

Star Trek Vs Star Wars: The Fall

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/21931219) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/21931219>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	Star Trek: The Next Generation , Star Wars Original Trilogy
Characters:	Conan Antonio Motti , Wulff Yularen , Jean-Luc Picard , Worf (Star Trek:TNG/DS9), Leia Organa , USS Enterprise , Darius Trent
Additional Tags:	Cross-Posted on FanFiction.Net
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Star Trek Vs Star Wars
Stats:	Published: 2019-12-24 Words: 29,316 Chapters: 11/11

Star Trek Vs Star Wars: The Fall

by [Darius_Trent](#)

Summary

The third book in the Star Trek vs Star Wars series! With the Empire in retreat and the Federation Alliance closing in, it seems that the war is on the Federation side. What could possibly go wrong? Comments and opinions are welcome but no hate.

Ambush

Star Trek Vs Star Wars

The Fall

The Imperial War has now suddenly favoured the United Federation of Planets. Following their embarrassing defeat at the Battle of Sol, the Empire has been routed out of Federation space, their ships unable to cope against the full might of the Federation without support. In addition to this, both the Klingons and Romulans have joined the Federation in the war, giving the newly reformed Federation Alliance an extra boost in numbers.

Meanwhile, rumours spread about a mysterious Imperial Superweapon under construction in orbit of Tatooine, the now occupied point at which the anomaly lies. This weapon is said to be far more threatening to the Federation than the Death Star ever was, and contains so much power it can take on thousands of ships and still survive. Starfleet, while dismissive of these rumours in public, is still rushing to complete refits of the USS Discovery, refits which will enable her to stand toe to toe against anything the multiverse may hurl at it.

In the meantime, the Imperials have been driven back to the Ivor system, the birthplace of the Invasion and where first contact was made with the Federation. Beaten and worn thin, only 200 Star Destroyers are left to defend the entry point, the rest being destroyed or captured, and the Executor being sent back to Kuat Shipyards for repairs. Little do they know they are about to meet their ends at the hands of a tactic they are unable to effectively counter...

Chapter 1: Ambush

Engagement 5: Second Battle of the Ivor System

United Federation of Planets/Romulan Star Empire/Klingon Empire

Galactic Empire

Class: Galaxy/ Galaxy Venture Refit

Ships present: 5

Known ships: USS Arizona, USS Venture

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.9

Armament: 12/14 Type X Phaser banks, 2 torpedo launchers, 200 Photon Torpedoes, 100 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 8 shuttlecraft, 1 Danube Class Runabout

Class: Imperial 1

Ships present: 200

Known ships: ISD Carnivorous

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Class: Galaxy X

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Olympus

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.98

Armament: 2 Phaser cannons, 15 Type XII Phaser banks, 1 type XX Spinal Lance Phaser, 7 torpedo launchers, 200 Photon Torpedoes, 200 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 shuttlecraft, 12 Peregrine Class fighters, 8 Danube Class Runabouts

Class: Excelsior/ Excelsior Refit

Ships present: 10

Known ships: USS Lakota, USS Hood

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.4

Armament: 16 Type VIII/10 Type X Phaser banks, 6 torpedo launchers, 60/30 Photon Torpedoes, 60/90 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 6 shuttlecraft, 6 shuttlepods

Class: Intrepid

Ships present: 3

Known ships: USS Destiny

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.975

Armament: 13 Type X Phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 55 Photon Torpedoes, 40 Quantum Torpedoes, 5 Tricobalt devices (USS Voyager possesses an additional 50 Transphasic Torpedoes)

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 7 shuttlecraft, 2 shuttlepods, 1 Delta Class runabout.

Class: Sovereign

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Enterprise

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.985

Armament: 14 Type XII Phaser banks, 5 torpedo launchers, 250 photon torpedoes, 250 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 4 Danube Class Runabouts

Class: Luna

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Titan

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.975

Armament: 13 Type X Phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 50 photon torpedoes, 100 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 5 shuttlecraft, 1 shuttlepod

Class: Centaur

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Carolina

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 9 Type IX phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 50 photon torpedoes, 50 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 2 shuttlecraft

Class: Saber

Ships present: 5

Known ships: USS Yeager, USS Peterson

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.8

Armament: 3 Type X Phaser banks, 2 torpedo launchers, 30 photon torpedoes, 30 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 5 shuttlecraft, 1 shuttlepod

Class: Miranda

Ships present: 4

Known ships: USS Hotspur,

Maximum combat speed: warp 9

Armament: 10 Type VIII Phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 30 Photon Torpedoes, 30 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 shuttlecraft, 1 shuttlepod

Class: Akira

Ships present: 2

Known ships: USS Galway

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.8

Armament: 6 Type X Phaser banks, 15 torpedo launchers, 200 Photon Torpedoes, 175 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 5 shuttle pods, 40 peregrine fighters

Class: Nebula

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Bonchune

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 11 Type X Phaser banks, 7 torpedo launchers, 250 Photon Torpedoes, 50 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 12 shuttle pods, 1 Danube Class Runabout

Class: Vesta

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Aventine

Maximum combat speed: Quantum slipstream (equivalent warp 9.999997359835618)

Armament: 9 Type XII Phaser banks, 2 Pulse Phaser cannons, 3 torpedo launchers, 175 Photon Torpedoes, 200 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 6 shuttlecraft, 4 shuttle pods

Class: Defiant

Ships present: 2

Known ships: USS Avenger

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 4 Pulse Phaser cannons, 2 Type X Phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 36 Photon Torpedoes, 60 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 1 shuttlecraft, 2 shuttlepods

Class: D'deridex

Ships present: 20

Known ships: IRW Deranas

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 6 Disruptor Arrays, 4 Disruptor Cannons, 2 Torpedo Launchers, 100 Photon Torpedoes, 200 Plasma Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 16 shuttlecraft, 8 shuttlepods

Class: B'rel

Ships present: 15

Known ships: IKS Rotarran

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 2 Disruptor Cannons, 1 Torpedo Launcher, 50 Photon Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward

Auxiliary craft: none

Class: Vor'cha

Ships present: 5

Known ships: IKS Jonka

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 18 Disruptor Cannons, 1 Heavy Disruptor cannon, 3
Torpedo Launchers, 200 Photon Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal,
Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 5 shuttlecraft

In the blackness of space, the Ivor system stood silent as the 200 Star Destroyers which remained in the system quietly sat still in close proximity to the anomaly. The ships, some damaged and some clean were all that was left of the once 1000 strong fleet. The rest of the vessels had either been destroyed or captured by Federation, Klingon and Romulan forces, the latter two being previously unknown races to the Galactic Empire and seemingly allies of the Federation.

On the bridge of the ISD Carnivorous, Colonel Wulff Yularen stood over his men, watching as they went around running the Star Destroyer and the remaining fleet. He had been put in charge of the remaining fleet here while Darth Vader had taken back the Executor to Kuat Drive Yards for substantial repairs. From what he'd gathered from the looks of the Executor, the ship wasn't going to be in service for a while, as nearly half the ship had been destroyed by the USS Discovery.

Admiral Motti then suddenly walked in, interrupting Yularen's thoughts.

"I thought I was taking the watch now?" asked Motti as he walked in.

"Oh yes you can." replied Yularen as he turned to face the Admiral. Ever since Motti had survived the destruction of the Death Star, he seemed to have changed. He was no longer the outspoken and stubborn believer in the Empire that he was before, rather he seemed to be more reserved in his opinions and beliefs, and rarely mentioned it in conversation. Nevertheless, Yularen thought that the relatively young officer had finally matured, and he would now be one of the greatest men to ever serve the empire.

"Our fleet is currently still following orders by the Emperor to hold out against any attack they throw at us." Reported Yularen. "Although our forces are having issues dealing with Klingon and Romulan vessels, which seem to possess some sort of invisibility shield that

prevents anything we have from seeing them. Additionally, our TIE scouts at the edge of the system have not reported back for 3 hours, two hours past their last scheduled report. I believe something may be about to happen.”

“Do not worry, colonel, we will make it.” replied Motti as he walked up to the window. “I have new orders from the Emperor himself. We are to vacate the area as soon as possible to make way for the reinforcements the emperor is going to send through.”

“You mean he’s actually going to launch it?” confusedly asked Yularen. “The last I heard it was still under construction.”

“The engineers over at Kuat have ironed out what they believe to be the ‘final kinks’ in the weapon.” answered Motti. “It should be ready to join the reinforcements once it has completed it’s trial runs over Tatooine.”

As Motti continued to talk, Yularern noticed something outside the window; a faint blue light, which seemed to be twinkling. As he started to convince himself it was probably just a stellar event, more blue twinkling lights suddenly came into view as the original started to get brighter. One by one, more appeared until finally, Yularen interrupted Motti with “Excuse me Admiral, but would you care to look outside the window?”

As Motti turned around to view it, his eyes opened in horror at the sight of them, as if he knew what was about to happen.

“Raise shields!” he suddenly yelled. “Order the others to do the same!”

“What’s going on?” asked Yularen.

Before Motti could reply, the first blue light hit a nearby Star Destroyer which hadn’t raised it’s shields at the neck, severing the tower as explosions rocked the ship. The rest of the blue lights revealed themselves; deadly explosive devices referred to by the Federation as ‘Quantum Torpedoes’. The Empire had never had to deal with projectile explosives as fast and powerful as these and as such, their ships were unable to deal with the threat, sporadically firing turbolasers in every direction in the hopes of hitting them.

But it wasn’t enough. As the torpedoes appeared to be extremely fast, they were able to evade the human targeting systems the Empire relied on. Thus, very few torpedoes exploded prematurely, most hitting their targets and badly damaging them.

By this point, most of the Star Destroyers had turned to face the direction that the torpedoes were coming from, bringing their weapons arcs into play as they attempted to combat the threat. But this left the rears of these ships undefended, and they could easily be flanked by an enemy. This would be the doom of the fleet.

Behind the Star Destroyers, 40 ships of Klingon and Romulan origin decloaked in attack formations. These ships then relentlessly pounded the rears of the surviving Star Destroyers, and as these ships had no weapons at the rear, they were helpless as the disruptor fire tore through the armour plating at the back and into vital areas of these ships, destroying them as

the Star Destroyers began launching TIE fighters in response, which immediately began attacking the Klingon Birds of Prey.

While all this happened, the quantum torpedo bombardment had stopped. The Star Destroyers precise formation began to fall into disarray, with ships attempting to catch the Klingon and Romulan ships in their firing arcs, only to lose them as they cloaked. By this point, about 50 odd Star Destroyers had gone up in flames, but that number was about to increase.

All at once, 35 Federation ships of varying classes dropped out of warp directly in front of the remaining fleet. These ships executed a pre-programmed series of Picard maneuvers as they fired a volley of phaser and photon torpedo fire, with a mix of several quantum torpedoes from ships which still had some left. The Star Destroyers, now completely disorganized, found themselves surrounded by the smaller ships, which were swarming them as they culled their numbers.

Back on the Carnivorous, Admiral Motti and Colonel Yularen were yelling out orders sporadically as the ship shook with each hit. The fleet had been caught completely off guard by the Federation attack, and now it seemed they would be annihilated by what would normally be a rebel-sized force.

A smaller ship, which seemed to be a rearranged version of what had been identified as an 'Excelsior Class' flew overhead as it fired at the Carnivorous, damaging the hull of the Star Destroyer further.

"Destroy that ship now!" yelled Yularen as he got up off the wall. A massive onslaught of Turbolasers erupted from the Carnivorous's hull as most of the shots somehow managed to hit their target. The bolts hit the port nacelle, causing the structure to explode as the ship started to spiral out of control. The Carnivorous then wasted no time, firing several more rounds of turbolasers at the stricken vessel, breaching the hull as smoke and fire started pouring out of the holes in the saucer.

Just as it seemed the ship was doomed, a Galaxy Class ship suddenly shielded the ship from further fire. This ship then proceeded to fire it's own phasers at the Carnivorous, shaking the ship as it scarred the hull of the once proud show of Imperial force. Motti and Yularen slowly backed away as they read what was emblazoned on the top of the ship; USS Arizona NCC-70199.

"How many ships remain?" asked Motti.

"As far as I can tell, we've only got 32 Star Destroyers with working engines left." answered an officer down in the trenches.

"Order our forces into a full retreat." ordered Motti as he re-composed himself. "Set course for the Anomaly and fall back to our universe."

"But Admiral, we could still win this fight." Argued Yularen. "Surely we still have enough ships to wipe these people from this galaxy?"

“We’ve only got 32 ships left.” rebutted Motti. “If we were to lose all our ships, it would be even more embarrassing than losing nearly all our ships. Besides, you’d rather be among the living than the dead, wouldn’t you?”

“...yes sir.” replied Yularen. “I’d better get to sorting out the engine room.”

As he watched Yularen frantically walk away, Motti felt something odd in his mind. Somehow, Yularen should not have been among the living after the destruction of the Death Star, hell, he shouldn't have ever been to this universe in the first place. Maybe it was something about his Changeling physiology; after all, he somehow felt a sense of alienation from these people, unlike when he had been around the solids of his universe. Regardless of which, he mentally corrected himself; his allegiance was to the Dominion and the Dominion only.. Nothing could stand in the way of his loyalty to his fellow founders, yet somehow he still had that wrong feeling inside of him as the anomaly flared into existence in front of the Carnivorous, getting bigger and brighter as the Carnivorous and her counterparts approached. Then, almost on cue, they entered the centre of the anomaly and the anomaly closed on the 32 surviving Star Destroyers.

A loss

Chapter 2: A loss

“What’s the status of the Carolina’s evacuation?” asked Darius Trent as he frantically paced around the bridge.

“Evacuation of the Carolina is almost complete sir.” answered Th’etonnor. “Captain Trent is the only one left on the ship.”

“Sir, the Carolina is now headed away from us at maximum impulse.” reported Hawk.

“Oh hell he isn’t.” muttered Trent as he looked back at Th’etonnor. “Hail the Carolina.”

An older man appeared on the screen. He looked quite similar to Darius, despite greying hair and a saggy older face.

“Dad, you can’t be doing this!”

“It’s our only choice Darius.” replied the older Trent. *“The Carolina’s warp core’s going to go in 3 minutes, and the autopilot’s unresponsive. At least this way the rest of my crew and you will most likely survive.”*

“It doesn’t have to be this way though.” argued Darius. “We could slingshot the Carolina away at warp or transport you off before it exploded.”

“The warp slingshot would take too long, and you wouldn’t be able to reliably lock onto me with your transporters even if you tried. Trust me, I’ve considered all the options.”

“Please Dad.” begged Darius.

“Sir, the Carolina’s going to blow in 2 minutes.” reported Th’etonnor over the confusion.

“Please son, if you truly love me, then get out of here while you still can.” demanded the older Trent. *“And tell your Mother I love her.”*

“Yes Dad.” begrudgingly accepted Trent. “Goodbye Dad.”

“Oh you’ll be seeing me again my boy.” replied the older Trent with a grin. *“Goodb-”* was all that could come through before the message faded to static.

“Get us a safe distance from the Carolina.” ordered Trent. “Get the rest of the fleet to do the same.”

“Yes sir.” replied Hawk, silently empathetic for her Captain before following orders and piloting the Arizona away.

In space, the Carolina hurled itself away from the fleet. On the bridge of the Carolina, Captain Trent held his head down as yet another panel exploded behind him, after which the

computer blaring out an alert tone before saying “*Warning, damage to Warp Core. Warp Core breach in 1 minute.*”

He looked out the viewscreen at his son’s ship, now turning away and moving away as the rest of the surrounding ships did the same. He thought back briefly of all the good memories he had with his son; playing cricket with him at a young age, being at his graduation from Starfleet Academy, celebrating with him after the end of the Dominion War with real Australian beer. He knew his son would be a big name in this war, something inside him told him that. He also knew that whatever happened, he would be seeing him again soon as he closed his eyes and let the explosions from behind him consume him.

And with a brilliant light, the Carolina exploded, leaving nothing but dust and metal shards in the place of the Centaur class ship. The explosion could be seen and felt from the Arizona and the rest of the fleet, which was less than 500,000 kilometers away from the Carolina when it exploded. The shockwaves shook the ships slightly as debris from the Carolina dispersed across the area.

On the bridge of the Arizona, Captain Trent held his head in shame. He had just lost **his** father, one of the closest men he had known in his life, and he still felt he could’ve done something to stop his loss, which he felt was premature.

“I’ll be in my ready room.” was all Trent said as he got up and recomposed himself. The bridge crew looked on in sympathy as they watched him walk out and into the safety of his ready room.

Engagement 6: Engagement over Tatooine

Alliance to Restore the Republic

Class: yt-1300f

Ships present: 1

Known ships: Millennium Falcon

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 75

Armament: 2 Heavy laser cannons, 2 Quad laser cannons, 2 concussion missile launchers, 8 missiles

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Galactic Empire

Class: Imperial 1

Ships present: 3

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal

Auxiliary craft: none

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8
Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop
Transports

Class: Gozanti

Ships present: 10

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 1 Twin laser turret, 1 heavy
laser cannon

Weapons layout: Forward, Aft,
Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 TIE fighters

Meanwhile, in another universe completely, the planet Tatooine sat in orbit of its twin suns. The planet had, in recent times, become a major Imperial outpost, as the new anomaly which had appeared in stationary orbit around Tatooine had led to an increase in Imperial interest in the planet. They had secured the world long before, eliminating the Hutt cartels on the planet and anyone who they deemed would oppose them, before moving on to establishing orbital dominance, building a series of orbital facilities and stations to further increase their hold on the outer rim world. The Empire also established a blockade on the system as well, cutting off various independent and pirate factions from their sources of income.

The blockade, however, failed to stop the yt-1300f freighter which had just managed to get out of the planet's atmosphere. This freighter, also known as by its name the Millennium Falcon, was now attempting to escape the desert world, in a fight that would wound the ship greatly.

"You're lucky we managed to go undetected by that full TIE squadron old man!" remarked Han Solo from the cockpit of the ship. "Now we have to get through the orbital blockade."

Out the window, the form of 3 imperial Star Destroyers loomed outside, casting a shadow over the small smuggling freighter.

"I do not believe we will go unnoticed while we are in orbit." Commented Obi-Wan, who was sitting in his Jedi robes in one of the rear cockpit seats. "We may have to fight to get to the gateway."

"You're damn right we're going to have to fight." added Han as he got out of the pilot's seat. "Chewie take over for me. Luke you're with me."

The wookiee got out his standard seat to the right and sat in Han's seat on the left side of the cockpit. Luke Skywalker got out and followed Han to the turret area. Han climbed up to the high turret and Luke went down to the lower turret. They both got into the turret balls as they put on headsets and started to get used to the turret movements.

The Millennium Falcon made a series of twists and turns as a squadron of TIE fighters opened fire on the ship. In response, the Falcon fired back with its quad laser turrets, destroying several TIE fighters as more closed in on the ship, scoring several hits as well.

In response, the Falcon made a series of twists and diving maneuvers through the orbital facilities that were now in place over the planet, weaving through the superstructures as the TIEs chased in pursuit. Two TIE fighters failed to maneuver properly and smashed into the starbase, their pilots and structures now crushed against the hulls of the starbase. Regardless of this, their comrades relentlessly pursued the Falcon, although their shots were frequent misses due to the Falcon's edge in maneuverability.

However, the cover didn't last for long, as the Falcon still had to get to the anomaly. As it left the cover of the Starbase, more TIEs joined in on the fight, as ships as large as Gozanti class cruisers began to fire at the vessel. The Falcon weaved through the fire, even causing more collisions in the TIE fighter ranks as it flew extremely close to one of the Gozantis.

The anomaly suddenly flared into view, getting steadily brighter even though the Falcon wasn't flying directly through. Now with a point it could see, the Falcon bolted towards the anomaly, with the TIEs still in full pursuit.

As Han continued to fire back at the seemingly endless group of TIEs following them, he noticed something out of the corner of his eye. Something was hiding, just on the dark side of Tatooine, but close enough to the edge of the shaded area of the planet where some light could reach. It was massive, with dark hull plating and the size of which Han had never seen before. It sure as hell wasn't an Executor Class, the only ones in existence were either very badly damaged or still under construction. However, this one seemed to be still under construction as well, with most of the hull plating and interior decks missing, leaving only a spiny metal framework to build off. Whatever it was, Han had a feeling that it wasn't good, just as the Falcon rocked with the impact of a turbolaser bolt hitting the hull.

The Star Destroyers were now unleashed upon the Falcon, firing round after round of turbolasers at the now badly damaged vessel. Most of the shots they fired the Falcon managed to avoid, but some managed to land their target, damaging the vessel and causing smoke to start pouring out of the Falcon.

Inside the cockpit, lights flashed and alarms blared as the entire ship shook as it approached the anomaly.

From afar, Obi-Wan could hear Han calling "This message of yours better be worth it old man! It's going to cost me thousands to fix the Falcon in its current state!"

"Don't worry about money Solo." replied Obi-Wan. "Where we're going, it won't cost you a credit."

Suddenly, the ship rocked as consoles went up in sparks. From afar, Obi-Wan and Chewie heard the sound of Han screaming as his console exploded in front of him. While the older Jedi Master could still feel Han's life signs through the force, he knew if they didn't get him help immediately, he wouldn't last long.

"Han's down!" cried Luke from the shaft. "My gun's jammed as well!"

Chewie screamed in Shyriiwook that they were almost at the anomaly, just as another hit rocked the Falcon as the ship lost all power.

Through sheer inertia, the Millennium Falcon reached the outer edge of the anomaly, beginning to slowly phase out of reality, just as dozens of Star Destroyers started to phase back into existence in. Most of them appeared to be heavily damaged, with some missing shield domes, chunks off the entire ship and many more with heavy scarring all over the surface.

As it approached the centre of the anomaly, the occupants of the now stricken vessel had noticed that the TIEs had veered off from their pursuit of the Falcon. Whether they were afraid of what lay on the other side or for other unknown reasons was unclear, but they did know that the Empire didn't want to lose even their cheap to manufacture TIEs against this new enemy. And with a soft boom, the Falcon disappeared entirely from this universe.

Aboard the Falcon, the transition was near instantaneous as it crossed over into the alternate universe. The view outside was briefly a pure white light, before the light slowly faded away, revealing a new set of stars and a different set of Starships. Gone were the wedge shaped designs of the Empire, now they were replaced with more fluid designs.

From his seat in the lower turret, Luke noticed one of the ships was suddenly approaching them at a rapid speed. It appeared to be smaller than a Star Destroyer, although still maintaining a grey colour to the hull. A yellowish circle sat underneath a large oval shaped structure, which were connected to a single hull structure, which also connected to two oddly shaped projections on pylons. Luke didn't know who these people were, but did know that their ships looked beautiful.

He quickly ran back down the shaft to the cockpit, where Chewie was attempting to restore power.

"What's the situation like?" he asked.

"Not good." replied Obi Wan, gesturing back to Chewie. "According to our friend here, the Falcon's lost all power, and we've only got communications and life support left. He broadcast a general distress call as soon as we exited the anomaly, which is probably why that ship has arrived."

"That ship must be the Enterprise!" exclaimed Luke. "I saw a series of numbers on the probe below the name Enterprise, and this ship has those numbers on the bottom of it's saucer."

A blue beam suddenly hit the ship, filling the cockpit with light as the ship was forcibly moved.

“What’s happening?”

Chewie replied in Shyriiwook that some sort of tractor beam had locked onto them, before saying they were receiving a response to the distress call from the Enterprise.

“Put it through.” ordered Obi-Wan. The transmission came through, although slightly garbled due to an obvious difference in technology.

“This is Admiral Jean-luc Picard of the Federation Starship Enterprise. We are taking your vessel in tractor beam so that we may put it in our landing bay for repairs. Please activate your landing gear to accommodate. I will meet you down in the hangar bay in a few minutes. Enterprise out.”

More Visitors

Chapter 3: More visitors

“Ensign Organa, Commander Worf, you’re with me.” ordered Admiral Picard as he got out of his command chair, tapping on the intercom button as he got out. “Commander Crusher to the Secondary shuttlebay. Commander Kadohata, you have the bridge.”

“Aye sir.” replied the Lieutenant Commander, moving to replace Picard in the centre seat. Ensign Organa and Commander Worf also got out of their seats, moving to the turbolift after Picard. They entered the turbolift, Picard saying “deck 15.” before the doors closed.

“The Galactic Empire fought without honour today, as it always does.” stated Worf as the turbolift started to take them to their destination. “Those of them who died shall go to Gre’thor.”

“Do you know of this Millennium Falcon Ensign?” asked Picard, attempting to change the topic of the conversation.

“Not of the ship itself, but from what I feel, Obi-Wan’s on board that ship.” was her reply.

“But how do we know this isn’t a trap laid out by the Empire?” queried Worf.

“The Empire don’t use civilian ships when they combat us.” answered Leia. “plus a sense a presence aboard that ship which I don’t know.”

“What presence is this?” prodded Picard. “We’re going to need everything we know when we greet these people.”

“I don’t know.” replied Leia as she closed her eyes into a frown. “All I know is that the force connects me to him like it does to Vader, but he isn’t Vader.”

“In that case, we’ll have to call in security, just in case.” was all Picard could say before the Turbolift opened to their destination. Outside, the corridor bustled with activity as the people continued their work, oblivious to the fact that the Admiral of the ship was on deck.

“Picard to Choudhury.” Picard Said as he tapped his combadge whilst walking out the turbolift.

“*Choudhury here sir.*” was the reply that came through.

“Have a security teams issued type 3 phaser rifles, and to meet me in the Secondary Shuttlebay.”

“*Aye sir.*”

“That will be all Lieutenant. Picard out.”

As they walked through the corridors of the Sovereign Class starship, Leia noticed that no-one seemed to take note that Picard was passing by them. Normally, such a high ranking officer like Picard would at least receive at least some recognition as he passed by other lower ranking officers, but here, he was just like any other crewman aboard the Enterprise.

“Admiral, may I ask a question?” Asked Leia

“Yes you may.” Replied Picard.

“Why don’t these people address you like when you enter the same space as them?”

“I find that I dislike the constant recognition that comes with being an admiral. I like to feel like I’m a part of this crew and not something separate from them. On paper, I’m an Admiral, but in me and everyone else’s minds, I’m still a Captain.”

“I see.” Remarked Leia.

They turned a corner to reveal the entry to the main shuttlebay. In front of the door stood a security team, all armed with phaser rifles. Next to them, Doctor Beverly Crusher, the ship’s Chief Medical Officer, stood by with a medical kit.

“Ready to enter the Shuttlebay sir.” reported the lead member of the team.

“We’ll go inside first Lieutenant. Stay put unless something happens.”

“Aye sir.” saluted the officer as Picard, Worf, Crusher and Organa entered the shuttlebay.

As they entered the shuttlebay, they arrived just in time to see the Millennium Falcon land on the deck, with the assistance of the docking Tractor beams. The blue beams slowly let the ship down as the landing gear on the beaten and aged vessel manually came down, touching the ground with a soft thud as fine dust accumulated over the Falcon’s previous journey settled on the shuttlebay floor, dirtying the floor.

The ship itself looked in horrible shape. Multiple sections of the hull were badly burnt, some sections even missing, and the smouldering remains of what appeared to be a sensor dish on the top of the left section of the ship.

A ramp suddenly fell to the floor on the side of the ship, barely being held up by the hydraulics that one would have gradually lowered it down. Picard knew this ship would require a huge amount of repairs before it would be spaceworthy again.

An old human male came out of the ramp, followed by a much younger boy and a very hairy humanoid being, carrying a reasonably young unconscious man with burn marks on him.

“Greetings.” greeted the older male. “My name is Obi-Wan Kenobi. Behind me is Luke Skywalker, our wookie friend Chewbacca and our unconscious Captain Han Solo.”

“I’m Admiral Jean-Luc Picard of the United Federation of Planets.” replied Picard, holding out his hand in a sign of friendship.

“A pleasure to meet you Picard.” Obi Wan replied as he shook Picard’s hand. “Our ship is badly damaged, and we are unsure of Mr Solo’s condition. Do you have any medical facilities we can use?”

“Commander Crusher?” prodded Picard, gesturing for Beverly to go and assess Solo. She moved over to where he lay on the ground, and begun to scan him with the tricorder.

“Some third degree burns, severe internal organ damage, he’s lucky to be alive.” She stated.

“He tends to have that on his side.” commented Chewbacca, his native language suddenly translated to english.

“I didn’t know you spoke basic Chewie.” remarked Luke.

“Nor you Shyriiwook.” shot back Chewie. “Wait, what the hell’s going on now?”

“That can be explained later.” answered Picard. “In the meantime, we’ll get your friend to sickbay, and you three can get some rest.”

“What about the Falcon?” asked Luke. “Can you help us fix her.”

“We’ll have our best engineers working on her.” answered Picard.

“Computer, initiate emergency site to site transport to Sickbay.” ordered Doctor Crusher, just as a blue beam transported both her and Solo away, leaving nothing but the air in their place. The three remaining visitors were startled by this feat, and Luke began backing away from where it happened.

“What have you done to him?” asked Luke.

“We used our transporter to beam him directly to sickbay.” answered Picard. “It’s standard procedure for someone as injured as Mr Solo.”

“Forgive me Captain, but we must hurry.” Interrupted Obi-Wan. “We have information that is vital to the survival of your campaign against the Empire.”

“Do you?” Asked Picard with piqued interest. “In that case, you’re invited to the meeting of commanders in the Observation Lounge at 17:00 ship’s time. It’s currently 8:35 ship’s time, so get some rest and go check on your friend in sickbay.”

“Thank you Admiral.” Thanked Obi Wan.

“Ensign Organa will escort you to your guest quarters.” Stared Picard. “I have some matters that I need to attend to with my first officer.”

“Of course, Admiral.”

Picard gestured to Worf to come out of the room with him. As soon as they exited the shuttle bay, Picard gave the all clear signal to the security team, before walking in the opposite direction with Worf.

“So Mr Worf, what are your thoughts on the situation?” Asked Picard as they walked along.

“I do not believe them to be suspicious.” Answered Worf. “The one they call Chewbacca looks to be a fierce warrior.”

“That’s what I’m worried about.” Added Picard. “I don’t know about you, but any dealing we have with the people from their universe unnerves me.”

“How so Admiral?”

“I don’t know, something in my gut tells me these people don’t have the same view on peace as we do. That ship looked like it was built for smuggling goods, and these Jedi may not be the peacekeeping force they appear to me.”

“We have not met any Jedi aside from the two on the Falcon. Besides, Ensign Organa describes them as honourable people.”

“Just have a distant but careful eye put on our passengers, and have the four of them undergo tests for Midichlorians.”

“I’ll have Doctor Dolovain from the Arizona test them after the meeting.”

“I don’t know where I’d be without you Worf.”

And the two of them continued to walk down the corridor, talking about general ship’s business until they got to the turbolift.

In his quarters, Captain Trent sat alone in the dark as he looked at his desktop monitor. On it, pictures from his childhood flicked past, each with him and his Dad in them. He sat in silence, reminiscing the past and how much his Dad was a part of his life at this point.

A chime from the door broke the silence in the room, turning Trent’s attention to his unwanted guest.

“Come.” He said with a hint of sadness. The door hissed open to reveal another Starfleet officer, one who Trent has seen before; Commander Peter Chang, his Dad’s first officer.

“I hope I’m not interrupting.” Chang stayed as he peered inside. “You seem to be busy at the moment.”

“Oh no you’re not.” Trent replied as he raised the light level in the room using the light switch at his desk. While most captains used the computer to do this task, Trent found it much simpler to use physical controls, and he had his quarters fitted with manual screen based light controls amongst other screens with similar functions.

“I just came to say that I’m sorry about the loss of your Dad.” He said as he sat down. “Thaddeus was a great example to us all.”

“Believe me, he was the best Dad I could have growing up.” Added Trent. “You remember how he rushed the Carolina back to Utopia Planitia so he could be there at the launch of the Arizona?”

“It took us 3 weeks and half a set of unaligned warp coils to get there, but we managed.” Jokingly replied Chang. “He was obsessed with you and your achievements. He was always bringing you and your assignments up when he was making small talk on the bridge.”

“Well I can tell you, it must’ve gotten boring after a little bit when we went on our 3 year patrol of the Ivor sector.”

“You know actually, there is something interesting I want to talk to you about.” Interrupted Chang. “Do you remember back in the Dominion War, when the Carolina was chasing a Jem’hadar fighter after it destroyed the USS Poseidon?”

“I remember that ship, that was Captain Harris’s.” Figured Trent. “I was at the funeral.”

“Well, just before we destroyed the ship, we all got this feeling that some sort of divergence had taken place.” Added Chang. “We never mentioned it in any of the reports, but when that anomaly opened up, we got that feeling again.”

“Now that I think about it, I’ve been feeling this thing inside me ever since we first laid eyes on one of their ships. It keeps saying that this entire war is wrong, that we should have never even met them in the first place.”

“Whatever, journey we face next, we should proceed with caution. We may be in a divergent timeline.”

“Aldrin to Captain Trent, we’ve got to go to the Enterprise for that meeting at 17:00” came through Trent’s combadge.

“Of course Commander, I’ll be with you shortly.” Was Trent’s response as he tapped his combadge in reply. “Wait for me at Transporter room 2.”

“Aye sir. Aldrin out.”

“We really should get going.” Stated Trent as he got out of his seat.

“Yes, I’ve got to confer with my crewmates as to where we’ll be going now.” added Chang as he started to make his way to the door. “Can you make sure we get a chance to breathe before we’re sent back out?”

“I’ll do my best to see that you get some shore leave before you’re sent back out again.”

“Thanks Captain.” The two men exited the room as the light’s once again dimmed into darkness.

Meetings

Chapter 4: Meetings

On the bridge of the Carnivorous, Admiral Motti, Colonel Yularen, the recently promoted Admiral Rae Sloane and Darth Vader stood around the circular strategy table at the back. As Sloane and Vader were not there at the time, they were represented by holograms, their blue coloured hues shimmering in and out of existence. They stood and talked about their movements forward and what they could possibly do now.

“The Emperor has contacted me to relay his disappointment about your failure to hold the Ivor system.” began Vader. *“How could you lose nearly all of our remaining ships in just one battle?”*

“They came at us from two fronts, one way with projectile fire, the other with ships that have invisibility screens.” answered Motti. “Their torpedoes are too fast to track, and the ships with invisibility screens cannot be found when they are hidden.”

“A most unfortunate occurrence, but do not worry, my fleet will be there to back you up shortly.” replied Sloane. *“We shall pound this Federation into submission, as well as anyone else in their universe who dares oppose our might.”*

“I’m afraid that will be harder than you think.” objected Yularen. “The two races we’ve seen with cloaking technology aside from the Federation are the Klingons and the Romulans. Both of these races appear to be warrior based states, with the Klingons prioritizing their system of ‘honour’ above everything else. These races will be exceptionally difficult to beat, and with them on the Federation’s side-”

“They only make the Federation stronger.” interrupted Vader, cutting off Yularen mid-sentence. *“You were not the only one to watch Admiral Thrawn from afar.”*

“My point is, we will have to use more non-standard tactics to defeat these people.” Continued Yularen. “We can’t just expect our Star Destroyers to be able to stop these multipurpose ships, each with different or even multiple purposes. We should take from them and also use varying ships of different classes to combat different ships.”

“You already have at least a dozen Gozantis at the anomaly so far, as well as 4 Arquines, 7 Venators and the weapon.” Argued Sloane. *“Why should we further diversify our fleet against them when you are very clearly not using what you have so far?”*

“With all due respect Vice Admiral,” answered Motti, “our predecessors Grand Moff Tarkin and Admiral Ozzel did not see the use of diverse craft against the Federation. As such, the Star Destroyers were no match for their fleet, as they were unable to inflict any damage on their smaller ships, such as this Defiant Class of theirs, due to it’s maneuverability.” He put a small comparison of the Defiant Class and the standard Imperial Star Destroyer. “Not only do we want more smaller ships, but we would also like any remaining prototypes of the TIE Defender variant remaining.”

“You do realise we only have 15 left in storage?” Asked Vader. “They’ve been inactive for so long there have been requests to put them in for scrap.”

“Standard TIEs are no match for even their shuttlecraft.” Elaborated Yularen. “We need something that can take a beating and still survive to fight on.”

“Very well then, I shall have the remaining TIE Defenders shipped over to you, as well as an even more diverse fleet. This attack had better be worth it.”

“Thank you, my Lord.” Thanked Yularen. “What is everyone’s approximate arrival times?”

“My fleet will arrive in approximately 23 standard hours.” Answered Sloane.

“Once I have retrieved the fighters, I will arrive in 19 hours.” added Vader. *“In the meantime, be prepared for any action taken from the other side, and keep your fleet on standby.”*

“Yes my lord.” replied Motti. Both Sloane and Vader then faded away into nothingness as the transmission ended.

On the USS Enterprise, a meeting was also in place. In the observation lounge of the Sovereign Class starship, Admiral Picard was meeting with the three major commanding officers at the battle; Captain Trent of the Arizona, Captain Korbus of the Jonka and Commander Tomalak of the Deranas.

“Well men, I’d like to hear your reports on the battle.” Started Picard.

“Our plan was a resounding success Admiral.” Replies Korbus. “Our fleet of Klingon warriors was more than a match for those meddlesome Imperials. Captain Trent’s strategy was most effective. Chancellor Martok also sends his regards to him missing the battle, he says that he is campaigning across the Empire to get more warriors to join our righteous cause.”

“I must stand with our Klingon friend here when I say that Trent’s strategy went...better than expected so to say.” Added Tomalak. “You think like a Romulan my friend.”

“And your stance Captain Trent?” Prodded Picard, causing Trent to wake up from his own thoughts.

“Uh, well, yeah the plan went as I anticipated, all except for a few losses.” Answered Trent.

“Now what was the final casualty report across the fleet?” asked Picard.

“Well, there were very low casualties across the fleet, with no losses except for the IKS Ghar'Qotlh, with all hands lost, and the USS Carolina, with 17 casualties aboard, 5 of which were deaths.”

“Glory to the crews of those starships which perished then.” commented Korbus. “Their spirits shall certainly go to Sto Vo Kor!”

“Moving on,” continued Picard, “our guests whom we have invited to this meeting seem to be-”

His sentence was cut off by the sound of a door opening, as Luke, Obi-Wan and Chewbacca burst through, almost tripping over one another as they realised the meeting had begun without them. The small astromech R2-D2 also came in, rolling in behind them as he said “You bi-pedal life forms, always stumbling over each other.”

“I apologise for being late Admiral, but we were unable to find our way through the ship.” apologised Obi-Wan. “Luckily the Basic speaking Astromech of yours told us how to use the computer to find you.”

“It’s alright Mr Kenobi.” replied Picard. “Please, take a seat.”

The three men walked over to the table and sat down directly behind a display case, which displayed a series of models that represented previous versions of the Enterprise. R2 moved over to below a computer screen, where he stopped to watch the meeting.

“Now, picking up where we left off, I’d like to personally introduce you all to the remaining crew of the small ship we rescued, Obi-Wan Kenobi, Luke Skywalker and Chewbacca. There is also a fourth member, Captain Han Solo, but he’s currently undergoing intensive care.”

“Speaking of which, how is he?” asked Chewbacca.

“Doctor Crusher tells me his condition is serious but stable at the moment. He’s currently in a coma, where he will remain for a while.”

“Thank you, Admiral, I know your people are doing their best.” commented Obi-Wan.

“Now, what is this information we have yet to hear?” questioned Tomalak.

“Ah yes, we were just about to get to that.” Obi-Wan gestured to R2 as he got out of his chair, and immediately the small droid connected himself to an interface mechanism installed below the wall.

“We had been running a small rebellion on Tatooine over the Imperial occupation of the planet. We were in contact with the main rebellion, which is located in the Yavin system, when we received disturbing news.”

The screen suddenly began displaying a size comparison, beginning with a Galaxy Class starship. As it zoomed out, a Sovereign Class starship appeared to the right, followed by an Imperial Class Star Destroyer, the vessel more than double the length of both the former ships as Obi-Wan began to explain.

“We thought a size comparison of a few of your starships and what you have likely faced so far would help us explain our point.”

As the screen continued to zoom out, an Executor Class Star Destroyer appeared, greatly dwarfing the Imperial Star Destroyer as the screen continued to zoom out, evidently not done yet.

“This monstrosity is nothing like any ship you’ve ever seen before. It’s power is far greater than any starship you ever have, and one blast from it’s super weapon has the same power as one reactor ignition from the Death Star. And it’s called... the Eclipse.”

As he finished his sentence, the simulation finished zooming out to reveal the Eclipse in it’s entirety. It was longer than the Executor, and had a much darker hull plating on the exterior than any starship that star fleet had seen so far from the Galactic Empire. As the simulation began to pan around the Eclipse to view it from all angles, the business end of the ship’s super laser came into view, a glowing red monstrosity that sent shivers running down Trent’s spine.

“The ship is currently undergoing construction in orbit of Tatooine. Currently it only has it’s super weapon, but once it is completed, it will have over 10,000 turbolaser emplacements, and shields the equivalent to that found on most planetary facilities.”

“Looking at these schematics, it would be difficult at best for us to even hit it’s shield projectors.” Commented Picard. “Is there some sort of weakness we can exploit?”

“Not that we know currently, but there is some opportunity in the present.” Answered Luke, getting out of his chair to point at the simulation. “The Eclipse still hasn’t installed it’s shield generators yet, so for now it’s relying on a planet based shield generator on the surface to generate it’s shields. However, recently intercepted transmissions show that the shield emitters are to be installed in a few months.”

“It’s scale is truly staggering.” Added Tomalak. “How was it built so quickly?”

“We don’t know, but we do know the Emperor has had this ship in development for years, so it’s possible once the war started, they rushed construction of the ship.”

“So we destroy the shield generator on the surface, and then we blast this thing out of the sky!” pieced together Korbus.

“We will have to plan our next moves very carefully.” surmised Picard. “I will be in contact with Starfleet Command to discuss our next move. Until then, remain vigilant. Dismissed.”

As everyone got up to leave, Picard gestured to Trent.

“Captain Trent, a word?”

“Yes sir.” Trent said as he got back down. Both men waited for the rest of the company to leave before they spoke again.

“I understand that the Captain of the Carolina was your father?” asked Picard.

“Yes he was sir.” replied Trent.

“My condolences for your loss Captain. I never knew him in person, but from what heard he was a fine man.”

“Thank you sir. It means a lot to me.”

“We probably won’t be able to do anything for a few days. Until then, you and your crew can relax for the time being.”

“Yes sir.” Thanked Trent. “I’m going to have to plan the honour funeral for the crew of the Carolina.”

“Very well then. You’re dismissed Captain.”

Trent got out of his seat and started to walk over to the door. Behind him, Admiral Picard sat down at the head of the table, surveying some files on his PADD as he walked out the door into the corridor connecting the Observation lounge to the bridge.

Alternates

Chapter 5: Alternates

Aboard the USS Arizona, Chief Medical Officer Dolovain sat in his office, reviewing the results of the Midichlorian test he had conducted on the new arrivals. As he was the most experienced Starfleet officer who had dealt with these yet unknown parasites, he was one of the only officers considered qualified enough to perform the tests and understand the results. While the majority of his career had been somewhat eventless due to the Arizona's long patrol, he still enjoyed the opportunity to work on a Galaxy Class ship, especially since it gave him the opportunity to explore the universe with the Federation that only Dr Phlox 200 years earlier had once enjoyed.

Commander Miral Aldrin walked into his office, and he stood up to greet her.

"Greetings Commander." He began. "Thanks for coming in on such short notice."

"It's alright." Replied Aldrin. "Captain Trent actually asked for me to cover for him while he plans out the funeral for his father's ship."

"Such a pity. The Carolina was the first ship I ever served on." commented Dolovain.

"Anyway, what do have to report?" asked Aldrin.

"Well, our new friends, like those we rescued from the Tantive IV, all possess midichlorians." explained Dolovain. "Obi-Wan and Luke both possess very high numbers of the critters, and from the scans of Captain Solo Dr Crusher sent me, he appears to have moderately high levels. However, Luke has a very similar amount of midichlorians to Leia, who also has a very high amount of midichlorians, and as Darth Vader also possesses a similar amount--"

"Both Leia and Luke are related to Darth Vader." finished Aldrin. "I read the reports. Have you informed them?"

"I was going to give it to them tomorrow morning." answered Dolovain. "We've all been through a lot today."

"Tell me about it. Darius seems to have cut himself off from the rest of the ship for now. He's been finding any excuse to get away from the rest of the world since the Carolina went down."

"His family is very close to one another. Even when he was only a child his Dad would often put up his school achievements on the Carolina's news board."

"Sounds like the opposite to me. My parents went their separate ways when I was 8. I was home alone most of the time on New Berlin." Contrasted Aldrin.

"His life is something some of us never get." Surmised Dolovain. "Sometimes we just have to let him deal with it himself."

“Of course, I’ll keep that in mind when he wants to come out.”

“Have you heard what we’re going to do now that we control our end of the anomaly?”

“Not really. Apparently some big Dominion War Admiral is shipping himself out here to discuss the situation personally with Picard. I think his name is Admiral Halsey or something.” Answered Aldrin.

“Well, we’ll just have to see what happens then.”

“Yeah, we will.” Replied Aldrin as she began to get out of the visitor chair. “You going to be at tomorrow’s briefing?”

“Of course, after I finalise the results and send them to Dr Crusher on the Enterprise for her to give the news.”

“Until tomorrow then.”

“Be seeing you.” Ended Dolovain as Aldrin left the room, leaving him all alone by himself in his office.

In his personal quarters, Captain Darius Trent was reviewing recent news on his PADD. Scrolling through, he read the official Starfleet press release, noting that the statement said the recent operation had been executed ‘flawlessly’ and that there were ‘minimal casualties’.

A load of bull to boost morale, he thought to himself as he turned off the PADD, casually tossing it onto his desk as he fell back onto his bed.

A chime could be heard from the door as he suddenly straightened himself out, wondering who would be visiting him at 21:00 ship’s time.

“Come.” He stated as the door opened to reveal his visitor; Captain Darwin Mercer, with a set of beers in his right hand.

“Hey hey hey, how’s it going?” Casually greeted Mercer as he walked in. Trent instantly noticed the off tone to him as he looked down at the cradle of beer he held.

“You’re not Darwin.” He figures as the imposter’s casual smile turned to a stubborn frown.

“Why how could you tell?” The imposter asked as his form changed in a flash of light to reveal his true self; the omnipotent, childish being known to the Federation as Q.

“Darwin would bring in a cradle of Carlton Dry, not Victoria Bitter.” Answered Trent. “Why the hell are you here Q?”

“Oh I thought I’d just come to talk to you about recent events.” Q replied as he carelessly took a seat at Trent’s desk. “You know you’ve been very, how should I put it, distant from

everything ever since you're Dad died. You know, only going to meetings you can't avoid, giving your First Officer you're entire workload, except of course planning the funeral for--"

"You're point being?" Interrupted Trent, annoyed at Q not so subtle prodding.

"My point is, you've cut yourself off from society, and surely that's not a good thing now is it?"

"I don't know if you understand Q, but we mortal beings get extremely upset when one of our own dies, especially if that person was close to us in some way!" Angrily shot back Trent. "I was very close to my father Q. He was my personal hero as a child, my inspiration to join Starfleet, and I find it very offending to see him now as just another casualty of this stupid war, which none of us here even wanted by the way! In a way, I feel like this war's only going to get worse the longer it goes on, and it sickens me that no matter what peace efforts we attempt, the Empire laughs at us for being 'naive fools'."

"I understand how you feel, but trust me, you don't know how bad this type of war can possibly get." Replied Q with a darkened tone to his voice.

"Really? Because if you're leading me on here, you're doing a damn good job of it!"

"Come let me show you something that might put this whole thing into perspective for you." Stated Q as he snapped his fingers, causing a blinding light to fill the room as both men disappeared.

The next thing Trent knew was that he was suddenly floating in space, watching as the USS Carolina flew underneath him and Q, chasing a Jem'hadar ship.

"6 years ago, in your so called Dominion War, the USS Carolina, you're father's ship, was pursuing a Dominion ship which had just destroyed the USS Poseidon." Introduces Q. "Now in your timeline, the Jem'hadar ship was destroyed, you went to the honour funeral, blah blah blah--"

Q suddenly stopped his sentence as Trent gave him a glare of disapproval.

"But this isn't your timeline. Watch as this alternate timeline meets the beginning of it's end."

A flash of white light filled the space in front of the Jem'hadar ship. The light revealed itself to be a wormhole as the Jem'hadar ship fell through it, causing the Carolina to halt out of curiosity.

"In this timeline, your universes are not separate, but rather share the same timeline so to say. So crossovers like the one you face right now are much more common. Such as this one."

The Carolina suddenly went inside the wormhole, disappearing as the entrance closed.

"Now would you like to see what happened to the Carolina?" Asked Q. Trent, too engaged with the moment, silently nodded, with Q snapping his fingers to change their location.

Trent suddenly saw an absolute carnage of ships slaughtering each other. Many appeared to be the same design as an Imperial Class Star Destroyer, with some assortment of ships that were produced by the rebellion and some which appeared to be never seen before. An Executor Class Star Destroyer, painted in blood red, could be seen from afar as the USS Carolina exited the wormhole, pausing as it looked at the carnage in front of it.

“In this universe, the Galactic Empire did initially collapse, but due to the emotional outrage of one Anakin Solo, it’s successor, the New Republic, quickly fell back into a renewed Galactic Empire. The battle you see here is the final stand of the small resistance movement that attempted to fight back.”

As he finished his sentence, a massive Death Star dropped out of hyperspace in the background, before obliterating the planet below with it’s superlaser. A superheated wave of energy expanded outwards, consuming whatever remained of the smaller rebel fleet and sending the Carolina spiraling out of control. Trent watched on in horror as the Carolina launched it’s escape pods, before exploding as Imperial Star Destroyers began to capture the pods.

“The Empire tortured the surviving crew of the Carolina, before whatever remained of the small resistance rescued the survivors from the Carolina. They then attempted a daring escape from Imperial space, where upon arriving at the Earth, one Admiral James Halsey decided to take matters into his own hands.”

And with a snap of Q’s fingers, both men found themselves on the bridge of an alien vessel. Commander Chang was speaking to an alien looking man.

“He ordered Commander Chang to attempt to convince their new friends to give up their vessel so that they could use it to destroy the wormhole. When they expectedly refused, he beamed thousands of Starfleet marines over to seize the vessel.”

Suddenly, several squads of heavily armed Starfleet Marines transported aboard the bridge, Chang himself pulling out a concealed hand phaser and pointing it at the alien. The alien just smiled as the ship’s physical helm controls started to move, before Trent suddenly saw the entire room turn into a blur as the ship entered hyperspace, leaving him and Q floating in the space before Earth.

“That ship and those who beamed aboard it were never seen again, eliminating this timeline’s only hope for assistance in the process. Meanwhile, Captain Picard was sent to negotiate with the Imperial Fleet at the wormhole, but Halsey still went straight to violence, provoking the Romulans into sending a small fleet of ships to destroy the wormhole.”

The view suddenly changed from the sight of Earth to the view of a massive wormhole, with a huge ring station surrounding it that was bigger than a small moon. A small group of Romulan warbirds proceeded to decloak underneath the facility’s small contingent of Star Destroyers, destroying them before they turned on the ring station, obliterating it as they then moved to go through to the other side.

“While this fleet was destroyed by the Imperial fleet on the other side, the Emperor uses this incident as an excuse to declare war on both the Federation and the Romulan Star Empire.

They quickly moved to destroy Romulus, before turning their attention to Earth.”

The view of the wormhole flashed away, changing into the sudden appearance of a huge Federation fleet in orbit of Earth. At least 800 ships of various classes were present, with some ships even still arriving.

“Admiral Halsey seized military control over the Federation, and immediately withdrew any available ships back to Earth to defend the capital. In the process, they left thousands of worlds undefended, leading to worlds such as Vulcan to secede from the Federation.”

“But Vulcan was one of the founding members of the Federation.” bewilderedly Argued Trent as he looked at Q with horror in his eyes. “Besides, they have their own ships they can use to defend their world, and Vulcan even to this day doesn’t have it’s own permanent defense fleet because it’s unnecessary for a planet that deep in Federation space.”

“You forget the Empire has hyperdrive technology, which means that their ships can traverse our galaxy in mere days. Of course we Q are not threatened by this bizarre but fast means of transportation, but it even impresses us.”

“The closest thing we have to match that besides the spore drive is the Quantum Slipstream tech, and even that is still slower.”

“Regardless of which, we should continue now shouldn’t we? Now watch as your Federation makes it’s final stand against the Empire.”

About 500 ships of varying classes, the majority of which being Imperial Star Destroyers, dropped out of hyperspace in front of the Federation fleet. What followed was an absolute blood bath, as both Federation and Imperial ships alike went up in flames as the battle progressed.

As Trent watched the battle, he looked at the Federation fleet closely, looking for a ship. Q immediately took note of this, and tapped him on the shoulder to get his attention.

“If you’re looking for the Arizona, it’s right over there.” He pointed to the centre of a cluster of 3 Galaxy Class ships, pounding into the rear of a Star Destroyer with photon torpedoes and phasers. And on that vessel, the words ‘USS Arizona NCC-70199’ were written on the hull. The Arizona and it’s counterparts split up to focus on other targets as the Star Destroyer exploded.

“I can tell you’re curious as to the fate of you and your crew in this timeline. Well, would you like to know?”

Trent silently nodded as Q smiled, transporting them with a flash of light onto the alternate Arizona’s bridge. Trent was suddenly shocked as he saw himself and his crew in their usual places, even Lieutenants Hawk and Horan, who weren’t supposed to even be on the Arizona at this point in time.

“What’s Jason and Sabrina doing here right now?” asked Trent. “They’re not supposed to be on the Arizona until after the war ended.”

“The Arizona rescued the USS Siberia’s crew after it was destroyed during the Battle of Starbase 75, your Lieutenants Jason Horan and Sabrina Hawk being among the only survivors. Coincidentally, the Arizona lost it’s main science and helm officers mere days later, and as they were the best ones available, you made them fill in the positions.”

“What’s the status of the Destiny and the June?” asked the alternate Trent over the confusion, startling Trent at the thought of being discovered.

“Don’t worry, they can’t see you, they don’t even know we’re here.” Q taunted as he waved his hand in front of the alternate Trent’s face, the man acting as if it was never even there in the first place.

“Sir, the Destiny is strafing the Crimson Blade and the June’s tied up with the Surak in an attack run on a...” trailed off the alternate Hawk as she looked at her console in horror.

“Captain, the June and the Surak have been destroyed.”

“What?!” suprisedly asked the alternate Trent.

“All ships, remember the briefings! Stay away from the topside heavy turrets! I repeat, stay away from the topside heavy turrets!”

“Damn you Halsey!” cursed the alternate Trent.

“Sir, that Eclipse Class is starting to point at Luna!” reported Horan.

“Order the Venture and the Galway to follow us on an attack on the superlaser, it cannot destroy Luna!”

The viewscreen fell into a blur as the Arizona shifted direction to point at the Eclipse. Out the viewscreen, a crippled Sovereign Class ship hurled itself against the Eclipse before them, the ship exploding upon impact as the shields of the Eclipse shimmered a deep blue around the point of impact. The Galway and the Venture began to flank the sides of the viewscreen as all three ships got progressively faster towards the Eclipse. Pieces of debris from both sides flashed by as the Arizona’s inertial dampeners momentarily failed, causing the bridge to shake around a little bit before they came back online.

It was then the Eclipse unleashed it’s hell fire upon the trio of ships. Within moments, hundreds of thousands of turbolaser bolts were sent hurtling at the two Galaxy Classes and the Akira Class, the bolts streaking out as the ships still stubbornly charged at the Eclipse.

The shots began to hit, and when they hit, they hit hard. Within moments, smoking holes began pouring out of the Venture and the Galway out of the viewscreen, and the Arizona shook around violently with each hit.

“Shields are down 34%.” reported Th’etonnor.

“Fire a full spread of Quantum Torpedoes, make sure they’re programmed to go down that thing’s maw.” ordered the alternate Aldrin.

Suddenly, the turbolaser fire increased as the blue torpedoes streaked out of all three ships. They all hit their target, but the Eclipse's shields prevented them from reaching the armoured hull. As they hit, explosions began to consume the Galway as the ship fell out of sight of the viewscreen, and the Venture took some serious hits to its starboard nacelle as it began to leak out blue plasma from the nacelle in question. Behind them, explosions continued to rock the steadily slowing Galway, before it burst into a moving fireball which temporarily overtook the remaining two ships before falling away.

"Sir, we've lost the Galway." Reported Th'etonnor. "The Venture is reporting microfractures in its starboard pylon and our shields are down to 23%."

"Stay on target." ordered the alternate Trent.

The Venture's starboard nacelle suddenly broke off as it too began to burst into flames.

"Venture is undergoing a Warp Core Breach, their Captain reports they are unable to eject their core."

"Tell them to get into whatever escape pods they have and get the hell out of here!" yelled the alternate Trent as the ship shook around him more.

Without the Venture and the Galway for the Eclipse to target, it turned its attention to the Arizona. Turbolaser hit after Turbolaser hit rocked the ship, and it wasn't long before consoles began exploding. In front of him, the ops console next to helm control exploded, sending the man helming it flying back. Behind him, a beam collapsed on Th'etonnor, killing him as it broke his Andorian spine. To his right, Aldrin's personal console suddenly exploded out of nowhere, sending the pair of them flying across the room.

"Nooooo!" Yelled Trent as Q looked on in disgust.

"You mortals, always working yourselves over about your fellow mortals." He murmured as Trent ran over to look at the alternate Aldrin. A piece of shrapnel was lodged in the side of her skull as her lifeless eyes looked into the distance. Trent reached to grab her, but his hands fell through her as he realised he was unable to interact with the world around him.

"No Miral, stay with me!" Yelled the alternate Trent as he grabbed Aldrin's dead corpse and shook it in vain. He suddenly looked in Trent's direction, and for a moment, it was almost as if the two of them could see each other, before a red glow suddenly filled the room.

"Report!" Angrily ordered the alternate Trent as he got up, walking straight through Trent as he was still crouched down.

"We've drifted into the firing line of the Eclipse's super laser, and it looks like that thing's getting ready to fire!" Replied the alternate Hawk with the smell of fear in her voice.

"Furthermore, whatever's left of the sensor pallets are detecting a moon sized object coming out of hyperspace."

"The Death Star." Realised the alternate Horan.

“Bridge to Engineering, T’pon can you increase power to the shields?”

“Engineering to Bridge, Chief Engineer T’pon’s dead.” Came through the speakers as static filled the background of the audio. *“We’ve got baffle plates rupturing all over the place and the coolant pipes for the warp core are about to-”* His voice was cut off by the sound of an explosion and several screams and distant voices could be heard before one final explosion suddenly stopped the sounds once and for all.

“Sir, I’m detecting a hull breach through decks 32-42, going through main engineering.” Announced the alternate Hawk. “Those poor people...” her voice trailed off as she broke into tears.

“...were all either sucked into space or killed due to asphyxiation.” Finished the alternate Trent as he put a hand on her shoulder, Hawk moving to hold it.

“This is the end, isn’t it?” Asked Hawk through the tears.

“It is, Ms Hawk, it is.” Was the last thing the alternate Trent said before turning to face the ever growing red maw which lay in front of the Arizona. He closed his eyes, almost resigning himself to his fate as the entire room was filled with red. All Trent could see was a bright red light as it harmlessly passed through him and Q, before he was left floating in the space where the Arizona was. To his right, he saw out of the corner of his eye as the super laser blast hit Luna, destroying it as several more ships proceeded to bombard Earth.

“It’s over Trent.” Q said as he put his hand on Trent’s shoulder. “Not long after this, the Federation surrenders to the Galactic Empire, and proceeds to become a mere puppet state as the Empire proceeds to exterminate and eliminate all non-human life in the galaxy. However, an internal power struggle weeks after this causes the wormhole to collapse, stranding the Imperial forces here as they proceed to carve their names into this galaxy.”

Already, Trent could see the escape pods leaving all the Federation ships as Imperial ones began to capture them and put them in tractor beams.

“Does it really have to end this way Q?” Asked Trent, obviously dispirited at the thought of his own war ending like this.

“Well, sometimes it ends in scenarios like this. Well, mostly actually. You know what, the majority of the time the Galactic Empire comes out victorious, despite its massive flaws.”

“Then why show me this?”

“I showed you this reality to put things into perspective. Your war was never the first of its kind, and it will never be the last.”

“I see.”

“I also showed you this as a warning. If you want to survive, you must do whatever you can to prevent Admiral Halsey from leading the next operation. That’s all I’ll say for now. Until next time...” Q and the surrounding environment began to fade away as Trent yelled.

“Q!” He desperately called out before he suddenly found himself back on the edge of his bed. He picked up his PADD and read the time. Barely even a minute had passed.

He tossed it back on the desk, lay back on his bed and began to think. Was Q trustworthy? Was this war even meant to happen? And why couldn't he trust Halsey? He didn't know why now, but he knew that he would find out tomorrow, when he arrived on the Tanaka.

Progress

Chapter 6: Progress

In orbit of Tatooine, the massive form of the still incomplete Eclipse emerged from the dark side of the planet, as several Star Destroyers undocked with the massive ship. The Eclipse dwarfed these ships as it moved in synchronous orbit with the planet in order to stay inside the protective shield bubble of the shield generator on the planet below. Below it, a Lambda Class shuttle moved to enter the ship's massive hangar bay as the visiting occupant aboard wanted to be updated on the status of it's construction.

The shuttle switched itself over to tractor beam control as it began to slow down to enter the hanger. It's large, cumbersome wings folded themselves up to allow a set of landing legs to extrude from the vessel as the ship went through the protective forcefield separating the hangar from space. It touched down on the ground in front of an imperial welcoming party, specifically called for to honour special guests coming aboard.

At the head of this party, Admiral Motti tugged at his collar nervously. It had been months since he had last seen the man who was about to come out of that shuttle, and that was back at the Battle of Sol. He sincerely hoped he wouldn't catch him out, as he had only just been in contact with his superiors when he received word that he was about to arrive. He had no choice but to terminate the link temporarily and hope he would get another chance later on.

The landing ramp came down, as steam hissed from the hydraulic lifts. Down the ramp, the guest who was to see the Eclipse came down and revealed himself; the infamous Darth Vader, one of the Emperor's most trusted officials. He strode down the ramp as the rest of the welcoming party straightened themselves out in respect of the mysterious man. They all stood in silence as Vader walked up to Motti for some more immediate discussion.

"Admiral Motti." greeted Vader as he wheezed through his mask. "Do you have a summary of the Eclipse's current status?"

"I do, my Lord." answered Motti. He held up a data pad and gave it to the Sith Lord. They began to walk as Motti began to summarize the report. "The super laser itself is operational at 75% efficiency. The planetary grade shield generators are still due to arrive, but when they do, we will most certainly be able to install them within hours. The quadranium reinforced durasteel hull is facing delays though, and roughly 22% of the exterior of the ship is yet to be clad."

"You told me weeks earlier that the hull would be fully clad by now." argued Vader.

"With all due respect Lord Vader, this is technology none of our engineers have ever seen before." rebutted Motti. "Even the massive group of Kuat engineers you had brought over here to help rush it's construction don't even know what they're doing half the time."

"Your engineers had better get a move on with their work." commented Vader. "There are signs appearing that the Federation are gearing up for an invasion of our space."

“I’m sorry, I’m not currently up to date with news from the other side.” apologised Motti.

“The Federation has brought 2 more ships of the Enterprise’s design to their point at the anomaly, and several resupply vessels have arrived. A further 50 starships of Federation, Klingon and Romulan origin have arrived, and more seem to be on the way.”

“My lord, you must remember they don’t have hyperdrives, so they will be unable to penetrate deep into our space like we did to theirs.”

“But you must remember they have the USS Discovery, which has a propulsion system which allows it to go anywhere it wants to in the multiverse in seconds. That and this mysterious “quantum slipstream drive” we have heard of that gives some of their vessels the ability to travel at speeds similar to slow hyperdrives.”

“But surely we would be able to repel these attacks? After all, the Discovery is only 1 ship, and as far as we’ve seen the Federation has only equipped Quantum Slipstream Drives on one class of ship so far, the Vesta Class.”

“I find it is never a good thing to underestimate the capabilities of the Federation. After all they found out almost immediately how to render our shield domes useless.”

“If you want a full technical readout of the Eclipse currently, you can talk to Colonel Yularen.” Stated Motti, attempting to change the topic of the conversation. “I assume you managed to retrieve the TIE defenders?”

“Some has already been scavenged for parts, but I have my best men working to fix them as we speak.” Answered Vader. “They should be ready in no less than 2 days.””

“They’d better hurry, if what you’re saying about this renewed Federation offensive is true.” commented Motti. “Now if you’ll excuse me my lord, I will have some guards escort you to your personal chambers aboard this vessel. I have some more...personal matters to attend to now.”

“Of course Admiral. You are dismissed.”

As Motti walked away, Vader once again attempted to probe into Motti’s thoughts. Yet, once again, the harder he tried to see inside, the emptier it appeared his mind was.

Perhaps he is as stupid as Ozzel was, he thought as Motti turned around the corner and disappeared from view. Vader knew Motti was up to something, but as of then, he didn’t have any evidence. But he knew that, one day, he would catch him out, and it would be his undoing.

In the observation lounge of the USS Tanaka, Admiral Picard, Captain Trent and Obi-Wan Kenobi waited patiently for the guest who would be joining them for this next key meeting. They had been waiting for at least 20 minutes in silence, Admiral Picard silently tapping on

the desk, Captain Trent fidgeting with his PADD and Obi-Wan seemingly meditating at his chair.

He surely won't make us wait this long, that pompous bastard thought Trent as he looked at the time on his PADD with disapproval. Even he, a Captain who fought underneath him in the Dominion War, knew to always come on time to a meeting, especially in war time.

The doors finally hissed open to reveal the man they had been waiting for; Fleet Admiral James Halsey, one of Starfleet's leading wartime Admirals. Nicknamed 'Bull' for his stubborn and aggressive attitude towards war and casualty reports, he was the commanding officer at several key engagements in the war, such as Operation Tanaka, where he lead a small fleet of 150 starfleet ships against a vastly superior Jem'hadar defense fleet, as well as the Battle of Leyte Prime, a key energy production facility for the Dominion and a prelude to the Battle of Cardassia. For his actions in the war, he had been promoted to Fleet Admiral, just like his famed ancient Earth counterpart and only just lower in power than the Commander and Chief of Starfleet, William Ross, and he hadn't been shy in bragging about himself since. Hell, he even had the USS Tanaka's paint job changed from the standard grey hull to blood red along the rim of the saucer, the sides of the secondary hull and the nacelle pylons, just to show how much power he held over all the other admirals. Admirals like Picard were often more reserved and disgusted when he came around, as he would often boast about his victories in the war and how he liked Starfleet's militaristic focus after the war, before lamenting over that it was being wasted. Now the Empire has shown up, he was keen to prove to everyone why he was a Fleet Admiral compared to them all.

"At ease gentlemen." He ordered as he took the seat closest to Picard, who was looking at Halsey unnervingly. "So tell me what's been happening?"

"Well, we're currently making preparations to get underway, as per your orders sir." Answered Trent. "Our friend Obi-Wan here has been very gracious in giving us full access to the sensor logs of the Millennium Falcon, as well as letting us repair the vessel. At current fleet readiness, we'll be departing in 3 days."

"Oh really?" Questioned Halsey as he took out a PADD. "Because I have your entire schedule that you submitted to Starfleet Command mere hours ago here. On that, it says that you're actually going to be ready by 0400 tomorrow, and after that you're reserving 8 hours of tomorrow for 'funeral services' and you're not even leaving until 1000 the day after. Explain that to me."

Damn he knows, thought Trent. With a heavy sigh, he replied "Those times are designated to mourn the deceased crew of the USS Carolina. We're leaving the next day so that we can give ourselves time to get ready emotionally. We did a similar thing after the Battle of Sol. The Klingons and the Romulans are also expecting to be ready around then, and we were planning on invading their space jointly."

"But the difference between now and the Battle of Sol is that we don't have the time for that sort of thing this time around." rebutted Halsey. "So if we're going to be ready before them, I say we leave before them. There'll be plenty of time for them to catch up later. Now I want a revised schedule where we'll be leaving by 0700 tomorrow sent to me by 1200 today. Is that understood?"

“...yes sir.” Replied Trent with a hint of fear in his voice.

“Now, what is the status of the fleet at present?” asked Halsey.

“Our ships are still resupplying with Quantum Torpedoes, as well as conducting repairs from the battle.” begun to explain Picard, taking over for Trent. “Specifically, the starships Ajax, Peterson, Aventine, Avenger and Olympus are yet to be fully supplied.”

“Our Klingon and Romulan friends took some damage during the last fight, even though they also suffered minimal casualties.” Continued Trent. “As I stated earlier, they’ll be ready to leave in 3 days.”

“Mr Kenobi is it?” Asked Halsey.

“Obi-Wan will do.”

“Do you know the condition of Mr Solo and your ship?”

“Captain Solo will be ready to join us by tomorrow, Admiral, and the Falcon is coming along nicely. Your people have even been so kind as to retrofit the Falcon with upgrades technology.”

“I’ll stop you right there, who authorised these upgrades?” Asked Halsey.

“I did, Admiral.” Answered Picard. “They’ve already done is a great service by providing us with information about the Eclipse and all Imperial ship classes in service. It felt like the right way to repay them.”them for their service.”

“I see.” commented Halsey suspiciously. “Now, I understand that you all want to give yourselves time after the first assault, and after our relatively small losses there. But in this war, speed and strength is the key to stopping the Empire. You see, with their hyperdrive, and them being in their own galaxy, they have the advantage of being able to go wherever they want whenever they want. This puts us at a disadvantage, as our warp drive is a lot slower than their hyperdrive. Our only hope is to use Vesta class ships and the Discovery to sporadically attack key targets in their space, until either the Spore Drive or the Quantum Slipstream Drive can be mass produced. In order for this to happen, we will have to secure passage from our space to theirs, thus the reason we will have to get to Tatooine before they can get reinforcements. Now, without further adieu, we will be leaving for Tatooine tomorrow at 0700 without any questions asked. Is that understood?”

The other men at the table nodded in silence as Halsey hid the grin on his face at the fact he had just taken control of the operation.

“Good. Now, I will lead the operation to take Tatooine, and you Picard will oversee that the Klingon and Romulan repair efforts go to plan.”

“With all due respect though Admiral, you have no experience dealing with the Imperials.” Rebutted Picard. “If anything, the Tanaka should be back here with the Klingons and Romulans.”

“But you have the most experience dealing with the Klingons and Romulans, Picard. And besides, I’ll have Captain Trent with me, won’t I?”

“Yes you will Admiral.” Answered Trent. “Do you have a plan Admiral?”

“Mine’s in the making, but it will be complete by the time we leave tomorrow.” Halsey replied. “Now, if all questions are answered, you’re all dismissed.”

Trent, Picard and Obi-Wan all got up and walked out of the room, Halsey staring them all down with suspicion as they left.

As soon as the door hissed shut behind them, Obi-Wan commented. “I don’t trust him. He seems to be plotting something.”

“Now is not the time to be making wild accusations without evidence, Obi-Wan.” calmed Picard. “What are you basing these accusations of?”

“The force tells me he is not to be trusted.” Answered Obi-Wan. “He’s hiding something.”

“Well, I don’t know how you do it in your universe, but here, you need serious evidence to accuse someone of being in the wrong.” Commented Picard.

“Perhaps we should install an agent on the Tanaka to probe around his files.” Suggested Trent. “You could convince him that he needs experienced personnel on his ship to help him, some whom are experienced with fighting the Empire but not currently assigned to a ship.”

“An interesting idea Captain, but whom do you suggest we assign?” Asked Picard.

“Oh, he’s not going to like this.” Was all Trent said before they walked back onto the Tanaka’s bridge, being forced to stop the conversation as they were now under the scrutiny of Admiral Halsey’s crew. Without haste, they made their way to the turbolift, the doors hissing shut in front of them before it took them to their destination.

Surprise

Chapter 7: Surprise

Aboard the USS Enterprise, Han Solo wandered through the corridors of the starship aimlessly, searching for the shuttlebay. He had been told by Luke and Chewie that there was a surprise to be seen about the Millenium Falcon, but what it was he was yet to find out.

They'd better not have messed up my ship he thought to himself as he found he walked into yet another identical curved corridor.

When he had been first allowed outside of sickbay, he found himself immediately thrust into a world which seemed more busy than even Mos Eisley on Tatooine. The busling corridors of men and women in uniform seemed to be more suited to an Imperial Star Destroyer, yet the relatively soft padded walls and carpets looked as if it were more a cruise ship. It was even more unfamiliar that he saw people talking to the ship's computer, rather than using personal droids and even some fraternizing with each other. Yet, despite the fact that these people were always friendly and outgoing, he had a sense that they had just come out of a very destructive conflict, and now they seemed to be upset that another one was taking place.

As he walked down what he felt was the same corridor for the 3rd time, he spotted an alien officer with a red collar walking down in front of him. From what he had gathered, this meant that the officer was responsible for command functions on the ship, and as he thought on the spot, he realised he was the perfect person to ask as to how to get to the shuttlebay.

"Excuse me Mister, but could you please tell me how to get to the shuttlebay?" he asked.

"I was just going there myself." the officer replied with a very terse tone to his voice, almost as if he was forcing himself to be polite despite it being against his species' instinct. "You are Captain Solo, correct?"

"Han will do just fine." Han answered. "And you are?"

"Commander Worf, First Officer. I have heard a great deal about you in the past few days."

"Oh have you now?" Jokingly questioned Han. "What's Chewie been saying behind my back?"

"Your crew mates consider you to be an honourable warrior, and from what I have heard, I agree." He answered. "They also say you are what my human colleagues would call a 'smuggler'."

"I was a smuggler, until the Empire occupied Tatooine." Explained Han. "From then on, I worked with Obi-Wan and Luke to try to free the planet."

"Interesting. And why did you join them?"

"Simple, the Empire was disrupting my business, and I joined them so I could get back to it."

They rounded a corner and finally reached the closed doors to the shuttlebay.

“Do you know what they’ve done to my ship?” Han asked before he walked into the door.

“From what I have heard, they have made your ship better equipped and have repaired several defects in the vessel, although I have not checked on their progress for a while.” Worf answered.

“Ok then, here goes nothing.” Was all Han said before he stepped through the door. Was lay on the other side shocker him.

The Falcon had been transformed into a thing of beauty. Gone were the rough surface details and missing panels, replaced with soft curves and a new shiny grey paint job, similar to that of other Starfleet vessels. The wedge remained at the front, however, two holes had been cut on each of the front projections above the missile launchers, for what Han presumed to be even more weapons. Furthermore, he couldn’t see any sort of sensor dish on the top of the ship, however, a small circle extruded from the top, which housed what he presumed to be a dish similar to that he had seen on the Enterprise.

He walked around to the back to see the engines. While it was still there, in the single strip, it’s colour had changed from a light blue to a brilliant red, and from what he could see, all the gaps and holes in the armour plating had been covered up.

The ramp to the inside lowered, however, the hydraulic pistons which usually lowered it down were missing. Down the ramp came the one other person he trusted with the Falcon.

“Chewie!”

“Yes, it’s me.” He replied as he exited the ramp and gave Han a hug.

“Why are you speaking standard Chewie?” Han asked with confusion in his voice.

“The people here have this thing they call a universal translator, which means that people hear their native languages when they talk to other people.” Answered Chewie. “It even works on Astromech droids.”

“I see.” Stated Han as he tried to peer back inside the Falcon. “Well, can I see the ship?”

“Of course, please come in.” Han climbed up the ramp, with Chewie following behind him.

The walls still appeared to be the same dirty white they usually were, however, several consoles appeared to be welded into the walls. The corridors also appeared to be far more well lit, and the sound of welding could be heard coming from the cockpit. Han followed the sound until he reached the cockpit, finding Luke Skywalker busy at work underneath the control panels.

“Well farm boy, what are you doing to my ship?”

“Sorry Han, I was just hooking up the controls to the new Phaser Cannons to the co-pilot’s controls.”

“Mhmm, and what else has happened to the Falcon since I was out?”

“Well, we replaced the old hull armour with a brand new set of duranium hull plates, with a thin layer of ablative armour on the surface.” Explained Luke. “Furthermore, the ship’s shields have been enhanced, as well as a new sensor dish and an impulse engine combined with the hyperdrive to make us even faster at sublight velocities. They now say that our ship is impervious to laser fire.”

“And the consoles which have been attached to the walls?”

“Those are to access the ship's functions while not in the cockpit, as well as to display information and other things.”

“But you’ve kept all the piloting controls manual like they were before.”

“Chewie told me you preferred to fly that way, not interacting with some touch screen.” Explained Luke. “Would you like me to take you through some of the other modifications we’ve been able to make?”

“By all means, yes, as long as I like them.” Answered Han.

“Well then, if you’ll follow me,” continued Luke, “then I’ll take you through some of the improvements we’ve made to the main sensor grid.” The trio then proceeded to exit the cockpit, and go deeper inside the vessel.

“And you’re saying we’re not even going to wait for the Klingons and the Romulans?” queried Aldrin with surprise. She had come up to Captain Trent’s ready room to check on him after he had finished meeting with Admiral Halsey, only to be shocked at the news to come out.

“I’m afraid that’s the case.” Confirmed Trent. “Halsey seems intent on leaving in a hurry. He’s bringing in ships from all over this region of space.”

“But even if we leave with what we have now, we’d have far more ships if we included the Klingons and the Romulans in the assault.”

“Well, you can’t argue with a Fleet Admiral. Especially a pompous bastard like Halsey.”

“Have you heard any news from Discovery?” Asked Aldrin.

“Utopia Planitia reports that the Discovery is almost ready, however, someone appears to have stolen the schematics for the Spore Drive 4 days ago.”

“Why didn’t we hear of this earlier?” Bewilderedly asked Aldrin.

“They couldn’t get a message out. Apparently the entire Earth subspace relay system went down for maintenance at the time it happened.”

“But you’d need inside access to Starfleet in order to even know when that was going to happen.” Rebutted Aldrin. “If it wasn’t coincidence then it must’ve been someone within Starfleet.”

“Exactly. Luckily the thief couldn’t cover up their tracks completely; in order to actually transmit the schematics, they had to rewire a communicator to send the transmission on a lower subspace bandwidth than Starfleet uses, a bandwidth that just so happens to coincide with the bandwidth that hyperdrives use.”

“So that narrows it down, but I can tell there’s a but coming up.” Figured Aldrin.

“You’ve become very smart these past few years now haven’t you.” Stated Trent with a grin. “The transmission itself was directed towards the Typhon Expanse, where upon Starfleet lost track of it as the transmission became distorted due to the anomalies in that region. I had Lieutenant Horan cross reference the transmission course with that of the locations and courses of all starships where it passed through, and this was what he found.”

Trent turned around his monitor to reveal a detailed map of Federation Space, with lines and starships crisscrossing the grid as one main thick line struck through the centre.

“Out of the 347 starships which could have intercepted the transmission, only one was close enough to actually get the transmission in full; the USS Tanaka.”

“Are you saying that Admiral Halsey stole the schematics for the drive for his own purposes?”

“Maybe, but until we have physical proof that the Tanaka received that transmission, we’re going to have to look for it.” Trent’s desk monitor suddenly flashed to indicate that someone was attempting to communicate with him.

“Speaking of which my method of finding the evidence is calling me now.” Finished Trent. He pressed the answer button and the person who was calling him appeared on the screen; Commander Peter Chang, and he wasn’t looking at all happy.

“Trent, why have I been suddenly requisitioned by Admiral Halsey to be his First Officer on the Tanaka?” He asked with a hint of anger in his voice.

“Commander, this can all be explained, I assure you.” Replied Trent. “Now if you’ll calm down I need you to do something.”

“And what would that be?”

“I need you to look around the Tanaka’s transmission logs for a message with this ID signature I’m sending you now.” Trent began as he typed the code into his monitor. “We believe Admiral Halsey has stolen the schematics for the Spore Drive to use for his own purposes.”

“This is a very serious accusation you’re making here, Trent. Have you got any evidence?”

“I’m sending you what we’ve got on that as well. Contact me privately once you secure the proof.”

“Understood. This better be worth it.”

“If our suspicions hold true, then there could be countless other times Halsey has done something similar.”

The transmission ended as Chang ended the transmission from his end.

“He doesn’t sound all too happy.” Commented Aldrin.

“Well, he did spend a number of years in Starfleet Intelligence.” Replied Trent. “That and he was one of the only people available.”

“I see.” remarked Aldrin. “Well, are you going to come back out?”

“What do you mean?” asked Trent.

“You do realise you’ve only been in either your quarters or your ready room for 3 days? You’ve hardly spent any time on the bridge.”

“I don’t need to be on the bridge if you can cover for me.”

“Does it matter?” prodded Aldrin. “The crew needs you, especially right now, when we’re about to attack the Empire without our allies. You can’t hide from us even though you’ve lost your father. Hell, I didn’t even have a father growing up, so you should feel lucky you even had one.”

Trent looked down at himself in thought, before replying with “You’ve got me backed against a wall here.”

“Of course I do. Now get your ass off that chair and in the more important one.”

With a bit of a sigh, he got out of his chair and began to move to the door. Aldrin smiled as he went out the door, only to hear Hawk immediately remark “You took your sweet time didn’t you.” She snickered as she thought *well, he hasn’t missed much*, just as she walked out the door to follow him.

Undercover

Chapter 8: Undercover

Through the corridors and empty hallways of the USS Tanaka, Commander Peter Chang slipped through the empty hallways as he pretended to wander aimlessly through the ship. He still didn't know why Captain Trent and Admiral Picard wanted him to go on this mission, but he could piece together why they wanted him to do it; before he served on the Carolina, he had put 5 years in Starfleet intelligence under his belt, as well as 2 years in an organisation he still wasn't allowed to talk about. Regardless of this, he had his orders, which were to covertly investigate Admiral Halsey for the theft of the Spore Drive Schematics.

He rounded a corner as he approached his destination; the auxiliary communications room. From here, messages could be sent and received, as well as older ones reviewed and deleted. Chang knew that if he was to tap into some of the Tanaka's missing communications, this would be the best place to do so undetected. He set his combadge to vibrate in case someone approached the perimeter, before walking through the sliding doors into the room.

When he walked in, the entire room was darkened. No-one was assigned here at this time of night, so the lights were all powered off as a power saving measure. Although Chang didn't need the lights for what he was doing, he still needed to ensure he wasn't to be noticed, using a small, undetectable magnetic pulse from a device he had to disable the sensor net in the room.

Once he was absolutely sure no-one had followed him, he walked over to one of the control panels by the wall. He took a seat at the console, before typing in his personal access codes into the computer. The system booted up to greet him, and he began to scroll through the logs of communications that the Tanaka has received.

At first, he found nothing of any interest, just the regular hourly status requests and the odd subspace message from a crew member. He scrolled back to the time the Tanaka was supposed to have received the schematics, but instead found nothing. With the possibility in mind that Halsey could have deleted the logs, he changed his access to that of an older access level, which while outdated, was private and able to access anything, even deleted files. What he found was shocking.

The amount of messages suddenly increased by several orders of magnitude. As he scrolled through them again, most of them appeared to be status updates, but these were with the exact organisation he had just used to log on. After going through these logs, he finally found what he was looking for; a large, low bandwidth subspace transmission that was directed towards the Typhon Expanse. With this however, he decided to go a bit deeper.

He accessed the logs of the ship. As like before, they were initially uninteresting, but once he changed his access, more and more illicit details began to flood the screen. He focused his efforts on recent times, before looking back on the past.

He found a recent log which had been deleted in it's entirety the moment it was recorded. He played it, and the sound of Halsey's voice quietly filled the room.

Fleet Admiral's personal log stardate 57678.61. After we received the schematics for the spore drive, I gave them to my chief engineer to analyse for anything he could make now. While he says he can't duplicate the drive, nor can he make sense of the technology, he was able to come up with several options based on the drive. I am expecting his report tomorrow.

Looking back further, Chang saw further evidence that Halsey had planned to steal the schematics.

Fleet Admiral's personal log stardate 57339.81. I swear that news travels faster than Section 31 can contain it. One minute I'm relaxing on Earth, the next I receive word that Starfleet Command is undergoing trial for the coverup of the USS Discovery. I wish that self-loving bastard Pike would've just told Starfleet what had happened to the Discovery. Think of how much easier the Dominion War would've gone had we had the technology. I'm going to poke around and see if I can get at the ship. Who knows, maybe the Discovery might just be decommissioned.

As he looked back further, he found even older logs, most of which depicted Halsey's actions in the Dominion War.

Admiral's personal log stardate 52877.73. This is my last entry as Admiral. My contacts have told me that after we managed to destroy the energy facility at Leyte Prime without any casualties, the C and C's going to promote me to Fleet Admiral. I almost feel sorry for the Cardassians we killed, but from what I've heard, the Thalaron weapon we used killed those people within seconds. Fast enough to leave us no resistance to destroy the place.

Chang slumped back in his seat, horrified at the atrocities committed by Halsey. While he had been a part of Section 31 himself, he had only been a low level intern, reporting on the actions of various Admirals and determining any ulterior motives that could threaten the Federation. Never before though, had he been forced into actually acting in one of their covert ops missions. It pretty much reinforced why he had left the shady organisation years prior, to go into command and forget it all with the burden of managing other people.

He checked the time. He had been there for almost an hour by this point, and from his information, the day shift on the Tanaka was about to begin. In only 15 minutes, an ensign would walk in and begin his job, without knowing he was serving a delusional madman who frequently sacrificed moral principle to achieve his goals.

With a quickened haste, he rushed to insert a small thumb drive into the computer, which quickly began to copy down all the files he had highlighted. As it did this, Chang typed in a separate code into the computer, which thoroughly wiped the computer's entire record of his presence. Once both jobs were complete, he unplugged both thumb drives, reset the computer back to it's unlogged in status and slipped out of the room.

As he set his combadge back to normal, he heard footsteps coming from the corridor. Without needing to think, he searched for the nearest arch structure in the corridor he could hide behind before dashing there as fast as he could without alerting anyone.

He peered back to look at who was coming; it was only an ensign with his morning coffee and a PADD, obviously with orders on it. He whistled quietly to himself, unaware as to Chang's presence and how tense he was at the moment. As soon as the ensign went in the room, and Chang was sure he didn't notice him, he walked away from the room and back to his quarters, where he would relay the data back to the Arizona and the Enterprise.

As he got in the turbolift, he breathed a huge sigh of relief as the doors closed.

"Deck 5." He ordered as the turbolift began to take him to his destination. He slipped the thumb drives into his pocket, where they almost magically blended into his pants without leaving an external imprint, before the lift suddenly slowed down to let someone else in. The doors opened to reveal the one person he didn't want to see at that moment.

"Fleet Admiral." He said out of courtesy for Halsey. *At least for now.*

"Ah, Commander Chang. I've been looking all over for you."

"I was down at the gymnasium sir. May as well do it before the big day."

"Yes actually that's what I want to talk to you about." Halsey stated as he too uttered a command to the turbolift. "Deck 1."

"I'm well aware of course that you lost your previous Captain to the Empire. I understand that you served with him for many years."

"Yes I did sir. Captain Trent was one of the finest men I think I'll ever had the chance to serve with."

"Well then, let's see if we can change your mind while you're temporarily assigned here. Even though you're only here to assist us in defeating the empire, I still think you'll enjoy your time here on the Tanaka." The turbolift suddenly slowed down until it reached Chang's destination, whereupon it opened to reveal the side corridor leading out to the main corridor.

"Thank you sir. I'll see you on the bridge." Chang thanked with a smile as he walked out the door. As soon as the door was closed, the smile turned to a frown as he thought *it'll be your last time there I'll assure you.*

Aboard the ISD Vigilance, Vice Admiral Sloane looked outside the bridge window to the fleet before her. Never before had the Empire seen such a diverse and different fleet as this, with over 30 Venators, 100 Imperial 1s, 60 Arquines, 200 Gozantis and nearly 70 of the brand new Imperial 2s. Ships like the Vigilance were of this class, and were much more powerful than any Star Destroyer they had thrown at the Federation before, with more powerful turrets, better hull armour and improved fields of fire, although Sloane knew that these would be of little effect if the ships were not properly used. She looked out into the stars, searching for a sign that she would survive the battle at hand, before turning around to her crew.

“Is Admiral Motti and Colonel Yularen ready on the Eclipse?”

“They’re reporting they’re having issues with the new equipment we gave them, but otherwise they’re ready.” Answered an officer down in the trenches.

“Then we best be ready as well.” Commented Sloane. “Initiate Operation Conan.”

As soon as she said this, the crew turned the ship away from the fleet and towards the stars away. With a short build-up from the Hyperdrive, the ship jumped into hyperspace for a few minutes, before dropping out several light years away.

“Report.” She ordered as she looked down at the officer.

“Probe droids left there say that all assigned ships have left the area.” Reported the officer. “They’re also detecting a build up in the anomaly.”

“They’re coming through.” Figured Sloane. “Stand by for the signal. Put the anomaly on screen.”

The ship’s viewscreen at the rear changed from solid static to that of the glowing blue anomaly. As the anomaly built up in mass, the blueness of the anomaly built up as well, until just as the anomaly reached a point where it was almost white, it suddenly calmed down. A ship started to phase into existence as more did the same around it. As soon as it solidified, everyone knew who it was.

“The USS Arizona.” Sloane muttered with a bitter taste in her mouth.

“Readings of the anomaly suggest only 100 vessels, all Federation.”

“Interesting.” She replied. “Where’s the diplomat Picard?”

“Enterprise doesn’t appear to be here right now. There’s another ship which is very similar in configuration though leading the fleet. Visual scans show it is the USS Tanaka. She’s hailing the decoy ships.”

“Tap into the transmission.” Ordered Sloane. The officer complied as a staticy audio filled the room.

“This is Fleet Admiral James Halsey of the United Federation of Planets. This is your only chance to surrender and let us discuss terms. Your failure to do so will result in action the Federation is unwilling but has to do in response to your invasion of our space.”

A pre-recorded message from Admiral Motti then followed, all a part of the elaborate trap set out by Motti.

“This is Admiral Conan Motti of the Galactic Empire. It is you who is invading our space now! Surrender your forces and we will consider letting you live.”

“Very well then! You leave me with no choice but to attack.”

“Their ships are beginning attack runs on the decoys.”

“Hold position here until the signal. If we don’t, we risk the life of the Emperor himself.”

This plan of Motti’s had better work she thought to herself as she streaks of phasers emanate from the Federation ships at the fleet left behind. *For all our sakes.*

The Battle of Tatooine

Chapter 9: The Battle of Tatooine

Engagement 7: The Battle of Tatooine

United Federation of Planets/Alliance to Restore the Republic

Class: Galaxy/ Galaxy Venture Refit

Ships present: 10

Known ships: USS Arizona, USS Venture

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.9

Armament: 12/14 Type X Phaser banks, 2 torpedo launchers, 200 Photon Torpedoes, 100 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 8 shuttlecraft, 1 Danube Class Runabout

Class: Galaxy X

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Olympus

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.98

Armament: 2 Phaser cannons, 15 Type XII Phaser banks, 1 type XX Spinal Lance Phaser, 7 torpedo launchers, 200 Photon Torpedoes, 200 Quantum Torpedoes

Galactic Empire

Class: Imperial 1

Ships present: 100

Known ships: ISD Carnivorous

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Class: Imperial 2

Ships present: 70

Known ships: ISD Vigilance

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 75 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 ion cannons.

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 shuttlecraft, 12 Peregrine Class fighters, 8 Danube Class Runabouts

Class: Excelsior/ Excelsior Refit

Ships present: 15

Known ships: USS Lakota, USS Hood

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.4

Armament: 16 Type VIII/10 Type X Phaser banks, 6 torpedo launchers, 60/30 Photon Torpedoes, 60/90 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 6 shuttlecraft, 6 shuttlepods

Class: Intrepid

Ships present: 3

Known ships: USS Destiny

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.975

Armament: 13 Type X Phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 55 Photon Torpedoes, 40 Quantum Torpedoes, 5 Tricobalt devices (USS Voyager possesses an additional 50 Transphasic Torpedoes)

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 7 shuttlecraft, 2 shuttlepods, 1 Delta Class runabout.

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 72 TIE fighters, 8 Lambda class shuttles, 15 Troop Transports

Class: Venator

Ships present: 30

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 10 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 60 laser cannons, 4 torpedo launchers, 200 Proton torpedoes

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 150 standard TIE Fighters, 150 TIE Interceptors, 100 TIE Bombers

Class: Arquitens

Ships present: 60

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: 60 MGLT

Armament: 12 turbolaser cannons (turret based), 4 missile launchers, 100 concussion missiles

Weapons layout: Forward, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 30 TIE fighters

Class: Sovereign

Ships present: 2

Known ships: USS Tanaka, USS Legacy

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.985

Armament: 14 Type XII Phaser banks, 5 torpedo launchers, 250 photon torpedoes, 250 quantum torpedoes, (USS Tanaka has [CLASSIFIED])

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 4 Danube Class Runabouts

Class: Gozanti

Ships present: 100

Known ships: none

Maximum combat speed: MGLT 60

Armament: 1 Twin laser turret, 1 heavy laser cannon

Weapons layout: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 TIE fighters

Class: Ambassador

Ships present: 10

Known ships: USS Gandhi, USS Donnager

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.4

Armament: 10 Type IX Phaser banks, 2 torpedo launchers, 210 photon torpedoes, 40 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 12 shuttlecraft

Class: Saber

Ships present: 10

Known ships: USS Yeager, USS Peterson

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.8

Armament: 3 Type X Phaser banks, 2 torpedo launchers, 30 photon torpedoes, 30 quantum torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 5 shuttlecraft, 1 shuttlepod

Class: Miranda

Ships present: 15

Known ships: USS Hotspur,

Maximum combat speed: warp 9

Armament: 10 Type VIII Phaser banks, 4 torpedo
launchers, 30 Photon Torpedoes, 30 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 4 shuttlecraft, 1 shuttlepod

Class: Akira

Ships present: 10

Known ships: USS Galway

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.8

Armament: 6 Type X Phaser banks, 15 torpedo launchers,
200 Photon Torpedoes, 175 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port,
Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 5 shuttle pods, 40
peregrine fighters

Class: Nebula

Ships present: 7

Known ships: USS Bonchune

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 11 Type X Phaser banks, 7 torpedo launchers, 250 Photon Torpedoes, 50 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 10 shuttlecraft, 12 shuttle pods, 1 Danube Class Runabout

Class: Vesta

Ships present: 1

Known ships: USS Aventine

Maximum combat speed: Quantum slipstream (equivalent warp 9.999997359835618)

Armament: 9 Type XII Phaser banks, 2 Pulse Phaser cannons, 3 torpedo launchers, 175 Photon Torpedoes, 200 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 6 shuttlecraft, 4 shuttle pods

Class: Defiant

Ships present: 15

Known ships: USS Avenger, USS Moscow

Maximum combat speed: warp 9.6

Armament: 4 Pulse Phaser cannons, 2 Type X Phaser banks, 4 torpedo launchers, 36 Photon Torpedoes, 60 Quantum Torpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: 1 shuttlecraft, 2 shuttlepods

Class: yt-1300f (modified)

Ships present: 1

Known ships: Millennium Falcon

Maximum combat speed: Warp 5

Armament: 2 Heavy laser cannons, 2 Quad laser cannons, 2 concussion missile launchers, 8 missiles, 2 Phaser cannons, 1 micro torpedo launcher, 10 Microtorpedoes

Weapons firing arcs: Forward, Aft, Starboard, Port, Dorsal, Ventral

Auxiliary craft: none

For a few brief seconds, space was the same quiet place it was; a near perfect vacuum composed of scattered atoms and molecules, all slowly drifting aimlessly with no resistance to stop it. The ships in this space were also motionless, their crews still getting ready to fire. It would be all over in a few seconds, once the Federation ships managed to get target locks on the Imperial ones.

Without warning, the Federation ships began to fire their weapons, phaser fire littering the combat field as the remaining Imperial fleet took the brunt of the attack. The fleet responded with a full barrage of turbolasers, striking several Federation ships as both sides launched fighters to attack the other.

On the Federation side, the newly refitted Millennium Falcon led a full squadron of Peregrine Fighters which was about to come face to face with a squadron of TIE fighters. The Falcon fired its brand new phaser cannons at the squadron, the Peregrines covering it as it laid waste to the fighters. The TIEs attempted to fire back with their laser cannons, but the shields of the Falcon held without any problem. With the squadron eliminated, the Falcon joined the rest of the fighters as they moved to attack the fleet.

The rest of the Federation fleet began to bombard the Imperial fleet with torpedoes. As Gozanti Class ships attempted to get up close to the Federation lines defended by Arquines Class cruisers, Saber and Defiant Class ships moved in to meet them, and what followed was a bloodbath of pulse and beam based phaser fire as the Gozantis and their Arquines escorts

were quickly cut down. While the fighting in this instance was relatively short, it did result in Federation casualties, as the Gozantis suddenly went into hyperspace into their Federation enemies, carving through two Saber class ships and the hyper-accelerated debris cutting off the starboard nacelle of an unfortunate nearby Akira Class.

The Millennium Falcon and its squadron reached their primary target; a lone Venator Class Star Destroyer, in the process of unloading its 400 strong fighter complement. As the Peregrine fighters dogfought the hastily launched TIE fighters, the Millennium Falcon and two Danube Class escorts went and strafed the fighter deployment area with Microtorpedoes and phaser fire. As the microtorpedoes hit the hull, the small amounts of antimatter inside the torpedoes reacted to the hull of the Venator, exploding on impact and ripping holes in the side of the Old Republic carrier. The explosions coursed through the ship's spinal hangar bay as fuel and ammunition being carried inside the hangar exploded. With the Venator now out of action, the Falcon turned its attention to cleaning up the remaining TIEs.

Meanwhile at the main Federation fleet, the two fleets had come so close together that the few Imperial 1 Star Destroyers assigned to be with the fleet had opened fire on the Federation ships. With few remaining Imperial vessels remaining in the fleet, smaller Imperial ships began to suicidally ram into the Federation ones at hyperspeed. In one instance, a single Gozanti managed to slam its bulk into the engineering hull of an Ambassador Class vessel, crippling the vessel as it spiraled out of control.

Debris from the collision went on to hit several other ships, in particular the Arizona's saucer took a hit from a piece of shrapnel moving at near light speeds. The shrapnel tore through deck after deck until it broke through the top of the saucer, sending a small trail of superheated metal and debris out with it as the areas closest to the breach were suddenly decompressed into space. The hole itself began to billow smoke out of both sides as emergency fire suppression systems in the region were knocked offline.

Aboard the Arizona, Captain Trent was only just beginning to receive the reports of the damage to his ship.

"Report!" he yelled over the confusion on the bridge.

"We have a major hull breach from decks 4 through 8 in section 22!" reported Th'etonnor. "Emergency force fields are holding, but automatic fire suppression is not responding."

"There were over 20 people in that area." commented Aldrin. "What damage did the shrapnel cause?"

“As of now it appears that all essential systems are online. However, it appears that our ventral shields are down.”

This would never have happened if the Romulans were here, we could've used their singularity cores as interdiction fields. Thought Trent as he listened to Th'etonnor.

“Take the whole system offline and let it recharge.” He then ordered. “Hawk, take us about bearing 60 mark 5. Signal Fleet Admiral Halsey that we're withdrawing from the battle at hand until our shields are recharged.”

“Aye sir.” replied Th'etonnor. “Sir, Admiral Halsey is sending out a fleet-wide hail.”

“Put him through.” Requested Trent. Halsey's face suddenly flashed on the screen, replacing the image of wrecked husks on both sides.

“Starship captains, our first task is complete. The Imperial fleet defending the Tatooine system is now destroyed. All Captains now move into your assigned bombardment positions around the Eclipse. Once the Tanaka destroys the shield generators on the ground, all ships fire at will. Halsey out.” The screen cut back to the image of space as the Arizona watched the other ships in the fleet turn to go to the Eclipse

“Sir, Halsey is now hailing us.”

“Onscreen.” Once again, Halsey face graced the viewscreen.

“Don't worry about attacking the Eclipse for now, you're far too badly damaged to do so. Hold position here and scan hyperspace for any enemy reinforcements. Is that understood?”

“Message received Admiral. Arizona out.” was Trent's reply. Halsey nodded in recognition before killing the channel.

“The Tanaka is heading towards Tatooine at maximum impulse.” announced Hawk.

“Start scanning the region for any ships, hyperspace or not.” ordered Trent. “Th'etonnor, bring up Halsey's fleet positioning on the viewscreen.”

“Aye sir.” Replied Th'etonnor. The Andorian pressed a few buttons on his controls and an LCARS display flicked up onto the screen. A line art representation of the Eclipse and the planet appeared as a line beginning on the planet encircled the Eclipse before coming back onto the planet at the same point it started from. On the side of the Eclipse facing away from the planet, dots representing ships scattered across the screen, never reaching to the ends of the vessel but concentrating around the centre of the ship.

“It's a very similar formation to that of when he attacked the energy plant at Leyte prime.” compared Horan. “He had his ships attack a separate target while he went after another by himself. In that case, the ships were attacking the shipyards orbiting a nearby moon and he went after the energy plant, which shielded his ship from sensor scans through the high energy levels of the plant making his ship indistinguishable from the plant.”

“But that time he had the energy plant to shield him, so what’s he using this time?” probed Trent.

“It’s possible that the magnetic fields generated by the Eclipse’s shields could mask him and whatever he does from a standard sensor scan coming from a ship in the formation.” theorised Horan. “This would achieve a similar effect to that of the Battle of Leyte Prime, however, anyone outside the interference would be able to scan him.”

“And we just so happen to be outside that interference.” commented Trent. “Establish a sensor lock on the Tanaka. If any sort of weapons powerup occurs, let me know.”

“Aye sir.” replied Th’etonnor. His console lit up suddenly with more news. “Sir, the computer has finished decrypting the logs which Commander Chang sent us. He has highlighted one in particular.”

“Let’s hear it.” No-one on the bridge was prepared for what followed.

“Admiral’s personal log stardate 52877.73. This is my last entry as Admiral. My contacts have told me that after we managed to destroy the energy facility at Leyte Prime without any casualties, the C and C’s going to promote me to Fleet Admiral. I almost feel sorry for the Cardassians we killed, but from what I’ve heard, the Thalaron weapon we used killed those people within seconds. Fast enough to leave us no resistance to destroy the place.”

Everyone was silent for a few seconds, before Trent managed to break out an order

“Contact Chang on the Tanaka.” ordered Trent. “And prepare that log for a fleet-wide hail. It’s time we stopped this vain bastard in his tracks.”

Commander Chang sat in his First Officer’s seat aboard the Tanaka, or at least his temporary first officer’s seat. He still hadn’t fully adjusted to the larger bridge of the Sovereign Class ship, nor was he prepared for the sheer amount of stubbornness that Halsey possessed. From the moment he came aboard, Halsey had done nothing but talk about the war to come, and how he was expecting him to help win it. And from what he could tell, most of the crew were getting sick of it.

From what he could tell from the bridge crew, they were tired of following Halsey’s genocidal commands. Even the previous first officer of the Tanaka hated serving on the ship, and personally thanked Chang for letting him go, even for a few days. The only person who willingly followed Halsey was the ship’s Chief Engineer, who was behind all the gadgets and weapons Halsey had used prior to achieve success.

“Approaching the jump point now sir.” Announced the Helm officer.

“Excellent.” Commended Halsey. “Now we’ll see just how good that piece of 23rd century tech is. Black alert!” Once he finished uttering this statement, the bridge, console and wall lighting changed from the Red for red alert to the ominous Blue synonymous with Starfleet Covert Operations.

“The Tanaka has a Spore Drive?” Bewilderedly asked Chang.

“Yes, it was a last minute addition to our repertoire here.” Answered Halsey. “And we figured out a way of diverting the excess energy as well without the need for those spinning rings the Discovery has.”

“Engineering to bridge, the Spore Drive’s nearly fully charged, and the deflector dish is at nearly maximum capacity.” came through the speakers. *“We’ll be ready to release the combined Thalaron-Mycelial weapon on your order.”*

“Excellent work down there. Your names will be going down in history.” Replied Halsey.

“I’m sorry Captain, but I don’t think I was informed of this weapon.” interrupted Chang.

“Ah yes, I forgot to tell you about it. It was originally a thalaron torpedo that we could fire out of a torpedo launcher. The radiation would spread across a planet’s surface, eliminating any resistance on the ground. That was before we discovered the Spore Drive tech. Combining it with the Spore Drive, we’ve created a method where the radiation is unleashed alongside a massive energy discharge from the main deflector, both destroying the shield complex and any resistance that they have down there.”

“But Admiral,” rebutted Chang, “with all due respect, Tatooine doesn’t have a significant military complex. In fact, based on probe estimates, the civilian population actually outnumbers that of the military. Furthermore, the shield projector is in the middle of a major city, which we’ve identified as Mos Eisley. If you fire that weapon, you’ll kill over 40,000 civilians in the initial blast!”

Everyone was stunned at the fact that Chang was arguing with Halsey. Although Chang had spoken to them all earlier, they weren't expecting this out of him. It was a few seconds before Halsey replied, by that time his optimism had turned to a snarly anger.”

“...Commander, those people made the choice to live near a military installation. It’s their fault they wanted to live there. Now do you understand, or will I have to arrest you for insubordination?”

“No. You won’t arrest me.” Replied Chang. “Because right now, my friends are working to expose you for the development and use of Thalaron technology, and if I’m not mistaken, they’re just about to send out the message.”

“Sir, the Arizona is broadcasting a fleet wide hail.” Confirmed the ship’s Security officer as Halsey looked at Chang with disgust.

“Put him through.”

“All Federation vessels, this is Captain Darius Trent of the USS Arizona. Most of you know me as the captain who made first contact with the Imperials, and brought the Federation into a war which has already lead to millions of civilian casualties. It is for this reason I am speaking to you right now, to prevent further loss of innocent life.

If you can scan the USS Tanaka, you will find a spore drive like device infused with an unknown radiation signature. That radiation is Thalaron Radiation. Halsey has not only stolen the schematics for the Spore Drive, but has also used Thalaron weapons on enemy targets for the past 10 years at the very least. So I speak for everyone's conscience here today when I ask you all; are you willing to end the lives of thousands of innocent civilians today? Do you have the mental fortitude to stand up to this selfish prick? Or will you fall for his traps of glory and prestige like so many have before you?

I leave you with the message that Halsey is unfit to not only have the rank he bears, but also the position as commander of this fleet, and the evidence to prove so. If you follow him now, know that you follow a man who has sacrificed the values of the Federation to get to-

"Shut him off!" Ordered Halsey over Trent's voice, but it was already too late. Half the room had their hand phasers pointed at him, and those that didn't were getting them out. Chang himself pulled a small, hidden phaser from his pocket and pointed it at him, further increasing the pressure on Halsey.

"Fleet Admiral James Halsey, you are arrested for breaching Starfleet Safety Directive 2491, prohibiting the development and usage of thalaron-based weapons, and for theft of Starfleet property." stated Chang. He gestured to two security officers who he had just silently called up through his chair. "Gentlemen, take this man to the brig."

Both security officers stepped toward Halsey, intending to arrest him, but in a blindingly quick move that surprised everyone on the bridge, Halsey kicked one of them into a nearby control panel, stunning him as the other moved to retaliate. In response, Halsey punched him in the solar plexus, pulled the phaser from his holster and shot it at the first security officer who had recovered and was attempting to aim his weapon at Halsey. He then turned to point at Chang, who still had the same look of determination on his face.

"Commander, you don't have the authority to relieve me of command. Activate the Spore Drive. Now."

"Sir, if you use that phaser, you will be cut down where you stand. Killing me won't make a difference to the thousands of men and women across this fleet, and you knew fully well that you'd eventually get caught out using Thalaron technology. Now please don't make this any more difficult than it is now."

"NOOOOOOOO!!!" Screamed Halsey as he re-aimed and fired his phaser at the tactical officer. The officer fell away with a black mark on his chest as Halsey scrambled to the console, evading everyone's fire as he managed to punch in the necessary commands. Just as he pressed the button, Chang struck him with a stun beam, sending him back into the wall with a concussion. Everyone in the room rushed to get to him as the security officers hauled him up.

"...You're too late." Was all he could get out with a smile on his face as he watched everyone else realise what he had just done.

In space, blue cracks appeared all around the Tanaka. The ship spun counter-clockwise on it's spinal axis before suddenly jumping away, leaving it's prior position for it's new one inside

the shields. Leftover spores flew away as all the ships in the area lost the Tanaka briefly.

As soon as the Tanaka materialized back into it's new destination, a blue-green beam shot out from the deflector dish and straight towards the source of the shield; Mos Eisley Spaceport. The residents had barely begun to notice the exploding Imperial shield generator before their bodies began to be eaten away by the Thalaron radiation. Within moments of painful screaming and suffering, the people turned into stone-like statues, which crumbled away as nothing living remained.

On the Arizona, Trent cringed as he saw the green waves of Thalaron radiation emanated across the planet. It didn't matter what life there was on the planet, or whether it was underground or on the surface, the radiation would find it all, and leave nothing left alive as it ate away at the atomic structures of the life and left nothing but a grey shell in it's place. He could only imagine the suffering the civilians had to go through before they died, and struggled to comprehend where he had gone wrong; should he have exposed Halsey earlier? Or should this have happened all along with no questions asked? Whatever the answer, Trent knew it was too late for that now, and he had to focus on what he was doing now.

"Sir, the Tanaka is hailing us." Announced Th'etonnor. "It is Commander Chang."

"Onscreen." Ordered Trent.

"Commander Chang reporting here." Chang began.

"Commander, what happened there?" Asked Trent.

"We managed to get Halsey under arrest, but by then it was too late." Answered Chang. *"He was able to tie the Thalaron weapon into the energy discharge from the Spore Drive, which meant we were unable to stop the beam from firing."*

"I see." Commented Trent. "Is everything under control over there?"

"There appears to be a small insurrection in engineering lead by the Chief Engineer. They've taken out our sensors, but we've since managed to lock them out of all the other major systems."

"Understood. Rendezvous with the fleet at these coordinates, we're getting out of here. I don't see any reason why we have to waste any more potential civilian lives on the Eclipse."

"Coordinates received Arizona. And Captain, I'd like to apologise for not stopping him faster. I had to gain the support of his cre-" The message suddenly cut to static as the image returned to that of space.

"What the hell just happened?" Demanded Trent.

"It's the Tanaka sir, she's just...gone." Answered Hawk.

"What?" Exclaimed Trent in disbelief. "Did it use it's Spore Drive?"

“No sir, it was something far worse.” Replied Horan as he changed the view screen to where the Tanaka had just been.

“Oh no.” Was all Trent could make out as everyone on the bridge realised what had caused the destruction of the Tanaka. It was the glowing red that gave away the one thing Trent hoped wouldn’t happen in the battle. “The Eclipse is operational.”

“Sir, I’m picking up a massive fleet exiting hyperspace close to ours... it’s another Imperial fleet! They’re cutting our ships apart!”

“It’s a trap!” Yelled Trent. “Raise shields and get us in there now!”

Around the Eclipse, a hellfire of phasers and turbo lasers streamed through space as the Federation ships attempted to defend against the rapidly encroaching Imperial fleet. Star Destroyers of all sizes encircled the fleet, and put their heavy turbo lasers to good use at the short ranges, obliterating Federation ships as they attempted to evade the Imperial shots. Fighters from both sides flew around the battlefield, vying for supremacy as larger ships began to suffer serious damage.

This attack had caught the Federation completely by surprise. Not only had they not expected the Empire to counter attack them so close to the Eclipse, but the ferocity of the attack was unlike anything they had seen from the Empire. As such, the Federation was unprepared for an attack of this scale, and with the loss of the Tanaka, ships were fighting uncoordinated and without talking to one another.

Aboard the USS Olympus, Captain Darwin Mercer was beginning to get the full scope of the battle.

“Report.” he demanded over the shaking of the ship from a turbolaser hit.

“Shields are at 60%” reported the tactical officer. “They got us by surprise sir, I’m detecting at least 100 Imperial ships.”

“They’ve got us in a tight spot here sir.” added the helm officer. “I’m having difficulty maneuvering without hitting another ship.”

“We’ve got to try to create a hole in their lines.” figured Mercer. “Fire all weapons at these ships.”

The Olympus made a hard turn to Starboard, swinging around until it came to bear on two lines of Star Destroyers. Without hesitation, it fired it’s Lance Phaser, Phaser Cannons and several volleys of Quantum Torpedoes at a pair of Star Destroyers it was facing, one being an Imperial 1 and the other an Imperial 2. The Imperial 1 was hit by the lance phaser as it blasted a hole straight through the spine of the vessel, sending the ship spiraling away as the

Imperial 2 resisted a barrage of Quantum Torpedoes and Phaser Pulses, in no small part to it's brand new armour. It and it's counterparts behind it then proceeded to respond with a barrage of turbolasers and several TIE squadrons. While the Olympus managed to evade some of the bolts, most of them hit their mark and weakened the shields, leaving it partially vulnerable to attack from smaller craft.

Just before the Star Destroyers managed to get another round off at the Olympus, several phaser beams hit them from behind and destroyed their shield domes. Several quantum torpedoes then hit them from behind as well, crippling the vessels as the mysterious attacker revealed itself; the USS Arizona. The Arizona flew past the disabled hulls of the Star Destroyers as it proceeded to dispatch the TIE fighters.

"Hail the Arizona." Ordered Mercer. The viewscreen changed from that of the Arizona assisting in destroying the fighters to that of Captain Trent on his bridge. "Thanks for the assist Darius."

"You were doing a good job of punching through their lines already Darwin, full credit to you." Replied Trent. *"Now we just have to ensure the safety of the other ship who will use the hole we've created to escape."*

"Understood Darius. We'll help the others get out. I'll get the Destiny and the Galway over here now as well."

"Excellent Darwin. Arizona out." The viewscreen returned to the previous image from before.

"Well you heard me, hail the Destiny."

Aboard the USS Destiny, Captain Sasha Archer was issuing orders to his crew as the battle raged on when he received the hail from the Olympus.

"Onscreen." He ordered, changing the viewscreen from the war-torn image in front of him to that of Captain Mercer.

"Sasha, we need you to help us get these ships out of here." Began Mercer. *"Darius and I have created a breach in their lines, and Styles is on his way to help us as well, but we're not sure how long we can keep it open. Is the Destiny ready to assist?"*

"We're still capable of packing more than a punch if that's what you mean Darwin." Answered Sasha. "We can be at your position in two minutes."

"We'll hold you to that." Commented Mercer as the feed from his ship shook as it was hit by another turbo laser bolt. *"Olympus out."*

Sure enough, two minutes later, the Intrepid Class ship was at the breach point, joining in the fray as the Arizona and Olympus held off the enemy ships from closing the breach. It fired

it's phasers and quantum torpedoes at an approaching Arquines, destroying the vessel as it then moved to assist the Galway at destroying another Imperial Star Destroyer.

As ships began to rush out of the breach, the wall of Star Destroyers moved to follow them, like they were squeezing them out of the fight. Whether it be to keep them in optimum range or to even be a show of force was unknown to the Federation ships, but they still relentlessly pushed their impulse engines to their maximum limit as more Gozantis attempted to suicide ram the Federation ships. Some were successful, and they succeeded in taking down a Galaxy Class ship and two Akiras before most of the ships managed to escape through the hole.

As the final ships began to escape through the breach, the ships that protected the breach began to withdraw as well. First the Galway, then the Destiny, followed by the Olympus, and with a final firing of it's aft torpedoes, the Arizona made a run for it as well, and it looked as if it was about to escape from the battle site.

But just as it was beginning to approach the anomaly, a super laser blast from the Eclipse suddenly cut through the side of the ship, vaporizing the port nacelle and part of the saucer. Flames and sparks poured out of the new breaches in the hull as the ship slowly spiralled away, defenceless.

On the bridge, Captain Trent got up from the wreckage as others around him did the same. As he looked around him, he noticed that Aldrin's console had exploded, which had sent both him and her across the room and close to the wall. He looked next to him and noticed Aldrin on the ground. Blood slowly dropped out from a small cut on her neck, possibly from a piece of shrapnel just missing her.

"Medical team to the bridge." He rasply barked into his combadge. He got up to fully survey the bridge; the navigation station was completely missing, and the helm station was barely functional as Hawk got back in her seat. Behind him, Th'etonnor finished lifting a piece of debris off of Horan, who nodded in thanks before returning to his station. The viewscreen, while slightly staticy, still showed what looked to be the main Imperial fleet surrounding the Eclipse, with the Eclipse itself now with it's engines up and running.

"Report." he ordered as the inertial dampeners temporarily failed, lurching him and the others on the ship temporarily in the direction of the ship's spin.

"We've lost the Port Nacelle, and nearly half of the saucer section has been destroyed. The primary phaser arrays have been destroyed, our Impulse Engines have been disabled and other systems are failing all over the ship."

"What about torpedoes?" asked Trent.

"Captain, both the front and rear torpedo launchers are fused shut, probably due to the intense heat of the super laser. We cannot fire a torpedo out of either launcher without risk of destroying the ship."

“Engineering to bridge,” came the calm and collected voice of T’pon through the speakers, *“our Mantleau Wave dispersers are badly damaged, and warning sensors are detecting a Mantleau Wave beginning to build up in the warp core.”*

“Can you stop it?” desperately asked Trent.

“Negative Captain, I can only delay it further. At best, I estimate 22 minutes until a Warp Core Breach occurs.”

“Very well then.” sadly replied Trent. “Standby for my decision.” he closed the channel with a sigh. “Any suggestions?”

“Captain, based on what T’pon said, there’s no chance we can save the Arizona.” Started Horan. “Our best hope is to evacuate the Arizona before she blows.”

“Could we eject the Warp Core?” Suggested Trent.

“Not possible Captain, the superlaser has also fused the ejection system.” Was Th’etonnor’s reply.

“How long will it take for the Imperial fleet to reach our location?”

“They’re moving pretty slowly, possibly to ensure the Eclipse is well protected.” Answered Hawk. “ETA till intercept in 15 minutes.”

“Very well then, I see no further options.” Trent walked over to his chair and pressed the intercom button. “All hands, this is Captain Trent. Abandon ship, I repeat, abandon ship. This is not a drill. I repeat, all hands abandon ship.”

A blaring klaxon sounded throughout the ship as the hallways lit up to guide survivors to the escape pods. The computer then proceeded to repetitively state *“All hands abandon ship. This is not a drill. Message repeats.”*

“Why haven’t they finished us yet?” Asked Th’etonnor. “If they could hit us from farther away why waste time coming up to us?”

“I believe the superlaser still needs time to recharge, even more so because as far as we know, the Eclipse is unfinished.” Answered Horan. “Additionally from my analysis of Imperial battle tactics, there is often use of old earth style intimidation and fear tactics implemented.”

“You’re saying they’re trying to frighten the crap out of us before they finish us?” Pieces together Trent with a small grin on his face.

“I wouldn’t put it that way, but essentially that’s what they’re doing.”

“Then we may be able to turn their own tactics against them. Th’etonnor, try to get those engines back online. I want at least ¼ impulse restored before Engineering is done evacuating.”

“Captain, are we attempting to run?”

“Oh we’re running alright, right into the belly of that beast.”

“I see where you’re going.” Figured Hawk. “We evacuate the Arizona into escape pods while the Arizona is driven into the superlaser. When the warp core goes, it’ll take the Eclipse down with it.”

“Exactly lieutenant.” Complemented Trent as a medical team lead by Dolovain entered the bridge. They began to scan and transport the wounded away as Dolovain himself went up to Aldrin’s body and scanned her.

“How does she look doc?” Asked Trent.

“Honestly Captain, she’s lucky to be alive right now.” Replied Dolovain. “If that piece of shrapnel had hit her 3 centimetres closer, she would be long gone.”

“Can you treat her?”

“The damage isn’t too bad. I can get a dermal regenerator and heal the cut in no time. She’ll still be concussed, but I’ll be able to wake her up soon.”

“I want you and any injured you have to get off the ship as soon as you can. Use the shuttles if you have to if you can’t use the escape pods.”

“Very well Captain.”

Dolovain and several medics then picked up Aldrin in a portable bio bed as they whisked her away from the bridge.

“Captain, I’ve programmed the ship to ram itself into the Eclipse’s superlaser once we’ve fully evacuated, but there’s a problem.” Announced Hawk

“Explain Lieutenant.”

“In the superlaser attack, the autopilot was damaged. The ship can still go on it’s own, but it won’t follow the plotted path exactly.”

“So the Arizona could actually miss the Eclipse instead of hitting it.” Surmised Trent. Trent thought long and hard about his next words. *You don’t have to do this.* A part of his subconscious told him. *There’s still time to evacuate with everyone else.*

And risk the Empire using that thing against countless Federation worlds? Argued another part. *Once it becomes fully operational, nothing in the entire Alpha Quadrant will be able to stand up to that thing.*

In the real world, he walked about the remains of the bridge for a few minutes. He walked up to the dedication plaque for the Arizona and read the inscription as he thought.

USS Arizona

Galaxy Class . Starfleet registry NCC-70199

Utopia Planitia Fleetyards, Mars

3rd Starship to bear the name. Launched Stardate 50975.2

United Federation of Planets

He looked down at the quote he had selected all those years ago to be the ships motto, and thought about the power those words held.

“I can’t change the direction of the wind, but I can adjust my sail to always reach my destination.”

“Is there something wrong sir?” Asked Hawk, interrupting his thoughts.

“Nothing Lieutenant. Scrap the autopilot idea and get off the ship.”

Hawk realised what he was going to do, and attempted to stop him.

“But sir, I’m more qualified to pilot a Galaxy Class ship then you are. I should stay behind.”

“No Lieutenant. A captain’s job is to protect his crew. While I can’t save the lives of those we’ve already lost, I can ensure no-one else dies today. Now everyone is to evacuate. Now.”

Everyone on the bridge was stunned by what had just happened. It was Th’etonnor who spoke up first.

“Captain, if we don’t see each other again, it’s been an honour to serve with you.” He thanked as he shook Trent’s hand.

“You’ve treated me better than any other captain I’ve served sir. It’ll be a shame to lose you.” Stated Horan as he went up to shake his hand as well.

“Throughout my time here, you’ve guided me to make the right decisions like you were my father. I can’t thank you enough for saving me from flunking the Academy.” Hawk said as she went in to hug Trent. “Please don’t get yourself killed.”

“I thank you all for doing this.” Thanked Trent as the three officers walked to the turbo lift. “When I first saw you all, you were a bunch of unsure officers in times of self doubt. Now I look at you all and I see a crew, working together under their Captain. It’s been a pleasure to have you on this ship throughout our journey together. Whoever commands you, or served under you later in your careers is lucky to have you.”

The three officers smiled as they entered the turbo lift and faced Trent.

“No Captain.” Replied Hawk. “Thank you for helping us know who we are.”

“It’s been an honour to serve with you. Perhaps we will meet again.”

“Perhaps.” Was all Trent said before the turbo lift doors hissed shut, cutting off the officers from Trent.

The End?

Chapter 10: The End?

“What’s the status of the Arizona?” asked Motti as he grinned on the inside. While the Dominion itself was not at war with the Federation due to the Treaty of Bajor, he still felt immense satisfaction at having the chance to destroy the Federation in the process of eliminating the Galactic Empire. He had already managed to drive away the remaining Federation forces, leaving him with the seemingly simple task of eliminating the Arizona. It was a great honour to destroy the ship; from what he had heard, the Arizona has been a part of several major engagements in the Dominion War, and had also made first contact with the Galactic Empire as well, allowing the Dominion the chance to eliminate two enemies with one infiltrator.

“Sir, the Arizona has turned to face the Eclipse, and probes are detecting a slow energy build-up from inside the ship.”

No doubt from the damage the superlaser caused to the ship. Thought Motti as he ordered, “Have all Star Destroyers maintain a safe distance from the Arizona. Get a squadron of TIE bombers to hit the ship with proton bombs, to enforce it into them that they are beaten.”

As soon as he said that, an officer at comms nodded and spoke a series of indiscriminate words into his microphone headset, as a Squadron of TIE fighters consisting of 3 TIE bombers, two interceptors and a defender streamed past the bridge and towards the Arizona. They were met with no resistance as they proceeded to drop proton bombs onto the saucer section of the once mighty starship, tearing through the unshielded hull as more smoke poured from the new wounds.

“Sir, the Arizona is hailing us.” Announced the comms officer. “Captain Trent is signalling.”

“It may be prudent to record the transmission.” Suggested Yularen. “A video of Trent begging for mercy would have significant propaganda value.”

“Put him through then.” Ordered Motti with a growing smirk on his face. Trents face appeared on the viewscreen behind him, with a desperate look in his eyes.

“This is Captain Darius Trent of the USS Arizona. On behalf of the United Federation of Planets, I surrender myself and this vessel to you.”

“Your surrender is accepted by the Galactic Empire, Captain Trent.” Replied Motti. “You will now transport you and your crew the Eclipse and submit yourselves for arrest.”

“Wait! You can have me, but you must let my crew leave peacefully! I’m responsible for their actions!”

“Your crew will endure the same fate that you will Captain Trent, as per Imperial surrender policies. Now transport to the Eclipse!”

“No! Not unless my crew can leave unharmed!”

“This is your final warning Captain Trent. Either surrender yourself and your crew to us or prepare to die!”

“My crew would rather die than rot in one of your cells!”

“You leave me with no choice then.” Motti gestured at his throat to kill the transmission as he then ordered, “Destroy that ship with the Eclipse.”

“Aye sir.” Replied an officer. “Eclipse reports they will need a full minute to finish recharging the superlaser.”

“Sir, I just scanned the Arizona, and I found something peculiar.” Announced an officer in the trenches. “There’s only one life-form aboard, located at the bridge.”

“Admiral, the Arizona is accelerating at a rapid rate.” Reported another officer. “She’s headed straight for the Eclipse.”

“And with the Eclipse getting ready to fire and the Arizona about to explode...” figured Motti before his sentence trailed off as he realised what was happening. “Quick! Tell the Eclipse to abort charging the superlaser! All ships are to fire on the Arizona now!”

“Admiral, all ships are currently too far away from the Arizona to fire at her, and the Eclipse can’t abort the superlaser at this point.” Reported an officer. Motti cringed as he struggled to comprehend where he had gone wrong as the Arizona increased its speed outside.

Captain Trent gritted his teeth as he set the speed of the ship to full impulse from the helm station. In just a matter of minutes, the Arizona would smash into the Eclipse, and at the same time would explode as the Mantleau wave finally reached the warp core. Trent made peace with himself as a familiar figure flashed into existence behind him.

“Well look at Mr Selfless hero over here.”

“Q, now is not a good time.” Was Trent’s response as he finished setting up the ship to ram into the Eclipse.

“Oh, I’m just simply stating the obvious.” Commented Q as he walked over to the console Trent was at as he put his foot on the support structure. “After all, you’re sacrificing yourself in a vain attempt to prevent something which has happened countless other times. Don’t make me regret showing you that alternate universe.”

“Oh, trust me if you didn’t know already, seeing that alternate universe really riled me up.” Stated Trent as he got out of the helm console and got back into his command chair, where he made preparations for a saucer separation. Q followed him up there and towered above him as Trent typed in a series of commands into his chair.

“But how? I showed you that universe so that you would accept your fate of destruction, not attempt to change it like the pathetic mortal you are. Of course giving you that hint to stop Halsey may have had something to do with it, but at the end of the day-”

“Q, when I saw that universe, I saw nothing but mere acceptance and weakness from the Federation.” Interrupted Trent as he glared up at Q. “Even on the Arizona, there was this sense that the battle had been lost before it began, even though we actually outnumbered them. That’s not what Starfleet is, and I’m sure as hell not going to let it be.”

“But if you die now and fail, you’ll never get the chance to stop them again.” Argued Q.

“Q, back when I was a child playing cricket, we’d come against scenarios where it was obvious we would lose.” Began to explain Trent. “Everyone knew the game was lost before we went in, but before we went in to play, my Dad would always tell us that ‘It’s not over until it’s over’. With that mindset, we never showed our fear of losing, and in some cases we actually won against all odds. I guess it just goes to show that, even if you’re up against the worst possible odds, the best thing for you to do is to fight on, rather than let the fear of losing take hold of you and actually cause you to lose.”

“Enough with the cricket Trent, you’re boring me.” Impatiently demanded Q.

“Well then if you’re bored, then why not just remove the Eclipse from existence entirely?” Prodded Trent.

“Well that would take all the fun out of watching you destroy it now wouldn’t you?” Teased Q as Trent’s personal display flashed up with a communications request. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I have a date with the Emperor and you have a date, or should I say a missed date, with a certain underling of yours.”

“Piss off.” Was all Trent said as Q childishly waved goodbye before disappearing in a flash. He looked over at his display and was dismayed to find out that Q was right. Nevertheless, he had prepared himself for this moment and accepted the request as the person’s face appeared on the monitor.

“Darius, you can’t be doing this!” Began Aldrin.

“It’s our only option Commander.” Trent replied. “We can’t let the Eclipse enter Federation space, and the Arizona’s going to go like a supernova anyway.”

“But it doesn’t have to be like this!” Argued Aldrin. *“We could beam you off the Arizona before it blows, or set the Arizona on autopilot.”*

“A shuttlecraft close enough to beam me off would get caught in the blast, and the Arizona’s autopilot has been damaged.” Rebutted Trent. “If it makes you feel better, I’ll also be saucer separating the ship to increase my odds of survival.”

“But the saucer’s going to get caught in the blast as well! Darius I don’t want to lose you. None of us can lose you.”

“Commander, the Arizona’s going to collide with the Eclipse in less than a minute!”
Announced a voice from behind Aldrin on the shuttlecraft.

“Miral, if you truly want the best for me, then get the hell back to the rest of the evacuees.”
Demanded Trent. “And tell my Mum I’m sorry it had to be this way.”

“Understood Captain.” Begrudgingly accepted Aldrin. *Goodbye Darius.”*

“Goodbye Miral.” Was Trent’s reply as the room turned a bright red as he rapidly approached the superlaser point. With almost precision timing, he executed a series of commands from his chair, which in turn severed the links between the Saucer and Stardrive Sections. All he had to do was press a button, and the two halves visually severed from each other. The saucer accelerated past the stardrive to glide over and away from the Eclipse as the stardrive itself, carried by its momentum, drifted straight into the line of the superlaser.

“Miral, there’s something I have to tell you.” Desperately stated Trent. “I-” He was suddenly cut off as the stardrive collided with the Eclipse.

As soon as it impacted with the hyper energised superlaser point, the Mantleau wave finally reached the Warp Core, setting off a catastrophic reaction where the stardrive exploded with the force of over 1,000 photon torpedoes. This in turn, combined with the uncontrolled release of the extreme amounts of energy at the super laser point, created a devastating explosion of untold magnitude, completely vaporizing half of the Eclipse as whatever was left of it was violently thrown away by the massive shockwave. The surrounding fleet received a significant portion of the shockwave as well, as smaller ships were crushed like tin cans against the wave while large ones collided with each other. In all this, the saucer was wildly thrown away in the direction of Tatooine as it then proceeded to enter the atmosphere at speeds exceeding that of when the Enterprise-D’s saucer landed on Veridian III.

Aboard the shuttlecraft Auberjonois, tears welled in Commander Aldrin’s eyes as she stared at the leftover carnage. She had lost the Arizona’s saucer in the resulting explosion, and as her shuttlecraft was relatively far away from the explosion, they felt only a moderate shockwave as they retreated back to the anomaly. As far as she knew, Trent never made it out of the explosion, and the man who she not only considered her superior officer but also a close friend, was dead.

She began to think back to her memories of Trent; meeting him for the first time days before the launch of the Arizona as he called his command crew over to his favourite pub in Sydney in order to meet them in person. Trying and failing at cricket as Trent called together a match on the Arizona. Drinking with him and Captain Mercer at Utopia Planitia 1 after the Battle of Sol. She struggled to comprehend where she had potentially gone wrong as her shuttlecraft regrouped with the escape pod fleet while it entered the anomaly.

Just as the view outside turned a pure white, the image resettled into that of space once more. This time though, a mixed fleet of Federation, Klingon and Romulan ships came into view as

the small fleet of escape craft drifted towards them. Most of the Federation ships were heavily damaged, some with missing sections of ship, others heavily scarred as some were even being tractor beamed by others.

The starships USS Enterprise, Olympus, Destiny and Galway proceeded to begin picking up the escape pods as the Enterprise moved towards Aldrin's shuttlecraft.

"Sir, the Enterprise is hailing our group." Announced the ensign at the helm. Aldrin suddenly recomposed herself as she prepared herself to talk to Picard.

"Put them through." She ordered as the ensign obeyed, and within a moments notice Admiral Picard's face appeared on a display on the wall.

"This is Admiral Picard to Captain Trent, please respond." He stated.

"Patch me in." She requested. The ensign complied as she then put their shuttlecraft feed directly to the Enterprise. "This is Commander Aldrin. Captain Trent...is dead."

"Commander, are you serious?" Suprisedly asked Picard. *"What happened?"*

"I think it'd be better if I discussed this with you privately." Deflected Aldrin. "Please stand by for us to land. Aldrin out."

In the space in front of the anomaly, the Enterprise, Olympus, Destiny and Galway began to tractor beam in escape pods and shuttlecraft from the Arizona. As Aldrin's shuttle rounded the back of the Enterprise to get inside it's shuttlebay, she quietly recomposed herself to meet with the Admiral as her thoughts raced to piece the past hour together so it was presentable.

His death better be worth it. She thought as the shuttlecraft touched down in the shuttle bay next to the Millenium Falcon. *For all our sakes.*

Epilogue

Epilogue

Commander Aldrin walked out of Admiral Picard's Ready Room with her head hung low. Normally if she was like this, it would be because her superiors had dressed her down pretty severely. But this time it wasn't the case. This time, she attempted to shun herself from the rest of the bridge because she had just had to give the full report of the Battle of Tatooine, two days after it had occurred.

68 ships lost, over 65,000 souls gone she reminisced inside her head as she walked in the turbo lift.

"Deck 14." She ordered as the turbo lift took her to her destination. *I guess it's different when you have to deliver the report rather than help with it.*

She couldn't put it out of her mind. So many mistakes had been made prior to the battle. Leaving the Klingons and Romulans behind even though the Empire couldn't get any more ships than what they had at the battle. Not attempting to stop them from using hyperspace to ram into their fleet. Letting Fleet Admiral Halsey kill everyone and everything on Tatooine.

As the turbo lift slowed to a halt before it opened to its destination, Aldrin suddenly felt a mysterious sensation, almost as if someone was watching her. Looking around outside the turbo lift, she found nothing but empty hallways as she slowly walked to her temporary guest quarters.

As soon as she opened the door, she heard an unfamiliar voice say "You know, if you were really sad, you'd leave Starfleet over this."

"Who's there?" She demanded as she increased the lighting to see the perpetrator.

"Oh, no-one really, just someone who's keeping tabs on your petty little war." The lights were now fully lit up, and Aldrin could now clearly see who was inside her quarters.

"Q," she coldly demanded, "get out. Now."

"Oh I'm sorry, have Jean-Luc and Kathryn been speaking ill of me behind my back?"

"I don't have the patience or the will to put up with you right now. Go pester someone else if that makes you happy."

"Why Miral I'm touched." Expressed Q with a faked shock. "No-one I've ever met has told me to go away like that before."

"That doesn't mean I can't say it." Argued Aldrin. "Now go."

"Fine, fine, I'll leave." Relented Q as he moved towards the door. "Ah, before I go though, there was something I wanted to tell you."

“Get to the point Q.”

“You see, when the stardrive of the Arizona collided with the Eclipse, the saucer was far enough away not to be destroyed. Now while it was hit with a massive shockwave, it did manage to fall into the gravity well of Tatooine, where it crashed on the ground as per Starfleet saucer landing procedures dictate, in no small part to the automatic software picking up on this. Once the battle was over, Imperial scouts searched the wreckage for anything meaningful, before stumbling upon the only survivor and only occupant of the saucer at the time-”

“Stop it Q.” Requested Aldrin as she staggered back into a wall. Facing away from Q, she held her hand over her mouth to try to hide her expression, before recomposing herself and asking “Are you saying he’s alive?”

“Oh yes, he very much is, Miral.” Answered Q as he slowly walked up to her. “Currently in an Imperial cell while they work out how to interrogate him for information.”

“We’ve got to save him.” She stayed as she started towards the door.

“A-a-ah.” Stopped Q as he put his arm in front of Aldrin, barring her passage. “No-one’s going to believe you. They’ll think you’re crazy.”

“Well then what do I do then?” Angrily asked Aldrin. “I can’t just let my Captain rot in a cell while I sit here doing nothing.”

“My advice would be to wait until it’s the right time.” Answered Q. “Until then, as Picard is somehow fond of saying now, stay vigilant. Trent will be fine for now, but if you act too soon, you may just get the both of you killed.”

“...Alright Q.” Submitted Aldrin. “I’ll play your game.”

“I can assure you, this is no game.” Replied Q. “Trent’s sacrifice has sent shockwaves throughout the multiverse. Already, other omnipotent beings across the multiverse are struggling to comprehend how our universe and the Empire’s universe are at a stalemate. A special friend of mine, or should I say the new version of that friend, has taken a keen eye in the conflict already. For now, you must play out what happens and wait until it’s your turn. Until next time.”

Within the blink of an eye, Q vanished in a flash, leaving Aldrin alone in her quarters. She picked up a nearby PADD, reviewing what Starfleet has released to the public about the battle. While it was lacking in some details, it did pick up on the major events of the battle, exposing Halsey’s treasonous behaviour, commending Trent for his sacrifice, noting the total casualties at the time. Aldrin put the PADD down as she lay on the couch, exhausted from the days prior.

Let the wait begin. She thought to herself as she fell asleep, unsure of the future but knowing it was full of promise.

In the grey lit corridors of the ISD Progenitor, Fleet Admiral Motti strolled through the corridors as he approached the room he intended to visit. He took extra pride in his steps as his new rank badge sat on his chest, and beamed with pride as crew members took extra notice of him compared to before. He knew that not only did they now admire him, but they looked up to him even more for guidance and inspiration.

He had been longing for this sense of achievement ever since the Federation had defeated the Dominion in the war, setting a terrible shadow over the Founders as their ability to lead was questioned relentlessly by their own subjects. Now though, the Founders were able to divert the attention away from them for the time being, and instead at the newly arrived Galactic Empire, scaring the population back into line before working out strategies to defeat them.

Motti walked through the door he was intending to walk through; the ship's brig, whereupon he spoke to the officer in charge of the brig at the time.

"Fleet Admiral." Greeted the officer as he stood up from his seat in salute.

"At ease, Lieutenant." Calmed Motti as he walked up to console the officer was at. "May I speak with the prisoner?"

"You can, but it's highly likely you won't get anything out of him." Was the officer's answer as he interfaced with the console to show Motti where he was. "Not even Lord Vader was able to get anything out of him. He said something about him having a 'strong mind', and that he even tried to hit him. We had to chain him to the wall so he couldn't lash out at anyone."

"Understood Lieutenant, I'll be careful." Replied Motti. He turned to walk into the corridor the prisoner's cell was in, and the officer returned to work supervising the brig.

Once he finally reached the brig, he typed in his new all-access password, and the doors slid open to reveal an unconscious man chained to the walls. A ripped and torn uniform sat on his body as he slowly raised his head up in acknowledgement of the new visitor. The door shut tightly behind him as he began slowly walking down the steps to the prisoner.

"Captain Darius Trent." Began Motti. "You're the one who started this all."

"I didn't start this, Vader did when he attacked us first." Corrected Trent.

"Just, making sure you remember everything." Replied Motti as he walked slowly towards Trent. "After all, what's the point in interrogation if the prisoner can't remember anything?"

"I won't tell you anything about Starfleet, or how to operate whatever's left of the Arizona!" Yelled Trent in defiance.

"That is what I was expecting." Replied Motti. "Your people have a history of rebuffing all attempts at interrogation."

"Thanks for the compliment, I'm sure Starfleet would hear it if you let me go." Slyly joked Trent.

“Very funny.” Commented Motti. “Now tell me, what do you know of the Dominion?”

“Oh don’t get me started on them.” Began Trent. “We had a war with them 6 years ago, took out hundreds of ships, killed millions on both sides. We only prevailed because we cured their leaders of a disease which was wiping them out.”

“...Thanks for the reminder.” Replied Motti as he turned away back to the corner. Trent saw him slightly turn a goldish colour as he began to change.

“You’re not the real Motti are you?” Figured Trent. “You’re a Changeling.”

“Why how could you tell?” Asked the Changeling as he turned his new face towards Trent. Trent was shocked and horrified as he knew whose face it was.

“Turning into my Father proves nothing.” Shot out Trent. “Now, what do you want with me?”

“Simple, I want to help you get out.” Answered the Changeling as he returned to his original Motti look. “The people here want to use you for some project they’re struggling with. They say it could win the war.”

“Well, I don’t know how to operate or build a super weapon, so you’re going to have to tell them I’m not their man.”

“It’s not a super weapon actually. For a fact, even I don’t know what they want you to do. All I was told was to...convince you into joining the project.”

“And what of the Eclipse? Surely that takes priority.”

“The Emperor realised his mistake in leaving it out here on the frontlines where it can be easily attacked. As a result, he moved the project back to Kuat, where they say they can repair and complete it within 6 or so months given the resources.”

“So then, what am I supposed to do?” Asked Trent. “The only non-command things I’ve ever done were a full course on engineering and a partial course in bioengineering at the academy.”

“Well,” Began Motti as he prepared his composure for a longer speech, “you’re going to have to listen to me very carefully...”

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