

*Previously in Star Trek: Personal Logs...*

*In its first weeks in the Gamma Quadrant, the Federation starship Sarek discovers a life pod containing Sean Elliott McIntyre, a Starfleet officer last seen in the Alpha Quadrant sixty-eight years earlier.*

*McIntyre is returned to the Alpha Quadrant, his records altered by order of Starfleet Intelligence and the Office of Temporal Investigations to read as John Doe, where he is placed under the care of the infirmary crew aboard space station Deep Space Nine in the Bajor Sector.*

*After awakening in the infirmary and accessing the computer to learn where, and more importantly when he is, McIntyre explores the space station, obtaining a few items he needs before meeting Captain Amanda Hardy at Quark's Bar, perhaps the one person who can get Mac off the station and where he needs to go.*

*SS Shenandoah Valley, converted Miranda-class transport docked at DS9*

Captain Amanda Hardy was surprised at how emotional she was feeling. In the eight months since her father was killed, the best emotional state she had been in was numb... and that was on a very good day. Watching the stranger she had met in Quark's work on her ship had made her feel very nervous at first. Over the last nine hours that had changed to pleased, then happy, and now she was actually giddy! It had taken him just over three hours to acquire everything on the list she had given him of things required to get her ship back in working order and then some. Over the last six hours he had guided her crew, along with a small army of technicians and engineers from the station, through what she could only describe as a mini-overhaul of the warp core and propulsion systems. She could not remember the last time those systems operated at greater than sixty-five percent efficiency, but now they were running at an astounding ninety-eight point three percent! And that wasn't all... Her ship now had two modified Type IV defensive phaser arrays – complete with the necessary permits – and the shields, which aside from the navigational array had not worked since the day her father bought the ship, were now upgraded to the most modern the ship would support and were operating at eighty-five percent efficiency. Best of all, he was actually training her crew as he went! With any luck, enough would sink in that they would be able to keep the ship operating at this level or at least close to it for some time to come. As she headed back toward engineering she wondered if it was the stranger, or if her mood was simply rubbing off on her crew. Everyone was in good spirits and she could not remember the last time any of them had been this motivated... or this productive.

Space, the Final Frontier...

## Star Trek: Personal Logs

### “Arrival – Part 3” by Kevin Fossett

*Engineering, SS Shenandoah Valley, converted Miranda-class transport docked at DS9*

McIntyre was always astounded at the difference between civilian and Starfleet crews. When he had seen Captain Hardy's advertisement and looked up the dock master's reports on the ship, he knew this would be a simple job. Most of the documented problems were simply a result of maintenance practices – or lack there-of. The cooling system was a prime example. When the efficiency of the original system dropped below the low spec, one of the prior engineers simply installed a second system in parallel with the first. When the combined system's efficiency dropped below the low spec, the current engineer installed a third system. Amazingly, nobody ever bothered to try *properly* cleaning the first two. After a thorough cleaning, the system had so much capacity McIntyre had actually had to remove one of the coolers and decided to set it up as a redundant backup to the primary system. And that was just the tip of the iceberg. The initial cleaning on the warp system had raised its efficiency twenty-two percent and cleaning the impulse plasma manifolds had increased impulse engine efficiency thirty-one percent. The current engineer had finally stopped arguing with him after a couple of hours. Whether she realized she was not going to win when he would not stop working or she just got tired of chasing him through the ship, he was glad the distraction was gone. He knew she was not happy and really could not blame her. He probably would have reacted the same way in her shoes. The rest of her maintenance crew had taken to the tasks he assigned them like fish to water. McIntyre had been pleasantly surprised they were this hard working and eager to learn. Aside from some considerable initial training, most completed their tasks with very little guidance and he even caught the current engineer asking questions and jumping in to get dirty with the rest of her crew after a time. He finished up the final EPS routing tap for the new phasers and climbed out of the Jefferies tube to start the power grid calibration. As he made his way to the grid panel, he checked the ship's chronometer – 4 hours left. McIntyre figured he should be able to finish with an hour or two to spare. He had just started the calibration procedure when Amanda Hardy walked up.

“How is it coming?” she asked. McIntyre could not help but notice the bounce in her step and the excitement in her voice.

“Not too bad,” he replied deadpan. “Another couple of weeks and this relic might actually be space worthy.”

That solicited a look from the freighter captain that McIntyre was sure would have burned a Tholian, after which neither of them could help but laugh. Funny, he had not noticed how attractive she was earlier. Maybe it was her mood? It definitely reminded him of someone he knew.

“Actually, we’re almost there,” he continued. “Just need to calibrate the power grid, do a minor realignment to the dilithium crystal articulation frame, recalibrate the grid to the new power settings, and we should be ready to go... two hours, tops.”

When several seconds passed without a response, McIntyre turned to see Captain Hardy with a broad, almost mischievous grin on her face.

“What?” he asked simply.

“You really should see yourself,” she replied, drawing a finger gently down his cheek and holding it up so he could see it – covered in black grime. He turned to look at his reflection in one of the inactive displays and noted that he was covered in dirt and grime from about the knees up. “You definitely need a sonic shower.”

McIntyre took her hand and held up her dirty finger as though he was going to inspect it, then, to her surprise, he quickly but gently rubbed it on her own nose leaving a gratifying black streak. “Hey!” she exclaimed.

“No one gets away clean,” he responded.

She laughed a moment then said, “Great! Now I need a sonic shower too.”

“Speaking of sonic showers,” he joked. “I’ll have to remember to turn those on when I’m finished. Besides...,” he continued as he held out his arms to display how dirty he was. “Misery loves company.”

McIntyre noticed Hardy’s raised eyebrow and could not help a wry grin as turned back to continue the power grid calibration. What happened next, however, caught him completely off guard. Amanda Hardy leaned closer to his ear and said in a soft voice said, “Be careful what you wish for.”

Before either of them had a chance to react further, the voice of the helmsman came over the intercom.

“Captain, *DS9* sent a message requesting status on our repairs. They have a pair of priority arrivals inbound and they are trying to clear a docking port on the upper pylon.”

“I’ll be right there,” Hardy replied, then turned and gave McIntyre a serious look. “We’ll finish this later,” she said as she headed out of engineering and back to the bridge.

Two and a half hours later, McIntyre and the crew finished the last of the calibrations and brought all the primary systems on-line. Total warp core and engine efficiency was now ninety-nine point three percent, and he headed to the bridge to give the freighter’s captain the good news.

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## *DS9 Ops*

Major Kira Nerys patiently waited for the turbolift to arrive in Ops with their ‘special guests.’ The fact there had only been room for one of the ships to dock had set the tone and the tension in Ops hung heavily in the air as the lift arrived with an obviously flustered Dr. Bashir, a Starfleet captain, and two gentlemen in plain civilian clothes.

“How can I help you gentlemen?” the Major asked as the lift stopped moving.

One of the plain-clothed gentlemen spoke up in a calm even tone that made the hair on the back of the Bajoran woman’s neck stand up. “We are here to speak with Commander Sisko about a situation that has come to our attention here on your station.”

“I’m sure the Commander will be happy to make time for you, Mister...?” Kira paused to let the man answer. However, before he could speak, the Starfleet captain interrupted.

“Quit stalling and tell Commander Sisko that **Captain** James Ralston of Starfleet Intelligence is here to see him at once.”

The interruption quite obviously annoyed the two gentlemen in plain clothes and the face of the man who had first spoken took on a dangerous expression as he looked at the Starfleet officer but addressed Kira.

“Please forgive our associate from Starfleet Intelligence. He seems to have forgotten that his presence here is a courtesy. One that will be revoked when it becomes counter productive.” The man turned to face Kira and his tone softened as though he were speaking to an old friend. “Please inform Commander Sisko that Paul Stevens from the Office of Temporal Investigations would like to speak with him at his earliest convenience.”

Hoping her uneasiness did not show, Kira replied, “If you gentlemen will follow me, I’ll take you to the Commander’s office and let him know you are here.” Though the men from Temporal Investigations were not nearly as outwardly menacing as the Obsidian Order or the Tal Shiar, somehow, they were a lot more unnerving to Kira.

At the center of Ops near the station’s primary traffic control and docking management console, Jadzia Dax watched the procession into Sisko’s office with interest. Any situation involving Temporal Investigations or Starfleet Intelligence alone was complicated and secretive by nature. Dax was trying to imagine what kind of situation could possibly involve both agencies as she half listened to the conversation of the young watch officers at the console. She loved a good mystery, and the curiosity was definitely getting the better of her.

“I wonder if those guys get special training in how to make people uncomfortable,” commented the young female Bajoran at the docking console. “I can’t put my finger on it, but something about those guys makes my skin crawl.”

“I know what you mean,” replied the female Starfleet ensign at the traffic console. “Something about a person that knows more about what you haven’t done yet than you do just isn’t natural.”

Dax was contemplating changing the subject of the conversation when an indication chimed on docking console. The Bajoran at the console manipulated the controls at her station then turned to report to Dax.

“Lieutenant, I’m receiving a message from the *SS Shenandoah Valley*. Her captain reports that they have completed all maintenance and repairs, and passed all inspections. They are requesting a departure vector and clearance to undock.”

“Good timing,” Dax commented as she stepped in behind the two female officers to verify the ship was cleared by the station’s dock master and check the outbound traffic pattern. “They must have one heck of an engineering staff to complete this kind of work list in less than 26 hours,” she commented as she reviewed each item documented and tested by the station’s maintenance crews. The two younger officers shared a mischievous look and began to giggle. Dax sensed some good gossip coming and asked, “What did I miss?”

“Ensign Parsons flirting with the *Shenandoah Valley*’s new maintenance engineer, and don’t try to deny it either,” the Bajoran officer said, holding up an isonear storage rod. “I recorded it all.”

Ensign Cheryl Parsons rolled her eyes and exclaimed, “Oh, for crying out loud! All I did was give him directions.”

The Bajoran officer grinned at Dax as she played a short log back from the rod, pausing for and narrating each event. “Yeah, complete with the big-eyed puppy look, followed by the slightly more than friendly smile, topped off with... you guessed it! ...The hair flip.”

Ensign Parsons was about to respond when Dax interrupted, “Duty calls, ladies. Inform the *Shenandoah Valley* they are cleared for immediate undocking and priority transit to outbound lane two. As soon as she’s clear, inform the *USS Powers* they can initiate docking on upper pylon three.” As she was finishing her instructions, she noticed the man the two junior officers had been talking about on the console’s monitor. He was rather attractive for a human in a rugged sort of way that seemed just a bit out of place. His face was vaguely familiar, and Dax wondered if she had met him somewhere before. The thought quickly passed as she continued with her duties.

“Oh, and you may want to clear that monitor while I give the Commander the good news. I’m sure he could probably use the interruption right about now,” Dax said as she held her hand out toward the Bajoran officer, who removed the isonear rod and handed it to Dax. “You can have this back after shift.” The young Bajoran officer managed a sheepish grin then turned and began to contact the *USS Powers* to commence their docking procedure.

“Dax to Commander Sisko,” she hailed over the intercom as she finished the proper log entries.

“Go ahead, Lieutenant,” came the reply. Sisko sounded more agitated than usual.

“I’m sorry for the interruption, Benjamin, but I wanted to inform you we have cleared a mooring on the upper pylons and the *USS Powers* is currently maneuvering to dock.”

As she waited for the reply, Dax noticed Constable Odo stepping off the turbolift into Ops. Dax knew from the look on his face the Constable probably had bad news.

“Very well,” Sisko answered. “Once Odo arrives, I would like the two of you to join us in my office.”

“Odo is here now, Benjamin. We’ll be right in,” Dax replied as she joined Odo on the way up to the commander’s office.

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### *Bridge of the SS Shenandoah Valley*

Amanda Hardy normally would have given her crew some shore leave as reward for all the hard work of the last 26 hours, but she could tell her guest was in a hurry to depart the station. Oddly, the crew didn’t seem to mind. They were more interested in seeing just how big a difference all their hard work was going to make. The man responsible for most of that hard work was standing next to her on the bridge, still covered nearly head to toe with dirt and grime. As they waited for clearance from the station to undock and depart, she could not help but notice him checking status readouts, asking questions, and following the progress of the departure checklist. There was an air about him she could not quite place other than the fact he was absolutely at home on her bridge. There was one last piece of business to take care of before they left. She leaned toward him and spoke in a voice soft enough not to interfere with the departure checklist.

“So, as long as we’re going to be spending some time together, I thought I better ask you for your name. After all, I can’t spend the next several weeks just calling you ‘Mister,’ can I?” His expression changed slightly and he looked as though he were contemplating a difficult problem as he continued following the progress of the departure checklist. When several moments passed without an answer, Captain Hardy continued, “I mean, we could just make something up like ‘Billy’ or ‘Joe’ or ‘Mack’ or something...” Her voice trailed off as she noticed a small grin on his face at the suggestion. The bridge suddenly seemed quiet enough to hear a pin drop as he turned to answer her.

“Some old friends of mine used to call me Mack. That will do nicely,” he responded. She was not sure what to make of his response, but figured it would do for now.

“Mack it is then,” she responded. “I have one more favor to ask of you, Mack.” The expression on his face told her immediately that her ‘favors’ were about used up. The helmsman immediately broke the silence.

“Incoming message from the station, Captain.”

“On speakers,” Hardy ordered. A voice with a Bajoran inflection immediately came over the speaker.

“*Shenandoah Valley*, you are clear for immediate undocking and priority departure via outbound lane two.”

“Acknowledged, *DS9 Ops*,” the freighter’s captain replied, then turned, once again, to McIntyre and said simply, “Mack, take her out.”

Those were words McIntyre had not heard in a very long time, and he could not help but smile fondly at some of the memories they brought back.

“Aye, aye, Captain,” he responded with a hint of mischief, then turned and calmly began giving orders to the bridge crew. Just over one minute later, the ship was undocked, had cleared the station, and was transiting the outbound lane at half-impulse.

“We’re passing the outer marker, ma’am. The station has cleared us for warp speed,” the helmsman reported. As Mack turned to look at Captain Hardy, he could not help but notice her expression was like that of a child with a new toy. Before he could say anything, Hardy looked at him and the excitement in her voice was overwhelming. “Let’s see what she can do now!”

McIntyre smiled as he gave the order. “Helm, set a course for the Rigel system, ahead warp five.”

As the helmsman executed the order, the ship cleanly entered warp and, in a matter of seconds, accelerated the crew to a speed only one of them had ever traveled before.

### **The End... for now**

*Editor’s Note: “Arrival” was conceived as the origin story for the character of Starfleet Marine Corps Captain Sean Elliot ‘Mack’ McIntyre, published shortly after the character’s first appearance in **Subspace Chatter** in 1999. While it was known that McIntyre was another member of the crew brought forward in time from the past, little else was known about him, and “Arrival” was supposed to explain who he was originally, how he found himself thrust forward in time nearly seven decades, and why he was in the Theta 317 star system in the Gamma Quadrant piloting an advanced alien warship in the first place.*

*Unfortunately, as some people say, sometimes life gets in the way. Over time, work in the US Navy and later civilian life prevented Keven Fossett from completing his epic tale of how Lieutenant Sean McIntyre – a time-displaced Starfleet officer – became Captain Sean McIntyre – Starfleet Marine Corps Officer and commander of Special Contingent 41 aboard the USS Dauntless.*

*Hopefully, sometime soon, one of our Fifth Fleet members will help fill in the gap, and we can finally learn the origins of Sean Elliot ‘Mack’ McIntyre.*