

How the Mighty Have Fallen

Posted originally on the [Ad Astra :: Star Trek Fanfiction Archive](http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/565) at <http://www.adastrafanfic.com/works/565>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Star Trek: Phoenix-X
Character:	Sigon
Additional Tags:	Nudity
Language:	English
Series:	Part 32 of STO Phoenix Compendium
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-27 Words: 672 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

"It's your backward mortal society that demands everyone be dressed all the time." - Unofficial Literary Challenge 27: In the early 25th century, Captain Sigon of the I.K.S. Baetal is confronted by the absurdity of the being known as Qu.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in September 2016, as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #27. Qu was last seen in ULC 14.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #27: Prompt #1: While investigating strange extra-dimensional anomalies, you are surprised when a bright flash of light washes over the ship. Everyone is blinded momentarily. For a second, all seems normal. Then hundreds of nude bodies appear all over the ship falling from nowhere. One body in particular appears on the bridge...Q! It seems that something or someone has ousted the entire Continuum from their realm and into ours. Who could do such a thing? And how do you plan on helping the Q regain their realm? And for God's sake, could someone get these people some pants?!

Unofficial Literary Challenge #27

"How the Mighty Have Fallen"

The *Kurak*-class I.K.S. *Baetal* sat out in deep space, plotting its next big celebration. Captain Sigon paced the Bridge, trying to narrow down his list of venue choices on a PADD.

"Did we ever conquer the Cardassian homeworld? I seem to remember it being taken in a Klingon attack?" Sigon asked.

Gozer replied, "No, that wasssss a Dominion War battle, which we shared with the Federation."

"Ah. It's probably full of bubbly Federation babies of the chubby variety and whatnot. Definitely not party material," concluded Sigon. "Scary, though."

Lieutenant Tenogh looked up from his operations console. "Captain, I am detecting a surge of lens flares coming from within the ship!?"

"Quickly, Tenogh, lock out the main computer!" Sigon snapped.

Tenogh looked at him quizzically. "Is that a human British accent, sir?"

But before Sigon could reply, the entire Bridge flashed with naked Q bodies everywhere. One of them stood up and brushed himself off. "Sorry," he said. "The Continuum just sneezed us out."

"It's a Q??" reacted the Captain. "I have always vowed to catch one of you, steal your latinum and make you grant me three wishes."

The naked man held up his hand. "Uh, the name is Qu. It sounds the same but is spelled differently. Also, that myth is only true during Earth's St. Patrick's Day for some reason."

"Why were you depossessed on the *Baetal* considering the U.S.S. *Ragnarok* is in the next sector?" the Gorn tactical officer asked.

Qu rolled his eyes. "We were aiming for them, but it's not exactly easy when omnipotent mucus is in your eye. Anyway, several groups of Q have been plopped onto various ships this passed month. It seems some hyper-Q called Admiral Nat is bloating over-poweredness until nothing makes sense anymore."

"Have you tried a Civil War motif?" Sigon asked.

Qu spun around, flailing his nudity. "That was the first thing we tried! Alas, the only thing left to do is wait for the resulting omni-snort, which will bring us back in."

"Ugh!" Sigon recoiled at the nakedness. "At least you people could materialize with some clothes?? Even Picard's people maintained properly adjusted attire after their 'youthening' from a molecular reversion field."

The omnipotent being snapped at him. "Hey! We trot around all eternity like this, in our realm, completely comfortable with who we are. It's your backward mortal society that demands everyone be dressed all the time. And what is up with your uniform having no discernible updates? Even Starfleet got the Odyssey uniform which no one follows?"

"We do, as a people, place over-bearing social exspectationssss on everyone for various things," Gozer admitted.

Sigon nodded. "Even the Empire's rules are hard-demanding compared to other cultures. Perhaps we can learn something from the Betazoids, and their naked weddings."

"Well, I'm glad we the Continuum could help open your eyes," Qu said as he and the rest began to feel the rising pull of the universe on their backs. "Looks like our realm's respire is immanent! You might want to scrub the extra-dimensional mucus off your hull before it hardens! Qu out!"

And, with that, all the Q flashed away in an odd form of love and togetherness, back to the Q Continuum where they came from.

Sigon began taking off his uniform. "New rules for the ship! We must all be clotheless during duty!"

"Captain, wait," Gozer interrupted, placing a hand to stop his commanding officer. "The Cardassssians employ nudity in their interrogation proceduresss, and they may misconstrue our dominance if we ever encountered them."

The Captain stopped. "Oh, right. Well, what's that planet with all the weirdly dressed, half naked people? Rubicun III, right? The Edo? Let's go there!"

"Yes, Captain," Gozer conceded. He would have to work out before their arrival. Suddenly, all the crew on the Bridge eyed each other, untrustingly, in immediate competition for gym time. *It begins*, the Gorn realized.

The *Baetal* then turned in space and jumped to warp.

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