

Ensign Skon

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1841) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/1841>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Star Trek: Into The Final Frontier
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of Star Trek: Into The Final Frontier
Stats:	Published: 2024-09-28 Words: 943 Chapters: 1/1

Ensign Skon

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Summary

Ensign Skon's breakfast is abruptly interrupted by a call from the Bridge, summoning him to translate a transmission originating from a moon orbiting a red gas giant.

ENTERPRISE NX-01

E-DECK - MESS HALL

Young Ensign Skon sat alone in a quiet corner of the mess hall on E-Deck, eating his breakfast with an almost surgical precision. Today it was scrambled eggs with a slice of toast, one of Earth's simpler early morning dishes. As he brought a full fork to his mouth and started chewing, his sharp, observant eyes roamed the mess hall. Human crew members filled the room, and unlike him, they all seemed to revel in the company of others. Tables of two, three, even five people engaged in animated conversation, laughter punctuating the air as jokes and anecdotes were exchanged.

These past few days, Skon had found himself, at times, yearning to join them. The urge to sit down, to talk, to laugh alongside his fellow crew members tugged at him. But these were emotions, emotions he had been taught to repress since infancy, back when he lived with his parents on Romulus.

Skon had grown up in a family that revered the teachings of Surak, the father of all logic. He had taught his followers that uncontrolled emotions would only lead to death and destruction. Only by mastering one's emotions and adhering to the principles of logic could true salvation be found.

For centuries, the Logicians, as Surak's followers were known, had coexisted peacefully with their Romulan brethren. But things changed drastically when the Romulan Empire began to expand beyond their solar system, founding their Star Empire. The Logicians, with their devotion to peace, were now seen as a threat to the Romulan way of life.

Yet, there was still hope for Skon and his people, a hope called Vulcan. According to ancient scriptures, Vulcan was a planet where Surak and his first disciples had established a society founded on pure logic. It was a place his family dreamed of calling home, a sanctuary where their way of life could flourish. The location of Vulcan, however, was a closely guarded secret, passed down from one generation to the next.

At great risk, Skon and his family had boarded a ship on a clandestine journey to Vulcan. But their ship was attacked, and they crash-landed on the human colony of Terra Nova. With their captain dead and the navigation database destroyed, the location of Vulcan was lost to them, perhaps forever.

Now, they relied on the Humans to find Vulcan. In exchange for their help, Skon had offered his expertise as a xenolinguist, aiding in the expansion of the Human database on alien languages. This endeavor had eventually led to his posting as communication officer on the Enterprise. It was ironic that his escape from a world ruled by emotions had brought him aboard a ship filled with Humans, who were just as passionate as his Romulan brethren. But where the Romulans saw a universe to conquer, the Humans seemed intent on finding a way to coexist with the alien cultures they encountered.

Suddenly, Skon's thoughts were interrupted by his name being called out over the ship's intercom. It was Commander Hernandez's voice that echoed through the mess hall, summoning him to the bridge. His eyes widened as he came to the only logical conclusion: they had made contact with another species.

Quickly, Skon picked up his tray, deposited it in one of the empty food dispensers, and exited the mess hall.

SPACE

The Enterprise slowly adjusted its course, heading toward a tiny white dot orbiting a red gas giant.

ENTERPRISE NX-01

A-DECK - BRIDGE

Stepping off the turbolift, Skon found himself on the bridge, which was bustling with activity. The Humans appeared to be in a state of excitement.

Captain Edison, seated at the center of the bridge, noticed Skon's arrival. "I apologize for interrupting your breakfast, Ensign," he said, turning his attention back to the viewscreen, which now displayed an image of a moon covered in oceans and ice. "We picked up a signal, possibly a communication transmission, from the third moon orbiting a red gas giant. We could use someone with your talents to translate its message."

Skon nodded and moved toward the communication station, passing behind Commander Hernandez, who was stationed at the science console to the captain's left. Sitting down, he placed his earpiece, a small, white, round module, against his left ear and activated the recording of the signal.

Strange words echoed in his ear, spoken by what seemed to be a female voice. It sounded like a transmission, but the language was unfamiliar to him. He slowed the recording, hoping to discern more from the intonation, which often revealed the speaker's intentions.

As he focused on the transmission, he sensed the captain approaching.

"Any luck with the signal, Ensign?" Edison asked as he hovered over Skon's station.

Deciphering an alien language required precision. A single mistranslation could mean the difference between peace and war. Precision demanded patience. The Captain would need to understand that this wasn't a task to be rushed. Ignoring the Captain's presence, Skon continued his analysis, noting a pattern in the words and an underlying unrest in the transmission. Finally, he looked up at Edison, his conclusion clear. "I believe it is a distress call, Captain."

Edison's expression grew more serious as he turned away from the communication station and walked over to the helm, where Lieutenant JG Vivienne Mayweather was manning the controls. He looked up at the viewscreen, captivated by the beautiful blue-white moon, yet a sense of anxiety began to gnaw at him.

"What happened down there?" Edison wondered aloud, the weight of his responsibility pressing down on him. And more importantly, what the hell am I going to do next, he thought.

TO BE CONTINUED

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