

The Gift of the Before Ship

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by [B_Radley](#)

Summary

The adventure continues...

...with all due Respect and Obedience unto you, and you likewise to observe and execute the Regulations and Orders for the Federation Starfleet and such Orders and Instructions as you shall from time to time receive from the Admiralty or from your Superior Officers. Hereof nor you nor any of you may fail as you will answer the contrary at your Peril. And for so doing so this shall be Your Commission.

Lieutenant Meghan Emma Rosewarne looks at the assembled crew of the USS *San Sebastián* as she finishes reading the ancient words on the PADD. She hands it to the Master-at-Arms, a Master Chief Security Operator.

Emma watches as the crew dismisses, getting out of their service dress uniforms, for the rest of the day. She would meet the XO and the three department heads in an hour's time to go over the ship's watch, quarters, and stations bill.

She exhales, then moves through the ship to her quarters. When underway, she would spend the bulk of her time in her ready room, just off of the CIC, but for now, she would settle into her home away from home.

As soon as she enters her quarters, she pulls her jacket, then the white turtleneck off. She pulls the newer working uniform top over her head, preferring the older blue to the newer maroon of the service dress. The modified delta with the white of command and the two old-time pips of her rank is already pinned on.

She drops into the chair at the bulkhead desk. Her eyes fall on a message light on her console. She smiles as she sees the location code on the readout. She doesn't hesitate to hit the playback button.

Emma exhales slowly as the beloved little face comes on the screen. She freezes it, taking a moment to stare at what had come from her body. The ten-year old boy's face is frozen in a happy smile. As she gazes at it, she marvels at how much of his h'vast'ter is in the growing, solid ball of energy. From the slightly paler gray skin, to the dark triangles of pigment around his eyes to the gray-blue color of those eyes, Z'hani is all Roged.

She looks at herself in the mirror affixed to the door. She sees a tall young woman, almost thirty years old with pale skin and medium bronze curls tied back in a traditional seaman's queue. It is when she looks at the hair, and then her eyes that she sees the part of Z'hani that is hers.

His hair, though short, is the same bronze hue, maybe even a little darker than hers, with untamed curls, where Roged's had been long, straight, and black as midnight. Z'hani's eyes, though blue-gray like his h'vast'ter's, are hers in the large round shape.

She starts to release the frozen frame, but stops. Those eyes share something else with her as well.

A sparkling gleam of life and laughter, behind the occasional gravity of Roged Meeliy. A gravity that hid the dry humor of a h'vast, one of five distinct genders on Rigel V.

She hears herself choke as she remembers the last time she'd seen Roged. Lying on a medbed, their eyes open and staring, with her gazing down at their body, her arms and torso burned almost to the bone from Khan's attack.

On the ship that truly holds her heart. Not her true first ship as a crewmember or officer; one she'd only spent several days on.

But the one that she'd found out, after she'd awakened, that the adventure of her lifetime had just begun.

The adventure probably begun on that ship, in a quick grappling in the small meditation chambers behind the deflector array.

She gives a silent prayer to whatever deity that favors vessels for that before ship and her descendents.

Emma touches the 'play' button, closing her eyes to hear the *Enterprise's* gift to her.

"Hey, Mom. Just wanted you to know. I'm proud of you."

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