

Oh No, She Didn't

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by [Gibraltar](#)

Summary

Some quick decisions can have far reaching consequences. **This is an entry for the 'One Reality Over' Writing Challenge (Week #11)

“It’s a distress call, Captain. It’s broadcast in the clear, wide band.”

The captain turned in her seat to face her operations officer, her curiosity piqued. “Origin?”

“Narendra III, sir. It’s a Klingon colony point-zero-three parsecs from us. They say they’re under attack by a Romulan squadron.”

“Romulans?” Captain Rachel Garrett mused aloud. “There’s a name I haven’t heard in a long while.” She stood, moving across to the Science station on the bridge’s upper level. “What have we got on that colony?”

“Established over forty years ago, Captain,” the Denobulan Science officer replied dutifully. “Population believed to be in the vicinity of seventy thousand. Class II orbital defense grid, but no known military garrison.”

“Any previous record of attacks on Klingon installations or colonies recently?”

“No, sir. The last known clash between the two empires was almost twenty years ago at Krafayis.”

Garrett looked over the officer’s shoulder, eyeing the sensor readings for herself. “Any Klingon vessel responding?”

“None within sensor range, Captain. There might be some moving under cloak, however.”

Garrett fell silent and returned to her seat, contemplating rushing to the colony’s defense. Relations between the Federation and the Klingon Empire had grown increasingly tense over the past decade, as the Empire emerged from under the shadow of the Praxis Disaster and slowly rebuilt its military capacity.

The *Enterprise* was a powerful ship, but one ship against an entire Romulan squadron would be tantamount to suicide. Then there was the possibility that the Klingons would see the presence of a Federation starship as provocative, regardless of whether they were coming to the aid of a Klingon outpost. Responding to the call would require Garrett to violate treaty boundaries without permission, an act which might spark renewed conflict with the Empire in and of itself.

She yearned to respond, the cumulative sum of her training and experiences as a Starfleet officer pulling at her to act. The pragmatist in her won the battle, but it was a close contest.

“Report this incident to Starfleet, Mister Gedron. Mister Castillo, maintain present course for Archer IV, we don’t want to miss our scheduled rendezvous with the *Argonaut*.”

“And the Klingon colony, sir?” her executive officer asked, his expression troubled.

“Not our problem, Commander,” she replied stolidly. “No good will come of our crossing that border, whatever the reason.”

“Aye, sir,” he replied reluctantly, as yet unconvinced.

Rachel Garrett sat back, settling into the captain’s chair and making peace with her decision.

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