

1701-Back From The Dead

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1701-Back From The Dead

by [0Devoid](#)

Summary

When the USS Enterprise-B ends up in their timeline with no way back, the Unreliable & its crew must help the Enterprise get used to this new timeline... All while Gorn ships from the Enterprise-B's time try to hunt them down.

Notes

Also written by Fateweaver

Ship In The Gateway

“Captain’s Log: Stardate 43321.40. We’re planning to rendezvous with the USS Stargazer to gather information on Altamid sometime in the afternoon, but first we’re doing a quick scientific mission to analyse the area around Starbase 523 after reports of anomalies from the starbase crew.”

Breezie was bored. In fact, the whole crew was bored.

“They said there were anomalies... Was this a late April Fools joke?” Alex says.

“At this point, a water bucket over the turbolift sounds more funny.” Devoid replies.

Sally was snoring, as she had fallen asleep from how bored she was just hours earlier.

“I’m legitimately considering just starting a Mario Kart match.” Breezie says.

“It would be more worth the time.” Johannah replies, her bomber jacket on the back of her chair as she was just wearing her yellow sweater.

“At this point, I feel like I’m watching paint dry.” Andy says, before yawning.

With little warning, a bright light blasted in front of them. A strange gateway had appeared.

“What the hell?! Wally, scan that thing!” Breezie yelled, waking Sally up.

“On it... It’s not like the Lost Void Gateways so it’s bound to be something different.” Wally says as he gets the ship to scan the gateway.

“Something seems to be there... 6 somethings.” Wally says as the scan progresses. “They’re ships! But I can’t-”

“They’re coming through!” Johannah says as a refit Excelsior class ship and 4 Gorn cruisers flew through the gateway, with the Gorn cruisers going to warp and leaving... as the gateway explodes.

“There went the 6th something.” Breezie says, getting up.

“Wally, what’s the Starfleet ship that just flew out?” Alex asks, walking to the science console.

“I’m getting a... USS Enterprise.” Wally says, nonchalantly.

“Enterprise? Wasn’t that a Constitution class?” Johannah asks.

“I’m not finished. The registry is NCC-1701... -B.” Wally continues.

Sally raises her hand, Breezie noticing and nodding, giving the toon permission as she states “Uh, yeah... WHAT THE FUCK!?”

“Yeah, I’m just as confused. B?” Breezie replies.

“Perhaps it’s from the reality we saw the Phoenix-X in. Gewdeque did mention an Enterprise-F when we talked. Perhaps this is a predecessor?” Alex says, walking to the viewscreen which displayed the Enterprise-B.

“Sally, hail the Enterprise. We need to see what’s going on and I hope it’s not Kirk I see.” Breezie says.

Sally, still slightly tired, nods and hails the ship.

“This is Captain Demora Sulu of the USS Enterprise, could you explain where we are?” An asian woman says through a glitchy transmission, her uniform like Johannah’s when she arrived initially, but with white instead of yellow and a different looking rank badge. In fact, the bridge was full of people with similar uniforms.

“It’s a long story, but I can help if needs be. Your ship looks to be in a poor state.” Breezie replies.

“We need any help we can get, we were being chased by 5 Gorn cruisers and we’ve sustained heavy damage.” Captain Sulu says, thankful.

“We’ll be there soon. Don’t worry.” Breezie replies before the hail ends.

“Alex, Johannah, Gary, meet me in the transporter room. Devoid, you have the bridge.” Breezie says, with her, Johannah & Alex walking into the turbolift.

Devoid walks over and sits in the Captain’s chair. “Huh. This is more comfortable.” Devoid says.

In the Enterprise-B’s transporter room, Breezie, Alex, Johannah & Gary beam in and are met by the command crew of the Enterprise-B with Captain Demora Sulu & Commander Xintal Linojj at the front.

“Honestly, we can’t be thankful enough that you’re here.” Commander Linojj says as the Unreliable’s crew stepped off the transporter pad.

“I’m going to be clear with you people. You are no longer in your own reality. Maybe not even your own time. The year is 2366, so things are rather different.” Breezie says.

“Kirk fucked up so badly, the name “Enterprise” has Starfleet cringing and the people wanting to shove a knife in your throat for even mentioning Kirk’s shithole of a ship.” Alex adds bluntly.

The Enterprise-B crew was shocked, hearing the man that saved their ship and died in their timeline was considered essentially Starfleet’s disgrace in this one.

“What did he do?!” Doctor Uta Morell asks, sounding mortified.

“He lost the flagship to the Tholians and all respect in Starfleet.” Alex says, looking as if he was to punch Kirk if he entered the room.

“Well... If we can guide you to engineering, We could sort out the big issues with this ship. The Gorn did some hefty damage to it.” Captain Demora Sulu says, offering to guide the crew to Engineering.

“That would be great, thank you.” Breezie says, nodding.

Demora Sulu would enter Engineering first, which was a lot more open than the same room on the Unreliable. Crew members were working hard to fix the Enterprise-B from the damage it gained fighting the Gorn. “As you can see, we’re stretching far beyond our limits. We appreciate your help.” Demora says as Alex, Johannah & Gary get to work helping out.

“Well, I was trained as an Engineer at the academy. I was awarded ‘Most Originative’ when I graduated.” Breezie replies as herself and

Demora walks over to an open panel, Breezie starting to work as the two talk.

“So you said you were fighting the Gorn? Those big lizard people? I fought one 2 years ago in an arena for fun, busted the poor fella’s snout. That was messy.” She says.

“For fun? But the Gorn are still sworn enemies of the Federation.” Demora responds, confused.

“50 years has changed a lot, Captain. The Gorn fights are now a recreational activity along with them making peace with the Federation after the Gorn helped Starfleet evacuate a starbase about 20 years ago. Gary told me about it during one of many talks in Engineering.” Breezie says as she fixes up a set of loose cables. “So what led you here?” She asks, closing up the panel and leaning against the wall.

Alex taps around the room, hitting a few panels before turning around and looking at Sulu “Your main nacelles are fine, just needs a touch up is all, but the impulse engines are going to push a lot less then they say they are pushing.” Alex explains “On top of that, repair relays are going to give off readings along the saucer, so if something is coming back broken then fixed then broken, that’s not a malfunction in the ship,

it's just the relay. And one other thing is wrong, but I can't get a read because of a deflector vibrating so hard I can't 'see' shit. Mind taking me down there to have a look?"

"I'll send Mr Buonarroti along with you, he can help." Demora says, indicating to Commander Rafaele Buonarroti to go along with Alex. Rafaele nods. "Come on then, I'll get you to Deflector Control. There we can analyse these things more closely." He says, leading Alex to a turbolift.

“Oh, So That’s Where They Went.”

Alex & Rafaele walked out of a turbolift and into Deflector Control. The Deflector chamber was, in essence, a series of catwalks in a tight chamber. Not much decoration here, it just has control panels to do what it is meant to do.

Alex would be feeling around like an actual blind man with a tricorder in his other hand to scan for anything strange. “I don’t know if you can tell, but this place is vibrating so subtly I have less than 20/20 blindsense in this place. So something is really messed up here.”

“Per quanto mi riguarda, I’m with you. Whatever’s going on seems abnormal. Perhaps you could check that panel over there?” Rafaele replies, pointing to an ajar panel with a set of controls on it.

“It’s worth a shot.” Alex replies, rubbing his head as he walks up to it. “I’d rather not stay here long, this shaking is giving me a headache.”

Alex lifts his tricorder and it beeps “Oh, okay, this is new.” Alex says It slowly starts to beep louder and faster “Oh... this...” It beeps faster and louder, the thing slowly going haywire. “Oh... Oh shit...” It then has a long beep and starts smoking “Oh Christ, Oh cyka BLYAT!” Alex yells out before throwing the tricorder before it explodes. Alex then turns to Rafaele with his hands on the bridge of his nose in a kind of praying “oh god” state and takes a deep breath. “So, do you want the news that tells you ‘you’re boned’, or the news that tells you ‘you’re completely boned’?”

Rafaele leans on the railing, his eyes wide. “Mama mia...” He mutters in disbelief.

In Demora’s ready room, Alex & Rafaele deliver the news.

“So... We can’t go back home?” Demora asks, looking at the 2 men.

“Not unless you want your ship to be torn apart like a paper plane in a rainstorm.” Alex replies.

“Not a fate befitting an Enterprise... Shredded into pieces attempting to get home.” Demora says, standing up from her chair and rubbing her temples.

“Our best chance is to get used to this timeline... and time period. After all, the Gorn are still out there.” Rafaele states, walking to his Captain.

“Do you think we’ll be welcomed? Knowing the... reputation of our ship’s name?” Demora asks, concerned & curious.

“Well, you didn’t crash into us or cause a time loop and trap us in it, so you’re in our good books.” Alex explains, thankful that Demora Sulu was a better captain than Kirk ever was.

“I... I best talk with Breezie about this. You two can go, I’ve got to deal with this.” Demora says, leaving her ready room.

Alex & Radaele looked at each other, confused on what the Enterprise-B Captain was going to do before leaving as well.

In the mess hall of the Enterprise-B, Breezie sat enjoying a ham and cheese sandwich with a bowl full of ‘Australian BBQ Kangaroo’ & ‘Bacon & Cheddar’ flavoured crisps with a tall glass of grapeade. Breezie took a sip as Demora walked in, wiping sweat off her brow with her sleeve. Breezie, noticing Sulu’s level of stress, wonders how she is able to help her out. She may be from another timeline but she is still a fellow captain... She raises her hand to get Sulu’s attention, beckoning her over.

Demora looked up and walked to Breezie, sitting down with a sigh.

“So, what’s bothering you, Demora? You look severely restless.” Breezie asks.

“Even before this news, I haven’t had a good night’s sleep in weeks...” Demora mumbled, rubbing her temples.

“You need a drink, let me get you something.” Breezie says, getting a glass of orange juice from a drinks synthesiser and handing it to Demora.

“Thanks, I’m just... Ju-just... Not handling this timeline stuff well. Knowing I can’t go home and see my family, it...” Demora explains before sighing and taking a sip.

Breezie nods, shrugging. “I get it. One moment, you are in the world you knew, and things made sense, but then something happens and now it’s 150 years later and you haven’t aged a day. It took me a bit to get used to most of the... everything here, especially having left behind 2 siblings and my parents. But with change comes growth and adaptability. Is it hard? yeah, it bloody is. But it’s needed to help make more change, change we can control. Change is inevitable, but that doesn’t mean it has to be unexpected.” Breezie states before offering a handful of crisps to Demora.

Demora looks to Breezie and takes the handful, eating them up one by one. “You make a good point. If we can’t go home, we’ll make this a new home.” Demora says, looking up at Breezie.

Suddenly, the room shakes, knocking a few down to the floor.

“Oh god... Have they come back?” Breezie asks, getting up from her chair.

“I don’t think sitting around is going to help us find out, come on!” Demora responds, running through a doorway and heading to a turbolift, with her fellow captain not far behind. Once they arrived on the bridge of the Enterprise-B, a grim sight greeted them on the viewscreen. The Gorn cruisers were back, with 3 Romulan D7 warships by their side.

“Looks like we’ve got company. Any idea what to do?” Breezie asks, looking at Demora.

Captain Demora Sulu would sit down and only say 2 things. “Red alert! All hands to battle stations!”

Hide Away

The Romulan & Gorn ships approached the Unreliable & the Enterprise-B, with the former seeming to take a more active approach. "Oh, they're using that outdated design, hm? Let's show them why upgrading is a good idea. Sutaba, slit the throat of one of the warbirds." Devoid commands.

"Look, maybe we can persuade them away with words? This is Federation space after all and we don't want to cause another war-" Sally explains.

"They did shoot first." Wally interrupts.

"Good enough for me, FIRE!" Devoid says, making the Unreliable fire phasers.

The beam pierced through one of the warbird's shields and sliced the throat, decapitating the ship.

Sally looks at Devoid like a disappointed mother, stating "Devoid, I love you... I am going to give you retribution if we live through this."

Retribution did come though, as the bridge module of the decapitated D7 grinded against the hull of the Unreliable on the starboard side, causing minor damage, but severe scratches.

On the Enterprise-B, Breezie ran to tactical and waited for Demora's command. "I assume you're a good gunner, Breezie." Demora says.

"If I can blast the wheels off a limo, this should be no problem!" Breezie replies.

"Alright then, fire on the Romulan ship before they cloak." Demora commands.

The Enterprise-B blasts a flurry of torpedoes, making them crash into the shields of the 2nd D7 and weakening them.

The Unreliable blasts its railguns at the warbird, making it resemble swiss cheese before impaling the singularity core and detonating the warbird.

The Gorn ships & the last Romulan D7 didn't take too kindly to their allies being ripped apart and began directly firing on the Starfleet ships.

Sally, already losing her patience, begins hailing the Romulan and Gorn ships into a group call and walks over to Devoid, who is still in the captain's chair. "Devoid, get out of that seat NOW." She orders, nearly pissed off at this point.

"Why? Breezie gave me the comma-" Devoid explains before she picks him up with one hand and throws him across the room, Devoid crashing into a console.

Sally sits down and takes a deep breath as the group hail comes online.

"What do you want, Starfleet targets?" The remaining Romulan captain says, as if he was talking to a lower class of person.

Sally responds with a question "Stardate 42877.63, ring any bells captain?"

The romulan's eyes went wide, noticing who was in the Captain's chair. "No... No it doesn't." He lied, trying to keep his cool.

Sally could see right through it "Now, I'm not the captain, Cap's out right now and decided to put someone with a trigger finger in the chair without the safety on. But if you keep fighting us, I will personally come over to your ship, and shuffle around the function of every hole on your body and every internal organ to make an example for your posse." She gets up and gets Devoid by the scruff of his neck and points him toward the view screen "Look at him in the eye Devoid. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Devoid's eyes look towards the sensors, showing the Enterprise-B approaching the warship from behind. "Look behind you!" Devoid says cheekily as the Enterprise-B blasts one of the nacelles of the warships with their phasers, causing it to burst like a bubble, but with much more fire.

Sally taps her combadge to talk to Breezie "Captain, I never wanted to do this, but whoever gave the option to fire, I'm coming for them so they can be sent to sickbay after I dish out a hot and ready wallop on their sorry asses." She pinches Devoid's scruff tighter and shakes him a bit "Devoid... What. Do. We. Say?" Sally asks, one eye visible in a shadow over the upper half of her face.

Devoid gulps before sighing. "Sorry, Sally. I was too focused on the ships."

Sally lets him go and sits back down, that look still on her face "If I ever catch you attacking people who you think are weak and pathetic. I will know, I will find you, and I WILL kill you. Do you understand?" The Toon says to the Romulan Captain.

"Oh, Princess... I don't care." The Romulan Captain says, blasting disruptors at the Unreliable.

"You FUCKER! I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!" Sally yells. She gets up and runs off to her quarters, and then seconds later to the shuttle bay with a utility belt, a phaser set to kill, and a massive mallet. Sally walks into the Type 4 shuttle named 'Hendrix II' and takes off, departing the shuttle bay and heading straight for the D7 Warbird.

1 Gorn cruiser didn't like that fact and attempted to fire on the shuttle.

Devoid watches as the Gorn cruiser attacks the shuttle. "Sutaba, fire phasers. Try and divert the cruiser from the shuttle." He says, sitting back down in the captain's chair.

The Unreliable blasted phasers at the Gorn cruiser, which caused it to turn away from the shuttle and to the Unreliable itself.

Meanwhile, the shuttle rapidly approaches the warbird's bridge module. With no shuttle bay to go to, Sally rammed the shuttle into the warbird's hull. The stronger shuttle ripped through, landing inside the bridge module. "Those shitbags are gonna learn a lot more than they did last time... I'll paint their ship green with no paint." Sally says as she walks out the shuttle and into the corridors of the ship. She begins charging through, making sure she gets through every nook and cranny. She spots a room ahead, and lifts her foot to kick the door.

The Romulans on the other end had disruptor pistols aimed at the princess' head. The door was blasted off of its frame and something was tossed in before the princess even stepped in. A bright flash and a loud bang hits all those inside as Sally begins to go on a rampage that includes kicking down doors and enemies, shooting Romulans, and bashing skulls both in and apart resulting in the interior becoming increasingly green. It was the wrath of a silly, fun, joyous heart... and that is even worse than the wrath of a gentle heart.

2 Romulans, one being the captain, were hiding in his office, shivering as they stared at the door. One pushes the other towards it, and then looks through a camera that is just outside using a holographic screen.

SHE is there in the hallway, green splotches and headless corpses on the ground and against the wall. She turns to look at the camera on the door, the Romulan glancing at the door for a moment before SHE disappears from the screen.

He sits down, taking a deep breath of relief... The monitor then showed her at the door, starting to beat it with her mallet. The metal door began to bend and distort more and more as Sally smashed it with her mallet.

She went for the other romulan first, smashing his head in before going to the captain, she gripped his neck with a look in her eye none have seen, that of pure, serious, malice. She looks him in the eye, before tossing him up into the gorey, bloody bridge and looking down on him.

"There is no one left, no one on this fucking ship but you and me..." Sally states, hatred in her voice "Go home, and tell everyone that this isn't war... but if you think that your species is the strongest, biggest, smartest, most powerful kind in the universe... I will make it a personal

goal to put your people in your place, and remind them that there is always a bigger fish to fry, always a cartoon to piss off.” She taps her badge after fiddling with the controls. “Sally to Unreliable, I’m coming back. See you soon.” Sally hops down to the shuttle and leaves the desolate Romulan Warbird and heads back to the Unreliable... Where the situation is far from ideal.

2 Gorn cruisers were ganging up on the Miranda class, preventing it from helping the Enterprise-B... and getting Sally & the Hendrix II back inside.

“What the...?” Sally says, confused at the Gorn’s tactics. “Sally to Unreliable, permission to dock?” She asks, hoping she can get back in. “Negative, they seem to have become immune to our attacks somehow! Perhaps their shields have adapted to our weapons.” Devoid says, his voice sounding both angry and confused.

Sally, not wanting to stay in the shuttle, decided to take a different approach. “I’ll take Emergency Landing Plan B. Just open the shuttle bay doors. Preferably soon.” Sally says, increasing the speed of the shuttle.

“On it. Gary, open Shuttle Bay 2!” Devoid orders, the starboard shuttle bay opening doors.

Sally took deep breaths and piloted the shuttle towards the bay, modulating its own shields so it can pass through the Unreliable’s with little issue. The shuttle soon enters the bay, barely avoiding damage by a hair’s width of the doors before skidding on the ground and securely landing in the bay.

“Devoid, she’s in!” Gary says, closing the shuttle bay doors.

“Let’s get outta here before the Gorn tear us to shreds! Hail Enterprise and tell them to follow. Andy, get us out of here, Warp 6. Let’s Go-on!” Devoid commands.

With little time to waste, the Unreliable & Enterprise-B warp away from the Gorn as fast as they could...

The Unfortunate Tale Of The USS Graham Bell.

The 2 ships dropped out of warp, far away from the Gorn that was assaulting them minutes prior. On the Enterprise-B bridge, now no longer at Red Alert, the crew were all exhausted.

“D-demora? Should we just sit back for a while? Who knew fighting lizards could wear out a person like that?” Breezie says, breathless as she leans against the tactical console.

“At least your shirt is just drenched in sweat and not destroyed.” Demora says, getting up from the Captain’s chair.

“Fair point, want to talk on my ship?” Breezie replies, wiping sweat off her brow.

“Sure... Might as well find out more about this place.” Demora says, getting up and walking to the transporter room, with Breezie soon to follow.

The 2 captains arrive on the Unreliable and head immediately to Breezie’s ready room.

Once they arrive, Breezie promptly collapses into her chair, her legs feeling like noodles.

Demora though would sit down on the other side of the desk, opening her jacket to let air in. “Y’know... It’s 50 years between us. Maybe there’s an elderly me around. That would be weird.” Demora says, thinking about it.

“It’s certainly a thought... Computer, look up the name ‘Demora Sulu’.” Breezie replies, with her timeline’s version of Demora’s profile appearing on the terminal on her desk.

Demora got up and walked behind Breezie looking at the screen, noticing one detail.

‘Died: September 27th 2311, USS Graham Bell’

“Graham Bell? That doesn’t sound right.” Demora says

“What the hell? I’m looking into this.” Breezie says, bringing up a page about the USS Graham Bell.

“Launched 2293... Originally commanded by John Harriman... The Tomed Incident... Thi-this must be my ship’s counterpart. So what happened?” Demora asks.

“There’s a bit dedicated to the final mission... And it’s a video.” Breezie says, scrolling down the page which reveals a video that starts to play.

“Captain’s Log, Stardate... I don’t know. I’ve been pushed into command of the Graham Bell ever since Harriman resigned from Starfleet. Every day feels like a headache and a half and-”

Demora was interrupted when the ship shook and dropped out of warp in an unknown area of space. She makes her way to the bridge, where an Orion warship appeared on the viewscreen. “What the hell? Hail them.” Demora says to her comms officer. “This is Captain Demora Sulu of the USS Graham Bell. We don’t know what’s happened to our ship so if you could just let us do repairs, we’ll be out of your hair.”

The crew waited for a response, but only feminine laughter came back as the lights on the bridge failed and went out.

The Orion ship took the chance and blasted weapons at the Graham Bell, burning the hull.

“Evasive manoeuvres!” Demora yells.

The ship tries to avoid getting hit more, but the beams still rip into the hull. One more devastating blast from the Orion ship caused large chunks of the aft side to explode, leaving the ship motionless.

A voice heard from the hail in the darkness of the bridge manifests, along with two golden glows. “You are wonderful toys. I finally got to play some more.” Suddenly, Golden tentacles shoot out of the Orion ship and wrap around and into the Graham Bell, ripping into the burnt hull of the Excelsior Class ship. The Tentacles pull the two closer as laughter and screams fill both ships, all before they ram together and the feed cuts out.

Demora & Breezie were wide eyed after the video ended. “What... What even was that?!” Demora asked, severely terrified.

“The Hiss... I faced her before, but she shouldn’t be a problem anymore after what happened in the Lost Void.” Breezie explains.

“What..? Lost Void?” Demora asks, confused.

“Long story. Let’s just talk about something else for now.” Breezie replies, too exhausted to explain.

Meanwhile on the Enterprise-B, the conference room was packed with much of the Enterprise-B tactical crew & the first officer, alongside Devoid, the EMH & Andy.

“So, what do we know that can beat the Gorn? Do they have any known weaknesses?” The EMH asks, leaning back in his chair.

“Their ships seem to only fight when they’re far from major stars. It could suggest a weakness to solar radiation.” Commander Linojj says.

“It would make sense. I had Wally do a scan of one of the cruisers mid battle and the best comparison I can make is a glass cannon.” Andy replies.

“If it helps, Gorn ships often were weaker in warmer environments, particularly if we were fighting close to a star.” Lieutenant Maggie Thompson states, relaying a bit of information she had gathered.

“Perhaps they are weak to solar radiation?” The EMH says, his hand on his chin.

“It’s a possibility. Perhaps we need to gather it to test. We could just use it as a battery to make a new kind of torpedo.” Andy replies.

“That seems plausible. If we combine their weakness with the explosive power of a photon torpedo, then maybe we could properly defeat the Gorn!” Devoid states.

“It’s something to test out. Which one of us will go to gather some?” Commander Linojj asks.

“I’ll have Gary & Wally go out on the Seacole after we relay this to our captains. We are near a star, so we can survey the mission from here, on the Enterprise.” Devoid says.

Seacole Scrapes the Star.

The Type 7 shuttle Seacole is launched from the Unreliable, modified to collect solar radiation with Gary & Wally in the cockpit. As the shuttle flies away from the 2 ships, the Enterprise-B contacts them.

"Alright, Enterprise. Seacole is heading to the star to prepare for collection." Gary says.

"That's good, don't get any closer than Mercury is to our sun. That should allow for a good amount to be collected without much damage to the shuttle." Commander Linojj replies.

A bit of time goes by, before Wally speaks up "So, did you hear about the unknown fleet that flew by the galaxy recently?"

"Oh, that? Yeah, I heard the Odyssey came across it." Gary replied as he prepared the shuttle to collect the radiation.

Wally reminisces before saying "I saw the pictures and it was very strange... The Mothership had a white and black design, and seemingly was sentient."

"Is that so? Captain Keogh didn't mention that in the interview I watched." Gary states as the shuttle gets as close as it could to the star.

"Should be ready to collect radiation now, but do explain how it was seemingly alive." Gary says, sitting back in his chair after setting off the equipment to collect the radiation.

"It had eyes," Wally states.

"I could put eyes on a PADD, a phaser, a tricorder, this shuttle... Would those be alive?" Gary asks, not convinced.

"The footage showed it glanced at the Odyssey before looking a bit shocked and speeding up a bit, the other ships following in suit." Wally pulls out a PADD, and looks through the files. "See, here it is." he states as he shows footage shot through one of the windows of the Odyssey.

Gary stares at the PADD in confusion. "Hm... Not sure what to say. I'll believe it when I see it myself. Kinda looks like some of those machines we have in the Tranquillity Lounge." Gary says, handing the PADD back to Wally.

As they talked, the shuttle collected radiation to power the torpedoes. The radiation was sent into small, tightly sealed tanks, each about the size of a soda can. They make their way out of orbit, getting all the energy they need to make some new torpedoes.

Once they get back to the Unreliable, they put their previously theoretical plan into motion, making the torpedoes with care and precision.

Johannah seems to be talking to someone nobody can see, definitely on eye level and even enjoying the conversation.

"Hey, Jo. Could you help with assembly? We've only got 2 pairs of hands here." Gary asks, looking over at the ewe.

Johannah nods, getting up and walking to Wally & Gary, who were soon joined by the arrival of the EMH & Sally.

"I assume you have acquired the radiation?" The EMH says, his hands clasped tight in front of him.

"Yep. Enough for 30 torpedoes between the 2 ships." Gary says, opening a photon torpedo up and plugging in the canister.

"Only 30? Are you sure that'll be enough?" Sally asks, concerned.

"If what they said is correct, 30 is more than enough. Plus once they're weakened, we can use our regular weapons." Wally explains, doing what Gary did before to another torpedo.

"Plus afterward, we can stock up anywhere. There's like, what, a billion stars?" Gary says.

"Supposedly about 100 billion." Wally answers, remembering what he heard in a documentary once.

"Eh, close enough." Gary states, shrugging as he converts another torpedo.

"So... What are we calling these things?" Sally asks, leaning on a regular photon torpedo.

"Y'know, despite our planning, I don't think we've come up with one." The EMH says, sitting on a chair next to Sally.

Whilst the crew were thinking of names, Captain Demora Sulu walks in, looking around. "So... How are those new torpedoes coming along?"

Demora asks, looking at the crew.

"Oh, they're going along quite fine... We're just thinking of names." Wally says.

"Well, their power comes from solar radiation, so why don't we name them after old earth sun gods?" Demora says, walking to Wally.

"It's certainly some place to start." Johannah says, helping put together a torpedo as she speaks, continuing to do so.

The group theorised for a while as the 60 torpedoes were put together... Before eventually, the EMH was the one who came up with the name.

"Sol Torpedoes. How about that?" The EMH says, looking at the group.

"I like the sound of that. What about you people?" Demora replies, looking amongst the others for any disagreement.

"I think it sounds good." Sally says.

"I second that." Johannah states. Sounds of general agreement echoed amongst the group as the name was decided upon.

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