

Abandon Ship

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1404) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1404>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Alternate Original Series
Character:	Ensemble Cast - AOS
Additional Tags:	Whump
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-02-27 Words: 1,558 Chapters: 1/1

Abandon Ship

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Summary

The Enterprise is hit by a strange electro-magnetic pulse that drains her energy stores. Despite the best efforts of her crew, she is slowly falling out of orbit.

Notes

FebuWhump Day 27
Prompt: Left for Dead

The *Enterprise* was in an unpowered orbit around the class M planet they were surveying. Something had happened. They weren't exactly sure what, yet. But the running theory was that they were caught in an EMP blast. One moment they had been in orbit, scanning the planet's surface for life signs and mineral composition, and the next they had been plunged into an eerily silent darkness, as if they were suddenly pitched out into space.

It only took a few seconds for the auxiliary power to kick in, turning life support, artificial gravity, and emergency lighting back on. Scotty had worked quickly to get the comms wired through that backup power source too, and he reported to the bridge what he knew. What he knew was that they had no engines.

"Can't you route auxiliary power to the engines like you did with the comms?" Jim asked from the bridge.

Somewhere far below, Scotty answered. "Well, yes, technically. But we'd lose life support, and wouldn't even have enough power to get us to half impulse."

"You could just say no, you know," Jim sighed.

"Aye, but sass is my coping mechanism in stressful situations," Scotty answered back. "Now leave me alone to try and fix this thing."

Having faith in Scotty's abilities, Jim turned his attentions elsewhere. His bridge crew were okay, but with the brief loss of artificial gravity, he was sure that some of the crew hadn't made it out unscathed.

"Bridge to sickbay, damage report," he said after keying the comm pad to patch into sickbay.

It took a few seconds, but eventually there was a response. "Minimal casualties, thankfully," Bones reported over the comm. "Just scrapes and bruises. Could have been a whole lot worse."

"Good," Jim said, relieved.

Spock looked up from his console. "Captain, I believe our problem extends further than a shut down of the engines."

Jim groaned, knowing that if Spock was bringing it up, it must be bad. "What did you find?" He asked, reluctantly.

"It appears that our main energy store has been drained," Spock said.

"Drained?" Jim asked. "What do you mean, drained?"

Spock raised an eyebrow at him. "I mean exactly what I've said. All of the stored energy fuelling the main power is simply gone. All we have

is power from our auxiliary store, which I am assuming wasn't affected because it wasn't online at the time of the EMP blast."

"Hold on," Sulu said, brow furrowing. "What kind of EMP blast drains energy stores?"

Spock paused, looking stumped. "I don't know," he admitted in a clipped tone.

Suddenly, Scotty's voice came back over the comm. "Captain, we have a problem, the energy stores—"

"Are drained, I know," Jim said flatly. "Are we able to get any of that back?"

"Well sure, but it'll take time to generate enough power to get the engines back online," Scotty answered. "A long time. The ship isn't designed to have its energy stores drained, the tank is always supposed to be at least half full, so to speak."

"How long?" Jim asked.

"A few days," Scotty admitted. "Three or four at the least."

"Well," Jim sighed. "I guess we'll just have to settle in and wait."

Spock cleared his throat. "I'm afraid it isn't that simple, Captain. Without power, we will be unable to maintain our orbit."

Jim grimaced. Nothing could ever be simple, could it? "How much time until we lose orbital integrity?" He asked, dreading the answer.

Spock turned towards the helm. "Mr Chekov?" He prompted.

"Yes, I am working on it," Chekov said, and apparently finished his calculations in the time it took to say so. "Orbital integrity will be at a critical loss in twelve hours."

The bridge fell so quiet you could hear a pin drop. They glanced around the room at each other, hoping someone would have a brilliant idea.

Scotty, who had been listening over the open comm, broke the silence with an expletive. "We definitely won't be up and running again in twelve hours," he said. "Doesn't matter what I do, the energy stores only recharge at a certain rate."

"Alright," Jim sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose in thought.

"Permission to speak, sir," Chekov said hesitantly.

"You have permanent permission to speak, Chekov," Jim answered flatly. "What is it?"

"Well, I have an idea, sir," Chekov said, nervous excitement bubbling. "We could purchase more orbital time with the assistance of another ship. Even a *slight* pull from a tractor beam would be enough to extend orbital integrity."

Spock nodded in approval. "It's a sound idea," he agreed. "In theory, if a ship were to flank us and change our trajectory in minuscule amounts every few hours, we could maintain orbit indefinitely."

"Great," Jim said. "Let's do that. Uhura, are there any ships within twelve hours travel?"

"Just give me a minute," she said, tapping away at her console. She frowned. "I'm not seeing anybody, Captain. I'll keep looking, but it seems that we're alone out here."

"Of course," Jim said, slumping in his chair. "Murphy's law and all that. I tell you what, if I ever meet Murphy I'm going to punch him in the face."

"Captain—"

"I know, Spock," Jim said, halting him in his tracks. "Murphy is already dead and punching him wouldn't change our situation. You don't have to tell me."

"So... What do we do now?" Chekov asked. "With no ships to aid us, I do not know how we can maintain our orbit long enough to regain sufficient power to restart the engines."

There was a long silence.

"I don't know," Jim admitted. "I guess we just have to wait and hope something works out."

"I'll keep an ear out for any traffic," Nyota said.

"Thank you, Uhura."

"In the mean time, perhaps we can lend Mr Scott some assistance," Spock suggested.

Jim nodded. "Good idea. Uhura, let us know if anyone comes into range. Sulu, you take the con. Spock and Chekov, with me. Let's go put our heads together with Scotty and see if we can find an engineering loophole to get us out of here."

"How much time do we have, Mr Chekov?" Jim asked tiredly. They had all returned to the bridge after helping Scotty, but to no avail. And Uhura had yet to detect any nearby ships.

"Fifty-seven minutes... mark," Chekov answered grimly.

"We're sitting ducks," Sulu said under his breath. "What do we do now?"

The crew looked to Jim for answers. Jim knew he had to make a decision, and there was only one choice to make. He took a deep breath. Then, he keyed into the ship-wide intercom, and spoke.

"Attention all crew," he said somberly. "We will lose orbital integrity in approximately one hour, after which the *Enterprise* will be pulled into the planet's atmosphere. I hereby order an all-hands evacuation down to the planet. Please make your way to the transporter room in an orderly fashion in preparation for beam down." Jim closed his eyes. "I repeat: Abandon ship. Kirk out."

He switched off the intercom and sat in silence for a long minute, his crew staring at him, waiting for orders. But none came.

"We should facilitate the evacuation effort," Spock said, taking over as Jim sat stunned. Jim barely even heard as Spock delegated tasks to Uhura, Chekov, and Sulu. He just stared at the view-screen and the ever nearing horizon of the planet. Soon it was just him alone on the empty bridge.

He took out his PADD and tapped into the transporter logs. He watched as group after group was beamed down to the planet's surface, and he kept track of the numbers. He kept count until the transporter log stopped updating. He had counted to four hundred and nineteen. Everyone had beamed down with the exception of himself and one other.

The door to the bridge glided open and Spock stepped in. "It's time, Jim," he said quietly.

Jim checked the time. There were still a few minutes until his ship started to burn.

"Do you know of the old naval practice, Spock?" Jim asked. "Where a captain always goes down with his ship?"

Spock tensed. "I am," he said. But he was met with a contemplative silence from Jim. "Jim," Spock said, growing concerned.

Jim sighed, and rose from his chair. "I know, I know. I'm coming," he said. He walked off the bridge with Spock, and they took the turbo-lift to Engineering.

"Are you alright, Jim?" Spock asked as they descended.

Jim laughed bitterly. "I'm fine. As much as a disaster as this is, my entire crew is safe. Not a soul lost. I just feel sorry we have to leave the old girl to this fate." He patted the wall of the turbo-lift. "Feels wrong to just leave her for dead, you know?"

Spock nodded. "Yes, I know."

They arrived at the transporter room, and Jim stood pensively on the transporter pad while Spock made his final checks. He soon joined Jim on the transporter pad.

"Energize," Spock said, knowing Jim wouldn't have the heart to give the order himself. The two of them were whisked off the ship in a swirl of particles.

From the planet's surface, Jim and his crew watched as their beloved *Enterprise* streaked across the sky like a fiery comet.

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