

*Monday's Child*  
*Author Unknown*

*Monday's child is fair of face;  
Tuesday's child is full of grace;  
Wednesday's child is full of woe;  
Thursday's child has far to go;  
Friday's child is loving and giving;  
Saturday's child works hard for a living;  
The child that is born on the Sabbath day,  
Is bonny, and blithe, and good, and gay.*

*Personal log, Lt Commander Yu-Fen Mickey Cosner, stardate 48130.9:  
This has been a very rough week for me. It all started four days ago on stardate 48118.5 when...*

“Captain,” said Security Chief Penji Fil from the tactical post. “We’re receiving new orders. We are to proceed to sector G-65, coordinates 232 by 035 by 004. *USS Monitor* is risking a rendezvous with us within the Gamma Quadrant and we must meet her no later than stardate 48120.9.”

Kale looked at his conn officer, Ensign Pr’n Kes, a female Caitian, and ordered, “Ensign, set course 014 mark 355. Engage, warp four.”

Standing and walking toward the ops position, and visibly keeping a distance from the conn as usual, Kale talked to Lt (JG) Setton To’Lock Arbelo.

“Monster, how long has it been since I took my allergy shot?”

“About sixteen hours, Kalin. Why, do you feel like...?”

“ACHOO!”

“...you’re about to sneeze?”

“...(sniff, sniff)... Call Commander Cosner to the bridge. I’ll be in sickbay for a few minutes.”

“Aye, sir,” replied Arbelo. “Commander Cosner, please report to the bridge.”

As Kale walked into the forward turbolift, he could be heard talking into his combadge, “Kale to Doctor Rasa. Get formula 243 ready for me again.”

At the same moment, Lt Commander Cosner stepped out of the aft turbolift and walked down the ramp to Arbelo.

“You called, Lieutenant?” she asked.

“The Captain had to report to sickbay. We are currently on course to rendezvous with the *USS Monitor*.”

“Reason?”

“None given in the message we received.”

*...And that was the last calm moment I had in my life recently. I hope I can figure this all out!*

Space, the Final Frontier...

These are the voyages of the starship *Sarek*!

**Star Trek: Sarek**

## “Thursday’s Child” by PJK with Mickey Ku

“Captain to the bridge!” requested Lt Commander Cosner through the intercom. A moment later, Captain Kalin Kale stepped out of the turbolift with the starship’s chief medical officer, Dr. Rasa Palin, a liaison of the Bajoran militia, and ship’s counselor Kethry Sutherland, a half-Betazoid woman. The captain’s eyes were still pink from his allergic reaction to the dander of his conn officer, but the shot he received from the doctor was already helping.

“What’s up, Commander?” Kale asked.

“We are coming up on the rendezvous coordinates,” the aloof Asian woman reported.

“Very well. Conn, hold present position.”

“Thrrrrrusterrrrs at station keeping, sirrrr,” the Caitian purred in response.

Moments later, a bright flash appeared on the main viewscreen, followed by the streaking image of the Nebula-class starship as it dropped out of warp. Almost immediately, the screen changed to the image of the *Monitor*’s bridge.

“Hello, Kalin,” said Captain Erin Molloy.

“Erin! What makes you run through Dominion territory to meet with us?”

“We have an important delivery for your first officer.”

Cosner glanced up at the screen from the padd she was reading at the mention of her title.

“Counselor Murphy will escort the ‘package’ over to you in just a few minutes. Then we have to be on our way as soon as possible.”

“I understand,” said Kale. “I’ll have Commander Cosner meet your counselor in transporter room three.”

“I’m on my way,” Cosner said as she stood and entered the nearest turbolift. A minute later, she entered the transporter room, where Ensign Ron Giacobbe readied the system.

“Coordinates synchronized with the *Monitor*, Commander,” the young transporter chief reported.

“Very good. Energize.”

The hum of the transporter coalesced into the form of two people, a man wearing a regular blue-shouldered lieutenant’s uniform, and a young boy with dark red hair who looked about seven Earth years in age. The boy did not look up, seeming content to stare at his own feet.

“Lt Commander Cosner?” asked the counselor.

“Yes,” Cosner replied, unable to take her eyes off the familiar-looking boy.

The man stepped down from the platform, presenting a padd to the first officer. Meanwhile, the boy, who had momentarily been glaring at Cosner from behind the *Monitor*’s officer, was now looking everywhere in the room but at her. Puzzled, Cosner took the padd, and then looked up at the counselor.

“Where is the package I was supposed to receive?” she asked.

“The package...? Oh, I see,” said the visiting officer, puzzled at first. “The boy is the... heh, heh... the package. Commander, this is Shawn Clove. Your son.”

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*Personal log, supplemental:*

*The first few days with Shawn were hard. I explained the situation to Kalin and Kethry just after he arrived aboard...*

“He’s your **WHAT?**” asked Captain Kale.

Counselor Sutherland sat next to Cosner in the ready room, her face a mirror of the shock on the captain’s as the first officer broke the news.

“My son, Captain. Years ago, when I was assigned to the starship *Intrepid*, I became intimately involved with another officer. His name was Lieutenant Paedrick Clove. He was the ops manager. We were very serious, even contemplating tying the knot. Shawn was the result in ‘64. A few months later, Paedrick had taken Shawn to visit with relatives at *Starbase 165*... and the shuttle... crashed...”

Tears welled in Cosner’s eyes as Sutherland leaned over to comfort her. Kale waited a moment, trying to show some compassion for Cosner, but burning with curiosity about the situation.

“That wasn’t your fault, Mic,” Sutherland assured. “You didn’t cause the crash.”

“Why is it you’re only finding out now that your son is still alive, more than six years later?” the captain finally asked.

“He shouldn’t be!” Cosner sobbed. “I witnessed the crash from the *Intrepid*’s bridge myself! I was later told by an investigator, that **NO ONE** survived the crash!”

Cosner placed her padd on the desk in front of Kale as she broke down sobbing again. Kale looked at the file on the padd, the report from Captain Molloy of the *Monitor* to Lt Commander Cosner explaining how Shawn, found barely alive in the shuttle’s wreckage, was placed on life support in the starbase infirmary for seven months until he was finally well enough to turn over to the custody of his father’s parents. Raised in Ireland on Earth, he was shuttered away from any knowledge of his mother, save a deeply-instilled hatred toward Starfleet in general encouraged by his grieving grandparents as a result of their son’s death.

As Cosner’s sobs subsided somewhat, Kale looked at his first officer, a person he had not always gotten along with for the year they had so far served together.

“Mic, if there is anything I can do that would help you, just ask.”

\* \* \* \*

*Personal log, continued:*

*The next days were horrible. Shawn ignored me all the time. He spent his days in the Sarek's child care center playing with his new friends, among them Charissa Xaran, under the watchful eye of Val'ri Raiajh, with whom he seemed to get along with extremely well. He returned to our quarters only to sleep each night. The situation was starting to stress me out and beginning to affect my job performance...*

The ship's bell rung 1900 hours on the bridge. Kale, sitting in his ready room, was reading another old science-fiction novel. On the bridge itself, Lt Commander V'Pier 'Greg' N'Vorda was manning the engineering console when he noticed a problem.

"Commander," he said to the first officer. "I'm reading a minor drop in the power levels to the antimatter containment system."

Cosner almost flew out of the command chair.

"What is going **ON!?!?**" she screamed at the shape-shifting engineer. "Why can't anyone do anything simple for me? Why does everyone on this ship despise me?" The first officer broke down sobbing.

"Captain to the bridge, please," said helmsman Lieutenant Larry Harcue softly into his combadge.

Kale emerged from the ready room doors to find Cosner sobbing over a small ottoman in the center of the bridge. He reached down and took the Asian woman into a hug as she continued to sob into his shoulder. He was about to ask someone where the ottoman had come from when, to his mild surprise, it reformed into the humanoid shape of his assistant chief engineer.

"If you'll excuse me, Captain, I'll just go change," said N'Vorda as he wiped at the wet spot on his uniform. As the shape shifter walked into the nearby turbolift, Kale turned his attention to Cosner. Slowly, he led her into the ready room.

"What happened?" he asked softly.

"N'Vorda informed me of a small problem," she sobbed. "It was nothing. Easily solved... (sob, sniff, sniff)... but I... for some reason, I flew off the handle."

"You're stressed out."

"Kalin, I don't know how to be a mother! I'm not ready for this!"

"Who is?"

"But it's different for other people, Kalin. At least their children **WANT TO BE** their children! Shawn despises me. I... (sob, sniff)... I can see it in his eyes when he comes back to our quarters each evening. I just can't take much more of this."

Kale waited for Cosner to wipe her eyes.

"The only thing I've ever wanted to be in my life was a Starfleet officer. (sniff) Shawn hates me precisely because of what I am."

Kale looked at Cosner sympathetically as he said, "I want you to see Counselor Sutherland."

Cosner started to protest.

"That's an order..., Mic."

Cosner looked up at Kale's face, offered a slight smile, nodded and left.

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"The hatred is too deep. Nothing you do will change his mind," Cosner said to the counselor.

"May I remind you that only a year ago you were none too fond of Captain Kale," Sutherland said.

"I got to know Kalin. It wasn't his fault that Lyal's transfer was rescinded. I realize that now."

"And Shawn will realize the same about you too, given time. It was not your fault his father was killed in that shuttle accident! And not your fault that you were misinformed and had no idea your baby survived that same crash."

"I... I don't know."

"I do. Let me talk to him."

\* \* \* \*

*Personal log, continued:*

*The captain did all he could to help me. Meanwhile Counselor Sutherland had a long talk with Shawn that day. Dressed in civilian clothes and not wearing her combadge, she probed the foundations of Shawn's hatred for Starfleet, which turned out to be from his paternal grandparents, whom I never had a chance to meet. They blamed Starfleet for their son's death and the near-death of their infant grandson, Shawn. His entire life they told him his mother, who served in Starfleet, cared nothing for him and would never contact him. But when they both died recently within a few months of each other, Shawn was given no choice but to be placed in the custody of his next of kin... Me!*

“I was never told that Shawn survived!”

Sutherland tried to calm the excited Cosner as they talked in the corridor outside Sutherland’s office.

“Tell him! Let him know you *would have been* there, had you known.”

It took several seconds for Cosner to gain enough emotional control for the two lieutenant commanders to enter the office. Shawn immediately turned away and stared at the painting on the counselor’s wall.

“Why are you turning away from your mother?” Sutherland asked the lad.

“She doesn’t care,” Shawn growled in a strong Irish accent. “She’s Starfleet.”

Cosner glanced at Sutherland with an exasperated look.

“And you believe all members of Starfleet are like that? That they don’t care about you?” Sutherland asked.

“Aye,” the boy responded without hesitation.

“You’re sure?”

“Aye.”

“And how do you feel about me? About being here?” Sutherland asked.

“I like you. You’re nice. And you care about me too. So do Charissa. And Ms Val’ri.”

“Well, I like you too, Shawn, as I’m sure Charissa and Val’ri do too. And of course I care about you. But why am I any different than your mother?”

“You’re not Starfleet,” Shawn replied, again without hesitation.

Cosner glanced at Sutherland again. The counselor gave the young boy a warm smile.

“Yes, Shawn, I am.”

The boy froze in place for a moment, and then slowly turned to face the counselor. Cosner could see the small freckles that crossed the bridge of the boy’s nose between his two dark brown, almost almond-shaped Asian-looking eyes, eyes that now stared disbelieving at Sutherland.

“I hold the rank of Lieutenant Commander, just like your mother,” Sutherland explained to the wide-eyed child. “I graduated Starfleet Academy before attending Starfleet Medical School. I’ve served aboard starships for many years, just like your mother. And, like your mother, I didn’t know you were alive until two days ago.”

“How could she not know I was alive?” the boy asked, his words tinged with disbelief.

“You were in a very bad accident,” Cosner explained. “I was told you were dead. I was told both you and your father were dead.”

“But I wasn’t dead,” Shawn said with a pout.

“I didn’t know that. And your grandparents on Earth didn’t let me know either,” Cosner replied, her voice pleading.

Shawn finally looked up at his mother, his expression mellowing.

“I’m sorry, Shawn,” Cosner said, taking a step toward the boy’s chair. “I swear I didn’t know. If I had known, I’d have been there. Please believe me.” Still not too sure, Shawn moved a few centimeters further away on the couch. “But I’m here now,” Cosner continued. “I want to be here for you now.”

“How?” Shawn asked, his voice resentful. “You’re too busy. When would you have time for me?”

“Captain Kale has given me the next five days off duty. I want to spend that time getting to know you. And I want you to get to know me.”

Shawn glanced at his mother. After a moment, his expression softened a little further. Sutherland smiled, and Cosner relaxed just a little.

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*Personal log, Shawn Clove, stardate 48... uh... what is it? 48131:*

*Is this thing really recordin’? Neat. Okay, now what should I say? Oh, yeah!*

*I’m starting t’ see that everything Da an’ Grans told me may not have been totally true. Me mother is not what I expected. She even set up this file for me to record my own logs. She’s shown me all over this ship. I even got to see the bridge!*

*Maybe I was... What was the word Counselor Kethry told me...? Oh, yeah... ...Hasty... Too hasty in judging her.*

*A week later...*

In the ready room, Kale was talking to Val’ri Raiajh on his desk monitor.

“Are you sure, Val’ri?” he asked the primary school teacher.

“Positive, Kalin. He took the aptitude tests yesterday. He’s exceptionally bright in almost all areas, but most so in computer skills.”

“To what level?”

“I’d say near genius, considering he’s only seven. He tested at a sixth-grade level in computer skills and above average across the board everywhere else.”

“Have you told Commander Cosner?”

“Not yet. She was busy supervising the refit of the starboard deuterium conduit. I didn’t want to disturb her.”

Kale thought for a moment, then said, “Val, keep this between you and me. Thanks.”

Kale closed the comm circuit, thought again for a moment, then looked up toward the ceiling.

“Computer, what is the location of civilian Shawn Clove?”

“Shawn Clove is in the learning center, classroom three.”

“Commanding officer to classroom three.”

“Yes, Captain? This is Miss Winters.”

“Miss Winters, I’m sending a security guard down to your classroom. Could you please send Shawn Clove to my ready room?”

“Of course, Captain.”

A few minutes later, the young Shawn Clove sat in a seat opposite the captain. As he fidgeted in his seat, uncomfortable alone in the captain’s presence, he looked around at the decor of the room, from the model starship on the stand behind his seat, to the bookshelf filled with old novels in the corner behind the captain’s desk, to the painting of Ambassador Sarek with the starship *Sarek* superimposed over him above the couch near the door.

“So, Shawn, you’ve been aboard my starship for almost two weeks now. How do you like being aboard the *Sarek* so far?” Kale asked.

“Okay, I guess.”

“Have you been getting along better with your mother?”

“She’s still a little bit of a pain, but I’m getting used to her. She’s not as strict as my Gran used t’ be.”

“Yeah, she takes some time to get used to,” Kale commiserated. “Your teacher, Ms Raijah, tells me you did well on your placement exams. Do you like school?”

“I like school here!” Shawn said with enthusiasm. “Th’ school I went to on Earth didn’t have so many computers and stuff!”

“So you’ve changed your mind about Starfleet?”

“Kinda, I guess. I like your ship. It’s a neat place to live. I really like the holodecks!”

“Tell me, Shawn, would you like to learn more about computers?”

“Yeah! I’d like that!”

“Well, I’ll tell you what. Don’t tell your mother anything about this. This will be OUR secret, okay? I’ll get you a place in a special class and you can learn everything there is to know about our ship’s computers.”

“Would you?”

In reply, Kale pressed the intercom button on his desk and said, “Captain to Lieutenant Toreth.”

“Toreth here. What can I do for you, Captain?”

“Do you have room in your class for a very special student?”

A pause.

“Captain, I’ve got thirty seats and three cadets. Yes, I think I can squeeze someone in.”

“Very good, Lieutenant. I’ll be sending all the relevant information soon. Kale, out.”

Kale looked at the young boy, who now bubbled with excited energy.

“That was Lieutenant Bill Toreth, the instructor of our on-board Starfleet Academy Annex. If you want to learn all about computers, that’s the place to do it. However, it may be a little hard. Do you think you can do it?”

A smile spread from ear to ear on Shawn’s face.

“Yes, sir. I’m sure I can.”

Kale reached across his desk and shook the young boy’s hand.

“And remember, Shawn,” the captain said, looking back and forth like someone might be watching. “This is our secret. Don’t let your mother know.”

Again the boy smiled.

“No, Captain. I won’t.”

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*Personal log, continued:*

*So that’s been my last two weeks. If I ever have another occurrence anything like this again, I think I’ll just do myself a favor and just jump into the plasma stream in the warp nacelle. My life should not be this turbulent. But things have finally started to calm down.*

*Shawn is now more open to me. Last night, as I tucked him into bed, he even went so far as to tell me he liked me. Imagine that!*

*It has helped that Shawn has found something that keeps him busy while I’m on my duty shift. He won’t tell me what it is, but when Captain Kale comes around and visits, they seem to be sharing some secret. And because of all this I now feel closer to Kalin. Almost like he’s part of the family. Something tells me that life aboard the *Sarek* will be a lot more interesting from now on. And for the first time I’m looking forward to the challenges ahead.*

*Cosner, out.*

**The End**