

Episode 2.10

Precise Timings

Voyager had never been so quiet, at least not since Neelix had tried to make his own cheese. Most corridors were empty, all stations had been abandoned, even quarters were abandoned. The only damage was contained to one room.

"My beloved wall! You'll pay for that out of your rations!" Neelix screeched toward a person shaped dent in the wall by the door. Despite the rowdy noise from 150 plus people stuffed into and around the Mess Hall and the blaring music, everyone heard him.

Who he had been yelling at only laughed despite the new ringing in his ears. "Put it on my tab," James said while repressing a smirk.

Neelix could only puff his cheeks and watch him leave, this time through the doors.

"A tab? What's that?" Neelix mumbled. He walked away through what little space there was amongst the crowd, towards his kitchen, the only empty part of Deck Two. "Computer...?"

Nearby a turbolift arrived with only one person on board, and about twenty waiting to get in. Morgan scurried out before she was crushed, her eyes wide.

"What the hell...?" she stuttered at the sight of the many people dotted around the corridor, blind stinking drunk and or already passed out.

After five minutes of pushing her way through the crowds, Morgan ran into somebody she recognised. Fortunately she seemed normal enough to approach. "Mum?"

Kathryn lifted her head up from the sofa, propping herself up uncomfortably on her elbows, leaving her legs sprawled out behind her and over the edge. With a serious expression she looked at her daughter. "What is it sweetheart, I'm very busy."

"Have you seen Craig? It's his birthday and we were going to go to the Holodeck," Morgan asked.

"We?" Kathryn roared while trying to get further up and failing.

"Yeah," Morgan groaned as if it were obvious, "just him, me, Jessie, James."

Kathryn laughed as she rolled over onto lying on her side. "Oh goodie. Yes, he's in here somewhere."

Morgan looked around helplessly. "Um, great," she said flatly. "What are we celebrating this time? One day since a shuttle crashing."

Kathryn gasped, almost throwing herself off the sofa. "Oh there he is!" she squealed as she ran off, making a path through to the middle of the room.

Morgan stared after her blankly. Seeing that the he was her dad, she followed in her wake.

"Tell me again about the angry warrior," Kathryn purred while tracing his forearm with her finger.

Chakotay smiled. "Well okay, one more time. There once was a warrior, and he was very angry."

"Oooh, grr," Kathryn teased.

Morgan quickly turned around and walked off, repressing a gag or two. That was when she spotted the drinks table. After seeing that she needed to visit it. To her disappointment she found it was manned.

"Hey um, I'll take that one," Morgan tried to sound confident while reaching for one of the glasses. A hand blocked her at the last second.

"And how old are you, young lady?" the owner of the hand asked.

Morgan cleared her throat and tried to smile through her lowering patience. "Come on Tom, you know me, I'm eighteen."

"Errggh!" Tom grunted loudly, making the poor girl jump. "Wrong. Drinking age is twenty one."

"But..." Morgan protested. Then she realised the table was remarkably full of glasses that were not empty. She eyed Tom suspiciously.

He looked super nervous, she heard him stuttering in his own head. *"If she grabs one... no, she won't know the difference. I'm safe. You tried."* He smiled, relieved.

"Is this fake..." Morgan started to ask.

Tom shoved one of the drinks into her hand. "Oh what harm is one. Off you go, now. Don't tell your mum."

Morgan pulled a face, and walked around with her drink that smelled only of lemonade. While she was taking a sip on that she passed the crowd around the replicator where a fight had broken out. A couple of crewmembers climbed onto the scuffle to order their refills.

"Morgan?" a muffled but familiar voice called for her. She didn't have time to turn, someone squeezed around to get in front of her. "Where've you been? This party's the best," Craig slurred, swaying as if he were a flag in the breeze.

"I thought you wanted to go to the Holodeck. That's where I was," Morgan tried not to snap.

Craig looked at her confused. "Are you asking me out? Wow, this is a great party."

"Eew no," Morgan groaned and cringed. "Your birthday you moron."

"Oh," Craig said very slowly, his eyes a million lightyears away. "Oh yeah, my birthday also clashes with that."

"With what? This isn't your party?" Morgan said.

Craig laughed, "oh god no, if it were mine no one would show up." He instantly looked down in the dumps, "aaaw, now it sucks."

Morgan rolled her eyes. "No, now it's a pity party. Look, tell me what's going on and we can still go to the Holodeck."

Craig brightened up considerably. "Really? I figured you'd know, it's..." His face fell, "oh, you weren't here back then."

"What?" Morgan snapped.

"Those were sadder times," Craig said sadly and walked off without her.

Morgan started to shake she was so mad. "Is there anyone sober on this stupid ship?" A speck of colour caught her eye. She looked across towards the window where she could see their ally ships flying next to them.

The Bridge:

Harry let out a massive relaxing sigh as he stretched out in the big chair. "Finally, a night shift staff

who respects me. This is the life." He remembered something, "oh Tactical, a shield update please." He tapped on the console in between the chairs. "Why, it's 100% sir and all thanks to you. Oh stop."

Typically Morgan had walked in halfway through that, and of course was judging him. She briefly scanned around the empty bridge.

"Oh sir, we'd love another one of your clarinet pieces," Harry said, still very much unaware she was there. "Ensign, that's sweet but I don't bring it with me, not to work."

Morgan walked around the banisters behind him so he'd see her.

"Not since the last time anyway," Harry muttered bitterly. He finally noticed her when she stood in front of him, he jumped out of his skin. "Jebus whist," he wheezed, pressing his hand on his chest.

"What?" Morgan muttered. She shook her head, "are you finished talking with all your friends?"

Harry got his breath back in time to scowl toward her. "You do know there's a party just one deck below us, right?"

"No I didn't notice," Morgan said, rolling her eyes to the side. "Did you finish early or get kicked out?"

"Haha," Harry said flatly. "What do you want? You know you're not allowed here when your parents aren't."

"Don't you worry. Like your adoring fans, I'm not here," Morgan said.

Harry sighed, relieved until she made her way towards the Ready Room. Typically that was when Opps bleeped repeatedly. He ran over while at the same time keeping an eye on her, only to trip over the banister and fall face first into the floor.

Morgan missed it all as she was too busy tapping the panel next to the stubborn door. A smashed panel later and she was in without a care in the world. It didn't take her long to get comfy in her mum's chair with her feet up on the desk.

The computer complained for a few minutes before she decided to press on it. The screen turned on to show Lilly, startling the both of them. "Oh, that's not the off button," Morgan complained.

"No. What's happening over there? The lights keep on flickering and I swear I saw someone hanging around outside," Lilly stuttered.

"Yeah probably," Morgan said, shrugging. Then she noticed she was sharing the chair with something stuck in the arm crevice. While she was fiddling about she heard a knock. "Come in?" was her automatic response. She noticed the doors were still open and no one was in sight.

Another loud knock and she realised it had come from the window. "Oh god!" she blurted out as soon as she looked across.

"What?" Lilly frantically asked.

Morgan wordlessly turned the computer around so she could also see Tom doing a back crawl outside the ship.

"Ohno," Lilly sighed, "this isn't another episode of his show, is it?"

"No..." Morgan answered hesitantly, "I don't think so." Light smoke drifted by her face, the smell of it forced her to hold her breath.

She followed the smoke to the door. Before she got there Harry spluttered, "what are you doing, you'll set off the..." An alarm sounded, Morgan also recognised the sound of a forcefield springing up. The smell started to fade away.

Outside wasn't so lucky, the whole bridge stunk. Harry scowled at Neelix standing by his station, puffing away on a cigarette, seemingly unaware a whisker was on fire.

"What? James told me he'd pay me back in tabs. It's good," Neelix said before he started coughing horribly. Once done he dropped like a stone to the ground.

Harry groaned and tapped his commbadge, "Doc?" He instantly regretted it since all he could hear was screaming from a woman and a baby.

Morgan quickly retreated back into the Ready Room to get away from it.

"I'm a little busy right now... what!?" the Doctor's voice grunted.

"I haven't said..." Harry stammered. "Neelix needs help."

"Well we all know that," the Doctor said in a grumpy tone.

Harry laughed nervously, "the medical kind. What's going on?"

"Apparently Sickbay is the new nursery when there's a party I'm not invited to. Danny's screaming set off one of the Torres babies, and the other decided to compete I think. I've had to seal the door to stop Kiara running out for the tenth time. Unless he's dying..."

Harry looked across at the fire spreading to Neelix's other whiskers. "Uh yeah, but maybe the kids should be moved."

"Oh I'll get right on it!"

Then finally there was silence. Harry's relief was short lived, Neelix coughed in his sleep. "Ok um, what would Janeway do?" A few seconds of brain racking later, he shouted "Morgan?"

Morgan stuck her head around the Ready Room doors with her eyes wider than normal. At first Harry thought it was Kathryn from the past.

"No!" she snapped like she was accused of something.

"Um, yes?" Harry improvised.

"Oh alright," Morgan groaned. She skipped out of the Ready Room clutching something. When Harry recognised it as the flask Kathryn only used during real emergencies, he started to sweat buckets.

"Can you pick up your sister, and the Torres kids from Sickbay and maybe..." Harry quickly said. Morgan laughed over him while batting the air in front of her face. "Keep them out of more trouble."

Morgan shrugged. "Okay, it's dirty in here anyway," she said on her way out. At the last second before the lift she swirled around, "oops, this one was for you."

Harry barely had time to question her, what looked like a laptop was hurtling towards his face. He ducked and it went flying over his head.

Morgan stepped into Sickbay looking a little worse for wear, and that was before she heard all of the screaming. Something blurred by her, she looked around back at the door as it shut.

"Oh great, she's out," the Doctor grunted. Danny stopped tightening her headlock on Ian to stare hopefully at the hologram, Ian as well. "What?"

"Um, er, where's the kiddos?" Morgan asked while averting her eyes away from them.

The Doctor sighed and pointed at the door. "Follow the noise." A tricorder slammed into his forehead, he groaned tiredly in Danny's direction. "I didn't mean you. Lets find out how far along you are." He collected the freshly cracked tricorder.

"But I haven't moved yet," Morgan said.

The stares she got encouraged her to run into the office, then into the adjoining lab. She was instantly greeted by a very ripe smell that almost floored her. Glancing between the two babies, she had no idea who it was coming from. The first she looked at was somehow sleeping soundly despite the screaming happening right beside him. She shrugged and grabbed one.

The Bridge:

The Z5 bridge crew looked on awkwardly from the left side of the viewscreen. Since Harry had not moved at all when he dropped onto the edge of the Captain's chair with a hanging jaw, Lilly asked someone at a back station to restart the monitor. On the right side of his screen a bright yellow tear in space widened and rippled.

"Nope," the crewmember at the back of the Z5 bridge said.

Lilly glanced between her and Harry, "okay, I'm going to take that as a yes. Red Alert."

As red lights flashed across their bridge, Harry remembered to blink.

"Good call, I'm picking up three ships coming out of that thing," Carly said.

Harry shook and exhaled sharply, his eyes remained bugged. "Wait, what? Oh god..." he leapt from the chair, "if I put red on, who's going to come, everyone's drunk."

Lilly and Dave exchanged worried stares. "Who are we dealing with?" Lilly asked.

Harry laughed insincerely, "oh just some species who owned the Borg multiple times, and we helped them fight them off. You know, the usual. Red Alert I suppose." He ran over to the helm in more of a blinding panic. "You don't have any spare nanoprobes, do you?"

Dave's eyes drifted towards his sister, "is he drunk too?"

"I er..." Lilly said hesitantly. "Best play it safe. Extend our shields around the F9, ready our best weapons."

"It's not going to help. We have to run," Harry stuttered as he hurriedly tapped around the helm. The klaxon stopped, so he heard the turbolifts opening. Harry dared to peer around his shoulder. To his relief he saw Tuvok take his usual station.

"Report Lieutenant," he said.

Harry breathed a huge sigh, "our old friends 8472 are paying us a visit. And..." Someone harshly nudged his left arm, hinting for him to move. He looked across first, hoping to see Tom. That wasn't who he saw.

"Heey, let me show you a neat trick," Sid whined and continued to nudge.

"No way," Harry panicked, pushing him back. "Besides, this isn't the helm. The helm's in there," he pointed at the Conference Room door. Fortunately drunk Sid bought it and bolted for it.

Tom chose that moment to breast stroke in front of the ship. He waved as if he could see his best friend watching him in horror. "Ohno." Harry dashed for Opps, only to find it already taken by Naomi. He was already making a sharp about turn before she blew him a seductive kiss.

"We have two of the nanoprobe warheads remaining, but I will need time to reload them," Tuvok said as if the only sober person on the bridge wasn't running around in panic, looking for a station to take. "Perhaps you should inform our Borg crewmembers to report to Sickbay."

Harry stopped abruptly with a pitiful squeak. "Right," he tried to say normally, failing. He decided to sit in the nearest chair, Chakotay's, figuring it was still empty. Only it wasn't.

"Ohno, I'm not into the little ones," Kathryn grumbled before pushing him off her lap. She immediately went to sleep with an unfinished cup of coffee still in her other hand.

Morgan was already running before the Red Alert klaxon rang out. Since the smell followed her, she had guessed that she chose the wrong baby and yet to her confusion, he was still sound asleep, oblivious to it. Still she had ran until she stumbled across yet another drunk crewmember, but nowhere near as much as anyone else she'd seen that night; they were still standing and weren't speaking gibberish.

"Hi, hey, can you take this one to the loo? I gotta go back for the other one," she asked them.

They looked at the tiny baby, then her as if she'd asked them to adopt him. They walked off in a hurry, mumbling about battle stations. Morgan noticed the door they disappeared into was for someone's quarters.

The ship shuddered so violently it nearly dragged her to the floor. Duncan awoke with a start and immediately started screaming.

Morgan winced, "oh, what now?"

A massive bang pierced her ears, she barely had the time to react to it when she was thrown hurtling backwards a few metres, harshly landing onto the ground back first. Her ears rang, but still she could see and feel Duncan's terrified and likely painful screams. Fortunately she still had a hold of him, barely, so he'd landed on her chest, blocking her vibrating commbadge.

"Kim to Morgan," a blurry voice eventually broke through. She groaned and tried to tap it without disturbing the baby further. *"Morgan? Damn it, I hope we don't have to jailbreak Annika. I'm not sure if that's worse than holding down James I Don't Need Doors Stuart... Wait, why are you looking at me like tha-eep!"*

"Hold still you little shi..." her mother's voice snarled over the top of him.

Morgan had no clue what was going on while she finished juggling Duncan into the small of her arm so she could respond. "Yeah...?" she barely had time to, Harry started yelping in panic.

"No I have very little..."

"Um, do guys see that? One of the ships..." she barely made out Lilly's voice coming from the background.

Morgan pulled a face, "very little what?"

"Oh. Wait, wait, stop..." Harry's voice breathlessly said. *"Thank god. We need some nanoprobes, and lots of them to fight the guys who are attacking us. We can only drive around in circles, loop de loops for so long. You'll need the Doc to help you out, get him, James and or Jessie to join you in the torpedo loading room. Then..."*

A white light flashed through the ship, temporarily blinding her and creating a deathly silence. The smell of smoke and a baby in dire need of a change vanished, she felt no movement in her arm. When she could see, Morgan looked down to find Duncan had disappeared.

In her panic she looked around, quickly noticing the lack of red alert and the people passing by giving her strange looks. She turned a corner and she bumped head on into Tani.

"Tani. What the hell is going on?" Morgan asked.

"I dunno. All I know is that we were attacked by Species 8472," Tani replied.

"What? Then how come everything's back to normal so quickly? What was that flash and where the hell did Duncan disappear to?" Morgan stuttered.

"Beats me... wait, Duncan did you say?" Tani said curiously.

"Yeah, I had to get him, Kiara and Bryan out of the nursery. I grabbed him first. One second I had him, the next I didn't. He couldn't have got very far, I dunno if he can even sit up yet," Morgan's voice got more frantic with every other word.

"Well I speak for everyone here. I'm glad the little brat's gone," Tani muttered.

Morgan slapped her hard in the face. "What's the matter with you? Selfish or what, Duncan's..." she snapped until she realised something. Tani dabbed her recently sore cheek, watching her former friend lose most of the colour in her face. "What do you mean; he gets in the way? In the way of what?"

Tani rolled her eyes off to the side. "I'm not losing to that smug bitch Jessie just because she tried to trap him."

Morgan was even more confused with that answer, "huh?"

"Oh you don't know?" Tani feigned surprise. "Shocking. It's probably not true, just that Danny cow trying to put me off." She sighed, relieved. "The kid's too whiny to be his anyway. Jessie's, you betcha."

"Wha..." Morgan stammered, momentarily speechless. "Never mind this crap. I should tell mum, ask her what's happening." She tapped her commbadge. "Morgan to Janeway."

"Janeway here."

"What's going on?" Morgan asked.

"Chakotay, who is speaking? I don't recognise her."

"Er, it's Morgan," Morgan said. Tani looked really confused.

"There's no crewmember called Morgan. State your identity."

"Stop playing around. It's Morgan, for god's sake!" Morgan snapped. Tani backed off a step.

"I think we should return to Voyager, Captain."

"Good idea."

The commlink was cut off. Morgan looked at Tani like a wounded puppy.

"This is getting too strange for my liking," Tani murmured.

"She must've been playing around with me. Wait, why did dad say we should return to Voyager?" Morgan asked.

Tani shrugged her shoulders, eyes drifting to the left. "I don't know, but that's not the only thing that puzzles me."

"Really, what else?" Morgan wondered aloud.

Tani pointed over Morgan's shoulder, she peered around to find two familiar faces standing around, focused on them.

Thompson pointed a hand phaser in their direction, clearly putting on a macho act. "Stop right there, vile fiend!"

Foster as usual looked embarrassed to be near him. Despite that he also pointed a weapon at them.

Morgan growled, stepping forward once. "What do you two pansies think you're doing?"

"Now, now girly," Thompson said, then clicked his tongue, "you ain't fooling me this time."

Tani glanced between them, her brows slowly narrowing. "This time?"

"I wouldn't waste my time, dunno what he's talking about," Morgan said. "Speaking of time wasting."

Foster and Thompson edged forward as well. "No, no," Foster panicked. "Stay right there."

"I'll handle this Fossy," Thompson scoffed. He smiled triumphantly. "We've got a trump card and we're not afraid to use him."

"Yes you are," Foster whispered.

Thompson awkwardly cleared an imaginary lump in his throat. "Trust me, you two gals are better off explaining yourself to us. He is really grouchy, er, lately."

Morgan understood, making her snigger quietly. "You're talking about James?" The two seemed shocked, and managed to look even more tense than they already did. "I'll manage. Just cut out this little drunk prank and I'll forget you exist again."

Foster squeaked, "then you leave us no choice." He was about to tap his commbadge with his spare hand, but Thompson grabbed his wrist. Tani aawed in disappointment.

"Way to emasculate us further," he hissed at his teammate. Once more he focused on the two teens. "Identify yourselves or you go to the brig, or we get a big stick." Foster nodded frantically.

Morgan stared back at the two blankly, eyebrow steadily rising. "How much did you two drink?"

"Yeah, do your worst," Tani giggled, almost drooling.

They all heard the approaching footsteps. They were soon joined by a confused looking James. That was when Morgan realised something off about all three of them. James looked to be thinner and his face seemed softer, he looked almost her age. Thompson was sporting the stupidest goatee, and thinnest, that Morgan had seen, even beating Craig's attempt to grow anything last week. Foster looked twelve years old. If it weren't for his voice, she would've assumed she was right.

"Look what you've done!" Thompson snapped while elbowing Foster.

"Me? I didn't call him, it was your idea," Foster protested.

James looked at them both like he would at Tom putting up his fists at him. "I told you not to play with those," he said, pointing to one of the phasers.

Thompson fake laughed, "oh yeah wise guy? Well while you were walking around giving people nightmares, we found some intruders. I think your kind of intruders, they named you and everything. And look, we're not dead or maimed."

"Yet," James said. Before he could say or do anything else his arm was grabbed, he looked down to see Tani snuggling into him.

"Oh my god, he's younger, cuter and..." she said so fast nobody understood her but Morgan, who was used to it. James slipped out of her grasp and backed off. Foster and Thompson struggled not to laugh. "And still so jacked, rrrrrr."

"Um, what were you saying about my kind of intruders?" James stuttered, staring accusingly at Thompson.

Morgan took another step forward towards him instead. "James?" She was stared at with a tightening frown. "I know, how can I know who you are? Listen, I think I get what's going on here."

James carefully side eyed Tani, catching her winking at him, then back ahead again. "I really did die last week and this is my hell?"

"No," Morgan sniggered. "We know you, or we will in a few years. Her too, I'm sorry."

"Hey!" Tani complained.

"Time travel," James didn't sound convinced, "how many years exactly? I know I shouldn't ask, but you two are teenagers and as far as I know there's only one kid on this ship."

Morgan's eyes widened, "yikes, how far have we gone? Um, how old are you now?"

"Twenty two," James unenthusiastically replied.

"Ooooh!" Tani squealed, moving closer. "Closer to my age, huh sweet cheeks." This time he saw her coming and quickly stepped forward, away from her incoming butt slap. "Tsk!"

"So that makes it..." Morgan mused aloud, "five years." She wasn't surprised at the disbelieving looks she got in return. "Yeah it's not like that. Tani and I, we are or will be rescued from a Borg ship in a few years."

"The Borg!?" Thompson panicked and ran off. Foster meanwhile was thinking about it.

James acted as if nothing happened or was said. "That's funny, cos the other girl said she was born here."

Tani frowned, "what other girl?"

James watched his back as she walked over. "Maybe you can explain that, since she recognised me too."

"Of course she did," Tani smiled and fluttered her eyelashes.

Morgan repressed a gag or two, "oh, get a cold shower Tani. Did this girl tell you her name?"

James shook his head. "No, she was injured, groggy. I can take you to her and..."

"Wait, they've admitted they're Borg," Foster squeaked, more worried about him than what he said. "And they've come out of nowhere."

"I know. I'll take the hit," James said through gritted teeth, not helped when he spotted Thompson peering out from around the corner.

"You mean like you took the hit from those other guys?" he sniggered.

James breathed in slowly and deeply, then out. He sounded a touch calmer afterwards, "just tell Tuvok about this, without the time travel part. I don't care how. We'll be in Sickbay."

"Your funeral," Thompson laughed, disappearing again. Foster followed him.

"You probably know the way already, but," James sighed, then headed off in the direction he came.

Tani eagerly followed, then was pulled back by Morgan to her side with a tight grip on her arm. "Fine," she huffed quietly so only Morgan could hear. "So, this girl you found..."

Morgan accidentally cut her off, "wait a minute. I think I get how we got here. Thing is..."

"I don't," Tani said warily.

"Out temporal implants. They were supposed to protect us from any changes to the timeline," Morgan whispered. "But this girl, I doubt she has any, so how is she here too?"

"Oh," Tani said slowly, "she could be the bad guy in this."

"You know, the whispering I can still hear doesn't give you that innocent vibe," James said.

Tani giggled cutely, "you know, you're right. I'm not innocent, I'm a bad..." Morgan tugged on her arm again, making her yelp and thankfully shut up for the moment. She scowled at her, "oh come on, where's the harm?"

"Gee, let me think," Morgan snapped.

They soon arrived in Sickbay where they saw the Doctor standing with his back to them at a biobed, blocking the view of his patient. Morgan and Tani noted the two guards outside gave them a wide berth on entry.

"Hmm, how odd," the Doctor mullied to himself.

"Doc, we've got a few more visitors," James called out, startling the hologram.

He grunted and got back to work. "If they're not hurt, don't try to turn this into a handy brig just because the first one was."

James glanced briefly over his shoulder at the two teens. Morgan shook her head. "Is she still unconscious?" He got another annoyed grunt as a response. "Okay," he groaned, gesturing his head in the direction of the office. They followed him to it. "So, you said you were ex Borgs, and no one else were?"

"Kinda," Morgan said with a wince. "I meant we're the only ones with the time implants. I suppose that means time travel's a side effect."

"Uh huh, and only five years ahead," James mumbled. Morgan could tell by his uncomfortable avoiding eye contact and lowered voice that he was getting suspicious. She wasn't keen about it, but she raised her guard. "If she's not like you, and definitely not Naomi in five years then maybe you can explain just who she is."

Morgan stammered, unsure on how to answer that. "Well uh, I'm not sure. A red head?" James shook his head. "Did she punch you in the face or try to stab you in the crotch?"

James' eyes widened, "no, but I'll keep an eye out for that."

"Then I'm not sure. There's no other teens in our time," Morgan said uneasily.

"Oh pish, let me save the day here," Tani groaned while turning around. She hurried out before they could object, James followed her back into Sickbay.

The Doctor had meanwhile moved to the other side of the bed. When he saw Tani barreling his way, he looked alarmed, then accusingly at James. "Excuse me, I..."

Tani stopped to his relief, her face scrunched up in the confusion. "Ok um, I dunno..." The patient, a young teenaged girl with long brown hair tied into a high ponytail, weakly opened her eyes. "Er, who are you?" Tani asked.

The girl weakly pushed herself up with her elbows. "Another one who doesn't recognise me, of course," she sighed tired and impatiently.

The main door to Sickbay opened and Kathryn walked in with Thompson and Foster reluctantly following behind.

"All right, I want to know who you people are, and I also want to know how you got onto my ship," Kathryn snarled.

"God, this is getting annoying," Tani groaned

"Mum, you don't recognise me either, this is ridiculous!" the girl groaned.

Tani's eyes nearly fell out of the sockets, "did you say mum?"

Morgan chose then to wander out of the office, looking deep in thought. At least until she noticed her mother's hair tied into a bun, it took some restraint not to laugh.

"Mum? Is this supposed to be some sort of sick joke?" Kathryn growled.

"Mu..." Morgan stuttered anxiously. She followed the Captain's stare towards the girl on the biobed. Shocked and in disbelief at the young girl, she whispered, "Kiara?"

"But how is this possible? You were only four before," Tani asked.

"Enough of this! I want to know who all you people are!" Kathryn snapped. She directed her ire in James' direction, "and why they're here and not in the brig."

"We're from five years in the future," Morgan answered.

"But, if you're only from five years in the future, why did that fifteen year old girl call me mum?" Kathryn asked.

"Can't tell you that," Morgan replied.

"Why not?" Kathryn asked.

"Duh," James remarked, cueing a narrowed side eye from the Captain.

"You believe her, do you?" Kathryn groaned.

James thought about it for a second before answering, "I don't not believe them... okay maybe. We don't recognise them because we haven't met any of them yet."

"I didn't think you were that naive," Kathryn said as if scolding a small child tripping over his own loose shoelaces. James judged her right back for it but did it with only his eyes.

Morgan approached the supposed teenaged Kiara. "How the hell, what happened? Time jump for you too?"

Kiara scrunched up her face as she folded her arms, instantly making her squirm and then put her hands back on the bed. "Last thing I remember was you rescuing me from the torture in Sickbay. I woke up on the floor like this."

"Wait," Morgan stuttered, "you're saying you're from the same time as we are. That... I'm so confused."

"Aren't we all. So why don't we start from the top and work our way down to the crazy," Kathryn said.

Morgan made an unsure sound, but saw Tani about to jump in for her. "Um ship was attacked, bright light, people vanished. Something about nanoprobes. James and you look younger, Kiara's older. No this isn't helping."

Kathryn pinched her nose. It did nothing for the building pain. "Perhaps you can figure out your little ruse explanation in the brig. James." She walked out of Sickbay, leaving no room to argue. Thompson and Foster weren't sure what to do, they followed her out.

"Look, I'll prove it," Morgan said, glancing across at James, "that I know you I mean. Then you'll hear me out. Spoiler-free, deal?"

James sighed and shrugged, "fine."

"Right um, something five year ago," Morgan mused aloud as she paced. "Oh Jessie, your best friend."

To her surprise James looked even more suspicious than less. "You'll have to do much better than that."

"That's what I keep saying," Tani giggled.

"Right um," Morgan mumbled to herself. Her eyes lit up, "I really can. It's still new news in my time. You are stronger than everyone else. Much more, super human in a way."

James lost some colour in his face, his eyes looked elsewhere. Tani meanwhile grumbled to herself while rolling her eyes, "yes Morgan, we know how wonderful you are."

"Cut it out!" Morgan hissed back. She focused again on James. "You're also sarcastic, short fused and um... Oh, what about Kes?"

"What?" Tani frowned.

James' stared bemused at Morgan. "What about Kes?"

"I know her, she should be around," Morgan replied, glancing around Sickbay.

"Uh huh. How does that prove anything?" James said, eyebrow raising.

"Surely your Slayer-age is enough proof that I know you on its own," Morgan muttered impatiently.

James groaned, "no not really." Morgan's face and shoulders fell. "I dunno how it's news in your time either. I figured everyone knew by now."

"But..." Morgan stammered.

Tani clicked her tongue. "Seems like we've changed things already," she whispered to her.

The Doctor cleared his throat on approach, with Kiara following. "Might I cut into this circus with answers, as usual."

"You know how Kiara's aged like ten years?" Morgan eagerly asked.

"Oh," the Doctor sounded surprised. "No, I haven't. That creates further questions."

James sniggered, "so much for super Doc."

"Hmph," the Doctor grunted in his direction. "What I was going to say was that this young lady shares DNA strands with..." he sheepishly looked around and lowered his voice, "certain people on this ship. She's definitely from Voyager, just not as distant future as I thought. How old did you say she's meant to be?"

"Four," Morgan winced.

Before the Doctor could question further, James cut in, "so she's going to be born within a year or so." The Doctor sighed, satisfied with that.

"We hope. God knows what our presence here has changed," Tani said.

Morgan scowled at no one in particular. "No, don't be daft. It's fine. We find whatever pulled us back here, go back and stop it."

"Easy said," Tani said. "We don't know anything about what happened and how we got here, and even if we did..."

"I know," Morgan sounded deflated. "Did 8472 do something, or did we stumble into an anomaly while we were running from them?"

"An anomaly? I didn't hear anything about one, but Janeway didn't seem really bothered about you. She left in a hurry," James said.

Morgan thought it over. She shook her head. "No, I know mum. If she'd seen it she may have heard us out, believed us even. It's..." Tani shushed her while widening furious, hinting eyes. Morgan stared back blankly, not noticing James' widening eyes for different reasons. "It's not been detected yet, whatever *it* is. We should go somewhere discreet to look."

"Astrometrics. No *you know who* yet," Kiara said.

James shook off his earlier shock. "Wait, what's Astrometrics?"

"Oh poopie," Kiara huffed.

"Never mind that. Do you know anywhere quiet that we can use to scan outside?" Morgan asked.

James pulled an unsure face. "Only one, but I wouldn't recommend it. Our best bet is Stellar Cartography. Whoever's on duty there will have to be convinced out."

Tani pouted like a child, "aaw, can't you toss them out or KO 'em?"

"Anyway," Morgan said forcefully, "we should avoid making any other changes to the past. I don't wanna be the reason 8472 show up in the first place. So we can only involve the people who've already ran into us."

"What, the two Security lackies?" Tani sniggered. "Somehow I don't think Janeway will be jumping to help out."

"And I cannot leave Sickbay, as much as I'd like to," the Doctor said.

Morgan shrugged, "so it's just us then. It'll have to do."

"Um," Kiara hesitantly squeaked to get their attention. "There is someone else. He tripped over my leg, then ran off."

James struggled not to laugh. Morgan noticed and gave him a narrowed eye stare. "What?"

"That kid, er I don't think he knows what's going on," James said slowly as if to stall.

"Neither do we. So what?" Morgan impatiently asked.

"All right, if you insist," James said on his way out. He told the two guards to remain at the door right before the doors shut behind him.

Tani looked suspicious, "They both said he, so it can't be Faye or that bimbo who dates older guys."

Morgan was about to reply until Tani's bimbo line hit her. Instead she sniggered behind her hand to Tani's confusion.

"I told you, she came out of nowhere, and I didn't kick her," a very young looking Craig stammered nervously on entry, with James following closely. "I called Security about it, why, I didn't do anything..." He squeaked at the sight of the girls and immediately stared down at his shuffling feet, blushing lightly.

"Okay, that's our team complete. What's the plan; get drunk and argue?" James said, trying not to smirk. Tani laughed a little too enthusiastically, which helped so much he'd forgotten all about it.

Morgan stepped over to the pair, staring curiously at Craig, if a bit worried. "Um, hi..." she stopped since he tensed and froze, except for his redder cheeks. "What did you tell him?" she asked in James' direction.

"Nothing. He hasn't given me a chance to," James replied with a grimace. "Why, do you know him?"

"Yeah course, I just figured you would. I guess not," Morgan muttered.

James glanced between the Craig statue and her. "No... I'm afraid to ask," he said while walking away.

Morgan huffed at him until he was out of the way, then focused on Craig. "Hey look, er, long story short; we're from the future, we're trying to get back there without messing with history. You found Kiara soo too late, and I figured you'd help cos we're all friends here, sorta."

"Morgan," Tani whispered to her harshly. She mouthed what in return.

"Um," Craig barely said, "how?"

"That's what we're trying to figure out. You see we were attacked, then suddenly..." Morgan explained.

"No I mean, friends, us?" Craig stuttered, "seems unlikely."

Morgan smiled. "Sure, we're friends."

"Really?" Craig sounded hopeful and disbelieving at the same time. The hope faded away leaving only an unsure, twisted face. "Why?"

Morgan pouted as she glanced back around at Tani, then at James keeping his distance from her. "Because. Me, you, him and the girl you found, maybe Tani I suppose."

Craig trembled a bit, briefly exchanging eye contact with James who had looked a little unnerved himself by it. "Oh, so he's friends with them, and that's how, okay. I think."

"What?" James asked quietly in Morgan's direction.

She shrugged, "I dunno, you met and befriended him before me. He definitely wasn't this shy then."

Kiara giggled to herself, but it got everyone's attention. "I remember his padd days. Definitely was."

"Oh okay, I'll go get one," James said while on his way to leave again. Morgan noticed Craig looking confused, and a little irritated in his eyes.

"No, wait a min," Tani called for him, making him wince mid step. "It's work related."

James sighed, "ok fine, I'll ask someone else." He walked cautiously over towards Tani at one of the stations.

"We got the sensors ready to look for temporal anomalies and the er, enemy we were attacked by. But it needs authorisation before it'll start," Tani explained. James nodded, and wordlessly got to work, seeming content with that. Tani though watched him with a twinkle in her eye, opting to wait until he hacked through the password entry, "ooh so smart and strong. Two for the price of one."

James shuddered, "can we please find somewhere else to put her?"

Craig frowned, while Kiara and Morgan sniggered less than discreetly.

"That's not nice," Craig said firmly but so quietly he was only just heard.

James frowned as well, then shook his head. "He can talk without a padd fine," he mumbled.

"That's not what I meant," Kiara chuckled.

Morgan did as well but awkwardly, "it's okay. Tani's a bit creepy and stalkery, so he can't encourage her, you know."

"Hey!" Tani protested. A slight tap on the door stopped her from complaining any further.

James headed for the door, while Morgan and Kiara stepped a bit off to the side to avoid being seen. As soon as the door opened he sighed in relief at who was on the other side.

"Hey you," a younger Jessie said sweetly, "missed you in the Mess Hall, so figured I'd check if you were ok." She spotted Craig as he began to sweat, he squeaked and side stepped out of the way. "Okay?"

"Yeah, I'm beginning to see what his problem is," James said, briefly glancing to one side at the boy. "I'm going to be busy for a while, something weird came up."

"When doesn't it?" Jessie said with a smirk.

Tani was still standing in plain sight, scowling at her with her fists clenched. Jessie noticed her when steam started to rise from the girl.

"True. Sorry, I'll let you know when I'm free," James said. He heard a hmph come from Tani behind him, he winced painfully. Jessie though found it amusing. "In more ways than one."

"Okay, but if you need any help, in any of the ways," Jessie said.

Tani rolled her eyes before stomping up to the pair. "Okay get the hint, missy, he's with me."

"Oh lord," Morgan groaned a little too loudly so Jessie noticed her as well.

"Yeah, so's these other kids. What's your point other than it being a bit weird that James is now a babysitter," Jessie said in jest.

Tani's teeth clenched and her cheeks bulged. "I'm not a kid, you can't still complain about that when we're closer in age now!" she spat. Jessie would've thought her outburst funny if it made any sense to her. "Unlike you, you old hag."

"Think this one needs some time in the naughty corner," Jessie ended up sniggering after all. James smiled at her, which angered Tani even more so. "Seriously, call me if you need backup," Jessie said with a straight face. She gave him a little wave as she walked off.

James waited until she had turned the corner and out of his sight before closing the door. He turned back to mostly face the room again, instantly noticing Morgan and Kiara watching, part bemused and smirking. "What?"

"Oh nothing," Morgan started to say.

Kiara accidentally cut in with a giggly, "too bad Tani. I knew it."

"Knew what?" James asked. A thought came to him and he rolled his eyes, a little bemused himself. "You're from the future, dunno why this is surprising."

Morgan's face fell in realisation. "Oh yeah, right. It isn't. Just that, you and her, this far back huh?"

Tani blew a fuse or two. "What?" she screeched. Kiara winced and rubbed her ear. "That cow has already dated him? I'm so gonna give her a piece of my mind when we get back."

Kiara shushed her with widening, angry eyes. "Hey, don't say stuff in the past tensey like that, you could muck up the timeline."

"Or she'll just annoy us. Tani's hissy fit ain't gonna change a thing," Morgan muttered. "Tan, get a grip, will you. The scanners," she said while pointing.

"Fine," Tani groaned, turning back to use the station.

"I'll have a look at the internal sensor logs, see if there are any clues there," Morgan said, turning to one of the wall stations. Kiara joined her just to watch.

Craig stood nearby, trying to find his courage to say anything, while James paced the room looking deep in thought.

"Strange, they did pick up a burst of energy near the turbolift on Deck Nine. I'm sure we were on Five," Morgan murmured.

Kiara shook her head rapidly, "that's where I was when it went all blue flashy."

Morgan looked at her curiously, "blue flashy? I didn't see anything like that when it all happened. Tan?"

"Nope," Tani replied huffily.

"What kind of energy?" James asked.

"I'm not too sure, looks like an energy spike from one of the rooms more than anything else," Morgan replied. She noticed Craig's eyes shifting nervously, she gave him an inquisitive frown. "What?"

"What, what?" he squeaked in response. Everyone but Tani staring at him wasn't helping. "I didn't overload the replicator, and she wasn't in my quarters. Nope. I was on my way back."

"But I remember waking up in the corridor," Kiara said, looking confused.

"See," Craig stammered. James stared at him suspiciously, making him splutter. "Look, I didn't do anything. I didn't want anyone getting the wrong idea. She appeared all glowy, I tried to carry her out but she woke up. I ran to get help. Sorry," he mumbled.

"Okay, so maybe that blue flash was what aged her. It could be the source of this whole thing," Morgan said. She noticed Tani sniggering behind her hand, it touched a few nerves. "What now?"

"You all thought Craig was capable of change," Tani answered. She sighed to calm herself down, "he's still the underage pervert."

"Huh? But she looks around my age," Craig protested. He looked on, very worried, "wait, aged her? How old are we talking?"

James rolled his eyes, "anyway, it sounds like we're onto something. Either something in your time struck the ship, aged the girl and dragged you two here. Or, Craig's attempt to replicate a spine and some sense overloaded the space time continuum."

Craig didn't look amused. He was annoyed but he still stuttered his response, "I'm minus a spine? Girls flirt with you and you have a panic attack. That never happens for me."

"What, the panic attacks? I've seen about four since we met," James pretended to sound confused.

Morgan held her head while resting her back against the panel. Kiara looked at her, wondering if she was repressing or storing up her rage.

"Well you see Craigy, you either got it or you don't," Tani tried to sound comforting, but it sounded insulting.

James pinched the bridge of his nose and slowly inhaled. "I'm looking at this energy spike, hopefully we can recreate it, quickly."

"What, so you can go back to your floozy?" Tani huffily snapped. James peered up over his hand, eyes narrowed. "Oh I'm sorry, future ex floozy."

"Tani!" Kiara snapped at her.

"What? It's like Morgan said, once we go back, this'll be like it never happened. Too bad though," Tani said smugly.

They all heard a loud, clattering thud. Kiara gasped and fell to her knees as the others turned around. They saw her trying to shake Morgan, lying unconscious where she'd stood.

In Morgan's perspective, the room rapidly began to mist until she could no longer see anything. A presence behind her made her groan irritably. "Really? We gotta stop meeting like this."

She heard Kes chuckle lightly. "Perhaps, if it were possible."

Morgan turned to face her while at the same time Kes walked around to in front of her. Morgan bit her lip firmly.

"I'm afraid I must show you something, before you make a dreadful mistake," Kes said.

"How do you know any of these things you warn about are going on?" Morgan asked, almost whining.

Kes smiled, she turned on her heel to face her. "I could explain it, but that would mean you'd spend more time here."

"Hard bargain," Morgan said between near gritted teeth. "Fine, what do you want to show me?" To her relief the mist faded away. Instead of Stellar Cartography, she found herself and Kes in the middle of the bridge with its red alert klaxon shrieking.

Morgan looked around anxiously at the rubble, the charred consoles and walls, her mother ducking a bulkhead falling while going to Tactical. "What's going on?" She followed her oblivious mother. "Mum?"

Kes shook her head, "we're not really here. She can't see us."

"They're coming about," Tom stuttered from the helm.

Harry yelled out in panic, "they're targeting Deck Five!"

Kathryn growled, "get those shields up. Divert everything you can find..." Everything shook so roughly, people were flung to the ground. The Engineering station burst into a shower of sparks, sending its occupant flying backwards.

Chakotay rushed to go to their aid. Since she was closer to it, so did Morgan. She gasped at the familiar burnt face as he checked her pulse. "Jessie?"

"She's dead," Chakotay said with a grimace.

"What?" Morgan yelled in her rising panic. She marched over to a sullen Kes. Despite her powers, even she backed off expecting things to get violent. "Why, what are you doing?"

"I'm showing you the new present," Kes replied. She was distracted by Kathryn charging over near to where she stood.

"For god's sake, what are they waiting for? There'll be nothing left for them to take," Kathryn snarled.

"Huh?" Morgan mumbled. Her eyes caught the cracked viewscreen just in time to see a ship flying down to directly face them, nose to nose, like Voyager was looking in a mirror. "What?"

Kes closed her eyes and the surroundings faded away into nothing, just as the other Voyager fired a torpedo. Morgan stepped back at the same time as if to avoid it until she noticed the white, blank surroundings. "That couldn't have been Seventh Voyager."

"Yes," Kes replied.

"But how? They're idiots with a weaker ship," Morgan said. Kes merely nodded, angering her further. "This isn't funny!"

"I know," Kes said softly. "Voyager had already suffered extreme damage before their encounter with Damien and his crew. Being inferior, it was easier for them."

"But..." Morgan said as her surroundings changed again, this time to the Conference Room in the middle of a tense meeting.

Kathryn circled the table, delivering a speech that had already made everyone sitting there's blood run cold. "Thousands of cubes." She stopped at the head of the table to lean, making sure to eye everyone at least once. "We do appear to be at the heart of Borg territory. There's no going around it. Going through would be suicide."

"So what now? We turn back?" B'Elanna furiously said.

The entire table were in an uproar after that. Morgan glanced around at everyone; her parents, Tuvok, Tom, Harry. The second Kes had her do a double take. Neelix, the Doctor. Someone was missing. No two, she thought. She then recoiled at the last vision of Jessie and her death. It gave her some reassurance, "this is before, that?"

"It is," Kes answered.

"The Borg tended to ignore what they considered non threatening. A few crewmembers on a huge ship, one small ship versus the Collective. What's the difference?" Harry said.

"It's possible that they'll ignore us, yes, but the Borg have been interested in us before," Chakotay said. "It's too risky."

Tom painfully moaned, "how long would it take to go around? Extra I mean."

Kathryn flinched, "years, and that's if the Borg don't expand in that time."

She kept talking while Morgan hurriedly approached Kes, mumbling to herself. "What am I supposed to be getting from this?" she asked her far more clearly. "This is before mum strikes that 8472 deal..."

The doors opened, everyone suddenly looked even more uncomfortable than before. Morgan wondered why and checked over her shoulder. A very casually, almost sloppily dressed Jessie walked in to take a seat at the table. It looked like she hadn't slept in days, her hair unkempt and her face had little colour.

"Sorry," she mumbled.

Kathryn smiled sympathetically, "it's alright. Perhaps someone would like to..." she glared at Tom, "delicately catch her up."

"Jess? What happened to her?" Morgan asked, then something hit her. Kes sensed it and dipped her head sullenly.

"Red Alert: transwarp signatures detected, and lots of them."

Most of the meeting room ran out in a hurry, leaving Morgan to stare hopelessly ahead. Through the corner of her eye sudden movement. She'd barely had time to turn her head and see the incoming fleet of cubes before the scenery changed again.

The Mess Hall that had seen much better days appeared in its place. Rubble lay everywhere, one of the doors looked to have been blown apart, taking some of the wall with it. Injured crew dotted around, either lying on tables or slumped in seats.

Morgan turned, only to find herself face to face with Neelix in a golden Starfleet uniform. "Aaaah!" she screamed in his oblivious face, and that was before she spotted the phaser on his belt. She had to get away before she turned into a gibbering mess. Kes followed her, patiently waiting for her to calm down.

Close by, Kathryn guiltily watched over her crew, half listening to a report from her two Commanders.

"I don't know why they've stopped. We're easy picking," Chakotay said.

Tom and Harry rushed over to them, wheezing as if they had ran across the entire ship a couple of times. Tom's scruffy goatee, Harry's waist long hair and stubby beard gave Morgan a smile and allowed her a chance to recover.

"Captain, we've found it," Harry managed to say in between gasps.

Kathryn firmly bit her lip before saying, "found what?"

"The way through Borg Space," Harry answered. Tom elbowed him as a hint, he had no idea why. "There's a narrow corridor going right through Borg Space, and nobody's home."

Tom grinned, "we're calling it The Leola Root Downwind. Even the Borg can't handle that stench."

"You call it that," Harry muttered.

Tuvok curiously stared back at the pair. "There must be a logical reason for this. A one we must consider before we set a course."

"It's a bit, bumpy," Harry said, wincing.

As if on cue somebody walked into the Mess Hall, triggering a ceiling piece to dislodge entirely and fall onto the floor. Kathryn stared at the unknown crewmember's very close call with a blank stare.

"How bumpy?" Chakotay asked.

Tom pulled all manner of uneasy faces, "kinda like riding the rapids on a deflating dinghy."

Kathryn groaned and walked off much to everyone's relief, especially with the grinding teeth.

"Wait, I'm confused," Morgan said. The conversation carried on in the background. "What about the deal, 8472? I don't get it. Is this tunnel what does us in?" She brightened up somewhat, "oh, does this mean we never get Seven?"

Kes strained a smile, "yes but..."

The surrounding area changed again, this time to the Borg central plexus right in the middle of the Queen's head being floated down to attach to her body. Morgan squinted, it didn't look the same. There was more of it, instead of ending at the shoulders, the cut off point seemed to be the middle of the torso. Then it turned slightly, allowing her to see her face as well as something far worse. She had to look away in disgust. Kes looked sorry but amused at the same time.

The torso and body connected, the Queen sighed contently, at least until she looked down at herself. "I asked for the pink bodysuit and heels!" Queen Seven screeched.

"Perimetre alert, Species 8472 have entered Unimatrix Zero One."

Annika managed to get even paler than usual. "Oh poopie," she said just before the room blew up.

"Oh, okay?" Morgan said through a forced toothy smile when the white background appeared again. They returned to Voyager moments later, back on the bridge. She noticed her mother sporting the tight bun in her hair, so she sighed in relief, glad it was all over.

"It seems the girls have returned to their time," Tuvok said in Kathryn's direction.

Morgan glanced between them both urgently, "what?" Then she realised no one was registering her presence, or the older Kes standing nearby.

Kathryn grumbled a bit while taking her seat. "I've had it with this cesspit of a planet. Let's move on."

"Aye aye," Tom said.

"But..." Morgan started to protest. Everyone bar herself and Kes started to move extremely quickly. So quickly any movement she spotted was blurred, if she saw it all. People would vanish and reappear within seconds.

Her mother downed hundreds of coffee's within a minute. Tom spent most of his time when he was at the helm with his feet up on his console. Tuvok barely seemed to move. Harry would occasionally stand by the helm. The viewscreen seemed to never change from its usual typical view of the ship travelling at warp.

Morgan looked around at Kes. One blink and time started to slow back down to normal. Kathryn finished a mug with a satisfied burp. Chakotay cringed in disgust and waved his hand by his nose.

"Status," Kathryn ordered.

She got a chorus of very similar replies, "nothing." Tuvok reported as he normally would.

Tom yawned overdramatically. "Like everyday. Seriously, we haven't had any action since the Q war."

"That's not true. Last week the Holodeck locked you and Tuvok inside," Harry said with a smirk.

Tom stared derisively at his friend. "That was last month."

"Engineering to Bridge."

Everyone perked up at the same time.

"Captain, Commander, you need to see the videos we're getting from the last few minutes of the probe we sent out."

"Hmm, some coffeeless nebula no doubt," Kathryn sounded disinterested.

Despite her tone and comments, Morgan and Kes appeared within a packed Engineering. It seemed like the entire crew had gathered around to get a look at B'Elanna's monitor. Kathryn stared with so much distaste it had melted a few into goo.

"Two missions in a year, and you idiots all act like we're about to watch Tom's hilarious death," Kathryn said.

"Hey!" Tom cried.

"Shoo, all of you!" Kathryn hissed at the crowd. Meanwhile B'Elanna had grown tired and turned the video on. At first the screen only showed space. Then a Borg Cube approached rather quickly. A green transporter beam blocked the screen for a moment. Kathryn noticed everyone's panicked reactions, so turned to watch for herself.

"I'm not getting any of this," Morgan said.

Kathryn cut in, "well there you go. You got what you wanted, some action. Happy bloody New Year." She flounced off.

Morgan watched after her, suddenly realising something as she stepped through the door. "Kiara. Mum said she was born during the Borg incident. She doesn't look pregnant one bit." Her eyes rolled to the side, "New Year?"

Kes smiled and nodded. "Yes."

"But, Kiara's birthday is in March. But, why, what?" Morgan stuttered.

"Do you remember your initial call to your mother when you arrived in 2372?" Kes asked.

"Yeah?" Morgan said. She wasn't surprised when Kes changed the setting again, this time to the inside of a cramped shuttle. There at the front piloting the vessel were her parents.

"Morgan to Janeway," her own voice rang out.

Kathryn frowned while touching a panel. "Janeway here."

"What's going on?"

Kathryn and Chakotay stared at one another, puzzled. "Chakotay, who is speaking? I don't recognise her."

"Er, it's Morgan."

"There's no crewmember called Morgan. State your identity," Kathryn harshly snapped.

"Stop playing around. It's Morgan, for god's sake!" Morgan snapped.

"I think we should return to Voyager, Captain," Chakotay said.

Kathryn nodded. "Good idea." She pressed the same panel again, then moved to another. Morgan felt the shuttle turn abruptly.

"Soooo?" she said slowly.

"So, it may seem insignificant but the awaymission to this planet is extremely vital. A minor event with repercussions that I've shown you," Kes said.

Morgan's face paled with worry. "What is it? A Borg planet, a source of coffee?"

"Voyager lost two months of their journey travelling away from this world and back again, to rescue the awayteam from their life of purgatory," Kes explained.

"You mean, this is..." Morgan stuttered, her eyes fell to the planet on the screen. "It's that monkey planet dad witters on about?"

Kes looked a little thrown off. "Uh yes. Your arrival here disrupted that mission, so the team did not get infected at all. Voyager carries on, avoiding such time critical events like Seska's decept, the macro virus, the discovery of the dead drone on an alien world. Most importantly..."

They returned to the Conference Room meeting from before. Kes waited for a break in between the discussion. "Voyager reached Borg Space two months early."

"And that's bad?" Morgan said.

"During this Voyager's battle for survival in Borg Space, a war started between them and the Bioan, who you know as Species 8472," Kes answered. "The Borg left Voyager alone, but the damage had been done already. They avoided another confrontation and carried on, until..." She looked hesitant, guilty even. "My powers expanded. I pushed them out of harm's way at great cost."

Morgan noticed during her speech that they had returned to the Mess Hall, which quickly faded back to the battle scene on the bridge. The escalation of damage was far too obvious to ignore, and a lot for Morgan to take in. She tried to blank it out and only listen.

"Voyager could not defend itself from the aggressors it ran into. It couldn't cope," Kes said. The other Voyager once again fired a torpedo towards them. This time the bridge didn't disappear before impact. It enveloped the viewscreen, then there was nothing but space. Morgan was far too disoriented by that to worry about suffocating. "Journey's ended, far too early."

"I but..." Morgan said almost calm and neutral. "There was more. Jessie. People were missing, like Kiara, Triah, Lilly. Though okay Lilly I get."

"Yes. With a heavily damaged Voyager in a different part of space in a different time, Lilly couldn't be rescued. Voyager had been gone for years," Kes said.

"But that doesn't explain Kiara," Morgan said.

"Doesn't it?" Kes asked her gently. "Your father mentions it, how important that planet was for developing his relationship with your mother."

"Oh," Morgan murmured.

Kes nodded, "one tiny event changed Voyager's course, and their fate."

Morgan started to laugh insincerely. "Let me get this straight. Cos my mum and dad didn't hang out with monkeys for two months, the Borg wait on us until 8472 shows up. Voyager's on crutches, Annika's the Borg Queen."

"Was," Kes said with a slight curl on her lip. "The Borg are no more."

"Right," Morgan said through gritted teeth. "Of course, that makes sense! My parents don't hook up and the Borg go kablooeey. Meanwhile a bunch of dimwits with a ship exactly like ours takes us out in a

couple of shots. Are you sure I'm not missing..." Something charred and lumpy bobbed by her head. She batted it aside impatiently. "What was that?"

Kes was torn between fear and amusement. "It looks like Neelix's Leola Root pot roasts are implosion proof."

Morgan's eyebrow twitched furiously. Her face flushed a bright red. "Okay fine, I get the picture! My calling my mum in the past sucks, I killed everyone. How do I fix it?"

"I think you already know. You and your friend are the only ones who can," Kes answered.

"No, no, what about Kiara, the blue flash?" Morgan said.

"That will be avoided once you return to your time. She will be a child again with no memory of this," Kes said.

Morgan sighed, "I got the how, but not the how I'm going to do the how."

Kes frowned in confusion even with her telepathy. "What?"

"Going back through where we came will return us to the moment we left. Too late," Morgan grumbled with offense.

"That's where I come in. You and Tani will return to a few minutes before that event," Kes said.

"Okay, easy as pizza," Morgan said with some relief. Everything, even Kes started to fade away. "Wait, how do I stop our jump to the past? I dunno how it even happened." When she was finished, she seemed to be lying, facing the ceiling. Her earlier companions stared down at her with worry.

"I told you, you never listen," Tani huffed.

James side eyed her while offering his hand, not to her. Morgan took it before Tani could. "That might have something to do with the passing out on the floor thing, but I'm no doctor," he said.

Tani giggled, "oh you. Maybe I should be the patient, then you can be."

Morgan shuddered on her way back up to her feet. She gave a nod to her worried sister beside her. "Come on guys, we've got a ship to save."

Craig and James glanced between the other and back again. "We do?" Craig stuttered fearfully.

Morgan sighed, impatient and a little unsure of how to explain what she'd just seen.

"Pfft, that's a load of cobblers," Tani groaned.

"Okay grandma," Craig commented quietly to himself. Her glare clued him in that it wasn't quiet enough.

James opted to ignore them both, "lets say the time jump works as Kes promised..."

"No, no, I haven't gotten that far ahead yet," Morgan stammered.

"Uh," Craig meekly said, "I hate to be the party pooper but how are we going to get to this anomaly in one piece?"

Morgan frowned, "what do you mean? I assume it's in orbit of the same planet. James can take over the helm from here, I'm sure. Though if mum's found it, she might already be going there."

"No, it's not that. While you were out it started to get a little busy at the gate," James said. He pointed to one of the screens nearby. Morgan recognised the Species 8472 ships guarding the perimeter of a faint wobbly outline close to the planet.

"Why are those weird ships guarding it?" Kiara asked.

"It's obvious. They were the ones who created it," Morgan replied.

"And they must be guarding it to stop us from using it to fix the timeline," Tani said.

"But why did they want to change it in the first place?" James asked.

"The Borg," Morgan groaned in realisation. "In the future I saw, they destroyed them. In mine we helped the Borg send them packing."

"Wow, we must've been really strong to defeat these Borg killers," Craig said in amazement.

James made a little unsure hmm. "All this because Janeway didn't get her coffee. We'd even have trouble guessing that would lead to the death of the Borg, so how would 8472 know sending you two here would do this?"

Morgan wasn't so sure at first, but a thought gave her, her smile back. "They're telepathic." Everyone but Tani waited for further explanation, putting her off momentarily. "They talked to Kes I think, she knows stuff... look I dunno, I wasn't there at the time!"

"Okay, but the change has been made already. We'll only go back to pretty much nothing," Tani said.

"Tani, that can't be right. If it was the case why are 8472 guarding the anomaly? If it wasn't a threat to them they would've left it alone," Morgan said.

"She's got a point," Craig said.

"But we have little nanoprobes to spare," Tani meekly sighed.

"Uhhuh, so much for keeping this quiet and not changing stuff," Kiara said.

Morgan shook her head and smiled. "No, it's fine. None of this will happen if we go through with this. We can tell people the basics."

"Can we? Janeway's running low on coffee and so far our journey hasn't gotten to your levels of weird yet, which is saying something," James said. Craig nodded in agreement. Kiara widened her eyes. "She won't believe any of this."

Morgan shrugged his words off. "Fine, we'll lie our asses off." She turned towards Tani, "we gotta talk. We need to know as much as possible about what happened when the time jump happened, and come up with a prevention plan."

Kiara perked up, "ooh, what about me?"

"You won't remember any of this," Tani said.

"Yeah but, any plan we come up with needs to include her so she doesn't skip puberty again," Morgan said.

"What's puberty?" Kiara innocently asked.

Tani looked on jealously, "lucky." Craig once more silently nodded in agreement.

James laughed quietly, "why do I feel so old all of a sudden?"

Morgan teasingly gave him a slight elbow to the ribs, "cos even in a travel back in time incident you're still the oldest." She hinted for Tani to follow her and headed outside.

Once they were, Craig seemed more confused than before. "You are? I thought you were my age or younger."

"I..." James said, frowning with a raising eyebrow, "is that an insult or not?"

Kiara glanced between them both, giggling mischievously. "Insult, def."

Craig squeaked fearfully.

Outside Tani and Morgan hid in one of the corridor inlets, speaking with low voices. "Okay fine. So that means we do have 8472 to contend with," Morgan sounded deflated.

"What if we fly into it at warp," Tani suggested.

Morgan hoped she was joking. "Kes said she'd help us."

"So you think we should talk to her past self?" Tani wondered.

"No," Morgan groaned, feeling a headache coming on. "We don't have time to be making weapons, even if we had enough nanoprobes. She'll have known that. She said it would be fine."

Tani pulled a scrunched up face. "So the plan is really just fly into the anomaly, hoping 8472 are on their lunch break? Then what?"

"Then we stop them making the anomaly in the first place," Morgan said as if it were obvious.

Tani started to feel a similar headache building. "But how? It all happened so fast. We have more time to make the weapons in this time than we do in the present."

Morgan's hopes dashed from her face. "You may be right. We'll have to destroy the anomaly instead."

"Oh! Of course," Tani said super sarcastically.

A smile crept back onto Morgan's face. "Yes of course! We don't need the weapons. 8472 will do the work for us. All we need to do is avoid dying until we go into the anomaly."

"So, we're back to square one," Tani groaned.

"If we do this right, all we'd need to do back in our time is get Voyager out of the way and make sure Kiara doesn't run off, just in case," Morgan said.

Tani nodded slowly, pretending she understood. "Okay then, I'll go to the bridge then and..."

"Hold on!" Morgan hissed. "If you're there, who will make sure Kiara's safe?"

Tani whined pathetically, "she's not my sister-me."

"You don't even get the plan," Morgan muttered.

"What's to get? Fly in and fly back, whoop de doo," Tani laughed. She could tell Morgan wasn't going to budge, her face fell. "I'm not touching Jessie's manipulation attempt, no way."

Morgan resisted giving her another slap. "Duncan doesn't need rescuing, you delusional brat."

"Oh, I'm the brat?" Tani sniggered.

"Yes," Morgan replied matter of factly. "Just go to Sickbay and grab Kiara. She'll try to run out as soon as you enter."

"But," Tani moaned.

"Your job isn't hard, sheesh! Let's update the others and get started," Morgan said while walking around her, back to Stellar Cartography.

The Bridge:

"We're in range," Tom said.

"Red Alert!" Kathryn commanded.

"Powering weapons," Tuvok said.

"Is the deflector ready?" Kathryn asked.

"Yeah," Jessie replied.

Kathryn tapped her commbadge. "Girls, are you in positions?"

"Sure, no probs."

"Then good luck to you both. Mr Tuvok, fire!" Kathryn shouted passionately.

"Aye Captain," Tuvok replied.

Tani waited around outside Craig's quarters, squinting and curling the right side of her lips. Craig looked on a little confused.

"Morgan?" Tani finally said.

"What?" Morgan's voice replied.

"What did you tell your mum to get her flying guns blazing into that anomaly?" Tani asked.

The pair heard an embarrassed little groan. *"I didn't. James did. And I'm not proud of it, okay."*

"Evasive maneuvers! Faster!" Kathryn screamed whilst gripping the armrests so hard her hands were white.

Tom squeaked, his head covered in sweat. "Okay."

They felt the ship swerve to the left. It wasn't far enough. A beam from one of the 8472 ships struck Voyager's belly, causing the ship to spin out of control.

"Shields down to 17%," Tuvok said calmly.

Kathryn firmly ground her teeth. Meanwhile the bridge was on fire, quickly filling with smoke. Harry hurriedly ran over to one to extinguish it.

"We mustn't give up. If anyone's going to use that coffee nebula, it's gonna be me," Kathryn grumbled. Chakotay stared at her accusingly. "Us." His face didn't change. "I meant wormhole. Keep firing."

Voyager recovered its course, as it did it fired more torpedoes. Two hit, and the others missed. Nothing changed, the 8472 continued their pursuit. The anomaly was only seconds away when one of the warp drives started to smoke.

"We have no more torpedoes, Captain," Tuvok said.

"One of the nacelles has overheated. We're losing speed," Tom dared to add on.

"Ok, I think it's time, fire the deflector," Kathryn said in between licking her lips.

"Setting a course for the anomaly," Tom said.

Both 8472 ships fired at Voyager, just as it reached the anomaly. The weapons fire hit the back of the ship. The hull buckled and the ship blew up inside the anomaly. It started to contort, spread across and thin.

The 8472 ships hurriedly regrouped to do their circular formation, powering up their weapons on route. By the time they were able to charge the centre ship, the anomaly had faded completely.

"Blue Alert," Lilly ordered. Emma looked at her oddly.

"Isn't that the alert for the landing thingy?" Emma asked.

Lilly opened her mouth, about to respond. She looked hesitant for a moment. "No, that's yellow. Does this thing even land?" Dave responded with only a dumbfounded stare.

One half of the screen showed what looked like an empty Voyager bridge until a flustered and wide eyed Harry tumbled into the helm seat. "Surely you have one ex Borg over there. It's so common."

Lilly shook her head and her earlier thoughts. "No it's really not. Why?"

Harry whined while tapping his commbadge again with one hand, the other worked on the helm. "Kim to Morgan."

"The aliens are targeting Voyager," Carly stuttered. "Surely there's got to be one sober person on that ship who can fly."

Too engrossed in his panicked helm tapping, Harry didn't notice the girl running up to him until she pushed his seat hurtling into the steps. "Mor...?" he weakly whimpered on landing.

"Miss Henderson?" Tuvok managed to sound alarmed.

"Hold on to your lamps," Tani said, quickly tapping a new course on the helm.

"La...?" Tuvok barely had time to wonder as the entire ship jolted face down.

Deck Five:

Morgan hurried out of a turbolift with a still tipsy Craig tailing her. The jolt pushed them both further down the corridor, and Craig face first to the floor.

"No Craig, I wasn't the one who knocked a tune on your door," Morgan grumbled, seemingly unaware. Craig made a little pained whimper. Morgan sighed very impatiently, "I don't have time for this now."

She picked up the pace to run into Sickbay. Since she expected it and her head was less groggy from her mum's flask contents, she saw Kiara bolting out of the office this time. Morgan crouched down to grab her.

"Hey!" Kiara cried as she was picked up off her feet and hung over her sister's shoulder. She quickly resigned to her fate until Morgan started to head back for the office, then she started kicking wildly. "No, no, the babies smell!"

"I know, pack that in," Morgan grunted.

The smell came first, then the sight of the two babies; one sound asleep, the other kicking up a fuss. As before she grabbed one, mouthing *be right back* with her nose squished down.

The Bridge:

"*Tani*," Morgan's voice called over the comm.

Kathryn perked up, distracted from what she was doing. To Harry's fortune, it was peeling a squished chocolate bar stuck to his thigh. Unaware of it he ran towards Opps mumbling about not having many nanoprobes.

"Pookie? Come sort out that naughty Harry boy for sitting on my Coffee Kitkat," Kathryn said very innocently.

Tani rolled her eyes up, resisting the urge to comment on that. "I did it, but they're still here." She eyed the viewscreen showing the 8472 formation firing a beam into empty space, creating similar distortions to the anomaly from the past. "What are we missing?" Her console started beeping furiously at her.

Tuvok's and Opps did too. "The disturbance they are creating, its pulling us towards it," Tuvok said.

The ship rumbled gently at first. Harry checked behind him, "hull stress is weakening."

"*Hull breach on Deck Five*," the computer's voice said.

Deck Nine:

Morgan's eyes widened in horror. "Duncan," she stuttered. The rocking of the ship made it a struggle to lower Kiara to the ground with a baby in her other arm. "Hold him, I'll be right back."

Kiara pulled a little face as she was handed the heavier than he looked kid. "But?" she protested.

"Don't move, unless it gets all blue flashy!" Morgan yelled while running off down the corridor.

"Blue flashy?" Kiara mumbled.

Morgan turned one corner to enter the turbolift. She heard the computer speak from the bridge, "*emergency forcefields activated. Hull breach contained.*"

"What?" Morgan said, freezing on the spot.

"*Morgan, the hull stress on your deck is getting worse. I'd get out of there if I were...*" Tani's voice tried to warn her. A huge bang behind Morgan punched her in the gut, slamming her into the back wall of the turbolift.

"Kiara," Morgan weakly spluttered during her attempt to get back up. Once up she staggered back the way she came, ignoring her newly sore back.

It didn't take her long to get back to where she left her sister and Bryan. Only they weren't where she left them. Instead two teenagers lay unconscious side by side in their place.

"Oh sh..." Morgan stammered.

The Bridge:

Tani squinted towards the viewscreen. "What the hell?"

She wasn't the only one confused. The anomaly rippled, its edges started to fade. The enemy ships flickered invisible with every churn. Finally they both vanished all together as if nothing happened.

"Um, so blowing up the ship, it worked? Took its time," Tani said.

Deck Nine:

Morgan knelt beside the two kids looking forlorn. "Yeah, took their time." She grimaced, unsure what to do next.

The Bridge:

Tuvok kept his eyes firmly on his station, hoping that if he couldn't see the bridge, whatever was happening on it wasn't. "The nano torpedoes are armed and ready," he said without moving his head.

Kathryn quickly swallowed the majority of what was in her mouth. Still she chewed while posing dramatically in her chair, "good, lets get those 8472 scum."

Tuvok sighed as he fired the only two warheads directly towards the centre ship. It took a few seconds before the strike obliterated the ship, taking most of the others with it.

"The last few ships are retreating," Harry breathed a sigh of relief. Something light and sticky struck the back of his head. He didn't need to ask or look to know what it was, but he did have a feel around to make sure it hadn't stuck to him. There buried into his stressed, sweaty hair, a glob of melted chocolate that was starting to pollute the air around him with coffee fumes.

"Pfft, melted my afternoon treat," Kathryn pouted, folding her arms in a huff.

"Captain," Tuvok said when his eyebrow reached critical height, "perhaps you should return to your quarters to rest. I will assume command until morning."

Kathryn seemed to have trouble keeping her head still, "why, I can easily get another one." She gasped, then gave the Tuvok a mischievous grin, "I can get a hundred. Clever boy." Luckily for everyone on board her head turn had slouched her body too far to the right, so she toppled to the floor moments later.

"Sickbay's gonna be busy tonight," Harry winced. His eyes bugged out, "Tom. We forgot to beam up Tom. Is he still in one piece out there?"

"It is of no concern. I transported him back on board during the time Deck Five's hull breach was sealed," Tuvok said.

Sickbay:

James walked inside, immediately tripping over someone on the floor. He heard the cutest baby giggle during his stumble, he panicked immediately thinking the worst. To his huge relief the person he tripped over was an adult and Tom shaped. The giggle came from Duncan poking him in his snoring face.

"What the...?" James started to wonder until the piercing sound of a baby crying reminded him he had a hangover. Since it wasn't coming from Duncan, still laughing at the drooling Tom was doing, he looked across the room towards Danny and Ian. At first he noticed Danny holding a bundle, then Ian as well, he glanced between them both and started to worry.

The Doctor approached him with an irritated, almost tired expression, brandishing a hypospray. "Now serving number 150," he tried to say light but sounded bored. James frowned at him while it was injected into his arm. It got to work relatively quickly, except for the seeing double part.

"Um, Danny and Ian," he mumbled.

The Doctor chuckled, "yes it's a miracle Ian survived that ordeal, but I'm not so bad myself."

"Uh...?" James stared blankly, at a loss for words.

"Thank you for asking," the Doctor said while wandering off, he assumed back to his office, but he walked directly outside without his emitter.

James shook that off, and was about to hurry over to the pair when he spotted Duncan changing his finger poking into more of a fist bump. He quickly scooped him up before walking over.

"Ah, there he is," Danny cooed, "look it's your uncle James, and hopefully my future son in law."

James stalled, cringing in disgust. Duncan did something similar, only he stuck his tongue out very briefly. "No. Much no," James eventually said.

Danny smiled slyly, "how cute, you think it's up to you."

"You too, only not cute, weird," James muttered. Danny gave him a playful wink. He ignored that to glance at Ian, who on closer inspection seemed to be sleep-standing while carrying a baby. James checked again, Danny had one as well. "This is... news." The Doctor meanwhile reactivated himself with a dazed look on his face.

"Oh we knew. We wanted to keep it hush," Danny giggled. She gestured the baby in her arms toward him, "meet Kirsty." Her head beckoned in Ian's direction, "and that's Kyle."

"Yes, we're becoming quite a generational ship with all these little ones running around," the Doctor said. "I just hope that my make a nursery suggestion won't fall on deaf ears."

James shrugged. "I'm surprised we didn't get one the moment Janeway had Kiara. You never know."

The Doctor looked around shiftily. "Yes, I might want to avoid that topic, if I were you."

"Why?" James asked.

The Doctor gestured to another occupied couple of biobeds. He then headed across to check on the new arrivals. James was more than a little confused. The first occupant he didn't recognise, but then he noticed the Klingon facial ridges. The girl lying on the neighbouring one made him once again doubt his eye sight. "Is that?"

The Doctor sighed, "yes. Kiara and Bryan were hit by a massive blast of temporal energy. They're healthy, but I want to see if there's anything I can do for them. I'm not optimistic, but Janeway..." he looked very nervous, if paranoid all of a sudden. "Has a holographic projection remote," he whispered while walking back to him, "but maybe you can change the commands a bit. She presses the Justin T button and instead I turn into someone easy on the eyes. I've always wanted to see if I'd suit a beard. Or perhaps some thick hair, and a few extra inches." Danny giggled. "To my height," he snapped.

James' eyes had widened around the time he mentioned a beard, they rolled to one side while he was talking. Duncan stared as if judging him. Since the Doctor knew who his parents were, he knew it wasn't a question of if.

"Sure, I'll go and do that, right now," James said slowly, stepping back every now and then. Typically he backed into Tom, who squeaked at being stepped on. Even so, he still snored and drooled. James made a slight detour before making his escape.

THE END