Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Phoenix-X
Character:	Ensemble Cast - PNX
Additional Tags:	Action/Adventure, Religion
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Legends of the Phoenix
Stats:	Published: 2015-04-12 Completed: 2015-07-17 Words: 3,683 Chapters: 3/3

For the World is Worldly and Such

by Hawku

Summary

"I wuv you, Mr. Captain." - Episode 90: In the late 24th century, the U.S.S. Phoenix-X encounters a self-propelled asteroid guilty of stealing several warp cores from a solar orbital station.

Notes

Author's notes: This takes place in the late 24th century. For this and my next three-parter, I wanted to work with some kind of framing, so I picked a series I would pull an alien species from (TOS for this first one) and used a random number generator to choose an episode. The generator pulled "For the World is Hollow and I Have Touched the Sky," so I was poised to write something on the species in that episode. This was written in April 2015.

For the World is Worldly and Such, Part I

Star Trek: Phoenix-X
"For the World is Worldly and Such, Part I"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix*-X sat out in space, while its Commanding officer, Seifer, worked tirelessly at a report in his Ready Room.

"Sir, are you okay?" Kugo asked, stepping in.

Seifer looked up, not even remembering the door chime or himself letting the Vulcan in. "But— how?"

"As Chief engineer, it's my duty to practice breaking locks in case of an eventual and likely Ferengi take-over," she explained.

Seifer nodded in agreement. "Ah! Good work. I'd like for you to break in to everyone's quarters by end of day. It doesn't matter what time. As for me, well, if you must know, I've been trying to punch up my reports. I don't think anyone has been reading them? Should I make them funnier? Like, really, really, try hard on the jokes?"

"Humor is irrelevant. Your writing style just doesn't fit where you are posting them. As a consolation, perhaps animated pictures on loop would suffice."

The Commander snapped. "Yes! Brilliant! It's a wonder why Command won't give me a promotion. Not to mention, how is it that a Commander is the Captain of a starship? How does that even work??"

"No matter one's rank, one who is in command of any starship is referred to as Captain."

Seifer sighed some relief. "Well, that's good to know. Thank you, Kugo."

"You're welcome, Commander."

The Trill glanced over to her. "Anyway, did you find out what happened to that Warp engine depot at Farius Prime? Who would steal those things, other than the obvious Orion Syndicate?"

"Local investigations are still underway. Since the Syndicate pretty much runs everything over there, they're ruling out the Syndicate."

Seifer put his padd down. "Sounds logical. But it was your recommendation we acquire a select few engine parts from there, given the fact the *Phoenix*-X has transwarp capabilities."

"Yes. As a second option, I believe the parts I require can be make-shifted using a massive amount of duct tape. That, and staples."

The Commander stood up. "No. I hold that only the best parts are meant for us: The crew with the most heart! We're going to head over to that planet and see if we can poke our business into other people's business. That always goes over well, right? Prime Direct-what? Exactly."

Later, the *Phoenix*-X dropped transwarp at Farius Prime. There, they were met with five Orion corvette starships.

"Cease and desist! This is a direct order from the Farius authorities, who may or may not also be Syndicate operatives. You can't prove nuffing!" barked an Orion male, named Ginyo, over the view screen.

Seifer held up his hand. "Relax. We're here for the illegal trading. Your engine depot to be more specific."

"What? Starfleet would never approve of non-regulation parts, unless you were lost in the Delta Quadrant? Were you lost in the Delta Quadrant? Because it seems like that's a thing that would happen easily."

The Commander took a seat. "We're a transwarp test ship, so we're allowed to improvise for research purposes. Last week, we installed a basketball court. We had to uninstall it for canon reasons, though."

"I know not of what you speak, but our depot was raided, mysteriously, a few days ago. Our investigations are underway. If you are picturing two thugs, flicking toothpicks at the crime scene, you are probably right."

Seifer rolled his eyes. "Can we take a look, then?"

"That will cost you! Two bars of latinum, and your finest female."

To that, everyone instinctively looked around at each other on the Bridge. Lieutenant Kayl quickly fixed her hair and sat up straight to present herself.

"How about, No? And you accept our free help?" Seifer turned to the view screen.

"Oh, fine. Have it your way. You know, you Starfleet-types need to lighten up. There's nothing wrong with illegal activities and chauvinistic attitudes. We also enslave children!" The screen then blinked off in anger, and the three ships veered out of the way.

The *Phoenix*-X approached solar orbital space station Farius Beta, which was half destroyed and leaking warp plasma. Scans indicated energy weapons damage and high-powered transporter signatures.

"I'm betting their insurance company isn't happy about this, knowing insurance companies as I do," Seifer bragged.

Kayl glanced over. "You're just repeating what Armond said five minutes ago."

"Huh? Oh, yeah. I just wanted to try it out," Seifer reassured before turning to his tactical officer. "Armond, you got lucky with that one."

Armond nodded. "Thank you, sir. And, speaking of observations, I'm also reading a giant asteroid off the port bow. No time for measurements —"

Everyone's attention went to the view screen, which showed the approach of an asteroid, as if being controlled on its own. The *Phoenix*-X was quickly hailed by the asteroid.

"What is this?? The Farius authorities usually are done with their investigation by now??" a pale man said from the view screen.

Seifer stepped up. "We're taking over what happened here, which is so obviously you. I think. Isn't it? Begin your exposition, if you don't mind."

"Of course it is! I just returned because I dropped my wallet. The last thing I want is to have to renew all my Ferengi credit cards."

The Commander rolled his eyes. "No one uses wallets in the 24th century."

"The Fabrini do! Didn't you notice how we dressed when your kind first met us?? Robes! And so on. Our fashion and daily habits are little behind, but our advanced technology and medicine makes up for it."

Seifer paused. "Wait. Then why do you need warp cores??"

"Wouldn't you like to know? Heh, heh. Hehehehehe!" The man then pulled himself together. *"Seriously, though. That's personal. You Federation-types are so nosy. Oooooh! I could pinch you!"*

The screen then cut out and the asteroid turned in space and jumped to warp.

Red turned from the helm. "Shall we pursue course, Commander?"

"I think?" Seifer replied, still perplexed by his interaction. "Yes. Yes, let's do more of this."

TO BE CONTINUED

For the World is Worldly and Such, Part II

Star Trek: Phoenix-X
"For the World is Worldly and Such, Part II"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix*-X sped through warp at incredible warp-like warp speeds (warp, to be specific) in pursuit of the giant technologically-fitted asteroid.

"Fabrini rock-thing," opened Commander Seifer from the main chair. "You are ordered to pull over and engage your four-way blinkers."

But there was no response.

"Perhaps they do not see the error in their ways?" Red questioned from Helm.

Kayl shook her head at Operations. "According to our scans, they robbed that solar orbital space station of its manufactured warp cores and then half destroyed it— How could you not be aware of those kinds of actions??"

"I don't know," Red responded defensively. "Sleep walking, perhaps. There's a lot of ways."

The asteroid expelled a disruption field, which dropped both it and the *Phoenix*-X out of warp. It then continued on, at impulse toward a derelict asteroid field.

"Mr. Red, pursue course. We must repair whatever damage they've done," Seifer ordered.

Ensign Dan turned around from Science. "Why? We're literally outside our jurisdiction here."

"You're relieved!" Seifer countered. "Now, Lieutenant Commander Armond. You take over here while Kugo and I transport over."

Armond got up, excited. "Yes, Commander!"

"It's Captain. I should be called Captain," Seifer corrected.

The Tactical officer scratched his head, confused. "Capppp.... tehhh? What? Is that a kind of burrito?"

"You know what ranks are! From now on, no more Oxygen Deprivation Competitions in the Cargo bay."

Minutes later, Seifer and Kugo transported over to the Fabrini asteroid, only to find themselves inside the simulated environment of a barren and rocky planetary surface.

"Welcome, welcome to *Yonada*!" came a voice from behind; the pale man that hailed them earlier. "Hello. My name is Yelg. I'm the big man in charge around here."

Confused, Seifer looked at him. "You're not angry we beamed over, thus furthering our nosey-ness?"

"Oh, what's done is done. A man can no more avoid the rain, when he doesn't have the correct access codes to the rain's weather modification network."

Kugo nodded. "An apt analogy."

"What is the point of this simulation? Aren't you afraid of using up all your power?? You need to take some conservation tips from Chakotay's recently released Biography-slash-Survival Tips book: The Voyager Home: Being Nothing More Than Native American To Everyone."

Yelg clasped his hands together. "I've read it. It goes fine until the awkward Seven of Nine chapters. —No, you see, this simulation is run off our advanced power generators, enough to run for eight lifetimes, and kept going as a reminder of what we were before— Mindless automatons, worshiping some computer thing."

"You should be more like us and worship organizations. But, continue," Seifer said.

An elevator pod popped out of the ground, and Yelg began for it. "Allow me to show you around. Do you like 3D chess? We have that here, but have do not have all the pieces. We need help finding the pieces."

Exiting the elevator, the three stepped into an open market-like place, where people were shopping, socializing, and eating at shops.

"Ah. I forgot my latinum card," Seifer started feeling around his uniform, forgetting that they did not have pockets.

Kugo looked on in shock. "By the made up gods of Vulcan! You still have people living here? And they like it??"

"What I've developed is a world of perfection. The years after we colonized led to divisions of religion and science, in our culture, driving a knife of separation between our peoples— It was the dissolution that plagued us," Yelg explained. "But here, we live anew. This is a paradise!"

They stop in front of a franchised coffee shop, named Paradise.

"There are five on this floor alone," Yelg said. "Here, have a jumja stack— It's a stack of jumja sticks, stacked together."

Seifer took the stack and tasted it. "Very anti-Bajoran, but still good— Not validating-good, mind you."

"And here is a school for orphaned children." They approached a section with friendly décor. "These are children we come across, in our travels throughout the galaxy. We've got Caitian kids to Kzinti kids, all who are being returned to their worlds, no fuss, no muss."

One of the Caitians ran up to Seifer and purred at his legs. "I wuv you, Mr. Captain."

"Huh! Did you hear what he called me, Kugo?? Can we keep him?" Seifer turned to her.

Kugo looked at him, plainly. "You hate children, remember?"

"Oh yeah," Seifer relaxed. "That Picard-strict thing. Well, still, good job with the kids, Yelg."

He then led them in to another room, where tubes of green liquid lead out of vats and in to 24th century buckets.

"And here is where we manufacture green drink: The most alcoholic beverage in the galaxy; approved by eighteen Scotsmen!"

At this, Seifer's jaw dropped. "Yelg. You're a genius! You're single handedly saving the Alpha Quadrant! How can we repay you?? Anything. Name it."

"You can put your hands up!" Yelg's tone changed to something more threatening and four Fabrini security officers stepped out from the shadows, aiming rifles at them. "You think you can get away with meddling with us? You don't even know what you've gotten yourself in to!"

Caught completely off guard, now raising his arms, Seifer looked at Yelg. "But— those kids?"

"Slave labor, and an export for hairballs. Those jumja stacks? Highly addictive. It's the highest ordered product by Cardassian refugees."

Losing track, Seifer asked, "Got any more?"

"Commander!" Kugo turned to him. "Besides your sudden failings, I've deduced who Yelg really is, using my memory of known Yelgs. In fact, Yelg was a Captain in Starfleet not too long ago."

Snapping, Yelg cursed. "Damn! I was hoping you weren't going to figure that out."

"Wait. What???" Seifer spat.

Yelg crossed his arms. "That was a long time ago, Seifer. I was in ship reconstruction. In fact, when I left, my working partner left with me. You might recall his species: Traveler."

"Oh, is this my queue?" Wayfar, a Traveler, from Tau Ceti, stepped out in to the open. "You know, I like to pride myself on my timing— Unfortunately, I stepped out and made that claim three times before you guys entered here."

Meanwhile, the *Phoenix*-X attempted a high-intensity scan of the asteroid *Yonada*, but to no avail.

"Well, is anyone up for lunch? I'm thinking burritos. I don't know why," Armond offered, giving up.

The ship suddenly shook and Kayl checked its status. "Armond, they've locked a tractor beam on us. It's highly pressurized."

"Attempting to break free," Red reported, tapping at the helm. "Attempt failing. Attempting to suggest gagh for lunch?"

Armond snapped. "Denied! Unless— gagh burritos?"

"Now that we're stuck in tow, any speculations on what the warp capable asteroid wielding Fabrini want to do with several stolen warp cores?" Kayl changed the subject.

At that, several smaller asteroids began moving out from the asteroid field, seemingly all on their own, using impulse power. "Those?" Armond postulated. "Those," he settled.

TO BE CONCLUDED

For the World is Worldly and Such, Part III

Star Trek: Phoenix-X
"For the World is Worldly and Such, Part III"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix*-X was being dragged via tractor beam by the giant Fabrini asteroid *Yonada*. Meanwhile, a seemingly unending source of smaller, self-moving asteroids emerged out of the asteroid field and started moving toward them.

"Sir! It looks like *Yonada* is transporting miniature warp cores into sections of those asteroids!" reported Kayl, who took temporary station at tactical.

Armond, sitting in the Captain's chair took notice. "They are? Aw, that's so cute."

"Now they are mysteriously uploading programs into each of them!" Red surveilled from the helm.

Armond nodded. "I stand by my cute observation, despite its rashness."

"The programs appear to be setting courses to many innocent worlds!" Doctor Lox said, as he just happened to be standing near a console.

Armond looked over at him. "Since when are you on the Bridge?"

"Probably better I'm here," Lox explained. "I spliced a live Kolar beast and a Dalvin hissing beetle together this morning and it's loose in Sickbay spraying it, not saying it."

Meanwhile, inside a green drink manufacturing room aboard *Yonada*, Commander Seifer and Kugo were being confronted by the Fabrini fanatic, Yelg, and his Tau Alpha C partner, Wayfar.

"I assisted Yelg in all the Federation starship reconstruction projects, from the *Dropzone*, to the *Hijinx*, to the *Jenova*, to the *Crucial* and *Rune*," Wayfar said, dreamily. "It was pure technological magic; from space-time altering repair crews to late night 3D chess matches. I'm relatively new at this Traveler thing and I wanted to work on both my tech abilities and my game. Helping Yelg was just an odd, un-asked-for by-product."

Yelg snapped. "Hey! I did a lot of the work too! Who do you think made the coffees in the morning? I did that."

"Wait. I thought those ships were just re-launched in new classes after they were destroyed in classic starship battles, last year?" Seifer questioned. "Oh, the starship battles we have, regularly."

Yelg pointed at him. "In fact, those ships were not destroyed, but, rather, close to destruction, and salvageable. We took those hulks from whatever odd class starship they were, before the battles, and transformed them into completely different, pre-existing classes—The *Dropzone* became a *Defiant*-class, the *Hijinx*, an *Akira*-class, the *Jenova*, a *Centaur*-class, the *Crucial*, an *Intrepid*-class and the *Rune*, a highly voted-for *Luna*-class. We were so good that when Starfleet found the *Ixion* adrift, after some alien hijacking years before, perfectly intact, we transformed it into a *Saber*-class!"

"You monster! What a completely unnecessary series of refits which make no sense what-so-ever!" Seifer reacted.

The Fabrini rubbed his hands, delightfully. "Yes, it was the perfect way for me to develop my Engineering techniques. Now, I am using those abilities to turn more asteroids, like *Yonada*, into unsuspecting mini-ships!"

"Well, that's actually cute," Seifer corrected. "I can't see any issues with that."

Yelg pointed upwards. "I will use each asteroid's data storage module to maintain copies of the recently resurrected True Oracle, and force-transmit his wisdom, and our control device, directly into brains of the occupants of all worlds!"

"What? I thought you were finished talking?" Seifer asked, confused. "Dammit, Yelg. What does your partner have to say about this?"

Wayfar was taken aback. "I was under the impression I was doing data recovery for your Klingon Opera collection? You're saying I brought back your Oracle??"

"It's both." Yelg turned to the Traveler. "They were both in there."

Wayfar snapped. "Forget it, Yelg! I continued helping you because I thought you were good, but I see now that you are forcing your computer-God onto others. Like some kind of popular search engine."

"From my perspective, that's good?" Yelg questioned.

Wayfar fumbled. "Yeah, but— Ugh. I don't know. Do I look like a philosophical Traveler? Those guys never mate!" He then took out a smoke bomb and threw it to his own feet, disappearing into space and time in a puff of smoke.

Outside the giant asteroid *Yonada*, the tractored *Phoenix*-X began firing phasers and destroying the other small asteroids as they approached.

"There's too many! I can't keep up!" Kayl reported.

Armond looked at the explosions on the view screen. "I said spin the ship around. Spin!"

"Seifer to Phoenix-X," came the Commander's voice over communications. *"We have to destroy all the mini-asteroids before they can force-spread their True Oracle god to the galaxy."*

Armond nodded in agreement with each of the other crewmembers. "It's just a little difficult because there are so many."

"Did you do the spinny-thing?"

Armond breathed a sigh of disappointment. "We tried, but the tractor beam's still got us. It's Fabrini-powered, so it's not like those cheap Cardassian tractor beams."

"I'll disable it. In the meantime, we'll use Starfleet ship technology to take down Yelg's asteroid fleet; oh, the irony," Seifer said with a chuckle to himself. *"Ironic that I'd be serving irony, isn't it?"*

Armond squinted, confused. "It is if you're misusing that word."

When the tractor beam was disabled, the *Prometheus*-class *Phoenix*-X split into its multi-vector mode; the ship separated into three and began taking out more and more oncoming asteroids.

Meanwhile, in the green drink manufacturing room, aboard the *Yonada*, Seifer and Kugo held Yelg in custody.

"You Federation fools!" Yelg announced, quite annoyed, but then calmed down. "Well, it's a good thing I've streamlined our Instrument of Obedience installation techniques so that anyone I choose can be instantly implanted with one."

Seifer turned to him. "What in the name of Scotty's-Head-Smacking do you mean?"

To answer, Yelg took out a Fabrini padd and tapped it, quickly. "I can simul-replicate and transport Obedience devices into people's brains! Each asteroid is equipped with such transporters. Hey, are you listening to me? I better not be wasting my breath here. Fabrini don't like extra talking."

Seifer and Kugo were suddenly stricken with extreme mental pain, causing both to fall to their knees in struggle.

On screen, the *Phoenix*-X's three separated sections began to visibly fly around, worse, due to the crew's similarly mental and control-incapacitation.

"UGGHH!! If only I— hadn't been— distracted with— breaking locks—" the Vulcan grasped her head in agony, recalling how she equivalently forced the crew to look for Engineering parts.

Seifer clutched his head, but managed, "—We all— go through— a slump— Can anything here be— Jerry-rigged into a— synaptic trans—mitter—?"

"—Yes," Kugo concluded after looking around and locking onto an open compartment. "—There's a method where— I can— simulate— a neurogenic pulse—"

Yelg gaped his jaw in shock. "Impossible?? Those are the controls for my indoor bouncy castles??" He reached his arm out as Kugo slowly dragged herself over to the section. She accessed it and began working on the circuitry inside.

"What the Hell, man? Don't you think you should stop her??" the voice of the Oracle broke in, all around, as the final stage of his consciousness just came online.

But, Yelg, too focused on the possibility of his genius being thwartable, began to grasp his sweaty face and head in Matt Decker-shock as the Starfleet officer reverse engineered the effect of the Instrument of Obedience device. "Nnnnnnoooooooooeeeew—!!!" Yelg observed in terror as Kugo, Seifer, and, remotely, the crew of the *Phoenix*-X, stopped receiving pain, and regained self-control.

"Dammit, Yelg! You bring me back for this? You know you can move, right?? I didn't even get a chance to check my messages. I'll get you for your horribly abrupt inaction! And your little Caitians too!" the voice of Oracle threatened just seconds before Seifer deactivated his program.

Later, the *Yonada* was redirected back into orbit of Daran IV. With all the asteroids destroyed, the three sections of the *Phoenix*-X reassembled and Armond beamed Seifer and Kugo onto the Bridge.

"The Fabrini will charge Yelg for his crimes of believing in a religion and wanting to spread it," Seifer reported.

Red looked at him funny. "That sentence seems wrong? Something is wrong with your universal translator?"

"Ship damage, probably," Armond explained. "Anyway, the lesson here is, there is no shortcut to being a successful authoritarian. Though, it is possible and very rewarding, mind you."

Seifer turned to him. "Also, shooting asteroids is not as easy as one would expect; but living in them is completely reasonable."

"So, what are you going to do with your life now, Kugo?" Kayl asked, noticing she hadn't spoken to her all year.

The Vulcan snapped her fingers. "Thanks to Yelg, I'm going to Engineer everything I need ever— as is the way of Starfleet officers, anyhow. We can turn rocks into replicators, you know."

"Here are the asteroid samples you asked for," Ensign Belm said, entering the Bridge with several useless rocks.

Kugo took them to use in her repairs. "Ah, the new primary warp coils! These'll do juuuust fine."

THE END