Time of the Enterprises

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Summary

A story where Q is sent to the Original Enterprise in 2265. Exiled, really. In a timeline that does not require any Prime Directives from the Q. Who says there isn't reasons why a Q should get the taste of their own medicine? This takes place shortly after the events of 'Mirror,Mirror'. This is told in Q's perspective.

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"What is the matter now, Jean-Luc?" I asked, sitting in the seat where the emphatic would usually sit beside Jean-Luc. I had my elbow leaned against the arm rest with one side of my face cupped and my legs were one over another.

The Enterprise shook.

"You tell me what you've done to my ship!" Jean-Luc demanded.

I blinked at first finding it rather amusing that A) the technobabbly humans have decided I would want to make the Enterprise have a problem without a good reason at all. B) I just came, in the flesh, for a question I cannot answer. And C) I am in my good white tuxedo!

"I have done nothing, Jean-Luc," I said. I looked over toward the screen. ".Oh Picard," I turned my head toward the bald headed human. "You are not suppose to be here! What brings you here in this corner of the universe? And what makes you think I had any part in this?"

"Because you came and said so," Riker said.

I snapped my fingers freezing the Enterprise in time except for the bridge.

"How outrageous," I said. "Don't you see I am in a tuxedo?"

The two humans looked at me.

"I wouldn't ask why," Riker said.

"I was busy enjoying my free time without Junior!" I went on. "Teaching a human named Austin Powers how to get his brother to dressing more casually than the gray suit." Riker had a shocked look and Jean-Luc, oh Jean-Luc, had a dead serious look on his face. "Now... I snapped my fingers appearing right in the middle of the room across from the three. "I will send you back where you should be!"

I snapped my fingers, but this time, the Enterprise flew sideways.

Without much gravity effecting me I was merely standing there while the humans and other species held on to anything. What could I do to punish them for bothering me on my vacation from bothering them in the first place? Oh yes, I could turn them all into talking cats. Oh, I so could do that. Suddenly I felt a hot pressuring force from behind. I landed on the floor feeling pain in the middle of my back. Time resumed followed by a crack of electricity from one of the stations behind Jean-Luc.

I looked over seeing a bright source of light occupied by the shapes of three figures.

The three major judges in the Q continuum have arrived.

My eyes grew wide.

"Q," Came the first judge. "We've been expecting you. You can't run anymore."
"Q, who are these beings?" Jean-Luc asked.

"The judges," I said. "I haven't been running. You never told me to attend a nonexistent trial!"

"You've been found guilty for interfering in the evolution of humanity, bringing them the Cybermen and the Borgs when they were not suppose to met, and for turning the wrong human into a Q," The first judge said. "You are exiled to a different timeline that requires no Prime Directive."

"Uh, you are forgetting the Enterprise," I said.

"These humans will find their way," The second judge said. I grew a 'no, this ship can't take that beating from the power of this corner of the universe!' kind of facial reaction. It was the 'horrified' kind of one. "Without your intervention, Q. Sorry for the intrusion, Picard of Earth."

"THEY'RE NOT READY FOR THIS!" I shouted.

"Enough," The first judge said. "This trial has been completed. You will be under the supervision of a selected Q and be turned into a creature of your choice."

In a white light, I saw the world that I had really been fond of disappear as did the darkness.

But the pain did not leave.
...2265....

....USS Enterprise...

"Keptain, we seem to be having trouble!" I heard a new voice. A flawed Russian accented voice.

It has been far too long since I had heard a Russian voice.

"Something is happening to the engines!" Came a Scottish voice.

"Scotty, what?" Came a young man's voice.

"It is like someone or something is repairing them, Captain," I suppose I should call him Scotty.

"I have reports of immense power being sent through the machines," Oh, that sounds like...A woman, obviously.

"Red alert!" Came the Captain's voice.

"Captain!" Came a older man's voice. It sounded like a old Vulcan Halfbreed I knew. "Look!"

"Ello there, my friends!" Came a very familiar voice.

My eyes jerked open to see the insides of a rather faulty at best bridge.

"Trelane," The Captain said.

I looked down to see I am slumped over a rail feeling...I can't feel my legs. I can't feel my legs! I looked forward to see this young man. It then became apparent who this man is. How could I have forgotten? James T Kirk! The one that my...Oh no. Not him. Not the spoiled brat I failed to teach properly! James T Kirk, the man I see, is the one my failure likes to bother.

I saw Trelane, my failed pupil, standing at the door to the turbo lift.

"I decided to bring my father here to begin his sentence," Trelane said. "I can't just tug him around where-ever I go."

I fell off the rail on my side knocking the side of my head against the rail by accident.

"Trelane, whatever games you have--" Kirk started but Trelane interrupted him.

"Oh trust me for once," Trelane said, shaking his hand. "I would have told you if this were a game. You can take him wherever you please..."

From then I lost consciousness.
Sick bay, a terrible place to stay

..2265...

...USS Enterprise...

"He is coming around," Came a man's voice older than the other one.

My eyes opened.

"My head..." I complained. "It aches."

I saw a Vulcan man standing alongside Kirk and another man beside Kirk.

"I am Captain Kirk of the USS Enterprise," Kirk said. "This is Doctor McCoy and this is--"

"Ambassador Spock of Vulcan," I said, with a smile. "I know."

Spock raised a brow.

"I am not an ambassador," Spock said.

"First officer of the USS Enterprise on a five year mission," I added. "I know a lot about you and what could be."

"What are you?" Kirk asked.

"Human," I said.

"What were you?" Kirk asked.

"Q," I said. "Of the Q continuum. It has been a very long time since I last spoke with you, Kirk." I looked under my blanket to see what is wrong with my legs. "It seems that..." I felt sharp jolts of pain in my body. "Ow!" I lean forward clenching at my stomach. "My stomach hurts!"

"Jim, look," McCoy said. "He is glowing."

"TRELANE, STOP IT!" I shouted, trembling in the mist of a painful feeling.

The pain stopped.

"It seems Trelane has a hand in his health," McCoy said, scanning me with a little rounded object that glowed various colors underneath the glass. "This is very strange, Jim."

"What is a Q?" Kirk asked.

"We're like gods," I said. "Well...We are technically gods."

"I have met a couple gods," Kirk said. "And killed some of them."

"And the other gods were retreated from your ship," I said. "Q's are like...Big balls. Big floating white balls capable of doing anything we wish, we want, and we think. Some of us chose to snap our fingers to get things done...Like me."

"How old are you?" McCoy asked.
"Older than earth," I said.

"Fascinating," Spock said.

"About time you decided on the navigator," I said. "There was Gary, Styles, Styleson, Behner, and Bailey! All in the same year. You couldn't decide on which Ensign to assign on the post."

"We have the best Ensign on the job," Kirk said.

"I'll say," I said.

"Why do you call me by a title I have yet to accomplish?" Spock said.

"Because...This universe for the Q does not need a Prime Directive," I said. "From now, your fate is in your hands. McCoy, you become an admiral. Kirk, you...die in a place called the Nexus. Scotty, oh dear, he and Spock outlive you two. Well Scotty was stuck in a transporter beam--"

"Enough," Kirk said. "Don't tell me anything else about the future!"

"Admiral McCoy," McCoy repeated. "Shocking...Does have a nice ring to it."

"All right," I said. "You have a choice to change your future...And one to tell your friend about his fate. Go ahead. This is a wild timeline...As I said."

My head turned toward the side and I feel asleep. My whole body went rigid. Darkness. I was frightened. Unable to move. That was the only thing I could see for what seemed to be an eternity. It seemed so lonely. Nobody there to talk with and see. Eventually the power to open my eyes returned. I took that gift and opened them.

Only a nurse was there.

"Wh...What year is it?" I asked.

"2265," The nurse said.

"Oh Jean-Luc..." I said. "So far away...Yet not that far."

"What is your name?" The nurse asked.

The name Q didn't really apply to me.

I am not a Q anymore.

Just a...Why did I choose a human body of all creatures?

"I don't have one," I replied.

"Mine is Catherine," Nurse Catherine said.

I smiled back.

"Do you call this thing...Where humans fall into darkness 'sleep'?" I asked. "One referred to that as it."

"Yes," The nurse said. "That is what keeps us alert, healthy, and able to stay on task."

Catherine stopped as though ready to say more.
"Hello?" I said, waving my hand in her view. "Hellooo! I order you to speak!" I half wanted to slap her but that would be uncalled for and very rude. "You look very creepy with your mouth left open."

Trelane appeared in a flash of light right beside her.

"They always do when on pause," Trelane said.

"Trelane," I said.

"Enjoying being a human, father?" Trelane asked.

I glared toward Trelane's direction.

"Don't call me that," I said.

"Well, I don't have anything else to call you, nameless one," Trelane said. "I thought you would appreciate coming to this friendly atmosphere!"

I felt rage.

"Appreciate?" I said, leaning forward. "There is nothing to be appreciated!" I felt a tinge of pain. "This is only a ugly reminder of what I left behind, Trelane!" The pain grew hotter square in my chest. "Trelane, you...You know what it is like to see one of your favorite toys nose diving straight into a mess you can fix BUT YOU CAN'T!"

"Not my problem," Trelane said.

"Trelane--" I fell off the bed feeling my legs burn. "TRELANE!"

"I'll take something you care about most," Trelane said. "Like you did with my boys."

"You were murdering them!" I said. "The point of games in the Q continuum is to teach a lesson and have innocent fun. THAT WAS NOT INNOCENT FUN!"

In a flash of light Trelane appeared standing over me.

"I learned from the best," Trelane said.

Trelane had a interest in the century where humans had swords, gorgeous clothing, and fancy words. He was born in that era, really. I should have expected he would develop a liking to that era when he was growing up but I did not.

"The hell you did!" I said, dragging myself toward him. "You learned that from someone else!"

"Tsk,tsk,tsk," Trelane said. "The teacher's making a misstaaaake."

In a flash of light I found myself on the table bound by straps and the pain had ceased.

"Trelane," I said. "Did you have a part in this?"

"In what, father?" Trelane asked, innocently.

"Endangering the Enterprise," I said, lifting my head up toward Trelane. "My Enterprise."

Trelane smiled.

"I had a little hand in it," Trelane said, holding his index finger above his thumb.
"You just sent the Enterprise into the void of forever," I said. "They will never come back!"

Trelane lowered both hands to his sides.

"Sooo?" Trelane said, walking around with hands behind his back raising a brow. "You can always get a new one." He walked around Sick Bay twirling a stick in a circle. Trelane lowered his brow. "Like the new one that is coming up in 100 years," He stopped the stick coming to a halt at the last bed. Trelane turned directly toward me. "If you manage to live that long, that is."

I narrowed my eyes toward Trelane.

"No matter how much you try to extend my lifetime," I said. "Nothing is going to be the same."

Trelane leaned forward with both hands on the staff.

"Like what?" Trelane asked.

"Everything starting from my arrival," I said.

Trelane frowned, tossing the staff over his shoulder. The staff vanished in a bright light.

"You are intending to lead a miserable yet sad life by spoiling the future and preventing the future you are from?" Trelane said, at first generally shocked. "That is...So unlike you!"

"This is a whole new timeline," I said. "Give me back my legs."

"I can't," Trelane said, shaking his right hand. "The continuum has restrictions on your exile. No one helps you. They took your legs away."

"Leave," I said.

"Or what?" Trelane asked. "You are going to spit on me?" He folded his arms. "You can't do anything!"

"Your mother left me with you all those years ago because YOU ARE A CRYBABY!" I shouted back at him. "And ashamed of you. She was ashamed of having a child with me and turning out this way!"

Trelane's face turned red.

"No, you lie!" Trelane said.

"I do not lie about my family," I said.

Trelane grew a disgusted look then he vanished in a white flash.

"Do you have a name you can tell me?" Catherine asked.

"My name..." I said. "I wish I had one..." I sighed. "I will tell you a fake name." I tapped my fingers on the bed. "Photonic Riker Quarty."

I noticed the binding straps are gone.

"Can I call you Quarty?" Nurse Catherine asked.
I smiled.

"Yes," I said.
"And these are your assigned quarters, sir," The security guard said.

I rolled right into the quarters using a wheelchair that is powered by a different kind of battery. I look around the room feeling a bit of loneliness. It felt unlike the Enterprise I had grown to known visiting occasionally when no one was alarmed. I had to be familiar with the Enterprise just in case I ever decided to other the crew members other than the ones on the bridge. I am referring to the one built 99 years from now.

"Thank you," I said. "I won't be leaving anytime soon."

The security guard left.

My stomach grumbled.

Why is it grumbling?

Knock, knock, knock.

"Enter!" I said.

In came Spock.

"Hello," Spock said.

"What are you here for?" I asked. "A game of logic?"

"No," Spock said. "I am interested...Why here? It is not logical for Trelane to come with his father and not leave a game."

"To Trelane; it was the logical choice, Spock," I said, this time with my stomach grumbling. "We do not get along easily."

"You are hungry," Spock said.

I looked up at Spock.

For being a Q we had a short appetite and we ate without the encouragements of our stomach. I do love to eat a delicacy but not when my stomach demands so. Before I could make my desired occasional snack with a thought or a snap. You see we don't have that 'bodily demand' or illnesses in our bodies, because frankly for being Omnipotent nothing happens! Well, except for when it is taken away we are much like humans.

"What about it?" I asked.

I do not need to be ordered around by my damn stomach!

"It seems you need to refuel yourself," Spock said. "There is a replicator capable of giving you what you want using cards."
"Cards?" I asked.

"Yes, cards," Spock said.

"The replicator I am aware of replicates what the speaker wants," I said.

Spock took out a red card from a cabinet then opened a gray box with a yellow screen, checked for something, and put the red card into the slit. After a minute Spock opened the door to reveal a good tasty meal with lettuce, chicken, carrots, and strawberries. Spock put the plate on the table.

"When did we meet?" Spock asked.

"Logically, everywhere," I said.

"That does not explain how you knew me," Spock said.

I sighed.

"Everyone knows you in the future I am from," I said. My stomach grumbled. "I met you...Near to the end of your days. I respectfully decline telling you why I visited." Spock stared at me. "Fine...It was to see your friends again."

"Why?" Spock asked.

"It had been two hundred years since you saw your friends. I dropped by under a favor from my pal Picard," I said. "Your only wish was to see them one last time. I was able to keep your mind together for one last time with your friends."

"One last time," Spock repeated, looking down toward the table.

I nodded.

"Indeed," I said.

"That is logical," Spock said. Spock turned his head toward my direction. "May I see you in my future?"

"No," I said. "I have been exiled here in a timeline that is wild and unpredictable. There is no Prime Directive here."

"Hm....Interesting," Spock said. "What about Chekov?"

I shrugged.

I didn't really keep tabs on the Russian fanatic.

"His fate is unknown," I said.

"Thank you for this information," Spock said. "It was rather helpful."

"Spock," I said. "With this timeline; you'll never see them on your last day alive."

"I can see them in my mind," Spock said, tapping the side of his forehead. "Locked in time."

Spock left me.

I saw a fork on the side of the plate.
"Bon appetite," I said, then take a stab at the lettuce using the fork.

I have some seen clueless humans munch on lettuce using their hands and many use their forks that are nearby. Within the hour I finished the delicious meal using the fork. I went over to a bulky version of the computer usually seen in every quarters being fine, solid, and sleek among the white paint. All that is left of the meal is bones.

I put the bones into the dispensary along with the plate.

The plate loses the waste and it vanished.
In the briefing room

..USS Enterprise...The briefing room...

...2265...2 hours later...

"So let me get this straight," Kirk said. "You have time differentials."

"Yes," I said. "To you it has been a year since we spoke. But to me it has been thousands of years."

"You sound like a time traveler rather than a 'god' as you claimed earlier," Kirk said.

I had a small smile at that.

"I assure you; I am not a time traveler," I said.

"A time traveler, exiled, to our time claiming to be a former god," Kirk said. "Why should I believe you bare no harm?"

"I am powerless," I said. "Take me to the nearest star base. You will not have a piece of useless luggage on your ship."

McCoy frowned appearing to be concerned.

"No one is a piece of luggage," McCoy said. "Not on this ship."

"Unlike most humans, I know too much," I said. "And this knowledge...for the time being...Is useless to your era."

Spock is busy on the bridge doing something that I do not have a idea of what it is. He had already heard what he wanted to hear, apparently. Kirk and McCoy shared a look then turned back toward my direction. I felt like the odd one in the bunch.

Kirk cleared his throat.

"I will report about your unusual arrival and your claim about the continuum to Star Fleet," Kirk said, standing up.

Enjoy the ability to walk while it lasts, Kirk.

"Please, don't make it classified," I said.

"Why?" Kirk asked.

"You never know," I said. "There might be another Enterprise crew who will come across another me in the far future."

"All right," Kirk said. "I will recommend they make it public knowledge for any other captains who come across a Q. This meeting is over."
A helpful conversation

..2265..

..Enterprise...One day later...

"Come in," Kirk said, sitting in a chair alongside the computer rubbing his chin.

Spock came into Kirk's quarters with his hands behind his back, a usual pose he had, with a curious look in his eyes. Vulcans may not show emotions but they do have these unique expressions in their eyes.

"Captain," Spock said.

"Yes?" Kirk said.

"We just passed star base 48," Spock said. "I thought we were dropping off Mr Photonic at a Star Base."

"Star Fleet ordered me not to," Kirk said. "Instead we are taking him to a nearby Class M planet."

Spock raised his right brow.

"The Colonian Civilization?" Spock said.

"Yes," Kirk said.

Spock lowered his right brow.

"They just recently developed warp power," Spock said. "They have technology that is inferior to Star Fleets. They have problems everyday with technology, major technological back firing, and they have several problems to name a few with technology in general."

"I know," Kirk said, then he put his right hand on the desk and turned his head up toward Spock's direction. "And I have no idea why they want him transported to Planet Colo."

Spock lowered his brow.

"Perhaps to test if he is what he say he is," Spock said.

"I just hope he won't turn out like Gary," Kirk said.

"Logically I see no reason for him to turn out like Gary," Spock said. "Trelane does not have the universe in his eyes."

Kirk paused, thinking about it.

"Perhaps..." Kirk said. "Thank you, Spock, for bringing this to my attention."
It is all about the eyes

...2265...

..USS Enterprise...3:15 PM...

I was making a little log house using pieces of toothpicks.

Knock,knock,knock.

"Come in," I said.

With a *whish* the doors flew open and in came someone I didn't know. I had only two guesses: Spock and Kirk. I kept my eyes on the pile of wooden toothpicks. His boots made the oddest of all sounds that sounded like squeak,squeak,squeak. I heaved a sigh glancing up to who had entered.

Captain James T Kirk.

"What brings you here, Captain?" I asked.

"Gary had the universe in his eyes," Kirk said. "Why do you not?"

"Because your perception on our kind is different," I said. "When someone is being turned into a Q through an accident; their eyes changing is one of the side effects." I put both hands on the table in a ball. "I am very sorry for your loss."

"Our perception?" Kirk repeated.

I wanted to facepalm myself.

"You see..." I started. "If you want to understand what we are. We are sphere balls capable of anything."

"What about communication?" Kirk asked.

"Telepathic," I said. "In a way."

"I thought you had some ear phone like devices in your ear," Kirk admitted.

"My son likes to include technology in his games," I said. "Cruel games."

"You can say that again," Kirk said.

Suddenly my view became dark. I felt like I was free falling through the darkness without any form of anything to stop me. Trelane had plunged me into darkness. I saw a red dot coming to at the end of this darkness. The cold weather in the darkness began to strip away for the warm weather. I shielded myself using my forearms. My arms burned cruelly like a flash of extreme temperature.

My eyes reopened to find myself on the floor.

"His body is covered in burns," Kirk said, into his communicator. "Get here, quick. He was fine a minute ago and he randomly, out of the blue, got covered in them."

"Coming Jim," Came McCoy's voice.
"Trelane..." I said, seeing a reflection of Trelane's face in the metal leg to the table. "Picard..."

My world became incredibly bright light. I still could not stand on my two feet but I was in a wheelchair more advanced than ever then the one. Where was I? I looked around noticing I am in a white enclosed area. Next a blue figure appeared that eventually turned into a coat making the other colors be dimmer. Trelane came into focus with a wide smile on his face and he looked more plead than I had seen him last time.

"Trelane, why?" I asked.

"Punishing you for what you did to me is only right," Trelane said.

"No, it is not," I said.

"Aww," Trelane said. "It seems one of your toys has rubbed off on you!"

"Picard is not a toy!" I shouted back at him. "He is a human being!"

Trelane smirked.

"My captain is better than your captain!" Trelane said.

"We played chess with them," I said. "They are both good captains. Enough with your bragging and get to the point."

"I want to play a game," Trelane said, flatly. "Put the whole universe in jeopardy for it."

"No," I said. "You wouldn't."

Trelane's smile did not fade.

"I would," Trelane said.

"Give me a stick," I said.

"Sure!" Trelane said, stupidly.

I grabbed hold of a walking stick then repeatedly hit Trelane with it.

"FATHER, STOP IT!" Trelane demanded.

"You are not the road runner!" I shouted, flying after Trelane. "I can't hurt you in reality but I can give you bruises!"

Trelane vanished.

The stick became a snake.

"Ah, snake!" I tossed the snake to the floor.

"Got rid of it," Trelane said, behind me. "Now let's give you a whirr."

"Trelane, don't you dare insult my captain again," I said.

"Picard should be a ambassador not a captain," Trelane said.

"I agree," I said.
"He's so not a soldier," Trelane said. "I am so glad your captain is going to die in this timeline. Hopefully someone better will captain the USS Enterprise D."

I never felt so enraged about a simple insult before directed toward a human.

He just insulted Jean-Luc!

IN MY FACE.

In the next passing minutes I found myself managing to flip Trelane over and delivering punches to his rather pristine face. About five minutes into it I am frozen this time he had vanished. Trelane reappeared rubbing his chin looking at me curiously. A curious rotten child who will never grow up, mentally.

"You are so protective over him," Trelane said. "There's got to be more than friendship between you two."

I glare back at Trelane.

"Well, is there?" Trelane asked.

I did not move an inch while Trelane searched my eyes.

"If someone were to insult my captain, I wouldn't go that far," Trelane said. "In fact, Kirk is just a role model."

"Role model," I repeated. "He's not your role model!"

Trelane smiled.

"How did you guess?" Trelane said.

"Role models are someone who influences others," I said. "To do good things."

Trelane leaned forward.

"You are an ideal role model along with Kirk," Trelane said. "The bad Kirk."

Trelane's eyes are full of delight and a battery that I cannot come close to understanding.

"No," I said. "I cannot be."

"Yes, you are," Trelane said. "It is time I wake you up and unleash your world of hell on Colo."
...2265...6 months later...

"What do you want, Captain Kirk?" I asked, wheeling down the sidewalk.

"I just wanted to see how you are doing on this planet, that is all," Kirk said, then he stopped me forcefully by getting in my way and grabbed my wheels. "Come on, you've been avoiding me ever since you got out of Sick Bay."

I glared at him.

"Perhaps it is best we stray paths," I said.

"Now come on, Quarty," Kirk said. "What ever happened?"

6 months I have been on a planet that has inferior technology yet they manage to push onward slowly but tediously. My face has grown a goatee just to show how much a Q can really change living among humans for exactly six months. If I told Kirk then he would feel bad about himself and I wouldn't want that because he is the captain who makes sure the treaty between the Federation and Klingons goes smoothly.

Of course I have decided to build a life here.

I am interested in a woman in her mid-thirties.

"Kirk, if I told you," I said. "You wouldn't want to live with it."

"Such as what?" Kirk asked.

I had to lie.

"Your death," I lied. "I don't want your blood on my hands, Captain Kirk."

Kirk let go of my wheels.

"Trelane contacted you?" I asked.

"Yes," I said.

I wheeled around Kirk.

"What about my death?" Kirk asked.

"It can't be told," I said. "A wise woman once said 'It has to be lived'."

"Sorry, Quarty," Kirk said. "But I have to do this."

A pain erupted in my neck.

"...Kirk," I said, leaning to my side.

My eyes closed.
In the Prime Timeline

..2366...

...USS Enterprise...

The Enterprise came to a stop and lights returned throughout the ship. Q had vanished into thin air, not that it was a surprise, but the way he left was a sheer startling exit. Picard rubbed his chin thinking what in the world could be up. They were in a different sector or more so a different quadrant of the universe.

"Soo..." Riker said. "No more Q?"

"It seems so, Number One," Picard said.

Data looked over to where Q had vanished. Really? Q leaving their lives just like that. In a flash. Data looked away. Q was the one who would pull tricks on the crew but not Data for some reason. Never Data. One time Data and Q had a word scramble contest through the computer in different locations.

"Tallyho," Data read the word he unscrambled.

"You have a new message," The computer read.

"Open message," Data said.

"I have scrambled a new word for you," Q's message read. "It is a name that you know well and it has a spelling error. TGADA."

Data processed the word.

"Dagta," Data said, then he typed in the name into the computer. "Send in the following letters: IUC."

"Letters sent," The computer said. "Reply: I see you."

Data looked over his shoulder then back toward the computer.

"Dagta," Q's message read. "Do you ever wonder if people spell your name wrong like that? I find myself spelling it wrong when writing your name."

"Your name can never be mistaken," Data wrote back.

"Que,qie,cue,glue," Q's reply came back. "I can go on."

"FFFLEHOPFFLEU," Data wrote back.

"Hofflepuffle," Q replied. "AGME VORE."

"Game over," Data read out loud. Then he pressed one letter and hit 'enter'. "Y?"

"Because we are never going to lose this game," Came Q's reply. "Maybe another game a different time?"
Data's eyes are fixated on screen.

"A different time," Data replied, too late.

Q definitely had some respect with Data just without the Enterprise crew being aware he had contact with the Android. Worf had a sigh of relief. Frankly he had filed numerous reports about Q's random appearances. Troi can sense a relief on everyone's minds. Picard, on the other hand, just found it hard to believe they were really rid of the entity.

"Lets find our way back to our quadrant," Picard said.

Data turned around.

"Captain," Data said. "We are 100,000 light years from our quadrant."

Picard rubbed his forehead.

"Out of Star Fleet contact," Picard said.

"Yes sir," Worf said.

"We're lost...in space," Riker said, shock.

"We are going to find our way back," Picard said. "Set course for our quadrant. Get us out of here!"

"Q was right," Riker said. "We weren't ready for this quadrant."

On the screen appeared a wide metal object apparently blinking. The object beeped a bright red light then it died down to become extremely faint. Worf could see a transmission from one hundred years ago (that he knew because the transmission had a date) that looked rather inferior to modern day information pods constructed for this purpose.

"We have a transmission coming, sir," Worf said.

"On screen," Picard said.

They listened to the transmission and then it ended. Picard leaned forward staring at the screen in shock as though trying to grasp the logic behind it. Troi sat there staring at the screen speechless. Riker had a slack jawed reaction to it. Worf, on the other hand, did not seem entirely happy. Worf usually has a stoic face, always. Data is staring at the screen curiously.
"I told you so!" I shouted, lunging forward.

I found myself on a bed where beside it is the wheelchair. I manage to wing it to the wheelchair and wheel toward the door. The doors refused to open. I frowned wheeling to the wall across from it where a machine lowered down to my level is placed. I hadn't used that kind of machine in years.

I pressed the red button.

"Kirk," I said. "Return me this instant."

"I am sorry, Professor Quarty," Kirk said. "I have direct orders to take you to Star Fleet along this current mission I have. It will take a week off our main mission..."

"They turned you around six months into your five year mission," I said. "They are going to make you ditch me on Vulcan then resume course to where-ever you are heading."

"Not true," Kirk said.

"I know Star Fleet," I said. "More than you do. I failed their tests to be a god. Now they really want me. Quarty out."

In six months on Colo I earned my Professor's degree and became a professor in Science and Time Travel. I knew a good deal about these two so it became obvious that someone like me would be needed. This came after two days being lazy on the planet. I feel like I could do more than that. But the tests were so close by to me. Think of Science, now think of Science Experiments gone wrong. It is a reason why I have little scars around my face. I have a prosthetic right arm due to a badly gone wrong experiment made by one of my students.

Each and every time I nearly was fatally injured.

I wonder how men live past their twenties on this planet!

I took out a machine from the back of my wheel chair that is carefully wrapped in purple linen cloth. I tuck it beside my thigh then press the button on the machine again.

"Scotty," I said. "Where are you?"

"Engineering, why?" Scotty asked.

"I want you to do something for me," I said. "I have been meaning to send this out..."

"Sure," Scotty said. "Long as it is for scientific purposes."

"I am in the quarters I was rather forcibly assigned," I said.

"Ay, that one," Scotty said. "I will be there."

"Thank you," I said. "Quarty out."
I take my finger off the box.

Damn, did I hate being the Mr right.

"Ello, Father," I heard Trelane.

I wheeled toward the young man standing before me.

"Aww," Trelane whined. "Your hair is turning gray."

"Trelane," I said. "Humans age."

"But you are aging faster," Trelane whines.

"Because I am very old," I said. "And I am not that old, yet. I am aging slowly as humans now."

Trelane frowned, not approving of the goatee.

"But that goatee makes you older," Trelane complained.

"Trelane," I said. "Go now before I grab you by the throat and crush your wind-pipe."

Trelane laughed at me.

"You wish," Trelane said. "I am a Q. Q cannot be killed."

"Tell me," I said. "Did you make the Colonian colony?"

"No," Trelane said.

"Anything for that matter?" I asked.

"No," Trelane said.

"You expect me to believe a planet with the knack for backfiring technology was made without the Q?" I asked.

"Yes," Trelane said.

I miss being a Q, I really do.

"I can't seem to believe you," I said.

Trelane laughed.

"A colony of humans like you," Trelane said. "I can believe the disbelief from you."

Trelane vanished in a streak of light.

Knock, knock, knock.

"Come in," I said.

Scotty came in.

"What do you need?" Scotty asked.
I handed Scotty the wrapped material.

"Put it into a torpedo and beam it out," I said. "With this machine part embedded into the panel."

I waved the square device back and forth.

"For what?" Scotty asked. "I really am finding your request a little odd."

"It is for my friends in the prime timeline," I said. "I have to send them back."

"Wait, are you saying they are in this timeline?" Scotty asked.

"No," I said. "They are stuck somewhere in-between timelines in about 15 minutes if they don't get this. Scotty, the lives of one thousand people is in your hands."

"A thousand?" Scotty repeated. "A thousand!"

"Yes," I said.

"We have 350 people; we don't need a thousand to man a ship," Scotty said.

"That is civilian life added in," I said. "You may get attacked by a blue fog called the Calamarain." I handed the device pleading to Scotty. "You have to do this for me. It will send itself into my original timeline."

"...The what?" Scotty asked.

"I might die," I said. "And so will everyone if I don't leave, I only know of the Calamarain coming after me because two months ago the Calamarian attacked me then. The Colonian colony has superior force fields against them."

"So you fear they will get through these shields," Scotty said.

"Yes," I said.

"And you are going to ask for a shuttle, aren't you?" Scotty said.

"To ensure the survival of the future, I will," I said. "I will not live that long to become an old man."

"You gave me a choice," Scotty said. "I want to make sure those people live."

Scotty left my quarters.

Inside the machine is a message to getting the Enterprise back to its quadrant by slicing in half the journey from however long it may be to slicing it in half greatly putting the journey to 90% complete. Enough time for them to go on their silly dilly mission on discovering new worlds and making history.

I looked out the window out into space.

"I hope your life is better than mine," I said.

I learned my humanity side a long time ago. The explosion that made scars on my face was going to be a deadly kind of one if I hadn't gone in and tore it out the student's hands then put the wheelchair on automatic brain pilot operated purely by brainwaves. It is why I have a prosthetic right arm. The machine went off outside Colonian First Academy.
I missed my Enterprise.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk," Came Trelane's voice. "You don't have the Calamarain to worry about. I will rewind time just so you can leave out the Calamarain."

So that is what happened. Time was rewinded and this time I left out the Calamarain. Scotty left my quarters once again. I turned away from the door toward the star. I had to wonder if the Enterprise D is following my instructions to the tea. Perhaps they are. Perhaps they are getting over the initial shock of seeing me so different than the last time they saw. The last time they will ever see me.

"You know how boring it is to stare at open space, father?" Trelane's voice came to.

I turned around toward Trelane.

"It is actually comforting," I said.

Trelane grunted.

"As if," Trelane said, with his arms folded.

"Now what about that game?" I asked.

Trelane smiled.

"My game is rather simple," Trelane said. "To prove you care about specific humans more than you say."

"Specific humans..." I said. My eyes widened. "Not Picard."

"Well, you have one hundred years to plan ahead on this game of ours," Trelane said. "The first part of the game will begin shortly..." Trelane sat down into a pink couch. "It is time the old Q learn some new tricks." He made a apple appear in his hand. "The Q don't need innocent lessons to get a point across..." The apple turned into a dagger. "They need the strictest of all games."

Trelane vanished in a flash.

I hate being Mr Right at this time.
The unexpected has a habit

...2265...

...USS Enterprise.....5:40 AM...

Beep-o,beep-o,beep-o.

I rolled right out of bed. I have done that countless times within a six month period. I use the nearby wheelchair. Not once yesterday did I get any indications his little game had begun. I really want this to be over with; the game, I mean. I pull myself into the wheelchair then guide myself toward the restroom.

Thank the universe for there being a bathtub.

I got a myself a change of clothes.

25 minutes afterward I came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around my hair. I prefer to do the rolling rather than using this foolish kind of technology that can backfire at any given time! Just the slightest hand accident can do the trick and I could be sent into a rather humiliating scenario. I do not trust human technology despite how efficient it claims to be. This is why I use a old schooled wheelchair.

Beep-o,beep-o-,beep-o.

The sound is coming from the computer.

I go over to the computer.

"Computer," I said. "What is this nonsense?"

"You have one new message from 2387," The computer said. "It is labeled Prime Timeline."

"Start message!" I ordered, turning toward the screen.

The black screen blinked to life.

I saw a older Jean Luc on the screen. He must be eighty-two by now. Jean-Luc visibly appeared to be older with the wrinkles on his face (yet he seemed quite healthy like the last time I saw him), the lack of hair on the side behind his ears, and the aged look in his eyes. He had a different uniform on that was different to the one I had seen him in earlier. It was mainly dark gray with a red shirt being visible.

He seemed to be quite content at where he is.

"Hello Q," Jean-Luc said. "The instructions you sent made us ten years from our quadrant...This is the one year anniversary since our return to the Alpha Quadrant." He had a smile. "Thank you Q. If there was any way I could thank you it would be this. On our return to the Federation the Enterprise was attacked, severely, we almost didn't make it."

My eyes grew wide.

"But we made it," Jean Luc said. "We had help from another Enterprise. Don't know where she came from; but she appeared in the nick of time."
I touched the screen.

"And you lived," I said.

"And you were not aboard that ship, far as I am concerned," Jean-Luc said. "From all those who were aboard the Enterprise and served with me; thank you. I have since retired--"

"Jean-Luc!" I overheard Doctor Beverly. "Are you coming or not?"

I take my hand off the screen.

"Five more minutes, Beverly," Jean Luc said.

"Five minutes," Doctor Beverly said.

Jean-Luc turned his head back to the screen.

"But in fact we did lose someone," Jean-Luc said. "I am hoping you can find him."

"Who was it?" I asked.

"We lost Data," Jean-Luc said. "He was beaming back up from a nearby planet and was lost in the transporter. I am pretty sure he is still out there. And I want you to bring him back to his time no matter the cost. Can't have two Data's in the same universe...Right?"

I nodded.

"I will bring him back, somehow," I said. "I promise."

"I have already told Data in case he got into a scenario like that; search for you, wherever he is," Jean Luc said. "I can count on you being there." I generally felt touched at that. How considerate of him. "You are the only one who will believe anything Data has to say."

"Correct," I said.

"Help bring Data home, please," Jean-Luc said. And I can't believe he plead. "Goodbye Q."

The screen turned dark.

"I will, Jean-Luc," I said.

And oh, I can tell Jean-Luc lied about retiring. Jean-Luc had on a Star Fleet uniform I had seen a long time ago in the distant future. In a timeline where Data sacrificed himself to save the dear Captain, a timeline I really do not like. First, Data died. Second, the whole clone ordeal. Third, the way the Romulans were going to start negotiating with the Federation over the death of a malfunctioned clone! And last of all, B-4. Noonien could have given B-4 a better Positronic Brain.

I then get one of the cards out and get myself breakfast.

Ten minutes afterwards, I get a visit from Captain Kirk.

"Come in," I said.

Kirk came in.

"We have a unexpected visitor," Kirk said.
I raised a brow.

"I am confused," I said. "Why come to me when you have a new visitor?"

"He asks for you," Kirk said. "And he has golden skin."

"He is here," I said then exit my quarters with Kirk right behind me.

I made my way to the Transporter that happened to be close by. I rolled right into the room where there are several guards including Spock and McCoy staring at Data. Data seemed to be startled by this unusual development. Data looked at me, and then, only then did he recognize me.

"Q," Data said.

"Professor Q," I said.

"Where am I?" Data asked.

Kirk entered behind me into the Transporter room.

"You are aboard the Enterprise," McCoy said.

"No, I am not," Data said.

"Yes, you are," Spock said. "Logically you were beamed to your Enterprise but instead was beamed here."

"You are not in your timeline," I said. "Mr Spock meet Mr Data. McCoy meet Data."

"Why is his skin golden?" McCoy asked, in pure shock.

"I am an Android," Data said.

"Data," I said. "Lower your phaser."

"Android," McCoy said, as Data lowered his phaser. "Not like the ones we have seen."

"I am the unique one of my kind," Data said. "I am a Soong type Android." Data looked at me, oddly. "Q, I thought I would never see you again."

"So did I," I said.

"You two know each other?" Kirk asked. "Security, lower your weapons."

Data turned his head toward Kirk, stepping off the Transporter.

"We do," Data said, then he approached me. "How long has it been for you, Professor Q?"

"Six months," I said. "And Data is indeed from the other Enterprise, Kirk."

"Nice to know the uniform still has color," Kirk said, jokingly.

"You are wrong," Data said. "I am out of style. I do not know what the new trend of Star Fleet Uniforms are."
The game begins

..2265...

..10:47 AM..Observation Deck.

"Are you ready for the games to begin, father?" Trelane's voice came out into the blue.

I turned around.

"You mean 'Game'," I corrected Trelane.

"Ah father," Trelane said. "You still haven't lost your touch."

"Get onto it," I said.

"As part of the game I have Data on Earth but not around major population," Trelane said, with a smug smile. "The game shall begin...With some explosion!" The next I find myself on a unusual planet with grass, dirt, blue sea, and unusual animals. "Look at the sky."

I looked up.

"Explosion tiiimmeeeee!" Trelane said, so child like. "Oh and you have to guess which Enterprise it is."

I saw the Enterprise, the one Jean-Luc commands or will command, in the sky.

Then it exploded.

"Now, I will transport you about...70 years into the future on the Colonian planet," Trelane said.

"THAT WAS PICARD'S ENTERPRISE!" I shouted.

That was 33 years ago. Long time no see. I discovered years ago I stopped aging once I hit the human age of 51. In the year 2360, I decided to put myself into chronostasis. I felt that the game was going on too long and nothing had happened. My vision cleared to see a familiar location I had seen an eternity ago. I saw Doctor Beverly and a pointy eared bald man staring right at me.

"Jean Luc?..." I said.

"John-Luc Picard, call me Picard," Picard said. "And you are responsible for the disappearance of the original Enterprise."

"Captain--" Beverly started.

"I have questions that must be answered," Picard said. "The Federation expects the sole survivor to answer for the disappearance of an entire crew, and I intend to get these, Doctor."

So different, yet so alike.

"Don't press him," Beverly said, then she went off.

"What happened to the Enterprise, Professor Q?" Picard asked.
"You are a Vulcan," I said.

"Half Vulcan," Picard said.

"No..." I said. "You..." I notice what he had on is a battle suit. "Can't be."

"Where is Captain Kirk and his crew?" Picard asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"You are lying," Picard said.

"She's off saving a different Enterprise!" I said. "You are suppose to be human."

"I am not human," Picard said. "I am half Vulcan."

I sighed.

"Do you know of an entity calling itself Trelane?" I asked.

"Yes," Picard said. "We have dealt with him numerous times. This is a battle ship not a play toy."

I felt heartbroken.

"You are irritated," I said.

"Irritation is a emotion," Picard said. "I am simply stating the fact."

In came a rather familiar man.

DATA!

"Captain," Data said. "I have come up with readings from the shuttle."

Except Data has three pins not two on his collar.

"Data?..." I said. "A commander this early into your career?"

"Good," Picard said.

"And you will need to be suited to enter the shuttle," Data added. "Very radioactive. There are some evidence of technology from the former Enterprise and log entries."

"Good job, Number One," Picard said, then he left through the doors.

I stare at the Android.

"Are you my Data or are you...Different?" I asked.

"The Data of this universe was shut down by me and put into a spare pod under the bed," Data said. "So yes, I am Prime Data. I managed to copy all his memory files into what you would call my brain."

I never felt so happy.

"Oh Data..." I said.
"I was found by the Enterprise," Data went on. "I had trouble getting me and Data B in privacy of his quarters, at first. I have been posing as Data B for three years now."

"I am so glad to see you," I said.

"But we must act as though we don't know each other," Data said. "In order to get home...I must have someone at the Transporter."

"That someone being me," I said.

"You are right," Data said.

"What about Data B?" I asked.

"I have recently done a memory copy to his processor but kept out how it happened for me in the original timeline," Data explained. "I have a system keeping him offline until I have left this timeline. Then he will reactivate on his own."

"That is very clever," I said.

"But there is one problem," Data said.

"What?" I said.

"Trelane," Data said. "And the first Enterprise. Klingons are not part of the Federation due to the first Enterprises strange disappearance. I feel like I can send them back after being transported..."

"Correct!" Trelane sang.

Time froze except for the two of us.

Trelane is sitting on a biobed with one hand cupped on his face, leaning on his side, and posing.

"The game is finally starting," Trelane said. "Data can't trust anyone aboard except for you. I will put the whole Enterprise in danger..."

"No, you wouldn't!" I said.

"With you aboard and exiled; I can!" Trelane said.

Trelane vanished in a flash of light.

"He is correct on the assumption of trust," Data said. "I am not sure if I could ever give my hand in friendship to anyone on here."
In the game

...2366 B...

..USS Enterprise D...

We were strolling down the hall toward engineering. Data had explained to me how he intended to get back to his Enterprise. I was in a wheelchair that had been beamed aboard along with my pod. I made this wheelchair on Colo with help from the natives. It can replicated with specific requirements.

"I see," I said. "Is the blind boy..."

"Geordi," Data said.

"Is the blind boy still in Engineering?" I asked.

Data shook his head, slowly.

"No," Data said. "He died in an accident two years ago."

I stopped my wheelchair looking up toward Data.

"He found out?" I asked.

Androids can't sigh in a moment like this. Sad but true.

"I wouldn't do that to my friend," Data said.

I resumed strolling the wheelchair alongside Data.

"But it would be reasonable," I said. "You are not his Data."

"For a while there, I was," Data said, lowering his voice. "I nearly lost myself in the first year aboard this warship pretending to be Data B."

"I am amazed you keep everyone apart by using alphabets to differ them," I said.

"You know how the timeline should be in my world," Data said. "I am Data A. The original one. The Enterprise of this era is very different."

"Picard with pointy ears," I said. "Takes the whole meaning of his character to a whole new level."

Data nodded.

"It took me awhile to get adjusted to this change," Data said. "But the captain acts using reason and logic."

"For a war ship," I said.

"Rest assured, he is still the same man," Data said.

"Same man?" I repeated. "You know Picard was born on Earth, not Vulcan!"

"And he grew up mostly on Earth," Data added. "For his childhood. But the ways of the Vulcan were followed to the tea, including his later youth."
"I don't see the same man," I said. "I see some-one else entirely different in his eyes. Every Jean-Luc out there in any timeline is a great leader but otherwise full of flaws refreshingly."

Data had a small smile that faded.

"What do you suppose will happen after you return the Enterprise to the past?" Data asked.

"I will be returned to the past as well," I said. "And no one of this era will remain."

Data looked puzzled.

"I thought you would be returned along with me," Data said.

"I have to spend one hundred one miserable years," I said. "If you are transported to right after I left..."

I explained to Data another way to send the Enterprise back to the Alpha Quadrant. Data nodded, listening intently, to this plan that would bring them right back to where they had been before getting into a messy place. I did really hope that Data would be sent back to the timeline Jean-Luc had told me.

Two birds taken care of by one stone.

"I get a feeling you must be wary of the Captain's explanation," Data said. "You think he is lying."

"Just about him retiring," I said.

We came to a stop in front of engineering.

"Are you ready?" Data asked.

I turned my head up toward Data.

"I have been ready for 33 years," I said. "Lets do some fixing."

I knew how to operate the Transporter. Take that from experience. I just hope the format for it is the same in this timeline. Fifteen minutes later I got into the Transporter room taking out a phaser on stun mode. There stood Petty Chief Miles along with an Ensign in a dark kind of uniform that wasn't eye friendly. Miles looked up then I shot the phaser. The two men fell to the ground stunned and unconscious.

I turned on levitation mode to the wheelchair then flew over to the panel.

"Sorry," I apologized to Miles, hovering above his legs. "It must be done."

I locked on the USS Enterprise D version A.

"Gotcha, Jean-Luc," I said, with a smile.

The doors opened to reveal Picard.

"Professor," Picard said. "What are you doing to my ship?"

My smile faded as I looked up.

"Saving it," I said.
Picard grimaced.
"The only thing you are doing is endangering it," Picard said, taking out his phaser. "I will not allow this to continue."

The doors opened behind Picard, then entered Data who delivered the Vulcan Nerve Pinch to Picard. He fell to the ground landing on his side.

"Did I interrupt?" Data asked.

"No, you came on time," I said. "Get on the Transporter! Quick, before he wakes up."

Data walked onto the Transporter.

"My...My neck," Picard groaned, rubbing the back of his neck getting up.

"Oh, I seem to have pinched the wrong area," Data said. "Oops."

"Tell Jean-Luc...I said, 'Hi',' I said, then slide up the two bars.

Data is beamed off the Transporter.

Picard opened his eyes and he glared right at my direction.

"Professor Quarry," Picard said, approaching me. "Where is the Android?"

"In his room," I said.

"No, YOUR Android," Picard said.

"In his Enterprise," I said.

Picard took out a phaser.

"I have the right to vaporize any threat to the ship," Picard said. "Including if they are Klingon spies."

I saw a flash of white light emit behind Picard.

"Aw," Trelane's voice came to. He came into solid form. "This is no fun. Father getting threatened by his own 'pal'. I really do not see how you find Picard fun to bother!"

Picard turned around toward Trelane.

"Trelane," Picard said. "Get off my ship!"

"Aw," Trelane said. "You usually say that to my father."

"Wrong Picard," I said.

"I am not wrong," Picard said. "Logic dictates you are a Klingon spy or someone not of this universe."

"I meant..." I started but I couldn't very well explain with a phaser pointed at my face.

"He meant I am referring to the wrong person," Trelane said. "This should get interesting. You've taken your turn in this game, father, and now it is my turn!"
Trelane vanished in a white light.

The ship went on red alert.

"Data to Captain Picard," I overheard Data B's voice. "We are being surrounded by Klingon ships."

"On my way, Number One," Picard said. "You, get to the brig, before I vaporize you."

"You are so different from the Picard I knew," I said. "Would you like it if I landed on your transporter chief?"

"Don't you dare," Picard said.

I pressed 'end levitation' button on the arm rest.

"Too slow!" I said, with my wheels landing on Miles's back.

A part of the transport machine is vaporized.

"Now, look what you made me do," Picard said. "That is going to cost me a lot of federation credits and I expect you to get off my chief's back."

"Say please," I said.

"Off," Picard said, with a glare.

"One magic word," I said.

"Please, get off his back," Picard said.

I wheeled right off Miles back onto the floor. The ship tilted over to the side sending the two unconscious bodies against the wall along with my wheelchair. Picard used the wall as his support to stand up. I had to use the levitation mode to fly right out of the transporter room with Picard on my tail.

Once in the hall I turned off levitation mode.

"Who are you to Trelane?" Picard asked.

"His father," I said.

"His...what?" Picard said, getting in my way.

"Father," I said. "Sire, creator, inventor..."

"I get it," Picard said.

"You should have understood when he called me 'father'," I said. "Or are you just too busy thinking about your big hunk of metal?"

"Don't call her that," Picard said.

"Well, she is," I said. "And I swear I am pushing your buttons."

"Vulcans do not have buttons," Picard said.

"Have you ever heard of figure of speech?" I asked.
"Yes," Picard said.

"That button comment was a figure of speech," I said. "I know my way around this ship. I have gone through these corridors more...More times than you can count. I know the Enterprise just as well as you do."

I rolled the wheelchair around Picard.

This version was a bit like Jean-Luc and Mr Spock put together rather crudely. Did I see a man who could be seen as a role model for children and older? No, not really. Did I see a man who other people could possibly relate to on some level? Why yes, I had. John-Luc Picard was the unique incarnation of Jean-Luc I had ever come across among the other versions. Why yes, the Q can hop with a thought into different realities. Wild timelines are generally not recommended as they can change within the hour after returning something to the past and it can end up inflicting some injuries upon the Q who had constructed this timeline. That is if they are not that wise enough like Trelane. Pro's can handle it with ease.

Did I really like Spock Picard?

I can't decide, really.

"Security, make sure this man gets to the brig!" Picard ordered a couple security guards.

I put the wheelchair on levitation mode. It does not get effected by anything moving or gravity’s doing. I whistled hearing the bodies of several men land on the wall followed by groans coming from a couple men. One does not try guide a former Q to a brig. A hole is made in the Enterprise right where I am at! The whole deck had been destroyed in a frenzy of heat, rubble, and smoke! I slip into a random room. The doors closed behind me. I looked up to see I am in the weapon room where most of the concealed fire arms in cases.

"Just my luck," I said.

I had an funny feeling Picard is right outside struggling to keep his grip onto the nearby metal. John-Luc Picard may have the looks of Jean-Luc but he is a different man. I approached the door, held my breath, then reached out into the open out of the room. The first thing I caught was a jacket collar. With all my arm strength I tossed the figure into the room right behind me then turned away from the door where everyone who isn't holding onto anything is being blown out of the corridor.

Picard is grasping at his neck struggling for air apparently blue.

"War ship," I said. "First attack?"

Picard glared over toward me, leaning over with his knees on the floor.

"No," Picard said. "For me; it is my 102nd attack."

I had a hysterical laugh.

"Oh my--hahaha," I laughed, putting the wheelchair on gravity mode. "You?" I get a stone faced reaction from Picard. Picard straightened himself. "Attacked that many times!" I slapped my knees feeling my face burning red. "That is the most hysterical thing I have ever heard!"

"I am not joking, Professor," Picard said.

"Right," I said. "Vulcan's do not joke."
"We do," Picard said. "Just not in the very serious moments."

I finish laughing.

"I can't believe you," I said. "That many? That would be the record for a Romulan."

"We are partners with them," Picard said.

"You...what?" I said.

"We are partners with them," Picard repeated.

"What is with your Vulcan mind?" I asked. "Romulans are war oriented not peaceful! The Federation should not be allying itself with a force like that! The Federation is a group of peaceful planets willing to go on explorations to find new life and planets under the rule they do not interfere!"

"The Federation is not a peace society," Picard said. "They ditched that quota after the loss of the first Enterprise! I am the only Vulcan in the Federation." He stressed being the only half Vulcan in the Federation to my horror. "There has been no cooperation from Vulcan since we aligned to the Romulans."

At first I didn't know what to say.

"At least the Vulcans were in their right minds," I said. "The Federation has gone the wrong way."

"I believe one day the original Enterprise will be found," Picard said. "And when that day comes...It will be a victorious day," He had a glint in his eye. The kind that would usually be there when he was fond of something. The kind I usually saw in my Jean-Luc when he wasn't aware I was there. "The finest day."

I stared at Picard.

"That day will never come in the future, at least not your future," I said. "But it will come in my future. My future is in the past, and I will fade into the past, and you will not exist. You will never see the day the Enterprise is returned."

"That is illogical," Picard said. "It is not like you are stuck in the past."

"This is my past," I said. "The war will never end for you. Don't you get it? People will continue to die in this timeline and one of them will be you, Jean-Luc, of all people!" I pointed directly at his chest. "You will not be resurrected."

"On the contrary my mind can live on if I put my katra into someone else," Picard said.


"Exactly," Picard said.

"But you won't be able to," I said. "Every living person aboard this chunk of war metal will die. The Enterprise has already returned to the past."

Picard did not seem happy.

"It has not," Picard said.
"It has," I said. "Data is already making progress rescuing two Enterprises. Hopefully one of his communications gets to the Enterprise before mine."

"You are illogical," Picard said.

"You are a illogical," I said. "In a hour you will become a paradox." I toss a oxygen mask with gravity boots to Picard. "Put those on if you want to be on the damn bridge!" Picard had a frown on his face holding the two items. "Perhaps you want to go out saving the day. But I,Q, will not go out that way!"

"Professor Quarty," Picard said. "Where is the Enterprise?"

I sighed, grabbing an oxygen mask.

"That's it, I am going out," I said, wheeling toward the door.

"Professor!" Picard said.

"I hate this game," I said.

"But Professor," Picard shouted. "You'll die!"

"Not like you know me!" I shouted back. "You barely know me!"

"This is not a game," Picard yelled. "This--"

"Is extremely serious," I finished. "BITE ME!"

I saw a Klingon Bird of Prey shooting at the Enterprise through the hole. A lightbulb went off in my head. Well, it would give enough time for me to live and to be brought back straight into the past unharmed. I should go to the brig! It is the safest place aboard the Enterprise that has fields up capable of preventing escape. The brig is where I was headed, to anyhow. I make my way to the brig using the most nearby lift.

The ship shook, violently, briefly enough the lights went out for a couple minutes.

The lights came back on five minutes afterward as did the power.

I came to the brig shortly after the lift had stopped. It took me fifteen minutes just to get there. The doors opened to reveal a big hole where security guards were floating out into open space turning blue getting covered in ice. All of the brig had been destroyed. So much for my assumption for the brig's safety.

I went back to the turbo lift.

Since the Enterprise was a Galaxy type modified to be a star ship I knew my way around.

"Battle shuttle bay," I said.

I turned off levitation mode.

"Hold up!" I heard Data B.

Data B entered the turbo lift holding a unconscious body in his arms. I recognized that as John-Luc Picard. The doors to the turbo lift closed leaving me with someone I barely knew at all. I hadn't known of this version of Data. He could be different for all I knew! For once I felt scared.
"Thank you," Data B said.

I stare at him.

"Uh, hi," I said. "Awkward Android."

"I am not a Android," Data B said. "I have the body of a human with a prosthetic brain."

I observed Data B.

"You look Android," I said.

"Oh, this?" Data B said. "It is just a mirage to fool others. A sneaky way of escaping enemy clutches." He pressed a button on a machine resting on his arm. Data's skin turned into Caucasian and his eyes change to blue. "The most logical way possible."

I cleared my throat.

"So..." I said. "Your brain..." I had to be an idiot. "Was..." Off for three years and he aged as well. "...Mind blown."

"My brain is superior," Data B said. "I like that part."

The Turbo lift came to a stop at the shuttle bay.

"Many parts of the body you may like," I said.

"Which shuttle are you going?" Data B asked.

I stared at Data B.

"Are you mad?" I asked. "The whole purpose of this is to save the Enterprise not kill your captain!"

"My primary duty is to ensure the captain's survival," Data B said.

"You are his number one," I said.

"Correct," Data B said.

Data A would have done that, I thought.

"Then don't put him with me," I said. "I can help just not with a Vulcan looming my shoulder."

Data B glared down toward me.

"My files say you are the most trusted person aboard this ship," Data B said.

"I am not trust worthy!" I shouted. "Never was!"

I wheeled out of the turbo lift toward a large shuttle craft called The TARDI. I heard footsteps following after me making squeaky sounds. Now I am feeling annoyed at the persistent human being. I pressed the side button to the TARDI. The back end to the TARDI fell down so I wheeled right into the shuttle.

"Computer, get ride of the pilot chair!" I ordered. "Take off!"

"Computer, delay take off," Data B said.
"Data!" I shouted. "Get out! This Enterprise should go with her crew."

"I have obligations that say otherwise," Data B said.

"I sometimes dislike goody two shoes who follow the rules to the letter," I said, as Data B placed Picard into a chair then he pressed a button. Picard is buckled in. "Get out and take him with you!"

"No," Data said.

"No?" I repeated.

"No," Data repeated.

"Fine, you prefer if your captain bows out aboard a shuttle," I said. "Then so be it!"

"Thank you," Data said.

"Don't thank me for going on a suicide mission!" I said.

Data B got off the shuttle.

"You have a plan," Data B said. "I assume this plan means your survival."

"No, it is the contrary!" I said.

"Your files say you would do anything to prevent the deaths of those you care about," Data B said.

"I don't have files in your timeline!" I said.

"I have them," Data B said. "And someone left them."

The doors closed.

"Taking off..." The computer announced.

Damn, did it really have to go this way?

The door to the shuttle bay opened up.

"Time to kick some Klingon ass," I said.

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...The Bridge...

..2366 B...35 minutes later...

"We are under attack, Commander Data!" Yar B shouted. "Severely!"

"Put shields up," Data B ordered. "Lock on all phasers to the wings, just like what the TARDI is doing!"

**Ba-baam**

The Enterprise shook making the power briefly turn off.

"The engine's have been hit," Yar B said. "Captain Worf is hailing us sir!"
"On screen," Data B said.

Captain Worf appeared on screen with a smirk on his brown Klingon face.

"Surrender, Enterprise," Worf B said.

"No," Data B said. "Our shuttle has taken out one of your vessels and is heading directly to a Star
Base. We have the advantage," He held up a hand. "Engage on the second vessel, now!"

Numerous phasers destroy the third Klingon bird-of-prey.

Worf tapped his fingers together.

"You are very wrong," Worf B said. "I have more where that came from. Uncloak!" The Enterprise
is surrounded by Klingon space ships. Worf B smiled lowering his hand down to the arm rest. "You
are surrounded. You will surrender to me and become slaves to the Klingon empire."

"Sir?" Markus Evans B, a Lieutenant, asked turning away from the helm.

Data B stared at the screen.

"Well?" Worf B said. "I can stay here for decades if needed."

Data B turned around toward the crew.

"I... " Data B said. "I am sorry."

But suddenly a old version of the Enterprise came out into space. Data B ordered Yar to pull up
hailing channel to which she did. Data turned toward the screen to see the very image of a long lost
Federation space ship on the screen out of the circle made by the Bird-Of-Prey's lingering around.

On screen appeared a 35 year old Captain James T Kirk.

"Need some help?" Kirk asked.

"Captain Kirk," Data B said.

"Yes," Kirk said. "That is my name."

"Why yes, we---we need some help," Data said. "It is an honor."

"Fire torpedoes, Mr Sulu," Kirk said.

"Ay sir," Sulu's voice came over.

Several of the Bird of Preys are destroyed in the engine area.

"Captain, I have reports of damage on the lower decks," Came a woman's voice.

"Put everyone on red alert, Miss Uhura," Kirk said.

A split screen appeared on the Enterprise D version B.

"I demand an reason of this mockery!" Worf B demanded.

"We got the modifications from Mr Data A to visit timeline B," Kirk said. "The rest I am not entirely
sure to explain. We are going to be in the area for at least until the Klingons have backed off from the
"Enterprise D."

"Klingons do not retreat!" Worf B said.

Kirk laughed.

"Well, the Klingons I know are capable of retreating," Kirk said. "And why is there ridges on your forehead?"

"I am a Klingon!" Worf B said.

"I know, but why do you have ridges on your forehead?" Kirk said. "The Klingons I know don't have those."

"We had a forehead disintegrating disease," Worf B said. "Klingon augment virus to be precise."

"Interesting," Data B said. "Then you will surrender to us."

"Klingons do not surrender!" Worf B said. "We will die fighting than go to Gre'thor! Worf out!"

The screen split ended right then.

"Well," Kirk said. "Do you think this deserves all at once attack, Mr Data?"

"Yes," Data B said.

Kirk smiled.

"I am ready when you are," Kirk said.

"So am I," Data B said. "Data out."

The two Enterprises shot at the Klingon space ship at once. The Klingon ship exploded. The original Enterprise set course to its timeline where a large portal surrounded by metal with strange odd texts at the top that seemed alien. The gate was extremely wide enough for just one ship to pass through the crystal clear blue waterbody. The original Enterprise soared through the portal leaving a trail of light behind.

Our view returns to Q's perspective.

The shuttle is parked across from the Enterprise. A ideally good distance. I saw all of the Klingon ships be destroyed namely by the work of two Enterprises; past and future. I glided the TARDI over to the Enterprise. The war ship qualities are fading away and so is the damage. Lights slowly start coming to in darkened holes. The quarters of civilians and personnel are returning.

It was more like a transformation going on that is slow yet visible. I felt excited, happy, and otherwise delighted to see the Enterprise D coming back into being. I looked over to Picard to see he still had pointy ears. He still has pointy ears, I noted. His uniform, strangely, is not changing. I found that to be a little odd. It puzzled me, really. Time dictates, even in wild timelines, that change must occur when the transitioning is happening including to the natives (except me, because I was not born in this timeline).

His gray uniform did not change nor did the pointy ears.

What in the Q continuum is going on?, I thought.
I turned my head away from Picard down toward the systems of the TARDI.

I saw the controls to the shuttle are fading.

"Whole point of this game was to prove a point," I said. "Trelane failed to make that point."

The Enterprise slowly repairs itself, time wise, becoming the version I do like.

"Data..." Picard talked in his sleep. "Klingons..."

I wish I had known this version of Jean-Luc, perhaps we would have made great frenemies.
"Good morning, father!" Came Trelane's voice.

When the hell did I fall asleep?

I rolled right out of bed landing on the floor. I glared up toward Trelane then turn myself up against the bed. Trelane seemed to be rather energetic. Am I that energetic when I am a Q? I really haven't noticed that until now. Trelane made a chair pop out of nowhere and he sat on it. Trelane made a random cigar appear.

"You won the first round," Trelane said, taking the cigar out of his mouth. He puffed smoke out into the open air. The dark smoke lingered in the room. "For that I have made time rewinded to the day before the day you were sent to the future 101 years ago."

I stared at Trelane.

"You are strangely chipper, today," I said.

Trelane had a smile, with the cigar in between his two fingers.

"It is my move now," Trelane said. "And I want you to be grateful for what I did!"

I frowned.

"Nearly eliminating the Enterprise is no great feat," I said. "It is quite useless."

Trelane sighed.

"I know how much you hate me for what I have done, father," Trelane said. "That is why I have given you a gift."

I raised my brow.

"What gift?" I asked.

"You'll see," Trelane said. "No one on this ship remembers the events of the great Klingon attack with Enterprise B, except you and some other person." His lips twisted up into a smile. The cigar vanished in between his two fingers. "You have one guess!" He held up his index finger. "For now, to everyone, the name of this out-of-timeline person is Lewis Jerkey Pocirld!" He backed off from me. "I have quite nestled his life into this timeline as a security officer."

Trelane vanished in a streak of light.

"But Picard does not belong to this timeline," I said to thin air.

I manage to prop myself up into the wheelchair.
To know another self

...USS Enterprise...Tuesday...

...7:49 AM...

Knock,knock,knock.

"Come in!" I said, making a painting.

The doors whoosh open and there are some squeaky boots entering.

"Professor Quarty," Came a enraged older voice.

Oh,that's Jea--John-Luc Picard.

"Good morning, officer," I said.

"Professor Quarty,where in heavens name am I?" Picard asked.

I turn away from the painting toward Picard.

"The Enterprise, obviously," I said.

Picard had pointy ears, so very much Vulcan.

"I am not on the Enterprise," Picard said.

I laughed.

"You are aboard the original Enterprise, my parallel capitaine," I said.

Picard frowned.

"I am not your captain," Picard said.

"Ah, so you know a bit of french," I said, grinning.

"So you did intend that!" Picard said. "You used the word improperly. That is language butchering and it should be called a crime for doing that!"

My grin grew wider.

"Of course," I said. "Oh, what about bonjour."

"Improper use," Picard said.

"And I still can get on your nerves!" I said.

"Tell me, how can I get back to my own time?" Picard said.

My grin faded.

"Didn't he tell you?" I asked.
"Tell me what?" Picard asked.

"There is no going back," I said. "Trelane brought you here, and for that I am deeply sorry." I put the painting related items on the table. "You are never going to see your crew again. If you ever get to see them again you will be an old Vulcan or better yet, dead! There cannot be two Picard's in one room."

"But...But..." Picard said, at a loss for words.

"It is not logical," I said. I put my hands on the sides of the Vulcan's shoulder. "Nothing is for now, Picard."

"This is illogical for someone of my experience to live their lives in a era of peace!" Picard declared, getting up making my hands slide off his arms.

"You will have to adjust," I said. "Your future has ceased to exist."

"Why do I exist?" Picard asked.

"I don't know," I said. "But one of these days...We will know."

"No," Picard said. "I will know."

"Look on the bright side," I said. "You get to serve with Captain James T Kirk." I turned back toward the painting then picked up the paint brush and wooden circle with color on it. "Not many people find themselves in the position you have."

Picard remained silent.

"What to know what I am painting?" I asked.

"No," Picard denied.

"It is your microbrain friend," I said.

"Who?" Picard asked.

I sighed, lowering the brush.

"Look closer and tell me if you recognize him," I said.

Picard squinted at the painting.

"...Captain Worf," Picard said.

"Yes, him!" I said.

"Paint someone else," Picar said.

"Ah hahaha," I said. "No," I shook my head. "You see I am going to give him the worst Romulan retcon,EVER!" I applied the brush to the paper sliding it up and down. "In 101 so years he'll be able to see it."

"Are you saying this painting will fall into Klingon hands?" Picard asked.

"No," I said. "It will fall into a Art Gallery where anyone including Klingons can see."
"Klingons joining the Federation?" Picard repeated, walking over to the side lowering his head toward the floor. "I feel so out of date."

"Why yes they do join!" I said. "And there is a possibility you may be able to see the historic event happen!"

"I...I..." Picard said, at a loss for words.

"Fascinated?" I asked. "Intrigued? Confused? Speechless?"

"I have been part of this war so long I...I can't believe it," Picard said.

"Currently Klingons share a bad history with humans," I said. "Right up your street. Talk about peace for so long and when it happens; you don't know what to do."

"How do you know so much?" Picard asked.

"I have seen transitioning," I said. "It takes time but the hate for the next generation goes away. But the hate, for Kirk, will never leave. A Klingon will kill his son. And he will never forgive them for that."

"I did not know Kirk had a son," Picard said.

"Nor does he," I said, I had a short laugh. "As I was saying about the transitioning of hate: There was once a entire race blinded by hate that they killed each other because of their skin colors. White and black on different sides of their face."

Picard stared at me.

I didn't need to see but I can regardless feel eyes staring through my head.

"Tell me you had no part in it," Picard asked.

I turned toward Picard.

"Why would I bother meddling with them?" I asked. "There is no fun in them! They were consumed by hate, like I said, very undesirable company."

"Hmmm...Good point," Picard said.

"Do you have a mate?" I asked.

"That is a personal question," Picard said.

"But did you?" I asked.

"She was a Doctor," Picard said.

I smiled.

"Doctor Beverly," I said.

"Yes," Picard said.

"That is a very rich choice," I said.

"You are speaking in a present tense," Picard said.
I snickered.

"My Jean-Luc was perhaps unlucky," I said, turning back toward the painting. "He wasn't married to her."

"Why?" Picard asked.

"She was married to a man who died aboard a ship with Jean-Luc," I said, doing some brush strokes on the canvas.

Picard left my quarters.

I had a little smile.

"I wonder what the next round will be," I thought out loud.
To step foot

..2265..

..Friday 6th...

I rolled into the turbo lift. I grabbed one of the stick that stuck out from the side to the turbo lift and requested to be taken to the bridge. Kirk had ordered me to the bridge while I was making a group portrait of the crew to the Enterprise D. I still am not used to taking orders even from a different captain. The turbo lift went up.

The turbo lift came to a stop.

The doors opened.

I came out of the turbo lift.

"Well, as it happens we do have your creator aboard this vessel," Kirk said.

On the screen is a pink humanoid race with pig like ears, green eyes, gray metal bands around their necks, and a seemingly ugly riddled face. I came to a stop at the staircase leading to the chair. I recognized them on the spot. Oh no, not them.

"No wonder the ship hasn't been able to go on course," I said.

"What are they, Professor Quarty?" Kirk asked.

"Scottyonians," I said. "They are super intelligent and can beam anyone off a ship with--" The next minute I find myself in a dark purple room. "No hesitations required..." I saw two Scottyonian guards standing by the door holding long sleek weapons resembling sniper rifles from the 21st century. "What do you want of me?"

In the room strolled a young confident yet otherwise attractive woman with pig like ears, sharp crystal eyes, and a metal band around her neck. She wore a unusual kind of fabric that seemingly reminded me of metal. She had the face of a human. She put her hands on both sides of her hips making a smile.

"Hello, creator," The Scottyonian said.

I raised a brow.

"Do I know you?" I asked.

"The name is Ella," Ella said. "Commander Ella." She leaned forward with a small smile on her face. "And I am the next Scottyonian in line for the title of 'President.'" She backed off observing me.

"You look older than the sculptures portray you."

"Why did you abduct me?" I asked.

"Our planet is dying," Ella said.

"No, that cannot be," I said. "That planet can live for another trillion years."

"You gave us extreme intelligence and we need you to undo the damage we did," Ella said.
"I am a Professor in Science," I said. "And very human." I looked over to her dagger then back toward Ella. "Stab through my hand."

"No," Ella refused.

"Yes, you will," I said. "You are not convinced by my word. I am a liar after all!"

"We do not hurt people over the truth," Ella said.

"I do!" I shouted, yanking the dagger out of the sheath then strike it through my hand. "I..." I am trembling. "Am..." I looked back up toward Ella. "Of no use to you." Ella yanked the dagger out of my hand. "Ah!"

"I told you we do not hurt," Ella said. "We simply want your help."

"What kind of help needs a human being?" I asked.

Ella nodded toward another Scottyonian guard.

"You will see," Ella said. "You know the temple as you made it."
The Scottyonian guard came to my side holding a needle. "The problem started 5,000 years ago. You see..." She hovered a metal item above my hand. The wound healed moments afterward. "We need a new body to keep the planet alive."

Of course!

I was a idiot to believe these sane logical and very intelligent beings would leave their planet for a new one. I made that temple as a way to give them history after making a colony, boats, tools, and all of the required items a tribe would need for the next 10,000 years. Five thousand years they screwed up; badly. They screwed up in the technological age and did the worst thing possible: They upgraded the temple.

"You could have just left the planet," I said.

"We love our home too much," Ella said.

"Are you prepared for the Enterprise to fire?" I asked.

A sharp sensation went through my shoulder.

"Anything for Scottyia," Ella said.

My vision turned dark and sound went mute.
..2265...

..Friday 8th...

I awake feeling uneasily stiff at the back of my neck. I push myself forwards only to feel a strange sizzle of pain in my neck. My eyes opened to a gray yet almost sandy yellow textured wall that had dust covering it. It had to be metal covered by yellow dust, probably. Oh wait, dust works differently for Scottyia. Anything that is made of rock is subjected to being covered in yellow dust. I feel around my neck.

Metal.

My head hit the floor and my body briefly felt paralyzed.


My right hand felt along a device.

It had roughly the model of a phaser.

I looked over to see a holographic projection along with holo-emitters parked right at the corners of the room. I really should have made the ceiling have some taste in artwork instead of making it so bland, ugly, and unlikeable. I saw the symbol of the Q continuum in the dead center right where I placed long ago. Usually the Q leave behind stamps on whatever obvious item can be in the line of sight. I was an idiot to think of the ceiling.

I should have made a great wooden plank that never aged and never got damaged along with my proclamation that it belongs to the continuum in the Vulcan language.

You see, some Q would leave their stamps on the planet surface. Imagine a great big stamp from outer space in the mountains, a desert, or in a area that once had millions of trees until it was obliterated by the stamp. The stamp can vary in size; huge, medium, and small. Huge as in the size of a obvious scar on the planet surface from space. Medium as in the size of a UFO image in a cornfield. Small as in the size of a monster truck wheel. My stamp is the size of a Great Dane and that is considerably much smaller than the monster truck wheel.

A screen appeared on the wall across.

"When the former power source wakes up,you'll have to get on or else you'll die 5,000 years in the past," Ella explained.

"...5,000 YEARS?" I raised my voice in horror.

"The previous power source will help you," Ella continued.

"Ella, you are mad!" I exclaimed. "This planet was not made to rely off life energy."

Ella smiled.

"This is a recording set for you, creator," Ella said. "We believe your life...Unlike human life...will make our planet live for another 30,000 years."
The past is tricky for Scottyia. I designed the whole past to be behind about 5,000 years and yet it would still affect the present that way the genius species could create new ideas and when they developed warp drive; these ideas can be put forward into the advanced era. The past continuously has the future updates to the latest artifact left behind. In a way the term 'New discoveries are made every day' is made to the truth.

"Madness," I said.

"You have a metal brace and it is meant to be tight as the one we are born with," Ella said. "We want you to feel what misery you put us in when we get sick or our necks are swollen!" I did not recall intending them to have neck collars. "In your very waking moments the magnetic field below you will be the one preventing you from getting up. It will be down once the old power source has awakened. You will save our planet."

"This planet used to be quite fine until your great geniuses screwed up," I said.

"Good luck," Ella added.

The image blinked away.

I felt sick at how people were referred to as 'Power sources'. What good would I do? My life energy as a human would last preferably for at least five thousand some years without the use of a human body, a brain, or a heart. I had to wonder how a entire body could last for five thousand years in this lone gray temple that seemingly is isolated. I didn't want to die. So assuming that Kirk has ordered the Enterprise after the Scottyonian ship, they are headed this way five thousand years from now. I did a mathematical equation in my mind on how this problem can be fixed and get me out of this ugly place.

It could work.

It had to work.

I have to write this in Vulcan to a degree that only one person in the known universe could read it. A bit of French in it and a bit of Vulcan. Only one person who is both Vulcan and adores the French culture is John-Luc Picard. This will work, I thought holding up the phaser right at the wall. My hand is trembling. I felt scared. I want to save myself, naturally. Never being able to see what happens 101 years from 2265 is a horrible thought. A boring depressing thought.

John-Luc had to be there.

Only the Vulcan-French text would make sense to him.

Well, Picard will be there. He had to be part of the landing party. Somehow they will be lead to this temple. I finished off the carving by making a picture of the USS Enterprise NCC-1701-D below the text in a clear section that lacked images. The Enterprise D is different from the original Enterprise in terms of shape. Only John-Luc knows the design of the Enterprise D by heart.

The War Enterprise, that is.

Only Jea---John-Luc and I know.
"Hail the Scottyonians," Kirk said.

"Hailing, sir," Uhura said.

Kirk was rather impatient by now. The Scottyonians had denied Professor Q ever being beamed aboard the ship when according to everyone on the bridge the late man had vanished. Kirk tapped his fingers on the arm rest to the chair. He had enough of these denials from them. He just wanted to get the Professor then go back on his original course.

"Hailing established," Uhura reported.

"On screen," Kirk said. The screen flickered to the ugly Scottyonian Captain. "We want our friend back."

"He is doing our planet a favor by giving his life," The Scottyonian captain said.

"His life," Kirk repeated.

"Yes," The Scottyonian captain said.

"What do you mean by... Giving his life?" Kirk asked.

"His life source is currently keeping our planet together," The Scottyonian captain said.

Kirk turned toward Spock, his First Officer and Science Officer.

"It seems some kind of power is fueling the planet," Spock said. "Class M, has a civilization that has reached Warp capabilities, and the climate is very similar to Earth."

"So for all we know, he's dead," Kirk said.

"The Professor might have been lying about his life span," Spock said. "I suspect he is still alive."

"He could be alive or could be dead," Kirk mused to himself. "Question of the day," He turned back toward the screen. "And where would he be by now?"

"In the ancient temple on Scottyia," The Scottyonian captain said. "I will give you the coordinates."

About fifteen minutes later it was decided a security team would be sent to search for Professor Quarty. As it turned out, John-Luc Picard was part of the group. This feels a lot like it was arranged when in fact it was not. They had to make sure there wasn't any traps set up by the Scottyonians first and then send the landing party once it was assumed to be safe.

The security team beamed to the entrance right at the fleet of stairs. In the group is Security Officer David Conjector, Security Officer 'Lewis Jerkey Pocirld' John-Luc Picard, and Security Officer James Blaffoy. The three took out their phasers set out on stun mode. John-Luc looked up toward the intimidating staircase. Conjector and Blaffoy just take one hard look at the sight seemingly disgusted by it. So much for 'impressing' other people with my marvelous yet hell bent creation.
"Looks disturbing," Conjuctor said.

"To me, this is rather remarkable," John-Luc said. "The first of its kind."

"Are we at the right temple?" Blaffoy asked.

"Sure is, pal," Conjuctor said.

"Fascinating," John-Luc said.

John-Luc started up first observing the sculptures set along the staircase coated in dirt. There are weeds growing in between the cracks of the stair steps. There are little pebbles in some of the corners to the stair case. On some of the sculptures are bird nests where there lay a clutch of eggs inside. A average person can tell that the only Vulcan in the group is delighted by the historical significance yet otherwise fascinated. An emotion that John-Luc would be quick to deny.

John-Luc admired the designs.

The three officers came to the entrance of the temple after two hours climbing the stairs and the group reporting on their progress. It turned out the Scottyonian had given them the wrong coordinates that lead to the stair case instead of inside the temple itself. That at the least took away two hours of their life. Two hours wasted on climbing. There was a wall blocking their way into the building.

"Uh, how do we get in?" Blaffoy asked.

"Knocking, logically," John-Luc said, then he knocked on the wall three times.

**GR--uurch.**

The wall went up.

"Follow the leader!" Conjuctor said, sarcastically.

"I am not your leader," John-Luc insisted.

"Never mind," Conjuctor said. "It was a joke."

John-Luc went in first to the temple then came Blaffoy and Conjuctor.

Conjuctor sneezed.

"Bless you," Blaffoy said.

"Thank you," Conjuctor said.

John-Luc stopped.

"Was Professor Quarty in a Star Fleet uniform?" John-Luc asked.

"No," Blaffoy and Conjuctor said.

"What is it, Pocirld?" Conjuctor asked.


Blaffoy and Conjuctor's eyes land on the table. Where on the table is what remains of a red shirt on
top a black shirt, black matching pants, black socks, and black boots pointed up toward the ceiling. John-Luc looked over stepping forward. His boot crushed a metal item into two sending out a strike in the wall across. John-Luc looked over to see a fresh new hole in the wall. John-Luc turned his attention toward the floor to see a broken and very old phaser beneath his boots. He looked back up toward the wall to his right.

John-Luc read the inscription in his mind.

John-Luc's eyes lit up seeing the shape of the Enterprise below with the lower deck designs acting as lines. For 5,000 years this image remained unscathed by the wrath of time. John-Luc placed his hand on the wall. These were the design of a phaser being used not a kind of rock chipping tool. Using a rock chipping tool would result in chips, cracks, and apparent pauses in the letters. These letters were all done at once.

"Blaffoy to Enterprise," Blaffoy said. "Come in."

John-Luc looked up at the corner of the ceiling to see holo-emitters similar to security cameras hooked in.

"How old does it seem to you, Mr Conjuctor?" John-Luc asked.

"Five thousand, but rather...intact," Conjuctor said. "Except for the body. It is beyond return."

Behind the table is another uniform exactly like the one on the table. There is a metal collar at the back end of the table on the floor covered by remains of leaves and branches. Conjuctor walks around the room knocking on the walls attempting to make the same thing happen. It all turned out clear.

"I will be right back," Blaffoy said. "The communicator won't work in here."

Blaffoy exited the temple.

The wall slide down behind Blaffoy.

Conjuctor and John-Luc turned toward the sound of this unexpected event. John-Luc turned toward the right hand corner of the room then aimed the phaser right in the direction of the holo-emitter. John-Luc pressed the trigger using his index finger. A shot jolted out of the machine hurling toward the Holo-emitter that apparently had some strange crystals embedded into the side.

From outside the temple we see Blaffoy knocking on the wall.

Right in the moment then did Blaffoy vanish as did everyone inside the temple.

To the past, of course.
To give a life

It is certainly not conventional to wait two years for a simple 'rescue mission' but apparently that rescue mission is probably going to be futile. I have been unconscious ever since...Well, you get the picture. The former life source was a former captain of a star ship called Buffalo. I know he left behind a crew of 430 back in 2259 shortly before Captain Kirk went out into space with his crew.

The disappearance of Captain March Hollow was much of a mystery to Starfleet as to what happened to The Buffalo when it vanished out of space to somewhere unknown. Maybe they crash landed on Class M planet and started a civilization of their own simply waiting to be found and taken home. Perhaps they never were found. Dying without their loved ones knowing what happened. They must have made a time capsule in their early late years with their story intact.

The only way they knew of his disappearance because a shuttle drifted off near to the USS Arizona ship with logs indicating there was once a passenger.

That passenger was Captain Hollow.

"That gem wasn't there, Pocirld," Came a young man's voice.

"Odd," I heard Picard.

"So...Where are we again?" Came a much different voice from the other young one.

"The temple," Picard said. "Five thousand years in the past, Blaffoy."

"Well Conjuctor," I assume this man is Blaffoy. "We are standing in history!"

"Don't remind me again," Conjuctor said.

"It seems one of us has to be on the table shortly after removing The Professor," Picard said.

I wanted to pull myself forward and yell 'No!'. I have realized a man should not lose his entire life over me. Me, of all people! I cannot see what is happening but the voices of the three men is enough for me to understand what is going on and being able to visualize it to the best of my ability. I just imagined the two other men as lanky men like Picard except much younger than him. They argue who should get on the table. Picard strongly felt that Blaffoy should be the one while Conjuctor believed he himself should be on the table over putting Blaffoy's life on the line.

"Only one person can be on the table," Picard said. "Back up, I am firing at the gem."

B-b-blaze

I hear something kling against the beaming to the phaser.

"I got it!" Blaffoy said.

I feel being moved, picked up essentially, into someone's arms.

"I cannot believe this man is light," Picard mused. "I expect to see one of you out."

I try to force my eyes open but they wouldn't budge.

My neck felt like it had been electrified, burned, and squeezed all at the same time. My arms and
fingers felt ever so numb I started to wonder if I had become much like Stephen Hawking except able to move my head. The worst way to live out a pathetic life in a bag of meat. I wonder how Junior is doing learning on his own although with some help. I had convinced my brother to be his teacher if something ‘terrible’ ever happened to me such as exile and death of all things. My thoughts came to a sudden crash when light went through my eyelid and I felt my back leaning against wood.

I struggled to open my eyes.

"I coulda’ saved Blaffoy," Conuctor grumbled.

"He made his decision,Conuctor," Picard said. "Blaffoy made his decision when he knocked you out, dragged you outside, and made the door close behind him."

"Don't have to remind me," Conuctor said. "What is so important about this damn Science Professor anyway?"

"He used to be what Trelane is," Picard said. "But he is human and serves as a person of interest to the Federation." My eyes finally came to a open to notice it is in the afternoon. "I agree. I will be happy when this is over."

They were cutting potatoes using a type of rock normally used for Indian spears.

"You are flattering me," I said. "I am not that important, anymore."

Conuctor stood up.

"You know; a man just died for you!" Conuctor said.

"I wish I could have stopped you," I said. "I left that text two years ago on the wall!"

The men stare at me.

"No," Picard said. "That cannot be true."

"It has not been two years to us," Conuctor said.

"Tell me, when did you start up the stairs?" I asked.

"It took us two hours to get up that mount," Conuctor said.

"How long did it take for you two to get down?" I asked.

"Five minutes," Conuctor said.

"You were running, weren't you?" I asked.

"No, we were not," Conuctor said, as Picard stripped away the shell to the potato.

"You have to be kidding me," I said.

"Not the time to be kidding around," Conuctor said. "Blaffoy was going to be a father next week! His child will grow up fatherless and his wife will never find the right guy to take care of her son properly!"

"Conuctor," Picard said. "There is no need to be emotional."
"Emotional my ass," Conjector said. "We should have left you there."

"Glad we agree on one thing," I said.

"Look, we have to find a way to get back to the Enterprise and our current timeline," Picard said. "We do not need to be pinned against each other. It is illogical to burn our resources against one another."

I folded my arms with a sigh

"That is not going to be easy getting back to the Enterprise," I said.

"How do you know that?" Conjector asked.

"This planet may have geniuses but at this point in time they don't have technology that we are accustomed to," I said. "Right now they have horses, wheels, gardens, swords, castles, and kings!"

"Kings," Picard repeated, as though trying to grasp the idea of kings living in this era.

Just like Jean-Luc's tone when I laid out the problem to him and he repeated one word.

I sometimes wondered if I were talking to a rather intelligent cave when he did that.

John-Luc reminded me of my Picard.

"Kings," I said, again this time with a nod. "But no worry!" I shook my right hand. "We are not in the land of the king. We just have to stay out of their timeline and not get killed."

"Am I wrong that anyone with a disability in this era would be killed?" Conjector asked, glaring right through me.

"Sadly, they were confined in jail cells," I said. "People accused of witch craft were naturally burned at the stake. I decided to give them flaws before I left."

"You are an idiot," Conjector said.

"I know that now," I said. "And you two are going to find a way home."

"I won't work with this Vulcarn," Conjector said.

"Is that offensive?" Picard asked.

"You tell me, Vulcarn," Conjector said.

"Aw grief," I said. "I am not going to be sticking around for this fight."

"I do not see a reason to fight," Picard said.

"Because it is illogical," Conjector said, earning a glare from Picard.

"Please," Picard said. "I am only going to ask once; do not mock me."

"While you two sort through your differences, I will start making my own hide out," I said.

The two men stood up.

"Let's take this outside," Conjector said.
Course, the conflict wins out in survival between two human beings.

"We are outside," Picard said.

"Away from the professor," Conjuctor said.

"Ah," Picard said. "I accept the challenge."

The men left.

I decided to start first by getting to an area that is full of leaves, sticks, wide leaves, and a area that can be easily be turned into a shelter. I had to build a shelter first and then my wheelchair. I manage to drag myself a good hundred hundred yards from where I had been previously. I came to a stop seeing a strange sight; bamboo, fruit, big leaves, and rocks. The perfect place to start building.

I set onto work by using a couple boulders to outline the location.

How did I do that?

Along the way I befriended a rude ape who was stuck in a trap. I had the luck to free him and for that he owed me. The rude part about Wilbert, the ape, is that he scratches himself using the oddest products! I seriously cannot believe I befriended him, but then I had done out of my heart. I can't believe I had the heart for that. Turned out I did have the heart and moral to not see a animal suffer before my eyes.

I didn't get much sleep that night constructing my wheelchair.

Oh well, the two men didn't bother looking for me.

"Wilbert, you can leave now," I said, halfway out of the hammock.

Wilbert stood at the doorway with his fists on the ground.

"Wilbert, I can't sleep with someone staring at me," I said.

I heard Wilbert turn around.

Of course, I had finally fallen asleep when the sun started rising. Last night was pretty long trying to construct a wheelchair. The path to the construction area is well smooth for some-one to walk along. My resting time was rather short as I woke up at seven when the day had become fresh and new again. I felt generally wide awake. I fell off the hammock landing on the ground instead of walking. I really have to get out of the habit. A habit that I have been falling for 33 years and counting. Those 33 years still count to me, Trelane! The lost years of my life that only I remember.

I get into a wheelchair.

My stomach grumbled.

"Oh right," I said, clutching my stomach. "At this era, it will take one hundred years for them to get the right technology."

But then I would be dead and so would the two officers.

Three birds killed with a stone; how sad.

Picard could take care of himself with a much younger fellow with him. Sometimes being the one
who knows everything can be a real headache, at least everything that happened before being exiled and knowing everyone's future beforehand could have been wiped! It would have been a gratitude if they removed that knowledge. I know how to make a space ship, a boat, a bicycle, and a motorcycle! My knowledge is infinite! Perhaps the continuum wanted to see the intelligence rot, I thought munching on a orange.

Wilbert can't speak, because he is an animal and this isn't a Disney movie.

Figuring out what happens in this timeline features taking reasonable deduction.

The continuum gets so easily bored that watching a former Q suffering is entertaining, and needless to say I am not part of that crowd. I prefer to be teaching lessons rather than that. I would never steep so low as to them. As delicious as eating a orange is people have to make sure they don't get their shirts wet as do former Q. Preventing any water from dripping on my shirt has, in its own little way, become a art. I hold the orange up above a bowl then eat it after the shell has been peeled off.

It works, either way.

The currency for Scottyia is silver.

Thankfully there is silver deposits set alongside the temple in the shape of coins. I figure by now the two men are butting heads; likely jumping to the conclusion it will take the power of their communicators and vaporizers. Sadly to say that might not be the case but it will get their hopes up. If they do succeed; they can always get me later. Later as in what remains of my body. I really don't care what they try to do. Trelane is likely not to show up until some time later, considerably.

At this time on Scottyia the native attire is usually a shirt and pants for men while women wear dresses. Some (Such as modern day humans) may call that sexist but that is just their way of life back in the day and most people was happy about it until 2,000 years later when their society started transitioning to what I saw in 2265. I knew the way to the town square where the selling takes place. I had Wilbert stay back in the forest. If Wilbert had gone then the natives would have killed him for his fur and his intimidating appearance. I'll quote every well known Vulcan in the entire universe, "That is quite logical."

Geniuses start with the basics and move on there after help from their creator.

The reason why I know the hard broken path to the town square (Or is it village square? I should ask the geniuses) is because I had visited the planet in my rather dark times. It showed me that perhaps I wasn't just a menace of universal omnipotent being but that of someone who could create. Not just procreate. I can create something beautiful with a remarkable intelligent society that is capable of speaking to me rather frank and understand what I have to say. Now I sound like this entire planet is a delightful reminder of what I do. It gave me hope that one day in my long life I actually will befriend people.

It seems the timeline I shared with Jean Luc Picard has diverged and the last I might see the prime version is on the last day of my exile.

No more going back. That is if the Continuum decides to swoop right in and stop my death at the last second. Would I dare visit this timeline again? Perhaps, I would just for old times sake. Well...I would essentially be visiting the original timeline just a tad bit different. The bamboo wheels rolled against the pebbles. Sometimes a man needs required items to live not just fruit but really clothing. Did I mention getting clothing? I must be getting senile because of human age that Trelane halted. I felt my goatee. Still there, as usual. I felt alongside my face to feel fibers of hair growing along. Did I grow a beard overnight? No, I grew a beard over two years!
I need a good shaving.

I must have a beard like Rikers.

Got to be.

I came to a stop right at a pond, take out a sharpened blade, and shave the beard off except for the goatee. I do like my goatee. It makes me look... Rather... Older... Respectable and just a tad bit more handsome! Of course Data would point out it is just a hair growth that younger women tend to like and Picard would not be amused. Even Riker might be deciding to shave his beard off at that comment.

I resumed my way to the center of the lively city.

Oh, I really do wonder what Picard and Conjuctor are up to.
To save a life

..One year later...

I found a pocket of Q energy I had saved on this planet along ago in the mountains thanks to Wilbert. Enough power to send two men through time and I was not to be one of them. It is not my fault Trelane made the judges easily find me and not have a fair trial. As part of the exile I cannot transport myself in time using the power of the Q but what I can do is two things; change my appearance and teleport others. I can send others in time but not myself. So that made it urgent to find the two then send them on their way to 2265.

I decided to visit Village Square (As most Scottyonian's refer to it) since if they were still wondering about me that is where they would go. Searching for a strange man in a wheelchair with a goatee, dark brown curly hair that is visibly graying, and could be in a gray attire just like the Scottyonians. Well that matched about 30% of the male population except they lacked paralysis.

Perhaps they already have found their way home.

I can't believe I had only recently found that pocket in a circular stone.

"Hey forest man!" Erik Call'ie called.

I had been right in the middle of telling a couple of young man the funniest joke ever. You lived with it and died with it. It was like an addiction if it were told too much. I turned away from the young men telling them I will finish this joke later. The young men frowned then they left. I wheeled right over to Call'ie.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Did you hear about the two strange beings who wondered off into the kings forest?" Call'ie asked.

"No," I said.

_Idiots_, I thought, _they lost their way._

"Well, they are currently in prison and talk of some guy in a wheelchair!" Call'Ie said. "Said they've came in contact with the sky and claim it has been an hour for the god in space!" He was so lively by this point. "They mentioned they came into our time because of that wheelchair guy which I think might be you. Are you a lunatic or a religionist?"

"I am neither," I said. "But I am unimportant."

"They claimed you used to be omnipotent," Call'ie said.

"But I am not," I said.

"Yeah, and I just realized you made a pun with that word!" Call'ie exclaimed.

"Unimportant and omnipotent are two different words, young man," I said.

"I know, I am a genius," Call'ie said. "And they claim that they are not going back without who they were sent to find."

Touching.
"I will bust them out," I said.

"Well, you should beware of the bald man," Call'ie said.

"I should not!" I said.

"He's acting aggressively," Call'ie said.
That pegged my interest.

"How aggressively?" I asked.

"He refuses to eat," Call'ie glanced from side to side. "Between you and me; the released prisoner was told it is urgent that you come along."

"Pon farr," I whispered.

"What's that?" Call'ie asked.

"Personal thing to Vulcans," I said.

"Vulcans..." Call'ie repeated.

"How long ago did it start?" I asked.

"Two days ago," Call'ie said. "That's when he started acting up. He was taken in with his friend three days ago."

The ground trembled beneath making rumbling sound clear as day. The ground broke apart followed by screams of panic. I looked down to see the ground cracking, breaking apart, and shaking. There is a mighty roar from the ground. Picard is in Pon farr, there is a strange earthquake occurring, and the men have a way to return to their timeline. Could this be that something has disturbed the temple? Never in this time had I been part of a strange occurrence on the planet surface.

I wheeled my way to the temple.

When I came to the temple staircase the rumbling had stopped.

Wilbert came to the stepping stones of the temple looking down upon me. Wilbert had his fists on the ground and his eyes fixated on me. I saw a reflection of my older self in his eyes in a cliche kind of way. He reached his large hand out to me with fingers spread wide open slightly bent up. If it were animated in a way kind of like Tarzan the movie it would convey much more meaning to it.

I took Wilbert's hand.

Wilbert helped me up to his back then he climbed remarkably fast up the stairs. If I had a stop watch all indications probably would say it took at least four minutes to get to the entrance. Wilbert knocked on the wall. The wall opened up shaking dust off. Some would say that is the dust of fairies. I say that is nothing of the sorts because bacteria tends to gather in the least expected places including sand. Trees find many ways to adapt to their climate just like the lost ancient city being taken by trees!

Wilbert walked into the place.

"Thank you," I said.
I looked over to the table where there laid a skeleton.

"Careful, Wilbert," I said. "Don't step on the phaser."

Poor Blaffoy.

Wilbert carefully took Blaffoy's skeleton off the table then put it on the floor behind the table.

I take out the opened rock of Q power from a bag and stare at it.

What to do?

I know what to do.
To break out

...Two hours and thirty minutes later...

Naturally being a attractive woman leads to getting anything you need or want. This form can last two years as it were changed from a holoprogram into a human being with my mind in place. I chose the form of Doctor Beverly in the attire that woman would wear except there is some additions such as a fur coat, a bracelet made out of twigs with little stones, and a knapsack with tools to mend wounds. I had the knowledge of vast medical procedures without using technology.

I walked into the prison.

Picard needs a mate and he will get that.

Because he will, frankly, never find a person like Beverly again in this time! Picard doesn't have many friends in this timeline, I am sure of it. He does not have a mate, that I am sure of, knowing Trelane's twisted mind. Am I insane for trying to help John-Luc? Maybe I am and McCoy just did not have the heart to tell me that. Men stared at me. Silence was in the air as some can put it.

"Where is the bald man and his companion?" I asked the guard who is slouching in a chair drooling at my exposed breasts.

"Down the hall, turn left, and come right back," The Scottyonian guard said.

I grab the Scottyonian guard by the throat right above the metal collar.

"I do not have the time to waste on your sexual fantasies," I said. "This is life or death."

"You are hotter than the devil," The Scottyonian guard said.

I tighten my grip.

"I will never be yours," I said. "I belong to one man and you are holding him prisoner."

The Scottonian guard gasped for breath while squirming in my tight grip.

"Ah--," The Scottyonian guard gasped for air.

"Scream hard as you want," I said. "But I won't let go till your throat is crushed and sliced in half by my blade," I stab my blade into the table. "Unless you give me the right corrections to my promised one and his friend. Are we clear?"

"We can...arrange...a session between--" The Scottyonian tried to negotiate.

"No deals,Ferengi," I said.

"I am not a Ferengi," The Scottyonian said..

"Ferengi's make deals," I said. "You are trying to make one."

"Fine!" The Scottyonian guard said. "I will tell you!"

I let go.
"Good choice, Scottonian," I said, lightly patting on the side of his face. "And I have a thousand silver coins to share if you ignore their departure."

"But the king--" The Scottonian guard started to say.

"Screw the king!" I said, dramatically interrupting. "This is not his life in danger! We serve no purpose in his life!"

The Scottonian guard sighed.

"Fine," The Scottonian guard said.

I placed a bag of coins on his desk then yank out the blade. I listened intently to the instructions followed by a simple nod that I understood. I left the foolish guard at the chair making my way to the cell that held Picard and Conjuctor. Several men held their hands out pleading for me to come near. I tuned them out only focusing on the given directions. I took several right turns (30 in all) and a couple left turns (42 in all) going deeper and deeper down the stairs.

Eventually the path became a staircase.

That featured a lot of walking. While walking, I did a lot of thinking how to play this escape. I had given a thousand coins to the head Scottonian prison person. This is a brilliant idea, so utterly brilliant. So simple yet absurd and most likely comical. I finally made it to my destination.

Picard stood up, his face white as a ghost, and shock on his face.

"B--Beverly?" Picard asked.

I also included memories of her past, the other past where the Enterprise is a war ship.

"Who the hell is she?" Conjuctor asked.

"I am a Doctor," I said, coming to the bars. "I am here to get you two out."

Picard came to the bars.

"How did..." Picard said, bringing his hand through the bars to the side of my face.

"Your friend summoned me and had me put this attire on," I lied. "He told me what happened. He told me everything."

"Where is he?" Conjuctor asked, as Picard took his hand off the side of my face.

"On our way; there was a earthquake," I lied.

I can feel that Picard is still in Pon farr despite the overwhelming shock of his mate appearing. When you are very close to someone you can feel them, sense them, and have a conversation with them from a far distance. You can even get objects from them in this very strange and strong empathic relationship.

"No," Conjuctor said.

"He didn't wheel fast enough," I said. "I only managed to escape to safety by getting out of the way."

"Damn it," Conjuctor said, his right hand in a fist. "Starfleet is not going to be happy about this!"
I used my blade to break apart the very object that locked the cell.

"Bev..." Picard said.

I opened the door.

"I paid off the jailer," I said. "So happens your friend came across a stash of Q power and was able to make all this for me."

"How the hell did you pay off the jailer?" Conuctor said.

"Coins," I said.

They were not in their uniforms but in the attire that the natives usually wear. I caught the glance of the shortcut mentioned to me by the jailer that leads to the entrance. On the way up the stairs I was told by the men that to them it had been seven years since they last saw their 'Professor Quarty'. How could it have been seven years? It has been only a year since they saw me! Picard reasoned that 'Professor Q' heard about his current 'illness' and decided to show off he really did have the power of the Q and found it logical to bring his wife into the picture. I honestly found that offensive but I did not show it.

"--And we have made a machine capable of perpelling us 5,000 years into the future!" Conuctor went on.

"Have you tested it?" I asked.

"With a conversation in the future, why yes!" Conuctor said.

"So you haven't actually used it to save yourselves," I said.

"No," The two men said.

In the body of a female I felt easily irritated. I wasn't very irritated easily in the body of a male but it is easily and visibly obvious to a Q. I prefer taking on the body of a male rather than a female because it seems convenient. I like being a male. I don't know why but I just do.
To test out

..Four hours and twenty minutes later...

I know, I have to tell John-Luc on the last day that this form gets to be real. Anyway, we came to the location where this device had been created. If I had known feelings of affection would be increased in the female human body before I might have actually dappled around experimenting with it. My feelings toward Picard were...Let's say...Amplified. Not only did getting into character feature her memories but seeing him in her light made Picard seem idealistic lovable.

Like puppy adorable.

You can't help but love him.

My perspective began to change on Jean-Luc's character.

No longer did I see him as the 'insanely boring Vulcan version of Picard' but a rather complex man who had the Federation close to his heart and had all its interest regarding the future. I find myself puzzled at how one dimensional he seemed to me at first but now three dimensional. Well, I do at least care about my Picard's fate. Because he is my friend. Who would not care about the fate of someone close? A mad man, I will say. I might be brainwashing myself about liking John-Luc, or am I not? This affection is what humans referring to as 'caring'.

"This communicator can be adjusted into this machine we made using our vaporizers and phasers," Conjuctor said. "We had to tear it apart."

"It was not easy figuring out where goes where," Picard added

"We had to use some tree branches, ore, metal, and some spears to get the metal out of the rock," Conjuctor added. "My fingers are still aching from hours of work." He rubbed his hands appearing grateful. "It took a majority of my time finding work and food in the other city."

Their destination had not been in the forest for so long, but rather in the open where rows of unusually ugly cows grazed the field and there lay ahead a cave. Across from the cave is a simple brick house that seems to be occupied by a garden and an unusual contraption that I can't at first seem to describe. They were definitely vines and rock all designed to a certain degree of a shed that had weapons sticking out. I am currently what is seemingly a foundation fortress to a rather small device. The fortress has been made out of trees while the other remaining trees were chopped down.

And this is all they achieved in seven years; how typical.

But it is puzzling how much time passed between them.

"Does it work sending a person?" I asked.

"I am sure of it," Conjuctor said.

"Perhaps we should have done a test run beforehand," Picard said. "That would have been the logical choice."

"But you heard Captain Kirk's voice!" Conjuctor said. "It works."

"If you are so sure; then you should be the one to try it out," I said. "Then be the one who makes the
refinements in the future."

Conjuctor had a pause.

"That's a good point," Conjuctor said, ending the pause. Conjuctor went over to the machine. ever so slowly. "You might want to back out of the room. It'll probably take us all in if you two are very close. It might throw you off further into the past."

Picard and I walked out of the foundation.

Conjuctor pulled a leveler.

Everything inside it, including Conjuctor, vanished in a white flash.

Picard and I waited for an hour.

Conjuctor did not show up for the better part of the year, I would learn. This night we mated in the stone building that the two had created. But during the mating I ever so causally slipped away letting Beverly take over. The Beverly John-Luc loved so affectionally. I believed it wasn't my place for them but the littlest power I had was to summon her spirit and explain in thought the situation.

Beverly, regardlessly, was happy to be with her loved one.

It wasn't my place to be mating with a man who thinks I am his wife!

By the Q continuum their desire to be together for this one purpose lasted for hours.
To create a life

...4 days later...

...Thursday...

That day I felt sick, overwhelmingly sick. I curled up on the flat boulder serving as a bed. Cold sweat trace down my skin. I felt a fever. And whatever I had eaten earlier wanted to come right out my throat. I began to fear what it could be, and since it only happened after mating it became apparent that it might be happening.

To me!

As a woman, dear reader.

In a white flash I saw a late version of the trash can appear beside the boulder. I leaned over and let it out. Everything passed through my neck, my throat, and my tongue. I could not do a thing but let it go. I gripped to the side feeling a yucky feeling in my mouth. My head landed on the flat surface.

From the corner of my eye I saw a flash of white light.

This light took on a despiseful figure.

"I can't believe you would do that for this Picard," Trelane said. "I thought you would pass it up."

I feel sick, outright, and feverish.

"You..." I said, in hate. "You messed with this planet's time!"

"Well, I tinkered," Trelane said. "Not exactly changed it, Father."

I lift myself up using the fur to cover myself up.

"You...You made their downfall," I said, in anger.

"I only gave the Scottyonian's a different choice and intelligence," Trelane said.

I stared at Trelane.

"You...what?" I asked. "Did I hear you right?"

"I made them so below your intelligence," Trelane said. "And yes, you did."

"You gave them the intelligence of a human being and you expect me to believe you did not expect them to go over a dangerous war that resulted in the stabilization of their planet and required life energy to keep it ALIVE!" I shouted at Trelane. "Where is the Bafallo!"

"Oh," Trelane said. "That."

"Trelane, I can always find another patch of Q power and punish you," I reminded him.

Trelane shrugged.

"I simply misplaced it into another dimension, Father," Trelane said.
"You don't just misplace STAR SHIPS!" I shouted.

"Well, they did make Altantis," Trelane said.

"They..." I gasped. It made sense now why Atlantis has much sophisticated technology and civilization explored in the various media such as 'Stargate: Atlantis' and the line of cartoon movies around the idea of Atlantis. "You...Made the legend of Atlantis."

"You should be impressed," Trelane said. "Normally you are impressed when I make a new and ancient civilization."

"I am impressed," I said. My hand broke granite in half. "You yanked people away from their families."

Trelane frowned.

"But they started anew," Trelane said. "And their own families. They should be quite happy about that."

"Nothing will ever fix that longing to rejoin family members," I said. "Ever!"

"Like you ever felt that," Trelane said.

I used my remaining strength to slap Trelane.

"Say that again," I said. "And see what happens."

"Like you ever gave a two cents about me when we were separated!" Trelane said. "That new kid on the block? He was just made to end the issue in the Q continuum. You made him out of circumstance! I was made because you claimed to be 'caring' for my mother! Will you treat q the same way you do to me? Will you be the same way when he is a full grown man? Because I certainly think so!"

I slapped him so hard enough he fell back on his butt.

My head felt hot.

"You..." I said. "You are a different story." I felt the urge to puke but I do so in front of Trelane's feet. I wipe off what remained of my puke from the corner of my mouth. "Your mother is part of the superior Q and I gave all the tolerance I had for you. My son, q, doesn't kill his toys."

"But he will have to come across that choice, one day," Trelane said. The puke vanished. "And he will become me."

"He will never become you, Trelane," I said.

The horror of q becoming Trelane seemed impossible.

"Oh really?" Trelane said. "I don't see you watching over him. It is bound to happen."

Trelane vanished.

"No," I said, sickly.

Being cared for is not one of my strong suits. However I learned to appreciate Picard. I can't believe I am going to say this but logic really had a hand in my recovery. When Picard was gone for hours
and I had almost nothing to do but being sick; I factored in the conditions of the planet's era and the kind of dangers that lurked. Knowing John-Luc pretty much did it all and eased my worry.

That was one month and two weeks ago when Trelane appeared.

By this time I feel much better.

One day by the lake side I spotted a young boy in a star fleet uniform crying, knelt down, hands covering his face. The voice sounded very familiar. I had been plucking strawberries (Believe it or not Scottyia has some delicious fruit and vegetables that were not grown by Conjector and Picard) earlier, so I came over to the boy. I put the bowl on the ground beside me then put my hand on his shoulder.

I noticed his uniform is a lot like the one worn in 2371.

"Come on," I said. "No need to be weeping in front of a lake. There is a better place to do that...Like in front of a wedding or a joyful moment."

The boy lowered his hands then he looked over to me.

It was, in fact, q.

"Only my father would do that," q said.

I take my hand off his shoulder.

"What are you crying about?" I asked.

"Nothin'," q said.

"Nothing?" I repeated. "I think not! You wouldn't be crying in front of the lakeside because of nothing on a calm spring day."

"Yeah..." q said. "That is a good point."

"I am the one who makes the points, usually," I said. "Tell me. I will try to understand."

"A man claiming to be my brother vouched to help me have 'incredible fun' that I wouldn't believe," q said. "I...I..." Tears rolled down his cheek. "I ended up killing a innocent person just with his advice!"

q has the appearance of a teenage boy about 17.

I pat on his back.

"There,there," I said. "We all make mistakes."

"But mine was an entire planet!" q said. "I don't think I can forgive myself for that."

"What did he exactly advise?" I asked, curious.

"To make a pathogen where people did stupid and crazy stuff," q said. "I am afraid of telling my father that...My brother claimed he was shunned because of the exact same mistake he did."

I remember that day clear as a star.
I remember because it was the Enterprise.

The original Enterprise, I mean.

The original Enterprise is very distinctive.

I remember stepping over the dead body of Captain Kirk alongside a station near to Scotty. I had appeared to the Enterprise in a white flash. The twisted, venomous look of vengeance on a Vulcan's face is so not pretty. Uhura was covering a wound on her shoulder staring at me in horror. I never seen fear toward me in that kind of way before. All that was left of the turbo lift was a hole. The entire bridge was burning and smoke was floating to in the air. I saw Trelane, laughing, amused. Scotty, he too, was dead. So was Sulu and Bailey. Spock lunged toward me and I stepped aside seeing the Q blade shine as it passed my face. Spock attempted to kill me! What a waste of his attempts.

Spock landed on the floor.

I froze time.

The smoke flickered burning my eyes.

"Do you like what I did, father?" Trelane had asked, sitting in the captain's chair.

My hands had rolled up into fists.

"No," I had said. "You are not my son." The smirk on Trelane's face faded. "And I disown you for killing Kirk's crew!" I held up my hand prepared to fix what he had done. Oh but Spock, Spock and Uhura, they were the only survivors. Yeoman Rand's body lair on the floor with a hole in her chest. "I will not tolerate your silliness any further."

"Father!" Trelane shouted, standing up. "I didn't mean i--"

I snapped my fingers returning everything to order and decided to become what Kirk last saw me. A giant blue ball of power. I grabbed Trelane by the neck then shoved him out of that plane right into a different timeline where all there is are flying talking air planes and talking cars. I turned him into a vehicle to let him see how death affected vehicles in the world of Disney. He didn't learn his lesson but sure as hell faked pretending to know. I didn't know he was faking it at all!

I cleared my throat.

"Who's fault was it?" I asked.

"Mine," q said.

"Who's idea was it?" I asked.

"My brothers," q said.

"It is his fault, not yours," I said. "He wouldn't shun you. He wouldn't shun a pretty boy."

"But being disowned is worse than that," q said.

"Look, if anything," I said. "Where is your father anyway?"

"On the Enterprise teaching a lesson to his favorite crew," q said. "As always."
I looked at q concerned.

"You know," I said. "Your father really loves you and I find it to believe he'll..."

"He is unpredictable," q said.

"How are you so sure where he is?" I asked.

"I am a Q," q said. "I know where he is."

I kissed his forehead, unexpectedly.

HAH! I am still unpredictable!

"Your father is lucky to have you," I said.

q blinked.

"You are not going to ask what I am?" q asked.

"I have seen many aliens and you are a mystery that should remain what it is," I said.

I get up then take the bowl with me.

"Goodbye," q said.

q vanished in a white flash.

"Goodbye, junior," I said to thin air.

I rub my stomach feeling like butterflies are inside. It is remarkable and incredible feeling that will be followed by hell. But it is all worth it being a parent and a woman; all in all! One step closer to one of my favorite toys. Well, I am currently one of my toys! I smile heading back in the path I was suppose to be heading in. Trelane had done damage to my son's future that was partially mended by me. q didn't ask who I was. Perhaps he'll learn or...Eventually things will catch up.

I am carrying a developing child inside and it is miracle.

And it won't be a miracle when they start teething.
After the miracle

...9 months after Conjuctor's disappearance...

..Scottyia...

"You have a beautiful child," Doctor Wrong said.

I had delivered in a pool because it was much 'sanitary' and 'clean' enough for delivery. I suspect he didn't want to see his pregnant patients die. Picard had caught our little one using his hands ever so carefully. We had a beautiful and adorable baby girl who happens to be Vulcan. I guess the Vulcan traits are not going away until a couple generations later. I don't know how long it will take for it to phase out. Probably a long time.

"Yes,she is," I said, in a bed where the little one began breastfeeding.

Doctor Wrong shared a glance with Picard then left.

"What do we call her?" Picard asked.

I smiled, looking up toward him.

"I was going to ask you," I said.

Picard sat down alongside me looking at the little one.

"T'fara," Picard said.

I look back toward T'fara.

"She has your ears," I said.

"She has your nose," Picard said, warmly.

I had a short lived laugh.

"That she does," I said.

Before long she learned how to crawl and eventually she began to walk. It went to show me how much time passed even though I ate,slept, and normally took care of the little one. I did the caring while Picard did the 'hawk watching' when I wasn't around and had to earn a living as well. I wrote numerous books in my free time without the child. Tales around a spaceship that was the size of the Enterprise that held a Commanding Officer who was a Scottyonain with a diverse crew.

I had to write in a godly being, besides, if there were not it would be unnatural and disturbing not to include that!

It has been two years since Conjuctor vanished.

"Mommy," T'fara said. "There is a human."

We had expanded the house to accommodate T'fara.

I looked away from the painting.
"What?" I said.

"Human," T'fara said. "He wants to speak with you."

"And daddy," I added.

"And daddy," T'fara said, with a nod.

I put down the brush.

"Tell him I am coming," I said.

"Okie dokie!" T'fara said.

T'fara went out the door.

I started to get up but ended falling on my side. I felt a timer going off in my mind. Panic took over. T'fara and Picard would leave without knowing this was all a hologram but she was real as Picard. T'fara is real. I look toward my hand to see it sizzling. I cannot feel my legs. I can hear T'fara heading back toward the door calling, "Mommy! Daddy waiting for you!"

"Tell Daddy, Mommy is sorry," I apologized.

T'fara came into the room.

"Mommy --" T'fara started. I sizzled. She screamed. "MOMMY!"

Then I vanished.
Won't let go

Dear John Luc:

I had a feeling last year that I might not get to tell you the truth. To tell you that you have been living with a hologram turned real possessed by the mind of your own and sincerely, Professor Quarty of the Colonian colony. I am alive, tadah! But I did that for you. I developed real feelings and unearthed old ones with you. I want you to know every moment, every bit, and every second of it was real we shared together.

I took the mind of your Beverly and when we were mating; I used the last bit of my powers to bring her entirely there.

It wasn't my intention to hurt you if I have.

John-Luc is seen sitting down in a chair reading the letter.

John-Luc's eyes scan the paper as it trembled in his hands.

I am at the temple, alive and well. Just not awake. Best to compare it to a coma or a comatose state. Keeping the planet alive, age-less, and seemingly capable of keeping everything under control. The life source of a former Q is indefinite. We can be reincarnated and be very different than how we were previously; appearance wise. Anyway, none of the moments we had together was fake. I want you to go with T'fara into the future if Conjuctor comes back and I am not around. I have a strange feeling I won't be there. I just hope I really don't have to rely on this letter to sort things out.

I will remember all the good I brought you and the hell I brought upon you.

I am sorry, John-Luc.

John-Luc glanced over to T'Fara who was playing with her domesticated ape friend.

Picard, through Beverly and my own eyes, I have seen a different man. A man I wouldn't have thought at first for my heart to have been smitten by over time. The only mortal in this entire universe who I could give two lives over. You are not just the kind to fall right over, to die for, but to cherish. Your counterpart may deny he does not like children and feels uncomfortable, but when it is your child that is very different. You are complex, sometimes logic provoking, and at times...At the end of the day I find myself with a loyal man who wouldn't give a second thought to snap me to my senses. You are a gift to the universe. I could have written you in the constellation, made a snow globe of the Enterprise, and done so much more as a omnipotent being.

You are quite really the first man I ever realized I did have deep feelings for.

And that is saying a lot.

If you are reading this, the holoprogram has been terminated. It can not be brought back. But I will always remember you and the kid. If you prefer to do something about it; then read 'Sky Trek: The land of Suluonian' chapter 14 that deals with the planet's issue. You can fix everything. By the way the captain of the ship is based on you, Andy Lola is based on Riker, McCreary is based on Data (hence the puns such as McDreary made by Lola), and you can guess the rest. If you prefer to think of the planet as a real name in the novel then please just imagine it as Scottonian.

The novel is tucked in-between the wall to the bookshelf beside our bed.
John-Luc went over to the bookshelf then pried his hand through the crack. He felt around for the book. John Luc's hand came to a stop once feeling a hard surface along with pieces of paper. His fingers wrapped around the wooden surface between the pages. John-Luc took out the book.

*Might as well just write it.*

*Because frankly I might not even say it in real life after you read this letter.*

*If you want me to say it again, if per chance I manage to live after you read this letter, then it must be between us.*

*Only us.*

John-Luc opened the book paging through for the big font indicating the chapter number.

*I love you, John-Luc.*

*Sincerely, Professor Quarty.*

"Come on," John-Luc said. "Where are you chapter 14?"

John-Luc went out of the brick house.

"Where is Beverly?" Conjuctor asked.

John-Luc looked up from the novel with his face pale.
Captain Luke along with his two officers beamed down to the planet. McCreary and Lola; Lola was the first officer and McCreary is the second officer. They also had a security officer along who happens to be Romulan named Warf. Captain Luke is a Suluonian while Lola is a human and McCreary is a Android who looks too human. McCreary scanned the surroundings using his prosthetic eyes.

"It seems we are alone," McCreary said.

"Very along," Lola said.

Warf spoke in Romulan.

"Mr Warf," Luke said. "Not all of us understand Romulan. If you want to say something then do so in English."

"I was just saying there is no life signs," Warf said. "Apologies. I am still adjusting from shore leave."

"Captain, I detect a reading from the temple behind you," McCreary said.

Luke and Lola turned toward the direction of the gigantic temple that really resembled one in Egypt being the shape of a triangle. There is a hole leading into the building wide enough to be called the chamber entrance. McCreary looked down to his triocorder with it aimed toward the ground. McCreary seemed to be puzzled.

"This is very odd," McCreary said. "It seems life is coming out of it."


Warf, McCreary, and Lola followed their captain ever so bravely. Well, don't they always? Soon as they went in that's when things begin to act up. The doorway behind them comes to a sudden close leaving them in darkness.

"It is so dark in here," Lola said.

"I can fix that," McCreary said. "Light intensity being adjusted."

McCreary's body glowed.

"Mr McCreary, you can do that?" Luke asked.

"Why yes, Captain," McCreary said. "I can."

"How the hell is that possible?" Lola asked.

"My creator installed light sufficient inside my skin for in cases like these," McDreary said. "I can readjust it to my eyes if you like."
"No, no, no McDreary," Luke said, shaking his head. "Your glow is fine."

"When it gets lighter, would you prefer if the light emitting from me be switched off?" McCreary asked.


The away team went down the path. Thanks to McCreary's glow they were able to see where in the temple they were going. Warf had a quick shot at a sculpture of a Romulan keeping the ceiling up and notably other statues of different races alongside trying to the same. The only thing that stood out was the Klingon who seemed to be having not a problem keeping the walls up and he showed not a sign of stress. The lazy one was the Ferengi being the shortest of them all but definitely a statue holding a deck of cards with a wide grin. There were spider webs seen connecting the shoulder to the faces. Beneath the statues were writings in their respective languages to the beings who stood there.

Warf displayed pride at his fellow combatant.


"Coming, sir," Warf said.

Warf followed the group. The light inside the temple being apparent so McCreary lowered his lights resuming his normal and ever so casual appearance of a typical African American human being. McCreary, unlike his source of inspiration, was given the skin color black because his creator wanted to make a statement. A statement that has been far forgotten but McCreary would say in his own words, "I am the living embodiment of the Federation and equality," to when he is asked about it. His creators were white.

"Captain," Lola said, coming to a stop. "Look at this."

Luke came over.

Luke saw a machine with the design of a serpent in the middle.


"It does not seem to be a door," McCreary said.

"Obviously," Lola said. "McDreary."

"I am not a Dreary android," McCreary said.

"You know, that is just a joke for fun," Lola reminded McCreary.

Luke felt along the serpent body.

"I have been subjected to cruel jokes and I do not see that at all funny," McCreary said.

Warf is scanning the room using his tricorder.

"But you have emotions," Lola said. "It is all part of adventure and exploring to have them."

"I have my emotions turned off," McCreary said.

Lola appeared to be alarmed at first.
"Why?" Lola asked, concerned.

"Because they are not required," McCreary said.

"Oh Dat--McCreary," Lola said, shaking his head.

Luke pressed forward into the serpent right in the center using his hand. The serpent machine pressed forward making a hissing sound as it uncurled making several numbers aligned to the curled metal body begin shifting. Luke backed up as did Warf, McCreary, and Lola. It suddenly turned and opened wide to reveal a doorway.

The inside glowed blue.

"Machines," McCreary said, walking in first. "Living machines."

Luke would later say that McCreary looked right at home inside the construction. Lola would agree too but Warf would insist McCreary belonged to humanity and not some 'super duper pretty utopia human beings with amphibian qualities' in a nutshell. He didn't actually say that but it was part of the rant he wrote in his log. A really long log, I'll say. McCreary's eyes grew wide seeing the sheer complexity.

McCreary and the away team stepped foot into the same room.

Across from Dat--McCreary was at a table with what remains of a Star Fleet uniform from way back when. It was a blue suit with black and designs. The boots were aimed upwards. There is a white shirt seen alongside the collar. There is dust in areas where there would normally be a head, hands, and neck. Warf went over then used the tricorder to scan the uniform including the strange dust.

Warf looked up toward Luke.

"It is human remains," Warf said. "We just found Captain Archer."

"Pity he had to end this way," Lola said. "The greatest question in star fleet history has been answered: What happened to Captain Archer?"

McCreary went over to a machine.

Warf reached out to the uniform only to be stricken by some bolt of power from a rounded circular gem concealed inside the table behind where a head would have rested. Warf grunted covering his burning wound. Luke and Lola stared at the table so confused what in the universe is going on.

"Sir," Warf said. "There is a gem preventing me from touching this uniform."

"What kind of gem is this?" Luke wondered out loud, staring at the blue gem.

"It is a life gem," McCreary said.

"Why that is dreary," Lola said.

"That is a proper joke," McCreary said, approvingly.

"I wasn't joking," Lola said. "Okay, that is it!" He threw his hands in the air. "I won't be making puns out of your name!"

"Thank you," McCreary said, being polite.
"What is a life gem?" Luke asked.

"It is the fundamental core to a machine that keeps an organism living," McCreary explained. "I have records on it taking life out of people and transferring it to machines. There were 38 such cases on the planet Vulcan until an entity calling itself the greatest philosopher of all time took it away and claimed it would never harm a single Vulcan again."

"No wonder there wasn't any Vulcan's in the hall," Warf said.


"There were statues, sir," Warf said. "All keeping the ceiling up."

"It seems not everyone was spared," McCreary said. "And as history goes; the life gem was lost in the 2100's and never was heard of again." His fingers started typing on the square letters on the keyboard. "Captain, I can stop this."

Luke turned away from the body.


"It seems in exactly one hour this life source will stop," McCreary said. "I am sending the computers a message to send exactly one year ago in the past to the residents. It also explains why we were the only beings on this planet shortly after we scanned there being millions of lifeforms. We've already made history."

"McCreary, you haven't told me what you are trying to stop!" Luke acknowledged.

"In order to live this machine needs a host and it will send its minions to find one close by," McCreary said. "In order to be successful we need to destroy this gem once and for all. Then this planet will die."

"The prime directive states that we cannot interfere," Lola said.

"This planet is not full of life, Commander," McCreary said. "We have our lives to save now, respectfully."

McCreary pressed a button.

The gem lodged out of the table.

"...How do we destroy a powerful machine?" Luke asked.

"That is a good question, sir," Warf agreed.

"I agree," Lola added.

McCreary picked up the gem.

"Captain," McCreary said. "I know how to destroy this device."

"Then we'll do it on the Enterprise," Luke said.

"No," McCreary said. "It can't be done on the Enterprise. I can do this safely on Suluia."

"Safely," Luke said, raising a brow just to be sure.
"Yes, safely," McCreary said, with a nod.

Even though Luke's homeplanet is this planet they are on; the feeling of seeing it die is perhaps a record breaking. It wrenched his heart, god did it hurt, but he had the satisfaction of knowing everyone had fled during the count down. There are some differences between the Scottyonian's and Suluonian's. Suluonian's are strongly similar to Human's except they have gills, folded ears, and dear lord they can withstand waves of water washing over them as they stick to the surface they are on. It makes them so durable when searching for them at a water fall like location, a destination where waves crash over rocks, and anywhere for that matter featuring water. Sand is not their best strong suits. They have the intelligence of human beings.

But not many care about the random temples that spring out of the blue.

They care about history.

Just like Picard in his various timelines.


Warf, Lola, and Luke are surrounded by circular yellow disk then they vanish before McCreary's eyes. McCreary put the device into the machine then turned it toward the left into a complete circle. Hell had he lied to his captain. McCreary felt guilt. That he did feel for lying. McCreary put in new orders.

Now in this case the actual machine to the actual temple is hidden among the walls and it takes three knocks to find it.

McCreary took out the life gem with hope burning in his processor. McCreary sounds like the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz because of his desire to be more human when he is more human than any entity I have ever come acrossed. Of course this is an actual story as I have come across these people and seen it for myself. I once considered it just a 'interesting adventure that ended terribly' but now I realize it is the same scene that will occur on a planet I am writing this on.

Just without the three officers.

McCreary put the gem into the circle then he puts his combadge on the old uniform. The uniform vanished before McCreary's eyes. It was the most logical choice because the only one capable of sending a command while being drained of their life is a robot with a soul, quite frankly. McCreary had played it out in his processor while discussing with Luke about the gem and came to the conclusion within seconds.

McCreary got onto the table after the uniform vanished.

From above within the Star Ship Enterprise, Luke stood at the bridge glaring at the screen in concern. Something did not sit well. The Android was supposed to be beaming back any second now. The planet turned a shade of black then it began shrinking in size until a red hole appeared in the center burning. Warf and Lola stare at the screen in horror. Everyone did for that fact.

Then it turned into a wormhole and began degrading.


But there is a new Suluonian planet established last year and everything is going according to plan. Everyone was at a loss for words. Warf lowered his head closing his eyes. Lola lowered his head toward the floor feeling a loss. A great loss. The loss of a loyal friend. Luke is trembling.
"So Beverly was...?" Conuctor said, at a loss for words.

"Q," John-Luc finished with a nod. "Yes."

"Daddy," T'fara said. "Where is Mommy?"

John-Luc knelled down to T'fara.

"Mommy..." John-Luc said. "Mommy went off to a better place."

A child wouldn't understand the whole complicated ordeal Q had undergone to save John-Luc. The little girl hugged her father. John-Luc picked the little girl up into his arms T'fara had a makeshift band aid on her shoulder and came to his full level. John-Luc handed Conuctor a book and told him to read chapter 14.

"For what?" Conuctor asked.

"To end this mess," Picard said. "Q wrote it with instructions."

"It doesn't sound like neither of us will live," Conuctor said.

Conuctor is in his star fleet uniform.

The machine had been upgraded significantly from the last time John-Luc had seen it.

"Don't say that," John-Luc said. "One of you will live and you have to stick onto that hope. Nobody else will face being thrown into a coma and their entire life being drained within hours, days, weeks, and months!" He went right into the machine. "I don't want the next person to die much as you do to power this planet and keep it alive."

"The door won't open to the temple 5,000 years from now," Conuctor said.

"So?" John-Luc asked, raising his dark brow.

"I wrote something on the wall I haven't written yet," Conuctor said.

"Effect happens before the cause in non-linear time," John-Luc said.

Conuctor had a short laugh.

"Of all the men in the world..." Conuctor said. "Hearing it from you."

Conuctor rose the bar to the machine.

"Daddy," T'fara said. "I am scared."

"So am I," John-Luc said.

The machine itself is like a metal 'U' built to be a machine yet it had designs similar to the Transporter machine that set the beaming into place. The paint seemed to be fresh and the technology there is way beyond this time. Conuctor backed away. John-Luc had a bad feeling he will never see Conuctor again so he held his free right hand up then made the Vulcan hand sign.
Conjuctor did the same.

"Live long and prosper," Conjuctor said.

John-Luc lowered his hand.

In two minutes their surroundings changed to the Transporter room where McCoy and Kirk were approaching. The two came stop a sudden stop visibly surprised to see John-Luc with a little Vulcan girl in his arms. She shyly turned away from the two closing her eyes ever so visibly shaking.

"Mr Pocirld?" Kirk said.

"Yes," John-Luc said.

"Where is Mr Conjuctor?" Kirk asked.

John-Luc got off the platform.

"He is in the past," John-Luc said.

"We thought you had died," Kirk said.

"That's what I thought about Professor Quarty," John Luc said.

"What about him?" Kirk asked.

"This is...." John-Luc looked over to T'fara. "A complicated story."

...2265..

...Sunday 10th...2:10 PM...

McCoy did some blood test to see if the wild story that John-Luc had told was indeed true. It was thanks to Q obtaining an identity, giving fingerprints, and blood samples in his time on Colo was McCoy able to make his deductions. T'fara is on the bed staring at the ceiling. Her eyes are a tint of gray. She had pointy ears. She had the anatomy and biology of a Vulcan that whacked up the machinery above her head.

McCoy came over to T'fara.

"How old are you?" McCoy asked.

"Two," T'fara said.

McCoy looked at the girl.

"Sure you are not four?" McCoy asked.

"Mommy said I was two," T'fara said.

McCoy scanned her with a tricorder.

"It says you are physically four years old,"

"I am two, not four,"

"Well, you must be wrong or time has been changed on you,"
"Well..My big brother took me on some adventures,"

"Big brother?"

"Uh huh!"

McCoy rubbed his face.

"How long were these adventures?" McCoy asked.

"They didn't last long," T'Fara said. "I was always returned to my original time."

"When was the last visit?" McCoy asked.

"Last week," T'Fara said.

"T'Fara," McCoy said. "Your father...Er...well...Your other father is a woman."

"I don't have two daddys," T'Fara said.

"Yes, you do," McCoy said.

"Do not," T'Fara said.

"Fine, you have one daddy and one mommy," McCoy said.

"Yay!" T'Fara said, cheerfully.

"Excuse me," McCoy said. "Nurse Catherine, stay with the little girl."

"Yes Doctor," Nurse Catherine said.

McCoy left sick bay. McCoy happened to go by John-Luc who was going the opposite direction. Nothing made sense to McCoy about this little Vulcan girl. She had to be at least four years old, not two! She didn't babble as many four year olds do but she was intelligent and rather strangely wise to chose her words. McCoy entered Kirk's quarters.

"What is it, bones?" Kirk asked.

"That kid, Jim," McCoy said. "She is four years old."

"So?" Kirk asked.

"She claims to be 2," McCoy said. Kirk raised his brows taking a sip of his drink. "I have checked and rechecked my equipment regarding her DNA."

Kirk put down the cup on the table.

"Let's hear it," Kirk said.

"She is the daughter of Pocirld and Professor Quarty," McCoy said.

"He changed his gender," Kirk said.

"But that is impossible," McCoy said, pacing back and forth. "She claims to have an older brother. But we know Trelane is Q's son so it makes sense to me that Trelane has been taking this little girl on 'long' adventures and returning her back to the moment he picked her up. She hasn't even noticed she
"Wow," Kirk said. "Why would Trelane take his little sister?"

"I feel that it is wrong for a little girl to not know how old she is," McCoy said. "And her parents haven't noticed!" He came to a stop. "I believe he just took the little girl to mess with her mind. She is growing, learning, but refusing to believe she has aged in these unaccounted for adventures."

"Not close to being funny Trelane is," Kirk said. "I just realized Officer Pocirld just lied to me about Q's whereabouts for the two years he was on that planet."

"What story did he tell you?" McCoy asked.

"That Q found a pocket of his power and used to create a female for him during his Pon farr," Kirk said. "It seems Q had a bigger involvement than Pocirld has said." He leaned back in the chair. "I can only guess what Q did was for Pocirld's benefit and his life."

"That does sound logical," McCoy said.

Kirk snickered.

"Damn," McCoy said. "Spock is contaminating me."

"We are all contaminated by Spock," Kirk said, amusingly.

"If you were in Q's position and it were Spock," McCoy said. "What would you have done?"

Kirk paused, for a long time.

"Depending on the circumstance and the range of the power," Kirk said. "I would do anything for my friend."

McCoy smiled.

"I thought so," McCoy said. McCoy turned away then exited. When he was coming back to Sick Bay he saw Spock. "Hey Spock, I warmed the captain up for you!"

Spock raised a brow.

"Warmed him for what?" Spock asked.

"You, of course," McCoy said.

McCoy walked past Spock who seemed to be curious as to what the Doctor meant. The Vulcan lowered his brow then went after the direction of Kirk's quarters. He had one question on his emotion free mind. A Vulcan can be curious enough to solve a crime just like he did with the Ben Finney case. McCoy hadn't answered Spock coherently but only said it was for him. The humans always puzzled Spock.

The most interesting human to Spock was Kirk.

Spock came into Kirk's quarters.

"Hello, Spock," Kirk said. "What brings you here?"

"Why are we still in orbit around Scottyia?" Spock asked.
"Because I have a gut feeling we have to wait a little longer," Kirk said.

"One hour and fifteen minutes ago you wanted to leave," Spock said. "The retrieval of Pocirld and his child should have been acceptable for you."

"Well," Kirk said, apparently caught by his words. "Did you get any messages from the Federation?"

"They have asked regarding Professor Quarty's transport," Spock said. "And I have told them it has been a rocky ride."

Kirk smiled.

"You just lied to the Federation," Kirk said.

"No," Spock said. "I did not. I just went off your gut. Assuming if Professor Quarty is still alive."

"I will note in my log that you got along quite well," Kirk said. "We will wait until 3, and if he doesn't come back, then we'll return to our original course and inform Star Fleet Professor Quarty has sadly fallen to a disease that made him into dust."

"The Poxy Dust?" Spock asked.

"Yes," Kirk said, with a nod.

"Not the way I pictured him to die," Spock said.

"How did you think he'll die?" Kirk asked.

"A very old and lonely man without his companion," Spock said.

The words stood out to Kirk. Kirk, somehow, knew he would die alone. Without the ones he cared about most. The friends he had aboard this ship. Kirk didn't really show how it affected him to Spock. Some people died alone. Being alone was the worst thing in the entire place in the entire universe. It would seem like no one gave a two cents about you. Nobody cared.

"Wow," Kirk said. "That is deep."

"Not as deep as we are in space," Spock said.

"How do you picture yourself to die, Spock?" Kirk asked.

"Surrounded by my accomplishments and those I have gone to known," Spock said. "I foresee my death would be quite..." He raised a brow. "Content. I feel I would rather die as a old vulcan with his mind together."

Kirk smiled.

"You will be the lucky of us," Kirk said.

Spock raised a brow.

"How do you picture yourself to die, Captain?" Spock asked.

"I can change my future," Kirk said. "I can die manning my ship instead of some 'nexus' because we both know that is not where I am staying at for the rest of my life."
"Indeed," Spock said, with a nod.

"You know..." Kirk said. "If I die first, you'll know it."

"Pardon?" Spock asked, raising a brow.

"I'll make a whole ordeal over it!" Kirk said. "You'll try to logic it out but you won't." At this point Kirk is standing up. "I will make every known sign that I know of to show you that I am still there."

"If I die first," Spock said. "You would be alerted first."

"Ah Spock," Kirk said. "You are so sweet."

"I see that as offensive," Spock said.

"I was kidding," Kirk said.

...Transporter room...

...2265...Sick Bay...3:00 PM...

McCoy was staring at the DNA results when he heard Nurse Catherine's startled scream. The power briefly went out then it hummed back to life. McCoy looked up from the computer toward the source of Nurse Catherine's scream. There lay a body of Q on the biobed that showed his health as comatose.

McCoy's eyes widened then he went over to the communication device hooked into the wall.

"Sickbay to bridge," McCoy said.

"Yes Bones?" Came Kirk's voice out of the box.

"Professor Quarty just appeared in sickbay in a coma!" McCoy said.

"Turning around," Kirk said. "I hope Star Fleet is going to be happy they have a coma man in their hands. Kirk out."

About fifteen minutes later John-Luc came into Sick Bay. T'fara is back in his room playing with her new founded toys that did not consist of some weapons. They were play toys for average four year olds. John-Luc had told the girl himself how old she is. The reason they hadn't told her is because they believed it was part of her Vulcan side instead of these impromptu visits by a unexpected relative. John-luc and Q wanted to believe she wasn't just growing fast before their eyes. She should have been aging rather slowly. They refused to accept that she was growing fast as a human.

John-Luc only accepted it when McCoy told him the truth.

He felt hurt at what Trelane had yanked out of her life.

The first words T'fara ever said was 'Daddy' and 'Mommy' the last few words were 'dirty'. In fact they had been dirty as they had been fleeing from a group of mad Scottyonians wielding weapons and made mad accusations. It was a stormy night. The two had laughed shortly after the crowd had passed them right past a fallen group of trees. John-Luc and Q had laughed covered in mud. Then T'fara made her first words. It was the best day a parent can ever ask for.

Now the problem about those mad Scottyonian's was resolved by the authorities taking their hand into their business as they had wondered off into the king's forest and it was strictly forbidden they
did so. Their rather unlikely punishment was slave service to the king in the great mines on the other half of the world. They never showed up again near the gigantic kingdom again. The last John-Luc heard the mob had either perished, fled, or were still working as slaves.

John-Luc came over to Q's side then down into a chair looking down upon the man concerned.

"His mind is...gone," Came McCoy's voice. "The trauma his brain was under had been very...severe. He is lucky whatever happened spared his life."

John-Luc looked over to McCoy.

"Professor Q is still alive," John-Luc said.

"But his mind is gone," McCoy said.

"There is still hope he can come back," John-Luc said, turning back toward Q.

John-Luc, the man he is, showed a rare moment of affection by taking Q's hand and squeezed it.

"If he does come back..." McCoy said. "He might be rendered not so bright as he used to be."

Along Q's neck are branded by red marks.

"What do you mean..." John-Luc started to ask but he couldn't finish it.

"He might be a different person whenever he comes to and wakes up," McCoy said. McCoy puts one hand on John-Luc's shoulder. "I am sorry."

John-Luc smiled.

"He will be Q," John-Luc said. "I am prepared to face the hurdles that lie ahead for me."

McCoy took his hand off John-Luc's shoulder.
The white planet

Captain's Log: We are heading to Earth to drop off a comatose Professor Quarty. But, however, we come across a rather perplexing white planet that stands right in our way...Strangely. Spock, me, Chekov, Doctor McCoy and four security guards are investigating this planet.

...Wednesday the 13th...

...Unknown planet...

The group arrived to the planet surface. However, there is many things different about the main bridge crew. Chekov looked rather younger with light brown hair and he had on a yellow see through shirt over a black shirt. He also had a different badge that was just a golden arrowhead.

"Uh...Keptain?" Chekov said, staring at McCoy who had dark brown hair.

McCoy looked like a young man in twenties.

"No," McCoy said. "I am not the captain."

"Captain?" Came a younger voice sounding similar to Spock.

"Yes Spock?" Kirk said, sounding a lot younger.

"You are not twenty-two," Spock said.

"What?" Kirk asked.

"You look younger," Spock said.

Chekov and McCoy's eyes adjusted to the whiteness of the room to see a rather different Spock standing next to a young man with blonde hair. The blonde man had a yellow shirt over a black shirt and black matching pants along with black boots and black socks. He didn't look close to being 35 at all!

"You look younger, too," Kirk said. "Well...Your face...Is so different."

"So does yours," Spock said. "The only reason I assume you are Kirk is because Kirk was beside me when we beamed down."

"Jim, I don't know what's going on but for some reason we all look different!" McCoy shouted.

Kirk looked around.

"Hey, where are the other three?" Kirk said.

Picard appeared to be standing behind the three bridge officers, apparently fine.

"They should be here," Picard said.

I grinned.

"Exactly!" I said.
"Q!" Kirk said. "I should have known!"

"But that is not possible, Q is back on the Enterprise," McCoy said.

Picard looked around, wondering about something I don't even know.

"Oh relax," I said. "I am not even here."

"Then why are we hearing your voice?" Kirk asked.

"I have been stuck here for the past 5,000 years and I really, like really, want to be a body," I said. "I have been so bored. Bored. You know how being bored is? Oh right, you are concerned about the red shirts. They are dead. They do not have counterparts in the other universe."

"Five thousands years..." Picard said.

"So that makes me seven billion five thousand thirty-three years old," I said.

"What other universe?" Kirk asked.

"Well, you see..." I said, as by now everyone is staring at the sky. "Spock went into the past along with a Mining Romulan called Nero and did so altered the past. Your father died and you were delivered on a ship called the USS Kelvin. Your father bravely died distracting Nero...Oh Prime Spock was very old by then and everyone declared in the prime timeline that he had died because of some trip."

"So let me get this straight," Kirk said. "I am younger because we are on a mirror planet?"

"If that's what you prefer to call it," I said.

"How come you are not appearing?" Kirk asked.

"Because I have only appeared in the comics," I said. "And second of all I haven't appeared in those movies where Uhura and Spock are in love because it would seem too 'trekky' and that my actor feels like it's...Oh well...Might as well be just happy my mind didn't get blown to bits by Conjector."

"What did he do anyway?" Picard asked.

"He blew my mind," I said.

"This is not a time for jokes," Spock said.

"No, really," I said. "He blew my mind! I couldn't...I couldn't join my body for some reason."

"Mind being blown," McCoy said. "That is a first."

"What about the officers bodies?" Kirk asked.

"Good luck finding them," I said. "And you can stop staring at the sky. I am all around you."

They look down from the sky.

"Did you make this planet?" Kirk asked.

"I know which planets I create, Captain Kirk!" I said, mystifying my voice to the same one he first met me in. "AND I DID NOT CREATE THIS!"
"Oh look!" Chekov said. "A shuttle."

"That isn't real," I said.

"Let's try it out," Kirk said, leading the group toward the shuttle.

I sighed.

At first I did not want to intervene but they have Picard with them! And they are legendarily in the Star Fleet Federation in the future. I came to a nanosecond resolution about preventing anymore deaths. Oh, the deaths I have seen are disgusting! I wouldn't want to remember them at all. I would prefer if my memory was wiped clean of these disastrous ill-timed deaths.

"Do it and you're dead," I said, dead serious as they continued.

"How are you sure about that?" Kirk asked.

"My first visitor died boarding a shuttle that crushed them," I said. "I have seen been trying to warn other visitors to leave and be on their way. Just take out your communicators and get your butts off this planet!"

The group came to a stop.

"So..." Kirk said. "It makes what we are thinking."

"That would be a logical deduction," Spock said.

"I was thinking of the same thing," Picard said.

"I prefer shuttles over being beamed into space," McCoy said. "Any day!"

"Maybe the guards are in the shuttle," Chekov theorized.

"Just go, please," I said.

The shuttle turned into a black van.

"Who's thinking of a black van?" Kirk asked.

"I am afraid that is me, Jim," McCoy said. "I was wondering what one looked like in the 21st century."

"Just go," I said, again. "Through the communicators!"

"...We are not leaving without you," Picard said.

"We have your body," McCoy said.

I felt delighted.

But it also explains the recent heat flare I encountered five minutes ago.

"No wonder I feel hot," I said. "I have been trying to exit the atmosphere but I just can't...Is there something very wrong with my body?" I began feeling concerned. The look on McCoy's face turned into a sad one. "Answer me!"

No one answered me for a bit there.
"It is your brain," McCoy finally said.

"What is wrong with my brain?" I asked.

"Many things are different," McCoy said. "It's... Been shattered in the components of its very being. It's like someone went into a occupied warehouse and wrecked it."

"Come back with a case," I said. "I will undo the damage that Conjuctor had done."

"Q," Kirk said. "If you should know. This planet is in our way."

"Oh," I said. "Oooh."

"He just realized something," McCoy said.

It was Q who made this planet.

I remember this because it was the first simple planet my son had created to house minds. How had I not realized? I haven't had any intelligent minds for the past 5,000 years. Picard voiced his desire not to leave yet the captain understood his request. Picard really didn't have to stay. 5,000 years being alone and isolated I've gone rusty on my people skills except for those who've passed by.

Who added the aspect that anything fictional would kill them?

Right, my son did.

We were teaching a civilization to grow up and appreciate reality. They still had imaginary friends! From then after placing their civilization for a week they promised never ever to rely on their imaginary friends to do everything because they were just magnetic gravitational pulls of their planet connected to electricity and enhanced their psychic skills. They did not know about their gifts. But a few years later they did find out.

My son's greatest achievement. I remember giving Q a pat to the back and feeling really proud of him. That's before he screwed up and wanted explosions. I made Q clean himself up after being stranded on the Voyager. It was my only choice at the time facing the idea of him being exiled from the Q Continuum.

Picard looked like himself, naturally.

Picard did not leave.

"Picard," I said. "You don't have to stay."

"I do," Picard said.

There is silence between us.

How long does it take for a human to find a case?

"So..." I said. "How is T'fara?"

"Q," Picard said. "There is something you must know...She is actually four years old."

"What?" I asked.

"Trelane has been taking her on visits," Picard said.
"He...Oh...That back-stabber," I said. "But how is she...overall?"

"She asks when she is going to see her Mommy again," Picard said. "I don't know what to tell her. I can't be always there for her."

"If I don't wake up within a day after being taken into my body," I said. "You have my permission to put her up for adoption. Vulcan adoption. I am a paralyzed man, I can't too take care of her since I am a complete total stranger."

"One day we'll have to tell her the truth," Picard said.

"What if she refuses to accept it?" I asked.

"She will," Picard said. "T'fara is a Picard and any Picard would accept you."

"Oh Picard, I could kiss you," I said.

Picard raised his brows.

"What if you could?" Picard asked.

"I can't," I said.


"Well, a fake human body that is just a image," I said. "That might not be harmful."

"I want you to appear as you," Picard said. "Let's be honest with each other."

"We'll have to imagine the form together," I said.

Picard smiled.

"I can do that," Picard said.

My chosen form was a man somewhere in his thirties, good looking, and with that curly brown hair. I lacked a goatee. My appearance is otherwise different yet similar though in Picard's eyes that version of what I could be in the alternate universe. Picard grabbed me into a kiss. My first kiss. Why yes, I have never kissed before. The Q did not need to show that kind of affection because we didn't have mouths. Like I told Kirk earlier; we are omniscient balls except connected to a hive of the sorts where all the minds are joined together. You may call it as the Q continuum when seeing it in my eyes. It is like soundwaves moving coherently together right out of a battery commercial or a science fiction ad shown on the TV.

It was a simple yet small steamy kiss.

Passionate, indeed.

Our hands wrapped around each other and I felt like I was floating when in fact I wasn't. It was free falling through the air except I couldn't stop myself. I felt a warm feeling inside that sparked something I had long not fed. What was that? The fire inside that I hadn't lighten up in only the universe knows how long? Was it...Love? No, I have already encountered love a long time ago. My pulse quickened. I felt so young right then like I could get away with anything like a human teenager from the 21st century. Back then they could get away with anything until around came phones and cameras.
Maybe this is a different form of love that many people find addicting. The make out? No. Because every time I think of the word 'make out' I imagine people getting undressed and ditching into the bed! Maybe this is the spark in the kissing that drives humans to do whatever hell love brings them. I am not a love expert but...Picard is a lovely kisser.

We broke the kiss.

"That was the most honest kiss I ever had," I said. "My first kiss in fact."

"You know nothing of how we mated...right?" Picard asked, just to be sure.

"I know nothing," I said.

My fingers let go of Picard's.

Picard had his arms wrapped around my neck.

I don't know why but I felt comfortable staring into Picard's eyes. Was it the twinkle? The pretty look in his eye that got me so reeled in? No, it was not. It was Picard, all in his complex character. The one I had gone to know over two years. I built a form of trust with him that was more advanced than the one I had with Jean-Luc. Sure Jean-Luc is glad for our association at times but he has his own life.

It makes me happy knowing the other Picard got his mate.

"Oh Q," Picard said.

I heard the melody of beaming.

"Picard," I said. "McCoy is coming."

"You can arrange that," Picard said. "I want this to last a little longer."

"I...I can't," I said.

From the corner of my eye the beaming had stopped taking place and seemingly McCoy didn't appear.

"It seems you just did for me," Picard said.

I knew Picard wanted to keep this on for eternity.

If the damage was too extensive...Seeing him again would be a later date. Really later.

"Course," I lied.

"One more, just for luck?" Picard asked.

I smile.

"For you?" I asked. "Mon capitaine, I would be honored."

We shared another kiss. It was as steamy and passionate as the first. No wonder humans love it. It is addicting like the sentient potato salad joke. Try imaging the type of monks who see no humor in jokes like these. I, however, personally do not find it funny because of how it ended for the monks tragically.
The usual so sweet and smooth melody of beaming came across from us.

We must have been kissing for at least fifteen minutes.

"I got it--" McCoy started. "Oh...Damn it."

I broke the kiss with a smile.

"I will be waiting for you," Picard said, putting his hands down to his side.

"And I as well," I said.

The image Picard and I had constructed vanished all together.

I went into the case. McCoy closed the lid. McCoy made the usual command to be beamed up along with Picard. The scenery changed from the all too blinding whiteness into the cool shaded room. There stood Scotty behind the machine along with a Ensign. McCoy stepped foot off the transporter then went right out the doors.

People simply didn't notice what he was holding.

McCoy came into Sick Bay ten minutes later then put the container on the desk. He took off the lid and turned the item upside down right toward my head. There I fell through into a dark and trashy wilderness. Memories of course! I had to start the reconstruction within my brain by putting memories together. I love puzzles, this can easily be done in a hour.

An hour later, I realized my brain had been sent all over the universe.

Just after I put my memories together.

Rebuilding my brain by myself would naturally take a year.

Former Q's can do anything regarding their internal organs in a situation like this.
Humans decide to do the stupidest things. Including mind probing. As it turned out Doctor McCoy is interested in my progress is going. He should know! He is the Doctor! A man capable of scanning brain waves and doing scans of the head to see what in the world is going on. I fear he might be hesitant of intruding my mind.

McCoy got curious on this single day.

I could not blame him.

So, I had to chose a memory he can see while I did my repairs.

"What are you doing, Bones?" Kirk asked, curious.

"I am using this break through device to see how The Professor's progress is doing," McCoy said. He had on a big device that wrapped around his head, had big google like lenses, and had a machine strapped around my head. There were two bolts to the side of his machine. "I can't just stare at a former Q and do nothing."

"You are curious," Kirk said. "And you have gone mad."

"I have not!" McCoy said. "And who says I have?"

"Your nurses," Kirk said. "Maybe you need to talk with Pocirld about this..."

"I don't need no talk, Jim!" McCoy said. "I am fine long as I get to see at least."

"You will only spend an hour with this mad mind probing, Doctor," Kirk said. "No more and you will not do it again."

"And if I don't, you will put me on shoreleave," McCoy said.

"Exactly," Kirk said.

"All right, Jim," McCoy said. "I agree to the terms."

"And you will destroy that machine afterwards," Kirk said, pointing to the machine strapped around McCoy's head.

"I will, Jim," McCoy said.

"Good luck, Bones," Kirk said.

Kirk left sick bay, but before he did he addressed the nurses concerns by reassuring them the equipment will be destroyed and the Doctor knows what he is doing. I knew the perfect memory for McCoy to see. He'll probably get the message! The last scene will be my own choice that happened between Picard and I.
I appeared in the most unheard of place. It was dark and full of technology. I realized then, for some reason, I was drawn here. Why in the universe would Jean-Luc come here? Perhaps he is just visiting! Yes, that must be it. I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted, "Hello? Picard? Riker? Data?" and I only heard my voice in reply. I thought of one person, 'Jean-Luc' to appear at.

I found myself in what could be defined as the bridge where in front of a screen stood a man and along side the walls stood Borgs.

"Jean-Luc?" I said, stepping forward.

The man turned around.

"I am Locutus," Locutus said.

My face turned pale.

"No," I said. "Your name is NOT Locutus!" I grabbed Locutus by the shoulders. "What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing is wrong with me," Locutus said. "State your identity."

I felt enraged taking my hands off his shoulders.

"YOU KNOW WHO I AM!" I roared. "PICARD, THIS IS NOT AT THE VERY LEAST FUNNY AND IN FACT IT IS GETTING ON MY NERVES. CAN YOU STOP THIS AND SPEAK TO ME LIKE A STUBBORN MAN YOU ARE?"

"You are Q," Locutus said.

I heard the Borg surrounding me.

"Picard," I said. "If you can hear me...SLAP ME!"

"State the emergency," Locutus said.

I frowned.

"Jean-Luc Picard, the coward, the tea lover!" I said, turning away. "Guess I should have thought otherwise about you being one of the greatest captains in the fleet and a very good role model for the federation!" I paced back and forth feeling like a genius on a role. "No wonder you are so good. You are a coward." I waved my index finger. "You hide your fear and pretend that you are brave when in fact you are not!"

"Q," Locutus said.

I turned around.

"Yes?--"

I landed on the ground after a punch to the face.

"Do not insult me," Locutus said
"I smiled, rubbing the side of my face.

"You just used a Borg to punch me," I said, getting up right. "Coward."

"Violence is necessary," Locutus said.

"But the Picard I know would just deliver a slap," I said. "You hear me? A slap! You are feeding off his anger," I came to a stop at making my point. "Does the name William T Riker ring a bell?"

"There is no such unit as William T Riker," Locutus said.

"What does the T stand for?" I asked.

"We do not know," Locutus said.

I walked around Locutus.

"Back on my point," I said. "The Picard I know is feeling guilt, sadness, and regret. He wants out of that body and he feels furious at what he has done! Whenever he is furious at me more than anyone else you just use it to get your way! What is the point of the collective?"

"To survive," Locutus said.

I narrowed my eyes toward Locutus.

"WRONG!" I shouted.

"I do not understand," Locutus said.

"To boldly meet new cultures and assimilate them," I said. "And you have done exactly the opposite!" I came close to where his audios should be. "You are a killer. A lethal weapon known widely in the universe for their assimilation and killings. You take their young. You rip their families apart. You destroy advanced civilizations that you fear may be superior to you." I came into his view. "What does that say about your humanity Picard? Are you willing to stay another minute inside that Borg body of yours and risk seeing more people die?"

"No," This time I knew it was Picard. "My humanity is together."

"Data showed me my humanity," I said.

"Data is not assimilated," Jean-Luc said.

"Picard," I said. "If Data is still out there; do you think he is trying to end this war?"

"Yes," Jean-Luc said, as a tear comes down his cheek.

"We are the Borg," Several Borgs said.

I took a breath turning toward the group.

"Fine, fine, fine," I said. "I will leave you be."

I shook my hands back and forth in front of myself with my head lowered. I turned back toward Picard who was reaching his harm out to me. I had to shatter through my fear as well to take his. He and I vanished in thin air into the open space around what remains of Earth. I had to make a living place for him to stay so I made the Galaxy model Enterprise.
I could tell Locutus is in control as he stared around.

"Where is my home?" Locutus said.

"This is your home," I said. "You are the captain of this ship and I will do my best to help you. I promise." I squeezed his hand that was still held out. "It is going to take awhile for you to be all human but that time will be appreciated."

I took him to Sick Bay.

"I cannot hear my collective," Locutus said. "What have you done!"

"You are a human, Picard," I said. "And I owe you that."

Locutus was strapped to the table.

I tapped on the communicator.

"Q to Commander Data," I said.

"Q?" Data said. "Where have you been?"

"Now, now," I said. "I wasn't aware this timeline existed."

"...Oh, you are not the Q I know," Data said.

"I have sent the coordinates of the new Enterprise to you," I said. "Locutus is slowly becoming Picard. I will make it my mission to help you resurrect the Federation."

"You can just think and you get it," Data said.

"We can't undo everything that has the Borg done in one snap," I said. "It takes time and collective effort from everyone." I looked down toward my hand. I made the Borg infection go away just with a thought. "Before it is too late."

"On my way," Data said. "...Q."

"Yes?" I said.

"It is nice to meet you," Data said. "You are nicer than the other Q. Data out."

I felt so touched by the Android.

I decided to make the inside of the galaxy set model sickbay wider and much more appealing like the one on Voyager except there is more room. The room turned into a tone of white and blue that went together smoothly. I made holo-emitters throughout the ship. I decided to create a Emergency Medical Hologram.

"State your emergency," The EMH said.

"Tend to that patient," I said. "He needs a new right eye and a couple others."

The EMH stared at me.

"Where are the other Doctors and Nurses?" The EMH asked.

"Assimilated by the Borg," I said. "And I am not a nurse...But I..." I smiled. "Know someone who
can be your Nurse and In Training Medic Assistant!" I snapped my fingers making two people appear. "Oh, and that Neelix fellow."

I made Neelix appear because this woman is attracted to him.

They had been in the Delta Quadrant and had not been aware of the invasion.

"Who are you!" Tom said.

"Q," I said. "And I just saved your butt from a Borg. Now you must do everything this Doctor wants of you." I turned toward the embracing couple. "Kes, Neelix, I don't do exactly give orders but you will need to keep an eye on Picard."

Sadly...Deanna Troi is beyond return.

"Picard?" Neelix said.

"Don't make me repeat myself, unknown being!" I said. "All the files are available to you on the computer, and Tom Paris knows his way around Star Ships."

Now realize I am putting considerable effort to helping the Federation defeat the Borg. A cure had to be made so the best scientists had to be created in where could be the best place possible. I quickly supplied the ship full of people essential to this mission. I gifted the ship the exact power shared by the Borg to absorb the damage from the Borg. I even made it be capable of repairing itself when coming across the Borg just to make it seem better than it was in reality.

I vanished.

I had to find that damn Q who saved Riker's ancestor and convince him to do so!

The whole Alpha Quadrant rests on Riker!

//////////////////////////////////////////////////

..Thursday...14th...

..USS Enterprise..

I made the scenery turn white all around me. I had my utmost serious expression on my face making the viewer be no other than McCoy. Normally Q's have their ways of preventing anyone un-Q from probing their mind but since I am a human that is not any time for an argument except learning how to make the barriers.

"Get out of my mind, McCoy," I said. "Your hour is up."

McCoy quickly left my mind and the machinery just broke apart.

"Hahahaha!" I heard Trelane's laughter.

"Trelane, leave me be," I said.

"You just passed round two, Father," Trelane said.

"So you were the one who left me on the white planet!" I accused him.

"Ah hahaha," Trelane said. "No, I wasn't. That was Lady Q."
I folded my arms.

"What was the point of round two?" I asked.

"That you love Picard," Trelane said. "And that I was right."

I frowned, steaming red feeling my fingers squeeze against the palm of my hand.

"And round one?" I asked.

"You still have some fight left in you despite being cornered," Trelane said. "Admit it! We are alike in moments that call for death, injuries, and explosions!"

"q almost became you," I said. "I stopped that from happening."

"Why?" Trelane asked,

"Because he is my son," I said. "And you...You...Of all people! You tricked him into killing an entire planet! You told him a tale of your own version what happened on that day with the original Enterprise, vaguely! You have the heart of evil. q has the heart of a innocent boy who wants to have fun."

"We all have evil inside,father!" Trelane pointed out.

"Yours is more sinister and cruel," I said. "I should have been there when you were a kid but I wasn't."

Trelane frowned.

"Round three will begin," Trelane said. "In two years."

"Don't tell me," I said. "It is moving on."

"No," Trelane said, with a snicker. "Not exactly."

Trelane vanished leaving me to the wreckage in my brain.

I felt so alone.

"...Because you are never alone," I heard Picard's voice.

I realize then that someone is squeezing my real hand.

Picard...

"I will visit you when I can," Picard said. "And T'fara is going to be taken into a family on Vulcan." He rubbed around my hand. "But you are always going to be on my mind wherever I go."

Picard.

Mental tears are coming out of my eyes.

"I will see you next time," Picard said.

I felt a kiss on my forehead.
I decided to return to the planet Colo. Why? Why in the known Universe would I go back to a place I lost my right arm in? Maybe because the urgency I am not needed there. They do need people to teach how to use science correctly. I am unimportant but to the students I am important to them on a certain level. Their eyes all intent on me, listening, and learning.

I decided not to tell the Federation about my choice.

I had told them all they can stand and they refused to believe some of my historical accounts.

I took a one man ship to my destination.

I have been sharing daily correspondence with Picard since I awoke last year. His days as a red shirt are more interesting then my days on the boring planet Earth. He had his fair share of action, fighting against Klingons, and namely other things that will be noted in history for being part of Kirk's crew. He nearly was killed in all of these occasions and his partners died all the time.

I should have told him that is the curse of being a red shirt.

"...And I wish you best luck as Chief Security!" I said. "Quarty out."

I watched as the stars and planets passed me. I looked down toward my prosthetic hand then felt along the small scars alongside my face. How could people stand to look at them? I chose to keep these scars because they remind me how far I have gone in this life. T'fara, far as I know, has adjusted to her new life style. Life isn't fair. That T'fara will learn. I cup the side of my face using both my hands and drift asleep.

Why yes this air craft is in auto-pilot.

Could you blame me for staying up long hours just making a perfect excuse to leave Earth?

I don't know how long passed but suddenly red alarm went off.

My eyes flipped open.


I froze recognizing the starship that resembled a unique shovel.

"Voyager," I said.
A man of such dislike

Year? Hell should I know!...

..Aboard the isolated Voyager, obviously...

I was beamed aboard the Voyager after refusing to reply to their hails. They had been able to pick up my energy signature and beam me aboard. I just sat there waiting for Captain Janeway to enter with her little dear elf friend. The Ensign at the Transporter stood there staring at me in shock and with plenty of fear inside her eyes. The doors opened then in came the up-tight woman and her logical officer.

"Hello, Janeway!" I said, with a little wave.

Janeway froze, and there she stopped with the most unforgettable face.

"Q," Janeway said. "I should have known."

I smiled.

"Dear Captain coffee beans," I said. "You have randomly gone one hundred plus years into the past," I had my hands together. "And I should really be beamed back to my ship before you come to any brilliant ideas of."

"Q?" Tuvok said.

"Take him to the brig, Tuvok," Janeway said.

I waved at Tuvok.

"I can do that for you," I said. I pressed a button on the side of the arm rest. "Now...Magic!"

My wheelchair levitated above the transporter so I wheeled it over to the floor. I pressed the blue button on the arm rest then glance up to the much taller Star Fleet Officers who did not seem to be happy. I had a sigh shaking my head muttering, 'They still have no sense of humor about it'. Then waved my hand, "Lets get on with it. I never visited your brig before..."

Ten minutes later I was in a rather smaller brig than the one on the Galaxy model.

I whistled, bored, staring at the terrible dark ceiling.

If only I had powers to make it different.

I lowered my head feeling a pain in the back of my neck then rub at it. It just worsens. I am having a neck ache that isn't like what children go through when their bodies are physically aging. I thought back at how q claimed I was still on the Enterprise when I encountered him by the water. Was I really like that? Too consumed with my toys to check up on my son? I felt myself trembling coming to a rather disturbing thought. Now that he is older I may be missing out on his growth as a Q.

I am the biggest stupid Father in the universe for not checking up on him for time to time!

Because I barely did visit him as a teenager and I only came when he most needed me.

Was Trelane trying to prove I was a neglect-ant parent once my child hits the age of teenage-hood?
That I intended to leave him to find his way around the universe and explore his powers? From time to time after being bound to Q I had to take little breaks from his many mistakes then come back in. Being a father is not that easy. Including when you hear your own child say 'You can go have fun while I go on a self exploration trip through the gamma quadrant' and 'I promise, I won't be screwing up, it is okay, Father. Father? Are you crying?'

I felt myself trembling in emotion.

Damn you, Trelane, for putting this in my face.

An hour later, the ship was suddenly attacked.

I was knocked out of the chair and hit the side of my head against the wall for some reason then landed sharply on my side injuring my shoulder. I had a sharp scream feeling something very, very wrong. I felt every bone of my body had been purposely broken. It must have been the volume of the attack for that to happen. A violent attack that came from below. I had tears in my eyes facing the pain.

Well, what did Captain Locutus do when facing against the collective in 2369 when he was on the verge of being taken back in?

I believe it was that Picard side who resurfaced and said, "No! Not this time!"

I closed my eyes feeling bleeding going on.

The next I find myself in Sick Bay.

"There," The Doctor said. "All your bones are fixed, but I can't seem to repair those scars along your face."

I grab his materialized hand.

"Thank you," I said.

"Let go of my hand," The Doctor said. "I am a Doctor, not a grip holder."

I stared at the holoprogram.

"Who is attacking the Voyager?" I asked.

"Er..." The Doctor said, at first hesitant.

"Doctor!" Kes shouted, strolling in with some Ensigns who were injured.

"Klingons," The Doctor said. "Now, let g--"

I let go of the Holoprogram's arm.

The Doctor came to the other patient's aid.

Tom Paris was covering a wound on his forehead.

"Pssst," I said.

"You again!" Tom said, glaring at me.
"I need my wheelchair," I said.

"You can just walk and get it," Tom said.

I heaved a sigh realizing I had to make my point.

"Okay, I will try that," I said.

I pulled myself up right, moved to the edge of the bed, and frowned in his direction.

"Now walk," Tom said.

I pulled myself up.

"Like this?" I asked.

Tom nodded.

"Yes," Tom said.

"Okay," I said. "Watch this attempt."

I fell right off the biobed landing on the floor.

I look up toward Paris seeing a look of skepticism on his face.

"Why are you on the floor?" The Doctor said. "You can't walk. You are paralyzed from the waist down!"

Tom looked over to a fellow Ensign who didn't have the worst injuries on him and appeared to be fine. Oh wait! That is Harry Kim the Ensign! The fellow who went through dimensions that one time and passed through the continuum by doing so. He was flying in the air the first time I ever seen him. I didn't appreciate a human flying over my head when giving a pep talk to q.

Kes helped me back on the biobed.

I saw Harry Kim go out the doors.

"Thank you, Kes," I said. "You are very appreciated."

"Nurse!" The Doctor called.

Kes quickly came to the Doctor's side and helped him treat the oncoming patients. The only Klingons who would be attacking are those who I have dealt with in the past which is zero or in the future. I have dealt with many Klingons. Which one could have possibly known about my arrival to the past and madly gone into the past as well?

"What are you going to do?" Tom asked.

"Kill them," I said, rather darkly. "There is no room for interrupting history as you know it."

Tom frowned.

"What do you have that we do not?" Tom asked.

I was half tempted to say "Me," but that would be over dramatic.
"Exile," I said.

"I don't get it," Tom said.

"You don't have to," I said. "The last time we met...When was that?"

"Last week," Tom said.

I smiled.

"Of course," I said.

Harry came back with my wheelchair.

"I'll be right back," I said. "Well..actually. Scratch that out! See you next year, probably!"

I got into the wheelchair then wheeled my way to the bridge and turbo-lifted. The Voyager shook from side to side. I recalled back in the post-Borg attack Enterprise that the first thing Captain Locutus did acknowledge his living symbiotic halves and needed a lot of time to begin calling himself 'Captain Picard'. He needed a Borg Alcove so I had that be dispatched in his room as his body required it. Over the years his internal organs would no longer become dependent on the Borg half so it would require surgery by EMH.

That year would be 2376 with the war between the Borg and the restored Federation over.

Everyone was being restored in 2378 after there was a cure acquired to the Borg half.

I remember being happy for Picard.

In fact he made me shed some tears.

I remember there being a massive celebration in the Q continuum afterwards. Celebrating the end of the Borg infestation. Why? Mainly because the Borg infestation came into our realm. Few of us managed to escape and many of us were assimilated. I, however, was part of the majority who were assimilated. It was like a constant war with myself. I wanted control and so did he. We had numerous arguments about what to do. We even told the hive, at the same time, to "Shut up!". I am very thankful that I never have to argue with myself again after being restored. Twelve long years bickering with myself is not how I pictured to spend a decade.

I came to the bridge.

"Captain Janeway!" I shouted. "Let me handle this!"

"You are supposed to be in Sickbay," Janeway said, in shock but probably disturbed I was let out.

"You are supposed to be in the Delta Quadrant," I said, coming right into the center of the room. "Hail the Klingons! This just might be my problem and not yours."

"You don't know that," Chakotay said.

"In fact they wouldn't have attacked this ship if I hadn't been beamed," I said.

"We've tried and they refuse," Janeway said.

"Put a message in," I said. "Professor Quarty would like to speak with you."
The screen blinked to life displaying Captain Worf.

"Professor Quarty," Captain Worf said. "Get into our custody for crossing our border."

"I never did," I said.

"That..." Chakotay said in shock.

"That is Worf," Janeway added.

"You are the one who are the cause of my misery, Colonain," Captain Worf said. "You destroyed my ship in interfering in taking the Enterprise as my prize."

All eyes went on me.

"I'll make sure to note what you did in my log," Janeway said.

"Nobody is going to believe that for a second," I said. I looked up toward the screen. "You are supposed to be dead. Do you hear me? Dead! In your timeline, no ifs, no butts, no excepts about it!"

Then Captain Worf said in Klingonese, "I survived."

"No surprise there!" I shouted. "Klingons survive everything!"

Captain Worf glared at me.

"Don't you dare try to escape," Captain Worf said.

"I dare so!" I shouted. "And this ship isn't going to be destroyed." I pointed down toward the floor. "Do you hear me? Because I won't allow for a 142 people to die because of me and I won't let that happen."

"You are not omniscient, my rival," Captain Worf said.

I sighed, leaning to the side of my chair cupping the side of my face.

"How about we do this man to man?" I suggested. "Shuttle against shuttle." I held my free hand out leaned on the arm rest. "The one who wins goes to heaven or to Sto-vo-kor."

I closed my hand taking it back.

Captain Worf grew a smile.

A rather creepy one I'll note.

"That is a justified offer," Captain Worf said. "Worf out."

The screen turned into black.

"Shuttle to shuttle?" Janeway said. "Are you really serious about sticking your neck out for us?"

I looked up toward the up-tight captain.

"I know what I am doing," I said. "And I know there is a wormhole around here somewhere to send you back in your course...While I am gone, you must leave the premises."

Janeway sighed.
"Seems we don't have much of a choice this time," Janeway said.

"And I do not need any of your pity," I said. "Keep it to yourselves, and please, be human."

I rolled my way out of the bridge.

Instead of being alone I was followed along by Tuvok, the most surprising Vulcan.

"Are you aware about your future?" Tuvok asked.

"No," I said.

"What about Kolosters?" Tuvok asked.

"Plenty," I said. "I had a Koloster attempt to set off a bomb in my class. I tossed it out the window." I shook my head. "They tried to destroy the First Colonial Academy numerous times that I was there. They were able to successfully detonate..."

"A part of the cafeteria and 100 students who were in your Science Class," Tuvok said. "You were absent from the Academy notably for two weeks and made a plague in their honor. I am surprised, Ambassador, why you didn't go off on a revenge mission."

I controlled myself by simply using two phrases.

I am in control of my emotions.

I am in control of my emotions, my emotions don't govern me.

"I knew better," I said.

It was all thanks to Clara Karen that I didn't slip into a deep depression.

Clara was a rather healthy woman I had gone to like. She was 32 when we first met and a rather nice new introduction into my life. She could stand my attitude kind like a cockroach left out in the winter days of Alaska. She had nerves of steel, I'll say. She wasn't a Vulcan if you are thinking but purely human. Well, actually, she was part Klingon. I later learned she had anger issues and took up this kind of practice to help better control herself.

"You didn't hear what I said," Tuvok said, getting in my way. "I don't know how you do it but you..."

"I what?" I stare back at Tuvok. "Be a pain in the butt? It is quite easy. Be a Q for a couple billion years and see where that gets you."

"Ambassador of the planet Colo," Tuvok said. "I don't really see you as the diplomatic type."

"Neither do I," I said. "I won't be becoming a Ambassador."

"Professor Quarty," Tuvok said. "Someone apparently saw something in you."

"Get out of my way, Tuvok," I said.

Tuvok stepped aside.

"You died a couple years ago," Tuvok said.
"Not a surprise," I said.

"Aboard the Enterprise," Tuvok said. "Under your false alias."

I rolled away.

"Why do you bother telling me this?" I asked.

"I have a feeling you must know," Tuvok said. "And since we are in the past..." Tuvok followed me. "I have come to the conclusion this is a timeline where there are no rules and you are aware of that."

"...That I am," I said. "You are a smart Vulcan, Tuvok, Spock would be proud of you."

"You knew the late Ambassador?" Tuvok asked.

"Knew him?" I said. "That's an understatement. I still know him!"

Tuvok could have smiled but he didn't.

"Let me guess; you spoiled his fate," Tuvok said.

"Uh huh," I said. "Right in their faces."

"You changed history," Tuvok said, flatly.

"For the best or for the worst?" I asked.

"For the best," Tuvok said. "Kirk visited Spock on his ailing days on Vulcan. In fact...It was their last day."

I had a little smile at that. I held my hand up then, with my prosthetic fingers, made the Vulcan hand sign. Some of my nerves are connected to the machine itself to a few techy parts that have really short to long names.

"Goodbye, Tuvok," I said. "Live long and prosper."

I wheeled away from Tuvok.
Once upon a time there used to be a pandora's box. I was inside that. I was the one trapped in it for so long. I was the one who had done so many things. Once you let me out there is no going back in. I should have told the poor boy with a wish to have a genie that none of his wishes would come true in how he wanted them. The only thing I saw in the boy's eyes were greed and a shine I couldn't define.

The undefined shine.

That is quite precisely what I do know of about humans.

The undefined shine comes shortly before 1) something bad happens. 2) They screw up. 3) Before hell comes over a specific section of the planet. My experience tells me that when hell is going to be unleashed it will inflict harm onto everyone not involved. I didn't want everyone aboard the Voyager to be part of the greatest fight between a former Q and a Klingon.

I shot at The Klingon shuttle.

A phaser shot at the wing blade to my shuttle. My shuttle spun in circles. I fired another phaser at the Klingon shuttle. But instead that landed at the Klingon space ship not the shuttle. A torpedo fired at the Voyager. There is one thing you do not do when in phaser play with me. Don't fire at the innocent bystanders. I shot a phaser at the torpedo making it explode in space.

"Not on my watch," I said. "They have families to return to."

I steadied the shuttle.

Getting to Colo might not be possible.

The screen changed to the Klingon shuttle inside.

"You are out manned, Professor Quarty," Captain Worf said.

I smiled.

"As it turns out..." I said, setting a new destination in what best way I could. "I have plenty of man power." I shot at the wings to the Klingon shuttle. "Just goes to show how wrong you are, my stupid rival."

Captain Worf's eyes grew wide.

"What are you doing?" Captain Worf said, with a scowl on his face.

"Heading your way," I said.

"I am not stupid!" Captain Worf said. "I am the smartest elder son of my family!"

I had a laugh at Captain Worf.

"You are, technically," I said. "First; coming after me. Second; phaser-fighting me. Third; shooting the Voyager. Fourth; going all the way through time and being rescued by Trelane to kill me when you could be fighting the Enterprise."
"You are the only one in my range," Captain Worf said. "Makes my vengeance more clear."

"How did you know I was in the shuttle?" I asked.

"Trelane told me," Captain Worf said.

"Any last words?" I asked.

I saw the undefined shine in the Klingon's eye.

"Die!" Captain Worf boldly said.

Phasers erupted out of the Klingon shuttle. Another pair of phasers joined in stopping the blast from striking. I dodged the strike by spinning the shuttle doing so in a yet delicate but absurd pattern. I pictured the Voyager crew staring at the screen half wondering how in the world I could survive and that I could not survive such a attack. You are going to make it, I thought, I don't die today. Not today.

I crashed the shuttle through Captain Worf's shuttle.

I closed my eyes bracing for impact.

The sheer startling ba-booming sound shortly made me open my eyes to see fire, cords, and the inside of a alien shuttle craft being blown to bits. I saw a blue glow around my screen as the body of Captain Worf is being vaporized due to the intensity of the crash. I found myself frozen watching in slow motion the quick death of a Klingon. To me it seemed like five Q minutes had passed witnessing his death. I looked over seeing a reflection of the Voyager going toward a worm hole (under no surprise) in slow motion. I decided to do overkill to clear my path.

I pressed the phasers button numerous times.

Time resumed.

The phasers broke apart the Klingon space craft tearing through into the Klingon ship. I had to end it here and now. I can't have any trace of the future left behind in the past. It is a mighty insane decision to go after a Klingon ship without back up. I might be going mad at the time. A little bit.

The Bird-Of-Prey fired back.

I took a turn toward the left.

"Damn," I said.

"Engines have been hit," The computer indicated.

Perhaps I will die just not as a Ambassador.

"Merde," I said.

I anticipated imminent death. But the thing is death didn't come. Instead I was spared. Immobilized but I was spared. By whom would you ask? A pair of phasers came at once striking down the Klingon ship. The Klingon ship exploded into various pieces of scrap metal and what not. I was frozen there wondering who would intervene on my behalf.

Janeway's image appeared on screen.
"Good luck, Q," Janeway said.

"Good luck to you, Captain coffee beans," I said. "Quarty out."

I witnessed the Voyager fly off into a wormhole.

"Now..." I said. "Immobilized...Now how do I get my way to Colo? I can't seriously just drift in space!"

I put on a emergency alert.

Let's do some meditation and get some practice in.

I closed my eyes and cleared my mind.
Safe and sound...or maybe not

In 2266 I finally awoke from my coma. Do you want to know what I woke up to? Oh well, I am going to show it anyway. I had done the last repairs to my brain and felt all the internal power just drain away. My whole brain was like a forest that was turned into a puzzle and had some machinery that had to be well kept. Some of the long walk ways were the ones that connected some parts to different places. I had trial and error conducting my repairs and had to listen to sound and feeling to know if the repairs were working.

"Miss Karen..."

"Yes?"

"Would you like a cupcake?"

Clara.

Clara Karen.

"Yes," Karen said.

"...Care...in..." I whispered feeling my eyes move but they were not opening.

Why?

Did I bust some eye nerve during my repairs?

"Yes, I am here," Karen said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because..." Karen said. "Professor, if you ever decide to turn to Colo...There is no First Academy. It was destroyed a few..." Her voice was shaky. "A few days ago. I just got here. The plague you had made remained. It will take a decade for it to be repaired. Some other buildings were destroyed over Colo at the same time by a bomb."

Bomb.

I was...I was...I was enraged.

"I am sorry," Karen said. "Your assistant died."

No!

Not Richard Stronghurst!

"His heart rate is increasing," I heard a man's voice.

"And all your students died," Karen said.

Richard Stronghurst was the guy who helped me. He was the guy who arranged my busy schedule for lectures, meetings, and class. Not like he ever lived with me but one time his house was destroyed by no surprise: The Kolosters. I had to 'branch out and befriend others' as McCoy had suggested before I departed the Enterprise. I let him stay at my house for a month. He was quite a
impressionable and very likable young man. Very flawed but in fact a different ant out of the ant-hill.

Knowing Stronghurst, he probably was helping another instructor with some important task of the day.

"Goodbye, Photonic," Karen said.

I heard her light footsteps walk away.

Hell, the thing that started me to force myself awake was that news. I knew their parents quite well from a huge parent-teacher conference meeting. I felt so responsible for being part of their grieving process. I knew the Kolosters were responsible for this. The least I can do is send a families a message not to go on a vengeance mission. Their children would never wanted that to happen. I once had a two hour debate about time travel and vengeance missions in general with my students.

It was quite a healthy debate, I'll say.

They all voiced their opinions.

When it came down to their parents losing their lives; none of them would be pretty happy about it.

The Kolosters had a claim on this planet way before the Colonian colony was founded a couple hundred years ago. The mixed races and the Kolosters had a on-going dispute that went back to when technology was first introduced into Colo. That was roughly 2105. The brightest minds and intelligent life forms made getting advanced all that more possible. The Kolosters were so malicious in trying to send them packing.

But mixed races are like cockroaches.

They always survive just like humans.

Two days later my eyes opened to see a white ceiling with a rounded fixture similar to a holo-emitter displaying the image of the milky way. I push myself up seeing other beds lined along the wall all in a row. There were nurses tending to the other patients making sure they were comfortable. I realized then I am in a coma ward. Great. Just my luck. I look over to see a monitor that shows my vital signs. All of them were in the healthy range far as I knew. So what I do next? I attempted to walk.

I fell flat on my face. Yes, I forgot I am paralyzed. Repairing for so long being able to walk in my mind is a difficult thing to transition from. A nurse came to my aid then helped me back onto the bed but allowed me to sit upright. She had on uniform similar to the one that is worn on a far off planet by ladies with pink hair and creatures jump into balls in the form of red energy. Oh right, she reminds me of a Nurse Joy except instead of the uniform being white and red...It was white and blue.

She even had short blonde hair.

"What year is it?" I asked.

"2266," The nurse said. "Are you all right?"

"Fine," I said. "But I need to make a couple messages...in private."

I knew one parent who would do anything for their child. She was an only child. No siblings at all. The nurse checked my health, even with my insistence that I am healthy as a ox (that phrase I picked up from a friend of mine on Colo who went to the hospital every three days, what a hypocrite) in the most literal terms. One hour later I was allowed to make some messages in private.
My first message was for John-Luc.

The rest were for the family members.

Oh right, about the student who was siblingless.

Her name was Jessica Jahones.

"Mr Jahones," I said. "Whatever you are doing. Stop it, I know you are visiting the Kolo planet. I advise you turn back. Do you want to start a war between planets because of your only daughter? I knew her for a short time." I cleared my throat. "But she was a once in a lifetime kind of deal. The least you can do in her memory is forgiving the culprits. For all we know some Kolosters feel guilt! GUILT! In all its raw and tedious forms. It can pry, terrify, and haunt a man who was there for centuries or until his death. We all know those who are responsible will want to have attended it and done so. I heard your daughter..."

I had to pause right there thinking about what I was going to say.

How could I know this?

I am not omniscient right now.

Perhaps Trelane is giving me memories to go off as I go.

"I know your daughter saw a Koloster," I said. "Right before the bomb went off. He was there when she died. He was right there, in the dark smoke, looking over her. Do you know what she said to him?" I stared at the screen. "She didn't have feet, knees, or calves. She was bleeding. Part of her neck was missing. She was in pain. She was scared. Alone. But...But...But...She said, 'I forgive you.' and passed." I cleared my throat. "You don't have to carry this out, Mr Jahones. Guilt can kill a man. It can kill a Romulan, Vulcan, Klingon, and...It can kill anything. Your daughter wouldn't want you to die avenging her. That I am pretty sure about. You were lucky to have her. I was lucky to know her. I am so sorry for your loss...Grieve with your wife and family members. Sincerely, Professor Quarty."

I ended the message.

Now how does this relate to the shuttle going adrift in space wherever the hell it may be?

Just wait for it.

"Mr Quarty?" The nurse said after I did the last message.

"Yes," I said, wheeling around from the screen.

"You have a visitor from the Federation," The nurse said.

"In here," I said. "They can't press me here." I smiled. "They'll be mad."

"It is regarding a super human named Khan," The nurse said. "That is all I have been told."

Khan and his family was left on a planet similar to Australia. A hostile planet. Khan is rather hostile so the Enterprise crew figured the super human family would be able to pull through along with a not-so-super-human Enterprise woman. They are all like Superman's civilization except there is 73 of them in total. If only they could fly. I can already picture them saying 'I wish I can fly' and then killing Tinkier Bell when she comes along. Do you honestly think they would be kind for pixie dust?
They would have to threaten Peter Pan for that! The boy who never ages.

Originally Never-Land ended with none of the kids returning.

Why?

They all died.

"Khan is none of their concern right now," I said.

"They are concerned by the sounds of it," The nurse said.

The blonde nurse left me.

People usually leave me when they cannot seem to understand why a godly being is visiting them or pulling tricks. They can't seem to understand the equation $\pi$ as it does not go on for indefinite but honestly it is the biggest leap from small thinking to bigger thinking. Bigger thinking as in going on to other words. $\pi$ actually leads an average person to the continuum after piecing together what each number represents. 3 stands for body, soul, and thoughts. 1 stands for being the most original and unique person in the universe. Four stands for four billion reasons why not to return to being a human. Most humans and computers use their meager 10 percent of their brain to attempt solving this equation. It will be considered indefinite until the day comes when a human puts the equation into an oddly made machine into a type writer.

I can't do that right now.

The period between 3 and 1 stands for the door between simple minded and vastly minded.

I wheeled right over to the table then put my hands into a ball on the table.

In walked a short man with cherry hair, blue eyes, freckles all over, and a dark suit. He wore a wrist watch that could not naturally be found on 21st century Earth if one tried to find it. It reminded me of the Apple Phone-Watch that was getting very close to the combadge in the 21st century. Humans were getting over their technological obstacles in the 23rd century getting ready for the one I really do like. The 24th century! Anyway he had side burns and a pretty long chin.

The man sat down into a chair in front of the desk.

The doorway was locked by a wall.

"My name is Carlson Geordin," Geordin said. "But call me Geordin."

"You may call me Professor Quarty, for now," I said.

"Star Fleet has heard about you," Geordin said. "And we must know everything you know of about Khan Noonien."

I folded my arms.

"How long has it been since I woke up?" I asked a trivial question.

"Three hours and twenty-three minutes," Geordin said.

"Three hours and twenty-three minutes," I said. "And the first thing you ask from me is about Khan." I used my right hand to mock someone speaking. "Oh no, we have a threat we created ourselves and we want to hear the future! The former Q! Yes, we shall use him to prevent
casualties!" I put my hands down on the table. "My answer is no."

"You are in no position to say that," Geordin said.

"Of course I am," I said. "I am much like a Psychic for you. And I can deliver fall statements to you."

Geordin frowned.

"What can you tell me about Khan?" Geordin asked.

I smiled.

"In one timeline he is returned to chronostasis by a very different version of the Enterprise," I said. "Much younger crew. And I can tell you so much more than that such as the failed colony on Cardios-7, reasons why not to venture into the Andromeada Galaxy until the next five hundred some years, and enemies you face going to the Delta Quadrant."

"Tell us about Khan's future," Geordin said.

I leaned back into the wheelchair.

"Khan dies in 23 years," I lied.

Khan dies in 2285.

Good lie, eh?

"And?" Geordin asked.

I frowned.

"He dies," I said. "Simple as that. Imagine the worst thing possible murdering all 100."

"..One...Hundred..." Geordin repeated.

"Lives, yes, I know," I said. "Pity they had to go this way. Between you and I Khan's life is full of death and hurt to anyone he comes across. He makes a strongly compelling villain who can out wit anyone. It is not a battle of wits but the battle of lives when dealing with him. Some residents will attempt to leave the planet and some will not succeed."

"If what you say is true," Geordin said.

"It is true," I said.

"Then you are well aware it may cost a number of lives if what you say is a lie," Geordin said. "And you can be prosecuted for perjury."

"I am well aware," I said.

"Professor Quarty," Geordin said. "Star Fleet has more questions about the future."

"One condition," I said.

"Yes?" Geordin asked.

"I will not tell the aftermath of Captain's Kirk's adventures," I said. "I will avoid them at all cost
because they are essential to history including a couple other top dogs. I will start with the little things and make my way to the major things."

If only I had known they would demand answers for rather different questions including regarding how Khan died, then I could have made a lie and fled to Colo shortly afterwards while they tried making sense. Colo was...Just a bit like a place I could stay. A bit like where I would be needed. I felt most at home on Colo than in the continuum. That means a lot of volumes coming from a former Q. Colo may have its problems but I find something good in it among the rubble.

Geordin nodded.

"Your terms have been accepted," Geordin said. "And if you have enemies in this era; we will do our best to protect you."

"I already have protection," I said. "Trelane."

At least for for the moment, at that time, I was safe.

"Your 'so-called son'," Geordin said. "He will not always be there for you."

"I used to be Q," I said. "Former Q's can very well take care of themselves without their Q protector."

"Well," Geordin said. "That sounds like you need plenty of help."

I glared a imaginary hole through Geordin's forehead.

"I won't admit that I need protection by my former home and my new home," I said.

"You are human," Geordin said. "They can't have their attention on you 24/7. So you must be of some value to the continuum if they have a protector on you."

"Good point," I said. "I better not be stalked by any of your agencies."

Geordin smiled.

"You won't," Geordin said.

But now in 2267: I am so not in the safe zone.
Professor Quarty hadn't sent a message in days to John-Luc.

"Chief?" Ensign Shuttey said.

John-Luc was drawn out of his thoughts.

"Right," John-Luc said. "We go that way to find the landing party."

They went pass a passage made by a mountain pass. The landing party hadn't replied to the bridge in a hour. So, with Chief Engineer Scotty still there, it was decided to beam a security team to the surface. John-Luc, however, had his worried thoughts on Quarty. Why hadn't he sent a message? Something had to be wrong. The team held their phasers being wary of the current scenery.

A purple floating mass appeared in the security teams path.

"Go now," The purple mass said.

"We are here to find our captain, his science officer, chief medical specialist, and a couple of our own," John-Luc said, taking a step forward. "You may know them as Kirk, Spock, Caren, Jenise, McCoy, and Christine."

"The red men," The purple mass repeated in a monotonic tone.

John-Luc's eyes widened.

"Yes, the red men!" John-Luc said.

In a purple light appeared three bodies.

"They are dead!" Shuttey loudly declared.


_I'll have to tell their families_, John-Luc thought, _When I can. I am responsible for these men._

"You will leave," The purple mass said.

"We will not leave until we have our senior officers back,"

"You are awaiting for a call,"

"Did you hear I said?" John-Luc said. "We are not leaving without our senior officers."

The communicator beeped.

"Answer it," The purple mass ordained.

John-Luc took his communicator out.

"Yes?" John-Luc said.

"We just got the logs from remainments of a stolen space craft we got in yesterday," Scotty's voice came over. "Yer not gonna like it."
"What is it, Mr Scott?" John-Luc asked.

"The last occupant was Professor Quarty," Scotty said. "I am so sorry."

"Pocirld out," John-Luc said, shutting the communicator.

"Will you leave now?" The purple mass asked.

The purple mass had a loud intimidating voice.

"No," John-Luc said. "This is not logical how he conveniently made the assumption a lost man died aboard a shuttle."

"Then you prefer if your captain dies," The purple mass asked.

"No," John-Luc said.

"But your logic...Is illogical," The purple mass said.

"My logic states that you are holding my commanding officers in whatever hell you have them in," John-Luc said. "And you know more what you are saying." He sent a look toward Shuttey. "I intend to take them back."

Ensign Shuttey and Ensign Kurter came over to the dead red shirts.

"Five to beam up," Ensign Kurter said.

The five were beamed up leaving only John-Luc.

"That is a noble cause," The purple mass said. "But you will not."

"They were here to find a established scientific colony," John-Luc said. "Whatever harm they have done is--"

"MAD!" The purple mass finished. "THEY HURT ME AND THEN INUSLTED ME!"

"They were scientists," John-Luc calmly said. "And you are new to us."

"I am a being of massive proportions," The purple mass said.

"Did you tell Kirk the same thing?" John-Luc said.

"Why...Yes, I did!" The purple mass said.

"Then you are very well aware what I may ask," John-Luc said.

"Yes," The purple mass said.

John-Luc put his communicator away stepping forward.

"Where....is...Q?"

"Q?"

"Q,"

"I do not know who you are speaking of,"
John-luc stared at the purple mass for exactly 2 minutes before replying.

"Professor Quarty," John-Luc said.

"Oh, that man," John-Luc's eyes were glowing with hope. "I fixed his shuttle and sent him off."

"And?" John-Luc asked.

"He died on a planet couple light years away," The purple mass said.

John-Luc stared at the purple mass absorbing the information.

"No!" screamed John-Luc's stomach.

"No!" screamed John-Luc's mind.

"NO!" screamed John-Luc's somehow and unusual strong emphatic bond with Quarty.

John-Luc took a deep breath then exhaled.

"Not acceptable," John-Luc said. "I will find my commanding officers and you will attempt to stop me...But rest assured, there is more where I come from." John-Luc pointed up toward the sky. "We will never leave you in peace until we have everyone in safety range."

There was an eerie silence.

"I..." The purple mass said. "Sent that wreckage in space just to make someone mourn for him and this is what I get? He is dead! ACCEPT THAT!" John-Luc did not flinch. "There was nothing I could do for him! He was on his way to a planet called Colo, very stubborn, refused any hospitality from me. He has a very bad ego about his pride."

John-Luc made a rare smile.

"I will never accept it," John-Luc said. "Until I see his body. I will wait, until then, to grieve."

"And I do not have your commanding officers," The purple mass said.

"We'll see about that," John-Luc said.

"You might want to check out a space ship called the USS Constapol," The purple mass said, as it faded.

"I will not," John-Luc said, calmly. "I have officers to search for."

The purple mass faded into oblivion.

Beeping came from the communicator so John-Luc opened it up.

"Have you found the captain yet, Mr Pocirld?" Scotty asked.

"Not yet," John-Luc said. "I will contact you when I have found them. Don't send any more officers here. They won't be needed...I have a ticking feeling in my gut about it."

"Good luck, Mr Pocirld," Scotty said. "Check in as regular."

Chief Security Officer supplementary Log: A purple mass has told me that Q is dead. I can't find the heart to believe him. It is not logical. None of it is. The conclusion I have jumped to is that this purple mass is an illogical being, a liar perhaps. I have to find a way to retrieve Captain Kirk, Doctor McCoy, Officer Spock, and Nurse Christine before any harm comes to them. End Log.

John-Luc felt along the surface of the rocky wall cautiously. He had the vaguest of all ideas where the small group could be. The purple mass had appeared in this specific corner of the mountain. He had gone over it and over it for at least an hour. John-Luc went over the evidence, the facts, and the known information about Professor Quarty's disappearance. He couldn't touch it but something was off.

The evidence says Quarty is dead.

But can one really trust the evidence about a former Q?

A feeling told John-Luc that Quarty is not dead.

/////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

...Somewhere...
..Out of view...

"He is right about one thing," Kirk said. "This is a unreasonable entity."

"Damn it," McCoy said. "I feel so useless confined to a room!"

Nurse Christine had a ice bag pressed over the side of her head along. Spock is observing the large wide screen television set that had a little black box on a wooden table below it.

"Being emotional will get you no where, Doctor," Spock said.

By now John-Luc is contacting the Enterprise.

"We have to get somewhere," McCoy said.

Kirk had his ear pressed along the wall, to which he could hear the 13 collective voices of the frightened scientific Star Fleet personnel. There lacked a 14th voice. There had been 14 in total dispatched to this planet. Kirk took his ear off the wall appearing to be concerned about the fates of those people.

"Purple mass," Kirk called. "Show yourself."

The screen glowed purple.

"Yes?" The purple mass asked.

"Why did you kill one of the members to the science party?" Kirk asked.

"He was annoying me," The purple mass said, in a deep voice.

"Annoying?" Kirk asked. "You can't just kill a person because they are annoying! Explorers tend to
annoy the natives of the planet but they come to an agreement however by not getting rid of the annoyance by murder! You could have avoided this earlier."

"You are just annoying as the other," The purple mass said. "You can just die right now."

"Captain," Spock said. "It seems annoying him will lead to an untimely death."

"I am the master of my own fate," Kirk said. "And you may be some powerful being but you are not god! You are no god to me!"

"I could have easily killed the professor," The purple mass said. "But I was told not to by the ones above me."

"So you admit!" Kirk said. "You are not a god. You are something below being powerful. Could this mean you are a machine? You are a swamper, a machine of the sorts, capable of blocking transmission and prevent any sort of machine working at all."

"That would explain how our communicators won't work," McCoy noted.

"I am not a machine!" The purple mass argued back. "You will see! This conversation is over!"

The purple mass vanished off the screen.

"I just hope this won't make more people die," McCoy said.

/////////////////////////////////////////////////////////
..Outside...
..One hour later..

John-Luc knocked on the wall three times and each time he did it got hollower. He followed the sound tracing alongside the wall. The wall became rougher, synthetic like, and not realistic to his fingertips. His shoe stepped on something that was familiar. The shape of it drew his attention down toward the floor. It was the shape of a padd except it were a rock molded into the shape of a padd.

John-Luc picked up the padd.

Dear John Luc:

I crashed on this planet, and very oddly, survived. This purple mass is very unusual. I never met anything like this in my lifetime. Usually I would be aware of such beings like me but he is nothing like a Q. A day ago he towed away the shuttle craft into a cave. My last message regarded my departure to Colo as I told you and I am still headed there.

Today, I found a found restored air craft. The stolen Federation shuttle had been repaired. I had been attacked earlier but I can explain what happened when we are face to face. About the repaired shuttle; I found this a little odd...He couldn't have known what it looked like before. But, the thing is I can't send any transmissions to you because of his 'fault knowledge of the communications system'. He has to be a computer. If you are reading this then perhaps it has been years or decades and you revisited a planet I told you about and I am probably dead.

I love you, forever and always.

- Professor Quarry.
John-Luc read the letter again then turned it over.

"I love you too," John-Luc said, feeling the letters on the crack riddled Padd rock.

John-Luc put the Padd Rock into his pocket.

Quarty is alive and John-Luc will get to the bottom of this.

John-Luc continued on his path feeling along the rocky surface. Five minutes later he came to a distinctive stop feeling what seemed to be plastic. Plastic rock. John-Luc pressed his hand forward. It made a sudden rocky growling sound as the fake rock lodged deeper into the wall out of the sun light. The wall came to a gradual open shaking and trembling as it did letting loose the dust.

The wall stopped moving once the shape of a entrance had been made.

The communicator beeped.

John-Luc flipped out the communicator.

"Pocirld here," John-Luc said.

"We have detected another life form on the planet surface," Scotty said. "And it ain't pretty."

"Well," John-Luc said. "Where is it?"

"Right in front of you," Scotty said.

John-Luc raised up a dark eyebrow.

"I don't see it," John-Luc said.

"It is right about five feet in front of you," Scotty said.

John-Luc took out his phaser.

"All right, I will take that into consideration Mr Scott," John-Luc said. "Pocirld out."

John-Luc stepped into the darkness. He put away his communicator into the pocket that didn't have the rock Padd. His eyes adjusted to the darkness. He relied on all his senses to walk down the corridor. His thoughts now were about Kirk and his landing party. John-Luc pressed a button to the side of the phaser. A light emitted out of the phaser brightening up the cave for John-Luc.

John-Luc walked a good thirty-two minutes down the passage way.

He saw a bright blue light glowing so he lowered the phaser and turned off the side flashlight mode off. The temperature in the corridor became tolerable for a human but since John-Luc is half Vulcan his body temperature is regulated at 91°F. But unlike most Vulcan males John Luc is not six foot six, he is shorter than Quarty. Quarty once joked "Am I always going to be taller than you, John-Luc?" in one of their corresponding messages last year.

John-Luc put the phaser away.

So far there wasn't any life forms in here. John-Luc felt the smooth wall using his finger tips. There were lines going about making the shape of a circle from top to bottom. It seemed as though this tunnel had been made thanks to a weapon not the work of hard labor. John-Luc took his hand off the wall to the tunnel. Perhaps Captain Kirk is here?, John-Luc thought as he wondered about the

John-Luc heard his own voice in reply.

John-Luc drew closer toward the light until his face is covered in the blue light. He stopped leaning against a pathway's threshold. His eyes were absorbing in the sight below that dotted the bottom of the cave. The colors surely danced turning off and on. Never before had he been alone to see an unusual sight. It reminded John-Luc of a movie that once showed how Las Vegas had been at night full of life and crime. But it wasn't a city. None of this was. This entire planet is a machine. An incredibly intelligent machine.

"Welcome to my home," Came the purple mass.

John-Luc turned around startled and caught off guard.

Instead of turning around calmly to face the purple mass; John-Luc fell, stumbling in the loose gravel, and was stopped by a large metal building of the sorts. His ankle had been sprained. He injured one part of his ribs though it would likely be a bruise. John-Luc held his left foot up perpelling himself up against the rocky surface. Great, John-Luc thought, injured and unable to walk properly.

"Welcome to my home, Mr Pocirld," The purple mass said.

"Don't frighten me, computer," John-Luc said.

The purple mass grew furious.

"I am not a computer,"

"Then what are you?"

"A experiment conducted by a superior race far older than you,"

"...The Q continuum?"

"No, a different continuum,"

"Wait, there are two of them?"

"Yes,"

"I wasn't aware of that,"

"They make order,"

"What's their letter?"

"M,"

"I wonder what's the next letter in the alphabet to get a continuum of its own,"

"That is not funny,"

"Yes, it is!"
"Is not,"
"Compute Pi,"
"There is no answer,"
"Yes, there is!"

John-Luc folded his arms.

"Explain!" The purple mass demanded.

"You are a machine, time to grow up. You have been content with what you are for so long you haven't been out reaching yourself and applying yourself to learning. I knew a Android who was all set doing what he had been told. Well, actually, he wasn't a Android but had a positronic brain. You know what I told him? To apply himself and go beyond his orders. It is the thrill of working on a star ship. It is part of being human!"

"I knew my friend for a long time, and he was perhaps the most loyal man I ever knew. He would get the job done; no matter what. He didn't take no for an answer, especially when it came to the Klingons! When I and Doctor Beverly were in their hands, he did not leave. He worked his way around. I can't tell you how glad I was to see my friend again along with some other Ops agents. He was clever, unique, and sometimes tricked the transporter to send himself instead of me to a very hostile planet. Now I understand his logic and see it sound but...But he could have told me. He chose not to. Whenever I said 'No' to go after someone; he knew what I meant. Regulations may bind us but not the one who doesn't captain the ship."

"What was his name?" The purple mass said.

"Data," John-Luc said. "And he was my...First Officer."

"I understand," The purple mass said. "I understand."

"You understand you must apply yourself further, right?" John-Luc asked.

"That was different," The purple mass said.

"But the same applies to you," John-Luc said. "Process 3.14!"

"Creating machine," The purple mass said.

"And you have a soul. A machine would be monotone, careless, and follow orders. But YOU. You have achieved sentience! I can tell!" John-Luc went on. "You are a person and it is about time you make a choice in how you want to make it into the next stage of your very long life!"

There was a glow about the room.

"I...I ca...I can feel it," The purple mass said.

"Let go of the science community and my commanding officers," John-Luc said.

"I feel...so...superior," The purple mass said. "I will let them go...But I want you to see this."

The room softly glows purple and the wires once engulfing the cavern began fading away before his eyes.

"Your fellow Star Fleet members have been returned to the saucer," The purple mass said. "I am.." The rock began disappearing as well. "Excelling." It became apparent to John-Luc that the entire planet is destroying itself. "No worry. You will live. You must see this. My sight is your sight and your sight is my sight."

Aboard the Enterprise...

The bridge...3 minutes afterwards...

"Where is Pocirld?" Kirk asked.

"He should have been with you, Captain," Scotty said.

"Perhaps he is still on the planet," Spock said.

"Kirk to Transport room," Kirk said, pressing a button on the side of the arm rest to the chair.

"Yes?" Came a woman's voice.

"Lock on Pocirld's energy signature," Kirk said.

"But he is not there, sir," The woman said.

"I meant be prepared to beam him up when he comes to," Kirk said.

"Understood," The woman said.

"Kirk out," Kirk said.

Chekov is staring at the screen in shock. He, including Sulu, and most of the bridge members were able to see the planet turn a crystal tint of purple engulfing the whole planet. The whole planet began to shatter apart kind of like a crystal ball that had been chipped at by a sharp edge. The cracks spread all over the planet turning into a shade of white. Then it simply exploded rattling the Enterprise to its sides.

The light dimmed.

The Enterprise was not in orbit.

There was no planet, at all.

"Sir..." Sulu said. Sulu turned toward Kirk. "Did we really see a planet be destroyed?"

Kirk stared at the screen absorbing in the shock.

"Y...Yes, Mr Sulu," Kirk said. "We just did."

"Transporter to bridge," Came a female voice. "We have locked in on a pattern."

"Beam them up!" Kirk said.

"Ay ay, captain," The female voice said. A minute later the voice came again, "We've got him,
Our scene transitioned to the Transporter where John-Luc, with his sprained ankle healed including his rib cage, stood holding a Padd. He didn't have the rock padd in his pocket as it had been turned into this with a screen. John-Luc traced along the screen sharing a fond smile toward the surface. John-Luc got off the transporter.

"Is he all right?" Came Kirk's voice.

"I am fine, Captain," John-Luc said. "I just saw a whole new being exist. It will be in my report."
Shore leave

..August 7th, 2267...

..Alacakra Planet...Class M...

"You will enjoy this, chief," Shuttey said.

"I heard it is good," Kurter added.

"I will believe it when I see it," John-Luc said.

Along came Ensign Jarvis (a red shirt) and Ensign Potter (who is also a red shirt) to the transporter. They had been granted shore leave by the captain. John-Luc found it startling that Captain Kirk decided it be best that a planet riddled with problems be the place for everyone to relax on. The birds flew sideways, flying in shuttle was not optional, some of the inhabitant animal were quite lethal, and some of the residents did not want the crew. Apparently Kirk was swayed it is a good planet with its flaws.

"Ready to energize?" Ensign Karti asked behind the machine.

John-Luc nodded.

"Energize," John-Luc said.

The group are beamed down to the planet surface at a desert. The security team took out their phasers alarmed by the sudden difference in what they were expecting.

"This is so not a relaxing place," Shuttey said.

"Reminds me of death valley," Kurter added. "In the movies."

John-Luc flipped out his communicator.

"Pocirld to Enterprise, Pocirld to Enterprise," John-Luc said. "Do you read me?"

They were met with silence on the other end.

"Have we been duped?" Kurter added, in fear.

"We've been transported to the wrong place," John-Luc said.

"Chief, it says we are on the planet," Jarvis said, looking down to her tricorder device.

"Let's find the center hub or the city," John-Luc said. "We might have been transported to the wrong place."

The group of Ensigns followed their chief down the rock covered path. Following the instincts of a Vulcan can turn out to be a rather good choice as the landing party normally relied on their guts when exploring new worlds or in the middle of a war covered location. The group hid under rocks upon noticing a flying shuttle craft that is so not Federation issued. Kurter and John-Luc look over the boulders with their eyes.

Sure enough around came forehead ridge-less Klingons holding weapons.

"I think we weren't sent on shoreleave," Shuttey added.

"We are getting to the bottom of this," John-Luc said. "Set your phasers on stun and fire on my order."

They put their phasers on stun mode then aim at the Klingons. At this time the Klingons resembled human beings because of a virus that afflicted their ridges on the forehead. John-Luc learned of this through Quarty during one of their corresponding messages last year. He is also aware that Klingons had a constant body temperature of 104. Quarty had referred to it as the 'Klingon augment virus' that had afflicted 50% of the civilization until a cure was found for it.

Klingons didn't talk about it much, well, they never did in John-Luc's time.

They never told outsiders.

The Ensigns and Security Chief surrounded the Klingon's ever so silently.

"Stun!" John-Luc ordered.

The Klingon's collapsed to the ground.

John-Luc felt a tingle of victory.

It reminded him of the time Mr Data had pretended that his captain had died to draw out the Klingons. John-Luc fired the first phaser at the standing Klingon. The second Klingon drew alert at what happened to his companion then proceeded to shoot Data. John-Luc, from his hiding place, shot the Klingon down. He remembered quite well because Data congratulated him on his improved aiming. Data was the one in fact teaching him how to fire from a distance as it wasn't part of the academy lessons.

"Tie them up," John-Luc said.

"Ay chief," The Ensigns said.

Soon enough the Klingons were brought back into the shuttle tied up.

"They must have a pretty good reason to be here," Shuttey acknowledged.

Jarvis got onto the computer.

"You know Klingon, girl?" Kurter asked.

"I am very fluent in Klingonese," Jarvis said. "My parents love exploring other cultures."

"Good to have you with us, Ensign Jarvis," John-Luc said.

"No, the honor is mine," Jarvis said. "Hm...Chief...This planet is under tight security from the Klingons because it is very hostile planet and not so welcoming." She looked over to the unconscious Klingons. "These are just watchers."

That puzzled the group.

"Then how come we haven't got any communication from them earlier?" Potter asked.
"Klingons are so secretive," John-Luc said.

"But the captain is here," Shuttey said. "I don't understand this."

"It is not logical," John-Luc said. "Leave them in their ship...With their daggers up on the console so they can free themselves."

"Are you proposing we search for them, chief?" Shuttey asked.

"There is a resort city a couple miles away," Jarvis said. "The hub of it all."

Chief Security Log: It turns out we are not on shore leave. We are on a rescue mission that surely does not mean the Klingon's are the culprits, surprisingly. Our mission? Find out what is going on from Commander Spock or Captain Kirk. End Log.

...Alakatra city..

...12:58 PM..

"Potter and Jarvis, you go search this part of the city," John-Luc said. "Shutey and Kurter, you take the left. I will go down straight this part of the city. Call me when you have something, all right?"

"Ay Chief," The Ensigns said.

"Let's split," John-Luc said.

The group of three splits up.

John-Luc's thoughts went to Quarty when he saw two kids playing with fake guns. Quarty would have easily turned the weapons into snapping turtles and made the children cry as they ran away. He did miss Quarty. He realized all those 'unlike Beverly' moments were all of Quarty's womenly side and his male side. John-Luc found himself attracted to that. There was something about it that drew him to Quarty.

Quarty was so complex and so lovable in a way.

What would have Quarty done if he were here?

Looked around and bought a reminder.

Or easily got abducted by some weird crazy group who he managed to elude after a couple hours then flee on the shuttle. Yes, that Quarty would have done. John-Luc went inside a building that had a rather good atmosphere about it. He came to the front desk where there sat a purple woman with four eyes on her head, long dark hair with silver streaks in it, and a gray dress that had a reflection to it. He saw a strange kind of metal around her ears.

"Hello, I am Lewis Pocirld,"

"Hello, my name is Elegir,"

"Select?"

"Yes,"

Now, that is a first for John-Luc.

A woman who's name means select in English.

"That is... Odd name,"

"Wait, Lewis Jerkey Pocirld?"

"Affirmative,"
Elegir stood up.

"You have a message," Elegir said, taking his hand. "Follow me, Mr Pocirld."

John-Luc is tugged into a room.

This room seemed to be very relaxing provoking. He sat down on a bean bag that is purple then he grabbed a flower and smelled it. It was so sweet. John-Luc smiled letting go of the flower by the stem. The flower joined into the group of other flowers blending in quite well to the human eye. Elegir put in a device into the machine then walked out.

On the screen appeared Quarty.

"Hello John-Luc!" Quarty said, with a wave. He was drinking through a straw. "Ahhh, that hit the spot."

Quarty put the drink down.

"I recently was able to make contact with a USS Constapol and they'll be around in a couple hours to take me to Colo," Quarty said. "This planet is actually so relaxing and laid back. I have been on a few Paradise islands including Edan or is it Eden? I can't determine how it is spelled correctly."

Quarty ate a piece of watermelon. "The natives of this planet are very...Interesting and stupid. I mean the slightest of all nice gesture can set them off into war mode!"

John-Luc stared at the screen.

"Damn me and my anger," Quarty said. He sighed. "I hope you've found this long after I am dead and taking our grandchildren on a visit to this certain planet. This planet is great for a one day visit but don't push your luck here. I saw some people die today trying to leave this planet." Quarty looked over. "Out Elegir. Don't you know privacy?"

"Sorry," Elegir had said.

"As I was saying," Quarty said. "This planet is ideal to stay at if you want to avoid people and the Klingons had been the ones to make my idealistic air craft be bound."

Quarty took a sip out of the cup. He lowered it. "The Constapol is willing to repair the damage along the way to Colo."

Quarty leaned forward.

"I am going to tell you this," Quarty said. "When we get to Scalos, I am going to take my chances and go on hyper mode to Colo. I know it is risky doing it to a shuttle and could cost more than my limbs." He showed his hand. "I don't have a right prosthetic arm right now. They actually believe it is a liable threat. My arm! A THREAT? Really?" He leaned back into the chair with a grunt. "In their dreams." Quarty sighed counting to ten mentally. "Anyway, I am going to get out of Federation hair even if it means by falsifying a few things. Colo has new rules these days."

Quarty leaned forward with a smile.

"Q..." John-Luc said.

"You can't abduct people off their planet," Quarty said. He sounded so smug and confident about any proceedings regarding his unplanned trip. "So I am really getting a new arm on Colo along a couple other things." Quarty took another sip of the cup and lowered it down. He wiped off what had been on his lips. "I will see you...Out there. He had a little wave at the screen. "Love you. Quarty out!"
John-Luc puts his hand on the screen.

"Quarty..." John-Luc said "I will find you somewhere along the way."
...August 7th, 2267...

..Alacatra city...2:58 PM...

**Security officer's supplemental log:** We have yet to find Captain Kirk and Commander Spock. Jarvis and I are at a Embassy hoping that perhaps the two came by with Ensign Erika and Ensign Georvivch.

"Have you seen a Vulcan and young man with two people in red shirts?" Potter asked.

Jarvis is staring in the direction of the hall, deep in thought.

"They did pay the Ambassador a visit," The receptionist said.

Potter leaned forward.

"And?" Potter asked

"They left," The receptionist said.

Potter sighed.

"If anything, ANYTHING, happens to them then you will be held responsible," Potter said. "I will make sure of it."

"Maybe we shouldn't threaten them with a trial," Jarvis said.

"No, we have to follow regulations," Potter snapped back.

"Potter, there's a couple men holding clubs staring right our direction," Jarvis whispered.

"The Ambassador tends to visit a old house that no one dares to tear down," The receptionist said.

"You can easily find it at a street of houses as it sticks out like a sore thumb."

Most human inhabitants of the planet are purple, have dark hair, and four pairs of eyes. Some inhabitants have curly silver hair. These two hair colors have a unique history on this planet regarding their differences. The receptionist advised the two where to go in order to escape the two clubbers. Potter and Jarvis fled through the back door making a discreet exit by the startled Alacktrakians.

Jarvis took out the communicator.

"Jarvis to Pocirld here," Jarvis said.

"Pocirld here," John-Luc said.

"They went to the Ambassador's lurking place," Jarvis whispered.

"Jarvis, I cannot hear a word you are whispering," John-Luc said.

"We are being followed," Jarvis said. "Creepy house. I think we're--" She came to a stop at a dead end with Potter. "Doomed."
Potter and Jarvis turned around.

"Jarvis?" John-Luc called.

Jarvis took Potter's hand as they saw the bats tip open revealing a barrel.

"Potter?" John-Luc said. "Respond!"

Shortly after there is a exchange of fire.

"JARVIS!" John-Luc shouted. "POTTER! Respond!" He heard footsteps and murmurs that were not human so-so. "Oh no. Pocirld out."
The thing about motivation

...August 7th, 2267...

..Alacatra city...3:20 PM...

"They are dead?" Shuttey said, in horror.

John-Luc nodded.

"They are," John-Luc said. "When I got to their bodies...It was too late. I had them beamed up to
the ship."

"Jarvis was...Just assigned," Kurter said.

"We are gonna make them pay," Shuttey said.

"No, we will not," John-Luc said. "We will find the captain and commander Spock."

Shuttey stared at the creepy Victorian like building.

"Reminds me of a good scary movie," Shuttey said.

"Kurter, you will go back to the ship," John-Luc said. "I will go with the Ensign who'll scare the cats
away."

"You and your big mouth," Kurter said, with a snicker. He flipped open the communicator. "Kurter
to Transporter. One to beam up."

Kurter was beamed up before their eyes.

/////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

...August 7th..2267..

...Alacatra City,...3:49 PM...

Kirk awoke feeling pain in the back of his neck. He felt something hard and metal like instead of his
typical soft smooth skin. His vision was a bit blurry at first. He saw Spock in the corner of the room
with his arms folded staring at the door as though processing a mathematical problem how to break
it. It was then Kirk recognized it is a energy field.

"Good afternoon, Captain," Spock said.

"Wait, it is in the afternoon?" Kirk said, surprised.

"Affirmative," Spock said.

"I don't remember being knocked out," Kirk said.

"That is because we were stunned," Spock said.

"Someone used our phasers against us?" Kirk asked, stunned.
"Affirmative, Captain," Spock said. "I theorize these are very paranoid beings who believe everyone is out to get them."

Kirk had a soft laugh.

"Describes most of humanity," Kirk said.

"I assure you Captain," Spock said. "I have no such thoughts because it is illogical for some-one to go after me."

"Right," Kirk said. "What is around my neck?"

"A skin collar," Spock said.

"...Come on, Spock," Kirk said.

"It is bound to your skin," Spock said.

"Why don't you have one?" Kirk asked.

"Because I am a alien," Spock said. "You, on the other hand, are not much of a alien."

"...Did he explain why?" Kirk asked.

"They explained their previous host was a Professor in the Science field headed to the planet Colo," Spock said. "I suspect Professor Quarty had at least visited this planet and escaped somehow."

Kirk paced back and forth rubbing the back of his neck.

"So the first human on this planet was Professor Quarty," Kirk said.

"Affirmative," Spock said.

"And he escaped," Kirk said. "I suppose they didn't have a collar on him!"

"We didn't," Came another voice.

Kirk turned toward the sound of the voice that belonged to Ambassador Edvige.

"Why did you collar me?" Kirk asked

"Because outside influence is deadly to our way of life," Edvige said. "And we cannot allow others to escape with knowledge of our life style."

"I have heard that phrase before," Spock said.

"So have I," Kirk said. Kirk stepped forward. "Ambassador Edvige--"

Kirk collapsed stung in pain.

"You will not move until I say so," Edvige said. "Your officers were supposed to be lured to their doom...But no, they had to investigate." Spock simply stared at Edvige taking note of his physical body signs. "They had us spill blood in our streets."

Kirk helps himself up.

"So...You...In fact killed two of my men," Kirk said.
"Bones to dust, blood to waste," Edvige said. "Their bodies are all but skeletons. They can be returned to their loved ones as our search was cleared."

Kirk was furious.

"This is a lot of effort to hide your illness, Mr Ambassador," Spock said.

"What?" Edvige asked, startled. "I have no illness!"

"If I am not mistaken," Spock said. "You have arthritis," Edvige stepped back. "There is no known cure for that on your planet."

"But the stupidity of your kind can be cured by death!" Edvige said.

"Which kind?" Spock asked.

"The one that shames you," Edvige said.

"I warn you," Kirk said. "Do not insult my first officer."

Two of your officers are now searching this building," Edvige said. "They should have died in the desert. Your Shootey and Pacurld duo!"

"Your humor is very flat," Spock said. "It is pronounced 'Shut-tea' and 'Pearl-card'."

"That is absurd!" Edvige said, as his wrinkled face is changing colors.

"Pocirld," Kirk repeated. "It is more like Po-Cured. Don't you agree, Mr Spock?"

"I agree, Captain," Spock said. "Like the name 'Edvige'. It sounds like Ed and Veg. The 'i' is silent."

"Stop it, stop it, stop it!" Edvige demanded.

"We are sharing a intellectual conversation, do you mind good sir?" Spock asked.

"FINE, I WILL TAKE YOUR CAPTAIN!" Edvige said. "Guards!"

"For what?" Kirk asked. "A dive in the water? No thank you."

"We don't have water," Edvige lied.

"Scientifically this planet has mass portions of water much like Earth. The tectonic plates are still moving and every year the plates on this planet move an inch," Spock said. "Logically you are the ones not paying attention to your surroundings."

Two guards appeared behind Edvige.

One guard was short and the other was taller.

"That is it," Edvige said.

Spock noticed the height difference as did Kirk. The guards wore helmets that covered their entire face along with a dark purple visor, large armor that seemed to be like the ones worn by knights in a era far back on Planet Earth. Edvige held the device out then pressed his elongated thumb on it.

It was so unexpected for Edvige.
Because the next he knew he was pinned to the floor feeling a sharp pain in his back. The pain was coming from knees sharply poking through. Now they must have some really sharp knees or might not be Alakatrakians because their knees are not that hurtful when digging into some-one's back. Kirk lay on the floor unresponsive with eyes open. The neck collar unwrapped off Kirk's neck then landed on the floor. Spock used a vaporizer to make it vanish into the air.

"What is wrong with the captain?" Shuttey asked.

John-Luc did not want to say it.

John-Luc refused to believe Captain Kirk died.

"Dead," Edvige said.

"Oh don't listen to him," John-Luc said. He slipped out another device poking out of Edvige's pocket. "He's perfectly fine."

He pressed a button and the energy field vanished while Spock performed CPR on Kirk. The caution taken over an old Ambassador is very warranted because of the circumstances and they are very unaware of the strength that Alakatrakians share, in fact they are not part of the Federation due to their mysterious and hostile planet.

"Lock him up, Chief," Spock ordered.

"You heard the Vulcan," John-Luc said.

They had pinned Edvige's arms behind his back. The two officers stood up then made their way back up the stairs. John-Luc and Shuttey, when a good distance from the cell, engaged into the unlikeliest of all conversations.

"Do you know how the Captain and the Commander have this kind of chemistry together?" Shuttey asked.

"Yes," John-Luc said.

"Like a juicy kind of spark where they can read each others minds," Shuttey added.

"That was established last year," John-Luc siad

"Yeah," Shuttey said. "I am aware of that. But do you think they might have something going on?"

"No," John-Luc said. "We should not be talking about this in front of the ones who tried to kill us."

"Well, we did knock out the guards," Shuttey said.


The two tossed Edvige into the living room, closed the door, and used the broom to keep the doors closed. They took off the armor and got back into their most comfortable Federation attire. Shuttey sighed in relief, free of the over bearing metal. But John-Luc? He was perfectly fine maintaining the weight of the armor. They dumped the armor on the nearly naked guards.

Shuttey and John-Luc returned to the room where Kirk and Spock are.

Kirk is staring at Spock standing beside him in shock while holding the communicator.
"Four to beam up," Kirk said.

"Good to hear you, Captain!" Scotty said. "Beaming up."
"This planet used to be alive, a long time ago," Kirk said. John-Luc had his eye out for random Klingons.

"Captain," John-Luc said. "I do not mean to be condescending...But this planet's sun will go into supernova in one hour."

"Exactly why we are here," Kirk said, now facing John-Luc. "If you had fourteen minutes to live; what would you do?"


"We got a call for help, Chief," Kirk said. "And there's not a sign that someone had been here."

The ground is barren and dark. The sky is littered in dark clouds. There are abandoned buildings with cracks seeped inside. Flags were being blown in the air by weak feeble winds passing through. John-Luc raised a dark brow up at Kirk, a little confused what he is alluding to.

"Are you requesting I launch a one man search?" John-Luc said.

"I trust you'll cover more ground than Spock and I could," Kirk said.

John-Luc lowered his brow with a nod.

"I accept," John-Luc said.

Kirk smiled.

"Thank you for doing this, Chief," Kirk said. Kirk stepped back then flipped his communicator out.

"Kirk to Enterprise."

"Enterprise here," Scotty's voice came over.

"One to beam up," Kirk said. "Kirk out."

Kirk flipped off the communicator and he was beamed back to the Enterprise.

"What would Quarty do if he did come to this planet," John-Luc said.

John-Luc knelt down then he observed a trail of wheels John-Luc smiled, but it fades once he saw smaller foot prints. He stood up following the trail into a building. John-Luc took out his phaser leaning against the wall listening to the voices from the room. One sounded familiar. It had been awhile since he heard that voice with a certain bass to it. He looked over the edge of the doorway to see holoprograms huddled in a circle along with a holoprogram of a man hushing them shaking his hands.

"I told you, don't be scared," Came Quarty's voice.
John-Luc’s heart raced.
"But we’re gonna die," Came another holoprogram.

Quarty frowned.
"By the time you are dead; you will be an old woman," Quarty said.

John-Luc lowered the phaser coming into the room.

"Mr Q," Came the holoprogram of a child said. "The holoprogram has been set off."

Quarty lowered his hands then wheeled around.

"I have set this holoprogram for whoever finds this room," Quarty said. "Oh, John-Luc!" He had a wide smile. "I have set everyone else, except for me, in the transporter. Their patterns are stuck in it and this trip will be somewhat of an unusual time jump."

"Stuck...in it?" John-Luc asked.

"Yes," Quarty nodded. "And since you are here, this will make things much easier." He put his hands together. Quarty had a new prosthetic hand that seemed very unique and had most of the machine parts visible. He even kept the scars on his face for the holoprogram. "Listen good...Because I will not repeat myself."

John-Luc listened intently.

Ten minutes afterwards the holoprogram ended.

John-Luc went over to a machine that is big enough to be considered a pod that has enough room for two people to stand in. John-Luc set the date; July 1st, 2367 at 3:47 PM. The inside of the machine glowed a light hue of purple. His eyes glanced off the green text to inside the machine that has the top glowing inside at the ceiling. He closed the panel carefully then walked into the machine.

The door closed.
John-Luc found himself in the ready room at the desk. This time the ready room is different; not gray, dull, and depressing. In fact it had a fish tank, a light pink/purple wall painting, a couch right across, and the window that he sometimes stared at in his timeline still there. He felt at home and comfortable. No wonder Quarty was so fond of the Enterprise. John-Luc took out a mirror to see his looks.

"Look the same," John-Luc said. "Except for the eyebrows and ears."

John-Luc felt happy as he felt his elf-less ears.

"Computer," John-Luc said. "What is Professor Quarly's status?"

"Deceased," The computer said.

John-Luc turned toward the computer and put up the file for Professor Quarly. He pulled up the death certificate. Quarly surely wouldn't die in the way it said. Quarly, at the time, died of old age. But his last words were, 'My name is not Photonic Riker Quarly,' to the one and only Jean-Luc Picard with witnesses. John-Luc felt sad turning off the screen.

"Riker to Picard," Came a young man's voice.


"You might want to see this," Riker said. "Riker out."

John-Luc got up from the desk then walked around it. He shared a scan of the room taking in what could have been HIS ready room. In fact it belongs to his counterpart who was not a half breed at all. John-Luc envied Jean-Luc for being human. But then again Jean-Luc wasn't the one who had a child and built a level of close trust with the entity.

John-Luc went out of the ready room to the contrastingly bright bridge.

There he saw Worf, at least the good version, looking down toward a panel not the least surprised. He saw Deanna Troi sitting in a chair right beside the captain's chair with one hand under her chin. John-Luc had only met Deanna on screen as a ambassador to Betazed regarding a temporary shore leave in exchange for leaving all their phasers and violent thoughts behind. Data was sitting at the helm being an android with golden skin. John-Luc hadn't realized how much he missed his Number One until he saw Data again.

John-Luc turned his attention to the screen where he saw a planet coated in fire.

"What is that planet?" John-Luc said.

"Ocasar," Riker said. "The planet's sun went into super nova one hundred some years ago."

"This planet should be dead," John-Luc said.

"Yeah, about that," Riker said, turning his attention to Worf. "Worf."
"There are life form patterns hovering above the planet surface," Worf said.

"Captain," Came Data. "We are getting a transmission from the planet."

"That is not possible," John-Luc said. "Mr Worf, on screen."

"Yes sir," Worf said.

John-Luc felt glad that he was working with the Klingon rather than against him. The screen changed, but, at first it sizzled making a distinctive unusual rattling sound that sounded like it were ripped out of a B-movie. The screen began to get cleared before the crews eyes until a distinctive and recognizable face appeared. John-Luc's heart could have leaped out of his throat.

"Q," John-Luc said.

"Oh,hello!" Quarty said. "And please, call me Quarty. I am not a Q. I don't find myself worth that name. Anyway, I must regretfully ask that you beam up 14 civilians. One hundred years in the past no surprise there."

"Regretfully?" John-Luc asked.

"Can't send the entire dying civilization, now can I, Picard?" Quarty said.

"Good point, Professor Quarty," John-Luc said. "We will beam them up."

Quarty appeared to be surprised.

"Why are you so agreeable today?" Quarty asked.

"Because it is July 1st," John-Luc said. "In 2367."

"...And might I ask what time it is?" Quarty asked.


The screen turned off displaying the planet breaking apart.

"Captain, I never seen you so friendly with Q before," Riker said.

"Beaming is in progress," Worf reported.

John-Luc had a smile on his face and then it faded.

"We might as well never see him again, Number One," John-Luc said. "We may see plenty of Trelane though." John-Luc walked away from the center of the bridge headed toward the turbo lift. "Number One, you have the bridge."

Deanna followed John-Luc into the Turbo-lift.

The doors closed.

"Captain," Deanna said. "Don't get me wrong...But you seem different."

"Counselor," John-Luc said. "If you sense my affection toward Professor Quarty then let this be private between the two of us. You are right. So right. I have feelings for Q. It has been a year since I last saw Q. I miss him,"
"Oh, I see," Deanna said.


"But why do I have a feeling you are lying?" Deanna asked.

"Hearing that your Captain has feelings for a entity is quite a shocker," John-Luc said. "But the thing that isn't a lie is my feelings for Q. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Captain," Deanna said.

The turbo lift came to a stop.

"Good," John-Luc said. John-Luc started to go out but he stopped mid-way. "Cosunelor..."

"Yes?" Deanna said.

John-Luc looked over toward Deanna.

"I really hope you have a good day today," John-Luc said.

John-Luc went through the doorway into the corridor leaving Deanna behind. Five minutes afterwards John-Luc enters the Transporter room where the last of the surviving alien human resembling beings were beamed. Fourteen people in all. Five kids, two teenagers, and seven adults. One of the adults is visibly pregnant.

"Mr Miles," John-Luc said. "Do you still have a trace on where they were beamed from?"

"Ay Captain," Miles said.

John-Luc had a look at the colorful Transporter room that seemed more friendly. The corridors were more sphere like and just a little more 'elegant' as his Data would say if he was there to see it for himself. The uniforms in this timeline were vastly different. Miles had on a black and yellow uniform like Data did. Deanna had a black and teal uniform on. Riker had on a uniform that matched his; black and red with three pens on the collar.

John-Luc got onto the Transporter.

"Energize," John-Luc said.

Miles looked up, bewildered, at the coordinates the captain had requested to be beamed down toward.

"Why?" Miles asked. "That planet cannot support life."

"You beamed these people up, Mr Miles," John-Luc said. "So it can."

Miles slid up the bar energizing John-Luc. Before Miles eyes, he saw the Captain's appearance change remarkably. His dark eyebrows were swept upwards, his uniform changed to the one worn in 2260's, and his ears became pointy. Miles stared at the strange sight until it was no longer materialized. Miles rubbed his eyes.

Our scene transferred back to the Bridge then into the Captain's ready room.

Picard appeared drinking a cup of Earl Gray tea reading a book as though nothing had happened.
"Come in," Picard said.

Riker came in.

"Captain," Riker said. "I don't know how you did you it but you just were in the Transporter room."

"In the transporter room," Picard repeated, putting down the cup of earl gray tea on the table.

"Yes," Riker said.

Picard looked up toward Riker lowering the book raising his brows.

"You see I am here," Picard said. "There is not two of me running around."

Riker had a slow laugh.

"I am starting to think that," Riker said. "Of all times we came across two of you."

"The first time was a time loop," Picard said.

"Captain, you had 14 people beamed aboard this ship...Well..At the request of Q," Riker said.

Picard frowned.

"Professor Quarry died last year," Picard said.

"Q claimed it's some sort of time phone call from the past," Riker said. "And you granted his request."

"The last time we spoke was last year," Picard said, putting the book on the table. He stood up. "I would like to meet these people."
What does home feel like?

..August 12th, 2267...

..Dead planet...

John-Luc appeared back in the building he vanished in. The machine itself had been destroyed from being used the one time. John-Luc walked right outside of the building flipping out his communicator. He came to the entrance of the building that seemed so storage facility like.

"Pocirld to Enterprise," John-Luc said. "One to beam up."

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...August 12th, 2267...

..Enterprise... 4:30 PM

John-Luc was staring at the machine contemplating how to start his personal log. All he had told Captain Kirk that he had searched high and low for any life forms. Fortunately there was energy readings that indicated he did what he said for at least a hour. His fingers tapped on the table in deep thought.

Personal log:

Being aboard The Enterprise NCC-1701-D brought back memories. It was almost like home. Almost like I had stepped through a walking glass portal right in except it was very different and nothing I had known of. I met a man, a man Quarty had referred to in one of our corresponding messages earlier this year. He described the man to the tea.

John-Luc leaned back in the chair feeling his bald head.

I was half tempted to stay standing in the bridge. I thought, 'I could adjust to this.' at first. But the memories and the knowledge about all these people from personal experience, the mission of the Enterprise, and the crew knew their Captain too well. It was almost... Too homely. I realized that my home is in the past not the future. I didn't belong there.

John-Luc leaned forward with hands together.

I decided then that whatever I was thinking was a mistake. Why did I agree with the plan in the first place? Because I could save lives. The only lives I saved during my tenure as a Warship Captain was only personnel. Not civilians. This was really a big step for me as a Federation Officer. The Federation that I knew of did not allow civilians aboard Star Ships. The future Federation Quarty spoke of does allow for it. I feel breath taken (and honored) to be part of Star Fleet history and even have a foot note! I wonder how Jean-Luc would react to seeing his own face on a document years before he was born.

John-Luc had a low laugh.

It is a little funny thinking of a man running around looking like me but he is not me in the future. A man with a silly name, that I'll probably be remembered for. I do hope that Shuttey and Karter have future careers that land them in Star Fleet's face. They are fine officers, by my opinion. I miss Quarty. I refuse to believe any record saying in this past he has died. It is a gut feeling... Sometimes I
feel like I am on the run when I am not. Sometimes I feel like I am in the middle of a war zone. But I am not. Sometimes I feel panic; but I am in no such position to be panicked. It is not logical.

John-Luc cupped the side of his face.

What does home feel like?

John-Luc straightened himself up in the chair.

Home feels like you belong somewhere. You feel at peace, comfortable, and happy. All at the same time about the choice made to stay. Home is not where your existence begins and ends. It is somewhere you feel is your place and time. I am beginning to think I didn't even belong in my time; at all. That I was supposed to be sent back into the past with the one man not many Captains would trust: the man responsible for the Enterprise's disappearance in the past.

But here I am.

I really did not picture to turn up this way.

Long had I thought my War Ship would have been destroyed by a fleet of Klingon vessels and I would go with it. I was prepared to go down with the ship against the Klingons...Now...I just don't find the heart to go down easily. Maybe it is because of the fighting spirit Kirk has and his crew. Quarty was the man I least expected. What did he do? He did things that Beverly wouldn't have done and dragged my ass out of a mess I had one time with a panther. Beverly would have simply injured the beast, left it, and came to my aid. All that time I thought it was the planet rubbing off her but in fact it was not.

It was all Q.

It became logical to me. Yet...When I was around him in the flesh I discovered a attraction about him. It was like I had known him for years--in fact, we did--. It was the same attraction that grew in the 2 years that passed on Scottyia between I and Holoprogram Beverly. He was a mystery to me at first and now he's just a very well known friend. I have gone to know him better than I have within the corresponding messages this year. I got to learn Q as a person rather than a entity. You can say I embrace the part of his former existence because who wouldn't?

Infinite knowledge.

The clever man with a complex personality and flaws.

I don't see scars on his face; I only see a man with all his limbs and his face lacking any scars.

In fact: I do not see anything wrong with him.

He is Q and for that, I accept Quarty for who he is now rather who he had been before.

John-Luc rubbed his hands.

Q decided to save my life by making a logical choice. To create a female using the tools he had at the time. For that I am grateful. For that I can find it in my heart to forgive him for what he had done. What had he done? Not telling me the truth. Holding grudges brings bad emotions and Vulcans hold no such thing against others. I put it behind me. When I see Quarty again, this time we're going to have a real kiss and he won't be getting out of my hug that easily.

John-Luc had a small laugh.
T'fara, and her children, will come to accept Q.

It won't be easy for them to accept at first but I know they will.

*They always do.*

John-Luc stood up.

...July 26th, 2267...

I was going back on my original course, again. The USS Constapol was ever so grateful to pick me up from Alakacktra in the nick of time! I could have been dust if it weren't for the chief engineer Mr Salvatore Degreens. Mr Degreens preferred to be called 'Skull' by his friends but only 'Degreens' by everyone who isn't his friend. My shuttle took a two days repair. I felt that it was more urgent than before to get to my destination.

Before Captain Pratt messages Star Fleet.

It would take three weeks or so for Star Fleet to reply.

Anyway; back to the story in hand.

"Good luck, Quarty," Doctor Sarah Speller said, holding her hand out.

I shook her hand (Not using my hand that is holding the cup of milk) using my free right hand.

"Good luck to you," I said. "Getting the Captain's attention from sick bay isn't easy."

Speller laughed.

"You are right about that," Speller said, as our handshake ended.

I smiled taking a sip from the milk.

"I am usually right," I said. "Sometimes I hate being Mr Right."

Speller smiled.

"That makes two of us," Speller said.

I wheeled right into the shuttle, closed the door, and got into position in front of the controls. The doors closed. But not as fast as they should. I put down the cup on the counter noticing the doors hasn't closed. I pressed the close button multiple times and nothing happened! I grew panicked. I pressed it repeatedly.

"You can stop, Quarty," Came a woman's soft voice.

I wheeled around to see a woman with light brown hair in a uniform that I hadn't seen before.

"Have we met?" I asked.

The woman smiled.

"I have known you for quite a while," The woman said. "My name is Alian."

"You are not any Q I know of," I said. "Now, please leave, I have a planet to attend to."

"I am afraid that is not possible," Alian said. "You are one of us."

"One of..." I looked at her noticing the garments around her arm. My eyes widened. "Scalosian."
Alian smiled.

"The Q knows of us?" Alian asked.

"You...You are the first human beings to go through time acceleration," I said. "And you have stolen human beings off space ships! We are very well aware of your meddling in time progression with other races!"

"I can kill everyone aboard this ship with a flip of a switch," Alian said, holding up a square device that has a red button.

"The threat card," I said. "How dare you pull a cliche."

"This is not a joke, Professor," Alian said.

"I am being serious as this situation calls for," I said. "I may be human but that does not mean I can let you pass me into a time accelerated being! I am sapient and have a conscience. I have rights and none of my rights will be broken for the sake of procreating!"

"You will find our civilization is more...suitable then what you find this society as," Alian said.

"I have a life here," I said. "I can't just leave it."

"You have nothing, Professor," Alian said.

"I will refuse, scratch my way, and be stubborn as the next person you abduct! Because I will NEVER ever do this easily. In fact you'll find me quite the man you can't live with. I am going to be the worst ass-hole you ever knew." I explained to Alian in a fit of rage. "Your men are sterile...Hey what's that for?" I notice slide out of her arm garment. Alian approached me slowly with intent in her eyes. I saw the undefined shine. "Don't come near me with that tranquilizer!"

"You can serve my species purpose by giving me what I want," Alian said, as I saw the needle enter my wrist. "Just imagine how good it will be when you get acquainted to everyone on Scalos. You'll love the change."

"No--" I started but the next I was out.

The next I saw was of the shuttle (from the sky) flying out of range.

1) How is this possible?
2) The shuttle needs a pilot in order to go anywhere.
3) This really must be a bad dream.

"Your shuttle is on auto self destruct," Alian said, from behind me.

I couldn't move my arms.

Why is it that?

Alian came into my view.

"We are going to have strong and healthy babies," Alian said.

"You are the most brainwashed idiot I ever met," Is what I could have said. But I didn't say
anything? I couldn’t say a word. I just judged here right then; a desperate low life seeking to keep her species alive. How come she was able to board the Constapol? Nobody, that I knew of, had beamed down to the surface. I noticed just then that there are some red shirts being guided to rather fancy buildings. They were probably abducted against their own will and will get Stockholm syndrome. It is a common thing for kidnapped people to believe their kidnapper fell in love with them or they are in love with their kidnapper.

Stolkholm syndrome is serious business and should never be taken lightly.

I am disgusted by Fan Fiction rotating around Stolkholm syndrome.

Lady Q dared me to read it because I claimed to be capable of reading anything.

Bad move on my part.

John-Luc...I watch the USS Constapol beginning to warp off into space.

"And everyone will believe you are dead," Alian said. "No one to bother little old us!"

I felt fear, a intangible emotion.

But I am not dead.

I felt horrified.

"Let's begin the rest of our lives by a visit to the museum!" Alian said, moving the wheel chair away.

Only Trelane knows what position I am frozen on.

....I look like the over-genius Stephen Hawking!
...July 28th, 2267...

To me; time has gone by incredibly fast. The Scalosians have a unique sense of time where the orbit of their moon and suns move slower than they should be. But to them time goes very slow and they are so accelerated in time. Perhaps the Q continuum should have fixed the Scalosian's little problem by progressing them into regular time just with a thought. Q can do anything they wish. I no longer represent the continuum but it was a general option beside let them suffer and learn from their mistakes.

We were very wrong.

They would never learn to die off and living to old age without children.

Can't they just pair up and be happy they are with each other?

Whatever Alian had used on me wore off.

"Where are you going, Q?" Alian asked.

I stopped, enraged.

"Stop...Calling...Me...Q!" I shouted. "Q does not apply to me! My name is Quarty. It is Photonic Riker Quarty not Q, you may call me Professor but never Q long as I am human and on your planet. I will never forgive you and the Scalosians for what happened to me. You..." I held my hand up pointing at Alian. "Took my dignity away. You made everyone think I AM DEAD!"

"I never did," Alian said. "It was--"

"Screw your culture!" I interrupted, exasperated. "I am never going to be happy on this planet! If at all, it will be a sad and sappy life." I waved my index finger up and down. "Face it! Your children will have a unhappy father."

Alian appeared to be surprised.

"How do you know I am pregnant?" Alian asked. "I haven't even told you,"

"Wild guess," I said. "I never want to see your face again."

I heard the slow melody of beaming.

I looked over witnessing a couple Klingons coming into shape.

"Don't say that about your forever wife!" Alian said, visibly hurt.

"Forever is a eternity, Alian," I said. "I am forever and compared to Picard; you are nothing!" I rolled the wheelchair over to the Klingon Captain. "You took away what trust I had in woman and I will never be able to recover for that. You should have known who you were dealing with before taking me."

"You will never progress back to your natural time..." Alian started

"I'll die," I finished.
"Yes," Alian said, with a nod.

My face grew dark.

"But I am Quarty," I said. "And I can't exactly die easily."

Alian grew puzzled.

"All people can die," Alian said.

"There are many people who can attest on my behalf on my mortality and dodging death," I said. I yank out a needle from my pocket then inject the needle into the Klingon Second in Command standing alongside the Klingon Captain. "And now you will get along quite easily with this person!"

I dodged a quick blow from the Klingon.

"The Q!" The second in command said, recognizing me.

"I am not Q, for your information!" I said, doging another strike.

"STAND STILL, YOU ARROGANT GOD!" The second in command said.

"Pardon me," I said. "But I am no God."

The second in command took his blade out and started to lunge at me.

"Stop!" Alian shouted, stopping him by grabbing his blade by the handle. "You Klingon, there is no honor in attacking a opponent who cannot fend for themselves." The second in command lowered his dagger. "You will have stained your house for that."

The second in command growled.

"You have a point," The second in command said, letting go of the dagger.

The dagger fell to the ground.

"Ookay lovey dovey couple," I said. "You are going to have one interesting future."

The Klingons are moving in slow motion save for Alian and her new Second in Command Klingon captive. I am referring to him as a captive right now because he can't go back to his time but maybe I can. Klingons sure do have a chance of having a science lab. If I am to arrive at my destination then I'll have to follow my own word: falsifying a few things. I guess faking my death makes Star Fleet less likely to put me on trial in 2285.

I just have to keep a low profile for a couple decades.

"How much are you of a warrior?" The second commander asked.

"I can kill on the spot," Alian said.

"Proove that to me," The second commander said.

"Would you prefer if I murdered your captain?" Alian asked.

"Don't. you. dare." The second commander said.

"Touchy there," Alian said.
"It is my duty to replace the captain if he dies," The second commander said.

"Well, he'll be getting a new one once being beamed back," Alian said, walking over to the Klingon Captain. She took out a blade. "I can just end his life here..." I can see the fear in the second commander's eyes. "And no one will ever know who did it.'

The second commander grabbed Alian's dagger by the handle.

"Don't you dare," The second commander said. "That is not honorable killing one when they cannot fight."

"That is the way of the Klingon," Alian said. "That is your way. But not mine!" She yanked her arm out of his grip. "I have picked my target and he will fall right here on this planet. And there is nothing your friends can do about it!"

Alian stabbed the blade into the captain's chest then yanked it out.

In very slow motion the Klingon captain bent forward crying out at first being silence until it turned into a very distressful cry. Alian grinned at her successful kill while the second commander just came up the Scalonian and slapped her for it. Alian fell to the ground with cuts on her face. These two are going to have a rocky relationship, that I know. She has no morals and conscience at all.

"My name is Alian," Alian said.

"Your name is Alien, and mine is Kurva. You have stained your honor and I will have no part in you!"

Did Kurva just make a pun?

I grabbed hold onto one of the hands to the Klingons while they were being beamed. Slowly but gradually the scenery changed from the massive magnificent industrialized city to the inside of a dark Klingonship. I became fully solid as did the Klingons. I saw other Klingons gather at the Transporter appearing to be concerned and stepping forward toward the Captain who is not in good shape. I realized then I had to make my escape quickly after getting a cure created in here. I turned on levitation mode then flew off out of the room.

I wheeled my way into the lab.

"Must hurry," I said to myself, searching for some items that are part of the cure.

I only found one of the required ingredients.

"Damn it," I said. "I have to visit some planets."

But that would mean to go out in a shuttle. Great, now I need to find some ingredients for that! I managed to find the required items to make a shuttle phase into my time stream then wheeled my way out of the lab. I looked over my shoulder to see the Klingons headed my way holding their Captain arm in arm. Their looks are surely panicked. I felt scared.

Who wouldn't be?

I have to rush before a stampede of Klingons trample me to death!

"I really wish I added some rockets!" I said, wheeling faster to the shuttle bay.
I came to a screeching halt skidding to the side.

I looked over seeing the group had taken a turn straight to sick bay. I put my hand on the panel, allow it to do a slow in progress scan. The screen glowed blue then it faded into the main color of the machine. The doors opened swiftly revealing a shuttle bay. I wheeled quickly into shuttle bay. *Come on Quarty, I thought, get to the shuttle before a Scalosian is beamed aboard!*

The Scalosians are so not my problem.

I wheeled into the shuttle craft.

Don't ask how I managed to phase the shuttle into my time stream because it is very complicated.
Drawing near Colo

...September 1st, 2267...

...3:58 PM

John-Luc awoke from his meditation feeling a itch. It wasn't just a ordinary itch. He can feel. It was like a presence. He can feel Quarty is somewhere close by. He went over to the computer feeling joy. Joy. The feeling that when someone is expecting to see what they haven't seen in a very long time.

"Computer," John-Luc said. "What planet are we nearby?"

"Planet Colo," The computer said. "The Enterprise is in orbit."

Quarty is on the planet surface, somewhere.

His heart raced at the thought of seeing Quarty alive once more. He can feel a certain tense that didn't belong to him. It was like 'do or die', followed by a streak of determination that he only encountered in his days as a Warship captain. It was the feeling one experienced during a war. He couldn't assume the worst.

"This is Captain Kirk here," Came Kirk's voice. "We are not beaming anyone down to the planet surface because of orders from Star Fleet. If we are going there we will send only a select group. Kirk out."

"Sorry captain," John-Luc said to himself. "To hell with their orders."

John-Luc left his communicator on the table along with his phaser and vaporizer.

Logically, if there was a conflict going down there then he would have to fight fire with fire not tech against tech. He would have to use the weapons used on the colonized planet of mixed races. He went out of his quarters then walk down the corridor sharing last glances in the original Enterprise. He would miss the crew, everyone mainly, but the honor of serving Kirk made John-Luc's lifetime even rich.

"Hey chief," Shuttey said, along with Karter following him. "Did you hear the announcement?"

"Yes," John-Luc said.

"I have a girlfriend on that planet and I am sure as hell not going to stick around doing nothing," Shuttey said.

"And you, Mr Karter?" John-Luc asked.

"I just want a piece of the action, chief," Karter said.

John-Luc turned around.

"Between us," John-Luc said. "My name is John-Luc Picard and I will be responsible for whatever happens to you. Is that clear?"

"Yes sir," The two said.
"Good," John-Luc said.

"Chief," Karter said. "We won't ask."

"And we are not taking our weapons with us," Shuttey asked.

John-Luc smiled.

"You are very fine officers," John-Luc said. "I'll put it on your recommendations after this." He turned around. "Let's make it so!"

The three manage to keep a very casual walk to the transporter sharing 'Hi', 'Hello', 'good afternoon', and some 'how's *insert name* doing?'. John-Luc went in first. The Ensign at the transporter appeared to be surprised. The Ensign happened to be Clara Oswaald.

"Sir, you are not supposed to be here," Oswaald said.

"Why yes I am," John-Luc said, approaching Oswaald.

John-Luc delivered the Vulcan nerve pinch as the two Officers approached the Transporter. He set the coordinates to the planet surface. He felt so much hope. He felt glee. Shuttey, on the other hand, was merely worried. Karter was anxious for the action to start. John-Luc looked up toward the two then nodded.

John-Luc slid up the bars.

The three boarded the Transporter and were beamed down to Colo.
...September 1st, 2267...

...3:40 PM...

"Hey Quarty!" Came a young boy's cry.

I looked over from the machine I was attending to see a boy. A short boy who appeared to be a Romulan but really is not. I stared at the young boy who held a bag in his arms, he had a big mole on the side of his face, and had some bruises on his knees. He had on shorts along with a unusual shirt I can't very well find a justified reason to be called a piece of art.

"Yes?" I said.

"We got some new tech for the robot armor," The boy said.

"And where did this come from?" I asked.

"The core!" The boy said, chipperly.

"The core...right," I said. "Look little boy, this isn't cybertron or a TARDIS that can create machinery up at will."

"But it can Mr Q---"

"I have seen it for myself and there is nothing that comes out of it," I said. "I seen the molten lava, the moving tectonic plates, the dark raven dirt, and piles of coal far as the eye can see." The boy is getting teary-eyed. "Give it to someone else. Because whatever you have will save someone who really needs it. I have new tech. This planet may call itself inferior in technological advancements but it is not. Get it? I have the latest model."

The boy ran off crying.

I sighed, lowering my head.

Being a parent for T'fara was much easier than telling a child what they saw couldn't have been real. What is real is the threat against Colo. A threat that was dropped off by accident thanks to a cargo ship. The threat has multipled driving most of the civilization underground since August 13th. These beings are like robotic beings that have sludge similar to sludge puppies from Ben 10. Some of their dogs are smaller similar to a domestic dog bred on various planets and pretty small enough that it does not tower over their owner.

The red alarms went off.

That meant only one thing.

A group of idiot families just went up to the surface and are under attack. We have systems built to identify if there is a human being on the surface. I dropped the wrench onto the table along with the other tools. I flipped on the switch turning the levitation mode on. The inside of the machine opened up revealing a comfortable inside complete with leather, arm rest, and some cables connecting to some holes that were added in to connect my body and my brain to the machine itself. I slid into the machine. The wheelchair remained in place but drifted off to the side. I am part of Land Group 26.
The other groups were killed by the Tech Pups.

The Tech Pups are monsters.

The cables connected into the holes in my body that is part of the machinery installed inside my body. The machine relies off brain waves to move and attack. The walls closed in around me. It is a lot like being inside a Dalek and a pokeball. Think 'open' and it opens. Now you may be wondering about the pokeball part.

"Screen on," I said.

The blue screen sizzled to life.

"Captain Quarty!" Came a older man's voice. He was Lieutenant General Taysleviestiky Coloter. "They are hiding in Sector three. We added a new weapon in. If you get the survivors then you must return to the base ASAP without your men!"

"What?" I said.

"We could end the battle today," Coloter said.

"I will not watch my men die without knowing why," I said. "I regretfully refuse to leave." I start the leading. "Map activate; display sector 3 with life forms. Activate: jet boosters in the foot." I heard the Coloter say 'No, you will not!'. "I adopted a motto a couple days ago: Never leave a man behind. End communication."

"Captain, are you ready?" Came Jose's voice over the communication.

"We have a lot to discuss," I said.

"Uh, such as?" Jose said.

"That new weapon you are carrying," I said. "Now,group, fly off to SECTOR THREE!"
Saving lives is what matters

..Sector Three...

...4:39 PM..

"Captain!" Jose shouted. "I don't see anyone."

I looked around along with my squad.

There is only dust, burned remains of animals, and corpses to various races that had died. I found myself disgusted by this sight. I felt uneasy. I felt sick. I pried a piece of metal off what seemed to be a hole. No signs of live lingered there. I only saw a couple unresponsive bodies that had no readings.

I lowered my head and muttered, "Rest in peace..."

"This is a trap," Cody, a guy with a metal emblem on his forehead that has a U on it, said. "I know it."

I stood up.

"Let's return to the base," I said.

"Do you hear that, Cap?" Jose said.

"Hear my failures behind me," I said. "Yes."

"I hear gun fire," Cody said.

I stopped in my tracks.

"I hear it two," A couple of my other men said.

I had a feeling. It was a strange feeling. A feeling that I couldn't touch. It was...John-Luc. I turned around towards the group in the direction of the gun fire. I had to trust my gut for once, not that I always trusted it. I started to head in the direction then activated my jet boosters with a simple command. My squad followed after. The feeling grew strong, and stronger! I ordered the activation of my side arms. I heard the collective click to my squads side arms.

"Readings indicate Cauistokocheo," The computer said,

"Tech puppies," I said. "Men, ignore the computer and the general's command. We are coming back together in one piece or in pieces,do you understand?"

"Yes sir!" Came the men and women.

Yes, even though I am paranoid about women I feel confident they wouldn't die on the battlefield after killing me. I know how women feel after they were taken advantaged of by men. It hurts. Some of your pride is taken away. You wonder if anyone is out to get you. You feel so alone and scared to go out. But I pressed on despite what Alian did. I am stronger than that, after all! I can show that nothing will stop me. Nothing can stop me in my tracks. Nothing is going to stop me from living and being independent. I may be broken by the inside but the outside is different.

I have to put on a show it is fine.
Because in order to press forward; we have to take our bearings together through what hell remains on the road ahead. I met a group of Romulans who were stranded on the planet Colo because of a attack made by the Kolosters. They were in bad shape, trembling, and very emotional while trying to say they were not. They were too arrogant so we had them put into lock up. They were the first omen that this might not last a day. The second omen was a explosions in several of the sectors. The third was being forced underground.

We landed to the ground and our jet boosters deactivated.

"Group 26; attack!" I ordered.

I slammed my side arm into the mouth of a tech puppy and let it rip. The tech puppy is blown in half. The tech puppies (as usual) started to climb up my legs. I shake them off by turning on the side flares burning them off so graciously it could be defined as art. There are certain types of art one can make with fire for example. I ordered Jose and Cody to search for life forms while the other members took great work on the beasts. I had to find the pack leader.

I tore my way to the pack leader, seriously I did tearing apart tech puppies, with my servos covered in grime and yucky stuff. The pack leader is what makes them multiply so fast in smaller groups. They split in half and reproduce every fifteen minutes. The smaller one reproduce every five minutes but not if the process is interrupted. Casey helped me making a straight path.

I never expected to see what I saw.

I saw John-Luc cornered by the pack leader against a wall holding a shooting staff that has a rounded hole at the top similar to a wizard's spear.

"Commander Casey," I said. "This one is mine!"

"Yes sir," Casey said.

You might ask, why do I have a woman as my first officer?

It was Casey's argument with me that I start trusting her during my first month here.

Why I was made Captain of a entire squad? Because I happen to have infinite knowledge about these beings and how to take care of them in terms of terminating them. The word 'Terminating' is a phrase I picked up from a rather unusual planet claiming to be Earth when in fact it is not. I call it the planet-with-cyborgs-who-time-travel. Or just Cyborg Time planet for short.

I slammed into the pack leader shoving my side arms into the beings chest. I delivered several punches to the tech puppies face. I slammed my hand into the tech puppies chest then activate 'hand termination'. My right hand detached from my arm digging around the tech puppies heart right into the ground. I picked up John-Luc into my free left hand. I saw Casey running alongside holding two people; one was dead and the other was alive. I ordered the crew to depart.

"Quarty?" Picard asked.

Oh right, the type of metal I am in does not allow for people to hear what I am saying from inside the machine,

"Desk screen off," I said. The inside became pitch black. "Face protector, open!"

The walls opened to show Picard, this time, with color.
He had holes in his red uniform and he scar scratches from fighting off some tech-puppies.

"Quarty, where the hell have you been?" Picard asked.

"Funny story," I said. "How about I tell you once we get back to the bas--"

I fell to the ground obviously stuck. I pulled my foot forward then activated side mirror to see a tech puppy with its curled talons around my leg. I can't exactly flee on foot since I am paralyzed. I kicked my foot activating the flares watching the head of the tech puppy melt down, down, and down ever so cruelly yet the grip was very strong. It was tugging me forward right into a group of tech puppies. Casey was already ahead and Jose was close by.

"John Luc, hold on," I said.

"Why?" Picard asked

"Just do it, please," I said.

I closed my hand.

"Quarty!" Picard shouted through my grip.

"000-000-001," I said. "Armor detonate."

Long as Picard is in my hand, he is is safe from the blast.

Pain, blistering heat, and then it evaporated. Metal scattered all over the place. The tech puppies located in this sector had all but vanished. The last was shot down by no other than Cody. The whole sky seemed to be glowing white. All you could see was metal and mud all over the place. Picard was screaming. The crew members had their face protectors retract and some of them pried the fingers loose.

"Quarty!" Picard shouted. "I didn't just come here to see you die!"

They all looked up at him with sad looks.

"I am so sorry," Casey said.

"The sky is so white," Cody said. "It suits Quarty. The stories he's told me about how Q celebrate their fallen turn out to be true."

Picard appeared to be horrified.

"No," Picard said. "He is not a Q! Quarty is a human--" He closed his eyes digging his hands into the dirt. "This is nonsense. He couldn't have died. I saw.." He opened his eyes loosening his grip on the ground. "Humans can be brought back."

"We have to go before the tech puppies come back," Casey said.

"It's what the captain would have done," Jose said, in a low voice.

It hurt me to see Picard hurt.

"John-Luc.." I said.

Picard could not see me.
The armor was fashioned to self destruct by the inside but if the hands were holding something inside then that part would not explode. In fact the human hand would remain in tact. My left hand remained. Yes, I have a left hand that shouldn't be a surprise. I don't understand why people are so surprised by that. Are they expecting me to have lost both arms due to an accident? Are they expecting me to become bionic man?

"Damn it, father," Came Trelane's voice. "You just had to die,didn't you!"

Anger came to in my nerves.

When my vision became clear all I could see Trelane's face, so I punched at his nose. The man fell to the ground covering his nose glaring right at me. My left hand was closed in a tight fist. Keyword: hand. I didn't see myself as the all-powerful Q. I saw myself as a human. Fully mortal.

"So what about it?" I asked.

"The idea of your exile is not dying, father," Trelane said.

"My exile has been on for 5,000 years,Trelane!" I shouted. "What more does the continuum want from me?"

Trelane's bloody nose vanished.

"They've been watching your fiasco," Trelane said. "And you have been entertaining for the continuum. But...There were some moments they had to look away. Like the first night you had with the Alien--"

"Alian!" I raised my voice correcting him.

"The Alian character," Trelane said. "The whole idea of this exile is for you to spend a entire lifetime in the past being a human! Not DIE two years into it!"

I frowned.

"So what are you saying?" I asked.

"Naturally I am going to be the one who plants the idea," Trelane said, smugly. "I can't help you. It will be cheating to bring you back on the spot from the grave."

I stared at Trelane.

"What idea?" I asked.

"I'll see you in three minutes," Trelane said.

"WHAT IDEA!" I shouted.

Trelane vanished before my eyes.
...September 1st, 2267...

...5:39 PM...

"Are you all right, Casey?" Cody asked.

Casey looked way from the table where some of the body parts lay.

"Yes," Casey said.

Cody glanced at the table then back to her.

"I miss him too," Cody said.

Casey had a soft laugh.

"You honestly must have more powers," Casey said.

"No, I do not," Cody said. "They are abilities...Not powers." There is a pause between Cody and Casey. "It is a shame we lost a brilliant mind like Quarty. He was a good leader."

"Now I have to be the one who leads us," Casey said, sadly. "I will make sure that Poctirld fellow can join on our little mission against the tech puppies." She wipes off tears coming off her cheeks. "If only..."

"I have the same thoughts, too," Cody said. "Don't beat yourself up about it. There was nothing you could do. The universe decided what was going to happen and what would not before he even got into the suit."

"It is not fair," Casey said.

Cody looked toward Casey.

"Life is not fair, Casey Williams," Cody said.

"You know, you can stop calling me Casey Williams," Casey said.

"It has a certain ring to it," Cody said.

"You just have one name," Casey said. "That doesn't have a ring to it."

"Names on my planet do not require rings around them," Cody said. "If you dwell in the past then you will never move on."

"I wasn't considering that," Casey said.

What if I could recreate Quarty?, Casey thought.

"If I didn't know you well; I would have thought you were considering recreating Quarty," Cody said. "Without telling anyone."

"I wouldn't do that to the group," Casey said.
"Don't consider it," Cody warned, darkly.

Cody left Casey to her thoughts.

*What if I could?*, Casey thought.
..December 24th...

..2267...Planet Colo...

"Jose has passed away due to his injuries," Cody said.

"Damn it," Picard said, his hands on the table. "They are tearing through the armor more easily!"

"Sir, they are technological beings," Picard's assistant said. "They are advancing quickly as us."

Picard's eyes glanced over to a holographic image of a building considered high priority. Picard knew all the places that were high priority and he had known why except for that certain building. It was long wide, vast, and old. It had a basement once used to create pot when it was illegal two hundred years ago. Nowadays it is considered legal for legit medical use. People don't die these days due to overdoses on Earth; the nicotine and the thing that makes it addicting was taken away by scientists one hundred years ago.

It is very harmless nowadays.

"We have to make a genetic virus against them," Picard said. "It may be our only way."

"That would take years," Picard's assistant said.

The dark room has a soft glow coming from the table that is displaying holographic images of various sectors, buildings, and what is going on the surface. The people in this room were tense, concerned, or worried. There wasn't time to crack a joke. People were dying everyday on the surface from attempting to save someone or foolishly going out to commit suicide by tech puppies.

Tech puppies were growing in size and their looks were getting more uglier by the minute.

"No," Came Casey's voice. "It would take a day."

Picard looked up toward the source of Casey's voice.

"What do you have in mind?" Picard asked.

"I have been conducting a little science experiment," Casey said. "The building that's classified..."

"The one I don't know about," Picard said.

"Affirmative, sir," Casey said.

Cody left the room along with some other officers that are part of group 28. Cody was assigned group leader by Picard two months ago because he saw something inside the Jaffa and it wasn't just a good warrior. Cody was in fact capable of being a leader. Cody liked to say he learned a lot from Quarty in the time he spent on Colo

Picard had a pause.

"What do you mean by a day, Casey?" Picard asked.

"I cannot tell," Casey said. "You have to see it, sir."
"Pocirld, I am not sure about this," Picard's assistant said. "Something tells me you might not like it."

"I'll have to see it before I do not like it," Picard said. "Tell Colloter; he has the reigns for now."

"Yes sir," Casey said.

Quarty had worked very hard to make it clear, in the days before his death, that only one Vulcan was up to the challenge of making great decisions. That Vulcan was Lewis Jerkey Pocirld. At first General Colloter found it silly that a Vulcan be named that and believed Quarty was joking so he added Pocirld in as a joke. General Colloter was very surprised to see a man that Quarty did describe. Quarty once told Colloter, "Pocirld has more experience in war than I do and he is more certified for this. Not me."

Casey and Picard left.

"Send your best agents," Picard's assistant whispered to another person in the room in a very low unheard of voice. "We can't lose our next to last hope."
"Why is there not a sign of tech puppies?" Picard asked. "We should have been killed by now."

Casey laughed.

"That is because we had a little experimentation here with them," Casey said. "They despise this section. Even the path. Quarty once told me he thought it was embedded in their memory, genetically, to never step foot here and hate the colony of Colo."

"Are you telling me that the planet started it all?" Picard asked.

"No, it was a cargo ship," Casey said. "We caught them in the first attack. A dozen of them."

"And you didn't know they were connected," Picard said.

"Precisely," Casey said, with a nod.

"And you were part of the group who experimented on them!" Picard said.

"I can't say," Casey said, flatly.

"Yes, you can say!" Picard said. "I am your Commanding Officer and I ate classified for breakfast!"

Casey gulped coming to the entrance.

"I was," Casey said.

"How did it feel to play god?" Picard asked.

Casey turned around toward Picard.

"Permission to speak freely, sir?" Casey said.

"Permission granted," Picard said.

Casey sighed.

"I felt...Powerful, invincible, indestructible," Casey said. "We played with nature and..."

"For that you have given them a motive to continue their fight," Picard said.

"Accurate," Casey said, then put her hand on the panel. The door opened and she stepped aside.

"You first, sir."

Picard entered the building first.

The building was painted white and seemed new as it had been recently opened. He saw an empty desk with cobwebs, insects all over the floor except for there being a straight clear path to the elevators. There were four elevators in the hall. There were rows of chairs alongside the threshold to the hall. The floor has tiles covered in unique flower designs reminding Picard of a rose garden. He
came down the hall followed by Casey. They came to the elevator to their left.

Casey pressed the middle button.

"You don't very much care about this building," Picard said.

"No," Casey said. "I do...I just clean up what I can."

The doors to the elevator opened.

"What floor are we going to?" Picard asked, heading into the elevator.

"The basement, sir," Casey said. She came into the elevator. The doors closed behind her. "It has taken me three months to do this."

"To do what?" Picard asked.

Casey is facing the wall.

"The doors don't open that way," Casey said.

Picard turned toward the wall, puzzled.

"Do you mean to tell me this building was so important that whenever someone came in without clearance and was facing the wall when it came down; they would be handcuffed on the spot?"

"Yes sir," Casey said. "And then we sent them home after wiping their memories."

"We gave up that practice centuries ago," Picard said. "Wiping people's memories because they had to know."

"Know what?" Casey asked. "That technology is advancing?"

Picard turned his head toward Casey with a frown and a serious look.

"What we were getting into," Picard said. "They had to know what our future would be. How we would fight against threats. It was harmful to the brains of many people. The last one to ever have their memory wiped was General Lawrus. We changed after then."

"Let me guess; he spearheaded the entire thing and wanted it covered," Casey said.

"Yes," Picard said. "It was an X-File agent who made the point. It was after...The Vulcans came. The first contact."

"I don't know about the X-Files," Casey said.

Picard had a glint in his right eye.

"You should," Picard said.

The elevator beeped, so Picard and Casey turned their attention toward the doors. The doors opened shortly thereafter for the two. Casey went out first into the hall. Picard followed after Casey into the hall. The elevator doors closed behind Picard with a quick gentle and low click. Picard had a funny feeling about where he is going.

"How long have you been using this place?" Picard asked.
"Three months," Casey said.

"Three months?" Picard said.

"It was in bad shape when I came," Casey said. "I made it tidy."

They came into a room.

The door closed behind Picard. A creepy feeling traveled up his skin. The hair on the back of his neck went up. He saw there a table propped alongside a empty tube. On the table is a white sheet. The room is wide and pretty big. There seemed to be equipment on some of the counters and various tools. The white blanket outlined a body. The blanket wasn't moving. Not a life stirred under the white blanket.

Picard froze at first then he looked up at Casey.

"You didn't just do that," Picard said.

"You haven't seen what is under it," Casey said.

"You replicated Quarty!" Picard said, pointing at the table.

"How can you know what is under the blanket?" Casey asked.

"You went over my head and brought a lifeless copy of Quarty into existence," Picard said, lowering his hand. "As to your question; I just know. You have dissapointed me, very deeply. And I thought you were better than that!"

"I can bring him back," Casey said.

"Quarty died saving my life three months ago!" Picard said. "I had to accept that Quarty died. I have had dreams of coming into this room, lifting up the blanket, and seeing a unresponsive body! You have no idea how to give him life. You have played around being god for too long that you believe YOU can do anything!"

"Not true," Casey said. "I needed a manual for it. I saw how sad you were to see your friend in pieces so I got an idea. I wanted you to be aware before I--"

"Brought a different man to life?" Picard suggested.

"No," Casey said.

"For all I know giving this body life will not bring Quarty back to life!" Picard said.

"You are worried," Casey said. "I understand."

"You have betrayed my trust, Casey," Picard said. "And you don't understand how I possibly feel right now."

Picard left the room.
A lot of thoughts

...December 24th...

..2267...Planet Colo...4:52 PM...

Why hadn't I thought of a genetic virus in the first place? That was my first thought upon seeing the blue underside of a sheet. I lift myself up letting the sheet fall on my lap. I notice I am bare naked. I pinch my forehead closing my eyes briefly. I notice I lacked a right arm, but instead had a built in prosthetic right arm.

What was I thinking in September?

I was thinking of the war against the tech puppies, I was thinking how to fight against these no-good-piece-of-trash technological beings, I was concerned about the well fare of others, and sometimes my thoughts drifted off to John-Luc. I admit: I was busy. I looked around the room searching for a hangar, coat rack, or some folded clothes. I looked around on the table for some button to press. Anything!

Anything such as...A AI computer.

Why that's stupid, why would anyone make a AI computer so late? Those kind of things would be possible in the 2300's. I remember attending the first press release for the very first replicator that made whatever the speaker wanted. The Ferengi's speaker replicator came first before humanity. Klingon's and Romulans; eh, they didn't make the invention very famous on their home-worlds after it was first introduced. In one timeline they publicized it so much that a entire civilization called The Cipallons deactivated the two planet's replicators for a entire year. Nobody knew who until two decades later when a couple documents were declassified. The Federation jumped right in between the conflict and waved a flag to let things cool down between the three sides. The steam cooled down five months later, so the Romulans and Klingons decided to keep their pride to themselves from then on.

It was actually a member of Earth who made the problem.

He was a very skilled hacker.

Anyway, let's get back to the story.

Back in September I hadn't the equipment to combat against the tech puppies. I notice I am completely alone in this room. Three minutes? It hasn't been three minutes. Well, actually, time is non-linear to the Q so it feels like minutes when we skip through chronological events. Sometimes we start backwards when unwrapping the ball of a unusual event which happened and just pop right in randomly to witness it unfold! It is really fun doing that! But never do we interfere. Well, except for me! Now, I have interfered in more 'lethal' events than I can count as a former Q. I wouldn't have fun if I obeyed the rules to a tea. To Trelane, in a nutshell, it is only minutes for him.

I saw nearby a basic wheelchair.

"Just my luck," I said.

I managed to drag the wheelchair right over.

Note to self: Find some decent clothes to get on.
Venture around this unknown room, I thought, or building. Whichever I am in.

I wheeled my way to the first door to my right. The door wouldn't budge. I frowned wheeling backwards in the room. I turned around toward the other side of the room facing the other machinery left out. I felt around my head to feel metal. Something metal with rounded tough bumps and Kartibionet Crystals installed. Kartibionet Crystals happen to be double edged, solid yet soft, and make a certain melody when someone has touched them so due to their melodic reputation some native planet residents desire them to juice up their collection.

Kartibionet Crystals are located on a mining planet that has both humans and Horta's working together. Horta's are friendly molten lava like creatures that reproduce once after almost all the population are dead. One Horta reproduces a thousand plus eggs, then it cares for the hatchlings once they have hatched and instructs them what to do. It is quite genius really; one trusted adult to raise a whole population. I was being sarcastic. It would be more responsible to have a couple adults around not just one. One can't do the job enough and get the urgency of the matter across.

I take the head device off around my head discarding it to the floor.

How long had I been dead?

I went over to the nearby computer and checked the date. I stared at the screen once seeing the green text slide on the screen. Normally humans wouldn't care what tomorrow is but there are many who do give a rat's rear such as me. Christmas used to mean for a culture I vaguely remember to sacrifice its children but along the way it became the time of giving and Cocola decided to market it off by creating the Santa Clause millions of humans are aware of; big belly, rosy cheeks, white hair, big red and white coat, and the bag that never ended. He looked old in consistent tales later on after Cocola's campaign. The only thing nowadays Cocola is remembered for is the Arctic Bear commercials and those white/red bottles. I knew a Q who was a big time Cocola collector.

Unlike how I portray myself around the Enterprise D crew: I do care about Christmas.

It is one of my favorite holidays in fact.

It has been three months.

Three months since my unexpected death.

I wonder how Picard has been holding up.

"All right, Quarty," I told myself. "Let's find some clothes before you start searching for information regarding this...Current situation."

I saw a ajar typical door from the 21st century to my left beside a closed and steel door that is 21st century. I know my centuries and they are both distinctively different in the matters of doors opening. For example: the doors on Enterprise D require permission to open while original Enterprise does not. The turbo lift doors still open and close as usual but they don't have those bar handles anymore and they still do require a comment about where they are headed to. Everyone thinks I don't notice; but I do notice these differences!

I pulled the door open to see a collection of shirts, pants, shoes, and all the good stuff. Oh yes, there were even socks and boxers that were decorated in rocks. No, I am just pulling your leg. They were all white, sadly. I leaned forward grabbing a change of clothes putting them into my lap. Now here comes the most difficult part that I really dread everyday: getting my pants on.

Getting boxers on (being paralyzed) is quite easily done.
Pants?

No, they are so not easy.

So I started with the shirt first, then the boxers, and the socks. I wondered often how paralyzed people in the 21st century were able to get dressed. They probably had some help with their loved ones. One cannot stress how difficult it is to get your pants on when your legs are paralyzed. I should have picked the shorts. I really should have but being arrogant comes at its cost.

I returned to the machine.

I opened the file to what recently had transpired.
...December 24th...Top secret building..

..2267...Planet Colo...3:50 PM...

Casey had the sheet pulled over on the body's chest.

"I hope this works," Casey said. "If this doesn't work...You owe me three months of my life."

She was staring down upon the recreated body of Quarty.

Casey put a metal like bowl device on his head then hooked in cables inside the holes coming out of a big rounded device resembling a squid except it is more metal. The lights were dim in the usually white room. Casey lifted the sheet up over where the right arm should be just to make sure the prosthetic arm was indeed added.

Casey sighed.

"Didn't screw that up," Casey said, relieved letting go of the sheet. She walked over to a machine.

"Pocirld is going to thank me for this."

Casey put on a set of googles around her eyes then slid on a protective helmet. She flicked a vile sticking upside down connected to a chemistry set. The tools were eerily Frankenstein-futuristic provoking in a way. She pressed a few buttons, slid up a bar, and looked toward the table. Casey easily had a concern about her. She had a nagging worry it wouldn't succeed and all that she would get is a dead body to stare at. Casey cleared her throat getting a grip over herself.

"For Colo," Casey whispered.

Casey pressed a red button.

The machinery began making unusual noises.

"Yes..." Casey said, hearing the machinery making breaking kind of sounds. The stress of the project was taking its toll. "Yes!"

A soundwave with shades of blue erupted in the room right out of the replicated body making rings around the phenomenon as it went echoing through the building. A fire grew in the machine right above the body. Enormous power circulated through the device until the crystals themselves were glowing white. Casey leaned forward grabbing on to two handles as the atmosphere grew tense while the winds were screaming. Screaming as in making a powerful wind gust sending things flying. By the entrance of the building; chairs were being flipped over. Glass just about everywhere shattered. The bodies of dead insects were sent to the other sides of the room. Chairs tumbled into a mess in the corners of many rooms that did have them.

A loud explosion sent Casey back colliding against the wall.

By 4:05 PM, Casey was back up to see the back up generator was powering up. The room was still as was the body on the table. Casey trembled coming over to the body. She was scared whether it did not work. Did it work?, Casey thought, God let it have been successful. Her blonde curly hair was up in a mess. She had a bruise on the side of her face. Her glasses were tilted sideways.
Casey pulled back the sheet.

No signs of breathing.

Dismayed, Casey covered the body with the sheet. She turned away trembling in anger. She grabbed the vile and dropped it to the ground. She kicked at the main controlling machine with her foot then with her hands several times. Dents were made. Wounds were made in her knuckles. She smashed the buttons using her fists not speaking word. She went to the corner of the room ashamed in tears. She had tried to be God, again and failed.

_Pocirld was right_, Casey thought.

"It has to end here," Casey said to herself. "I am the last person connected to the tech puppies experiment." She almost thought she saw the chest moving the sheet up and down but it was only a trick of her eye. "It has to end here."

Casey wiped off her tears coming to a rather deadly solution.

"Three months of work," Casey said, standing up. "Three months of working on the body." She stared at the table for a long while. "And this is what I get."

The spine itself was...Not much of a problem. When she created the body schematics the DNA inside the left hand had everything of Quarty. Chromosomes, red blood cells, and the neurons that still had the mapping of the body that they sent commands to; Including the spine. It was quite easy. The rest of Quarty was created in a tube with the spine inside. Three months of free floating in fetal position accelerated aging. She went over to the machine at the left hand side of the room and started the last log of her project.

**Science Log:** _Project Q has failed. This body will degrade and be taken care of by the insects that roam here. I will lock the doors and get rid of the final connection to this horrible place that has been genetically engineered into the memory of tech puppies. Not the building. I oversaw it, I participated, and for that I have to terminate myself. I've realized now I am compromised. There is no way back for me. End Log._

Casey stood up.

A lone tear came down her cheek.

"I am sorry, Quarty," Casey said. "I hope you can forgive me for this."

Casey turned away then departed the room.
What does it mean to be human? To be human...As I have learned...Is to have compassion and mortality. Compassion means a lot of things to beings who have a short life span and can easily get hurt. Those who have a extended life span don't really have the heart to share what short lived beings have. To be human is to have mercy, feelings, life, spirit, and capable of dying. Humanity, in a sense, is having morals or sometimes used to describe human beings as a whole.

Captain Cody is leading a group of young experienced soldiers to Sector 39 that once had been a city. That city was named Stargata after a gate claimed to be a gate way to the stars way before the time of the spaceships. Stargata's 'gate' has long been lost in history as has the passage leading to it. I have seen Stargates among my travels throughout time and space; I even bumped into the man and his big blue box. I know a couple men who are referred to as 'The Doctor' but they are totally different people.

"Captain Cody!" Called Mike Cellular. "I found the nest!"

"Where?" Cody asked.

"City Hall," Cellular said. "Right by McDonalds and Taco Bell."

"Taco Hell," Cody said.

"Yeah, same thing," Cellular said.

"My kind refers to it as Taco Hell," Cody said.

"I wonder why," Cellular said, sarcastically.

"Team, move to City Hall," Cody said. "We have a high priority extermination mission to conduct and this time we are not going back."

"Yes sir," Came most of the replies.

The group slowly made their way through the tech puppy infested street. The street is littered in tech puppy bodies and bodies related to other human related species were discarded on the ground. Cody felt thankful he couldn't smell through the armor. It was one of the luxuries to being in a Robo-Armor suit. It was created by their best scientists and metal facilities located in a classified underground location away from public view. Colo wanted to keep the reputation that it was a technological inferior planet.

It still did have plenty of technological backfiring and made some injuries.

That is all because Colonians did testing.

They have this terminology 'blue shirts' for those who die on the job of testing the new advancements.

"Captain!" Haustoff shouted. "Captain!"
Cody hadn't moved while the others had been moving.

"Captain Cody?" Cellular said, turning toward the lone Jaffa.

A domesticated (Or that's what it seemed to the group) Tech Puppy ran over to Cody's black and blue robo-armor that is at least taller than the average human. How tall would the bulk of armor be considered for the average viewer? At least the ones seen in The Matrix movies and the movie Aliens except more covered in armor that can open at will. The armor is like a gigantic Iron Man suit. The 'toes' to the machine are elongated, sharp, and connected to gears in the shape of wheels kept together by a single band that is also part of the inside to the robo-armor.

"Captain!" Haustoff shouted.

Cody bent down and rubbed where there should be an ear on the tech puppy's head.

"Captain?" Cellular said.

Then they heard a very amused laugh over their communicators.

"...Quarty?" Cody finally said.

In the domesticated Tech Puppy's mouth is what appears to be a needle. It ran about like a dog just without it's front legs and acted kind of like a frog. The only way it seemed 'domestic' was because of the dog collar wrapped around the tech puppy's neck covered in scrap metal ever so terribly bent in the shapes of thorns.

"Merry Christmas!" I said over their communicators. "And nobody is dying today!"

"But...But you are dead," Cody said.

"Why thank you, Captain Obvious," I said. "I am well aware of that."

"Is this former Captain of Group 26 communicating with us beyond the grave?" Cellular asked.

"Why of course not," I said. "I am no where close to being in the grave so I am BEYOND the grave idiots! Don't bother searching for Captain Casey; she committed suicide by Tech Puppies."

"No wonder I have been reaching her cell message," Cody said. "Captain, where are you?"

"Currently wheeling my way out of a building set to be demolished," I said. "By the way...Tell Pocirld to visit the place I told him a lot about in our corresponding messages. I will be there without incident. The Genetically modified Tech Puppy will inject the needle into the queen. The genetic virus can be handed down by as it implies. Now; get ready to leave explosives. You are retaking the planet back, Mr Jaffa. Also, have a merry Christmas!"

I ended the communication feeling really good about myself.

I wheeled right out of the building holding the denotative as the wheelchair levitates above the ground.

"Hasta la vista,hell," I said.

I pressed the denotative.

Now it is really over for those who had been part of the tech puppies experiments. It can never be salvaged,ever. A warm feeling is carried up my chest, through my neck, and up into my brain. There
is a clear wide path of tech puppies hissing at me. Not only was my efforts well known but I had made enemies out of them three months ago. It seemed very clear to me that I had a new enemy on the line of extinction.
Reunion in the making

...December 25th..

..2267...Planet Colo...12:30 PM...

Whatever happened to Sexton J. Shuttey? Good question, go ask John-Luc that. I know nothing of what happened to that young man. Picard told me a lot about Shuttey and his action-giddy partner George Karter. I still remember most of the men Picard had told me about who he had known aboard the original Enterprise and those alien beings he has squared off against. He has enough stories to fulfill a lifetime wish of never having a boring life. Many good stories to tell a child.

Picard decided to go: alone.

Probably because he had seen the rubble that had housed a great and despicable evil taken upon beings that should never had been encountered in the first place. A race with a name I preferably wouldn't use in broad day. Today starts the extinction of the tech puppies on the planet Colo. I believe the Kolosters wouldn't want to mess with us for a few decades until they are certain the infestation has been wiped. I feel like I want to be part of this reconstruction era for Colo. Help them. Where is this coming from? Perhaps I have been around human beings for too long.

Screw that, I am one of them!

It is a nice change to transition from war to peace that I will admit to.

I had a sip of apple juice from a cup then place it on the table. I had created a system of holo-emitters to make a Christmas scenery in the empty room with plants taking over the rafters, not a dead body lay, but there were plenty of cleanliness to it. I had installed these emitters after getting rid of the dirt and restoring the building to its original beauty but the plants were hopeless. I wanted to make my return rather privately than have Picard standing there stunned speechless and unable to do anything surrounded by people he trusted. Why yes I do give a crap about humiliating him.

I knew John-Luc too well.

"Quarty?" I heard Picard.

He probably just made his way past the door that had a holoprogram picture of Worf with a Santa Hat on his head appearing to be stoic as usual. He probably looked down at the very real brown 'welcome' matt. He probably let himself into this otherwise public place where there once had been a garden behind it. I liked to visit here two years ago to get my thoughts together on issues I was having with work or class assignments. It was one of the helpful ways that kept me going and together. Never-mind how Karen taught me to control my anger. Never-mind how Stronghurst showed me even the lanky boys with long arms can squeeze their way into the smallest spaces to retrieve something. Never-mind the Kolosters. It was this place I could stare at the window and place the excuse on the birds that often were funny.

But Karen and Stronghurst knew why I visited.

"Hello,hello,hellooooh!!" I said.

Picard stepped into the room where the light is dimmed and the shine coming from lightbulbs almost makes this a little cozy in a christmas kind of way. I had a artifact in my hands that is a miniture version of a stargate that is operable (even though humans have yet to figure that out) with a DHD
aka the Dial Home Device is about the size of a hand fashioned to appear like a token when really it is not. It works for small items. This Stargate is designed to appear as though it is a enlarged bracelet. It was once used to smuggle items to different planets by the ones who created the gates when visiting a planet seemed unwise. Picard froze at first speechless to see me with a smile.

The hand Gate can be adjusted to the size of a small box.

Furniture and animals can go through but not humans.

That is the one rule that can be not broken.

"Quarty?" Picard asked, at first unsure.

"Merry Christmas, John-Luc," I decided to say.

"I'll judge that for myself," Picard said. "When was the first time I ever met you?"

"2265," I said, as Picard approached me.

Picard raised his right brow.

"What was the first thing you said?" Picard asked.

"Jean-Luc," I said. "And you corrected me..." Picard came closer lowering his eyebrow. "After insisting I call you 'Picard'."

The next I find myself in a rather warm hug.

Now, before I would have been very uncomfortable with hugs since I wasn't the kind as a Q to get them nor tolerate them. But I am not a Q any longer. I embrace these rare hugs as a gift that brighten my year. I heard Picard say, "Quarty, I've missed you." For once I didn't fell awkward. I felt joy, a rush of happy feelings coming from my heart. Hugs were once used to hide feelings that the other person has and there are people who do not like hugs because of that. I wrap my arms around Picard's back and replied back with, "Me too."

We heard a slow steady clap from across.

That must have been ten minutes into our hug.

What are you staring at me for? I have really missed Picard.

I slide my arms off his back and we broke the hug turning toward the direction of the clapping. I should have known it would be the infamous Trelane. I stopped Picard short from going after him by grabbing Picard's arm. Oh the mean look Trelane got from the Vulcan was probably the best one I seen from Picard.

"Brilliant," Trelane said. "Now I should do the last thing to tidy things up."

"Leave. us. alone." Picard said.

Trelane's face did not falter but it only brightened.

"I now declare you as husband and husband!" Trelane said.

In a white flash on my wedding finger was a ring and the same happened to Picard.
"Trelane, we are not married!" I shouted at him.

"Close enough," Trelane said. "And you can never ever take these rings off. Father, I have just wed you to John-Luc's very existence and you two are bound by the power of the Q together spiritually."

"Bound together," Picard said.

"Spiritually?" I added. "I don't believe in ghosts."

"You have forever together," Trelane said, with a smirk. "Round three was supposed to teach you that whatever happens; you will come back for each other no matter the circumstance and you are never going to be alone."

"Trelane," Picard said.

"Yes?" Trelane asked.

"Long as I am alive," Picard said. "You are not going to be tearing us apart again."

"But that wasn't my fault!" Trelane insisted.

"Enough with the lies," Picard said.

"But--It was the universes whole doing," Trelane said. "I really had no part in whatever happened."

"An elaborate scheme," I said. "To prove how much I neglect q for the Enterprise. That is cruel..."

"But he makes a good point," Picard said. "We do get together...No matter what happens. At the end...We work together." Picard appeared to be confused. "I should not know this!" He glared at Trelane. "Take it away."

"You are a team," Trelane said. "Partners forever. Round four will begin...2285. That is one of the last lessons I have. Round five...It will be in 2340."

"So specific," Picard said.

I frowned.

"Trelane..." I started.

"I will not be the creator of these events," Trelane said. "I swear by it." He held up his right hand onto his chest. "Squires honor!"

"You mean 'Scouts' honor," Picard said.

"Yeah, sure, whatever," Trelane said. "See you in a 2340, Father!"

Trelane vanished in a white flash.

Picard turned toward me.

"We are a team," Picard said. "That he is right on."

"Indeed," I said.

Picard lowered himself down to my level.
"In fact, you are my Teal'c and I am your O'Niel," Picard said.

I had a smile.

O'Neil and Teal'c were perhaps well known in the continuum and the universe for their actions along with SG-1 to save the various planets they encountered and mapped many worlds. It had been an honor to come across these two three thousand long years ago on a site referred to in another universe as the Betazed site. I shook hands with the great and late O'Neil. They didn't know at the time who I was. I pretended to be a village person. But Teal'c knew what I was; the Jaffa had some little conflict with me regarding figure of speech. It did not really turn out pretty at the end.

"Yes," I said. "You are right."

Picard picked me up into his arms.

"I never expected you to be so light," Picard joked.

Mind you I don't have a goatee.

I had a smile.

"Hahaha," I laughed. "I have always been light for you, Mon capitaine."

Just like that we ended up into a very passionate and real kiss that melted me. Well, you get the drift of course. There is a private room built into the building. Cozed up in his arms made me feel so homely and happy. I felt content with my life. My heart was racing. My palms felt like they could sweat a real tidal wave over the California shore. California's water source now is replaced by a synthetic water source made to seem real. It can grow fruit, grass, and have the same moister. But it is not naturally made.

"Quarty," Picard asked, after the kiss had ended.

Picard was heading toward the bedroom with me in his arms.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Promise me you'll never leave me again like that," Picard said.

"I promise," I said. "In fact I swear! I will never leave the man I love."
Rude awakening

..2267...Planet Colo..

..December 26th...7:39 PM...

A rapid knocking sound awoke me.

"John-Luuuc," I said, in a tired voice. "There is someone at the door."

No response.

"Shakespeare lover, wake upppp!" I sang. "Data is here!" The knocking continued. "Wake up!" I tried shaking him. I heaved a sigh coming to a rather logical conclusion. "Damn you are a deep sleeper!"

I had to shove Picard off the bed to wake him up.

"Who's there!" Picard shouted, jumping up to his feet well alert.

I had a short laugh.

"A man at the door," I said.

"...We should definitely work on this system, Quarty," Picard said.

I smiled, leaning my elbow on the pillow.

"Don't you think?" I said. "I can start playing a violin just to wake you up next time."

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"I am coming!" Picard shouted, getting on his pants.

Picard put on his shirt that had some color to it; it was plain white and his jeans were black as a raven. I held up my right prosthetic hand bending my ring finger that has an engagement ring above the wedding ring. Did Trelane...Wait...So the entire time we were on Scottyia we were technically already engaged! I recall Picard, being the private romantic he is, proposing to me with the wooden ring. It was so priceless and adorable coming from him. The one I am wearing is infact the same wooden engagement ring! I had a closer look at the wedding ring to see it is made of golden inscribed with the words 'forever and always' in french. It reminded me of the one Picard poorly made on Scottyia thanks to a helpful swordsman.

"Beverly..." Picard had said, kneeling down to me. "Since I lost my Band...Will you marry me again?"

My heart skipped a beat.

I wasn't aware at the time that they had been married.

I took the engagement ring, without thinking, and put it on my left hands wedding finger.

"I do," I said.
Maybe it was the hormones.

Maybe it was just the kindness out of my heart.

Perhaps it was just out of love on my part toward Picard not wanting to ruin the poor man's dream.

All the times that Picard had kissed me as Beverly were not technically real as they were made with Beverly so I never really did experience the sensation of kissing; that was all felt by Beverly. We did share a mind. Beverly wanted to be sure that it was safe for her mate. She should have told me about being married, damn human. She was a coward, that I will say. I understand now how couples feel during a real lovely kiss. It is full of steam that makes it so addicting. It is like adding fire to an addicting game on the internet and you play it more because of how fun it is.

I listened to Picard's voice and his feet.

Picard opened the door with one swing.

"What brings you here, Colloter?" Picard asked.

"We got a call from a ship claiming to be on a search for you." Colloter said.

"They are three months late." Picard said.

"They wish to speak with you regarding Ensign Karter's death," Colloter said.

Colloter?

"...I thought I already sent them a message regarding that." Picard said.

"You didn't," Colloter said. "I heard Quarty is back."

"Yes, he is." Picard said.

"You have to tell them," Colloter said. "The Federation wants him back."

"Long as they think he is dead..." Picard said. "I do not believe they will want him back."

"Vulcans cannot lie." Colloter said.

"I am not completely a Vulcan, General." Picard said.

"Right," Colloter said. "Quarty, whenever they get pissed off from something you did in the past; we are not going to stop them!"

I sighed lowering my head.

"We will cross that road when we come across it." Picard said.

"Captain Kirk wishes to speak with you," Colloter said. "And Quarty."

"No." Picard said.

"I don't think you have a choice," Colloter said. "Lying is not your nature."

"Please, stop with your accusations," Picard said.

"They are not," Colloter said. "They are the truth. What is up with you, Vulcan? Normally you
"That is enough, Colloter," Picard said. "You will not be given my new address for any future visits."

"I went through the trouble of finding you," Colloter said. "You were easy to find."

Picard shut the door on Colloter.

"Picard.." I said. "We have to tell."

Picard came back to the room with the wheelchair apparently worried.

"But they could come try taking you," Picard said.

"Me?" I said. "Need I remind you who is my husband?"

"I am." Picard said.

"Nobody will dare taking me from you." I said. "Now...Do you have a house nearby somewhere? I really need to take a bath...And get some new clothes."

Picard laughed.

"That can be arranged." Picard said.

It is nice to see Picard happy.
Shuttey in fact was able to find his Romulan Girlfriend on Colo and he had been quite the fighter combating against the threat of the tech puppies for the past three months. His girlfriend? Telien, it had a nice ring to it. But I really did not trust her. It was a struggle to shake her hand. Coming from a man who had been used by a Scalosian; that feeling does not go away. Picard has yet to know what happened in my exploits and I will tell him starting today after this message.

"Hello, Captain," Shuttey said. "Did you get my resignation?"

"What resignation?" Kirk asked.

"I left it on your desk." Shuttey said.

Kirk looked over off screen toward the direction of Spock then back.

"I never got your resignation letter," Kirk said. "Where is Ensign Karter?"

"Dead, sir." Shuttey reported.

Kirk put his right hand under his chin then rubbed at his chin.

"I am sure I will find these resignations." Kirk said.

"You will, Captain," Shuttey said.

"They are here." Telien whispered into Shuttey's ear.

"The chief is here." Shuttey said.

Shuttey and Telian scooted off the screen. Picard wheeled me right over to the gigantic screen. I saw from over Kirk's shoulder there is Uhura at her station and at the door way stood two security officers with their hands behind their backs appearing to be stoic. It had been awhile since I had seen the Enterprise. It seemed like this would be the last time I would ever see the original Enterprise.

"Captain," Picard said. "I intend to stay on Colo, and if I am correct on my assumption then my resignation too must not have been on your desk." He put one hand on my shoulder. "Quarty and I intend to stay here."

"You intend to stay here?" Kirk said.

"Yes," Picard said. "With Quarty."

Kirk lowered his hand down.

"Far as I've heard; Quarty died a couple months ago due to a shuttle mishap," Kirk said, as we had a sigh of relief. Uhura and Scotty looked over quite surprised to hear what is coming from Kirk. "We are not searching for a dead man and his grieving friend."

"Thank you, Captain Kirk," I said.
"We are going to be leaving orbit," Kirk said. "Goodbye Mr Pocirld."

Picard held his hand up and made the Vulcan hand sign.

"Live long and prosper," Picard said.

"Kirk out," Kirk said.

And the screen turned to black.
..2285...

..Planet Colo...July 1st..

Star Fleet somehow found out I hadn't died despite the caution taken by The Enterprise. I had the Padd in my hand reading the text on the screen. Spock had recently passed away in the fight against Khan. One of the crew members of the Enterprise had thrown me out into the dogs. Not the first time I was thrown out into the dogs. My hand broke apart the datapad. **C--Crack** went apart the wires in my hand.

Uhura ratted me out.

It had to be her!

"Quarty..." Picard said, putting one hand on my shoulder. "We can have this trial on Colo."

"Star Fleet is sending a ship here," I said.

"I know you are scared," Picard said, coming into my view. "And so am I."

I handed the scrap metal to Picard.

"I am more scared than you are," I said. "I never faced trial before the human race."

I had been put on trial once by M, punished to be a human for a day by the continuum on the Enterprise, and now a trial by the human race. I honestly did not want to leave Colo even though my status as a highly well known political figure is quite a miracle for a former Q in their human life. Normally a former Q would die in a year. Hell, I died in two years and was brought back. I have to say unlike Amanda's parents I am quite living the life. What am I scared of? I am scared of living in a penal colony or a prison ship where there is no one I even know of.

I am scared of going to prison.

I don't know many wheelchair bound prisoners making a life in prison.

"That is a surprise," Picard said.

"You thought I had gotten into a mess like this before," I said.

"Yes," Picard said.

"For once in my life: I sadly must say I have not been to human prison." I said.

I had told Picard of my journey to Colo.

Even the most dislikable parts.

"Prison has changed over the centuries, Quarty," Picard said. "It might not be that bad."

Suddenly in the corner of my eye I saw a white flash. Picard noticed the look on my face and stepped aside then looked in the direction that my attention is on. I saw a fully grown q sitting in a chair in a white uniform with the emblem of Star Fleet on the side along with two pips. I sometimes
throw in the words pens, pins, and pips together to describe those rounded items they have to indicate rank because I can. To me they are all the same.

"q..." I started.

"Call me Q," Q said. "I am not a child anymore, Father."

"He looks a lot like you," Picard said. "Almost."

"He gets that from his mother," I said.

"So this is where you’ve been for the past couple thousand years?" Q asked.

"If we’re talking about what I think we’re talking; then no," I said. Q raised a brow. "You are a grown Q, go ask my brother. I am not going to explain what kind of problem I have been in to miss out on your entire life."

"You...Your arm," Q said.

"Yes, my arm is gone...No surprise there." I said.

"What happened to your arm?" Q asked.

"I am a human, Q." I said.

Q stared at me with his jaw slack.

"You? Human?" Q asked.

Picard cleared his throat.

"Quarty, we should tell him." Picard said.

"Tell me what?" Q asked.

Picard took my hand.

"You honestly don't know."

"I know nothing, father!" Q reminded me.

"Q," I said. "Picard and I recently were married...Forever."

"Your father is gay." Picard said.

"Of course he is," Q said. "It explains away why you favored Picard over me!"

Picard and I shared a look.

"Q," I said. "You are omniscient. I want you to get your head out of your ass and use your knowledge to see where I had been during your childhood. . .Before I left you! Now tell me I favored Picard over the other people I bothered!"

Q blinked, as though startled at first.

Q's don't really get startled and it is a rare moment to see.
"That..." Q said. "It seems I am wrong."

Picard and I had a relieved sigh.

"Q," I said. "Picard. . . As it seems. . . Is now part of our family."

"What about the Prime Picard?" Q asked.

"He is only a friend." I said.

Picard squeezed my hand.

"A very good friend." Picard added.

"Do you love each other?" Q asked.

"Yes." Picard and I said at the same time.

"I wonder how my mother is taking this." Q said.

"I think you know the answer." I said.

"I agree." Picard said.

Q smiled.

"There is no fooling you," Q said. "She's having a kick out of herself for not pointing it out earlier."

"Q," I said. "If anything. . . I am sorry."

Q stared at me.

"What?" Q said.

"I am sorry for not being there when you needed me most," I said. "And I know what Trelane made you do. You don't have to carry the guilt. It wasn't your fault. It was Trelane's fault all the way."

"Ho... How..." Q said.

"You told me, remember?" I asked.

"No." Q said.

"I was Beverly." I said.

His face turned white.

"I can't read your minds," Q said. "It is like a fog in the way."

"Q," I said. "Do you accept Picard?"

"He is better than any other human I know of," Q said. "So of course I do. Forever is a eternity for humans." A smile grew on his face. "You really in for what my father has to show you?" Picard nodded. "Even when he is a Q again?"

"Time streams can be changed," I said. "And so can your knowledge of our marriage."
"I am game." Picard said.

"That is all I needed to hear," Q said.

Q vanished in a white flash.

"Quarty," Picard said. "That gives me an idea."

"I am in." I said.

"It will prevent any Federation ships intending on getting you to stop in orbit, stop the shuttles from working, and make the transporter malfunction," Picard said. "Think you can do that?"

I smiled.

"I can." I said.
A daughter's confrontation

..2285...

..Planet Colo...July 4th...

Four days of the malfunction is all it took for Star Fleet to give up. On the third day Spock was brought back to life thanks to his body being regenerated and his Katra being refused back into his body. The sectors were now cities. Full of life. The grass had grown back in 2268 while the buildings that had been victims of war needed repairs. These repairs took two years to do.

The tech puppies that hadn't been affected by the genetic virus ran into the wild and their population has been kept at bay due to some intervention in their reproduction. They now reproduce like animals and don't replicate as fast so they reproduce in litters. I, myself, was quite disgusted in the treatment of tech puppies. I had to ask why it came to population control when they could kill them all. They played mercy on them. Mercy? They played no mercy on Karen! I saw these beasts kill my friend before my eyes when I did not have any form of weapons on me. I can still remember her shouting my name arm reached out in my direction.

I felt so useless.

"QUARTY!" Karen had shouted. "SAVE YOURSELF!"

I had reluctantly put on levitation mode.

"Quarty!" Karen shouted.

I still remember her bloody body being dragged out of my view.

"Quarty." Picard's voice shook me awake from the memory.

I look away from the long blue transparent padd.

"Yes?" I said.

"It is T'fara," Picard said. "She is here."

I looked over to see a woman with short red hair that reached to her jaw, she had blue eyes, and a relatively small nose. She had Vulcan ears and eyebrows swept upwards. Picard took his hand off my shoulder. Alongside her is a man somewhere in his twenties by my guess and he wasn't a Vulcan. I can see brown spots covering his hands kind of like a breed of dog used commonly by fire stations in the 21st century.

"Hello,Tara," I said.

The man looked at T'fara.

"You said no one knows that name," The man said.

"Only my mother does,Robby." T'fara said.

T'fara approached me.

"You...You are a man," T'fara said. "I am confused. Why did you change your gender?"
Picard and I shared a look then our attention turned toward T'fara.

"To save your father's life," I said. "There wasn't much time to explain a million reasons why a Scottyonian should fall for him and have a one night stand." I had a sip of apple juice then lower the cup on the table. "Just imagine being in her position seeing a wrecked Vulcan."

"At the time... It was logical." Picard added.

"You have sound logic," T'fara said. "But what I do not understand is how you vanished and why you did."

"You will have to sit down for this, Tara." I said.

T'Fara and Robby came over to the table.

When T'fara was a little girl, I told her stories about various human beings with powers. Her favorite was Tara the girl who could control rocks. The very same girl who fell for a green boy named Beast Boy. She requested a couple nights later to be given a human name. The conversation? It went like this:

"T'fara is intended to be Tara, my little princess." I said.

"Tara," Little T'fara said. "Call me Tara."

"When you are older; you can change your name," I said.

"Change your name?" T'fara repeated.

"Yes." I said, with a nod.

"What does photonic mean?" T'fara asked.

"In English: it means a lot of things." I said.

"I wanna hear some of them." T'fara said.

"Torpedo, holographic, cup, projection, translucent image, and rocket." I listed.

"Mommy," T'fara said. "My friends tell me I am different."

"Listen to me, little princess," I said. "No matter what they say about your looks I want you to stand up and refuse to give them a fight."

"But--" T'fara started to say but I interrupted.

"No butts, little princess," I said. "Promise me that you'll grow a backbone."

"Backbone?" T'fara repeated, puzzled.

"Courage, valor, brave, fear," I said. "Fear is what makes courage."

"I promise I'll grow a back bone," T'fara said.

I smiled.

"Mommy..." T'fara said. "So my name is intended to be Tara?"
I nodded.

"Yes, sweety," I said. "It is."

"Does Daddy know about this?" T'fara asked.

"We talked about it before you were born," I said. "So he is aware of it. He is the one who actually suggested we call you 'Tara'."

"I don't understand," T'fara said.

"Understand what?" I asked.

"Why you call me T'fara when it should be Tara," T'fara said,

"We just want you to blend into Vulcan society easily," I said.

"I am part human, Mommy," T'fara said. "They won't care."

I sighed.

"Of course they care," I said.

"Mommy," T'fara said. "When I have one of my own... He or she is not going to have a Vulcan name. I'll name him or her after my best friend ever. They'll get the middle name 'Jenkins' because of Doctor Wong Jenkins's effort to help Daddy wake up from his injuries. I haven't decide on a last name."

I smiled.

"Sounds like you know what to name them." I said.

"But not the last name," T'fara said. "I don't want them to be named after their Daddy's last name."

I raised a brow.

"Hmm?" I said.

"Jenkins's has three relatives with the last name 'F. O. B.' and they are all in different generations!" T'fara said. "Headache I say!"

I laughed.

"How about I suggest a last name?" I asked, lowering a brow.

T'fara's face brightened.

"Anything, Mommy!" T'fara said.

"Janeway," I said. "Named after a Star Fleet Captain named Kathryn Janeway of the Voyager." I put my index finger on my lips. "Sssh, she hasn't been born yet." I looked both ways then turned my head towards the little girl with rosy red hair. "She will be their godmother."

"You are funny, Mommy," T'fara said, with a snicker.

"F.O.B. stands for a band." I said.
"No, they don't," T'fara said.

"Fall Out Boy," I said.

"Mommy, you are a bad liar," T'fara said.

"Once upon a time I wasn't such a bad liar at all." I said.

"Mommy, can you tell me a bed time story?" T'fara said.

"Sure," I said. "Once upon a time in a kingdom far, far away . . ."

"No, no, no!" T'fara said. "One of your Sky Trek books."

"Tell me your thoughts on Janeway and I will," I said.

"It sounds different and I like different," T'fara said.

I smiled.

"Hold that thought," I said. "Mommy will be right back."

I explained to T'fara and Robby my story. Where did I begin? Naturally I started with the beginning on the bridge. I explained what I was at the time; all knowing, very immortal, and typically capable of doing anything with a thought. T'fara's jaw dropped at the surprising turn of events. I had to be honest and being honest with a woman is not one of my strong suits. I am glad she was born BEFORE the events on Scalos.

Picard explained the part about his experience in his world; filling in a lot of blanks to what happened between the time I had left him and then came across Data B holding John-Luc in his arms. It hadn't been fifteen minutes that passed in reality but forty-five minutes! My time awareness must have been off at the moment. Picard lead a pretty good story up until the moment he awoke in a different room, in a different year, and isolated without people he knew.

Except for me.

I learned he found my room by asking Spock.

Which was...Honestly? I will let you see it to judge for yourself! It went like this:

John-Luc was walking down the hall confused. He hadn't been down this kind of corridor since...Ever. The walls were painted red. The rug was gray. There were machines built into the walls with a screen in the middle and a button right beside it. He had only seen these in historical projections of the original Enterprise. John-Luc came to a stop right at the doorway lost in his thoughts.

He was truly lost.

"Officer Pocirld?" Came Spock.

John-Luc turned toward the direction of Spock.

He didn't know why he answered to that name but it was like embedded into his memory. Another lifetime of memories were co-existing with his real memories of the other timeline that never was.

"Yes?" John-Luc said.
Spock raised a brow.

"Are you lost?" Spock asked.

At first John-Luc didn't know what to say.

He was face to face with the legendary Star Fleet Vulcan Ambassador (Well, technically, commander) in the flesh under a assumed identity he hadn't taken. Perhaps he had already taken the identity earlier but had simply forgotten. Now John-Luc was not the kind to easily forget a event such as that. He could have stuttered. He could have fainted. John-Luc did not stammer or do any of the humiliating options.

So he went to being honest.

"Yes." John-Luc said.

Spock lowered his eyebrow.

"I am surprised that you, of all, would get lost." Spock said.

"I am looking for Professor Q's quarters, sir." John-Luc said.

"His quarters are down the hall, second door to the right." Spock said.

"Thank you, Commander Spock," John-Luc said.

John-Luc, being a skeptic, kept mentally repeating to himself that he was not on his ship and the former Q being should answer for where he is. He had a rough idea where he could be but that would be impossible as Q put it: his timeline would cease to exist after the Enterprise had been returned to the past. He should not exist right now! He should be a paradox: just like Q had said.

John-Luc walked right past his commanding officer.

He had to be dreaming.

One way to be sure if this were a dream.

He came to the second door then knocked.

"Coome in!" Quarty sang.

The doors whooshed open and John-Luc walked in.

"Professor Quarty," John-Luc said.

"Good morning, officer," Quarty said, facing toward the painting.

"Professor Quarty, where in heavens name am I?" John-Luc asked.

Quarty looked up toward John-Luc.

"The Enterprise, obviously." Quarty said.

T'fara blinked.

"You get on each others nerves and you still live together?" Robby asked.
"Yes." Picard and I said at once.


"They are your parents in law now, Robby." T'fara said.

"The only one who is mad in this relationship is Quarty," Picard said.

"Aww, that's nice to hear," I said. "To be safe: the mad man in our relationship is you."

Picard snickered.

"Liar." Picard said.

Course; we are both the mad men in the relationship.

"...Tara, tell them." Robby said.

"Guess what!" T'fara said.

"You got a hike to Mount Rushmore." I said.

"I have nothing to guess." Picard said, quite bluntly.

Gotta love a man for being blunt.

"I am expecting!" T'fara said.

I had a bad feeling about this and it didn't sit well with my stomach. Picard apparently sensed the same thing from me but not T'fara and Robby. They were both very delighted and excited about their news. I really did want to be happy for them but that dark feeling just stirred in my stomach so I had to fake my best happy response. And this happened in the space of seconds, mind you.

"Congratulations!" I said.

At first I didn't have anything to say about that.

"What percent of your life is classified now?" I asked.

"59%." T'fara said.
Ten years ago T'fara brought a human baby girl into the world. Her name was Jessie Jenkins Janeway. She was quite the little gem and her ears were human. Her eyebrows were the typical shape that humans had as well. Robby brought her to visit every summer (well, their decision not to stay is reasonable at best due to the threat of Kolosters) without a fail.

I had a really bad day today.

You see there was a recent skirmish over an illegal Koloster arriving to Colo for sanctuary a couple days ago and the laws currently state that whenever a Koloster was caught that they should be put to death. Put to death. For the past decades I have been wanting to change this law to 'if a Koloster was caught they should be fined and sent back to their home world along with finger trapping devices'. Now the way most illegal Koloster's face their death here would be the most cruelest punishment yet.

Death by Tech Puppies.

Only four Kolosters have been subject to this punishment over the years. Now let's make that five because I failed to convince a good number of Colonians to stay his execution. I may hate the Kolosters with a burning passion but tossing them into a cage full of Tech Puppies will not bring anyone back. The memory of Colonion First Academy falling to the ground hadn't left the survivors minds. For a few years after the war I taught high schoolers instead of college kids in what had been a former war room.

"Grandpaa!" Jessie called.

"Yes?" I called, trimming a plant.

"The gate is moving," Jessie said.

The ground trembled beneath the wheelchair's wheels and the plants on the table were shaking. I dropped the cutting tool feeling the blood drain from my face. My hands went straight down to the cold metal wheels. I wheeled away from the plants to Jessie's direction hearing the blast of the gate surging out and then I heard Jessie's terrified scream.

"Jessie!" I shouted.

I came to a deserted scenery.

"Jessie?" I called.

I was alone in horror realizing as it sunk in that Jessie was lost. I saw the gate's symbols change automatically. I wheeled over to the Dial Home Device the put a different set of coordinates. Jessie wouldn't have understood how to operate a Stargate. The plants grown over the gate were burned away. The Stargate made the ground shake cracking off the pieces of dirt crawling up to the sides. I watched in horror seeing it come to activating. I didn't know who was on the other side of the Stargate.

I decided to get in the way of the Stargate.
The next I am sent rolling down the metal floor without my wheelchair. I heard the wheelchair crash against the glass and the sound of guns being raised. I raised myself up looking around to see men in uniform aiming their guns down at my direction. I looked over seeing a very familiar group at the door prepared to leave.

Stargate SG-1.

"Hello!" I said, with a little wave.

"Lower your weapons!" O'Neil shouted.

"Q," Teal'c said.

"You shouldn't be here," Daniel said. "We left you in the land of the light."

I smiled.

"No way to treat a old friend." I said.
I keep no secrets

..2000...11:59 AM..

...Location: Unknown...

I was in a gray room with my wheelchair in tact. My side did hurt from striking the ground at a increasingly and uncomfortable fast velocity. There were men at the door standing guard for little ol' me. I had my hands on the table looking down. What could I have done to prevent my granddaughters unexpected disappearance? I could have fascinated her with a story about talking trees that helped two hobbit isolate a bad wizard.

The door opened.

In came the famous Jack O'Neil.

"Hello, Jack." I said.

"I told you to call me O'Neil." O'Neil said. "How about you tell me what you are and perhaps, just maybe, I can give you a little leniency. What is your plan now? Trick us?" My hands were trembling. "I am not in the position to believe you right now--"

I slammed my fist on the table.

"I am not in the mood for YOUR QUESTIONS!" I shouted, leaning forward in rage. "I have to find my granddaughter and I will appreciate it if you sent me back to where I was coming from!"

O'Niel cocked his brow leaning back folding his arms.

"I am sorry," O'Neil said. "But the planet you come from doesn't exist."

"DOES NOT EXIST?" I shouted. "Then transport me to the land of the intelligent living or the Nox!"

O'Neil furrowed his eyebrows.

"What's your problem?" O'Neil said.

"You wouldn't understand." I said.

"Huh," O'Neil said. "Last time you said that; turned out I could."

"Jack," I said. "I am not cooperating until you let me go through that gate."

"I am not in the position to do that, Q." O'Neil said.

"STOP CALLING ME BY THAT NAME!" I shouted, pushing myself upwards to make it seem I could walk. "I am not Q anymore. Not all powerful, not all pure, not all capable of playing around like old times sake. I have responsibilities and my GRANDDAUGHTER is MISSING! I want to have the gate she vanished from buried. I would LOVE to mess with you but I am not in the mood to play mind games." I growled. "I dialed a random number to prevent whatever was trying to come."

"Did it ever occur to you it might be your granddaughter?" O'Neil asked.
I narrowed my eyes toward O'Neil.

"Unlike you and your friends," I said. "We never messed with the Stargate."

Knock, knock, knock.

"Aren't you going to get that?" I asked.

"No," O'Neil said.

Knock, knock, knock.

"It is Teal'c," I said. "Perhaps he'll understand what I am going through...Well...NOT!"

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

O'Neil looked over and saw Sam.

"Your Captain is knocking for you, Jack." I said.

O'Neil turned away from Sam toward my direction.

"I am afraid it isn't what you think." O'Neil said.

"I think a lot of things, General O'Neil." I said.

"It is Colonel." O'Neil said.

"Yeah, whatever." I said.

O'Neil stood up then walked out of the room.

I sat back down into the wheelchair.

I had a sigh.

"Oh Tara..." I said. "I lost your daughter."

I heard the door close while my eyes faced toward the table. I saw drops of water landing on the usually dark gray table. I realized a second later it was coming from me. I was afraid that I lost the little treasure chest full of life and brightness to it. My hands went through my hairs as I closed my eyes. I lost Jessie. How dare I go back without her? I wiped off the tears to my face.

It was right in my race to stop who-ever were coming that perhaps the gate malfunctioned and I was sent to the past while Jessie went into the hands of some present day alien beings. Alien beings can do a lot to a child. I'll find her and when I do; I am never to go let her go away that easily again. I will watch her like a hawk. In fact...I can't believe she is gone. One moment she was a baby in my arms and the next she is a ten year old girl with a need for speed.

The door opened and I made the tears go away quickly as it came.

Captain Sam, oh of course.

"Hello, Captain." I said.

Sam sat down.
"Do you know this little girl?" Sam asked, sliding forth an aged and old paper.

The little girl in the picture looked happy in between a couple but there was something about her eyes. Loneliness. I felt along the frame of the picture. The couple had a forehead band that Cody had on when I knew him. The tears were coming back. She had the looks of Jessie. She had Jessie's unusual wide smile. She had those big ears. She had the knack to wear loose clothing that didn't restrain her.

"Jessie..." I said.

"Is that her real name?" Sam asked.

"Yes." I said, softly.

"I am sorry," Sam said, in a low voice. "The Goa'uld took her as a host years ago..." I stared at the woman in horror. "We had to kill her a couple months ago. She wasn't a child but a fully grown woman. She talked about some other memories that was held back by her host. Memories that she tried to forget. Her name, the name of the symbiotic, was Quartasia. It was the host's insistence in-fact as she told me."

I had a character named Quartasia in Sky Trek.

"She remembered a man in a wheelchair with scars on his face," Sam said. "She had fond memories of him. She landed in the home world of the Goa'uld when they tried dialing to the unknown designated planet when someone else was dialing there too. The home world had black and white pictures there too. She...She missed her family."

My mouth was open.

My granddaughter...Dead like that.

"She wanted me to tell that man in the wheelchair; she had the best summer vacation, ever." Sam said, sliding forth a metal item. "I realized you were him...The man in the wheelchair. After I saw the scars on your face. Just like the ones she described you with."

I took the item back.

It was a square box of mementos.

"Jessie..." I said. I looked up with red eyes. "What was her last words?"

"I miss my family." Sam said.

I lowered my head to the table.

"The Goa'uld will someday visit my planet..." I said. "I had a Jaffa friend who died a few years back. Colo was colonized with all sorts of alien beings that appeared to be human but were not. His name was Cody." I looked up. "I'll have to deliver the news to..." My voice was cracking up. "My daughter."

"I am so sorry." Sam said, getting up.

"Please...Leave." I said.

I heard the door close.
And I cried.

"Jessie..." I cried. "Oh Jessie...You were so young."
I had my hands together leaning my elbows on the table lost in thought. Did she ever have children? How long did Jessie plan to find her way back home? How many times had she tried and failed? I had the box below my hands with my eyes closed contemplating what the symbiote made her do. So many things Jessie could have done against her will. There are so many things a parasite that is capable of great power and control over one person can do.

How many times had she asked around for her grandparents?

I breathed a shaky sigh.

I am in control of my emotions. My emotions cannot control me. I reopened my eyes to see General Hammond standing at the doorway looking at me suspiciously. I would have had a irritated sigh at his confused look but I am not up for frustration right now. I am up for grieving. I just lost my granddaughter.

"What do you want, General?" I asked.

"I want to know if you are telling the truth." General Hammond said.

"So they've told you about our first encounter." I said, with a smile.

"They have field reports for this." General Hammond said as my smile faded.

I slide my hand down my face onto the closed lid of the box where I had put the photograph inside.

"To me," I said. "I just lost a ten year old granddaughter. My world has been turned upside down and all I want is to go home." I felt along the golden rims of the box. "I made a promise to my beloved." My voice lowered. "I intend to keep that promise."

General Hammond walked in.

"This planet you claim to be from..." General Hammond said. "It has a gate."

"Yes," I said.

"Is there any way that SG-1 can visit this planet?" General Hammond asked.

"Well," I said. "Someone will have to dial this planet and someone else would have to dial to my planet." I lifted my head up. "I may be a genius but doesn't that seem off sending people who don't belong in that time to a different universe?"

"Mr Jackson would like to visit this planet you claim to be from," Hammond said. "'Scientific breakthroughs could be there' as he put it."

I leaned back.

"Your 'scientific breakthroughs' are seriously out of definition." I said.
"They are quite in date." General Hammond said.

"Just how many of your first team are interested in Colo?" I asked.

"All of them." General Hammond said.

"You will let me leave if I give you the coordinates." I said.

"With SG-1." General Hammond said.

I rolled an eye.


General Hammond glared right through me.

"Just because you fit the description of a man a Goa'uld knew--"

"SHE WASN'T A GOA'ULD!" I shouted. "She was a human being and she died a human being in my eyes."

"You weren't there when she sent a invasion on Earth." General Hammond said.

"That was not her." I said.

"Look, you are not going anyway if you don't act nice." General Hammond said.

"I find it hard to trust people after some...Conflict...I had." I said.

"You can trust us." General Hammond said.

I am not sure I can.

Sure I had some level of respect for Sam.

"Do not back stab me, General." I said. I had a good glare at the man. "I am in the position to give the wrong coordinates. So please don't make it a 'interfere in the affairs of others' mission. Just. . .I am done with exploring and meddling with others in this state. I am done."

"I wouldn't think of it." General Hammond said,

"Thank you." I whispered.

_I will be back before you know it, John-Luc._

_It will be like I never left._
Home again

..2295...June 1st...

..Planet Colo...Four hours later...

How do you tell your own daughter that you lost your granddaughter? I had to figure that bit out. My shoulders were heavy with guilt. I should have had a hawks eye on her. I should have done exactly that and Jessie would still be alive. I shouldn't have taken her to the garden with the gate shaped weed. Jessie would still be alive if I hadn't made that mistake.

I arrived out of the Stargate.

I wheeled over a good distance away from the gate.

"Quarty, Jessie!" I heard Picard ever so happily. "You'll never believe what I just adopt--" Picard stopped short when he saw who was behind me then his eyes went over to my sad pair. In his arms is a puppy like adorable (Apparently not lethal) Tech Puppy squirming in his arms about the size of a little dog. "Where is Jessie?"

I came over to Picard.

"Jessie is dead..." I said.

"Oh come on!" O'Neill said. "Seriously? How did you get Jean-Luc stranded here?"

Picard dropped the tech puppy to the grass.

"I need to see her body..." Picard started.

I took his hands.

"There is nothing left of her to bury, John-Luc."

"Why are you calling him John-Luc?" O'Neill asked.

Picard is trembling as he took the box out of my hands.

"Because this is a different Picard," Daniel said. "Look at his ears and those eyebrows."

"Oh, he is a Vulcan." O'Neill said. "A Vulcan. . .Seriously?"

"Who are these people?" Picard asked.

"We are SG-1," O'Neill said. "From Earth where all the wacky aliens want to conquer."

"SG-1." Picard repeated.

"Yes." O'Neill said.

"That SG-1?" Picard asked.

"Yes." O'Neill said.

"Quarty, where the hell did you go?" Picard asked. "I want the full story!"
I sighed.

"Not much of a story, if you'll ask me." I said.
A really freaky call

..2295...June 1st...

..Planet Colo...5:30 PM..

"This is interesting. . ." Teal'c noted, holding a Spear Blaster 2.0 in his hands. "A upgraded Goa'uld weapon."

"It is a Colonian Jaffa addition." I said.

"We call them spears." Teal'c said.

I had a short laugh.

"Your kind names things ever so oddly and simply," I said. "I almost envy you for that."

"The green eyed beast is a curious thing." Teal'c said, putting down the Spear Blaster 2.0 on the table. "It has a good grip. Who handed this to you?"

I smiled, wheeling away from the table with cookie dough all over my hands.

"Cody," I said. "He was a. . .Fine warrior. He gave it to me on the battlefield when the war ceased between Colonians and Tech Puppies."

"The name makes them sound so. . ." Teal'c started, at first at a loss for words.

"Decieving." I finished.

"Yes," Teal'c said. "I almost thought of a dog."

"Their species name is Cauistofkocheo," I said. "For scientific purposes. We all call them Tech Puppies for short due to their technological being and domestic like dog appearance."

"But the Cauistof-kache I saw had the mouth of a worm." Teal'c said.

"Not all Tech Puppies share the same mouth," I said. "Nice try with the name. I didn't get the name down until my. . .fifteenth try." I cleaned my hands awaiting for the oven to finish baking the cookies. "Someday I would like to know what planet the cargo ship came from."

"If you can pronounce the name correctly, why do you call them Tech Puppies?" Teal'c asked.

"It is so much better than Cauistofkocheo." I said.

"If you say so." Teal'c said.

I put the towel into a towel basket.

"Besides, it sounds like a type of drink served at McCdonal's and Starbucks."

"McCdonal's and I do not share quite the history."

"I know I am going to regret asking; but why?"

"I tried to free the chickens."
"Wrong place to free the chickens," I said. "There are several McDonald Chicken farms that mistreat their hens and roosters."

"I was not aware the roosters were subject to their treatment." Teal'c said.

"Well, you are now." I said.

I heard the phone from the living room ring. I wheeled out of the kitchen. Well, you might be asking, 'Why does Quarty have a Spear Blaster in his kitchen instead of the basement?' in this current scene. It is pretty simple. We need all the defensive weapons in case there is some day where people try to kill us! Like a zombie invasion, alien invasion, potatoes-with-teeth invasion, werewolf invasion, and so on. One time in my days venturing Earth I turned myself into a hen just to see the life of a chicken. Now the problem the humans had were trying to kill me as any metal subjected to my feathers were bent or destroyed then rendered very useless. Think of a knife hitting a wall. Now imagine that wall is a chicken. The chicken feed was delicious.

My lesson?

Chickens can gang up and kill you.

No ifs, no butts, and no mercy about it.

I tapped on the ipad like device's screen.

"Quarty here," I said. "What are you calling for?"

There is a long pause on the other end.

"I am calling for you, Senator Q."

My whole body froze and my hand didn't move. No one outside of Colo knew my real name. Only John-Luc and I are quite aware. So is T'Fara and Robby. My daughter and her husband have made a promise not tell the world about my secret. If everyone knew the truth then the trust would degrade between me and the public. My public approval rating would plummet. No one would ever trust a former Q.

Except for Picard.

We have layer upon layer of trust.

"Who is this?" I asked easing my movable body parts.

I heard a laugh.

"I know you let a little girl die today," My hands began to bend into fists against the palm of my hand. "I saw you go through the Stargate in Stargata." Why yes, Picard and I live in Stargata as a family. "I know your little secret. How you lied about the death of Khan. How you let so many people die. If you don't tell Colonians who their Senator is then I will."

I slammed my hand on the counter.

"That wasn't my business to stop!" I shouted. "Changing Spock's initial death would have pulled disastrous consequences on EVERYONE'S future! Meaning Spock, Kirk, Chekov, and McCoy among other people. The future of Star Fleet relied on that to happen! This impacted on their desire
“To remain a peaceful civilization not an empire that took away free will and relied on assassinations for people to go up the chain of command!”

“You could have stopped the death of Kirk’s son.”

“There was nothing I could do about that! Time must take it’s course.”

“And interfering the death of Kirk isn’t one of them?”

“Death can always be averted for the Captain.”

“You expect me to believe the deaths of a thousand men could be avoided?”

My hands clutched on the wooden edge to the table.

“That. did. not. happen.”

I heard a snicker.

“Oh yes, it did.”

My right prosthetic hand made dents into the wood.

“Who is this?”

“All I can say is that he and his people killed an entire federation colony. You cannot always avoid trial forever, Senator Q. I have my sources.”

The screen turned black.

Trelane usually kept his word so it couldn't be him. He wouldn't threaten to expose my current position. My right prosthetic hand let go of the wood. Thank the Q continuum that it is only I and Teal’c inside the house. I looked up to see the Jaffa staring quite blankly in my direction with his left eyebrow raised up. He approached me.

“You are a Senator…” Teal’c said.

“Yes.” I said, with a nod.

“What part of this planet do you represent?” Teal’c asked.

“There is not just one part I represent of Stargata…” I said. “Teal’c, do me favor and do not tell your friends about what you heard. For now; I will share this knowledge with my husband John-Luc.”

“I agree,” Teal’c said.

Someone in the government knew my background, my real background. Someone from Star Fleet who can make their way around. Someone obsessed with getting even against me. Who would that be? Someone related to a person who died because of me. Maybe a relative of one of the 1,000 colonists on the unknown planet.
Calls we make

..2295...June 1st...

..Planet Colo...6:00 PM..

There are few instances where human beings visit unworldly alien being markets in the world of television. Well, that's exactly where SG-1 (minus Teal'c) and John-Luc went. Except they went in common typical everyday clothing without their uniforms and guns. Their guns were placed in a box quite neatly.

This was a unique culture, that Daniel knew.

Full of beings that SG-1 had yet to discover and those they had discovered recently.

"Good afternoon, Mr Pocirld." Angelese Da'Zaeo said, with a short wave from the fruit stand.

O'Neill winced seeing a stack of green apples in a crate that were MOVING! He could tell they were worms because of the little thin black sticks sticking out of their mouths as they wiggled from side to side. They made little in-distinctive cries similar to crickets. After exploring alien worlds for so long O'Neill is able to take in his surroundings.

"Worm apples, yuck." O'Neill said.

"Actually those are Zequini and they are very delicious," John-Luc said. "Good afternoon, Angel!"

Sam stared at the unusually still blue sky that hadn't darkened at all nor had the sun started to set.

"Why is the sky not dark?" Sam asked.

"It will be dark in forty-five minutes," John-Luc said. "And you must really see this. I didn't know where this shuttle came from but it makes more sense after seeing you."

"Shuttle?" O'Neill said, sounding concerned. "What kinda shuttle are you talking about?"

"The name rusted off long ago." John-Luc said. "I remember. . ." His voice lowered. "Tripping over this machine fleeing from Tech Puppies decades ago." He seemed rather adjusted to the crowd unlike the group. "It has the Stargate emblem. That's why I am bringing you to it in hopes you can possibly take it back."

Suddenly the crowd strangely dispersed as the small group came to a antique store. John-Luc stayed at the doorway apparently wary. It wasn't usual for something like this to happen during the late afternoon that usually would be covered in sprawling activity. He usually would see a steady line of visitors heading into 'Bob's Antique shop of history' that contained items from all over the globe (being Colo) remaining artifacts of the earlier civilizations that once lived on this planet before the Colonian Colony had been established. The Antique store had designs all over around making a perfect circle along a background that resembled a forest with animal life and a river rolling by.

"I do not see any shuttle around here," Daniel said.

John-Luc entered the room.

"Just down the hall," John-Luc said. "Second door to the right."
O'Neill shared a strange look toward John-Luc as Daniel took lead.

"Are you coming?" Sam asked.

John-Luc shook his head.


Sam shrugged then followed the directions to the tea.

The doors closed behind Sam.

Inside the room was a prototype shuttle for a decoy commonly used to check if whatever outside the gate is safe. Daniel felt along the metal staring at in shock. O'Neill seemed to be rather not surprised but the model did seem like it was from 1999 due to a old time stamp indicating when it had been sent off. It was registered to team SG-8. It was sent October 1st, 1999. The team, far as O'Neill was aware, were still alive. General Hammond had not mentioned about the newer spider-checker models in the past few years. O'Neill sometimes called these machines 'spider-checkers' for short.

Rather than their well known label as 'probe'.

Probe sounded colorless and not so 'appealing'.

Ten minutes later O'Neill came out of the room pinching his nose.

"Oh yuck," O'Neill said.

"How's Senator Quarty these days?" The antique owner asked.

O'Neill looked toward the counter to see John-Luc standing there across from a rather ugly gray being resembling a human-elephant complete with a trunk and floppy ears that had several folds and wrinkles along with it. John-Luc had a small smile. A smile that usually wouldn't be seen on a Vulcan.

"He has been fine. . ." John-Luc said.

"And your granddaughter?" The antique owner asked.

John-Luc looked down and his smile had faded.

"Dead." John-Luc said.

"Oh," The antique owner said. He looked at the Vulcan. "I grieve with thee."

"Thank you." John-Luc said. He looked up toward the store owner. "You know that shuttle you've been keeping for the past three decades?"

"Why yes, what about it?" The store owner said.

John-Luc looked over toward O'Neill's direction then back toward the antique store owner.

"The owners of it are here." John-Luc said.

"Ohhhh," The store owner said. "...Er. . .I might have. . . Used it as a microwave for a period of time."
"How is that possible?" O'Neill said.

"It is, when you on a planet that has backfiring technology every day." The store owner said, proudly. "We are the only planet in this sector to have tackled the tech puppies and lived to tell the tale!"

"Well, probes cannot be used as cooking tools," O'Neill said.

The store owner gasped.

"Wait... That was a probe?" The store owner said, in shock.

"Uh huh." O'Neill said, with a nod coming down the hall. "And I am fairly certain the people who made it did not intend for the probe be used as kitchenware."

"It broke when I cooked Lasagna," The store owner said. "With gravy."

"You put Lasagna with gravy inside a probe that you adjusted for cooking. . .Oh god." O'Neill said, then he rubbed his forehead. "You broke a highly expensive machine by trying to cook: LASAGNA WITH GRAVY!"

"...Yes." The store owner said.

"I am pretty sure the machine couldn't stand the gravy's nice texture," John-Luc joked.

"And you were aware of this, Mr Picard?" O'Neill asked.

"No," John-Luc said. "This is the first time I ever heard that he used it for cooking."

"This is unbelievable." O'Neill said.
...June 2nd...

...2295...4:48 AM...

I awoke to hear glass being shattered. I sat upright blinking in the darkness. Picard was still asleep in bed. He leaned more on his human side rather than his Vulcan side shortly after my restoration. I started to see his more human side on the first day of my return by lying to Colloter. For living with a Vulcan I have learned to Mind-Meld safely and with caution. Mind-Melds were considered personal to Vulcans long after their HIV-like thing for Mind Melds were cured. Such as one hundred years after the ailment had been been eradicated.

I slipped into my wheelchair.

Nowadays I only use Mind-Mind when extremely required.

I wheeled into the living room where there lay a rock with a note strapped around it.

"Hm. . .?" I said, picking up the rock off the living room table.

I unwrapped the letter off the rock.

SG-1 is in another part of the house fast asleep, and Teal'c is in deep meditation that lasts from eight to five. I put down the rock on the table then turned on the side lamp part of the arm rest. The light emitted from the arm rest brightening up the letter to my eyes. My hand started to tremble. I gulped back my fear looking up from the letter then crumb it up into a big useless ball of paper. I didn't feel tired at all.

The letter read: The truth is out there.

The truth really doesn't need to be said.

A little rock crashed through the window landing on the couch.

Damn it, do they not know of Private Messaging? I can't exactly trace anonymous IP addresses. I go over, pick up the rock, and unwrap the wrinkled mess around it. I held the letter from above the arm rest. This time the letter read: Tell or else. I frowned, then rolled an eye and dumped the letters into the trash can. I input new orders for the glass repairing the windows in the process. I hadn't told T'fara that her daughter died. I insisted to John-Luc that I do it. It was my fault. I feel guilt. Very guilty.

If that isn't obvious to you, anyway.

I decided then to take a shower, have early breakfast, and then make that call.

It took me half an hour to get ready. I read a book while taking a bath because I tend to enjoy the luxury while it lasts. I had a bad habit of licking my finger then turning the page on a good old fashioned book with pages. In the future (in 2300's) books are used in different versions such as Padds and Paper Back. Most people read on Padds and a good majority read on the Paper Back version. These are the two most common forms of reading that I know of not just because I bothered Jean-Luc one time in his Dixon Hill novels by inserting myself in the story just for kicks and giggles. By the Q continuum the looks he made were worth it. Including how Jean-Luc easily figured out it
was me.

It was quite worth the 24 hours of Jean-Luc desperately trying to figure out why some of his fellow crew-mates dialogue were landing in the novel! Certain strings of dialogue that normally would be said on Star Ships. He didn't know this Dixon Hill addition was being written as it was read by no other than the most greatest teacher ever: ME! I wrote it in the tone of Dixon Hill so well I fooled him for two days! Two whole days! Oh well, off of that and to the present.

It took me five minutes to dry off and then ten minutes to get dressed without help.

Sometimes John-Luc would help me.

Sometimes, but not all the time.

What? Why are you staring at me for? I can still take care of myself without help. . . In some non-walking requiring moments. Getting dressed may be hell but it does provide a source of exercise in a way. It gives me a challenge to take care of. Something to distract my mind before embarking on the day. I like to think it makes me more determined. I wheeled out of the bathroom a little wet but otherwise fine.

I heard the TV is playing.

I saw Teal'c's figure on the couch beside the activated lampshade.

"Good morning, Quarty." Teal'c said.

"Today's weather is going to be bright and sunny in the high seventies. . ." The Colonian weather reporter continued on her forecast.

"Good morning." I said. "You are the first to wake up."

"Indeed." Teal'c said.

"June is so far forecasted to be a warm and wet," The weather woman said. "Now back to you, Jim."

Teal'c lowered the volume using the remote.

"Are you a rock collector?" Teal'c asked, turning his head toward me.

"No." I said.

"Then why do you have rocks on the living room table?" Teal'c said.

There was no point lying to Teal'c so I told him the truth. I only got a concerned look from him in respond to the story. I shook my hands in front of myself telling him not to fret about me but worry about his friends. His friends are more important to Earth's history in natural progression than a invasion of Cybermen and Borg working together.

Well, it was for fun!

Really.

It was a fun time dropping by to watch how The Doctor ( a Time Lord, no less) and the crew of the Enterprise D worked to get rid of the double threat. In the end all was fine and the damage were undone, as such the war between the Borg and the Cybermen was sent into a pocket universe. Only one Borg and one Cyberman remained until a while ago they both eliminated each other through
unnatural means. It was a lot like a hunter being hunted.

I also meddled with humanity's evolution to become relatives of the Yautja and another race called Infernape from the Sinnoh Region in another reality. I got to meddle around with Jean-Luc Picard who had a flamed head and a really unique kind of face featuring pinchers; he looked nothing close to being human if not for the arms and legs. I suppose doing that was against the rules of the Q continuum. I guess it was against the rules.

"I have some bad news to tell someone. . ." I said. "So don't listen into the back door."

"I respect your decision." Teal'c said, with a nod.

"Thank you." I said.

I wheeled right into the other room where the door shut behind me. Sam, O'Neill, and Daniel are likely to wake up in five minutes or ten, but somewhere inbetween. I came over to the keypad that had been built into the wooden furniture which is part of the great internet spanning all over the sector including Earth. I put my fingers on the keyboard then put in a address.

Five minutes later the screen came to life with T'fara on the screen with red rosy hair curled on her shoulders. She had on a black suit that had light blue outlines and pockets on her thighs. She moved her bangs out of her eyes right to the side appearing perplexed by the sudden call. Behind T'fara is a business like room where behind her is a unusual painting showing a naked man with a bat chasing after a strange werewolf creature. Normally a werewolf would be the one chasing the human but it is taking on the role of a coward.

"Yes mother?" T'fara asked.

I sighed.

"It is about Jessie,Tara." I said.

Jessie was not named after T'fara's best friend.

Her best friend on Scottyia was Charlie. They did a lot of things together. She named the child 'Jessie' on the spot because it was her bosses name. She wanted to honor her human related boss by that. In fact she made her boss Jessie's godmother.

"What did she do now?" T'fara asked.

I lowered my head.

"It is what I did." I said.

"Mother . . ." T'fara said. "What happened?"

I looked up.

"Jessie is dead." I said.

I explained to her what had happened. The layers and layers of guilt lifted once telling her. But there will always be a hole in my heart from losing Jessie. My shoulders sulked once I came to the ending; at least the long story that Sam had told me. How Jessie came to her death, how she threatened Earth, how she got herself killed. And I told T'fara her last words. T'fara seemed to be upset then the screen
turned off.

I looked over to see it had been ten minutes since I went in.

I wheeled out of the room, slowly.

I didn't know if T'fara would call back afterward.

I decided to visit Jessie's room for the last time. I wheeled my way to her room. The room she usually slept in. Her bed was made. I leaned against the doorway recalling a little memory of Jessie when she was nine years old. She was drawing on drawing pad using some old styled pencils and had her pet dog Jack resting beside her.

Jessie looked up.

"Hey grandpa," Jessie said. "I was drawing a picture of our family."

"Go to sleep, Jessie." I said.

"Aww," Jessie whined. "I can't sleep!"

I wheeled my way into her bedroom.

"Perhaps a story from Sky Trek will do?" I asked.

"Story time, story time, story time!" Jessie said, excitedly then got under the bed sheet. I put the picture and the pencils on the counter. Jack went to the corner of the bed then put his head down on his blonde covered paws. "Tell me a story about Quartasia."

I snickered.

"You do know she died." I said.

"No one really dies in your stories, Grandpa" Jessie reminded me.

"Right," I said. "How could I have forgotten?"

"Aw Grandpa," Jessie said. "You are messing with me."

"True that." I said.

"I am ready, Grandpa." Jessie said.

"The year was 2374. . . ." I said.

I was smiling at the memory playing out.

"You really loved her." Sam said.

I leaned my elbow alongside the doorway.

"Yes," I said. "I did."

Sam was right behind me.
...June 5th...

...2295...1:22 PM...

A dark shadow followed me and Daniel.

Since the odd activity had surfaced I started to grow worry about SG-1's welfare. Maybe it was because I didn't want to be responsible for the loss of more lives. The recent activity had rocks being thrown, strange calls in the middle of the night, and short but to the point email coming down into my account. If it escalated into malicious activity and harmed the team I really wouldn't forgive myself for not sending them earlier.

I still haven't received a reply from T'fara.

"This is incredible. . ." Daniel said, observing the words on the wall.

I looked at a clearly English text reading 'Q'.

I frowned, recalling that conversation I had with Trelane.

Trelane denied any part in creating this planet and far as I knew no Q had made it. Perhaps I should ask John-Luc about artifacts with the letter 'Q' stamped on it. Well, I do have a science guy capable of reading the most ancient language of all time being the Egyptian. Daniel traced along the wall with his hands. He had insisted he take me there after session in the senate about allowing 'Earthlian' Ice-Cream being imported along with 'coconut Chocolate' and a few other things.

"I found this last year with Jessie." I finally said.

"How?" Daniel asked, recording the images using his camera.

"The gigantic serpent head at the entrance." I said.

"The tip of it?" Daniel asked.

"Yes." I said, with a small nod.

"How long did it take to unbury the temple?" Daniel asked.

"A month," I said. "That's the first thing she wanted to do each morning in June. Her mission everday? Restore that snake temple to its former glory!"

Daniel had a slow laugh.

"Hah, she had the energy." Daniel said.

"She devoted most of her days cleaning this up!" I said. "I helped her. . ." I looked over seeing the raised and elevated surface with letters I did not recognize. But this time they were glowing a strange color specifically red. Daniel rubbed his chin then took out his notebook along with a pen. "Clean out the wasted artifacts. Most of them are in John-Luc's collection."

Daniel pushed on one of the glowing text.
The building rumbled.

"Interesting." Daniel said.

Daniel pressed another text.

This time there was no rumble.

"Huh," Daniel said. "Did this ever happen?"

"We never touched it." I said. "All we did was hold Picard's 90th birthday inside this temple in July with a lot more decorations. It was Jessie's treat."

"Woah, he's ninety?" Daniel asked.

I nodded.

"John-Luc will be 91 on July 4th." I said.

The first time I met John-Luc was when he was sixty one. He spent thirty years in this timeline that I believe feels more accustomed to; not just because he has a good solid reason to shoot down Klingon spaceships and chase them out of the house waving a baseball bat. It is one of many things he does, really. We don't know what kind of beef these Klingons have against me but it has become a routine that every three days a trap gets set off. I can usually hear the side of the bed creak, John-Luc walking on his tippy toes, and the door closing behind him quietly.

Daniel pressed two other symbols.

I heard three rounds of gun shots.

I turned the wheelchair around to see a museum.

"Uh, Quarty..." Daniel said, turning around toward me.

"Where the hell are we?" I said, seeing fake museum pieces of a animal typically found on Earth.

I saw a man collapse to the floor holding a package.

"Hey!" Daniel shouted, running over to the man's side.

I wheeled my way out of the temple.

"Daniel, do not touch--" I started, and Daniel turned over the body. "The boy."

"Don't speak," Daniel said. "You are going to be all right."

The man grabbed Daniel's wrist then he pushed himself forward and whispered something into Daniel's ear. He let go of Daniel's wrist falling back on the floor. Blood continued to pour out of his chest. The medium sized square brown package fell out of the dead mans hands on to the floor. I saw a man in a dark blue security uniform come over holding a flashlight in one hand with another guy as he shouted in English, "Freeze! Hold your hands up!"

I held my hands up while Daniel did not.

"Uh, what planet are we on?" Daniel asked. "I am afraid this is a mistake."
"On the ground with hands behind your back!" The second officer shouted.

"Now!" The first officer shouted, now aiming a gun at Daniel.

"Daniel, I suggest you do what they request." I said.

I saw the flicker of a man's shadow from behind the men flee.

Daniel held his bloody hands up.
Not going to believe this

...October 14th... 2015...

... New York City... 12:48 PM...

I waited outside the door fumbling with my fingers.

A human named Kevin Ryan took me to a building which had a agency called Castle Investigations. He sounded reluctant to take me there but really by the tone of his voice there wasn't any logical choice. I looked up toward the glass that had the text in black letters on the silver screen.

Richard Castle.

The crime fighting novelist who defies the universe.

He is the most typical man in existence.

Goes about his days trying to win over Katherine Beckett (who he is married to) a Captain of a precinct.

C--creak.

The door opened.

"Come in, Mr Quarty." Ryan said.

Ryan has a Irish accent that isn't very obvious and it is so light that one can barely tell if they don't pay close attention to his voice. I wheeled into the room where there stood at the second door Richard Castle with his arms folded appearing to be a little suspicious. Castle glanced over to me then back to Ryan.

"So this is the client you want me to meet?" Castle asked.

"Tell him what you told me." Ryan said.

"My name is Photonic Riker Quarty," I said. "And I come from the future."

"Really?" Castle asked.

"Yes," I said.

Castle put his arms to his side.

"Tell me what happens to Beckett and I." Castle said, in his most serious composure.

"It is very obvious you two stick together," I said. "I know everything about you and your friends. In fact I am a former Q but I prefer to be called Quarty rather than the label of the 'all power omnipotent great liar and trickster'."

Castle brought over a chair then sat down in it.

"What's your case?" Castle asked.
"Good luck." Ryan said.

"Hey, where did you find this guy?" Castle asked.

"At the museum." Ryan said. "He ranted about Stargate and Star Trek so I figured this would be at your level of expertise. I wasn't here."

Ryan left the room.

"My friend, Daniel Jackson, was framed." I said.

"The one from Stargate SG-1?" Castle asked.

"Yes." I said.

"Woah!" Castle said. "This is soo cool!"

"I want your help to prove that he is innocent and someone else is responsible for the murder of David Proctor Wrong," I said, handing a package to Castle. "The detectives claim it is a close and shut case. He looks a lot like the man on the sketch but he isn't the man!"

Castle took the package.

"Got anywhere to stay for the night?" Castle asked.

"No." I said.

"Tell me . . . How did you get into our world?" Castle said.

"Daniel pressed some text on the wall and then . . . Our scenery changed," I explained. "At least the one behind us. It might have changed again and someone else is there like John-Luc! John-Luc would be treated different. People would consider him mad or a freak of nature due to his Vulcan half."

Castle put one hand on my shoulder.

"You can stay at my place," Castle said. "Don't worry."

"I have to worry," I said. "He is my husband."

Castle raised a brow taking his hand off my shoulder.

"You. . . are married?" Castle said.

I nodded.

"Why yes, I am." I said.

Castle blinked at first in disbelief.

"Woah, it is just . . ."

"Shocking to hear from the man you considered fictional telling you he is married."

"Congratulations." Castle said.

I had a short laugh.
"You are twenty-seven years late." I said. "We were wedded by Trelane for forever."

As it turned out I didn't need to explain why I was a former Q to Castle. He frankly wanted to remain mystified about my past. I knew a lot about his future and the other various timelines it could make if only he made different choices. This is the Prime Timeline around the original course of history in the Castlevore. I read a book in the lobby while Castle was out doing some investigating.

A woman with red hair walked into Castle Investigations.

"Hello, Alexis." I said, lowering the book.

Alexis stopped, abruptly in her tracks then faced me.

"How do you know my name?" Alexis asked.

"I know everything about everyone, human." I said.

"You are an alien." Alexis said.

"Coooorreeeeeect!" I said. "Now this would be much more entertaining if I could summon a rock band behind me."

Alexis squinted then rubbed her eyes.

"You are Q." Alexis said, shortly after pinching herself.

I laughed.

"I am your father's client," I said. "Call me Senator Quarty. Or just Quarty."

Alexis came over to the desk then sat in it across from me.

"You are in a wheelchair." Alexis said.

"Good observation," I said. "Tell me why."

"Because you are paralyzed and you are a human." Alexis said.

I smiled, leaning forward putting my hands on my knee.

"Tell how you know I am a human." I said, with my hands together in a circle

"You have receding hair, your hair is almost white right now, you have wrinkles on your face that only a aging man would have, and your shoes are untied," Alexis said. "You also have a prosthetic right hand. You are also wearing glasses so I assume your eye sight has decreased. A guy who happens to be immortal wouldn't be in this vulnerable state."

"You are correct." I said.

"And you are married, too." Alexis said.

I snickered.

"That is very obvious," I said.

"And you were in some kind of accident that left your face covered by scars." Alexis said.
"You are very warm," I said. "But it wasn't an accident."

Alexis was surprised.

"What do you mean?" Alexis asked.

"You were thinking of WheelJack." I said.

"I don't know who WheelJack is." Alexis said.

"Transformers Generation 1." I reminded her.

"OOhh!" Alexis said. "I get it."

"It was a science experiment gone wrong by one of my students," I started to explain. "It is responsible for the loss of my right arm. I have burn mark all over my left arm because of it." At least I had them on my original body. "And it was well worth going out to save their lives."

"You were a hero," Alexis said. "That is sweet."

"It is." I said.

Suddenly out of the blue came a smoke grenade that crashed through the window. I turned on levitation mode. Three other smoke grenades crashed through emitting out smoke from the various little holes. Alexis coughed. I turned on brainwave mode then grabbed the coughing woman by the arms and towed her out of the room. The first question she asked was, "Who exactly do you have connections to?"

To which I replied, "No one in this world!"

I heard the sound of bullets and so we fled.

I didn't know why we were being chased.

It just did not make sense.

Why the sudden attack now?
Not always going to be safe and sound

...October 14th . . . 2015 . . .

...New York City . . . 2:58 PM . . .

I only know the following event below happened because of the live airing report on TV regarding a shoot out at some avenue and street where a building conjoins them together. I saw Castle's car park at a parking spot. The blonde news woman had the microphone below her mouth. She had on a blue dress with sun flower designs all over along with a black jacket and a golden necklace.

Castle got out of the car then approached the two detectives, being Esposito and Ryan, appearing to be concerned.

I can read lips.

"What happened?" Castle asked. "Where is Alexis?"

"She is fine, Castle," Esposito said. "Go home."

"What about Quarty?" Castle asked.

"Quarty wasn't here," Ryan said, as Esposito gives him a 'why-didn't-you-tell-me-you-redirected-the-lunatic-to-Castle?' kind of look. "He fled without her."

"Alone?" Castle repeated. "This man has nothing in this world. I doubt he would get himself a place."

From behind a TV I was leaned forward with my hands below my chin and a grin on my face.

"So contrary, Mr Castle," I said.

I had a short laugh taking out a Iphone.

I have knowledge about everything including hacking my way to getting a hotel room, a thousand dollars in cash, a Iphone, and a identity. I made up a fake version of John-Luc that I was married to including a decent back story. However, whoever was chasing me knew my background through and through so nothing could change their mind. Not even being around innocent people. I believe this person followed me from Colo. Or they came here before me. But how? How did they know I would come.

I dialed Richard Castle's number and put it on speaker.

Castle turned away from the two detectives putting the phone to his ear.

"Alexis?" Castle asked.

"Through a hail of bullets and a couple gas grenades: she is fine." I said.

"Q," Castle said, his voice turning grim. "What do you want?"

"I just want to tell you I have a Iphone and I have mad hacking skills," I said. "So don't worry about me because I will find this culprit after me and you will clear my friend's name." I saw Castle turn toward his friend appearing to be concerned then turned away heading to his car keeping the phone
to his ear. "I can't do the name clearing. I can not allow any Castle's to be around me. Because the only thing that will hit them is death."

"Just tell me where you are." Castle said.

"I am afraid not." I said.

"Come on, you can't hide forever." Castle said.

"I do not intend to, young man," I said. "I am Quarty and I am not a coward. I will face what my past actions have lead me to." I will face trial. I will face jail time. I will go to Earth, my Earth, to face a trial of my own peers. "You have a life ahead of you. Your daughter is no exception to following me. I will shake her off my tracks. Do not trace this call, Ricard. You have my number when you have solved the case. I am not leaving without Daniel Jackson."

I pressed the red button then lowered the phone.

Castle smacked the roof of the car then he got in and he drove off.

Boy, do I have ways of pissing off everyone.

"It is for your own good." I said.

The device that initiates the brain wave commanding to the wheelchair is a bit hard to describe to someone who can't see it. It is a lot like a head band put in the other direction making it almost cover the forehead. It is painful at first connecting to a set of transmitters that connect right into the brain but afterwards it is not that harmful after the many other times have been done. I have two small transmitters built into the side of my head along my hairline. My hairline has since receded from the time I had these machines installed into my skull for the second time.

I wheeled my way to the restroom.

Why would I tell everyone what I do in the restroom when it involves relieving myself?

Thank you for understanding my point.

Five minutes afterwards I wheeled out of the restroom hearing the toilet flush then left the door ajar. I turned the TV off using the remote then placed the remote on the table beside the bed. I had only a large stash of cash in a wallet. I had made a program set to put up a 'deceased' notice for my existence in this world within a month. A old former Q does have tricks up their sleeves as do I. I set up a relatively realistic holoprogram capable of operating thanks to car keys that had a machine that could carry the program around.

"Send Alexis on a goosechase," I said. "And steal a car while you are at it."

"Program set," The holoprogram replied.

I am a genius with the IQ of 2005, of course.

I watched the holoprogram wheel out of the building. I waited hearing the first vehicle speed off then the second vehicle followed after it. I made a hologram to disguise myself when driving and that includes my voice. I put the gun into my sheath expecting the culprit who shot after me and the young woman to not be convinced. I am a little too 'self-preservation' myself so I would never just go out to get caught. I made it clear to myself I wouldn't get into the arms of a innocent bystander while being a target. It just does not make sense doing that.
I went out of the room looking both ways.

I moved my glasses up from the bridge of my nose after it slid down. My eyesight over the years has been failing such as everything from the distance becomes a blur. My memory is still relatively 'clear' but there are some parts in my memory that are failing. For example how old Geordi was when he first boarded the Enterprise. The name of the Doctor stationed on the original Enterprise. I don't remember. Who was the engineer of the Original Enterprise? I do not remember.

I got into the car noticing a black van starting up.

I caught the glimpse of a blonde man with a crest on his forehead and horns poking out of his hair from the driver's seat.

This will be his final hours.

He will be out of the picture so I won't be worrying and I can face the consequences of my actions.
It had been no later than a hour since Daniel and Quarty had left. Left where? To a place called the temple. Teal'c wanted to see this temple. Not that it was rumored to have been created by some rogue group of Jaffa way before the days when the Federation deposited the Colonial Colony. His boots made the sand be dragged into the temple. Teal'c shook out the sand from his shoe leaning against the wall. Teal'c wouldn't admit to O'Neill that the sand was annoying because he once said to him, "Sand is just a distraction. Best to ignore it." and he claimed to be very skilled at ignoring sand.

Teal'c put his boot on then he looked forward.

The temple has a series of columns at the front supporting the ceiling. At the front is the gigantic statue of a Jaffa in the most well known signature suit featuring a serpent. There were holes in the with cracked vases, shattered plates, and remains of what seemed to be mummified sphinxes. It was impossible that humans had previously inhabited this planet because far as the Federation was concerned the Colo Colony was the first certified civilization. Things went well establishing buildings, retrieving metal and rock for various purposes. Teal'c ignored the mummified Sphinxes. They had the body of lions and the heads of humans even noted for having wing which it lacked. In the Greek tradition these mythical beings are known for their lion hunches, the head of a human, and great powerful wings of birds.

There are some bedtime stories that talked about the reality changing room in the Jaffa. Teal'c had long considered it to be the works of fictional and very unrealistic of existing. To use this such device: It required pressing on four symbols. Each of these unique and different symbols stood for a different reality's coordinates. It was like a home address similar to the Dial Home Machine except it was discarded because of the mess it lead the Goa'uld into. It was strictly forbidden to ever use afterwards and it was buried. Teal'c had his spear in one hand as he approached the rounded fixture. He saw four symbols had recently lost a days worth of dust.

"Hm . . . " Teal'c said tilting his head at the glowing red symbols.

Teal'c pressed in the symbols.

The ground trembled.

Teal'c turned around to see a strange sight. It was of a museum, at least the inside of one. There was a gigantic skeleton of a T-Rex in the dead center of the room. Alongside the entrance to the cave was a duplicate skeletal remains of an iconic scene where a T-rex faces off against a Sauropod. Teal'c stepped forward to which he heard a slight crack.

He looked down to see the camera that wasn't there before. That was Daniel's camera. He recognized it because of the scratches on the side that were made by a curious civilization puzzled by the machine during SG-1's one of many explorations on different planets. Teal'c picked up the small camera. Teal'c walked out of the cave holding the camera and the spear. One would say he looked startled because: one, he hasn't been to a museum before; two, Teal'c has just entered without wearing a disguise; three, no one is noticing him. He saw the chalk image of a body on the floor so he walked around it.

Sam had mentioned one time about going to a museum. A museum basically was a place where history was frozen, replicated, and displayed often with printed words alongside it. Sometimes it would be on the plaque. Sometimes it would be on the wall in front of the viewers.
Teal'c came by a clock that read 6:48 PM.

"Where would Daniel Jackson and Senator Quarty go after finding themselves on Earth?" Teal'c asked himself. "The police."

He walked past a penguin exhibit, an electricity exhibit, and a little group (who were seriously little people) staring at a display of Teddy Roosevelt on a horse. The way they were staring at him seemed like they waited for him to spring to life. Teal'c fought back on the impulse to point that out. Teal'c learned that some people found it mean to be the one who pointed out a fact they over looked as one time he pointed that out and Daniel was upset at first. That is another story for a different time.

Teal'c walked by the security guard station then out of the building.

So this is what New York City looks in real life.

Teal'c *had* to get directions from someone.
The guy who resembles a young Christopher Judge

...Precinct....

...7:58 PM...

"I am here to pick up Daniel Jackson." Teal'c said.

"Well, he is a suspect for breaking in and entering, and may I add: killing someone." Esposito said.

"Daniel Jackson is not capable of killing another man." Teal'c said.

"That is what the parents say," Esposito said. "And it turns out they are wrong."

"I am not wrong about this man, Detective." Teal'c said.

"What makes you say that?" Esposito asked.

"I have known this man since I rescued him from the Goa'uld with Carter and O'Neill." Teal'c said.

"Hah, next you are going to say is that you are still searching for away to find his wife." Esposito said.

"Yes, we are." Teal'c said.

Esposito snickered.

"Damn, it is like I can read your mind." Esposito said.

"That is technically impossible as the one procedure I am aware of is harmful to the human mind." Teal'c said.

Esposito rubs his face then looked at Teal'c.

"Okay, enough with the act," Esposito said. "What is your name?"

"Teal'c." Teal'c said.

"Tealic?" Esposito said, at first startled.

"T-e-a-l apostophy c." Teal'c said.

"Teal'c," Esposito said, leaning back into his chair. "You must be obsessed with Stargate. It is a old show and outdated."

"I am not obsessed with the Stargate." Teal'c said, clearly offended.

Esposito sighed.

"Are you a friend of Richard Castle?" Esposito asked.

Teal'c looked at Esposito strangely.

"I am aware that he passed away unexpectedly last year." Teal'c said.
"No, he is quite alive." Esposito said.

"Interesting," Teal'c said. "I am in a reality where Richard Castle lives and I do not."

"Uh huh," Esposito said, dialing a number on the nearby dark desk phone. "Hold up." Teal'c raised a brow. Esposito tapped his pen on the desk lightly waiting for Castle to answer with the phone to his ear. He leaned forward a minute later putting his hand on the counter. "Yo Castle!" He looked toward Teal'c's direction. "I have a guy who resembles a young Christopher Judge in front of my desk asking about a suspect named Daniel Jackson." He had a short laugh. "Yeah, he has the emblem AND the spear."

Esposito's brightened mood turned into a questionable mood.

"You want me to what?" Esposito asked. "Uh, no way Castle. Goa'uld do not exist."

Teal'c leaned the spear against the table then stood up.

"Do you need proof that I am real?" Teal'c asked.

Esposito looked up toward Teal'c holding the phone against his ear then he lowered the phone.

"Yeah, I do." Esposito said.

Teal'c zipped down his jacket and then pulled up his white shirt. There is a pouch in the shape of an 'X' placed where his belly button should be. Esposito froze as his jaw dropped witnessing a white worm like creature poke its head making a squealing kind of sound. Esposito's eyes had enlarged.

"This is my second Goa'uld," Teal'c said. "My son has my first."

Esposito stared at the Goa'uld in shock half wanting to shoot it out.

Like O'Neill, Esposito was disgusted at first by the worm.

"Thanks for reminding me," Esposito forced himself to say. "I forgot."

The Goa'uld slipped back into Teal'c's body. Teal'c pulled down his shirt then zipped up his jacket. Teal'c believed that he had proved his existence to Esposito. Esposito lifted the phone back up to his ear and then said, "Castle, what the hell is going on?" He seemed more eager to hear the story then get informed that there is a government conspiracy with the government and alien beings.

Esposito cocked a brow.

"What do you mean the box is not of this century?" Esposito asked. He looked toward Teal'c lowering the phone. "Tell me exactly how you arrived to our world and rather we should expect any Goa'uld army any time soon."

"Since I do not exist in this world; there is no threat." Teal'c said.

"But you are here." Esposito said.

"I arrived through a reality changing room," Teal'c said. "It has a Dial Reality Device. I dialed the same address Daniel Jackson dialed and arrived here . . . It was a random dial. I would like to see Daniel Jackson and speak with him."

Esposito lifted the phone to his ear.
"So what about the box?" Esposito asked.

Esposito listened intently then nodded with 'uh huh, I see.' and 'uh huh'.

"You go do that, Castle." Esposito said.

Esposito lowered the phone then put it down on the receiver.

"May I now see Daniel Jackson?" Teal'c asked.

"Why you are lucky that this box indicates you are right," Esposito said. "It is something not a man has ever seen in real life. Not even Castle. Now if you contact a Klingon and that results in the death of my friend then we will share a lot of words. I will also personally hunt you down. Am I clear?"

“I am only interested in seeing Daniel Jackson, Detective.” Teal’c said.

Esposito narrowed his eyes toward Teal'c.

"Get interested in your livelihood, Teal’c." Esposito said.

"I agree to your conditions, Detective.” Teal'c said.
.8:20 PM. . .

. . . Outside New York City . . .

On Colo, the one color attire style has changed to: purple, pink, red, black, white, gray and so on. The most preferred shirt by young men on Colo are white shirts, gray jacket, gray matching pants, and various kinds of shirts. Let's say I chose a short sleeved shirt and blue jeans. I even chose black socks and tied up my shoelaces. Colo has evolved since I first was left there by the Federation. I learn new things everyday and I slowly forget things everyday: Perhaps John-Luc notices my failing memory.

I didn't forget why I was driving.

My Iphone plays the song 'Locked away' to indicate it is ringing.

I came to the side of the road in the pitch black, hit ignore, then slide the gun to my side. I rolled down the window. The anticipation was building up for me. The Iphone rang, again, in the eerie silence. I used my left hand to pick up the phone then answer it. I grumbled asking, "What can be more important right now?"

"Don't shoot him!" Daniel said. "It is part of his plan."

I rolled my eye seeing the man had parked.

"For me to get rid of a pest?" I asked. "So far he is succeeding."

"No, really, Q--" Daniel started but I interjected heatedly.

"I told you to CALL ME QUARTY!" I shouted.

Bad force of habit for Daniel.

The life of Q seems like a distant memory for me. A foggy and shady past I wouldn't want to revisit as a old man. It is like looking back at your past knowing what you were, stood for, and missed. In the heart I am still young but physically I am an old man like John-Luc. I heard a apologetic reply from Daniel.

"Senator, do this and you are dooming yourself to a lot of vengeful family members." Daniel said.

"If you had a past like me and everyone really hated you; would you not want everyone to hate you in your most vulnerable and aged unrecognizable form?" I asked.

"Quarty, don't do this to me!" Daniel said.

"Put yourself in my position," I said. "When I get back. I am resigning." I lowered the phone. "See you in a couple hours, Jackson."

I ended the call by pressing the red button.

I heard plastic meet the ground so I turned toward the window where I saw the one stalking me clear as day. I raised the gun and pressed the trigger. The blonde man with a crest on his forehead and black horns fell over landing on the ground. The defeaning sound of the bullet shattering what glass that had been up rung in my ears. I saw it started to rain. I looked over the window seeing the
collasped body of a Calosapian. A couple years ago the federation had granted them access into Star Fleet as civilians and neighbors to all those peaceful planets.

I felt relieved.

It was over.

I watched the blood pour down the pavement as I leaned back into the seat taking a sigh of relief. I can happily start my retirement plans. Everything after the trial on Earth in 2295. My memory is fading so I have to give them the reasons why I did what I did before they slip from me. I smiled staring at the ceiling. Joy. Utter joy. I closed my eyes then lowered my head whispering, "Forgive me, Jessie."

The phone rang this time playing a random song that was mellow and smooth.

It was 'You don't know me' by Ricky Wilson.

I opened my eyes then picked up the phone and slid the bar. I put the phone to my ear.

"Hello, Mr Castle," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"The box is working." Castle said.

I raised my brows.

"Thinking inside the box is not worth the time," I said. "Even though there is stories that can be told and it can become a club house."

"What are you talking about?" Castle asked.

I am quite surprised. Perhaps playing out that childs world featuring a character named Pinky Dinky Doo and her adventures have been wearing out my sense of logic and reason. I knew the fine line between reality and fiction. It was something I have known for far too long.

"Nothing," I lied. "What are you talking about?"

"The box you handed me," Castle said. "I will play the message."

I waited.

"Fake god, I am back." I heard a distinctive Klingonese voice.

That was Kurva.

"So, do you know how Doctor Proctor got his hands on a Klingon message box?" Castle asked.

I was unable to move in shock.

How long had he been alive in regular time?

"Uh, Mr Quarty?" Castle said. "Mr Quarty?"

I cleared my throat, terrified.

You can't kill a Klingon so easily except if you are a Romulan.

Romulans are apparently good at dispatching Klingons.
"I don't know," I said. "But someone murdered Doctor Proctor and I want you to find out who did it."

I knew it wasn't the one stalking me.

I have a feeling in my gut it was some one else.
Staying in town for awhile

...October 16th. . . 2015 . . .

... New York City . . . 5:58 PM . . . A Rental flat . . .

New York City is the most attacked city on the face of the Earth. Right up with LA, California, Hollywood, Las Vegas, Gotham, Metropolis, and Florida just to name a few. Small cities in different states and nations don't get that much attention because it is the only major states that do in fact get invaded. One time I asked a Cybermen why they were attacking London when they could start their subtle invasion in Alaska then off to Toronto (next to the rainbow bridge that connects America to Canada) instead. The only reply I recieved was, "It is more logical and convenient."

I really wished they were not obeying the rule book.

Sheesh, someone should throw that rule book out of the window!

I got the same reply from the Borgs.

Where did the Borgs attack first? Both sides of Vietnam. China and Japan easily kicked out the Borgs from their side of the continent. That was the third place to start at for them. I recall laughing at the Borgs fleeing fast as they could from the furious natives and how they all did this without good old Godzilla and King Kong. There are some memories I have for my time as Q that I am fond of. There are many things I am proud of that I did as a Omnipotent entity and there are several acts I am not proud of.

"Senator?" Alexis asked.

"Call me Quarty, please." I said, staring at a fish tank with some unique fish.

A child could tell stories with these little creatures that forget two seconds after meeting each other. They forget everything. It is a lot like "Hi, hello, nice to see you here!" and then repeat for when they are the same genders. When they are male and female the conversations go like this. "Hi, hot stuff." "Hello, attractive fish flipper." "Oh my, that has to be the best compliment I ever heard!" "Same here!" "Wanna hook up?" or "We are twinsies!".

Alexis came over to my side.

"You have been staring at it for over an hour." Alexis said.

"Liar," I said. "Two hours and thirty minutes."

"You still have not lost your attitude," Alexis said. "If you weren't so . . ."

"Carried away and being old I would make more friends," I said. "Truth is; outside of my world under the identity of . . ." I looked away from the tank to the rug. "Photonic Riker Quarty, I have made more friends than I can count. Ones whom I can trust but not with my real idenity. I am afraid of losing friends. As a Q . . . I only had one friend I considered: Jean-Luc."

John-Luc must be worried about me.

"I see . . ." Alexis said. "You don't want to be alone."
"Yes," I said. "You are quite right."

"How many people had to die for your secret to be kept?" Alexis asked.

I turned my head toward Alexis with a grim look in my eyes.

"One," I said. "And I don't want anymore people to die because of it."

"The way I see it, Senator," Alexis said. "More people will die."

"It won't be important for everyone to know after my resignation," I said. "They won't need to know. I won't become an Ambassador. I just won't accept it."

Alexis sighed.

"Ambassador?" Alexis repeated.

"Yes," I said. "Apparently it is in my future. I really believe a forgetful man should not have that title."

"But that is a wonderful thing to happen," Alexis said. "Everyone calling you Ambassador of . . ."

"Colo." I finished for her.

"Ambassador of Colo!" Alexis said. "It has a ring to it!"

"Not to me." I said.

"Come on, get out of that depressed turtle shell," Alexis said. "You represent a planet."

I closed my eyes turning my head away from Alexis.

"Not yet and never will." I said, wheeling away from the fish tank.

"Why?" Alexis asked, tailing after me. "Why do you think that?"

I felt a tear come out so I turned around opening my eyes.

"Because I have Alzheimer's, Alexis!" I shouted. "It has been spreading over the couple years to my memory. You might think remembering little details is not important BUT IT IS!" I went on. "I can't remember the regulations to Star Fleet. A couple days ago I was confused about who was Sam Carter. She was like a complete stranger to me! I wouldn't want a entire planet to be represented by someone who is barely able to remember their age. I don't remember my age, Alexis."

"You almost make me feel sad for you," Alexis said. "But you have to be lying about that."

"Why would I lie about Alzheimer's, Alexis?" I asked, point blank. "Why would I do that?"

Alexis cleared her throat.

"I don't know." Alexis said.

"Go take your theories to your father." I said, wheeling into the bedroom.

I shut the door behind me.
When you have been injected: Evidence

...October 16th. . . 2015 . . .

... New York City . . . 7:58 PM. . . A Rental flat . . .

I was in a bathtub enjoying the warmth and the bubbles. I washed my shoulder using soap until around came a bump. I looked over to my right shoulder that still has the robotic prosthetic right hand attached. It is so attached the device can not be removed through regular means; I tried that a long time ago. My eyes peered over to see a small rounded infected wound on my right shoulder.

Where did I get that?

I get the toilet plunger then lift up the shirt toward me and observe for any little holes to big holes. I didn't see any holes that stood out. I tossed the shirt away from the rug perplexed how that could have happened. I recalled the sound of plastic meeting the pavement in the car. Many plastic objects can make that sound. Must have been a Diet Pepsi can. Stupid pollution killing animals. There is one turtle that was very unlucky and became disfigured due to the object keeping the bottles together in a group being set afloat. Poor little guy, I could have fixed him and sent him off his way but being disfigured is what changes society and urges them to stop their pollution. Fixed time, a point that cannot and will not be changed.

I closed my eyes.

I had a shaky image of the Enterprise-D except it had white paint, the chairs were otherwise more comfortable appealing, and the turbo lift was set dead in the center similar to the Constitution class in the parallel universe where Nero wrecked the timelines. I hadn't the heart to see Spock wither away in many versions of the timeline so I did my fair share of 'helping' reunite old Kirk with old Spock in many timelines. I just let them (As in the old and new versions of Kirk and Spock) do all the hardwork after I usually had set the events in motion. This image of the Enterprise D still had the interior Bridge design. It only seemed more savvy. I wasn't aware of this memory. Perhaps I am making up. Not the first time I have made up fake memories for myself to relish in.

I opened my eyes.

"Sick Bay," I said. "Enterprise D."

I closed my eyes and I couldn't picture Sick Bay.

Sad to see my old age is catching up with me.

I opened my eyes.

"Figures." I said.

I had recently washed mu hair so I finished the bodily cleaning that no ones want to hear about except if they were a body pervert. There are such kind of people who are harmless body wash perverts who are a lot like peeping toms and get aroused by seeing a body being roused. There is not a proper name for them yet, that I can recall. Wait, I think they do. But the name is so far away. I yanked out the plug to the bath tub. I mean I would be laughing at a paralyzed person attempting to get out the bath tub alone but this is very not funny for me in this case.

I had to figure how to get out of the bath tub.
I have a custom made tub on Colo just for my disadvantage.

"All right, Quarty. . ." I said. "How do we get out of a bath tub?"

I forgot how I got out of the tub for the past two nights.

I feel tired.

How did I get in the first place?

Sitting on the toilet and slipping in.

I tapped on the side of the tub contemplating. How in the past few years did I push through being a Senator for Colo as an old man? I have note Padds to remind me what is on the menu and what I had already done earlier. Old age can really bite out a huge chunk of the young apple. I used to be so resistant against the common cold but now it is a ailment I deeply (Might I add: thoroughly) avoid at all costs. I brought the sickness home one time, which made John-Luc and I sick for two weeks. John-Luc, however, went into his trance one week into the illness and required to be slapped out of it once his health had recovered. For the rest of the two weeks, John-Luc was out and about taking care of me.

Thank the stars Jessie was with her parents during that time.

I had to slap John-Luc awake.

I miss John-Luc.

I slid out of the bath tub landing on the rug. My wheelchair was right by the sink. I get on my boxers, socks, and a shirt. Pretty simple, right? Yes, it is. I get into my wheelchair grabbing my dirty laundry in my right hand. I dump the clothes into a bucket. I brush my teeth, comb my hair, and put my glasses into a black container. I put the black container along my side then wheel my way out of the bathroom. I shut the door behind me. I went over to the counter alongside the bed. I can feel a heavy personalized presence right across from me by the window.

I put the container on the counter.

"I know you are there." I said.

I heard a deep young laugh that belonged to a male.

"It is not over, Fake God." Came Kurva's voice.

I looked over to see a blurry brown face.

"I may be old, but I am no god." I said.

Kurva had a deep growl.

"You should have thought about that before you injected me!" Kurva snapped.

"I had no choice." I said.

Kurva growled.

"You had a choice!" Kurva shouted.
"And you are here," I said. "You had a choice to not come."

"I am not here," Kurva said, walking out of the shadows. "I am not here at all."

Kurva's figure sizzled.

"Holoprogram . . ." I said. My eyes widened. "That hasn't been thoroughly developed yet!"

"I came across a man calling himself the Traveler," Kurva said. I was left horrified. "He gave me this device."

I sighed briefly lowering my head.

"He has gone against the rules," I said. "Again."

"So he is a fake god like you?" Kurva asked.

I lifted my head up toward Kurva with a scowl.

"Yes," I said. "A very old and idiot Q."

"So are you." Kurva said.

"Respect your elders, Klingon." I said, warningly.

My eyes were their usual size, once more.

"You are no elderly to me." Kurva said.

I frowned.

"Don't you see what time has done to me?" I asked.

Kurva folded his arms.

"I see a young fool before my eyes." Kurva said.

"Did you lead a survivor of Khan's attack to my secret?" I asked.

Kurva laughed, as his shoulders rolled up and down.

"I have no business in your affairs!" Kurva said. "I only thought this would be a proper way of making myself clear that the rest of your lifetime will be hell." He cleared his throat. "The messenger . . . Of course . . . Was just an added bonus and unexpected. I didn't really believe he would harass you, honestly."

"Your messenger murdered a man and framed a man I was with." I said.

"Did you honestly think he went alone?" Kurva asked, as I heard the door creak.

I was afraid to look over my shoulder.

"Yes," I said.

Kurva had a soft laugh.

"You are wrong, Fake God." Kurva said, as his image flickers.
The object projecting his image began to disappear before my eyes.

"What is his partner supposed to do?" I asked.

"Do what I cannot in the other universe you have seemingly crossed in," Kurva said. "Until we meet again...Farewell."

Kurva vanished before my poor eyesight.
...October 17th. . . 2015 . . .

. . . New York City . . . 7:58 AM. . .

I was attacked in my sleep about two hours after the confrontation. After Kurva's holoprogram had ended I saw no one in the room save for me. Now I am paying for believing that it was only a bluff. The nerve his accomplice had to get in order to attack a old man in his sleep. I saw my attacker outside of my body. It was odd standing outside of my body staring at the man cleaning his hands up.

His face reminded me of Daniel Jackson.

Wait.

That is his counterpart Dan Jackelson.

A guy who failed just about everything Daniel is good at.

The next I see are patterns of light disappearing and then reappearing. I heard voices to my sides ever so classically like the scenes where someone is being wheeled down the hall in a gurney. I was out of it turning my head away. Someone reportedly discovered my body shortly at 1:29 AM. They didn't mention who it was. I must have lost a good deal of blood due to the care that the world had for me. Being alone in the universe is the worst a individual a person can ever have. Isolation from people. Humans are social creatures like cats and dogs.

My head turned, this time forwards.

I saw a woman with long hair draped to her shoulders, a trench coat,a blouse and pants. She had one leg folded over the other. I couldn't see her face. I had a vague feeling to who she may be. Who was she? I couldn't see straight. Damn old age! I blink trying to adjust my eye-sight to the Q-awful wallpaper.

"Hello, I am Captain Beckett," Beckett said. "I understand you are connected to a case."

"Mrs Castle . . ." I said. "I am nothing short of being connected to your case."

"I have two detectives who say otherwise," Beckett said. "I am not in the position to accept that you were just recently, randomly, attacked in your room shortly after the report that our suspect had gone missing."

I smiled.

"Teal'c got him out," I said. "Didn't he?"

"I cannot confirm this," Beckett said. "But whatever you have been telling Castle--"

"I tell the truth and nothing but the truth, young lady." I said, one hand on my waist.

Beckett stood up.

"Castle has told me a wild story about a old man yearning to be a young man with a dark past coming after him," Beckett said. "What were you trying to steal in that building?" She came to my
side. "What is the real name of your accomplice?"

I looked up toward Beckett.

"I cannot see properly without my glasses, Captain." I said.

"I need the name." Beckett said.

"I won't give you the name so easily," I said. "Because then I will be implicated on a crime I did not commit and so would my friends."

I couldn't tell if Beckett was frowning.

"You are a suspect now, Mr. Quarty . . ." Beckett said. She started toward the door but came to a pause halfway. She turned halfway my direction. "Do not leave town."

I grumbled, "I was not considering at this phase in life."

I saw Beckett leave the room.

I felt so alone.

And felt so angry to be considered a villain! I knew it she thought I was the bad guy just by the tone of her voice and her words. Words alone can hurt people in more ways than one not just visually and physically. They didn't have my glasses. Where were my glasses, anyway? Were they still back at the rental apartment? Foolish humans for forgetting my glasses! I had worked years to get rid of the label 'villain' off my back.

This is what I get for being the 'good guy'.

Lonliness can be cured by a friend

..October 17th. . . 2015 . . .

. . . New York City . . . 9:58 AM. .

I was surprised to find my next visitor to be Esposito. I turned the TV off using the nearby remote. No one questioned my empty wheelchair's technology, my prosthetic arm, and the implants in the temple of my head.

"Hello, Detective." I said.

"Look, I am sorry but we had to tell her." Esposito said.

"That I am a liar?" I asked. "Couldn't you have told her that I was on the run from a man who wanted me dead and my friend was hiding out with me when the bleeding man came to our hiding place in the museum?"

"No." Esposito said.

I sighed.

"At least the TV isn't a back stabber," I said. "I wanted to start clean in this universe and now you make me sound like a criminal." My voice had lowered and started to tremble. In fact it started to crack up. "That was not what I wanted in my brief visit here!"

At first I thought Esposito had blinked.

"Well, it sure ain't brief." Esposito said.

I lowered my gaze toward my hands.

"You got that right . . ." I said. "I just want to go home."

Esposito came to my side.

"Do you know where Teal'c and Daniel would go?" Esposito asked.

"Home, probably." I said, with a depressed sigh.

"We got a lead after your attack," Esposito said. "Kevin and I think that Castle has a hunch."

I looked up toward Esposito.

"Then follow his lead."

"We can't work with him."

"That doesn't mean you cannot track Castle's car."

"Yeah."

"Where is he now?"

"Garbage-ville,Barber shop."
I smiled.

"I almost blind compared to most old men. . ." I said. "And you are here for another reason. Your partner is out investigating with Castle. You know where Teal'c and Daniel are; you are just lying to keep them safe."

"In fact, I am not." Esposito said, walking around the bed. "I just wanted to visit you."

I raised a brow following his walking figure.

"Pardon me?" I asked.

"Visit you," Esposito said. "This must be very . . . Stressful time for you."

"Alexis coached you," I said. "Didn't she?"

"No one persuaded me to visit you," Esposito said. "I just came to realize you might want someone to chat with. You need a friend in this very unsure period in your life."

I lowered my head.

"There are many times where I thought this would never be possible," I said. "Hearing the man himself say he wants to be my friend." I had a short laugh. "This is a first. Someone willing to be my friend." I shook my head. "Better late than never."

"What is the universe like for a Q?" Esposito asked, sitting down into a chair.

I cleared my throat.

"The universe is a multi universe to the Q," I said. "We can weave it as we see fit. We can mess around while still obeying our own rules. We don't want a tidal time wave affect where one little detail is messed up to the point that history is changed forever. We can undo mistakes by a thought. It is under our control that universes can be born, grow, and live long as there are anchors that ensure its existence. Anchors are all different kinds of races depending on one persons timeline. One person can be part of many lives. For instance, no Richard Castle in your lives. Just imagine how many people would not have got answers for the crimes that happened to their beloved because Captain Beckett did not have her fated husband."

Esposito rubbed his chin.

"She would be . . . Still on her mother's case and in politics." Esposito said.

"You got it, kid." I said.

"That is sad." Esposito noted.

"It is sad, Espo." I said.

"May I call you Q?" Esposito asked.

I glared toward Esposito.

"Call me Q and we are not friends." I said.
"That is a tough package to keep but I will try." Esposito said.

"Mr Quarty, what is my future like?" Esposito asked.

"I can't divulge your future," I said. "This is not a wild timeline."

"Wild timeline?" Esposito repeated.

"There is only one kind of timeline where we can freely enact a out of character/unexpected event on certain civilizations and not have to worry about what fate has in store," I said. "Everyone has their own wild timelines namely being me."

"I don't want to know what you did to land into a wild timeline powerless." Esposito said.

"Good," I said, with a little smile.

"Are there aliens out there: outside our world?" Esposito asked.

"Outside of this solar system . . . there is life," I said. "There are a lot of Klingons who exist in this universe." I glanced over to my wheelchair. "My wheelchair is a product of a man who used to have the IQ of 2005. My IQ is not that good anymore, I admit. I have the IQ of a typical human being."

"Except it is degrading." Esposito said.

"Correct, Esposito." I said.

"Does our world have a version similar to Star Fleet in the future?" Esposito asked.

"I assume not," I said. "I don't know the future to this timeline . . . I use to know but the memory has slipped." I cleared my throat. "I just remember there is . . . A relative of the Enterprise called the Enterprisa captained by Kevin Ryan's grandson."

Esposito slid his hand down his face.

"You mean to tell me in two hundred plus years my friend is going to have a Kirk or Picard kind of legacy?"


Esposito put his hands under his chin.

"Woah," Esposito said. "Kirk? That legendary?"

"Yes," I said, with a nod.

"Enterprisa sounds a lot like a woman than a gender nutrual name," Esposito said.

"It was to be Enterprise but a whole majority of women petitioned it to be named Enterprisa," I explained. "There was a third option, of course, to change the name to Yorktown."

"Yorktown doesn't sound close to being cool." Esposito said.

I snickered.

A couple days ago I had known how to create a device that can project a holoprogram for a duration of time but now I have no memory of it. It is quite sad, really. Old age creeping up on me. It is
probably speeding up because I am a former Q. Former Q in their old age tend to have hell. Death comes a lot quicker. Misery tends to increase.

"Anything would have sounded cool to your humans during that time," I said. "You called me a lunatic now what other than 'being a friend for a old man' brings you here?"

"I saw something I shouldn't have," Esposito said. "Something entirely impossible. In fact I saw more than that after seeing what should be strictly on TV. I went through that temple, pressed the coordinates, and god." Esposito shook his head. "It was . . Out of this world. I went right back in and dialed my reality."

"How long were you there?" I asked.

"I didn't interact with any of them," Esposito said. "Not my reality."

I smiled.

"You came to apologize." I said.

"I am sorry." Esposito apologized.

"Apology accepted." I said.

My eyes felt heavy, strangely.

I was wide awake and I started to experience confusion. One minute I knew who Esposito was then the next I hadn't a clue. It was like someone had taken a memory from me. My eyes grew wide. With blurry vision I can still tell appearance through the attire not just the face. I also was able to tell this wasn't some-one I knew for a long time due to his skin color. Because I normally do not befriend those kind of people. In fact getting them to trust me is not easy. at. all.

Klingons for example. I think it is the skin color that divides us because of the classic skin color stereotype that typically haunts them because usually the white people who meddle with them are Star Fleet and Vulcans and other alien races. I really hate the stereotypical hate as it is no fun. Dead serious. Dull. Boring. Lessonless. Not-so-amusing to play around with.

I had a vague feeling I knew this man.

Also that I should trust him.

I heard beeps coming from a machine.

"Senator Quarty?" The man asked, standing up.

The beeps became rapid as my eyes started to close.

The man went to the door and shouted, "Hey, we need some help here!"

Where am I, though?

My world went into the realm of darkness.
...October 17th... 2015...

... New York City... 10:20 AM...

Dan Jackelson turned out to be quite the shady guy. Castle got a phone call from Esposito regarding Quarty's condition. The Doctors had no idea how to help Quarty as the source of his condition couldn't be detected. Though they had a slight idea where it may be originating inside; the brain. Somewhere around the temporal lobe. The temporal lobe is known for being a source of ESP and other abnormalities exploited a lot in media.

ESP means Extra Sensory Perception.

"How is he?" Ryan asked.

Castle lowered his phone appearing to be concerned then he put the phone away.

"Not good," Castle said. He looked over in the direction of a crooked door laying ahead of a metal staircase. "Dan should come out any moment."

"I don't know about you Castle," Ryan said, taking out his gun. "But my gut says he isn't coming out."

"Let's go--" Castle started, stepping forward.

Kevin held his hand out stopping Castle in his tracks.

"Castle, no offense but..." Ryan said. "You are a PI. And Beckett would kill me if you died because you were with me."

"You know I will just go in the other door." Castle said.

"Without me," Ryan said. "That is the point. Surprise the suspect."

"Five bucks he shoots his foot." Castle said.

"Ten bucks that doesn't happen!" Ryan bet.

"Deal!" Castle said.

The two split up.

Kevin went up the metal stair case holding the gun close to himself yet aimed down at the ground. He can feel chills down his back. There was a bad feeling about this suspect and it wasn't because Castle was here. From the corner of his eye he saw the door be moved a bit slightly wider. He came to the side of the door then said, "Detective Kevin Ryan, I would like to speak with you Mr Jackelson."

"Screw you!" Jackelson shouted.

A hail of bullets flew out the crack.

"Daniel?" Ryan said, now further away from the door pretty frightened in adorable kind of way.
Kevin almost look like a cute frightened tom cat humanized.

"It is Dan, cop!" Dan shouted.

"I am a Detective, Mr Jackelson," Ryan said.

"Same thing!" Dan said.

"Actually, a police officer would be in uniform," Ryan said. "Detectives on the other hand are not."

"I don't believe you." Dan said.

"I am here to ask you about the morning of October 14th," Ryan said. "Where were you at 5:46 AM?"

"Here, as usual!" Dan lied.

Kevin sighed.

"I need proof." Ryan said.

"Proof?" Dan repeated. He then muttered, "I should have brought a human accomplice."

"Who is your accomplice?" Ryan asked.

"Come in through the door and I will tell." Dan said.

"Not if you put down your gun." Ryan said.

"Then I sure ain't leaving this apartment!" Dan replied.

Ryan had a little girl back home along with a pregnant wife. Dan and Kevin were at a standstill. Castle came to Dan's other door that was part of a hallway. The hallway has yellow wallpaper and dark blue rug. There were paintings hanging from the wall varying in style, color, and individuals. Castle usually wasn't the one who kicked the door down that would be Esposito or Kevin who do that.

Luckily enough for Castle the door was ajar. Castle could hear that neither of the two were up for a deadly confrontation. Castle opened the door carefully but not enough apparently as it drew the attention of Dan. The door was left wide open revealing a lousy living room, a odd looking kitchen that seemed so circular, another room joined to the living room, and a dining room where Dan is standing holding what seems to be a stealth gun in his left hand.

Dan raised his gun up.

Across from Dan is the nearly opened back door which is what Ryan is behind.

Castle made the first shot at Dan's gun making it fall out of his hands to the floor then shot at both of Dan's hands.

"You shot me!" Dan shouted.

Ryan came into the building, gun out, demanding "Hands up where I can see them!"

"HE SHOT MY HANDS!" Dan shouted. "God they hurt!"
Ryan looked over to Castle.

"Nice aim," Ryan said.
Hello, old friend

...October 17th. . . 2015 . . .


My eyes opened. The strange dark man had long gone. My chest felt like it had been burned. I can still feel the electricity coursing through my veins. A man in a different kind of uniform that seems military-ish kind of uniform complete with medals. I saw a pair of glasses headed my way and then they were on.

I barely recognized the man.

He had hair; dark brown hair that had long changed to turn gray at the sides. He had short hair. He also had a fake right eye that didn't move while the left eye was able to move. He put one hand on my shoulder with a smile. I saw the blinds were closed. Where was I? I knew better than to alert someone of a rather stupid question and make them believe my memory is degrading rapidly.

"Hello, old friend." The British man said.

"Do I know you?" I asked.

"Yes," The British man took out a cigarette, lit it, then put the cigarette into his mouth. "In fact you have visited us numerous times when you were younger." I noticed the wallpaper is blue instead of the other color and there isn't a television set to the corner of the room. "You are so . . . weak."

The smoke drew out of the cigarette.

"I am not in a public place, ain't I?" I asked.

"You are not," The British man said. "You are in the best place to find your diagnoses."

"I have alzheimer's." I said.

The British man shook his head.

"Your memory, by our standards, is not failing as it should be." The British man said.

I raised my eyebrows.

"What?" I asked.

"That does not rapidly affect a former god that . . ." The British man took his cigarette out then puffed out smoke. "Quickly." He walked around the bed. "You said it yourself a couple years back concerning one of your own pretending to be one of us."

"I would remember something like that." I said.

The British man frowned, putting one hand into his pocket.

"Are you calling me a liar?" The British man said.

"Yes, I am." I said.
"I protested against you taking out the memory," The British man said. "You could have been an asset to us! To prepare for the threats of other alien beings attempting to take over our planet with your help."

I sighed.

"No wonder I made myself forget," I said. "I have rules." I shook my head. "My home has rules, I mean. One of which to not help people cheat out on history."

"But you helped us on numerous occasions afterwards!" The British man said.

"Were they games?" I asked.

"Yes, but--" The British man said.

"That was me teaching you," I said. "You helped yourself."

The British man put the cigarette into his mouth.

"You haven't changed a bit," The British man said. "What do you call yourself these days? Mo, Jo, Chip, Clip, Johnny, Solo, Sulu, Blake Lively, Charles Manhunt?"

"Photonic . . . Quarty." I said.

The British man had a laugh.

"Would you prefer if I called you Quarty?" The British man said.

"I very much do, sir." I said.

"You are acting . . . Strange." The British man said.

"Strange how?" I asked.

"You always avoided being nice." The British man said, puffing out smoke.

"Smoking will give you lung cancer, sir." I said.

"We're going to give you the correct diagnoses for your illness, Mr Quarty." The British man said.

"I never asked for you to abduct me from where I was." I said.

"You don't know where you are." The British man said.

"Why do you think you are helping me?" I asked.

The British man came in front of the foot stool lowering his cigarette.

"We can't just stand by and watch a former god melt before our eyes because he has alzheimer's! Do you know what that feels to watch someone so superior to you allegedly become a fish in a sense? No, I don't think so. So you are getting our damn help whether you want it or not! You are getting straight answers from people who don't sugar coat your condition! You might have a case of alzheimer's but not as severe as you think. It could be something else doing to your brain, Mr Quarty."

The British man put his cigarette into his mouth.
At first I was flattered by his words.

"I didn't realize you considered me your idol." I said.

"To be frank, it is not me who ordered you be transferred here," The British man said. "You remember Clinton?"

"No." I said.

"Former secretary." The British man said.

"Not at all." I said.

"She was visiting this hospital..." The British man explained. "When she came upon your room. Door open. She recognized you. At first I was baffled and confused why you were a human but she made it clear there should not be any questions asked. I understand why she made it clear. I read your file."

"What file?" I asked.

"Everyone has a file," The British man said. "We monitor the entire world. Think we're not listening through the walls, pipes, and wood? In fact we do that kind of surveillance to ensure the protection of our people."

"I find it hard to believe." I said.

"We did it and it is possible." The British man said.

"Just tell me how it is possible." I said.

The British man blew smoke out of the cigarette.

"Classified." The British man said, taking the cigarette out of his mouth.

I frowned.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"Classified," The British man said, heading to the door. "It is nice to see you have aged well."

My eyes felt heavy.

Just like last time.

"If I knew you, I would say the same," I said. "I feel tired...But I should be wide awake."

The British man faced my direction with a smile.

My body wanted to rest.

"You will remember me, old friend." The British man said.

"You should add random REM sleep to the file." I said.

REM stands for Rapid Eye Movement that occurs during sleep.

"That I will." The British man said.
And my eyes closed.
Honesty, people do not like bad news.

So do I.

George Bitterman is the British man who smokes a lot.

"It'll take another three hundred years to get rid of this abnormality in your brain," George said. "We got rid 99% of it."

"What about the other percent?" I asked.

"If we removed it; it woulda killed you," George said. "It is around your brain stem, Quarty."

I closed my eyes then reopened them.

"I am going to be a walking fish in a year, is that it?" I asked.

"Yes," George said, with a nod. "Memory wise. It'll grow slower this time. If you want to get rid of it then you must get to a docto--"

"Doctors of my era don't have the CD disks your era has," I said. "I need a sample of this strange being you tell me of."

George sighed.

"Your friends have been poking around this facility," George said. "And instead they have been trying to steal it!"

"There is nothing you can do for me, George." I said.

"We feel useless unable to help you." George said.

"Maybe I am suppose to live out my life that way." I said, softly.

George lit up another cigarette.

"Don't say that, Quarty." George said, flickering flames off the cigarette.

"It is the truth." I said.

"We found another entry point; but it is very old." George said.

"I would know if I had a injury." I said.

"It was in your neck, Quarty," George said. "It is rounded and big. It is a scar like the one on your shoulder."

I closed my eyes briefly then open them.
"So you are saying I have a alien kind of brain cancer," I said. "One that has been administered through the needle two times."

"Yes, I am." George said.

"I have to go home with the evidence." I said, in a low voice.

"I will arrange for your departure," George said, lightly putting one hand on my shoulder. "It is the least I can do."

I looked up toward George.

"Thank you." I said.
24 hours ago

..Twenty four hours ago. . .

. . . Medical surgery room . . .

There were people in scrubs around Quarty's body. Most of his body was covered except for the head as it was left unexposed. One of the doctors cuts away his scalp peeling it away while the former Q is out. So out that he hasn't been awake for the past few days. Fear were in the eyes of the Doctors. Afraid that the patient would wake up mid-surgery. Their eyes met each other.

"Ready to begin, Doctor Gonzales?" Doctor Coacho asked.

"I am ready," Doctor Gonzales said, nodding her head.

With what delicate process they had at the time to check up on the brain and perform a emergency cleaning. They cut away the skull then opened up to reveal what should be a squishy brain. In fact they saw something beyond their expertise. Doctor Coacho stared at it in disbelief.

They spent four hours cutting away into his head and finally they had an unexplained sight. The X-Rays had fooled them into thinking it was just a slight problem. It was George Bitterman's insistance that they opened up Quarty to find out what the hell is wrong with his brain. The Doctor's blink trying to understand if this was a hoax or real. They glanced to Quarty then pinched themselves. It was all too real.

There was eerie silence except for the heart monitor in the room.

"Is this covering this man's brain?" Doctor Coacho finally asked, looking up toward Doctor Gonzales.

"It appears so, Doctor Coacho." Doctor Gonzales said.

"His heart rate remains the same." Doctor Carly said.

Doctor Coacho glanced down toward Quarty's face.

"What have you been up to, daft old Q?" Doctor Coacho said. He looked back up. "Let's continue the operation."

Doctor Gonzales made the first cut.

But then something spat out right into her face. She wheeled back screaming about her eyes and how they burned. Panic set through the room full of Doctors employed by numerous other and federal people. Two other Doctors helped Doctor Gonzales out of the room leaving three Doctors in the room.

"What the hell is this creature?" Doctor Coacho said.

"Sir, should we be in hazmat suits?" Doctor Connor asked.

"No," Doctor Coacho said. "Non-meltal haz mats suits. Let's suit up."

The three Doctors went out then returned fourteen minutes later. They had on a strange kind of suit that seemed to be made out of a unique kind of metal. They were able to move freely. Doctor
Coacho and his co-workers were determined to remove the strange mass growing inside Quarty's head.

"Sir, did you hear she lost her eyes?" Doctor Connor asked.

"I heard." Doctor Coacho said. "She would continue the work if it was me."

"Coacho," Doctor William said. "I brought the container."

"Let's get to work, boys." Doctor Coacho said.

It was a delicate and cautious process. Bit by bit they removed the mass. They made comments about the reptile quality of the venomous and acidous spit. Doctor Gonzales is on Ant-Venom treatment. The acid part was not a normal quality in reptile venom spit. Doctor Coacho looked up toward Doctor Connor.

"Does this remind you of an X-File?" Doctor Coacho asked.

"This isn't an X-File," Doctor Connor said. "This is a U-File. Unexplained."

"But the reptile part." Doctor Coacho said.

"The reptile was a shapeshifter, Coacho." Doctor Connor said.

"I know that . . . " Doctor Coacho said. "But could it be possible that some scientist bio-engineered some kind of virus specifically for this man?"

They had all but stopped on the operation.

"You are saying this man was targeted by a mad-man." Doctor Connor said.

"It is possible, but yeah." Doctor Coacho said.

"It makes more sense than him being abducted and left by aliens." Doctor Connor said.

"Can we save this man's brain and then talk about this theory afterwards?" Doctor William asked.

"You are right, Wiliam." Doctor Connor said.

They returned to the surgery in hand.

They were working on his brain for the next ten hours. From behind the window there stood George lighting up another cigarette where beside him is a blinded Doctor Gonzales. She could hear the small talk. George blew smoke out of the cigarette taking it out of his mouth. He seemed to be concerned otherwise.

"Care to tell me what the hell we are dealing with, sir?" Gonzales asked, wearing a white fabric around where her eyes should be.

"I do not know," George said, as a huge hunk of the mass was placed into a square plastic see-through container that aligned with the other containers on the table. "But I do intend to find out."

"Whatever it is; it is some reptile." Doctor Gonzales said.

"Reptile living in the head . . . " George said, then he puffed smoke out of the cigarette. "This is some kind of brain cancer that we just discovered."
"You heard the boys," Doctor Gonzales said. "That was bio-engineered. It is not natural."

George turned his head toward Doctor Gonzales putting the cigarette into his mouth puffing smoke out.

"I hate to see your reputation be tarnished because of your ties to a Communist nation." George said.

"So that is the cover story?" Doctor Gonzales asked. "One of our own just recently turned out to have brain cancer during a 'unplanned' surgery?"

"Yes," George said. "No one outside our work should know that Star Trek in fact exists and we have a former god here."

"He is no god!" Doctor Gonzales said.

"But people will think that!" George snapped. "Gods can hear our prayers, give us miracles, and give us advice. Quarty knows everything! They may call him a fallen god or the devil. He is no devil, Doctor Gonzales. He has done so much for us and now it is our turn to give our thanks."

"I see," Doctor Gonzales said. "You don't want him to die."

"What makes you think that?" George asked.

"Mercy." Doctor Gonzales said.

Doctor Gonzales turned away using a elongated walking stick to help her around. Naturally a woman shouldn't be walking around ten hours after losing her eyes. She would need some kind of therapy. George watched the woman walk away taking the cigarette out of his mouth. He had pity on his face. Pity toward a blind woman. Doctor Gonzales had scars around where her eyes should be due to the acid that had been shot out.
A return

...June 5th...2295...

...3:22 PM... Planet Colo...

I wheeled out of the temple slowly.
I had bad news in a package.

I looked down to the arm rest of the wheelchair indicating what time it was for this reality. It had been two hours. I let Daniel wheel me back to my place with my head lowered. Getting the news that someone had purposely injected you with an alien virus intended to kill me in the worst way possible can really take the life out of a man. I had to do things, very important things starting today. I honestly felt depressed. Sad. Exhausted. I am technically a dead man with an incurable disease.

But today got worse.

'How?', you might ask.

Turns out modern day Jaffa can sense a Goa'uld inside a Jaffa one mile away.

"He has a Goa'uld!" A woman Jaffa screamed.

All attention shifted to us.

"Better get going, fast." I said to Daniel.

Cody once told me that Jaffa despise the Goa'uld for what they had done to them until two centuries ago. Enslavement for a very long time. It had only ended three centuries ago with the help of SG-1. The Goa'uld had long been extinct as had the star system lords. They are afraid of Goa'uld repopulating let alone being it a male without a mate. Queen Goa'uld needed DNA of hosts and then they are set.

The three of us went into the Ambassy.

"Senator Quarty?" Came a woman from reception.

"Erm, this was unexpected." Daniel said.

"Are my people free in this time?" Teal'c asked.

"Yes, they are." I said.

The receptionist came from the desk.

"What brings you here today?" The receptionist asked. "Are you here to speak with Ambassador Ronald?"

"No," I said. "We are just hiding out from a trigger-furious-crowd."

Ambassador Ronald represents another half of Colo the dire hate toward Goa'uld, Tech Puppies, Star Fleet, and Kolosters. In fact I really believe he represents the entire planet rather than one nation. That many titles of Ambassador should be merged into one. At the time being Colo has many
Ambassador titles. There is one civilization that I will so called 'represent' as a Ambassador. Hell, I won't be one in my upcoming future! That is a future that will never happen, ever.

"Ambassador Ronald is out having a conversation with Captain Sulu." The receptionist said.

I sighed.

"Does the embassy still have underground tunnels?" I asked.

The receptionist smiled.

"Why we still do," The receptionist said. "We haven't removed since two years ago."

Two years ago Jessie and I undug various tunnels.

Jessie was very persistent and stubborn. She had a knack for history and digging stuff up. She had her Vulcan Granfather's Archaeologist side. I like to believe it wasn't just genetics she picked that up. She must have watched some movies like The Mummy, The Mummy Returns, or one of those movies that feature digging/bones/ancient culture/ and artifacts. Jessie had the tendency to watch some god-awful horrifying movies and come back squealing over the characters making it out of a terrible situation. Robby once told me Jessie searches for a plot in the movies and real knowledge too.

Jessie started digging two years ago outside her bedroom.

Why?

"Because I am bored." Jessie told me.

I frowned.

"Jessie, be honest with me. . ." I said. "I can tell."

Jessie sighed and her shoulders went down.

"I have a strange gut feeling . . ." Jessie said, scooping out dirt from the ground using a shovel. "That something cool is underneath." She looked up toward me with a certain glow in her eyes. A fond kind of glow. "I can't really fool my grandpa, now can I?"

"Nope, you can't." I said.

Jessie reminded me a lot of my Picard. The original in aspects only a girl. I made a vow to myself not to tell Jean-Luc about what happened during my exile. He wouldn't understand perhaps find it odd, maybe a little unnerving. Perhaps a little awkward to be standing in front of a married man wed to another version of yourself who turned out to be gay. Just imagine the awkwardness we would share from time to time.

If I wanted to make a awkward timeline in a splinter universe I might do that.

Just without John-Luc present making him take my word as a grain of sand.

"Do you want to help me, Grandpa?" Jessie asked.

I smiled.

"I'll get your other grandfather for this," I said. "More the merrier, right?"
Jessie pouted.

"But Grandfather doesn't like digging for no reason," Jessie said.

"Hold on that thought," I said. "I need a few things and a object displacement machine. Be right back."

In the end John-Luc and Jessie had fun digging up all sorts of objects. John-Luc approached me one week later thanking me for giving him one of the best weeks of his life with our granddaughter. I was in a good mood right when I entered the senate building one hour after leaving the house to join a Senate debate about allowing children costumes, tarantulas, further Klingon immigrants, and a new vaccine for a disease called Minus One be allowed on Colo. The specifications of a couple new Star Ships were to be decided. So currently we have 15 Colonian ships out there with different purposes such as cargo, medical ship, and scientific vessel. Leave them alone for a few centuries and they advance into a helpful civilization eager to help while leaving exploration for Star Fleet.


"My husband and my granddaughter made it two years ago," I said. "They did most of the wall painting."

Teal'c was looking around the chipped and cracked wall surface.

"They did well," Teal'c said. "How long did it take?"

"Two weeks," I said. "Follow the lights on the wall."

It was all Jessie's idea to install lights leading to our place.

"I am curious, where were you for the past few days?" Daniel asked.

"I have no idea," I said. "He wouldn't give me an answer."

There was a backpack strapped to the back of my wheelchair containing specimens of the alien being in jars so they can be properly tested. It was all George's idea. Because I don't know how I got out of the building only that I grew drowsy and my vision was blurry not because my glasses were taken off (Even though I still had my glasses), I found myself in the hospital room in the corner of the waiting room feeling sick. They injected me with some kind of experimental sedative.

"Interesting," Teal'c said. "It seems you have allies when you are certain you have none."

I sighed.

"Not exactly my allies there," I said. "The ones I know in the Castleverse are the Castle family and the two Detectives."

"You really need more friends," Daniel said.

"I have plenty of friends in this reality," I said.

"Name them," Daniel said.


Right beside Jessie's former room is what has been turned into a fairly large closet. It was Picard's
insistence to build over it in case we have one of those invasions and that we need a hiding place in the chaos that ensues. He was perfectly right, as usual. I feel relieved sometimes not to be Mr Right all the time.

Being Mr Right is a pain in the ass.
We had to tell what transpired in the Castleverse. So that is what we did, taking turns. I was surprised to hear about Daniel and Teal'c side of the story. Driving up to Area 51 in the middle of the night using a stolen RV. The other two SG-1 members were out doing something else instead of listening. Let me just say, their story is very unique.

Now let's dive into the time span where they had a very rough night.

"Why would they take him here?" Daniel asked, looking through a pair of binoculars.

"He knows the future." Teal'c said.

"You heard what Alexis said," Daniel said. "He is losing his memory."

"Maybe they are experimenting on him," Teal'c theorized. "We must go in."

"And risk you getting shot; no," Daniel lowered the binoculars. "I really do not think you should go out."

"Are you suggesting you should go out?" Teal'c asked.

"Yes," Daniel said, putting the binoculars on the dashboard below the windshield.

"And get killed?" Teal'c asked.

Daniel nodded.

"I am." Daniel said.

"Q wouldn't want that." Teal'c said.

So true.

"Well, Q isn't here," Daniel said. "He is an old man and they don't heal that easily as we do after a surgery."

"He is exactly one hundred twenty human years old," Teal'c said. "He may have the appearance of a sixty year old but he generally has the luck to recover quickly."

"You are so sure." Daniel said.

"Not exactly," Teal'c said. "He does not have a Goa'uld. As I said; he has luck on his side."

"You have been listening to O'Neill, haven't you?" Daniel asked.

"Yes." Teal'c said.

"Old people get hurt easily," Daniel said. "And they require stitching more often."

"Give me a example." Teal'c said.

"A simple fall and they can't get up," Daniel said. "I've seen some great people with brilliant minds degrade. It is a miracle Q still has a clear mind at his age."
"He is Q, after all." Teal'c said.

Daniel got out of the RV.

"Drive off." Daniel said.

Teal'c grew alarmed.

"But that would raise alarms." Teal'c said.

"We have no idea what they are doing to Q," Daniel said. "What would he do if it were you?"

"Come back with armed forces." Teal'c said.

"He would go in and negotiate," Daniel said. "He wouldn't back down."

Daniel shut the door.
A rough flash to the past

Daniel glared toward George's direction. George sat down into a chair lighting up his cigarette then he puffed out smoke from the white thin tube item. He should be using an electronic cigarette but maybe he is fueled by general nicotine not synthetic or he could be an alien for what it is worth. The room is dark yet well lit.

"Hello," George said. "I understand you tried to break in."

"Where is he?" Daniel asked.

"Where is this 'he' you ask of?" George said, pretending to be confused.

Daniel stand up.

"You know who I am talking about!" Daniel said.

"Uh huh," George said, lowering the cigarette. "How do you know this 'he' is here?"

There is a pause.

"Where else would top secret alien beings go?" Daniel asked.

George smiled.

"Home." George said.

"He is an old man, and whatever you are doing to him . . ." Daniel started but George held his hand up above the table.

"If we were doing harm to this 'he', you wouldn't be aware now would you?" George asked.

Daniel frowned.

"I would know, either way." Daniel said.

"If you want to help this 'he' then stop trying to break in," George said, standing up.

"Could you stop referring to Mr Quarty as 'he' and call him by name?" Daniel asked.

George looked down upon Daniel, with a grim look.

"I know no Quarty." George said.

"Hey!" Daniel shouted as George went out the door. "I am not leaving without him."

The door closed.

The next Daniel knew was that he was on the ground apparently in the dark facing the sky. A flash of light blinded his eyes at first. He could make out a familiar figure in front of two head lights. Daniel turned over shielding his eyes feeling a pain in his back along his shoulder blades as though he had been dragged. He coughed.

"Daniel Jackson, are you all right?" Teal'c asked.
Daniel held his hand out to which Teal’c helped him up.

"Just a little off." Daniel said. "Ow, ow, ow my back!"

"Your body was dragged out of the back entrance," Teal’c said, then he let go of Daniel's hand. "You were inside the building for three hours."

"Three hours?" Daniel repeated, appearing to be startled.

"Affirmative," Teal’c said.

"I don't remember being held in there for that long." Daniel said.

"You have missing time." Teal’c said.

"Teal’c, I wasn't abducted." Daniel said.

"No, Daniel," Teal’c said. "It is a common tool the Goa’uld use to ensure other species searching around do not remember what they saw. You were given a drug and lost some of your memories in exchange to be released."

Daniel rubbed the back of his neck.

"That is possible," Daniel said. "I might have gotten further . . . I just remember talking to The Smoking Man."
Honey, we have bad news

. . . June 6th . . . 2295 . . .

. . . 1:22 PM . . . Planet Colo . . .

I sent in my retirement application earlier this morning. The SG-1 team had returned to their world yesterday. John-Luc sent a sample of the odd alien being to a nearby lab. As of today I am a regular human being with no special privileges, titles, or political agenda. A young Klingon-human halfbreed man named Phil Coster, Senator of the European side of Colo, approached me and gave me a 'happy retirement' gift at 10:47 AM.

I did like the token.

"Thank you, Mr Coster." I said.

"Not a problem," Coster had said.

Now let's fast forward to the present time. Coster was probably glad that his opposition to killing off unwanted Kolosters through the means of tech puppies. Everyone was likely glad that the one hundred twenty year old human man finally decided to take the retirement approach. The world is a little more darker for Kolosters who want to flee the horrors of their planet.

We were at a lake: fishing.

"John-Luc, where would you want to go in the vast space after we get the results?" I asked.

"Perhaps Garzena, the planet with a unreal garden and living inanimate objects." Picard said.

I laughed, lowly.

"You hate gardening, remember?" I said.

"Well, I never really gave gardening a shot in my youth." Picard said.

I blink turning my head toward Picard with a shocked expression.

"So you have been hating gardening for no reason what so ever for the past ninety-one years?" I asked.

Picard nodded.

"Precisely." Picard said.

"We are paying a visit to Garzena." I said.

I turned my head back toward the lake feeling a fish had snapped on the bait. I reeled in the line quickly struggling to keep the fish. Oh this is a very strong fish! I pulled the fishing rod back struggling to keep it coming. I muttered, "Don't you let go,big overgross flubber fish.", "I am getting it!", and "Keep it coming." over and over but the whole overgross flubber comment was used once.

I pulled the line back and lost my bearing on the rod letting go of it so that it flew over my head.

I saw a huge turtle fly right over the boat with a fish dangling outside of its mouth. I can see below...
at the bottom of the turtle shell there are jagged marks easily resembling scars, the fins aka the arms had unusual claws at where should be nothing, and a tail with a spiky tip. My jaw fell open to see the Zerkania (A long lost turtle species that eat fish) flying over me. In the seconds that passed I was thinking: That is one fat Zerkania.

The Zerkania landed into the water behind us leaving a wave of water into the boat.

"Did you see that?" I asked. "That was a beaut!"

I understand now how human fisherman see beauty in the big and huge fish they catch then toss back into the ocean. Some fishermen eat their catch later in the day into delicious steaming and well cooked fish. At one time I had the luck to bring Alexander, Worf's son, with me to a culture that bowed down to fish as their gods. Alexander was horrified to see the everyday to day activities relied on fish. I taught him a lesson to be relieved of having a civilization that accepts worshiping of all kind except for fish. Fish are easily replaceable but human lives are not. You see the civilization sacrificed some of their own for a ceremony.

"Was that a Zerkania?" Picard asked, generally confused.

"Yes." I said.

Picard rubbed his chin as though trying to wrap his head around a unfathomable idea.

"But those went extinct twenty-two years ago!" Picard said.

"Then . . . what was that?" I asked.

We both looked over the edge of the boat seeing a long gray tail in the crystal blue ocean.

"I would really hate if this were a shape-shifter's doing." Picard said.

"Me too." I said.

Picard tapped on a machine wrapped around his right ear then said, "This is Pocirld."

Test results, I thought.

"What did the results say?" I asked.

Picard's eyes were staring at the water, briefly.

"I understand," Picard said, turning away from the water edge. "Thank you. You too. Bye." He tapped on the machine then looked directly toward me. The look in his eyes were something I hadn't seen in them for a long time. Sadness but otherwise a bit of hope. "Honey, I have bad news."

"What is it?" I asked.

"They don't know what the specimen is." Picard said.

I frowned.

"So what IS the bad news?" I asked.

"They can't stop it anytime soon," Picard said. "It is beyond their capabilities to fix."

I smiled.
"Let's make the best of it." I said.

Apparently that reply was a surprise for Picard.

"Really?" Picard asked.

"Yes!" I said.
Memories leaving like a paper glass

... 2296 ... July 1st ...

... Foresti Planet ...

The Doctors told John-Luc that his mate didn't have much room in his brain to remember anything further. He could only remember so little. It pained John-Luc to leave Quarty in a place where other elderly stayed when their mental state was degrading. He had lied to the once clear memory man that he was living at a hotel with fantastic room service. It was somewhat the truth. He missed Quarty, at least without this memory alien disease.

Vulcans do not lie.

Humans do lie.

What was on the mind of whoever did this to his mate? The mate who he so happened care for and really cherish not just because he was the only one who knew his secret. He had been gardening, gardening of all things, when he heard a very familiar melody. He had been using a water rope to water a group of tomatoes, strawberries, and some in distinctive fruit. John-Luc looked over to see a couple men who he had only seen thirty-one years ago.

"Captain?" Came the Android, who seemed very surprised.

John-Luc dropped the water rope.

"I am not Captain Picard," John-Luc said. "My name is Lewis Jerkey Pocirld."

Worf turned around then he turned toward Riker.

"We are not on the right planet, sir." Worf said.

"Where are we, Mr Pocirld?" Riker asked.

"Foresti," John-Luc said. "I am sorry, but you are no longer in your time stream." He turned off the water rope then changed his direction toward the three Enterprise members. "I am sorry for lying. My name is John-Luc Picard. The year is currently 2296."

"May I still call you 'captain'?" Data asked.

"Please, call me John-Luc." John-Luc said.

"Our Captain prefers to be called Picard." Riker said.

"I am well aware of that," John-Luc said. "Would you like some lemonade?"

"No, thank you." Worf and Riker said at once.

"I would." Data said.

John-Luc raised a brow.

"But don't Androids not drink?" John-Luc asked.
"I have a stomach and a throat capable of carrying synthesized liquid such as lemonade into a waste bag," Data explained. "I often do not drink lemonade because of how it tastes on my tongue."

John-Luc lowered his voice.

"That is quite logical," John-Luc said, with a fond smile. "Mr Data."

Our scene transfers to thirty minutes later. Data was staring down upon a holopicture. Worf and Riker were out searching for a way back into their timeline. They went to a lab with a gigantic telescope located on a mountain through the bustling rows of trees. Data recognized the older man in the picture with John-Luc as Q. Why was Q so old? Data accessed his memory bank to see if he had met this version of Q prior. There were zero results.

"We have been together for thirty-one years." John-Luc said.

Data turned his head toward John-Luc.

"What happened to him?" Data asked.

"You tell me; when was the last time you saw him." John-Luc said.

"A year ago." Data said. He gasped. "Oh. He was exiled to a different timeline."

"That is the story I have been grateful and both . . . Loath." John-Luc said.

"Why?" Data asked.

"Because my mate is losing his memory," John-Luc said.

"Ah, I see. . . ." Data said. "He was turned into a human."

John-Luc nodded.

"Did you ever contact Q with a goatee?"

"Not ever."

"Randomly pick up a group of fourteen people from where there isn't a planet?"

"Negative."

"You are from the original timeline, Mr Data."

"The timeline with the prime directive."

"How many times has the Enterprise come across a entity calling itself Trelane?"

"We never came across Trelane."

John-Luc picked up a drink then sipped it and next he laughed.

"You are a lucky android, Mr Data." John-Luc said.

Data blinked, tilting his head.

"How so?" Data asked.
"Because your Captain Picard does not have a Vulcan side," John-Luc said, putting down the cup on the table. "Much as my Vulcan half is a gift; it is more of a curse." He sighed. "I have a overwhelming desire to tell the truth and then I feel guilty for not doing that. Guilt is an emotion I have... learned to accept over the years."

"On the record, Spock had some difficulties at first lying." Data said.

"I hope so," John-Luc said. "How else would he be Kirk's best friend."

Data blinked.

"How old are you?"

"I will be ninety-two on the fourth."

Data glanced toward the photo then back to John-Luc.

"I don't understand," Data said. "If you are Captain Picard's counterpart... Why are you in the past?"

"Trelane wanted to make a point that Q cares about, in general, every Jean-Luc Picard/John-Luc Picard out there," John-Luc said. "My existence is rather singular for one purpose. I am different. I am not alike to my other counterparts due to... Different factors."

"What about Riker?"

"I never heard of him or met him until three decades ago," John-Luc said.

"So who was your number one?"

"You really want to hear?"

"Yes, I am curious."

"Data Soong."

"So he had a last name."

John-Luc sighed.

"It used to be Brent until he had a terrible accident. He was a rather profound and admirable scientist in his league. His father, a man majoring in replaceable human parts, took it upon himself to save his human son. After the positronic brain operation; his son was seeking more knowledge, well actually obsessed with it so he chose a new name in place of Brent."

"Did you know him as his time as Brent?" Data asked.

John-Luc laughed, sitting back in the chair.

"Why of course not," John-Luc said. "It happened before he was assigned to my ship in 2364."

"What about Geordi?" Data asked.

John-Luc became silent lowering his head toward his hands then lifted his eyes toward Data.

"Trelane killed him," John-Luc said. "My Data would later say it was an accident. Trelane was
proving a point on how all powerful he is and how he can bring back people from the dead. He couldn't do it with Geordi. After all, he only brought back Tasha."

"Tasha . . ." Data said.


Then Data added in a low voice, "It must have been hard on your Data."

"He wasn't my Data at all as I learned a couple years later." John-Luc said.

"What?" Data repeated, surprised.

"The past few years was an android," John-Luc said. "It must have been you."

"I assure you, it wasn't me." Data said, shaking his hand.

"But you look so alike to his disguise." John-Luc said.

"Disguise?" Data repeated.

"He had a hologram up to fool others that he was an android," John-Luc said. "The entire time I was . . . Actually working with an android. It was sure different. I do not know why I never noticed the differences in the reactions of a human and an android."

"Thank you." Data said

John-Luc had a short lived smile.

"Let me describe what Trelane would commonly appear and see if that jogs a memory." John-Luc said. "He has dark black curly hair, chubby at best, white trousers, white shirt, black boots, a cane, and a fancy blue coat."

A look of recognition appeared in his yellow eyes.

"So that is his name." Data said.

"Tell me, what did he do?" John-Luc asked.

"Well, John-Luc." Data said. "It is what he didn't do."

John-Luc appeared to be surprised.
Data had just finished night watch when he came into his quarters. There was not a sound in the room. Not a purr so to speak. Nor a meow. The doors closed behind Data ever so swiftly leaving him inside his dark quarters. It was puzzling at first. Naturally Data's first command to the computer was, "Computer, lights on."

"The lights ever so gracefully refuse to be turned on," Came Trelane's voice.

Data turned his head toward Trelane.

Now at the time Data had no idea or clue who Trelane is or was.

"Why are you in my quarters?" Data asked.

"Paying a visit, dear android." Trelane said,

"I prefer to be called by my name, unknown being." Data said.

Data felt rude doing name calling.

It wasn't polite but he had no name in his processor to refer to Trelane at the time and it was the best name he could think of.

"Fine then, 'Data',' Trelane said as his position in the room was brightend. He seemed to be leaning against the wall with arms folded. "I have only come to pay you a visit by the one and only former General of Gothos."

"What do you call yourself now?" Data asked.

"Eck, you don't deserve to know my name, YET!" Trelane said.

The room is rearranged and now the entire room is suddenly glowing white. Trelane sat in a chair sipping out of a glass with a smirk well placed on his face. He had a brown cane with a white tip leaned against the icicle like table. He gestured over to a chair beckoning Data to come over. Data looked at him warily then came over to the table. Trelane seemed so casual and worry free which kind of was 'frightening'.

"Don't worry about me, little android."

"Data,please."

"You know there are thousands of Data's out there and thousands of previous identities your past can come up with."

"I do not see the point in being told this information."

Trelane cupped his hands together then he rubbed the side of his forehead using his right hand.

"Oh. . .Data." Trelane said, lowering his head. "You wouldn't understand." Trelane's voice began to

crack up and turn to sobs. "I never expected to find my..." He cleared his throat, trying at least trying, to keep his composure. "Father degrading before me."

Data nodded.

"I saw my father die." Data said.

"No!" Trelane said. "This is a different kind of degrading, Mr Data."

Trelane stood up.

"How so?" Data asked.

Trelane right into the middle of the room rubbing his chin then turned toward Data.

"Let me tell you this; if there was a way to prevent someone from no longer forgetting everyone around them, what would you do?" Trelane asked.

"You are avoiding my question, sir." Data said.

"I have my reasons to avoid that question, Mr Data!" The room grew darker and the walls became lined in rock like shapes. He picked up the walking stick. "We are in the most darkest and perhaps boring place in the entire universe." Data blinked. "We are in the cave at the center of the universe!"

"Sir, are you intending there to be a party?" Data asked.

"No," Trelane said. "Why do you ask?"

"When someone is about to show off they usually do a gesture of throwing their arms in the air with a dark background like you have done," Data explained. "You have made that same gesture as I have observed. I am not up for games or tricks that you have in store, so please, take me back to my quarters."

Trelane smirking clapping his hands.

"Bravo," Trelane said. "Picard has been rubbing off on you."

"I learn quickly." Data said.

Trelane slowed down his clap and stopped all together.

"That you do," Trelane said. His confident smile faded. "It is heartbreaking to see someone you care break apart. I understand how my father feels whenever a Q or a M try to destroy his toys."

"I am waiting for that answer to my question." Data said.

"I just gave you it, platypus!" Trelane said.

If Data had been insulted; he didn't show.

"The correct use would be a 'elephant', sir." Data said, politely.

"Wormhole appears on August 23rd, 2296," Trelane said. "Leads to a very isolated Voyager. Tell the halfbreed that." He stepped back. "I am not going to lie but I did not send you to wherever you go in two weeks. Squire's word!"
"Scout's word, sir." Data corrected Trelane.

"Yes, sure, whatever." Trelane said. "You know . . . Why is everyone correcting me on the term 'squires word'?

"Because the word is more commonly used for scouts honor such as boy scouts, girl scouts, bear scouts, Klingon Scouts, Vulcan Scouts, Romulan Scouts, and Cipallon scouts." Data replied, calmly and smoothly.

"Hmm . . . And there are more types of scouts other than them?" Trelane said.

"Yes." Data said.

The scenery around them changed to a beach.

"Enjoy yourself!" Trelane said.

A wave of mighty proportion crashed landed on the beach.

"No, I will not," Data said. "Return me to the Enterprise or my cooperation will be very limited, Squire."

"You are not fun." Trelane said, leaning forward on the cane in the sand.

"I can be when I want to," Data said. "You are not fun. Matter of speaking."

"That is mean!" Trelane said.

"I was programmed to be polite and nothing but honest," Data said. "Refusing to take me back to the Enterprise is ruining your image that you are attempting to convey as a friendly passer by in my processor."

Trelane frowned.

"Fine," Trelane said. "But can we play a innocent game afterwards? I swear over my father's--" Data just looked at him blankly. "Over my grandparent's grave that no harm will come to your friends."

"Specify the game." Data said.

"Well, I will tell you when I figure that out." Trelane said.

"The truth game." Data said.

"Hm?" Trelane said.

"Finding the truth. That can be a game." Data said.

Trelane frowned.

"But that would make you older than your friends!" Trelane said.

"I am an android," Data said. "I do not age."

"Finding the truth in my games takes years, developing relationships, friendships, and conflicts but at the end it is very rewarding as my . . . Former friend. . . " Trelane faked a cough. "Chekov," Trelane faked another cough. "Told me."
"You should take care of that cough." Data said.

"Did you just hear what I said?" Trelane asked, baffled.

"I am only concerned for others well being." Data said.

"Okay, in two months we'll do a 'search for the truth game' and I will transport you back ASAP after you complete the game five seconds after leaving," Trelane said. He rubbed his hands together acting mischievously with a gleam in his eyes. "I have a game to prepare for."

Data appeared in his quarters.
A degrading man

... January 5th ...

... 2296 ...

I don't remember much about my past. These days I just barely have a grasp in what is going on. I was in a room with a couple other residents watching good old fashioned TV in color presenting fictional characters. I don't remember my own name, funny that. Of all the things I could possibly forget. I have forgotten who I am. I just remember a letter. One single letter in the entire alphabet. Q.

"Q, you have a visitor."

For a reason I do not know I hated being called Q.

Why?

Why?

Why in the cosmos?

"Coming." I said.

I wheeled over to the visitors lounge. A man calling himself . . . I can't remember, was it Picard? A Picard fellow dropped me off here telling me he would see me again, in time, after I had my personal 'vacation'. It was a delightful vacation from being confused all the time where in the cosmos I was. Including these strange people I had come across. I had a ticking feeling about this man. I knew him but I didn't. I trusted him, unconditionally. I believed he knew what he was doing.

I came to the visitors lounge to see a man with dark cuirly hair sitting at a chair. He had his dark blue coat with golden designs on another seat. He had his hands together on the table with a smile. I stopped at first puzzled by the man. I felt a strange feeling distrust, shame, and unfamiliarity towards this fellow. I slowly wheeled myself toward the man dressed up in another era. He had a white shirt that had curly frills around the neck.

"Why hello there, Father," The man said. "How has life been treating you?"

I stared at him, blankfaced.

"I don't know you." I said.

I saw a amused look on his face.

"Don't do this to me," The man said. "You know I am your watcher. I know EVERYTHING you've been pushed through."

"You are God?" I asked.

The man's face became bewildered.

"No, Father!" The man said. "In a sense the Q are gods themselves." He played around with a random ball that appeared in his hands. "I have been wondering about having some fun of my own
"I am not a child, young man," I said, feeling angry. "Don't you dare talk to me like a child!"

"But... That's how we refer to our play things." The man said, as he grew panicked.

"I have no idea who you are and why exactly I am suppose to visit someone in a hotel WHO TALKS TO ME LIKE A CHILD!" I shouted. "I am a old man. I don't play with plastic action figures, little balls, or bouncy scrunchy objects." I began to draw attention to myself. "Who are you? I don't know you. I really have no idea who you are!"

The man stood up then put one hand on my shoulder.

"Please, stop it." The man plead.

I gawked at the man who had a nerve to talk to me about toys.

"Let go of my shoulder, young man." I said.

A hotel employee came over appearing to be concerned.

"Is something wrong?" The lady asked.

The man took his hand off my shoulder.

"No..." The man said.

"Yes, there is!" I said. "I have no idea who this man is and he claims to know me."

"I am... I am your son," His voice choked laced in a breaking tone. "Q."

"I don't have any sons far as I am aware." I said.

I saw the hurt in his eyes.

And I did not care about that.

"Mr..." The lady started.

I turned away taking my attention off the young man.

"T--Treylane," The man said. "I am his son."

I had a feeling that wasn't his name, really.

"Mr Pocirld did not mention about Mr Q having any relatives except for his daughter T'fara." The lady said.

I wheeled my way back to the viewing center along with all the other oldies.

"How... How long does he have?" The man asked, softly.

"At least a year." The lady said.

"A year." The man repeated.

"His memory decreasement has recently increased. It is spreading through his body." The lady said.
"What is spreading through his body?" The man asked.

She puckered her red lips then relaxed them.

"We don't know." The lady said.

"How can you NOT know what is happening to my father!" The man shouted.

"Look, we have had him tested." The lady said.

"Tested?" The man repeated.

"Yes, with samples." The lady said.

"He can't go out like this. . . ." He pushed in his chair. "He can't . . ." He shook his head. "I can't bare to watch him suffer this way!"

"His spouse has given us permission to not let him suffer when it becomes painful." The lady said.

"Not let him suffer?" The man repeated, with a tinge of emotion in his voice. He had a terrified look on his face. "He can't die this way. If he dies again . . I can't bring him back a second time!" The lady grew a concerned look. "I just can't. I can't lose him a second time."

"Look," The lady said. "Mr Treylane, we have the best possible medical staff studying his case."

The young man put on his coat.

"Where is here anyway?" The man asked.

"Fort Madison on the Zako planet." The lady said.
A conversation with the Q judges

. . . Time is nonlinear to Q . .

. . . Q Continuum . .

Trelane stormed through the Judge building with hands in fists and watery eyes. Most Q had awkward glances at him and some viewed Trelane as rude as his rather highly regarded father when getting royally pissed off at someone. Many stayed out of his way. He opened the doors wide making quite the theatrical entrance. The walking stick he came with had all but vanished in thin air.

"Come in." Came the first Judge.

Trelane walked into the room.

The wooden doors closed behind him.

"What is it, Trelane?" Came the second Judge.

"Assign someone else to be Q's watcher!" Trelane demanded.

"But you are the perfect candidate to make sure he learns from his mistakes." The third Judge said.

"The only mistakes he is making is living a mortal life and losing his memory every day because of an invading alien external source. He didn't recognize me this morning!" He threw his hands up in the air acting as though he had been defeated. "I can't watch him degrade like this."

"Are you saying Q is your father and not our best science leading Q?" The third Judge inquired.

"No," Trelane said. "He is my godfather."

The third Judge looked at Trelane ever so cautiously.

"And you want us to select someone else to supervise Q?" The second Judge asked.

The first Judge was all but quiet.

"Q?" The second Judge said, notioning to the first judge with a nudge.

"You are afraid to feel helpless." The first Judge said.

"I AM HELPLESS!" Trelane shouted.

"You cannot help Q as under the agreement of supervising him," The first Judge said. "It is the purpose of this exile is to show him he will never get the help he needs from us and he needs to wing it."

"Are you mad?" Trelane said, dangerously close to the first Judge. "You never just say wing it. In fact the judges NEVER say that!" He walked away feeling an intense anger at the power of authority. "I can't do anything. It is a bunch of crap. Do you want Q to die?"

"That is the point." The first Judge said.

"You asked me to supervise him!" Trelane said.
"Fools errand." The first Judge said.

"Are you calling me a fool?" Trelane asked.

"Yes." The first Judge said.

"So you gave me a suicide mission. A dead end so to speak." Trelane said.

"Q is a annoying pest who breaks rules. His time as a Q has run out." The third Judge added.

"If his time as a Q has run out; then why are you still calling him Q and assigning a Q to SUPERVISE him!" Trelane asked.

The Judges went silent, for fourteen minutes.

"Because he has no other name," The third Judge finally said. "And someone has to make sure he isn't trying to become a Q again."

Trelane flipped the table over making the Judges land on the floor on their backs.

"You know what; I quit!" Trelane said.

"You what?" The Judges said, getting up.

"I quit being a Q." Trelane said, flatly. "In fact I will exile myself into another timeline in 2265 and live out the rest of my life spoiling the entire future to Star Fleet unlike MY FATHER. In fact I will give various headaches in other timelines that may result from my retirement from the continuum. The only power I will have is making a machine capable of traveling through realities." Trelane took out a wallet then flipped it open revealing a Q badge. "Just take it." He dropped the wallet on the wooden shiny floor. "I won't watch my father wither away before my eyes."

The first thing Trelane thought of visiting with his last powers wasn't going back in time, but really, was going forwards.

Trelane went one year into the future.

There lay his father on his death bed, eyes closed.

For once Trelane lacked the powers of the Q, but instead he was a genuine man. A man with flesh and blood belonging to Q. Q wasn't there for most of his son's lifetime as a child but he did try to be there when Trelane needed him the most, sometimes he screwed up. Q wasn't just perfect. Trelane picked up his father's hand and squeezed it. He sat down into a comfortable chair.

Q was on a biobed.

A biobed.

Behind the door there was security posted. There were security alarms set up all over the place in the room. But here Trelane is, flesh and blood defying it all. He felt relaxed not to know what may happen next. For once Trelane couldn't see the endless possibilities. He didn't feel all powerful. For once he and his father were on the same level. Trelane looked at the heart rate above Q's head.

His father had a name.

It is best to start calling him Quarty.
Trelane owed his father that.

The heart rate seemed to be slowing down for Quarty.

"I can't..." Trelane said. "I can't believe you..." Tears started to grow down his cheek. "Went
down this path... I haven't been there for you only because you pop in just as rarely as you did to
me in my childhood. Was I punishing you by messing with your friends? Yes, I was. I am sorry,
father." He put his head on his father's chest then closed his eyes. "I am so sorry."

Quarty was dying.

A horrible scolding way to pass for a former Q member. And almost all the Q hated him so much
they would throw him under the bus. God, would Trelane be abandoned that way? 'Would' is the
keyword. It was his choice to be turned into a human and resign from the continuum. No non-
existent trial held by other members. Trelane never intended his father to be treated his way. He
couldn't do a damn thing for his father. He couldn't help him. All he could do was weep.

Trelane understood.

His father had no desire what-so-ever to become a Q again by cheating the exile.

It was Trelane's idea for planting in how long the exile will last into his father's brain.

No light show for Quarty this time around when he dies.

He will die as a human.

This body was a clone, after all.

"Is he really dying?" Q2 asked.

Trelane lifted himself up.

"What do you think?" Trelane asked.

"That q is stuck with me forever," Q2 said. "I can't stand the thought of it."

"Get used to it." Trelane said.

"Trelane..." Q2 said, approaching the man. "What is wrong with your powers?"

"I don't have them." Trelane said.

"You... Didn't." Q2 said.

"I did." Trelane said.

"You better be glad no one saw that stunt!" Q2 said.

"It wasn't a stunt," Trelane said, letting go of Quarty's hand. His eyes were stained in red. "If Quarty
is not suppose to survive this then there is no reason for me to be a Q. He is the one who's kept me in
line to being a Q unlike you! You ditched me with Aunt Q at the first chance you got!"

"Hey, don't shift the blame to me!" Q2 said.

"I am pointing out the truth," Trelane said, turning back toward his unresponsive father. "Can you
just . . . Not tell him? Not tell my brother that father is never coming back."

"This is a touchy subject, Trelane." Q2 said, cautiously.

"Not like you ever cared." Trelane muttered.

"I did care!" Q2 said.

"Where were you through all of this?" Trelane asked.

"I was busy teaching Junior," Q2 said, combing through his blonde hair using a comb. "Up until you came along and took him on a trip."

"You could have visited him!" Trelane said.

"Wait, so you were giving me a vacation to visit my brother?" Q2 said in realization.

"No duh." Trelane said.

Q2 sighed.

"And all this time I thought you were giving me grief." Q2 said.

"My reputation proceeds me." Trelane said.

"You want to help your father?" Q2 asked.

"I can't help him." Trelane said.

"I thought this stunt was organized." Q2 said.

"I didn't plan it, Uncle." Trelane said.

"You are going to make the Judges worry about other Q's taking a stance for a change by retiring." Q2 said.

"They can't retire," Trelane said. "Too old. It is unheard of for a veteran to retire."

"Well Trelane, you just opened a Pandora's box." Q2 said.

"I didn't." Trelane said.

"Yes, you did," Q2 said, with a nod. "Q are jumping at the chance to make a change."

Trelane is at first surprised but his mood turns into a fury.

"Just get your Q business out of here!" Trelane shouted, standing up facing Q2. "Business will go around as usual and until I see a sign that their mind is changed . . ." He pushed back a tear. The fear of losing his father was real. "I am sticking by my father's side."

Q2 frowned.

"Fine, have it your way." Q2 said.

Q2 vanished in a white flash.
Two hours later the Q Judges reappeared. Trelane was still by his father's side feeling remorse. He hadn't been watching his father closely as he should be because everyone was watching him. Trelane watched the story unfold on his own time. Not showing up since 2285 and only appearing towards near the end of the round turned out to be a mistake. His father had been alive for thirty plus years without dying.

Trelane believed it was safe not to watch.

He almost was too late.

"You opened the door for Q to leave." The third Judge said.

Trelane’s eyes were not on the Q Judges.

"We have reconsidered." The first Judge said.

Trelane looked up from his dying father's body.

"Annnd?" Trelane asked.

The three Judges stared back at him.

"It depends if you are really Quarty's son." The second Judge said.

They all knew who his mother was.

A highly respectable Q.

"I am his son," Trelane said. "His first one." He stood up glaring back at the Judges who were at the other side of the bed. "The one you all hate more than him!"

"If you'll rejoin under the conditions that Quarty lives and becomes a Q again; we'll be willing to forget you told us your heritage." The third Judge said.

"Just accept it," Trelane said. "You can't stand there being a fully grown version of Quarty who screws up more than his sire."

"Please, everyone is leaving." The first Judge plead.

"I am not joining until you accept me for who I am." Trelane said.

The Judges shared a collective sigh.

"We accept your terms," The first Judge said. "Trelane."

"When will he die?" Trelane asked, softly.

"This version will die in a hour," The second Judge said

"I want to be there for him." Trelane said.

"Before the timeline ends . . . Understood." The second Judge said.
The three Judges vanish in thin air in a white flash.

There was a wallet left on the counter beside the bed. Trelane turned his head toward Quarty's
direction contemplating how to set in motion a chain of events that will save his life. It didn’t take
long for Trelane to come up with a plan. He had Quarty's right hand in his hand which he squeezed,
whispering, "I am here, father."

He could sense a ghostly presence nearby.

That of a little girl. His vision went through typical vision to ghostly vision allowing Trelane to see a
little girl at the other side of the bed holding onto Quarty's hand. She looked up toward his direction
mouthing the words, "Save my Grandpa." She must have been familiar to the concept of fixed time.
Once you were there and witnessed the event; there was no changing it including the manner of
death when it occurred.

Trelane nodded.

"I . . I . . I will." Trelane finally said, picking up the wallet.

Suddenly Quarty's eyes opened and he turned his head toward Jessie rather than Trelane.

" . . Jessie . ." Quarty said.

"Go." Jessie mouthed back to Trelane.

In a nick of time Trelane vanished before Quarty drew his last breath in that reality.
It was quite strange really, losing grip of reality and myself. Because the next I was sitting in a boat fishing. The ocean was not blue but rather a translucent green. A nice shade of green I'll say. The trees were reality and here I am stranded with a complete library of memories in my head that had been previously left out of my reach. I saw John-Luc standing at the dock staring at the beyond waterscape.

A nurse was beside him.

"He'll be fine," The light blonde nurse said.

"I hope so," John-Luc said. "If I lose him . . ."

"Hey, Picard!" I shouted. "Over heereee!"

I waved my free right arm in the air.

"He'll be waiting for you." The light blonde nurse said.

John-Luc sighed then turned away.

"I hope so." John-Luc said.

John-Luc vanished off the dock.

"John-Luc?" I said.

"No need to worry, Mr Q," The light blonde woman said. "The Picard fellow will be back."

I noticed she was in a white dress with a blue strange hat. She had strange earrings, too. She kind of reminded me of a Romulan except for the strange scales on her skin. I grabbed onto the rope then struggling to push myself forward toward the dock. So this is how my fight against the alien cancer will be determined? Tug. of. war. I ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE! My grasp was loosening. I felt scared. Scared to lose my only chance of returning to the natural world. Yet there was a part of me that accepted whatever fate there was in store for me.

The light blonde woman vanished.

"Hey, come back!" I shouted. "I need a cheer leader,for once!"

I pushed onward tugging on the rope trying to get closer.

"Come on,Grandpa!" I heard a familiar voice that made me froze.

I looked up seeing Jessie in a explorer outfit complete with a whip like Indiana Jones complete with a hat. She then turned the whip into something to jump over repeatedly going on a cheer. She hadn't aged a day. Was I dreaming? I grip let go of the rope stunned by what I was seeing. I recalled the water level increasing on a once clear forest area soaking in my boots, and that was a long time ago. I stared at Jessie.

She stopped jumping.

"Grandpa, come on!" Jessie shouted.
I admit, I was unable to comprehend how this was possible.

She dropped the whip into the water then leaned forward holding her hand out.

"Come on!" Jessie cried, holding her small hand out. "You can do it!"

My hands wrapped around the rope and I was quite a distance away from the dock. I had to do it. I had to fight it on my own through some means that is . . . Hey where is the rest of the island I used to see around here? It used to be a forest area of completely trees. Restoring my brain involved thinking of it as a forest like the heart. A huge gigantic forest with mechanical panels that had to be well kept. I looked over seeing a branch sticking out of the water. Oh. That is the alien cancer taking over.

I pulled at the rope struggling to get forward.

"Come on, Grandpa!" Jessie called. "You can do it! Yes, you can!"

My hand began to burn due to the unexpected friction being produced.

"I am trying!" I shouted back.

In reality I was staring at a television screen with a couple other old people.

"Try harder!" Jessie shouted. "I believe in you!"

My left hand let go as did my right hand.

"Grandpa, come back!" Jessie shouted.

Eventually I was out in the open sea. I looked over to see the sun right on the edge. I got frightened thinking it was the realistic end of the world as I know it. I grabbed the oars to the boat then began rowing my way back to the forest. I had to try. I just had to. I had seen Jessie, clear as day on the wooden dock. I wasn't just about to go under after seeing my granddaughter! I had a determination about today and whatever day that comes after that. I had to stop though to let my hand heal from the burn.

In the meanwhile it left me adrift.

_Alone._

Again.
"Why hello there, Father," I heard Trelane's voice. "How has life been treating you?"

I raised my head from the wooden planks in the boat.

I was still so far from the island, I had started to gone and lose hope.

"Trelane," I said. "It has been hell. Just what the continuum ordered."

"Don't do this to me," Trelane's voice carried on. "You know I am your watcher. I know EVERYTHING you've been pushed through."

I was perplexed at first.

Wait.

I am the memory.

I AM THE MEMORY CONNECTOR TO THE TREES.

So what is left of the memory connector is still communicating with whoever is out there.

"TRELANE!" I thought. Hoping, just hoping he could hear my thoughts. "HELP!"

"No, Father!" Trelane said. "In a sense the Q are gods themselves." I went down my face with my right hand. "I have been wondering about having some fun of my own with your toys."

I froze.

"Don't you dare meddle with Picard," I said, even though I cannot communicate.

"But... That's how we refer to our play things." Trelane said, sounding panicked

I picked up the oars fed up with this state of mind I am in. It is unfair to speak with someone who you considere to be one of your top aggravating pesticides. I rowed the oars down the body of water toward the island. Each time I made a note to tell Trelane something. Each time I thought of someone I cared deeply. How long had it been that I was left in a home? A elderly home of all places. I came to the dock only to see no one there.

"Trelane?" I called, almost out of breath. "Oh come on. This cannot be happening."

I just wanted to give up and surrender to outside forces.

After all this towing.

I just happened to fail.

It was getting dark.

I had to get to the dock.
I MUST GET TO THE DOCK!

I pushed myself onwards.

Must get to the dock, I thought, must get to the dock. I turned the boat side ways facing the dock. I felt exhausted and just plain tired. I needed rest. I reached my hand out to the dock but I missed at first. I grunted paddling the boat closer. One more try and I am falling asleep. I thought. I was ready to give up at that point, again. Just like the other times I came to that delicious verge. I reached my arm out only to grab onto a small soft hand. There, whoever was nearby, helped me out of the boat. I was on the dock facing the stars.

"Why . . . Thank you." I mumbled.

A little girl looked over me with a smile, a very familiar smile, and tilted her head happily.

"You are welcome, Grandpa." It was Jessie.

Jessie.

I didn't get enough time to register the fact that my granddaughter had just helped me out of the worst scenario ever before falling asleep. Hours after hours of working, being in the sun, sweating, and thinking a lot can take a toll on a man who's barely slept at all. I dreamed of numerous things: for starters a talking fox, a skull with a red wig on wearing a small dress, and a machine that resembled a toy robot. It was quite scary to say for the least.

I awoke in a biobed. What awoke me? I noticed I was in a biobed due to the sound above my head. I felt so re-energized. I saw my wheelchair is right beside the bed so I slipped into the wheelchair feeling undoubtedly curious about this building. I had been asleep for most of the day yesterday regaining my strength mentally, emotionally, and physically. I wheeled out of my room.

It was then I felt a creepy feeling traveling up my spine.

I turned toward my right to hear a metal object click against the floor.

"Who is there!" I called.

I wheeled forward.

"I am Quarty of Earth and Colo," I said. "I am not afraid of you."

A pair of blue glowing crystal shaped feline eyes blinked in the darkness.

I know what those eyes belong to.

I am very much afraid.

"I take that back!" I said, wheeling around.

I quickly wheeled down the hallway hearing the metal talons smash into the floor. For a very long
time I wanted to believe this kind of creature did not exist when it did exist. It can shape shift from a simple toy robot to a fierce green dragon kind of bird. I know the 'green dragon kind of bird' makes as a crappy description but think of a majestic bird gaining dragon qualities. The green dragon kind of bird has metal talons and it can also change its size at free will. I am very afraid. If it targets you; then you are on the list to be scanned into its database.

I don't want to be scanned.

I do not want to be scanned.

Not now.

Not ever.

Those who are being scanned are immobilized and cannot do a thing until they are completely uploaded into the database. Their bodies become covered in blue and outlined in a dark blue color as their ages start to change before the viewers eyes. The flash of ones life. Perhaps I am the one next on the list. Not that I ever meddled with them. They were simply bed time stories! Why yes, I never meddle with the Dragon Scanners. Because it means you are in the cloud. The galactic cloud spreading all over the universe.

During my escapade I crashed down a row of stairs landing on my side getting a couple wounds here and there on my knee.

I looked up seeing the most common version of its form being a robot at the top of the stairs.

"Who is there?" Came the blonde lady's voice.

Her name is Annabella Sweeter.

"Miss Sweeter!" I shouted, in pain in fear.

The toy robot went down the stairs.

"Mr Q?" Sweeter said, as a light went on in one of the doors. The door opened and there she came out in what she could chose on the spot being her nightgown. I felt blood trailing down the side of my temple. By the Q continuum did it hurt. "How did you get out of your room?"

I looked over seeing the crystal shaped blue eyes daggered toward my direction.

"Don't tell Picard," I said. "I'll be fine."

"Favorite color: Gray." The Dragon-Scanner said.

I looked toward my blue glowing hands and that's when . . . Things get a little . . . Hazy. The next I knew was waking up again. I felt my forehead to feel a fresh tinge of pain. The doorway was opened and there hall was brightened up. My roommate, no less, was missing. Who was he? He claimed to be George Clooney but in reality he was CJ Tompson. A officer came into my room holding what appears to be a phaser then he flipped on the light to the room. His eyes almost widened at first but they retained their usual size.

"Where is Mrs Sweeter?" The security officer said.

"The Dragon-Scanner." I said.

I spent six months of my count down life at a medical penal colony. I learned a thing or two but
would I ever use the knowledge later in life? No, I wouldn't. I wouldn't live to even apply the knowledge first hand. The security officer grew a grim expression looking down toward the other bed then he glanced back at my direction.

"Are you aware that two people are missing in the last two hours?" The security officer asked.

"My roommate . . . I just discovered." I said.

"Oh." The security guard said. "So you have seen this . . . Dragon-Scanner?"

I could feel like I was losing grip on reality.

"No... Not now..." I said. "I just . . . Got comfortable."

Since when did I have chest problems? I never had chest problems. My eyes watch their scenery change from a bedroom to a dock where water is growing. It went over my face. I turned myself around then crawl up toward the grassy field that a group of trees surround. It took me hours just to reach the hill side. I collapsed, tired. Did I have a heart attack? There is no history of heart attacks for former Q.

I faced the sky breathing, exhaling and inhaling.

Watching the clouds go past me.
A investigation

. . .2296 . . .

. . .January 9th . . .8:29 AM. . .

Fox Molder and Dana Skully were sent to investigate a strange occurrence. Not that it counted as an X-File but it was certainly in their street. The tell-tale marks of there being a X mark in blood along with the word 'x-files' in blood on the wall where a wheelchair still sat sideways leaned against the wall. That section of the building had been sealed off from the other elderlys.

"This sounds like a murder," Skully said. "Molder."

Skully has brown hair and her partner has red hair. She even has problems seeing colors correctly so she has color blindness.

"But, there is a catch." Molder said.

"I am listening." Skully said.

"The eyewitness is Q." Molder said.

"That guy?" Skully asked, raising a brow.

Molder nodded.

"Yes, Skully." Molder said.

Skully lowered her eyebrow.

"How come he's not where he should be?" Skully asked.

"He got out early due to his illness," Molder said. "Anyway he spoke of a scanning dragon shortly before he passed out muttering something about getting comfortable." Skully raised a brow. "Starfleet wants to be sure this case can be explained . . . In some way."

"Sending us to solve something that is not like an X-File is not their brightest idea." Skully said.

"Uh huh," Molder said. "So was getting a kid with telekineses back from Romulan hands."

"Molder, that is a different subject." Skully said.

"Let's for one moment believe this old guy is fairly certain what he saw." Molder said.

"And let me guess; he just woke up." Skully said.

Molder nodded.

"And we are the first to interview him," Molder said.

"You just want to meet the man who had been a god before and ask him about everything." Skully said.

"Not everything," Molder said. "Just about the case."
I was looking down toward my hand. My wounds had been healed thanks to the new technology out there. Whatever they had used was a name I passed by. Why was I returned to my bed? The Dragon Scanner wouldn't just leave its victims on their bed. Why two people were taken. I decided then when I don't have this problem to have the temple receivers taken out surgically sometime today. I don't need the brainwave technology.

The whole part about the word 'X-files' written in blood on the wall was odd.

"Hello." Came a man's voice.

I turned around toward the source of the voice. He reminded me a lot of Fox Mulder and his partner reminded me strongly of Dana Scully. Except . . . Their hair color is totally different. I rubbed my chin then lowered my hand.

"FBI agents Fox Mulder and Dana Scully?" I asked.

They share a strange look with each other than back to me.

"My name is Fox Moulder and this is my partner Dana Skully," Molder said. "We are here about the Dragon-Scanner."

"You are never going to find her," I said. "Or him."

"What do you mean?" Molder asked.

"The Dragon Scanner never gives back its victims," I said. "But I am an exception. I don't know why, I just am."

"So you were . . . Scanned by it?" Skully asked.

"Yes," I said. "And then it promptly got rid of me after scaring the hell out of me."

"So what are you, a mistake for the Dragon-Scanner?" Skully asked.

I leaned forward rubbing my forehead feeling a pain in my temples followed by the sound of water.

"Skully." Molder said.

"I have no idea. . ." I said.

I explained to them what a Dragon-Scanner is. Skully inquired me if I had been on something or was making this up. Molder seemed to have a reasonable speck of belief that I could be telling the truth. The two left me be after I explained the origins of the being. It was an being created by the M continuum to gather 'mistakes' and 'should not have beens'. All it needed was the prime version of the target and then all the mistakes are wiped off the record. It is a little late approaching its victims most of the time.

I was scared.

Was I a mistake?
"Thanks for the cooperation," Skully said. "Q."

"Don't you dare call me that name," I said. "My name is Quarty."

But The Dragon-Scanner had spit me back out.

Was it hesitation?

A inquiry in its databanks regarding my existence?

A fluke mistake it chased after me?

I won't ever know.

"Sorry, Mr Quarty," Molder apologized. "We are going off old information. Files said you went by the name Q here."

I sighed.

"Damn old age," I said. "Damn old age."

I wheeled away from the two Special Agents. I went to the viewing room. The two agents left the building followed by close security. The last time I saw security was during the time of being a Senator for Colo. Apparently some Colonian launched an attempt attack on everyone in the room. I, too, was there during the attack. I was frozen in the spot unable to do anything. It was like time had frozen as he came with two accomplices holding out armed phasers. Thank the Q continuum Jessie wasn't there for that time.

I still have nightmares of watching my close enemies dying before my eyes due to those phasers. As the saying goes; keep your friends close, keep your enemies closer. My section of senate was held hostage. I was honestly scared about dying then. It was a miracle that a new smoke grenade was tossed into the room. However the hostages ended up getting sun burn, cancer later in their lives due to the chemical in the smoke, and blinded for a period of time. I was one of the many to have a bad sun burn and a blindness. I heard Senator Chelsey scream then the sound of a phaser. I never saw or heard of her since then. She was reportedly one of the slain Senators.

I didn't need to tell the new X-Files about my condition.

Only John-Luc and the hospital staff are aware.

That is how I like it.

I was being wheeled to the medical ward, oddly.

I looked over to see it being a orderly.

"Why am I going to the medical ward?" I asked.

"There could be a cure we recently uncovered." The orderly said.

My vision began to change from the long gray hall to the blue ocean.

"Is it that time . . . already?" I said. "Damn it."

"Sir?" The orderly asked.
"What's your name again?" I asked. 

"Tyerlis," The orderly said. 

"If I don't act myself; it's the damn alien cancers fault." I said.
Molder, has it ever occurred to you this Q is pulling your leg?” Skully asked, through their communicator while getting on her socks.

Molder is in bed with the communicator right beside him on the table.

"Yes, it has." Molder said.

"And he is losing his memory," Skully added. "I don't think this old man is a reliable witness."

"Wait until it happens again." Molder said. "Or at least some alien forces leave their scanner down and another resident goes missing." He tossed a ball up in the air. "I have some of my security videos set up around the building connected to my computer." Molder catches the ball once again. "He once used to have a clear memory, Skully, but when he has his moments . . . I am pretty sure this man is sane as you and me."

"We are talking about a old man, Molder." Skully said.

"We will know what we are up against tommorrow, hopefully." Molder said.

"We better." Skully said.

"Remember how he had no idea who you were after our first meeting?" Molder said.

"Yeah," Skully said.

"If I become like that man, shoot me." Molder said.

"Molder!" Skully said.

"I was joking, Skully." Molder said, with a snicker.

"You sounded really serious when you said that." Skully said.

Molder laughed.

"I was just trying it out how Quarty did his 'serious' act," Molder said. "Fun fact there are some videos that are supposedly from 2364 to 2370 on his profile." On the screen is a video of Q dressed up oddly as a judge in front of a frozen woman. "I am watching history from a different perspective."

"Molder, who gave you those videos?" Skully asked.

"His son." Molder said.

Skully raised her eyebrows.

"Molder, Mr Q doesn't have a son." Skully said.

"He shared a strong resemblance with Quarty," Molder said. Skully lowered her eyebrows down.
"He told me I needed to see what kind of man we are relying off. Things are getting interesting here, Skully, like so interesting it is outrated."

"See you in the morning, Molder." Skully said.

"Don't let the bed bugs bite," Molder said. "Molder out."

Molder shut the communicator then turned his attention back to the screen and resumed watching the episode.

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Two Vulcan Security Officers stood at the doorway to my room.

They, as in the Medical Home, had enlisted the help of some Vulcans to ensure the safety of the elderlys.

Vulcans are known to sleep for two to three hours but sometimes they are exaggerated to sleep for seventeen minutes due to their ability to require little sleep than humans do. Small mechanical sounds drew their attention. The two Vulcan male officers dispatched at my door walked forward toward the walking robot. I knew this was happening due to their boot steps walking away and the strange eerie cling-cling sound made when metal meets metal. I saw a white flash in the corner of the room.

There stood the strange man from earlier.

"Hello, Father." The man said.

I positioned myself forwards basically upright.

"Who are you?" I asked.

The man approached me with a smile and a photograph appeared in his hand. He sat down at the edge of my bed and held the picture up telling me, "I am your son, the scandalious one. The one you weren't there for." He put the picture into my metal right hand. "Do you remember me? My name is Trelane."

I looked at him, oddly.

"I don't remember you," I said. "And what kind of scandal was it?"

Trelane sighed and his shoulders lowered.

"Father, everyone knows." Trelane said.

I raised a brow.

"Knows what?" I asked.

"The truth," Trelane said. I lowered my brow. "That you are my father."

I looked down toward the photograph in my hand.

Suddenly I had this screaming thought in my mind that almost made me jump. Almost. It was 'TRELANE, YOU DID WHAT'. I didn't understand the meaning of that thought. I looked toward the young man confused. This thought lead to a feeling of 'no,no,no, you just had to ruin her
reputation did you? DID YOU?'. I had mixed emotions glancing back toward the image. It was . . .
A younger man holding a two year old pinching his nose appearing to be disgusted. The two year
old was chewing on a toy.

"Who is her?" I asked.

"My . . . My mother," Trelane said. "She was understanding about what I did. It was about time the
continuum accepted me. I met with mother awhile ago." Trelane's gaze lowered as did his voice.
"Father, you were never meant to live to the year 2366."

Suddenly I heard a crash. I paid no attention to it. The angry emotion turned into shock. But it
explained a great deal. But what did it explain? It was this emotion of conclusion. I handed the
picture back to Trelane then made his fingers curl up against the photograph. 'That explains why I
am dying, apparently', came another thought.

"I am dying." I said.

Trelane smiled, putting one hand on my shoulder.

"No, you are not." Trelane said. "You will live for round five. You still have the end of round four to
learn."

"Are you my teacher?" I asked.

Trelane took his hand off my shoulder.

"Do you recognize yourself in that picture?" Trelane asked.

"No." I said.

"No?" Trelane asked, concerned.

"I barely know who I am anymore," I said. "Around here . . . People call me Q. What does Q mean?
What was his life? What did he do to deserve THIS?" I waved my left arm in the air. "Sometimes I
wonder if my thoughts are his or some of them are mine."

Trelane nodded, understandably.

"It is not uncommon for people like you to ask those questions," Trelane said. "It keeps you in check
and it helps you remember."

I sadly sighed.

"The only way I remember who you are is by repeating your name to my mind . . . at least to what
is left of it." I said, fiddling with my metal fingers.

"Left of it?" Trelane asked.

I glance up toward Trelane.

"It's . . ." Trelane looked up then back toward me. "It's like . . . Knowledge comes to me . . . Things
make sense . . . And then they don't." I heard beeping. "What is wrong with me? I don't understand
why they test me so often."

"Lay back down," Trelane said, putting one hand on my chest. "You need it."
I quizzically looked at the young man hiding a alarmed look.

It was the one question I dreaded to ask.

To see that calm and reassuring face fall apart by that one question would break my world of calmality.

"What is it?" The young man asked.

I was half scared to ask.

"Who are you?" I asked.

The young man stood up not even flinching.

"Trelane, your son," Trelane said. "And I am not going to get tired of telling you that, father."

Trelane vanished in a white flash.

"Trelane, your son," I replayed the words. "And I am not going to get tired of telling you that, father."

I smiled, crouched in the boat stranded away from the dock.

"Oh Trelane . . ." I said.

I was looking down upon the photograph in my hand.

I couldn't hear what I was saying outside but apparently someone must have aimed a flashlight in my direction. I looked over expecting to see a yellow flash in the darkness. The only way I could see the photograph was because of the star light. There are a kind of ancient spirits called Walk-Ins who turn children into star light and let them wonder to find new homes. But to be fair they only did it to save their lives.

My eyes widened seeing the sky be outlined in light blue. I looked over toward the translucent green water knowing it was cancer. Did I really want to be taken through the mind by the scanner? No way! I wanted to live. I had to be in the cancer. I folded the photograph into a small square, tucked it into my pocket, then jumped right in doing a cannonball.

I pinched my nose upon landing in the water watching the blue light graze over the water.

Why did it want me?

My eyes were wide open.

Long as I am technically inside the cancer it seems all my memories are gone. That way it cannot upload me. Why is it trying to get me for the second time in a row? Did it make ANOTHER mistake? The blue light faded. I closed my eyes feeling relieved. I heard a seagull flying over the water. A seagull? I didn’t understand. Nothing about this made sense to me! It was all too irritating. I attempted to swim up but that is when I realized some tentacles had wrapped around my legs. I looked down to see the cancer ridden octopus dragging me down into the abyss.

I can't let it win!
I CAN NOT LET IT WIN!

I am Quarty and I don't lose the challenge of escaping, usually!

I can feel water making way through my nose and my mouth. I kicked! I flailed! I attempted only a Q would wonder to make it let go. I had to try. I had to try. I had to live. At every turn in my life as a human there have been many attempts on my life. The continuum never intended me to become a Q again. I wasn't suppose to be alive. Period. When I was really supposed to die? I saw the belly of a boat grace forward with the shape of a human being rowing.

I won't die any time soon.

This time I grabbed at the tentacles squeezing them hard as I could then bit into them.

The tentacles let me go.

I swim up toward the surface to where I see it is day.

The first word out of my mouth, "Picard?"

It was turning into daylight.

I looked over seeing a boat with a figure holding a fishing rod in complete fishermen gear.

"John-Luc!" I shouted.

With aching in my shoulders and my legs, I went onward.

Silence.

I grabbed onto the boat making it shake from side to side. I slipped into the boat right beside the half-breed Vulcan. I took my fresh breaths of freedom. The fresh unique taste of the air went through my lungs. I strangely wasn't wet. I was happy to see the man I had long left behind in the natural world. Surely he must have built a life. I hope he has and I hope he is happy. All I want to be assure of is that John-Luc has been taken care of and will have a comforting life for the next couple decades.

"John-Luc?" I asked, putting one hand on his shoulder.

I turned John-Luc toward my direction to see he has a poker face.

"This is not real." John-Luc said.

"And I am not real." I added

"Correct." John-Luc said.

I sighed.

In the world of dreams, John-Luc likes to to think he has everything figured out.

"But I am real," I said. "I just escaped a cancer-topus!"


"It is so absurd, right?" I asked.
"Yes, that is illogical." John-Luc said.

"Is it possible that as long as you are dreaming, we are sharing the same psychic plane?" I asked.

"Possible," John-Luc said. "But why is the ocean green?"

"Cancer." I said.

"But Cancer would make it orange, reasonably." John-Luc said.

"Or red." I said.

"Explain." John-Luc said.

"It is green because I know a Half-Breed Vulcan with green blood and I am fairly accustomed to seeing green bleed out," I said. "You do remember the time you nearly cut off your pinkie... Right?" I raised a brow. "Don't tell me I am the only one who remembers that!"

John-Luc grabbed me into a hug.

"It is really you," John-Luc said. "It is really you."

I smiled.

"Oh yes, it is," I said. "It is really me."

John-Luc broke the hug.

"How are you doing this?" John-Luc asked. "You normally can't jump into someone's dream."

"I am not wrong when I say this, but..." I tap my fingers together. "You are in my mind, John-Luc." I put my hands on his shoulder. "And if things turn to worse..." I cleared my throat. "I will be making sure you will have a better life. Even if it means haunting you, terrorizing you, and forcing you out of that cabin!"

John-Luc smiled.

"I will, Quarty." John-Luc said

I felt so relaxed and I take my hands off his shoulder.

"Wake up," I said. "John-Luc."

"No," John-Luc said. "I want it to last a little longer."

"Longer and you are dead," I said. "For good."

"Liar." John-Luc said.

"Stubborn half-breed." I said.

"You are very aware insults cannot work on me, right?" John-Luc asked.

"Stubborn Vulcan." I said.

"Why thank you, Quarty." John-Luc thanked me.
I slide my hand down my face.

"Do I look old to you?" I asked.

"No," John-Luc said. "You look just the way I met you."

I smiled.

"Until next time, honey." I said.

I delivered a kiss straight to John-Luc's lips. A single passionate kiss initiated in the realm of mind or dreams can wake up a man. I reopened my eyes to see John-Luc had vanished leaving me in the same boat I had found myself in the beginning. I felt the need to cry. I really did right then. What I did was out of sheer love to John-Luc.

And I cried.
"What happened?" Is the first question that came out of Molder's mouth.

The new morning shift security discovered their fellow officers on the floor wounded and in their most intensive trances. They were taken to a local Vulcan ward that happened to be nearby, conveniently. One of the female Vulcans Teanna and her male counterpart Shirk had recovered from their injuries, both of whom were questioned separately by the two IBF Special Agents.

"We were attacked," Shirk said. "By a creature. A creature that shape shift from robot to dragon."

"What kind of dragon?" Molder asked.

"It was like a bird . . ." Shirk said. "But not."

Molder jotted down the note on his note Padd.

"What did it do?" Molder asked.

Shirk was contemplating how much of a threat this intruder posed to the elderlys. Targeting the old people was illogical including those who worked to make sure they were comfortable in their dying days on their last leg. A strange metal sound drew his attention as did it to Teanna. Shirk grabbed his phaser taking a step forward. His partner, Teanna, was hesitant to grab her phaser.

Womans inner sense, Vulcan's call it.

This threat didn't seem to be mortal in a sense.

Teanna, instead, took out her vaporizer. The robot had got out of a elderly's room with glowing crystal shaped blue optics. The other two Vulcan Guards took their phasers out in the moment then shot right at the exiting robot, but they were sent flying technically sliding down the floor covered in phaser burns on 50% of their body. They were cowering in pain and recuperating from them.

"Teanna, do not shoot." Shirk warned.

"Why not?" Teanna asked.

"It would seem to inflict harm onto us." Shirk said.

"We have a charge to protect." Teanna said.

The little robot turned into a dragon. A dragon like bird.

What stopped the other Vulcans from firing was the point Shirk had made. Their phasers were locked at the direction of the Dragon-Scanner. Their eyes were launched on the very disturbing illogical being who could make their weapons backfire on them. The Vulcans found it illogical to fire on something that used their weapons against them. It was logical not to attack.

The Dragon-Scanner went to the direction of the door protected by Shirk and Teanna.

"May I now fire?" Teanna asked.

"Your wish to be burned." Shirk said.

Teanna shot at the Dragon-Scanner.

Teanna crashed against the other wall across from Shirk. Her body crashing against the wall made a loud obvious sound capable of drawing attention. She landed on her side grasping at her arm with a little bit of green blood coming from the corner of her mouth. Shirk stood in the way of the Dragon-Scanner lowering his phaser. The other Vulcans fired their phasers at the alien being making its way to the doorway. Our view goes behind the Dragon-Scanner where we can see the fellow Vulcans on the floor most of whom are now in pain.

Teanna forced herself up seeing a blue glow from in front of the dragon-like beast.

What was it doing to Shirk?

Teanna got up dropping her vaporizer to the floor.

Then she did the unthinkable.

Teanna jumped onto the Dragon-Scanner's back right as the blue light had continued. She dug her fingers into the creature's back trying to get its attention. But then the Dragon Scanner's tail smacked her off due to its illogical length. Teanna managed to stop herself from going any further on the floor six feet away to see the figure of a glowing Vulcan child standing before Dragon-Scanner staring at it. The height of the individual standing there shrunk and shrunk until the light was gone.

"Shirk!" Teanna shouted.

Teanna forced herself up using the wall.

The Dragon-Scanner turned its attention straight to Teanna drifting smoke out of its nostrils.

"You will not take my charge," Teanna said, taking a phaser out of her sheath. "I promise you that, shape-shifter."

The Dragon-Scanner approached Teanna with a growl that was low and menacing. She shot at the beast using the phaser taking small steps back. She wasn't afraid. She wasn't afraid. She wasn't afraid. She was merely attempting to keep her distance from the beast. Fear was an emotion. A emotion that she had learned to control during her childhood. Each blast was absorbed into the beast's skin. Its scales started to glow a firesome heat. Its metal claws shined brightly to reveal that it is roughly the size of a large horse.

The Dragon-Scanner struck Teanna.

Meanwhile, Shirk discovered himself in what appeared to be coding. He merely floated to and there
seeing the blackness be brightened by a series of dark blue lines that illuminated the scenery for him. The whole floor was outlined in light green squares. He felt like a computer program, useless and waiting to be used. He saw other figures in the setting belonging to old people to young people. In fact he saw Mrs Sweeter!

"Mrs Sweeter!" Shirk shouted, running after the woman.

She was shown to the guards through a holo-projector to the various Vulcan Guards.

Mrs Sweeter turned toward the sound of Shirk's voice visibly frightened.

"Where is Mr Q?" Mrs Sweeter said.

"He is fine," Shirk said, after he approached her. "He is in his quarters . . . Resting." He raised a brow. "Why are you concerned of Mr Q's status?"

"He is dying," Mrs Sweeter said.

Shirk lowered a brow not surprised.

"So?" Shirk asked.

"This beast . . . Whatever it is, can't decide." Mrs Sweeter said.

"Decide what?" Shirk asked.

"To end Mr Q's misery for him or not. I can remember so much than I had in my human form. He's a walking memory bank." Mrs Sweeter said.

"This is a person, Mrs Sweeter," Shirk said. "He is much of a threat to everyone."

"Mr Q would love it here." Mrs Sweeter said, with a soft smile.

"Mrs Sweeter," Shirk said. "If I am not wrong . . . He would not be happy here. His loved ones are outside and logically in whatever state he is, I believe Mr Q would prefer to stay in contact with them in some way through his deteriorating condition."

"What makes you think that?" Mrs Sweeter asked.

"I have learned and seen humans defy all odds to see their loved ones again," Shirk said. "I saw that in my previous charge."

"Under no offense," Mrs Sweeter said. "This charge of yours does not happen to be a former god."

"But he was a human," Shirk said. "And Mr Q is a human being."

"You are blinded by humanity!" Mrs Sweeter said.

"I am not," Shirk said. "I know humanity and you are not Mrs Sweeter."

The image of Mrs Sweeter frowned as she disappeared.

"Take me back, computer." Shirk said, staring at the computer generated coded sky.

"So let me get this straight," Molder said. "You are saying Mrs Sweeter is dead."
"That is the facts." Shirk said.

"And after calling out the Dragon-Scanner you found yourself in Mr Quarty's quarters on the floor face down in the dark and discovered Mr Quarty was unresponsive," Molder added. "You then went out to check on your partner onto to see the huge robot holding her up by her neck above the floor choking her."

"Affirmative." Shirk said.

"Then you fired at the Dragon-Scanner's back using her vaporizer and created a . . ." Molder looked down toward the Note Padd.

"Black hole." Shirk finished for him.

"Which sucked up the beast, and as it did you took your partner out of the way in your arms," Molder said.

"That's exactly what happened." Shirk said.

"But can you explain how you made a black hole?" Molder asked.

"No, I am afraid not." Shirk said.

"And how you received additional injuries?" Molder asked.

"The black hole had scrap metal coming out afterwards and my partner and I were injured," Shirk said. "We were too weak at the time to call for help."
Shirk confronts Mr Q

. . . 2296 . . .Fort Madison . . .


We were told that our hotel arrangement was changing due to a Gas Leak in one of the hallways leading to our rooms. I lowered my head feeling really sad, as though knowing the truth behind it when I did not. They were quarantining it to ensure it could be safe for testing and experimentation to see what went wrong. I had heard the news the nice lady who was there when the Picard fellow dropped me off was dead.

I felt bitterly sad.

I wanted to curse at the world in so many tongues.

I had suitcase which only needed items I believed were valuable.

Knock,knock,knock went the sound on the doorway.

I turned toward the sound using the wheelchair.

"What do you want?" I ever so rudely asked.

Why was I in such a angry mood?

Rightttt.

I was mad at the world.

"I want to talk with you," Came a young Vulcan man with blonde hair. "My name is Shirk."

I could have said, "You know I will just forget your name. What is the use in telling me something I won't remember?"

"Interesting name," I said, instead. "For a Vulcan."

The two IBF agents left after wrapping up their investigation yesterday.

"I want to tell you the truth," Shirk said. "The beast is not dead."

"What beast?" I asked.

Shirk came down to my side with a concerned look.

"It can't decide whether it wants to end your misery for you," Shirk said. "I told the agents the truth up until I awoke in your quarters. Now you must do me a favor and never stop fighting to live."

I looked at him, puzzled.

I could have asked, "Why?" to get the point.

Instead, I nodded.
"My partner and I can't explain what we saw," Shirk said. "But we both agreed to a lie to assure it will never appear again. It only appears when you have lost hope. Don't ever lose that. It makes you more human than I am."

I felt hope that the nice woman wasn't dead.

Then three words came out of my mouth, unexpectedly.

"Thank you, Shirk." I said, whole-heartedly.

Shirk raised his eyebrow then he lowered it.

"Mr Quarty," Shirk said. "I wish you the best of luck."

Thoughts wondered into my head, "It will get better. Eventually. The darkness will fall and there will be light."

Shirk left my quarters.
"Skully, you should take a look at this." Molder said, sliding right beside Scully in the recreation room.

"At what, exactly?" Skully asked.

"The video from two days ago, the night the 'Dragon-Scanner' supposedly was sucked to its death." Molder said.

"Molder, there is evidence to back up their claim." Skully said.

"Just come look at this and tell me I am imagining this," Molder said. "Because if I am . . . I am willing to drop it."

"All right, I am in." Skully said.

Molder looked in both directions then he took out a Padd that had an image playing on it. He tapped on it lightly. Before the two IBF Special Agent's eyes there was a profoundly similar scene told by the two guards. True Shirk had been projected back in reality in front of Quarty's bed. Quarty looked toward his right mumbling something that wasn't picked up by the cameras.

Our perspective followed Shirk toward the direction of the doorway that lacked a door. The other camera showed the Dragon Scanner pinning Teanna against the wall with claws wrapped around her neck making jagged long almost wide scars along her neck. She was making a struggle. Skully looked up toward Molder's direction raising a brow. This was almost to the tea of what happened, so far.

This time, Shirk mouthed something that went about the lines of "LET HER GO."

The Dragon--Scanner did not move as it scanned Teanna.

Skully's face went pale.

"I said, LET. HER GO!" Shirk demanded. "Teanna. Have hope you'll live. Have hope!"

Teanna stared back at the Dragon-Scanner's eyes thinking, 'I am not going to die. I am not going to die. I am not going to die.' It was simply on her face. It was not just an emotion but a look of reassurance. She had trust in her partner's word. First time she ever worked with Shirk but she had that kind of faith in most of her Vulcan counterparts. The grip around her neck loosened. Quite quickly the beast let go then faced toward Shirk.

"And here is where things get a little unrealistic." Molder said.

A flying metal pea shaped item appeared in between the two, then it let out a white bright light that send the beast away, and then it made what could be defined as a explosive sound releasing scrapmetal. The scrap metal was embedded into the Vulcan's skin. The two were left on the floor bleeding and injured. With what conscious the two had they began focusing all their energy on their wounds.
"That is . . . Not what she said what happened." Skully said.

"Am I insane or is the Dragon-Scanner still out there?" Molder asked.

"Let's keep it low key that it is dead, Molder." Skully said.

"But shouldn't we have it as a side note in a X-File only readable for a specific kind of light?" Molder asked.

"If it makes you sleep any better, why not." Skully said.

Molder smiled.

"Nothing makes me sleep any better except for knowing the truth." Molder said.
Worry for one you care about

... 2296 ... Fort Madison ...

... January 10Th ... 9:48 AM ...

John-Luc entered into the hospital building in Fort Madison. He could see there being four huge holo-pictures with flowers and what seemed to be fake greenery laced under the memorial. He recognized the blond woman as Mrs Sweeter, the first woman in the nursing home who seemed to understand his problem. Now she is dead. Beyond return. Well, death is a funny story for Q and former Q alike. For the Q, death is never ever the end ... Really.

He came to a man with red hair talking to a woman with brown hair.

"What happened here?" John-Luc asked.

"A Dragon-Scanner took four people ..." Molder stopped. "You are Mr Pocirld."

"Why yes, that I am."

"You are a legend," Molder said, holding his hand out. "Fox Molder, big fan."

John-Luc shook Molder's hand.

"Fox Mulder?" John-Luc repeated.

"Molder not Mulder," Molder said, then he stopped shaking John-Luc's hand. "I thoroughly enjoyed reading about your adventures aboard the Enterprise."

John-Luc smiled.

"Nice to hear of that," John-Luc said. He could have said, "You two share a striking resemblance to the original members of the X-Files. Are you possibly related to Dana Scully and Fox Mulder?" But perhaps it was only a coincidence or a matter of time that two figures be given reincarnation. "How does this involve my husband?"

Skully had a surprised expression on her face.

"He's in another section of the building," Molder said, not very surprised by the question. "Just ask . . ." He started to point toward a rather short Vulcan with little hair and had dark skin and had prosthetic legs. John-Luc had on a look of recognition. "You might know about him . . . If I am correct."

"Of course I do," John-Luc said. "That's the man who dragged me out of what could have been my demise."

John-Luc went off in the direction of the short dark Vulcan.

"Molder," Skully said, once John-Luc was far from them. "There is no record what-so-ever about Mr Pocirld being Mr Q's spouse."

"It is only rumor that just happened to check out," Molder said.

Skully narrowed her eyes.
"Spill it." Skully said.

"Quarty's son wed him and Mr Pocirld," Molder said. "On the planet Colo." He took out a Note padd. "I have the marriage certificate right here. I didn't think it would be anything important to tell but . . . This tops the cake."

"So Mr Q's son wed his father to a Vulcan without adding it to the Federation data banks," Skully said. "That is close to impossible. If someone were married; a Captain or a Priest would have made note of it."

"You've heard about Trelane, Skully?" Molder asked.

"Yes." Skully looked at Molder strangely as though she realized something.

"He is Quarty's son," Molder said. "And I suspect he married them."

"That makes sense," Skully said. "If they were married. Why didn't he just make add their marriage to the data banks so Mr Pocirld has the same spouse support and rights that everyone has when their spouse is dying or dead."

"I guess he never thought of it." Molder said.

Our scene transfers fifteen minutes later in a different waiting room for the elderly. They still didn't know what was going on. Some were visibly frightened about the strange people, some had enough sanity to be the one coaxed the scared elders and reassure them it is going to be okay, and some just stared out into no-where.

John-Luc entered the secondary waiting wing expecting to see me there.

Boy, was he in there for a surprise.

John-Luc at first was confused then he went to the nearby nurse who was behind the desk.

So he approached the desk.

"Nurse, where is Quarty?" John-Luc asked.

"Neural sector." The nurse said.

John-Luc raised a brow.

"Why?" John-Luc asked.

"He refuses to take a nap," The nurse said. "In fact he won't take a nap at all. Not since the way we found him."

John-Luc's fingers tapped on the counter, lightly.

John-Luc's eyebrow went down.

"Maybe I could talk to him." John-Luc said.

"He is scared, Mr Pocirld." The nurse said.

"But he can trust me." John-Luc said.
The nurse sighed.

"If you can stand his current state . . ." The nurse started.

"I have been with him for three decades, miss," John-Luc said. "I have seen him at his worst."

The nurse looked at John-Luc reluctantly.

"Don't say I didn't warn you." The nurse said.
The Picard fellow came into my room. Or was it my room at all? I was scared, honestly. Scared of closing my eyes. Because when I did close my eyes all I saw was a terrifying beast that was like a dragon and a bird merged together. It was scary for the least. All too scary. Whenever I did close my eyes I felt so alone against the creature. It was like the creature still lurked but inside my head.

Maybe it did.

Maybe it didn't.

All I knew is that I am afraid of it.

My eyes were wide open.

I was unable to say a word due to the drugs I am on by the staff attempting to have me take a nap. They should just hang up their coats and let me just be afraid. Afraid of what could be real. I can still recall that flying ball fly through the window shattering the glass into pieces shortly this morning. It glowed orange scanning the room using a green light then faced my direction.

It replayed the image in my mind except it was real.

I remember letting out a terrified scream.

"Quarty," The Picard fellow said. "I know you are scared. But you have to sleep."

I moved my right hand's fingers.

It was some part of my brain that did not allow me to speak or do anything for that matter. That machine scanned me using a red light different from the orange. The machine had a metal like ding. The ding was so clear I can still hear it in my mind. The item flew out of my vision. It was after that I discovered I couldn't speak to convey my fear. What did the scan do?

That machine also left a hollow high pitch sound.

I can hear people, but most of all their thoughts.

_He has to rest_, The Picard fellow thought, _or else it will kill him._

Kill me?

My face couldn't make the expression of a frown as I stared at him.

_Hah, _The Picard fellow thought, _the other way around. What he said to me is . . .Now in his problem._

What did I say earlier?

I am so not going to die.
I have to push onward and prove a man wanting to stay away from what terrifies him can still live!

"Quarty," The Picard fellow said. "If you are in there, still, do something other than staring at me."

The high pitch sound grew louder and louder.

This was a test. A DAMN TEST to see how I fared with this distraction. Honestly? I am frightened, and scared. If I could close my eyes I would, Picard. But I just can't. I should be better not worse. The Picard fellow leaned forward reached his hand out to my face and put his hands accordingly alongside my face. The Picard fellow muttered a phrase. Soon enough, I could feel someone . . . Searching. Searching in my mind. God, he was invading my mind! Scoping around, to be precise. The door behind the Picard fellow was shut closed with a lock in place. Were they scared of a patient going mad and becoming a threat?

I am just so scared of closing my eyes.

Can't anyone see the look in my eyes?

All I could hear was a high pitch hollow sound radiating through. I had gone without sleep for hours. I thought I could keep it up. Keep up the game of staying away. It was a matter of time before the image dissipated. Suddenly I can feel a solitude. A clear and pristine solitude. I felt calm, relaxed, and entirely good. I felt very content. I felt a heavy weight on my eye lids. Then there was a flood of memories and emotions that were not entirely mine. How do I know?

I don't.

I somehow, could feel my right hand reach to his face and take on the similar position. These emotions were heavy and rather understandable. I felt close and personal in this . . Mind Meld? My eyes closed into the darkness. I saw the memory of a rather younger Picard with white hair walking alongside a woman with red curly hair down a earthly beach. She held a small box in her hands with a sad expression. She was so young!

They came to a stop at the ocean side.

The Picard fellow had his arm wrapped around her shoulder and her shoulders were going up and down.

Was this . . . A death being honored?


Her name was Beverly.

Beverly opened the small box.

White like sand was carried out of the box into the air.


The Picard fellow appeared to be sad watching the contents of the box fly off.

I know how he feels, I heard John-Luc thought.

I realized where I was and how this moment was part of John-Luc. This is the day he honored the wishes of his late friend Jack Crusher, Ex-Husband of Beverly Howard. I turned around feeling my heart race searching for him. How could I be hearing John-Luc on what seems to be a random beach
scene where Jack's ashes are carried into the sky?

"John-Luc?" I shouted, looking at the sky. "Are you doing a mind meld?"

My scene changed from the beach to an injured version of John-Luc on the floor with a burned leg. A brown Vulcan with little hair and prosthetic legs grabbed John-Luc by the arm and started to take him out of harms way from the oncoming fire blasts. He was a red shirt! A red shirt to another Star Ship out there! That was... Tuvok? No. That wasn't. That was Taveek. Strange name for a male Vulcan who's name should start with a S. I scratched my head. What kind of event lead to that name? Tuvok must have done some illegal time traveling to influence that!

So uncalled for, Tuvok.

"You don't owe me, Pocirld." Taveek said, in a shelter with John-Luc.

"The hell I do!" John-Luc said.

The Mind-Meld must be penetrating the memories.

Taveek rolled an eye.

"I am just here to make sure the guy with a penchant to lose his officers doesn't die." Taveek said.

John-Luc pressed himself against the wall cringing in pain.

"How do you know that?" John-Luc said.

"You never came back to the Enterprise for a report about the planet with two biologists," Taveek said. "The Enterprise had to attend to another matter so the ship I was stationed on was sent to get you back."

"And now we are stuck." John-Luc said.

"Apparently." Taveek said.

"I have an idea." John-Luc said.

Taveek raised a brow.

"What kind?" Taveek asked.

"We are going to play a game with them." John-Luc said.

Oh, I love games!

I watched the memory unfold by the sidelines. At the end I began to experience a hollow high pitch sound. I looked up toward the sky feeling the clarity in my mind starting to fade. I could hear John-Luc thinking, "He needs a new image. He needs a new image to see rather than the one his vision sees." My right hand had been lowered to my side. "He must pull through as a whole."

My entire surroundings were changing in terms of reality.

I saw my boat and in the other eye I saw John-Luc with his eyes closed now having both hands on different sides of my face. What kind of Mind Meld is now doing? What was he doing to to the sound to be exact? I saw a box appear before my left eye. I had a gut feeling to put this sound into the box. I grabbed what I associated the sound to into the box, closed it, and taped up the box. I
thought of one thing to say to John-Luc.

Which I hope he could hear.

"It is nice to see you again, John-Luc." I thought.

All I could hear is silence.
John-Luc started to turn away but then Quarty's metal hand grabbed his wrist.

"It is..." Quarty mumbled in his sleep. "It is nice to see you again, John-Luc."

God was his strength extremely strong.

"Quarty, loosen your grip." John-Luc said.

Quarty's hand let go of John-Luc's wrist then his metal hand fell to his side. John-Luc looked down upon the sleeping old man on the table wearing glasses. He recalled being there when when Quarty first asked, "Honey, is the screen blurry or is it me?". John-Luc recalled the day his vision became bad when Quarty made the 'I-can't-see-you' look. It was right in the morning on a Monday when they made the terrible discovery. It took a couple days to get the right prescription lenses and a pair of glasses that fit Quarty's head.

"Don't get into trouble while I am gone, will you?" John-Luc asked.

John-Luc left.
"Data, we found a doorway back to our Foresti planet." Riker said, but then he came to notice no one was in the room.

That was odd.

How could they just vanish?

"Data?" Riker called. "Mr Pocirld?"

Riker stepped forward and the next he could see was that the room is covered in dust. One second ago it was not covered in dust. That was entirely strange. Riker tapped on his combadge then said, "Riker to Enterprise."

"Riker, you just left." Came Jean-Luc's voice over the com badge.

"The Enterprise or the room, Captain?" Riker asked.

"You just left the bridge with Data and Worf." Jean-Luc said.

Wow, that was odd.

"Riker out." Riker said, then he tapped on the combadge.

Riker stepped back. The room was remarkably back in its clean condition without dust. Riker opened the door to the building then he departed out of the unusual time fixtured house. What was going on for the small Away Team? Could it be connected in some way to John-Luc? How could there be a trail of messed up time behind one Vulcan?

"Riker to Worf, what is wrong with the machine?"

"Nothing is wrong, sir," Worf said. "It seems the machine is at a standstill."

Riker paused.

"Did you feel . . . Time change?"

"I did not."

"I just had a chat with Captain Picard in Mr Pocirld's house."

"The Vulcan claimed not to be him."

"They weren't in the house."

"Have you checked around for any machinery plugged into the wall?"

"No. I have not . . But I will do it. Riker out."

Our scene switches to Worf's scene. Suddenly across from him appears Data and John-Luc. John-
Luc appeared as though he had aged ten years from the last time he had been seen. Data, on the other hand, just looked the same. Worf looked up startled by the sudden appearance of the two. He was just about to tap on his combadge when John-Luc said, "Destroy that machine, Mr Worf."

Worf lowered his hand.

"What?" Worf asked.

"Drop what you are doing and dismantle it." John-Luc said.

"We are exactly ten years and four days from the future," Data said. "John-Luc is one hundred one."

Worf is baffled.

"But you were just--" Worf started to say but John-Luc interrupted.

"At the cabin," John-Luc said. "We were until you turned on the machine and tested it out. It chose us, an illogical choice, to displace us before Warp Power had been developed on another planet." He shuddered. "Worst decade of my life."

"But we could use this to go home." Worf said.

Data stepped forward.

"I have done the calculations that no matter what you do, it will send Riker further than it did to us," Data said. "We were also sent here too early to embark on a rescue mission."

"Riker is still here in this time." Worf said.

"There is a time rift in my home and if he takes another step inside of it; you will never see or hear of him again," John-Luc said.

Data lacked his combadge.

"How do you know that?" Worf asked.

"Because I saw him die, Mr Worf," John-Luc said. "And I couldn't stop it." John-Luc sounded upset saying 'stop it'. "Tell him to stay away from the house and return. This rift cannot be closed. And if you want to go home then you better trust me when I say 'destroy that machine'. It only brings heart ache to your Enterprise crew." He pointed over to the machine then lowered his hand. "I, myself, have a tough time placing my trust on a Klingon. After being part of the war my Federation had with the Klingons for so long . . ." He sighed. "I have faced Captain Worf numerous times that I have doubt that you are any different from him."

"Captain . . .Worf?" Worf repeated, startled by the revelation.

"Yes, a rather fierce Captain who died facing off with my spouse." John-Luc said.

"I am not anything like your Worf." Worf said.

"Then prove me wrong by terminating that machine!" John-Luc said.

Worf pressed a red button turning off the machine then tapped on his combadge.

"Worf to Riker," Worf said. "Do not enter the house a second time."
"Riker here," Riker said. "Why?"

"There is a imminent threat pertaining to your life if you enter it for the second time," Worf said. "Mr Pocirld has another plan in mind to return us back to your timeline."

"Oh, so he sneaked off with Data back to the lab." Riker said.

"Not exactly," Worf said. "Mr Pocirld will explain it better than I, hopefully."

"I am coming," Riker said. "Riker out."

Worf turned his head toward John-Luc.

"I told you I am nothing like Captain Worf." Worf said.

John-Luc sighed, relieved.
A plan going in motion

. . . 2296 . . . 2:48 Delta Afternoon . . .


"So we are going to rescue a guy who used to be omnipotent because?" Riker asked.

"We are humans." John-Luc said.

"For all we know, Q could be staging this." Riker said.

"Quarty would never do that to me." John-Luc said.

"How long have you known Q?" Riker asked.

"Longer than you, Mr Riker," John-Luc said. "Before you were born."

"From the records I gathered in the database and my memories of the day Q left us," Data said. "This is not one of Q's games."

"It is one of Trelane's games, instead." John-Luc said.

John-Luc put down a flat disk that emitted a light blue hologram of a building.

"Hm . . . " Worf said. "Isn't that the most secure place Star Fleet has for test subjects?"

Riker looked up.

"Surely he wouldn't put himself as a test subject," Riker said. "He has enough sense for that."

"He used to be based in a Nursing Home at Zako in Fort Madison," John-Luc said. "Due to the attack by a Dragon-Scanner they recently decided to move him and countless others to a 'secure place' for them to live out the remaining days. I have a bad feeling about that place. It is not good. It is nothing what they say. I have not received reports about my spouse in the last seven months and it worries me."

"Hey, does anyone want some tea?" Zarah asked.

"I'll take Earl Gray tea, hot." John-Luc said.

Zarah smiled.

"As usual," Zarah said, then turned toward the two new comers. "Wants some brownies?"

"I'll pass." Riker said.

"Are they any better than the failed attempt at meat brownies?" Worf asked.

"Meat brownies?" Zarah repeated, blinking.

"Yes, meat brownies," Worf said. "Most of which are full of meat and chocolate. They are much worse than rotten potato."

"There is no such thing as meat brownies," Zarah said. "But I'll try it."
Zarah turned away then went back to the kitchen.

"Her name is Zarak Potazanie Cobowie." John-Luc said.

Worf gasped.

"Do you mean to say I am the reason why Meat Brownies are around?" Worf asked.

"Meat Brownies are not that popular on the Enterprise." Riker noted.

"Yes, I am," John-Luc said. "It seems logical to assume you are creating a bootstrap effect and she is the creator."

"Me and my big mouth." Worf said.

"Wait, that is the woman who invented meat brownies," Riker said, recognizing a piece of furniture. He laughed and laughed. "Oh my god, Worf, you just made the favorite food of the Ferengi come into existence!"

"Not funny." Worf said.

"Ferengi?" John-Luc repeated. "What are the Ferengi?"

Riker stopped laughing.

"Uh, you never met the Ferengi?" Riker asked, stunned.

"I was part of a Warship, Mr Riker." John-Luc reminded Riker.

"So you were scouring around for Klingon vessels rather than exploring the quadrant?" Riker asked.

"More like searching for a way to win the war," John-Luc said, in a low voice. "Care to tell me what the Ferengi are?"

"Merchants." Riker and Worf said at once.

"Really short, they have big ears, and pretty intelligent," Riker said. "But very sneaky. They are brown and you better watch out for your belongings. I once met a Ferengi who was a kleptomaniac!"

"Are we really going to be busting Quarty out of the most secure place in the federation?" Data asked, concerned.

"First, Mr Worf will go in," John-Luc said. "And if they do not allow it . . . We will be breaking in."

"That is if we don't get caught." Riker said.

"One of us has to get caught for the plan to work," John-Luc said. "And to lie. And it cannot be Mr Data."

Zarah came back with a hot tea cup then put it on the table.

"Here is Earl Gray tea," Zarah said. "Mr Worf, your Meat Brownies are not done yet."

"What have I done?" Worf said, out loud appearing to be irritated.
John-Luc leaned back taking a sip of his tea.

"So who goes in, John-Luc?" Data asked.

Zarah returned to the kitchen.

"We will need a tour of this building to be sure of this plan before hand," John-Luc said. "Right now, you can be part of our back up in black."

"So what were you doing for ten years?" Riker asked.

John-Luc lowered the tea cup.

"We could not get intergalactic wifi," John-Luc said. "We had to rely on the technology on this planet to create a machine to send us back in time . . . Unfortunately not all of us were able to get back in time." John-Luc hadn't told Riker about his untimely death. "A untimely end."

"That was a timeline where Quarty could have died and did not," Data said. "The timeline we were in was the original timeline that we are now in the progress of fixing."

"And we'll need a ship to get where this 'Trelane' wants us to," Riker said. "Trelane sounds just like Q."

"That is because Trelane is his son," John-Luc said.

"I was unaware Q had a son." Riker said.

"Me too, until he told me." John-Luc said.

"He didn't seem like the father type, but more of a trickster." Worf said.

John-Luc took a sip out of the tea cup.

"We have 53 days," John-Luc said. "And we are not going to get everything done in two weeks."

"I am tempted to meet my grandparents." Riker said.

"I was unaware you had grandparents." Data acknowledged.

"I'll introduce you to them." Riker said.

Riker's Grandparents were Claudia Riker and Jefferson Davidson.
I don't know who I am.

They call me Q.

Why?

I feel that Q is supposed to mean something great or flat. Something so dreadful I despise of. They stopped the tests what seemed to be a considerably long time ago. It was so short. Time seems to be irrelevant. I was reading a magazine. At least I could still read, thank the cosmos. It was . . . Relieving to know that. Being able to read is one of the vitals to being alive aside to writing, memory, and having a good idea what you are doing.

I don't know why but I rolled my eyes at some of the science section to the Magazine Padd.

"Oops." I heard a deep voice.

I looked over to see a man with an unusual forehead, black curly hair, and brown skin get up off the floor. He had tripped over jump robe that was incredibly thick. I felt amusement toward this fellow who reminded me of some-one. I studied his eyes. Those incredibly serious stubborn eyes that seemed to remind me of an animal. Was it a lion? They were rather human like, really. So very human than reptile.

"Hi." I said.

Did I know this man?

I felt like I had known him for years.

I wheeled right over toward the strange man with a strange forehead.

The dark man with a strange forehead looked in my direction and almost screamed. Well, he didn't really. He was certainly terrified by the looks of it. I raised an eyebrow at what the poor man could be so scared of. The dark man cleared his throat taking deep breaths and exhaling them out. He muttered something along the lines of, "It is all in my head. It is all in my head. He can't be THAT old."

I rolled up the incredibly bendable Padd Magazine.

"Who are you calling old?" I asked then hit his knee with it.

"I am." The strange man said.

I unrolled the Padd Magazine then held my hand out.

"The name is Old Q," I said, earning a surprised look from the man. "I don't really know my name. I just adopted the name." I shrugged. "I certainly do not like being called old. Really, I feel healthy and strong as I ever been!"

The strange man stared at my metal right hand for awhile.

Then he shook it.
"My name is Worf." Worf said. "Worf of Qo'nos."

"Kronos. . ." I said. "Ah, Klingon."

We ended our hand shake.

Worf nodded.

"How come you don't remember me, Q?" Worf asked.

"Remember you?" I asked. "I just met you, young man."

Worf lowered down to my level.

"This is not the first time we met," Worf said. "We met on The Enterprise in 2364. I was recently assigned."

I shook my head.

"I do not know you," I said. "Besides, I am enjoying my retirement from . . . What was it?" I tapped on my hairy chin. "Hm . . . It must have been extremely important."

I grew a beard over god knows how long.

"Hey Old Q!" Came the woman with little thorns around her face. I call her Lettie Macrommer. She has three personalities. THREE! That's the most I remember about her. "The fall party is about to commence!"

"Nice meeting you. . . What is your name again?" I asked, raising a brow.

"Worf." Worf said, his voice so low and sounded like it was at the breaking point.

Was it pity?

Worf stood up upright.

"Nice meeting you, Worf." I wheeled after Lettie.

Worf looked at my direction with a facial expression I cannot place.

My first fall party.

In a sense this hotel was better than the previous one because there were more than three channels, they actually had dogs and cats! The dogs were so friendly, like one of them normally jumps on the edge of my bed and curls up falling asleep. He is a dachshund who has a really long tale and has a piebald appearance similar to a cow. He is really small. Dachshund gives me dog kisses on my face when I least want them.

I call him Pie.

Pie acts strangely, such as barking at thin air and randomly growling at something in the hall.

I remember one moment that he did because it was so unusual.

I remember it because of how odd it was.

Pie was resting by my wheelchair as I and Lettie were playing chess.
"Check mate!" Lettie said.

"You win," I said. "My turn to be the white army."

"You always pick the white army," Lettie said. "How about the black army."

"I do not." I said.

"Actually, she is quite right." Slevik, a two hundred thirty year old Romulan-Human halfbreed, said. He had prosthetic legs. "Ninety-nine percent of the time you pick white and the other percent of the time you chose black. Though you claim not to remember."

I sighed.

"All right," I said. "I will be the black army. Happy now?"

"Quite so!" Lettie said.

Pie raised his head up and started barking. I looked over to see a empty corner as did Slevik and Lettie including a few other old people. Lettie slid the black army right to my direction. I looked down toward the small hot dog shaped pet then rubbed the back of Pie's back ever so gently. Dogs can sense the good and evil in others. His growl deepened and his tail went up. He put up a defense position.

"Pie, nothing is going on that deserves your sonic bark." I said.

I felt a dark and ominous presence in the room.

Yes, things do get odd in hotels.

A dark cloud lurked behind Slevik.

"Behind you." I mouthed.

Stupid Pie was barking at the cloud.

What I saw next will scar me for life and I will never ever forget that. It was followed by a quick snap. Slevik's neck had been snapped in front of our lives. Some of us wheeled or ran out of the room screaming in panic. We just saw one of our own acting so calm and casual. His eyes on the rest of us. He had made no sign that he was afraid. He was reading a Padd. A erotic Data Padd I would later learn. They had repeatedly told him no erotic reading for so long. I was there when they first warned him about elevating his pleasure related chemicals as too much would send him spiraling out of control.

You might call him the 'romulan who was drunk on pleasure'.

I was trembling, I recall.

One of us put salt at the doorway to a room we hid out and refused to leave for a complete twenty for hours. We watched the hunched dark figure stare at us with a skeletal like face. Poor Pie was still barking at the damn being! I could feel my heart race thinking of the nasty being getting his hands on Pie and murdering him. It was a fate too cruel for a little strange dog with piebald colors. So four hours into the barking madness I wheeled over to the doorway while everyone else beckoned me to get back before the grim reaper decided I would be next.

It was not just creepy but frightening!
It was like a late Halloween coming around for a day.

I grabbed the dog by the neck then wheeled back over fast as I could. Little Pie calmed down and stopped barking when we were in a group but he was still trembling like a leaf. If dogs had emotions they would certainly have fear programmed inside their little brain not only set for sense and instinct. We were so scared we forgot about sleep and hunger. The lights had gone out in the hallway. Petting Pie eased my worries. I could have been scared to death if it wasn't for Slevik.

Twenty-four hours in the lights turned on.

We would later learn fourteen people died that day.

Those who refused to believe death was in the air had become victims. That was on August 1st when it happened, as I recall now. There was a memorial service for those who had foolishly fallen not listening to their elders. Not listening to those who knew what was on their mind when they saw a man's head be twisted inexplicably. No one said a word but after that there were crosses put up on the wall, religion signs added, and religious programs were offered to the others. I refused. There was no such thing as god. How did I know? I just knew it in my soul.
Escaping a tightly controlled facility

My name?

There are so many things that are part of a name.

Memories are connected to it.

Millions of lives, thousands of lives, tens of lives, and a couple of lives are all connected. They all vary in their degree. My name? It is... I can't write it down on official paper work because I can't remember. I believe it all started last year on a old road in the middle of the night. I had a gun beside me in the passenger seat. I was waiting for someone. But who? That day is when my memories began to slowly degrade a little more faster. Why do I still remember that day better than my entire life?

I don't know.

I couldn't sleep.

I was staring at the ceiling merely thinking.

Lettie asked me to play a game with her regarding the identities of two kinds of rounded balls. One was red and the other was orange. My arms were behind my head on the pillow and perhaps I was haunted by insomnia. I couldn't be sure. I wondered how that Picard fellow was doing. Was he asleep? Was he having a better time at life than I am having? I honestly hope he is.

"Do you know what these two are?" Lettie asked.

"Red and orange." I said.

"No, silly," Lettie said. "This a apple and a orange." She peeled the skin off the orange. "These are more juicy than the apple. We get orange juice from the orange which is pretty cool in its own way."

"An orange." I repeated.

"Try eating it." Lettie said, handing me the squishy light orange ball and a plate.

I held the orange above the plate and took a bite out of it. I felt water trinkle down to my beard from down my skin. A memory came to my mind. At least a fragment of it. It was a woman. A woman who seemed to be so pissed off at me. Why was she pissed off at me? It was odd... Was it a real memory or fake? She threw what contents remained in her cup staining my Star Fleet uniform and getting my face wet.

I recall looking down feeling disgusted.

I saw my own shoes.

I was standing in this memory.

I wasn't paralyzed all my life as I have gone to thought.

An accident had to have happened for my paralysis.

The woman vanished in a white flash and there I saw that Picard fellow without pointy ears become
outraged. We were in a relaxing area section of a Star Ship. It was so unusual because next the wet feeling on my face went away as did the stain. The Picard fellow demanded me to return the woman as I sat in a white couch making myself comfortable. Boy, did he lecture me. What did I do to deserve being treated like that? I recall rolling my eyes, snapping my fingers, and making the woman appear again covered in seaweed. The Picard fellow demanded me to leave the ship and his crew be.

I didn't catch what happened afterwards because I didn't let the memory continue.

I simply left the party going into my room for privacy.

"Come on, Old Q," I tell myself. "Close your eyes and think . . . Think about anything."

I closed my eyes to where I see a bright circular white light that felt warm and comforting. I didn't understand what it was. I felt there being . . . A person? I wanted to reach my hand toward it but I just could not. Why? My arm is stuck under my head. I couldn't force myself to wake myself up. I felt . . . I can't explain it. It was a sense of pity that felt like it would only be from a woman. It was soft. It was low. It was warm. Power radiated off the ball.

Was my eyes really closed?

L . . L . . . Q . . .

Loser Q?

Lousy Q?

Late Q?

Lady Q?

The bright light vanished before my view leaving me to darkness. Lady Q. Who is Lady Q? I could sense sadness from a source that wasn't me. Where was it coming from? The sad feeling flew away, quite literally, into oblivion. Darkness envoured my perspective once more. No images were in my mind. My joints were numb. I could feel like I was deep and deeper into the sleeping cycle.

However it came to an abrupt halt.

I could feel like someone was picking me up.

I did not want to open my eyes.

No really, I did not.

I could hear voices.

"I knocked out the guards." Came a deep voice--Oh, that is Worf.

Beep, beep, beep.

"Apparently we underestimated them," Came a young clear male voice that sounded so . . . DATA!

I can hear the wind making a sound.

"Run!" I heard a older man.
I KNOW THAT VOICE. I KNOW THAT VOICE. I KNOW THAT VOICE. WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT VOICE?

Who is that voice?

Riker.

Riker who?

William T. Riker.

The Picard fellow's 'Number two' or was it 'Number one'?

Fast asleep and I am juggling with answers to questions on voices. Nice touch there. Now the only thing that would make this my best dream in the past eight months would be having to be told my name. My name means everything to me. It means walking around calling myself something I am entirely proud of. To be content. To be happy. To wither away with the knowledge of who I am.

"Hide!" Worf ordered.

Worf ordered one of the two to hide.

There were a stampede of boots hitting the floor beneath.

Ah, so I am on the ceiling somehow . . . Hm . . . Interesting.

There was enough silence that sound became irrelevant and I was very asleep.
Doubting ones ID

..August 23rd. . . 2296. .

Worf was looking down upon the sleeping body of Quarty. They had managed to get a ship big enough for a away team and was relatively spacey. It had enough space for all five men as a group. Data was at the helm along with Riker.

"I doubt myself that this is a old Q," Word said, voicing concern.

"That is under no doubt my Quarty." John-Luc said.

"Safe you can say that, I never seen him grow old, Mr Pocirlrd." Worf said.

"John-Luc, please." John-Luc said, looking down upon his sleeping mate's body.

"I am very uncomfortable calling you by your first name." Worf said.

"Used to your Captain preference," John-Luc said. "Understandable. . . I never go the chance to ask . . . What is it like without there being a Klingon war?"

"Peaceful," Worf said. "But the Romulans still pose a threat as do certain Klingons against the Federation."

"How cheery." John-Luc said.

"What was it like watching Q grow old?" Worf asked.

"Pleasant." John-Luc said.

"Pleasant?" Worf repeated, confused.

"Except for the rapid memory loss," John-Luc said. "We had everything under control. His inability to walk and his weakening eyesight . . ."

"I understand something about you and him," Worf said. "You are very content growing old with someone who is not to be trusted."

"His name is Quarty and I am sure he will love it if you call him that," John-Luc said. "I was like you in the beginning. A lot, really."

Worf raised a brow.

"He did something to persuade you otherwise." Worf said.

"He thought of my needs before his," John-Luc said. "The Q you told me of would have left me to die or otherwise enter into a deep medititation. I could have meditated and ended up losing my focus halfway through because of some gaurds . . . But he broke me out using the only way that could have sent us back to the original Enterprise."

"How long did it take you to develop this . . ." Worf started to ask but he couldn't finish the thought.

"Opinion?" John-Luc finished. "Two years and one week."
"You often talk about working with the Romulans. . ." Worf started. "What was that like?"

"Them. . ." John-Luc said. "They were . . . helpful. But the hate towards them never burned away. I lost my friend Jack Crusher in their attempt to 'help' one of the Federation's small ships." He was sitting down by Quarty's side. "I never did get along with Romulans and I had to pretend that we did get along for the Federation's sake." He had a laugh. "Honestly, if working with Klingons in your timeline is better than how our alliance with the Romulans then I will be glad there is a one true original timeline."

"It is," Worf said. "When I get back . . . Should I tell my captain about you and Quarty?"

"No." John-Luc said, without any hesitation.

Worf looked at Quarty.

"The only way I recognized Quarty was by his voice alone," Worf said. "He used his older voice once when mimicking a old man . . . But it looked nothing like this version of him on the biobed."

"Seems a lot like fate." John-Luc said.

"Or he knew this would happen." Worf said.

"He knew nothing of the sorts," John-Luc said, briefly closing his eyes. "If he did . . . There are so many things he would have not done."

John-Luc remembered the memory that he had seen. The memory of Jessie's disappearance that were all too real. He had experienced the emotions Quarty had gone through shortly after her death. John-Luc sighed, feeling his own little hole in his heart that Jessie had once filled. His heart is placed by his chest rather than in the center of the chest. The mind meld had been strong and emotional between them.

"Riker to Sickbay," Riker's voice came to. "We have come into contact with Voyager."

John-Luc got up then went over to the communication device on the wall.

"Have you made the little lie?" John-Luc said.

"Yes and they are awaiting a test run," Riker said. "I can't believe they fell for it. I feel bad for lying . . ."

"It will be relevant to know their alive, it will." John-Luc said.

"Get ready for transport." Riker said. "Riker out."

John-Luc picked up the lightweight Quarty into his arms.

"Make sure the communications turn off after we are beamed and raise the shields," John-Luc said. "Not until I give the signal."
A little surprise for Janeway

. . 2373. . .

. . . Voyager . . .

Instead of being beamed directly to the transporter room, the Picard fellow and I were transported to Sick Bay. I had awaken in mid beaming. The Picard fellow put me down on a biobed.

"Doctor to Captain Janeway!" Came a man with balding dark hair. "Why didn't you tell me you were beaming Captain Picard to sick bay?"

"Where am I, Picard?" I asked.

"You are on the Voyager, Quarty." The Picard fellow said.

The Doctor came over with a frown on his face.

"Why are you in my sick bay?" The Doctor said. "My Captain is making her way down and will need to hear it from you."

"My spouse needs your help, Doctor." John-Luc said.

"S. . . Spouse?" The Doctor said, turning his head toward me.

I wiggled my wedding finger.

As I said, time is irrelevant.

The lady Captain had a argument or something along the lines of an explanation with the Picard fellow. I didn't like her. I really didn't. She was a new person to me. Was she this 'Captain Janeway'? I couldn't see their argument because it was in private but it is only logical they had an argument. The lady Captain came back with her arms folded.

"What is your name?" The lady Captain asked.

Instead of replying with, "Old Q." I replied with "Quarty."

I felt some form of attachment to the name Quarty. It had bubbly and fluffy feelings.

"And who are you?" I asked. "Are you this Captain Janeway?"

"Yes," Janeway said. "You are so. . . old."

"Who are you calling old?" I asked, feeling angry.

"I told you not to call him old." The Picard fellow said.

Janeway unfolded her arms and faced toward the Picard fellow.

"And you think we can help him?" Janeway asked. "You just lied to my crew about being a Star Fleet vessel and beamed yourself aboard my ship."

It rung a bell in my mind.

"If he doesn't get help any time soon then he will die, Mrs Janeway," The Picard fellow said. "I do not want that to happen and so does Trelane."

"You will be beamed back aboard your ship." Janeway said.

The Picard fellow sighed.

"Fine then," The Picard fellow said. "Maybe Quarty was right about you not being helpful. I thought you were different from my Janeway."

"You told me your Janeway died." Janeway said.

"My Janeway died because she refused to help one single Klingon get back to her family by allowing her doctor to heal her and letting her go undetected to Kronos. She was the wife of one member of the Klingon High Council. Her name was Margh. Margh could have been the one to help us end the war and begin peace that would last for generations." The Picard Fellow said. "I can't believe I am actually saying this . . .But you are more heartless than my Janeway!"

The Picard Fellow left Sick Bay.

I looked up at the woman who seemed visibly hurt.

What is her name again?

And who's that guy?

"Captain?" The middle aged man said. "You know he is wrong about you."

"Prepare Mr Quarty for transport, Doctor." The captain said.

"Right Captain--" The Doctor turned toward my direction and he looked as though he could faint. His face turned white. "Dear god."

The lady captain left Sick Bay.

"What are you staring at?" I asked.

"Your head." The Doctor said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because there is something wrong with it." The Doctor said.

"What does Q mean to you?" I asked.

The Doctor looked at me, oddly.

"Wait, you are him." The Doctor said, as though he just realized it.

"Him who?" I asked.

"Q." The Doctor said.
"The name is Quarty," I said. "I do not want to affiliate myself to the name Q. Who is he to you? What is he? Why does everyone hate him so? What did he do to deserve this kind of treatment from everyone around him?"

The Doctor's face turned to its regular color.

"It has been two years since you first appeared on this ship," The Doctor said. "And each time you have played tricks on us. We didn't like these tricks. Last time you appeared there was a civil war going on in the continuum."

"Lady Q. . ." I said, closing my eyes.

"As I was told you mated with another of your own." The Doctor said, walking away.

"And?" I asked.

"The war ended because you had a baby." The Doctor said.

I sighed opening my eyes.

"So I mess with everyone and everyone hates me," I said. "No wonder I have one friend in this timeline."

The Doctor came over.

"One?" The Doctor asked.

"Someone similar to the Picard fellow." I said.

"Jean-Luc Picard." The Doctor said.

"Yes." I said.

I felt really sad knowing what I know.

"So. . . When did it start?"

"When did what start?"

"The memories slipping away faster than they should."

I sighed.

"You should ask the Picard fellow about it," I said, feeling weak and drowsy. "I have him. I am not entirely alone in this universe. . . I have my John-Luc. . ."

My eyes closed.
The Doctor was busy reading up on Quarty's medical records sent by John-Luc and also searching for any illness described by John-Luc prior to the information being sent. John-Luc noted the big specimen was sent to the Federation for further testing and analysis. Tuvok and Chakotay were both called to Captain Janeway's ready room.

Janeway put down cup of coffee.

And then she changed before their eyes. Her uniform changed from gentle colors to darker colors. It was strange. Chakotay blinked at first trying to make sure it was not a figment of his imagination. Her hair had a different hair style about it. Tuvok, on the other hand, noticed that she randomly had a padd in her hand. She also seemed to be . . pregnant?

"I have read your reports regarding the unwelcome passenger," Janeway said. She paused as though for dramatic effect lowering the padd. "And we can't keep her."

"Captain?" Tuvok said, surprised.

"Yes, Tuvok, the old woman must be sent back to her people." Janeway said.

"Captain, are you pregnant?" Chakotay asked.

"I am, Commander," Janeway said, her mood changing from the usual demeanor to a happy one. "I am due any day."

"Ah, Captain," Tuvok said. "May we go?"

"Request granted." Janeway said. "But I expect you to be at your posts in case of Koloster and Romulan attack."

The two left Janeway's ready room and went into a private room. Not a animal or person lurked in this private almost dark but well lit section of the Voyager. For pete's sake the corridors had darker colors. The floor was black. Pitch black.

"Commander, I sense we are not in our timeline." Tuvok said.

"I believe we are still in it." Chakotay said.

"How?" Tuvok asked.

"Sometimes the effect happens before the cause takes place." Chakotay said. "Remember the time we were stuck in a wormhole?"

"I do," Tuvok said.

"We have to find out what happened in the past that lead to our current position and . . ." Chakotay glanced at Tuvok seeing one pip on his uniform. "No offense. . . But when did you become a Ensign?"
"I am not a Ensign." Tuvok said.

"Your pip says so." Chakotay said.

Tuvok felt along his pip to feel one.

Just one pip.

"You are right." Tuvok said.

"I will check at sick bay and you check the files." Chakotay said.

/////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

... Sick Bay ...

... Fifteen minutes later ...

Chakotay enter Sick Bay. But it wasn't so light has he had recalled. It was mostly dark and the only way he could see around was due to the bright colors. The Doctor wasn't around, but maybe he was somewhere else aboard the ship. There he saw on the table laid a old woman with a posture indicating she is ill. He felt odd being around her. Why did he feel this way? It was so odd.

He felt an unusual sense indicating history was repeating itself.

Except there is a woman on the bed not a man.

"Hello." Chakotay said.

"Oh, Commander." The old lady said. "Where is my spouse?"

Chakotay approached the old woman.

"I am sorry, but I am not of your time," Chakotay said. "What is your name?"

The old lady sighed.

"I don't remember it." The old lady said.


"Who is Lady Q?" The old lady asked.

"A woman nicer than the Q I know," Chakotay said.

The old lady smiled.

"Lady Q sounds like a royally nice name," The old lady said. "Maybe that is my name." She sat upright with her eyes fixed toward her hands now placed on her lap. "It has been so long since I called myself . . . Lady Q."

"When did you stop calling yourself Lady Q?" Chakotay asked.

"The day I intervened in another Q's fate. . ." The old lady said. "I picked up the needle and injected myself with it. It wasn't intervening. But losing some-one like that you use to know so well . . .That is. . ." She looked up toward his direction. "I remember it was a painful day for me."
She closed her eyes wincing clenching at her arm.
"My arm." The old lady said.
The Doctor should be coming any moment.
But instead of the Doctor came Kes.
"Commander?" Kes said. "Why are you here rather than at a Holo-tennis match with the Doctor?"

. . . 23 minutes later . . .

They hadn't expected this to happen.
To learn they were in the Alpha Quadrant was a shocker! Tuvok and Chakotay learned that the Voyager was orbiting a planet that was unwise to orbit but the location was strategically thought out for in case of attacks. The first attack came from behind. Photonic Torpedoes were fired at the vessel that was a Romulan one. The Romulans had gone beyond the zone that divided them from the federation along with a dark larger prickly vessel that had thorns sticking out all over the place.

Chakotay and Tuvok were at their stations.

God, if one could say Chakotay was scared they were right.

He hadn't been in this kind of position in FEDERATION SPACE!

Tuvok grabbed onto his station when the side of the Voyager was hit. The bridge trembled making everyone shake in their place. Tuvok and Chakotay had figured out what the two parallel universes shared: a old person in Sick Bay with a illness that affected their memory. They had shifted in time, oddly enough. It wasn't their finest hour hearing the reports of decks being hit. The bridge was struck by the attacks. Tuvok claimed to know the cause of why Kolosters were engaging in a attack with the Romulans against the Voyager.

In the mist of the attack, Janeway had to go into the ready room.

Now, here was the chance to message the Doctor . . . Quickly.

Chakotay messaged The Doctor.

"Doctor, you must operate on the patient." Chakotay said.

"Are you kidding?" The Doctor asked. "We are under attack. I don't think we have a chance of survival due to--"

"This is very important, Doctor," Chakotay said. "Do you notice something is amiss?"

"Well, everything is amiss." The Doctor said.

"Name one!" Chakotay said.

"The patient," The Doctor said. "I keep seeing a sleeping man in her place!"

"You have to operate on her head, that's the only way this timeline will end." Chakotay said.
"Are you saying we are in a parallel universe because I didn't operate on a man?" The Doctor asked.

"Yes, Doctor!" Chakotay said.

"Well, that explains everything," The Doctor said. "I'll take your advice. Doctor out."

Janeway came out of her ready room with her hair fixed up and a determined look on her face. She set the order for there to be attacks on the Koloster's bridge and the Klingons wing section. Her order went through as the Voyager shook. Janeway was able to make her way back to the center of the bridge even as some wall material fell through to the floor. She managed to stay out of the way. Harry Kim and the other bridge officers were unsure how the Doctor related to the attack.

The attack had stopped, abruptly shortly after the shots fired on the two vessels.

"Captain," Tuvok said. "I believe we have reached a stalemate."

"Why are they not firing?" Janeway asked out loud.

"Pardon?" Chakotay said.

"They wouldn't stop firing because their bridges are out and their wings," Janeway said. "These are the Conjoined Rasven Alliance and they don't ever stop. They are playing possum with us."

"Maybe they are dead." Chakotay said.

"Commander, this is unlike you." Janeway said.

"I am always this way." Chakotay said.

"Giving the Kolosters and Romulans mercy is a insult to the thousands of lives they killed aboard twenty-two ships two years ago!" Janeway said. "Need I remind you one of which being Enterprise-C falling victims to them."

"But Captain, that never happened." Chakotay acknowledged.

"Yes, it did!" Janeway said. "You were there, Commander."

"The Commander is right, Captain." Tuvok said.

"You two, my ready room." Janeway said.

The three went into Janeway's ready room. Janeway went to her chair then stood in front of it appearing to be cross. She was irritated with them, visibly. She put her hands on both hips and then said, "I don't know what is wrong with you but you must stop it!"

"Captain--" Tuvok started but Janeway cut him off.

"Do not lie to me, Mr Tuvok," Janeway said. "I want to know if you are traitors to The Federation or Romulan spies."

"You may need to sit down for this." Chakotay said.

Janeway sat down.

In the next second that passed Janeway was right back to her regular self lacking a pregnant stomach. The two sighed in relief that was seemingly strange for their behavior toward their Captain who
hadn't noticed the change.

"I want to hear your full reports on why you have been harassing the crew." Janeway said.

"Captain," Tuvok said. "We have experienced a time shift into another universe where Mr Quarty died."

"Oh?" Janeway said.

"Mr Quarty is instrumental . . ." Tuvok had a pause. "Or was. . . Instrumental to ensuring the Kolosters did not meet the Romulans. In 2297, Mr Pocirld and Mr Quarty intercept with the Keorwitz that was headed to Romulus at the time. They convinced the captain to turn away and instead visit Cippallon. This is after what Quarty explained to them generations of bitter hate and death that leads to the downfall of the Federation and the Romulan Empire."

"And I was pregnant in that timeline?" Janeway asked.

"Yes, Captain," Chakotay said. "You were."

Janeway shook her head taking a sip of her coffee that was recent.

"Captain?" Tuvok said. "How long have we been harassing the crew?"

"Past two hours," Janeway said. "You have been insisting on visiting Mr Quarty and claiming he was Lady Q."

Janeway lowered her cup.

Before their eyes, once more, their captain changed standing up with her hands on her hips appearing to be in disbelief. What was going on? How was this being initiated? Chakotay and Tuvok shared a puzzled look.

"Now look, I won't believe this nonsense that I am not pregnant because you have space feet sickness!" Janeway said.

"Captain," Tuvok said. "We are not ill."

"It seems every time you stand up we are shifting," Chakotay observed. "May you sit down, again, please and hear what they have to say?"

"No, I am not listening to you traitors!" Janeway said. She pressed a button on the desk with a scowl on her face. "Security, take Commander Chakotay and Ensign Tuvok--" Tuvok delivered the Vulcan nerve pinch to Janeway making her fall to the chair. "Ah."

She changed, again.

"This is getting on my nerves," Chakotay said, rubbing his forehead.

"I have a new theory," Tuvok said. "And a logical solution to this problem."

"What is it?" Chakotay asked.

"We have to get our Janeway into our position," Tuvok said. "It will be confusing but . . . It may work for her to believe us."

"Do you think the other you is saying the same thing?" Chakotay asked.
"It is our only hope." Tuvok said.

. . . Brig. . .

. . . Half an hour later . . .

Janeway woke up in the Brig along with a woman who looked strikingly like her. It was strange to see her counterpart resting on a bed. She had a pain in her shoulder. She looked over seeing only one Chakotay with his arms folded. Only one.

"Are you my Chakotay?" Janeway asked.

"I am her Chakotay," Chakotay said, pointing over to the sleeping woman. "Our Tuvok realized the only way to end this is by making both of you interact and come to a solution on what to do about your little problem in sick bay. Your Doctor is still researching on Mr Quarty's illness due to the various tests it was put through and the experimental rats and primates used as test subjects."

"Oh, so that is what he meant by bringing us face to face," Janeway said, briefly closing her eyes. "It is kind of silly things only change for you two when we are sitting."

Chakotay nodded.

"Yes, it is." Chakotay said.

Kathryn sat upwards, mumbling about 'Those traitors will pay dearly'.

"What traitors?" Janeway asked.

Kathryn froze seeing herself.

"You . . . You are a copy!" Kathryn said.

"I assure you, I am not a copy," Janeway said.

Kathryn stood up.

Chakotay is replaced by Tuvok.

"Apologies, Captains," Tuvok said. "It was the only way."

"Traitor!" Kathryn accused Tuvok.

"Captain, you have to stand up so this . . .Mess will stop," Tuvok said. "Theoretically two beings who have the same face from two different universes can open two doorways to their universe and close them after coming to a conclusion about a major decision that affects their future and past."

"In English?" Janeway asked.

"The universe is having a mid-life crises and our pasts AND Future rely on your decision regarding Quarty's status," Tuvok said. "I have messaged Mr Pocirld regarding our little problem. He wishes you good luck."

"Whe we're done, what happens to the field?" Janeway asked.
"You both must walk through it," Tuvok said. "At the same time. Tuvok of her universe will be distinguishable and yours . . Sincerely, me. We will not be able to hear your conversation once you have stood up. Time will go as it should be during your conversation."

"No way!" Kathryn shouted, standing up.

Now there was another Tuvok with ONE Pip beside him.

"Kathryn," Janeway said. "Have you come across a man named Q?"

Kathryn turned around with a confused look.

"I don't know who you are talking about."

"Lady Q?"

"Nice woman,she helps us out once in awhile.""

"I am having a tough time deciding my Q's fate.""

"Your Q's fate?"

"Let's imagine our Q are the one and same person.""

"But they are not.""

"Bear with me, Kathryn."

"Fine, so what?"

"If I decide that Q dies then your future will be possible.""

"I am in the Alpha Quadrant unlike you being stuck in the Delta Quadrant!"

"What?"

"You heard me. We never got stuck."

Janeway had a good look at Kathryn.

"Who is the father?"

"Chakotay."

"Mrs Chakotay?"

Kathryn nodded, proudly.

"What is your spirit animal?"

"If I tell you mine then it will leave.""

"You can always tell yourself, besides, I am you."

"A squirrel."

"Mine is a lizard."
"A lizard... Really?"

"Yes, a lizard."

Kathryn laughed.

"When was the last time you ever saw Lady Q?" Janeway asked.

"A year ago." Kathryn said.

"If I decide my Q dies then she will be on the table being operated on by your Doctor and she will die aboard your ship," Janeway said. "I just realized it... She will never come back, Kathryn. Not ever. Not in a million years."

Kathryn grabbed her by the collar then pressed Janeway against the wall.

"My friend is on that table because you refuse to help him?" Kathryn asked.

"Yes." Janeway said.

"My lady Q is the godmother of my child and I can't imagine a world where her god child never meets her god parent." Kathryn said.

Janeway looked down to see Kathryn's pants are stained.

"Your water broke," Janeway said.

Kathryn let go of Janeway stepping back grabbing at her stomach.

"Maybe, just maybe," Kathryn said. "Your Q has already made you a god parent without your knowledge."

"I don't think so." Janeway said.

"We have to go at the same time and you are going to allow your doctor to save his ass." Kathryn said.

"But if I do, you would never exist." Janeway said.

Kathryn smiled rubbing her stomach.

"In some aspect of parallel universes, I will be alive... Captain." Kathryn said.

The two came to the force field that seemed to be... de-electrifying? Kathryn faced her Tuvok and Janeway faced her Tuvok. At the same time they walked through the field without earning a bruise. Janeway saw her Tuvok standing there clear as day waiting for the possibly reassuring words.

"Tuvok, is the whole time shifting ordeal over for you?" Janeway asked.

"Affirmative, Captain." Tuvok said.

"It is good to have you back, Tuvok." Janeway said, with a smile.
"... He won't remember anything from the past three hours he had aboard this ship." I heard the Doctor.

My eyes opened.

I recognized the Doctor and then Captain Janeway.

The first question that popped up into my head was: Why am I aboard the Voyager?

"My head." I complained.

"Do you remember where you were last?"

"I can't say exactly where, more like in someone's arms escaping a federally armed base while trying to sleep." I said.

Riker.

Worf.

Data.

What?

Riker,Worf,Data.

HOW DID THEY GET INTO THE PAST AND HOW AM I IN THE FUTURE?

"Mr Pocirld will explain to you," The Doctor said. "Now excuse me, I have a house call to do."

The Doctor left sick bay.

Janeway came over to my side as I helped myself upward with an aching head.

"Do I have a godchild?"

"Jessie..." I said, closing my eyes.

I remembered the mind meld that John-Luc did with me. I remember everything that happened in my mind and everything that happened in reality. I felt sick recalling the death of Slevik. I controlled my breath just to prevent myself from puking. I count down to ten thinking of happy thought. I had a sigh of relief opening my eyes.

"Had." I said. "Her name was Jessie Jenkins Janeway."

"I am so sorry," Janeway said. "I didn't expect you to name someone after me."

I looked at her sadly.

"I never was supposed to live at the age I met you two years ago," I said. "But apparently the rules have changed."

"How old are you now?" Janeway asked.
"Lost track." I lied.

"Q." Janeway said.

"Call me Quarty, please." I plead.

"Quarty, how old are you in human years?" Janeway asked.

"One hundred twenty." I said. I looked back at her. "Tell me...What was in my damn head?"

Janeway took out a rounded container with a squid like creature with smaller versions of itself.

"They are dying now." Janeway said.

I gasped.

"Just how I saw them..." I said.

"They were passing through your lungs when the Doctor started the operation. It took a whole day to remove them. You are lucky he found the eggs when he did." Janeway said, putting the container on the table across from me. "You are currently on antibiotics for Caulistoctopuiffy Invasion."

I laughed.

"A deadly bio-engineered alien." I said.

It felt hard to laugh with pain in my chest.

"If it feels difficult to laugh, your chest had a beating of them too." Janeway said.

I winced.

"Thank you for the consideration." I said.

The doors to Sick Bay locked, and in a flash appeared Trelane leaning against the door with a smile on his face. His arms were folded. He didn't have his usual brown walking stick in his sight.

"You just passed round four, FINALLY!"

"Who the hell are you?"

"Treeeeellaaaane!" Trelane said. "Oh yes, I am the one and only Q to send their father on a very long game. Yes. I have the current longest game record but I suspect another Q might try to break that."

"Get off my ship." Janeway said.

Trelane rolled his eyes and Janeway froze.

"Much better," Trelane said, approaching me. "How was your year of no memory in the mind?"

"Terrible." I said, with a glare.

"Round four was to teach you that people do care about you in the universe when you are close to your death bed," Trelane said. "I had to pull a few strings to prove my point. But they were well worth it."

I folded my arms.
"I wasn't there for three hours." I said.

Trelane sighed.

"Fine," Trelane said. "I will show you the conversation the two Janeway's had."

I saw the conversation ensue. I had a easy time guessing who was the original Janeway and who was a product of a timeline negated from this. The scene switched to the other sick bay where I saw a very much old Lady Q. Kathryn came to Lady Q's side holding a little baby in her arms. The lady Q was in a chair and still could walk but she was unable to due to her being weak.

She was in a wheelchair.

I could recognize Lady Q in her old state.

He then showed me Lady Q picking up a needle and injecting herself with the same infection right in the arm. It was on the same road I killed the man following me. I saw Lady Q be exiled from the continuum prior to that. What had she done? She must have been furious over something. Something so insignificant to the human world but significant to the continuum. I saw what Trelane did. I saw what Trelane did to save mine in exchange for losing his position in the continuum.

I looked up toward Trelane.

I understood.
Recalling something so minor but maybe important

I had a little of a flashback shortly after Trelane left. It was what can happen in a year from now. It has happened so why bother being vague? It has already happened to me the first time around. It was like history being changed but it wasn't. It was one of my 'Q-ness' that hadn't left. A once in a awhile depiction at what has changed in my past. I rarely had these Q-depictions, really.

"I would have failed him." q said.

Janeway turned her head toward q's direction then called for security tapping on her com badge.

"Too bad, they are in a time loop." q said.

"Who are you?" Janeway asked.

"That, my dear Captain, is Junior." I said.

"Q?" Janeway said.

I appeared by q's side.

"Yes, it is I, the omnipotent father of several species. Why are you so surprised by that--"

As humiliating as it sounds and 'sounded' when being told; Janeway hugged me. Now at the time I so wasn't the hugging type. Why do I constantly remind people about me not being the hugging type back then? I certainly wasn't the one who enjoyed hugs. These days I cherish them because the next time I could get them that person might be dying or headed out to die or leaving.

"I thought I wouldn't see you again." Janeway said.

"Nonsense! I come around as I please--excuse me," I snapped my fingers re-materializing myself across from her. "Nothing can stop me from doing what I want." I had my index finger above my thumb. "Almost."

"Dad, but you told me you don't like hugs." q complained.

I lowered my hand.

"This is a different story," I said. "And Janeway, I would appreciate if you let my son spend vacation from the Q continuum here. To get firsthand experience of humanity from your prized crew."

Janeway's face had changed to what seemed realization.

I could read her thoughts.

Oh, Janeway thought, This is a different Q.

I frowned.

"Since when did Q's start going around pretending to be moi?" I asked. "Oh right, ever since you mistook Quinn for me." I rolled an eye. "I knew I should have gone to the Vulcan's first rather than the 'legendary' Voyager."

"Dad, you told me no spoiling!" q complained. "Why are you spoiling? You said no spoiling on the
future of star ships--"

I snapped my fingers and vanish.

I snapped back to reality hearing the door being forced back open by Tuvok and another security personnel.
Departing the Voyager

. . . 10 minutes later . . .

. . .2373 . . .

"What is wrong with our Captain?" Tuvok asked, as Janeway stood there frozen with a 'one-of-a-kind' expression on her face.

"She is frozen in time, space, and relationship wise she can hear what is happening and see what is happening," I said. "Basic universal time freeze applied."

"How do we undo it?" Tuvok asked.

"Well, it would require getting a Q but don't call for me specifically," I said. "Oh right!" I snapped my fingers. "Send a message in subspace frequencies reading: Q2, you owe me that favor. Unfreeze Captain Kathryn Janeway at exactly . . . The exact time frame you are sending the message."

Tuvok raised a brow.

"I was unaware you referred to yourselves by numbers." Tuvok said.

"That Q would honestly believe it is Tom Paris of the other universe," I said. "He and Q2 have a thing going on."

Tuvok left Sick Bay.

And in came Ensign Kim with The Doctor. Ensign Kim had a ice bag on his neck.

"Doctor," I said. "You owe me a favor and I need that favor now. Send a message to the Fendora: lower your shields. All in caps."

"I don't owe you a favor." The Doctor said.

"The hell you do," I said. "Later in your time stream I will make you human. I promise."

"Uh, Captain?" Ensign Kim said, waving his hands in her way.

I looked toward Captain Janeway.

"Janeway . . ." I said. "I don't know if I will ever see you again." It was a rather honest admission. I had other duties to worry about as a Q. The Doctor went over to a computer and typed away.

"Whatever consequence results . . . I might as well meet you again as a admiral rather than a Captain. Might be decades when I see you again to you and it might be thousands of years to me. But you'll know it is me when I have a very special someone close by. It might be your dying day I'll see you. Only Q know when." I sighed. "The reason why I may not see you again is because being a Q means I have responsibilities. Urgent responsibilities." I stressed the responsibilities part. I realized it sounded more like a love letter than a farewell. "I do like hugs these days." And there I opened a humiliating door for my past self. "Goodbye Janeway."

And I was beamed off their ship.

I only knew the Fendora was the ship nearby because Trelane planted it inside my mind.
Farewell, away team

. . . Foresti planet . .

. . 2296 . . .

"Riker, I have one question." I said.

"Yes?" Riker said.

"Are you in or out of Star Fleet Federation space?" I asked. "In your future."

"We're in it." Riker said.

"I recieved a file regarding our return to Star Fleet and presented the file to everyone else five months after a man gave us instructions to make our journey ten years long." Data said.

I smiled.

"Five months . . ." I said. "We succeeded." I faced my head toward Data. " Didn't we."

"I am unsure of what you are referring to." Data said.

"Another Data, another time well spent." I said, as my fingers wrapped around John-Luc's.

John-Luc put his fingers onto the mobile made Transporter console.

"I envy your future, Mr Worf." John-Luc said.

"And I pity your past, Mr Pocirl."

Worf said.

John-Luc slid up the bar.

The three melodied away.

"Where are going to go next, John-Luc?" I asked, looking up toward the Vulcan.

"Anywhere," John-Luc said. "Any-where where you don't have enemies who recognize you."

I smirked.

"There's a party going on the Degrion planet for the new year that hasn't ended for a year," I said. "It normally does not end until another year."

"Party?" John-Luc said.

"Yes, a party!" I said.

"What can possibly go wrong?" John-Luc said. "Why not!"

Why not, indeed.
Jean-Luc was born on the 13th of 2305 in La Barre, France. The exact same day it is right now. I know John-Luc is two hundred one years old. For some reason is not inflicted by the emotional sickness that plagues Vulcans in their elderly years. Perhaps it is because he is human. Human. Perhaps it is because he lets them out rather than containing the emotions like any rotten Vulcan.

Me?

I am one hundred twenty-nine.

We were fishing in outer space for a space fish.

Quite really in space suits.

A few years ago we came across these strange unusual beings that resembled fish attracted by radionation items. We catalogued the animals over two years but . . . It was so fun catching them then throwing them back. Turns out we broke the Alien Fish record by adding in space fish that were recently discovered. I am starting to think John-Luc is developing dementia but it is insignificant. I once pointed it out to John-Luc and the reply I got was, "So? That's not stopping me."

It turns out there is rather a cure for it.

I recalled the cure when making Earl Gray Tea for John-Luc one day.

It took time but I made the dose and when he was asleep, very asleep, I injected him with it. I didn't want him to know. He didn't care about it, apparently. But he must have been scared of his memory becoming bad as mine. But my memory was a different story. I had to thank the stars he didn't develop the uncurable Irumodic Syndrome. I had the needle be destroyed by a machine shortly using it.

It was a miracle I remembered it.

Now, let's get back to fishing.

"Is that the USS Excelsior?" John-Luc asked.

"Hm?" I said, looking up.

And then we were beamed aboard their ship without our consent. It was annoying really. AND GUESS WHO WASN'T THERE. Tuvok. Oh yes, he was so not there. I am just happy rather than sad. I don't have to be meeting him for the fourth time. Thank the stars. The Transporter chief was a woman. Let's say still have issues with women since that awful day on Scalos.

"We were fishing, why did you intervene?" John-Luc asked, upset.

And in came Captain Sulu. Hikaru Sulu. THAT Sulu.

"Hello Mr Pocirld," Sulu said, holding his hand out. "Nice to see you again."
"Oh Sulu," John-Luc said, his mood turning friendly as he shook the hand of the man who still appeared to be young. "It has been too long."

I was in a wheelchair adapted for rocky surface travel and any kind of travel. I put on levitation mode then flew off the transporter then landed on the floor and turned off levitation mode. I take off my space suit by merely pressing a button. A genius mind comes with incredible knowledge. John-Luc did the same after he ended the handshake with Captain Sulu. I put the now square shaped item back into my pocket.

"Why yes it has," Sulu said. "Hello, Mr Quarty." He turned toward my direction. "Mr... Quarty?"

"Why yes, it is me." I said, rolling an eye.

Sulu looked up toward John-Luc.

"Is this really Q?" Sulu asked, again unsure.

"It is," John-Luc said. "Flesh and bone."

"Mr Quarty, you have been selected as Colo's only Ambassador."

My jaw dropped.

"He never applied for that." John-Luc said.

I did everything in my power to prevent that from happening.

"May we take this to the conference room?" Sulu asked.

"Sure," John-Luc said. "Honey?"

"I for one want to hear what he has to say." I said.

///////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

. . . Fifteen minutes later . . .

. . . Conference room. .

Captain Sulu entered with his number one. A man, luckily enough. A human being by all accounts. He lacked one ear to his left. I found that a little odd. I was at the table and so was John-Luc. Sulu thanked us for waiting for so long under the conditions we came in.

"There are stories out there that say Mr Quarty claimed to represent Colo when visiting a alien planet or alien space ship when they were on the brink of war," Sulu said. "And then you came in to negotiate."

I shook my hand.

"No,no,no," I said. "I didn't go around and say 'I represent Colo', I went around saying 'Hi, my name is Quarty and this is my husband Pocirld and we are from Colo a Federation Colonized planet of mixed races.' rather than that political statement."

"He only negotiated because most of the time we were heading to archaeological sites or to a planet with incredibly rare animals, fantastic food, and enjoyable recreational activities." John-Luc said.
"The Federation told them what they were getting into," Sulu said. "That was when they first started considering you."

"They . . . what?" John-Luc asked.

I was unable to say a word.

"The Federation told Colo who Mr Quarty really was," Sulu said. "That was back in 2297."

I rubbed my forehead.

Idiots.

"And when did they re-reconsider their choice?" John-Luc asked.

"I heard former Colo Ambassador Ronald was their second choice, Spock was their third, and their fourth was a Vulcan named Slevik."

"Slevik is dead." I whispered.

I can still remember the disturbing crack his neck made after being twisted. I had told John-Luc about it.

"Since when?" Sulu asked, startled.

"August 1st, 2296. . . " I said. "I saw him die before my eyes. He couldn't have transferred his Katra in the space of seconds."

Sulu looked over to John-Luc.

"No one has ever seen Senator Slevik since 2295." Sulu said.

"He was in a nursing home with my husband," John-Luc said. "From what Quarty told me . . . A poltergeist is responsible."

"A ghost?" Sulu asked.

"That is right, a ghost." John-Luc said.

"Then where is his body?" Sulu asked.

"You ask the Federation that question, Captain Sulu," John-Luc said. "It wasn't easy getting him out of their base."

Then Sulu's number one, being Jake Long, spoke up.

"What base?" Long asked.

"Base 328.47." John-Luc said.

"So you were there." Long said.

"Outside." John-Luc said.

"The final part of accepting the position of Colo Ambassador is a month long visit to the planet," Sulu said. "Star Fleet sent us to take you there and inform you of the selection."
"How come I wasn't made aware of this?" I asked.

"They called. A lot. Their messages went unanswered." Long said.

I looked over toward John-Luc.

"So that is why there were a thousand messages from Star Fleet in the inbox." I said.

We deleted all their messages.

'Why?' you may ask.

We had enough of Star Fleet.

John-Luc did the honor of hitting delete.

"Before we go, we have one last fish to catch." John-Luc said.

"Space fish," Sulu repeated, amused. "I thought they were joking that you were space fishing."

I turned my head toward Sulu with a smile.

"We never joke about what we do." I said.

And today is the day Jean-Luc Picard was born.

Today is the day I learned I was selected to be the Ambassador of Colo while I went around in space with my most trusted friend John-Luc Picard enjoying our years without anything having to do with the Federation. We still have a few years behind our backs to live out. Perhaps I couldn't stop the event, that of becoming a Ambassador, from happening in the beginning. In a way I have been doing diplomatic/ambassador-ish stuff actively.

Did I make Colo feel proud about my achievements?

Probably.

Did they feel ashamed and furious after learning of my involvement with Khan?

Apparently.

It took them awhile to forgive me for what I had done.

John-Luc went to a recreational room with Sulu leaving me with Long.

"I have heard a lot about you, Mr Quarty." Long said.

I laughed.

"Everyone has, apparently." I said.

"Have you ever had problems with your own kin?" Long asked.

"We are not perfect," I said. "And so am I."

"You can say that again." Long said.
"One time my son screwed up royally by putting the mind of a fangirl into the body of a female Vulcan. A Vulcan whose mind was lost in a terribly crash." I lowered my head. "That was Juniors doing. I had him send her back soon as the girl was dying. What was her name again..." I gazed down toward the table tapping my fingers on the plastic surface. "Started with a C... Ended with a 'W'." I snapped my fingers. "I got it! It was Courtney Winters!"

I looked back up toward Long.

"Interesting." Long said.

I rubbed both temples.

"Not really," I said. "Sadly Chekov, a different one, went after her with permission from the Alternate Kirk."

"Why is that sad?" Long asked.

"He went through the fabric of reality with Juniors help," I said. "I was the laughing stock of the continuum for centuries afterwards! When they returned to their universe I had a word with Junior regarding his move." I lowered my hand. "There is a reason why we Q have rules. We don't want Star Ships going in and out of the fabric of reality as they please!"

Long nodded.

"I see." Long said.

I sighed.

"Don't tell me..." I said. "Big fan?"

Long took out a padd keeping back what sounded like a squeal.

"Why yes I am," Long said. "Could you sign this?"

I took out a pen and take the pad.

"Sure." I said.
Settling down

. . .2323 . .

. . Earth . .

This is the year Jean-Luc Picard had entered Star Fleet Academy. His entire life will change in 2327 by getting stabbed in the back due to a bar fight. A young man he was. I can still remember the lesson behind it and how I saved Jean-Luc right there on the biobed aboard the Enterprise in the future. I made sure to not visit the Academy but . . . Apparently they wanted the top genius Time Travel former Professor now Ambassador to give a whole hour to Cadets.

John-Luc and I made a compromise about what to do that day.

John-Luc would go enjoy himself for a whole week.

Because as it turns out there were some conflicts of interests and repeated schedule changes. I envied John-Luc for getting the chance to get a professional back massage from a four armed Telillian. Telillians can get to the stressful joints then relax them using their articulated fingers that were long, beautiful, and so damn attractive.

I had been balding over the recent few years and my voice had changed along with it. I discovered so when commanding the computer to pull up a file from Star Fleet. I repeated my request a couple times. More than a couple times, really. It started to be annoying toward me.


"Computer does not register voice recognition," The computer replied back. "Reason: Voice is not the same. No similarities detected in the tempo, bass, and volume."

I sighed.

I wanted to see if Jean-Luc Picard was going to be part of that huge crowd.

"Voice problems?" Came Batanides.

I turned the computer off turning my direction to a young woman with dark hair and blue eyes. I recognized her from the trip that I had taken Jean-Luc on. Jean-Luc had a crush on her and she had a crush on him. I had a low laugh at the thought out loud.

"Why yes," I said. "The computer can't seem to recognize my voice."

"Well, Mr Quarty you need to update your voice." Batanides said.

I smiled.

"Yes," I said. "That I do."

"My friends Picard and Zweller think your lecture about defensive maneuver isn't going to be the best." Batanides said.

"Jean-Luc Picard," I said. "A house hold name."

"What?" Batanide said.
"Oh forgive me, that is just old age getting to me," I said. "Any name such as Zweller and Picard sound fine to me."

"Picard's been outperforming Zweller," Batanides said. "I will not be surprised if they both make it to captain."

"Picard would make a fine captain," I said. "Maybe he will make his own Picard maneuver after my lecture."

Batanides laughed.

"He might go to archaeology." Batanides said.

"Tea, hot." I said. The replicator made what I wanted. I take out the tea and take a sip from it. "Professor Picard." I had a snort. "Now that is a funny image." I looked over toward Batanides with a suspicious look. "You are not here to talk, aren't you?"

Batanides nodded.

"Rumors say you used to have something in your brain and you used to be in a top secure security nursing home," Batanides said. "And that you fought against a space pirate with only a light saber!"

I laughed.

"All of them are not true," I said. "I assure you."

"Quarty, you gave me the wrong directions!" John-Luc said.

Batanides turned around.

Then he stopped, recognizing her.

"Cadet Batanides, I presume?" John-Luc said, in the most calm Vulcan manner I ever seen him in.

"Yes," Batanides said. She looked at him oddly. "Have we met before?"

"No," John-Luc said. "Honey . . . Could you give me the correct map padd?"

"Sure, Jean-Luc." I said.

I wheeled over to the desk then take out the padd that is the shape of a small map glowing holographic symbols. I heard a thump after I took out the map padd. I looked over seeing Cadet Batanides on the floor.

"Quarty, why did you do that?" John-Luc said.

"I want her to know that's the face she will see commanding a ship," I said. "She'll wake up and consider it a bad dream." I wheeled over to John-Luc. "But in a couple decades she will know one of the best men out there. The man who you could become. The man you have become. In my eyes . . . you are Jean-Luc Picard not a knock off. You are just a different version of him."

"But Jean-Luc isn't a Vulcan." John-Luc said.

"Your face matters not the ears." I said, handing the map padd to John-Luc.

"You see me as a human instead of a Vulcan." John-Luc remarked.
"When have I not?" I said.

"That is the nicest thing I have heard from you." John-Luc said.

Batanides turned over on the floor.

"Now go treat yourself before she wake up." I said.

/////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

. . . 12:39 PM. . .

I took the liberty to change the topic during lecture.

"Would anyone like to hear time travel rather than the boring topic of maneuvers?" I asked, ten minutes into the lecture.

Zweller, a red head, rised his hand.

Young Jean-Luc had recently shaved his head clean of hair.

"Mr Zweller, ever heard of a bootstrap effect?"

"No."

"Then I will explain to you what it is. It is called a casual loop in the eyes of time and space including many continuums. It is a paradox of time travel that occurs when the future event is the cause of a past event which in turn is the cause of the future event. Let's say, for example your bald friend goes back in time twenty-five years before he was born because someone went to assassinate his father. But instead he becomes his own father."

Jean-Luc is eighteen years old.

There were some snickers.

"Sir, with all respect, what about his father that he thinks is his father?" Zweller asked.

"He dies, anyway." I said.

"So it is his fate to die and never have kids, theoretically?" Jean-Luc, oh so young he was, asked.

John-Luc Picard had red hair in his timeline in his youth.

Jean-Luc Picard had brown hair in his youth.

"Yes, Mr Picard!" I said.

He only knew me as an Ambassador rather than the long living entity Q.

Besides, this is the first time Jean-Luc has ever met me in his perspective.

"What is a time loop?" Varley asked.

THE Donald Varley, future commander of the USS Yamato.

"Moments of time that are repeated and rexperienced by characters, and there is some hope of breaking out the useless cycle of repetition." I said. "Bootstrap effect used to be commonly referred
to as the Boot leg effect. It was only a couple decades ago the saying was correctly used as Bootstrap. Time loops can be broken and they can be remembered if they happen so many times to these characters. Let it be you, Mr Varley, that you are on a ship under attack and you don't even know there is the twenty-six time it will face a imminent destruction that can not be avoided. However, in the events leading to it one of your crew men remembers the same damn command you ordered him. So in the next time it happens you REMEMBER and stop what causes the deadly attack. You let the Romulans pass back into the natural zone."

"What are the other types of time travel?" Zweller asked.

"There is the minor time travel," I said. "For example just going to your father and giving him a different kind of drink on the day of your birth or some other important day that would otherwise distract your parent from bothering to take a look at you. It is a mischievous thing some time travelers do."

"If someone switched my tea, I would notice." Jean-Luc said.

"I would notice if someone switched out my drink, too!" Travid said.

"Do you ever consider what would be on your thoughts on that very important day?" I asked.

"I am not going to have kids." Travid said.

"Me too." Jean-Luc said.

"I would be busy pacing back and forth." Zweller said.

"So what kind of time travel is that?" Varley asked.

"The inconsequential changer," I said. "Rather basic."

"Can people observe and time travel?" Travid asked.

"Those are the watchers," I said. "They can appear at their own will let it be from the shadows, a machine making them transparent, or being a very careful hider. If the viewer see's them during the observation then they are royally screwed now having the image of a dying person pleading for help. That image is what I wouldn't want any young people to be haunted by."

When I thought about it; that reminded me of the Q.

"What if there was a timeline that had no boundaries?" Jean-Luc said. "No rules, no consequences, and nothing that meant the end of everything as we know it. Anything could be done and history would be different."

"Correct, Mr Picard." I said. "These are called . . Wild timelines." I felt my heart stop for a second. I clutch on the sides of the object in front of myself leaning forward. Damn it,what was that for? My heart started beating again. "Where anyone can do anything to their desire. . . If they want a screwed future then they can spoil everything that has thus happened to what leads into their future if they don't like their own future."

"Sir, are you okay?" Batadines asked.

"Just fine," I said. "Has anyone heard of the removed effect traveler?"

"No." Most of the cadets said.
"This time traveler is not affected by time," I explained. "For example. Fixed time can only apply to the person it happens. If they read what happens to themselves then it is fixed and can not be avoided. Like say, for example, Cadet Picard reads a datapad for Captain Picard of lets say the Enterprise or the Fendora then he will in turn be spoiled about his future." I saw Jean-Luc acting uneasy. "Back on topic. Anyone else outside that person's time stream can do anything they want like a adventure or anything that prolongs their lives. Hence the removed effect traveler who is not affected."

I stopped using Picard as an example.

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. . . 2:39 PM. . .

. . .Earth . . .

At the end of the lecture that turned out longer than it was supposed to be. I learned some of the students were full of theories on some random aspects of time traveling and abnormalities. Some abnormalities thrown into the discussion were mostly connected to the academy, space ships, people, and a entire crew. It was pretty fun in the lecture that was more of a group discussion. I saw Q7 during the discussion leaning against the door.

Q7 has a really long chin and big ears with curly brown hair.

It had to be him who made my heart stop.

Q7 is known to pop in randomly and sometimes stop some one's heart when they are explaining a Q-thing. The wild timeline in my timeline was never explained to Star Fleet let alone to the cadets. I noticed after seeing him that my hands were trembling yet I was visibly standing still to the audience. I turned on levitation mode then lowered off the stage right as the cadets started to leave in a single line. Some, that I did not expect, namely JEAN-LUC PICARD came to me with a questionable look on his face.

"Why did you pick me as an example?" Jean-Luc asked.

I smiled.

"You seem like the man who could do anything," I said. "Thank you for participating in this discussion, Picard."

It was nice to use that name in public.

We shook hands.

I could have said, "Have a long and prosperous life." but I merely said, "Goodbye, cadet."

"Ambassador." Jean-Luc said, with a little smile.

Jean-Luc turned around then followed the group.

Zweller approached me.

"I would to ask . . ." Zweller said. "Is there a possibility I can be a captain?"

"There are splinter universes, parallel universes, and mirror universes . . . My young friend," I said.
"Every choice in your life has a different outcome in various universes. For all I know you could become an admiral, fleet admiral, or a rear admiral. Or just a commander."

"So you are saying the future is in my hands?" Zweller asked.

"Yes... But... Take some of my advice: never let your Number One sacrifice his life for you." I said.

Zweller frowned.

"Thank you for the consideration, Ambassador." Zweller turned away and left.

Zweller, in the original timeline, lost his best friend Batadines. I have seen another timeline where he sacrificed himself to save her life and she became an admiral in the long run after running a ship without her first captain in a different quadrant for six years. Batadines turned out to be the most qualified woman to be prepared for commanding a ship. She was the second female captain in Star Fleet history in the Alternate Timeline.

Many of the cadets thanked me for spending the time engaging on a subject that mostly is confusing to those who are not at the very least interested.

"Hey Ambassador, is it possible for two counterparts from two different universes to inhabit the same space?" Travid asked.

"If they were to meet, they would destroy the entire universe," I said. "I already said that."

"But what if there was some external force preventing that from happening?" Travid asked.

"Then it would be possible." I said.

"And what if there were two people in the same universe who looked alike?" Travid asked.

"A trail of destruction or just pure nothingness. Nothing ever happening, Cadet Travid. A simple meet and greet." I raised an eyebrow at the cadet. "You are not just asking because you are interested."

"I am." Travid said.

I frowned.

Here, I had a lunatic before my eyes. He was such a problem in the brain. He wanted to become what I was in the future. My hands clutched around the armrest. He had only one existence in the span of a million universes. This is the timeline where he is created. The man I sealed inside a stone statue called the Weeping Angel to take away people's lives so he could live. Weeping Angels feed off the life energy by sending their victims to the past depending how long they have to live like one hundred plus years or fifty years. Fifty years is the common denominator.

I had been using a device to make it seem as though I was standing.

It took me a month create it shortly after being told I had to do a lecture.

It was like a endoskeleton underneath my clothes and it attached to one unnoticeable machine. I wanted to stand giving the lecture rather than sit like Stephen Hawking in front of a standing crowd. I sat back down shortly after everyone had turned started to turn away from my direction. I couldn't walk. I believed it enhanced the experience talking to such a young crowd.
"Kid, time travel is a mess and messing with the universe will lead you to your death!" I grabbed his hands. "My name is Q and I am formally demanding you do not go any further into this."

"Ambassador, you are scaring me!" Travid said.

"Then don't become a Q and don't dig any further what we are," I said, as my grip tightened on his hands. "You have a bright future ahead of you. I hate to be the one responsible for your death for the second time, Mr Travid." He tried to squeeze his hands out of my grip. "We are always watching humanity and we strive to blend in, study them, and test them. If you dare break through that barrier between mortality and immortality there will be consequences."

Travid finally broke through holding his right wrist.

"I will report this." Travid said.

"Hey, I am the one trying to save your life!" I shouted after the man as he fled.

Cadet Makenzie approached me.

"Ambassador, I am sorry for my friend's reaction." Makenzie said.

"It is fine," I said, shaking my right hand. "In a few years Travid will be no more."

Makenzie looked at me strangely.

"Sir?" Makenzie said.

I sighed.

"Keep an eye on him." I said.

His mood brightened.

"I will," Makenzie said. "Thank you, Ambassador, for the lecture."

"No problem . . ." I said, then Makenzie left.

I rubbed my forehead feeling immense guilt.

I just single handedly sent a mortal man on a fools errand to ensure the safety of the universe. I met Makenzie during my younger years. It was no wonder why Travid reacted the way he did. I closed my eyes glancing down toward these old hands of mine. I had a flash to the past.

"Woah. . ." Older Travid said, looking around in the white field of nothingness. "So this is . . . Is this amazing."

I materialized in front of this young man.

"Go home." I said.

Older Travid smiled.

"Q?"

"Yes, I am Q."

"Don't you remember me?"
"This is the first time I have met you, you arrogant human. Now, GO HOME."

The man smiled holding his fingers up.

"You know," Older Travid said. "I want to know everything about you and your friends first."

I stopped right then feeling that creepy unusual sensation that usually came first before a bad event. He had a certain vibe about him. It was then I was contained in a sense. I couldn't move nor talk. I felt someone going through my time stream learning, absorbing, and watching everything I. DID. I felt a tinge of power transferred. Then I was freed in the middle of now here completely naked.

I got up then used the thought to get myself dressed up.

There was one thought on my mind right then.

ENTERPRISE.

That is where he went.

And so did I.

I snapped my fingers to what seemed to be the wreckage of the Enterprise. I felt horrified. I had come too late. Rule six says you can't bring people back to life. I had to go against that as I had many times before. Death is a very boring thing and it has a lot of connections to the real world that effects those who are alive. Specifically me. I saw Data's head free floating in the space. I saw what remained of the bridge crew frozen. I materialized right into the bridge where Makenzie held a knife aimed at Travid.

Data was turned toward the scene.

His aiming was almost wrong by a inch.

Travid took a step to the side.

One minute until the Enterprise became nothing but a mess.

"Travid!" I shouted, grabbing the man by the wrist.

Travid's eyes darted toward my direction and he couldn't stop himself when I resumed time. He took a step aside nearly falling over. I prevented him from falling down on his idiot butt. I held my other hand up in the way of Makenzie's way almost freezing the man in his place. Makenzie's eyes froze in realization.

"I am sorry, Mon capitaine, for getting here so late," I apologized. "I will handle this problem myself."

"No, let it be mine!" Makenzie demanded.

I looked over toward the shorter man.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he is my friend and my problem. I should have stopped him from the start!" Makenzie said.

"Q, my ready room." Jean-Luc said.
"No," I said. "But I will grant your request, Mr. . . . Eh, I didn't catch your name. What was it, fella?"

"Jacob L Makenzie." Makenzie said.

"Q, don't!" Jean-Luc demanded. "That is what he wants."

"I'll be watching every step of the way," I said. "See you later, Picard."

I opened my eyes.

Travid murdered Makenzie. It was after murdering Makenzie that Travid finally realized what he had become. I remember Travid staggering back with blood on his hands. He radiated the power of the Q and other man made power drawn out of a different continuum. He looked up at my direction fueled by rage. He had intense anger in his eyes. What did I do? I turned Travid into a Weeping Angel. One that cannot catch me. He blamed me for Makenzie's apparent death.

I wheeled my way out of the large lecture hall.

I saw John-Luc hiding alongside a wall as Jean-Luc passed by.

I laughed, gently, wheeling over to John-Luc.

"Sssshh." John-Luc said, with one finger to his lips.

Jean-Luc was surrounded by his friends Varley, Zweller, and Batadines. Varley was Varley as ever talking about some kind of plans he had for his future. The crowd of cadets seemed to be so massive they apparently didn't notice I was right behind them. I wheeled over to the other hallway where John-Luc was apparently scared to meet himself.

"Is there some unfinished business you have with Batadines?" I asked.

"We used to have a fling but it ended before we graduated," John-Luc said. "The last I ever heard of her after graduation was that she was with child. I wanted to ask if she was having my child. . . I was quite worried about it."

"Don't worry about your other self," I said. "If they got into a romantic relationship it would ruin their friendship."

"Quarty, can we make Colo home?" John-Luc asked

"I agree, we have to stay out of Jean-Luc's timeline," I said. "Let's start house buying after we leave Earth."

John-Luc smiled.

"Tonight, I will be the one giving the massage." Jean-Luc said.

I am one hundred forty-seven years old.

"I am the luckiest man in the universe." I said.

John-Luc?

He is two hundred nineteen.

And he does not look a day over ninety.
"Yes, yes you are." John-Luc said.

John-Luc and I looked over the corner of the hallway. We both could see Jean-Luc taking a left turn. Quickly we took the exit ever so causally. I was his watch out for Batadines or any other person who knew young Jean-luc who could possibly recognize those eyes and facial features of his. I turned on levitation mode going down the stairs. We made it safely out of Star Fleet Academy. We had a sigh of relief.

And we had to get a ride straight to Colo.
T'fara's new husband

... 2328 ...

... Colo ...

The Stargate at Stargata was buried just as I had requested before putting in my resignation years ago. It had been years since I had seen T'fara and I couldn't force myself to send her a message. Besides, I left that to John-Luc. It was... enstrangement. There was a significant void in my heart left behind from Jessie.

I was trimming a plant when John-Luc came.

"Quarty, did you hear that T'far just got married?" John-Luc asked.

"I just did," I said. "Let me guess... Robby died."

"He passed away twenty-eight years ago," John-Luc said. "She has been dating a man since 2323 who was fresh out of the academy."

I turned around with a surprised look.

"And what is his rank?" I asked.

"He is a Lieutenant Commander, a helm officer, for the USS Tiger."

I gave a chuckle.

"Hah, that outta be a funny story." I said.

"And he is a human." John-Luc added.

I am one hundred fifty two years old.

"I am not surprised," I said. "She gets that from her mother."

John-Luc and I had a silent-agreement about me seeing T'fara. He had seen the memories and the pain. He had seen it all. He had seen my emotions when I saw T'fara on the screen again. She reminded me of the lost granddaughter who'll never grow to an old woman and have grandchildren of her own.

"What should we get her for her wedding present?" John-Luc asked.

"I can make a talking planet robot for Tara," I said.

"Or a banjo." John-Luc said, jokingly.

"If we are to get her a banjo, it has to be durable for her slamming it to the ground like a rock star." I said.

"She isn't a child, Quarty." John-Luc said.

"Old habits die hard, John-Luc," I said. "For example..." I pick up black coffee. "The Q have a tendency to have coffee and tea in between eight years. Every four years I change my drinking
habits."

I take a sip out of the coffee.

"And your cholesterol habits, as well?" John-Luc asked.

I lowered the cup to the counter.

"I don't eat potato chips much as I used to, you remember that health scare I had!" I said.

"A titanium banjo. . ." John-Luc said, with doubt in his voice. "Last I recall she never used her replicas of her guitar."

"Yes, she did, a lot," I said. "While singing terribly hopping up and down." I remember it quite well because of the ruckus she made as I wrote my Sky Trek novels. "If she doesn't like it . . . Go search for something you know she'll like."

"I have no idea what she'll like for her wedding present." John-Luc said.

"John-Luc, if you made a promise to her regarding gifts . . . I am sure you'll come to." I said.
Richard Green and his newly wedded wife T'fara 'Tara' Pocirld received an outpour of gifts shortly after their honeymoon. It was their wedding gifts. She was willing to take their relationship slowly rather than jump at the chance to have a child. She was still reeling over the loss of her first child. In fact it would have been her only child if Green hadn't come into her life.

"So Tara, what did you get?" Green asked, sitting on the couch beside T'fara.

T'fara shook the box listening to it.

"Mostly machinery that teenagers these days use on your home planet to have fun," T'fara said. "I do not ride hover boards nor am I a teenager."

T'fara looked quite young for her age.

"I thought you did like the new tech savvy recreational activities." Green said.

"Hun, you are confusing me for your sister." T'fara said, jokingly.

"In your short dreams would I do that to my Tara." Green said, in a dramatically exaggeratedly but playful way.

T'fara elbowed Green using her sharp elbow.

"Ow." Green winched.

She was sixty-three years old and she looked not a day over thirty-two. She ripped open the box getting rid of the wrapping. She noticed there was tape along the edges. She picked up a piece of the fabric to see a name 'John-Luc Picard'. She had a short laugh dropping the half ripped paper to the counter.

"It is from my father and mother." T'fara said.

She yanked the lid open.

There inside the box lay a gray banjo that had a golden plate on it reading, "For my only daughter, a princess, Tara. Made by Quarty."

"Wow," Green said. "That is hand made. I can tell just by the cut!"

T'fara pressed the banjo against her chest hugging it letting some good tears come down.

"My mother made it."

"Your mom must be good at what she does."

"He is good at what he does."

"What?"
"My second father is my mother."

"Are you meaning to tell me your other father bended his gender?"

"I call him 'mom' rather than 'dad'. I call my sire just . . . father."

"Come on, what is your mother?"

T'fara strummed the banjo.

"I'll sing it to you, hun." T'fara said.

Green grabbed a pink pillow putting it in front of his lap.

"Sing it." Green said.

"Once upon a time there was a immortal and omnipotent guy, he got stuck as a mortal, and left to hopelessly live out his miserable life in the past," T'fara said. "There was a Vulcan who lived on the day to day weight of death for his crew, a war raging against the Klingons, Klinngons." She nodded her head. "One day they were stuck together further in the past. Further in the past. Fuurrrthhher!"

Green tapped his fingers on the pillow.

"One day, one day, one day," T'fara sang. "When they were separated. The once immortal man came across a pocket of incredible power." She stood up raising her voice. "Power of your wildest dreams! His races kind of power. Kind of power, pow-er!" She had a clear clean whistle. "He learned the Vulcan was undergoing hormones thing!"

Green's face is replaced by a pucker one.

"The kind of thing that gets Vulcans killed if they do not mate with their beloved!" T'fara sang. "Stuck together in the past. Stuck together like glue. Stuck together. The former immortal man, Q, decided then to change his gender along with the Vulcan's beloved taking over when they mated!" She was on the table now kicking off stuff with a unique skip. "It could have taken them home but no, no, no. His mate wasn't in Q's future. He had no mate. Not until Q walked into his life and thought about the Vullllcaaan first!"

She was waving the banjo in the air.

"I like this song!" Green said.

"And that's where they had a child!" T'fara said. "Sing it with me, baby!"

"And they had a child!" Green's singing voice was high pitched.

Thank god no one could hear their singing outside through this well kept and designed walls.

"Separation can't always be dividing them," T'fara sang. "As they learn they had a thing for each other. Their masquerades faded--" She was now on the other couch softening and lowering her voice to something that could be compared to a country singer. "To reveal their deceptions." She started to raise her voice again. "There was a omnipotent guy, omnipotent guy, omnipoteennt guuuy!" She used the banjo in the lyrics, "He got stuck as a mortal, and left to hopelessly live out his miserable life in the past."

Green clapped his hands to the song.
"There was a Vulcan who lived on the day to day weight of death for his crew," Green continued to sing. "A war raging against the Klingons. He felt like he was missing someone from his life."

Green honestly was enjoying the song.

"Until the day the Vulcan came across a kindred spirit!"

"Their masquerades faded to reveal their deceptions."

"And there in the deception they realized their truths."

"Is that they honestly care about each other."

"One Vulcan, and one human."

"Divided by their differences."

"But not anymore."
A new bundle of joy

. . . 2330 . . .

. . . Colo . . .

"Quarty, WHERE IN HEAVENS NAME ARE YOU?"

"I am just getting off the Cipallon vessel Weakner--"

"T'fara is delivering in the hospital on this planet!"

"SINCE WHEN DID T'FARA COME TO COLO?"

"The Tiger is in orbit for a new crew member and she happened to be visiting and her water broke."

What I didn't tell John-Luc was that I was in a Vulcan Vessel called the T'cheb headed back to Colo.

"I am on my way," I said. "See you in two hours. Quarty out."

The Vulcans and the Colonians had some difficulties getting along in space including a new planet discovered close by, I don't absolutely know why but the Vulcans called dibs on it first and this enraged the Colonians. So I was sent on a very secretive mission to end that tension by speaking to the Vulcan council regarding this blasted move. I spoke in their reasoning: logic. Logic was my weapon.

It was very easy.

It went like this:

"Why are you here?" Came one council member.

Vulcans disapproved of the Q continuum for reasons that I will not tell.

"I am here to speak on the behalf of Colo," I said. "And Planet 8947.38 isn't in your perimeters. Logically you should relinquish it to Colo so it can be colonized as Colo 2 and develop on its own rate . . .Without help."

"But why?" The third council member asked.

"Do you want a war with a planet that has twenty-five thousand Klingons, five thousand Cippallons, fifteen thousand Jaffa, twenty thousand humans, six thousand Vulcans, ten thousand Bajorans, and a whole lot of other races that I do not want to list out?" I asked.

"That is a lie." The first council member said.

"I stopped lying a long time ago," I said. "And that is no lie. There is thirty-three million mixed races on Colo. They are all going to leave one day and today isn't one of those days. If you take the recently discovered planet that could mean a good deal to population control then whenever there is famine your little thousand Vulcans will be blamed and there will be a deep rooted hated for you too. Because that will make a whole lot of mixed races have to pack up and leave searching for a new home. We all know how long that takes to find a new home!"

"Logically, you are lying because that number is staggering." The forth council member said.
I sighed.

"Fine," I said. "Don't call for me when Jaffa and Klingons start attacking."

I turned away then started wheeling my way out of the room without listening to their conversation. Who knew Vulcans could gossip in such low whispers? John-Luc has a fine whisper I can tell apart from others. It is so recognizable and sticking out. Only I could follow that sound for some reason. I still do not know why.

"How many Klingons do you have again?" One council member raised their voice.

I stopped short.

"Twenty-five thousand six hundred eighty nine." I said.

I went into the Turbo Lift after exiting my temporary quarters. I noticed a change about the corridor shortly after entering. It changed colors before my eyes. And in walked a wet Wesley wearing a soaked sweatshirt. I stared at the young boy almost unable to say a word as he made the command to a specific deck.

"Wesley?" I finally said, as the doors closed.

Wesley turned toward me.

"Uh, hello!" Wesley said. "Fell into a pond. Have we met before?"

I held my hand out with a smile.

"Ambassador Quarty of Colo," I said. "You may call me Ambassador Q, Wes."

Wesley shook my hand.

"Glad to meet you, Ambassador!" Wesley said, then we stopped shaking hands. "I have heard of what you did."

"Don't remind me," I said. "Today I am going to become a grandfather again."

"Congratulations!" Wesley said.

"Thank you." I said.

"So when did you get aboard the Enterprise?" Wesley asked.

I smiled, lifting up my glasses back to where they should be.

"Awhile ago," I said. "I am visiting Captain Picard to comment on how well his crew is. His crew is gold."

"My mom would be proud to hear of that," Wesley said. "But we just got the whole crew together."

"Kid, you got a great life ahead of you with a lot of promises," I said. "Don't waste them." I had to force myself from not commenting on his late father. "And best of all . . . Enjoying being a member aboard the Enterprise."

The doors opened
"Wow," Wesley said. "I'll take note of that."

"Tell your mother that her friend Q will be boarding the Transport room in two years." I said.

If he remembers, that is.

"I will." Wesley said.

Wesley went out of the turbo lift now completely dry.

"Goodbye, Wesley!" I shouted, with a wave.

Wesley shot back a smile with a small wave.

"See you later, Ambassador Q!" Wesley said, then he took a turn to the left and vanished before my eyes.

The scene changed back into the darker late corridor.

"Shuttle bay." I said.

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. . . Brief scene . . .

. . . Crusher kitchen . .

"And then this old guy got my attention," Wesley said. "He acted like he knew me."

Beverly took a bite out of her salad.

"Uh huh." Beverly said.

"And he claimed to be Ambassador Quarty of the Colo planet!" Wesley said.

Beverly stop chewing then swallowed what bite she had.

"What wait?" Beverly said, stopping her fork on her lettuce.

"Ambassador Quarty looked exactly like his picture." Wesley said.

"Wesley, I would have known if he was brought aboard this ship." Beverly said.

"And he told me to call him Ambassador Q," Wesley said. "He called the entire crew 'golden' like he was nostalgic. I mean I get that he is old and forgetful but that is so weird. He went on some mumbo jumbo about following my heart and something about your friend Q appearing in the transporter in two years time."

"Wesley," Beverly said. "What else did he say?"

"He was just becoming a grandfather, again." Wesley said.

"That is strange," Beverly said. "He hasn't become a grandfather for a third time since . . . 2330."

"Tell me about it," Wesley said, taking another bite out of his salad. "It was so . . ." He shook his head with his eyes briefly closed. "I feel like he was alluding to the guy who appeared on the bridge you told me about."
"As if." Beverly said.

"I know, I just can't wrap my head around it." Wesley said.

"Maybe you are not meant to understand it." Beverly said.

"Perhaps," Wesley said. "And I asked Data about the probability of Ambassador Q being Q."

"And the answer is zero." Beverly said, jokingly.

Wesley shook his head.

"No, not that." Wesley said.

Beverly raised a brow.

"Then what was it?" Beverly asked.

"Fifty-seven point nine percent chance." Wesley said.

I wheeled my way to shuttle bay. I couldn't believe I came across Wesley Crusher. I seriously could not believe it but the interaction had gone. Perhaps . . . Perhaps Wesley will figure it out upon the return of the Enterprise and the story that Data has to tell like many other bridge officers of my vanishing act with three judges. I came with armed tools to the shuttle prepared to make a emergency spatial rift for Colo.

I opened the engine and made some minor adjustments.

I decided to hack into the Federation computer and change my entire profile. I made a white lie about who I was and my identity. I made myself a real person by getting rid of the previous icky file revealing who I was. My dark past. If Star Fleet knew who I was right away in 2364 then Jean-Luc would know what to do with me in the beginning. I put the original file into a deep dirty classified file entitled Pegasaus. I grinned at the trick. I simply had it my career made some enemies and I developed a cancerious infection that was taken care of by The Doctor.

A Doctor aboard the USS Garden Shovel.

Brilliant joke.

I put the tools into a compartment and started up the shuttle.

"I am coming, John-Luc." I said.

I flew out of the shuttle bay then launched into the spatial rift. I saw history graze by me, really. I saw cows grazing on fields. Barbarians learning to attack the much larger animals using rocks or spears. I saw the barbarians flee at the sight of alien beings who then grew disgusted then fled into their space craft and flew into space. The Vlectorians, the praying Mantis people, had a strange custom to terrorize humanity and abduct them, test them, then return them. And sometimes they never returned the humans to the right planet. The Vulcans had a fit about that part.

They never ended with good terms.
I also saw humanity developing and Kahless fighting his brother.

"Stop right there." Came a voice I only knew on Deep Space Nine.

I almost couldn't move at first.

I turned around to see my surroundings had changed to a white scenery. There was Benjamin Sisko with a phaser aimed at my direction, then he lowered the phaser with a shocked look on his face. He had aged quite well from the last time I saw him. The first words out of his mouth were, "Ambassador Quarty? You should be dead."

"Hello, Sisko." I said.

Sisko raised a eyebrow.

"Do I know you?" Sisko said.

"I know you," I said. "Let me pass."

"No, I won't let a dead guy go through my spatial rift." Sisko said.

"That is yours?" I asked.

"Yes." Sisko said.

"Uh huh, I didn't see your name on it." I said.

The phaser vanished.

"Q? . . ."  

"Why yes, new celestial temple resident, you just intercepted me on my emergency flight to Colo!"

"You are so old from the last time I saw you on the Enterprise. The original Enterprise."

"I never met you there."

"I was there."

"My visit was short and brief, how can I have met you on the Enterprise?"

"I was there."

I rubbed my forehead.

"Oh?" I said. "What about my unexpected companion?"

"I met with him too." Sisko said.

"Come on, were you a red shirt?" I asked.

"Yes." Sisko said.

"I am not even going to ask." I said, with a sigh.

"How has life been for you?" Sisko asked.
"Like hell," I said. "Avoiding Jean-Luc is the most difficult thing in my life right now."

"He has ways of appearing when you least expect him."

"A lot like me in my younger days."

"Hey, you are never always going to be that old."

"I look back at the past at who I had been before and there are many things I am ashamed of. I look back at the past under the good light at what I have done, Captain Sisko, or is that your current rank if you are still in Star Fleet?"

"Sisko will do." Sisko said.

I cleared my throat.

"How much pain do you feel seeing your family wither away before your eyes?" I asked.

"Beyond what a typical man should feel." Sisko said.

I sighed.

"That's the problem with being omnipotent," I said. "All your mortal friends die."

"So let me get this straight, you don't always like being a Q?" Sisko said.

"It is a pain in the ass," I admitted. "Much as I..." I lowered my head. "Like it..." I turned my head toward Sisko. "I have helped numerous civilizations, elevate them up than what they had been before, and humanity is no exception. Humanity is one of my best plucks I have ever come across."

"I understand," Sisko said. "You feel left behind."

"Yes sirrey," I said. "But if... if... if only I could extend their lives."

"But that would be painful for them too," Sisko said. "Watching their loved ones die and they don't die."

I sighed.

"Good point." I said.

It would be a endless cycle.

"I always thought you liked being a pain in the ass but maybe it was just your omnipotent status that made us rivals." Sisko said.

"We are still rivals, Captain Sisko, not even close to being friends." I said.

The last part came out as a whisper.

"So this entire time you've been building a life separated from your real identity, hacked into the federation internet, and then changed your entire background down to a speck," Sisko said. "I don't know about you but that sounds a lot like a man who hates himself."

"The man you knew was some-one else." I said.

"Q, I recognized you by a simple snarky comment and you are still the same man!" Sisko said.
Boy, that burned a nerve.

"I AM NOT ALL POWERFUL LIKE YOU, SISKO!" I shouted back at him in rage.

"Prove to me you are a changed man and only then will I allow you passage." Sisko said, folding his arms.

I frowned.

"I can't do that," I said. "I am not a Q anymore."

"Hold onto that thought for a moment." Sisko said.

My scenery changed before my eyes. Gray, cozy, and a red ball headed my direction that had bounced off the wall. I caught the ball with one hand hearing the mutters of 'Picard to Enterprise, do you read me? Picard to Enterprise!' that sounded panicked and worried. I sat down at the edge of the seat.

I could sense this was a splinter timeline.

"No use, Picard." I said

"Q, take me back to my ship." Jean-Luc said.

"Call me 'Quarty', please." I said.

Jean-Luc turned his head toward my direction.

"A name?" Jean-Luc said.

I smiled.

"Why yes, I have finally chosen a name." I said.

Jean-Luc grew a concerned look.

"Are you ill?"

"Why of course not!"

"In the brief visits I have known you, you have referred to yourself as Q and introduced yourself as Q."

"A Q, Picard."

"And now you are suddenly calling yourself 'Quarty'."

I materialized in the seat beside Jean-Luc.

"I changed my mind," I said. "I take back my request to be aboard your ship. I have a question for you." I put my hands together. "If you had knowledge spanning thousands of years and power to do what I do... Would you introduce a threat to save everyone so others can be prepared for it after the initial meeting?"

"Q--"
"Quarty, please."

"Quarty, that is . . . Not my place to decide."

"I need an opinion because I will be breaking the greatest rule of the continuum."

"And that is?"

"I can't say right now," I said. "But I am willing to ask if you would take the risk to save the Federation and countless other species."

"I would go ahead." Jean-Luc said.

I sighed.

"Guess I should transport you back to your ship," I said. I was honestly scared. I hadn't done this kind of meeting with Jean-Luc before in this kind of fashion. *What he is so scared of?*, I heard Jean-Luc's thoughts. I smiled. "Nothing scares me, Captain Picard."

I snapped my fingers returning the shuttle to shuttle bay and Jean-Luc to the turbo lift. But me? I transported myself to Ten Forward and poured myself a glass of vodka right by the great view of space. I sent the Enterprise wheeling toward the right spinning in circles. I causally took a drink of vodka.

"YOU!" I heard Guinan.

I looked over to see the woman headed my direction or at least attempting by grabbing onto the nearest empty table. I wasn't in the mood to fight back. I changed my uniform to civilian dressware. I did like green contrasting against the gray. Green is one of my favorite colors with the first being gray. The Enterprise came to a stop.

"Get out of my bar, Q." Guinan demanded.

I looked up toward Guinan

"Bite me," I said. "And the name is Quarty. I would appreciate that."

"You think you can send us flying into god knows what part of the universe?" Guinan asked. "You can't do that."

"We are in the Delta Quadrant, Miss Guinan!" I said. "This choice was NOT easy for me," I pointed over my shoulder letting go of the vodka. "It is humanity's turn to give a shot against the Borgs."

I decided not to help this time around.

I did enough helping for the Federation and I should only appear when I am most needed.

"The Borg can not be defeated, Q!" Guinan reminded me.

I held my temple.

"The Borg can not be defeated," I mocked her. "That's what they said about the Q."

Guinan raised her eyebrows.

"What?"
"You heard me."

"Don't pull that stunt on me."

"It is not a stunt, it is the truth and if you can't handle the truth then treat it as a lie!"

"You are a liar, Q, and you always have been. In fact you will always be a liar."

I lowered my head feeling hurt inside.

"My emotions do not govern me, my emotions do not govern me," I muttered to myself, feeling my hands bend into fists. I cleared my throat feeling my fingers press against the palm of my hand tightly. "But they can." I turned my head toward Guinan. "I am concealing my anger from hurting you. I am giving you that respect."

Getting respect from me is not entirely easy.

I snapped my fingers and I vanished from her presence.

Perhaps being human for so long I have become vulnerable to emotions and feelings. This just topped the cake. In private I cried. Being a Q means you have to disregard such statements from inferior beings like a grain of salt and nothing more but anger of the lower planed beings. Even as a Q again in a different timeline I couldn't just shrug it off. It hurt me inside.

Guinan could have dumped the vodka on my head.

But what stopped her?

A crowd.

"We really need Q's help." I heard Jean-Luc's thoughts.

I looked on the screen to see they were getting a good chunk of their decks being taken.

"Not yet." I tell myself.

I transported my vodka into my hands and resume drinking,

I sensed my role was being filled by Guinan.

Completely detaching myself from the line of events. I emptied the glass then snapped it back to where it had been before. It was exactly then that on the screen I saw the same glass appear in a white flash in the middle of the bridge. Jean-Luc stared at puzzled in the first second then he demanded the glass cup to get off his bridge thinking the cup was me.

Second time in a row I have laughed at Jean-Luc.

With a thought I returned the glass to Ten Forward.

But instead it landed in Jean-Luc's ready room on the table.

I grew annoyed.

'Cup to ten forward, cup to ten forward, do you read me?' I thought.

Silence.
"Damn it." I said, irritated.

I leaned back and contemplated what I should do after getting back to John-Luc. Warm and bubbly thoughts cluttered my mind. I had a smile leaning back in the seat. In 2330, John-Luc did a mind meld with me to put the dark past and the feelings connected to Jessie into a box similar to the one I put a sound in. Now, whenever I saw T'fara those feelings did not come to. It was almost like it never happened.

"Hello, Q!" Travid's voice came to. "Or should I call you Quarty?"

I looked over my shoulder in fear.

Where was he in his timeline?

"Travid . . ." I said, frozen in fear.

"I saw you staring at the screen right at the old guy's direction so I put two and two together," Travid explained. "I saw you walk out with the Vulcan guy. His name isn't Pocirld, isn't it? You are married to him. Now where the hell am I?"

I stood up.

"Travid, go back."

"No."

"Travid, if you want Makenzie to live don't go further."

"What are you talking about? Makenzie is right behind me. He agreed to come with me and explore what the fabric of time has to share."

I took a step back afraid, very afraid, feeling all his Q and unnatural Continuum power.

"Stay. . . Stay away from me!" I said, feeling my back hit the television set.

"Why are you so scared of me?" Travid asked, approaching me generally confused.

I couldn't take the chance that one touch could corrupt me or make me a single conscience.

"You have a unnatural power," I said. "One that is not supposed to have been made. The answer to your question? You are in the continuum waiting plane. Where we watch in different pockets of the universe of various timelines to our choosing." He came closer to me. "Just one touch is corruptible."

"Such as you?"

"Don't you touch me, young man. I have worked hard to become who I am today!"

"Being a old man is hard work and becoming young again is hard work, too?"

I knew better.

"I am not going back down that road." I said.

Travid smiled.

"Maybe I should touch you and you can teach me how to harness this power." Travid said.
"Even if I were corrupted; I would never teach someone who cheated," I said. "You got in the wrong way, kid, you didn't plug in pi."

Travid frowned.

"3.14."

"Yes."

"That is an illogical way of coming in."

"No, it is very logical. Those who are very logical can enter and you are not one of them!"

Travid reached his arm out toward me but right then appeared a lingering fog taking on the shape of a human hand. I recognized that color. It was the purple mass I came across so many years ago. I watched his color change from purple to dark gray. I could hear his last thoughts that were powerful channling a single message coming from the screen that had become mute to my ears during this conversation.

"Quarty, I am sorry!" It was a direct message from Guinan.

I exchanged a hand of sorrow toward those last pure and innocent thoughts.

And hand of thanks.

"No!" Travid shouted.

I saw Makenzie appear five feet away.

"Bye-bye." I said.

I vanished and reappeared on the Enterprise on the bridge to the words of, "Quarty, we need your help!" that were coming out of Jean-Luc's mouth. I had a soft and small smile at the words I never do get tired of hearing. It brightened my day really. I saw Guinan by the turbo lift.

"That is the best thing I ever heard from you," I said. "Hold on."

I snapped my fingers sending them back to the Alpha Quadrant.

The scenery turned to white and I saw Sisko appear.

"Not bad." Sisko said.

"Not bad?" I repeated. "I nearly got corrupted!"

"You are still the same man, and you refuse to accept that, Quarty." Sisko said. "Even though you try not to be the one who everyone considers a liar, a trickster, and a threat . . . You are otherwise unable to shake it off. You can't change. That is who you are."

"Who I am earned me a lot of enemies," I said. "Do you see this old hand of mine and these scars that have turned into wrinkles?" I pointed to my face that had since healed those scars two decades ago. My left hand wasn't so . . . Admirable. "Do you hear my voice? Do you see the ageness? The youth? The bass? The unmistakenable tempo you would recognize without a doubt? NOW TELL ME I AM STILL THE SAME MAN!"
Sisko did not flinch a bit at my reply.

"You have the appearance of a old man, but that does not mean you have changed." Sisko said.

I frowned.

"Let's take a look into the past and lets see if you are wrong again." I said.

"Name it." Sisko said.

"Take back the night rally of '95." I said.

. . . Take back the night rally. . .

. . . 2295 . . September 5th . .

I wanted to be the last one to share their story. Most of the domestic abuse victims were young woman and one of them was very old. They talked about how they were treated unfairly, how their life was messed up, how the authorities pretended they heard nothing, how one officer rolled their eye at a report (Mind you this was a Jaffa reporting the disturbance), and why they chickened out on not attending trial.

Colo had trials selected by a group of peers like the older version of Earth had.

Jury members.

I had jury duty in 2290.

Being Senator does not mean you are exempt from jury duty. Trials were carried out fairly; we had regulated prisons and had programs that convinced those wrong do-ers not to do their offense again. I was instrumental in urging the release of some convicts who had learned their lesson. We even have community service in place for the teenagers who screw up royally damaging their parents cars or something pretty bad.

"And that's my story." Jessica finished, and then she broke out into tears.

She was the last.

I slowly started clapping shortly after the victim's friend hugged her.

"I don't see anything different about that." Sisko said.

"SSSSSSHHHH!" I warned Sisko.

Soon after many other people stood up and clapped for Jessica. John-Luc was with T'fara that night on another planet to be there for our granddaughter's arrival. He was so excited and delighted. He never had been a grandparent before in the other universe. I could not go as I had duties to fulfill on Colo and these events happened on different days of the year in the months they occurred in.

Colo had its fair share of not-so-perfectness.

When Jessica was close enough to me I then decided to do something I normally never did with women. I gave her a sincere hug and said, "Your courage is remarkable." It was a short lived one as I got a reply, "Thank you." It was heartwarming to be the one who joined what many could call the
alien version of 'safe harbor' on Colo. I joined back in 2267. I loved Colo because of the mixed
races. I once met a Klingon who had two heads. A conjoined twin Cippallon. A mute Vulcan
capable of speaking in telepathy. Two Betazoid's who were alike (And best friends) in appearance
but not biologically related and left a trail of 'happiness' behind where-ever they went. Those two left
Colo but I never forgot them. Never have.

I wheeled my way to the stage and turned on levitation mode.

John-Luc had insisted to me that I share my story.

It was the one way to move on and begin forgiving Alian for her deeds and not have a tarnished
image on women because I never got over that . . . disturbing event. I pulled down the microphone
staring at the tables of people. I had to do it. I helped many of the victims. Now I have to share my
story.

"A couple years ago . . ." I said. "I was . . Abducted. . ." My voice started to crack. "By a woman. A
woman accelerated in time. She was from Scalos." I shuddered. "In the time I knew her . . Which
was 2 days in regular time but a week to me. She. . ." I closed my eyes feeling so disturbed. "She
used me. Her race was dying out. Her race's men were sterile. She didn't ask me to help her become
pregnant. She used me. She injected me with some kind of paralysis dose that prevented me from
moving and speaking. She used me to become pregnant without my consent. Now . . I . . I try to
move on but these days giving women my trust is not that easy. If . . If the young one . . turns out to
become a Proto-Q then some-one else will have to raise her. I can't do it. Day by day I struggle with
forgiving this woman. Day by day I come to the solution of no forgiveness."

I closed my eyes then reopened them with a shaky breath.

"I was a young man back then and I still have not recovered," I said. "It was hard coming to telling
my story tonight but my husband convinced me . . .It is part of my recovery. A gradual one."

I wheeled my way off the stage to where I came to a crowd of people standing.

Now, I am not the one who gets hugs often from total strangers.

But this one night I did.

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Sisko watched the memory end, horrified.

"I. . . I . . . I didn't realize you were raped." Sisko said.

"It is best you never see that day." I said, in a low voice.

"Quarty, you are trembling." Sisko said.

I grabbed my left hand trying to compel it to being still. Did no good. I was still trembling. Watching
myself give that speech just reminded me how shattered I was and how I still am because of what
happened in the past. The past is not the future. I am still working on trusting women again. Alian's
infliction to me will not stop me from regaining what I lost because of her.

I sighed.

"I am in control of my emotions." I said.
"Quarty."
"Yes?"

"The splinter timeline you made for yourself changed your other-self in so many ways."
"Hahahaa, really?"

Sisko nodded.

"I will show you two flashes of your splinter self." Sisko said.

"Keyword being show?" I asked.

"Yes, just showing you on the screen." Sisko said.

I turned myself around to see a very large and wide screen.

It was so odd. I could feel everything my splinter self was feeling at the moment the screen begun playing. There was a dark and big ready room that was partially lit. The year was 2379, I knew that because it was in his thoughts. My Splinter self's thoughts. For some reason we had a connection. So whenever he speaks, it won't be in italic. Whenever I speak outside it will be in italics.

There sat seventy-four year old Jean-Luc in a dark uniform drinking earl gray tea.

"Hello, Quarty." Jean-Luc said.

Jean-Luc the cup expecting a flash but only the door opened.

"I . . Just wanted to share a visit before I beam down."

"Beam . . down?" Jean-Luc said, puzzled and confused.

I nodded.

"Why yes, you heard me." I said.

Jean-Luc lowered his tea.

"Quarty, please sit down." Jean-Luc said.

I sat into the nearest chair and this time I didn't have one leg over another.

"Yes?"

"I know you better than I ever have in the past few years and your cleaning up act," Jean-Luc said. "I can tell when there is something on your mind. You try not to show but I can see it in your eyes."

I laughed it off.

"Me?" I said. "Being sad? As if."

"I wasn't saying that," Jean-Luc said. "You do not beam down. You appear wherever you want."

My smile faded.
"I quit the continuum." I said, in a low voice.

"That is unlike you." Jean-Luc said.

I sighed.

"Ever since that day. . . Since the Borg. . . I have a strong feeling telling me I shouldn't be doing this and that. But instead spending it at home. I used to think the continuum as my home built of many planes, conscience, and levels of the universes. But lately . . . I can't find the heart to live on as a immortal. I feel . . . detached. Empty. So, its not final, not yet at least. This is my last voyage, Picard, and I am intending to spend it finding my home. What feels like home. I feel like . . . Whenever I visit the continuum that it is just a false sense of home. False sense of comfort."

"Quarty . . ." Jean-Luc said.

"All I have left is materializing, Picard," I honestly felt depressed but otherwise determined to find what is . . . Home. "And I have a one way mission. You live on and I'll probably die because of some mistake I did." I had a short laugh. "You'll probably live until it is 2600!"

"Quarty," Jean-Luc said. "Are you really sure about this? Living as a human?"

"I have integrated myself into the life of a human for the past month." I said. "I am a visitor to the Enterprise."

There was a pause.

"So if we come across a abnormality; whose doing would it be?" Jean-Luc asked.

I snickered.

"Not mine, apparently," I said. "Not all of us snap our fingers to get things done. We use thoughts, Jean-Luc." I get up off the chair. "I will be beaming back down to Earth, Captain," I stood up then held my hand out. "And I wish you a stress free voyage of Q's."

Jean-Luc took my hand and shook it.

"Good luck to you." Jean-Luc said.

So I spent a good deal of my time as a Q turning my life around and feeling lost.

How chippy.

"Thank you." I said, after our hand shake ended.

I turned around then headed toward the door.

Right as I came to the door . . . Jean-Luc stood up from his chair.

"Quarty." Jean-Luc said.

I turned away from the door.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Have you ever entered into Star Fleet before?" Jean-Luc said.
I narrowed my eyes toward the man.

"No," I said. "And I do not intend to."

"What about experience in commanding?" Jean-Luc asked. "Do you know everything about Star Fleet regulations?"

"I never really gave a go at commanding," I said. "And of course I do. I know EVERYTHING about Star Fleet inside and out. It is one of my studies I took before visiting the Enterprise in the beginning."

Jean-Luc walked around his desk.

"My first officer has gone missing."

"Liar."

"No, it is the truth and the only truth I have. We lost him back at another planet."

My eyes widened.

"No, no, no, you are not thinking what I think you are thinking!"

"While you find what is home to you, could you be my first officer?"

I stared at Jean-Luc taking in the gravity of the question.

Riker is currently the Captain of the USS Titan. It has been five months since Data's death (aka his great sacrifice to protect his dear Captain Picard) for what remained of the Enterprise crew. Worf is back at Deep Space Nine. Beverly is the Chief Medical Officer aboard the Enterprise. Geordi is aboard another ship called the USS Challenger being the commander of the ship.

"You are asking a former Q to be your first officer," I said. "Picard... I am not sure to be happy or concerned."

"Finding a replacement would take longer." Jean-Luc said.

I raised a brow.

"You could always find a fine human or other alien related person to fill that role." I said.

"I have checked and you are my last choice." Jean-Luc said.

I sighed.

"So you just suddenly decided to ask me?" I asked. "Before I walk right out of the door?"

"Facing seeing one of the last people I knew from my ship leaving: yes." Jean-Luc said.

I step forward.

"Did you just admit to missing me?" I asked.

"Yes," Jean-Luc said. "I did."

I blinked.
"Never in a million years would I consider hearing you say that." I said.

"And?" Jean-Luc said.

"I accept," I said. "In the time you'll have me, in maybe . . . two years there will be a bright young fellow who works to ensure his Captain's safety rather than his own." I looked to the bright side of things. "And all of that waiting, well more like helping me, will have paid off for you, Captain."

Jean-Luc smiled.

"I bet ten." Jean-Luc said.

The scene changed to a while later. It was in 2393. Facing the night sky where there were stars right up ahead. The tacticle and security officer was a man named Clewis Clark, who looked very human rather than Klingon. He had Klingon heritage and he was proud of it, like really, really proud of it. The second officer who took the helm was Elizabeth Brooke. The navigator? That was Lane Webster.

"Quarty," I heard Jean-Luc's voice. "What does it feel like when you materialize to close distance?"

"It feels like every atom, every molecule, every part of my body is going somewhere else," I said. "The white flash is water vapor being exploded. In a tiny sense. It propells us right toward our destination. Our brain is capable of many things including the water-light explosion effect."

I had my arms behind my head.

For some reason I felt ill.

"Interesting," Jean-Luc said, leaning forward then faced my direction. He then asked in a lowered voice, "Is it helping at all?"

"This planet's plant life is preventing the Q-Virus from getting any further," I said. "I have the flu. Exactly what I told you before I got--" I sneezed into my elbow. "The Q-Virus." I wiped off what mucus had been on my face. "The Q-virus does not give mercy to those who had been Q's before. It is quite rare, as I said before, for a Q to contract it these days."

"I feel bad for not being aware of it at the start." Jean-Luc said.

"I wanted to be sure," I said. "Before this planet was considered."

I leaned forward putting my hands on the grass.

"You could have told me." Jean-Luc said.

"That I am dying and the only way to stop it was visit Klaos 3?" I asked. "No. I wouldn't do that to you. You found out through the tests and not that this virus can change at will to be transferred to other people; you are not the subject to a world wide quarantine."

"But you said this illness does not have will." Jean-Luc said.

"You know what I meant." I said.

"I know what you are doing," Jean-Luc said. "You are trying to make me relieve you of your duty so I can leave you here!"

I grabbed his holoprogram by the shoulders.
"There is no cure for the Q-virus!" I told Jean-Luc. "This planet wouldn't exist if there was a cure."

Jean-Luc appeared to be hurt, as I let go of his shoulders.

"I refuse to believe there is not a cure for you, Quarty!" Jean-Luc said. "If I have to find the most advanced medical civilization in the quadrant then I will do that and you are a fine first officer."

"Who happens to be unable to age." I added.

To make myself feel more human I had taken the form of transport by shuttle and transporter.

"I am not using this holoprogram to say my farewells, Number One." Jean-Luc said.

I sighed.

"Captain . . ." I said. "You can't find this planet again. You won't. Trust me."

"I have the best ship--"

"In the quadrant but you won't have me. I can speak to the other Q regarding passage here! I was the one who allowed you to get here!" I told him. I stood up. "Look. . . We all have to move on. Maybe this is where I was supposed to be in the first place."

"NOT TRUE!" I shouted from behind the screen. "DO YOU NOT FEEL THIS ISN'T RIGHT?"

"Ssssh." Sisko said.

"I refuse to accept that, Number One." Jean-Luc said.

"The Q have a special form of protection around this planet and only those who had been or are a Q can go through it," I said. "Miss Brooke would make a fine first officer. I have already resigned. No Q can cure this. It is not curable. Period."

"Quarty . . . You do realize--"

"I know. I wasn't in Star Fleet in the first place but I have officially resigned by telling you it." I had a sigh. "End holoprogram."

"Quarty--" Jean-Luc said.

I got up from the grass the looked up at the sky seeing the one figure of the Enterprise in the dark sky. I wasn't in Star Fleet uniform. I was in a attire that the natives wore which were the typical attire that is any type of clothes: pants, shirt, boxers, and so on. I put my hands in my pocket seeing a star move in the sky out of orbit.

"Why. did. you. show. me. that?" I asked.

The screen had turned to black.

"Just to show you not everything ends perfectly." Sisko said.

I sighed.

"No," I said. "Why?"
"What?" Sisko asked.

"Why show Picard cares when I get stranded on a planet that feels nothing like home?" I asked. "Home is where you feel like you belong and where you feel comfortable. The last part was a lie. A deceptive image. It doesn't end like that. You just gave me a fake sense of an ending."

"You got me there." Sisko said, holding his hands up in defeat.

"Show me the ending." I demanded.

The screen played again.

"Quarty," I heard Jean-Luc's voice. "What does it feel like when you materialize to close distance?"

"It feels like every atom, every molecule, every part of my body is going somewhere else," I said. "The white flash is water vapor being exploded. In a tiny sense. It propells us right toward our destination. Our brain is capable of many things including the water-light explosion effect."

I had my arms behind my head.

For some reason I felt ill.

"Interesting," Jean-Luc said, leaning forward then faced my direction. He then asked in a lowered voice. "How is the flu?"

I smiled.

"Sick as ever." I said.

Jean-Luc had a snort.

"I almost feel sorry for infecting you with my virus." Jean-Luc said.

"Don't be," I said, taking my arms off behind my head then leaned forward. "I was the one who insisted!"

"The deadliest virus in the known quadrant is concealed by this planet's plant life thanks to our participation," Jean-Luc said. "At least we have a cure in progress."

John-Luc leaned forward.

"Poor apple tree." I said.

"The tree died with a great purpose," Jean-Luc said. "Our best scientists are on it."

"Namely Doctor Crusher." I said.

"Does this feel like home to you?" Jean-Luc jokingly asked.

"No," I said.

I sneezed into my elbow.

"Bless you." Jean-Luc said.
"Thank you." I said.

I wiped off the mucus from my face.

I spent thirteen years as a member of the USS Enterprise 1701-E. Thirteen long enjoyable years. It was interesting to come across B-4 a fully functioning android with Data's looks. Data was very gone. There was only a completely new person related to him by parts rather than blood. He was in cybernetics awhile ago studying nanobots. His matrix was repaired by a unusually eccentric fellow capable of repairing Soong type androids.

B-4 was interested in cybernetics, very much.

Like Data, he wanted to be sure he was operating correctly and did regular diagnostics on himself.

"Do you ever think Data put his memories into B-4?” I asked.

"He tried helping B-4 before by giving his memories," Jean-Luc said, softly. "To help him improve. Oh Data would be so happy to see his brother finally got what he experienced."

"He probably is, out there," I said. "Well . . . He is, technically."

"Quarty, what are you saying?" Jean-Luc asked.

"He developed a soul, Jean-Luc," I said. "He made a ground breaking achievement. Thirteen years ago while on the bridge I had nice chat with Brookes regarding fish intelligence." I had a short laugh. "Then she randomly started talking about the algorithm Theorem of intergalatic websites commenting how slow and incorrect they were. For a moment there she stared through my soul. I had told her that someone should fix the problem."

"What she do then?" Jean-Luc asked.

"She told me, 'Why thank you, Q. I have been wondering who to tell. Who should I tell?'" I quoted.

"Data . . ." Jean-Luc asked.

"I told her whoever coded and created it," I said. "Data is always there watching out for his friends and if you think he isn't there . . ." There was an image of B-4 coming to the screen on our side of the view. B-4's eyes were on the screen. He saw something off in the programming of a robot fly. He frowned, probably finding this unacceptable, then put his fingers to the keyboard and his fingers flew. "Then you are wrong. B-4 can probably hear him when everyone can't see Data. It also justify why B-4 randomly talks to himself out loud like someone is there."

"B-4 told me it was to relieve stress." Jean-Luc said.

I laughed.

"So not true," I said.

In the side image that comes to life we see one of the bars go up, and only B-4 could say, "Brother, I just fixed that!" then the bar went down.

"Why do you think he is doing?" Jean-Luc asked.

"Messing with his brother," I said. "Souls are capable of mischief as ghosts."

The other image vanished to our eyes.
"Why they are," Jean-Luc agreed. "I expect you to give me grief."

"In your dreams, human." I said.

"How do I handle B-4 and his brother?"

"Treat them as quarrelling brothers," I said. "They are no different than children as you'll see."

"Beverly to Picard," Came Beverly's voice. "We have the cure."

"I told you it would take twenty-three days, Captain." I said.

"That was just a wild guess," Jean-Luc said. "Beam it down, Doctor."

///////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

... 2330 ...

"That was . . ." Sisko said. "Better than I expected."

"That felt a lot like a movie scene," I said. I looked over to the dark man. "I have a grandchild coming into this world, Captain Sisko, and I won't miss it for the world or your play movies that prove I am a changed man!"

I wheeled toward the light frankly annoyed.

"Wait!" Sisko shouted. "You are going to make a--"

My shuttle flew out of the spatial rift doing flips. My wheelchair had been bound to the floor using the force of relative gravity. I felt success. I ESCAPED SISKO'S SPATIAL RIFT! Woohoo! Yes, go me, go me, go me! I am so excited for making such a doubtful move. It took some consideration, courage, and encouragement from thinking how long was I not going to see my grandchild. I found that I was close by to the planet Colo.

I checked the time.

One hour and forty six minutes had passed.

Note to self: Get directions from John-Luc to the hospital.
Jean-Luc entered the room. This time he saw a robotic yet organic like panther in a cage appearing to be grumpy with head on its paws and a flickering tail. Jean-Luc looked over to the rather identical android who resembled his close friend Data. Sometimes he showed Data's quirks.

"B-4?" Jean-Luc said.

B-4 came out of a doorway holding what seemed to be a large meat.

"Yes, Captain?" B-4 said.

"It has come to my attention by Mr Quarty that you are in communication with Data," Jean-Luc said. "B-4, you do realize you can be honest with us. If you are seeing ghosts . . . and Data; you don't have to lie about it."

"I am not seeing Data." B-4 said.

Jean-Luc raised his eyebrows.

"Hm?" Jean-Luc said.

"I am seeing Lore." B-4 said.

Jean-Luc frowned.

"Lore." Jean-Luc said, with a grim look.

"Yes, him." B-4 said.

"Where is right now?" Jean-Luc asked.

"He left awhile ago." B-4 said.

"Left as in . . . He went into the light?"

"In a sense, yes," B-4 said. "He tried taking over my programming exactly two hours, forty-three minutes, and thirty seconds ago."

"Exactly when we were on Zelus Three," Jean-Luc said.

"Yes," B-4 said. "I assure you. . ." He dropped the stake into the cage. "There will not be any further problems on the return to Star Fleet."

"The Vlectorians spoke highly of you." Jean-Luc said.

"They were quite enjoyable company, but I found myself missing the company of human beings." B-4 said.

"Did you make this panther?" Jean-Luc asked.
"It is compiled of technological organized versions of nanobots forming into one being and this being permanent," B-4 said. "Why yes, Captain, I did make this unusual creature," Jean-Luc lowered down watching the beast chow down into the meat. "And I will find the right planet to let it explore. It can also multiply if left alone."

"How do you know?" Jean-Luc said.

"Look to your right." B-4 said.

Jean-Luc looked over to see a cub sized version of the panther.

"Fascinating." Jean-Luc said.

"I am working on their genes so they won't have over populate their new planet," B-4 said, walking over to the small cage. "Their reproduction capability begins when they are fully grown. These are proof that cybernetics can become life not just machine."

"Data--, I mean B-4. . ." Jean-Luc said, standing up. "These panthers do not have advocates for their continued existence."

"I am their advocate, and I understand your little slip-up," B-4 said. "Many people have called me by the name of my other brother." He slid the cub's cage alongside the parent panther. "I have learned after my matrix repairs what my brother did and I have his memories. He regarded you highly, Captain."

The two exchanged a few words then Jean-Luc left the room.

It eased B-4's worries that is until the sound of a door closing drew his attention behind.

"Hello Data," I said, leaning against the doorway. "Was that really Lore?"

"My name is B-4." B-4 said.

"So that's the story," I said. "Lying your butt off."

"It is not a lie." B-4 said.

"Androids are very good liars, and the one I know the best is you." I said, pointing to B-4. "I came to the conclusion that you had taken over B-4's body due to a system check up. B-4 usually made it on time but today he came thirty minutes later. " I walked around the room. "B-4's matrix gave out. Lore jumped at the chance to take over a new body but knowing Data I assumed he would have won for his strong spirit and sense of individuality."

"Did he really?" B-4 asked.

"Data, you can stop pretending. I can tell you possessed his body and made some changes." I pointed over to the panther. "B-4 was interested in insects not in larger animals." I lowered my hand. "Data is interested in a verity of animals namely being the cat. You were trying to bring Spot back, weren't you?"

"I do not have a pet." B-4 said.

"You used to," I said. "Worf used to own Spot the third."

B-4 looked up surprised.
"Hm?" B-4 said, randomly blinking.

"I quote 'Spot makes a fine sneaky warrior'," I said. "Worf was devastated when the cat died in 2385."

"Why are you a commander?" B-4 asked, curiously.

"The former guy went missing thirteen years ago," I said. "And I was about to walk out to find myself a new home when Picard offered to help me. I still haven't found the place to call home. A permanent home."

"What about the Enterprise?" B-4 asked.

"Feels just as homely as anyone can get," I said, with a little smile. "The Galaxy model was upgraded last year."

"Your record has been changing randomly off and on." B-4 said.

I frowned.

"I don't have a record." I said.

"Apparently, you do." B-4 said.

"Oh, that was Picard's doing probably." I assumed.

"He left you a recommendation." B-4 said.

I just stood there frozen by the news.

"You didn't know he did?" B-4 said, surprised.

"I am not in Star Fleet." It came out more as a whisper.

"Give Star Fleet a try," B-4 said. "Star Fleet is likely to jump at the chance of having a former Q member."

"And they'll brag about it until I am dead." I said.

"Have you not noticed you have ceased to age?" B-4 asked.

"I have," I said. "But I am still able to be hurt like a ordinary human being. It was one of the side effects to leaving the Q continuum." I headed toward the door. But I stopped halfway then turned toward B-4. "I respect your decision to start anew, Data, in favor of not telling your friends. They'll die knowing they will meet their android friend once again."

I didn't like his decision, really.

But I had to respect others in this field.

"I do not know rather to thank you or not." B-4 said.

"Don't." I said.

I walked out of cybernetics.

.GetEnumerator
Kurva had kept a tab on Quarty's activities.

He had proposed a way to get even with the Ambassador.

A evil way to get even.

Perhaps we should rewind and show how it came to be.

Kurva had come to a large building labeled in Klingonese 'The haters of Ambassador Quarty'. He found the right crowd. It had taken him a couple decades to find this very useful building to gather fellow Klingon haters of Quarty who hated him with a burning passion. He walked into the dark yet well lit building. The Klingon Captains were coming to the reasonable number large enough for a attack. He wanted Ambassador Quarty to pay for getting him stuck on the planet Scalos.

It wasn't fair what Alian did to him.

But she earned his respect years later when Romulans crashed through the barrier of time and caught up with the Scalosians. The Romulans attempted to take over the planet and make it a military planet rather than the peaceful yet unusual planet that didn't bother anyone until males were needed. Ship after ship of Romulans came. There was a twenty-three war going on in accelerated time not even Star Fleet noticed. The war ended when the planet was scorched, cures for their accelerated time was discovered and used on everyone all at once.

Alian died in that war.

Though the child she had because of Ambassador Quarty had vanished when she was eight years old. She vanished in a flash of light after discovering she could make anything she thought of. Alian and he had a Klingon-human son named Scar. Kurva viewed it as a honorary name that honored a great lion who tried to be a great leader and failed. Scar and Kurva made it out of the war together. There they plotted a way to get back at Quarty. No one dare visited Scalos.

In 2305, Scalos was destroyed abruptly.

His son, Scar, was talking with some Klingon Commanders. The usual was going around, fighting (Which was common besides chugging down drinks), arguments, and conversations regarding subjects. The building was located several light years from the Klingon homeworld Qo'noS on a very abandoned planet. A few years ago Kurva decided to begin his great plan. He had two accomplices; one his son and the other being a wanted criminal.

"Hello, father!" Scar said.

Kurva approached the two.

"Why my son, you recruited new commnders," Kurva said. "That's my boy."

Scar laughed.

"They came to me!" Scar said, taking a drink.

It had been years since Ambassador Quarty was interjected and then he had been miracously cured one year afterwards. It didn't make sense. The cure wasn't suppose to have come around until 2249.
By then Ambassador Quarty was slated to be dead, buried six feet under or cremated, one of the two.

"I have a new idea," Kurva said.

"What idea is this?" The first commander asked.

"We attack the planet Ambassador Quarty calls home." Kurva said.

The second commander froze.

"My family is on that planet," The third commander said. "I don't want my family to be attacked!"

"My wife is on there too," The second commander said. "I won't be engaged in a attack that harms my dearest."

Kurva smirked.

"Do they live in a Mexico like-strip?"

"Yes."

"Your wives must be best friends."

"They are."

"We're attacking in the central section of Colo."

"Central, Father?"

"Yes, my son. The central section. Where the damage makes all the more horror."

"We don't know where he lives, father."

"I do, son."

The two other commanders shared a look then faced toward Kurva.

"What exactly do you have in mind?" The second commander asked.

Kurva seemed to have a sinister plan.

"We threaten his loved ones and then launch for the kill on our most hated enemy . . ." Kurva threw his dagger at a picture of Ambassador Quarty when was younger pinned to the wall. The knife landed straight on the forehead. "For our revenge."

"I thought we are going to tarnish his honor." The third commander Klingon said.

"Come on, it is not all that bad." The first commander Klingon said.

The third commander Klingon sneered.

"I am moving my family off Colo to Colo 2," The third Klingon Commander said. "I hope you burn in Gre'thor, son of Kurva."

The third commander Klingon left the building.

"As if." Scar said, with a eye roll.
"Ignore him," Kurva said. "We will launch the attack in three months. Hopefully we'll have enough other enemies of Quarty that don't have a connection to Colo who wouldn't care about slaying."
I passed the exam! YES, I DID IT! I passed the exam. Being a former Q comes with knowledge. Infinite knowledge. So I used it all on intelligence tests. The cruelest one was the psych test which put me between two decisions. One was of B-4 being stuck and the other was of Jean-Luc pinned under a large item. I picked Jean-Luc over B-4 because I wouldn't want to captain his ship! There were a few times I had to captain the ship under his unexpected absences.

I had the test on Relva VI.

I was beamed back aboard the Enterprise.

"How was the test, commander?" Transport Chief Betty Ryn asked.

"Splendid." I said.

I had also made it very clear by passing online glasses that I knew everything. Passed every single one of them except for that no-win game that Spock made one hundred some years ago. I tried to pass it but it was very impossible. I came to accepting the predicament laid right before me.

I walked off the transporter.

"Commander," Betty said. "Captain Picard will be back from his visit to Selisu in two hours."

"Selisu," I said. "Ah, good place to take a break. Thanks, Chief."

Which also meant I am currently captaining the ship until he gets back.

Goody, just my day.

I walked out of the Transport room when the unexpected came over my combadge.

"Bridge to Q." Came Clewis's voice.

"Quarty here," I said. "What is it?"

"We have Klingon vessels in our way and they are hailing us." Brookes said.

"On my way, Quarty out." I said.

It took me fifteen minutes to get to the bridge. I walked out of the turbo lift then around the curly shaped console where the Tactical Officer/security officer stood. I walked right into the dead center across from the captain's chair. I saw several Klingon vessels that seemed to be oddly colored and designed.

"On screen." I said.

On the screen appeared a very aged Klingon.

He was very surprised to see me.
"Quarty?"

"Commander Quarty of the USS Enterprise," I said. "Please get out of our way."

He squinted.

"You are so young."

"I don't exactly age . . . And your name?"

He growled.

"It is Kurva," Kurva said. "And you are my enemy. The planet you call home will be attacked in exactly twenty-four hours!"

I stepped forward.

"I don't have a home planet." I said.

"Of course you do!" Kurva said. "You represent it!"

I frowned.

"Enlighten me, what is the name?" I asked.

"Colo," Kurva said. "A federation colonized planet." He smiled. "I have been waiting for years to do this to you. My revenge will be swift."

I frowned.

"Now hold on," I said. "May we talk about this man to man?"

"YOU ARE NO MAN TO ME!" Kurva shouted.

I flinched.

"Then what am I?" I asked.

"A fake god." Kurva said.

That pissed me off.

"Since when was I called a god?" I asked.

I only called myself god once when saving Jean-Luc's life.

"You know when." Kurva said.

"I don't know when," I said. "If anything, would you allow boarding my ship so we can share this meeting face to face?"

Kurva smiled.

"Fine," Kurva said. "I will board your ship in five minutes."

"We can share this meeting in the briefing room," I said. "Quarty out."
"Commander!" Clewis shouted. "There is no planet by the name 'Colo' in the Federation!"

I turned toward Clewis.

"I understand that quite well." I said.

"Commander, may I send some security officers to make sure Kurva does not make a commotion?"

"Permission granted." I said.

I had a black belt from Vulcan that had a lightsaber in one of the pockets. It was in the inactive mode. I had it around in case there was a time that I lost my phaser and the only weapon to defend myself was the unexpected. I created it myself, really, during one of those instances I gave an example of.

I went into the briefing room then sat down into a chair.

Ten minutes later Kurva came into the room.

"Quarty . . ." Kurva said. "After all these years . . . You found your way back to the Enterprise."

I stood up then approached the Klingon.

"I never lost my way," I said. "But I am pretty sure you lost your way."

"We are getting close to Colo." Kurva said.

I came to a stop merely one foot away.

"There is no such planet as Colo," I said. "I suggest you turn back before the T'clepid comes across you. You know how the Vulcans do not easily get along with your kind . . . right?"

"The Vulcans hate the Q continuum." Kurva said.

"No, not really," I said. "We have a understanding these days."

"What?" Kurva said, surprised.

"You heard me; we are rather good friends with them," I said. "I meant they are good friends with the continuum. The Q continuum is not my place to be."

"How long have you been a human?" Kurva asked.

"Thirteen years and counting," I said.

It was so sudden that I found a blade to my neck and a arm wrapped around it too. It almost took the air out of me! Never in my thirteen years had I been taken as a hostage this quickly in one minute.

"This will make my mission more easier," Kurva said. "I didn't understand it now. But I know now. You are preventing your death in the 2340 by transferring me to your favorite kind of future!"

"I . . . what?" I said, surprised.

"You die and now you know it, you can not prevent it." Kurva said.

His dagger was now inches from my chest.
By the Q continuum, he was a really strong grip around my throat.

"Yes," I said, clipping open the pocket to the belt. "I can!"

I took out the light saber then clicked it on and sliced off his arm. Kurva screamed staggering back. I had one hand behind my back on guard like the teaching style of sword fighting when it is more of a play thing for humans in white uniforms. Even with one hand, Kurva took out his own light saber. He tapped on a small rounded machine on his shoulder.

"Kurva to Ambassador Quartys hate army," Kurva said. "Drag the ENTERPRISE!"

"Oh come on," I said, then I moved forwards to which I hit the red saber cackling energy. "I do not know what you are on, but leave the Enterprise out of it!"

"My other solution would be bringing you to the world you very much cherish," Kurva said. "I will die with honor!"

He stepped forward so I took a step to the side dodging the strike.

"You will die as a fool!" I said, stepping forward.

Our sabers collided cackling off energy that sounds like two laser beams meeting each other.

I tapped on my combadge.

"Quarty to Clewis," I said. "Send a message to the captain regarding our problem."

"COMMANDER, WE'RE BEING DRAGGED!" Clewis shouted, panicked.

"My fault," I said, striking forwards toward the red light saber. "I take full responsibility. Quarty out."

Then Kurva stabbed through into my kidneys. I gasped feeling red hot pain circulating in my body but most importantly my kidneys. I could hear numerous sounds. Namely that of bootsteps coming into the room. The blade being taken out sharply from my newly created wound. I looked up clenching at my stomach dropping my blue light saber. I could see darkness starting to grow around my eyes. Then I saw and felt Kurva jab through my body three times.

I fell down to my side.

He tapped his badge and said, "Two to beam up."

"COMMANDER!" Clewis shouted, shortly after entering.

And my world became dark.

Jean-Luc.
Jean-Luc was in a hot tub.

"Captain!" Came a voice he had heard for the past thirteen years.

Jean-Luc looked over, muttering "Number one?".

He didn't see his first officer anywhere. He shrugged it off and relaxed himself, essentinally immursing himself in the warmth of the bubbly hot tub located at a very relaxing spa located near a hot spring. They had these little furnace related animals that some prefer to call numel, camerupt, toakle, chimchar, charmander, torchic, and so on.

The ship was under the command of Brooke (Or so often called Brookes) while his first officer was taking a Star Fleet Exam. He went to the planet where the Star Fleet exam was taking place on one week ago. Star Fleet wanted to be sure this man knew everything related to educational training of being a cadet including physical. Jean-Luc smiled thinking of what hell they could have his Number One undergoing.

This heated related beings could speak.

A furry hand tapped on Jean-Luc's shoulder.

"Captain Picard," Came a squeaky voice.

Jean-Luc looked up.

"Yes?" Jean-Luc asked.

"You have a emergency message from the Enterprise." The chimchar said.

"Tell them their commander can handle it." Jean-Luc said.

"That's just it . . . There's a problem with that." The chimchar said.

Jean-Luc took a sip of a drink raising a brow.

"What kind of problem?"

"Urgent enough to send me running for your immediate presence at the monitor."

"Give me an idea why."

"Rogue Klingons."

Jean-Luc grew alert.

"Rogue Klingons . . ." Jean-Luc said. "On my way."

The chimchar left Jean-Luc.
Rogue Klingons were never a good combination.

Jean-Luc dried himself off then got into civilian dressware. He went to the large screen where second officer Brooke stood. She seemed to have a face that wasn't so happy. He knew this kind of face - all too well. It meant bad news. Everyone behind her was silent. Very silent. He didn't see Quarty anywhere on the bridge.

Where was he?

"Where is Commander Quarty?" Jean-Luc asked.

"The Klingons have him," Brooke said. "Captain, we're being taken somewhere by them. We don't know where we are going and at this rate we will come to your destination in three hours time."

"He gave them control of the Enterprise?" Jean-Luc asked, baffled.

"No, he did not exactly," Brooke said. "They are using a new kind of technology to tug us forwards."

"Captain," Clewis said. "He engaged in a saber fight against the leader Kurva."

"Tell the transport chief I will be ready for beaming three hours from now." Jean-Luc said.

"Yes, Captain." Clewis said.

"And put the ship on red alert," Jean-Luc said. "I expect one of you to have an idea how to retrieve Quarty."

"Yes, Captain." Clewis said.

"Jean-Luc out." Jean-Luc said.

What the hell did you get yourself into, Q?
To warn the ending of a game is coming

. . . Wild timeline . .


T'Fara, this time around, decided to spend her summer vacations with her child on Colo. I understood her reasoning. She lost Jessie. . .So long ago. Now her son, Charles Jenkins Janeway, turned out to really like animals. He preferred to be called Jenkins instead of Charlie, funny enough. I had a bad feeling.

"Hello, Father." I heard Trelane's voice.

I turned away from a painting of the Enterprise D crew (one of which I finally got back to after years) holding a paint brush.

"What are you here for now?" I asked.

"You still haven't completed that picture." Telane pointed out.

"Because of round one." I said.

"Hey, you got your Picard!" Trelane shot back.

I frowned.

"I never got to finish this painting and I would prefer if I would." I said.

Trelane frowned.

"Father, round five just began twenty-four hours ago." Trelane said.

"So?" I asked.

"Someone very close to you is going to die today." Trelane said.

My eyes widened, so I dropped the paint brush.

The paint brush was freely floating above the ground.

"No!" I shouted, in anger. "Not Jenkins!"

Trelane shrugged.

"I am sorry," Trelane apologized. "But they went through the fabric of reality. There is nothing I can do but let it unfold."

My jaw dropped.

"No one can do that," I said. "Breaking through the fabric of reality is physically impossible!"

Trelane laughed.

"To your Klingon enemy, it is not," Trelane said. "I have no idea how his armanda flew in. Only a Q could do that."
"Trelane . . ." I said. "Are you aware that Q7 made my heart stop?"

Trelane stared at me.

"He must have a reason to do that." Trelane said.

"I was explaining wild timelines." I said.

Trelane had a small laugh.

"Good reason." Trelane said.

I was angry, to say the least.

"IN FRONT OF A WHOLE GROUP OF CADETS, NAMELY ONE BEING JEAN-LUC PICARD!" I shouted.

Trelane's face turned into shock.

Real shock.

He just put two and two together.

"You weren't supposed to be there." Trelane said.

"But I was." I said.

Trelane went through his hair.

"I don't understand. . ." Trelane said. "The Continuum is not supposed to be tinkering except for me."

"I think it is Q7." I said.

Trelane paced back and forth.

"Q7 is not that nefarious." Trelane said.

"Oh?" I said. "And the Q who calls himself 'Sam' is the most nefarious Q in the continuum?"

"Father," Trelane said. "There is no need to insult a nice Q."

"Nice?" I repeated. "He pretends to be nice then he yanks your toys out of your hands and undoes every single caution taken to make the game fun!"

"You can't blame him for following the rules and putting reality in your face." Trelane said.

"That is not right of him," I said. "One day a M will kill him because of his attitude!"

Trelane stopped his pacing.

"I will check around and see who allowed Kurva to go through the fabric of reality," Trelane said. "Happy?"

"Do not use short cuts, young man," I said. "I may not be young as I used to be but I can still use your stick against you!"
Trelane laughed, amused apparently.

"You can't catch me," Trelane said. "Or hit me. I am the fastest Q capable of missing."

"Then did you really intend to get repeatedly punched at the face in the beginning?" I asked.

"It was to prove a point." Trelane said.

"Quarty!" John-Luc shouted.

I turned my head toward John-Luc's direction.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You must come to the hospital, quick." John-Luc said.

I looked over to see that Trelane had vanished.

I turned my head in the direction of John-Luc.

"This better be interesting." I said.
To see another self

... Colo... 2340...

... July 4th...

In 2328, John-Luc was two hundred twenty three. Now, today in 2340, he is two hundred thirty-five. Today is his birthday. John-Luc drove me to the hospital visibly shaken up by what he had seen on a screen. He refused to tell me what he had seen on the screen. He refused to turn it back on. He wanted me to see it for myself in the flesh. I found that a little odd. I could see gigantic dots in the sky.

Maybe those are just space junk.

Ever since the Tech Puppies invasion there have been precautions taken. Hospital buildings are capable of sliding their floors down underground like an elevator to a complete different building built underground. Most houses have another house underground that are connected to various other buildings due to tunnels that were built. John-Luc stopped the car right into the parking lot pretty white as a ghost.

"John-Luc, what is wrong?" I asked.

"I am scared." John-Luc admitted.

"Of what?" I asked.

"Losing you, again." John-Luc said.

I looked at him puzzled.

"I won't be going anytime soon." I said. "Besides I am a hundred twenty or something years old. Now that says a lot about me avoiding death!"

John-Luc brought me into a hug.

This time, it felt... different... and strange.

"Are you all right?" I asked, in concern after our hug ended.

"Just concerned." John-Luc said.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------

... 11:47 AM... (18 minutes later)

... Colo's Great Hospital...

I let John-Luc wheel me into the elevator, guide me through the hall, and all the while I felt a strange feeling. Time seemed to extend. It was as if I had discovered a new meaning of time except it was going slower than usual. I had my hands in my lap. For being old I have seen my share of disabilities and horrors. Mostly medical horrors. One time I went to negotiate a ceasefire between two races that had some conflict of interest with Colo.

John-Luc suddenly stopped.
"This is where I stop." John-Luc said.

"Scared, eh?" I said.

"Go in." John-Luc said.

The door opened for me.

"Scaredy cat." I said.

I wheeled right into the room.

I covered my mouth once all the way in the room. I understood now why the blinds were closed. I understood what freaked John-Luc out. I saw a younger version of myself on the bed lacking his ears. I saw his Star Fleet uniform that was a dark tint of gray along with a red shirt underneath. I lowered my hands coming to the side of the man. I saw he had a belt around his waist that seemed to be the kind some Vulcans would wear when going out into some form of combat in a war zone. It was human like. One of the pocket buttons were opened.

He was on life support with a mask on.

The biobed read slow life signs ready to just fall into the bleak of death.

"Jean-Luc Commander Quarty!" I heard a all too familiar voice.

This was my splinter self.

Shit.

"Come on, old man," I said, wheeling around the bed. I came over to the combadge then lightly tapped on it. "Ambassador Quarty here." I cleared my throat expecting this man to be undoubtedly confused. "Your commander is on Colo."

"There is no such thing as Colo." Jean-Luc said.

"What planet are you above?" I asked.

"It looks like Earth. . .But it is not." Jean-Luc said.

"Can you see my face?" I asked.

"Yes, you are an old man." Jean-Luc asked.

"So typical," I said. "I am so unrecognizable as an old man."

"Ambassador . . . Is that really your home planet?" Jean-Luc asked.

"Jean-Luc, has it even clicked in your head?" I asked. "You speaking to the other Quarty. The Prime Original Q. But very, very, very old. Your Quarty is . . . sadly . . . Slipping away."

"I refuse to believe he is slipping away!" Jean-Luc said.

I sighed.


"Yes, Ambassador?" The nurse asked.
"Make this man new ears based on my model from when I was younger." I said.

"But we can't do that without consent from his family." The nurse said.,

"Did you hear that?" I asked. "Jean-Luc? Do you consider him part of your family aboard the Enterprise?"

There was a long pause.

"Ambassador, you are supposed to be evacuating." The nurse said.

"Why?" I asked.

"There are Klingon ships attacking several cities heading their way here," The nurse said. "If you stay then you will die."

I sighed.

"This is my home and I am not leaving it because of some Klingons!" I told her.

I looked over seeing my splinter self's eyes had shot open. He was panicking. I could tell by his eyes. I grabbed him by the shoulder making him turn his head toward my direction. Now, the universe did not end in the moment we faced eyes. He was so lost and confused. So young.

He had three pips.

"You are going to be okay, Commander." I signed.

He winced.

I take my hand off his shoulder as he opened his eyes.

"Your ears are gone," I signed. "Did Captain Kurva do this?"

It was a long bet.

I could read his eyes that went along the lines of 'yes'.

"Yes." Jean-Luc said, finally. "We do. Nurse, you have our permission to give him new ears."

"I will get the earlier models of your ears prepared to be recreated, Ambassador." The nurse said.

"Can you do it in a day?" I asked.

"Two hours." The nurse said.

"Go." I said.

The nurse left the room.

I looked down to my splinter self.

"It is my fault you are in this mess," I said. "My fault . . ."

"Ambassador," Jean-Luc said. "Can we try to help?"

I gazed toward the combadge feeling guilt ridden.
"Yes..." I said. "And Mr Picard..."

"Yes?" Jean-Luc said.

"Your first officer wouldn't be here if I stayed on Scalos." I said. I then signed to my other self, "I am Ambassador Quarty of the planet Colo. I am the other you that Kurva must have babbled about. Don't stop fighting for your life. Never stop fighting to live."

"Scalos," Jean-Luc said. "That planet has been under the no-visit zone for one hundred years."

"Maybe not tightly," I said.

"Jean-Luc out." Jean-Luc said.

I wheeled out of the room leaving my splinter self on the bed with my head lowered.
"John Luc. . ." I said. "We have to kill Kurva one way or another."

"But we have no idea where he is." John-Luc said.

I took his hand.

"Trust me on this, honey," I said. "You have to think like a Klingon who's been thinking of many ways to kill me for the past hundred some years. We are going to get right into the action and kill this bastard."

John-Luc appeared to be pleased.

"It has been too long since you last talked like that." John-Luc said.

I only talked like that on the day we met, that conversation we had in private.

"Alert, alert, alert, hospital floors are going under in one hour." The alarm wailed.

...3:27 PM...

...Colo...Hospital...

The old man... My other self?

He looked so old. So different. I could not recognize the old man as me and I refuse to believe he is a different me. Though I took his words of encouragement. He had a comforting hand. He had a old frame of glasses on. I could see that he was sitting in a wheelchair. Who knew you could learn a lot from a memory? Sound was so loud. The ground was trembling but it was made more louder thanks to my new ears.

I had puff balls in my ears.

I should be in on the action not sitting around.

But gaah, the pain the sound makes in my ears!

I could feel there being slight pain. I looked down to see that after the surgery they had put me in white matching attire. Wow. How 'un-exciting'. I leaned forward then winced feeling the pain steam up. I looked over to see my uniform on the table. I picked up the jacket then held it up to see four slits. Gee, I need a new uniform. I unclipped the pips then put it on the collar of my shirt. I also took my Vulcan Belt and snapped it around my waist. I took my combadge then put clipped it on my right breast.

I grabbed onto the edge of a counter then hoisted myself up.

I had a flash of pain.

"Ow, ow, ow." I said.,
I looked down toward my shirt expecting to see there being blood.

No blood what so ever.

I guess the technology of these days are still comparable to the ones that make the wound vanish.

I stood up. The only pain I have left is the feeling of it leaving my organs. I guess my organs have a thing against medical related instruments that make whatever scarring unviewable to the trained eye. I raised my head back up then use the counter as my walking support. I had pulled through whatever state I was in. What was it that helped me out? Maybe it was the Ambassador's words.

I looked over to see through the window just dark ground.

I tapped on my com badge.

"Quarty to Enterprise," I said, and then I heard back a sharp pitch noise. "Yowtch."

I closed my eyes briefly.

"Enterprise here."

I opened my eyes, relaxed and relieved to hear Betty.

"Beam me up."

"Problem here, we can't lock on your pattern."

"Figures. I am underground. Quarty out."

I slowly walked out of the room. Everytime I walked quickly I feel my intestines flare up and my kidneys doing the same thing. I took slow steps making my way to the elevator. I felt like I wanted to puke. I collapsed in the corner of the elevator. The doors closed. Damn did I hate being unwell. I needed bed rest. Sharp high pitch sounds radiated through my head. I saw a white flash appear at the other side of the room.

"... Trelane?" I said, feeling so ill.

Not one of the people I would want to see me so ill.

"Nah, I am Q." Q7 said.

I froze as I looked up.

Most Q refered to him as Q7 because he had a knack for using number seven on anything he did. Except for when he followed Continuum rules; he did nothing seven times. He was chewing on a toothpick grinning from ear to ear. He approached me taking the slimey tooth pick out of his mouth. The toothpick caught on fire.

"You certainly look young again."

"You are referring to the Ambassador."

He gave me a long drawn out stare.

"You're not the Ambassador type." Q7 said.
"I agree." I said.

Q7 had a 'what' look on his face.

"You're rather . . . agreeable." Q7 said.

"Because it is the truth, Q." I said.

Q7 stood up as the toothpick turns into a flame.

"You know I just put in the favor of sending your worst Klingon enemy through the fabric of reality in exchange that you learn living with a Vulcan and avoiding not spoiling the future is far a too ill fate to live with."

Q7 dropped the toothpick then he used his boot to crunch it and make the flame vanish.

"SO IT WAS YOU!" I saw a white flash out of no where and the whole Elevator extend. There was a random guide-rail appeared to my side. I saw Trelane standing two feet away from the young Q. "You . . . This is MY game. MINE. You just made it more serious than I intended it to be! The Enterprise was never supposed to come here. IT WAS THE OLD ENTERPRISE that should be here!"

"You are an idiot like your father on lessons. After all . . . He will lose someone clearly dear to him."

"Wrong father." Trelane said.

I used the rail as my support then press the button reading 'surface'.

"But this is the right version." Q7 said.

"No, it isn't," Trelane said. "I am going to make sure the Continuum hears about you going against the rules they set in place regarding my father's exile: no interference from fellow Q except his watcher." Trelane pressed his walking stick against Q7's chest with a child like grin on his face. "Guess what? I got your admission."

Q7's face became awfully pale.

The two vanished.

The elevator lifted up and up. I felt the urge to throw up. I turned my head around to see in a white flash a bucket. I picked the bucket up then puked out what I had this morning for breakfast. The taste felt awful on my tongue. I put the bucket in the corner of the elevator feeling so . . . unwell . . . That I didn't feel up to taking it with me.

Who wants to walk around holding a bucket of their puke?

Not me.

You have to be crazy to do that.

The doors opened up with a ding. I continued to use the wall as my guidance. I saw light gray smoke hovering there against the glass doors. I felt shaky. I felt the ground tremble beneath my feet. I still had on black socks, thank the universe! I continued my way onwards. Around my eyes started to appear darkness. NO!, I thought, I won't lose consciousness. Not now! I made it to the doors. Ooh, I forgot my shoes.
Damn it.

My hands pressed against the window.

The door beside me opened.

I carefully slid forwards out into the wide open.

I tapped on the combadge.

"Quarty to Enterprise," I said, seeing people of different races running holding weapons in their hands. Some aimed them up at the sky. Then a huge blast went on striking the land based civilians blowing them up into bits. "BEAM ME UP!"

I felt light weight and the high pitch sound returned.

"We got you, Commander." Betty said.

And then I just blacked out feeling the time to rest was fine.

///////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////////

. . 3:50 PM . .

. . Colo. . .

The ship had crash landed. The Klingon ship keeping the armada together had crashed landed right into my house. My house has been destroyed. So many memories that were made in there were destroyed. I felt the very least sad. I only knew it was my house because I plotted the course in navigation while Kurva was pinned under a piece of metal. I had used a phaser to pin his fellow combatants.

"Attention all Klingon war themed vessels in and above Colo," I said in Klingonese. "I have a sophisticated and advanced Enterprise ready to take down more vessels like this. Your leader is down. So down he can't get up. I have your leader. I don't expect he'll live long. If you do not return to your space then Colo will be forced to unleash The Jaffa and Klingon partnership that has allowed us to build war vessels in times like these. These are slated to be out in the next twenty-four hours. If you want to die in honor then you must reevaluate and see if you want to be crushed by the civilians of Colo. Blow us up, shoot our skulls out, and destroy our homes. We will hunt you down, one by one, and you will be the one who'll die as a coward. Quarty out."

I heard a thump.

The sound of a body crash landing to the ground.

I looked over to see John-Luc's body on the floor.

"Damn you Vulcan!" Kurva shouted.

I raised up the spear blaster 2.0 then aimed it at Kurva's forehead.

"See you in hell, Klingon." I said.

I pressed the trigger. I watched Kurva's body lose life. I dropped the spear blaster trembling feeling
so much emotions. Then I wheeled over to John-Luc feeling horrified. It can't be him. NO. NO. NO! I lunged forward out of the wheelchair and come to his side. I saw his very lethal wound straight into his side spanning like a line across his chest.

Today, I learned T'fara died sending her only son into the tunnels.

"No, please don't leave me," I said, almost in tears.

"It was great while. . . it lasted." John-Luc said.

I shook my head.

"Don't talk like that," I said. "You'll get patched up. There is bound to be a doctor around here--" I looked around. "Trelane, heal him!" I felt John-Luc's soft yet small aged hand on the side of my face. I turned my head toward John-Luc. "I. . . I don't want you to go."

"Let's mark the moment . . . " John-Luc suggested. "One last mind meld."

"I will never mind meld with another man." I said.

"Never is a long time." John-Luc said.

"I don't care." I said, as I bring my fingers over to the side of his face and he did the same to me.

"My mind . . . to your mind." John-Luc said.

I closed my eyes.

The sad emotions were replaced by warmth and happiness. It was incredible. I saw all the memories we shared flying by. I was sharing his last moments alive allowing John-Luc to see everything that he could of Jessie when he wasn't there. I showed him everything that had happened when he wasn't there. There will be a second hole in my heart when he leaves. I showed him that.

I felt tears coming down my cheek.

'I'll miss you. And when I am a Q again, I will find you.' I conveyed my thoughts to the dying mind.

'I love you.' I heard his mind.

'I love you, too.' I thought back.

Then his mind was gone and I opened my eyes. His hand had fallen off my face down to his side.

I noticed it started to rain in the ship. But that didn't stop me from crying. I cried holding the dead Vulcan in my arms. For years I had a anchor to keep me down and going out of control messing up the future. I had the body of a former captain in my arms. The captain who went through so much. I had seen all his memories regarding his life-time. I knew everything I needed to know about my husband. I was a widow. I consider myself a widow.

The only person I had left in this life was my grandson Jenkins.

Our grandson, really.

I had him to live for.

I had Colo to live for.
I don't know how long I spent with the dead body but it must have made up for the fallen Klingons who had no one to make their passing known to their gods. My crying, my grief, and my twisted anger at the universe had been furious. I cursed at the stars. I cursed at the land. I cursed at whatever came into my mind. Where was Trelane when I needed him?

I saw a Jaffa come with reinforcements.

"Ambassador?" One Jaffa asked me.

"He is dead!" I said.

I had been grieving much like a woman holding her deceased husband. At least former Q are not so different to human beings.

"Ambassador," One Jaffa said. "The ships have all but vanished due to the Klingon-Jaffa fighter modes or... They went through something."

I looked up.

"Was it like a invisible force field in the sky?" I asked.

"Yes." The second Jaffa said.

I lowered my head down toward John-Luc's empty body.

"The battle of Colo..." I said, then looked over toward them. "We won."
Grieving

. . . July 20th . .
. . Colo. . .

"I HATE KLINGONS!" Jenkins shouted.

Jenkins was upset.

Very upset.

We were staying on Earth rather than Colo 2. So it was very understandable.

"Jenkins, hate is a strong word." I said.

"They killed my MOTHER!" Jenkins shouted.

"But you can't just hate them all because of how they turned out to be." I said.

"Grandpa, they killed grumps!" Jenkins said. "And they murdered my friends! They killed my friends!"

I grabbed Jenkins by the shoulder.

"Calm down," I said. "It is over. We are waiting for your father to take you--"


I sighed.

"Jenkins. . ." I said. "Your hate towards Klingons will burn you inside out and you will not have any friends because of that attitude, your grumps would not appreciate this attitude and I could have you be adopted by Klingon parents or Vulcan parents so you could ACTUALLY grow up as an emotionless cold hearted being." I took my hand off his shoulder. "You grandfather hated Klingons but he had to draw a line to where the hate ended with his relationships and trust between them!"

"Why would he ever trust them!" Jenkins exclaimed.

I sighed.

"Jenkins, you're pressing my buttons." I said.

"Fine, at least I am getting through you!" Jenkins said.

I wanted to spank him so badly.

But he is grieving and he needs to be snapped to his senses.

That hate can't be so overpowering it ruins him!

I felt hurt by that reply.

"If you don't respect Klingons, then you don't have to stay with me, young boy," I said. "You can go straight to Vulcan for all I care."
Jenkins grew a disgusted look and he didn't say a word.

I expected him to turn around but time froze up right then.

I heard a slow clap.

"Nicely handled." I heard Trelane.

Trelane walked into my view with his walking stick.

"You..." I said.

"This is the end of the fifth round," Trelane said. "Much as I wanted it to be different then how you experienced it."


"Trust me, John-Luc wasn't supposed to die that way." Trelane said,

"BRING HIM BACK!" I demanded.

"I am sorry but round five was constructed to show you that you are never always going to have your beloved by your side," Trelane said. "You are a human and he is a Vulcan. A Vulcan who cared so deeply that he would rather stand in the way then let you be silently cut down by a Klingon. Now I admire that relationship as I do with Spock and Kirk."

"My daughter is dead because of you."

"T'fara was not supposed to die."

"Everyone I know is dead. Those who know my past."

"You got yourself into this hole by transferring your files and changing your file as Ambassador Quarty of Colo."

"And how can I get myself out of it this time?"

"Living."

"Trelane."

"Moving on. You have to be human."

"How can I move on with a grandson who hates Klingons?"

"Give him a reason why not to hate them all."

"I am not a Q, Trelane."

"Tell him about Mr Worf."

I sighed.

"Mr Worf is seven months old," I said. "Ranting about a Klingon baby... Now that is a funny story."

"Talk about the grown up Mr Worf without telling Jenkins what he is, Father," Trelane said. "I find
it as a useful tool. It will be . . ." He gazed at the boy. "Tell him the truth. The complete truth."

"But he won't believe me." I said.

"Tell him about the Enterprise. Don't describe them down to a tea. Tell them as though you are talking about Sky Trek." Trelane said. "McCreary, Lolu, Luke, Mr Warf, Counsolor Teanna, Ensign Shirk Pushover, and Goldy Johnson. To name a few."

I wiped off a few tears.

"Reveal the truth at the end of the story and say what Mr Warf is," Trelane said. "Make him befriend a young Klingon girl if possible. If he wishes to stay with you. . . Things need to be dealt with not avoided."

"You are right." I whispered.

"I am always right," Trelane said. "And I like being right!"

"Easy for you to say." I said.

"You know . . . Life will be wild for you, Father," Trelane said, in a more gentler way. "There is no more games. No more lessons from me. You are simply have to . . . Like the Judges said: Wing it. It is all impromptu. There is not a double meaning to everything. You are grieving and so is Jenkins."

"In his very twisted way." I said.

"Oh, and that Proto-Q Alian made . . ." Trelane said. "She is a lot like you. She mostly visits the 21st century."

Trelane vanished in a white flash.

"I hate you!" Jenkins shouted.

Jenkins ran into his temporary room leaving me alone then slammed the door.

I felt along my face.

Oh John-Luc, I wish you were here.

The words 'I hate you' were a dagger to the heart.
I groaned feeling the back of my neck aching and my head throbbing.

"Ow, my head." I said, leaning forward.

"Good to see you are awake, Quarty!" Jean-Luc said.

"What happened?" I asked.

"You tripped over an Ensign and hit your head on the corner of a table top," Jean-Luc said. "Right after you got on board from passing Star Fleet Academy exam and the online courses as well."

My eyes widened.

"I passed?" I said, in shock.

"Through and through." Jean-Luc said.

"If I passed, why is Brooke here with you and why is Beverly so concerned?" I asked.

"Quary, I met up with a man who told me not to miss out on everything in life and to enjoy while I can," Jean-Luc said. "So Beverly and I have recently decided to take an unexpected vacation from Star Fleet for awhile."

"Starting when?" I asked.

"Tomorrow." Jean-Luc said.

"You can't just take a vacation from being a Captain!" I said.

"Quary, you are the acting captain," Jean-Luc said. "I have all the confidences in you that you will captain this ship to your best ability."

"How long?" I asked.

"Long as we like," Jean-Luc said. "And this makes Brooke your first officer and Clewis your second officer."

"I just got word." Brooke said.

I didn't understand the sudden decision but I understood one thing for certain; it is about damn time they got together.

"I approve," I said. "You finally decided to make it apparent you are together." I clapped happily. "Bravo! I am really happy for you!"

About thirty minutes later when I was heading to my quarters I came across B-4. B-4 came to a stop holding his stuff in a large box. It reminded me of how Data's expression was when he packed his stuff up when he resigned from Star Fleet over his civil rights. I also came to a stop expecting the
android to speak first.

"So where are you going?" I asked.

"Shuttle bay." B-4 said.

"Huh?" I asked.

"I am going to a nearby planet where the USS Challenger is stationed," B-4 said. "I am telling Geordi first."

"Regarding your sudden devotion to felines?" I asked.

"No," B-4 said. "I have come to great consideration and time into this decision."

I recalled then the conversation I shared with him.

I patted on B-4's shoulder. Or should I call him Data? Okay, Data then.

"Well . . ." I said. "Data, starting tomorrow the Enterprise will start under a legacy that is different but otherwise the same."

"What do you mean?" Data asked.

"I am the Captain of the Enterprise," I said. "I can't believe it myself."

"Wake up." Data said, randomly.

"What?" I asked.

"Wake up." Data said.

"I am awake!" I said.

"Picard and Beverly just left the room. They're just baiting you to wake up." Data said.

"This is not a dream." I said.

"On a subconscious level, it is," Data said. "They don't know. Not yet. Not yet who I am really. Goodbye Q, it was nice knowing you. I have to get to the Challenger."

Data vanished.

"HEY, WHERE IS EVERYONE?" I shouted.

The hallways grew darker and darker.

I grew frightened and scared.


What the hell is going on?

I felt alone, isolated, singular, and loneliness.

What happened to me?
"Quarty," I heard Jean-Luc. "Wake up."

"He's not going to wake up due to the damage he made in his organs." Beverly said.

"He awoke the first time." Jean-Luc said.

"That was brief, Picard," Beverly said. "The only thing he got to say was 'there's a war out there'."

I looked around.

"What is wrong with my brain?" I asked.
I heard Beverly walk away.

"Quarty, why did you walk so far?" Jean-Luc asked.

Home.

"You are a stubborn man, Quarty." Jean-Luc said.

I heard Beverly leave the room.

"Listen, you better wake up because we are going to find this planet 'Colo' one way or another," Jean-Luc said. "I understand that is one of the planets you can possibly find yourself content at. It has mixed races. Or it will." I felt my hand being squeezed. "Please don't go any deeper into the coma. Wake up."

Colo?

What is that planet?

My head is throbbing, I can feel a pain in the back of my neck. I could hear the loud sharping beeping sounds from behind my head. I had to follow the pain. The beeping sounds grew louder and clearer. My brain felt swollen. Not that the brain is unable to become swollen but that can happen when this is me. What had I fallen on? What was I commenting about? Why can I not remember what lead to my injuries?

I passed the Star Fleet Entrance exam.

I remember that.

I remember Transport Chief welcoming me aboard.

Why can't I remember the events afterwards?

My ears rung and I felt sick to my stomach. Even though I hadn't eaten. Why? I had puked out the contents of my stomach awhile ago? I felt a cold item enter my skin then my levels returned to their usual rate. The voices became extremely faint. My ears felt as though they were covered by something. Something soft, something fluffy, something rounded and very comfortable. Something felt different about me.

"Patient is stabilized." A young man's voice came.

"Tell him to follow the pain," Jean-Luc said. "And he'll keep responding."

"How long do you think it'll take for him to get out of it?" The young man said.
"Long as it takes." Jean-Luc said.

I feel like my body is resting and repairing itself

How odd.

"Just follow the pain, Commander." The new young man's voice said.

I was going to wake up.

Seriously.

And ask what the hell happened!
Tell me a story

. . Wild Timeline verse . . .

. . . July 20th . .8:48 PM. .

"Green . . " I said. "He is your son."

"I can't handle it right now," Green said. "I just lost my wife."

I sighed.

"We both lost someone," I said. "Jenkins needs his father."

"I need time for myself, Ambassador," Green said. "I . . I just can't see him right now." Green turned away with sad eyes from the screen. "Green out."

The screen became black.

"Tell him about Mr Worf." Trelane had told me.

I sighed, relaxing my shoulders.

Jenkins hadn't been sleeping for days. Not since the day his mother died. I had been sleeping, though, because sleep is the most valuable and healthy part of daily human life. I had to confront hate. Nor avoid it as I usually did being a Q. John-Luc and I had our disagreements but we both came to a understanding about them. This was different. Actually, this was no different.

I opened the door to Jenkins room.

Jenkins was in a ball curled up in fetal position along the bed sobbing.

"Jenkins . . ." I said. "Do you want to hear the story of a man named Worf Mogh?"

Jenkins raised his head.

"Why would I want to hear that?"

"Because . . . Grumps knew him."

"Oh really?" Jenkins sarcastically asked.

My kind of sarcasm.

My inherited my sarcasm. Damn it.

"He was just born seven months ago," I said. "He is seven months old. Your father . . . inadventurely met him because Mr Worf went into the past along with two others. They were Lolu and McCreary."

He glared through my head.

"Those are terrible names."

"They are to protect the innocent."
"Huh, as if."

I sighed.

"Let me tell you a story . . . One of Grump's many adventures aboard a star ship. It was called . . ." I stroked my beard. "Hm . . . What was it again? It started with an E and ended with a E."

"I dunno."

"It was the Enterprise!"

Jenkins looked up toward me.

"But that is outta commission."

"This happened way before you were born," I said. "It was a very long, long, long time ago . . . in a place far, far away . . ."

heard it from you," Grumps said. "The ones I knew would have just left me for dead."

"My kind are different than the ones you knew," Worf said. "I have done research on Vulcans and their ways of healing. You should rest."

Grumps looked at the brown rocky ceiling above him.

"And what about you?" Grumps asked.

"I will find a way up without alerting the Ferengi," Worf said.

"Now I understand why your friend referred to them as jumping children . . ." Grumps said.

Grumps closed his eyes and fell into his trance. He focused all of his energy to his leg in order to help it heal. He wasn't aware of what happened around him. When he was deep in focus everything around him seemed irreverent. Just as irreverent as color is to you, Jenkins. I know being color blind means color is irrelevant but that is the point.

"Slap me," Grumps said.
Without hesitation, Grumps was slapped multiple times until he grabbed their hand. The last slap had jolted him awake. The side of his face burned with red marks. And overall his leg seemed to be fine. It was McCreary who had been slapping him. Grumps noticed he was aboard a shuttle.

"What happened?" Grumps asked.

"Mr Worf dug out of the cave, returned for you, and then we got blackmail over the ferengi," McCreary said, as Grumps let go of the man's hand. "When Worf returned for you he came to discover a hole right above and you were not where he had last seen you. Worf went after the Ferengi then stole one of their wives who was pregnant with another Ferengi's child. He made two deals separately with the Ferengi in exchange for your return and access to a spaceship."

Grumps appeared to be amused.

"Why are we in a shuttle?" Grumps asked.

"We are headed to The Fendora," McCreary said. "Lolu is with Worf on the ship. The Ferengi beamed them up first and their transport systems are . . . rather . . . not-able-to-be-used. So we are taking a shuttle."

Grumps noticed he was in the passenger seat.

"And what happened next?" Jenkins asked.

I smiled.

"They went off to rescue a dying man," I said. "With an other space ship about one hundred or less years into the future. It had a doctor. A very brilliant doctor who was called the Emergency Medical Hologram aka Doctor Joe." Jenkins was in bed at this point. "And you want to know something?"

"What?" Jenkins asked, curiously.

"Mr Worf is a Klingon," I said. "And one day you'll get your own Mr Worf who goes by the human word of honor: never leave a man behind."

Jenkins yawned.

"But . . . He coulda backstabbed him." Jenkins said.

"He could have . . . But Mr Worf valued the trust he had with Grumps," I said. "And his honor with him."

Jenkins turned around closing his eyes.

"Sounds cheesy." Jenkins said.

"Mr Worf is a tall Klingon with a stoic serious face and you could find yourself intimidated by him if you allowed him to do it," I said. "There are several kinds of Klingons who can do the exact same thing as he can. They pry on fear. They have a death glare that locks on target. Klingons have a interesting culture and very loyal friends."

I heard Jenkins low snore.

"And one day you might meet him." I said.
Epilogue

..2366..7:48 AM...

...USS Enterprise...A Monday...

"It has been a hundred earth years since the Colonians had a major conflict with the Kolosters who claimed Colo as its territory," Picard said. "The Federation wants to be part of this resolution by hosting the meeting aboard the Enterprise with the very old Colonian Ambassador."

"How old is he again?" Riker asked.

"One hundred eighty-five," Picard said.

"One hundred eighty-five," Riker repeated. "Wow, that is old."

"A relative of Ambassador Quarty will be joining," Picard said. "The Ambassador claims his grandson can help him a good deal."

"Ambassador Quarty," Riker said. "Funny name for a Colonian."

"The Ambassador and his grandson are ready, Captain." Miles said.

"Energize," Picard said.

Miles slid up the bar.

Two figures appeared on the Transporter. One figure apparently is in the wheelchair along with a young man beside. The two figures came into focus. The younger man came first in terms of becoming solid. Picard's face slowly turned into fury. Next came a much older figure who appeared to be somewhere in his late nineties.

"Q!" Picard shouted.

Ambassador Quarty, however, did not seem to have the significant details that made him recognizable so long ago as Q. He had a bald head and the only hair Quarty had left was his gray beard. The young man is his grandson Charlie Jenkins Janeway. His grandson had red curly hair. Jenkins' face bore a remarkable resemblance to Quarty when he had been the youthful Q that Jean-Luc knew.

Jenkins laughed.

"Q?" Jenkins said. "My god, the resemblance is strong with my grandfather!"

"No more games, Q," Picard said. "This is a very important matter."

Ambassador Quarty shared a weak little wave.

"Hello, Jean-Luc," Quarty said, with a little wave. "Over here!"

Picard turned his head toward Quarty as did Riker.

"Excuse me, but it is Picard," Picard said.

"Grandfather," Jenkins started but Quarty held his hand up.
"I know," Quarty said, lowering his hand. "Jean-Luc, it is completely fine you don't recognize me. I understand the confusion..." Quarty coughed, into his left hand leaning forward. He straightened up. "I have my last meeting to handle."

"Sorry, Captain Picard," Jenkins apologized. "My grandfather is... currently ill. He gets easily confused of who he is."

"Do not!" Quarty shot back.

Jenkins lightly pat his grandfather's back.

"Q's a nickname he uses often." Jenkins said.

Well, that part was true.

///////////////////////////

...Spare quarters...8:39 AM.

...Enterprise...

Deanna Troi entered the room where a silent, but paralyzed man sat staring into open space. She could feel his delight, wonder, and satisfaction. It was an unusual feeling to encounter from an old man. He was so happy. The doors closed behind Deanna ever so swiftly. Deanna came completely into the almost dark room that was partially lit.

"Hello, Counselor." Quarty said.

"Hello." Deanna said.

Quarty turned around from the window.

"Did Jean-Luc send you?" Quarty asked.

"Yes," Deanna said, with a nod. "He prefers to be called Picard."

Quarty smiled.

"I just love getting on his nerves," Quarty said.

"You are not actually Q," Deanna said.

"I am Q," Quarty said, wheeling right over to Deanna. "Flesh and bone."

Deanna sat down into a chair.

"Q is a entity," Deanna said. "You are human."

"I have lived with a Vulcan for a long time," Quarty said. "I know the ways of the mind meld."

"But it might be conjecture." Deanna said, mostly concerned about seeing fake memories.

"It won't be," Quarty said. "Please... Let me show you."

"I better come out whole." Deanna said.

Quarty had a low laugh.
"You will," Quarty said. Quarty placed one hand on the side of her face. "My mind to your mind, my thoughts to your thoughts..." Quarty sighed. "Our minds are one. We are seeing the past."

Five minutes later the mind-meld ended.

"Q?" Deanna said, as Quarty nodded. "Oh my..."

Quarty took his hand off Deanna's face.

"I want you to tell him after the meeting," Quarty said. He cracked a smile. "I have one last duty to fulfill."

...11:49 AM...

..Enterprise...Interrogation room...

"Q, why are you pretending to be a human?" Worf asked.

Jenkins stared at Worf.

"Q who?" Jenkins asked.

Worf kept his cool.

"Q, you know who you are." Worf said.

Jenkins smirked.

"I am Charlie Jenkins Janeway," Jenkins said. "I was named after my god mother."

"Who is your god mother?" Worf asked.

"She was not around for my birth," Jenkins said. "I never actually met her."

"Answer my question, Q." Worf said

"My name is Charlie!" Jenkins said.

"I want answers as you do," Worf said. "And you better answer them!"

"Her name is Kathryn Janeway," Jenkins said. "I was born 2330 on the planet Colo. My mother was a half breed and my father was a human. I am human, even though my ears are their elf form..."

Jenkins stood up. "I do not appreciate being name called a entity who terrorizes others! I am NOT Q!"

"Sit down." Worf said.

"Unlike my grandfather," Jenkins said. "I share plenty of resentment toward Klingons and I don't sit down for them."

Worf narrowed his eyes toward Jenkins.

"Q, pretending to be a Ambassadors grandson is not your best act." Worf said.

"I am not acting!" Jenkins protests. "My grandfather has been alive for the past hundred years and he
hadn't been the victim to experience what you are accusing me of!" He pointed directly at Worf. "Once upon a time a hundred years ago Grandpa looked a lot like me without the ears!"

"How do you know?" Worf asked.

"I have pictures and records," Jenkins said. "In fact I don't believe the whole family story about how my mother was born. He is only my mother's Mom's dad." He leaned his arms on the table staring at the Klingon. "Go ahead and search these files," He slid them on the table toward Worf. "And you will be apologizing to me by the end of today. I promise you that!"

From behind the screen Picard is watching the interrogation.

Jenkins turned his head toward the screen.

"You think we are related to Q?" Jenkins said. "We are not. My grandfather has a bad case of dementia but he can carry out on negotiations. Heck, he even negotiated a brand new vehicle built for a wheelchair last week." His glare stared through into Picard. "You may resemble my late grandfather but that does not mean I can be just polite as I would without my living grandfather around."

Riker came beside a shaken Picard.

"Are you okay, Captain?" Riker asked, concerned.

"He reminds me of Q," Picard said. "It is like I am staring at a mirror."

Riker had a short laugh then had a sigh.

"We did a DNA test." Riker said.

Picard turned his head toward Riker.

"And?" Picard asked.

"You are not going to believe it, Captain." Riker said.

"Try me." Picard said.

"He is your grandson." Riker said.

Picard had a look of disbelief on his face.

"No, that can't be." Picard said.

"And the other DNA came up with Ambassador Quarty." Riker said.

"I don't understand," Picard said. "That should not be possible."

"Both produced a baby," Riker said. "It seems one of your ancestors had it out with Quarty."

"But none of them was a Vulcan," Picard said. "None of my relatives are Vulcans."

Riker smiled.

"This is a compelling strange picture," Riker said. "Maybe this is one of Q's so called 'lessons'."

Jenkins sat back down into the chair.
Worf picked up the padds then exited the room.

"This is one sick lesson." Picard said.

Jenkins puts his feet on the table, his arms behind his neck, and whistled a merrily tone.

Worf came into the other room holding the padds with a not-so-happy look on his face. It looked as though Worf had come out of an hour long debate with Q and had gotten only a pointless reply. Worf put the Padd alongside the screen, tapped on it, and then images came to for the senior officers.

"That..." Riker said, in shock.

They were staring at two pictures.

One of Professor Quarty with his trade mark goatee.

And the second picture is the one in the room.

"They have a striking resemblance," Picard said.

"Poor man," Riker said. "Q must have molded him to his looks."

"He must have been pretty bad before Q came along." Worf said.

"Agreed." Picard said.

...Enterprise...5:49 PM...

...The Bridge...

Ambassador Quarty came out of the observation room wheeled by his grandson Jenkins. Data stood up recognizing man. Data approached the old Ambassador. Jenkins didn't know who Data was but Quarty did. Quarty held his hand out for the Android. Data came down to Quarty's level and shook Quarty's hand slowly.

"Hello Q," Data said. "It is nice to you at this phase of life."

Jenkins was puzzled.

"That's my grandad's nickname." Jenkins said.

"Hello, Data." Quarty said.

The Holosters had themselves beamed out shortly after the negotiations had ended. Data and Quarty's handshake had ended.

"Ambassador--" Picard started to say but Quarty interrupted.

"My name is not Photonic Riker Quarty," Quarty said. "In fact it is Q."

"Why are you making such a claim?" Picard said. "Q would not make such a delibert prank as this."

"Because he is Q,Captain." Deanna said.

Quarty's heart rate slowed.
"The time is coming." Quarty said.

Deanna turned pale.

"Captain," Deanna said. "He is dying."

"No!" Jenkins came over to Quarty. "Grandfather...You can't just leave right now!"

"I can..." Quarty said. "Turn me toward the captain of this ship."

"I don't want you to leave..." Jekins said.

"I know," Quarty said, taking Jenkins's hand. "It is my time, Jenkins."

Jenkins fought back tears.

"Yes, grandfather." Jenkins said.

Quarty let go of Jenkins's hand. Quarty had long told Jenkins that the last thing he would love to see is someone resembling his best friend. He kind of predicted his own death in a eerie kind of way. Jenkins went behind the wheel chair then turned the wheelchair toward Picard.

"What is the meaning of this?" Picard asked.

Well, let's just make the transtioning to my perspective again! YES! AH HA! Thought you lost me. No, you did not lose your omniscient narrator. Picard was very startled about this random claim. Time can be ordered differently to my will in the closing minutes of the timeline in which I had been exiled in.

"Please understand what I have to say..." I said. "This timeline...is ending..."

"I do not understand," Picard said.

I stood up feeling my legs.

Everyone is frozen in time save for Picard.

"You are paralyzed!" Picard said.

I smiled approaching Picard with a smile.

"Are you convinced now, Mon capitaine?" I asked, hearing my voice become younger.

I took Picard by surprise grabbing his hand and the scenery around us turned white.

"Q..." Picard said. "What kind of plan of yours is this?"

I smiled,as he tried to squirm out of my grip.

"I have something very important to say." I said.

"Q!" Picard ordered. "Let me go!"

"I want you to be the one to be aware of a couple things," I said. "One; I am always watching you. Two; There are a couple paintings I have to bring and show your precious crew that were made by me. Three; I really do care about you enough that watching you die is the second worst thing in my line of existing. Four; I prefer if you wouldn't die."
"If you are offering me to become a Q; I refuse." Picard said.

I frowned.

"I wasn't asking," I said. "I have already spent an eternity with you."

Picard did not seem to be too happy about me holding his outreached hand.

"Q, get to the point," Picard said. "I am not in the mood for your games!"

"Picard..." I said. "I could tell you so many things that I think about you but I am wise enough not to," I let go of his hand turning the scenery into the ready room. "Don't worry I have fixed the timeline so you will be the only one to remember this . . ." I went over toward the door wondering if I should tell him or not I fell for his counterpart. "I . . ." I turned around founding myself in fear. It is quite scary telling it to the prime Picard that I needlessly find him the best person a Q can ever ask for as a friend. "Am very grateful for you."

"For what?" Picard asked, pressing a button on the desk.

The doors opened to reveal Worf.

"For being my friend," I said, snapping my fingers freezing time again this time with Picard aware but not Worf. "I don't have much friends outside the continuum..." I came over to Picard. "But you are an exception. A remarkable one." I walked around the man. "I am your Moriaty and you are my Sherlock...No, that is a terrible comparison!" I shook my head coming to a stop at the front of the desk. "My best comparisons are running slim at the moment..." I smiled. "Ah." "What?" Picard asked.

I remembered what John-Luc compared us to.

"You are my O'Niell and I am your Teal'C." I said.

"I do not know who you are talking about," Picard said.

"A Jaffa and a human," I said. "They are very good friends."

"I hardly see a friendship between us." Picard said.

"I am much as a alien as you are to me," I said. "In a way I am O'Niell and you are Teal'c. I put my neck out for you and sometimes you snap back for being saved. I wouldn't give it a second thought saving you at the cost of my life." I had a sigh once realizing this conversation is not getting through his skull. "All I am trying to say is; thank you...Thank YOU for letting my stay aboard your ship." Picard still had that nasty glare on his face.

"Do you want to hear something?" I asked.

No response.

"It will be crazy..." I said. "But...No." I look away. "You don't know me that well...Yet. Can't very well admit it right now." I had a laugh. "I find it amusing that I am the one giving the speech. Naturally it would be you." I lean against the wall. "Your turn."

I snapped my fingers.
"And your point?" Picard asked.

I smiled.

"The universe is lucky to have you," I said. "And so is Beverly. Toodles!"

I vanished in a white flash.

"Yes sir?" Worf said.

"Q was just here," Picard said.

"Ah," Worf said. "May I leave?"

"Permission granted," Picard said.

Worf exited the room.

Picard sat back down into his chair, picked up a tea cup, and began sipping when on the screen appeared a image of a Romulan version of Worf. The facial stoic and serious look in the Romulan's face was so distinctive. Picard had to smile at the unusual picture. It switched to Riker as a Klingon and then to Deanna Troi as a green tinted princess with erotic dance moves. The next one was of Data. A human Data, no less with three pens on his collar and instead of his uniform being yellow it was red.

The last was of Picard's young self with hair.

On the screen appeared a line of text.

"To the crew of the Enterprise; I hope you enjoyed these pictures." Came my message.

Picard shook his head turning the screen off.

It became apparent that my images were sent throughout the ship (Which it was, no less) while I held the reunion of the original Enterprise crew for Spock. It was worth bringing Uhura, Sulu, Scotty, Kirk, Spock, Chekov, and McCoy together as their younger selves for the last time. Because they were a family. I won't admit this out loud but I do have a family aboard the Enterprise on the Bridge.

They will never know they impacted me that much.

And I will jealously defend that family from fellow other omniscents such as the M if needed.

The End.

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