



- * **“A Cry from the Deep” Chapter 2 (Trek Fan fiction)**
- * **From the Pilot’s Seat**
- * **Alternate Actors for TNG William Ryker Character**
- * **Finally**

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A Cry From The Deep

Chapter #2

The story so far: In the star system called Gemini Lyra, a Federation colony on planet Scully receives an electric cry for help. The closest patrol starships are sent to investigate. And the first to arrive at the signal is the Starfleet shuttlecraft USS Silverwing. There they find a Centaur class starship, damaged from a recent attack. Soon, three local Scully patrol ships join the scene; and six officers from the collective group land on the starship to assess the situation.

What they find a mostly empty starship. Battle damage is everywhere. But, no crew is found. The rescue crew split up: Lt. Jeff Wilcox and Dr. Gene Hu head for the ship's Bridge; Lt. Lee Helm and civilian Engineer Lissa Roan head for Engineering; and the other two work to get Environment started. On the Bridge, Wilcox and Hu discover the electric cry the star system had been hearing is from the starship's computer. There is an advanced A.I., whose image is a figure from Greek mythology - a female centaur. She was the source of the crying. And she carries a shield and spear; the latter she points to a burnt human figure the lays on the Bridge's floor.

"Oh, my Captain," the centaur moans. Then she cries, raising her head to the ceiling. Even though the A.I. is only a computer program, she managed to cause the whole starship to shutter.

Returning cries from the other humans on board sounded in the communications system.

"What's going on?!?"

"We're under attack!"

"We need to leave this ship! It's breaking up!"

The shaking stopped when the centaur put her head into her arm and sobbed quietly.

"We found the problem on the Bridge. Hang on, we'll handle it up here," Wilcox said.

Dr. Hu, being a medical man, kneels on the floor to examine the burnt body. There is a very dead woman with brown hair on the floor. And she indeed had the captain's rank on her collar.

"Dear Lady. We don't know what happened here, but we will find out. Rest easy."

"Thank you," says the centaur, around her tears.

At that time, the Bridge doors open and civilian engineer Lissa Roan steps through. She does a double take at the sight of the computer A.I. Then, looking at Wilcox, she notices that he's holding out a notepad. On it is explained the situation he and the Doctor found when they first arrived. In return, Lissa types that repairs are underway to the ship's engines. Lt. Lee Helm states that the ship can be moved, but only with the impulse engines. The warp engines work, but the inertia dampeners weren't quite fixed yet – starting up the warp engines before then would have the crew's bodies splattered the ship's walls. Wilcox's eyebrows shot upwards; then gave a curt nod in acknowledgement.

Pointing towards a door, Wilcox typed, "I'm going to check out the Captain's office. Maybe there's clues to what happened in there."

Opening the door, Wilcox found a nice, roomy office. Wilcox noticed the "new starship smell" to the place. It was mostly untouched, the ship's raiders had found little to plunder here outside of notepads and data cubes. There was a cot against one wall, showing that the captain had used her office far more than her personal cabin. A plaque denoted the ship's name as the Centaur-C. And a few personal photo frames. Wilcox picked up one of these, excitedly.

Wilcox burst onto the Bridge!

"The captain of this starship was Esther Nancy Davis! Here is her photo with her daughter Gail! And the daughter is the person the A.I. is patterned after." Wilcox showed the photo set to the others.

"That would explain a lot," put in Doctor Hu.

"Gail. Can you tell us what happened here? Why... how was the Centaur-C attacked?" asked Lissa.

But the A.I. continued to cry. She had raised the arm that held her shield, hiding her face.

Repairs took time on the starship. The environmental were operating; the crew all set down their helmets for some fresh, if a little stuffy, air. The other star system patrol ships were informed of what the rescue crew was doing. They had been concerned when the starship started to buck and shake. But their crews understood the situation once it had been explained. Also, Gail the centaur was quiet as more and more of her systems came back online.

"Sensors are showing some debris, possibly from a starship, several light minutes from here," said Virginia Chan. Virginia was an attractive woman of oriental descent. Though her natural

strawberry blonde hair gave away her European descent too. Both ladies onboard had strikingly good looks, Wilcox noted. He also noted that the good Doctor favored Ms. Chan.

“Let’s go look,” said Gail.

“Impulse engines only,” said Wilcox. “Lt. Helm is still finalizing repairs to the warp engines.”

It took some effort, but the rescue crew managed to work the ship’s controls so Gail couldn’t go faster than their human bodies could take. There was shouting and cursing from the Engineering section as Helm and Ryan were bounced around on that section’s floor. And the patrol ships did their best to keep up.

What they found was a field of debris on the other side of Gemini Lyra’s sun. The star’s other inhabited planet, New Atlantis, reported that their satellites and space station had seen the explosion, but offered little more information on the event. Local space travel hadn’t turned up much else information. It definitely was the wreck of some spacecraft. It didn’t take long before discovering the debris had Starfleet equipment.

“I see a Black Box on the left side of this field,” said Doctor Hu.

Again, the anxious Gail flew to that new bit of information.

Soon the Black Box was teleported aboard. And over the insistent voice of Gail flooding through the ship’s communications network, it was quickly hooked into a computer. A computer separate from the main computer, and Gail.

*This is the last transmission of the USS Qilian.



I have minutes before our power systems explode. All remaining crew have escaped on shuttles and escape pods. I hope that they are allowed to reach New Atlantis. The invaders of our flotilla are still in the area; I can’t imagine =Ouch, ouch, groan= what the invaders would want with our leftover crew. = breathes heavy= The Lady Griffin has been completely captured. So too, with all of the support and supply ships we were traveling with. =Ugh= I have no idea what happened to the Centaur-C. I lost contact with Esther... Captain Davis, when her crew busy repelling boarding parties. Any other information about the attack = crying= should be here in the black box. Good ...

= Ba-doooooom! =

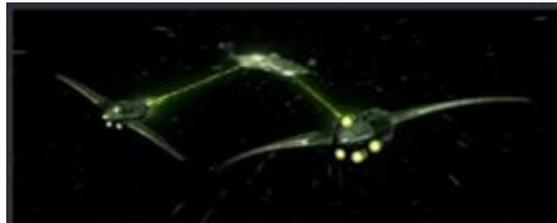
The rescue team took several minutes being quiet. Then, Virginia Chan seemed to wake up and start typing on the black box's link. Computer uploads started popping up on the screen -- records, communications, and videos from the USS Qilian.

"Qilian?" asked Virginia. "Is that one of the alien names?"

Doctor Hu looked over at her. "It's a name from Chinese mythology. Most people here would call it a Chinese unicorn."

"Oh," she said. After a few minutes Virginia had all the information she could pull out of the now smoking unit.

"Here's the attack. There were three Centaur class frigates, guiding five other starships -- three supply ships and two support ships. Commodore Ralph Manning was the one speaking on that last report. From what I can see here, the invaders of the starships tried to capture as many of the flotilla as they could. Records say that some of the Invaders came out of the asteroid field, while others appear to have been cloaked. Getting some photos of the Invader starships"



"Those are Orion Interceptors and an Orion Starfighter! The Orions are responsible for this attack?"

"What!?!"



The starship started to lurk. Everyone in the room was shaken off their feet.

“Hey,” called in Lt. Helm. “I’m still working on the systems down here. What are you people doing on the bridge?... Remember what I said about... Whoa!!!”

The starship hummed into activity. It was on the move.

“The A.I. must have found a way tap into the black box information,” said Lissa Roan.

“Clever Girl,” said Dr. Hu. “What do you think you’re doing?! There are live people inside you. Are you planning to kill us all? Don’t go into wrap!”

“The Orions!” shrieked Gail. “They killed my Captain! My crew! They need to pay for what they did!”

The rescue crew scrambled into action entering the Bridge and trying to work the control panels as best they could. Some controls worked, others not, as the A.I. took over more and more ship functions. Ltjg. Wilcox and Doctor Hu tried to take back control of the Bridge. Meanwhile Lissa, Virginia, and Nathan Ryan dug into the files of the black box for more information they could use. Lt. Helm wasn’t having much better luck -

“We just went into wrap! I fixed the inertial dampeners enough so we won’t be killed, but it’s going to be a rough ride.”

Everyone was now holding on to whatever equipment they were standing next to. The starship bucked this way and that in its flight to where ever they were going. The crew even had a harrowing moment when the starship decided to tilt forward as if it was sliding down a hillside.

“We are heading for the Orion Home Worlds!” shouted Jeff.

“They killed my Captain! They killed my crew! They violated me! I will make them pay!”

“Watch out, Orion! I’m coming for you!” shrieked Gail, the centaur A.I.

To be continued next issue



From The Pilot's Seat

SCQ1 2022 Awards Ceremony

Starbase Indy Convention, November 26th : was our national level club's yearly awards ceremony.



This year we have a “changing of the guard” with Rose Ciccarone stepping down (on the right side of the above photo) and Anthony Scott (sitting on the left side of the Photo) stepping up as Starfleet’s new Fleet Commander. Officially, FC Scott will be in charge next month in January 2023; but I imagine he will be using that time to get comfortable with his new office.



Also mentioned is that SCQ1 now has 358 members, with 36 large units/chapters and 17 small units/chapters.

Elbert Daver was awarded a 20 Year Pin, for all his years of attending Starfleet.



Admiral's Ovation Award: Lt. Jeff Francisko (awarded to those members that score the highest marks while taking the club's Starfleet Academy tests).

Horizon Award: USS Silverwing (awarded to a small one-to-five member unit/chapter that is trying their best to be active in Starfleet).

Recruiter of the Year: Paul Krugger.

Retention Award: USS Indianapolis (Comm. Mike Riley)(retending a stable membership throughout the year)

Senior Officers: (a tie) Comm. Mike Riley (USS Indianapolis) and Comm. Paula Geryak (also, at the ceremony, promoted to Commodore and Chief of Records at Starfleet).

Non-Commissioned Officer of the Year: CPO Caylea Riley (USS Indianapolis) 1st Place

Small Starship of the Year: USS Brightstar

Medium Starship of the Year: USS Indianapolis

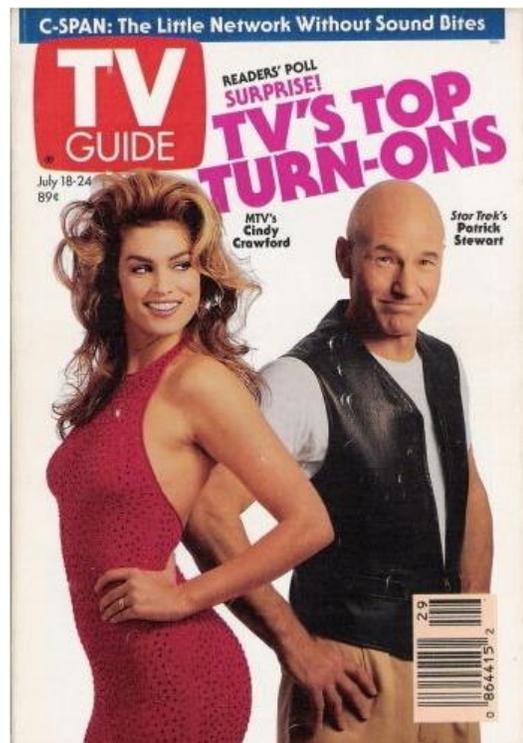
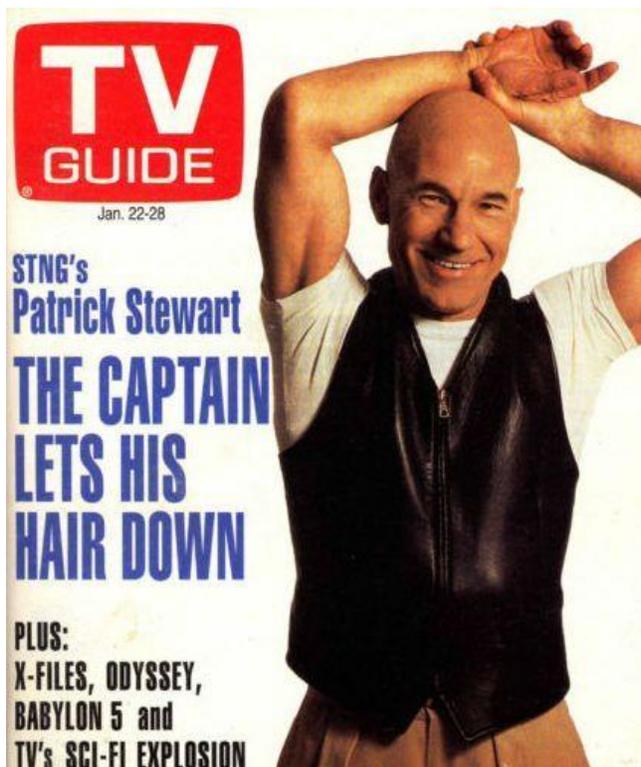
Starbase of the Year: Starbase 4 (1st Place) Starbase 2 (3rd Place)

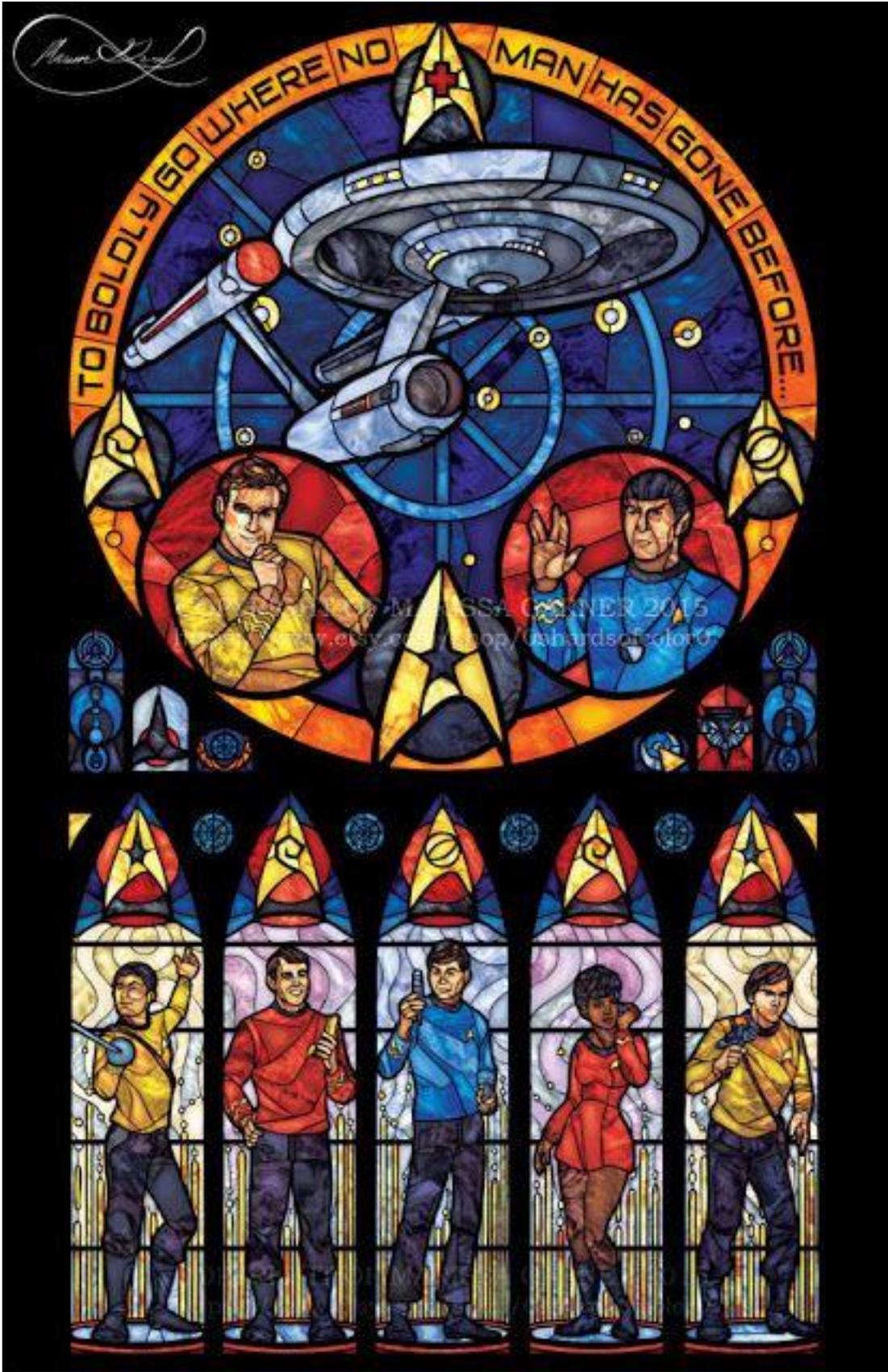
Also, the USS Indianapolis was congratulated for achieving 27 years of service in Starfleet.

[Afterward: some reading the above will note that some information is missing. My apologies to the readers and the people who should have been mentioned but weren't. The awards presented on the Zoom meeting of the Award Ceremony went faster than I could copy them down. So there are holes where the rest of the awards should be. I will try to fill those holes next issues]

Next issue: Chapter Three of our fan-fiction story

- ◆ More club news
- ◆ More Trek news
- ◆ Article on Star Trek, the Animated Cartoon series
- ◆ More art
- ◆ More Letters of Comment







**MERRY
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CONTINUES



