

FanFic

Stardate 2258.9 .

Doctor McCoy was in an uncharacteristic good mood. Sick bay was empty and it looked like he would be part of the landing party for a plum, and safe, assignment. Apparently there was some sort of historical phenomenon that Starfleet wanted the Enterprise to study. Late tonight, the Enterprise will slingshot around the sun and enter Earth's past, the early 21st century.

McCoy didn't care much for time travel and didn't look forward to having his atoms scrambled when he beamed down tomorrow morning. But the assignment looked relatively safe. The crew was to be deep undercover, wearing traditional 21st century clothing, and it seemed unlikely that people were likely to get hurt. This put McCoy in a rare good mood.

McCoy decided to celebrate his good fortune with Scotty. Scotty always had the best supply of Saurian Brandy and McCoy could do with a belt. Scotty was in good spirits too. He was also supposed to go on the away mission and was looking to increase his supply with some authentic single malt scotches of the 21st century. "Just think of it," Scotty said, "21 century single malt scotch. Think how it will have aged when we get back to our own time."

McCoy was a little doubtful. He didn't think that scotch would age like that and mentioned that it was unlikely Scotty would be able to obtain quality single malt scotch in Mount Laurel, New Jersey, but Scotty was hopeful nonetheless.

Dr. McCoy was a little tipsy when he arrived back in sick bay late that night, and he was especially surprised to see Mr. Spock there rummaging through his stuff. "Why Mister Spock," Dr. McCoy drawled just a little drunkenly, "whatever are you doing here at this hour? If I didn't know better, you were trying to raid my sick bay without my permission."

Spock was not normally at a loss for words, but all he could do was stammer as his friend walked closer. McCoy cocked an eyebrow, "Spock? Is something wrong? You are acting strangely..."

McCoy was concerned. Spock was acting strangely. Sweat was building on his forehead, and he was eyeing McCoy strangely, almost pleadingly. Suddenly Spock turned and rushed quickly out of sickbay, not saying another word. McCoy was puzzled, but the drink was a bit too much and he turned back to his quarters and went to sleep.

McCoy didn't see Spock at breakfast the next morning and was getting concerned. He planned to talk to Captain Kirk about it in the transporter room, but was unable to get the chance. "Jim, this is important. I think it is something you should hear."

"Not now, Bones. We have less than two hours before whatever the event that we need to observe happens. Tell me after we beam down and get situation."

"But."

Kirk just waived off his chief medical officer and stepped on the transporter pad. The four officers followed suit. “Five to beam down Mister Kirby.” The world shimmered, disappeared and came back into focus. And then they were in New Jersey.

Kirk was busy with his communicator while McCoy tried to get his medical tricorder working. The damn thing was acting up, giving nonsensical reading before failing altogether. He was about to say something when he was interrupted by Lieutenant Uhura.

“Captain,” said Uhura, “I think there is something blocking the communicators.”

“The tricorders aren’t working either Captain,” replied Mr. Spock.

Scotty looked his over. “I believe that I can get them working, but I’m going to need help.”

Captain Kirk looked over his crew. “Very Good. Scotty, Uhuru, Spock, get those tricorders and communicators working. Bones, come with me.”

And with that, Captain Kirk and his medical officer walked over to the group of strangers who had just arrived.

McCoy was much more concerned now. This was obviously not going to be the simple mission he had hoped for. Before his tricorder stopped working, he was able to get some sort of reading about elevated hormone levels in all the crew, including himself. Was something affecting them all? He knew he would have to keep his eyes open, looking for odd behavior. Good, a physician’s senses were some of his best tools; technology can only take you so far and then you need a good head on your shoulders.

But McCoy still wanted to discuss his suspicions with Jim once they were alone and away from the strangers. They didn’t want to change history after all.

The Others

Captain James T. Kirk: Your best friend and captain. He has a good head on his shoulders and you need to talk to him about Spock.

Lieutenant Spock: The First Officer of the Enterprise. He was acting strangely last night, rummaging through sick bay.

Lieutenant Uhura: The communications officer. She is a good crewmember.

Montgomery “Scotty” Scott: The chief engineer. He is also a close friend and drinking buddy.

You haven’t met the others yet, but here are some first impressions.

Buffy Summers: She puzzles you. She seems to not be that bright, but the rest of her group look up to her as a leader.

Alexander "Xander" LaVelle Harris: He seems like a nice enough kid. Again, there is more to him than would immediately meet the eye.

Willow Rosenberg: She is an academic of some kind.

Rupert Giles: He is also a researcher. He reminds you of Spock just a little bit, maybe if Spock actually had real human emotions.

Angel: There is definitely something odd about this one. For one thing, he's sparkling in the sunlight.

Professor Severus Snape: He also reminds you of Spock. He seems to be damping all his emotions, although he's pretty nasty.

Harry Potter: There is an odd dynamic going on regarding the children from Hogwarts. You are unsure what to make of it.

Hermione Granger: You can tell that she is very intelligent. But she's hiding something.

Ronald Weasley: He seems nervous and a bit clumsy.

Draco Malfoy: What a brat.

Mary Sue Johnson: Oh my, she is one lovely lady. You would love to dally with her.

Skills and Stuff

Combat: Below Average

Research: Excellent

Magic: Horrible

Engineering: Average

Sex: Average

Medical: You may heal a severely wounded or slightly wounded character to normal. If your medical tricorder hasn't been fixed yet, then you have to complain about the primitive methods you're forced to use. This takes 5 minutes.

You may also use the mechanic to make medicines. See the GM when you think you are ready to do so.

Save Lives: Once your medical tricorder is repaired, you may save the life of a character who has died within the past 3 minutes, bringing them back to Normal. 2 Uses: ☐☐