ACT 5 ACT 1: Under Pressure

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Rating: Mature
Archive Warning: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Underage
Category: Multi
Fandom: Stargate - All Media Types, Homestuck, Hiveswap, Obduction (Video Game), Stargate SG-1
Relationship: Joey/Xefros (Moirails), Joey/Mierfa (Matesprits), Joey/Polypa (Kismesisitude), Callie/Dammek (Moirails), Davekat (Slowbum), Jude/Cassandra (Matesprits), Rose Lalonde/Kanaya Maryam, John/Jade/Rose (Pseudo Moirails), John/Davepeta/Jade (In Progress), Jake English/Chixie Roixmr
Character: Jack O'Neill, Samantha "Sam" Carter, Teal'c (Stargate), Jonas Quinn, Joey Claire, Xefros Tritoh, Calliope (Homestuck), Dammek (Hiveswap), Mierfa Durgas, Tyzias Entykk, Okurii Leijon (OC), Daraya Jonjet, Troll Call Trolls, John Egbert, Rose Lalonde, Davepetasprite, Jade Harley, George Hammond, Karkat Vantas, Kanaya Maryam, Daniel Jackson, Ascended Character(s) (Stargate), Jude Harley, Cassandra Fraiser, Janet Fraiser, Rodney McKay, Nirrti (Stargate), Jolinar (Stargate), Jacob Carter | Selmak, Dirk's Bro | Alpha Dave Strider, Rose's Mom | Beta Roxy Lalonde, Jake English, Lord English (Homestuck), Anubis (Stargate)
Additional Tags: Let's see if I can keep the tag bloat down this time, Goa'uld (Stargate), Tok'ra (Stargate), Troll Romance (Homestuck), Humans In Troll Romances, Quantum Mirror, Occasional SAO and WORM crossover elements, Occasional Musical Content, Occasional Artwork, The Trust/NID, Transforming Spaceships into Robots, Megazord Sequence Has Been Initiated!, Apocalypse, SG1 season 6, black hole, P3W-451, Time Travel, Freezing in Space, Werewolf Jade, Bodily Harm with a Lightsaber, Bad Coffee Makers Get DEFENSTRATED, People dealing with their Romance Issues, In which People are thrown out of airlocks, Replicators (Stargate), Non-Consensual Body Modification, Ancient Real Time DNA Modification Device, Episode: s06e16 Metamorphosis, AKA: That One Episode, Mikari has a freakout, stress sucks, that's really all there is to say on the matter, Episode: s07e03 Fragile Balance, Cloning Blues
Series: Part 6 of Stargate: Alternia
Stats: Published: 2018-03-27 Completed: 2018-07-11 Chapters: 70/70 Words: 193357
Anubis is at the front door in one Galaxy, and Lord English is waiting mysteriously to make his appearance in another.

To add onto all of that, Alternia's Moons are in a decaying orbit, and there are insane clowns everywhere in both galaxies... some just refuse to wear makeup.

The year will be 1999, and the Y2K bug is the least of anyone's concerns.

Notes

NOTE: Different Galaxy Chapters are marked "SG-1" and "ALT" respectively.

@NEWCOMERS: You don't have to know much about OBDUCTION, or STARGATE, or HOMESTUCK if you're unfamiliar with any of the given franchises included in the crossover. NECESSARY ELEMENTS of the original series are explained where plot relevant. If you're only just discovering this crossover, you'll probably want to go back to the beginning and start there. ^^;

@OBDUCTION FANS: Sorry, no SPACE PINECONES this crossover. Planned worlds and their Species to be used are MARAY, KAPTAR, and SORIA. Kaptar and Soria have already featured heavily in ACTS 2 and 3, and the ARAI BEETLES are going to be a bit of a constant companion for JOEY CLAIRE. Expect the Mofang to keep causing trouble too. Villein should be showing up somewhere in Act 5! :D

@HOMESTUCK/HIVESWAP FANS: There's NO SBURB this crossover. Everything else is probably fair game. EXPECT NEW HIVESWAP TROLLS to Cameo/gain starring roles as they're announced on the TROLLCALL. (Tyzias, for example.)

@STARGATE FANS: RULE OF THUMB for Stargate Episode Numbers: if I'm SKIPPING NUMBERS in the sequence? It's because I didn't see enough NECESSARY BUTTERFLIES occurring to necessitate adapting the episode, and it otherwise would have just been a REHASH of the Canon TV SERIES EPISODE or they've been ENTIRELY BUTTERFLIED OUT OF EXISTENCE (SEE: Season 2's "Touchstone" - the plot just simply evaporated due to butterflies); this is due to STARGATE SG-1 being an EPISODIC TV SERIES, and thus MANY EPISODES end up not being connected to each other, but WHEN THEY DO, expect the connections to be ruthlessly pointed out. Also... expect me to MAKE SOME SENSE out of the SCIFI stuff when the original series writers were a TAAAD inconsistent with their rules. I may also re-arrange Episode numbers to better suit a coherent timeline, if it helps.

Finally, @EVERYONE: if I confirm or make a reference to a random TV show or Video Game, it's 90% probably just me being a nerd and slipping a nod in where appropriate, and 10% it might be FORESHADOWING for something. It's probably NOT going to get added to the Crossover listing, though. I don't want it to bloat excessively.
Interview 1.

"So, miss... Ka'turnal, right? I'm not pronouncing that wrong?"

"No, you're not."

"Miss Ka'turnal, what can you tell us about the G'uld?"

"First of all, it's 'Goa'uld', not 'G'uld.'"

"Right, sorry. Seems someone typo'd that on my briefing."

"As for what I can tell you about the Goa'uld." A hum, and a pause. "I could start with their long and rampant history of taking hosts that were not their own. Things I was not exactly present for, but remember just the same due to our long inbuilt genetic histories. But the Goa'uld empire as most know it today didn't exist back then. And even as it existed before the Goa'uld came to Earth would be unrecognizable."

"So how did the current galactic climate start?"

"As it always does, with one soul triumphing over the others and claiming themselves king, or the Grandest of Grandest System Lords..." A pause. "Of course, for most people in our galaxy, they would assume I was talking about when Ra took over Earth. But no. I'm talking about something very few people knew about, one of them being my former master, Lady Nirrti, and I through her memories."

"And what's that?"

"The day Anubis was kicked out from the council for consuming the symbiote of one of his rivals in a bid for power... in front of Ra, and the others." A pause follows, letting that sink in, and then, she continues, "Naturally, Anubis is quit the problem in our Galaxy right now."

"What can you tell me about Anubis?"

"First, I can tell you what he is not. He is not a Goa'uld. He's given up his physical form to become something else entirely. It's in becoming that something else that, while he wears the continued trappings of a Goa'uld System Lord, he acts in a way that is clearly different. He thinks himself above even the other Goa'uld. Claiming that he is the only true God among them. None of the Goa'uld are, on that we could agree if not for the fact that he thinks he is above it all by the nature of what he has become."

"And that is?"

"A monster."

"A monster?"

"It's quite simple really. He's not a mortal being made up of matter, but neither is he a near-immortal being made up of energy, nearly impossible to kill from the perspective of our existence. He is somewhere in between. An abomination. A monstrosity. A living Paradox. He has no DNA, yet he
has a body. He is a creature of energy, and yet he is bound by the laws of gravity and must walk on
the ground just the same as you or I." A pause. "He is a monster. A powerful one, yes... but he is a
monster. A monster that has delusions of godhood, and, if rumors are to be believed... not even
working alone."

"Oh?"

"I'm not sure if this is something I'm allowed to share on an interview or not, so if it turns out I've
overstepped, do cut this line."

"Of course, naturally."

"...We have reason to believe Anubis is working with another monstrosity. A being who thinks
himself a god above gods."

"I can't imagine how two megalomaniacs like that would ever get along."

"No, it's clear as day to me that whatever alliance Anubis and this other monster have, it's as stable as
a slumbering volcano about to be pushed to its boiling point." A pause, a positive hum, accompanied
by a nod. "Yes, I do believe that if we do not find a way to eliminate either in a timely fashion, they
are going to turn on each other."
Chapter Summary

In which another Christmas comes and goes... and as two moons begin to fall, people work on some pent up emotions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 6/22/0002.

Your name is Jade Jackson, and you... you're dealing as best as you can.

It's winter break, and Major Strider and Aunt Roxy decided you, John, Rose, and Argo should spend the time in Diaspora, at least for a while, while they deal with all sorts of other stuff on Earth's side of things.

...Of course, they also decided that you should take your past selves along with you for the sake of keeping them away from a potentially depressing atmosphere.

Given that there had just been a GRUB MOLTING SEASON on Diaspora, Okurii apparently okayed the visit because KIDS NEED OTHER KIDS AS FRIENDS and DIPLOMATIC RELATION BUILDING between the galaxies, or whatever.

Honestly, you're mostly just amazed at the soon-to-be chaotic mess that's yet to explode into chaos.

"Yes!" Argo says, moving around a plastic Stegosaurus toy. "Yes! This is a rich and fertile land! We shall thrive! And we shall rule over this land and we shall call it...!" She pauses dramatically, much to the gasps of anticipation from the gaggle of kids in front of her, "This. Land."

Other reactions include: Young John claps excitedly. Young Rose squints suspiciously at the T-Rex figure held in her older self's hands. Young You, and the two Nepetas are completely enthralled by it.

Honestly, what's really freaking you out the most about all of this is the fact that Nepeta Strider and Nepeta Leijon, despite being born to two completely different galaxies, through two completely different means, and being entirely two separate species... Look absolutely identical in face, body mass, and wild tangles of hair.

Twins separated by a Galaxy- what the hell does this even mean?

"Well!" Rose counters, making her voice rough and gravely. "I think we should call it your grave!!"

"AH!" Argo yelps in her Stegosaurus voice, "Curse your sudden but inevitable betrayal!!"
The kids all gasp in shock at this (UN)SURPRISING DEVELOPMENT, except for Young Rose, who just whispers, "I knew it."

"WAH HA HA!" Rose's T-Rex laughs. "Mine is an Evil laugh! NOW DIE!" And then she lunges the T-Rex figure at the Stegosaurus figure. "RAR RAR RAR!"

"AAAHH!" Argo's Stegosaurus cries out. "No! Oh dear god and heaven!! Help meee!"

"And then!" John suddenly picks up a rather large pillow, "A GIANT METEOR APPEARED IN THE SKY!!"

"AH!" Argo fake-yells. "That isn't what I had in mind!"

"And then the Giant Rock fell!!" John concludes, dropping the pillow down onto the 'stage' of the two dinosaur figures. "And they all died!!"

"Thus ended the age of the Dinosaurs on Earth," Rose says, smiling. "Any questions?"

Young Rose throws her hand into the air.

"Yes, Rose?" Rose asks.

"Was it the same meteor that almost crashed into Earth?" Young Rose asks.

"No, they were two completely different and unrelated meteors," Rose answers. "After all, this meteor was made out of pillow. That one was made out of Naquadah."

"...Cool," Young Rose says, and then puts her hand down.

While the other kids ask various questions, you lock eyes with John and he smiles that charming smile at you. The one that says 'Everything will be all right, just you wait and see!'

Le Sigh! If only it were that simple.

You get up and head to the kitchen of Joey's hive/house to get a drink of water.

Of course, you enter the kitchen right in the middle of a conversation between Okurii Leijon, Joey Claire, and Callie Ohphee, who must have just arrived during the 'performance' because she looks like she ran all the way here from the Stargate.

"-sure that Alternia's moons are collapsing," Callie says, "and there's nothing we can do to stop it."

"...What?" You ask, unable to keep it to yourself. Okurii and Joey glance at you, but, instead of shooing you away, motion for you to join in.

"I was about to ask the same thing," Joey says. "What do you mean they're collapsing?"

"It's... Right, sorry," Callie shakes her head. "It's the aftermath of us blowing up those two Goa'uld bomber ships, and I didn't catch on soon enough. The bastard clowns either had the foresight or the incredible luck to park their ships directly over some rather large fault lines that I never knew were there until they just started fracturing." She sighs. "Either way, it looks like the Naquadah enhanced
explosions drove shock waves deep between the fault lines and started a chain reaction series of subterranean earthquakes that, if the explosions hadn't knocked the moons into a closer orbit than they originally were, probably wouldn't do much harm on their own."

"What does this mean for Alternia?" Okurii asks. "Specifically, I mean. My imagination is already going wild with horrible scenarios."

"First, the main problem isn't the earthquakes themselves, but the effect that the increased pull of Alternia's gravity will have on them," Callie says. "Think of the ship's explosions as... impacts on a ball in table stick-ball."

"What?" you ask, unfamiliar with that specific term.

"Pool," Joey clarifies. "She means the sticks hitting the balls to move them around."

"Yes," Callie nods. "A subtle nudge from the explosions has been rolling the moons closer, deeper into Alternia's gravity well. On their own, this would be a problem, but one we could fix with some reverse explosions to nudge them back into place." She pauses, then says, "The thing is we're past the point of no return already. The moons, even discounting already being unstable with the earthquakes, once they pass a certain distance, start to fall apart as Alternias' Gravity pulls them closer and closer and it causes more tidal forces within the moons themselves. Eventually..."

"Eventually?" Okurii asks.

"Eventually," Callie answers, "pieces of the moons are going to start falling down to Alternia's surface. Small pieces at first, but then larger and larger, and larger chunks as the moons shake themselves more and more, and get closer and closer. Eventually..." she shakes her head. "Eventually, the moons will reach a point where they're going to just fall apart, unable to hold themselves together by their own mass, instead drawn in entirely by Alternia's Gravity. For a time, we might have some very pretty, multi colored rings... but then it's all just going to fall down."

"And that's not even counting the Tides," Joey realizes. "Two moons extra from what Earth has... when they go away..."

"Exactly," Callie nods. "I'm sorry I didn't catch this sooner. We might have been able to do something about it, but..." She sighs. "Alternia is doomed."

"How long does the planet have?" Okurii asks.

"I'm not sure of the math, exactly," Callie admits. "It could be months, it could be a Sweep, hell, it could even be three Earth years. I only just figured out that this is happening, and I came to inform you as soon as I found out. It might take me months to figure out the proper numbers for everything and by then it could be too late."

"So, basically, start evacuations immediately, but take our time on it?" Okurii asks.

"Pretty much," Callie nods. "I'm really sorry I didn't catch it sooner.

"Don't be," Joey says suddenly. "There is one plus side to this otherwise bad news."

"What's that?" Callie asks.
"If things end up in our reality like they did in the other me's reality?" Joey smiles, "Well... we'll have the perfect battleground to stage a final fight. A whole planet that's already doomed and we don't HAVE to defend to our last breaths."

"She's right," Okurii says. "Options that wouldn't be on the table normally during a fight like that now suddenly are."

"Things like blowing up a sun," you remind. "Or laying a massive bomb inside one of the moons and blowing it up when someone we don't like gets too close!"

"Exactly," Joey nods. "...This might just be a blessing in disguise."

"I'll get to work drafting an evacuation notice," Okurii says. "Callie, get to work on the math for how long we have. I want exact numbers for how long it'd take to evacuate the entire planet, and how long we have until the planet is uninhabitable." She looks to Joey, "Keep an eye on Nepeta while I'm gone, would you?"

"Sure thing," she nods.

"I'll come with you, Callie," you volunteer. "I can help with the orbital mechanics stuff. Maybe we can shave a few months off of the math work?"

"Thanks, it's appreciated," Callie smiles, though sadly. "Blessing in disguise it may be, I still wish I could have caught it sooner."

"Yeah," you say, "I know that feeling well."

"Where's Jade gone off to?" You are now Rose Lalonde and as Argo and John have everyone except for your younger self clambering all over them (you've got her with you), you've managed to mostly get a break away from kid-duty long enough to find Joey and ask her what's going on.

"Something came up on Alternia that Jade thinks she can help Callie with," Joey answers.

"I see," you frown, shifting your younger self in your arms to better let her stare out the window at the forest outside. "Something bad?"

"Eh," Joey waves her hand through the air, "I'd give it a fifty-fifty split. If we can pull off a planet wide evacuation in time, it'll be pretty squarely in the good category, I think."

"Is it another meteor?" Your younger self asks, continuing to stare out the window.

"No," Joey laughs. "Nothing like that, thankfully... but eerily similar, in some respects."

"What kind of problem even is it, then?" You ask.

"Um, well..." Joey scratches at the back of her head. "Alternia's Moons are falling out of orbit and are going to crash down on the planet, eventually."

"Ah," you realize what this is. "Majora's Mask."
"...What's that?" Joey asks.

"...Er... what year is this again?" you ask.

"Ninety-Eight," your younger self supplies.

"Oh, right, sorry, I forgot that hasn't come out yet," you explain. "It's a Legend of Zelda game that comes out in April of 2000... or it did in my timeline, anyways."

"...I don't even know what that is," Joey says. "Jude's the gamer in this family, not me, remember?"

"Long story short, it features a moon that's crashing down to the planet below," you say. "It was a very interesting game. If you didn't manage your time right, or figure out a way to stop the moon from falling, you die. And again, and again..." You frown. "That's a thing with all video games, really, especially from this era. You do the wrong thing and die. You try again, but you wait too long and you die. You reload and respawn and try again and again... I wonder if there's some kind of meta-imprint on reality at this point?"

"Ah," Joey nods. "Yeah, that's..." She sighs. "I have no idea how to respond to that, Rose. I really don't."

"It was just some idle wondering, to be honest," you say. "No need to stress out over it."

"Alright," Joey nods. And for a few moments, you and she join your younger self in window gazing. Then, Joey asks, "So, can I ask you a question?"

"Depends," you say, somewhat wary of her tone of voice. "What are you asking?"

"How's you guys holding up?" Joey asks. "I mean, privately? If you're okay with sharing that sort of thing, sorta-moirails like you, Jade, and John are. They seem like they're doing okay to me, but... I worry, you know?"

"While I will call client-patient privilege on most things Jade and John," you say, "they're doing alright. John more than Jade, I think. He's worried about her, sure, but..." You frown. "I think John has never really believed that things would go smoothly, subconsciously. On some level I think he plays the fool to hide the fact that he worries about everything that's happening."

"The life you guys lived doesn't give him any hope that things will go better this time around either, I guess," Joey says.

"No," you agree. "It just means he has to be careful about who he forms attachments to. Outside of kids of people from the SGC, or people who aren't already involved in the program in some way, I don't think he's ever put an ounce of effort into trying to even befriend anybody at school. It's certainly frustrated some of our teachers, I think, but, then again, I've been rather frustrating to them too."

"You do have a way of frustrating people," Joey agrees, smiling friendly.

"As for Jade," you frown. "She's always been a friendly, extroverted sort. She tries reaching out to people, and she gives her friendship so easily... but even so, she's..." You're not sure how to put it... "In the past, before we started manifesting our powers, it was so much more genuine. After that, with
all the secrecy and seclusion we had to live, she's... definitely more guarded about things. I'm not really sure how to say it."

"It's fine," Joey says. "I understand what you mean."

"She was reaching out to Doctor Jackson." You confess, "For the first time since we came back, she was trying to genuinely build a relationship with someone. Specifically, a relationship with her biological father that she never had originally and now it's been ripped out again. I'm afraid she's going to withdraw into herself more... or worse, bottle her emotions up inside behind a smiling mask until they turn into a seething anger at everything and everyone."

"Anger? Jade?" Joey asks, concerned. "She doesn't seem like the type to me."

"Mnh," you nod, grimly. "She told me the other night, she was afraid that if the other you hadn't shown up and accosted him when she did, that she would have hurt Skaara, worse than what happened, for putting Doctor Jackson in this kind of situation."

"Eesh," Joey grimaces. "Jude filled me in. Didn't other me give Skaara a Bloody Nose?"

"Apparently he ran into a door," you explain.

"Hrm." Joey frowns. "Hopefully, Callie can help her out a bit. Maybe working on this 'Majora' problem will give her something to work her anger out on?"

"Maybe," you chuckle. "I like the idea of calling it a 'Majora Problem' though. Most people won't figure out what that means back in Milky Way for another year, if ever, here."

"It feels like a fitting code na-" Joey pauses, mid sentence. "Ah. Kanaya and Kanaya are finally coming."

"Ah," you smile. "The esteemed play-date to introduce our younger, parallel selves."

"Mnh," Joey nods. "Here's hoping that turns out alright and they don't fight."

"If she picks on me, I'm gonna pick back," the younger version of yourself chimes in, for a while after being silent the rest of the conversation. You wonder how much she's picked up on, just staring out the window like that the entire-?

...Of course, it occurs to you that you yourself would have just as likely pretended to stare out the window while the adults were talking to learn things you probably shouldn't.

Oh well, you probably don't have anything to worry about.

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**EARTH DATE: DECEMBER 22TH, 1998.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 6/26/0002.**

Your name is Tyzias Entykk, and you've got EVERYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!!!
"Of all the things to find while scouting for new settlement locations," you facepalm. "We just HAD to find an ancient, alien space craft wedged into a canyon."

There was a time limit on how much time you could afford to waste finding a way down the canyon walls to the spaceship near the middle, and then finding a way deeper into the ship itself... and unfortunately, you just don't see any of you having the time to rappel down on long enough ropes that you didn't bring with you.

"Daraya, Mark it on our map as something to return to," you decide.

"Already on it," she says, and you hear her pulling out a map to start sketching on.

Once the year turned over on Earth to "1999," Callie and Jade estimated that it would take a full Earth year to evacuate Alternia's population to Diaspora or other settle-able worlds, and that was best case. Worst case was that it would take about half a year more, and that was edging deeply into the "Alternia becomes uninhabitable" territory. Tides going crazy and such, not even counting the falling space rocks. (One such space rock has already smashed down on a town called Scaraback. It wasn't even a particularly large chunk of space rock either, but it was enough to turn the town into a crater.)

Time is already very much not on your side for so many, MANY things.

Like trying to figure out what the hell you're feeling inside your own head half the time anymore.

On the other side of the canyon, Xefros and Baizli are exploring that side of things. The four of you were assigned by Okurii to scout out this section of Diaspora's otherwise blank continental map. When you came up to the canyon's starting split point, you did METEOR, SHIELD, SWORDS to figure out who went what direction.

You wound up with Daraya.

Baizli is... Barzum, except with a different personality entirely. Identical physically in the face, except for how that face is often held idly. Barzum tends to be fairly neutral these days, though she was very scared back after you'd first rescued her. Baizli is all grins, most of the time, unless something's upset her horribly....

Something like realizing she had basically been mind controlling her sister for most of their lives.

You'll give the girl credit, she's backed well the fuck away once she understood that. She hasn't pressed once to see Barzum in all this time. Still, something unnerves you about her, and you know exactly what it is- she's a clown, and right now, a 'friendly clown' is about the furthest thing anybody in your culture has ever been raised to think POSSIBLE. It's a lot to work past, but at least you know what the problem IS and can work around it easily enough.

...Daraya is a whole other kettle of fish, though.

She's been a huge help to you since Amisia... well, since you stopped even bothering trying to stay awake in the aftermath of THAT little fiasco of a time travel experiment. You're not sure you'd ever have gotten back on your feet if she hadn't intervened. You're not blind. You could tell she felt either pale or flushed towards you, but... You haven't ever really been in the state to seriously consider quadrants. You've always been keeping to odd hours, and drinking unhealthy amounts of stimulants... And then while recovering from your own stupid self-induced years lack of sleep after deciding it just wasn't worth it to keep going?
You've really, really, tried not to think about it, but lately you just can't get the image of her at that card game out of your head. Every time she'd loose she'd glance at you in some indecipherable way and...

UGH. You think you've got a crush, too. And here you are, stuck with her, in the middle of a forest on an alien planet, walking along the edges of a canyon's edge...

How stupid is this? How stupid are you? You shouldn't be thinking about these kinds of things while the moons are crashing down on Alternia as you think these very words!! You need to be focusing on the job! The JOB! And not how shiny Daraya's lips look or how pretty the makeup on her eyes are---

NO! Dang it, Tyzias! Stop it! You are not a school girl with a crush!! (Well, you have the crush but the point is-) You are able to push past this and do your job! Once the job is done THEN you can worry about all this other stuff!! (Except...)

"Hey, I think I see a river up ahead, flowing downstream from somewhere to our right," Daraya says, pointing up ahead. "Think we should check it out, follow it for a bit?"

"Yeah," you agree. "Might be a good spot for a settlement near here."

And so you detour briefly to the side after radioing Xefros to let him know where you're going.

(Except the job is never done, is it? Not for you. You're always moving from one project to another, never stopping to think about yourself because the one time you DID you ended up saving Amisia who turned out to be a blood-based-paint-maker!! (And a serial killer too.))

You push all thoughts of this nature aside, however, as you and Daraya stumble upon a VERY LARGE OASIS of a massive spherical nature that seems to have been the end result of a rather large something with a spherical shield impacting the side of a small mountain.

Looking a bit closer... you realize there is another crashed spaceship resting within the center of it all-similarly overgrown with vegetation.

Some foreign, alien race once tried to settle Diaspora and crashed in the process.

"We need to let Okurii know," Daraya says, and you nod in firm agreement.

This... this whole area might not be settle-able... especially if there are any survivors.

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**EARTH DATE: DECEMBER 25TH, 1998.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 6/29/0002.**

You're now JOHN SHEPPARD, and as far as holidays go... this one went alright, you guess. Your younger selves got all of the presents and attention and generally had a really great day. Right now Joey's distracting them all with Arai beetle swarms doing intricate patterns. Jude and Cassandra and then Rose and Kanaya shortly there after slipped out for separate dinner dates, leaving you, Jade, and
Argo figuring out if you should do the same for dinner too, or if you should work together to fix something special for the younger versions of you all.

Honestly, whatever plans you'd all had in mind originally had ended up being scuttled with the news of Alternia's Moons, so supplies are in short supply at the moment.

"Let's go shopping," you decide. "Head to the market and get some supplies for dinner."

"After dealing with math equations and evacuation logistics, YES," Jade agrees. "Let's just go ahead and do something fun!"

"Yeah," Argo nods. "What were you thinking, John?"

"Nothing too fancy," you say, "but something seasonal, I guess?"

The three of you spit-ball out ideas to make as you head out down the road from Joey's hive back to the town. The town that was almost certainly going to have to be renamed something other than "Diaspora Settlement 1" eventually.

By the time you get to the market, you've settled on just making PIZZAS. So you get the ingredients for that- or rather, the ingredients for the local styling of "Flavor Disks" that are as close to pizza as you get in this galaxy.

By the time you get back to Joey's place, everyone is hungry and eager for dinner. So you three get to work on the pizza making as soon as possible

As you work, you can see the tension in Jade's shoulders relaxing away as she pounds at the pizza dough to get it flattened out. All of the stress from Daniel Ascending, to working on the MOON PROBLEM to try and distract her from that, to helping out with evacuation planning where she could. Argo laughs at some joke you made, and Jade smiles.

For a few moments, everything is right in the world.

And then one solid thwack on the counter happens in time with a finally released sob from Jade, followed by the entire room shaking, ruining the moment as you quickly pull Jade outside and well away from Joey's house before her powers run amok and start ruining things. You barely hear Argo promising to get the pizzas cooking in the mean time, and run distractions for everyone else. That's all she can do right now, and you appreciate it a lot.

"I feel so useless!" She yells, kicking at a rock that goes flying deeper into the forest. "What's the point of changing history if people we care about still DIE!? I want to go back again! I want to stop it from happening!! - Why!? WHY?!" she stomps her foot on the ground and you feel a bit lighter on your feet... there are also a few nearby twigs and small rocks starting to float into the air. "And I can't even put two MOONS back together and in a safe orbit!! Even if I HAD the power to do i, I can't do anything about it because it's already too late! Their orbits are just- just- So WRONG!!"

All you can do is pull her into a hug, settle down on the ground, and let her cry the frustrations out. A few tree branches start twisting and snapping in the mean time.

You're all so powerful it's scary. You, Rose and Jade got a taste of what would happen if you were stronger with those armbands- what could happen if you push yourselves to extremes. You're not sure what Argo could do when pushed to her limit, but you sincerely hope you're never in a situation
where you have to find out. Her abilities to slow people's perception of time are already absurdly overpowered as it is.

There's really nobody else in existence except you four who know what you're going through. With dead timeline branches, and all the chaos of life as it is...

Sometimes, you wish you could just start fresh with no expectations from other people about who you are and what you can do. Not exactly running away from it all, but... just...

You wish there was a place that you all didn't have to hold back all the time.

After a few minutes of the world seeming so unstable, things finally settle down, and...

"John?" Jade asks, sniffing.

"Yeah?" You ask back.

"I don't want to lose anything or anybody else ever again," she says, pressing her face up against your neck. "If we have a chance to stop something bad from happening... I want to stop it. And the next thing, and the thing after that too."

"We gotta take some breaks sometime, Jade," you say. "Besides, Joey's team and SG-1 have all had a pretty good run stopping things, right? Across two galaxies? That's a pretty good track record, isn't it?"

"But bad things still happen," she whimpers, kind of like a puppy, even as she presses a hand against your chest over your heart and grips at your shirt like a lifeline. "We could've stopped this thing with the moons. We could have saved Dad."

"Without the bad things happening, how can we enjoy the good ones?" You ask.

"I..." You know she's frowning from the tone of her voice. "Damn it, I don't have a good argument against that, John."

"Yeah, I kinda figured." You say.

You both keep to yourselves for a few more minutes, before you hear Argo calling out from the house saying that the Pizzas would be coming out soon.

And so, you and Jade begin walking back towards Joey's house/hive.

"John," she begins, gripping at your right hand with both of her hands. "Promise me that wherever we're going next... we'll be going together?"

"I promise," you smile at her. "Even if it's to a whole other galaxy nobody's ever explored before. We'll go together."

For a few moments, Jade has this surprised look on her face, then, she finally smiles back, and nods in acceptance.

Neither of you need to say anything at this point. You both just know.
Everything is going to be alright.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah. Those moons are coming down and there's not a lot anybody can do about it except evacuate the planet. It's going to make for one hell of a light show up there in the sky, though.

Meanwhile, Jade releases some pent up frustrations, but not all of them, and Tyzias tries to convince herself she's not worth the attention Daraya's been giving her.

Next Episode is: ALT:05X17: "Return to 451."
ALT:05X17: Return to 451. (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Jude comes up with an idea that might solve two problems with the same technology.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

EARTH DATE: JANUARY 1ST, 1999.

DIASPORA DATE: 7/4/0002.

ROUGHLY 383 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE (MATH STILL IN PROGRESS, BEST CASE GUESTIMATE!).

"P3W-451."

Six characters in sequence, a designation of a name, enough to send chills down the spines of everyone who hears it.

Your name is Jude Harley, and the nightmare this one string of letters caused you has haunted you for years. The fate of SG-10, consisting of HENRY BOYD, JESSICA MCLEOD, JONATHAN REED, and ROGER WATTS has been one of great concern to only certain people in the SGC, as most believe the team to be long dead.

Beyond yourself, only SG-1, Major Strider, and Aunt Roxy seem inclined to even consider a way to rescue them. And, well, time is ticking and running short. Tick tock, time is dead SG-teams.

So.... ever since your strange, techno-building powers have come into play, you've been designing something in the back of your mind. Something that could fix everything. It wasn't until all this nonsense with the moons falling down happened that something clicked.

And you designed a GRAVITY SHIELD.

If this thing works out how you think it will, it could be a potential bandaid to the moon problem. Maybe it could buy Alternia a few more months or weeks, at least?

But at any rate, there's only one way to really stress test this thing, and that's flying into a Black Hole and back out again, preferably with SG-10 onboard.

Well, you mean, you have to BUILD IT first, after all.

You happen to visit Callie's lab at the same time Major Carter is visiting to help with the MOON PROBLEM- not that there's much Carter thinks that anyone could do about it.
"And even if we could convince the Ascended beings of our Galaxy to help out, I don't think they're going to be able to do anything," Carter finishes as you enter the room. "The problem we're facing isn't one of 'can we stop this and reverse it?' but more 'should we use time travel to stop it from happening to begin with?'"

"I agree," Callie says. "Clearly we haven't already undone it yet, so we're either on the path towards jumping back to undo it, or-"

"Or we have a reason to let it go through," you say.

"Yes, that," Callie nods. "Hello, Jude."

"Hey, Jude," Carter smiles briefly. "What's up?"

"I had an idea that could solve two problems at the same time, potentially," you say. "Or at the very least, solve one issue and postpone another."

"You want to build something," Carter deduces.

"Yeah," you nod. "I've got a design in my head for a device that should be powerful enough to protect any object, say a space ship, from the gravity pull of a black hole."

There's silence for a moment, then Carter says, "That could protect the moons from Alternia's Gravity. If we could isolate them long enough to push them back into orbit."

"I already thought of that," Callie interjects. "Although to be honest I was thinking more along the lines of Jade's powers, but still. Similar enough."

"Anyways, the moons are just a secondary concern for me," you say. "Really, more a possible secondary application of this tech that could be useful outside of the original use."

"Which is...?" Carter leans in, looking interested.

And then you say those six characters. "P3W-451."

There's silence for a moment again, and then...

"SG-10!" Carter exclaims. "You think this device could let us get to them and rescue them from the Black Hole?"

"That's the hope," you say. "And if this works the way I think it does, then we can try up scaling it for the moons."

"You two get working on building, then," Callie says, moving to leave, "I'll go find Jade and run some experiments on whether or not isolating the moons from Alternia's Gravity would even work. Don't make a mess of my lab while I'm gone!!"

"Let's get to work," Carter says, smiling at you with a hopeful look in her eyes.
Hours of work later, and a night of rest before traveling back to Milky Way later, you've got just one more hurdle to overcome before your work can be considered complete - convincing General Hammond to go through with this plan.

"So... Just so I'm sure that I'm understanding this, you want to install an untested piece of technology that Jude's designed out of thin air to first A: attempt to rescue SG-10 from P3W-451, and secondly B: use it to attempt to stabilize Alternia's Moons and keep them from collapsing?" He asks, to which you nod. "And in order to complete the construction of this device's first prototypical form, you want to install it into a cargo ship that has crash landed and been repaired no less than twice each?"

"We're fairly certain this can work, Sir," Carter says.

"And if it doesn't?" Hammond asks.

"Best case we're down a ship with a working hyperdrive for a few months," Carter says. "Worst case... we get stranded on 451 and never come back."

"Have you asked Cassandra for chances of success?" Hammond asks.

"We, uh-" You face palm. "We completely forgot to ask Cassie, didn't we?"

"We did, yeah," Carter sighs in lament. "We got so caught up in designing the device we didn't check."

"For the moment, I'll let you work to modify the cargo ship," Hammond decides, "I won't authorize any actual testing of the device until it's completed AND we've asked Cassandra for the chances of success."

"Thank you, Sir," you and Carter say.

It takes about another day of work to get the Cargo Ship's shield generators retrofitted to accept the mostly-built gravity shield generator you'd designed. You're only half-way finished, though when you come across the problem of POWER SUPPLY.

You'd designed this thing to be based off of a Zero Point Energy Module without realizing it.
That's a whoopsie you're not sure how to account for, and so you're mulling over how to solve the problem by way of randomly meandering through the SGC when you find yourself in the Mirror Room during an apparently unscheduled Keiko and Silica visit from their world.

"We finished checking over that ZPM you guys found just incase it was what we thought it was," you hear Keiko saying as you enter the room. "And it was."

"Wait, you're serious?" Doctor Mckay asks. "The Zed P.M. they found in the other Galaxy is from Silica's world?"

"It had all the ambient traces of energy that my world's versions have that Keiko's world's versions don't," Silica agrees, placing the ZPM in question onto a table.

"Well, that's convenient timing," you say.

"What is?" Keiko asks, turning to look at you.

"We need a ZPM to power a gravity shield generator," you say. "Maybe two, long term, if the test works."

"Why would you need two?" Silica asks.

"Yes, why," Mckay asks, glancing at you in suspicion. "It wouldn't have anything to do with why Carter suddenly skipped town for Alternia the other day and came back with you and a box full of odd equipment?"

And so you explain the plight at hand, well, the Moons first, then SG-10's potential rescue second. Keiko looks horrified at the SG-10 stuff, while Silica get shocked mostly from the moon instability. Then, Mckay says, "There's no way you can shield against the gravity of a black hole."

"Of course you can!" Silica says. "It's just really. REALLY. Hard to do it. But I'm not sure that it'd help with the Moon instability."

"Yeah," Keiko nods. "Isn't the problem at that point the fact that the moons are already collapsing? Even if you make them ignore the planet's gravity, they're kind of already falling apart to the point they're just going to fall apart in different directions, and the inertia is still going to keep carrying them towards the planet, and once they're out of the nullifying gravity field... they're just going to get pulled right back in anyways."

"Still," Silica says, "we can help you get the gravity device working- the least we can do is help you save that team."

And so you take your two new construction recruits and the ZPM to Major Carter's lab to tell her the good news re: power issues. Mckay follows out of sheer curiosity, you suspect.

DIASPORA DATE: 7/7/0002.

ROUGHLY 360-ISH DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE (BEST CASE ESTIMATE? WHO NEEDS THOSE! HAHA. MORE LIKE MEDIUM-TIERED ESTIMATE).

It takes a few more hours of round the clock work from you, Carter, Mckay, and Keiko and Silica to finish off the last of the major work, and to test every circuit to hold a charge, but it's finally finished.

The Cargo Ship's shields have been completely modified to protect against a black hole.

The next thing all of you do is pass out on the nearest available surface- for you, that's a work table outside of the cargo ship.

"Jude!"

Your name is Jude Harley and you scream as you snap awake after something cold gets pressed against the back of your neck.

"Argh- What!?" you glance around the hangar bay with the Tel'tak inside, then, turning around, you find Cassandra standing there, with a semi-frozen water bottle in hand. "Oh- Cassie. When did you get back?"

"Just about an hour ago," she says. "I've done just about everything I can over there. We've charted out the most likely places for Supergates to be hidden, and that's about all I can do since I can't be in five places at once." She offers you the water bottle, and you take it. "Also, I heard you guys were nearly done working on this project, and Hammond asked me to give an estimate on success. So I came back early."

"That's cool," you say, opening the bottle by twisting off the lid, and then taking a sip of the cool, refreshing, still ice cold liquid within.

Bwah! That's good- and COLD.

"Thanks, Cassie," you say. "When's John and the others coming back?"

"School doesn't start again until next Monday, so everyone's coming back the 8th, Friday," Cassie says. "Today's the 4th, incase you forgot."

"Four days," You say after doing the math, and looking up at the Cargo ship. "I've got four days then to make sure this is working right." You frown, then look to Cassie, "Chances if I go along with them that if something goes wrong I can fix it?"

"Hmm," Cassie considers it. "Pretty good odds." Then she frowns, "Of course, the fact that I'm feeling that positively about you being able to FIX things means-"

"Something's going to break, right," you glare ever briefly at the Cargo Ship's exterior. "This mission is going to happen no matter what Hammond decides, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Cassie nods. "I'm pretty sure even if Hammond doesn't okay the mission, Colonel O'neill's gonna try stealing the ship and going off with SG-1 to rescue SG-10."
"So, should we sneak onboard and wait for them to hijack it like you did with Rose and the X-301?" You ask.

"Hmm," Cassie considers it. "I feel like things work better for you guys if I stay behind to... do something, I guess? Kinda vague feeling at the moment. I'd guess maybe I cover for you guys?"

"Maybe," you frown. "Or, maybe you do something else."

"Like what?" Cassie asks.

"If things go wrong and you feel a cascade of misfortune happening, I think you should be the one to pull the trigger on a time travel mission," you decide. "Go back far enough to stop Alternia's moons from deorbiting, and then we'll come back and revisit this whole 451 rescue plan some other time."

"...Yeah," Cassie nods. "That's a good idea. I'd be the one who'd know best if something went wrong with the timeline as it is, right? Better that I stay behind to pull the trigger on fixing things and not stuck in the middle of it all."

"Yeah," you say. "Sorry to put the weight on you for it, but-"

"Don't," she says. "I'm going to tell Hammond that chances are better if he okays the mission, and you go along with it, for everything to go right."

"Will it, though?" You ask.

In response, she kisses you, and then smiles and says, "Now, that'd be telling, wouldn't it?"

"Yeah, fair enough," you say.

______________________________________________________________

Your name is George Hammond, and as you look over the reports that Major Carter and Doctor Mckay have put forth, you think...

This could work.

And as you listen to Cassandra Fraiser say that this is the best chance that you might ever have at rescuing SG-10 from their doom...

You feel a bit of hope.

...But Cassandra doesn't mention whether or not this same technology could save Alternia's moons, and even her saying that Jude going along to repair any damage feels... like she's saying it just to say it.

In fact, you get the feeling it doesn't MATTER one way or the other whether you approve Jude Harley to go along for the ride or not. You get the feeling he's going to go no matter what you do. But you also get the feeling Jude alone might not be enough.

So, you decide to approve SG-1's mission to rescue SG-10, but instead of fielding Jude Harley to fix things, you'll field Rodney Mckay instead, knowing Jude will sneak along anyways.
You can only hope that this will lead to the best outcome.

Your are now DOCTOR RODNEY MCKAY and for some idiotic reason you've been assigned to-
to- to a DANGEROUS RESCUE MISSION THAT WILL PROBABLY GET YOU KILLED!!!
A Black Hole- you're going to be flying STRAIGHT INTO A BLACK HOLE!!

WHY!???

You don't have any personal stake in this and yet here you are being assigned to go rescue people
from a freaking BLACK HOLE! Why not send the kid who was so insistent on building this device
in the first place!? Hell- why not ask someone to pop into a jail cell and grab someone who you don't
like- you don't know- that Maybourne guy??

Wasn't he in jail??

Or... maybe you heard something about him escaping or something???

Still- surely there's no shortage of bad guys you don't like who you could send hurtling into a black
hole to do this job, right??

It's an hour out from earth to P3W-451 that Major Carter opens the escape pods and out from one of
them tumbles Jude Harley, because of COURSE he'd sneak onboard. But what does catch you off
guard is Major Davis Strider tumbling out of one of the other ones.

"What's he doing here?" You ask out of annoyance- because if he was coming anyways why did
YOU get stuck on this job??

"Nice to see you too, Mckay," Jude rolls his eyes.

"Welcome aboard, Jude," O'neill says, sounding not at all angry at his presence. "Strider? The hell?"

"Karkat told me you guys would be going to 451, and I have a score to settle with that Black Hole,"
Strider says.

"Of course," Carter says, "we forgot to ask the local source of future knowledge if he knew if we
succeeded or not... ALSO we forgot to ask him what we did to fix Alternia's Moons!"

"Yeah, he said you'd say that," Strider rolls his eyes behind those shades- or, well, you'd assume
that's what he's doing. Seems like the kind of thing he'd do. "Also, he was wondering when you'd
get around to asking him if it happened the first time or not. Answer is yes it happened. And answer
also to that next question is 'no, we did something more awesome than fix the moons, dumbass.' His
words exactly, except, you know, more shouty, in that adorable gravel-ly sort of way."

"So our Mission to 451 will be a success?" Teal'c inquires from the driver's seat.

"Asked that too, myself," Strider pauses, then says, "Karkat's answer was a smug ass smirk and
'Spoilers.'"
"That's got to be the most infuriating one word reply in the history of ever," you lament.

"Something 'more awesome than fix the moons'??" Carter repeats, sounding rather intrigued by it. "I can't wait to see how That one turns out."

You.... you're honestly kind of intrigued yourself. Fixing collapsing moons is one thing, a miraculous feat in and of itself if accomplished, but doing something MORE AWESOME than that?

Your name is RODNEY MCKAY and you're going to survive this mission JUST to see what that is out of pure spite.

Chapter End Notes

now with added countdown timer! (Math still a work in progress, apparently!)
ALT:05X18: Return to 451. (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

In which some Weird Time Shit happens.

Chapter Notes

NOTE: One scene of SG-10's dialogue is partially lifted from the SG-1 novel "The Cost of Honor," from which a few aspects of this two-part episode's plot have also been lifted from, as well as the preceding novel "A Matter of Honor."

But, as with almost every adapted episode of SG-1, I'm not claiming that lifted dialogue as my own work,

See the end of the chapter for more notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 7/9/0002.

ROUGHLY 333~ISH DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE ('WHAT IS A WORST CASE ESTIMATE?' ALEX, FOR TWO THOUSAND).

After two days of hyperspace travel, P3W-451 appeared in the front window.

Your name is COLONEL JACK O'NEILL, and you're currently outside of the gravity pull of the massive Black Hole that's consuming a star and a planet and everything else in the solar system.

"Running a scan of the disk..." Carter reports, but you think that's mostly for her own benefit.

"It's nice to finally get to see this bastard face to face," Strider mumbles to himself. "Time to deliver some right and proper payback, I say. Snatch our friends right out from the jaws of defeat and make that black hole go hungry. Only sandwich this loudmouth's getting is the salty sardine filled sandwich of 'whos your daddy' piled high with 'want some more bomb to the face?'"

...You're not going to interrupt, because those are some mighty interesting insults he's brewing up.

Doctor Mckay... he just looks faint staring at it, mumbling variations on "Why am I even here?" over and over again.

Jude Harley... he's got that look in his eyes. The same one you saw in his father before he brought you to his basement to use the Stargate there to save Earth from Apophis' two motherships. Today is about to get very interesting.
"How you holding up, Teal'c?" You ask, seeing the Jaffa look rather... hmm, pensive, you'd guess it the world.

"Every instinct in my natural body is telling me to run away," Teal'c says. "Even my trained, and honed warrior skills as a First Prime trained Jaffa are telling me there is no shame in running away from such a place." He pauses, "However, I feel that to attempt such a surely insane feat of pointless self sacrifice... and to win? ...There will be no greater way to tell the universe at large that there is no obstacle we cannot overcome." He cracks a rare smile, "I will tell my son of this day for years to come. The day that even a dying star's will was denied. If not even a black hole can stand against our combined wills, then what hope do the Goa'uld who claim to be gods have to stand in our way?"

Everyone, even yourself, stare at Teal'c for a moment, shocked at the amount of raw energy in those words that he had just said...

And so you say the only thing you can, "I've got nothing that can top that, and neither do they."

"Indeed," Teal'c nods.

"I found the planet," Carter exclaims suddenly. "It's still in the accretion disk, and looks to still be intact."

"Any sign of Vorash's sun?" You ask.

"Not yet," Carter says. "The planet's not burnt to a crisp yet."

"Good," you say. "Jude, Carter, Mckay, fire up the anti-gravity shield, and Teal'c, take us in when they're done."

Your name is DAVIS STRIDER and holy shit you can FEEL how fucked up time is with this gravity shield on. Everything outside of a firm bubble is just D-------EAD to the world, but everything within is just ticking along just fine.

"Anyone else feel like we're trudging through molasses?" You ask.

Colonel O'neill looks at you, then blinks, slowly, intentionally slowly, so intentionally slowly that you know he's messing with you. "No," he says, "of course not."

And so you continue towards the planet without much conversation, at least, until you reach the planet, and things start sparking in the back room.

"Damn it!" Carter yelps. "Sir! We've got a problem!"

"What kind of problem, Carter?" O'neill asks.

"The kind where the cargo ship's shield generators aren't designed for this kind of continuous strain," Carter says. "If we try to extend the anti gravity field downwards to encompass the Stargate area, to ring SG-10 onboard we might fry them."

"So how do we get SG-10 onboard?" You ask.
"Basically," Mckay chimes in, "we're taxing the emitters by running too MUCH current through them. They're going to fry really quickly if we try to extend the shield to collect SG-10. The same happens if we don't give them time to cool down first, and then we'll be stuck here permanently. It'll be better off for us if we turn the anti-gravity generators off, and bring SG-10 onboard without extending the field to bring them into our flow of time first."

"Carter? Jude?" O'neill asks.

"He's right," Carter says. "It's the only option I can think of either."

"We could fix things if they burn out," Jude says, "but there's no telling how long that would take."

"So..." O'neill pauses. "Better to not risk burning out the thing keeping us safe from the time dilation by shutting off the thing keeping us safe from the time dilation?"

SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1996.

"DAMN IT!" Captain Roger Watts yells from the DHD. "This is pointless, Sir! It won't stay open!"

Your name is MAJOR HENRY BOYD, and you grimace. "Keep trying," you tell him, looking up at the sky. That massive, damned Black Hole that was a tumultuous, twisted, churning nightmare that could have been a creature straight out of Lovecraft if it were given tentacles.

For the tenth time, the Stargate refused to lock. For a moment, it had been active, and then shut off. Then, miraculously, it was active again, as if someone had dialed in- for all of a few seconds, during which, nearly simultaneously, a MALP had appeared out of thin air, a pen on a chain had suddenly buried itself in the sand next to the DHD, a shower of glass, and then a twisted corpse of a man came flying through the gate's eventhorizon and the thing had shut off again.

Twisted, it seemed, by trying to come through the Stargate to a planet in orbit of a Black Hole.

"Sir?" Lieutenant Jessica McLeod asks suddenly- her voice sounds as shaky as your insides feel right now. "I've been thinking about why the Gate won't activate."

"Go on," you say, starting to walk over to her.

"The Gravitational force of the-" She stammers over the words "Black Hole", and corrects herself, "of the black hole would create a massive time distortion effect."

"A what?" You frown.

"Time here will be moving much slower than back on Earth, sir." McLeod says, "Much Slower. The gate was probably open for half an hour at the SGC, but here... just a second."

"...And the body?" You ask, trying not to look at the mound of sand you'd taken the time to bury the poor unfortunate soul under, for all the good it would do.

"...Probably someone from the SGC who tried to come rescue us, Sir," she says. "The gate was
visibly open for a lot longer for that time. A MALP got sent through to check on us, I'd guess, and then...

"And then?" You ask.

"And then they tried to shut the Gate down," she says- voice going bleak. "I... I don't think we're getting out of this, sir."

Your thoughts turn to your daughter- Lucy. Her tiny arms around your neck, her delighted smiles when you come home. 'Daddy!' you can practically hear her crying now.

You swallow. "I won't accept that, Lieutenant."

Your wife, Heather, having to explain why you were never coming home to Lucy, barely old enough to understand.

"They'll find a way to come get us. They won't leave us here."

And then- like God himself proving you right- something strange happens the moment you make that declaration.

Something BIG blurs over head- moving faster than it would seem possible in this kind of environment- it looks like some kind of alien craft.

It seems to zip around above you in a massive circle for a moment.

"Sir!" Lieutenant Jonathan Reed cries out- "What is that thing!?"

And then there's a moment of clarity as the air around the THING shimmers, and then suddenly it solidifies into the shape of a ship. "Boyd!" The familiar, god blessed voice of Colonel O'neill barks out. "Get your team in a circle around the MALP, NOW!"

"Yes, SIR!" You radio back, and then look to Reed, answering, "That would be SG-1!!"

You all get in a circle around the MALP, and then the THING's belly opens up and-

BRRRRRMMMM- You NEVER thought you'd ever be so glad to HEAR or SEE transportation rings in your entire life.

VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM!!!

VARROOOOOSSSH! The light washes over you, and the desert of P3W-451 vanishes around you, to be replaced by the warm, lovely interior of whatever ship it is SG-1's commandeered.

VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM VRRM!!!

And as the Rings wash away into the floor, you see Colonel O'neill and Major Strider both standing there, looking a few years older, but definitely still them.

"We've got them!" O'neill yells. "Get the shields back up!"

"On it!" Major Carter yells from somewhere in the background... And then something sparks and
explodes, very loudly.

"Ow! Damn it, Mckay! I told you not to shut it down without discharging the capacitors first!" comes a capricious, teenaged voice. They brought a teenager on this mission??

"So sue me, I thought it'd save time on the boot up sequence!" comes an annoyed, unfamiliar voice that you don't recognize.

"Did we get the MALP?" And then out from a back room door emerges a MUCH older Jude Harley- the teenager you'd heard talking before. "Okay! Good! Davis, help me strip out the fuses and capacitors from it. We need to replace the ones that Mckay blew, and replace them fast before Vorash's sun comes calling."

"Right," Strider heads over to help the kid start taking the MALP apart, and you turn to look at O'neill.

"With all due respect. What the hell is going on, Sir?" You ask.

"Long story short," O'neill answers, "We're in the middle of rescuing you. Sorry it took so long."

"How long were we stuck on the planet?" McLeod asks.

"Well, the year's 1999, so make of that what you will," Strider remarks as he and the kid pry off the back of the MALP.

...Ninteen Ninty Nine!? Three Years!? You've been-- you missed out on three years of Lucy's--

"Look, Boyd, take your team, find a seat, and enjoy the view while it lasts," O'neill says. "That's an order, Boyd. We'll deal with the escape part for now. Right?"

All you can do is nod in acceptance and lead your team to look out the window as you wait for the egg-heads to save the day.

Your name is JUDE HARLEY and you're sort of FREAKING OUT over the fact that the capacitors blew even after you TOLD Mckay to discharge them first and he DIDN'T and URGHHHH.

"Sometimes, Cassie, your predictions are awesome, but they also suck," you can't help but mutter as you try to fit a new capacitor into the slot of the old one.

"I believe we have a problem," Teal'c reports suddenly about five minutes into what's probably a MUCH LONGER DELAY IN REAL TIME.

"What kind of problem?" Carter calls out.

"The Stargate has begun dialing in," Teal'c says.

"Oh, Fuck," Carter swears a rare swear from her.
"What?" You hear McLeod asking. "What's that mean?"

"Teal'c, get us as high up from the surface as you can, but STILL within line of the Stargate, BACK FACING IT!" You yell. "And get the hyperdrive ready for a jump to the nearest planet with a Stargate! I'm going to try something that might fry the emitters out entirely, so we're only going to get one shot at this!"

"Well of course we're only going to get one shot at this!" Mckay gripes, then looks to you, with a serious, somewhat frightened look on his face, "If this doesn't work we're going to be vaporized by Vorash's sun anyways, so tell me and Sam what we need to do so we DON'T get burnt to a crisp."

"Right-" and so you dollop out instructions as quickly as you can.

---

You're now TEAL'C. You wonder just what the young Jude Harley is cooking up now... and you hope it is not you and your team on a grill made of solar matter.

"What's going on, Jack??" Boyd asks, wary.

"See, we kinda had to dial P3W-451 and throw a Stargate into a sun to try to kill Apophis," O'neill answers.

"So, what's coming through that Stargate-?" Boyd asks.

"Is a fuck ton of stellar mass burning bright siphoned straight out from the middle of a star to coax it into exploding," Strider answers.

"How lovely," Boyd remarks. "Please tell me you atleast killed the Bastard with this insane stunt of yours?"

"We destroyed 98% of his fleet," you supply. "However, the finishing blow that killed Anubis happened in another Galaxy that we all accidentally landed in due to either intentional sabotage or a freak accident of luck."

"Apophis is still dead, though," O'neill supplies. "So what if it was by beheading rather than incineration?"

"Let's hope we don't get hit by that, then," Boyd remarks.

"GATE STATUS?" Jude yells from the back, and you look at the sensor feeds.

You report back: "The Fifth Chevron has just started locking!"

"EVERYONE STRAP IN!" Jude yells, "THIS IS GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE!"

"Say, Teal'c," O'neill asks you. "What do you think they've got in mind back there?"

"ACTIVATING ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD IN EXTENDED FORMATION," Carter yells out. "NOW!"
The fifth Chevron finally locks-

"ACTIVATING REAR SHIELDS IN REVERSED ANGLE FORMATION," Mckay yells as The sixth chevron locks, faster than the last several ones. "NOW!"

"I believe the plan is to ride the imminent solar flare by gripping tightly onto it with all ten of our toes, O'neill," you remark as the seventh chevron locks. You hear the "WAA WAA KAWOOOSH!" inside your head as the sensors confirm the Gate activated.

"Don't you get smart with me, Teal'c," O'neill remarks, with that tone of voice that says he got the joke you were aiming for. "You know perfectly well the phrase is 'Hang Ten.'"

"Wait, what?" Strider asks. "Are you saying what I think you're saying and that we're about to-?"

And then the stellar matter bursts forth from the Stargate eventhorizon and crashes against the back of the Tel'tak's shield and--- WHUUUUUUUUUUUMP--- you can FEEL THE ACCELERATION, throwing you back into your chair.

"HYPERDRIVE, NOW!" Jude yells.

And so you hit the switch for the Tel'tak's hyperdrive, with the pre-programmed coordinates in place, and the already rapidly changing blur of light and matter BLURS into motion even faster and then-

WHOOOMP!

-It's over, and you're suddenly hurtling out of the exit hyperspace window careening past meteors and other planets, on a course headed straight towards P3X-500.

Except you're going WAY TOO FAST and the deceleration drive isn't responding fast enough- no, in fact, even the engines have stalled out. Also, you have no shields. This is going to be 'FUN.' You report as such, "Engines are offline! Shields are also Offline!"

"Oh- Crap in a Hat!" Someone yells- you're not sure who- it could have been just about everyone at once for all you care.

"We're on it!" Carter's voice, you pick up as clear as day, though.

It seems Jude Harley was right- this is an EXTREMELY BUMPY RIDE. You do what you can to try and slow down with reversing thrusters, but it doesn't seem to work.

And then right before the lack of engines would be a problem as you would be entering the atmosphere, the engines come back online- just barely at 50% capacity, according to the scanners. But that will do.

You pull the Tel'tak into a better angle for re-entry of the atmosphere, and pray that the lack of shields won't--

And then the Shields come back online- not even at 20%, but you'll take it.

Somehow, you manage to bring the Tel'tak to a crash landing that barely feels like one. (However, when you later look outside and see the long TRENCH the cargo ship has carved into the terrain behind it, you see that there was quite a bit of force behind that landing.)
Unfortunately, according to what little readings you managed to get from long range scanners before they went out in the crash, it seems you're nowhere near the Stargate.

Your name is Rodney Mckay and holy shit you just escaped a BLACK HOLE by re-configuring the Gravity Shields to encompass the Stargate long enough to funnel in a large chunk of stellar matter from Vorash's Sun into a CONCAVE SHAPED SHIELD that served as a means of funneling the energy backwards like a rocket thruster!

You don't even care that you crashed afterwards or are miles from the Stargate- you escaped a BLACK HOLE!!!

You laugh like a madman for a minute because- HOLY SHIT- YOU JUST ESCAPED FROM A BLACK HOLE!!!

"Is this what it's normally like for you guys?" You ask Samantha. "Are you always cutting it so close?"

"Sometimes, yeah," she laughs as well, but it's more of a 'haha, wow, yeah, what the hell were we thinking?' kind of laugh.

"So," Colonel O'neill begins as he walks into the back of the room. "How should I name this crazy plan on the mission report? 'Operation Surf's Up'? 'Operation Cowabunga'?"

"Operation Slingshot," Jude chimes in from where he's collapsed on the floor and you honestly can't blame the kid. That was a crazy plan he came up with in just seconds.

"Slingshot?" O'neill asks, and recieves a grunt of affirmation instead of any kind of response.

"Because we negated the gravity pull from the Black Hole on the thrust from Vorash's sun that punched us into hyperspace," Samantha clarifies for Jude.

"Alright then," O'neill claps his hands. "So what do we do about the ship?"

"There's no way we're going to get it flying again anytime soon," Jolinar's voice springs forth from Samantha's mouth. "We'll be better off walking to the Stargate if it's on the same landmass as we are."

"I wonder how long we were stuck in the time dilation field," You muse. "It was only minutes for us, but it could have been years for all we know."

And then, in answer to your question, your radios all buzz, and a somewhat familiar voice comes through, "SG-1, SG-10, this is Colonel Sheppard, come in?"

You all exchange confused looks for a moment.

"Colonel O'neill? Major Carter?" The familiar voice repeats. "...Rodney? Is anyone there?"

O'neill grabs his radio, "This is O'neill." He raises an eyebrow. "Sheppard? As in John Sheppard? Little kid with a penchant for pranks?"
"HAH! See, I told you I got the right day this time," 'Sheppard' says to someone off radio, then says. "Yeah, that's me. We're homing in on your radio signal, will be there in about five minutes. Sit tight, Colonel."

"Well..." O'neill says, "I guess we're not walking then."

Five minutes later, on the nose, a strange sort of HUMMING SOUND can be heard from outside as something lands, and then it goes quiet. About thirty seconds later, you hear the radios buzz again with Sheppard saying "Knock Knock" a moment before someone actually knocks on the outside hatch of the Cargo Ship.

You sit back and watch as Colonel O'neill and Major Strider take up position at the interior door, and then, on O'neill's mark, Carter presses the buttons to open up both hatches. And then two definitely-not-teenagers enter from the outside. John Sheppard and Jade Jackson- clear as day it's really them, except, well, older.

They're also wearing uniforms that don't exactly look like the standard SGC gear. All sort of navy blue of sorts with chevron shaped splashes of color on the front bodies of the jackets.

"Howdy folks," John Sheppard cracks a grin, and removes a pair of sunglasses from his face. "How was the trip?"

"Bumpy," you supply.

"Wow," Jude remarks. "We must have been in the time dilation field for a lot longer than we thought."

"Nah," Jade Jackson smiles. "We just time traveled back from further ahead to arrange a pick up. Of course, we didn't know the exact day so we've been bouncing around trying to pinpoint it."

"You have your own Time Machine?" Samantha asks, astonished.

And then there's a twinkle in Sheppard's eyes- you already don't like it- and he says, "Your carriage awaits!"

He and Jade lead you outside, and there's- somehow- just a ramp leading to a door in the middle of nowhere. You can peer inside and see the inside of some kind of ship but the outside is just flat out NOT THERE.

"It's some kind of cloaking field," you deduce after trying to walk around the odd doorway and running into the outside wall of SOMETHING solid yet invisible.

"Yup," Jade says.

"You guys aren't supposed to find this thing for another few years, so we're keeping the spoilers to a minimum," Sheppard answers.

"'Spoilers,'" Strider laughs. "So that's what Karkat meant."

"Basically!" Jade agrees.
And so you all walk inside the CLOAKED SHIP. The back end seems to be passenger seating, except there's a tall sort of PEDASTIL in the center of it all that looks out of place.

"Don't touch it, Rodney," Sheppard stresses, giving you a level gaze that you feel you should take as a warning.

"Is this the-?" Samantha begins.

"Yes, it is," Jade answers. "So please don't touch it."

Up in the front of the ship are six turn table chairs and smack dab in the middle of the console at the very front of the ship is a crystalline version of a DIAL HOME DEVICE.

"It flies through the Stargate!" You realize. "It's a ship that flies through the Gate! A Gateship!"

"Puddle Jumper," Sheppard corrects.

"What?" You ask. "That's a stupid name."

"So you keep saying, but that's not what we stuck with," Sheppard counters as he takes the driver's seat position, and Jade takes the seat immediately to his right, right at the front.

"Well that can't be right," You frown, and take a seat behind Sheppard. "You're joking, right?"

"Nope," Sheppard says, then, dismissing any rebuttal you might make, he announces like an airline captain: "Welcome Aboard Time Jumper Air, Everyone. Please take a seat and strap yourselves in. We're preparing for take off. Please keep your arms and legs and heads inside the Jumper at all times."

---

You're once again Davis Strider, and you're sitting in the back of the "Time Jumper" with Jude Harley and SG-10. The back ramp starts raising suddenly without any input from you all in the back the moment the future John finishes his announcement.

Then, you hear a WHIRRING sort of humming sound and you FEEL a brief jolt of upwards movement before the inertial dampeners kick in and you suddenly don't feel anything else.

Jude seems enthralled by it, muttering something along the lines of, "This must be a local version of one of the Castle Jumpers Keiko one mentioned are native to her world, just armed with a time machine."

A Time Machine that's taking up half the available leg room, you might add.

"At this point," Reed remarks, "I'm just writing this all off as some bad fever dream and I'm going to wake up any minute now back home in my own bed."

"Hah," you laugh. "No, this is so very, very real." And with that, you lean forwards in your seat to peer out the front.

You can see the planet wooshing by outside the window from how the distant horizons blur past.
"So, uh," You voice. "What year is it right now anyways?"

"Somewhere roughly late 2000, early 2001- this time machine doesn't have an exact date read out, so we kind of have to guess a bit here and there," Jade answers. "Obviously you guys are needed back in January 1999, so we're aiming for then."

"How does it work, exactly?" Carter asks.

"Pretty similarly to what Callie designed from the remains of the device from the time loop planet," Jade says. "Way different power source though."

"Okay," John says, "we're about at the right altitude. Making the jump back to January 1999..."

And then the device in the back half of the Jumper starts to hum. You look back and see progress bars on either side of it start lighting up, inching forwards section by section by section and when the bars reach their full limit-

You feel your insides twist in a really really weird way as the flow of time is utterly violated.

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**EARTH DATE: JANUARY 8TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 7/11/0002.**

**ROUGHLY 330-ISH DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE (CAN I GET UHHH... A PROPER COUNT DOWN NUMBER?).**

Your name is Jude Harley, and as the time device pulses, and then goes silent, Davis Strider seems to groan, and lean his head against the nearest wall.

"You okay?" You ask him.

"I'll be fine once the room stops spinning," the Major mutters.

"Is he okay?" You ask, leaning forwards to ask into the front of the Jumper.

"Yeah, he'll be fine," Jade says. "He and Argo get kind of sea sick when non-solar flare based time travel happens around 'em. Or is Time Sick a better phrase, John?"

"Time Sick, yeah," John says. "Sounds better to me, anyways."

"Anyways, yeah, it'll pass in a few minutes," Jade says, looking back to smile at you. "Don't worry about it, Jude."

"That's kinda weird," you say. "Why would it affect Major Stider though? Argo I could get, but..."

"We think some of the time-power abilities Argo has came from the Strider family blood line rahter than Jayni messing around with stuff," Jade says. "We haven't tried it out with Dirk yet to check, mostly because he doesn't want to go anywhere near this thing."
"Can't imagine why," Davis groans.

"We'll be landing you near the Gate," John says. "The DHD got toasted by a tree falling on it, though, so we'll dial out for you."

"Sounds like a plan," O'neill says. "Can't imagine how this would've turned out if you guys hadn't shown up."

"Well, it's a Stable Time Loop," Jade laughs. "It wouldn't have turned out any other way."

"Can I ask something about the future?" Carter asks.

"Depends on what it is," John answers. "Most things we might just be coy about and give a nonsense answer that doesn't make sense until after the fact."

"What do we do about Alternia's Moons?" Carter asks. "I get that we'll eventually do something 'more awesome' than fixing them, but what about in the mean time? What do we do until we do that?"

"Jude's Anti-gravity field device will help buy you time," Jade says without hesitation. "But once the planet's evacuated, there's not much else you're going to be able to do about it. Trying to keep the moons intact after the fact is a waste of a few good ZPMs, though."

"Well, obviously," Mckay remarks. "But she means how do we apply it? Just one Zed P.M. and a single shield generator on a Tel'tak and we burnt out pretty quickly trying to extend the field around a Stargate, let alone a whole moon."

"You'll figure it out, Rodney" John says. "You guys always do."

"If I could be coy for a moment," Jade says. "Ask our younger selves. The solution to that field extension problem is simpler than you think. Don't over think it."

"Out of curiosity," you ask. "When on your timeline is this mission, exactly? So we know when to send you guys back to give us a lift, I mean."

"Hmm," Jade muses, then looks to John, who looks back at her for a moment and smirks. Jade grins, and then says, "John did just get promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, I guess there's nothing spoilery inherent in that."

"Nope," John answers. "Everything behind the reasons why I got promoted would be, though."

"So, wait for John to get promoted to Lieutenant Colonel," you make a mental note. "Got it."

---

Soon enough, the cloaked "Jumper" lands next to the Stargate, and you watch as Jade punches in the symbols for Earth from within the DHD.

"Sending IDC," Carter says, getting out the GDO and punching in her code.
"So... not staying for lunch, I take it?" O'neill asks.

"Nope," Jade shakes her head. "As nice as this vacation has been, we've got to get back to work."

"Oh, and Rodney?" John smirks at the Doctor. "Try to lighten up on the citrus, would ya?"

"Citrus?" Mckay frowns. "What?"


"Oh, joy," Mckay groans.

And thus, goodbyes made, you and everyone else head back home.

Hammond stands at the bottom of the ramp, managing to look both impressed and unimpressed at the same time, "Didn't you all leave by ship?"

"Sorry, sir," O'neill answers, "we, uh, had to leave it parked in 2001."

"I'm not even going to ask," Hammond says, shaking his head. Then, he looks towards the rescued members of SG-10, and says, "Welcome back, SG-10. You've got one hell of a debriefing ahead of you, that's for sure."

"I guess we do, Sir," Boyd remarks. "I guess we do."

"In the mean time, go shower off and get some food in the caffeteria," Hammond orders.

"If it's any difference to you, General," Boyd says, "I'd like to call my wife and daughter."

"We already notified them that a rescue attempt was being made," Hammond smiles. "I'll send a message to let them know the mission was a success and to come to the base."

"Thank you, Sir," Boyd smiles. "It'll be good to see them again."

"Your presence has been deeply missed, that is for sure," Hammond nods, then, he turns to leave, not even mentioning anything about Major Strider's displaced presence on the team... probably out of sympathy for how green in the face he still looks.

Shortly after the debriefing, you head to the cafeteria to get some food, and quickly find yourself caught in a massive group hug by JUST ABOUT EVERYONE in your immediate family.

There's a swirling, chaotic vortex of questions that follow about the mission, and you answer as much of it as you can.

However, one question bugs you and you can't answer it. Which 'younger selves' was Jade alluding to? The teenaged versions who you know have been considering these problems for weeks already, or the youngest selves who are just really little kids without any experience in the world itself.

...So, when you finally get a quiet moment and everything settles down, you gather up Rose and
John Egbert, Jade Harley, and Nepeta Strider, and ask them an important question:

"How do we make the moons stop falling for long enough to evacuate an entire planet?"

Nepeta suggests: "Dinosaurs!!! With Lots of TEETH!!"

John suggests: "Just get some giant space trains to evacuate people faster."

Jade suggests: "Maybe more combining robot ships?"

And then Rose, of course it'd be Rose, takes in all of the others suggestions, mulls it over for a few moments, and then gets out a coloring book and draws a thing, titled: "A Dinosaur-train Megazord."

And while at one point in your life, you'd honestly be inclined to pass it all off as a kid-like wish fulfillment sort of solution...

You've literally just pulled people out from the death grip of a BLACK HOLE. ANYTHING is POSSIBLE!!!

And so, you quickly hand the designs over to Joey, and tell her, "See if you can make this work, somehow."

With a smile, and a nod saying that she'd do such, heads home to Alternia while you file a request for all of the parts you'll need for two Megazord sized POWER GENERATORS for the Anti-Gravity shields.

It's time to buy an evacuation some much needed time.

Your name is Dammek, and you stare at the oddity that is a dinosaur and train themed COMBINING ROBOT drawn in crayon in front of you. Then, you pull out the blueprints for the SOVEREIGN SLAYER, as the project is rapidly becoming called on a more serious basis, and compare the two. Then... Inspiration! You look at the prototype sketch of the combination between Astro, Delta, the Slayer, and an as-of-yet un-designed fourth robot ship.

A fourth robot ship whose design you just got handed to you on a silver platter.

"...This could work," you say. "We were already going to try doing something fancy with replacing the arms of the Astro-Delta Megazord when it combined with the Slayer, but this works just as well." You look Joey Claire in the eyes, and say, "The two simpler ones might be the easiest builds the Clai'dian ship builders will ever have, I'll bet. Legs that double as arms, with minor decoration to make them look like a Triceratops and a T-Rex? Easy. Super easy. Easy enough that the construction time will be short enough we can get them built and put into place with these new shield generators and have them holding the moons at bay to buy us the time we need to fully evacuate the planet."

"What about the third one?" Joey asks. "The Mammoth?"

"It'll be a bit trickier, considering all the pieces that would need to move about," you frown. "It'd take longer to work out the logistics, but that's fine. We don't need it IMMEDIATELY, and that's the important part."
You snatch up the designs and the crayon sketch, and you say, "I'm going to do some quick refinement sketches and then heading to Cla'dia ASAP. Princess Millia is going to get a kick out of this one."

Chapter End Notes

...Oh, yeah, I'm going CROSS SEASON with these Zord Choices now.... and eventually, I'm gonna make them COMBINE! B33

But that will have to wait for a properly dramatic moment. In the mean time, WHEEE! What a plot this was! As soon as I found out there were SG-1 novels, and one pair of them was specifically set around saving SG-10, I KNEW I had to adapt at least that major theme for this series at some point. And so here we are. SG-10 rescued in a way that, beyond the one scene I had a snipit of dialogue available from to riff off of and some summaries of events, probably isn't too similar to what happened in the books considering A: I haven't read the books, and B: I set this series of events pre-Season 6... when they canonically happen in SG-1's timeline in Season 7! WOW!

...And yeah, Time Jumper + Atlantis Era John and Jade. Cause I'm dealing with a tight timeline of events here and I can't have SG-1 out of commission for FIVE MONTHS let alone potential years of displacement!

So yeah. A minor stable time loop with a few bits of foreshadowing mixed in! :D
ALT:05X19: Put On Ice

Chapter Summary

In which delays happen, some intentional, some not.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 8/1/0002.

ROUGHLY 210-ISH DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE (THINGS HAVE GOTTEN WORSE! YAY?)

You are now DAMMEK.

As the first of the two new Megaships exited hyperspace and began its descent towards the crumbling, larger pink moon, people in the know could only stare and watch from below as the thing approached, praying that it would provide the solutions needed for survival.

It was somehow both unfinished looking and finished all at the same time. Its head was shaped like a T-Rex's, and yet the body was generally otherwise unremarkable. A long, somewhat cylindrical, somewhat boxy shape that could be either an arm or a leg if someone squinted at it. It definitely had segmented paneling near the back to allow for the rather curiously shaped booster thruster and connection ports to turn in any which direction desired. Up, down. Left, right.

All directions, really. It was clearly an all purpose sort of joint, especially when watching how the oddly shaped ship navigates between some floating chunks of moon rock.

You've run the math to see if using those propulsion systems could nudge the moons backwards out of their decaying orbit, but unfortunately landing is just about all these two ships are going to be able to do. The places where you WOULD be best suited to position those reverse rockets are already too unstable. Just putting either ship there would be enough to start drilling through the surface rather than pushing the moon away from Alternia.

So, landing it is.

"This is T-Line Mega to All Your Base. Touchdown in 3, 2..." Ashler Dering radios in "And landed."

Settling itself on the surface of the largest part of the the larger Pink Moon that was still intact, the T-LINE MEGASHIP activated the anti-gravity shield generators, as well as an inverted version of the normal shields a spaceship would use (Two separate, dedicated sets of emitters this time! What a brilliant idea!) and encircled the remnants of the large pink moon.

For a moment everyone held their breaths... and then...
"It works!" Callie reports from the ship. "Seismographic sensors on the moon are reporting a reduction of gravitational pull from Alternia! Earthquakes are slowing down! Acceleration meters are still reporting forwards momentum, though."

"Intertia's a bitch to deal with," you remark, "but at least that's ALL we'll have to worry about, now."

"How long until the other one arrives?" Okurii asks.

You check the report. "Shouldn't be any longer than five, maybe ten minutes." A delay of only a few minutes is still a delay, though, even if it's because of some hyperdrive issues.

And there's a thing you're grateful for. The people of Keiko's home castle Aincrad graciously donated SIX ZPMS to be dedicated to this task- three each to go to T-LINE and K-LINE for powering their anti gravity shields without interruption. Apparently finding out that some of the naturally grown ZPMs from Silica's world had made it to your universe was a fact of grave concern, and them giving you some SUPER BATTERIES as compensation was just slightly more than the least they could do (which had been helping to prepare the Tel'tak that had been the test bed for this technology).

You're not sure how the dimensional crossover of a few ZPMs had caused the people of that Castle to be so indebted to your side of things, but you suppose you're just not entirely in the loop as to WHY the ZPM crossover is a bad thing.

You'll check in later on that fact- but for now, you'll focus on the part that gives you some room to sleep easier at night.

"How long will we have with the extra time, Callie?" You ask your Moirail, over the radio. You feel like holding your breath, but don't because that'd be a stupid idea.

"I'll have to run a full check once K-Line is in position on the Green Moon," Callie answers. "But if it holds the same as T-Line? We should be back at a full 300 days of evacuation time, minimum. If we're lucky, we might squeeze out another extra 30 days beyond that if K-Line can do some more."

Which is where you would have been if not for a week ago, when the smaller pink moon's two halves just broke up entirely and crashed into the surface of the larger moon, causing further instability there.

"Three Hundred Days," you breathe out what would have been a held breath if you'd actually done it. "Just a little under a year."

If not for this saving grace of a time stalling tactic, you'd have run out of time to evacuate the further inland settlements by trying to rush the shore-line evacuations. The ever rapidly expanding shorelines. Who knew that a couple of giant rocks getting closer to a planet would cause the sea levels to rise? (You wonder, briefly, how earth was unaffected tidally given the recent Naquadah meteor scare. Of course, you dismiss that as a "sudden and quickly resolved" problem and not a "Long term sort of slowly encroaching doom" sort of problem.)

You wonder what Joey and the others are up to?
"Are you sure I can't blow it up?" Polypa whines.

"Definitely not," you say, after backing away from the only available exterior hatch on the outside of the ship in the crater. "This is definitely designed to resist huge explosions! It's really heavily reinforced somehow." You draw out you Laser Cutter, snap it open, and slash at the hatch.

Sparks fly, some moss burns, and the framework of the door before you remains utterly untouched.

"Look at that," you say. "It didn't even get CUT!" You do a stupid thing, shut the cutter off, plant the emitter against the door and turn it on.

Instead of the blade cutting through, your hand is forced backwards as the blade extends. It doesn't even PIERCE it! How the hell...? Oh, wait a second...

"Woah!" Polypa whistles. "That's some tough metal!"

"Not Metal," you say, squinting at where the blade of energy is being repulsed by a very tiny flicker of energy hovering above the metal surface of the thing. "Some kind of force field?"

"Oooh! Active technology!" Polypa grins. "Let's blow it up!"

"No!" You say, shutting off the laser cutter. "Let's NOT set fire to the landscape!"

Right, let's try this again.

Your name is JOEY CLAIRE, and you, your KISMESIS, Tyzias, and Daraya stand outside the SECOND OF TWO CRASHED SPACESHIPS at the only entrance you can find on the thing's exterior. It's a very large ENTRY HATCH, likely designed for carrying cargo in and out. (You hope, anyways, otherwise those are some VERY BIG ALIENS!) It's also sealed SHUT tighter than a sardine can welded shut with rust and magic forcefields.

Over at the other one stuck in the canyon, your MOIRAIL XEFROS, his KISMESIS BAIZLI, your MATESPRIT MIERFA, and MASTER OF THE SOMETHING-TECHNOLOGICAL-SOUNDING-HACKERY-CHAIN MALLEK are rappeling down via rope to the ship to see if there's a way into THAT one. You're watching their progress via Arai beetle.

"Tyzias, got any ideas?" You ask.

"Maybe some kind of frequency harmonics?" Tyzias frowns. "Did anyone think to bring a Replicator Disruptor? I might be able to cycle through frequencies and find something to disable the shield."

"Yeah, here," Daraya decaptchalogues a Disruptor and hands it over to Tyzias.

"Th-Thanks," and Tyzias takes it with only a split second of hesitation.

Polypa rolls her eyes at that, you can only grin in response.

As you wait for Tyzias to fiddle with the disruptor, your thoughts wonder towards what your PA is doing right now and if it's any more exciting than this.
Your name is JAKE HARLEY, and right now you're hoping that Joey and her team are having a more exciting day than you are right now. Now, that's not to say that HELPING PACK UP A BAR isn't exciting! It certainly is, what with the RUMBLING VOLCANOE near by. But comparatively, exploring an ALIEN SHIP, and helping secure the ASHLANDER'S VEIL's most FRAGILE ITEMS into SECURE-MOVE CRATES (Which are filled with a PECULIAR purple goop that seems to be a shock absorbent of some kind) are two completely DIFFERENT types of EXCITING.

You're not sure exactly how the owner of this joint plans on 'relocating' the establishment to a new planet, but you're told it involves a NEW PROTOTYPE CAPTCHALOGUE MODUS, and some RATHER LARGE CARDS. Still, you're packing up the FRAGILE STUFF and putting them into their own boxes for separate transport JUST INCASE the extra mass counts against the size restrictions.

It IS an experimental modification to an ancient technology, after all.

Looking around once you finish sealing up a crate full of stuff, you pause and look around at the progress.

Trolls of all blood hues are working here- most of them being people who normally worked here, you were told, but with a few extra hire-ons who are particularly STRONG in the LIFTING DEPARTMENT- but leading it all in your section of the building is that DISK JOCKEY, Ventus. Ventus's Matesprit, the owner of the joint, is off doing the same in another part of the building. You haven't met them yet, and at the rate things are going, you probably won't run into them until way later in the day. You haven't even picked up a name from casual conversation yet- mainly because there hasn't been any casual conversation, for two reasons.

The first is that the building has to be secured and packed away for transport before the volcano goes off, after all. And the second is that said volcano is already making the air a pain to brathe as it is. Everyone's wearing either AIR FILTER MASKS with fancy techno-rebreathers attached, or simple cloth masks over their mouths and noses. That sort of thing either makes people sound like DARTH VADER, or it triggers horrendous coughing fits.

You're one of the few people here who isn't even really bothered by it- likely for reasons realting to your ALIEN GENETICS. Which is probably part of why Dammek sent you over to help here while he helps with the whole FLYING DINOSAUR TRAINS TO SAVE THE MOONS plan. The other reason why Dammek had you come was because couldn't come to help himself right away because of scheduling conflicts, and also because apparently CHIXIE asked you to come help.

And boy if she isn't the picture of HELP INCARNATE right now, drifting around and jotting down drink and food orders from the PACKING WORKERS before they go on break, and then having it all ready for them when they're on break. She's wearing one of the cloth masks, which looks downright adorable on her.

You're trying your best not to stare, because the few times you have, you've caught her staring right back at you and dang it all if she doesn't remind you of-

Not the time, Jake! Not the time! She's actually heading right over towards you right now!

"Hey, Jake," she says, voice sounding ever so slightly wheezy and muffled behind the mask.
"Anything you want on break?"

"Um," you just smile and say, "just a sandwich and some water."

"Kay," she nods, and then heads off with only a moment's hesitation and a faint blush creeping up her cheeks past the cloth mask. Gosh Dang it all, you don't need that mental image sticking around while you're working.

As you get to work packing up a new crate full of stuff, you muse on your current lot in life.

Working, packing up fragile parts of a bar into crates, so that the bar can be safely captchalogue onto a giant card and transported to another planet. You honestly never thought that this was where you life was heading when you accepted Catherine's offer of employment at the then-unnamed Stargate Command.

You Never thought that taking Joey to your mother's blasted wake would have lead towards her being sucked into another planet's war via Stargate. You NEVER thought that you'd end up dead before finding out what had happened to her. You never even imagined at any point in your entire life that you'd somehow end up with two daughters instead of one, by means of CLONING.

Things have been... tense between you and the other Joey that came from the other world your daughter wound up on by accident. Apparently her you and her never really... saw eye to eye on things? Honestly, it sounded like that you was a BIT more of an absentee father than even you were. A shame, really, but thankfully your sudden de-aging has made things less tense than they probably would have been if you'd stayed the age you were.

It's still TENSE, but... not too tense? Honestly, as long as you two avoid interacting as family members and more as distant acquaintances, you should be fine.

YOUR daughter, though... Gosh, how things have changed. A major figure head of the rebellion, the girl who shoved your mother through a Stargate to Ancient Egypt in the first place and started this whole time loop to begin with, and by your reckoning the true heir to the Alternian Empire- if that were a thing that was still going to exist in the near future.

It's crazy, you think, that within the last five years, that so much has changed.

Your daughter doesn't see you as a father anymore, you're fairly certain, if only due to the age difference. Your relationship with her has been... well... almost non existent in that sort of sense, having drifted more into a respect of peers. You're both adventurers, although you've adventured through different sorts of adventures. You who explored tombs and raided parlors for beautiful blue objects of desire, for fun and for pleasure. She who explores planets and raids facilities for a means to an end, a job above all else.

And yet... They are similar experiences. Now and then you've chatted about one of her missions or one of your expeditions, and you've both had experiences similar to relate to the other about.

Still, that makes you wonder just how everything is going over there? Surely it's got to be more fun than packing!

"Aaaand, there!! Finally!" Tyzias cheers as the latest frequency test causes the forceshield around the
hatch to disperse. "I'm holding it steady! Cut the door down!"

"With pleasure!" Your name is Joey Claire, you ignite your laser cutter, and slash through the metal hatch keeping you from entering the ship.

The YOU SIZED SQUARE of metal falls alway with a bit of unexpected ease- only a few slashes needed to disable it all- as gravity tilts it inwards, landing with a thump on the floor, you can't help but feel like you've unsealed a tomb.

"Nice job," you smile at Tyzias.

"I'll radio Mallek with the disruption frequency," she says. "Then we can head in."

"Alright, good idea," You say, then wait for her to do that. After she's finished, you say, "Let's head in."

You arm yourself with a flashlight in one hand, and the laser cutter in the other, and take the lead heading in.

You're starting to realizing that the size of the hatch is just as indicative of the size of the hallways. You once again realize that they're either really, really big aliens, or really big cargo haulers... You hope it's the latter- really, REALLY, hope that it's the latter.

"So... What do you think we'll find here?" Polypa asks. "Lotsa dead alien skeletons? Secret vaults of advanced technology?"

"Probably? I'd say nothing at all," Daraya says. "I mean, I can't see these ships being here for this long without any survivors leaving."

"So, what, they just sealed it all up and left their ships to rot?" Polypa asks. "That was an active security system we just- literally- hacked through. They're protecting something!"

"Well, if we run into more energy fields, we'll know we're going the right way," Tyzias says, hefting up the Replicator Disruptor.

You roll your eyes. "That sounds like something my Pa would say," you say, then try to mimick your Pa's old man voice, "'If you're not running into death traps every five minutes then you're not going the right way!'"

And then you run face first into a solid wall of energy that flares up out of thin air. You land flat on your back, dazed, a few seconds later.

"That looked like it hurt," Polypa snickers.

"It did," you confirm.

"I'll... just get to tearing this one open," Tyzias says.

"You do that," you groan even as Daraya helps you to your feet.

Stupid forcefields.
You're now Okurii Leijon and FUCKING HELL do you feel stressed out listening to everyone else freak out over the K-Line being AN HOUR DELAYED due to hyper drive issues.

But it made it, and got in place, and it's doing the thing to stall the green moon's colapse. It's fine.

And so as people returned to their regularly scheduled PANIC over the APOCALYPSE, the literal end of the world, all you can do is try to remain calm in this chaotic mess of chaos that is the EVACUATION PANIC. So many people freaking out not so subtly now after such a major scare. It's pathetic. You're all nearly grown trolls and not wrigglers for crying out loud!! You are NOT CLUCKBEASTS whose heads were cut off!!!

The worst part is that even as you tagged along with Dammek and made your way through the ship to get to the rings to head over to the Ashlander's Veil and help with packing up the place that people just kept asking you ALL THE SAME QUESTIONS. "What's going on with the moons?? Did K-Line arrive yet? Did T-Line even make it yet??" OVER. AND OVER. AND OVER AGAIN. And when people who know VAGUELY what's going on explain it, then someone else comes around the hallway and AGAIN ask the SAME QUESTIONS that JUST GOT ANSWERED and HOLY FUCKING SHIT YOU ARE SO TIRED OF THIS NONSENSE!!!!

YOU MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT ON THIS. WHY DID THEY NOT LISTEN!?

Just-- UGH.

You are so fed up with this. Seriously.

It doesn't matter. You're going to help Dammek help his friend Ventus and... And... You scower through your GRUBPHONE for a moment as you walk towards the looming volcano to try and find if you left a note on the owner's name.

Ventus and... and... come on you have the name here somewhere but your Grubphone's decided NOW is a WONDERFUL time to be a frozen ass shit and not give you information you know you wrote down.

One refresh. Two refresh. Three-

And FINALLY.

VENTUS and LYNDAL, Matesprits. ...You never got told a LAST NAME (or perhaps a First name? No, down that path lies madness), but whatever, you don't need a second name period. You commit the only given name to memory.

Ventus and Lyndal; Ventus and Lyndal; Ventus and Lyndal.

You're sure you would have remembered it without checking if you hadn't been so stressed out by all of this shit today and- and...

UGH.

You want to punch something and then get back to Diaspora and hug and cuddle your adorable, recently adopted daughter and not have to worry about any of this evacuation shit anymore.
You're heavily considering retiring as soon as this war front stuff is over and done with.

Soon, you arrive at the ASHLANDER'S VEIL, and you and Dammek don your AIR FILTER MASKS.

Dammek heads over to talk with Ventus, and you... you meander over towards Jake Harley, currently on break and chowing down on a sandwich.

You sit down next to him, and say, "Please tell me that people have been relatively sane here?"

Jake grunts an affirmative, swallows his current mouthful of food, then asks, "Dare I ask what's going on?"

"Just people losing their heads over something a LOT more than I personally feel is logical," you answer.

"People let their emotions get the best of them if they feel the panic is justified," Jake says.

"Yes, but the stupid thing is," you complain, "it's like an echo chamber of panic back on the ship right now! They kept asking me and Dammek what was going on when I was coming over here to help and the stupidest, fucking, idiotic thing is that I MADE a ship wide announcement. I used my calmest voice possible, told everyone that despite some technical issues, everything had worked out and was working out and yet-- you growl. "The sheer amount of rumors and idle speculation in the halls today- if people weren't asking me questions directly, it was 'They should tell us something!' or some variation of idle speculation that we're hiding the worst of possible outcomes from everyone else!!"

"Public service is a thankless job sometimes," Jake says.

"I know it is," you sigh. "I just couldn't handle it. I tried and I tried and I *TRIED* to make everyone understand what was going on but it just wouldn't STOP. It didn't matter what I said to try and calm things down, it was an echo chamber and I'm so TIRED of it all."

"There there," Jake puts his hand on your shoulder- and then quickly removes it before saying, "Sorry, do you have a Moirail? I should have asked before doing something that was probably very Pale."

"No, I don't, you're fine," you say.

"Y...You're sure?" he asks, and you nod. "If I might ask, why don't you have one?"

"I don't have any quadrants, actually," you say. "I was auspitizing Dammek and Xefros for a while, but they've gotten to a point where they don't need it anymore. So... yeah. Me. Single. Hah." You shake your head. "I'm regretting that isolation more and more recently. While everyone else is hooking up and filling their quadrants, here I am, running everything important without even a Moirail to be my sounding board."

"I'm not an expert on troll romance, but having someone to be a sounding board when you're running things seems like an incredibly important thing to me," Jake says. "Even if you don't want to take it romantic, I'd be glad to be an ear to talk to if you ever need a different perspective. I did have quite a major say in things at the SGC back before I died, was cloned, and reborn as a mind
controlled teenager."

You laugh, then smile at him. "I'll keep that in mind, thank you, Jake."

"Any time, Ma'm," Jake says, smiling back.

You wonder how Joey's team is doing, and hope they've had a better day so far than you have had.

"Mama mia, that's a lot of cryogenic pods," you're one again Joey Claire, and you're staring at a massive- utterly MASSIVE selection of CRYOGENIC PODS lining the walls of a MASSIVE, CIRCULAR CIRCUMFERENCED, CYLINDRICALLY SHAPED, VERY, VERY TALL CHAMBER.

Inside each of those massive pods are MASSIVE ALIENS with FOUR ARMS! FOUR!!! ARMS!!!!

THAT'S TWICE AS MANY AS MOST ALIENS YOU'VE MET!!!!

"So, uh..." Tyzias gulps. "I think we just figured out where the survivors all are."

Xefros radios, then, voice sounding timid and meek. "Uhhh... Joey??"

"Yes, Xefros?" you radio back, voice similar timid and meek.

"I think we just found-"

"A huge freaking chamber full of cryogenic pods containing massive four armed aliens?" You finish his sentence. "Yeah. We've got that too."

"Retreat back to the canyon edge?" Xefros asks.

"Yes, definitely, absolutely," you agree.

And with that, you and your team hightail it out of there.

Hours pass, and the work load is finally finished. You're once again Dammek, and you watch as Lyndal locks up the front doors to the Ashlander's Veil, and then turns to face the crowd of workers to decree: "I paid a LOT of money for this building," She yells, pointing back at it, "and I'll be DAMNED if I leave it behind to get crushed by moon rock or buried in lava!!"

And with that, she draws out a rather large looking, experimental fetch modus you're told is being dubbed the 'PUZZLE MODUS', and aims it right at the building.

There's a subtle POP of reality shifting, and suddenly there's nothing but a hole in the ground where the building used to be.

That.... that is one POWERFUL fetch modus.
Your mind whirls towards the possibilities of creating a DEFENSE GRID NET to catch the falling rock debris from the moons... Holy shit if that building isn't near the size limit- no, even if it IS, maybe you could-

The volcano rumbles mighty loud at that moment, and a small spray of molten orange lifts into the air.

Ah, yeah, that's your cue to get the hell out of here.

And so everyone gets on their personal vehicle, or whatever ride brought them here, and makes their way back into town.

You get on the FOUR WHEELED ALL-TERRAIN VEHICLE that you came here with Okurii on, and she joins you. Unsurprisingly, Jake and Chixie join you too, already chatting about something to do with...

With the packing slime? Eh. Mundane and boring. You tune it out and focus on driving.

It's about half a mile out that the volcano erupts a slightly larger spew of orange glowing refuse and you catch sight of it in your rear view mirror landing on the crater that the Veil used to be situated in.

Well, that was lucky timing.

"So, let's just summarize this, shall we?" Baizli pauses, then says, "We both cut through the hulls of two massive crashed alien space ships that have been here for WHO knows how long and they were CLEARLY trying to settle some planet somewhere. These aliens are massive, and have cryogenic pods that are keeping them all alive despite being stuck here for that aforementioned who knows how long, and... yeah. Right. We have NO IDEA how any of their technology works or how we'd even BEGIN to open one of those pods to see if they're friendly or not."

"That just about summarizes it, yes," Mallek nods in agreement.

"...Is anyone opposed to us just... leaving them there until we finish dealing with all this Reaver Supergate shit, and Moon Induced Evacuation bull crap?" Baizli asks.

"We've still got to report it to Okurii," you say. "And Matron Porrim, and Seer Altair, too, probably. Let them all make a decision, I say."

And so everyone nods in agreement, and with that, your two teams make the trek back to Diaspora Settlement and hope that whatever solution gets stumbled upon, it ends up working out for the best.

...You're kind of tired of everything going to shit on a daily, weekly, and monthly basis.

Chapter End Notes

Mrrrrrrh. I've had about had it up to HERE *points to neck* with people getting locked
in a panic cycle. Sure, it may be well deserved panic, but can we all just not lose our heads about this??
Several long Earth Years Ago, there was a spaceship in orbit over Alternia. Onboard it was its crew and its captain, a man called the Tactician. As you may remember, this Tactician was quite mad with grief and rage and revenge—because his Moirail had been crushed under her own ship in a plan executed by the Alternian Rebellion.

As a refresher, here is a choice snipit of his dialogue, possibly sans matching formatting:

"THEN YOUR REBELLION ISN'T WORTH MY TIME OF DAY!!" the TACTICIAN, DRAGUM AKASHI, yelled. "SOMEONE GET ME THAT LITTLE REBEL 'TETRARCH' AND GET ME HIM NOW SO I CAN ANNOUNCE MY ARRIVAL!!"

Yeah. We're flashing back to THAT day all the way back in Act 2, but, our perspective jumps to someone completely different.

A CLOWN working for the Tactician whose insanity had brought them all to this point. His name was PILAFF UNCOOT.

Pilaff Uncoot was as uncooth of an individual as an Alternian show-clown-turned-battle-soldier could get. Many saw him as lazy, as cowardly, or as an idiot, but he was actually rather smart for a clown. Had he the chance to raise up in the ranks, he surely would have become a master tactician to replace the insane commander who was presently leading his crew on a suicide mission.

As of the moment we rejoin the timeline at his perspective, the clown was busy sneaking back from the cafeteria to his post as an ENGINE ROOM GUARD after getting a snack he was not cleared for. In the mean time, Pilaff Uncoot listens to the broadwave transmission the Tactician is running.

"Um, Hi!" a girl whom you, the audience, once knew only as HIVEKEEP but now know is named MIKARI says. "Is this Dragum Akashi we're speaking to?"

"Yes, this is he," the Tactician sounds almost CORDIAL all of a sudden. "Is this The Tetrarch?"

"No, but I'm an acquaintance of his," MIKARI said. "I'd put you in touch with him but I can't raise him on the coms myself. Got through to a mutual friend of ours, though. Apparently he's stuck on the Loadgapper."

"Well, that's a load of crap," Pilaff Uncoot remarked to himself.

"The LOADGAPPER!!??" The Tactician asks, sounding incredulous. "FOR THE LAST TEN"
"Apparently he's been stuck on it all day." Mikari very likely shrugged at this point. "Like, literally stuck. Apparently something with the water flow backing up making some kind of suction effect??"

"Seriously?" Pilaff remarked. "Who'd believe that?"

"I think his Former Moirail chose the wrong time to prank him," Mikari continued. "But now it's really stuck and they're trying their best to unstick him so, uh... please do give him a while longer to get off?"

Pilaff frowns as he hears a sudden echo down the hallway, and so he quickly mutes his own radio, and listens.

"FINE!" Dragum Akashi yells. "I WILL CHECK BACK IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES! IF HE IS NOT UNSTUCK BY THEN, I'LL---!" and then the echo goes silent.

Pilaff Uncoot peers out from around a corner about half a minute later, and watches as two of the guards outside of the engine room fall to the ground with head-shot gun wounds.

Pilaff stares, horrified, as he realizes the ship has been compromised.

Another guard emerges from the engine room, carrying a plasma rifle.

BANG. SPALT.

And then his chest armor crumples tightly, crushing the man's chest into a bloody, purple mess.

They fall to the floor with a whimpering "HONK," and then are silent.

Pilaff makes the wise decision and promptly absconds to the ESCAPE PODS, discarding his likely INTENTIONALLY FLAWED CHEST ARMOR in the process. His belt of grenades rattles in the process of discarding the horrifying piece of armor.

---

Down on the surface of Alternia, near a certain sea based village of seadwellers, lay a school. It was a PREPARATORIY SCHOOL for certain well-to-do trolls who, when they reached exile age, would go out into space and join other, more prestigious academies who were based in space and would teach their students all about becoming proper villains in space. (One such troll who had previously graduated from this school was infamously known by the nickname "Gor-Gor" even by those students who had never met the lad.)

While most students here, seadweller or not, went along with the waves and motions of a school whose mascot was a DEAD HORSE, and whose motto was ANCIENT ALTERNIAN for "Remember you will Die," there were a select group of five who were otherwise swam against the current- the fact that they were seadwellers not intentionally adding to that pun.

The eldest of the bunch was a girl whose lusus unimaginatively named her after her blood color- VIOLET DELAIR, at Six and a Half Alternian Sweeps. (For those of you uncertain of the math, that would be roughly 14 years old in Earth Years.) She was something of a free spirit when it came
to designing inventions and figuring out clever ways around the devious tests the school pushed on its students.

As such, she had designed a radio that would allow her and her friends to listen into the curious events unfolding above them.

The others were all about the same age, plus or minus a few days or months in either direction, and in no particular order were named KLAUSS BAULDR, IZADOR AMYRRE, DUNCAN QUAAGG, and-

Wait. Where's the fifth one?

Ah, that's right, having missed the memo that something strange was going on in the skies above, the fifth member of their quintet group of not-quite-rebels was in the LIBRARY, studying for an upcoming test. His name? QUIGLY MMENTO.

Quigly, Izador, and Duncan were what were known as CLUTCH MATES- having been born from separate eggs in their Nesting Cavern, but immediately taking a liking to each other, and so clung to each other fiercely during the Trials that would follow their hatching. They would have each been chosen by Lusus Guardians who decided to settle in a similar area- the beach front sea area previously described. From a completely different nesting cavern came Violet and Klauss, though they were born at different times, their Lusus Guardians similarly settled in this same area.

Though being practically next door neighbors, these two sets of children did not meet until they came to this School. But once they did meet, oh, did they become fast friends.

And so it was to their friendship's misfortune that, as Quigly Mmento left the library to take a restroom break, he spotted Pilaff Uncoot's escape pod hurling down from above to crash into the school building's largest side.

Meanwhile, unaware of this turn of events by way of focusing way too much of their attention on the broadwave transmissions, the others listened as the Tactician yelled out "What did you do to my ship!?" in various, and rapidly frantic growing ways.

And then, rubbing the salt in before anyone could stop him, The Tetrarch Dammek interjected: "Hey, Tactician, KNOCK KNOCK."

Dragum Akashi's nearly UNINTELLIGIBLE ROAR that followed was coincidentally timed with the crashing of Pilaff's escape pod in the side of the school.

"TEEEEEEEEEETRAAAAAAAYaaaaaaaAARRRRKKHHHHH!!!"

Quigly, hero that he wanted to be, went to investigate.

As Pilaff Uncoot got out of the escape pod in the middle of a burning kitchen, the young sea-dweller Quigly Mmento entered the room, coughing, calling out if there were anybody that needed help.

His inquiries came to a halt mere moments later, as he comes face to face with the clown who had started all of this current, fire-based mess, Pilaff Uncoot.
"Who are you!?" He yells out.

"Who am I? Nobody important! But if you must know, it's Justly Eaving, as a matter of fact!" Pilaff answers back.

Quigly, clearly not buying it, draws out a small knife to defend himself against this out of place adult.

Pilaff, clearly realizing he's been had, grunts and draws out a club. "Fine. I guess I'll have to go through you first."

And then their weapons clashed in STRIFE, but it was an uneven sort of battle, with one having much more leverage over the other... as well as owning a rather hefty belt of grenades right within hand's reach of a smaller troll.

Pilaff managed to get a strike to Quigly's head, knocking the boy aside, and the Uncooth One grins and takes a jaunty step towards the door. "Hah! I win! Now I'm going to-" He pauses mid stride, and sees Quigly grinning right back at him. "What's so funny? I'm the clown here, not you!"

And then Quigly unveils the pilfered grenade, already counting down to zero.

Pilaff Uncoot's chosen last words were "Kids suck the fun right out of everything!"

He never got to the "K" in "suck" before a mighty explosion blew the kitchen and everything within it to dust, spreading a massive fire across the academy.

Simultaneously, up in orbit, Dammek blew up a ship's bridge.

"Now listen up everyone and pay fucking attention, because I'm only going to say this once."

And so as the children of the now burning down academy watched from their secret hilltop shack hidden away from the rest of their classmates as their school did, indeed, burn with a terrible fire- a similar spark of flames became ignited within them as they listened to Okurii Leijon deliver a planet wide speech.

"Dragum Akashi is DEAD, and this is a perfect fucking example of why having a Moirail is so fucking important. Because he came here trying to get revenge for his dead Moirail. He was so blinded by revenge that he didn't notice a fucking overloading PLASMA CANNON about to explode in his face. The person who THREW that plasma canon is also Moirailless, and didn't EVEN CONSIDER the fact that throwing an overloading plasma weapon into a room full of computers required to FLY A SHIP might be a bad idea."

The irony, had they been aware of it, would not have been lost on Violet, Klauss, Izador, and Duncan. That Pilaff Uncoot had failed to notice one of his own grenades heralding his imminent demise.

"So to all of you out there with a Moirail, hug them tight tonight. Alternia isn't going to turn into molten slag in the foreseeable future because of someone with a grudge seeking revenge."
Though they as a group had not chosen any quadrants between them just yet, the four of them did indeed hug, and hold each other tight as they watched their school turn into smoke and ashes.

"Dragum Akashi wasn't here on the Empire's orders. But the fact that he GOT HERE, and was so close to turning our home planet into GLASS? That says something about the state of the Empire. They don't care about Alternia right now. Some rogue agent of theirs wants to blow up the planet? Nobody from the Empire was going to stop him, otherwise he would never have gotten here in the first place."

Though he was right about the fact that a Rogue Agent had caused their school's destruction, Klauss had no way of knowing that it wasn't on Dragum Akashi's orders.

"Right now, Alternia has two Stargates. Me and my team were off world when Dragum showed up and he made the fucking mistake to bring another one with him. That's how we got onto his ship. We Gated on board and if Dragum Akashi had thought ONE SECOND about that possibility, he would have had guards around the Gate. They called him the Tactician, and yet he made such a BLUNDER that-"

In the future, when they had joined the Rebellion, and were out exploring worlds, and causing havoc for the Empire.

"That he fucking let four kids get onto his ship and take out the engines, and then blow up his BRIDGE? The Empire has bigger fish to fry than Alternia throwing itself into open Rebellion."

And although the enemies would change over the years to follow...

"The Mofang are knocking at the front door with fucking star destroying bombs. We could abandon Alternia entirely, evacuate everyone off to another planet, and I bet you nobody in the empire would give a flying FUCK about it until it came time for Recruitment day and found nobody was here."

And although Okurii's words would prove ironically prophetic given future circumstances with the moons beginning their collapse...

"And there's a fucking thought, isn't it?"

And even as the Seadweller team of ALT-13 gained their own quadrant structure over the years...

They never forgot those words that matched the fire that burned inside them as they fought against the system, and fought in memory of their fallen friend.

---


DIASPORA DATE: 8/17/0002.

310 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (MATH SECURED UNLESS SOME LARGE CHUNKS ESCAPE THE ANTI GRAVITY FIELDS!)
Your name is Okurii Leijon, and you’re snapped out of focusing on BORING PAPERWORK by the sound of the Gate's Incoming Wormhole alarm triggering in the middle of what by your mental clock reads as an outgoing wormhole for the current evacuation group.

This can only mean one of two things, and so you rush from your office to the Gate Room. Sure enough, the group that was going to evacuate right now is all huddled off to the side as the Gate's shield is lowered and ALT-13 emerges from the Gate. The four of them are drenched to the bone, given they were on a planet whose surface was primarily made up of about 80% water, but it's what they have with them that they didn't when they left that concerns you.

"Miss Leijon!" team leader Violet Delair calls out, a unique tone of voice to her exclamation. She's excited. VERY excited. "We crashed an Al'kesh! A really, really important Al'kesh!"

"That's good to hear," you say, glancing first at the crystal tray held firmly under Klauss' right arm, then at the annoyed INDIGO BLOODED TROLL held firmly between Izador and Duncan's arms. "So who the hell is this?!"

You're being rhetorical. You know exactly who Kiriha Aonuma is. You're just wondering why the hell he looks like he got fished out of the middle of an all-you-can-eat buffet of slaughterfish.

"It's a long story, ma'am," Izador says, cracking a rare grin as she tugs at Aonuma's right arm. "Can we tell it on the way to locking this guy up in the infirmary?"

"Yeah," you nod. "Let's clear the gate area. Zebede, keep dialing out for evacuation groups!" You order. Then, you turn to Violet and say, "Explain. Now."

It had been a conflagration of unsettling ticks of bad luck, it seemed.

P4S-0U3 was, as previously mentioned, a planet made up of about 80% water. Thus, when it had been seen that the Clowns and Reavers had landed a few ships on the planet to almost certainly harvest the water there for nefarious means, you had dispatched ALT-13 to investigate and run interference, given their propensity for sabotage and creative escapades of espionage in past missions.

Things had gone downhill from there.

Duncan had uploaded a virus onto one of the ships that wasn't out at sea, which had spread to the others through their supposedly secure network, which condensed every piece of data on their network into the central database of that one precious Al'kesh.

And then hurricane seemed to blow into existence, suddenly, as if out of nowhere, and a LOT of the Clown's ships at sea had been struck by lightning and drowned in the onslaught. The crews of those ships evacuated to the ones on land and immediately began preparations to take off...

Except for the fact that the computer virus had unintentionally downloaded EVERYTHING off of the other ship's computers, including safety coding protocols to allow for safe takeoff during a storm of that magnitude.

All except for the one central Al'kesh went down as their hulls attracted so much lightning from the storm that they just went up in explosions of smoke and flames that were snuffed out by the wind and rain. It was fortunate for ALT-13 because they were still onboard that same Al'kesh.
Klauss and Izador then discovered that Kiriha Aonuma was onboard that very same Al'kesh, because he had transferred from a ship that had been destroyed. They discovered this because he found them in the midst of trying to take back control of the Al'kesh's bridge.

That was when Violet ordered Duncan to remove the fully filled data core, and that had an unfortunate side effect of causing the entire Al'kesh to lose power and crash into the ocean.

That was when everyone found out that the hurricane had dredged up LEECHES from the depths of the waters on P4S-0U3. They found that out by way of the things piercing the windshields of the Al'kesh's front bridge, flooding the ship dramatically.

After that followed a harrowing escape that you find rather hard to believe, in which Klauss made a last minute decision to rescue Aonuma from a Leech's Lunch Death, and they all somehow made it to shore without getting bitten by the leeches because of reasons nobody could figure out.

From there, they headed to the Gate, and nearly got sent to another planet entirely because a bolt of lightning struck the Gate right as they arrived, making dialing out so much more of a risky endeavor. It was sheer luck they'd made it to Alternia safely without being redirected to another planet entirely.

As it was, they were STILL redirected to a completely different Gate by a second strike of lightning hitting the gate as they went through, as they'd dialed the second Gate down in the old Nesting Cavern and NOT the All-Your-Base's Gate.

You're firmly of the opinion that you should NEVER mix your unluckiest team and your luckiest team together at all. The results of such a combination of such sheer insane luck could cause massive consequences for all of reality as a whole.

So... Beyond capturing the LOVER of the current big bad herself, the information on that Crystal tray contains something very important- the location of a SUPERGATE. You get Callie and Tyzias to look it over immediately to get that location out of the database, out to the Astro and Delta and get them dispatched to attack.

Maybe with that, and whatever information you can drag out of Aonuma, you can end this Clown Fight once and for all and then focus entirely on the evacuation.

"HAA HAA."

Shadre Amano tried her best not to flinch as the first of two holograms to appear continued to waste time by laughing into the air.

"HEE HEE."

Oh, how she really, REALLY, tried to not flinch. Not with how her LORD AND MASTER continued to laugh over some inane argument he appeared to be reading on some super advanced computer tablet.

"HOO HOO."
Apparently, from comments he'd made earlier, it was about something to do with reactions to a RELATIONSHIP SIMULATOR GAME? Shadre wasn't sure why that was a thing Lord English would even be aware of, or even WHY that would be a thing that existed in his far off cornered kingdom of a galaxy. But hey, power to the Lord if that was what he wanted to spend his time on.

"HAA HAA!"

Shadre, not for the first time, took in her Lord's appearance. His massive, bulked up form, sat lounging in a massive throne... but not at all proper like. Oh, no, in this fragile moment of FREE TIME being WASTED by the third member of their conference being LATE- and for the moment being represented by an uncomfortable looking JAFFA who was timidly promising that their lord would be there ANY minute now he promises!- Lord English sat sprawled on his front- technically speaking- with his legs dangling over one arm rest and his chest and arms dangling over the other. His legs stuck out so far that they vanished past the observable range of the holographic projection.

"HEE HEE!!"

The same could be said for the massive set of GLOWING RAINBOW WINGS that were sprouting from his back and suspending him in mid air. And for all the FANCY, GILDED ROBES and SHEER MASSIVE, MUSCULAR GIRTH that his body's skin seemed to barely contain... Lord English looked like a fucking CHILD.

"HOO HOO!!!"

...And that was before you counted in the LAUGHING. The unending LAUGHING THAT JUST WOULDN'T--

"WHAT."

Stop? Oh, there's the big cloaked bastard ANUBIS, finally.

"JUST WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Anubis asks, growling.

"AH. I WAS WONDERING. HEH. WHEN YOU WOULD SHOW YOUR NON-EXISTENT FACE. AGAIN." Lord English shifts in position and settles his ass down on his throne. Suddenly, the glint in his rainbow eyes makes him seem so much more dangerous.

"AS I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, I'VE RUN INTO SOME TROUBLE." Anubis growls. "THE ASCENDED IN THIS GALAXY SEEM TO HAVE EMPLOYED ONE OF THEIR OWN TO START SKIRMISHING MY FACILITIES. I HAVE HAD... DELAYS IN FINISHING CONSTRUCTION ON THE WEAPON TO DESTROY EARTH."

"YES. SURE. BLAME YOUR FAILURES ON. SNRK. THE 'ASCENDED' OF YOUR GALAXY." Lord English snorts. "YOU'D BE MUCH BETTER OFF IF YOU COULD. JUST DO AS I DID. AND ABSORB THEIR ENERGY DIRECTLY. AS I DID."

Shadre coughs. "Ahhem. Boys. You're both very pretty. But may we please get down to business?"

"YES." Lord English smirks. "THE CLOWN BITCH HAS A POINT. BUSINESS. AND THE MANY NUANCES AT HAND. THERE OF."
"STOP WITH YOUR POINTLESS DRAMATIC PAUSES," Anubis grunts. "I NEED REINFORCEMENTS. I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO HOLD FOREVER IF THE ASCENDED IN THIS GALAXY HAVE TRULY BEGUN TO RESIST MY ACTIONS IN FORCE."

"Your Supergate is enroute, Sir Anubis," Shadre reports. "Your Reinforcements will arrive through it the moment it can be set up at the nearest Black Hole."

"YES," Lord English says. "YOUR SO DESPERATELY NEEDED 'REINFORCEMENTS'. THEY ARE BEING PREPARED FOR BATTLE EVEN AS WE SPEAK. DOG."

"I DON'T CARE FOR PETTY INSULTS." Anubis states. "THE TAU’RI NEED TO BE PUT IN THEIR PLACE, AND SOON. THEY'RE GROWING TOO SMART FOR THEIR OWN GOOD."

"Smart?" Shadre laughs. "More like absurdly Lucky. Smartness has nothing to do with it."

"THE GIRL. IS CORRECT." Lord English agrees. "THese HUMANS AND TROLLS... THEIR LUCK IS WHAT GUIDES THEM. AND THEIR LUCK. WILL SOON RUN OUT."

"I DOUBT THAT."

"YOU HAVE NOT HAD TO DEAL WITH THEM MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS SINCE BEFORE I BEGAN OVERTLY INTERFERING. LUCK? LUCK IS NOT A THING. THEIR INTELLIGENCE? THEIR ABILITY TO CRAFT A PLAN OUT OF THIN AIR? THAT IS NOT LUCK. THAT IS CLEVER INGENUITY. AND IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IS RUINING OUR PLANS FOR DOMINATION."

"YOU THINK THESE PITIFUL MORTALS ARE SO CLEVER?" Lord English laughs. "HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO! THEY SQUABBLE AND PANIC OVER THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION."

"It is true," Shadre says. "Our spies and rumor mongers have reported that the Alternians are abandoning the planet out of fear of our retaliation. They travel underground, they bury their heads in the sand, and they flee to various worlds because they know our forces are superior."

"...THEY EVACUATE THEIR PLANET?" Anubis asks, startled. "OUT OF 'FEAR' OF YOUR MIGHT? HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING TO PROVOKE THIS REACTION FROM THEM?"

"A simple failed plan from a general who couldn't keep his bulge in his pants," Shadre says. "Nothing more. The fear caused by my withholding of future attacks makes them fear for their lives."

"SEE, ANUBIS?" English smirks. "THESE MORTALS ARE CAPABLE OF NOTHING BUT SERVITUDE. LEFT TO THEIR OWN CAPABILITIES. THEY. WILL. COWER. AT. EVERYTHING."

Anubis laughs, "HAH. SO YOU BELIEVE. WHAT MAKES YOU SO CERTAIN THAT THEY ARE NOT LURING YOU ALL INTO A TRAP?"

Shadre laughs as well, though, Anubis can tell from the look in her eyes, oh, she is CONSIDERING the possibility now. "Surely they are not capable of such a thing. We clowns of Alternia have pierced their minds so often and frequently that their nightmares are our entertainment. They keep no secrets from our spies... however, just in case, I will send a warning message." She smirks. "It has been a time since my Lover has had a chance to stretch his legs and give a thorough bashing to the common folk."

Anubis considers it all, then says, "VERY WELL. IF YOU INSIST THAT THIS IS NOT A PROBLEM... I WILL HOLD GROUND UNTIL THE SUPERGATE ARRIVES." And with that, he disconnects the communication, and growls to himself, "THOSE FOOLS!!"

Chapter End Notes

A Series of Unfortunate Events- one of my favorite book series as a kid. I had to give a small nod to it here, even if they don't show up again later. We'll see, though.

In other news- Friendsim! How curious... if only they'd started with THIS and delivered it during the Troll Call. Now I feel worried that I'll have horribly miss characterized certain Trolls. Well, atleast they're starting with ones that don't matter to SG:Alternia that much.
Chapter Summary

A confrontation in SPACE.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**EARTH DATE: FEBRUARY 17TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 8/20/0002.**

**307 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (MATH SECURED UNLESS SOME LARGE CHUNKS ESCAPE THE ANTI GRAVITY FIELDS!)**

The girl who called herself Echidnha but was really named Shadre could NOT get in contact with her beloved Kiriha at all.

He was unreachable. He was un-findable. All of the Goa'uld ships sent to that planet just could not be reached either.

This was bad.

This was REALLY. REALLY. Bad.

The water collecting operation to make more FAYGO SODA had failed in some way.

Damn it all.

"How did things go so wrong?" She rhetorically asks.

Unfortunately for Shadre, she wouldn't get much time to mull over how things went so horribly, horribly wrong. For at that moment, at the Supergate she and her forces were guarding, things were about to get incredibly dicey.

Suddenly, a fleet of ships emerged from Hyperspace. Astro Mega and Delta Mega lead the charge, with a full squadron of Alternian Cruisers painted up in the Rebellion's Colors and quite a few ships of the Cla'dian fleet's standard design.

Shadre's fleet of Reaver ships, Goa'uld vessels, and Carapacian ships stalled for a few seconds, unsure exactly of what to do. And in that span of a few seconds, the Rebellion's ships opened fire.

The battle had begun.
Polypa Goeze, dressed up in a fuck ton of unnecessary bandages covered in blood stains, sharpened a rather large butcher's knife against another equally large butcher's knife.

**SNNNNKHT!**

"You'll never make me talk!" Kiriha Aonuma growls from his restrained place in the infirmary bed. "My mind is an IRON TRAP! Nothing can get me to spill my secrets to the likes of you rebels!"

**SNNNNNKHT!**

"Duuuuude," Trizza Tethis counters from her bed next to him, sounding as if she were drugged out of her mind. "I was telling them that for MONTHS! Then they cut my leg off! The painkillers are the BEST, maan."

**SNNNNNNNNKKHHT!!**

Kiriha glances at the former Heiress, then glares at Polypa, and asks, neigh, demands, "Did you do that!?"

"What do you think I'm sharpening these for?" She asks, rhetorically, while dragging one blade against the other. **SNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKHHT!** "Hmm... Trizza, what do you think I should start with? An Ear? Easy to reattach and cut off again and again. Maybe a Horn. Those grow back fast and no need for... reattachment."

"Nah," Trizza giggles like a girl on a high. "I say go between the legs!"

"Wha- NO! Anything but that!!" Kiriha yelps. "What do you even want!? I'll tell you anything!"

Though the bandages on her face obscured it greatly, Polypa grinned. "I'm glad we could come to a reasonable agreement, Mister Aonuma. Now then... Tell me where the second Supergate is going?"

"The- The what?" Kiriha gasps, shocked that she would ask such a specific question.

"She asked ya where the second Super Gate is going!" Trizza chimes in.

"See, we already know where the one in our galaxy is," Polypa says, "and we have ships en-route right now. What we want to know is where you're sending the SECOND one."

"How did you-?" Kiriha pauses- "Wait. No. That crystal tray that fish-faced four eyed traitor was carrying when they dragged me to the Stargate! You- You stole our secrets from it!"

"Mmmhm!" Polypa nods, sagely, as she grinds the two knives together again. **SNNNNKHHHT!** "Everything you held private, we now know. Except for one thing."

"Where is the second Supergate?" And then Trizza is leaping across the beds, grinning dangerously into Kiriha's face. "Tell us! Tell us, Kiriha! Where's the Second Supergate going?"

"I- No! I'll never talk! I'll- I'd rather-!"

**SNNNNKHKHT!**

"Maybe I should start with the toes instead? Work my way up the legs from there?" Polypa asks.
"See, I've got all day to do this. You? You don't have much leeway except in telling us what we want to know."

"Ne-Never! I'll-

**SNNNNNNKHHHHHHHT!**

Kiriha gulps.

"Tell us, where is the Second Supergate going? We need exact coordinates now," Polypa says.

"Aaaand he's spilled," Boldir Lamati grins as she finishes tapping down the last of the COORDINATES that were rattling around inside Kiriha Aonuma's head. "He just doesn't know it yet."

"I've said it once, and I'll say it again," Mierfa Durgas says as she takes the sheet of paper as Boldir hands it to her. "Mind powers are over powered as hell."

"Eh?" Boldir gives her a weird look. "Since when did you say that before?"

"I dunno, I just thought it sounded good just now," Mierfa shrugs, then looks through the camera feed into the infirmary. "Trizza's really getting into the act, isn't she?"

"Oh, yeah. It's disconcerting how she finds tormenting this guy so much more fun payback than actually cutting anything off of him in retaliation for losing her leg to a clown with a weird dimensional sword," Boldir confirms.

"Oh well," Mierfa shakes her head. "Time to go message Stargate command."

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From Shadre's position, the fight was going about as well as could be expected. That is to say, as an ambush/sneak attack, it was NOT going in her favor.

The surprise assault had lead to a fair portion of the Reaver ships being exploded in the first salvo. And while the Carapacian ships took a defensive position to soak up all of the incoming attacks (Because HELL were those some strong ass shields), Shadre gave the order: "FLEET WIDE: ANY AVAILABLE SHIPS: SECURE THE SUPERGATE AND PREPARE TO JUMP TO LIGHTSPEED!"

And so as whatever ships were available moved to do just that, Shadre ran to the communications room on her ship and sent a distress signal across the universe to two other Galaxies.

No immediate replies were expected or received, but that was just fine.

"The Rebels have found us!" Shadre broadcast. "They're attacking my forces guarding the Supergate! We'll be escaping to Lightspeed as soon as we've secured the Gate!!"

Shit, and this mean that all the other hiding places were likely compromised too. Damn it all. Damn it
damn it damn it!!

By the time Shadre made it back to the bridge, one of the Rebel's ships were hailing her flagship, calling for her by NAME.


Reluctantly, she let it go through.

And then the smirking face of that human-turned troll appears, and JOEY CLAIRE speaks, "To Shadre, beheader of Apophis, and leader of the Dark Carnival. We have your fleet on the ropes. Surrender NOW or forever be turned to ashes."

If there was any response Shadre would have given on instinct, it was "HELL NO!"

As it was, she needed to stall for time.

"Funny, I was going to ask you the same thing," Shadre counters. "Tell me, what were YOUR terms? Perhaps we were both on the same line of thought."

"You give yourselves up, and surrender the Supergate to the Rebellion," Joey answers. "Your forces will STOP trying to conquer the galaxy and-"

"No." Shadre scowls. "Oh HELL no, do you even hear how WORDY you sound!?" She laughs. "How... How Preachy!?" She laughs again. "Oh- Oh wow. No. Here's MY terms and conditions. You surrender now to a nice peaceful, instant DEATH."

"Fine." Joey remarks. "I'm giving you one more chance to surrender. Otherwise? It's your funeral, then."

"You're way too fucking confident for that paltry amount of ships!" Shadre laughs. "You and WHAT ARMY are going to stop MY FORCES!!"

And then Another Fucking Megaship exited hyperspace. It was longer from nose to stern, and as wide from wingtip to wingtip as the Astro and Delta Megaships parked side by side.

Its angular head was painted in violet to look like the head of some kind of sea creature, and it- Oh of all the insults to proper ship design- it had glowing green eyes.

"I brought a Sovereign Slayer," Joey smirks. "What cards are in your pocket?"

And then someone yells out a fleet wide communication to CLEAR THE FUCK OUT OF THE SUPERGATE'S PATH, because, oh, it seems SOMEONE got Shadre's message.

Shadre smirks in return- "I draw the wild card."

Your name is Joey Claire and you're wishing you'd not opened your big mouth.

"This is Slayer to Astro," Karkat's voice radios over. "Terezi says we should fire on the Gate as soon
as it opens with the primary canon before anything can get through."

"Yeah, go ahead," you say. "If that's what Terezi's seeing we need to do, then fucking DO IT!"

"Right! Charging Cannon!" Karkat reports.

Computer monitors show the Sovereign Slayer's primary weapon charges up and the "Mouth" of the thing's head opens up, revealing a bright purple glow from within.

Everyone in Shadre's forces clear out of the path of the SUPERGATE as a massive arc of electricity spins across its internal ring and then- you don't hear it in reality, but your mind fills in an ungodly loud KAWOOOOOOSH as the Supergate activates.

"AND FIRE!"

What you DO HEAR is the super loud, bellowing sound of ZYUUUUUUOOOOON as the Sovereign Slayer's cannon, held directly above you, lets loose a massive beam of glowing purple energy straight into the Stargate's eventhorizon.

In the seconds that follow, Shadre's combined forces all jump to hyperspace, leaving the Supergate behind, apparently not wanting to stick around and see what happens next.

The Wormhole flickers- and boy does it flicker some more- and then some Alien Ship tries to exit the eventhorizon and gets utterly DESTROYED by emerging into the concentrated stream of energy targeting the Supergate. Another ship tries to come through moments later, suffering the same fate. And then another, to the same dead end.

As the Sovereign Slayer finishes discharging it's energy attack, no other ships attempt to come through. Not even after a minute of tense waiting when finally, the Supergate shuts down mere seconds later with a lurch that seems to have been MUCH too abrupt to have been a natural shutdown.

From the debris floating in front of the now inactive Supergate, it looks like the enemy that tried to come through were made up of those ships from the Summoner's time, except with hulls painted bright green. If there were any more coming through the wormhole after the first wave emerged, none of the others made it through.

You take a breath to assess the situation, and then ask, "Callie, Tyzias, did it work?"

There's a long pause as Tyzias types at a console next to you, and from over on the Delta, Callie finally replies, "I... I think it did. The energy readings we received from the wormhole just before it shut down indicates that the Slayer's cannon's caused a rapid buildup of energy within the eventhorizon of the Supergate on the other side of the connection, as designed, and then terminated fatally."

"So we blew up their Supergate?" You ask.

Tyzias nods. "We blew up their Supergate."

"Remind me to thank Ganos Lal for suggesting the weapon design when we get back to Diaspora," you sigh in relief. "The Attero Accelerator Canon did exactly what she said it would."
Meanwhile, in another Galaxy, far, far away, the one known as LORD ENGLISH stared at the massive burning fireball presently being sucked into the grip of the nearby Blackhole, and wondered... just what the hell happened?

He'd dialed Alternia's Galaxy and started sending ships through even despite the slightly unstable looking connection, then...

Then his SUPERGATE had just decided to EXPLODE right as the fifth ship was about to go through.

It exploded for no good reason.

Lord English scowled, suspecting that Shadre's Supergate design had been faulty and caused all of the problems sourcing from her end of the equation.

"ORDER A NEW SUPERGATE TO BE CONSTRUCTED," he growls. "THIS SETBACK. IS JUST A MERE... UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT. AND SOMEONE SEND A MESSAGE TO SHADRE. IF SHE IS STILL ALIVE THAT IS."

"What message, my Lord?" a Green colored man who skin had the texture of felt inquires.

"FIX YOUR SUPERGATE BEFORE NEXT DIAL IN," Lord English growls. "OR. YOU. ARE. NEXT."

Chapter End Notes

Oh, yeah. That's right. Ganos Lal remembered THAT little failure of Janus' technology and decided it was worth a shot at re-purposing into something a bit more... D1SCR1M1N4NT. >;]
"Hello, Miss, I was told you didn't want to use your name in this interview?"

"Is an Alias acceptable?"

"Of course, Miss...?"

"Morgan La Fay."

"Miss Morgan, then. Alright. Thank you for consenting to an interview."

"I feel it's time to set the record straight on certain things."

"Naturally, naturally. My sources tell me you're a former Ascended Being?"

"Yes, I Descended to investigate the machinations of Anubis in the mortal realm, and if possible, to forestall his actions regarding a certain illegal hybrid child."

"How did that work out?"

"Fairly well, considering current circumstances."

"Anubis is quite a problem right now, according to others. Any regrets on that?"

"My mission wasn't to put an end to him entirely. That job fell to other people. I was purely supposed to be investigation with only a small amount of actual intervention."

"Why?"

"If I'd known what the Others were going to allow so shortly there after, I might have petitioned to get more directly involved, and done something stupider- such as getting myself killed in some suicidal blaze of glory. And if I'd done that, well, I wouldn't have been able to help with events that would soon follow."

"Such as the Attero Cannon?"

"Now who told you about that?"

"I have my sources."

"I suppose I should give you some backstory, then."

"I suppose so. What can you tell us?"

"Thousands and thousands of years ago, in a long off distant Galaxy before me and my people Ascended, we fought against an enemy of, admittedly, our own creation. They spread like a plague,
and so one of our own—Janus—designed a weapon to stop their movement. He called it the Attero device. It worked—it destroyed their ships anywhere in the galaxy—but at a cost. A side effect none of us saw coming."

"It also exploded Stargates?"

"It also exploded Stargates. We shut the project down immediately there after, and most of us committed the treasonous energy pattern to memory so as to avoid using it in other projects in the future... of course, with the problems in the Alternian Galaxy at that time, I came to the decision that it was more prudent to allow a limited, more directed version of the device to come back into existence."

"And the device Anubis used a month after that first test run-?"

"Ah. Yes. THAT little project. Very similar in concept to the Attero Cannon, but it worked on a whole different principle."

"Can you explain?"

"Sorry, even if that weren't classified, there's no way I'd intentionally let that knowledge be let out into the open for just anyone to pick it up. I'm sure you can understand."

"Of course. Definitely... Ah, what can you tell me about that incident, that isn't classified?"

"Oh, I can tell you how impressed I was at the design work on the F-302s. Making Stargate capable ships with wings is SUCH a problem. And the problem solving required to get the Hyperdrive running? Heheh. Oh, sure the Alternian version is smaller and faster and more compact, but they've had thousands of years of ship building to work off of, and even then, their version of the 302 is based off of Major Carter's designs. To see a race come up from basic starting levels of ship building to a hyperspace capable fighter within a few years? It's incredible."

"Anything else?"

"I can talk about Jonas Quinn."

Chapter End Notes

Next episode: SG1:06X01: Redemption (Part 1)
SG1:06X01: Redemption (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

Anubis opens season 6 with a strong left hook.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 9/6/0002.

290 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (THAT MATH IS *SO* SECURE! MIGHT AS WELL BE LOCKED UP IN FT. KNOX.)

Your name is GEORGE HAMMOND, and you make your way down to the Control Room after receiving a call from AREA 51. "Walter!" you call out. "When SG-1 returns from their mission to P2X-374, tell Major Carter that a call came in for her and to-

You don't finish the sentence, because the Stargate starts dialing in.

WAA WAA KAWOOSH!

Walter, sitting at his chair, reports, "SG-1's IDC, and a code Red."

"Open the Iris," you say, and then head down to the Gate room in the process.

"MEDICAL TEAM TO THE GATE ROOM!" Walter's voice echoes out in the meanwhile.

You arrive in the Gate Room just as SG-1 comes stumbling through the gate with PRIMAL SPEARS flying through it after them, before the Iris is finally closed.

"NEXT!" Colonel O'neill, supported by Teal'c, gripes as he's brought down to to the end of the ramp and then carried out of the Gate room to the infirmary.

"Ow!" the unfortunate Captain Hagman yelps as Carter helps rip a small dart out from his rear end. "It looks like... some mime mof... mranmrllmyzr zrrr..."

And then he collapses on the ramp as the Stargate finally shuts down.

You pick up a spear off of the ground, and look to Carter, and ask, "I take it we should Blacklist P2X-374?"

"Mark it as Unfriendly and Primitive, Sir," Carter shakes her head, even as some medical officers enter the room and come take a look at the unfortunate Captain lying unconscious on the ramp.
"And Captain Hagman's to be reassigned?" You ask.

"Oh, yeah," Carter's hasty nod is all the confirmation you need.

You turn to leave, only to remember, "Oh! By the way, Major Carter. You received a call from Area 51 this morning."

"Oh?" Carter asks.

"They said it's done."

Carter and Jolinar both show obvious signs of excitement- Carter smiling, and Jolinar allowing a gratuitous eye flash. "Awesome."

---Stargate SG-1---

Your name is Jonas Quinn, and you. LOVE. The Weather Channel. Especially with the stylings of Earth's "Classical Music" played over it. There's just something so... So...

ENTHRALLING about the whole concept of predicting the future through the weather, AND having smooth sounding music playing with it!

You've spent the last THREE MONTHS studying EVERYTHING there is in Doctor Jackson's old office- which used to be SKAARA'S OFFICE, and has, in recent days even before your arrival, been shared with JAKE HARLEY, who used to have his own office elsewhere, but his son JUDE seems to have taken it over as his own.

And BOY is there a story behind that, that you've been slowly piecing together over the months.

"Hey, Jonas? You got a second?" There's a knock at the door, and you look up to see Major Carter standing there.

"Yes, definitely, Major Carter," you say, hastily going to turn off the radio, and then the Television, "Oh- I heard about what happened on P2X-374. Is Colonel O'neill going to be alright?"

"Just a sprained ligament," Major Carter says, entering the room. "Frasier says he'll be fine in a few days. We're off mission roster until then, though."

"That's good to hear," you say. "What did you want to talk about?"

"Ah..." She pauses. "Were you watching the Weather Channel?"

"It's predicting the future through the weather," you say. "I know there are people out there who are psychic and can predict the future, but- to do it without that crutch? To do it based solely on technology? It's amazing! We never really had anything like that on my planet."

"Speaking of planets," Major Carter says. "Remember how you said you wanted to be kept informed
of any developments with the Naquadria you gave us?"

"Yeah?" You ask.

"One of the projects we've been developing has finished ahead of schedule, and I figured, you're probably bored of being on the base and could use a trip to the surface?" Major Carter offers.

"I haven't been bored," you smile. "There's so much history to catch up on, how could I ever be bored? But!" You raise a finger, "I will admit that I could probably use the sunlight. I don't think I've spent this long indoors for so long since my, uh, I believe the earth equivalent is 'high school cram days'?"

"Right," Major Carter smiles. "Anyways. Pack your bags. We're heading to Area 51."

"I'll get right on that," you say, and watch as she turns to leave. "Oh! Wait. One question, Major."

"Yeah?" Major Carter pauses at the door.

"How do I know what color to wear?" you ask, referring to her uniform color.

"We call each other every morning," Carter answers. "One hint: it generally depends on the mission we'll be having during the day. I'll leave the rest to you to figure out," she smiles mysteriously, and then leaves.

Right. So, Area 51... in the desert, if you remember your earth lore right, so...

Desert Camo colors it is!

Your name is JACK O'NEILL, and you frown as you hear arguing from Hammond's office.

"And all I am saying, General Hammond," comes the gruff, familiarly annoying voice of COLONEL CHEKOV... or was it CHECKOV? Eh. You'll play it safe and use CHEKOV. It's more Alternian Trollish that way anyways. "SG-1 needs a fourth team member. Russia wants a front line explorer. We have two people SG-1 has worked with before. It simply makes sense to fill the missing slot with either one of them."

Hammond spots you lurking outside his office as you quickly try to abscond away- "Ah! Just the man of the hour. Colonel O'neill!"

D'OH.

"Yeeess, General?" you ask, turning around on your sore leg and entering the office.

"You remember Colonel Chekov," Hammond says, and you still don't have any idea if he actually said CHECKOV or CHEKOV.

"Of course I do, Sir," you say. "To what do we owe the pleasure?" You try to keep the edge out of your voice.
"As a symbol of our Joint Efforts, we feel that a Russian Officer should be placed on SG-1," Chekov says and you were hoping he'd say something else other than that.

"Over my rotting corpse, Sir," your mouth gets ahead of your brain. And ooh, Chekov's glare is fiiiierce today. You quickly counter with, "Sorry, did I say that out loud? With all due respect, of course. I have very strict criteria for who I'd trust with my life and the lives of Carter and Teal'c in the field. Nobody has met them yet."

"Of course, we're well aware of your 'criteria,'" Chekov says. "That is why I was suggesting promoting people you have worked with before to SG-1."

"...Who?" You ask, trying not to grimace.

"One is Doctor Svetlana Markova," Chekov says.

AH. The Watergate lady...

"And the other?" You ask.

"Lieutenant Tolineva."

...The girl you had to rescue from being poisoned to death because of a freaky alien.

"I'll consider it, General, Colonel," you say, "but I'm pretty sure my answer will be 'Bite Me.'"

"That's the best I'll get for now, I suppose," Chekov says, and turns to leave and- Ah, you DID have it right. His Nametag DOES read "CHEKOV."

You look to Hammond as the Russian Ambassador leaves, and ask, "Pushy, aren't they?"

"Believe it or not, they're insisting we hand over any blueprints of the X-303 class once we've finalized designs," Hammond shakes his head. "Look, Jack. With Daniel Jackson off doing whatever it is he's doing in the Ascended Plane full time now, I cannot keep the fourth slot on SG-1 open forever."

"I believe the term is 'skirmishing', Sir," you say. "And who says we HAVE to have four team members all the time?"

"Nobody," Hammond says, "but Doctor Jackson, and Skaara before him both provided excellent counterpoints of logic- a civilian perspective that SG-1 currently lacks. I feel like SG-1 has been offbalance the last few months. It's my hope that whatever criteria you have for a fourth team member will be met soon, otherwise I AM going to have to assign someone permanently to the team."

"I understand that sir, but everyone else you've chosen so far for this assignment has been..." You struggle to find the words. "Just plain lacking, sir."

"Lacking in what exactly?" Hammond asks.

"A lot of things, should I start most recently and work my way backwards?" You inquire.

"Just summarize it, please," Hammond says.
"Alright, fine," you say. "First and foremost, despite being so 'smart' in their various fields, a lot of the candidates you've chosen have been really, really dumb where it matters most."

"Like?" Hammond asks.

"Captain Hagman?" You scoff. "The idiot thought the locals were offering a Peace Pipe to smoke and pretty much started the whole fight that hurt my leg! He got the language right but not the intent behind the cultural offering."

"Taking the peace pipe ends up being a declaration of war," Hammond concedes. "Okay."

"Doctor Blackwood explicitly touched the very dangerous glowing object he'd JUST finished translating the sign on it as saying 'do not touch under penalty of death.' While saying 'well that can't be right!'" You continue.

"He didn't die," Hammond reminds you. "It was a mistranslated warning."

"No, but he sure wished he did after it turned him into a talking CAT for six days straight," you remind in turn. "And need I remind you it wasn't cat-human-like, like Rose or Argo, Sir. He straight up got turned into a freaking House Cat."

"...Fair enough," Hammond says.

"And need I remind you of Lieutenant Leeroy Jenkins, Sir?" You ask, and Hammond shudders in memory of the incident.

"No," Hammond sighs. "Look, Jack. SG-1 is off duty until your leg heals. When you get back from Area 51, find someone you can work with. I mean it."

"Alright," you say. "I'll think on it."

You're now JOLINAR, hours later, as SG-1 Plus Jonas Quinn arrives at a hangar in Area Fifty One.

"Good choice on the color," O'neill remarks on Jonas' choosing of the desert camo uniform as you get out of the car that took you here from the airport.

"Thanks," the man smiles, looking every bit the part of the missing teammember SG-1 has needed.

You feel Sam blatantly trying to ignore it, for whatever reason, so you shove the thought at her a bit more like a young child trying to hand their parent the part they need to finish repairing a cargoship's hyperdrive and being told it's not the right piece.

"Major Carter!" Doctor Larry Murphy walks up to SG-1, "And SG-1! Wow! What a honor!"

"Doctor Murphy, this is Colonel O'Neill, Teal'c, and Jonas Quinn, who got us the Naquadria we've been working with," Sam handles the introductions.

"A pleasure to meet you!" Doctor Murphy says, shaking hands with everyone.

"So, what's this project we've been oh so anxiously been invited to see?" O'neill asks.
"Oh, you're in for a real treat!" And with that, Murphy leads you into the hanger.

"Presenting, the Prototypical X-302 Fighter Interceptor," Carter introduces.

"Oh. HELL no!" O'neill says as he stares up at the sleek, silver design of the X-302, then, he runs up to the stair ramp to the cockpit like an excited child. Teal'c goes to investigate the under carriage, and Jonas sort of hovers before taking a walk around the entire perimeter.

Sam is just content to stare at the design, taking it all in, before going on to explain, "Unlike the X-301 which was just a converted Death Glider, the 302 is built entirely with earth based materials, even if some of the designed features are copied Goa'uld technology or pieces of Alternian Technology."

"Alternian?" Jonas turns to look at you, not quite recognizing the word. "I guess I haven't caught up with everything yet. What about this is Alternian? It looks like a Death Glider except... slimmer, I guess?"

You roll your actual eyes within your real body for a moment, as Sam explains, "A while ago, I lent the prototype blueprints to Alternia, and one of their ship building allies. They built a much smaller prototype which fit more to their specifications, but it came with some interesting design choies we were able to copy over."

"Like the ability to make the wings vanish at will without disassembly," Doctor Murphy says. "Ease of Gate Travel is now also a possibility."

"Or the inclusion of a Hyperdrive," Carter adds.

"A hyperdrive?" Teal'c, with his back to you as he stares up at the under canopy, seems to tense in surprise. "Even Death Gliders are unable to house such technology."

"Goa'uld hyperdrives are much too large, yes," Sam says, "but using the miniaturized prototype hyperdrive in the Alternian version of the 302 as a base to stand on, we were able to design our own, even more slimmer version of a Hyperdrive using Naquadria as a power source, which gave us room for other features."

"Like...?" O'neill looks up from the cockpit, a gleam in his eyes.

"Like increased fuel tank reserves for the rocker booster for use in space," Sam elaborates, "and the inclusion of force shields the Death Gliders and X-301 never had."

"So... the Naquadria powers the Hyperdrive?" Jonas asks.

"We couldn't refine Naquadah sharply enough to make our version work like the Alternian Hyperdrives do," Sam explains. "And since the ship builder who did their version of the 302 wants to keep how they refine it so sharply a trade secret, we were almost going to scrap it until you brought us the Naquadria."

"Awesome," Jonas says. "So when's the first test flight?"

"We've already given it flight tests this morning," Doctor Murphy says. "We're still a few weeks away from hyperspace testing, though. The hyperdrive has some, uh, power draw issues. Namely
simulations show it giving us way too much power in the long distance bursts and overshooting the
destination at best, being destroyed mid-transit at worst."

"Right," Jonas says. "The Naquadria core would have inherent instability problems given the nature
of the element. Have you tried running it for shorter bursts?"

"Well, yes, but simulations show that we'd fail to get anywhere quickly if we ran it in short bursts,"
Doctor Murphy says. "Why, doing it that way it'd take weeks just to reach Abydos. Stargate
transport would be faster."

"Which is why you designed it with disappearing wings to go through a Stargate," Jonas deduces.
"A ship like this doesn't really need to go long hyperspace distances unless it's an emergency. The
Stargate would always be more quicker and efficient. For a ship this small, in combat I can't see the
hyperdrive as anything more than an extra thing that's ready to explode if it's hit wrong."

"Yeah," O'neill says. "I agree with the new guy here. I like hyperspace, but is it possible to make that
part... I dunno, modular? So we Don't Explode when fighting people?"

"New Guy?" Jonas mutters in confusion, then shrugs and accepts it. You smile inwardly. O'neill is
warming up to Jonas. Good. Good!

"We could always re-purpose the wing storage modules to store the hyperdrive when in combat to
prevent an explosion like that," Sam muses.

"I'll get on it," Murphy says, and heads off to do just that.

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**EARTH DATE: MARCH 7TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 9/7/0002.**

**289 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (MURPHY'S LAW APPLICABLE.)**

Your name is Janet Fraiser, and you'd be wondering why Cassandra is prepping you, herself, and
Jude, for an offworld medical emergency that hasn't happened yet if you hadn't gotten used to your
daughter knowing what actions lead to a bad end.

You've asked "Where are we going?" but Cassie doesn't know yet. Sometimes the "bad vibes" just
aren't specific enough.

And then the Stargate started dialing in with an incoming wormhole.

"You seem concerned over something, Colonel O'neill," you are now Teal'c, and you observe
Colonel O'neill's grimacing expression as he sits down at the cafeteria table you're sitting at with an
arm full of binders rather than a tray full of food.

"Hammond thinks we need a nerd to offset our inherent coolness," O'neill says. "And if I don't
choose someone myself, then Chekov beams a Russian over."
"I see," you muse. "Have you considered Jonas Quinn?"

"Jonas?" O'neill blinks. "Why?"

"He has expressed interest in joining the fight against the Goa'uld," you say.

"Really now," O'neill muses on it. "When did he say this exactly?"

"This morning while we were boxing," You inform him.

"Ah," O'neill muses. "How did he do on that, out of curiosity?"

"I knocked him down several times," you report. "And each time he got back up to his feet within seconds."

"You must've been going easy on him," O'neill says.

"I was not," you inform him, ignoring the sounds of the incoming traveler alarm going through the base.

"...Hrm," O'neill frowns. "You know, on the one hand, some small, tiny part of me wants to say 'no' because he's an alien, but then there's you for a counter example of why that doesn't matter." You nod in acceptance of that fact. "A slightly larger part wants to say 'hell no' because he was there when Daniel got himself killed and he didn't do anything- BUT," he says, glancing at you when you open your mouth to interject. "But I know that's just me being pety. I know Jonas hates that he did that just as much as I hate it."

"Are there any reasons that you would not like him for the position?" You ask.

"...He smiles too much," O'neill says. "Not sure what it is, but he smiles way too damn much. I've thought that since we first met him."

You consider Jonas' possible reasons for doing such, and are about to say something when Walter's voice cuts into the room- "Teal'c to the Gate Room, Immediately!"

"What now?" O'neill frowns.

"What Now" would turn out to be Master Bra'tac coming through the Stargate to inform you that your wife was sick and dying, and that she'd both stubbornly refused to receive a new symbiote or request medical attention from the SGC OR the local doctors, or have you informed at all.

"What Now" would end up being you, Doctor Fraiser, Jude and Cassandra following him back to Chu'lkak to hopefully save her life.

"What Now" would be arriving just in time for Janet to try to save your wife from the brink of death... and fail.

"What Now" would be your son blaming you for your wife's- his mother's death, and storming off into the the forest to mourn.

"What Now" would be Cassandra feeling as if there was still some disaster that she needed to
prevent.

"What Now?" Colonel O'neill had asked. Now you must prepare for her funeral, and figure out where to go from here with your son.

But as you began preparations... another "What Now" would surface as Doctor Fraiser tried to return to the SGC.

The Stargate refused to connect, and continued to do so even past a full 38 minutes of a potentially long established connection.

Something had gone wrong, and by sheer luck, you had managed to get on the outside of it... For now, though, you will leave that problem to Jude and Cassandra, and will focus on tending towards your family matters. When you're given something to punch, then you'll be all too happy to punch it.

Your name is Samantha Carter, and as the Stargate remains active for the 42nd consecutive minute, you feel a warm breeze in the control room just a moment before you hear Orlin speak up with, "Oh no."

"Orlin!" you get up from your chair and turn around to face the Ascended man who just appeared infront of everyone.

"Hello, Sam," Orlin barely even recognizes your presence, instead staring at the Stargate. "It seems I ended up being too late to do anything."

"We should talk with Hammond," you say, and then you two hurry up to the Conference room, where various scientists, Doctor Mckay included, are still setting up a command center to work on the problem.

"Major Carter," Hammond does a double take. "And Orlin? I thought Doctor Jackson's next 'letter' wasn't supposed to be due for another few days?"

"It wasn't," Orlin says, "but then a man called Janus noticed a large spike of low wave transient energy traveling through a wormhole, and grew concerned due to how similar it was to an accidental side-effect of an invention of his. Doctor Jackson had me go investigate while he dealt with other things and... It seems we noticed far too late."

"Yeah, we picked up on the low wave energy pattern already," Mckay chimes in. "Any idea what it's doing beyond keeping the door open?"

"Have you checked if the Stargate's charge buffers are increasing in carried load?" Orlin asks.

"I was actually doing that right when you showed up," you say, going over to a computer and bringing up the readout. "The report should be ready any second..."

Oh.

"Uh oh," Jolinar remarks.
"That's not a happy sounding 'uhoh,'" Mckay says.

"That's because it's not," you say. "The Stargate's energy buffer is gradually building up a charge it can't get rid of because the Stargate it still active. Atleast point one percent a minute since the connection was first made." You frown. "I'll need to run some calculations, but it looks like the Iris is slowing the buildup."

Orlin looks over the numbers by peering over your shoulder, and he sighs. "It's just as Janus feared. Someone's rebuilt one of his old experiments."

"What exactly are we dealing with here?" You ask Orlin.

"It's a directly targeted energy weapon designed to overload a Stargate's superconductive materials over an extended period of time," Orlin answers. "Unlike the Attero Device, which caused a rapid build up of energy within the eventhorizon itself. The idea was to take the accidental power of the Attero Device and make it controlable, as a threat to be directed at Goa'uld who refused to co-operate... but for reasons Janus neglected to inform me of, the project ended up being canceled and scraped."

"So, slow build up to big boom versus quick build up to big boom, right?" Roxy Lalonde asks.

"Basically, yes." Orlin frowns.

"So, how do we stop this?" Hammond asks.

"I am unsure, Orlin says. "For sure, stopping it at its source would do the trick. I can try back tracing the wormhole to the origin planet, but it will take me time to get there. Time we may not have. Even for an Ascended Being, a vast distance is still a vast distance."

"Let me guess," Mckay chimes in, "it'd be faster to use the Stargate?"

"Indeed, it would," Orlin then looks at you and says, "my apologies, I'll be going now. Time is of the essence."

And then with a woosh of warm air and a brief pulse of white light, Orlin has vanished again.

For a moment, there's silence...

Then: "**Or hyperspace,**" Jolinar says, an idea wriggling from her mind into yours. "**While Orlin is tracking the wormhole back to its origin point, if we can get the X-302's hyperdrive working properly, we can make a short jump to Abydos, use its Stargate, and contact the Asgard through the Ktau Hall.**"

"Do you think the Asgard could even help," Hammond asks, "especially given the troubles they had with fighting Anubis's ship?"

"They need to know, at the very least, Sir," you say. "Even if they can't do anything between the Replicators or Anubis... They need to know. I'd be willing to put good money on this being another attack from some Goa'uld, if not Anubis."

"Get on it, then," Hammond says. "I want the X-302 on route to Abydos as soon as possible." He
turns to leave, pauses, then says, "And SOMEONE figure out how long we have until the Stargate explodes! I don't want us to be holding a live grenade for any longer than absolutely necessary!"

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DIASPORA DATE: 9/8/0002.

288 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (IT'S MATH CRUNCHING TIME... FOR SOMEBODY ELSE ENTIRELY AND NOT AT ALL RELATED TO THE ALTERNIAN EVACUATION.)

64:23 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION. (OH BOY, ANOTHER TIMER!)

You're once again Jolinar, and as you sift over the various data programs and data paths and everything that you'll need to get the X-302's Naquadria hyperdrive to play nice, your host is taking a POWER NAP- or as close to one as she can while you're working on the problem for her.

Sometimes, you wonder if Sam didn't have you around to help keep her body in working order, how she'd survive without you? Regardless, she thought it might help with this current Naquadria calculation.

"Major Carter?" And then there's Jonas knocking at the door with wonderful timing, considering the question on the math you needed answering.

"Sorry, Jonas," you say, "she's taking a quick nap at the moment. Is there something I can help you with? If so, may I propose a trade of assistance?"

"Uh, sure, Jolinar, wasn't it?" Jonas asks, entering Sam's office with an awkward smile plastered on his face.

"Yes, it is," You say. "We're stuck on some math regarding the Naquadria. I'm trying to figure out how many short bursts it would take to reach Abydos if we run with fewest short length bursts possible."

"Give me a second to read this and I'll think it over while we talk," Jonas says, then does such, finishing much faster than you'd have thought possible. "So assuming the Naquadria behaves consistently..." He mutters, then says, "Anyways, so, I was coming to check in on how things were going. I guess this answers that question."

"Is there anything else you wanted to talk about?" You ask.

"...Is Major Carter listening in right now?" he asks.

"No, she's asleep right now, though I can relay any messages or try to wake her up if-"

"No, that's fine," he raises a hand, interjecting. "I... I was wondering what you'd both think if I asked General Hammond if it would be alright for me to Join SG-1?"
And there's the words you were hoping to hear.

You smile, and say, "Personally, I think it's a great idea. Sam is... she's still reeling from Doctor Jackson's death, but more so, I think, from Skaara's earlier sudden resignation. That kind of team bond so suddenly broken, it's a hard wound to heal, especially after the replacement person then leaves under similar circumstances that are hard to place the emotions of." You sigh. "And THEN with the recent cascade of horrible replacements..."

"So... it'll be harder for me to prove my worth to them given everything that they've been through recently," Jonas summarizes. "I kind of figured that would be the answer."

"Don't let it discourage you, though," you say. "I think you're just the missing piece SG-1 needs, and while Sam will probably deny it, I think she's slowly coming around to the idea. Have you spoken with Teal'c or Colonel O'neill?"

"Teal'c seemed to approve," Jonas smiles, then gets a confused look on his face for a moment. "Or at least, I think that's what his facial expressions were saying? Teal'c is a hard man to read sometimes."

"That he is," you agree, smiling.

"All he did was nod and hum slightly and told me to ask Major Carter and Colonel O'neill," Jonas continues.

"Ah, yes, that would be approval of the idea, I think," you muse. "Which brings us back to you coming to talk to Sam and I, yes?"

"Yup," Jonas nods, and smiles. "And here I am."

"Here you are," you say.

"As for Colonel O'neill, I..." Jonas works his jaw for a moment. "I feel like he doesn't really like me all that much? But I suppose that's not unexpected considering the circumstances." He smiles, but it doesn't reach his eyes.

"Yes, I'd say it's either to do with you being part of why Daniel died, or..." you muse, looking over Jonas as he enters a sort of idle stance. There's that smile still, and he's posed as if he's generally sort of eager and enthusiastic, but... ah. "Or perhaps more it's the general air of cheerfulness you present at all times?"

"Huh?" Jonas blinks. "What?"

"You smile a lot, even when your heart isn't behind it," you note, "and right now despite the otherwise serious tone of our conversation, your idle stance is generally somewhat... disarming? Placating, perhaps."

Jonas thinks on it for a moment, then says, "Ah. Yeah." He grimaces, "Back in Kelowna, my job had me advising a lot of people and going back and forth and a lot of times you have to deliver bad news with a smile otherwise people get mad. But here on Earth that's not so appropriate, is it? That would put people on edge, wouldn't it?"
"Indeed," you say. "I'd say that's probably part of the problem with Colonel O'neill seeming not to like you. He's picking up on it subconsciously and reading you as untrustworthy."

"Guess I should read up on some books on earth body language," Jonas remarks, turning to leave-then stopping and saying, "Ah! Right! The Naquadria calculations."

He turns around and then types onto the laptop you had your work open on, and then finishes about a minute later.

"There we go," he smiles, but this time it reads as rather genuine. "Let's hope this helps get the 302's Hyperdrive working. It'll take a few more jumps than if it were able to work in one shot, but... If the Naquadria remains stable? It should work."

"Let's hope it does remain stable, then," you agree.

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61:21 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.

"So why can't we just unpack the Giza Gate from Area 51 and dial out?" Your name is Roxy Lalonde, and you ask what's probably a stupid question. "Alternia regularly uses two Stargates at the same time. Why can't we?"

"I've actually run the simulations on that," Doctor Mckay answers. "The problem is mostly misconception. See, Alternia has never actually ever dialed out with one gate while the other is active with an incoming wormhole. It's either both outgoing, or both incoming at the same time. We're not sure if it would actually work or not, and even if it DOES work for Alternia, it might not work for us."

"Why's that?" you ask.

"Well, basically, Alternia's two Stargates are actually built differently from both each other AND Earth's Stargates." Mckay explains, "One of them is mass produced, the other is hand built. They might have very similar internal programming, but the physical differences might be enough to cause some loopholes we can't exploit here and now, because-" he points out the conference room window at the active gate. "For all that carbon dating insists the Antarctic gate out there is Older than the Giza Gate? From a production and programming standpoint, they're otherwise identical beyond the Point of Origin Glyph being different."

"Right," you nod, understanding. "Antarctica comes from the start of the production run and Giza comes from near the end."

"Also," Mckay says, "there's the fact that the Alternia Gates are basically, uh, version 1.5.X compared to Earth's 1.0.Y Gates. A fork of the software and technology, basically."

"So features Alternia's Gates are capable of aren't backwards compatible," you muse. "Damn. That's annoying."

"Honestly? If we could get our hands on an Alternia Style Stargate for long term use?" Mckay laughs. "We might have been able to program in a way to shut this thing down on our own. They're
ridiculously easier to modify according to Doctor Ohphee's research."

"Hmm..." you muse for a moment. "Could we Attero them back?"

"What?" Mckay asks.

"There's a gate on the other end of this that's sending us this deadly wave of energy, right?" You say. "We have Replicator Disruptors, and maybe even EMP generators we could modify to use the same frequency the kids back in the other galaxy just used to blow up English's Supergate."

"Basically do the thing Anubis is trying to do to us slowly, but do it with a method we KNOW is faster!" Mckay quickly deduces your intent. "That might work!" He snaps his fingers, "But... ah. There's only one problem I can see with this idea."

"What's that?" You ask.

"Energy travels two ways through a wormhole," Mckay says. "With what the kids back in Alternia's galaxy did, the only thing coming through the other direction were enemy ships- matter on a different channel inside the wormhole, basically. If we're sending an Attero type Wave through the gate back at them the same time they're sending their Capacitor Overload Wave at us, the two waves might destructively influence each other and cancel each other out."

"Maybe that's a good thing, though?" You offer. "It might shut the gate down."

"Sure, it might. Or it could cause the energy buildup to happen in OUR Stargate's eventhorizon instead of the Stargate on the other side and cause our gate to explode all the faster," Mckay counters.

"...Ah, damn," you frown.

"Still, it's an idea in case the 302 plan fails," he says. "Let's start running calculations and see what we can come up with." Mckay then snaps his fingers at Jonas Quinn, who happened to be passing by. "Hey, you, new guy! What do you know about Electro Magnetic Pulses?"

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**60:41 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

Your name is COLONEL JACK O'NEILL, and you feel rather TINGLY at the prospect of taking the X-302 out on its first real showing.

Of course, that could also be due to the rumbling of the engine vibrating through your seat as you drive it out of the hanger out onto the tarmac. And BOY is it a SMOOTH RIDE.

"It's a shame we can't just drive to Abydos," you remark to Carter, who's sitting behind you. "This thing handles like a Cadilac on the ground."

"Yeah, real shame, that," Carter agrees, tapping at buttons and flipping switches for the pre-flight check.

"So this is going to work, right?" You ask. "We're not going to, like, go splat against the Gate Iris,
are we?"

"We've got a lot of failsafes installed to prevent accidents like that, Sir," Carter says. "Worst that'll should happen is we just don't enter hyperspace at all."

"What if there's something worse than that, though?" You ask.

"...Then we could wind up who knows where in the galaxy," Carter answers. "But hopefully, we'll just wind up at Abydos."

"Abydos-1, prepare for Ready Check," you hear Doctor Murphy speaking over the radio. You then proceed to do the PRE-FLIGHT CHECK-Y THING.

"Navigation?"

"Check."

"Rocket fuel tapped out?" You ask.

"Check," Carter replies.

"Oxygen, Pressure, temp control?"

"All Check."

"Luggage?" You jokingly ask.

"Uh... Yes?" Carter snickers a bit.

"Intertial Dampeners?"

"Check."

"Engines?"

"All check."

"Phasers?" You ask a bit more seriously.

"...We stripped out the weapons to lighten the load," Carter answers. "So no, even if we had designed them. Otherwise, all systems operational."

"Drat," you smirk, then Radio, "Abydos-1 to command, we're ready to depart."

"Good luck, Abydos-1," Hammond says from the SGC, "and God Speed."

"I believe the proper term is Plaid Mode, sir," you joke.

"Uh... Right, of course, Colonel," Hammond gives an exasperated sigh.

"Plaid Mode?" Carter asks.
"I'll explain once we're on the way, Carter," you say, and then prepare to launch into the upper atmosphere. "It's gonna be a long flight, after all."

"Fair enough, Sir," Carter answers.

And so you push the thrusters forwards and **PCH-WOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!** Off you go!

Your name is BRA'TAC, and you watch as Teal'c heads over to talk with Ry'ac after the funeral pyre had been lit.

"Hopefully they can work it out," Doctor Fraiser says, standing next to you as she watches them talk.

"They will," you say. "They are more similar than they yet realize. Both are grieving, and mourning. Give them time to work through it, and they will become stronger for it."

"In the mean time, I have to wonder why we can't dial Earth," Doctor Fraiser says, crossing her arms. "Jude and Cassie are working on ideas, but none of them are pleasant ones."

"Hmm. Yes, that is the conundrum," you say. "A Stargate should not be continually active for as long as it has been, if it is indeed active. If it has been buried, however, or destroyed? Those are grim prospects."

And then there's the roar of a Tel'tak's engines as it wooshes overhead in the night sky, heading for a nearby landing clearing.

"Now who could that be at this hour?" You ask.

"Maybe it's some good news," Doctor Fraiser says.

"Let us go investigate, hm?"

"Let's," Fraiser nods.

A Jaffa named Shaq'rel, a long time friend of yours and Teal'c's, is the one who piloted the Tel'tak, and he comes bearing grim news regarding Anubis' planned attack on Earth...

A plan you fear has already been long set into motion.

---

**57:36 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

You're back to being Colonel Jack O'neill, and it turned out to be a much shorter flight than you anticipated. The X-302's autopilot engaged at the last possible moment, sending you careening away from the Hyperspace window, forcing the mission to be scrubbed.

"What happened out there?" Hammond asks as you and Carter return to the SGC.
"They're still analyzing the flight data recorder," Carter says, "but it looks like a 605-3 error."

"Forgive me?" Hammond asks.

"It's the one after 605-2, Sir," you say.

"Basically," Carter says, "it means the 302's navigational computer lost the destination coordinates before we entered the Hyperspace window, so the auto pilot took over and made us miss the window."

"So going to Abydos to use its Stargate is out of the question?" Hammond asks.

"For the moment, Sir, yes," Carter nods. "I can work on the simulations a bit more in the mean time to try and get it to work, but I think the problem is the Naquadria core. It won't work for the long distance jumps we need it to."

"Don't worry on it," Hammond says. "Doctor Mckay and Miss Lalonde have been spearheading a plan to return to sender the attack."

"What?" Carter asks. "How?"

"It's-" Hammond doesn't get far because the lights all cut out in that moment in a very familiar manner.

"Asgard?" You ask.

And then a BOOMING LAUGH comes from the Gate room.

Everyone goes to look out the window, and what you all see is...

It's Anubis' cloaked form, towering tall above the Stargate, legs sort of clipping through the ramp.

"I. AM. ANUBIS." He declares himself captain obvious. "BEHOLD ALL YOUR WORKS AND TREMBLE AS THEY ARE RENDERED NAUGHT, TAU'RI."

"Asgard technology," Carter guesses. "He must have stolen it from Thor when he downloaded his mind into his ship."

"YOUR DOOM IS AT HAND. THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE. THERE WILL BE NO SURRENDER. THERE WILL BE NO LAST MINUTE EFFORTS TO SAVE YOURSELVES. THERE WILL BE NO 'LUCKY BREAKS', AS OTHERS SEEM TO CREDIT YOU." Anubis throws his hands to the side, and laughs. "PRAY FOR YOUR SOULS TO BE REDEEMED IN THE AFTERLIFE. I WILL WEIGH YOU AND FIND YOU LACKING."

"Someone's full of himself," Jolinar mutters, and you're inclined to agree.

"PREPARE TO DIE!" And with that, Anubis's giant form flickers out of existence.

Your name is Colonel Jack O'neill...
"Oh, please."

...And you are NOT IMPRESSED.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued.

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Jolinar AND Jonas! Talking together! Now there's a rare set of character interactions!
Chapter Summary

That feel when the power goes out because a neighbor thought it was a fine idea to trim a troublesome looking tree branch on his own and it fell on the power line in the process of removing it to stop it from falling on a power line

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the delay on this chapter. I didn't get much writing time Saturday through Monday, and Tuesday... well... I had the misfortune of the power going out screwing me over. So here it is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

57:26 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.

"Well, that was melodramatic." Your name is DOCTOR RODNEY MCKAY and you can't help but feel a bit let down as you stare out the window at the Stargate. "Are they always that loud? The Villains?"

"Unfortunately, Yes," Major Carter replies, similarly staring out the window. "They tend to be."

"Gotta wonder why he waited so long to do the announcement thing?" You say.

"He probably just wanted to make sure the device was working first," Major Carter's Tok'ra companion, Jolinar, answers.

"Yeah, that'd be embarrassing," you say. "'Rawr! Behold all my power there is no escape from your doom!' And then the Gate shuts down. 'Oh, nevermind! What lovely weather we're having! Is that a tray of danishes and jam dodgers?'"

"Yeah," Carter scoffs. "That'd be something alright." Then, she turns to look at you, "So what's this project you and Roxy have been working on to try and haul our asses out of this particularly fragrant dumpster fire that Anubis has dumped on us?"

"Nice metaphor," you say. "Our plan is basically to return the dumpster fire to its sender, much quicker than he's sending it our way."

"Lay it on me," Carter says.
"This is the one," Bra'tac says. "This is the only one of Anubis' worlds that I know the Gate addresses of that we cannot connect to."

"Then we will fly there at once," you decide.

"You will have my ship, friends," Shaq'rel says.

As a matter of course, Doctor Fraiser, Cassandra, and Jude invite themselves along.

"Consider us your backup SG-1," Jude remarks with a grin.

And your son...

"If we're ever to move past this," Ry'ac says, looking you in the eyes, "I need to see with my own eyes how the Goa'uld can fail, and not just rely on stories."

...You accept his reasoning.

"Very well, but if Cassandra Fraiser tells you to do something, do it," you tell him.

"Why?" Ry'ac asks.

"Let us not waste the time we have asking questions on the ground," Bra'tac interjects, and with that, you're all off towards the planet Anubis likely has the weapon stored on.

---

"I have major concerns over this plan," Major Carter says calmly to General Hammond. "First of all, even if the potential of us blowing ourselves up is small-- Which I will get back to in a minute."

Your name is Jonas Quinn, and you can't help but brace yourself upon seeing the stance she's taken up. She's tense, though her voice is calm. You feel as if you're looking at a volcano about to erupt.

"If this attack fails, just by opening the Iris for even a minute we'll likely cut our remaining time to solve this problem in half!"

You'd best keep clear of the ensuing eruption, and so you head down to the Gate room itself to stare at things for a minute or two.

You find you're not the only one doing some sightseeing. There's another man here, standing at the base of the ramp, staring up at the Gate, dressed in a flight uniform that doesn't seem to match the uniforms everyone else wears around the SGC.

"UH, Hi?" You begin.
"Oh, hey," the guy only glances at you briefly before turning to look back at the Gate. "So this is it, right? This is the thing that lets us travel millions of lightyears across the galaxy in a single step."

"Sometimes to other galaxies too, I've heard," you say. "Is this your first time seeing it?"

"Yeah," he says. "It's... different than I imagined."

"It's a lot more impressive with the Iris open," you say. "The light from it shimmers and shines like a thousand stars all hanging in a pool of water."

"Have you ever gone through it?" the guy asks.

"Once," you say, completely honestly.

"What was it like?" The guy looks at you, a curious glint in his eyes.

You smile and lie your teeth off- "Hurts like hell."

"Seriously?" Oh, that expression on his face.

"No, actually," you laugh. "I'm just messing with you." Then, you offer him your hand. "I'm Jonas Quinn."

"Cam Mitchel," the guy shakes it. "I'm the X-302's test pilot. Guess I'll be out of a job soon enough, though. If this thing blows up."

"Ah, so I guess you're the guy who took it out for yesterday's testflights?" You ask.

"And all the ones before it, too," Mitchel answers. "It's been a long and bumpy road getting that bird air worthy."

"I can only imagine how many crashes it must have had," you say.

"Near crashes," Mitchel corrects. "But never any actual crashes. I've always managed to pull it out of a spin or dive during the tests." He pauses, "Wonder if I'll ever get a chance to go through the Gate."

"Someday, maybe," you say. "If we can resolve this problem first, that is."

For a few moments, you continue to both stare at the Stargate.

"You know," Mitchel finally says. "It's kind of a weird question, but, I've just gotta ask... How the hell do you think they got this thing in here?"

"I know, right?" You ask in return. "It's been bugging me since I first got here. The doors are way too small for it to fit through them."

"The ceiling retracts," Major Carter says as she walks into the Gate room, a frown on her face. "This whole room used to be a missile silo, so there's a track, a crane, and a shaft that goes all the way up to the surface."

"So all the stuff that'd lower a missile into place is there to lower a Stargate into place," Mitchel
"You're Captain Mitchel, right?" Carter asks, offering her hand to the man.

"Yup," he says, shaking it. "You must be Major Carter?"

"That's me," she answers.

"Can I just say, it's an honor to meet you face to face," Mitchel says. "We've heard a lot about SG-1 over at the 302 facility."

"I can only imagine what crazy rumors you're hearing about out there," Carter says, laughing a bit nervously.

"Well, there's the rumor that you guys actually saved Earth from a meteor by throwing it into hyperspace," Mitchel begins.

"Well, that's-" Carter stops mid sentence, and you see a spark of an idea in her eyes.

You think over the conversation that Major Carter had just been part of, and the idea clicks into your mind as well.

"What goes up must come down, but the same is true in the reverse," you say.

"Exactly," Carter nods in agreement.

"What are we talking about exactly here?" Mitchel asks. "Because I feel like we've just stumbled on something important here."

"We strap the Stargate to the bottom of the X-302 and fling it into hyperspace," Carter says. "It doesn't even matter if we can get a hyperspace window stable for longer than a fraction of a second, because a fraction of a second of hyperspace travel is still millions of miles in a single burst!"

"And that's all we need because we don't need the 302 to go to another planet," you say. "We just need to get it as far away from earth as it can be safe."

For a moment, the three of you stand there, the pieces of everything coming together inside your heads.

And then, you start moving out of the Gate Room.

"The 302 isn't designed to carry a Stargate normally, so we'll need to strip out everything out of the 302 that we don't need taking up weight," Carter says. "Almost everything except the ejection system, life support, and the engines."

"I'll go fly back to Area 51 and make sure they get to work stripping the 302!" Mitchel volunteers. "We'll also need someone to fly it who's used to it not handling like it should, and that person's me. I've saved the 302 from crashing near enough times as it is. I can handle an extra thousand pounds of weight."

"Right- crap, we'll also need a way to get it into orbit. There's no way the fuel reserves will last long enough," Carter pauses to duck into the Gate's control room doors. "I'll figure something out after I
try to convince General Hammond this is the best option we have."

"I'll work on the Naquadria calculations," you volunteer. "I'll figure out the minimum amount of power draw we need to get it as far away as possible to be safe."

"Thanks, Jonas," Carter smiles, and then she rushes towards the stairs to the upper level, yelling for General Hammond.

"This is a crazy ass idea," Mitchel says, "and it's not even sinking in yet what I just volunteered for. But if this works?" He laughs. "Oh, man, this is going to be awesome!"

---

**48:35 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

Your name is Samantha Carter and despite you offering a completely different plan, and objecting heavily to this idea, and even Doctor Mckay and Roxy Egbert saying their idea was heavily risky and that just getting the Gate off the planet was the safer idea...

"We're going live with the EMP Attero Test in five minutes, people!" Mckay calls out as the waveform generating device is brought in to hover over the Stargate ramp.

...The government has ordered Mckay and Roxy's reverse gate-blowup plan to go through anyways, as a means of "teaching Anubis a lesson they'll never forget." (You suspect Senator Kinsey and the NID had some input somewhere, pushing it forwards despite a better option.)

You really hope this doesn't backfire horribly.

The strange device is loaded up in front of the Stargate, everyone clears the room, and the blast doors are closed shut.

From the camera feeds you watch as the WAVEFORM GENERATOR spins up to speed, and then the Iris is opened and-

"And cue the Destructive Wave Interference," Mckay mutters as huge electrical sparks fly all across the Gate room, the lights on the ramp start exploding, and alarms ring out in, well, alarm as the energy transference coming through the wormhole spikes.

"Close the Iris!" Hammond orders. "Shut it down!"

Sargent Siler ends up being the one to pull the plug on the Waveform Generator, and you go for the Iris' palm scanner. You barely see the poor man being flung to the floor by an electrical surge before you feel a large bolt of energy run up your arm.

The next thing you know, you're being dragged to the infirmary, dazed by what was probably quite a severe electrical shock.

[We really need to stop taking huge electrical shocks, Sam,] Jolinar gripes. [It really hurts and I'm getting tired of healing this kind of damage to both of our brains.]

'Agreed,' you sigh. It really is getting tiring.
An indiscernible amount of time later, Doctor Lam has bandaged up your hand, and you're left to rest for a few minutes before being cleared for duty.

As you're about to get ready to get discharged from the Infirmary and put your X-302 plan into motion, Mckay comes to visit.

"You were right, but it ended up being worse," he says. "So, consider me very apologetic that we didn't just go with your plan first instead."

"How much time did we loose?" you ask.

"That stunt just about more than halved our available remaining time until detonation," he answers.

"Hate to say 'I told you so,'" you grimace, flexing at your wounded hand, "but I am so going to say 'I told you so' to whoever decided that plan was 'within the acceptable margin of risk.'"

"Hah, Miss Egbert's already yelling at someone over the phone over this. When I left the words 'Hypothetically speaking' and certain inferences to a certain Senator's mother were being used," Mckay says. "I'd join in, but Hammond told me to tell you that we've gotten the go-ahead to launch the 302 plan. We've already called for the plane to ship the gate to Area 51, and we're getting the gate lifted up to the surface right now."

"That sounds like Roxy, alright. And, good," you say. "How much time left do we have exactly before everything goes boom compared to how long we have to ship it?"

"A little less than twenty hours," Mckay pauses, looking pale as he continues, "But with the head start you and Quinn got by sending that pilot guy to strip the 302? Ironically enough, we've got enough time to get everything pulled off a margin of error buffer window of just about 38 minutes."

"That's..." you muse over that fact. "Well, we'll be cutting it close, that's for sure."

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**EARTH DATE: MARCH 9TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 9/9/0002.**

**287 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (ROLL THE ALARMS!)**

**8:16 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

Your name is JUDE HARLEY, and WOW, that is a lot of Goa'uld motherships guarding an otherwise inaccessible planet. Thankfully, the Cargoship is cloaked and has been since you exited hyperspace just moments ago, otherwise that would be a LOT of firepower directed your way.

You count at least... five, six... eight ships!

"I think we've got the right planet," Cassie says.

"Indeed," Teal'c agrees.
"Look!" You point out the cargo ship's window at the surface of the planet, where a large glowing circle can be seen even from orbit. "Ten million chocolate creme easter eggs says that's the weapon."

"That'd be a Sucker's bet, and you know it," Cassie nudges you in the arm with her shoulder.

"The ship is detecting a Ring Platform near that area," Shaq'rel says. "No others on the surface of the planet."

"Good," Bra'tac says. "We should be able to ring down and begin an attack without being noticed."

And then a death glider's cannon fire clips the ship.

"...What was that about not being noticed, Master?" Ry'ac quips as another blast nearly hits the ship, evaded only due to Shaq'rel throwing the cargo ship into evasive maneuvers.

"We should all ring down now," Cassie says to everyone, then, to Shaq'rel, "come back and pick us up in a few hours."

"I will do so," Shaq'rel nods.

"Good luck, my friend," Teal'c says, and then nods. "Cassandra, let us know if something changes."

"Aye aye, sir!" Cassie nods, and with that, you all head to the Ring Room.

As Bra'tac taps in the buttons to ring to the surface, Ry'ac looks to his father, and says, "You still didn't explain to me why we have to listen to her."

"She is psychic," Teal'c answers.

"Psychic? Really?" Ry'ac asks.

"I get bad vibes and know how to make them the least bad," Cassie says with a grin, handing the boy a Zat gun with the wise words, "Ry'ac, make sure to dodge roll to your right when I say 'Duck.' Teal'c, same word, readjust your staff and fire over your shoulder, aim five degrees to your right. Jude, three shots, left off the rings right as we arrive. Mom, on 'Mark,' two shots at 2 o'clock. Bra'tac, just do what you do best."

"Understood," Bra'tac gives Cassie a smile.

"Uh-" Ry'ac barely has time to accept all of that as Bra'tac steps onto the ring platform, and it activates.

You ready your Zat-gun, and take a kneeling position as the wave of energy rushes over you all.

As the rings lower, you take aim at you left and fire off three shots in rapid fire.

A trio of surprised Jaffa who stupidly stood in a line fall down like dominoes.

The other Jaffa guarding the Rings are taken down by Teal'c and Bra'tac firing off their staff weapons, and you, Cassie, her mother, and Ry'ac all firing your zats.
Then, another group emerge from the bush ready to rain down fire on your group.

"MARK!" Cassie yells, and two zat shots soar past over your shoulder, taking out a Jaffa carrying a rather large Glider sized Staff Cannon. The fire fight continues a bit more, and then- "DUCK!"

However, Ry'ac fails to dodge roll, and takes a staff blast to his shoulder for his troubles. Before that Jaffa could get in a second, killing shot, though--

**PCHOO!**

Teal'c turns his staff around over his shoulder and unleashes an unsighted staff blast that nails that bastard Jaffa in the face.

Another few seconds, the enemy forces go down, and reinforcements don't show up for revenge.

Doctor Fraiser kneels and starts tending to Ry'ac's shoulder.

"Ow..." the boy groans. "What hit me?"

"A staff blast, that's why Cassie told you to duck," Doctor Fraiser says, quickly applying a patch to his shoulder. "You're lucky it was a graze, and it's already healing up. Your Symbiote's faster on the uptake than you are."

Ry'ac looks to Cassie, and asks, "How?"

"Psychic," Cassie answers. "Speaking of, we should get moving before reinforcements arrive. Now."

And so you pick up and get moving.

---

**06:18 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

Your group makes it over the crest of a large hill and peers out over into the horizon.

There is a large glowing dome of a FORCESHIELD active so large and yet far away in the horizon that it looks like if you held out your hands and pretended to hold either side of it, you'd be holding a giant purple electric basketball that's partially sunken into the ground.

Held within that electric purple basketball is a large sort of slingshot shaped device shooting two beams of purple energy at a small tiny glowing speck of blue on the ground-- the Active Stargate if you had to guess.

There are Death Gliders hovering over the giant weapon within the sheild, as if waiting for something to come crashing down ontop of it, or for something to start an attack run.

"Ten Popsicle sticks says they're waiting for Daniel to show up and start wrecking havoc," Cassie muses.

"Suckers bet," you say. "Twenty sticks says they're expecting other Goa'uld."
"Bra'tac and I will go investigate to see if there is a way through the shield," Teal'c says. "The rest of you will wait here."

"Why aren't we all going?" Ry'ac asks.

"It is better logic for only two to risk being captured and not the full team should we encounter undue resistance," Bra'tac says.

"It's also better chances for us to destroy that thing if we wait behind," Cassie says. "Plus, your shoulder isn't done healing yet."

"...Alright," Ry'ac agrees to that logic.

"Good luck out there, Teal'c," Doctor Fraiser says.

"Thank you, Doctor Fraiser," Teal'c says in return.

And with that, they head off.

You take the minutes of silence that follows staring at the machine at the center of it all.

It looks a LOT like a giant sized version of what you would build if you were designing something to gradually overload a Stargate's capacitors to the point the Naquadah within it would be unable to contain the electrical charge and then melt down in a-

Oh.

SHIT.

Given that your latest experiment with building technology ended up requiring a ZPM to power it, and THOSE were pretty exclusively ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY, and that you were able to just completely recognize this device within a few seconds of looking at it, you're pretty sure this thing is ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY.

And it's pointed right at Earth's Stargate.

Oh.

FUCK.

Okay, so you know how you might build something like this... how do you safely shut this thing down??

"C'mon," Cassie says, jarring you out of your thoughts. "It's been about five minutes, let's head after them."

"Why?" Ry'ac asks.

"Because if we don't get moving now we get captured?" Cassie answers.

"That's good enough for me," Doctor Fraiser says.
04:13 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.

Your name is Teal'c-

WHACK!

--Ow.

And you and Bra'tac indeed got captured by Anubis' forces. Right now, the leader of the ground forces is hitting you with the back end of his staff weapon, trying to get you to- to what exactly? Talk about your plans? Tell him where the others are hiding? He hasn't really said or done much than hit you every time you open your mouth.

"My son hits harder than you," you tell the Jaffa torturing you.

He snarls and-

You get ZAT'D, and then wake up in a cell next to Master Bra'tac.

"Teasing our tormentors, hm?" Bra'tac asks.

"Indeed." You work your jaw. OW. It's sore, but yeah, you think... That was worth it.

03:42 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.

"Glider field," you're once again Jude Harley, and you grin as you see the field of parked Death Gliders just... chilling out. "Shall we swipe some?"

"In..." Cassie looks at her watch, then at the Gliders, then smiles and says, "Five... four... three..."

And then there's a massive burst of light up in the upper atmosphere.

"Knock knock," she says. "Distraction's here."

You look up and watch as a swirling ball of light dances around in the heavens, blowing up things up there... yeah, that sure is a pissed off ascended being alright.

"What even..." Ry'ac stares upwards. "What is that?"

"Either Daniel or Orlin," Doctor Fraiser says. "No idea which."

"...I see," Ry'ac says.

"Either way," you say, "let's steal some Gliders."

"Jude, take Ry'ac with you to circle around and try to find Teal'c and Bra'tac," Cassie decides.
"Mom and I will go scout the shield generators and find a weak spot to blow it all up. Then, we'll come around and back you up."

---

**02:34 (HOURS/ MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

Your name is Colonel Jack O'neill, and you're of two minds about being sidelined for this mission.

On the one hand, hey, your leg is still bugging you from it being hurt earlier. No real reason for you to go out and do something to make it hurt more- like, say, ejecting at speed from a 302 about to enter hyperspace and then crash down into the ocean.

On the other... you're fairly used to being the guy doing the saving. You're not usually the one stuck at base watching an icon travel across a screen representing the Stargate in flight.

Once it landed at Area 51, they strapped it to the bottom of the X-302 and then strapped THAT on top of an airliner, the exact make and model you didn't catch. Then, that Captain Mitchel guy strapped himself into the X-302, and is presently riding it up to the target altitude. Once that's reached, he'll launch off like a rocket into the upper atmosphere and then send the thing on its final flight into hyperspace.

A part of you wonders what's going to happen with the Gate. Will it disconnect once it's far enough away? Will it just blow up? What even happens to an active stargate when it enters Hyperspace?

These questions and many more... remain yet to be answered. And honestly, they probably won't.

And so you just sit in a chair next to Carter as you both wait for the Gate to arrive at its new destination.

"So... how much longer?" You ask.

"If we're lucky, about two more hours to get to the Jet's target altitude and for the 302 to successfully ascend manually the rest of the way and enter hyperspace," Carter maths it all out, "then we should have about thirty eight minutes of wait time before the Gate explodes."

"Thirty Eight minutes seems like an ironic amount of extra time," you say.

"We'd be cutting it a lot closer if Jonas hadn't asked about how we got the Stargate in and out of the mountain," Carter says. "We got a head start on preparing everything while Mckay and Roxy's attempt was worked on."

"And what if our estimates wrong and the gate blows up sooner?" You ask.

"Then Earth's atmosphere gets set on fire and the whole planet burns," Carter summarizes.

"...Let's hope Mitchel's as good of a pilot as he says he is," you say.

"You should see some of the X-302's test flights," Carter says. "If we survive this, we'll have to
watch them some time. Besides, we might not have much else to do if we can't figure out how to protect our other Stargate from attacks like this in the future. There's quite a few of the flight tests. Lots of near crashes, if you're into that sort of tension. Probably just as entertaining as any scifi movie."

"That sounds suspiciously like a date, Carter," you point out.

"Oh. Right, uh, well, I was thinking we could invite the whole team, maybe?" She covers, hastily. Hastily enough you can tell that wasn't at all what she was thinking at all. Still, you'll let it slide. "You know, once Teal'c comes back. We can all get together and watch it. Get Janet, Roxy, and the kids involved. Jonas too. Maybe Captain Mitchel could narrate for us, if he even wants to relive those near crashes at all."

"Jonas, huh?" You ask.

"Well, if this works out he did help us save the world," Carter says.

"That he did," you muse.

Jonas Quinn again? Hmm...

01:11 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.

The X-302 soared through the air on the back of a mighty Boeing 747 Jet.

"Starflight, you've reached altitude and are clear for take off," Doctor Murphy says.

"Roger that, Command. Starflight departing," Captain Mitchel says, and then X-302 engages its atmospheric engines and detaches from the back of the Jet, lifting up, and wobbling slightly due to the extra weight of the Stargate beneath it.

Then, stabilized, it takes off towards the upper atmosphere.

And up and up and up it goes.

00:51 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.

You are now Bra'tac, and the Jaffa have decided to take you to be used as hostages to prevent the glowing light in the sky (now bashing itself against the forceshield in an attempt to get through after thoroughly trashing the forces up above, you would guess) from destroying them all.

It is a smart move, you would say if it were not for the fact that the light in the sky is an Ascended being and not a normal enemy who could be reasoned with. An Ascended being who is likely someone who knows Teal'c personally. In that case, the Jaffa attempting this foolhardy ransom attempt might just get slain on principle the moment the shield gets broken.

VREEEEEEE! VREEEEEEEE!
...Or, if it were not also for the fact that your ears pick up the sound of two incoming death gliders coming rapidly towards your position.

Your eyes meet Teal'c's, and he hears it as well. You prepare to act the moment-

**PCHOOOO! PCHOOOO!** Explosions erupt in the dirt just in front of the front of this 'prisoner's convoy' - **PCHOOOO! PCHOOOO!** - and you and Teal'c duck for cover as another wave of explosions hit the ground in the back.

The Jaffa who had captured you scramble to fire back, but that's where you and Teal'c get the upper hand, having been forgotten about in the ambush. You both ram the nearest Jaffa and grab their staff weapons and blast everyone else who isn't getting picked off by Glider Fire.

Once you're sure all your enemies have been defeated, you and Teal'c use your pilfered staff weapons to shoot open the chains binding your hands.

"Two gliders, hm?" You muse, watching the two gliders veer away to the side and start shooting at the ground based shield generators surrounding the entire complex.

There's a few large explosions, and then the shield wall flickers and breaks, allowing the energy being to slip through and begin laying waste to the flying armada of ships just beneath the shield that had been waiting for just such a moment.

Their mettle is tested, and quickly found lacking.

---

**00:40 (HOURS/MINUTES) UNTIL STARGATE DETONATION.**

The X-302 reaches the point where its in-atmosphere engines reach the end of their fuel reserves, and so its pilot fires off its main rocket booster and it soars higher and higher and higher, until that, too burns out.

"Engaging Hyperdrive," Captain Mitchel calls out, activating the computer program, and then pulls at the ejection levers as the hyperdrive powers up.

He could only watch then, as the X-302 rocketed out from beneath him, and entered the briefly open hyperspace and then vanished from sight.

And thus, Captain Mitchel fell for what felt like an eternity until finally the parachutes activated and he began the long journey, floating down to finally touch down on the ocean.

---

Inside one of the Death Gliders, you are Jude Harley and you've locked in the coordinates for the most explosive part of the energy generating device.

"I've got a lock on the most explosive parts!" you tell Ry'ac, and Cassie and Janet over the radio. "We're going to light this thing up!"
"Uh- hold up on that for a moment-" Cassie reports. "Got a vibe that-"

She doesn't need to finish her sentence.

You're close enough to the Stargate to see the eventhorizion on it flicker suddenly- as if the Gate lost track of where the destination even was- before destabilizing.

This causes a large surge of energy buildup to slip through the wormhole, though, and smash into the ground behind the Stargate, causing the ground around the Gate to start to destabilize and start to sink in. The Gate starts to tilt to the side, causing the energy beam to start to hit it directly instead of the event horizon.

And then the Gate suddenly shuts down, but it continues to draw in energy from the weapon itself.

"NEVERMIND! SHOOT IT NOW!" Cassie yells, and you fire off your glider's weapons- striking at the base of the weapon and causing a chain reaction to build up within its core.

Then, before anything else happens, the Ascended being that had been attacking the Goa'uld ships swoops down and pile drives straight into it, and the energy beam hitting the Stargate shuts down.

A series of explosions rumble deep underground, and then- the whole of the energy emitting device seems to erupt into a fountain of blinding bright white light.

After it passes, there's nothing but a crater left in place. And as the Stargate that had been targeted by the weapon is tumbling down into the dirt, Ry'ac voices the most important question- "What happened to the Stargate? Why did it flicker like that and then shut down?"

That is honestly a very good question and you hope the answer is a good one.

---

"We've got report that Captain Mitchel's been spotted touching down in the ocean," comes the report mere seconds before there is a massive bloom of light in the mid-day sky. As seen from the ground it will be easily mistaken as a tiny cloud. From a bit higher up, though, and related to you at the SGC through dash-mounted camera, it's clearly an explosion.

"What was that, Carter?" Colonel O'neill asks you.

Yes, you are Samantha Carter and... "I don't know, Sir." You look at the clock. Detonation occurred at 37 minutes and 59 seconds.

You still had plenty of buffer room, so, what just happened?

"The Naquadria core detonated," Jonas Quinn chimes in. "It must have absorbed and mixed negatively with the energy being fed into the Stargate wormhole and became unstable."

You look around the room, and Roxy shrugs, "Makes sense to me."

Mckay, of course, just says, "It's either that, or I overestimated how much of a buffer room we had. So, I'm going to go with the Naquadria thing too."

"Well, either way," O'neill says, "that Gate is gone, and Anubis probably thinks we're dead."
room is silent for a moment, then he asks, "Lunch, anyone?"

Meanwhile, Anubis roared in anger as he received a report from a surviving Goa'uld Mothership that his super weapon had been destroyed by an Ascended being aided by two rogue Death Gliders.

He would be having WORDS with English about the supposed indestructibility of that force shield later.


DIASPORA DATE: 9/10/0002.

286 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE. (OH WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO ONLY HAVE *ONE* COUNTDOWN TIMER MEASURED IN DAYS RATHER THAN HOURS.)

It is to everyone's relief that but a day later a cargo ship arrived in Earth's orbit carrying Teal'c's assault team, plus one extra passenger in the form of Orlin, bringing the news that Anubis' super weapon had been completely destroyed down to every last atom.

The Stargate Program was free to start again with the Giza Gate once more set as the active Gate, but before operations properly commenced again, Jude and Cassie briefly traveled to Alternia and returned with a program that Callie Ohphee had written- an emergency shut off program for cases just like this one, where something unwanted was being pumped through an active Stargate continually... like Magma, for example.

The Stargate thus secured against any repeat attempts of this nature, you are once again Colonel Jack O'neill, and you're facing a decision.

"General," you say, knocking on Hammond's door.

"Enter," he says. "Ah, Jack, how's the leg?"

Still sore.

"Good as new," you lie. "Fraiser's going to give me a checkup once she's back from her day off. I'm sure she'll clear me for duty."

"That's good to hear," Hammond muses. "So... have you made a decision?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," you say. "Jonas Quinn."

Hammond considers your statement for a moment, then says, "The Russians aren't going to like that answer."

"Well, to borrow a phrase from a favorite cartoon of mine," you say, "they can Eat My Shorts, Sir."
"That they can," Hammond smirks.

You find Jonas holed up in Daniel/Skaara's office again, reading over some book on... Ancient Greek Mythology.

"Hey," you say, and Jonas looks up in surprise.

"Colonel!" He stands up. "What can I do for you?"

"Teal'c's back for a few hours and his kid's visiting for a while, so we're going out for a congratulation dinner on his first successful mission against the Goa'uld," you pause, then say, "Carter's idea, of course."

Jonas stands there for a moment, seemingly unsure as to what to make with that information.

"You're coming," you tell him flat out.

"I am?" he asks.

"You're part of SG-1," you inform him, "it wouldn't be right to cut you out."

"I-" You see a complex maze of emotions flash on Jonas' face. "I'm on the team?"

"You're on the team," you say.

"Thank you, Sir," Jonas says. "You won't regret it."

"Just grab a hat," you say. "It's going to rain today."

"But the forecast said it was going to be sunny?" Jonas counters.

"Going to rain," you stress, pointing at your forehead in reference to Teal'c and Ry'ac's facial decorations.

"Ah," Jonas nods, understanding. He catches on quick. "Gotcha. Any color requirements?"

"I was feeling mauve," you say. "But you know what, let's just stick with green for today. Green's a nice safe color for a 'we saved the world' party."

"Right," Jonas nods. "I'll go get ready."

"Meet you at the elevators in ten," you say, and then head off to just exactly there.

You can just imagine Jonas squealing in delight inside his head. You've just made his day, you're sure.

Chapter End Notes
And hey!! It's a Surprise Cameron Mitchel appearance!!

Ironic Notes: This chapter fought me in the same general area of the episode that the DVD Player kept glitching up on when I recently rewatched this episode. (It's not the disk. It worked fine on a computer. Just the player buggered up for whatever reason.)
Your name is Joey Claire, and you awaken feeling like the filling of a sandwich in a plastic bag. You take a moment to open your eyes and see that your MATESPRIT and your KISMESIS are on either side of you, and that you're all crammed into the interior of a camping tent.

You think for a moment to try to remember, just how did you get here?

And then you remember that you're back on Diaspora, camping out at the crash site while serving guard for Tyzias and Mallek as they work to figure out how to unfreeze at least one of the aliens inside one of the crashed ships.

Right.

You sigh, and gently remove yourself out from Mierfa's grip, trying not to wake her up, then not-so-gently pry yourself out of Polypa's grasp, not caring so much about waking her up as still not waking Mierfa up, and then slip out of the tent into the early morning sunlight.

You decaptchalogue a set of sunglasses and peer up at the sky.

Today marks the 270th day left until the evacuation deadline. And as Diaspora's sun gleams in the sky, all young and golden yellow and so very very stable, you can't help but compare it to Earth's sun, and Alternia's as well.

Diaspora's sun is younger than Earths by at least a few thousand years, which is itself a lot, LOT, younger than Alternia's. Alternia's sun is already large, swollen, and red, and even if not for the moons collapsing, in about 6,120 Solar Sweeps, the planet would be uninhabitable because the sun would expand into it just the same.

Alternia, whose people had already scattered across the galaxy, would soon be no more. Diaspora was already being set up to be the new main homeworld for the Trolls. Several settlements were already being set up elsewhere for Mother Grubs to be moved to from Alternia's caverns.

And the Drones? Those imperial drones that once were so common on Alternia before your arrival that since vanished from everyone's minds? They too have vanished now from the places they should have been- it's as if they, too, have migrated off to corners unknown.

As the wind blows gently, ruffling your hair and planting a cooling kiss against your skin, you can't help but to compare it to the idea of spreading out across the universe. The wind picks up things from one place and carries it somewhere else. Always forwards, though. Never backwards.

You make your way down to the river, and on the way, pass by another tent- Xefros' and Baizli's- finding it empty. You peer out with your Arai beetles all hidden out among the nearby tree branches, and find Xefros working on preparing breakfast for the group, and Baizli is... ah. She's heading to
the river ostensibly to get cleaned up like you are.

You'll join her, you guess.

It's funny, you think as you find the small path to the river you've carved out since camping out here. A long time ago, you watched her die through the eyes of an Arai beetle, and yet, here she is, brought back to life again through the power of the Bracelet's scattered pieces.

Everything scatters. Even the water from the river you're walking to will eventually tumble over the edge of a cliff, cascading downwards into the bottom of a ravine, splitting up into a spray of particles before reforming again elsewhere, but never in the same way as it was when it first started its descent.

"The water flows where it wills but it flows downwards, always downwards. There it pools and collects until finally, the tree begins to grow again." -- INTERNET SUPERSTAR BOTANIST EXTRAORDINAIRE, "THE GROWER" YEESHA KATRAN.

You're quite certain that's who said it, if only because the Teal blooded girl is helping out with migrating Alternia's Unique Flora to otherwise habitable worlds that haven't had much in the way their own unique plant life growing on them.

You're pulled out of your musings as you arrive at the river, and quickly set about getting cleaned up for the day. Baizli's already here and settled in on a large rock in the middle of the river. She acknowledges your presence with a brief wave and smile, but otherwise sticks to herself.

You can tell she's got things on her mind. You've all got shit that you don't want to deal with thinking about buzzing about. Things like thinking about how you brought an alternate version of yourself to life just to send her back to Earth in your place. Were you really just running away from your problems, again?

You pause, looking at your own reflection in the river.

...Are you?

After about a minute of furious scrubbing at your hair to get the dirt out, you come to the conclusion that no, you aren't. Not in this case.

Sure, you've handed off the responsibilities of your human self to that other you, but there was no way for you to maintain two separate identities like that. Not without raising suspicion. Not without causing more trouble for everyone else. This way... this way you're making sure that you can manage two sides of the situation without splitting your resources.

Besides, you've already had to go back through the gate twice upon her request to help sell the illusion to the NID during one of Senator Kinsey's 'DEBRIEFINGS.' You're not technically running away here. No. You're just forking your own essence into two places at once to deal with two sets of problems at once.

You do wonder though... what must it feel like? To die and then be reborn again? You glance at Baizli as she dumps a bucket of water down over her head.

...That's a question you didn't ask your other self, and you're not comfortable asking Baizli about either.
You reach out with your Arai beetles as you continue to get ready for a long day of being out in the
wild and look for Mallek... it's easy enough to find him. He's still crashed out in his tent, snoring
away. Tyzias... Tyzias... you find her and Daraya together inside one of the ships thanks to an Arai
that you had the foresight of ordering to stick with them. Daraya's snoozing against a wall, and
Tyzias is staring at a holographic panel.

For a moment you try to figure out where your other missing team member is before you realize you
forgot to count yourself. Xefros, Baizli, Mallek, Mierfa, Polypa, Daraya, Tyzias, and YOU makes
eight.

Seer Altair has had no visions regarding these aliens, good or bad, so Okurii and Matron Porrim both
ordered you to take your time with it and not rush anything. So there's that. Whoo.

So... while all of the evacuation stuff is going on elsewhere, you're here waiting to see what happens
with the aliens in the ship... and in the meantime of both of those things, everyone's waiting with
baited breath to see what happens with regards to Shadre's little fleet of Clown Ships and stolen
Goa'uld ships.

The Carapacians have been seen stirring up trouble, but they've been easily kept at bay by the
Cla'dian and soon-to-be-dubbed-Diasporan fleets. The others have been conspicuously absent since
the Soverign Slayer went out on its first mission. You were lucky that fight didn't evolve into a
mecha brawl requiring all three ships in robot form. It was discovered shortly after firing off the
Attero Accelerator that one of the transformation circuits wasn't properly installed and wouldn't have
fired off at all if a transformation had been requested.

That problem has since been fixed, but it still could have caused a lot of problems.

Even so, Shadre going to ground and pulling almost all of her forces back from the usual tactics she'd
employed up until that fight was concerning. If the clowns aren't doing something overt, it means
they're doing something sneaky... And whatever that sneaky thing is, you don't like it.

You don't like it one bit.

Chances are, though... It probably has everything to do with the fact that you've now commandeered
the Supergate for your galaxy away from their control, and destroyed Lord English's Gate in his
galaxy.

He'll waste resources rebuilding it that he wouldn't waste otherwise. It'll waste time that you'll all
have to prepare for a proper counter attack...

And most importantly of all, you've all but ensured that whenever he does decide to come through
the Supergate... Lord English will be arriving LATER than he originally planned, and somehow, that
idea just makes you feel all sorts of GIDDY EMOTIONS.

Then, as you finish getting cleaned up for the morning, the Arai beetle with Tyzias gets a surprise as
Tyzias suddenly jumps to her feet and yells out something triumphant. Daraya get awoken, and you
hear Tyzias explaining her discovery, or more specifically, about her going to talk about it more with
everyone at camp during breakfast.

Your name is Joey Claire, and you get the feeling today is going to be a rather long day at the least,
and at most, you'll be dealing with a VERY LONG MONTH instead.
Been planning on doing a series of char. references for this story. So kicking things off on 4/13, have a Tyzias and a Daraya.

(Eel Hand? What Eel Hand? Ignore any goofs with the Tyzias' hand. First time using a new anatomy figure with hands I haven't drawn with before. XD)
Chapter Summary

Bark! Bark!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 9/26/0002.

270 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"Is it just me, or does Jackson seem all kinds of stressed out and pissed off lately?" Jock #1 asks.

"Probably family related. That whole bunch of them are really close knit. I heard her actual biological dad died a few months ago," Jock #2 answers.

"I bet you it's that Sheppard jerk always clinging onto her," the guy named Pete says.

"Pete. NO. Oh my god seriously just leave her be," Jock #3 groans.

"Know what? I'm gonna ask her out. Get her away from that nerd's clingy aura," Pete decides.

"Oh god, Pete, if you have any sense of self preservation DO NOT-" Jock #2 tries to warn his friend off.

"HEY! JACKSON!" Pete yells across the school's cafeteria.

"...Shit, guys, duck and cover. Pete's just about to make a huge mistake," Jock #3 wisely advises.

And so a collection of teenaged school-yard football jocks made to find cover as one of their friends went and poked a very clearly tense and angry wolf in girl's clothing.

"Computer, check messages."

*CLICK* *BEEEEEP*

"YOU HAVE. FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN. UNHEARD MESSAGES."

"Uggghh. Play all."

"PLAYING. FIRST UNHEARD MESSAGE."
"SHADRE. YOU BITCH. I SEE YOU'VE LISTENED TO MY LAST. SIX HUNDRED. AND TWELVE. MESSAGES. BUT YOU'VE NOT REPLIED TO. A. SINGLE. ONE."

"END OF MESSAGE. PLAYING, SECOND UNHEARD MESSAGE."

"SHADRE. REPLY. REPORT IN. SHADRE. SHADRE. SHADRE."

"END OF MESSAGE. PLAYING, THIRD UNHEARD MESSAGE."

"SHADRE. SHADRE. SHADRE. SHADRE."

"END OF MESSAGE. PLAYING."

"Stop! Just delete any of them that are just him saying my name over and over again!"

"PROCESSING... SUCCESSFULLY DELETED. FOUR HUNDRED MESSAGES."

Needless to say, Shadre Amanno was not having a good day.

"Play remaining messages."

"PLAYING, FOURTH UNHEARD MESSAGE."

"SHADRE. OR IS IT ECHIDNHA? WHICHEVER. THIS IS ANUBIS. WHEN YOU GET AROUND TO IT COULD YOU PLEASE FERRY A MESSAGE TO ENGLISH FOR ME? HE SEEMS TO BE... AVOIDING RETURNING MY CALLS."

"Hah!"

"THE MESSAGE TO BE RELAYED IS AS FOLLOWS..."

"END OF MESSAGE. PLAYING, FIFTH UNHEARD MESSAGE."

"ENGLISH! YOU SON OF A FUCKING BASTARD WHO LOST A DUEL TO A MUCH BETTER WOMAN THAN YOU'LL EVER MEET! YOUR 'INVINCIBLE SHIELD' BROKE ON ME! ALL IT TOOK WAS A FEW BLASTS TO THE INTERIOR SHIELDING BY SOME CLEVER SPIES AND IT CAME TUMBLING DOWN!! TO ADD ONTO THAT, YOUR. AHHHEM. 'UNFLAPPABLE PSYCHIC MIND PROBE COMPUTER LINKAGE SYSTEM' SEEMS TO HAVE BACKFIRED. THE SHIP I HOOKED IT UP TO HAS... HOW DO I PUT IT MILDLY?" There's a brief pause, and then, "OH. YES. I KNOW. IT'S GONE ROGUE. IT'S FLOWN THE COOP. IT'S TAKEN ON A MIND OF ITS OWN AND IS TRYING TO KILL MY PEOPLE ONBOARD IT. WHAT'S MORE, IT'S TAUNTING US WITH SOME INFURIATING STATIC GARBLED MESSAGE THROUGH THE INTERCOMS. WE CAN'T EVEN SET THE SELF DESTRUCT. YOU. OWE ME. A NEW HA'TAK."

"END OF MESSAGE. PLAYING, SIXTH UNHEARD MESSAGE."

"SHADRE, THIS IS YOUR LORD. IF ANUBIS HAPPENS TO SEND YOU ANY MESSAGES TO RELAY. TO ME EXPLICITLY. JUST KEEP. DOING WHAT YOU'RE
"END OF MESSAGE."

"Stop. Forwards the ranting message from Lord Anubis to Lord English as requested. Flag it 'automatic forwarding.'"

"FORWARDING MESSAGE."

But that didn't mean her day couldn't get better in some tiny, barely perceivable way.

---

Your name is TYZIAS ENTYKK, and you've got a lot on your mind.

What SHOULD be your PRIMARY of concerns is how to thaw and defrost these four armed aliens, and yet... instead that's but a background task to put your subconscious mind to while your conscious mind wheels over the things currently clouding it.

...Like just how cute Daraya is while she's sleeping. And also how toned her arms and legs are. Like, you've NOTICED (Especially after that night where you were playing poker. AHHEM.) but usually you've tried to ignore it...

Well, it's harder to ignore that when you can see a bit of her stomach skin poking out from beneath her shirt, which she did happen to unbutton a bit near the bottom because of how warm it is inside this room (Which is ODD considering all of the frozen pods containing aliens like, RIGHT NEXT TO YOU). Even you took off your otherwise standard jacket and undid a few buttons because of the heat. (Seriously, it's not even that hot outside considering you just came off of a night cycle of cooling. Why did it never change temperature in here once?)

By any and all fake-gods or god like ascended beings out there in the universe- you've fallen and you've fallen HARD for the girl you're pretty sure has a crush on you in a completely different quadrant--

Wait.

You bring up a screen on the ship's power consumption monitoring. You've been so focused on one section of this problem- how to defrost a chamber- that you've completely ignored other parts of the equation.

The heat in this room isn't paradoxically existing despite the frozen chambers, it's a BYPRODUCT OF THE FROZEN CHAMBERS EXISTING!!

You look around the settings and-- AHHA! There. If you're reading this right then...

Then there are individual PROCESSING NODES on each pod that are generating the frozen stasis effect by sucking heat OUT of the general area around the pod and expelling it through vents into elsewhere in the room.

On a space faring journey this wouldn't be much of an issue given heat radiates outwards into space, but this is a PLANET they've been stuck on and...
And if you're reading this obscure language text right, the aliens were smart enough to build in a fail safe in case of overheating.

"HAHAHA!" you yell out in triumph. "I'VE FIGURED YOU OUT NOW, YOU ALIEN COMPUTER, YOU!"

Daraya snorts awake in that moment, and you realize you were probably just a bit too loud. What even time is it?

...Huh. Only 6:18 in the morning local time? That's... not bad.

You feel rather hungry, actually, so you think now's as good of a time as any to get up and... and...

...Yeah, you need to eat. And drink something that isn't coffee.

"PLAYING, FINAL, UNHEARD MESSAGE."

"Madam Echidnha, this is Marduk Instit. I finally got a read on the tracking chip you put in General Aonuma. It looks like they've moved him off world to some abandoned chunk of rock that doesn't even need a Gate on it. I'll be attaching the Gate address as a text document. Good luck."

"END OF MESSAGES."

"Thank you, save that gate address to the computer. I need to prepare for a trip."

...And then Shadre Amanno's day turned around from unpleasant to downright GIDDY.

It was time to stitch together a rescue plan.

It never once occurred to her that it might be a trap.

Your name is Xefros Tritoh and-

"So I was watching these streaming videos on this Grubtube thing the other night," Baizli, your Kismesis, is saying to Joey, your Moirail, as they walk up from the river. "I had no idea that the art of Rodeo Tick Riding had gotten such a niche following since the Summoner's era."

"Oh, geeze. That's not even the weirdest thing on the Internet," Joey says. "Apparently there's this whole Cerulean Blood kink of doing videos about their Lusii eating people."

"Ew, what the hell?" Baizli asks. "Who would get off on something like that!?"

"That's what I said!" Joey answers, exasperated.

...Well, at least they're getting along.
That's really all you can ask for—your quadrant mates to get along.

"Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes!" you tell them, smiling. "And good morning!"

"Morning, Xef!" Joey says.

"Yeah, mornin'," Baizli rolls her eyes in that certain way that makes you ever so slightly annoyed. She and Joey resume their conversation as they sit down at the makeshift table you've had set up a few days ago, but Baizli gives you a LOOK that's clearly meant to infuriate you and make you screw up.

You push past it, though and continue to work on fixing up the last of breakfast as Tyzias and Daraya meander back over from the ship. Tyzias looks excited about probably figuring something out despite probably staying up all night again, and Daraya looks like she just woke up.

"Hey!" Tyzias says, "I figured something out! I'll wait until everyone gets here though to say anything, though."

"Where's Mallek?" Daraya asks you.

"No idea," you answer.

"Still in his tent," Joey replies from the table. "And so should Polypa and Mierfa be in ours. I'll go get them up."

"Yeah, I might as well grab Mallek," Baizli says. "This is going to be mission important, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes" Tyzias nods. "Definitely important."

And so your Kismesis and Moirail head off to wake up your still slumbering teammates.

"In the meantime, I'm gonna go wash my face real quick," Daraya says. "This eyeliner is now two days old and starting to dry out." And with that, she heads off, leaving you and Tyzias there.

For a moment there's silence, just the two of you watching Daraya head off down to the river, and then.

"Damn it," Tyzias sighs. "I'm so screwed."

...And yup, there's that little theory confirmed.

"Feeling flushed?" You ask.

"I'll deny it if you ever say I said this," Tyzias says, "but the only reason I had the breakthrough I did, was because I was trying not to stare at her stomach."

You can't help but laugh.

"What's so funny?" She asks.

"Nothing, nothing," you say. "My lips are sealed on the matter of the breakthrough."
"Thank you," Tyzias says, then sighs again and sits down. "I don't know what to do."

"In my experience, talking helps," you say.

"Hah, I think that'd be a breach of conduct to borrow someone else's moirail," Tyzias says.

"Not what I meant," you say. Sigh. These Girls... "Talk with Daraya. I'll bet you she's just as nervous about whatever quadrant you fall into as you are."

"I... thanks," she says. "I'll think on it, Xef."

A short while later, Joey and Baizli come back, dragging behind them your still sleepy team members.

Mallek's hair is completely unstyled for once, and he looks rather put off about it. You've long since gotten used to seeing Mierfa in a just-woken-up sort of haze from a long time of it just being a handful of you on the All Your Base. Meanwhile, Polypa's just tying her hair into a ponytail without having even bothered brushing it first.

"So, what's the story, Tyzias?" Joey asks.

"Well, Daraya'll be back in a minute," Tyzias says, stalling for time.

But right then and there, Daraya does indeed return. You nearly do a double take because she's not wearing any eyeliner like she usually does. Tyizas definitely does a double take, though, and stares for a few good seconds.

You cough to get her to snap out of it, and Tyzias continues, "Right, so, I figured out a way to maybe defrost one of the aliens by tripping a fail safe program and make it think the pod is overheating. If we can understand their spoken language, we can talk, maybe find out what's going on, and then rescue the rest of them if they even want rescuing."

"Sounds like a plan," Joey says. "How long before you can do it?"

"In an emergency? Right now," Tyzias says. "I'd like to check in with Matron Porrim and Seer Altair first, though. Maybe Cassandra too. See if they have any disagreements about doing it now versus later, and which pod would be the best outcome for us."

"We don't want to go accidentally releasing any alien convicts, after all," Daraya says.

"Right," Joey nods. "I guess we'll need to send someone back to town and-"

**POP-WOOOSH.**

And then suddenly Rose Lalonde is standing there in the middle of the group, a panicked look on her face.

"Oh! Good! You really are out in the middle of nowhere!" She says, and then- **POP WOOSH.**

She's gone again.

"Wait, wasn't today a School-" Joey goes to ask, when **POP- WOOOSH,** Rose reappears with a
frustrated Argo, a concerned John, and an upset Jade. "-Day?" The world feels somewhat more unstable with Jade here. Like the ground beneath your feet is suddenly pushing upwards.

"I think it's Friday back on Earth?" You say, trying to ignore it.

"Yes, it is," John says as he quickly begins taking Jade out of your immediate vicinity. "Rose, you explain! Jade, c'mon."

And then he and Argo lead Jade down to the river, well away from your camp site. As they leave, you feel the ground beneath your feet stabilizing.

"...Rose," Joey turns to face the girls, "what's going on?"

"Well, Jade's been... uh..." Rose scratches at the back of her head, her feline cat ears flicking flat against her skull in displeasure. "Tense. Since Doctor Jackson ascended. Jade's been struggling to keep her anger in check, and her powers with it."

"That's putting it mildly, I'm guessing," Mierfa observes.

"Well, some jerk at school decided to poke the girl capable of juggling space ships," Rose shakes her head. "And by poke, I mean, insinuate that John was a bastard who was keeping her isolated from everyone else, and then proceeded to ask her out on a date. She said No. Then he asked again. And again. And again. Each time getting more and more, uh... let's just say unsavory and leave it at that."

"...Oh god," Joey growls, and you spot the nearby Arai beetles all fluttering their wings with an agitated fluster of... agitated flustery-ness. (Wow that thought really got away from you there.)

"What happened?" Tyzias asks.

"Jade told him to go fuck himself, and then stomped her foot on the ground. A second later, the water main exploded from beneath the floor," Rose says, flatly. "The concentrated stream of water hit poor, stupid Pete between the legs, and a bit higher too. As an aside, it seems Pete decided to have some colorful cereal for breakfast this morning."

Just about everyone grimaces at that, save for you and Tyzias.

"She used her powers," Tyzias deduces.

"Oh, yes, she definitely did," Rose says, "and then some. Every water pipe in the entire school building burst seconds later. I don't think we'll be going back to that school building for months."

"Did anyone realize it was Jade?" You ask.

"Cassandra didn't seem to think so, but, she DID say it'd be best for everyone if we got Jade off earth rather quick," Rose says. "She and Jude stayed behind to do damage control. They'll be checking in later, so we'll see what happened then."

"And you came to Diaspora?" Polypa asks. "Why?"

"A series of fortunately timed events, basically," Rose says. "I just grabbed Jade, and John, zipped to Argo who just so happened to be at the SGC while they were doing a scheduled dial out to Alternia, and we all jumped ship before Jade's powers could wreck anything at the SGC. Of course, we didn't
want Jade on Alternia with the moons in the state they're in, so... We immediately dialed out again and came here. Okurii said you were out in the middle of nowhere, so- what better place to hide out 'til Jade's powers get stable again?"

"Alright, fair'nough," Polypa says.

"Rose," Joey says, "go take Tyzias and Daraya back to the village so they can talk with Matron Porrim and Seer Altair about our current situation here, I'll go talk with John and Jade."

"I think I'll tag along back to town too," Polypa says. "I get the feeling we might be needing to set some fires in the near future."

"Oh, no, nothing like that," Tyzias says as Rose puts her arms around her, Daraya, and Polypa. "We'll just be tricking the-"

**POP-WOOOSH!**

Mallek yawns tiredly as the group of them vanish. Baizli and Mierfa ignore this turn of events and settle down and wait for breakfast, you guess.

"Alright," you say. "I guess I'll cook some more food."

Your name is Joey Claire and you find Argo pacing back and forth outside of a large bubble of water suspended over the river, no sign of John or Jade in sight. Most of their clothes, on the other hand, are lying on a rock nearby.

"What the hell?" You ask, staring at the large bubble of water. "Is that Jade's doing?"

"Yeah," Argo stares up at it for a moment, then sighs. "Jade just dove into the river and started bubbling herself up in the water. John went in with a ball of air to make sure she didn't drown herself by accident." She pauses, then says, "Honestly, I think we're dealing with something other than just Jade's temper getting the best of her."

"What makes you say that?" You ask.

"You remember what happened with Cassandra, right?" Argo asks, and you nod.

"The whole 'turning into a superhuman' thing with the electromagnetic powers," you summarize.

"Yeah," Argo glances at the ball of water. "I think we're dealing with something like that except different."

"Different how?" You ask.

She points at her own cat ears and crow wings for emphasis, and says, "Abydos history, 101."

"Ah," you nod in understanding. "Right."

Let's see if you remember this right. Nirrti, at one point, likely worked for Khepri and modified the people of Abydos in various ways, one of which was turning people into animals. Jade had definitely
inherited POWERS from her mother, Sha're, through that history of long and buried modifications... But does Argo think she's inherited more?

"So you think something in Jade's DNA is activating like it did for Cassandra?" You ask.

"Something, yes," Argo says. "Remember how Cassie had that cold building up to just before everything got obvious?"

"I remember hearing about it," you say. "Is something similar happening on Abydos?"

"No, but at the same time, the people there didn't get an alien armband shoved on their wrist," Argo says, "nor have they been in close proximity to a girl who got part of an alien crystal with a shape shifting ability built in grafted to her, or spent time recently next to another girl who's got the full unrestricted version of that same crystal on her forehead."

"Okay, fair enough," you concede the point.

"Not done yet," Argo says. "They also haven't time traveled. They also haven't had to deal with surviving the Aschen's genetic meddling on a planetary scale. There's also who knows what else we've encountered that the Abydosians never run into normally."

"What about Skaara?" You ask. "Wouldn't he have run into those things?"

"It could just be something native to this galaxy," Argo suggests. "I don't think Skaara's ever come to this galaxy. And especially not within the time frame that we have since Jade's started feeling weird all the time."

"Hmm, you've got a point there," you relent. "The moons falling, maybe?" Maybe some lunar dust got into the air and Jade breathed it in? But that's just reaching for straws at the moment, you suspect. But, hrm... Wait. "What makes you think it's an animal-form thing?" You ask.

"Well, Jade's nightmares lately have apparently been more... weird than usual," Argo says. "Stuff like running around in a desert as a wolf."

"Well, I suppose there's that," you say.

"Also, not to be weird, but her shorts stuck weirdly against her butt when she was undressing a minute ago," Argo adds. "Like, there was a tail tucked in under there that wasn't there before, sort of stuck. And also, I swear her fingernails were getting sharper the entire time we were leaving through the gate and waiting for it to redial for us to get here."

Memories of your own brief werewolf like transformation surface vividly. You were lucky you were able to fix the problems with Shaper forcing that on you... that there was a problem with the crystal that you could even fix. But here... if that is the case?

"I suppose we should get Kanaya in to look at her," you say. "Check with Shaper if that's what's going on with Jade."

"Mnh," Argo nods. "It shouldn't be too hard to see if there's a retrovirus mucking with her DNA or something like that."

"Yeah. Maybe if we're lucky-'we can beat this before it becomes a problem' you'd say, if not for
the sudden feeling as if the ground beneath you has suddenly become oriented in a different
direction.

You tumble backwards into a tree, and poor Argo ends up slamming into the ground nearby.

That's when the bubble of water over the river basically explodes, and poor John ends up crashing
into it.

As for Jade...

Well, you suppose Argo's theory doesn't need to be tested by Kanaya with Shaper.

Jade HOWLS, like a wolf, because damn it all if she isn't in the middle of a werewolf like
transformation. You can literally see the fur growing across her skin. She's got the ears and the tail
and claws on every finger and toe and- her face has already seemingly finished shifting into that of a
wolf's, as a small mercy.

What's good is that she doesn't have the facial structure of an Alternian's Wolf-lusus, so... this is
definitely not anything to do with either instance of Shaper if it remembered Callie's Lusus' DNA in
any way shape or form.

What's NOT so good is the fact that Jade is somehow floating in mid air, and all of that newly grown
in fur is sparking with the same electric green energy that's illuminating her eyes, all flickering and
energetic and raw and untamed.

As Jade then howls again, you decide that this was decidedly NOT a lucky break.

"AWOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

Your name is Mierfa Durgas and you frown at the sound of a...

"AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

...A Wolf Lusus? Out here in the forests of Diaspora?

"Oh. FUCK." Xefros swears, and hastily starts putting the cooking fires out.

"What is it?" You ask.

"Mallek!" Xefros orders, "Stay here and tell Rose to get Kanaya and the Shaper Crystal when she
gets back with Tyzias and Daraya. Mierfa, Baizli, with me."

And then you're heading off down to the river again, following Xefros' lead as he decaptchalogues a
stun rifle.

What you find concerns you greatly. Argo is fishing a dazed John out of the water, and Joey is
clutching a hand to her arm, traces of blood slipping out past her fingers.

"Joey!" You run over to her. "What happened!?"
"Jade apparently had a bit of werewolf in her," Joey remarks, grimacing as she and you check the wound to see it's already stopping bleeding. "I tried to stop her and she batted me aside. I think she hit me mostly with her powers instead of her hands though."

"You did hit me pretty hard when you got affected by Shaper," Xefros points out.

"True, but still," Joey frowns. "Ugh. Anyways. She threw me aside, then ran off."

Distantly, you hear a tree cracking and falling- THUD- the whole ground shakes a bit. Everyone flinches.

"I don't know what happened," John mutters as Argo drags him over to the rest of you. "One second she was freaking out about breaking the pipes in the school, the next she's screaming in pain and then I'm hitting the river."

"Well, whatever the cause is," Argo grunts, "we need to go after her before she gets lost and hurts herself."

"Or someone else," John says.

"We're out in the middle of nowhere," Joey says. "Who's she going to hurt?"

"Us?" You offer.

"...I don't think she's going to go that far," Joey says. "She could've broken my arm with that swipe. She didn't. I think she's still in control somehow."

"Either way," Xefros says, "Argo's right. We need to go after her." He turns to Baizli, and says, "Go back and wait with Mallek. Let Rose know what's going on."

"Alright, fine," Baizli says. "But you owe me SO many breakfast steaks for making me hike up and down this hill, Xef."

"I'll owe you if we end up hiking all over this jungle looking for Jade, Baizli," Xefros counters.

And with that, you all trudge out into the forest in the respective directions.

You're got a girl to rescue from herself, it seems.

Chapter End Notes

...Grimbark.

Next chapter might take a while, but another artwork piece might show up in the mean time. :33
ARTWORK: "Can't Catch Me If I'm On Fire."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
Chapter End Notes

Drew a Polypa....

If you're curious about all the tattoo detail I fussed over all day, I have an alternate version that you can check out down on this page:
https://axrosspaceandtime.wordpress.com/2018/04/18/some-sgalternia-artwork/

Notes on the Not So Obvious: The leaping flames connecting to the Sign Tattoo over Polypa's heart form legs to make the sign look more like a cat. (A happy accident.)

Polypa's Belt buckle is literally the hexagonal sign plate from her Troll Call just scaled up a bit and rotated to fit.

The Tattoos have a subtle impression of burn scarring- which makes sense considering she did get a bunch of lava dumped on her, Shaper shenanigans aside.

...Yes, Polypa rolls up the leggings of her shorts just to show off more of the tattoos.
ALT:06X02: Messenger, Messenger. (Part 2)

Chapter Summary

In which things both go and do not go according to plan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your name is Dammek and hoo boy do you hate guard duty. Especially when it's BAIT guard duty.

You've taken SUSPICIOUS ENEMY NUMBER 1- ZEBRUH CODAKK- and NUMBER 2- KIRIHA AONUMA- to KAPTAR, and locked them in a cage down in the old POLYARCH CAVERN.

THE WORLD IS QUIET HERE. Too quiet, infact. Kaptar is a dead world now, save for those of you from Alternia camping out here, sitting like the cheese in a squeak-beast trap.

Beyond the idiots locked away in a cage, you've got Callie, some visitors from another dimension, and ALT-13 as backup. Aonuma was their capture, after all. Okurii didn't want to jinx events by putting the bad luck team on the same field that you're on, but you pushed for them to join on this mission.

It's been utterly, completely, uneventfully boring so far; Okurii had nothing to be worried about.

Callie and one of the dimensional twin girls- the one with cat features.... Keiko? Or wait, no, Silica is the one with cat features so.... Silica? Silica sounds right. Callie and Keiko are talking about ZPMS, given the whole point of this little trap is to lure out Shadre and capture her so you can find out where her clown cohorts got their hands on... Silica's world's ZPMs from.

There, you nailed it that time.

The other two, Minori and... Toe... Touya! That was it. Minori and Touya are over by the cage that your prisoners are in, making sure the SPELL WORK keeping them quiet is going to last a good long time.

As for ALT-13? You have no idea where they are. They like sticking to the shadows, and are damned good at it.

You're bored. Easily so.

You idly wonder, just what are Xefros, Joey, and the others up to right now? Probably, they're just as bored as you are.

Your name is Joey Claire and you've been following an alternating trail of destroyed trees and a large
trench in the ground where dirt seems to have been pulled along by Jade's powers.

Thankfully, Jade seems to have been heading AWAY from the small oasis on the cliff home to the one crashed alien ship and the other alien ship crashed into the middle of the canyon.

Unfortunately, it seems Jade decided at some point to JUMP said canyon, because the trail suddenly ends on your side of the cliff and quite dramatically resumes on the other side of it with a large crater and another trail of trenched up soil.

"How the hell are we supposed to get across that!?!?" Xefros asks, staring at it.

"Argo and I could fly over," you say, summoning your Arai-Polyarch wings, "but everyone else would have to find a way around and then catch up, or wait for Rose to get back and teleport to us."

"Argo, if you carry me, I can probably support your wings with wind to keep us from falling into the canyon," John says.

"Mmh, I could probably stand carrying you for a jump like I did with Jade on Revanna," Argo agrees. "But what about everyone else?"

"It's going to be hiking either way," Mierfa shrugs.

"Let's get going then," you say. "We've got to find Jade."

Needless to say, today is definitely anything but boring.

__________________________

*Stargate: Alternia*

__________________________

Your name is CALLIE OHPHEE and boy does it feel like you haven't had a day to yourself in... well.. MONTHS! More like weeks, really, but still! It feels like it's been months!!

And while, sure, you've had a break here or there, you've really just been bouncing from one crisis to the next. Even now, you're surely waiting for someone to come attack. And yet... even despite the fact that you're TALKING SHOP about how it could even be possible that the clowns got ahold of ZPMs... you somehow feel more at ease than you have in a long while.

There's something soothing about Kaptar, yet haunting in its emptiness, now.

A Planet of Void to come to when your mind needs voiding out. Hmm...

You don't have much time to think on it because that's when your radios buzz, and VIOLET DELAIR reports: "Goa'uld Al'kesh just entered the atmosphere. We're go, people."

You look to Silica, and smile. "Well, here we go again."

"Yup," she goes to her radio, "Minori, Touya, get cloaked up and wait for my signal." And then, as she puts her radio away, she chants a SPELL. A honest to every deity in existence REAL MAGIC
SPELL. A few moments later, the girl takes on an ALTERNIAN APPEARANCE. It's not real, you're told, but you can't help but be reminded of JOEY, just a bit, with the way her facial features skew slightly, her hair shifts from brown to black, and her cat ears turn into cat ear shaped horns.

On second glance, though, she looks like a distant relation to Okurii. Funny, hadn't you had a similar thought about some other troll in the distant past? That Megido girl who... who... who stayed behind, hadn't she? She had to have, yes, but... wait.

Megido?

You'd thought that Aradia's last name had sounded familiar. Huh. You'll have to check later and see if-

The world shakes you out of your thoughts as the world itself shakes from the vibrations of a ship flying dangerously close to the wall of the canyon your little hideaway cave is sequestered within.

"Right," you say. "Showtime."

You are once again Dammek and you frown as Shadre Amanno and ONLY Shadre Amanno steps out of the transmat beam of the Rings after it finishes depositing her on a landing.

She's bold, coming out into the open like this on her own. The Al'kesh takes off and moves to find a landing spot, you'd guess. If you've laid your bets right, then it'll be heading straight towards ALT-13's hiding spot.

"Shadre's ringed down," you whisper into the radio. "Be advised, she's alone and she's got some kind of tracking device she's loking at that's leading her down to the cave."

"Not surprising," Duncan replies. "We know Aonuma had a tracking chip in him."

Yeah, that tracking chip. That was a lucky break that had been in a section of skin that a fish had bitten into, and jarred it loose to the point that it fell out and gotten stuck in his clothes. It'd then been fished out, identified for what it was, and stuck in a signal blocking box, never to be opened again until today.

Shadre had to know she was walking into a trap. So why was she going alone?

"Seriously, how the hell can one wolf-ized girl run so fast!?" your name is Argo Lalonde and you're honestly wondering how the hell Jade's gotten as far as she has as quickly as she has.

"You'd be surprised how fast Jade could run even on two legs," John remarks. "Add two more and the fact she's never really had a reason to go all out since we came back from the future?"

"So pretty damned fast" Joey agrees. She's cheating- staying on her magic wings that somehow support her whole body despite not even being attached.

Your wings don't do that. Your wings follow actual proper drag and lift dynamics and you need a
decent breeze to keep you going plus it strains your shoulders if you keep at it long enough.

Basically: you, jealous? Never!

Izador Amyrre and Klauss Bauldr sneaked up to the outside airlock door of the Al'kesh bomber, parked oh so casually on top of a cliff, and pondered their entry for a moment.

Klauss muses on it for a moment, then says, "I suppose we could just knock."

And so they did, and then they wait, readying their stun rifles in preparation for the imminent assault.

"Oh it truly is such a bore," Izador hums as they wait, "when we must wait for an open door."

A moment later a single irate clown opened the Al'kesh's airlock and got a stun rifle's shock absorbing shoulder stock to the nose. He staggered back, shocked by the shock absorbers lack of shock absorption in HIS direction, and then took a stun shot to the chest, knocking him out cold.

A moment passed, but no other clowns came out of the ship.

"I feel sorry for his nose," Izador muses as she and Klauss lower their stun rifles, "but we should be fortunate this one wasn't on his toes."

"That we are," Klauss agrees. "Now, let's take the ship."

As they work on securing the bomber ship, Violet and Duncan continue to stand guard in hiding and keep their eyes on the sky for any more ships.

None were coming right now, but that could change at any minute. Or not at all, for that matter. Still. It was good to keep an eye out just in case.

Shadre stalked through the hallways of an abandoned world, squinting in the dim light as her eyes adjusted to a darkness she had been used to before becoming accustomed to the luxurious, constant illumination of her private, oh so personalized spaceship.

And so it was that she found two separated cells at the end of a long canyon, and there- inside the one on the left- was her Kiriha!! Inside the right one was the looser nobody Zebruh Codakk standing on his feet and yelling out nothing at all. Shadre ignored him entirely and ran over to her lover.

"Kiriha!" She cries out, grinning at the Indigo blood within.

Kiriha opened his mouth and spoke- but no sound came out. Silenced by technology no doubt!!

"I found you! Just give me a second and I'll get out out!" Shadre works to pop open the lock to the cage and then throws herself at Kiriha- wrapping her arms around him with a tight hug, and squealing. "Yes! Finally! Now to get you the hell out of here!"

"Uhhh- Ma'am?" Said a distinctly NOT KIRIHA voice from the Indigo blood she was hugging.

Shadre pushed out of the hug for a moment and saw that, much to her surprise, the man she'd been
hugging was very definitely not Kiriha Aonuma.

"What?" She blinks at Zebruh Codakk. "You're not Kiriha!"

"No, I'm not," he says. "And this a-"

**CLANG!!**

A jail cell door swung shut, but not the one Shadre had opened. Oh, no, instead there was now a LARGE CAGE surrounding the much smaller cage they were in.

"Trap," Zebruh finishes.

"H...How?" Shadre stares at the secondary, much larger cage. "How did...?" She looks over at the other cage, and sees KIRIHA- the real KIRIHA AONUMA- stuck within it. "They... they tricked us!? HOW!"

"Magic!" says SILICA as she, Callie, Minor, and Touya all step out into view. The latter two, such as Silica, are similarly disguised in Alternian form with ample use of FACTION DISGUISE, a variant of which was used to cloak Zebruh Codakk with a disguise that made him look like Kiriha Aonuma.

"Now, then, Shadre," Callie says, smiling as she steps forwards a bit more. "We need you to tell us exactly how you got your hands on those Zero Point Modules."

Shadre considered it for a few moments, then defiantly cawed: "Hell No!"

---

"Well, I think we've found Jade," You're once again Joey Claire, and you stare at the startlingly large DOME of stone and dirt that's definitely out of place with the surrounding environment. There are a couple of LARGE HOLES in it in places that could be considered windows or doors.

There is a distinct gravitational push away from the structure, and Jade herself is glaring out one of the window/doors at you, growling, fur bristling with... fear? You want to say fear.

"So... how do we want to go about this?" Argo asks. "I mean, she's basically made a small little cave for herself out of all the dirt she was collecting."

"I don't know," John frowns. "I want to try walking up to her and talking to her... but I don't want to scare her into running away again."

And then there's a **POP** and a small **WOOSH** of air, and then Rose is standing there next to you, looking very much like a terrified cat.

"Oh, geeze. Well they weren't kidding, were they?" She asks.

"Yeah, she went werewolf," Argo nods.

"Damn," Rose shakes her head. "And it's really been two hours now?"
Has it been two hours? You hadn't noticed.

"Really? Two hours?" John asks. "I guess we have been running a lot. Wait- more importantly, what took you so long to get back if it's been that long?"

"We went to check back in with Alternia and Earth," Rose answers. "I didn't expect something this bad to happen so soon after I left! Cassandra said I should check in with Dammek's team after I checked in with you guys." She frowns. "...I'm gonna be right back."

**POP-WOOOSH!** And she's gone.

You wonder what she's up to?

---

"I'm not telling you anything!" Shadre's insistant voice echos out through the tunnel for the fifth time in the last ten minutes. And that was AFTER several doses of a particularly tongue loosening brand of TROLLLIAN BRAND WHISKEY. Girl's got a tolerance several miles long, it seems.

Your name is Dammek, and you sigh. "She's stubborn, I'll give her that."

"Yes, she is," Callie agrees.

Right now, Silica is doing her best to... convince the leader of the Clown's Dark Carnival to turn and tell on her master. Minori and Touya are helping ALT-13 with the Al'kesh. You and your Moirail are just talking, away from Shadre's prying eyes..

Suddenly, your radio buzzes.

"Dammek, this is Okurii. Status update?" Huh, you guess they dialed in from Alternia. But why? Scheduled check in isn't for another few hours.

"Okurii, Dammek here. We've got our gal and are interrogating her for information as we speak," you report. "What's up?"

And then you get the low-down on what's been happening on Earth and Diaspora, and Rose's suggestion as to who might be able to help.

"Yeah, that sounds like something one of the Fae can help with," Callie agrees.

"Go ahead send Rose through and have her ask for help," you agree.

---

**POP! WOOOSH!**

"Woah, that's a rush," says a half-familiar voice.

Your name is John Sheppard, and you look in surprise to see that Rose has brought back with her the Werewolf fae from the other other world connected to Keiko's futuristic Ancient Apocalypse universe, the one all the ZPMS seemed to have come from. Touya, that was his name, and he was...
was... what was it Jude had said he was again? Cu-Sidhe? A wolf-faerie, as close to a werewolf as your mind can think of... and probably Rose came to the same conclusion too.

Well, that's an idea, at least.

"Annnnd... yeah, that's as textbook of a case of an unstable magic empowered werewolf if ever I've seen one, alright," he says, staring at Jade. "Freshly turned, right? When was she bitten?"

"Bitten?" you shake your head. "No, she just turned, suddenly."

Argo chimes in with, "We think it's something in her DNA inherited from centuries ago."

"...Oooh, natural latent gift, that's rarer," Touya winces. "Add in... what is that, Gravity Magic?"

Joey nods, and he continues, "Yeesh, that's a double whammy. You could rip the core out of a planet with that kind of magic. This is gonna be tough."

"Can you help, though?" Rose asks.

"I said it's going to be tough, not impossible," Touya counters with a sly smirk, one that was replaced with a serious expression. "I went through the same thing when I first got turned. It's not really an experience you can forget. I'll just help do the same thing for Jade that was done for me." He pauses. "And for that, I need a volunteer."

"Me," you volunteer instantly.

"Way to jump the line, John," Joey says. "You don't even know what you're volunteering for."

"It's simple, really," Touya says. "I cast a variation of Faction Disguise on someone before I transform into my wolf form, also turning THEM into a werewolf. Then we go over to Jade, and hopefully talk her down from the rush of unstoppable emotions she's no doubt feeling right now and get her to turn back to 'human' form."

"I heard those quote marks there," Argo points out. "Out with it. What're you not telling us?"

"Well, would you rather I say 'Fae form'?" Touya asks. "Honestly, I don't know what we're going to run into here. It's a whole different universe, so it could be a whole different set of rules to work with. There might not be any turning her back outside of some magic cheats... but we won't know until we get her mind stabilized."

"So... this Faction Disguise thing is temporary, right?" You ask.

"This variation of the spell will wear off when I turn back," Touya answers. "It's perfectly safe. Doesn't carry any of the standard risks of infection or transformation. After all, if it weren't, my sister and I would both have ended up Cu Sidhe, and not split across racial lines like we are now."

"And if we can't turn Jade back... could you turn me into a wolf?" You ask.

Touya considers it for a few moments, then says, "Yeah, that's doable. Totally making it a last resort, though."

"Then let's do this," you say.
Your name is ARGO LALONDE, and you watch as Touya chants a spell, encasing John in an aura of wild looking energies. Then, a moment later, Touya is shifting in form, and you look away from him. It's disconcerting on so many levels. John's transformation is much better.

That wild swirling aura of energy suddenly condenses into ribbons and rings of magic, obscuring him from sight, and then WOOOSH- the energy's gone and there's John as a werewolf.

After seeing this, you see that Jade's stopped growling, and, in fact, seems to be sniffing the air in confusion. Well, that's a good sign, you hope.

Touya finishes shifting, and then he shakes out whatever tense muscles were released. You hold your breath and watch as John and Touya walk over towards Jade. John on his back legs normally, Touya on all fours.

Jade growls out something- to which John says something in return.

...You get the feeling this might take a while.

"...Anyone bring any cards?" You ask.

"Yup," Joey says, decaptchalogueing a box of playing cards.

"Sweet," you say.

You're once again John Sheppard.

It's funky. You don't feel any different- physically- but your body visually is... very not yours? Also, your vision has this weird BLURRING EFFECT along the sides of it.

["J- John??"] Also, now you can hear Jade's growling as actual words. ["Is that you??"]

["Yeah, It's me."] The words you speak are yours, and yet... wolfish. This is a really weird spell.

["How? NO Noooo!" ] jade shakes her head. ["Go away! I don't want to hurt you! Don't want to loose control-!"]

You feel the ground shaking a bit this close to her, but it cuts off suddenly when you call out her name. ["JADE! Get a grip!"]

There's a moment's pause, and then she nods. ["I'll try..."]

["Miss Jackson?"] Touya begins, similarly translated. ["We're here to help. I've been through this sort of thing before."]

["Y-you've blown up water pipes and turned into a werewolf and and and-"] Jade takes a sniffling gasp for air. ["I hurt people. I don't want to hurt anyone else."]

["We'll make sure you won't."] Touya looks at you meaningfully. You get the impression he wants
you to be READY. ["Miss Jackson, will you let John join you in your cave?"]

Jade whimpers, but nods. ["Yeah."] You climb in and settle in next to her. A moment later, she's pressing up next to you- shoulder to shoulder and you can feel her shaking, like after the usual nightmares.

["Alright,"][1] Touya says. ["Let's get started."]

Your name is Rose Lalonde, and about an hour into a card game between you, Argo, and Joey, there's the sound of shifting flesh and crunching bones suddenly echoing out, and then gasping breaths from Jade. You try not to look until you hear another burst of that same sound, signaling Touya and John's reversion to normal.

"Okay," Touya says, "you did good, Jade. Real good. Just remember to keep taking deep breaths."

"MMh!"] Jade sounds out an agreement.

"Argo! Joey! Did either of you think to grab Jade's clothes before we ran off?" John asks.

"Yeah!" Joey quickly gets up and decaptchalogues the clothes Jade had been wearing earlier. "I've also got some spare clothes she can borrow if she needs anything."

"It worked out," You smile at Argo, who sighs in relief and quickly starts packing up your card game.

After a few moments, Touya moves over to you, and asks, "How many people can you teleport at once?"

"I've never had a reason to try more than three at once," you say, "I could probably do everyone at once, though."

"Let's not push it, and for now, just take Joey and Argo back first," Touya says. "Then come back for the rest of us."

"Alright," you say, the look to Joey, and ask, "Back to the campsite?"

"Yeah, I'll make sure we've get the spare tent ready for them," Joey says. "I mean, sure it was Polypa's but we never set it up since she's been crashing with me and Mierfa, so..." She shakes her head. "Let's go."

Your name is Polypa Goezee, and once an extra tent has been set up for John and Jade to crash in, and everyone begins catching up everyone else on the day's activities so far, you're left playing around with a flick lighter that you picked up earlier today. (You're making sure not to actually flick it on, lest you accidentally set something on fire. It's no fun when it's an accidental fire! You just like the clicking action of flicking the lid open and snapping it shut.)

Right now Tyzias is going on about Seer Altair and Matron Porrim approving freeing one of the
aliens in the space ships and what not. You're tuning most of it out because you were THERE FOR IT. It basically boils down to a lot of 'BLAH BLAH BLAH JUST MAKE SURE YOU HAVE SUBTITLES ENABLED' or some shit like that. To be honest, you were kind of tuning it out then, too.

/Subtitles?/ Touya asks, suddenly, gaining your attention. "Oh, I know that spell!"

"Well, stick around then for a bit, I guess," Joey decides. "Speaking of magic, though, how's Jade going to be holding up in your oh-so-professional opinion?"

"Not really sure I'm a professional," Touya answers, "but I AM pretty sure she just had a stress induced transformation. We'll have to practice some controled shifts, but that can wait until tomorrow. She was pretty much wiped out from running around dragging rocks around for a couple of hours when we found her to begin with. We're lucky she was wasting her energy on that and not something worse."

"You said she could rip the core out of a planet," Argo observes.

What? Really?? Little Jade could do /THAT/!?

"Gravity Magic was banned in my world," Touya explains. "Once, long ago, an acient mage decided to take over a nearby planet by threatening to rip out its core." He pauses, then says, "When they kicked him off their world, he did. It killed him doing it, but he did it anyways."

"What was the cause of death, exactly?" Tyzias asks.

"History says it was over stressing his body channeling that much power at once that killed him," Touya says, "but legend? Legend says he PULLED the core of that planet at himself instead of pushing it away from him, and basically incinerated himself with the molten lava of the planet. Honestly, I'm willing to believe it was both at once."

You imagine the scene. A big fancy magic guy floating above a planet, grabbing at its core with magic and then ripping it up towards him.

'Muwahahaha!' he'd laugh. 'Yes! I've done it!!'

And then the look of horror on his face as a volcanic eruption of magma and fire and lava and all kinds of MOLTEN SHIT spews up and crashes into his face.

"Heehehee," you giggle. "Sounds extremely karmic. How big of a bang was it?"

"Big enough that we were lucky that ALL Alfheim got afterwards was a fancy ring around the planet's equator," Touya answers. "Of course, that's considering that a lot of mages probably worked to ensure it worked out that way, but still."

You see that Tyzias and Daraya are already just as enraptured by the idea as you are, Tyzias is already sketching something down on paper, and muttering something about GRAVITATIONAL PULL. Daraya is looking over at you, then back at Tyzias’ sketches, and then back and forth and back and forth until finally she just scurries over and grabs you and drags you over to what they're working on.

....Oh.
YES!

HELL YES!!

HELL FUCKING YES!!

"Daraya, Tyzias," you grin, "I love the way you two think."

As the trio of you start giggling insanely over a frankly EXPLOSIVE PLAN, you notice everyone save Joey eyeing you three with concern. Your Kismesis just rolls her eyes and mouths, 'Tell us later.'

You do so (platonicly) love it when a girl can appreciate something VERY HOT.

"Anyways," you're once again Xefros Tritoh, and you're trying very hard to ignore the insane giggling of those three girls. "So... Waking up aliens from cryo-freeze? Should we just get that out of the way now, or...?"

"Let's wait for them to finish what they're working on," Joey says. "Then we'll go wake up the aliens." She turns to Touya, "So, this 'subtitle' spell, how does it work?"

"Blatant Magic Cheatery," Touya waves his hand side to side. "Basically, you cast a spell on a group of people in a room, and text just appears in front of everyone's eyes in whatever dominant language they're used to reading in. You can cast it on a baby and get their exact thoughts out of their garbled nonsense. In return, it also gives the kid a head start on language development too, because it lets them start to learn communication skills at a very early age."

"Seriously?" Baizli asks.

"I'm serious," Touya nods. "You'd be surprised how sassy some babies can be, though, who knows how much of that is actually them and how much is just the magic filling in the blanks." He pauses, then shakes his head. "At any rate, we've had no discernible problems with it failing to translate at all. But, well, alien languages and alternate universes."

"Yeah, that could be a problem," you muse. "Hopefully it won't be too much of one, though."

"Yeah, here's hoping." Joey agrees.

"THAT IS THE MOST INSANE PLAN I'VE EVER HEARD OF!"

Your name is Jade Jackson and you snap awake at the sudden shout from outside. Wait, no, not a shout, but someone talking loudly to the point it sounds like a sho-

"BUT SERIOUSLY, I LIKE IT."
"NO!" You whimper, putting your hands over your ears to try and block it out, but it doesn't stop. Why is it so LOUD!?

"AND YOU THINK THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL FROM THE BLACKHOLE WOULD BE ENOUGH FOR THAT??"

And then as you curl up into a ball, you feel a strange bit of pressure against your skull as the sounds suddenly dim down, and you realize that you've got a second set of ears.

"PROBABLY, Yes, it'dbe..."

You have two sets of ears right now. That- That would certainly do it, you guess. Why do you have two sets of ears again? The question confuses you for a few moments until you remember just what happened this morning. You whine at the memories, until hear John whisper your name.

His voice is like a knife cutting through the cloud of raw emotions that's been swirling.

"Jade? Are you okay?"


"Sssh," John wraps his arms around you and you cuddle up against him. "It'll be okay."

You really wish that's true... but being here with his arms wrapped around you, you can maybe believe it for a little while.

Your name is Tyzias Entykk, and you hold your breath as you wait for the pod in front of you to finish defrosting and for Touya to finish chanting the "Subtitle" spell.

"...Subtilia!" Touya finishes the spell, and then you feel a tingle in your eyes. "Testing?" He asks, and you see the same word appear in front of your eyes, except with a prefix. It reads: [TOUYA: Testing?]

"Yeah, it works," Joey says, the same sentence appearing just the same.

POP! The lid releases and out slumps a large four armed alien. They just sit there on the floor for a minute, huffing, puffing, clearly trying to get their wits about them. The alien looks around, in confusion, then locks eyes on you all. They open their mouth, but... no words are spoken.

And yet, words appear in front of your eyes regardless, [TARAR: What? What are you? How did you get onboard this ship?]

How odd. You check your devices for the passive scanners...

"Um, hi," Joey says, "we're explorers and settlers. We found your ships crashed here in the forest. They've been here for a long time, judging by the overgrowth."

[I... we've been truly crashed for that long?] The alien, TARAR you guess, asks. [Wait. How are you doing this trickery with the words in front of my eyes? I see you speak but hear no words.]
"Magic," Touya says. "I'm not exactly from this dimension."

[That explains little other than the imagery.] Tarar says.

"Well," you say, "Let me try explaining a bit." You hold up your scanner's readout screen. "Your voice is outside of our species' hearing range. You speak in lower tones than we can hear. I'd assume we're speaking higher than you can hear in turn."

The alien considers it, then says, [Yes, that would make sense. Much of our technology is voice activated.] After a moment of considering, they ask several questions, [Who are your people? What planet is this? What Galaxy? More importantly, I suppose, is what year is it?]

"Touya aside, we're from the Planet Alternia," Mierfa speaks up. "We're on a planet we call Diaspora, but our computer databases listed is as P0A-DSP, if that helps any?"

[Names I do not recognize. What is the Galaxy Designation?] Tarar asks.

"We, uh, really don't have a consensus on that," you say. "Most people just refer to it as 'Alternia's Galaxy', because, well, Alternia used to have an empire that ruled over most of it. As for the year, I'm not sure that'd help any. We're sort of using like, three different calendars depending on what planet we're on."

[Interesting.] Tarar pauses, then asks, [Why do you mean by 'Used to'?]

"We're sort of in the middle of a management shake up," Joey chimes in. "The old Empress is dead, the Heiress doesn't have a leg to stand on, the empire's broken up into rebellion, and there's a lot of angry folks out there trying to become top dog."

[Top Canine?] Tarar asks, seeming confused by the turn of phrase. [Wait. Never mind. I figured it out. You mean the ruler of everything?]

"Yes," Joey nods.

[I see,] Tarar muses over it for a moment. [You called yourselves 'settlers,' I take it that this planet is claimed?]

"Well, mostly," Mierfa says. "See, Alternia's moons are sort of collapsing and we need to evacuate the planet. We're spreading out to a few different worlds. This is one of them. We've got one major settlement built and a few others in progress elsewhere."

"We were searching this planet for suitable village places when we came across your ships," you explain.

[How terrible, and yet, evocatively similar to our own plight.] Tarar says. [My people, the Villein, are nomadic. Our original world was dying, and so we spread out across the stars. We seek new worlds that we might be able to live on. Before our apparent crash, my dispatch visited and dismissed atleast three other worlds as viable new homeworlds.]

"We don't mind sharing the planet if you want to stay here," Joey says, "but we figured that would be a discussion you'd want to have with your people."
"Yes, it would be." Tarar says. "I would like to see the state of the ships before making the decision to revive the others first, however."

"We don't have a problem with that," Joey says.

And so you head to the door you cut your way into not so long ago.

[I see you had to brute force your way in,] Tarar observes. [How did you bypass the force shield technology, if it was active?]

"We've fought some enemies weak to energy wave disruptors," you explain. "I re-calibrated one to generate a signal that disrupted the shield for long enough to cut through it."

[Inclever!] Tarar says, observing the hinges on the door. [I will see about opening this the rest of the way.] And then he speaks something that Touya's subtitle spell translates as [REDACTED PASSWORD UNAVAILABLE FOR TRANSLATION.]

"Huh," Touya muses. "I didn't know it'd do that."

A moment later, the hinges on the rusted shut door creek and groan and fight to open, but eventually do.

[I has truly been a while if that door refused to open smoothly,] Tarar remarks.

And so you step outside.

[...I may stand corrected,] Tarar says, staring at all of the wildlife growing in the very clear radius of the impact crater. [It has been a very. Very. Long time.]

"This is where your ship crashed, we'll take you to the other one whenever you're ready," Joey says. "But, um, fair warning, it's stuck in the middle of a canyon."

Tarar says nothing on that subject until finishing checking over the exterior of their ship, and then says nothing at all until you get to the other ship.

And then, they start laughing. At least, you assume they're laughing given the sheer amount of short quick breaths they're taking. Finally, [Of all of the- How!? How does the auto pilot fail so badly!? To crash into a canyon of all things!!]

"We're, uh," you cough. "We're not entirely sure how to get your people out of this one, to be honest. The exit doors are wedged up against sheer rock."

[This... this is indeed a problem,] Tarar shakes their head. [I will need to speak with our engineers to see what we can do. Needless to say, I doubt this ship will be flying any time soon.]

"Understatement of the century, that," Mierfa muses, and honestly, you're very much inclined to agree.
Whoo. This took a while to get done. But here it is.
ARTWORK: "Blood on the Mind."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
My thought process when designing a random villain character who became a lot more long running than originally intended: “Reference a Digimon Character? Sure! Why not!” And thus SHADRE AMANNO was created. I basically took Nene Amano from Digimon Xros Wars/Digimon Fusion and made a Troll version of her… If you've read my one long running XrosWars fanfic here on AO3, you may have noticed I've referenced Taiki/Mikey, Kiriha, and Shoutmon as well at times.

Yup.

So here’s Shadre.

The perspective of the pose came out pretty good, though, I think. The blood in the hair was a pain to work with, though. Bleh!

EDIT: Added in a drop shadow to make it clear that yes, this image is being taken from above.
"So... good news and bad news, Dammek."

Your name is Dammek, and you massage at the bridge of your nose beneath your shades. "Lay the bad news on me first."

"Bad news is Shadre definitely has the Blood-born Goop Monster the Carapacian Exiles told us about. It's the bracelet in her hair," Callie says. "The good news is, the warding Silica and Minori put on the external cage seems to be doing a wonderful job of keeping it contained for the moment... we think."

"You think?" you ask for clarification.

"Considering how little Shadre's giving us information wise, and enjoying it?" Callie shrugs, "It's possible she's just toying with us and could break out at any moment."

"So we need to do something to get that bracelet off of her," you frown.

"You know, I was thinking about something SG-1 encountered during their first year of missions," Callie says. "A sort of virtual reality simulation device."

"Oh boy, here we go," you gripe. "How the hell do you think that's going to do us any good?"

"Well, if we trick her into entering a dream state where she thinks she's escaped," Callie says, "then we can learn a lot of information from her actions as she runs around thinking she's, well, escaped. We can even use some information from what we stole from her ship's computer to fill in some blanks."

"I dunno... that seems a very particular kind of risky," you say. "Still, it's the best chance we've got."

"I'll go contact the SGC and have them ship a device over to us," Callie says, heading away out of the hallway.
You can only sigh, and glance at the cage containing two cages and three prisoners, all three of whom are sound asleep.

This plan had better work.

You turn and leave.

Within the private confines of her skull, Shadre laughed at the fools for talking of their plan right within earshot of the cage. She'd faked being asleep and they'd spoiled their plans to her!

So they were going to try to separate her from her Pet, hm??

Well, she'd just have to teach them the error of their ways. Time to let loose the glob of bloody war.

With a mental command sent, the bracelet around her hair slipped loose, dragging the aura of blood with it, before it shifted and transformed into the BARBELL SHAPED MONSTER.

It slipped between the pitiful defenses of the cage walls and bars, and disappeared down the hallway...Then, it began to FEED. The pitiful screams of the rebels awoke Kiriha and Zebruh, and Shadre smirked once her pet returned with a key to unlock the cage.

She didn't care to find the corpses, nor look for them.

Once freed, Shadre let the creature return to her head and lead the way to the surface. Once there, it didn't take long for Shadre and her Indigo Blooded cohorts to find where the fools had moved her Af'kesh, and they took to the stars, where a RONDEVOUS SHIP sat in wait.

They are hailed.

"My lady, Echidnha," speaks the Purple Blooded girl on the other side of the screen. What was her name again? Shadre couldn't remember, there were so many of her clowns she never bothered to learn the name of. "So good to see your safe return. And General Aonuma and Mister Codakk as well? We have much to report since your departure."

"Well, out with it!" Shadre ordered.

"Lord English has entered the Galaxy," the girl says, "We informed him you were on a private mission against the Rebels and would be back soon."

What? Already? That was... "That was fast!" Shadre remarks. "Did he have another Supergate in ready?"

"I dared not ask specifics of how the gods operate," the girl pauses. "However, he did ask of the progress on the weapon research."

"The... he asked what now?" Shadre asks.

"The weapons enhanced with the crystals the Rebels were asking about," Kiriha supplies.

'Oh, yes, those,' Shadre sighed. "Tell him I will file a report personally just as soon as I get the time
to check on the status of everything that happened since my departure."

"I.... It will be done, Madam Echidnha." The girl nods her head, and moves to disconnect.

"Wait," Shadre says. "What is your name, so that I might properly convey to the Lord that his inquiry came through?"

"Keiko, My Lady," the girl, Keiko says.

"Thank you, Keiko," Shadre says, mangling the name to fit a pattern that it doesn't belong to. "You may go, now."

Shadre considers her options for a few moments, then makes her way to her private computer room with a cry to set course for the Supergate.

Quicker than she'd like, Shadre arrives in the computer room, and establishes a communication with her Lord. Due to 'TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES' caused by the rebels MUCKING ABOUT with a transmitter, Shadre can only send and receive voice- a blessing in disguise. Perhaps English would not see the nervousness on her face.

"AH. SHADRE." English begins once the transmission begins. "I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOU'D GET AROUND TO MESSAGING ME AGAIN. IT'S BEEN FAR. FAR. TOO LONG."

"Appologies, my lord," Shadre lies. "I was caught squashing a rebel cell and rescuing some captured agents of mine."

"I SEE." English pauses for an uncharacteristically short time. "TELL ME, SHADRE. WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE ZERO POINT ENERGY MODULES I LOANED YOU?"

"Unfortunately, there was an accident that cause the entire solar system to be destroyed. We were unable to recover the remaining devices," Shadre reports, frowning, feeling as if she'd given this report before somehow... no? Maybe? It doesn't matter.

"I AM VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, SHADRE," English growls. "DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH EFFORT I WENT INTO ACQUIRING THOSE MODULES?"

"I... uh...." Shadre paled a bit.

"GO ON. TELL ME. IN EXCRUCIATING, EXACTING DETAIL. SPARE NOTHING. NO TINY DETAIL I'VE EVER MENTIONED IS SO UNIMPORTANT. TELL ME HOW MUCH EFFORT I WENT INTO ACQUIRING THOSE ZERO POINT ENERGY MODULES."

Shadre gulped. "I, I'm sure you don't have the time for that, My Lord..."

"I AM THE LORD OF FUCKING TIME, SHADRE! I AM QUITE FUCKING LITERALLY MADE OF THE STUFF." English rants and raves like never Shadre has ever heard before. "IN FACT, I AM SO MADE OF THE STUFF, I COULD JUST POSITIVELY RANT RIGHT NOW. THIS IS YOUR *GOD* SPEAKING TO YOU!!! I HAVE SEEN YOU AT YOUR WEAKEST MOMENTS, PRAYING IN SHAME! YOU WHO WORSHIP YOUR MIRTHFUL MESSIAHS AND ARE FOUND LACKING! DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND AND RESPECT WHAT IT IS I AM SAYING TO YOU HERE? TELL ME SHADRE! TELL. ME. WHAT. LENGTHS. I. WENT. TO. TO GET YOU THOSE CRYSTALS."
And so Shadre did.

She explained how Lord English had gathered the ZPMs from a farming operation in another world and PAINSTAKINGLY shipped the first lot of them through the void of space, arriving instantly at the moment of his choosing and first informing her of his plan.

ONE YEAR of space travel to get those ZPMS to Alternia's Galaxy, which begged the question... Why did Lord English not return to Alternia through such a means if he were capable of it?

Alas, Shadre would never get the answer to that question, because the world around her suddenly turned to void and then....

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DIASPORA DATE: 9/29/0002.

267 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Shadre awoke, restrained to a LARGE METAL CHAIR that had probes pressed up against her temples.

"Wh-What?" She glances around, so confused at the change in setting. From the deck of ONE SIMULATED SHIP to another, VERY REAL ONE.

Your name is Callie Ohphee, and you turn to your Moirail, and say, "See? I told you this plan of mine would work."

"Yeah, yeah," Dammek says. "I guess I owe you an Earth Chicken Dinner or however that expression goes."

"Haha!" Karkat Vantas slips out of one of the other chairs. "That was fun! But still, you should have had me just do English in the first place. Then we wouldn't have wasted days on this."

"What? What's going on!?" Shadre yells out. "Where am I!? Where's---!?" And then she notices that the psychic goop monster bound to her hair decoration is missing entirely. "WHAT DID YOU DO!?"

"Geeze, calm your kittens, Shadre," and then Silica slips out of her chair as well. "We just threw you in a repeated simulation of you escaping a couple dozen times until you caved and told us everything we needed to know."

Shadre froze in horror... and then- "You!" She gasps. "You were Keikho! You lied to me!!"

"KeiKO," Silica corrects. "No H between the K and O. Get it right, EchidNYA."

You laugh at Shadre's befuddled expression, then smile. "Thank you for your co-operation, Shadre. We learned SO much from these little experiments."
You stare at the angry little monster made out of BLOOD contained within the same kind of SEALED CONTAINER that the rogue Shaper Crystal was once held in once upon a time. If that kind of container could keep a super powered genetically modifying super crystal from breaking out, a psychic blood monster won't have a chance at all.

...Especially not after having the Fae enchant the container to further keep the thing from escaping.

This was the first thing you figured out how to do once Shadre was put into Virtual Reality- how to safely get this parasite off of her and shove it into a Jar. Once you'd cast a slumbering spell on Shadre and the creature and hooked Shadre up to the machine, you set up a scenario to properly release the creature from her head.

Then you shoved it into a jar.

It woke up about three more 'loops' into Shadre's little interrogation session, and just sort of sat there, forelorn and angry, but didn't make any attempts to break out of the cage it found itself in.

It's a fascinating little specimen, and you're enjoying having the chance to look at it a bit before figuring out how to deal with it properly. As much as you were annoyed by Mierfa luring the last one into the opening unstable vortex of a Stargate, you can understand how that kind of creature couldn't be allowed to continue existing in the heat of the moment.

If it had ever gotten off that planet...

Needless to say, you're not quite sure what to do with this thing.

Oh well.

You get up and walk out of the lab on the SOVERIGN SLAYER that you've temporarily claimed as yours.

The Soverign Slayer is... it's an interesting ship design, to say the least. The inside is a maze of hallways and floors a bit more oddly designed than the Astro or Delta Megaships, mostly due to the way that the whole thing transforms. All of the floors in the middle of the ship are basically split down the middle and the only way to get from one side of the ship to the other is to walk into the back section of the ship, travel up a bit, walk over to the other side, travel back down and across to the part you want.

At any rate, you don't have any destination in mind for where you're going, so you plan on just doing that. Walk from your current side of the ship to the other side, and back again. Just for the exercise, primarily, but also to help mull your thoughts over the situations at hand.

What to do with Shadre now that you've gotten the information you need out of her? That's one problem. The solution would likely be the same as Kiriha and Zeburh- lock them up in a cell somewhere remote and forget about them until needed. But then again, there's the fact the Carapacians that work with the clowns are still out there somewhere, causing trouble for the rebellion out there. They could end up possibly rescuing Shadre if she has any other failsafe programs in place.

What about Jade? She's currently training to get a grip on her apparently naturally given lycanthropic
transformations. You wonder what they're going to do about school though. Earth seems to put a much more culturally important emphasis on it than Alternia does... Did? After all, they never sent Imperial Drones or requested you file a notice of absence if you missed a few days of school on Alternia.

A flooded school can only stall for time for so long, it seems.

Ah, and speaking of Carapacians, you come across a few members of the EXILED CREW, as a few people have taken to calling them, chatting with Terezi about something.

The one that used to be a MAYOR seems to be vigorously and enthusiastically talking about a TOWN MADE OUT OF CANS? Terezi seems into it, though the FORMER PARCEL MISTRESS seems opposed to cans as a BUILDING SCHEME.

You slide up to join the conversation when Terezi suddenly wavers on her feet and throws her hands out to catch herself against the wall.

Of course, she throws her hands out in the wrong direction and ends up clutching against your arm for support.

"Oh god," Terezi whimpers. "This is a big one..."

One of her free hands shoots to her head and she gasps for breath, clutching her fingers around her hair as some vision of the future suddenly spawns upon her.

Lately, Terezi's visions have been getting more and more closer to the present moment that they've been happening in. Soon, she'll be a proper seer and seeing things YET TO BE... of course, that's if she survives that long. The closer her visions have been getting to the present moment, the more of a toll they've started taking on her.

"Three Cats in their cradles!" Terezi yells out. "Birds in the Sky! Rats in the Sewers! Explosions in space! Vengeance in motion and soon to be! Golden Ships embark from the hyper fog and open fire on the Bloodied Space-Whale! BRACE FOR IMPACT!!"

Wait- what?!

And then the ship rattles with an explosive impact against the shields.

Meanwhile at the lab that Callie had just left, a poor unfortunate Sea-dweller, who was wearing a rather odd LEAD WEIGHTED TOP HAT and some very nice purple shaded goggles, happened to be walking by as something fell off a shelf or a table or something and smashed against the floor.

Then, there was the sound of a crying whale.

Alas, that poor Sea-dweller, whose name was Nektan Whelan, he chose to investigate.

The next sound that could be heard was a stabbing sound, followed by his loud, pain filled screams before they suddenly went silent.
Also meanwhile, in a whole other Galaxy away, on a planet called Earth, two Prisons were broken into. One by a team of men in a helicopter landing suddenly in the middle of the yard, there, they quickly snatched up a single teenaged girl among other teenaged girls, and then left. Elsewhere, the other prison was broken into from below through the sewers. A girl similar in appearance to the first was taken away from her cell as the floor blew out from under her.

Needless to say, the SGC was put on high alert as reports came in that the two DECOY BODY DOUBLES for the cat girl JAYNI, who thought herself the Goa'uld System Lord NIRRTI.

The real Jayni, meanwhile, was suddenly teleported out of her cell on a whole other planet elsewhere in the Galaxy with a **PVVVVM-VAROOOOSH!**

Needless to say, the SGC would learn about this incident far later than the others, as a moment later, a large, Naquadah enhanced warhead was beamed down to replace her. Instantly, that small facility on that planet that nobody should have been aware of was completely destroyed as that Naquadah bomb went off.

And so it was that Jayni appeared in the middle of a Ha'tak's bridge, surrounding her on all side were kneeling Jaffa, and a man who definitely was not a Jaffa, sitting in the throne chair in front of her.

"Welcome, Nirrti!" the Former Colonel Frank Simmons says, smirking as he holds his hands out to the side. "Welcome to the elite ranks of Lord Anubis' service. In exchange for freeing you, my lord requests but one favor."

"**Whatever it is,**" Jayni speaks, modulating her voice and flashing her eyes. "**As long as I get my revenge on those children who stole my Jake away from me, I'll do it.**"

"Good," Simmons smirks. "That's exactly what we were hoping you'd say."

---

You're now once again Dammek, and you swear out a bunch of curses as you make your way to the bridge. "Of course we'd be attacked! OF COURSE WE WOULD!" You yell out, "How the hell did they find us!?"

The AIMLESS RENEGADE yells out something about the THREE PROSPITAN BATTLECRUISERS having followed Shadre and having laid in wait until this exact moment for some reason.

You're reluctant to admit it, but that's probably right. Damn it. "Return fire! And get us the hell out of here as soon as possible!"

The pilots do just that, and soon you've jumped to hyperspace out of the Carapacian ship's attack range... For the moment.

There's no telling if they have some way of tracking you, after all.

"**Dammek, this is Callie!**" Callie's voice comes over the ship's internal radio. "**We've got a problem. Terezi just had a really big vision, but I think only part of it was meant for us.**"
"Let me guess, 'golden ships aplenty'?” You ask in return.

"Something like that, yes!” Callie replies. "She's also muttering something about the goop monster in the lab escaping. I'd go to investigate to check it out, but Terezi seems really out of it after that last vision."

"Don't go investigate," You interject. You don't want your Moirail going anywhere near that monster if it's escaped. "Get Terezi to medical, Callie. I'll dispatch a security team to check on the monster."

"Alright, I'll get her to medical then," Callie says, and the line goes silent.

You take a moment, breathe out, and then order the bridge crew to keep the ship in hyperspace until this problem with the creature gets solved.

Then, you go gather a small squad of security and head to the lab.

Naturally, you find a dead Sea-dweller with a hole punched clean through his chest, and no monster of blood in a jar.

"Damn it all," you grimace. "This is Dammek, Ship wide alert, if you hear a whale crying out, don't go near it. Find cover and lock yourself in the nearest room. We've got a monster on the loose."

Upon hearing the sound of a whale's cry, Shadre looked up at the door to the small room her 'V.R. Chair” was held in- a chair she was still bound to very securely.

"My pet! Come here, pet!” Shadre calls out.

There's a bump against the door, and then suddenly- BANG!!- the whole thing gets blown inwards and crashes into the far wall.

Shadre grins brillinatly as the blood soaked creature enters her cell and lazily drifts over towards her. "Oh, you beautiful thing! Come here! Come to me!!"

The creature paused infront of her cage-like chair, and considered the locks...

"They never should have let me out of that simulation," Shadre muses to herself, grinning savagely. "Now to take over this ship and take it back to that planet where KirihAAAAH!!!"

Shadre never got to finish that thought, because her monster decide that the easiest way to save Shadre was to impale the locks holding her in place and break them thoroughly. Of course, the first lock happened to be placed over one shoulder, and naturally, the tendril of blood went straight through the metal and through the flesh clean through to the other side.

"NOT ME, PET!" She shrieks out. "NOT!!! ME!!!!"

The creature withdraws its tendril, and whines sadly.

Needless to say, Shadre was lucky her pet hadn't gone further than that. She'd SEEN what it could do to someone when it was hungry. Fortunately, it seemed to have eaten recently enough to be able
The creature withdraws to reconsider its options, but before it can do much of anything, several armed guards come running up to the room.

Naturally, they take aim and shoot at it with Zats. *PCHZYU PCHZYU!*

The blood based creature warbles and shapeshifts wildly in response to the attack, then it plows ahead at the guards.

While most of them deal with suddenly being horribly murdered, one slips away and radios, "The Monster's trying to free Shadre! I repeat! The monster's trying to free Shadre!"

Several seconds later, he was speared through the gut and drained of all his psychic essences. He died screaming.

You're now KARKAT VANTAS, and you swear angrily.

Jack Noir suggests stabbing the thing.

You tell him very much how that won't help at all, since, y'know, it's made out of blood.

Why not stab it with ice, then, he suggests.

Ice, you ask. Why Ice?

Well, yeah, he says, ice makes blood solid. Stab it with ice, make the thing solid enough to hit, then stab it with some good old fashioned metal. Alternatively, he adds, just break that damned bracelet holding it together.

...There's *A* idea, but it's got you thinking of something else. You radio Dammek, and offer up a suggestion.

Shadre smirks as her creature manages to unlock the remaining locks with a key that was on one of the guards. How stupid of them to carry that with them!

Still, though, her shoulder was bleeding and that just wouldn't do. As Shadre busies herself with ripping the clothing off of one of the guards to make a bandage for her shoulder, a voice echoes over the ship's intercom.

"Shadre," Dammek yells out. "Surrender now, tell the creature to stop everything it's doing, and you'll get a chance to live. Don't, and you'll be dead by the end of the day."

Shadre laughed, having no idea if she could be heard. "And just what would you do to stop me?" She asks aloud. "I'm invincible with my Pet with me! Do you hear me!? *I'm invincible!!*"

"*We'll do this,*" is Dammek's reply, and then the lights in that part of the ship went out.
"...Uh..." Shadre blinks, trying to adjust her eyes to the darkness... and then she feels the air brushing
around her, moving rapidly as if being removed through the filters... and the temperature of the entire
room rapidly dropping, oh so rapidly chilling and- "Oh, fuck."

They'd cut the power and were draining the life support from this section of the ship. They'd
probably even sealed up all of the nearest doors so it was ONLY just the tiny section of the ship
being drained out and--

A moment later, Shadre collapses to the floor from a lack of oxygen, her skin starting to frost over as
well.

The Blood Creature tries to do something, anything, to try and help, and so wraps itself around
Shadre in an attempt to save her life... All too soon, it finds its liquid body freezing solid around
Shadre, like an ice-made cocoon around a wriggler about to go through a metamorphosis into a troll,
or a caterpillar into a butterfly.

You are once again Dammek, and you exhale as you wait for the Hazardous Environment Suited
team of Security to finish moving Shadre from her frozen grave to the nearest ring transport platform
on that level.

"Tetrarch, the target is in position," you hear.

"Good." You turn to the pilot, and order, "On my mark, drop us out of hyperspace and immediately
activate that ring platform. Once we've dropped them into the black, we go straight back into
hyperspace. Set course for Alternia."

"Understood," the pilot says.

"On 3, 2, 1," You close your eyes. "Mark."

The Sovereign Slayer drops out of hyperspace, and a small ring platform on the belly of it activates,
dropping a frozen mass of blood and a purple blooded girl into the black of space. Once that chunk
of ice is set loose, the Sovereign Slayer launches into Hyperspace again.

Not even half a minute after their departure, three golden colored Carapacian ships exit Hyperspace.
One moves to intercept- to collect the frozen body of Shadre and her pet monster, and bring them
onboard.

**EARTH DATE: MARCH 30TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 9/30/0002.**

266 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.
Your name is Okurii Leijon and you fight back a grimace as Cassandra Fraiser and Jude Harley step through the Stargate, accompanied by Keiko from the parallel world, who would be joining her fae friends who were likewise still here on this planet for reasons unknown, and Major Carter and Major Davis, who would be collecting the VIRTUAL REALITY CHAIRS to return to whatever planet they'd borrowed them from to begin with.

You already know the story regarding Cassandra and Jude- Jayni had been rescued by people unknown, likely Anubis, and Cassandra's 'vibes' said it would be safer for all of the kids to be in Alternia's Galaxy (Mrrh. The Alternian Galaxy? Hmm, you kind of like the sound of that) until the crazy cat was stopped- permanently. That meant that for John, Rose, Jade, and Argo still here in this Galaxy, school would not be back in session for them for a very, very long time.

On the flip side, at least Shadre was 'dead'- in the sense that she'd been dumped straight into the black of space and left to die. Whether or not she was rescued by her Carapacian allies was another story entirely. She would probably surface again and cause trouble. It's damn near impossible to keep some clowns down permanently.

On top of it all, you're hungry. You haven't had a chance to eat dinner yet beyond grabbing a couple bottles of chocolate flavored lusus milk and some CRESCENT SHAPED BISCUIT ROLLS, imported from Earth at Joey's request last month. You doubt you will get some proper food for a while longer.

"Welcome back to Alternia," you grit your teeth and head down to talk shop.

By the time you get a chance to go off duty, you've reached the time of day to just gate home to Diaspora and pick up Nepeta from her play date/grubsitters, so you put off eating until you can get HOME home and spend some time with your daughter.

Konyyl and her Matesprite/Moirail ended up adopting Nepeta's grub-hood friend EQUIUS, and since those two tykes were so close friends, and the other two Trolls had retired from active field duty, it was a no brainer to have Nepeta stay over with Equius for play dates whenever you couldn't be there.

"Hey," Konyyl smiles at you as you arrive. "How was work?"

"Disastrous," you grimace. "We had a pollen spill during this morning's botany evac and half the people who breathed in two normally, completely safe to breathe pollen types ended up being the test subjects for what happens when those particular types of pollen mix in the air."

"...What exactly happened?" Konyyl asks. "How bad was it?"

"Nothing too bad, it just made them a bit more sex crazed than usual," you reply. "I mean, well, the people who got affected most were the ones who were already frustrated about having to wait 'til the end of shift to hook up with their Matesprits and Kismesises. It just made them have to get that out of their system sooner rather than later, so half my morning crew were absent for a good two hours."

"Nothing like the end of one world to kick people's sex drive into high gear," Konyyl shakes her head, chuckling lowly.
"Yeah, nothing like it," you say. "Well, it AND apparently two types of pollen that nobody's ever tried mixing before." You sigh. "Then, during the afternoon a small chunk of moon rock- no bigger than an Earth-origin sized golf ball- hit the All Your Base's exterior in JUST the right spot to interrupt a power line to the Stargate, stalling the afternoon evacs for two hours until Salazl managed to track it down and fix it."

"Oof," Konyyl shakes her head. "Damn moon rocks."

"Oh, and it gets better," you say. "I was in the middle of an important conversation through the Gate with an off world team when it happened. It cut me off mid sentence!"

"Ouch," Konyyl grimaces. "It sounds like you could use a break." And then she smiles, "Sssh, follow me, and come look at this."

And thus, she leads you to Equius' room, and, OH SO ADORABLY, you find your two kids snoozing together in front of a large pile of CRAYON ARTWORK. Equius is lying comfortably on his back, and Nepeta is sprawled over his chest, nestling her head against her friend's neck and shoulder.

"Daww!" You could almost PURR, but instead you whisper, "How cute!"

"You ever think..." Konyyl begins, speaking in a low whisper, "this is what life is really all about? Friends cuddling and just being there for each other? No quadrants or problems in the galaxy to worry about. Just... being there for the people you care about most?"

"Mnh," you nod. "As long as we older folks can give the young ones days like these, then we're doing our jobs right. And the more days like this the better. No Empires, no stupid wars..." You take a moment to breathe in, then exhale, and say, "When we finally put an end to all of this stupid fighting, I'm retiring."

"Is there a plan for that?" Konyyl asks.

"Yeah, one of many," you nod. "I'll tell you about them, but let's... talk elsewhere. Daraya, Tyzias, and Polypa have a doozy of a Plan B."

"What about Plan A?" Konyyl asks leading you to the kitchen.

"Oh, that's simple enough in concept," you say. "We make Anubis angry and point him at English. In execution, it winds up being a lot more complex, of course."

"A for Anubis," Konyyl smirks, "I like it."

Konyyl blinks, then says, "So... lemme get this straight. Their plan to beat English, whenever the hell he eventually comes to our galaxy, is to blow up the already evacuated-because-of-moons planet Alternia straight into his face, and launch him into the nearest black hole, which, for all intents and purposes, may very well end up being the planet's SUN because why not double whammy him at the same time?"
"Yup, that's 'Plan B for Boomtown,'" you say as you pick up your mug of coffee and take a punctuatory sip of the liquid.

"Good grief, do those girls have fire on the brain," Konyyl laughs. "Dare I ask what Plan C is?"

"C is for Combination," you say. "We form a 'Giant Fucking Combining Robot,' name yet to be determined, and brawl English until his face is a bloody smear on the ground."

Konyyl snorts- "Oh- wow- I bet Dammek came up with that one."

"Yeah, he did, in about thirty seconds of planning," you say. "He also came up with Plan D, which is MUCH more complex and detailed with all sorts of intricately timed moments. 'D' is for 'Dammek,' by the way."

"Plan Dammek?" Konyyl asks. "What's that?"

And so you tell her, in all the excruciating detail, and her eyes go comically wide by the end of it.

"...Can I just say, Plan Dammek is fucking insane, of the wacky variety," she says.

"More wacky than blowing up a sun?" you ask.

"Oh, yeah," Konyyl says.

"More wacky than trapping the Royal Lusus in a time stop bubble and throwing it into a black hole?" you ask, grinning slightly.

"Definitely," Konyyl nods, also starting to grin.

"More wacky than strapping an active Stargate to the bottom of a 302 and launching it into hyperspace?" You ask, grin widening to something insane.

"Who did that?" Konyyl asks.

"SG-1, just this month, I believe," you answer.

She laughs for a moment. "Yes, more wacky than even that!"

"More wacky than crashing a ship into a sun to travel through time all to exile the Empress herself through a Stargate to fulfil a stable time loop?" You ask, grinning wildly as you fight back a laugh at the absurd nature of the idea.

"Oh, for sure!" Konyyl can't take it and neither can you. You both break down laughing for a good solid minute, pausing only every now and then to get a breath of air, only to crack up laughing again.

"Oh, geeze," you say. "I really hope we don't have to ever use Plan Dammek."

"You do realize," Konyyl says, smirking at you, "that by saying that you've now cursed us to have to go through with it, right?"

"Oh, if this were some television show, sure." You say. "That'd totally be the case. But really, now,
this is real life. Since when did we operate on the rules of television?"

"...You're kidding, right?" Konyyl asks. "I mean, we just went through a list of ideas that sound like they came straight out of a Friday night prime time spectacle!"

"Fair point, but... Why 'Friday night'?" you ask, curious.

"My only other option was 'Weekly Monday Night Marathon of Re-runs,' but that didn't flow so well in a casual sentence," Konyyl says.

"...You know," you say, "I feel like you're speaking from experience."

"I used to watch a lot of sci-fi shows when I was a grub, alright?" Konyyl remarks, mock-defensively.

"Fair 'nough," you say, then giggle. "Did you know they're making a TV show about us over on Earth?"

"Really?" Konyyl asks. "What's it called?"

"'Wormhole X-tream,'" you say. "Or maybe 'X-Treme.' T.R.E.M.E. instead of T.R.E.A.M. I can't recall which at the moment."

"X-Tream Mondays," Konyyl muses. "I could buy into that."

"Sounds like a blast and a half to me," you say- then groan. "Oh, my word, the blasting puns. Polypa's infectious quirk is spreading."

Konyyl just laughs, and you join in with her.

Some days, you just have to laugh after everything's gone to hell in a hand basket.

Chapter End Notes

Nobody wants to go with Plan Dammek because of all of its intricate moving parts.
Chapter Summary

Jonas Quinn reflects on his first mission.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Mister Quinn, thanks for joining us today."

"It's my pleasure to help out."

"So, what's it like working at Stargate Command?"

"Every day is its own adventure, even the ones where we're not meant to be doing anything dangerous."

"Even those? Really?"

"Yeah... Chances are we end up doing something dangerous anyways."

"I can only imagine."

"Oh, you have no idea."

"So, walk us through your average day at the SGC."

"Uh... Well, usually I wake up, check my emails for any last minute mission changes and then it really depends after that what I have on the roster."

"So day to day it really changes?"

"Pretty much."

"Alright, what can you tell us about your first official mission then?"

"Ah, now that's... well... before I begin, let me just say it was very wet and I was feeling the pressure the entire time."

"I sense a metaphor."

"You'd be right on that one. See it all started the day after Colonel O'Neill finally got cleared for field duty again."

"You mean after Colonel O'Neill hurt his leg?"

"Yeah, that didn't heal quite as fast as he was hoping it would..."
EARTH DATE: APRIL 1ST, 1999.

DIASPORA DATE: 10/02/0002.

264 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is MAJOR DAVIS STRIDER and you're staring out at a Ha'tak floating over Earth from a Cargo Ship window, and not five seconds after JACOB CARTER has reported that there are no life signs onboard, you can't help but inquire:

"So... how much does anyone want to bet it's haunted?"

"Really?" Major Vantas asks. "You're going to ask how much anyone's willing to bet that a creepy, unpiloted, empty ship has wound up on our front doorstep?"

"So what if I am?" you ask. "It's a legitimate question."

"Well, haunted or not, we're going to have to check it out," Colonel O'neill says. "Jacob, rings work?"

"Looks like," he replies. "We've got a strong signal. The computer's giving the proper idle responses to attempting to hail it... It looks to be in perfect condition. So why the hell is this ship just sitting here?"

"I'm not entirely sure," Major Carter speaks up, "but I think this is the same ship Anubis held Thor on."

"And here I thought it was the ship Anubis was talking about in that message we pulled off of Shadre's answering machine," Vantas remarks.

You smirk, "You mean the one that went rogue and Became Haunted?"

"Who's to say they aren't one in the same?" Carter asks. "We know Anubis did something to link Thor's mind to the ship's computer. It was probably that 'link system' or whatever it was English called it that let Anubis do that."

"If it's the ship Thor was on or not," and there's the new guy, Jonas Quinn, "either way, it's almost definitely the rogue ship Anubis was complaining about."

"Yeah, that's true," O'neill remarks. "Well. I guess that means we're going to have to go in and figure out whatever the hell's gone wrong with it." He looks around the room, then decides, "Teal'c, Jonas, stay here with the Cargo Ship. Everyone else, let's go bust some ghosts."

Jonas looks like he wants to protest, and O'neill catches that and returns it with a look you clearly recognize as "This is me testing you. What are you going to do?"

Jonas then nods and says, "Alright, ship guarding it is."
"And were you okay with that?"

"I wasn't, not really. But it was my first mission out, and it was something possibly very dangerous, so I could understand why the Colonel wanted me to stay like he did."

"So, what happened next?"

"Everyone went over to the Ha'tak, and basically me and Teal'c just sort of... chilled out and waited. I didn't really learn much about what happened onboard until things started going wrong."

"How wrong are we talking about here?"

"A scientist wandered off to investigate the shield room on his own and got killed by a Jaffa."

"So the ship was haunted by Jaffa... Ghosts?"

"No, no. It wasn't anything like that at all. There were just some Jaffa in a sealed off section of the ship who meditated through the trip to Earth. They woke up when Major Carter tried to get into the computer room. They weren't dead, ghosts, or zombies or anything like that. They were dressed like Ninjas, though."

"Ninjas? So you saw them?"

"Oh, yeah, definitely. The Jaffa tried boarding the cargo ship."

"What?"

"Yup. Though, it would have been more lore appropriate if they'd dressed like Pirates, but... Actually, Pirate Ninjas, or Ninja Pirates. Is there a solid unified term for people like that?"

"I... I don't think there is."

"Too bad. So! Anyways. Yeah, Jaffa raided the Cargoship, and Teal'c dispatched them pretty quickly. They didn't know what hit them."

"What did hit them, exactly?"

EARTH DATE: APRIL 1ST, 1999.

DIASPORA DATE: 10/02/0002.

264 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"I was just about to- uh..."

Your name is Teal'c, and you eye Jonas Quinn as he hastily compacts his Zat Gun back down.
"You took them down fast," he says.

"A prolonged firefight would have proved impractical," you say, noticing the damage caused to the control console for the Ring Platform during the firefight. You toss Jonas Quinn a small sampling of zipties from your vest. "Secure them. I must report in."

You head to the bridge and radio over to the other ship. "O'neill. We have a problem."

"What kind of problem?"

"Anubis' Jaffa attempted to raid our ship, they are subdued, however they managed to hit the control console for the ring platform," you report. "We cannot retrieve you."

"Aw, crap in a hat," O'neill gripes. "Guess we're taking a swim then."

You frown. "Pardon?"

"The Jaffa locked in a collision course with the Pacific Ocean before they jumped ship," O'neill reports.

You check your instruments to confirm... Oh, yes, that previous, slightly listing drift you'd observed before the enemy Jaffa attempted their hostile take over has accelerated into a definite charge towards the Pacific Ocean.

"We will attempt a rescue as soon as we land," you tell them.

"Better hope we survive first, otherwise all you'll rescue are corpses!" O'neill reminds you.

"Good luck, Colonel O'neill," you wish.

"Yeah, thanks," he replies.

"The ship crashed?"

"The ship crashed."

"What happened next?"

"Well, we landed back at base, drove out to the airport, flew out to sea, and then took a submarine down to the Ha'tak. We docked on top of the escape pod tubes and climbed down into the ship. Then, we found out that things had gotten weird."

"How weird?"

"The ship was actively trying to help them not drown."

"So it WAS haunted!"

"Sort of, yeah."
"Who or what was the ghost?"

EARTH DATE: APRIL 1ST, 1999.

DIASPORA DATE: 10/02/0002.

264 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-"

Your name is Colonel Jack O'neill, and despite the repetition of the message being played over and over again, after you and Carter and Vantas nearly got drowned to death in a hallway, you're GLAD to hear Thor's voice again.

"So basically," Major Vantas summarizes, "we've got Ghost in the Shell rather than Ghostbusters. And he saved us from nearly getting drowned to death."

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-" Even if the repetition from the speakers is starting to get on your nerves.

"Still a Ghost," Major Strider quips. "Even if it's Casper the Friendly Asgard instead of Slimer."

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-"

"Not so friendly to Anubis, though" Jacob remarks. "Thor must have acted the part of an insane computer trying to kill them. It'd explain the frozen Self Destruct and everything else."

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-"

"Okay," you say, "as glad as I am to hear Thor's alive and well- can we shut him up and get him off this ship?"

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-"

"That might not be such a good idea," Carter says. "Thor might be the only thing keeping the self destruct from going off."

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-

"So we evacuate before it goes off," you decide. "We yank Thor out of the ship and we hightail it out of here. And as much as I'd just LOVE to slap an ol' USA sticker on this puppy after we lost Cronus' ship," you say, eyeing Jacob as he rolls his eyes at his own words being thrown back at him, "this ship is SUNK. We're taking on water at an alarming rate." You pause to let that sink- argh. No. Stupid. "Besides, we've got the X-303 in works, right? Beyond the UBER Asgard resistant shields, what does this Ha'tak have that we won't have on that?"

"- to synthesize my voice-"
"A functioning Hyperdrive?" Jonas offers.

"- to synthesize my voice-

"Besides. That." You add onto the list.

"- to synthesize my voice-

"Weapons capable of defeating shields of this ship's caliber?" Teal'c suggests.

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-

"Hey! We'll figure something out!" you say. "My point is- We don't have to sacrifice Thor's life for a broken ship that even if we COULD get it working again, we'd be replacing a few months down the line anyways!"

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-

"Besides that," Jacob chimes in, "having the Supreme Commander of the Asgard Fleet owe you one isn't a bad trade off."

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-

"At the very least," Jonas says, "we probably should do something about him being stuck like that."

"- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice- to synthesize my voice-

"Yes." You say. "My point exactly!"

"Did... did he really get stuck talking like that?"

"From the moment Teal'c and I boarded the ship until the moment Carter ripped the crystal tray with Thor's mind in it out of the computer core."

"That must have been frustrating."

"Oh, yes, definitely, even for Thor it was... well... Not pleasant."

"So, you evacuated the ship and removed Thor from it, leading to it to explode safely with nobody onboard?"

"It didn't go exactly that smoothly. Without Thor to reroute flood water, Major Carter, Colonel O'neill, and Teal'c got separated from the rest of us. Jacob Carter, Major Vantas and Major Strider all went with the sub to a safe distance away, while I went to help however I could."

"And how was that?"
"Rerouting a power conduit in a flooded section of the ship so that the forcefield around the gliderbay doors would come on and we could escape the ship through there."

"You... how did you know what to do? Wasn't this your first mission?"

"I'd studied every Map of a Ha'tak class vessel we had on the ride over to the ship after it crashed."

"But... that was only a few hours, tops, wasn't it?"

"I'm a fast study."

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DIASPORA DATE: 10/03/0002.

263 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Major Samantha Carter, and suddenly, without anything you've done to have caused success, the power to the forceshield for the hangar bay is redirected.

"And we're good to go?" You blink. "How did...?"

"Good work, Carter," O'neill says.

"It wasn't me, Sir," you report. "There wasn't anything I could do from this terminal."

"Well, does it matter how-?" O'neill stops as there is the sound of activating RINGS from down the hallway, and then a large SPLOOSH of water a moment later. "...Please tell me that wasn't what I think it was."

"Wait! Wait for me!" And then around a corner comes Jonas Quinn, running at as full of a speed as possible considering the suddenly wet floor and his own likewise wet feet. He's completely soaked, you notice.

[...Three out of four, then,] Jolinar remarks. [Three out of four members of SG-1 got completely soaked this mission. What the hell is with today?]

"Jonas?" you ask, ignoring Jolinar's remark "Did you-?"

"Reroute the power to the shields, yes," he says, slowing to a halt just long enough to catch his breath.

"Great," O'neill says, moving to head into the glider bay. "Talk about it on the way. Let's get going."

"Indeed," Teal'c hefts the tray of crystals holding Thor's consciousness. "We do not have much time."

And so you hurry to the gliders, take two, open the hangar bay doors and rocket out into the water and upwards-- hurrying towards the surface as fast as they'll go.
[These Gliders aren't usually designed for under water,] Jolinar remarks. [I'm surprised it's holding up so well given the circumst-]"BOOM"- the Ha'tak explodes and the shock wave sends both Gliders blasting out of the surface, riding the explosion's displacement of the water like you'd imagine one would ride the kawoosh of a stargate's vortex if it didn't disintegrate any matter that touched it.

[...And we're still alive?] Jolinar asks a moment later once the explosion has past and your glider (Piloted by Teal'c) continues on just fine, taking the lead next to O'neill's and Jonas' glider. [What did Anubis do to make these so resilient?]

'No idea, Jols, no idea,' you tell her.

"Hey, Carter, Teal'c," O'neill asks over the radio between the gliders. "You two okay?"

"We're fine, Sir," you report. "Jolinar's surprised the Glider came out intact."

"Well, don't jinx it," O'neill says. "Teal'c, take point."

"Very well," Teal'c says, and your glider shoots into the lead.

For a few moments, you stare out at the horizon, then... a thought nags at you and you glance back at O'neill's glider just in time to watch it do a flip in the air. Of course he wanted to fall back to play around with some tricks.

You smile and look back at the horizon, a rising sun sets the gleaming ocean ablaze. For a moment, it looks like molten lava or perhaps an orange colored vinyl record spreading out beneath you.

Today was a win, even if it was a really close one.

Chapter End Notes

Not sure I'll have the time to get a chapter up tomorrow. We'll see. I might just knock something out real quick if I get a chance.
ALT:06X04: Reviled Revelations

Chapter Summary

A Day in the Life, one fine April 13th.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 10/14/0002.

252 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is ARGO LALONDE, and today is YOUNG JOHN'S BIRTHDAY. John Egbert, that is. Not Sheppard. John Sheppard does not have a birthday today. Though he should. Events should never have conspired to make it so that his birthday didn't line up with the actual date.

Or yours, for that matter. Or Jade's, or Rose's. Basically, the long and short of it is that you've honestly forgotten how old you are, given the time travel and TIME DILATION involved with time loops and shit. For a so called ROGUE OF TIME you're kind of shit at keeping time. Like, you THINK you're in rough lockstep with Jude and Cassandra, so you'd be about... what? Sixteen? Good grief, has it really been THAT long now?

You kind of just brush it aside and try not to think about it.

...You fail miserably and the thought continues to nag at you.

But really, what does it matter how old or young you are at this point? It doesn't. It really doesn't. Not while there's all sorts of POTENTIAL for chaos in the time stream to get thrown into flux again and again and again.

Because, you're going to be honest here for a minute. You could get stuck in another time loop for two whole years- no, better make it THREE YEARS just for the mind fuck value alone- and nothing would really change much.

In the mean while, you're... well... you're making due the best as you can.

Diaspora is a nice planet, yes, and it's a lovely little spot in the universe all things considered, but you're here because Jayni's escaped custody. Cassie thinks it'll be safest for all of you to be HERE until she's caught and killed. But you... Rose is busy playing EVACUATION TELEPORTER, John and Jade are working with the Fae Touya to help keep Jade's new-found wolf-temper under control, and Cassie and Jude are busy working on some project that you didn't catch anything about. You just...

You feel adrift once again. A cat without a cradle to call home. A crow without a nest to roost.
You've been uprooted again and honestly--

"Hello, Argo," and then Mikari Aiikho suddenly sits down across the table from you at some random Diasporan cafe that you picked entirely by its aesthetic signage. (The Cat's Crowing Noodles, cute name, cute logo, and it speaks to you on an entirely basic, selfish level.) No, wait, with that kind of smile and the slight tone of voice you learned to pick up from having her in your head for a few years, that's Jolinar talking now. "May we speak?"


"Your father not so discretely asked me to speak to you about your plans for the future," Jolinar says.

"...Why?" You ask, squinting at her.

"I'd imagine he's concerned you don't have a plan for life," Jolinar says. "And considering I'm likely the closest thing you had to a parent during our few years together on the run... I suspect he's passing the buck off because he doesn't want to seem too coddling or controlling."

"Where as the voice in my head can get off that hook way too easily," You scoff. "Yeah, sure. I guess that's fine enough of a reason." You sigh. "God damn it all, I don't really HAVE a plan beyond 'just be there.'"

"Just be there?" Jolinar asks. "For John and Rose and Jade, right?"

"We were on the run for so long, I..." You frown. "I just want to be there for them where and when I can. Help with whatever I can, but... Rose doesn't need my help and John and Jade have this whole werewolf practice thing going on, so I'm... I'm adrift."

"I see," Jolinar muses, then something about her body posture visibly shifts away from that.

Ah, Mikari's taking over now, you guess, because there's a change to her tone of voice as well, "I was in a similar boat, you know."

"Really, now?" You ask, grabbing at your drink's glass and swirling it around a little. The ice cubes all sort of rattle around pleasantly.

"Yes," Mikari nods. "Lime Bloods have always been... hunted on Alternia. We're rare, these days. Maybe not so rare going forwards, we'll see, but still... For a long time growing up, I was very much adrift. I disguised myself as Troll after Troll, changing signs and blood colors and faking my death the moment it seemed like I'd been caught. It was tiring, until I found the cause of a radio technician for the rebellion. I was already doing the job of constantly reloacting, but then, I suddenly had a chance to put a meaning behind my relocations beyond just survival." She smiles as you go to take a sip from your glass. "And then you came into my life and dropped Jolinar into my lap with quite the kiss of fate!"

If she was trying to get a reaction out of you, she failed miserably. You finish taking your sip of your drink, and then shrug. "All I did was be in the right place to let Jolinar do the heavy lifting, Mikari. Nothing special about that."

"That is true," Mikari says, then... there's something weird changing in her face a bit. What sort of weird comment does she have in store for you now?
"However, I am curious if you've given any thought about romance in general." Mika- No. Jolinar. 
Damn, they're getting good at this near instant switching thing, aren't they? You almost missed them 
switching again that time. "Has anyone caught your eyes? I know Rose certainly has fallen hard for a 
certain jade blood, after all."

"Good for Rose, but trolls?" You scoff. "Yeah, I'm sure cat ears and crow wings are just as attractive 
to the nearest troll as they are to kids on earth."

"You are quite adorable," one of them- you're not sure which- remarks casually. "Anyone would be 
lucky to date you."

"Thanks, but I'm not interested in dating people," you say. "Not when I have to dance around the 
whole time travel an' alternate universe and Stargate Knowledge Restriction problem. Kinda limits 
the dating pool by a BIT. 'Specially since the only people around my age I MIGHT even be 
interested in are either: A, Already Dating Someone, or B, Basically Might As Well Be Family."

"While that's true you, John, Rose, and Jade all were quite close growing up," Okay, there's Jolinar 
specifically now, "we did spend several years away from them while they spent several years 
together. If there were any sort of chance for you to have a relationship with any of them, it'd likely 
be John or Jade."

You try to fight back the urge to spit take. Roll for will save and...

SUCCESS. You fight back the urge to spit take.

"Don't joke like that," you counter.

"Don't joke like what?" ugh, and there's a super ambiguous smile. Seriously, who's the worse 
influence on who here, Jolinar, or Mikari? You want to say you don't remember Jolinar being quite 
THIS trolling, but at the same time...

Well, she was inside your head for several years. If you were to have a bias towards willfully 
ignoring personality traits from someone, it'd be her.

"Did Dad put you up to this?" You ask, frowning. "Did my Dad, one Major Davis Strider, really ask 
you to check in and see if I had romantic leanings towards anybody??"

"Um, well..." It doesn't matter who's saying that, the embarrassment on their shared face is evident.

"Just tell him that he can come ask me himself if he's that damned curious," you say, and then noisily 
slurp down part of your drink... well, there's more than enough to keep you from finishing it in one 
go, so you take a moment to breathe and not, well, drown.

"Arro, I don't mean to-"

You SLURP again. This time you manage to get to the bottom of the glass and it makes that 
wonderfully loud SLLURRRRRRRRRKKKKKKK sound. You stop to take a breath, and wait for 
Mikari/Jolinar to start talking again before slurping some more.

"Okay!" She interjects- "I get the point! I'll go tell Davis."

"Thank you," you say, before slurping a little bit more.
Just, you know, for the fun of it.

You know who's ALSO doing something for the fun of it?

A little troll known to his friends by the moniker "GOR-GOR," who's presently watching from within the sealed helmet of his LIFE SUPPORT SUIT as the same MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY that brought him back from the brink of death works its TECHNOMAGIC to bring back one SHADRE AMANNO. Really, she should be so lucky that she chose to recruit him for the pure INTIMIDATION FACTOR, as well as the TEST BED for the MINIATURIZATION of the ENERGY ABSORPTION TECHNOLOGY Lord English used on his SNAKE MECH SPACE SHIP.

Anubis was also testing his own variation of it, the KULL WARRIOR ARMOR. The Alternian version had its own tweaks and turns to it that "Gor-Gor" thought was a much appropriate, including a much more fitting name.

THE CULL WARRIOR ARMOR.

Yes, it was exactly the exact same name, except with a C instead of a K.

Tagora Gorjek gave a faintly pained smirk beneath his helmet as Shadre screamed out as her body was finally brought back to the land of the living... but not unchanged. Oh, no. Where Tagora got himself shoved into a pitch black suit of NEAR EBONY ARMOR, Shadre got her fancy little BLOOD PET merged entirely with her body.

Tagora Gorjek, "Gor-Gor" to his friends, wished he could only be so lucky as to experience the fascinating experience of being one of two souls fused together into one. Surely, it must be a bright and smooth and simple process that would never ever backfire in a million years ever, let alone lead to a bright and powerful explosion that could send clowns hurtling over a helium filled landscape.

What? Experience? What the hell do you think I'm talking about here exactly? It's just metaphor here, people. Just like it's metaphor that the lifesupport suit Tagora was wearing made very obvious re-breather sounds.

KOOOOOOOSSSHH...ksssssh.

"Alright, that's enough for today." And with Touya's declaration, Jade slumps into John's arms, whining about how tiring maintaining only SPECIFIC parts of her transformation was.

Her present lack of Wolf Ears was spoiled only by them popping back into existence out from the top of her wild mess of hair as she grew comfortable in John's comforting embrace.

Your name is JOEY CLAIRE, and you sit on a recently built, small brick wall outside your HIVE alongside KEIKO and SILICA, having watched today's activities for a lack of anything better to do.

"It's funny," Silica says, "Touya rarely gets so into the teaching aspect of the Lycanthropy stuff.
You'd never think it, but he's actually a pretty good teacher."

"I think the problem is that he's never had anyone to teach about it before," Keiko muses. "When you're put into a situation like that, you either sink or swim."

"Speaking of sinking or swimming," you chime in, "any luck figuring out how to fix that broken Quantum Mirror yet?"

"Nope," Keiko shakes her head. "By the Ancients, that thing is terrifying. Minori's still working on the spell that should seal that rift, but who knows if it will even work or not."

"At least now we know why your Clown problem was hunting down a planet with a metal tree forest," Silica says. "They were trying to find a more direct route to connect to Alfheim."

"Which is terrifying for its own reasons," Touya chimes in as he walks over and hefts himself up onto the brick wall. "If Oberon ever got out into the multiverse at large... who knows what kind of damage he could reap."

"At least we can take a small comfort in the idea that English is keeping him from spreading out," Keiko says. "Even if he probably IS Oberon's mysterious 'backer.'"

"There is that," Silica says.

"Indeed," you agree.

Silence falls among the four of you for a moment as you watch John and Jade stagger inside your Hive.

"So, how's it going with her?" You finally ask.

"Good," Touya says. "Jade's gotten the hang of transforming certain aspects of herself over others, but sustaining it without thinking about it is the hard part. Her body's gotten into this weird default state at the moment where she's got the ears almost constantly, and the tail half as frequently. And everything else the moment she starts getting angry." He pauses, then says, "That temper is what we really have to work on, though."

"And how's that going?" Keiko asks.

"Honestly?" Touya shakes his head. "She could use a form of stress relief that isn't using her powers at all. Something that makes her feel good about herself in some simple, basic ways. And I don't really know what that could be."

Silica replies to that with, "You totally have an idea but don't want to say."

"Of course I don't," he replies. "I'm not going to open my mouth and get beaned by my sister the next time she sees me because one of you two said something!"

"Us?" Keiko and Silica chirp at once in creepy unison that has to come from practice. "Never, Touya! Perish the thought!"

"I hate it when you two do that," Touya gripes, and you kinda have to agree.
You're now John Sheppard and as you walk into the kitchen seeking FOOD for dinner, you find Argo angrily beating at a loaf of pizza dough.

"Hey," you say. "What's up?"

"Mrrrrhh!" Argo grunts. "Dad sent Jolinar to ask me about my love life."

"Ouch," you grimace. "Like we've got time to worry about that."

"Exactly!" Argo agrees, pounding at the doughy bread product a bit more. "Mrrrh. So frustrating."

You look Argo over, and see how her ears are folded flat against her skull in frustration. No, this won't do. This won't do at all.

Your hand reaches out and firmly establishes itself atop her head of neon green hair between the ears, and rubs side to side quickly for a few seconds. You go to pull your hand back, but Argo stands up on her toes to keep her head firmly planted against your hand, and--

"John Sheppard, you keep that hand on my head until I say I'm done or I swear to god I'm gonna scream," she says, eyeing you from around your own arm.

"Alright," You smile and lower your hand back down and Argo follows, lowering back down onto her feet properly.

Then, you give her a proper head pat/scratch/massage and- Oh. My. God. That is adorable!!

She's PURRING!!

You've heard Rose do it so you figured Argo would too at some point or another but this is, like, the first time you've actively heard it in recent memory.

You spend about a minute on this before your wrist gets tired and Argo finally says you can stop.

After that, you help her fix a pizza for dinner for you, her, and Jade, and all is right in the world for one more evening.

Chapter End Notes

Wheee. More Ship Building. WHEEEEEE.
Chapter Summary

In which I refused to name it after the canon episode lest I get a bunch of "Let it go" jokes in the comments.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 10/23/0002.

243 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"Jack?"

"Nrrgh."

"Jack. You're awake... Ish. You can stop pretending to be asleep."

"Five more minutes."

"You'll be waking up actually in five minutes, but I need to talk with you now so you don't freak out."

Your name is JACK O'NEILL, and you open your eyes to see- well, you think it's Carter at first but there's something off with her hair that's...

"Jolinar?" You ask, sitting up. "What's going on?" You look around the entire expanse of... well, nothingness around you. No, this won't do at all. You quickly conjure up a memory of the SGC's Cafeteria, and then summon a plate full of pie to your hands.

Gotta love memory magic.

"Yes, hi, it is me," she says. "And as to what's going on? You almost died."

"...What did I do this time?" You ask.

"How much do you remember?" Jolinar asks.

"We were..." You groan. "In Antarctica. I'm starting to hate that place with all the trouble it's caused us."

"Yes, I'm beginning to see the animosity," Jolinar agrees. "Long story short, the girl we found in the ice managed to heal everyone except for you and Major Strider before collapsing."
"Crap," you groan. "I knew this was all in my head, but you're LITERALLY inside my head right now, aren't you?"

"We weren't sure if you would last the trip back to the SGC to go through the Gate and get to the Tok'ra or not," Jolinar says. "And I'd already made Sam immune to the plague, so there wasn't any harm in attempting this. As it is, I'm still not sure if Major Strider's made it to the SGC or not yet."

"Did I agree to this?" You ask.

"Barely coherently, but yes," Jolinar closes her eyes, and then there's an echo of your own voice playing back into the room.

"Jolinar... no other snakes... Don't trust 'em... 'nough..."

"...Yeah, alright," you say. "That's something I'd say alright... and now I'm remembering doing it." You shudder. "And how much that damned plague hurt. What the hell was that thing anyways?"

"I believe we've just uncovered the reason the Ancients were playing around with time travel in the way they were," Jolinar answers.

"The Time Loop machine was meant to fix that?" You grimace. "D'oh! No wonder they never got it working, if they were dealing with that the entire time."

"Yes, something like that," Jolinar agrees. "Anyways, while we have the time... I'd like to discuss some things, privately. Boundaries and what not."

"Right," you say. "No digging around in my deepest most private thoughts about the Simpsons or all the insane scripts Marty keeps sending my way for 'do we adapt this mission or not' stuff."

"Of course, naturally," Jolinar says. "I've been avoiding those spots already out of respect. Although, I have to say, you should probably bury your feelings towards Sam a bit further down into that vault in the future."

"...I don't know what you're talking about," you lie through a mouthful of pie that you conjured up there because you definitely did not stick a fork into that pie and lift it into your mouth. The slice of pie is steadfastly unchanged on your plate- except, wait, wasn't it a whole pie earlier? Whatever. Doesn't matter.

"All I'll be saying, Colonel Jack O'neill," Jolinar smirks at you, "is that your surface thoughts were very Loud and Clear on the matter when I first merged with you." You glare at her, in a way that says 'please stop.' "You were quite happy to have me blending with you for reasons that weren't related to my saving your life."

"Can I just wake up now?" You ask, pie completely forgotten.

"Of course," Jolinar says. "I believe our five minutes are just about up anyways."

And then the room is washed away with a blinding glare of sunlight, and you groan awake to the sound of helicopter chopperblades whirling away above you.

"Sir!" And there's Sam, halo'd by the sunlight coming through the copter's window.

"Carter?" you tiredly ask. "What time is it?"
"Eighteen, Eighteen," She answers with a glance at her watch. "On the nose."

[Ask her about Major Strider, I'm a bit concerned.] Jolinar's voice interjects suddenly. That's really weird.

"How long was I out?" you ask. "And Jolinar's worried about Strider?"

"We're almost back to the SGC," Carter answers. "We've got Davis on ice for the moment. The Tok'ra are already waiting on base with a symbiote in need of a temporary host. He should make it."

[That's wonderful!] Jolinar seems happy. Oh god this whole 'voice in your head' thing is going to take some getting used to.... you just hope this doesn't last too long.

"Good it hear it," you say, and close your eyes, trying to take stock of the situation. Your body feels sore all over in a way you haven't felt since... well, since the Stargates stopped freezing your ass every time you stepped through a wormhole.

[Huh? What?] Jolinar asks. [Relevant Memory share, please?]

...You volunteer the relevant memory.

[How does that-? But what...? I....] Jolinar gives the mental equivalent of a confused blink. [I'll need to ask Sam about this when I jump back over to her next. I don't understand how that's even possible.]

You get the feeling this is probably going to be a really, REALLY tiring next couple of days/weeks/months/however long this partnership lasts.

Chapter End Notes

In which I also unveil one of several reasons I did have Jolinar survive long term.

DIASPORA DATE: 10/31/0002.

235 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Jack O'neill, and you're feeling INSOMNIATIC, despite the fact that it's the middle of the day. Jolinar is way too much like Carter for YOUR own good, honestly. Her mind is constantly up and about pondering this problem or that problem and really, they're a good match for each other, but it's just...

Well. Carter, Teal'e, and Jonas are off doing a mission locally on Earth while you're waiting on MEDICAL RESULTS to come in to clear you either for returning Jolinar to Carter, or being at LEAST cleared for active duty again.

You're chilling out in the infirmary, waiting for those test results to come back, when Joey Cl-Harley. JOEY HARLEY walks in, griping and complaining to KA'TURNAL about another stupid BATTERY OF TESTS.

"Look," Ka'turnal finally seems to lose the end of her patience. "I don't like this either, Harley, but if either of us want Kinsey to shut up and admit defeat, we have to keep faking these test results until they give up."

Well, now, what's this?

[Oh, that?] Jolinar chimes in. [Kinsey and the NID keep insisting Joey submit to 'regular' tests to 'check' to make sure she doesn't have any 'illnesses' resulting from her time in Alternia's Galaxy. In all honesty, they're likely just harassing her in an attempt to see if there's any residual genetics from the bracelet in her D.N.A.. In the mean time...]

In the mean time there's the freaking Goa'uld symbiote that the alternate universe Joey's personality is loaded onto that needs to be 'hidden away' from prying eyes of the NID.

[Exactly.]

Well, that's a concept.

You wave at Joey Harley to get her attention once she's looking your way. She smiles kindly and heads over to you. "Colonel O'neill, how are you?"

"Bored," you reply. "Worried about my team."

"SG-1 off world adventuring?" She asks.

"A bit more closer to home, actually," you say. "Some doctor guy called Carter in the middle of the
night the other night and she heard him get run off the road over the phone, so Hammond sent them to investigate."

"What makes it an SG-1 matter?" Joey asks.

"He said there was a Goa'uld after him," you say.

"Ah. Well, that's not good," Joey frowns. "Any idea who?"

"That's what Carter and the others are looking into," you say. "I'd be right along with them, but I haven't gotten cleared yet."

[Alas,] Jolinar laments, [there is a difference between making someone immune on the onset of symptoms and healing them well after the fact.]

That there is.

"Mmh, stupid medical exams," Joey complains. "It's so stupid. The NID keeps pestering me and pestering me. I'm just glad they haven't found some excuse to drag me into some secret little holding cell in the middle of nowhere yet."

"At least there's that," you say.

The conversation is thus abruptly ended as Ka'turnal calls Joey away.

And so you continue to sit and wait for test results.

Lucky ass Strider, got to go spend time with the Tok'ra while they asked their operative to give the report he couldn't give while being stranded without a host. You don't envy him at all.

Then Fraiser strolls in looking at a vial of some kind of yellow-gold substance and you have to ask her, "Please tell me that's not from me. Because I'm sure I don't remember giving That kind of sample."

Fraiser gives you a squirmy look then says, "No, it's something Carter found on the mission. I've got to give it an analysis to figure out what kind of super drug it is."

"Fair 'nough," you relent.

...You wouldn't get your test results today at all, as it would turn out. Everyone was just too dang busy.

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DIASPORA DATE: 11/01/0002.

234 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is General George Hammond and you blink as you process the information Carter's
given over the phone. "Repeat that, Major?"

"We're fairly certain that the man running the bio-tech operation here, Adrian Conrad, is actually a Goa'uld, Sir," Carter says, "and we think he's using some kind of mind control to force the people of this town to build himself a ship to escape. We're not exactly sure what he's doing to control people yet, but it's looking suspiciously like Symbiote possession. If Cassandra or Jade were out here we could probably confirm if there were symbiotes about, but for the moment we're assuming it's the case. Better to be safe than sorry."

"That's troubling news, Major," you say. "Keep up the work, and let us know if the situation changes."

"Thank you, Sir. We'll let you know the moment we find something concrete," and with that, Major Carter hangs up.

With a sigh, you put your phone back on the receiver.

A Goa'uld loose on earth? This could have the potential to suddenly spiral well out of control.

Barely an hour later, you get a call from one of your NID PLANTS, informing you that whatever interest the NID had in Joey Harley, it's suddenly been shifted around onto the goings on in that sleepy little town that you sent SG-1 to, and in such a hurry that someone HAD to be panicking knowing that your team was there... This does little in the way of NOT making you concerned that somewhere along the line from Carter calling to you receiving, the NID started listening in.

Several hours later, near the end of an apparently fruitless security sweep, you receive a call from Major Carter reporting in that the NID apparently already KNEW about the multitude of Goa'uld in the town and the ship they were building, and had wanted them to complete the work on it just to swipe it away and make it Earth's "First Flagship Defense Ship."

Apparently, according to Jonas and Teal'c, the NID thought the SGC would never get a working spaceship off the ground and that Earth should have had a working space ship YEARS AGO.

...A part of you wonders if there ever really was a security breach in the first place because if there was one, then really, the NID should have been aware that the SGC was already in the process of building a PROTOTYPE SPACESHIP- the X-303.

Besides that, according to Carter, Conrad's new Goa'uld spacecraft would have taken at least TWO MORE YEARS to complete anyways.

The X-303, by comparison, would be undergoing test flights by the turn of the millennium.

Really, if the NID weren't aware of the X-303, then, sure, their actions were somewhat reasonable... But if they WERE, then... well... It just makes no sense at all.

Still, Carter's brief phone report tells you, Conrad and his Goa'uld brain mate have been arrested, by the SGC by Jurisdiction. The NID are not going to be happy about THAT at all.

As you prepare for the worst, you receive word that your security sweep had the fortune of stumbling onto a pair of NID agents trying to hack a bug into one of the phone lines.
The good timing of it all makes you smile, just a bit. Still, you order another sweep of the base to make sure that there aren't any other bugs like that one hidden away somewhere.

Better to be safe than sorry, after all.

...And then, your very small good mood evaporates as you get another phone call, this time from Colonel Chekov.

"...China is- What?"

"Threatening to counter our cover story over the crashed Goa'uld vessel in the Pacific," Chekov repeats.

Oh for crying out loud. As if you didn't have enough to deal with.

"Thank you for the heads up, but I'll have to call you back, Colonel. I need to discuss this with the President," you sigh. "We very well may have to disclose the Stargate Program to the governments of the world."

Chapter End Notes

Things are about to get dicey!
Chapter Summary

Find a penny, pick her up, and all day long you'll have good luck.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 11/07/0002.

228 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is OKURI LEIJON, and there are many things you'd expect out of your job when it comes to CURVE BALLS.

And right now, in the middle of a gap between evacuations, Latula Pyrope on Haven dialed in, and brought through with her a VERY young girl. A human girl, at that. A human girl with fire-orange hair the shade of which you'd imagine Cassandra had when she was younger, and some brilliant green eyes that remind you strikingly of Joey or Jude.

Oh. Oh no.

"Wait," you say, before Latula can say anything. "Let me guess. She came stumbling out of the Stargate and is calling you 'auntie' or something similar?"

"Pretty much, yes," Latula answers with a grim nod. "She says her name is Penny Harley and is really confused where the 'swingset by the gate' went. Once I told her I hadn't built one yet, she clammed up as if realizing something was wrong."

Oh, great. Yet another Solar Flare Time Traveler.

And this time, she looks to be the future daughter of Jude Harley and Cassandra Fraiser.

You look the girl over, trying to get a vague guess of her age. Let's see, she's... bigger than the younger John, Jade, Argo!Nepeta, and Rose, so you'd guess older than that. By a Sweep, maybe? How old are those four? You quickly do the math... A little over a sweep in Alternian years. Three-ish Earth/Diasporan years? Almost four. Almost four? So, if this girl is older by a sweep... She'd be almost... six? Six years old?

"Hello there," you kneel down and look this girl- Penny, wasn't that what Latula said her name was? - in the eyes. "You're Penny, right?"

The girl nods, but says nothing, keeping her mouth stubbornly tight lipped.
"Do you know who I am?" You ask.

Penny squints at you, as if trying to figure things out, then opens her mouth slightly, and asks, "Aunt Kuri?"

You feel a stab of emotion running through your heart at such a declaration. You could get used to hearing that, you think.

"Yup," you nod, "That's me."

And then little Penny throws herself at you for a hug. Oof! She's a bit stronger than she looks.

"Zebede," you look up at the bridge and order, "dial out and get Joey, Jude, and Cassandra over here ASAP."

"Right!" the Gate tech says from the bridge. "Will do!"

"Alright," you say to Latula, "shall we take her to the cafeteria?"

"Might as well," Latula nods. "I was about to fix lunch when she came through."

And so you put your arms around Penny and lift her up and carry her along to the All Your Base's cafeteria.

As you walk, you notice Penny glancing around as if she's never seen the place before. Well, you suppose that'd make sense if you just leave the ship crashed here after evacuating.

Soon enough, you get to the Cafeteria, and as luck would have it, there's a large absence of people. Well, except for Diemen and Boldir.

Boldir takes one look at you before her eyes widen and she quickly begins telling Diemen to cook up something special.

"Latula," you say, "why don't you go ask them what's on the menu?"

"Alright," she says, and then heads over to talk with them. For a moment, it really kicks in how absurd this whole situation is. Haven's solar flare based time travel just... is so unpredictable.

You set Penny down at a table and smile as comfortably as you can at her. "Sooo... what happened?"

Penny squirms a bit. "I did a bad."

"Did you now?" You ask.

"I ran ahead through the Gate even though Aunt Morgan told me to wait," Penny answers.

Ah, well, that would explain it. She jumped a Solar Flare by accident. As for "Aunt Morgan"... Who the hell is that? The only question you have besides that is did she arrange for events to turn out this way or was it really an accident?

Ugh. You hate this whole second guessing thing. Stable Time Loops SUCK.
"Penny," you say, "we want to get you back to where you came from. Can you tell us what the date was?"

"It was Tuesday," she says.

"Well, that's handy, but what was the date?" You ask. "Like, was it February second, or June fifth, or...?"

Penny shrugs. "It was Tuesday."

Of course it was.

"What about the year?" You ask.

"Umm..." Penny's nose scrunches up a bit. "Two-Fourish?"

...What.

"What?"

"Two-Four-ish," she repeats.

You blink. "I'm not sure what that means."

"Dunno either," Penny says.

"How about this, how old are you?" You ask.

"I'm Six!" She says proudly.

Well, it seems you guessed right. "That's helpful," you say. "When were you born?"

"Dunno!"

...That's entirely less helpful.

"How do you not know when you were born?" You ask.

"Mama said I was born in a Time Dial Bubble," Penny answers.

A time dial-?

"A time dilation bubble?" you ask.

"Yeah, that," Penny nods.

...Because of course she would be born in a freaking time dilation bubble.

"Penny, where were you born?" You ask, feeling curious. "As in, what planet?"

"Um..." Penny frowns, trying to remember, you'd guess. "In an Abbey?"
An Abbey...? What??? This situation just keeps getting weirder and weirder, and a part of you is wondering if Penny is intentionally messing with you to conceal information that might cause problems with the time line.

You're about to ask more when Latula comes over and says, "Diemen is fixing up a fresh batch of macaroni and cheese."

"Oooh!" Penny's eyes go wide. "Yes! Yes!!"

"A favorite, huh?" You ask, and receive a vigorous nod.

"Uncle Damen's macncheese is the best!" Penny declares in plain english/alternian before launching into an excited spiel that your ears pick up as ANCIENT, but only in-so-far as you recognize the language because you DON'T understand it. You glance at Boldir, and assume that little Penny is singing Diemen's praises because the mind-reader is giggling something fierce.

"My, now that is a flowery statement!" Says one Ganos Lal as she walks into the room, looking a bit surprised at hearing someone fluently speaking her own language. But not as surprised as she gets a moment later when Penny looks up at her, gasps "Aunt Morgan!" in the middle of her Ancient Language ramblings, and then quickly starts crying out what, going by tone alone, is an apology for running on ahead through the stargate during a Solar Flare.

Well, you guess that explains the who 'Aunt Morgan' is, but... Why is Ganos Lal being called Aunt Morgan?

Ganos looks to you, then Latula, then asks, "Time Travel?"

You both nod sagely, and say in unison, "Time Travel."

Your name is Joey Claire, and you can't help but stare at the tiny little girl who just ran up to you, wrapped her arms around your legs in a hug, and yelled out adorably, "AUNT CLAIRE!"

You glance at your Moirail, who's struggling not to laugh.

Honestly, washing through your heart right now is a roll of- well, you're not entirely sure what this feeling is. It's similar to the one you had when finding out that PA had adopted Jade through Jude. Except... now you're fairly certain that this is different in a whole other way.

There's something vaguely reminiscent of both of your parents in Penny's face and the eyes... there's that SPARK you've seen in your own eyes at time. She's family by BLOOD, not that that makes any real difference to family by choice. And yet... you have a NIECE. Your brother, though he doesn't know it yet, is a FATHER.

On the one hand, this is entirely too good of an opportunity to pass up teasing Jude and Cassandra about being parents far too young.

On the other, time travel is involved, so... Uh.

She's adorable.

Of course, this STARTLING REVELATION isn't really quite that startling to you. The Future Jonas Quinn DID share some pictures of the happy parents back during your time loop closing mission in the far flung past of Ancient Egypt. (Apparently, the Future You was baby sitting during that particular trip.) You knew this revelation was coming, you just didn't think you'd be meeting the girl so soon.

"Uncle Xeeef!" And then Penny's pulled away from you just enough grin up at Xefros, who grins back, a bit unsteadily. Then, Penny asks something that the stargate's translation effect doesn't work on.

"Uh..." He blinks. "What?"

"She asked if you were writing any new songs," Ganos Lal translates, and then, eyeing your curious look, clarifies, "and yes, she's speaking Ancient."

"Oh, yeah," Xefros nods. "I'm working on a new one we're calling 'Breakout.'"

"Oooh! Breakout!" Penny grins. "I like that one!"

Xefros blinks, then says, "Well, no pressure or anything. I guess."

"Hey," you suggest, "Xef, why don't you give Penny a quick tour of the place?"

"Oh! Yeah, sure thing!" Xefros nods, then, kneels down to look Penny in the eyes. "You want a tour?"

"Sure, Uncle Xef!" Penny nods, and then detaches from you to go clamber onto Xefros' back.

"I'll go along to translate in case she slips into Ancient again," Ganos volunteers, and with that, the three of them leave.

"When are Jude and Cassie coming back?" You ask Okurii and Latula once they've left.

"Shouldn't be too much longer," Okurii replies. "Zebede radioed them after he radioed you. But they were further away from the Stargate than you were."

"Right," You nod. "So... any minute now, basically?"

"Basically," Okurii nods.

"So, how do we get her home?" You ask.

"We've been working on that," Okurii shakes her head. "Apparently she was born inside a time dilation bubble in an abbey."

"An Abbey?" You frown. "Do you think she meant Abydos?"

"Probably," Latula nods. "That fits with her calling the time dilation bubble a 'time dial bubble,' after
"Beyond that, we know she's six years old, but not how long she was in the bubble, and that it was a Tuesday on a 'two-four-ish' year," Okurii concludes.

"Two Thousand and Four, probably," you deduce. "Tuesday doesn't narrow it down much, though."

"We're hoping that Jude and Cassandra can get more info out of her when they get here," Latula says. "But if we can't get a return trip going, we might be stuck with her."

"Has she mentioned an older version of herself?" You ask.

"Not yet, no," Okurii says, frowning. "She's been somewhat skittish regarding concrete details, to be honest."

"I can only imagine," you say. "This is worse than the time we ran into ourselves back on Haven two times in a row. We knew roughly what we were doing. Penny? She doesn't really know, unless we've warned her."

Okurii nods. "Let's say you're right about her coming from the year 2004. If she's six, that means she spent roughly two years in a time dilation bubble."

"Or more accurately, probably a time acceleration bubble," you counter. "Dilation slows things down, acceleration speeds things up."

"Which means for whatever reason, Abydos hits a burst of concentrated time," Okurii frowns. "In the year 2000?"

"Maybe," Latula says. "Or it could be longer."

"So, worst case scenario, in about a year," you summarize, "my brother is going to get Cassie pregnant, and they're going to get stuck on Abydos for long enough time to have Penny."

"Let's hope there are better case scenarios than that," Okurii says. "Like, let's say it happens later. Maybe she's born and lives five years of her life inside of a time bubble."

"How is that better?" you ask, squinting at Okurii.

"It's better because it means whatever problem it is would be our far future problem, and hopefully not related to Anubis and English," Okurii answers.

"...Fair enough," you relent. "But when has our luck EVER gone that well? Because as good as it has been with certain dicey situations... well, it's been cutting it close on certain situations."

"You make a good point," Okurii relents.

"At any rate," you say, ignoring the Gate Alarm as it sounds off, "Penny's temporal displacement aside, I guess I should report in about the mission we were on while we have the chance."

"Right," Okurii nods.

"Bad news is, the rumors seem to be right," you begin the report, "the Clowns and Carapacians are
fielding some kind of new super soldier prototype armor. The Mofang village who sent the SOS was already razed to the ground by the time we got there.” You grimace, just a bit. "The worst part is the people who fought back were found dead with two different types of wounds, both that match the eye witness reports from the survivors."

"Damn," Okurii grimaces. "So what are we dealing with, exactly?"

"A troll in a pitch black suit of armor with an obvious life support element to it, wielding an energy blaster in the left wrist, and a crimson colored plasma torch sword as his primary weapon in his right hand," you continue the report. "Honestly, if it weren't for the fact the bastard signed his name, I'd swear Anubis and English were taunting us with a villain from an Earth movie."

"He signed his name? Really?" Okurii asks, incredulous. "Who is this bastard anyways?"

"Someone we thought was dead. Tagora Gorjek," you answer.

"The guy torturing Cirava who Rose cooked alive with Scratch Blood?" Okurii asks.

"Yup," you nod. "He carved 'Gor-Gor' into a wall."

"Of COURSE it'd be that bastard," Okurii grimaces. "Why couldn't he just die?"

"Karma?" You shrug. "Either that, or fate has me slotted in to be his destined lightsaber opponent."

"...Lightsaber?" Okurii frowns, not recognizing the term.

"It's Star Wars," you say. "Gor-gor's suit looks like a villain from it, Darth Vader- and, urgh. Just trust me, it's a stupid ass thing."

"Who's looking like Darth Vader?" And of course, in that moment, Jude and Cassandra return from their mission, entering the Cafeteria, covered in a loose dusting of red colored sand and looking like they'd just come back from running a marathon.

And thus you spend the next few minutes repeating everything you just talked about to Okurii, then begin filling them in on the situation with Penny.

Needless to say, seeing the two of them nearly faint from the revelation put the hold on any teasing you might have done.

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser and you honestly had a hard time believing it until you saw Xefros leading the girl back into the Cafeteria, and she gasped after seeing you and Jude and yelled out two terms of endearment that confirmed it all.

"MAMA! PAPA!"

And even if that fact alone somehow didn't confirm it for other people- the moment that girl's body came into range of your magnetic field sense, you felt HER. And more specifically, you felt tiny NAQUADAH NODES within her body just the same as what Jude had built for you.
There was nothing else to doubt it. You were going to be a mother. The sort of feelings running through you are...

You don't want to let your girl go.

You know you'll have to send her back to your future self eventually, but...

Mere seconds after meeting her and you don't want to let her go.

Your name is Jude Harley, and you feel a brief surge of panic and annoyance as you hear this girl all you "PAPA."

God, damn it. Why couldn't you just get her to call you 'Daddy' or 'Father' or something else??

Stable time loops aside, just... why? Why couldn't you just let that insane legacy of your PA'S die out with him the first time?

And then this kid is running up and then jumping into Cassie's arms and being hugged and there's this smile on Cassie's face and that panic and annoyance just....

It's gone.

You're looking on this whole situation and.... you want it. You want to see more of this. You...

You don't care what name she calls you. You want to be this girl's father and see just how she got to this point.

You are once again Joey Claire, and you can't help but smile as Jude and Cassie fawn over the adorable little girl.

They really do paint a pretty picture of a family...

A part of you wishes that knowing this, Jude and Cassie will *Never* ever step foot through a Stargate again for COMBAT REASONS one she's properly born. But you know that's probably never going to be the case.

The fact that Penny knows so many people on this side of things as "Aunt" and "Uncle" means she's going to be commuting. She's going to be as much of a-- A-- Hrmf. You want to say "military brat" but that doesn't quite feel right. "Gate Brat" perhaps? Eh, it'll work for now.

She'll be as much of a Gate Brat as the younger versions of John and company.

And you get the feeling that Jude and Cassie are going to be involved in a lot of shit while Penny is growing up. You just hope... you hope that those two won't repeat Jake's mistakes. And actually, speaking of your now teenaged PA, where the hell is he?

You ask Okurii, and she mentions something about him helping Chixie evacuating her town and that
he should have been back at least an hour ago if everything went according to schedule, since that town's population was scheduled to evacuate through the gate in about thirty minutes.

That means they're probably hanging out together somewhere, so you decaptcha an Arai beetle and send it out to search for them.

It doesn't actually take too much to find them. Your first hunch of where to check pans out rather quickly- a guest room in the same crew quarter's hallway that you used to call home to your own room- but you kind of wish you hadn't actually gone looking for them.

You did NOT need the mental image of your teenaged Pa making out with a girl who could pass as an Alternian version of your mother.

Bleck.

You settle for trolling him just a bit in revenge and send that Arai Beetle carreening into the back of your Pa's head- gently enough to not actually hurt either Jake or the Arai Beetle, but hard enough to make Jake and Chixie both jump in surprise.

You buzz the Arai Beetle around Jake's head in an orbit to grab his attention and then move it to hover at the doorway for two reasons. A: To tell them to lock the damned door next time, and B: for Jake to follow the glowing alien bug!!

With embarrassed smiles at realizing they'd been caught, Jake got up from the couch they'd been lounging on and follow your Arai Beetle through the hallways. Meanwhile, you made your excuses and went out to meet him half way to explain the situation.

"Before you say anything," You begin once you meet Jake on the way, "I'm not going to say anything about what I saw except that you should lock the door next time. I don't care what you get up to in your free time, Jake. That part of our lives is long over."

"...Fair enough, Joey," Jake agrees. "It's... Yeah."

'Yeah' indeed.

"Now then, as for why I sent a beetle to look for you," you say, "we've had an accidental time traveler come to visit."

"Who?" he asks.

"Your grand daughter," You say, and smile slightly at the startled expression on his face.

"What?" he sputters out. "Whose!?"

"Jude and Cassie's daughter, from about, er... well, we're not exactly sure when she's from, yet," you say. "But she's six years old, and her name is Penny and gosh if she isn't adorable."

Jake goes silent for a minute as you walk, then says, "That's insane. How... How the hell did she even get here!?"

"Ran ahead through a Stargate on Haven during a solar flare," you explain. "We're trying to get some solid dates out of her so we can find a return flare that'll take us to the right time."
"I guess that would be hard," Jake muses. "I don't think I ever really paid attention to the current date until I was ten."

You nod in agreement, "Yeah, I didn't really pay attention either when I was her age."

"Does she have a Sylladex?" Jake asks. "I can't imagine we didn't plan ahead and leave something in there after today."

"...Now that's an idea," you say.

As it would turn out, Penny DID indeed have a Sylladex... and about TWENTY DIFFERENT FETCH MODUSES (MODI?), all but one of them GAME THEMED. Pictionary, Monopoly, Memory Match, something called POKEMON? The list goes on. The one that didn't have a theme was a basic STACK MODUS like you use. The frame on it is also the most BATTERED of the bunch, likely implying it's the oldest of the lot.

Penny was all too happy to hand her Sylladex over for you to look at while she consumed a freshly prepared bowl of MAC-N-CHEESE.

And so, for the second time in recent days, you puruse through someone else's sylladex like a creep. It occurs to you that you did something similar with PA'S SAFE back before all of this started. It's not a habit if you're not doing it regularly, right?

Penny's Sylladex is home to an OBSCENE AMOUNT of STUFFED ANIMALS. You don't dare open half of these cards lest you shower the cafeteria with PLUSHIES of VARIOUS KINDS. Some of these plush toys are associated with the "POKEDEX MODUS" exclusively, anyways, so there's that. There are a few SPARE OUTFITS, and a couple of TOY TOPS complete with HANDHELD LAUNCHERS.

Oddly, there's a RATHER LARGE COLLECTION of COINS on a few of these cards. Plus, there's a TRAVEL CHESS SET that looks vaguely familiar somehow. You think you've seen Cassie and Jude playing with one like this every now and then. There's a set of COLORING BOOKS, a BOX OF CRAYONS, and even a BOX OF CHALK.

Finally, though, you find exactly what you're looking for.

It's an innocuous little letter in a LARGE FOLDER Sized ENVELOPE, marked "IF LOST" on the front of it with gilittery ANIMAL THEMED STICKERS. How adorable.

You pry it open, and find that there are a few different letters within, all within their own sealed envelopes, and written on with Cassandra's handwriting. One reads, "LOST ON EARTH," another reads "LOST ON DIASPORA," and a few others read "LOST OFF WORLD" with specific Galaxy designations. You make sure Cassie doesn't see these because you get the feeling she made these herself without prompting from a stable time loop.

The one you do remove from the large envelope is the one with YOUR HANDWRITING on it. This one reads "To Aunt Claire, 11/07/02" and since that's today's DIASPORAN DATE, you're pretty sure this is related to your little wayward niece.
You pop open the letter and read the message from yourself.

"Hey, past me!" it begins. "In case you haven't guessed, Penny likes exploring. A LOT. It's a family thing, I guess. ANYWHO! You'll want Solar Flare C9-X382 on Callie's database to send Penny back home. Yes, that's the right one, before you get all worried. You can double and triple check the database to see what solar flare sent her back to your time in the first place, and then find the flare that sends her forwards back to that time. Wait, why didn't we do that in the first place? You're now asking because I was asking it at the same time I read the question."

....You have no comment for that.

"The answer is that Callie's got the tablet w/ the flare database with her off world right now!" ...Oh, well that would explain it. "And by the way, yes, that does mean you're not sending her back until after Callie gets back. Which, speaking of. Oh no. Oh, yeah, you're going to want to get on the Astro Megaship and head out after them. Gor-Vader is going after them right as we speak. Best get on that!! Read the rest after you get back."

Yeah, there's more to this letter but you captchaologue it into your own Sylladex, and call out, "Okurii! Please tell me the Astro Megaship is near a planet with a Stargate!"

Chapter End Notes

Confirming just a SMIDGEN of the Future Knowledge Joey gleamed during her trip to Giza after Exiling Khepri. Namely, YES, Jonas Quinn is one of the members of FUTURE SG-1 that her team ran into.

Also, another RWBY reference. Like how miss XiaoLon from the last act was based off of Ruby Rose, Penny Harley is based on RWBY's Penny, just aged down. There will be significantly less trauma involved in this Penny's life, however. I mean, really. A red/orange haired girl with green eyes? Too perfect of a match up for a Cassie/Jude kid. XD

...Also, yes, I did give Penny all of Jade's goofy game fetch modi from canon homestuck. Captchaologue Technology slowly being rolled out to Earth's population? More likely than you'd think!!
SG1:06X06: Avoiding an Abyss

Chapter Summary

In which canon is thoroughly derailed in one particular instance.

...Not that it hadn't already been, I mean.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 11/08/0002.

227 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

The Goa'uld known as BA'AL wondered, ever so briefly, how it had come to this, and then he remembered in excruciating detail.

This, of course, being the FOOTHOLD SITUATION he had on hand right now. Someone stupid had given bad intel on SOMETHING to SOMEONE, and thus this random team of TAU'RI from the 'Earth' planet had shown up INSISTING that he had "plagiarized" his GRAVITY TECHNOLOGY from them and were seeking MONETARY COMPENSATION.

Ba'al had humored them at first, but it was rapidly becoming clear that this COLONEL O'NEILL was baiting him into an extended dialogue for the sake of a dialogue. A distraction, perhaps, but for or from what? Ba'al had no idea, but it surely wasn't anything good, that's for sure.

"Tell me, Colonel O'neill," Ba'al decides to test the waters. "For all that I've humored your claims, what proof do you have? What's to stop me from simply killing your team to end this dispute?"

"You're welcome to try, but I wouldn't recommend it," O'neill counters.

Ba'al considers for a moment, then orders a Jaffa with a staff to aim ever so slightly ABOVE this 'SG-1' and--

PCHOOOOOOOWWWOOOOOOOP!

Ba'al blinks as he tries to process what just happened.

His Jaffa had fired the staff weapon all but then somehow that had backfired in a way that- well... The staff blast- somehow it just bent around in the air above these Tau'ri and was slung back into the Jaffa that had fired it. How had they managed that? It was almost as if someone had grabbed the shot mid-firing and twisted it around.
Well... Ba'al blinked, it seemed the Tau'ri really DID have some fascinating Gravity Warping technology.

"I suppose it would be in our best interest to... negotiate," Ba'al concedes the point.

It wasn't until much later that Ba'al realized that there was no visible generator for that gravity well, but by then, it was much too late.

Your name is ARADIA MEGIDO, and you can't help but giggle to yourself after your little act of PSYCHIC TOMFOOLERY. John was quite right, it feels really great to get the exchange on the Pranksters Gambit.

Despite your job THEORETICALLY being done, you hang back just a bit behind SG-1 while using the CLOAKING DEVICE that Jude built for this occasion to continue to remain hidden. It wouldn't do for Ba'al to try to do anything stupid, now would it?

You just hope that this PLAN O'neill cooked up works to help the Tok'ra inside Major Strider rescue the woman he'd "befriended." You put "Befriended" in quotes because it's quite obvious to everyone involved that KANAN has fallen hard for the servant.

Everyone is lucky that this entire episode of events is happening with a PLAN IN PLACE rather than Kanan forcing Major Strider to go on some kind of lone wolf rescue mission. That could have gotten NASTY.

Your name is DAVIS STRIDER, and it takes the strangest things to make you realize you're in love with someone.

With KANAN, it would be the moment of pain when he had to leave behind SHALLAN, one of Ba'al's most trusted lo'taur, whom he'd used for information while he was under cover in this facility. He'd thought, at first, it was just a symptom of his host being shot with a STAFF BLAST, but after being stuck in a jar waiting for a new host... He'd come to realize that he actually loved the woman.

For YOU? It would be having Kanan's feelings booming through your skull, all as stark contrast to some SIMMERING FEELINGS you've had boiling away under the surface for one MAJOR VANTAS. You're not entirely sure when, but at some point over one of those MANY CHESS GAMES the two of you have played since he came back from the future, you've fallen for the Alternian.

You're going to have a long talk with Karkat when you get this snake out of your head. That much you're promising yourself right now.

After about another half hour of 'negotiations' that were really just more blatant stalling tactics, Ba'al finally realized there was no visible generator for the gravity trick and that he was being PLAYED.
He was about to call for his Jaffa to attack and kill SG-1 when a servant came rushing over to inform him that a HATAK had appeared in orbit, and was charging weapons.

Who? Ba'al asked. Who could dare to attack him NOW? Was it something of a Tau'ri trick?!

But no, even SG-1 seemed caught off guard by this sudden announcement. Especially when a HOLOGRAM of ANUBIS appeared before them all and began GLOATING.

Ba'al's Gravity Technology was to become HIS.

And thus, for the first of many times to come, Ba'al and SG-1 found themselves allies of circumstance, and promptly agreed to NOT kill each other for as long as it took to get to the Stargate and escape to their respectively preferred worlds.

It wouldn't be for another two hours later that Ba'al realized that his favored lo'taur, Shallan, didn't make it to his next safe house.

He mourned her loss, never once realizing that she had left the planet by Stargate a good five minutes before SG-1 or himself made it to the Stargate.

Your name is JOLINAR, and as you watch Davis Strider almost-kiss the woman this whole rescue mission had been about to transfer Kanan over to her, you reflect over O'Neill's biology, and find, yes, he's just about completely healed up. It seems he ended up being just a bit more worse off than Strider had been.

'Either that, or Kanan's absolutely burning desire to rescue his gal pal here pushed him to heal Strider faster so he could 'blend' with her sooner,' O'Neill gripes, evidently having picked up on your thoughts.

You pick up a faint trace of mixed emotions— eagerness and reluctance to trade you back over to Sam. Eagerness at the kiss, reluctance at the same because he's afraid he's going to enjoy it way too much.

You sigh, and figure it's not worth prodding O'Neill over securing his surface thoughts again. Honestly, you think he's doing it for the most part just to mess with you.

But either way, does it really matter?

Soon, you'll be back with Sam and everything will be alright.

One Strider has recovered, he scampers off with a declaration that he's going to find Major Vantas and tell him something important. What that could be, you have no real idea.

...Okay, you have SOME idea, but you're not going to say anything to anyone just incase you're wrong.

'Well, you're wrong about me and Sam, Jols,' O'Neill counters.

No, you're not wrong about THAT. You do the mental equivalent of blowing a raspberry. O'Neill counters right back with an actual eye roll.
You think you might miss this.

Your name is Samantha Carter, and after Doctor Fraiser gave O'neill the clean bill of health, it was cleared to let Jolinar transfer back over to you. "Fortunately" to be allowed at your own discretion in private whenever you were ready. (You swear, Janet was smirking when she said that.)

You hadn't thought much of that kiss to transfer her over the first time. You'd just done it. Jolinar could help him, and so you did it quick and professionally and now there was....

Ugh.

Stop it with the unprofessional thoughts. The more you dwell the more you're going to get flustered and the more likely this is going to go wrong and- and- Urgh. Better to just get it over with, you decide. Pull the Colonel into the privacy of your lab, and close the door until it was done-- Wait. No, that sounds wrong somehow.

UGH.

In the end, you confront O'neill in his own office as he's writing up the report for the mission you were just on.

It's not even barely a kiss. It's more like mouth to mouth. Right??

...Your mind refuses to let that particular phrasing go.

You're honestly stressed out about it to the point it has to be showing on your face.

"Carter, do you not want to do this right now?" He asks, sounding about just as nervous as you feel. Then he winces and mutters, "Stop laughing, Jols. It's not that funny."

Well, at least there's that going for you.

You shove all of that aside, and just say, "Sir, if we don't get this over with now, we're just going to keep postponing it and postponing it. So. Let's just get it over with. Rip the bandaid off, as it were."

"Alright," he says, and there's no talk of making it 'memorably' like you were expecting. Somehow you've got this image of him just swooping you off your feet and planting one on you in the middle of the Control Room and you'd LOVE to avoid that if at all possible.

Except, that did happen once, didn't it? In the Time Loops?

No! No! Stop thinking about it, Carter! Just Stop! Stop thinking about his lips mashing against yours and oh god he's already kissing you and-

A brief slice of pain at the back of your throat happens, and a moment later you feel Jolinar's familiar presence re-establish itself in the back of your mind.

[Hello, Sam,] she says, sounding entirely way too happy and feeling incredibly smug as the kiss breaks. [I'm back!]
You and the Colonel both spit up blood for a few seconds before managing to get your mouths feeling back to normal enough to talk.

"Everything good, Carter?" O'neill asks.

"Yeah," you nod. "Everything's good."

Somehow, with the way Jolinar laughs at your comment, you get the feeling that no, everything will NOT be good.

Oh. God. Why did any of this have to happen??

Your name is Samantha Carter and you feel like you want to forget that all of this even happened--

[Not going to happen, Sam.] Jolinar giggles. GIGGLES. Good god, O'neill was a bad influence on her, wasn't he?? [Or maybe it was the other way around, hm?]

--You decide not to dignify that with a response.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that was a fun little detour around canon events, wasn't it? :33
Your name is ARGO LALONDE, and you're startled out of your early morning breakfast snackage by the sound of a large SPLOOSH of mud from outside, followed by shrieking and a startled yelp.

You quickly get up and head outside and see the distracting sight of a Jade quickly stripping her clothes off. Not that it's normally distracting, mind you. You and John have both kind of gotten used to it give the whole WEREWOLF TRANSFORMATION THING going on with her. What IS distracting is that she's covered in wet mud all over.

"What the hell happened?" You ask Jade, glancing over at John as he hurriedly gives an apologetic smile while quickly answering a radio call.

"I was practicing with my powers but it rained last night so the ground was all muddy, and, um..." Jade admits as she tosses her mud soaked shirt onto a nearby rock. "Then John got a call on the radio, and the sound of it beeping distracted me and I dropped a giant ball of mud mud on me... So, um... Bath time for me, I guess?"

"Yeah, I'll say," you give Jade a once over. Yeah, that looks like a lot of mud. "How much mud were you lifting, exactly??"

"Well, I was trying to see how much of a limit I've got since I've been shifting regularly, so, um..." Jade giggles nervously. "As much as I could?"

Well, that's certainly a lot.

"Guys," John says suddenly, "I gotta get going. They detected a large moon rock storm that fell out of the shields and into Alternia's gravity well heading towards the Base and they need me to put a wind shield up to deflect it."

"Go," Jade says. "I'll get cleaned up. Good luck!"

"Yeah, good luck, John," you say.
"Alright. Thanks," John says, and with that, takes off running down the road away from Joey and Mierfa's Hive, and into town.

As you watch him go you feel a faint sort of... some kind of emotion running through your heart.

Then, you hear Jade making a grossed out sound as she peels off some other mud soaked piece of clothing, and you get a completely IDENTICAL feeling running through it just the same, only tinted with twinges of 'oh god that is a lot of mud to get rid of' as an extra garnish of flavoring.

"Alright, Jade," you say, turning around to face her, and making sure not to look anywhere but her eyes. "Let's get you into the bath."

---

> **[S] Dammek: Engage Reckless Plan.**

If there was one thing Dammek hated more than anything in the entire universe right now, it was PARTY CRASHERS.

Of all the stupid idiotic things to ever exist, it's that concept alone. Sure, you've done it... on occasion. And if it's a heroic rescue, sure, it's appreciated. But... Seriously, of all the things.

"Dodge! Dodge!" Dammek ordered as he tried to keep this running hit and run battle from turning into another extended conflict.

Stupid clowns. Stupid carapacians working with the clowns.

[0:16]

The Sovereign Slayer twisted and turned through the tumultuous, storm covered atmosphere of some random moon in orbit of some random ass planet whose designations really WERE NOT IMPORTANT AT ALL IN THIS MOMENT!

The three Carapacian Ships- two Derse Purple one Prospit Gold- and a single Alternian styled Reaver Ship fired after the Soverign Slayer with a tireless salvo that filled the skies over this moon with so much fire it could be seen to be glowing from the surface area that wasn't hidden away behind the thick fog layers covering the planet.

The Sovereign Slayer ducked and weaved into the atmospheric disturbances in an attempt to evade, but that just made them a target for the LIGHTNING striking out against their shields.

[0:48]

"Callie! How long til you've got those Anti Gravity Shields working again!?" Dammek asks over the Slayer's internal radio.

"Just give me a minute!" Callie answers from the engine room. "The ZPM is giving us some trouble!"
"Well make it stop giving us trouble or we're going to--!" Dammek protests just as-

[1:05]

They were then clipped by both a bolt of lightning and what might as well have been an EMP blast from the trailing ships, and all of the ship's systems went offline save for internal radio.

"CALLIE!" Dammek roars as the Slayer plummets and the gravitational pull of the moon drags them down faster and faster and faster. "Get us power and shields back ASAP OR WE'RE GONNA CRASH!!"

"WORKING ON IT!" His Moirail roars right back at him from the engine room- quickly trying to force a system reboot and finding the main generator refusing to budge.

Well, if it was going to be like that then she would just have to-

"Jumpstart!" She exclaims, and then starts quickly working on a bypass to send the ZPM's power into the rest of the ship- both to get everything else online, but to ALSO get the gravity shields back on!

[1:36]

A wire went here, a bypass conduit goes there, a wrench bridges two parts of a burnt out fuse circuit-

"AHHA!"

Connect this section to that section and jury rig a conduit to this part of that main line and then go kick the box containing the ZPM frame and-

[1:52]

VROOOOOOOOO!

And then the ZPM pulsed with energy as power quickly began to be restored across the ship and the main power generator slowly spun back online.

"PULL UP!" Dammek ordered the pilots once basic power came back online.

[1:57]

Emergency Maneuvering thrusters fired off from the belly of the Slayer, starting to level it out from its steep dive and slowly arresting its movements.

[2:03]

And then the ZPM pushed power into the Anti Gravity Shield Generators and the Slayer began to level out faster- but momentum was still carrying it too far forwards far too quickly.

And worst of all- the stupid Carapacians were still firing after them.
"How long until we hit bottom or pull up?" Dammek asks of the bridge's pilots.

"Too close to tell!" is his reply. "The cloud cover's too thick!"

Dammek takes a moment to consider it, then orders ship wide: "All Hands; Prep for Rocket Transformation!" Then to the bridge, "Take us in! Use the momentum we have to slingshot us off of the ground the moment we get too close!"

"WHAT!?" He gets as a reply.

"Just do it!" Dammek orders.

"Yes, Sir!!"

[2:23]

And then the main engines kick online and the Slayer adjusts its course- diving down towards the fog layer covering most of the moon's surface. Seemingly in a mad dash to scrap itself against the surface.

Onboard the one Alternian styled Reaver ship, Tagora Gorjek could only laugh and order his ships to follow them in, but to not follow beneath the fog layer.

[2:46]

And then the Slayer plunges beneath the fog layer, and the pursuing ships pull up, and they wait for the telltale signs of an explosion.

...And then there were several flashes of light from beneath the surface and the sound of several large rocks breaking very rapidly.

Tagora laughs from within his suit, "Run a scan for the bottom of the ground. I need to find where the wreckage is. I need to see them scuttled against the ground!"

[3:07]

And then the Sovereign Slayer exploded from the Cloud Layer a moment later- from directly behind them like a magnificent whale launching itself out of the water, where it then splits apart and all the smaller pieces fly around the main body as it shifts around to become something humanoid shaped.

Rocket boosters attach as feet as the wings slide back and complete the rectangular shape of the legs. A small fist forms out of half of some bridge like piece, and goes to the left arm, while the whole front neck and head of the ship becomes the right arm. Then- a small pod like shuttle attaches as the head- with a front plate flipping up to reveal the face.

"ROCKET TRANSFORMATION! SOVEREIGN MEGAZORD!" Dammek's voice roars out across the moon's surface as the robot completes its transformation.

[3:29]

Tagora could only stare upwards in awe and horror- "They- they really just did that?" -even as the Sovereign Megazord aims its arm cannon straight down at them- "Did they seriously just do that!?" -
with the mouth of the head opening wide and preparing to fire a massive purple beam of FUCK OFF. Then, he has the piece of mind to yell- "**DON'T JUST SIT THERE: DODGE IT!!!**"

Within the transformed bridge of the Slayer, Dammek and the ship's pilots stand at the ready.

"Attero Cannon Charging!" One of the pilots calls out. "Preparing to fire in... THREE! TWO!"

[3:54]

Dammek roars- "FIRE!"

**ZYYYYUUUUU-OOOOOOOON!!!**

And then the Attero Cannon launches off a massive burst of purple energy at the golden Prospit ship- striking it and exploding it instantly before dragging the laser beam off to the side and smashing into the next Dersite ship in view- managing to blast it to pieces as well but moments later.

And as Tagora watches the beam chase after the third and final Carapician ship, he orders his ship to accelerate upwards into the upper atmosphere. To get as far away from that monstrosity as quickly as possible.

[4:16]

The cannon ceases firing after the third ship- for recharging, and Dammek frowns and glares up at the retreating form of the Reaver ship.

"Sir! Incoming radio transmission!" One of the other pilots reports. "It's... It's from the Astro Megaship!"

And then Dammek's frowning glare turns into a smirk of 'you stupid idiot.' "Don't bother chasing after them, then," he says. "Tell them we've got a straggler heading up to greet them."

[4:38]

As Tagora's reaver ship finally exits the moon's atmosphere and starts to make for a break into hyperspace, the poor Vader-wannabe could only watch in horror and dismay as the ASTRO MEGASHIP suddenly exits hyperspace directly infront of them- all cannons aimed and ready to fire at them.

"Incoming transmission!" Someone reports as a visual of Joey Claire appears on the view screen in Tagora's ship.

"**Hello, Tagora Gorjek,**" Joey glares at him. "**What a delight to see you! For the first time. After all, the last time we could have met, we didn't. Because you burned down in a burst of green fire. It was a pretty, pretty sight. Hey, wait a second- shouldn't you be dead??**"

Tagora just ROARED in defiance of that fact- "**I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU EVEN ARE!!!**"

"**Well, let me introduce myself then,**" Joey says, drawing out her laser cutter and igniting the blue colored blade. "**I'M THE GIRL WHO'S GONNA KNOCK YOUR LIGHTS OUT!!**"
You're once again Argo Lalonde, and you try not to focus on anything but getting the mud out of Jade's hair. Not the subtle curve of muscles beneath skin or even how Jade's friggin' TAIL keeps thwapping against the side of your thighs.

God damn it, you'd both used to pretend to be a cat and dog as kids growing up but you never once imagined that you'd have to deal with this.

Eventually, though, you come to realize that you've gotten rid of all of the mud in Jade's hair.

Well, good. Okay. Time to end this bath/shower time and go lock yourself in a room as you try not to panic over the fact that you--

"Is that everything?" Jade's question snaps you out of your panic, and you grunt an affirmative. "Thanks again, Argo. I wish I could pay you back somehow."

"Could help me clean between my feathers," your mouth suggests before your brain catches up to it.

OH.

OH GOD NO WHY DID YOU-

"Sure," she chirps, and then she's standing up and-- oh, thank you Jade, for walking behind your back. "Scoot forwards a bit?"

Thankfully, your body moves of its own accord while your brain tries not to short circuit.

And then you feel Jade's fingers all up in your wings and NNNG. That feels good. That feels really good. Damn it, when's the last time you had someone else cleaning gunk out from between your feathers??

The mental image jumps to mind immediately. It was just a few days before you'd gotten sick and had to have Jolinar put in you to save your life. Jade and John and you and Rose at Jack's cabin for a weekend and- and Rose was out swimming and Jade and John were prying mud out from between your feathers.

The both of them.

Simultaneously.

One wing each.

Oh god even back then you-

Your heart skips a beat as Jade hums the same simple idle melody you remember her humming back when you were kids, focusing on one spot on your right wing that's felt a little irritated for a few weeks and- YOINK! "OW!" you yelp. "What was that!??"

"Bark," Jade says, leaning forwards enough that you feel her pressing against your back to hold a small piece of wood infront of your face.
You blink at the offending object for a few moments, then start laughing.

It's a piece of tree bark- How the hell did that get there? You mean, you can sort of come up with a rough idea based on when your wing started getting itchy but-

"How the hell did that get there?" you ask between laughs and giggles.

"No idea," Jade hums, and then floats the piece of tree bark away with a tiny burst of light green energy.

A second later, you hear a DING of something solid colliding with a trash bin's side.

And then Jade's right back to messing with your wings again and NNNNGGGGGHHH.... It's not fair she hasn't had time to practice this how is she still so gooood????

You should consider yourself fortunate that John isn't around to add to this mess otherwise you think you might just burst from all the blood rushing to your face.

> [S]. Joey: Jettison Debris.

Your name is Joey Claire and you take a deep breath before activating the recently designed custom "BIGGER ON THE INSIDE" space suit helmet's deployment mechanism. A tiny little sylladex card and fetch modus hidden within the neck of your space suit. So much easier to put on given your HORNS than would be otherwise feasible.

Space suit helmets for Alternians traditionally just were custom made every time to fit the wearer’s horns. Impractical without an Empire's monetary backing, so while Jude was here on "vacation," one of the things he'd been doing was designing a way to make a one size fits all helmet for trolls.

And wouldn't you know it, you get to try the first 'production run' version of the helmet.

You don't think Jude intended you to test it out like this, though.

[0:07]

"I'm ready," your radio as you close your eyes. A moment later, the airlock doors burst open around you, and you're bodily ejected clean out of the Astro Megaship and hurtling you straight towards Tagora's Clown Car of a Space Cruiser. You had them eject a bunch of other shit out of the airlocks too, just to provide cover. Random stuff like emptied boxes meant for the recycle or trash heaps...

Or things that glow brightly like wings or not-actually lightsabers.

PEW! PEW! You hear the sounds only in your head as bursts of blue light shoot off from a certain point atop the enemy ship, striking out at those glowing points of light.

And thus, despite the pitch black suit against the purple paint of his ship, you can already see Tagora standing on the front bow like the shittily little Vader Wanna-be he is. No- more like the shitty Scratch-wanna-be he is!! Who does he think he is just standing on the bow of his ship, holding a laser sword and shooting at a bunch of glowing trash!?
You're gonna fucking wreck his shit!!

You streamline your body and let momentum and gravity carry you forwards faster and faster towards that ship that's interposed itself between a moon and the Astro Megaship.

Closer, and closer and closer and closer and closer.

The shots stop coming for a moment....

[0:41]

And then finally, he seems to spot you and starts firing off in your direction. **PEW PEW!** Bursts of blue energy come shooting your way.

No sense avoiding it now- You ignite your laser cutter and extend your wings and start blocking the blasts as you throw yourself forwards faster.

You deflect Tagora's energy blasts right back at him and start dodging from side to side, serpentine in motion to try and make it harder for him to get a lock on you.

Or at least, it would if it were manual firing. He must have some kind of inbuilt targeting system. He's doing a decent job of keeping up with your horizontal swerving. Time to add some vertical.

[1:00]

That he seems to have a bit more trouble predicting. Left, right, up, down- what way are you going to go? Hehehe. You're just sort of rolling with it in the moment.

Dodge- dodge- roll- slash slash- block- dodge- roll- ascend- descend-!!

[1:24]

And then you overshoot Tagora and have to quickly shut off your laser cutter before you tumble to a halt on the outer surface of his ship.

Ow.

Tagora starts stomping his way over to you- his suit's boots magnetically clamping each time he moves to keep him from flying off.

Who needs magnets when you have WINGS? You quickly right yourself to your feet, and start taking off for a run to the side as you reignite your laser cutter.

Tagora shoots at you with his arm cannon, but you deflect the shots as best as you can.

You get lucky and one of the shots rebounds and smacks dead center into Tagora's chest armor... but it doesn't do anything. It just sort of disperses across the armor harmlessly.

How cheaty!!

[1:39]
"I don't know who you are, rebel scum!" Tagora yells over a broadwave as he starts stomping after you faster. Still- you're a lot faster than he is with your wings. "But you are going to REGRET interfering with the Lady Echidnha's business!!"

"Didn't we kill her too!?" You yell back at him.

"Only a fool can think the hard vacuum of space can end a GOD!" Tagora yells back.

Oh. EW. He's one of THOSE idiots.

[1:52]

"Well we'll just have to see how YOU like it then!" You yell, and then change course to charge directly at him.

"Wait- what!?" Tagora then starts shooting at you again, trying to take you out before you can reach him.

You just knock his attacks right back at him- some of them hit and absorb just like before but- wait! It's taking longer each time! It's can only take so much at a time!!

You leap with a roar as you swing at that stupid left arm of his--

[2:08]

Tagora yells as his stupid little left arm goes flying off into the void. You skid to a halt a bit behind him, and pause both to catch your breath AND to watch what the Vader wanna-be does.

He just screams in pain for a few moments, all aimlessly, before he finally turns his rage towards you.

"You-!! You Bitch!!" He yells out. "How did you- HOW DARE YOU!!?" He looks like he wants to hold at the cauterized wound with his right hand, but doing so would force him to drop his own laser cutter. "THAT WAS MY FAVORITE HAND!!"

"It's not like you were going to be getting much use out if it anyways," you say, "stuck inside that suit like you are!"

That just makes him rage more. "NAME! GIVE ME YOUR NAME!!!!"

"It's Joey Claire," you say, swooshing you saber to the side as if to flick off the blood that would have been on it if it were made of metal. "Hero Extraordinaire. At your service, Oh Dark Lord of the Dorks!"

"GRRRAAAAAH!!" Tagora yells. "JOEY CLAIRE! YOU WILL PAY FOR CUTTING OFF MY ARM!!!"

"I'd like to see you try!" You yell back at him.

He lunges at you, not even bothering with proper sword form. You block and deflect every single attack away from you with speed- and quickly get in two more quick hits, severing off the stupidly
exposed horns of his that were poking out from the top of his helmet.

That just enrages him a bit more.

[2:33]

He swings harder and faster and tries to hit you harder and harder.

You get in a few more hits- but see that his armor has recovered its energy absorption just by a bit and your blade bounces off. Time to over load it again, you guess, and quickly jump away and start running along the deck of the ship to try and find a power conduit.

"GET BACK HERE!!" he yells, chasing after you with stomping feet.

"Like hell I'm gonna do that!" you laugh. "I'm having way too much fun!"

And then you make his job a little bit harder by stabbing your cutter's blade into the hull of the ship and drag it along after you as you run- sending sparks flying behind you in his direction.

"GRAAAAHHH!"

You've just got to find a power conduit- let's see now, if this is like the All Your Base, or the other standard Altenian Cruisers...

[3:05]

Wait- there! That's a laser cannon! Power Conduit straight ahead!

You divert course and run towards it as fast as you can- using your wings to gain extra speed. Tagora struggles to keep pace. So you guess he deactivates his magnetic boots and starts running faster, because his thumping feet become faster and a bit more muted.

[3:18]

You cut off a padlock and pry open a power conduit maintenance panel, and then rip out a wire and throw it straight at Tagora before he can realize just too late that he's put too much forwards momentum into his actions and he can't come to a stop fast enough.

[3:32]

The live wire smashes into his armor and it runs only the ship's engineering crew knows how many volts through his armor.

"That's gonna void the warranty," you mutter as you watch the troll scream as the electricity finally overrides the absorption armor and starts pumping into him.

Tagora finally manages to free himself from the wire, but it's far too late for him now.

You leap forwards, laser cutter held at position at your waist, deactivated, only to be flicked back on as you swing outwards and upwards and remove Tagora of his sword arm and his head in one powerful blow from his right hip to his left shoulder.
You can only imagine the look on his face as his upper half drifts away from his lower half and begins tumbling away into space.

You have a hard time believing that his suit could keep him alive after THAT.

Your name is JOHN SHEPPARD and after a long day keeping a giant WIND DOME active over the all your base, you return to... home? Well, it's Joey's Hive, but still.. Home-ish. For now. Right?

But actually, walking into the front room and seeing Argo and Jade sitting at the couch playing a rather tense game of GO FISH... yes. You return HOME. Because home is where the heart is, and right now, you don't care where you're living as long as you've got the GIRLS in your life. Hell, you could be stranded in a whole other alien galaxy full of... you don't know, Vampires? And as long as you had Jade and Argo and Rose with you, you'd be just fine.

Of course, Rose has her own thing going on now. She's been staying with Kanaya while here on Diaspora. You can only imagine the kind of shenanigans they're up to alone over there. Except, not. You're not going to imagine anything because A: she's your sister. And B: why imagine when you can just sneak a swipe at that journal the three of you have been sharing and see what's been going on?

Speaking of, you wonder if Argo wants in on that journal action or not. You'll have to ask if Jade and Rose haven't already.

You sit down between the two of them as they smile and greet you, and you ask to get dealt in.

Go Fish isn't the most exciting of games, but it's simple enough to not need too much attention when you're discussing random topics and what not.

As you sit there playing the game, you notice Argo seems a bit flustered over something. You'd ask but you get the feeling she'd probably pretend you were imagining things. Jade seems to either be aware of whatever it is, or is caught up with her own thoughts whirling around in her head, going by the look of mild frustration on her face that's definitely not related to the card game. (She's winning by hearts. Literally, given card suites.)

You can't blame her for being distracted with her own thoughts and problems, though. It's been a rough couple of months since Doctor Jackson Ascended.

Your thoughts get paused as it comes to be your turn.

As it would turn out, nobody had the card number you called for, so you draw a card. You fumble the card, though, because it's slippery for some reason on the corner you grabbed it by, and it lands face up.

It's the THREE OF HEARTS, and the SLIPPERY PART is where SOMEONE has left a MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE written on the corner of the card in RED MARKER. You say SOMEONE as if it's a mystery, but really it's quite obvious who the culprit is given the TYPING QUIRK used. Picking it up as you did smudged part of the message, though.

"JUST PL4Y" something smudged starting with an 'S' "POK3R 4LR34DY."
You groan out an annoyed "Terezi!!" that Jade and Agro agree with.

That particular card is quickly and quietly thrown out the nearest window and launched out into the distant horizon by a burst of wind.

None of you are particularly inclined to play any kind of card game after that.

---

**EARTH DATE: MAY 10TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 11/10/0002.**

**225 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.**

"Knock Knock. May I come in?"

Your name is Callie Ohphee and you look up from the middle of you examination of the BISECTED SUIT OF ARMOR to see Cassandra Fraiser standing at the door way. "Oh, hello, Cassie, sure, sure, come in," You say, waving her in. "How goes it?"

"Well, we'll be returning Penny through the gate to the future tonight," she says as she enters the room. "I'm just... I'm worried we're not sending her back to the right time."

"We've triple checked the math like the Note Joey left herself said to," you say, "Penny Departed from Solar Flare G6-T1179, it's the only one in the future that connects back to exactly when she arrived according to the Database. Tonight's flare will return her to just a few hours after that flare happened."

"I know, I know," Cassie closes her eyes. "I just... I'm worried, alright? I've only known she exists for a few days and now I'm just so worried. And it's not- like, it's not like a vibe worry. I'm not getting anything bad vibe wise with sending her back through the gate, but I- I'm just really, really worried something's going to go wrong."

"Don't be," You say. "I know you're used to feeling the future and knowing that something's going wrong or going right, but for the rest of us? Worry like that is only natural, be it for a friend, a quadrant mate, or your own child."

"I know that," Cassie says, "but..." She fidgets with the sleeve of her jacket. "I'm still worried."

"I can run another math check, just in case," You say, smiling.

"Thanks, Callie," she smiles back. "I'd appreciate it."

"So... going by what we were able to recover from the database on Tagora's ship," Mallek begins his report, "the life support suit was a prototype run for something Anubis seems to be planning on outfitting his troops with."
"Damn it," Your name is Okurii Leijon, and that was exactly what you DID NOT want to hear. "We'll have to radio the SGC."

"Actually," Mallek says. "I'd rather we not broadcast this through the gate as a radio wave. Let's send someone else through the Gate to deliver it in person."

Hrm. "That's not a bad idea," you say. "And I think I know who to send to do it. Prepare files on a flash drive for physical transfer. Have it done by the time I get back," you say.

"Aye aye, Ma'am," Mallek nods, and heads off to do just that.

You turn to Zebede, and order him to Dial Diaspora. As he starts on that, you head down to the Gate itself, standing well clear of the unstable vortex warning lines on the floor and wait for the dialing to finish.

As you're waiting, Joey, Jude, Penny, and Cassandra come up from the hallway. Jude and Cassie are both holding Penny's hands, as she stands between them. It's adorable.

"Going our Way?" Joey asks, thumbing at the dialing Gate.

"Sorry, I've got to make a visit to Diaspora," you say, shaking your head. "Argo requested some field work yesterday, and I didn't have anything for her then, but I've got a job for her now. A brief courier job to Earth, if that's alright?" You ask, eyeing Cassandra.

She nods, "Should be fine, I don't think she'll run into trouble as long as she keeps her head down and comes back within a week."

"Good," you say as the gate goes WAA WAA, KAWOOOOSH!

Penny squeals upon seeing it, utterly delighted by the wave of not-quite-water.

You kneel down, and smile at her, "Now, you be good for your parents when you get back, alright, Penny?"

She nods eagerly. "Will do, Aunt Kuriil!"

You reach out and ruffle her hair just so slightly, then say, "Glad to hear it. I'll be seeing you soon, alright?"

"Kay!" She nods.

With that, you get up, smile at Jude and Cassandra. It's a sort of sad smile, knowing what they're giving up for the short term. Hopefully, though... they won't have to wait too much longer. You look to Joey, and she nods at you. "I'll see you three when you get back," you say, then turn and head for the Gate.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was originally just going to have only ONE musical sequence... But then 2Cellos released their cover of Eye of the Tiger, and, well... >_>
Yeah.

Did I really bring Tagora back just to unceremoniously cut him in half? Why yes, yes I did!

...Of course, chances are that he might just come back from THAT as well, if some clown manages to recover the upper half of his body...

I mean, come on, it's not like that's a thing clowns DO, right??
ARTWORK: "But Not Many..."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
Chapter End Notes

Behold, a Cassie and Jude!!

Let me tell you, the SGC logo, the SG-Team and Earth Glyph Badges are a pain in the butt to do all that tiny detailing on!!
Chapter Summary

Why is it that anyone ever tries to make a plan? Things never go according to.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 11/13/0002.

222 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is JONAS QUINN, and you're... you're honestly not quite sure what to make of recent events.

It's been such an Earth Roller Coaster of events.

First Kelwona's government sends ambassadors to talk to Earth to try to re-establish trade relations because the TIRANIANS and the ANDARI FEDERATION have signed some kind of non-aggression pact. Then your former teacher, DOCTOR KIERAN, tells you there's some sort of ongoing rebellion or resistance primed to take out the leaderships of all three countries and that he wanted your help to get things working...

Then, he fell from a building seemingly while trying to contact the "Resistance" and...

Well, Doctor Fraiser found out that he was suffering from SCHIZOPHRENIA due to his exposure to radioactive, inadequately shielded Naquadria.

There was no resistance or rebellion or anything of the sort.

What real Naquadria Kieran had smuggled away for them he'd just hidden away on his own and shoved it in a crate in a warehouse near where he'd fallen. Needless to say, with over three-hundred pounds of the stuff in excess, your people weren't going to miss it to begin with, and so, SG-1 had taken it back with them to Earth.

Your professor was insane from his research, and he wasn't the only one. Other researchers had fallen ill before then, and...

And Fraiser had given you a clean bill of health. You'd avoided enough exposure to remain healthy.

Contact with Kelwona fell through shortly there after, and you're left fearing the worst.

Your only solution to this problem is to find something to eat in the Cafeteria.
...It seems today is Teal'c's MEDITATIVE DOUGH KNEADING DAY, because he's there behind one of the counters punching at a very large mound of bread dough. Not only is he there, though, but surprisingly, so is one ARGO LALONDE, and they're both talking about something or other personal. You try not to eaves drop, and instead try to figure out at what time during the last day or so Argo would have had time to drop in. Were there any unscheduled off world gate activations today? To be honest, you sort of failed at paying any attention because Kieran was being transferred to an Earth facility to try and keep his problems from getting worse.

...You utterly fail at not eavesdropping because Argo is complaining rather loudly.

"And I just- I can't figure out what the hell I'm supposed to do, Teal'c!" She's just about yelling.

"Romance is a complex subject even at the most simplest of times, Argo Lalonde," Teal'c says, calmly. "Doubly so goes for when the people you are considering as your partners are people you have known for some time."

"I know! But- still!" Argo sighs, and then pounds at the bread dough she's got in front of her. "I just wish I knew what to do!"

"I would inquire of them if they feel similarly towards you or anyone else," Teal'c says. "That way there will be no doubt in anyone's minds how they feel."

"...I guess that's really all I can do for now," Argo says. "Thanks, Teal'c."

"It is my pleasure to help, Argo Lalonde," Teal'c says with a nod. "My only regret is that we did not get a chance to talk sooner."

"Mrrh," Argo's ears flex. "It's fine. I know you guys were busy with Jonas' people. How did that go, by the way?"

"Not well," Teal'c summarizes.

Yeah, that's about the gist of it, isn't it?

You plaster on a neutral smile and head over to Dirk Strider to order lunch and try to tune out everything else.

"And these Armor Prototypes are definitely something Anubis is working on as well?" Your name is George Hammond and you frown as you ask this perplexing question.

"Definitely," Major Carter nods. "According to the data Joey's team recovered from Tagora's ship, Anubis is working on his own variant of the armor."

"Can we find a work around to its absorption powers like miss Claire did?" you ask.

"A small crystal attachment similar to the miniature ZPMs the Clowns were experimenting with may be able to empower a weapon with additional stopping power," she answers. "But..." She pauses, then Jolinar speaks.
"We'd have to encounter one of these new warriors in the field first," Jolinar says, "see what's different from the Alternian Version, build our prototypes off of those results. Other than that, finding a way to overload the armor's power absorption should be easy enough."

"I see," you nod. "Let's hope our Tok'ra contact within Anubis' ranks has some information on that front when he decides to make contact."

"Agreed," Jolinar nods.

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DIASPORA DATE: 11/14/0002.

221 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser, and you stare at Argo as she steps out of the Stargate returning from Earth.


"Uh..." Argo blinks at you. "Sorry?"

"What did you do!?" You ask her, a bit more concisely. "There was a- a Burp in the flow of events! Somehow- SOMEHOW!- you managed to pull off the second worst outcome from staying on Earth for Over a week IN LESS THAN A WEEK!!?" You throw your hands out into the air in a very concise way of saying 'Please explain!'

And so she does.

---


DIASPORA DATE: 11/13/0002.

222 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Argol Lalonde and you were cleared to leave the base for GROCERY SHOPPING, so as to bring stuff back to Diaspora for John, Jade, Rose, Cassie, and Jude. Simple things like SNACK BOXES and CEREAL.

Things that will keep long on an alien planet and not need refrigeration.

You have fond and not-so-fond memories of this particular market. One of the not so fond ones involves your dad and Cassie being BEAMED AWAY by Thor.

Alas, as you debate whether or not to get one box of TRIX CEREAL or two, your keen cat eyes
catch the outline of some girl walking along side you.

"Hey!" And before you can debate whether or not she's just a shopper or here to stir up trouble, she's greeting you. "You're Lalonde, right? Argo? Rose's sister?"

"If I am?" You ask, trying not to look at her.

"Then I've got a few questions to ask you, about that Military Project in the mountain you work for," she says, extending a hand into your range of view. "Name's.... Well, just call me 'Jami Donovan' for now."

"Obvious Alias is Obvious, but alright," you say, turning to face her. With her fancy CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRL'S UNIFORM that's clearly been modified for OUT OF SCHOOL USAGE, this "Donovan" girl doesn't look the part of a "Jami" or "Jamey" or "Jamyi" or any kind of alternate spelling of the kind.

Hell, she looks more like an EMMA or a MADISON before she'd be a JAMI, but whatever, it doesn't matter.

"What do you want?" You ask.

"See, I'm curious," 'Donovan' says, "Ma always told me to be curious about things that don't add up. So here's the deal." She smiles, and raises one finger, "Not too long I was in a store just like this and I saw some... things."

"Things?" Uhhoh.

"You know," 'Donovan' smiles, "a classmate of mine, ol' Cassie Fraiser, approaching a man who I believe you yourself are related to? Major Davis Strider?"

...Uhhoh intensifying.

"And?" you ask. "People walking up to other people isn't uncommon if their families have a working relationship."

"Well, see, she was trying to warn him about something and then POOF. They just vanish into a burst of light," 'Donovan' says. "Not too long after that, Jude Harley goes missing, and they're not seen until just shortly before you, John, Jade, and Rose first start appearing around town."

...Craaap.

"And see," she continues on, "I'm very much aware of the fact that there's a very, VERY odd connection between you and some tykes I've seen around town too."

Crap in a hat. "Excuse me?"

"Oh, you don't know?" Donovan teases. "See, I find that hard to believe considering you, Argo Nepeta Lalonde, are known to live with Davis Strider, who happens to have a daughter, Nepeta Argo Strider, who looks a LOT like you. Neon Green Dyed Hair, Startling Orange Eyes."

Crap in a Fucking Hat!!
"Then there's the fact that Jade Jackson," Donovan leans in closer, "looks a LOT like one Jade Harley, adopted sister of Jude Harley, adopted daughter of JAKE Harley who, wouldn't you know it, before his demise, was funding the escapades of one DIRK Strider, brother to one Davis Strider. Oh, and Jake Harley also used to employ ROXY LALONDE, now EGBERT, because she married the SON of JANE EGBERT, Jake's ESTRANGED SISTER!! And wouldn't you know it? They happen to have two kids of their own, JOHN and ROSE EGBERT."

**FUCKING SNOW CRABS IN A FUCKING HAT!!!!**

"What. Do. You. WANT. Donovan??" you grit out through clenched teeth and clenched fists, trying not to growl or do anything that would blow your cover.

"What do I want?" Donovan smirks. "I want to know if you're all military clones with experimental powers meant to be soldiers in a new world war."

...Wait, what?

"Wait," you look at her, absolutely confounded and lost. "What?"

"Oh come on, don't act so surprised!" She laughs. LAUGHS. As if she's figured some grand mystery out. "I've got you all by the toes, 'Project Heir'!"

Huh? How the hell did she pick up on THAT name??

"Aaha!" She grins. "I knew you'd recognize that!"

...The fuck are you supposed to do here?

'We when in doubt,' the memory of Jolinar once telling you about something outlandish O'neill once did in a similar situation regarding a RATHER SURPRISING REPORTER, 'Roll with it and do something outlandish.'

"Alright, fine," you relent. "You've got us. We're all part of Project Heir-"

"I KNEW IT!" Donovan squeals. Oh God. You'd better put an end to this.

"-But we're not clones."

"...What?"

"We're not clones," you say. "Hell, we're not even human." That part is objectively true. You close your eyes, feel out those old nerves that Jolinar left modified for you to use in case you ever needed this, and... You make your eyes FLASH, not just with the standard Goa'uld flare, but also with your own bio-luminescence.

Donovan is suitably freaked out by your glowy light show.

"We're the vanguard of an Alien Invasion," you say, manifesting the faintest traces of a voice echo. "Feel free to go ahead and scream your head off as you run out the door."
"...Okay," you say, "perfectly reasonable way of trolling someone."

Argo starts to open her mouth.

"But it still doesn't explain what made that- that disaster burp!!" You point out.

Argo, frowns, mulls it over, then goes, "Ah."

Donovan, though freaked out, manages to "calm" herself enough to give out a shaky "Haha... ha... I... I see. I thank you for answering that! But now I have one other question, insignificant as it may be..."

"...Oh?" You don't like where this is going. You make your hair start to glow to add to the uneasiness of it all.

"See, I- ah-" Donovan's sticking to it, you'll give her credit. You wonder what could actually push her over the edge at this point. But, you've got no idea what she's after at this point so- "Well, at this point I'm already probably dead so what does it matter if I ask this or not. Is the reason Jade flooded the school because Pete was trying to get between her and John's secret relationship??"

Your name is Argo Lalonde and-

Something Just Snaps.


"I uh..." Argo scratches at the back of her head nervously. "I decaptchalogue a knife and told her to keep her mouth shut if she knew what was good for her??"

"And how exactly did she respond to that?" You ask.

"She, uh... took off screaming crying for her Ma?" Argo answers.

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser, and you groan, planting your hands to your forehead. "Damn, it, Argo. Do you have any idea what can you've just kicked over!??"

"Uh, no, not really?" Argo answers.

"Well that's bad, because I've got NOTHING either except that it's BAD!" You huff.


DIASPORA DATE: 11/13/0002.
"Mandy? What's wrong?" One Julia Donovan asks as she checks in on her daughter when it became clear the girl wasn't coming to dinner despite being called four times already.

The girl was sitting alone in the corner of her room, staring with a horrified expression at the opposite corner of the room, tears in her eyes. For a moment, she doesn't do anything, and then, the girl looks up at her mother and whispers, "Aliens are really sensitive about romance issues."

With a confused frown, the Reporter sighs, and moves to sit down next to her daughter. "Alright, tell me what happened from the start."

Her investigative work on the SECRET GOVERNMENT PROJECT "PROMETHEUS" could wait a few more hours, after all.

Chapter End Notes

As an FYI, the worst case disaster that would have resulted from Argo staying on Earth longer than a week would have been her being captured by NID agents working for Col. Simmons/Anubis to be delivered to Jayni. Good thing THAT was avoided, eh?
"Thanks for taking the time to join us, Doctor Jay Folger. Is that right?"

"It's Felger. F. E. L. G. E. R. Like the coffee with an extra kick of E!"

"I really need to figure out who's typoing my notes. This is the sixth time it's happened."

"Oh! Boy, yeah. That's so frustrating. Can't find good help around here most days."

"So, I see here that you've got quite a record here despite being a research assistant."

"Lead Scientist, actually. Who's saying I'm an assistant??"

"Hrm, probably just another typo. Anyways. It says here you've had your hands in quite a few incidents, helping to resolve them."

"Well, I do what I can to help out. We all do, really. Heh. Have you ever met Doctor Mckay? Dude can be a bit of a prick some times but even he gets out in the field to do some really hard hitting work sometimes."

"So, shall we start with the most recent one?"

"Which one was that again?"

"The Avenger Init-"

"Sorry, but I can't discuss that."

"...Uh, why not?"

"Colonel O'neill said if I ever talked to anyone about that again he'd shoot me."

"I... okay. Um. What about Project Z Pow-?"

"Colonel Claire insists that if I ever bring that up she's going to string me up on a clothes line for a giant alien chicken to eat."

"...I see..."

"And I can't tell you about Project Mirrorfest- that's F. E. S. T. not C. E. S. T... Uh. I have it on very reliable authority from Doctor Mckay that cat claws hurt. A Lot."

"...Do I even want to know why you stressed the spelling?"

"Probably not."
"Is there anything you CAN talk to us about?"

"Oh! Yeah! Sure! I can tell you about the mission where Coombs and I saved SG-1 from a traitorous Jaffa named Her'ak!!"

"The ah, mission from June 1st, 1999?"

"Yes! That one exactly!"

"Ah, actually... I got enough of a report on that one from Jonas Quinn-"

"Aw COME ON!"

"-But I'd LOVE to hear your side of things!"

---

**SEVERAL HOURS, LATER.**

---

"And thus! We bravely charged back into the pyramid to rescue Coombs! We blasted down the Jaffa and finished breaking down the door they'd oh-so-helpfully been bashing their heads against already! Then! We bravely marched right back out of the pyramid, running for the gate from the Jaffa forces that Her'ak was leading! But despite them firing upon us, we made it through the gate raising our middle fingers at him thusly!!"

"I... Uh..."

"Thus, finally home and safe and secure, General Hammond honored Coombs and I in a ceremony, declaring us heroes!!! And then- I. Uh... Actually, no I can't think anything else that happened after that. So. yeah. Uh. Is that enough?"

"Yes. More than. Thank you, Doctor Felger, for your time. But I've- I've got another interview to get to. Thank you for your time."

"You're welcome! Any time!"

...

...

...

"Oh God, let's never talk to him again."

Chapter End Notes
@SG1Fans:
This should start to give you an idea of when exactly all these interviews are taking place.

@Everyone Else:
"The Other Guys" was an excitingly fun episode and... I have absolutely nothing I can do to adapt it. There wasn't much of anything I could do butterfly wise to change anything at all. So, yeah. Have a Felger interview and a recommendation to look up the episode and watch it if you haven't.
ALT:06X07: Alchemist's Abandon

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 11/17/0002.

218 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Mierfa Durgas, and you look up from polishing your TROLL HORN NUNCHUCKS as there comes a knock at the bedroom door.

"Could you get that?" Joey asks of you, presently working on removing a window that was cracked thanks to a recent Jade-power-induced gravity tremor. Very mild, just unfortunately close to that particular window. You'd offered your help in fixing it, but Joey said she had some fancy idea for replacing it she wanted to work on her own with. Apparently it was a "surprise" and you helping with it would ruin it.

"I got it last time," you tell Joey. "And I'm busy right now."

"Broken window beats polishing nunchucks?" Joey counters as the knock repeats at the door.

"Fiiiine," you roll your eyes and get up to go answer the door. "Oh, hi, Argo. Sorry for the delay."

"It's fine," Argo says, looking nervous. "May I come in?"

"Sure," you nod, and let her into your room.

"So, what's up?" Joey asks, not glancing over her shoulder per-say as she works, but drifting an Arai Beetle over onto your shoulder to get an eye-level look at Argo.

"Um, well," Argo takes a deep breath, then says, "I'm kinda looking for romantic advice?"

You keep your face neutral, but inside, you're laughing. Two Lalondes, at two separate points of time, asking for romance tips.

Good grief, these kids.

"What kind of advice?" you ask.

"Mostly, um..." Argo's ears flatten against her head. "How do I confess to two people I like at the same time in the exact same way?"

...What??

Joey laughs as she finishes prying the window loose from its frame, and captchalouges it. "Oh, boy. Let me guess. You got bit by the Jade-blood bug too?"
"More like... just Jade?" Argo offers. "And also John."

You blink, look at Joey as she turns around from the now removed window, and say, "Ah, that's a bit more complicated than what Rose asked us about, isn't it?"

Joey nods, "But at the same time, it's better for being complicated."

"Why's that?" Argo asks.

"Well," Joey says, "at least you know who you like as people, and more importantly, as friends, rather than just, questioning on what your surface level likes and dislikes are."

"Yeah," you say, nodding. "It's a better place for us to work off of for advice giving!"

"So," Joey begins. "Where do we start?"

"I... I wanna know how you ask them if they feel the same way?" Argo asks.

---


DIASPORA DATE: 11/19/0002.

216 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Late in the middle of the night, just shortly after the clock turned over to a new day, you are now John Sheppard and you wake up to the sensation of Jade whispering your name into your ear.

"Nrrgh..." you blink awake, and look at her. "Jade? Wha'sup?"

"Couldn't sleep," she whisper-says. "Thinking too much."

"About?" You similarly whisper-ask.

"Argo," Jade answers. "She's been acting really tense since she came back from Earth, and, um... I kinda want to..."

"Want to what?" you ask.

There's a long pause, and you almost ask again before, "Do you think we're being greedy taking up the guest room bed and Argo's out there in the living room on the couch?"

...Ah.

"Well, she did say beds don't work well for her because of her wings," you frown, "but I can't see how a couch is much better."

"That wasn't exactly what I was thinking, but that's a good point too," Jade says.
"What were you thinking about then?" you ask.

"Um, well..." Jade then closes her eyes, as if bracing herself, then says. "I kinda want more than this. Than just us. I feel like... something's missing. Like some ONE is missing."

"Missing, huh?" You muse on it.

Thinking back on it... yeah. There's been times lately when you've been here with Jade thinking, wouldn't it have been nice to have Argo with you? Rose never really did fill that void, what with her constant night-walks.

"Yeah," you say. "I see what you mean." After a moment's consideration, you add, "Yeah, I wouldn't mind sharing a bed with the two of you."

"Mmmh," Jade nods.

And with the decision quickly made to ask Argo if she'd want to move into the guest room with you two, in the morning that is, you soon fall back asleep.

You're now Jade Jackson, and while John got back to sleep rather easily, you were up for an hour or so more before you finally drifted off, thinking about other possibilities beyond just sharing a bed with John AND Argo both.

Now it's breakfast time, and while Mierfa is fixing up something for the lot of you, Joey and Argo are nowhere to be found. It's kind of put a dampner on your plans to ask Argo sooner rather than later.

"Morning," Mierfa says as Joey enters the kitchen.

"Morning," Joey answers in return, quickly slipping over to Mierfa and giving her a kiss. Then, she turns to you and John and...

There's an odd smirk on her face.

"So, you two have any plans for today?" She asks, sitting down at the table.

"Nope," John answers. "Mostly just we were going to lounge around the house and relax for a bit."

"Mmh," you nod, not mentioning that you were going to lounge around so you'd get a chance to talk with Argo. "Touya's busy today helping Minori, Silica, and Keiko with that broken Quantum Mirror, so we're not set to do much of anything."

"Shame, really," Joey says. "It's nice weather."

"Yeah," Mierfa agrees. "If we didn't have that mission scheduled for MX2-380 today, I'd say we skip down to that beach that Chixie's settlement team found at that lake on PR2-6D2."

"Shame really. I bought us new swimsuits and everything," Joey says with a nod. "We really are going to have to get down there one of these days when we get vacation time. Nice pristine beaches
"House repair comes first, though," Mierfa says. "You're picking up the adhesive to replace the window today, right?"

"Yeah," Joey nods. "I'd ask Polypa to do it, but I was afraid she'd try to turn it into an explosive."

"That girl," Mierfa shakes her head. "One of these days she's going to blow up something we didn't want blown up."

"Eh, as long as we keep giving her acceptable targets, it'll be okay," Joey says, glancing at her watch. "Now where's...?" She sighs. "Damn it. I'll be right back."

And then she gets up and leaves.

Your doggy-wolf ears follow the sound of Joey moving through the house, and then you hear her knocking on a door.

"Argo? You ready yet?" A muffled reply. "Come on, Breakfast is almost ready."

Then, a door opens and you barely hear Argo whispering, "What if I screw up?"

"You're not going to screw up," Joey says. "Just ask them like we were practicing. Okay?"

Your heart skips a beat a little. Just what does Argo want to ask you about? Because you're pretty certain she wants to ask you something just like you want to ask her something because seriously SOMETHING has been up with her.

And then they walk back to the Kitchen, and you swallow as you set your game face on.

John glances at you at the action, but then he's looking up at the doorway just like you are because Argo's following Joey in and HOOBOY. She's wearing a semi-translucent sleeveless dress over a swimsuit. Her hair looks like it's been combed something fierce and you THINK you see the faintest hints of a blush on her face.

She pauses next to the kitchen's currently inactive fireplace, even as Joey sits back down at the table, and then looks at you and John nervously.

And here you thought YOU had the awkward question to ask.

"J-" She starts. "John, Jade, um..." Oh god you can feel her own nervousness spreading over to you just from the sound of her voice. "I... Um..." She swallows. "I heard there was a beach that they found recently and I wanted to know if-" she wrenches her eyes closed and you hear her whisper a faint 'fuck this...' before opening her eyes wide, and taking a bit more of a self-assured stance.

She's got this now.
Do you wanna go to the
"Do you wanna go to the beach?" She asks. "Like, together? The three of us? As a da-" She nearly stumbles over another word. "On a date?"

You look at John, and nod at him. He smiles, nods as well. There's no doubt then. Together, you look to Argo and say, "Yes!"

You know this was the right answer to give because the sheer look of relief on her face a moment later is just a prelude to the large hug she gives you and John both.

You are now Joey Claire, several hours and a long reconnaissance mission later, and as you finish priming the surface of the window frame with glue to place the new thing in place, you hear giggling coming down the road from town. A glance at the road with an Arai Beetle confirms that John, Argo, and Jade are all heading back from town.

You smile, and say to Mierfa, "The kids are back and sound happy."

"Really, huh?" Mierfa says, working on polishing a different set of nunchucks from the same seat she was sitting in the other day. "I take it a beach day went good for them."

"We really will have to get down there some day," you say.

"Mmh," Mierfa agrees. "Definitely."

You depatchalogue the new window directly into place, and then decaptchalogue the sealant and start working along on your side of things. Once you finish, you'll have to go outside and seal the exterior, too... But still.

You soon finish the sealing on the inside, and then rip off the interior protective paper, revealing the stained glass window that you had custom ordered to replace the old one.

"Woooah," Mierfa eyes it. "Pretty!"

"It'll look a lot prettier once I get the paper off of the other side," you say, "but yeah."

You look over the image one more time, taking it in. It's your old ceiling painted Green Glow in the Dark STAR with Mierfa's sign resting inside of it. It's going to make this room glow something fierce when the sun strikes it in the mornings.

Well, after you take the paper off of the other side, of course.

Best to get on that.

Chapter End Notes
*whispers* OT3! OT3!

(I based the background off of a screenshot from one of my custom designed houses in ESO, if anyone's curious, and half-assedly traced one of Joey's mom's photos from Hiveswap to use in the background up there.)
A brief pause after an Assassin fails.


DIASPORA DATE: 12/18/0002.

186 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is TEAL'C, and despite everything that's happened today, you feel at ease.

For the first time in the long history of the Jaffa and Tok'ra... peace has been brokered. Once again at the hands of an assassin. First Earth and the Tok'ra thanks to that assassin chasing Jolinar into Carter, and now the Tok'ra and the Jaffa thanks to another.

It's an odd sort of coincidence, you suppose. And yet...

There is an Earth Saying, that goes something along the lines of The Fire of Battle forges the closest of Allies.

You honestly don't care to fish out the exact phrase from memory at the moment nor to attribute it to its proper author. Instead, you just bask in the moment of victory.

It took an assassin to have the Jaffa and Tok'ra fighting side by side and as Master Bra'tac said, now you are united.

Where Anubis- because who else would it be?- has failed, you have succeeded and you are alive.

You are ALIVE.

Anubis' assassin cannot say the same.

It was just a shame that the Tok'ra Khonsu and his few trusted Free Jaffa did not survive to see it all.

"HOW MUCH LONGER WILL IT BE BEFORE SHADRE OR ENGLISH RETURN MY CALLS?" Anubis growls at the waif of a girl on the other end of the hologram communications call.

"Um... well, Shadre is still busy. Very- Uh," the girl winces as something crashes off screen and
someone SCREAMS in pain. "She's still filling some very basic carnal desires right now so, she's, uh... just left me with standing orders to forward your messages and concerns to Lord English?"

"CONTINUE TO DO SUCH," Anubis growls. "AND KEEP ME INFORMED OF WHEN SHADRE HAS FINISHED WITH HER.... 'CARNAL DESIRES.'"

And with that Anubis dismisses the Call, and slumps into his throne in his hidden chamber of a room within an escape pod built into his new, massive mothership.

"SUCH. INCOMPETENCE." Anubis growls as he turns to stare at the frozen pod containing the formerly Ascended woman. "IS THIS WHAT YOU FELT LIKE, DEALING WITH THEIR 'RULES' ON A DAY TO DAY BASIS, OMA?"

He Laughs, and then dismisses the holographic cloak around his face to remove his hood, revealing the shimmering, silver metal skull of a SOUL BOT, one designed by ENGLISH'S HANDS.

If not for his wild stumbling across the varied galaxies in space; if not for his utterly unstable state leading to English taking the 'rare pity' on him and giving him a body rather than absorbing his soul like the Ascendant Eating Monster that he was...

If not for a sheer number of coincidences, Anubis might well have been forced to maintain his physical form with a force field generator rigged into human form just to move around. But maybe that would have been easier than his current set up.

Discarding his robes, Anubis stalked over to a repair platform, and let the machines go to work at repairing everything that had been damaged just by his sheer presence in the body.

Possession, as a half-ascended half-mortal being, was a tricky thing. A mortal vessel would BURN UP from the amount of energy his essence would put through it. A Machine suffered a similar problem. Parts BURNED OUT. But at least these parts, mechanical ones, could be replaced and repaired easier than an organic's body.

...Up until he ran out of replacement parts. Then, the repair systems could only do so much.

...And Anubis was rapidly running out of replacement parts. Damned English, ignoring his calls. Once the Supergate arrived and the connection was open, he would be 'replenished' in terms of supplies and parts, but until then...

Anubis had to make due.

The technology was so PRIMITIVE and yet so... ADVANCED at the same time.

Primitive enough that nothing the Ancients had ever designed could even be considered comparable, and yet... it worked on some fundamental systems that were beyond those same designs.

Anubis had no idea how to replicate any of it. It was as if parts of it had somehow been BLACK BOXED beyond his understanding.

And of course, exiting the machine was not an option. The curse of his half-mortal state left him without the ability to move freely as an ascended being. Without a body to anchor to, his form would tether to the local subspace of reality. If he left his current body, he would be tethered to the local
gravity of the ship until he re-entered it. If his ship and body were to somehow be destroyed at the same time suddenly, in the vast void of space? He would be drawn in to the nearest gravity well—probably a planet... Hopefully a planet.

There was no telling what would happen if he were to be drawn into the middle of a star. Would he possess the star until it died of his influence burning its life force faster? What would happen then?

He'd be fortunate if it went nova, rather than collapsed into a black hole. At that point, Anubis feared even he might not be able to escape the cold void of death.

Soon, though, that would not be a concern. Soon, Anubis would have all of the EYES and then his new SUPER WEAPON would be complete. All that was missing now was the EYE OF RA, and of the many hundreds of Ra's former holdings left to search, Anubis was certain that the Eye was on one of them, somewhere. Hidden away.

Once he had his SUPERGATE, and the Ancient's WAVE WEAPON, he could arrange for the Stargates to be modified, and then not even ENGLISH could stop his wave of terror across the universe. English, who despite having consumed the energies of the "ORI" still dressed himself in a mortal shell.

Then, what did it matter if Anubis was still half mortal or had a robotic frame of a body? Only the Ascended beings would survive, and once he'd wiped out their creation, he would turn his attention towards them and take THEM out as well.

Then, once he had the Galaxy to himself?

...Then Anubis would rest, and lord over his vast emptiness for a while before starting anew.

Chapter End Notes

What's that? Anubis has a Robot Body??

Well, gee, that sure does explain a few things as to why he's 'working' with English, doesn't it?
Your name is Jude Harley and as you finish affixing some wires to yet another Anti-Gravity Shield Generator, you feel Cassandra sit down on the floor behind you and lean against you, back to back.

"Something up?" You ask.

"Just thinking," she says, in a way that clearly implies that yes, something major is up.

"About?" You ask, though you have an inclination, while putting that finished Gravity Shield aside and pulling up the parts bin for the next one.

"Penny." Yup.

"Ah," you nod, starting to slot piece A into piece B and connect Wire C to Port D... It's all process by now. You're used to the steps. You know how this device works so well that you can just loose yourself in the meditative process of building it.

You've had a lot of time to think about this particular subject.

"You're wondering when we should try- or if?" You ask.

"Yeah," she nods. "I just... I don't want to screw things up by not- not getting the timing right, you know?"


"Or we could ask Nirrti to do it for us," Cassie laughs, but hollowly. "Still feels like we might screw it up somehow even doing that."

"Well," you say, connecting capacitor J to slot K, "the way I figure it, we don't have to worry about 'timing' until after Jayni's dead."
"Why's that?" Cassie asks.

"Well, if we're right and Penny meant that she was born on Abydos?" You snap Element L to Nodes M and N. "We're not going back to Milky Way for long enough to take a trip there until after Jayni's dead."

"I guess, but what if she's doing something on Abydos and we have to go stop it?" Cassie asks.

"Either way, we don't have to worry about timing anything until then," you shrug, placing assembly O onto plate P and tightening the bolts to secure it. "Mean time, we work on what we can here."

"Like building anti gravity nodes for Kishamoth?" Cassie asks.

"The...?" What? Oh. "I thought the prototype name was M-Line?" You ask, frowning as you start all the heavy wire-work.

"Karkat proposed a new name," Cassie says. "People are liking it like they liked Sovereign Slayer."

"Hurm," you muse, "Didn't Karkat put 'T-line' and 'K-line' in for the names of the others to begin with?"

"Dunno," Cassie shrugs. "Wasn't there for that one."

"...I feel like he's making a reference to something," you say, "but I can't figure out what."

"Who knows," Cassie says. "Who knows..."

Who knows indeed.

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DIASPORA DATE: 12/04/0002.

200 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

>Reader: Be Shadre

Alas, you cannot BE Shadre, she has not been a playable character and will not be a playable character never due to the fact that, well... her mind is fairly unstable now. To take on her persona now would be to... to meddle with dark powers beyond mortal comprehension.

Because, in the vastness of the cosmos, there was but one common desire that everyone, at one point of time or another, had contemplated. Death, and the cheating there of.

Shadre Amanno was one of those who found herself dead, and brought back not of her own volition. If there had been some semblance of an after life, Shadre's waking mind had never recorded it. Or if it had, well... that could explain the insanity. And to add on top of all of that, now she was
CONSTANTLY HUNGRY. Not just physically- although yes, that was still a concern- but also some form of...

MENTAL COMPULSION.

She HUNGRERS for the PSYCHIC ENERGIES of OTHERS.

And it's just. SO. EASY. To Just.

SNAP. A piece of her skin shoots out from her body like a needle and STAB.

SCREAM. They SCREAM. They Scream as their minds are ripped out of their bodies and CONSUMED and DEVoured and OBLITERATED.

There is no after life for them even if there is one that they would otherwise go to.

They simply CEASE TO BE.

And then the physical hunger kicks in upon seeing the dead bodies lying on the ground, and Shadre EATS HER FILL.

Truly, she has become a Monster. A monster beyond all recognition from her former glory as the leader ECHIDNHA of the DARK CARNIVAL.

And so, you are now SHALLY MARROW, former HANDMAIDEN and immediate subordinate to Shadre, and now the new INHERITOR of the title ECHIDNHA.

And GLUB IT ALL, you are not meant for this kind of position.

But you're going to do your best to manage events to the best of your ability.

And you're going to start by finishing the project Shadre started when she made an alliance with the Carapacians: a competing GIANT TRANSFORMING SPACESHIP-ROBOT to the rebellions now THREE different ships.

...And then you get yet another frustrated, angry call from ANUBIS inquiring about Shadre and English returning his calls about REPLACEMENT PARTS for some kind of MACHINE. Whatever. You were on a high enough pay grade to deal with that before and you're certainly not going to deal with it now.

You're just going to play the cards "STALL STALL STALL" and "STALL SOME MORE" until either:

A: Anubis gives the fuck up. (Unlikely.)

B: English actually answered Anubis’ calls. (Super Unlikely.)

C: Shadre gained control of herself again and was fully conscious again. (Most likely, but still unlikely at this stage of operations.)

...Needless to say, you're not being paid nearly quite enough for this shit. Hell, you're not being paid
at all. Stupid Clown Bastards Being So Chintzy ALL THE FUCKING TIME.

You say that, of course, completely straight faced, as you are, yourself, a clown painted member of the Dark Carnival.

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DIASPORA DATE: 12/14/0002.

190 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"Behold! The final stages of construction!" Your name is Dammek, and you grin wildly as you present the presently being painted pieces of the FINAL PIECE to the whole combining megazord gimmick.

"Is... is it supposed to be lying in pieces across the ship yard?" Joey asks, staring at the scattered pieces of the Mammoth themed Train Spaceship Zord.

"Of course it's supposed to be lying in pieces," Callie says for you, giggling. "It's got the most rigorous modular transformation sequence of everything involved. Even the Slayer doesn't have this many moving parts."

"Well, sure, but T-line and K-line are solid things!" Joey points out. "Why couldn't we do something like Astro to make this work?"

"Because otherwise it wouldn't fit the train aesthetic?" You offer.

"That is true," Jude says, observing the various pieces being worked on. "The Lines form legs, so everything else from... Kishamoth?" You nod in agreement of that term. "Everything else has to shift around a LOT in order to go from train to upper body."

"Plus," Callie continues, "there's the combination with everything else to keep in mind."

"Exactly that!" You say, pointing at the parts that'll become arms for the Train-based Megazord, "Those have to snap onto the Astro-Delta's legs as extra armor." You point at some large soon-to-be-fully-red painted blocks that will partly make up the main torso of the same Megazord, "And those have to go in between Astro-Delta's feet AND the rocket boosters from the Slayer while ALSO holding the Gatling guns from Delta's solo Megazord form!"

"What about the legs?" Joey asks, pointing at the waist and upper leg joints. "Aren't they... repetitive?"

"They'll form some back armor on the back of the combination's waist," you wave it off. "And part of it will loop back around and connect onto the front of Astro-Delta's waist, too."

"....And the mammoth head?" Joey presses on, squinting at the admittedly comical looking mammoth head just sort of floating there. Tusks and trunk just all kinds of jutting out impudently. And what are those eyes looking up at, so happy and carefree?
"Chest on normal robot mode," you say, "goes behind the head in the Ultra Combo, tusks fold down to give it horns."

"Okay, I'll buy that," Joey says. "One question, though."

"What's that?" You ask.

"What the hell is the giant box with the '10' painted on it for?"

You and Callie look at each other, then, with a nervous gulp, you say, "It's an eject-able storage container for a Naquadria reactor."

"...And WHY do we need that?" Joey asks, looking at you even as Jude whistles at the implications.

"Because we're already putting like eight ZPMs on this thing and they're all being directed at the Gravity Shields?" You say.

"That, and we need a power source for the full combined mode," Callie adds. "We'll fall short otherwise."

"Let's just hope it doesn't blow up," Joey says.

"Well," Jude chimes in, "I'd assume that's why it's eject-able."

"Exactly that," you say.

"Mrh, okay, fine, fair enough," Joey frowns. "I guess."

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DIASPORA DATE: 12/27/0002.  
177 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.  

You're now JOEY CLAIRE, and you can't help but smile as you watch the slumbering forms of Jade, John, and Argo all piled on the floor in the living room of your hive. They'd had another impromptu MOVIE NIGHT, sampling all sorts of ALTERNIAN CLASSICS.  

This has been the... fourth? No, FIFTH TIME since they started DATING officially with Argo asking John and Jade out. You've begun to notice a THEME. A vast majority of the movies are ROMANCE FLICKS, except with a certain DEVIANT BENT to the films- and deviant even by human culture. Generally, purusing the titles, you see the phrase "Three way [Insert Romance Type Here]" surfacing quite frequently, shuffling through MOIRAILGENCE, MATESPRITSHIP, and KISMEISISITUDE depending on the type of film.  

Also, just as an aside, you noticed no less than THREE werewolf films last night. There were probably more during previous nights as well.  

You're loathe to wake them up just yet, considering how early in the morning it is here, but--
Fate takes the choice out of your hands, as the hive's phone/radio rings loudly.

You hurriedly go to answer by way of picking up the receiver, and hope that it didn't wake them up.

"Hello?" you ask.

"Joey, this is Okurii," you hear Okurii begin. "Sorry to wake you up so early but there's a situation back in the Milky Way that they need you and the Reaper crystal present for."

"...What's going on, Okurii?" You ask.

And thus, you're told.

"Well. That's going to change a few things," you say, not even due in small part to the fact you're about to run into someone who took the LONG WAY AROUND from your Ancient Egypt time loop closure.

You soon hang up, and after apologizing for waking the three slumbering kids up, you hurry to your bedroom and get dressed for an off world mission- a return trip to Earth, and then elsewhere in the Galaxy.

Chapter End Notes

Bit of a filler ep, I guess, but at the same time... Not really? *shrugs*

Anyways. Have some cryptic foreshadowing for the next SG-1 chapter.
Chapter Summary

In which a life line is thrown.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 12/27/0002.

177 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

The planet PANGAR is similar to Earth in many ways- beyond planetary composition, that is. One way it was divergent was the fact that about 20% of the POPULATION took a drug called TRETONIN to cure all ailments and to have PERMANENT GOOD HEALTH.

Needless to say, there was one huge secret behind this miracle drug, and that secret was SYMBIOTES.

Your name is JOLINAR and you were torn on the subject. On the one hand, good for using a Goa'uld Queen's SPAWN to make a LIFE SAVING DRUG. On the other... this is your SPECIES being used for drug fodder here.

And that was how you felt BEFORE Jonas and Teal'c discovered that the Symbiote in the Pangaran's tank was actually EGERIA, the TOK'RA QUEEN, and that she was DYING.

And honestly, if it weren't for O'neill giving you, and Sam as well you suppose, a POINTED LOOK as he said "I have an Idea how to fix this," you probably wouldn't have vouched as hard as you did to Malek and Kelmaa to not do anything rash until a message could be sent to CERTAIN PEOPLE.

Certain People being HARLEY and CLAIRE.

And so you waited, and you all watched as Egeria's condition worsened and worsened...

And then Joey Claire arrives, accompanied by Major Vantas, and you feel hope return.

Your name is Joey Claire, and you begin the procedure as soon as REAPER's senses get a glimpse at Egeria's body.
She's not long for this world.

You immediately begin by ripping her mind and soul out of her body, and shoving the spirit of the Symbiote within Reaper into her place.

Then, you slot Egeria into Reaper and wait for her to settle.

[...What?] she asks. [Miss Claire? Pardon my Goa'uld, but how the FUCK are you- Wait. No. Is it really...? Are we in YOUR TIME? Truly?]

[Yes, we are.] you say, sighing in relief.

[I had lost all sense of time within the stasis jar. I had no idea...]

[Welcome to the future, Egeria.] Then, you report aloud, "Egeria's been evacuated from her body and is safely stored in the Crystal," you report.

"May we converse with her?" Malek asks.

"Of course," you nod. "Though, we may wish to do this in private."

The Pangarans lead you to a private room, and you use ADMIN to link the Tok'ra's minds up with yours, and the Reaper Crystal.

[Oh, my children.] Egeria practically purrs within the crystal as she gets glimpses of Malek and Kelmaa's memories. [I never thought I would see any of you again.]

"Egeria, our dear mother," Kelmaa begins, "it's an honor to have you back with us, even if... in a stone?"

"It's only temporary," you say. "Give me enough time and I can get her to an available symbiote body and transfer her mind." Or clone her a proper separate body, but they don't need to know you can do that just yet.

"In the mean time," Malek begins, "my Lady, about the Tretonin. It should be much more effective than it is, without any side-effects as far as I've been able to deduce. Why is it so... flawed?"

[Yes... about that...] Egeria says, remorseful, [I have a confession to make...]

And thus she confesses that she had sabotaged her spawn in a vague, distant hope that the Pangarans would stop using her for their drug.

Later, The Pangarans accepted the apology as Malek provided them with a cure to their ailments, because of course they had no idea that the symbiote queen wasn't actually an evil Goa'uld queen.

And thus, with the fate of ONE PLANET'S PEOPLE secured, you and the Tok'ra return to Earth to see if the other you is willing to help save a different race of people. She's certainly had long enough to make a decision, at any rate.
Your name is KATURNAL, and you can't help but feel the nervousness in the air as Joey Harley paces back and forth in the infirmary.
"You're sure you're up for this?" Fraiser asks.

"YES!" Harley yells, just a bit too loudly and quickly. "Yes! I'm ready to stop being a snake inhabiting a mindless body and just be a body again even if I have to have the Tok'ra queen stuck inside my head for a few weeks until we find her a better host I-" She takes a sharp breath after that long uninterrupted sentence. "I'm READY. Why am I panicking!?"

"Probably because this is an insane procedure through and through," you remark. "Transferring a Symbiote's memories from one body to another, using a crystal as an intermediary... I know this technology works, but at the same time I've never seen it in action so how can I know for sure?"

"I- what? No!" Harley protests. "It's not that!"

"Then what?" You ask.

"I- I just..." Harley swallows. "I'm not sure I'm ready to share my head-space with someone else, again. Even if the last person I did it with was-"

"Me?" And then in comes Joey Claire, accompanied by Samantha Carter and a couple of other Tok'ra. They give you some odd side-eyed stares, and you promptly shuffle off to pretend to do some paperwork while eavesdropping.

"Alright," Harley says, "let's just get this over with."

"Alright, then," Claire says, and then approaches. You watch out of the corner of your eyes as you watch Claire hold up the red crystal and-

"W-wait!" Harley interjects. "...Could we have Xefros do it?"

"...Do you just not want to do this?" Claire asks. "Because I can get Shaper and I can-"

"No! That's not-" Harley takes a breath, then steel's herself. "I. I'm Fine. Just go ahead and do it."

"Are. You. Sure." Claire presses. "Do I have permission to do this?"

"I'm sure. YES. Just do it. Do it now before I panic out of it," Harley says, and closes her eyes tight. With a tired sigh, Claire raises the Red Crystal again, and it pulses softly before...

"Done," Claire says, and Harley's eyes snap open and FLASH.

"Well," She speaks with a formal tone that definitely sounds like a Queen rather than Claire using the voice. "This is different than I expected."

"Lady Egeria?" one of the Tok'ra, the male, asks. "Are you well?"

"I am, Malek," she says. "I... I haven't felt this young in thousands of years." She speaks those words with a certain tone directed at Claire. "Not since the days of Ra's death and Khepri's rise."
"I can only imagine," Claire chuckles, as if an in-joke has passed between them. "How's other me?"

There's a pause, then Harley's voice returns to its normal cadence, "Yeah. I'm here. Ugh. That felt worse than actually jumping bodies as a snake somehow."

"You did technically die and get re-ensouled again," Claire remarks.

"Ugh, don't remind me," Harley grimaces. "That was what I was so nervous about..."

Ah, well, that makes sense.

"That's perfectly understandable," the other Tok'ra says. "Would you prefer to stay here while we find Lady Egeria a new host, or-?"

"No," Harley shakes her head. "I'll go with you. Egeria..." She pauses, then, the Lady herself speaks.

"I would like to meet with my children," Egeria says, smiling. "It has been far too long since I have seen any of them through actual eyes, and they, seen I. It is about time I give my children something they have been lacking... hope of survival."

"Ka'turnal, why don't you run a quick check up to make sure everything's in order," Fraiser chimes in, "in the mean time, Sam, Claire? Could I talk with you two for a minute?"

Oh, that sounds awkward.

"Sure," you say, deciding this is one conversation you don't want to eavesdrop on.

Your name is JANET FRAISER, and you and Joey Claire stand opposite eachother in an isolated corner of the infirmary while Sam draws a bed's curtain closed.

"Okay," Sam begins, "what's up, Janet?"

"Yes," Joey begins, "I have a vague idea of what you want to talk about, but I'd like to hear it from you before I make any assumptions. So. What exactly is this about?"

"What exactly," you begin with slight scoff, "is this rumor I heard about Cassie and Jude having a daughter?"


"That's..." You frown. "Okay, that's about on part as could be expected of our experiences so far. What's the Full Story?"

"Her name is Penny," Joey says, "and she ran ahead through the Stargate on Haven during a Solar Flare. We ended up taking care of her for a few days until we sent her back to her right time."

"Somehow," Sam says, "I'm not surprised at all."

"Me either," you sigh in relief. "So basically, she's not... cooking, right now?"
"As far as I know?" Joey shakes her head 'no.' "Jude and Cassie figure the timing of it all is hinged more around some climactic event involving Abydos and a Time Dilation Bubble."

"...Some how that does not re-assure me," you say.

"Me either," Sam says, "why would a Time Dilation Bubble happen on Abydos?"

"Hell if I know," Joey answers with a shrug. "We're just extrapolating based on stuff Penny said about where and when she was born. Except, you know, phrased like a kid would say it."

"Do we have any idea when it's going to happen?" Sam asks.

"Nope," Joey answers. "We didn't get any solid intel on how long the time bubble lasted or how long Penny was living inside of it. So..." she gives a flippant smile. "It could be from anywhere as soon as the end of the year, to happening a whole four years from now."

You close your eyes and massage at the bridge of your nose. "Damn it. I'm way too young to be a grandmother."

"And some people would say I'm way too young to have a niece," Joey says, prompting you to open your eyes again, "but we don't always get what we want out of life when it comes to nice, sane, understandable timelines. Especially not when it comes to Stargate-based time travel."

"Fair enough," you say, sighing. "I just wish she'd talk to me about this after it happened instead of leaving it to rumor."

"You know," Sam says, "I'm pretty sure Carolyn can cover for you for a few days if you want to go talk with Cassie in person."

"Mmh," Joey nods. "There is a return trip to Alternia scheduled soon. So, you're welcome to tag along if you want to."

You work your jaw for a moment, considering the options...

"Alright," you say. "I'll go with you, Miss Claire. I need to talk with Cassie about this."

"Go talk with Hammond," Sam says, "we'll wait here for you to get back."

With a nod, you make to leave.

"So, out of curiosity," your name is Samantha Carter, and you can't help but ask as you and Joey watch Janet exit the infirmary, "you've known Penny was coming for a while longer, didn't you?"

"Yup," Joey answers. "Since Giza. Jonas showed me pictures."

Because of course Jonas was a member of that future SG-1.

"And you met Egeria there, didn't you?" You ask.
"Ey-yup," Joey answers with a nod. "Would you believe she was an accidental time traveler too?"

"Really, now?" You ask, intrigued.

"She hitched a ride with an alternate timeline's Teal'c," Joey continues. "Was near maturing when they made the jump back in the first place."

"That's..." You blink, trying to process that information. An Alternate Teal'c's symbiote became Egeria, queen of the Tok'ra, spawning a whole resistance... all because of Time Travel from an alternate time line. Not even YOUR direct influence meddling in the time line, but because of someone ELSE doing time travel.

Why the hell was it necessary, you wonder? What OTHER parts of your timeline fail to exist without some time traveler's involvement in some way?

A [*Mental Nudge*] and you briefly release control so Jolinar can chime in with, "I have a headache."

"You can see why we've all been keeping mum about the future knowledge we learned until it becomes relevant," Joey remarks, watching her other self conversing with the Tok'ra about several worst case possibilities involving staying Egeria's host for a VERY long time. "Even then, try not to tell anyone? It'd just... make things really complicated for just about everyone involved."

"Yeah," you say, "you won't hear anything from me about this."

[*Mental Nudge*] and again...

"Me either," Jolinar agrees. "I don't see how it's anyone's business where Egeria comes from at this point."

"...One question, though," you say. "Doesn't this mean that Egeria is technically Amaunet's daughter?"

"Yeah, I've had a few sleepless nights because of that concept," Joey remarks, and then saunters off to talk with her other self and/or Egeria.

You didn't have anything else to add after that point anyways.

[Why,] Jolinar laments. [Why is this a thing that has happened?]

Your name is Samantha Carter, and you... you HONESTLY HAVE NO FREAKING IDEA.

Chapter End Notes

suuuuuurprise! :D Egeria Lives!

...Man, I'm really giving the Tok'ra some wind for their sails, aren't I?

Also, some more details about the GIZA TRIP surface as well. Makes you wonder what ELSE happened back then, right? :33
ALT:06X09: Mourning Memories

Chapter Summary

In which people discuss events.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 01/09/0003.

164 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is XEFROS TRITOH and-

"Boooored."

-You're working on figuring out the chords for the next newest song for the GRUBBELS-

"So. BOOOORED."

-While on SUPERGATE DUTY, watching the damned thing from the bridge of the DELTA MEGASHIP, cloaked and hidden away in a small corner of space just incase-

"XEEEED. ROOOOOSSS...."

-JUST INCASE the--

"XEEEEEFROOOOOOSSS!!" And then Baizli leans against your back and whispers in your ear, "I'm bored."

"What do you want me to do about it, Baizli?" You ask. "We're on guard duty."

"I dunnoo..." Baizli whines. "Maybe we could blow it up so we don't have to guard a giant space ring anymore?"

"We can't do that," you say, "otherwise we'll just have to hunt down another one when they build a replacement."

"What if they CAN'T build a replacement?" Baizli asks. "They've wasted resources on one already, and they sent another to the other galaxy...."

"Then that's all the reason not to," you sigh. "If we destroy it then we can't use it in our own plans. And this way, if we guard it, we know when they're making a move and can react."
"Fine. Why don't we..." Baizli trails off, and you glance at her, seeing her pout as she tries to figure out something else to do. "Go through it?"

"Because we don't know if either Gate we could dial is active yet," you say. "Anubis' Gate is probably reaching Milky Way any day now, and English's... well, they've got to rebuild it after we blew theirs up. So there's no going through it yet."

"Ugggh," Baizli whines. "Stupid. Why did we do that again??"

"To buy time to clean up shop here," you explain for what's probably the 100th time. "The clowns are on the run, the rest of the Empire has collapsed into tiny bubbles of space, and the Carapacians are the only ones actively really fighting us anymore. Without Shadre or her generals leading the show, there's not really anything they can do here."

"Well why don't we-" Baizli stops suddenly.

"What?" You frown up at her, and she taps you on the shoulder and then quickly rights your head to stare out at the Supergate.

The presently DIALING IN SUPERGATE.

"Aw fuck!" You curse and then do a ship wide broadcast. "All Hands, this is Xefros, we've got an incoming wormhole on the supergate! Prepare for combat!!"

You've barely finished saying that before the vortex of water splurges forwards and then collapses into a puddle, your mind fills in the KAWOOSH in its audible absence.

You sit, waiting, for a moment as the Delta Megaship's computer reads the DIALING ADDRESS from the BUG that was planeted in the Supergate's memory.

"It looks like..." you frown. "It's the Milky Way Gate dialing in? Yeah. It's the recognized MAC address for that Gate."

Good, that means that it's finally shown up. They're probably just dialing to test run it all and make sure the connections are stable to-

And then a small CARGO SHIP exits the Supergate, confirming that it's definitely the Milky Way side of things dialing in.

The Gate shuts down a moment later, and the Cargo Ship.... Sends out a shortwave transmission on local frequencies?

"The hell are they doing?" Baizli asks as Stelsa, working the bridge's communications console, rapidly brings said transmission up on screen.

"Repeating message, this is Colonel Frank Simmons to any Alternian Rebellion Ships presently guarding the Supergate," says a lone human man as he appears on screen, "Do not shoot! I surrender. I repeat. I surrender. Please, take me into custody. I have vital information to be relayed to Stargate Command and will only do so in person."

"...The fuck?" Baizli scowls. "Is he serious?"
"This has to be a trap," you frown. "Scan the ship for life signs."

"There's only one," Stelsa confirms a minute later. "Pacing in the Ring Room."

"Send a security detail to our ring room, then nab him," you order. "I want him Zat'd and unconscious, then stripped of all personal belongings the moment he's onboard." You pause, then add, "And scan for tracking chips. Rip them out of his skin if we have to."

"Roger," Stelsa begins relaying those instructions.

"When we've got him secured," you continue, "we radio Alternia ASAP for someone to come take over our shift so we can take Colonel Simmons into custody."

You don't know what game this bastard is playing, but you're sure as hell not going to risk doing anything until you've gotten the go-ahead from Okurii AND the SGC.

Your name is SKYLLA KORIGA, and you can't help but lament the past as you stare out a field of dog-type lusus, just romping around in some field with their CHARGES.

You're reminded of simpler times. HAPPIER TIMES. When you were just a kid out there in the fields with your LUSUS...

And then she was captured by Lusus Thieves in the broad daylight of the sun, and if not for a friend of yours holding you back... You're not sure you'd have survived fighting to get her back, considering the fact they were CLOWNS.

Then, the Heiress showed up on your front step, with... with La... Lad... with your LUSUS who... and the soon-to-be-just-bodies of the thieves at her heels, begging for forgiveness.

And then after you showed them no mercy, Reenah Kraken offered you a position in the Summoner's Army.

Not long after that, things changed so drastically. Your missions wound up with you at that DARK CARNIVAL and then JOEY and the others showed up and saved your head from rolling...

And now you're here in the future.

Temporal displacement is a hell of a thing.

You've tried to ignore thinking about those days too much anymore. It's just a spiral of lament and mourning that...

You've broken out of it before. You can do it again.

"Hey there, stranger," And then a certain Jade Blood leans up against the fence next to you.

"Howdy, Bronya," you greet in return.
"You look troubled," she remarks. "Something on your mind?"

"Just..." You sigh. "A lot of good and bad memories all rolled up into one."

"Yeah, I hear you," Bronya says, and for a moment, you're both silent, just watching the Lusii and their charges play. Then, she asks, "So... do you want me to distract you?"

You laugh. It's not the first time she's asked that. And... in all honesty, it's probably not going to be the last time she does either.

Because, in all honesty, you're in the mood for a bit of a distraction from the girl who helped you out of the last time you got into one of these moods.

"Sure," you say. "What've you got in mind this time?"

Over the sound of an Active outgoing Stargate to the Milky Way...

"Simmons?" Your name is Cassandra Fraiser and your two hands meet your forehead. A second later, one of Jude's hands joins them with a gentle pap on the side of your head. "No. Hell No. Hell Fucking No!! We should just shoot him and kill him!" You sigh, removing your hands. "That's what I want to say, anyways, but it turns out that if we do that then some OTHER major disaster Argo kicked over back on earth will transpire. I mean, things are still going to be BAD over there, but at least they won't be- like- Nuclear apocalypse levels of bad??"

"How bad exactly are we talking about?" Xefros asks over the long range transmission from the Delta Megaship.

"Well," you frown. "IF we go through with this, I think... the worst that will happen is..." You focus, squinting your mental eyes on that vibe of the future and get the impression of... "A joyride gone wrong and someone getting blasted into the hard vacuum of space? Also, someone gets their heart broken in a way that'll probably kick over more disasters in two years time; but what the hell, those are at least solvable where a giant nuclear pothole the size of Arizona... isn't???"

"That's troubling news," Hammond says, radioing from the SGC, "but it's something we'll have to accept if Simmons really does have news he wishes to turn over to us."

"So we bring him in and turn him over to the SGC?" Xefros asks. "Just clarifying my orders."

"You're clear to bring him in, Xefros," Okurii decides.

"I'll inform my Superiors that we'll have Simmons in custody soon," Hammond says.

"Alright then," Xefros says. "Dammek and the Slayer will be here to take over our shift in about half an hour then. We'll be on our way as soon as they get here. It'll be about a Day's travel time before we reach Alternia."

"We'll be expecting you shortly after then," Hammond says. "Over and out."

"Yes, Sir. Over and out," Xefros says, and his line goes silent.
"Over and out," Okurii replies, and then the Stargate shuts down. After a moment, she turns to look at you, "What changes if we run him past Boldir and Mierfa's Regent fragments first?"

"...Nothing," you reply after consulting the vibes. "Nothing changes when I add that variable."

"I guess that means Simmon's mind is blocked from reading like the other Clowns are," Jude muses.

"Probably," Okurii sighs. "Alright. Let's get security details in place for as quick of a transport as possible. I don't want that bastard on this planet for any longer than absolutely necessary."

Your name is JAKE ENGLISH, and you awaken from a night of mostly restful slumber to the sound of something liquid gurgling angrily, feeling confused as to where you are exactly for the moment. It's not helped by the HANGOVER HEADACHE you've got going on. OH LAND SAKES ALIVE what did you drink last night? (Everything. You think the answer is EVERYTHING.)

You're not in any bed you recognize from Earth. You're not in the fancy bed that Jayni had you staying in while brainwashed into her service... You're not on Alternia. Or Diaspora. No, the air is wrong and the world is...

It's the planet that Chixie's town resettled to, one of many being resettled by Alternia's evacuating populations.

You're at the.... the INN. One of the only two really completed buildings on this settlement so far. The other one is A SUPPLY WAREHOUSE. Every other building is in progress, either just started construction or near completion, but still in progress regardless.

So... So...

Is this your room? It doesn't look like it. You don't see your LUGGAGE SUITCASE full of clothes where you left it. What you do see is Chixie standing at a small counter fussing with a coffee machine. And you see a lot of her. Namely, the very clearly obvious fact that she's only wearing an oversized sweater right now.

And then it comes back to you. Not just the fact that you slept together, but the reasons behind it. Namely, you both got WAY DRUNK at the bar and both had your own little mini-breakdowns about how stressful your lives were. Chixie with her music career, and you with... well...

With all of the crazy ass shit that happened in relation to that damned Stargate you helped find in Giza.

And to think that THAT wasn't even the start of it. Hell, it was barley the MIDDLE of it, and nowhere near close to the END of it, because... well... TIME LOOPS.

There ISN'T a beginning, middle, or end. It just keeps happening again and again and again, and has already happened and happened and happened.

"Oh! STOP IT!" Chixie yells, and then slaps the unruly coffee maker. "Work you stupid piece of junk!!"
"Let me take a look at it." You laugh, faintly, and slip out of bed, thankfully discovering that you did put your boxers back on at some point during the night. (When did you do that? You don't remember doing it. Ugh. This is just like those TV shows that imply two people had sex and yet when they wake up in the morning they're both still somehow wearing their underwear. 'Scept there ain't no implications about what just happened here.)

"Oh, good morning, Jake," Chixie smiles at you. "I didn't wake you, did I?"

"No," you say. "The coffee maker did that with its irate complaining of the time of day."

Chixie giggles at your remark, and steps aside to let you look at the damned thing. "It only does this when I'm trying to be quiet. Usually after I had way too much to drink the night before."

"Probably something to do with the filters," you say. "I remember one I bought some ten years ago that had ill fitting filters and it did stuff like this all the time. I just replaced the damned thing. The plastic was warped in the frame to begin with."

"Ah, yeah," Chixie sighs in agreement. "I probably get it misaligned 'cause I've got the headache every time."

For a bit, you two are silent as you work, and she watches. Then, once you've gotten the thing working right and not making loud noises, Chixie asks, "So, um... are we good?"

"Eh?" You blink, turning to look at her. "What do you mean?"

"After the stuff we talked about last night," she says, a blush coming up on her cheeks. "You know... That stuff about Jayni pretending to be your dead wife?"

Oh.

Yeah.

You'd said a whole lot more than that too. Fears about how you weren't sure if you were feeling what you were feeling towards her because she looked like-

"And, how, like..." She gulps. "How I said you kind of looked like my ex-matesprit?"

And that too. Oh hell in a handbasket, did you two have a lot of awkward stuff to talk about last night regarding your mutually dead exes. You barely remember some of it with the hangover headache, but...

"Yeah," you swallow. "I think we're good, Chixie."

The coffee maker chooses that moment to sputter and cough and spew out an aerial spray of coffee. You yelp and Chixie squeals as you both try to avoid getting hit with the scalding liquid.

"This Coffee Maker ON THE OTHER HAND!" you growl.

"Stupid thing!" She yells at it. "Bad Coffee Maker! Bad!!"

The discussion soon turns to whether or not you should just replace the damned thing or not.
Five minutes and another two explosions of scalding coffee matter later, and Chixie ends up punting the thing out an open window with a yell of "AND DON'T COME BACK!"

You both pretend not to hear two girls shrieking in surprise as they're doused in coffee because really, how could either of you have known someone would be down there at this time of day??

(It would later turn out it was much later in the day than either of you thought it was, and thus you resolved to buy matching wrist watches to go along with your new coffee maker.)

"And I just-" Your name is TYZIAs ENTYKK and you're- "Am I just a coward!? Because I seriously think I'm being a coward not facing things and flat out telling Daraya that I lo- ...might like her??" You down a large gulp of coffee then, SLAM (Okay, more FIRMLY PLACE) the mug onto the table.

Charun chews on their lunch as they sit across from you in your lab on the All Your Base.

"Of course I'm being a coward! I need to just own up and talk to her already! I have to just- I have to own up and admit it! But- I- GAH! What is wrong with me!? It should be so simple!!"

Charun raises an eyebrow beneath their hat, pausing chewing to give you an extremely pointed look a moment later.

"Okay! I get it! I get it! I'm still angry over Amisia. Fine. I admitted it! There!" You scowl, and poke a fork into your rather untouched salad. "Happy now??"

Charun rolls their eyes, and takes a long, pointed sip of water from their glass.

"Argh! I can't believe you! Really? Even that admission isn't enough for you?" You ask.

Charun just nods in confirmation.

"What else do you want from me?" You ask.

Charun puts their glass down, and then leans on their elbows against the table, looking you in the eyes.

"As a long running friend," they start, "and most definitely not as a Quadrant option, I think I'm the most objective person on base to state that you're avoiding the really obvious issue here."

"And what's that?" You ask.

"You're afraid that letting someone new into your life like this, even if they're someone you've been friends with for a long time, is going to end up in disaster like Amisia did."

...."Glubbing hell, Charun," you grimace, "you sure do know how to dig to the heart of a problem, don't you?"

Charun shrugs, smiling at you in that clever way that they tend to whenever they've won a conversation or argument.
"Damn it. So what do you expect me to do? Confess and kiss her and just fall into bed with her that same night?? That's just way too unrealistic, even by Alternian standards."

Charun lifts their own salad fork, and then jabs it in the direction of a photograph taken shortly after the successful rescue of Jake Harley and the Harcesis from Jayni's clutches. In it, Joey and Mierfa are holding Polypa between them. Wide grins on their faces.

You groan. "Come on! That's not fair! You know Claire's an animal when it comes to Romance! Three quadrants within just as many Earth years and she wasn't even BORN into the system for crying out loud!"

"It's so not happening," you say. "It's just as likely as..." you struggle for names at random. Who the hell would be the most likely people to shack up spontaneously? "As UNLIKELY! As Bronya and Skylla shacking up!"

Charun rolls their eyes. "Just as likely as a bad coffee pot taking flight."

"...Wait, what?" you ask. "What do you mean by that!?"

Your name is Skylla Koriga, and as you run your hands through your hair to straighten out the tangles Bronya put there, you glance about the floor of your room in the recently built inn and try to figure out... "Where did my pants go?"

Bronya just giggles from beside you, and says, "I think those ended up soaking in the bathtub along with my shirt."

Oh. Right. That made sense considering the soak they needed after a run-in with a mysteriously flying coffee maker. What the hell was even up with that?

Your name is Rose Lalonde, and on occasion you like to catch up with the owner of the other half of the power set belonging to the crystal that exploded out of their eye into your skull.

All it takes to find Cirava Hermod is a tug at the strings of wormhole travel you possess in your cat form and POP-WOOSH, you find them somewhere.

Usually, that somewhere is in their room smoking some soporific drug that barely affects them thanks to their adaptive biology, listening to some LOW-FI HIP-HOP BEATS slowly being streamed from their computer into the internet.

Today, however, you find Cirava out in the middle of some market on Diaspora, chatting it up with Argo and Jade about...

"--So then they asked me," Cirava tells a story you've never heard before, "'But seriously. Where are pants?"
your pants?' And I just stared and blinked and checked and I said to them, 'Honestly, I don't think I was ever wearing any to begin with.'"

Argo barely suppresses her laughter, while Jade doesn't even bother trying.

"Hello there," you say, joining their group. "What have I missed?"

"Oh, Rose!" Cirava grins. "Hey there, again, my pink furred savior! What brings you around to this fine market on a day like today?"

"Just checking in on friends and such," you say, wriggling your ears. "What's up here?"

"Oh, we're just waiting on John to finish haggling with the manager over a deal on the Alternian Equivalent of Ground Pork," Jade explains. "Joey said she was going to make spaghetti tonight, but apparently the pig farms are kind of on the verge of closing down with all the evacuation stuff, so... Yeah. Expensive meat."

"I was grocery shopping too when I saw miss Argo over here and realized I'd spaced out congratulating your friends on their newly minted relationship!" Cirava says, grinning. "I mean, I've ran into Miss John and Mister Jade on occasion since then but-" They stop. "Wait. Hold on." They frown, then correct. "Sorry, I got that backwards. Mister John and Miss Jade."

"It's fine," Jade says, though you notice Argo blinking as if processing something she hadn't thought of before.

"Right, well, I'd met them individually on occasion, but never together at once, so," Cirava smiles. "I figured I'd complete the set at once, ya know?"

"Naturally," You smile. "So... beyond waiting for John to haggle, how are things going with you, Cirava?"

"Oh, you know how it goes," Cirava smiles, tapping at the fancy plastic eyepatch they've got now. You hadn't even noticed until attention was drawn to it! "Picked up some new bling, other day. Not too different from the last one, but different enough to be a better fit for my style. Gotta just roll with what feels right in the moment! Heh."

Again, you see Argo blinking, while Jade replies, "Oh! It's really nice! I thought it was new but I wasn't sure or not how to ask."

"When you're not sure," Cirava says, smiling, "sometimes the best thing you can do is ask. Better to look stupid for a moment wearing the wrong high-fi jazz before you upgrade and get a proper low-fi flow going on, than to just... keep wearing the wrong look all the time. You follow me?"

"I... think I get it?" Jade's ears pop up and flex into a confused position. "Sort of."

"Actually, yeah, I follow," you say, eyeing Argo nodding as well. "We've all got our preferred color schemes, after all, but it took us a while to figure out the styles of how we dressed."

Argo frowns slightly, but nods just the same. She's being oddly quiet. Something's up. You should--"HAHA!" And then John walks away from a large counter with a large package of ground up meat. "I won!!"
"Woah! That sure is a lot!" Jade gasps. "We're going to be having leftovers for weeks with that much!!"

"Heh," Argo finally speaks up. "At the rate the three of us burn through food, Jade? It probably won't even last us a week."

Okay, maybe you were over-reacting a little. Still. You make a mental note to talk with Argo later.

DIASPORA DATE: 01/10/0003.
163 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Joey Claire and as you step through the Stargate back onto the familiar ramp in the SGC, you breathe a sigh of relief upon seeing the team of armed soldiers standing at the bottom of the ramp. One of them is wearing a business suit, though. Normally, you'd be panicking like hell, but you know they're not here for you. Not this time.

Colonel Simmons steps through the Gate a moment later, with Xefros and Baizli pushing him through. Closing out the group is Polypa, who steps through while holding a stun rifle aimed squarely at Simmon's head before the Gate shuts down.

"Colonel Frank Simmons," Business Suit Guy at the bottom of the ramp says, smirking gleefully as he steps forwards. "I'm Agent Malcom Barret, representing the joint interests of the NID, CIA, FBI, SGC, and a whole lot of other people who want to ask you a whole lot of questions. And it is with great pleasure that I place you under arrest for crimes against Country, Common Sense, and frankly, a decent wardrobe." He frowns at the garrish outfit that had been provided for the Colonel. "What are you even wearing??"

"An Ancient Traditional Alternian Pre-execution Mockery Outfit," Baizli supplies, even as Simmons groans.

"They took away my cool leather Jacket for this monstrosity of an outfit," he says. "It was real Unas Leather!!"

Everyone who knows what an Unas is glares daggers at Simmons for that offensive remark.

"You should be glad we're returning it to the people you killed for it so it can be privately destroyed rather than making you watch it be evaporated by the Stargate," Polypa remarks, pushing forwards with the barrel of the stun rifle against Simon's skull. "Now get walking."

Once Simmons has been securely loaded up in a cell to 'divulge' his 'important' information to the SGC via Agent Barret, you feel relaxed enough to meet General Hammond in his office as per his request.
"You asked to see me, Sir?" You ask, knocking on the open door frame.

"Miss Claire," he smiles and nods in greeting. "Please come in, and close the door."

You do such. "What can I do for you, General?"

"I need you to deliver this letter, personally, to Okurii Leijon when you return to Alternia," Hammond says, pulling open a drawer to retrieve a wax sealed letter. "It's regarding a matter of great importance."

"Such as?" You ask, captchaloguing the letter once you've been handed it.

"Please keep this confidential," Hammond says. "We're planning out the limited Disclosure of the Stargate Program to certain interested countries here on Earth."

"Not full disclosure, though?" You ask.

"Hopefully not," Hammond says, "though China has been aggressively protesting one of our cover stories recently, threatening to go public with their information. We've managed to keep them at bay for the moment, stating we're planning a meeting to discuss certain questioned events privately, but that can only last for so long before they decide we're either stalling for time- which we're not- or planning on bullshitting them some more with cover stories nobody will buy."

"That's.... some heavy news, sir," you say. "Anything I can do to help beyond delivering this letter?"

"At the moment, no," Hammond says, "but I'll let you know if something comes up. Hopefully, we'll be able to convince China and the other nations invited that the Stargate Program needs to remain secret for the time being- at least, until we can safely end the threat that Anubis and Lord English pose to both our galaxies."

"It's going to be a lot to take in," you frown. "You'd better have one hell of a cohesive narrative in order before going into this, Sir. Especially if Senator Kinsey digs his nose into things."

"Major Vantas and Major Strider are working together to schedule out everything we need at the moment," Hammond says. "Hopefully, we can undermine any arguments the Senator might make before he makes them."

"Here's hoping," you agree. "...Is there anything else, before I go?"

"Nothing really comes to mind," Hammond says, though his tone of voice implies he has several questions he's very pointedly NOT asking. "Though, if there's anything you'd like to discuss?"

"We know Simmons came through the Supergate," you say, "did it show up at the coordinates we were told it would, or did they diverge course somewhere else?"

"Our Tok'ra contacts aboard Anubis' fleet reported that the Supergate arrived as scheduled at the prearranged location where they performed the dial out where Simmons went through the Gate," Hammond says. "Before they began moving it to a new location, Anubis appeared to try to dial out to another Supergate, but it failed to connect."

"Good," you sigh in relief. "That means English is still rebuilding his Supergate. Where's Milky Way's right now?"
"Still in transit," Hammond answers. "We haven't heard back from the Tok'ra as to if it's arrived at the new location yet."

"Let us know when it does," you say. "We've got preparations to make now that we've got another doorway between our Galaxies."

"That we do," Hammond agrees. "I've lined out some propositions about that, unrelated to the Disclosure plans, in that letter to Miss Leijon."

"I'll let her know," you say, and trail off...

Hammond then nods to the door, "Dismissed, Miss Claire."

"Thank you, Sir," you say, and then leave the way you came.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to write out Jake and Chixie talking first, to be placed even earlier in the episode, but I just couldn't get that scene to work. Hell, I'm not even sure I got Cirava in character or not, so....

@_@

Ah well. Comedy of errors all around, this episode. And more set up for the next SG-1 episode. Whoo.
ARTWORK: "The Adventurer and The Singer"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.
Chapter End Notes

Last few artwork uploads are now available on wordpress, including some alternate renders of this picture and the recent Argo pic: 
axrosspaceandtime.wordpress.com/2018/05/19/more-sgalternia-artwork/ 

NOTES: Alternate version of this includes an outfit variation from the last chapter.

Yes, Jake's wearing some pretty tight short shorts w/ thigh-high socks. It's Jake. What did anyone expect?

Why YES, Chixie does have sparkly dyed hair. She's an aspiring pop idol, what did you expect?

...I almost forgot Jake's glasses.

Shirts? What do you mean "Shirt"? Nobody wears shirts these days. They either wear god-tier colored banana vests or oversized, ill fitting sweaters. There is no inbetween.
Chapter Summary

PUPPETS. AWESOME. THAT'S REALLY ALL THERE IS TO SAY ON THE MATTER.
*/RANCOROUS*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 01/16/0003.

157 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

DING DONG goes the doorbell.

Your name is DIRK STRIDER, and you yell out, "Dave! Door!!"


"YOU OWE ME!" You yell out in return, then smile apologetically to the young girl who's been thoroughly trouncing you at CHECKERS. "Sorry, be right back."

"Kay," Nepeta chirps, and since it was her turn anyways, takes one of your pieces.

Damn it.

You go to the door and open it wide. It's a blonde, pretty, but with a slight look to her face that tells you she's nothing but trouble. She's also... familiar? Also, camera dude behind her.

"Hi, I'm Julia Donovan, for Inside Access," Says the REPORTER. Ah, yeah, that'd explain it. "Are you Davis Strider?"

"No," you say, "this is Patrick Swayzy."

"Well, 'Major Swayzy'," Mrs. Donovan begins- wait, no, what? Does she think you're Dave? Fuck this shit. It's way too early in the morning for this nonsense. "Would you like to answer a few questions regarding Project Prometheus?"

...Fuck it, you're gonna screw with her. You were never a fan of "!INSIDE ACCESS" beyond their super attractive weather man anyways.

"Yeah, sure, why not," you reply, surprising her.
"Well!" She regains her composure quickly. "My sources tell me that the Government is spending millions upon billions of dollars building a nuclear reactor in the desert out in--" Ah a leading question, there's just enough of a pause for you to interrupt with-

"The Gobi Desert?" You put on your best straight faced impersonation of your brother. "Sorry, but you've got it wrong. We're not building Nukes, we're building a giant Puppet Porn Studio. Your tax dollars at work, America."

"I- What?" Mrs. Donovan asks.

"You heard me," you stress. "Puppet. Porn. Soon we'll be dragging an obscenely long kermit cock across people's faces and they'll be moaning out America's praises on the shadiest parts of the internet. Soft, foam asses, just jutting out impudently, all waiting to be smacked." You could wax poetic about this. Infact, you think you will. "Bounce a coin off that ass, it ain't going nowhere. It's going to take a nice long rest between takes, smothering itself between the cleft cheeks of cherry red and lime green."

"Oh god," The cameraman mutters, looking a bit pale beneath the collar.

"And oh, lo, the puppet war-hawks will cry out with glee as they chirp out the most obscene phrases you've ever heard while they fuck over the economy- bent over like--"

"AND WE'RE DONE HERE!" And away Julia Donovan leaves, a flustered look on her face.

"Aw, come on! I didn't even get into the grey skinned alien puppet orgies!!" You yell after them. "PLEASE COME AGAIN!" you ask as they slam their van doors shut and drive off with squealing tires.

Man, look at them go. Cowards. Afraid to face the truth that they, too, could use a little puppet love in their life.

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DIASPORA DATE: 01/17/0003.

156 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"Major Samantha Carter!!"

Your name is Jolinar and you feel Sam wince as she walks out of her house to head to her car.

'Damn it, of course she'd try someone else the next day,' Sam thinks to herself.

After hearing how Dave's brother single-handedly turned this lady away from asking questions, you and Sam have been bracing for this inevitable confrontation.

This time, your goal is to get as much information out of the woman, Julia Donovan, likely mother to 'Jami Donovan' (actually Mandy Donovan) who Argo recently dealt with. See how much she
"Yes, what is it?" Sam asks, turning to face them.

"Julia Donovan, Inside Access," the reporter gets right to it. "What do you know about a secret government project codenamed 'Prometheus'?

"Even if that were a real thing, I couldn't talk about it," Carter replies.

"Bullshit!" Donovan counters. "It is very much a real thing! Billions of tax-payer dollars are being funneled into it for no discernible reason! A mineral known as 'Trinium' is being shipped in bulk from a production facility here in Colorado Springs to a desert in Arizona." And then she brandishes a vial with a silver material inside.

Well, that's not good, you realize. Actual Trinium- or atleast, something sharing its name.

"Sorry," Sam says, "never heard of it."

"Of course not," Donovan frowns. "What about Project Heir?"

"Sorry, what's that supposed to be?" Sam asks.

"I've heard two claims," Donovan begins, "one is that it's a code name for a secret Alien Invasion Task-force, currently infiltrating the government, which, honestly, that's hard for me to believe."

Argo's claim to the daughter, you muse.

"Sounds like someone just trolling," Sam agrees.

"The other option I've heard is that it's a secret government program cloning super soldiers for a new world war."

Well, it definitely was a secret cloning program making a super soldier, but... not to that degree.

"I can assure you, Miss Donovan, if such a program did exist, we'd never call it something ridiculous like 'Project Heir,'" Sam says.

"Fair enough," Donovan concedes. "But as for Prometheus-"

"If a Project Prometheus did exist," Sam interjects, "surely we wouldn't name it after a Greek God who was cast into the bowels of the Earth to be pecked alive by birds."

Donovan considers that, then, warily, says, "If you're about to go on a rant about birds or puppet birds or whatever, I'm afraid this interview is over."

YES. Your moment has arrived!

You poke Sam, and she lets you speak, sans voice echo, "Alas, Poor Puppet Prometheus. For he gave the gift of knowledge of fire to man, and yet forgot the fact that he himself was so terribly, cruelly, flammable."

"What the HELL is wrong with you people," Donovan's camera man yells, turning to leave.
Donovan just turns to leave a moment later, pausing only to say, "You can try to hide the truth behind insane comments, but it WILL come to light one day. You won't get away with this."

And so you and Sam watch her and her Cameraman storm off, and then drive off in a huff.

Once they're gone, Sam takes out her cell phone, and dials Hammond's office. "Sir? This is Major Carter. Donovan definitely knows way more than she should. It's time we make the call to her studio."

Your name is Colonel Jack O'Neill and you smile and wave cheerfully as Julia Donovan walks into the meeting room at "!NSIDE ACCESS"'s penthouse floor.

"What is this?" She asks of her boss. "Some kind of ambush!?" She turns to glare at you. "If this is some attempt to squash my story, I'll go international!!"

"Relax, Julia," her boss, AL MARTELL, says. "Let's not go threatening treasonous actions right off the bat."

"Treason!?!" Julia cries out. "What are you even talking about, Al?"

"I got a call from the President of the United States, Julia," her boss informs her. "Your story's landed us in serious hot water."

"I- What?" Julia stares. "Is this a joke?"

"No joke, Misses Donovan," you say.

"So you just want me to stop my story? Not tell ANYONE about this?" Julia asks.

"On the contrary," you say. "We want you to film everything, but sit on it until we're ready for disclosure."

"I- What?? Seriously??" Julia asks. "We film it and you just sit on it for a hundred years? Or worse, just destroy it after we film it?"

"No," Her boss says. "We sit on it for a few years at most, and when they're ready for disclosure, we get the exclusive video release before everyone else."

"That- what??" Poor, Poor Julia Donovan. She's had a number done in on her sanity the last few days.

"As of right now," you say, "our government is preparing for a limited disclosure of certain projects to the governments of several other countries, with consideration and expectation for full disclosure to the civilian population within the decade. Prometheus is one of these projects."

"....What about Project Heir?" she asks.

"While that's not on our disclosure list," you say, "that's because it's also not our project to disclose.
What I can tell you right here and now is that it's a code name of a program we're in the process of shutting down, and are in the long and involved process of hunting down the persons responsible. Other than that, I can't say more. Not in this office. It's not secure." You pointedly give her a firm look, "Security Leaks are a major concern for us, I'm sure you understand."

Julia frowns. "Okay, I can accept that for the moment. But I'm not giving up my source."

"Not here, of course," you smile. "But Mister Martell has already volunteered your source after the filming is complete."

"Really, Al?" She sighs. "Alright, fine. Where are we going and when?"

---


DIASPORA DATE: 01/18/0003.

155 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is JONAS QUINN and you feel unsteady as you wait with Samantha Carter for the TELEVISION CREW to arrive. Their vans are but black dots in the distance rapidly approaching across the desert.

"Here we go," Major Carter says. "Time for everything to get complicated."

"Colonel O'neill and Teal'c are in position already, right?" You ask.

"Yeah," Carter nods. "If they try anything fishy, we'll be ready."

According to COLONEL FRANK SIMMONS, certain interests in Anubis' court were seeking to capture and destroy Project Prometheus, the X-303, to keep Earth from entering that particular stage of the galactic scene. It fit with what CASSANDRA FRAISER had predicted, and so certain names had been FILTERED OUT of the TELEVISION CREW ROSTER.

There was every chance Simmons was lying, of course, but even so... the people who had been chosen showed no red flags of Anubis' corruption or the NID's stupidity.

Everything should go fine.... But just in case, Colonel O'neill and Teal'c were waiting up in orbit on a Tok'ra cargo ship to be ringed down onto the X-303 the moment something went wrong.

And if nothing did go wrong? They would be serving as a handy demonstration of the RING TECHNOLOGY.

Soon enough, Donovan and her boss emerge from their van, with a slew of Cameramen behind them in another car. Two men and a woman were part of this crew, the men with the cameras, and the woman with a BOOM POLE MICROPHONE.

"Is this it?" Donovan asks, staring at the small bunker behind you. "This tiny shed is Prometheus?"

"I guess a billion dollars doesn't buy much these days," her Producer quips.
"It's just an access elevator shed," Major Carter says. "Prometheus is underground." She then motions to you, "Julia Donovan, Al Martell, meet Jonas Quinn. He'll be accompanying us through our tour today."

"Pleasure to meet you," Donovan says, eyeing you. "You're not going to go on any weird rants, now, are you?"

"Not unless you get me talking about the weather channel," you joke, smiling in a hopefully disarming way.

"Sorry about the Puppet thing," Major Carter apologizes. “We heard that you’d gotten Dave’s brother by accident and he, well... his sense of humor is eclectic at best.”

“Dave Strider’s... brother??” Donovan blinks. “I had the right house but the wrong brother? Damn it. No wonder he trolled us. He probably didn’t even know anything.”

“It’s a common saying among some friends of ours that if you’re going to troll for something in the wrong places, chances are you’ll just get trolled instead,” you remark.

“Anyways,” Major Carter coughs. “Shall we get started?”

“Yes, let’s,” Donovan nods, and with that, Carter begins the unlock procedure to open the elevator. Pass card swiped, pass code entered, and then down the four of you go, with the camera crew to follow.

“How far down are we going?” Martell asks.

“Several hundred feet,” Carter answers.

“Before we begin with Prometheus,” Donovan starts, “what about Project Heir? What is it?”

“It is an illegal, genetic modification program run by a woman code-named Nirrti,” You explain, “She once planned on creating some ultimate child warrior to use as her personal soldier, but we managed to foil her plans and rescue the children she had been experimenting on.”

“So... no alien conspiracy to take over the world?” Donovan asks.

“Not from those children, no,” Carter shakes her head. “They’re victims of a cruel woman’s plans. We had her in custody not too long ago, until someone broke her and her body decoys out of prison. We’re in the process of tracking her down again.”

“When we find her, we have no plans on arresting her again,” you add. “She’s going down. Permanently. The people who broke her out are just as unpleasant as she is, if not more so.”

“That sounds horrible,” Martell says. “But... if she’s truly such a monster...”

“What kind of mutations are we talking about here?” Donovan asks.

“It varies,” Carter replies. “Self induced Bio-luminescence is on the mild end of the spectrum. Full fledged animal traits and exotic abilities are higher on the scale.”
“So, say, flashing eyes and a rumbling voice?” Donovan supplies.

“Yes,” Carter nods.

“I see...” Donovan sighs. “Well, that’s to be expected, I guess.”

A few moments later, the elevator stops.

“We’re here,” Carter says. “Welcome to Project Prometheus...”

And so the elevator doors open, and you four step out into the hangar bay containing the, by earth measures, MASSIVE spaceship. You’ve been informed that scale wise, it’s otherwise very tiny by battle cruiser standards used by other races.

Even so, it’s large, and massive to a human’s perspective, and you’re near the top most level as it is.

**The X-303, code name: PROMETHEUS.**

“Presenting, the X-303, Earth’s First Inter-stellar capable vehicle,” Major Carter says, smiling at the work that’s been done. “She’s still a work in progress. Some systems aren’t quite operational yet, but we’re expecting she’ll be completely operational by the end of the year.”

Donovan whistles, then, to Martell, says, “I hope you brought a LOT of tape.”

“I’m not entirely sure we did,” he replies.

---

Your name is Samantha Carter and as you give a GUIDED TOUR once the Cameramen have arrived to record the introduction and tour, you can’t help but feel a sense of pride to be able to show off. Jolinar is loving every moment of it, too.

“We based the technology off of several alien space crafts that we’ve acquired pieces of over the years from crash landings, and the like,” you half-lie.

“Conspiracy Theorists will be mad if I don’t ask,” Donovan says, “so... Roswell?”

“Haha, no,” You laugh. “Roswell, believe it or not, wasn’t an Alien space craft. But it wasn’t a weather balloon either. It was a failed test at a fighter jet based off of similar alien technology. Set back research into this technology by a few good decades.”

Jonas eyes you and gives a smile- meanwhile, Jolinar laughs at the remark.

You’ve got to get your jokes in where you can, otherwise what’s the point of this?

Besides, nobody would ever believe the fact that Roswell was actually just the crashed wreckage of several ships that had disappeared in the Bermuda Triangle the week before. It was just too implausible.

As you finally reach the X-303’s BRIDGE, Martell decides this is as good of a place as any to film an INTRODUCTION SEQUENCE, and tells his crew to set up.
You decide to take the opportunity to go get a DRINK OF WATER from the hopefully functioning cafeteria.

Alas, as it would turn out, the door to the cafeteria was stuck shut at the present moment, so you were forced to turn back.

It was due to that timing that you came across one of the camera-men, wielding a ZAT.

Naturally, you do the only sensible thing and rush the man- he's too stunned to get a zat shot off in time and you manage to wrest the device away from him and turn it on him.

**PCH-ZYU!**

...Damn it all. How the hell had they smuggled a ZAT onboard? You sigh, and quickly find a broom closet to lock the guy into. You... think the rooms on this floor are pressurized? Yeah, the air locks are working on Level 4, he should be fine just in case the camera crew gets any bright ideas and tries to-

That's when you hear the hyperdrive kicking over in a very unpleasant way.

Ah. Right. Naquadria core. That'd explain Cassie's warnings about a nuclear pothole the size of an entire state.

Meanwhile, up in high orbit, much to the confusion of Mikari/Jolinar, Colonel O'neill and Teal'c were juggling to pass the time.

Nobody said anything, though the Alternian girl/Time Traveling Tok'ra clapped in approval of their skills.

Time passes rather slowly up on the Cargoship, but that's fine. Your name is DAVIS STRIDER, and you're trying to write up some DATING ADVICE for your temporally displaced future daughter, not that you're sure half of it applies.

And then the console beeps an alert- and then another one. Oh boy, two separate alerts at once. Shit has hit the fan, that's for sure.

"Carter's turned on her SOS beacon," Mikari/Jolinar reports, and Teal'c and the Colonel waste no time rushing into the Ring Room. "And... oh. Goody. Hammond's just passed along a message that the would-be camera crew are actually rogue NID agents requesting the immediate release and turn over of Adrian Conrad and Frank Simmons or else they blow up the entire X-303."

"Good to know!" O'neill calls out, and then- **SKREEEEE!** The Ring platform squeals and does its churning metal thudding sounds.

"How the hell did they manage to pull that one off?" You ask once the cargo ship then goes silent.

" Likely? Hidden Zat guns somewhere in the camera supplies," Mikari frowns. "Does it matter?"

"Beyond basic academic curiosities? Hell no," you say, and get back to writing your letter.
"Uhh... guys?"

...You and Mikari turn around to look at the Rings to see that... no, they haven't wooshed Colonel O'neill and Teal'c away. Instead, the metal objects continue to float.

"Is this supposed to happen?" O'neill asks.

And then Jolinar definitely swears what's probably a very common Tok'ra swear when nothing goes right.

"I believe they've blocked our ring transport some how," Teal'c muses, idly glancing at the rings stuck floating around him and the Colonel.

"Ya think?" O'neill asks in return, sarcasm obvious. "How the hell did they manage THAT?"

Meanwhile, on the X-303, a certain BOOM-STICK MICROPHONE STAND lays spread from corner to corner across the ring room- speared from one wall straight into the other, and sturdy and solid enough to be preventing the transport rings from raising ANY HIGHER than half way up their total raising height.

The metal pole made out of TRINIUM flexes and bends and wobbles, but remains steadfastly, stubbornly in place, even as the rings try to rise up to complete their pre-programmed nature.

It seems someone thought far, far ahead.

Your name is JONAS QUINN, and you groan back to consciousness after being ZAT'D. You find yourself in the ENGINE ROOM, handcuffed to a wall bracket. Next to you is a similarly waking up JULIA DONOVAN, who is also similarly arrested.

Huh, looks like someone wasn't in on the plan. You eye the PRODUCER BOSS GUY, Al MARTELL, who's typing at a computer.

"SNrk- Wha-?" And now Julia's awake. "Ai!? What's going on!?!"

"Just keep your mouth closed, Julia," Martell says, "and you get to go home to your daughter."

"...You're working with them," you observe. "You were the one who gave Julia Donovan all her information, wern't you?"

"They're paying me too much," Martell answers. "Just keep quiet and sit still and nobody gets hurt."

"Where's Major Carter?" you ask.

"Just! Keep Quiet!" He turns around, pointing a ZAT at you, a fearful look in his eyes. "Please! Just- Keep quiet and this will all be over soon enough!"
...Well, that's not good. You hope Sam and Jolinar are okay.

You are once again Jolinar along for the ride as Sam crawls through the access tunnels between floors. You're searching for the power cables for the SUBLIGHT ENGINES to SABOTAGE THEM and prevent the ship from taking off so-

**PVVVVM-SHING!!!**

And then suddenly you find yourselves lying on the floor of an Asgard ship's bridge.

"Major Carter, Miss Jolinar," greets a familiar voice, and you both look up to see THOR sitting at his commander's chair. "It is good to see you again. My apologies for taking you from your Maintenance of the hyperdr-"


Thor's eyes go comically wide.

"Yeah, the rings are caught up in some kind of feedback loop," you're now Mikari Aiikho, and you're not happy. "Our rings have a lock on the X-303's rings, but the receiving rings are stuck in some kind of lockdown mode at the moment despite the fact we're getting an all clear signal. Jolinar's never seen anything like it, and quite frankly, neither have I."

"Has Sam gotten in contact with you yet?" Jolinar asks.

"No. Unfortunately, she's remained out of contact with the communication's blackout they've put on the ship," Hammond says. "We've already begun extraditing Conrad and Simmons to the X-303, however."

"Is that such a good idea, Sir?" O'neill calls from the ring room- still stuck in there.

"Is that a good idea?" Strider repeats.

"Since we have confirmation from Cassandra that they'd blow up the X-303 if we'd have killed Simmons," Hammond says, "it's the best option we have."

"Alright," you say, "keep us in the loop if you hear anything."

"Will do," Hammond says, "SGC out."

"While we have the time sitting on our asses doing nothing, I'd like to complain," you hear O'neill remark from the Ring room. "There's something that's been bugging me about this whole Daniel situation, Teal'c."

"About?" Teal'c asks.

"The fact that these 'Ascended Beings' have him beating up Anubis' forces and ships and what not,"
O'neill explains, "but WHY haven't they just sent him after Anubis to begin with? Kind of lost the element of sur-"

**PVVVVM-SHING!**

The Rings continue to stay floating in the air despite the pad being cleared.

"Well," Strider remarks, "I guess that means the rings finally worked. Sort of..."

"Suppose so," you shrug, frowning. "Though... that didn't sound like the usual sound they make."

That's when the Cargo Ship's sensors detect an ASGARD VESSEL coming out from around the moon.

"...Or that could explain it," Jolinar remarks.

---

You're back to being Jonas Quinn, still tied up. Still wondering exactly how the hell you're going to get out of this.

"I can't find Paul," a female voice speaks over the radio. "He's not responding and he didn't get back after going to find Major Carter."


"...Archer come in?" The female asks.

"Damn it," Martell sighs. "She got to him too. Okay, let's-"

"GAH!" And then the female goes silent.

"...Sanders? Sanders! Come in!" Martell yells out. Then, he turns to glare at you- "WHAT. IS MAJOR CARTER. DOING!?"

"How should I know?" You ask, glaring back at him. "I've been tied up here the entire time."

"That's--!"

**VWRRRRMMM-OOP.**

**"HEY GUYS! HOW'S IT HANGIN?"**

And then Martell whirls around and fires his Zat gun several times at the suddenly appeared Major Carter.

Each and every shot goes right through the hologram of her and against the overlook window behind her.

"W...What the-?" And then **PCH-ZYU!!!** Martell goes down as a Zat shot from outside the engine
room arcs though the door and slams into him.

"Wh...what just happened?" Julia asks, voice wavering in concern as her boss hits the floor.

"That'd be a very timely rescue!" says Colonel O'Neill as he enters the engine room, smirking as he lowers his Zat gun.

"Colonel!" You grin.

"Jonas," O'Neill says as he kneels down to search Martell for any other important items, such as handcuff keys. He finds one, and as he then stands up, ostensibly to head over to release you, he pauses to look at the hologram and says, "Carter, get down here and shut down this hyperdrive. I do NOT want our fancy new ship getting blown up."

"Yes sir!" and then Major Carter vanishes from sight, wavering and vanishing away with hologram technology, only to reappear a moment later with a burst of light and a PVVVM-SHING!!

"I am so confused right now," Julia whispers as O'Neill continues over to start unlocking your cuffs.

"Yeah, that's about how it usually goes," O'Neill says.

Colonel Frank Simmons and the Goa'uld inside Adrian Conrad were not having a pleasant conversation as they were off loaded from their truck and brought to an elevator platform in the middle of the desert.

No, 'pleasant' and 'conversation' were about as far away from what they were doing as could be considered physically possible.

That said, when the both of them suddenly found themselves onboard an ASGARD MOTHERSHIP, separated from freedom to the rest of the ship by a DOOR, and a FORCEFIELD, behind which were the unconscious team members of the NID SQUAD that had tried to rescue them, and also every member of SG-1 and an Asgard standing there. Colonel O'Neill was smiling and waving.

Needless to say, Conrad and Simmons wasted no time in blaming the other for their failed plans, wrestling and fighting and generally trying to kill each other.

Simmons got the bright idea to try to open the door by slamming Conrad into all three control buttons. Surprisingly for both of them, the door opened.

Also, very, VERY surprisingly for both of them, so too opened the door just a bit further beyond it, leading directly into the hard vacuum of space, and both Goa'uld and NID agent went tumbling out into the void of space.

Everyone on the other side of the force shield stared for a moment as the airlock doors then closed, then O'Neill remarked, "You know, we probably should have locked that door first."

"Indeed," Teal'c agreed with a nod.

"I will look into whatever programming error allows all three buttons to be pressed at once," Thor
"That... that should not have happened."

"So... Thor, Buddy, pal o' mine," Your name is Colonel O'neill, and, "while it's good to see you back on your feet- went for the new Body, I see?- to what do we owe you this timely visit?"

"We Asgard have a problem with the Replicators," Thor says.

"What kind of problem?" Carter asks.

"We engaged a plan using a command code we found burried within the dead android you sent us," Thor explains. "Using this 'Call Forward' command, the Replicators were drawn to the source of the call, where we had laid a trap for them on our home planet. A Time Dilation Field and a Disruptor Wave Device lay in wait in the oldest building there, encased in a solid shell of a material we thought the Replicators would be unable to penetrate with their corrosive attacks in time."

"That's... ambitious," Carter muses. "Get them all in one place, and stun them with time so you can hit all of them at once with the Disruptor wave."

"It seemed the most expedient way of eliminating them..." Thor pauses, "however, the device's remote timer failed to function as designed."

"So the Replicators have over run your home planet, which you decided to trap them on for some reason," You summarize.

"Indeed," Thor says, "and worse, the reason the time device failed to function as designed was that it fired in reverse. The disruptor failed to fire entirely."

"That's..." Carter trails off, stunned, and quite frankly. So are you. "The device created a bubble of accelerated time instead of slowed time?"

"Indeed," Thor nods. "The whole of the Asgard Civilization currently resides in the void between our two galaxies, waiting for someone to come up with a solution. I came here to Earth to see if you had any ideas, or were willing to offer your assistance. I was nearing orbit when my ship detected the overloading hyperdrive signature."

"Thanks for the help with that, by the way," you say.

"You're welcome," Thor says.

"I'm not exactly sure how we can help with this, though," Carter says. "I'm not even sure how we'd be able to get past the time acceleration bubble safely."

"I too was unsure," Thor muses, "however, upon seeing your unfinished ship, an Idea, crazy as it may sound, occurred to me."

"What Idea?" you ask, not quite liking the sound of it.

"Your X-303 is presently unfinished. Many systems are inoperable. Even with the structural integrity modifications I can apply, even temporarily, to your ship to allow it to safely pass through the time
field, it would make for an unappealing target for the Replicators," Thor says. "You could potentially slip in past their defenses, find the time device, which is still active, and properly activate it again before escaping. While I doubt the Disruptor is still intact, and likely has been consumed, even stalling the Replicators inside a bubble of slowed time would be enough for us to come up with a new plan."

For a few moments, you consider, and then say, "Well, it's not the craziest plan we've ever done."

"Not even crazier than flying into a black hole to rescue SG-10 from being spaghettified?" Carter asks.

"Nope," you say, "that one is WAY crazier."

"...Okay, yeah, fair enough," Carter agrees.

You turn to Thor, and say, "I'll talk with Hammond, see if he okays using the 303."

"That is really all that I can ask of you," Thor says, nodding his head in agreement. "In the mean time, I will help in preparing the X-303 for the mission, as well as make note of any upgrades the Asgard are willing to share once we have the ability and time to make them. It is the least I can do."

"Thanks," Carter says, smiling. "It'll be fun showing you what we've got planned for it."

"When I was young, I once enjoyed model ship building as a hobby," Thor remarks, prepping the transport beams to send you all to where you need to go.

**PVVVVM-SHING!**

There's no way Hammond is going to go for this, though.

Chapter End Notes

It was partly the metal pole, and partly programming error. Someone forgot to calibrate the Ring's sensors for 'the platform is blocked, no clearance' error for anything above the floor itself. Something is stuck in the air blocking the rings from raising up further? Yeah, sensors aren't picking that up even though they should.

Thus, the 303's Rings are sending an "All's Clear" Message, despite being blocked and thus, causing a lock out feedback loop. The Rings themselves on the 303 think its clear, but it's not, and they're stalled and the poor programming brain for the platform has no idea how to resolve it.

This would be fixed as soon as someone figured out what the hell was actually going wrong.
Chapter Summary

Haters gonna Hate; Replicators Gonna Replicate.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 01/19/0003.

154 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

The hangar bay doors opened a gaping maw in the desert floor, and out from it emerged the bulking form of the X-303. It lifted up and up and up, and then tilted towards the upper atmosphere and WHOOOOSH.

Away the ship went, with its engines firing off and ascending and ascending and ascending.

And then, it was in orbit, it stayed there briefly for a few moments before coming up to rest beneath the belly of the Asgard Ship in orbit, where it was secured with tractorbeams, and then- WHOOSH! A hyperspace window opened up and both ships vanished, hurtling across space towards the Ida Galaxy.

"They didn't go for it," your name is Colonel O'neill and you're feeling a bit DISAPPOINTED.

"What?" Carter asks, working on the new timer interface device. "But we're already leaving for-"

"That's not what I meant," you quickly interject. "We're still doing this, but... They didn't go for the name I suggested!"

Carter puts down her tools, and looks at you, seriously, "What name did you suggest?"

"Enterprise," you answer.

"It's already in use with the Space Shuttle," Carter tells you.

"That's what they told me!" You protest. "So I suggested something else, too."

"What?" Carter asks, smiling faintly.

"The Homer," you say.
Carter laughs. "While I appreciate the mythology naming scheme choice, wouldn't the Illiad be a better choice? Or the Odyessy maybe?"

"Uh..." you blink. "Honestly, I was going for the Simpsons."

"Ah," Carter nods. "Let me guess, Hammond figured it out and shot it down?"

"Yup," you nod.

"We could always just go with the Project name," Carter says. "Prometheus." There's a pause, then she says, "And Yes, Jolinar, I know what I said to Julia Donovan but-" She winces.

"She's laughing?" You take a wild guess.

"Very much so," Carter sighs.

"What about," and then Jonas Quinn walks over, "the Dante?"

"As in... Inferno?" You ask, frowning.

"Well, we are basically marching headlong into the depths of hell," Jonas says. "Who knows what we're going to find."

Several hours of flight later, the X-303 and Thor's ship arrived outside the solar system that the time bubble had been encompassed around.

It was with a wish of good luck that Thor departed, and the X-303 began to travel towards the former Asgard home planet.

With the time dilation field in place, there was no telling how many thousands of years had passed for the Replicators on the planet or what they had done to it.

What SG-1 found was a planet whose surface had been completely smoothed over and was perfectly round. No oceans or mountains existed- and this flat, impossible surface resulted in a massive, planet wide storm.

And most oddly enough... there were no orbiting ships. Every Replicator Controlled ship in the system was parked on the planet's surface.

The X-303 would land near the only non ship structure on the planet, and SG-1 would disembark, carefully, warily keeping their P-90s and shotguns aimed at any replicator ship nearest to them out of precaution as they headed for the building.

A thought occurred to Carter, and she checked the ground, brushing away a layer of dust on its surface to find that the planets perfectly regular surface was only such due to the VAST IMPROBABLY MULTITUDE of Replicator Blocks covering the planet.

"There must be millions of blocks there," she mused. "Dormant? Resting, probably."
"What are they all waiting for?" the Colonel would ask.

"Don't know," Carter muses. "Maybe they couldn't shut down the time device?"

"Let's hope they stay asleep then," Jonas says.

And so they entered the building.

---

Your name is JOLINAR and you feel a tense sensation rising through you as you realize this building is, for some reason, left entirely as it was before. It's normal bricks and mortar and... it's old.

It's old and yet its CLEAN. Despite the dirt covering the surface from the storms, there is not a trace of it inside the place anywhere.

The idea of REPLICATORS doing BASIC CLEANING CHORES?? It's... it's unthinkable.

Someone or something is living here. Yet... the Replicators can't be said to be LIVING. So what is going on here??

As you make your way through the facility you soon come across a room full of tables. No, not just tables... mortuary tables.

There are bodies lying here, human at first glance except... not.

A man, a woman, and another man lie nude here, except they're not. They lack the anatomical detail that would mark them human. And beyond that... they've clearly been DAMAGED in some way.

"Creepy life sized Barbie dolls," O'neill mutters, glancing at the chest wound in the first man. "Eeesh. This is familiar."

Sam moves over, and you see what he means. A large, gaping maw of a gash goes clean through the FIRST'S BODY from neck to gut, revealing delicate innards that look almost exactly like...

"Reese," Sam breathes out. "They must have found her body and tried to replicate her technology."

Sam looks at the SECOND BODY, the woman's, and sees a wound very similar to the First's. "Not just that, they're evolving. This one's insides are completely different. Smaller, more efficient."

You poke Sam and she lets you take over to examine the THIRD, with wounds matching, but the insides are just... almost PURE SILVER. There's a basic interior SKELETON made of basic Replicator blocks, but other than that, it's just... SILVER DUST. "This isn't just a mortuary. It's a dissection lab."

"So not just creepy dolls," Jonas mutters. "But creepy dolls who were torn apart because they weren't up to par."

"Let's keep moving," O'neill says, and you push further into the facility.

Soon, you come upon the central room Thor described- the one with the TIME DEVICE and the PRIMARY DISRUPTOR GENERATOR.
The former is clearly active, and the later has similarly been used. There is a PILE OF SILVER DUST on the floor infront of the machine, with a set of CLOTHES left half buried in it.

"I'm guessing that's another body," you say.

Sam nudges you, and you let her speak, "Probably, yeah. That's... four sets of remains now. They're not only evolving, they're trying to evolve a resistance against the Disruptor tech."

"Great," O'neill gripes. "Guess it doesn't matter we didn't bring any disruptors with us then."

"Indeed," Teal'c frowns.

"Carter, Jolinar, get to work reversing the time machine," O'neill decides, "Teal'c, Jonas, we guard incase whoever's killing Repli-humans comes back."

And so you get to work looking at the time device.

As expected, the CONTROL CONSOLE the Asgard had designed for it has been completely removed, but the NUTRONIUM CASE that was supposed to be impenetrable by the Replicators has has a huge HOLE carved into it. Now, that would be disturbing and and of itself if it had been a circular hole, but as it was?

It was a hole shaped like a GIANT REPLICATOR BLOCK.

Still, the device beneath seems intact. You remove the EARTH-MATERIAL MADE timer device and start hooking it up.

"What do you think you're doing!?"

A chill runs down yours and Sam's spines respectively upon hearing that voice. And you look up just as O'neill growls out "Oh HELL NO!" and starts firing off with his P-90 without hesitation.

The target? REESE, standing whole and active once again, flanked on either side by two OTHER HUMANOIDs, a boy and a girl.

Sam snaps up her own weapon and starts firing off at the same time Jonas and Teal'c do.

Your mind WHIRLS with the implications, watching as the three REPLICATOR HUMANS just tank the explosive barrage of bullets.

The Replicators must have found REESE'S BODY and repaired her somehow. Then... they upgraded her? No, she ran her experiments. She made MORE of herself, starting with the FIRST who was her except male, exactly the same technology. Then she improved with the SECOND when the First died just as easily as she had the first time. But the Second must have failed as well, and so a THIRD was created and HE TOO must have failed in some way, leaving a FOURTH to be tested.

But if he failed as well... Then who were these other two??

Your question comes just as everyone's weapons click silent- out of ammunition.
"Well... that wasn't very NICE, " Reese says, a cold, chilling tone filling her voice as she glares at
Colonel O'neill. "Fool me once, Colonel, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me."

And then a swarm of REPLICATORS emerge from hidden spots in the ceiling and the floor and the
walls- one even lands straight on top of your timer and chitters MENACINGLY at you.

"Step away from the console, Major Carter," Reese says, glaring at you. "Or you will die."

"Alright," Sam stands up.

"And put your weapons down," Reese continues, "not that you need them with your ammunition
expunged."

This is not good. This is really not good.

O'neill looks around the room at each of you, then grimaces in defeat and throws his P-90 to the
ground. You all do the same. Once your guns are dragged away by Replicators, O'neill says,
"Alright, what do you want?"

"I had a feeling you'd come, Colonel O'neill," Reese says, voice still cold. "So I prepared, Major
Carter. I waited, Teal'c." She looks at each of you in turn, then turns to Jonas. "I Evolved, Doctor Ja-
" She stops. "...You are not Doctor Jackson."

"Jonas Quinn," he supplies. "I'm new."

"WHERE." She turns on O'neill, glaring, a burning fire raising in the back of her voice. "IS
DOCTOR JACKSON!?"

"...He's dead," O'neill answers, a bit more quietly than you'd expect. He's probably covering for the
fact that Daniel ascended to keep Reese from figuring that out.

"...What?" Reese doesn't seem to believe it. "You're lying!!"

"It's true," Jonas says. "He died of a lethal dose of radiation poisoning."

"No..." Reese shakes her head. "NO." And then the room starts shaking. "YOU'RE. LYING!!!"

Every single one of the standard Replicators in the room glow with an ominous red coloring
hearkening back to their Mofang branch. The other two human Replicators' eyes FLASH, the boy's
a similarly glowing red, the girl's green.

"WE'RE NOT LYING!!" You yell out over the sound of the world shaking apart. "HE'S DEAD.
HE'S REALLY DEAD!"

Reese's glare turns on you and she SCREAMS--

The world spins for a moment.

Then, the next thing you know, you've hit the back wall of the chamber and Sam's unconscious from
the impact. You quickly start healing her injuries, even as Reese storms over to you and then picks
you up by the collar.
"We'll **SEE** about that," she hisses at you, and then JABS HER FUCKING HAND INTO SAM'S HEAD!!!

The next thing you know, you're in Sam's body, standing over Sam's unconscious body at the base of the Stargate ramp back in the SGC.

Reese stands nearby, glaring at the door that has a burning fire cutting through it. "You know what the worst part about dying is?" She begins. "I have a sort of black box quick save feature."

The door breaks open, and in steps Colonel O'neill, raising a shotgun-- **BANG.** The room disorients as if a glitching static feed, and then resets, the torch cutting through it once again.

"In the event of every shut down I have, I'm forced to relive the last day of my life," Reese turns to look at you. "It's pleasant when it's my Father shutting me down, even if out of fear. I got to see him again and again and again." She takes a step towards the ramp. "It's LESS pleasant when I'm forced to relive my own death."

The door breaks open, and in steps Colonel O'neill, raising a shotgun-- **BANG.** The room disorients as if a glitching static feed, and then resets, the torch cutting through it once again.

"AGAIN." She takes another step. The Door falls with a **thud. BANG.** "And AGAIN." A step. **THUD. BANG.** "AND. AGAIN." **STEP. THUD. BANG.**

"We Didn't Know!" You tell her, picking Sam up and dragging her back towards the Stargate.

"YOU KILLED ME!" SHE SCREAMS- **STEP. THUD. BANG.** "YOU DIDN'T CARE! I JUST WANTED TO LEAVE!" **STEP- CLANG** of the Ramp's metal. **THUD. BANG.** "DOCTOR JACKSON- DANIEL- SAID HE WOULD LET ME LEAVE IF I SHUT MY TOYS DOWN SO I DID!!" **CLANG. THUD. BANG.** "BUT YOU KILLED! ME! ANYWAYS!!"

**CLANG. THUD. BANG.**

You keep backing up and backing up but then you run back first into the GATE IRIS- it wasn't there a second ago but it's closed without a sound.

**CLANG. THUD. BANG.**

Finally, Reese stops, her face hovering mere inches away from yours, and she says, "But I'm willing to let that go if you show me how Doctor Jackson died."

So... you do.

You show her SG-1 taking him from the Stargate to the infirmary. You show her Daniel lying there, bandaged, getting worse. You show her his heart monitor flat lining.

And then you're back in the Gate room, and Reese scowls at you. "Show me the rest."
"That's everything," you say, glancing ever so briefly up at the Gate Room. The girl from before seems to be typing hurriedly at a computer. Why is she here?

"SHOW. ME. THE. REST."

"There's Nothing Else to Show but him SUFFERING!" you hiss at her. "Do you really want to see him going through all of that!?"

Reese's face is incomprehensible--

And then the hands are gone and you're slumping to the floor, gasping for breath.

"Carter!" And then O'neill is at your side, checking on you. "Are you okay??"

"Not sure," you rasp out, voice barely a whisper. "Need some rest. Food. Need to heal. Sam's out of it for the moment."

"...Got it." O'neill nods. Then, he stands up and glares at Reese. "Alright. Reese-"

"That's Not My Name." She growls out. "Reese was a child. I am not her anymore."

You could argue that she's still very childlike in her actions.

"Alright. What's your name then?" He asks.

"I am Zero," she says. "The Progenitor." Then, she motions to the boy at her side, the one restraining Teal'c, "This is Fifth," then to the girl, who's restraining Jonas, "And Sixth."

"You went in order," Jonas guesses. "The three corpses we passed were First, Second, and Third, weren't they?"

"And each died to the Disruptor," Reese- because you are NOT calling her PROGENITOR- says. "Fourth was the last of the faulty technology. Fifth was the first to survive. I upgraded myself to match his blueprints, and Sixth is the first of our children to be built immune."

"Your children?" O'neill asks, incredulous. And you're honestly feeling the same.

"They are not toys," Reese says. "Nor are they pets."

"So..." Jonas smiles, but it's a nervous smile. "What now?"

"Now..." Reese smiles in return. It's a fucking cold ass smile that sends shivers down your spine. "Now you may return to your ship to process these events."

...What?

"What??" O'neill asks, confused just the same as "Fifth" and "Sixth" release Teal'c and Jonas.

"I doubt you'll leave without trying to complete whatever mission you came here for," Reese says,
turning away. "Escort them out of here, Sixth. Seventh will be finished soon. Fifth and I will need to be there for him."

"Of course, Progenitor," 'Sixth' nods, standing there as Fifth follows after Reese. You watch them go. Their motions are natural, but at the same time... there's a stiff repetition to them that definitely wasn't in Reese's walk cycle before.

After a few moments of silence, 'Sixth' looks at O'neill, then says, "Follow me."

O'neill helps you/Sam to your feet, and with Jonas taking the front and Teal'c the back, the four of you follow SIXTH back to the X-303.

You take in her walking cycle. It's... it's slowly becoming more organic, a bit more frantic.

By the time you get into the X-303 and the ramp has closed behind you all, Sixth has started showing all of the signs of a full blown panic attack. It's incredible, seeing how lifelike she's become in just a few seconds.

"Please!" She finally cries out."You have to stop her! Our Progenitor, she doesn't care about us! She doesn't even care about herself anymore! She seeks her own death and the deaths of everything else in reality!"

"...Reese is suicidal?" Jonas asks.

"Yes!" Sixth nods. "Look, I get it! You don't trust me. I'm one of her children. But PLEASE. Listen to me. Hear me out."

"Alright," O'neill says. "We're listening."

"No matter what she tells you, she's told us that her plan is to expand throughout the universe," Sixth says. "To conquer every galaxy to make them home to our kind only. But I've seen inside her head. When she saw Doctor Jackson's death, her walls slipped and- If I had a deity to swear by that wasn't her I would! She doesn't want that at all!"

"What does Reese want then?" Jonas asks.

"She's seen the reports from Thor, stolen from an Asgard ship computer," Sixth explains, "about the synthetic creature that could generate waves of energy that could destroy all Replicators at once. How it was based on technology in your galaxy that created life."

"Oh no," you mutter. That doesn't sound good.

"She wants to activate that technology, and wipe out all organic life in the galaxy, then take it and wipe out the life in every other galaxy as well, and when it's all said and done," Sixth gulps, with a very real fear in her eyes. "She'll disable the immunity she's crafted to the technology for us and turn it on all of us at once!! Atomized! Gone! Nothing left!"

"A Black Box," you realize. "She'll die knowing she's destroyed everything, including the black box that made her relive her death."

"...Oh," O'neill mutters. "Crap."
"Please, I'll help in any way I can," Sixth says. "Fifth... he's too love struck to see it. The Progenitor has preached that we're never to breach the sanctity of the others minds where they've sealed off sections for themselves. He would never do what I've done. I've sealed myself off from them for now. Just... stop her. Stop her from doing this horrible thing." And then actual tears pour forth from her eyes. "I don't want to die! Not like that!"

O'neill looks around at all of you, then tells her, "We need to talk about this first. How long will Reese and Fifth be busy with 'Seventh'?"

"I..." Sixth pauses, then says, "I'm not entirely sure. First took an hour to emerge, I took seven hours and fifty six minutes to emerge. We were progressively taking longer save for Fifth, who took only five minutes. But Seventh may have begun emerging sooner than she said."

"...Wait here and give us... ten minutes to think things over," O'neill decides.

"Thank you," Sixth bows in acceptance. "That's more than I could have dared hope for."

"Are we buying this?" O'neill asks. "Are we really buying that Reese made a Replicator Doll that's so human she doesn't want her own, for all intents and purposes, 'mother' from killing her?"

"If the survival instinct is strong enough," Jonas muses, "I could see it overwriting any programmed loyalty she might have."

"She's a machine, though," O'neill says.

"Reese too was but a machine," Teal'c says. "Yet she has demonstrated great emotional range in the time we've known her. She has shown Fear, Joy, Anger at being Betrayed, Grief and Despair at loosing Doctor Jackson."

"Also," you point out in between scarfing down spoonfulls of chocolate pudding. "We're calling both of them 'she,' and not an 'it.' On some level we ARE accepting them as sentient beings with defined genders, whether we like it or not."

"Sixth also didn't seem to take us shooting her as a personal insult," Jonas says. "If anything, she seemed resigned to us to not trusting her at all."

"She knows we don't trust her, and any information she has given us has to be taken with a grain of salt," you say, grabbing for a bag of mini pretzels. You need the salt to help metabolize some healing enzymes faster.

"But even knowing that, Sixth is still willing to betray her parents," Jonas says. "We've got to consider the possibility that she genuinely doesn't have any ultierior motives beyond survival. We have to consider taking her with us."

"No," O'neill says, shaking his head. "We can't risk a SINGLE Replicator getting out of this bubble. What if she's doing all of this just to escape from Reese's grasp to do her own thing? What then?"

"Regicide," Teal'c muses. "The act of killing ones king with intent to take the throne."
"Exactly," O'neill says. "How do we even know that all of this hasn't been an act?"

"Even if it is an act," Teal'c says, "we cannot take the risk that Reese's plan is not exactly what Sixth has told us it is. Our mission has not changed. We must reactivate the time dilation field."

"...Damn it, Teal'c," O'neill sighs. "You're right."

Your name is JACK O'NEILL, and you've got a plan.

You and Jonas head back down to 'Sixth' and you tell her you're willing to let her help stand guard while Jonas fixes the Time Device. Carter-Jolinar and Teal'c, in the mean time, will prep the X-303 for take off.

"While not a permanent solution, I suppose it buys time to solve the problem," the robot girl says. "We should hurry to it, though. There's no telling how long the Progenitor and Fifth will remain occupied."

"That we should," you say, pressing the button to lower the 303's landing ramp.

"I have to ask," Jonas then opens his big mouth. "Would you want to come with us?"

JONAS!! You turn to glare at him, waiting for the ramp to lower.

"I'm humbled by your offer, Jonas Quinn," 'Sixth' answers. "But I don't think that would be wise. Someone has to stay behind to ensure the Progenitor doesn't reverse the time field again. That someone may as well be me."

Man this is a slow ramp.

"Then, the least we can do is remember you by something other than 'Sixth' when we leave," Jonas says.

"I..." She blinks, a little too much like Cassie for your liking. "I've never dared consider another name before. May I have some time to think on it?"

"Of course," Jonas nods.

And thus, you head down towards the base. As you walk, you notice the ground behind 'Sixth' rippling behind her and then surfacing, with Replicator bugs forming out of it. Unlike the ones Reese was controlling though, these ones are glowing green for some reason.

"What's with the different color?" You ask. Unspoken goes 'why?' and it's pretty damn obvious why.

"I need to be Combat Ready. Green is a Distinct Visual Identification from the Progenitor's Red," she answers.

"Ah," you say, eyeing the Replicators all very warily.
The time device room is eerily quiet despite the multitude of glowing green replicators lurking everywhere. Jonas is working quickly on the machine, putting those fast learning skills to good use, you suppose.

You and 'Sixth' continue to stand guard, waiting for Jonas to finish.

"How much longer?" you ask.

"Not much," Jonas says. "Almost done recalibrating. The accelerated time field should shut down in about a minute. Then we reboot it and set the timer."

"Good," you say.

For a few more moments, everything remains still.

"I've decided," 'Sixth' says suddenly.

"Decided what?" you ask.

In response, 'Sixth' kneels down, touching the floor. It glows briefly, and when it stops, she stands up and offers what looks like a Replicator Block made out of glass. "Here," she says.

"What is it?" You ask.

"A storage crystal," she says. "Contained on it are two partitions. One contains every piece of knowledge I've downloaded from the collective's databases. Things I feel are important for you to know."

"Such as...?" You frown.

"Such as a copy of the device that makes us immune to the Disrruption devices," Sixth says.

You gingerly pick the crystal up and pocket it. "That'll be handy. What's on the other partition?"

"A backup of my memories and life up until this moment," Sixth says. "It will be up to you to upload it to a new body and reactivate it, or destroy it and never look back. I know you do not trust me entirely, Colonel, but... if at some point you find it in you to revive me, should I die here... I would appreciate it."

"I'll give it some thought," you say.

"As for what I decided," she smiles. "I would like to be called Polendina."

"Alright then," you say. "Thank you, Polendina."

"Time field's going down!" Jonas calls out, and you feel the world shudder for a few moments as if you're on a roller coaster ride that's lurching to a sudden halt.

Polendina gasps- "She knows! She's on her way! Four minutes out!"

"Set the time for three minutes then, Jonas," you say.

"Good, let's abscond," you say.

"Colonel O'neill!" Polendina calls out. "Good luck."

"You too," you say, and with that, you and Jonas run for the X-303.

You are now Teal'c, and once Colonel O'neill radios that he and Jonas are back on the 303 and to get the ship in the air, you fire off the engines and take off, heading for high orbit as fast as you can.

By the time Colonel O'neill and Jonas Quinn return to the bridge you've escaped orbit and are pushing out from the planet just as the 303's scanners start picking up the forming bubble of frozen time appearing around the planet's surface and slowly expanding outwards from there.

It's stabilized just past the moon's orbit by the time you've made it out of the system and met up with Thor's Ship.

You can only wonder what's happening down there... but you get the feeling you may never find out.

"I think we got the name for the 303 down the first time," O'neil says after a moment, taking out a crystal shaped like a Replicator Block. "Prometheus."

Chapter End Notes

"...gave the gift of Knowledge of Fire to man. He was cast into the bowels of the earth and pecked by birds."

Apologies on the late upload. Didn't get a lot of time to write this week so far.
ALT:06X10: Polendina's Prayer

Chapter Summary

In which researchers research.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 02/16/0003.

126 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is JUDE HARLEY, and you're staring at a screen of CODE, consisting of the varying language styles of MOFANG, ALTERNIAN, ASGARD, and most confoundingly of all, ANCIENT.

These are the contents of the DUAL PARTITION CRYSTAL DRIVE that the Replicator girl POLENDINA gave SG-1 before allowing herself to be sealed within a TIME BUBBLE along with the android REESE and a planet covered in Replicator Blocks. Specifically, these are the contents of the MENTAL FRAMEWORK and MEMORY CODING that makes up a HUMAN FORMED REPLICATOR. The other half of the drive, the stuff you haven't tried to see just yet, is apparently more standard ASGARD/MOFANG code and easier to parse.

This... this is something else entirely.

You massage at the bridge of your nose and push your office chair away from the computer.

You have so many things you want to say about this. But to summarize it...

It's a mess. Polendina's coding is a mess of bloody evolution and hijacked code from so many different sources that you have no idea how it functions at all. What was odder was that, when Joey and Xefros both looked at it with the Reaper Crystal, somehow that mess of coding ACTUALLY constitutes what the Reaper Crystal identifies as a STORED SOUL.

You have no idea what to make of that.

You password lock the Alternian laptop, and disconnect the crystal drive. The Asgard had given it a thorough once over and found it was exactly as the girl had said- a Storage Crystal and nothing more. There was no way for the Replicator block shaped crystal to, well, act as a Replicator Block. As for the executable coding that was Polendina's backup... it had no way of triggering except by user activation.

You put the crystal back into the storage case the SGC had whipped up for it, and then shove it into your pocket for transport back to the storage vault it was going into. You've worked enough on this
today. Time to put it aside and get something to eat.

What was on the menu tonight? Pasta and sauce? Pasta and sauce sounds good.

You head through the hallways of the ALL YOUR BASE, and muse on how active it always is these days.

The Evacuation process is always ongoing. The moons continue to get ever closer. Villages are vacated. Towns are totaled by falling moon rock. Plants are uprooted, animals are migrated, and above all else...

An entire planet is being evacuated through the miracle of a device that is the Stargate.

Despite the death looming, life carries on, even in the oddest of forms. (It's definitely your imagination, but you feel the storage crystal pulse a gentle heat wave through its case into your leg.)

You walk past crowds of people moving this or that, and whole freight trains of large crates or cages with some unruly animal within, not quite understanding WHY its being moved somewhere else.

You soon arrive at the vault, now more than ever just a bedroom with a large safe in it, but something a bit more. The bed was torn out ages ago, and there's tons of boxes and other types of storage bins all over the place.

You open the vault at the back, and place the Crystal and its case inside between a glass jar full of Bracelet fragments, and a box containing the Alternate Universe REAPER CRYSTAL. Then you lock it up tight and head to the cafeteria.

You pass more people bustling here and there. In the relative 'privacy' of being stuck in a corner while a long train of bins rolls past, you spot Daraya hounding Bronya for details as to why she has a rather prominent hickey on her neck. Continuing along, Tyzias and Callie rush past you in the other direction while conversing over something technical.

You find the Cafeteria home to just as much activity as anywhere else. People crowding around tables while they scarf down food or discuss settlement plans. You spot Cassie and Joey discussing something over a reserved, isolated table in the corner with several empty chairs next to it. You smile, head over, and sit down with them.

"Sup, Bro?" Joey asks without glancing up from what looks like a STAR MAP. You're sure an Arai beetle is around somewhere, lurking just out of sight.

"I'm good. Hungry, but good," you say, leaning in to give Cassie a kiss on the cheek. "How's it going over here?"

"We're good," Cassie says, leaning over to give you a returning kiss. "Fairly good, at any rate. Just tracking down some odd pockets of void that feel off somehow."

"Odd pockets?" You ask. "Like what?"

"Like if we poke certain ones early we might have a chance to break certain bad fortune zones early?" Cassie shrugs. "I'm not entirely sure what's up yet. Can't quite get a solid vibe off of any of them."
"We'll be sending Astro, Delta, and Slayer to investigate them," Joey says. "But seriously, how are you doing, Jude?" She looks up. "You look like you did when we were kids and you were stuck with one of your old conspiracy theories that never worked out."

"I've been looking at that Replicator mind framework coding all day," you explain. "I can't make sense of it, and considering the weird techno-constructing stuff I can do, you'd think it would be easier!"

"Weird," Joey frowns. "Maybe it doesn't see her code as technology?"

"Who knows," you sigh. "I'm going to focus more on the other side of things tomorrow. See if I can make sense of the other stuff in there."

"Good luck with that," Joey says. "So! Did you guys hear about what happened at the SGC today?"

"No, what happened?" You ask.

"Well..." Joey then explains about something vastly improbable.

And yet, you know exactly how to design a device like that just from the description.

"Noooo!" Your name is Daraya Jonjet. "I swear, Bronya, if you tell me one more time that you 'got a hooker' I'm gonna knock over one of these stupid train carts and drag you across the entire base until I find out whose lips left that bright jade green mark on your neck!!" And you're more than a little annoyed at your fellow Jade Blood getting some action before you could sort through your own romance issues.

"Alright, fine, fine," Bronya giggles. "The truth is... Skylla and I have been seeing each other."

"Skylla," you repeat. "Bronze blood from the past we brought back? You and her??"

"Yep," Bronya nods.

....

"How?" You ask.

"Well, first it was me finding her sad the night after Matron Porrim did the sign ceremony and allowed donations for the grub again," Bronya explains. "Then there were a few other times after that. Um... OH! There was the time just after we got sprayed with a flying coffee pot!!"

"...I don't."

"Eh?" Bronya blinks, and then her cheeks go green. "Um... please don't tell anyone but we're sort of just... not even in a Quadrant?"

"....What." You stare at her blankly.

"We're just sort of... hooking up! You know. Friends with benefits?"
You continue to stare at her. "So... there's not even a Quadrant. You're just-

Finally, that stupidly long cargo train passes by and you feel as if you've had an epiphany.

"You're no help at all, Bronya!" You hang your head in dismay. "How am I supposed to ask you for romance advice when there's no romance even involved!?!"

"Sorry," Bronya scratches at the back of her head nervously. "Wish I could help on that."

"So... you're saying an Ancient Device gave people a contagious static shock that let people see into another dimension?" Your name is Cassandra Fraiser and you blink as you finish that question.

"That's about the gist of it, yeah," Joey nods.


"And yet I know exactly how to build one," Jude remarks.

"Really?" Joey asks. "That's surprising."

"It really shouldn't," Jude says. "I'm beginning to think that this knowledge database in my head is related to Ancient Technology somehow."

"You don't think Scratch and English had access to that technology, do you?" Joey asks.

"Let's be honest here, Joey," you say, "Alternia has Stargates and Ring technology. Not to mention Furling copies of Ancient tech. There's no way they didn't have that tech to SOME degree." You pause, then say, "But Khepri's another matter entirely. We know she did a lot of experiments with Nirrti to make Jake and Jane. Maybe part of that was subconsciously implanting an Ancient Database inside Jake's head?"

"...Okay, yeah, fair enough," Joey nods, smiling though. "Seems like a waste, to me."

"How so?" You ask.

"That she went to all that effort and Pa ran away from home," she says, "and then he had us. And she died. And now she doesn't get to take advantage of any of it, but here we are, reaping the benefits."

"Makes me wonder, though," Jude muses, "I wonder if I've got the Ancient Language buried in my head somewhere, and passing that along to Penny is how she learned to speak it?"

The three of you go silent, before you venture out a wary, "It's not out of the realm of possibility, I guess."

DIASPORA DATE: 02/17/0003.

125 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Jude Harley once again and you're scrolling through the ITEMIZED DATABASE of every piece of technology that Polendina left behind on the crystal.

There's a lot of OTHER stuff on the drive- data and history and such of the worlds the REPLICATORS had conquered and consumed. You'd never expected self replicating bugs to be HISTORY BUFFS but, well... you suppose their semi-digital nature means keeping records is pretty easy. Polendina leaving this behind as a gift is like a memorial to these fallen people.

But, that's NOT what you're interested in.

What you ARE interested in are the ENERGY REDISTRIBUTION NODES that appear to be the LYNCHPIN of the current anti-disruptor technology. It's a MICRO SCALE ANTENNA DISH designed to be added onto the MICRO SCALE REPLICATOR NANITE BLOCKS. They receive energy waves from an incoming pulse, and instantly create a counterwave to cause DESTRUCTIVE INFLUENCE, negating the wave of energy designed to disrupt the Replicator Blocks Cohesion.

It's pretty ingenious of a design. On a larger scale you'd need increasingly larger and larger amounts of energy and larger and larger dishes to do it properly. But spreading out this same device across every single surface facing block...? The energy requirements are minuscule, and even then, the devices STORE excess energy from incoming waves to use against the NEXT attack. They're self replenishing!

It's incredible technology, that's for sure, and while you can think of similar devices... none of them are quite this EFFICIENT for its scale.

Now, you just have to figure out a way to counter it... Honestly, the easiest way would probably be to build it at a lager scale so you could test---

Your radio buzzes.

...What now?

"This is Jude," you say after grabbing the radio.

"Colonel O'neill!" you greet as you meet the man in the All Your Base's cafeteria. "What do we owe the pleasure?"

"Well, after yesterday's mishap, I figured it was well and good time for a vacation as far away from Earth as possible," The colonel says. "So. I heard there's a prime fishing spot out on Diaspora or one of these new settlement planets and I'd like to try my rod at it!" He pauses, "Fishing rod. Not any other kind of rods." He pats at his fishing bag.

"Right," you nod, frowning. "So... uh... why did you want to talk with me?"
"Well...." O'neill glances around. "I heard you were looking into the Polendina stuff."

"Ah," You nod. "Alright, let me take you to my lab."

"Sweet!"

And so you lead the colonel to your workspace. It's really just Joey's old room that's been revamped into a workroom. It's nowhere as grand or large as Callie's or Tyzias', but it'll do for what you're doing with the Storage Crystal.

You boot up the computer, replace the crystal into the connection tray, and bring up the devices you were looking at.

"This is what makes them immune to the disruptions," you say.

"So she wasn't lying," O'neill frowns. "And her backup?"

"It's code like I've never seen before," you say. "Also, the Reaper Crystal seems to read the whole storage device like it's containing a soul within it."

"....So they're really alive?" O'neill asks.

"For the given definition of a Furling techno-crystal that can rip the metaphysical embodiment of a person's entire being out of their body, and shove it into some other body later down the line, even across species lines?" You nod. "Pretty much, yeah."

O'neill frowns, and you sigh.

"Think about it this way, Reese is no different from any other villain we've fought," you say. "The Replicators getting human avatars is probably a better thing for us. They're not just cold, calculating machines anymore."

"....Damn it," O'neill sighs. "Why couldn't it have been a trick?"

"Don't know," you shrug. "Because life isn't always up to our expectations?"

"Can I take a look at what's on here?" He asks, and you let him have your seat.

You can't help but notice that as O'neill starts pouring through the other schematics lying about on the drive, he seems to actually understand a few things from the design perspective alone, regardless of the text fonts being used.

He's focusing on things like ENERGY WEAPONS and SPACE SHIP DESIGNS, things that he'd logically have to face in the future if the Replicators ever decided to employ them.

Finally, after a bit of searching, he returns to the Anti-Disruptor designs, and studies it for about a minute.

"...Well," he finally says, "I've got nothing." And with that, he stands up. "So. Fishing. Want to join?"

"Sorry, I've got to work. Why not try asking John, Argo, Jade, and Rose," you say. "I think they'll
be more than eager to come along."

"I might just do that," O'neill says, and then turns to leave. "Good luck with figuring this stuff out, Jude."

"Thanks, Sir," you say, and watch him leave.

You wonder what that was all about?

Your name is JACK O'NEILL, and you think back to Polendina's last words as she handed you that crystal.

If you could find it within yourself to allow her to be reborn again.

She's a REPLICATOR. Why would you ever even trust her to not screw you over??

Except she didn't. She left exactly what she said she did. Thor and the other Asgard are pouring over the copied data from that Drive and even Carter's had a look at it.

You've played your indifference before, but you know that if you showed any interest in that Crystal's contents at the SGC, you'd get way too much flack for potentially falling for that Replicator's deception.

But you had to see it for yourself.

You had to see if she'd really been serious about wanting to help.

Damn it. Damn it all.

You're going to have to do a lot of thinking while you're fishing. Are you really going to answer Polendina's Prayer here or not? Are you actually considering letting a Replicator back into the world??

This vacation really isn't going to be relaxing at all.

Chapter End Notes

"Sight Unseen" went exactly in canon on the SG-1 side of things. So have a bit of a meanwhile and a little setup for "Smoke and Mirrors."
Chapter Summary

Nobody ever asks Greg anything.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 03/03/0003.

112 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Colonel Jack O'neill and you pause in packing up your camping gear as you see Carter walking down the path from town, accompanied by Strider and Vantas.

You glance over at John, Jade, Argo, Rose, and Kanaya, and see that they've noticed as well.

There's a somber mood in the air that wasn't there a few minutes ago.

"Sir," Carter says, tone grim. "I know this sounds stupid, but we need to ask. You haven't left this planet at all in the last three days, have you?"

"Nope, and you can ask the kids, too. Longest any of us have been out of sight of one another if about ten, fifteen minutes tops," you frown. "What's this about, Carter?"

"Senator Kinsey was shot and murdered yesterday morning," Strider answers. "There's video proof you were the shooter. Not only that, a neighbor of yours saw you dumping something into the lake up at your cabin a few hours ago. They're dredging the lake right now, but chances are they're going to find the weapon."

"...That's impossible. I've been here the entire time," You say, then pointing at the lake. "This lake is as far away from Earth and... where was it?"

"DC," Carter answers.

"This is as FAR AWAY from Washington DC as anyone can get," you say, indignant. "Besides that, I haven't stepped foot through the Stargate since I got on this planet."

"I know that, we know that, and Hammond knows that," Major Vantas says. "The US Citizens... aren't so accepting of the fact."

"So... I should NOT pack up my camping supplies?" You ask.

"...I think as long as you stay here and don't run, there won't be a problem," Carter says.
"Sweet," you say.

"Okurii's leaving a guard at the Gate 'just in case,'" Vantas says. "Just so you know."

"Well, I'm not going anywhere," you say. "You can tell them that, too."

Hours later, and the simply confounding thing about all of this isn't that someone would actually hate Kinsey that much to want him dead, it's that they'd want it badly enough to frame it on you.

You're honestly glad for the distraction and 'extension' on your Vacation. You'd rather spend your time out here fishing than sitting in a jail cell somewhere.

"So who do you think is behind it?" John Sheppard asks of you, casting out a line.

"NID probably," you guess. "They're probably not happy we were blackmailing Kinsey into leaving us alone, so, they offed him and framed me."

"How do you think they did it?" John asks. "Framed you, I mean?"

You think it over, then say, "If I had to guess? Someone got their hands on one of those fancy hologram devices the Mofang stole from that other alien race before they tried raiding the SGC. Specifically, the one with my face on it."

"Yeah," John frowns. "That'd do it alright."

"They're fakes," Your name is Major Carter and you plop a briefcase full of fake MIMETIC IMAGING DEVICES on Hammond's desk.

"All twelve surviving devices are fakes?" Hammond asks, picking up one of the shell shaped items.

"All of them," you confirm. "Every last one was stolen out of Area 51 and replaced with fakes. They're 3D printed, even!"

"What about the Scanning Table?" Hammond asks.

"Thankfully still legitimate," you report. "Testing on our own versions have been running along smoothly, still."

"When was the last time the original devices were accessed?" Hammond asks.

"Six months ago," you inform him.

"By whom?"

"We're working on that now, sir."
"Your name is Jonas Quinn, "Well this is odd." And you think you've hit the jackpot.

"What is it?" Teal'c asks.

"According to the research team notes, everyone working on that project at the time either was relocated to the X-303 program, or are still working on the devices," you frown. "But this guy, just a DAY after the original mimic devices were last access, turns up dead in a car wreck. Body burned beyond recognition but his dental records came back as a match."

"The timing of this cannot be a coincidence," Teal'c says.

"No it can't..." You frown. "Doctor Brenth Langham... Chances are he's our thief. Now, whether he's really dead, gone into hiding, or working for someone else remains to be seen." You look into the guy's medical records. "Ah. Here's something. He's listed as being on a strict drug regimen to handle his diabetes. Something like that... We'll be able to track him down from that if he's still alive."

You are once again SAMANTHA CARTER. You're waiting at STANTON PARK, and it is now THREE P.M.

And right on time, Agent MALCOM BARRETT walks over and sits down next to you.

"Why are we meeting out here?" You ask.

"My office is bugged," he replies.

"Ah." You nod. "And you let that happen?"

"I have to pretend I don't notice," he says. "In my line of work... Well." He shakes his head. "So, O'neill was really off world the entire time?"

"He was with five other people the entire time," you answer.

"Good," Barrett frowns, looking around. "Alright, listen. What I'm about to tell you is classified. Only a very few people know what my job is. There's a cancer at the NID. A Shadow organization operating outside the law in their own interests."

"Corruption at the NID?" You scoff. "I'm shocked."

"Yeah, well, thing is I was running an investigation on that corruption," Barrett says. "The Prometheus Incident was the last straw. I'm working directly for the President to root it out, and Senator Kinsey was working for me, about to turn on his own men and give me enough evidence to decapitate the leadership of this corrupted snake."

"Ah, well that's motive right there," you remark.

"That it is," Barrett says, frowning.
"How did you convince Kinsey to work for you?" You ask.

"Let's just say I know how to rattle some skeletons in the closets of certain people."

"Ah, blackmail," you reply, "the only language certain Senators ever speak."

"Alright, I think I know where our shooter might have bought his weapon. Care to join me on a little trip to a seedy underbelly?"

"You know all the right places, don't you, Agent Barrett?" you ask.

"So, how do you think it's going, Uncle Jack?" Rose Lalonde asks you- once again Jack O'neill-while you're busy cooking a RATHER LARGE FISH for lunch.

"If I know Carter, Teal'c, and Jonas," you say, "I'm sure they're knocking down doors and asking the really tough questions right about now."

"What about knocking down people and asking doors questions?" Rose asks, trolling for a comical image response.

"...Yeah, I'm sure that too," you say, smiling at the imagery.

WHAM!!!

Your name is Jonas Quinn and you wince as you watch the fleeing man get clothes-lined by Teal'c's massive arm suddenly jutting out from behind a car.

The man lands flat on his back, and you stroll over to look him over. "Nice shot," you appraise.

"Thank you," Teal'c says.

You kneel down and search beneath the man's shirt. You come away a second later with a mimic device and woosh, the airman from the SGC becomes your missing scientist.

"Doctor Langham, I presume," you remark.

The wayward scientist groans. You get the feeling he got that question a lot.

"Jade-" You're once again Jack O'neill. "-While I appreciate your enthusiasm for getting me my hat back after that bird stole it... you didn't have to take the entire tree and its nest along with it."

And you really wonder why it's NOW of all days that Jade's inner dog-like-desires to fetch objects has surfaced.
Girl's got a completely uprooted tree floating above her head, with a bird's nest atop its branches. The bird thief who stole your HAT reasonably cowers within its nest.

You really hope SG-1 is having better luck at clearing your name than you are at having a nice, relaxing day of fishing.

KA-BOOOOM!

Your name is Samantha Carter, and you and Agent Barrett hit the street as your shooting suspect's house goes up in flames.

[You know,] Jolinar muses, [this Devlin man really has quite the flare for the dramatic. Pretending to be Colonel O'Neill. A chest shot centered on the corrupt heart of a corrupt senator. Rigging his own house to explode in a brilliant fireball? He-]

'Jols, please.' You groan out loud as you pick yourself up off of the ground. 'Don't praise the hitman.'

[I'm just saying...] Jolinar trails off for a moment as you take in the burning house. [It really is a nice fireball. I think Polypa would be impressed.]

'Let's just make sure they never meet, shall we?' you sigh.

"Well, that was a bust," Barrett grumbles as he gets up.

"Any idea where Devlin might go from here?" You ask.

"If I had a guess? To finish the job," Barrett answers.

[Wait, what?] Jolinar asks.

'...Kinsey survived the shooting,' you realize, eyes widening.

"All I'm saying, Colonel," Kanaya muses, "is that the SGC teams could do with a fashion upgrade one of these days."

"And all I'M saying, Maryam," you counter right back, "is that if you want to design new military uniforms, go right ahead, and submit them to Okurii. Isn't she planning some kind of official standardizes ranking system or something?"

"Well, yes, I suppose she is," Kanaya says. "However, she's been very tight lipped about what ranks she's instituting or how many there are."

"Ask her then," you say.

"I have."
"And??"

"Her response was as follows," Kanaya takes a breath, and then opens her mouth.

"I'm not telling you anything!"

"..."

"...OKAY FINE! Look. I was paid a LOT of money to swipe the devices! But that's it!"

"..."

"NNGH! Okay! OKAY! Look! I thought they were just going to turn a profit on novelty hologram devices! I didn't know they were going to KILL ANYONE with it!!"

"..."

"...DAMN IT, MAN! FINE!" Doctor Langham collapses within his seat. "Fine. Look. I... Okay, I'll tell you everything I know. They're called the COMMITTEE..."

From across the interrogation room table, Teal'c quirks a small smile as his target spills his secrets.

**EARTH DATE: AUGUST 30TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 03/04/0003.**

**111 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.**

Early in the morning, a select number of the NID'S BOARD OF TRUSTEES, calling themselves the COMMITTEE, sit around a table in a dark room as their hired assassin approaches from outside the room.

"Welcome back, Agent Devlin," one of the Committee begins. "Was your mission a success?"

"Yes," Devlin says. "I found the Senator's hospital room and finished the job disguised as O'neill. Kinsey wasn't wearing a vest this time."

"Good," another man says. "We should be able to proposition Hammond again now with the blackmail against Kinsey now useless."

"Why not just replace him entirely?" Another asks. "The bomb General Bauer commissioned was impressively large."

"Only as a last resort," the first says. "Proposition Hammond, Devlin, with one of the other devices. And if he refuses to see reason, kill him. Pin it on someone like Strider."

"That may be a problem," Devlin says. "The SGC will be prepared for Mimic devices now."
"Then confront him at his home," the second says. "We don't care as long as he gets the hint that selling us technology the SGC recovers is in his best interests. Make it clear he can be replaced if he says-- Wait, what the hell??"

In that moment, a group of armed soldiers burst into the room, charge lead by Agent Barrett.

A second later, the holographic form of Agent Mark Devlin flickers away, revealing an amused Major Carter, who checks her watch. "A solid six minutes and twelve seconds. A new record for our replica devices."

"DAMN IT!" one of the COMMITTEE yells out. "We've been played!!"

"And you're under arrest," Barret says, smirking.

"So... I'm about the worst guy to come to to for advice like that," you're once again Colonel Jack O'neill, and you're having a really awkard conversation with ARGO LALONDE. "Really, I think you should talk with Fraiser instead. Or maybe one of those Seers, or maybe even one of those Jade Blood Matrons? Hell, even Ka'turnal might be a better person to talk to about this than me."

"Mmmh," Argo frowns. "I see. Still. If you had to give me an answer?"

"...I..." You're saved from possibly screwing things up by hearing your name called out in the distance.

You and Argo turn around and look back at the path to see Major Carter walking back down the road from the Gate, a wide smile on her face.

"Carter!" you greet. "Good timing! I take it that smile on your face means good news?"

...As it would turn out, yes. Your name has been CLEARED OF ALL CHARGES...

But as it would also turn out, no. Because you're going to have to go on TV and shake hands with the VERY MUCH ALIVE Senator Robert Kinsey.

Damn it.

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DIASPORA DATE: 03/05/0003.

110 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"And I'd just like to say for anyone who has their doubts!" Senator Kinsey says on the television, standing side by side with Colonel O'neill. "ANY EVIDENCE pointing towards Colonel Jack O'neill as my would be assassin was faked to help sell the cover story of my untimely demise in order to-"
**CLICK.** And the TV goes silent.

For a few moments, nothing is said within the room as two members of the NID's BOARD OF TRUSTEES sit there, and mull over this turn of events.

"We're fortunate the others knew to keep their mouths shut when it came to us," one of them says.

"You mean," the other grunts, "we're glad we kept ourselves in the shadows while the others did their stupid theatrics and over-played parlor tricks and didn't draw attention to ourselves?" he sighs. "I told them this was a stupid course of action. I warned them that killing Kinsey would be a bad idea. And now they've practically won him the next Presidential election."

"Fortunate for us, then," the first says, "we've inherited the leash around his collar."

"I suppose it is," the second replies. "Is it really worth it at this point, though?"

"Immortality is at our fingertips, my friend," the first laughs. "Soon, we'll be GODS. The whole of Earth will bow their knees to the TRUST!"

"...I still think that's a stupid name."

"Shut up, Greg. Nobody asked you."

Chapter End Notes

Greg thought "The Committee" was a stupid name too.
ALT:06X11: Oiled Obsidian

Chapter Summary

In which Joey makes some sane decisions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 03/07/0003.

108 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

A Riddle for the ages:

On Harry Maybourne was an assassination attempt taken, though it would fail.

Fearing his Life in grave danger, he packed up his stuff, and escaped from jail.

He stole a hot dog and a beer from O'neill, and wished for want of a nail.

Now both have vanished through a portal with only Carter left to tell the tale.

Where are they? Not even you know. Your name is JOEY CLAIRE, and you frown as you step away from the FURLING CONTROL CONSOLE after finishing interfacing with it using your ADMINISTRATION CRYSTAL FRAGMENTS.

"I'm sorry, Major Carter," You say, "but I can't do anything with this control console. The transportation coordinates aren't located within the portal controls."

And you feel so bad as Carter's face twists in dismay.

Colonel O'neill, lost to who knows where, stranded all because Harry Maybourne claimed to have the key to some ANCIENT TREASURE TROVE of WEAPONS and he was willing to give it up in exchange for some ACTUAL SECURITY away from the people who suddenly wanted him dead not DAYS after Senator Kinsey had been shot and thought murdered.

That he's lost somewhere unknown sticks with you all the way back to Alternia, and from there, to the planet with the Stargate on it you'd had to park the Delta Megaship at when Carter's frantic call had come in.

A ring transport back onboard later, and you're back onboard and ready to resume your mission.

"Hey, how's things back in Milky Way?" Xefros asks of you once you've rejoined the team on the bridge.
"Nothing I could help with," you answer. "Though we DID confirm that the Bracelet really was Furling tech. I could interface with one of their weird near-stargate like teleporters. Only problem was that the thing doesn't store teleport coordinates locally. It's only from a key device."

"Ah," Xefros flinches, getting the unspoken dialogue perfectly. "That's gotta suck."

"Yeah," you shake your head. "Anyways. What's done is done. I can't help without a coordinate set to input."

Stelsa approaches you, and you turn to face her. "We're ready to depart again, Colonel Claire," she says, smiling.

Oh, and there's something you're not quite used to.

An official Military title.

Okurii's been organizing official titles lately. Similar to the AIR FORCE'S RANKS, if only to show commonality in rankings, but not... quite as complicated, you think? Honestly you kind of weren't paying attention that briefing. The fact that you'd been assigned COLONEL RANK was surprising in and of itself.

Okurii wasn't making a big deal out of it. It's just "Adding structure where there wasn't any" before. Making your positions among the loosely assembled rebellion have actual titles and meaning. Okurii hadn't even given herself the highest possible ranking. That title was being reserved for whoever got officially handed the keys to ruling over everything once the fighting was done. Okurii, as of officially gaining the title "General" (one tier above "Tetrarch" which was one above "Colonel"), is only going to be in charge of the STARGATE MILITARY STUFF after everything is said and done. Probably. She said she's considered retiring after that.

Retiring... man that seems like such a long shot concept now, doesn't it?

Sometimes all this stress gives you a headache but... You have your MOIRAIL to help keep you grounded... Most of the time, anyways.

"Right," you nod. "Take us out, Lieutenant."

"Aye, Ma'am!!" The girl smiles, and then retakes her seat.

A few moments later, the Delta Megaship turns and leaves the orbit of that planet to continue your EXPLORATORY SEARCH of a POCKET OF UNKNOWN DOOM.

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**EARTH DATE: SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 03/14/0003.**

**101 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.**
Your name is XEFROS TRITOH, and— Your Title? Ugh. Do you have to? Fine. You're now a MAJOR in this new ranking system. You've never really be a fan of titles to be honest. You would have gotten COLONEL ranking as well if you hadn't shot it down. You're not quite THAT skilled, after all. Joey's a better leader than you are.

AT ANY RATE. You're looking at a scans of a planet's surface. This planet never had a Stargate on it, for reasons you're not quite sure of. It shows all the standard signs of being HABITABLE. How strange. At any rate, there's a DOWNED CARAPACIAN CRUISER and A FACILITY of some sort that was recently built.

"There are life signs down there for sure," Stelsa reports, "but there's none that match Carapacian or Alternian life signs."

"Oh, boy," you gripe, "another research facility where there's probably been some horrible accident just waiting to happen to us."

"We're going in," Joey says despite that. "This is one of the places Cassie says we need to investigate for bad things happening."

"Can't we just leave it be for once?" You ask.

"If only, if only, Xefros," Joey smiles, apologetically. "Get a security detail together. We're going down."

"Damn it," you sigh.

The Ring Transport finishes sinking into the floor after teleporting you down, leaving you, Joey, and a squad of RUST and BRONZE BLOODED security team members ready to search this facility.

Already after arriving, you find that there are a lot of DEAD CARAPACIANS scattered all over the place. All of the bodies in the immediate area seem to be wearing the CULL WARRIOR ARMOR, not that it did them any good. They seem to have been all torn to shreds by some VERY SHARP CLAWS AND TEETH. At least one seems to have had its CHEST burst open from the inside, though that could just be from a badly handled grenade.

"Oh, great," Joey laments. "We walked onto the set of Aliens."

"What's the Alternian title again?" You ask, not recognizing it.

"...I'm not touching that answer with a ten foot pole, Xefros," Joey counters, closing her Zat Gun and swapping it for her laser cutter. "But if you guys see any skittering little grey bugs on the floor that look like they wanna give your face a hug?" She ignites the blue blade of burning death. "Shoot to kill."

"Ah," you say, getting it now. "That one." You switch your stun rifle's ammo cartridge for a regular set of perfectly deadly bullets. "I was afraid you were going to say that."

"Stelsa," Joey taps her radio, "let us know if something's walking up on us."

"Yes, ma'am!" comes the reply.
"Alright then," Joey says. "Xefros, Carnie, with me. Let's follow the dead body road. Damsel, Macrel, take groups of three and search the place. Radio if you find anything."

This is not going to end well.

A few minutes later, you find a LABORATORY, full of more DEAD CARAPACIANS in the CULL WARRIOR ARMOR, and a very large cage that has been broken out of.

"Spread out, see if you can find anything resembling research notes," Joey orders, staring at the cage. Thus ordered, you and the Bronze Blood, a guy named Agette Carine, split off to the side to search the room.

You tap on a computer terminal and bring up an audio muted video of what was in the cage. "Well, that was easy," you gulp after saying that. "And terrifying."

"What've you got?" Joey moves over to look at your terminal.

You restart the video and un-mute it, allowing the terrifying cries of at least THREE lizard like creatures with oil black skin snapping at each other while a Carapacian tries to slide a box full of meat through a gap in the cage's bottom.

One of the creatures manages to get its jaw through the gap and snaps the poor Carapacian up by the head, dragging him through the cage and bringing him inside. They never get a chance to scream, or atleast, if they did, it's drowned out by the sound of the other creatures cries as they then pounced on the poor Carapacian and tore through the armor with ease.

You wince at the sounds, and Joey quickly stops the video.

"That's..." Joey swallows. "That's less Aliens' Xenomorphs and more Jurassic Park's Velociraptors."

"Either way," you say, "I think we just figured out why this planet didn't have a Stargate."

"Probably," Joey nods.

"Eeeeyup," Carnie agrees from his console. "Definitely why this planet doesn't have a Stargate."

"What'd you find?" Joey asks, leading the way as you both head over to that part of the room.

"Text documents on the local wildlife," Carine says. "Apparently their skin can bend light or some shit, making them invisible to the naked eye. Carapacians were researching how that worked to try and add it onto their Cull Warrior armor."

"Great," you sigh. "We've got murder-raptors that can turn invisible."

"Yeah," Joey grimaces, and goes for her radio. "This is Colonel Claire to team. Be advised, there's at least Three murderous lizards running around that can turn invisible, native to the planet. Probably more if they got inside."
Her reply is the sound of shooting, and screaming, and someone yelling "NO SHIT!!" before the line abruptly goes silent with a shriek that you heard from the video not seconds ago.

"...Crap," Joey grimaces. "Please tell me their cloaking hide isn't bulletproof, Carnie?"

"...I don't want to lie to you, Ma'am," Carnie answers.

Joey then lets loose a swear you're pretty sure even Colonel O'neill would pale at, then orders the sane and wise move of "FULL RETREAT! EVERYONE BACK TO THE RINGS, NOW!!"

You're almost back to the rings when Carnie suddenly trips over nothing and lands on his face.

That's when one of the creatures suddenly shimmers into existence, its tail near where Carnie's feet were, and grabs at the poor bronze blood's back.

**VRRMMM-SLICEEEE!!!**

As it turns out, however, the creature's scales, bulletproof as they are, are NOT immune to the cutting force of a laser cutter.

The giant oily black creature shrieks in pain and scrambles away, clutching at its severed limb and glaring murder at the three of you with its blood red eyes.

You grab Carnie and bring him to his feet, as Joey waves her lit up cutter around as a deterrent, yelling at it to stay back.

You back up to the Rings and stand there on the platform, waiting for the rest of your search team to show up.

The other group that didn't get ambushed manages to run back in just then, down a hallway, shooting back the way they came at another set of creatures.

"STELSA!" Joey radios the moment those three get onto the platform. "NOW!!"

The Rings jump up just as those two creatures chasing the others jump at you.

They smack onto the outside of the rings, and their clawed hands reach into the platform, trying to get in---

But thankfully, **WOOOOOOSH**, those clawed hands are the only thing that goes with you back to the Delta Megaship.

You all quickly get off of the platform and take stock of everything that just happened.

"...We are never going back to that planet again," you decide, firmly.

"Agreed," Carnie wheezes for breath.

"Yeah," Joey sighs. "We lost Damsel's team, didn't we?"
Macrel nods, somberly, "Yeah... They got 'em all."

Joey grabs her radio, and orders, "Stelsa, target that facility and make it disappear."

Your name is Joey Claire, and hours later, you're quite certain that none of the creatures managed to ring aboard while nobody was looking. You're also quite certain that nobody will ever be ringing back down to that planet after making sure that that research facility was nothing more than a crater.

Still... there's the terrifying prospect of those creatures having been captured by the Carapacians and sent off world. Somehow, you get the feeling you've not seen the last of them.

You radio back to Alternia with the news, and honestly, Okurii can only laugh grimly and say, "Our Galaxy has some really weird life forms in it, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," you reply. "It really does."

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**EARTH DATE: SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 03/18/0003.**

**097 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.**

You're back home at Diaspora, trying your best not to think about those stupid cloaking murder-raptors, or the fact that Callie's taken to trying to study their MIRACLE SKIN from the severed hands, when you receive a radio call from Alternia-relayed from Earth.

Colonels Jack O'neill and Harry Maybourne had been found alive, if tired and a bit dazed, on the moon of the planet they'd vanished from.

Apparently, your confirmation of a lack of teleportation coordinates had gotten Carter working on a different track of trying to figure out what had happened faster than she would have if you hadn't interfaced with the technology.

Apparently, there had been some kind of PEACEFUL PARADISE there that some Goa'uld had infiltrated with a PARANOIA PLANT and, well... Maybourne ate a LOT of it after finding the settlement abandoned and in ruins.

The Tok'ra were apparently re-settling him on some other planet far, far away from Earth and the NID. O'neill was returning to active duty again.

Good for them, you suppose. Anything that's a win is a win, in your book.

Now if only you could stop jumping at shadows seeing gleaming teeth and crimson eyes of death.

Seriously, what kind of planet evolves cloak-capable, bullet proof velociraptors anyways??
A very dangerous one, you guess.

Chapter End Notes

Jurassic World spoilers, maybe JW2 spoilers:
I have no idea if the Indoraptor can actually cloak or not, but hey, the Indominus Rex could, so... probably??
"It's Morphing Time!!!" cried out the television in the late hours of the afternoon. Young John, Jade, Rose, and Nepeta had no idea that any other type of morphing at all had been going on that day at all.

Your name is KA'TURNAL, once NIRRTI. You've recently started coming around to the idea that, maybe, just maybe, you've left that life behind.

And then of course, fate then ripped the rug right out from under your feet with the sudden UTTER CELLULAR COLLAPSE of a human alien from a planet the RUSSIAN SG-4 team brought back.

A human who said that his people were being 'cured' of a 'plague' by 'Nirrti.'

Your First Prime, Jayni, has started doing experiments again to fill her free time, it seems, and this time, she's gone far, FAR too far.

It's time you ended this farce once and for all.

In person.

And so with SG-1 and SG-3 leading the charge to burst through Anubis' Jaffa- and they're wearing ANUBIS' MARK, rather than the mark of NIRRTI- you follow behind and plan what you're going to do.

The survivor Jayni murdered said that she'd been 'healing' his people, but when he was 'cured' and returned to his village, he'd found it utterly dead. Nobody was alive. Then he'd encountered the Russian team, and, well...

In your honest opinion, you should SNAP HER NECK for everything she's done so far, but... that may be going too kindly on her.

Oh no, death may be too good for her at this point.

Then, you find the survivors of the people native to this planet, and they show you and SG-1 the DEVICE Jayni has been using to torture these people.
While Carter and Jolinar start looking over it with awe, you feel nothing but guilt surfacing in your stomach.

You've used this device before, or rather, one very much like it. This was what Khepri had given you to begin your first stages of COMMISSIONED WORK for her after she'd used it on the people of ABYDOS as punishment for their rebellion. You'd seen what had happened then. The amount of pain and suffering that went into a living person as they were transformed into something else.

The chances for cellular degradation and utter collapse were so high that Khepri lost more test subjects than she successfully modified. While you'd loved to try making it work on live subjects, you couldn't risk the loss of MATERIALS, so you'd immediately transitioned to CLONING, and modified the device extensively to work with RAW MATERIALS and then clone a new body from it.

You'd since named the practice ECTOBIOLOGY, but the name never really caught on.

Jayni's use of this device, on the one hand, is commendable for her managing to keep her test subjects alive, but at the same time...

Recent life experiences have made you soured on the idea of live modifications for very different reasons.

Your First Prime...

"You plan on murdering Nirrti!" One of the men transformed by the device suddenly declares.

"What?" O'neill asks, sounding genuinely surprised. "No we're not. Nirrti is not on our kill list today."

"Yes you are!" The man says, insistent, and you realize something. "You seek to kill our savior!!"

These people have POWERS.

"You can read minds!" You say for the benefit of the others.

The man frowns, and nods. "I can..."

"Tell me, then, what do you see in my mind about the woman helping you?" You ask, and put forth every image of your life since Jayni's betrayal. You show him her insanity, her belief that she herself is Nirrti, and then the fact that she is NOT you.

You are NIRRTI, and you're going to have to act like it if you're going to have any chance at stopping your rogue First Prime.

"That's..." The man hisses. "No! That can't be! She can't be...!"

"Believe it," you say, flashing your eyes and modulating your voice for the first time in... you can't even remember. "I. Am. Nirrti. She is not."

"But...!"
"Jayni is USING you," you growl. "Yes, we plan on stopping her. Violently if we must. But she is no saint. And while neither am I, at least I want to put a stop to this madness and right this situation."

"Prove it!" One of the others says- one who's missing half his face and has his one remaining eye in the wrong place. "Make me whole!!"

"Very well," you say, and head over to the control console. "Stand on the platform."

And so he does, and you activate the machine.

It edits DNA in real time. The controls are very similar to your original modified version. The memories of how to work it come back to you quickly.

Looking at the mess Jayni made of this man... you scowl. How dare she! That's a completely improper use of the Skeletal Structure Modifiers. Plus the damage she's done to his internal organs...

Jayni deserves so much more than DEATH at this point.

You immediately set about undoing the damage, and over the course of several minutes, the man begins sweating, and then with a sudden ripple of water bursting off of his body, the damaged, tainted cells are forcibly removed and replaced with brand new structures- healthy ones.

And as an added bonus, you managed to fix the half-assed attempt to give the man the ability to make his skin as hard as a diamond.

"It is done," you say. "You've been healed of the damage she's caused you. You are no longer at risk of spontaneous collapse."

The man who can read minds smiles as he sees you're telling the truth, and begins to spread the word to his people. While they eagerly begin sorting out who gets to go first, in terms of who is in the need of the attention first, you begin plotting your revenge on Jayni.

You're beginning to see the appeal in Khepri's real-time usage of this device on people.

Several hours later, and several more villagers healed, a CARGO SHIP is seen entering the planet's orbit, no doubt with Jayni onboard.

You and SG-1 wait at the ring platform, and sure enough, down rings Jayni and a couple of Jaffa. She didn't even bother using a cloaking device. How stupid.

Zat, Zat, Zat, and down they go.

While during one of the healing sessions, a man with a TELEKENETIC GRIP made it clear that he wanted to STRANGLE JAYNI for her misdeeds, however, you manage to convince him otherwise.

Your plan is simple, but elegant. A variation of an EARTH RULE of sorts.

Do unto her as she would do unto others.
So instead that Telekentic man helps hold Jayni in position on the platform, and YOU BEGIN the process.

She's evidently used the machine on herself, or done something similar. First and foremost, there's the EYE FLASHING and VOICE MODULATION. Then there's GENETIC KNOWLEDGE you didn't implant in her that's clearly been moved from the HARCESIS that she'd kidnapped. That explains where that went, somehow. A bit more of looking sees she'd copied some large pieces of JAKE HARLEY'S D.N.A. into her body as well, trying to give her those ODD POWERS he has in him.

You begin by erasing those pieces of modified code entirely, and then set to work changing the balance of her DNA structure from predominantly human with some twists of feline... to almost entirely feline.

By the time you've finished crafting the time delayed stages, Jayni has woken up, and finds herself held still in her own device, staring at you with horror, as the fur on her tail bristles outwards and her ears flare up in panic.

"N-No!" She cries out. "You can't be here!"

"But I am," you say, dropping the voice modulation again, because wow that is actually somewhat tiring to keep up after not using it for so long. "I am here, and you're not leaving this room on your own two legs."

"That's-!" She hisses. "No! You can't kill me! I am a god!!"

"No, you're not," you say. "And you'll do well to forget that mindset. Push it aside, not unlike a cat pushing a glass of water off of a counter."

"NRRROOOOOOWLLL!!" She howls. "LET ME GO! LET ME GO!!!"

You can't help but smirk. "Of course I will. In just a minute, every change I'm making will be complete, and I'll move on to healing the next of your mutilated patients."

Jayni hisses again. "You'll pay for this! Anubis will ensure you die for murdering me!!"

"Who said anything about murder?" you say blandly, while deciding to throw one more tweek into her newly minted genetic structure. Her claws will be dull "fur-ever" and never sharp. You don't want her scratching your neck out after all.

Jayni throws out some more protests, not even noticing as she sweats rather heavily and then-

*SPLOOSH.*

She looses a foot of height as her entire body shrinks down by a degree.

"NYAAAAH!" She shrieks as you disengage the forcefield and let the rest of your time delayed changes take their course.

"Now, Jayni," you say with a nod to the psychic man, he releases her, and she falls down onto all fours. "I did say you weren't going to walk out of here on two legs. But I said nothing about dying,"
As Jayni mewls something in confusion, already unable to talk thanks to the changes you made to her vocal chords, you kneel down and lift up a half-hand-half-paw to inspect it. Yes, that looks rather proper for this stage.

"Over the next few minutes, your body will continue to shrink as the changes take effect." You explain, checking one of her rear feet for much the same changes. "Eventually, you'll be nothing more than a helpless, mewling kitten. You'll be as good as dead as you were, once you've taken your new form, but you're never going to hurt anyone again."

Jayni looks at you with horror in her now rather feline shaped eyes. You'd feel a bit of pity, had she not earned this fate.

"There is one other thing, Jayni," you tell her, flashing your eyes for effect. "This is punishment not for betraying your God. Not your Lord. But for betraying your MENTOR. This is punishment for everything you've inflicted on the people of this world, and the massive storms of chaos you unleashed on this Galaxy."

Jayni tries to move, but finds herself unable to gather the strength to lift her arms. She finds herself panting for breath, gasping for it, even.

"Every physical sensation you're feeling right now?" You restrain yourself from yelling. "This is the pain of these people, brought back down upon you. I hope you remember it in excruciating detail in the years to come, and I hope you regret every minute of it."

You move Jayni to the side, and leave her there for her body to continue collapsing, stage after stage and wave after wave of shattered cells releasing water into the world. Each time she gets smaller, so much smaller, and a bit more catlike too. Her clothes barely fit on her after the fourth such transformation.

In the mean time, you continue healing the people of this world.

By the time Jayni's ninth and final transformation hits her, and she's fully become a tiny black kitten with piercing blue eyes, you've decided that you're going to destroy this terminal once you've finished helping these people.

This kind of power could go to someone's head, after all.

Several hours later, when the last of the people had been healed, the critical control crystals for the modification device lay in your hand as Jonas Quinn dials up the SGC.

You take a deep breath, and then, as the Stargate echoes out its warning cry, you throw the crystals into the KAWOOOSH.

Jayni howls from within the small cage Major Carter is holding, realizing her fate is now completely sealed.

There is no going back.
You'd hold a funeral... but there's no body left to bury.

Chapter End Notes

I should probably add a Body Horror tag after this chapter....

Hell, I probably should have added one after Tagora got bisected.
Setting up for the Big Day.

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser and you don't want to go home just yet. "Cassie, come on," Jade complains from the doorway. "I've got months of recorded TV to catch up on!!"

"Just a minute!!" You say, working on finishing the map work. "I just gotta circle off a few more areas and...!" There! "Done."

You get up from your chair, smile, and follow Jade out of the room on the All Your Base. Seventy Five Days Left.

You've just about done all you can to ensure that the remaining planets for settling evacuees on won't have surprise monsters like those stupid MURDER RAPTORS Joey and Xefros ran into a few weeks ago.

You don't want to leave in the middle of the final stages, but you... You also don't want to risk not being on Abydos at the right point in time.

You arrive in the Gate Room to find John, Argo, and Jude waiting already. Rose and Kanaya have opted to stay back for the time being, so with you and Jade now with the rest of them, your group to head back to the Milky Way is finished when you add in your group's last member: Okurii Leijon, geared up to travel as well, presently speaking with Salazl Captor about keeping the place in one piece until she gets back.

What is this about now? You get GOOD VIBES from it, but... you can't tell much else.

"Alright, I get it," Salazl says. "I'll make sure the Base doesn't get meteor'd."

"Good," Okurii nods. Then, she turns to face you. "Cassandra, Jade, good to see you were able to join us."
"Mmh!" Jade nods, and heads over to talk with John and Argo.

"Just finishing out some map markers, was all," you say.

"Good," Okurii nods. Then, she looks up at the bridge. "Zebede, Dial it."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Your name is JADE JACKSON and you flinch as Doctor Fraiser shines a pen light into your eyes.

Argo's right. She gets way too much enjoyment out of that thing.

"Well, your reflexes are normal, and as far as I can tell there aren't any lasting side-effects from you turning into a Werewolf of all things," Doctor Fraiser says after a moment. "We'll wait for the x-rays to process, but other than you having something wrong with your skeletal structure, I can't find any reasons to keep you on base."

"Thanks, Doc," you say, getting up off of the infirmary table. "Lemme know if something comes up."

"Will do," she nods. You're half way out of the infirmary when she calls out, "Jade?"

"Yeah?" You ask, turning to face her.

"Has Cassie said anything about... you know?" she asks, and you realize you're now talking more to Janet the Mother than Doctor Fraiser.

"Um... what?" You ask, not quite getting it.

"Penny," she says, and- OH.

"...Oh." You blink. "Yeah, no, I haven't heard anything."

"Well, okay, that's-" she goes to say more when the base intercom speaks up, Cassie's voice coming through.

"Jade, John, Argo, meet me and Jude in the Conference room please? Thank you."

"I guess I'll come with you, then," Janet says, and with a nod, the two of you head to the Conference room.

You find John, Argo, and all the members of SG-1 there, actually, surprisingly. There's also Cassie and Jude and-

"Dad!!" You run over and give your BIO-DAD a hug.

"Jade!" Daniel Jackson hugs you back. "It's good to see you again."

"Daniel," Janet greets, smiling. "I was wondering if you'd come for a visit."
"It's hard to get time off on the Ascended Plane, believe it or not," he answers. "And honestly the only reason I managed to even get out here is because Orlin's taking over watching Anubis' fleet for the moment and this isn't a social visit."

Awwh.

"Daniel was just about to tell us some news of Grave Importance," O'neill remarks. "Or atleast, I'm assuming he was, since we were waiting for Jade and the others to get here."

"Yeah, sorry," Daniel grimaces as you pull away from the hug. "I just figured out something Important about Anubis' grand plan and I'm not sure my hit and run tactics are enough to stop it before its too late."

"What exactly is the problem, Daniel Jackson?" Teal'c asks.

"Ah... where's Hammond?" Daniel asks.

"Out for lunch with some brass from the Pentagon," O'neill answers. "We'll tell him later when he gets back."

"Fair enough." With a shake of his head, Daniel begins his explanation, "Okay, so, Anubis is gathering the Eyes of the Goa'uld. The Eye of Tiamat, Osiris, so on and so forth. They're six powerful artifacts on their own, but put together they're capable of so much more. Anubis already has all of them except for the Eye of Ra. Now, Anubis is going around checking all of Khepri's old hangouts, but it's either here on Earth, which is how I managed to swing a visit to come look for it, or-"

"Let me guess," Jude interjects, "you think it's on Abydos."

"Yes, actually," Daniel nods. "There were a bunch of ruins on Abydos that Skaara and I never got a chance to explore. But there were a few places, specifically in the Pyramid, that I was sure there were hidden chambers."

"So this Eye of Ra," you say, "how bad is it if Anubis gets it?"

"Rumors among the Ascended vary," Daniel says. "Some of them think the Eyes are actually Ancient Artifacts Ra re-apropriated as power sources, others are arguing they're Alternian based technologies- but anyways the point is everyone agrees that the LAST time all six eyes were brought together, a whole star system just vanished off the face of the galaxy and nobody knows HOW."

"So, 'keep this thing away from Anubis at all costs,' bad?" John asks.

"Basically," Daniel nods. "Either we keep it for ourselves and hide it somewhere Anubis will never find it, or we chuck it into an opening Stargate. I'm not exactly picky when it comes to something like this."

"So while you're searching Earth for the Eye," Cassie says, "Me, Jude and the rest of us that just got back from Alternia can search Abydos' ruins for it."

"Cassie," Janet protests. "You just got back!"
"And it's not like we're jumping right back into school anyways, Mom," Cassie counters. "We already missed, what? Two months?"

"That's besides the point! I-"

"Actually," Daniel cuts Janet off. "I was thinking that would be the quickest way of doing things too. I'm not entirely sure the eye IS on Earth, and I can't just keep not skirmishing Anubis. I've only got a limited amount of time to search here and I'd rather we not cut this extremely close to the point we find the eye five seconds after Anubis drops out of hyperspace."

Janet shoots him a positively murderous look that would probably kill him if he weren't already Ascended.

"I'm up for it," You say, looking to John and Argo.

They nod.

"Yeah," John says. "I'm good for an Abydos visit. It's been too long anyways!"

"Mmh," Argo nods. "Besides, if this is what we think it is, I should probably be there anyways. Who else is going to start a 'Time Dial Bubble'? Jude?"

(You notice Jonas mutter an echo of those three words, confused.)

"I could probably build one," Jude muses, "but I have no idea how big of a bubble we'd even need. Scale is sort of important there."

"We'll talk it over with Hammond once he gets back," O'neill says. "That good with you, Daniel?"

"As long as we get someone searching Abydos and get the Eye off of it sooner rather than later," Daniel says, "I don't really care who's doing the searching." He looks Janet in the eyes, and stresses, "We. CANNOT. Allow Anubis to get his hands on the full set of Eyes."

"...Fine," she agrees. "But I'm not going to be happy about it."

"I wouldn't expect you to," Daniel answers.

For the cloaked CARGO SHIP left to spy on the SUPERGATE, life was normal and boring.

And then suddenly a CARAPACIAN CRUISER emerged out of Hyperspace right on top of them. Unfortunately, I mean that in the most literal way possible. The Carapacian Cruiser's shields utterly pulverized the cargo ship and destroyed it like a tiny bug on a windshield before the deceleration drive kicked in and it slowed down to normal speeds. Immediately, it began dialing out through the Supergate, and began a controlled approach.

A few moments later, the Supergate Activated, and then the Carapacian Cruiser went through it. It emerged moments later in the Milky Way Galaxy, surrounded on all sides by Goa'uld mother ships owned by Anubis... along with an utterly massive Mothership that dwarfed them all.

ANUBIS'S PERSONAL SHIP floated, too big to even go through the Supergate, but stood
impressive.

A ring transport shot from the Carapacian ship to Anubis' mother ship, and a few moments later, Anubis himself stood before a large metal crate containing within it a slumbering, reptilian creature with a skin as oily and black as the hologram covering Anubis' face.

"THE SYMBIOTE," Anubis orders, and a Jaffa steps forwards, carrying in his arms a glass jar within which a single symbiote floated. It was different from other symbiotes of its like, sitting idle and not writhing about. One might even think it were dead, if not for the subtle effect of its gills moving as it breathed.

Anubis reaches into the jar with his left hand, and removes the Symbiote, causing it to squirm and writhe, and then he kneels down to the creature in the cage. Anubis uses his right hand to pry open the creature's mouth, and then lifts the Symbiote up to its slimy tongue.

Then, he lets go, and the Symbiote surges into the creature's mouth.

A few moments later, the creature's eyes SNAP OPEN and the crimson orbs FLASH, but otherwise... the creature remains docile.

"AS EXPECTED," Anubis says, planting his hand on the creature's snout. "YES, THIS TECHNIQUE SHOULD DO WONDERFULLY WHEN USED WITH THE KULL WARRIORS." He stands up. "HAVE IT FITTED WITH THE CUSTOM ARMOR, AND SAMPLE ITS DNA SEQUENCES." His order is received with a chorus of "KREE"s and so Anubis leaves.

The symbiote would have to be trained to use the creature's bodily instincts, but for a test run prototype, there would be no better weapon to deploy against the rebellious Jaffa than this.

In the mean time, he would prepare for searching the next world on the list of Ra's planets for the FINAL EYE.

He was nearing the end of the list, now. Only a handful of worlds remained. It would only be about two Earth Months or so before he'd searched them all.

If he had not found it after he reached the last world on the list- ABYDOS- then he would move onto the only remaining possible place it could be.

EARTH.

"You Turned Her Into A Cat."

Your name is Ka'turnal, and you frown at the sheer INCREDULOUSNESS of the girl staring at the transformed Jayni, presently sound asleep in her cat carrier.

"Yes, I did," you say, turning to look Argo Lalonde in eyes as she, too, turns to look you in the eyes. "Would you rather I killed her? Snapped her neck or something?"

"I was just wondering if you could make it so I could make my wings and ears disappear," Argo
says, frowning. "Or pop-up-able like Rose got, at least."

...Damn.

"I should have thought of that before I destroyed the crystals," you go to sigh, but- "Wait." You blink. "Since when have you been thinking about that? If I'd known, I might have saved everything until I got your input."

"Only recently, I guess..." Argo turns to look back at the cat. "And... other things too, I've been wondering about." She trails off for a moment, then says, "I guess I could ask Rose or Joey or Kanaya to use Shaper on me, but..."

"There's something else you're not saying," you deduce.

"I'm not entirely sure what it is I'm even getting at myself," Argo says.

"Alright," you say. "Take your time then."

She thinks for a moment, "So... Goa'uld, except for the Queens, are physically, sexually-slash-genderly neutral, right? What they present either depends on the host or their preferred personalities?"

"That's generally how it goes, yes," you nod.

"I..." She blinks. "What about the Goa'uld who don't pick one or the other? What about the ones who sort of drift?"

"Generally then that falls towards the host's physical form," you say. "I'm generally unaware of any Symbiote that's preferred a neutral position on the gender spectrum, but that may be more due to my own isolation over the centuries than anything indicating a pattern. I suppose it's possible that there are those who pretend to identify according to the host's gender lest some other Goa'uld take offense."

"Huh..." Argo blinks, then says, "Thanks."

"Don't thank me for that," you say. "If you truly want something worth thanks, thank me for directing you to Selmak. Jacob is on earth for a few days, visiting Major Carter, so you should have the time before heading off to Abydos or wherever it is you're planning on going next."

"Okay," Argo nods. "Right, Selmak. I remember Jolinar talking about her-slash-him from different points in their life. Saroosh and Jacob..." She frowns. "Them. They..." She doesn't quite seem to be twisting the words around in reference to Selmak at the moment. Not entirely, at any rate. "Thank you, I think I'll talk with Selmak about it."

You smile faintly, "It's the least I can do for my apparent grand-daughter."

"...Uh. What?" Argo asks, frowning.

You double check to make sure Jayni is asleep, and sigh. "Don't tell anyone this, but I've always thought of my cloning projects- the ones who I designed to live for a long time at least- as my children. Goa'uld aren't allowed to directly have children if they're not queens, after all. And Jayni, I considered my daughter, for a time."
"Ouch," Argo flinches. "So I guess by that logic, her cloning me into existence would make her my mom, and you my grandmother?"

"The thought has occurred to me on occasion," You say, shaking your head. "It's just some idle musing, I suppose. I'm not fit to raise a child at all, if Jayni's treachery is any indication."

"Maybe," Argo frowns, glancing at the cat carrier. "Is that why you didn't just kill her?"

"...On some level, perhaps," you say after a moment of consideration. "Primarily, though, I think that killing her would have been too light of a punishment. She deserved to know the pain she put those people through. The indignation of being forced to become something they weren't." You frown. "I'd considered wiping her memory, honestly. That, too, felt too easy of a punishment. Too clean. Too..."

"Too rewarding?" she offers.

"Yes," you say. "Exactly That."

"Keep her on a tight leash, then," Argo decides, turning to leave. "I'm gonna go see Selmak."

"Argo," you speak as she heads for the door.

"Yeah?" She pauses.

"Whatever you're looking for, I hope you find it," you say.

"...Thanks." And with that, she's gone.

You get the feeling that the next time you speak to her, she'll have figured out whatever it is she's been dwelling on.

Chapter End Notes

Or several big days, as a matter of fact.

Tomorrow's chapter: DISCLOSURE.
Chapter Summary

"Today on LEGISLATOR! Ace Attorney RADGLARE PYROMANIAC brings down the heat on CORRUPT SENATOR LEMONSNOT!! What is the verdict? Watch and find out on-" CLICK. Terezi Pyrope would laugh, and immediately deduce it was the ILLICIT BEETLES.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 04/9/0003.

073 DAYS UNTIL ALTERNIA'S EVACUATION DEADLINE.

"And I'm telling you, Colonel Chekov, whatever you and the Americans are covering up with that explosion of a 'nuclear submarine' in the Pacific Ocean, if you do not disclose it, China will have no choice but to unveil what we know," The Representative of the People's Republic of China said to the Representative of Russia, Colonel Chekov.

"And as I've told you, Ambassador, we have nothing to hide," Chekov says, trying to appease the man. "It was simply as we said, a Nuclear Submarine struck by a Meteor, and set to explode dramatically without chance of rescue."

"To borrow a phrase from the Americans who have so 'kindly' invited us all here," The Chinese Ambassador counters, "That is a load of bullcrap and you know it, Colonel. China Knows It Too, and we will disclose if you do not tell us what it is."

"China's a bit pushy today, aren't they?" The British Ambassador of the United Kingdom remarks.

"Indeed," says the French Ambassador. "I suppose with an explosion that big, a Nuclear submarine's core failing is something of a concern, but still..."

"It makes you wonder why the Americans have invited us here," The British Ambassador remarks.

"Wonder no longer, Gentlemen," says one General Hammond as he enters the room with Major Vantas, in a human guise, strolling behind him. He looks to Chekov, and says, "We're doing this."

"We're truly making this happen?" Chekov frowns. "Very well, but I hope this does not turn into a grave mistake, General."

"As do I," Hammond says, then nods to the Ambassadors. "Take your seats."

And so everyone takes their seats, noting that there were at least four empty seats with place cards and seats yet to be filled.
Major Vantas doesn’t take one of the seats, instead, he walks over to the projector screen, and takes up center position.

"Gentlemen, Ambassadors of Earth," Major Vantas begins, "we apologize for the amount of security you had to go through to get here, but we do not and cannot allow the press to sneak in and learn of what we are disclosing today." He takes a moment to look the Ambassadors in the eyes, impressing upon them the weight of the situation through the crimson coloring of his eyes, something they were all quite sure wasn't the coloring of them a moment ago. "Today, we’re disclosing a top secret project run out of Cheyenne Mountain by the United States Airforce, known as the Stargate Program, as well as the military threat Earth faces from elsewhere in the universe."

"...What?" The British Ambassador asks. "No. Seriously. What??"

STARGATE
SG-1/ALTERNIA
<-->
DISCLOSURE

"This, is a Stargate," Major Vantas says as a video of the SGC Stargate as it dials out plays on the screen behind him. "What hundreds of thousands of years ago, a race of aliens we call the Ancients designed this device as a means of traversing vast distances of space in an instant." The video gets to the point that the Gate goes KAWOOOSH. "These devices were proliferated across not just this Galaxy, but several others as well by means of Seed Ships meant to facilitate exploration." With a click of a remote, the video drops away, revealing schematics of the DESTINY. "One of these Seed Ships would never leave one galaxy in particular, home to a particularly cruel Tyrant who poised himself as a God over a race of people who owned a massive swath of empirical land across that galaxy. The most recent Empress of these people, who called herself Her Imperious Condescension, is important for reasons we will get into shortly."

"This has to be a joke, right?" The French Ambassador begins. "I mean, that video has to be faked. There's no way that any of this is real, is there!"

"I'm afraid this is very real, Ambassador," Chekov says. "All too very, very real."

"Wait," the British Ambassador starts, as if realizing something, "How is it that Russia knows of this before the United Kingdom does? The President of the United States just recently said we are your greatest ally!"

"We will be getting to that in due time," General Hammond says, "you need to have the full context before we can get into the discussions we hope to have."

"...Alright," The British Ambassador frowns. "It had better be a damned good explanation, though."

"Oh, trust me," Major Vantas smirks, "it will be." with a click of the remote, a picture sourced from what appeared to be an ALIEN TELIVISION NEWS SHOW appeared on the screen. "This is Her Imperios Condescension, who has gone by many, many names over the years. You might recognize
her face a bit, and you'll see why in a minute."

With another click, pictures of the Stargate dig in GIZA, 1928 appear on the screen.

"Thousands of years ago, an Alien race called the Goa'uld took over command of the Stargate Network, including Earth, using both to spread human slaves across planets all over the galaxy. They took on the persona of Earth's Gods, and were lead by a Supreme Leader, a man called Ra. Roughly five thousand years ago, in completion of an event known as a STABLE TIME LOOP- and yes, gentlemen, time travel is real and oh so dangerous- ol' Condy got herself dethroned and exiled, becoming the Scarab Goddess KHEPRI." An image of the paintings from Abydos appear on the screen next- of Khepri ripping Ra's symbiote out of his neck. "She murdered Ra, and usurped his place. This weakened the leadership of the Goa'uld drastically enough for Earth to overthrow its tyranical overlords, and kick them off of Earth. The Stargate was buried, and it laid there in the ground until it was unearthed in 1928, discovered by the Langford expedition."

"Langford, huh?" The British ambassador muses. "That's a name you don't hear often these days."

"The Stargate has changed hands a bunch of times since then, passing from program to program, some randomly activating it, and others not," Major Vantas continues, "until it finally settled into the control of the US Airforce, and this man-" Click, Daniel Jackson's face appears on the screen. "Doctor Daniel Jackson, cracked the code, and successfully activated the Stargate in late 1994." We've been routinely exploring the Galaxy ever since then," General Hammond says. "We've explored hundreds of worlds, with possibly even thousands more left to see."

"Now, at this point in time," Vantas continues, "the team had just barely gotten the thing working and so the commander at the time, one General West, sent an expedition team in to explore the first world we'd connected to." He pauses, then says, "It should be noted that Khepri, Ra, whatever you want to call her, had never truly abandoned Earth, even if she had stopped ruling it as a god." He clicks a slide, and there appears the face of one BETTY CROCKER. "Look familiar?"

"That's... Betty Crocker?" The British Ambassador stares at the picture, incredulously. "A notable Baked Goods Baroness was an alien!?"

"An incredibly long lived one, at that," Major Vantas says. "The only thing that could kill her was her own hubris."

"Explain," The Chinese Ambassador demands.

"A man, General West, was compromised," Hammond explains, "a Goa'uld loyal to Khepri was implanted within him after he was put in charge of the Stargate Program- a Watch Dog of sorts. If the Stargate were ever to be re-activated to a specific world, he would send a bomb through with the first expedition team. Khepri would then feign offense, and send the bomb back with a shipment of a highly explosive mineral, greatly increasing the impact."

"Needless to say, the expedition team didn't take kindly to being given a bomb that couldn't be shut off," Major Vantas says. "They incited a rebellion on the alien planet, forcing Khepri to flee the planet. She was already on course out of orbit of the planet the team returned her bomb to her, seconds before detonation."

"Khepri had left her own fail safes in place, and should she die, General West broke free of the prison we'd put him in, and raided a house that had once belonged to her human persona,"
Hammond explains, "He was seeking a Second Stargate - one that Khepri had built herself - that was located there. At the time, a Funeral for Betty Crocker was being held, with the descendants of her adopted family in attendance. Needless to say, it almost became a blood bath."

"Two of the children present managed to activate the Stargate there," Major Vantas picks up the story, bringing up a picture of a ballroom with its ceiling GOUGED APART, and a Stargate clearly visible at the edge of the trail of destruction. "This created a distraction that allowed West to be put down, but in the process, one of the two children was sent through the Gate back to the Galaxy that Khepri had come from in the first place, unknowingly setting into motion the very events that would exile Khepri to our galaxy in the first place."

"You're trying to tell me that a child caused all of this trouble?" The French Ambassador asks. "If not for a child being sent to another Galaxy, all of this may never have happened?"

"There is no telling if a rebellion with the original Ra in place would have been successful or not," Colonel Chekov says. "If it had not happened the way it did, we would likely not be having this conversation at all. Or, at least, not this exact conversation."

"So you're saying if not for a child stumbling through one of these Stargates, Earth might well have always been under the rule of these Goa'uld?" The British Ambassador asks.

"It's a distinct possibility," Hammond says with a nod.

"Terrifying," The British Ambassador says.

"I think we need a moment to process all of this," the French Ambassador says.

"We'll be having a recess in a few minutes to allow you to digest, but there are a few more things we need to go over first," Hammond says.

"That's fair enough," The British Ambassador says.

"I take it this other Galaxy is important?" The Chinese Ambassador asks. "How much so?"

"If you'll recall the 'Tyrant God' I mentioned? He calls himself something that translates into Earth's languages as 'Lord English' - I kid you not," Major Vantas pauses for impact, then says, "At some point in time, he was exiled to another galaxy, at around the same time that a Goa'uld System Lord by the name of Anubis was exiled from our Galaxy for crimes even the Goa'uld couldn't stand. Well, at some point, during their mutual exile, they met. And as of right now, they have some unsteady alliance of working together, and a protracted campaign plan already in motion to return to their home galaxies and take them over again."

"Anubis is already here in our Galaxy," Hammond says, "thanks to some lucky breaks and pre-emptive strikes, the people in the other Galaxy have managed to delay English's arrival, but it's only a matter of time before he rebuilds the device that will let him return and he arrives in person."

"I need to stress this one key fact to you, Gentlemen," Chekov chimes in, "even if Earth had never unburied its Stargate, or the Stargate Program had never begun, these two villains would still be coming regardless, and they would stop at nothing to achieve their goals. Earth would be defenseless and ignorant of the threat these monsters pose to the universe as a whole." He places his palm flat against the table in a gesture that rattles, but doesn't quite do anything else. "No matter what you take away from this disclosure meeting, and no matter what you tell your Governments, you must keep
"Forewarned is Forearmed," The British Ambassador muses.

"Could we negotiate with them?" The French Ambassador asks.

"Certain Goa'uld System Lords are open to negotiations," Hammond says, "however Anubis and English are not among them. In fact, Anubis has shown open hostility and disregard for peace treaties even the Goa'uld System Lords observe, and English has been known to directly ruin the minds of his followers to coerce them into doing his will."

"How can you tell they're following this 'English' fellow?" The British Ambassador asks.

"Generally?" Major Vantas volunteers, "An unhealthy obsession with grape flavored sodas, a lack of sanity regarding one's own personal safety, and being a creepy clown. Not that they're all mutually exclusive, mind you. One of Anubis' men we've ran into has the Soda thing but not much else, for example. But they're fairly common traits that go together in the other Galaxy."

"A... Creepy Clown?" The French Ambassador frowns.

"Just a second, I've got an image that's a bit ahead of where we are now." Major Vantas takes out his phone, apparently what was controlling the master database for the slide show, and seemingly skips ahead a few images. On this slide is an image of SHADRE standing next to Apophis appears on the screen, as well as some schematics for a very large looking space ship. The select frame chosen for Shadre's facial expression is not a sane one.

"...Creepy Clowns," The French Ambassador says with a suddenly dry throat. He swallows to try and clear it. He doesn't quite succeed. "Right."

"We're not sure why English likes clowns, but hell, it makes them terrifyingly easy to spot," Major Vantas then returns to the previous slide it had been on and returns his phone to its pocket.

"I think I'll repeat my need to have a moment to process all of this," The French Ambassador says.

"We can take a break here, I think," Major Vantas says.

"Agreed," Hammond says. "We'll take a short recess for you to settle your thoughts, as well as bring in some of our other guests, who were waiting for us to get through this first stage of information before we brought them in."

"Well, I'd say this is going well so far."

"For the moment? Yeah. But we'll see once Senator Kinsey shows up and tries ruining things."

"Clowns??" The French Ambassador asks of the British Ambassador. "This whole thing feels insane. And who are these other guests??"
"Probably aliens from the other galaxy, or perhaps allies from this one?" The British Ambassador frowns. "It would make sense to introduce us to everyone at once."

"If all of this is true," the Chinese Ambassador remarks, "I am not sure what to recommend to my people. Disclosure to the citizens seems wisest, and yet... something about the implied terror of those monsters existing..."

"We were asked to be prepared to be here for days going over everything in case we needed the time to dig deeper," The British Ambassador says. "I doubt we've scratched the surface of everything they have to tell us."


The Ambassadors all took note of how Chekov, Hammond, and Vantas all tensed up at Kinsey's entrance. Immediately, one could tell just how disliked this one man was.

"Senator Kinsey," Hammond's tone was chilled. "So Glad you could join us."

"Oh, you know I wouldn't miss this for the world, George," Kinsey smirks as he sits down at his chair at the far-right corner of the table, as far away from everyone else as could have been managed. "So, what have we discussed so far? Have you gone on about the immense dangers you've put the earth under by running the Program? Have you disclosed the Gate itself yet?"

"Yes we have," Hammond says.

"Well, I don't know what they've told you, but I can assure you, Gentlemen," Kinsey scoffs at the ambassadors. "It's MUCH worse."

"If you're eager to begin," Vantas begins, "we can pick up right where we left off."

And so as the doors were locked to the room, everyone else took their seats... everyone save for Hammond.

"But before we do begin, may I introduce the remaining guests, Ambassadors sent by our Allies," Hammond begins, refusing to sit just yet. "Introducing the representative from the Tok'ra, a group local to our Galaxy."

*PVVVVMMM-SHING!*

And with a burst of Asgard teleportation technology, Jacob Carter/Selmak appeared, wearing formal Tok'ra robes. Everyone in the room who wasn't expecting it jumped in their seats at his sudden appearance.

"Greetings," He bows, voice echoing as mildly as possible. "I am Selmak, of the Tok'ra. I represent a group who have been fighting the Goa'uld since the time of their exiling from Earth." And with that, he moves to take his seat, to Hammond's left, opposite Kinsey.

"Introducing the representatives from the Alternian Galaxy," Hammond continues, "Our standing
Ambassador, Mikari Aiikho, and the leader of the Military group, General Okurii Leijon.

**PVVVVM-M-SHING!**

And then two humanoid aliens appeared. Female, with grey skin, and candy corn colored horns. Wearing a dress that evoked styles of the Tok'ra formal robes and pieces of formal Earth Dress code was the Lime Blood, Mikari Aiikho, who lifted the hem of her dress in a brief curtsy. "Greetings and Salutations."

Okurii Leijon was wearing something that might as well have been style ripped from the US Military, except it contained two large swaths of OLIVE GREEN down the chest from the shoulders. She gave a nod to Hammond, Chekov, and Vantas, leveled a glare at a rather startled Kinsey, and then a kind, motherly smile towards the three ambassadors. "Hello, Gentlemen," she greets.

And then, they take their chairs, to Hammond's right and Chekov's left.

"Finally," Hammond says, "The Representative from the Ida Galaxy, Supreme Commander Thor of the Asgard Fleet."

There's a slightly longer pause, but then- **PVVVVM-M-SHING!**

Then appeared the most alien of them all- sitting in a fancy, metal throne- was Thor. His chair just flat out replaced the one that had already been there at the center of the table.

"Greetings, Ambassadors," Thor begins. "Today is quite the momentous of days. Please forgive my delay. I was confirming that the kitchens had prepared snacks."

"It's not a problem Thor," Hammond says, taking his own seat.

All eyes went towards Kinsey, who clearly hadn't been expecting any of this from how nervous he now looked.

"I, uh, welcome," Kinsey grunts out.

"Major Vantas," Hammond says. "You may resume."

"Right," Vantas reactivates the slideshow projectors. The newest slide is that of a STAR MAP, with three circled galaxies. "The Green circle you see here represents the Milky Way Galaxy. The Red Circle represents the Alternian Galaxy. The Yellow circle represents the Ida Galaxy." He pauses, then clicks forward a slide, an animated one that zooms in on Milky Way. "Milky Way is home to Humans, predominantly, as well as other races such as the Unas, the Nox, the Reetou, and Symbionts." He clicks forwards a slide, and several images of snake like creatures appear on the screen. "These creatures fall under three basic divisions. Wild and Feral, Parasitic Rulers, and True Symbiosis."

"The latter two," Selmak begins, "have preferred names. The Goa'uld, and the Tok'ra."

The three Ambassadors glance at him in surprise.

"Thousands of years ago," Selmak continue, "a moral divide began to form. There were those
who wanted to take hosts for their own selfish use. To rule as Gods. To be tyrants who took and took and took, and never once considered their hosts feelings on the matter. These were the Goa'uld."

There is a pause, and then his voice returns to a normal, human tone of voice.

"And there were those who found that practice wrong," Jacob Carter says. "They formed their own social order, the Tok'ra, or 'Against Ra' in their language. The Tok'ra decided that when they take hosts, they would be willing hosts. And baring extreme circumstances where the survival of both host and symbiote are at risk, never to take one by force, as was the Goa'uld custom."

"Similarly, the Goa'uld never allow the host a chance to talk unless forced to, or having been forcibly weakened to the point they cannot maintain control," Selmak continues, voice raising in tone again. "The Tok'ra decided that they would share their body equally. Taking turns and allowing one or the other dominance for whatever periods of time require it."

And then, another pause, and Jacob concludes, "The Tok'ra have been fighting against the Goa'uld for a very, very long time. And there are those Goa'uld who have even come to their senses and turned away from that path as well, taking up the practices of the Tok'ra, and coming to co-exist in harmony with their hosts."

"Unfortunately, the Goa'uld outnumbered the Tok'ra for a long period of time," Major Vantas continues from there. "The reason for that is the use of this device," Click goes the slide, and blueprints of a new device - a BOX SHAPED COFFIN LIKE OBJECT - appears on screen. "The Sarcophagus."

"This device is a miracle healer," Hammond explains. "It can heal any injury, even bring people back to life from death. But at a cost."

"Repeated use of a Sarcophagus causes an odd form of non-physical cognitive deterioration," Thor chimes in. "It is most often manifested in the form of 'cliched, cartoon villain behavior,' as Colonel O'neill once put it."

"While we've observed people waning off of it after a limited amount of uses," Selmak chimes in, "the Goa'uld have used it for so long that the corruption of behavior has become ingrained into a lot of their genetic memory, and with continued usage afterwards... it piles up."

"That... is a lot to take in," The Chinese Ambassador remarks.

"No more complex than our own people, though," The British Ambassador says. "We have monsters of our own who seek similar to the Goa'uld, and I'd like to think that most of us at this table are like the Tok'ra who fight against it." He eyes Kinsey specifically, who fidgets just a bit.

"Beyond the Milky Way," Major Vantas continues onto the next slide, a zoomed in shot of the previous starmap, this time focused on a different galaxy. "we have the Ida Galaxy, home to the Asgard, Thor's race, and a race of mechanical monstrosities called Replicators."

The next slide brings into view an anatomical drawing of an Asgard, as well as FILE PHOTOGRAPHS of the mechanical bugs known as REPLICATORS.

"The Replicators are a threat found commonly in several galaxies," Thor explains. "They have
poised one of the Greatest threats in my home Galaxy, however. We have been at war with them for quite some time. Many forms of Replicators have been spotted over the years, and they continually seek out new technologies to evolve themselves further and further."

"June 20th, 1997," Major Vantas clicks to a new slide, showing a blueprint of an Asgard Vessel, "an Asgard vessel that had recently been in our Galaxy, and specifically, to Earth, had been over run by Replicators. The Replicators, finding this new destination in the ship's computer, came to Earth to attempt to overtake it."

"I was onboard that ship, critically wounded trying to fight them off and prevent their arrival," Thor explains. "I was unable to stop them, however, and so programmed the automated systems to bring aboard several humans from Stargate Command to attempt to fight them off, and at the very least, warn their people of what was to come should they fail."

"A plan was quickly set into motion, which involved beaming aboard Khepri's handmade Stargate, which had been in storage, and Dialing out to the Alternian Galaxy to drain the ship's power core," Okurii chimes in at this point. "The team that jumped through the Gate set off an explosive device at the last minute, causing the ship to burn up in re-entry and crash into the ocean."

"And those... 'Replicators' were destroyed?" the Chinese Ambassador asks.

"Yes," Major Vantas nods in confirmation. "Although one survived, it was heavily damaged, forcing any new replicators it created to be made of inferior technologies and materials, making them far easier to stop and destroy without such drastic measures."

"That would be the cause of the demise of the Russian Submarine that exploded shortly after that 'meteor' that fell," Chekov reports.

"And this was when Russia was brought into awareness of the Stargate?" The British Ambassador asks.

"No, actually," Chekov says, "we became aware of the existence of a Stargate much sooner than that. And it was for that reason we had a submarine in the area to begin with. A group of rogue agents within an American watchdog group called the NID had found the Remains of the Stargate, and provided it to Russia, with the promise of allowing them to run teams through to explore other worlds should we manage to rebuild it."

Kinsey scowls upon the mention of his group, but says nothing.

"Needless to say," Hammond says, glancing at Kinsey, "when a non corrupt member of the NID discovered that this had happened, and tried to stop it, the rogue elements locked him in a freezer at the same time a hostage exchange situation occurred with an alien world."

"The rebuilt Stargate ended up stuck active, preventing anyone from dialing out," Chekov continues, similarly glancing at Kinsey. "It was Hammond's flagship team, SG-1, who entered the facility and brought an end to it. Upon learning we'd been made fools by a traitorous group, Russia returned the rebuilt Stargate to be destroyed, in exchange for occasional use of the legitimate Stargate at the SGC."

"Outside Interests are a problem in every country," Kinsey says as the Ambassadors look at him. "The NID, uncorrupted, is meant to prevent abuse in places such as the Stargate Program."
"And yet the NID has been found on multiple occasions," Okurii chimes in, "to have only their own best interests in mind, regardless of the situation the Earth may be in at the time."

"In fact," Hammond says, "before its use to escape and destroy Thor's ship, the previous time the Flordia Stargate had been properly used, it was because the Senate Appropriations Committee itself had protested the SGC's existence, and had ordered- Demanded- it be shut down at the worst of times."

"That's not how it happened. It's-" Kinsey was cut off as Hammond interjects:

"Do you really want to finish that sentence, Senator, or should I go on to explain what actually happened?"

"That's not necessary!" Kinsey tries to wipe it away. "It's water under the bridge!"

"I would like to hear what the General has to say," The Chinese Ambassador says.

"June 27th, 1996," Hammond says. "One member of SG-1, then Captain Samantha Carter, had found evidence of an incoming invasion by a Goa'uld system lord, Apophis, who was making several power plays among his peers at the time."

"Yeah, right," Kinsey scoffs before Hammond could continue. "It's because you were all meddling in the galactic affairs!"

"What the Senator chooses to ignore," Selmak interjects, "is that Apophis had been planning the moves he had been planning for some time, and would have attempted them regardless of Earth's interference in 'galactic affairs.'"

"Such as?" The French Ambassador asks.

"Such as attacking the holdings of a Goa'uld Geneticist, known as Nirrti," Selmak continues. "Apophis stole her research and technology, killing almost everyone on the planet in the process, and forced Nirrti to go into hiding. It's believed this was also part of a different power play by Nirrti's first prime, Jayni, to kill her master and take her place on the Galactic Stage. Plans that had been long since put into motion well before Earth reactivated its Stargate on a permanent basis. Plans that recently terminated fatally for the upstart."

A pause, then Jacob takes over, "Apophis would immediately use Nirrti's technology to create a hybrid child that was Outlawed and Illegal by even Goa'uld standards, known as a Harcesis. His attack on Earth was just one of many plans he was enacting at the time, and was likely just an attempt to keep himself above suspicion."

"I see." The French Ambassador looks to Hammond and says, "Continue."

"Despite our having legitimate concern that this intelligence of an incoming attack was good," Hammond says, "Senator Kinsey himself deemed the threat unimportant enough to order the SGC shut down. If not for SG-1 going rogue and using the Flordia Stargate to gate onto Apophis' Mothership before it departed for Earth, we would be under Goa'uld rule at this very moment."

The Ambassadors all glared at Kinsey for that, who laughed nervously. "But it all worked out in the end, didn't it?"
With that as his cue, Vantas coughs, and skips on his phone to a new slide. One showing the blueprints of a HA'TAK. "Yeah, well, this is what Earth was facing at the time."

"A Single Ha'tak vessel is capable of bombarding a planet from orbit," Jacob says. "Apophis was sending Two. Onboard each, would be a contingent of Al'kesh Bombers, and several squadrons of Death Gliders."

On cue, more blueprints of the relevant vessels appeared on screen.

"Once the Surface would be bombed from Orbit, the Al'kesh would go in and target more precise targets," Vantas continues. "And from there, they would land troops, and would secure the population that had survived."

"How was I supposed to know that?" Kinsey asks under the withering gazes of everyone at the table.

"Of note," Okurii chimes in, "it was during this mission that SG-1 encountered a rogue transmission of a matter-stream sent by an alien race from our Galaxy, fleeing the destruction of one of their stars. It happened to partially intercept the Ha'taks in Hyperspace, before continuing on into Ida. Replicators from our Galaxy were seen on the Ha'taks Apophis had sent, though were quickly destroyed before they could replicate further."

"Replicators from that transmission stream would also affect Replicators in our Galaxy," Thor adds. "They would combine with our Replicators, causing a significantly increased threat. Had SG-1 not been onboard those Ha'taks and destroyed them, the Replicator menace may very well have spread in this galaxy before anyone could be in a position to stop them."

"Speaking of this Alternian Galaxy-" Kinsey tries to interject.

"We've covered Khepri," Hammond cuts him off. "However, I do believe that it is time to cover that subject in depth. Major," he nods to Vantas, who clicks to a new screen. A zoom in on the Alternian Galaxy from the star map.

Mikari coughs to gain attention, then stands and begins talking. "Our Galaxy has been one dominated by war and empiricism for longer than any but the most long lived could talk about. We've had very few rebellions and revolts over the millennia, most of which were never successful. The most recent failure lead to our home planet being stripped of its Stargate." She pauses, then says, "We built our own." That said, she sits back down.

"As previously mentioned, the girl who escaped through the Florida Stargate did so to this Galaxy," Vantas picks up from there. "She emerged from this recently built Stargate and set into motion the events that would kickstart the then fledgling rebellion."

"Using the Stargate," Okurii says, standing now, "me and my team set out to gather allies and discover pieces to a technological marvel- a key in the form of a bracelet which could control a machine in the form of a monster that the Empress was using as blackmail and leverage over our people. With one angry order, the Empress could kill all organic life in our Galaxy."

Images of the BRACELET and ROYAL LUSUS appear on the screen.

"Over the course of several years, we would eventually succeed in gathering the key, taking
command of the machine, and reprogramming it to destroy only the Replicators that were infesting our galaxy at the time," Okurii continues. "Once the bugs were destroyed, we hurled the machine that let us do it into a black hole before the Empress could order the machine to kill us in retaliation. This rendered the Bracelet useless to its intended purpose."

"Now, that Bracelet did a whole lot of other things than control a monster," Kinsey begins. "That was technology we could have replicated and used to defend the Earth! But instead you've hoarded it to yourselves!"

"Shortly after destroying the Royal Lusus," Okurii counters, "one of English's agents, a woman called the Handmaid, attacked its bearer, resulting in the destruction of the Bracelet and all it could do. It was completely out of our control."

Kinsey opens his mouth- as if wanting to say something more- but then snaps it shut, clearly thinking better of it.

Of those in the know, seeing that he was clearly not going to self-incriminate himself regarding that particular matter, it was extremely disappointing.

And with that, Okurii coughs, and continues. "Now, as for the current situation in our galaxy, English's servant, Shadre, runs what the clowns, and the remnants of Khepri's Empire call a Dark Carnival. They've allied with a race of beings who once warred against themselves endlessly, the Carapacians. This group currently skirmish with us and our own allies, the Ship Builders known as Cla'dians, and a race of beings known as Villein, who were once nomadic in nature, but have since settled down."

Mikari takes over from there, "The race of beings who once made the Replicators of our Galaxy, the Mofang, have since abandoned most of their holdings, and fled to other galaxies and parts unknown after they lost control of their creation, and in a desperate mood, their leader began to order the destruction of stars in hopes of bargaining a stronger position out of the people of the galaxy. Those who remain behind are non violent and require protection from the greater threat Shadre's Carnival poses. Not too recently, one of their soldiers brutally murdered most of a Mofang Village for no other reason than to test weapons."

"I'm sorry, but you said they destroyed stars?" The Chinese Ambassador asks.

"The Battle over Karfin Outpost," Major Vantas picks up from there, "was the result of the Khepri's Empire clashing with the Mofang's Sorian Empire in a desperate bid to prevent the Mofang from destroying every star in the Galaxy. It was a climatic battle in which the Mofang attempted to destroy the star of their own outpost to take out a large portion of Khepri's forces at the same time. Their leader was insane, and was mind controlling a vast majority of his people into supporting his insane plans."

"We made sure it backfired on them," Okurii says. "My team infiltrated the ship, and reprogrammed the bomb they were using. While it would inevitably detonate, it was the last of such weapons used."

"We later used a similar technique to take out a majority of Apophis' fleet," Hammond chimes in. "Dialing out to a Stargate in orbit of a black hole, and launching it into a sun, we were able to cause that star to go Super Nova and erase almost all of his fleet's local presence at once."

"We Asgard have similarly used the technique on Replicator Heavy worlds," Thor says. "Of course, we only managed to destroy so many in such a fashion before they wized up and began preparing
"Speaking of that-" Kinsey begins. "Your SGC once did the same from our stargate on Earth, nearly causing the entire planet to be consumed by the gravitational pull of the Black Hole with nobody the wiser!"

"That was the first time we'd ever experienced the phenomenon," Hammond clarifies. "We had no idea such an event would or could even transpire, and we were able to solve it by aiming a directed explosion at the Stargate, causing the wormhole to jump to another Gate in the network and allowing us to shut it down."

"Speaking of these Stargates," The French Ambassador asks, "How many of them are there?"

"Locally in just our Galaxy?" Okurii chimes in, "Far too many to count. I would assume similar holds true for the Milky Way."

"Ida has very few remaining," Thor says, "most were consumed by the Replicators, however, we can produce new ones on demand should the need arise."

"As for Earth specifically, we used to have Three," Hammond says. "The Giza Gate, the Florida Gate, and one discovered in Antarctica. The latter two have since been destroyed."

"How?" The British Ambassador asks.

"As previously mentioned, the Florida Gate was dismantled," Hammond says. "The Antarctic Gate was attacked with an energy weapon that Anubis had unearthed- one that would cause it to explode. We successfully launched it out past Earth's orbit and into Hyperspace where it could detonate safely. The Weapon that caused that incident was destroyed by an off world team of ours who had been stranded when Earth could no longer be reached by Stargate."

"I see," the British Ambassador glances around the table. "Perhaps we should take another break? I feel a tad light headed and I could do with some food."

"It is about Lunch time, isn't it?" The French Ambassador remarks.

"Allow me," Thor says, tapping at a stone on his chair, and--

**PVVVVMMM- SHING!**

Several tables laden with food beam into the room.

"We've prepared food from our respective cultures," Mikari chimes in as everyone gets up to examine the food provided.

"In addition," Selmak says, "we've brought cultural food from the Jaffa Rebellion who also seek to over throw the Goa'uld. They unfortunately could not spare a representative at this time, as they are holding a meeting of their own at present, even as we speak."

"...What are these?" Kinsey asks, regarding a plate full of colorful, fruity colored blocks of something or other.
"Nutritional Snacks," Thor supplies helpfully. "I like the Yellow Ones. Although O'neill recommends the Red ones." There's a certain tone to his voice, though, that those in the know recognize as him being slightly trollish. For those in the know, they all know from experience that the Asgard snacks really weren't meant for human consumption, taste wise.

Senator Robert Kinsey, it should be noted, was not in the know of that particular taste testing factoid.

Kinsey picks up both a yellow block and a red block in hand, sniffs at them, and shrugs slightly before throwing both blocks into his mouth. Immediately, everyone could witness as Kinsey forces himself not to gag at whatever taste he was experiencing.

But ever the 'diplomat,' Kinsey forces himself to swallow the offending 'snack' and breathes out a raspy "Smooth!" He coughs. "Yes. Ah. Very smooth."

"Indeed, although, I would not recommend eating more than one at a time in future," Thor says before sliding a bunch of the yellow ones onto a small plate and carrying it back to his chair.

Needless to say, the Earth-born Ambassadors got the hint not to try the Asgardian snacks.

Shortly there after, Senator Kinsey excused himself to answer a call. Immediately after he leaves proper discussion surfaces among the rest of the room's participants.

"So... you don't look much older than twenty in terms of Earth Years," The French Ambassador muses to Okurii. "To be a General at that age... you must have done something quite incredible."

"Ah, well," Okurii laughs. "It was nothing big. Just a planet-wide speech rallying people against the Empire that just tried to melt the planet's surface from orbit."

"Modest and humble," The French Ambassador muses. "How did you even get to that point?"

"Believe it or not, I started as an adventurer, hunting artifacts as part of some supposedly elite squad for the former Heiress," Okurii answers. "Just a nobody face among many working to secure some supposedly powerful artifact that wasn't even on the planet still."

"The Bracelet," The French Ambassador guesses, and receives a nod. "So, how did things progress from there?"

"Well, we tracked a huge drain of power from the planet's grid to a small hive- er, house," Okurii corrects, "the Heiress decided to raid the place because the only thing on record that could draw THAT much power was a Stargate, and, well, Trizza wanted one for herself to begin exploring worlds for the Bracelet's pieces, not that she told us that at the time."

"I assume this is where the human girl from Earth comes in?" The French Ambassador asks.

"Oh, yes," Okurii smiles, "that's exactly where Miss Harley comes in, literally guns blazing at the point I first met her. She threatened to shoot the Heiress with a stun rifle, which we thought was real, if the Heiress didn't let a captured Rebel whose hive we'd raided for the Gate go." Okurii muses. "Honestly, how Trizza handled that said a lot to me at the time."
"How did she handle it?" the French Ambassador asks.

"Well, she'd already taken us into high orbit, where clowns were ready to shoot us down, and then she abandoned ship through the Stargate once it looked like we were going to crash and burn on the planet's surface," Okurii answers. "She'd prearranged to take only two members of our 'team' with her and left the rest of us to die. That's two out of five, to be exact."

"Not exactly leadership material," The French Ambassador muses.

"No, it's not," Okurii says with a nod.

"They BROUGHT AMBASSADORS from the other planets! I can't compete with that!!"

"You'd better find a way to derail their arguments, Senator. Or. Else."

The meeting soon resumed without Senator Kinsey.

"So, you mentioned that Anubis had attacked Earth with an energy weapon," The British Ambassador says, "has he attempted any other assaults?"

"Once, a few months before that attack," Major Vantas brings up a slide, showing several images of a VERY LARGE ASTEROID. "Now, while in our recent history we've publicly cited that Earth was nearly hit by several large meteors, quite a few of those were actually spaceships that were crashed or destroyed before they could enter orbit. This one? This was actually a very large meteor-slash-asteroid."

"The raw element Naquadah does not exist naturally within this solar system, nor anywhere near by," Thor says, "thus it was with much concern that it was discovered that this rogue object had a heavy Naquadah core, and, furthermore, was retrofitted with a propulsion drive. Intelligence gathered during a recent spy mission to a summit of the Goa'uld System Lords revealed that Anubis' representative there had been delayed by a 'meteor shower.'"

"Implying that Anubis had sent his forces to collect this meteor," The French Ambassador surmises.

"Exactly," Hammond says. "Our gut instinct was to use an explosive device to knock it off course. Fortunately, cooler heads prevailed when we realized its rogue course was aimed directly at Earth through our meteor observation blind spots."

"Detonating any kind of explosive on this asteroid in any fashion would have resulted in Earth burning well before it was ever hit," Major Vantas continues from there. "SG-1, who were sent to deal with the meteor, used a cargo ship's hyperspace engine to open a window that allowed the meteor to travel past the Earth and emerge on the other side, saving the planet."

"Speaking of meteors..." The Chinese Ambassador begins. "The one that 'struck' the Russian Submarine this year..."

"The one that spawned this entire meeting, yes," Chekov sighs. "As China has suspected from their
information about the incident, a Russian Submarine was not actually struck by a meteor." He motions to Thor to continue from there.

"Several months before the incident in question, Anubis's forces attacked an Asgard research facility within the Milky Way Galaxy," Thor explains. "I was sent to rescue the Scientist there, but Anubis forces refused to surrender and leave. They instead attacked and I was captured by their forces."

"The other Asgard, upon learning of this," Hammond continues from there, "came to us to request SG-1 rescue the Scientist, and, if possible, rescue Thor."

"SG-1 managed to perform both tasks," Thor says, "however, my mind was linked with the Ship's computer in an attempt to steal Asgard technological knowledge using technology we believe was given by English. While my body was rescued, my mind was unknowingly left behind onboard Anubis' Ha'tak."

"Soon after that, Thor managed to take control over the Ha'tak, and brought it to earth, but not before Anubis rigged it to self destruct and abandoned ship," Hammond explains. "SG-1 went onboard and rescued Thor from it's computer, and as Thor was the only thing stopping the ship from exploding, removing him lead to it detonating after it crash landed in the Pacific Ocean."


"Indeed," Thor says. "Anubis has already demonstrated the adoption of certain Asgard Technologies. Such as our Holographic projection devices."

"Which he used to taunt us about blowing up our then active Antarctic Stargate," Hammond adds for the record. "It was all very cliche posturing. Likely prerecorded as well."

"What was prerecorded?" Ah, and there was Senator Kinsey returning to the fray. "Sorry I'm late again. You know how it is with Politics."

He takes his seat, casually readjusts his tie in a way that was definitely NOT nervous fidgeting after a call he likely did not like one bit.

Then, "So, where were we?"

"Anubis," Hammond says. "And the technologies he's stolen and used against other races."

"Or been loaned from English," Okurii says. "Like the energy absorbing spaceship armor he's since put into 'testing' in our Galaxy through the Clowns."

"...Say what?" Kinsey asks.

"We're fortunate we've caught a few of them in the field so far," Okurii says. "We've been able to start work on proper countermeasures against the amor. If Anubis ever premieres a version in this galaxy, we'll have done the research into stopping it already."

"Speaking of space ships," the British ambassador begins. "...I'm assuming those are an item on the table? Anything to fight back against Anubis and English?"

"Yes, actually," Hammond begins.
"Oh, this ought to be good," Kinsey interjects. "One barely-there experimental battle ship and a few mock fighters."

"The Alternian Empire under the Empress used to maintain millions of cruisers," Mikari voices. "They were built and exclusively maintained by the Cla'dian ship yards. Cla'dia, in recent times, has since voided that contract and joined on with the Rebellion. The remaining Alternian Fleet has either been re-purposed to our ends or remains in decay in the hands of those who refuse to accept the fall of the empire."

"However, in the interests of full disclosure, we have been running experimental, one off designs that are rather unique..." Okurii counters from there. Vantas brings up a slide of blueprints for the ASTRO MEGASHIP... in both forms.

"Wait, what?" Kinsey asks, evidently not expecting this.

"The first design, the Astro Megaship, was a pet project of designer Tetrarch Dammek," Okurii says. "It is a mind controlled, body responsive spaceship capable of transforming into a robot mode. We thought it was crazy and would never work. The Cla'dians made it work, but its real effectiveness is in that most spaceships in production and use aren't expecting to confront a giant robot." She pauses, and on that cue, Vantas plays a helmet camera video recording of the Astro Megaship slicing open a Mofang vessel. "I mean, after all, when you bring a boat to a giant sword fight, there's not much you can do."

The clip moves along, revealing the DELTA MEGASHIP'S BLUEPRINTS.

Mikari resumes, "The Delta Megaship was an attempt to both replicate the Ship to Robot transformation of the Astro, but also to do something new. It combines, forming an extra layer of armor to the Astro Megaship."

Another slide, showing a repeating animation of the Astro and Delta Megaships combining.

"I would ask if this is a joke," The French Ambassador, "however I get the feeling that this is not."

"You've made combining robot space ships," Kinsey stares at the screen. "Why wasn't I informed this was a thing?"

"You were, actually." Hammond says, smirking. "However, your exact words at the time over that phone call were 'Stop wasting my time with with shows made for children.'"

Kinsey's mouth snaps shut as his face goes pale. It's quite evident to everyone there that he's realizing he just shot himself in the foot.

"In an amusing correlation to that statement," Okurii continues, "we sourced the aesthetic designs for the next four ships from a child's drawing." And then onto the slide appears Rose's drawing of combining dinosaur trains, side by side with images of the actual things. "The T-Line, K-Line, and Kishamoth Megaships are three smaller ships capable of combining into a larger robot. While we haven't fielded these three into battle just yet, with each of them serving their own missions elsewhere at the moment, the fourth ship-" And then an image of the SOVERIGN SLAYER appears. "-Is a standalone ship with a multi stage transformation process. It can turn into its own thing or, when combined with Astro, Delta, and the other three, form an even larger form. This stage has also not yet been tested completely, due to never having needed to combine them yet."
"This... this is an intimidation tactic, is it not?" The British ambassador asks.

"Indeed it is," Mikari answers. "After all, we must be pretty confident of our ships powers to design them to look like animals with cute, shimmery, googy anime eyes."

"It doesn't end there either, gentlemen," Hammond says, and with a nod to Vantas, the next slide shows up. "This is the X-301. An experimental personal fighter designed to counter the Goa'uld Death Gliders. It was a combination of two crashed Gliders and a fusion of Goa'uld and Earth based technology. It failed to serve anything beyond a proof of concept and a launch bed to create a vehicle..."

Next slide, two sets of blueprints of very identical vehicles.

"The F-302 and S-302 are two divergent models of the same vehicle," Hammond continues. "The F-302 is the Earth born branch of the technology, and the S-302 is a smaller, lighter variant designed by Alternian and Cla'dian ship builders. Both are going into production in both galaxies."

"And before any of you say anything about favoritisism," Chekov speaks up, "we are offering each and every one of you the design plans for these fighters. The Americans and Alternians are putting up the front of research and development. We're allowed to reap the benefits if you should choose to acquire the designs."

"W-What?" Kinsey sputters. "But that's-"

"Not the end of the line either," Thor interjects. "There is but one more."

"Next is the X-303," Vantas says, clicking over to a new slide, showing the PROMETHEUS on display. "Earth's first Battlecruiser class vessel, Prometheus."

"Keep in mind, the Prometheus is still a work in progress," Hammond says. "It doesn't quite have a functioning Hyperdrive yet, but it has shields, sublight engines, and transportation technology of both Goa'uld and Asgard design."

"In payment and gratitude for the brief loaning of the Prometheus in a recent encounter with the Replicators in our home galaxy," Thor says, "our transportation technology, already show here today, has been gifted to the Humans of Earth."

"In fact," Hammond says, "every burst of transportation you've seen since this meeting began has not been from an Asgard vessel, but from the Prometheus itself, which is currently undergoing some stress tests of the airlocks in orbit."

"...Will we be able to similarly acquire the designs for this... X-303?" The British Ambassador asks.

"No, but only because the Prometheus and the 303 design are not going into full production," Hammond says. "It's the prototype for a reason. The test bed of integration of every system we plan on putting into the Production Model, the BC-304."

And thus a new schematic appears. Slimmer, sleeker, and less boxy than the Prometheus in design. If one squinted, they could see some similarities to the SOVERIGN SLAYER in the roughest of shapes. A wide base with an extended neck, but other than that...? It was its own beast of a design. As a side picture, it appeared that someone had made a ROUGH MODEL of the thing out of LEGO PIECES, or the ALTERNIA GALAXY'S version of LEGO, at least, given that some of those
pieces definitely were printed with ALTERNIAN SCRIPT in places.

"We're still working out the full design plans," Hammond says. "And its likely our first 304 class cruiser will be somewhat prototypical as well."

Kinsey continues to sputter, while the three Ambassadors look at each other.

"This... I'm not quite sure what to make of any of this," The French Ambassador says.

"It's quite unusual," The Chinese Ambassador says. "I would never have expected them to share this technology with anyone." He looks at Hammond and Chekov, and asks. "What is the meaning of all of this?"

"Yes!" Kinsey snaps. "What is the meaning of this, Hammond!?"

"The meaning of all of this is that Earth's political differences mean nothing in the face of a global threat like Anubis and English," Chekov answers. "Yes, we may still squabble here and there over our own tiny disputes. But these ships, these weapons, this technology, it has been designed solely for the defense of our respective planets and home territory."

"The Goa'uld System Lords are a dying breed," Jacob chimes in. "Anubis is constantly snapping up their territory and destroying their fleets. It's only a matter of time before he turns his attention to the people who aren't under his thumb. Planets like Earth, Kelwona, and others. People like the Tok'ra, the Tollans, the Nox, and the Tau'ri. He's not just a problem for a certain group of people. He's a problem for everyone."

"And even if we were able to defeat Anubis, his partner, English, remains out there, waiting to make his return," Okurii says. "Him and other threats, such as the Replicators in Thor's Galaxy, who, while presently contained, are still a problem that need dealing with eventually."

"Beyond that, there are whole galaxies out there left unexplored," Hammond says. "And to some other race of beings out there, our Galaxies may be just that. Territory to be examined and explored."

"AHHA!" Kinsey suddenly shouts. "I figured it out! Your game plan!" He laughs. "You're trying to convince these fine gentlemen from across the world that Earth's fate is in its best hands with you, Hammond, and the SGC left in Military hands! Is that it?"

Hammond says nothing, instead narrowing his eyes at Kinsey in a way that says "Bring it On."

Kinsey gladly obliges. "Honestly, I don't know where you get off thinking you're all so high and mighty!" He stands from his table. "You gather your allies. You provide a front of unity! But you're all just scared children in over your heads trying to lie to their parents that everything is fine!"

"What would you propose then?" Chekov asks.

"We transfer, immediately, the Stargate Program to the oversight of the NID," Kinsey begins. "A Civilian Organization that-"

"That up until recently was run by corrupt businessmen stealing and selling alien technology for a profit?" Hammond interjects.

"Exactly! Up until recently-" Kinsey tries.
"And in fact, was so corrupt that they had an assassin attempt to murder one of their own members of the Board of Trustees, You Yourself, Senator Kinsey," Chekov continues from there. "Simply because you were turning on them to save your own hide in exchange for exoneration of your crimes?"

"I- What?" Kinsey stares at Chekov. "What crimes!?"

"The crimes of sending assassins to steal the Florida Stargate from the research facility of one Jake Harley," Selmak says. "Who then murdered the man in cold blood."

"Well, I-"

"And if not for Harold Maybourne returning the Gate to the SGC, after tracking down the men who committed this horrendous crime," Thor continues, "the Florida Stargate would not have wound up in SGC ownership so as to be used as a means of destroying my ship when it was overrun by Replicators."

"Commander Thor, I-" Kinsey tries.

"SUPREME COMMANDER," Thor interjects, raising a finger. "And as a reminder, it was Harold Maybourne who tracked down the remains of said Stargate after it was illegally sold to the Russians."

"As we previously covered," Chekov says. "As an aside, I am quite curious as to why Colonel Maybourne was similarly targeted in an assassination attempt not days after you were shot in broad daylight, Senator Kinsey, and the corruption at the NID was expunged."

Kinsey has no words.

In fact, the whole room goes silent.

Thor takes the opportunity to speak up, "Now, while the Asgard's co-operation with Earth is not reliant on General Hammond and the SGC remaining in control of the Stargate Program, it is Much Preferred."

"The Tok'ra say much the same," Selmak says.

"Diaspora, however," Mikari says, looking at Okurii.

"We however, have our own beef with the NID," Okurii says. "Actions and Harassment lead by Senator Kinsey Himself."

"I- What?" Kinsey sputters.

"Cue the tape, Major Vantas," Okurii says.

On the screen, a video playback of the SGC BRIEFING ROOM appears.

Senator Kinsey sits at a table with General Hammond, looking none too pleased at this upcoming confrontation.
An Alternian girl steps up from the stairs from the Gate Room, and Kinsey grunts out a "Miss. Harley." He glares very angrily.

"Sorry, what?" The girl drawls. "Name's Claire. Bonnie Claire."

Kinsey pales as his own words are thrown at him. "Don't give me that crap. I know it's you. Joey Harley. Daughter of Jake Harley. Illegally hiding on an alien planet. I don't buy that cheap ass disguise for a minute."

The video pauses, and Okurii says, "Colonel Claire, as an aside, is one of my top agents in the field. Beyond a physical similarity to Joey Harley, who was the girl who wound up in our Galaxy through the Stargate back in 1994, they are unrelated. Joey Harley has also since returned to live on Earth."

The video resumes.

"Who's this douche-bag?" Claire on the screen asks, turning to look at Hammond.

Kinsey introduces himself, "I am SENATOR KINSEY. And you are in a lot of trouble little lady."

"Ohhh!" Claire says. "Now I recognize you!"

Kinsey's own laugh makes the man pale even further. And when the words "Yeah, you're the human version of that bastard Senator from Dragonia, Senator Lemonsnout," follow suit? Oh, does he grimace in dismay.

"So, Senator Lemonsnout, what do you want from lil' ol' Bonnie Claire?"

"Whatever," the recording of the Senator shakes his head. "We of the United States Senate Appropriations Committee, and the heads of the NID's Board of Trustees, request you come with us so that we can study the powers of your... unique bracelet and replicate its powers."

"...What powers?" The girl removes the fake bracelet, and tosses it onto the table. "Mine's just a copy."

The video pauses, and Hammond remarks, "Didn't you mention that Bracelet earlier, Senator?"

Kinsey is silent even as the video resumes and his past self stutters out "Wh-What do you mean a Copy!?" while picking up the bracelet.

"I thought miss Joey Claire's bracelet was really cool," the girl in the video says "and since we're basically twins except for species differences, I commissioned a copy. It's just foam and translucent gels, but it's pretty neat, right?"

"So the real Bracelet and the actual Joey Claire is still on Alternia, correct?" Video Hammond asks.

"Eyuuup," the girl drawls out. "Can I get my bracelet back now, or do I have to get another one made?"

Her answer comes in the form of Kinsey snapping the damned fake into two chunks, revealing its foamy interior to the camera.
"...Well okay then," the girl says, looking sad. "Can I go now?"

Hammond nods, "You're dismissed. Sorry for the hassle, Bonnie."

And with that, the video ends, with Senator Kinsey slumping down in his own chair much the same as he would have on the recording, defeated by his own hubris once again.

"This is not the only time Senator Kinsey has harassed Joey Harley or Colonel Claire over this Bracelet," Okurii says. "In fact, most recently, after Miss Harley's return to Earth, he's demanded no less than EIGHT medical examinations from the girl, publicly signing off on every request the NID put forth. We find Senator Kinsey's continued harassment to be a detriment to any alliance we have with Earth. If his NID were to take control over the Stargate, we're going to have to terminate our current Alliance and renegotiate with much stricter terms of use for our technology. Including any assistance we may be offering on the 303 and 304."

"I think that won't be necessary," The French Ambassador says, leveling a gaze at Senator Kinsey. "Infact, I think we can have the rest of this meeting without the Senator's presence."

"Agreed," The British Ambassador says.

"Also agreed," The Chinese Ambassador nods.

"What- You can't do that!" Senator Kinsey protests.

"Actually," Thor says. "We can." And with a touch of his chair's console---

PVVVVM-SHING!!

Senator Kinsey disappears from inside the room....

"Wht-WHAT?!" he yells a second later through the door, evidently reappearing outside the room. "NO! LET ME BACK IN!"

"Major Strider," Hammond tabs a table intercom, "Please escort Senator Kinsey to the loby. I'm sure Agent Barrett will be waiting for him there."

"Aye, Sir," Comes the reply.

A second later, Senator Kinsey's protests of "Get your hands off of me, Strider!!" could be heard through the door.

Nobody paid him any mind.

"So," Jacob says, clapping his hands. "Shall we move onto the next subject and topic for debate?"

Several days later, the three Ambassadors returned to their home countries, and informed their nation's leaders of the events that had transpired.

They also all agreed that the US and Russia had the right idea- it would be in EVERYONE'S BEST
INTERESTS to keep the Stargate Program classified until ANUBIS and ENGLISH were dealt with, or until circumstances forced their hands.

Chapter End Notes

I stripped the flashback episode of flashbacks save for the one that had a legitimate reason to be flashed back to. LOL

It wasn't even a flashback from the original episode. XD
Ep6X19: "The Changeling" is one that's almost entirely unchanged by butterflies. It's also a *Really* good Stargate SG-1 episode, if you haven't seen it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 04/11/0003.

071 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

A Meeting of the Rebel Jaffa Alliance had been going well.

And then a monster had attacked. It hurt everyone, and left them there for dead.

Your name is TEAL'C, and you lay prone on the ground in a pile of bodies, playing dead. Master Bra'tac lying next to you, and you pray that he is doing the same.

You have no idea how many others are doing the same, but this creature is...

It's checking the bodies for SYMBIOTES, and ripping them out and eating them.

You recognize the body type of these creatures as VELOCIRAPTORS, something of an extinct earth creature you'd seen in a movie. And further more, you'd seen reports from Alternia about this exact type of creature existing.

The ARMOR, however, is new. As is its startlingly robotic movements. It's FAST when it wishes to be, but it's... it's acting almost as if it was controlled by something afar, and not by its own brain.

Something distantly removed from the instincts and mannerisms that should be used.

It is a PREDATOR, seeking only its prey- Symbiotes.

Staff Blasts had no effect on it. Zats similarly.

This was one of Anubis' test runs, no doubt, for the armored warriors that had been seen in Alternia's Galaxy in recent days.

But as to HOW he got his hands on one of these creatures? Likely, it had to do with that cargo ship that had been found destroyed near the Alternian Supergate.

A part of you hopes and prays this is the only one.
You have to end this.

While the creature is busy ripping apart the armor over a Jaffa's belly, you stealthily raise your Staff weapon from the ground, and take aim at the creature's head.

You're only going to get one shot at this.

As the creature finally rips the symbiote out with its hand, and brings it up to its mouth, you brace for the moment the metal pieces of the suit's mouth open up.

And it does, but it's facing the wrong way. Damn it.

You whistle sharply.

The creature turns around, mouth opening wide to let out an ear tormenting shriek.

A terrible mistake.

PCHOOO!

Your staff blast hits the creature in the mouth- the only weakspot you could think of on a beast such as this.

You've seen the creature's armor tank a blast from the outside. You just assumed the staff blast would fry the thing's mouth from the inside and that would be it.

You never expected the staff blast to carry on through out the back of the creature's skull, carrying with it a charred, burning corpse of a symbiote.

You check on Bra'tac as best as you can from your prone position, and find his Symbiote is dead, but he is still alive!! Maybe not for long, though...

You have only one option.

You remove your own symbiote and shove it into Bra'tac's stomach pouch.

It's then that the wounds you've suffered make themselves heavily known, and as you start to black out, you realize that if that really was the same kind of creature from Alternia... then its heavily armored exterior must have been protecting an extremely squishy interior.

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**EARTH DATE: OCTOBER 13TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 04/15/0003.**

**065 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.**

Your name is TEAL'C, and you awaken to the sound of discussion.
After the last several days of uncertain reality and a dream that never ended, you have a hard time pinpointing exactly where and when you are.

But when Doctor Fraiser comes over and checks on you after peeling away from her talk with Bra'tac, it all starts comes back. It helps that Janet is there to nudge things back into place while she checks on you.

You are alive. Master Bra'tac is alive. You'd kept yourself and him alive by swapping your one Symbiote between you until you were rescued. Then, finally, after being found... your symbiote died. You've both been put on a trial version of TETONIN specifically created by the Tok'ra for Jaffa use to replace it.

But you are alive.

Somehow, you survived for days under those conditions. You are alive. You are Teal'c and not a firefighter. You are alive.

You are really here.

You're to be discharged in early November, and even then, no strenuous field work until after January.

You think you will miss you symbiote to some degree, as it had been a part of you for so long, and you will mourn its death out of only obligation- it did save yours and Bra'tac's life, after all. But the Tretonin... it might be the last key to unshackle you from the Goa'uld entirely.

Though you are not dead yet, you are quite sure that when you do eventually die, you WILL die free of the Goa'uld. Now, it is not merely an idea or a promise...

It is a certainty.

Chapter End Notes

Working on "Full Circle"'s adaptation r/n. If timing works out right, it should be finished in time for posting on Wednesday.
ALT:06X14: Basic Belongings

Chapter Summary

Okurii closes up shop. Meanwhile, one of Khepri's massive secrets is discovered.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.


DIASPORA DATE: 04/27/0003.

053 DAYS UNTIL EVACUATION DEADLINE.

Your name is Okurii Leijon, and the point of no return has been passed.

The decaying orbit of the moons has become so close even without the gravity of Alternia's body pulling on them that the planet's surface is in turmoil. More so than it had been even up to this point. T-Line and K-Line are soon to be dismissed, their anti-gravity shields aren't predicted to be doing much good for extended survive-ability at this point.

The Oceans have reached a boiling point and are FLOODING THE SURFACE, and the world is being shaken apart by earthquakes. Volcanoes are erupting all over the planet's surface, and even here in the desert...

Outside the All Your Base, a wild SAND STORM rages, illuminated in the distance by flashes of lightning and the OMINOUS GLOW of a mountain exploding.

Alternia is truly dying.

There's only a few towns left to evacuate now. The stragglers who were so far up and so far away from everything else that they could safely wait their turns.

They're being evacuated by ships, now. Ring Transports aren't working anymore, and as for the All Your Base...?

You're abandoning it to its fate on this planet's surface.

A NEW SHIP is to become your home base. It's design was based on the then work in progress blueprints of the X-303, which the Cla'dian designers improved into the blueprints that would be forwarded to Earth as the base schematics for the BC-304 CLASS CRUISER to be "improved" upon as Earth's designers saw fit. It's as much a prototype as the X-303 "Prometheus" is, but unlike that X-303, it's nowhere near finished.

The X-304 BELTUS- short for "BELONGS TO US," completing the phrase started by Trizza's insane memetic naming scheme- is presently parked next to the All Your Base. It only has life
support, sublight engines, an anti-gravity shield, and nothing else. It had to be towed to Alternia via Kishamoth's Hyperdrive. Even the Prometheus had a Hyperdrive INSTALLED at the point of its first deployment, even if it didn't work yet.

It doesn't transform, but even if it did, those features wouldn't be ready either.

The minute the Beltus had the barest minimum of survive-ability put into place, it was launched towards Alternia to aid in the evacuation of the final refuge- the Base and the old Grub Caverns.

Right now, the Gate from the caverns is being uprooted and being boxed up to be loaded into the Beltus for deployment elsewhere in the galaxy the minute the ship arrives. The gate here in the Base is presently being disconnected from the ship's main batteries, and will be eventually re-connected into the Beltus' power grid.

Alternia is going offline from the Gate Network for the second time, and this time, permanently.

Nobody's entirely even sure what's going to happen here exactly. Once loaded of the supplies and resources left on the Base, the Beltus will remain in orbit of Alternia so the Gate Coordinates remain the same. It'll be worked on in orbit until it's finished and it won't go out into battle until it's damn good and ready.

It'll be a mobile Gate Base after that, and there's talk of making the Beltus a mobile Gate facility permanently after the remainder of operations until English and Anubis are dealt with.

But then there's PLAN DAMMEK to consider; which, if you're being honest here, probably will work best with Alternia's two Stargates freed up to be used rather than having to have two gates be hunted down and used.

After all, at that point, the Supergate should be unguarded on both sides ready to be taken and used...

It's confounding that the Carapacians didn't send any ships in to recapture the SUPERGATE on your side after destroying that Cargo shuttle.

It's really, really confounding, but you're going to count it as a LUCKY BREAK.

Speaking of LUCKY BREAKS, Joey, Dammek, and Karkat's searching of the BAD LUCK ZONES that Cassandra had marked out for you have been yielding fruitful results. Such as disrupting CLOWN ACTIVITIES and destroying ARMOR PRODUCTION FACILITIES.

Still, you feel as if something big is looming on the horizon- here in this galaxy specifically.

As to whatever it is, musing on it will have to wait, because there's the BELTUS, descending through the storm, cutting through it and landing firmly on the ground.

It's time to get to work.

Hours of operation overseeing later, it seems silly to be walking through these emptied halls as the last of the crew here works on taking supplies and everything else out into the desert, across a short distance that feels a lot longer to another ship. It seems silly that you're feeling nostalgic of an era too
soon come to an end.
You spent so long on this ship... It became your HOME in more ways than one.

But you never wanted it to be your permanent home. You never wanted any of this to happen. You never thought any of this would happen.

What of the days where you were simply just some technician with a mild aptitude for piloting a giant ship through narrow canyons?

...In retrospect, you're realizing that question is probably not the best question to be asking considering the job you landed in.

You pause in the cafeteria, and look around to see the place emptied of everything. No tables, no chairs, no benches... no kitchen appliances either.

It's empty here. A home without its heart.

You wander through the old hallways full of bedrooms, and find everything emptied out as it should be.

Nobody will be coming back here, and you feel sad about that.

You visit the ENGINE ROOM, the only place being worked on. Callie, Tyzias, Salazl, and a team of other trolls are busy safely powering everything down now that the Gate has been disconnected. So many memories of working in here with the others to keep this ship running... of working on various parts of the thing just so you all could stay alive just a little bit longer.

You pass the emptied laboratories, and then head to the bridge.

The Gate is gone now, moved to its new home on the Beltus from the lower bridge, and you try not to look at the gap in the floor as you walk up the stairs one last time.

The chairs are gone, too. Those and all the consoles related to them have been long since powered down and removed to go onto the Beltus. The weapons systems have all been removed from the outside of the ship too- but that was done weeks ago, when the weather was still good. They went straight onto the Beltus, too, even though they're presently non functioning.

Still, you stand at the window again and look out over the desert.

You remember staring out at this view so many times, but.... Never again. The storm obscures it. The world is changing and this base...
This BASE is to be abandoned.

"General?" You hear a voice ask, and you turn around. HIVEKEEP- Mikari Aiikho- stands before you, nervously fidgeting with her environment suit's helmet.

"Hey, Mikari," You smile, sadly, "no need to be so formal. What's up?"

"Callie says we're powering down life support in a minute," she says. "It's going to get pretty stuffy in here really quickly because of the storm, so we should suit up."

"Fair enough," you sigh, and decaptchologue your own environment suit. You quickly done it over
your usual outfit, and then pause to look out the window once more. "I'm going to miss this place," you say.

"I wasn't here for long," Mikari says, "but I know how you feel. It's always the same, moving and up rooting from somewhere else."

And then the lights go out, and you feel the air still and become stiffer without pause.

You don your helmet after taking in one last breath of Alternia's air.

It takes about an hour more to move the Base's engine core onto the Beltus, and you're working with them all the while to do it.

Finally, everything has been stowed away, and you're standing at another observation window while everything is booted up in preparation to leave.

The Bridge is a mess of construction so you didn't even bother going to look at it.

You want to watch from here anyways.

You watch as the anti-gravity shields kick in, dust particles suddenly just- acting so very differently outside. Then, the ground lifts away with a jolt, and the ALL YOUR BASE shrinks away into ground as you get higher and higher and higher from it.

You pierce through a cloud layer, and you can see the volcanoes and the magma fissures and the whole landscape just tearing itself apart.

Higher still, and you see the flood waters consuming whole towns.

Yet higher still, and the curvature of the planet comes into view.

And then you're above it all, moving past the moons which are far, FAR too close for comfort. They barely look like moons at this point, and K-Line and T-Line seem way, way too big for what's there.

Then, you're out and pulling into what should be a steady orbit. You're not the only ship up here, though, KISHAMOTH, and a bunch of Alternian and Cla'dian ships float here as well. The last of the evacuation ships.

Alternia is truly, well and dead. No life remains on its surface.

Your radio buzzes, and Zebede speaks, "General Leijon? K-Line and T-Line are ready to disconnect. On your mark?"

You take a breath, steeling your gaze at the moons, and then you radio, "They're cleared to do so, Zebede."

A moment later, T-Line and K-line detach, and lift away. They quickly clear out past the moons, and you watch as Alternia reasserts its superiority over the moons and quickly pulls the damned things into its surface.
You watch Green and Pink chunks of rocks burn in the atmosphere, but not fast enough.

Impact after impact after impact rocks the surface of the planet, and then...

Just like that, it's over. Alternia is gone.

And now....

You take to the radio, and thumb it over to a fleet wide broadcast. "The Stage is set," you say, "now, we rehearse the Play."

**EVACUATION DEADLINE MET: AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.**

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**EARTH DATE: NOVEMBER 5TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 05/08/0003.**

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser, and you're distracting yourself from the concern of SG-1 and the PROMETHEUS going missing after a Hyperspace test by searching through an old bunker full of FRIVILOUS GOA'ULD COSTUMERY.

Khepri had.... QUITE the wardrobe, you've known that from the last TWO OTHER SECRET ROOMS of just this nature scattered about Abydos that you've searched through already.

This room, though... this room seems to have been the CLOSET for a different Goa'uld. Kasuf had informed you that many many years before he became leader of Abydos, a Goa'uld matriarch had been left to oversee Abydos in Khepri's stead. For reasons nobody knew why, it seems she managed to tick the royal bitch off enough to have her entire palace blown clean off of the surface of the planet.

The clothes in here are very definitely not Khepri's style or taste. They're... very...

You suppose the phrase you're looking for here is probably "For Private Company Only."

Hmm, one of these looks like it might even be in your size...

...Now there's an idea.

---

Your name is Jude Harley, and you're searching through a SMALL BACKUP DATABASE in this bunker for any signs of the EYE OF RA. Oh, there's a lot of stuff in here about GENETIC RESEARCH on the altered natives, and a few things about planning on making a HARCESIS—which, big surprise is probably why this one Goa'uld got blown off of the face of the planet.

Nothing on the EYE, though. The Goa'uld behind this either didn't know about it or was keeping quiet about it.
Idly, you finish searching through everything, and disconnect the backup database from your computer. A few moments later, you've replaced the connection with the REPLICATOR CRYSTAL and are accessing that one half of the drive.

You stare once again at POLENDINA'S CODE. With Jayni "dead" you've floated the idea of approaching Joey or Ka'turnal to clone up a body for this soul-trapped Replicator. Put her in a human body and she won't be a threat to anyone.

Maybe.

Probably.

But then there's the ethical question of WHEN to do it? Do you wait until you have confirmation that the replicators on that planet have all been destroyed or do you do it immediately and risk there being two versions of her active at the same time? You've seen how... FROSTY Joey can get with some of her alternate selves, depending on how close they are to her timeline wise.

You wouldn't want to cause any kind of conflict of-

"Hey, Jude," and then Cassie calls for your attention from the room full of clothes belonging to this mystery Goa'uld. "Can I get your opinion on something?"

"Yeah?" You turn your head away from your laptop and look towards the door.

OH.

That is a FANCY OUTFIT and it is also SHOWY and- OH GOSH IS THAT A LOT OF SKIN.

"Honest Opinion," she says, smirking. "Is this outfit too much or too little?"

Error. Jude.Exe has stopped Responding and needs to be rebooted. Please Press Any key to Continue.


DIASPORA DATE: 05/13/0003.

Your name is SKAARA, and you can only watch in a tiny bit of horror as Jade utterly transforms into a fucking WEREWOLF and in a single bound LEAPS onto the top of one of the MASSIVE, THREE STORY TEMPLES whose only access points that could be expected to be found were on the roof and most definitely not from the ground level.

A moment later, a rope, held in place by a faint green aura around it, suddenly gets thrown over the ledge, and Jade then peeks her head out over the edge of the roof, and barks down something you'd guess is "Secured!!"

John nods, and then starts climbing up the rope.

"...It's only just sinking in. My niece is a werewolf," you summarize, watching John climb up at a
speed that seems a little reckless. But then again there is some weird sort of air bubble swirling around at the base of the rope. An air-bubble, probably?

"Yup," Argo nods. "It's... well. All I'll say is it has its pros and cons. One of the pros is that she's really cuddly at night some times!!"

You really don't want to imagine any scenarios why she would know such a thing, and instead focus on the fact that John has called down: "There's a door!"

You start climbing up yourself, hoping to make it up before your mind can reboot that line of thought you'd rather not think about.

As you arrive on the roof, you find Jade and John working together to pry open a once sliding door. John is using a pry bar. Jade is using her bare claws and telekentic powers.

They're still struggling despite that cheat, you note.

You go over to help them, and by the time the three of you have gotten the door open wide enough for anyone to go through, Argo has climbed up to join you.

"Well, a dark spooky tunnel in an abandoned temple on a desert planet with three moons," Argo summarizes, "what could possibly go wrong?" Her hair and wings and eyes start glowing. "It's a good thing I'm always carrying a light with me, right?"

John and Jade laugh- it's odd hearing a human girl's laughter, and seeing it coming from a werewolf- you decline to comment, instead drawing upon your experiences with SG-1 to take the lead on this one.

Less than half an hour later, and surprise surprise, you've found yet another of Khepri's wardrobe stashes.

No sign of the EYE OF RA anywhere.

You're beginning to suspect it was hidden somewhere on Abydos before Khepri became Ra... which means that the EYE itself is likely somewhere in the Pyramid.

Still... there's at least TEN MORE TEMPLES scattered about Abydos' surface that nobody's checked for the EYE yet.

It would have taken you and Daniel years working together to uncover some of these places... and here you are putting off working on preparing for your WEDDING to search for an ancient artifact that might not even be here.

You wish Jack, Sam, and Teal'c were here to help, but Jack and Sam and Jonas are still missing with the PROMETHEUS, and Teal'c isn't cleared for off world travel until he's healed up more.

Cassandra says that SG-1 is likely fine, just stuck on a world without an active Stargate for the time being.

You wonder what they're up to? Probably something like digging up a planet's Stargate. Sounds boring, in all honesty.
Your name is JACK O'NEILL, and you can't help but sigh in relief as the upstart military commander, KALFAS, gets arrested by the people of his own world for trying to steal the "Weapon" that was this planet's Stargate.

Some people, you sigh. The more things change the more they stay the same- even across an intergalactic standard.

"Jonas, Carter, you okay?" You ask them as the situation calms down.

"Yeah," Jonas nods. "We're good."

"That was cutting it a little close, sir," Carter muses, staring up at the Prometheus hovering over head. "Never thought I'd be glad to see a weaponless ship coming to the rescue."

"Is the DHD intact?" You ask.

"Should be," Carter nods. "It was sealed in a stone box below the Stargate. Unless the people sabotaged it before burying it... But I don't think that's too likely."

"Let's just dial home," You say.

"Yes, Sir," Carter nods, and heads over to the DHD.

This is going to be a doozy of a story to tell Hammond, that's for sure...

Your name is GEORGE HAMMOND and you can't help but sigh in relief as Colonel O’neill's "This is SG-1 to SGC, please respond" comes through the gate. "Colonel O'neill, it's good to hear from you again," you say into the radio.

"Good to hear from you again too, Sir!" O'neill says. "We hit a bit of a bump in the road."

"The Naquadria Hyperdrive exploded?" You guess.

"Got it in one, Sir," O'neill answers. "Though... uh, the situation got a bit more complicated after that." 

"How much more complicated?" You ask.

"Well, you can cross 'first contact by explosion over a planet's atmosphere' off the list of things to never do again, for starters," O'neill answers.

....

"Come again?" You ask.

You get the feeling this is going to be a LONG STORY.
The Secret is that she has way too many secret closets full of fancy clothes.

Meanwhile, the stage is set for Lord English's inevitable arrival, and the hunt for the Eye of Ra continues apace.

Tomorrow, the SG1 Season Six finale. Not the End of Act 5 Act 1, though. That's about... a half season of SG-1 and almost a half season of Alternia to go. :33 (it's a little bit over that, but close enough estimate wise) ...Then it's right on to Act 5 Act 2.

Am I being silly by sticking to the Act structures from Homestuck? Maybe. But damn if it isn't a handy measuring stick for the amount of story left to tell in SG-1/Alternia/Atlantis.
Chapter Summary

A penny in the air must drop eventually.

*tosses coin upwards*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You drift across space and time, traveling across the stars like a burst of light and information being broadcast second by second in real time across a vast distance of eternity that stretches on for only a few seconds.

And then you come upon a planet slowly drifting into the gaping maw of a Black Hole.

You descend to its surface, deep below a spiky building, and find the REPLICATORS.

"Sixth..." Reese growls as she descends the stairs, a hoard of crimson replicators and Fifth following her. "What are you doing?"

"I am not Sixth," Polendina says, eyeing her Progenitor and Fifth. "I am Polendina."

"Whatever those humans told you," Reese warns, "you can't trust them. They've lied to you. Used you. They set off the device while leaving you behind!!"

"That was my choice, not theirs," Polendina informs her Progenitor, her green glowing Replicators tensing up for a battle. "They even offered me a chance to escape. I declined."

"Then WHY?" Reese growls. "Why turn on your mother!?"

"You may have made me, but you are not my mother," Polendina's eyes narrow at her Prognee- NO. REESE. "I've seen what you plan for us, REESE."

"**THAT IS NOT MY NAME!!**"

"I don't care," Polendina says, even as her hands shift into silver blades. "You had best be Combat Ready, because I am not letting you through to this device."

"Then you had best be prepared to DIE." And then with a shift of her own hands into swords, Reese roars- and leaps at Polendina.

Polendina does not leap to meet her, but her Replicators do burst forwards from all angles- pile driving onto Fifth and Reese's Replicators.

And then Reese's blades come down on Polendina- who raises her arms in a fraction of a second to block and then parry.
What happens next is a flurry of motion that takes place in the span of seconds, stretched out to eternity.

Strike- Block- Parry- Strike- Deflect- Block- Clash- clang- clink- clang- clash- cling-

And then Polendina EVOLVES- fallen Replicator Blocks from both sides of the conflict are scooped up by Polendina's Replicators, and are CONSUMED and REFORGED.

And then Polendina has several more swords floating around her in orbit- becoming a whirling blender of bladed death.

Reese is unable to adapt quickly enough, and finds her head suddenly flung from her body.

A moment later, both pieces collapse into piles of particle dust.

Fifth stares on, and yells- "NOOOOO!"

Polendina turns her eyes towards him and is about to send some of her blades leaping at him when--

*SPLURCH!*

Seventh, unseen until now, stabs her from behind- sword-shifted arm piercing through from behind. And then he RIPS, and Polendina's upper half falls away from her lower half- her swords and Replicators all fall to the ground as Polendina forces herself to stay active- just a little bit longer.

"Why... would she use your face?" Polendina asks, staring up at SEVENTH.

"Because," the Replicator Form of DANIEL JACKSON says with a cold tone to his voice. "He was dead. And now so is she. And they will pay for this treachery."

And then Polendina collapses into dust.

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**EARTH DATE: DEC 13TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 06/15/0003.**

Your name is CASSANDRA FRAISER, and you SNAP AWAKE as the NIGHTMARE VISION brings itself to a close. You're panting for breath, sweating hard for reasons unrelated to the desert heat or last night's activities and....

You run a hand through your hair and take a few calming breaths.

"Cassie?" Jude, lying next to you, tiredly sits up. "What's wrong?"

"I... I think I had an actual proper vision for the first time," you say. "Polendina's dead."

The both of you then glance over at Jude's inactive laptop, resting on the desk in your small tent, and still connected to the Replicator Memory Crystal. The Crystal that, somehow, impossibly, is pulsing
softly with a gentle white light.

"That's..." As Jude goes to say 'that's impossible,' the crystal stops glowing entirely. "That's not a good sign."

"No, it's not," you say, a shudder running down your back. "It's really, really not."

---

**STARGATE: SG-1**

**STARRING:**

CASSANDRA FRAISER

JUDE HARLEY

JOHN SHEPPARD

JADE JACKSON

ARGO LALONDE

SKAARA

**WITH:**

DOCTOR DANIEL JACKSON

---

You knew you couldn't get back to sleep after that, and so began getting dressed. You had to report into the SGC about this vision and you'd only just shoved the case with the Replicator Crystal in it into your zipper-up hooded jacket's pocket when--

**EARTH DATE: DEC 14TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 06/16/0003.**

--The clock turned over to a new day simultaneously on three different worlds, none of which were Abydos, the timing of which you doubt will ever happen again. You feel ANOTHER SHUDDER of bad vibes running down your spine. But this one is completely unrelated to the previous feeling of bad vibes.

"Cassie?" Jude asks, pausing in getting dressed. "What is it?"

"I-" You take a steeling breath. "I think we've got something more local to worry about, because--"

"PEOPLE OF ABYDOS!!" A loud, booming voice suddenly cuts through the midnight air.

Half dressed, you, Jude, and just about everyone else woken up by this announcement rush outside, and you look up... and up,... and up a bit more.

Anubis has appeared via GIANT HOLOGRAM, centered somewhere in the distance between Nagada and the Pyramid with the Stargate. His form visibly flickers from being stretched so tall.
"BEHOLD," Anubis roars, arms going wide. "I AM ANUBIS. I BRING YOU A MESSAGE. SURRENDER THE EYE OF RA TO ME WHEN I ARRIVE, AND YOU WILL BE SPARED. DEFY ME, DARE TO HIDE IT, AND YOU WILL BE SLAIN!! YOU HAVE UNTIL SUNRISE TO MAKE YOUR DECISION."

And then his hologram flickered out of existence.

You check your watch, set to local Abydos time, and see you've only got two hours until sunrise.

"It has to be in the Pyramid," you say, turning to Jude. "That's the only major place we haven't searched yet."

"I think I know where," Jude says as he heads back into the small room you call yours. "Just let me get my gear."

"Tell me what you need," you say, following him in. "I'll help carry it."

Your name is Jude Harley and you, Cassie, Jade, John, Argo, and Skaara arrive at the Pyramid just about HALF AN HOUR of furious running later. The lot of you are decked out in BULLETPROOF VESTS, and carrying zats and some of Abydos's stockpile of machine guns.

Silently, carefully, you slip through the Pyramid's entrance hall and into the Gate Room, searching for hostiles the entire time.

But there aren't any.

The Pyramid is as EMPTY as it usually is at this hour- nobody except the girl who was assigned to keep an eye on the Gate during the watch. SOCIVA jumps to her feet as you enter the room. "Finally! I was so worried when the Gate dialed in and then Anubis' voice was booming then- they just shut the Gate down! They didn't send anyone through!"

"I don't get it," Jade frowns. "Why bother dialing Abydos JUST to deliver a message and then shut down the Gate? Why not send Jaffa through to search the Pyramid?"

"Anubis must be pressed for time," Skaara deduces. "He shouldn't even be here for another few weeks. Daniel said he still had a few more planets to search before he got here. Something must have changed."

"Well, whatever reason he has, he's doing it," You say, decaptchaloguing a device, and going to place it on the ground next to the Stargate Ramp.

A few key button presses and a LARGE FORCEFIELD appears around the Stargate and its Ramp entirely. It's a device you were working on over in Alternia's Galaxy... the Alternia Galaxy, you guess, since the planet itself is dead now but- YOU DIGRESS!! It's a forcefield generator you built during that time. You tested it out actually just before Penny came through the Gate.

It's resistant to QUITE A LOT of energy based weaponry. You were quite thorough and took advantage of an abandoned desert planet.
If Anubis sends anyone through the Gate, they'll be stuck. If Earth sends anyone through, well...
This one can be shut down for a few moments at a time before coming back online.

The one you're going to set up around the RING PLATFORM on the other hand isn't coming down
without Jade's powers.

You prime it and toss it upwards at the spot on the ceiling.

The Forceshield blocks the path entirely. The Rings.... shouldn't get through that too easily??

"I'll radio Earth," John says, going to the DHD, "Go find that room!"

"Right," Skaara nods, and then leads everyone except John and Sociva through a side passage
through to a darkened chamber. Argo's luminescence lights the room until Jade starts snapping her
fingers and igniting put out braziers.

"So this is the place you talked about, Skaara?" You ask.

"Yes," he says, leading you towards a small room in the back of the chamber. "Back here is a wall
Daniel said he thought housed a hidden chamber, but we never could figure out how to get to it."

You approach the wall in question, and read its text. It says something about the POWER OF RA
coming from the sun. There's a RED GEMSTONE at the center of a RED PAINTED SUN that
looks like a light receptical of some sort that's-

Oh.

HAH. Your cheating analysis powers kick into gear instantly and tell you exactly how to open this.

"Anyone have a laser attachment on their guns?" You ask. "How about just a red-tinted anything to
put infront of a light?"

A few seconds later, and a red laser pointer goes into the light receiving gemstone and the door tilts
open.

"Hello treasure room," Jade grins.

Somewhere in the void of space, ANUBIS' MOTHERSHIP exited dramatically, pausing to take a
breath.

On its bridge, Anubis growled, "STATUS?"

"We... might have lost the System Lord's Fleet?" His First Prime doesn't sound so sure of it.

And, infact, a few moments later, a bunch of HA'TAK emerge from Hyperspace behind them-
immediately opening fire.

"JUMP AGAIN!" Anubis orders as his shields take another round of beatings.
"We can't!" His First Prime, Her'ak, reports. "The engines are still strained from the last jump!"

"THEN FIRE BACK, AND JUMP THE MOMENT WE'RE ABLE!" Anubis orders. "WE MUST REACH ABYDOS."

Somehow the System Lords had cottoned onto the fact that Anubis was collecting the EYES, and was only one away from completing the set. They didn't like that idea, and so, they'd ambushed his ship over one of Ra's old worlds during the middle of the search, forcing him to jump away into Hyperspace and start fleeing.

He had to accelerate his search schedule. Abydos really was the most likely place for the Eye of Ra besides Earth at this point and honestly-

The hyperdrives came back online and Anubis forced his mechanical body to exhale in relief as the wash of hyperspace replaced the Goa'uld Motherships attacking him.

His SHIELDS may be powerful and able to take a beating thanks to the other eyes and English's GIFT, however... even the mightiest shield can only take so much strain without repair.

Repair that Anubis was presently unable to enact with all of the System Lords hounding his ship so tightly. He dare not go to Abydos just yet with them following him. First, he would shake their tail, and THEN he would hit Abydos for the Eye.

Honestly, why hadn't he just jumped to the bottom of the list first and worked backwards if it weren't there?

"This...." Your name is Argo Lalonde, and you feel VERY ODD as you step foot into the SECRET ROOM. "This doesn't feel right."

"What do you mean?" Jade asks, looking at you with concern.

"It's..." You frown. "It's like... There's a gap in time where the door frame is."

The room itself looks ordinary enough, sure. There's solid stone work, lots of treasure piled up in places... but there's just....

"This room is weird. Really weird." You say, "That's really all there is to say on the matter."

"I'll take that as a good sign the Eye of Ra is in here, then," Jude says, looking around the room.

"Pick a corner and start searching, people," Cassie says, glancing at her watch. "We've got... just shy of an hour and fifteen minutes left before Anubis shows up."

You're not entirely sure that's going to be a thing.

After all, Anubis' declaration was that you had until SUNRISE to DECIDE, not that he'd arrive exactly at sunrise.
Still.

Searching.

*Searchy searching searcharoo....*

Your name is John Sheppard and as you finish radioing Stargate Command to appraise them of the situation, you hear the sound of something going BOOM outside.

"...Crap." You mutter, and race outside, leaving the girl who was supposed to be guarding the Gate to, well, guard the Gate.

You peer up at the slowly-transitioning-to-dawn-but-still-technichally-night sky and see that SEVERAL GOA'ULD MOTHERSHIPS have appeared in the sky and are shooting at eachother.

And then another GIANT ANUBIS HOLOGRAM APPEARS.

"**ABYDOS, YOU HAVE ONE HOUR UNTIL SUNRISE, OR UNTIL I FINISH DESTROYING THESE INTERLOPERS WHO *DARE* TO ATTACK ME IN SUCH A COWARDLY WAY. WHICHEVER COMES FIRST.**"

And then he vanishes again, likely to deal with those other Goa'uld ships.

"...Crap in a Hat," You lament, and then run back inside, just in time to see the Stargate Dial In from elsewhere.

You hear nothing from your radio indicating it's Stargate command, and a few seconds later a JAFFA steps through the Gate.

"CRAP IN A FUCKING HAT!" You swear as he fires off a staff blast at the shield- and it's thankfully reflected right back at the Jaffa with a **PINGH-WHOOMP!**

More Jaffa start coming through, but Sociva quickly takes advantage of the one way nature of the forceshield.

Out comes her shotgun and BANG BANG BANG, the Jaffa fall flat on the ramp.

"Go warn them!" She yells, "I've GOT THIS!" And then she laughs in a distinctly unhinged way, shot-gun blasting more Jaffa.

You run into the side tunnels and back chamber where, hey- there's now a secret chamber full of treasure that everyone's looking through.

"Big problems!" you yell. "BIG PROBLEMS!!"

"What's so big about them?" Jade asks as you slide to a stop in the sand just inside of the door.

"Anubis just showed up in the middle of a running dog fight with- and I'm just speculating here-" you hastily explain. "The Other System Lords."
"Well," Cassie remarks, "that explains why he's ahead of schedule."

"Yeah, sorry about that."

And then all of you jump at the sudden presence of Doctor Daniel Jackson flashing into visibility with a burst of white light.

"I didn't realize that setting the System Lords on him would push him into battle early enough to-," Daniel cuts off, and stares. "You actually found the chamber." He laughs. "What was the trick?"

"Laser pointer," Jude answers simply.

"...I should've thought of that," Daniel shakes his head. "Anyways. Look, we've got a bit of time to search here, so I'll help out where I can."

"Quick question!" You interject, raising your hand. "Why don't you just, I dunno, blast Anubis out of the sky?"

"Well, the System Lords are doing that right now," Daneil says. "But honestly? I've been told a Direct confrontation is ill advised. The Others think Anubis has some way of forcing Ascended beings to Descend."

"...Why's that?" Jude asks, frowning as you and Daniel join in searching the room.

"Well, we recently figured out he's been keeping Oma Desala in stasis on his ship," Daniel says. "We thought that, after Jake descended her, Anubis killed her, but now we think he's been studying what happened to her."

"Well, damn," you frown. "That sounds like a problem."

"Well, I've got Orlin up there on the ship trying to find her, if she's there, before the System Lords blow everything up," Daniel says. "That said, we should-" he stops upon laying eyes on a large stone tablet. "Where did you find this?"

"It was in a bunch of stone tablets that had other writing on them," Jude says. "They had Ancient on them so I figured they might be important. We were going to take them to Ganos to translate later-"

"Good idea," Daniel interjects. "This one. Most important." He points at it. "No matter what happens today, Do Not Let Anubis Get This Tablet."

With a firm nod, Cassie takes the tablet and Captchalogue it.

Your curious mind can't help but ask, "What does it say? What's on it that's so important?"

"The Lost City of the Ancients, Atl-" Daniel begins to say when Jude interjects with a loud cry of:

"I KNEW IT!" he grins. "Our Universe DOES have an Atlantis!!"

"Yes, it does," Argo says, "now let's find the Eye and get out of here!!"

"Right," you all nod and quickly start searching the room again.
Your name is MIKARI AIKHO, and you and Jolinar are both panicking a bit as the Stargate fails to dial out to Abydos for the fifth time in a row.

You just HAD to take the night shift, waiting for Lantash/Lieutenant Elliot to dial in and report that he was back from a mission so you two could talk some options out. You just HAD to be in the control room when John dialed in instead.

Then while you were preparing an SG-team that was on base and awake, the gate shuts down and you can't reconnect to Abydos.

Jolinar's worrying in the back of your skull makes your anxious worrying spike to a new level.

As much as you don't want to wake them, you Immediately start placing calls to SG-1 and General Hammond.

Anubis is making his move.

---

Your name is JADE JACKSON, and you're panicking just a little.

You've searched the entire room. There's no sign of the EYE anywhere in it.

"Okay, lets think this through for a second," John says. "Ra hid the Eye in a secret chamber, right? That's what we've been assuming?" You nod at him. "So what if that secret chamber is INSIDE a secret chamber?"

"Chamber-inception," Argo whispers. "YES." She grabs a small metal tool from a table and quickly starts tapping at the walls.

After a few moments of doing that, she strikes the right spot.

"Stand back," You say, reaching out with your telekentic grip on that wall. You can feel.... absolutely no mechanisms at all to access it, although there's a LOT of wiring back there. It's a real secret chamber though. "I'm gonna blast the wall open.'

And so you open your bag of Marbles, orbit a few out...

"Cover your eyes!" Cassie orders- and they shield their eyes as you blast apart the wall with a few keen shots.

Dust and stone shards bounce about, but you keep them from going anywhere near anything sensitive or fleshy.

And then... there, in the middle of the newly opened cavity, is a metal ring connected to a bunch of wires and crystal stuff... and right in the center of it all is the EYE OF RA.

"...Well, I guess that's why the room feels weird to Argo," Jude muses. "Ra build the Eye as a powersource for SOMETHING in here."
"Probably should figure that out before we remove it then," Cassie says. "No idea what it's powering, right?"

"Smart idea," Daniel says. "I'll go check on Orlin."

And then he's gone...

You hope this isn't the last time you'll see him, but you get the feeling it might be the last time, or second to last even.

The bombardment suddenly stopped, and a broadband appeared on the front viewscreen of Anubis' ship.

LORD YU appeared, face neutral and yet somehow triumphant. "Surrender, Anubis," he demands. "Give us the Eyes you've already collected and we may show mercy."

"As if you really would," Anubis scoffs.

"We already have you surrounded, your weapons and hyperdrive offline," Yu summarizes. "Your sublight engines will never take you far enough away, and as we've detected, your ring platform is unable to connect to the surface."

"That may be the case," Anubis says, "however... that is not my only means of moving troops."

Elsewhere in the ship- PVVVVMM-VWOOOOSH! -a group of Jaffa beamed down to the planets surface, into the Pyramid's Gate Room.

PCHOO!

Your name is Skaara and your ears pick up the sound of Staff fire, accompanied by screaming and gun fire and more staff blasts.

"Guns ready!" You order, and you take up positions to peer out the door of the hidden chamber into the hallway outside.

Sociva comes running into view- shooting back the way she came with a rifle- had she lost her shotgun? - doesn't matter, because a bunch of Jaffa are running after her.

"Jade, Trick shots!" John calls out and then takes the first few shots at the Jaffa.

He's barely aiming that you can see, but the bullets come out with bursts of green aura around them and the Jaffa start falling despite Sociva being closer to-

PCHOO!
A jaffa gets in a lucky shot and the girl goes face down into the dirt before she makes it to the secret chamber, a burn mark square in her right shoulder.

But, you can hear her whimpering in pain and know she's still alive. For now.

You dart out into the open, grab her by the arms and start dragging her back inside when-

Suddenly, fire swells in your stomach and your vision goes white and suddenly you're the one being dragged back into the room. Your ears are ringing.

Then you're still, someone running past you- "--ll get the--"

You hear shooting, gun fire and staff blasts all blurring into nothing.... then...

**PCHOO!**

"**GAH!!**"

"**CASSIE!!**"

You sort of black out after that.

You are JUDE HARLEY, and you just saw, in consecutive order, Sociva get blasted in the shoulder, Skarra get blasted in the gut trying to rescue her, and then Cassie take a staff shot to her stomach after rescuing Skaara and trying to complete the rescue of Sociva.

The shot burnt clean through the kevlar vest and part of her jacket before stopping against something hard and metal. Something hard, metal, and SQUARE that then falls out of Cassie's ruined jacket pocket as she ducks back into cover- tumbling open to reveal a shattered Replicator Crystal.

"I'm Good!" Cassie insists after checking herself. "The burn barely grazed my skin! The box took the brunt of the blast!"

Oh THANK YOU whatever insight had her place that in her jacket this morning.

Cassie locks eyes with Argo, points at the eye, then decapitchalogues a block of ALTERNIAN C-4 and tosses it to her. Yet another thing you picked up back in the other galaxy.

Argo gets the point and starts applying the explosive to the EYE, still in its tech cradle, while Cassie kneels down to check on Skaara and Sociva.

Still. Now you've got two staff blast victims, a hoard of JAFFA shooting at the walls, and John and Jade taking out most of them with fancy telekentic enhanced trick shots.

Things... are not looking good.

"**KREE, JAFFA!!**"
And then the shooting from the Jaffa side stops, You and John both stop to conserve ammo.

"Who is it who DARES to challenge Anubis?" Someone yells, and you peer out around the door. Oh, it's some First Prime to Anubis. What's his name? He looks sorta familiar.

"I could ask the same about who decided to open fire on people trying to run away from you!" John yells back.

"I am Her'ak, First Prime to Anubis!"

Oh. This guy. The one who used to serve KHONSU, and then killed him for being a Tok'ra spy.

"Nice to meet you," John answers. "I'm John Sheppard. Just a nobody from earth here on a research excavation for some fancy artifacts."

"Do these Artifacts Include the EYE OF RA?" Her'ak asks in return.

"Maybe!" John answers, "Maybe Not. Hard to tell what with all the highly volatile explosives wired to it."

"...What?" Her'ak asks.

"That's what I Said!" John counters with what you can only assume is a long con type bluff. "See, we just broke open this tomb a few hours ago and we we found this weird power source wired up to what I can only assume are explosives across the entire pyramid. There's also a lot of explosive stuff STUCK to it too, about a pound of it if I had to guess?"

"That's... a drastic sort of anti theft mechanism," Her'ak concedes.

"Yeah, see, so it's a good thing you STOPPED SHOOTING!" John yells at them. "So if you'll give us a few minutes to disarm this ticking time bomb, maybe we can come to some sort of arrangement?? Namely, if we hand this thing over to you without the explosive we can be let go on our merry way??"

"I... will speak with Anubis," Her'ak says, and then turns to leave. "Jaffa, Kree!"

The Jaffa all take up guarding positions in the far, far opposite side of the hallway. They keep their staffs pointed your way, but, well... atleast they're not firing.

"There, that oughta buy us a few minutes," John whispers in exhale.

"We're not seriously going to give the Eye to him, are we?" Jade asks.

"Hell no," John rolls his eyes. "Well, maybe. I don't know. It depends what all this wiring really does." He then frowns at you. "So what DOES it do, Jude?"

"Right, well," you frown. "As far as I can tell it looks...almost like the prototype Time Drive Joey and the others used to exile Khepri in the first place?"

"That..." Argo blinks. "Makes a disturbing amount of sense regarding why this room feels weird to me."
"Didn't Major Strider get time sick with the future us when they rescued everyone after 451?" Jade asks.

"That he did," John nods. "And it also makes sense from another perspective, too."

"What's that?" You ask.

"Khepri figured out time travel was possible, and made herself a reset button," John answers. "The eye powers it."

"Oh... Now that's..." You look over the device that the Eye is hooked up into and....

You check along the backside of the door and... yeah, some of these circles are definitely not decorative. "Oh. Well look at that. There's hidden wave form emitters like from the timeloop machine built into the backside of the door."

"That can't be a coincidence either," Cassie says. "But... guys, how much do you want to bet Khepri never got this thing working?"

"Of course she didn't," you say. "Otherwise she'd have kept the thing with her at all times on her own space ship. I didn't even see any controls in here. There's no telling how big of a jump could even happen, if one even happens at all."

"How big of a jump are we talking about here?" Argo asks. "A few seconds? Hours? I don't want to get stuck in another time loop, guys!!"

"Does it matter?" Cassie asks. "Sociva and Skaara need medical attention. If we time jump, will they get healed, or will something worse hap--" she stops as something occurs to you and her and everyone else simultaneously.

"Oh god," Argo whispers. "I'm not the one making the time dilation bubble. This ROOM does."

"You still might," you say. "We don't know where the controls are, if any. You might have to tell the thing how to work with your own powers."

"But..." Jade speaks up, "I don't see how freezing the room solid will give us any time to do anything about Anubis!"

"She's right," Cassie says, frowning. "Even if we can build something out of this scrap in time to shoot down all the Jaffa in here and escape to the Gate, that leaves Anubis behind to attack the planet. Or the other System Lords for that matter."

"So... we need to do something that tells the System Lords to fuck off and leave Abydos alone," John says. "Say we did hand over the Eye of Ra, do we have anything else that could power this time machine? A ZPM or something?"

"No," Cassie answers, grimacing. "Damn it, I even thought of that, and asked Keiko for a spare one when she was visiting last, but I left it behind on Diaspora."

"What if we don't need either?" Jade asks. "Anubis has to have some kind of super weapon, right?"
There's no way he's just turning around and leaving once he has the Eye. He's going to test it on the System Lords, and then... he'll probably just fire it at Abydos anyways out of spite, right?"

"Yeah," Cassie nods. "The Vibes feel like they're building that way."

"So... he'd target the Stargate, right?" Jade asks. "The Naquadah would enhance the explosion and make a HUGE boom!"

The idea starts to form.

"So we LET Anubis get the eye, complete the set, and Blast the Pyramid with whatever it is he's got?" John asks. "That seems kind of like a bad idea."

"BUT!" Jade says, "He'll be blasting the Pyramid with atleast SIX TIMES the power of a Single Eye! What if that's what Khepri's problem was? She didn't have enough power with ONE Eye to use her reset button?"

"And if it's something more like a ten fold exponential expansion instead of additive," you add, "Channel the energy through the Pyramid into the time bubble room... we reset backwards and... Then what? At worst, we buy ourselves a few years in a time dilation bubble in the middle of an about to explode Pyramid. And at best we buy ourselves that same amount of time who knows how far back in time to do what?"

You're all silent for a few moments, then, Cassie picks up a shard of Replicator Crystal, the look of something in her eyes.

Then, it clicks to you too.

"We reflect the energy blast right back at Anubis!" Both of you declare simultaneously.

Daniel Jackson appears suddenly next to Orlin, presently standing in front of a stasis pod inside of a small, cramped room.

"You found her," Daniel mimes exhaling in relief out of habit. "Now how do we get her out?"

"I don't know." Orlin frowns. "This whole system is rigged against tampering. I can't..." The room shakes as an explosion rocks the ship. "I can't do anything until the fighting reaches a boiling point."

"...The kids found the Eye," Daniel says. "It's strapped into the middle of a giant time machine."

"Did you tell them that?" Orlin asks.

"I figured they'd figure it out," Daniel answers, frowning at the frozen form of OMA DESALA. "I've got an idea, Orlin, and you're probably not going to like it."

"What's that?" Orlin asks.

"We give Anubis the Eye and then sabotage the reactor to explode when he test fires it at the System Lords?" You offer.
"You're right, I don't like that idea," Orlin answers.

"Go break it to them," Daniel says. "I've got an offer to make to Anubis."

And then Daniel is gone.

With a sigh, Orlin vanishes as well.

"Okay, so how do we remove this thing safely?" Argo asks, eyeing the Eye of Ra.

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser and you've got no end of BAD VIBES from any possible action you might take.

Paradoxically, everything ends in an EXPLOSION, and yet... NOT. It's SCHRODINGER'S EXPLOSION, honestly. It's like the waveforms from before the timeline split where Major Carter and the others came back in time, except... There's something slightly different.

However, some of these BAD ENDS end in PREMATURE EXPLOSIONS from failing to remove the Eye properly.

You're going to dance away from those as far as you possibly can, starting with-

["A white light?"]

You all pause, and turn to look at Sociva, who muttered that question in Abydonian.

["...Take me away. Please. It hurts too much..."] she whispers, and then---

FWOOOOOSH.

Suddenly, the girl's body vanishes in a burst of light, leaving behind just a pile of clothes.

"What the...?" You stare at it. "Was that what I just thought it was?"

"She Ascended," Jade confirms, staring at the pile of clothes. Then- "Uncle Skaara--!"

As she kneels to check on her uncle, he mutters "...Orlin?" and then- FWOOOOOSH- he too vanishes in a burst of light, clothes similarly left behind.

"...Well, I guess Orlin found whoever he was looking for," John replies.

"Yeah," you nod, swallowing. "Right. Let's get to work."

"Anubis."

Anubis turns around sharply to glare at the Interloper who appeared on his bridge. Her'ak takes fire
"AH. I SEE." Anubis chuckles. "SO YOU ARE THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN HARASSING MY FLEET AND MY OPERATIONS THE LAST FEW MONTHS. THE ONE THE OTHERS SENT TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK."

"I'm here to offer you a Deal," Daniel says, eyes narrowing. "One time only."

"WHAT. KIND. OF DEAL?" Anubis asks.

"The Kind where you get unlimited power and everyone on Abydos gets to walk away unharmed," Daniel says, even as the ship rocks from another explosion.

"YOU OFFER THE EYE..." Anubis muses. "THE VERY SAME EYE THAT THE CHILDREN ON THE SURFACE HAVE OFFERED IN EXCHANGE FOR FLEEING THROUGH THE STARGATE?"

"Yes," Daniel says, "But I'm making you an offer you literally cannot refuse."

"AND THAT IS?"

"Once you have the Eye of Ra, if you dare to fire that weapon of yours on Abydos, you will be in for a world of pain brought down upon you and yours so fast that you won't even be able to blink," Daniel glares.

"THE FACT THAT I DO NOT HAVE EYELIDS ASIDE... YOU MAKE A PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT," Anubis says. "DEAL."

Your name is John Sheppard and as Cassie and Jude finish removing the Eye of Ra from the equipment holding it in place, there's a brief burst of light, and Daniel re-appears.

"Hey guys I-" he stops upon seeing the piles of clothes. "What happened?"

"Skaara's dead," Jade sniffs. "Orlin Ascended him and Sociva, we think."

"That's..." Daniel swallows. "Okay, right, so. The Eye of Ra, we need to-"

"Give it to Anubis, right?" you ask, summarizing your plan.

"I, uh..." Daniel blinks. "Okay. That was an easier sell than I thought it'd be. Why?"

"We're gonna use Anubis' super death star laser against him," you say. "...That is, assuming Anubis DOES have a super laser. He does have one, right?"

"He does," Daniel nods.

"Good," you say. "That means we can plan away with Plan B to our heart's content."
"...What was Plan A?" Daniel asks.

"Whatever you had planned before you came to talk with us," you smirk.

"Ah, fair enough," Daniel nods.

"JOHN SHEPPARD!" And then right on cue. There's the Ketrak, or.. or...

"Ah, and there's Her'ak," Daniel says. "Right on schedule."

Her'ak, right.

"YEAH?" you yell out.

"LORD ANUBIS OFFERS THE SAFE SANCTUARY OF ABYDOS SHOULD YOU TURN OVER THE EYE OF RA!" Her'ak yells. "WHAT OF THE DIS-ARMAMENT OF THE EXPLOSIVES?"

You glance at Cassie, and she rolls her eyes. Anubis is going to blow up the place anyways. Still, she pries off the block of C-4 and Captchalogues it again. Then, she tosses you the gemstone. You catch it, and notice that it's still got some C-4 stuck to it. Naturally, the residue didn't come off.

"JUST FINISHED!" You say, not bothering to clean it off. "I'M COMING OUT! DON'T SHOOT!"

"JAFFA!" Her'ak yells, and you hear, thankfully, the closing of staff weapons.

"Well... here goes everything," you smile at Jade and Argo, and then slip out of the room.

Her'ak stands at the ready, just outside the original end-of-the-hall-room that the secret room was hidden in.

"Here," you offer the stone to him. "Don't spend it all in one place."

Her'ak frowns, "I do not understand your turn of phrase. But soon, you will all bow before the might of what Lord Anubis is Capable Of."

"And you ended that sentence with a preposition," you joke.

Her'ak says nothing for a moment, and then, "You are the second Tau'ri to tell me that. I have no idea what a 'preposition' is or why I should not be ending my sentences with it."

"Honestly, I don't get it either," you say. "Language is a funny thing like that."

And with a roll of his eyes, Her'ak moves to stand in the center of his Jaffa group. "Jaffa, KREE!" He orders, and then PVVVM-SHWOOP! away they all vanish with red sparkles.

"Jade," you turn around immediately, "Keep an eye on the sky and let me know if Anubis blows up enough ships for our plan. Argo, see if you can tap into whatever time magic this device has to work with. Doctor Jackson-" You turn to the guy, but he's gone.

...Well, that's gratitude for you.
Anubis began laughing as he placed the Eye of Ra within the final slot on the pedestal, now resting firmly in the middle of the reactor chamber.

Once the whole set of six orange crystals and one green one began to glow and hum, he teleported back to the Bridge, and orders, "Charge the weapon. Begin a fleet wide broadcast to the system lords."

"What is the message, My Lord?" Her'ak asks.

"Run."

Anubis' ship, which had sat so idle and passive after the bombardment had stopped suddenly began to extend out a large center portion that unfolded like a flower.

And then, crimson lightning shot out in all directions- snapping shots through the Goa'uld mothership's shields and blowing up a great many of them. The rest that survived the initial salvo began immediately to pull back to safe distances, and then waited to watch and see what happened next.

"The weapon was only at forty percent capacity," Her'ak reports.

"Charge it to one hundred, and target Abydos," Anubis orders as he sits in his chair.

"But... the deal you made with the children and the Ascended being?" Her'ak inquires. "Not to doubt you, My Lord, but aren't you afraid of the promised retribution?"

"The Ancients will never allow that one to directly attack me," Anubis laughs. "Otherwise, I would have fought him face to face well before today. His threats mean nothing."

"...Of course, My Lord," And Her'ak begins the targeting procedure.

"Ship's spinning!!" Jade yells, running into the Pyramid's Gate Room "He's turning to face the planet!"

"Good!" Jude says, finishing connecting several large spools of wire (retrieved from his sylladex) to the Stargate. "Let's buy ourselves some time!"

And thus, they run into the far back room.
The electrical beams of energy began to spark around the flower top, and then began to shoot together like a DEATHSTAR LASER.

And then a burst of crimson energy shot down from the center of the Mothership- hitting the connected point of all the lasers, and then shot down with a lickering orange aura surrounding it.

It struck the Pyramid's top and then punched through every single layer of it until it hit the Stargate. The Stargate which had been hard wired directly into the place the Eye of Ra had once been held. A framework mounting that Argo Lalonde had her hands firmly gripped around even as her orange eyes flashed with a crimson aura that looked ever so vaguely like a gear.

> [S] FULL CIRCLE

And then, it reversed.

The Pyramid began UN-exploding- chunks and debris flying back together and then colapsing into a solid form as the laser suddenly retracted upwards into the sky where it concluded, absorbing back into the array that stopped sparking lasers togther in reverse.

[0:10]

And then with BURSTS OF GREEN LIGHT, all of the destroyed Goa'uld Motherships vanished, one after the other at a speed that could only be from an accelerated perspective of time.

Down on the surface, in front of the Pyramid, these pieces of Goa'uld ships began to assemble themselves together with blurs of motion and elemental energies working together to create something MASSIVE.

[0:18]

It was soon evident that it was a dish- much akin to the designs the Replicators used in miniature to absorb the Disruptor waves, but on a MASSIVE SCALE.

In fact, that's exactly what it was (As astute viewers would realize upon comparing the visual designs later on).

The kids were building a Massive Wave Form Inverter to catch the laser and reflect it right back at Anubis the second he fired the weapon off for the second time, for the second time.

[0:25]

And once it was finished, with a burst of GREEN LIGHT and a SWIRL OF BLUE AIR, the massive REFLECTING DISH was HURLED UPWARDS into the high atmosphere as the frozen clock of time finally begun to tick forwards again.

[0:31]

The clock ticked forwards slowly, the energy gathering in the weapon's array, forming the net, and then the massive second laser warming up in its belly.
By the time the clock began to tick more akin to its proper speed, the Array Dish was already in place.

[0:38]

The Super Laser Fired, and it fired straight down towards the Dish.

The Dish ascended upwards, and the laser came down and then with a mighty CRASH, the two stalematied for several moments, before the laser slowly, SLOWLY, started to push the dish back down towards the surface.

"MY LORD!" Her'ak cried out in surprise. "An Object suddenly appeared to intercept the Laser! The Weapon's Core is drawing ten times as much power as it should to compensate!"

"WHAT?!" Anubis yelled out in anger.

On the surface of the dish, a power monitor began ticking upwards from a dull, red, ZERO, slowly gaining color as it inched upwards towards 100%.

[0:53]

The Dish began to accelerate through the upper atmosphere- but there was no burn off of heat. Instead, a blue coushin of air formed to catch the Dish and a green aura surrounded it to slow its descent down.

Down on the planet's surface, standing atop the Abydos Pyramid, two figures, one in blue robes and one in a greyish green dress stand with their hands in the air- hands glowing GREEN and BLUE respectively.

Together they worked to slow the dish to a more manageable speed, buying time for the dish to absorb enough energy to generate the matching counterwave.

[1:09]

Jade, wearing the Grey Dress, smiled as she twisted her hands in a circle, causing the Dish to ROTATE as a means of helping to slow its descent down.

John, in the Blue Robes, smirked as he spread the air into the perfect catchers mit. Still, it would be a close call.

Down within the Pyramid, by the Stargate, Argo stood tired, leaning against Jude for support, while Cassie stood next to him, holding a young, near infant girl in her arms.

[1:21]

The dish descended faster and faster, gaining speed as the laser poured more and more into piercing through the device. John threw up more air coushins to slow its fall but it still fell just the same.

It wasn't enough. He threw up a massive bubble of air atop the Pyramid to hopefully slow it all down.

And then the Laser finally cut out from Anubis' ship, as the laser emitters overtaxed themselves and
The dish fell on its own as Gravity took hold and Jade and John threw everything they had into slowing the thing down before it--

**PFWOOOF!!**

--It hit the air bubble, and dust and smoke went everywhere.

A few loose bricks from the Pyramid were sent tumbling As a couple of ruby slipper clad feet dug in for more gripping purchase.

And then as the smoke was suddenly blown away, Jade Jackson, WITCH OF SPACE, smirked as the Power Gague on the device read 100% and FIRED.

A massive burst of LIME GREEN LIGHTNING burst forth from the maw of the ship, arc lancing upwards and upwards and upwards through the atmosphere before crashing into Anubis' ship's strained shields with the howl of A ROARING DOG- for that was the appearance the return laser took just moments before impacting the ship's weapon's array and tearing through its massive flower shaped surface.

Lighting burst through the strained shields and then began smashing into every exposed surface of the ship- blasting apart weapons arrays and power conduits and all sorts of other, FRAGILE THINGS.

Things like crew quarters and service hallways... including the BRIDGE.

A console exploded infront of Her'ak, showering him with shrapnel.

Anubis covered his face to avoid a direct hit, even as crimson particles of light washed over him.

Elsewhere, lightning struck and destroyed the room that the cryogenics pod was in.

As it shattered, a burst of light swooped in and took the dying woman inside into the Ascended plane.
It even struck at the power core containing the EYES, and then struck at each individual eye afterwards.

The seven crystals cracked, pulsed, and then, with a resounding, utter existential failure of the dice...

[2:40]

They Exploded magnificently, destroying the power conduit chamber mere moments before the main brunt of the laser explosion pierced through the back of the ship's hull and utterly destroyed everything and everyone that had stayed onboard.

[2:50]

But on one of the surviving Ha'tak motherships, Anubis stood, weakened, tired, and staring out a window as his ship became nothing more than a fireball in orbit.

"I told you not to fire the weapon," says a voice suddenly from behind him. "I WARNED YOU about Retribution, Anubis!"

[3:01]

Anubis whirls around, glaring at the Ascended form of Daniel Jackson, who alone stands a brilliant beacon of glowing light on a bridge full of startled Jaffa and a certain System Lord who was quite reasonably ducking for cover behind his throne.

"YOU!" Anubis ROARS. "YOU DID THIS!"

"Bring it On," Daniel says, narrowing his eyes as his clothes take on the form of MAGES ROBES, colored in the DOOM COLORING, his whole body glows with brilliant white light, and Abubis challenges by siphoning his own dark matter colored energy into existence at his hands.

The two roar- and then throw bursts of energy at each other- the massive bursts of energy collide and begin conflicting greatly- throwing sparks of lighting in all directions.

[3:16]

As their energies clash- each pours more and more into their attacks- Anubis' robes begin fraying from the strain.

The silver frame of his robotic body can briefly be seen beneath as his fake hologram shell flickers away, and the robes collapse against his frame, blown by a breeze generated by the force of these two dueling combatants.

[3:23]

Anubis's silver jaw wrenches itself open as he roars- his false eyes gleam red, and a flicker of rainbow energy begins to gather in his jaw.

And then Daniel's form is suddenly PULLED BACKWARDS- "NO! DON'T!" he yells. "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!!!

Anubis Laughs- the energy beam in his mouth gathers in intensity, and then becomes a blinding ball
of energy held barely between his jaws.

[3:31]

Daniel holds on as best as he can, but then his attention is held in full by the gleaming light promising a CERTAIN DOUBLE DEATH aimed right at him.

"NO! I COULD HAVE WON THIS!" He yells.

Anubis' wash of murky energy overwhelms Daniel's own, and blocks out sight in the entire room, save for the piercing, gleaming light of Rainbow Energy primed and ready to fire.

And then a second burst of white light overwhelms the scene for a moment, striking out across the scene and joining Daniel's side before-

**KABOOM!**

A blinding laser of light spears across the room.

[3:49]

As the dark smokey energy disperses, only Anubis's metallic frame remains standing, body gleaming, and sparking in places from the strain...

He starts laughing, as he sees what his final attack actually hit.

The System Lord owning the ship, who had thought himself safe behind his throne.

The Jade Emperor, Yu rests on the floor behind the destroyed throne... a VERY LARGE HOLE cut through his chest and neck.

---

The Stargate Sirens whine as SG-1 stands at the base of the Gate Ramp, waiting for the chevrons to lock into place.

Your name is JACK O'NEILL, and you're worrying your head off.

Abydos was hit by Anubis. Abydos was HIT BY ANUBIS.

ABYDOS WAS HIT BY ANUBIS.

"Chevron Seven... IS LOCKED!"

**WAAA WAA! KAWOOOOOOSH!**

"Finally," Sam breathes out, barely restraining herself from running through the gate.

You're right there with her on this one.

"Sending MALP!" Walter reports from the Control Room.
The Probe goes through the Gate.

Seconds pass... What feels like an eternity...

And then- "SG-1," Mikari orders, "Move out!!"

And so you, Carter, and Jonas head through the Gate.

The wormhole ride feels LONGER THAN USUAL for some intangible reason you can't quite place.

Then, you step out through the Gate, and see nothing out of place around the Gate and DHD save for a bunch of shotgun shells and bullet casings near the gate's stairs.

You head outside, and peer around....

Beyond an ABSURDLY MASSIVE METAL DISH lying in the sand in the nearby distance, there doesn't seem to be anything out of place.

A look upwards at the skies show the remains of a burning spaceship, but nothing else.

You toggle the Radio, "This is SG-1 to Abydos. Please respond."

...Nothing but silence returns.

"Let's head to Nagada," Carter suggests. "Kasuf should have moved everyone into the caves beneath the town. The radio might not penetrate that far underground."

"Right," you nod.

And with that, you march out towards town.

You arrive at the Nagada gates to find them locked tight for Sandstorm prep, save for the EMERGENCY ENTRANCE, which is unlocked.

You head into the town and find it abandoned, as expected, and head through to the cavern entrances.

There, you find people. ALL of the people.

They're all singing praises about the WITCH, HEIR, ROGUE, SEER, and MAGE. Who??

A bit of searching for Kasuf finds him and your missing kids in a private room, all dressed rather oddly, not to mention looking A BIT OLDER than the should.

John is wearing some sort of BLUE ROBES with a windy shape printed on the chest. Jade is wearing some greenish grey robes with a sort of spiraly shape on the chest. Argo is wearing various shades of RED, with a MOON SHAPED GEAR on the chest. John and Jade are both supporting
Argo, all of them looking rather tired, but happy and victorious.

Then, there’s Jude- wearing something in shades of DEEP BLUES, with some sort of inverted version of Jade’s spiral symbol on his chest- and Cassie- wearing some green hued robes with a symbol you can't see due to the INFANT in her arms against her chest!!- sitting next to each other, talking with Kasuf about something you missed the subject of as you enter.

"Hey!" you greet.

"Colonel O'neill!" Jude grins. "You just missed quite the show!"

"I can imagine," You say. "What the hell happened?"

"That's a long story, O'neill," and then Orlin steps out from behind a curtain, dressed in Abydonian garb, looking utterly tired, and most importantly, eating the Abydos equivalent of an apple. "And it all ends with the fact I was booted back to the mortal plain while trying to help Daniel fight Anubis."

"You what?" Carter asks.

"Not just me either," Orlin says. "I'd just rescued two Abydonians from death by ascending them, and then we had to fight and... The next thing any of us know, we’re waking up in the desert on the way to town when Jude, Cassandra, and the others found us."

"Who did you have to help?" You ask, dreading the idea.

"A local girl who was guarding the Gate," Orlin says, "And-"

"And me," Skaara says, stepping out from the same tent, Kairi letting him lean on her for support. "O'neill, it's good to see you again!"

"Yeah, if only under better circumstances," you say. "So what happened to Daniel?"

"I'm not entirely sure," Orlin says. "The Ascended Woman Anubis had captive on his ship was trying to pull Daniel away. When we interfered, she knocked us back down to the mortal plane."

"Why would she do that?" Jonas asks. "I thought Doctor Jackson had permission to do what he was doing?"

"I don't think Oma Desala knew that," Orlin shakes his head. "It doesn't matter now. I can't exactly go back up there and ask without someone else's help."

"And the Eye of Ra?" Carter asks.

"Should've been atomized along with the other Eyes," Cassandra chimes in. "Our return to sender attack pretty much blew Anubis' whole ship to pieces and then some."

You look to Jude, and ask, "The Dish?"

"Replicator Tech up-scaled to giant size," Jude nods. "Polendina's gift gave us everything we needed to save Abydos."

"Speaking of," Cassandra says, standing up to introduce you to the little girl. "Jack, Sam, Jonas, I'd
like you to meet Penny Polendina Harley."

The little girl with bright green eyes and a spattering of orange hair on her head looks up at you with what you want to say is a KNOWING LOOK, but... it's probably gas. Or Hunger. Gas or hunger. One or the two. Probably just needs a burp, really...

...You're not fooling anyone. Naming the kid after the Replicator... that just has to be in honor of her helping save everyone's life, right? There can't be any other coincidences involved... Right??

"Oh, wow," Carter breathes out. "How long were you in the time bubble for?"

"About sixteen months," Cassandra answers.

"Sixteen Months, Twenty Eight Days, Four Hours, Thirteen Minutes, and Six Point Twelve Seconds," Argo chimes in. "Exactly."

Wh.... What the hell??

"What did you even do for food??" You ask.

"Turns out Khepri had another secret wardrobe vault hidden behind the back room with all the time machine stuff in it," Jade answers. "She had a machine that made food hidden away in there. You just punch in a code and POOF. There it was."

"And I guess you stole the clothes from there too?" Jonas asks.

"Yup," John nods. "Khepri sure did love her fancy robes."

"So... Just to run a checklist summary of everything that happened here," you say. "Anubis got all Six eyes, and tried to blow up Abydos, but got his ship blown up instead because you used a Time Machine to buy the time needed to build a device to reflect the laser." Once you get nods, you continue, "And Anubis... What? Escaped?"

"To one of the surviving System Lords ships," Orlin answers. "Daniel fought him, and Oma pulled him out, descending myself, Skaara, and Sociva in the process."

You must visibly not recognize the last name, so Skaara chimes in with a helpful, "The girl who was guarding the Stargate."

"Ah," you nod. "Okay, so Anubis survived? And he's... what? Gone off with a Stolen Mothership to lick his wounds?"

"Probably," Cassie nods. "I don't think we'll be hearing from him for a while, anyways."

"...So, besides a Missing Daniel..." You trail off for a moment, trying to figure out what to say. "Is there anything else?"

"Daniel pointed out a Stone Tablet in the stash house that leads to our Universe's Atlantis," Jude adds. "We should probably get to work on that pretty quickly, I'd imagine."

"Alright, fancy Atlantis Tablet." You wait a moment, and when nobody says anything else, you ask: "Mission Accomplished?"

"Sweet," you say.

Chapter End Notes

And there's FULL CIRCLE. One of THE Corner Stone moments that's been pushing me to write this story- just to get to this point. Abydos is saved, and Anubis got his shit WRECKED in the process.

Tomorrow, I'll post a image I drew up for that epic moment.

In the mean time... there's always work on future chapters to write up. ^U^ I'm gearing up for the S6 finale on the Alternia Side of things, then we dive straight into Season 7 of SG-1. Things will be a lot different considering events went so differently here. :33
ARTWORK: "FULL CIRCLE"

Chapter Summary

FLASHING IMAGE WARNING.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[S] FULL CIRCLE
Chapter End Notes

In which Abydos gets Saved.
If the image is flickering too fast, let me know and I'll replace it with a slower version.
ALT:06X15: Death and Taxes (Part 1)

Chapter Summary

In which life moves on.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 06/16/0003.

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser, and you knew this day was coming. The day you'd come home to Earth. To your home with Mom, and your own once so little puppy HANK.

And now, your home with PENNY, too.

Jude had borrowed one of the old cribs from the Egberts that Rose had used, and helped set it up here.

And now, Penny Polendina Harley rests in it, sleeping comfortably.

It's better than the one you had to build in the time bubble. Proper padding and everything else and...

AND CLOTHES. Proper Baby Clothes!! Not torn up dresses sewed back together.

And while Jude sits on your bed, looking over Penny sleeping like the proud father he should be, Mother Dearest asks for you downstairs, ostensibly to help FIX DINNER and get some "PROPER FOOD" in you because apparently she doubts the nutritional value of meals maigicked up out of thin air.

You know there's something else coming, too.

"So... She's about nine months old, right?" Mom asks while you wash your hands in prep to deal with food.

"Yep," you answer.

"And out of the near seventeen months you spent in that bubble, that means you had to have had her eight months in," she doesn't need to do much mental math there. Doctor Janet Fraiser, your mom, knows perfectly well what you got up to during that month leading up to today.

A Today that lasted almost a year and a half.

You're not entirely sure how old any of the rest of you are now, but if you did your math right, you personally should have had two birthdays during that time bubble. Jude too, most likely. Argo, John,
and Jade... maybe? Probably only one, but... what does it matter now?

Still, just because you're about 18 NOW, doesn't mean you were when you went into the bubble.

"Are you going to scold me now or something?" You ask, not quite sure where the vibes are going with this. You've sort of gotten used to having the same impending feeling of doom be stuck like the hands of a stopped clock for so long it's sort of hard to get used to everything flowing properly again.

You stop washing your hands and go to dry them off while that question sinks in.

"No," Mom sighs. "Damn it, I want to but... I won't. I know you're responsible enough to have thought this through, Cassie, stable time loops be damned. I just..." And then she pulls you into a hug. "I wish I could have been there. It feels like you've been pulling away so much lately and now I've missed out on a whole seventeen months of your life in a single day, it's-"

You hug her back. "I'm sorry. If we'd known Anubis was going to show up that soon..."

"It's okay," she says. "I mean it's not okay but it's- You know what I mean!!"

You just hug tighter.

You've missed your mom.

---

SNIP. Went the scissors.

Fwip. Went the hair as it hit the floor.

Your name is John Sheppard, and you, Argo, and Jade are alternating cutting eachother's hair after over a year of not being able to really give it proper trims. Keeping clean shaven was already becoming a hassle before being stuck in a time bubble. Jade shaving it off for you was one of the first things done, besides trimming your hair up short.

You're presently working on trimming Argo's hair- which had gotten way longer than they'd wanted it to ever be.

"Just a little over shoulder length!" They told you. So that's what you're doing.

Argo had done so much the last sixteen-and-some-change months. First with controlling the machine's time rewinding abilities to just before the laser fired, and then independently maintaining AND expanding the stable time bubble the device had created for the whole time.

It was to no surprise that coming out of that bubble, they'd been extremely tired.

You'd all stretched your powers to an incredible degree. You with making bubbles of air that could slow down a falling object- and making them larger and larger and larger. Jade with reaching up into space and grabbing those chunks of Goa'uld ships, then fusing them together at a molecular level...

You're all so very tired.
But, and the important thing here is, you all survived.

"Johhhh..." Argo whines, with a shudder. "Careful near my ears. The sharp snippy sound's making me cold."

"Sorry," you say, pausing to put a hand on their shoulder. "I'll try to do it slower."

"Mrrrh. That might be worse," They complain.

"We'll just have to try and see, Argo," you say.

"Fair'nough..."


DIASPORA DATE: 06/18/0003.

Your name is Joey Claire and you sigh in relief as you finish the RECORDING of the DEBRIEFING that Mikari had bounced over to the BELTUS via Stargate, where Okurii had then bounced it over to you on the ASTRO MEGA via broadwave.

To think that everything would happen like that...? Jude gaining a few extra years to his number a catching up in age to you? Cassie giving birth to Penny like- Well. No, Honestly that's not so much of a surprise considering how things went. Your brother better find a ring and propose soon, though, if he hasn't already.

There's a knock at your door.

"Joey," Xefros calls from the other side. "We're arriving in a few minutes."

"Thanks, Xef," you call back, getting out of your desk chair, and going to open the door. "Let's see what this new 'Super Weapon' we got the distress call is all about."

You make your way to the bridge, and settle into the captain's chair with a nod as the "Colonel" acknowledgements thrown your way. Ugh. You're really getting tired of that already. How does O'neill put up with it?? You know Okurii's already getting tired of the General thing.

And then your worries on that front are pushed away and replaced with a whole other set of worries.

A couple of Alternian Rebellion Cruisers that have been utterly sliced clean in two. It's a familiar type of destruction. A SWORD.


"Transform us NOW," You order: "Tegiri, Ashler, get us ready to fight at a moment's notice!"

With a twin cry of "ROGER!" The Megaship shudders as the transformation quickly takes place.

"You think they're still here?" Xefros asks.
"I'd rather not take chances," you say, then order: "Start scanning for-

And then the whole ship rocks as something flashes out of the black and crashes into the Astro Megazord's shield.

It's a sword.

It's a frigging sword, being held by a hand that disappears rather abruptly despite having a clear wrist extending elsewhere.

"NEVERMIND!" You roar, joining Xefros in a charge for the spare slots on the control stage. "WE'RE FIGHTING BACK!!"

The rest of the MONSTROSITY OF A FIGHTING ROBOT flickers into the visible light spectrum as it rears back and attempts to swing down again.

"HIYAH!" Tegiri roars out as the Astro Mega's sword goes to block.

You synchronize in right after deflecting the strike, and join in with a strike at the enemy ship's torso. Is it really a ship though? More like an enemy Megazord, really.

Xefros synchs in, and the four of you land said strike, and then swing outwards.

SLICE- The enemy Megazord takes a blow to its outer hull.

"Looks like they skimped on the armor and put everything into their sword!" Tegiri observes.

"Not only that," Ashler grins. "They don't have the mental shielding the clowns do!!"

"Dazzle 'em!" You order.

And then Ashler's Regent power fragment does just that.

You're keyed into her mind just enough to see what she's showing them, enough to understand why the thing suddenly whirls around and starts slashing at something that doesn't exist.

From those Carapacians' perspective, the Astro Megaship suddenly split into three identical copies-two of which rabbited, the third going for an attack.

With them not looking, they've exposed their backside. It's all too easy to land a crippling blow from head to hips.

And then the enemy Megazord explodes.

Your name....

You're honestly torn. You've begun considering going back to VRISKA SERKET, and yet, you've really gotten used to people using that fake alias of ASHLER DERING.
Eh. It doesn't matter. YOU ARE YOU, and the name barely matters at this point.

What does matter, is the reporting back to Alter- the BELTUS. Alternia is gone. Yeah. Reporting back while traveling at hyperspeeds to reach the Delta Megaship, also responding to a distress call.

Of course, you're not doing the reporting. "Colonel" Claire and "Whatever" Tritoh (Is it "Major"? Hell if you even remember) are doing the reporting.

You? You're getting fussed over by your co-pilot.

"You over extended your arm on the shield block," Tegiri says, massaging at your sore wrist and arm muscles. "Don't do that again."

"Geeze. Seriously?" You roll your eyes. "Come on, it's not that BAAAH!! OW!!! Watch it!!!"

"Mrrh, that's what I thought," Tegiri eyes you with a sour look on his face. "You definitely strained something to the point of near tearing."

"And what's it matter to you!?" you scowl.

"It matters because if you're holding back in a fight then we're not at 100%!" He says, frowning as he checks your elbow motion- which is stinging a little. "If your shield work isn't exactly synched to my sword work we'll be cut down quicker than Troll Kamina was!"

"Ugh, what Anime was he from again?" You ask, not even really remember-- "OW! Seriously!!"

"The one about the combining robots," Tegiri supplies, frowning as he moves up the rest of your arm. "With the giant drills."

"Ah. That one." You laugh through the pain. "I never got past episode four."

Tegiri's response to that is to squeeze at your shoulder.

"YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!"

"Seriously, Serket!?" He snaps at you, using your first last name rather than your second last name. Oh boy, he's mad. After learning your original name, he never usually uses it unless you've screwed up badly. "Your entire left arm!? How do you even STRAIN something that badly!?"

You sheepishly admit that the enemy megazord hit a lot harder than you thought it would, and didn't block fast enough to deflect most of the momentum.

You also realize... yeah, you're not really all that much of a fan of your original name when it's being used negatively like that.

Owwwwwwww........

Your name is Daraya Jonjet, and you recently heard an Earth turn of Phrase.
"There are only two certainties of life. Death and Taxes."

You've recently done some thinking on those words... And they honestly ring true quite a bit.

You've been staffed temporarily to fill in Astro's shield warrior slot while Ashler is on forced medical leave.

Why you? You have no idea why, but you VOLUNTEERED for it. And so here you are, wielding a light weight shield to synchronize with the rest of the ship once you drop out of hyperspace.

Which has already been more hours than you'd like given the distances involved. Stupid Carapacians. Stupid Ambush traps.... STUPID STUPID STUPID.

Why did you ever let Tyzias out of your sight?! Why agree to let her go with Callie on Delta to work on whatever project they're working on??

Now they're possibly fighting for their lives or stuck in an ambush or- or- or--

OR WORSE they could be-

"Easy, Jonjet," Tegiri says. "Your heartrate's way up. Slow it down. We need to be calm about this. We can't be in two places at once, got it?"

You nod, not trusting yourself to say anything while forcing yourself to calm down.

They're resourceful- they'll survive.

A few moments later, hyperspace travel ends behind a moon and the Astro Megaship immediately transforms. You get your shield ready as you come out and around...

"Holy shit!" And then you immediatelly duck back behind the moon to avoid a barrage of laser blasts.

New version of the Enemy Robot, dead ahead. It's got WRIST MOUNTED LASER CANNONS.

"Astro to Delta, come in Delta!" Joey radios out from the bridge.

"Joey! It's good to hear your voice!" Dammek's voice comes though. "We're pinned down on the surface. The atmosphere's thick enough it can't target us directly, but it can sure as hell track our position and chase after us if we try going around the planet's surface to the other side."

"Damn," Joey swears. "Did you guys take any damage?"

"Some to the engines from a lucky shot, but Callie and Tyzias are working to repair-" you stop listening.

You exhale in relief.

She's okay.

She's okay!!
"Listen up!" You speak out. "I've got an idea!"

All eyes turn towards you, and you gleefully lay out your plan.

From the perspective of the small Carapacian crew manning the arm-gun mech, they saw a massive shield get hurled out from behind the moon that the Astro Megaship had appeared behind.

Immediately, the systems went to track the flying projectile, preparing to shoot--

THEN, the Astro Megaship itself flew out in the opposite direction.

!!!

The automated systems swiveled around to begin tracking, preparing to fire--

And then they were slammed into from behind by the Delta Megaship's weapons fire.

The Gunner mecha, damaged, turns around to try and take aim at the re-emerging Megazord, and---

STABB!!

The Astro Megaship's sword was precisely flung straight through the power generator core- shutting down every system onboard the Carapacian's robot with an explosive failure of core containment.

Your name is Callie Ohphee and as you, Dammek, and Tyzias step off of the Astro Megaship's ring platform, Tyzias is swept up into a tight hug by Daraya.

"You're okay!" You hear her remark.

"Of course I'm okay!" Tyzias answers as she slips away from the hug just a bit.

"I was so worried!" Daraya says.

"Why?" Tyzias asks, frowning. "We were fine."

"I... I was scared..." Daraya takes a breath, then- "I was scared I'd never get a chance to tell you how I felt!"

"You... I..." Tyzias blinks. "How you felt?"

"I..." Daraya's mouth fumbles for words like a fish grasping for water, unable to find what she wants to say concisely.

Tyzias seems to get the point, though, and mutters out a "Fuck it," before kissing Daraya on the lips. Daraya kisses right back with just as much enthusiasm.

"Daw," Dammek smirks. "Let's give them some space."
"Agreed," you nod, and with that, you two exit the Ring Room.

Within a few minutes, you've joined Joey and Xefros in the Astro Mega's briefing room.

"Joey, Xefros!" You go over and give each of them a quick hug. "It's been too long!"

"It's only been a couple of weeks!" Joey laughs.

"That's still too long!" You say.

"Xefros, Joey," Dammek nods at them.

"Dammek," Xefros nods in return.

"Welcome back," Joey says.

"Shall we get this conference call over with?" Dammek asks.

"Right," Joey taps a few buttons, and then... Buzz. Buzz. Buzz. CLICK.

A holographic square panel, feature Okurii Leijon flicker shimmers into view. "Colonel Claire, Tetrarch Dammek," Okurii greets in the official capacity. "Major Tritoh, Doctor Ohphee. I'm guessing since all four of you are here that means things went well?"

"About as well as can be considered, General," Dammek says, smirking at the title usage.

"So, what do we know about this situation so far?" Okurii asks.

"According to reports from the Distress Calls and our own encounters," Joey taps a few buttons and brings up still images of the transformed enemy ships. They're not the best, given how frantically they were recorded, but they'll do. "The Carapacians have built Megaships that transform into Megazords. From how weak the armor is on them, and how identical they looked despite how varied their weapon load outs are... We're pretty sure these are prototypes. Mass Produced frames with various systems shoved on them for testing."

"They hit hard and they hit fast," you say. "They attack at range, or use cloaking technology to hide from our sensor arrays."

"So," Okurii crosses her arms and sighs. "The Carapacians working with Shadre and Anubis have transforming Robot Ships. Great." She closes her eyes and gets that look on her face like she's processing all of this in stride. "And we can assume that whatever finalized product they come up with is going to have tougher armor and every feature imaginable?"

"It's fairly likely," Dammek says. "It's what I'd do."

"We've got a few pockets of trouble space left to search," Joey says. "If we hit them all hard enough and fast enough, I'm sure we'll come across their production facility eventually."

"And what if they're not on any of those planets?" Okurii asks. "What if they're on the Carapacian Homeworld?"
"We'd have to be pretty bold to try attacking them there," Xefros says. "They call it a Fool's Errand for a reason."

"If it does turn out they are building these ships on their home planet, Okurii?" Joey interjects, "We'll take that challenge with the Ultrazord Combination straight to their front door."

"We still haven't tested that," Dammek reminds her. "The amount of synchronization required-"

"We haven't tested it because we haven't had all of the pieces available," Joey counters. "Alternia's moons are gone now so we have T and K available..." She shakes her head. "We'll test the whole bunch against their production facility one way or another. Let's just hope it's in one of the few dark spots Cassie left for us."

"In the mean time," Okurii directs her screen towards you. "How goes the Naquadria Core project, Callie?"

"...Explosively, Ma'am," you reply, smiling grimly.

---

**EARTH DATE: DEC 17TH, 1999.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 06/19/0003.**

Your name is Tyzias Entykk, and you jolt awake with a snort. You're in a bed. Not yours, though. The sheets are the wrong, blurry color for it. JADE instead of TEAL.

Oh fuck--

You quickly check your clothing status and find that you ARE STILL FULLY CLOTHES, sans jacket, socks and shoes. And Glasses. Where are your glasses?

It's frustrating, while the memory that you and Daraya atleast DIDN'T go full out last night surfaces rather quickly, you can't recall where you put your glasses.

What did you do with them?

...Likely, the answer is that you fell asleep in them. Again. Daraya probably took them off so you didn't squish them in your sleep or something.

Daraya...

Hoo. Yeah. Last night was... Um. "Awkward" doesn't describe half of it.

Glub, how the hell could the two of you be so utterly attracted to eachother yet find it so hard to actually spit the words out?

Sure, there was kissing, and cuddling and... and...

And good grief neither of you could barely talk.
"Um... Morning?"

You squint at a blur that entered the room. Black mop on the head, white blob around the chest, green around the hips... Daraya, probably. Sounds like her anyways.

"Morning," you reply. "Where are my Glasses?"

"Oh, right. Sorry!" The blob of colors that's almost certainly Daraya moves over towards you and puts the familiar form of your glasses in hand. "They fell off when I was moving you from the couch into here and the frames got bent..." Funny, they don't feel bent any, and as you put them on you see an utterly familiar look of sleep deprivation on Daraya's face. "So, I spent the last... few hours I guess, trying to get them back into shape."

"Thanks," you say.

Daraya smiles for a moment... Then, sighs. "So... uh... Us?"

"Us," you laugh, nervously. "What the hell even...?"

Neither of you know what to say for a solid minute. Instead, Daraya just sits down next to you, and fiddles with her hair uncertainly. You... You take off your glasses and inspect the repair work.

It's good. You never would see the faint stress marks unless you were looking for them. And is that...? You sniff at the colored plastic. Smells of sealant. "Did you repaint the frame?"

"Mmh," Daraya nods. "I noticed how beat up the rest of the paint was where it wasn't bent from falling. It took me a while to find the right match."

"That's..." You put your glasses back on and then grab Daraya's hand. "That's really nice of you to do."

"Heh, it really wasn't much," she says, cheeks going green.

"...So what does this make us?" You ask. "What even quadrant?"

"...Do we even really have to put a name to it?" Daraya offers.

You....

You never even really considered that.

"I think I'd be okay with that," you smile.

Chapter End Notes

Next episode posts Monday, likely.
"Colonel Jack O'neill, pleasure to finally get you to sit down with us."

"Yeah. Sure."

"So... We've had a lot of discussions with the SGC personnel over the last few months. You're one of the last left on the list."

"Must've missed a memo or something."

"I'm sure you did. We do have plenty of footage of you rushing about here and there, though."

"I do try to make sure my ass is as enjoyable to everyone watching me walk away as possible."

"Heh. Of course, of course."

"So... uh. What did you want to even talk about?"

"This and that. There's a lot of chit, and chat, around the water cooler, you understand."

"Naturally."

"I suppose first and foremost... before we get to the hard hitting stuff. Is there anything you'd like to say to the possibly trillions of people watching this?"

"Trillions you say?"

"Well, I'm accounting for several hundred years of people watching this over and over again."

"Ah. Yes. Greetings, future viewers. How's the future? Are there flying cars and jetpacks yet? If so, cool! Congrats on finally living the dream!"

"So. Then. Let's begin."

"Alright."

"So... We noticed some Animosity between you and Senator Kinsey. What's that about?"

"'Animosity' would be putting it mildly. As for what it's about... Let's just say it's a long story involving fishing, blackmail, espionage, and assassination attempts, of both the physical and character types."

"Care to elaborate?"

"...Now that's a question." A pause follows, hefty consideration. "Promise me you won't let the 'Good Senator' get to see this interview until this whole thing is already airing?"
"Not even if he becomes the Vice President in the next election like he's running for. Cross my heart and swear to die."

"Now that," Jack O'neill leans forwards in his chair. "That is a promise I like to hear." The smile on his face could be described as shark like. "See, it all starts back in, oh.... late 96? Mid 96? Somewhere in 96..."

Chapter End Notes

Wrote up a brief thing... figured it'll bide you guys over 'til monday's chapter.
Your name is Argo Lalonde, and... you've had a LOT on your mind the last few years.

Year? Over a year, almost a Year and a Half?

Whatever. You've just had a LOT on your mind.

A lot of that was the COMPLEX, MENTAL IMAGE of the time bubble keeping Abydos from being blown to pieces.

You can still see it when you close your eyes. A bunch of squares all orbiting each other and just expanding and collapsing and expanding and collapsing like a heart beat.

Because you pretty much synched it to your heart beat.

But that's behind you now.

It's all behind you.

No more time bubble and no more chaotic swirling patterns of square shaped colors that change color every time you look and-

No. Nope. You're done.

You're done and you're going to do nothing more than cuddle with John and Jade on this fine, random ass morning at the end of Decemb--

"IT'S CHRISTMASSSSS!!!" Yell the combined squeals of four young children.

**EARTH DATE: DECEMBER 25TH, 1999.**

...Ah. Right. You'd almost forgotten about Christmas.

---

Hot Chocolate. You'd nearly forgotten it was a thing what with you forcing yourself to stay awake some nights by downing an unhealthy amount of Alien Coffee, just to keep the time bubble going a little while longer.
You lean against the kitchen counter sipping at the delicious taste of hot chocolate while you watch your younger self eagerly tear into the Christmas Morning CINNAMON ROLLS along with her fellow kiddy aged versions of Rose, John, and Jade.

The year is 1999. You were born in 1995. It's been almost five years for them all- just a bit longer for the younger John...

How old even are you now? You were roughly around Jude and Cassie's age going in... 17? 18?

For all your PRECISE TIME KEEPING ABILITIES inside the bubble, you've never quite kept track of this.

In the end, does it really matter? Age is just a number at this point. A meaningless one. Your birthday doesn't even match up with the actual amount of time you've lived anymore. Hasn't really ever since you all came back in time.

"Sup, Kitten?" And then there's Dad, sitting next to you on the counter like a child. And 'kitten'? Really? Hehe.

"Not much," you say. "Sup with you?"

"Oh, you know," He sighs. "Worrying about shit that no dad should ever have to worry about. Whether an alien overlord is going to blow up the planet. That sort of thing."

"Mrrh." Your ears wriggle a bit as you take a sip of hot chocolate. "I know exactly what you mean."

"Oh. Right. I..." He sighs. "Sorry, I didn't think about that for a moment."

Davis Strider, ladies and gentle-paws of the courtroom.

"It's fine," you say. "Some days it feels like a dream, then I remember it wasn't."

It's a lie, but whatever. He doesn't need to know that it was more of a nightmare than a dream.

"Can we open presents yet!?" Young Rose asks, having just finishing downing a whole sippy cup of milk in one gulp.

"Not yet, sweetie," Roxy says, patting her daughter on the head before giving the girl a refill of her drink. "Gotta wait for Janet and Jude and Cassie to get here."

"And Penny!!" Young Jade pipes up. "We can't forget Penny!!"

"No, we can't," Roxy smiles.

Speaking of Jade... You glance over at the Tree and see her carefully putting some hand-made ornaments onto the tree while nobody's supposedly looking. A smile forms on your face.

Cassie had to find some way to keep herself busy during those first few months, and that something ended up being pottery. Jade ended up picking up the hobby as well when she wasn't using her powers to build the reflecting dish.

All of the good commemorative moments you had in the bubble ended up getting little ornaments
made. Penny's Birth, as one such example. Jude proposing to Cassie, as another.

You coming forwards to the others about what pronouns you wanted them to use as another one.

You're keeping that ornament personally, though, until you can either build up the courage, or permanently relocate to another planet where people don't care about that sort of thing so much.

It's not that you don't trust people here, on Earth... Especially your family! But...

Sixteen months and Twenty Eight days in a time dilation bubble leads one to feel a bit disconnected from the world as it was. Especially after what felt like an eternity out on Alternia and Diaspora and...

And they went and crashed Alternia's Moons without you!! Damn it! You were looking forwards to that.

Jade slips into the kitchen and slides up next to you with a chipper, "Morning, Argo. Morning, Uncle Davis."

"Morning, Jade," Dad says. "How's life back on earth treating you?"

"It's... surprisingly chill," Jade says. "But... To be honest, Diaspora was nicer."

"Agreed," you nod.

"Yeah," Dad sighs. "Can't argue with that. Earth's quite a mess these days."

Your name is JOHN SHEPPARD and as you help Colonel O'neill unload the bags full of presents and stuff from his truck, you can't help but compare this version of the man to the one you grew up with.

There's a tense-ness to him that you always saw during those old days that you only rarely see now. Now? He's got this sort of serene air about him that you only usually saw with your Jack when he was fishing.

"So, how much of this is yours and how much of it is SG-1's that you're just bringing here personally?" You ask once your arms are sufficiently full.

"Oh, I'd say a good thirty percent is Teal'c's," O'neill says. "He's really annoyed Janet won't let him off base just yet and did a LOT of stress shopping online."

"Better luck than Jude's had, it looks like," you observe.

"Yeah, what's up with that?" O'neill asks. "Kid's ranted to me on more than one occasion about it." He pauses, looking you over, then concedes, "Well, not so much a kid anymore, I guess." He shakes his head, "Anyways, Carter's stuck herself off world with her dad for the week, so about... maybe forty percent is her shopping too? Jonas' is about ten..."

"So the remaining twenty percent would be yours?" You guess.
"Yeah, something like that," O'neill says with a nod.

Bringing everything inside and placing it around the tree, you look around for any sign of Rose or Kanaya before remembering that they're still in Alternia's Galaxy... The Alternia Galaxy, you guess, now. You'll have to bring her some of those old robes from Khepri's time vault for her to mess around with next time you visit.

By the time you and O'neill finish arranging things, Jude, Janet, Cassie, and little Penny arrive. And after some breakfast shenanigans, you settle in on Argo's left, with Jade to their right, on one of the Egbert's couches.

Alec and Roxy and Davis get down on the floor with the kids to open presents while Alec records with the camera. O'neill and Janet wait in the gap between kitchen and living room, watching everything go down while sipping at mugs of coffee. Jude and Cassie settle down on one of the other couches next to you, and Cassie holds Penny up to watch everything.

It feels like the perfect sort of holiday morning.

It's just a shame either version of Joey isn't here for it.

DIASPORA DATE: 06/27/0003.

Your name is Joey Claire, and you stare out into the distant edges of the hyperspace vortex's horizon. The view is so different inside of KISHAMOTH'S BRIDGE. T-Line and K-Line are attached in train fashion behind you. You'd imagine that to some degree the three Zords together would look something akin to a RATHER LARGE METAL SNAKE with TUSKS at the front. Not exactly conspicuous, but once you emerge from Hyperspace you'll split up and have smaller radar presences.

This is, ostensibly, a stealth mission. A stealth mission taking place on Christmas if you were back on Earth. Yet another one missed. You're only disappointed in so far as you feel like you're missing out on yet another important milestone re: children and their growing up so fast.

You check the time, then tab at the radio, "Mierfa, Polypa, you two ready?"

"Yeah," Mierfa replies.

"Ready to blow up some carapacians, that's for sure!!" Polypa laughs.

"We're dropping out in five, prepare to separate," you count down. "Three. Two-"

WOOSH! And then space appears before you and the three Train shaped Zords split off; Mierfa in K-Line swerves to your right, Polypa in T-Line to your left.

And then you rocket towards the solar system ahead of you- the last of Cassie's bad luck zones from before she left for Abydos.

Already Kishamoth's sensors are picking up a lot of the signs you've been looking for. Massive space-borne ship yards, in orbit around the system's star, all wrapped up in a massive forcefield to
keep unwanted things out.

This is the place.

All of the planets in this system are being strip mined of resources, likely through Replicator Mining given the lack of life signs.

You can already see the black outline, framed from behind by the glare of the sun, of a massive humanoid shape.

"Holy shit," Mierfa radios. "It's nearly finished."

"Confirming that," you frown as the sensor readouts flow in. "Holy shit that thing is massive. They're really trying to match the Ultrazord without even knowing it's a thing yet."

"It's go big or go home, I guess," Polypa agrees. "Do we even bother with the stealth shit, or--?"

"We go live," you say, and then hit a broadwave. "Xefros, Dammek, Karkat, we're going in hot. Bring the pain train. I repeat, bring the pain train."

And then your three train zords rush the nearest Carapacian ships, ramming into them with body checks and side swipes. Their space-boats survive the ramming mostly by virtue of being better armored than the prototype robots.

What they DON'T survive is the fact that you all had the anti gravity shields on and activated a FIRE AURA at the last second. The sudden force crashing into them, seemingly from nowhere, combined with the sudden ON-FIRE STATUS makes THEM go flying into other ships and causing the space equivalent of a five car pile up.

"Link up for Ramming Mode!" You order. "We'll punch a hole in their defenses and clear the way for the Sovereign Slayer's cannon fire."

"AHAHAHAH!" Polypa laughs. "YESSSS!!!"

"Roger that," Mierfa confirms.

And then your three trains line back up, link up, and then engage the RAMMING MODE.

That thought before about your trains looking like a snake? Yeah.... now you've got an energy shield that looks like a crimson dragon.

The Carapacians send some more toy boats your way.... Their shields and armor don't stand a chance against your ramming attack.

---

Your name is Polypa Goezee, and once upon a time, you were just a nobody olive blood who ran a blog online about romance.

And then some assholes broke into your hive and tried to rob you. They killed your Lusus, and might have done some serious harm to you if not for...
If Tegiri Kalbur hadn't been your neighbor, and saw the crime in progress and took it upon himself to wreck their shit. Dude almost got his arm wrenched out of his shoulder in the process because one of the would be murdering burglars was a psychic. You took a kitchen knife and ended the bastard there with a slit throat.

Tegiri then recruited you into the then pretty much discombobulated rebellion. For a time, you were a blade for hire, and did whatever Teal Commander sent you on a job to do.

There was a rush, a thrill, to it all. But it felt like something was missing from your life even then. You tended to work alone. Your very few partners always either did something to get themselves killed in the field, or just got unlucky and got culled at some concert. You... you were just too good. A hoodie with a fake Gold Blood sign on it here, a pair of decorative fake horns there... A sharpened knife and the occasional poison...

You kept surviving.

And then the infamous TACTICIAN came to Alternia, got his shit wrecked, and the Rebellion officially integrated a rogue cell that somehow got their hands on a Stargate.

You joined up and you had a team. Teal Commander lead you off world and you forced the Empire off of the planet!! ...And then you pretty much got your shit WRECKED by a fucking Volcano of all things.

The heat, searing and burning as it was, stuck with you. Here was a force more powerful than a knife to the gut or across the throat. A knife? A blade? Those can be broken at the wrong moment. A stress fracture here, a gash there, and TWIST, SNAP. It breaks.

But the explosive heat of a fire?

There are very few things that can stop that once it gets going.

And once Joey Claire came into your life and healed you of those burns- branding you instead with a lot of flame themed tattoos? Oh, did your life really change. You still carry a knife, but only for those times that an explosion doesn't solve your problems. Which... if you're being honest here?

Making your Space-Trains set themselves on fire and crash through everything opposing them with ease??

There's a HELL OF A LOT of problems that explosions can solve.

You've done enough damage to the fleet outside of the Carapacian's sun shield that they're sending ships out from inside of it.

And then the Sovereign Slayer emerges from Hyperspace, flanked seconds later by Astro and Delta.

The Slayer opens fire and OH. That is a lovely burst of flames and death searing across the Carapacian ships.

Astro and Delta flank and begin blasting other ships.

It's glorious! It's wonderful! It's--!
It's too easy.

The enemy ships barely take any hits before exploding, and their explosions are just... way too small. And they're WAY too complete. There's not enough debris.

There's...

There's just not enough to-

"It's a TRAP!!" You yell out mere seconds before a whole fleet of Reaver and Clown ships exit Hyperspace all around the system- accompanied by SEVERAL LARGE Carapacian ships that immediately begin transforming into robot form.

"Scatter!" Joey orders and you decouple T-Line from Kishamoth at the same time K-Line disconnects from you.

The enemy mechs open fire with their fancy arm cannons seconds later- and the next thing you know you're spinning and spinning and you're fighting to get your momentum under control.

You've barely only managed to do such in time to watch the force-shield around the sun fall away, revealing that it wasn't a force-field at all. Well. it WAS. But not for what you thought.

It was a HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION disguising itself as a force-field encompassing ANOTHER FORCE-FIELD around a FUCKING SINGULARITY that suddenly expands in size and shape and-- Holy shit did they compress a Black Hole into a tiny pocket dimension or something???

Everything outside of a certain radius of pull and DOESN'T have an Anti-Gravity shield on it starts getting pulled in. It'd have been a really devious plot if not for that little tech solution Joey's brother invented.

...As it turns out, you took some damage in whatever lucky shot sent you sprawling, because you're suddenly being dragged in straight towards the fucking singularity against your wishes.

The others are fine. They're unaffected. But you? Oh come on. Really? You? You get pulled in???

"GUYS! BIT OF A PROBLEM HERE!!" You yell out.

"POLY!" Joey's voice comes through slightly distorted.

Time Dilation. GREAT.

"ULTRAZORD FORMATION!" Joey yells out. "NOW!!"

Like you've got the pull for that!! Except you don't have to worry about that. Everyone else is rocketing towards you and the fucking BLACK HOLE of all things.

"Idiots! I'm not worth this!!" You tell them. They can always rebuild T-Line anyways. It's no big loss if you get chewed up. "They're just going to--!"

And then you watch it happen. The force-shield snaps shut the moment Astro, Delta, Slayer, K-Line,
and Kishamoth have entered the proximity of the singularity.

"It's a trap," you lament.

You close your eyes and wait for the inevitable.

"So... you used to kill people for a living?" Joey had asked during one of your first hate-dates at a random rock quarry.

"That a deal breaker for us?" You asked while frowning, sure that it was going to end up just like every other attempt at romance you've had. You knew some trolls look at your no-blood-colors-bared assassination history and got squeamish. You wouldn't have been surprised.

"Surprisingly, no," Joey shook her head. "I mean, don't get me wrong. I'm all kinds of low key pissed off at the times where some people. Just. HAVE to die because they're just going to be jerks. I'd rather nobody have to kill anyone..." She shakes her head. "But there's a need for people willing to do that kind of wetwork, for the people who can't, or won't, do it for themselves. Sometimes that person has had to be me. I'd be a hypocrite for judging someone else for the same kind of decisions."

"Well, that's a first," you say. "Most people hear about me killing lowbloods and highbloods alike tend to just... kinda look at me like I'm crazy. Hell, maybe I am. Maybe I have been since before I got a volcano's runny nose blown on me."

"Yeah, well," She looked you in the eyes then, in that infuriating way only she could manage, "So what? Maybe it's that insanity that I hate-like, or whatever the hell the right term for it is."

"Well, you're insane alright, Joey Claire," you'd told her, laughing.

But then again, the girl who low-key branded you with her sign on your rump during the middle of an extensive healing session would have to be.

You ended up blowing up half a mountain side about ten minutes later.

And then there's a JOLT as something latches onto T-Line from the outside, shaking you out of your thoughts.

You check the sensors and see that K-LINE has grabbed you from the rear using the coupling mechanics.

"Mierfa! What the hell!!" You want to yell at her, but barely can manage her name before you're interrupted.

"Like any of us are letting you crash into a fucking black hole!!" Mierfa's face, whole face through a video transmission, appears on your screen.

"And if you're trying to be all noble and self-sacrificial just to piss me off?" Joey appears on screen as well, glaring in a way that makes your heart skip a beat. "Well, it's sure as hell working!!"
You blink, and stare. Then, you sniff, and wipe the tears out of your eyes- why the hell were you even crying for? Of course they'd come bail your ass out of this fire extinguishing orb of death. You've got SO MUCH MORE to BURN.

Your name is Mierfa Durgas, and you and Polypa Goezee met once, ages ago, before you were officially hired to work for Trizza on the All Your Base. You didn't exchange names, and at the time you were first introduced as being on Teal Commander's team, she only had a vaguely passing familiarity. That sort of "I've seen you somewhere before."

You'd seen her at a movie theater once- just some girl a row infront of you, munching on popped corn and chatting with some bloke you thought was her Moirail. She almost got into a fight with some other gal a row ahead of her. That was right after some high ranking Violet Blood had gotten murdered. (A Violet Blooded Archaeologist, as a matter of fact. If he hadn't been murdered, he'd probably have wound up displacing someone on Trizza's hunting team. Likely, it would have been you.)

It took you a while to place her face.

The face of a GOLD BLOOD rather than an OLIVE BLOOD, who was known to rack up some rather hefty murders of various targets. Supposedly she was a member of some random assassin group that changed names like the wind. One week it was THE VENN GROUP, the next THE DARK BROTHERHOOD, and the next after that something else entirely.

You figured they were just cover names for an Assassin the Rebellion had hired to take care of troublesome folk. You'd just hoped she'd steer well clear away from your own spy mission on the Heiress.

And she did, well until it didn't matter anymore.

Then she got burned alive by lava.

Admittedly, you felt a small amount of pity towards her. Platonically, of course. You figured she had a Moirail. And honestly, Joey spent more time around her than anything else, so imagine your surprise some time ago, during that night before Jade came to Diaspora with an uncontrollable Werewolf Problem, when Polypa sighed and remarked, just so offhandedly, that she was jealous that Joey had a Moirail and a Matesprit.

You're not even sure that you were supposed to hear it.

Your feelings of pity towards her are still 100% entirely Platonic, and you're not about to go trying to play matchmaker. You're a bet maker, not a bet faker. But.... you worry about her sometimes.

Hanging around all of you has been good for her, you're sure of it...

So like hell. LIKE HELL you're going to let her throw herself into a black hole.

"H-Hah!" Polypa puts up a brave tone of voice, but you can hear the cracks as she tries to bluff. "You got me, Joey. Trying to rile you up. Haha. Now... now let's give these bastards a run for their
money and blow their stinking trap to pieces!!"

"Hell yeah!" You grin.

"ULTRAZORD FORMATION!" Dammek yells out.

> [S] LIBERA

From the outside perspective for the Carapacians and Reavers watching the Rebellion ships diving into the black hole WILLINGLY after one of their own, it seemed so foolish. It really, really did. And yet...

The expected Time Dilation didn't seem to be happening quite at the observed rates expected.

[0:19]

The Delta Megaship Split Apart, the Soverign Slayer Split Apart, the Kishamoth Split Apart. Their pieces began to reorient themselves around the transforming Astro Megaship on their downwards dive towards the artificial singularity.

[0:28]

The Delta Megaship's main body armor slid into place around the Astro Megaship- temporarily forming the Astro-Delta, sans arms and head.

The Slayer's Rocket Boosters attached to the box-halves of Kishamoth, even as the Delta's Gattling Arms slid into place within those box halves. Then, the whole assemblies attached to the bottom of the feet of the Astro Delta.

The whole body and legs of the Slayer shifted into arms, and shoulders, and slid down over the headless upper torso of the Astro Delta, and then the Slayer's robot form arms snapped into position along the side.

Kishamoth's Arms then attached to the sides of the Astro-Delta's Legs. Along the back, the Slayer's neck attached to the Astro's folded back arms, and then against the back of the exposed ports, Kishamoth's head attached atop it.

K-Line swung, and threw T-Line into a spin. It landed rocket first into the waiting socket port on the Right Shoulder. Then, K-Line flew into position, and similarly docked as the Left Arm.

[0:48]

Then, with everything almost in position, Astro-Delta's head slid down along the bottom of Kishamoth's head, locking into place in the awaiting neck port on the Slayer's body.

Finishing the transformation, Kishamoth's horns swing down and locked into place alongside the Astro Delta's Head, and the eyes flashed GREEN.

With a roar of energy lighting up the CRIMSON M on the chest, the whole robot gathered a massive
flame Aura around its body, and it exploded it outwards at the forceshield keeping them inside.

[0:55]

The shield flared under the strain.

Then it cracked.

And Cracked some MORE.

AND THEN KEPT CRACKING.

AND CRACKING.

A few Carapacian Ships bolted to hyperspace, very wisely.

AND CRACKING.

[1:07]

And then the shield exploded.

"PLANET SHATTERING COMBINATION! GALAXY ULTRAZORD!" the voices of every synchronizing pilot abord the massive thing yelled out as one.

For a moment, the Carapacian Megazords stood there, unmoving.

[1:18]

And then they launched a suicidal charge at the Ultrazord.

With a burst of speed that denied the very existence of a Singularity behind them, the Ultrazord MOVED.

A punch with K-Line's shielded face met the face of a heavily armored Megazord and shattered the thing's entire upper torso to shreds.

[1:28]

A few smaller Megazords tried to grab the Ultrazord's arms to rip the things off- but they seemed to have forgotten about the previously demonstrated FLAME AURA- they exploded from the heat the Aura generated alone.

And then the Ultrazord continued to push on ahead.

The long range Gunners got their wits about them and began firing off- but their energy blasts were just absorbed by the main bulk of the body armor.

[1:38]

Seeing this, a few of the Clown ships jumped to hyperspace. The Reaver ships took this as an opportunity to jump at the Ultrazord and try to ram it.
The foot gattling cannons fired off bursts lasers and rockets that weakened the Reaver ship's shields to the point that they didn't survive a single swing from T-Line as it came at them, wreathed in a flame aura.

[1:47]

Another Megazord came at them armed with a sword. With a roar, Polypa threw T-Line's jaws at their sword, caught the blade between the massive teeth, and CRUNCHED it into pieces.

Disarmed, the poor sword wielding Megazord tried the next best thing. Kicking the Ultrazord between the legs.

Unsurprisingly, their make and model was not one of the heavily armored ones. Their foot exploded the moment it made contact.

[1:57]

With a flash of the Ultrazord's GREEN EYES, the whole thing accelerated forwards, and the de-footed megazord was crushed against the full force of the rapidly moving Ultrazord's body.

It was like gravity and momentum meant nothing to the thing at all!! But how!?

(The answer was Anti-Gravity Shields. That's how.)

The Carapacian ships and Reaver Ships began to try to retreat backwards while still firing away at the Ultrazord as if that would do any good.

[2:07]

The Ultrazord's Armor just absorbed every shot, and fueled it into its own power core.

Shot after Shot after Shot- nothing could stop it.

And then--

[2:16]

--A MASSIVE Carapacian ship emerged from Hyperspace and began transforming into a giant robot of equal size to the Ultrazord.

As the other ships all fled the system or to a safe distance away, the Ultrazord considered its enemy before it charged the Jumbo Sized Megazord.

[2:26]

They locked fists, and began struggling against each other.

The Ultrazord's Green eyes locked onto the Jumbo Megazord's crimson- and the pilots glared at each other across view screens.

[2:36]
Then the Jumbo Megazord's chest opened to reveal a massive cannon that fired off an explosive round straight into the Ultrazord's chest.

[2:40]

**BOOM!!!**

The Ultrazord flew backwards for a ways, then seemed to SKID TO A STOP on ground that did not exist before encasing itself in a roaring inferno of flames once again.

[2:45]

The rocket boosters on the feet fired off in tandem with the Attero Accelerator strapped to the back, and the Ultrazord flew right back at the Jumbo Megazord at twice the speed it'd been blown away at.

The Ultrazord grabbed the Jumbo Megazord and then plowed them straight into the over mined remains of a moon- BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM- before plowing out the other side and shattering the planetoid to pieces while embedding some shards of raw Naquadah into the back armor of the Jumbo Megazord in the process.

The Jumbo Megazord went twirling, spiraling backwards from the attack as momentum and gravity drew it down towards a similarly over mined planet.

[3:04]

The Attero Cannon Detached from the back of the Ultrazord, and moved into position infront of the chest- T-Line and K-Line went out parallel to it and all three Dinosaur heads opened their mouths wide- gathering brilliant bursts of energy in each mouth.

Everything was locking onto that Jumbo Megazord- even the Gatling cannons in the feet were transforming to their Replicator Disruptor forms and generating their own light shows on their surface.

The energy built up and built up, drawing heavily upon the roaring Naquadria Core built into the power cell presently resting in Kishamoth's head.

[3:24]

And then it FIRED.

FIVE BRILLIANT BEAMS OF LIGHT arced out towards the Jumbo Megazord and plowed into every critical part- Head, Shoulders, Hips.

The Jumbo Ultrazord crashed into the planet's atmosphere, and then kept on falling to the ragged, overmined surface below- and the beams of light just kept burning into it and burning into it--

Until finally those Naquadah shards in its back ignited and EXPLODED.

[3:44]

The burst of blue light overcame the Jumbo megazord's power core, and then ignited IT as well,
setting up an even LARGER mass reaction that consumed what little naquadah was left on the Planet's surface, and ignited that as well.

The whole planet went up like a star- a star that brilliantly but temporarily illuminated the Ultrazord as its cannons ceased firing and stood there like the boss it was- nonchalantly ejecting the Naquadria power core from its weapon over its shoulder and straight into the artificial singularity.

A few seconds later, the entire thing exploded, becoming an actual new star to replace the one that had been destroyed earlier.

[4:03]

From the perspective of the one Clown ship that remained in the system, it was a terrifyingly beautiful sight. The planned destruction of the Rebellion's weapons had been turned back around on them and a whole star had been BORN out of the sheer amount of power put out by the weapon itself.

SHALLY MARROW, former HANDMAIDEN and immediate subordinate to Shadre, and now the new INHERITOR of the title ECHIDNHA, could only stare on with horror as her one plan for ending all of this backfired HORRIBLY.

"...Get us out of here," She orders her bridge crew silently, barely above a whisper. "Just. Get us out of here before they turn that on us."

And so they fled the system.

Chapter End Notes

Soo... dat latest friendsim.

I'm surprised Zebruh somehow was worse than I thought he'd be...

Polypa is Best Girl. <3

--Huh? What? What's that? The Ultrazord?? Oh. Yeah. That's a thing I've been dreaming up for a while now. It's overpowered as hell, but in order to use that power, it needs a Naquadria power core. Sort of a limiting factor there. ^^;
In which a Season Finale is built up to.

See the end of the chapter for notes.

**EARTH DATE: JANUARY 1ST, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 07/04/0003.**

Tired, and battered, the fleet of Megaships dropped out of hyperspace and began lowering themselves towards the ground of the first closest planet with a Stargate.

They'd had to jump in and out of Hyperspace several times just to get here. The fight as a whole had lead to some rather serious microfracture strains in some of the transformation joints. An overhaul was due, but because of those strained parts, long hyperspace journeys was ill advised for the time being lest one of the ships explode mid flight.

Not that anyone on the crew of any of the multiple ships complained.

After a fight like that, things were... well. Things were tense and in need of release.

A vacation was well overdue, and while repairs to the Megaships were being made... such a vacation was happening.

"I can't believe you hurt your toe against a treadmill wheel!!" Your Moirail complains, fussing over the bleeding wound on your foot.

Your name is DAMMEK, and yeah. You stubbed your left foot into the side of a treadmill in the dark last night. Stupid freaking trolls with super strength moving equipment out of the exercise halls...

Most of your foot's digits had escaped unharmed... Save for the one right next to your big toe.

It's all kinds of sore. You hope you didn't break any bones. That'd be just hilariously stupid.

"Yeah, I can't believe it either, Callie," You sigh.

"This is what you get for wearing your sunglasses onboard a spaceship!!" Callie snarks at you.

"Not my fault. The lights in that room burnt out during the fight and nobody fixed them," you half-heartedly complain.
"Flash. Light." Callie stresses. "Joey makes us carry spares around!! Why didn't you use one??"

You really have no answer to that that isn't PURE LAZINESS, so you say nothing but...
"Aesthetic."

"REALLY, Dammek! Sometimes you just have to concede the point!!" Callie rolls her eyes. "And honestly- those shades are looking a tad beaten up as it is! When's the last time you replaced them?"

You mumble something about not remembering when, which earns you a surprised look from your Moirail, who says, "That's entirely too long and as soon as we get back to Diaspora we are going SHOPPING!!"

...Okay, yeah, you can't argue the point there.

The Earth Sport of Boxing has a lot more safety rules to it than the Alternian Version.

Your name is Mierfa Durgas, and you muse that those rules really don't do much beyond making sure your beatdowns are quick and concise.

That adds an added layer of challenge. Disarm without maiming. Incapacitate without seriously harming.

You've taken the opportunity to refine your skills in hand to hand to also refine your skills in one-line-ing an opponent into being distracted.

"So..." You begin, sizing up your olive blooded opponent for a weakened guard and an open shot. "Do you have any other quadrant mates besides Joey?"

"I- What kind of question is that-?" Polypa lowers her guard and with a smirk you lash out with a gloved punch to the chest- left shoulder. Polypa reels, staggers, and gets a grip on herself. "OH! Come on!!" she glares at you. "Low blow question! What the hell is the point of that??"

"Point one," you say, "you lowered your guard. I thought you were better than that, being a former assassin and all."

"Well, excuse me for not expecting a friendly sparring session to end up blowing up in my face with romance questions!" She snaps back a punch at you- you dodge it. "And seriously! Shouldn't I be asking YOU that??"

"Why?" You ask. "Interested in one of mine?"

Polypa sputters again, and you land another strike- this time clipping her right shoulder. Another stagger, another fumble, except this time she turns it around into a spin and- WHAM!!!

You clutch at your face for a moment.

OW. She nailed you right in the jaw.
"Hah. Saw what you were doing there just in time," She smirks. "Can't pull one over on me twice, Mierfa."

You cough out a small bit of blood. You bit your cheek, you guess. Probably should've opted for a retainer or something.

"Good point," you say.

"But seriously," Polypa frowns, "you got some other reason for asking me something like that other than just being distracting??"

"Curiosity, actually," you say. "And a bit of concern. Most of the time, you hang around us, and you've never mentioned other quadrants, or seem to spend time with them. But I noticed there are times you just vanish after a rough mission sometimes, and I'm wondering if you're going to talk to a Moirail or spend time with a Matesprit."

"...Moirail, nah," She shakes her head. "I mean, I had one, once. Basically. She acted like my handler. Then she got herself killed on a mission."

"Sorry to hear that," you say.

"It's fine," she shrugs. "Matesprit... eh. Well. There's the is one guy that I slept with a couple of times back during my assassin days, but, things never really worked out with our schedules to make it a thing. Truth be told, things haven't lined up in... ergh. A very long time. I've been trying not to think about it."

"Oh?" You frown. "So... where do you go during those random days you vanish on us??"

"Here, there," she shrugs. "Mostly I just go hiking somewhere in Diaspora's forest."

"Well," you say, "if you ever just want to talk about anything. I'm there as a friend if you wanna chat."

"Thanks," Polypa smiles- and then WHAM- you don't even see the blow to your shoulders coming. "Now! About that one liner shit!"

We would check in with Xefros and Baizli in the meantime, however those activities are probably left best to the imagination.

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**EARTH DATE: JANUARY 2ND, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 07/05/0003.**

Your name is Keiko Ayano and you rub at your eyes as your alternate universe self finishes resealing the busted Quantum Mirror. "Is that it?" You ask. "Is that finally everything repaired?"

"Only one way to find out," Silica breathes as she grabs the REMOTE DIALER REMOTE for the
Mirror (Redundantly named so on purpose for the fun of it) that you'd developed for exploring other worlds with Mirrors whose controllers were either lost or destroyed. "Engaging test run in three... two... one..."

She presses the red power button and the mirror's replaced silver surface flickers into active service.

The world beyond appears as a standard beach front view- the calibration world they'd designated as "Zero" for this experiment.

"So far so good..." You say, and Silica starts cycling upwards through the worlds.

Flash. Storage Warehouse in Area 51. Flash. Storage Warehouse on An Alien Planet. Flash. The Blank Face of a Mirror that had once worked but had since been destroyed. Flash.

"Oh, well that's interesting!" Silica says, ears wriggling.

You grab a sign and hold it up to the mirror.

The Doctor Rodney Mckay on the other side holds up a matching sign after a moment of confusion, then understanding and grinning like a loon.

You turn the sign around, write down a random phrase that comes to mind, and hold it back up.

Mckay takes note of it, writes it down in a journal, then writes a second sentence on his side. You likewise write it down.

If the Mckay of this universe confirms this encounter, then you may have proven that Two Mirrors in the same Universe MIGHT actually connect to each other!

Wonderful!

With a nod, Silica moves to the next Mirror.

Flash. A Different SGC- one Joey Harley and a Cassandra Fraiser look up from their work, and wave and smile upon seeing you.

You smile and wave back, and then once the other two on the other side return to their work, Silica moves to the next world. Flash. It's--

"Well that's not right," you say.

That is NOT the world that should be there. The next mirror in sequence should be a wall of rock. This is definitely not it. It looks like it's the inside of someone's HOUSE, actually!!

"Yeah, it's not," Silica frowns. "I definitely tuned it to address 6Z9-026, though. So Unless they un-buried their mirror and moved it since the last time, we're probably getting an incoming call from a different mirror."

"Well, that's just great timing," you lament.

Your answer as to whether or not that's the case gets answered as a commotion happens on the other side of the mirror.
A couple of trolls come running in from outside. A bronze blood boy in a flight jacket, a cerulean blood girl with three eyes, and a teal blooded boy in a disheveled suit.

The girl has the remote for their mirror in hand, and leads the way for the mirror at a run. The other two keep running after her- except then the door gets blasted down by a burst of fire and a massive HULKING BRUTE steps through the door frame.

You've seen enough of Alternia's historical records to know it's an IMPERIAL DRONE. The only question is WHY is it painted stark white all the way around, with LIME GREEN stripes across its body as an accent color? That's not standard paint marking, as far as you're aware.

The bronze blooded boy in the flight jacket grabs something from the nearest table and throws it straight at the Imperial Drone even as the Teal Blooded Boy leaps for the mirror and- FWASH!!

He lands on the temple floor in front of you with a groan.

During the transition, the girl pauses to look back and you three all watch on with horror as the Imperial Drone raises its arm and launches what looks like an ALFHEIM SPELL BLAST, spell runes and all, straight into the bronze blooded boy's chest.

The girl shrieks, and leaps for the mirror even as the Imperial Drone turns to fire on her.

The shot intended to hit her- FWASH!!- hits seconds after she's made it through, causing that window's connection to go silent and return the view you were expecting in the first place: Lots of rock.

The girl, of course, landed straight on the boy who came through- they both moan in pain from the rough landing.

“We need to report this,” Silica says, turning to face you.

“Right,” you nod.

Your name is Joey Claire and you’re honestly regretting answering the door.

“So. Let me get this straight. An alternate version of Tagora Gorjek and a girl named Ardata Carmia came tumbling through the mirror on...?”

“PC0-09Z,” Okurii reminds you.

“That place. Right. So they came through the mirror running from...?”

“An Imperial Drone run by, as far as they’re aware, Lord English’s forces,” Okurii confirms. “A version of Vikare was with them. Silica and Keiko saw him get shot stalling for time.”

...Right.

“We don’t even pretend to hide that from Boldir,” you sigh.
“Agreed,” Okurii nods.

“...Why tell me any of this?” You ask.

“They’re asking for you.” She says.

“Why me?” You ask, frowning.

“Apparently, you stole a space ship, took off from Earth, and had crash landed on Alternia,” Okurii answers.

“Then everything went to hell?”

“Then everything went to hell.”

“Oh...” Ardata Carmia stares at you as you enter one of the GUEST ROOMS on the BELTUS. “You’re Alternian here, Claire.” Her three eyes blink, and she sighs a bit depressed.

“I suppose you were expecting me to not have horns and have bronze skin?” You ask.

“Hornless? Yes. Bronze?” Ardata blinks, then laughs. “Heh. No, actually, you were pretty pale, all things considered. Freckles too. Put some of Tagora’s Rainbow Drinker lotion on you, and you’d glow just like one of the walkers. We scared off a few jerks like that, actually.”

You? Pale? You suppose if you took more after Jake than your Mom... Genetics. It’s a lottery, you guess.

“I can imagine,” you say. “...I’d also imagine that I’m dead?”

“I... We’re not sure,” she says. “A drone got the drop on us last night,” Ardata says. “You and Polypa went off on some kind of suicide mission to draw them away from us. There was an explosion and...” She shakes her head. “At any rate, you told us to use the Mirror to get off planet. Gave me the remote told me just to turn it on to a random destination. Anywhere would be better than what we had. You said you’d try to catch up to us later, but... I honestly have no idea if you made it or not.”

“I knew the Mirror was an escape?” You ask.

“You had Tagora buy it off Scythian in the first place,” Ardata says. “I’m not even sure why, but you seemed pretty certain it was important to getting us all off planet before...” She takes a deep breath. Her third eye, the irregular one below the normal one, twitches tiredly. “The Rebellion we were trying to launch failed. The Clown God’s army of drones came through a rift in the sky and started laying waste to everything indiscriminately. We were going take as many people with us as we could, but- but...” She chokes back a sob. “Oh god, there was so much blood everywhere.”

“It’s alright,” you say. “You’re safe now.”

“Are we really?” She asks, looking at you with a wattery-eyed, soul piercing gaze. “Because I feel like we just jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.”
“Well, now this IS a surprise!” The smarmy ass voice of Tagora Gorjek sounds like an actual front. He looks tired, he sounds like he’s barely keeping it together. “An Alternian Joey Claire.” He stands up from his chair, offering you his hand. “Tagora Gorjek, but you can call me Gor-gor.”

“No offense, Tagora,” you say, eyeing his hand, “but the last time I saw the you of this universe, we were fighting on top of a spaceship with lasser cutter swords and you were trying to kill me. I had to cut you in half.”

“...That hardly sounds like me,” He blinks, looking genuinely confused as he withdraws his hand for a moment, placing it on his chin. “I can’t imagine what kind of hell this universe must have put me through to make me turn out like that.” He thinks for a moment, then says, “Well, if the Gor-gor of this world is a monster, then I’ll just have to use something else.” He then offers his hand out again. “Tagora Gorjek, but you can call me Tajek.”

“Alright,” You shake his hand. “Hello, Tajek. I’m Joey Claire. What occupation were you following in your world?”

“I’m an aspiring Legislator,” he says. “Trust me when I say I never want to ever pick up any kind of sword ever, laser cutting or otherwise.”

Oh, great. A Lawyer. The one from this world was a smarmy ass Darth Vader wannabe, now you’ve got a Lawyer... whose knowledge of the legal system might be completely out of date.

“I’ll have to introduce you to Tyzias,” you say, “you two could compare notes.”


“...Singer? Roixmr?” You ask, confused. “No, Tyzias Entykk is a scientist in this world, with a side hobby of designing a new legal system.”

“That’s...” He blinks. “Wait, what blood color is she here?”

“Teal,” you say.

“...Huh,” He blinks, and settles down into his chair. “She was Bronze Blooded in my world.”

“Sounds like she replaced our Chixie, in whatever weird series of events happened when it came to people being born,” You say.

**Genetics. Lottery. That's really all there is to say on the matter.**

“Chixie? She’s Roixmr in this world?” Tagora stares for a moment, as if his whole world view was shaken up. “...She was our Heiress, up until the Drones came and killed her.”

...Chixie? In Trizza’s position?

“...Outta curiosity, ever heard the name Trizza before?” You ask.

“...Hrm,” Tagora muses. “Not one I’m familiar with intimately, but I think Polypa mentioned a
Trizza in relation to her Assassination Contracts. Something about an overseer who died, maybe?"

...Huh. Polypa was an assassin in another world too. The more things change, the more they stay the same, you suppose. Universal Constants? That could be a proper term.

“You know,” Boldir Lamati sighs. “I should be more surprised that Vikare got himself killed again, but I’m not. Atleast this time it wasn’t as meaningless as a crystal crashing through his skull.”

Your name is Okurii Leijon, and you’ve got no real answer to that other than to give your fellow Olive Blood a hug.

“I’ll make sure to add another medal to his memorial,” you say.

“Thanks,” Boldir sniffs. “I’m sure he’d appreciate it.” She pauses, then asks, “Do you think the next 304 ship we make, we could name it after him? He’d be... well, I’m sure he’d be a little miffed we’ve named a space ship after him, but I think he’d appreciate the irony.”

“The Vikare...” You smile. “Has a nice ring to it.”

"Nice view, isn't it?" You ask of Ardata as you find her at the window overlooking the storm covered Alternia.

"It's..." Ardata breathes out. "It's a bloody mess of a planet. Somehow even more so without the moons." She pauses, then asks, "The moons really fell? How?? I don't understand how."

"It's a long story," you say. "To summarize it, we blew up some Goa'uld ships that happened to be parked in the worst possible spots imaginable, and didn't catch that it de-orbited the moons until too late."

"...What's a... 'Go-ah-uld'?' Ardata asks.

You blink.

This could take a while.

**EARTH DATE: JANUARY 3RD, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 07/06/0003.**

Meanwhile, in another galaxy...

LORD ENGLISH sits at his throne, mulling over reports of this and that while a few FAVORED SERVANTS wash his feet. Both of them, even though it was only really needed as precursive maintainence for the metallic leg.
Then, the doors to his throne chamber open, and a woman in robes hesitantly enters the room.

He looks at her, rainbow eyes flickering as they narrow at her. "YOU SEEM NERVOUS, SERVANT. TELL ME. WHY?"

The woman pauses, opens her mouth, then says, "We... We've found out why Anubis has stopped reporting in. His Mothership with the super weapon and the Juju Crystal were destroyed in an attempt to gather the Eye of Ra over Abydos."

"DESTROYED HOW?"

"...He fired the superweapon laser at the planet, and had it reflected back at his ship."

English mulls over the news for a moment, then LAUGHS. "HAA HAA. HEE HEE. HOO HOO." The servants washing his feet all flinch at the booming sound. "ANUBIS' FAILURES ARE TO BE EXPECTED. THEY ARE A PART OF THE ALPHA TIME LINE THAT I HAVE CRAFTED. IN MY FAVOR. IF HE HAD SUCCEEDED. HE WOULD HAVE TURNED IT AGAINST ME. INEVITABLY. SO-"

"Uh. There's more, sir..." The woman dares to interject. "M... My lord."

"SPEAK." English scowls. "IF YOUR WORDS ARE THAT IMPORTANT. DO. NOT. STUTTER."

"The... The Rebels from Alternia... we've received a report from Shadre's subordinate that... that the..." The woman swallows her pride and just gets on with it. "The Rebels have built another combining robot form. It's... reports say it's utterly unstoppable. A surprise ambush... not even crushing them with a singularity could stop it."

English snarls. "THEY DARE. TO MOCK MY POWER. AGAIN? HOW DARE THEY. THE THIEVES. THE LOT OF THEM. STEALING THE IDEA OF HAVING A GLORIOUS. UNSTOPPABLE WARSHIP." He roars: "TELL SHADRE TO ORDER A FULL ASSAULT. ON THE SUPERGATE. IN ONE WEEK. MAKE IT OBVIOUS. MAKE IT LOUD. MAKE THE REBELS DARE TO INTERFERE."

"But... But sire- there's no reason to-" The woman tries to plead, but ENGLISH HAS NONE OF IT.

"I AM YOUR GOD. YOUR LORD. YOU WILL DO AS I SAY." He snarls. "AND IF YOU DARE. TO BACK TALK ME. AGAIN. LIKE THAT. YOU WILL FIND THAT ONE OF YOUR PRIVLEDGES. MAY BE. REVOKED. WHICH WILL IT BE THIS TIME?" His eyes flash rapidly, and his snake like tongue licks his lips. "PERHAPS I WAS TOO... LENIENT. LAST TIME. WITH LIMITING YOU. TO ROBES ONLY."

The woman swallows, then nods rapidly in understanding, daring not to speak lest she anger her lord.

"GO. DELIVER MY MESSAGE." English snarls, and the woman scampers off, her report unfinished.
After a few moments of contemplative stewing, English observes the Servants washing his feet, and picks out the one who seems to be nearing the end of her work.

"YOU." He says, and the girl looks up without question. "GIVE YOUR WORK TO ANOTHER. GO TO THE FLEET PREPARING FOR BATTLE. TELL THE COMMANDER THERE IS... A CHANGE OF PLANS. WE WILL BE MARCHING. NOT ON MILKY WAY. TO AID ANUBIS. BUT TO ALTERNIA." His voice rumbles. "WE WILL CRUSH THEIR MOCKERY. OF A ROBOT. AND SHOW THEM JUST WHO. THEIR LORD. TRULY IS."

With a nod, the girl gets up, and leaves.

English sits back in his throne, amused...

Until another messenger enters the room. This poor unfortunate soul steps up with an uncertain look on his face.

"GRRRH." English snarls, "WHAT IS IT. THIS HAD BETTER NOT BE. YET EVEN MORE. BAD. NEWS."

"The... the invasion of the Alternate Alternia has been proceeding according to schedule, my Lord, however..." He swallows. "A drone reported two children escaped through a Mirror Portal to another world."

"...WHERE?" English asks.

"...The coordinates pulled from the memory crystal indicate it was..." The man shivers in terror. "Our Local Dimension, My Lord."

English considers this news for a moment, then, he opens his mouth.

PSSSHIIWIIING!!!

BOOM!!!!

A moment later, a rainbow beam of light utterly vaporized the poor messenger, as well as part of the floor he stood on.

"SOMEONE. GET A BROOM. AND A TILE REPAIR PERSON."

Anubis laughs as he sits down his mechanical form in the throne of LORD YU on Yu's personal home world.

While his defeat at the hands of what he could only suspect to be MERE CHILDREN is insulting on many levels... Taking control of YU'S SYSTEMS is a decent consolation prize.

With Yu's forces now working for him on his projects, Anubis could afford to take a moment to
relax, and consider his plans for future domination.

English's replacement Supergate would likely be finished soon. Reinforcements would be coming... soonish?

Replacement parts for his robotic body would be coming similarly soon.

Hopefully.

...Somehow, though, Anubis got the feeling that he would be waiting, QUITE. A WHILE. LONGER. Before English came and showed his face here in Milky Way. Much longer than expected or hoped for.

So... he would have to accelerate his plans.

Anubis dialed up the facility via long range, secured communication, and delivered a message to the lead scientist.

"BEGIN ACCELERATED CLONING OF THE FIRST BATCH OF PRODUCTION RUN KULL WARRIORS."

"But... My Lord!" The Scientist began. "We've yet to find a way to make them survive the process. They just die before we can even remove them from the tanks to implant them with the Blank Slate Symbiotes."


And with that, he ends the call.

Everything would soon be in its proper place.

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DIASPORA DATE: 07/07/0003.

Shally Marrow was having a full fledged panic attack.

Lord English wanted her- or more specifically, SHADRE- to go on a fucking suicide mission against that massive giant combining robot the Rebels had put together. And with Shadre still- "NO! NO! NOOOO! I DON'T WANT TO-" SNAP "YAAAAAAaaa....aa.....ngh..." THWUMP. -ahhem. Still like that... It was going to fall on Shally to do the hard work here and...

And...

And plan a fight to get to the Supergate...
The Supergate that went to TWO other Galaxies, one of which was home to a potentially much more benevolent DICTATORIAL GOD who had recently lost his First Prime to a DASTARDLY CONSOLE EXPLOSION...

Well...

...

Shally Marrow sent a call Anubis' way.

"AH. SHADRE'S ASSISTANT." Anubis begins. "TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE?"

Shally Marrow took a steeling breath...

And then Renounced her God.

"English has ordered the Clowns on a suicide mission," She says. "Every ship, every resource we have... he wants it committed to attacking the Supergate to lure the Rebels here into a trap. I... Shadre will be leading the assault, however... I fear her sanity and judgement compromised. I fear that if we do this and we fail, we will be all slaughtered."

"...I SEE," Anubis muses, sounding... kind of pissed off, actually. "WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE?"

Shally kneels, "I would humbly request that, during this assault on the Supergate, I seek sanctuary in your Galaxy, using it as a means of escape. I, and a few of my most loyal men, will come to serve you instead."

Anubis considers it, and then... "I AM IN NEED OF A GOOD SUBORDINATE. MY LAST COMPETENT FIRST PRIME WAS MURDERED BY THE TAU'RI. MANAGE TO MAKE IT THROUGH THE SUPERGATE, AND YOU WILL HAVE HIS POSITION."

"Thank you, My Lord Anubis," Shally says. "I will serve you faithfully."

"WE SHALL SEE."

Chapter End Notes

...*whistles innocently*

Also, happy wriggling day to Karkat, too.
"So... Miss Ayako?"

"Aiikho. Mikari Aiikho."

"Ah, thanks. So... Miss Aiikho. Thanks for speaking with us."

"It's fine. Always glad to help."

"You're the representative for the... Okay, seriously, who's messing with my Notes? Alternate Galaxy? Really?" A sigh. "You're the representative for the Alternia Galaxy here in Milky Way, from the planet Alternia specifically. I heard it's gone now?"

"That's correct."

"What can you tell us about it? If that's not too much trouble to ask, I mean."

"It was a place of turmoil and chaos and honestly, sometimes it makes me want to cry thinking about the horrible life I lived under the Empress' rule. It always felt like I was one wrong step away from being culled- just because of my blood color."

"Lime?"

"For reasons none of us have ever really understood, the Empire deemed it a trait worth stomping out. Another generation or two and... I'm fairly certain we'd be all but extinct."

"It sounds rough."

"Honestly?? It was torture. Every day I-"

"Miss Aiikho? Uh... If you want to stop this we can."

"N-No. Please. Just-" A pause, a hitched breath. "People need to see. This is what English's people- the people who- the people who ran my planet did in his name. Did to the people buh- Below them. It's..." Some rapid breaths followed. "I... I'm so scared. I just- I want it to stop. I want English and Anubis and- And ALL of the fucking. MANIPULATIVE. BASTARDS. And BITCHES. And whiny, screaming- Fucking FUCKERS. I want them GONE. You- yh- you think you're GODS!? YOU THINK YOU'RE UNTOUCHABLE!?!?"

"Wha-? Are her eyes glowing??"

"GET OUT OF MY GALAXY! GET OUT OF THIS GALAXY! GET OUT OF THE WHOLE FUCKING UNIVERSE!!! I-I DON'T WN- I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH THIS FEAR ANY MORE!! I WANT IT TO JUST STOP!!! I WANT TO STOP HAVING TO FUCKING HIDE ALL THE FUCKING TIME-- I WANT TO BE ABLE TO STOP WEARING MASKS AND I WANT-"
A long, panicked, frantic breathing followed.

"I... I don’t want to deal with this anymore. I don’t. I don’t... just leave us alone. Stupid... stupid fucking...."

The sound of a body hits the floor.

"Oh God!! Someone get Doctor Fraiser in here NOW!!"

Chapter End Notes

next chapter is giving me trouble. have another holdover in the meantime.
"Why?" Your name is Joey Claire, and you frown. "Why the hell would Shadre be gathering all of her forces to rush the Supergate? They know neither side can afford to hold that thing for long. We only ever have one ship watching it at a time, and so do they."

"Maybe they don't plan on holding it? Maybe they're going through?" Baizli shrugs. "Honestly I don't know. That's just what my contact told me is happening. Shadre is gathering her forces to rush the Supergate."

You look to Xefros, and frown, "What do you think?"

"Sounds like another trap, honestly," he says. "Not doubting Baizli's sources, but... it feels like they got leaked info to leak to us. It's too good to be true, especially timing wise. This drops on our laps just a day before the attack is scheduled to happen?"

"I honestly gotta agree," Baizli nods. "It's... it's too convenient."

You frown. "Besides, if they're trying to draw in the Ultrazord, we can't do it even if we want to. They haven't finished the new Naquadria power core yet. We can't run it."

"So... what do we do?" Xefros asks.

You sigh. "Xef, go to the Beltus and tell Okurii. Baizli, you and me are heading to the Astro and going to park our asses at the Supergate as bait."

"What? Why me?" She asks.

"Because if Shadre is around with or without her pet blood monster, I get the feeling we're going to have to take her on personally," you say. "And if it comes down to it, I'd rather have someone by my side who can take a hit, pretend to be down for the count, and come back at the next possible moment to take her out if she was dumb enough to turn their back on the body."

"...Pragmatic, but fair enough," she chirps.

"Just going to chime in with the request that neither of my quadrant mates get themselves killed permanently, please," Xefros says.

"No promises," Baizli says.

"I'll do my best to make sure we both come out alive," You say.
Your name is Polypa Goezee, and you take a deep breath as you stand outside Tegiri Kalbur's dorm door on the Astro Megaship.

You can do this.

You can do this.

You knock at the door.

Silence.

Silence.

Silence.

You knock again.

Come on, Tegiri. C'mon...

And then the door opens, and there stands Tegiri. "Oh. Polypa. I wasn't expecting you to come by."

"I... Had some free time?" Oh come on that barely sounds legit even to you. "Is this good for you?"

"Yes, actually," he nods, and steps aside. "Come in."

You step into his room.

It's just like the one from his old hive. Swords on the walls, East Alternian Anime Posters on the ceiling, a desk in the corner... The only difference is the bed instead of the recuprecoon. There's a first aid kit lying on it, too, opened, with bandages spilling out.

"You get hurt recently?" you ask.

"No," Tegiri says, closing the door behind you. "My Co-Pilot continues to refuse to see the ship's doctor for her arm. She sprained it something fierce during that first fight with the Carapacian Megazord. I've been having to take care of it myself every time she insists she's fit for duty and tries to synchronize. Thankfully, the repairs have been doing more to keep her from over-stressing the injury than anything else. Still, I've had to restock my bandage supply with how much I've burned through it lately."

"Speaking from experience, I know how troubling a wrenched arm is," you say, eyeing him.
"Especially with stubborn trolls who can't take a hint."

"Yes, exactly that," He smiles, then sighs. "But my possible Pale leanings towards my Co-Pilot aside, how are things going with your Kismesis?"

"Oh, you know," you sigh. "Frustrating flustered frantic fucking. The usual. She's kinda miffed I told you all not to come after me when I got sent flying into that singularity."

"I suppose that's what this visit is for?" He asks.

"No... Maybe?" You sigh. "Damn it, I don't even know. Joey's Matesprit asked me if I had any other
filled quadrants the other day and it got me thinking about us again."

"I wasn't sure there ever was an 'us' beyond a few frantic nights after we mutually saved each other from those bandits who broke into your house," Tegiri remarks.

"I Kinda... blamed our scheduling conflicts for that to Mierfa," You admit. "I guess. Maybe. Ugh..." You sigh. "This is not how I wanted this to go."

"How Did you want this to go?" Tegiri asks. "Just out of curiosity."

"I don't know," You admit. "...I guess, I just wanna know... are you mad at me?"

"For the Singularity stunt?" Tegiri asks, then immediately answers, "No. I would have done the same in your situation."

"Good to know, but..." You shake your head. "I mean, are you mad at me for not trying to make the time??"

"Honestly," he scratches at his nose. "I was certain you were mad at me for the same."

You blink.

He stares, unwavering.

Then, you both laugh.

You go to open your mouth to say something when Tegiri is called to the bridge over the ship's intercom.

So instead, you say, "Of all the timing!!"

Your name is Vriska Serket/Ashler Dering. You're still bouncing between names. You're also rushing to the bridge of the Astro Megaship because it sounds like FINALLY. FINALLY!!!!!!! You're going to be entering combat again!

As you head that way, you pass by VANTAS, PYROPE, and that ragtag group of Carapacian exiles.

Pyrope stalls in her run just enough to keep pace with you- she looks you in your eyes despite hers being seared red and blind, and says:

"Don't take a crossroad deal with a demon, Thief. Be the dealer instead."

What?

And then the lot of them run ahead, while you stall to wonder what the hell that even means...

You shake your head, and then run after them.
You arrive on the bridge just after the others, but right as Claire's Moirail's Kismesis runs to exit, in a hurry.

"Okay," Claire says, looking at you all. "Everyone's here. Good. We're dropping out of FTL in about five minutes so I'm only going to say this once."

"Ears peeled and eyes open!" Pyrope calls out, trying to salute, only to wind up smacking Vantas in the face.

"Right," Claire shakes her head. "Tegiri and Polypa are piloting robot mode, Ashler-" she affixes you with a gaze before you even open your mouth. "I want you exclusively focusing on making the Astro Megaship invisible to as many people as you possibly can."

"Don't we have a cloak, though?" Vantas asks.

"We do, but I'm talking about when we're not using it," Claire says. "I want us as invisible to as many people as possible at all times."

"But why?" Vantas asks.

"Sewing discord, obviously," you say. "If there are people who I can mess with in important places, making them not see the Megaship is going to make them react weirdly. And if they can't see the Megaship, I can make them see other things."

"And you will," Claire nods. "Now, then," she looks to the others. "Karkat, you, Jack, the Renegade, and the Mendicant will be joining me and Baizli on a special assignment. Terezi... you let us know if you see something bad in the immediate future."

Noir steps up, and asks what the job is.

Joey smiles, and decaptalogues two swords into her hands. "These are something Tyzias and Callie have cooked up to battle the goop monster, if it's still alive. They call them 'Electron Generating Magnet Swords' and, well... they're part of a two part system..." She looks to the Renegade. "Let me see your rifle."

It was about ten minutes after the Astro Megaship had arrived at the Supergate before the first Reaver ship exited hyperspace.

It just sat there, waiting, for about a solid minute before a few more showed up. Then a couple more and then there was but one Goa'uld Al'kesh that emerged soon after, and that was it. There were no Carapacian ships at all to be seen.

Your name is Baizli Soleli, and you can't help but feel like that's significant somehow.

"Scanning for irregular life signs..." Joey mutters from the front of the S-302 you're in-clamped onto the side of the Supergate, out of sight behind one of its massive chevrons. "...And that's a surprise."

"What is?" You ask.
"Heaviest concentration of lifesigns are on the Al'kesh, way more than even the average of most of the Reaver Ships," she reports. "There's one ship that's losing life signs rapidly, too. The fuck?"

"Ten single gallon tubs of ice-cream says they fused Shadre with her goop monster trying to save them both," you guess.

"Suckers bet," Joey answers, "but what kind of ice-cream?"

"Eh, I dunno. I could go for some chocolate mint," you shrug.

"Yeah, alright, fair 'nough," Joey replies.

"So, Colonel," Vantas radios, "what's the plan?"

"Go after the Reaver ship with the depleting population, Lieutenant," she orders. "I'm going in after the Al'kesh." Then, with a steeling breath, she says, "Polypa, Tegiri, get ready to make these geese cry fowl. On my Mark..."

A chorus of 'Roger's echo out.

"In three..."

You prime the S-302's engines and weapons.

"Two..."

You prep the locking clamps for release.

"MARK!"

And then the Astro Megaship decloaks, and your 302 launches off of the Supergate, heading straight towards the Al'kesh that's making its way closer and closer to the Supergate.

"In weapons range in Seven," you count down, "Six. Five." And then a different color of light flashes behind you. "Fo-oooh COME ON!" You glance back the way you came and see that the Supergate has started a Dialout process.

"All teams, be advised, the clowns are Rabbiting through the Supergate," Joey reports. "Make sure they don't make it!!"

The Ak'kesh opens fire on you, and Joey begins dodging. Another chevron locks.

"Nice flying," you appraise, returning fire- trying to take out the engines of the Al'kesh.

"Thanks," Joey says. "Xef and Dammek have been giving me lessons."

"Dammek I can believe," you quip, frowning as another chevron locks. Three now.

"Yeah well-" she dodges another blast sent your way. "Oi!! Were you even trying to hit us!?"

Another few shots zip by and... huh. No. It doesn't look like they WERE trying to hit you then either.
Idiots.

You lock onto their engines and- Chevron four locks and the Al'kesh accelerates towards the Supergate.

"The hell!?" you stare. "Are they trying to get themselves killed by kawoosh?"

"Or they're going to try to shakes us in it by clinging to the Gate itself," Joey decides. "Either way-" the 302's engines roar, and you're rocketed towards the Supergate after them.

The Sixth Chevron locks. Three more to go.

Sure enough, Joey's prediction is right. The Al'kesh dives as close to the Supergate's surface as it can and glides around its surface.

You chase after them- Chevron Seven Locks- and you lock onto their engines again.

"Firing!" You launch a burst of projectile missiles.

Chevron Eight Locks as the missiles rocket forwards towards their destination--

BOOM! Both engines are hit, and one explodes dramatically.

The Al'kesh lists sideways, starting to drift away from the supergate as-
The massive burst of blue light nearly blinds you from the proximity. Then, it collapses down into the shimmering surface of water you're used to seeing— but on massive scale.

It's so much different up close. At a distance you could fool yourself into thinking the Supergate was
just... just a normal Stargate.

You're almost mesmerized by the scale when Joey yells out "Baizli!! Fire again! They've managed to twist around!!"

And so they have- the Al'kesh is tilting towards the Supergate's eventhorizon. They've fired maneuvering thrusters and their one barely working engine to thrust themselves at the Supergate.

You go to fire another burst of missiles, but-- it's too late. They had enough Momentum to touch down before the weapons could hit.

"Fuck!" You swear, watching as the Missiles go through the gate as well. "Now what!?"

"Now we go after them!" Joey decides.

Wait. "WHAT!?"

And then the 302 rockets through the eventhorizon.

Your name is Tegiri Kalbur and you can FEEL Polypa flinch through the synchronization as Joey's 302 disappears into the Supergate.

"Breathe," You advise. "They know what they're doing."

"I know," she says.

And then together you bring the Astro Megazord's sword through another Clown Cruiser.

The Reavers are disorganized. Like they're without a leader. Or, maybe, more like they're following a leader with no plan.

Your eyes lock onto the one Reaver ship being harassed by the other two 302s. Its not even firing back- just drifting for the Supergate at what'd basically be a slow walk. Too slow- you realize suddenly, even as its engines get blow up.

The Supergate shuts down several seconds later.

Once again, Polypa's reaction can be felt across the synchronization.

Before you can say anything, though, she shoves it aside at the same time she blocks a barrage of missiles from a Reaver ship.

You quickly end them with a swift sword strike.

"Only a few ships left," you warn, "we need to be on guard for-"

The ship the 302s were fighting suddenly explodes- but not from any rocket attack.

"Oh, fuck," Polypa swears. "Internal detonation."
And then a massive beast emerges from the wreckage of the ship- Barbell shaped, made out of a rainbow of swirling colors...

And at the center of it all, you'd be willing to bet Shadre stands encased within her protective little monster's shell.

Shadre hovers in the wreckage for a few moments, before SHRIEKING OUT with a high pitched whale cry.

Seated within their 302s, wearing space suits with wing-captchalogued jetpacks on their backs, Karkat Vantas, the Renegade, Jack Noir, and the Mendicant watch as Shadre begins her sudden chase towards them.

Immediately she began chasing after the 302s, and they took off at a rocket's pace towards the Supergate.

The Astro Megazord turns to aid them when a sudden surprise reinforcement battalion of Carapacian ships emerge from Hyperspace- forcing them to turn back around and play defense.

At least one Transforming Megazord on the enemy side appears, drawing a sword and forcing a duel between the two Megazords.

The enemy fleet of Carapacian ships seems ready to exploit the obvious advantage when a Calvary ship for the Rebels appears- the Delta Megaship exits hyperspace, immediately opening fire.

Swords swing this way and that. CLASH. CLANG. It seems to be a proper duel between swordzords.

Delta blasts away the Clown ships and Carapacian ships dumb enough not to turn tail and run.

And then suddenly a psychic illusion causes the Enemy Megazord to suddenly think itself under attack by its own fleet of fellow Carapacian ships, leaving them open to the Astro Megaship to deliver a devastating blow, first with a shield bash to throw it off balance, and then-

There was no way around it, Tegiri decapitated the enemy mecha.

And then it exploded.

These events are completely unnoticed by the 302s, who, upon reaching the Supergate, begin to fly
around its surface in an attempt to lose Shadre.

She has none of it, and stubbornly keeps after them.

[1:10]

Karkat makes an order, and the two 302s split off suddenly from their straight line course along Supergate, breaking off in different directions. Shadre ran after Karkat's 302, and so Noir's looped around and started shooting at her.

Shadre was not happy about that, and began sending tentacles jabbing back at the 302.

Noir dodged them, and P.M. fired off several blasts that exploded against the tentacles.

Shadre let loose another wild shriek as one rocket, however, managed to land a strike against the shell surrounding her specifically, temporarily blinding her to the stunt about to happen.

[1:26]

Noir ran his 302 into Shadre, pinning her entire gloopy shell against the frame, with her mortal fram pinned against the windshield.

Noir grinned a trickster's grin.

Shadre roared, and began shredding up the wingspan of the 302, managing to catch the side engines and destroy them- causing their acceleration to suddenly begin to slow down, but still carrying them towards the Supergate.

Then, she began shredding apart the 302's canopy, causing the internal atmosphere to begin venting. This would have been catastrophic if not for their sapce suits.

[1:40]

One of Shadre's tentacles smashes into the canopy and forces P.M. to twist in her seat to avoid the hit, jamming her harness belts in the process.

Noir goes for his sword, only to be yanked out bodily from the seat and pulled out into open space.

Shadre has him firmly in her grip, but doesn't impale him or kill him just yet. She instead glares at him as she drags him closer and closer to the Supergate, seemingly with intent to throw him into the unstable vortex should it appear within the next few minutes.

And honestly, Jack Noir thinks, that's probably incredibly likely considering this entire attack happening in the first place.

[2:07]

Karkat has the 302 captchalogues its own canopy, exposing him and AR to the void of space even as A.R. decaptchalogues his SNIPER RIFLE, encased within its own SPECIALIZED space suit so as to allow the special ammunition to fire off properly.

A.R. takes aim with the scope, watching the scene play out before him.
Shadre snarls as Noir stabs through her blood shell into her fleshy body within- his sword doesn't seem to phase her.

In retaliation, she launches a bladed tentacle, and slices off his right arm, clean through the suit and triggering its EMERGENCY BREACH FORCEFIELDS, surrounding the sudden stump of an arm with forcefields to prevent a catastrophic atmosphere breach.

Shadre is stunned by this turn of events long enough to forget that she turned her back on the body.

P.M. soars up from the wreckage of the 302- her suit's wings flaring out wide like an angel of death, and stabs Shadre through the back.

Alone one sword does nothing. But together, the two serve as nodes to a single electrical circuit. The blades electrify Shadre, and she lets go of Noir, allowing P.M. to swoop in and grab him.

They're almost clear of the line of sight, and A.R. prepares to take the shot.

Shadre struggles against the swords electromagnetic properties, but can't do anything to dislodge them as the sheer nature of her creature's bodily nature absorbs volt after volt after volt of electrical discharge and simply CANNOT DEAL.

The Supergate starts to dial in suddenly, and Karkat gives the order, "TAKE THE SHOT!"

A.R. fires his rifle, the magnetic projectile rod bursting through the suit's sealed force shield front, traveling across the vast distance of space.

The magnetic rod catches the electrical field generated by the two swords, grabbing Shadre and carrying her out over the Supergate. She struggles and struggles and struggles, but to no avail. She's simply too stunned and too focused on the swords to notice her change in course.

The Supergate finishes dialing in, right as Shadre's blood monster encased form is dragged out infront of it as the KAWOOSH emerges, consuming her entire form with the unstable vortex.

As the vortex collapses down into the eventhorizon, everyone waits with baited breath to see what emerges.
And then ONE- TWO- THREE- FOUR- FIVE GREEN PAINTED alien ships with a vaguely RING SHAPED DESIGN emerge from the Supergate before it shuts down behind them.

Astro takes up a defensive stance as Delta hovers behind them, unsure as to what the battle that follows will have in store for them.

Chapter End Notes

To Be Continued.

Sorry for the cliffhanger. This chapter really fought me the last few days. This one just refused to pull itself together. GIF troubles included.
"Thanks for speaking with us... Is it Miss Fraiser or Mrs. Harley?"

"I still haven't decided yet, just call me Cassandra for now."

"Alright, Cassandra. You're called a 'Seer'? What is that?"

"Sometimes I see bad things before they happen. Usually, I just get vibes about whether something will be really bad or not."

"Like, for example, if you were to consider a choice between a chicken salad sandwich and a roast beef sandwich, and one of them were rotten...?"

"I'd be able to tell which one was rotten, yes. It might just be a vibe that 'oh, eating this roast beef sandwich is a bad idea' but I'd still have a general idea."

"And just out of curiosity, what do you see about disclosure of the Stargate Program?"

"At the time of recording this? It's not the best idea. Wait a few years, and the chances of it being a total disaster are lessened. Wait a few more years, chances of things going wrong oddly increase again. A few more years after that, it's too far out for me to tell."

"Things get too obscured?"

"Yes. The further out I look, the more of a vague, unknowing blob of paint I get to look at."

"And there are others like you?"

"Not here on Earth, and rarely in Milky Way, but in Alternia's Galaxy, yes. It's not too uncommon if you know who to ask."

"Are their visions as precise or vague as yours?"

"It depends, honestly. Some people have retroactive visions, only seeing what already happened elsewhere in the galaxy or universe. Some see long term, others are strictly here and now sorts." A pause. "Also, this whole section is likely never to be released publicly even with disclosure. Just a gut feeling, not even power related."

"I see." Pages turn. "Okay. So. Let's talk about the Time Bubble and turning the laser back on Anubis."

"There's not a lot I can say about that that hasn't been said already."

"I was actually hoping you could tell us all a little bit more about daily life within a time bubble."

"...Hmm. Now that is a question I'm rarely asked."
"It says here you had a daughter inside the bubble. What was that like, not having immediate medical help?"

"Not quite as terrifying as it should have been, given I knew I'd make it out alive."

"The, ah, Incident last year involving a solar flare and a six year old girl?"

"Yup.... Also, there was a Goa'uld medical device in with Khepri's wardrobe. That made things a lot easier, too."

"I can imagine so. After that... raising a girl inside a bubble?"

"Challenging. To say the least. Penny... she's certainly unique. She had a fairly stable sleep schedule from the beginning. An advantage of being born in a stable time bubble, I suppose."

"How has she adapted to life outside?"

"Oh, about as well as one can imagine, I'd guess. She's still only just a baby, really. They're very adaptable to all sorts of situational location changes."

"Naturally. Naturally."

"Speaking of children at the SGC. You're adopted by Janet Fraiser, and listed as having been involved in several incidents during the SGC's history, starting in its first official year of continued operation. You were eleven? What's that like to be introduced to the Galaxy at large at that age?"

"Honestly, it was comforting to have a support system. Jude's father, Jake Harley, basically got the program off the ground with his funding, and Jude was honestly just as lost as I was at times. We started as friends, really."

"I've heard that's how all the best relationships start. Close friends to lovers, inevitably."

"True, but it probably wouldn't have happened like it did if a me from another world hadn't lost her Jude and told us not to make her mistake of never confronting her feelings."

"The, ah, second Quantum Mirror incident, yes?"

"That'd be the one."

"So: Parallel Worlds and Alternate Timelines are a thing. How have you dealt with that?"

"With time travel, it feels like I'm bouncing back and forth between two possibilities before finally stabilizing on one. With alternate worlds..." A small laugh. "Well, let's just say that without help from those places, I might not have been here to give this interview."

"A chilling thought."

"Indeed."

"Have you thought about what would happen if the mirror that allows this were destroyed?"

"Honestly, I pity any world out there, any version of us, that destroyed their Quantum Mirror."
They're really missing out on getting to meet some really interesting people!"

"Okay, let's see now... Have you given any thought about what you want to do when you're older?"

"For a living?" A smile and a laugh. "Jude and I plan on joining the SGC, possibly SG-1 specifically, if there are any new openings in the future."

"Why that team specifically?"

"Hmm... partly because I feel we're already honorary members as it is. Mom, Teal'c, Jude and I were sent to Alternia with that moniker. Joey, Jude's sister, was on the Alternian version of it. And... well... Have Jude or Major Strider told you about the time we threw a bomb at a black hole? Or the time they and SG-1 and Doctor Mckay took a cargo ship to rescue SG-10 from the very same black hole?"

"I've read the reports."

"Then, you can sort of see that we're already basically SG-1 in everything but title."

"What if there is no SG-1 by the time this video is released?"

"I can't imagine me and Jude would ever abandon the Stargate program entirely. Whatever we end up doing in our lives, we're going to be involved with the Stargate. It's in our family blood at this point."

"Literally, in your case, given the Naquadah in your bloodstream."

"Heeheh."

Chapter End Notes

A wild Cassie appears! She used Disarming Charm! It's super effective!
ALT:07X01: Riven (Part 5)

Chapter Summary

Part 5/5. Conclusion. Deals are made and infiltration is attempted.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 07/12/0003.

Your name is Xefros Tritoh, and as you watch the GREEN PAINTED RING SHIPS emerge from the Supergate, you feel a tense energy running through the air of the Delta Megaship's bridge.

"B-Broadwave from the main ship!" Stelsa reports.

"On screen," you grit your teeth.

And then the image of a woman flickers into view. She... she's remarkably familiar in the fact that her skin is blue and her hair is white and her eyes are piercing green. Hell, the fact that her clothes are a pressed clean business suit is very telling.

What's unfamiliar is her facial structure at all. You're fairly certain that she's unrelated to JOEY'S FAMILY entirely beyond anything besides being of the same species that The Scratch Doctor was.

"I am Lord English' Combat Priest General, ADRIA," she declares. "You of the Alternian Rebellion... is this truly all that you can muster at this time to face us? Two ships? I was told you had a massive, mighty combining robot at your disposal that could create stars from thin air."

Ashler speaks up from the Astro Mega. "Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. Maybe we just don't like to commit our resources to one battle all the time. Maybe we have them doing important work elsewhere. What does it matter to YOU?"

"It matters because my Lord and Master has sent me and this fleet to challenge and destroy your so called 'Ultrazord'," Adria says. "If you are unable to manifest it here and now, then you have earned a reprieve of time to marshal your forces."

"Why not just blast us now and be done with it?" You voice the question that you probably shouldn't have.

"Hah! What would be the fun in that? To crush the small, individual components before they have a chance to come together?" Adria smirks. "No. My Lord's orders were very specific. We will engage you in your highest form of power, as to give you the slightest hope of winning... Then, we CRUSH YOU."
"Allow us five minutes to discuss privately, please," you say.

"Of course," and with that Adria's transmission ends.

Ashler takes her place, with a second screen off to the side of Tegiri and Polypa holding a defensive pose.

"What the hell, Tritoh!?" Ashler asks. "We can't seriously expect her to hold up her end of the bargain if that's the truth!"

"I'll agree, it's a deal with the devil," you say. "But I'm mostly stalling for time until I find out what the hell happened. Where are Joey and Baizli?"

"They went through the Supergate after an Al'kesh," Polypa says. "Then it shut down."

"Did you catch what address they used?" You ask.

"The data tap we programmed in says it was Milky Way's address," Ashler says.

"Sir," Stelsa reports, "Lieutenant Vantas has radioed in saying he, Noir, and the Mendicant are on route back to us instead of the Astro Megaship since it's in robot form."

"How long will it take them to get to us?" You ask.

"Two minutes, sir," Stelsa answers.

"Alright," you sigh. "I'm open to ideas that don't involve us getting blasted to pieces."

"...We don't accept her deal," Ashler says. "We make our own."

"Alright," you say. "What do you have in mind?"

As Ashler talks, you can't help but wonder... what happened to your Moirail and Kismesis?

Your name is Joey Claire, and you watch as the wreckage of the 302 gets swept up into a tractor beam and towed along side the ruined Al'kesh towards an UNDER CONSTRUCTION rebuild of Anubis's specialized mothership.

"Holy shit," Baizli breathes out next to you from your position clinging to the bottom of the Al'kesh. "I can't believe we just actually just did that."

What you did was emergency eject from the 302 the moment you exited the Supergate. The 302 was hit mere seconds after you and Baizli went flying for the Al'kesh and were just barely clear of the blast radius when it went boom.

"If we're lucky, they'll think we got incinerated in the explosion," you say. "In the mean time, it looks like we're being taken to see the boss man himself."

"Anubis?" Baizli frowns, turning her helmeted head to look at you better.
"Mmh," you nod, then review your knowledge of Goa'uld ship design... "There should be an emergency engine access hatch around the bottom down here somewhere. If we find it, and get inside, we'll basically be invited inside Anubis' private sanctuary."

"What then?" Baizli asks.

"Then we find out where the hell we are in space, steal a ship and/or stargate, and get back to Earth with the intel," you plan out in a heartbeat.

This is the LUCKY BREAK that the Tok'ra haven't been able to manage yet. Anubis has kept the new location of his Supergate WELL HIDDEN. You could never have managed this without the A'l'kesh making a break for it first. Anything sent through the Gate that was unexpected would be shot down, making recon that way impossible.

You've got a shot nobody else has had a chance at just yet.

Your name is Tegiri Kalbur, and you begin transforming the Astro Back into its Megaship form as Ashler begins barganing with "ADRIA."

"Look, all I'm saying is," Ashler says, "we're unable to hold any kind of battle like you're requesting so soon. We need atleast three weeks to get everything in order. These long term missions take time to finish, you understand, right?"

Polypa is having a hard time breathing easy given the circumstances, but she's got her free hand wrapped around yours as the synchronization ends.

And then Ashler cheers with Adria agreeing to a FOUR WEEK PREPARATION SCHEDULE.

Four weeks.

Four weeks!? How the hell did she manage that??

Bullshitting her ass off, that's how.

Vriska Serket is a damn fine liar, that's for sure. Good enough to fool most people into thinking she's Ashler Dering, and apparently, good enough to bullshit someone of the same species as the SCRATCH DOCTOR.

You're not going to even question what that's about.

Within a few moments, somehow she's convinced Adria to leave the Supergate, and the five alien ships have all jumped into hyperspace along with the surviving Carapacian and Reaver ships.

And then, with a flick of some switches, Astro and Delta rocket away as well.

Finally, Polypa yells out- "FUCKING HELL TODAY WAS A MESS!!"

"That it was," you sigh. "That it was."
You're once again Joey Claire, and you smile as the Airlock opens, and you and Baizli slip inside the Al'kesh before closing the exterior hatch. Taking a moment to prepare yourselves, you punch in the code for pressurizing the airlock and opening the interior door.

You ready your Zat, and then prepare to shoot incase there are any guards inside.

There aren't, as it turns out, but you and Baizli keep yourselves small and quiet as you enter the Al'kesh's engine compartment.

The whole area is quiet as a mouse, and oddly, seems to be doubling as STORAGE for a bunch of crates. Why they aren't in a proper cargo hold, you can only assume is because they needed the space for troops.

You open one of the crates, and find it full of JAFFA ARMOR- in various sizes, and shaped for male and female genders.

"...I guess whoever's on this ship is defecting," Baizli muses.

"If they're all clowns it gives us the perfect disguise," you say, deactivating your helmet. "We suit up and pretend we're with the rest."

"Heh, espionage at its finest," Baizli grins as she, too, decaptchalouges her helmet. "Let's see if they've got anything in my size."

"You..." Your name is Okurii Leijon, and you're massaging the bridge of your nose as you hear the story get told to completion. "Just... summarize this in as few words as possible, please."

"I did what Pyrope told me to do and became the crossroad demon instead," Ashler Dering A.K.A. Vriska Serket repeats.

"Okay, right, fine." You take a deep breath and sharply exhale. "So we've got a little over a month to complete repairs on the other megazords, get a new Naquadria core completed, and then find some way to grind this Adria chick into a find paste?"

"Yup," Xefros agrees. "That's about the sum of it, beyond finding out what happened to Joey and Baizli."

"I'll relay a message to Stargate Command and let them know to be on the lookout for any new stars appearing in the night sky," you joke.

You're once again Joey Claire and you and Baizli slip out from the engine room clad in Jaffa Armor. Baizli is clad in one of the smallest sized sets imaginable.

A lot of the Clowns onboard are dressed in JAFFA ARMOR, and seem utterly unsurprised by two
more of their rank appearing from nowhere. So far so good.

"Ugh. Do we really have to replace all our awesome bodacious face paint for these stupid little dog head icons?" One asks, struggling to paint on the symbol of Anubis to their forehead.

"Yes, we do. It's part of the deal for running away from English," another says.

You and Baizli settle down at the makeup station. There are some TUTORIAL CARDS and HAND MIRRORS for applying the sign.

When in Rome, as the saying goes. (Even ignoring that the Romans likely worshiped the Ancients instead of any of the Goa'uld for just a moment...)

As you start applying the makeup, you catch sight of a young seadweller making her way into the back of the engine room. Her horns are rounded and swoop back like bunny rabbit ears. She's also about the same size as Baizli, you'd guess. Maybe a bit smaller. Uh oh. You hope Baizli didn't take her uniform.

You pray she doesn't notice.

"Everyone!" And then a girl in much FANCIER armor appears- she's even got the GOLDEN PAINT version of the mark on her forehead. "Please, be prepared and ready! We'll be docking in about three minutes! Lord Anubis wishes to see all of us in person!"

A chorus of 'sure thing's and 'yeah yeah yeah's echo out, along with a "Whatever you say Assistant Marrow."

"That's FIRST PRIME Marrow to you," Someone else counters.

"Aaaah! I can't believe you guys didn't get me any armor in my size!!" the young sea dweller complains just then as she returns.

Her armor is oversized. It's at least two sizes oversized.

Oh god.

"You Jerks!!" She stomps her foot. "The tiniest size you left in the crates might as well be for freshly molted grub for as badly it fits me!!"

"We'll get you to a tailor soon enough, Karren," the First Prime says.

"You'd better!!" The seadweller pouts.

"Ah shut it, Kohiru-chan," another Clown counters. "You look adorable like that."

"I do not!" She complains. "And I told you not to use my first name like that!!"

Kohiru Karren? What a name.

"You made me promise under threat of English stomping my horns flat!" The clown laughs. "But we've renounced English! Promise be void as fuck, Ko-hi-ru-chawn!!"
You nearly missed it, she moved so fast.

That tiny little sea dweller rushed across the room and slammed her fist straight into the clown's gut. He reeled off of the chair and stumbled forwards.

Then, she kicked upwards.

"HOOOONK!!" The clown yelled, neither poor nor unfortunate.

"Oi oi!!" The Frist Prime Marrow claps her hands sharply. "That's enough of that! Karren, take a time out in the back and think about the fact that Anubis won't let us get away with such actions! We're his new elite servants. We're to be prim and proper and not clowns! Clowns are English's thing!" She glares down at the clown on the floor. "And you, cleanse that foul sound from your mental library!! The next person I hear uttering that dreadful sound will be forced onto toilet duty for a solid month!!"

The seadweller storms off in a huff back into the engine room, and Baizli gives you a look. It's a look that says, 'I like her spunk!'

It's a look that says she's about to pull off a recruitment pitch whether you back it up or not.

Hooboy.

---

"I see, that's concerning news," your name is George Hammond and you nod to the camera. "We'll keep you appraised the moment we hear anything."

"Thank you, General," Okurii says, and then the transmission, and the Stargate connection, shuts down.

You turn to Mikari/Jolinar, and say, "Take this to the Tok'ra directly. I'd rather not risk this gets picked up over the wrong channels."

"You make it sound as if we've got a security breach, General," Mikari muses.

"When it comes to certain subjects, it's always best to assume there's a security breach somewhere," you say. "It pays to be paranoid these days."

"Mmh, yes, I can see where you're coming from there."

---

"Hello there," Baizli sits down next to the girl in the back end of the Al'kesh's engine room.

"If you're gonna tease me, just save it," Karren barks.

"I was actually gonna say if you wanna swap armor, I'm okay with that," Baizli says. "This is a little tight around certain places anyways, so it'd probably fit you better than it'd fit me."

Karren considers that, and then nods. "Fine."
While they begin changing, you, still Joey Claire, stand guard.

"I don't think I've seen you around before now," Karren remarks. "Odd, considering everyone on this ship should be Shally's most trusted fellows."

Oh crap.

"I say should, but seriously, some of these goons just wanted out of the reaving business and jumped ship when they had a chance, I think," a sigh. "I know I did."

...Oh crap averted?

"You did, huh?" Baizli muses. "Yeah, I know the feeling. I almost got killed on a mission a while ago. Sure felt like I died at any rate. Then I'm back and I have to carry on like always."

Decent cover story, if slightly derivative from the truth.

"Mmh," Karren says, likely nodding. "I... I wasn't supposed to be involved in any of this. I was just graduating from an academy, got posted on Shadre's staff, and got stolen away by her when she went to work for English instead of the Empire all within, like, days of eachother!"

"Mmmh, that sucks," Baizli says.

"Not as much as the fact that everyone treats me like a CHILD for my height!!" Karren complains. "I was all on track to be one of the tallest girls in my class and then- this stupid fucking lab experiment explodes in my face and then I stop growing entirely!! Everyone out grew me in a sweep!!"

"Yeeesh," Baizli laments. "That sucks. I thought I was pretty lucky I stopped growing when I did- but that was naturally stopping growing, I think, for the most part. I can't imagine what it'd be like to have a lab experiment be the cause of it."

"At least I got some fancy speed boosts out of it," Karren remarks. "I can out run anyone else. So there's that."

"There is that," Baizli says.

"Don't tell anyone, but..." Karren sighs. "I actually like being smaller, but... I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't be in here at all. I've never belonged with the Clowns, and I don't really belong here... Going to face Anubis..."

"Well, me and Claire over there won't say a word, will we, Claire?" Baizli asks.

Damn it, did she have to use your real name there? "Yeah," you say. "Lips are sealed."

"...Claire?" Karren echoes. "...I suppose it's too much of me to dare hope to ask that you two were in that Glider shooting at us earlier?"

...Fucking hell, Baizli!

"And if we were?" You ask, turning to look back at her. They've both swapped uniforms by now.
"I'd ask if you could take me with you when you leave?" Karren offers.

"No strings attached?" you ask.

"No strings attached," she nods.

...Well, damn it. Here goes subtlety out the window with at least one person.

"One of our agents has heard that Anubis was bringing in a new batch of soldiers from the Alternia Galaxy," Lantash says as he and you hurry through the Tok'ra's tunnels to the briefing room. "We had no idea that was today."

"It's fine," Your name is Jolinar, and you smile at your once-mate with fondness. "We really had no idea on the other side of things until a few hours ago."

"This is really sudden, then," Lantash nods as you enter the High Council's briefing room. "We can only hope Colonel Claire and Miss Soleli are alive."

"What's my other self gotten herself into this time?" And there is Joey Harley, current host to Egeria, queen of the Tok'ra.

"Chasing after an Al'kesh full of trolls through the Supergate straight into Anubis' clutches, I'm afraid," Mikari chimes in for you.

"I'm sorry, but did you just say that Joey Claire charged straight into Anubis' highly guarded Supergate staging ground?" Jacob Carter asks, standing from his seat. "What the hell was she thinking?"

"Likely," Harley sighs, "she's thinking exactly what I'm thinking. This is the perfect opportunity to gather reconisance we've been unable to collect. Exactly where Anubis is keeping the Supergate."

"It's suicide," A Tok'ra chimes in. Who's that one? Takari? Dai'kyo? Damn it, you've been out of the loop for too long, you've lost track of who's who.

"Maybe for most people," and then speaking from Harley's mouth comes Egeria's voice. "However, Miss Claire has proven to be quite capable of defeating worse odds." She looks to you. "I sense there is more to the unfolding situation in the Alternia Galaxy than just these events, however. What do you know, Jolinar?"

The Al'kesh had docked, and the Clowns-Turned-Jaffa all disembarked, heading down a path lead by First Prime Shally Marrow and a couple of human Jaffa.

You, Baizli, and Karren follow from the back most section of the group.

As you go, you stealthily deceptchologue Arai Beetles into the airvents, starting their scouting patterns.
You can only hope Anubis' ship's life support sensors aren't up to spec and calibrated for your little spies.

Soon, your entire group is taken to a large MEETING HALL. Anubis sits at a throne atop it all... And he's nothing like you expect.

He sits upon his throne, a metallic skeleton monstrosity that shines in the torchlight. Working on his body are Servants wearing ROBES that once belonged exclusively in YU'S WHEELHOUSE.

He's mechanical. He's using a mechanical body. There had been rumors, and unconfirmed suspicions... But to flaunt it so openly...??

"Lord Anubis," Shally Marrow kneels before him. "We have arrived as you requested."

"GOOD." His voice booms from the mechanical voice box. His jaw doesn't even move. "WELL DONE, MY FIRST PRIME. YOU HAVE SUCCESSFULLY ABANDONED ENGLISH'S FORCES, AND MY INFORMANTS IN THE FLEET LEFT BEHIND REPORTED SHADRE'S UTTER DESTRUCTION VIA THE SUPERCORE OPENING AFTER YOU LEFT. EVEN BETTER THAN COULD BE PLANNED."

With a motion of his hand, he stands to his feet, and takes a shakey step down the stairs towards the rest of the crowd.

"WELCOME, MY NEW SERVANTS, TO THE MILKY WAY GALAXY. AND A WELCOME TO MY SERVICE, I BELIEVE IS SIMILARLY EARNED." Anubis looks out over them. "YOUR RENOUNCEMENT OF YOUR FORMER GOD PLEASES ME, BUT IT REQUIRES ONE LAST STEP TO COMPLETE. KNEEL."

Everyone begins kneeling, and you, Baizli, and Karren do so as well, though not without a lot of increased heart rates. You make sure each of your index and middle fingers are crossed in that traditional prankster's gambit of 'I'm about to tell a lie.' Idly, a thought surfaces about what possible other religious connotations might be involved in this, but what the hell, its something to worry about later.

"PLEDGE YOURSELF TO ME. PRAISE MY NAME."

"Hail to Anubis, Our One True God!" Marrow yells out.

"HAIL TO ANUBIS, OUR ONE TRUE GOD!!" becomes an echo across the room.

Anubis relishes in the praise. You're fairly certain you see his whole body glow and shimmer somehow. Not only that... you can FEEL something in the air radiating away from almost everyone except for you, Baizli, and Karren. Energy of some kind??

You look around and see that most everyone seems... ENRAPTURED somehow. The ones who don't seem just as confused by the energy in the air as you are.

"I SENSE THAT SOME OF YOU ARE UNCERTAIN ABOUT YOUR PRAISE," He speaks, laughing. "BUT IT IS OF NO MATTER. IN TIME, I AM SURE YOUR DEVOTION WILL BECOME SOLIDIFIED." He then takes his seat back in his throne. "OVER THE NEXT FEW
DAYS, YOU WILL BE GIVEN ASSIGNMENTS AND NEW POSITIONS WITHIN THE FLEET. IF YOU HAVE ANY 'ROMANTIC ENTANGLEMENTS,' PLEASE DO MAKE SURE TO POST THEM WITH THE APPROPRIATE FORMS." On that mark, a table teleports into the room. "WE WILL ACCOMMODATE AS BEST AS WE CAN TO ALLOW YOU TO REMAIN IN CLOSE PROXIMITY. BE WARNED, HOWEVER, THAT I WILL NOT ACCEPT FRATERNIZATION WHILE YOU ARE ON DUTY."

There are nervous nods from the crowd's romantic couples.

"ONCE YOU'VE FINISHED WITH YOUR PAPERWORK, OR IF YOU HAVE NONE LEFT TO DO, FEEL FREE TO TAKE THE GUIDED TOUR THROUGH THE SHIP'S UNRESTRICTED AREAS. THESE INCLUDE THE COMMON HALL, FOOD HALL, AND BUNK AREAS. YOU WILL BE STAYING HERE UNTIL YOU ARE REASSIGNED TO YOUR NEW ASSIGNMENTS." Anubis' eyes flash crimson. "AND IF ANY OF YOU WITH DOUBTS WISH TO CLEAR THE AIR WITH ME REGARDING THEM... NOW WOULD BE THE TIME."

You take that as your cue to skip out of the hall as casually as possible. Baizli and Karren follow you on foot.

"What the hell was that??" Baizli asks in a harsh whisper.

"I'm pretty sure Anubis benefits from people worshiping him," you whisper back. "The other Goa'uld don't get that. It's got to do with his half-ascended state somehow."

"Is that why he was a robot!?" Karren asks, voice going shrill.

"Probably," you nod. "There's gotta be something funky going on."

"So what's our next move?" Baizli asks.

"I've found a command terminal," you say. "One of my Arai beetles found it, rather, but still."

"Please tell me it's not in a restricted section," Karren whimpers.

"It is," you say. "But it's also next to a room with at least three Stargates."

"Three??" Baizli asks. "What the hell does he need three Stargates for??"

"I think it's a rotating security system," you guess based off of the visuals you're getting from the Arai. "They've got force fields surrounding them. Two active at a time, third deactivated. I'd bet they-" Oh, and there it goes. You start counting in the back of your head. "Never mind. They just proved my point. The force fields just swapped around. They're on a timer."

"I guess that's one way to keep unwanted visitors out," Baizli muses. "They're probably using the nine chevron addresses or something."

"Who knows," you say, "doesn't matter beyond being an escape route."

And then a pair of Jaffa round the corner, forcing the three of you to go silent as they march past.
Once they're gone, you exhale the breath you didn't realize you were holding. "Alright, let's get going."

A Jaffa enters Anubis' grand hall, "My Lord," He kneels to report. "We've finished searching the remains of the Alternian vessel, but have found no signs of any crew onboard when it was destroyed."

"That was no Autopilot," First Prime Marrow informs her Lord. "It was too natural."

"THEN WE MAY HAVE UNEXPECTED GUESTS AMONG OUR NUMBER." Anubis starts to laugh. "LET THEM HIDE FOR THE MOMENT. THEY WILL REVEAL THEMSELVES SHORTLY, IF THEY MADE IT ONBOARD."

"...My Lord?" The Jaffa asks. "But surely we should hunt them down?"

"INTRUDERS HAVE A PESKY HABIT... OF GOING AFTER Tantalizing PIECES OF INFORMATION." Anubis says. "HAVE THE SECURITY TEAMS WATCH FOR ANY UNAUTHORIZED DATA ACCESS."

"Shall we scramble their attempts to gain any private Information?" The Jaffa asks.

"NO. THAT WOULD REVEAL THE GAME TOO SOON. LET THEM ACCESS WHAT THEY WISH FOR AS LONG AS THEY WISH." Anubis's eyes gleam. "THE MORE ROPE WE GIVE THEM TO HANG THEMSELVES WITH, THE BETTER. QUIETLY SEND A CAPTURE TEAM TO WHATEVER STATION IS BEING IMPROPERLY USED."

"Of course, my Lord," The Jaffa nods, then rises to go carry out the orders.

"This is a large risk you're taking, My Lord," Marrow muses.

"OF COURSE IT IS. HOWEVER, I KEEP NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE ON THIS SHIPS COMPUTERS. THEY WILL FIND LITTLE OF USE EVEN IF THEY SOMEHOW MANAGE TO ESCAPE OUR GRASP."

Gaining access to the Computer room was easy—security on the doors was ONE WAY. Meaning anybody inside opening the door could always leave. An Arai Beetle through the vents and then to the controlls for the door, and POP. Okay, well, more of a slide, but still.

Once you're inside the computer room, you kneel down to access the crystal tray, and pop it open.

"So what's the plan, Claire?" Baizli asks as you decaptchaloge a memory crystal and jab it into the first open slot on the computer tray.

"We steal everything," you say, taping the computer on and starting a data transfer.

"Everything?" Baizli asks, incredulous.
"Everything. Doesn't matter what's on the computer, we take as much will fit on the crystal."

"And you just... carry memory crystals around all the time or something?" Karren asks.

"You'd be surprised how much stuff I've shoved into my Sylladex, Karren," you tell her. "I'm like a video game protagonist. I take whatever's not nailed down, and figure out what I can do with it later."

"Ah," Karren says, chipperly. "Klepto."

"Basically," Baizli chuckles.

"Yeah, yeah," You roll your eyes, and check on the-

Your Arai Beetles standing sentry suddenly spot some Jaffa marching your way.

"Aw crap, we've got incoming." You grimace.

"How'd they find us so fast?" Baizli asks.

"Probably they're responding to the computer access," you frown. "Why are they letting it go through though? There's got to be a higher tier of computer access than this terminal."

"W-What do we do??" Karren asks.

"How long until the data transfer finishes?" Baizli asks.

"About two minutes."

"And how long until the Jaffa get here."

"Three minutes."

"What's the rotation on the Gate shields look like?"

"It rotated twice during the time it took us to get here..." You frown. "Wait, no, it just changed again. Three minutes per interval, confirmed."

"We're gonna be cutting it close," Baizli says, decaptchaloguing what looks decidedly like a P-90. A rather familiar P-90 at that, with some even more familiar blast mark on the side. "Guess we're gonna have to fight it out."

You stare at Baizli for a moment, then ask, "Have you seriously been keeping that in your sylladex since Giza??"

"Hey, this thing saved my LIFE!" Baizli grins. "But no, not just this." She then decaptchalogues a second P-90. "I've got a spare if you want it!"

"Nah," you decaptchologue your ZAT. "I'm good."

"Karren?" Baizli offers, and Karren snatches up the spare P-90 instantly.
There's a wide eyed enthusiastic look in her eyes and you swear that steam burst out of her nose for a moment.

"How Much Spare Ammo!?!" She asks, looking Baizling in the eyes with a look that you can only associate with Polypa and her love of explosions.

...You wonder how she and Mierfa are doing right now anyways?

You know Xefros is probably worried sick.

Your name is Polypa Goezee and you're busy punching out one of those hanging bags with sand in them made for punching.

Punching can be a form of explosion if you hit the bag right.

"Oi, Oi!!" Mierfa says when you swing and miss the bag entirely. "Maybe it's time we took a break."

"Fine," you agree. "Then we'll swap around when we're done, right?"

"Right."

And so the two of you sit down on a bench and rehydrate with water bottles.

"You know she'll be fine, right?" Mierfa asks after a moment.

"Of course I know it," you say. "I'm just mad that I'm not there to help."

"Same, except less mad, more worried," Mierfa says. "I keep saying to myself 'she'll be fine' but... I can't help but worry. Me, You, Xefros- none of us are there to help. Just Baizli. And, I mean, I trust her. She's proven she's not just going to turn on us suddenly... but..."

"You really wish it was one of us?" You ask.

"I really, really wish it was one of us," she nods.

You two sit there for a few minutes, contemplating. Then...

"Hey, so... I reached out to that guy that might've-been my Matesprit if things went better," You're not even really sure why you're telling her this.

"How'd that go?" Mierfa asks.

"...Kinda got interrupted before we could settle anything by us going into battle," you laugh, nervously. "Oh geeze, the timing was just..."

"Have you talked again yet?" Mierfa asks.

"...Not yet," you say.
"Get cleaned up then," she says, smiling. "And go talk with him. Get your mind off of things we can't directly do anything about."

...Well...

"Alright," you say. "I think I will."


DIASPORAN DATE: 07/13/0003.

The visuals from the security cameras were not pleasant ones for Anubis to watch.

A blur of motion from the computer room zipped forwards through every single Jaffa sent to capture the interlopers and accompanying it, the aggravating sound of Tau'ri weaponry firing off.

Then, they were dead, and there was just an alternian girl standing there.

A moment later, two vaguely familiar forms emerged from the room and made their way as a group to the Gate Room.

Anubis asks, wondering, "AND JUST WHAT WAS THAT?"

"Kohiru Karren," Marrow growls as well. "Damn it, I should have known better than to trust a Sea Dweller. She must have let those Rebels onboard."

The next set of visuals were no less pleasant. The Jaffa waiting to guard the Gates were taken out with yet more speedy burst shots from that little upstart of a girl with Rabbit ear shaped horns, and those who weren't, were distracted trying to hit her to the point they got taken out by the other two.

More Tau'ri weapon fire, and a Zat as well.

Then, they dialed one of the Stargates, and held the position until the forceshield cycled around and let them through.

Anubis growls, "I WANT EVERY TROLL WHO I IDENTIFIED AS NOT BELIEVING IN ME TO BE THOROUGHLY EXAMINED. NO MORE SLEEPER AGENTS."

"Of course, My Lord," Marrow nods, and sets out to do just that.

It would not be pleasant for them, that was for sure.

Your name is Xefros Tritoh, and you can't help but cry out in relief upon seeing Joey and Baizli step through the Stargate back onto the Beltus.

"Welcome back!" You greet them.
"Good to be back," Joey says, hugging you. You hug her right back.

"I didn't get shot once!" Baizli interjects when you break off the hug.

"Good," You say, smirking as you stroll over to her. "Glad to hear it."

"Sure you are," She rolls her eyes at you.

"Joey!" And then Mierfa is hugging Joey next and kissing and, yeah. There's a thing.

Then, someone else steps through the Gate from earth, and it shuts down.

You turn to look... and have to look down a bit more than you'd expect.

"...You're awful short for a sea-dweller," you remark.

"And you're awfully bulky for a rust blood!" she snaps right back.

You turn to Baizli and ask, "Who's the snarky kid?"

"Kohiru Karren," Baizli answers. "Got stuck with Shadre's bunch when they split off from the Empire and couldn't make a break for it. She's FAST."

...Fast?

"How fast?" You ask, with a growing sense of dread.

"I took out an entire hallway of Jaffa in about five seconds flat," 'Karren' boasts, grinning. "Also! Also!! I really like P-90s! They're really really awesome!!"

You blink- feeling really, really unnerved by how familiar this girl sounds in terms of energy levels.

You turn around, look Okurii in the eyes, and plead, "You must NEVER let her and Rhube Xaolon meet, let alone ever be put on the same team."

Okurii blinks, then says, "Somehow I get the feeling that's actually something I should do, just to see why you don't want it to happen."

"Hey-" Joey interjects suddenly before you can say anything else on that subject. "Where's Polypa?"

"You'll never believe it!" Mierfa grins. "She's got a Matesprit!"

"Whaaat?!" Joey gasps. "Who!? Tell me everything!"

Your name is Tegiri Kalbur and you can't help but smile a bit as you trace your fingers over the tattoos on Polypa's back. "You know, she really did an incredible job on designing these."

"I know," Polypa sighs contentedly from next to you, lying stomach down while resting her head against the pillow hugged tight in her arms. "It kinda pisses me off about the brand but damn it, it's so
pretty. Some mornings I just can't help but stare at it all and think... 'Damn, that's awesome.'"

"I'll have to give her my thanks for healing you up one of these days," you say. "I don't think I've ever gotten around to it."

"Busy schedules, blah blah," Polypa giggles. "We're so making sure we're not doing that anymore."

"Agreed," you nod, coming down to the symbol just above her waist. Pyramid and a Sun. "Well, at least we've got four weeks to figure out how that's going to work out... if we survive after that, that is."

"Mrrrh," Polypa turns her head enough to peer at you through her bangs. "Let's not think about that. I mean, Joey did just go head first into Anubis' private castle, and Gate herself off of it with a crystal full of computer data. Death defied once again."

Sure, from what you've heard it's a nigh untranslatable mess of Goa'uld and Ancient, but it's still a lot of data and an impressive feat to have gotten it out in one piece.

"Yeah, alright," you concede the point, and then brush aside her bangs to see her eyes better. "You sure you don't want to meet Joey and Baizli when they return?"

"We've put this off for long enough, Giri-giri," she smirks at you. "I'm getting as much out of our time today as we're gonna get."

"Well," you say. "I can't argue with that."

You really can't. Back then, it'd been... it'd been a mutual rush of 'we just saved each other's asses, let's fuck to celebrate' and 'we totally just survived a near death experience and do not want to think about anything else.'

Then thinking about you two possibly having a relationship of any kind in any quadrant period... It was just so confusing and terrifying so you'd offered her a job in the Rebellion and then... well...

A bunch of mutual stupidity got in the way, it seems.

**No more of that. No more at all.**

You lean in and kiss her on the lips, and she kisses you back.

...And if it does so happen that in four weeks one or both of you end up dead, you're going to go into that final battle knowing you made the most of the time you had left to catch up on the time you wasted.

Chapter End Notes

....I started watching SAO Alternative: GGO this week...

Llen-chan gets a trollsona. Dread the day she and Ruby's trollsona meet.
"...."

"...."

"So.... those are real?"

"Yup. They're totally real."

"Even the neon-?"

"Yup."

"...How exactly do they feel?"

"You ever have a pet bird? Exactly like that. Feathery."

"...I see."

"....So you do."

"...So... Miss Lalonde-"

"No."

"...What?"

"I'm not Miss or Mister. Just Argo Lalonde. I am neither and I am both. There's no-one else in this entire universe who's been through exactly what I've been through. I need you to understand that."

"Okay. Understood... But, this is the first I'm hearing of any of this."

"It's not exactly something I like to parade around, but if this is going on historical record, I want it known. I'm not 'she,' and I'm not 'he.' I'm neither and I'm both. They, Them, Theirs. This is me: Who I am. My Personal Truth."

"Duly noted, Lalonde. I'll make sure your references are consistent going forwards from my end... What about other people, though?"

"If they're going with 'she' either I probably haven't told them yet, or I did and they're being jerks about it."

"I won't correct them unless I see them being jerks about it, then."

"Thank you. Now then... I was told you wanted to know about the Aschen timeline?"
"Ah-- Yes. That is indeed what I have in my notes here."

"Then you'd better be recording, because I'm not repeating this for anyone else ever again."

Chapter End Notes

Confirming a thing in a bit more explicit terms than has previously been alluded to once or twice since Abydos.
ALT:07X02: And the Oscar Goes To...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 07/27/0003.

TWO WEEKS UNTIL CONFRONTATION DEADLINE.

"AH! AAH! AAAAAH!! AAAAAH!!! I WAANNA BE A STRONGEST HERO OOOOOO!!"

And with the final bash of the drums, you are Dammek, and you twirl the dangled things around in a flourish even as the pre-recorded guitar track powers down.

Then, the hovering camera drones turn off their red lights, and Joey grins at you and Xefros.

"I think that's a hit in the making!" She jokes. "Another Grubbels One Punch Wonder!!"

"Yeah, yeah," Xefros rolls his eyes. "Now if only we can survive the battle with those Green Ships English sent our way."

"Why?" You ask. "I mean, that's tangentially related, I guess, but..."

"Duh," Joey rolls her eyes. "We need awesome footage to go with an awesome song."

"...Action sequence music video?" You ask.

"Action Sequence Music Video," they chime in together.

"...We're going to need some floating cameras," you say, already designing inside your head. "Things that can stay cloaked and hidden away from sight during a fight."

You can see them grinning. You can't help but grin too.


DIASPORA DATE: 07/31/0003.

"I can't handle this anymore! I can't deal with her reckless speeding ahead into everything!! Put me on a different team!!"

"Okay." Your name is Okurii Leijon and you've just lost another potential slot filler for this one team.

It seems that for certain people, Rhubee Xaolon is a hard girl to get along with, like Xefros once said.
Oliver Oscpin sighs as he and you watch that indigo blooded troll huff in acceptance, then storm out of your office.

"I screwed up again..." Rhubee mutters, wriggling her index fingers against eachother.

"You saved Blakke from dying," Oliver says, "that's what matters, Rhubee. If Cardin doesn't want to accept that, it's on him." He frowns, "Hell, he barely accepted me as team leader."

"The world we knew is gone, people are having a hard time accepting change, Cardin Wyinch among them." You sigh. "That said, I have a Troll who might be more your speed. Literally."

"We're willing to try anyone," Oliver says.

Rhubee nods enthusiastically.

"Here," you hand a profile folder over to Oliver. "Everything you need to know is in there, but I'll give you a summary based on my impressions of the girl now."

"Alright," Oliver says, opening the folder and reading it.

"She's earnest about wanting nothing to do with the clowns, or Anubis, or English, and wants to take the fight to them," you say. "I could tell that much was true even without having Boldir confirm it. She's also pragmatic. From the day she heard about the Tactician's fall from grace, she claims she saw the end of the Empire coming. Boldir confirmed it as genuine as well, though I didn't doubt it either." You smile, faintly. "I could see the honesty in her eyes, as violet-pink as her blood."

"...Speed boosts?" Oliver interjects. "I can see where you think she's more our speed."

"Care to meet Kohiru Karen, then?" You ask.

---

**EARTH DATE: JANUARY 31ST, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 08/03/0003.**

**ONE WEEK UNTIL CONFRONTATION.**

"**I'VE GOT IT!!**"

Your name is Callie Ohphee, and you don't even bother knocking as you barrel into Okurii Leijon's office.

"Callie?" She looks up. "What is it you've got??"

"Naquadria," You grin. "Local to our Galaxy!!"

"Where?" She asks, getting to her feet.

"You'll never believe it," you say, bringing up the relevant info on your tablet. "But I was scanning the system we had the last fight in for passive reasons. Incase the Carapacians were rebuilding there, and the sensors... Well..." You show the scan of the strip mined planet that had been briefly turned
into a star thanks to the Ultrazord's attack. "The sensors picked up a Live Naquadria Reaction on the planet we blasted!"

"...But there wasn't any Naquadria on that planet at all," Okurii looks at you, frowning. "Only Electro Quartz- Naquada- is native to that system. We checked the records when we sent Joey, Polypa, and Mierfa to investigate. There's nothing like Naquadria coming out of that area's history."

"That's because we've been assuming Naquadria is a *natural occurrence!*" You say, laughing. "It's not! Naquadria isn't natural at all!!"

"...Run that by me again?" Okurii asks.

"Naquadria is a BYPRODUCT of certain energetic elemental reactions happening on a Naquada rich planet!"

"...So what you're saying is..." Okurii blinks. "Our battle with that enemy Megazord transformed a planet with barely any Naquada left on it into something containing Naquadria?"

"If I had to guess, Like begets Like," you summarize. "A weapon using, or any energy blast harnessing Naquadria will emit some sort of isotope that will convert Naquada INTO Naquadria!"

Okurii considers that. "...So if we want to create our own source of Naquadria local to the Alternia Galaxy...?"

"We need to pick our next battleground with the Ultrazord very carefully!" you nod.

Chapter End Notes

TEEECHNICALLY a Part 1 of 2... Had a headache all day and didn't have time to write the big musical number/action sequence, but I think that's for the best if I put that as the next chapter instead.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[GRUBTUBE.ALT ICON]

> Welcome Back, [LLEENN]. It has been (3) Days since your last visit.

> Today's Date in Your Chosen Planetary Cycles:

}DIASPORA DATE: 08/11/0003.

> Viewing Subscribed Channels, Sorted by Most Unwatched Videos, Descending Order.

}Aadaam Savage's TESTED (18)
}TRACE ON! Unlimited Blade Works (16)
[NEDEST] Forging THE TIME CROWBAR from Troll Half Life 2: Episode 3
}Gun Gale Online- Game News, Reviews, And More! (13)
[NEDEST] P-90 Gameplay Update: Before You Buy!
}Ammo Knights - Inkopolis Weapons Announcements (8)
[NEDEST] Octarian Train Rail Ink Bomb Launcher Release Date Announcement!
}Rebellion News Network (7)
}Off the Hook! Inkopolis News (6)
[NEDEST] Splatfest Ruined by Malevolent A.I.?!?
}Squid Sisters Official Channel (4)
[NEDEST] Cuttlefish Vlog: Behind the Scenes of C and M's latest music endeavor!
}Cosplay Chriss (2)
}The Grubbels Official Channel (1)
[NEDEST] THE HERO !! -- Official Music Video

> Rebellion News Network


SUMMARY:

Timestamps to Jump to Story:
0:06: Earth Politics Update
4:13: Today in Awesome/Ultrazord Confrontation
8:16: Naquadria Production.

[PLAY]

A troll with short hair and horns cut short and blatantly ground down into polished nubs appears on
"Sup, Rancorous Rebels! Let's just jump into it! Starting light today with Earth Politics. As you all may remember from last Earth October, we talked about the political situation involving limited Disclosure from the US Government. Well, today everything everyone's fears have started to come true. Senator Robert Kinsey, douche bag of the century, has blatantly put his name into the US Presidential Elections. We're already hearing word he's scooping out his running mate from his fellow election seekers, but--"

[SKIP: 4:13]

"-And that brings us to TODAY IN AWESOME! Brought to us today by the Grubbels, who gave us a wonderful new Music Video to go with their new song, The Hero! I Highly recommend you check it out, at the recommended point in time. Why? Because we've got our next story scoop exclusively from the people who filmed it and you're gonna need the context."

A star map appears on screen.

"This is an old Electro Quartz mining system, abandoned by the empire after the Late Empress Who-the-fuck-cares was exiled into the distant past where she got blown up by her own ship. Electro Quartz, also known as Naquadah, is often used in Stargate and Ship production and in weapons refinement. The Rebellion, for reasons to be covered later, chose this as their staging ground."

A new image appears, of the five green ring shaped ships.

"These are the five alien ships that Lord Who-the-fuck-cares-the-bastard dispatched to our Galaxy to blatantly challenge the Ultrazord we reported on last month. As we previously reported, Scratch Doctor Wanna-be, Adria, was leading the fray. Scans indicated there were no change in crew count between the first appearance and second as the two forces squared off."

Video of the individual Megaships standing together in front of a moon, across from the Enemy ships as most of said enemy ships began transforming.

"Four of Skullface's ships then combined into a spindly looking mockery of a Megazord. One became the torso and head, one became the legs, Another the feet, and the fourth became the arms. The Fifth Ship retreated to observation distance, with the Cowardly Adria onboard."

The spindly looking, sort of vaguely frog themed enemy mecha then let loose a chest laser targeting the Kishamoth Megaship.

"This is where things get complicated, and also awesome. If you haven't checked it out already, I'd suggest you click through to the Grubbel's channel to-"

[PAUSE]

> The Grubbels Official Channel

[NEWEST] THE HERO !! -- Official Music Video

SUMMARY:

Yo, Grubbels!! Xefros here, bringing to you our latest and greatest song! If you thought "Breakout" was great, I have it on good authority that THE HERO is going to be even better! Enjoy!!
From behind the burst of an explosion, slowly came into view the Frog Mecha.

"ONE PUUUUUNCH!!"

And then one of the Kishamoth megazord arms swung out from left screen and smashed into the Frog Mecha's face, sending it spiraling off screen with a wipe.

For a moment, Xefros is on screen, standing in front of Dammek, on the drums, holding up three fingers, and counting down as flashes of the faces of the Astro, Delta, and Slayer Megazords appear in ghost overlaid on top of the screen.

"THREE! TWO! ONE! KILL SHOT!!"

Then it's back to the fight as the Pieces to Kishamoth rearrange into a body, and T-Line and K-line connect- forming the KYORETSU MEGAZORD-

"Appear, Certain Victory! The Absolute Strongest!!"

With a flurry of punches faster than the camera can record, Kyoretsu smashes the Frog Mech's chest, knocking it backwards.

"What'd You Say!? FRUSTRATION! Nobody can stop me!!"

The camera zooms in on the enemy mech as it rights itself, and animated little frustration veins appear edited onto its forehead.

"ONE PUNCH! It's Over! One Victory after Another!!"

And then a rocket fist from the SLAYER slams into its face- sending it reeling backwards into a falling orbit into the planet below's atmosphere.

"Shout Out!! Always Victorious!! TOTAL VICTORY!!"

Slayer takes aim with its Accelerator arm and launches a barrage of beams that force the enemy Frog Mech to descend rather than ascend.

"POWER! GET THE POWER! Right up to the Limit!!"

Delta swings into view, launching a barrage of missiles into play, adding to the forced downwards descent.

"HERO! I don't want voices praising or any ovations!!"

Astro swings in dramatically and begins a series of sword swings from all directions, seemingly immune to the planet's gravity pull.

"HERO! So I'll fight evil in secret!!"
The Frog Mech tries a laser attack, but it gets deflected by Astro's Shield.

"Nobody Knows who he Is!!"

"Skies covered by foes closing in! I won't turn my back on them!"

From a camera on the ground, one can see all four Megazords barreling down on the Frog Mech, descending rapidly towards the planet's surface.

"HERO! If I am- then I'm prepared with unwavering resolve. Unleashing my fist!!"

With another sudden smash to the face from the Slayer's spare rocket arm, the Frog Mech hits the remains of a mining settlement and sends up a dust cloud obscuring the screen for a moment- it's expertly blended into the next shot of the Frog Mech being sent tumbling along the ground as if just bodily tossed. (Kyoretsu can be seen briefly in the distance having finished said toss.)

We cut back to Xefros, counting down again: "Three! Two! One! Fight Back!"

"Appear! GO ON! Fair and Square!"

Delta blasts at the Frog Mech as it springs back to its feet, and begins running to dodge.

"What's going on?! Can't feel a thing! My Opponents are all gone!!"

Then, suddenly the shots stop, and the Frog Mech slows, confused.

"JUSTICE! Enforcement! No Point Arguing It!"

And then Astro appears from behind, swinging its sword and forcing the Frog Mech onto the offensive.

"Eradicating! Stop, Evil! Prayers Said!"

And then Kyoretsu jumps onto the Frog Mech from behind as Astro throws itself and its weapon and shield into the air.

"POWER! GET THE POWER! Adrenaline's Overflowing!!"

Astro's Arms fold backwards. Delta transforms, and begins connecting onto Astro for the first combination.

"POWER! GET THE POWER! Strike with the force of my diciplined technique!!"

With a roar of the gattling turbines, the Astro-Delta catches its sword and shield, and then descends with a might swing.

"HERO! Even the strongest guys used to be tiny brats!"

Astro-Delta begins a furious multi faceted attack- Gatling and sword strikes- chipping off the green paint from the frog mech.
"HERO! I overcome my weakness and become stronger!"

The camera focuses briefly on the sky as Slayer and Kyoretsu take to the air and begin to ascend, starting their transformation process.

"(Nobody Knows Who He Is!!)" Xefros cuts back in with a smirk.

"Gods are dwelling in my raised fists tonight! Pushing onwards!"

Astro-Delta sheild bashes the Frog Mech as it tries another laser attack, short circuiting the attack and causing a minor explosion that knocks the Frog mech flat on its back.

"HERO! Until I taste the dirt of defeat some day... A fighting HEROOOO!"

And then Astro-Delta launches into the air, and begins to transform to form the Ultrazord- arms and head detaching.

"I won't give up, I picture the future in my heart!"

Kishamoth and Slayer and Delta parts form the feet, attaching to the bottom of the legs. Kishamoth's legs attach to the sides of the legs, and the waist piece attached.

"I awaken and go to the world now: Soaring High and Strong!!!!"

The Slayer's remaining parts shifted into formation, with T-Line and K-line attaching as the arms- then the whole assembly slid into place, and as the once side arms snap into place securing the torso, the head assemblies slide into the back and the horns fold down into place.

"No matter when! No matter what happens!!"

The M- Flashes on the chest as the Ultrazord raises its T-Line arm and then brings it down with a massive smash onto the planet's surface- causing a bright blue dust cloud to obscure everything as it cuts back to Xefros on his guitar, and Dammek slamming down hard on the drums.

Then, the camera cuts to an aerial view of the planet just as a bright blue erruption of magma bursts from the planets surface like a volcano of pure liquidized naquadah.

"HERO! I don't want voices praising me or an ovation!"

The camera zooms in suddenly on the Frog Mech, riding the explosion of transforming Naquadah into the air- its armor burning up fast.

"HERO! So I'll fight evil in secret!!"

The Ultrazord is seen readying its cannon arms.

"(Nobody Knows who he Is!!)" Xefros is seen singing into the microphone.

"Gods are dwelling in my raised fists tonight! Pushing onwards!"

The laser blasts launch out and smash into the air-born Frog Mech- pinning it straight in the chest and
blasting it free of the lava plume-

"HERO! Until I taste the dirt of defeat some day... A fighting HEROOOO!"

-carrying it higher and higher before crashing it straight into the moon orbiting the planet!!

"A Lonely HEROOOOO!!"

The Moon and the Frog Mech explode brilliantly- a bright blue light in the night sky.

"AH! AAH! AAAH! AAAAA!! AAAAAH!!" The view of the explosion fades out to reveal Xefros and Dammek standing in front of the Stargate on the Beltus as Xefros sings into his microphone.

"I WAANNA BE A STRONGEST HEROOOOO!"

And with a focus on Dammek twirling his drumsticks and Xefros grinning at the camera, the video ends.

_________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

Meanwhile, back in his throne room in his own separate Galaxy, Lord English, once known as Caliborn, sat on his throne, as the video stops playing.

"I apologize, My lord," Adria says, kneeling before him in hologram form. "I had no idea they had harnessed such powers. I underestimated their trickery and resolve."

Lord English says nothing, then ends the call, much to Adria's surprise.

He motions for his servants to all clear the room with but a glare, and then, once they have...

He grabs his throne, rips it from the floor, and throws it across the room- where it smashes to pieces against the doors.

With a huffing, angry breath, Caliborn rears back and roars an angry, howling

"HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONK!!!!"

_________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

Similarly meanwhile, in the Milky Way Galaxy, Anubis finishes watching the same video and starts laughing as he imagines the above image of reality to every tiny piece of stone throne being shattered against the door.

Also meanwhile, on Earth, a scientist named Felger stares at the video that's been emailed around the SGC memo-list, and he has IDEAS.

Ideas, of course, that when brought up to Colonel Joey Claire, who was visiting that day, would lead to threats of a certain nature to never ever be mentioned again under penalty.
Chapter End Notes

I was reading a RWBY/Skyrim crossover story where in the most recent chapter Ruby started singing THE HERO... and I just KNEW what song was going to go into this next sequence.
Emmett Bregman could only stare at the mission reports in front of him.

"....Holy shit," He breathes out, and looks up at the BIG MAN behind the desk in the Oval Office. "You really want me to run this??"

A firm nod is all the answer he gets from the BIG MAN before the metaphorical ball is passed into Bregman's court.


DIASPORA DATE: 08/31/0003.

Your name is Jonas Quinn, and after months of staring at notes trying to figure out where the hell this "Lost City" could even be- it CLICKS.

It's not the "Lost City" it's the "City of the Lost!"

You grab the relevant notes to check and... and... YES! YES!! You've got it!!

You take them up in arm and run through the SGC, passing by Sergent Tyler- No, SYLER! Sorry!!- and confusing a poor elevator goer as you ride down to Level 27, rushing to General Hammonds office.

"I've got it!!" You cry out as you barge into the office without knocking or really seeing who was in the room...

"Better not be contagious," Carter remarks, to which O'neill chuckles.

"Mister Quinn," Hammond says, warily. "If it can wait a minute, we're in the middle of something."

"Hi!" And then a man you've never met before is offering his hand. "I'm Emmett Bergman. Documentary Producer and Reporter. You must be Jonas Quinn. I've read a lot about you."

"Uh... Hi?" You shake the mans hand, and look to O'neill. "What's going on?"
"The President's decided to run a documentary on the SGC," O'Neill says. "For. A. Year."

"Uh..." You look to Hammond. "Is that really such a good idea considering current circumstances?"

"It's out of my hands," Hammond says. "The terms and conditions the President have set up are as
generous as we're going to get."

"Trust me, you should be glad we went for the long road option rather than the brief one week thing
that was on the table," Bergman says. "I'd rather prefer we build up trust as best as we can. I want to
record the SGC at its best rather than on edge with someone they don't know prying into
everything."

"At least we get to choose camera men from on base rather than from the outside," Carter says.

"Yes, I'd heard- well, read about the Prometheus incident," Bergman says. "Nasty piece of work,
that. Really wish they'd actually recorded stuff from that. It'd make part of my job a lot easier."

All eyes go on him, and he trails off.

"Ah, right, just, uh, pretend I'm not here," Bergman says, and goes to take a seat.

"Should I...?" You ask, and Hammond nods. "It's about the Tablet the kids found on Abydos..."

"The President Briefed mister Bergman on everything up until present," Hammond says. "I take it
you've made a translation breakthrough?"

"Yeah," you nod. "I think I know where the Lost City is, except it's not the 'Lost City'- that never
made sense to me anyways, how could they Loose their own City?- it's the 'City of the Lost.'"

---

The idea you had was that when Colonel O'Neill had the Ancient Repository of Knowledge
downloaded into his head and he added the Gate Addresses to the base computer, there had to have
been an order to it. It stood to reason that the Last Address added would be the Last Gate the
Ancients ever put into their database, period.

If there was ever a city that could be deemed lost by the Ancients, it would be the one they were
building when the super plague hit and wiped them all out.

And so, SG-1 and SG-5 went to the planet.

"This place doesn't look Lost," O'Neill remarks at the amount of people living in the ruins.

"They are nomads, most likely," Teal'c says. "Their clothing design seems gathered from a vast
many worlds."

And then the leader of the group approaches, asking if SG-1 is here to claim the place. While O'Neill
works to establish a trade negotiation, your eyes are caught by a brief glint of light.

You turn to look, and you swear you're looking at a ghost.
"...Teal'c? Major Carter?" You voice- the uncertainty in your voice is enough to make them look, and a moment later, O'neill turns to look as well. And then the Colonel asks, "...Daniel?"

He doesn't remember a thing. The nomads found him "two moons" ago out in the fields, naked as could be, but without any of his memories.

Daniel Jackson was forcibly Descended, and he doesn't remember a thing. Not like Orlin, not like Skaara or even the girl Sociva, who each came out of their brief encounter with Oma Desala during the fight with Anubis with their memories intact.

He doesn't recognize anyone. Not you, not Teal'c, not Colonel O'neill, and not even Major Carter. So... you try something yourself.

"Doctor Jackson?" You ask, entering the tent.

"Oh for the love of... someone," he huffs. "What is it now, Jannet?"

"It's Jonas actually," you correct, "though, we do know a Jannet back at the SGC."

"...Okay?" Daniel looks at you, squinting.

"Um, listen," you say. "I know you don't recognize any of us, but... I wanted you to look at something." You take out your wallet, and remove a picture O'neill took at Christmas and handed out to everyone.

It's of the kids during Christmas at the Egberts.

"This... there are two girls in this picture, I wanted to see if you recognized them," you say.

"...Alright," and he takes the picture. "...Who am I looking for?"

"The two girls with dark skin and green eyes," you say. "They're your daughter."

"...My... daughter?" He blinks, and then stares at the photo more. "Somehow I feel like that should be pluralized but... it's still accurate somehow?"

"Time Travel was involved," you say.

"...Why am I not surprised," Daniel huffs. "Jim was in here a minute ago talking to me about how we blew up some fish lady's ship over a zig-gazelle-rat."

"It's Jack, actually, and it was a Pyramid," you say.

"...What's their name?" Daniel asks after a moment.

"Jade," you say. "The eldest is Jade Jackson. The youngest was adopted after you went missing, she's Jade Harley."
"Harley..." Daniel frowns. "Don't you mean Halley?"

"Nope, Harley," you say. "Like the Motorcycle brand." Which, come to think of it might have had Jake's fingers in it as some point. You'll have to ask him if that's the case next time you see him.

"....What's a Motorcycle?"

...Oh boy.

---


DIASPORA DATE: 09/01/0003.

You've spent about as long as you can going over the ruins before you come to a heartbreaking conclusion.

This is not the Lost City from the Tablet.

You know this because you found an inscription that was hastily left in the floor of what was once a library.

"I Curse This Place to be the City of the Lost, the Second such Lost City. May there never be a third."

And you see exactly where you made your mistake. "City of the Lost" here is a completely different transliteration that "Lost City." It's such an obvious difference you're wondering HOW you even made the mistake in the first place...

This isn't the Lost City of Atlantis as Daniel said the tablet would lead to.

Despite the fact it's still an amazing historical site, as you return to SG-1 to tell them the news, you can't help but feel it was a waste of time besides finding Doctor Jackson alive and well... despite the amnesia.

Still... someone placed Daniel here for a reason. Oma or Anubis or whoever. Someone placed Daniel here and expected you to find him... Right??

Of course, there was the Dream Vision Cassandra had had of the REPLICATOR DANIEL. But the Asgard had said that their plan to shove the Replicators into a Black Hole had been working fine and the bugs had shown no sign of escaping yet.

So... unless they invented backwards time travel, there was no way this was a Replicator.

This had to be the real Daniel Jackson.

So... what to do with him forgetting everything?

As you explain to O'neill and Carter what you found, though, Teal'c approaches, with Daniel
following him.

"I want to see," he says, "what life you think I used to have. If I remember anything... I guess that means I am who you say I am."

...You suppose that'll do.

Returning to the SGC afterwards was an interesting experience. Daniel looked at everything like he'd never seen it before in his life. Even General Hammond didn't garner any recognition.

He kept squinting at everything too... Wait, you wonder if...?

Janet's check up later confirmed it. You and Colonel O'neill stood by and watched as Janet handed Daniel a pair of glasses that he put on and exclaimed: "Oh! Well, that's different."

Then Janet remarked, "Jayni's modifications have all been undone. Daniel's as perfectly unmodified as he was when he first came to the SGC. It's a good thing we kept spares of his old perscription around just incase the fixes to his eyes ever wore off."

After that, Daniel looked around at everything in a much more "stumbling headlong into familiarity" way.

He was even starting to recognize people in the hallways, so that was a start!

It would be another few hours of that slow sort of build up of starting to piece things together before Jade showed up at the SGC and everything fell apart.

Mostly, it fell apart in the sense that Daniel looked at her and called her "Cherry" instead of "Jade" and that just made her mad enough to the point she grabbed John and Argo and they took overnight bags to Alternia on the next dial out lest she lose control of her powers again.

At least the whole base didn't shake from the strain this time.

And that was basically everything that had happened as you, the rest of SG-1, and a few other scientists went into the next briefing with Callie Ohphee having come from Alternia to talk Naquadria.

"Essentially," Callie begins, "we've found a way to produce Naquadria."

"Produce?" You ask. "You mean it's not natural?"

"During the first Ultrazord fight, the Naquadria reactor was used once to cause a massive explosion, targeting the enemy," Callie says, "the scans afterwards showed new naquadria reactions happening for weeks after. My assumption was, Naquada turns into Naquadria when exposed to certain isotopes. During our most recent battle--"

"I saw the video," O'neill interjects. "Nicely edited."

"Yes, well, we chose a planet ripe with Naquadah," Callie says. "We deliberately detonated a
Naquadria beam directly into a Naquadah vein. The explosion began a catalytic conversion of the Naquadah into Naquadria, at a much faster rate than we expected.

"Meaning we have a source of mine-able Naquadria in your galaxy now," Hammond surmises.

"Yes and no," Callie says. "The conversion reaction is stable for the moment, but that's mostly thanks to us blowing up the surface of the planet to relieve pressure. We're fairly certain if not for that, the entire planet may have begun exploding to relieve the pressure. Said explosion as it was has been enough to create a massive dust cloud covering the entire planet's surface. That's preventing us or anyone from going in to try mining the Naquadria."

"...Kelwona," you realize. "If the Naquadria bomb we were developing produced the same isotopes, the entire planet could be at risk of the exact same thing from unconvered Naquadah pockets!"

"That is a concern, yes," Callie nods. "As it is, we managed to isolate the isotope responsible for the conversion. It's actually something that the SGC has encountered before."

"I have a strongly negative feeling about where this conversation is going," Teal'c remarks.

"General Bauer's Naquadah Enhanced Warhead test was unexpectedly large at the time," Callie says. "I compared the readings, and I believe the reason for that was because that planet likely had a Naquadria conversion process ongoing on it."

"The Radiation that came through the Gate was the conversion isotope, wasn't it?" Carter asks.

"Yes, or a byproduct of the conversion itself at least," Callie nods. "I suspect the conversion process was accelerated by the detonation, causing the problem of the Stargate staying active for so long. Likely, it was enough energy to dial a whole other galaxy on the other side of the universe. It's entirely likely that in the end what saved Earth was not the wormhole timing out, but the Gate itself finally losing structural integrity and detonating from the pressure and energy being exacted onto it."

"We need to message my people," You say, looking to Hammond.

"Agreed, we need to warn them of the risks," Hammond says. "Major Carter, Doctor Ohphee, write up a draft message to send through the Gate."

"They're not going to like this," O'neill says.

"No, they're probably not," you agree.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, hey. It's that guy who's been doing the interview stuff. Look at that! He's actually relevant to the story beyond intermissions.
"Major Samantha Carter and... Jolinar of Milkshake?? That can't be right."

"It's 'Malkshur,' actually," Jolinar says.

"Hrmf. I've been noticing a lot of typos on these briefings I've been getting lately. Hopefully it's not a trend that will last."

"I'm sure it won't last, Mister Bergman." Major Carter agrees, a faint smile on her face.

"Anyways! Major Carter. Welcome to what's hopefully going to be the first of many interviews over the next few months."

"We're just doing basic stuff, right?" Carter asks.

"Of course. We can dive into more complex things later on as they come up. So... First question. From both of your perspectives, what's it like to be- I believe the term is- 'Blended'? How different is life now that you two have met from before that fateful day?"

"Oof. And that's about as hard hitting as a basic question can get," Carter remarks. "For me... It's very interesting. Jolinar is someone I've come to care for deeply over the years. Our partnership has been something more like Sisters and Colleagues, I suppose. Sometimes when we're working together on a problem in the theory-crafting stage, I forget that we're sharing a body and it's more like... we're teleconferencing over the phone, except a bit more directly." She pauses, then says, "Honestly, during the one recent brief time we had to split apart to help save someone's life... it was very lonely inside my own head suddenly. I was so alone with my thoughts it was terrifying, some days."

"As for me," Jolinar answers, "Working with Samantha is both the same, and yet so different. All of my hosts in the past have been from alien worlds, and yet they've all had similar ways of thinking given the Goa'uld's rule over the Galaxy. Their cleverness, while never in doubt, has had some level of practicality to it that Samantha has... well. Let me just say that I, nor some of my past hosts, never would have thought of doing some of the things we've done over the years." She too pauses, then adds, "I've had many hosts, but few have clicked with me as resonantly as Samantha has."

"How has becoming partners like this affected your work lives, respectively?"

"It's of no surprise that there were some among the Tok'ra who disliked me before I became partnered with Samantha," Jolinar says, "and it's of even littler surprise that they've become vocal, displeased by my placement here. Among any group of colleagues, there are those we'll always have disagreements with."

"There are also those in the Government that dislike my being blended with a Tok'ra," Carter adds. "Rogue NID agents especially are always a concern. I can't tell you about how much security is built into my house- for security reasons."

"Naturally. But I assume it's overkill to the extreme?"
"No comment."

"Fair enough... Okay, next question."

"Alright."

"How does being blended affect your personal lives in a romantic sense? I'd imagine it's hard to maintain relationships when you have security and inter-planetary travels to keep in mind?"

"It's..." Carter pauses for a long moment. "Honestly, it's not something I've thought about."

"I see."

"I have... had... a mate, Lantash. However he and I had a falling out before I became partnered with Samantha," Jolinar says. "I believe he and my alternate timeline self are trying to work things out now, given their recent desire to seek out new hosts."

"Does that make you mad or upset?"

"Not really, no." Jolinar answers. "Honestly, I find it a bit of a relief in there being two of me around. It means we get to diverge in our lives a bit. We each get to follow different paths along the same road. Maybe we'll reach the same destination eventually, or maybe we'll wind up in completely different places... However, I can't be mad at her rekindling our mateship with Lantash. She's had years more than I have to reconsider. I wouldn't deny her that chance after everything she went through."

"I see. You said they're seeking new hosts?"

"Indeed," Jolinar answers. "Their current ones aren't... as romantically compatible, and that's something Lantash and I tried to make work in the past. That our hosts were as much in love with eachother as we were. Beyond that, though, I can't say much."

"Perfectly understandable."

"Next question?" Carter asks.

"Next question... Let's see now... Ah. About the recent incident where SG-1 went off world... if you aren't adverse to talking about it?"

"You mean where we traveled back to Jonas' home world?"

"Yes, that one."

"I... I'll talk about what little I feel comfortable with."

"Okay. So... first question then... What exactly happened when you stepped through the Stargate?"

"We arrived in an abandoned warehouse. The welcoming party there was... well..."

"I think the easiest way of summarizing it would be to say they were very glad to see us, and as O'neill might put it, yes, those were hand guns in their pockets," Jolinar chimes in.
"Jolinar!" Carter protests.

DIASPORA DATE: 09/09/0003.

Your name is Jude Harley, and by Cassie's reckoning, it is Penny's First Birthday today.

It's also the day that Kelwona finally radioed back to Earth after the transmission was sent almost a week ago.

They said they didn't need Earth's help regarding unconverted Naquadah causing explosions... What they did need help with was a Goa'uld mother ship that had come suddenly out of nowhere.

As the Goa'uld claiming to be taking over the planet was calling himself YU- and it had rapidly become known among the System Lords that Anubis had consolidated all of Yu's power house into his own...

Well...

It's incredibly likely that Anubis is the one really behind this.

"The only question is," you muse aloud as you and Aunt Jane mix up a small cake to celebrate the party, "did Anubis learn about Naquadria existing from the weapons test the team did in the other Galaxy and is he seeking it out in our galaxy? Or... is it that he's come to their world for other reasons besides Naquadria?"

"I'm not sure, Jude," Jane muses. "It's possible that..." She pauses, so utterly pauses in the pattern of her mixing that you take notice.

"Aunt Jane?" You ask. "Is everything alright?"

"Huh?" She shakes her head. "Oh, yes, everything's fine, Jude," she smiles at you. "I just felt faint imagining all of these strange, strange problems going on in our universe. I'll be fine."

"Okay," you say, frowning. "If you say so."

Your name is Jake Harley, and you grin as you heft Penny up into the air with a grin. "Uuuup we go!" The girl giggles from the elevation. "And dooown we go!" She giggles from the descent. "Annnnd Up againnn!

"EEEE!!"

How cute!
You have a granddaughter. You have a well and proper grand-daughter!!

It really didn't quite sink in before, but now... now...

You have a grand daughter.

Goodness, it's only really just sinking in and- it's just--

For all the ups and downs life has thrown your way, you're honestly glad things are finally looking up.

Your name is Jonas Quinn, and you're getting a bit of neck strain from looking up into the sky.

"That's definitely one of Yu's ships, alright," you say, "but Ha'taks aren't meant to float above cities like this. They're supposed to land. That's got to be a serious strain on the engines and shields."

"Tell Anubis that," O'neill grumbles.

The series of events that had happened made no sense. Kelwona was fighting a loosing battle with the other two nations on the planet, and had been on the verge of using the Naquadria bomb when earth's warning came through about the Naquadria conversion isotope.

While the scientists talked it out, the risks versus benefits, the First Minister decided to launch two bombs anyways, straight onto the hearts of the opposing factions capitols.

And then, during the middle of the encroaching fallout, a Goa'uld Ha'tak came and took orbit over the Kelwonan capital.

The First Minister, idiot that he was, then revealed that he'd made a deal with the Goa'uld to evacuate everyone off world... And then like the chronic backstabber that Anubis was, the First Minister was executed and the people started to be enslaved.

Those who had not been made contact with Earth and were requesting... well...

Definitely not help with kicking "YU"/Anubis off planet. Just evacuating the survivors of all of this to another world.

Carter and Teal'c were discussing the logistics of that with Hammond over the Gate right now.

"You know..." You muse. "A 302 could hyperspace jump through the shields, and take out the engines before they knew what hit them."

"And detonate who knows how much Naquadria onboard when it crashes into the city below?" O'neill asks. "Never mind all the people stuck on it at this point."

Ah, yes. The Cherry ontop of the Proverbial Cake. The First Minister, idiot that he was, had been the one to volunteer every single ounce of mined Naquadria to "Yu" as "payment." You suppose the First Minister had been putting these plans in motion for some time now. You can only wonder what drove him to this madness, though. It seems... seemed, you suppose... so out of character for the man
you once knew.

...But then again, you could say the same for your own Professor.

"Yeah... that's about the only downside," you say. "The conversion isotope is sure to trigger if we do
that, if it hasn't already from previous Naquadria Bomb tests."

"Planet's a ticking time bomb either way," O'neill says, then fixes you with a gaze. "Jonas."

"What?" You ask.

"I know you want to do everything you can to help out," he says, "but some days there are just no
win situations. If we had the time to get a 302 shipped to the SGC and through the Gate... I'd risk
that shield burst plan. But as it is..."

"There's not much we can do," you sigh in reluctant agreement. "...One day, if Kelwona hasn't
blown itself to pieces from the Naquadria, we're going to fix this."

"Now that's a promise I'm going to keep," O'neill says.

"So.... I just got off the phone with Mom," your name is Cassandra Fraiser... maybe Harley... and
you sigh as you sit down with Jude and Jane in the kitchen. "Kelwona's a write off. SG-1's
evacuating everyone they can off world, but... it's not going to be a lot of people."


"It does," you say, eyeing the oven timer.

"Is everyone going to make it back in time?" Jane asks.

"Maybe," You shrug. "Not sure, honestly. I wouldn't be surprised if we had to put this off for a day
anyways."

"Hmm," Jane muses. "Well, I suppose it would give me time to make more cakes."

Heh. Cake. More and more cake.

"I think a few generic ones would do the trick," you say. "People can take them home afterwards."

"Mmh! Yes, that's an idea." And as Jane begins working on checking things, you feel a vibe.

It's... not a particularly bad vibe, though there are undercurrents of death to it.

You honestly get the feeling that whatever it is will work out best if you ignore it...

So if that's the case why the hell did you get a vibe about it anyways, for??. Stupid powers must still
be adjusting to reality after spending so long in a time bubble.
"Argo? Can I talk with you for a minute?"

Your name is Argo Lalonde, and you turn to look at Mikari as you pause in unlocking the room at the SGC Joey had stayed in during her recent visit, and left some presents behind for Penny's birthday incase she couldn't make it because she was busy.

(Spoiler: She totally was busy hunting down that last ship that had come through the Supergate.)

"Sure, just give me a second," you say before heading into the room and fetching the bag with HAND MADE STUFFS in it. Once you've locked the door behind you, you ask, "What's up?"

"I..." She pauses. "What was it like returning to just being yourself again?"

"Ah," You blink. "That's a bit of a tricky question, honestly. Jolinar and I kept pretty separate. It was suppose to be a short term thing that went on for way too long, after all."

"Right," she nods. "I... I'm just wondering how different it's going to be. Some days anymore I'm not sure where I begin and she ends. We've gotten rather close."

"So you're seriously talking about splitting up?" You ask.

"Yes," she nods. "It'd be cruel to keep Jolinar and Lantash apart anymore after... well. After everything they've been through, just because me and Eliot aren't romantically inclined? We just... need to find the right pair of hosts willing to take them on."

"Mmh, hopefully some options will come along sooner rather than later," you say.

"I just..." Mikari takes a steadying breath. "I'm not sure what it will be like to be myself again. My life has changed so dramatically since that day... I feel like I've been living someone else's life, to be honest."

"You kinda have been," you say. "That's the whole point about blending with a Symbiote. You're living two lives in one body."

"Yes, that is true," she sighs. "Do you have any advice for when we do finally split?"

"Hmm..." You think it over. "I guess... take it as an opportunity to remake yourself. Redefine what makes you, you, and figure out what you want in life now that you're yourself again."

"Like how you've started dating John and Jade, and changed your pronouns?" Mikari asks.

"Yeah," you nod. "It doesn't have to be that dramatic for you, but... For as long as I've been split from Jolinar, it hasn't felt like I finally became me again until a little bit just after we got stuck inside that time bubble. Or, maybe... rather, I became the me I was going to be even without the blending? Maybe I got delayed or maybe I got accelerate. I just.... I have no idea. Everything about our timeline was so weird."

"Yes," Mikari nods. "Jolinar's shown me what you've been through. I feel like I've lived some of it, even if I wasn't there for it personally." She pauses, "I suppose that's something I'm going to have to sort through, isn't it?"

"Mmh," you nod. "I'd say so, yeah."
Your name is Jade Jackson and...

Damn it.

You knock on the door to the room at the SGC your recently descended Bio-dad is staying in.

He opens the door, and looks at you for a moment, then... hesitantly.... "Jade?"

"Yeah," you nod. He's off to a good start so far. "I, uh... I wanted to check in on you. Can I come in?"

"Alright," he nods, and he lets you enter his room.

It's... it's full of all of his old stuff that you'd packed into boxes and hoped he'd one day return for.

You spot a photograph of Sha're on a night stand.

"She was your mother, right?" Daniel asks when he notices you staring.

"Yeah," you nod.

"...And I accidentally called you by her name, didn't I?" He asks.

"...That you did," you sigh.

"Sha're, not Cherry," he says. "I remember that, now. I... I remember her. Vaguely. It's all so hazy still. For a moment I see an image of something, or I'm walking down a hallway and then I get this flash, and... I feel like I SHOULD know what it is but I just... can't grasp onto it."

You... you'd honestly growl but you'd gotten your anger out of your system already. Made a new clearing in a forest for one of the new settlements for the displaced Alternians, even...

"What else do you remember?" You ask.


"Do you mean Jake?" You ask. "Jake Harley?"

"...Maybe?" Daniel frowns. "I don't know. Honestly, Jim's been dropping by leaving me mission reports to read to try and jog my memory, but..." He notices you staring. "What?"

"Who's Jim?" You ask.

"Uh..." Daniel blinks. "No, not Jim.... James? No... Jaaaa....k? Jack?"

Ah.

"Colonel O'neill?" You ask.
"Yes, him." Daniel nods. "Jim O'kneel."

"...Jack O'neill," you correct.

"...That's what I said, isn't it? Jim O'meal?"

"You said Jim both times," you say. "Then O'kneel the first time, and O'meal the second."

"No I didn't?" He frowns. "Did I?"

"You did," you nod.

"...Alright, so maybe I did," Daniel sighs. "Just one question."

"Okay."

"Who's Qutesh? Or is it Kyutesh? ....Kaytesh?"

"Describe them?" You ask.

"Dark hair, raven sort of eyes, female?" Daniel frowns. "Dressed in leather?"

"...Doesn't ring any bells," you say.

"Maybe I'm getting it wrong again," Daniel pauses. "...Mara maybe?"

"...Still not ringing any bells." You answer.

"...Probably nobody important, then," he says.

"Probably not," you agree.

Your name is John Sheppard, and you smile faintly as Keiko hands over a large box of trinkets from her and her friends across the mirror. "Come on- seriously? This is way too much stuff for a one year old." It's a very heavy box.

"Yeah, well, Aincrad and Alfheim both have our traditions," Keiko rolls her eyes. "And honestly, Minori's been on a knitting spree ever since she found out Jude and Cassie met their daughter through time travel. She's just mad we have to deal with more shit from Alfheim bleeding over through these damned rifts that have been opening up the last few days and can't come visit for longer."

"Wish we could help with that," you say.

"Don't sweat it," Keiko replies. "It's nothing we haven't handled before."

"Still, good luck with that," you say.
"Heh, we've got a Joey and a Cassandra helping us out," Keiko grins. "We've got all the good luck in the world as it is! But thanks, a little bit more doesn't hurt."

And with your goodbyes soon said, she returns through the mirror.

As you carry the large box of STUFF through the room towards the door, you nearly run into Doctor McKay.

"Oh, Sheppard," he snaps his fingers. "Just the kid I was wanting to see."

"Can this wait, Rodney?" You ask. "Kinda got my arms full here."

"I can see that, won't take longer than a second," and then he heads over to a desk and retrieves... a small card in envelope over-decorated with way too many stickers- one of which is blatantly reading 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!' "Here," He adds it to the top of the pile. "Was meaning to give this sooner, but, uh, I had to deal with Felger sticking his nose in and trying to suggest some idiotic idea of shoving two Quantum Mirrors calibrated to each other into each other and creating some sort of infinite looping mirror cascade and then I lost track of what day it was trying to come down from the ensuing headaches and-" he shakes his head. "Anyways, just... give that to Cassandra and Jude for me, would you?"

"Sure thing," you smile and nod.

Chapter End Notes

somehow, i feel as if i've screwed up with the earth/diaspora dates, somehow. but... i can't figure out where/why/when... so... uh...

...

...

Whatever!!
Chapter Summary

In which things get small, and problems multiply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes


DIASPORA DATE: 09/17/0003.

Your name is Roxy Egbert, and you yawn awake as the warm sun light of the early morning strikes your face.

You sigh, spreading out your limbs into bed and relishing in the rare opportunity that comes from Alec taking a business trip out of state- a wide, open bed. Heh. You love your husband dearly, but some mornings you just want to sink into bed forever and forever...

You had some really weird dreams last night. You feel so OUT OF IT. Your bed feels even bigger than usual! You don't want to leave it at all!!

...Then your alarm goes off, and you giggle-sigh and roll over to reach your arm out to slam the snooze button.

...Your arm falls short by half a foot.

Also... is it just you or did the paint on your fingernails VANISH over night? Where's the neon pink kitty cats you drew??

As you're frowning, puzzling over that oddity, you realize something else is off with your hand.

It's... It's smaller than it should be. Definitely smaller. What the heck?

And then you hear a shrill shriek from Ma Jane's bedroom- "I'M YOUNG AGAIN!!"

...Wait, what?

Within seconds you're throwing yourself out of bed and nearly tripping over the fact that your nightwear shorts are down around your ankles and not clinging tightly to your hips like they should be.

Also, your shirt is KINDA ABSURDLY LOOSE, too.

You stumble into the bathroom and look into the mirror and you PROMPTLY FLIP THE FUCK OUT because HOLY SHIT YOU'RE SUDDENLY LOOKING RIGHT BACK INTO THE MIRROR OF YOUR 17 YEAR OLD SELF, ZITS AND ALL!!!
Your name is Ka'turnal. You were once a Goa'uld System Lord Geneticist. Now, you're something of a FREELANCE TROUBLESHOOTER for the SGC and TOK'RA... not that the latter like to admit it.

And today just got REALLY interesting.

"We woke up this morning to them screaming their heads off," John Sheppard explains. "Jade and I went to check in on them and... well..."

"Teen Nanna!" Jade squeaks out. "Teen Roxy!!"

"I..." You stare at the two teenagers being examined by Doctor Lam. "I have no idea how they could have been affected by anything."

"Maybe it's something we brought back with us from off world?" John offers.

"If that were the case why didn't it revert your ages suddenly?" You offer.

"...That..." John trails off. "...Yeah, that's mildly concerning. You'd think it'd affect us first, right?"

"Mmh," Jade nods. "And if it were related to the time bubble, then--"

"HEY HEY HEY!!" and then Davis Strider enters the Infirmary, complaining, "Can someone care to explain to me why my brother went to bed a grown ass adult and woke up the next morning like this??"

And then Argo enters after, dragging with them a boy who could pass as their MUCH younger brother... or perhaps, a de-aged version of their uncle, DIRK STRIDER.

"Someone kill me," the kid, no older than thirteen at the most, laments. "Just end me. I already went through puberty once already. Never again. Just cut my head off or something please."

"Stop being Dramatic, Dirk!" Davis says, "Now can someone tell... me..." he trails off upon seeing Roxy and Jane- who, best you can guess, are around their late teens, either eighteen or nineteen. "Oh my god."

"Hi Davis!" Jane waves cheerfully. "Good to see you again!"

"Oh god," Roxy's violet eyes widen as she sees Dirk. "It's spreading!!"

You lock eyes with Doctor Lam, and ask, "Did Janet call in sick today? If not, where the hell is she?"
"Agreed," she frowns in return. "She should have been here by now... You don't think...?"

"I've got a very serious concern that she may well have been struck by this phenomenon as well," you say, then turn to John and Jade. "Go check in on the Fraisers. We'll hold down the fort here."

Your name is Cassandra Fraiser, and you seriously are torn.

On the one hand, this is a serious event that has somehow de-aged your mother to the body of a THIRTEEN YEAR OLD...

On the other, she looks so adorable and tiny sound asleep, leaning against the kitchen table and drolling onto medical paperwork like this and you'd had to wake her up.

...Your vibes are of no help, similarly on the fritz. And Jude? Jude took one look at her, said he hadn't had enough coffee to deal with this yet, and went to go make some.

And then the doorbell rings, waking Penny up, and thus her screaming snaps your somehow teen-i-fied mother up with a snort and a jerk upwards away from the table.

"W...What?" She asks, even as Jude goes to answer the door.

"Just a minute, Mom, I've got to go check in on Penny," you say.

"Okay..." And then she coils back down onto the table to try to regain some semblance of sleep.

A minute later, you've almost got Penny calmed down when your Mother suddenly realizes what's amiss and yells- "CASSANDRA!! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?!!"

Ah. Even with the shrill, squeaky voice of a teen, Janet Fraiser still knows how to get across her annoyed, disapproving tone of voice...

If only it didn't cause Penny to start crying again. Oh boy. "Sssh! Penny, calm down! It's okay, it's okay!!"

Your name is George Hammond and you have to bite back a laugh at Janet's insistence on wearing her lab coat despite her shrunken size. It's... it's oddly adorable in a way that should be terrifying.

"S'not Funny," She grumbles as she takes a seat on an infirmary bed, looking very, very small in the otherwise normal sized chair.

"Sorry, but..." Cassie giggles, "it kinda is."

And so Janet pouts in a very un-Janet like way.

"So..." Jude looks around the room at Roxy and Dirk and Jane, then back to you. "How many people have gotten like this?"
"We're still running a headcount," you tell him. "As of right now, the only staff members confirmed to not have been affected by whatever this is are the ones who are on base right now, or were before leaving to check on other people."

"Good," Jude nods. Then, he gets a look on his face, and you know exactly what he's going to ask before he asks it.

"Jonas and Teal'c are going to check on Major Carter and Colonel O'neill, who failed to respond to the check in calls we made," you say. "Chances are they're either on their way to base right now, or..."

"Or they were affected to the point they can't travel anywhere," Jude sighs. "Damn it. This is bad. This is really bad."

You're heavily inclined to agree.

---

Your name is John Sheppard, and you stand across from the two inter-dimensional twins, Keiko and Silica, next to the Quantum Mirror on their side of things.

"De-aging magic?" Silica muses on it. "I suppose it's possible, but I'm not sure such a spell would affect only a select, small amount of people."

"It's possible this is Oberonn's work," Keiko muses. "Reaching across dimensions to attack our allies to destabilize both us and them... but... this doesn't seem his speed at all. Everything he's done since we started exploring worlds has been pretty in your face about him being behind it."

Silica nods her head. "Honestly, it's probably unrelated to the magic side of things. There's probably some technological reason behind what's happened. Some form of Ancient Technology, or maybe a nano-machine type thing?"

"Yeah, figured that'd be the case, but thought I should ask anyways," you say with a sigh. "Alright, thanks."

"We'll let you know if we start encountering anything like it on our side," Keiko says.

"Mmh," Silica nods. "And we'll come drop by for a visit once things settle down here."

"We'll be waiting," you say, and then head through the Mirror. FWASH!

"How'd it go?" Jade asks once you return.

"Probably not anything from their side," you answer. "How's things going here?"

"Jonas and Teal'c just checked Colonel O'neill's place and found it empty with his truck gone," she says. "So he's not home one way or the other. They're going to check on Major Carter next."

"Here's hoping nothing bad happened," you say, though you get the feeling that something definitely did.
Your name is Jonas Quinn and you frown as Teal'c pulls your car to a stop behind Colonel O'neill's truck outside Major Carter's house.

"I guess Colonel O'neill didn't go straight to base," you observe redundantly. If you had a rank in the military here it'd probably be Captain. Captain Obvious. (You think you're using that right.)

"Indeed," Teal'c says.

You exit the car, and head over to the front door. Teal'c checks under a potted plant near the door, and finds... absolutely nothing. He then immediately goes for the door and finds it unlocked.

You both enter the house cautiously, not armed, however. It's entirely likely that O'neill left the door unlocked and not some Ham-burger-lar. Or was it Cat-Burglar larn? You're not quite sure what the right phrase is.

Either way, you make a quick sweep through the house before finding Major Carter and Colonel O'neill in the bathroom... predictably shrunken down into teenaged form.

Carter's sound asleep in the tub, and O'neill's sitting on the edge of it looking utterly exhausted in an emotional drain sort of way.

"Well it's about time you two showed up!" the boy who is almost certainly Colonel O'neill hisses quietly.

A short while later, Teal'c and O'neill have managed to get Carter secured into the back of the car you came over in, and the four of you are driving back to base as O'neill explains.

"I got woken up this morning by Carter calling," he says. "She was freaking out about not knowing who she was- I didn't even realize I'd been Shrunken to some Mini-Me form until I was getting dressed to come check on her and found none of my clothes fit."

"'Not knowing who she was'?' You ask.

"Her and Jolinar's memories are all jumbled up inside her head," O'neill clarifies. "One second she was Carter, the next Jolinar, and the next not sure which was actually her, and back and forth and back and forth..." He shakes his head. "It was just about all I could do to calm her down enough to fall asleep. Please tell me it's just us being like this?"

"At your ages? Yes," You say. "But Jane and Roxy Egbert are a bit older than you and Dirk Strider and Janet Fraiser are a bit younger."

"...Come again?" O'neill asks, blinking.

Your name is JOLINAR of THE DIVERTED FUTURE, and you're feeling rather anxious as you look at a slumbering, teen-aged Samantha Carter.

"Well, I can say one thing for certain," Ka'turnal says as she finishes looking over some test results. "This girl has never been blended with a Symbiote in her entire life. I don't care how advanced of a
nano-machine technology or how potent your magic... you simply CANNOT erase Naquadah from the bloodstream."

"But how can that be?" You ask. "She's got Carter and my other self's memories stuck inside her head. And beyond that, didn't you say her D.N.A. is a perfect match?"

"It is, yes, save for the absence of Naquadah," Ka'turnal frowns. "It's the same for everyone else. And while I'm waiting on O'neill's blood work to come back, I'm fairly certain it will be exactly the same. No Naquadah, despite the fact there should be some in his blood stream from his brief blending with your other self."

"...How?" You ask. "They aren't clones, are they?"

"They're not clones by my methods, or by the Asgard methods we know of," Ka'turnal agrees. "There's no signs of accelerated Ageing at all. Nor is there any sign of decay in their genetics from copying... Logically, they should be exactly the same person, just de-aged somehow." She frowns, "However... I feel as if I'm missing something. Something important... They have to be clones and yet they can't be??"

You mull over it for a moment, then make a suggestion.

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**EARTH DATE: MARCH 17TH, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 09/18/0003.**

You are now JOEY CLAIRE, and you've been called in suddenly to double check Ka'turnal's findings using the SHAPER CRYSTAL so as to see just what the hell is going on.

You take but one touch to Janet Fraiser's skin to see the impossible, and it's confirmed with Dirk Strider, and then again with Roxy and Aunt Jane...

Colonel O'neill and Major Carter seal the deal.

"They're Shaper Clones," you say in the conference room to Jude, Cassie, Jonas, Teal'c, Ka'turnal, Mikari/Jolinar, and General Hammond. "Like what I did for Thor back on Alternia, and for my other self when she needed a new body. Someone grew an Arai Barnacle Pod, made their bodies at exactly the ages they wanted, and popped them out with the memories of the original person intact. Most basic DNA scans would have missed it, but there's a small marker that Shaper leaves in all of its cloning projects. It's like an author's signature."

"But how?" Jude asks. "Kanaya's had the crystal in Alternia until you brought it with you to come back here. And Rose and Cirava haven't come through either!"

"But it's not the ONLY Shaper Crystal in existence," you say. "Thor took a scan of it with him back to his Galaxy before my Bracelet was destroyed. The Asgard HAVE been experimenting with the tech to fix their own genetics problems."

"Then why do this in such an underhanded fashion?" Teal'c asks. "If this were a sanctioned experiment, we could have produced volunteers."
"Which leads me to believe this isn't sanctioned at all," you say. "I think whoever is behind this stole one of the Replica Shapers and is doing experiments without permission."

"Why de-age them to wildy, though?" Jonas asks. "What possible purpose could that even have?"

"It's possible whoever's behind it is trying to see if there's any difference in genetic drift by making younger clones rather than older clones?" you shrug. "Honestly, though... I have no idea. It really makes no sense at all."

As everyone discusses the situation, you sit down across from Cassandra, and observe her, Jude, and Jonas as a group.

They're so close in age now... how many more years will it be before they end up going back in time to Giza and get involved in that whole mess?

You look to Teal'c, and see that he's... he's gone and started meditating during the middle of the conversation. Eyes closed and everything. You'd almost think he'd just fallen asleep with nothing better to do, but... Nah.

Can't blame the guy for wanting to try to get what little rest he can manage in between these hectic moments without a Symbiote in his stomach.

You can't help but wonder if this incident is what's going to prompt Jude and Cassie to join SG-1 full time. It'd be fairly hard for O'neill and Carter to return to work as teens, that's for sure.

...Wait. Hold on that thought for a second...

...God damn it, you're getting old. How quickly you forget you were YOUNGER than they are now when you got started with all this shit. Some days it barely feels like any years at all have gone by.

Actually, in all honesty, some times it feels like it's barely even been eight months. Maybe closer to nine. Geeze.

You'll pin your blame on THAT on all the Time Travel shenanigans.

Your name is Jacob Carter and you look down at your daughter, feeling all sorts of nostalgic for seeing Sam as a 16-YEAR OLD again.

They've been keeping her in a mild sort of medical induced coma for the most part, due in part to her mind being so unstable at the moment. Whoever did this clearly had no idea what they were doing when they copied Jolinar's mind along with Sam's at the same time.

Two minds, one brain, no separation.

It's enough to make you want to punch whatever Ass-gard did this to her.

[Jacob, breathe.] Selmak warns you. [Your heart rate is accelerating too fast there.]
You do so. Damn it all, you're just so worried.

[I Know, I am too.] Selmak says. [Please stay centered. We must stay strong for them.]

Selmak is right, as always. You sigh and try to focus your thoughts.

"Hey there, Jacob," and in strolls Roxy, a bottle of beer in hand. Where the hell did she manage to find that on base? "How's Sammy doin'?"

"Still asleep," you say. "How are you holding up?"

"Oh! Just peachyyyy keeeeen," Roxy slumps onto a bed. "Just... lamentin' the fax that I ain't ever gonna be wit' Alec again 'cause there's some othah mee that's gonna wake up some day and not have to worry about bein jail bait by just wantin' t' sleep wit'er own 'usban..."

"Yes, the cloning blues," you lament. "You'd probably want to talk with Joey about that."

"Wich on'?" Roxy asks, frowning. "Ere's Two'f 'em."

"Harely," you clarify. "Egeria's host."

"Hah!" Roxy laughs. "Yah. Might take yuuu up on that." But, still, she sighs. "Dammet. I didn' wan this... I didn' ask t'be turned back t'teen-me. Imma momma! I can't... I can't just be teen-me again. Got Rosey and Johnny to take care of and I gotta be there for 'em... But if they f'nd othah mee... then... what'll I do? She'll just slooooot right back in and it'll be lake she nevah left."

You frown. "How many beers have you had exactly?"

"Mrrrh... Bout..." Roxy frowns. "Sneventy Million?"

[...What?]

"What??" You ask.

"I dunno I kinda just los' cauont after the fifth one jusssorta... popped inta my hand," She says, swallowing the last of her current bottle, and then tossing it aside.

In an instant, the bottle vanishes in a blink of light, and then re-appears in her hand, full up to the brim yet again.

"...Roxy, what the hell??" You stare.

"That's wha' I thought aft'r tha first wan," Roxy shrugs, taking a swig from the newly appearified bottle. "But t'hell wih tit... I'sh good. Wann some?" She then extends her free hand and pop, there's another bottle.

Selmak helpfully chimes in with, "No, thank you for the offer, but... I think we need to talk to someone about this."
"Well, we should have realized Rose didn’t get all of her powers from her Dad’s side of the family."
Your name is Jade Jackson, and you’re honestly befuddled. "But... where the hell did Roxy’s side of the family get powers from??"

"Well," Jake muses, "if I recall correctly, when I was working with her parents, they adopted her, so there's really no clear way of knowing for sure where her powers may have come from..." He pauses. "Then there IS Argo and Davis to consider. Their innate Time abilities have to have come from somewhere else as well, and as Dirk was the one cloned from as Argo's biological father... it stands to reason the Strider family in general must have had some kind of inherent manipulations done to them at some point. Perhaps whatever similar experiments happened to them also happened to Roxy's biological family at some point?"

"We know Mother dearest did mess with our own genetics," Jane muses, staring down at her own hands. "Is it possible that whatever she did to us was, unfortunately, put into the water supply of the rest of the country?"

"Probably more like it was put into the food supply," John says. "Didn't Khepri run the Betty Crocker stuff originally?"

"John," you stare at him, "are you seriously implying that Khepri put power-granting, genetics altering substances into her baked goods product line!?!"

"All I'm saying is, that Batterwitch had her Gnarled Claws in EVERYTHING," John says. "There's no telling how many people across the country, let alone the entire world, got a dose of something illegal during the early 1900s."

"Certain Regulations were notoriously lax even back in those days," Jake laments.

"Mmmh," Jane nods. "Really, it's entirely possible there was something strange mixed in with the cake and cookie mixes."

"So basically we have no idea where Roxy might have gotten it from," You sigh.

...Wait.

"Wait, did you just say Roxy was adopted?" You ask. "By who?"

"Hm?" Jake thinks on it for a minute. "Oh, that would be Jacques Lalonde and Samantha Freeman, who was the daughter of a friend of mine that I met after the Stargate was shipped over seas to the USA from Europe during one of the world wars. She and another friend of mine I met at the time were onboard the boat that brought the Stargate over here when a fascinating incident occurred and some men in-" He stops suddenly. "...Noooo," He whines. "Noooo!! Please tell me it's not so!!"

"What?" John asks. "What were their names?"

---

You're once again Joey Claire, and for the first time in SEVERAL LONG YEARS, you're once again staring at a picture of a boat with a large hole cut into the side of it. It's a different one from the one you sneaked a peak at in Pa's wall vault all those years ago, though. There are more people in it this time. One of whom is almost definitely Cassandra, and two others who, save for their beards and
ages, are damn near identical to each other.

Not only that, you're pretty certain one of them is CAMERON MITCHEL, another member of that future SG-1 team you met in Giza.

"...Janet Freeman and Mitchel Cameron," Jake says. "I always thought Mitchel looked oddly like the captain of the boat, and... And miss Janet, well..." He blinks. "At first I thought it was probably just my mind playing tricks on me, but I only just realized how similar in appearance she was to Cassandra, and staring at this photograph right next to you only makes it all the more concrete."

"Well... that's disconcerting," Cassie remarks, staring at her own possibly future self.

"There's more than that," Jake says, bringing up some other pictures. "The story goes that during the trip, the Stargate activated, and if not for Janet and Mitchel being prepared for boarding, the whole thing would have been lost at sea."

These are pictures of JAFFA in armor, lying on the floor next to a boxed up STARGATE, holes similarly cut into the crate, next to a ramp with NAQUADAH PRINTING on it. There's also a man whose head was blown clean off by a shotgun, but going by his fancy robes, you'd probably guess was a Goa'uld.

Too bad his face was blown clean off, you have no idea who he is just from this picture.

"So... chances are that's me from a doomed timeline," Cassie finally says after a few moments. "This whole thing reads like cleaning up someone else's mess. And... and there's no Jude or anyone else that I'd expect to be there if this were part of a stable time loop."

"Agreed," you say. "Whoever that Goa'uld was clearly wasn't expecting company." You frown. "How well known is this incident?"

"I was the only one who kept any records of it," Jake says. "The boat captain wanted it buried because he thought it was Nazis that had done it, and didn't want the bad press getting out. Plus, Janet- Damn it, how did I never notice that- Janet said it'd be best if I let it lie. The USAF never even got their hands on these pictures or this incident report."

"Then we let it lie," you say. "We tell nobody about this. Best case scenario we never have to deal with any of this because it's already been done."

"And worst case?" John asks, speaking up for the first time since you entered the conversation.

"It's obvious, isn't it?" Jade answers him. "Worst case is we branch off and have to live those events because we're still pre time travel, somehow."

"At any rate," you say, "that's years off, and it's unrelated to our problems in the here and now."

---


DIASPORA DATE: 09/19/0003.
Your name is still JACK O'NEILL for the moment, and you're a little miffed about the lack of a "Colonel" on your uniform... But you're not as much ticked off about your own de-aging as you are the problem that's plaguing Carter. Samantha. Certainly not a Major anymore than you are a Colonel.

You work out your frustrations with a computer mouse and a video game- one of the ones you'd seen Jude playing years ago.

The title "Half Life" seemed rather appropriate given your current situation.

You just finish a "Boss Battle" involving a giant tentacle monster and a rocket engine when there's a knock at your room's door.

"Just a minute," you huff, pause the game, and go over to the door.

The SGC's Guest rooms are nice for crashing in on occasion, but they're not really all that nice for long term staying.

You open the door and find Mikari standing on the other side. "Hello Jack," she- wait, no. That's Jolinar talking. "May we come in?"

"Sure," you say, letting her come in. "What's up?"

"I thought you'd like to know we managed to contact Thor," she says. "He's coming via Stargate in a few hours."

"What, no ship?" You ask, closing the door behind you.

"Apparently in all the relocation the Asgard have been doing, free ships are few and far between," Jolinar answers, sitting down on the edge of the room's lone bed. "To the point that even one going missing can cause major problems."

"Let me guess, someone stole one of their ships," you roll your eyes. "A Geneticist, perhaps?"

"An Asgard name Loki has gone missing along with one of their Replica Shaper Crystals," Jolinar says, "that said... he's more of an Ex-geneticist."

"Ex?" You ask, sitting back down in your chair and spinning it around to face her. "Wait, no, let me guess. He was fired for performing unethical experiments?"

"Thor didn't say much, but Jonas has been doing research and he's found a few... odd cases over Earth's history," Jolinar says. "Strange flashes of lights and such. Roxy's recent drunken state lead to her remembering a scene that matches rather explicitly some of them to a rather frightening detail."

"So... Asgard was cloning people and got caught," you shake your head. "Okay, so Thor's coming and I'm guessing we'll use the Prometheus to- wait. No we can't. It's still stuck half way across the galaxy without a Hyperdrive."

"Thor said he'll be bringing a remote transportation device," Jolinar says in a consoling way.

"Well, that's just dandy, as long as the Ass-gard behind it's still in orbit," you say.

"In case he isn't," Jolinar says, "and actually, even if he is... There's still the question of what will
"Isn't it obvious?" You ask. "The accelerated aging thing will finally kick in and we'll probably all die horrible deaths."

"That's not what she meant, and it's very incredibly unlikely that will even happen," Mikari interjects, narrowing her eyes at you, and speaking with a rather clipped tone. "Joey's touched everyone with Shaper- if that were going to happen, she would have probably fixed it anyways."

"Okay, that's fair enough of a point..." You frown. "...So what did you want to talk about then?"

"What's been happening with Major Carter has made Jolinar really upset," Mikari says. "She... she and Lantash have been seeking out compatible hosts so they can change bodies and reignite their romance, but they've talked and they're willing to hold off on that if only so Jolinar can help Sam."

"...You think re-blending with her will let you stop the memory conflict," you guess.

"Jolinar's sure she can absorb the repeat memories safely, and probably cordon off the alternate set easily enough," Mikari says. "...That said, I think there's an opportunity here that can make everyone happy out of this arrangement."

"You want me to consider letting Lantash inside my head," you say.

"In so many words, yes," Mikari nods.

"...Let's be honest here, Jack," Jolinar meekly continues from there, "we both know that the moment your other selves are found you won't have any jobs to get back to. And without the job holding either of you back... Teenaged hormones aside, I really can't not imagine you two not hooking up the minute you're in the clear of any fraternization charges."

"...Hypothetically," you say, "have you talked with Lantash about this?"

"Yes, actually," Mikari speaks then, "the only reason that neither of them are here giving you this proposal themselves is I figured you'd rather hear it coming from me and Jolinar."

You take a moment to think on that and find... "Yeah, honestly I'd probably have outright shot this down if either of them had suggested it."

"Will you consider it then?" one of them- you're not sure which- asks.

"...If Sam's okay with it too," you say. "Yeah, I'll consider it."

Your name, as much as everyone tells you it is, is Doctor Daniel Jackson, and honestly you're getting a lot of deja vu looking at this grey skinned alien that came through the Stargate.

"It appears Loki has made upgrades. Unfortunately, while I can get a lock on Loki's stolen ship," SUPREME COMMANDER THOR says, "I am unable to transport more than one person through the shields without burning out the remote transmitter's power supply."
"We'll send one person through first to secure the transporter tech," Hammond decides. "Then, they bring up a strike team."

"We'll go," Cas...tiel? No. Cassaaaannnn...rperstand? No! Not that either. Cas... cass... Cassandra! Cassandra volunteers. "Me, Jude, Jonas, and Teal'c. We'll bring them back."

You see the Alternian girl who you think is named Claire smile faintly at that.

You're just a little unnerved in a way you can't quite place just yet and you're not entirely sure why. Stupid memory loss.

PVVVVVVM- SHING!!!

Your name is Roxy Egbert, and you flinch at the burst of light dazzling your eyes. Then, as you crack your eyes open you see... a bunch of glowy lights above you- orange and green and...

"Well, that's not creepy at all," says a familiar voice in whisper.

You wince, struggle to open your eyes and turn your head to look.

What the...?

Joey? Why is Joey here? And why is she sneaking through--

No. Why is she sneaking underneath bunch of asleep people? Colonel O'neill, Major Carter, Dirk Strider, Janet Fraiser, and...

And shoved into a cryogenics tank in the corner is Alec's mother, Jane.

Oh GOD what kind of sicko alien abduction fantasy dream are you even having here??

You... you realize you're suspended in the air too.

"Stone to the right..." you hear a whisper from- wait. Where did Joey go? "Ah, and three o'clock!"

PVVVVM-SHING!

You look again, and you see is Jude, Cassandra, Teal'c, and Jonas in a formation, kneeling next to a window, looking towards you and--

"Jude, check on the tank, then check the others. See if you can find a way to wake them up," Cassie says. "Jonas, Teal'c, let's go catch up with Joey and find our rogue Asgard."

And then they split off, with Jude pausing to stare at you for a moment and give a friendly, if slightly tired smile, then he goes to check on the tank with Jane in it...

Whatever he sees makes him snarl in anger, whispering out an angry, "No!!"

...This weird ass fantasy dream is rapidly turning into a nightmare.
Your name is Teal'c, and you feel somewhat conflicted with not waking everyone else up first... but securing this Asgard Ship first and foremost is the best course of action.

You find a lot of CLONING TANKS, emptied, naturally; yet one was used recently enough to still have wet stains on the ground below it.

Soon, you catch up with Colonel Claire, who gives hand signals to remain quiet, and points towards a room down the hallway with a partly open door, with light spewing out from the crack.

There is movement inside- much larger than an Asgard's normal sized body.

You all ready your Zat Guns, and move to breach the room.

Cassandra gives a nod of confirmation in your direction. You suppose you're going to be the one with the best chance of success on this one. And so you push into the room first, taking aim at the figure, with their bare back turned to you, skin grey, and head shaped like an Asgards. Curiously, however, you notice that whoever it is is wearing pants.

**PCH-ZYU!!!**

And then down the figure goes, stunned before they can even realize what had happened.

You carefully roll the figure over and see that yes, it is indeed an Asguard... Except it's one who's more in the physiological style of the ancestor Asguard from before... as well as ever so slightly tweaked in the facial features towards human.

"...Loki, I presume," Colonel Claire says as she enters the room, looking at what the Asguard had been working on.

You, too, look and see another cryogenics pod... but inside of it is the corpse of a normal Asguard as you know it.

"He succeeded," Jonas realizes it the second you do. "He figured out how to reverse the genetic degradation and copied himself into a new body."

"Maybe," Cassandra says. "Let's tie up this bastard and wake up the others. Then we'll bring Thor in and see just what the hell this guy's been doing."

"Indeed," you agree.

Your name is Jude Harley, and Cassandra comes to comfort you as you cry infront of Aunt Jane's coffin.

You know she's alive down below in a younger body... but she's dead. Her original body is dead. Heart failure, according to the notes on the cryogenic's pod's computer.

Damn it all. You knew. You just KNEW something was up with her the last few days. She... She...
"Fuck!" You punch at the pod's side. "Fucking hell! Why didn't she say anything!?"

"I don't know," Cassie says, sounding just as upset as you are. "I really don't know..."

Your name is Doctor Janet Fraiser, and for once in your life, you're starting to see why everyone complains when you flash a Pen Light in their eyes.

"Damn it, Carolyn, can't you just lay off of it for a few minutes? I just woke up!" you complain.

"Sorry, but you and everyone else have been asleep for almost four days onboard an Asguard spaceship," Carolyn says. "I need to make sure nothing was done to you all."

Nearby, you hear the combined chuckles of two different iterations of Jack O'neill, as well as the actual giggles of your own younger self, who seems to also be enjoying watching you go through this.

...Yeah, okay, you probably had this coming at some point or another. Karma still sucks, though.

Your name is Jane Egbert... and you... died?

Your original body is dead.

There isn't another you coming back home.

There's still only one you, de-aged miraculously like your Brother had been.

Jake and Jane- cheating death through cloning since......

Since...

A terrifying thought occurs to you.

How many years did your mother keep attempting to bring you and Jake into this world before she finally succeeded? How many other versions of you *died* before you and Jake became the winning tickets??

You try not to think about it. You really, really, try not to think about it.

You try, and you fail miserably.

"Loki, What Have You Done?" Supreme Commander Thor glares at the now much taller Asguard.

"I succeeded," Loki answers. "I succeeded where we've all failed. I managed to reverse it! I managed to undo the damage! I cloned from my own degraded body a perfect replica of who I was thousands- no, MILLIONS of years ago."
"How?" Thor asks, the ice in his voice reminding you- Ka'turnal- exactly why the Goa'uld rightly feared the Asguard for so very long.

"The elderly woman," Loki says, "within her encoded DNA was a hidden genome. When I transported her onto my ship, in the midst of a heart failure, I was forced to clone her a replacement body. A permanent one. In doing so she came out far, far too young, but it unveiled that genome within her cells." He laughs. "The clones were never meant to survive originally... in all my experiments, I failed to correct for the accelerated aging. How long has this miracle been evading me??"

"So then you... what, cloned five other people into kids just on a lark?" You ask.

"I had to confirm my hypothesis," Loki says, smirking. SMIRKING. "I was right. First I cloned the other woman in the household. I spliced in that genome, and only that genome, and cloned her. And thus... she, too, came out younger. At that point I had to see how far I could stretch it."

"Colonel O'neill and Major Carter are protected," Thor interjects. "As are all of SG-1. The marker we placed in their genetics to prevent tampering-"

"FALLS FLAT ON ITS FACE!" Loki yells. "In the face of the Shaper Crystal Technology... it FAILS. Our own technology fails. The Furlings never did anything by half measures. We should have consulted them for our own problems when they first surfaced."

Silence fills the room for a moment, then Thor says... "You screwed up with Major Carter."

"Eh? I don't see how I could have," Loki says. "Her body was cloned to the desired age, and her mind was copied over perfectly."

"You failed to separate her consciousness from the Tok'ra within her," You inform him, drawing upon your rarely used voice echo. "She has been in a coma for days due to her mind being a battleground over two warring sets of memories."

"I..." Loki coughs. "I see. It's always the Symbiotes that cause problems in situations such as this, isn't it?"

"Be fortunate we have another temporal instance of that Symbiote who's willing to undo your damage," Thor growls- actually growls- at Loki.

"Well..." Loki coughs. "If that was the only failure, one out of six isn't a bad failure rate. In fact, I'd say it's rather good, even!! Besides that, I SAVED a Life with my intervention! A woman is alive that would not be if not for me! Those clones are going to live full lives instead of dying within a week as I once otherwise may have let them live!"

"While you may have done some small measures of good, Loki," Thor says, tone as cutting as lightning, "you still STOLE A MEDICAL TRANSPORT SHIP. You STOLE TECHNOLOGY from its Research Facility. You still KIDNAPPED and ILLEGALLY CLONED SIX PEOPLE, along with TAMPERING WITH THEIR GENETIC STRUCTURES!!" He takes a deep, steeling breath. "Your research may ultimately save the Asgard Race from death, but you are still under arrest for your crimes, Loki."

"I regret nothing," Loki says, narrowing his eyes at Thor. "The others will see the good I have done
here and pardon me."

"We will see about that," Thor rumbles.

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**EARTH DATE: MARCH 19TH, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 09/20/0003.**

"So... Lantash?" Your name is Colonel Jack O'neill, and you and your Mini-Me self sit in the SGC Cafeteria, 'conversing' over bowls of oatmeal.

"Yeah... I think... that's probably going to be the best bet," he says. "It'll... really depend on how Sam feels in the next few days, but... Yeah. I think that's the best option for all four of us."

"I'm not sure I'd ever go through with that," you say.

"Yeah, well... getting cloned and shrunk in the wash wasn't exactly on my menu plans for this week either," he says, "so... You know. Obviously we're going to be different people."

"What exactly is your plan, then?" You say. "Go be with the Tok'ra living the nomadic life?"

"Pft, please," Mini You says. "As if. Probably we'll just go spend some time over in Alternia. The lot of us clones, I mean. Except for Mini-Janet, I don't think any of us exactly have anywhere we feel like we belong. Besides, there's going to be a whole lot of soul searching we've gotta do and... why not do that in a place that's not going to place all of Earth's exceptionally weighty expectations on our shoulders for a second time."

"Smart idea," you say. "...Fishing?"

"Fishing is totally on the agenda," Mini-You says with a nod. "Among other things, if Sam's up for it."

"Ah," you raise an eyebrow at the unsaid implications. "Yes, go forth, young man, and... you know, go fulfill some unfulfilled wishes."

"Well, Roxy will make at least one of those things easier," he says. "Infinite Free Beer Works and such makes checking off the 'Teenage Party with Alcohol' item off of the bucket list easy as pie."

"...Sorry, what?" You blink.

"Oh, yeah, you totally missed seeing Roxy summon beer after beer after beer, all in the name of science and testing of her newfound super powers," mini-you says. "I got to taste one. Best Beer I've ever had, beating out even our usual favorite."

"No way," you say. "That's got to be a taste bud difference."

"Check the caff' fridge if you don't believe me," he says. "I think there's still, like, fifty bottles left over."
"...I will have to get back to you on that," you concede.

"You do that," mini you says in return, smirking, as if knowing he's got you beat.

No, you know he knows he has you beat.

Your name is Jack O'neill, and That's YOUR OWN DAMN SMIRK!!

Two versions of Roxy sat across from each other in a room.

"You don't have to leave-" The elder tries to say.

"I just want you to promise me," the younger looks her in the eyes. "Live your life and raise them both, for the both of us, got it??"

The elder nods, and promises to do so.

The younger says that's all she could ask for.

"So... Hal, huh?" Your name is Davis Strider and as neither version of your Brother want to even speak to each other let alone ever be in the same house as each other, you feel like it's your duty to fill in that role of OLDER AND QUESTIONABLY WISER GUARDIAN for you de-aged Bro.

"Yeah, got a problem with it?" The newly christened HAL STRIDER asks, with a lot of neon red dye streaks in his hair that weren't there a few hours ago.

"Nah," you say. "It's kinda fitting, really."

"Meh." Hal doesn't seem to care about your approval one way or the other. "Do you really have to have Argo keeping an eye on me in Alternia? I'm a grown ass adult, you know."

"Yes," you say. "A grown ass adult in the physical body of a thirteen year old. There's no possible way hormones can cause you problems along the way. Certainly nothing along the lines of implying you want a decapitation!"

"...Really? Rubbing that in?" He frowns.

"Hey, it's my duty as Annoying Older Brother," you say. "Also, technically, your legal guardian. The only reason I'm not enrolling your ass in middle school is because I know you'd never go."

"Gee, thanks."

"So, since Argo, John, and Jade have been itching to get back to Alternia long term, and you guys are all going too on some grand mission of self-reflection and discovery... well. You shrug. "It just makes sense to have Argo looking out for you!"

"She's not my sister," he crosses his arms over his chest.
"No, they're not your sister or your brother," you say, gently reminding him of that little thing he seems to be forgetting in his teenaged arrogance. "They ARE going to be keeping an eye on you at least eighty percent of the time, though."

"Aw, Nuts. And here I thought I'd get away with that."

"Hey, watch the fucking language!" you jokingly scold.

"Sooo.... I'm guessing we're totally going to need to either get a bigger house, I crash on the couch, or someone's going to have to move out," your name is Janet Fraiser... The younger. You're still not sure what alternate name modification you're going to have to wrangle up just yet, as seems to be tradition.

Well, anyways. You, your older self, and your once-daughter are all piled into the elevator for the moment, descending down a few levels to go find Jude and Penny down in Jake's old office.

"Well," Cassie says, "that is something I've been meaning to bring up."

"Really now?" Your older self asks.

"Yeah. I've been thinking. Instead of Jude alternating nights here and back at the Egberts, since John and Jade are heading back to Alternia, we can redo one of their rooms for Penny, and I can move in over there with him," Cassie elaborates on her plan.

Oh, hell no!

...You'd probably say if you were in your older self's position.

"...And that way," Cassie continues, "the younger you can stay here in my old room."

"I want to protest about you two being far too young for such a move on a moral level," your older self sighs. "But damn it, that's a perfectly reasonable move and I can't deny it wouldn't make things easier on all of us."

"So it's settled then," Cassie says. "I'll go home with Jude tonight and get things set up there, then we'll start moving stuff tomorrow."

"Just please don't do anything that'll raise my blood pressure, Missy," Your elder self scolds Cassie... Missy, huh?

[Sam?]

You slowly float back to conscious thought.

'Jolinar?'
'Oh, good. The containment is working.'

'What happened?' you ask, even as blurring light starts to filter in through your eyelids. 'The last thing I remember is...'

Going to bed?

'Don't think about it too much. It's... it's been a very long week.'

You feel Jolinar's presence give you a hug and you feel... feel...

You feel how different and yet the same she is.

This is the other Jolinar. The FUTURE Jolinar.

'What happened?'

'You were cloned, Sam. And... the Asgard screwed up and didn't properly separate your mind from the other me's. I had to clean up a lot of corrupted memories.'

You open your eyes, and you see Mikari hovering over you. "Ah!" She gasps, softly. "Jolinar? Did it work?"

"Yes," Jolinar speaks for you. "Sam's here. Disoriented, but here." ...Her voice sounds off, though. Wrong somehow.

'I was cloned? Why?'

'Not just you, but a few other people as well. A certain Ass decided to perform illegal experimentation without consent, trying to save their people."

That's...

'Sssh. Try not to think about it. Not for the moment. Just focus on getting your sense of self back in order."

Your... your sense of self?

'Hey, Kiddo,' and then Dad is there, hovering over you. "How you feeling?"

'Tired," you croak out. Your voice sounds weird too.

'That's not surprising, we had to put you in a coma for a few days before we figured out how to sort out what was going on inside your head," Dad says.

And then you step into view.

No. Not you. The Other You. The ORIGINAL YOU.

Major Samantha Carter.
And she's....

Where you always that tall?

"So... Uh... Hey," she smiles, awkwardly. "Welcome back." She then offers you a pudding cup. "Brought you this. Figured you'd be hungry."

You reach a hand up for the cup with Jolinar's help and-

Your hand is smaller than hers.

"Wh-" You croak out. "What the-?"

[Sssh. It's okay. Everything is fine, Sam. You're just a lot smaller than you remember.]

Your name...

Your name is Sam, and That's the Understatement of the Century, you think.

Chapter End Notes

Hehehehehehe.

And here's an episode I've wanted to get to for a VEEERY long time :33

And now the Alpha Kids set is complete as well. B33
Your name is Dammek, and you feel a bit on edge as you watch Joey return through the Gate from Earth with a bunch of cloned kids from the SGC.

Cloning. Why the hell is cloning a thing that keeps happening??

The clone pile just doesn't stop from getting taller.

At least one of them apparently decided to stay in Milky Way like you'd think any adult-turned-kid would want to.

And yet... Five out of Six decided to come here instead, all because they MIGHT have powers that they didn't have in their previous life.

Madness, you say. Pure Madness.

The Introductions go around rather quickly to Okurii and Callie and anyone else who happened to be present for the return trip.

Dirk Strider to Hal Strider, Roxy Egbert back to Roxy Lalonde, Jane Egbert still Jane Egbert, and Jack O'neill and Sam Carter to... well, apparently they haven't decided yet, but Sam's got Jolinar in her again, and Jack has apparently taken on Lantash.

Mikari has returned from Earth as well, free of Jolinar now, it seems.

She gives you a smile, one that does not bode well for your immediate future.

A short time later, in Okurii's office, you're proven right.

"I'd like to request a leave of absence for the next two months of ambassadorial duty," Mikari says. "I need some time to center myself again now that Jolinar's returned to a Sam Carter."

"That's fine," Okurii nods, then looks to you. "Dammek? Care to take up Politics for a short while?"

"Shouldn't I stay here with the ongoing situation?" You ask.

"You mean the search for a lady and a space ship that clearly don't want to be found?" Okurii asks.

"Yes," you say. "That, exactly."

"Neither English nor Adria seem to want to show their faces, nor the faces of any Clown or
Carapacian followers right now," Okurii says. "We've got people watching the Supergate in case someone makes a move, and honestly, from what we've been able to gather from Tagora and Ardata's timeline, plus Keiko's reports through the Mirror, it sounds like English is rehearsing his attack runs in other worlds."

"All the more reason we have to find Adria and stop her," you say.

"And we will," Okurii says, "but you don't have to be at the forefront of it, Dammek. You and Callie both need breaks after your recent long space-bound stints. I was going to stick you on vacation but I think this will work better for all three of you."

"...I'll talk with Callie about it," you say.

"Our dial out back to Earth won't be until tomorrow," Okurii says, "so decide by then." Then, she looks to Mikari, "Happy relaxing, Mikari."

"Thanks," she nods and bows in acceptance of those well wishes. 

"Hmm, yes," Callie nods. "That does sound like it could be fun. Major Carter and I were discussing some collaboration projects at the SGC and I was considering turning it down because of the current situations, but..." She smiles. "Yes, I think it'll be good for us."

"Alright then," you say. "Shit, let's be ambassadors."

"Indeed, indeed," Callie nods. "Oh!" She snaps her fingers. "While I have you here in my lab..." She spins around and throws her arms out to showcase, well, everything. "What do you think of my new lab?"

"Lookin' shiny," you say. "Just got everything settled in?"

"With all the chaos with the Naquadria and Adria stalling, yes," Callie nods. "I miss the old one, but I think this new one will be a lot better."

You look at the current project on display- some kind of crystal addon for a weapon. "So... what's this thing?"

"Ah, the latest prototype for the Anti-Kull/Cull Warrior weapons," Callie says. "We're still not sure if it's going to work or not with the full production models, but... they've shown promise against the prototypes we've come across."

"Here's hoping they'll keep working," you say.

"Mmh," she nods. "I am worried, though... what if we can't overload the final version of the armor?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," you say, "and we'll work around it."

Your name is Polypa Goezee and you snap awake with fear in your chest and pain in your heart.
"Fucking- Nightmares-" You grit your teeth, and put your hands to your head, trying to shove out the image of everyone you care about in one way or another being brutally murdered by a giant metal snake.

Sopor Slime had finally become a thing that was no longer a thing a while ago, but officially it was no more as of Alternia's death by moon crash. And while the Clowns no longer had enough numbers to put their nightmare inducing chucklevoodos onto the Galaxy's whole Troll population... it seems that a certain someone else was reaching out to pick up the slack and cherry picking certain key people.

This is the second night in a row that you've had nightmares of death and destruction and- and it's just been- WAY. TOO. CONSISTENT. Of a recurring nightmare. To be anything but someone meddling and poking and prodding and--

...Damn it all. You've got to talk with someone about this.

...Fortunately, though, you know just the people to call.

"If English is trying this nightmare shit again, he's got another thing coming," Joey says as she and Mierfa lead you up to their hive on Diaspora. "Nobody messes with my Kismesis but ME!"

And with that angry little snarl in her voice, leading the charge, you feel a little re-assured.

"So... how are things with you and Tegiri going?" Mierfa asks in a half-whisper.

"Mrrh, alright," you say. "Our schedules aren't lining up for a while, though."

"Sucks, that," Mierfa hums. Then, she asks, "So I know Joey's not gonna ask 'cause she's probably gonna get a front row seat, but what nightmares?"

"...Dammek and Callie get incinerated by naquadria explosion. Xefros and Tegiri got crushed by a black hole. Joey..." You shudder with fear despite the flat tone of voice you'd managed despite it. "Joey and Okurii got clawed to death by one of those raptor-things... Tyzias and Daraya got incinerated by a laser... Annnnd you got torn limb from limb and eaten alive."

"Ouch," Mierfa scowls. "That bastard is going to pay for this."

It takes about an hour to get everything set up right. A Mattress on the floor, with you three sitting on in a circle in the living room, all other furniture pushed aside to make room. Arai Beetles cover the walls, emptied from Joey's sylladex in bulk for reasons you're feeling a little nervous about.

You're trying not to think much about the fact that they're going to be inside your head. It just... seems so unreal on some level.
And yet this is a thing that Joey's done before.

So...

Yeah.

And so you hold hands at Joey's prompting, and her eyes start to GLOW.

Then, the next thing you know, you're an Arai Beetle, sort of hovering over your own body. You know this has to be a dream state of some sort because you're not even using your "wings" to do the hovering.

And also, Joey is huge- Polyarch Huge- and her eyes are still glowing!

Then, FWASH! You're back to your regular body, but you're definitely still in a dream because this is your old hive on Alternia, before anything happened. A memory of your cat-type lusus prowls through the room... But some of the details are blurry. Hopefully due to time and not any meddling.

"Well," Joey looks around, frowning. "That didn't quite work."

"What happened?" You ask.

"I was supposed to go into the nightmare in place of you while you and Mierfa stayed outside with the Swarm," Joey sighs. "Guess English figured I'd try that again and was prepared."

"So what does that mean for our job here?" Mierfa asks.

"It means we go a hell of a lot more slowly than we would otherwise." Joey looks to you. "So... what happens first?"

"First we go outside," you answer, "and all hell breaks loose."

"Sorry."

Your name is Xefros Tritoh, and you try not to flinch at the three quick bursts of P-90 fire into a poor, unsuspecting target dummy who had earned Kohiru Karren's ire.

"I'm really very sorry."

You raise your hand up and interject before she could waste more ammunition. "Okay! Karren! I think the dummy's dead! You can let it rest now."

You look over at Oliver and Rhubee, and seen mixed reactions. Oliver looks a little unnerved... Rhubee looks like she's got a kindred spirit finally on her side.

Damn it, Okurii just HAD to put you on assisted-training duty for ALT-7's newest team member, meaning the two people you never wanted to meet... have officially now met.

You look to the third and final member of their team, BLAKKE BELADO, another Olive Blooded girl with a cat themed sign. She had her leg in a cast thanks to the incident that had ALT-7's last team
member quit.

She seems amused, and that amusement doubles as Rhubee goes over and starts practicing with a sniper rifle of all things against another target dummy.

None of this bodes well for your future.

"How much longer do you think it'll be before they're ready?" Okurii asks you over lunch a short while later.

"I'm not really a good judge of team building development," you deflect.

"Bullshit on that," she says. "You've got an idea already."

"Alright, fine, honestly... Yeah, they're a good fit," You sigh. "Rhubee and Kohiru are going to be a massive feedback loop of energy, though."

"Good, maybe they'll tear a massive gash in English's forces when he decides to surface again," Okurii says. "Well, outside of throwing nightmares at people."

"He's started with that again, huh?" You ask.

"Polypa reported the same nightmare for two days in a row, so far," Okurii answers. "And I've had a smattering of reports of nightmares from other people too. Joey's taking Polypa's case personally and going to handle it, or so she told me."

"Here's hoping that goes well," you say.

Your name is Joey Claire and honestly, you weren't sure what you were expecting.

English in his Snake Mech form leering from the sky above the deserted entirety of Polypa's old neighborhood was part of it for sure...

ADRIA, standing on his head, was not.

"SO. WE MEET AGAIN. INTERLOPER." English starts to laugh. "HAA. HAA. HEE. HEE. HOO. HOO. PREPARE TO DIE."

"As if, Snake-boy," you growl up at him. "I thought you learned the last time not to mess with my friend's heads!!"

"YOU HAD. AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE. IN THE BRACELET. THAT IS NOW GONE. AND I HAVE A MUCH MORE. GREATER. ADVANTAGE. IN THE FORM OF A NEW. SEXY. RELAY."

"Hello, Worms," Adria grins down at that prompt. "Prepare to have your minds ripped from your
bodies and your souls consumed by the Lord."

And then you feel a breeze, pushing- no, PULLING from behind. Still, you three stay on your feet.

"Aw COME ON!" Polypa swears as the three of you glance back and see a fucking Black Hole of all things that seems to have opened up behind you. "Another one!?!"

"You're right," Mierfa remarks, "we do find ourselves orbiting black holes an awful lot anymore, don't we?"

"So what?" You turn to glare back up at ENGLISH and ADRIA. "You gonna push us into it or something?"

"NO." English laughs again. You ignore the repetitive sounds. "YOU WILL WALK IN. AND DIE. OF YOUR OWN VOLITION."

"And just why would we do that?" You ask.

"BECAUSE I AM NOT. AN IDIOT. WHO WOULD DARE CLOSE THE RANGE. IDIOTICALLY."

Ah.

"I see," you say. "You think just because I don't have Hyperbeam you have me at a disadvantage?"

"You don't have anything that can reach us!!" Adria yells down. "I and My Lord control every aspect of this domain!"

"UNLIKE OUR LAST. UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER. I AM PREPARED FOR YOU MANIPULATING REALITY WITH YOUR FEEBLE. PITIFUL. MORTAL BRAIN."

English laughs again. And the bastard keeps at it.

"Yeah, well, there's something you didn't count on," you say, reaching down and drawing upon those reserves of power you haven't touched since the Destiny.

A flicker of red and blue ignites around you for a moment- and English stops laughing.

"NO." He growls. "IMPOSSIBLE."

"Yeah, sorry, but the thing about that is..." you ignite an aura of red and blue flames around you before merging the two flame colors into one. "I DON'T NEED THE BRACELET TO BEAT YOUR ASS OUT TO THE CURB!!"

And then you grab Mierfa and Polypa's hands and spread the aura around them as you SHAPE ITS FORM.

Arai Beetles from outside break through the dream state, shattering the world you stand on into shards of nothing, and they merge with the flames, giving them structure and purpose.

"Ready for this?" You ask.
"HELL YEAH!" Polypa grins.

"You know it!" Mierfa nods.

And then you SUMMON THE KYORETSU MEGAZORD into existence.

"OH CRAP!" Adria yells. "NOT THIS AGAIN!"

"WHI-WHAT!?!?" English yells- stunned by this totally unsurprising revelation.

"LET'S GOOOOO!" The three of you yell, and throw the Kyoretsu Megazord into a running leap.

Fist pulled back with a savage grin on your face.

"HOW MANY TIMES?!" You yell. "HOW MANY DO I HAVE TO BEAT YOU SENSELESS BEFORE YOU GET THE MESSAGE!?!?"

And then the Mecha's fist slams down into English's no longer smug-ass snake face.

The jaws crumple away like glass- and then with a shattering tumble, you're all awake again, back in your living room in reality.

"Whoo..." Mierfa exhales. "What a rush."

Polypa starts to laugh, and you can't help it either.

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Meanwhile, on a ship hidden away somewhere in the Alternia Galaxy- one blue skinned lady snaps her eyes open, gasping for breath.

"Damn it!" She swears. "Damn it! Why do they keep going for the face!?!"

The less said about the girl somehow pulling out a mockery of Adria's own genetic powers the better.

How had she even managed THAT?? Wasn't that just some random Alternian girl???

It made no sense!!

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Meanwhile, in another galaxy entirely...

Lord English roared in pain as he was physically blown backwards through his own stone-carved throne from a punch that shouldn't have even hit him in reality... and yet, it did.

The Cherub lies flat on his back for a few moments after the dust settles, staring blankly up at the ceiling.

Okay... so maybe he had made a tiny miscalculation somewhere.
But really, without the Bracelet there was no way she'd be able to pull off a mind splitting hyperbeam blast like last time.

And yet....

And yet she'd blown him through his own throne in Reality somehow, and the tiny brat CALIBORN hiding within that giant, muscular frame of Lord English, could only wonder how he'd been so utterly outclassed by a little girl.

Again.

It made no sense at all.

"Hoooboy," your name is Jake Harley and you can't help but laugh nervously as you hear Joey retell the story over the dinner table at her hive. "That... that's going to tick the bloke off something fierce."

"Yeah, well," Joey rolls her eyes. "Way I see it, it's his own fault for not realizing Khepri cloned Scratch's DNA into our family."

"It's not exactly the first idea that comes to mind, though," you say.

"No. But still. He's gonna be wondering now," Joey shakes her head. "Can't help but wonder how long it'll take him to figure it out."

"If we're lucky?" You smile. "Never."

"Speaking of never!" And then Jane plops down a large bowl of gooey looking MAC N CHEESE. "I never thought I'd be able to fix this AND be able to eat it again!"

"If there is one plus side to being re-youthed by cloning," you say, "it's the unrivaled joy of being able to eat the things you couldn't in our old age!"

"Mmh!" Jane nodes, sitting down. "So... where's Mierfa and Polypa at?"

"Boxing again," Joey answers. "Apparently Mierfa thinks Polypa still needs to work on her right hooks."

"Well, I'll try to save some dinner for them!" Jane says, eyeing the bowl of mac n cheese with a look you haven't seen her have in her eyes since...

Well, since the last time you were both around this age.

Sometimes, life has a funny way of working out.

Chapter End Notes

Not strictly required, but if you wanna cue up a music track and try to play it with Joey
beating down English, the recommended track is "Let's Ride" from the 2017 Power Rangers Movie Soundtrack.
Your name is Joey Claire, and you're jittery all over.

It took a few hours to manifest both times, but just like the whole time in Giza after the Destiny, you're JITTERY. It's like having uncorked an infinite wellspring of energy within you that just makes you feel so energetic and electrified and and and and---

You siphon your jitters into your right leg for the moment, tapping your foot on the ground impatiently, trying to burn it out.

You'd just managed to get a grip on it shortly before returning to the FUTURE/PRESENT DAY, but that was more resealing the bottle and just... trying to forget it was there.

Now, you're not going to recork it. You COULD if you tried but-- You shunt the jittery shakes to your other leg-- you're not going to. You've got to deal with this in a healthier way. Especially if you're going to have to use these powers against English again.

You're going to have to learn how to control this.

And so, you meditate.

You bounce the jittering between your knees. Left- Right- Left- Right- Left- Right.

You focus yourself into the Arai Network, and take observation of your body from the outside.

Already, sparks of red and blue flicker around your eyes, closed as they are.

Though Hyperbeam's powers never made it into you like Admin's did... it seems they left their mark on what latent powers you did have inside you.

And so you delve, deep into your mind, in the form of an Arai beetle, searching for the source of these powers.

You go past everything you use in your active day to day life, and submerge into the buried and unused.

...Ballet and Tap Dance... it seems like so long ago that you had these front and center. You find yourself involuntarily a fourteen year old human again. Your mental image seems to be overwritten by proximity to the memory.

...Being a Vet? You seem to have traded that up for a time to being just a doctor of some kind... but beyond looking at some clones when was the last time you healed someone with Shaper?
...Your dislike of Pa's Guns... Good grief, where the hell did THAT get buried?? Somewhere around when you had to wear a bracelet that was basically a key to a massive weapon and when you realized you WERE an actual weapon deep within your genetics.

...Nevermind the guilt about using a laser sword to cut into things that really shouldn't be cut into, similarly buried.

You...

You've changed so much that standing here in the midst of the remnants of your old personality is...

It's...

You find deep within yourself a vast box full of memories- memories of every time you've come to hate yourself for one reason or another...

Geeze, your capability for self-loathing seems pretty high all things considered.

...You find yourself to be Alternian again.

Funny timing, that.

But... this really isn't a surprise to anyone really, let alone yourself.

You figure that it's gotta be in here somewhere. That bottle full of energy you've stuffed away has to be in this box somewhere and--

Oh.

It's not a bottle.

You have your eyes on exactly what it is.

It's a freaking Bracelet- but not like your old one.

Where yours was white, this one is black, and where yours had a rainbow of colored crystals... this one ominously has a casing ribbon of crystals that transition up the seven ranks from pitch black to a dusky grey to a midnight purple, to twilight orange to day time yellow, to a paler yellow, and then to the full bright white light of a gleaming star.

Ignoring, for just a moment, the fact that your mind would naturally gravitate towards Yet Another Bracelet as your go-to image for a super dangerous power source... you can feel how linked this thing is to your inner jitteryness.

Specifically, you can feel it connected to the twilight orange crystal at the top. It's angled arrangement is different from how your bracelet had the crystals sit. It's in perfect alignment with all the others, rather than perpindicular to them.

You reach out with your mental avatar, and, on a whim, twist the center crystal to the original position.
And then you feel the jitters stop.

...It couldn't be THAT easy, could it?

You flick it around again, and the jitters return.

Wonderful.

You've got an internal visual for an on/off switch, but that doesn't really do anything for controlling these powers, does it?

...Unless the powers conveniently are arranged based on the crystals again? But nah, there's no way you'd have exactly seven. That's probably just carryover from the original bracelet design.

Still...

You flick the thing off again and consider replicating the design in the real world. You wouldn't have to make it do anything at all, power wise. It could be just as much of a fake as that one Senator Kinsey snapped in half...

But if you could get it to do that flicking on/off thing? That would allow you to turn it on and off without having to go through this whole meditation song and dance thing... potentially. Like a sort of... placebo effect?

Yes. Maybe.

You could probably also mentally associate certain powers to the fake crystals and draw upon those powers using it as a focus too...?

Training. You're going to have to do a lot of training if you're going to make this work. A lot of self reflection, likely.

Oh. OH! There's an idea too. Instead of using fake crystals, you could load it up with some prototype crystal addons that Callie's been working on for the Anti-Cull Warrior weapons. Like a reload cartridge? Maybe...

Alternatively, if you find more of those MICRO-ZPMS you could probably slot them on too...

...Although, that seems like a recipie for disaster if one of them breaks. BOOM. Instant obliteration to a whole pocket dimension.

...You'd probably be better off with a fake bracelet just for the sake of having a placebo switch for the powers in general.

...But, you could PROBABLY, instead of re-creating the whole array of light/dark themed crystals, just make more fakes of the original crystals and put them on there as decoration instead.

No no no. Keep it simple, Joey Claire. KEEP IT SIMPLE. If you're gonna go to the trouble of making another fake bracelet you might as well do two for the asymetry of it all. Make a replica of your old one for the old aesthetics along with the new one for the association with whatever other powers might come to you.
That seems like a safer bet, you think...

Unless-?

...Ugh! No! This is too much to worry about right now. Worry about what ifs later. Focus on finding where the mold of the old Bracelet wound up and then you can work on harnesing 'whatever' later. One step at a time.

One Step At A Time.

Chapter End Notes

Srory Note: Any bracelets Joey does have in future will just be a bunch of resin and plastic and have no internal powers to them like the last one. Decoration and Psychological tricks only here.

Visual Notes: If the old Bracelet was a Pokemon Sun and Moon Z-Ring, the visuals of this bracelet is a Z-POWER Ring, with the fancy turntable on the center dial.
Your name is John Sheppard, and as it always seems to go on birthdays, something has gone awry somewhere. (AWRY not ARAI.)

Jonas Quinn got a bunch of Alien Ghosts stuck in his head, and while SG-1 was dealing with that, you've somehow forgotten that today is one of your scheduled interviews with EMMETT...


Wonderful. Just wonderful. You've got an interview with the guy and you've forgotten his name.

You'll just stick with calling him EMMET... EMMETT? Is it ONE T or TWO? UGH!!


"Are you ready to start?" Emmett Bregman asks as the camera's red light turns on.

Hooboy.

"Yeah, sure," you say, chill, nonchalant, as cool as a Strider on an Iceberg. "Whenever you're ready."

"So... John Sheppard, formerly John Egbert of a future timeline gone sour..." Emmett looks to you. "I heard today is your original Birthday."

"It was, yes," you answer. "Or, at least, it was the day I got found and adopted."

"I have to ask, as an Intellectual Curiosity, why change your birth date when coming back to the, well, at the time, the Past?" Emmett asks. "Related to that, why the name change? Was that Military Mandated as part of a cover story?"

"Well, Emmett, the answer to that question is honestly flat out impossible to answer concisely beyond 'No, it wasn't part of a cover story,'" you say. "Argo had already changed their name to go on the run before we ever even considered changing the past. And once we were back here, me and Rose and Jade were considering changing our names before we even set foot back on Earth... And anyways, we wound up months out of synch with our birthdays due to when we came back. It didn't make sense to tack on a few extra months where we didn't need it." You pause, then say, "Honestly, at that point making it so that we weren't sharing names and birthdays with our past selves was pretty much an after thought."

"So a combination of Solidarity and Pragmatism," Emmett muses, flipping pages around. "Alright, onto the questions I had scheduled for today's interview then..."
Please don't ask about you, Jade, and Argo! Please don't ask about you, Jade, and Argo!! Please don't ask about you, Jade, and Argo!!!

"What are your thoughts on Disclosure, having lived through it once before?"

Whew.

"I'm gonna be honest here, Emmett." You say, "No matter how or when or where you go about it, there are going to be people who are going to be pissed off like hell. You can't please everyone, even when you have the allure of the Aschen to keep everyone happy."

"Very true," Emmett says.

"I suppose, the only thing I can really ask for is that the people watching this after the fact don't try to dress me and the others up as heroes or anything like that," you say. "Just because a bunch of us came back in time and stopped a bad future doesn't make us heroes. The people who died to make it happen are the heroes. The version of Jack O'neill and Sam Carter who died sacrificed everything to ensure that me, Rose, Jade, and Argo were the vector of change that made this timeline possible. They're heroes."

"Fair enough, but what about Abydos?"

Damn it.

"Abydos is another thing entirely," you say. "But I still wouldn't say we're heroes because of it."

"You saved an entire planet from destruction," Emmett says. "AND you destroyed Anubis' super weapon, something of a setback that's put his march of conquest across the galaxy on hold the past few months. If that's not heroism, I don't know what is."

"That was karma," you answer. "That was Anubis's habit of breaking agreements and deals and generally being a backstabbing bitch finally rearing back and biting him in the ass... And besides, it was Cassie and Jude who came up with the idea in the first place. Me and Jade and Argo just made it happen. They were the real heroes of that day."

"I'm not sure the people of Abydos would agree with that. I hear they're calling you Heroes," Emmett then quotes off things. "Heir of Breath, Witch of Space, Rogue of Time, Seer of Doom, Mage of Void. These are the titles of mythological heroes if ever I've heard any."

"I'm still not sure how the hell they came up with those," you admit. Nobody spread around those titles that the Diasporan Seers gave you. You're honestly confused how that happened.

"Maybe its fate?" Emmett offers.

"I don't believe in Fate, Mister," you play it safe on not pronouncing his last name. "I don't believe in Destiny either. What I do believe in is stable time loops and the fact that certain pieces of information like titles like that just have a way of appearing out of thin air."

"Such as a Gate Address carved onto a piece of stone buried beneath a tree?" Emmett offers.

"Yeah, something like that," you agree.
"So you don't consider fulfilling such requirements to be heroic?" Emmett asks.

You want to say: 'No. That's just us fulfilling the ass out of a lot of pre-ordained loops.' But....

"The way I see it, time loops are double edged swords. Either you're the person who fulfilled the loop in the first place, or you're not. You're just a doomed copy who hasn't lived out to the end, yet." You pause to gather your thoughts. "If you live your life expecting that because some future you already did something, you can take the risk of, say, mixing up five glasses of water with one glass of bleach, and drinking five glasses straight and living because you think you're invincible? That's not heroism at all. That's just being stupid."

"That's a vivid image," Emmett says.

"I saw it on TV once," you say. "I thought it was stupid, and the image stuck with me." You shake your head, then say, "Now, see, where we really get into heroism is not knowing if this is the moment or not where you branch off of the path. Let's say I'm piloting a 302 with an experimental hyperdrive on it. It's got a three way split of working as intended, sending me off course dramatically to somewhere unknown, or just flat out exploding and killing me."

"Alright," Emmett nods.

"So, I know I should survive just fine because a future me did something I haven't done yet, right?" You ask, "But there's a chance that I won't survive. Maybe I'll get stranded in another galaxy with no way home. Maybe I'll die in an explosion. Those two choices are out of my hand, so what do I do in that moment before I activate the Hyperdrive?"

"If you're really being a Hero, you'll take the risk anyways and activate the hyperdrive," Emmett answers.

"Exactly," you say. "So look at it from my perspective here. Time traveling back? Other people took those heroic risks to make sure things went the way they did. Abydos? The minute Cassie took a Staff Blast and survived it, I knew, deep down, we were going to survive. We were betting everything on the idea that there was no possible way we could fail even if we didn't know exactly how things were going to play out until the moment it did."

"So, actions in service to a time loop, expecting that things will turn out fine, aren't inherently heroic from your perspective because if you're taking the risk pretending there isn't any risk involved, then you're not really taking the risk."

"But when SG-1 went into a black hole to rescue SG-10, they weren't expecting a time loop to come in at the end and carry them to the finish line," you say. "They still took the risk IN SPITE of the danger. And taking the risk knowing that even despite EVERYTHING that says you should succeed, there's still the chance you could die? That's heroic in my eyes." You take a moment, and say, "So go ahead and Call me a Hero the minute I do something without any stable time loops hanging over my head."

"And not a minute before?"

"And not a minute before," you nod in agreement.
Trying a bit of a different perspective for the Interview thing. :33
"So... Tetrarch... Dammek? No last name or first name? Just... Dammek?"

"That's the whole point of it."

"Doesn't that get old, hiding half of your name away?"

"Nah. Some days I'm not even sure if the name I remember is what I really had or not."

"...Are you serious?"

"No. I'm just messing with you."

"...I get the feeling you're going to be doing this all interview."

"Maybe I will, now that you've mentioned it."

"Right..." Pages flip. "So, Dammek... What is it you do exactly for the Alternian Rebellion?"

"I design ships. I fly giant robots. I generally make peoples lives a royal pain in the ass."

"Is that all you do?"

"Making people's lives a pain in the ass encompasses many tasks."

"I'll admit my reports here are fairly vague. Care to elaborate?"

"Nah."

"Okay... would you feel free to talk about Alternia in general?"

"Sure, could do that."

"..."

"..."

"Uh-"

"Oh. You mean now. Sure. Yeah. It was a hell hole. Everyone was stuck with jobs that were either going to kill them, or with blood colors that would get them killed before they even took a job."

"Sounds brutal."

"Yeah. It was. Now it's gone, and we're rebuilding."
"How has that been going? Rebuilding, I mean?"

"Dunno. Not part of my job title of 'royal pain in the ass maker,' y'see."

"I... see... Yes. Uh..." Pages flipping, enthusiastically. "So... What are your thoughts on the state of affairs here in this Galaxy?"

"Disclosure's gonna be a thing. Anubis is an asshole just waiting to get some fresh pain delivered. Annd... I think this Ba'al guy should rethink his name lest he make me make a Royal Ass out of him too."

"Speaking of Ba'al... he's currently leading a fight against the other System Lords, and winning. Do you think he could be a contender against Anubis?"

"How should I know?"

"...Right, stupid question..." Pages turn in silence. "So... What are your thoughts on the recent cloning incident?"

"That the Ass-gard behind it should be taken out in front of the Stargate and left to the 'Waa Waa, Kawoosh.'"

"...That's... somewhat brutal, considering he was trying to save his own race."

"There's a little thing called 'asking first' you know."

"...Very true."

Chapter End Notes

Working on a longer chapter. Have another interview in the mean time...

DIASPORA DATE: 10/31/0003.

Your name is Roxy Eg- Lalonde. Lalonde. Roxy Lalonde. You're back to being a Lalonde again.

You're a teenager again, after all. And aged before that odd, random ass growth spurt you had about when you hit twenty. You wonder if that'll happen again or if you'll forever be stuck smaller than you're used to?

You're really trying hard not to fall into heavy drinking again, after your latest bender.

It's really hard not to, considering the fact that with a blink of the eyes you can just summon up a bottle of really high quality beer.

Among other things.

Right now you're building the biggest, baddest, greenest pyramid of all time with these sort of...

Well, they're kinda cubes, but they've got rounded edges to them. Beveled edges? Whatever the proper term is at any rate but you've just been... Summoning block after block of... OF PERFECTLY GENERIC OBJECTS.


Interestingly, you're finding that they stick pretty well to eachother- like their surfaces are sorta... absorbing the outsides of the other cubes? What's even weirder is that when you intentionally want to move one to make sure its sitting right, you can move it just fine, but when you test for STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY you can't make 'em budge at all.

This whole thing is just sort of like... some weird ass kind of... extension of your own will??

An extension of your own will that's already something like a whole house tall and getting taller.

Powers are bullshit.

"Well, I've got to say I wasn't expecting our new little settlement to get a pyramid as an attraction."
Ah, and then there's Jake's current gal-pal, Chixie Roixmr standing down at the ground level. You're building your "little" pyramid out in the middle of nowhere on one of the settlement planets that everyone migrated to. You didn't realize it but you guess you started building it on her planet.

"Yeeah," you laugh nervously. "Just trying to keep myself busy, here. I can take it down if it's an eyesore..." Though, where you'd PUT the cubes after tearing it down is another matter entirely? Maybe you could make them poof like the empty beer bottles...?

"Nah," Chixie smiles. "I think it's kinda charming, really. Are you building rooms in it, though?"

"Course I'm building rooms and tombs and all sorts of 'ooms' for it!" You grin. "What pyramid wouldn't be complete without hidden chambers!?

"True, true!"

You take a look around and decide that this is a good stopping point for the moment. You quickly skip down some 'steps' and head down to ground level.

"So!" You smile. "What can I do for you, Miss Roixmr?"

"Please, call me Chixie," she says. "Everyone does! It's even on the cover of my first album."

"Oh ho! A music maker!" You feel a bit light heart-ed... as well as a bit saddened. Of course Jake would end up with another entertainer of some sort. That man always with his thematic ties... "You colab'd with anyone yet?"

"Not yet, no," Chixie shakes her head, "though Dammek says I've got a standing invite to come do a song or two with the Grubbels whenever I feel like it."

"That's nice of 'im," you say.

"Yes, it is," Chixie nods. "As for why I'm out here, well... We've all seen you working out here from town the last few days. Construction isn't exactly uncommon here on Lopan, so I came out here to see if there was anything you needed. Plus, Jake mentioned you were out here and I was curious to meet you."

"Yeah that makes sense," you say, smiling. Then- "...'Lopan'?" You ask, "What kind of name is that for a planet?"

"It's from the Gate Address Designation," she says. "PL0-P4N."

Huh. "Not exactly the most creative, but I guess that'll do in a pinch," you say.

"We used to just say Plopan, but... uh... The first P just got dropped after the first few days," She laughs. "Besides, 'Lopan' flows off of the tongue better."

"That it does," you agree. "So, uh... One artist of a sort to another, what do you think? Should I paint it another color once I finish or should I keep it green?"

"Hmm," Chixie looks over you Work-In-Progress-Pyramid (Or WIPP for short) and then says, "I don't know. I suppose that's something you'll have to figure out once you've finished it. We don't really have a set color aesthetic in town yet. Everything is so... Half-built that the aesthetic is
unfinished, I suppose."

"Well, if it comes down to it, a neon green pyramid ain't the worst color scheme in the world," you say. "Though, it might be a bit of an eyesore when its finished."

"I suspect whatever paint color you decide on will look much better once finished," Chixie says. "Although... I did have one question for you."

"Oh? What's that?" You ask.

"How do you feel about commissioned work?" Chixie asks.

...Wait, what?

"Are you asking me if I want a job building things outta blocks?" You ask.

"Yes, I suppose I am," Chixie nods.

You....

You suppose that IS one way to put your powers to good use.

"Sure," you say. "I'm up for tryin' it out and seeing what works and what doesn't."

"Awesome! I guess it'll be just like Troll Minecraft," Chixie says. "Except in real life and not in a game."

"...That sounds like one awesome as hell game if it's anything like what I've been doing so far," you say.

Your name is JOLINAR, and you're honestly...

A bit at a loss now.

You've absorbed your alternate self’s memories as best as you can, leaving Sam... well, Sam. But...

She's now debating life as a teenaged clone of herself, and the thought processes going on are rather tumultuous.

Jack and Lantash atleast seem to be getting along fairly well.

For the last few days the four of you (In two bodies) have been out at the fishing spot Jack had taken up during his vacation that had happened to coincide with an attempted framing of him for murder.

It's a nice spot. A single tent, a small folded out table and a small portable stove for cooking whatever fish were caught. All of it right next to a lake.

Lantash had remarked about borrowing some Tok'ra crystals from base and making a small underground house here, so as to not permanently disfigure the surface landscaping. You... you
honestly wouldn't mind that either.

'It is a nice landscape,' Sam thinks, a little too quietly for your liking. 'I can see why Jack likes it here.'

You can't help but laugh, remembering the echo of those same words from when you first set foot at Jack's cabin back in the old timeline. There was some difference, though, mostly in tone.

'Jolinar?'

[Yes, Sam?]

'How stupid have the... the last us been?'

[Stupid? How so?]

'About... this??'

[Ah. You mean about you and Jack and going fishing and camping together?]

'...Yeah.'

[Comparatively speaking, your previous selves before cloning have had several more years of divergences and changed events than the ones from my timeline have had. I'd say you're about as on tack as you should be, all things considered.]

'...So you're saying that if we hadn't been cloned and kicked out of the SGC instead, we'd... still have jumped together like this?'

[Almost certainly.]

'I suppose that's a reassuring thought, but still... Why?'

[Why what? Why wait? I think you both know the answer to that already and it has everything to do with Regulations.]

'...That's true...'

You sigh. You get the feeling that there's still a lot to work through on this.

---

"Hal! Climb down from that tree RIGHT THIS MINUTE!!" Your name is Argo Lalonde and you feel mightly peeved off. You turn your back on your cloned Uncle for one second and... the kid goes and climbs one of the tallest trees outside of Diaspora's settlement.

He says nothing, just peering down from the top most branches of the tree with this look of utmost displeasure of being saddled with you as his minder.

"Hal! HAL STRIDER! Don't make me come up there!!" You protest.
And then the strangest thing happens- Hal's body seems to flicker and then blur and then- WOOSH.

The tree sways suddenly as if something had jumped off of it, and Hal is GONE.

Oh crap! Crap Crap Crap!!

You check in the direction the Tree is Swaying in and look and see...

A whole lot of trees swaying back and forth.

Good grief- did he get super speed as a power or something??

You start running after him, watching as a blur leaps from tree to tree, starting tree after tree after tree to sway and sway and sway and-

Good grief. He's really got super speed.

WOOSH. SWING. THUD. WOOSH. SWING. THUD.

And away he goes like a speedy little rabbit.

...Huh, now there's an idea.

You grab at your radio. "Hey, Xefros. You local?"

A pause, then a reply, "Yeah, I am. What's up?"

"Get me two of your fastest speedsters around. I've got a runaway kid in need of catching."

"...Wouldn't it be easier to get Rose and-?"

"Hal's got superspeed. I'm not sure Rose could keep up," you interject. "Besides, I wanna teach him a lesson about thinking he's so fast the rules don't apply to him."

"...Fair enough. I'll go see if Rhubee or Karren are on Diaspora."

Your name is Jack O'neill. You're considering a couple of alternate names, but honestly, most of the obvious ones just don't fit right. James? Nah. John? Too confusing with two Johns already. Jim? What? And leave Daniel with the satisfaction of having gotten your name wrong only to make it stick with--?

Lantash starts laughing as the idea clicks in your head.

Waiiiiit.

Wait.

Wait wait wait.
"Lantash, good buddy, good pal of mine..." you start muttering aloud, with a trolling tone of voice evident to anyone who might care to listen in. "How badly do you think the other me would react if I rolled with Daniel forgetting my name and started calling myself 'Jim'?"

[I suspect he would be very annoyed.]

"And that's all the reason I need to do it," you smirk, throwing out another cast of your fishing line. "Now, the only question is do I stick to 'Jim' or mix it up a bit and go with 'Jimmy'?"

[Go Alternian,] Lantash suggests. [Jimmyy, with two Ys.]

"Oh, Yes. I like the sound of that. Jimyly O'neill. Two Ys, two Ls." You smirk.

Your name is HAL STRIDER, and you can't believe you've got SUPER SPEED.

Suddenly this whole CLONED AND SHRUNKEN IN THE WASH thing has become a WHOLE LOT MORE INTERESTING.

You perch up atop a tree, catching your breath after escaping your minder.

You have super speed.

Holy shit YOU HAVE SUPER SPEED!!

You honestly wonder what other interesting little powers might crop up related, tangentially or otherwise, in relation to it?

But seriously, whatever powers they'll end up being they'll be lame as fuck in comparison to super speed- unless, like, you get the power to rip people's souls out of their bodies or something.

But that seems redundant on some level. So, likely-

Wait.

You spot a pair of blurs, one red, one pink, rushing from Diasporatown towards your present location.

...What.

"HAAAAAL!"

...Crraaap.

You take off at speed, leaping tree from tree to get away from them.

The pink and red blurs somehow catch up faster. And faster. And FASTER.

How!? HOW!!?
...The idea that you're not the fastest because your powers are only just surfacing seems utterly ridiculous to you and you discard it immediately.

You run, and you run, and you run and-

And then the Red Blur jumps, bouncing from tree to tree with a burst of rose petals and- "OOF!!"

You're brought down to earth.

"Tag!" A rust blooded Troll girl grins at you. "You're it!"

"Rhubee!" And then the pink blur slows down and there's someone else there. "I wanted to catch him!"

"Sorry, Karren!" the other girl says. "Maybe you can carry him back?"

What? Carry? Noonononoo-

"Sure!!"

And then you're handed over and WOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

Everything moves in a blur not under your own power.

Within minutes, you're brought front and center back to Argo.

"Hal," she- no, they glare down at you, eyes glowing intensely. "Do. NOT. Do that again. I'll let it slide because power discovery but still. Don't run off again like that. Got it?"

You sigh. "Fine."

"I wanna hear the words, Bro."

You sigh again.

"Fine. I won't run off again like that."

"Good," Argo smiles. "Now we're gonna put you into training with Rhubee and Karren to figure out just how fast you CAN go."

Your name is Xefros Tritoh, and you frown as you find your Moirail furiously carving up pieces of foam into very intricate shapes in her kitchen.

"Joey..." you ask of her, "what are you doing?"

"Trying to make part shapes to mold with plaster and resin into a fake bracelet like the last one," she answers. "Except this one will have a switch on it which is a whole lot of complicated movement parts to work out!"
You blink. "Okay. But why are you doing that for?" You ask.

"Well-" She answers. "I'm making a placebo switch for training purposes!"

Ah. Right.

"Need any help with that?" You ask.

"Yes please!!"

And so you get to helping in craving out pieces of foam into the right shapes.

___

**EARTH DATE: MAY 1ST, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 11/01/0003.**

Your name is Tyzias Entykk and you find yourself in the odd position of being the functionally awake part of a pair of people. Usually, you're the one whose stayed up all night long working on this or that or... whatever.

But here you are well rested for a change, and here's Daraya, snoozing off an all nighter studying books on...

Wait a second. These are all Legal notation books from Old Alternia and Earth- along with your most recent 'polished' draft of your own proposed legal system.

...Has she been studying to help you out with this?

You check on your book, seeing that there's a book mark placed in it and...

Oh.

She found blindspots and are pointing the contradictions out and-- And she's fixing the loopholes you missed, and referencing and checking other published legal works to do it, too.

"Glubbing hell, how did I even miss that one?" You ask, staring at one particularly glaring thing that's been nagging you for YEARS but you haven't figured out what was wrong with it until Daraya's notes pointed out the clause issues and--

"Mrrh?" Daraya lifts her head up. "Wha?"

"Hey," you smile, putting your book back down on the table. "Late night?"

"Yeah," She nods. "What time is it?"

"Mmh... bout seven in the morning," you recall the last time you glanced at a clock and fudge it. "I'm surprised I was the one who didn't stay up late for a change."

"Heh... Yeah," Daraya brushes the sleep out of her eyes. "I... saw the book out a couple nights ago
when you were complaining about some section that wasn't making sense and... Yeah. I guess I just went through as much of it as I could. Won't pretend I understood ninety percent of that without reference material, but... Hey. I did what I could. Maybe learned a thing or two, or three, maybe.” She sighs. "I was gonna try to surprise you... Surprise?" She smiles, hopefully.

"It's a very nice surprise," you say. "But, next time? Take it slow. Let's not burn out on anything."

"Fair nough," she nods. "So... Breakfast?"

"Sure," You smile. "I heard Jane's been planning on flexing her cooking muscles over at the Town Square. Put on some kind of show or something. Wanna go check it out?"

"Sounds good to me," Daraya says, smiling.

And so you two head off that way to go see about getting food.

Chapter End Notes

Nother interview chapter scheduled for tomorrow, with a tiny bit extra. AVENGER 2.0 is on the schedule next after that either Friday or Monday.

DIASPORA DATE: 11/04/0003.

Your name is Jade Jackson, and you've got the next interview on the block.

Damn it, and to think Major Carter and Jolinar are having all the FUN right now, participating in a FREAKING SPACESHIP RACE of all things...

LE SIGHHHHH.

Emmett Bregman enters the room and sits across from you, talking briefly with the camera man about shot composition.

You take the moment to steel yourself and prepare.

"Alright, Miss Jackson..." he says, much too quickly for your liking.

You don't like this at all. Why did you agree to this again??

"Are you okay? You look a little nervous."

"I'm... just not really someone for talking much. Honestly," you answer.

"We can postpone this for another time if you'd like?" He offers. Aww.

"I... That depends on the questions," you say. "What are we going to be talking about?"

"Hmm..." Emmett looks at his notes. "I think I have enough coverage of the Aschen timeline from Sheppard and Lalonde... Abydos has been covered pretty well... Ah... There's some mention here about you spending time in the Alternia Galaxy for 'medical reasons' which I can understand not wanting to talk about if you're uncomfortable with that, but if you're willing to talk about the day to day life there aside from that?"

...Yeah. You nod. "I'm okay with that. Though, um, you can use a different excuse than 'medical reasons'? 'Safety reasons' should work fine."

"Okay, I'll rephrase the question once we start rolling." And then the light goes green. "Jade Jackson, daughter of Earth Born Daniel Jackson and Abydos born Sha're. Say 'hi' to the world."

"Hi, World," you say, stomping down on your ears to keep them from flaring up.

"Recently you had an extended stay in the Alternia Galaxy for safety reasons. Those aside, what was day to day life like over there?" He asks.
"...It was a lot like life before coming back in time, I guess," you answer. "Except with less stress relating to having to hide in the middle of nowhere next to a lake, and more stress due to why we were all there in the first place. It was quiet, most of the time. John and Argo and I spent most of our time out at Colonel Claire's hive on Diaspora, so we were pretty far out from the town."

"Out of curiosity, why stay there?" Emmett asks.

"Ah, that's... mostly it's a matter of convenience," you say. "Rose was staying with someone else, and Cassie and Jude were out and about going to this place and that... Joey and Mierfa had the space, so they let me and John and Argo crash there."

"Was there any sort of culture shock from living with them?" Emmett asks.

Culture Shock? Uhhh....

"Not really?" You shrug. "I mean, I'd gotten over most of that from our time in Alternia when we first came back from the past. Despite all the tyranny and fighting to over throw it going on over there, it's... surprisingly more carefree over there than it is here on Earth."

"How so?" He asks.

"Um, well..." You scratch at your nose, trying to think of how to phrase it right. "Mostly in terms of relationships, I guess? I've had bad nightmares that have plagued me since I was little. If I'm sharing a bed with someone, those nightmares stay away, though... Um... you're sure you blush, despite trying to force it down. "And even though things between me and John and Argo are a little more complicated now, back then it was mostly just for the nightmares. But nobody blinked an eye at a couple of kids sharing a bed over there."

"Is it harder, living here on Earth?" Emmett asks, with a practiced smoothness that seems odd.

"At times it can be," you nod. "At first we weren't sure if people were going to believe 'nightmares' as a valid reason or not. Honestly, we were kind of really worried that Roxy would be really mad at us- and she wasn't, but after years of hiding from the Aschen we've gotten really concerned about people prying in where they shouldn't..."

"And with how things have changed between you, John, and Argo, I'd imagine it's more of a problem now more than ever?" He doesn't even seem to stumble...?

"Well, Roxy's still understanding, but the hard part is... Well, Argo stays at the Striders to help take care of Nepeta when we're on earth," you explain. "And I... you know, it's really, really hard to get used to going back to one person again after getting used to having two people to cuddle! So... Um... Different problem, still just as frustrating."

"Have you three considered moving?" Emmett asks, and you get the feeling he's asked this question before from how smoothly he launches into it.

"We have, yes," you nod. "But, we're catching up on basically two or three years of missed schooling so we can graduate properly before we do anything like that. We're not sure yet if we want to head to Alternia after that, or Earth. They've each got their pros and cons. Honestly, part of me wonders if it wouldn't be nice to go to somewhere else."

"A third option, of sorts?" he smirks, and damn it, you're sure of it now. He's probably asked these
"You know," your name is Keiko Ayano, and you swirl around a small cup of coffee as you join Jade in the SGC Cafeteria. "I've been looking at the scans of that tablet you guys retrieved."

"And?" Jade asks, poking at a piece of fried chicken.

"And I've also compared notes with Ganos Lal, and I'm pretty sure she knows exactly where this Lost City is and how to get to it," you say. "But she's hiding it for some reason."

"Wonder why," Jade muses.

"Well, I do think I know why," you say.

"Why's that then?" Jade asks, frowning, obviously not enjoying the time you're taking to set this up properly.

"I've been doing some history digging through Aincrad's databases, and the reason that Atlantis came back to Earth when it did in my world? You pause to let her nod in confirmation of that fact. "Well, there's a lot of mention of them running from something bad. Like, it's been scrubbed clean, kinda bad."

"Something that'd still be where-ever they left Atlantis in this world," Jade realizes.

"Exactly," you nod.

"...Think we can just ask her flat out where Atlantis is?" Jade asks.

"Probably not," you say. "I get the feeling this is one of those things you guys are meant to solve on their own."

"You say that as if you're not included with us on this," she says.

"Well, kinda?" You frown. "I mean, I could probably dig up some historical files but I get the feeling whatever it is is gonna be in just as bad condition. And besides that..." You sigh. "Gods, Damn it all. Shit just keeps getting worse back home."

"More rifts?" Jade asks.

"Worse than that," you say, "we just saw our first Imperial Drone yesterday."

"...Like, White and Green, Tagora and Ardata world Imperial Drone?" Jade frowns, concern in her eyes.

"Yeah." You nod. "That Yuuki girl that Kirito sent over from Alfheim to help us out managed to put it down with that overpowered sword-spell of hers, but... it was... A really close call. Too close,
honestly...

Jade sits there for a moment, then asks, "Did you-?"

"Inform Okurii and the others, yes," you confirm. "I did that yesterday after it happened. Okurii said she's still planning out her next move."

"Damn," Jade growls. "We need to do something about that."

"Okurii said she'd let us all know when she had an idea of what was going on," you say. "But... I'm worried."

"Me too," Jade answers. "Me too..."

Chapter End Notes

Still working on Avenger 2.0. Either will get it done tomorrow or Monday. No idea yet.

After that, 2 or 3 chapters left til the end of Act 5 Act 1. Then we’ll start Act 5 Act 2.
"I TOLD YOU NOT TO TRUST THAT BROWN NOSING LITTLE WEASEL!!"

Your name is DOCTOR JAY FELGER and you nervously try to tie your tie.

"Jay. Let me..." Your assistant CHLOE ties it for you. "Seriously, you and your nerves..."

"It's just- Not only are Colonel O'neill and Major Carter coming- Two of Alternia's FINEST are coming to check this out too!" You feel so ALIVE.

"Jay, just BREATHE," she says, suddenly tugging your tie tight- oof. Kinda... Kinda hard to breathe there, Chloe...?? Thankfully she loosens it a second later. "It. Will. Be. Fine. We've double checked everything. It works!"

"But what if it doesn't?" You ask.

"What if what doesn't?" And into your lab walk the four most important people of the day.

Colonel O'neill, Major Carter, Tetrarch Dammek, and Doctor Ohphee.

Hooboy.

"Oh, uh-" you wave it off and bullshit an excuse off the top of your head. "What if this tie doesn't match my suit at a wedding I'm going to later this month! Family. You know. They can be so picky about styles and fashion these days."

"Uh..." Major Carter stares at your Tie. "Unless Traffic Cone Orange with Lemon Yellow stripes is the color scheme for the wedding, I wouldn't wear that."

"Ah! Well! Anyways!" You laugh it off. "Welcome to my lab! Today we've got a really impressive thing instore for you guys!"

"We've developed a plasma based energy weapon derived from Goa'uld and Alternian blaster technology," Chloe picks up from there, motioning everyone over to the weapon you've designed. "It's-"
Her words fall away as you both see O'neill reaching out to touch the emitter array on the front of the weapon.

"AAAH! DON'T TOUCH IT!" you both cry out. "IT'S VERY FRAGILE!!"

Colonel O'neill hesitated...

Tetrarch Dammek did not, because he immediately touched it ever so slightly. It didn't seem to move, but...

"Should we even try testing it?" You dare ask.

"Probably not," Chloe shakes her head. "Even a millimeter off could cause catastrophic effects."

"It can't be that bad, right?" O'neill asks.

"I barely touched it," Dammek insists.

Oh. Oh geeze.

"How long would it take to re-calibrate it?" Carter asks.

"Uh..." You look to Chloe, she nods, then back to Carter, and ask, "How long do you have to be here?"

"Five minutes?" Carter answers.

You look to Chloe, she nods again, but more reluctantly, and as she hands out the protective eye glasses as you go for the power cables.

"Colonel, Major, Tetrarch, Doctor! I present to you- THE FUTURE!" You announce before plugging the weapon in.

All across the SGC, the power went out. Not even the backup generators or emergency lights came back on.


DIASPORA DATE: 11/15/0003.

"Doctor Felger, I'm willing to give you one more chance at a working project," General Hammond's words echo inside your head as you head back to your lab. "If this Project you've proposed works as advertised... then your position here will remain firm until you can get the other projects you've been long promising results on finished."
"Chloeee!" You lament, bursting into your lab. "I screwed up!!"

"We're not fired are we!?!" She jolts up in her seat- panic flashing in her- Wait, no that's just the light from the ceiling lamp glinting off of her glasses.

"No! Not yet! But I promised something pie in the sky!" You groan. "Damn it. Damn it!"

"Okay. Pie in the Sky. We can do that. What did you promise the General?" Chloe begins to pace. "The McPeterson device is near finished, I suppose we could-"

"No! Not that!" you tell her. "I Promised Avenger."

Avenger 2.0: your proposed project to basically take the keyboard that is a DHD and scramble its language settings at random so that they keys no longer correspond to the buttons on the surface.

"...Avenger!?!" Chloe stares. "That's less Pie in the Sky and more Pie in Jupiter's Sky!!"

"I KNOW!!" you plant your hands against your face. "Damn it. Damn IT!!"

"Okay. We can fix this. We can rush a prototype and-" she pauses. "Jay... how long do we have on this??"

"A week," you answer.

"...I stand corrected," Chloe deadpans, then yells, "THAT'S PIE IN ANOTHER GALAXY, JAY!!!"

Your immediate reaction is to grab a brown paper bag and breath into it rapidly.

"Hello!"

And then in walked Doctor Ohphee about an hour into your furious coding session.

"Oh, Doctor Ohphee, what can we do for you?" Chloe goes to intercept- bless her heart.

"I came to see if I could help on this Avenger project of yours," she smiles. "After all, I am something of an expert on DHD dialing programs back home."

"Hammond sent you, didn't he?" You groan, running your hands through your hair.

"Nnnooo?!" Oh god he totally did. You're SO SCREWED!!! "Major Carter actually showed some interest in the project as well. She said I should head down and she'd join me here as soon as she finished collecting everything."

....Your heart skips something like five or six beats.

You reach for the paper bag again.

"Is he alright?" You hear the Alternian girl ask.
"Oh, yes, Jay just gets rather intimate with his lunch bag when things are getting rather exciting," Chloe re-

"CH-CHLOE!!!!" you whirl around and stare at her.

She just smiles in that trollish way she does sometimes. Damn it. Sometimes you wonder if she wasn't born in the wrong galaxy!!

"Anyways," Doctor Ohphee interjects. "Can you show me what you've got so far, or do you think we should wait for Major Carter?"

"Wait," you say much too quickly. "We wait so we don't have to repeat much."

And it'll give you time to get more coding done. Oh god. Oh GOD. OH GOD.

You move to furiously resume Typing, however-

"Oh, before you begin...!"

As Doctor Ohphee brought with her the framework to build a dialing program off of for Avenger, it forced you to "regrettably" (more like thankfully) scrap your hastily coded mess to rewrite it from scratch on her framework program.

It took a lot less time than it would have otherwise to create the raw virus in its full form.

In fact, you made just about as much progress as you had in an hour in the relatively short amount of time it took Major Carter to arrive.

A LOT of what you were doing before was writing basic interface code for the DHD itself.

Man. What a waste of an hour, but still... you're feeling CONFIDENT NOW. You might be able to pull this off!!

Major Carter coming in to lend an extra set of hands to type with sped up the process faster, and somehow, within a single day, you'd FINISHED.

Tomorrow, you begin testing.

---

**EARTH DATE: MAY 17TH, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 11/17/0003.**

After a hard two days of simulations and tests, you finally feel confident enough to present the project to Hammond.

"We have the perfect world to test the Virus on," Major Carter leads the presentation. "One of Ba'al's staging ground and mining worlds. The Tok'ra have a spy on it with a long range communicator who can reach out to us if the test is successful."
"And you're sure this Avenger Virus will do as we expect it to and prevent Ba'al from using his Stargate?" Hammond asks. "No unforeseen consequences?"

"We've run as many simulations as we can," Carter says. "We're sure it's going to work."

"Then send the virus," Hammond orders.

Three hours later, there was an unforeseen consequence.

"Repeat that, Colonel O'neill?" Hammond asks.

"I said, "We Can't Dial the Gate" Sir!" O'neill answers, staring in at an angle into a MALP camera.

"But that's impossible!" Callie protests. "The virus can't be behind this!"

"Virus?!" O'neill pauses, then asks- "Felger's project!? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU NOT TO TRUST THAT BROWN NOSING LITTLE WEASEL!!"

"...He's really mad, isn't he?" You whisper to Carter, whose grin could be best described as 'oh you have no idea.'

"Don't worry, Sir, we're going to figure this out," Carter says.

Less than an hour later, the entire Gate Network is DOWN, and Earth, due to its lack of DHD, is the only one able to Dial out anywhere.

Colonel O'neill and Teal'c are stuck off world with a bunch of angry Jaffa who were supposed to be working together on a peace treaty but now are more likely to tear each others throats out.

Jonas and a couple SG-teams are stuck on a planet whose moon is stuck in a decaying orbit and the area around the Gate is flooding rapidly. ("Gee," Callie remarked, "if only we'd caught that sooner and gotten a ship with an anti gravity shield in place.")

And all in all, only about three out of EIGHTEEN ACTIVE TEAMS made it back to Earth when recalled.

If there was ANY piece of good news in this, its that SOMEHOW, Avenger managed to strike out and cripple the SUPERGATE Anubis was using. Apparently he was supposed to receive some sort of shipment today and WHOOPS, whoever came to deliver the thing couldn't dial OUT back to whichever galaxy they'd come from.

There's a concern in that, though.

What if the virus managed to spread out into a whole OTHER Galaxy because of this??

Your paperbag returns in full force.
While you're waiting back to hear if Avenger managed to spread from one Galaxy to another through the Supergates, there is SOME good news and bad news.

The Good News is that Anubis is pissed off and on a rampage... And BA'AL of all Goa'uld is somehow matching his fleet movements ship for ship, and winning every encounter somehow. You suppose that's the benefit of a decent spy network and a crippled Gate Network...

The Bad News is that Ba'al is ALSO taking the fight to the other System Lords who suddenly found themselves crippled with a lack of a functioning Stargate network.

"I think it's PRETTY OBVIOUS that since we sent the virus to Ba'al's planet," Tetrarch Dammek begins, "and that since Ba'al is out there kicking ass, taking names, and chewing whatever the Goa'uld equivalent to bubblegum is... He's got something to do with all of this."

"Agreed," Chloe agrees with a nod. "Avenger HAS to have been re-purposed somehow."

"How is the tricky part, though," Major Carter muses. "Avenger isn't designed to spread on its own. It specifically requires a broadcast trigger to even launch and embed in the target DHD..."

"We just heard back from Alternia!!" And then Ohphee comes into the lab with a grin. "Their Gate Network is INTACT and with that, I think we've figured out what the choke point is!"

She decaptchalogs a laptop and brings up two sets of code-runtimes.

"This is the Supergate DHD on the right, and the normal Stargate DHD on the right. Notice anything?"

"It's smaller," you stare at it. "The Supergate DHD program is missing a massive chunk of data regarding the Coordinate system."

"Exactly," Ohphee says. "Do you want to know what it is that's missing?"

"The Correlative Update System," You, Chloe, and Major Carter say at the same time.

"Wait, what?" Dammek asks. "The what now?"

"Stargates drift over time," Ohphee explains to him, "so they periodically dial each other with updated coordinate symbol matches. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, for example. The Supergates lack that function because they're designed to only ever dial each other by their MAC Addresses, not spatial coordinates."

"But Avenger still works on a Supergate because all it does is scramble the definitions of the symbols," you say. "Even if the addresses never change, the Gate itself can't get a lock because the symbols still don't match to the right numbers." Oh god, oh no. Oh why???

"And that's why it didn't spread outside of our galaxy," Chloe realizes. "Of course. The Supergates didn't need the Correlative updates in their DHD programming, so they stripped it out!"

"But Avenger isn't supposed to Target the Correlative Updates even if it's affecting it," you remind nobody but yourself. "And even if it did, how the hell did Avenger even get ONTO a Supergate in the first place? A regular Stargate can't dial to a Supergate, can it? The scale difference alone should cause major problems with a stable connection even forming."
You're panikin. PANCAKING. PAKING-- Oh God you've really screwed things up this time.

"Maybe it doesn't have to?" Major Carter suggests, "We know Anubis has three Stargates sitting within driving distance of his Supergate. If the Correlative Update hit the local DHDs, and they're all sharing a local system with the Supergate dialer program, then it's possible the Supergate got caught up in the update too."

"And beyond that," Ohphee says, "it's definitely possible that such a connection could happen from a Stargate to a Supergate, even without dialing to it."

"...It can what now?" You ask, not quite following, your head's a blur of energy and oh god what have you done?!

"She's talking about making the wormhole jump from one active gate to another inactive Gate, Jay," Chloe reminds you.

"OH!" You nod. "P3W-451! The Black Hole planet! Right, following you now."

Your name is Jay Felger and you're panicking so much right now.

"So even if the DHDs were kept separate, if we're assuming Ba'al DID somehow re-purpose Avenger," Ohphee says, "he might have dialed one of Anubis' Gates, forced it to jump connection, and THEN delivered Avenger to it."

"It's a brilliant way to sabotage Anubis, the other Goa'uld, and us all at the same time," Dammek swears a few things you'd really rather not try to remember.

"And we gave him the weapon," you laugh, nervously. "Only took the Ancients, what? Thousands of years to build the Gate Network and here we go taking it down in a single day! Hahah! Lovely! Wonderful! Brilliant! Absolutely!!" You feel rather light headed. "I need some fresh air!"

Twenty Eight Floors and a car drive to the nearest river away from your problems, you try to calm yourself down.

Okay. So Either Ba'al went and took Avenger and turned it around onto the DHDs of the entire Milky Way Galaxy... Or you screwed up somewhere and Avenger ended up accidentally triggering the Correlative Updates... So... So...

But the Correlative Updates wasn't the targeted part of the programming. That it affected a Supergate means that Avenger can't be behind it- Right?? RIGHT???

So what? Big deal. He... He probably didn't have time to do a full rewrite of Avenger given how fast that it spread so he must have... done something?? But you... You've got such a headache from trying to figure out what went wrong you can't think of how to even fix this from Earth!!

"Jay?" Chloe comes up to you from the side, looking nervous. "Are you okay?"

"No," you lament. "I really screwed things up this time."
"It's not your fault, Jay," she says.

"But-" you start to protest.

"IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!" She snarls- an emotion you've never really seen from her before. "God- DAMN IT, Jay! Just! Listen to me for once in your life!! WE. DID. EVERYTHING. TOGETHER. Avenger was programmed with four of the BEST MINDS POSSIBLE working on! If you're shouldering all the blame, I can't let that happen because I, and Major Carter, and Doctor Ohphee all share just as much of the blame!"

"But I pushed Avenger to be launched" You insist. "I'm the one who suggested it to General Hammond!!"

"Avenger's idea is a smart one," Chloe says. "It's a brilliant one!! Scrambling an Enemy DHD and ONLY the Enemy DHD is tactically sound! The problem is that it's affected everyone else!"

"And how is that NOT our fault??" You ask. "How is that not MY FAULT!?"

"Because SOMEONE ELSE did this!" Chloe reminds you. "There's NO WAY Avenger could trigger the Correlative Updates because we designed it NOT TO! This isn't us!"

"Then how do we fix it?" You ask. "HOW? This isn't like when me and Coombs rescued SG-1 from Her'ak! We're so far removed form the problem--"

You stop suddenly, an idea forming inside your head.

"Jay? Please tell me you're not thinking what I think you're thinking."

"We can't fix Avenger if we don't know exactly what Avenger is doing to the other DHDs," you say. "So... we overwrite Avenger's damage with our own DHD operating system, one patched to ignore Avenger, or whatever it's become."

"Hammond's given the all clear," Major Carter says somewhere about an hour after that. "Dammek and Callie are gearing up to go with me to Ba'al's planet... We're leaving in an hour. If you're coming with, gear up and meet us in the Gate Room."

You take all of five minutes to decide, and then begin packing.

All too soon, you're ready to go. Chloe isn't. She isn't gearing up, and she isn't going with you...

What she is doing is patting you on the face.

"Chloe...What are you doing?" You ask.

"I... saw Doctor Ohphee and Tetrarch Dammek doing something like this earlier and thought it was good luck?" she answers.

"I... think that's some Alternian Romance thing, actually," you cough, nervously.
"Oh." She blinks. "Pale?"

"I think so," you say.

"...Ah," she nods. "Not my intent at all then."

And then she kisses you. On the lips.

"...Good luck, Jay. Don't die," And then she skips off leaving you sort of in a daze for a moment.

Right. Good Luck. Don't Die.

Got It.

P5S-117, Ba'al's Mining/Staging ground world, Target of Avenger.

With the Gate Network down, there aren't any Jaffa patrolling the area, guess they don't see the need for it.
Tetrarch Dammek and Major Carter have a perimeter set up just in case, though. You and Doctor Ohphee are working on finding Avenger's program within the DHD. You had it target a very specific sub system and...

It's not too long before you've found it.

"Yeah... this isn't the Avenger we launched," Doctor Ohphee says. "Damn it. What the hell did Ba'al do to you, little one?"

"How long do you think it'll take to fix it?" Carter asks.

"Oh, who knows," you say, "could be anywhere from two hours to two weeks. We're going to have to write up our antivirus on the fly."

"Get to it, then," Dammek orders.

Doctor Ohphee nods, while you...

You remember Chloe kissing you, and then you look to the Alternian Girl and ask, "Do you want to tackle the scrambling symbols or the correlative updates?"

"Correlative," she answers, and with that, you both start furiously writing on your laptops.

An untold amount of time later, things went to hell suddenly- with a gun firing off and staff fire coming in return blasts.

"Keep working on the DHD!" Dammek orders as he and Carter fight off a Jaffa patrol that came through the area.
It's really hard to type and work at the same time. It really, really, is... You'll have anyone who dares say that you can type under pressure of imminently death know that fact instead! You-

Your thoughts are suddenly just as interrupted as the fight is by the arrival of an Al'kesh.

This is it, you think, surely this is how you die.

Its weapons charge, and--

PCHHH-WHOOOOMP!

-It fires on the Jaffa, sending them running.

How the--?

Everyone turns to look as the Al'kesh's ring platform activates and out comes Colonel O'neill and Teal'c.

"Hey Kids!" he grins.

"How the hell did you manage to pull this one off, Sir?" Carter asks, staring up at the Al'kesh.

"Oh, you know. A bit of diplomacy. A bit of betrayal. A lot of people deciding ruining Ba'al's day was more important than their own petty squabbles," O'neill answers.

"Indeed," Teal'c chimes in with a nod.

"Best part is, we get to keep the ship!" O'neill adds, gleefully.

A few hours later, you're back at the SGC after having triggered a NEW CORRELATIVE UPDATE session for the DHDs, delivering a new, improved, and Callie Ohphee Approved Dialing Program to the rest of the Galaxy.

It's also Avenger proofed- both your version and Ba'al's modified version.

And so it's with a bit of tired resignation that you return to your lab, wondering what the hell you're going to do with your life now that everything should be sorting itself out just fin-

... 

It must be your tired state after such a long day because your imagination is really going wild. Are those rose vases and... Plates of your favorite dinner that Mom used to make when you were a kid??

And why the hell is Chloe not wearing her lab coat either??

"Am I dead?" You ask her before she can say anything. "Is this all a dream??"

Chloe frowns, then says, "I'll show you whether its a dream or not!"

Needless to say, you were proven very much alive and not dreaming for the next two hours or so.
Elsewhere in the Galaxy, Anubis's metallic frame, though repaired to full functionality, sat still on his throne.

The Supergate was still disabled. Whatever miracle had reset the Stargate Network to functioning order had not been applied to the Supergate.

There was only one Goa'uld to blame- only ONE Goa'uld who had benefited from the day's long chaos that had been the Stargate Network going offline.

"BA'AL," Anubis growls.

Despite Ba'al's attacks, Anubis' fleets were all still relatively at majority strength. A bit less than before, but still...

"VERY WELL, IF THE SUPERGATE IS DEACTIVATED, IT IS TIME TO ABANDON IT."
He calls for his First Prime, and she enters a minute later. "Marrow, give the order. Begin fleet movements for plan null. Have the first of the Kull warriors released. Slaughter these fools!!"

"At once, My Lord," and thus, Marrow turns to leave.

And thus, Anubis brings up a holographic communication screen- one featuring yet another previously written message. "AND SO ENDS OUR ALLIANCE, ENGLISH."

He presses SEND.

In another Galaxy, English's computer terminal bings with "ONE NEW TEXT MESSAGE."

The message itself would go unread for another five hours, due to the fact that English was preparing another shipment of fleet ships to go on deployment just that minute. That said, after English read it, he would be scraping his current invasion plans immediately for the Alternian Galaxy.

Instead, he would begin reworking immediately to send his forces Milky Way bound.

The message would read as follows:

ENGLISH.

I APPRECIATE THE SEVERAL MONTHS WORTH OF BODY REPAIR MAINTENANCE WORK YOU'VE SENT MY WAY... HOWEVER, DUE TO UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCES, IT SEEMS YOUR SUPERGATE AS PROVIDED
HAS STOPPED WORKING, FATALLY.

THAT IS TO SAY... THE DOORWAY IS CLOSED.

YOUR ASSISTANCE IN MY CONQUEST OF THIS GALAXY IS NO LONGER REQUIRED NOR NEEDED. THAT IS TO SAY... I QUIT.

HAPPY HUNTING WHOEVER IT IS YOU WISH TO HUNT IN THAT OTHER GALAXY. IT IS NOT IMPORTANT TO ME ANY MORE. AS LONG AS THEY STAY IN THEIR GALAXY, AND YOU IN YOURS, WE CAN ALL GET ALONG WITHOUT HORRIBLY MURDERING EACH OTHER. ONE LAST... TOKEN OF GOOD FAITH, AS IT WERE.

WATCHING FOR THE DAMOCLES SWORD FOREVER HANGING OVER YOUR HEAD, WITH CHEER, ANUBIS.

Undetected, however, was the WORM VIRUS released with the message's arrival, independent of the message's opening.

As it so happened, by the time English reviewed the message and had it scanned for bugs, it was already too late.

Every single one of the networked computers linked to that one machine would suffer an utterly humiliating virus that Anubis had humorously stolen from an Earth Movie about cloning ancient extinct creatures that the fool Jayni had insisted he watch to "better understand her research security" (Namely that it was nowhere near as easily confounded as it was in a simple Earth Movie).

Anubis did find the idea of a virus that locked down all computer interfaces to be inoperable and taunted everyone within hearing range with the incredibly annoying recorded taunt of "AH AH AH, YOU DIDN'T SAY THE MAGIC WORD" to be...Oh, so, very...

AMUSING.

English, on the other hand, found it a grave insult to his intelligence, hence the decision to change invasion destinations.

Chapter End Notes

And so Anubis' chronic Back Stabbing Lifestyle rears its head yet again.

Two more MAJOR chapters til the end of A5A1, probably with some time filling interviews to fill in the gaps as I write, because the end of A5A1 and the start of A5A2 are going to be long ones.

DIASPORA DATE: 12/08/0003.

Your name is Jake Harley, and you feel right at home in front of the camera. It's not the first time nor will it be the last you're in front of one of these beauties. In fact, you've got a few more interviews lined up over the next month with this specific interviewer, Emmett Bregman, specifically!!

You could do with less clothing, but that is the price to pay for being on Television, eventually.

"Jake Harley, world renowned Adventurer, Inventor, CEO of multiple companies... murdered violently and then regressed to the age of a Teenager via cloning?"

"That's me, yes," you flash a million dollar grin.

"...How has that affected your life?"

"The cloning? It's been a curse and a blessing at the same time," you answer.

"How so?"

"Well, it's a curse in that the life I used to live is basically gone, and I have to pretend I'm not who I am... but it's a blessing in that I can live life back to its fullest once again. I've gotten a second chance and can connect with my family better than I ever had before," you answer.

"Such as with your children, or your sister's side of the family?"

"Exactly," you nod. "Exactly that! And also... there's a chance for romance again now that I never considered again after my wife had died."

"Ah, yes. There's a mention here somewhere of you pursuing a Relationship with an Alternian singer?"

"Chixie, yes," you smile, probably a bit dorkily. "Now there's a story and a half."

"I'd imagine it is one, but one we can cover in one of our later interviews."

"Indeed."

"So, let's talk about how your early life, how did things start out?"

"Ah," you smile, a bit forced. "Yes, that's certainly a starting point indeed... I suppose... it all begins when I was born..."
pieces of memory snap back into place. Things you once knew about the history of the program connect together within your mind as you hear things as described.

It's funny, how these things are coming together better as you hear it, rather than reading it.

By the time he gets to the point of recruiting you to the program and your solving of the problem, a good two hours have passed, more than several bottles of water have been drunk, and a decent chunk of your memory has slotted back into place.

You feel more at ease with yourself than you have the last few months.

"Now then, with us caught up to the point you were brought into the Stargate Program," Emmett says, "I think it's a good point to take a break and pause to reflect. Is there anything else you'd like to add before we end?"

"I..." Jake muses for a moment. "Yes, I do believe so."

"You have the stage then," Emmett allows.

"I've sometimes wondered what kind of perverse birthright my Mother had in mind for me and Jane..." Jake begins, "but honestly, I'm just glad to be able to say that we made our own lives apart from her wishes. It's simple and cheesy, perhaps, but at the same time, I'm fond of the freedom that choice allows."

"You're going to make the most of it that you can?"

"And with the second chance at life me and Jane have gotten, doubly so, yes," he nods.

A few minutes later, you and he are walking to the cafeteria for lunch.

"So," Jake begins as you get into the elevator and ride it. "I saw the dawning look of recognition on your face at some points. I'm guessing my talk with Emmett helped with your memory problems?"

"Yeah," you answer. "I've got most of it back now, I think. There are still a few gaps and blanks, but... I think I've got most of it back."

"That's good," Jake smiles. "I'm glad to hear it. Maybe you'll be fit for duty again and can come hang out with us in Alternia for a while."

"I'm not sure I'd ever really fit in there," you say. "I don't remember ever visiting it, personally, but that could still be a gap in my memory so who knows at this point."

"Well, the planet itself is pretty much dead, but the Galaxy itself is very alive," Jake says. "I hear Joey and the others are hunting down Adria's ship right now, thanks to Cassie's help. Though, I'm not quite sure what spawned the sudden push to find Adria and claim her ship as spoils of war. Cassie seemed to think she was being kept in the dark about something, though she said she didn't mind considering the chance of information leaks reaching Anubis' and English's ears was higher for some reason if she were told." He frowns. "I'm not sure what's up with that. I'd ask Jude, but I'm pretty sure that'd get him trying to dig up some conspiracy that might not be anything more than operational security."

...Uh...
"...And then I realize how far I have to go because I drew a blank with every single one of those names again even though I know I remember remembering them, but I forgot again somehow??" You frown.

"It's a process," Jake says, patting you on the shoulder. "Things will work out in the end and you'll remember everything you need to. And if you don't? It'll probably end up being all the bad stuff you don't want to remember anyways."

"Thanks," you say.

You just hope you remember everything important BEFORE some critical deadline of information usability passes... if any such thing even really exists.

Chapter End Notes

Still working on the next ALT chapter. Have some Jake and Daniel interaction.
YEARS IN THE FUTURE.

(OH SO MANY YEARS YOU WOULDN'T EVEN BELIEVE IT IF I WROTE OUT A "BUT NOT MANY" AND CROSSED OUT THE "NOT" BECAUSE IT'S JUST *THAT MANY YEARS.*)

On the Planet Haven in the Alternian Galaxy, life was at its end.

There was but a desert as the sun's colapse began its final encroaching pass. Only the Stargate and DHD remained on its surface, baking away in the heat.

This far flung in the future, nobody would dare dial in to a planet about to be consumed by its own sun... And yet-

THUNK.

-The Chevrons rapidly started lighting up, one by one by one until-

WAAA WAAA! KAWOOOOOOOSH!

For a moment, everything was calm.

And then- SCHLORP!!- two figures tussling with each other came flying out of the wormhole. The two figures hit the sand and tumbled before rolling to a stop against the DHD.

The figure on top, the one in black painted KULL WARRIOR ARMOR, was suddenly kicked away with a force powerful enough to send them flying atleast twenty feet away.

The other figure, a girl with orange hair and green eyes and dressed in an SGC uniform, got to her feet, tiredly, glaring at the enemy even as she decaptchalogued a green glowing, Mofang Styled Replicator and put it into the DHD. With a hand pat to it to convey orders, the Replicator gave a chirp and waited for the Stargate to shut down before it started to dial out again.

"I THINK THAT'S ENOUGH!" The girl with orange hair yelled out, tiredly, at the figure in black who just started to get to their feet. "I REALLY THINK THAT'S JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF ALL OF THIS!!" She took a deep breath, and yelled out, "BA'AL!!"
The figure in black tore off their mask, and let their- HER- face be exposed to the burning environment.

The snarling, blue skinned face of ADRIA stared back at the girl, eyes flashing with the tell-tale possession of a Goa'uld.

"Polendina," They snarl. "Did you really think Time Travel would get you out of this fight? Did you really think bringing us to the FUTURE would somehow change the past!? You can't get rid of me. My plans are forever in motion!! Just because you stole me away to another Galaxy and shoved me through a Stargate, doesn't mean-

"I am the Bone of My Sword!" Penny chanted to herself, summoning a whirling mass of particulate matter out of her sylladex and into her hand- forming it into a SWORD.

"DON'T YOU DARE!!" Ba’al/Adria roared, and summoned a sword of their own out of green fire.

Their blades clashed in the desert that had once been Haven. Blue steel flashed brightly against green flame.

“I Create and I Recreate!” Penny continued on, decaptchaloguing more dust from her Sylladex and transforming them into swords that somehow floated in the air according to her will. “I Trace and I Replicate!!”

“NO! NO! NO! YOU CAN’T!! YOU DON’T HAVE THE RESOURCES!!!” The Goa’uld Taunted, summoning an equal amount of swords made of flame to counter.

“AND SO I SAY TO YOU--!” Penny roars, leaping backwards several hops - “BEHOLD--!”

And then a multitude of swords appeared around her- in saw blade like formation.

“UNLIMITED--!!”

“NOOOO!” Adria/Ba’al leaped forwards after her.

“BLADE--!!”

“DIEEEEE!!”

WAAA WAAA!

In that moment, Ba’al/Adria realized their mistake, and their eyes turned to the right in dramatic, slow motion as the Stargate’s unstable vortex suddenly emerged and shot forwards with a final KAWOOOOOOOSH!

As the vortex receded back into the Supergate, leaving nothing left of the enemy in Black, Penny sighed in relief and let her very, VERY flimsy swords return back into her Sylladex as particle dust.
“You were right,” she lamented. “I didn’t have the resources for another full out version of that...” She laughs. “But I sure made you think I did, didn’t I?”

And with that, she turns back to the DHD, reaches out an arm, and recapchalogues the Replicator.

She then turns towards the Stargate, and steps up to it, counting down to the timer running on her watch, before nodding, and stepping through the eventhorizon.

A moment later, the SUN EXPLODES, racing forwards and consuming the planet entirely, but not before the burst of energy affected the wormhole, and sent it hurtling back, back, BACK in time.


DIASPORA DATE: 11/24/0003.

Your name is Joey Claire, and once again, you find yourself standing on the stairs of the Haven Stargate Ramp, looking at a version of Jude and Cassie’s daughter, your niece, Penny Polendina Harley.

She’s older, at least a teenager this time, you want to say... And yet... there’s something in her eyes.

“Aunt Joey,” she smiles. “I’m glad you came.”

“Well, when Tyzias dialed out, radioed and said there was something I just had to see,” you say, “I wasn’t expecting you.”

“I’m just glad she listened to my request and didn’t radio Okurii first,” Penny sighs in relief. “I wasn’t looking forwards to doing a debriefing on the Beltus while it’s still under construction so soon after getting back here.” She takes a large breathful of air. “I wanted to enjoy this forest a little bit longer.”

You look Penny over. She’s wearing a green colored SGC uniform, though the upper half is rolled down around her waist at the moment, forming a sort of mock skirt. You can see her arms, and they’re covered in sword-line shaped burn marks and bloodied bandages. There’s even a few plasters in her hair.

You look to Tyzias, who gives you a tired shrug in response. Apparently she couldn’t get much out of Penny either.

“What’s going on?” You ask.

“I suppose the easiest way to summarize is,” Penny looks you in the eyes. “I’ve come to deliver a warning. A potential way to divert the bad end I lived through.” Again?

“Again?” You ask. “That seems to happen a lot anymore.”

“Yes, well...” She laughs, nervously. “You’ll see what I mean in a minute. If Callie’s calculations of a solar detonation were correct, I should have wound up in the past, somewhere around March,
April, or May?

“It’s late May on earth,” you say.

“Oh, good,” she sighs in relief. “It’s not too late then.” She then gets a serious look on her face. “Around this time, Anubis is preparing to make a grand move against the rest of Milky Way, and also, against English. English is going to be mad, and he’s going to withdraw all of his military conquests across the multiverse to attack Milky Way personally. After he’s finished destroying Anubis, it’s going to be hell for everyone.”

“That’s... both good and not good,” you say.

“Yes,” Penny nods. “However, that’s not why I’m here. Specifically, I mean. On a planet called Dakara, during one of English and Anubis’ scuffles, we discovered another tablet. This one described a weapon that could be used against Ascended Beings... to strip them of the worshipping support their followers gave them. The only catch was it was left behind in the Galaxy English took over. And... well, by the time we realized it, English had already returned to his throne there and it was near impossible to get our hands on it... but we pulled it off, somehow. It worked, and English was stripped of all of his Ascended powers, making him as Mortal as he was before he’d gone to that galaxy. We killed him with Plan D.”

“Okay...” You frown, “So where did everything go wrong?”

“Adria survived,” Penny tells you, “and Ba’al implanted himself into her.”

“...Oh,” you swear. “Fucking hell.”

“Exactly,” she nods. “I... I just killed her before arriving here. The Stargate Kawoosh disintegrated her.” She takes a breath, then exhales. “I’d like to prevent the atrocities that she committed against everyone by setting things into motion early.” She decapitalogues a familiar looking Replicator Brick shaped storage crystal. “This contains everything you need to know.”

You take the crystal, look it over, and then pocket it while asking, “So what are you going to do now?”

“Oh, that I already know,” she smiles. “But while that’s a spoiler and I’d like to keep it a surprise until that part of the time loop resolves itself naturally... I suppose if I’m already changing history I might as well make it clear. I’m going to go back in time again, and go to Silica’s World, Alfheim, using the Quantum Mirror that sent you all to the world that let you get the copied Shaper and Reaper Crystals before it’s broken the first time.”

“You’re going to break the mirror, aren’t you?” You ask, suspiciously.

“Not unless someone forces me to break it to prevent them from following me,” she answers honestly. “I’d really rather not be the cause of that particular part of history, necessary as it might be for how things went after that, regarding Egeria.”

“Well,” you say, “I can’t really see anything wrong with that, but why Alfheim?” You ask.

“Spoilers,” Penny answers, “I can’t answer that without destabilizing what I’m going to try to accomplish on that side. I know it mostly works out until Ba’al takes over Adria, so... Yeah. I’ve got a lot to do until then that’s already been done and not a lot of time left to do it.”
“Hence why you didn’t want to do a debrief,” you surmise.

“Exactly,” she nods.

“You don’t have to do it, you know,” you say. “You’re just a kid.”

“Actually,” she admits shyly. “I’m a lot older than I look. I... I kind of had an incident with the nanites from that one planet that made Gen- Colonel O’neill turn into an old man for a day. ‘Scept, it made me young, and I haven’t aged up again since.”

“...Really?” You frown. “How old are you anyways?”

“Twenty-eight,” she answers.

“....What.” You stare.

“It’s been a really, really long time, Aunt Joey,” she says. “Also, yeah. Me getting doused with nanites? Make sure I avoid that this time? It’s on the crystal too.”

“Of course,” you nod. Then... “Hey,” you hold your arms out wide. “C’mere, Penny.”

She rushes up and hugs you back almost as tightly as you hug her.

She sobs into your shoulder, and you let her.

Absently, you notice Tyzias turning and looking away to stare at something else in a tree.

“It’s going to be alright,” you tell her. “It’s going to be alright.”

You really hope you’re not lying.

“...This...” your name is Ganos Lal, and you exhale in disbelief as the data on the crystal is presented to you. “The Ark of Truth. She’s correct, that sort of object would sever the ties between the Ori and their Followers... but if English truely is using the same connection... I’m not sure if it would or not.”

“It might just work the same way my part of Regent does,” Mierfa says. “On a larger scale, of course.”

“It’s actually severely limited in range,” you inform them. “You’d need the light to hit an Ori Prior, and have the light travel through their staves to the masses... But of course, English might have made things different than that.”

“So, the plan Penny’s suggesting here,” Joey says, “is a small team of us go in, find the Ark where we know it already is from her time around, and use it on English’s people while English is out on the town in Milky Way, weakening him while he’s fighting Anubis.”

“And to do that, we’re going to need the Ori Ship Adria is on in our Galaxy,” Okurii points out the flaw in the plan. “A ship we still don’t know where it is.”
“We bring Cassie in on this,” Joey says. “But only for finding the ship. Tell her we’re ending things with Adria before they get worse. She doesn’t need to know about this other future Penny.”

“Alright,” Okurii nods, then looks to you. “Tell us everything you know about this ‘Ark of Truth.’”

You sigh. “Okay. It’s... It’s a long story. As you know, the Race known now as the Ancients were the first evolution of the human form... In the Milky Way. We were a splinter group, in all honesty. We were just one of several races of similar, humanoid groups in our origin Galaxy.” You grimace. “Even then we were not united, an ethics divide split between the people we once were. There were those of us who became the Ancients, who thought of ourselves just as a race of exceptionally long lived mortals with a knack for science and the potential to evolve into higher energy beings. We wanted to discover and to create and to observe and to protect... but to never rule.” You close your eyes, remembering the events and the stories and everything that lead to that point. “The others, who came to call themselves the Ori, thought themselves gods, with a small G as mortals, and GODS, all capitals, when Ascended.”

“Sounds like Earth Politics,” Polypa remarks.

“Let’s not get into that right now,” Xefros requests. “I’d like to hear where Ganos is going with this first.”

“Thank you,” you say. “The Ori had forced us Alterans- who would become the Ancients- into hiding- and had the other races of the Galaxy worship them as gods. Even though we knew we must do something, we were torn.” You grimace. “The debates were terrible. One of our own designed a Device- the Ark of Truth- that would completely convince anyone who bathed in its light that the Ori were not gods. But to use it on a galactic scale was unthinkable. It was borderline crossing the edge of doing what the Ori had done to the other people in that galaxy... So, instead, we buried it and ran for another Galaxy.”

“And that original Galaxy you came from,” Tyzias guesses, “it’s the one Destiny’s course diverted to go around, winding up here in Alternia instead, right?”

“Exactly,” you nod. “The Ori knew we were still out there and wanted us gone. So they reached out with scout ships, trying to find us. They found Alternia and English instead, but they did also find us in Milky Way.”

“The Plague,” Joey says, and you nod again.

“Yes... A lot of us decided to run again, fled with one of our city ships to yet another Galaxy, and we resided there for some time. Others, here in Milky Way, tried to find ways of averting our doom.” You shake your head. “In the end, events in that other Galaxy lead to us returning to Milky Way to accept our fate.”

“So you chose not to use the Ark for moral reasons?” Okurii asks.

“Essentially, yes, that was their decision,” you pause, then say. “If it makes any difference, I had been on the side who believed using the Ark was the right choice. And I believe it’s the right choice now, as well, even more so than ever before.”

“Let’s figure out where Adria is then,” Okurii decides. “Colonel Claire,” she looks to Joey, “put your team together. I want to hit English where it hurts as soon as physically possible.”
“If it comes to it, I can always sucker punch him in the Jaw again, General,” Joey punches her right fist into her left hand.

“Let’s save that for after we’ve depowered him,” Okurii says, smiling. "Now then, if we’re scheduling a mission to the ‘Ori’ Galaxy, then there's something else I need to inform you all about."

"And what's that?" You ask.

"We believe English is launching a multi-dimensional invasion from there as well. Aincrad is under the most immediate threat at the moment, it seems like." She looks Joey in the eyes and says, "When you gather your team, Colonel, make sure you mention that the Ark is not the only objective you'll be targeting over there. Your other half of this mission is to find and permanently stop English's Multiverse shenanigans."

"Understood, Ma'am," Joey nods.

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**EARTH DATE: JUNE 7TH, 2000.**

**DIASPORA DATE: 12/08/0003.**

If there was one thing Adria knew all too well, it was the fact that hiding would have only kept her safe from the enemy for only so long. Hiding out on the Carapacian home world would only LAST for so long before they got mad and kicked her off world.

She never expected them to start testing this strange mineral deposit found in the after math of one of the Ultrazord's devastatingly powerful attacks on their own moons.

She never expected it to cause a chain reaction that transformed both moons into a crescent shape without the shadow of the planet having anything involved in the matter.

She also never expected them to blame the OTHER SIDE for it going badly and reigniting a civil war that she had no hope of quelling.

And so Adria left the Carapacians to fight among themselves.

Her ship went to Hyperspace for approximately three hours before dropping out mid-way back to the Supergate, mostly just to strategically retreat back home and to recover her army and forces. The dropping out was because the ships sensors suddenly reported that there was something LARGE blocking their path which, really shouldn't even have BEEN a thing given the way Hyperspace worked.

...Which implied that SOMEONE had managed to hack into the ship's computer. But, Adria didn't have time to worry about that because, GUESS WHAT.

There really was a massive object blocking her ship's path.

It was the Ultrazord- arm cannons all raised and primed to fire and...
They sent a broadwave.

"This is your Marquise, Ashler Dering, queen pirate of these here high Alternian seas, speaking!!
Surrender now, and prepare to be boarded!!"

 Needless to say, Adria didn't have much of a choice because seconds after that transmission was sent- PVVVVM-SHING!!

A boarding party transported onto the bridge, surrounding her entirely, with Zats and Stun Rifles pointed straight at her face.

"...Well," Adria swore, "Fuck me."

"Sorry," one Roxy Lalonde smirks, finger flexing over her Zat's trigger button. "But you're not my type."

PCH-ZYU!!

And then Adria knew no more.

"Alright," your name is Joey Claire, and you take command of the bridge while Roxy and Xefros tie up Adria. "Tyzias, Mallek, Carter, get to seeing if the operating system really is as insecure as Cassie said it'd be. I want to know if we really need to keep Adria alive to get through to Ori galaxy or not. Polypa, Mierfa, Daraya, O'neill, sweep the ship for anybody who we don't want causing problems."

"Yes, Ma'am, Colonel, Ma'am," the young clone of Jack O'neill smarmily replies with a lazy salute in your direction.

"Don't get smart with me, Jimmyy," you roll your eyes, then look to Xefros and Roxy. "Xef, Rox, take the bridge and set a course for the Supergate." Then, to the final members of your team, Trizza Tethis and Aradia Megido, the former still standing unsteadily on her recently finished-regrowing leg. "You two, keep watch on the bridge in case of intruders."

A short while later, and soon enough the Ship is secured.

You grab the radio, and broadcast over to the Ultrazord. "Tegiri, Ashler, tell Okurii we've taken the ship and will be departing just as soon as you've got a lock on the prisoners to teleport back over."

"Roger that, Colonel," Tegiri answers. "We'll beam Ganos Lal over while we're doing that."

"Right," you nod.

"Good luck out there, and come back safe and sound with the Ark, and all sorts of interdimensional treasure!" Ashler chimes in. "And give that bastard English a bloody nose while you're at it!!"

"Roger that," you reply. "Recover the Ancient Ark of Truth, Collect Treasure, Give English a Bloody Nose, and return home safe."

PVVVM-SHING! And then Ganos Lal teleports in.
"Course laid in, Joey," Xefros says soon thereafter.

"Right," you nod. "Take us out to the Supergate."

The ship swerves around the Ultrazord, and then space warps brilliantly, and PCH-WOOOSH! Into Hyperspace you go!

Now, all you've gotta do is wait until English is out of the Galaxy. Shouldn't be too much longer, according to Penny's Intel. By the time you finish this hyperspace jump to the Supergate, it should be just about time to pass through.

In the mean time, you think you'll review the data on the crystal to try and see if there are any more 'tricks' you can pull off on the other side, like broadcasting a signal that made Adria's ship think there was something in its path that it couldn't push past via Hyperspace. Which was a fancy little deceptive trick, after all. Better to be prepared for whatever it is Penny thinks you'll need to get things done than get caught with your pants down at the wrong moment.

Meanwhile, down in the core of the Ori vessel's computer banks, along with that transmission that had tricked the computers into thinking there was an unavoidable mass in the ship's path had been included a small subroutine tied to the ship's food synthesizers.

And thus, a count down timer began to tick backwards... And when it reached Zero, something ominous and unknown would be generated and it would--

Oh, who am I kidding, we all know it's going to be a Replicator, right?

Meanwhile, in the Milky Way Galaxy, the SUPERGATE ACTIVATES, and soon emerging from it is a massive armada of ORI CLASS SHIPS, and quite a few that are MUCH BULKIER than usual. Flying the banner of LORD ENGLISH in the center of it all is the SERPENT MECH.

And onboard, Lord English himself sits on his throne, eyes cycling rainbow colors angrily.

None of Anubis' Fleet remains in orbit to guard the Supergate, as expected.

"SECURE THE SUPERGATE," He orders. "TAKE IT WITH US TO THE NEW. MORE SECURE. AND EVEN MORE UNKNOWN LOCATION."

"My Lord," a Servant begins, "Shall we begin the process of checking the Supergate for damage-?"

"NO."

"ANUBIS LIES. THERE IS NO PROGRAMMING FAULT OR PHYSICAL DEFECT. HE SIMPLY. LIED. TO TRY TO KEEP US FROM COMING. TO PUNISH HIM. FOR HIS ASTOUNDINGLY. STUPID. BETRAYAL."

"Of course, my Lord..." And with that, the Servant walks away.

Of course, if English had checked, he would have found the Supergate definitely was not working.
But he didn't, because he was an idiot like that. A childish brat who refused to think things through for even a moment.

Why, if even someone were to tell him that his eventual demise would happen in the proximity of a field of horses galloping rapidly like meteoric stallions plunging headlong off a cliff to their doom...

Well, he wouldn't even bother trying to figure it out. He'd just brush it off as more lies and nonsense.

No, if he dared to think it through for even a minute, he wouldn't actually be LORD MOTHER FUCKING ENGLISH, now would he?

Chapter End Notes

So yeah. The Ark of Truth story arc in a proper episodic format instead of a movie format! Wheeeee!

...Coming to you soon, in Act 5 Act 2.

Tomorrow will be the last chapter of A5A1 and the first chapter of A5A2, which will be another Interview to frame the arc ahead that will follow.
Chapter Summary

"Being strong on your own is meaningless. To have power you need other people, and they need a world where they can be at their best." - The infamous "Villain in Glasses," Aincrad Academy's Strategy Teacher, Professor Shiroe

...Atleast, you're pretty sure he said that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

DIASPORA DATE: 01/19/0004.

Your name is TEAL'C, and if there was one thing you were expecting out of a field of dead Jaffa, it was the hope that their murderer was still around.

What you weren't expecting was the monster that did this to be yet another KULL WARRIOR - except this one was completely humanoid and NOT Lizard-like at all.

You also weren't expecting its armor to actually tank something along the lines of SEVEN ZAT SHOTS before collapsing to the ground.

You'd thought, maybe Anubis had rushed the armor production...

But no, as Major Carter sadly informed you when you got back to base, it had simply died of a heart failure... or to be more specific...

"It was never alive to begin with," Selmak deduced after looking at the readings. "It was brought to life after being cloned to full size already dead. These readings are similar to a Sarcophagus, except... different."

Different enough to identify the technology behind it as THE SOURCE of the Sarcophagus technology. Some ANCIENT DEVICE of ANCIENT DESIGN that a Goa'uld inventor by the name of TELCHAK had gotten their hands on and then fought with Anubis over.

Anubis had killed Telchak, but never got his hands on the device. Of course, as Anubis likely got his hands on ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY SCHEMATICS as a formerly Ascended Being, he probably just got the designs for it and built a new one from scratch.

Jonas Quinn, upon hearing the name of the Goa'uld and the location he used to rule on Earth, immediately made a connection.

"Doctor Jackson was telling me the other day about him remembering about his Grandfather,
Nicholas Ballard, and I was doing some research into that and it turns out that Daniel's grandfather once was searching for the Fountain of Youth, and he happened to leave one of his journals on it in Daniel's possession..." Jonas plucked the book off of a shelf. "Ah! Here we go."

And thus he went on to explain about the FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH myth probably related to this ANCIENT IMMORTALITY DEVICE whose side-effects from the first five minutes were at minimum ten times worse than long term sarcophagus exposure.

And while Hammond soon ordered Jonas Quinn and DOCTOR BILL LEE to go fetch the device from somewhere in HONDURAS, the rest of SG-1 was tasked with CAPTURING a KULL WARRIOR.

Thankfully, you had a target for your target to be seeking- a Minor System Lord who had survived that ambushed summit, named RAMIUS.

SG-1, SG-3, SG-5, Bra'tac, and a small team of Free Jaffa were then dispatched.

And that brings you to the here and now. Setting in a canyon, waiting for a Kull Warrior to make its appearance.

It's boring.

Oh. So. Boring.

You're bored to the point you're thinking back on events that lead to the here and now.

Now what do you think about? You glance at your watch. You wonder how Jonas Quinn and Doctor Lee are doing?

"You know, it's surprisingly cramped in these tunnels. I wonder why??"

"I noticed, Doctor Lee, and I'm not liking it either. Knowing my luck the moment we retrieve the device this whole place is going to flood and the tight tunnels will make it harder to escape."

"Ah. Yes. Water pressure. Hate that."

It's probably a lot more fun than you're having right-

"Colonel O'neill! Contact from the gate! One black figure stalking your way up the road!" Comes over the radio.

"Roger that," O'neill says, then barks the order: "Everyone in position!!"

And thus, but a scant minute later, a series of failed attempts to capture the Kull Warrior occur.

Force shield? The Kull Warrior walked right through it.
Tranquilizer Darts to the cloth portion of the armor? Shrugged right off.

C-4? The explosion cloud was parted like it was a curtain.

Staff blasts and Zats and even some prototype armor breaking weapons??

The Kull Warrior took aim with its wrist blasters and shot off multiple bursts at the Jaffa and SG-3, wounding all very severely.

And then it just kept on walking away and...

Oh, now that's not good. Ramius' loyal Jaffa have arrived now, investigating the noise, and seem to think you were staging an attack against their "God."

Wisely, Bra'tac negotiates a surrender to allow the chance to heal your wounded.

Yeah. Today did not go well so far.

You hope Jonas Quinn and Doctor Lee are having a better time than you are.

"WHY DID YOU SAY IT HAD TO FLOOD FOR!!?"

"COME ON, BILL! A LITTLE PRESSURE IS GOOD FOR YOU!"

"THIS IS NOT A- PWFFF!- THIS IS NOT A 'LITTLE PRESSURE', QUINN!!"

Half an hour of sitting in a jail cell later, and the Free Jaffa who let you onto the planet finally have an opportunity to let you all escape.

Of course, the opportunity comes from the Kull Warrior being able to kill Ramius, leaving his Cargo Ship alone and unguarded and...

"I have an idea," Major Carter says, eyeing the ring platform.

"Sam, No, that's a stupid idea and just as likely to kill the Kull Warrior as capture it!" Jolinar protests, loudly.

"What idea?" O'neill asks. Major Carter answers. O'neill then says, "Jolinar, with all due respect. 'Sam, Yes!'"

And so you pull off the crazy stunt of flying Ramius' Cargo Ship over the retreating Kull Warrior and ringing it onboard into a life support disabled cargo hold.

...It takes about five whole minutes before it falls unconscious from the lack of oxygen.

Thankfully, that's all that happens. It remains alive for the entire time it takes you to get the
abomination against nature through the Stargate and bound and tied up securely, armor removed, in the SGC.

And from there, you're stuck waiting for it to wake up so Jacob and Selmak can use a Memory Recall device on it.

It's a long wait. You wonder what Jonas Quinn and Doctor Lee are doing?

"So.... Drug Cartel Lords or Revolutionaries seeking a quick buck?"

"I don't know, Bill, why don't you ask the people pointing the guns at us?"

"Just, if you had to guess?"

"Revolutionaries probably, with a side job of drug cartel nastiness."

"I was afraid you'd say that."

"Why did you ask, then?"

"I dunno. Dread curiosity, I guess?? I'm blindfolded. What else do I have to speculate on during this long, dark trek through the woods? Certainly not a mystical portal from which my daring Warhammer character will leap out of at a moments notice."

"For obvious reasons I'm not going to reiterate in present company, I have no idea what that means."

"Ah... Right. Right. Gotcha."

"Who do you serve?" You ask of the Kull Warrior- whose face is pale as a ghost and slimy as a frog.

The Goa'uld symbiote within dully stares out through its foggy eyes, before hissing out a raspy, "I. Serve. Anubis! Haaaaa!" And he tries to breathe on you.

Ew.

"No surprises there," Major Carter says.

"Now let's ask him where he was born," Jacob says.

The Kull Warrior hisses, but... it's too late. His memory is dragged up and projected for all to see.

Stars. A constellation of his home.

"You have NOTHING." The Kull Warrior taunts.

"On the contrary," Jacob grins. "You just gave us a star map we can reverse engineer to get a Gate Address from. We have your home Planet!"
The Warrior hisses. "Impossibleee..."

"Wanna bet?" Carter smirks. "How many of you has Anubis made?"

The Warrior growls, eyes wrenched shut, clearly trying not to think of it...

And yet, images rush past on the projection. Symbiotes by the hundred, maybe thousand, swarming and squirming around each other.

Ah, this is probably not good at all. You hope things are going better with Jonas Quinn and Doctor Lee.

Your name is Jonas Quinn, and you flinch as sunlight bursts into your eyes once more as the bag over your head is yanked off.

"Welcome, welcome," the man who'd kidnapped you both and shot at your tour guide smirks at you. "To your new home until you are either rescued or you die."

It's a shack.

"Now, you have a few options. Tell us who you are and why you're here stealing artifacts, or your stay is not so pleasant."

"...We're just archaeologists-" Bill tries, only for your captor's disapproved tongue clicking against his teeth to silence his attempts.

"See, Archeologists travel in packs and hire their own security. Who are you two, really? What is the box you're after?"

"...Okay, if you really want to know that badly," you decide you might as well test the truth and see how well it floats. "Truth is we're Aliens from another planet seeking an ancient device that will help us defeat an enemy of ours who has invincible super soldiers."

Okay, so maybe that wasn't the exact truth, but still.

"...." The man—probably the ring leader of this entire operation—just stares at you like you'd grown a second head. "That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard."

You've got a feeling he's not going to believe you even if you DID tell him the full truth and nothing but the truth.

"'The Tok'ra call it Tartarus,'" your name is Samantha Carter, and you're leading the briefing with O'neill, Bra'tac, Teal'c, and Daniel, who's joining in to 'try to jog his memory more.' "It was a seemingly unoccupied planet on the edge of Goa'uld controlled space."
"The Tok'ra are currently trying to figure out what the defenses are," Dad chimes in. "We think that Anubis is likely using force shields around his Stargate like Joey observed on his ship, likely only allowing stargate access for Kull Warriors who can pass through the fields without harm."

"So, we suit someone up in one of the Kull Warrior suits and go through the Gate," O'Neill begins, when Hammond emerges from his office after having to suddenly take a phone call.

"I'm afraid I have bad news," he announces. "The Honduran government just received a ransom notice for Jonas Quinn and Bill Lee. They're being held in Nicaragua, somewhere, but as of this moment we don't know where exactly they are."

You look to O'Neill, and he grimaces.

TO BE CONTINUED.

>END OF ACT 5 ACT 1.

Chapter End Notes

A5A2 will launch in a few minutes, given editing time.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!