

Star Trek Edison Episode One:A Muddled Reawakening

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Star Trek Edison Episode One:A Muddled Reawakening

by [Bynar0110](#)

Summary

The U.S.S. Edison (NCC-2961) (Excelsior-class) investigates a mysterious object journeying though Federation Space. (A mix of OC and canon characters) (Set in a AU Universe during the early 2360s) (Canon divergence fic)

A Galaxian News Update

I want to thank Robert Bruce Scott for all of their helpful advice and for proofreading this chapter.

Star Trek:Edison

Episode 1: A Muddled Reawakening

Stardate 38675.2 (Sep 4, 2361)

“A mysterious object journeys though Federation Space unopposed. I’m Zara Zh’tialnor for the Galaxian News Network and that’s our top story.

“There have been reports of sightings of an unidentified object drifting though Federation space, bringing apprehension and panic to the Federation star systems it travels though.

“Local Planetary leaders fear it could be ether a weapon of mass destruction deployed by the Cardassians sent to destroy key Federation worlds, or a planetary probe similar to the one that wreaked havoc on Earth over 75 years ago.

“What’s more disturbing is the lack of response from either the Federation Council or Starfleet Command on the matter. Starfleet has thousands of starships in active service and not one has been sent to investigate this mystery object, not even a mothballed garbage scow.

“I want to end this news update with a question to both the Federation Council and Starfleet Command. Why the silence and why is this object being allowed to travel though Federation space unchallenged? Has the long war with the Cardassians turned the Federation soft and made it suddenly stop caring about the welfare of its member worlds? I’m sure the citizens of the Federation would want the answer to that. For more information and hourly updates about this object, tune into All Things Faster Than Light with Brethar Vimlot on the QuantumTech Network. For the Galaxian News Network, I’m Zara Zh’tialnor.”

A Restless Captain

Stardate 38677.18 (September 5, 2361)

Captain's log, stardate 38677.18. After a chaotic month of patrolling the Federation-Cardassian Border. The Edison is now en route to Starbase One for resupply, routine maintenance, and the rotation of crew members. Meanwhile, the Edison's long-range sensors have been monitoring unusual subspace broadcasts coming from near the Delphi star system.

USS Edison-Captain's Quarters

Captain Grace McCallister found herself sitting up in bed, her knees tucked up against her chest. She vacantly gazed out the cabin window, watching the warp-smear stars whiz by, knowing that nightmares about her deceased husband Dracius would haunt her if she tried to sleep.

She was also feeling stressed out from having to fend off multiple incursions into Federation Space by Cardassian Galor-class cruisers while on routine patrol of the Federation-Cardassian Border.

A small brown and white beagle suddenly hopped onto Grace's bed.

"Archer!" she happily greeted the beagle as she watched the canine trot across the bed and snuggled up against her. "You're having trouble sleeping too?" she calmly asked her companion while she gently massaged behind his ears.

The dog happily panted in response to her inquiry, completely enjoying the attention he was receiving. As he sniffed at the picture. His tail wagged animatedly back and forth when he recognized Claire in the photo that was on the nightstand. Archer met Claire for the first time on her graduation day from Starfleet Academy.

Grace closed her eyes at the thought of her only child, as she leaned over and lifted one of her favorite pictures off the nightstand. It was a picture of herself taken with her daughter on Claire's first day at Starfleet Academy by the groundskeeper Boothby, as both stood in front of the massive elm tree situated near the parade grounds. Grace had her arm around Claire's shoulder; as she looked proudly at Claire, while Claire looked bashful.

Grace smiled at her faithful pet who was now chasing his tail, as she climbed out of the bed and walked over to the replicator.

"Centauran Tea Blend number 22, hot, and light on the sugar." Grace addressed the replicator politely, but firmly.

The replicator quickly fulfilled the captain's request as it materialized a mug of aromatic tea on a saucer.

The deep aroma of the tea brought Grace a sense of happier times from her home planet of Alpha Centauri III. She took the steaming mug of tea from the replicator and settled down at her desk. Each sip of tea brought Grace a feeling of tranquility and slowly melted away the lingering tension that had been bothering her for the past month.

Grace donned her reading glasses, as she was highly sensitive to Retinax V. She delved into the latest ship reports until the door chimed, briefly interrupting her concentration on her work.

"Enter," she said without looking up from the PADD on her desk, still reading through the latest intelligence updates on the mysterious object that had last been seen traveling in the Delphi System.

The doors hissed open, and Yeoman Trena Saperstein entered. The Captain's assistant stood in attention, as she waited patiently to be recognized.

Grace looked up and smiled, as she removed her glasses. "At ease, Yeoman. Is there something I can do for you?"

The Yeoman relaxed from attention to parade rest and stated, "I apologize for disturbing you at this hour, Captain. I needed to get your signature on these supply manifests for the quartermaster which, you forgot to sign earlier. Also, Admiral Wyatt has been trying to contact you. I believe he wishes to speak with you in private." The Yeoman spoke with formality and efficiency.

Grace accepted the PADD device from the Yeoman and quickly signed her signature before handing it back. "Thank you, Yeoman. You are dismissed." Grace nodded respectfully to her assistant.

"Thank You, Captain." Yeoman Saperstein nodded before she turned and exited the Captain's quarters.

Grace turned her attention to the desktop viewer in front of her and instructed, "Computer, please open a secure channel to Vice Admiral Marcus Wyatt at Starfleet Academy."

The computer chirped as The United Federation of Planets logo disappeared from the screen, and in its place was the smiling face of her father, Vice Admiral Marcus Wyatt.

"Hello, Dad, I'm sorry for not getting back to you sooner. There was a "bad infestation" in the Lyshan system, but the Edison managed to take care of the "infestation" with negligible damage to the ship and minor injuries. So, how are you doing? "

Admiral Wyatt chuckled at her daughter's clever reference to the Cardassians before he spoke, "I'm fine, just started a new semester of teaching classes. So how are you, Gracie?" The Admiral addressed his youngest daughter using her childhood nickname, making Grace feel warm and nostalgic.

Feeling relieved her Father was doing well. "I'm stressed out from this damn war. So how are Mom and Claire doing?" She asked her father.

"Your mother and Claire are doing well. Your mother has been busy with her plants back home. She's also been worried about you." Marcus responded..

"And Claire?" Grace inquired.

"Claire has been busy too, she has been helping me with my classes, as a teacher's assistant here at the academy. She's dejected that her friends already left for their space assignments, while she's stuck here on Earth. She is also feeling unhappy that you departed so soon after her graduation ceremony."

Grace felt guilty about having to leave almost immediately after her daughter's graduation, just barely enough time to give Claire a quick goodbye hug before she boarded the shuttlecraft and headed back to the Edison.

An ecological catastrophe had transpired on the planet Sigma Kai VI in the Sigma system, and the Edison was the closest vessel in the area to respond.

"Dad, the Edison is scheduled to make a stop at Starbase One for crew rotations, repairs, and supplies, and I thought I would surprise Claire with a visit and spend some time with her before she was shipped out on her first assignment..." Grace suddenly paused as her eyes narrowed in suspicion at her father's now sheepish appearance.

"Dad, is there something you're not telling me?" she asked, realizing her father was hiding something from her.

"Well, Grace, one of your former commanding officers stopped by to see me a few weeks back, Admiral Bilko Silvers," Marcus replied with an expression as if he had been caught red-handed stealing candy.

She took a glance at the model of the Miranda-Class ship that she had on display before speaking. "Bilko Silvers" is a name I have not heard in such a long time. So how's the old card shark these days?" She asked her father.

"He's doing well since he became the head of Starfleet Personnel. We just had a drink when the Admiral came straight out with the news that he paid back the life debt he owed you after he arranged Claire's first posting to be on the Edison."

Grace didn't even fully remember the circumstances of how she had saved her former C O's life, but she was touched that he had repaid the life debt with such an act of kindness. It would be an insult not to honor one of her mentor's requests.

"Hello? Grace? Are you there?" Her father said it loud enough to have her snapped out of the deep reverie she fell into while she processed the news about her daughter being posted to the Edison.

"Yes, I'm here, Dad; sorry about that. My mind must have wandered off." Grace apologized, still reeling from the shock. "Please tell, Admiral Silvers I'm truly touched about what he's doing for Claire and that I would sign off on her posting to make it official."

"I will relay that message." Marcus acknowledged!

"That would be great, Dad." "Please send Mom and Claire my love," Grace said warmly.

"I will. You take care of yourself and stay out of trouble, okay?" Her father reminded her.

"As long as you do the same, alright." Grace chuckled.

The UFP logo reappeared on the screen, as Grace swiveled her chair around and she looked at the stars.

To Be Continued

Influenza, Pregnancy, and a Loud Yeoman

A/N: I wanted to thank Robert Bruce Scott for proofreading this chapter.

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Stardate 38680.48 (Sep 6, 2361)

U.S.S Edison-Corridor(Deck 2)

Archer excitedly jogged down the ship's corridor alongside his tired guardian. The canine smelled out his surroundings and enjoyed the pats on the head given to him from the crew members that passed by. It wasn't very often that the spunky little doggie got to visit a new part of the ship.

He only got to visit the lackluster Botanical Gardens or the scary Sickbay, when he was not confined to the deck corridor where he and his caretaker resided. He wondered where she was taking him today. His tail wagging in anticipation as they approached the turbolift.

"Archer, calm down..." Captain Grace McCallister soothing voice broke through the dog excited thoughts. They entered the empty turbolift and she spoke to the computer, "Deck 1." With a swish, the doors closed and the turbolift began to move.

USS Edison-Main Bridge

The turbolift doors swished open, Grace exited the turbolift and stepped onto the bridge. Archer was cradled in her arms.

Archer watched Yeoman Trena Saperstein emerged from her station on the bridge. She pulled out a sleek metal instrument and blew into the mouthpiece filling the air with a high-pitched whistle that sent shivers down some of the nearby crewmember spines.

Archer howled out a whimper as the canine's sensitive ears buzzed in irritation.

"Captain on the bridge!" Yeoman Saperstein shouted to the annoyance of the crewmembers that had sensitive hearing, earning the Yeoman hostile glares and low hisses.

"Yeoman Saperstein what in the seven hells of Centauri were you thinking blowing that god awful whistle and screaming like a banshee on my bridge. Do you have any idea how many crew members suffers from acute auditory sensitivity!" Grace's tone dripped with frustration. The fiery glare in Grace's eyes clearly showed both her irritation and disapproval of the Yeoman's actions.

Trembling, the Yeoman hung her head in shame. "Captain...I'm so sorry...I was just attempting to adhere to tradition..." She mumbled, feeling dejected that she angered her commanding officer.

Grace studied the Yeoman for a moment before her features softened.

"We value tradition here, Trena, but remember we prioritize our crew's wellbeing above blind obedience to ancient customs. Now, why don't you double-check with the Edison's Quartermaster to ensure the accommodations are ready for the new arrivals who will be joining us once we dock at the starbase?" Grace spoke more calmly.

Yeoman Saperstein nodded quietly "Yes, Captain." and then exited the bridge via the turbolift.

Grace took a deep breath and cradled Archer in her arms like an overprotective mother, while calmly whispered to the Beagle that's everything's going to be okay.

Archer shook off the effects of that horrible noise as his canine curiosity was now in overdrive as he looked around at all the blinking lights, the crew members tapping noisy buttons, while he listened to the crew members casually chatting and occasionally sharing a laugh as they worked at their assigned duty stations.

"Morning Captain, and to our little morale booster." Commander Icid Gaihia, the Edison's First Officer stood up from the command chair and approached the Captain with a kind smile. She gently stroked Archer's furry head, much to his delight making his tail wiggle. He really liked the person with the ridges on their nose whenever she visited his guardian's quarters and fed him tasty beef jerky.

"Commander," Grace acknowledged back to the Bajorian as she settled in the command chair with Archer on her lap."

"I noticed the Chief Science Officer is not at his post. He's not the type to be late for duty." Grace inquired, as she massaged Archer's ears, before placing the beagle in vacant chair opposite of the First Officer's chair.

"Commander Drak was admitted to sickbay last night with a case of Influenza," Commander Icid responded. Doctor Kiraid, the Medical Officer on call, says the Commander is going to recover, but is going to be in isolation for the next couple of days as this particular strain of Flu is highly contagious."

As the crew hummed about their tasks, Grace made a mental note to send the Chief Science Officer her heartfelt well wishes, ensuring that she would not forget to extend him her warm regards of a speedy recovery. Grace turned her eye to the science station where Lieutenant Tai-Anna

was hard at work.

“Lieutenant Commander Tai-Anna, what’s the latest status report on the strange broadcasts coming from the Delphi system?” Grace questioned the science officer on duty.

Tai-Anna looked up, her expression neutral. “Captain, the latest long range sensor readings indicate the transmissions are no longer coming from the Delphi System. The current location of these transmissions are unknown,” answered the Asst. Chief Science Officer.

“Tai-Anna, I want you to calculate all possible trajectories for the object’s next destination using the Delphi system as a starting point of reference. I want the information in my hands by the time we arrive at Starbase One.” she commanded, her gaze fixed directly at the stoic Vulcan.

“Affirmative Captain, the data is already being fed into the Edison’s main database.” She acknowledged. Her fingers rapidly tapping the console.

“Very well, Lieutenant Commander,” as Grace turned her attention to the Flight Control Officer on duty and asked, “What’s the Edison estimated time of arrival to Starbase One?”

“Approximately Three Hours at our current speed, Kapitan.” Lieutenant Andrei Kamarov reported.

“Lieutenant Commander Glenn still feeling under the weather, Commander Icid?” Grace asked concern evident in her voice.

“Unfortunately, she is Captain,” Icid replied. “The Chief Medical Officer has further limited her duties, meaning no strenuous action of any kind until the child that she carries comes to full term.”

“Captain I must express my unease about Lieutenant Commander Glenn absence,” Icid continued.

The flight team will be shorthanded and I'm apprehensive that it will affect the Flight Team's ability to perform at their best and potentially jeopardize the Edison’s mission. So I recommend finding a temporary replacement for Lieutenant Commander Glenn, until she is able to resume her duties.”

Grace just sighed. She could empathize with what her Chief Flight Officer was dealing with from being pregnant, but the Edison Flight Team being shorthanded also caused her some serious worry.

The flight team had been doing their part with pulling double shifts at the Conn since Lieutenant Commander Glenn’s illness, but her first officer was correct about finding a temporary replacement to maintain the team's performance and to prevent burnout among the crewmembers.

“You’re right Icid. I will ask Lieutenant Commander Glenn for her input in choosing a temporary replacement before making my final decision once the Edison docks at Starbase One.”

Commander Icid nodded appreciatively.

“Ensign Zh’Nann, report on the operational status of the Edison.” Grace smiled encouragingly at the nervous, but eager female Ktarian, who’s working her first Alpha Shift at the operation’s station.

The young ensign took a deep breath before speaking, “Captain, all es-es-essential systems are op-op-operational and functioning normally. Chief Engineer Blix had reported the transporters were still offline from the Edison’s previous skirmish with the Ca-Ca-Cardassians. He also reported that any remaining repairs would have to be completed at the starbase. Sorry about the stumbling of my words, Captain.”

“Thank you, Ensign, for your report and I think you did just fine.” Grace beamed at the Ktarian.

“Thank you, Captain.” She blushed at the praise.

“And lastly, Lt. Commander Thess, I hope the Edison’s security department had a peaceful night.” Grace shifted her attention onto the Edison’s Chief of Security and Tactical Officer.

The Andorian officer stood tall, his antennae twitched with confidence and pride. “No incidents worth mentioning, Captain. Security remains on standby alert.”

Grace nodded approvingly. “Very well, Lt. Commander Thess.”

Grace rose up from her command chair “The Bridge is yours, Commander Icid. I’ll be in my ready room until the Edison arrives at Starbase One. Come Archer.” Grace called out to the beagle.

“Yes, Captain.” Icid responded, standing up, as her concerned gaze followed the Captain’s movements before she disappeared into the Ready Room.

END

The Ties That Bind: Family and Legacy

I want to thank Robert Bruce Scott for proofreading this chapter.

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Stardate 38680.77 (Sep 6, 2361)

Starbase One- The Galleria

The dimly lit ambiance of The Whiskey Row enveloped Ensign Claire McCallister like a warming blanket as she stepped inside, the noise of the bustling crowd dulling to a soothing hum. A bouquet of aromas kissed her senses—freshly baked canapés against the subtle hint of Andorian ale mingling in the air. She took a deep breath, allowing the space's intimacy to ground her.

“Just find a booth and breathe,” she whispered to herself, her heart racing with excitement and apprehension.

Navigating through the crowd, Claire's gaze darted to and fro until she spotted a cozy booth by the window. Relief washed over her as she nestled into the cushioned seat, her eyes drifting to the starship docking bay just outside. A Lurian merchant slumped face down on the bar, a comical warning about the potency of Andorian brews, and Claire couldn't help but chuckle.

As she settled in, a waiter approached—azure-skinned, with eyes that sparkled like the ocean. “What can I get for you, Ensign?” he asked, a friendly glint in his gaze.

“A Miller Ultra Plus, please,” Claire replied, her pulse quickening as she struggled to mask her nerves.

“Anything else?” the waiter inquired, pen poised over his notepad.

“No, that's all, thank you,” she managed, gratefulness slipping into her voice as he accepted the order with a nod and a broad smile.

The moment he departed, Claire let her shoulders relax, her gaze still tracing the lit expanse of the docking bay. She inhaled deeply, searching for her sense of calm before the new chapter of her life aboard the USS Edison began.

Suddenly, a gentle squeeze on her shoulder sent a flutter of nerves racing through her. Claire turned, meeting the steely yet warm gaze of Rear Admiral Alynna Nechayev—her godmother. For a heartbeat, anticipation clashed with trepidation; she tried to summon her composure as the Admiral settled into the booth opposite her.

“I see even new graduates find their way to The Whiskey Row,” Admiral Nechayev remarked, her voice a blend of authority and comfort.

“Um, yes... Aunt Ally—Admiral Nechayev,” Claire stuttered, instinctively correcting herself but feeling the tension in her chest ease under the Admiral's steady gaze.

Just then, Zola returned with Claire's drink and acknowledged the Admiral with a respectful bow. “Admiral Nechayev, always a pleasure. What can I get for you?”

“Just a cup of tea and a plate of Bularian canapés and watercress sandwiches, please—enough for my goddaughter as well,” she replied, her authoritative tone now edged with a softer command.

With an affirming nod, Zola disappeared back into the throng of patrons. Claire stole a glance at her godmother, studying the way Alynna leaned forward, her eyes gleaming with genuine inquiry.

“So, Claire,” the Admiral began, her voice less formal now, “how are you feeling about your assignment? I know your mother is the commanding officer.” The concern in her tone made Claire's heart flutter.

“It's a bit daunting,” Claire exhaled, her fingers nervously picking at the edge of the tablecloth. “I don't want to be seen as... Captain Grace McCallister's daughter. I want this to be about my own merits.”

She hesitated, the words tumbling from her with unexpected urgency. “I want people to see me as—Claire the officer, not just someone riding on the coattails of my family's legacy.” Her voice trembled slightly, an undercurrent of emotion threading her words.

The Admiral's brow furrowed in understanding as she reached across the table, her hand covering Claire's. “That must be incredibly tough for you,” she said softly. “You've earned your place. It's okay to feel uncertain, especially in the shadow of such accomplished family.”

Claire finally met her godmother's steady gaze, seeking strength in her words. “Thank you, Aunt Ally. It means a lot.”

A warm smile blossomed on Alynna's lips; she leaned back with a hint of relief glimmering in her eyes. “And remember, if you ever feel overwhelmed, you can always reach out—just as your godmother, not as an admiral.”

A small smile tugged at Claire's lips, gratitude infusing the air between them. “I will. It's nice to know I have someone who understands.”

“Good,” Alynna affirmed, a new air of buoyancy in her tone. “Now let's eat and chat about something lighter.”

As their food arrived, Zola effortlessly placing the colorful plates before them, Claire took a sip of her beer, curiosity igniting her next question. “Aunt Ally, how did you know I'd be here?”

With a soft chuckle, Alynna took a bite of her canapé, a glimmer of mischief in her eye. “I have my methods for keeping tabs on those I care about. Plus, I couldn't let the only child of Grace McCallister begin this adventure alone without checking in.”

There was a pause as Claire scanned her godmother's expression, sensing the weight of unspoken concerns. "Furthermore," the Admiral continued, her voice low, "I have some official Starfleet business to discuss with your mother regarding that mysterious object passing through Federation space—the one that Zara Zh'tialnor and the Galaxian News Network can't seem to stop sensationalizing, much to the Federation Council's dismay."

Claire felt a thrill of intrigue at the mention, her worries temporarily forgotten as the conversations of the bar washed over them.

The conversation was abruptly halted when the Starbase Public Address system crackled to life. "Attention all Starfleet Personnel waiting for the arrival of the USS Edison. Please report to the Embarking/Debarking area. USS Edison has just passed Pluto and will be arriving at Earth in the next hour."

The Admiral's eyes twinkled with anticipation as she stood up. "Well, that means us, Claire."

Claire couldn't contain her excitement; her nerves danced in her stomach like butterflies as she stood.

Just then, Zola approached their table, a pleasant smile on his face. Admiral Nechayev reached for her pocket, retrieving a shiny Federation credit chip. After sliding it across the table, she offered Zola a grateful nod. "Thank you for your service," she said warmly as he lifted the payment, his demeanor brightening further at the gesture.

END

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