meet.

For several months now, our informants
in the Romulan Empire, have been hearing
about a massive military build-up.

If they chose to attack us,
we simply do not have the
resources for a prolonged
conflict- two, three years
at most.



If that is true-

it is.

Kahless said, "A wise man is
known by the allies he recruits
and the enemies he choses to
fight."

Perhaps, it is time to
speak with the Union.

Talks with the Union have
been going on behind sealed
doors for two months now.

Such an alliance would go far
toward preserving the Empire.



And what is to be
my part in this?

You will be my eyes.

You will go to the Triad-
watch and monitor as you
patrol our side of the border.

If the situation changes,
inform me- then use your
best judgement and know
you do so with my full
support.





Audio only.

This better be good, Shev.



I'm sorry.

But long-range scans are picking up a spatial distortion ten thousand kielometers to port.

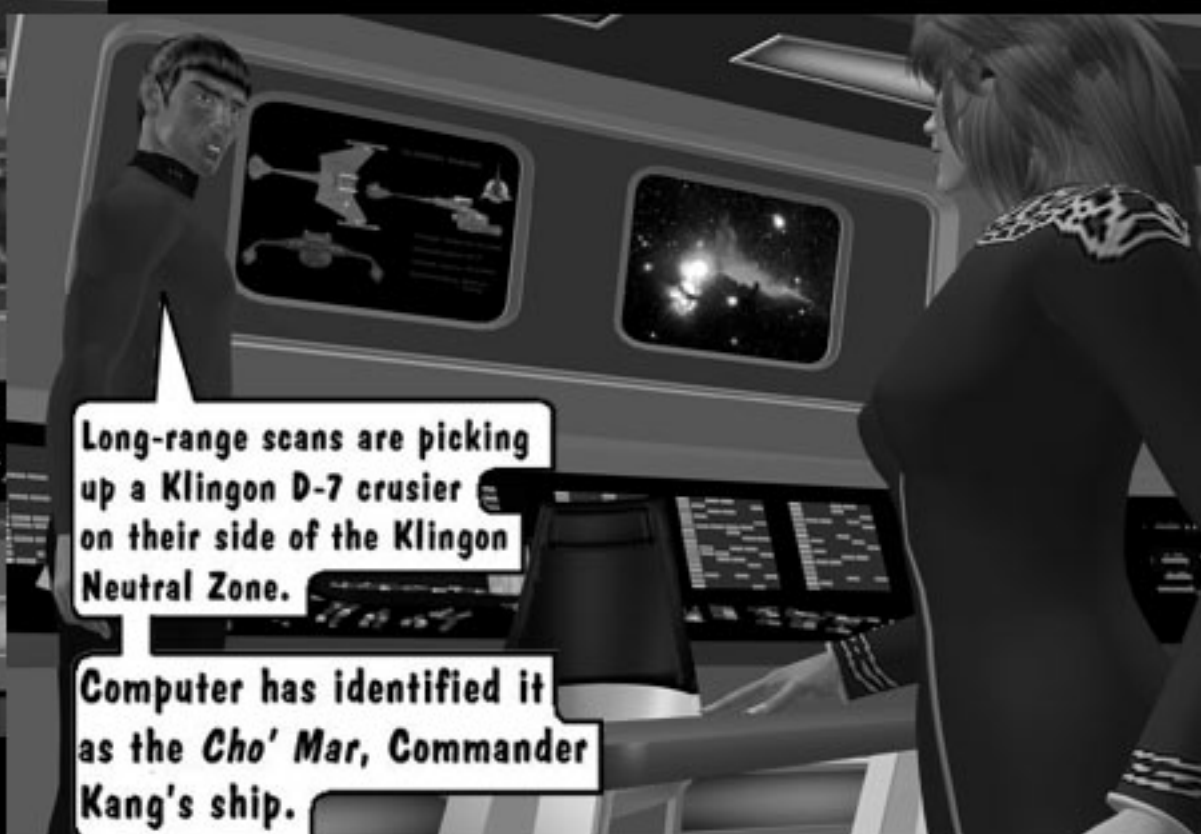
Computer says it doesn't match anything on record.



Confirmed.

The distortion is also precisely three thousand kilometers across- no variation.

Can we all say "Artificial"?



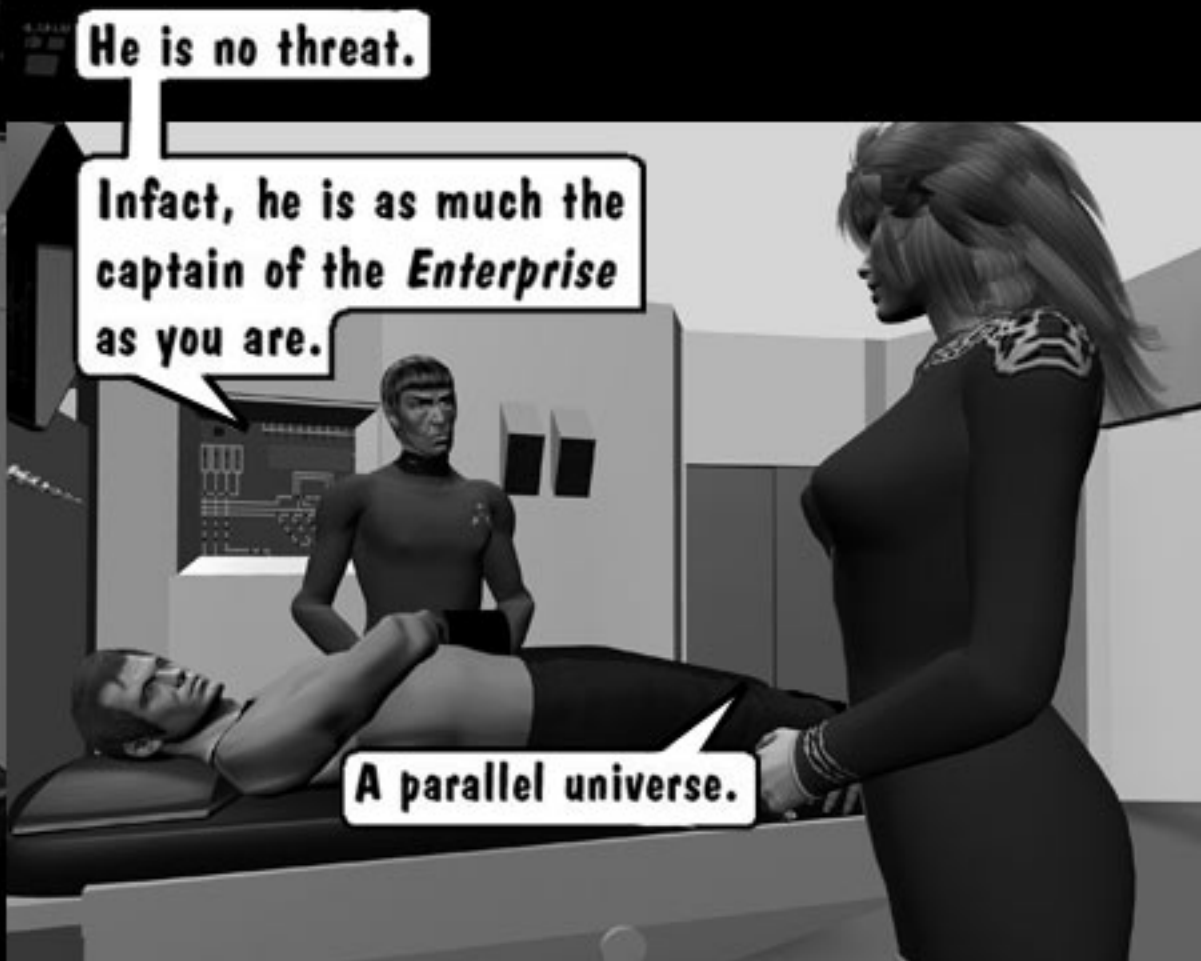
Long-range scans are picking up a Klingon D-7 cruiser on their side of the Klingon Neutral Zone.

Computer has identified it as the *Cho' Mar*, Commander Kang's ship.



What's your name?

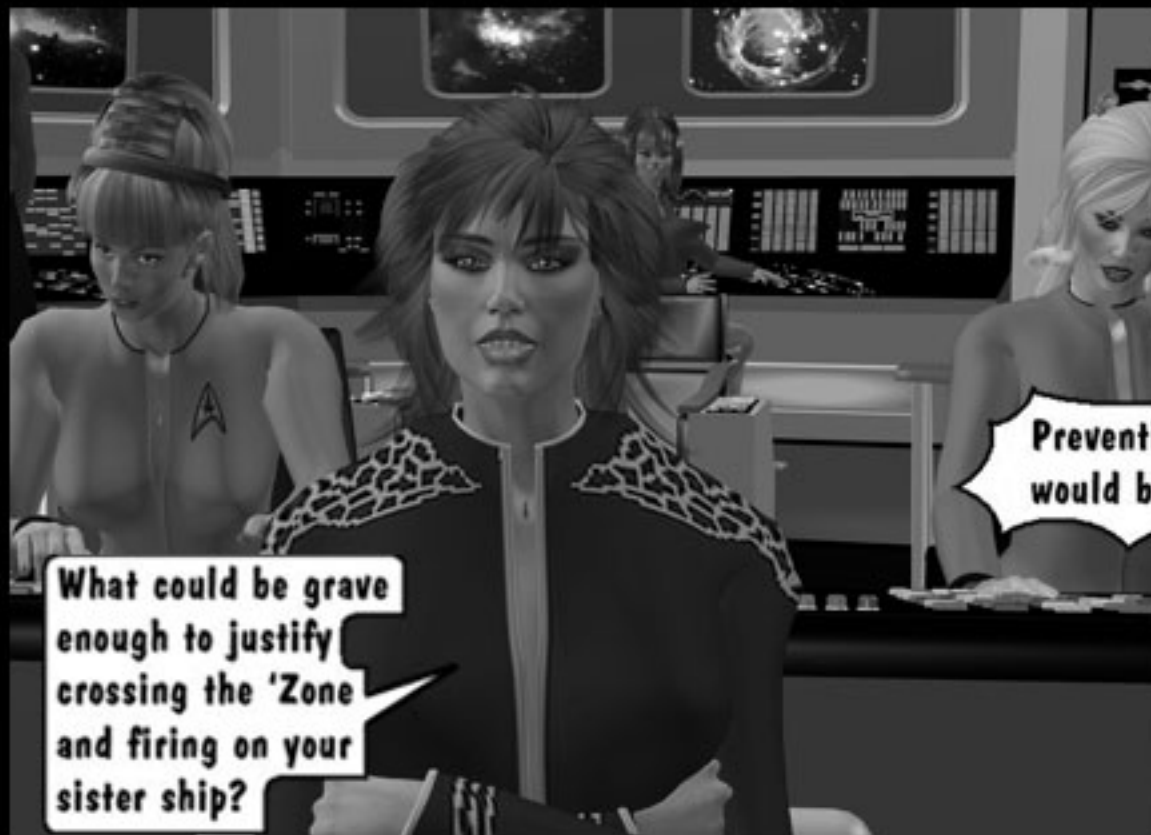
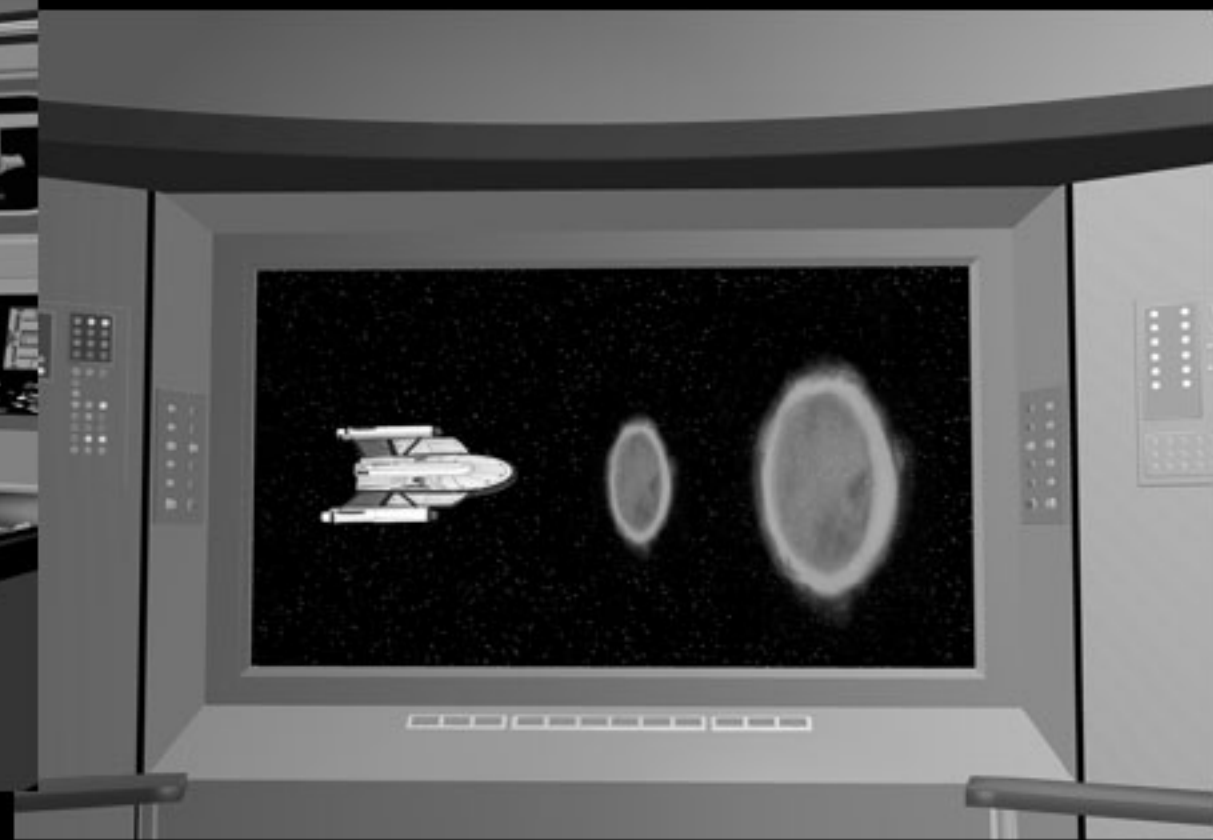
Captain James Tiberious Kirk -United Starship Enterprise.



He is no threat.

Infact, he is as much the captain of the *Enterprise* as you are.

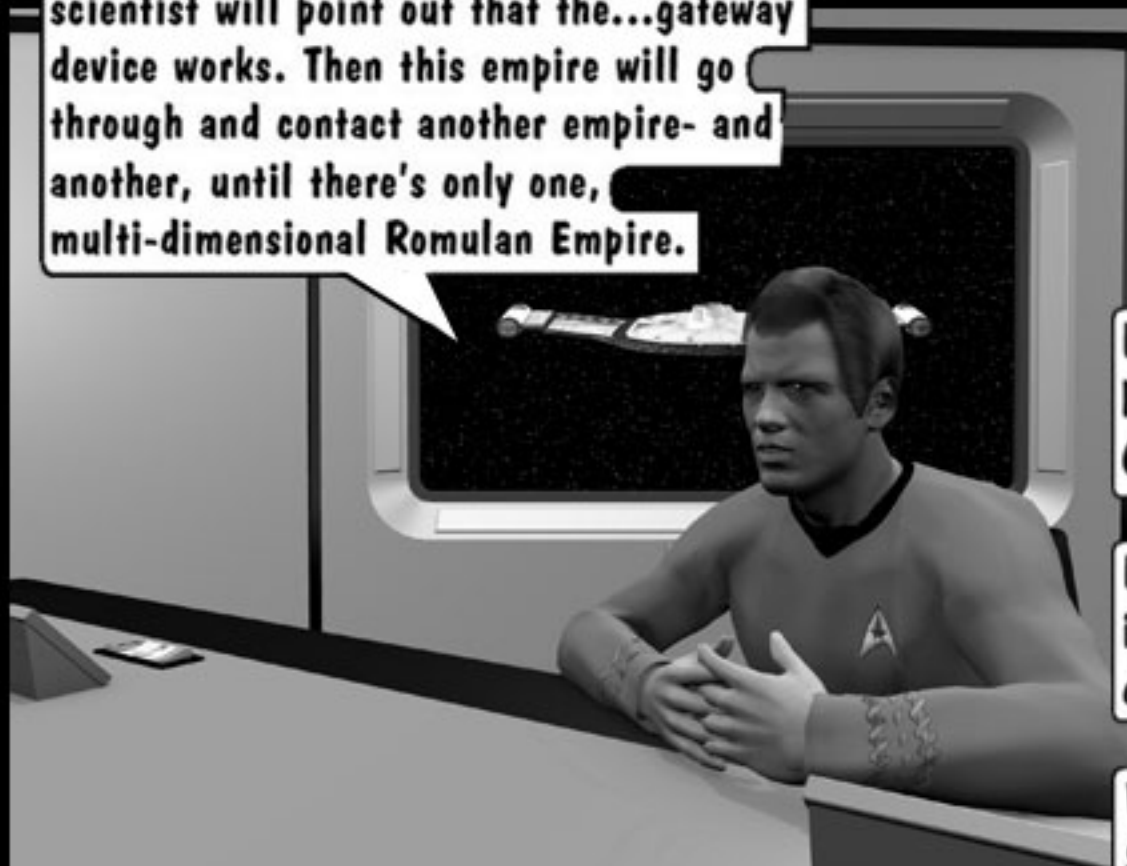
A parallel universe.



Preventing...your word would be "Armageddon."



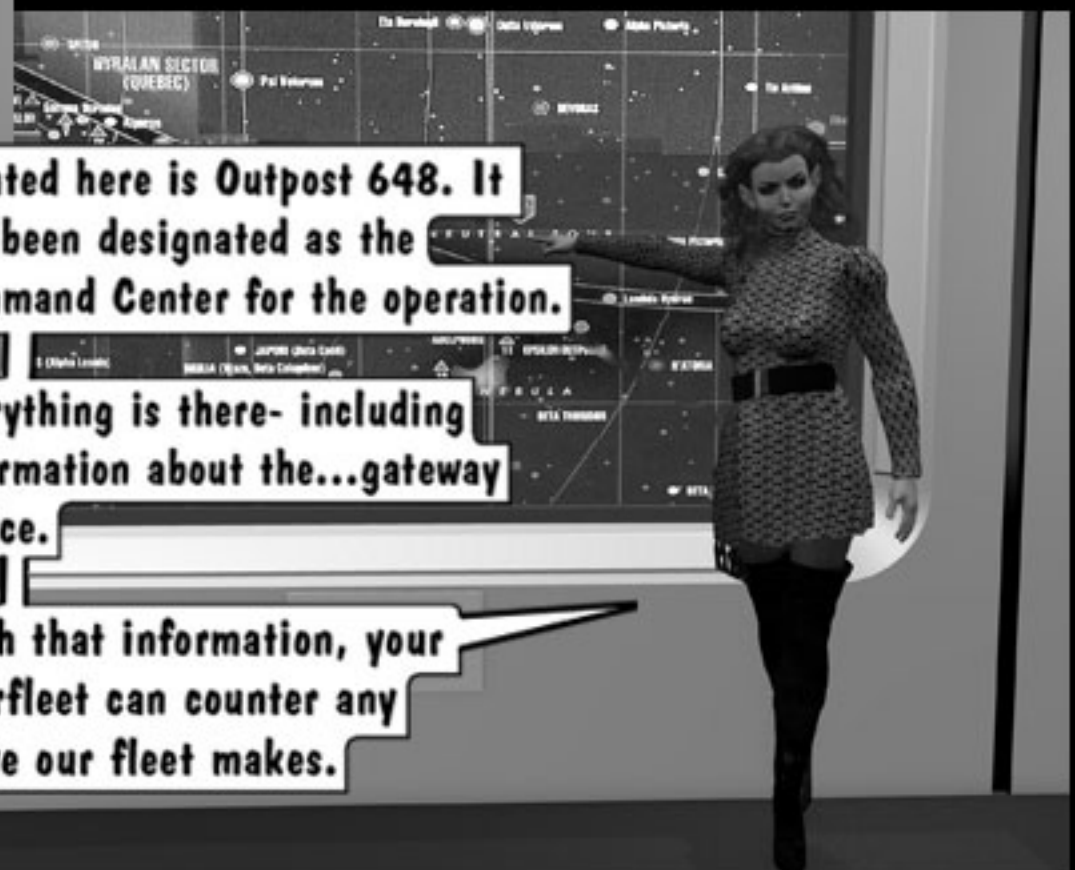
And once they've conquered the Union, some scientist will point out that the...gateway device works. Then this empire will go through and contact another empire- and another, until there's only one, multi-dimensional Romulan Empire.



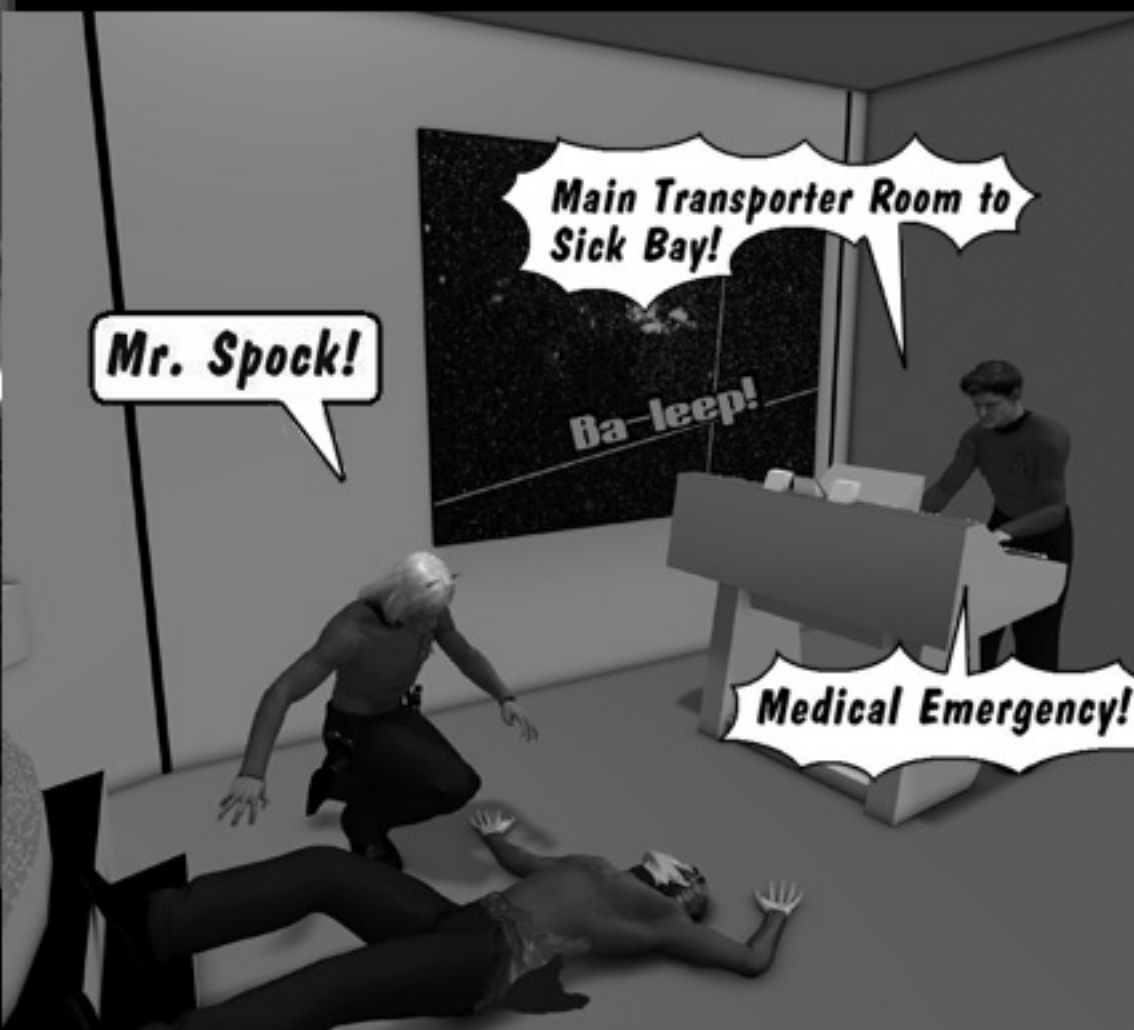
Located here is Outpost 648. It has been designated as the Command Center for the operation.

Everything is there- including information about the...gateway device.

With that information, your Starfleet can counter any move our fleet makes.







By the gods...



I think he's dead.

Will he be all right?

Eventually.

But between the disruptor blast and the surgery, his system's been put through a lot.

Even with his half-Vulcan stamina, it's going to be awhile before he can return to active duty.

Go home, Captain.

As soon as they can rebuild the gateway device, go home.

You don't know this universe. All you're going to accomplish is getting this crew killed.



Something I had Mr. Scott throw together. For lack of any formal name, call it an energy sponge.

CLICK!

CLICK!

Put this in contact with an energy source and it'll drain the energy for thirty seconds before the circuits melt.

Za-Zap!

AAAAH!

BURRRP!

Two copies-
just in case.



...Jan?



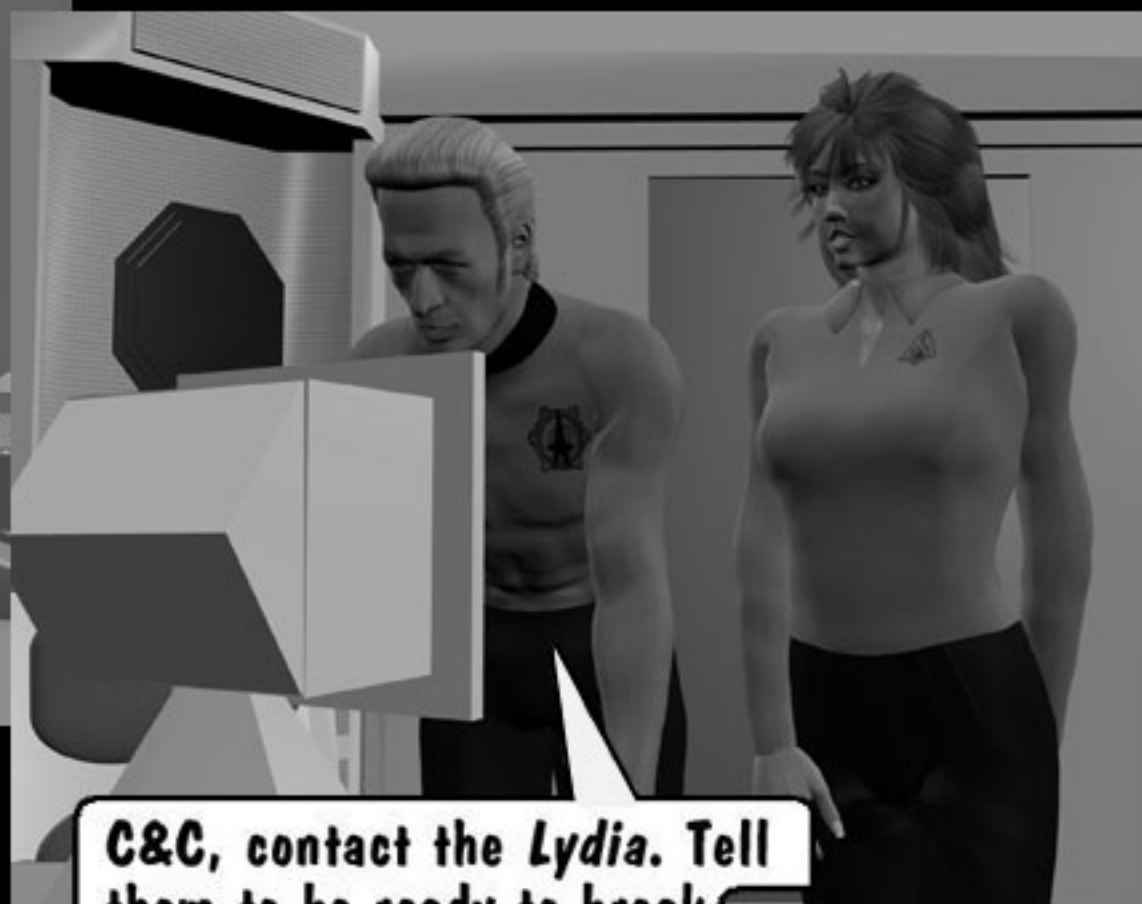
I felt it when he
got hurt- sometime
after it happened.

He's slipped into a
healing trance.

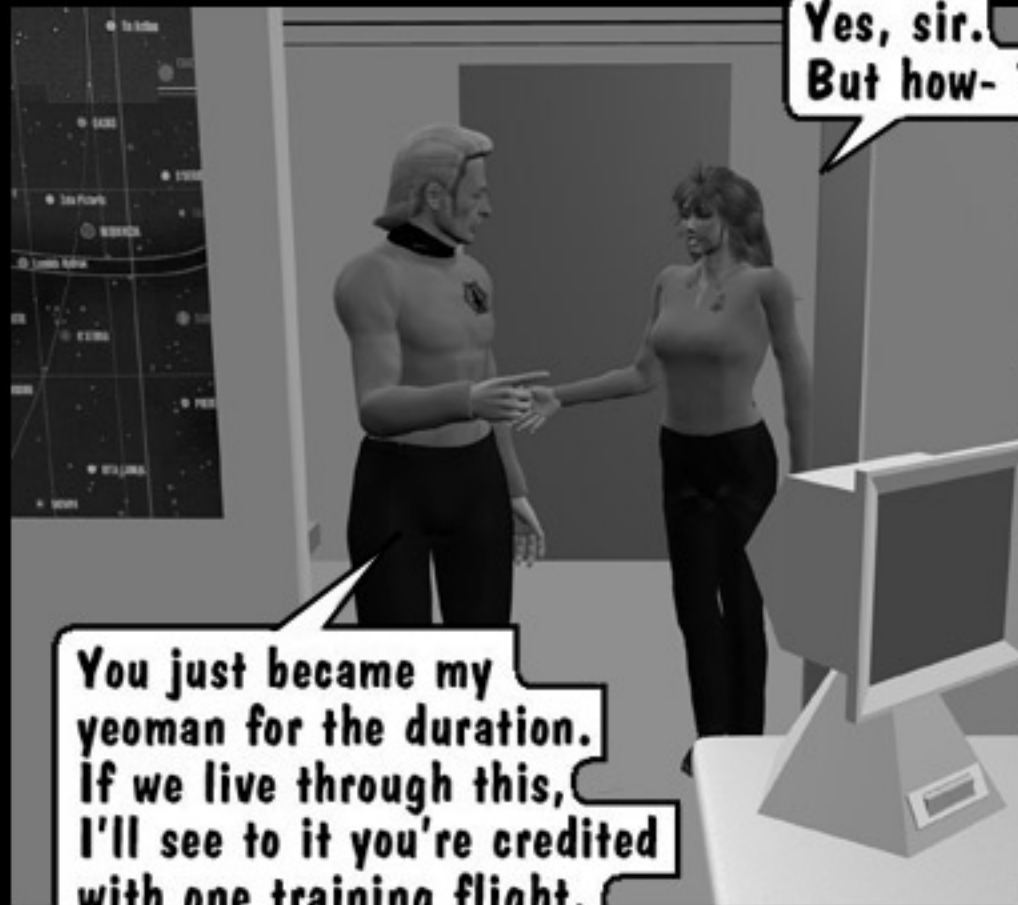
Is that the information?



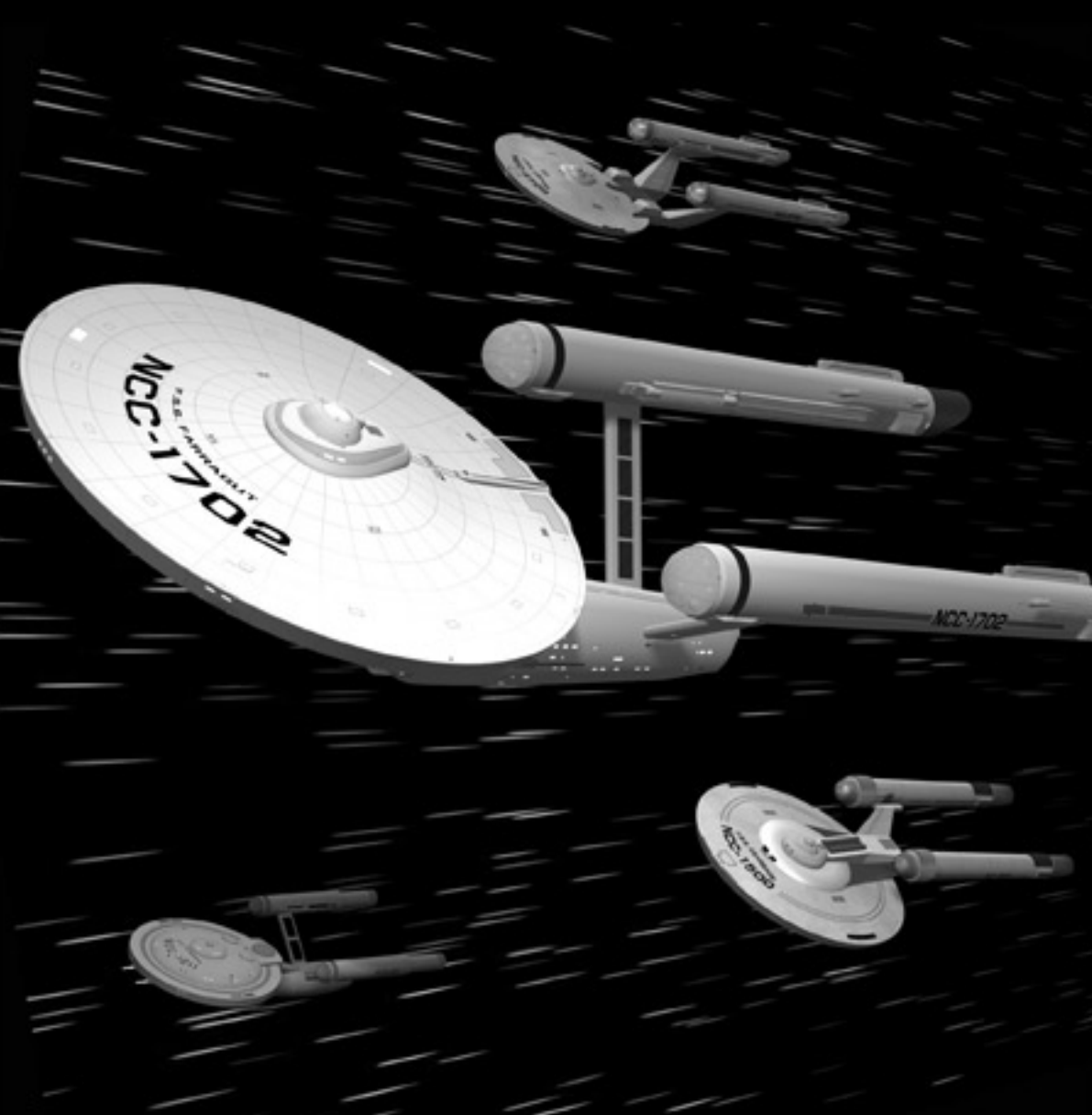
Yes.



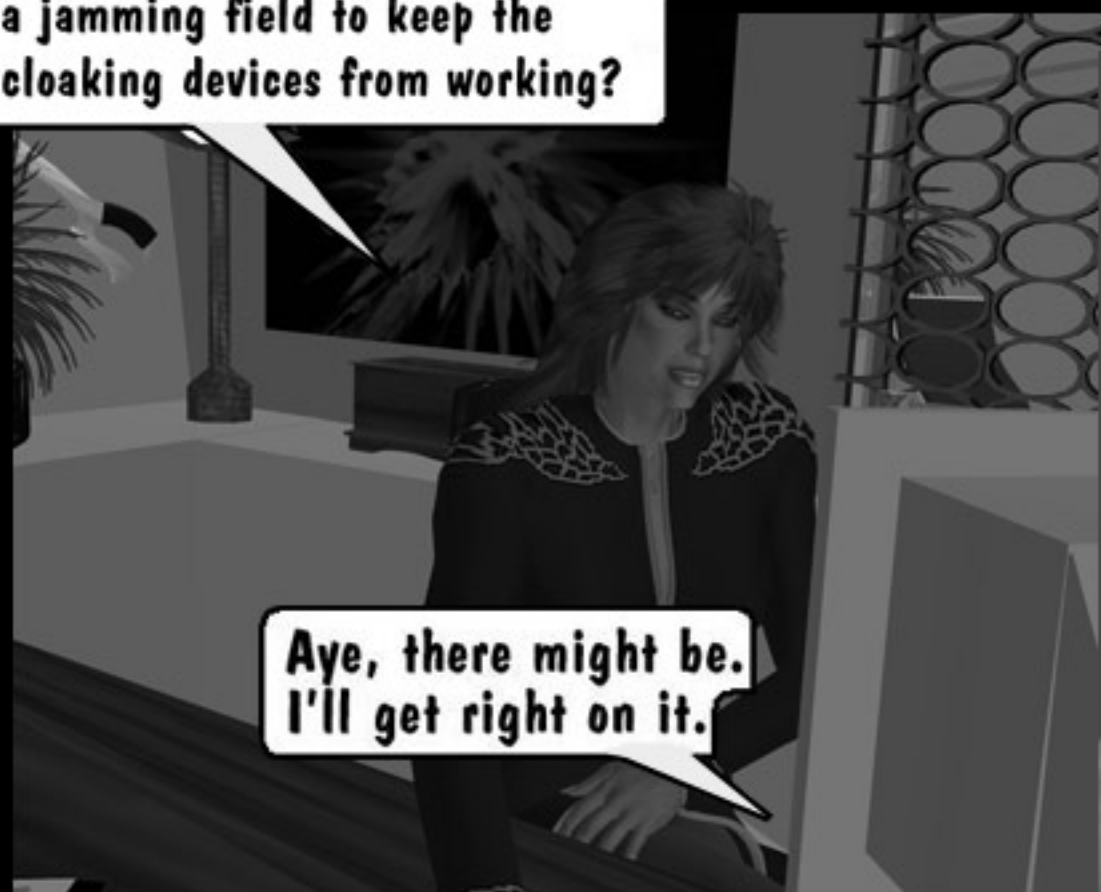
C&C, contact the *Lydia*. Tell
them to be ready to break
orbit as soon as I'm on board.
Fitzpatrick out.



"Fitzpatrick to *Lydia*,
two to beam over.
Energize."



Is there any way to transmit a jamming field to keep the cloaking devices from working?



Aye, there might be. I'll get right on it.



Don't try to beat an entire invasion fleet by yourself.

All right, people, we have an invasion to stop.



Let's get it done.

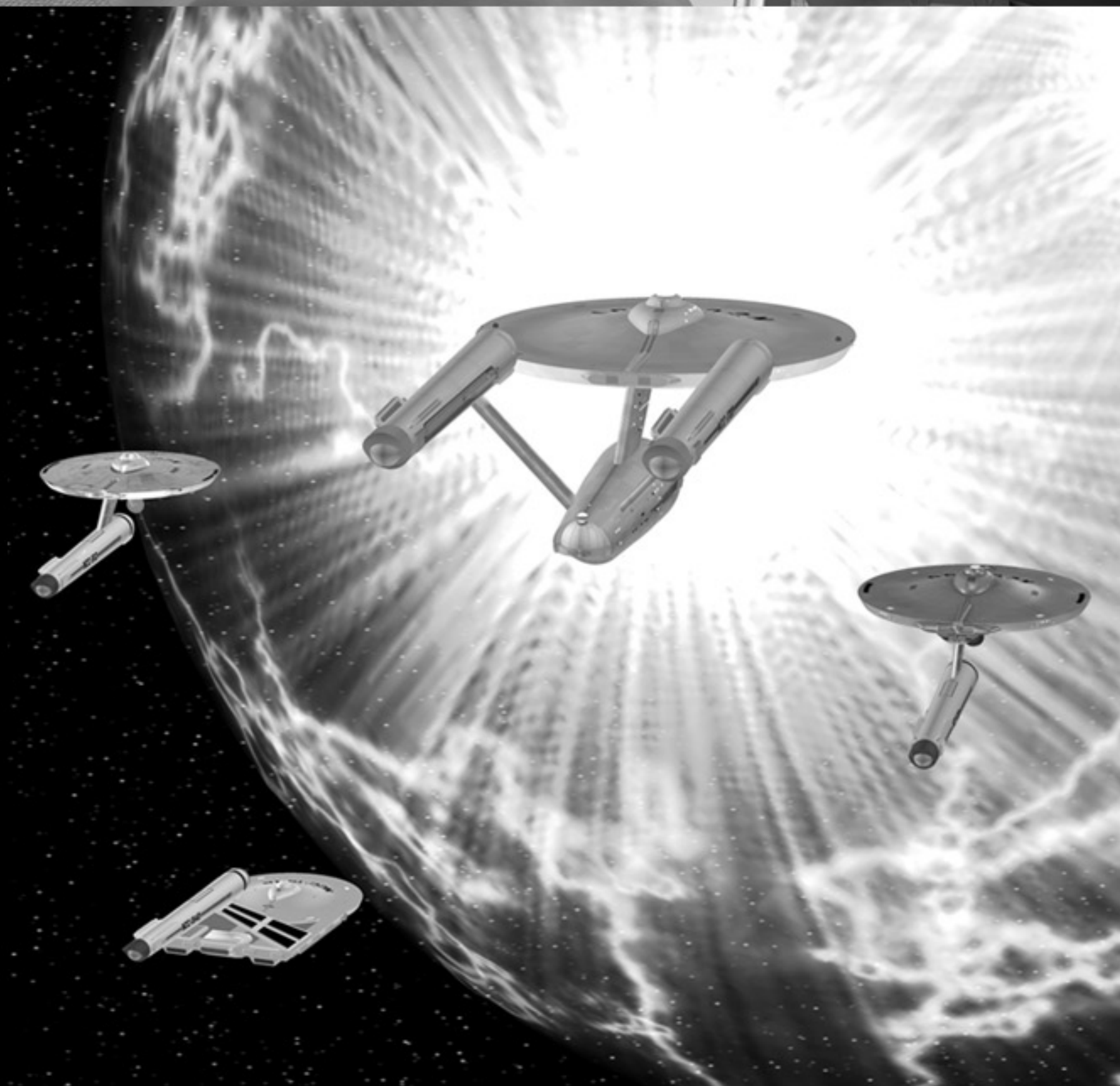
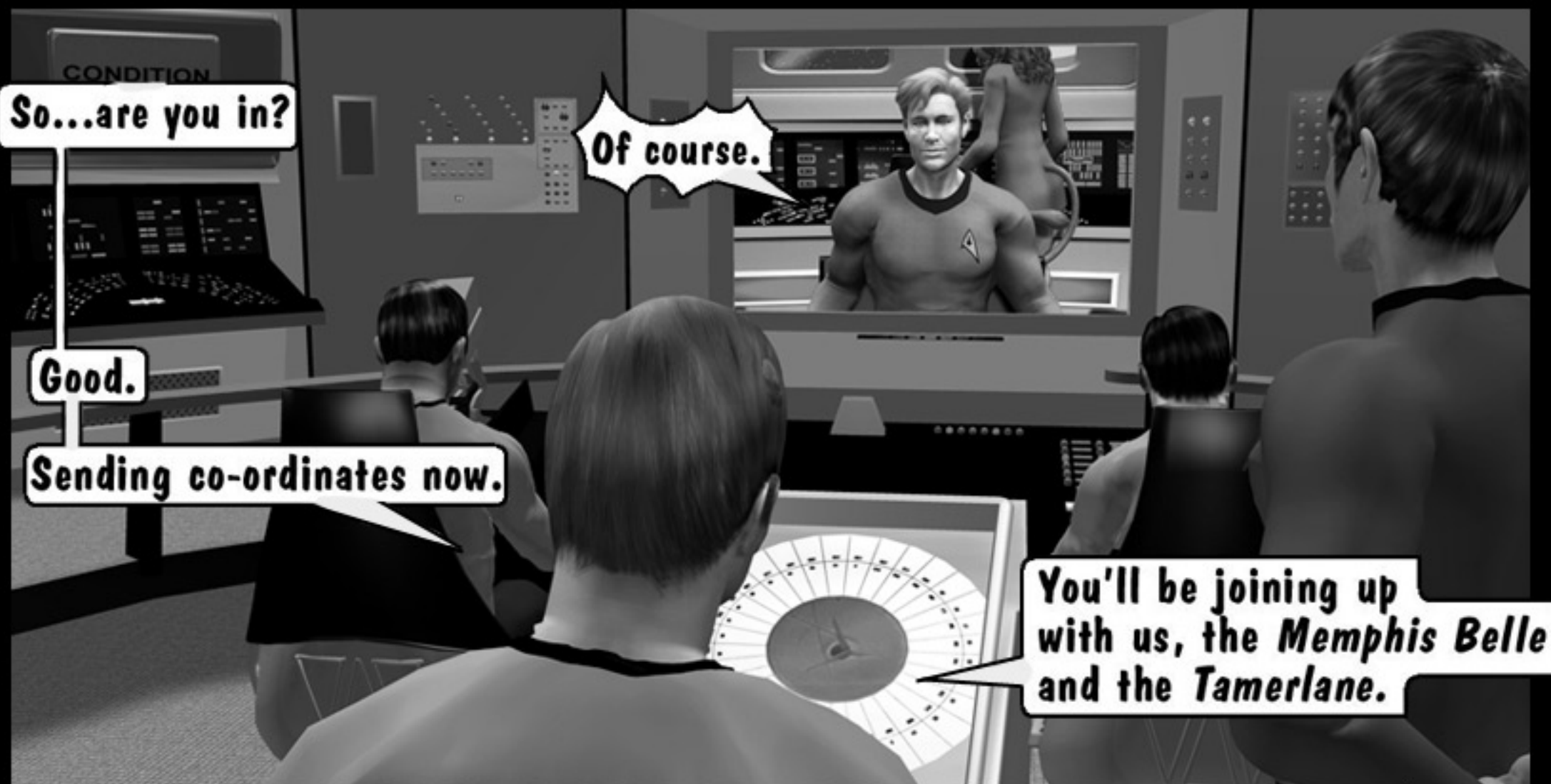


Starfleet's given me permission to recruit some volunteers for a little side trip.

Co-ordinates received, Skipper.

Co-ordinates received, Jim. We're on our way.





And now, the conclusion...

NOVA TREK

"A Tale of Two Captains" Part 3 of 3

Let the old men tell the story,
Let the legend grow and grow,
of the thirteen days of glory
at the seige of Alamo.

Lift up tattered banners proudly,
while the eyes of Texas shine.
Let the fort that was a mission,
be an ever-lasting shrine.

Once they fought to give us freedom,
that is all we need to know,
of those thirteen days of glory
at the seige of Alamo.

Now the bugles are silent,
and there's rust on each sword,
and the small band of soldiers
lie asleep in the arms of the Lord.

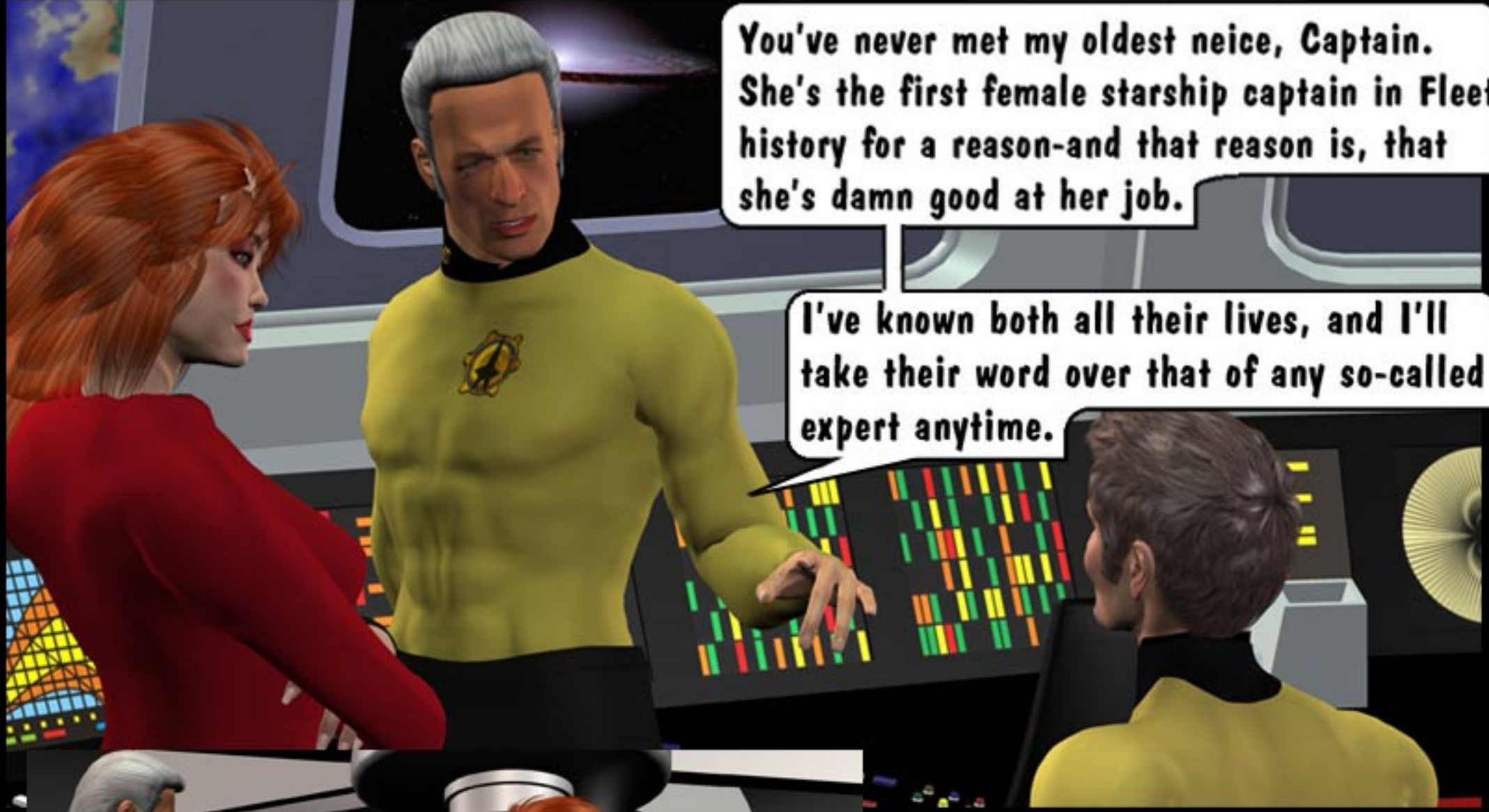
"The only absolute about History,
is that it invariably tries to repeat
itself-

-And usually succeeds."

-Anonymous







You've never met my oldest niece, Captain. She's the first female starship captain in Fleet history for a reason-and that reason is, that she's damn good at her job.

I've known both all their lives, and I'll take their word over that of any so-called expert anytime.



Yes, sir.

Sorry, sir.

Uncle Frank-



I meant what I said. Until Finney messed things up, you and Jan were one and the same-
-so I *have* known you all your life.



Do you think we'll get there in time?

That I don't know.



Captain's log; Stardate 5938.0.
The Romulans are planning a
massive invasion of the Union.

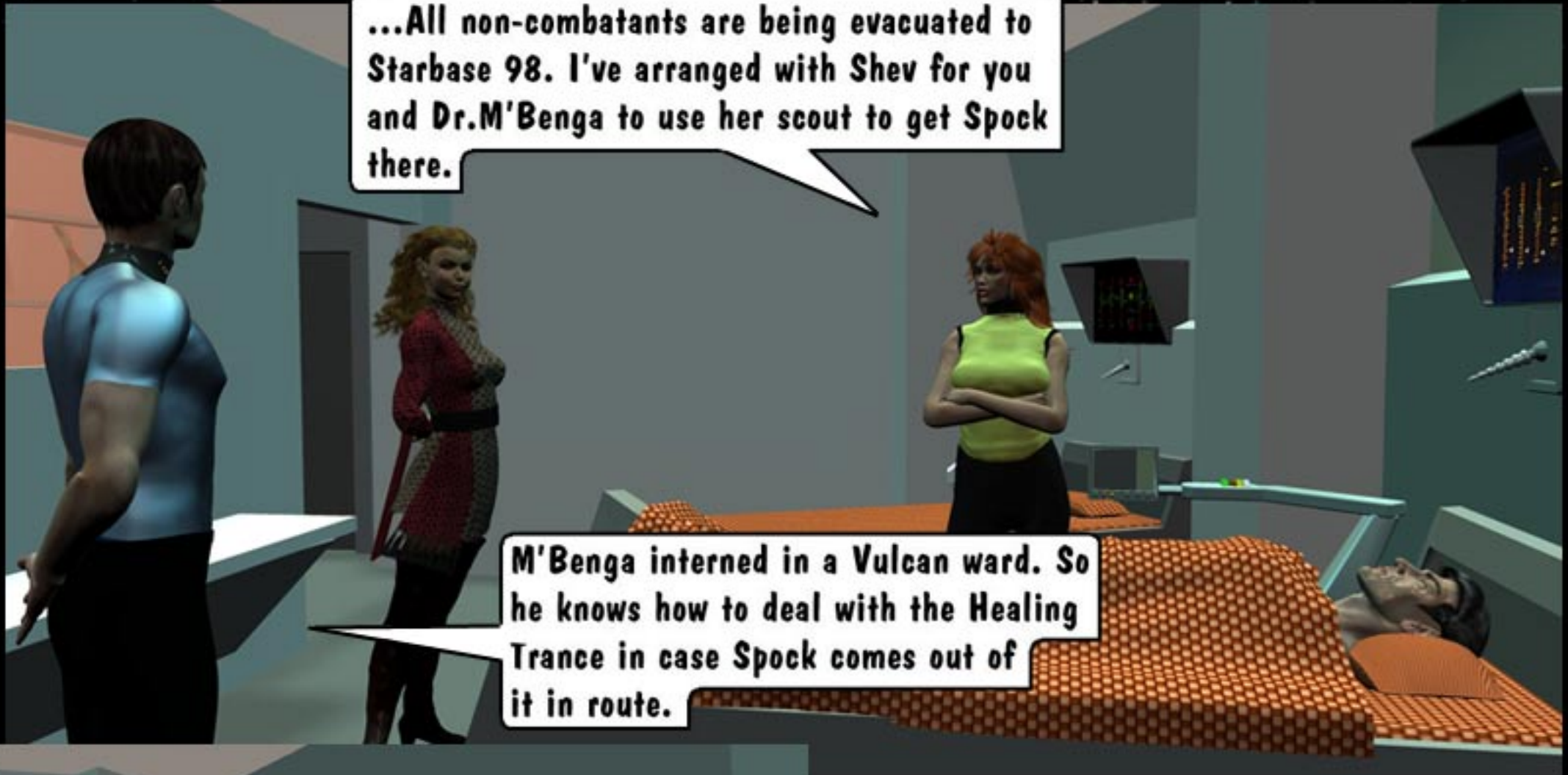
They see it as pay-back for
losing the Earth-Romulan War
a hundred years ago.

Command has been informed,
but even under ideal conditions,
help is still thirteen hours away.

So here, on the Federal side
of the Romulan Neutral Zone,
the *Enterprise* has to hold
the line-
-alone.



...All non-combatants are being evacuated to
Starbase 98. I've arranged with Shev for you
and Dr. M'Benga to use her scout to get Spock
there.



M'Benga interned in a Vulcan ward. So
he knows how to deal with the Healing
Trance in case Spock comes out of
it in route.

I've also contacted Vulcan's
Ambassador Sarek- Spock's
father.


He'll meet you at Starbase 98
to help arrange some kind of
political asylum so the Empire
can't touch you.



You have my thanks,
Captain.


You have done far
more than I deserve.






You're fighting to preserve the Empire.

Your Imperial Senate would've been smart to listen to you.



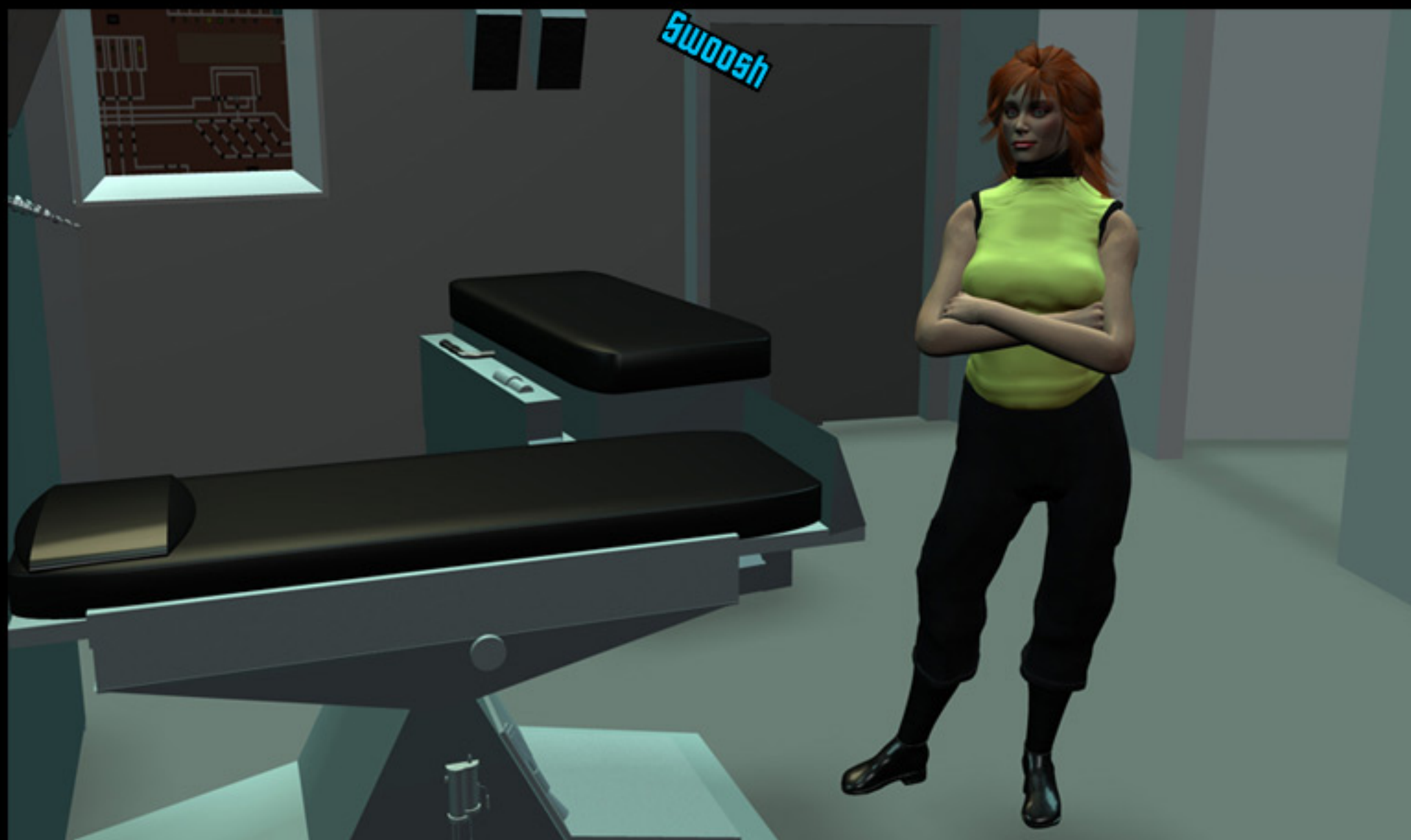
Now we'll have to make them listen the hard way.

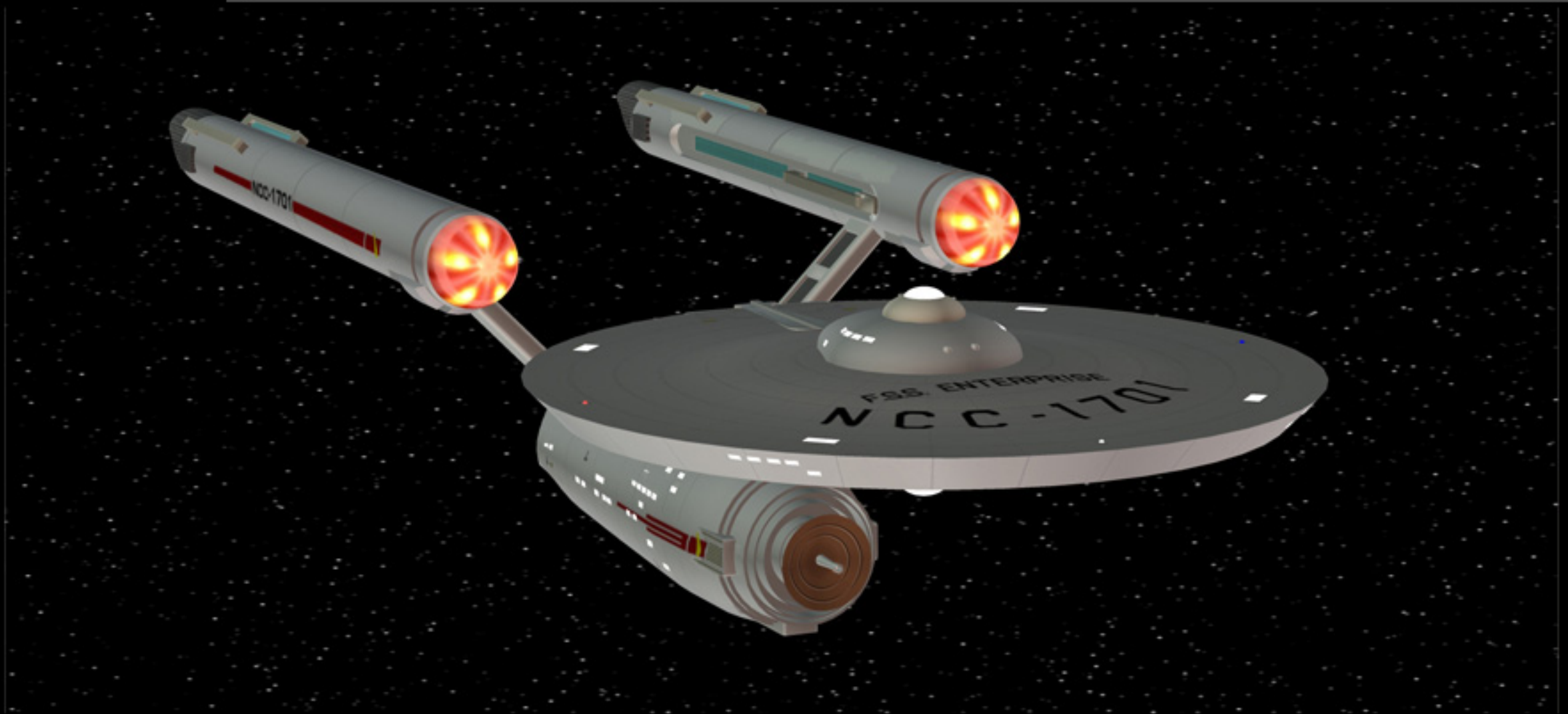


You have been calling me "Commander"- but I do have a name.

It is tradition among my people that- due to the power names possess- that they only be given to family- or those that have earned our deepest trust.







Swoosh



Swoosh

Everyone listen up.



Very shorty, we are going to be involved in a war- There's no other way to put it.

You've all been taught and trained to defend the Union and what it stands for.

Stand up for her, defend her. But I won't ask you to die for her.

This is your one chance to leave if you want to and nothing will be said against you.





And do what?
Pace the deck at
Starbase 98?

I'd be bored out
of my mind.



Glad you said that.
With Spock gone, you're
First Officer for the
duration.

Hell of a time
for a promotion.



Standing by for
orders, Captain.



Status of the evacuation?

They're launching now. Chi-town's cleared the hanger. the shuttles are forming up on him.

Thanks, by the way.

If we're going to be involved in a shooting war, I'd just as soon not have him on board.

I almost lost him on the *Venture*. Once is enough.





The last shuttle has cleared the hanger.

Hanger Bay doors are now closed.



Scott to Bridge.

Kirk here. Go ahead, Scotty.



I've got your cloak jammer whenever ya want it, Ma'am.

I even hooked in a seperate power generator in case the main power gets knocked out.



Good thinking, Scotty. Turn it on.



It's online now- and working.

Good. Kirk out.



Computer?

Yes, Captain?

You will apply the same routine we used at Starbase 98.



Understood. Port and Starboard dorsal phasers are now under computer control.

Scanning for plasma energy bursts.



Let me explain something while we still have time.



We are *not* here to defeat an entire invasion force. No one ship can do that- not even the *Enterprise*.


Our job is to stall their advance- to hold them up long enough for Admiral Fitzpatrick to get here with reinforcements.




Captain, what's to keep them from just going around us?



They can't. Remember your history.




We're the Alamo. Remember General Santa Anna couldn't by-pass them- if he had, he would have been caught between the Alamo and General Houston's forces.



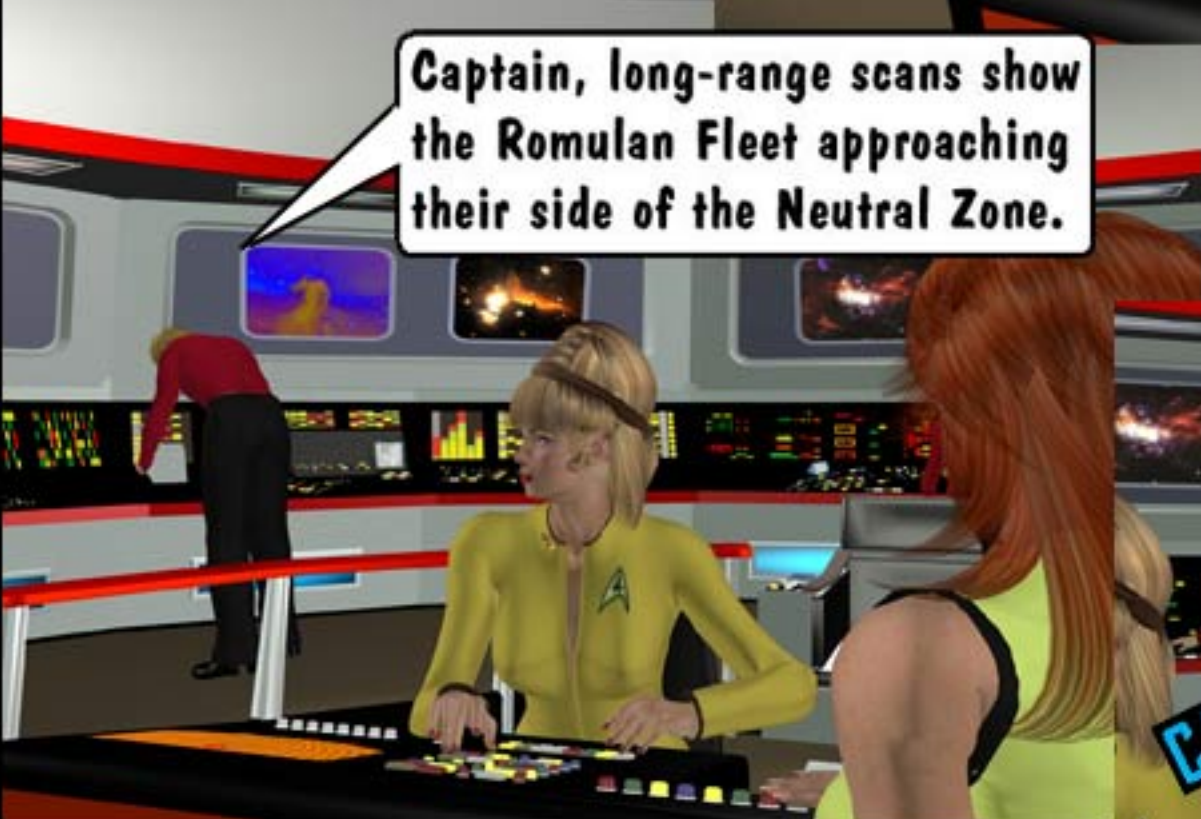
The one little detail you left out, is the fact that everyone died at the Alamo.

All right. You want an example with Survivors.

Earth's Second World War- 1944 old calendar. The Belgian city of Bastogne. It was located at the major crossroads the German forces needed to continue their advance.



But American forces held the town. Even as the Germans surrounded them, even as their supplies ran low, the Americans held on till Allied forces broke through the German blockade and reached the survivors.



Captain, long-range scans show the Romulan Fleet approaching their side of the Neutral Zone.



Open a general hail.

CLICK!
Channel open.



War is no answer. Please don't throw lives away on a campaign you *know* won't succeed.

Romulan Fleet, this is the *FSS Enterprise*, Captain Janet Kirk commanding. We know your intentions- and I'm asking you *not* to follow through on them.

If you want to open a dialogue with the Union, we'd certainly be willing to do so.

They're not even slowing down.

"Romulan Fleet, your cloaks won't do you any good. If you enter the Neutral Zone, you'll be committing an Act of War and I'll be forced to fire on you."



This is the *FSS Venture* to Orion Vessels. Identify yourselves and state your reason for being in this area.

Orion vessels, remain on your side of the border. If you insist on crossing, you will be causing an interplanetary incident.

Orion vessels, return to your side of-



Just...just don't send me to the ACR.

Are you all right?

I won't.

I need you here- all of you.

No response, Captain.



Take us right to the edge of the 'Zone.

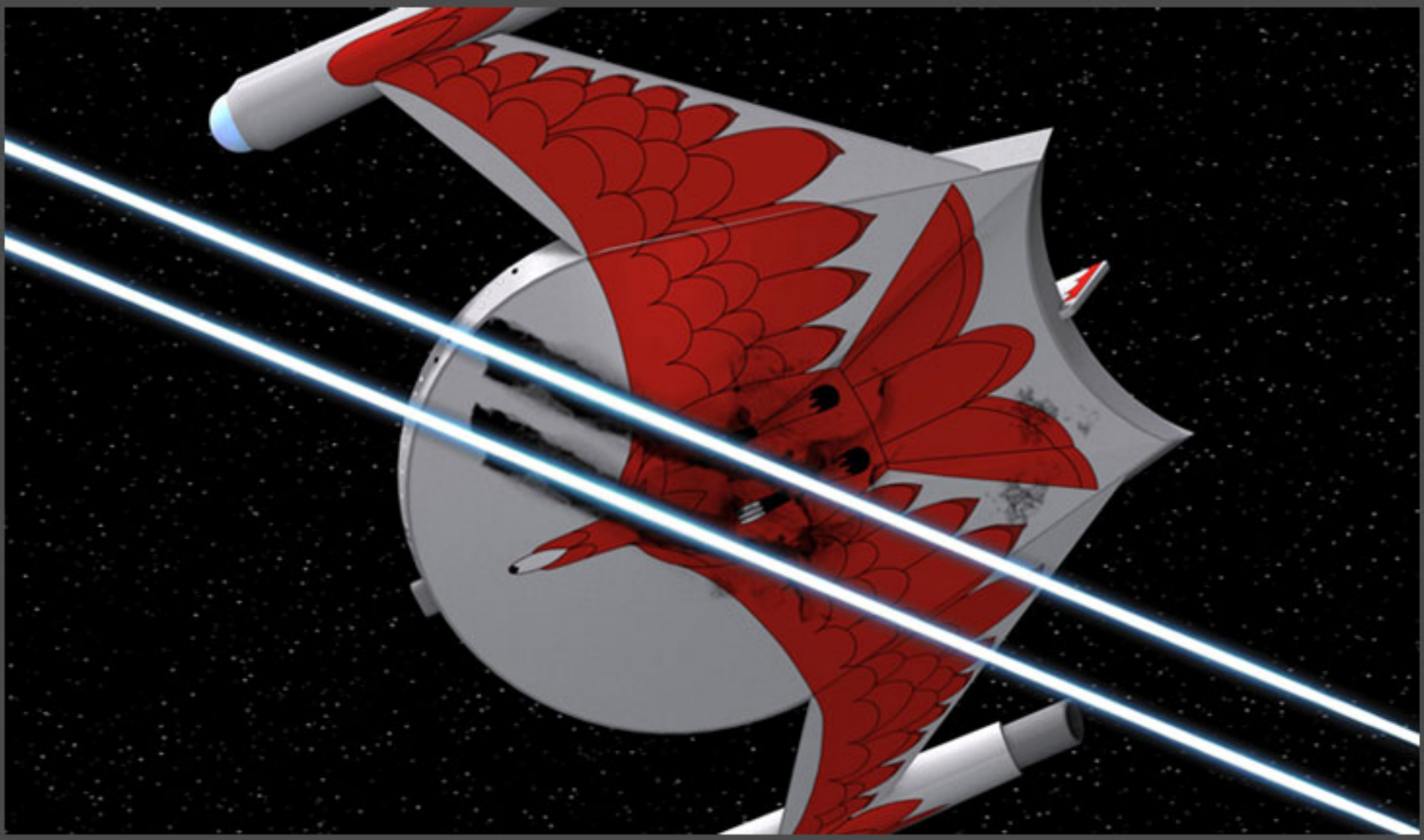


Captain, we have one Romulan ship entering the 'Zone.

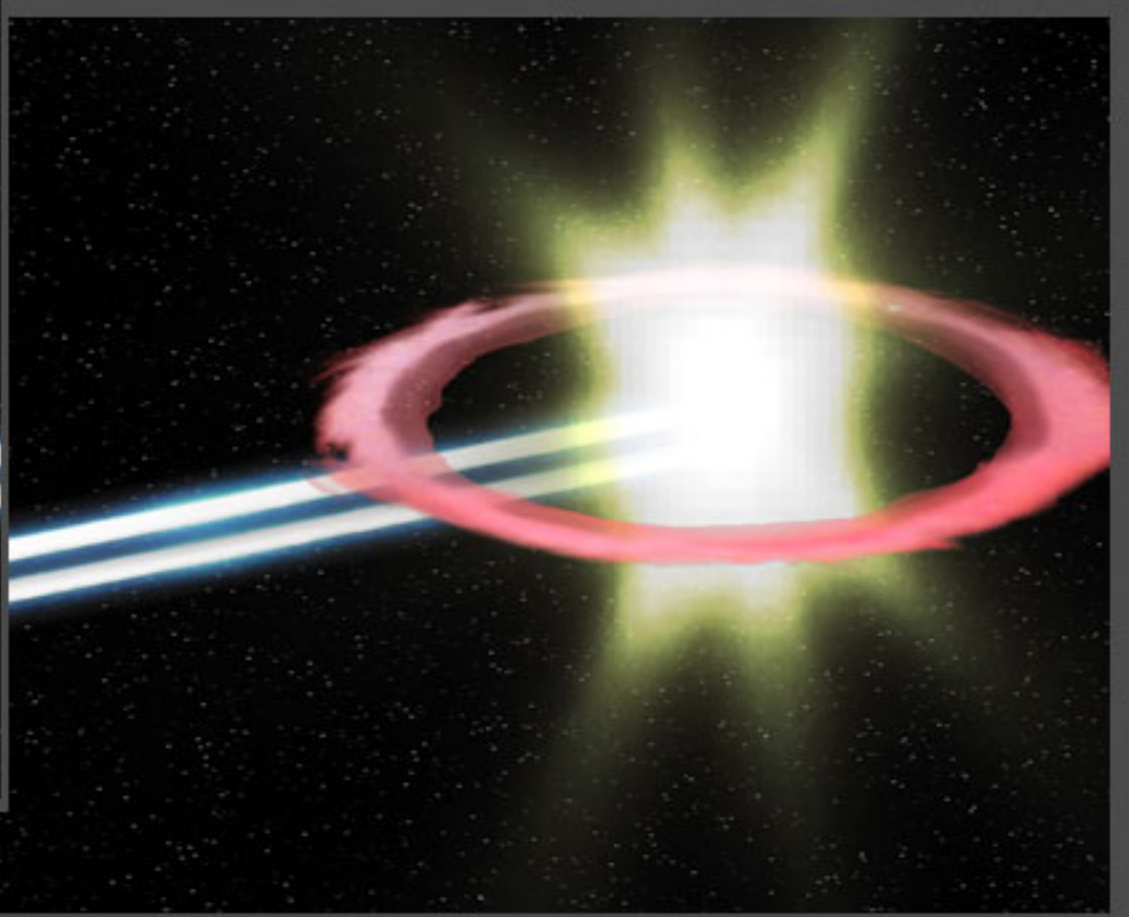
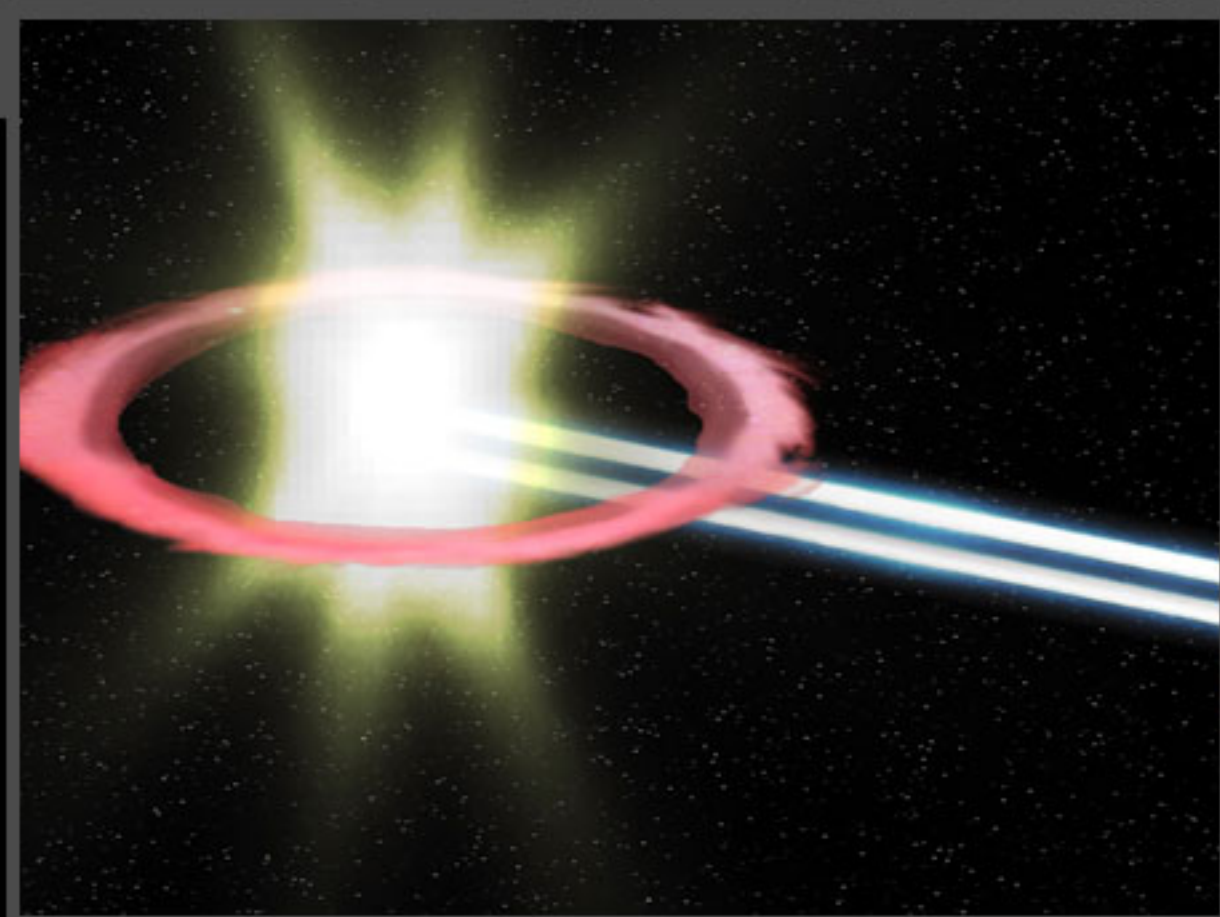
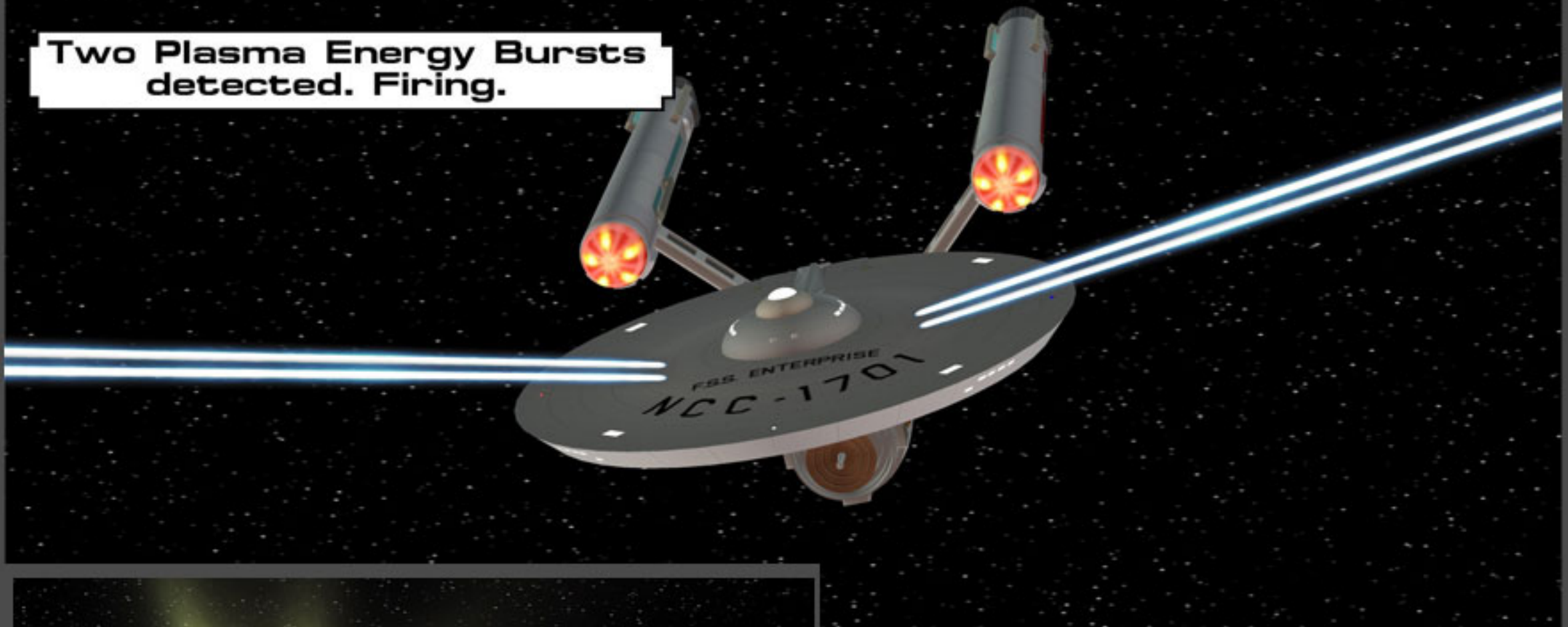


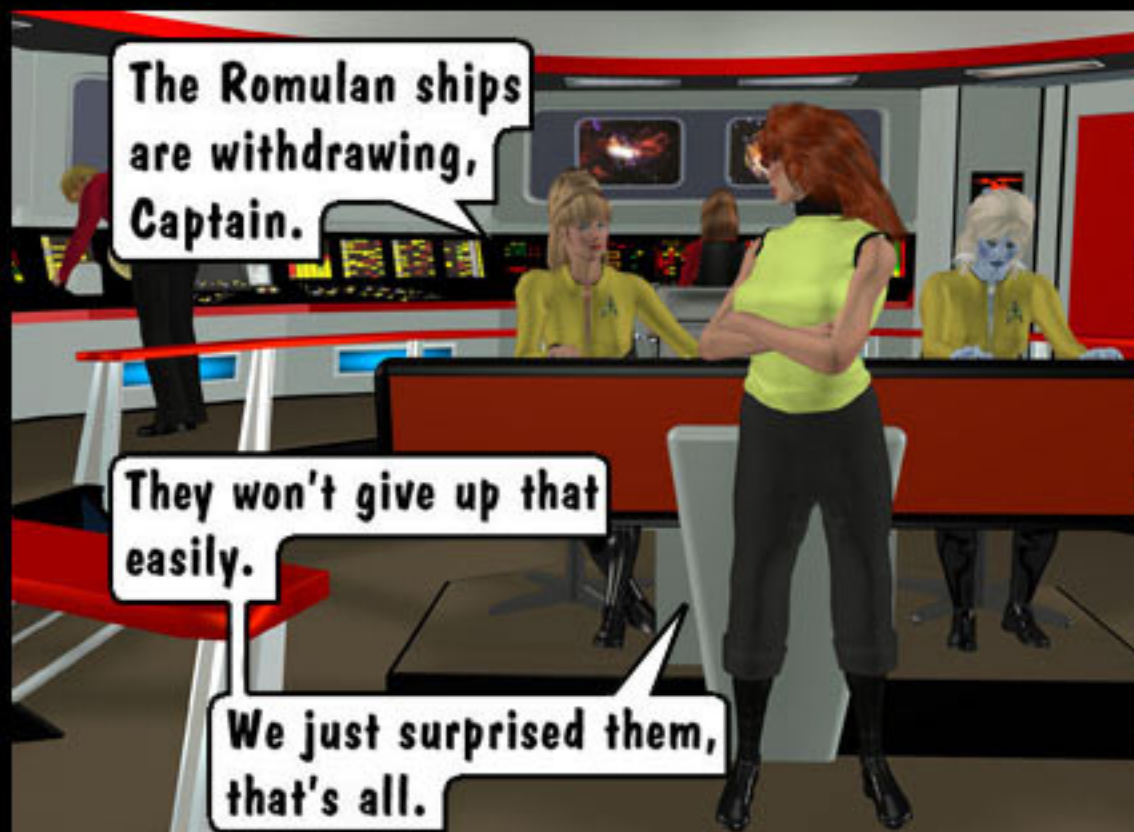
Scorch his paint.



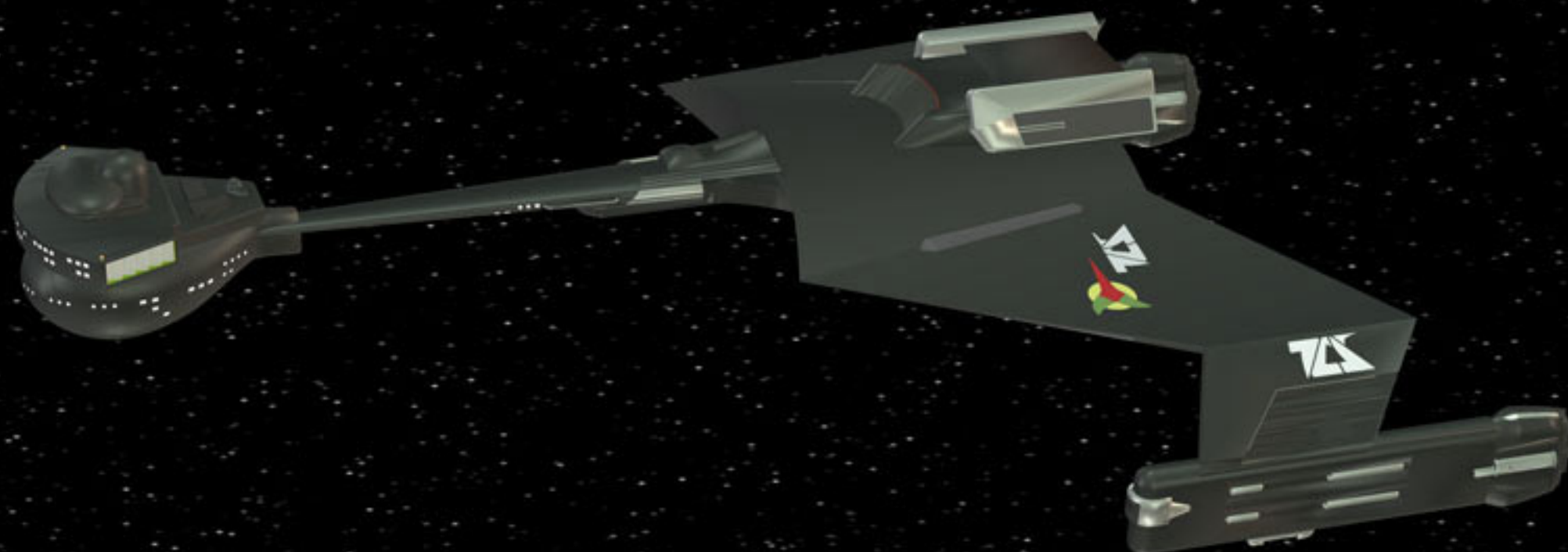


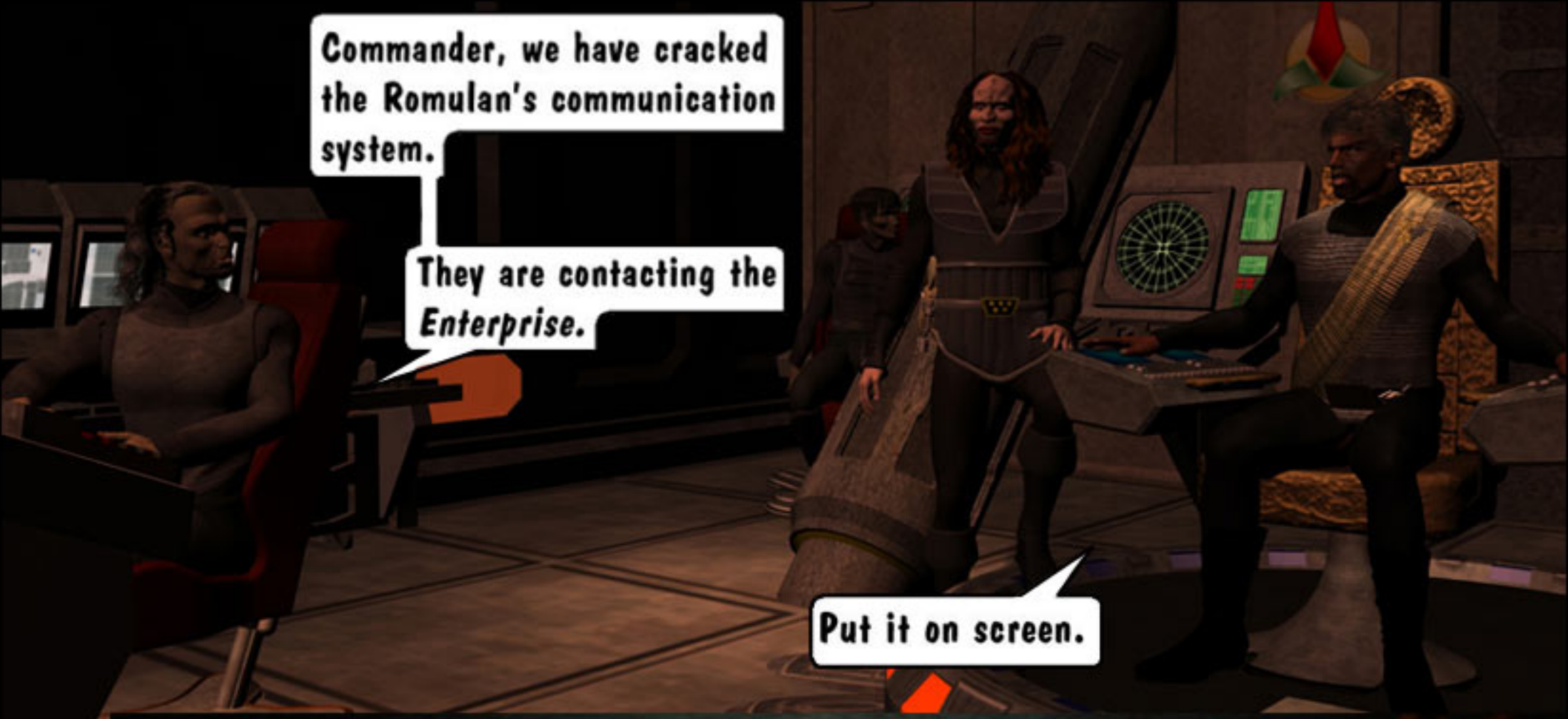
Two Plasma Energy Bursts
detected. Firing.





On the other side of the Klingon Neutral Zone...






Commander, we have cracked the Romulan's communication system.

They are contacting the *Enterprise*.

Put it on screen.



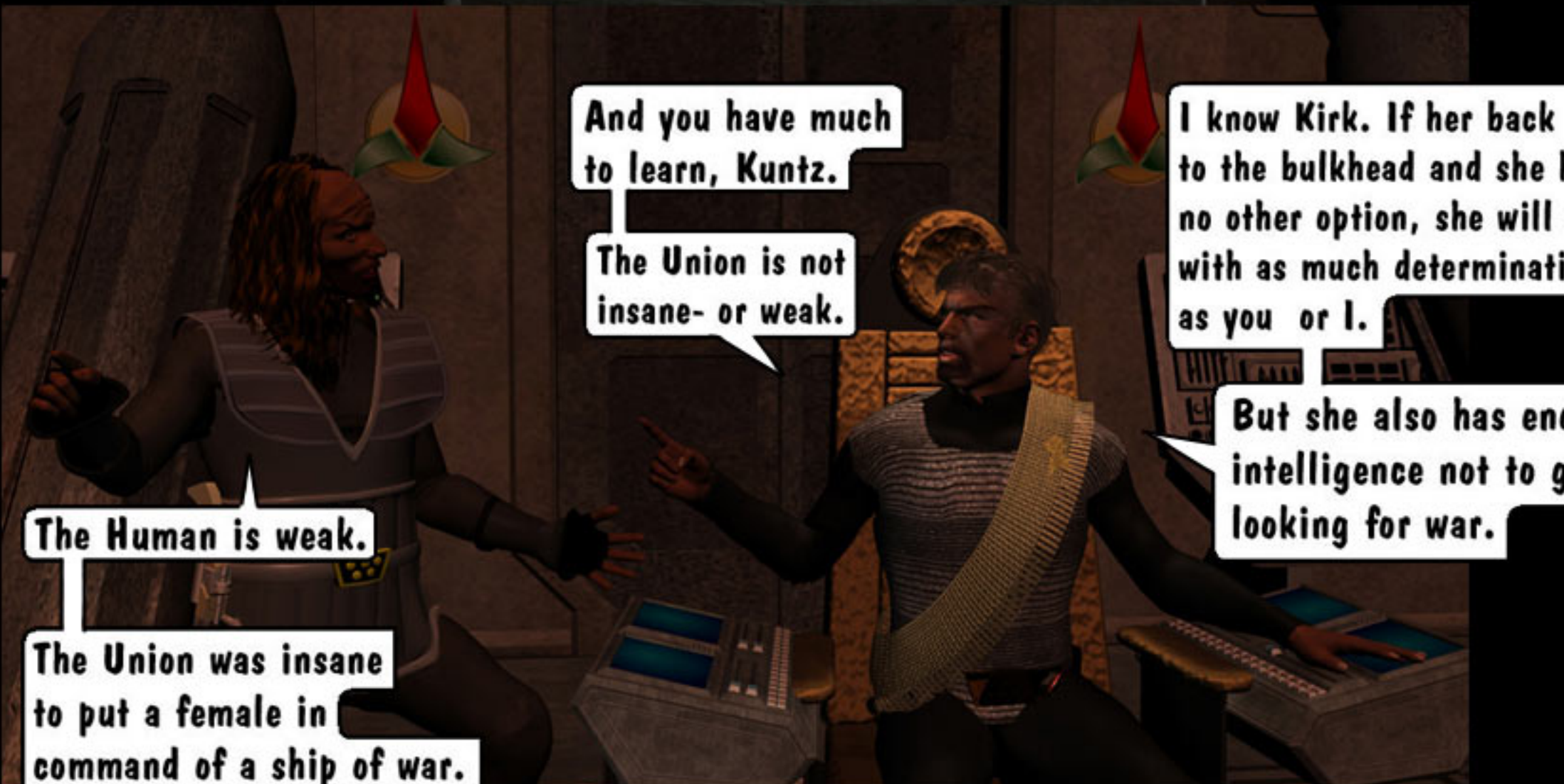
You'll try to do that anyway.

Admiral, why do you want war? Are you that eager for your people to die?

We must survive.

War isn't about survival. It's only about Death.

If there's a problem- something your Empire needs- there's no shame in asking for help.



And you have much to learn, Kuntz.

The Union is not insane- or weak.

I know Kirk. If her back is to the bulkhead and she has no other option, she will fight with as much determination as you or I.

But she also has enough intelligence not to go looking for war.

The Human is weak.

The Union was insane to put a female in command of a ship of war.

We have chosen our course of action, Captain- and we will see it through.

I'm sorry to hear that, Admiral, because you've chosen my path as well. From this point on, every Romulan crew member we kill will be on your head.

Enterprise out.

Then she will fight till she dies.

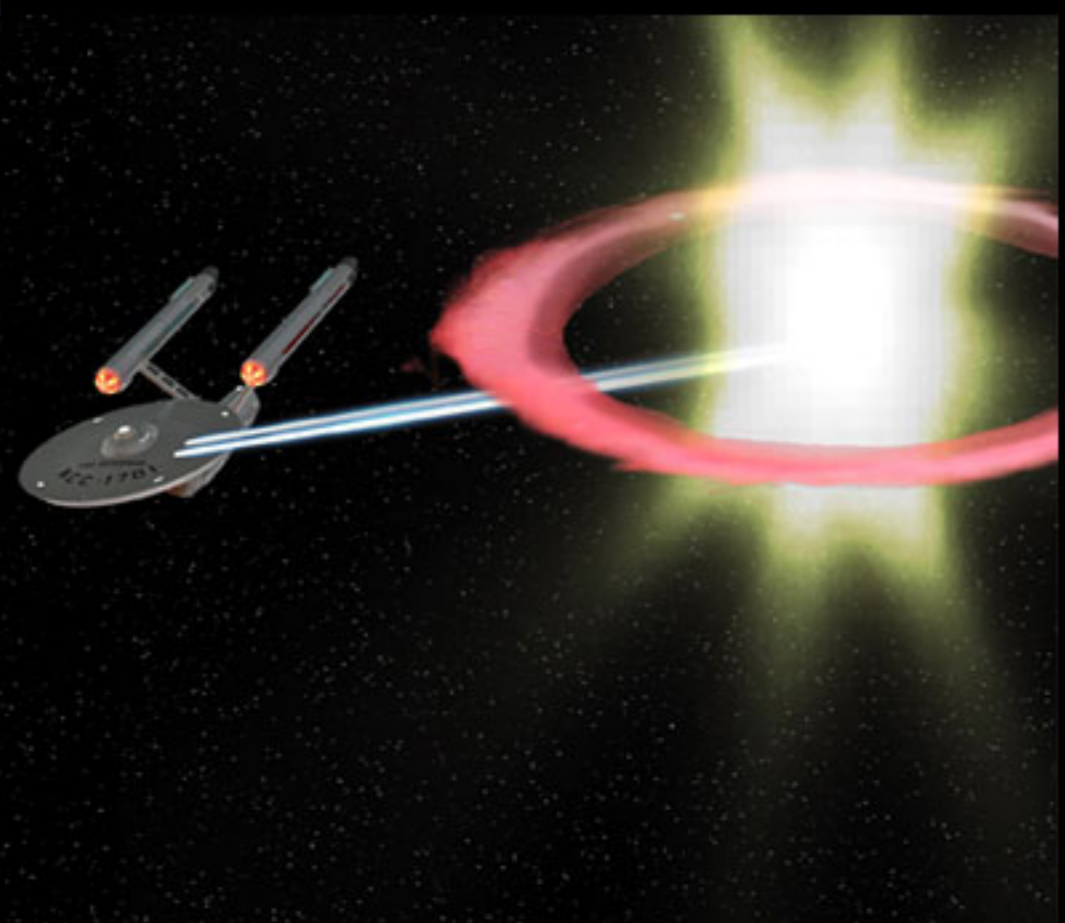
She does not go looking for war.

But when *it* finds *her*?

No more warning shots.

The next Romulan that enters the 'Zone...shoot it down.

Yes, ma'am.



Captain, this doesn't make sense.

They out-number us. Why are they only sending one or two ships at a time and firing from their side of the 'Zone?

Those are two damn good questions.

Kyle, give me a full scan of the area.

Captain- three kilometers away- course, 217 mark 3. They're trying to slip past while the Admiral keeps us busy.

Lay in the course-

-And give me a full spread of torpedoes.

"Fire!"









What the hell- ?

That wasn't
us.



What is this,
Kirk?

You start a war
and don't invite us?



I never had a chance to
mail the invitations.



Ha!

Yibah!*



*Fire!



"...Use your best judgement
and know you do so with my
full support..."
- Chancellor Gorkon





There- there she is.



The Grand Ol' Lady herself.

What?

When most people think of the *Constitution*- class, they think of the *Enterprise*- especially since your sister's been in command.

But there's the Lady that started it all. Every Post-*Daedalus* ship in the fleet- including the *Lydia*- owes their existence to the *Constitution* and the technology she pioneered.



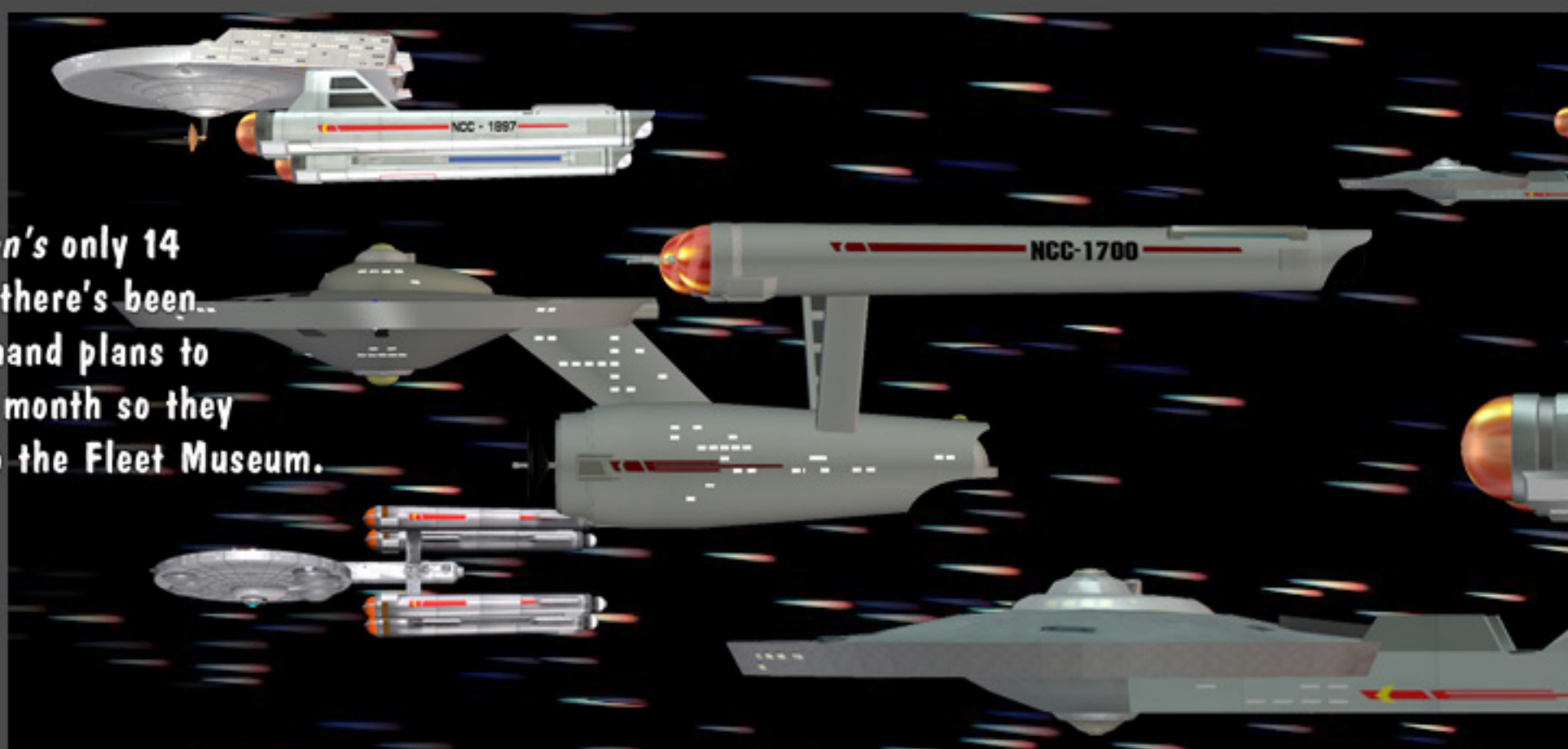
And you're seeing her on what'll probably be her last mission.



Why?

Normally, Starfleet keeps a ship in service for a minimum of twenty years.

The *Constitution's* only 14 years old. But there's been... talk that Command plans to retire her next month so they can send her to the Fleet Museum.



So this could be her last fight?

Win or lose.



Captain's Log; Stardate 5938.2
We've been going at it for two
hours now.

With the help of the KIC Cho'Mar,
we've managed to beat back the
Romulan lunge, but I'm expecting
a larger push anytime now-
-and what damage we've taken is
starting to take it's collective toll.

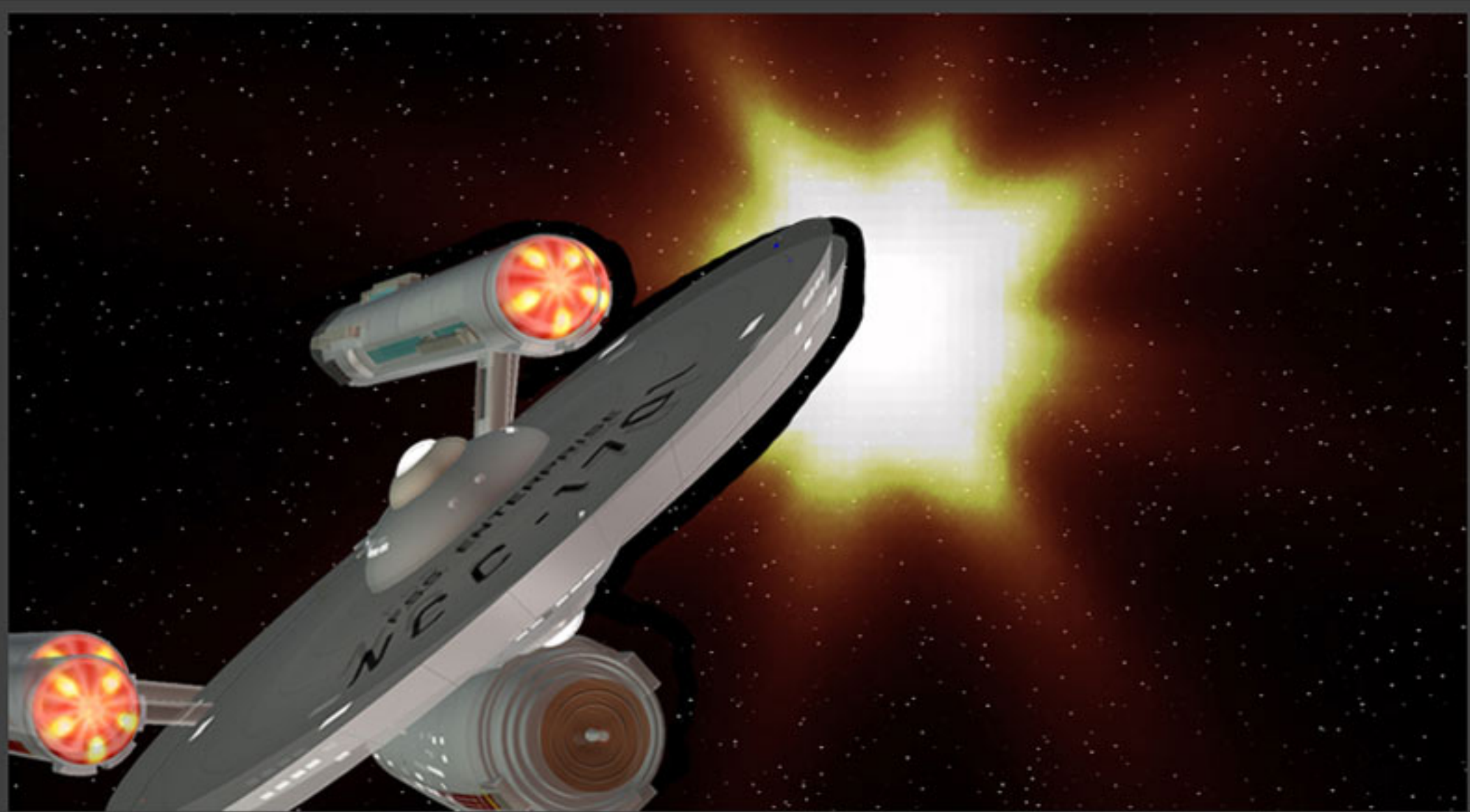


Power is out on Decks Nine and Ten.
There's a minor hull breach on Deck 20-
emergency bulkheads in that area have
closed it off and our shields are down to
sixty percent.

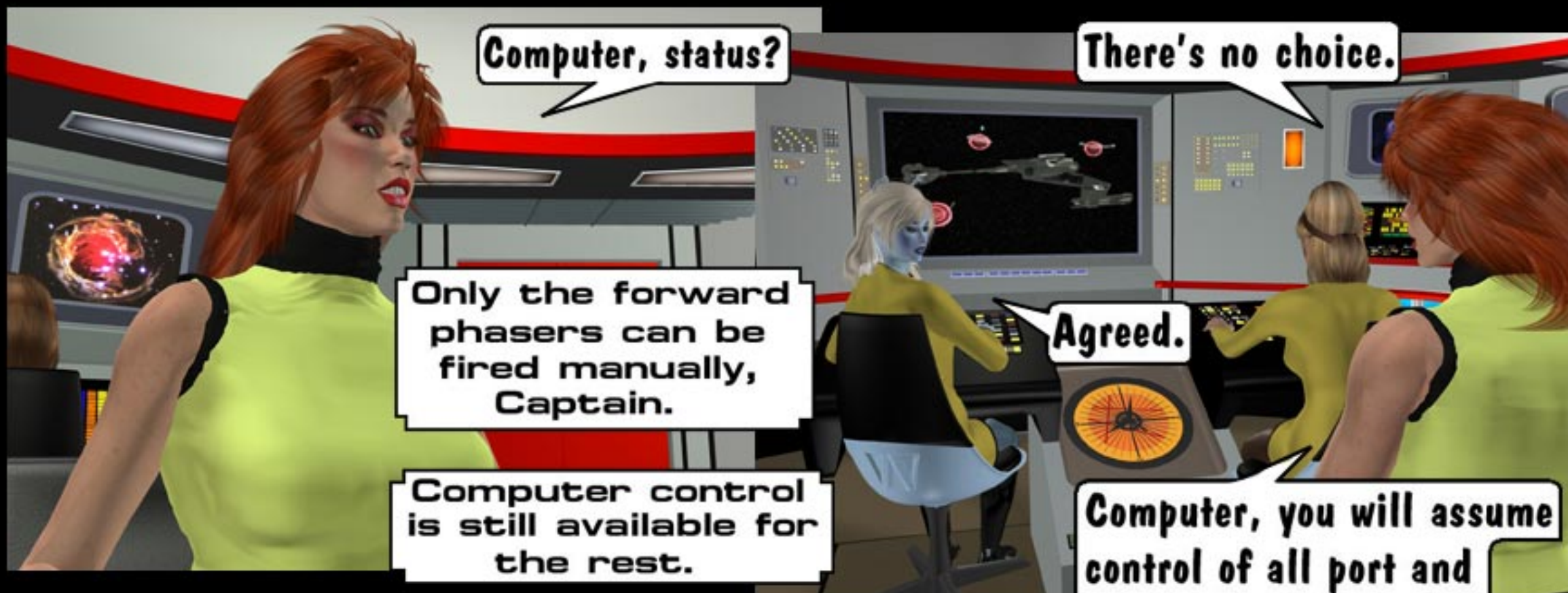
The Cho'Mar isn't in much better
shape. Her primary disruptor canon
is out- leaving just her nacelle
canons and only fifty percent
shielding.



Without help soon, one
of us isn't going to
last much longer...







Computer, status?

There's no choice.

**Only the forward
phasers can be
fired manually,
Captain.**

Agreed.

**Computer control
is still available for
the rest.**

**Computer, you will assume
control of all port and
starboard weapons.**

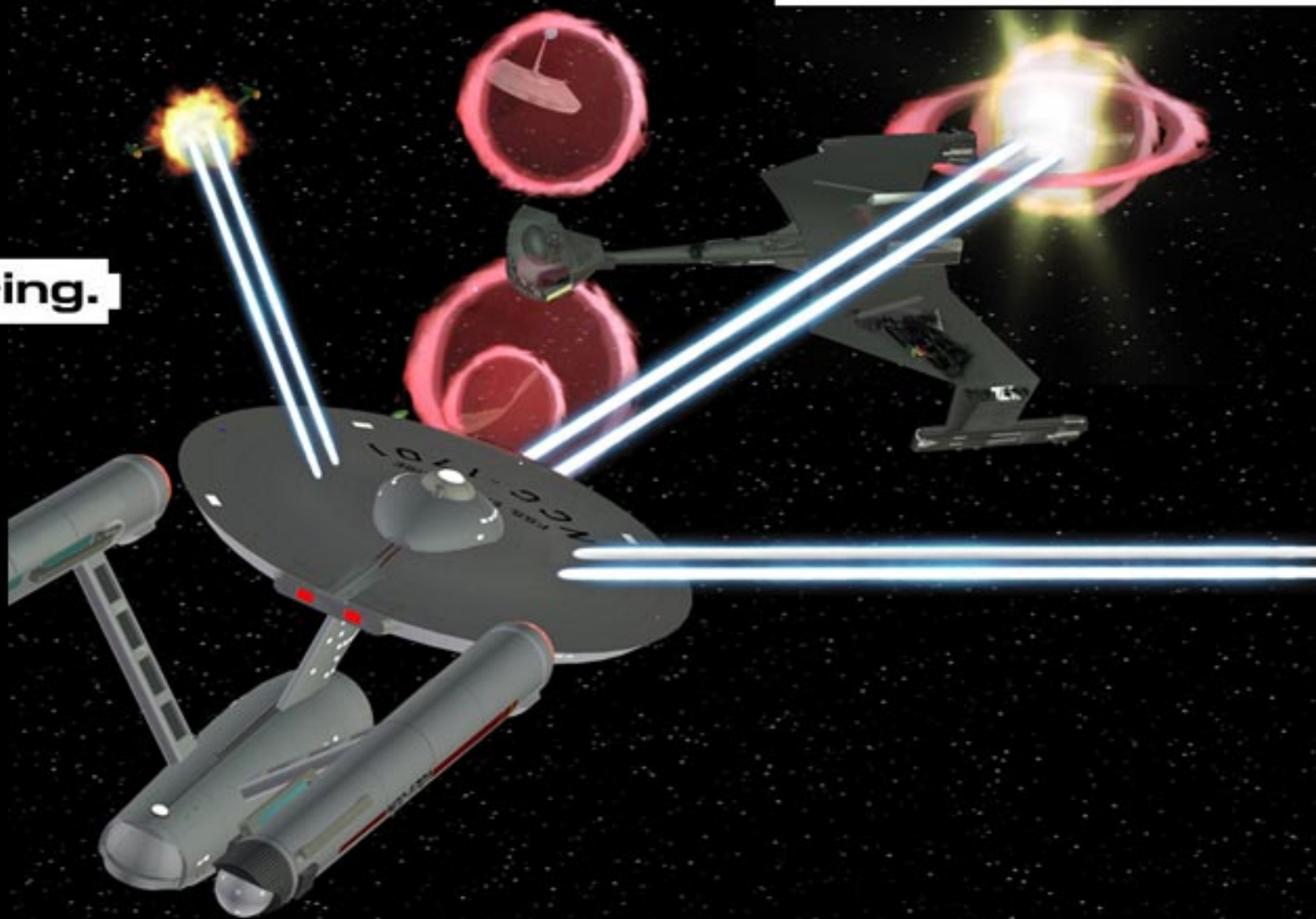


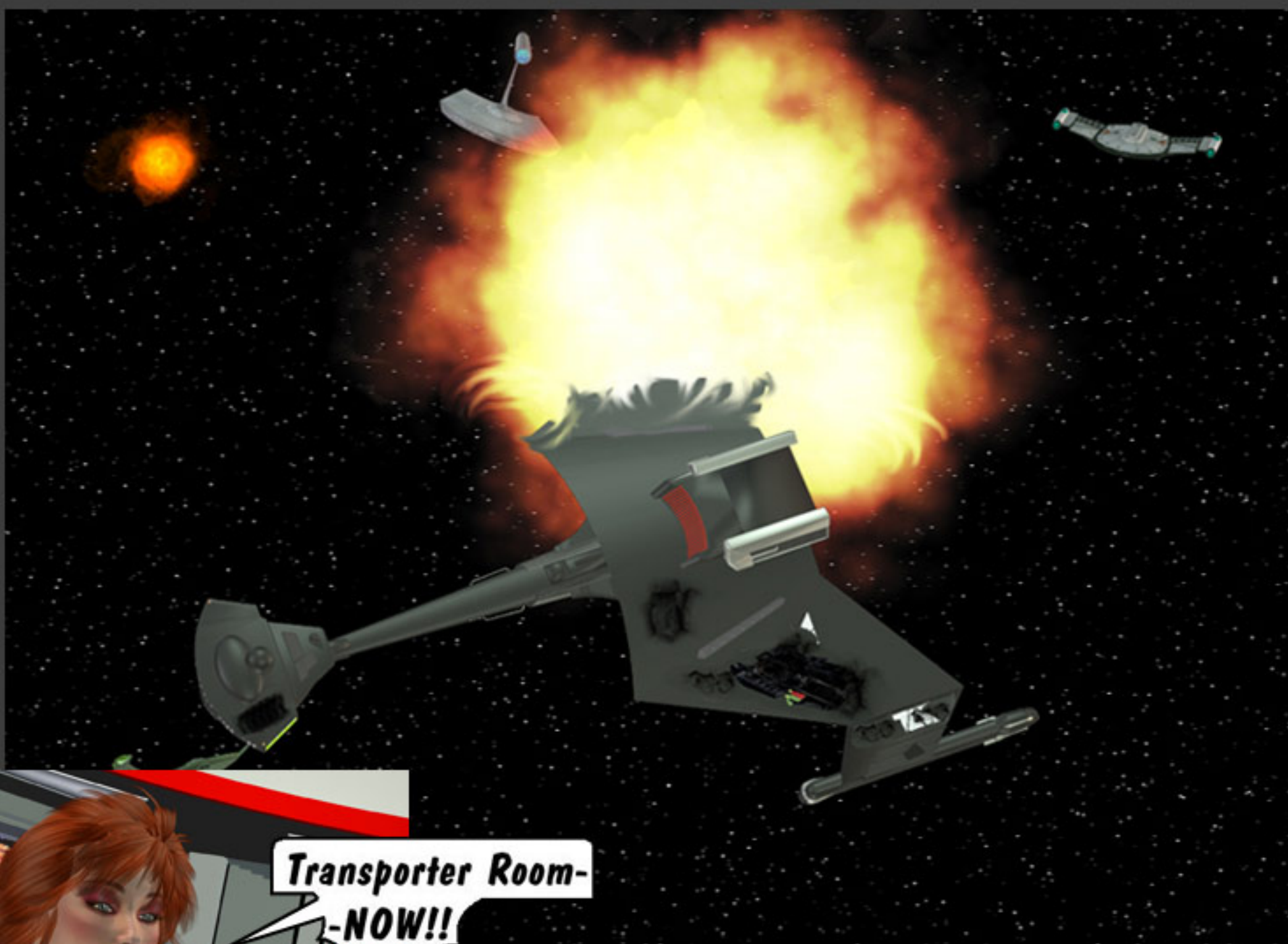
**You are now authorized to
fire on any Romulan vessel
till I or Commander
Tra'laren say otherwise.**



**Yes, Ma'am. All port and
starboard weapons are
now under computer
control.**

Firing.



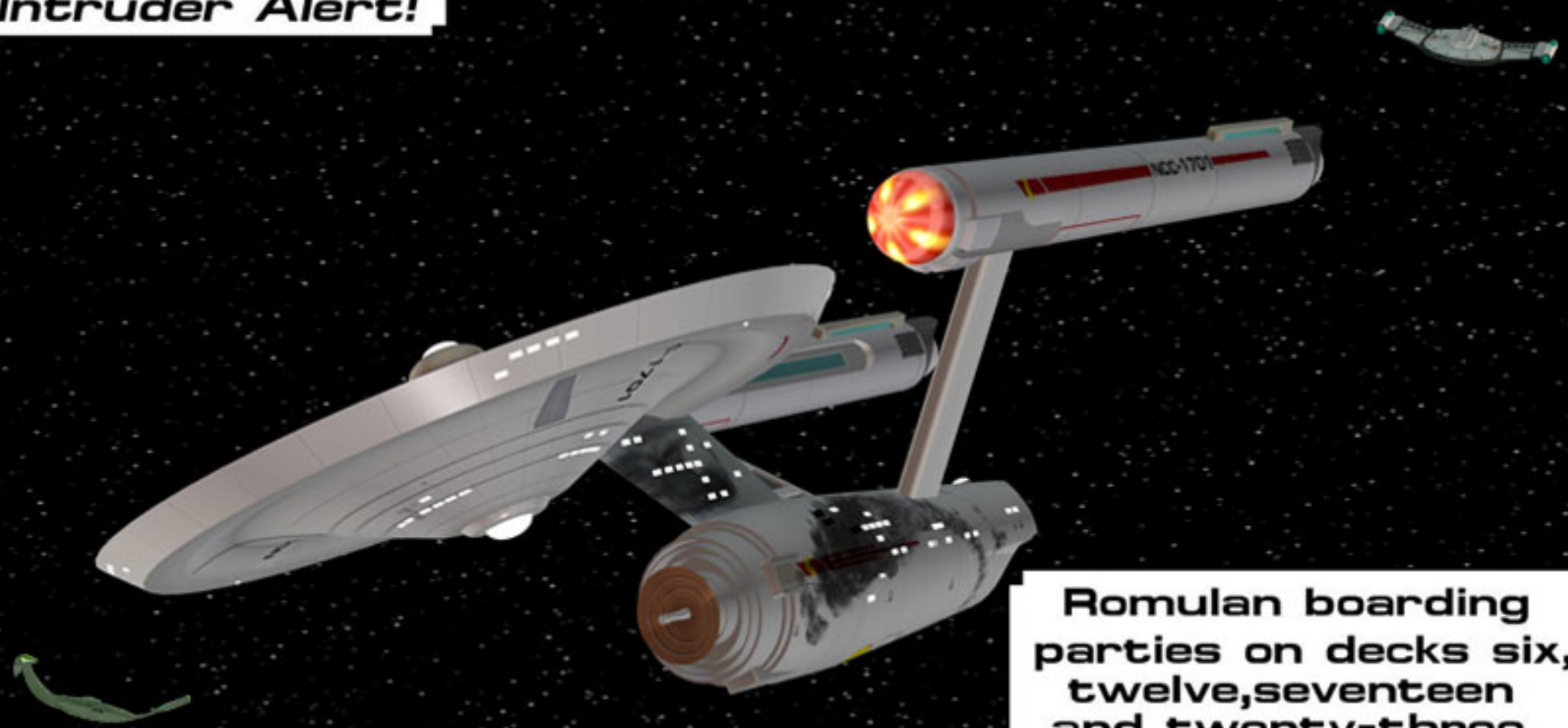


**Transporter Room-
-NOW!!**





Intruder Alert!



Romulan boarding parties on decks six, twelve, seventeen and twenty-three.

Lock down the Emergency Bulkheads and all doors!

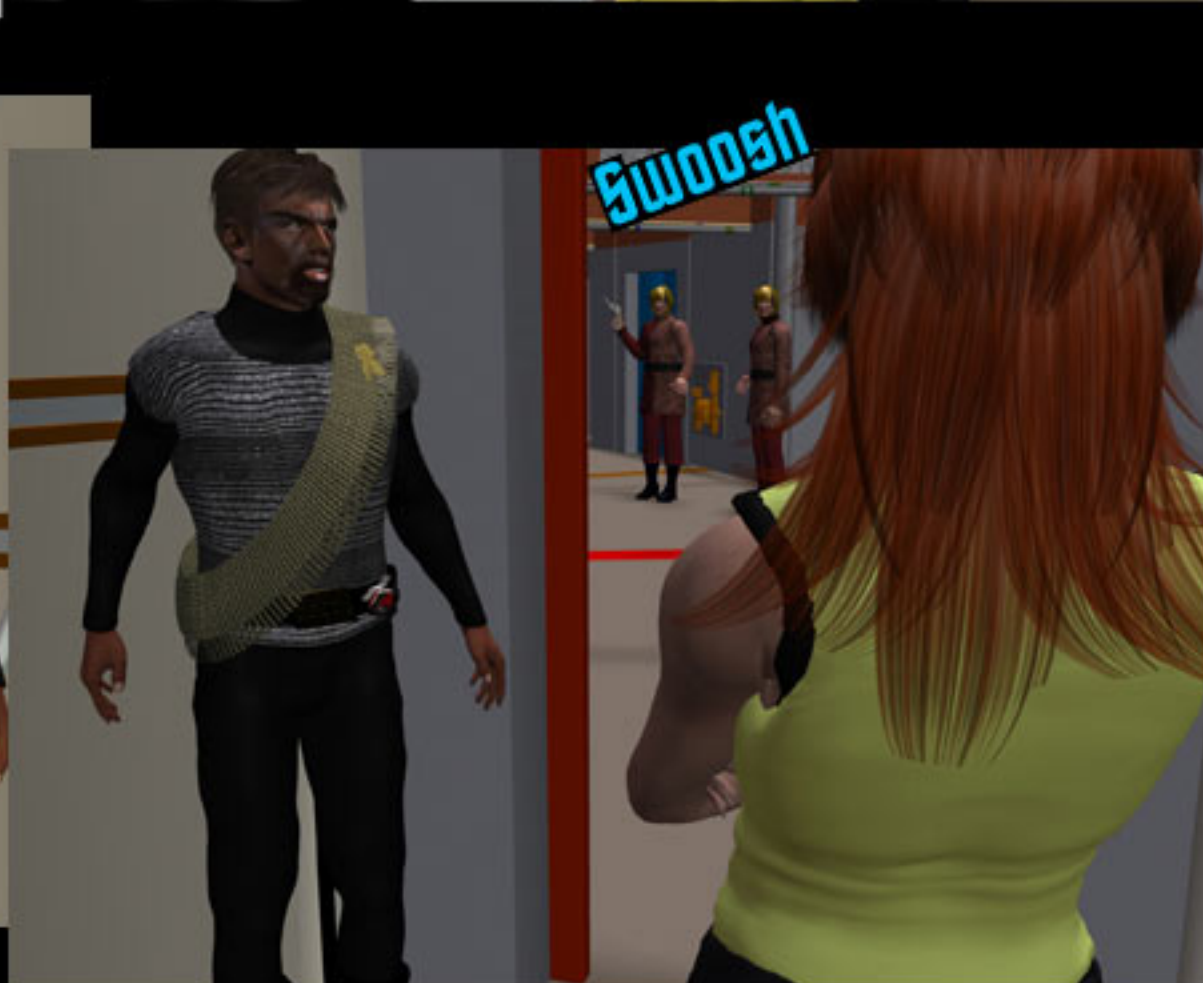
Place the turbolifts on crew voice print only!

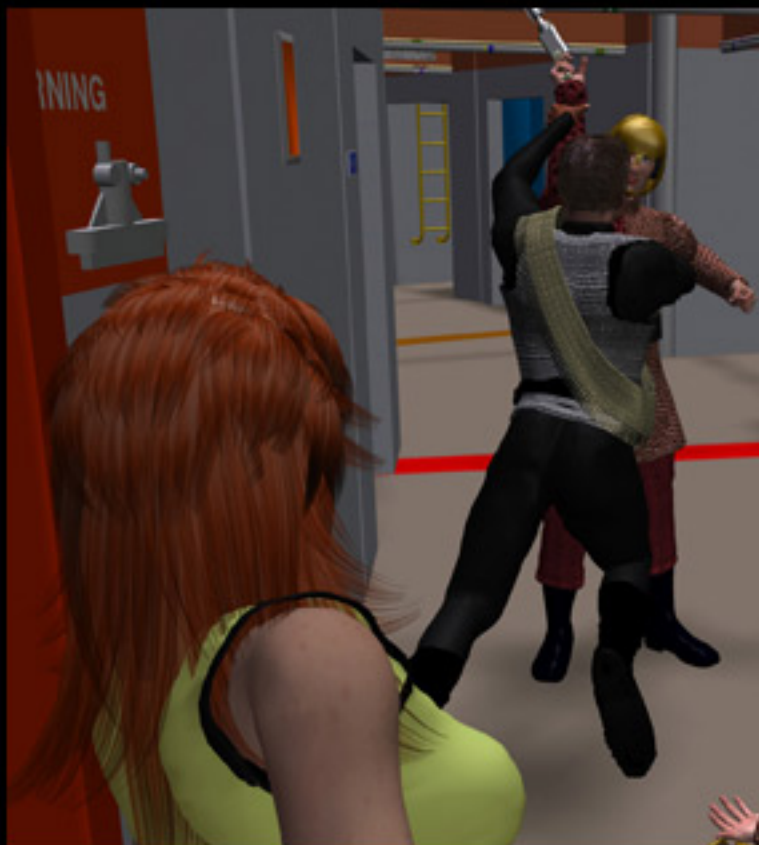


Swoosh

Kang!







Intruder Defense System?

Currently off-line.
Re-routing control
pathways.

Get with Mr.Scott. Give
priority to the shields-
then the IDS.

Acknowledged.

Swoosh

Swoosh

"To loan this weapon
is to loan my life."

You have learned the
Klingon Way well.

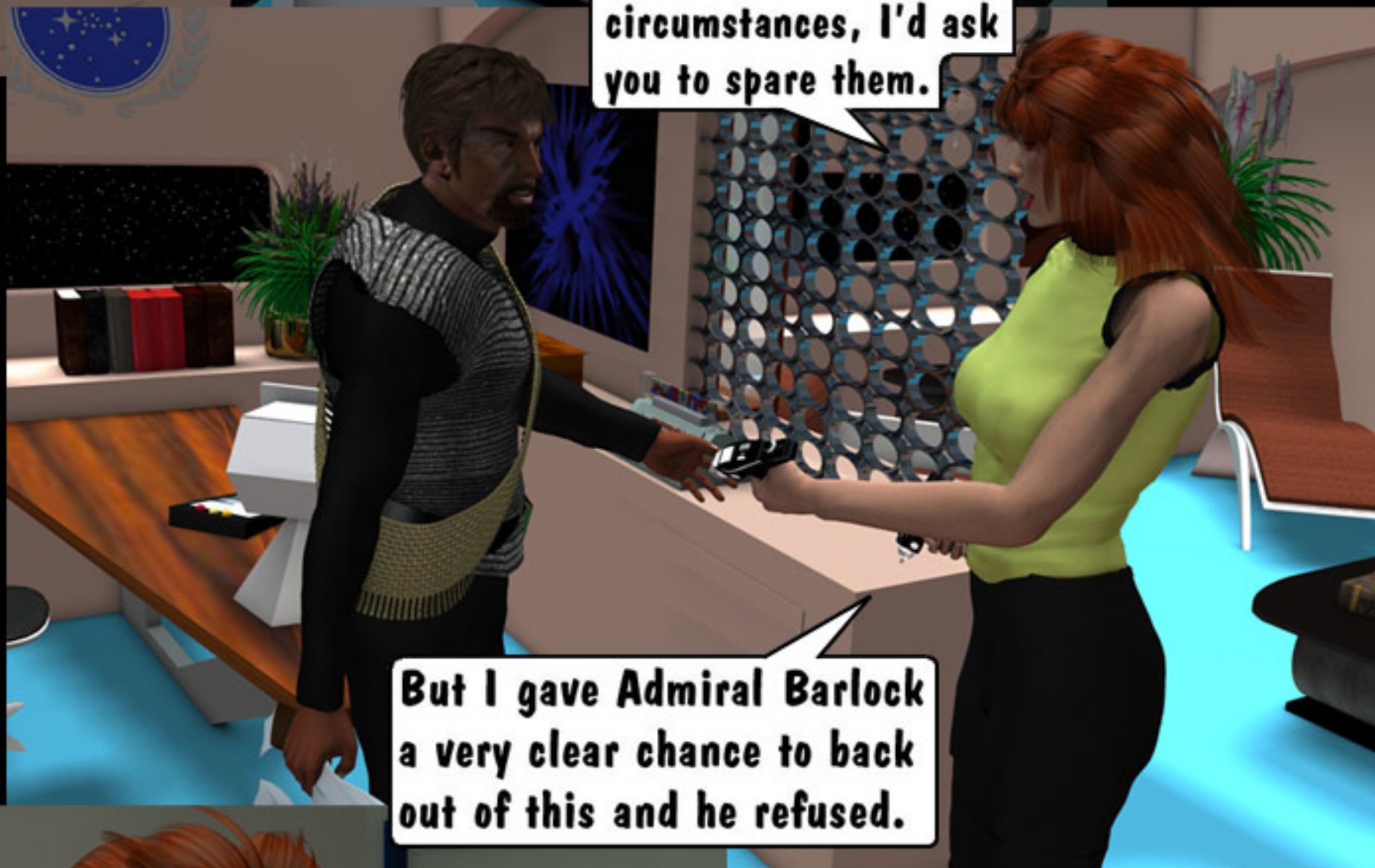
"To accept this weapon,
is to accept your life."

I tried.

You succeed.



Kang, under any other circumstances, I'd ask you to spare them.



But I gave Admiral Barlock a very clear chance to back out of this and he refused.



You do what you have to to survive.

We'll worry about cleaning up the blood later.



Intruder Alert!

Drooonnn

Stand Ready!



Fire!



Drooonnnn



Drooonnnn







WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE



Ka-Blam!

Computer, can you access the transporters?

Yes, Ma'am.

Transport Mr. Barker to Sickbay- immediately.

Yes, Ma'am.

Defensive shields restored to forty percent.

IDS restored.



**Kang-
Inside.**

Swoosh

Computer, place the Bridge and the ACR on the auxiliary air supply then release the gas.

Yes, Ma'am.

Won't your crew be affected?

HUMMMMMMM

Ba-leep!

Thrumm

HUMMMMMMM

No.

They were immunized against it when they joined Starfleet.

A few watery eyes will be the worse of it.





Now it works.

HUMMMMMMM

Computer, what's the Captain's status?

Beaming on to the Bridge now.

Good job, everyone.

Computer, beam all the Romulans back to the Admiral.

HUMMMMMMM

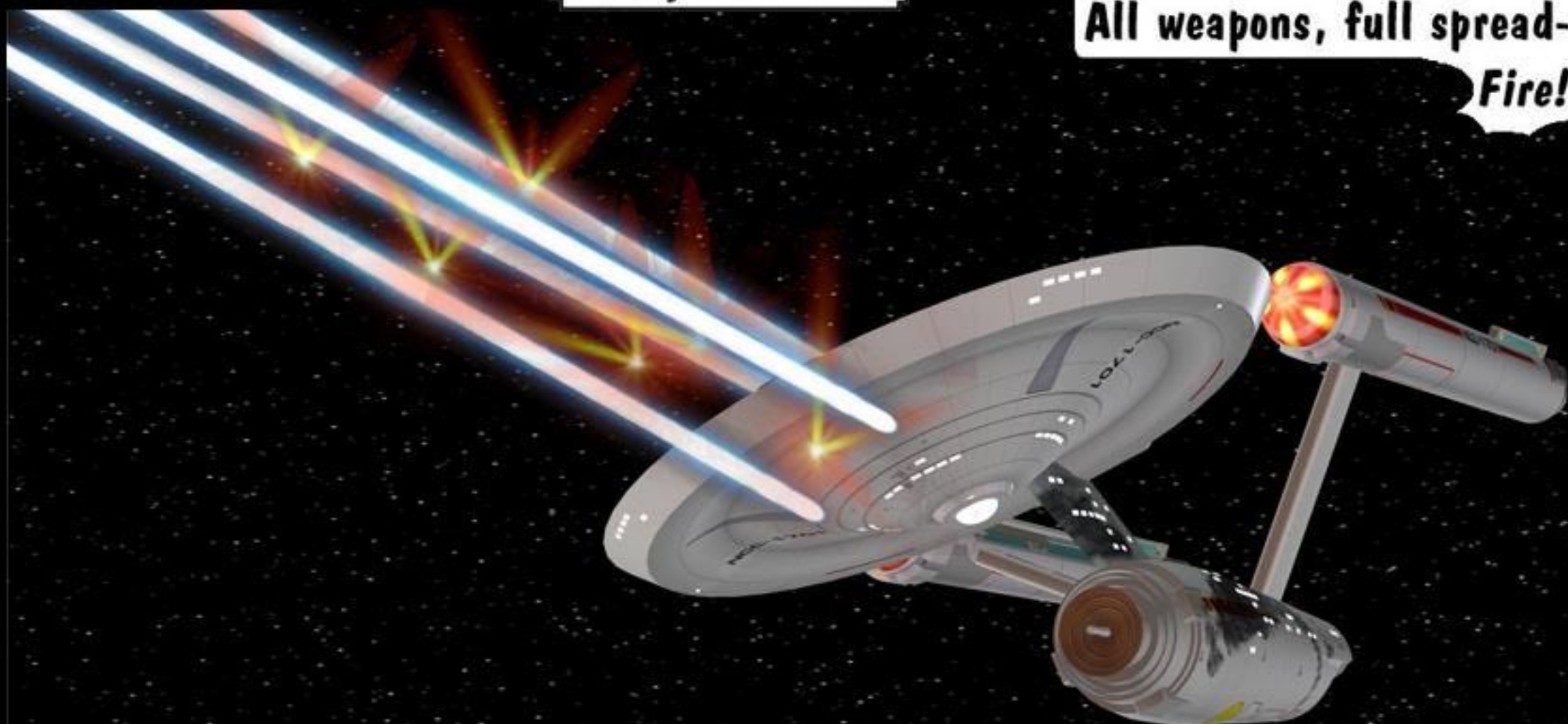
And what of Lt. Katz?

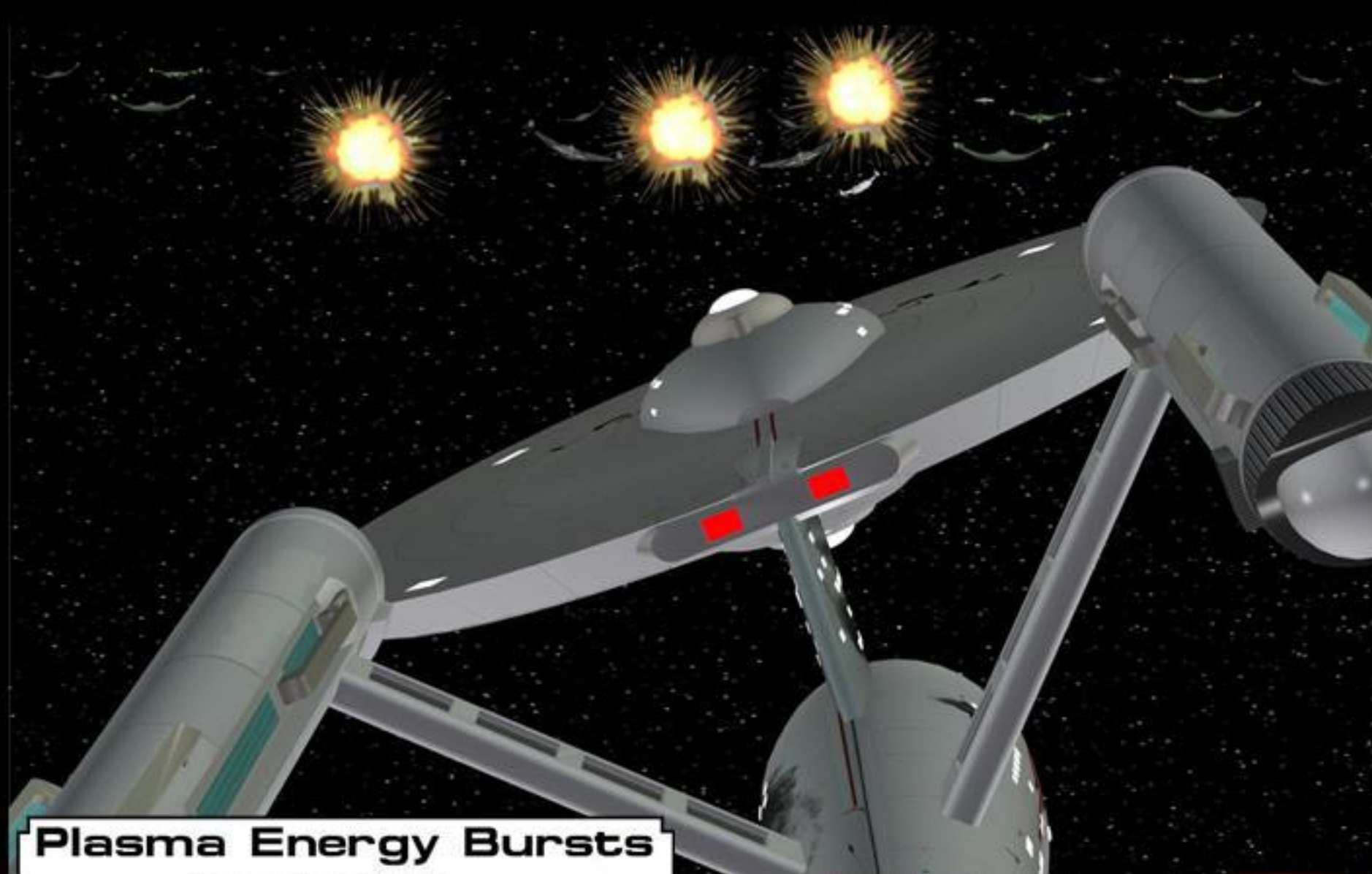
And beam Lt. Katz's body to Sickbay. Advise McCoy to place it in stasis for now.

Yes, Ma'am.

Now, let's remind the Admiral who commands this ship.

All weapons, full spread-Fire!





**Plasma Energy Bursts
incoming!**



Smack!



Kyle?

**She's unconscious,
Captain.**



See if McCoy can spare someone.

Computer, status?

Shields are down to thirty percent. If they gang up on us again, we won't survive it.

Port warp nacelle is damaged and leaking plasma.



Only the forward phasers are operational- on manual. All other weapons are off-line.



Captain, the Romulan Admiral's hailing us. We only have audio communications.

Let's hear it, then.

Captain Kirk, your crew has fought valiantly, but you are outnumbered and there can only be one outcome.

Surrender and I will allow you to evacuate your ship before we destroy it.



No response!

Computer, how badly are we leaking plasma?

The Port nacelle's hull is ruptured. Plasma is escaping at a fairly steady rate.

Put us into a slow, wide turn- make it look like the leak's pushed us into it. Take us right across their path.

What are you planning?

I'm planning on taking out as many of those bastards as I can.

Swoosh

Bones-

Shev, take aim on the plasma.

Swoosh

When I tell you to, hit the switch-

and we'll light up the night!

Why has he not fired on us for not answering?

He's cautious. That's his weakness.

He's holding back, waiting to see what we do before he makes his next move.



It's a plus for us.

The longer he takes to make up his mind, the longer reinforcements will have to get here.

Captain, Mr.Scott and I have managed to re-route enough control pathways to boost shield strength to sixty percent.



Computer, boost shield strength the moment we ignite the plasma.

Yes, Ma'am.



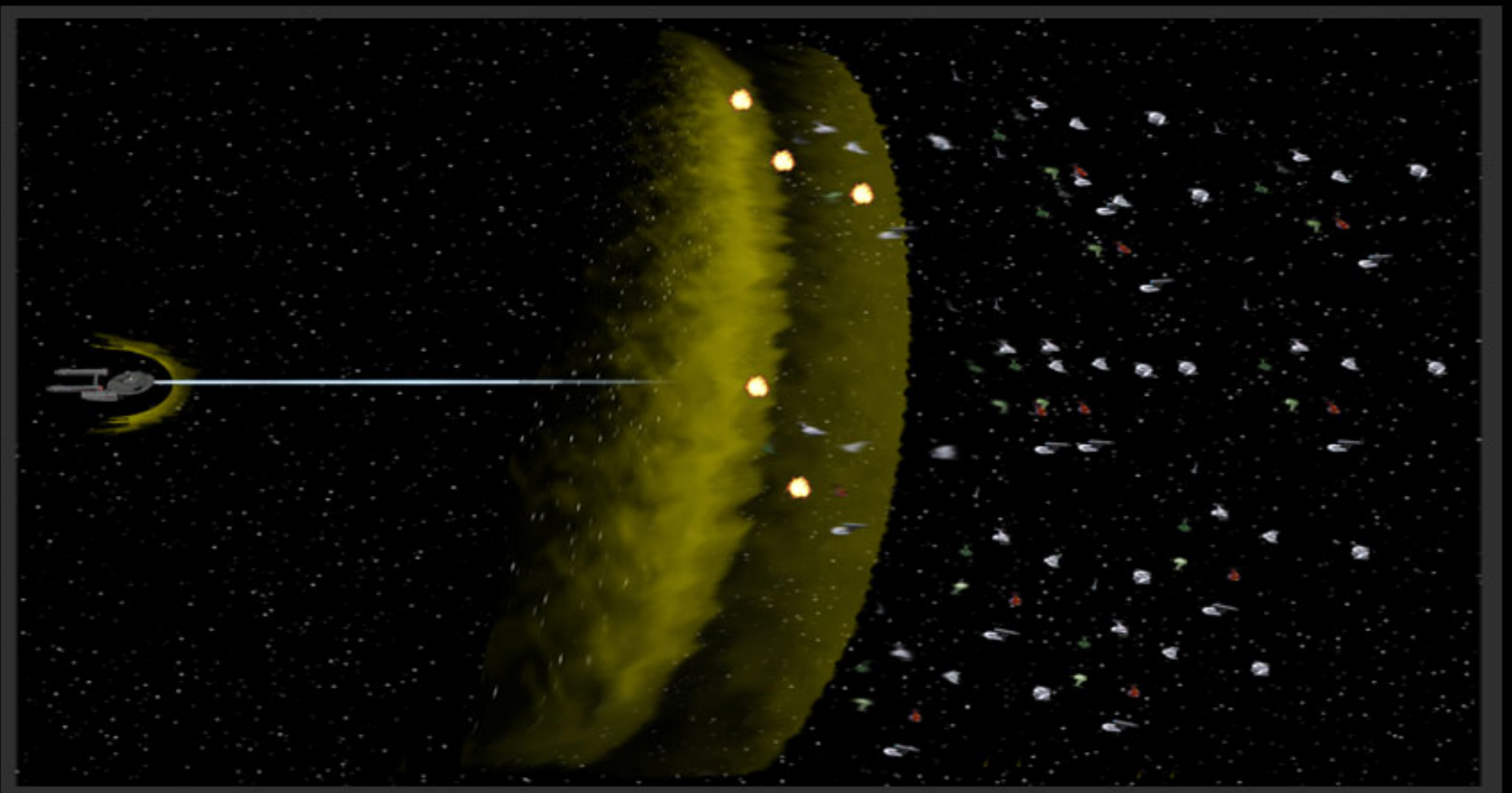
They have blocked us for six hours.



My patience is at an end. Order the fleet to pursue.



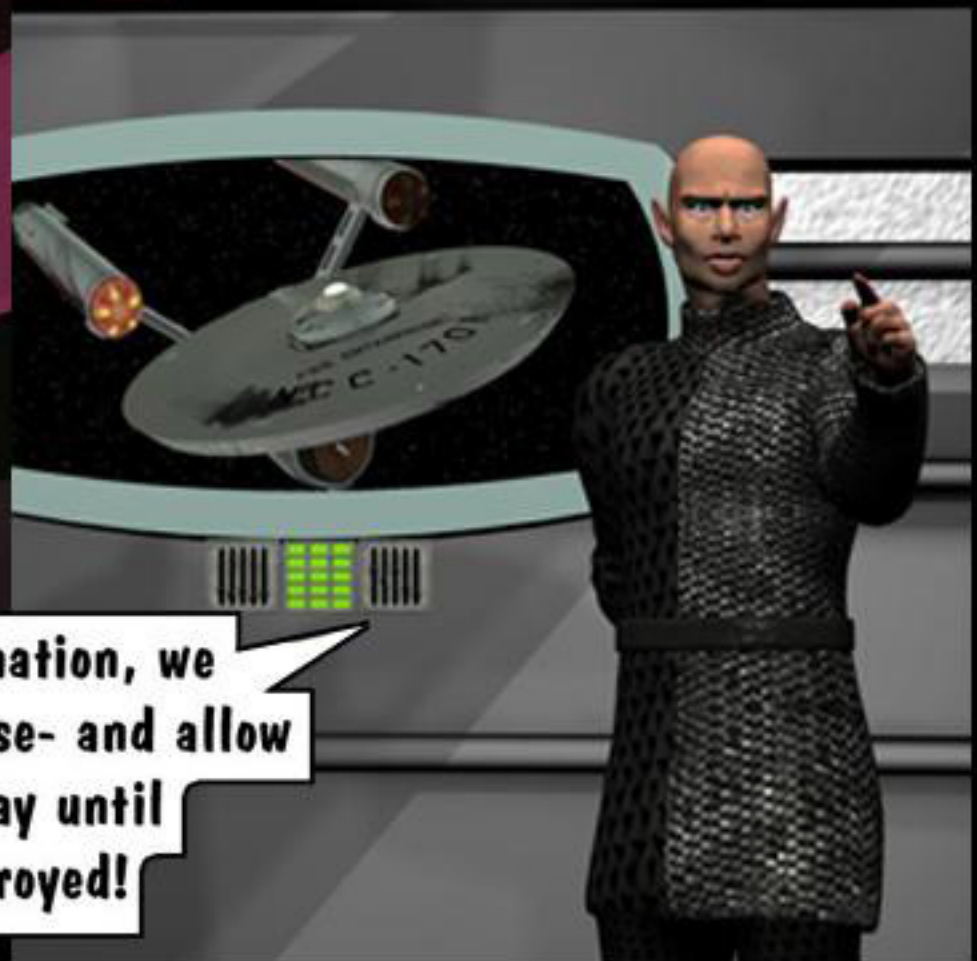






**Order the fleet to
fall back and regroup.**

**Once back in formation, we
will attack enmasse- and allow
no one to turn away until
Enterprise is destroyed!**





Computer, status?

Our best speed is now Warp Three.
Impulse is down to sixty percent.
Shields are holding at fifty percent.
Forward phasers just went down-
I am attempting to re-route
control pathways- what few are left.
All other weapons are off-line.



Including torpedoes?

Yes, Ma'am. We still have over
half our inventory, but no
way to launch them at present.



How many is half?

Sixty.



Bones?

Just a good knock on the head.
But I still want to check her
over good when things settle down.

All right, then.



Computer, are the
transporters still
operational?

Why are you
asking about-





...All right, Scotty. Best guess as to how long it'll take them to scan the area, then plant four more in a different spot.



Aye, Captain. They should be done by now.

Energizing.



I didn't know you could be so devious.

I did not know you could be so predatory.



Kang, when the right mood hits, I can be down right vicious.





I've never seen
so many ships
in one place before.

It's the largest gathering
since the Battle of Organia.



Why don't you see if you can find
the Mess Hall and grab us
a couple of sandwiches?



Yes, Sir.

Swoosh

Wha- ?

Back up.

Swoosh

Now who or
what are you?

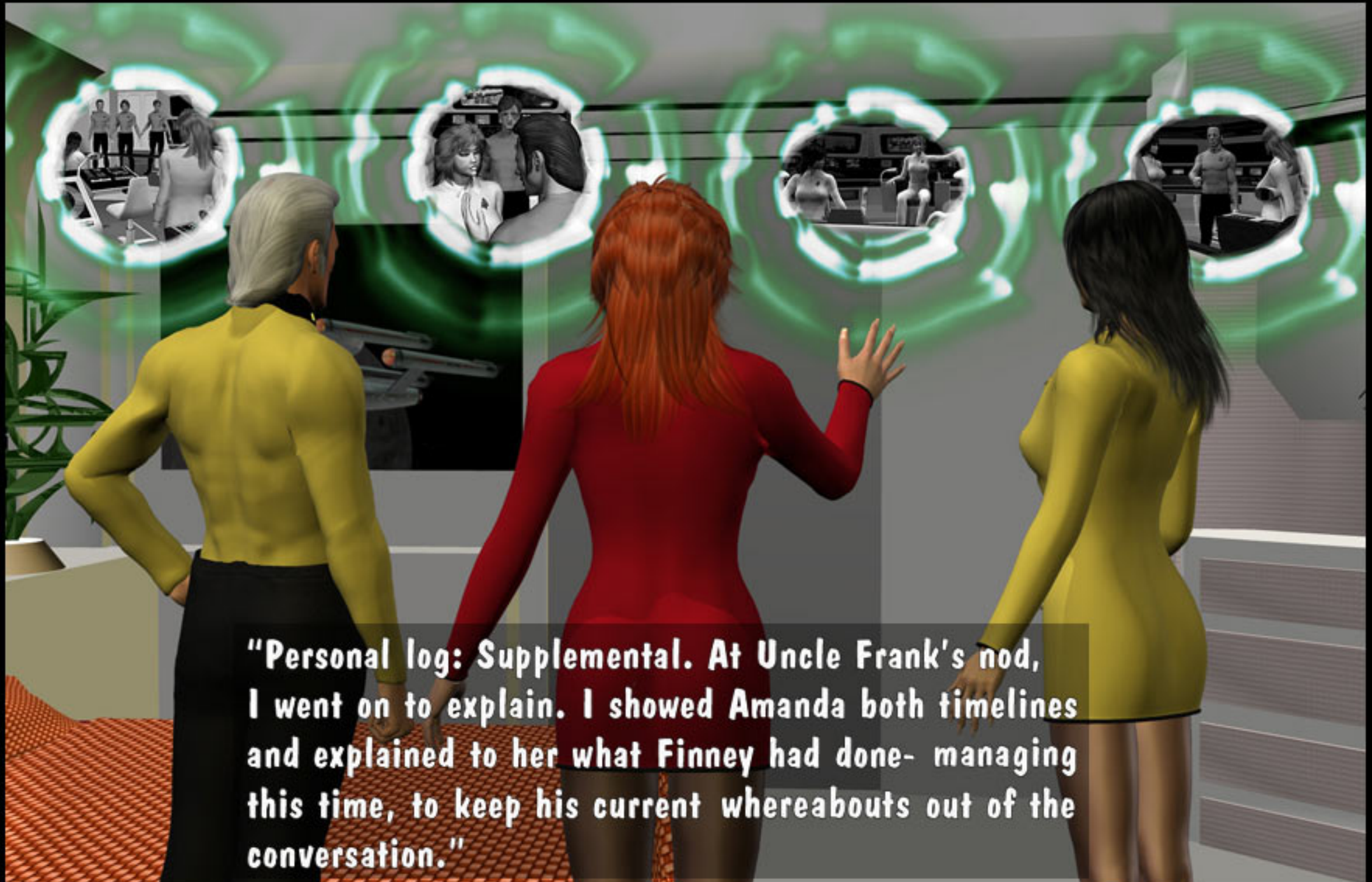
For all intents and purposes,
Amanda, she's my youngest
niece.

Sir, you of all people
know Janet Kirk never
had a sister.

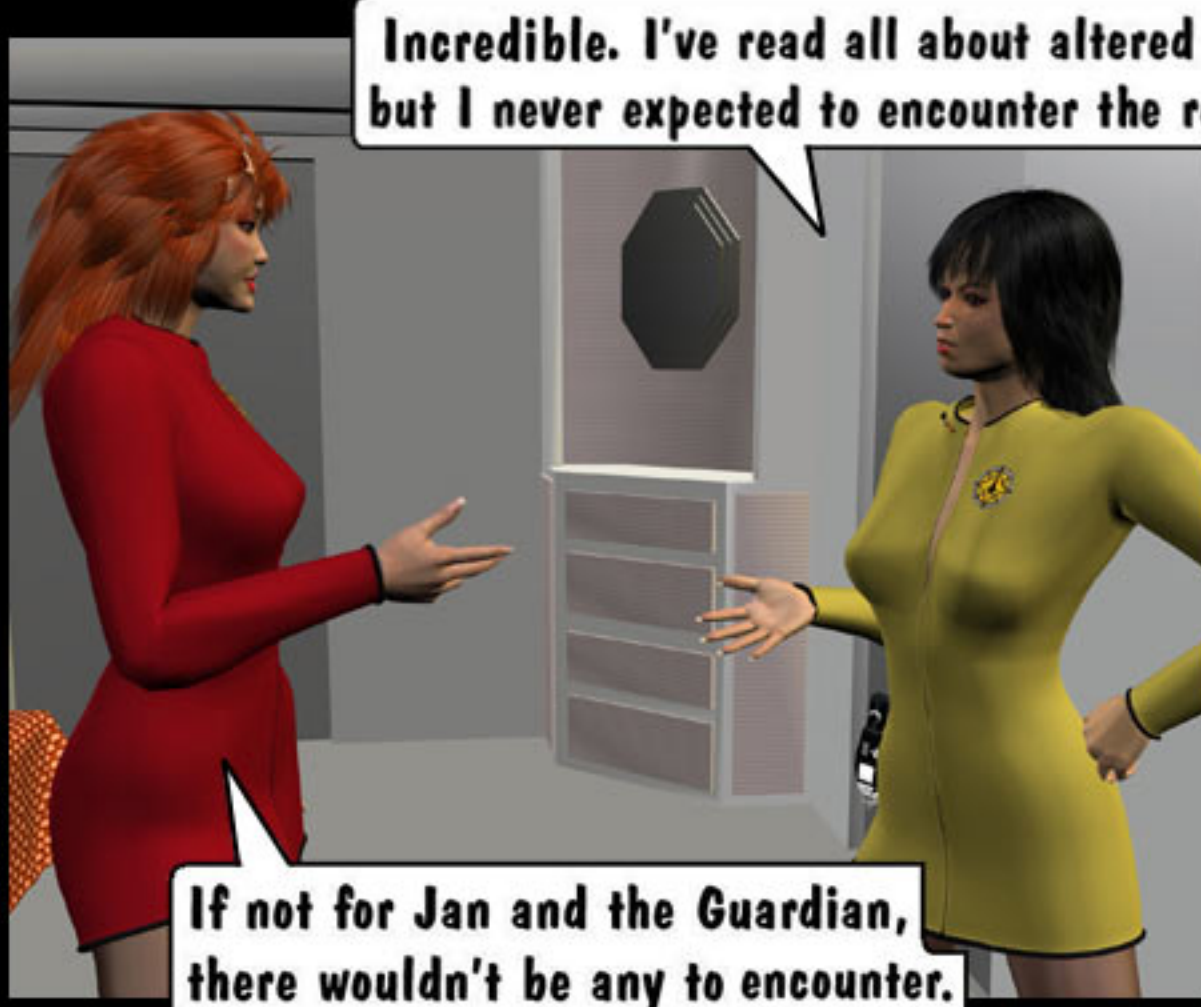
Well she does now.

Put the phaser down,
Amanda. Tam's no threat.

Tam?


A large panel showing three characters from behind, looking at four circular displays on a wall. The displays show various scenes of people in a futuristic setting. The character on the left is a man with grey hair in a yellow uniform. The middle character is a woman with red hair in a red dress. The character on the right is a woman with black hair in a yellow dress.

"Personal log: Supplemental. At Uncle Frank's nod, I went on to explain. I showed Amanda both timelines and explained to her what Finney had done- managing this time, to keep his current whereabouts out of the conversation."

A panel showing two women in a futuristic room. The woman on the left has red hair and is wearing a red dress. The woman on the right has black hair and is wearing a yellow dress. They are both gesturing with their hands.

Incredible. I've read all about altered timelines, but I never expected to encounter the results of one.

If not for Jan and the Guardian, there wouldn't be any to encounter.

A panel showing three characters in a futuristic room. A woman with black hair in a yellow dress is on the left. A man with grey hair in a yellow uniform is in the center. A woman with red hair in a red dress is on the right. They are all looking at each other.

**So, you're what?
A Senior Cadet?**

And Uncle Frank's yeoman till this current mess is over.

Why don't you two go on to dinner-

Swoosh

TheewEEWweeet!

Yes, sir.

and don't forget that sandwich when you come back?

Fitzpatrick here.

Taylor, sir.

The *Ptolemy* and two other transports have entered sensor range. The *Ptolemy's* captain says they're each towing three passenger units and an emergency medical unit.

He's offering to take on the task force's non-combatants and stand by for casualties.

Excellent idea, Captain. See to it.

Aye, sir.

Fitzpatrick out.



Captain's Log: Stardate 5938.13.

Captain Janet Kirk recording.

With one stunt or another, we've managed to hold the Romulans at bay for thirteen hours.

Our last group of torpedoes has just detonated and I am out of options.

Before we meet our expected end, I wish to record the following: For Commander Shev Tar'Laren, Lt. M'ress, Lt. Janice Rand, Lt. John Kyle. They all had the opportunity to leave before the battle began and chose to stay. For all of them, I give my highest recommendation.

I also wish to state for the record, that we would not have survived this long without the assistance of Commander Kang and the crew of the *KIC Cho'Mar*- the best ship and crew in the Klingon Imperial Fleet.

Despite cultural differences, Commander Kang, Lt. Kuntz, and Lt. Katz conducted themselves with honor and in the best traditions of a true warrior race.

If it were possible to record a recommendation for Lt. Katz, I would gladly do so. He gave his life in defense of a Bridge not his own.

I am proud and honored to count these three men as members of my crew- now and forever.

Computer, jettison the log.





Captain, the Romulan Fleet is moving towards us enmasse. Four thousand kilometers and closing.

Let the old men tell the story,
Let the legend grow and grow,
of the thirteen days of glory
at the seige of Alamo.



Shev, bring us about.

If this is their final push, let's face it head on.

Yes, Ma'am.
Coming about.

Lift up tattered banners proudly,
while the eyes of Texas shine.
Let the fort that was a mission,
be an ever-lasting shrine.



Once they fought to give us freedom,
that is all we need to know,
of those thirteen days of glory
at the seige of Alamo.



I only have one option left-

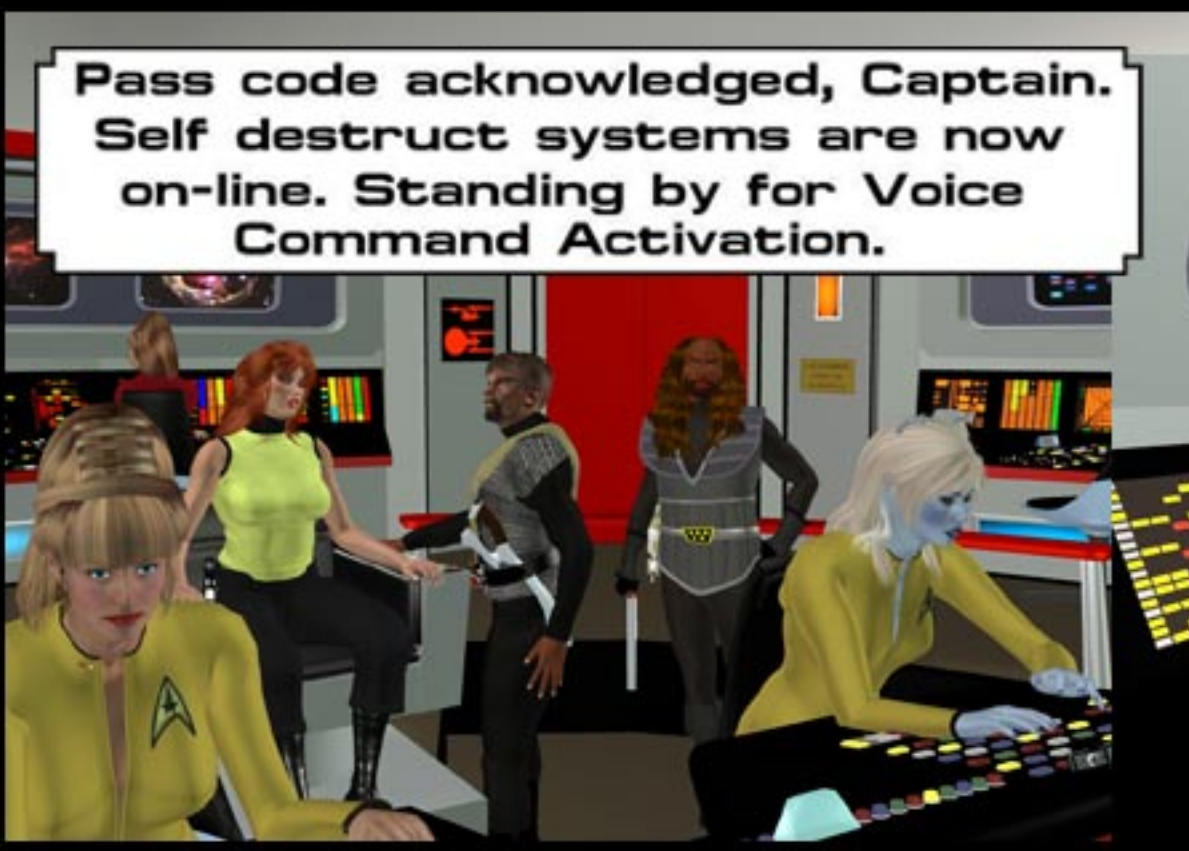
-and that's a taste of their own medicine.

I suggest you use it while you still have time.



Computer? Alpha Omega, Altair 4.

Over-ride Self destruct protocols. Bring the systems on-line and stand by for Voice Command Activation.



Pass code acknowledged, Captain. Self destruct systems are now on-line. Standing by for Voice Command Activation.



Romulan Fleet is three thousand kilometers and closing...

Two thousand...

Eighteen hundred...



Sixteen hundred...



Fourteen hundred...

Twelve Hundred...



One thousand...

Eight hundred...

Six hundred kilometers...

Four hundred...

Spacial distortion
one hundred kilometers
to port.

Computer, ac-

Who are they?

Identify!

Sensors must be
damaged. Lead ship's
registry reads
"U.S.S. Enterprise".

Jim!?



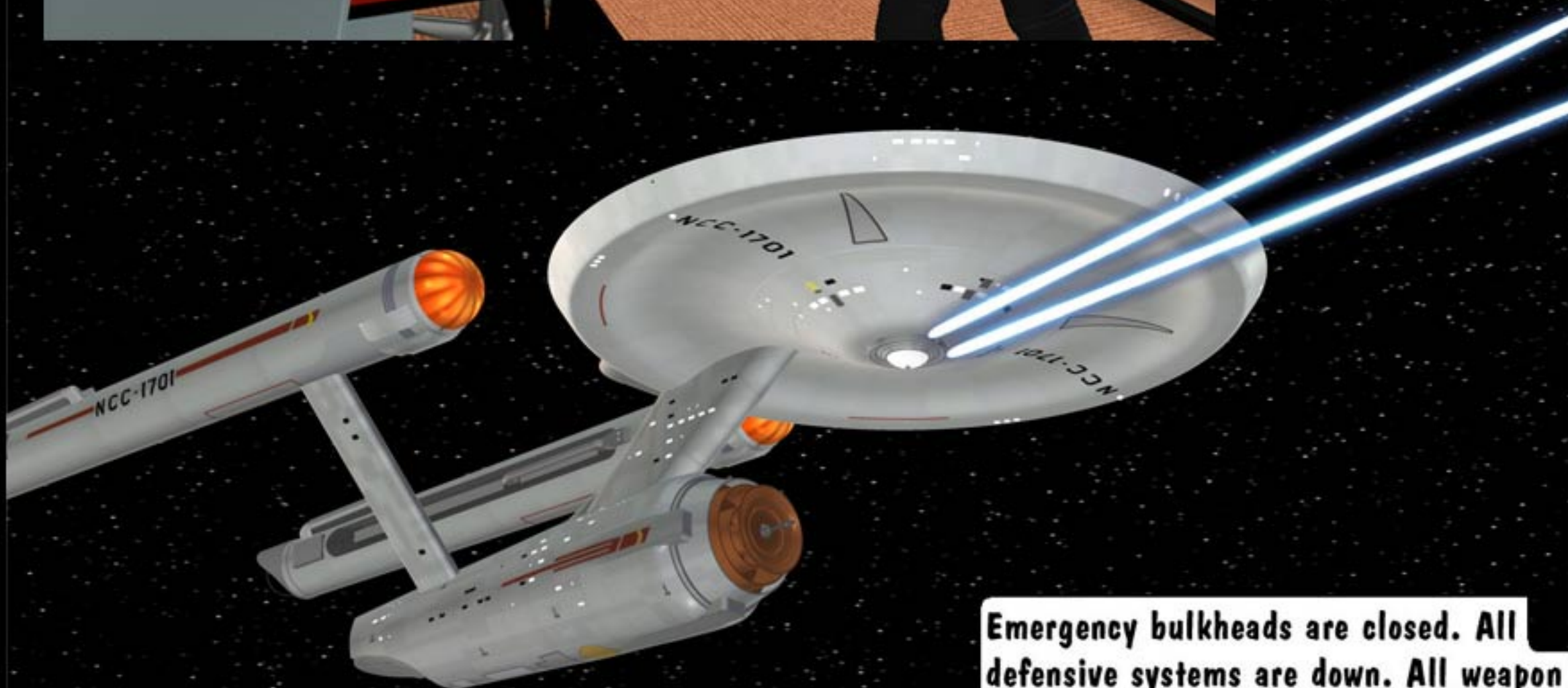
U.S.S. Enterprise

All right, Mr. Sulu, lock and load.

As long as we're in this universe, any vessel with a bird-of-prey painted on it is fair game till I say otherwise.

Aye, sir.

**Acquiring target lock-
-Firing.**



**Spock, status of
the *FSS Enterprise*?**

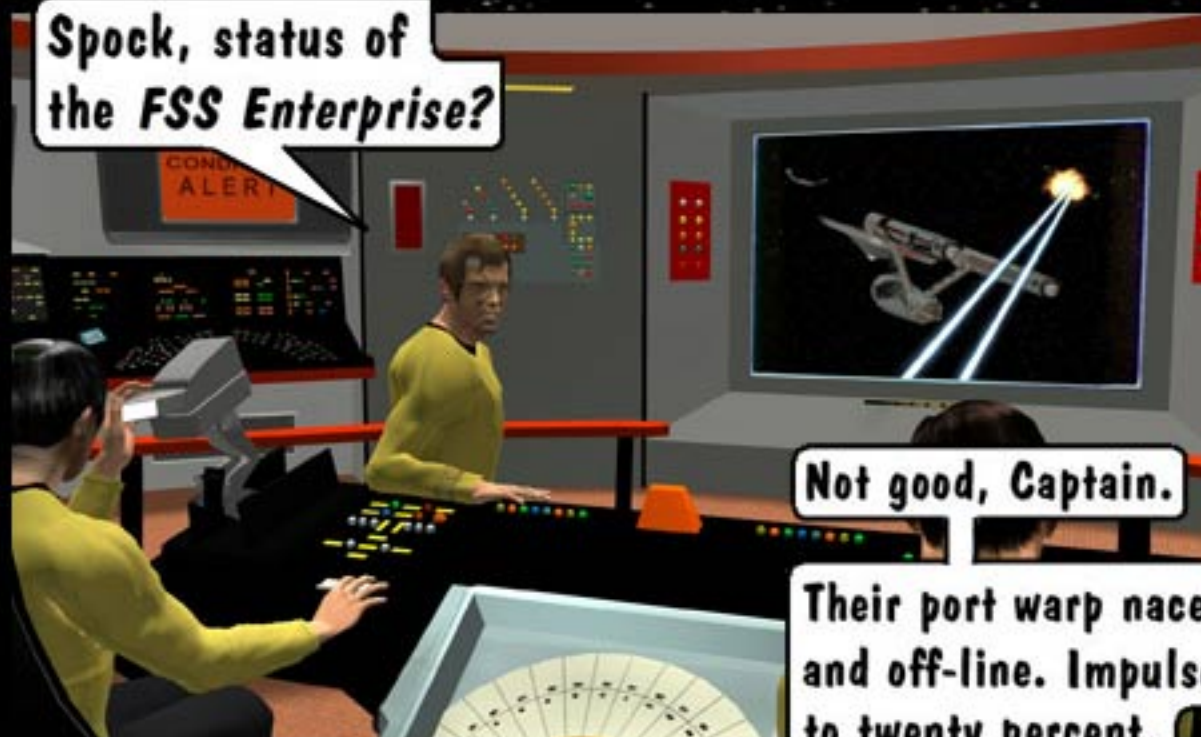
**Emergency bulkheads are closed. All
defensive systems are down. All weapon
systems are- correction, one forward
phaser bank has come back on-line.**

All other weapon systems are down.

Not good, Captain.

**Their port warp nacelle is ruptured
and off-line. Impulse power is down
to twenty percent.**

**There are power outages and hull breaches
through out the vessel.**





Then call the *Saladin*
and the *Memphis Belle*.

Uhura, contact the *Tamerlane*.
Tell Commander Cochrane to
drop back and give the other
Enterprise some cover.

Tell them it's time to
take this to the
Romulans.

Aye, sir.



Fresh from the shipyard,
the *Memphis Belle* held
her course.



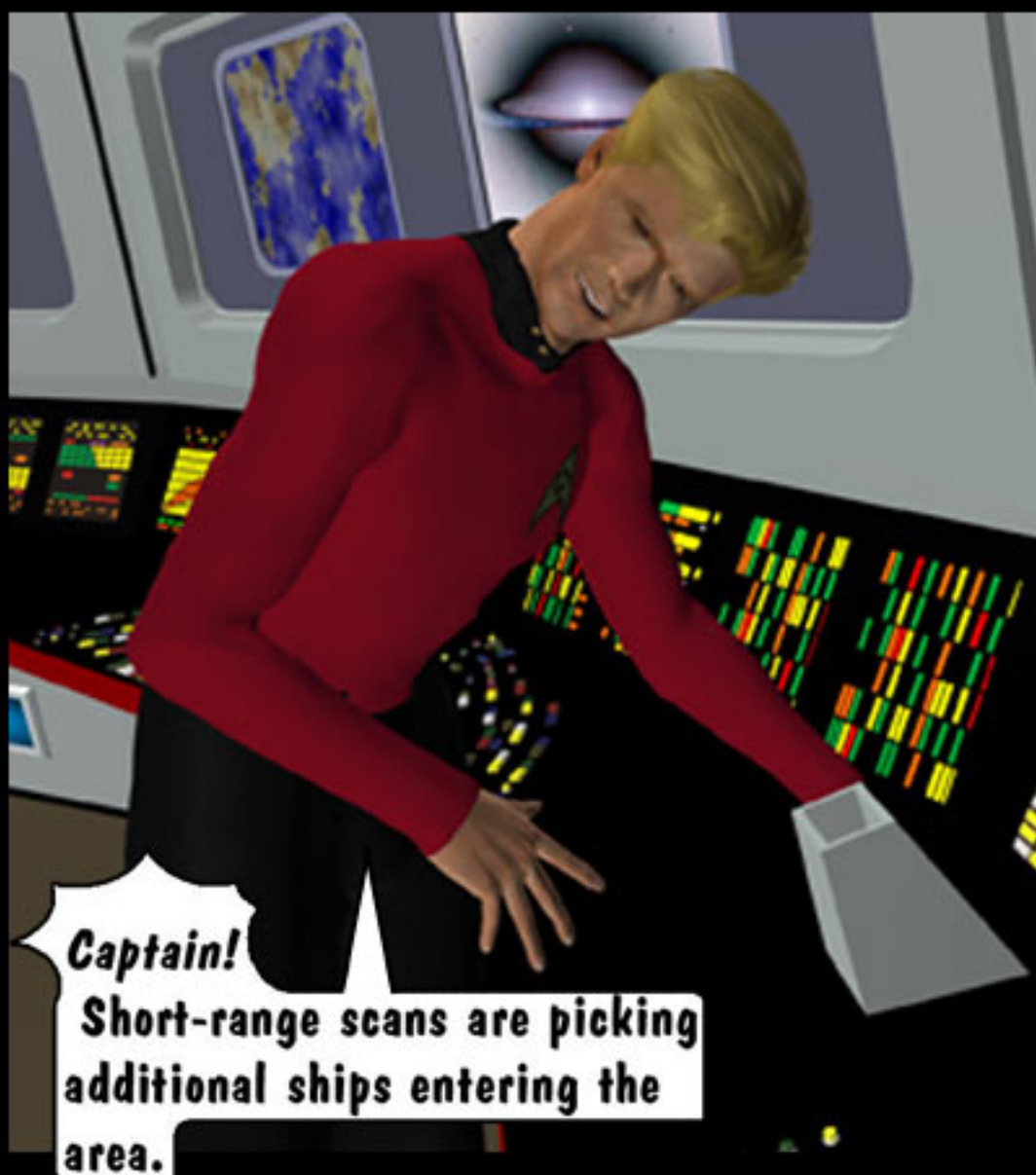
Like the legendary bomber,
whose name she bore, she
flew through plasma energy
bursts as if they were
twentieth century anti-aircraft
fire...



..till she was close enough
to release her load...



...and prove herself worthy
of her name.



Captain!
Short-range scans are picking
additional ships entering the
area.



Who?




Lydia to Enterprise.
Lydia to Enterprise.
Come in, Jan.



Welcome to the party.


Enterprise here, sir.




I'm sorry I'm late, Jan.

I had to pick up a few things.


Who are your other guests?




Just some friends and...family from out of town.



Computer? Four, Altair Omega, Alpha. Disengage the Self Destruct.




Pass code acknowledged, Captain. Self-destruct is disengaged.



Lydia to task force. Enterprise bought us the time we needed to get here- Now show her you're worth the price.

You know who the enemy is.




Engage at will.

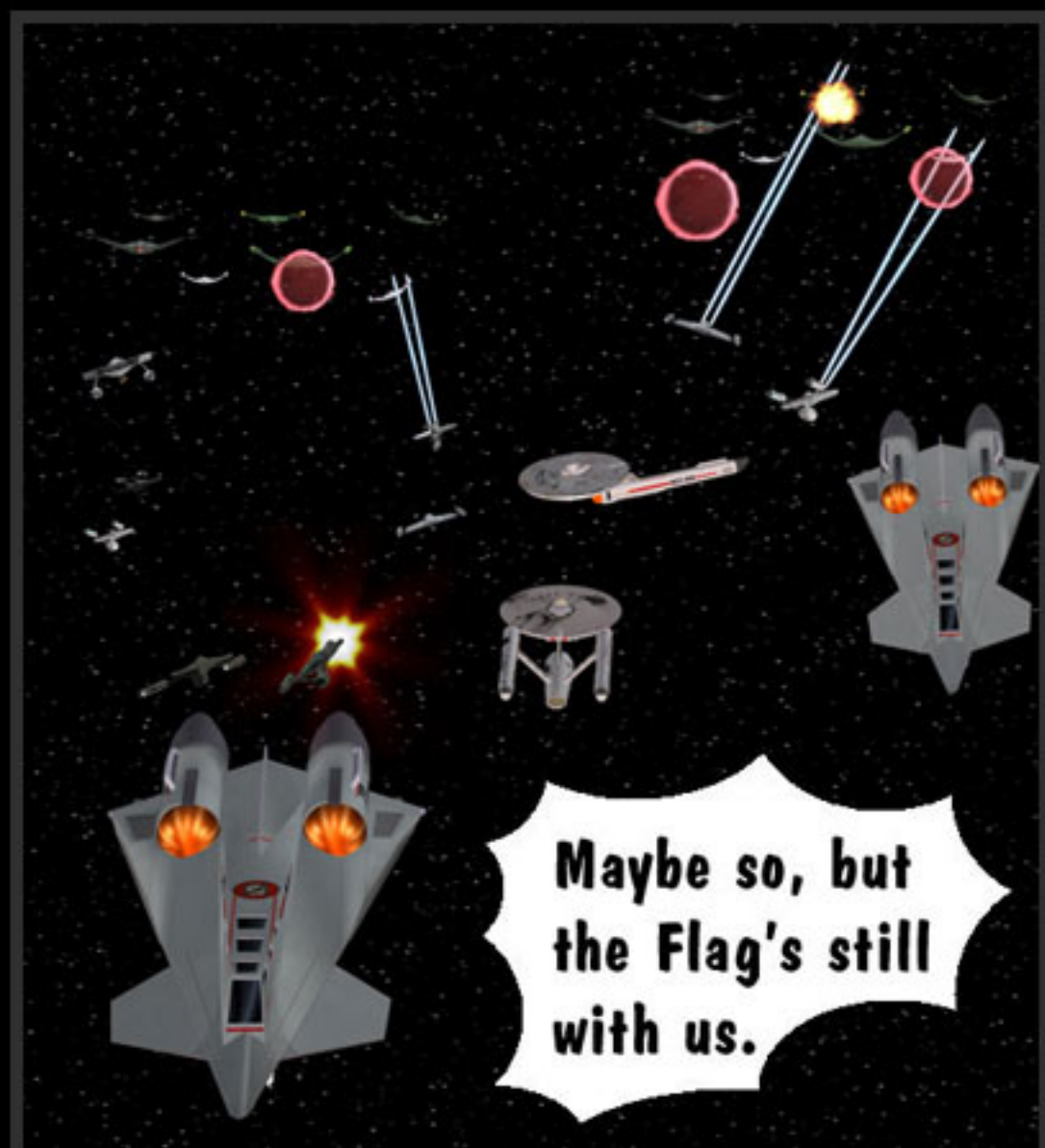
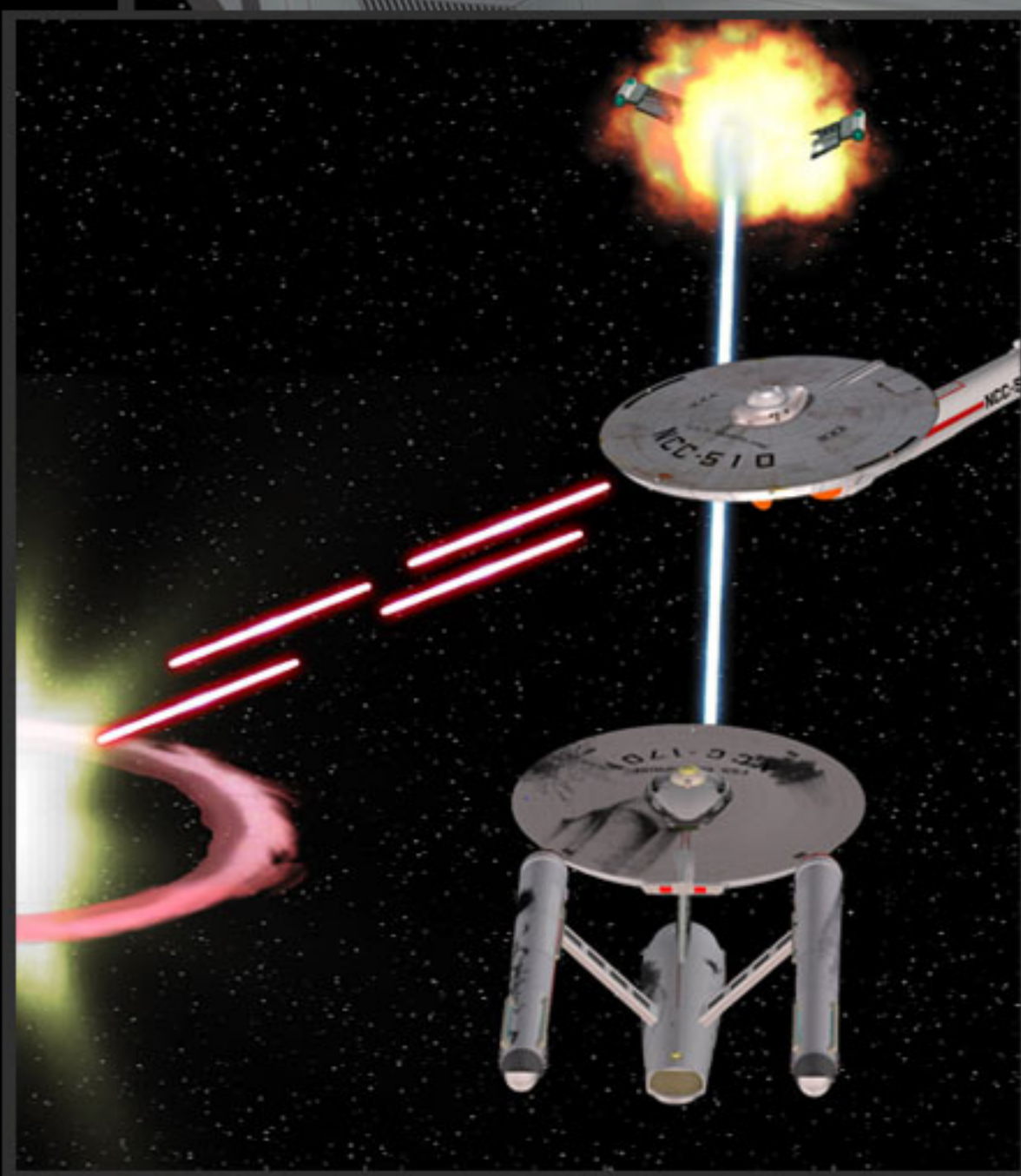
A detailed illustration of a futuristic space battle. A large, grey, disc-shaped carrier ship dominates the upper half of the frame. It has several large, circular orange energy ports on its underside. Numerous fighter jets, also grey with orange accents, are scattered around the carrier. Several bright blue energy beams are directed towards the carrier from the left. The background is a dark space filled with stars.

**Battle Bridge to
Flight Deck-**

Fighters away!



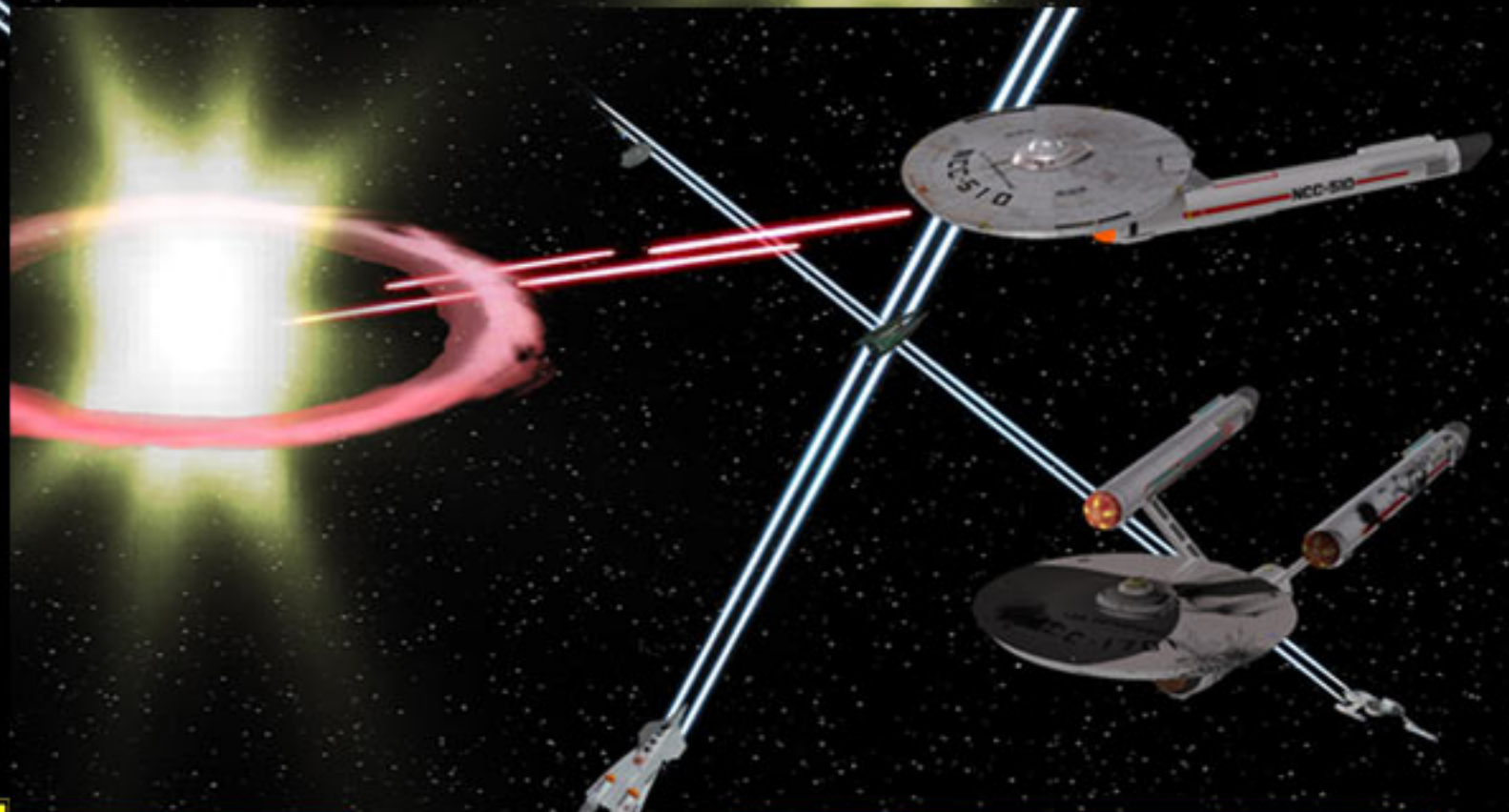
Enterprise looks like she's been put through Hell.





**Black Sheep One to squadron:
Here comes their fighters!**

**Keep them away
from the Task Force!**



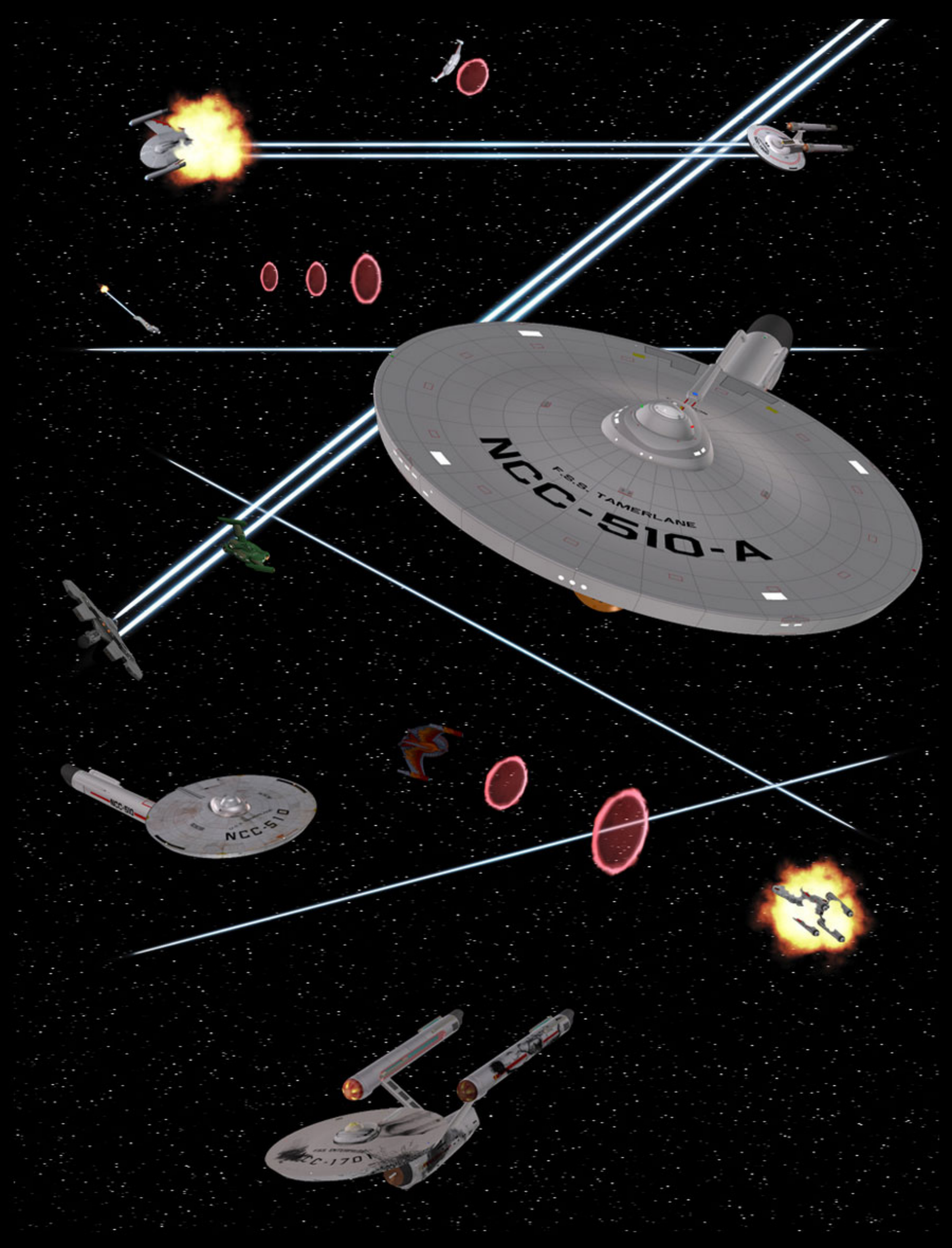
U.S.S. Tamerlane

Skipper, we've got a
Bird-of-Prey coming
up behind us.

Hard about.
Prepare to-









**Damn! They got
the Hood!**

**Blacksheep One to
squadron- Anyone see
which one it was?**

**Blacksheep Two-
Affirmative. I've
got 'em in my sights.**

**Blacksheep One to
Blacksheep Two and Three:
Pay 'em a visit.**

**Blacksheep Two-
Copy that.**

**Blacksheep Three-
acknowledged.**

**Blacksheep Two to
Blacksheep One;
Scratch one Rom-bird.**

**Blacksheep One;
acknowledged.**

F.S.S. Lydia

That's how we lost our *Saladin* at Organia.

Admiral, the other *Saladin* is heading for the heart of the Romulan Fleet.

Well, we're not going to lose this one.

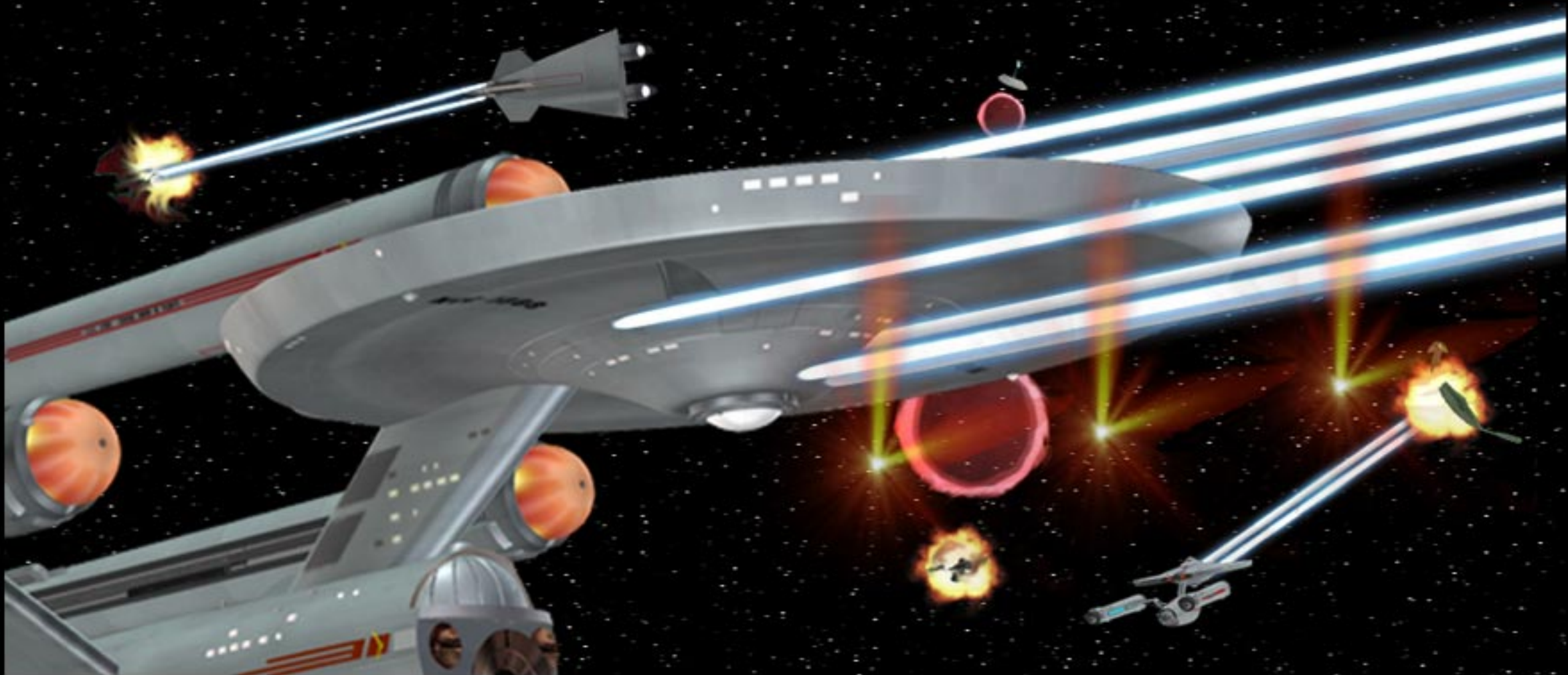
Give her some cover fire.

Port weapons ready.

Starboard weapons ready.

Forward weapons ready.

All weapons fire!



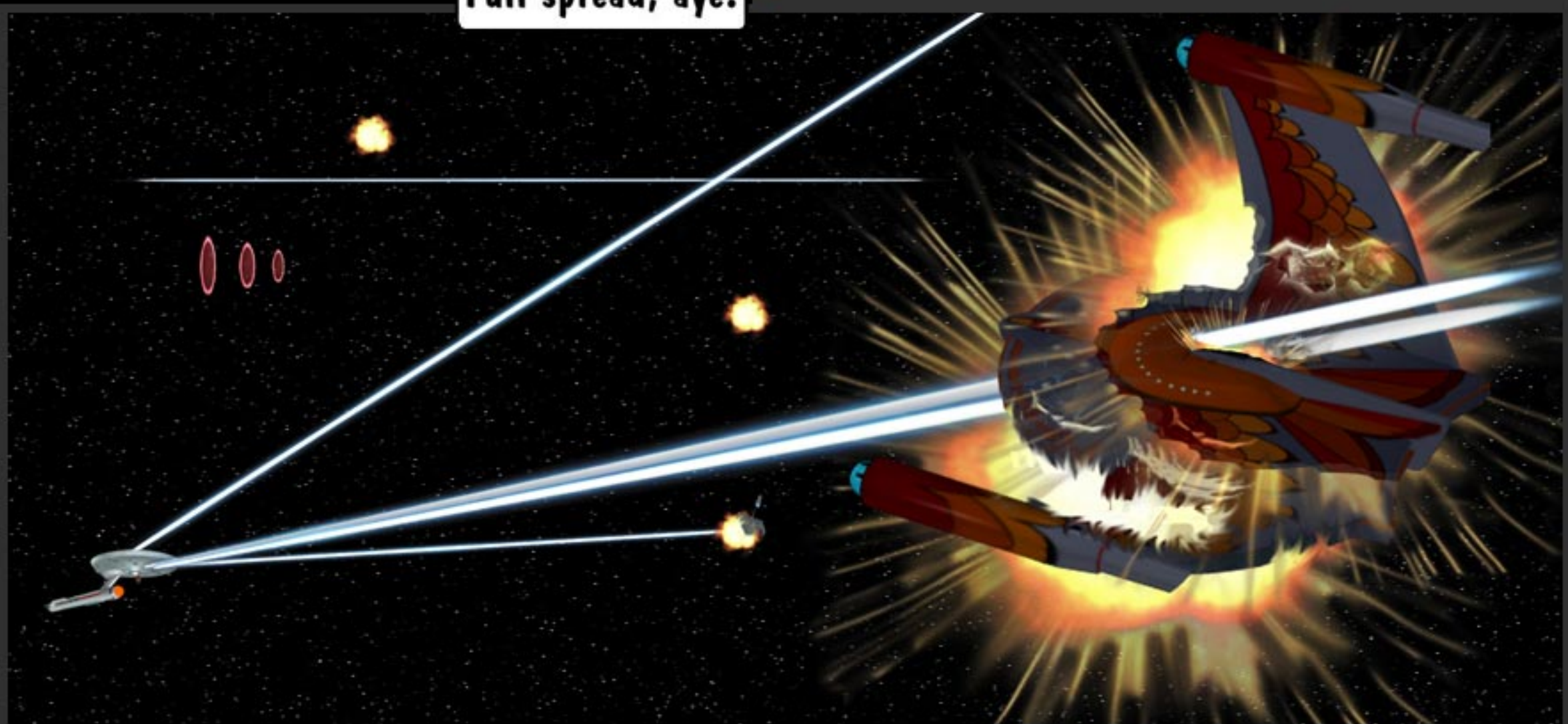


All right, Diana.
They've cleared a
path for us.



Give me a full
spread of phasers
and torpedoes.

Full spread, aye.



U.S.S. Saladin

Hard about.

Get us out of here.

Captain, a Bird-of-Prey is closing on the *Lydia* from the rear.

Set course for the *Lydia*.

Channel open.

Open a channel.

Closing on the *Lydia*.

Now with all due respect-Duck!

Saladin to *Lydia*, thanks for the assist.



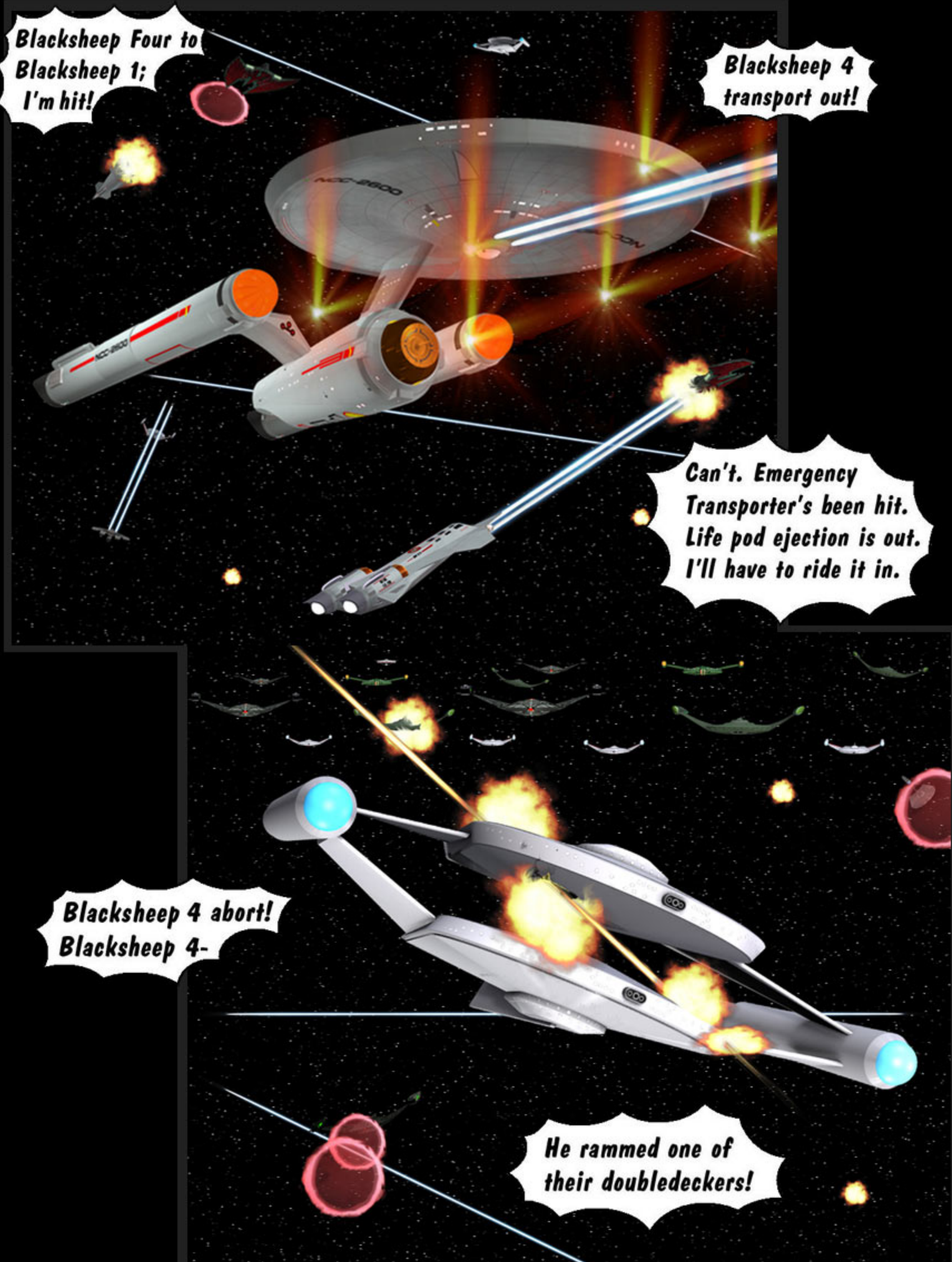
**Blacksheep Four to
Blacksheep 1;
I'm hit!**

**Blacksheep 4
transport out!**

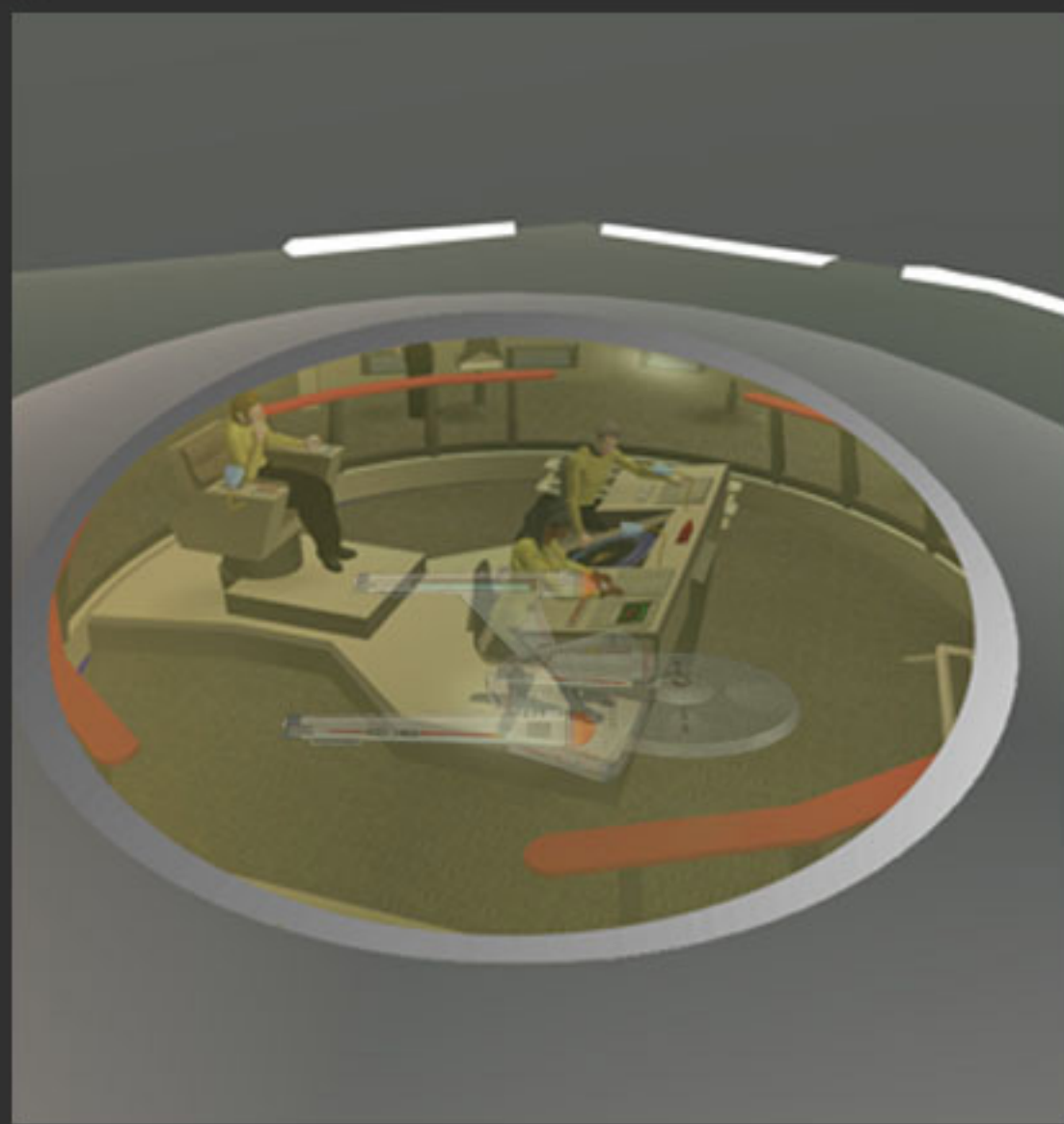
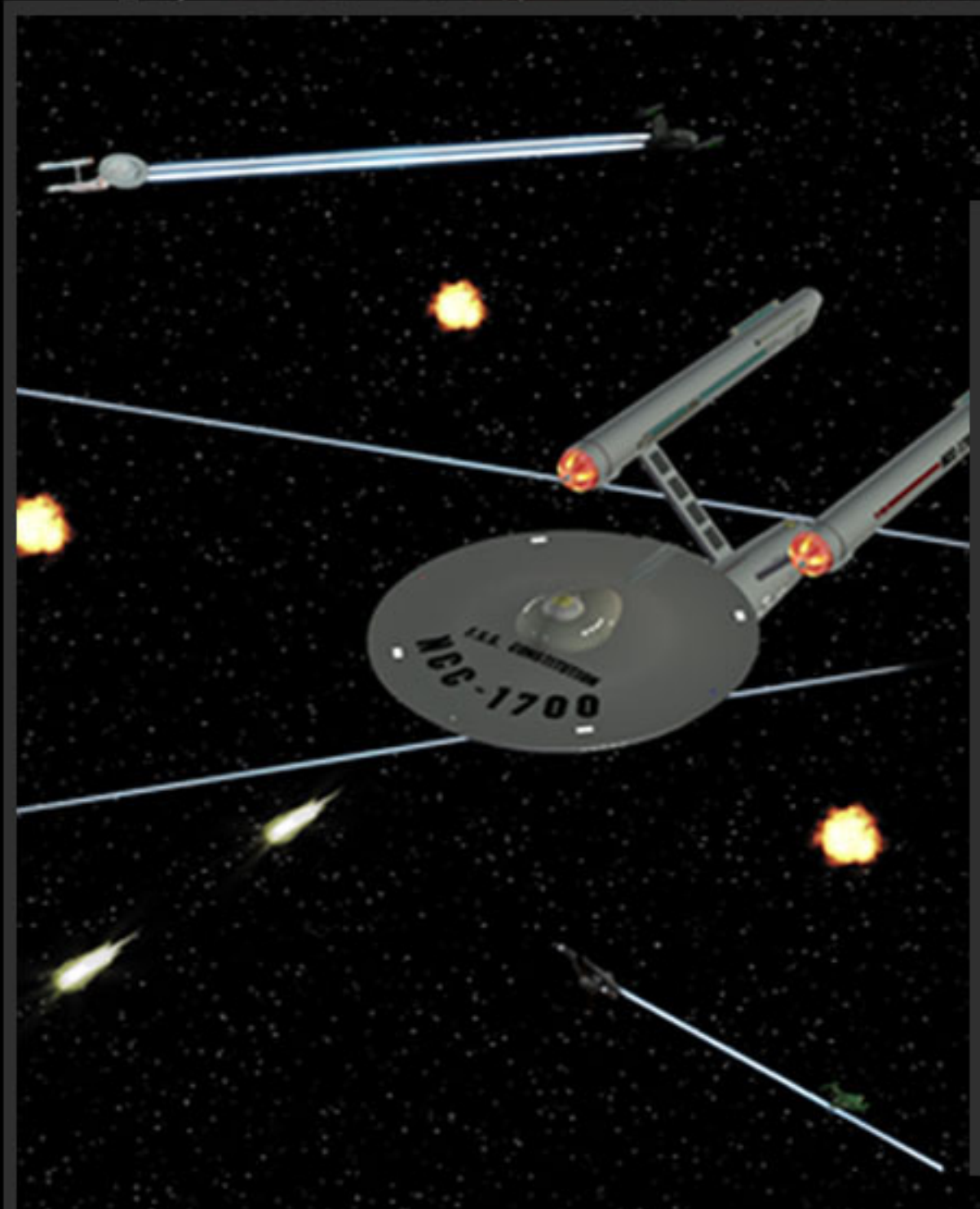
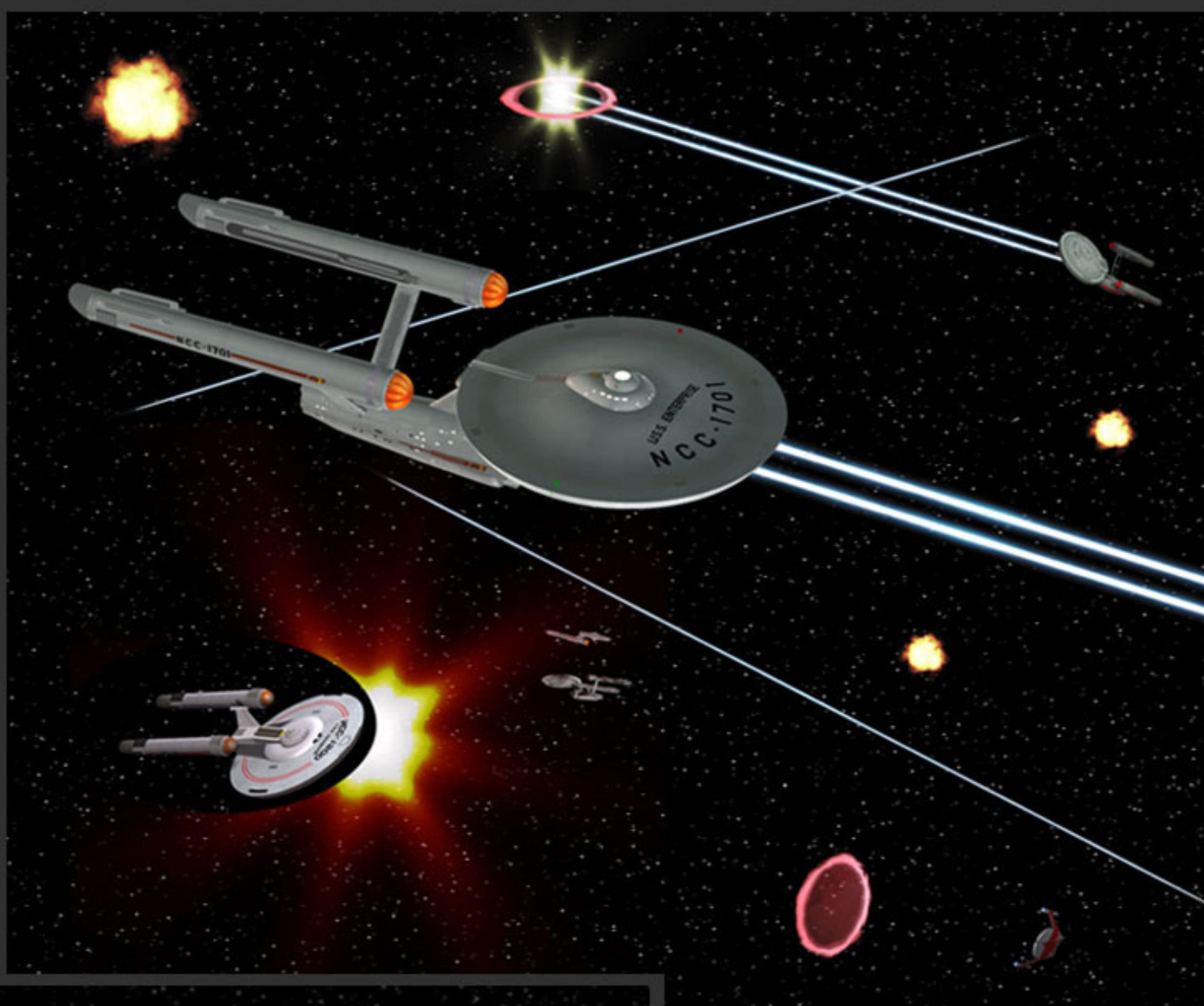
**Can't. Emergency
Transporter's been hit.
Life pod ejection is out.
I'll have to ride it in.**

**Blacksheep 4 abort!
Blacksheep 4-**

**He rammed one of
their doubledeckers!**







F.S.S. Constitution

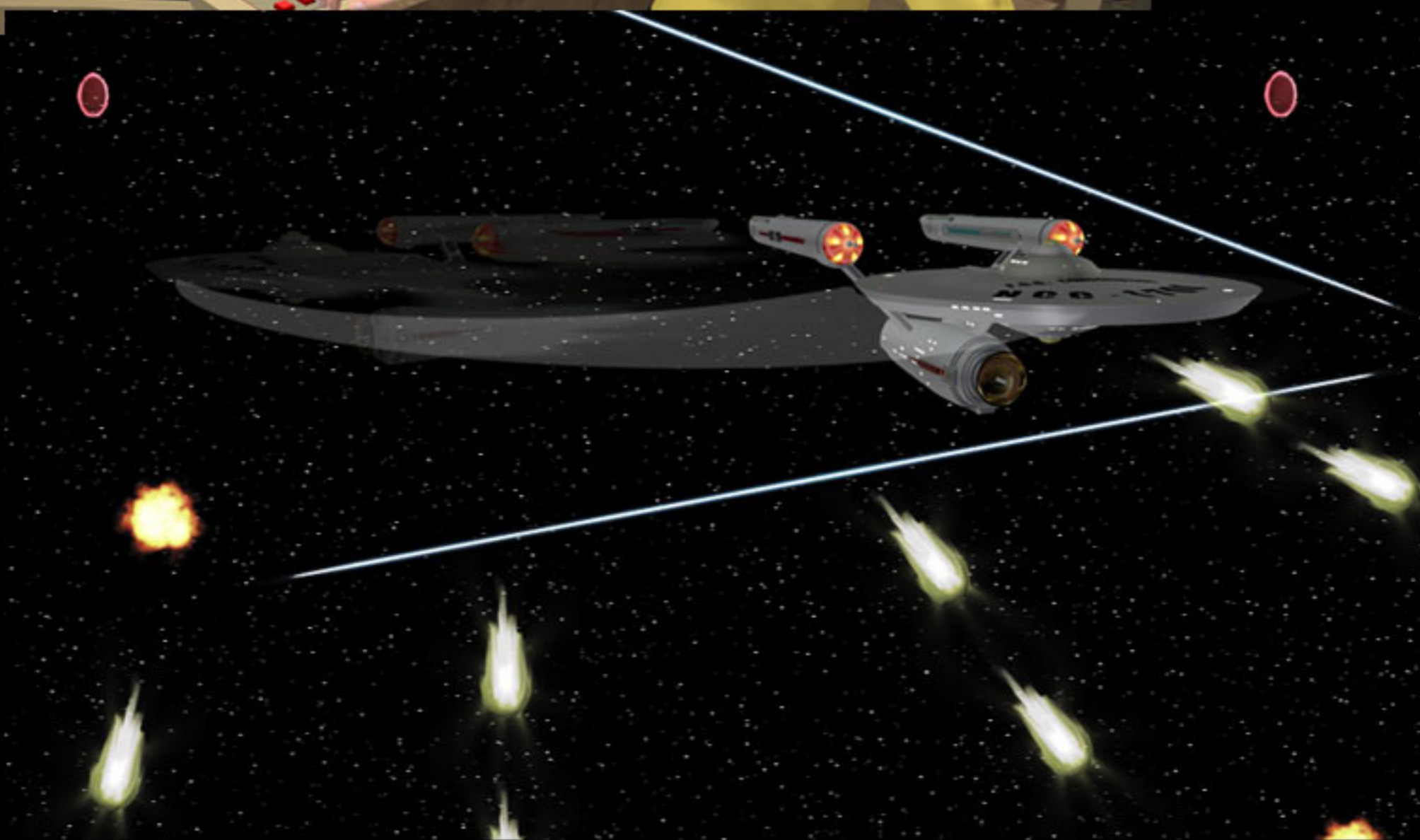
Captain, we have four Birds coming at us from four different directions.

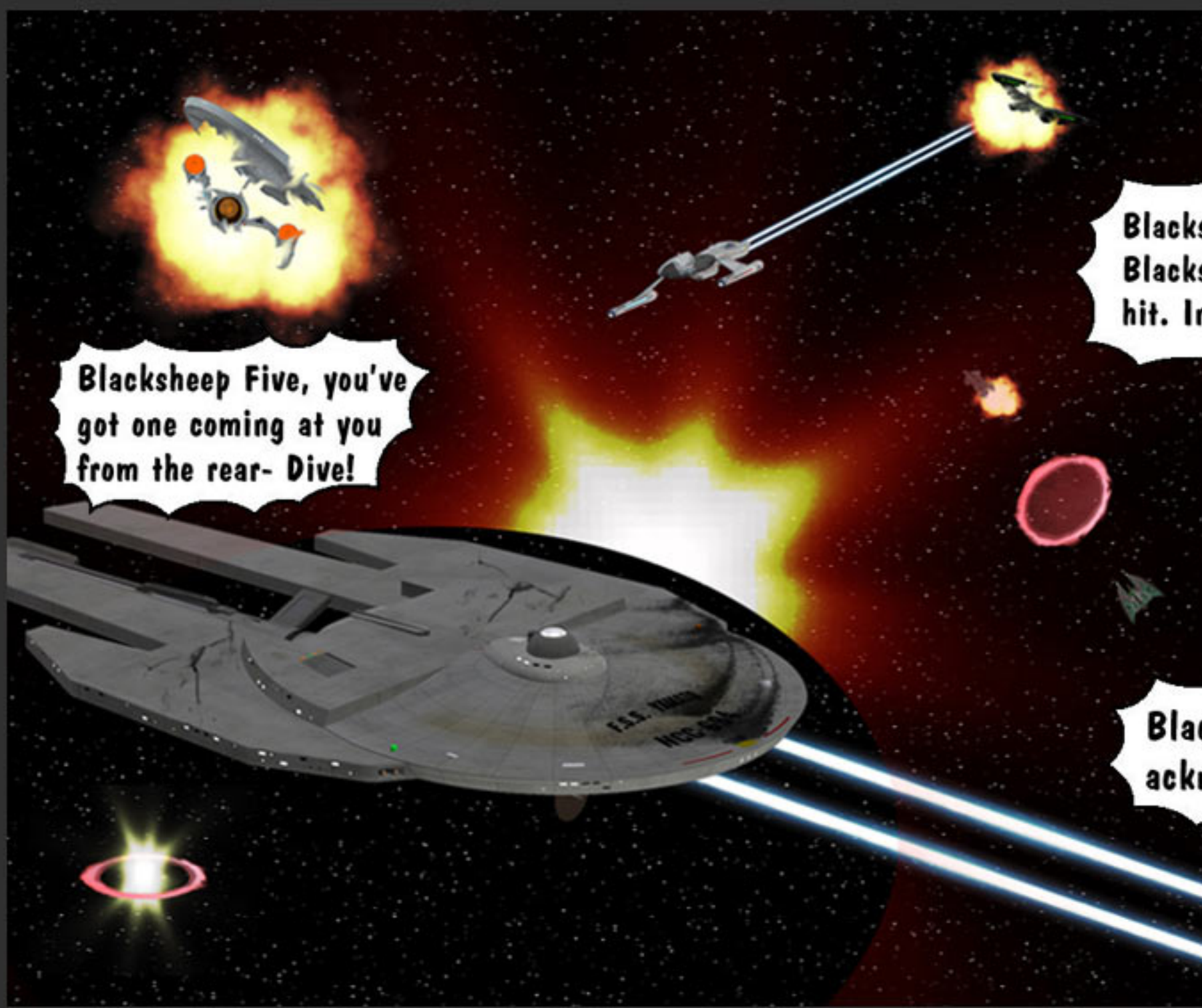
Helm, when I give you the word, I want you to pivot the ship- and keep it going till I tell you to stop.

Prepare to fire. Bring shields to maximum.

Sir, they're firing.

Now! Pivot and fire!

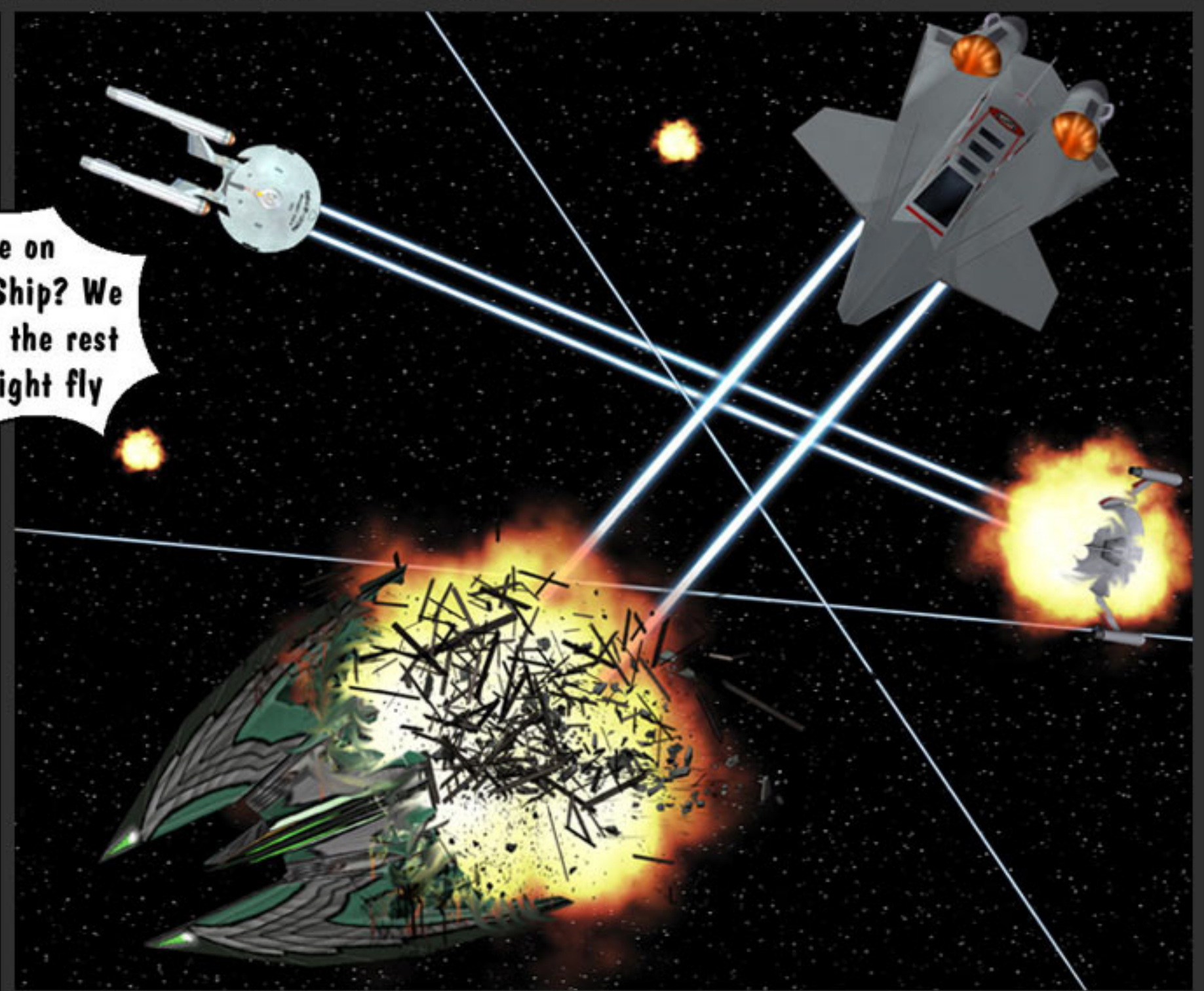




Blacksheep Five, you've got one coming at you from the rear- Dive!

Blacksheep Five to Blacksheep One: I'm hit. Initiating transport.

Blacksheep One, acknowledged.



Anyone got a line on their Command Ship? We get that one and the rest of these birds might fly home.









Jan!



Blacksheep One to Squadron- The Flag is down!

Repeat, the Flag is down!

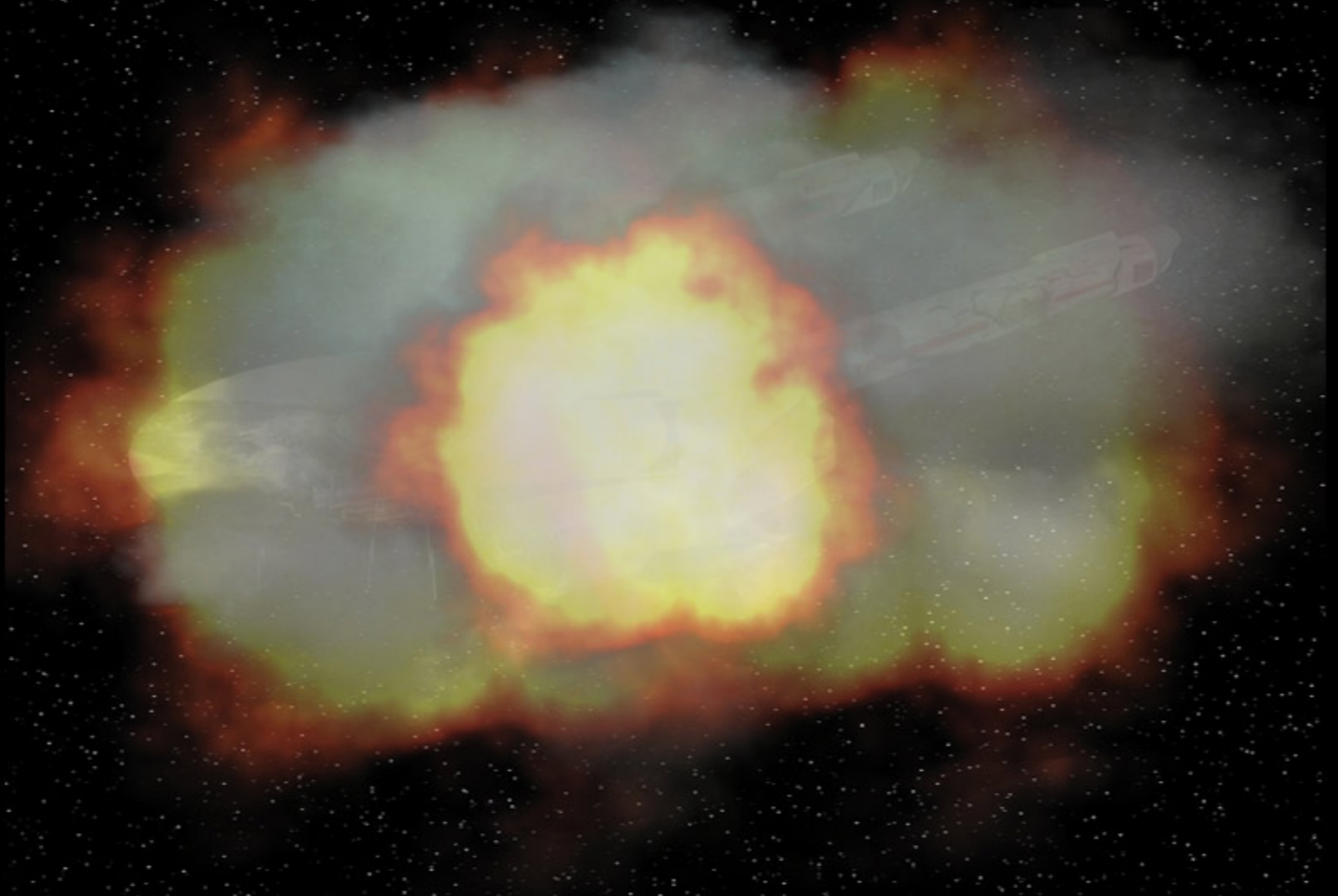




Now the bugles are silent,

and there's rust on each sword,

and the small band of soldiers



lie asleep in the arms of the Lord.



Whoop!

Whoop!

Whoop!

Whoop!

**Fire Control Measures-
All decks!**

Damage Report!

KA-THUNK!



Hisssssss

Janet-!



**Skull fracture-
possible concussion.**



**Several broken ribs-
one's punctured a lung.**



**Commander, Lift
doors will not
respond.**

Hisssssss



Two hours later...

Blacksheep One to
Battle Bridge:
Remaining Blacksheep
accounted for. We're
coming in.

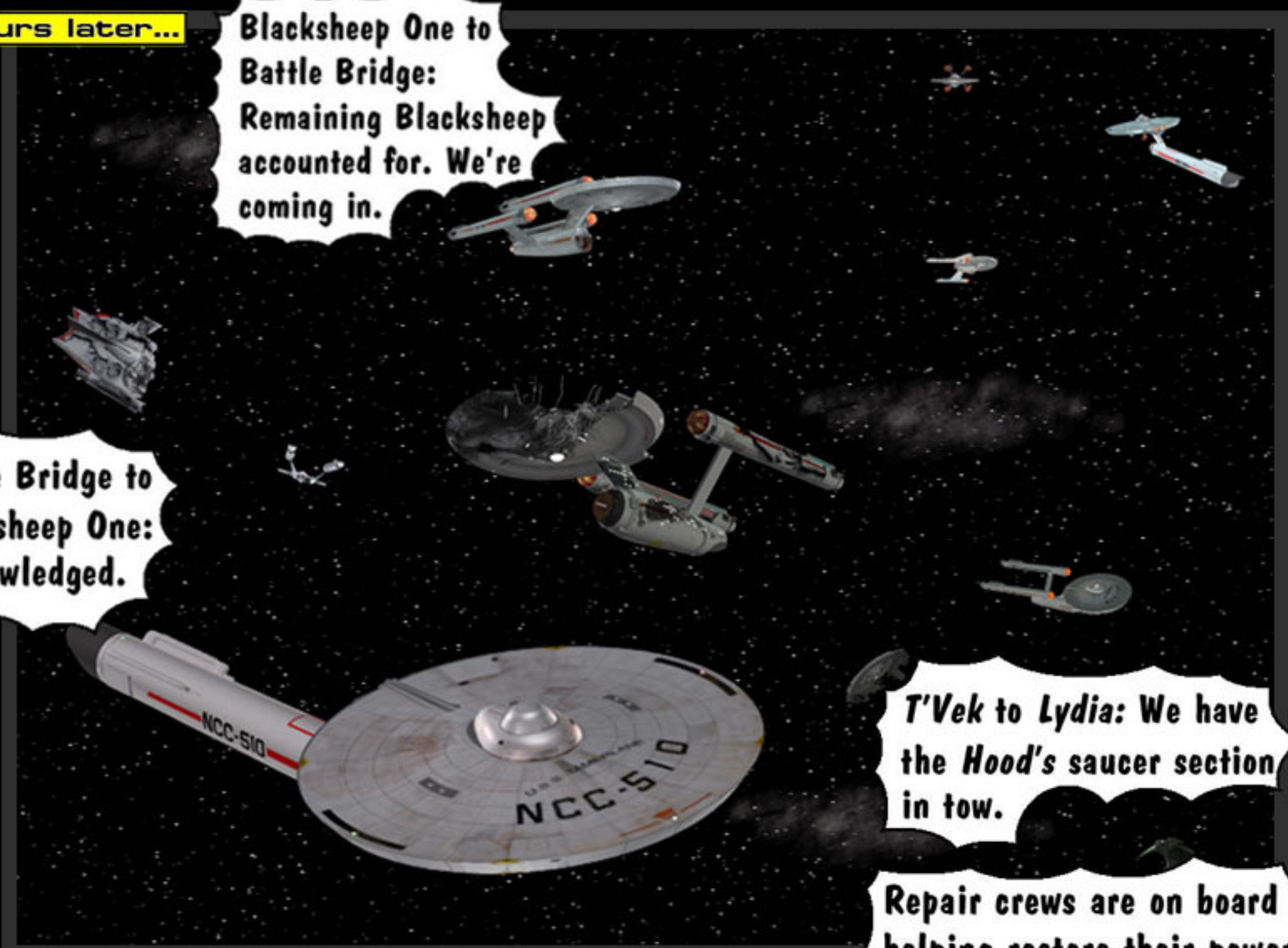
Battle Bridge to
Blacksheep One:
Acknowledged.

T'Vek to Lydia: We have
the Hood's saucer section
in tow.

Repair crews are on board
helping restore their power
and life support.

Lydia to T'Vek: Acknowledged.
Proceed to Starbase 98.
If you or the Hood have
any emergency medical cases
transfer them to the
Ptolemy's group.

T'Vek to Lydia:
Acknowledged. Setting
course now. See you soon.
T'Vek out.



**Personal Log; Stardate 5938.15,
Captain Janet Kirk recording.
Last thing I remember is being
thrown across the Bridge.
When I opened my eyes again,
I found myself in SickBay, looking
at a very pleasant surprise...**

...Hey, Stranger.

How do you feel?

**Like I've been
gift-wrapped.**

Who won?

We did.

**When the Romulans saw their
command ship destroyed, they
withdrew back across the
Neutral Zone.**

And the ship?

**She's taken alot of damage-
especially in the saucer. Forward
phasers are gone, but the port
and starboard weapons are
working again.**

**Between your Mr.Scott
and mine, they have
the power stabilized.**

How many dead?



Jim?

Forty- mostly in the collision.



It could've been worse.



If you'd been a few seconds later, it would have *alot* worse.



You took a hell of a risk, Jim. Bringing your ship- *Four* ships through the distortion?!



Did you take temporary leave of your senses?!

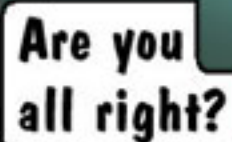
You can't fight Romulans without something to fight them with.



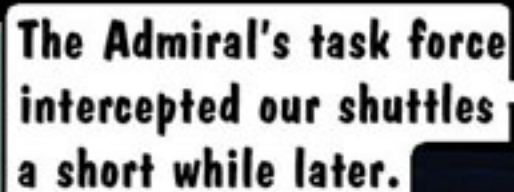
Besides, enough Kirks have died.

I didn't like the idea of you facing their entire fleet by yourself.

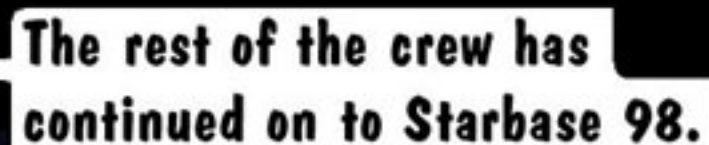




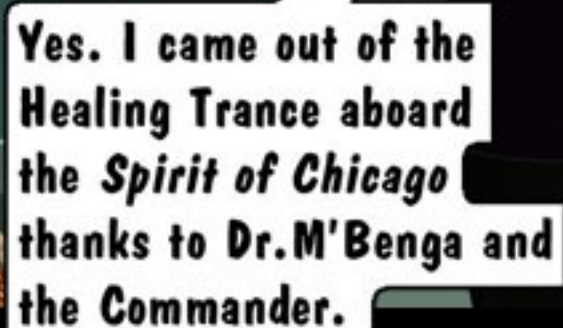
Are you all right?



The Admiral's task force intercepted our shuttles a short while later.



The rest of the crew has continued on to Starbase 98.



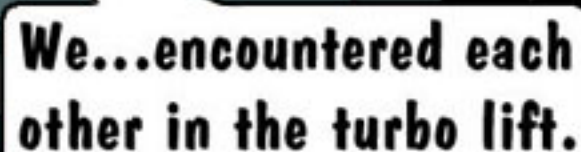
Yes. I came out of the Healing Trance aboard the *Spirit of Chicago* thanks to Dr. M'Benga and the Commander.



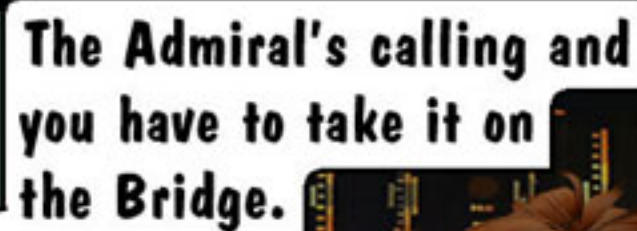
I see you two have met.



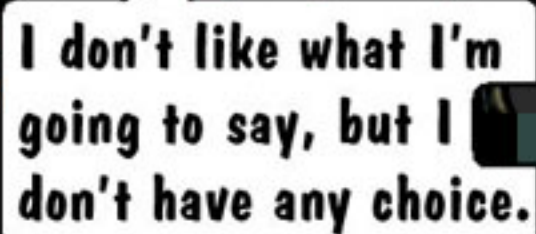
Yes.



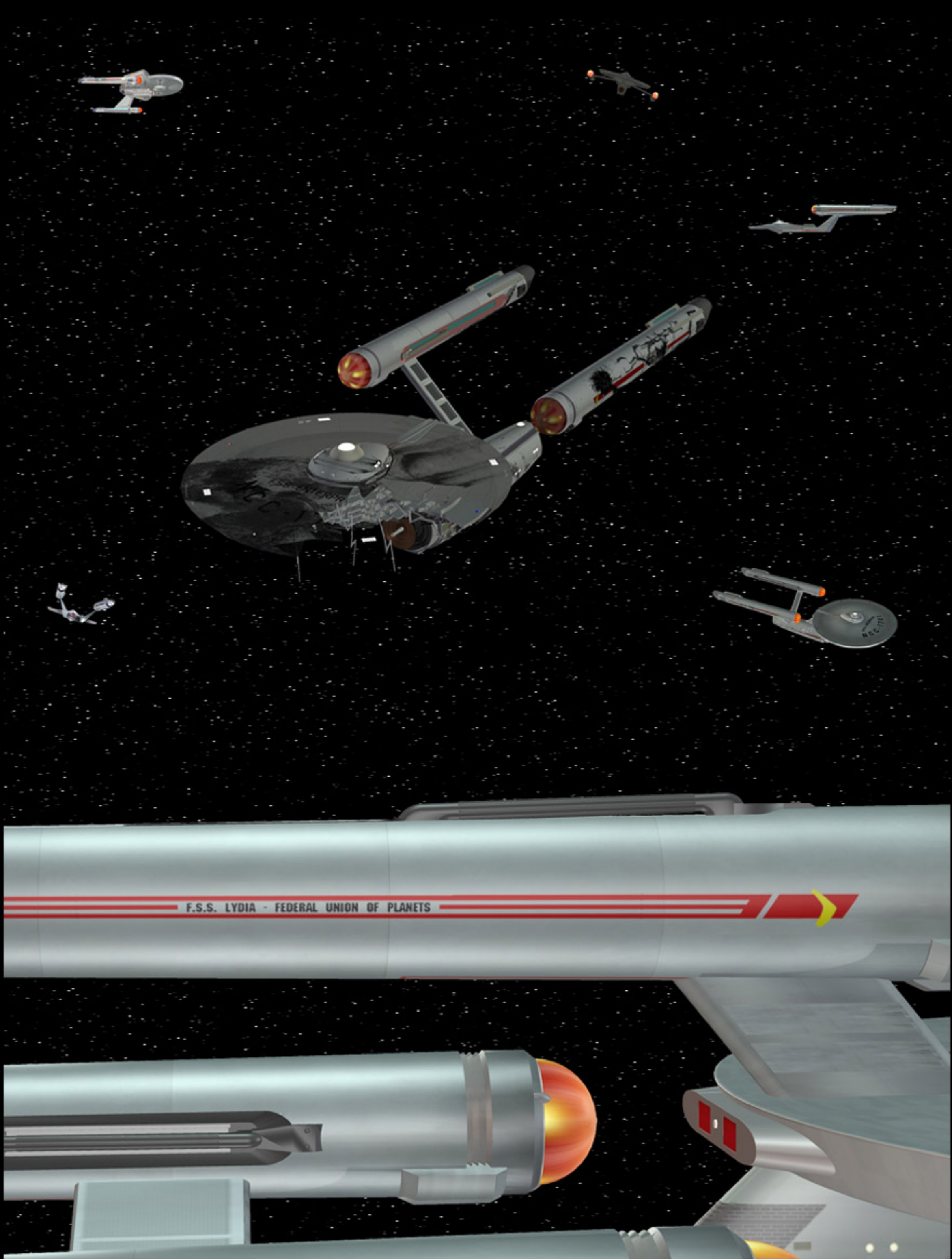
We...encountered each other in the turbo lift.



The Admiral's calling and you have to take it on the Bridge.



I don't like what I'm going to say, but I don't have any choice.





I'll try to keep this short.

I just got off the horn with
Grand Admiral Stryker*.

For the first time since the
Earth-Romulan War, Starfleet
is awarding a Unit Citation to
the crew of the Starship
Enterprise for their stand
against Romulan incursion.

On behalf of my crew, sir,
I thank you.

*Grand Admiral Nathan Stryker- Starfleet C in C.


Commander Kang, on behalf
of both the Federal Congress
and Starfleet, you have our
thanks and our gratitude for
your assistance during this
hour of need.

And as of now, you also have
an Honary Captaincy in Starfleet.

You are the first Non-Union
citizen to receive this honor-

- and based on what I've heard,
I can't thnk of anyone more
deserving.






Captain Janet Kirk, for your part in commanding the stand against Romulan incursion...

By order of Grand Admiral Nathan Stryker himself...

You are hereby promoted to the rank of Commodore, effective immediately.



Maybe when the tour's over we can sit down and talk about it.



While it's rare for a commadore to command a single ship these days, I told Stryker assigning you anything else would be a waste of time.



After the tour?

Uncle Frank, Enterprise -

Will *not* be
decomissioned.

Stryker issued the
mandate himself.

She'll be repaired- rebuilt
if neccessary. You two have
one hell of a reputation now
and he wants you both back
in the field as soon as
possible.

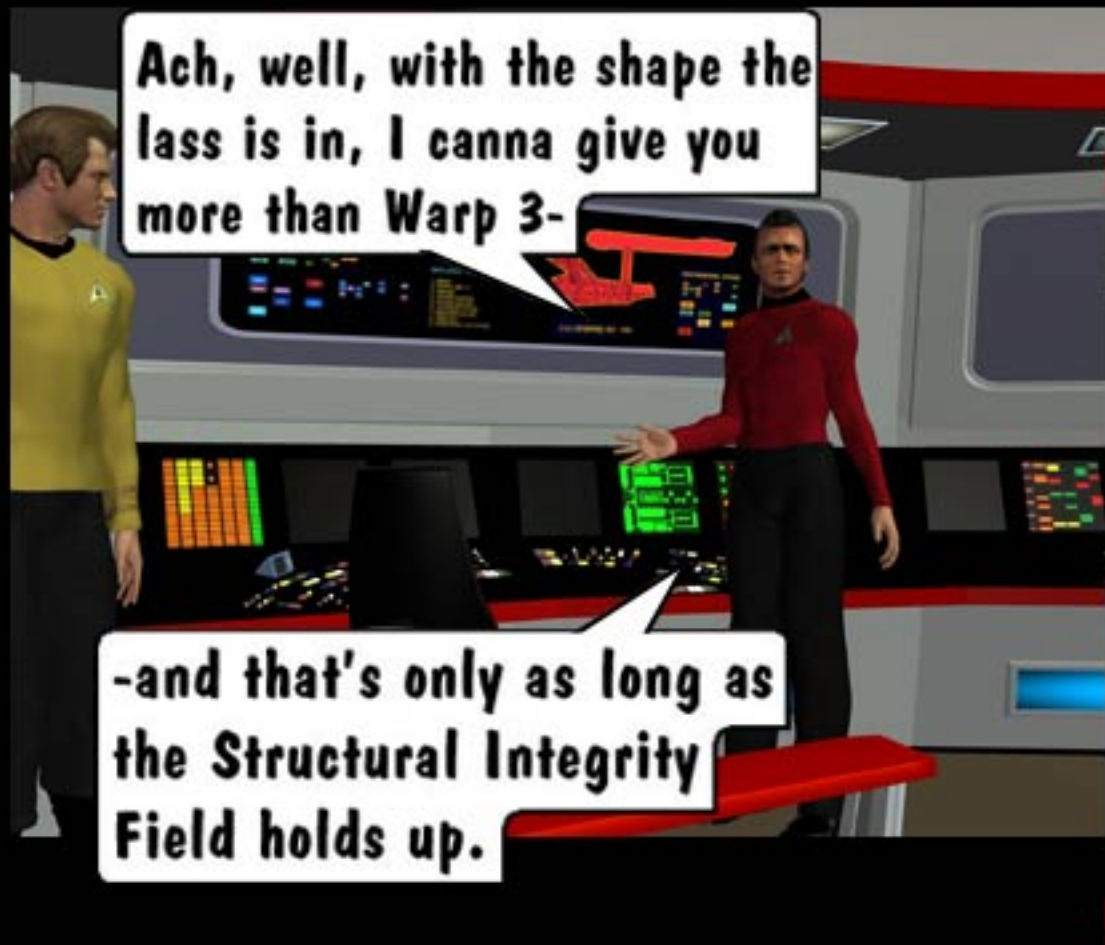
As such, *Enterprise* is
relieved.

You're ordered to
take her home.

Home...

Need any help getting
her there?

Scotty?



Ach, well, with the shape the lass is in, I canna give you more than Warp 3-

-and that's only as long as the Structural Integrity Field holds up.



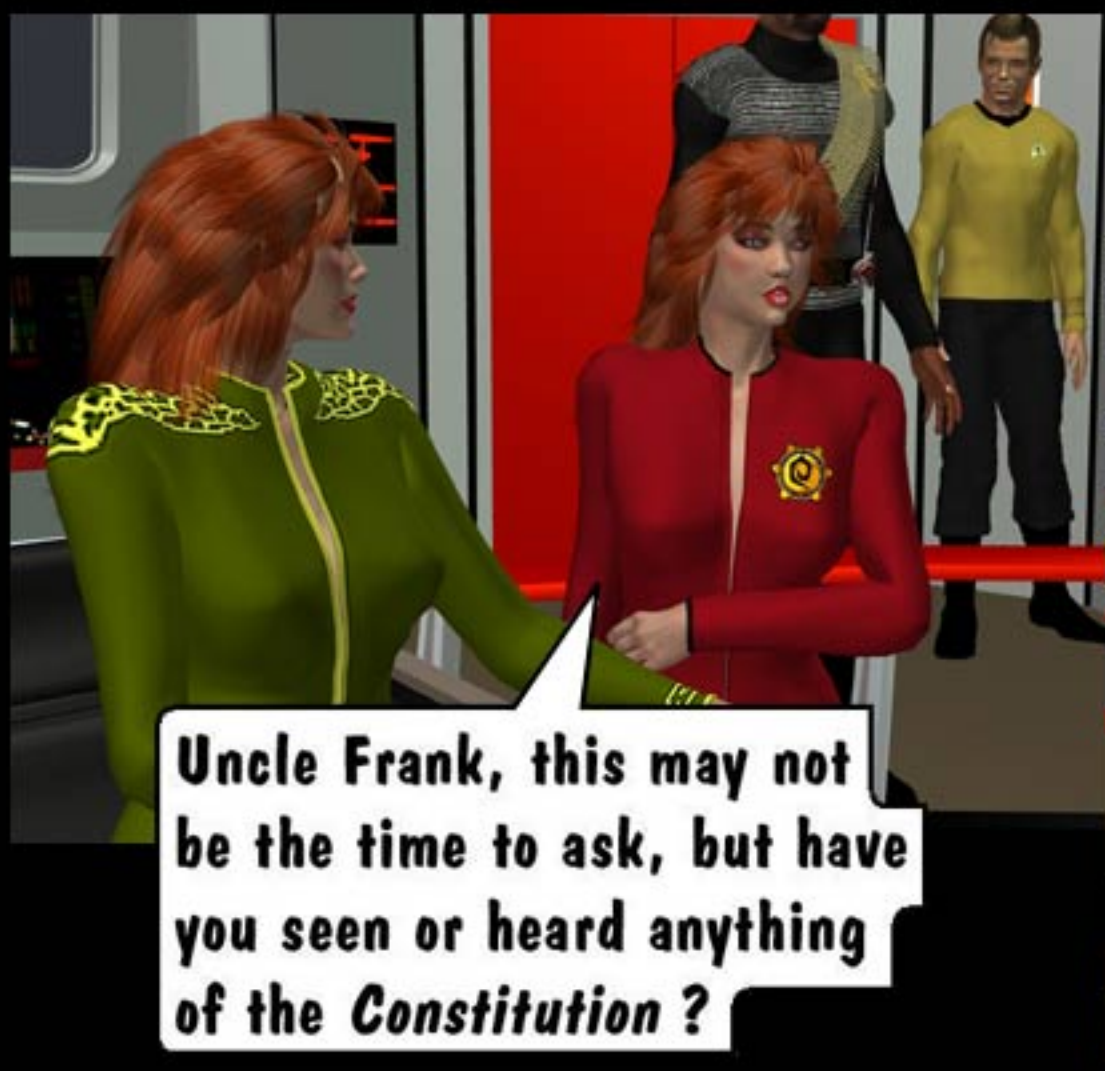
We may be a little slow, sir, but we'll make it.



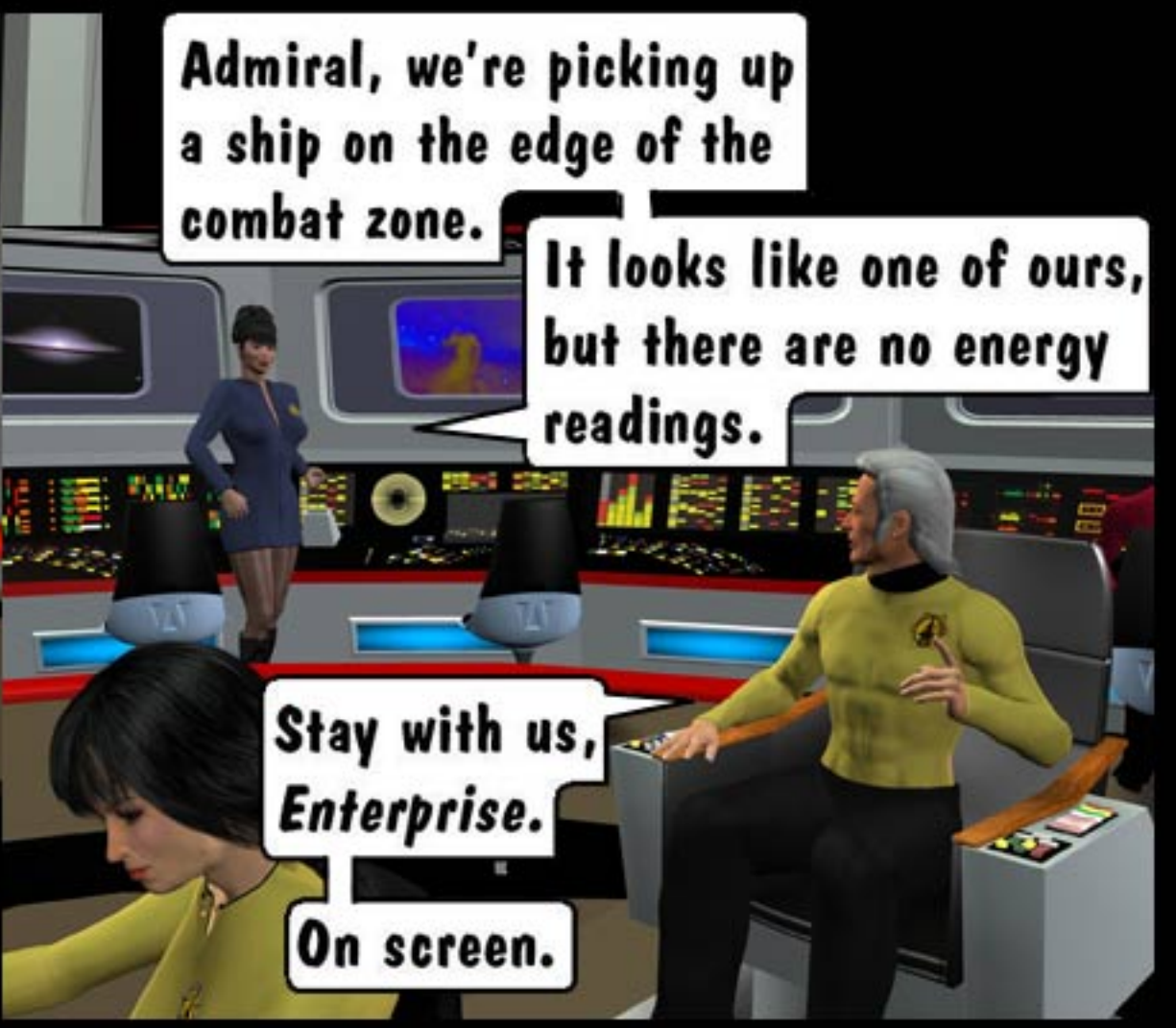
Would you mind an escort home from this party?



How can a girl refuse so many willing suitors?



Uncle Frank, this may not be the time to ask, but have you seen or heard anything of the *Constitution* ?



Admiral, we're picking up a ship on the edge of the combat zone.

It looks like one of ours, but there are no energy readings.

Stay with us, *Enterprise*.

On screen.

Communications?



Been trying to contact them, sir. No luck yet.

Sciences?

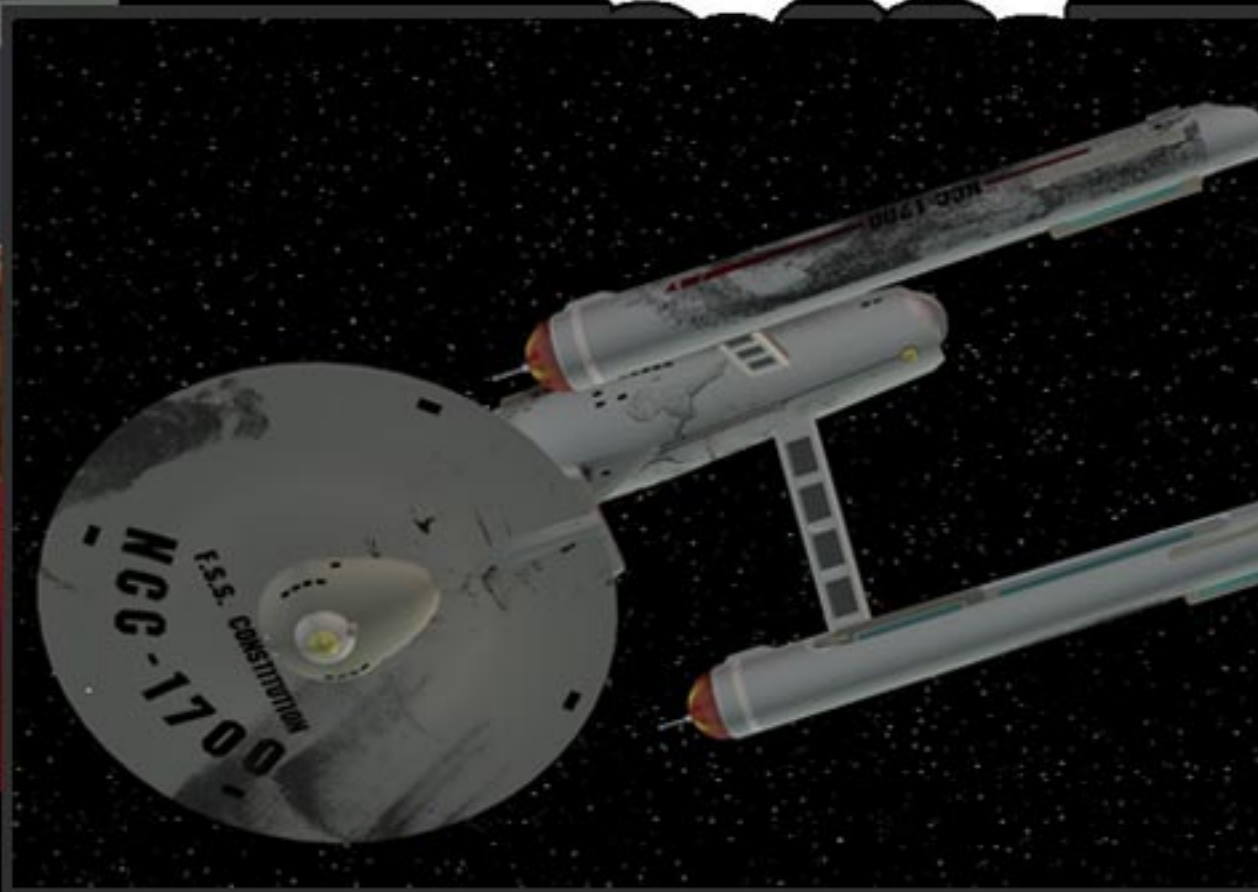
Unable to scan her, sir.



She's in the middle of an intense plasma energy field. She must've been close to several plasma energy bursts when they detonated.



Admiral, their bussard collectors!



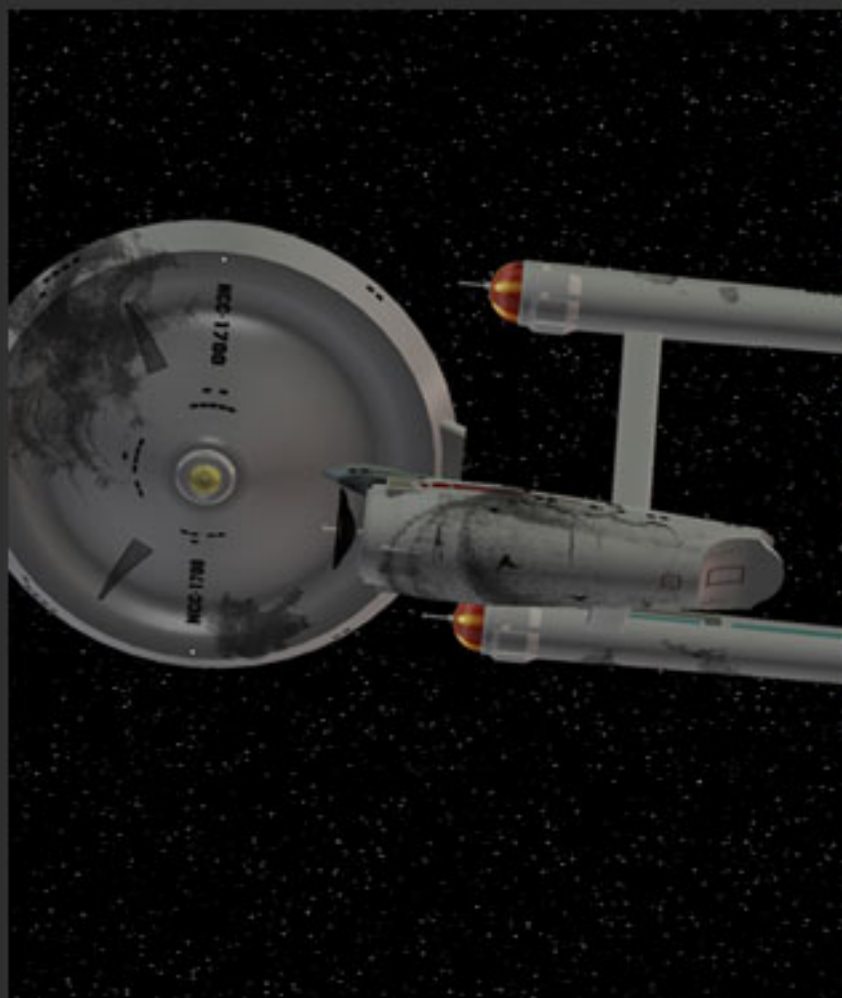
Come on, Lass.



Call in the *Loknar*.
Have her-

Admiral-!

Belay that!



Come on.



Please ?





Yes!



Admiral- !



**...tution to Lydia.
Constitution to Lydia.
Don't count the old girl
out just yet, Admiral.**

**Glad to hear it, Clint.
Can you manuver?**



**Yes, sir. I think we
can even make Warp 5.**

**Excellent! Assume your
station.**

**I've already assigned squadrons
to remain behind on patrol.**



The rest of us are going home.



Whenever you're ready,
Enterprise.

Fitzpatrick out.



Well, I'd like to stay and
visit, but I've got four
ships to get home.

You try to stay out
of trouble, okay?



Thanks, Jim.



Best teacher you can
have is right there.

Yes, sir.
She is.



Jim.

...Tamera.

Thanks, Jim.



Kirk to Enterprise.

One to beam over.

Energize.



HUMMMMMM

Open a General Hail to both Union and Federation ships.



Yes, Ma'am.



Channel open.

This is...Commadore Kirk to both Union and Federation ships...



...On behalf of both myself and my crew, I wish to express our gratitude to all of you for responding to the Call.



It's a certainty that we would not be here now, if not for your timely response...



...Thank you- all of you. Enterprise out.



Running into your counterparts is getting to be a habit, Jim.

But I have to admit, she's the best looking one so far.



Saladin ready for departure when you are. Martin out.



All right. You heard the Admiral, Helm. Everyone's waiting on us.

Shev, Warp Factor 2.95.

Janice, your best course for home.

Yes, Ma'am.

Yes, Ma'am.

Cap- Commodore, the remaining ships in the task force are taking up position with us in the lead.

They are not giving you an escort.

They are giving you an Honor Guard.



**"...She's got the right name-
You remember that. You
treat her like a Lady and she'll
always bring you home."**

**-Admiral Leonard E. McCoy; Ret.
"Encounter at Farpoint"**

**"A Tale of Two Captains"
Part 3 of 3**

**By MDBruffy
Based on concepts created by
Gene Roddenberry**

Next Time on NOVA TREK:

"...We now return to 'The Romulan Invasion: *Enterprise* comes Home'. Here again, is Walter Winston."

The aged newscaster looked into the camera as he spoke. "And with me again is Lt. Commander T'Vellan. Commander, I'm told we now have some early scans of the *Enterprise*."

Starfleet's Andorian liaison nodded as she answered. "Yes, Walter. I haven't seen them yet, but they're saying we should prepare ourselves."

At that point, the viewscreen behind them came to life and there were gasps of shock all around the studio.

Walter could only shake his head in disbelief, his words spoken before he remembered his microphone was still on. "My god, what's holding her together?"

T'Vellan could only stare. "In all my years in Starfleet, I've never seen a ship that badly damaged and still operational."

Walter lifted a hand to his ear and the listening device located there. "She's in visual range of Starbase One. We take you now to our man there. Come in Steven Miles."

The viewscreen changed to show a human male in his mid thirties standing before a viewspot showing space beyond. "Thank you, Walter. We've just received word that *Enterprise* has lost her forward breaking thrusters. As of now, she has no way to slow down- let alone stopping."

Walter turned to the andorian. "Comander, what are their options?"

The female could only shrug. "They only have one: Evacuate the ship and destroy it before hits the station."

NEXT TIME on NOVA TREK:

"Special Report"

Coming in 2013

Note: The following only lists those elements introduced in Part 3- and not those previously seen in Parts 1 and 2:

Kang
P6 James Hires
Ben Hair
P6 Faceroom texture
Bodysuit
James' T-shirt with texture
by mdruffy
Sash by Little Dragon
Boots from Irish for P6 James

Kuntz
Micheal 3 base
Klingon head morph for M3
Melina Hair
M3 Bodysuit
Guantlets by Bluto
M3 boots
Klingon outfit for M3
disruptor- unknown

Romulan Admiral Barlock
M3 base
M3 tunic with new textures by mdruffy
SFO pants for M3 from Poserworld
Boots- M3 TOS Boots from Xcal

The following Head morphs were by Wertz:

Romulan Admiral Barlock
Constitution Captain Clint Jennings
Comm. Elizabeth Politt
Communications Officer
Lydia Captain Charleton Taylor
No.2 Weapons Officer

The following were built by mdruffy:

Lydia's forward weapons station
single-seat helm console

Sickbay treatment couch
exercise bench
anti-grav stretcher

Spirit of Chicago

The Admiral's stateroom aboard Lydia

Enterprise fire extinguisher
Romulan PLasma energy Cannon
chamber

Romulan Engine Room

Plasma Energy Burst effect

Starship ACR

(with thanks to Ptrope, Mylochka
and Tony Oliveria)

Classic Romulan Bird-of-Prey by Jonathan Rich
Damage Textures by mdruffy
Romulan Double-Decker assembled by mdruffy
from parts modeled by Jonathan Rich

KIC Cho'Mar- Original modeler unknown.
Textures by mdruffy

KIC Cho'Mar's bridge- assembled by mdruffy
elements from Joe's- sci-fi

Ptolemy-class transports
FSS Tamerlane-A
by Eric dan Biesen

"Ballad of the Alamo"
From "The Alamo" (1960)
Music by Dimitri Tiomkiri

Tomcat Fighter by Richard Merk
Blacksheep Squadron texture by mdruffy

Constitution/Enterprise model by
Jeffy Crouch
Damage textures for both by mdruffy

Constitution bridge- "Retro Bridge"
by Lucky Dog

"Mars" Viewers by Ptrope

Some special effects by
Jeppes Movie Props Vol.4
Some pyrotechnical effects by
Ronexplosions

Shuttlecraft by Xcal

Baud-class- original model by David Metlesits
converted by Mattymanx

Archer-class scoutship- original model by
Mark Azeredo
Converted by Arcas and Ptrope

Romulan Bridge backgrounds rendered by
Ken Thomson Jr.

Phaser storage case by Roy McCowan

Software used:

Poser 9
Photoshop Elements 10
Google Sketch-up
Adobe Acrobat 8 Professional
UV Mapper classic
PoseRay
Milkshape 3D
NifSkope
3D Extreme Text

Klingon Mekleth- modeler unknown
Phasers- modeler unknown
Tricorder- modeler unknown

Aqua Shuttle modeled by Drell-7

Acknowledgements:

To the gamers and model makers at Star Trek: BridgeCommander and Battle Clinic. If not for their interest in Star Trek- and their fantastic modeling skills- this story would have had a very different look to it- if it could have been done at all.

<http://sfc.battleclinic.com>
<http://bridgecommander.com>

Thanks also go to Ken Thomson Jr. for not only proof reading Nova Trek since Book Two, but for taking the time from his own *Saladin*- related projects to render the *Saladin* bridge sequences used throughout this three-part story.

You can follow the adventures of the USS *Saladin* at:

<http://www.starshipsaladin.com>

And finally, special thanks go to Guy Davis- not only for being one of the first website owners to agree to host Nova Trek, but for allowing me to translate the crew of the *Tamerlane* into 3D form for this story.

You can follow the adventures of "The Little T" at:

<http://usstamerlane.com/>