NOVA TREK
A Universe away from the one you knew
"A Tale of Two Captains"
Part 3 of 3

F.S.S. ENTERPRISE
NCC-1701

Based on concepts created by Gene Roddenberry

MDB COMICS Book Seven
Previously on Nova Trek...

Do you know this region?

The Que'Pak Region-
The Humans call it the "Triad".

It is the only place in the
quadrant where Klingon,
Union and Remulan borders
meet.

For several months now, our informants
in the Romulan Empire, have been hearing
about a massive military build-up.

If they chose to attack us,
we simply do not have the
resources for a prolonged
conflict- two, three years
at most.

If that is true-
it is.

Kahless said, "A wise man is
known by the allies he recruits
and the enemies he choses to
fight."

Perhaps, it is time to
speak with the Union.

Talk with the Union have
been going on behind sealed
doors for two months now.

Such an alliance would go far
toward preserving the Empire.

You will be my eyes.

And what is to be
my part in this?

You will go to the Triad-
watch and monitor as you
patrol our side of the border.

If the situation changes,
inform me- then use your
best judgement and know
you do so with my full
support.
Audio only.

This better be good, Shev.

I'm sorry.

But long-range scans are picking up a spatial distortion ten thousand kilometers to port.

Confirmed. The distortion is also precisely three thousand kilometers across—no variation.

Can we all say “Artificial”? Long-range scans are picking up a Klingon D-7 cruiser on their side of the Klingon Neutral Zone.

What's your name?

Captain James Tiberious Kirk - United Starship Enterprise.

He is no threat.

Infact, he is as much the captain of the Enterprise as you are.

A parallel universe.
Captain! They're firing on each other!

What could be grave enough to justify crossing the 'Zone and firing on your sister ship?

And once they've conquered the Union, some scientist will point out that the...gateway device works. Then this empire will go through and contact another empire-and another, until there's only one, multi-dimensional Romulan Empire.

Preventing...your word would be "Armageddon."

Located here is Outpost 648. It has been designated as the Command Center for the operation.

Everything is there-including information about the...gateway device.

With that information, your Starfleet can counter any move our fleet makes.
It sounds like a small team would be best. Two people - in quick and out fast.

I have a small scout aboard my ship. If you would do me the honor, isn't it?

You're going, aren't you?

I want you to take command while I'm gone.

He doesn't know our universe. There are too many changes to blindly trust what he says - especially when you're talking about an enemy alien.

Captain, there's a small scout leaving the Romulan ship.

That'll be your Captain and the Commander. Track them as long as you can.

Spock to Enterprise.

We have found the device. Disconnecting it now.
Spock to Enterprise. Energize.

Main Transporter Room to Sick Bay!

Mr. Spock!

Medical Emergency!

By the gods...

I think he's dead.
Will he be all right?

Eventually.

But between the disruptor blast and the surgery, his system’s been put through a lot.

Even with his half-Vulcan stamina, it’s going to be awhile before he can return to active duty.

Go home, Captain.

As soon as they can rebuild the gateway device, go home.

You don’t know this universe. All you’re going to accomplish is getting this crew killed.

Something I had Mr. Scott throw together. For lack of any formal name, call it an energy sponge.

Put this in contact with an energy source and it’ll drain the energy for thirty seconds before the circuits melt.
Two copies - just in case.

I felt it when he got hurt - sometime after it happened.

He's slipped into a healing trance.

Is that the information?

Yes.

C&C, contact the Lydia. Tell them to be ready to break orbit as soon as I'm on board. Fitzpatrick out.
Yes, sir. But how—?

You just became my yeoman for the duration. If we live through this, I'll see to it you're credited with one training flight.

"Fitzpatrick to Lydia, two to beam over. Energize."
Is there any way to transmit a jamming field to keep the cloaking devices from working?

Aye, there might be. I'll get right on it.

Don't try to beat an entire invasion fleet by yourself.

All right, people, we have an invasion to stop.

Let's get it done.

Co-ordinates received, Skipper.

Co-ordinates received, Jim. We're on our way.

Starfleet's given me permission to recruit some volunteers for a little side trip.
So...are you in?

Of course.

Good.

Sending co-ordinates now.

You’ll be joining up with us, the *Memphis Belle* and the *Tamerlane*.

And now, the conclusion...
Let the old men tell the story,
Let the legend grow and grow,
of the thirteen days of glory
at the siege of Alamo.

Lift up tattered banners proudly,
while the eyes of Texas shine.
Let the fort that was a mission,
be an ever-lasting shrine.

Once they fought to give us freedom,
that is all we need to know,
of those thirteen days of glory
at the siege of Alamo.

Now the bugles are silent,
and there’s rust on each sword,
and the small band of soldiers
lie asleep in the arms of the Lord.

“The only absolute about History,
is that it invariably tries to repeat
itself-
-And usually succeeds.”
-Anonymous
Sir, scans are picking up four more ships approaching.

Yes, sir.

It can't be her.

Send my welcome, Captain and tell them to form up.

Sir, considering what's at stake, I feel I have to ask-

You've placed an entire sector on Code-1 Alert, cancelled missions, recalled ships-all on her word.

Can you really accept Kirk's message at face value?
You've never met my oldest niece, Captain. She's the first female starship captain in Fleet history for a reason—and that reason is, that she's damn good at her job.

I've known both all their lives, and I'll take their word over that of any so-called expert anytime.

Yes, sir.

Sorry, sir.

Uncle Frank—

I meant what I said. Until Finney messed things up, you and Jan were one and the same—so I have known you all your life.

Do you think we'll get there in time?

That I don't know.
Captain’s log; Stardate 5938.0.
The Romulans are planning a massive invasion of the Union.
They see it as pay-back for losing the Earth-Romulan War a hundred years ago.

Command has been informed, but even under ideal conditions, help is still thirteen hours away.

So here, on the Federal side of the Romulan Neutral Zone, the Enterprise has to hold the line—alone.

...All non-combatants are being evacuated to Starbase 98. I’ve arranged with Shev for you and Dr. M’Benga to use her scout to get Spock there.

M’Benga interned in a Vulcan ward. So he knows how to deal with the Healing Trance in case Spock comes out of it in route.

I’ve also contacted Vulcan’s Ambassador Sarek—Spock’s father.

You have my thanks, Captain.

You have done far more than I deserve.

He’ll meet you at Starbase 98 to help arrange some kind of political asylum so the Empire can’t touch you.
You’re fighting to preserve the Empire.
Your Imperial Senate would’ve been smart to listen to you.

Now we’ll have to make them listen the hard way.

What’s wrong?

I… would speak with you alone before we leave.

You have been calling me “Commander” – but I do have a name.

It is tradition among my people that – due to the power names possess – that they only be given to family – or those that have earned our deepest trust.
You believed me before Spock’s mind meld—
—I stood by me even as my own crew betrayed me.

Captain, my name is “Rayannah*”.

* Pronounced “Ray-an-anna”

My friends call me “Jan”.
Captain? We're ready to move Mr. Spock.

Go ahead. McCoy's in with him now.

It'll be all right.

Commander?
Very shortly, we are going to be involved in a war. There's no other way to put it.

You've all been taught and trained to defend the Union and what it stands for.

Stand up for her, defend her. But I won't ask you to die for her.

This is your one chance to leave if you want to and nothing will be said against you.
And do what? Pace the deck at Starbase 98?

I'd be bored out of my mind.

Glad you said that. With Spock gone, you're First Officer for the duration.

Hell of a time for a promotion.

Standing by for orders, Captain.
Status of the evacuation?

They're launching now. Chi-town's cleared the hanger. The shuttles are forming up on him.

Thanks, by the way.

If we're going to be involved in a shooting war, I'd just as soon not have him on board.

I almost lost him on the Venture. Once is enough.
The last shuttle has cleared the hanger.

Hanger Bay doors are now closed.

Scott to Bridge.

Kirk here. Go ahead, Scotty.

I’ve got your cloak jammer whenever ya want it, Ma’am.

I even hooked in a separate power generator in case the main power gets knocked out.

Good thinking, Scotty. Turn it on.

It’s online now— and working.

Computer?

Good. Kirk out.

Yes, Captain?

You will apply the same routine we used at Starbase 98.
Understood. Port and Starboard dorsal phasers are now under computer control.

Scanning for plasma energy bursts.

Let me explain something while we still have time.

We are not here to defeat an entire invasion force. No one ship can do that—not even the Enterprise.

Our job is to stall their advance—to hold them up long enough for Admiral Fitzpatrick to get here with reinforcements.

They can’t. Remember your history.

Captain, what’s to keep them from just going around us?
We're the Alamo. Remember General Santa Anna couldn't by-pass them— if he had, he would have been caught between the Alamo and General Houston's forces.

The one little detail you left out, is the fact that everyone died at the Alamo.

All right. You want an example with Survivors.

Earth's Second World War- 1944 old calendar. The Belgian city of Bastogne. It was located at the major crossroads the German forces needed to continue their advance.

But American forces held the town. Even as the Germans surrounded them, even as their supplies ran low, the Americans held on till Allied forces broke through the German blockade and reached the survivors.

Captain, long-range scans show the Romulan Fleet approaching their side of the Neutral Zone.

Open a general hail.

Channel open.
War is no answer. Please don't throw lives away on a campaign you know won't succeed.

Romulan Fleet, this is the FSS Enterprise, Captain Janet Kirk commanding. We know your intentions— and I'm asking you not to follow through on them.

If you want to open a dialogue with the Union, we'd certainly be willing to do so.

They're not even slowing down.

“Romulan Fleet, your cloaks won't do you any good. If you enter the Neutral Zone, you'll be committing an Act of War and I'll be forced to fire on you.”

This is the FSS Venture to Orion Vessels. Identify yourselves and state your reason for being in this area.

Orion vessels, remain on your side of the border. If you insist on crossing, you will be causing an interplanetary incident.

Orion vessels, return to your side of...

Just...just don't send me to the ACR.

Are you all right?

I won't. I need you here—all of you.
No response, Captain.

Take us right to the edge of the 'Zone.

Captain, we have one Romulan ship entering the 'Zone.

Scorch his paint.
Two Plasma Energy Bursts detected. Firing.
The Romulan ships are withdrawing, Captain.

They won't give up that easily.

We just surprised them, that's all.

Message from the Romulans, Captain.

On screen.

Enterprise, I am Admiral Barlock of the Romulan Imperial Fleet.

You will stand aside, or we will destroy you.

On the other side of the Klingon Neutral Zone...
Commander, we have cracked the Romulan’s communication system.

They are contacting the Enterprise.

Put it on screen.

You’ll try to do that anyway.

Admiral, why do you want war? Are you that eager for your people to die?

We must survive.

War isn’t about survival. It’s only about Death.

If there’s a problem—something your Empire needs—there’s no shame in asking for help.

And you have much to learn, Kuntz.

The Union is not insane— or weak.

I know Kirk. If her back is to the bulkhead and she has no other option, she will fight with as much determination as you or I.

But she also has enough intelligence not to go looking for war.

The Human is weak.

The Union was insane to put a female in command of a ship of war.
We have chosen our course of action, Captain - and we will see it through.

I'm sorry to hear that, Admiral, because you've chosen my path as well. From this point on, every Romulan crew member we kill will be on your head.

Enterprise out.

Then she will fight till she dies.

She does not go looking for war. But when it finds her?

No more warning shots.

The next Romulan that enters the 'Zone... shoot it down.

Yes, ma'am.
Captain, this doesn't make sense.

They out-number us. Why are they only sending one or two ships at a time and firing from their side of the 'Zone? Those are two damn good questions.

Kyle, give me a full scan of the area.

Captain- three kilometers away- course, 217 mark 3. They're trying to slip past while the Admiral keeps us busy. Lay in the course-

-And give me a full spread of torpedoes.

“Fire!”
Two other Romulans are withdrawing.

Plasma energy bursts- Port, Starboard, dead ahead, I can’t-

Do what you have to!

Over-riding Helm control. I’m sorry, Commander.
CRASH!

Enemy ships closing on all sides!

Shields are at 80%!

Fire at-
What the hell-?

That wasn't us.

What is this, Kirk?

You start a war and don't invite us?

I never had a chance to mail the invitations.

Ha!

Yibah!*
"...Use your best judgement and know you do so with my full support..."

- Chancellor Gorkon
...Yes, sir. I'll tell him.
Kirk out.

Uncle Frank? That was the Captain. He says five more ships have arrived— including the Constitution.
When most people think of the Constitution-class, they think of the Enterprise—especially since your sister’s been in command.

But there’s the Lady that started it all. Every Post-Daedalus ship in the fleet—including the Lydia—owes their existence to the Constitution and the technology she pioneered.

And you’re seeing her on what’ll probably be her last mission.

Normally, Starfleet keeps a ship in service for a minimum of twenty years.
The Constitution's only 14 years old. But there's been talk that Command plans to retire her next month so they can send her to the Fleet Museum.

So this could be her last fight?

Win or lose.
Captain’s Log; Stardate 5938.2
We’ve been going at it for two hours now.

With the help of the KIC Cho’Mar, we’ve managed to beat back the Romulan lunge, but I’m expecting a larger push anytime now—and what damage we’ve taken is starting to take its collective toll.

Power is out on Decks Nine and Ten. There’s a minor hull breach on Deck 20—emergency bulkheads in that area have closed it off and our shields are down to sixty percent.

The Cho’Mar isn’t in much better shape. Her primary disruptor canon is out—leaving just her nacelle canons and only fifty percent shielding.

Without help soon, one of us isn’t going to last much longer...
SLAM!

Computer!

I'm sorry, Captain. Even I can't avoid them all.

Understood.

We have a Romulan ship on a collision course—and the Cho'Mar is surrounded.

Evasive—Z minus Forty degrees.

Bring us about. Let's give the Cho'Mar what help we can.
Transporter Room, how many aboard the Cho’Mar?

We’re only scanning three still alive, Captain.

Get a lock on them.

Be ready to beam them directly to the Bridge on my order.

Kyle!

It’s the Fire Control Unit, Captain.
Computer, status?

Only the forward phasers can be fired manually, Captain.

Computer control is still available for the rest.

There's no choice.

Agreed.

Computer, you will assume control of all port and starboard weapons.

You are now authorized to fire on any Romulan vessel till I or Commander Tra’laren say otherwise.

Yes, Ma’am. All port and starboard weapons are now under computer control.
Welcome aboard.
There wasn’t time to warn you.

Plasma energy bursts- all directions.

Re-directing power to shields.

WHAM! Crunch!

Shields are down.
Intruder Alert!

Romulan boarding parties on decks six, twelve, seventeen and twenty-three.

Lock down the Emergency Bulkheads and all doors!

Place the turbolifts on crew voice print only!

CLICK!

Kang!

SWOOSH
Shev, you have the Bridge.

There will be no surrender. As First Officer, you're authorized to blow her up if you have to. Clear?

Computer, Command Suite.

Why not your armoury?

Command Suite's closer.

Where is your husband—Spock?

Wounded. I had him evacuated to Starbase 98.
Remind me to never make you mad.
Intruder Defense System?

Currently off-line. Re-routing control pathways.

Get with Mr. Scott. Give priority to the shields—then the IDS.

Acknowledged.

"To loan this weapon is to loan my life."

To accept this weapon, is to accept your life."

You have learned the Klingon Way well.

I tried.

You succeed.
Kang, under any other circumstances, I’d ask you to spare them.

But I gave Admiral Barlock a very clear chance to back out of this and he refused.

You do what you have to to survive.

We’ll worry about cleaning up the blood later.
Intruder Alert!

Stand Ready!

Fire!
They just keep coming!

Then we keep fighting—
And die like Warriors born!
Scott to Therran.

Therran here, sir.

What's your status, Lad?

Kirk here, Scotty. Are you all right?

Sir, I should be asking you-Captain-?

Aye. We've got a bit of a fire fight going here, but we'll hold 'em off.

But Mr. Barker's watching the ACR alone- I dinna have anyone to send with him.

AAAHHH!

BURRRRR!

Burrrr!

BURRRRR!

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Kang and I will handle it. You and Therran hold on as best you can till the shields and the IDS are back up.

Aye.

Mr. Barker!
Computer, can you access the transporters?

Yes, Ma'am.

Transport Mr. Barker to Sickbay - immediately.

Yes, Ma'am.

Defensive shields restored to forty percent.

IDS restored.

Kang-Inside.
Computer, place the Bridge and the ACR on the auxiliary air supply then release the gas.

Yes, Ma'am.

Won't your crew be affected?

HUMMMMMMM

No.

They were immunized against it when they joined Starfleet.

A few watery eyes will be the worse of it.
Computer, what’s the Captain’s status?

Now it works.

Beaming on to the Bridge now.

Good job, everyone. Computer, beam all the Romulans back to the Admiral.

And what of Lt. Katz?

And beam Lt. Katz’s body to Sickbay. Advise McCoy to place it in stasis for now.

Yes, Ma’am.

Now, let’s remind the Admiral who commands this ship.

All weapons, full spread-Fire!
Plasma Energy Bursts incoming!

SLAM!

CRASH!!

Smack!

Kyle?

She's unconscious, Captain.
Shields are down to thirty percent. If they gang up on us again, we won't survive it.

Port warp nacelle is damaged and leaking plasma.

See if McCoy can spare someone.

Computer, status?

Only the forward phasers are operational—on manual. All other weapons are off-line.

Captain, the Romulan Admiral's hailing us. We only have audio communications.

Let's hear it, then.

Captain Kirk, your crew has fought valiantly, but you are outnumbered and there can only be one outcome.

Surrender and I will allow you to evacuate your ship before we destroy it.

No response!

Computer, how badly are we leaking plasma?
The Port nacelle's hull is ruptured. Plasma is escaping at a fairly steady rate.

Put us into a slow, wide turn- make it look like the leak's pushed us into it. Take us right across their path.

I'm planning on taking out as many of those bastards as I can.

Swoosh

Bones-

Shev, take aim on the plasma.

When I tell you to, hit the switch- and we'll light up the night!

Why has he not fired on us for not answering?

He's cautious. That's his weakness.

He's holding back, waiting to see what we do before he makes his next move.
It's a plus for us.

The longer he takes to make up his mind, the longer reinforcements will have to get here.

Computer, boost shield strength the moment we ignite the plasma.

Yes, Ma'am.

They have blocked us for six hours.

My patience is at an end. Order the fleet to pursue.
They’re closing.

Stand by.

Admiral, their warp plasma is blocking our scans of their ship.
Order the fleet to fall back and regroup.

Once back in formation, we will attack en masse and allow no one to turn away until Enterprise is destroyed!
Our best speed is now Warp Three. Impulse is down to sixty percent. Shields are holding at fifty percent. Forward phasers just went down— I am attempting to re-route control pathways—what few are left. All other weapons are off-line.

Including torpedoes?

Yes, Ma'am. We still have over half our inventory, but no way to launch them at present.

How many is half?

Sixty.

Bones?

Just a good knock on the head. But I still want to check her over good when things settle down.

All right, then.

Computer, are the transporters still operational?

Why are you asking about-
...All right, Scotty. Best guess as to how long it'll take them to scan the area, then plant four more in a different spot.

I didn't know you could be so devious.

Aye, Captain. They should be done by now.

Energizing.

I did not know you could be so predatory.

Kang, when the right mood hits, I can be down right vicious.
I've never seen so many ships in one place before.

It's the largest gathering since the Battle of Organia.

Why don't you see if you can find the Mess Hall and grab us a couple of sandwiches?

Yes, Sir.
Wha?  
Back up.

Now who or what are you?

For all intents and purposes, Amanda, she's my youngest niece.

Sir, you of all people know Janet Kirk never had a sister.

Well she does now.

Put the phaser down, Amanda. Tam's no threat.

Tam?
“Personal log: Supplemental. At Uncle Frank’s nod, I went on to explain. I showed Amanda both timelines and explained to her what Finney had done—managing this time, to keep his current whereabouts out of the conversation.”

Incredible. I’ve read all about altered timelines, but I never expected to encounter the results of one.

If not for Jan and the Guardian, there wouldn’t be any to encounter.

So, you’re what? A Senior Cadet?

And Uncle Frank’s yeoman till this current mess is over.
Why don’t you two go on to dinner?

Yes, sir.

and don’t forget that sandwich when you come back?

Fitzpatrick here.

Taylor, sir.

Swoosh

TheewEEWweeet!

The Ptolemy and two other transports have entered sensor range. The Ptolemy’s captain says they’re each towing three passenger units and an emergency medical unit.

Excellent idea, Captain. See to it.

Aye, sir.

Fitzpatrick out.

He’s offering to take on the task force’s non-combatants and stand by for casualties.
Captain's Log: Stardate 5938.13.  
Captain Janet Kirk recording.

With one stunt or another, we’ve managed to hold the Romulans at bay for thirteen hours.

Our last group of torpedoes has just detonated and I am out of options.

Before we meet our expected end, I wish to record the following: For Commander Shev Tar'Laren, Lt. M'ress, Lt. Janice Rand, Lt. John Kyle. They all had the opportunity to leave before the battle began and chose to stay. For all of them, I give my highest recommendation.

I also wish to state for the record, that we would not have survived this long without the assistance of Commander Kang and the crew of the KIC Cho'Mar- the best ship and crew in the Klingon Imperial Fleet.

Despite cultural differences, Commander Kang, Lt. Kuniz, and Lt. Katz conducted themselves with honor and in the best traditions of a true warrior race.

If it were possible to record a recommendation for Lt. Katz, I would gladly do so. He gave his life in defense of a Bridge not his own.

I am proud and honored to count these three men as members of my crew- now and forever.

Computer, jettison the log.
Let the old men tell the story,  
Let the legend grow and grow,  
of the thirteen days of glory  
at the siege of Alamo.

Captain, the Romulan 
Fleet is moving towards 
us enmasse. Four thousand 
kilometers and closing.

Shev, bring us 
about.

If this is their final 
push, let's face it head on.

Yes, Ma'am. 
Coming about.

Lift up tattered banners proudly,  
while the eyes of Texas shine.  
Let the fort that was a mission,  
be an everlasting shrine.

Once they fought to give us freedom,  
that is all we need to know,  
of those thirteen days of glory  
at the siege of Alamo.
I only have one option left.

—And that's a taste of their own medicine.

I suggest you use it while you still have time.

Computer? Alpha Omega, Altair 4.


Pass code acknowledged, Captain. Self destruct systems are now on-line. Standing by for Voice Command Activation.

Romulan Fleet is three thousand kilometers and closing...

Two thousand...

Eighteen hundred...

Sixteen hundred...

Fourteen hundred...

Twelve Hundred...

One thousand...

Eight hundred...
Six hundred kilometers... Four hundred...

Computer, ae-

Spacial distortion one hundred kilometers to port.

Who are they? Identify!

Sensors must be damaged. Lead ship's registry reads "U.S.S. Enterprise".

Jim!?
All right, Mr. Sulu, lock and load.

Aye, sir.

Acquiring target lock-

Firing.

As long as we're in this universe, any vessel with a bird-of-prey painted on it is fair game till I say otherwise.

Emergency bulkheads are closed. All defensive systems are down. All weapon systems are down. Correction, one forward phaser bank has come back on-line. All other weapon systems are down.

Spock, status of the FSS Enterprise?

Not good, Captain.

Their port warp nacelle is ruptured and off-line. Impulse power is down to twenty percent.

There are power outages and hull breaches throughout the vessel.
Uhura, contact the Tamerlane. Tell Commander Cochrane to drop back and give the other Enterprise some cover.

Then call the Saladin and the Memphis Belle.

Tell them it’s time to take this to the Romulans.
Fresh from the shipyard, the *Memphis Belle* held her course.

Like the legendary bomber, whose name she bore, she flew through plasma energy bursts as if they were twentieth century anti-aircraft fire...

...till she was close enough to release her load...

...and prove herself worthy of her name.
Captain! Short-range scans are picking additional ships entering the area.

Who?

Lydia to Enterprise. Lydia to Enterprise. Come in, Jan.
Welcome to the party.

Enterprise here, sir.

I'm sorry I'm late, Jan.

I had to pick up a few things.

Who are your other guests?

Computer? Four, Altair, Omega, Alpha. Disengage the Self Destruct.

Just some friends and... family from out of town.

Pass code acknowledged, Captain. Self-destruct is disengaged.

Lydia to task force. Enterprise bought us the time we needed to get here - now show her you're worth the price.

You know who the enemy is.

Engage at will.
Battle Bridge to Flight Deck—Fighters away!
Enterprise looks like she's been put through Hell.

Maybe so, but the Flag's still with us.
Black Sheep One to squadron: Here comes their fighters!
Keep them away from the Task Force!
Skipper, we’ve got a Bird-of-Prey coming up behind us.
General Hail.

Chanel open.

This is the Tamerlane. Thank you, who ever that was.

You're welcome, sister.
Damn! They got the Hood!

Blacksheep One to squadron- Anyone see which one it was?

Blacksheep Two-Affirmative. I've got 'em in my sights.

Blacksheep One to Blacksheep Two and Three: Pay 'em a visit.

Blacksheep Two-Copy that.

Blacksheep Three-acknowledged.

Blacksheep Two to Blacksheep One; Scratch one Rom-bird.

Blacksheep One; acknowledged.
Admiral, the other Saladin is heading for the heart of the Romulan Fleet.

That's how we lost our Saladin at Organia.

Well, we're not going to lose this one.

Give her some cover fire.

Port weapons ready.

Starboard weapons ready.

Forward weapons ready.

All weapons fire!
All right, Diana. They've cleared a path for us.

Give me a full spread of phasers and torpedoes.

Full spread, aye.
Hard about. Get us out of here.

Captain, a Bird-of-Prey is closing on the Lydia from the rear.

Set course for the Lydia. Channel open. Closing on the Lydia.

Open a channel.

Now with all due respect—Duck!

Saladin to Lydia, thanks for the assist.
Blacksheep Four to Blacksheep 1: I’m hit!

Blacksheep 4 transport out!

Can’t. Emergency Transporter’s been hit. Life pod ejection is out. I’ll have to ride it in.

Blacksheep 4 abort! Blacksheep 4-

He rammed one of their doubledeckers!
Captain, we have four Birds coming at us from four different directions.

Helm, when I give you the word, I want you to pivot the ship— and keep it going till I tell you to stop.

Prepare to fire. Bring shields to maximum.

Sir, they’re firing.

Now! Pivot and fire!
Blacksheep Five, you've got one coming at you from the rear - Dive!

Blacksheep Five to Blacksheep One: I'm hit. Initiating transport.

Blacksheep One, acknowledged.

Anyone got a line on their Command Ship? We get that one and the rest of these birds might fly home.
The Romulan Command Ship has left their fleet and is heading toward us.

The Admiral will have his revenge if nothing else.

Shev, bring us about. Let's face him bow to bow.

How do you intend to stop him?

By using the only thing I have left.

Acknowledged, Captain.

Now- cut power and sound Collision Alert.

Computer, on my order, you will cut power to the saucer section except for the Bridge, the computer core, Sick Bay and Main Engineering.
Jan!

Blacksheep One to Squadron- The Flag is down!

Repeat, the Flag is down!
Now the bugles are silent,

and there's rust on each sword,
and the small band of soldiers
lie asleep in the arms of the Lord.
KA-THUNK!

Hissssss

Janet!

Skull fracture—possible concussion.

Several broken ribs—one’s punctured a lung.

Commander, Lift doors will not respond.
Then Force Them!

Computer?

Yes, Commander?

SickBay.

Yes, sir.

Your car now has Medical Priority.
Two hours later...

Blacksheep One to Battle Bridge: Remaining Blacksheep accounted for. We're coming in.

Battle Bridge to Blacksheep One: Acknowledged.

T'Vek to Lydia: We have the Hood's saucer section in tow.
Repair crews are on board helping restore their power and life support.

Lydia to T'Vek: Acknowledged. Proceed to Starbase 98. If you or the Hood have any emergency medical cases, transfer them to the Ptolemy's group.

T'Vek to Lydia: Acknowledged. Setting course now. See you soon. T'Vek out.
Personal Log: Stardate 5938.15,
Captain Janet Kirk recording.
Last thing I remember is being
thrown across the Bridge.
When I opened my eyes again,
I found myself in SickBay, looking
at a very pleasant surprise...

...Hey, Stranger.

How do you feel?

Like I've been

gift-wrapped.

Who won?

We did.

When the Romulans saw their
command ship destroyed, they
withdrew back across the
Neutral Zone.

And the ship?

She's taken a lot of damage-
especially in the saucer. Forward
phasers are gone, but the port
and starboard weapons are
working again.

Between your Mr. Scott
and mine, they have
the power stabilized.

How many dead?
Jim?

Forty—mostly in the collision.

Damn.

It could’ve been worse.

If you’d been a few seconds later, it would have alot worse.

You took a hell of a risk, Jim. Bringing your ship—Four ships through the distortion?!

You can’t fight Romulans without something to fight them with.

Did you take temporary leave of your senses?!

Besides, enough Kirks have died.

I didn’t like the idea of you facing their entire fleet by yourself.
All right, people. Come on in.

I better tell the others you're awake, or we'll have a mutiny on our hands.

I'll be all right. How did you get--

-Why are you in uniform?

Jan-?

You can tell me all about it later.

What else is an Admiral's yeoman going to wear?

Admiral's Yeo- !?
Are you all right?

Yes. I came out of the Healing Trance aboard the Spirit of Chicago thanks to Dr. M'Benga and the Commander.

The Admiral’s task force intercepted our shuttles a short while later. The rest of the crew has continued on to Starbase 98.

I see you two have met.

Yes.

We...encountered each other in the turbo lift.

The Admiral’s calling and you have to take it on the Bridge.

I don’t like what I’m going to say, but I don’t have any choice.
Captain on the Bridge.

Jan: How are you?

I'll be all right, sir.

As long as I don't make any sudden moves.
I'll try to keep this short.
I just got off the horn with Grand Admiral Stryker*

For the first time since the Earth-Romulan War, Starfleet is awarding a Unit Citation to the crew of the Starship Enterprise for their stand against Romulan incursion.

On behalf of my crew, sir, I thank you.

Commander Kang, on behalf of both the Federal Congress and Starfleet, you have our thanks and our gratitude for your assistance during this hour of need.

And as of now, you also have an Honorary Captaincy in Starfleet.

You are the first Non-Union citizen to receive this honor—

- and based on what I've heard, I can't think of anyone more deserving.
Captain Janet Kirk, for your part in commanding the stand against Romulan incursion...

By order of Grand Admiral Nathan Stryker himself...

You are hereby promoted to the rank of Commodore, effective immediately.

Maybe when the tour's over we can sit down and talk about it.

While it's rare for a commodore to command a single ship these days, I told Stryker assigning you anything else would be a waste of time.
Will not be decommissioned.

Stryker issued the mandate himself.

She'll be repaired—rebuilt if necessary. You two have one hell of a reputation now and he wants you both back in the field as soon as possible.

As such, Enterprise is relieved.

You're ordered to take her home.

Home...

Need any help getting her there?

Scotty?
Ach, well, with the shape the lass is in, I canna give you more than Warp 3--

-and that's only as long as the Structural Integrity Field holds up.

We may be a little slow, sir, but we'll make it.

Would you mind an escort home from this party?

How can a girl refuse so many willing suitors?

Admiral, we're picking up a ship on the edge of the combat zone. It looks like one of ours, but there are no energy readings.

Uncle Frank, this may not be the time to ask, but have you seen or heard anything of the Constitution?

Stay with us, Enterprise. On screen.
Communications?

Been trying to contact them, sir. No luck yet.

Unable to scan her, sir.

She's in the middle of an intense plasma energy field. She must've been close to several plasma energy bursts when they detonated.

Admiral, their bussard collectors!

Come on, Lass.
Call in the Loknar. Have her--

Admiral--!

Belay that!

Come on.

Please?
Yes!

Admiral-!

Glad to hear it, Clint. Can you maneuver?

Yes, sir. I think we can even make Warp 5.

I've already assigned squadrons to remain behind on patrol.

Excellent! Assume your station.

The rest of us are going home.

...tution to Lydia. Constitution to Lydia. Don't count the old girl out just yet, Admiral.
Whenever you're ready, Enterprise.

Fitzpatrick out.

Well, I'd like to stay and visit, but I've got four ships to get home.

You try to stay out of trouble, okay?

Best teacher you can have is right there.

Thanks, Jim.

Yes, sir. She is.
Jim: Thanks, Jim.

Kirk to Enterprise: One to beam over.

Energize.

Open a General Hail to both Union and Federation ships.

Yes, Ma'am.

Channel open.
This is... Commodore Kirk to both Union and Federation ships...

...On behalf of both myself and my crew, I wish to express our gratitude to all of you for responding to the Call.

It’s a certainty that we would not be here now, if not for your timely response...

...Thank you- all of you. Enterprise out.

Running into your counterparts is getting to be a habit, Jim.

But I have to admit, she’s the best looking one so far.

Saladin ready for departure when you are. Martin out.
All right. You heard the Admiral, Helm. Everyone’s waiting on us.

Yes, Ma’am.

Shev, Warp Factor 2.95.

Yes, Ma’am.

Janice, your best course for home.

Cap- Commodore, the remaining ships in the task force are taking up position with us in the lead.

They are not giving you an escort.

They are giving you an Honor Guard.
“...She’s got the right name—You remember that. You treat her like a Lady and she’ll always bring you home.”

- Admiral Leonard E. McCoy; Ret.
  “Encounter at Farpoint”

“A Tale of Two Captains”
Part 3 of 3
By MDBruffy
Based on concepts created by Gene Roddenberry
“...We now return to ‘The Romulan Invasion: Enterprise comes Home’. Here again, is Walter Winston.”

The aged newscaster looked into the camera as he spoke. “And with me again is Lt. Commander T’Vellan. Commander, I’m told we now have some early scans of the Enterprise.”

Starfleet’s Andorian liaison nodded as she answered. “Yes, Walter. I haven’t seen them yet, but they’re saying we should prepare ourselves.”

At that point, the viewscreen behind them came to life and there were gasps of shock all around the studio.

Walter could only shake his head in disbelief, his words spoken before he remembered his microphone was still on. “My god, what’s holding her together?”

T’Vellan could only stare. “In all my years in Starfleet, I’ve never seen a ship that badly damaged and still operational.”

Walter lifted a hand to his ear and the listening device located there. “She’s in visual range of Starbase One. We take you now to our man there. Come in Steven Miles.”

The viewscreen changed to show a human male in his mid thirties standing before a viewsport showing space beyond. “Thank you, Walter. We’ve just received word that Enterprise has lost her forward breaking thrusters. As of now, she has no way to slow down- let alone stopping.”

Walter turned to the andorian. “Commander, what are their options?”

The female could only shrug. “They only have one: Evacuate the ship and destroy it before hits the station.”

NEXT TIME on NOVA TREK:

“Special Report”

Coming in 2013
Note: The following only lists those elements introduced in Part 3 and not those previously seen in Parts 1 and 2:

Kang
P6 James Hires
Ben Hair
P6 Faceroom texture
Bodysuit
James T-shirt with texture
by mdruffy
Sash by Little Dragon
Boots from Irish for P6 James

Kuntz
Michael 3 base
Klingon head morph for M3
Melina Hair
M3 Bodysuit
Gantlets by Bluto
M3 boots
Klingon outfit for M3
disruptor: unknown

Romulan Admiral Barlock
M3 base
M3 tunic with new textures by mdruffy
SFO pants for M3 from Poserworld
Boots- M3 TOS Boots from Xcal

The following were built by mdruffy:
Lydia's forward weapons station
single-seat helm console
Sickbay treatment couch
exercise bench
anti-gray stretcher

Spirit of Chicago
The Admiral's stateroom aboard Lydia
Enterprise fire extinguisher
Romulan Plasma energy Cannon
chamber
Romulan Engine Room
Plasma Energy Burst effect
Starship ACR
(with thanks to Pecope, Mylochka
and Tony Oliveria)

Tomcat Fighter by Richard Merk
Blacksheep Squadron texture by mdruffy
Constitution/Enterprise model by
Jeffy Crouch
Damage textures for both by mdruffy

Constitution bridge- "Retro Bridge"
by Lucky Dog
"Mers" Viewers by Pecope

Shuttlecraft by Xcal

Baud-class- original model by David Matlesics
converted by Mattymanx
Archer-class scoutship- original model by
Mark Azarado
Converted by Arcas and Pecope

Romulan Bridge backgrounds rendered by
Ken Thomson Jr.

Phaser storage case by Roy McCowan

The following Head morphs were
by Wertz:

Romulan Admiral Barlock
Constitution Captain Clint Jennings
Comm. Elizabeth Politt
Communications Officer

Lydia Captain Charlston Taylor
No.2 Weapons Officer

Classic Romulan Bird-of-Prey by Jonathan Rich
Damage Textures by mdruffy
Romulan Double-Decker assembled by mdruffy
from parts modeled by Jonathan Rich

KIC Cho' Mar- Original model- unknown.
Textures by mdruffy

KIC Cho' Mar's bridge- assembled by mdruffy,
elements from Jose's sci-fi

Pecolemy-class transports
FSS Tamerlane-A
by Eric dan Biesen

"Ballad of the Alamo"
From "The Alamo" (1960)
Music by Dimitri Tiomkin

Some special effects by
Jeppes Movie Props Vol.4
Some pyrotechnical effects by
Ronexplosions
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http://sfc.battleclinic.com
http://bridgecommander.com

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You can follow the adventures of the USS Saladin at:

http://www.starshipsaladin.com

And finally, special thanks go to Guy Davis- not only for being one of the first website owners to agree to host Nova Trek, but for allowing me to translate the crew of the Tamerlane into 3D form for this story.

You can follow the adventures of “The Little T” at:

http://usstamerlane.com/