

Launching Day

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Launching Day

by [0Devoid](#)

Summary

After her pod is jettisoned into space for 150 years after being stolen from the USS Light of Man, Breezie McKormic finds herself in an unfamiliar world, with a ship on the horizon waiting to be claimed.

Notes

Also written by Fateweaver

Long Lost Light...

Our story begins in the year 2214. Aboard a Daedalus class ship used for medical transport, The USS Light Of Man, NCC-398.

A human, blind yet knowledgeable of his surroundings, rushes to the pod release bay, He looks at the subject he selected, an african woman with an afro. He looks in hope as he looks at his prototype holo watch. "You're not the best..." He thinks "But you will do." He transfers the pod to his shuttle, quickly shutting the cargo bay as soon as the pod is in and launching out into the void that is the final frontier while being pursued by several Columbia class starships. His shuttle jumps just in time as it is hit by a round from an enemy ship as he goes to a seemingly normal asteroid, far from any sort of Class M planet, disguised among many others.

"Holy Shit... Thank lord, I made it through that."

The shuttle parks in a lab, hidden within the asteroid, and he removes the pod, moving it into a vat of warm liquid before he "looks" at the subject within. He looks nervous facing in the direction of the pod, hoping that his subject doesn't wake too early. He walks off, going to do work and probably have some Buddah's Choice noodles while he is at it. And as time passes he keeps working to keep the woman alive, knowing that she is a sign of hope. Despite his associates calling him crazy, he continues to try to make the colony 'better' in his eyes.

He removes her from the pod to put her in another, an orbital preservation pod that has not been launched yet. He paces back and forth after making the preparations to send the pod into orbit. He sighs looking at the woman within... and then beyond. Underneath the blindfold, he sheds a blood stained tear.

"I better be proud of this at some poi- good god, why am I crying?" He wipes the tear off of his cheek as he launches the pod, and eventually...

she awakens.

A Planet, A Corpse, & A Town On The Horizon.

Breezie McKormic wakes up from her slumber as the pod nears a planet, her amber eyes opening as the pod was warming up to acceptable conditions, looking out at the lack of a starship she is supposed to be in. Her eyes widen with shock as she begins to panic.

“What the-Where is the Light Of Man?! Where am I?!”

She was cut off from questioning when a screen turned on in her pod, revealing a man with a bloody blindfold and ginger hair.

“Heya!” The man says “I’m Benn, I uhh, Took you out of cryo a bit late.”

“What in the ever loving fuck do you mean? We are supposed to be awakened on the USS Light of Man, Not space!” Breezie exclaims.

Benn sighs in response. “Your ship just arrived three systems out, and it was knocked out of its warp bubble part way through the journey due to damage on one of the warp nacelles. It’s been gone for about 50 years, I was able to bring you back... but only you.”

She looks in confusion, “What about everyone else?” She asks.

“They are still in cryo-hibernation, I would go back, but those damn loonies are on my ass... They don’t want their systems to change.” Benn replies.

Breezie's mind begins to spiral out of control before she begins to breathe a bit to refocus. “Okay, so you need me to bring back my crewmates on your behalf, to stop these ‘Loonies’ you talk about?”

Benn smiles and nods in response. “Yep, I got a captain waiting for you planetside to give you more info. I’ll see you soon!” As the communications cut, The pod plummets to Terra IV. The pod soon crashes into the ground, giving Breezie her first glance at her first new planet.

Breezie exits her pod, which was smoking due to the heat of plummeting from space, once the doors opened. Her first step feels mushy, and she looks down then screams when she notices that she is standing on the crushed body of who she thinks she is supposed to meet. Being taught that anything is good for survival, she takes whatever she can salvage, despite the only useful things she finds being a wallet with a digitech ID and notices the name “Penn Medzin” as the registration. She remembers these IDs, made to be reusable IDs that have a timer on them for when they need to be renewed. This one is past its date, so she begins to edit the data to her own. There is a starship registered to it, so she at least kept that after checking out the ship data.

She discovers the starship with 'NCC-11130' painted on the hull, but is nicknamed ‘The Unreliable’ due to graffiti over its original name, the USS Reliable, it’s a sturdy, middle aged Miranda class ship that has been through a few fixes in its time in space. It had seen escapes, trades, several adventures, and a refit or two according to the repair logs she found.

She begins to trek through Terra IV, soon coming across another human being.

This one is in basic armour, enough to stop a few phaser blasts, but not a light explosive. He was wounded, and set up camp.

She walked to him, asking “Hey, are you okay?”

“As okay as I’m gonna get.” He replies “Sprained my ankle earlier, so my crew had to go on without me to town.”

She looks surprised, “Oh, I can help you with that. I can help get you to town... wherever that is.”

He smiles, “Well, I’ll navigate, and you’ll walk if you are up to this.”

She nods, a warm smile coming across her face “Of course, you have rested for long enough.” She helps him pack camp up, helping him walk to a walled off town off the horizon.

As they go, they talk a bit, Revealing his name is Andy Prince.

He is a wanderer who joined with a crew for about 3 months before joining another because the previous ones turned out to be pirates.

She reveals that she is new, and hopes to find “her” starship.

They keep going, soon going into a town, and to the pub that was there, soon finding his team inside.

She drops him off at the table with his team, and he gives her directions to the ship dock... and once she arrives at a pretty fucked sight.

Fish And Ships With A Side Of Lead.

Bullets fly, as several groups fight.

A group of scavengers, a rogue crew, and a swat team's worth of rogue officers, all fighting over an abandoned Miranda class starship.

It was held above the ground in what seemed to be a sort of 'Spacedock on Earth' sort of thing made for smaller ships.

Breezie takes cover, trying to sneak in. She looks around hoping to find some help in this firefight. She spots a blind man sitting and playing the guitar as the fight continues nearby. She goes over to him about to talk, but he speaks first.

"You know... you could use my help in this... to claim your starship."

She looks left and right before pointing to herself.

He chuckles "Of course I mean you Breezie, you are fine."

She gets closer, wondering what to do. "How do you know my name?" she asks.

"I have more than the eyes I lost... I know a lot, and I can help you claim that starship," He replies.

"Alright, what's th-" She is cut off by him pushing her head down to avoid a shot, he looks angered as he approaches the somewhat fearful battlefield.

The Rogues didn't care, for they did not know him. "Hey, what's a blind guy like you doing here? Shouldn't you be in a retirement home?"

Their leader says mockingly.

The blind man begins to sing, jogging in place as he does so.

The captain of The Rogues tries to shoot at him, but the blind man curls up into a ball in his jump and throws his full body mass at the poor captain, as if he were a mobian performing a Spin Attack, crushing his head under the boot of the blind.

The rest of the rogues ran off as a mysterious group tried to fire at him, Breezie rushed to the dead man's gun and whatever ammo was on him, beginning to fire at the corps while The Blind One continues his symphony and runs circles around the corps with a finger up and a crooked yet playful smile.

She is also getting shot at by the Scavengers, leaving her mentally overwhelmed. She grips her head, her eyes shut as she screams

"EVERYONE, SHUT UP AND JUST STOP!!!" And silence filled the air. She opens her eyes and looks around, nothing moved, not even the avians in the sky. She looks at the bullets, hovering in midair. She thinks to herself for a moment, before using this to her advantage, shooting at the Scavs and going behind cover again and trying to grasp this situation. She takes some deep breaths, closing her eyes again.

"Oh Fuck! Retreat! Get us out of here!" She hears as she peaks from behind her cover, and even The Blind Man is confused.

"What just happened?" he asks,

"I dunno." She replies "Everything just stopped for a moment."

He sighs "If only I still had my eyes... it would make a lot more sense then."

She looks at him as they approach each other. "So, who are you?" she asks.

"Alex" He responds "Alex Brine, The All Seer. I'm a god"

She blinks a few times, " You are what now?" Breezie replies, confused.

"I am a human, but two of my eyes have been removed, now I am mostly blind. I just call myself a god to freak people out on how I can still see." Alex explains.

"Okay... wanna head inside?" She requests.

"Yes, that would be fine." They both head into the Miranda class starship, hoping the ship will be able to fly away.

A Call To Action!

They rush in and Breezie is met with a horrific sight. The interior of the starship was in a total state of disrepair.

“Good god... Looks like we’ll be staying here for a while.” Breezie says, looking around.

“You’re right. Trying to take this ship off like this is basically suicidal.” Alex replies, being careful.

“Maybe this is our signal to get a crew. They could help us repair the ship.” Breezie brings up, thinking of a good idea.

“Good plan. I’ll stay guard here, someone has to do it after all.” Alex says.

“Ok. I trust you.” Breezie says, before sprinting off out of the starship.

Alex watches, putting his hands in his pockets. “I trust you too.” Alex says.

Breezie then goes out to look for crewmembers, walking the streets of the area. The place she arrived in was called New Porter, a small town that has several Federation member owned businesses, with the exceptions being a saloon, 'small' ship parts market and an inn. She goes to the saloon first, with it being the most logical idea. She walks in and looks around, trying to not seem suspicious. She spots a young looking man, possibly about to enter his 30s with no sort of branding on him sitting alone and eating some hot pasta. He wasn't in the best shape, he looked as if he had been out of a job for a while.

Breezie walks up to his table and sits down. “Uhm... Hi?” She asks, not trying to grab attention.

“Oh, hi. Sorry if I seem very quiet. I recently got fired from my ship for not listening to what those bastards wanted me to.” The guy says, eating another bite of his pasta. “I’m Gary, by the way.” He says.

“I’m Breezie. You said you worked on a ship, what was your job?” She asks, curious.

“I was an engineer, I worked on maintenance to ensure everything was on top form.” Gary states.

She sighs in relief before speaking up “Alright, if you want I can give you a similar job. No starfleet or anything, just you and the crew.”

Gary smiled at the proposal. “It's certainly something. You’ve got me interested. Count me in.” Gary says, shaking Breezie’s hand.

“Right, do you have a thermos?” Breezie says.

“What good crew member doesn't? I already paid, so it doesn't matter.” Gary says, taking one out and pouring the pasta inside, starting to eat from the thermos instead.

Breezie seems astounded. “Wow! good man, you are! Come on, Gary, follow me.” She says, leading Gary out of the saloon and to The Unreliable.

Gary looks around at the interior. “Wow. This place is in a right state. I can get it up to code, but it might take a bit of a while.” Gary says.

“I’d say it’s fine. Breezie still needs to find more crew members so you should have plenty of time.” Alex says.

“Yeah, what’s she going to do with just us two?” Gary replies, still looking around the interior.

Meanwhile, Breezie decides to walk back to the pub where she met Andy, wondering if he might be interested in coming along with his crew. Breezie entered and looked around for Andy.

Andy was still there, alright. His crew however, seem to have deserted him.

“Hey, Andy? Where’s your crew gone?” Breezie asks, concerned.

“Y’know how I said they deserted me when I sprained my ankle? Yeah, turns out they just wanted rid of me. They got in one of their own shuttles and flew off...” Andy explains.

Breezie was disgusted. “Wow. What crew they are. Hey, tell you what? I’ll get you on my ship. I’m in need of a crew anyway.” Breezie says. Andy smiles.

Breezie helps Andy get up and the two walk to The Unreliable, now under repairs.

On the duo’s journey, they spot a Saiyan with a light tan, a small scar on the bridge of his nose and messy black hair resembling more of a set of circular saw blades if anything, looking at the traditional Saiyan battle armour he once wore on the ground, wearing a cosy maroon hoodie and charcoal grey joggers instead. They could tell it was a Saiyan via the marks under his eyes.

Breezie decided that he could be a helpful member. “Hey! Who are you?” Breezie asks, stopping in their tracks.

The Saiyan looks up and then at Breezie. “Oh. Well, I’m Sutaba. Good to meet you.” The Saiyan introduces themselves.

“I’m Breezie, this is Andy. I’m currently recruiting for a crew for my ship. Would you mind helping us?” Breezie asks.

Sutaba thinks about it for a second, looking between the abandoned armour and Breezie. “Well, considering my last job, this seems like a much better investment. I’m in.” Sutaba says, shaking Breezie’s free hand.

Looking For Parts

Breezie brought Andy to the shipyard where The Unreliable was kept, where repairs were underway. She left him there under the care of Alex & Gary, the latter of which handed her a note with all of the parts they needed to finish the repairs of the ship, while she went to the nearby parts store with Sutaba. While it was small compared to many other stores, it was still quite big, at least Earth Supermarket size. When Breezie & Sutaba walk in just as a short figure wearing a cloak to hide his face and holding a few small bits of tech squeezed past saying 'Excuse me' in a Scottish accent, a little bell notifies the shopkeeper of their arrival.

The shopkeeper was an elderly man, just about pushing 76, but still being able to run his business with the help of his 27 year old niece, who Subata saw moving some stock to the shelves. "Well, howdy! I don't suppose I've seen folks like you around here before." The shopkeeper says with a spark in his eye.

"Oh, don't mind us. We're just looking for parts for our ship." Breezie says.

"You know anything beneficial for a... Miranda Class? We managed to wrangle one off, but it's in atrocious condition." Sutaba asks the shopkeeper.

"A Miranda Class? I haven't heard of that class in a long time... Perhaps ask my niece? She is an expert on specific types, much better than an old coot like me." The shopkeeper says, pointing to his niece with her short red hair with a yellow gradient looking almost like flames erupting from her head as she worked.

"Thanks. We'll come to you once we've got the parts we need." Breezie says before her and Sutaba walk to his niece.

The shopkeeper's niece was putting tins of Hull Paint on the shelves as Breezie and Subata came to her.

Sutaba gently taps her on the shoulder as she puts the last of the tins down. "Sorry to disturb you, but we're looking for parts for a Miranda class. The shopkeeper said you would be able to help us." He asks.

The shopkeeper's niece turns to Sutaba & Breezie, her face slightly lighting up. "Huh? A retro ship? I think we've got parts to suit what you need." She says.

Both Breezie & Sutaba sigh in relief. "We have a list of what we need, but we also need a few extra bits." Breezie says, handing the shopkeeper's niece the note with a few additions added by her.

The shopkeeper's niece nods. "Sounds good, follow me." She says, leading Breezie & Sutaba on.

The niece leads Breezie & Sutaba downstairs into an underground supply chamber. There were shelves lined with equipment and weapons. It was as if this was a ship manufacturing plant instead of a quaint little shop!

Sutaba looked around in wonder while Breezie soon spotted some of the items they needed. One of which was a pack of 40 Photon Torpedoes, packed into a neat box arranged 5 by 8. After a brief shopping spree, They had the items they required. All neatly packed in reinforced cardboard boxes.

Breezie mainly carried smaller components, while Sutaba carried the bigger items due to his Saiyan strength. "Thanks for helping. God knows I wouldn't be able to carry all this to the shipyard by myself." Breezie says.

Suddenly, the two of them are approached by what looked to be rogue starfleet officers. Who had quite big guns.

"Surrender the items you have immediately and we might spare you." One of the troops says.

Breezie & Sutaba froze in their tracks. Sutaba couldn't instant transmission himself & Breezie away due to the heavy goods he was carrying. It seemed like this was the end of the line...

Suddenly, the wind started picking up. There were no reports of this on the weather so this confused everyone, a wheezing and groaning noise could be heard fading in as a blue, boxy shape materialized around Breezie & Sutaba. Eventually, the details start appearing as it is revealed as a Police Box, while the interior fades in around Breezie & Sutaba.

With a loud THUD, the ship fully materializes. It was a slightly dark blue police box. Almost immediately, the troops fire at the police box. The bullets recoiled with sparks.

Meanwhile, inside the ship, Breezie & Sutaba looked around. "What in the world?! I thought these things were only in fairy tales!" Sutaba says, looking around.

"Fairy tales? What are you on about?" A Scottish voice says, a quite familiar voice, in fact. Sutaba & Breezie look down.

There stood a blue hedgehog in an orange-yellow and periwinkle jacket. One half each dedicated to a color. "You sound familiar." Breezie says.

"Weren't you the guy that was at the tech store a few minutes ago?" Sutaba says.

"That? That was ages ago! This is a time machine, you see? I can have whole adventures in what you see as a few minutes! I can never be late!" The hedgehog says.

"Oh, well, what's your name?" Breezie asks.

"The name is Devoid, I've got a friend called Sally who might be busy having something to eat. I got this jacket from... a few friends we met between when we first met and now." The hedgehog says, introducing himself and his friend.

"What even is your ship anyway? It's nothing like what I've seen." Sutaba says, looking at the console.

"It's a TARDIS. It can go anywhere in space & time. It's also bigger on the inside if you can't tell already." Devoid explains. "By the way, who are you two?" Devoid then asks, looking at the people the TARDIS materialized around.

"I'm Breezie, and this is Sutaba." Breezie says, introducing her and Sutaba to Devoid.

Not long after, Sally walks into the console room. "Uuh... Who are these people, Devoid?" Sally asks.

"Oh, these are Breezie & Sutaba. I think I must've materialised around them!" Devoid says, laughing.

"You know, I have been trying to make sure this ship doesn't do that unless the people are in serious danger." Sally says, walking around the console room.

"Well, before you landed, we were about to be riddled with bullets!" Sutaba says.

"Bullets... in the 24th century? How primitive." Devoid says.

Breezie seemed shocked, last she heard, it was only 50 years she had been frozen. "24th Century?! I must've been floating in space for... a whole century! That pod must've had strong life support." Breezie says, bewildered.

"Can you get us to the shipyard safely? I feel Gary might be finishing up on repairs for our ship." Sutaba asks.

"Say no more, Sutaba." Devoid says, going to the console and flicking a few switches before quickly cocking the throttle. The ship went

quickly from where they were... right to The Unreliable.

The Unreliable Takes Flight!

The TARDIS lands just by the Miranda class.

Gary and Alex look up towards the sound as the Police Box materialises.

Breezie exits, Alex responding while "glancing" at her. "Found the Hedgehog and His Cartoon Companion?" He asks.

She nods "Yep, we got the parts."

And then work finally concluded to restore The Unreliable. The warp core was given a wipe down and clean out, then the computer, then the interior was finished up to stop all of the hazards.

Alex guided those who couldn't see what he did, Sutaba did the heavy lifting, and Breezie and Gary did repairs in their own fields. Sally and Devoid came to help too.

After a few days, the ship was as good as new... even with a fresh coat of paint to really emphasise the name, that they belonged to nobody... at the moment.

Breezie entered the bridge, along with Alex and the rest. She looks around, ignoring the TARDIS right next to the turbolift, as Alex offers her a seat in the Captain's chair.

"For me?" She asks, looking confused at Alex. "You helped us with the ship more than I did."

Alex smiles and shakes his head "You found this, and fought for it... I'm letting you be Captain so your potential can be obtained."

Breezie smiles as she sits down, tying back her afro with a hair tie, and everyone gets ready for take off.

Alex sitting at tactical, Sutaba sitting at navigation, and Gary down below for engine support.

She takes a deep breath. "This is Breezie McKormic, requesting takeoff." She says into the comms.

She gets a "This is Station 6 of Terra IV, you are free to take off." In response. The rest of the crew got into whatever seat they could find on the bridge and began to prepare for launch.

Lights began turning on across the exterior, highlighting the name and NCC number as systems began powering up.

"Impulse engines online." Gary says, the impulse engines glowing red hot.

The artificial gravity holding the ship at the dock was disabled as the ship began gliding out of the dock and above the ocean.

"Warp core ready. At your word, Captain." Alex says as the Warp Core finishes charging up.

"Alright then..." Breezie says, waiting to think of something. "Blast off." Breezie says.

Alex nods and the ship gets ready for warp, rising away from the ocean like an aeroplane as the Warp Nacelles glow.

They soon exit the atmosphere, the blue skies of Terra IV giving way to the blackness of space. Suddenly, the ship jumps to warp. Launching the Unreliable far from Terra IV... And onto new adventures.

Actions

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