

Missed the Mishap

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by [Hawku](#)

Summary

"You look like a Phage-induced Vidiian transporter-blended with a Tellarite." - Episode 3B: In the late 24th century, a battle between the U.S.S. Phoenix-X and a Cardassian vessel leads to a prisoner exchange.

Notes

Author's notes: The original of this was done sometime in 1996, as an edited RP chat. This rewrite was done in October 2021.

Star Trek: Phoenix-X

"Missed the Mishap"

The *Prometheus*-class U.S.S. *Phoenix-X* pierced through warp at incredible spacefaring, interstellar-traversing speeds! By contrast, Ensign Dan sluggishly got out of bed and began fixing himself up in the ensuite.

"This is it. The day I don't get relieved from duty," he told himself when he was done. After a few quick sips of coffee, he was out the door.

As he continued down the corridor, he was joined by Ensign Billy. "Welp, assuming I know what you're all about, I just say that if you want to avoid getting relieved, you should always know what's going on."

"Yeah," Ensign Dan realized. "Thanks for that unwarranted, presumptuous advice."

As soon as he entered the Bridge, he found the ship had gone to Red Alert, and had engaged in a firefight with the Cardassians.

"Sir! Detecting the *Hideki*-class frigate *Tarak*!" the Klingon Exchange Officer Red exasperated from his helm position.

Commander Gotens stood from the command chair. "HAIL THEM! ON SCREEN!!!!" After the viewer clicked on, he calmed himself. "Meloneus. So, we meet again."

"Your voice sounds hoarse. Shouting commands to emphasize the seriousness of a situation? Pretty hack, if you ask me," the Cardassian Gul suggested.

Ensign Dan shrugged, completely lost as to what happened. "Well, at least we're all friends here?"

"We are not! And don't expect an explanation for what has happened just because you were late to work!!" Meloneus countered. "Now, where is Glinn Agenos?"

Gotens eyed him. "He's here. But you first."

"I was hoping you'd ask," Meloneus conceded as he indicated an aide to shove a despondent and bleary-eyed, uniform-flaked Captain Daniel into the viewscreen frame. "You see his state is what I have heard many humans call: a ramshackle. In fact, he's been flaking all over the

floors, and my Cardassian broom guy does not look pleased at all."

Armond clenched his fist. "Dammit, Meloneus! You're using an Obsidian Order device to prevent him from changing shape!"

"They're available at every corner starbase now," he admitted.

To that, Daniel attempted to speak through his agonizing torture. *"Uugh. It's a tra— Ugh. Trap."*

"Oh, he said 'frap'," Meloneus explained. *"He's been enjoying our Cardassian Sunrise Frappes. Delicious, actually. If you'd like, I could send you the molecular structure. That's not even a Cardassian misdirect. I'm genuinely interested in sharing this."*

"At the risk of being relieved of duty, am I ever going to know how this situation arose?" Ensign Dan interjected.

Gotens snapped at all the diverting conversation. "Ensigns aren't privy to knowing things! The very idea is ludicrously absurd? I want you to go to Sickbay to check yourself for possible viruses." He then turned to the viewscreen. "As for us, we trade now, before this digresses into further, randomized flippancy and other types of waggishness."

"Well, I was having a great time," Meloneus countered.

The Commander tapped his commbadge. "Wallace, bring the prisoner to Transporter Room 3 and wait for me there. And none of your typical lollygagging!"

Entering Transporter Room 3, Gotens found Operations officer Kayl behind the controls and Wallace on deck, holding a protective phaser to a transporter pad-positioned, hand-cuffed Glinn Agenos.

"Now, in order for this trade to be conducted right, we will have to drop and re-up this section of shields in near-instant perfection," Gotens offered before tapping his commbadge. "Red, are you ready?"

Red replied over air, *"All I do is sit here for 8 hours a day. Other than continued butt-tingles, there is not much preventing me from doing my job."*

"I get knee injuries from standing all day," he related. "You can't even brag about that as a courting gesture. Working on a starship is dangerous in the most mundane ways. Anyway, everyone, lower shields and energize!"

At that, both Agenos and Gotens were dematerialized out much to the crew's chagrin. Red's concerned voice transmitted, *"That wasn't supposed to happen! It was supposed to be a clean trade!"*

"Dude, emphasizing a current event as it's progressing doesn't make it any more dramatic," Kayl deadpanned.

Later, with the *Tarak* gone, the crew found themselves in the Briefing Room, sitting around the long table. Armond stood at the head of it.

"Alright. We all are aware of the situation. We met with the Cardassians and got into a little firefight. Innocent as it was, things happened and we ended up with high-level-valued prisoners on each end."

Ensign Dan opened his arms. "Yeah, but what things?? What is the point of creating a mystery over an event with no significance?"

"Didn't I give you an order about something? Could have sworn some exchange happened," the Tactical officer looked away in a genuine attempt at recollection. "Either way, just know that the incident involved Cetacean ops and a terrible aquatic miscommunication. Now, please, we must use this opportunity as an excuse to initiate transwarp and launch multi-vector mode somehow."

Meanwhile, during warp transit, Gotens found himself in the Brig of the *Tarak* with Captain Daniel, each in separate holding cells.

"What's going on? You look like a Phage-induced Vidiian transporter-blended with a Tellarite," the Commander asked.

In the other cell, the Captain pointed to a mechanical device sitting in the middle of the Brig. "Shape holder device again, so they can get our Federation secrets."

"Don't they realize we're the most honest race in the Galaxy?" the Commander suggested.

Just then, Gul Meloneus entered with two security guards in tow. "Well, Gotens, I thought you'd learn from our last encounter not to trust me. In fact, I'm constantly subverting trust as a point of establishing character to others. I'm not even after anything most times."

"Last encounter? You know I don't approve of backstory that comes out of nowhere at a crucial time!" Daniel targeted in a shrugging Commander's direction.

Meloneus chuckled. "Then I will proceed as a contradiction. You see, some time ago, when we were under attack by a *D'deridex*-class Romulan warbird, your Commander on the U.S.S. *Xena* came to our aid. Little did they expect, such an act of kindness would go severely punished."

"The Romulans turned on the *Xena*, and Meloneus did nothing to help us back," Gotens stated. "In fact, he used our distraction to board and take over the other ship. No doubt, for his own goals of collecting guideline bowls for Romulan haircuts."

The Cardassian bellowed. "Hahaha! Oh, those were good betrayals, followed by hairstyle experimentation. You have to really be into the lesbian look."

Meanwhile, Ensign Dan approached the communication window to the small section Cetacean ops on Deck 13. He accessed the console, to which Ensign Whui, a Delphine, approached from within the small watery office.

"There are one of these on every ship and literally no one ever comes to visit," Whui complained. "Typical of you land-loving, dolphin-hating cetacean ignorers!"

Ensign Dan crossed his arms. "You know what you are. Just tell me what happened with Meloneus, so I can stay on duty and tell people my theory that we're all in the mind of a 1950s New York City science fiction writer."

"That is meaningless without the social commentary! Fine," Whui conceded. "The *Tarak* attempted to trade subaquatic reconstruction data, but a disagreement between Agenos and Daniel erupted into full-scale reverb."

The Ensign squinted. "What were you building?"

"Everyone knows I only divulge information once a day, and that they approved this reno as a counter to that. Be gone foul land-tumour!"

When Meloneus left the *Tarak's* Brig, the entrapped Captain Daniel began to feel the strain of his cemented configuration.

"Ughhh. I'm losing consciousness. I can't hold on," he trailed, half hazardedly.

Gotens clamoured to the end of his containment field. "Captain! Can you hear me?" After seeing a nod, he settled. "Phew. I thought you blacked out."

"I did. So, don't ask me questions or interrupt the diminishing experience."

Gotens pointed to a vent feeding out of the Captain's cell. "Sir, I believe the forefields don't extend to those trillium bars. If you can change shape, even for a second, you could escape and destroy that Obsidian Order device."

"Of course! This is all a test of my willpower. Challenge accepted, Commander," Daniel agreed before focusing on his abilities and beginning to warp his shape.

The Trill clenched his fist in success. "That's the idea!" he announced excitedly before a jelly-shaped Captain told him to quiet down through classic Changeling-characteristic squishes. "Understood, sir."

Daniel spewed through the vent and poured himself into a puddle onto the Brig floor before shapeshifting a hammer-ended arm and smashing the device. Regaining his energy, Daniel took his normal humanoid form.

"I'm back!" the Captain declared. "Now they are going to pay." Almost leaving, he then remembered he had to free Gotens too. "Oh yeah. I forgot. Oopsy! Could you imagine if I just left you here? Haha. Hilarious." He observed Gotens' unimpressed deadpan. "Well, I guess you had to be there."

Suddenly, the *Phoenix-X* dropped transwarp upon two Cardassian ships and the *Tarak*, just sitting in space. Armond initiated multi-vector separation, splitting the ship into three in order to swarm and fire from all angles. All three enemy vessels leapt into action and began returning fire with disruptor beams.

"You, over there. Counter now!" Meloneus ordered from his seat on the Bridge, before pointing to his helmsmen. "Maneuver now!"

His Operations officer turned. "Those are just generic commands. We were already going to do those."

"It's been a long day of torturing!" Meloneus defended. "You know the pleasure it reverberates upon me."

The Cardassian ships then held fire when the attacking Starfleet vectors ceased their barrage and hailed. "*You are messing with the wrong people, Expanded-Neck Guys,*" Armond declared from the viewscreen.

"First of all, that's specist. And second, pitting one culture against the other only leads to ignorance and bias! It's this one-note division that

fosters an ongoing irreparable dichotomy."

Armond squinted, unconvinced. *"But that's your whole thing? Deep Space 9 wouldn't have any compelling stories without that?"*

"Huh? Oh, sorry, I blacked out there for a second," Meloneus shook off. "My doctor says bouts of ethicism results from not enough torturing in my week. Hence, your Captain. So, you see how it's a health issue."

At the sudden mention, Captain Daniel and Commander Gotens then exploded onto the Bridge, shooting down several side-Cardassians with phase-disruptor rifles and holding aim at the still-seated Gul Meloneus.

"What? Like this is my fault? The blame is far too obvious in the here and the now!" the over-bearing Dukat-copy countered.

Everyone's attention switched to the viewscreen which showed Ensign Dan entering the Bridge of the *Phoenix-X*. *"He's right! I finally figured out the 'mishap' that stemmed from Cetacean ops: It's being turned into a submerged library!"*

"Again with more last-minute revelatory backstory? It's a shoe-horned, overly-done cliché," Daniel retaliated. "You're relieved!"

Meloneus gritted in utter agony. "Agenos told you Cetacean torture chambers were the better way to go. The water deliciously gets into your enemies' arteries. This is what I was preparing you for, for tomorrow."

"And I said liquid-emersed libraries reminded me of home!" Daniel argued before Meloneus attempted to blow up the ship and prompt Gotens into a retaliatory disruptor beam.

After he went down, the Commander surveyed the rest of the Bridge. "Great. So, like his previous betrayal of me, we've betrayed the finer aspects of diplomacy."

"Perhaps I am guilty of subverting Starfleet training with a disproportionate temperament," Daniel supplemented. "A lesson worth the mishap."

Gotens shrugged in supposed agreement while picking up an alternative prize. "Or, there is this one bottle of kanar we could claim?"

"Sold!" the Captain pointed before they both beamed back with it and more prisoners.

Meanwhile, on the Bridge of the *Phoenix-X*, Ensign Dan found himself astonished at the outcome. Armond turned from the command chair.

"Ah, that's what I forgot to do! Relieve you of duty," the Lieutenant Commander observed, holding up a PADD. "Apologies, Ensign. That was the one thing at the top of the Bridge side missions tab that I didn't even click 'accept' on."

He shook his head in realization.

"If I had done it earlier, you wouldn't have gotten this far."

The Bajoran stared at his hands. "Will this go on my permanent record?"

"When you reach a hundred, you get a plaque," Lieutenant Kayl settled optimistically as she ushered the hopeful Ensign into the turbolift.

There, he found Ensign Billy in mid-ride to another destination. "Tried to know what was going on, eh?" Billy asked. "I'm on holodeck disposal now. Terrible idea. Never try to know stuff."

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