

Rear Admiral Robert P. Stuart stood in front of the window that provided a clear view of San Francisco Bay. He looked out, focusing on the ancient symbol of the city—The Golden Gate Bridge. As he examined the scene before him, Robert recalled the memories of the last five decades. He thought back to the first time that he saw the bridge as a teenager visiting Starfleet Academy when his mother taught there. Only a few years later, Rob graduated from that time-honored institution and shipped out on his first deep-space assignment. Now, forty-four years later, his daughter prepared to ship out on her first voyage. She was about to embark on a journey that would add to the family legacy.

The door chime interrupted Rob's reminiscing. "Come in," he said as he turned away from the window to face the door.

The wood-grain door swished open and Ensign Kelly Elizabeth Stuart entered the admiral's office. She started to move toward her father, but stopped suddenly and snapped to attention. "Ensign Kelly Stuart reporting, Sir."

Stuart smiled at his daughter. She learned her lessons well, and she would not let her familial relationship prevent her from observing proper protocol. "At ease, Ensign." Stuart walked toward and around his daughter, inspecting her uniform. He completed his circle around her and faced the young woman. He noticed that she wore her uniform with pride. He smiled at his daughter and hugged her. "I'm proud of you, Kelly."

"Thanks Dad." Kelly gave her father a wide grin. "I never would have got this far without your and mom's support."

"Don't sell yourself short, Kelly. You graduated in the top ten percent of your class and you managed to get a posting on the newest ship in the fleet."

"You didn't pull any strings did you?"

Rob frowned. "You know me better than that, Kelly." He turned away and walked to the other side of his desk. He pointed to one of the chairs opposite his as he sat down. "You got this posting on your own merits. You should know that I don't pull strings."

Kelly sat down and placed her elbows on the desk while interlacing her fingers. She smiled mischievously. "I know, but I like to see your reaction when I mention it."

Robert shook his head. "You're getting more like your mother everyday."

"Thank you." Kelly leaned back in the chair. "Some of my classmates invited me to go out on the town tonight before we all go to our assignments."

Rob frowned. "I thought you were planning to have dinner with the family tonight. Your brother and Uncle Sean are shuttling in from the Atlantic and Uncle Bob is coming, too."

"Don't worry, Dad. I'll be there. I told my friends that I already had plans with my family."

"I know how important your friends are to you, honey."

"They are, but family comes first. Besides, Kevin said he'd track me down if I didn't show."

Rob laughed. He knew that both his children liked to tease each other, more so now that they were adults who rarely saw each other. Each of his children had chosen career paths that made family time together a rarity during the last four years.

Kelly's face lost its good-natured appearance. "Are you disappointed that Kev didn't follow in your footsteps?"

"You mean go to the Academy and join Starfleet? I hoped that both of you would follow my example, but I'm not disappointed in Kevin. He had to follow his heart and do what he wanted just as you did. He is a scientist, which is what you are and what I am. He just chose to pursue science as a civilian. I don't have a problem with that."

"I wish he would have pursued it in Starfleet."

"Well, at least your Uncle Sean is pleased. Your grandfather would have been proud as well. Sean says that Kevin has the makings of a top marine biologist. He says that your brother's graduate studies are well under way and that he will probably finish at least a whole year ahead of the rest of his class."

"Yeah, just like he did at MIT. He always excelled in school."

"You're not jealous, are you?"

Kelly shook her head. "No, Dad. I know that I'm just as smart as he is," she said with a grin.

Rob smiled back at his daughter. "Don't forget that, Kelly."

"I won't. And I won't let Kev forget it either."

Rob nodded. He rose from his chair and moved back to look out the window. While keeping his back to his daughter, he began to speak in his most fatherly manner. "I want to pass something on to you, Kelly. I want you to know that you come from a long line of people dedicated to serving the Federation." He turned to face his daughter. "I don't want to downplay the Stuarts' contribution because most of them chose not to join Starfleet;

however, they did serve in their own ways through advancing the sciences and mankind in many different ways. But the Hathaway side of the family has a long tradition of serving through Starfleet that goes back to before the Federation's founding."

Kelly leaned forward slightly. "Who was the first in our family to serve in Starfleet?"

Stuart returned to his seat. "Daniel Hathaway was the first. He was one of many heroes during the Earth-Romulan War that resulted in the birth of the Federation."

"A hero? What did he do to become a hero?"

"He didn't intend on becoming hero. He was just an ordinary junior officer who was in the right place at the right time." Rob smiled at Kelly. "He did his duty to the best of his ability."

Kelly thought hard about what her father was trying to say. She knew that he would worry about her going into parts unknown. He of all people knew the risks and dangers of life aboard a starship that was about to go where none have gone before. It was only natural that he would show concern and play down the heroic notions that he might think would go through her mind as a recent Academy graduate about to leave on her first mission. Especially when that mission involved serving on the most advanced class of starship ever built. Kelly knew that her father's concern centered on the fact that she would be heading to unexplored regions of the Delta Quadrant. As far as anyone knew, the alternate Kathryn Janeway had eliminated the Borg a quarter century earlier, but there was no guarantee that a remnant did not remain. "Tell me about him."

Admiral Stuart began to tell his daughter about her heritage. "The war had gone on for almost three years and both sides had suffered many losses in both personnel and equipment. The Starfleet admirals realized that they had to strike a final blow to the Romulans if Earth was to survive."

Space, the Final Frontier...

## Star Trek: Legacy

### "Unity from the Ashes" By Cleve Johnson

The *Discovery*, along with the *Challenger*, four of the new Icarus-class cruisers, and three of the older warp three ships approached the planet Cheron. The bulk of what was left of the Romulan fleet, according to intelligence reports, had begun to gather in orbit around the planet. Starfleet Command had assumed that the Romulans were amassing their fleet for a major offensive of their own.

Lieutenant J.G. Daniel Hathaway entered the bridge. He started toward the flight control station since it was the usual time for change of shift, and Hathaway was the usual Beta shift pilot.

Captain Joseph Stiles watched as Hathaway attempted to relieve Lieutenant Commander Rosa Ortega, the Alpha shift pilot. "We're getting ready to go into battle, Lieutenant. Nothing personal, but I want Commander Ortega at the helm for this."

Hathaway slowly turned to his commanding officer. "But it's my watch, Captain."

"Commander Ortega is more experienced, Lieutenant. You go down to auxiliary control and monitor the situation."

"Aye, sir." Daniel left the bridge, disappointed and alone. He knew that regulations required an officer be on duty in the back-up control room during tactical alert mode, and it was considered an important job; however, he didn't feel like he was contributing to his ship as much as he would if he were on the bridge.

Daniel entered auxiliary control and took his place at the helm station. Two chief petty officers and three other crewmembers operated the other back-up stations. All of the enlisted personnel seemed unenthusiastic as they grudgingly monitored what their counterparts were doing on the "real" bridge.

Suddenly, Daniel and the others were thrown from their chairs as the ship shook violently. Daniel was the first to climb back into position despite another powerful lurch. "What was that?"

One of the chief petty officers managed to crawl back to the science station that she previously had been thrown from. "Sir, external sensors are down!"

"Communications, raise the bridge," Daniel ordered.

The crewman at the communications console ran his speedy fingers across his panel. "Sorry, Lieutenant. I'm just getting static."

“Lieutenant Hathaway, internal sensors show a hull breach on deck one,” the woman at the science station said. “I don’t read any life signs on the bridge.”

Daniel realized that he was in command, at least until one of his superiors arrived to take over. Unfortunately, most of his superiors were on the bridge prior to the hull breach. “Contact Commander Truscott in engineering and inform him of the situation.”

The crewman at communications nodded. “Aye, sir.”

Daniel spun around in his chair to face the petty officer at the tactical station. “Is the hull polarized, Chief?”

“No, sir. We lost polarization on the first volley. Power to all but the forward phase cannons is down. Torpedoes are loaded and ready to fire, Lieutenant.”

Daniel turned back to his console. “Communications, give me external visual.”

The viewer came to life, showing two Romulan ships coming right toward the *Discovery*. Daniel focused on the alien vessels as they approached with gun ports open. He quickly entered a set of commands that threw the Earth ship into a spin just as the Romulan ships opened fire.

The *Discovery* shook as a glancing beam of green energy hit the port nacelle. “Tac, lock on to those ships.”

“Targeting lock is not functioning, Lieutenant.”

“Then make your best guess and fire phase cannons.”

The ship shook, putting further strain on the already taxed inertial dampening system.

“I got off a shot, but it missed,” the man at tactical said. “Shall I try again?”

“Keep firing until you hit something.” Daniel turned toward the communications crewman. “Did you get Commander Truscott?”

“Commander Truscott has been taken to sickbay with severe plasma burns, sir. Ensign MacDonald is in charge of engineering.”

Daniel’s world collapsed around him. He had trained for every conceivable situation, but he never expected to be the one who everyone counted on to make the right decisions. He stole a quick glance around the room, noticing every pair of eyes pleading with him to save the ship and crew. He knew that it was up to him—the weight of command now pressed down on his shoulders. “Tell Mac to divert as much power as he can to the impulse drive.”

The communications technician acknowledged the order and repeated it to engineering.

Daniel focused on the image of the two Romulan ships that still approached. “Hang on!” Daniel executed another roll maneuver. “Tactical, prepare to fire torpedoes on my command. I’m going to position us nose to nose, so you can’t miss.”

The tactical chief armed the torpedoes and prepared to hit the firing button. “Aye, aye.”

The woman at the science station looked to the helm. “The *Dauntless* is heading this way, Lieutenant.”

“Will they get here in time to save our sorry butts?”

“Doubtful, sir.”

“Then we’ll just have to do it ourselves. TAC, I’m in position. Fire!”

“Firing.”

Every man and woman in the room watched the viewer. The Romulan warships tried to veer off, but the closest one did not have time to avoid the torpedo impact.

The petty officer at tactical smiled. “Direct hit, Skipper. We blew a hole in her side.”

“Great job, Chief.” Daniel watched the image of the damaged enemy vessel spin out of control. “Here comes the other one.”

“They’re positioning for optimum firing, sir,” the chief at tactical said.

Daniel moved his hands toward the RCS controls and punched in the calculations to cause the ship to spin rapidly toward the Romulan ship in order to avoid the enemy’s fire. He pushed the impulse thruster controls to full speed at the same time, putting the *Discovery* on a collision course with the other spacecraft. “Let’s see if the Roms want to play a game of chicken.”

“Forward torpedo tubes reloaded, Skipper,” TAC said.

“Can you lock on?”

“That’s a negative, Lieutenant.”

“I’ll try to keep our bow pointed right at them, then.” Daniel Hathaway worked his controls as quickly as he could make his fingers move. The enemy ship grew larger on the viewer as Daniel engaged the booster rockets. He intended to ram the Romulan ship, and he thought that his next command would be his last. “Fire!”

Daniel and his crew watched as two torpedoes raced toward the ship in front of them. Both made contact with the forward section of the Romulan vessel, destroying its forward plasma cannons before it could fire on

*Discovery*; however, Daniel did not have time to veer away before the two ships would make contact. He quickly glanced to each of member of his crew, and turned to face the image of the oncoming ship. "It was a pleasure to serve with you."

Daniel closed his eyes as he awaited death. But death never came.

"Sir, the skipper of the *Dauntless* is hailing," the communications tech stated.

Daniel opened his eyes and saw a fiery debris field dissipate on the viewer in front of him. "On screen."

The debris field and the stellar background blurred to be replaced by the image of the *Dauntless* bridge. The commanding officer stood and took a few steps forward. "This is Captain Samuel Fry of the *Dauntless*. Where is Captain Stiles?"

"This is Lieutenant J.G. Daniel Hathaway. Sir, I regret to inform you that Captain Stiles and the entire command staff are dead...except for our chief engineer. He is in sickbay with severe burns."

"Joe Stiles is dead? I was afraid of that when I saw the damage to the bridge." Fry closed his eyes and bowed his head for several seconds. He looked back toward Daniel. "Lieutenant, you did a great job drawing those two Rom ships off us, but you really surprised me when you actually took them out in your condition."

"Actually sir, I expected to die in the process. Thank you for finishing that second one off for us."

"Don't mention it, Lieutenant. When this is over, I plan to recommend you for a promotion and Starfleet's highest commendation. You saved your ship and made a significant contribution to the outcome of this battle."

"Thank you, Captain. I could not have done it without the men and women here with me."

"Understood, Lieutenant. You've done enough for today, but we need to get back to the battle. Our fleet has them on the run, and I don't want them to have a chance to regroup." Fry sat back in the center seat and nodded. "We'll be back to give any aid that you require."

"Thank you, sir." Daniel looked to his left to address the crewman at communications. "Jennings, see if you can get an update from the doc on Commander Truscott." He turned again to face the science station. "Chief Wells, coordinate with engineering to get damage control teams to the most critical areas of the ship."

"Ensign MacDonald has already assigned DC teams and they are already in place or on their way, sir."

"Good, I want to get us home under our own steam...if possible."

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Ensign Kelly Stuart smiled at her father. "Did he get his ship home?"

Rob nodded with a grin. "He did...and under the *Discovery*'s own power, too. The *Dauntless* escorted them home. Daniel was given a medal for heroism, and he was promoted to full Lieutenant. He managed to save his ship and all but eighteen of his crew."

"And he contributed to the end of the Earth-Romulan War."

"Most certainly. Starfleet even honored him and his crew by including the *Discovery* in the newly established Starfleet Museum. Starfleet decided to leave the ship just as she was when she returned home instead of repairing her." Rob turned to look out the window. "You know, Daniel didn't know the full importance of his role until more than a year later."

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Daniel Hathaway applauded as loud as anyone in the auditorium did as Captain Jonathan Archer concluded his speech. Daniel stood, applauding even louder as he watched Archer walk to the table at center stage and sign the Federation Charter as Earth's representative. The cheers continued as representatives of the other four founding worlds approached the table to sign the document that would bring unity to not only the five founding worlds, but also to nearly two hundred more planets by the end of the 24<sup>th</sup> century.

When the ceremony concluded, Daniel made his way to the nearest exit. Captain Samuel Fry intercepted him before Daniel reached the elevator. "Lieutenant Hathaway, may I walk with you?"

Daniel snapped to attention. "By all means, Captain."

"As you were, Lieutenant." Fry gave a firm pat on Daniel's back as the two officers walked through the auditorium's outer hall, away from the crowds of delegates, guests, and various Starfleet officers. "Have you received your orders yet?"

"Not yet, Captain. I've been ordered to Starfleet Command for a briefing at 0800 tomorrow."

"I'll be there, too." Fry smiled at Daniel. "I've asked for you to be my senior helm officer aboard the *Dauntless*."

Daniel stopped, followed by Fry, who turned to face him. "Sir, I'm honored. I never would have imagined that I would serve on the flagship of the new combined fleet."

"You deserve it, Lieutenant. You may not realize it, but your actions at the Battle of Cheron may have been the reason we were victorious."

Daniel stared in disbelief at the other officer. "I don't understand, Captain. I took out a couple of ships, but that shouldn't have made too much of a difference."

"The fact that you took out two top-of-the line Birds of Prey with a ship that was as damaged as yours was demoralized the Romulans. Within minutes of the second vessel that you destroyed, the rest of the Romulan fleet started to run."

"I thought you finished off the second ship."

"Doesn't matter who finished it off, Mister Hathaway. You put it out of commission, and that was a complete shock to the Romulans."

"I had no idea, Captain. Thank you." Daniel offered his hand to Fry, who reciprocated. "And thank you for asking for me to serve as your helmsman."

"Don't mention it, Lieutenant. By the way, you will double as second officer as well."

"I don't know what to say, sir."

Fry smiled. "I'll see you tomorrow at the briefing."

Daniel snapped to attention. "Aye, Captain." He watched as Samuel Fry turned and walked toward the myriad of human and alien delegates who were engaged in congratulatory conversations.

Two days later, Lieutenant Daniel Hathaway entered the bridge of the re-commissioned *USS Dauntless NCC-01*. He took his seat at the helm station and logged in. After checking the status board and familiarizing himself with the new controls, which were considerably more advanced than those of the NX-class ships were, he said, "Helm ready, Captain."

Captain Fry flipped the communications switch on his chair arm. "Attention all hands, prepare for departure." He closed the intra-ship channel. "Mister Hathaway, take us out of drydock."

Daniel complied by skillfully working the new controls to activate forward thrusters. "Heading, sir?"

"Toward the unknown, Lieutenant. The war is over, and we're explorers again."

Daniel turned and smiled. "Aye, Captain."

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Kelly rose from her chair and walked around her father's desk. "Permission to kiss the admiral?"

Rob smiled at his daughter. "Permission granted."

Kelly leaned over and kissed Rob's cheek. "Thank you, Daddy."

"For what?"

"For telling me about the family legacy." Kelly started toward the door. "I will see you and Mom at dinner."

Rob stood. "Where are you off to now?"

Kelly stopped and turned back to face her father. "I thought I would visit Starfleet Museum. The *Discovery* is still there, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. Berth two, right next to the *NX-01*."

"I'll see you later, Daddy," Kelly said as turned back toward the door.

As Rob watched his daughter leave, he thought about how much he already missed her. He also envied her, as he not only remembered his family legacy, but also his own first deep space assignment. "Always remember where you came from, daughter."

*To Be Continued...*