

*Stardate 70601.4*  
*Main Officer's Lounge*  
Starbase Typhon-Bravo

The meeting of the Fifth Fleet commanders had just ended, and each of the starship captains were making their way to *Starbase Typhon-Bravo's* transporter room. As they walked, Captain (Carrie) K'danz of the Intrepid-class *USS Bellerophon* was talking with her mentor, friend, and former commanding officer, Fleet Captain Peter Koester, commander of the Fleet Flagship *USS Dauntless*.

"Are you going to recommend any of your senior officers for the new positions opening up?" she asked.

"I'm certainly going to mention it," Koester replied. "I hate to lose any of the crew I've worked with for years – you know how hard it was for me to find your replacement, after all – but I'm not going to hold any of my crew back just because I would hate to lose them. You?"

"The crew of the *Belle* has formed quite a cohesive unit. I, too, would be upset if I lost any of them. But I can't tell any that they shouldn't apply if they qualify to fill the new positions and it interests them. What kind of a captain would I be if I did that?"

"James T. Kirk?" Koester joked, partly with the knowledge that as a young Starfleet officer, K'danz was another member of the Fifth Fleet who had idolized the legendary starship captain, and partly because it was true that the majority of his senior crew aboard the *Enterprise* were passed over for promotion and commands of their own year after year because Kirk did not want to part with them, several choosing to retire when Kirk retired and the *Enterprise-A* was decommissioned.

"Har har," K'danz said as the pair entered the transporter room. Koester paused in front of the console as K'danz stepped up on the platform, telling the operator, "One to beam over to the *Bellerophon*." She then offered her goodbyes to Koester, adding, "Looks like our next chance for a drink together will have to wait. I seem to recall it's your turn to pay."

"It doesn't look like the *Dauntless* is going anywhere anytime soon," Koester replied. "Admiral Fil wants us to be one of the starships that helps move this base out to its new location once *719* is back in full operation."

"The *Belle* should be back in the Typhon Sector before that happens. I'll hold you to that drink then," K'danz remarked before looking at the transporter operator and nodding.

"Energizing," the operator stated, and a few seconds later, K'danz dematerialized in a sparkle of blue light.

Space, the Final Frontier...

## Star Trek: Fifth Fleet

### "The Reformation of the Fleet" By PJK

#### A Typhon Sector Crisis Story

#### Vignette B – USS Bellerophon

Later that evening, Captain K'danz was in crew's mess, having dinner with her family. Her husband, the starship's half-Klingon chief engineer Dar, was reading a technical journal on a padd sitting on the table, while the couple's adopted sixteen-year-old son Jacob played with the meat on his plate.

"Aren't you hungry, Jacob?" K'danz asked the boy.

"Can't I have more vegetables instead of meat, Mom?" Jacob asked. K'danz had always thought her son's preferences a little strange, since most kids were exactly the opposite. However, Ship's Counselor Gabe Lucian had

told her the teen's distaste for meat likely stemmed from the cannibalistic environment the boy had been rescued from when discovered by the *Bellerophon* crew several years earlier.

"Go ahead, Jacob," the captain said with a sigh. "Just change it to whatever you want in the replicator."

As the teen took his plate over to the wall-mounted replicator, K'danz noticed her first officer, Commander Tom Paris, walk into the mess with his own wife and daughter, B'Elanna Torres and Miral Paris. While Miral had originally been living with her mother aboard *Starbase 719* for most of the time the family had been attached to the Fifth Fleet, she had spent the last year living aboard the *Belle* with her father while Torres had served aboard the *Starbase Typhon-Bravo*. K'danz smiled at the thought of another family getting to spend time together now that *Starbase 719* had returned.

"Good evening," the captain said as Paris and his family sat down at the next table. Meanwhile, Jacob returned to his seat, the meat and vegetables on his plate replaced by a heaping pile of spaghetti and tomato sauce. "Jacob, I thought you said you wanted more vegetables instead of meat?"

"Tomatoes are a vegetable," Jacob replied before digging into his meal.

"Technically tomatoes are a fruit," Miral Paris chimed in.

"Nuh-uh!" Jacob responded, his mouth stuffed with spaghetti.

"The definition of fruit is: the sweet and fleshy product of a tree or other plant that contains seed and can be eaten as food," Miral insisted. "Tomatoes have seeds; therefore, they are a fruit, not a vegetable."

"Mom!" Jacob whined to K'danz.

"Just eat your dinner, Jacob," K'danz responded, happy that the boy was eating at all, as he tended to be fussy. "In fact, why don't you and Miral sit together at the next table and let Commanders Paris and Torres join your father and me?"

"Fine!" Jacob huffed, moving his plate to sit across from the one-quarter Klingon thirteen-year-old girl. K'danz had been noticing the looks Miral was giving the boy for the past few months, but Jacob remained oblivious.

"How did the meeting with the Admirals go, Carrie?" Tom Paris asked once he and his wife had sat down. "Any bad news?"

"Only if your definition of bad news is new opportunity," K'danz replied. "Starfleet is authorizing the fleet to start exploring ten new sectors, and that means new starships joining the fleet."

"A new starbase too," Dar added, evidently still listening to the conversation in spite of his apparent concentration on his technical journal.

"What do you mean new starbase?" Torres asked.

"719 is being repaired," K'danz answered. "Once it's back to full operational status, the plan is to move *Typhon-Bravo* out to Sector 50111 and act as a logistics base for the new sectors."

"Hmmm," Torres said, looking pensive.

"What are you thinking?" Paris asked.

"Just wondering how often the *Belle* is going to be in the vicinity of the new starbase location and if it would be worth requesting a transfer out there if it means I might get to spend time with you a little more often," Torres said to her husband.

"What do you think, Captain?" Paris said, now looking at K'danz. "Do you think the *Belle* is going to be spending a great deal of time out in the new sectors?"

"From what I have heard, we're supposed to be getting a couple of new heavy cruiser class starships, maybe even a new Odyssey-class ship like the *Sun Tzu*. In all likelihood, especially since the new sectors are pretty close to Kairn space, Admiral Fil will want to send the big boys in there first. However, I cannot guarantee for sure that will be true."

"Hey, Dad?" Jacob interrupted, before any of the adults could say anything more. Dar looked over at his son as the teen asked, "Mind if I go get Wally and use the holodeck for a little while? I was telling Miral about the off-road trail program we've been adding the upgrades to and she wants to try it out."

"Don't be out too late!" K'danz warned. "You still have classes in the morning."

"I expect my daughter back in our quarters no later than 1930 hours, Mister Danz!" Paris added, causing Miral to blush.

“Wally is doing some minor maintenance in main engineering,” Dar remarked. “Go ahead and get him.” Both Jacob and Miral smiled as they got up and headed for the door, until Dar called out, “Drive careful! Don’t wreck my Jeep!”

“I’ll be careful, Dad. Come on, Miral,” Jacob said, and the pair rushed out the mess hall door.

“I think someone is going to have a rough time when we have to move back to the station,” Torres remarked as she watched the door slide shut behind her daughter.

“What are you talking about?” Paris asked, looking at his wife with an annoyed expression. “Leaving the *Belle* will be the best thing for her! After all, she’s not allowed to date until she’s 30! 35 at the latest!”

Torres just gave her husband ‘That Look.’

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Much later that night, Torres was climbing into bed beside her husband.

“I need to be up at 0400 so I can get into uniform and beam back over to *Typhon-Bravo* for my duty shift in Ops,” the half-Klingon engineer remarked before noticing Paris seemed preoccupied, staring up at the ceiling of his quarters. “Something on your mind, Tom?” She lowered her voice to a whisper as she added, “It’s not Miral’s interest in Jacob Danz, is it?”

“Hmm?” Paris said, suddenly looking over at his wife as if he just realized she was there. “Oh, no. Just thinking about what was said in crew’s mess. About Starfleet wanting to move the new station further out into the Area of Responsibility.”

“Nothing for you to get all upset about,” Torres said, climbing under the covers and leaning in closer to Paris, one arm atop his chest. “I was only throwing out ideas. More than likely, Cathryn will want to keep me aboard *719*.”

“No, it was a good idea,” Paris countered. “It just didn’t... well, go far enough.”

“What do you mean?” Torres asked, now leaning up on one elbow to look at her husband.

“Admiral Kale is staying aboard *719* when it’s back in operation. The new starbase is going to need a new command staff.” He looked at Torres with a determined expression. “Maybe I should apply for the transfer? They might even make me the CO?”

“You?” Torres asked, unsure she heard right.

“Why not? You could likewise apply for a transfer. You, me, and Miral all living in the same place at the same time? That hasn’t happened since we left *Voyager*!”

“How do you know we won’t be at each other’s throats in less than a month?” Torres asked mirthfully.

“I have to believe it would work, just like I did the day I proposed to you,” Paris replied, leaning over and giving his wife a kiss on the lips.

“Do you think Carrie would be willing to let you go?”

“There came a time her former captain felt she was ready to step up and take on a command of her own. Carrie has been slowly pushing me in a similar direction since shortly after I reported aboard the *Belle*. In this case it would just be to a starbase instead of a starship. And if that means we can be together, I’m willing to do that.”

“I can’t believe this is coming from the same man who seemingly despised the Starfleet uniform he was wearing when I first met you twenty-two years ago!”

“I was a very different person back then,” Paris replied with a slight smile. “And as I recall, so were you. What do you say?”

Torres thought about her husband’s proposition for a few moments, finally looking at him and saying, “If Starfleet can assure us that either we both get transferred to the new station or neither of us do, then I’m in.”

“Great!” Paris said with a broad smile. “I’ll talk to Carrie in the morning.”

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The next morning, Tom Paris approached the ready room, a padd in one hand. Had the *Bellerophon* been on patrol, Captain K'danz would have been on duty on the bridge, but since the Intrepid-class starship was only station-keeping in the vicinity of *Starbase Typhon-Bravo*, the crew was taking advantage of the down-time to perform backlogged maintenance and catch up on overdue reports. He pressed the door chime, and quickly heard, "Come."

Stepping inside, Paris noticed K'danz looking over her husband's engineering status reports on the monitor before she looked up at her first officer with a smile. "Have a seat. What's up, Tom?"

Paris took a seat across the desk from his captain and said, "I spent last night thinking about what you said about yesterday's command meeting. And while I have thoroughly enjoyed the last eight years we have served together, I wonder if now might be a good time to move on?"

"Oh?" K'danz remarked, genuinely surprised.

Paris slid the padd he had carried in across the desk and said, "This is a request to transfer to the command staff of the new starbase once its in place in Sector 50111." K'danz picked up the padd and started reading what was displayed on the screen as Paris added, "Of course, the request is contingent on B'Elanna's similar request being approved. We agreed it was time we spend some time together as a family."

"I can understand that," K'danz said with a nod. "I've had the unusual advantage of having spent the majority of my Starfleet career working alongside my husband, and most of that was due to Peter's influence. I sometimes forget not everyone has the same opportunity." She immediately tapped several items into the request, then placed her thumbprint on the reader before handing it back. "I have approved your request contingent on Lt Commander Torres likewise receiving approval. And I'll have a chat with Captain Pearson later this afternoon to see if we can nudge this along." K'danz then stood up and offered her hand to Paris. He likewise stood and returned the gesture. "Best of luck to you and your family, Tom. You've been an excellent first officer. I'm sure you will continue to excel in your new post."

"Thank you, Captain," Paris said. "It's been my pleasure to serve aboard the *Belle*." Paris then turned and exited the ready room, intent on contacting his wife aboard *Typhon-Bravo* and informing her of the news. Meanwhile, as the doors to the bridge swished shut, K'danz's expression turned to a frown.

"Guess I'm going to need to start looking through resumes again," she remarked.

*To Be Continued...*