

## Parasitic Relic

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## Parasitic Relic

by [0Devoid](#)

### Summary

A disastrous away mission to an abandoned ship sees Devoid incapacitated and a threat arise for the Federation. With no other choice, Sally has to get help from an old friend so the crew of the Unreliable have a chance to defeat the threat.

## Hostile Relic.

"Captain's Log: Stardate 41826.27. We seemed to have caught an ancient SOS signal seemingly playing on loop for the past 208 years from the presumed destroyed vessel Columbia. We have no clue why Starfleet chose to ignore it, but we are going to investigate what state Columbia is in."

Breezie sat on the bridge, leaning forward as the Unreliable dropped out of warp... Columbia was there, coated in darkness except for one light on the hull frequently flickering on and off, revealing the words 'NX-02 COLUMBIA' written on it.

"What do you think is on there, Alex?" Breezie asks, as the SOS signal was badly corrupted due to playing for 2 centuries.

"Scans do show there are life forms aboard. Along with life support being online. Perhaps we can take a shuttle to the NX-02?" Alex suggests.

"Good plan. I'll go along with Devoid & Sutaba." Breezie replies, getting up from the captain's chair and heading to the shuttle bay via the turbolift.

On the way, she taps her combadge and tells Devoid & Sutaba to meet her in the shuttle bay. Soon enough, the shuttle takes off from the Unreliable, heading to the NX-02. The shuttle bay doors mysteriously open, allowing the shuttle to enter. The shuttle lands and the occupants exit. None of the lights were on, so Breezie, Sutaba & Devoid grab torches from a container within the shuttle.

"This is... rather mysterious. Most systems are offline except for life support, yet it seems rather pristine." Sutaba says, looking around.

Devoid seemed rather hesitant, his gut telling him this place was not somewhere they should be.

"Devoid? What's up with you?" Breezie asks, noticing Devoid's sudden change in demeanour.

"N-nothing!" Devoid lied, just wanting to get this mission done and over with.

Breezie knew he was lying, but now was not the place to try and disprove him.

As the crew left the shuttle bay they were in, they found the corridors flooded with darkness.

"Keep close, that is an order. I don't want anybody dying!" Breezie says to Devoid & Sutaba, both of which nod in agreement.

The trio walked across the dark corridors, remaining close. Breezie looked at the walls, noticing black goop leaking from them.

"That's odd... I thought we were long done with oil." Sutaba assumed, looking at it.

Devoid stammered... This sight was all too familiar to him.

Breezie took out a tricorder and scanned the goop... and scans showed something. "This isn't oil... This is a lifeform!" Breezie says.

"That's odd... Perhaps there is more. If on the off chance any of the crew members happened to survive over 200 years." Sutaba replies, all while Devoid was struggling to speak out on what this truly is.

The 3 walked across a corridor, before coming across someone in an old United Earth Starfleet uniform from that era. Specifically in the command division as they could tell from the yellow piping on the shoulders, 3 pips being on the left shoulder

"Excuse me! Would you happen to know what happened here?" Breezie asks.

The NX-02 crewmember turns around, revealing dark, soulless eyes.

Breezie, Devoid and Sutaba stepped back in shock.

The crewmember raised its arm, pointing at Devoid. ~~"Know what you did"~~ The crewmember said, before lunging at Devoid.

"DEVOID!" Sutaba says, racing to Devoid.

Breezie seemed confused as Sutaba raced away, chasing after the crewmember. She decided not to likely become dead, so decided to follow Sutaba.

Sutaba & Breezie raced across the corridors, black goop stained on the walls and floor, showing the two of them where to go.

Inhuman hissing came from the crewmember, making Sutaba & Breezie anxious about what could've happened to Devoid. Just then, they find a dead end. The crew member had the unconscious Devoid in its arms, black goop dripping out of its mouth.

Breezie grabbed a 22nd Century phase-pistol, which thankfully still had some juice in it, and fired.

The crewmember screamed as if hell was opening right inside of it, before it dropped Devoid and scurried into a jefferies tube.

Sutaba rushed to Devoid's unconscious body and lifted it up.

Breezie looked at Devoid and sighed. She tapped her combadge. "Breezie to Unreliable... We have an issue. I think we need to get out of here." Breezie says.

On the Unreliable, Sally Sillington seemed worried. "Breezie, what's going on?" She says, seeming worried.

"Devoid's been knocked out... I don't know how, but we need to get to sickbay." Breezie replies.

Sally Sillington was shocked, rushing to the TARDIS and setting the location.

As Breezie & Sutaba waited with the unconscious Devoid, the TARDIS materialised around them.

Sally Sillington raced to the unconscious Devoid, she was severely concerned as she felt his forehead, feeling it heat up severely. "Have you seen this before, Sally?" Sutaba asks.

"I'm not sure... We should get to sickbay immediately." Sally Sillington says, before running to the console and setting the destination to sickbay.

The TARDIS left the corridor it was in and materialised in sickbay.

As soon as it landed, Breezie, Sally Sillington & Sutaba (with Devoid in his arms) ran into sickbay with no time to waste. "Computer! Activate the EMH!" Breezie shouted, the EMH soon materialising.

"Please state the nature of the medical emergency." The EMH says, walking to the bed Sutaba placed Devoid on.

"We're not sure, he's gone unconscious and his head is heating up like a fever!" Sally Sillington explains.

"Hm. Let me do a scan." The EMH says, grabbing a nearby medical tricorder and scanning Devoid. The EMH's face became one of concern.

"Oh dear... This doesn't look good." He says, looking at the results on the tricorder.

"What's going on?" Sutaba asks.

"It seems some sort of viscous substance has encased his brain..." The EMH says, showing Sutaba, Breezie & Sally Sillington the scans... It seemed to show a net made of a slime-like substance wrapped around his brain.

Sally's hands went around her mouth in shock as she stepped back... She recognised it. "No... I thought it was destroyed..." Sally Sillington says, pulling her hands away.

"What?" Breezie asked, confused.

"That goo... It's a parasitic, biomimetic lifeform. I don't know what it'll do inside of his head, but... we need someone with experience. I

know who we must get.” Sally Sillington explains. Breezie and Sutaba looked at eachother, not knowing what she meant.

## Back To Fight An Old Threat.

The Unreliable dropped out of warp near a brightly coloured planet, one Sally knew where to send the ship to.

Sally Sillington got up from the helm and went to the turbolift.

“So, I assume you know what you’re doing?” Breezie says.

“Yeah... I think he’ll know soon enough. I’ll take a shuttle down and try to explain the situation.” Sally Sillington says. She went down to the shuttle bay and got into a type 6 shuttle named Mayweather. The shuttle bay doors open and the shuttle leaves the Unreliable, taking the shuttle down to the planet. She was concerned for Devoid, but decided to focus on landing the shuttle safely. The shuttle went through the atmosphere and soon landed in a park near The Neighbourhood.

The latch opens and Sally Sillington steps out, it was a lovely afternoon, the sun was shining, it was rather warm, it seemed like a perfect day. Sally Sillington walks out the shuttle and through the park. Everything was rather pleasant. “Right, where is he? Perhaps he’s at home? Or perhaps he’s spending time with Barnaby? Maybe they’re both at Poppy’s barn? Hm. I’ll have to search a lot to find him.” Sally Sillington thought, before passing the gate separating the Neighbourhood and the park. Her eyes scanned the Neighbourhood. She walked to Wally’s house, once a host to the parasite. She looked up at the windows, still plain old glass. Sally Sillington sighs and knocks on the door. No answer. “Come on...” Sally Sillington thought before knocking on the door again. Still nothing. As Sally Sillington’s patience begins to run thin, the door opens, revealing Wally. He was in the new clothes gifted to him after they redecorated his house.

“Oh, hello Sally! Where’s Devoid?” Wally says, looking around for the blue hedgehog.

“That’s why I’m here. There’s an issue, Devoid’s been affected badly and... I, no we need your help.” Sally Sillington explains.

Wally’s joyous tone disappeared. “I see. I’ll need a moment.” Wally says, before walking back into his house, leaving the door intentionally ajar in case Sally Sillington wanted to come in.

Sally Sillington waited patiently, with Wally walking out with a small bag and a note he had written.

As Wally stuck it on the door, Sally Sillington looked over his shoulder to read it. ‘Dear everyone, I am currently not here. I’m busy helping Sally Sillington & Devoid with something rather important. If you need me, call them and ask for me as I don’t have a mobile phone like them. I’ll be on their phone if possible. Sincerely, Wally.’ The note said on the lined paper in what appeared to be red coloured pencil. “OK... Lead the way, Sally.” Wally says, adjusting the bag so it rests on his shoulder.

Sally Sillington nods and leads Wally back to the shuttle. Wally calmly sits in the back, not understanding what buttons do what and not risking sabotaging Sally Sillington.

The shuttle latch closes and the shuttle rises, leaving behind the Neighbourhood.

Wally leaned forward to stare out the cockpit windows, getting a glance at the Unreliable. A Miranda Class. Even if he had been on a starship before with the NX-01, this would be a first as the Unreliable wasn’t a museum piece. The shuttle bay doors open as the shuttle slows down, before landing as the bay doors close once more.

Once they landed, Wally walked out the shuttle, looking around in awe.

“Welcome to the Unreliable, Wally. Come, I’ll lead you to sickbay where you can see the situation.” Sally Sillington explains, walking out of the shuttle bay.

The two of them walk through the corridors of the Unreliable, which had gone to warp as Sally informed Breezie that Wally was aboard.

Sally and Wally soon head into Sickbay, seeing the EMH still online and keeping track of Devoid, making checks every half an hour.

The EMH looks up. “Oh, hello, Sally. I assume this is the expert you brought aboard.” The EMH guesses.

“You’d be right there.” Sally replies as Wally approaches the EMH.

“Hi, I’m Wally. It’s nice to meet you.” Wally says, holding out his hand.

“Good to meet you too, I’m the Emergency Medical Hologram, though please, just call me The Doctor.” The EMH says, shaking Wally’s hand.

“What’s a hologram?” Wally asks.

“Well, he’s a bit like a ghost, being projected from Holoemitters. Though he can touch and interact directly with us and the environment.”

Sally explains.

“That’s one way of putting it, Miss Sillington.” the EMH says, still doing scans.

Sally looks at Devoid before turning to Wally. “Would you mind leaving sickbay for a bit, I have to... do something.” Sally explains.

Wally nods. “It’s ok. I’ll find another member who’ll show me around. I hope they’re all as nice as your Doctor.” Wally says, leaving sickbay while making the EMH feel... Happy.

Sally approached Devoid’s unconscious body, lifting up his hand and sighing. “I should’ve said it earlier... I don’t know why I held back and now I don’t even know if you’ll wake up.” Sally says, gently gripping Devoid’s hand as the EMH does his bi-hourly scan. As Sally tears up, she lets out the feelings she felt she had building up. “Devoid... I love you.” Sally says before starting to cry.

The EMH was continuing his scan... when he noticed Devoid’s heart rate increasing and his hand starting to grip around Sally’s. “Sally! Sally! I think you’ve done something! He’s becoming faintly conscious again!” The EMH shouts in glee, Sally going from sadness to happiness as she saw Devoid’s hand grip around her own.

## Historic Horrors.

“Captain’s Log Supplemental: The away mission to Columbia ended in disaster. One of our crew members, Devoid, has been knocked unconscious and his brain has a parasite around it. While we have been able to push him into a semi-conscious state, we still don’t know much about this parasite we found on Columbia. Thankfully, Sally is compiling a document with the help of her memories and Wally, the expert she brought aboard. If possible, we should be able to download the last recorded logs of the NX-02 from Starfleet’s database at a starbase to find out how they managed to catch that parasite. I can only hope we can purge it from Devoid’s brain soon.”

Sally & Wally were in the mess hall, compiling what they know about the parasite.

“I honestly thought Devoid and I just... Destroyed it when we caused that explosion.” Wally laments.

“Same here. I never knew the crew of Columbia also found it.” Sally replies.

“What form did it take when it attacked Devoid? I could try and find a match on the crew complement of the NX-02.” Wally asks.

“Well, I wasn’t there until I had to save Devoid. You’d have to ask Sutaba or Breezie.” Sally answers, seeming saddened about the situation.

Right on cue though, Breezie arrived in the mess hall.

“Oh, Breezie! I’ve managed to get up the crew list for the NX-02... Perhaps we can go through it until we find a match?” Wally asks, approaching Breezie.

Breezie looked down at Wally... Clearly he had a plan. “I guess... I’m planning on making the ship head to a Starbase to download the logs of the NX-02 to find out how they caught that parasite.” Breezie answered.

As Wally and Breezie talked, Sally sat, sighing. She was devastated that Devoid was unconscious. She felt horrible that he is in danger and she can’t do anything. Sally got up and left the mess hall, Breezie watching with concern as Wally talked.

“I worry for her, Wally.” Breezie says, her hand on her chin.

“I get it... She’s likely worried about Devoid and such.” Wally replies as an officer profile for the NX-02 appears. Commander Xavier Bolton. Breezie snapped her fingers as Xavier’s picture appeared. “THAT! That’s the fucker who attacked Devoid!” Breezie shouts while remembering what happened on the NX-02.

Wally looked and smiled. “Great! We’re closer to solving it!” Wally says.

Just then, a voice came from Breezie’s combadge. “Alex to Breezie... we’re here. We’ll need you on the bridge.” Alex says.

“I’m on my way.” Breezie replies, hurrying to the nearest turbolift and heading to the bridge.

As Breezie walked onto the bridge, the starbase was in sight. Starbase 523. 9 other starships nearby acting as guards. “Hail them. See if we can board and access their database.” Breezie commands, with Fiora temporarily manning the comms console.

The Unreliable hails Starbase 523 and waits.

“This is Starbase 523, how can we help?” A voice says over subspace.

“This is Captain McKormic of the Unreliable. I’d like to board and search through the database. I need to find something.” Breezie responds, standing on the bridge.

Silence echoes briefly before Starbase 523 responds. “Unreliable, you are cleared for docking. Enjoy your time at Starbase 523.” The voice says once more before they mutually cut off communications.

The Unreliable heads inside Starbase 523 as the docking bay doors open. The Unreliable soon docks, with Breezie, Fiora & Andy heading off the bridge and into the shuttle bay. The trio take a type 4 shuttle named Equiano and go from the Unreliable’s shuttle bay to the Starbase’s shuttle bay.

As the 3 of them left the shuttle, they saw a Male Bolian Starfleet Lieutenant in a gold uniform in the shuttle bay.

He looked up at Breezie. “Ah, welcome. You must be Captain McKormic. I’m Lieutenant Motra, I’m just visiting here from the USS Hotama, I assume you need access to the database?” the Lieutenant says.

“Yeah, we need to download the logs of the NX-02. Specifically during late 2155.” Breezie explains.

“Makes sense... People are curious about the pre-Federation days. Follow me.” Lieutenant Motra says. Lieutenant Motra leads the trio through corridors. They soon arrive at a terminal with a keyboard. “This is one of many terminals used to search through our large database.”

Lieutenant Motra says.

“Thanks, I’ll just be... Looking through.” Breezie replies, heading to the terminal and looking up the logs of the NX-02. From its launch on November 30th, 2154, to its last logs just under a year later. Breezie selected the logs from May until August 2156, which seemed to be the final few, and sent them over to the docked Unreliable.

Unfortunately, the Starbase got another visitor... The NX-02 itself.

Lieutenant Motra looks over at the monitor displaying ships near the starbase. “Hm, that’s odd... The NX-02 is right here-” Lieutenant Motra says before the Starbase begins shaking. The NX-02 was trying to attack.

“Wait, the NX-02 is here?!” Andy says, sounding rather uncomfortable.

Fiora rushes to the window, seeing the NX-02 sitting there, firing its pulsed phase cannons at the starbase... Surprisingly doing damage. “I think that parasite has done a lot more than take over the crew!” Fiora yells.

Lieutenant Motra rushes over to the window too, seeing all the other ships rush in to try and fight against the NX-02, including his own ship, the Niagara class USS Hotama, followed soon after by the Centaur Class USS Mikliff.

“No time for sightseeing! We have to evacuate the Starbase!” Breezie commands as Andy rushes out of the door. Breezie soon does so too with Lieutenant Motra & Fiora following soon after.

As the 4 of them rushed to the shuttle, 8 of the 9 ships rushed to try and fight against the NX-02, while the 9th, the Swornfree Class USS Lynimick, seemed to be guarding the bay where the Unreliable is docked.

On the Lynimick, tensions were high. Lieutenant Commander Chester Hodges sat at the helm, his heart beating out of his chest as he watched the fleet fight against the NX-02.

Commander Shyllias Shi was also concerned. “When do you think the ship in the starbase will get out, Captain?” Commander Shi asks, looking towards Captain Charlie Centrair.

Captain Centrair put their hand on their chin and thought. “I’m not sure, try and hail-” Captain Centrair commanded as the ship got rocked by a nearby explosion.

“Captain! The USS Inestar has been destroyed!” Commander Voltaire Rtis shouted as the crew watched the burning wreckage of the

Lynimick's sister ship drift away.

The battle outside was turning in the favour of the NX-02 fast.

The Ambassador class USS Rillomi & the USS Hotama tried to blast the NX-02 with torpedoes, only for the NX-02 to fire phasers and detonate the torpedoes while they're inside the torpedo tubes, causing immense damage for both ships.

The Stratos class USS Coliess goes ahead and tries to wreck the NX-02's deflector dish, only for the NX-02 to blow up one of the USS Coliess' warp nacelles, before firing phasers at the USS Coliess' own deflector dish, splitting the ship into 2 flaming halves.

As the USS Shineron attempts to disable the impulse engines of the NX-02, getting its own hull torn apart in the process, the Unreliable leaves the dock and immediately goes to get out of there.

Captain Centrair, watching many of the ships going into battle get torn to shreds, commanded Lieutenant Commander Hodges to follow the Unreliable, as the 2 ships warped away, the remaining ships that were guarding Starbase 523 fought hard, but were all destroyed by the NX-02.

The 2 ships dropped out of warp far from Starbase 523... Both shaken and only with their crews being witness to one of the most brutal battles seen within that decade. Both Breezie & Captain Centrair knew what to do to try and stop Columbia from tearing apart not just Starfleet, but every other power in the galaxy. They had to team up.

## Union

“Lieutenant Motra. Hail that ship... They seemed to have been at that starbase with us.” Breezie commanded.

Lieutenant Motra, now without a crew or a ship to serve on, followed Breezie’s orders, manning the Comms console and hailing the USS Lynimick.

Wally was rather shaken as they did. “I never knew Columbia was that powerful...” He uttered.

“That’s the thing, it’s not supposed to be, it’s 2 and a 1/2 centuries out of date...” Breezie replied.

The viewscreen then changed to the bridge of the Lynimick, which was much more modern than the bridge of the Unreliable.

“This is Captain Centrair of the USS Lynimick... You are?” Captain Centrair says, introducing themselves.

“I’m Captain Breezie McKormic of the Unreliable. What went down at Starbase 523 seemed to be an intended attack. Whatever is in control of Columbia must be stopped before it goes on a galactic genocide.” Breezie says.

“It seemed to be some form of parasite... Something one of our own caught and we’re in the process of trying to cure it.” Fiora continues.

“Hm. I believe we can meet on the Lynimick to discuss this issue. Bring much of your crew, including your medical team.” Captain Centrair says.

“Will do, we’ll be there soon.” Breezie replies as the hail ends.

Much of the crew made their way to the USS Lynimick via the Hendrix, with only Alex (who was left in charge of the ship), Lieutenant Motra, Sally, the unconscious Devoid, Andy & Gary remaining on the Unreliable.

The shuttle docked in the Lynimick’s shuttle bay, with much of the Lynimick’s crew preparing for the arrival of the visiting fraction of the Unreliable’s crew.

Breezie, Wally, Sutaba & Fiora walk out of the shuttle, confused on what to do.

Just then, they’re approached by a blonde woman with short hair in a gold Starfleet uniform, clearly holding the rank of Lieutenant. “I’m Lieutenant Tasha Yar, head of security on this ship. I’ll escort you to the conference room if you don’t mind.” the Lieutenant says.

“Please, lead the way.” Breezie replies.

Tasha Yar walks off towards a corridor, the visiting crew following one after the other.

The group, led by Tasha Yar, make their way to a turbolift and soon find their way in the Lynimick’s conference room.

The doors open as the visiting crew of the Unreliable enter. The 4 of them stood at attention before presenting their experiences.

“A few minutes ago, we found an old distress signal from the old NX class ship Columbia. We decided to answer it and see what we could do.” Breezie began to explain.

“Unfortunately, one of our crew members, Devoid, must’ve known what was inside and we didn’t think to ask.” Sutaba continues.

“From what we know, it’s a parasitic and biomimetic life form... We haven’t had the chance to study it due to only having 1 doctor and he was doing checkups on Devoid to give constant updates on his status.” Fiora continues.

“Thankfully, I was able to collect a sample from him before we left. The scientific officers on your ship could analyse it.” The EMH says, placing a vial of the black goop onto the conference table, it has been sealed with a cork.

“That’s good. You could work together with our biology officers to help determine what it is.” Captain Centrair answers.

“We still don’t know a lot about this parasite, perhaps we need to board Columbia again to investigate.” Commander Voltaire Rtis says.

“I’m not so sure about that... we wouldn’t want to lose any more crew members.” Fiora objects.

“Hm... Then we’ll have to try and figure out how to fight the parasite. Doctor, take the vial to our Biology Lab. We can work from there.” Captain Centrair commands.

“On it, Captain.” The EMH responds, taking the vial and walking out of the conference room.

“The rest of you can help in providing data about this parasite and what’s going on with it. We need to figure out how to stop Columbia before it’s too late.” Commander Shyllias Shi explains.

The remaining crew nod and get to work within the Lynimick.

## Released

“Captain’s Log, Stardate: 41534.77. We have been trying to investigate this parasite for 5 hours. Wally has informed us of its name from when he and Devoid battled it. It was called Home and had taken control of his house as a vessel. We don’t know if that is the actual name or if there’s a proper antidote besides extreme heat which wouldn’t work on living vessels such as Devoid, but whatever is going on, I just hope Columbia doesn’t find us before we find it.”

Breezie sat in the mess hall aboard the Lynimick, writing something down onto a PADD, when Wally came over to her, his coat draped over his shoulder. “Wally? Why are you here?” Breezie asks, looking up from her PADD.

“They asked for me to come aboard due to my first-hand experience with Home so I can explain what it did.” Wally explains.

“And what’s with your coat?” Breezie asks.

“It was rather warm in the room where they interviewed me, so I just took it off.” Wally continues to explain as he sits down, draping his coat over the chair.

“Understandable reasoning. So have they made any progress?” Breezie asks.

“They have been ‘studying the molecular structure to try and make an antigen’, whatever that means.” Wally replies, not exactly getting what they were saying.

“Ah, I understand. Trying to figure out what it is so they know how to fight that damn bug in Devoid’s head.” Breezie says.

“Bug? There’s no insects in Devoid’s head.” Wally replies, confused.

“I meant the illness brought about by the parasite. If there were insects, that’d be very concerning.” Breezie explains.

“It’d be a reason to get Frank aboard, they like bugs!” Wally replies, chuckling. Wally looked over at the Replicators on the walls, seeing people come up to it to get food. “What is that?” Wally asks, pointing at them.

“Oh, it’s called a ‘Replicator’. Apparently, you say what you want and just... Get it.” Breezie explains.

“No way.” Wally says, getting up and walking to the replicator. “Apple.” Wally spoke into the replicator.

“There are over 7,500 varieties of apple available from this replicator.” The replicator responded “Such as Red Delicious, Gala Apples, Fuji Apples, Braeburn Apples, Honeycrisp-” The replicator continued before Wally interjected.

“Honeycrisp is fine.” He says. The scarlet apple materialised from the replicator, Wally watching in awe as Breezie approached. “This is... an apple?” Wally asks as he picked up the replicated apple.

“As real as the ones grown on Earth. Have a bite.” Breezie replied.

Wally glanced at the apple and took a bite... and it was delicious. “Mmmm! How many varieties of apple did it say there were?” Wally asked.

“Over 7500, but that’s just the earth varieties.” Breezie says before heading to the replicator herself. “Donut, pink frosting, lots of sprinkles.”

She says, before the donut materialised. “I prefer more sweet treats.” Breezie said, picking up the donut and taking a bite out of it.

“Well, to each their own. Frank has a bowl of peppermints in their house.” Wally says as Breezie chews on the donut.

Suddenly, an alarm goes off. Breezie swallows the chunk of donut in her mouth. “Oh shit... a red alert. Something bad must’ve happened.

Wally, I trust you can keep the mess hall safe while I’m gone.” Breezie says.

“You can count on me, Captain!” Wally replies, over the top salute and all.

Breezie chuckles before rushing away, stuffing the donut in her mouth and finishing it before seeing the issue at hand... the parasite had gotten free. “Doctor!” Breezie yelled as she rushed in, only to find the EMH still active, treating the injured officers.

“Ah, no need to worry, Breezie. I’m quite alright.” The EMH says.

Breezie breathed a sigh of relief. “What happened?” She asked.

“The sample we got must’ve woken up. I believe it’s rampaging through this deck as we speak.” The EMH responds.

“Then I best not waste any time!” Breezie yelled, rushing to a storage compartment and taking out a Type 1 phaser. “Not what I’m used to, but it’ll do.” She uttered before walking out of the science lab.

The parasite barged through the deck, before being barricaded by a team of security officers, led by Tasha Yar. “You aren’t going anywhere.” Tasha said, standing her ground, her blue eyes piercing through.

The parasite tried to find a form familiar to her, but it didn’t work.

Tasha and the security team fired phasers at the parasite, causing it to scream with all of the voices it had.

The parasite responded by impaling most of the security team with tentacles, Tasha being the only survivor... only having a small lock of her hair sliced off.

The parasite took this as an opportunity, absorbing the hair and taking Tasha’s form.

“Oh, this is new... I haven’t been a human before.” The parasite said, now in the form of Tasha.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” Tasha yelled, not exactly happy someone took her form.

“Being the better you.” The parasite responded, approaching Tasha as it snarled.

Just then, Breezie arrived, the phaser in her hand. “Oh, I see there’s 2 of you now. Which one of you is the real Tasha?” Breezie says, pointing her phaser at both of them. “He said it was always in the eyes.” Breezie thought, remembering what Wally said about the cloning ability.

Breezie remembered Tasha had blue eyes from their first encounter. Her own Amber eyes glared at the parasite.

It was mostly like Tasha... but it had brown eyes.

Breezie fired. The parasite screamed as its form distorted, the eyes totally going black and Julie’s horns briefly appearing. “It’s not enough, I’m gonna need more power!” Breezie yelled.

Tasha responded by taking her own phaser and a phaser from one of the dead security team and dual wielding. Firing both phasers.

The 3 beams hit the parasite. It screamed in agonising pain as it melted back down to its prior form.

Tasha and Breezie stopped firing. Tasha tapped her combadge. “Tasha to bridge, the parasite has been dealt with, but most of the security team is dead.” She uttered, looking at the corpses with a saddened look.

Breezie looked at Tasha. “Look, it’s not your fault. We managed to win anyway and they did their part. They gave themselves to save everyone else.” Breezie says.

Tasha nodded, understanding, but still mourning the dead members.

Breezie made her way back to the science lab to check on the team. “So, what progress did you make before it broke out?” Breezie asked, looking at the EMH.



“We had just finished work on the cure. It seemed to work when we tested it. All it takes now is to head back to the Unreliable and make Devoid drink it.” The EMH replies.  
Breezie smiled, progress was being made. Soon, they’d be able to beat the NX-02... and Home along with it.

## Heal That Hedgehog!

“Captain’s Log Supplemental: A cure for the parasite has been developed thanks to the EMH and the science team of the Lynimick, we are making our way back to the Unreliable in order to cure Devoid of the parasite. Then our efforts can be focused on fighting Home.”

The shuttle lands back in the Unreliable.

“Good to see you back here, Breezie.” Sally says, looking rather restless.

“You seem a tad worn out, perhaps you should get some rest?” Breezie replies.

“No can do, I’m helping care for Devoid. He’s at least been getting some nutrients as he’s conscious enough to drink. So I kinda just blended a cheeseburger and made him drink it.” Sally spoke.

“I assume Lieutenant Motra has been helping out?” the EMH asks.

“Well, he has been as good a nurse as I have been a good doctor.” Sally retorted, chuckling.

“Right, let’s get this cure to Devoid ASAP. Doctor, you can heal him.” Breezie says.

“On it, Breezie.” The EMH says, heading to the turbolift.

The EMH arrived back in sickbay, finding Devoid... oddly twitchy. “Devoid? Are you ok?” The EMH asks.

Devoid suddenly jolted up, panting and snarling like a feral animal.

The EMH seemed concerned, so he took a tricorder out to scan Devoid.

Devoid didn’t take kindly to this and tried to lunge at the holographic doctor’s head.

The EMH responded by making his head intangible, making Devoid fall right through. The EMH panicked and tapped his combadge. “Doctor to Breezie, Devoid’s likely been taken over by the parasite. We need to do something about it!” The EMH yelled as Devoid rushed out of sickbay.

Breezie & Sally arrived on the deck sickbay was on via the turbolift, quickly heading to sickbay to see what was up. “Any idea where he went?” Breezie asked.

“He’s likely lapping the deck, you know how fast those hedgehogs go.” The EMH says.

“Well, any idea how to make him drink the cure?” Breezie asked again, not knowing any way to help Devoid out.

Sally thought, before a lightbulb materialised over her head.

“I might have a way.” Sally stated.

“Alright then, do tell us.” The EMH replied, not knowing how a powered lightbulb just materialised.

Sally, Wally & Breezie were in the corridor, Sally having the cure in her hands.

“So, you’re saying we fling you through the corridor and you can make Devoid drink it?” Wally asks.

“Yep! Now, I’m gonna grab onto the walls and you’re gonna have to pull.” Sally replies as she chugs the cure, holding it in her mouth. She grabbed the walls of the corridor, and Breezie and Wally grabbed her waist.

They pulled back, making Sally’s arms stretch (which didn’t hurt due to her being a toon).

“On the count of 3, Wally, we let go!” Breezie commands.

Wally nodded in response.

“One... Two... THREE!” Breezie shouted.

They let go, sending Sally flying through.

She rocketed through the corridors like a missile, likely living up to ‘Don’t Stop Me Now’ by Queen. She flew through, catching up to Devoid, who was trying to find people to attack. Soon enough though, she did.

Sally crashed into Devoid, making him land on his back.

Devoid squirmed, trying to escape.

“Here goes nothing!” Sally thought... as she kissed Devoid, transferring the cure between mouths and making him drink it.

Devoid was knocked back out as the parasite was dissolved in his body.

Sally got up and wiped her mouth.

Breezie and Wally run up to them. “Did it work?” Wally asks.

“Not sure, he’s still unconscious.” Sally replies.

Rather quickly though, Devoid woke back up. “What in the... Where the fuck am I? Wasn’t I on the NX-02?” Devoid asked, rubbing his head due to a mild headache.

At that instant, Sally hugs him. She is relieved, relieved she wouldn’t lose her bestest friend. She is speechless as she cries happily into him.

Back on the Lynimick, Lieutenant Commander Luciphe Luxe felt uncomfortable at their station.

They rubbed their temples as she realised where the discomfort came from. They had seen Columbia before. On the day Starfleet lost it. They got up and talked to Captain Centrair. “Captain. I think I might have some information that could help us about Columbia.” They say.

“Hm? Well, with the logs of the ship and Wally’s information on the parasite within, what else is there to know?” Captain Centrair asks.

“An eyewitness account. I was there. Not on Columbia... but on Enterprise.” Lieutenant Commander Luxe utters.

Captain Centrair was shocked. “I knew you had a long service in Starfleet as you are a Lanthanite... but I wasn’t aware it was that long. Do tell, why did Starfleet abandon Columbia?” Captain Centrair replied.

“Well, it was in mid 2155, for starters...” Lieutenant Commander Luxe says, beginning to tell what happened...

“Captain’s Starlog, May 13th 2155: After being gone for 3 weeks, we finally got a signal from Columbia. Starfleet Command has sent for us to investigate, due to no other ships being able to reach it as fast and the NX-03 and NX-04 still being under construction.”

As Enterprise raced through at Warp 5, every crew member had a sinking feeling in their stomach, particularly Ensign Luciphe Luxe and Captain Jonathan Archer. Ensign Luxe sat in for Ensign Mayweather at the helm, who was on leave to visit a severely sick family member.

“How far are we from Columbia, Commander?” Captain Archer asks, turning to T’Pol.

“We are 500 kilometres and closing, Captain. I suggest dropping out of warp soon.” T’Pol answers.

“Understood. Ensign, prepare to drop out of warp.” Captain Archer commanded.

“Aye, sir.” Ensign Luxe replies, making Enterprise drop out of warp near Columbia... which almost looked as if it were dying.

Captain Archer looked distraught. “Hoshi, try to hail Columbia.” Captain Archer said.

“On it, Captain.” Ensign Sato replied, sending a hailing signal to Columbia.

Columbia responded, albeit the signal was unstable. “What are you doing here, Archer?!” A male voice yelled, confused and angry.

“Starfleet told us to try and save Columbia, who are you? Where’s Captain Hernandez?” Captain Archer asks.

“Captain Hernandez is dead. This parasite got to her. I’m Acting Captain Xavier Bolton... Get away from Columbia.” The male voice replied.

“Why, Captain Bolton? We were tasked with saving Colu-” Archer tried to say, but was interrupted by the signal going out.

Columbia’s power shut down. The ship drifted away, forcing Enterprise to abandon Columbia.

“And that’s what happened. I think Commander Bolton was trying to save us from the parasite and we just didn’t know.” Lieutenant Commander Luxe says, concluding their perspective of the event.

“That explains why the parasite took over, in desperation, the crew isolated themselves. They must’ve all died by the next year if their last log was August of 2156.” Captain Centrair replies.

Unknowingly as they talked, however... Columbia found them.

## Condemned Columbia.

On the Lynimick, tensions were lowering. They have had peace for almost 7 hours.

"Commander Rtis, are there any nearby ships?" Captain Centrair asked.

Commander Voltaire Rtis did a scan. "None besides the Unreliable and..." Commander Rtis says, before trailing off in despair.

"And what Commander?" Captain Centrair asked, confused.

"...Columbia." Commander Rtis uttered. Panic rose on the Lynimick.

"Red Alert! Raise Shie—" Captain Centrair shouted, getting interrupted by an enhanced photonic torpedo smashing into one of the nacelle pylons.

Aboard the Unreliable, they noticed this too, as everyone but Gary and Fiora (who are in engineering) was on the bridge.

"Damn it. Red Alert! Sutaba, fire phasers at Columbia!" Breezie yelled.

"On it, Breezie." Sutaba replied. The Unreliable fired its phasers at Columbia, causing it to go still.

"Breezie... I think they're hailing us." Devoid uttered, looking at the comms console.

Breezie was confused. "On screen." She says.

As Columbia's hail went through, they saw the bridge was a mess. Railings were broken and the floor was stained with dried blood from those who resisted Home.

"You... Why do you still resist?" Home asks, using Commander Bolton as their vessel.

"We made a cure. Your effects are null and void." Breezie replies, standing up.

Home snarled... before spotting Wally standing next to the helm.

"Wally... I see you. I... I miss you. It's been so long since I saw your wonderful face..." Home spoke, before Commander Bolton sat down.

Home then took the form of Barnaby, looking at Wally through the viewscreen. "Come on, Wally, don't cha recognize your old pal? The one who was always there?" Home sweetly said.

Wally... wasn't impressed, scowling at the viewscreen. "I recognise you, Home. And I have 2 words for you." Wally says, walking over to the Tactical console. "Fuck. You." Wally uttered, pressing a combination of buttons.

A torpedo launched from the Unreliable, hitting Columbia and destroying the Symmetrical Warp Governor. A large explosion rocked the bridge of Columbia, cutting the signal.

On the Lynimick, they took the Unreliable attacking Columbia as a sign to fight.

So the Lynimick fire phasers at Columbia. Columbia was able to respond with another photonic torpedo.

This made the Tactical console explode... right in Commander Rtis' face. "AAAGH! IT BURNS!" Commander Rtis yells as he fell away from the tactical console.

Captain Centrair got up and tapped their combadge. "Bridge to sickbay, we have an emergency!" Captain Centrair says.

Lieutenant Commander Luxe rushed over... and was shocked. "Captain, we're too late." Lieutenant Commander Luxe says, as there wasn't a lot left of Commander Rtis. Only a lifeless pile of goop and a charred Starfleet uniform.

Captain Centrair sighs. "Luxe, take Rtis' place. We need someone to man the weapons." Captain Centrair says.

"Aye sir." Lieutenant Commander Luxe replies, taking Tactical, restoring the console's power.

During this, the Unreliable fired phasers at the underside of Columbia's saucer.

"Columbia has lost hull plating! I suggest we destroy their impulse engines!" Devoid shouts.

"I don't think we need to!" Sutaba replies, looking at the viewscreen as the Lynimick tears apart Columbia's impulse engines with 2 photon torpedoes.

"It's not enough that Home has no escape..." Wally says.

"We have to kill it." Sally finishes his sentence.

"Don't need to tell me twice!" Sutaba says, firing phasers at Columbia's deflector dish, shattering it.

Lieutenant Motra looks at Columbia's status via the science console... His face turned into one of dread. "They're charging weapons!" He yelled.

"Destroy their phaser banks!" Breezie commands.

Sutaba nods and makes the Unreliable destroy Columbia's weapons on the top of the saucer using the railguns.

Home tries to take revenge, using Columbia's aft weapons to try and break any part of both ships... and ends up wrecking their phasers.

"Phasers are down!" Alex yells.

"Well, if that's the case, let's bust a cap in Columbia." Andy replies.

"I think I know what you're getting at. Motra, contact the Lynimick. Sutaba, ready torpedoes." Breezie commands.

Lieutenant Motra ran to the comms console and contacted the Lynimick. "They're listening." Lieutenant Motra says.

"Lynimick, this is Unreliable. Let's bombard Columbia with Torpedoes. Time to show Home who's boss." Breezie says.

As the message gets through to the Lynimick, Captain Centrair smirks. "Let's blast this thing to kingdom come. Luxe, prepare to fire torpedoes on my mark." Captain Centrair commanded.

The 2 captains stood up on their ships, looking at the damaged Columbia, trying to stand a chance.

"Fire." Breezie & Captain Centrair say simultaneously.

Both the Unreliable & the Lynimick blast torpedoes at Columbia. Each torpedo blasting a chunk out of the ship, smashing holes into the saucer & the nacelles... before 2 torpedoes hit Columbia's warp core, causing the ship to violently explode.

Celebration erupts amongst the 2 ships, everyone celebrating the defeat of Home.

"Captain's Log, Stardate 41536.48. After the defeat of Columbia, the Unreliable & Lynimick have arrived at a starbase for repairs.

Commander Voltaire Rtis was given a memorial service, he was taken too soon. I was discussing with Captain Centrair about who would take the Tactical spot, he considered Lieutenant Tasha Yar for it, who I think is a great choice. I also transferred Lieutenant Motra to the Lynimick too, due to the loss of his original ship. Times are going well for now, I can only hope these calming times last longer. For now, the best thing to do is enjoy it, after all... I believe some people deserve rewards for what they did during this conflict."

Breezie walked into sickbay, seeing the Doctor sitting at the desk.  
He looked up at her from his PADD where he was reading a novel. "Ah, Breezie. What can I do for you?" The EMH says.  
"Oh, nothing. I'm just here to say thank you." Breezie replies.  
The EMH gets up, looking at Breezie. "What for?" He asked, confused.  
"For saving the life of Devoid and developing a cure for the Home parasite. In fact, because of your valiant efforts... I want to reward you." Breezie explains.  
"A reward? What do you mean?" The EMH asked, still not quite sure.  
"Put on your mobile emitter & follow me." Breezie says.  
The EMH does just that as Breezie strolled down the corridor. They soon come to a door near sickbay, but not near enough that it's the same room. "What is this?" The EMH asks.  
"After you, Doctor." Breezie says, holding out her arm as the door opens, letting the EMH through.  
The EMH walks through and looks around... It was a set of quarters. "I... What is this place?" The EMH says, not knowing what is going on.  
"It's your quarters, Doctor. You're just as much of a crew member as anyone else, you deserve a place to be when you aren't doing your job." Breezie says.  
Just then, the EMH started crying.  
"Doctor? Are you ok?" Breezie asks.  
The EMH hugs Breezie as a response. He was being treated like a human, not as a program, as his own independent being. "Thank you..." The EMH says between sobs of joy.  
Breezie hugged back, letting the EMH cry holographic tears of joy.

Soon after, Breezie visited Wally's quarters.  
Wally was sketching something.  
"Hey, Wally." Breezie asks.  
"What is it, Breezie?" Wally asks, not turning around.  
"I was wondering... We brought you here for one reason. Would you like to stay regardless? Join us on our voyages?" Breezie asks.  
Wally turned to Breezie. "That would be nice. Your crew and that other crew were lovely to me and there likely are lots I haven't seen yet. I wouldn't mind joining you, Breezie." Wally answers.  
"Good to know, Wally. Would you like to join the others at the starbase? We're having a pizza!" Breezie asks.  
Wally puts down the sketchpad. "Yes... I think I will." Wally says, smiling.  
Breezie smiled too, leaving Wally's quarters.  
Wally left too, ready to enjoy a meal with the new friends he had made.

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