

One Engineer, One Ship

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Summary

Taking place in the "Yesterday's Enterprise" universe, this story is a small snapshot of one of the events in that universe. This story takes place a few days after the end of that episode.

March 7th, 2366

The thrum of the warp core, even at this low-powered state, was comforting for her. While chaos and madness reigned outside the hull of her ship, there was structure here, a harmony not found anywhere else aboard this vessel.

“Commander Garcia?”

Helena shut her eyes for a moment and sighed. “What, Ensign?”

“Do you think... I mean, is it possible...” Ensign Dell looked at the deck plating and shoot his head. “Did the *Enterprise* crew feel anything? When the ship went, I mean.”

Helena shot him a glare. Dell was talented with engines and awkward with everything else, including basic conversation. *Were he less talented, I'd have showed him out an air lock.*

“Dell, they engaged in a pretty violent battle. Anyone that wasn't killed during that wouldn't have really felt anything when the core breached.” She gazed at her own warp core, a piece of engineering that she had carefully built into existence. “When a warp core goes, you won't even register it.” She snapped her fingers. “Just like that.”

Dell nodded. “Aye, sir.”

“Did you check the EPS conduits on deck eight?”

Dell shook his head.

She pointed at the nearby turbolift. “Go.”

Without another word he went, mercifully. If she had to chew out another lower decker today, she might just beam the lot of them into space. She was ready to have a real crew on this ship, she was ready to fly with this ship. It had been sitting in dock getting poked and prodded long enough.

She took a breath and found herself mesmerized by the warp core, when she sensed someone behind her.

“Dell, did you forget —” But she stopped herself when she saw that it wasn't her wayward ensign, but instead her direct superior. She straightened up her posture and stood at attention. “Admiral Tanaka.”

The admiral gave her a small nod before standing beside her. “At ease, Commander. How's the ship doing?”

Helena made a face. “The ship is eager to be unchained, just as I am.”

“Angry?”

“Bored.”

He chuckled with understanding. “I’m glad you’re not taking the destruction of the *Enterprise* too hard.”

“She was a beautiful ship,” Helena said honestly. “She could have used more firepower.” She glanced at the admiral. “Would have made an excellent refit candidate.”

“Well, Starfleet is more than willing to entertain refits of any remaining *Galaxy*-class vessels.” He looked at her, his eyes saddened. “But we don’t have the time, do we?”

“No, sir.”

Tanaka’s eyes looked around engineering, taking in the mixtures of grey and blue, before locking eyes with her. “Are you sure this ship is ready?”

She gave a single nod. “I’ll stake my life on it.”

He nodded back. “You will, Commander. You’ve been assigned as chief engineer for this vessel indefinitely — until the conclusion of your mission or your death. Whichever happens first.”

Her heart pounded in her ears. Was he saying what she thought he was saying?

He gave her a gentle pat on the back and moved towards the turbolift. “They’ll be a briefing in one hour, be there. Your new captain will be.”

She whirled around. “A captain?”

Tanaka stepped into the turbolift and smirked. “Can’t have a ship and a mission without a captain. See you soon.” The door shut and he was on his way.

She was alone in engineering, but her heart swelled with pride. Finally, *finally*, she would be allowed to see this ship operate away from a dock. They’d finally be free to test the limits of this design.

Whomever the hell the captain was, it didn’t matter — all that mattered was that she would be out there with her ship.

Hell or high water, they’d go down together.

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