

Double Void

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by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"Do the things!" - Trek BBS 3, March/April 2021 Challenge: In the late 24th century, the crew of the U.S.S. Phoenix-X find themselves in a Void inside another Void.

Notes

Author's notes: This was written as part of the Trek BBS March/April 2021 Challenge. This takes place in the late 24th century. Both void types are from two unrelated Star Trek: Voyager episodes.

March/April 2021 Challenge: In German we have a saying: Die Hoffnung stirbt zuletzt (hope is the last to die). Since we're currently living through tough times I feel we could all use some hope. So the theme of the challenge for March and April is "Hope". It should be set in the Trekverse but if inspiration strikes you for a story set in a different world you can submit it, too. As long or short as you want it.

March/April 2021 Challenge

Hope Dies Last: Double Void

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* trekked its way through a dark region of complete nothingness with no end in sight, forever and ever and ever and ever. Commander Seifer stood, ominously staring out the window of his Living Quarters as Lieutenant Commander Armond seeped his way in.

"Sir, we've been trapped here for five months. You picked a bad time to isolate yourself from the crew," the lower-ranked officer pleaded.

Seifer turned, partially illuminating himself. "Is there an actual good time for that? Besides, we transwarped to the Delta Quadrant to find Borg and tripped over a subspace eddy that encased us in this classic *Voyager* hellhole: If I want to replicate Janeway's self-deprecation for old times sakes, then I will."

"Makes sense. Speaking of infodumps, I just wanted to give you this report," Armond handed him a PADD. "The ship is infested with Fantome species."

The Commander looked at it. "But that's a by-product of The Void anomaly? I thought we were trapped in The Void *region*??"

"Can't it be both?" Armond shrugged, innocently. "Anyway, Armond out!"

Seifer made his way through the dimly lit corridors, finding messes of junk, depressed officers, and Fantome species all over. He entered the Bridge to find more of the same and his senior staff asleep at their stations.

"Hey! It's your old Commanding officer, Seifer and stuff," he declared, slowly waking them. "Look. I know being double-Voided has taken away all our hope, reminding us of our own follies. But there must be something left to motivate you?"

Kayl sat up. "Our eventual demise?"

"I'm looking forward to a possible Kobali revival," Ensign Dan announced, optimistically.

Seifer snapped. "You're relieved! No, we need actual hope. Perhaps a plan to get out of here."

"Wait a minute," Doctor Lox approached. "Did any of us even attempt to think of a way out of all this?"

Kugo blinked. "Now that you mention it. I believe we have all been so overwhelmed with the situation that we didn't even try. Like, some kind of situational paralysis."

"You're Starfleet!" reminded the exchange officer Red. "The first thing you do when trapped somewhere is to find a way out!"

Seifer rolled his eyes. "That's imprisonment, not natural anomaly things. In these, we're mandated to have life and death— padded with emotion— high-stakes drama with whatever species we encounter around said nature thing."

"Oh, we had that with the Malon when we accidentally re-opened a spatial vortex on our way into the outer tier level Void," Kayl explained. "Except their drama was of excess gratitude."

The Commander shook it all away. "Okay, forget that. How do we get out of this Void, and then the other Void, without entering or creating some kind of Triple Void?"

"Hmm," Kugo contemplated. "We either have to murder a frigate for a polaron modulator, or create our own, then warp through a funnel right into that spatial vortex."

Armond perked. "Don't forget we have to blow them all behind us to ride the shockwaves out! The perfect chaos for any climax."

"Wait! The Fantome species are saying something, musically!" Lox observed as several of them began tapping at PADDs, communicating with various delightful tones. Lox translated. "They say they're grateful for helping them to siphon the *Phoenix-X's* resources."

Seifer watched in amazement of their progress. "And they want to help *us* now?"

"No," Lox rooted, flatly. "They were just rubbing it in."

Everyone watched as all the Fantome's transported themselves out of there, having depleted the ship's replicator rations. A voice echoed on transmission, throughout the ship.

"Greetings, vessel. I am the all-consuming void of nothingness, swimming within another nothingness for dual emphasis," it bellowed. *"Just wanted to say hi, is all. Hiiii!"*

Seifer blinked. "If you're nothing, then how are you a thing? We even have trouble quantifying the vacuum-nothing that isn't space. Language limits us, to be honest."

"Not-things can be things too! You don't know me or what non-Universe I'm from!" it argued. *"Sorry. We're going to be in here a long time, so we should connect on how we're the inverse of people who win, together."*

The Commander stood his ground. "No! My ship may be a refit and I may be a clone, but that doesn't define who we are. We need to get out of you and decide that for ourselves," Seifer suggested to an agreeable crew.

"Oh, you think you're better than me?" the void argued. *"You can't deny failure forever!"*

Everyone then got to work, setting various things and knobs into motion for one long, exciting teamwork-based montage!

"Sir, there's a buildup of gravitons indicating a funnel is opening," Armond reported from Tactical.

Seifer took the centre of the Bridge. "It's like the void is a giant whale and those are the holes. I'm ready to prove that situational paralysis can be overcome despite Fantomes. Do the things!"

The *Phoenix-X* stretched into the funnel, then dropped out into normal, Theta radiation-filled starless space, seconds before doing it all over again through the new vortex, whilst exploding it behind them.

"Woooooo!" Seifer exclaimed as the *Phoenix-X* spun itself back into space, with stars suddenly starting to appear on screen. "There. I saw something. A star. Harry, what do you see?"

Harry Kim stepped forward. "I see a densely packed region with thousands of star systems. Looks pretty lively."

"Oh yeah. I forgot you were visiting," Seifer noticed. "Thanks, Harry. And, thanks everyone else for keeping completely silent during that entire work montage so we could overlay music. Taking action to get oneself out of a rut sometimes requires you to face yourself, or a sentient void. Also, we're out of food. Now, let's set a course for the Talaxians."

The *Phoenix-X* turned in space and jumped to transwarp in a musical crescendo as Seifer teared up with a swell of unwarranted emotion.

Hope!

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