

## Unwelcome Arrivals

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by [trekfan](#)

### Summary

Two senior officers have to work together in a tense situation, and neither particularly like each other.

*November 22nd, 2260*

The first thing he heard was the red alert klaxon, blaring in his ear like someone was taking a plasma cutter to his brain. He forced his eyes open and found himself on the deck.

“Fuck,” Sam mumbled as he forced himself to stand. He could feel the inertial dampers straining. Taking a deep breath he pressed his hand against the turbolift control panel, but it was dead. He defaulted to his training, putting aside the rampant thoughts in his mind to focus on his immediate objective: exit the lift.

It took him a few minutes to pull the control panel and engage the manual override, but once he did the doors released — enough that he could force them open himself. He stumbled outward into chaos and a quick check of his surroundings confirmed that he wasn’t on deck one — he was on the engineering deck.

The lift had fallen twelve decks from where he began.

He started making his way to engineering as fast as he could, ears ringing from the klaxon, injured crew being treated in the corridors.

The ship shook violently and he stumbled, bracing himself on a nearby wall as a nearby junction control panel exploded in sparks and fire. He took another deep breath and ran to engineering.

That was a weapon’s impact.

They were under attack.

Engineering was a mess, but he found the chief engineer where he knew she would be: manning the central console, issuing orders, and guarding her engines.

“Barrows, what the hell is happening?!”

Barrows’ face showed surprise seeing him. “You’re alive?”

Sam grabbed onto the central console as another violent shake hit the ship. “Apparently. What happened?”

“Not sure, don’t care, we’re under attack!” She pointed at an auxiliary console a few feet away. “Man that, I’ve re-routed tactical controls through there — do something about this!”

He looked between the console and her. “Has the bridge lost power?”

Another violent shake shook them and a new alarm sounded: a containment warning.

Barrows grimaced. “There is no bridge! Main screen blew, emergency bulkhead failed, and you’re it!”

Sam’s mouth went agape.

*Holy shit.*

That thought echoed in his mind for a solid three seconds before he stuffed it in a box and shoved it deep down. He manned the auxiliary console and his eyes scanned the readouts. Shields were down to 45%, he had no torpedoes, and only half the phasers were working.

Short range sensors were operational, long range were offline, and he had no idea what kind of ships were attacking them — he'd never seen any vessel like it. There were three, significantly smaller than their *Constitution*-class vessel, but far more mobile.

Targeting sensors were damaged, they'd never be able to lock onto them at this rate.

"Barrows, I need you to vent the bussards!"

"Are you kidding me?! We're barely holding containment —"

He turned to her, red in the face. "I need seven seconds of ventilation, that's an order!"

She nodded and inputted the commands. "Venting bussards!"

A new alarm sounded now but Sam paid it no mind: the drive plasma from the bussards would confuse the enemy sensors, but would also act as something he could hit.

He just hoped the chain reaction didn't take them out with it.

"Venting complete, you're up!" Barrows yelled as the ship shook again.

"Diverting auxiliary power to shields," Sam said. He jammed the ship-wide intercom. "All hands, brace for impact! I repeat, brace for impact!"

"What are you about to do?!" Barrows asked.

He didn't answer her: he fired phasers at the drive plasma.

The ship shook more violently as the lights around them flickered, sparks showering them from above. The alarms ceased altogether as main power failed.

All of engineering went dark before emergency power kicked in.

Sam checked the tactical readouts and felt his body uncoil. "Two out three vessels destroyed, the third one badly damaged and limping away — no other contacts on sensors." He turned around and leaned against the console.

Barrows stared at him. "You could have killed us all."

"It was either that or have them do it."

She shook her head. "Small comfort."

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