

Captain's Log

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by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"Damn, I just pulled a Sisko. Computer, erase that entire log." - In the early 25th century, several Captains, including Oroku Seifer, Yuffie Samya and others describe their lives, through log entries, relating to intergalactic and political events.

Notes

Author's notes: This was a small series of short posts, started in September 2015, as part of a Star Trek Online Forums thread that invited players to post their Captain's logs.

Captain's Log, Part I

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Seifer, U.S.S. *Phoenix-X*; *Prometheus*-class

Captain's log, Stardate 87421.34. My crew did exemplary work during the Iconian War, keeping the ship together and maintaining a high enthusiasm, despite the horrifying circumstances. Some say there was no Iconian War and it was just a story that got imprinted into our memories by some telepathic race. Perhaps that is something best left to philosophers and maybe a few Vulcans. All I know, is that the middle section of my ship is missing a flat part and there are two holes in the back of the saucer section. As soon as we get that fixed, and remove all the interstellar dust from its crevices, we'll be on our way. It's been a tough war, not just because of all the solar rays we endured, but because I couldn't call in sick to it, like I planned. Admiral Quinn was not having it. Probably because I call in sick every time there's a Borg Alert. Damn my lack of imagination for excuses. Oh! I know. Next thing we do, I'll say my grandmother's deftly ill. Brilliant. —Damn, I just pulled a Sisko. Computer, erase that entire log.

<Unable to comply. Data erasure offline>

Oh, fine. Just keep it.

<Sending to Spacedock. Attention: Admiral Quinn>

Dammit, Computer! You had one job!

Captain's Log, Part II

Captain's Log, Part II

Samya, U.S.S. *Dropzone*; *Defiant*-class

Captain's log, Stardate 87421.41. I just received the weirdest communiqué from Seifer. Something about his grandparent, or perhaps he was his own grandfather? I just skimmed it and drew my own conclusions. Personally, I'm for the idea we all purposely terminate our lives by age 32, but who am I to argue with results? Getting that message actually reminds me of the Iconian War, where he and I served under the banner of Task Force Epsilon, a small fleet of starships between "episodes" which was sent to track down a covert group of Iconian ships. It took the Dropzone befriending one Herald, a Thrall, found aboard a derelict Baltim raider, and forming a bond of trust with him to find this group, when in reality he was leading us into a trap. I'll never forget the multiplied look of shocks in those Thrall's many eyes when he realized my task force had just dropped out of warp to back me up. It was a glorious battle of murdering and killing and such. Speaking of my blood thirst, as a Human woman, the ship's counselor, Toji, has me checking in with him every half an hour to recite the Starfleet Oath. Like that even applies in the 25th century? Hah! And what did I mean by "episodes?" Anyway, I'm off to tally my body count. It was nice of Kagran to poll them for me.

Captain's Log, Part III

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Iviok, U.S.S. *Jenova*; Centaur-class

Captain's Log, Stardate 87421.43. Well, my ship did not fare too well. I could have sworn we exploded several times and were brought back into existence by Q, but I have no way to prove this. What? You think I was talking about the Iconian War? No, this was just a run-in with a Deferi Tuffli-class freighter the other day. We're not even at war with them! They were trying to take our transports of provisions! Guh. This Tier 1 ship is just not cutting it. How'd I even get through the Iconian War? Perhaps that is a story for another time. Right now, I need to repair my ship's warp core. The entire crew takes hourly shifts. I don't think I've ever seen my warp core in a complete state of health, ever, and if I did, I'm not sure I'd like it.

Captain's Log, Part IV

Captain's Log, Part IV

Seifer, USS Phoenix-X; Prometheus-class

Captain's log, Stardate 87421.5. I've relieved my entire crew of duty and am the lone officer aboard the Bridge of the Phoenix-X, as it seems some kind of sickness has taken all of us. I believe it to be related to the undead-like virus we encountered from Calibus VII. Doctor Lox is fighting it too and has been working diligently for hours, though he might just be trying to eat off his own arm, as last I saw him. I've discovered an unidentified ship on long-range sensors and have been trying to get through their communications firewalls for help, but it seems the firewalls only respond to jokes about humanoid excrement. All levels of intelligence have started to diminish within me and now I'm dumber than ever. But poop, though. Am I right? Feces! Ha! I just can't get enough! Whatever I've become, it's only a matter of time before the Caitians seek me out as food. Wait. I do recognize this firewall configuration. It's Pakled in origin. They're behind all this guano? They're the demons of dung and night soil? It can't be?? My basic level of intelligence has all been a lie? Further study is needed.

Captain's Log, Part V

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Menchez, IKS B'Cnah; Vor'cha-class

B'Cnah Combat log, 185th day in the year of Kahless 1036. We laid accidental seige to the Spacedock, more commonly known as the Super Star Mushroom Base. How it refuses to orbit the Earth, I will never understand. Upon arrival, we saw a land flourishing of Starfleet kind. They were... happy, as if frolicking in some sick Federation-gee. I do not get it. Are they just euphoric for merely existing? The sight did make my mighty Klingon stomach turn. In fact, I regurgitated my targ breakfast in several of their Federation fountains before I could join the other Klingon Captains in their attempt to de-Quinn-enize the Human grief that is their essence. All in all, it was an interesting visit. I would never want to live there. To go through a day without a ten minute live gagh bath is to accept a fate worse than Gre'thor.

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