

Star Trek: Clonrichert

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Star Trek: Clonrichert

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Summary

In which Captain Ted Crilly, Commander Dougal McGuire, Lieutenant Jack Hackett and Counselor Doyle head to Deep Space Nine during the Dominion War.

This fic will make more sense if you are at least somewhat familiar with the *Father Ted* TV series from the 1990s.

Notes

[Also on AO3.](#)

I am trans and do not endorse Graham Linehan's views in any way, shape, or form.

Ted: Space... The final frontier...

Dougal: Is it really, Father - I mean, Captain?

Ted: Is it really *what*, Dougal.

Dougal: The *final* frontier. I dunno, there could be other frontiers -

Ted: NOT NOW, DOUGAL. AHM. Where was I? Oh yes. These are the voyages of the Starship

Jack: FECK! ARSE!

Ted: THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STARSHIP CLONRICHERT. Its continuing mission:

Mrs. Doyle: Tea, Captain?

Ted: **not now** Its continuing mission: to explore strange new

Jack: GIRLS!

Ted: To seek out new

Jack: DRINK!

Ted: New civilizations... to boldly go where no one has

Jack: FECK! ARSE! DRINK!

[theme song to *Star Trek: The Next Generation* plays on kazoo, with vuvuzela at the end]

Captain's Log, Supplemental. We are en route to Deep Space Nine for an important briefing and deployment for the next round of the Dominion War. But first, we're getting some feckin' R&R time.

"If we even get there," Captain Ted Crilly muttered. They had sustained heavy casualties in the last round of battle - one of the reasons for the meeting at Deep Space Nine was to replenish some of the crew they'd lost; they were running on bare-bones in the meantime, with Commander Dougal McGuire at the helm. Ted looked out at the sea of stars and huffed impatiently.

"We could get there faster if we went to warp," Dougal said in a sing-song voice. He enjoyed warp speed a little too much.

Ted did not, but it would indeed be faster. "Make it so, so."

Dougal clapped his hands excitedly and the ship jolted to Warp Eight. Ted almost fell out of his seat with the accelerating gravity and the way the air around him rippled, feeling as if his guts were being turned inside out. *I should have set a speed*, Ted grumbled internally as he held onto the arms of his captain's chair.

The minute they dropped out of warp, they were faced by a single Dominion battle cruiser. "Red alert!" Ted yelled. "Battle stations!"

Jack woke up at the sound of the klaxons with a "FECK!" Then after another klaxon he yelled "FECK!" again. A klaxon blare, then a "FECK!" Blare. "ARSE!"

The Dominion cruiser immediately fired a phaser and the *Clonrichert* shook with the blast. "Fire at will!" Ted yelled. "Fire everything!"

Jack laughed maniacally and began to slap every button on the console as if he were playing drums. "FECK! ARSE! FECK!"

"That's it, send them right to Hell," Ted growled, watching the photon torpedoes detonate. After a dozen frantic torpedoes, the Dominion cruiser exploded, fragments of the ship flying everywhere. *Warning: hull breach, deck eight, so*, the computer's pleasant female voice warned.

"FECK OFF!" Jack yelled in response.

"We'll repair this bloody ship when we have a proper crew," Ted said. Then he glanced over at Dougal, who had passed out in his chair - he had been doing that a lot lately after battles - and over at Jack, who had replicated a bottle of Klingon alcohol and was swilling it. "Well, maybe not a *proper* crew."

Just then, another Dominion cruiser dropped out of warp, right in time for Counselor Doyle to enter the bridge, carrying a tray of replicated tea. "I sensed that you were tense. Tea, Captain?"

"Not now, Counselor Doyle," Ted said, waving his hand. "Number One, get us out of here." He snapped his fingers and woke up Dougal. Ted didn't know how many photon torpedoes they had left, with Jack firing everything, and he didn't want to find out. "Warp nine."

They couldn't sustain that speed for very long, especially with new damages to the ship, but they wouldn't have to - Deep Space Nine wasn't that much farther away, by space travel standards, unless it had fallen to the Dominion. Counselor Doyle fell over as the ship went to warp, the entire tea set crashing and spilling on her, and yet she still managed to pour a cup of tea - the last that was left - and hold it out to the distressed captain. "Tea, Captain?"

"Not now."

"Oh, go on."

"No thank you."

"Do go on."

"No thank you."

"Go on."

"No thank you."

"Go on, go on, go on."

"No thank you, no thank you, no thank you."

"Go on, go on, go on, go on, go on..."

Oh shite, it's those bastards from Craggy Island, O'Brien thought to himself as he watched Ted Crilly, Dougal McGuire, Jack Hackett, and Counselor Doyle beam aboard. He cleared his throat. "Greetings, Captain Crilly, Commander McGuire, Lieutenant Hackett, Counselor Doyle. Welcome to Deep Space Nine, so."

"It's a pleasure," Ted said, but it wasn't really. The last time they'd seen each other, back on Earth, there had been an incident involving a horse and some noodles.

"I'll show you to your quarters." O'Brien pulled a face.

"DRINK! DRINK!" Jack yelled.

"I think first we'd like to get... a bite to eat? Something to drink? There's a place for that on a space station, right?" Ted asked.

O'Brien gave them the directions to Quark's, and showed Counselor Doyle to her quarters, while Jack led the way, staggering and yelling "DRINK! DRINK!" every few steps.

A drink was what they all needed, and after two shots of Old Janx Spirit, Ted decided he could relax now and it was safe to leave Dougal with Jack. He got a holosuite chip from Quark's brother Rom, and went into a holosuite program with a discotheque and a casino. He spent the next few hours in bliss, disco dancing and playing blackjack.

Before he could go to a holosuite hotel room with a computer-generated lover, his comm badge beeped and it was Dougal. "Ted, whatcha doin'?"

Ted didn't want to tell Dougal he was about to have sex. "Gambling."

"Can I come in and play gambling with you?"

"No, Dougal, I need some... alone time."

There was a long silence, then a little sigh on Dougal's end, and Ted knew he'd hurt his younger first officer's feelings. "I see. Well, maybe you could come out here? There's some sort of gambling here in the bar."

As much as Ted Crilly wanted to get laid, Dougal's sadness killed the mood, and his loyalty to Dougal compelled him to check out of the holosuite and join Dougal at the Dabo table, forgetting that Jack was alone somewhere in the bar. Or maybe not in the bar. The Dabo wheel spun, Dabo girls flirted with patrons - ah, there was Jack, grinning as a Bajoran kissed his cheeks - and after a few turns Ted noticed Quark was rigging the game.

Ted motioned for Quark to step aside. He hissed under his breath, "I see you, you know. I'm of a mind to tell security, or just go right to Starfleet Command myself about getting this operation shut down -"

"Maybe there's something in it for you."

Ted blinked. He had vowed to turn his life around when he joined Starfleet, but old habits died hard. "Oh?"

"Yeah." Quark brandished a whole stack of gold press latinum.

Ted's mind's eye played a scene of him on a beach in Risa, then in one of Risa's famed hotels, at a real discotheque, at a real casino, dancing under a spinning mirrorball in a smoke-filled club, and playing blackjack. The Old Janx Spirit had gotten the better of his judgment.

Ted nodded, then touched the side of his nose before pressing his finger to his lips. Quark slipped the latinum into Ted's pocket and snickered as he walked off.

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