

Cultural Exchanges

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Cultural Exchanges

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Summary

"Kicking an enemy while they're down? Very Kruge." -- Weekly Challenge 41: In the late 24th century, the U.S.S. Phoenix-X hosts a sketchy meal with a Klingon and Romulan commanding officer.

Ad Astra: Weekly Challenge #41

"Cultural Exchanges"

Out, in the endless cold of vast, empty space, the *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* was rendezvoused with the *Vor'cha*-class I.K.S. *B'CNah* and the *Mogai*-class I.R.W. *Ketaryn*. The three commanding officers from each ship, Seifer, Menchez and Heike Tressa sat at a dinner table in the *Phoenix-X*'s Briefing Room.

"Is this really necessary, Commander?" Tressa squinted at her kali-soup, gagh and pizza dish. "These foods barely even go together."

Seifer was already eating, happily. "Oh, you'll love it. Besides, it's high time the three of us had a meal together. All the adventures we've been on? It's worthy of story and song!"

"Yes, but separately," Captain Menchez added while examining his pizza. "Klingons and Romulans famously do not get along. There's a whole play about it on Qo'noS. The Klingons end up tearing the heads off their Romulan guests."

Tressa blinked. "Seriously? We have the same play in the Romulan Free State. Only, instead of decapitations, the Klingons get so subterfuged, they rip their own heads off."

"Huh. I'm impressed! Disturbed, but impressed," the Klingon Menchez reacted before dropping the gagh into his kali-soup and going for it. "Besides, since the destruction of your home world, the Klingons have been going easy on Romulan relations. We are a ruthless race, but sometimes do practice sympathy."

Commander Tressa gave the pizza a chance. "Very Rikery. Also, if you don't mind my saying, I would have thought our vulnerable state the perfect time for the Klingons to strike."

"Alas, internal quibbling between Klingon houses has stunted that notion," Menchez admitted. "But we'd totally be down for it. The blood spill alone would command great satisfaction."

Seifer pondered. "Kicking an enemy while they're down? Very Kruge, Captain. Also, I'm trying to think if the Federation has any decapitation fantasies? Oh! The children's book *Alice in Wonderland* was all about head lopping."

"Yaarrhh!!" Suddenly, an 8-year-old Romulan girl broke out of a nearby ceiling vent and landed on Seifer's shoulders, holding a tan qalanq sword to his throat. "Your head will roll in the name of the Empire!"

The Starfleet officer chortled. "Pfft! We Trill can grow them back. Oh, wait. I'm thinking of the Gorn. No, we can't."

"Wyn! Stop this at once!" Tressa stood in searing anger. "Commander, I'm so sorry. But with the destruction of Romulus, it's impossible to find a babysitter for your children. This is my daughter, Wyn."

Menchez then broke out in surprise. "Hah! Are you kidding me! This absolves any misgivings I had about your people, Commander Tressa. You are warriors at heart."

"Okay, but the girl, though?" Seifer pointed to the blade at his throat and the blazing glare she was focusing from behind his head. "I think I see blood."

The Klingon got up and slapped Tressa on her back. "This cannot wait! Come, Romulan. To the holodeck, to watch each other's plays. We'll even throw in those card soldiers from *Alice in Wonderland*. Mix it up!" The two officers then left, much to Seifer's chagrin.

"Sooo, you want to try some kali ice cream? It's insanely bland, but we can spice it up with gagh topping," Seifer offered to the little girl who pressed the sharp edge to his throat. She then nodded, prompting the Commander to get up with her to the replicator.

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