



ScuttleButt

The Newsletter of the USS Southern Cross

November/December 2006
Volume 1, Issue 2

**Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year!**

*From the CO and crew
of the USS Southern Cross*

May the Snow Angels protect you...



Ivy LeVangie

<http://www.captainsoma.com/enterpriseoddities/main.html>

Scuttlebutt is the newsletter of the USS Southern Cross a correspondence chapter of Starfleet International covering Australia and New Zealand. For all inquiries please contact ...

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Nailed To The Masthead

From The Raven's Writing Desk

Editorial by Kirok of L'Stok

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I've been a Baaaad editor!

Oh, nothing illegal, unethical or dishonourable. It's more of a breach of good manners or publishing etiquette if you will.

I've found myself pushed for time and in need of a quick festive season issue. Not from lack of planning, we have our regular issue nicely in hand, thankyou. No, it's mainly to get two issues out in the same month so that our next issue will be a January/February issue, published in advance.

Not too hard, I thought in my vanity, I'll do a Christmas themed anthology of Star Trek fan fiction, poetry and filk. (Filk? Yup, I'm showing my age there!) In the course of my wanderings around the fan fiction archives, I'd spotted a few likely pieces and, let's face it, with the forty year archive of fan fiction that is on the internet there's got to be a wide choice.

Of course, I didn't allow for my other commitments, did I? Hailing Frequencies Open, the newsletter of TrekUnited finished the year with a double issue in Nov/Dec so my writing commitments were ok there, but the second issue of Sci Fi Studios Magazine is proving to be more complex than I thought. I'm still burning the midnight oil writing my own articles and helping where I can to keep the editing rolling.

The content for this holiday issue wasn't too hard to find, in fact it was quite enjoyable trawling through the fanfic sites weighing one piece against another. In the end, I think I've struck a reasonable balance. Some excellent stories had to be left out, though, because they were too long - 2000 words is pretty much the average I look for in a short story for an anthology - others had to be left out because I was looking for examples from every series of Star Trek. Most are humorous, one's a tear-jerker and the carols are a hoot!

My problem is that I have not been able to get permission from all of the authors or artists to reprint their material here. >GASP<

Before you dip your quills in poison ink to shoot barbed epithets my way, Let me explain why, although I have committed a breach of etiquette for which I humbly beg your collective pardons, I don't believe I have breached any legal or ethical guidelines.

Yes. I'm back on my copyright hobby-horse again!

Fan fiction can be cringe-worthy or it can be thought-provoking, It can take the plot of your favourite show in directions that could never happen in a professional production. It can be a vanity, as in the case of the dreaded "[Mary Sue](#)", or it can (if you are lucky enough to live in the US or Canada outside Quebec) lead to a break into a professional publication - The [Strange New Worlds](#) competition!

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However, with the exception of Simon & Schuster's officially licensed competition, you will never, ever make a [brass razoo](#) out of it! Fan fiction is, by definition, fiction written about characters or fictional universes that are the copyright of other people or corporations. In the case of Star Trek, if you mention any of the characters in the TV series, movies or other officially licensed materials you are technically breaking the law and could, strictly speaking, be served with a cease and desist order by CBS/Paramount and ultimately taken to court!

Is it likely to happen? I'd say you're more likely to be hit by lightning ... in bed ... during a snowstorm ... in Sydney ... in December! However the legal precedent is there so that you wouldn't get a publisher to knowingly touch fan fiction as a paying proposition. Fan fiction has its problems but, all things considered, its fun, it's a good way of flexing your creative writing skills and finally seeing Trip and T'Pol live happily ever after ... or Kirk and Spock, whichever you find more appealing!

Does this mean that fan fiction is a free for all and that you, as the writer, have no rights over your creation at all. Not at all. The best way I have heard of describing any form of fan production is as an *unauthorised* derivative work. A derivative work is when one author will give another permission to write or create a work using the fictional constructs - the characters, places, societies etc - that the first author has created. I vaguely remember [Jerry Pournelle saying](#) that he had permission from H. Beam Piper to write in his fictional universe - this would be a case of a derivative work. The writer of a derivative work can sell his original work and make a profit from it, although this usually entails some form of gratis payment to the original author.

The salient point here is that the writer of an *unauthorised* derivative work might not be able to make any money from it, because they have not got permission from the original owner, but they can definitely lay claim to the work as the author. OK, so it might not help pay the mortgage off but that's not why people write fanfic. Call it an artistic claim if you like, that work is yours creatively. Different individuals and companies look on fan productions, like fan fiction, with differing degrees of permissiveness. Disney studios, for example, are reknowned for their zero tolerance towards anything that they believe to be their intellectual property, even to the extent of sending out squads of lawyers to check car spray-painter's shops to ensure they aren't doing any Mickey Mouse cartoons on cars! Historically, Paramount have shown a fair degree of lenience towards fan's use of the Star Trek "franchise".

You'll notice that every story, poem and song has the source details clearly appended to it so that you can follow up on a good story if you wish. The payback for fanfic authors is not in cash, its in feedback, reviews, fame, the honour and glory of your house ... Sorry, got a little carried away then.

Fan fiction is different from professional fiction in that the onus is on the telling rather than the reading. In general, people write for personal satisfaction. You might have a character, a plot or an alien vista that you want to explore, a story, an idea, a theme, a moral that you feel the need to communicate. A professional author, on the other hand, will always have an eye on the audience - will the plot go over well, will the characters catch the reader's imagination, will it sell?

Fan fiction authors, as a rule, don't market their material well. They'll lodge their story, script or poem with one or other of the fan fiction archives and then sit back and hope that someone reads it. When I come upon a good fan fiction on some obscure archive I sometimes wonder how many others are out there, nuggets of gold hidden within the strata of the mediocre.

In the normal course of events, I would make sure I had permission to reprint from every author or artist before letting an issue go to print. Unfortunately the dreaded deadline fever has beaten me yet again and I need to consider option "B" - publish without full permission. Mark my words, this is no idle question! There is a special Hell reserved for editors who don't pay a fair dollars-per-word rate, or in the case of amateurs such as us, don't look after the best interests of their contributors and readers!

In this case I have decided to risk my immortal, editorial soul and taken this fan fiction, which in some cases has laid unseen for years, and introduced it to a new generation of sci-fi fans eager for something fresh and fun. In some cases these are new fans introduced to the drama and characters of the Original Series by the fortieth anniversary year of Star Trek.

To the crew of the USS Southern Cross and our friends, old and new, who might be reading this around the world, I hope you enjoy this introduction to what lies hidden within the archives of the internet. If you read something that catches your interest, pay the author back with a quick email telling him, or her, so. In many cases you'll find, as I have, that the contacts are long extinct, if so send me your feedback and I'll publish it in our Letters of Comment pages. While you are about it, have a look around and don't hesitate to share any gems you find with us here.

On a personal note, I would like to send to all my wish for Peace on Earth and Good Will, regardless of race, colour or creed. In a world that cannot seem to overcome the differences that divide us, I still feel that after forty years the Roddenberry message of IDIC - Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations - holds more hope for humanity than the selfish, hedonistic message of *Survivor* and *Top Model*!

From the House of L'Stok to our crewmates under the Southern Cross, our friends, colleagues and allies throughout Starfleet International, TrekUnited and Sci Fi Studios, Star Trek fans all over the world and anyone who has harboured a Dangerous Vision ...

Merry Christmas and
a Happy, Safe and Prosperous New Year!

The Twelve Treks of Christmas

Jennifer

[Originally published in](#)

[FanFiction.Net](#)

Fiction Rated: K - English - General - Reviews: 11 - Published: 12-17-01 - Updated: 12-17-01 id:501525
A Christmas Filk.

I've written this little filk in honor of the holiday season, patterning after the incomparable John Denver and the Muppets version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas". It stars people from the first four Trek series, with a special guest appearance at the end. Hope you enjoy it! Happy holidays to all of you from Jennifer!

*Jean-Luc: On the first day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
A ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Will: On the second day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
Two shuttlecraft...
Both: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Beverly and Julian: On the third day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All Three: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Deanna: On the fourth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Data (milking this for all he's worth):
On the fifth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me...
FIIIIIVE GOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!
Deanna (rolling eyes at Data): Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Geordi: On the sixth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me...
Six cores a warping...*

Data: FIIIIIVE GOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!

*Deanna: Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Seven of Nine (touching Data's hand on "my true love"):
On the seventh day of Christmas
my true love gave to me...
Seven Borg a-simm'lating...
Geordi: Six cores a warping...*

Data: FIIIIIVE GOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!

*Deanna: Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

*Harry Kim: On the eighth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
Eight phasers phasing...
Seven: Seven Borg a-simm'lating...
Geordi: Six cores a warping...*

Data: FIIIIIVE GOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!

*Deanna: Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.*

Worf/B'Elanna: On the ninth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me...
Nine Klingons Klinging...
Harry: Eight phasers phasing...
Seven: Seven Borg a-simm'lating...
Geordi: Six cores a warping...

Data: FIIIIIVE GOOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!
...(suddenly) ...Ba-dum-bum-bump!

Deanna: Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.

Odo: On the eleventh day of Christmas
my true love gave to me...

Eleven shifters shifting...
Miles: Ten beams a-beaming...
Worf/B'Elanna: Nine Klingons Klinging...
Harry: Eight phasers phasing...
Seven: Seven Borg a-simm'lating...
Geordi: Six cores a warping...

Data: FIIIIIVE GOOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!
... BA-DUM-BUM-BUMP!!!

Deanna: Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E!

Miles O'Brien: On the tenth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me
Ten beams a-beaming...

Worf/B'Elanna: Nine Klingons Klinging...
Harry: Eight phasers phasing...
Seven: Seven Borg a-simm'lating...
Geordi: Six cores a warping...

Data: FIIIIIVE GOOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!
... Ba-dum-bum-bump!

Deanna: Four Birds-of-Prey...
Bev/Julian: Three hyposprays...
Will: Two shuttlecraft...
All: And a ship called the Enterprise-E.

Ambassador Spock: On the twelfth day of Christmas
my true love gave to me...

Twelve Vulcans...Vulcing?! (Looks at music sheet as if he
can't believe what he just sang.)

Odo: Eleven shifters shifting...
Miles: Ten beams a-beaming...
Worf/B'Elanna: Nine Klingons Klinging...
Harry: Eight phasers phasing...
Seven: Seven Borg a-simm'lating...
Geordi: Six cores a warping...

Data (winding it up for the big finish):
FIIIIIVE GOOOOOLD ANNN-DROOOOIIIIDS!!!...
All: BA-DUM-BUM-BUMP!!!

FOUR BIRDS OF PREY...

THREE HYPOSPRAYS...

TWO SHUTTLECRAFT...

AND A SHIP CALLED THE ENTERPRISE-EEEEEE!!!

TNG Gave Us a Top Market Share

(Sung to the tune of "I'm dreaming of a White
Christmas.")

TNG gave us a top market share.
It beat out "Wheel" and "Jeopardy."
In syndication
It swept the nation,
And grieved the brass at NBC.

TNG gave us a top market share.
Once seasons one and two were done.
With scripts like bright pearls
And "Best of Both Worlds,"
We knew the ratings war was won.


Yes, TNG gave us a top market share.
Though it's true that it's been seen no more.
Yes...Voyager's ratings are poor!
But what do you think reruns are for?

~ THE END ~

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everyone! Amaze your
friends and family at the
parties! Made from stone,
virtually indestructible! Comes in different sizes!



<input type="checkbox"/> 5860 Large.....	\$50 million
<input type="checkbox"/> 5861 Extra Large.....	\$60 million
<input type="checkbox"/> 5862 Colossal.....	\$80 million

I'll Be Home For Christmas

ReL Bolt

"Aw come on Bones, it'll be a blast!"

"I told you no Jim, and I mean it! I'm getting too old for this sort of thing!"

"Fine then, but you'll be missing out...besides, I hear Joanna's coming."

Leonard McCoy looked up sharply at the name, meeting the gaze of his captain and best friend. "Who invited her?" he asked, trying to act uninterested.

James Kirk grinned. "Wouldn't you like to know? By the way, she told me she's planning on taking the expert ski trail by herself. She wanted to see if I could find a good doctor, just in case..."

"Dammit Jim, she's my daughter. How DARE you put me in this kind of position!" He glared at Kirk. "Wait a minute, I thought you were taking a short flight on the new Enterprise tomorrow morning. Or did you forget about that?"

Kirk sighed, frowning. "No, I didn't forget. Dammit, I don't want to go but the top brass are basically down on their knees BEGGING for me to do this."

McCoy smirked at the mental image that brought, then shrugged it off. "How do I even know you'll be there?"

Kirk smiled. "Don't worry. I'll be home for Christmas. I promise." With that, he turned and left the doctor's apartment. McCoy watched him go, fully expecting to see that captain at the Christmas party or else.

They would never meet again.

~~~~~

CRASH! "Owww! Dammit, I thought you said this ladder was steady!"

"It is, Dad. You just set it up wrong."

"The hell I did, Joanna."

Joanna McCoy lent her father a helping hand from where he had fallen. Above his head, the Christmas lights mocked him with their rebellious nature. The ladder, too, seemed to be revolting against him.

Doctor Leonard McCoy grumbled and brushed the snow off his jacket. He kicked the offending metal ladder and muttered a curse. "If Jim were here, I bet he could put those lights up in a jiffy, AND stay all in one piece too." He sighed. "But no, dammit, the brass HAD to snag him for the christening. Ah well, he should be calling as soon as the ship gets back."

As if on cue, the comm unit inside gave a shrill whistle.

Leonard tossed his hands in the air. "See what I mean? That's probably him right now." Mumbling to himself, he stomped inside, threw his hat off into a corner, and punched the comm switch. "McCoy here," he growled.



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[L.J.](#)

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*Published: 12-23-01; Updated: 12-23-01*

*Not your average Christmas fic. Category: Sci-Fi/Angst*

"Doctor McCoy...it's me, Chekov." The Russian looked as though he was in shock; pale, sweaty, covered in grime. But worst of all, there was an aura of sad agony and ultimate loss around him.

All the old doctor's anger drained away immediately at the sound of Chekov's voice. "What's happened?" he demanded, not sure if he really wanted to know. "I thought you were on the Enterprise-B for its launch this morning."

Chekov gulped, clearly unwilling to continue. "I AM on de Enterprise-B. De launch took place as scheduled, but...Leonard, I really don't want to be de one to tell you dis, but..." His voice faltered for a moment, and he took a deep shuddering breath before continuing. "Ve received a distress call from two ships, caught in an energy ribbon a few sectors away. While attempting rescue, ve vere caught in de energy field too. De Kyptin-" His voice caught, and he choked back a sob. "Kyptin Kirk vent to modify de deflector dish for our escape. Vhen ve broke free, de ribbon hit de section he was in and...it vas completely destroyed."

McCoy was rigid in shock. Jim...dead? Impossible! He had to ask... "Are you sure he's dead?"

Chekov lowered his gaze and nodded, once. "I saw de control room myself, right after it happened. Dere was not even de floor left."

McCoy spoke, voice hushed. "Does Spock know?"

Chekov looked up. "It wouldn't surprise me if he did. I haven't contacted him yet, but..." He broke off as his comm unit signaled an incoming message.

McCoy raised an eyebrow. "I think that's him now. Why don't you put it on audio?"

Chekov nodded, and hit the switch. "Chekov here."

"Pavel, what's happened to Jim?" The normally calm, emotionless Vulcan was in near hysterics. His breathing was hard as if he had just run a thousand kilometers, and his voice was filled with unknowing anguish. "What's happened to him?"

"Kyptin Spock..." Chekov tried to voice his thoughts carefully. "Dere's been an accident..."

He needed not speak further. "Jim's dead, isn't he?" Spock interrupted, unnaturally calm again.

"Yes, sir. I'm wery sorry..."

There was the sound of a heavy-hearted sigh. "He died alone, just as he said he would," the barely-audible voice came over the speaker. As if unaware the other two could hear him, he continued muttering to himself. "Jim...t'hy'la..." And then the sounds of heartbreaking grief, poured out in long-withheld tears.

Unable to bear it any longer, McCoy snapped off the comm unit and turned on the holovid unit, hoping to find something to prove otherwise. He looked up, and once again his chest tightened painfully in grief.

Displayed on the screen was a picture of Kirk, outlined in black and red. The headline at the top of the screen was what caught his attention.

#### STARFLEET'S GREATEST CAPTAIN DIES IN FREAK ACCIDENT

The newscaster's voice played in the background, barely audible over the roaring in McCoy's ears. "What started as a test flight ended in tragedy today, after the newly-built Enterprise-B responded to a distress call from two El-Aurian transport ships. Their agressor, dubbed to be an energy field of some kind, is reported to have destroyed both El-Aurian ships. The new starship sustained major damage in the attempt, primarily on Decks 13-15, Sections 20 through 28." The images switched to a view of three men, facing away from the cameras and staring into a yawning void of stars. "The deflector control room, shown in this live footage, is apparently where the famous captain spent his last minutes as he raced to save the ship. In a brilliant improvisation, the starship escaped with 47 refugees, but minus one irreplaceable man."

The view zoomed in on a distraught Scotty, his face streaked with soot and tears. "After a thorough search of th' surroundin' area, I have no choice but to b'lieve that Cap'n is no longer alive." Then he shoved the cameraman away from him, disappearing into the crowd.

McCoy stumbled, and gripped the back of a chair to support himself. He squeezed his eyes shut against the burning tears. "No..." Jim, you promised... It seemed impossible. Just



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Genuine tribble hair. Hand-woven.  
Extremely natural, life-like, uncanny!

|                          |                            |         |
|--------------------------|----------------------------|---------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 4502 Yeoman.....           | \$15.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 4508 Vulcanian.....        | \$9.00  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | 4521 Captain (toupee)..... | \$6.50  |

friend as if there were many years to come. But now...he was gone. Oh, DAMN, he's GONE!

With a cry of anguish, McCoy smashed the holovid to pieces, and then slumped to the floor, sobbing.

~~~~~

Seventy-eight years after the ill-fated launch of the Enterprise-B, Admiral Leonard H. McCoy settled wearily into his anti-grav chair, feeling each and every one of his one hundred forty-some years. He knew his family wanted him at home to help decorate for yet another Christmas, but the recovery of Jim's body was more important than anything in the world.

The funeral service was massive, attended by every living being who had ever met Captain Kirk. Peter Kirk stood next to Scotty behind McCoy's chair. Spock stood as close to the crystal coffin as he could, eyes riveted to the eternally peaceful face. A large group of people McCoy didn't recognize also stood to the side, all with sad faces and many tears. Even a Klingon honor guard was assembled at the service; it was ironic since it was a well-known fact that David Marcus-Kirk had been killed by Klingons, provoking an intense hatred of the race in Kirk for years afterward.

The service lasted for hours while stuffy admirals blathered on and on about such-and-such a mission, how brave Kirk was, etcetera etcetera. McCoy caught himself dozing off several times, but always woke with a start the instant Jim's face entered his mind.

McCoy bowed his head, unable to bear watching any longer. Well Jim, I guess you were late again, he thought toward the man in the crystal casket. You're the only man I know who's ever been late to his own funeral.

A soothing yellow light permeated his consciousness, and he could swear he heard Jim's voice. "See? I told you I'd be home for Christmas, didn't I Bones?"

McCoy glanced out the window, watching the soft flakes of snow drift down from the sky. Somehow, he felt as if Jim were watching him from above, smiling down from Heaven.

That you did, Jim, McCoy thought, finally at peace. That you did.

The End.



Author's Notes: Well, this is my Star Trek TOS Christmas fic for this year. And for once, it's NOT an Alternate Universe fic! This one can be considered canon; the writers of Generations left a lot to imagination in the 78 years between the beginning and end. And then, after the end, there's also much left unspoken...

Also, much thanks to Mistoffelees for putting up with two separate versions of this and helping me decide to combine them into a third! Mucho gracias!

UPDATE! Ael L. Bolt has retired from Star Trek fan fiction but has kindly given us permission to publish this one piece. Check out her new material on the [Ael Muses Live Journal](#) and enjoy but please respect her decision to move on.

The Stardate Before Christmas

Trish Bennett

[Originally published in](#)

[FanFiction.Net](#)

Fiction Rated: K - English - Sci-Fi - Reviews: 12 - Published: 07-23-01 - Updated: 07-23-01 id:367715

*The Stardate Before Christmas aboard the great ship,
The Captain and Bones were enjoying a nip.*

*The Jeffries Tube served as the chimney this year,
Where the crew had hung stockings in drunken good cheer.*

*The crewmen were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of engine specs danced in Scott's head.*

*Kirk in his room with a blonde from Deck Four
Had just settled down for...(well, you know the score...)*

*When out on the hull there arose such a clatter,
He sprang over the babe to see what was the matter.*

*And there by the window he stood like a rock.
"Get on the comm link," he said. "Call Mr. Spock."*

*The Vulcan responded without a delay.
"What was that?" Kirk asked him. "Find out right away."*

*When what to his wondering eyes did appear?
"A sleigh," he said quickly. "And what's that? Reindeer?"*

*"Captain," Spock said, "are you sure you're all right?
You drank quite a lot of that brandy tonight."*

*More rapid than eagles Kirk's temper did flare.
"I'm not drunk, Mr. Spock! I did see them out there!"*

*He thought for a moment, then said, "Wake the crew.
Have them meet me down here, and that goes for you, too.*

*Call Chekov and Sulu, Uhura and Scott,
And get Doctor McCoy down here, like it or not!"*

*"Yes, Captain," Spock said, then his voice became curt.
"There's been a hull breach! Sound Intruder Alert!"*

*The sirens were wailing as soon they all met,
And Chekov asked softly, "Is Santa here yet?"*

*"We shall see in a moment," came Spock's calm reaction.
"The Jeffries Tube seems at the heart of the action."*

*As they ran for the Tube, McCoy's voice could be heard.
"Abe Lincoln is one thing, but this is absurd!"*

*As they reached the hall corner and started around,
Down the Jeffries Tube Santa Claus came with a bound.*

His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!

And Kirk turned to Spock. "Man, I'd swear that was Harry!"

*"Illogical, Captain," Spock said with a sneer.
"We marooned Mr. Mudd with those androids last year."*

*Santa ignored them and reached for his sack,
Where a gift for each one of the crew he did pack.*

*Uhura accepted the gift meant for her,
And it turned out to be a handful of brown fur.*

*"Not a tribble!" Kirk said. "That's the last thing we need!"
"Don't worry," said Santa. "This tribble can't breed!."*

*He gave Chekov a book which contained in its pages
The history of Russia passed down through the ages.*

*Then for Sulu, a plant and a look of regard.
"A friend," Santa said, "for your dear Beauregard."*

*"And for Scotty," said Santa, "fine scotch by the case,
For your next drinking bout with some alien race."*

*Then he turned to McCoy with a smile sweet and true,
And presented him with a concoction of blue.*

*"And for you, my dear Doctor, some Romulan Ale.
But take care, for possession could land you in jail."*

*Santa said, "Mr. Spock..." as he moved past McCoy.
"What gift could I give you that you would enjoy?"*

*A fine chess set? Some harp strings? A new robe of black?"
But Spock shook his head. "There is nothing I lack."*

*"Is that up for debate?" McCoy said with a sneer.
"Seems to me you could use a large dose of good cheer."*

*"That's it!" Santa said. "That is just what I'll do!
The true Christmas Spirit is my gift to you."*

*When Spock shook his head, Santa said, "It's okay...
It's just for tomorrow, Spock, just for one day."*

*Then without one more word, he went straight to his work.
He filled all the stockings, then turned back to Kirk.*

*"And for you," Santa said, "that blonde girl in your quarters
Is one of my elves. She'll obey all your orders."*

*Kirk stared at the fat man, his look most sublime.
Then a grin lit his face. "Gee, look at the time..."*

*It's been a great treat, but I really must go.
A Captain's work's never quite done, don't you know."*

*As he scurried away, Santa signaled his deer.
"Make a note," Santa said. "A brunette for next year."*

Then laying a finger aside of his nose

UPN Stinks

(sung to the tune of "Jingle Bell Rock")

*UPN, UPN, UPN stinks.
UPN's stunk
So bad that it's shrunk.
Trekks and Trekkies in cities galore
Can't see new Voyagers any more.*

*UPN, UPN, UPN stinks.
Their top-rated shows
Are wrestling -- that blows!
No wonder they can only beat WB.
So can QVC!*

*Your local station
With syndication,
Is the only way to go.
Half a network?
What Paramount jerk
Thought UPN would be good for our show?*

*UPN, UPN, UPN stinks.
That's what every good Trekker thinks!
Better that the next Trek is on pay-per-view!
That's 'cause UPN
That's 'cause UPN
That's 'cause UPN stinks!*

Give Me Quark's for Christmas

(Sung to the tune of "I'll Be Home for Christmas.")

*Give me Quark's for Christmas.
And book a holosuite.
A tidy sum
Of latinum
Pays all! Hey! Ain't that neat?*

*Give me Quark's for Christmas.
And not that lame Club Med.
A drink with Morn
And some holo-porn
Goes right to my large forehead.*

*Christmas Eve you'll find me
Hoping to shout "Dab...bo!"
Yes! We all go to Quark's for Christmas time,
Even the Ghost of Ben Sisko!*

And giving a nod, up the Jeffries he rose.

*He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like a warp-powered missile.*

*But they heard him exclaim as he drove through the skies,
"Merry Christmas to all on the old Enterprise!"*

Voyager Voyager!

(sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells.")

*Voyager! Voyager!
Warp through Alpha Quad!
Come on let's take a little ride
With our captain who's a...
Wait, I'd better start this one over.*

[Ahem.]

*Voyager! Voyager!
Warp through Alpha Quad!
Come on, let's take a little ride.
Tom Paris has one hot...
No, dangit. This isn't working out either.*

[Okay. Here we go.]

*Voyager! Voyager!
Warp through Alpha Quad!
Come on, let's take a little ride
Did Kes become a god?*

*Oh! Voyager! Voyager!
You just want to get home.
Yet temporal loops and nebula soups
Just won't leave you alone!*

*Dashing through the void!
And fighting off those Borg!
Means four more poor "red shirts"
Have joined the Collective Org. (ha ha ha)*

*What's that up there ahead?
A wormhole home you see?
Come on, you know we can't use that!
Or this show's just TNG.*

*Oh! Voyager! Voyager!
Might you make season eight?
I know your ratings aren't so high,
But Series V don't look so great!*

A Qmas Carol

Mercutio

[Originally published on his website.](http://www.europa.com/~mercutio/Stories.html)

Verona

This story is a parody of A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens, and a Deshanya story, although she doesn't figure as prominently in it as the others. If you like the Deshanya stories, they are (in order) Q-stume Party, All's Fair in Q and War, Q's Pawn, Truth or Q? (an adult story, which doesn't directly affect any plotlines) and this one. This story can be found on my WWW site at <http://www.europa.com/~mercutio/Stories.html>.

"Captain, we would very much like you to be part of this Christmas special. It would be very important to the children," Troi said earnestly.

Standing next to her, Deshanya nodded earnestly.

Picard didn't budge, even in the face of two of his most persuasive officers. "I'm afraid I don't have the time..."

"It won't take much time," Deshanya said wheedlingly. "I've got everything all set up on the holodeck already. It's going to be a great party! I even managed to get Father Christmas to attend, although he did have other plans he had to cancel."

Picard looked at the lieutenant, his closed expression showing his grave misgivings about anything Deshanya might have planned for him on a holodeck. After the misadventure with the surprise party Deshanya had planned, and Q's subsequent arrival, he had no real Desire to enter a holodeck that she'd programmed. He didn't even want to know why a hologram should have enough free will to have other plans.

"I'm sorry, but no."

They watched him go, Troi with a worried look on her face, and Deshanya openly pouting. "Now I'm going to have to get someone else to be Chief Elf. This is going to be so much trouble."

"Can't you do it?"

"Well, yes," Deshanya said, "of course I *can*, but I really wanted to watch. You never can tell what might go wrong with a complicated program, especially with this many *people* involved. Random factors, you know?"

Troi nodded. Although she didn't really know what the lieutenant was talking about, the counsellor had been personally involved in one of Deshanya's programs and seeing one go awry was not an experience she wanted to repeat. On the other hand, Deshanya *was* the best, and Troi expected this to be one of the best Christmas parties yet.

Picard was seated at the conference table. All around him were the delegates, the Kinzhi crouching on one side of the table, uncomfortable with their chairs, the S'Tai on their perches opposite, and his own officers ranged around the table. He looked down at his briefing material one more time. While the S'Tai had a legitimate grievance, in that the

Kinzhi were hunting and killing them for food, the Kinzhi also had their own point of dispute, namely that the S'Tai were trapping them, killing them, skinning them, and selling the pelts to off-world traders. While they had not yet achieved spaceflight on their own, their planet was near enough to several other spheres of influence, including the Ferengi and the Orions, that they had already had contact before asking the Federation to intervene in their particular dispute. And a thorny problem it was. He had all the available facts and conjectures in front of him to help him arrive at a possible solution, including statistics on the populations of both races, mating habits, territorial rights, alternative food sources and even preferred entertainment choices. None of it was helping.

"Surely, we can somehow manage to resolve the differences between us," Picard began, then stopped as he realized he was getting no reaction at all from his audience. They didn't even seem to be breathing. While this was not unusual for Data, it was quite unusual for the others, especially the S'Tai, who resembled nothing more than large hummingbirds.

Everyone appeared to be frozen in place, and Picard felt a chill go down his spine.

And then Jack Frost himself materialized on the conference table, sprawled out, with a merry grin on his face and a sprig of mistletoe twirling between his fingers.

"Johnny!"

"Q! Put everything back the way it was!"

"Demands, demands, demands. Why is it always demands with you?" Before Picard could answer, Q had moved, now sitting cross-legged in front of Picard, the mistletoe held over the captain's head. "Give me a kiss."

Picard batted an impatient hand at Q. "Stop this nonsense at once. I'm in the middle of a very important negotiation, and I don't have time for this."

Q cocked his head. "You never have time to play. Wouldn't let me serve on your ship, didn't even want to play a friendly game of chess with me."

"It was Battle Chess!" Picard said in a tightly controlled voice. "You were obliterating my crew!"

"Details, details," Q said, flipping a negligent hand. "They're all all right now, aren't they? Aside from Riker, of

course, but then that's your fault for not letting me leave him where I put him."

"That's immaterial, Q." Picard considered making an additional demand for Q to leave, but knew it wouldn't do any good. The omnipotent entity would leave when he felt like it and not before no matter what Picard said. "What do you want?"

"Exactly what I've already told you, Jean-Luc! I want you to have some fun! Loosen up, live a little!"

"I *am* living," Picard said stiffly.

"You have a pulse, nothing more," Q said flippantly. "That's not really living." Then, with another flash of light, he was standing

behind Picard, bending over him, fingers trailing down the rim of his ear. "Have a little *fun* with me, Johnny. I promise I'll make it good for you."

"A promise from you is the last thing I'd trust," Picard said, lips clenched tight. There was nothing he liked less than this half- sexual half-power game of control that Q liked to play with him.

And then the conference room was gone, and they were standing in the middle of an indistinct blackness.

Picard turned to look at the being with him. Q was no longer garbed as a merry sprite, but instead wore dark long robes all carefully calculated to make the impression of age and importance.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past," Q intoned solemnly enough, a hint of dark merriment playing at the back of his eyes.

This all seemed very familiar to the captain, both the words and the situation he found himself in, although he couldn't place the reference. He *knew* he recognized the scenario, *knew* he should be able to tell what was going to happen, but it was as if the knowledge had been sealed away from him, as if Q didn't want to allow any interference in his little game.

"Now what?"

Q didn't answer, not in words. Instead, he waved his hand, the lights came up.

Picard recognized the scene immediately. It was his own childhood, his family home, and Christmas. Christmas had always been an important time for him as a child, and a time full of tradition for his family.

In one corner of the room stood a towering tree, lit with candles and decorated with a mixture of ornaments, some which had been in the family for decades, and some which he and Maman had made themselves. Underneath the tree, spilling out onto the rug in the center of the floor were too many gaily wrapped presents to be counted. Across the room was a roaring fire, just beginning to catch light.

The doors to the room were shut, and something caught in Picard's throat as he realized exactly what time it was. "It's Christmas morning. The tree was never put up until that night." He looked at the closed doors. "Any moment now, Maman and Papa will be opening the doors..."

He swiveled to look at Q. "Is this some sort of cruel joke? To take me back to when my parents were still alive and taunt me with their memory?"

"Oh, it's no joke, Jean-Luc. That much you can be sure of."

Picard watched the scene unfold. Robert got the largest number of gifts. He always had. Papa favored him, and it was obvious even to the grown-up Picard that this was so.

But his younger self was quite happy with what he'd gotten, and Picard found himself drawn forward, into that happy, endless time between unwrapping and dinner, when Papa sat in his chair before the fire and Maman was in the kitchen cooking, and he and Robert enjoyed the things they'd been given.

He was on his knees, watching the younger version of himself play with a train set he'd gotten, when suddenly everything vanished again.

"Damn it, Q," Picard said, more to himself than anything else. For a brief moment, he'd forgotten who he was and actually begun to want to join in his younger self's play. That is, until they were rudely interrupted by Q. Picard didn't see the omnipotent being, but it didn't matter. Q was orchestrating this whole event, and he was no doubt somewhere listening to all of it. Listening and laughing.

Part of the blackness detached itself, becoming a shadow, and then a form. The robed figure turned towards him, and Picard felt a brief tremor of fear run through him. Then he recognized the being wearing the robe, and all he felt was a sense of resigned

annoyance. Not again.

"Not you again."

"Oh, come now, Jean-Luc. I'm hurt. I'm beginning to think you don't *like* our little excursion."

"Like? I've been pulled out of a very important meeting, on the eve of the most important conference, simply so you can taunt me with scenes from my youth..."

Q waved his hand impatiently. "Details, details. Your little conference meant nothing. They were just going to self-destruct once you were gone. The Kinzhi are carnivores and the S'Tai an important source of protein for them. I seriously doubt even your vaunted negotiation powers could have done anything about that situation."

"Alternative food sources could have been found," Picard said, trying to keep some hold on his patience. "There's no need anymore to kill other living beings for food."

"Is that all you see the situation as?" Q asked disdainfully. "What a pity. And I actually thought you had potential. Well, we all make mistakes. On with the show!"

Then there was another flash of light, and they were removed to a dark space. A dark space checkered with very familiar looking glowing yellow lines.

"What's this?" Picard asked Q, as they stood in the empty holodeck.

"This is the present time. We're a few minutes into that boring meeting of yours that I rescued you from."

"The meeting was *not* boring."

"Oh, hush, Jean-Luc. You'll make me miss something."

Lt. Deshanya entered the holodeck, and with a few brief words, summoned up a beautiful room, all decorated and ready to go for a party. Outside the windows, it was snowing hard, but inside, there was a blazing fire, and room enough for everyone who wanted to come, gaily decorated pillows placed all over the floor for seating, and a thronelike chair next to the fire, with the word "Santa" in scrolled letters.

With another command, Deshanya's own costume appeared, the changes shimmering into place as her ears suddenly grew pointed, and herself smaller and more elfin. Her clothing was replaced with the semblance of elven garb, green from head to toe, with a bell on the tip of her jaunty cap, and another on the toe of each pointy shoe.

"This is the Christmas party you were so eager to miss, Jean-Luc," Q said, watching Picard rather than the scene unfolding. "Doesn't your heart just begin to pound at the sight of this?"

"I have an artificial heart, Q. It beats at the proper rate."

"There's no need to whisper, Johnny. She can't hear us." Q looked him over. "No heart. That explains **so** much about you. But it's no excuse really. Microbrain functions perfectly well without a single thought ever passing through his head. I must look into that phenomena sometime. See if there's some supernatural cause for it."

"Q..." Picard said warningly. "Can we just get on with it? I assume there's **some** point for your desire to torture me."

"Point? I'm merely showing you what's occurring on your own ship. A captain should be aware of what happens on his ship, don't you agree? Now, be quiet. They're starting."

Indeed, even while Q and Picard had been talking, the room had been slowly filling up with children and their parents. There were more children than parents, but Deshanya handled them all blithely, leading the parents to the refreshments, and seating the children on the floor.

"When will Santa be here?" one girl asked.

Deshanya put a finger to her nose. "I'm not sure. He has a **lot** he has to do, you know. It's a big universe, and he has a lot of stops to make."

"No, he doesn't. There isn't any such thing as Santa," an older boy said.

"Excuse me, Jean-Luc. That's my cue."

"Your cue?" Picard asked. "What the hell is going on here, Q?"

But before he could even get the words out, Q had disappeared.

There was a rattle and a clatter from the roof, and all conversation hushed, the adults smiling, and the children all looking up in amazement. And then Santa Claus, Father Christmas himself, was descending into the room, having apparently appeared from nowhere at all, floating down, suspended from a bag of presents held over his head in his right hand.

"Did I just hear someone say they don't believe in Santa?" the apparition asked in a deep voice.

Picard covered his eyes. Despite the costume, despite a voice of faked jolliness, he knew that person, knew very well exactly who was playing Santa Claus. Q.

The boy was visibly impressed. "Uhh... no, sir."

"Well, that's good, because children who don't believe aren't going to get any presents."

"Q, that's rank bribery," Picard said, outraged.

But no one appeared to hear him. Q didn't even look up, sparing only the briefest of twinkling glances for the hapless captain.

Troi pulled Deshanya off to one side. "Father Christmas looks an awful lot like Q. Was that intentional?"

Deshanya glanced at Q and back at the counsellor. "Why, you're right, he does! How strange."

"I thought you **programmed** this. That **is** what you programmed, isn't it?" Troi was starting to get worried. She couldn't tell whether "Santa" was a hologram or the real thing. And the real thing could prove to be far more than they could handle.

Deshanya cocked her head and appeared to consider the issue. "I'm not really sure. I don't think it matters much. Maybe I subliminally wanted Q to be here and made Father Christmas look like him."

"You don't know?"

"How would I know what I was subliminally thinking?"

Before the counsellor could ask any more questions, Deshanya had bounced away. She clapped her hands together as she knelt down next to Father Christmas, taking a seat on the low stool next to his chair, the solemn look on her face in direct contrast with the merriness in her eyes.

"Is there anything I can do to help?"

Q positively leered at her, at least to Picard's outraged eyes. "What a good little elf you are."

Deshanya wriggled delightedly, and Q handed her his bag. "The list is somewhere in the bag. If you're **very** good, and don't take a peek at anything else, you may find your name somewhere on it."

"A present? For me?" Deshanya glowed, then unlaced the drawstrings of the bag. Inside the huge, red velvet bag, stuffed full with interesting shapes and bulges, she felt a piece of rolled up parchment and pulled it out. Under the approving eyes of Santa Claus, she unrolled it and began reading.

"Sarah Masters, nice."

To Picard, the scene was precisely like the one that had occurred during the Farpoint mission. Q was enthroned on his chair, garbed in red and black, with white trimming this time, and a short person was by his side, reading off the charges. Only this time, children were the target of Q's little game. With a sick feeling at the pit of his stomach, Picard watched the drama unfold.

Sarah, a serious looking eight year old with long dark hair, squealed happily and jumped forward.

Deshanya held the bag open for Q who pulled out a large doll and handed it to the girl. She took the doll, then hugged Q tightly around one leg.

To Picard's surprise, Q did not push the child away or say anything derisive. Instead he smiled, patted her on the head and then looked at Deshanya for the next name.

Each of the children came forward one by one to receive their presents, all appearing to be suitably awed to be in the presence of the real Santa Claus.

Even the older doubters could not fail to believe when they saw Santa leaving through the chimney, then out on the rooftop of the house, and driving off in his sleigh. It was the holodeck, to be sure, but flying reindeer?

And then the scene had vanished again. Picard was beginning to get very tired of this.

"What was the point of that, Q?" Picard demanded angrily. "Are you trying to show me how it could have been done differently? If I'd given in and agreed to go there, it wouldn't have happened like that. You wouldn't have been able to resist the opportunity to badger me."

"Au contraire," Q said, then placed a finger to the side of his nose. "Tsk tsk. Not believing in Santa Claus. Coal in **your** stocking this year."

"Just get to the point."

"The point, mon capitaine?"

"The lesson that I'm supposed to be learning. I know you have one, so why don't you tell me, and get it over with?"

"No, no, no, no. That's not the way that this works. You've only had two ghosts. There's one more yet to come."

"Couldn't you just send me a Christmas card?"

Before he could say anything else, they were gone.

"The Ghost of Christmas Future," Q intoned solemnly. He was clad all in white, as he had been on the occasion when he had welcomed Picard to the afterlife. His face was absolutely still, no trace of mockery written anywhere on it. He could have been a carved statue of himself.

Picard didn't say anything. His first impulse was to demand an explanation, to find out what point Q was trying to make with this particular scenario. But he couldn't bring himself to demand anything at all of this Q, of this completely godlike incarnation that made Q's usual formidable appearance seem clownish and clumsy.

A woman entered the room, which Picard now recognized as some sort of waiting room. It was Beverly Crusher, but a strangely altered Beverly, much older, with a tired, dispirited face.

"He's dead."

"Finally?" a man asked. He was in the prime of his life, and Picard didn't immediately recognize him, although his features were familiar.

Beverly barely lifted her head. "Yes. I wish you wouldn't put it that way, though, Wesley. I loved him."

"He wasn't worth it, and you know it," Wesley Crusher retorted. "He never loved you, and he wouldn't have even bothered to marry you if it hadn't been for that accident with the Nexus that left him shorebound for three months."

"Wesley, please," Beverly said.

"No, mother, I won't stop. You have to stop beating yourself up over him. It was bad enough when you were embarrassing me and everyone else by throwing yourself at him. It was obvious then that he didn't want you. While you were spending your time trying to have cozy little breakfasts with him and providing him with a homelife, he was off chatting up Vash. You remember her, don't you, mother? I heard all about her. And how even that didn't make you open your eyes about what Captain Jean-Luc Picard was **really** like."

"Wesley, that's enough!" Beverly said sharply, finding enough energy from somewhere to reprimand her son.

"Is it, mother?" Wesley asked softly, bitterness tingeing his voice. "Will anything ever be enough to make you give up on him?"

She shook her head weakly, a very faint negation. "You don't understand..."

"I understand just fine. You wanted children, and he wanted someone who would keep his life the comfortable cage it had always been. Did he ever care what you wanted? What anyone wanted?"

"He was very devoted to Starfleet..."

"That's not enough to make a life and you know it. He didn't care about you at all."

Q had shown him the future once before, when time itself had been splintered, and Picard had found himself living in three times at once, the past, the present, and a distant future when he'd been living on his family's land in France, a victim of Irumodic syndrome.

But this was a far different future from that, a bleaker one. Picard found tears prickling his eyes. It didn't matter, it shouldn't matter -- this was just one of Q's games, and this never really happened, never would happen -- but somehow it did matter.

The scene kept going, mercilessly continuing.

"Even when he left again, as soon as his new ship was ready, you didn't stop running after him."

The old woman bowed her head. "I was his Chief Medical Officer and his wife. What else could I have done?"

There was a tangible aura of sorrow surrounding her. Wesley stepped forward and put his arm around her. "Nothing. You couldn't have done anything to change him. He was who he was."

She turned into him, resting her head against his shoulder.

"You ruined her life, you know that, don't you, Jean Luc?"

Picard turned towards that quiet voice. "You stay out of this, Q."

Q held up his hands. "I'm only trying to help. I **could** leave you here, you know. In this timeline, you're quite, quite dead. With no one to mourn you, no one to sing your

praises, not even any children to carry on your name. It's very sad, really. That someone so *concerned* about all the fate of the universe could end up like *this*."

"At least Beverly cared about me," Picard said, unable to find anything more coherent to defend himself with.

No sooner was the observation out of his mouth than he saw Beverly pull away from her son, wiping her eyes. "You're right, Wesley. I've wasted too much of my time grieving over men who left me. Let's... let's go celebrate Christmas."

A relieved smile broke out on the young man's face. "That's my mother talking." He put an arm around her waist. "We can't let this spoil Christmas for you."

And then, before he even had time to process what he'd just seen, they were elsewhere, and Q's ghostly figure was leading him to a solitary grave. A man and his adult son were standing beside it, and Picard felt a spurt of hope at that. It was his grave, he knew that. Q wouldn't have brought him here for anything else. But maybe someone did mourn his passing.

"I don't see why we have to give space to this man. Who was he anyway?"

"It's a family obligation," the older man said, his face hard. "Or he would have been burned to ashes for all I care."

"He should have been. Who would have known?"

"*I* would have known. And my integrity matters to me."

The son nodded, accepting that. "I still think that someone else should have taken him."

"There wasn't anyone else. No one loved this man at all."

And then the two men were walking away, and Picard looked up at Q, his throat tight. "What was the point of that? That I'm worthless?"

Q didn't answer that, simply waving his hand over the grave, causing it to open up, leaving a deep hole in the earth. "It's time, Jean-Luc."

"Time? Time for what?"

There was no sound from the silent entity, but Picard felt himself being pulled forward nevertheless by some invisible force. With a sense of horror, he realized what was going to happen, where he was headed.

Inexorably, he was dragged to the open grave, and then pushed in, landing hard on his back. Picard felt something give in his back and a wave of bright pain. He couldn't have moved then even if the force hadn't been holding him down, pinning him into place.

The last thing he saw as the grave slowly began to fill in with earth were Q's quiet, grave eyes. "I warned you, Jean-Luc."

And then there was nothing. Not even the white light he'd seen the last time he'd died, only black cold nothingness as he was slowly buried alive.

And then he was seated at a conference table. All around him were the delegates, the Kinzhi, the S'Tai, and his own

officers, staring back at him, all with identically shocked looks. He must have said something, but he didn't know what.

In any case, it didn't matter. He was alive! Everything was back to how it had been, and he had a second chance.

"Mr. Worf, what time is it?"

The Klingon looked slightly puzzled. "It is..."

Picard held up his hand. "It doesn't matter. I'm sure there's time enough."

"Time enough for what, sir?"

"Why, to make it to the Christmas party, of course."

"Christmas party? You're going to a Christmas party in the middle of an important negotiation?" one of the S'Tai delegates inquired incredulously in her high, fluting voice.

"I'm not only going to a Christmas party, I'm going to have to change clothes." Picard looked down at what he was wearing. "Not very elf-like, I don't think."

One of the Kinzhi stretched. "Actually, a break sounds good." He looked meaningfully at the S'Tai delegation opposite him. "I could use a snack."

The S'Tai were highly agitated now. "But what are we supposed to do? They're going to *eat* us!"

"Decide how you'd like to be served?" one of the Kinzhi suggested.

Picard looked between them. Nothing could spoil how he felt right now, how happy he felt to even be alive. "Oh, yes, that." He glanced down at his briefing material again, then back up. "I feel that the Federation has no right to interfere in this matter. Both of your species are non-space-faring, and as such, we are contravening the Prime Directive and influencing the development of your respective races. Accordingly, we will leave you to your own devices."

Before either group had time to do anything but trade identically shocked looks, Picard had stood up and made his way out the door. The issue would not be settled *quite* that easily, but the loose ends could be tied up later.

In the turbolift, Picard found Q leaning against one way, idly fiddling with the controls.

"Jean Luc, I'm surprised at you. Condemning those poor innocent little tweety birds to die? You couldn't stand the idea of 18 of your crewmen dying to save your whole *race* from the Borg, and suddenly you're sentencing other people to death?"

Picard gave the turbolift his deck and was mildly surprised when it actually moved. Apparently Q was going to let him attend the party. He looked over at him. "I can't judge other races by human standards. The S'tai and the Kinzhi have different modes of living, ways that more closely relate to the Darwinian concept of natural selection than any idea I might have about the value of life. To impose my standards on them would only hinder their development."

"What is this, Jean Luc?" Q asked in mock-surprise. "You're actually developing moral values?"

"We all have our flaws." Picard glanced over at Q as the turbolift stopped and the doors opened. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I believe I have a party to attend."

Deshanya looked up as Picard entered the holodeck. All activity stopped as the captain looked around. While Father Christmas had not arrived yet, the children and their families were all there. And all keeping a respectful, yet slightly frightened silence.

"Captain?" Deshanya asked tentatively. "Is there something I can help you with?"

"Actually there is, Lieutenant." Picard tried to put on his best stern-captain-chiding-the-troops face, but the good cheer he felt underneath kept trying to break through. "I wanted to talk to you about this nonsensical party you insist on having?"

"You did?" Deshanya asked, face falling. His tone left no doubt in her mind that not only did he *not* want to help, but that he was going to ruin Christmas for the children by calling the whole thing off.

"Yes. Lieutenant, you leave me no alternative -- but to serve as Head Elf." The wide smile Picard had been suppressing broke over his face. "I don't suppose you have a costume that would fit me, do you?"

"Yes, I think I might." Deshanya grinned at him. "Right this way, sir. And may I say, merry Christmas."

"I think that sounds splendid."

-the end-

"Make It So"

As sung by Jean-Luc Picard
(to the tune of "Let It Snow")

*Oh, the vacuum outside is endless,
Unforgiving, cold, and friendless,
But still we must boldly go--
Make it so, make it so, make it so!*

"A Christmas Riddle"

As sung by William Riker
(to the tune of "Deck the Halls")

*Here's a vexing Christmas riddle:
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)
Why must I play second fiddle?
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)
How can I impress Deanna
(Fa-la-la, la-la-la, la la la)
When I'm number two banana?
(Fa-la-la-la-la, la-la, la la)*

"Worf's White Christmas"

As sung by Worf
(to be to the tune of "White Christmas")

*I'm dreaming of a dead Pakled,
Just like the one in Rec Deck Eight.
They all think they've hidden,
But this one didn't,
And I'm using him as bait.
I'm dreaming of a dead Pakled--
Their mental skills are rather lame.
May your foes die sonless, in shame--
And I hope you're wishing me the same!*

Doctor, the Hologram

(Sung to the tune of "Frosty, the Snowman.")

*Doctor, the Hologram,
Was just made for short-term work.
Though he'll cure your ills
With his shots and pills
His matrix was set to "jerk."*

*Yes, Doctor, the Hologram,
Started off in life dorky.
Yet he's been in love,
Lost a kid, shed some blood,
And sings opera songs off-key.*

*There was a time when Janeway
Would not look him in the eye.
But Kes stepped forth to plead his case
"He's a real-life Hologuy!"*

*Oh, Doctor, the Hologram,
Has a thing for Seven of Nine.
But with many like him
And our Harry Kim
He'll just have to stand in line!*

*Oh, Doctor, the Hologram,
Is a doctor, not a toy.
Nor a mannequin
Or even Anakin
Just like dear old Doc McCoy.*

*Thumpity-thump-thump
Thumpity-thump-thump
Look at him operate!*

*Thumpity-thump-thump
Thumpity-thump-thump
Corticals he'll stimulate!*

The Borg Who Stole Christmas

The Plaid Adder

Originally published in

[The Adder's Lair](#)

With apologies to Dr. Seuss (and none to Jim Carrey). In a similar vein, you might like "[How the Klingons Stole Christmas](#)" by Tavia on FanFiction.Net.

All the crew down in crewville liked Christmas a lot,
But the Borg, who lived just outside Crewville, did NOT.
The Borg hated Christmas, the whole Christmas season.
Now please don't ask why, no one quite knows the reason.
It could be their prosthetics were screwed in too tight,
Or that some of their joints weren't oiled just right.
It would be no use asking, for they wouldn't tell.
You could wheedle, cajole, you could shout, scream and yell,
You could beg, you could plead, you could argue all day--
But the Borg were the Borg--and that's all they would say.
So whatever the reason, prosthetics or lube,
They hated the crew and they sat in their cube,
And they growled through their conduits, tubing and gizmas,
"We MUST find a way to assimilate Christmas!
Or tomorrow they'll wake, all that horrible crew--
And we," said the Borg, "we know just what they'll do.
They'll unwrap all their presents, those crew girls and boys,
And start making that noise--oh, that horrible noise!
They'll flip their plyplasmers! They'll switch their frumpzmorders!
They'll scan with their bizzblippers, zronks and tricorders!
They'll turn on their domtrints! They'll zap their crendraves!
They'll send out their Kregger and tachion waves!
And then there's the thing that we hate most of all.
Every crew down in crewville, the tall and the small,
Will go down to 10-Forward and stand in a ring,
And they'll SING! and they'll SING! and they'll SING SING
SING SING!!
We can no longer stand this irrelevant stuff!
Resistance is futile! Enough is enough!"
And the Borgers collectively furrowed their brow--
"We HAVE to stop Christmas from coming--but how?"

Meanwhile, down in Crewville, dressed up as an elf,
Troi was shouting, "I can't do this all by myself!
Someone has to play Santa! The children will cry
If he doesn't come visit. Come on. Won't you try?"
And she perched a red hat on the top of Worf's head.
"A true Klingon," Worf growled, "would rather play dead."
"Don't force him," said Riker. "The way that he rants,
The kids would be liable to pee in their pants."
"Well then what about--" "NO!" Riker waved her aside.
"I have too much to do." "But you're so nice and wide!
We would not have to pad--" Riker left in a huff.
"Data, what about you?" "I am willing enough,"
Said the android, "But all of the ancient texts said
That this Santa Claus entity's cheeks were quite red,
As well as his nose, and that he had a belly
Which shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
Whereas my face is pale as a tub full of lard,

And I fear that my lap would be rather too hard."
"That leaves Geordi and Barclay," said Crusher. "To tell
You the truth, I don't think either'd work out too well.
Technogeeks and small children--they don't really mix."
"Well then, there's only one way left out of this fix,"
Said Deanna. "The captain must put on the hat."
"Oh my goodness," said Bev. "I don't know about that.
I don't think he'd say yes, if you want my advice."
"Oh he will," Troi replied, "if *you* ask him...real nice."
And when Beverly Crusher had taken Troi's hint,
Well, the glint in her eye was a helluva glint.
She left for the bridge with a nod and a wink,
And a half-hour later--or less, some folks think--
A sheepish Picard stepped from his ready room
With the strangest expression of mixed joy and gloom,
And the bridge crew could see him, from where they all sat,
Adjusting his tunic--and wearing the hat.
(Bev emerged moments later, in some disarray,
And slipped off with a smile to tend to sickbay.)

Meanwhile, back in the Cube, the Borg got an idea.
The Borg got a wonderful, AWFUL idea!
"Our analysis shows that this Christmas consists
Of the giving of presents and keeping of lists
By this Santa Claus lifeform. In his data bank
Are the records of who has been good, and who stank,
And according to this, he dispenses rewards
In the form of new phasers, chocolates, or skateboards.
There is some indication that long long ago,
Someone else was important, but we do not know
Who that was. If we want to assimilate Christmas,
Assimilate Santa, and then we're in business."
So the Borg set out planning, with Borgian wiles,
How to download poor Santa and access his files.

MUSICAL NUMBER (sung while the Borg prepares its offensive)

You're a mean one,
Mr. Borg.
You're an inorganic lump!
You're a mindless drone, a robot, you're a
cybertronic chump,
Mr. Boooo-ooorg!
And you couldn't pay me to travel in that cubical
dank dump!

You're a cruel one,
Mr. Borg.
You've got metal plates for hair!

*Your brains are full of implants, you've got plastic underwear,
Mr. Booo-ooorg!
Shatner wouldn't lend you his toupee even if he had one to spare!*

*So they strapped their transporter clips onto their wrists
And went looking for Santa and all of his lists.
First they hit the crew quarters. Their anger was dire
When all that they saw was a hologram fire
And above it, some stockings hung neat in a row.
"These stockings," they said, "are the first thing to go!"
And clicking and whirring in a way most unpleasant
They searched round the quarters and took every present!
They scarfed the wrendizmos! They snatched gumblephlors!
They even took all of the replicators!
(And that was the end of the crew Christmas feast!
No more yummy crew-pudding! No tasty roast beast!)
The Borg took those gizmos as quick as a flash--
Now they couldn't make even a can of crew hash.
They beamed it all up with a cyborgly glee,
"And now," whirred the Borg, "assimilate the tree!"
But as they were giving the tree its implants,
They heard a small sound--like a boar when it rants.
And before they could say, "Is it Cindy Lou Who?"
Alexander was on them--and pretty mad, too.
He waved his batl'eth and howled, "Santy Claus, why?
Why are you taking the Christmas tree? Why?"
But the Borg, they are nothing if they are not slick.
They thought up a lie and they thought it up quick.
"There's a light on the top that won't light on one side,
SO we're taking the whole tree right back to the hive
Where there's power to spare, as you must know, my dear.
We'll fix it up there--then we'll bring it back here."
And their fib fooled the Klingon. They patted his head,
Then they got him some rakht and sent him to bed.
And when li'l Alexander was in bed with his worms,
They beamed all of it up, all including the germs.
Then the Borg smiled smugly, the cunning old liar,
And the last thing they took was the hologram fire.
Then they did just the same to the other crews' quarters,
Leaving nothing behind but some boots and tricorders.
But when they stood outside of the last quarters' door
They still hadn't found what they'd come looking for.
They snuck wearily in, headed straight for the tree--
But on their way over there, what should they see
Stretched out on the couch in an unconscious state
But a man in red velvet, on whose shiny pate
Sat a hat with a pompom! The Borg whirred with glee.
"Take him back for downloading," they cried happily.
"No, just him--all we need are the lists in his head.
Just ignore that cute redhead who's sharing his bed."
And then back to the cube flew the Borg with their loot--
A hung-over Jean-Luc in a silly red suit.
"Resistance is futile!" they bellowed. And then,
He looked up, shook his head, and went, "Shit. Not
again."
The collective was pleased. "Get the implants. Oh dear!
We're so pumped about this! Oh, just wait till they hear--
'I am Santa of Borg--you will give gifts to us!'
"Let me go!" cried Picard. "Santa, raising a fuss*

*Is irrelevant. You will be downloaded. Then
We'll assimilate--wait!" Sensors beeped. Down in 10-
Forward something was up they could not understand.
On the screen they saw all the crews stand hand in hand,
And the crews down in crewville--the tall and the small--
Were singing--without any presents at all!*

SONG ("A Technobabble Christmas"):

*Plasmic spluffer, pattern buffer,
Welcome Christmas from the skies,
Dead red-shirter, phase inverter,
Welcome to the Enterprise!
Welcome Christmas, laser squacel,
Welcome Christmas, warp core, nacelle,
Welcome Christmas as we stand
Heart to heart and hand to hand!*

*Tronic clamper, inertial damper,
Welcome Christmas, come this way,
Comlink panel, subspace channel,
Welcome Christmas, Christmas day!
Welcome Christmas, Zetathrington,
Human, Betazoid, and Klingon,
Christmas is within our grasp
If we have hands (or fins) to clasp!*

Welcome Christmas...(etc.)

*The Borg...were perplexed. "What is it that we missed?
It came without presents! It came without lists!
It came without trees! Without hologram fires!"
There was gnashing of implants and rending of wires.
"Christmas came after all! Without Santa! Well then,
The guy's no @#\$\$! use--beam the boy back again."
And so back to crewville flew Picard in his suit--
He showed up in 10-Forward, which caused quite a hoot.
But, hangover and all, Picard took it in stride.
"Ho ho ho! Ha ha ha! Merry Christmas!" he cried.
"You've all been so good Santa's giving you all
Three months' shore leave on Risa! Cut loose! Have a ball!"
The crews were ecstatic! Bev flashed him a smile.
The presents and stuff reappeared, meanwhile,
Along with replicators and the Worf family tree.
Picard smiled to himself as the kids shrieked with glee.
And when they sat down to table for their Christmas feast
Picard, he, himself, personally carved the Roast Beast.*

I Went to a Grand-Slam Con

(sung to the tune of "Good King Wenceslas")

*I went to a Grand-Slam Con
With only twenty dollars.
I could not buy a Star Trek shirt
Or Xena leather collars.
Luckily, John de Lancie
Let me take his photo.
Two autographs, just for laughs,
Were twenty bucks in toto!*

The Most Wonderful Time of the Year

By Seema

[Originally published on her website](#)

Unbound

Author's note: Written for Jerie for the 2005 Holiday Ficathon; she requested the triplets and a holiday. In other words, they're baaack! Previous stories in this series (if I might call it that) are: And Baby Makes Five, The Symbols of Our Love, and Til Death Do Us Part.

Harry Kim had never liked space walking and had done just enough to pass his practical at the Academy with the minimum marks. So the fact he was dressed in his EVA suit, tethered to Voyager's hull, while holding a gigantic prickly Christmas wreath adorned with red and gold bows, when he could really be inside hanging mistletoe with his new wife, really, really irked Harry.

He tried to twist around to see what Tom was up to. It had been at least three minutes since he'd last seen or spoken to Tom.

"Tom?" Harry asked finally, his voice echoing inside the confines of his helmet. "Where are you?"

There was a pause and then Tom said, "I'm on the starboard nacelle."

Harry contemplated. He knew he could maneuver himself into position, but that would also mean letting go of the wreath. He also knew the Captain, who had used up a month's worth of rations to replicate the wreath, and was now reduced to eating field rations, would be very unhappy with him and maybe even demote him.

"Hurry up," Harry said, letting exasperation creep into his voice. "I could use a hand up here."

"How hard can it be to hang a *wreath*? You do it every year."

Harry, ignoring Tom's jibe, let himself drift towards the ship. Even though it was a fragile sense of security, he felt a thousand times better when he reached out and could touch Voyager with his gloved hand.

"The Captain seems to be--" Harry paused, trying to choose his next words very carefully; the Captain, after all, could be listening. "She's very into Christmas this year, very determined to make it the best Christmas *ever*. It's a lot of pressure to handle."

"No more pressure than being married to Seven."

"And this coming from someone married to a *Klingon*?" Harry snorted and in that moment of complacency, the wreath slipped off his arm and it was only with quick thinking that Harry managed to grab the red ribbon twined around the greenery and pull the wreath back towards him.

"Take it easy, Har," Tom said. "This is *tradition*."

"Tradition has been going on for three months now, Tom, and every year, it seems to start earlier and earlier," Harry said. Gripping the wreath tightly, he pulled himself closer to the ship's hull, and thankfully, managed to get traction

with his magnetic boots. Harry walked gingerly across the surface, before getting to what Janeway had deemed the center of the ship's hull. Thankfully, he had marked the spot the previous year -- which had been an excruciating ordeal in measurement, with the Captain overseeing every single second of the wreath hanging -- so he didn't have to think too hard about where to hang the damn thing. The previous year, the Captain in the final throes of pregnancy, had shrieked in her newly acquired banshee tones, "No! Harry! I said to the *right*! A centimeter to the right! No, no, that's *two* centimeters. You need to move it to the left *one* centimeter." All told, he'd spent nearly three hours out in space before Janeway had been satisfied with the position of the wreath.

Tom sighed. "You're right. I suppose it's motherhood. Janeway's been talking about the triplets' first Christmas since the day they were born so that's probably why she wanted to get a head start on the festivities."

"As long as she doesn't spend it sulking," Harry said. He managed to grab the hook he'd affixed to Voyager's hull the previous year and gradually maneuvered himself into position. "I hate it when she locks herself into her quarters and refuses to come out or speak to anyone except Chakotay." He pondered for a moment. "I'm not sure which I prefer -- the morose Janeway or the micromanager festive Janeway."

"Careful, Har. She could be listening and you don't want to be demoted."

Harry scowled, but then a few minutes later, he triumphantly attached the wreath to the ship and his bad mood dissipated. He pumped his fist, all signs of space sickness suddenly gone, and then gradually loosened his tether. "Tom, I'm done." He managed to not gloat, though he was very tempted to. "I'm on my way down to where you're at." He floated in space for a minute, before making his way down to the nacelle where Tom was struggling with strings of lights. Tom looked relieved to see Harry.

"Give me a hand with these, will you?" Tom asked.

"Sure. You got the port nacelle done?"

"Yeah, but there's a burned out bulb *somewhere* in this string of lights, and I can't get the rest of the lights to work." Tom sighed in frustration. "Do you think the Captain will notice if only some of the lights on this nacelle work?"

Harry considered. The Captain *was* incredibly focused on Christmas this year, to the exclusion of all else, but at

the same time, he was sick of being in his EVA suit, and really, if the Captain wanted to decorate Voyager in lights and greenery, shouldn't she be the one out here doing all the work? And really, wasn't it enough that they'd strung thousands of kilometers worth of lights throughout Voyager's corridors, and that every door was decked out in mistletoe and holly, not to mention the little red velvet ribbons that adorned every turbolift touchpad? And if she really cared, wouldn't she have been micro-managing the decorating process rather than leaving them on their own?

"She won't notice," Harry said with confidence he didn't feel. And then before, Tom could object, Harry said, "Voyager, two to beam in."

A second later, they were in Voyager's transporter room, and Harry let out a shaky sigh of relief. He removed his helmet, and took a nice big gulp of re-circulated oxygen. In the background, Christmas carols played over the comm system. Unfortunately, Voyager only had about six carols in its library, and those six -- which included such classics as "All I Want For Christmas is a Hippopotamus," "Grandma Got Run Over By a Reindeer," and "The Christmas Shoes" -- had been playing on repeat since Prixin (the decorations for which, incidentally, could still be found scattered throughout the ship. Harry had once suggested combining Prixin with Christmas for a Chrisprix celebration, but a scathing look from Janeway had killed that idea).

Harry nodded a greeting to Ayala, who was dressed in a Santa suit. "Thanks for bringing us back," he said.

"No problem. I'm just glad I'm not the one who has to go out there," Ayala said, as he took a sip of his drink. It was clear from his ruddy complexion and enthusiastic tone of voice that Ayala really, really enjoyed his drink. "I certainly don't envy you guys for taking on the task of decorating the whole ship."

"It's *tradition*," Tom said, but his tone didn't sound very convincing to Harry.

"Still, it seems like all you guys do is decorate this place," Ayala said. "First Prixin, now Christmas, and isn't there some other holiday going on now? Something Bajoran? Maybe the Borg have something going on? Wouldn't that be cool, a *Borg* holiday? I wonder what that would be like."

"Borg don't have holidays, they assimilate them," Tom said, looking quite pleased with his joke. "Besides, the Captain has decided it's going to be all Christmas all the time, and we only have *one* Borg on the ship so--"

"There *is* the Borg baby--"

"Is that eggnog you've got there?" Harry asked Ayala in an effort to change the subject. He'd heard this argument about which holidays should be celebrated aboard Voyager at least a thousand times and Harry was heartily sick of it. "I heard earlier Neelix was mixing up a batch."

"Yeah. If you hurry to the mess hall, there's probably some left. Last I heard, Tuvok put on his elf costume and is serving up the eggnog."

"Tom, do you want--" Harry stopped, noting with concern that Tom looked mildly green in the face.

"Excuse me." Tom rushed towards the doors, and Harry, realizing where his friend was going, dashed after him.

"Hey," Harry called as Tom nearly bumped into a holographic representation of the ghost of Christmas past in the corridor. "Are you going to be all right?"

"It's just space sickness," Tom said. "I'll be fine--" he paused to let the ghost of Christmas future pass by "-- as soon as I get a hypo. You'd better go see what the Captain and Chakotay need."

"Do I have to?" Harry didn't mean to whimper, but he couldn't help himself. "I'd better come to Sickbay with you. You don't look so good." He didn't want for Tom to answer, and instead followed his friend down the corridor and into Sickbay. The minute they entered though, Harry knew he had made a terrible mistake. "Uh..."

Tom gripped Harry's arm. "You can't let me go in there by myself. If you're any kind of friend, Harry--"

Harry shrugged off Tom's grip. "You know, I really should see what Seven--"

But it was too late. The current Sickbay occupants -- the Captain, her husband, and their triplets, and the Doctor -- had already seen them. Weakly, Harry followed Tom towards a biobed.

"Is everything all set with the exterior hull decorations?" the Captain asked sharply. She was currently dressed in a little red dress trimmed with white fur. Her outfit was complemented by candy-cane earrings, and knee-high black boots with gold buckles.

"Just as you wanted it," Harry said, amazing himself with how easily the lie came out of his mouth. The Captain looked satisfied.

"I apologize for not being able to monitor the progress myself," she said, "but Taya accidentally swallowed some of the mistletoe." She gestured toward the toddler dressed in a red velvet dress edged with lace. Taya smiled beatifically at Harry and Tom, seemingly unaware of the distress she had apparently caused her mother. Meanwhile, in the background, Chakotay -- dressed in a green flannel outfit, complete with tights and pointed black patent shoes -- was busily entertaining the other two triplets and at the same time, sipping out of a goblet filled with a creamy colored liquid.

"My people have a legend," he said in a sing-song voice. "There were once a tribe who did not have shoes and then at Christmas--"

"*Please*, Chakotay," Janeway said huffily. "Every year you tell this story and I *still* don't understand what shoes have to do with anything." She gestured at Taya. "Your daughter is SICK from eating mistletoe and all you can do is talk about stupid legends?" She frowned as "Santa Baby" started playing on the comm system.

"Well, I *specifically* told you mistletoe was a bad idea," Chakotay shot back. "But no, you had to go and replicate bushes and bushes worth of the stuff and then order Seven of Nine to hang it from every single door jamb on the ship. Have you noticed the crew hasn't stopped making out since you hung the mistletoe?"

"Well, at least everyone is *happy*, which is more than I can say you make *me* feel!"

Harry took the opportunity to nudge Tom in the direction of the hypo cabinet. "Hurry up," Harry said, "while they're still fighting." He glanced over his shoulder. Maybe there was time to slip out while the Captain and Chakotay were distracted.

"This coming from the man who thinks it's a good idea to spread rose petals all over the ship?" Janeway asked, her voice raising to glass shattering levels.

"I do that for you!" Chakotay cried. "To show you just how devoted I am to you, my flame!"

"Please. I'm the captain of the ship, not your flame. You *have* to be devoted to me. I *order* you to be devoted to me." The Captain squared her shoulders and struck a regal pose. Chakotay looked like he was ready to cry, but then Taya, sensing the tension, burst into noisy tears. Harry and Tom inched towards the door, but the Doctor stopped them.

"Gentlemen, didn't you agree to decorate the holiday tree--"

"*Christmas* tree! It's a *Christmas* tree!" Janeway shrieked.

The Doctor glanced at Janeway wearily and then back at Harry and Tom. "As I was saying, gentlemen, did you not agree to decorate the *Christmas* tree--" he gestured towards the back corner of Sickbay, where a gigantic spruce sat, shedding pine needles all over the red velvet skirt spread at its base "-- before the end of the day?"

"Well, we also promised B'Elanna we'd decorate the warp core with garlands of holly and ivy," Tom said slowly, "and you know how her temper is, now that she's two years pregnant..."

"I thought she wanted us to use tinsel," Harry said. He frowned. "I replicated at least fifty pounds of the silver stuff."

"That was before *your* lovely wife declared tinsel as a fire hazard and *refused* to allow it near the warp core. Do you know how long it took me to calm B'Elanna down after *that*?" Tom asked. He turned his attention back to the Doctor. "Either way, I'm afraid we're going to have to give B'Elanna's request priority, Doctor."

"Not so fast, Fly Boy!" Janeway whirled upon the two subordinates with alacrity, husband and child forgotten. "Christmas trees *must* take priority. What is Christmas without a tree?" And without warning, Janeway burst into her off-key rendition of *her* favorite carol, "Oh Tannenbaum." Suddenly, all three babies were wailing in concert with their mother, and the Doctor looked simply pained as the Captain sang with gusto, "O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum! du kannst mir sehr gefallen!" Chakotay merely plucked a candy cane from a basket on the Doctor's desk, and began sucking on it, seemingly oblivious to everything going on. On the last verse, the Doctor joined in, and gestured to Tom and Harry to do the same.

"O Tannenbaum, o Tannenbaum! Das soll dein Kleid mich lehren," they -- with the exception of the disgruntled

Chakotay -- sang in unison. At the conclusion, Harry and Tom politely clapped.

"Very nice," Harry said weakly.

"I have a wonderful idea! You will all have to join me for the Holiday -- I mean, Christmas -- Carol sing-along this evening here in Sickbay," the Doctor said. Harry was about to object, but Tom kicked him in the shin.

"We'll be happy to," Harry squeaked out.

"And bring Seven as well. She has such a *beautiful* singing voice," the Doctor said with no attempt to disguise his adoration and admiration of Harry's wife. "As everything about her is *so* perfect."

Harry blanched, but managed to say, "I will certainly mention the sing-along to her."

"We can't have a sing-along without a Christmas tree!" Janeway cried. Tears streamed down her face. She sat down heavily on the biobed.

"We didn't say we wouldn't decorate it," Harry said haltingly. "It's just the list of things we need to do in anticipation of Christmas is so long and we're just trying to figure out the best and most *efficient* way--" he paused as Janeway's sobs grew louder. In the background, Chakotay continued to munch on his candy cane. Harry gave up. "All right, all right." He looked at Tom who was looking considerably recovered from his space walk experience. "We'll decorate the warp core later, and we'll do the Christmas tree *now*." He walked slowly over to the basket of decorations at the base of the tree and lifted out a garland of popcorn and cranberries and halfheartedly, draped it around the tree. Meanwhile, Chakotay had started hiccupping.

"Harry," Tom said in a low voice. He gestured towards the Captain. "Shouldn't we do something to cheer her up?"

"I thought that's what decorating the tree is for. She'll feel better when she realizes we are all one thousand percent dedicated to making this the best Christmas ever for her, the triplets and then there's --" Harry counted off the senior staff on his fingers and then said slowly "-- the two of us who celebrate the holiday."

"Don't forget Ayala or the Delaneys. We promised to meet them in the holodeck for a party later tonight."

"Oh right, okay, then *five* of us, plus the Captain and the triplets." Harry hung a little figurine of a skiing Santa on the tree. "Don't worry about the holiday too much, Tom. We'll pull it off. We always do."

"I know, but--" Tom looked worried "-- you know how depressed she can get..."

"Yes, I *know*. We *all* know." Harry glanced pointedly in Chakotay's direction. "Do you want to give us a hand over here, Commander?"

Chakotay, in sleep-walking fashion -- dropped his candy cane on the floor, where it promptly disappeared under a layer of rotting rose petals and leaves, and made his way to the tree. He slurped the remainder of his drink and then tossed it in the direction of the Christmas tree; it landed with a clank near the wall, and then rolled a little ways

toward the tree. From that angle, the goblet seemed to radiate light, and Chakotay was transfixed.

"My people have a legend about light. I like light," he said in a dreamy voice.

"Hell with the legend," Tom said grumpily. "We're trying to save Christmas." He glanced over his shoulder at the Captain who was still crying. Tom handed Chakotay a string of colored lights. Harry quickly hung the remaining candy canes on the branches, but not before Chakotay nearly knocked over the tree; pine needles and sap went everywhere. Harry sighed.

"Obviously, your people don't have a legend on how to properly decorate a Christmas tree," Harry said, not bothering to conceal his irritation.

"My light is the flame, a burning light in the distance." Chakotay hiccoughed again, and Tom stared at the first officer with some concern.

"Um, Harry," Tom said slowly, "what was Chakotay drinking earlier?"

"Eggnog, pretty much the same as everyone else on the ship." Harry pondered for a moment and then lowered his voice. "Do you think our first officer is under the influence?"

Tom jerked a thumb back at the Captain and her brood. "Wouldn't you be?"

Harry had to admit Tom had a point, but right now, he was more concerned about Voyager being flown while under the influence. With Tom's help, he hauled Chakotay to another biobed. The first officer had now launched into a slurred version of "The Christmas Shoes": "Shir, I want to buy deese shoes for my Mahmaa, pwease it's Chwistmas Eve and deese shoes are jus' her size. Could you hurreeeeee, shir--" Chakotay stopped as Tom pressed a hypo into his arm. "Ah. Harry, Tom, nice to see you. Did I ever share with you the legend of my people about shoes at Christmas time?"

"Yes," Harry said with a little more sharpness than prudent, given the fact he was addressing a senior officer. "Commander, I think the Captain needs your, um, attention over there." He pointed to a still sobbing Janeway, and all of the triplets were wailing at the top of their lungs, their little faces red with exertion, and their noses overflowing with snot. Chakotay sprung to action, looking extremely efficient. Harry made a mental note that when the holiday was done with, he'd recommend laying off the eggnog for next year.

He and Tom quickly finished decorating the tree, and by the time they were finished, the triplets were blowing little salvia bubbles, and trying to eat their own feet, and the Captain and her first officer were making out, heavily, in the corner of the Sickbay. Meanwhile, the Doctor was sitting at his desk, legs propped up, hands behind his head, looking very smug. Harry nudged Tom.

"You know," he said in a low voice, "if we hurry, there's probably some eggnog left in the mess hall."

Tom nodded. "Tuvok in his elf costume and Neelix as Santa Claus, well, those are the highlights of the year. It's practically better than our weekly match-up with the Borg!" Then Tom's expression changed. "We probably shouldn't though. We have to decorate the warp core next."

"Actually, it might be the *perfect* time for an eggnog break." Harry looked meaningfully at his friend. The previous year, the warp decorations had *not* any more fun than hanging the damn wreath on the hull. B'Elanna had been very exacting about how her warp core was to be treated, and because she wanted to give equal honor to a minor Klingon holiday which fell around the same time as Christmas, Tom and Harry had been forced to balance bat'leth hanging with the traditional holly and ivy -- all without damaging the delicate material that contained the blue shimmering stuff that pulsed within. It had been a fierce balancing act, and Harry had sure been glad when it was all over with. This year, he expected more of the same, especially with B'Elanna being two years' pregnant and in a foul mood approximately 99.9 percent of the time. "What do you say, Tom?"

"I think you're probably right," Tom said slowly. He didn't blink as the ghost of Christmas present glided past them. "This would be a *great* time for a break."

"Yeah."

"Lead the way, Harry. I'm right behind you."

They were halfway down the corridor, when a thought occurred to Harry.

"If you and I are responsible for most of the decorations, and the Captain, Chakotay and the Doctor are in Sickbay--" Harry paused as a leftover PRIXIN decoration caught his eye "-- and Tuvok and Neelix are in full costume in the mess hall, Seven's hanging mistletoe over every doorway, and B'Elanna's in Engineering overseeing the warp core decoration preparations--" he glanced at Tom with sudden fear. "Who's in charge of the ship?"

Tom clapped Harry on the back and steered him strongly towards the turbolift. "It's better not to ask, my friend. Better not to ask."

~ the end

Android Jingle Bells

*Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
jingle all the way!
Oh what fun it is to ride
in a one-horse open sleigh --
or so I am reliably informed,
though, lacking a subjective and intuitively perceived
referent for the term "fun," I am able only
to report the phenomenon as experienced by others,
whose individual perceptions somewhat color the --
yes, sir.*

A Quantum Christmas

Samus

[Originally published in](#)

[FanFiction.Net](#)

Fiction Rated: K - English - Poetry/Humor - Reviews: 15 - Published: 09-01-01 - Updated: 09-01-01 - Complete id:390091

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters. Star Trek belongs to Paramount and Quantum Leap belongs to someone else, I don't remember who.

*'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the ship
Not a circuit was stirring, not even a chip.
The engines were shut off; quite safely asleep,
In hopes they'd not fail and cause a core breach.*

*The captain was nestled all snug in her bunk.
In her head were visions of a hot holo-hunk.
With Tom in the big chair and Kim in his uni,
They'd just settled in for some late-night bridge duty.*

*When from there on the console there came such a beeping,
Kim looked just in time to see Tom quantum-leaping.
"What just happened?" he asked with a look of surprise.
"I don't know what you mean," answered Tom, with wide
eyes.*

*Tom looked at him hoping that he would believe,
But Kim was too smart to be quickly deceived.
"You know what I mean," he told Tom, "You were blue,
With a light and an aura; now you don't look quite you."*

*Tom could tell that the point he was going to press,
So he answered him truly, "All right. I confess,
I'm not really whoever you think that I am.
I'm a time-traveling hero. Hi. My name's Sam."*

*"Captain, we need you!" shouted Kim in the comm,
"Please come up right now. Something's happened to Tom."
"Can't it wait until morning?" asked Janeway, half-asleep.
"'Fraid not, Ma'am," he answered, "This really can't keep."*

*So up came the captain, and senior staff, too.
To the bridge, in a hurry, they practically flew.
When they got there they saw not just Paris and Kim,
But the doc saw a man dressed as loudly as sin.*

*"Who are you?!" he asked of the odd-looking stranger.
"He sees me," said the man, "I think we're in danger."
Then, surrounded by people with guns and no joy,
Sam whispered "Oh sh...", "I mean, um, "Oh boy."*

*The fierce lady captain looked at him with a glare,
Said, "Whoever you are and wherever you're here,
I can see you're not Tom, that's as clear as a bell,
So give him back now, or we'll give you some Hell."*

*"I can't!" Sam protested, "I really don't know how.
I wish that I could. I'd have left here by now."
"If you didn't do it, who did?" she demanded.*

"I think God, time or fate, but who knows?" he expanded.

*They went on for a while, all remaining unnerved.
Unbeknownst to them, they were being observed.
"One afraid of the other, how pathetic is that,"
Scoffed a crimson-clad Q with a white-tuffed red hat.*

*"On the eve of this party of good will t'ward men
Madame Captain and crew are too scared to listen.
Looks like I'll have to fix things again.
A visit from Santa should quiet the din."*

*Back on the ship they continued the fight,
When there came from the viewscreen a bright flash of light.
In stunned consternation they turned their gaze quick
To what looked to be some kind of jolly Saint Nick.*

*He was dressed all in fur (in this age, quite a feat),
And his clothes were all shiny and showed his conceit.
A bundle of gifts he held in his arms,
And he looked like a salesman, putting on charms.*

*His eyes - how mischievous, like the devilish Pan.
He always was trouble, when he chose to drop in.
His sly little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
Like a kid when there's something you don't want to know.*

*Before they could speak he shut off their voice,
Said, "Now listen to me." (like they had any choice).
The captain just fired her phaser at him,
And he held out his hand as it came at his whim.*

*"Now Captain, now Tuvok, now Harry and Doc,
Don't get in a tizzy. Let's have a nice talk.
Meet Sam and Al, who're much like yourselves.
I brought them to help me. They're sort of my elves.*

*Over the centuries, you poor kids forgot
'The meaning of Christmas', and all of that rot.
I'm here to remind you of the holiday spirit-
Now I know what you'll say, and I don't want to hear it.*

*You do need my help to remember your past.
I enlisted these boys, I just didn't ask."
"But how can they see us?" asked Al, quite confused.
"My dear hologram, I am an omnipotent Q.*

*Now that that's settled, let's hand out the gifts,"
Said Q as through his red bag he sifts.*

*"Is this real?" asked Sam to his photonic pal,
"I don't know," said an equally perplexed Al.*

*So they did help Q as he gave out the gifts,
At distributing presents, he was quite swift.
To Janeway, a nighty; to Tuvok, fake poo;
Chakotay, a big peace sign rub-on tattoo.*

*To Harry, a copy of What Women Want;
For B'Elanna, a Klingon programming font.
For all, he gave Neelix mad cooking skills.
To the Doctor, a last name that really kills.*

When he'd bestowed gifts to all on the ship

*He turned to the leaper and pursed his lips.
To Sam he said, "Now for Dorothy, who
I'll send back to Kansas, and your hologram, too."*

*Now Sam looked pleased, as did his transparent friend.
But for the others, their patience was fast wearing thin.
"Get off my ship now, Q!" Captain Janeway cried.
"Oh, all right. I was getting bored anyway," he replied.*

*Then Q snapped his fingers and Sam/Tom turned blue,
Then a bright flash of light and he disappeared, too.
But his words could be heard as a voice in one's sleep,
"Merry Christmas to all and to Sam a good leap."*



Dealing with the Sharks ...

By Jacqueline Anderton

Joe Schmo is your average Trekkie. He attends conventions, owns all the Original Series DVD's (Including the original Pilot Episode!) and begrudgingly accepts the constant Vulcan jokes that are circulating around the office. He decides that it's time to take his passion to the next level; he writes a Fanfic. Not just your average everyday Star Trek Fanfic, but a 20 000 word opus that is filled with the blood, sweat and tears of so many late nights spent tapping – almost zombie-like – on the family's only internet computer. In fact, Joe is so proud of his Fanfic, he wants to show it to the world and publish it on the internet where he can bask in the glory of his admirers and fans.

He finally decides on a quaint little Yahoo Group with a few members (Not as much competition, he tells himself.) and posts his Fanfic, going to sleep that night with visions of Rod Roddenbury promoting him to 'official scriptwriter' for the new series of Enterprise that Joe envisioned. Imagine Joe's surprise when all he receives in his Inbox the next morning is a message saying "Too long. Liked the first chapter though – Moderator." Waiting further, Joe never hears anything about his Fanfic again. So, hurt and dejected, Joe becomes a *shudder* [Fanfic Critic](#).

Where did he go wrong?

His first mistake, surprisingly enough, was the fact that he had no idea where he was going to publish the Fanfic; he simply wrote it and guessed that any group or community would leap at the chance for new material. After all, Fanfics aren't *that* common... right? Wrong.

For the average Fanfic 'no0b' ("[Leet](#)" for newbie), trying to navigate your way around the multitude of message boards, communities and groups, the most common experience is similar to that of a Tadpole in the Pacific Ocean. There are millions of Fanfics existing on the internet today along with hundreds of sites that publish them - each one with their own rules, guidelines and ratings when it comes to what they do publish and what they don't publish. It's very important that when writing a Fanfic you have a rough idea of where you want to submit it, what kind of feedback you want, how long it's going to be and (Probably most important of all.) the Ratings System that the site has.

Getting the right kind of publicity for your Fanfic can depend very heavily on the kind of site that you use, and number of Page Views (P.V's) that it receives on a day to day basis. In coming issues I'm going to run through the various Fanfic sites that I use and how useful they actually are at giving works publicity, reviews and how user-friendly their storage system is.

This brings me back to Joe's second mistake; choosing a small group with few members on the assumption that he'll have less competition, therefore making his Fanfic more noticeable. Unless you want your Fanfic to sink without a trace, this is a big no-no. Usually, when a group – Yahoo, MSN or IMDb – has little activity and even fewer members it's a "Dead Group". You would probably get more publicity by yelling your Fanfic from the street corner downtown. There are many, many sites that support good R&R (Read and Review) that *can* actually help the development of your Fanfic.

Continued on page 27

Silent Night

Kathy Rose

[Originally published in the](#)

[Warp 5 Complex](#)

Former news copy editor/reporter; married with kids, cats and dogs; in far distant past, received an AP award for investigative reporting in Illinois; received 2004 award for Best Hoshi story at Linguistics Database and 2005 awards for Best Author and Best Reed/Sato author at LD

Malcolm checked the readings on the panel in the armory and reported to Trip that all systems had been taken offline in anticipation of the wap engine being shut down..

Taking both the engine and the weapons offline at the same time bothered Malcolm, though. If trouble developed, Enterprise would be a sitting duck that couldn't shoot back.

They were in a desolate area of space where little if anything had ever happened. At least, that's what the Vulcan database indicated. Malcolm had always had doubts about the veracity of what was in those files. They hadn't been wrong so far, but there could be a first time.

Malcolm had argued against taking the weapons down, which wasn't strictly necessary for the work but would speed it along. The captain had the final say, however, and as happened more often than not, the captain didn't agree with his recommendation.

Only the Engineering crew would be involved with the work. Trip had assured his staff they'd be done in time to celebrate Christmas tomorrow. In the meantime, the rest of the crew could observe Christmas Eve as they chose.

There was a party scheduled in the mess hall at 20:00. Taking the weapons offline hadn't exactly put Malcolm in a festive mood, so he decided to put in a token appearance and then leave. He wouldn't be able to relax knowing how vulnerable the ship was, so what was the point?

Later, approaching the mess hall, he could hear the noise out in the corridor. Over the music, that had to be Ensign Hutchison singing Christmas carols. No one could sing off key at that volume the way Hutchison did. Malcolm remembered it well from some previous celebration. A birthday, maybe? It didn't matter, expect to strengthen his resolve to leave as quickly as he could.

Green and red decorations were everywhere in the mess hall. There was even a small, artificial Christmas tree on the table with the punch and other refreshments. And was that Chef wearing a red stocking hat?

Malcolm spotted the strategically hung mistletoe and skirted around it unscathed as he made his way to the punch bowl. He'd have the requisite drink and retreat to his quarters. Not that he

expected to rest. There was no way he would be able to sleep until the engine and weapons were operational again.

Travis, an empty cup in his hand, came to stand beside him. "Not quite the same without the Engineering crew, is it?" he commented as he refilled his cup.

"Mmm. Although Ensign Hutchison seems to be doing his best to make up for that lack," Malcolm said dryly, causing Travis to laugh.

"Well, it's too bad Commander Tucker had to miss this," Travis said. "You know how he likes a good party."

Malcolm murmured something noncommittal as he watched the gathered crewmembers over the rim of his cup. The captain had brought Porthos along, he saw, and he couldn't keep a grin from his face as he watched T'Pol's nose twitch as the dog sniffed her leg.

A few of his armory staff were over in a corner. Knowing them, they were probably making bets on who would leave with whom. Incurable bunch. At least they were keeping an eye on things, Malcolm thought ruefully, even if for the wrong reasons.

As he continued to look around, he got the impression someone other than the Engineering staff was missing. Then it hit him -- Hoshi was nowhere to be seen. That was unusual. She usually enjoyed a good party. More than a few times she had dragged him to one and he usually ended up having a good time despite himself.

"I don't see Hoshi," he said to Travis.

"She was here earlier. Said she was just putting in an appearance and was going to go do something more in keeping with her observance of the holiday."

Malcolm shot Travis a questioning look and the helmsman shrugged and added, "I think she said something about going to the observation lounge."

Malcolm put down his cup. Their communications officer's unusual behavior had piqued his curiosity. What could she be doing on Christmas Eve if she wasn't at the party?

Malcolm said farewell to Travis and headed for the mess hall doors. Almost as an afterthought, he snagged two sugar cookies made into Christmas shapes

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from the refreshment table, wrapped them in a paper napkin, and took them with him.

He didn't see anyone on the way to the observation lounge. Everyone apparently was either at the party or in Engineering. Eerie how quiet the ship was without the engine running, he noted. All the myriad little sounds that accompanied the operation of Enterprise were absent. Strange how you got used to the sounds and didn't notice them until they were gone.

He arrived at the lounge and entered, pausing on the threshold to blink. No lights were on. Maybe Travis had heard Hoshi wrong and she had gone somewhere else.

Then he saw an outline against the windows. Hoshi was standing staring out into space.

"Hoshi?" he said softly.

He saw the silhouette turn toward him. "Malcolm?"

"Yes. If I'm disturbing you, I can leave."

He heard her sigh. "No, it's all right," she said. "Come on in."

Malcolm let the door slide shut behind him, cutting off the light from the corridor. He carefully made his way in the dark to her side. "Ah, if you don't mind me asking, what are you doing in here? There's a raucous party going on in the mess hall."

She laughed softly and shook her head. "I got to thinking about past Christmases and I guess I got a little homesick and needed to be by myself."

"I can leave--"

"No. Please don't."

They stood in silence for a time, each gazing out the window. Again Hoshi sighed. She put both hands on the glass and leaned her forehead against the window.

"That bad, huh?" Malcolm asked.

"Not really. I just miss being at home at Christmas. Family and all the things we used to do together, you know."

Malcolm grunted. He imagined Hoshi's family Christmases were much different from those he'd experienced with his family.

Before he could continue down that bleak path of memories, Hoshi said, "At some point during the holidays, we'd go outside on a clear night and gaze up at the stars. When I was little, my father used to tease me, telling me to find the star that was over the stable."

"Oh? Oh! You mean in Bethlehem."

"Yes," she said. "I'd look and look and look, but I never could find one that shone a whole lot brighter than all the rest. I guess I just wanted to come look for it now that I'm out in space. The stars do shine brighter out here."

Malcolm was touched that Hoshi had told him about this family tradition of hers. If he'd done anything like that, he didn't know if he'd have the nerve to tell someone.

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"Did you find it tonight?" he asked gently.

"No. But the quiet, being surrounded by stars, it makes you realize that you are a tiny little thing in the grand scheme of the universe. It's...awe-inspiring."

Malcolm nodded. "Especially now, without the engine running, the quiet is absolutely deafening. Reminds me of what 'Silent Night' is all about," he said seriously.

Hoshi turned her gaze to him, a small smile on her lips. "That's very poetic, Malcolm."

He was glad for the darkness so that she couldn't see the blush that crept into his cheeks at her words. Desperate to change the subject, he brought up the first thing he could think of. "I'll be glad when the engine is up and I can get the weapons back online."

"Are you expecting trouble?" Hoshi asked.

"Not really. Everyone else seems to think everything will be fine, but all the same..."

"Remember the season," she told him.

The apparent non sequitur confused him. "What has the season got to do with no weapons and no engine at the moment?" he asked.

"Christmas has always been a time of hope...and faith," she said softly. "I know you're worried, but have faith, Malcolm. By tomorrow morning, the engine will be working and you'll have your weapons back."

He chuckled. "Well, as you said, it's a season of hope. Here's hoping that we're back up to par tomorrow."

In the awkward moment that followed his statement, he was once again aware of the all-encompassing stillness of the ship. Then he remembered something.

"Seeing as how you couldn't find your star, I have a small -- very small -- substitute for you," he said, reaching into his pocket and pulling out the napkin. Unwrapping it, he handed her one of the sugar cookies.

"A star!" she said in delight as she looked at the cookie. "How perfect!"

He smiled at her obvious pleasure in the small offering.

"It's the least I could do to help you observe your family tradition. Merry Christmas, Hoshi."

"Merry Christmas, Malcolm, and...thank you."

--the end--

Christmas In Space

JadziaKathryn

[Originally published in the](#)

[Warp 5 Complex](#)

Author's note: This is set sometime after Season 4, but ignores the finale.

Taking into account human sentimentality, the arrangements made for Christmas were logical. Due to escalating conditions with the Romulans, and the omnipresent threat of war, it seemed unwise to have a Christmas party which would distract the entire crew. This was simply unacceptable, especially to her bonded husband. So T'Pol had suggested rendezvousing with the Columbia. On Christmas Eve, the Columbia would host a Christmas party for half of each ship's crew. Then on Christmas Day, Enterprise would host a party for the rest of the crews.

She and Trip, along with Dr. Phlox, were the members of Enterprise's senior staff who pulled "Christmas Eve" out of the Santa hat. After several Christmases spent with humans, T'Pol was no longer surprised by Santa hats.

Nor was she surprised by mistletoe. Therefore, she stopped before entering the mess hall. There was no mistletoe over the door, so she entered. Despite the swags of garland that hung from the ceiling, she was able to locate the mistletoe quickly.

"So, where is it?" asked Trip, who found her aversion to mistletoe—or rather, what it signified—somewhat entertaining. He knew that she meant every word of their marriage vows, both human and Vulcan. She was discomforted by public kissing, however.

"In each of the four corners," she replied. "Is this a usual place for mistletoe?"

"Well, there aren't any specific rules about where mistletoe goes, but stickin' it in the corner isn't my favorite place."

She raised an eyebrow slightly and allowed him to lead her to the drinks. In carefully labeled pitchers were holiday drinks: eggnog and mulled cider, both available in alcoholic and non-alcoholic varieties. Trip, aware of her preferences, poured her a cup of non-alcoholic cider. He then proceeded to pour himself alcoholic eggnog.

"Please remember that it is most unpleasant for me when you are inebriated." It strained her mental control nearly to the breaking point when he had overindulged at Lieutenant Reed's 'bachelor party.'

He set down the pitcher and picked up the non-alcoholic eggnog. "One cup of half 'n' half, then I'll switch to plain, okay?"

She nodded. It was an agreeable compromise. Taking a sip of her cider, she surveyed the room. Columbia's mess hall was draped in many meters of garland, and she wondered how they managed to justify having such an amount. Christmas decorations on Enterprise were largely makeshift.

Soft instrumental music was playing, and although she did not recognize the music, it was presumably Christmas-

oriented. T'Pol wondered if many of Columbia's crewmembers opted not to attend either Christmas celebration. Only two people from Enterprise had chosen to forego the celebration. Even crewmembers with no strong attachment to religion were enthusiastic about Christmas.

Over the table containing various snack foods hung a wreath. It appeared to be fashioned out of scraps from the quartermaster's stock, and the blue of Starfleet uniforms dominated the color scheme.

Trip selected a cookie in the shape of a snowman. T'Pol had never seen a snowman, and in truth it was not high on the list of things she would like to see in her life. Nonetheless, Trip was excited by the detail of the decoration, so she looked at the cookie in an attempt to appreciate it.

"Even the coal eyes are realistic!" he exclaimed.

"I am surprised that this many cookies are available, considering the detail put into the individual decoration," she said after a moment.

"Of course, you don't even want a sugar cookie."

"Not especially."

"You can't just eat the veggie platter at a Christmas party!"

Although only Trip would know, she found his indignation amusing. "I believe," she said after a moment, "I will try a small gingerbread man." Other than the occasional thin slice of pecan pie, she did not embrace sugary foods as Trip did, but she had never eaten a gingerbread man, and Ensign Sato insisted that they were 'scrumptious beyond belief.'

She selected a cookie. It had raisin eyes, a thin frosting mouth, and a substance she did not recognize arranged as boots. "Trip?"

"Hmm?" he replied through a mouthful of sugar cookie.

"What is this?" she pointed to the unknown substance.

He swallowed and bent over for a closer look. "Chopped up dates. You might like 'em. They're sorta like raisins, only, well, not."

"That is not a very helpful description, but I will try it." Carefully, so as not to touch other cookies, she picked up her selection.

Trip watched while she bit off a foot and tasted the dates. "Whatcha think?"

"It is," she said after swallowing, "an agreeable cookie."

"Commanders!" Dr. Phlox called out. "Happy Christmas!"

"Have you been talkin' with Malcolm again?" inquired Trip in his mock serious voice. "'Cause the rest of the world says 'Merry Christmas.'"

"That is yet another subject on which they cannot agree," added T'Pol.

"Ah, yes. Well, are you enjoying yourselves?"

"Yep. We sure are," replied Trip. A new song began to play, and he smiled. "'Hark the Herald Angels Sing.' We sang this a lot when I was a kid. Never could hit the high notes after I was thirteen, though."

"This is a pleasant party. I recommend the mulled cider," suggested T'Pol.

Phlox took a cup and poured some non-alcoholic cider for himself. Seeing this, Trip feigned horror. "You're missin' the good stuff!"

"I assure you, Commander, that this is perfectly 'good stuff.'" With that, Phlox was off to greet new arrivals.

"Let's get this party started!" announced a lieutenant from Columbia whom T'Pol did not recognize. "Alright folks, we've got our first victims!"

Suddenly T'Pol found that all eyes were on her and Trip. "Are we under mistletoe?" she asked him, allowing him to sense her trepidation.

He looked up. "Clever. It can roll on the garland."

"That may be clever, but it is also nefarious."

He chuckled. "Well, that may be takin' it a bit too far."

"Alright, you two," called out a voice from the crowd.

T'Pol began to utter her refusal, but Trip spoke instead. "We're gonna kiss, alright," he said. His mental assurance calmed her somewhat, but she was still concerned. "But," he continued, "we're gonna do it Vulcan style."

While she had never before appreciated the expression 'Vulcan kiss,' T'Pol was glad that Trip had coined the term. Lifting her hand, she extended two fingers to meet Trip's. Onlookers were disappointed, but the crewmembers from Enterprise were hardly surprised. Brushing their fingers, she sensed his amusement and consideration for her concerns more strongly. Contact strengthened their bond, and when they broke their fingers apart, she found that she had not minded their turn under the mistletoe very much after all.



"Dealing With The Sharks ..." Continued from page 23

Unfortunately, no Fanfic site is complete without its share of Fanfic Critics, known mostly as F.C.'s or Grumblers. They usually consist of those – such as poor Joe Schmo – who have had bad experiences publishing Fanfic and have, subsequently, “turned to the Dark Side”. They prowl the dark corners of the web picking up things like spelling mistakes and minor plot inconsistencies, determined to publicly announce them in a post and get the unfortunate author branded an Amateur for life.

I have encountered many F.C.'s in my life as a Web-Author (Yes, that *is* a word!), one being so picky that he quoted my Fanfic dozens of times, then followed them by corrections and what I *should* have written. Being that this was the first Fanfic that I had ever posted in my life, I was so upset that I deleted the story off the site and buried it in the depths of my 'Writing' folder on my computer – determined never to touch it again.

Although something like this may be scarring, it's always wise to remember that for every F.C. there's a genuine fan waiting to read your work. I found this out the next week, when I posted a different Fanfic and was bombarded with 15-20 reviews by people who found my writing funny, witty and entertaining. It's genuine readers like that which make you feel like a professional... and it's when you feel like a professional that you know you've found the right place to post. You don't even have to limit yourself to one Fanfic community, you can use the same Fanfic over and over, or post new ones and link to your older ones. Mostly, success as a Fanfic writer involves a *lot* of self-promotion.

Fanfics are a great way to exercise your creative flair and show off how much you know about a subject. There can be Fanfics on anything; from t.v. shows to video games... there's even Bible Fanfic! Star Trek Fanfic would probably make up about 35-40% of Fanfics on the net today... and that's not including Fanfilms. It is *very* rare to come across a Fanfiction website that doesn't have some large amount of Star Trek Fanfic present. Fanfiction.net had 10 991 at the last count (Under the category "[T.V. Shows](#)", which means that this number doesn't include the category "Movies".) and there are more being added every day.

So when it comes to finding the right place for your Fanfic, it's always important to research and find the best possible site that suits your work when you enter the big, bad world of Fanfic writing. Rather than becoming a fish out of water or falling prey to the sharks, figuring out exactly who you want to hand your work over to can make all the difference between being a Joe Schmo or being a Michael Jan Freidman.

Star Trek Carols

Anonymous

Note: The Trek Christmas carols on pages 5, 9, 15, 17 & 21 were mostly posted to rec.humor.funny on 12 May 1991 by Jonathan Ingram (ingram@usmcp6.UUCP), who ``got [them] from a friend of mine, who got them from a BBS in New Orleans." I found them on [Greg Roelofs website](#) as well as on [Ajokes.com](#)

The remainder are collected, uncredited on [About.Com](#)

Captain Kirk is Beaming to Town

(To "Santa Claus is Coming to Town")

*You want a good fight
To set the world right?
Are you an alien babe who's free for the night?
Captain Kirk is beaming to town.*

*With his officer Spock
And Montgomery Scott,
Dr. McCoy
(He's a doctor, not a toy!)
Captain Kirk is beaming to town.*

*He faced off the "real" Klingons
Who looked more like ourselves.
He beat them on the head real good
And sneered, "Are you Klingons or Christmas elves?"*

*Oh, you all better live
By the Prime Directive!
With his phasers on stun
He knows best for everyone.
Captain Kirk is beaming to town*

Yes, Captain Kirk is beaming...to town!

Data, The Fast-Fingered Android

(To "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" - for Will)

*Data, the Fast-Fingered Android,
Was sort of like Pinocchio.
He longed to be a "real" boy,
Not a walking Nitendo.*

*All of the rest of Starfleet,
Treated him just like a slave.
Like he was some Hal computer,
They'd taunt him with, "Good morning, Dave."*

*Then upon the Enterprise
Jean-Luc came to say,
"Data, with your fingers fast,
Come work with us and save the day!"*

*Now all of the crews in Starfleet
Wish they had an android too!
Data, the fast-fingered android,
You can't love us, but we love you!*

Q Ride

(Sung to the tune of "Sleigh Ride.")

*Just hear my fingers snapping
While a mortal yapping
Stands by.
It all goes so absurdly.
Hasn't he heard he
Will die?*

*Hey, do you know my IQ?
Well, I deny you'll
Arrive.
At just how astounding's
The number 2000
And five.*

*The Continuum is one big long and winding road.
With the wave of a hand I can turn all of Man into a horny
toad.*

*I know when I pop into your bed
You don't want my advice.
But if you'd ever met R, S, or T
You'd know all we Q are nice!*

*With all those Trekkers I'm pleasing
When I show once a season
Or two.
The Neilson's would be in heaven
With a show just with Seven
And Q!*

*Listen up! Listen up! Listen up!
Jean-Luc.
Will Riker's a kook.
Listen up! Listen up! Listen up!
Kathryn.*

*Ditch young Harry Kim.
You're staking your ships
On those drips,
When you could both by my dear friends!*

*I don't see how your race is surviving
The suffering and dying
You do.
It's all just so much better
As my favorite letter:
The Q.*

The Future of Christmas?

By Kirok of L'Stok

I've formatted this issue as best I can and - oh, no! - I find that I'm finishing on an odd numbered page! Of course all of my hypothetical readers out there are printing this out double sided (ecologically enlightened environmentalists that we are) so I need an extra page and Bruce, our CO, who is normally never short of something to say, is not on line.

I *have* had some questions percolating through the ol' grey matter as I've been gathering the material for this issue about the place that Christmas holds in Star Trek. I had this whole spiel worked out about how the lack of major religious celebrations in Star Trek was a loss ... then I found that Julia Houston had beaten me to it! In [her excellent little article](#) on About.com, she points out that the only major reference to Christmas is the idealistic dream scene of Picard in the Nexus shown in Generations.



The problem as I see it is that the writers of Star Trek - and yes, I'm taking Gene to task here as well - fail to realise that religious holidays represent definite philosophical as well as spiritual values. I am not as conversant with the religious holidays of other cultures as I should be, but I do have a firm grasp of the principles that our Christian holidays are supposed to espouse.

I suppose you can understand that in a future that is ruled by technology, faith as such could be seen as illogical. Christians cannot prove the virgin birth of Christ even though they celebrate it, nor for that matter can they prove the resurrection that is the basis of Easter. That's why they call it faith - you accept them even though there is no empirical proof. However I would assume that there would be at least pockets of traditionalists left, just as Chakotay's people survived as a culture. As an aside, I might point out that Star Trek makes a great show of tolerance towards less well developed cultures, as evidenced by the Prime Directive - surely they would not show any less tolerance towards human religions?



Even if the religious basis of the celebrations is discounted, does this mean that the celebration itself is redundant? Christmas as a time of celebration, fellowship with strangers, family gatherings, gift giving, feasting and generally wishing for 'peace on Earth and goodwill towards all sentient beings.' Surely all of these are good ideals and to NOT celebrate Christmas because it might not be politically correct to celebrate a western, Christian holiday is to loose more than we could possibly gain!

Even if the religious significance of the celebrations were to be ignored, the celebration days we recognise now hold an objective significance that any Vulcan would admit to. Easter as a time of contemplation of mortality, Valentines Day as a celebration of love, Lent as a time of fasting, Remembrance day (whenever your nation celebrates it) as a time to remember the sacrifices of those who have defended our freedom. In our household we celebrate St Patrick's day, not because we are Irish (although we have the Orange and the Green in our family from my wife's side) but because it is my Grandfather's birthday and I *liked* him!

I remember reading once that, with the increase of technology and automation in industry, we will have more free time and working out what to do with that free time will become an industry in itself! Even within Star Trek canon this can be seen, with the different ways that the holodeck can be used, Harry Kim's clarinet practise and Riker's jazz Trombone performances, Spock's Vulcan lute playing and Bev Crusher's dance studio and amateur theatre.

People will remain people even in the 24th century, unless there is some form of mind control or genetic manipulation and we are told that neither of these is accepted as permissible. A spacecraft as huge as the Galaxy class will be like a flying city and will require celebrations in just the same way that any society requires them, as focal points for communal values, strengthening social ties and as release valves for what could become antisocial behaviour.

Extrapolating on the idea of spare time on a spaceship, one wonders whether the entertainment will be recorded or live? If the best entertainment in the federation can be played back as a HoloNovel, would people want to listen to amateurs live? My personal guess is that everyone aboard a space ship will have at least two duties - eg: First Officer & jazz player, CO & Archaeologist. That they would have their primary function (say Medical Officer) as well as a secondary function (theatrical producer) that would contribute something towards the cultural life of the ship.

Who then would take the place of a priest in such a society? Sure, the ship's counsellor helps with psychological problems, but does Deanna Troi provide a social focal point for spiritual matters? Her job seems more of an extension of the medical profession and at best would give what is termed pastoral care.

This is one of the uses of fan fiction, to develop on questions such as these. If you can't find one that addresses the questions you have ... why not write one? Fanfic as social commentary? Absolutely!

Cheers

Kirok of L'Stok





ODDITIES

ENTERPRISE: "Curiosity Killed the Cat"



Enterprise Oddities

<http://www.captainsoma.com/enterpriseoddities/main.html>

Ivy LeVangie's work is pretty unique amongst Star Trek fan art. As she says on her website ... *This site was created purely out of the desire to see an Enterprise fan art gallery on the internet... And I'm not talking about Photoshop manipulated images or 3-D rendered graphics either... This is the real deal. Hand drawn original artwork.*

Her playful sense of humor and originality match her artistic skill and style. Her expressive, Anime style interpretation of the crew of the Enterprise captures the spirit of the characters beautifully.

Unfortunately, she doesn't seem to have produced any more new work in over a year so it is entirely possible that this is all we might ever see of it. But it's an impressive body of work, none-the-less! There's a comic strip, desktops, calendars, avatars, even paper dolls! Absolutely amazing talent!

Checkout her website and send her some feedback on the contact email address there. Who knows, perhaps if she gets enough requests, she might take up her pen again?



You see T'Pol, it's somewhat of a tradition...