

Apparitions

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Apparitions

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"I love the smell of targ in the morning." - Unofficial Literary Challenge 26: In the early 25th century, Captain Sigon of the I.K.S. Baetal begins to realize he is seeing strange hallucinations aboard his ship.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in August 2016, as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #26. This started my entries for my KDF faction crews to eventually team up, like previously with my Federation crews. Ship classes are from the game and Captain Sigon was last seen in ULC 19 The Officer Exchange, where his preceding ship was taken down by a pan-dimensional tribble invasion.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #26: Prompt #1: Your captain, or one of your officers, is starting to see things. What it is that they see could vary-- it could be a long-dead crewmate, walking around and talking as though still alive. It could be strange, alien figures crossing the halls. It could be ghastly apparitions, crawling between doorways. As much as your captain insists at the existence of these apparitions, no one else can see them. Already, many of your captain's officers are starting to whisper to one another that their commander may be mentally ill. Write about what happens to your captain-- is his/her mind actually playing tricks on them, or are the apparitions real?

Unofficial Literary Challenge #26

"Apparitions"

The *Kurak*-class I.K.S. *Baetal* trekked, instinctively, through space in the utmost of Klingon ways. Captain Sigon sat at the Bridge of his vessel, unsure and disoriented about his ship in general.

"I still cannot sit properly with the awkward angle of this chair, not to mention the lack of cup holder. And why is it so drafty in here?" Sigon asked, suddenly paranoid.

Poroka, the Chief Engineer spoke up. "Sir, the targ cages are currently being aired out."

"Well, no wonder! At least the scent is good," Sigon realized. "Ah, do I love the smell of targ in the morning. Anyway, our first mission aboard our new vessel is to acclimatize to it, and I can think of no better way to do that than to celebrate with profuse drinking!"

The view screen displayed Captain McCary on the Bridge of his own ship, the U.S.S. *Tsunami*, several light-years away. "Are you going to acknowledge me on your main viewer or what? My crew is starting to question my ability to express authority."

"Captain! So, to conclude the conversation before I drifted off there, we shall see you aboard the *Baetal* to celebrate our new vessel!"

McCary rolled his eyes. "Dammit, Sigon. You are constantly partying! Don't you have enemies you're supposed to kill or something?"

"Perhaps. But, according to Klingon Rule of Drinksquisition 34: Never dishonor a barrel of bloodwine, especially if it's been sitting in your cargo hold for more than a week."

The Starfleet Captain snapped at him. "*That's not a thing you guys do! Anyway, see you in a few hours. Tsunami out.*"

"What was that?" The sound of the viewer going off acquiesced with the movement of something small on the Bridge. Sigon turned, having sworn he saw something fly passed him.

Lieutenant Tenogh, the Operations officer, looked up from his console. "Sir? Perhaps your mighty Klingon eyes are seeing things. The Doctor said the effects of our last mission, that of which was the infestation of our previous vessel, by talking-and-humanoid-infecting-Tribble, would remain within us for quite sometime."

"I'm telling you I saw something more than your claimed 'things' and 'remainings'," Sigon said, taking out his tricorder and scanning. "Adding to that, I refuse to lose another ship to those horrible fur-spreading creatures!"

Bekk Tars swallowed, nerved, recalling their last encounter. "That festering breed of Tribble infused us with their venom, turning us into them. We thought we had reversed it and the damage to our ship, but we were deadly wrong on both accounts. If McCary hadn't found the solution to the genetic invasion, we would all still be giant fur-monsters right now."

"His solution was to go through with our resulting pregnancies! And, as we agreed, we were never to speak of that part of it again!" reminded Sigon.

Bekk Tars nodded. "Yes, Captain. I will give myself 30 lashes, as per Empire protocol."

"It is tough, but it is the law. Anyway, I detect nothing here. Perhaps that little fluff-ball has evacuated to the corridors. You have the Bridge."

Entering into the corridors of the *Baetal*, Sigon started to feel even more paranoid than before. He passed a crossing corridor and, his vision beheld the motion of something flying by.

"Die, tribble scum!!" Sigon took out his disruptor, turned the corner and fired.

But at the turn, instead of a tribble, was Lieutenant Commander Gozer, a Gorn and the *Baetal's* tactical officer. Gozer swiftly dodged the disruptor pulse. "SSssTarg hunting again, Captain?"

"Huh!? Oh, my apologies, Gozer," Sigon said as he realized what he had done. "You were almost Gorn with the Wind." Putting his disruptor away, Sigon added, "By the way, did you see a Tribble come in this direction? It was what I was attempting to yell and fire at, simultaneously."

Gozer shook his reptilian head. "SsssssnNo. In fact, it is my asssssertion that there are no tribble onboard the *Baetal* at all anymore. We did, in fact, jettisson our tribble sssspawns out into sssspace, once we returned to normal."

"But what if one or more came back? We know that specific breed was spaceborne, and could navigate the stars freely," Sigon countered. "You will assist me in The Great Tribble Hunt!"

The Gorn crossed his arms. "I can not further your delusssionsss, Captain. Besssidesss, that title wasss already taken by your people centuriesss ago."

"Do not correct me in my time of distress! You swore a supplementary oath to that," Sigon demanded. Then, "The Search for Tribble? The Wrath of Purr? Any of those doing it for you?"

Gozer rolled his eyes and took out his own disruptor. "That issss sssufficient."

As they turned another corner, Sigon beheld the most horrible sight to be seen. The end of the corridor was filled with visions of tribble, crawling and vibrating all over each other!

"AUUGGGH! Their delightful rehash is so horrifyingly disgusting!?!?" Sigon took out his mek'leth and began hacking at all the creatures, incessantly. "Why would anyone partake in more adventures with you annoyances???"

Gozer attempted to hold the delirious Klingon back, but was incoherently pushed aside to facilitate the murderous rampage. "Captain Ssssssigon, no! Thosssse are our targ ssssupply!"

Entering the Bridge, Gozer helped a blood-covered Sigon to his seat.

"Well," Sigon muttered. "It appears I have unintentionally depleted our entire targ count. On the bright side, we will have triple the celebratory feast for the next few days! Qapla!"

Bekk Tars approached him. "Sir, your behavior has been unacceptable as of late, and I am here to challenge you for command."

"Not now, Bekk Tars," Sigon got up, annoyed, and pushed the other Klingon to the floor. "The truth of the matter is, my Tribble pregnancy had a miscarriage. It is possible the incompleteness resulted in a deficient rescinding of their venom within me, causing me residual

hallucinations."

Gozer spoke up. "It is more honorable to admit the truth of the loss of one's spawn. Pre-birth contentions effects one in every four Klingons, and we should all have courage enough to start a dialogue. Captain Ssigon, would you like to see my scans, confirming there are no Tribbles anywhere on the ship nor in the system?"

"Yes, Gozer, that would be a great help," Sigon admitted, walking over to the tactical station. "And thank you for those inspirational words."

Suddenly, a nearing object on sensors caught Sigon's attention and sent him into panic mode.

"It's the Mother Tribble!?! Kill her! Kill her with fire!!!"

Blasting disruptor and torpedoes out into space, the *Baetal* unloaded nearly its own weight in firepower onto the unsuspecting U.S.S. *Tsunami*. In no time flat, escape pods began ejecting out into space, leaving the *Steamrunner*-class Federation starship in near-complete ruin.

"What the hell, man!?!?" came the hail from Captain McCary from his escape pod. "All my stuff was in there??"

As soon as Sigon realized what he had done, it was too late. "Ohhhh, warrior. By the rock opera voice of Kahless, I thought you were the Mother Tribble??"

"Clearly, I am not!"

Sigon moved around to approach the view screen. "By the Children of Grethor, I do apologize for my actions. They were not of conscious mind. You know the weird stuff that goes on in space. This time it was I, a male Klingon, who was reacting to my own miscarriage."

"Ugggh! And I got this ship in a starter pack from a third party dealer."

The Klingon Captain made a mental note not to shoot at Federation vessels anymore. It also appeared that everyone on the Bridge, including McCary, were now perceived by him as giant Tribbles.

"Well, anyway, who's up for that celebration? Blood wine for everyone!"

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