

A Sword and a Shield

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1286) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1286>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Star Trek: The Next Generation , Alternate Universes (General)
Character:	Moz Ragnow
Additional Tags:	Weekly Challenge: Loyalty
Language:	English
Collections:	Weekly Writing Challenges
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-26 Words: 592 Chapters: 1/1

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by [trekfan](#)

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

He stood in front of the viewport, his eyes taking in the sight before him. He'd heard rumors of a new, superior *Galaxy*-class vessel, but he hadn't expected this. The vessel before him retained the same basic shape of a standard *Galaxy*-class, but it looked tactically superior. The ship had a tactical pod attached to it, sitting between the two warp nacelles, front-facing cannons, something attached to the underside of the saucer that looked intimidating, and even sitting still she projected ferocity.

It wasn't as graceful a shape as the standard version of the class, but it looked a lot meaner. It looked like a vessel suited for war.

Admiral Tanaka came to stand beside him, his hands carefully folded behind his back. "Admiring the paint job, Captain?"

Moz Ragnow scratched at his thick beard. "Not the paint job, sir. Just about everything else, though."

"She's an impressive ship," Tanaka stated. "One of one, so far. She was designed to win this war." He looked at Moz. "But that will be out of reach very soon, if we don't act."

Moz faced the admiral. "My mission, sir?"

"Simply put — to prevent genocide of the Klingon people from a weapon of our own making." Tanaka shook his head. "Two weeks ago, blueprints for a device of unparalleled destructive ability were stolen from a high-security facility. The staff there were compelled, against their will, to retrieve these blueprints and hand them over." Tanaka scowled. "They didn't have to fire a shot."

"Who stole them?"

The admiral shut his eyes for a long moment and sighed. "A group of Betazoids, determined to seek revenge against the Klingons. Their leader is a former Starfleet officer... my right-hand for a number years before he resigned after Betazed's destruction."

"I can understand their anger." He thought back to his mother and her feelings about the Cardassians; if given a chance, she might have taken a course of action like this. "What they're feeling is loss, greater than anything most can comprehend."

"I don't doubt it." Tanaka frowned. "Unfortunately, that doesn't justify genocide. Captain, we've received word from certain SI assets that the group has that device up and running; they've acquired a cloaked vessel and they've set course for the Klingon homeworld."

The implications of that statement hung in the air. Moz didn't have to guess what they were going to do with that weapon; a weapon like that only had one purpose.

He glanced at the ship then back at the admiral. "I'm assuming this ship is going after them."

"You assume correctly. You and the *Defender* are being deployed to chase them down. The *Defender* is designed to out-run, out-gun, and out-maneuver any vessel in the Klingon fleet. It's designed to hunt cloaked vessels and drive them out before they do any damage." Tanaka looked Moz dead in the eyes. "It's designed to be wielded as both a sword and a shield, Captain. It's commander must be wise enough to know when to be each. It needs to be someone loyal to the ideals of the Federation, unspoiled by the war. It needs you."

Moz felt his face flush a bit. It wasn't often he got a compliment like that from a flag officer. "Sir, thank you. I'll do my best."

"I know you will. We'll be having a full briefing onboard in the next half-hour. Until then, would you like a tour of your new command?"

Moz gave an enthusiastic nod.

Tanaka nodded back. "Let's get acquainted with your ship."

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