

Ensign Kelly Stuart wandered through Starfleet Museum observing the various exhibits. She had spent nearly an hour touring the *NX-04 Discovery*. Most of that time was in the auxiliary control room where her ancestor, Daniel Hathaway, led his crew to contribute to the victory at the Battle of Cheron. Another forty minutes passed as she toured the *Dauntless*. Kelly sat at the helm station where Daniel sat. She imagined that she had piloted this historical vessel and experienced what Daniel had experienced during his tour aboard the Icarus-class starship. Kelly even found the quarters assigned to Daniel. Knowing that a hero and early Federation pioneer was in her family line gave Kelly a sense of pride...and a sense of responsibility. It was the one thing that she wanted to aspire to.

As she walked through the large corridor, one exhibit caught her eye. Several meters in front of her at the end of the corridor, Kelly noticed a scale model of a Constitution-class starship. It was the original design, not the refit. She wondered if it could have been a replica of the *Enterprise*—the most famous ship in Starfleet history. Kelly picked up her pace to get a good look at the model. As she moved closer, she noticed the ship's dedication plaque and various framed letters and certificates mounted on the wall behind the small starship.

Kelly stopped in front of the exhibit and looked closely at the starship model and the dedication plaque. It wasn't the *Enterprise*, but it was one of her sister ships—the *USS Lexington*. Although it was not the ship that she thought it was, the various paraphernalia of the exhibit interested her. After reading the ship's motto and other information on the plaque, Kelly read the variety of documents that told of the awards and commendations the ship and crew had earned during its illustrious service.

In addition to the documents mounted to the wall, there were several pictures of commanding officers and other select members of the crew. Kelly perused each image, but one seemed to call out to her. She focused on the image with faint recognition of the man's face. The man in the picture reminded Kelly of her great uncle, only younger and without facial hair. She read the metal plate beneath the picture; her mouth dropped open. Inscribed on the plate was:

Lieutenant Commander Martin G. Hathaway, Jr.  
Chief Engineer, 2260 – 2265  
“He gave his life to save his ship and crew.”

Space, the Final Frontier...

## Star Trek: Legacy

### “A Dish Best Served Cold” By Cleve Johnson

Kelly remembered that her great-grandfather was named Martin, but realized that he would have only been a teenager or younger in 2265. This must have been her great-great-grandfather. From the inscription, she knew that here was evidence of another hero in her family.

An elderly gentleman approached Kelly as she continued to look over the items that were part of the *Lexington* exhibit. “You seem engrossed in the *Lexington*, young lady. Does it hold a special interest for you?”

Kelly turned to face the older man. He looked like he must have been in his late 80s, but he moved much slower than most octogenarians did. Usually people who walked as slowly as he did were usually well over one hundred ten years old. She smiled at the man. “I thought this was Captain Kirk's *Enterprise* when I first saw it from down the hall.”

The old man returned Kelly's smile. “Oh no, my dear, that exhibit takes up most of the Delta sphere,” he said warmly. “I'm one of the tour guides. May I help you get to the *1701* exhibit?”

“Actually, I would like to find out some more information on the *Lexington*. Or I should say that I want to find out specific information on a particular officer that served aboard her.”

“Of course, my dear. Are you doing research for an Academy class?”

“Personal research. I was looking at the pictures and discovered that a family member was part of the crew.”

“He must have been an important member of the crew if his picture is on this wall.” The guide gently took Kelly's arm and led her to a near by computer terminal. “Who do you want to search for?”

“Lieutenant Commander Martin Hathaway.”

“Ah, the chief engineer who saved the ship from being destroyed when they were attacked by the Klingons.” The man tapped the computer screen, which caused it to light up with a fully functional LCARS interface. “Here you go, Ensign. You can enter search parameters manually or by voice command.”

“Thank you Mister...”

“Please call me Harold.”

“Thank you Harold. I’m Kelly.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you Kelly.” The man started to walk away, but turned back to offer another wide grin to the young ensign. “I’ll be in the area if you need any further assistance.”

Kelly nodded as she smiled. After Harold turned and continued to walk away, she gave her attention fully to the computer in front of her. “Computer, access Starfleet records of Lieutenant Commander Martin G. Hathaway, Jr.”

“This terminal can only provide basic career information on subject; however, more thorough information during the subject’s service aboard *USS Lexington NCC-1703* is available here.”

“I want to know details that led up to and including his death.”

“Accessing. Do you prefer text display or audio-visual records?”

“Audio-visual, please.”

“Please note that some records, specifically ship logs, may have been recorded in audio mode only.”

“Understood. Commence display.”

Kelly watched as an overhead view of the bridge appeared on the monitor. She saw the officers working at their antiquated workstations. She remembered that the engineering station was located to the right of the turbolift doors on this particular class of starship, and she focused her attention there to see if her ancestor was on duty. “Computer, can you change perspective so I can see the crew at eye level?”

“This terminal is not programmed to change perspective viewing; however, the records can be uploaded to a holosuite for interactive and objective viewing with an accuracy rating of 93.83 percent. Do you wish to continue with this terminal or proceed to the nearest holosuite?”

“I would like to go to the holosuite. Objective mode.”

“Holosuite Beta Three Two is available, and it is located on corridor four.”

Kelly Stuart walked away from the *Lexington* exhibit and turned left at the next corridor. She only walked about twelve meters until she turned left again. She immediately saw a sign hanging from the ceiling with a right-pointing arrow that was labeled Holosuite Beta 3-2.

The door automatically opened as Kelly stepped toward it. She stepped onto the simulated bridge and the door slid shut behind her. She walked around, touched the old-style equipment, and observed the frozen expressions on the crewmembers’ faces. Kelly realized that everyone looked happy and wondered why they were that way. “Computer, play most recent captain’s log entry.”

*Captain’s Log: Stardate 1895.2*

*The crew is excited about going home to see their loved ones. I must admit that I am looking forward to seeing Earth again after almost five years exploring the unknown and doing routine border patrol. I don’t understand why Starfleet Command assigned us to the Klingon border last week. The Klingons have not made any noise for nearly a year. Oh well, my duty is to obey my orders whether they make sense to me or not. At least the Excalibur will be here tomorrow to relieve us so we can set off for a well-deserved rest leave. The crew is tired, but I cannot ask for a better group of people to serve with. Everyone on this ship has give a hundred percent and then some.*

*My first officer, Commander Tanya Vorishnakova, has been offered her own command, which is long past due in my opinion. Her new ship isn't as glamorous as the Lexington, but it's her ship, her command. I'll miss her. Lieutenant Commander Hathaway is the best chief engineer I've ever served with, but he also has a natural knack for command. He's my first choice to be my new number one. I haven't discussed it with him yet, but I want to send him to Command School when we get back. Admiral Baker assures me that Marty can take the fast track and get his promotion before the ship sets sail on its next five-year mission. Speaking of promotions, I received word only a few hours ago that Admiral Nogura recommended me to get my first star. Within days after we reach Spacedock One, I will be Commodore Robert Wesley.*

"End log entry," the computer announced.

Kelly examined the man in the center seat. She wondered what Robert Wesley was like. She made her way to the engineering station and regarded the man sitting there. She observed that he wore the stripes of a lieutenant commander and was sure that no other engineer except for the chief engineer, her great-great-grandfather, would hold a rank above lieutenant on this ship. She looked into his eyes and studied his face. She decided that her Great-Uncle Bob really did look like his grandfather.

Kelly stepped back, ready to observe the interaction that had taken place more than a hundred years before her birth. "Computer, begin simulation."

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Captain Wesley got out of his chair and stepped down toward the navigator's station, putting his hand on the dark-haired woman's shoulder as he spied a look at her console. "Anxious to get home, Commander?"

The woman tried to keep a straight face, but her lips betrayed her by slightly turning upward. "Vhat makes you say that, Keptin?"

"Correct me if I'm wrong, Tanya, but it looks to me like you already have set course for the Sol Sector."

"Vhy vait?"

Wesley patted his first officer on the back. "I'd probably do the same if I were sitting where you are. Don't worry, Commander. We'll be on our way there by this time tomorrow."

"The *Excalibur* is due to relieve us at 0300. I have informed the chief engineer to be ready to go to varp seven at 0301."

Wesley turned to face the engineering station at the same time that the chief engineer turned in his chair to face the center of the bridge. "If I were you, Marty, I would do everything possible to not be late in carrying out Commander Vorishnakova's orders tomorrow."

Martin Hathaway shrugged his shoulders. "It won't be a problem, Captain. I received a subspace letter from my wife last week, and she has ordered the same thing. I made sure that engineering was ready as soon as I got that one."

Wesley smiled and returned to the center seat. "Understood. I'm married, too."

"Captain, we are receiving a distress signal," the communications officer stated. "It's weak, but I can make most of it out."

"What's the message, Lieutenant Wilson?"

"It appears to be from the *SS Betelgeuse*, a Polaris-class cargo ship. They were damaged in an ion storm and lost both impulse and warp engines. They also say that their guidance system was damaged, and they drifted across the Klingon border near Archanis."

"What was a civilian ship doing that close to the border?" Bob Wesley's attitude went from happy to be heading home to frustration and anger about the cargo ship's predicament. "Every civilian ship has been warned not to come within half a light year of Klingon space."

"Perhaps they were making a run between Epsilon outposts *Two* and *One*," the helmsman interjected.

"Vhy is not important right now. Keptin, they need help. Ve ken ask the ship's keptin vhy vhen ve get there."

"You're right, Tanya. Set course for that area and coordinate with the science officer for more precise coordinates when we get within scanning range." Wesley turned his attention to his forward left. "Helm, warp eight."

“Aye sir. Our ETA is twenty-seven minutes.”

“Lieutenant Wilson, contact *Epsilon Two*,” Wesley said. “Find out if the *Betelgeuse* has been in their vicinity.”

“Aye sir.”

Wesley faced the science station. “Mister Thorin, can you verify the presence of a recent ion storm in that area?”

The Andorian science officer peered into the scanner and turned the appropriate dials. He looked up long enough to flip a few switches and push several buttons, and he looked into the scanner again. “*Epsilon Two* reported a magnitude three ion storm near Archanis yesterday. Their follow-up report indicates that the storm dissipated about three hours ago, Captain.”

Martin Hathaway joined Wesley in the sunken command area of the bridge. “You seem unsettled, Captain.”

“I just want to be cautious, Marty. Even though the Klingons haven’t given us any problems for a while, I don’t want to take chances this close to their space.”

“I understand, Captain. I’d rather err on the side of caution as well, especially after the *Potemkin* destroyed one of their ships last year during their attempted invasion. I hear that they have a saying: Revenge is a dish that is best served cold.” Hathaway turned and returned to his station.

“Captain, *Epsilon Two* has responded to our inquiry on that cargo ship,” Lieutenant Wilson said. “The *SS Betelgeuse* did make a stop to deliver medical supplies and other equipment two days ago. They departed for *Epsilon One* yesterday morning before the ion storm suddenly formed.”

“Thank you, Lieutenant. Inform the outpost that we are on our way to the last known location of the *Betelgeuse*.”

“Aye, Captain.”

“Mister Hathaway, can you give me warp nine?”

“It will be a strain on the warp reactor, but I think I can give it to you for 15 or 20 minutes.”

“Make it so.”

Martin rose from his chair and quickly made his way to the turbolift.”

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Martin Hathaway worked the main warp controls himself while the assistant chief engineer, a woman with lieutenant stripes on her uniform, manned the dilithium crystal monitoring station. “Keep a close eye on those crystals, Jenny. I want to know immediately if they are in danger of cracking.”

“I won’t let you down, Marty.”

Hathaway, Jenny, and the other engineers diligently monitored their consoles and made adjustments as necessary to keep the ship’s warp core from overloading. Hathaway watched the heat indicator on the central plasma conduit steadily increase. It was still within a comfortable safety margin, but it became less comfortable with each passing second. He hit the communication button on the console. “Engineering to bridge.”

“Wesley. What is it, Marty?”

“We can only maintain this speed for another five minutes, and then we’ll need to drop below warp seven.”

“Five minutes will be enough. Thanks Marty.”

Hathaway continued to watch the heat indicator rise for the next four minutes, twenty seconds. The red warning light lit up and started to flash on and off continuously as the indicator moved into the red zone. Martin contacted the bridge again. “Captain, I need to cut back before we blow ourselves up.”

“Cut the power back, Marty. We’re going to impulse power.”

“Cutting back now, sir.”

“I’d like you back on the bridge.”

“On my way.” Hathaway started for the exit. “You’re in charge, Jenny. I’ll be on the bridge.”

Jenny gave a mock salute. “Aye, aye, sir.”

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Hathaway entered the bridge and relieved the ensign at the engineering station. He barely sat down when he heard Captain Wesley give the order to cross the border. He instinctively transferred power from non-essential areas to shields and weapons. Martin hoped that they would not be needed.

The science officer turned toward the captain. "Sir, sensors are picking up debris in orbit of Archanis Five at zero-four-nine mark one-one. Energy readings indicate recent weapons fire."

"Any sign of escape pods in orbit or on the planet's surface?"

"Negative, Captain," Lieutenant Thorin replied. "I am getting a power increase coming from the far side of the planet."

Just then, the forward view screen came alive as the image of a Klingon D-7 battle cruiser came out of its hiding place behind the planet.

"It's a trap!" Wesley hit the intraship communications button on the arm of his chair. "All hands to battle stations. Red alert. This is not a drill."

Martin Hathaway watched the green energy discharge on the viewer quickly approach as he hurried to transfer more power to forward shields. He grabbed the console for support when the ship lurched and pitched. He tried to compensate for the weakened inertial dampening system.

Wesley braced for another impact when he saw the Klingon ship fire a torpedo. "Return fire. Try to detonate that torpedo before it hits us."

"Firing," Commander Vorishnakova stated. Her aim was accurate and timely. The torpedo explosion filled the screen with a bright flash as the *Lexington* shook less violently than it did previously.

"Do I want to know how close that was, Tanya?"

"It was very close, Keptin. I suggest we return to our side of the iron curtain."

"Agreed," Wesley said. "Engineer?"

Martin Hathaway shook his head. "Warp drive is down. I better get back down there." He jumped out of his chair and into the turbolift.

"I thought Klingons boasted of being honorable warriors," Wesley said.

"Perhaps they consider sneak attacks permissible in their definition of honor."

"Helm, turn us around and get us out of here. Best speed. Tanya, lock rear phasers on the Klingon ship and fire at full intensity."

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Martin Hathaway ran toward the main engine room. He saw Jenny and several other engineers rush toward him out of the smoke-filled corridor. He grabbed Jenny by the upper arms. "What happened, Jenny?"

Jenny coughed until a little blood came out of her mouth. When she could get her breath, she started to tell Martin what happened.

"The last hit caused the main coolant tank to rupture." She coughed again. "Jacobson, Renaldi, and Ortiz are dead. We don't have much time until the reactors overheat and blow the ship apart."

"Not on my watch." Hathaway eased Jenny down to the deck and started toward the engine room. He opened an emergency locker and pulled out a radiation suit. He quickly put his legs and arms in the suit and zipped it closed. He grabbed a helmet from the top shelf of the locker and lifted it over his head. He looked down the corridor to see Jenny's wide eyes and open mouth. He could see terror on the woman's face. "Tell my wife and my son that I love them," he yelled over the blaring klaxon. The last thing that Hathaway heard was Jenny screaming his name before he pulled the helmet on and locked it to his suit collar. The next moment he was inside the smoke-filled engine room.

He worked his way to the environmental and fire control panel. The pink smoke was too thick for him to see more than a couple of meters, so he relied on his intimate knowledge of the room's layout. When he reached the control panel, he began working every button and switch to try to activate the fire suppression system. It did not work, but the smoke was from the ruptured coolant tank instead of from fire. He tried to activate the ventilation system to clear the room of coolant, but that did not work either.

He went to another control panel, almost tripping over a dead engineer's body. When he reached the next console, Martin found that those controls were not functioning either. He could feel heat passing through his gloves when he touched the metallic surface of the console. He was sweating inside the protective suit, and he realized that he had to find a way to shut down the warp reactor or cool it down before it blew.

He heard the captain's garbled voice through his helmet communicator. He thought that he heard Captain Wesley say that the Klingon ship had been disabled. Or did he say it was destroyed? He reached the side of his helmet and switched on the transmitter. "It's bad down here, Captain. If I can't shut down the reactor, or at least cool it, we're going to have a containment breach. I have an idea to cool everything in the room quickly."

Martin's wrists felt hot as the metal clamps that connected his protective gloves to the rest of the suit began to melt from the corrosive coolant in the air. He must have realized that his time was almost gone because he looked

around the room and hurried to a wall panel. Opening it, he pulled out one of the phasers hidden in the wall. Martin ran through the pink smoke to the rear of the engine room. He moved behind one of the energizers and found the wall that he was looking for. He knew that on the other side of the half meter-thick hull was the cold of space—absolute zero. Martin pulled a magnetic mini-grip from the pouch on his suit. He attached it to the hull, and then he attached the phaser to the grip. He set the phaser on overload and hurried toward the nearest exit.

He still could not see through the coolant that had filled the engine room from the tank rupture, but he knew that he could maneuver through the room with his eyes closed. Unfortunately, another unseen body was on the floor between him and the door. He tripped over the body and crashed to the deck, smashing the faceplate of his helmet. It was severely cracked, allowing the toxic coolant to leak in. Martin began to choke on the fumes, but he tried to crawl to the door.

The whine of the phaser increased; the sound became unbearable, even through the insulated helmet. Martin would have screamed from the pain pressing against his eardrums if he could catch his breath. The fumes overtook him just as the phaser exploded, creating a two-meter wide hull breach. All the air, coolant, and everything not attached to something were sucked out into space. The dead engineers, including Hathaway, exited engineering in the same way. The cold vacuum instantly froze the controls and dropped the warp reactor's temperature well below normal.

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Kelly Stuart exited the holosuite. She slowly walked through the corridor, contemplating Martin's sacrifice. She wondered if she could bring herself to make that same sacrifice for her ship and crew if it ever became necessary.

Kelly rounded a corner and nearly collided with her father. "Dad? What are you doing here?"

"You're late for dinner. Your mother and I were beginning to worry."

"I'm sorry, Dad. After I visited the *Discovery* and the *Dauntless*, I came across another exhibit that led me to some information about another relative."

"Martin?"

"Yes." Kelly started walking with her dad toward the main gallery. "He suffered a horrible death, but he probably saved the lives of everyone on his ship."

Rob smiled at his daughter. "Captain Wesley gave the eulogy at the memorial service. His description of Martin's heroism and sacrifice inspired my grandfather...your great-grandfather...to follow his father's example. Grandpa Hathaway also served with distinction and retired as the first in the family to reach the rank of Captain."

Kelly and Rob walked silently toward the turbolift, each one thinking about the rich history of their family. They entered the lift and started their journey toward home.

*To Be Continued...*