

Tumultuous Turmoil

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Tumultuous Turmoil

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Summary

"The Federation is the epitome of what some alien races have constructed as 'good'." - Season 19: In the early 25th century, an Excalbian named Varnket sends Captain Oroku Seifer of the U.S.S. Ragnarok on a mission to track the renegade Klarvel, with the help of a simulacrum replica of Christopher Columbus.

Notes

Author's notes: Because the challenges and RPs were over, I digressed to general entries based on events and things released from whatever the current Star Trek Online season was at the time. This was written in July 2020 as part of Season 19. The Bajorans here were last seen in ULCA #4.

Star Trek Online, Season #19

"Tumultuous Turmoil"

The *Pathfinder*-class with *Discovery*-class nacelles U.S.S. *Ragnarok* splurged erratically and spasmodically through space until arriving upon the near orbit of the seemingly barren world of Excalbia.

"Ah, I missed this place. But no satellite repair at Traelus then?" surmised Captain Seifer, a Trill and Starfleet officer from his command chair. "I had my tool kit ready and everything."

Aramaki, a human and the Tactical officer, took notice of the archaic tool box and set at the Captain's feet. "You know none of those would have done anything to fix a satellite, right?"

"Lieutenant Commander, when you're an engineer, I'll listen to your half-cockeyed, bright-eyed, space-mad opinions!" Seifer countered. "And you better have a Scottish accent, otherwise what's the point."

Suddenly, the viewscreen clicked on, showing a steaming pile of sentient rocks on the surface. "*Ragnarok, I am Varnket, and since before your sun burned hot in space, I have awaited your arrival.*"

"I can tell by the way you're Guardian of Forever-ing that you've grown impatient for a meeting I was not privy to," Seifer observed. "But just pulling people out of nowhere is no way to conduct proper intergalactic relations. Also, that whole rock thing makes us think you're just mountains."

Varnket jolted in reaction. "*We are willing to experiment with good and evil identities and behaviours! What of you, an apparent grey area of both?*"

"Uh, the Federation is the epitome of what some alien races have constructed as 'good'," the Captain countered. "Just last week, we loaded a displaced colony of disheveled Bajorans onto a freighter. Of course, their uprooting was my ship's fault when we accidentally annihilated their colony world's atmosphere, but that's neither here nor there."

The pile of rocks glowed hot. "*We need not be lectured by you. We were out saving the galaxy when your grandfather adorned diapers!*" Then it relaxed. "*We really enjoyed that short stint of your Kirk and Picard crossing paths, despite the anti-climactic old-people brawl in a very hot place.*"

"Ooohh! One of your own has escaped you, yes? Yes?" blurted a guessing Lieutenant Edwards, a human from the Helm console. "Evil begets resistance! Resistance begets revolution!"

Varnket breathed a rock-breath of admission. "*This must be what we have heard as the infamous 'truth bomb'. For, you see, the one we call Klarvel has run off for reasons we can only assume would reveal a personal truth about ourselves.*"

"Finally! A banter that gets to the mission-giving part before lunch. The dev episode writers sure are more liberal these days," Seifer relayed. "But what motivation do I have to find this Klarvel and teach him the ways of the Federation, minus the Section 31 part?"

Breathing in excitement, Varnket added. "*Perhaps this: To aid you in your quest, we have recreated your most successful explorer ever, Christopher Columbus.*"

"Live long and get famous!" came the sly, confident remark of Columbus as he stepped through the rear turbolift doors in full 15th century sea navy garb. "That is a new catch phrase I am trying out."

Seifer was taken aback. "Christopher Columbus? He was the American hero who discovered America and that the world was round! It's what I learned in my Intro to Earth's Affectations class."

"Captain Seifer, is this an emergency uniform situation?" Aramaki asked.

The Trill nodded. "Yes. Computer, initiate Multi-Vector Odyssey Dress Uniform Sequence!" Suddenly, white uniforms unfurled from above everyone's workstation. "Alright, everyone. Let's help each other clasp the front pull-over. We're all in this together. Teamwork, people!"

Later, the *Ragnarok* sped through space, with the crew noticeably dressed up, on the Bridge. Columbus walked around, inspecting everyone's console.

"Sprezzatura! Me gusta! Que bonito!" he commented passed each one. "What nationality am I again?"

Seifer maintained a look out at the screen. "Some European hybrid, I believe. They couldn't get Kahn right either. As for the adulations directed, they are well justified as long-range sensors have picked up the signature of positronic rock!"

"All I did was re-modulate the Federation-mandated constant long-range scans for positronic signature," Aramaki explained. "Hard to believe they make us consume 50% of power resources for that in an effort to boost *Argo* use."

Columbus slapped Aramaki on the back. "And it was my idea that you do a thing, was it not? It is good to have an expendable crew again!"

"Uh, what is the point of having this guy here? He's not even the real Columbus," Winry, the Chief Engineer and a human, pointed out.

The copy repulsed. "You dare question me? I was the first to travel the Atlantic Ocean!"

"The Vikings beat you to that by about 400 years," Winry countered before the *Ragnarok* dropped warp in front of the passenger freighter *Elysium*.

Seifer stood. "Speaking of Kelvin-timeline-level break-neck speeds, our capture of our rock 'friend'," Seifer paused to take a moment to make air-quotes, "is complete."

"Captain, you've repeatedly forbade us to use the term 'friends' in a sarcastic manner," Aramaki pointed out.

The Trill shrugged. "Yeah, but I didn't forbid me from doing it. Also, I want Columbus to learn our ways as he will lead an Away Team to the transport to deal with the situation."

"Sir, no!" Winry objected. "He's a man out-of-time with absolutely nothing of profession to add to the mission!"

Seifer tilted his head, unconvinced. "Um, he can handle it. Columbus historically settled the first European colony in Haiti 1492. A feat none of you took in all the time serving on this 25th century inter-planetary spaceship."

"Captain, when he returned the following year, none of those people were found alive," Tomsin, the Tellarite and operations officer corrected.

His commanding officer pointed a contentious finger. "You dare contradict me with facts? You know there's no room for those in a debate. It's always who's the loudest and who's the most annoying. You're relieved!"

Later, Seifer boarded the front-heavy *Elysium* to join the Away Team and find all of its Bajoran occupants enslaved by Christopher Columbus and the sentient rock creature known as Klarvel.

"Dammit. This failure is a predicable reflection of myself," Seifer clamoured. "The dev writers must be taking a lesson in contrived obviousness."

While unhappy Bajorans continued in procession, carrying cargo on their backs from one end to another, Aramaki replied, "Captain, these are the colonists we liberated from that dying world, remember? Columbus has taken a mentor role of Klarvel and a master role of the refugees."

"It is the way of things— trademarked!" Columbus asserted to both Seifer and Klarvel. "These people will make great stock as slaves and wives for farmers who all day tend to their land."

Seifer was taken aback. "Dude. You're a slave trader? Only the Orions are socially, morally and legally allowed to do that."

"You really did not do any research on who I am, did you? Just like most people, they would not realize that I would do anything to commit a healthy genocide of any inferior species so that I may reign supreme," Columbus claimed. "Perhaps I'm being too revealing of my nature. Is this too revealing?"

The Captain snapped. "Yes! You were supposed to be a delightful treat of the old days! Also, America!"

"You really should try Canada. As for me, it turns out the rocks of the future are quite receptive. I must write the King and Queen of Spain immediately."

Klarvel affirmed. "This simulacrum has taught me the value of subjugation and humanoid acquisition. My own people struggle with the indecisiveness of good and evil, but I assert such concepts are artificial constructs of value with origins in people just deciding what goes where."

"What the Spock's-brain? If value systems are manufactured, then at least construct one that bolsters society through maintaining individual freedom and mutual respect?? Otherwise you get Remans," Seifer explained. "I heard they used to look attractive like Deltans."

The over-active pile of steaming rocks shuffled in response. "That is perhaps far too much work for an entity like myself with no opposable thumbs. Also, where is the Kahn-level control? Is every person just supposed to be trusted to have the intelligence to maintain goals of the greater purpose?"

"Yes!" Seifer bellowed. "That's basically 21st century Earth before World War 3!"

Suddenly, the piled rocks at the other end of the passenger section, placed by the Bajorans, began lighting up until a portal was generated in an open section.

"Unfortunately, Excalbian takes on alien history are always distorted. Did you see that recreation of Kahless? Looked nothing like the clone your Worf discovered," Klarvel established. "I had these Columbus-inspired Bajoran slaves form kemocite-mixed rock in a complex pattern that activates intergalactic portals."

Captain Seifer took himself aback for the second time. "You Guardian of Forever'd??"

"Well, without the time-travel. It's more Iconian-y, really," Klarvel said as he grabbed Columbus and threw him through the portal. "Do not bother looking for us. I can blend in with any of your underground Away Team mission backdrops, and Columbus can do a very good boulder impression when he pulls his knees up to his chin."

To that, the Excalbian leapt through the portal, kicking one of its corners loose to collapse it on his way out. Seifer turned to the Bajoran slaves.

"Good news. You're free!"

Yun, one of the slaves, crossed his arms. "You're terrible."

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