

Previously in Star Trek: Arcturus...

While on a one year training and exploration mission close to sector 001, the Arcturus NCC-1807 is recalled to Earth, where the crew is informed they are all to be reassigned to the new starship Arcturus NCC-1807-A, and that their first assignment is to escort the original Arcturus to the planet Arcturus III, where the starship was originally built, where it will become a permanent exhibit in the Fleet Museum complex there.

On the eve of departure, Vice Admiral Eric Johnson assigns Lieutenant Commander Kalin Kale, his Chief Operations Officer, to command the older starship on her final voyage.

And now the conclusion...

“Status?” asked Vice Admiral Johnson from his seat on the bridge of the new starship *Arcturus*.

“All systems are functioning, Admiral,” relied the voice of Lt Commander Kale over the bridge speakers. “All necessary stations are manned and ready. My science officer computes, at new warp five, it will take twenty hours and twenty three minutes to reach the Arcturus system and another two hours and ten minutes to dock at the new museum complex in orbit of Arcturus III.”

Lieutenant (JG) Setton To’Lock Arbelo, sitting at what would normally be Kale’s ops position aboard the new *Arcturus* during Alpha Shift, reported, “Original *Arcturus*’ calculations are confirmed.”

Even after almost two years in the 24th century, the original crew of the *Arcturus* still differentiated between the warp scale they knew and the new scale Starfleet used that placed the upper limit at warp ten. As a result, most of the officers still said ‘new’ when referring to the speeds, a habit that drove most Starfleet Operations officers that dealt with them crazy.

“*Arcturus* to... I mean, *Arcturus-A* to Spacedock operations. Requesting departure clearance for ourselves and the original *Arcturus*,” stated Johnson as he shifted in his command chair.

“*Arcturus-Alpha*, you and *NCC-1807* are cleared for departure,” said the male voice of the dock controller. “Proceed on thrusters... And bon voyage.”

“Thank you, operations,” came the simultaneous replies of both *Arcturus* commanders.

First, the large, brand new starship, still an experimental design, fired her thrusters, slowly propelling the starship toward the now-open spacedocks. As the large ship passed through the doors, the smaller, older vessel fired its own thrusters, propelling her forward as well and eventually out into open space.

Space, the Final Frontier...

These are the voyages of the starship *Arcturus*!

Star Trek: Arcturus

“The End?” By PJK

Part II - A New Beginning

The *Arcturus* took up a position on the starboard side of her newer namesake, taking the escort position, and matching heading and speed started out of the solar system. As they traveled, first past Mars, and later Saturn, they were passed and rendered honors by the various starships on their way toward Earth. As they passed Titan, one of Saturn’s moons and the location of the Academy flight range, they received an honorary escort from the Academy flight team until both starships passed beyond the flight range limits.

On the bridge of the original *Arcturus*, Kalin Kale sat in the center seat, reveling in his first command. His hand-picked crew, mostly his closest shipmates and friends, were also for the first time the senior officers at their posts. Lieutenant (JG) Idrisu manned the science console, while Ensign Penji Fil stood watch at the communications station, the last opportunity he would have at that post. Aboard the new *Arcturus-A*, Fil would transfer to security, the new specialty he trained for at the Academy.

Ensign Thomas Mack manned the navigator’s position, sitting next to Mickey Ku, who in spite of the fact that she was merely an enlisted crew member, had been assigned by Kale to the helm, a training session for her eventual entry into officer training school and an eventual commission.

At the engineering station next to communications sat Lieutenant Commander T’Veer, a hybrid Vulcan/Terran woman who was normally Briana Lithir’s Assistant Chief Engineer, where she monitored the Tikopai-class starship’s engines.

“Captain,” T’Veer said, using the title accorded any ship commander no matter what their actual rank, the intermix chamber temperature has risen five hundred degrees Celsius.”

“Still within limits,” Kale responded, recalling his limited engineering knowledge. “But keep me informed.”

“*Arcturus-A* to *Arcturus*, prepare to engage warp drive,” ordered Johnson over the subspace radio.

“Crewman Ku, engage, warp five.”

With a streak like rainbows trailing behind, the original *Arcturus* achieved warp speed, and a second later, with a flash of ethereal light, the *Arcturus-A* followed.

Down in main engineering aboard the original *Arcturus*, one of T'Veer's assistants frowned at a reading on his panel. He entered a sequence into the engineering computer, which produced a red flashing warning indicator on the console. He quickly pressed the intercom.

"Engineering to Commander T'Veer. We have a problem."

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Aboard *Arcturus-A*, Security Chief David Maddox called for Johnson's attention.

"Admiral, the *Arcturus* is dropping back."

On the viewscreen, the new *Arcturus* seemed to be moving closer to the original *Arcturus*, which eventually passed and fell behind the larger 24th century starship.

"Dave, open hailing frequencies," ordered Johnson, a concerned look on his face. After a moment the frequency chimed.

"*Arcturus*, this is Admiral Johnson. Why are you falling behind?"

After a few seconds of interference noise, Kale's heavily distorted voice came through the speakers.

"Hold onnt, Admiral. We're .. the mid... .. a real ...blem over h..."

Suddenly the *Arcturus* dropped out of warp, disappearing from view.

"Full stop!" ordered Johnson as he walked down the command arena steps and stood near Arbelo. "Turn us around. Monster, scan for the *Arcturus*!"

"Scanning," reported Arbelo.

As the *Arcturus-A* turned back around to reverse course, without warning, a bright flash appeared on the viewscreen, expanding as it dimmed.

"Admiral, sensors are registering an antimatter detonation," reported Arbelo. "Location is the same as the last known coordinates of the original *Arcturus*."

"Galen, set course for those coordinates," Johnson ordered the Avalonian conn officer. "Fastest possible speed, engage!"

The *Arcturus-A* sped off at full impulse, reaching the designated coordinates in less than ten minutes. There was no sign of the older starship.

"Scanning for any sign of the *Arcturus*," reported Arbelo. After a moment, he looked up at Johnson, a sad look in his eyes.

"Admiral, I am detecting debris in the vicinity, in an expanding pattern. As far as I can tell, the *Arcturus* has been destroyed. There are no life signs present, and no indications of escape pods or life boats."

Johnson turned away from the screen, his face down toward the deck, as he said, "Understood."

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"We have no idea what happened," reported Vice Admiral Eric Johnson to Admiral Thomas Henry, head of Starfleet Security as the *Arcturus-A* warped toward Arcturus III. Johnson shook his head in despair. "All we currently know is the *Arcturus* dropped out of warp just after informing us they were experiencing some problem. Before we could react, before we even managed to turn around to render assistance, the *Arcturus* was destroyed in what my operations officer terms 'an uncontrolled antimatter reaction.' All we know for sure is that the *Arcturus* and her crew of fifty are gone."

"That's what Starfleet has thought before," Henry said wryly. "What is your current status?"

"We are currently proceeding at warp seven toward the Arcturus system. If nothing else, we can explain to the Museum Director what happened."

"Even though you aren't sure what happened yourself?" remarked Henry.

Johnson sat still for a moment, his emotions finally getting the best of him.

"What would you have us do, Admiral? We can't just sit around mourning our friends and shipmates. We have to start an investigation. I just lost fifty good people, some of whom I depend on to run my starship. And this may be more than a simple engine problem. It could be sabotage!"

Henry considered Johnson's words for a moment before replying, "Unlikely, but we will take it under advisement." As Henry cut the channel, Johnson slammed his fist on his new ready room desk. Athena Arcadian stepped into the ready room just in time to witness the display of anger. As he sat behind the desk, his face in his hands, Arcadian walked around behind him and started massaging his neck. After a minute of appreciating the massage, Johnson looked up at his fiancée's face.

"Kale, T'Veer, Mack, Idrisu, Coppens, Barrush, forty four others... All gone. Why? What happened back there, Athena? What went wrong?"

"We may never find out, Eric. We may never find out. I came in to tell you that Arbelo and I are organizing a memorial service for when we reach Arcturus III. We would like you to say a few words."

Johnson nodded quietly before saying, "I'll prepare something. I'll be ready before we dock."

Arcadian nodded, and after giving Johnson a kiss on the cheek, left.

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A majority of the crew of the *USS Arcturus NCC-1807-A* was gathered in the largest auditorium at the planetside facility of the *Kuha Keihasalm Shipyard*. Vice Admiral Eric Johnson was at the podium, reading off the names of the crew lost aboard the original *Arcturus*.”

“...Science Officer Lieutenant Idrisu of Delta IV, Engineer Lieutenant Commander T’Veer of Vulcan, and finally Acting-Captain Kalin Kale of Alpha Centauri. They gave their lives in the performance of their duties, and their names will be entered into the record as performing above and beyond the call of duty. A memorial, inscribed with their names, will be erected at this very ship...”

Unexpectedly, Johnson’s combadge beeped for attention. The admiral tried to ignore it.

“...This very shipyard, to commemorate the final voyage...”

Again, Johnson’s combadge beeped, this time followed by a voice.

“Admiral Johnson, this is Captain Solak. Sensors are detecting a ship approaching orbit.”

Johnson, looking annoyed, tried to speak low, away from the podium microphone, as he angrily said, “I’m in the middle of our memorial service for our lost shipmates, Solak. Whatever is happening, I’m sure it can be handled without me.”

“But, Admiral,” said Solak, sounding as pleading as a Vulcan could. “I’m positive you will want to deal with this situation personally. I’m switching this channel over to the approaching ship.”

“Solak, no, wait...!” Johnson started to protest before a new voice started speaking through the communicator, sounding loud enough for the microphone to pick up.

“Sorry we’re late for the memorial service, but we got here as fast as we could.”

A confused look crossed Johnson’s face as he recognized the voice.

“Kalin?! But... how? What happened?”

“We’re entering standard orbit one thousand meters away from the *Arcturus-A* right now. T’Veer, a guest and I will beam down to your present location in five minutes. *Arcturus*, out.”

By now, the entire gathered crowd had heard the exchange and were talking or hugging one another. Somehow, the *Arcturus* had beat fate again.

Five minutes later, the shimmer of an old-style transporter formed near the podium and Lt Commanders Kale and T’Veer materialized, accompanied by a squat humanoid with dark brown skin covered by a silvery uniform no one in the gathering had ever seen before.

“Admiral Johnson, this is Captain Seenkew of the Aurelli Confederacy, which is located beyond Typerias,” Kale said, indicating the short alien.

“Pleased to meet you,” Johnson said warily as Seenkew bowed. Turning toward Kale, the admiral then asked, “How did he get aboard the *Arcturus*? And what happened to you out there?”

“Apparently as we departed the Terran solar system, the *Arcturus* picked up a ‘hitchhiker.’ Captain Seenkew’s ship, which was called the *Choortee*, was equipped with a cloaking device more advanced than even the Klingon’s have. According to Captain Seenkew, they attached themselves to the lower hull of the *Arcturus* because they were in need of serious repair, and they had intercepted some of our communications indicating we were heading toward a shipyard and wanted our help.”

“But you had some sort of trouble? We saw the *Arcturus* blow up!”

“Yes, we did have trouble, but it was due to the fact that the *Choortee* had attached itself to the hull right underneath the antimatter pods. Their engine emissions caused our intermix chamber to overheat. We were in the process of tracking down the cause of that problem when Ensign Lawrence in engineering finally detected the *Choortee* on the hull and informed the bridge. We made contact with Captain Seenkew and beamed him and his crew of twenty aboard the *Arcturus* just in time to detach the *Choortee* from our hull before their containment system failed. The explosion you witnessed was the *Choortee*.”

“But we searched the sector for the *Arcturus* afterward. There was no sign of you!” Johnson said, still somewhat confused.

“In order to avoid the blast,” said T’Veer. “The *Arcturus* had to warp back on the course from which we came. In the process, due to the higher intermix temperature, we damaged the warp engines slightly. The maximum speed we could attain was warp three. The *Arcturus-A* proceeded out of range before we could send a message.”

“You and your zooming off at warp seven,” Kale said mockingly.

“Well... How were we to know?” the admiral replied sheepishly.

“You could have conducted a more thorough search,” Kale replied.

Johnson blushed as he said, “Well, you’ve completed your mission, and delivered the *Arcturus* to the planet, and made a first contact to boot. Congratulations, Commander.”

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The ceremony began as the *Arcturus* entered her permanent dock position just outside the Fleet Shipyard orbiting Arcturus III. Vice Admiral Johnson and his senior staff, as well as the members of Arcturus III’s government, Starfleet brass and a selection of private citizens who donated the credits for the new permanent mooring were gathered on the bridge of the original *Arcturus*. Kalin Kale, assisted by two technicians, placed a new dedication plaque on the bulkhead next to the viewscreen to replace the one that had ‘mysteriously disappeared.’

U.S.S. ARCTURUS

Starfleet Registry NCC-1807

First Starship to Bear the Name

Built at this shipyard during Earth Year 2272

Vice Admiral Eric W. Johnson, Final Commanding Officer

A Permanent Exhibit of the Starfleet Museum Annex at Arcturus III

Dedicated This Stardate 46010

The End