

One Reality Over

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One Reality Over

by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"Is voyaging really what humanity is all about or is there something more sinister going on?" - Ad Astra: Weekly Challenge 11: In the early 25th century, Commander Seifer dips into an alternate reality where he never took command of the U.S.S. Phoenix-X.

Notes

Author's notes: This was my first entry into the Ad Astra weekly challenges. It was written in July 2023.

Weekly Challenge 11: For this challenge, you get to take a look at a 'turn right' AU. Or left. Or backwards. Pick a canon moment or a moment in the lives of a character, one of your OCs or even just in the universe and explore, in 100 to 700 words, what might have happened if it played out differently. If a different person stepped in front of the disruptor fire. Or if someone had a nightmare and backed out of that assignment. The sky's the limit; interpret however liberally or strictly as you like!

Ad Astra: Weekly Challenge #11

"One Reality Over"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* sat deliberately within the confines of interstellar space. On purpose! Its commanding officer stared blatantly into the viewscreen that displayed the unending star-filled void.

"Space. The final frontier," Commander Night Seifer revved whilst holding a steaming cup of brewed leola root. "These are the voyages of the *Starship Phoenix-X*. Its continuing mission to rehash old canon—" But the trademark Q-flash interrupted that painful notion out of pure, unrelenting repulse. "Q!" Seifer barked.

The omnipotent being, younger, less experienced, had imp-like perched himself upon the top of the front helm deck. "Actually, it's Qu! It sounds the same but is spelled differently. Different guy."

"Oooh, temporal shenanigans!" Seifer perked. "I knew multi-spectrum subspace eddies were the Irish rainbows of the galaxy. The lack of Ferengi potted latinum had me for a second."

Qu deadpanned him. "We only do the intergalactic leprechaun thing in March. I'm here because I'm seeking Starfleet crews willing to be put on trial for stuff. Need to up my Q-status, you know. Plenty of morality speech opportunities for you?"

"Actually, my speech writer is on lunch," Seifer dismissed. "Conversely, my wish is to be sent into an alternate timeline where I never transferred to the *Phoenix-X*, so I can learn the true value of Commander-ing."

Hopping to the floor, Qu gritted, "That is terribly contrived! Besides, I already did that with this one Gorn named Deloss, ten years in the future. The twist was that I became Captain. But then he shouted at me. Rude."

"Not only will I not shout at you, but I will support the delegating of my crew to participate in your imitation trial of humanity," Seifer bargained. "Because that's what commanding officers do."

Qu snapped in shared excitement. "SOLD!"

Out, in the incomprehensibly alternate, parallel multiverse, the *Pathfinder*-class U.S.S. *Ragnarok* trailed, aimlessly on through its immeasurable likenesses.

"Space. The final frontier," Captain Qu revved while holding a cup of steaming celestial star fluid. "These are the voyages of the *Starship Ragnarok*. But is voyaging really what humanity is all about or is there something more sinister going on?"

Several courtroom chairs were set up around the Bridge, with crew and jury on opposite sides.

"For the next several months, I will present arguments to the latter and convince even you that you are the problem," Qu added with utmost posture as Seifer was entering the Bridge.

Looking down at his pips, Seifer acknowledged he was back to Ensign. "Turns out I broke the Prime Directive with the Veridians, Kolarans and, finally, back in time with humans, like, almost weekly."

"Wait. Are you Seifer?" Qu held up a mirror to the unwitting officer.

Seifer grabbed his face. "Ah! I look nothing like me??" He then peered around the room at the crew. Kugo, Armond, Kayl and Lox all looked completely different. "It's like we're being played by current-day actors because the originals were too old!"

"Are you okay, brother?" a near-unrecognizable, Dominic Keating-looking Ensign Dan asked.

Qu recoiled, "Ahh! That's the worst one! You're relieved!" before snapping his fingers over and over, switching both he and Seifer from one alternate universe to the next. The crew's facial features, height and build switched with every ridiculous flash.

"But I thought we'd look the same, per Worf's infamous Deanna Troi-fantasy paralleling??" Seifer asked as he witnessed a new rank and ship each time.

Giving up, Qu returned he and Seifer back to the U.S.S. *Phoenix-X*. "There are realities close and far to us and the variation is on that spectrum. I've just grown too distracted by my obsession with trials to navigate them?!" He shook his head. "The Continuum's going to put me on trial for this." He then snapped himself away.

"Wow. Now I appreciate Commander-ing more than ever due to it not being space-time shenanigan-based," Seifer said as he took his chair and confirmed he and his crew were back to normal. "Perhaps next time, I won't tempt fate. Helm! Set course to this universe's Kolaran Dune Buggy Manhunt."

The *Phoenix-X* jumped to warp.

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