

The Big Night

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by [mistral](#)

Summary

Katras and legends...

I had the crew running scared and I knew it. Tonight was too important for any slip ups. M’Kree was scampering about the catwalks, arranging the lights when Bill came and told me the Vulcans had arrived early. I swore in Ferengi, because I’d always felt it more satisfying than Standard. Bill looked cowed. “Get Berel on the refreshments and have Sandy keep them busy with the standard tour until the cocktail room is ready!” Bill slunk away and I felt bad but, really, I didn’t have time to be nice. Tonight was too important.

M’Kree chose that moment to knock a light loose from its moorings. It crashed to the stage next to me. I chose to believe it was an accident. “You stupid glass spider-I’ll have you melted down if you do that again,” I screamed. My nerves were at wits end. Stagehands cleared the debris soon enough. M’Kree acted sorrowful, dim red lights running through her body. “Just get the key lights right!”

By the time everything was ready I had already been given a sedative to keep me on an even keel. When the President took her booth I signaled into the wings, and our featured personage stepped out into the light(that M’Kree had somehow gotten right) and the crowd in the Regulus One amphitheater rose to their feet, showing their approval according to their culture. Humans clapped, Tellarites whistled, Andorians stomped their feet. There was a vacuum amongst the seats reserved for the Vulcan contingent. Since the Schism of the 25th century, the Vulcans had been even more reserved than was their historical place in the Federation. They remained seated, alone amongst those who had come to see my...well, show. I had thought the first successful katra transplant would excite them, but their legendary stoicism was evident in spades tonight. I signaled Donald to alter the lighting to one, key spot.

He had lived a long time, had moved worlds, had altered the history and course of the Federation. When I found out that he would be transferred into a living body, his katra taken from Mt. Seleya to live again, I had grabbed the opportunity. I arranged for the moment of his first public appearance to be on a massive stage, broadcast across the Alpha, Gamma, and Delta quadrants. Even the Romulans had sent someone here tonight to see this spectacular moment. Despite being the pariahs of the Alpha Quadrant, they had a stake in this as much as anyone else. Their ambassador sat next to the President.

The only thing that irritated me was that he had chosen to have his body aged to such degree. Why anyone would have the chance to live again and yet choose to restart their lives from a point of middle age had flabbergasted me. He didn’t need to be that old-we could have made him twenty again. Nevertheless, he strode through the darkness in his aging body and approached the microphone. Ten thousand beings strained forward to hear what he had to say. Even the Vulcans leaned in a bit. They needn’t have bothered. I’d made sure no one would miss his words. What came next turned out to be a slice of history, far beyond what I’d expected.

“Hello. My name is Leonard McCoy.” He waved at the gathered dignitaries. “Imagine my surprise to be here in the twenty-sixth century. Spock always said that the only way to understand death was to experience it. I don’t know a lot about death-but I do know the same thing is true about life.”

I guess you could call the evening a success. I didn’t get fired and the Vulcans re-joined the Federation. McCoy gave a hell of a speech. I turned to Bill.

“You think we could find a way to get Kirk or Sisko?” Bill looked at me like he was going to throw up.

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