

Space, the Final Frontier...

Star Trek: Dauntless

“No Field Days” By PJK

Based on a suggestion by Michael D. Tucci and Jeff Sloan

The hum of the transporter faded around him. Captain Peter J. Koester of the starship *Dauntless* blinked his eyes to let them adjust to the subdued lighting of the ship, then blinked them again in confusion at what he saw. Rather than the usual transporter technician standing behind the control console, Chief Pono Kyman, the *Dauntless*' Command Master Chief, or COB as he was referred to, stood before him.

Before the Captain could even utter a word, Kyman very calmly said, in a complete monotone, “I told him... No field days.”

“Huh?” responded the confused captain as he grabbed his bag, full of souvenirs from his recent shore leave, and stepped down off the platform.

Again, very calmly, Kyman explained, “While you were gone, he tried to schedule a field day.”

Koester rolled his eyes, then said, “I’ll have a talk with the Exec. Where is he?”

Still quite calmly, the COB said, “In the brig.”

“WHAT?!?”

“He tried to schedule a field day. I had him locked in the brig.”

Koester shook his head, trying to comprehend.

“Let me get this straight. You... Locked the XO... In the brig... For scheduling a field day?”

“Oh, no, sir,” Kyman replied. Koester let out an audible sigh of relief, but the COB smiled and continued. “I got to him before he had a chance to actually schedule it.”

* * * *

Captain Koester, now dressed in his duty uniform, entered the security brig of the *Dauntless* and walked up to its only occupied cell. It occurred to the young captain as he approached that this was the first time the *Dauntless*' brig had ever been used.

“Explain it to me, Exec,” the Captain said to the man sitting on the bunk within the forcefield.

Lt Commander Virgil Dylan Kane, the ship's First Officer, jumped up from the bunk and darted over to the forcefield, careful not to touch it.

“Skipper! Am I glad to see you,” Kane said, his silver Bajoran earring dangling from his right lobe. “They mutinied!”

“You tried to make them field day again,” Koester scolded. “I’ve talked to you about this before!”

“But Skipper, we need something to promote crew unity!”

“The crew is united. They all worked together to put you in the brig, didn’t they?” Koester asked with a wry smile.

“But we need to emphasize teamwork!”

“So we’ll all play baseball on the holodeck,” Koester replied.

“But we need to suffer together!”

“So we’ll all re-enact the battle of Klack decal Bracht, or however you pronounce it,” Koester said, exasperation in his voice.

“But, Skipper...”

“I don’t want to hear another word about this, Exec,” Koester warned, then slowly shaking his head, turned away.

“Skipper? Aren’t you going to let me out?” Kane asked, but Koester just continued to walk away from the cell.

“Captain!?” Koester paused at the threshold, looked back at Kane, shook his head again, and walked through the massive tritanium doors.

“Pete???” And the doors slowly closed.

The End