

Tales of Recollection

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Tales of Recollection

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"These old shuttles sure did have their nostalgic whistles and beeps." -- Trek BBS: July/August 2024 Challenge: Seifer begins a rabbit-hole of recollection that leads to remembering Sigon's attempts at running the Kobayashi Maru scenario.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written as part of the Trek BBS July/August 2024 Challenge and takes place in 2393. Sigon is from my STO Phoenix Compendium series, where he's back in the KDF by 2410. The Oberon was last seen in "Needs of the Plenty".

July/August 2024 Challenge: Storytime. Stories are a universal form of social and cultural activity. The means and motive behind the telling and sharing of stories are endless. The challenge is to write a story about a story or storytelling. Possible examples are an officer telling a story in order to inspire others, a wise elder passing on wisdom and moral lessons to a younger generation, a historic account or record of epic lore, someone spinning grand tales of excitement and adventure or a simple exchange of amusing anecdotes for fun and entertainment.

Trek BBS: July/August 2024 Challenge

"Storytime: Tales of Recollection"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* trekked itself a galactic supposition as Commander Seifer found himself in the Conference room, going over department head reports.

"Ugh. The worst thing about being in Command, but not at rank Captain, is having to still do Commander-level work," he said, seemingly to himself before noticing Lieutenant Commander Tong was taking a seat next to him.

The human held up a hand. "Don't mind me. I'm just here to shadow you until one day I can have your job."

"Trust me, you do not want the constant dignitaries complaining about quarters sizes, lower decks personnel asking if you're Canadian and unending flashbacks to your past whenever you're on a biobed," Seifer reassured.

Tong shrugged. "To be honest, I use my career as a distraction over being plagued with Esper power. Just the other day, I was running a tactical scenario on the Holodeck when they hit me like a Klingon running at you, full speed. Allow me to explain."

Previously, on the Phoenix-X: Tong stood at tactical, while Lieutenant Elly took the main chair during a Kobayashi Maru simulation on the Holodeck. The screen showed several Klingon *K'tinga*-class battle cruisers surrounding them.

"Oh, crap, we're being flanked like a Klingon callisthenics skull monster at a Moopsy convention!" the tactical officer observed while raising holographic shields.

Elly steadied herself as the simulation shook. "Avast! Launch the viral code that makes them think they're each other's enemy. Like a starship version of *Stop hitting yourself. Stop hitting yourself. Stop hitting yourself.*"

"Sent. It's working!" Tong realized as the simulated Klingon battle cruisers turned to each other and launched photon torpedoes.

But the success sent a string of ringing in his head, by his inherent, uncontrolled powers. Elly didn't notice as she commanded, "Now do the viral immunity command to the *Kobayashi Maru*. Tong?"

"Damn, I missed the window," the human realized as he returned to normal and the two witnessed the civilian freighter launch a torpedo at itself.

Elly threw up her hands as the simulation failed. "What the hell! They never had weapons. Also, who is dumb enough to think they're their own enemy??"

"This program has been modded so much over the centuries, it doesn't make sense anymore. Plus, it was my fault for losing focus in a clear on-duty-risk kind of way," Tong conceded. "Sorry, Elly."

The Orion shook her head. "No, it wasn't. You can't help what's happening to you. Don't you ever take the blame for this or any future life-threatening mishaps. Actually, our situation reminds me of the time I was test-running the shuttle *Hendrix* and we were confronted by the civilian transport *Oberon*. I'll go ahead and elaborate."

Previously, on the Phoenix-X, but not actually on it: The *Galileo*-type shuttlecraft *Hendrix* sped through space at high impulse, correcting its instruments and so on.

"These old shuttles sure did have their nostalgic whistles and beeps," Hachi observed from the helm. "Not sure why some alternate realities would reinvent them."

Elly nodded from the side console. "Likely an audience factor, for when they used to put these in space parades and show them off to streaming giants." Then realizing his confusion, she added, "Oh, there used to be giant Spock 2-level clones wearing party streamers. It was a thing."

"*Starfleet shuttle! This is the Oberon. One of our Klingon passengers has become unruly and arrested. Any chance we can offload him to you?*" came the nearby hail as the *Sydney*-class transport dropped warp in front of them.

Hachi did a double-take. "Dude. We're not the police of the Federation."

"*Uhh, I beg to differ. Starfleet once copped the Borg from ever assimilating the Federation. Several times over! Pretty constabulary, if you ask me,*" the Rigellian operator Fes countered. "*Also, fascist.*"

Elly rolled her eyes. "Starfleet should have never agreed to uniforms. Can't believe they lost a bet to the guy who invented transparent aluminum. Apparently, he found buried 20th century schematics in an old boxy computer next to some audio receiver called a mouse."

"*That digression is a concession to my argument and you know it! Therefore, he's all yours now,*" Fes announced as the cuffed Klingon was transported onto the *Hendrix* and the *Oberon* turned and warped away.

The Klingon shook his head. "Should have never gone off on a tangent. It's what got me expelled from the Klingon Defense Force. I pretty much fired near my own people trying to capture the enemy. Annoying. By the way, the name's Sigon."

"Hey, Sigon. We don't normally do this, but any chance you want to be dropped off to the Klingons or something?" Elly suggested. "We just can't with the whole thing and stuff."

Sigon spat. "Oh, Gre'thor no! I bought tickets to the *Oberon* because I wanted to secretly access the *Kobayashi Maru* scenario. That thing is impossible to beat! My frustrations took to chair-tearing, so here we are. Chairs are my enemy now."

"Wait a minute. You were on the *Phoenix-X* last week, trying to do that very same thing!" Hachi recognized. "You came onto the Bridge, posing as a tourist before we caught on to your shenanigans. Allow me to elucidate."

Previously, on the Phoenix-X, like, really on it this time: Commander Seifer entered the Bridge with what appeared to be a Klingon dressed as a Kazon.

"And, this is where the magic happens," Seifer offered. "We battled sooo many tangential Borg factions who weren't really with the Borg. They made that clear as to not mess with the fact we already defeated them."

Sigon smiled and nodded. "Canon compliant. Simply canon compliant! I especially admire how the Bridge lighting has gotten a shade darker than what Starfleet normally illuminates. A clear transitional phase to what may be complete darkness in the future."

"Commander! Why? Also, he's obviously a Klingon pretending to be a Kazon," levelled Lieutenant Commander Veker. "He just put red paprika all over himself."

The Klingon shook off the dust to the rest of the Bridge crew's half-shock. Seifer smacked his own forehead in defeat. "Of course. I should have known you were slightly more likeable than normal. Also, to everyone else, Starfleet wants us to get into the tourism business since we stopped high-level exploration eight years ago."

"The jig is up!" Sigon claimed as he clenched his fist. "I'm here to run your simulation programs with deception as my path to success!"

Hachi shrugged. "But now that that deception is over, all you have left is asking us nicely, or an adversarial attempt at forcing it?"

"I did realize that those were now my options, thank you Captain Obvious," Sigon sneered. "Just for that, I choose the latter. You will all do as I say, or I will rip out your throats in the most viciously Klingon-Kazon hybrid way fathomable."

But, instead, he was transported off the Bridge onto the sudden warp-dropping U.S.S. *Oberon*, which then appeared on screen. "*Sorry to interrupt. But this Sigon fellow had purchased a ticket with us, and we simply cannot go off schedule. Not for one minute. Fes out.*"

"Damn," Seifer pouted as the *Oberon* warped out of there. "I was actually looking forward to some conflict and it appeared he was about to deliver. This reminds me of the time I was sitting alone, working on pointless Commander stuff when this random officer appeared out of nowhere. I'll go ahead and unpack that."

Previously, on the immaculate Phoenix-X: Commander Seifer found himself in the Conference room, going over department head reports.

"Ugh. The worst thing about being in Command, but not at rank Captain, is having to still do Commander-level work," he said, seemingly to himself before noticing Tong taking a seat next to him.

The human held up a hand. "Don't mind me. I'm just here to shadow you until one day I can have your job."

"Wait a minute. Have we had this conversation before? U.S.S. *Bozeman*-temporal loop!" Seifer recoiled in utter and intense shock while being secretly happy something interesting was going on.

Tong shook his head. "It's just the two of us being so consumed with habitual behaviour, that we end up having the near-exact same conversation every week."

"Damn. Well, this makes us very boring. Very well. We will endeavour, for the next week, to do things story-worthy," Seifer offered to an agreeing Tong before the two got back to it. "But, no Deck 12 haunting stuff. *Voyager* did that and it ended up so contrived. Ughh." He shuddered continuously for a good two minutes.

Back to now, on a Borg cube not affiliated with the now-defunct Borg Collective: A drone, Three of Eleven, unlatched himself and received a local hive-mind deliberation.

We are not the Borg. This reminds us of nothing. End of thought.

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