

Partial Recall

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Partial Recall

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Summary

"You are still what you are: An almost." - Trek BBS 1, August/September 2020 Challenge: In the late 24th century, Commander Seifer of the U.S.S. Phoenix-X is promoted to Captain, but in doing so causes a symbiont imbalance that causes him to seek out time travel.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written in August 2020 as part of the Trek BBS August/September 2020 Challenge. This takes place in the late 24th century and continues from "Devil's Leftovers" with Commander Night Seifer in command.

August/September 2020 Challenge: A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind In any given moment, we have two options: to step forward into growth or to step back into safety Just do the next right thing, take a step, step again, it is all that I can do Faith is taking the first step even when you don't see the whole staircase

August/September 2020 Challenge

One Step: Partial Recall

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* wrangled through space until coming to a complete stop. Commander Night Seifer entered the Bridge from his Ready Room to observe the spectacular view of a shimmering purple nebula suddenly being replaced by the monotonous hail from Starbase 55.

"*Finally! You're in range. For a ship with a working transwarp drive, you really are difficult to get a hold of,*" the hair-receding Admiral Cloud commented from the viewscreen.

The Trill and Starfleet officer took a seat in the command chair. "Yeah, after having gone through twenty-four *Phoenix*-named ships in a two-year testing phase, we're never using that thing again."

"*You choose life. I get it. Anyway, the reason I'm hailing is because I believe it is high time you were promoted to Captain,*" the Human affirmed. "*Yes, technically, at any rank, a ship corporate senior supervisor is what some call 'Captain', but at any Starfleet party, you are still what you are: An almost.*"

Seifer's eyes widened to near-Gowron levels. "That's what the time crystals on Boreth foresaw on my tombstone! But, Admiral, I was expecting a chewing-out for that Evora delegation we fed to an illogical sehlat?"

"*That specific delegation had murdered and was about to murder ten more orphanages, so you were morally justified,*" Cloud reaffirmed. "*My only concern is the chemical imbalance that your genetically modified evil symbiont may encroach, since it is obsessed with power and ego?*"

The Commander put his hand to his stomach and felt a subtle movement within. "Yes, several years back he was altered by Srivani scientists in some kind of Hyper-Genealogical Conversion Competition. The winner got dinosaur DNA for a full year."

"*Imagine all the T-Rex's one could generate!*"

The Trill nodded in agreement. "Like, at least 50. Anyway, my symbiont has been a very good boy of late. Didn't even burst out in horror when I knocked over that Kal-toh set in front of that group of Borg kids."

"I've seen Borg go rabid over Kal-toh. Anyway, if what you say is true, great! I dub thee the rank of Captain and all the Omega-related access powers therein," Cloud declared optimistically as he entered in the changes on his console.

Seifer's stomach suddenly started going haywire, bulging and morphing in pure, unrelenting symbiotic-power. "Ahh! Change me back! Change me back!"

"I'm trying! I'm trying!" Cloud scrambled as he frantically tried to reverse the order. *"It's saying it'll take six-to-eight weeks!"*

The newly appointed Captain then clutched his stomach in agony until his pupils turned into a fiery purple color and was taken over. He transported himself onto the runabout U.S.S. *Iroh* and sped off to the nearest star while entering calculations for time warp!

"Soooo, how's the ex-wife?" Lieutenant Commander Armond asked the Admiral. "Still paying alimony?"

But before he could answer in frustration of merely being spoken to by a lower rank officer, the *Sovereign*-class U.S.S. *Zephyra* dropped warp and approached the *Phoenix-X* until the viewscreen split two ways.

"Phoenix-X! We know exactly what happened," came the expeditious hail from Starfleet officer and Human, Captain Aeris. *"Fourteen years ago, your prematurely promoted 'Captain' appeared from the future and began committing a series of robberies throughout the Federation until I caught and jailed him."*

Cloud was taken aback. *"That son of a sehlut! Well, I guess it's always the Trill ones. You know what I mean."*

"Actually, it turns out he was faking terrible deeds to trick his symbiont into thinking he had turned bad but was really amassing cloning technology to create a Trill host that would offset the separated consciousness of the symbiont," Aeris clarified. *"The Night host died from the imbalance on Mars in 2385, five seconds before one of those crazy Synthys were about to stab him. Rumor has it that the lack of murder-satisfaction in that single moment set the rest of the Androids off in some kind of massive Synth attack against the Federation."*

Armond nodded. "That would drive anyone mad. From an OCD standpoint, I mean."

"Wait! Then what of his clone? Surely he was produced and went completely evil, a-la Shinzon or the entirety of the Dominion's Vorta and Jem'Hadar castes?" Cloud pursued.

Aeris shrugged, stepping aside. *"Take a look for yourself. In actuality, the Night clone served in Starfleet for years, rising in rank aboard the U.S.S. Atlantis and was reportedly nothing but pure delightfulness."*

"Hey, guys. What's up? I heard there was a hubbub on the Bridge, and wanted to bring everyone cookies to make their day better," offered the Trill clone in a Sciences uniform, holding a tray of baked goods. *"Also, I did all the Bridge crew paperwork for the next five missions."*

Cloud almost fell off his seat. *"He actually did it! An offset to reset all offsets!"*

"The only thing we're missing is the Seifer symbiont, which, unlike most symbionts, could survive on its own years longer, and was put on ice and set to ship around the Federation to the Klingon Empire in an unending decade-long shipping spree of shipping madness," Aeris added.

A bell chimed in Armond's head and he immediately started looking around the Bridge of the *Phoenix-X* until he pulled up a regular cardboard shipping box, covered in delivery stickers. "Of course! This has been sitting here for weeks!"

"Ugh!" the Night clone on the *Zephyra's* Bridge reacted in disgust as Armond pulled out the worm-like Seifer symbiont for all to see. *"What's going on here? Is that dinner?"*

Aeris transported him and herself over to the *Phoenix-X*, while Armond replicated a surgical bed onto the Bridge and called the Doctor up.

"In a sense," Aeris answered. "It is going in your stomach, but this one'll need zip-ties or some kind of chewing gum to hold it on." She directed him to lie down on the bed and then she turned to the Doctor. "So, Doc, to recap the situation—"

The older and grey-haired Human and Starfleet officer, Doctor Lox, held up his hand indicating his comprehension. "No need for a 'previously, on'. I see a biobed in the middle of the Bridge and I know exactly what to do."

"Uhh, I'm willing to support an unjoined symbiont and all, but can't we take a moment to process, as well as move to the privacy of Sickbay?" the Night clone queried before Lox engaged the resistance clamps around his wrists and ankles.

Lox immediately got to work. "No time! All surgeries are intense and without forethought of their consequences! Especially financial! Now, go! Go! Go! Go!"

"Ahh!" the clone pre-screamed as he began to undergo the medical procedure despite a fear of being thrust into things so fast. "AAAAHHHHHH!!!"

Cloud opened a bag of popcorn and ate slowly as he watched the events unfold, from his viewscreen. Soon after, the joining was a complete success, and the new Night Seifer sat up on the biobed in realization of everything.

"I remember it all," Seifer began. "We fought the Borg, so many times. More than even necessary. Like to the point their appearance became redundant and tiresome."

Armond nodded solemnly. "Yeah, we were trying a *Voyager* thing for a while there. Also, don't worry. Our Talaxian chefs are all dead now."

"*Seifer, is that you? Are you back?*" Cloud asked, hesitantly.

The Trill nodded. "I believe so. In addition to symbiont memories, I also have adopted this clone's experiences from the *Atlantis*." He paused. "I have a master's degree in Tea, Earl Grey-ology?"

"*Nothing wrong with that! For a second there, I thought I was going to have to promote someone on that crew,*" Cloud wiped a bead of sweat off his glistening forehead.

Ensign Dan rebutted, "Sir, we've been at the same rank for over 23 years!"

"*You dare contest me? You're relieved!*" the Admiral conflated.

Aeris similarly breathed a sigh of her own relief. "Well, I'm just glad to get you back to normal. Your new host went from being an almost to something closer to complete."

"It was very unlike clone-me," Seifer realized. "But I suppose there is a point in all our lives we have to make a leap. And, thanks to your help, I now believe I have about a 5% reduction in any thievery or homicidal tendencies."

Cloud postulated, "*That may in fact be enough of a curtail to withstand the previously attempted ego-distributable promotion. The fact you have a different Service Number than the other guy means we can now give this another go.*"

"Yes!"

Armond glanced at Seifer's uniform pips. "Wait. Aren't you at rank Lieutenant Commander?"

"*Oh, that's right. Good catch,*" Cloud noticed. "*A promotion to Commander it is! Congratulations! Now, off to continue your exciting, non-stop adrenaline-pumping mission of building the Federation's future Transwarp Infrastructure!*"

Seifer did a double-take. "Wait. What? That's the exact same rank I started with! How am I supposed to know if I'm really cured? It's like the universe is being run by some ironic koala."

"Hey, maybe it's better to *not* tempt fate. I can't imagine the guessing required for calculations of timewarp," Aeris suggested as she placed the new pips on Seifer's uniform collar. "Also, no need to replicate new desk name plates."

The new Commander sighed. "That's true. Thanks, everyone. But, for my crew, I still want you all to call me Captain, despite my lower rank."

"Suggestion captured. Your request will take six-to-eight weeks," Armond reported, entering in the data before noticing something else. "Oh, hey, we're also getting that shipment of Talaxian lungs today. Finally!"

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