

NOVA

TREK



"BEGINNINGS END"

BY

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*Based on concepts created by
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**MDB
COMICS**

**Book
13**

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Past Encounter

Twelve years ago-
Stardate 30452.6
The *FSS Olympic*

Lt.Commander Deanna Troi smiled and nodded to various crewmembers as she headed toward her next appointment. As the ship's counselor, her schedule was fairly full.

She fully expected it to be even more so once she transferred to the *Enterprise* next week.

The *Ambassador-class* ship suddenly lurged and bucked as the red alert began to wail. A moment later, Deanna's eyes went wide as she was enveloped in a blinding glare...

.....When the glare faded, Deanna's head swam and before she could get any idea of where she was, she passed out.

She had no idea how long she'd been unconscious. When she recovered and opened her eyes, the sunlight was almost blinding.

She sat up, finding herself on the carpeted floor of someone's living room. It was a penthouse. Climbing to her feet, she turned toward two floor-to-ceiling windows and looked out upon a city she'd never seen before.

There were two glass doors nearby that slid open- allowing access to a patio and swimming pool.

There was the sound of a door opening. She turned to see a human female apparently in her late twenties come into the room. She was dressed in high heels, hose, a black skirt- mid-thigh in length, and a light green blouse. She had what looked like a gold badge clipped to one side of a black leather belt with an obvious hand weapon holstered and clipped to the other side. Her red hair and green eyes topped off the image.

The red head took three more steps into the room, tossing her purse and keys on the dining table before she spotted Deanna.

She took in the knee-high boots, what looked like a mini-dress in blue and black and the mass of black hair. Then her eyes narrowed as she spotted something else.

"A combadge- and rank pips?" The red head stepped toward her. "What's a Starfleet Lt.Commander doing in my living room?"

"It was not intentional," Deanna replied. "But how do you- ?" She tilted her head slightly. "You're not native to this place either."

"More so than you are." Red then shook her head and held up her hand. "Just stop before this goes any further." She stepped away, shaking her head. "This is a first." She stopped in front of the sliding doors and turned around. "My name is Tamera Kirk- Captain Tamera Kirk of the *FSS Trinity*. Now who are you?"

"Lt. Commander Deanna Troi of the *FSS Olympic*."

Tam shook her head again. "Deanna, you just got dumped right in the middle of a secret very few people are aware of."

"I'm a time traveler, Young Lady." She indicated the windows and the view beyond. "This is one of the

eras I live in besides ours."

"You say 'Young Lady' as if-"

"I'm a lot older than I look," Tam told her.

"Did you bring me here- wherever 'here' is?"

Tam indicated the view once more. "You're on Earth- in New York City. The year's 2015- and no, I did not bring you here." She took in and released a sigh. "Which begs the question: what or who did?" She waved a hand toward the room's couch. "Have a seat. What's the last- no. Never mind."

She turned and concentrated and Deanna's eyes went wide as a portal of some kind opened and she was watching herself walk down the corridor aboard the *Olympic*. The ship shook, the alert sounded and the glare took her.

Tam shrugged. "Well, that didn't tell us much. Let's try a different view." She concentrated once more- and the portal opened again- on the bridge of the *Olympic*.

They watched as a crewman looked up from his console.

"Captain, sensors are picking up some kind of distortion ahead."

"I could use a few more details," the man in the center seat stated.

"Gravity fields are in flux, time itself seems to be bouncing all around, readings are- "

The ship lurched, the helmsman was caught in a blinding glare and was gone.

Tam allowed the portal to close. "A natural space-time distortion." She looked to Deanna. "You're lucky. Those things can throw you anywhere in time or space."

"But how do I get back?"

Tam waved that away. "That's not a problem. I open a portal, you step through and you're back on the *Olympic* two seconds after you left. It's just a good thing the distortion grabbed you when it did."

"Why do you say that?"

"Whenever I open a portal, I become aware of what the date is in that era. You were taken on stardate 30452.6. I left that era three days later. The way my 'gift' works, I can only return to the future a few seconds after I left. If you had been taken as much as ten seconds *after* I left, we'd have a real problem getting you home.

"Luckily, that's an issue we don't have to deal with."

"Merrowl."

They both turned to see a black cat with a diamond studded collar come into the living room from the hall. "And where have you been?" Tam asked her.

"Growwl."

"Asleep? Someone's dropped into our home and you slept through it?"

"Merowgl..."

Tam crossed her arms. "It's kind of hard to call ahead when you're caught in a space-time distortion." She nodded toward the kitchen. "Why don't you get her a drink of water?"

The cat looked up at Tam for a moment and she met her gaze. "Isis, it's all right."

It seemed like Deanna just blinked and the cat had been replaced with a humanoid female in a skirt, sleeveless blouse and the same collar the cat was wearing. She also had what looked like feline ears sticking up out of her hair. Deanna could only watch as Isis shrugged. "If you say so."

As she headed for the kitchen, Tam looked to Deanna. "It's all right. Isis is a shape changer."

“Captain- ”

“Tamera.”

“Tamera, is there anything about you that’s normal?”

Tam smiled and laughed gently.

“Sometimes I wonder.” She continued as Isis returned with a glass of water and handed it to their visitor. “Just relax and catch your breath, Deanna. There’s no real hurry to get back- for either of us. I’ve stayed in various time periods for as long as a year- and returned to my ship two seconds after I left.”

A ringing noise filled the living room and Deanna watched as Tam crossed over to a counter where the noise maker was located. She took part of it in hand and raised it to her ear. “Fellini here. When? You have the scene secure? All right, where are you? All right. I’ll be there as soon as I can. ‘Bye.’”

“I thought you said your name was ‘Kirk’?” Deanna asked.

“In our era, it is. Here, I’m known as ‘Tamera Kirk Fellini.’” Tam indicated the device she’d used. “I have to go back out. Do you want to come?”

“If I won’t be in the way.”

Tam looked to Isis. “Get with

Beta-5 and get her something from this year to wear. I don’t think we can pass off a Starfleet skant as a twenty-first century dress.”

A few minutes later, with a tailored jumpsuit replacing the skant, Deanna followed Tam out the door.

2

Deanna’s gaze was everywhere as she followed Tam down the hallway to the elevator. “What floor are we on?”

“Fiftieth,” Tam replied as the elevator arrived and a couple stepped out. Neither spoke again till they were inside and the doors were closed. Tam hit the first floor button and the car began to move.

“Tamera, how can you live and exist in this era as if you belong here?”

“It’s easy when you grew up here,” Tam replied. Then she shrugged. “Well, not exactly grew up. My first visit was in 1978. An Air Force Colonel named Maxwell Fellini took me under his wing- adopted me in fact. I have actual records supporting my existence

in this time period- and a few others.

"But there's no need to go into all of that. Just take my word for it- I'm as much a part of this era as anyone else you'll see."

The elevator doors opened at that point and Tam led her out into the lobby. Deanna found it hard not to look in a dozen directions as they headed for the entrance.

Once on the sidewalk, Tam didn't waste time as she headed straight to a shiny, light blue vehicle parked at the curb. Deanna didn't know it was a 2014 Camaro. She just watched as Tam circled round to the driver's side and opened the door. Then, the red head looked over at her. "It's okay. It's mine. Get in."

Tam had to show her how to use the seat belt, but a moment later, with a shifting of gears, they pulled away from the curb. As they drove, Tam reached to a storage area between them and took out a red light. She then reached out her driver's side window and attached it to the top of the car. A moment later, it was flashing and wailing as Deanna grabbed for

support and Tamera increased their speed.

Deanna's gaze was everywhere throughout that drive. There were several times, when the Lieutenant Commander was certain they were going to crash before they reached the factory district and Tamera brought the car to a stop in front of one of the buildings. The sign on the wall facing the street read:

MILLER'S MUNITIONS
Best guns in New York
est. 1845

Tam gave the sign a glance as she led Deanna inside. "Just stay close and don't touch anything."

As they entered the lobby, Deanna's eyes went wide at the sight of all the guns on display, ranging from pistols to rifles.

There was a man standing by the receptionist's desk in a dark blue uniform. Tam spoke to him as she presented her badge. "Yes, Ma'am." He pointed. "Just down the hall- all the way to the end."

"Thank you." Gathering Deanna with a glance, Tam headed off in the indicated direction. As Deanna followed, there was something...

She turned and saw only the man in blue.

Once they reached the office in question, Deanna saw several people working and moving about in a room that was half office and half armoury. Guns were mounted on the walls and boxes of ammunition were stacked on shelves as if on display.

As Tam approached one of the men, Deanna heard another one talking. "Who's the skirt?"

His older partner turned to face him. "That 'skirt' is Captain Fellini-your boss."

"Wonder who she slept with to get the job."

The older of the two grabbed the other's arm and led him off to one side, but Deanna could still hear what was said. "You better watch your mouth. She worked her way up- cracked cases you would have given up on. And you know what she gets for doing her job? One dollar."

"What?"

The older man nodded. "She's got money- lots of it. She takes one dollar to make the job legal and

turns the rest of her pay back over to the city."

"What've you got, Tom?" Tam's voice pulled Deanna away from the two men and she turned to find Tamera standing beside a man in his late forties. The two were standing over a covered body.

"David Miller- company's co-owner. Age 65, married- no children. One brother. According to the people we've talked to so far, he hadn't left the office all day- he even ordered take-out and ate it in here." He nodded toward the desk and the half-eaten fish sandwich. "From what we can tell as of now, looks like someone came in about lunch time and beat his brains in." He waved to another man and that one approached with a covered object. Tom pulled the cover back to reveal a blood covered rifle stock.

Tam nodded toward the object. "Was that already in here or was it brought in?"

Tom covered the murder weapon as he spoke. "As of now, we're assuming it came from the factory floor- it hadn't even been stained yet- at least not with wood stain."

Then he spotted Deanna. "Who-?"

"Oh, it's all right," Tam told him. "This is my cousin, Deanna. She decided to pay me a surprise visit." She nodded toward the body. "You said co-owner. Who's the other one?"

"The brother- Daniel Miller. Age 66. Also married, one son. His name's 'Dexter'."

Tam shook her head. "Their family must have a fixation on the letter 'D'." She glanced around. "Anything taken?"

"Not that we've noticed," Tom replied. "But we're still looking things over."

Tam nodded. "Okay. You know the routine. Backgrounds on everyone connected with David Miller in any way, shape or form. And find out for certain about that stock." Tam nodded toward Deanna. "We're going to grab a bite to eat. I've got my cell so you can reach me if anything turns up."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Gathering Deanna with a nod, Tamera headed for the door. As they reached the lobby, Deanna glanced around, but the man in blue was gone.

3

"...So you are telling me that you actually went to their Police Academy?" Deanna asked later as she and Tamera sat in a restaurant waiting for their orders.

Tam nodded. "And worked up from there. I've done it all- walked the beat, worked dispatch, drove cruisers. Been shot at more times than I care to remember. Actually been shot a few times, too."

Deanna was confused to say the least. "But how can you do that without disrupting the timeline?"

A waitress brought their orders then- steak and potatoes with salad for both with non-alcoholic drinks.

Tam waited till she was gone before answering. "The answer to that's simple- and it's the same answer as when a landing party sets out to learn about a new race.

"You live like the natives. Do things the same way they do. If you follow that one rule, then Time ignores you and goes its own way.

"It's only when you've got some stupid fool that's trying to change things for his own gains, that Time revolts and gets messed up."

They ate in silence then and Deanna watched Tamera as they did so. There was a lot to this red head. "Did something like that happen to you?" she finally asked.

Tam met her gaze. "There's more to you than there seems, isn't there?"

"I'm half Betazed, Captain."
"Telepathy."

Deanna shook her head. "My father was human. My gift is more like Empathy. I can only sense feelings and emotions."

Tam nodded. "To answer your question: Yes. But this is too public a place to go into it and it happened a long time ago."

Music started playing then and Deanna's attention was drawn to the source. "It's called a jukebox." Tam told her. "Not as

many around as there used to be." She paid the bill once they were done and as they left the building, she had a question. "Do you want to head back or stick around for awhile? To be honest, I don't get many visitors from home."

"You are certain you can return me to the *Olympic* at the right time?" Deanna asked. She watched Tam nod as they reached the car. "Then I would like to stay and see how things turn out."

Tam smiled. "Okay...cousin. Let's get back to the penthouse. Isis is probably wondering where we've gotten to."

When they arrived at the penthouse, they found someone waiting for them. "Tom?" The older man that Tam had spoken to at the factory turned from the windows at Tam's call. "What brings you round?"

He indicated several files on the dining table. "Brought those background checks you wanted. We also found out that that rifle stock was a reject. There's a flaw in the

wood. It was thrown in the dumpster two days ago. All our killer had to do was reach in and pull it out.

"There's something else, too."

Tam and Deanna traded glances as the red head spoke. "What?"

"A break-in at David Miller's apartment. Fortunately, his wife was visiting neighbors at the time. The den had been turned upside down."

"Searched," Tam noted. "Any signs that whoever it was, found what they were looking for?"

Their visitor shook his head. "No. The whole room was tore apart- the bedroom, too."

"Then whatever our killer was looking for, wasn't in the apartment," Tam decided. "Have you talked to David Miller?"

"No, he's out of town- Las Angles. He won't be back till next week."

Tam nodded. "Most offices have a safe. Did Miller's?"

Tom nodded. "But it was still locked tight. We checked it for

prints, but the only ones on it were Miller's." Tom's cell phone buzzed and Tam watched as he answered it. "Yeah? Okay. No, I'm with her now. I'll tell her. Yeah, 'bye."

Tamera watched him close. "Tell me what?"

"Prowl car found the body of a delivery boy that worked for the fast food place Miller ordered his fish sandwich from. According to the coroner, he was killed no more than fifteen, twenty minutes before Miller was."

"How?"

"A blow to the back of his head. looked like it might have been a baseball bat."

Tam met his gaze. "Or a rifle stock?"

Tom nodded and headed for the door. "I'll check it."

As the older man left, Deanna wondered over to the dinning table and began looking through the folders he'd brought. "Tamera, how do they do anything in this era when their methods of gathering information is so- "

She stopped and stared at the contents of one of the folders.

Tam came over to her. "What is it?"

Deanna pointed to the photo the folder contained. "I saw this man. He was at the factory, dressed like one of your officers. He was standing next to the receptionist's desk. By the time we left, he was gone."

"I spoke to him," Tam realized. "He gave me directions to Miller's office- *Damnit!*"

Deanna studied the photo as she spoke again. "Something was not right about him." The Lieutenant Commander tilted her head slightly. "He was angry- but not at your people. It wasn't a normal anger."

Tam watched her closely. "What was different about it?"

"It was...unbalanced," Deanna said as she worked to put what she had felt into words. "Tilted."

Tam stepped away and swore softly. "Wonderful."

The phone rang and she

crossed the room to answer it.

"Fellini here. Yes, Tom? Okay, make sure everyone knows. Right." She hung up and looked to Deanna. "The delivery boy's blood was on the rifle stock used to beat Miller to death."

Deanna watched as she stepped away, toward the patio doors.

"He was looking for something at Miller's apartment," Tam muttered. "But it wasn't there."

She ran to the dinning table and grabbed her purse and keys.

"Come on!"

"Where- ?" Deanna asked as she grabbed up the folder.

"Back to the factory," Tam told her. "And hope we're not too late!"

4

As they drove, Deanna opened the folder and began reading through it. "According to this, he's spent the last ten years in and out of various mental hospitals- each stay longer than the last. This says he also has an obsession with his family history."

"Then why kill Miller?" Tam asked. "Unless he was going to change that history or challenge it. That sign on the factory's wall said the company had been established in 1845. There's a lot of blood-smeared history between then and now."

"What are we looking for at the factory?" Deanna asked.

"The one item our killer didn't find at Miller's apartment," Tam replied. "The one thing he needs to gain control of the factory."

Tam brought the Camero to a stop in front of Miller's Munitions and Deanna spoke as they approached the entrance. "It's late. The doors may be locked."

"I hope they are," Tam told her. "That'll mean we got here first."

But as soon as she pushed on the door, it swung open. "How?" Deanna asked. "There are no signs it was forced."

"He had keys," Tam replied. "He also turned off the door alarm or else the office would have been notified."

Tamera looked to her companion. "Deanna, I want you to go back to the car."

"Tamera- "

"That's an order, Lieutenant Commander," The Captain stated. "You don't have the training for this and I'm not sending a *corpse* back to the twenty-fourth century."

Their gazes met and then Deanna nodded and stepped back.

Tam moved slowly toward the receptionist's desk. Once behind it, she glanced around and under-finding the silent alarm switch.

She pressed it- and hoped it worked.

Then she headed toward Miller's office.

She drew her gun from her hip as she spotted light coming from under the closed door. Carefully, she turned the knob and as silently as she could, she pushed the door open. First thing she could see was the window behind the desk. Then, she had the door open enough to see a shadowy figure standing in front of the

office safe, a flashlight aimed at the lock.

Tam carefully took aim as she stepped into the room. "Still looking for your uncle's will-Dexter?"

The son of Daniel Miller and the nephew of the late David Miller turned in surprise- then he threw the flashlight.

Tam blocked it aside with her empty hand as Dexter dove for her and grabbed her gun hand. She brought her knee up and back-handed him, sending the younger male staggering away as he pulled his own gun from his waist band. "You're dead Cop! My uncle was going to ruin this place! Ruin our history!"

"How Dexter?"

"He said there was too much violence in the world- said too many people were using guns to kill people. He was going to wait till Dad got back and talk to him about going out of business.

"Do you know what he wanted to build instead? *Lawnmowers!* %&\$@ *Lawnmowers!!*"

Dexter held his aim on Tam as he shook with rage. "He was going to ruin our family with stupid Lawnmowers!"

"So you ruined it instead by killing him," Tam noted.

"No," Dexter swore. Tam could almost see the twisted gleam in his eyes. "No, I *saved* our family- and our history by killing him!" He brought the gun up- taking aim right between Tam's eyes. "Just like I'm going to kill you for getting in my way."

"You're going to have to kill your father, too," Tam stated calmly. "As well as every cop in New York. You won't have time to worry about the factory or your family's history because you'll be too busy running from the mess you've made."

Her gun arm was a blur as she fired and dove at the same time. Her shot clipped Dexter's arm even as his passed over her head.

Then a third shot was fired- and Dexter's gun went flying.

They both looked to the door to see Deanna standing there with a rifle to her shoulder.

"This isn't a Winchester, but I'm quite capable of using it." She stepped further into the room. her aim never wavering from Dexter's chest. "On your knees."

Dexter looked to Tam, then Deanna. Then he turned, ran and dove out the window.

"Stay down," Deanna ordered as she took aim and fired.

Dexter screamed and Tam got to the window to see him laying in the parking lot, holding his bleeding leg.

The red head turned to Deanna. "How in the hell-?"

"My father," Deanna told her. "He used to tell me stories about the American Wild West. I've recreated it on the holodeck several times."

Tam slowly smiled, then looked out the window at the sound of patrol cars arriving. She turned back to Deanna and reached for the rifle. "Give me that." She then took the weapon and began wiping it off.

"What are you doing?" Deanna asked.

"Wiping off your fingerprints," Tamera replied as she then held the rifle to her own shoulder. "You're not in any twenty-first century data base and we can't leave any unsolved mysteries. I have something of a reputation for gun play in this era. No one will think twice about the idea of *me* shooting him."

"Why don't you go on out to the car? We'll head home as soon as I talk to the squads."

The Lieutenant Commander nodded and headed for the door. As she reached it, Tam called to her. "Deanna? Thanks."

"You're welcome."

5

"...What will happen to Dexter?" Deanna asked as they entered the penthouse.

"Knowing the legal system in this era, he'll be committed," Tam told her. "For life. He won't be walking out of any hospitals this time." She then turned to face Deanna as she tossed her purse and keys on the dining table.

"Now, you have a choice to make. You said you wanted to stay till the case was over. Well, it's over. Do you want to head back tonight or use the guest room for a good night's sleep and head back after breakfast?"

Deanna sighed. "I am tired- and I know Captain Myers will have questions about what happened." She smiled. "A good night's sleep sounds good."

Tam smiled. "I don't blame you." She waved a hand toward the hallway, "This way."

Next morning, Tam and Isis had breakfast on the table by the time Deanna got up. Finding her uniform laying across the foot of the bed, she dressed and found the two just sitting down at the table. "Good morning."

Tam returned her smile and indicated the food on the table. "Morning. Help yourself."

As Deanna did so, Tam glanced at Isis as she spoke. "Deanna, there is one little detail we need to discuss."

The Lieutenant Commander looked up from her meal. "And that is?"

"Remember you left our era before I did," Tam stated. "When you get back, you'll be arriving three days before I left. Don't try to contact me. I won't have any idea who you are or what you're talking about. It might be best to just let your captain think that the distortion that took you, also returned you."

The dark haired young woman nodded. "I understand."

"It'll also help preserve my secret," Tam added. "If it becomes public knowledge that I can open doorways through time, the boys in Temporal R&D will get hold of me and I'll never command a starship again."

Deanna nodded. "I won't tell."

"Thank you." Tam finished the strawberries she was eating, then rose from her seat. "If you're ready, let's get it done."

The Lieutenant Commander followed her into the living room and watched as Tamera concentrated and opened the portal onto the *Olympic*. Tam then looked to her. "All you've got to do, is step through."

Deanna met her gaze, glanced over at Isis, then stepped through the portal.

A moment later, she was standing in the corridor aboard the *Olympic* and the portal was closing behind her.

In the same instant, various crewmen spotted her and came running. "Deanna!" "Commander!" "Where'd you come from?" "How-?"

"One at a time," She told them as she held up her hands to hold them off. "I'm not quite sure myself..."

END

Prologue:

On Stardate 48632.4, Captain Jean-Luc Picard and the crew of the FSS Enterprise-D uncovered a plot by Dr. Tolian Soren to destroy the star in the Veridan System. Doing so, would kill the system's population while altering the course of a galactic effect known as the Nexus, allowing Dr. Soren to return to its 'other reality' existence.

The Enterprise-D arrived at Veridan III and Captain Picard beamed down to confront Soren. In that same instant, while the shields were down to allow transport, Soren's allies, the Duras sisters decloaked and fired on the Enterprise-damaging her warp core.

The Enterprise-D managed to destroy the Duras sisters' ship minutes before a warp core breach forced Saucer Separation.

On the surface, Captain Picard located Soren's missile and succeeded in locking



the launch pad clamps in place and scrambling the access codes before Soren found and confronted him.

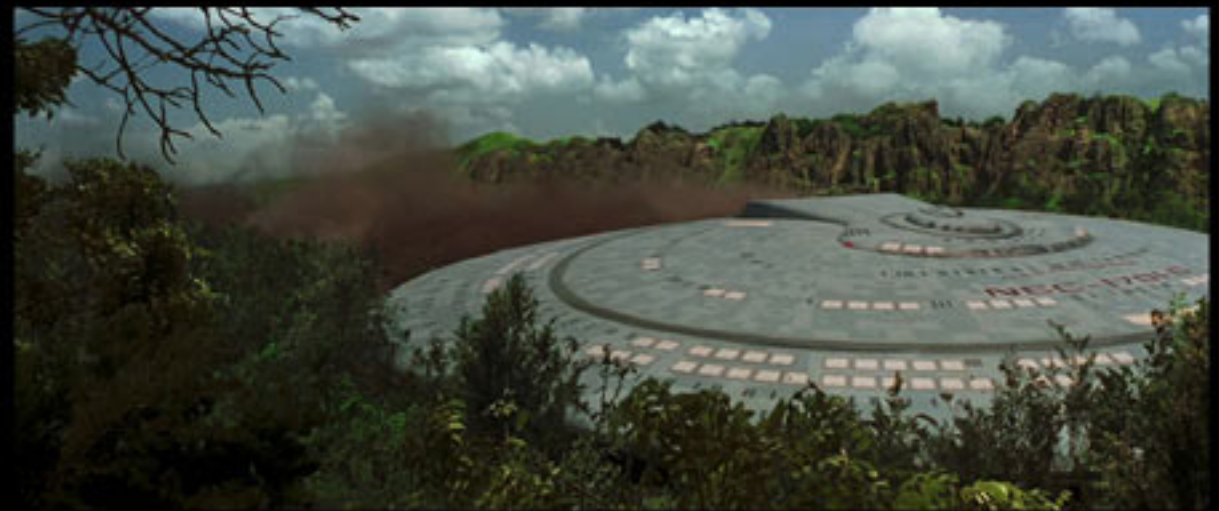
But it was too late. Even as the Enterprise-D's saucer crashed into an unpopulated area of Veridan III, the missile exploded on the pad.

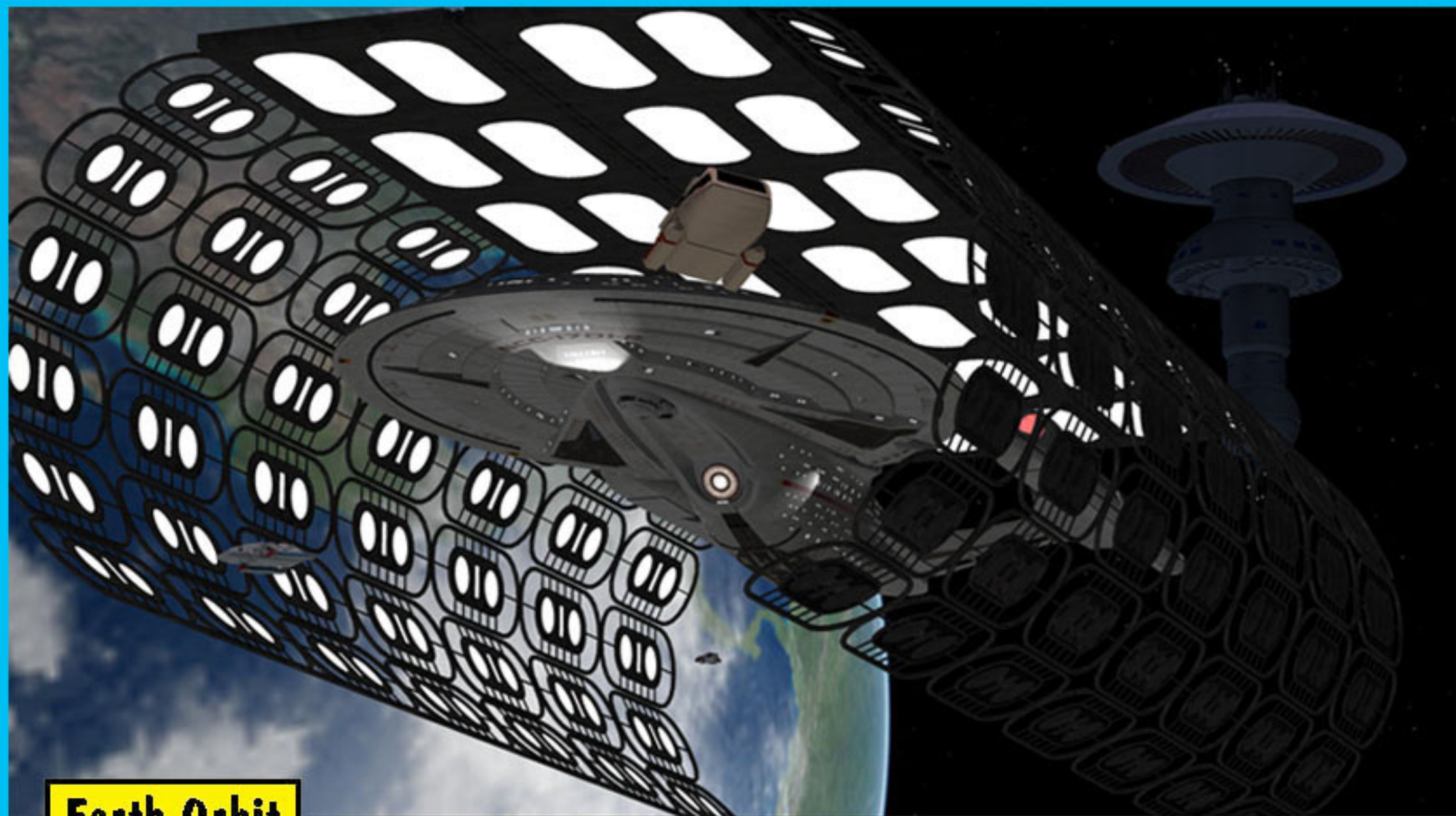
The voyages of the Enterprise-D were over.

Dr.Tolian Soren's plan had failed.

Captain Jean-Luc Picard would go down in both Union and Starfleet history as a hero for sacrificing his own life to save the population of the Veridan Star System.

It is now one year later....





Earth Orbit



Party's ready for transport, sir.

Energize.



HUMMMMMMM

Permission to
come aboard?

Granted, Ma'am.

Commander William Riker-
First Officer.



Captain Tamera Kirk-
Your new boss.

You seem to be staring,
Commander.



That's not surprising, since I'm the only one that wears it.

I see.



I'm sorry, Ma'am.

It's just that I've never seen that version of the uniform before.



I have several boxes that need to be brought aboard.

Aye, sir.

See to it that the captain's things are beamed up and sent to her quarters.



If you'll follow me?



The Command Crew's waiting for you on the Bridge and you have a visitor.

Who?

She asked us not to say.

All right. As long
as it's not an assassin.

Think you can find it
on a ship this big?

Yowl.

Said you'd find out
soon enough.

Merowl.

All right.

Try not to get
stepped on.

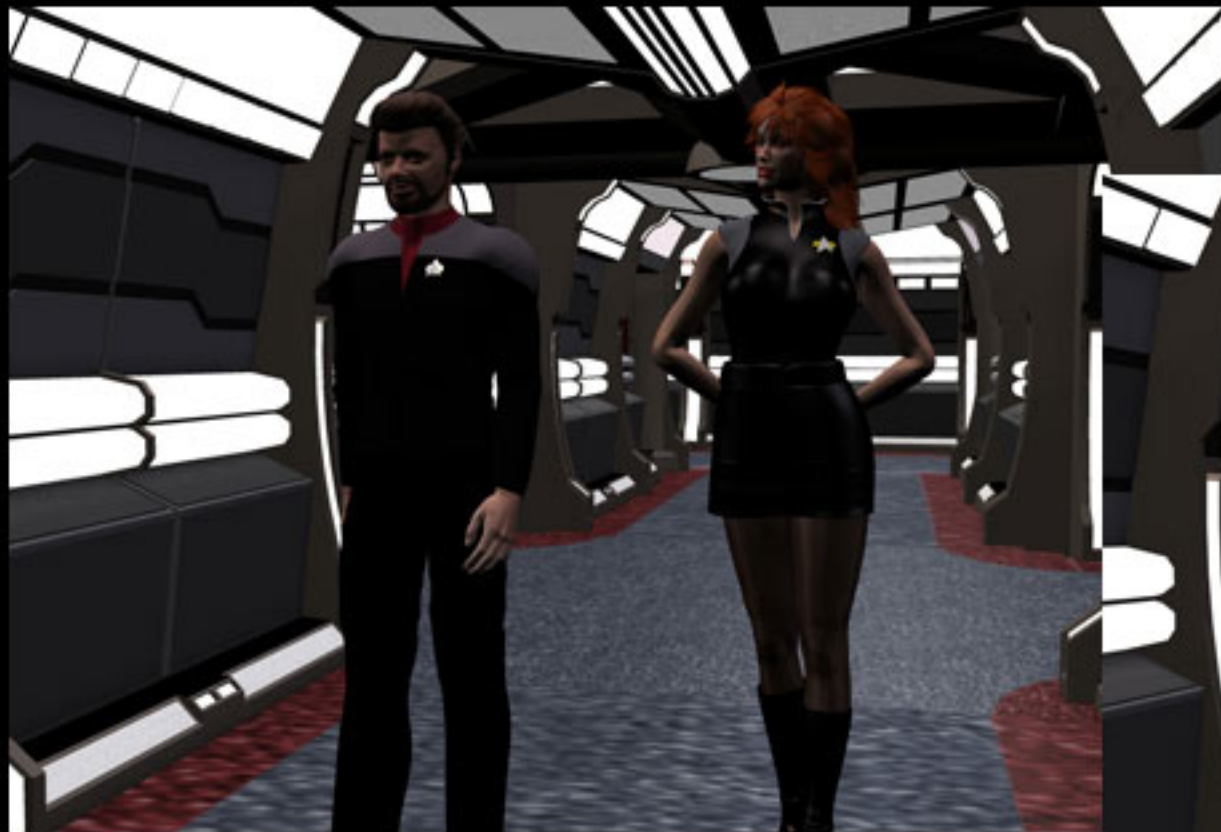
With all due respect,
is that a good idea?

It never takes Isis long to
learn her way around.

Especially on a ship
she's never seen before?

Me on the other hand...

Lead on, Commander.



You're awfully quiet, Commander.



Last time I assumed command of a ship, the first officer was so talkative, I had to order him to shut up.




That was a joke, Commander-
As in 'Ha-Ha'?



Let me guess.




You're irked because Starfleet passed you over and brought this outsider in.



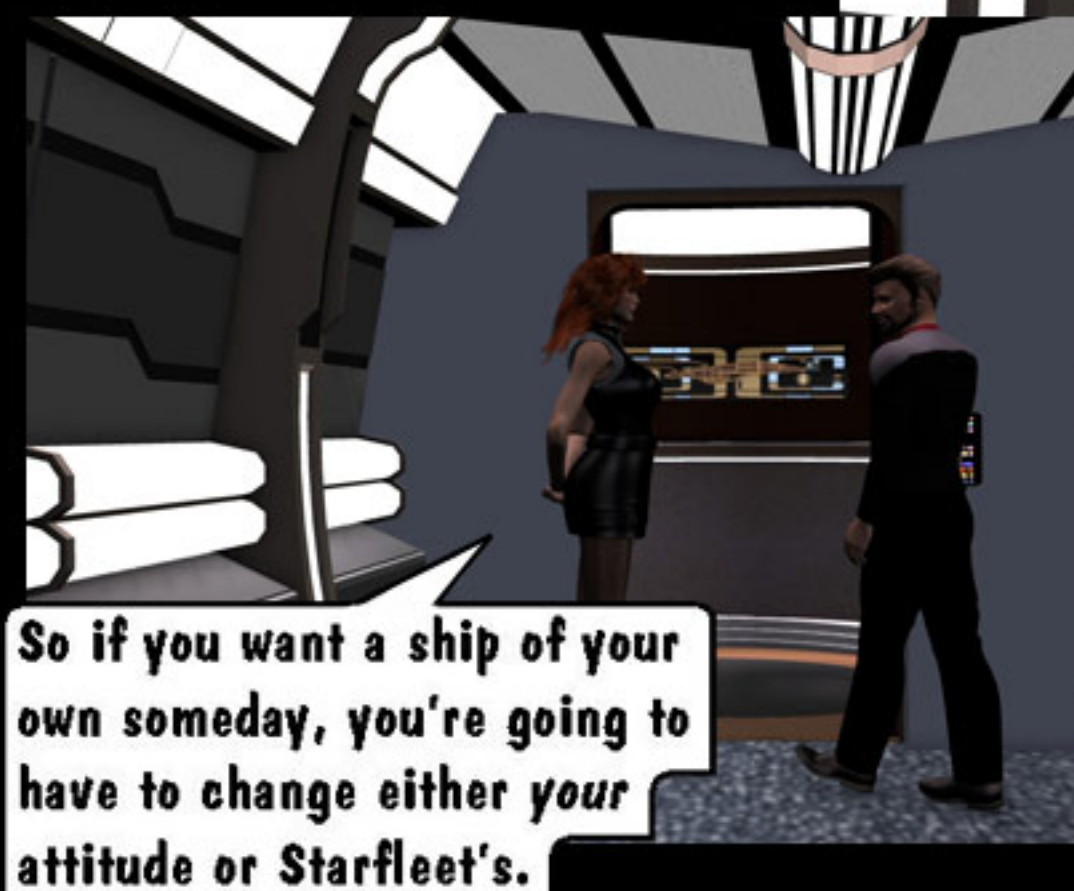
I can't help wondering why?

Fair question- especially in view of your record- which I've read.

So I'll tell you what Starfleet told me when I asked them the same question.



They said, quote" He's turned down every command he's been offered. Why give him the chance to do it again?"



So if you want a ship of your own someday, you're going to have to change either *your* attitude or Starfleet's.




Bridge.

I was sorry to hear about Captain Picard. He was a good man.



Yes, Ma'am, he was.

Did you know the Captain?



I knew Jean-Luc Picard from the day he arrived late on my Bridge for his first training flight.*

?

*"Thelen"

Captain on the Bridge. Address Intercraft.

Intercraft open, Commander.

This is the First Officer.

This is Captain Tamera Kirk.

I will now read the following orders into the Ship's Log:

Stand by for a special announcement.

"From Grand Admiral Steven Mikels. To Captain Tamera Kirk. You will report to the San Francisco Orbital Shipyard and assume command of the *FSS Enterprise, NCC-1701-E* for the duration of it's first ten year mission to carry out the Starfleet Mandate;

"To explore strange new worlds, 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."



Computer?

Yes, Ma'am?

Note in the ship's log, that on this date, at this hour, I do hereby legally assume command of this vessel.


Yes, Ma'am. It is noted and logged.

Welcome aboard, Captain.


Thank you.




Some of you, I already know...




As for the rest of you, we'll have plenty of time to get to know each other.



But for now, Commander, I want a full meeting with the Command Crew in the Briefing Room in one hour.



The Observation Lounge.
Yes, Ma'am.



What did I call it, Commander?



You said 'Briefing Room', Ma'am.

I thought that was what I said.

You're going to find that I'm some what old fashioned in some ways, Commander- Termonology being one of them.



Yes, Ma'am.



Carry on.



I didn't think you'd make it this time.



I have never missed one of your launches- came close a few times. But I've made every one.



And with you taking command of a ship named *Enterprise*, where else am I going to be?



If everyone did what their doctors' said, the universe would be pretty damn dull.

Still taking your little 'side-trips'?



From time to time.

Jan, why don't you reconsider?

Dr. McCoy's life has-



We've already had that argument. Unlike Leonard McCoy, I still have all of *my* original plumbing and I fully intend to go out that way.





You didn't come all the way from Vulcan just to see me off.

You're right. I'm staying on board.



What?



I'm your first mission as Captain of the *Enterprise*.



What are you talking about?



You're taking me to Romulus.



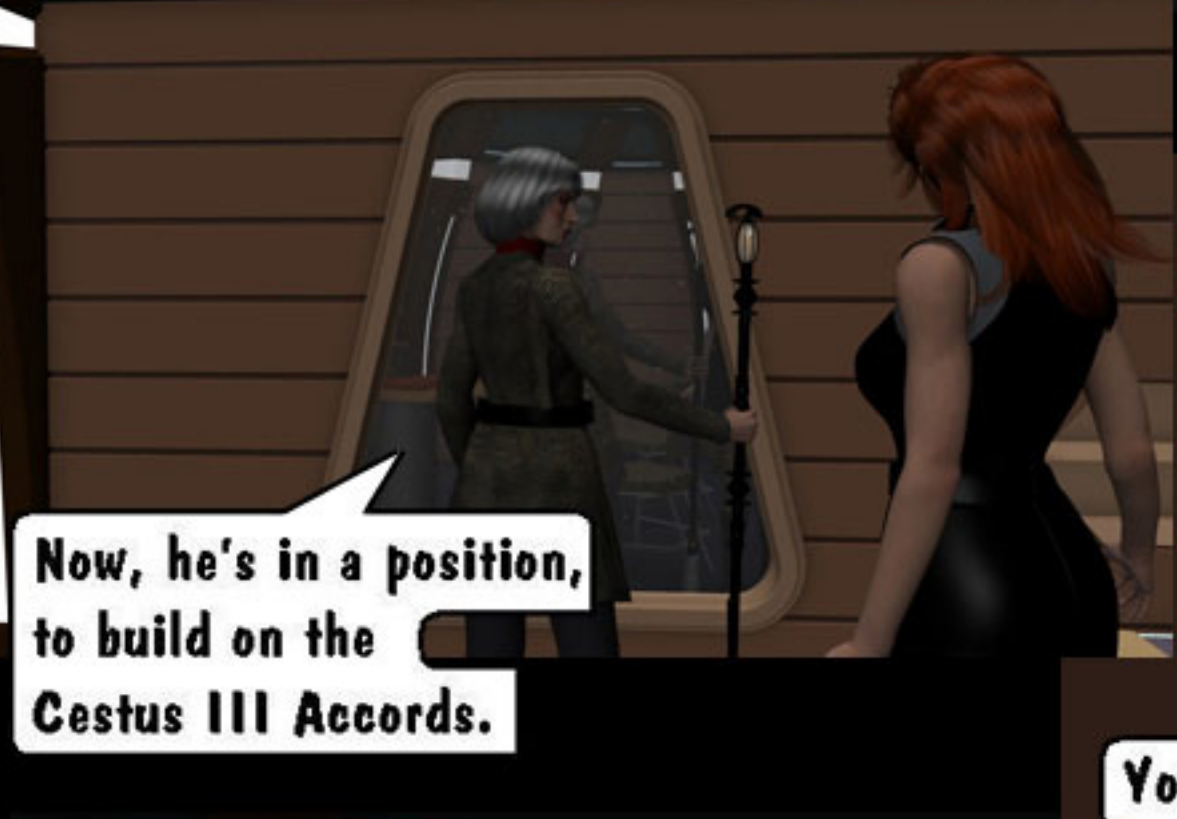
What?



Rayannah, Sarek and Janet have been on Romulus for a month now, involved in closed door alliance talks with the Praetor and his advisors.

Seems the current Praetor was an ensign- or their equivalent- during "The Battle of Starbase 98". His was one of the few ships to make it back across the 'Zone.

Over the years since, he's done what he needed to, in order to reach the Praetor's Chair.



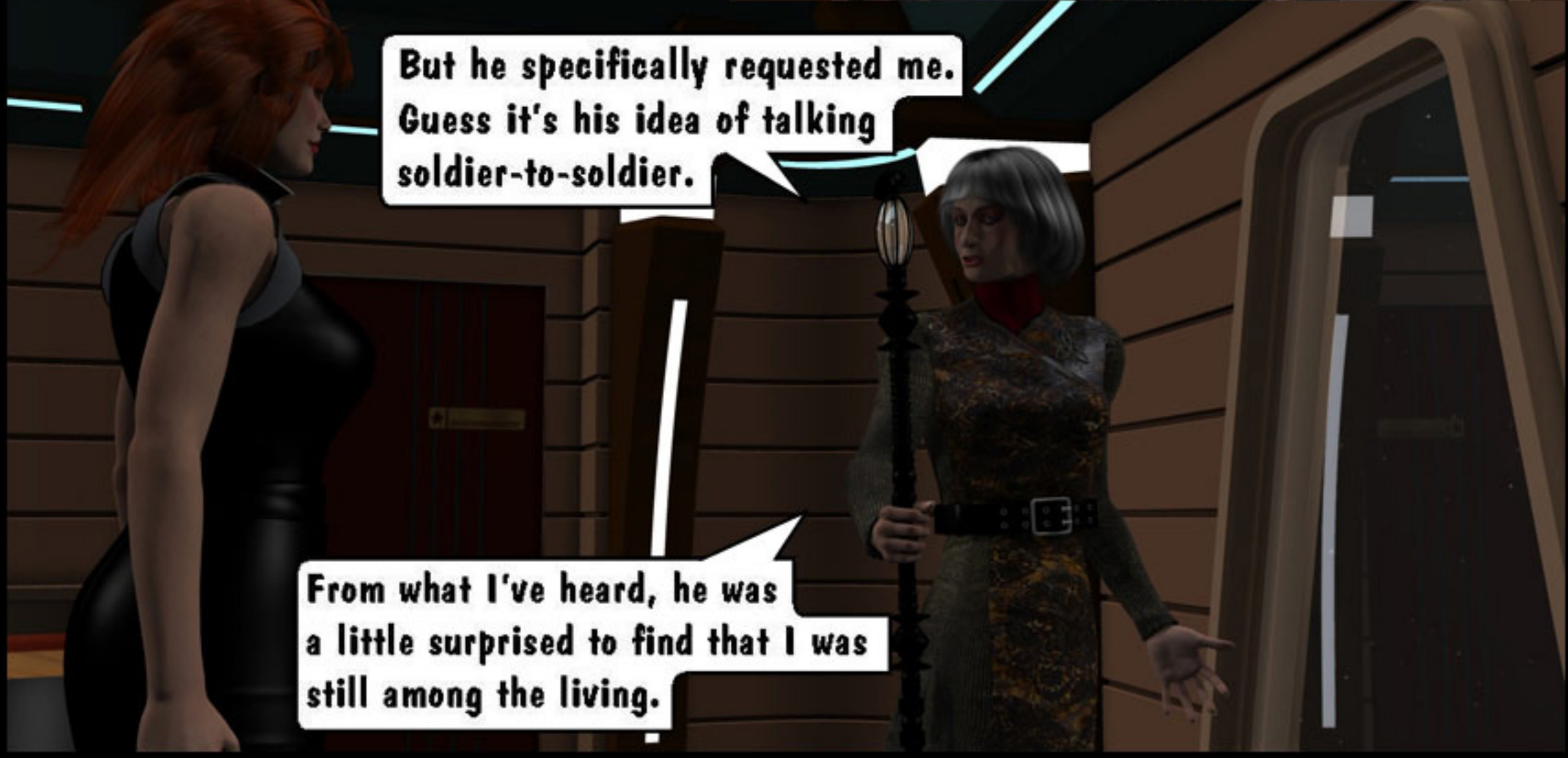
Now, he's in a position, to build on the Cestus III Accords.

But why you?

Wouldn't someone-

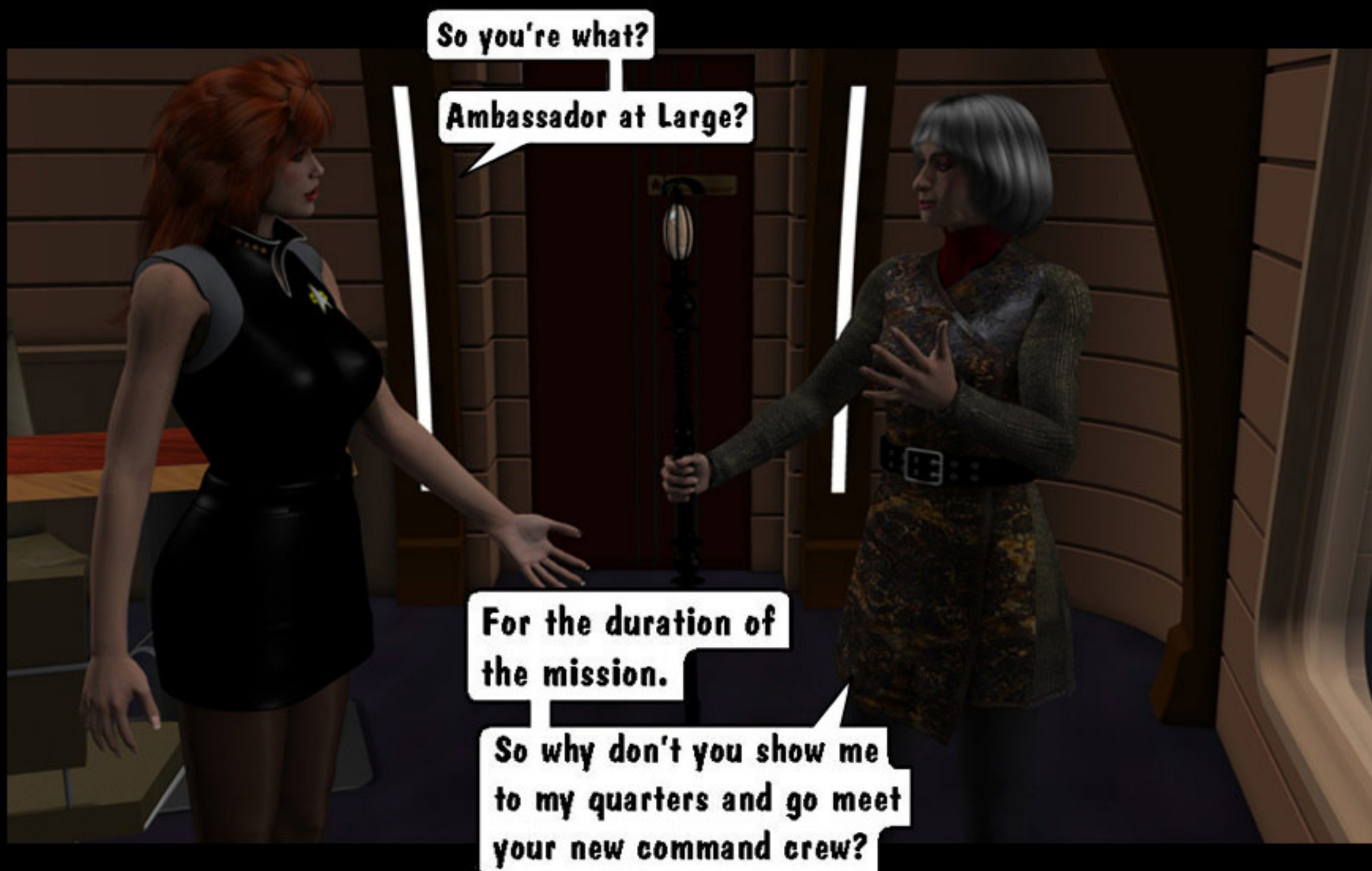


Younger be better? Maybe.



But he specifically requested me. Guess it's his idea of talking soldier-to-soldier.

From what I've heard, he was a little surprised to find that I was still among the living.





Sorry I'm late.

Dealing with my sister took longer than I expected.

Commander if you would, please?



Yes, Ma'am. Our Second Officer, Commander-



-Data. It's good to see you again.



And you, Captain.

I'm sorry, Commander.

I was captain of the *Tripoli* when Thelen found him.



You've met?

Please, continue.



Commander Geordi LaForge,
Our Chief Engineer.

Mr. LaForge, a mutual friend had
some good things to say about you.



Mutual friend?



Montgomery Scott.

When he left the "D", my sister and I
were the first two people he looked up.
He had nothing but high praise for
all of you.



Ship's Counselor-

Deanna.

It's good to see
you again.





And you,
Captain.



Yes, Commander.

Deanna and I met
...several years ago.



Ship's Chief Medical
Officer, Dr. Beverly Crusher.



Doctor, would you do
me a favor?

Give my sister a quick check?
She's going to need all
her strength in the days
to come.

Of course, Captain.




Since we're all- wait.

Commander. where's our
Head of Security?

We don't have one- yet.

I've gone over Security's roster,
but I haven't found anyone really
suitable.



Never enough Klingons to go around, huh?

I guess I got spoiled.

Once Worf took the post, it was like he was made for it.

It's our tough luck he was re-assigned to Deep Space Nine. Did you know Worf, too?

Not personally.

From what I've read, your Mr. Worf raised the bar quite a bit.

But when I found out I was getting the "E", I read up on the "D".

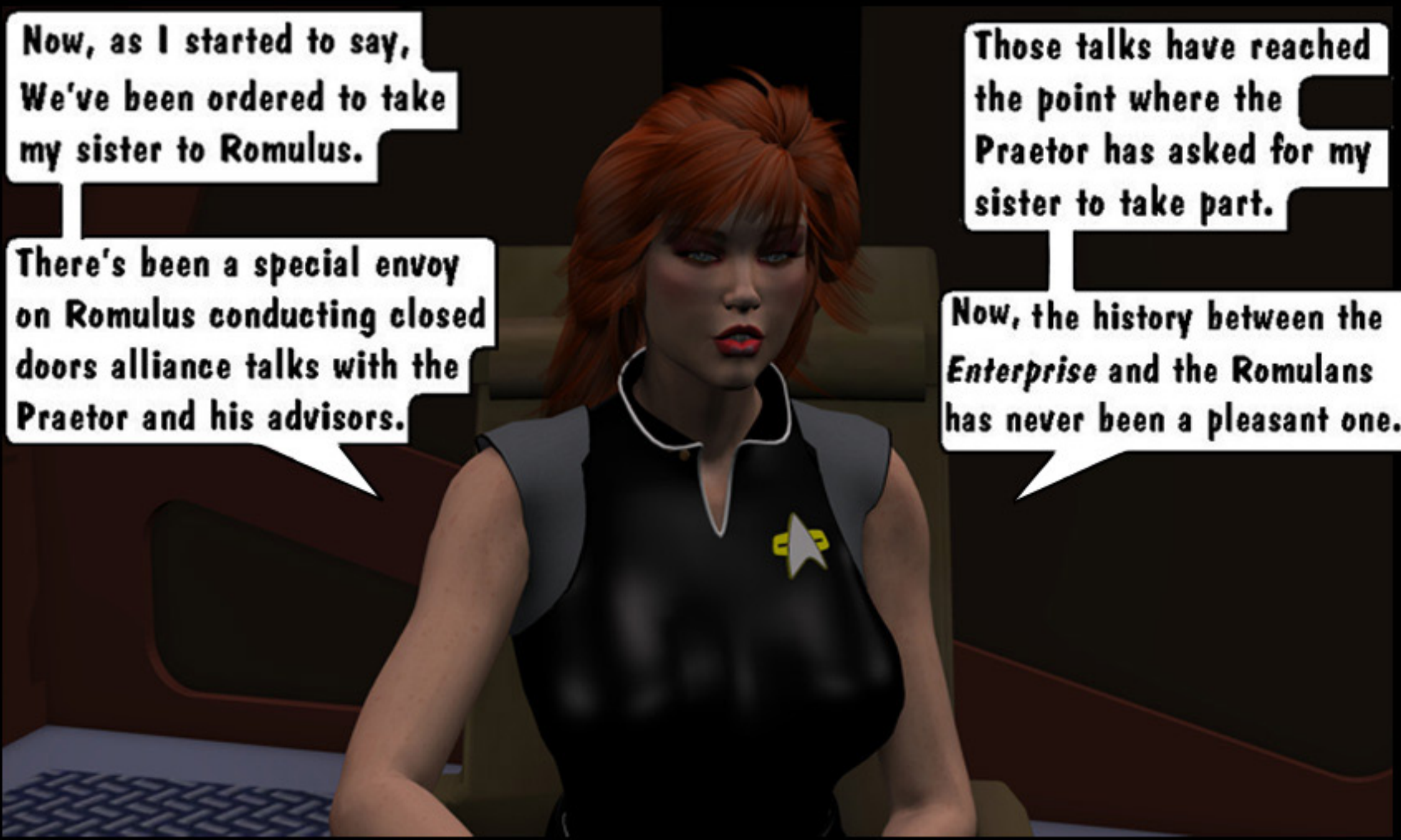


Yes, Ma'am, he did.

High standards are to be applauded, Commander. But we'll have to make do with what we have.

Check the roster again and make up a list of the best five. Be at my cabin at 1500 this evening and we'll see if we can't narrow it down.

Yes, Ma'am.




Now, as I started to say,
We've been ordered to take
my sister to Romulus.

There's been a special envoy
on Romulus conducting closed
doors alliance talks with the
Praetor and his advisors.

Those talks have reached
the point where the
Praetor has asked for my
sister to take part.

Now, the history between the
Enterprise and the Romulans
has never been a pleasant one.




Therefore, Mr. La Forge, I will be
all over this ship from bow to
stern before we reach Romulus.

Forget this is a new ship. Check
every system. If there's the
slightest chance of a part wearing
out- replace it.

I also want replacement parts
stock piled near every major
system. If you have to put
them in a crate in the floor
next to the system, do it.




Yes, Ma'am.



Mr. Riker, I suggest you read up on everything you can find that might be Romulan related.


You never know what might play a part.



Yes, Captain? It is good to see you again.

Computer?

Thank you.



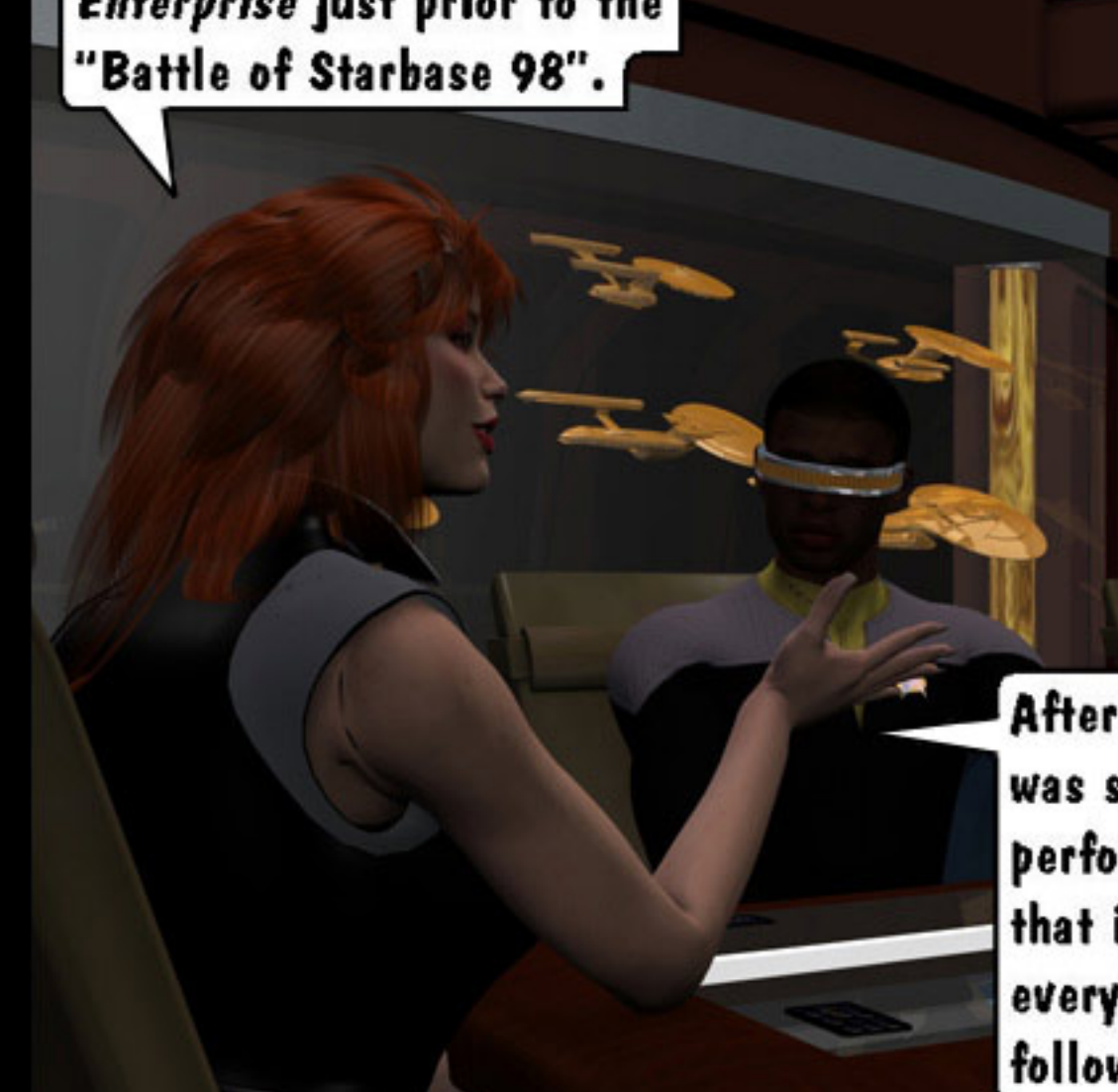
Have you had time to map all of your control pathways?

Yes, Ma'am. I can re-route any system at any time.

Good.



You know the A.I., too?




This is the same A.I. that was installed in my sister's *Enterprise* just prior to the "Battle of Starbase 98".

After the battle, Starfleet was so pleased with it's performance, they ordered that it be downloaded into every *Enterprise* that followed.

Even the ship's disaster beacon was redesigned to accomdate it so it wouldn't be lost if the ship were destroyed.






...You didn't have to sic the doctor on me.


You're going to be under a lot of stress over the next few days.

Never hurts to make sure you're up to it.


You talk like she found something. Do I need to talk to her?



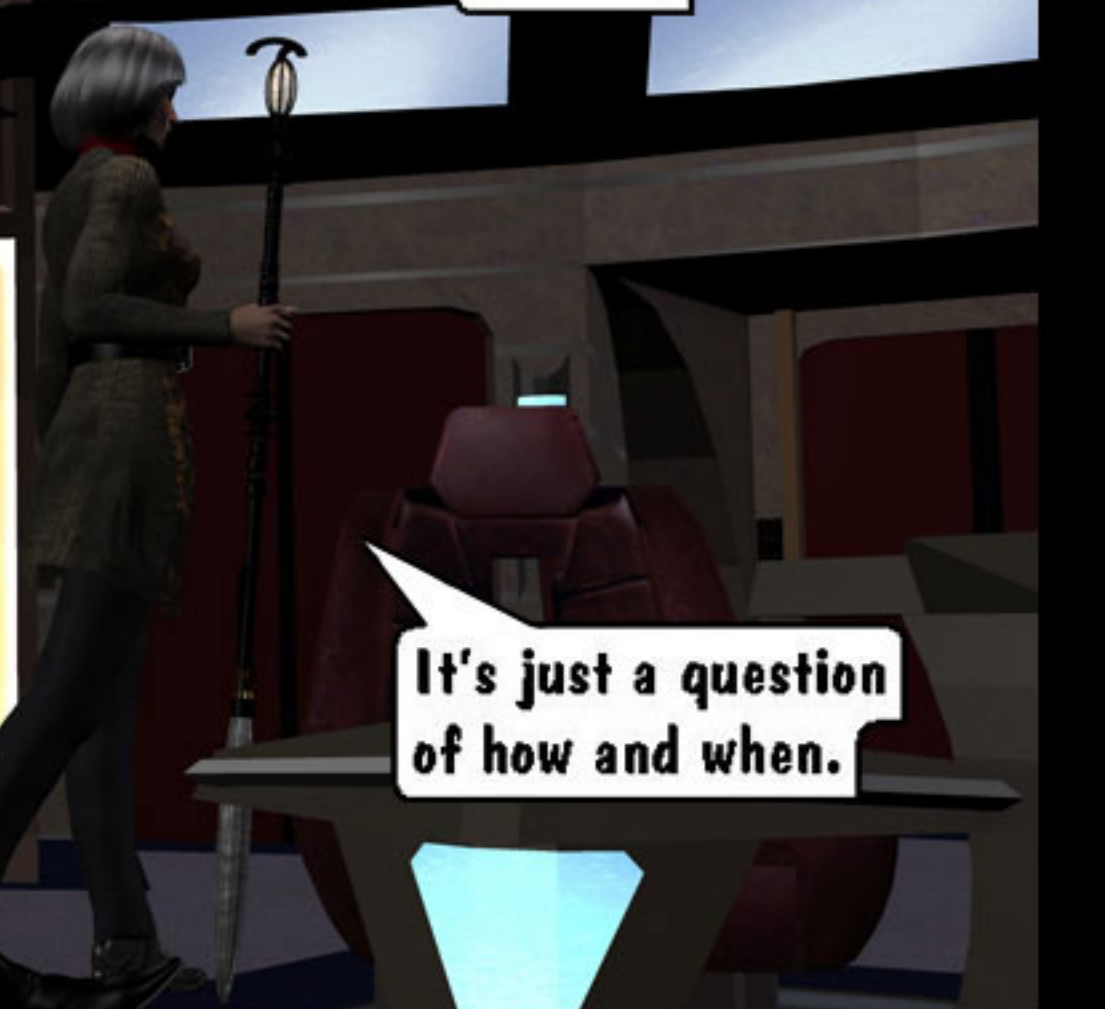
All she found was a 134 year old woman trying to get through what was left of her life.



Then quite talking like you're not going to make it.



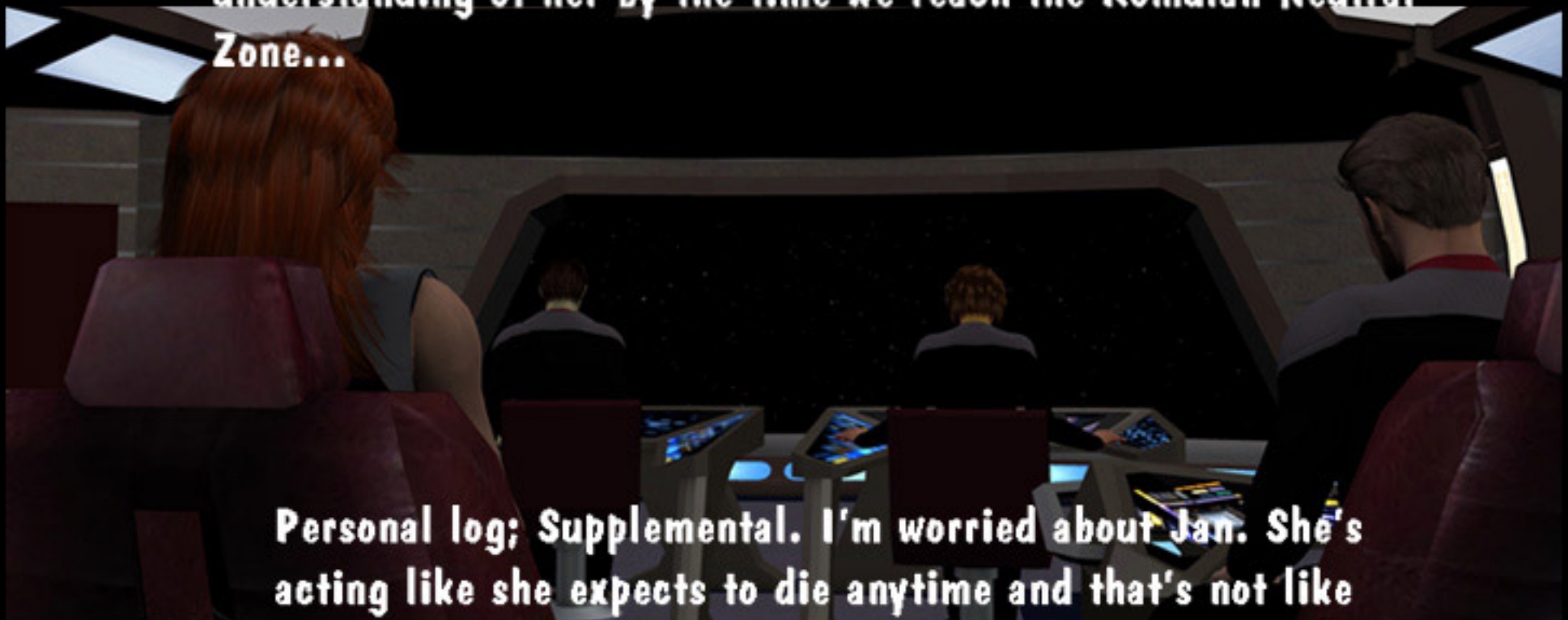
Everyone dies sooner or later, young lady.



It's just a question of how and when.



Ship's log; Stardate 49633.2. First entry by Captain Tamera Kirk. The 1701-E is by far the largest ship I've ever commanded. As I watch Data plot her course, I can only hope I have as good an understanding of her by the time we reach the Romulan Neutral Zone...




Personal log; Supplemental. I'm worried about Jan. She's acting like she expects to die anytime and that's not like her.

Despite the fact that the Romulan Praetor requested her presence at these talks, She had no business accepting this mission.


None at all...







Then why is she talking like Death is just around the corner?



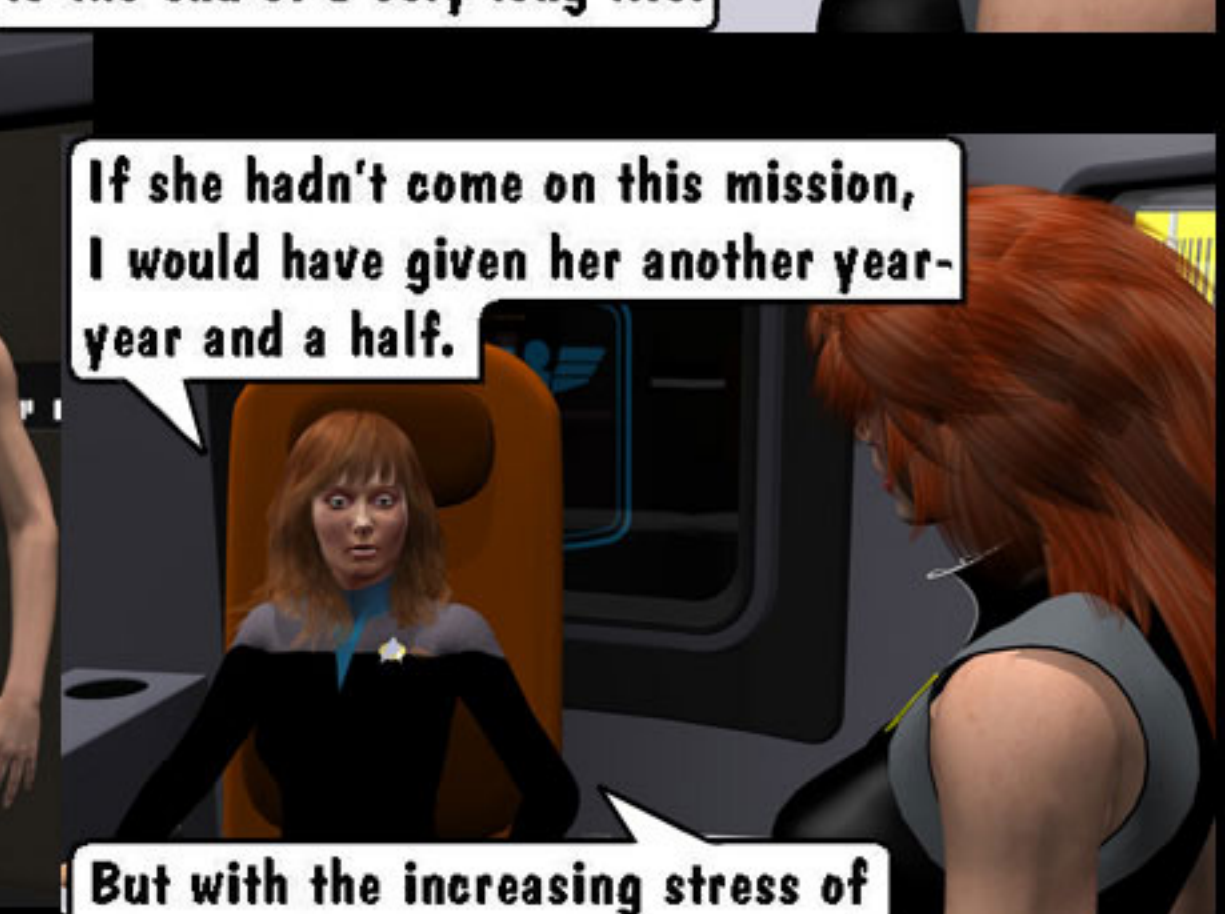
You're seeing your sister through the "rose-colored" glasses of love that all family members have for each other.

She is quite naturally coming to the end of a very long life.




How much longer does she have?

Can she finish the mission?




If she hadn't come on this mission, I would have given her another year-year and a half.

But with the increasing stress of the next few days...six months, maybe less.




I wish I had better news.

She's perfectly fine for a woman her age.



Thank you, Doctor.




This can't be right.



Data?




Yes, Commander?



The Captain's file- when was it uploaded?



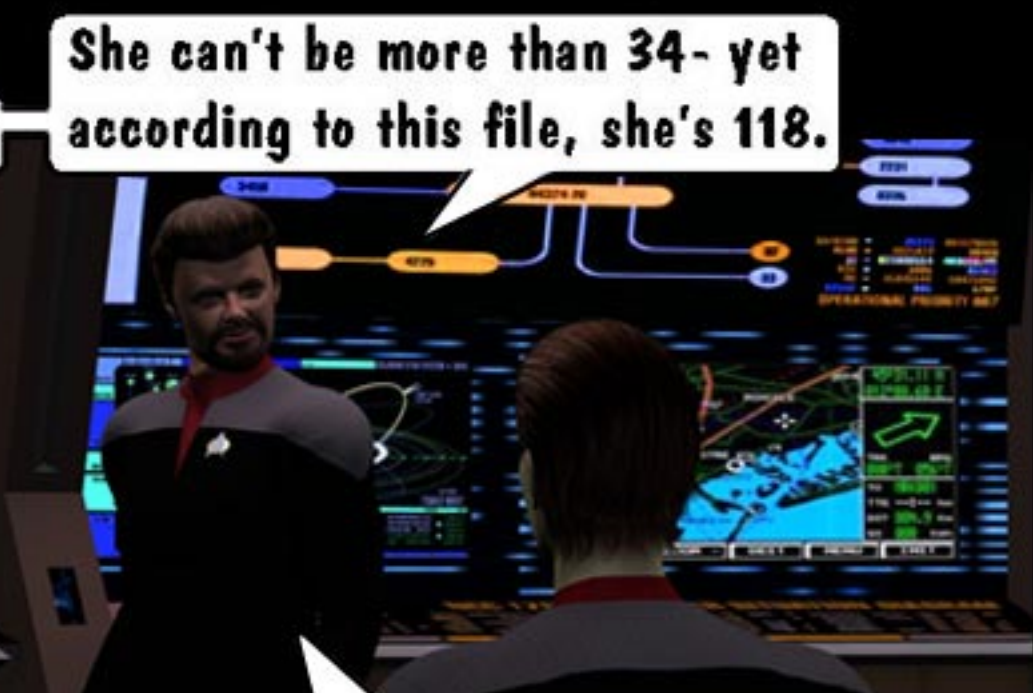
It was uploaded approximately five minutes after she assumed command.




Is there a problem?




Yes.



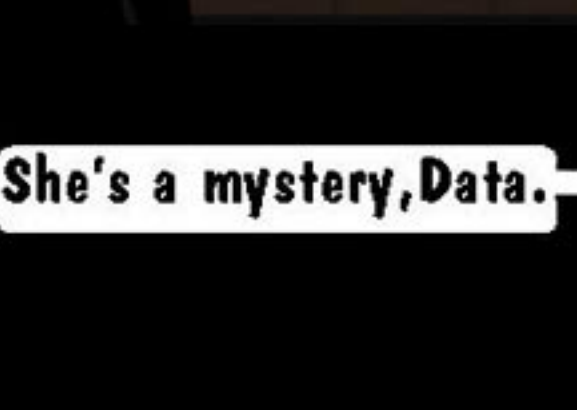
She can't be more than 34- yet according to this file, she's 118.



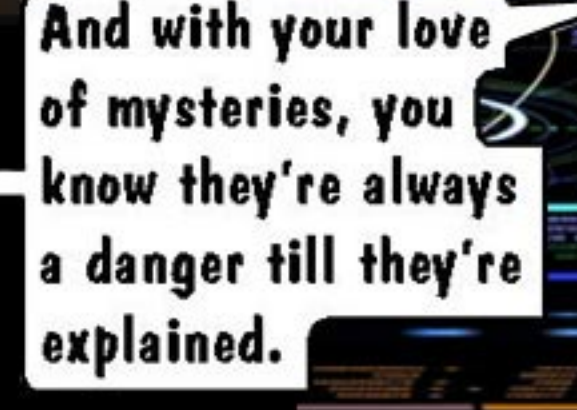
She claims to be Madam Kirk's sister, but there are too many years between them.



She wears a uniform no one else has ever seen- and speaks to that cat of hers like she expects to be understood.




She's a mystery, Data.



And with your love of mysteries, you know they're always a danger till they're explained.






There's too much legal double-talk in them.

Isn't that the way politics work?

You agree to something, then word it so no one knows what they agreed to?

You're learning.

Now, what brings you round?

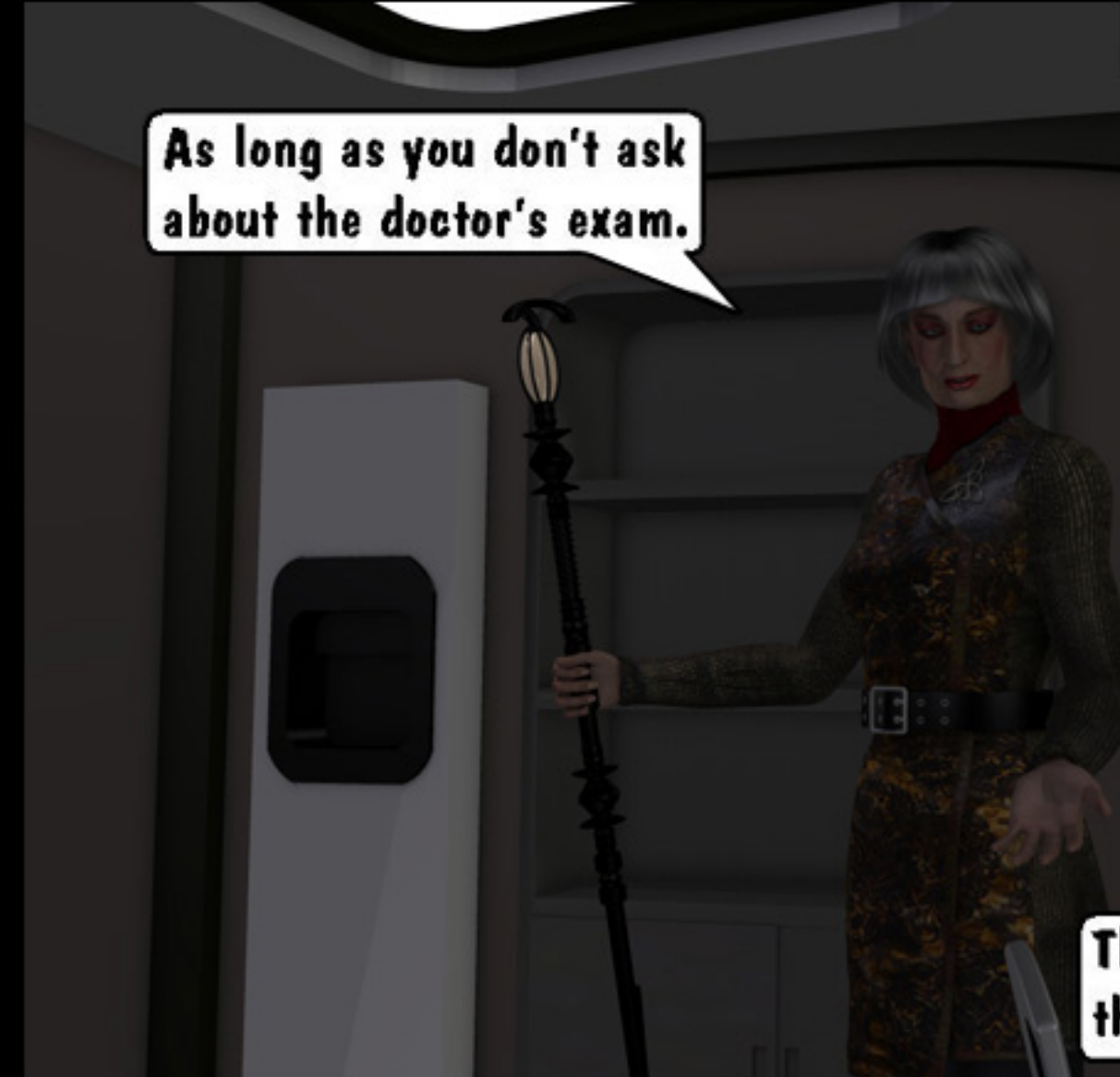


You have enough time on this new ship to waste on me?



It's not a waste.

I have to meet with Riker later, so I thought we'd have dinner first.



As long as you don't ask about the doctor's exam.

I don't have to.

I've already spoken to Dr. Crusher.

Then you know there's no problem.

Just an unanswered question:

Why did you *really* accept this mission?

If the Praetor's as open-minded as you say, he'd understand that you're too old to be hopping galaxies.

You're no spring chicken yourself, young lady.


You don't know what it's been like since Spock died.

Everyone standing watch over me.

Like the only thing I had left to accomplish was getting my own obituary on the FNF.

They had reason- we all did.


After Spock died, you just withdrew from everyone and everything. I doubt you even remember your last two years as President. It was like you were just going through the motions.




I didn't give a damn anymore
- about anything.

It hurt. For a long time, it
hurt.

For a long time, I just wanted
to crawl off somewhere and
shutout the universe.




You came damn close to
succeeding. You actually
scared Amanda. As a doctor,
she had a better idea of
what was going on in your
head than the rest of us.




She told me later, that she
practically jumped for joy
when that first diplomatic
representative came to
see you.

I needed that first mission.
It was something different
to think about- Something
to take my mind off of
everything else.



Is that why you took this
one- and all the others over
the years?



In the beginning.

But eventually, I came to
realize that I could still
make a difference.

My god, Jan, you've been making a difference your whole life!

You were the first woman to command a starship.

You held the line at "The Battle of Starbase 98".

You helped negotiate the Cestus III Accords with the Romulans.

You finalized the Clondor VI agreement with the Klingons.

You were Grand Admiral for eleven years- and President for three terms- something no one's done before or since.

Hell, you even brought Orion into the Union and no one thought that was even possible.

And you still found time to raise a family.

You've made a *big* difference.

Spock would've wanted you to enjoy your life- *not* spend the last 54 years trying to work yourself to death so you could join him!





It's not enough to just live. I have to be involved- to feel needed.

Remember once, I asked you if you'd ever seen a disciple of Kolinahr?

Yes.



That was me after Spock died. Like someone had ripped out my heart and left me alive.

I couldn't feel anything -for the longest time, I didn't want to.

Those first few missions helped me heal, Tam. I can't put it any better than that.



"Lead on McDuff."

Now, didn't you say something about dinner?

I thought we'd try Ten-forward. If this ship's anything like *Atlantis* was, it'll have a hell of a view.

Beverly?

Be with you in a moment.

Beverly-

In here, Will.

Just a second.

Now, what can I do for you?

Have the Captain's medical records arrived?

That's what I was just looking at. Why?

Did you notice anything unusual?

In what way?

Like why her record says she's 118 when she doesn't look a day over 34.

TABLE OF ELEMENTS

H	He		
Li	Be		
Na	Mg		
K	Ca	Sc	
Rb	Sr	Y	
Cs	Ba		
Fr	Ra		



She and her sister had an encounter with the Guardian of Forever. When everything was said and done, Tamera was eighteen years old with gaps in her memory that required her return to the academy for re-education.

Her aging processes were also slowed down dramatically.

Beverly, I saw all of that in her personel file.

If that's true, then where are the rest of her records from before the incident?

There are no indications they were ever deleted, sealed- or even existed.



Will, are you sure you're not making more out of this than you need to?



Are you sure you're not looking for a reason *not* to like our new captain?

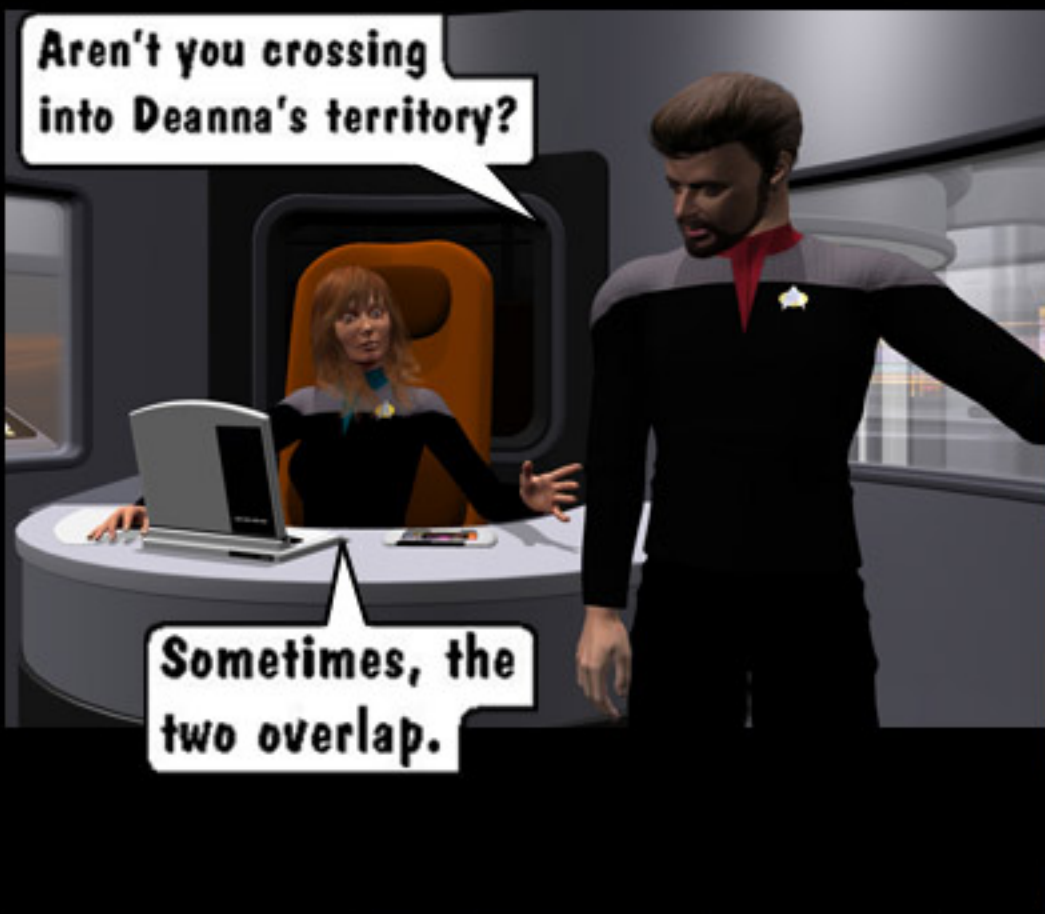


No. I'm not sure.

You and Jean-Luc became good friends.

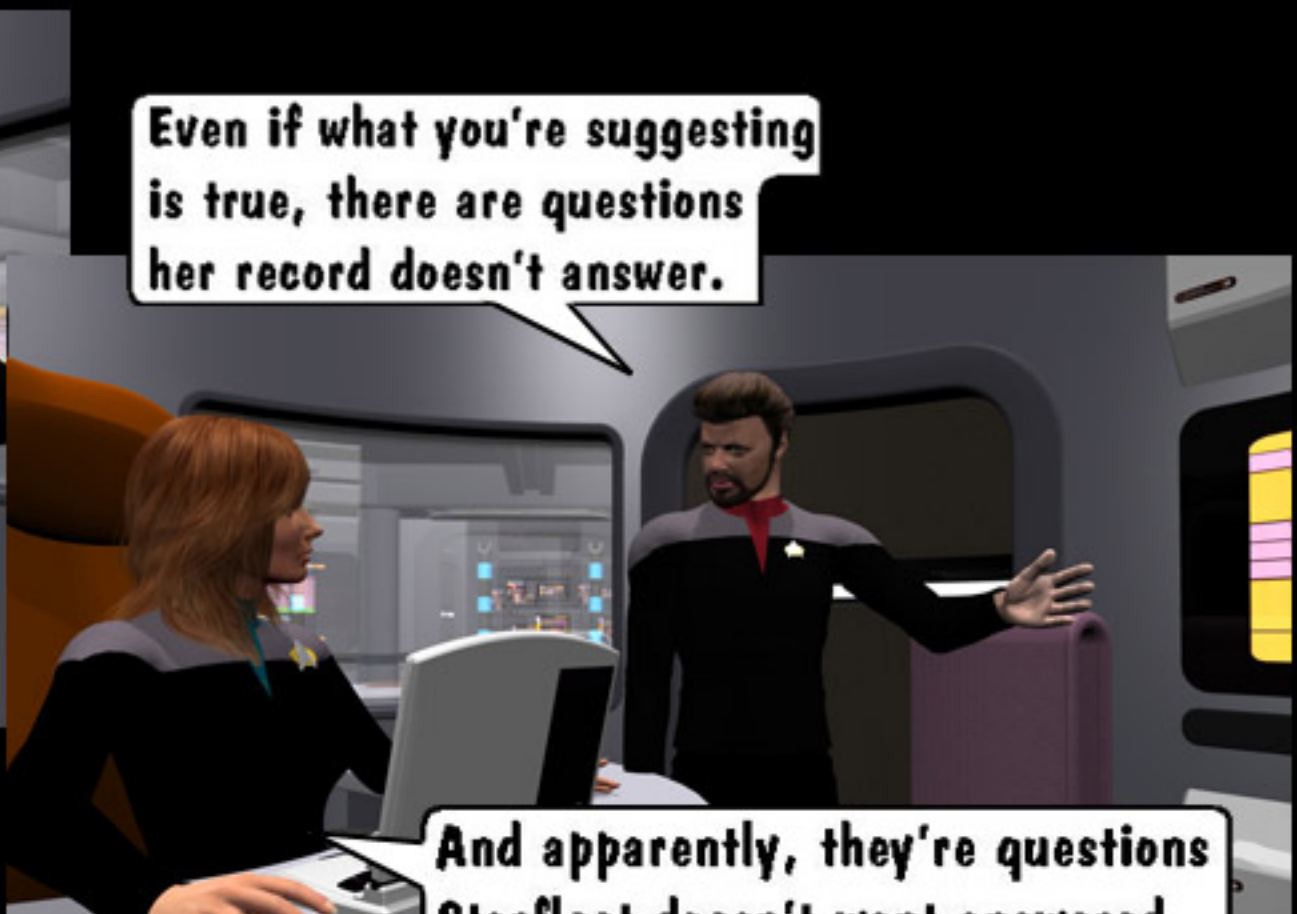
When he died, you expected to follow him as Captain and it didn't happen.






Aren't you crossing into Deanna's territory?

Sometimes, the two overlap.




Even if what you're suggesting is true, there are questions her record doesn't answer.

And apparently, they're questions Starfleet doesn't want answered.

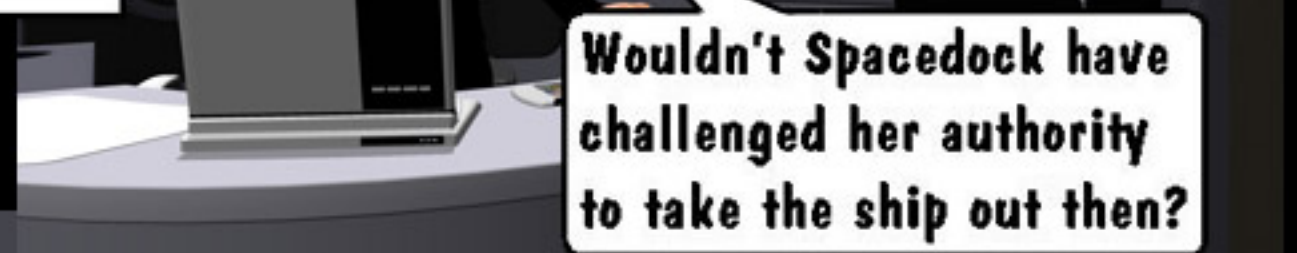


Or they're questions they're not aware of.



That she faked orders giving her command?

Are you saying she's a danger to the ship?



Wouldn't Spacedock have challenged her authority to take the ship out then?



This is the Captain. Commander Riker, Dr. Crusher, Counselor Troi, and Commanders Data and LaForge please report to my cabin. Kirk out.

After you.



I've been telling you and Aunt T'Pol for decades that the records didn't go far enough.

He's the first one in a century to find a hole in them.



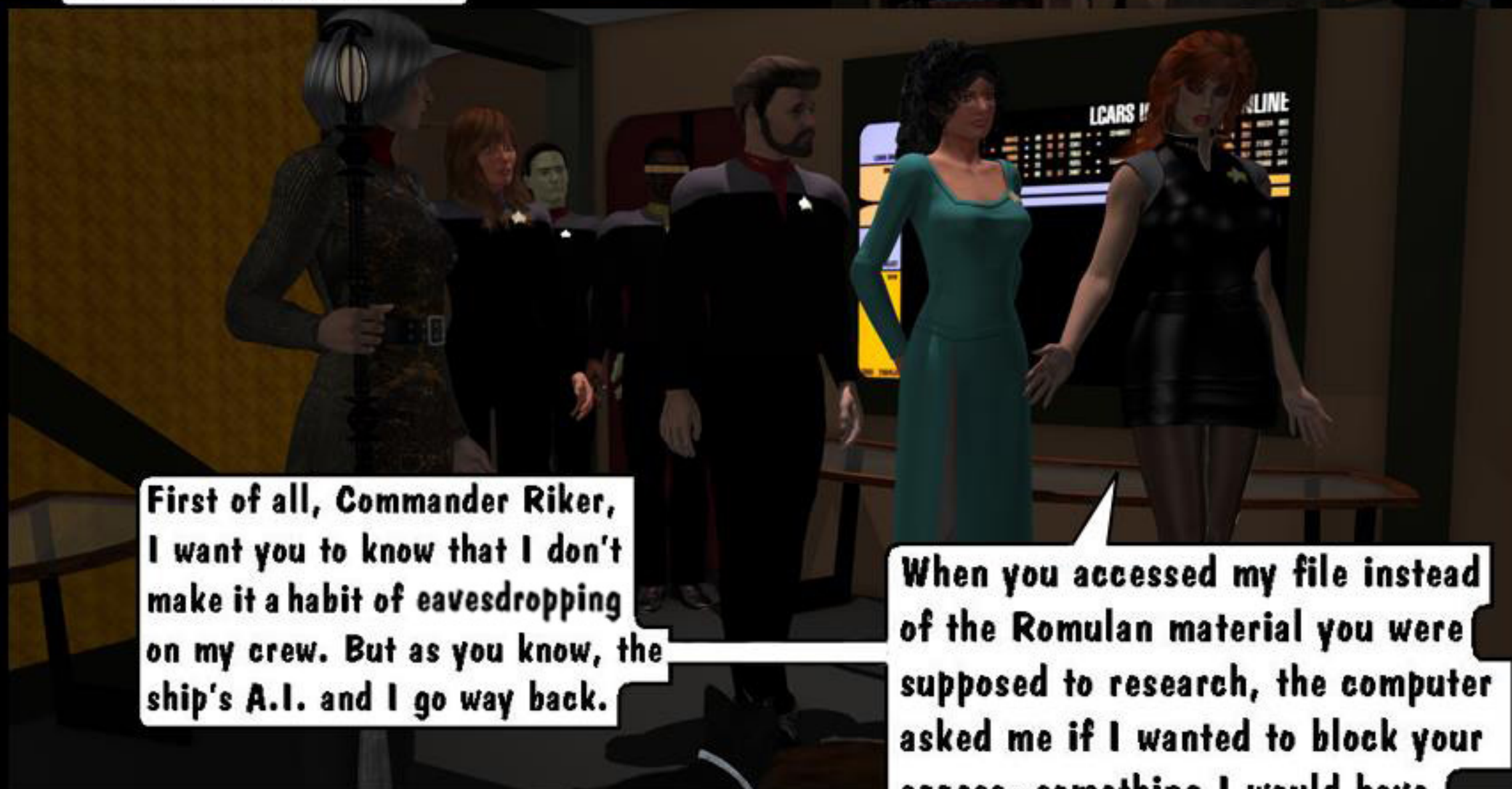
Yowl?

Ding



Come on in.

No- Not unless I have to.



First of all, Commander Riker, I want you to know that I don't make it a habit of eavesdropping on my crew. But as you know, the ship's A.I. and I go way back.

When you accessed my file instead of the Romulan material you were supposed to research, the computer asked me if I wanted to block your access- something I would have been well within my rights to do.



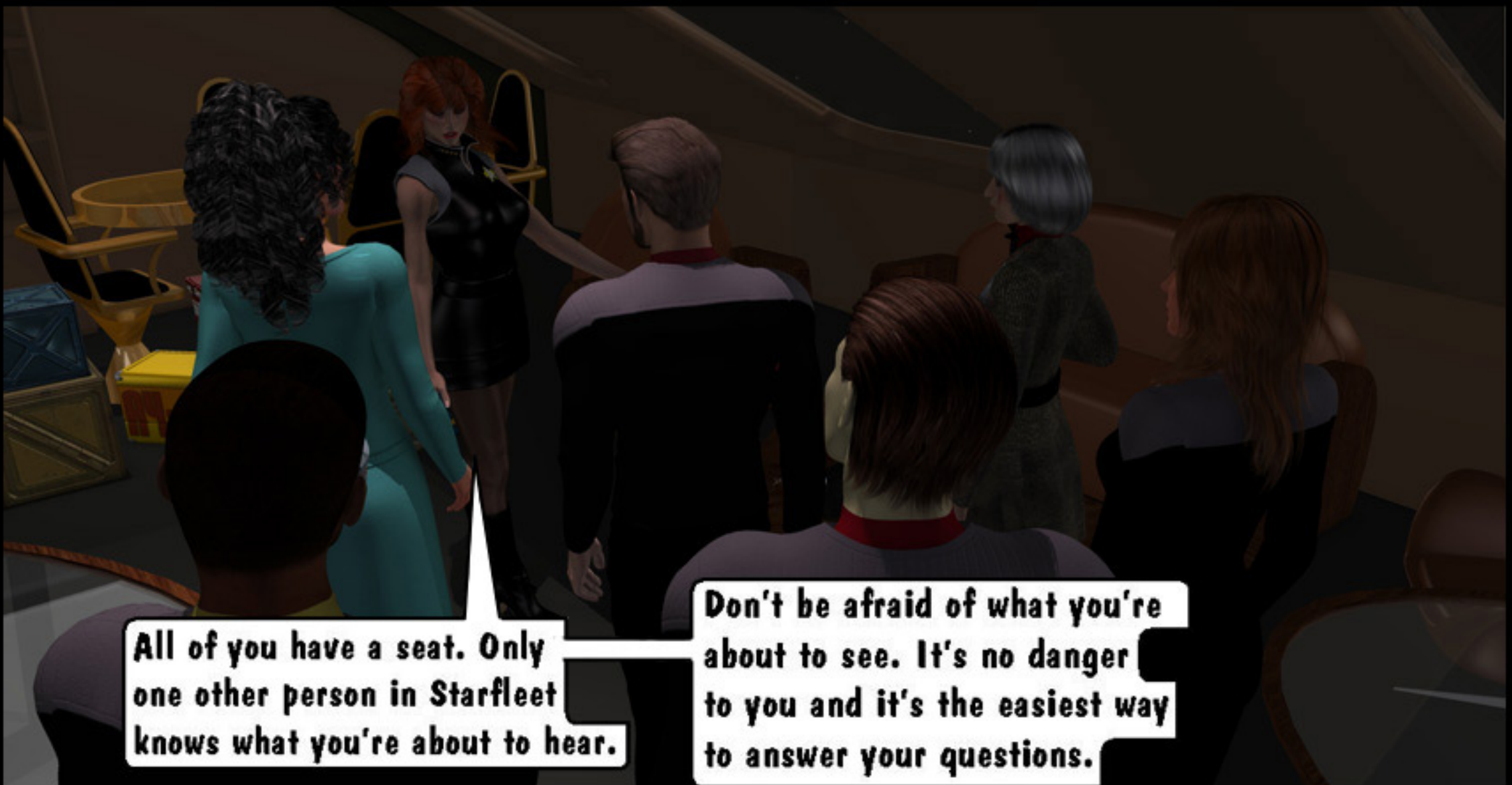
But you didn't.

No.



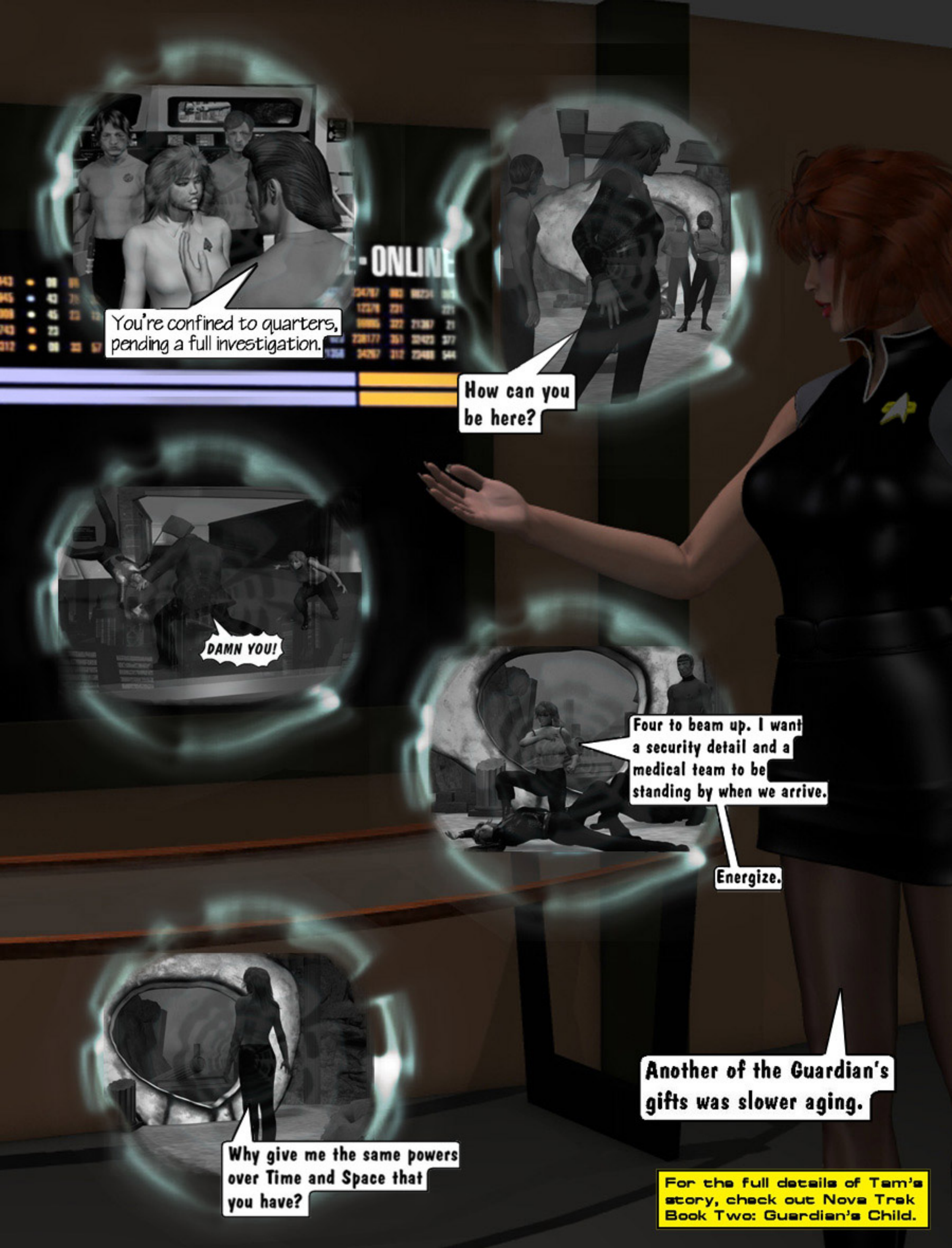
No, I didn't.

Because I know if our positions had been reversed, I probably would've done some digging, too.



All of you have a seat. Only one other person in Starfleet knows what you're about to hear.

Don't be afraid of what you're about to see. It's no danger to you and it's the easiest way to answer your questions.



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

How can you be here?

DAMN YOU!

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

Energize.

Another of the Guardian's gifts was slower aging.

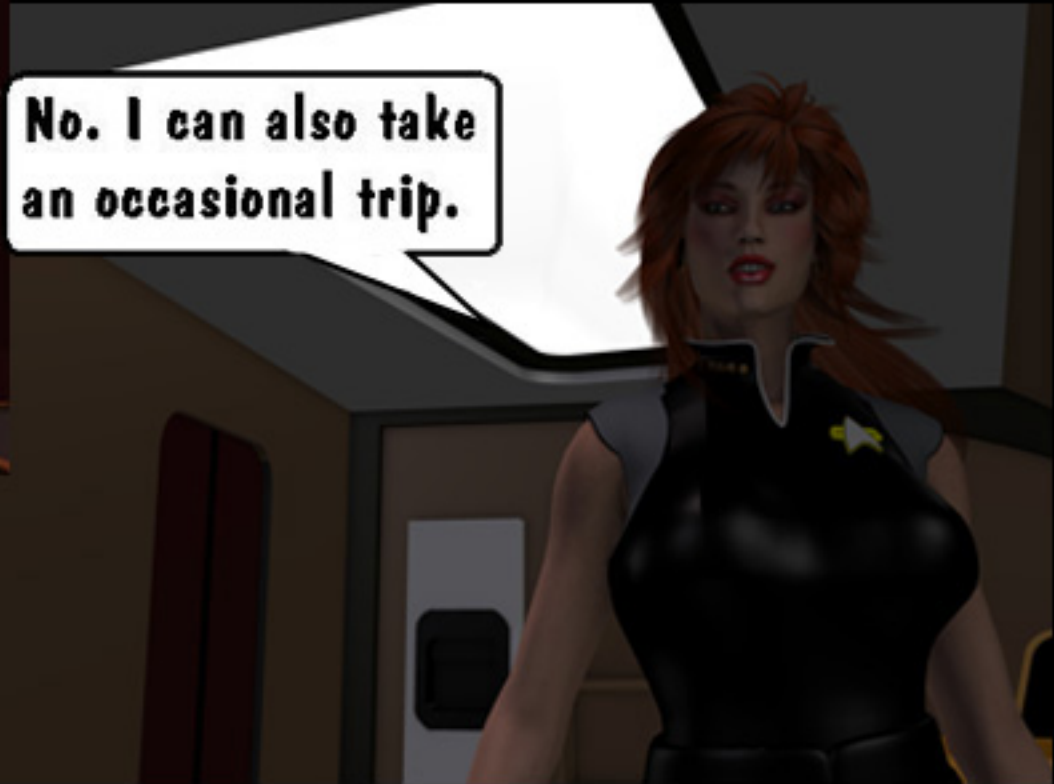
Why give me the same powers over Time and Space that you have?

For the full details of Tam's story, check out Nova Trek Book Two: Guardian's Child.



Intriguing.

Is viewing time all
all you can do?



No. I can also take
an occasional trip.



Occasional?



Captain...
I apologize.



I think we all agree that
what you've just shown us
will never leave this cabin.

I do not understand.



Why do you not want
Starfleet to know about
your ability?



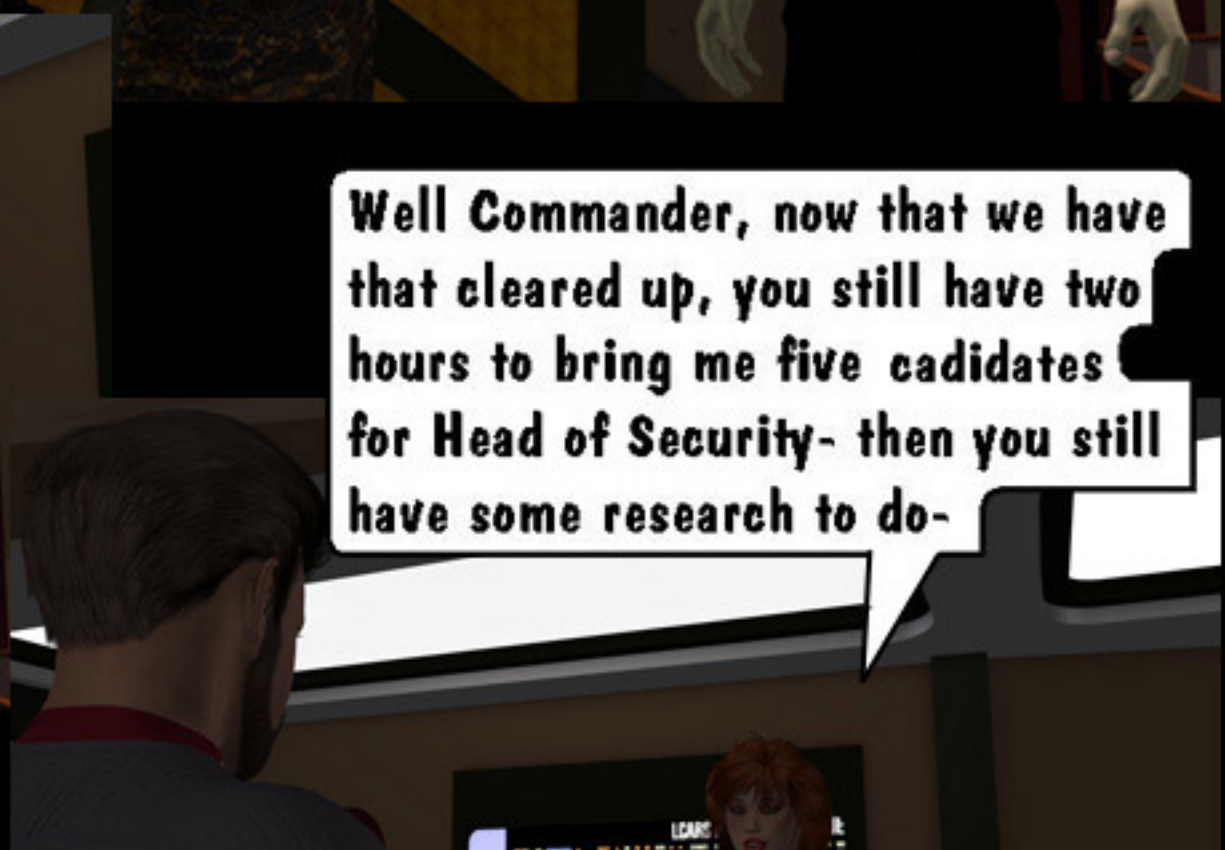
Data, if Starfleet finds out the Captain can access time as easily as we do a replicator, they'll transfer her to Temporal R&D.



The only way she'd ever set foot on a starship again, would be as a passenger.



Understood.



Well Commander, now that we have that cleared up, you still have two hours to bring me five candidates for Head of Security- then you still have some research to do-

-Or do you always wait till the last minute to do your homework?




I'll get right on it, Ma'am-

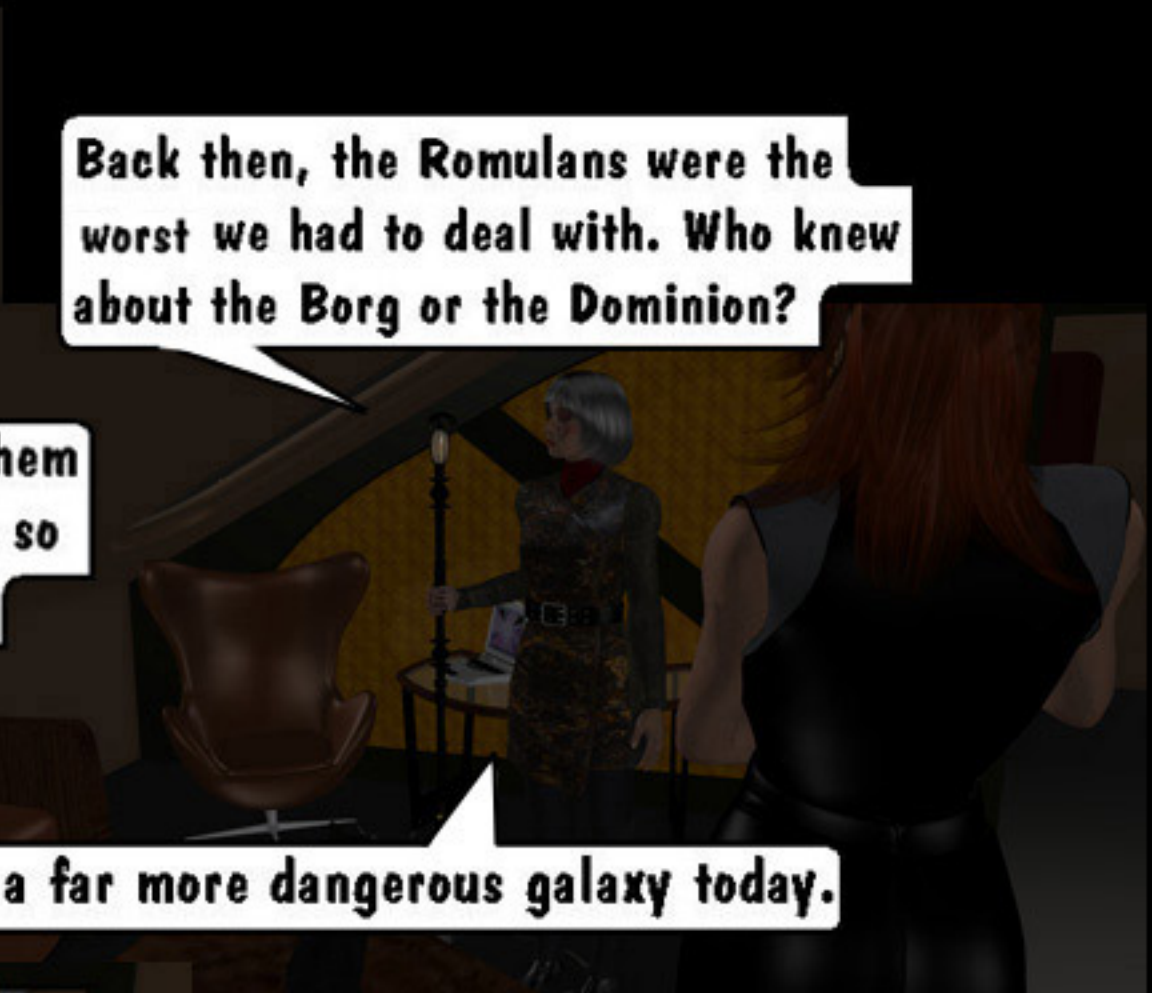
-Provided I can keep the dog away from it.



Dismissed.




They're a good crew-
Almost legends.



Back then, the Romulans were the
worst we had to deal with. Who knew
about the Borg or the Dominion?

Starfleet needs them
these days- more so
than in my time.

It's a far more dangerous galaxy today.



Think I'll head back
to my quarters and
rest awhile.

Maybe we can try out
one of the holodecks later.


All right.



Computer?

Yes, Tam?

Keep an eye on Jan-
But don't let her know
you're doing it.



Any change to her status,
I want to know immediately.

Yes, Ma'am.



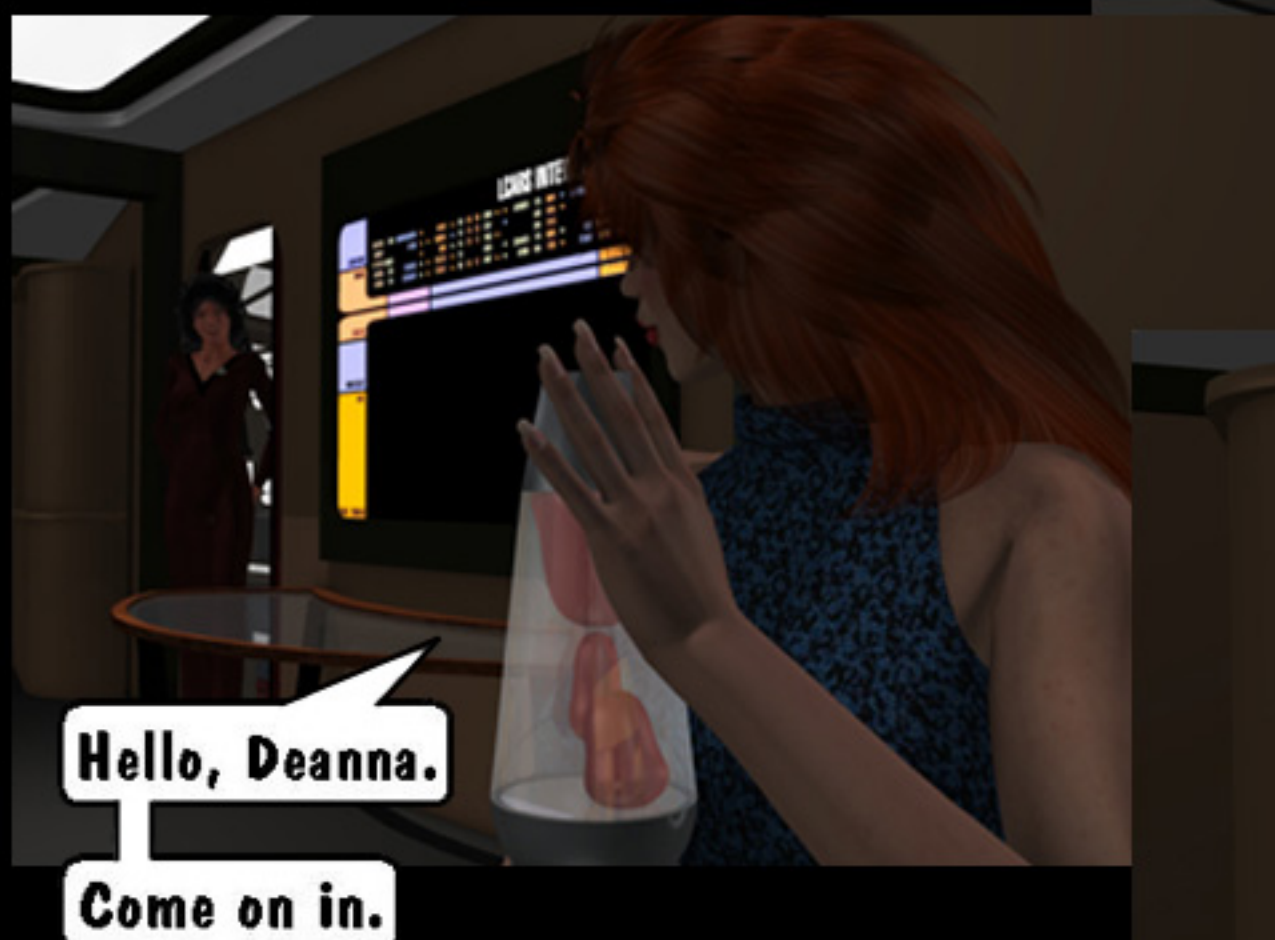
Next Morning.



Ship's Log; Stardate 48634.01
With one minor incident resolved
and a new Head of Security in place,
we continue to make preparations
for our impending arrival at
Romulus.



We should reach the Netural Zone
in approximately two hours...





Hey, what did I tell you... *several years ago?*



You're my commanding officer now.



We're not on the Bridge, now.



Understood, Tamera.



Good. Now, what can I do for you?




Did you forget you had an appointment this morning?

It's just an introductory talk, but it's required for your medical records.



Damn.

I'm sorry. Between getting ready for the Romulans, worrying about Jan and unpacking, it totally slipped my mind.



Can we talk while I unpack?


Certainly.



What is that?


It's called a "lava lamp". They were popular in the 1960's and 70's.

I like it, but certain parties- who shall remain nameless- have been trying to get me to throw it away.

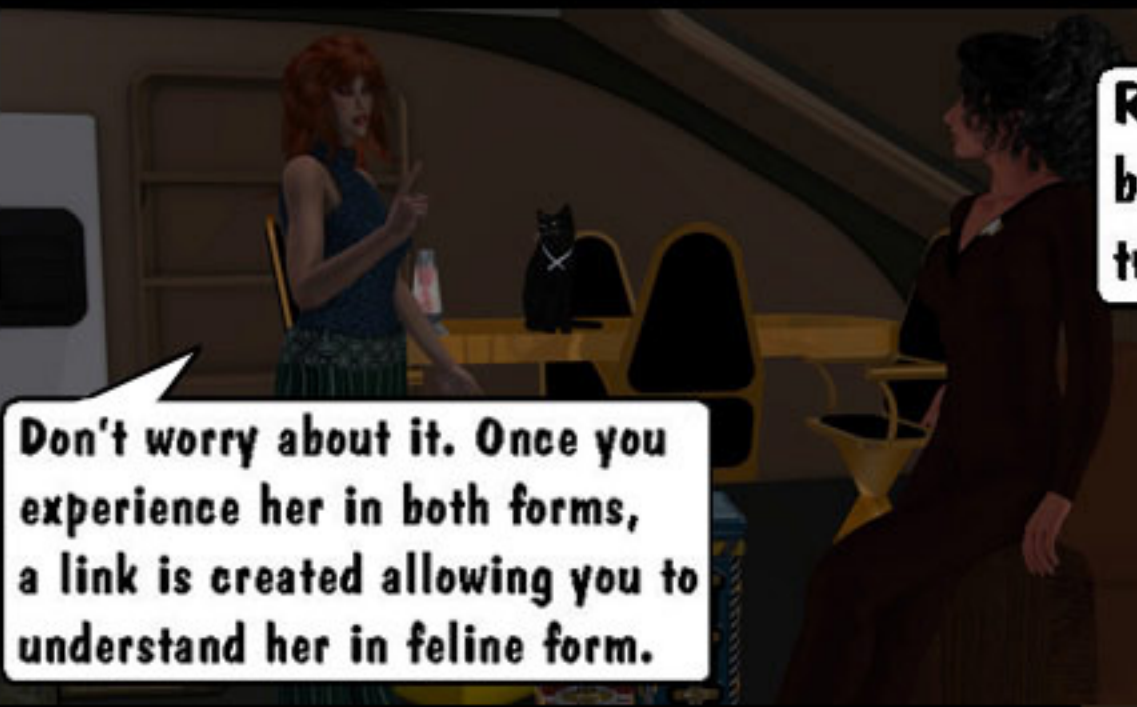


Phyrowl!

It is *not* ugly.




How is it that I can understand her now?



Don't worry about it. Once you experience her in both forms, a link is created allowing you to understand her in feline form.

Remember I told you I had been adopted in the twentieth century?

Yes. An Air Force Colonel, wasn't it?



We went to a fair one year and one of the booths was a sharp-shooter challenge. Three bullseyes won the prize.

Colonel Maxwell Fellini.

Despite being retired, the Colonel still had the eye for it.

He died a year later.

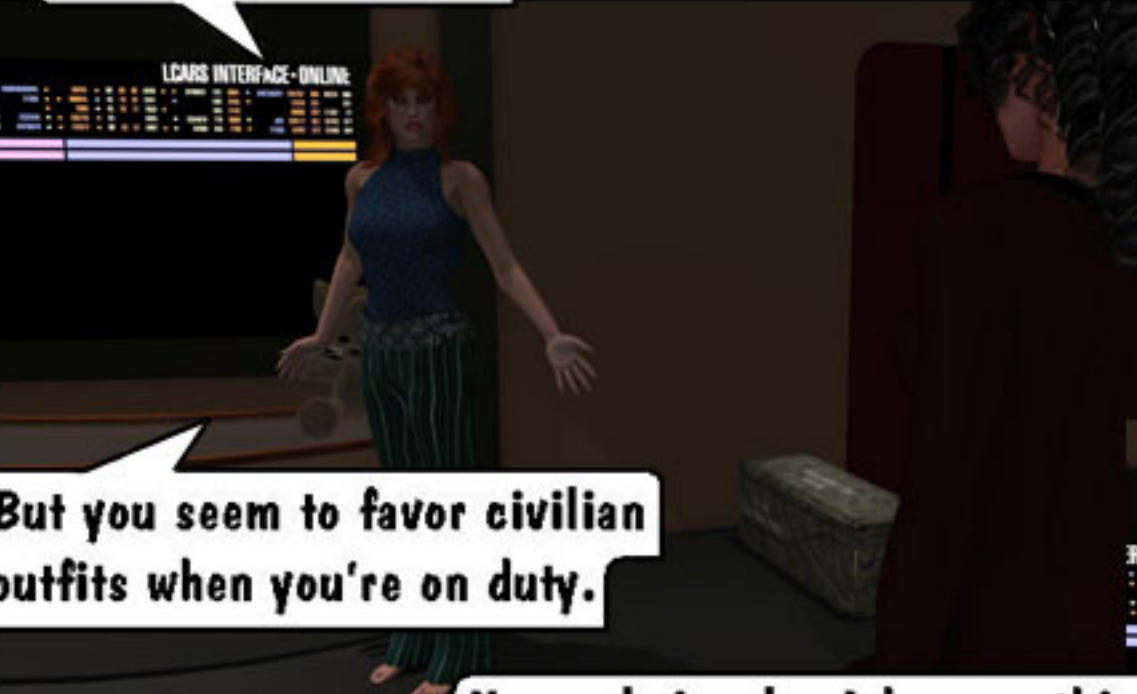


This little guy's been with me ever since.

And that is?

Since we're having this conversation, there is something I wanted to talk to you about.

I know you wore your uniform when I came aboard.




But you seem to favor civilian outfits when you're on duty.

Now, obviously, I have nothing against civilian outfits- Lord knows if you gathered all of mine in one place, they'd fill a small cargo hold!

Under normal, everyday conditions, I have no problem as long as they're presentable-

-and you remember there's a time and a place for the uniform.



Yes, Ma'am, of course.



Then we
don't have
a problem.



Of course, I know there'll be
times when circumstances
won't allow you time to change.

There was one time-

Bridge to Captain.

Kirk here.



Riker, Ma'am.

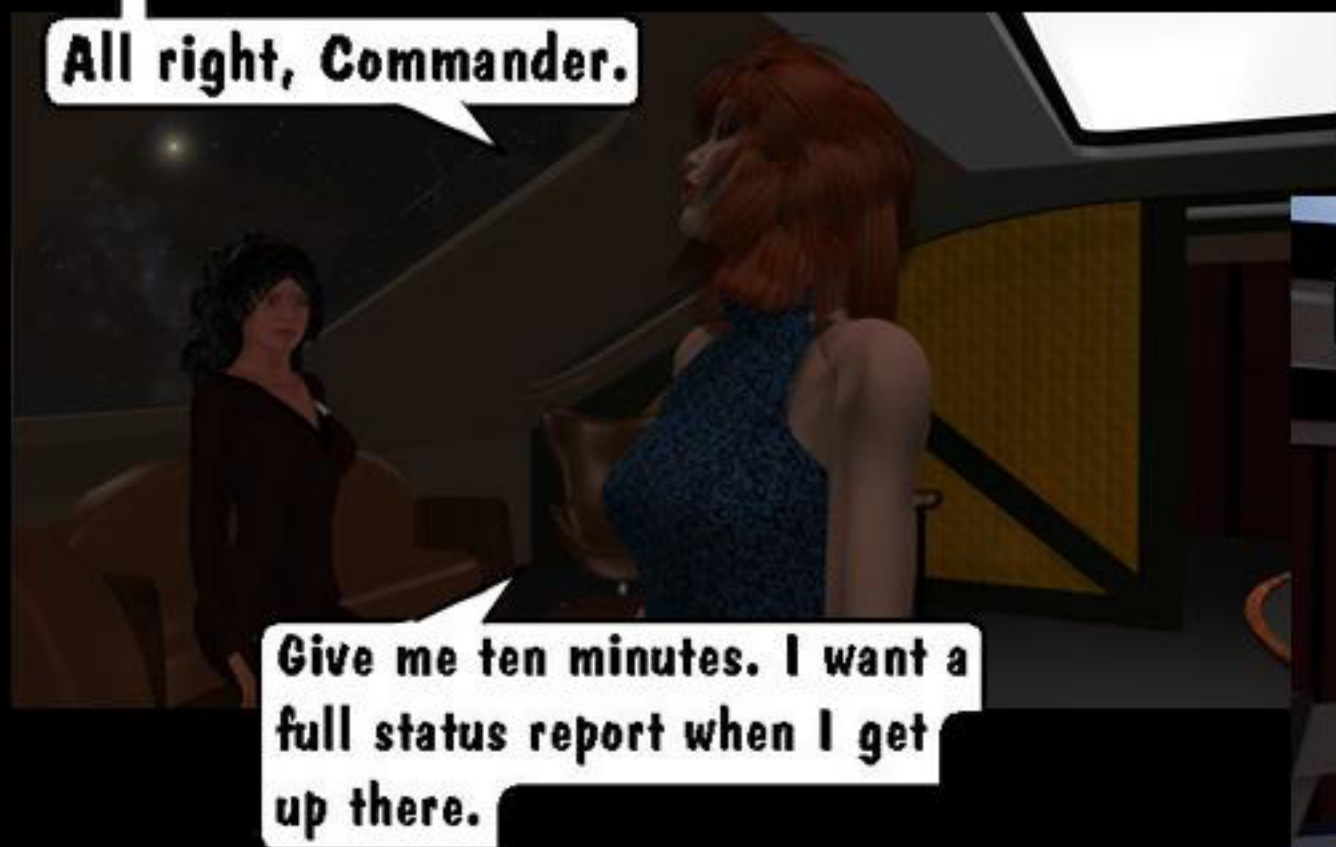
We're one hour from the
Romulan Neutral Zone.

You asked to be notified.



Already?

All right, Commander.



Give me ten minutes. I want a
full status report when I get
up there.



Yes, Ma'am.

Kirk out.

As I started to say, I was still in command of the *Trinity*, when we were ordered to supervise a trade conference on Bellese Six.

Well, after three days of hard negotiating- arguing by any other name- I decided I needed a break.

So, I came back to my cabin and changed clothes- knee-high boots, hot pants and a halter- and opened a portal to 1968. That was a perfectly acceptable outfit for that era.

Saw the Grand Ol' Opry- a live music presentation that was popular at the time- had dinner and came back.

I'd no sooner arrived, than the Bridge called. A Ferengi ship had crashed the conference. There was no time to change.

There I was, still in those hot pants and halter- not the most dignified outfit to be wearing on one's bridge- arguing with this leering, lecherous old Ferengi.

I don't know if it was my arguments or if he just got too hot and bothered to stay, but he finally agreed to leave.



Then he had the nerve
to *thank* me!

Said the view alone was
worth the trip!

Coming from a Ferengi,
I didn't know whether to
take that as a compliment
or an insult!

That better be in one piece
when I get back or a certain
cat's going to get her first
flea bath!

Physsst!





Report.

All quiet. No Romulan vessels and all ship's systems are nominal.

Good.




Captain, recommend we go to Yellow Alert just to be on the safe side.



Do it, Commander.



ALL DECKS- YELLOW ALERT!



Boy, you have a loud voice.





SLAM!

Damnit! I knew this was going too smooth!

Data, evasive action! Course 298, mark 5. Fire as you bare!



Computer, there's damage on deck 23, section 9.



Re-routing control pathways in that section, Commander.

Data, elevation plus 200 meters. Course 119, mark 9.

Fire torpedoes- full spread.



1701-E MASTER



The new arrival also does not have the standard markings of the Imperial Fleet.

Show me.



I believe those are the Romulan equivalent of an olive branch- the universal symbol of Peace.

We are being hailed.

On screen.



You carry the name "*Enterprise*".
Yet, you are like no Federal
ship we have ever seen.

Your scans are
correct, Commander.

We're just a few days
out of the ship yard.

I'm Captain Tamera Kirk.

Captain?


We were told to expect
Madam Janet Kirk. Is
she on board?

Yes, I am, Commander.

Commander, you say you
were told to expect us?

The Praetor himself
gave us our orders.

We are to provide safe passage
for the *Enterprise* clear to
Romulan orbit.



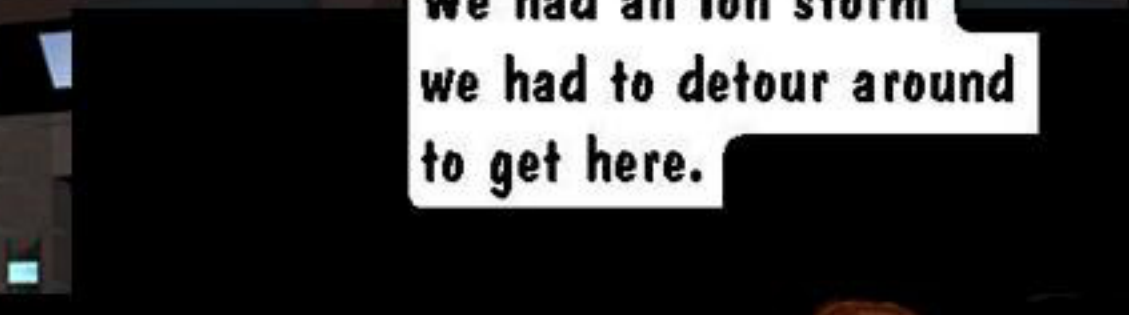
Would have been nicer if
you'd gotten here sooner.




My apologies, Captain.



Understood. I've had to
dodge a few of those myself
over the years.




We had an ion storm
we had to detour around
to get here.



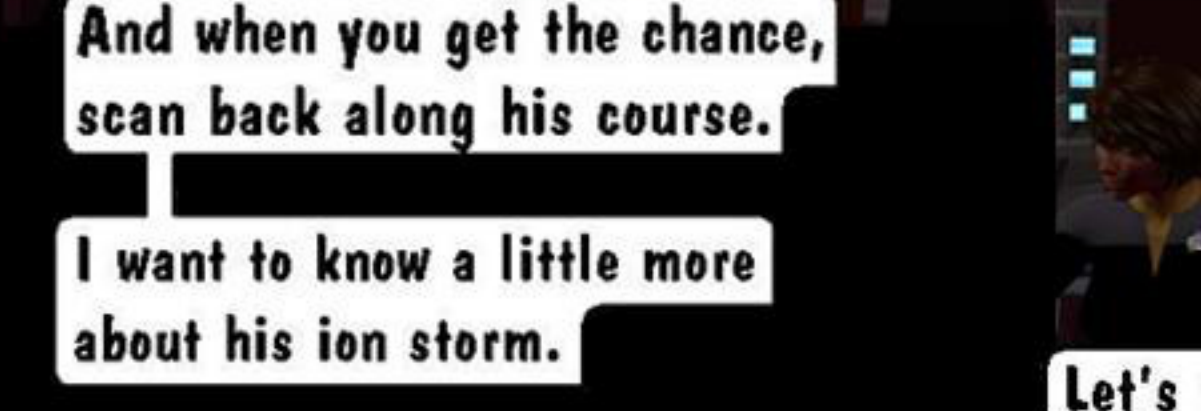
We can proceed whenever
you're ready.




Data, follow him.




And when you get the chance,
scan back along his course.




I want to know a little more
about his ion storm.



Yes, Ma'am.
Course plotted and laid in.



Let's do it, then.



Ship's log; Supplemental.
We continue to fly in pairs with
the warbird as it leads us deeper
into Romulan space.

I wish I could trust her
commander, but his showing up
when he did was just a little too
convenient...

...Yes, Ensign. The new furniture
is in place and looks much better.
Thank you for checking.

Ding

Captain out.

Come.

Yes, Data?

I have finished researching
the Romulan Commander's
ion storm.

It is there- Force Three-
which is quite strong. A
ship like the warbird would
have to fly around it.

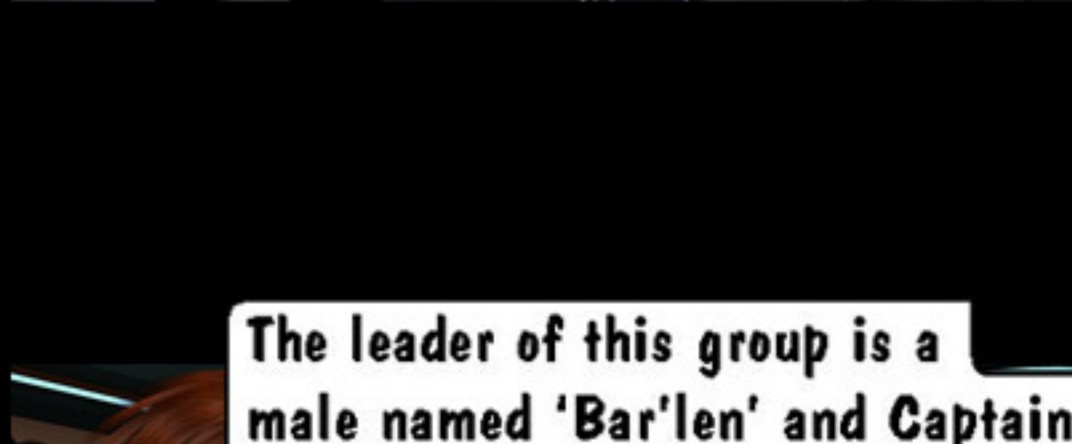
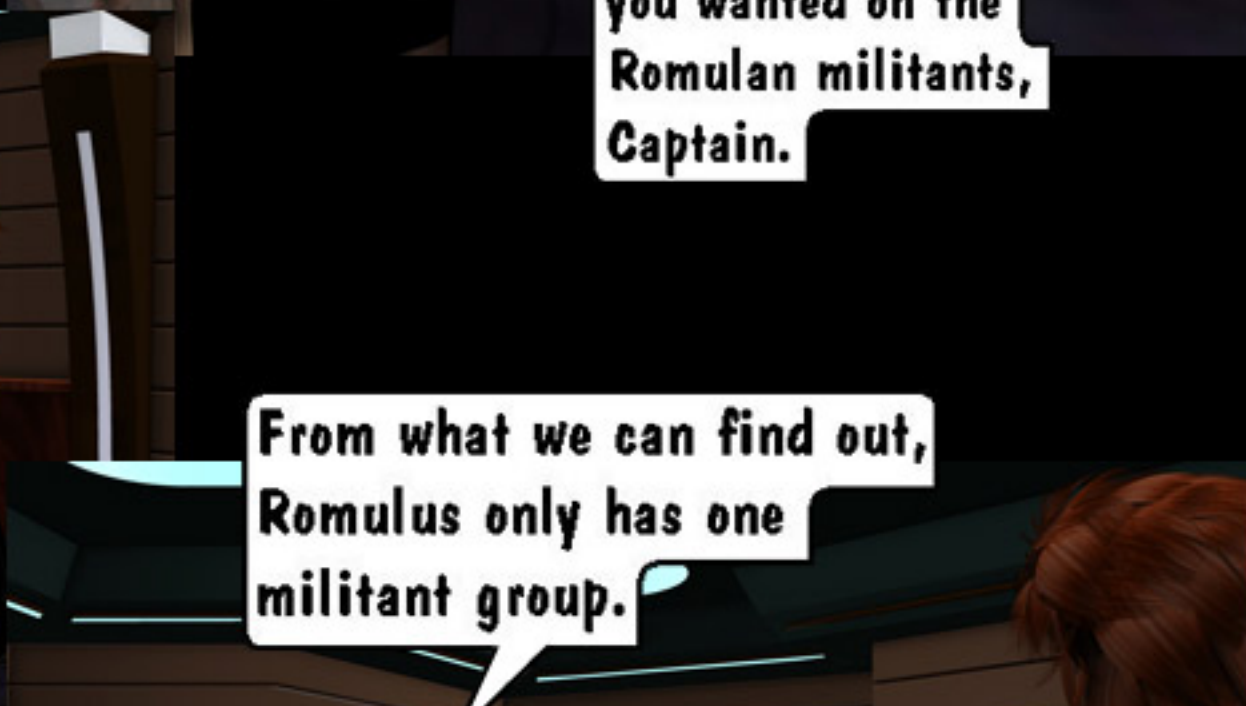
So that part of
his story checks.

Get with Commander Riker.
He's supposed to be researching
anything Romulan.

I want you two to find everything
you can on these militants- how
many and how strong.

Yes, Ma'am.





Bar'len's plots and plans are almost legendary.

A hundred years ago, his people joined up with renegade andorians and wiped out the colonies on Clondor VI and Cestus III before my sister and then-Commander Kang stopped them.

Bar'len's also the puppeteer behind the Second Romulan War, the attacks on Narenda III and the *Enterprise-B*.

Sounds like he's been running up a bill.

For too damn long.

What kind of resources does he have? Are we likely to see more of his ships before this is over?

It is a possibility.

The militant ship was several years old, but well maintained.

It appears that Bar'len has been buying them when the Imperial Fleet upgrades their technology—most likely through a third party.

We had help this time. Would the "E" survive a one-on-one?

There's no doubt we'd take some damage. We'd most likely win out over one—maybe two.

But not three or four.

All right, Gentlemen.
Thank you.



I've got to find a better
place to put this.



Personal Log: Supplemental.
Tamera Kirk recording.
I've done all I can. Everything
is prepped and ready.
All we can do now is wait...





You expecting someone?

Mewol.

Come.

Ding



Commander?

Since you're still in uniform, I assume this isn't a social call?

I'm afraid not.

May I come in?

Come on in.



What's the problem?

Soon after Data and I left your Ready Room, an unauthorized transmission was detected-

-From your Ready Room.

LCARS INTERFACE




You're everything Jean-Luc said you were, Commander.

Do I need your permission to make a phone call?

We're in the middle of Romulan territory.

Unless your personal transceiver has one hell of a power pack, it's not going to reach very far beyond the Neutral Zone.


So I have to wonder who you're calling inside the Empire.



I'm fairly certain Jean-Luc didn't explain his every action to you- and I see no reason for that to change.


I will take whatever actions I see fit to protect this ship- and I'll explain my actions to you when- *and if*- the time comes.

Until then, you're going to have to trust me.



Trust is a two-way street, Captain.

I know-
- so show me you deserve it.



I formally request permission to make a log entry about your refusal to explain your actions.

Granted.

Make any entry you want, anytime you want. But it won't change how I do things.

I'm starting to get the impression that's a chasm we're never going to be able to bridge.

You're a product of your century, Commander, just as I'm a product of mine.

I'm starting to wonder about that myself.



Kirk to Troi.

Troi here, Captain.

Deanna, I suggest you rein in your boyfriend before he pushes me too far.

RS INTERFACE-ONLINE:

I don't understand.

Talk to him, Deanna, before I'm forced to do something official.

I need a first officer I can count on- and I'm starting to wonder if Will Riker is the man for the job!

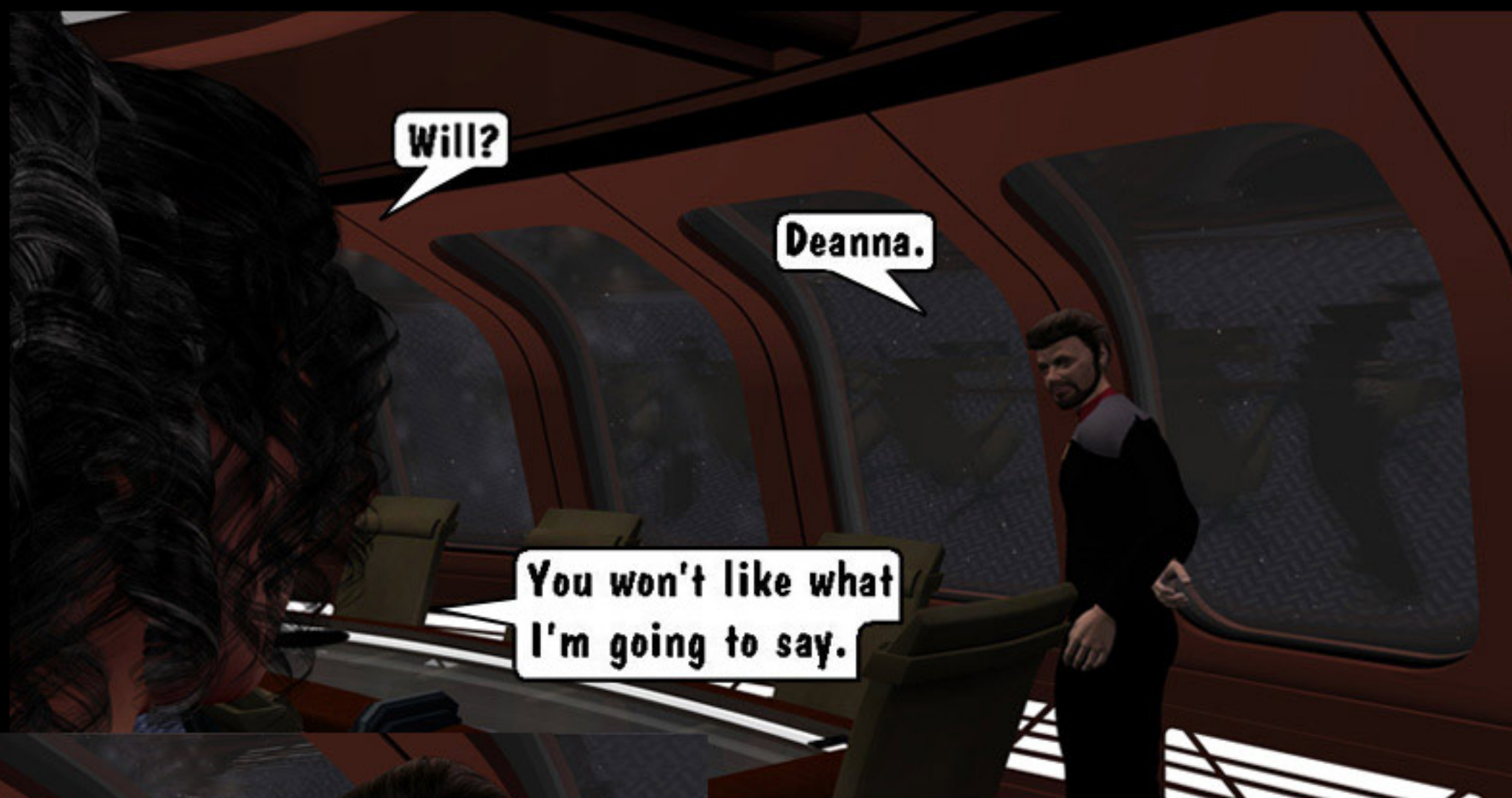
Kirk out.

Personal log; additional.

My problems with Commander Riker seem to be turning into an on-going situation. As Captain, I don't have to explain my actions to a junior officer. If he doesn't get his head on straight soon, I'll be forced to take actions I don't want to take.

Jean-Luc spoke very highly of this man- said he was the best first officer he'd ever had.

I'm starting to wonder if I'm dealing with the same person...



Will?

Deanna.

You won't like what I'm going to say.




The Captain sent you didn't she?




You don't sound surprised.

I'm not.




What's going on, Will?

It's like you're going out of your way to antagonize her.



Her actions don't make sense.

By who's standard? She's not Captain Picard, Will and you can't expect her to act like she is.



She refuses to explain herself.


She doesn't have to.

As the Captain, she has the right to withhold information- and you know that as well as I do.



Not when it endangers this ship.

You don't know that it does. You're jumping to conclusions without facts.



She contacted someone with a personal transceiver.

So you immediately brand her as a threat?

Will, you forget that I know her. She's no threat to this ship.

You say that like it's a fact.



That's because it *is*.

Right now, you're more of a threat than *she* is.

What?

Your recent actions have been disruptive to say the least.

If she does anything that you don't approve of, you're ready to condemn her.

She needs your *support* right now, Will-*not* your antagonism.

You're *not* the Captain- *she* is.

Will, she told me, if you keep pushing like this, you'll force her into taking some kind of official action.

She didn't say what- but at worst, she could relieve you of your post- is that what you want?

Of course not.



I worked with the man for eleven years. It got to the point where we could almost predict each others' actions.



He was my friend, Deanna.

Is it wrong to miss him?



Of course not.

But you can't make Captain Kirk into another Captain Picard- and if you keep going like you have been, you'll only end up hurting yourself.



Ding

Ding

Come.

You got a moment?


Till we reach Romulus, lots of them.

Come on in. What's up?

...I just don't understand him.

This is not the same man Jean-Luc told me about.

Personal log: Additional.
Ever since I arrived in this time-line, Jan has been the 'older sister'- always ready to listen and advise. That's one of the things I've come to value most about our relationship. I took a deep breath and told her about my latest encounter with Riker...



You have to remember that they served together for a long time.

To lose someone you've spent that much of your life with- whether it's a friendship or marriage- isn't easy for anyone.


Then when he expected to carry on in Picard's memory, you were brought in.

He can't figure out how to deal with you.



Well, he's going to have to.

We reach Romulus tomorrow and I'm going to need a first officer I can count on.



If he's the man Picard said he is, He'll be there when you need him.



He better be.

Some hours later...

Captain.

Commander.

Since you're in uniform, I assume this isn't a social call?

Yes and no.

We've been butting heads from the moment I came aboard.


Yes, Ma'am we have and I'm sorry about that.

I have a feeling it would have happened with any captain that came aboard.


Jean-Luc knew about my 'gift'. We corresponded quite a bit over the years- usually about some archaeological point he was researching at the time.

He grew into something of a legend. Not many captains have that kind of impact.


My sister's another one- though she'd never admit it.



Picard wouldn't have, either.




They're two of a kind.




Commander, I'm not here to replace Jean-Luc. No one can.

All I intend to do, is follow his time as captain of the "D" with my time as captain of the "E".



I have my own way of doing things. You won't always like them or agree with them.



It's going to be a rough ride till we get used to each other.

I'm asking you to hold on for awhile and give it time.



Yes, Ma'am.

Next Morning: Stardate 48636.02

Commander.

Morning, Captain,
Madam Kirk.

What's our status, Commander?

We'll reach Romulan orbit in one hour. Ship's status is nominal. We're also picking up movement four kilometers to starboard. Data hasn't pinned it down yet.

I'm sure we'll get it figured out.

I ate before coming on duty, but I'll join her for a cup of coffee.

Now, I happen to know that Deanna's waiting for you in Ten Forward.

Why don't you join her and grab some breakfast while you've got the time?

Orders, Captain?


An early riser?
My respect for you just went up another notch.

Just maintain course and speed.

What about the unidentified movement?

Anything new on that?





Have you detected movement to starboard?

Yes, but we haven't identified it yet.

This deep inside the Empire, there cannot be too many possibilities.

I suggest you raise your shields. We will be doing likewise.

Very well, Commander- and thank you for the advice.

I have called ahead and informed the Praetor of our impending arrival.

Data raise the shields.

Aye, Captain. The shields are up.

I am certain he will be calling you soon.





Praetor, this is an honor.



Captain Kirk.



Madam Kirk, you do me great honor by coming.



You do me great honor by inviting me, sir.





Data- ?

Someone is attempting to over-ride-



My name is Bar'len- Leader of the Romulan Voice.

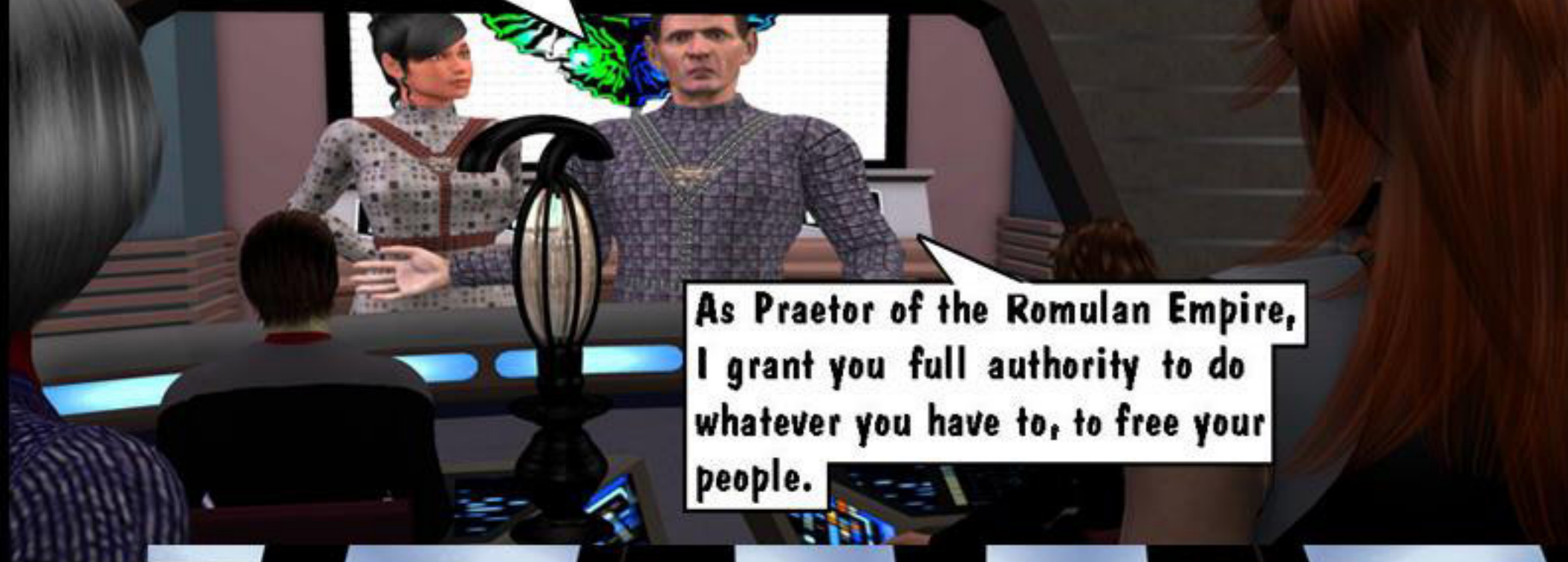
We have the traitor and her companions.

If Kirk sets one foot on Romulus, they are dead!



Praetor!

Captain, I have just received word that the Ambassador's bodyguards have been found dead in her quarters.



As Praetor of the Romulan Empire, I grant you full authority to do whatever you have to, to free your people.

Praetor, we cannot allow Bar'len to destroy the Empire's chances for a positive future.

Would you be willing to conduct talks aboard the *Enterprise*?

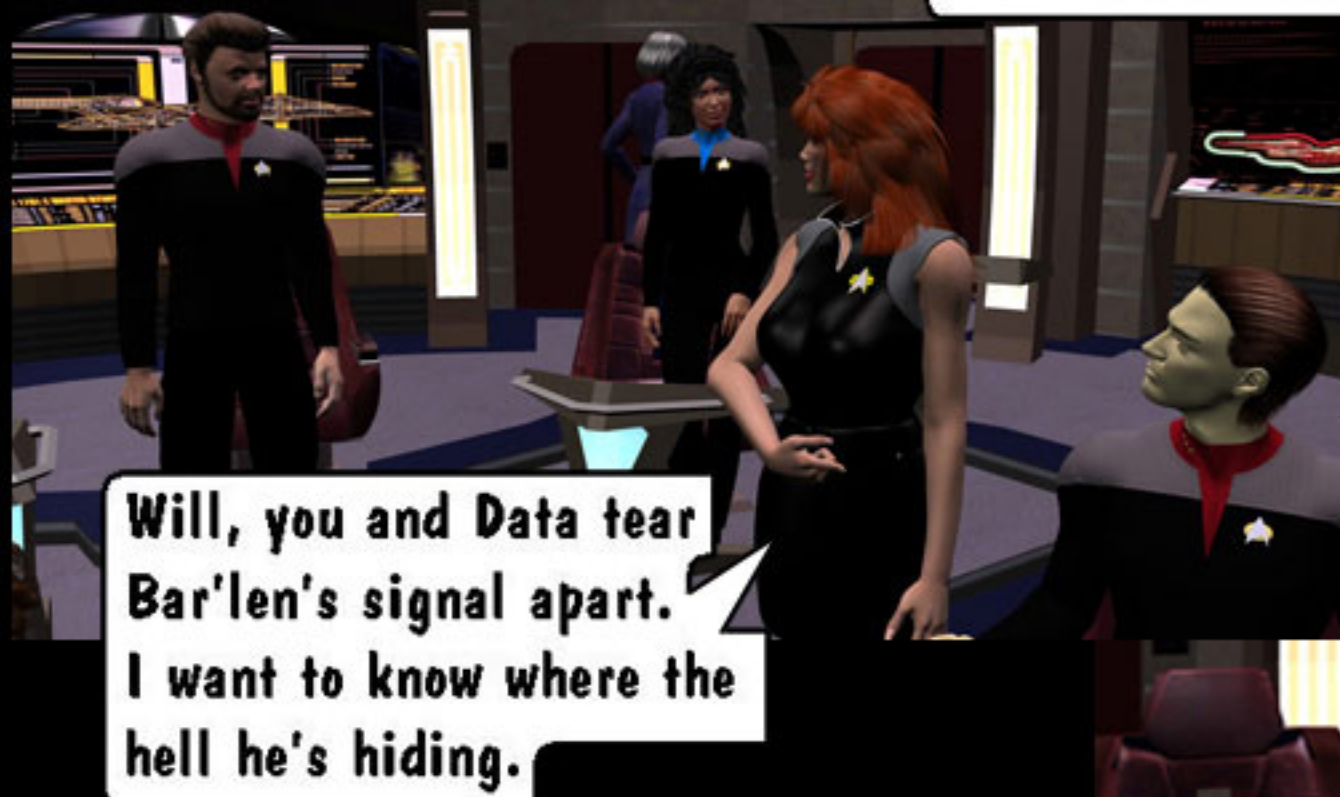
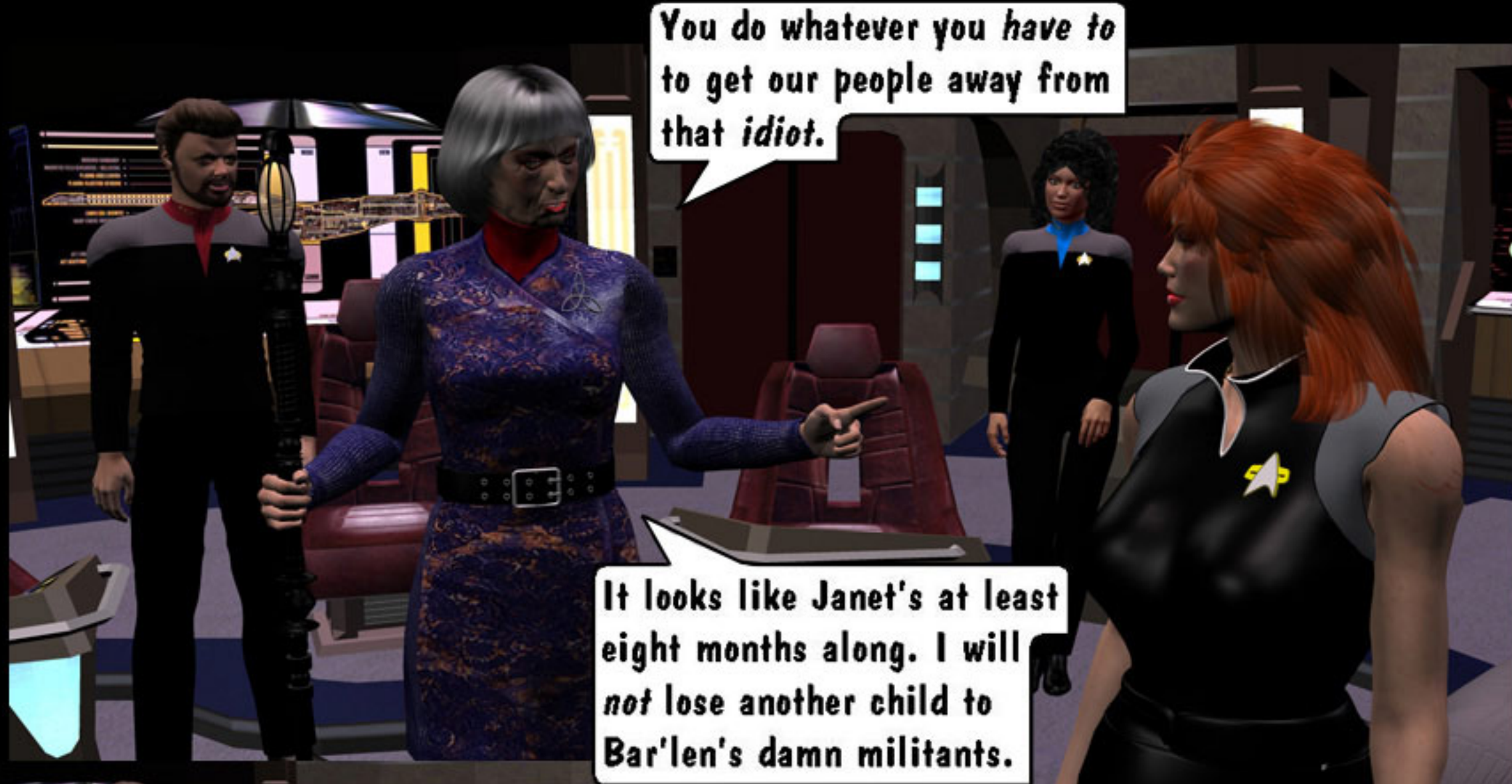


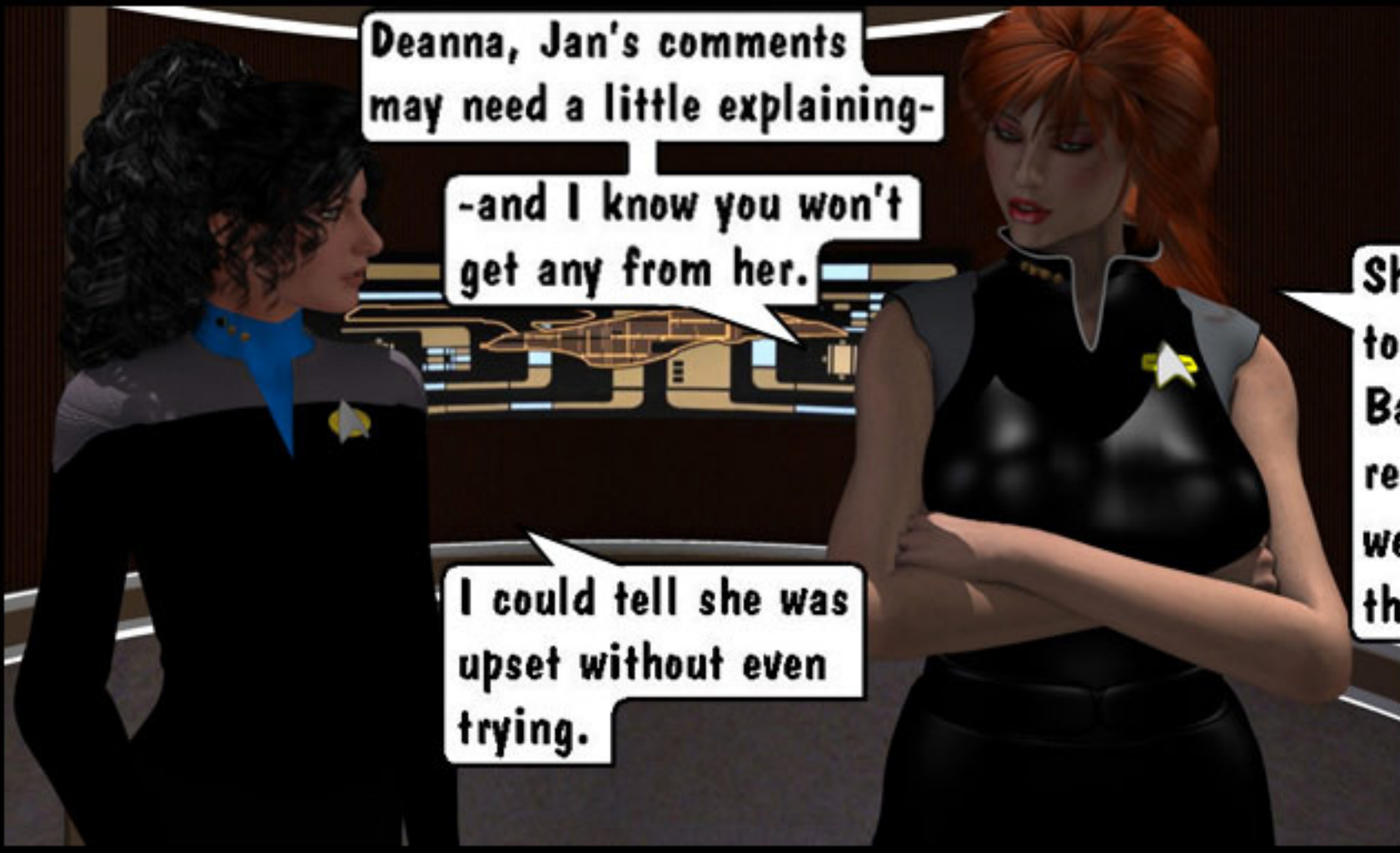
I will be ready by the time you reach orbit.

Then I'll see you in ten minutes.

Kirk out.







Deanna, Jan's comments
may need a little explaining-

-and I know you won't
get any from her.

I could tell she was
upset without even
trying.

She has damn good reason
to be. A hundred years ago,
Bar'len backed a gang of
renegade andorians that
were raiding colonies along
the Union/Klingon border.

Not only did they wipe out
the colony on Clondor VI-
killing General Kang's
first wife- they also wiped
out the Union's colony on
Cestus III- killing our
brother and his wife, who
was pregnant at the time.

Jan was also pregnant at the
time and chose to place the
fetus in stasis till the tour
was over. The container was
placed in Specimen Storage.

Kang's ship and the *Enterprise*
confronted the two militant
ships that were involved and
defeated them both. But the
Enterprise took damage- in
Specimen Storage.

The fetus didn't survive.

My god...

Resume.

Ding



Jan? It's Tam.

Are you all right?

Ding



No.

Come.

We've entered orbit.



I know.

Two unborn children
never had a chance
to live because of
Bar'len's idiocy.

I will *not* allow that
to happen to a third.

Is that clear?



Yes. We'll get them
out somehow.

In the meantime,
the Praetor's waiting
to beam up.



Then let's go meet the man.

Commander, if I may make an observation, you seem ill at ease with our new captain.

She's just going to take some getting used to, Data.

She is different from Captain Picard. Her record is a colorful one.

In what way?

She is much more hands-on than Captain Picard was. While he did not hesitate to get involved if need be, Captain Kirk has made it standard practice to be involved.

Bar'len's signal was strong enough to over-ride the Praetor's. That would indicate it was not sent through any relays which might weaken it.

That would also mean he has a strong power source.

Helm, start scanning around the planetary capital for any non-Romulan readings.

Aye, sir. Scanning now.

From what the Praetor said, Bar'len must have caught the Ambassador's party just before he called.



Welcome aboard the
Enterprise, Praetor.



Thank you, Captain.



Madam Kirk.

It is a pleasure to
finally be in the same
room with you.

As do I, sir.

I just wish it were under
better circumstances.

It might be best, sir, if Counselor
Troi escorted you to Madam Kirk's
quarters where the two of you can talk
in private.



That's quite acceptable.



Come back to the
Bridge once everyone's
settled.

Yes, Ma'am.



According to our scans, Bar'len has a bunker outside the capital—about a hundred meters underground.





That's too easy.

It's like he's daring us to beam them up.

Why would he do that?



He probably has some nasty little surprise in with the Ambassador that'll get beamed up with her- and explode when it arrives.

We'll have to go down after them.



I'll put together an away team.

No.



I'm going.

Captain, with all due respect-

A screenshot from a video game showing a man with a beard (Captain Will) in a grey and black uniform with a red collar, gesturing with his hand towards a woman with red hair (Ambassador) in a black and grey uniform with a yellow star. They are in a futuristic bridge with various screens and controls in the background.

Don't!

Don't start that damn
"Captain's place is on the Bridge"
Bu**s**t!

I tried it that way once and
lost a damn good first officer.


The Ambassador and her
people are family- that
makes them *my*
responsibility.

Your responsibility is to
keep my sister and the Praetor
safe. If you have to break orbit-
hell, if you have to leave the
Empire, then that's what
you do.

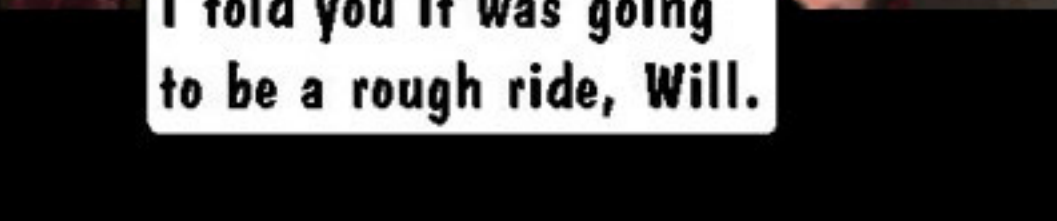
A screenshot from a video game showing the same two characters in the bridge. The man is looking at the woman, who is pointing her finger at him. In the background, another person is visible at a console.

Clear?

Perfectly clear, Captain.

A screenshot from a video game showing the woman with red hair in the bridge, looking serious with her hands on her hips.

It's time for some of
that trust we talked about.

A screenshot from a video game showing the woman with red hair in the bridge, looking serious with her hands on her hips.

I told you it was going
to be a rough ride, Will.



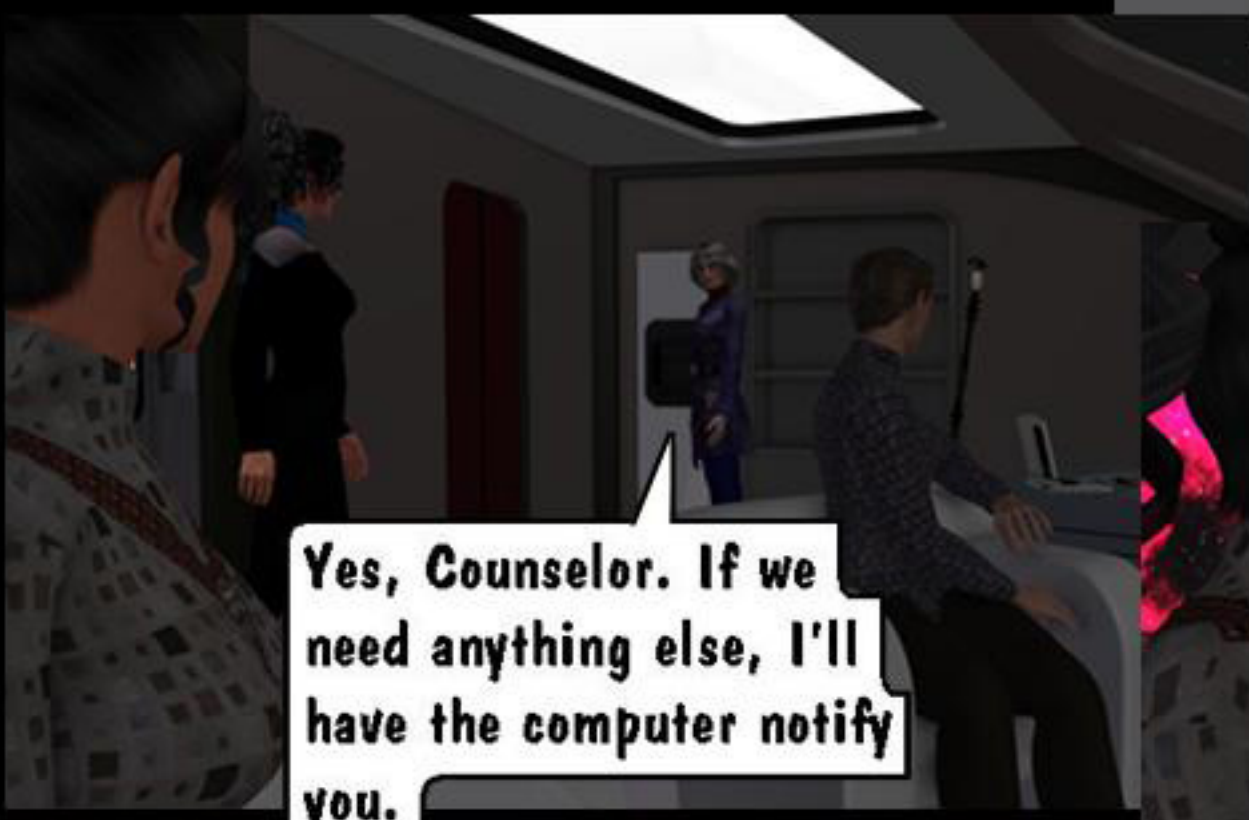


...Would you like something to drink before we get started, Praetor?

Yes, thank you.



If you have everything you need, Madam Kirk...



Yes, Counselor. If we need anything else, I'll have the computer notify you.



I should return to the Bridge then.

Praetor.

Counselor.



I've never been one for a lot of formalities, Praetor.



And at my age, I really have no patience for most of them.

So whenever you'd like to start will be fine.



Captain, you seem to be outfitting the Away Team with some rather... unusual equipment.



Captain- ?

Those 'Wild West' holodeck programs you told me about.

You have had at least one shoot out with the bad-guys, right?



Of course. Much more involved than what happen...several years ago.



Saddle up.

Data, a dear friend once told me "Young lady, if you can imagine it, plan for it."

Therefore, considering where we're going, I'm assuming the militants have some kind of damping field to prevent weapons from functioning.

I further imagine, that it would have to be very select or else their own weapons would be effected.

This brings us to an energy dampening field designed to specifically shut down 24th century Starfleet tech.

Which means, 23rd century Starfleet tech- which operates on different wavelengths and frequencies- should be unaffected.

But, in case I'm wrong and they are affected, that's where my .45 and Deanna's rifle come in.

Let's move.

"Energize."

HUMMMMMMM



HUMMMMMM



Captain, it appears you were correct. This tricorder is not working.



But this one is.

Captain, I don't sense anyone other than the away team.

Where are we?

We should be right over Bar'len's bunker.




Then where's the entrance?



There does not appear to be one.




Damnit. That can only mean they're beaming in and out.


A group of Star Trek characters, including a woman with red hair and a man in a black uniform, are standing in a lush green forest. They are all wearing black uniforms with gold star insignias.

Kirk to *Enterprise*.

Riker here.

A close-up shot of a woman with red hair, wearing a black uniform with a gold star insignia, talking on a handheld device. She is standing in a forest.

We've got a slight problem here, Commander. There are no surface entrances to the bunker.


A woman with red hair, wearing a black uniform with a gold star insignia, is talking to a group of people in a forest. They are all wearing black uniforms with gold star insignias.

You're going to have to beam us in as close to the Ambassador as you can get us.


A man in a black uniform with a gold star insignia is standing in a control room. He is looking at a computer screen. There are other people in the background.

Understood.


We've got another interesting find up here as well.

A man in a black uniform with a gold star insignia is standing in a control room. He is looking at a computer screen. There are other people in the background.


We're picking up a new set of unidentified readings near the North Polar Region.

A man in a black uniform with a gold star insignia is standing in a control room. He is looking at a computer screen. There are other people in the background.

We can't tell if it's one ship or several. The planet's magnetic fields are making scans difficult.

A group of Star Trek characters, including a woman with red hair and a man in a black uniform, are standing in a lush green forest. They are all wearing black uniforms with gold star insignias.

Such as?

A woman with red hair, wearing a black uniform with a gold star insignia, is talking to a group of people in a forest. They are all wearing black uniforms with gold star insignias.

Keep an eye on it, Will and beam us to the Ambassador.

Acknowledged. Energizing now.






Data, what is that?

**It is what you expected, Captain.
An explosive device locked onto
the Ambassador's readings.
It would transport up with her
and detonate on arrival.**



Can you shut it down?


It will take time.



This is no bunker.

**You thinking
what I am?**

**Bar'len buried a
Bird- of- Prey.**



**Captain, I can sense
more militants approaching.**

Everyone stand clear. — Kirk to *Enterprise*.

Riker here.

Commander, there's an explosive device three meters in front of me.

Lock on to it and beam it 500 meters east of my location- and do it *now*.

HUMMMMMMM

Understood.
Energizing.



BLAM!!!

Uggggg!

What is it?

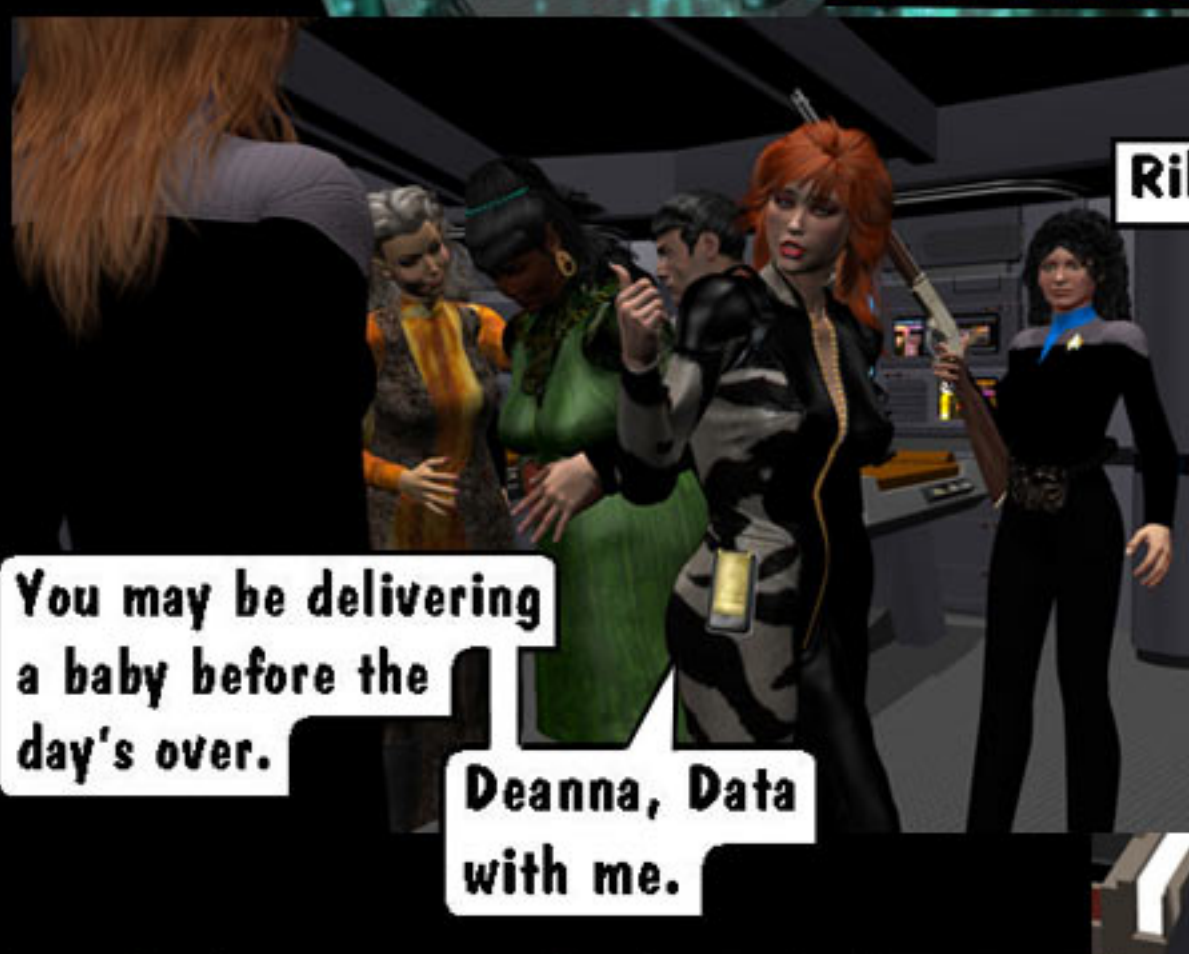
She's going
into labor.

Kirk to *Enterprise*.
Beam us all sraight to
Sickbay- *Now*.



Captain- ?

HUMMMMMMM



You may be delivering a baby before the day's over.

Deanna, Data with me.

Riker to Captain.



Go ahead, Will.



We have three militant ships leaving polar orbit and heading towards us.



Call Battle Stations.

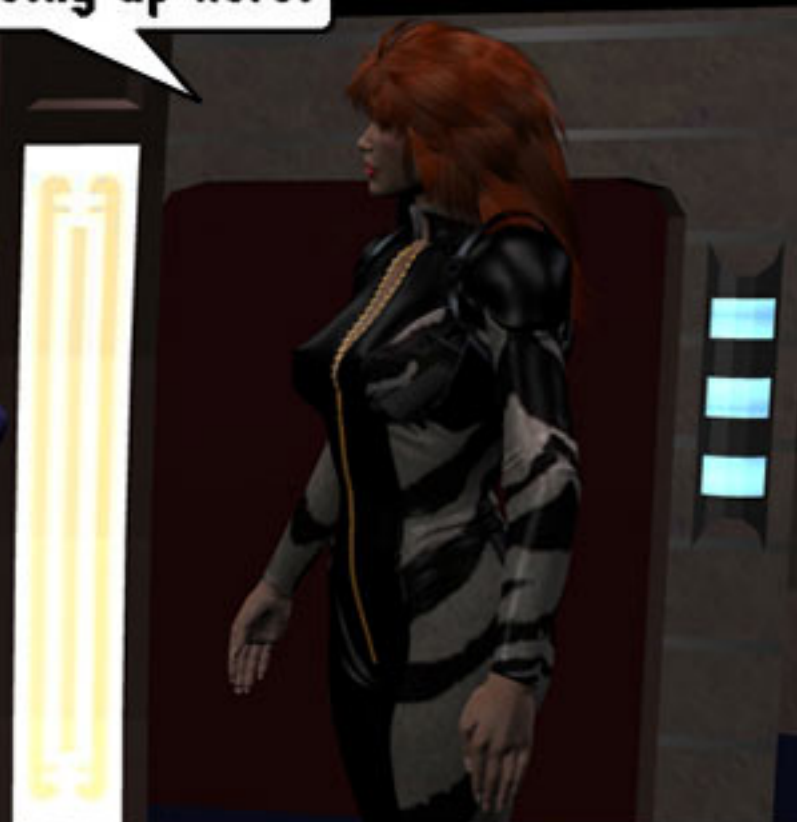
I'm on my way.



What are you three doing up here?



I thought our newest allies would like to see how our ships handle a Red Alert.



All right. But if things get too bad, I want you to head for Sickbay. It's-



-the best protected part of the ship.

I remember.



Report.

The militant ships are spreading out so they can come at us from three different directions.

Hail them.

Bar'len, this is Captain Tamera Kirk- Yes, her sister.

Ba-leep!

Channel open.

I have the Ambassador and her family- all alive and well by the way.

Looks like you screwed up again.

Impossible!

There's no way they could have beamed up without destroying all of you!



Oh, that wasn't a problem once we tossed your bomb into your engine room.

By the way, Bar'len, do you know who you were holding?



A Traitor and her co-horts.



Wrong. You were holding the wife, daughter, son-in-law and godson of General Kang- C-in-C of the Klingon Imperial Fleet.

You threatened Sarek James once before. Remember the Zarcus system? It was Kang's Targ pack that blew your base off the star charts.

Praetor, do I have your permission to perform an introduction?



Captain, you have my permission to end this on-going threat to the Empire.

Threat!?

I am a true patriot of the Empire!

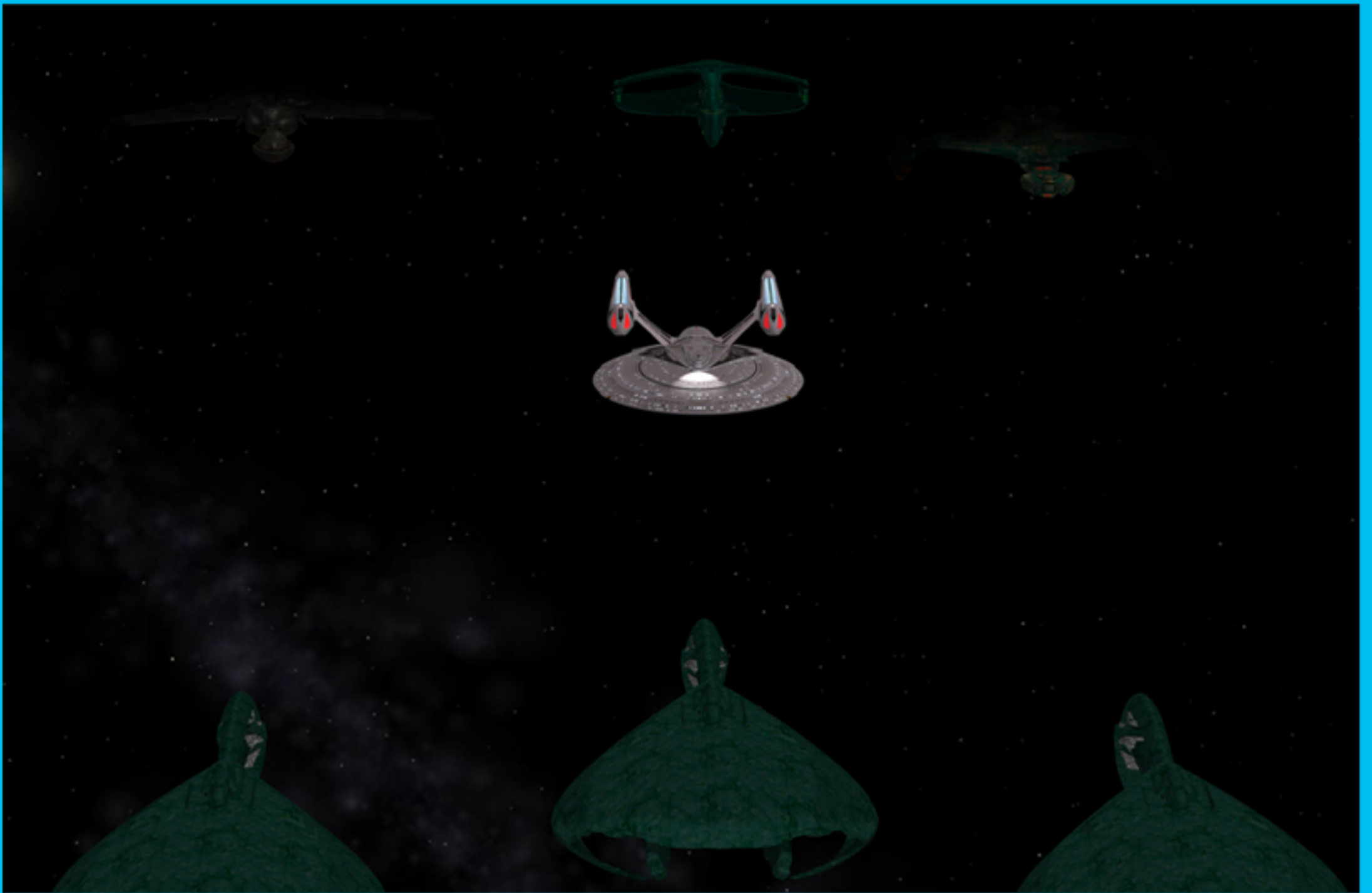


I am not the one bending our knee to the Union's demands!

I am not the one crawling on his belly for crumbs instead of taking what is rightfully ours!

Tell it to the General.







The unknown movement
to starboard?

And the recipients of
my phone call.



Bar'len, if I were
you-
-I'd turn around.



Never let it be said
that Kang attacked
an unarmed man.

Clang

Defend yourself if you
have the stomach for it.

Or are you still the coward
that ran away that day in
the council chamber?

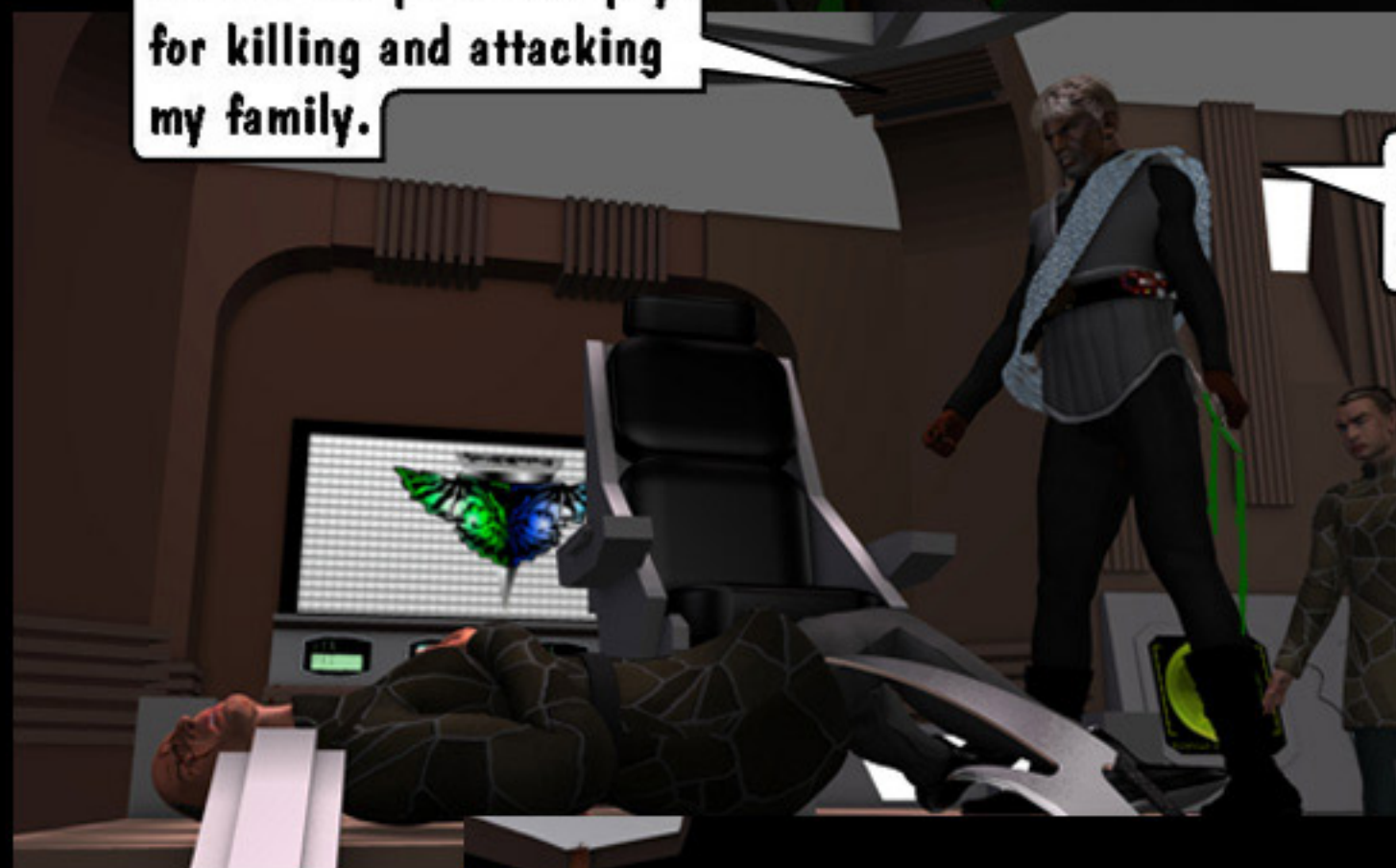


clang





That is the price one pays
for killing and attacking
my family.



My Vow of Vengeance is finally
complete.



Is there anything else?



One moment, General.




Kirk to Sickbay.
What's Janet's
status?

She'll deliver any time now.



Kirk to Transporter Room.

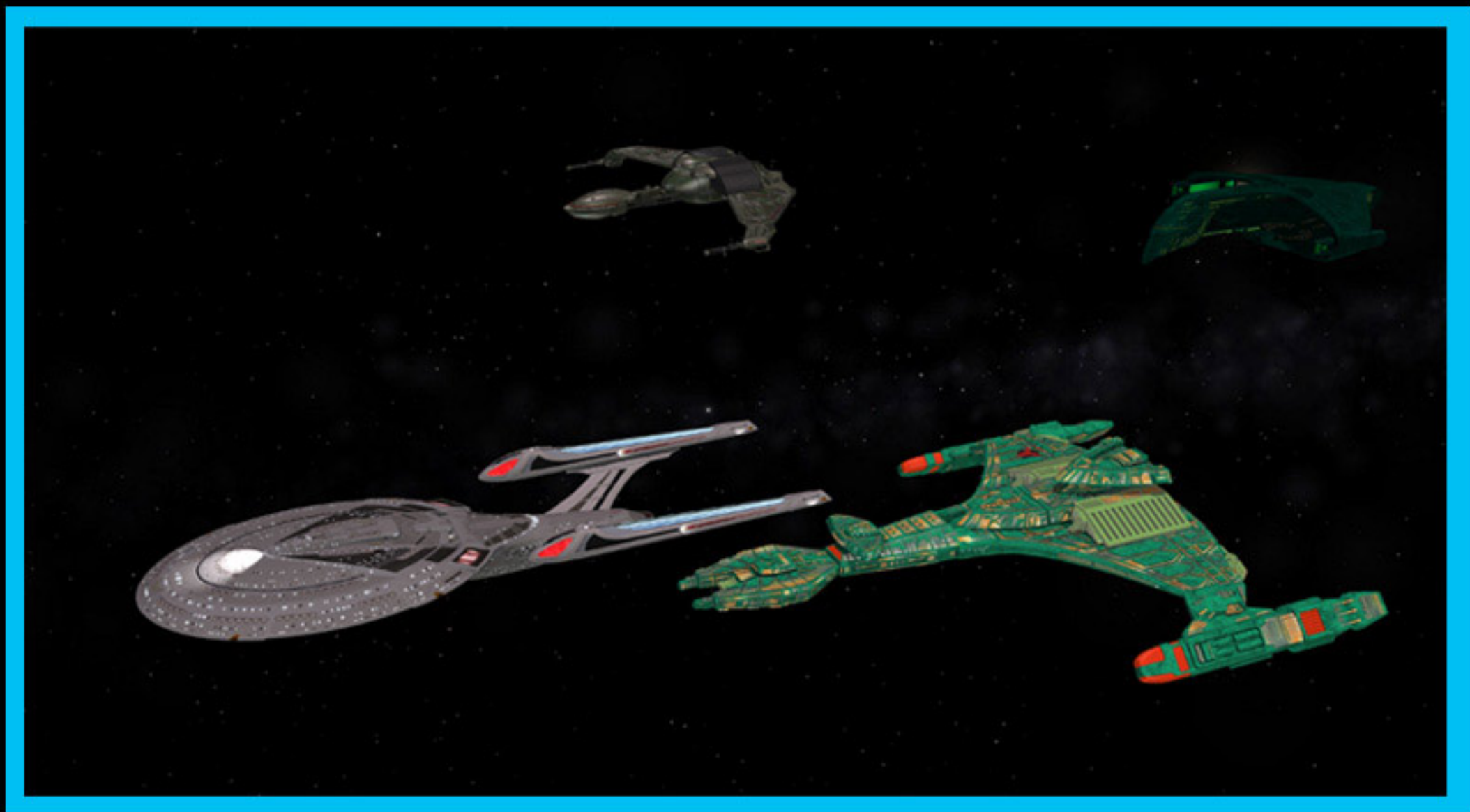
Lock on to General
Kang and beam him
directly to Sickbay.



Praetor, may I assume
you have forces that
can handle things, now?

I only have to call them, Captain.

Feel free to use
my Ready Room.





Mom.

Come and meet your granddaughter.



Oh, she's a sight.



What's her name?



Janet
Tamera
Rayannah
Kirk.




The third name?

The third name is the private name.


The name we only give to family and those that have earned our trust.

Yes.

What does that mean?




I'll make sure it stays off the record.




I was not expecting to see you here. But I'm glad you are.

Once Tamera called and told me what was going on, where else would I be?



No. If Gowron has any questions, my report will answer them.



Will you be in trouble for being here?



You all right?

Just tired. I think I'll go lie down for awhile.



You take good care of these two, Mister.



...Yes, Ma'am.

Ship's Log; Stardate 48637.03.

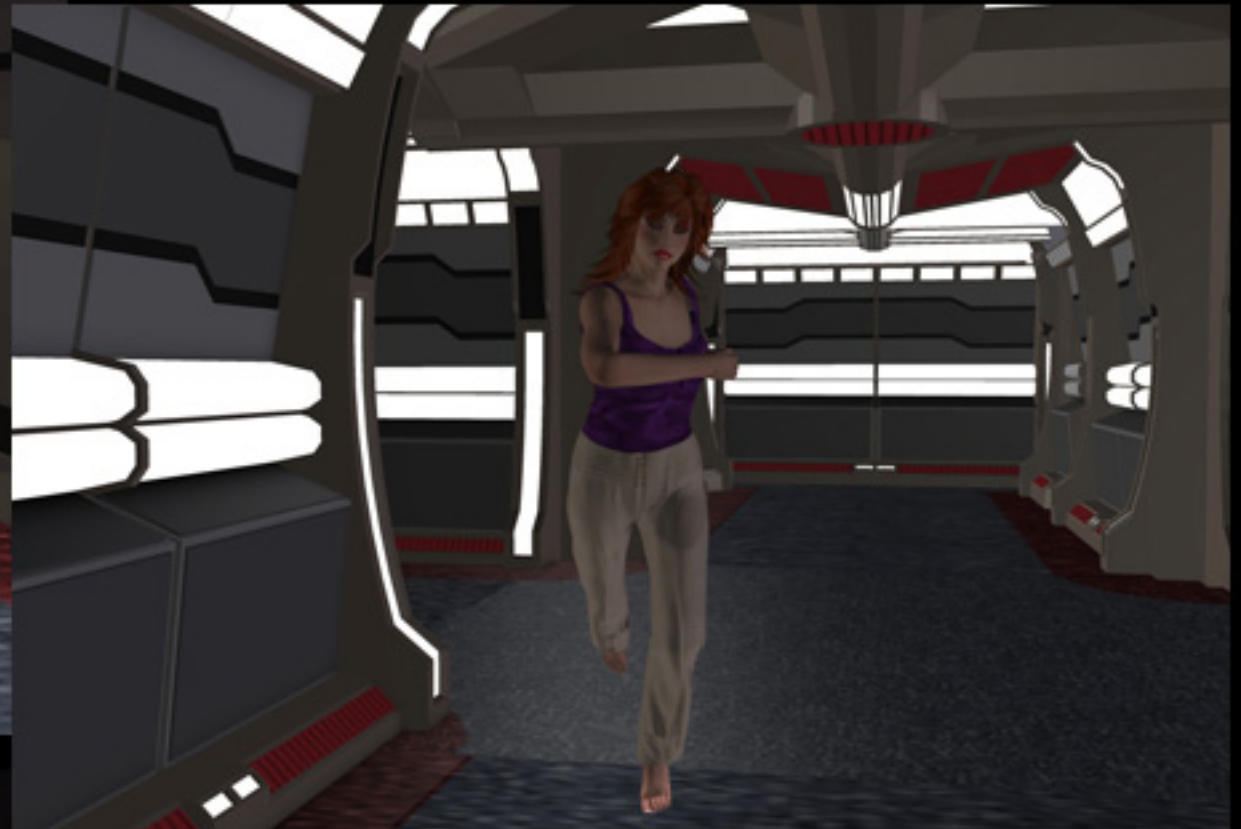
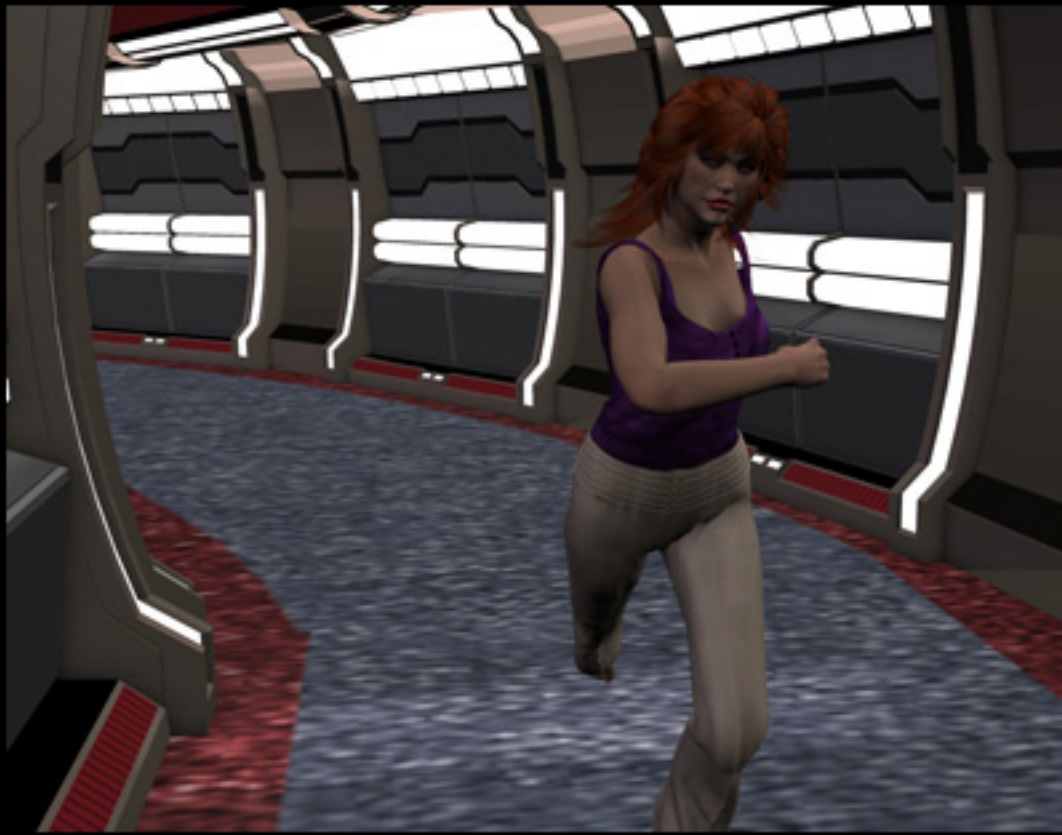
Captain Tamera Kirk recording.

With the Romulan Praetor's signature on the alliance agreement and that now transmitted to the Union President, we have returned the Praetor to the surface of Romulus and General Kang to his ship. We are now on course to Vulcan to drop off my sister before we receive orders for our next mission...



Tam, you have to get to Jan- NOW!





Computer, why didn't you
call Sickbay?

She gave me express
orders not to. She said
if anything happened,
to call you.







Jan-

My time is done. Yours, my dear sister, is just beginning. You'll see a lot more and do a lot more in the years to come- things I would have given anything to see and do. I know you will see them and do them for both of us.

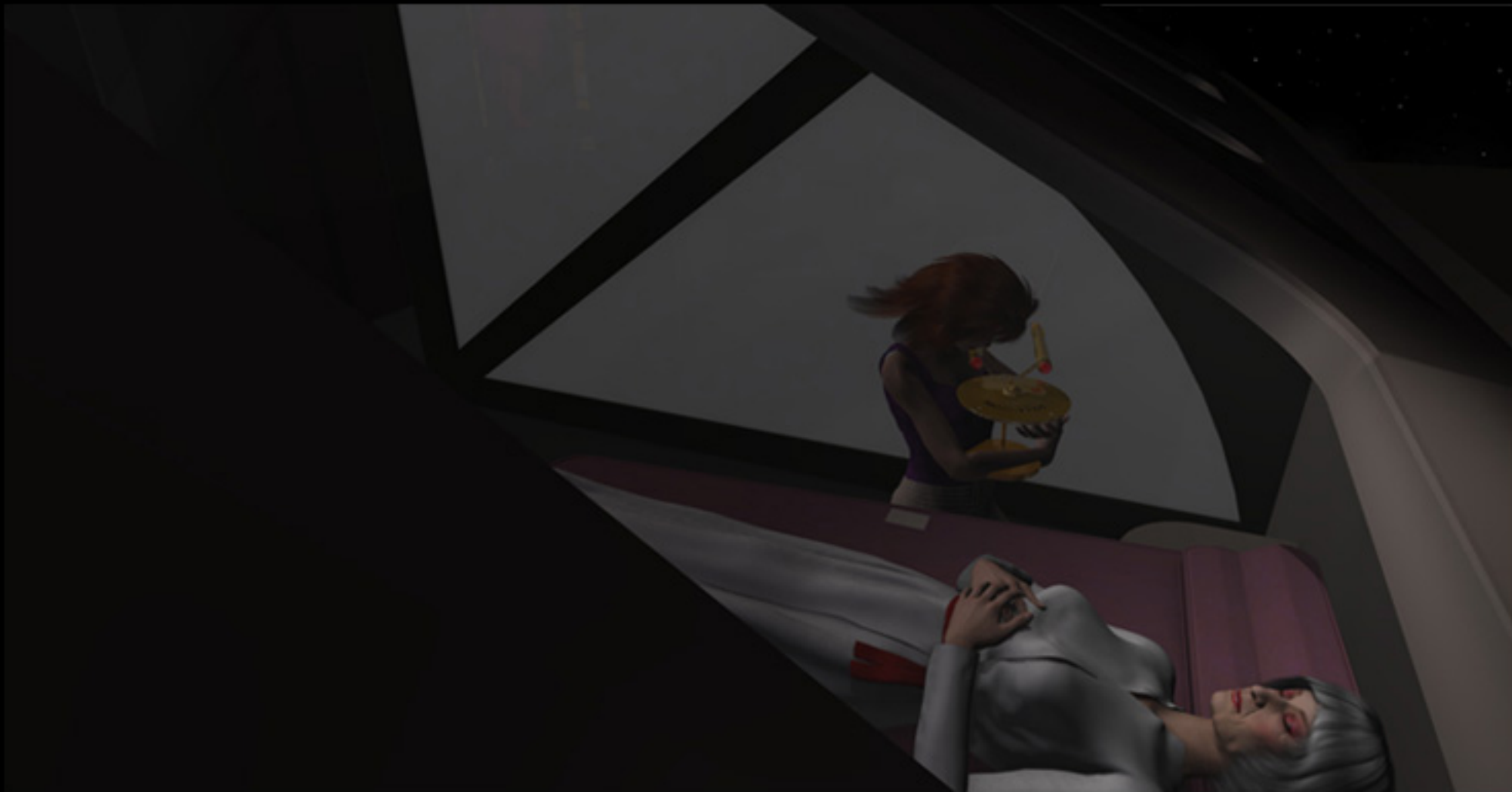
You have the life you wanted- the life you deserve. Don't let anyone ever tell you otherwise.

You came into my life when you were eighteen and went on to fill a very big hole in my life. I hope I've done right by you. I know I've tried. I've tried to be there for you, as any older sister should. I came to love you a great deal and would never give up the time we've had together. Remember me, but go on with your life as well and know I've always been proud of my kid sister.

Jan

P.S.

The name's all yours now, Kiddo.





FNF Broadcast:

“From Earth to Qo’nos to Romulus, flags were lowered to half-staff with Starfleet Command’s announcement of the death of retired Grand Admiral and three-time Union President Janet Kirk.

“Madam Kirk was aboard the *FSS Enterprise*, to take part in the final phase of alliance talks with the Romulan Star Empire.

“Upon the successful completion of those talks, She witnessed the birth of her granddaughter, before retiring to her cabin, where she died in her sleep.

“Madam Kirk was 134 Earth years old.

“When we return, we will take a look back at this remarkable woman and her equally remarkable legacy...”



One week later.

Captain, we are approaching Earth orbit and there are several ships- both Starfleet and civilian- aligned on each side of our best course.

We're also picking up Starfleet communications, but none of it's directed at us.

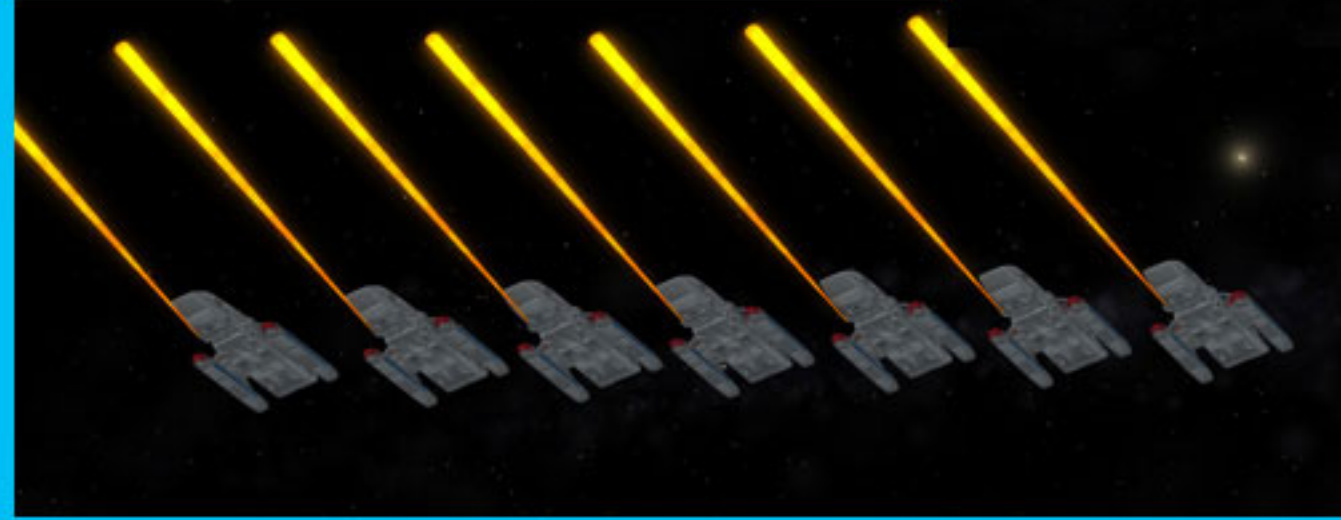
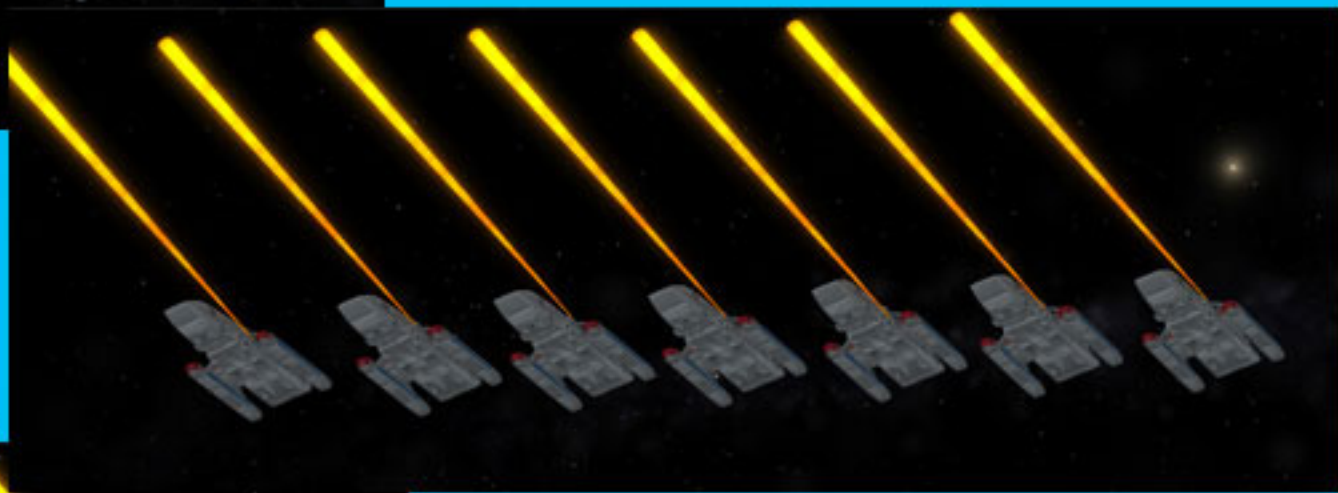
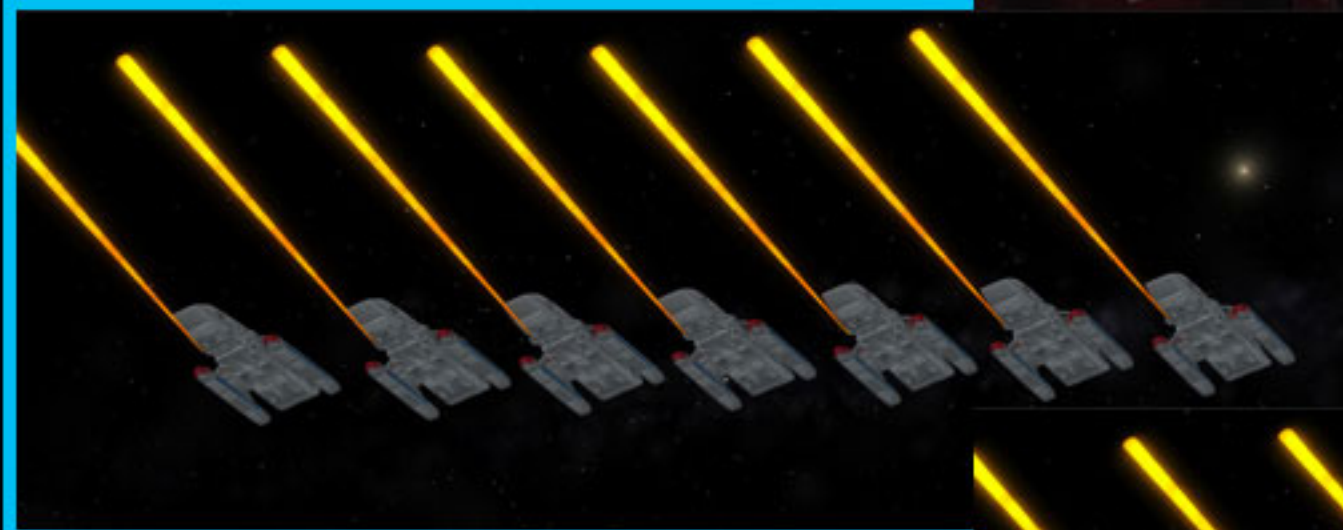
Let me hear it.

Honor Guard will assume position on my mark...

My god.

Bridge Crew, attention!

Honor Guard will fire the salute on my mark. Three, two, one- fire!



Honor Guard will fly
the formation on my
mark. Three, two,
one- mark.



The "Missing Man" formation.

I didn't think they flew
that any more.

They haven't flown it since
Grand Admiral Stryker died.

Bridge crew as you were.

Captain, sensors are picking up
a ship decloaking just off to starboard.

Klingon or Romulan?

It is neither.



Who's flying her?
A crew from the Fleet
Museum?

Sensors show no one
on board, Commander.

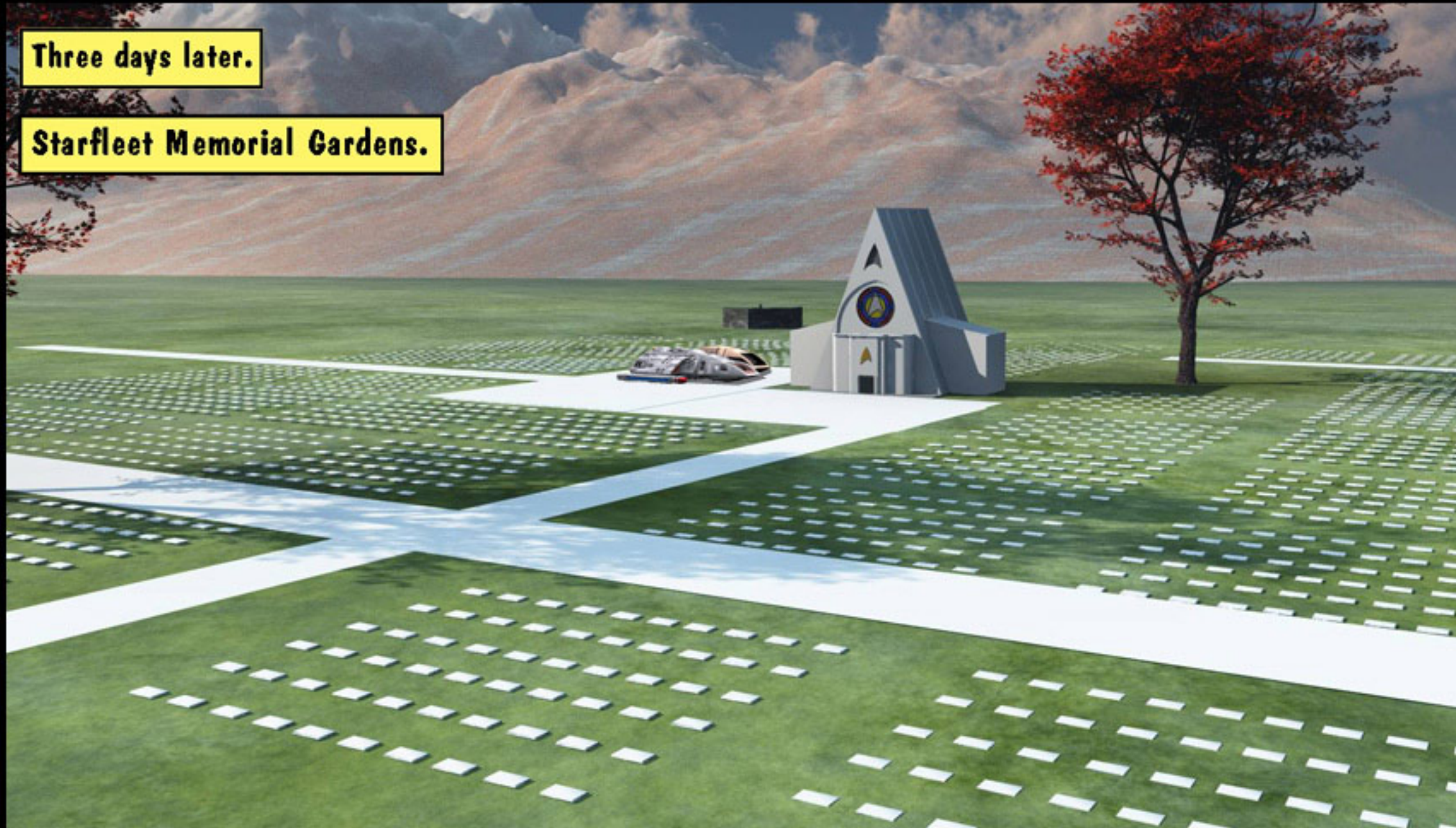
Except the original A.I.

"She came to escort
her captain home."



Three days later.

Starfleet Memorial Gardens.



She would not want you to mourn for her.

It's hard not to.

I'm not taking the name, Isis.

But you are Janet Tamera Kirk as well.

I'm Tamera Kirk- Jan's sister. And if the universe were to end tomorrow, I'd gladly leave it that way.

No.

I haven't been Janet Kirk in a hundred years.

Let her take it with her.

It's part of who she was.

Now, you'd better make a fast exit before the others get here.

Aunt T'Pel.

Tamera.

You are aware that there were those that wished Jan interred on Vulcan?

I know.

The same bunch that wanted Spock buried there.

She's waited 54 years to be with him again. I'm not going to deny her.

I would not expect you to.

Jan stated in her will that she wanted you to have this.

T'Pau's staff? That is the symbol of her house. Only the Head of the house can possess it.

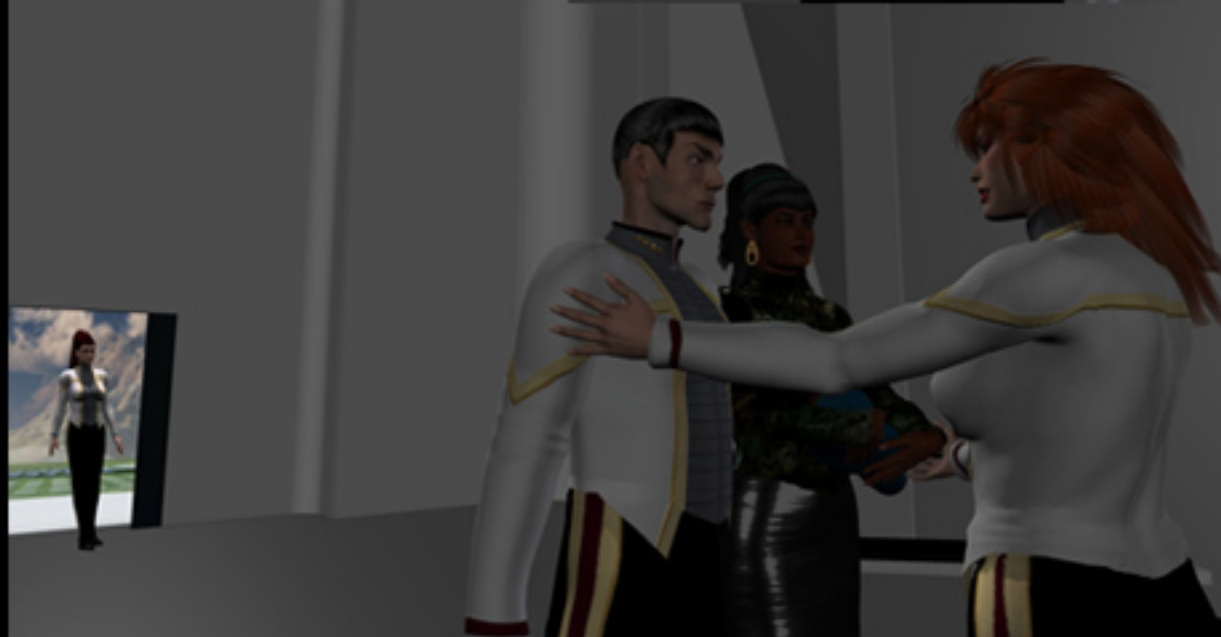
And Jan was Head of the house for over 80 years.

The houses of T'Sage and T'Pau have been united even longer.

She felt that you were the only one capable of leading both.



The choice is made.



Amanda.



Mr. President.

Captain, Your sister was a credit to the Union and everything it stood for.





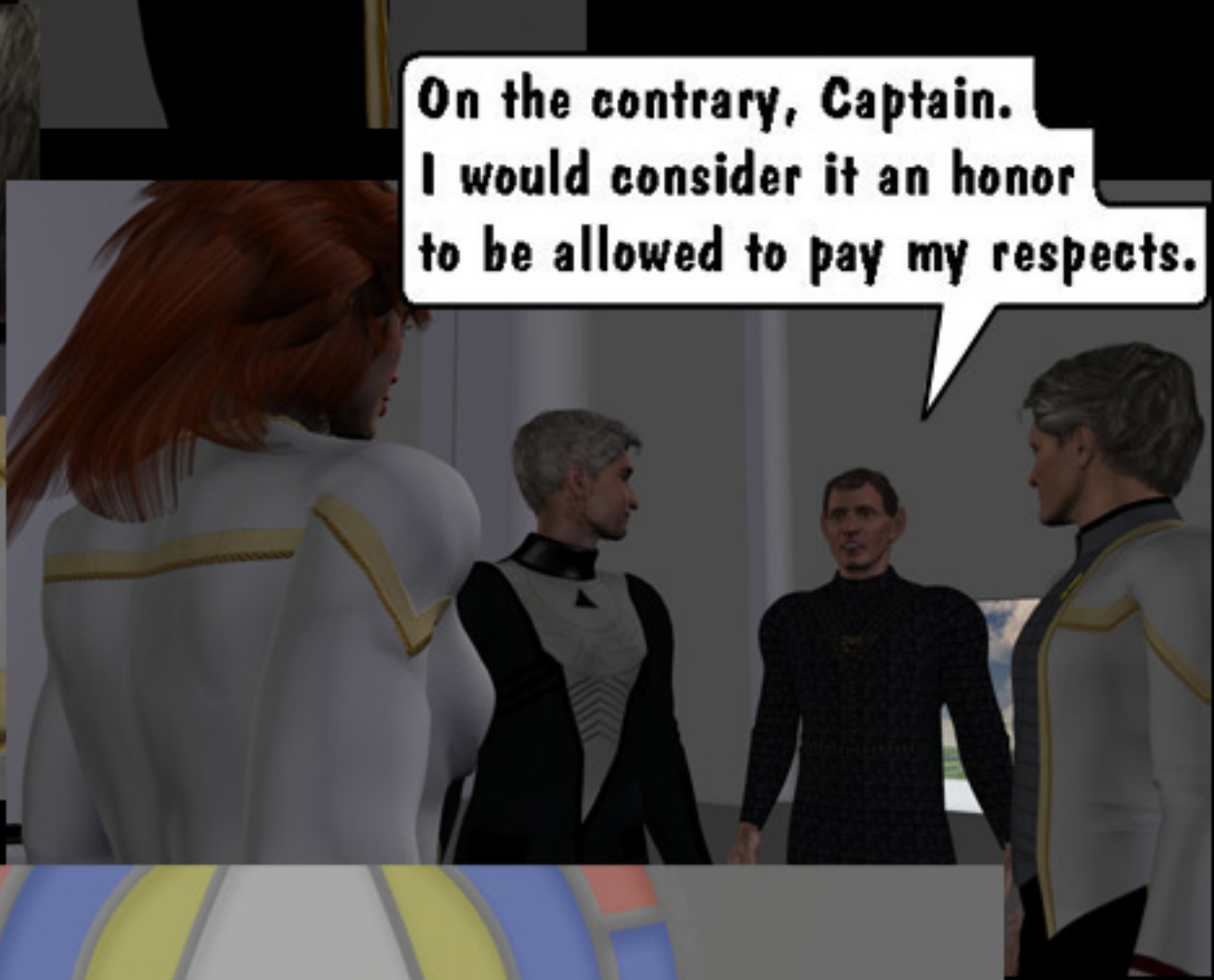
She was indeed,
Mr. President.

Captain, a short while ago,
the Federal Congress passed
a resolution awarding your sister
the Federal Medal of Honor for
her dedication to the Union.

Grand Admiral Mikels.



Sir, this is an unexpected
honor.




On the contrary, Captain.
I would consider it an honor
to be allowed to pay my respects.



Of...course...

My God...



Shev...

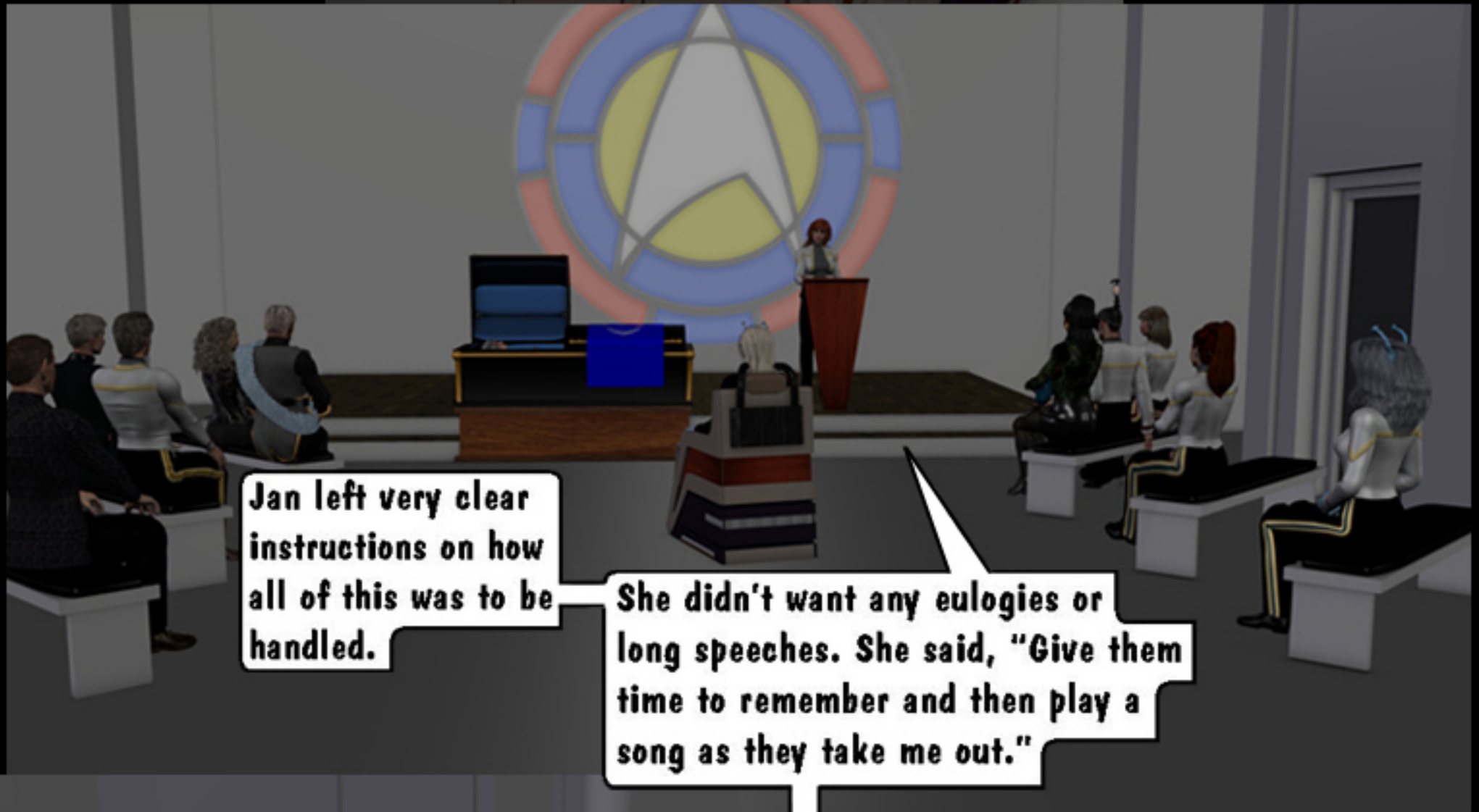
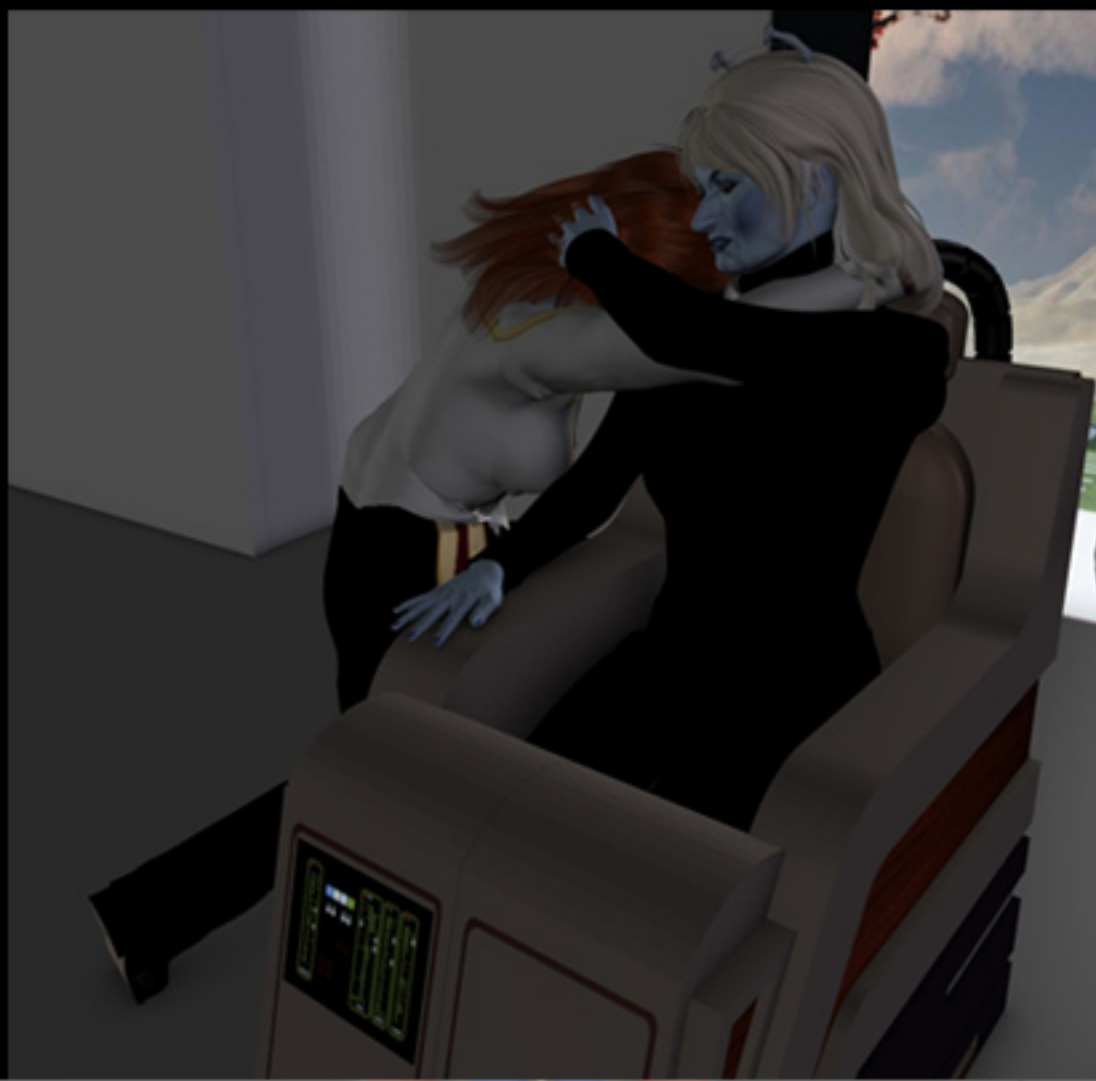


You didn't have to come.

She would have understood.

You two are the closest thing I'll ever have to sisters.

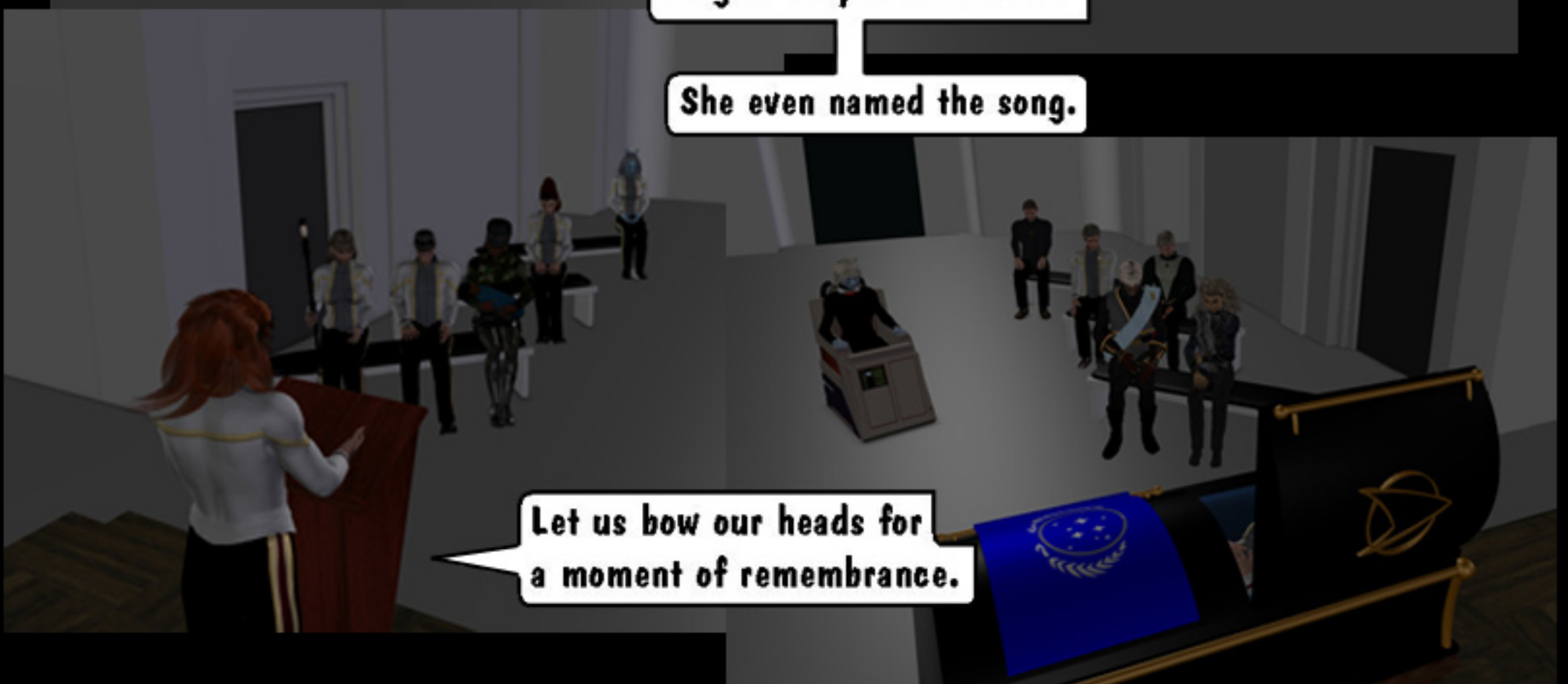
I won't be here when *your* time comes, but I *will* say good-bye to her.



Jan left very clear instructions on how all of this was to be handled.

She didn't want any eulogies or long speeches. She said, "Give them time to remember and then play a song as they take me out."

She even named the song.



Let us bow our heads for a moment of remembrance.

Oh,well, I'm tired and
so weary,
But I must go alone.

Till the Lord comes and
calls me away, oh yes

Well the morning's so
bright and the lamp is
alight

And the night, night is
as black as the sea, oh
yes

There will be peace in the
valley for me some day

There will be peace in the
valley for me, oh Lord
I pray

There'll be no sadness,
no sorrow, no trouble,
trouble I see.

There'll be peace in the
valley for me.*

*'Peace in the Valley'
by Charles B.Johnson Dp.







Janet T. Kirk

B.2219 - D.2353

She accomplished her goals
and left the university
better than she found it.

Rest easy, Sis.

Your job's done.

Afterward

Two months after the services for Janet Kirk, Shev Ta'Laren, Admiral, Starfleet,ret., died of cardiac arrest at the Chicago branch of Starfleet Medical. She was 133 Earth years old.

She is survived by her former ward, Thelen Asalen, Captain, FSS *Constitution*.

At the invitation of the Kirk family, Admiral Ta'Laren- who was also godmother to Captain Sarek James Kirk and Dr. Amanda Maureen Kirk, was interred in the Kirk family crypt at Starfleet Memorial Gardens.

mdbruffy

Geordi's visor
1701-E Turbo lift
Crew quarters/ guest quarters
*Selected guest furniture
by Rduda
*Tam's egg chair from
Renderosity
*Guest quarters desk by
mdbruffy
24th century wheel chair
*some details from Madlab
by Renderotica
Dress white uniform textures
Union President's jacket
NG Romulan Bridge
Romulan corridor
Romulan Engine Room-
stock footage
Tam's orders
Jan's note to Tam
T'Pol's staff
Textures for Jan's outfits
Lava lamp
Tam's dinning table
Bar'len's face texture
Coffin draped flag
Starfleet coffin
Starfleet Memorial Gardens
*SMG Temple
*Kirk family crypt

Foundation 3D

Converted by Mattymax
Spacedock
Starbase
TOS Communicator
Romulan D'Deridex ship
Romulan Kerchan ship
Klingon Vor'cha class
Klingon Bereel class

Vanishingpoint

Transporter Room-
modified by mdbruffy
Ready Room-
modified by mdbruffy
Stickbay

Sketch-up files

Converted by mdbruffy
1701-E Corridor by Chris T.
1701-E Engineering by Collin E.
1701-E Bridge by Collin E.
*Command chairs by seatha
*Crew chairs by mdbruffy
Observation Lounge by
Aryh Peixoto Filho
*modified by mdbruffy

Mylochka

Andorian skin textures
Deanna's burgandy jumpsuit
texture
Romulan uniform textures
V4 and M4 NG uniforms

1701 by Greywolf Starkiller
1701-E by Nathan Horton
Deanna's rifle from

Renderosity

Tam's transceiver by Bluto
Kang's communicator by Bluto
Isis' collar by Rduda
Statue of Liberty from

Renderosity

TOS Phaser by Tony Olivera
TOS Tricorder by XcalPro
Desktop monitor and PADD
by D.T.Ericsson

Folded flag by Roy McGowan
*Union Texture by mdbruffy
All Combades by Rduda
Observation Lounge chairs
by Rduda

NG Phaser fire by euderton
NG Torpedo effect by Overseer
TOS Phaser and Romulan
disruptor fire by

Jepe's Movie Props 4

Kang's sash by Little Dragon
*Texture by mdbruffy
Space backgrounds created
in Celestia

Shipping containers- various
Runabout- unknown
Eternal flame- Ultimate Fire
Rufus (Teddy Bear)- Poser
Romulan surface created
in Poser
Bat'leth and Met'leth-
P3D Klingon Collection
Cowboy hat- unknown
Tam's .45- IW Weapons

Prologue screencaps from
Trekcore
*modified by mdbruffy

Outfits

Baby Kirk's wrap- Renderosity
Janet's Stickbay top-
tank top for V3
Shev- NJ Winter Clothes
Jan's outfits:

V3 tunic-textures
by mdbruffy

Dressing gown for V3
Long sleeve zip-dress

Textures by mdbruffy

Starfleet uniforms for
V3 and M3-
Intergalactic from Poserworld

Rayannah's outfit:
vest- Trench coat for V3
skirt- OL skirt for V3
Isis (Humanoid form)-
Aiko sweater
OL skirt for A3

Deanna's civilian outfits:
Green dress-
V4 courageous
texture by Tim Deroo
Burgandy jumpsuit
V4 bodysuit
Texture by Mylochka

Janet's maternity outfit-
Renderotica

Tam's outfits:

Uniform:

Aphodite bodice

OL Skirt

Dress Coat Italia boots

Civilian outfits 1 and 2-

Poserworld

Landing party jumpsuit-

J-suit for V4 converted
by mdruffy

Textured by mdruffy

Characters

V3 Base:

Tamera

Jan

Rayannah

Janet

T'Pel

Amanda

Shev

V4 Base:

Deanna

Beverly

Thelen

1701-E navigator

1701-E crew

1701-E security

Romulan Escort crew

Praetor's aide

Militant base personel

Poser 6 James Hires

Kang

Alko 3

Isis- Humanoid version

Millinium cat

Isis

Daz Millinium Baby

Kirk baby

M3 Base

Sarek James

Union President

Bar'len

Militant base personel

1701-E crew

1701-E security

M4 Base

Riker

Data

Geordi

Transporter tech

Grand Admiral Mikels

*Head morph by Wertz

Romulan Escort Commander

Romulan Praetor

Militant ship crew

Software used:

Poser 9

UV Mapper (classic version)

Paint XP

Sketch-up 8

Vue 2014

Celestia

Adobe Photoshop elements 10

Adobe Acrobat 8 Professional