NOVA TREK
A Universe away from the one you knew.

"Assignment: Yesterday"
by MDBruffy

Based on Concepts created by G. Roddenberry
Space, the Final Frontier. This is the Voyage of the Federal Starship Enterprise.

Her Mission: To seek out New Life and New Civilizations. To Defend and bring Justice to the Farthest reaches of the Federal Union of Planets. And above all else:

To boldly go where none have gone before.

“Assignment: Yesterday”
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Based on Concepts created by G. Roddenberry and the writing staff of the original Star Trek TV series.
"Captain's Log: Stardate 5936.7. After some unexpected delays, we are once more on course for Starbase 98 and our assignment to patrol the Romulan Neutral Zone.

"I still have no idea why Uncle Frank requested the Enterprise, unless it has to do with our run-in with the Romulans at Cestus III."

"In the meantime, I intend to take this morning and spend some 'quiet time at home' before checking on Tam and starting the day's duties..."
Yes, along with the Saladin and a handful of others. Of course, Kor lost his flagship and five others before the Organians stepped in. Well, I'm not the only woman captain anymore. They gave her to Julie Cochrane.

Do the dispatches say who the new captain is?

I know her. We shared the Astro-navigation class at the Academy.

They honored her predecessor by keeping the same registry.

And the letter designates the newest ship to bear the name.

I'm sorry to interrupt, Captain. But I'm detecting a temporal disturbance in Tamara's quarters. Now detecting a second one.
“Personal Log: Stardate 59367. After a short visit with the Guardian of Forever, I feel like I have all the answers I’m going to get. Thing is, I’ll have to keep quiet about all of this until I can figure out how to deal with it ...”

Computer picked up two temporal disturbances in your cabin— and since we just left the grandaddy of temporal disturbances three days ago...

What’s going on?

Sure I am. Why?

Are you all right?

Tam? It’s Jan.

Buzz!

Uh, oh...

Swoosh

Swoosh

Swoosh

Have a seat.

It’s kind of involved.

Tam?
A Guardian? Well, that explains how we can co-exist— and I can see it's point of view.

You've been given a lot of responsibility.

Personal Log; Additional. When I arrived in this timeline three days ago, Jan accepted me right off and proposed the public story that we were sisters:

"Now, as I tell her what the Guardian did, Fiction becomes Reality. She is the 'Older sister'-wiser, with more experience— some one who can help me deal with this unexpected 'gift'..."

Responsibility I never asked for.

What am I going to do?
Well, first off, you're going to have to be more careful when you come and go through your portals.

If we can detect your 'temporal signature' then so can someone else - and that someone might not be a friend.

I'll get with Spock and see if there's not some way to mask or hide the signature.

I know I can trust Spock - and Dr. McCoy.

But do I tell Starfleet?

Absolutely not!

As it is, you'll be poked and scanned to death just because you're me. If you tell them you can open doorways through time with a snap of your fingers, they'll slap you into Temporal R&D so fast it'll make your head spin.

The only way you'll ever set foot on a starship will be as a passenger.

Now don't get me wrong.

There are a lot of good people in Starfleet. But like any organization, it also has its share of idiots. Until you know who you can trust to keep quiet, you're better off keeping this to yourself.

Okay.
When I went back to the Guardian, I just concentrated.

Computer?

Now, for an obvious question: How do you trigger the portals?

Concentrate on going back further.

Yes, Captain?

From now on, when you detect Tamora's temporal signature, you will notify me or Mr. Spock—not the Bridge. Clear?

Yes, Ma'am.
Hey!
We're too late- She's dead.

Just hold it right there- YOU!?

Not you?!

Who's she?

My sister.

It's been ten years and you haven't aged a day.

Training her in the family business of breaking and entering?

Colonel, we had nothing to do with this.

Prove it.

How?!
By telling me the truth this time.

Or do I just cut to the chase and charge you both with murder right now?

You don't have any choice.

He can shoot us both before I can open a portal.

All right— but not here.

There's too much chance of someone else walking in.

What I have to say is for you alone.

Is there someplace where we won't be overheard?

Yes.
An Apollo command module?

A flight simulator. It hasn’t been used since the Apollo/Soyuz project two years ago.

The only reason it’s still here is because they haven’t needed the space for anything else.

Flight simulator?

Take a look.
You're kidding, right?

That thing's barely big enough to qualify as a life pod!

That "life pod" has been to the moon and back nine times, young lady.

Where are you from, anyway?

You said ten years. That means it's 1978.

Those civilians we passed...that name and those pictures on the wall...that model and this simulator...

And you two were in a secure lab kneeling over a body.

This isn't the Omaha Air Force Base. This is...Cape Kennedy- is that what it's called?

Now how about some answers?
“Personal Log; Tamara Kirk recording. Stardate - whatever. I’ll figure it out later.

“It was clear the Colonel had been waiting a long time for an explanation. It was also clear that giving him that explanation was the last thing Jan wanted to do.”

“After a moment, she began to speak of that day - which, from her point of view was only eighteen months ago. She told us about the black star and its gravity well and how the breakaway had thrown the Enterprise back in time to 1968 Earth.

“She spoke of how the ship’s tractor beam accidentally crushed Captain Christopher’s jet after he had filmed the starship -

“... and how it had been necessary to try to remove all evidence of the accident - which of course resulted in her first encounter with the Colonel...”
...What is that? Is that a uniform of some kind?

Look, Ms. Kirk, it's clear you don't understand the gravity of your situation.

These old things?

Sabotage of a government installation?

Just something I threw on.

Did I sabotage something?

No, we stopped you in time.

Believe me, Colonel, nothing at all.

But what would you have done if we hadn't found you?

Is that what you're here for?! Nothing at all?!

That's what would have happened if you hadn't interfered!
All right young lady, maybe this will make you laugh:

Sabotage, espionage, unauthorized entry, burglary - how are those for starters?

All right, Colonel, the truth is, I'm from the planet Venus and I was sent here to find a few good men.

You know any?

I'm going to lock you up for two hundred years!

At least I'll be going in the right direction.
1978

...I'm sorry about the "Few good men" crack, Colonel.

Just put it down to my own frustration showing through.

You're from the future. You know it actually makes sense?

The outfit you wore, the way you talked—
that pointed-eared 'gentleman' that rescued you...

Why didn't you tell me all of this ten years ago?

I would have helped you get the information without all the hassle.

I was already dealing with Captain Christopher and that guard.

Besides, how was I supposed to know I could trust you?

Then or Now?
So what's the story this time?

My sister has the ability to open doorways through time. She was demonstrating it when she opened a doorway on this era and we saw the woman get shot.

We came through, hoping to catch the one that did it, but they were gone by the time we arrived.

Someone with a weapon that doesn't belong in this century.

So if you didn't kill her, who did?

Sounds like you could use some help.

This is starting to feel like "Old Home Week"- isn't it, Mr. Seven?

You enjoy my story? Your transporter's quieter than ours, but I could still hear it.
Beta 5 detected your arrival. That's how I knew where to find you.

We'd been sent back in time to monitor Earth's communications for historical research when we got involved in Mr. Seven's first case.

His benefactors sent him here to help Earth survive the Twentieth Century. Guess you could say he's an expert at preventing intervention.

All this catching up is fine. But why did you drag us into the portal?

A Twentieth Century murder should be dealt with by Twentieth Century authorities - even I know that.

Did I not say that the woman was killed with a weapon that didn't belong in this century?

She was killed with a disruptor.
Second cousin to the laser, Colonel—only far more powerful and about the same size as your gun.

Something no one in this century should have.

She's right. Beta-5 is programmed to pick up on unusual energy readings.

It scanned the disruptor blast almost as soon as it was fired—then picked up on their arrival a few moments later.

With the right sensors, that disruptor's power source would stand out like a signal flare.

We'll have to go back to my office so I can put Beta-5 to work on it.

Colonel, normally, I don't like leaving people with knowledge of my comings and goings.

If you ever come across anything unusual—or important enough that you think I should know about it, activate this and you can reach me anywhere on the planet.

But the captain thinks you can be trusted—and it wouldn't hurt to have another set of eyes and ears out in the world.

This is a communications device.
Merowwl?

Isis, you remember Captain Kirk.
This is her sister, Tamera.
Computer on.

Yowl!

Computer on.

Hi, Hey you’re pretty.

Careful, it’ll go to her head.
What do you mean?

Let’s just say there’s more to that ball of fur than you realize.

Captain, Beta-5’s isolated the disruptor’s energy readings and found our murderer.

Can she tell who we’re dealing with?

Beta-5?

Working, Supervisor 194.

Racial identity confirmed: Romulan.

Additional Information: Detecting two sets of readings—both biological and weapon energy.
Cape Kennedy Mission Control Center and the Skylab Space Station.

Wasn’t Skylab Earth’s first space station?

No.

The old Soviet Union had the first with Salyut One.

Why are you so weak on Human Space History?

I forgot.

Maybe because it’s a fourth year class?

What kind of sensors are aboard Skylab?

None of the type you’re familiar with.

Mainly cameras and radiation sensors for solar observations.

Why would the Romulans be interested in...
Would that include gamma ray radiation?

Assumption correct.
Additional Information: Solar observatory equipment is still functioning.

Radiation sensors...

Jan?

In our century, we can track a cloaked Romulan ship by their propulsion residue—residue that includes gamma ray radiation.

If they take out Skylab, Earth’ll be blind right up to the moment they uncloak and open fire.

You’re saying they intend to wipe out Humanity?

Take out Earth, you take out Starfleet. Take out Starfleet, you take out the Union. Take out the Union and this entire sector is open to invasion.

Earth founded Starfleet— it’s an outgrowth of the old United Earth Space Probe Agency.
So how does our murder victim tie into this?

Beta-5? Identify the Romulan murder victim.

Maxwell, Stella. Female. Age 46. Subject was an analyst working on the team responsible for correlating solar observatory data.

They had to kill her before she got to the gamma ray readings and realized there was a previously unknown source in the system.

But all they've accomplished is a delay.

Eventually, someone else will analyze those readings.

If they succeed in bringing Skylab down, there'll be so much confusion, no one'll care till it's too late.

We have to stop them. Which means we'll have to split up.
Do you want me-

You’re not going to Skylab.

Then you and Mr. Seven-

You’re not going.

Twentieth century ships and stations don’t have artificial gravity-and you have no experience in zero-g’s.

How do you-?

It’s a fourth year class.

This is a miniature comm unit Captain. It fits over your ear.

Beta-5 can get you to Skylab. If you need her, just call her name.
Personal log; Additional. Tamara Kirk recording. All I could do was stand beside Mr. Seven and watch as Jan stepped into his transporter.

Once she was gone, he changed the settings and nodded for me to join him.

A few moments later, we were back at Cape Kennedy- and Jan was alone on Skylab.
The explosive is twenty meters above you, Captain.

The airlock? Makes a twisted kind of sense I guess.

I know. I heard him moving.
All right, Beta-5, I've got it.
Pull us out of here.
A few moments later—the farside of the moon.
Cape Kennedy Mission Control Center - Analysis Section.

What the-?

They're planning to kill the entire analysis team.

So what are we going to do?

You're going to wait out here while I try to free them.
Move very carefully, Mr. Seven-
Or I will kill you instead of delivering you to my superiors.

Go get the Colonel.

Then go back in time till there is time.

There isn’t time!

Only don’t go back too far or the Colonel won’t know who you are.

Now go on!
Is this a private mass murder or can anyone join in?

Well, the famous Captain Kirk.

If you went to Skylab you should be dead.

Or did you leave it to its fate?

Now why don't you just go home?

I hate to disappoint you, but your partner bit off more than he can chew.

Skylab's alive and well.

Why should I surrender to an unarmed human?

Well...

For one thing...

There's a .45 caliber hand gun aimed at the back of your head.

Click!

Lower your weapon—slowly.
Damn.

Is that it?

Did we win?

I wish I knew.
“Personal log: Additional. After making sure the researchers were all right, Mr. Seven used that servo of his to entrance them. The Colonel almost jumped him before Jan could intercede...”

Colonel, it's the best thing for them.

It's brainwashing!

If they're allowed to talk about what they've seen, there's no telling what kind of witch hunt it would trigger.

I'm not asking you to like it. I'm asking you to tolerate it as a necessary evil.

Not everyone in this century is ready to accept alien contact—especially with hostile aliens.

Believe me, Colonel, it'll be better for them and the planet if they think all of this was caused by a lunatic fringe out to disrupt the space program.
"...The Colonel wasn't happy about things, but he didn't have any alternatives to offer, either.

Once it was done, we left him and found a quiet spot to activate Mr. Seven's transporter.

After we were back in New York, there was a meeting..."

Are Beta-5's sensors strong enough to tell if that Bird-of-Prey is still in the system?

No. Her sensors can only reach to the moon with the help of certain satellites in orbit.

Should I bring the Enterprise in on this? This century's Earth has no defenses against a Romulan ship.

One ship with that plasma energy cannon could level the planet.

We stopped their agents. They know we'll be watching for them now. From their point of view, the mission failed.

That female in the computer lab knew us on sight.

Why not?

Wouldn't all of this be part of their history, too?

Yes— but they're not basing this mission on any historical record.
If not that, then how-?

Spies and intelligence reports.

A mole in the government had to have accessed my mission reports— which contained the break-away time travel formulas.

This is all part of a much larger plan. This and the renegade andorians we stopped at Custus III.

Divide and conquer?

One of the oldest strategies in the book.

Keep us chasing renegades and protecting the past while the main invasion moves forward.

But if these Romulans are dead, doesn't that mean we won this round?

That's the immediate question.

There's still an entire ship out there somewhere.

Is that Bird-of-prey still in the system?
Beta-5, access and correlate all astronomical studies, photographic and sensor records for the past day.

Question: is our unknown source of gamma ray radiation still in the star system?

Negative, Supervisor 194. Gamma ray radiation source disappeared fifteen minutes ago. Information implies a temporal disturbance at that time.

Additional information: scans are detecting two biological forms in lunar orbit. Readings match previously scanned Romulan agents.

But they-

Transported out. That was no suicide pill they bit down on. They activated a recall device for emergency transport.

Once back onboard, their commander debriefed them and then killed them for failing their mission.

Then we did win.

I can open a portal when we get home and find out. It's the future now, but it'll be history then.

Maybe. I just wish we knew for certain one way or the other.

You're learning.
So, since everything seems settled, do we have to head home right now?

What’d you have in mind?

Just a little sight-seeing.

I mean how often will we get to see 1978 New York?

We can stay a day, a week, a month- and be back aboard the Enterprise a few seconds after we left.
You're forgetting a few things.

First, we only have the clothes on our backs.

Second, we have no place to stay.

And third, we've taken up enough of Mr. Seven's time.

You can have till Sundown.

Then we go home.

Yes!

Never a moment's rest for you is there?

Oh, once in awhile, I manage to catch my breath.

Enjoy your tour.
This place is amazing.
We've got to come back when we're prepared to stay longer.

Well, you'll have to be careful. Get too involved and you'll run the risk of changing History instead of preserving it.

How's Mr. Seven do it then?
Surely he doesn't stay in his office all the time?

If you ever see him again, you can ask him.

Now, if you would, please?
SHRAH!!!
What happened, Tamera?

Six months ago, you and your sister went off to explore New York.

We found you unconscious on the floor when we came in this morning.

Six months-?

We did.

We walked all over town till we ended up near 52nd street. The sun had gone down, so we ducked into an alley and I opened a portal.

But something was wrong—there were bursts of light and energy—nothing like the trip here.

But I could hear the surf, so I headed toward it.

Once I topped a rise, all I could do was stare in shock.

It was the Golden Gate Bridge—

When I could see again, I was standing on a barren plain. Jan was nowhere to be seen—no one was.
...But no Golden Gate anyone had ever seen before.

San Francisco wasn’t in any better shape.

There wasn’t a single building left intact.
I never did find any Human survivors.
Once I’d found shelter, I spent the next several days trying to figure things out.

I opened portals—five, ten minutes into the past: Washington, London, Paris—all the major cities were in ruin.

Even the smallest villages had been leveled.

I started looking further back—but each year was the same—more ruin and destruction.

At first it was the same—nothing but ruins, then, I got to the first half of 1979 and everything was still there, the buildings, the people.

Then I remembered you and the colonel and I started checking the Twentieth century.

1979 was still alive—barely...
...Whatever the Romulans do, will happen sometime in the next few months.

So why didn’t the change in time affect you?

Did you? How did?

Plan ‘B’. If they can’t knock Skylab down, jump to a point in time after it fell on its own.

What?

Intriguing— and probably a combination of both.

The thing is, I thought we’d beaten the Romulans.

No, we only delayed them.

For the past few months, solar activity has been making Earth’s atmosphere expand. The resulting drag is slowing Skylab down.

On July 11, it’ll fall out of orbit, passing over Southern Australia before crashing into the Indian Ocean.

Then why bother trying to blow it up?

...so, either the powers the Guardian gave me made me immune to changes in time, or the fact that I’m not native to this timeline spared me.

Personal log: Additional. As clearly and quickly as I could, I explained the ‘how and why’ of my existance to Mr. Seven...
Like your sister said: confusion. While the official agencies were trying to figure out what happened, they'd be slower to accept reports of a real UFO attacking the planet.

You've made your point, ok?

Now, they still have their cloaking device and Humanity's innate gift of disbelief.

So what do we do?

We get you cleaned up and some food into you.

While you eat, I'll contact the Colonel and fill him in.

I doubt we'll see the Remulans before July 11.

But just to be on the safe side, we'll start keeping a closer eye to the sky.
Personal Log; Stardate, Armageddon. While Mr. Seven and the Colonel began checking their sources and contacts, Isis introduced me to a hobby she picked up from Mr. Seven’s previous associate: Shopping.

While we vowed to visit every store in New York, Mr. Seven saw to the cultural side of my 20th century education, while Beta-5 maintained a constant vigil.

But it was while I was staying with the Colonel— I accepted his offer of the spare cabin aboard his boat— that I probably learned the most.

He introduced me to the evening news broadcast—the ancestor of the Federal News Feed.
After watching those reports, we'd talk for hours about what we'd seen. While those books weren't as advanced as Beta-5 or a 23rd century computer, they were full of information and I'd find myself lost in them till the early morning.

When he couldn't answer my questions, he directed me to his encyclopedias.

Still, we knew the day was coming when we'd be fighting for our lives and the Colonel took it upon himself to make sure this cadet had some additional training.

He provided the clothes, saying that his daughter left them behind on her last visit. I made the mistake of asking where she lived and found out she'd been an army nurse assigned to a medical unit in Vietnam. She died there in 1974. I didn't press for details.

The shoulder holster felt strange at first—same for the gun. It was heavier than the phasers I'd trained with at the Academy—louder, too.

But we both knew my life may depend on it, so I listened to his instructions and did my best to master the thing.

BLAM!

By the time Skylab finally fell, I'd gotten to be a pretty good shot and my understanding of the 20th century had reached the point where I could probably pass for a native of the era of I had to.
But, I couldn't help thinking about everything I'd learned. I just couldn't understand. With everything Humanity had going for it— even in this century— why all the wars and hatreds? Why all the bloodshed?

With all that insanity, how did Mankind ever survive long enough to reach the stars?

Then I thought about the Romulan threat hanging over us— and all the secret battles Mr. Seven must've fought over the last ten years and there was only one conclusion I could come to:

Without a lot of outside help, we would never have gotten past stone knives and bear skins.

But then, I have to ask why? Why had those outside agencies helped? Had they seen some spark of potential in us that we were too blind to see for ourselves?

I could only hope the answer was 'yes'...
July 13, 1979

Here you go, Miss.

Thank you.

Hey!

Mr. Seven, what-?

Beta-5 picked up a temporal disturbance in lunar orbit a few moments ago.

Our friends are back.
I brought the rest of your things as well- in case you have to make a quick exit when this is over.

You expecting trouble?

Young lady, if you can imagine it- plan for it.

He's right, Tamera.

Did you bring it, Colonel?

The timer on this has a pre-set two-minute countdown. All you have to do, is press the green button, put it where you want it- then get out.

Clear?

Between these packs, there's enough explosive here to take out the Titanic.

Tamera, look at this.

Yes, sir.
How are we going to do this?

We'll transport onto their ship, plant the explosives then leave before they detonate.

But I can't go into a fight wearing a dress!

You won't be wearing one when we arrive.

Beta-5 begin monitoring our status.

Acknowledged, Supervisor 194.

HUMMMmmm

Merow!
This will definitely work.

According to Beta-5’s scans, the Engine Room is this way...

And the ship’s Plasma Cannon Chamber is that way.
I’ll take the canon while you two go after the engines.

Go through the next two intersections. At the third one, turn right. Go through one intersection and you’ll find a door to the canon chamber.

Understood.

Be careful, Colonel.

You, too.
“Commander, internal sensors are detecting three alien life-forms- Humans, Commander!”

Impossible!

How did they get onboard?

Scans are confirmed, Commander.

Unknown, Commander. There are no ships in the star system and no transporter activity has been detected.

Shall I sound Intruder Alert, Commander?
No.

Call Security- tell them I want the Humans taken alive for questioning.

Sound the alarm and the Humans will know that we are aware of them.

We must know how twentieth century humans managed to get on board undetected.

As you order, Commander.
Now, just turn around and walk back into the Engine Room.

Bling!
Everyone just stay where you are.

Wow.

Place the charges on the other side of the grid.

My God...
That had to be the Colonel!

BLAM!

BOOM!!

We're running out of time.
Transport in progress.

Emergency Protocols engaged.
Re-channeling.

Energy over-load detected.
Re-directing.

Rerowl?!?

Thrump!

Oh!

Colonel! Where's-?

Offph!
Warning! Energy discharge imminent!

MOVE!

Self-repair protocols engaged.
NO! Run your scans again!

Romulan ship is destroyed. Supervisor 194...is gone.

Scanning. Romulan ship is destroyed. Supervisor 194...is gone.

No...No, I'll go back in time...warn him.

Tamera- No.
Colonel ?!

If you save him, who's next? Me? Your sister? Do you spend the rest of your life saving friends and loved ones?

How many knots will your timeline be tied in then?

We're fighting a war, Young Lady- and people die in wars. That's one fact all the time-traveling won't change.

You have to accept the fact that he died doing his job.
This the first time you've lost someone?

The first one's never easy—none of them are.

I've lived through three wars—lost friends and daughter both to them—

Do you ever get used to it?

—and the answer's "No".

And you have to make sure you never get used to it.

I don't understand. Getting used to it would make the loss easier to handle, wouldn't it?

Yes—which is why you can't allow it to happen.
No loss of life should be easy to handle — makes it too easy to take the next one.

I'd like to live the rest of my life and never have to kill again.

I'm a soldier, Tamora. I've had to kill before — both from a distance and up close.

—but I don't expect that to happen.

A sane man only goes to war — only kills — for one reason: to stop the war — stop the killing — as quickly as possible.

Even if that means putting his own life on the line to accomplish it.

What'll happen to this place?

To Beta-5?

I have a message for Colonel Fellini from Supervisor 194. I was instructed to deliver it in the event of Supervisor 194's death.

What's the message?

It was Supervisor 194's request that you assume his duties in the event of his death.

Makes sense. Being in the military, you'd hear about things no one else would.
What about his superiors? Captain Kirk called them his "benefactors"?

Some training will be necessary. A Supervisor can be in transit within the hour.

I'd stay if I could, Colonel, but I think it's time for that exit you mentioned.

I should try to get home-find out if I have one.

I understand.

Use that thing sparingly. You'll run out of ammo soon enough.

Then I'll have a good reason to come back and visit.

What about you? You want to come with me or stay with the Colonel?

I'll be sure to keep some on hand.

purrr

That's all right. I never was much of a cat person.
Hey, Colonel?... Well I'll be damned.

Want a peak at the Future?

The Enterprise.

'Bye, Colonel.

Tamera.
The 23rd Century:  
Stardate: 5936.7.

Well, home at last.

What the hell-?

Why are you dressed like that?

What is she doing here?

And don’t tell me she followed you home.

It’s kind of involved.

Again?
Personal Log: Stardate 5936.7. Janet Kirk recording. I could only shake my head in shock as Tam told me what had happened after we stepped into the portal.

As I watch her sit on her bed with Isis curled up beside her, it’s clear this newest member of my family is going to make life interesting at the very least...

...Mr. Seven died in the explosion. Beta-5 couldn’t pull us all out.

I’m sorry to hear that. He took his job very seriously.

Yes, he- Wait-a-minute!

Remember when we first arrived in his office? He introduced us to Isis...?

He never asked me my name—And I never told him.

Isis, you remember Captain Kirk.

This is her sister, Tamera.

Computer on...

Yowl!
He already knew.

But that's not possible unless-

At some point in your future and his past, you two will meet up again-

-for the first time.

Welcome to the life of a time-traveler, Kiddo.

Tamera, there is something you should see.

Whoah.

The Colonel put this in your bag just before you and Gary got back from the park.

Jan... These are forms for adopting "Tamera Kirk Fellini".

What is it?
Why would he do this?

I guess he assumes you’ll be visiting the twentieth century often enough that you’ll need some kind of documentation to support your existence.

And I’ll tell you this: From what I saw of him, the Colonel wouldn’t have done this if he didn’t approve of you.

Yawn...

Why don’t you get some rest? You’ve had a busy three days.

Funny, it feels more like three months.
"Assignment: Yesterday"
by MDBruffy

Based on Concepts created by G. Roddenberry and the writing staff of the original Star Trek TV series.
Captain Janet Kirk:
- V3 Base from Daz Studio
- Daria textures and morphs from Illusion Designs
- Full and feathered hair by DAZ Studio
- Jan's off-duty outfit - Top: Hongyu's Cheongsam upper pants: leather jeans with material room texture

Spock:
- M3 Base from DAZ Studio
- Head morph by Fatuccini
- Textures are Universal Textures for M3 Hair model for Spock, by Mylochka

Tamara Kirk:
- V3 base from DAZ Studio
- Daria for V3 from Illusion Designs
- High School years 3 for V3 morph by renapd
- Hair: Full and Feathered by DAZ Studio
- Cadet Uniform - Dallas shirt - Poserworld
- Textures by MDBuffy
- Pants: leather jeans for V3 with material room texture
- Hot Dog outfit: "Happy-go-Lucky" by English Bob
- Jumpsuit: J-suit for V4 - converted
- Top and shorts combo: Big sky for V4 - converted
- Shopping top: Sandy blouse
- Handgun by Questor

Lesia:
- Cat - Millennium Cat from DAZ Studio
- Human form - Aiko3, OL Skirt, size sweater, shoes by CF, New Kyra Hair
- Collars by Rduda

Colonel Fellini:
- M3 base from DAZ Studio
- Head morph by MDBuffy
- RAF Uniform by Poserworld adapted to USAF standard by MDBuffy
- Badges and belt buckles by MDBuffy
- Fatigues by Poserworld
- Handgun by Questor

Gary Seven:
- P5 male base
- Head morph by MDBuffy
- Jacket: M3 coat-converted
- P5 Don's sports coat by Poserworld

Romulan males:
- M3 base - from DAZ Studio
- Uniform M3 Tunic Textures by MDBuffy
- Helmet by jagurry3

Romulan females:
- V3 base from DAZ Studio
- Uniform - V3 Tunic Textures by MDBuffy
- Helmets by jagurry3

NASA Lobby group and Researchers:
- M3, V3, Maya, Aiko, P5 male, 32 Symon

Ruined future skeletons:
- Male and female skeletons from DAZ Studio

Built by Jonathan Rich:
- Guardian of Forever Portal
- Surrounding ruins by MDBuffy
- Gary Seven's visitors chairs
- Romulan Bird of Prey
- S.A.S.O.V. screen image

Romulan Bridge by Kenneth Thomson Jr.

Tamara's dufflebag by Rduda

Gary Seven's servo - Unknown

Klingon/Romulan disruptor by Xcal

Trek chair by Xcal

Time portal effect -
- Ring Tunnel from Jepes Movie props 4

Deedlus - Star Trek Australia

NX-01 - By Kenny Z

Phoenix - image by Foundation 3D

Botany Bay - Battle Clinic

ISS space station - NASA

Constitution class ship by Evillincourse180

Federal Starship textures by MDBuffy

Nova Trek Star Fleet Uniforms - Female -
- Long-sleeve zip dress from Renderosity
- Textures by MDBuffy

Boots by BVH Studios

Male -
- M3 Sci-fi suit from DAZ Studio
Command Suite
viewport wall by Jonathan Rich
Computer labs
NASA lobby
NASA logo by Ptrope
Lobby furniture- unknown
NASA Hallway
Flight Simulator room
Apollo Command Module by Content Paradise
Skylab Space Station
Colonel Fellini's boat
Gershwin Theater exterior
Gary Seven's Office
visitors' chairs by Jonathan Rich
Paintings textures originally owned and presented on "Night Gallery."
Shield on back wall- unknown

Remulon Corridor
with assist from Jonathan Rich
Romulan Engine Room
Romulan Plasma Canon Chamber
Engine room and canon chamber based on blueprints designed by Michael McMaster
Future ruins of 'Frisco
photo manipulation by MDBrufty
Shattered Worlds sets by MRX3010

Central park hotdog stand
pop dispenser- unknown
The Colonel's Plastique explosive
File cabinets
20th century desk chairs
selected desk accessories
Gary Seven's communicators
20th century computer systems
New York street photo manipulations

Software Programs used:
Poser 7
Photoshop 2.0
Celestia
Vue 7 Espirit
3D Extreme Text
Windows Paint
Adobe Acrobat 8 Pro
Wardrobe Wizard

Acknowledgment

First, I would like to thank the folks at www.uss Tamerlane.com, where I maintain a Work-in-progress gallery. Their suggestions and comments help me avoid a lot of mistakes this time around and I am grateful to them for that.

Second, as with the first books, I am painfully aware that I have left people out either by accident, or through lack of information. In the event that you are one of these people, please know that I do thank you for the time and effort that you put into your models and textures and know that Nova Trek would not have been possible without your efforts.
...Fitzpatrick studied his new found niece. “Well, if you want to stay in Starfleet, you’ve got some catching up to do. Sixteen years is a lot of time to be jumped over.”

T’Pel glanced at her husband, then toward their younger niece. “The only problem I see, is creating the necessary records to justify your existence.” She gave a shrug of her own as she continued. “Of course you will have to be listed as Janet’s sister- the family connection is undeniable.”

The Red Alert Klaxon sliced through the ship and Jan’s hand came down on the cabin monitor. “Kirk here- Report!”

Spock’s image came up on the screen even as his voice filled the cabin. “Starbase 98 has been attacked. One docking berth has nearly been destroyed by three plasma energy bursts.”

Jan nearly swore. “Romulans.” She looked to her uncle. “Who else is in orbit?”

He could only shrug. “The Lydia’s been on patrol. She should’ve been back by now.”

Spock had heard the exchange. “The Ptolemy assumed orbit soon after we did.”

“Contact her,” Jan ordered. “Tell her to drop her container and stand by. I’m on my way. Kirk out.”

She then headed for the door with the other three following close behind...

Next time on Nova Trek:

“Another Step Toward War”

Coming in 2011
Dedicated to the memories of:

Ed Peck
March 26, 1917-
Sept. 12, 1992

Robert Lansing
June 5, 1928-
Oct. 23, 1994

Through their performances, they gave us characters that will never be forgotten.