

Beware False Prophets

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Beware False Prophets

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"It is the right amount of coiffure!" - Unofficial Literary Challenge 37: In the early 25th century, Captain Kronen of the I.K.S. *Dragunov* encounters his mirror self, who has become the emissary for the Prophets of the mirror universe.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in July 2017 as part of the Star Trek Online forums Unofficial Literary Challenge #36. It's the second story with my new KDF Captain who is a Ferasan (a species based on the Kzinti). Kurland used to be an STO meme.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #37: Prompt #1: The Bajoran wormhole has been displaying strange fluctuations of late. Your ship has been dispatched to DS9 to investigate. When you arrive, Captain Kurland informs you that a Mirror Vessel has recently come through the wormhole. The pilot of the vessel claims to be the Harbinger of the Great Destroyers of the Wormhole. Kurland explains that these Destroyers are actually the Mirror counterparts of the Wormhole Prophets and scans reveal that the Mirror Wormhole has been altered to lead into the Prime Universe. To make matters worse, it seems that the Destroyers are attempting to free themselves from the Wormhole into the Prime Universe. The only person who can help you end this threat is the Harbinger. Write a log detailing the interrogation of the Harbinger or how you managed to stop the Destroyers and end the Mirror threat.

Unofficial Literary Challenge #37

"Beware False Prophets"

The *Birok*-class I.K.S. *Dragunov* approached Deep Space 9 where Captain Kronen, a Klingon Defense Force officer and Ferasan, sat at his command chair. The screen clicked on to an external view.

"This is the *Dragunov* to that pathetic bicycle wheel with six-curved spikes-for-some-reason in space," opened Kronen. "We've responded to your distress signal and are heavily reluctant, as one would expect from our kind."

A static transmission broke through. "*Kurland here. This is Kurland.*"

"Hmm. We're detecting a distortion from your communications systems being caused by the wormhole. Please repeat?"

The Captain on the other end tried again. "*It's Kurland. Here is Kurland. Kurland here. Kurland here. Kurland here.*"

"Yeah, we're just going to check it out. No need to keep trying to exist," Kronen suggested before cutting the channel. "I'm not even sure if that was true about the wormhole. I just didn't want to interact with that guy."

Standing next to Kronen, Commander Red, a Klingon, monitored the ship's progress. "Nearing the wormhole now, Captain. It's fluctuating and it appears a Mirror Universe vessel is coming through!"

"*This is the A.K.S. Dragunov and I am Kronen, the Harbinger of the Great Destroyers! Hyyeeeeeeee!*" came the excited hail from another *Birok*-class heavy raptor as its Captain blinked on screen. "*Oh, I am just soooo happy to meet you.*"

The Prime Universe Kronen was taken aback. "Ugh! Well, as an open-minded individual, I do not have a problem with your auspicious nature,

but I must ask, what are the odds we would run into each other? Seems highly incidental?"

"Isn't that what life is all about, though? Events at random! Like how the Mirror Universe version of your Prophets, known here as the Great Destroyers, were able to have me divert our wormhole to your universe!"

Kronen looked confused for a second. "So, that means the Prime Gamma Quadrant is feeding into the Mirror Gamma Quadrant? That is abhorrently redundant."

"As I am the Emissary to them, also known as the Harbinger! Yeeeeee! I love it! Prepare for your universe to be destroyed! Hehe!"

Suddenly: The two Kronen's found themselves in a neutral plain of existence, resembling Operations on Deep Space 9.

Looking around, the Prime Kronen was then appalled by the Mirror Kronen.

"Bro!? Do you shave your arms? What the hell?" Prime Kronen asked, just noticing the devastation before him.

Mirror Kronen patted his muscular, hair-free biceps, out of his armless uniform. "How else could I show off these beauties? As a cat-like species, we Ferasans have far too much fur."

"It is the right amount of coiffure!" countered Prime Kronen.

Suddenly, a Prime Prophet approached from one side and a Mirror Prophet approached from another.

"The state of things is not to be the state of things," claimed the Prime Prophet.

The Mirror Prophet nodded. *"Indeed. As that statement pertains to us: We seek to be free of the Celestial Temple, referred to as the Elysian Gates of Astral Reaches, to a linear place of existence."*

"Seriously? Just keep the same names for things! You're trying way too hard," claimed the Prime Kronen. "Also, as a contender of my universe, I am obligated to protect it from you, for some reason. I don't know. I was mostly hoping to consume targ wraps for lunch today."

Mirror Kronen shrugged. "But why deny them? Who is to say having us here is bad for you or anyone in any way? And, of the countless entities and cross-dimensional beings in space, how are the Mirror Prophets any less or have any noticeable crowding to the vast, infinite realm of your Prime Universe?"

"The squeaky, hairless Kzinti— that is, Ferasan— is correct," the Prime Prophet said. *"He is truly an Emissary of revelatory nature, unlike our The Sisko who sat around for seven years before doing anything significant."*

To that, the Mirror Prophet squinted, suddenly realizing where he/she was. *"By the loathsome dirt-mongering, scatter-brained Bajorans we all know and hate! You have brought us to the wrong universe??"*

"Yes! By use of the newly retrieved Orb of Possibilities," claimed Mirror Kronen. "Don't you see? It's all sunshine and lollipops here! Their Picard isn't a blood-thirsty war dealer who drinks black coffee, and their Spock isn't a centuries-long sociopath who manipulates political power by sitting around raising one eyebrow at a time! Hehehehe!"

The Mirror Prophet grabbed Mirror Kronen by the throat. *"You are the most fail-bound Emissary of the many hundreds we have employed thus far. Linear realms such as this are much like your Klingon-grade rubber pants: The wrong ones do not fit and cause impenetrable discomfort!"*

Prime Kronen and the Prime Prophet watched in shock as the Mirror Prophet turned to address them.

"Please, accept our apologies for the intrusion," the Mirror Prophet continued. *"We will deal with our Kronen by putting him in charge of some filthy Bajorans. Ugh. We hate them so much with their constant losing and their insistence of relevance. Anyway, Mirror Prophets out!"*

When they disappeared, Prime Kronen and the Prime Prophet glanced at each other.

"Well, that was awkward. I guess not all space-time aliens are alike. A lesson only learned through these rare encounters," Prime Kronen observed. "So, is Sisko still around? Do you need a new Emissary or anything?"

The Prime Prophet bowed slightly and unconvincingly. *"Not at this time. But we'll call you if that changes."* And then, diverting for a quick cut-off: *"Such a thing probably won't ever change."*

Seconds later, Kronen found himself back on his Bridge, with the other ship disappearing.

"Sir, you went completely blank there for a while," explained Red. "We took the opportunity to discuss politics with each other while you were comatose. We all agree the Federation is colluding with the Romulans."

Kronen blinked to get his visual focus back. "You know that talk always triggers me! Anyway, it would seem certain attributes are required,

even for Mirror Emissaries. Perhaps I should try them next?"

"Agreed. Shall we report our findings to the pregnant Captain Kurland?"

The Ferasan jumped back in his seat in utter disgust. "NO! No, please no. We will just send them a text message, but only after we're gone and out of communications range. Both those Prophets took his form and I was puking internally the whole time. Set course and engage!"

"Aye, Captain," Red acknowledged, before taking out a PADD and using his thumbs to type on its screen. The *Dragunov* then turned in space and jumped to warp.

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