

Episode 1.07

Mirror Universes

The stars shone bright through the window, just barely peeking around the edge of the frame.

The entire crew were slowly gathering, each one more excited than the next. It was a day of joy, a great day in Voyager's history.

All they could do was wait and wonder. Their host stood by the door, greeting each person who came in warmly. He finally received the message everyone was waiting for. The host took his responsibility very seriously, he wasted no more time.

When he arrived he was greeted by beaming smiles, much brighter than the stars outside. What got his attention the most was the tiny bundle lying in the woman's arms. As he approached the tiny girl fluttered her eyes open.

The host couldn't help but grin. He clasped the man's shoulder in approval.

The crew were waiting for the news, they depended on him. The woman reached over to hand him her precious bundle. He felt such pride as he held her, he was honoured.

The Mess Hall seemed like miles away. When he reached it, everyone hushed. The room was silent. Everyone waited anxiously for the news they were waiting for. He beamed in joy.

"It's a girl," he announced. With a wide smile spread across his face, he raised the child into the air to show her off. Everyone erupted into cheers and applause.

"Crap!" Kiara squeaked. Naomi burst into giggles.

Neelix pouted as he stared at the two little girls sitting cross legged in front of him. "It's true."

The little baby blew a raspberry at him, that only made Naomi laugh even more.

"Well I thought it was a beautiful story," Neelix said.

"I thought it was the biggest pile of crap I've had the misfortune to encounter..." Kathryn said from afar. Neelix jumped, he clearly hadn't seen her walk in.

"Crap!" Kiara squeaked happily.

Kathryn beamed at her daughter. "I've somehow let you stay in this kitchen for three years, so you can imagine how big we're talking."

"I don't get it," Neelix frowned.

Kathryn walked over to pick up Kiara. "Besides that wasn't how it happened."

"Well I'll admit that I added a little flair to it. I love story telling," Neelix smiled.

"Yeah, and just like this series it's ripped off and totally ruined story telling," Kathryn muttered. She cooed at her baby, "isn't that right cutie?"

"Crap!" Kiara agreed.

Kathryn nodded, "as usual my baby gets it spot on."

"Where did she learn that word anyway?" Neelix asked carefully.

"Not that it's any of your business but I have a good idea," Kathryn replied, narrowing her eyes slightly. "We'd better be getting to the Bridge and see what episode we're ripping off this time."

"Crap!" Kiara smiled proudly.

Kathryn shook her head, "no sweetie, Fair Haven's not till later." She got what she expected, a raspberry blown in her ear. "I know, but at least we don't have Demon anymore," she said in a comforting voice.

"Well, now it's just me and my darling god daughter," Neelix sighed as the pair left. He looked down, expecting to see little Naomi sitting opposite him still. That wasn't what he saw. "Ohno..."

"Bye crap," Naomi giggled from the kitchen. Neelix's attention quickly darted over there, just spotting Naomi picking up a frying pan. His eyes widened in horror as she flipped it upside down, dropping the contents on the floor.

Unlike the last time, the people cheering and clapping were real.

The Bridge:

Chakotay looked a little red faced and flustered. He had no idea what was happening, as far as he knew Kathryn hadn't had one of her lack of coffee fits in several months.

"I'm sorry, I think you've got the wrong ship," he managed to say.

Staring intensely at him on the viewscreen was a very angry looking alien. He obviously didn't believe a word he said.

"You must think we're very stupid. Your ship looks just like the one that attacked us," the alien said angrily.

Chakotay glanced towards Harry, arming his own glare. Harry kept his eager mouth shut this time. "When you say looked just like us," Chakotay said as he turned back. "Do you mean same colour, similar design, has warp drives?"

The alien snarled at the Commander. "I will not be insulted! I mean it's exactly the same!" He exclaimed as his fist slammed on the desk in front of him.

Chakotay cringed, "that word again. Look we don't attack random planets, you must be mistaken."

"We are not," the alien growled. He pressed one of the many buttons he had on his desk. The viewscreen changed to something else, the entire Bridge crew mouths dropped open in shock when they saw it.

"What the... how is this possible?" Chakotay stammered.

The USS Voyager flew passed the camera... er I mean through a system. But something was different about it.

"Report!" a woman screamed.

"We're nearing the Rederya System, Captain," Tom said in a sarcastic voice. His hair was scruffier than usual.

"Then where are they?" the woman asked angrily.

"They probably smelt your feet so they ran away in fear," Chakotay said. For some reason Chakotay's tattoo was spread over one side of his face.

"Shut up you!" the woman yelled.

James and Jessie entered the Bridge. Jessie's hair was longer and it was a brighter tone of red. James' hair was also longer and spiked; it was a navy shade of blue.

"The Boss is hailing us," Harry said. His hair was also spiky and for some reason he was wearing black lip stick.

"Well put him on the viewscreen then, you dope!" the woman yelled.

Harry rolled his eyes and he pressed a couple of controls.

Jessie and James went to the engineering console, passing Tuvok who had much longer ears than usual. The viewscreen activated and a dark figure appeared stroking something on his lap.

"What is taking so long?" a deep voice, distorted by a computer boomed.

"These dimwits haven't found the other Voyager yet," the woman said.

"She was too busy looking in a mirror than looking for Voyager," Chakotay muttered.

"Quiet you!" the woman yelled.

"I'm counting on you this time. Failure is out of the question," the Boss said.

"Yes Sir," the woman replied.

"Don't count on it Sir, her middle name IS failure," Chakotay said.

The woman lost her temper and she threw a tricorder at him. It hit him right in the face. "Sorry, Sir, he's just a moron."

"Just get the job done," the Boss said. The viewscreen went off. The woman walked over to the Engineering Station.

"James, Jessie, how is the plan getting on?" the woman asked.

"It's getting on well, Captain," Jessie replied.

"There's no way we can fail," James said.

"Where have I heard that before?" Tom muttered.

"Shut up or I'll bop your nose again!" Jessie yelled.

"Be my guest, Crewman," the woman said as she walked off.

"Hey Harry, it's Jesse James," Tom sniggered.

"Captain, permission to torture Tom," Jessie said.

"As long as you do it here," the woman said as she brought out some popcorn.

Jessie marched over to Tom who was laughing his head off. She hit him hard in the face. James also walked over to help her out, though she didn't really need it.

Ten minutes later, they both dragged their helpless victim out of the Bridge. He was never seen again.

Voyager... (yes Voyager, our Voyager):

"Tom, I can't believe that you did that," Harry said as he stared at the crowded Mess Hall. Everyone was clapping at him. He looked proudly at his extra pip; he was now Lieutenant at last.

"Hey, I'm known to be deceitful," Tom smirked.

Everyone stopped clapping very quickly like they didn't really care. A few crewmembers had already started on the alcohol.

"Hey, this wouldn't be a party without music. Computer load playlist Paris 4," Tom said.

Five seconds later the song 'In Youpendi' by Wes & Ladysmith Black Mambazo came on.

"Why, why would you play this?" Harry had to ask.

Tom shrugged, "the writer's music collection back in 2001 consisted of Disney and Pokémon soundtracks. What do you expect?" He shook his head, "computer skip track." The song thankfully stopped playing and a new one took its place.

As usual Craig had gotten drunk quick, not as quick as Seven had though. She was dancing to the music near the Doctor, who was having a hell of a time trying to drag her to Sickbay.

Craig was busy asking every girl he saw out on a date. Of course their reactions was the same; rejection and sometimes a slap in the face.

He staggered along to where James, Jessie and Triah were standing talking.

"Hi, Jessie, do you wanna go out with me?" Craig said in a slurry voice.

Jessie pretended to think about it. "Hmmm, no!" she replied.

Craig faced Triah. "No, Craig, I'm your sister remember," Triah said.

"Oh yeah," Craig said and he collapsed.

The Doctor ran up to him and he tried to drag him out of the room. Seven meanwhile took this opportunity to jump up on a table and start to sing along to the music.

"Hey ho, here she comes. Something too loud, a little too close. Something, something and vertigo. She thinks she's made of candy."

Everyone just watched as the Doctor tried to persuade Seven to come to Sickbay. Craig was still unconscious on the floor.

Tom walked over to the Doctor. "Hey Doc, why don't you just transport them," he suggested.

"I will in a minute if I can't do it in the usual means," the Doctor replied.

Tom tutted and he tapped his commbadge. "Paris to Transporter Room One, beam Seven of Nine and Lieutenant Anderson to Sickbay."

"Acknowledged."

Seven and Craig dematerialised in a shimmer of light.

Chakotay walked by right at that moment on his way to Kathryn. The smell coming from her drink took his breath away and made him a little worried.

"Uh, where's Kiara?"

Kathryn pointed at her feet. Chakotay glanced down to see only her feet. He frowned as he looked back up. "Yes they're nice but where's our baby?"

"Silly, right there," Kathryn giggled as she pointed again.

Chakotay groaned into his hand. "I figured you'd be drinking coffee as usual. What is that?"

"Irish coffee," Kathryn replied like it was so obvious.

Chakotay's eyes widened. "Um, I'll tell you about our second mistaken identity crisis later, shall I?"

"Why? I'm fine," Kathryn smiled. She wobbled slightly.

The room shook and the lights dimmed, which meant two things; Red Alert and a something bad was happening.

Every member of the senior staff, even some of the nameless ones, arrived on the Bridge, well sort of.

"For god's sake, I'm the Captain!" Kathryn complained as she tried to squeeze between Tuvok and Tom. It didn't help as both of them were trying to get through the door as well.

"We obviously need the Tactical officer," Tuvok said.

Tom felt an elbow connect with his ribs. "Hey, that's cheating!" he squealed.

"Sorry, I was aiming for Harry," B'Elanna said.

As he was stuck in the middle, all Harry could do was whimper while the people behind him tried to shove him forward.

Chakotay sighed from the back of the turbolift, "why we all had to share one turbolift is beyond me."

The bridge continuously shook in the meantime, which didn't help at all.

"Oh for god's sake," James groaned, also from the back.

Jessie looked to her side, she was right beside him. "You're Security."

"Yeah but Tuvok asked me to come, for some reason. I should get back to not listening," James shook his head.

Tom's eyes widened in horror, "oh my god, somebody bit me!"

Kathryn spluttered in front of her, "god, he tastes like bad cologne."

Suddenly most of the group were pushed forward, each one falling into a heap on the floor. At least they were out of the turbolift.

Jessie smirked as she was one of the few spared, she stepped out. "Maybe that's why."

Kathryn pushed a shaking Harry off of her, he fell on top of Tom instead. She jumped up to her feet, her face full of disgust. "Who did that?"

Chakotay quickly stood up, which was easy as there was no one behind him during the push. "The question we should ask is why we had to have the same number of people walk out of the turbolift as the original episode." He stared at the three unknowns who were apart of the pile. "Or should I say why we had to have more in the turbolift?"

"For craps and giggles?" Jessie smiled. Chakotay stared at her blankly. "S word gets interrupted and I wanted to say *and giggles*."

Chakotay shook his head. "Yes I remember."

"Who cares, report!" Kathryn ordered.

"We're caught in a dimensional distortion," the unknown at Tactical replied. Tuvok took his place at his station.

Everyone else struggled to leave the pile and do the same.

"Dimensional? How can you tell?" James asked.

Tuvok looked at the same reading the unknown was looking at. Everyone else focused on the viewscreen. All anyone could see was a shimmering blue.

"It seems to be a tear between our dimension and the Seventh Dimension," Harry said for him.

"Seventh? I thought there were only four dimensions," Tom said.

"Five. We're in the Fifth Dimension, Tom," Kathryn said.

Chakotay glanced in her direction, "how much of that Irish coffee did you have?"

Kathryn scowled at him, "only half you prick. Why?"

"Just making small talk," Chakotay lied. He turned to Harry, "what do you mean *seventh*?"

"That's what they're calling it," Harry winced.

Chakotay glanced around, "who?" Harry pointed at the viewscreen which showed the blue rift. Now another ship was flying out from it. It looked very familiar.

"Wow, we're really trying to get out of that fifth and seventh dimension malarkey Season One created, aren't we?" Tom sniggered. Kathryn reached forward to squeeze his shoulder, unfortunately it was the one she bit earlier.

Chakotay shook his head, "no Tom. The problem with that *original malarkey* is we suddenly knew about it despite never mentioning it before. So let's never mention it, ever."

Tom looked up at the viewscreen, his eyes widened in shock. "Hey that'll explain a lot."

Kathryn huffed as she glanced up to. "Oy! Who replaced the viewscreen with a mirror?"

Chakotay groaned again, "a mirror would be showing us, not another Voy... Oh I give up!"

Everyone by now was looking at the viewscreen again. The other ship looked very similar to their own, only it was a lot more damaged than theirs. Also it still had pieces of Borg technology all over its hull.

"Are we sure this isn't just a time distortion?" Jessie frowned.

Harry shook his head, "the signal we got off them when they arrived backs up a dimensional distortion, not time. Their time matches."

"So they sent us a signal. They're trying to tell us something. We should be careful anyway, just in case they are from the past," Kathryn said thoughtfully. "Perhaps we should run..."

Tuvok quickly interrupted, "they're powering weapons."

"Run into them, full speed. That'll give them a scare," Kathryn growled. As she still had a hold of Tom's painful shoulder, he thought about listening to her.

The ship shook a few times as torpedoes from the other Voyager flew straight at them.

"Hail them," Chakotay ordered.

Harry sighed in relief when he got an answer right away. "They're responding." The trembling also stopped.

The viewscreen re-activated showing Voyager's Bridge. Nearly all of the main cast... er I mean senior staff were on their Bridge. Everyone was puzzled when they saw the younger woman in charge instead of Kathryn.

"We've already told you who we are in our greeting message, *Fifth Voyager*. You're wasting valuable ass kicking time," she growled.

"Who the hell is this witch?" Chakotay asked.

"It's my sister!" Kathryn gasped. Tom did a cut throat imitation.

"Thanks for the compliment, monkey boy. Now we'll get back to kicking your sorry butt," the woman said.

"Wait, Phoebe, why are you attacking us and how..." Kathryn said.

"There isn't any room for the two of us. Sorry sis, nice seeing ya again and all that but I'm going to have to blow you up now," Phoebe said.

The viewscreen went off. The other Voyager continued firing.

"Captain, that Voyager is no match for us," Tuvok said.

"How come?" Chakotay asked.

"Their weapons and shields are badly damaged. We could just fire a torpedo into their weapons array and they'll be forced to retreat," Tuvok said.

"But we need to find out where they come from," Chakotay said.

"We'll deal with that later, do it Tuvok," Kathryn ordered.

Voyager fired a torpedo and it hit the other Voyager causing a small explosion on the hull.

"Direct hit, their weapons are off line," Tuvok said.

"Hail them," Kathryn said.

"It's too late, Captain, they've re-entered the distortion," Tom said.

"Harry, can you tell where that Voyager has gone?" Kathryn asked.

Tom snickered to himself. "Voyager returns to the seventh dimension. Join us next time," he said in a silly narrator's style voice. Kathryn instinctively pulled on his ear. "Ah, I'm sorry!"

"Seven Of Nine to the Bridge."

"Go ahead Seven," Kathryn said.

"Mmm, Go Ahead Bars," B'Elanna muttered. Everyone was staring at her. "What? I've got to keep in shape!"

"I thought Seven was drunk," James muttered.

"I managed to treat her! Hello everyone!" the Doctor's voice yelled cheerfully.

"Captain, please report to the Astrometrics Lab."

"And then you can report to Sickbay for a nice little check up."

Kathryn narrowed her eyes at a very nervous and guilty looking Chakotay. "It was one half of a coffee. You son of a bitch."

"Irish coffee. The clue is in the name," Chakotay tried to defend himself. Kathryn's glare grew more intense. He quickly tapped his commbadge, "I'm on my way." Seconds later he was gone.

"Hmph, why would my sister attack me and how did she get another Voyager?" Kathryn grumbled to herself.

Harry sighed, "in another dimension your sister went into Starfleet instead of you?"

"Then how come their ship is more badly damaged than we are? Complete with Borg tech too, with a different Captain?" Jessie asked.

James shrugged, "I figured it was obvious. Psychosis must run in the family."

Kathryn growled as she slowly turned to arm her death glare his way. He just smiled at her when she did.

The Astrometrics Lab:

Someone finally had chased the Doctor out of the room so the meeting was finally started.

"So... is it Astrometrics or Astrometrix?" Tom asked.

Harry pouted as he folded his arms in a huff. "X, but someone called me a typical lazy American and renamed it."

Jessie smiled sweetly, "well sometimes you poor Yanks need help. Not every word is spelt how it's said." James laughed beside her. "Doughnut is the final level."

Kathryn actually smiled, and proudly too. "Finally, teach that stupid Borg bimbo while you're at it."

Seven stared at her, "uh Captain, I am here."

Kathryn looked over to her, narrowing her eyes. "Yes, you are!"

Harry smiled smugly, "it was only an English writer who used the X in the first place." He raised his hand so Tom could high five it.

"Burn!" he laughed.

Jessie wasn't fazed, "the same writer who couldn't spell supposedly, had people exclaiming all the time, and thirteen years later still can't decide whether it's passed or past?" This time she and James hi fived.

Tom shrugged, "true, but still English."

"Don't lump the writer in with the rest of us," Craig muttered. James and Jessie nodded. "Besides an American wrote Twilight."

"Raise your hand," James told him. Craig did so, and he got a high five as well.

"Yay... ow," Craig almost squeaked.

"I've never been so proud of you," Kathryn smiled at the three. Tom and Harry directed a betrayal face at her but only when she wasn't looking. "Now can we start the meeting? What is happening?"

"Would you like the original episode theory? A modified and badly botched version of it so it can be classed as the same one, just rebooted? Or brand new one?" Seven asked.

"Wow, it's like Kathryn's choice," Kathryn sighed. Of course everyone stared at her.

"Oh god what did you do to Kiara to get that cup of coffee?" James asked.

Everyone felt the room temperature drop to freezing. Of course they avoided looking in Kathryn's direction to avoid being turned to stone or beaten.

Chakotay meanwhile cleared his throat as he tried to resist the urge to comment.

"I meant the choice between filter and regular coffee," Kathryn hissed. "If I wanted to say I debated which child I wanted to give up, I'd have said Sophie's!"

"Which, how many have you got?" Jessie asked.

Chakotay almost choked on his own attempts to clear his throat, he had to punch his own chest to settle it. Unknown to him Kathryn's glare had reached him.

"Dear god. Respect one second and wanting to kill the next," Kathryn muttered.

Seven's eyebrow seemed to match Tuvok's. "Should I pick which theory to use?" she asked.

"If we were to vote, I'd ask for the simplest one," Tom said.

"The other Voyager is from a different dimension," James said.

Tom pulled a face at him, "I got that!"

"Yeah cos I told you," James smiled. Tom only muttered to himself.

"Look, the original theory was down right awful, made no sense and despite the lack of effort, wasn't funny. So why not cut to the chase," Kathryn grumbled. She downed the rest of her coffee, luckily it got to work very quickly. "That Voyager is not from our past as my sister is onboard. Harry was right, it was from another dimension."

Harry smiled and nodded. "Yes, and if the readings I got are to be believed, a very similar one."

"Similar? Were we watching the same thing?" Chakotay questioned.

"I know it didn't look like it, but the phase variance between the two of us was only .002507," Harry said. Most of the group looked at him blankly. "The differences should be very subtle. That Voyager split from us not long ago."

"Split. Is this another Deadlock episode, cos we already have a haunted and fully destroyed deck. I don't want another," Kathryn groaned.

"No. The theory is that everytime a decision has to be made or the timeline is altered, the path is split. For example the Captain recently decided to promote Mr Kim. Once she made that decision, one Voyager went down the Lieutenant route while another kept him as an Ensign," Seven explained.

Harry scoffed, "I don't think so. My promotion was a sure thing."

Kathryn looked a little confused, "so in one dimension Harry's a Lieutenant? Next you'll be telling me there's a one where Neelix is Security Chief."

Chakotay tried not to laugh, "you just promoted him today."

"What! Over his dead body!" Kathryn grumbled as she stomped out of the room.

"I meant Harry not Neelix," Chakotay tried to tell her but it was too late. "Never mind. Continue Seven."

"This Voyager is likely one of thousands, maybe millions of other Voyagers. Each one also splitting into two when the next decision comes along," Seven said. "If the variance is correct, the one calling themselves Seventh Voyager should have split from us just before you arrived in Borg Space."

"So Janeway's sister being in charge is odd to say the least," Tom said.

"Don't forget the hair. Everyone looked like a bunch of tossers," Jessie said. She turned to Tom, "except you, you always do."

"So why call themselves Seventh and us Fifth?" Chakotay asked. Tom was about to speak, "yes I know the series is called that!"

"It's simple, the Fifth dimension is a fictional group of galaxies. People in the Third dimension think up a new book or TV show and it becomes real in this dimension. For example the writer is from the Third dimension and she thought up Fifth Voyager and here we are," Seven tried to explain.

Everyone glanced at the closest person, each one with the same *what the hell is she blabbing about* face.

"I estimate that we are in Dimension 5.19834. The other Voyager is parallel to ours, controlled by the leader of the Seventh Dimension," Seven continued.

"But..." Jessie was about to cut in. Everyone else looked even more confused.

"The Seventh dimension appeared two years ago. Unfortunately they were conquered by an evil tyrant calling himself the Boss."

Tom giggled, "she's crashing on us." Everyone else rolled their eyes.

"Everyone there works for him now and I'm afraid because of that we are in danger. That Voyager probably was brainwashed personally and they will stop at nothing to destroy any other Voyagers," Seven said.

"Crap!" a familiar voice squeaked behind everyone.

Chakotay sighed in relief, "there you are." He rushed over to recover his daughter.

"Couldn't put it better myself," James commented.

"I assumed you wanted the original episode's theory," Seven protested.

"But, that was a joke theory, right?" Jessie stuttered.

"Good god," Chakotay groaned. If there was a camera he would stare at it, instead he stared away from everyone else. "You wondered why we're bothering to redo Season One. *This* is why!"

"Crap," Kiara agreed.

"Exactly sweetie, exactly," Chakotay said.

Jessie shook her head. "Okay so why don't we just leave it as there's another Voyager being controlled by an evil wannabe from yet another dimension."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"That would work but you're forgetting something," Seven said.

"No we're not!" everyone snapped at her.

Her eyes widened, she even felt a little embarrassed. "Why?"

"Can of worms, everywhere," Tom admitted.

"We'll deal with all of this rubbish later," Chakotay said. "For now we've got to be prepared for another attack. I would like to know how Seven knows about other specific dimensions, their history and all about the villain in charge sometime though. It's not like she's sleeping with the executive producer this time."

"As if," Seven scoffed. "The Borg have received threats from this parallel dimension. Apparently somebody managed to achieve dimensional travel and conquered a species that doesn't exist in our dimension."

"Oh we haven't learned, have we?" Tom groaned. "Forget worms, cockroaches and locusts everywhere."

"I imagine that the man will use them to attack us now that the other Voyager failed," Seven continued anyway.

"That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard," Kathryn said from the doorway. Most of the group jumped, they hadn't heard the door open.

"Really?" Tom smirked.

"It's a girl," he announced. With a wide smile spread across his face, he raised the child into the air to show her off. Everyone erupted into cheers and applause.

"Still!" Kathryn replied.

"Wow harsh," Tom said.

"Bridge to Janeway, an unknown fleet of ships and that Voyager is only ten lightyears away heading straight for us."

"Red Alert. It looks like we have a dimensional war on our hands," Kathryn said.

Phoebe stood in the Ready Room, keeping careful watch out of her window. She could just make out the part of the ship where the name was, and the tiny dot standing on it in a spacesuit.

"Why do I have to paint the name on the ship?" Tom's voice whined over the comm.

"For teaching the little brat that word," Phoebe replied.

An older but still a baby Kiara glanced up and grinned, "poppycock!"

Chakotay smiled darkly. "Should we go to warp while he's there?"

Phoebe did the same, "yes, right when he's about to finish."

"I can hear you!" Tom's voice whined.

Phoebe tapped her commbadge. "Maybe now would be a good idea, though I don't want the text all smeared."

"Why Seventh anyway?" Chakotay asked.

"You imbecile," Phoebe grunted. She shoved him aside to illustrate her point. "Fifth is taken, and we can't have sixth, not with what happened with the last Voyager."

"Tuvok to Janeway. I've caught Neelix trying to cook again."

"What this time?" Phoebe groaned.

"It's my mother's speciality, worms in a can," Neelix's voice said.

Phoebe and Chakotay looked at each other with disgust.

"Don't make me cut your other hand off you little..." Tuvok's voice angrily grumbled.

"If you kill him, don't leave him lying there like the last one. Janeway out," Phoebe ordered. She tapped her commbadge. "You still here?"

Chakotay rolled his eyes. "I'm just as disappointed as you are." He walked out.

Phoebe shook her head as she approached Kiara, she knelt down in front of her to pick her up. "It's almost time now."

Kiara pouted angrily as Phoebe carried her out onto the Bridge and straight into the turbolift.

"Aunt Phoebe, why do we have to go through this lousy plan?" Kiara asked.

"Because my dear, you are not good enough for our crew, your Fifth Voyager counterpart is. Don't worry you won't be the only one leaving, those three dimwits Jessie, James and Craig are going too," Phoebe replied.

She stepped off the turbolift to walk down the corridor. She didn't have to walk far, only a few metres before she got to her quarters.

"Why isn't he going?" Kiara huffed as she pointed towards a playpen nearby. A different baby, a younger boy that was closer to the original Kiara's age sat inside it.

"Fifth Voyager don't have him, silly, we don't want to risk him to those morons. Soon he'll be leader of Seventh Voyager," Phoebe replied as she put Kiara down on the floor.

"Oh great, two weasels in charge," Kiara muttered.

"Kiara if you want to bug someone, go bug your father," Phoebe said.

Kiara ran out of the room. Phoebe didn't care, she walked over to place the young boy into a crib.

"I don't wanna be..." he started to say.

"Hush my little one. You must be exhausted," Phoebe cooed. Music started playing out of nowhere. Then she decided to sing along with it. "Sleep my little Alex. Let your dreams take wing."

She circled the crib, caressing the bars. The little boy only pouted and stared away from her.

"One day when you're big and strong, you will be a king," Phoebe sang as she strode over to the door.

"Good night," Alex whispered.

"Goodnight my little prince. Tomorrow your training intensifies," Phoebe cackled.

The Bridge:

Phoebe walked in through the turbolift as Disney style music continued playing out of nowhere. "I've been torn away, tortured, left alone with no defence," she sang as she approached the banister. "When I think of what that tool did, I get a little tense." Her hands slammed on the railings, shaking them.

Everyone started to watch her as she paced the back of the Bridge. "But I dream a dream so pretty that I don't feel so depressed." Her hand went around Harry's shoulders, he tensed up immediately when she started singing into his ear. "Cos it soothes my inner petty and it helps me get some rest." As he expected he was shoved into the station, hard.

"The sound of Kathy's dying gasp," she walked around to the command area. Tom pretended to drop dead on his console.

"Her daughter squealing in my grasp!" Chakotay grabbed Kiara and she squealed in his ear so he dropped her.

"Her first officer's mournful cry!" she sat down on her seat and crossed her legs. Chakotay did nothing, everyone groaned at him. "That's my lullaby!" Her arms raised and stretched out.

"Now the past we're going through again, and my foes are changing!" she half snarled, half sang. Her arms were flailing around.

"Trouble is I know it's rotten, but I hate to let them redo!" Phoebe sang as she jumped out of her seat.

Tom walked up to her. "So you've found yourself somebody who'll squash Voyager like a worm?" he sang, very badly.

Neelix suddenly ran out of the turbolift with Tuvok in hot pursuit. Neelix was still holding a can labelled Worms.

"Oh the battle may be pointless, but that kinda works for me," Phoebe sang. She pushed Tom out of the way and she made her way to the centre of the Bridge. "The melody of constant exclams. A counterpoint of no endings. A symphony of lunacy. Oh my! That's my lullaby!"

Phoebe's Quarters again:

"Kath is gone, but Phoeb's still around, to love this little lad," Phoebe sang. She gave the sleeping baby a kiss on the cheek. "Till he learns to be a killer, with a lust for being mad!" She left the room again. Chakotay and Kiara were hovering over Alex.

"Sleep you little termite! Uh I mean *precious little thing*." Chakotay muttered.

"One day when you're grown but weak..." Kiara sang.

"*You will be a king!*" Phoebe's voice sang over the intercom.

The Bridge:

Phoebe was standing behind the command chairs again, her arms raised into the air. "The pounding of the drums of war. The thrill of Voyager's mighty reign!"

"Joy of vengeance!" Tom sang.

"Puppyc..." Kiara sang.

"I can hear the cheering!" Phoebe thankfully interrupted.

"Alex, what a guy!" almost everyone sang. Phoebe jumped onto the console behind the command chairs.

"Pay-back time is nearing and then our flag will fly, against the blood-red sky! That's my lulla... byyyyyy-ah ahahahaha!" Phoebe broke into laughter. The whole Bridge cheered along with her.

Regular Voyager:

The Red Alert siren rang around the bridge, the lights flashed and the bridge trembled every now and then. The viewscreen showed a fleet of alien ships firing weapons at them while the second Voyager hung around behind them all.

"Shields down to seventy percent," Tuvok reported.

Chakotay quickly climbed out of his seat to walk over to Tom. "Come about heading 174.93, they'll think we're going for the other Voyager."

Tom nodded, "no problem."

Harry looked a little concerned. "If they keep hitting us like this the shields won't last another minute. We need to get out of here. It's what the Captain asked us..."

"The Captain also asked for a new coffee chair earlier. The aliens are blocking us at every turn, if we go to warp it'd be disastrous," Chakotay scolded him.

"Thirty percent," Tuvok reported.

The viewscreen showed the other Voyager slowly getting bigger. Once it took over half of the screen it started firing as well.

"Tuvok, take out their weapons again," Chakotay ordered.

Tuvok nodded just as the ship shook. "Their weapons are down, but so is our shields."

Harry's station beeped, he frowned at it. "The aliens are retreating." He glanced up just as everyone looked towards the viewscreen. The other Voyager took off too. "What was the point of that?"

Chakotay narrowed his eyes at the screen, watching the Voyager and its friends fly off ahead of them. "They're leading us somewhere."

"Or they want us to think they are, when they are really wanting us to sit here like a duck," Jessie commented.

Tom nodded. "They had us already, what was the point?"

"I have a feeling we're going to find out pretty soon," Chakotay said dramatically. Of course that wasn't going to last. Something soft but still a little heavy flew into the side of his head and dropped onto the floor.

"Crap," he heard his daughter squeak from the Ready Room. He slowly turned to look in that direction, immediately noticing the door was open.

"Ohno, she didn't," a horrible thought came to him.

Kathryn stood in between the doors, smiling darkly. "Oh it wasn't a used one..."

Chakotay looked down to see a rolled up nappy lying by his feet, instantly relieved by what she said. He quickly checked the impact area anyway, just in case.

"This time," Kathryn said. Chakotay's eyes widened. He quickly hurried over to her. She gave him a little push to guide him into the room. Once he was she abandoned him to step onto the Bridge.

"Oh god. What did he do to deserve diaper to the head?" Tom dared to ask.

"Futill!" Kiara's voice squeaked even from behind the door.

"Shhh, not in earshot of mummy," Chakotay's desperately tried to hush her.

"Dahtah!"

"No!" Chakotay whimpered.

Kathryn growled as she sat down in her chair. "So I felt him ruin my ship too, huh? What happened?"

Everyone looked at each other with the same worried expression.

Meanwhile a man walked towards a door labelled The Mysterious Shadowy Room - 47. It opened to reveal, well nothing, just darkness.

A few minutes of fumbling around for his seat later he sat down. Thanks to a little device in his pocket he activated his computerised voice.

"At last Voyager, your time has come. Soon you will pay for what you did to me. Vengeance is a dish served absolutely delicious and creamy."

He shifted in his seat as it was a little uncomfortable, a part of it seemed to be poking him in the butt. He tried to ignore it for now. "As usual you play into my hands. Hear this... god this chair is so lumpy, it's..." He then realised the problem. "Oh, this is my desk ornament."

The man quickly climbed back onto his feet while rubbing his very sore butt. "Man, right on the ears."

Fifth Voyager, Deck Five:

"I didn't teach her those words. Seven did," Chakotay protested as he raced Kathryn down the corridor. She was only power walking down it until he said that. She skidded to a halt, forcing Chakotay to do the same.

Tom was behind him as well, he didn't stop in time and slammed into his back. Chakotay rolled his eyes. That was the least of his worries as Kathryn turned around.

"My daughter is not allowed to play with dolls!" she snarled. "Leave that creepy crap to Naomi."

Chakotay groaned as Tom hadn't budged since their collision. "Why are you following us?"

"I work in Sickbay, part time," Tom squeaked.

"Fine, fine. How do you explain them then?" Chakotay asked as he pointed over his shoulder.

Tom pulled his head away at least. "Explain what?" He didn't realise Jessie was right behind him, about to collide as well. At the last second she just pushed at his arm and he flew into the wall. She passed Chakotay a smile as she walked around him and Kathryn. He had turned around in the meantime.

James was next but only cos he was walking alongside her before that, and had stopped to watch. He continued onwards.

That wasn't the end of it though, little Kiara was walking and then crawling every few steps after them.

"When did you put her down?" Chakotay asked.

Kathryn scowled at him. "Right around the time she filled her nappy." She continued her march to Sickbay.

Chakotay groaned once Kiara caught up with him. She smiled up at him and held her arms out. "She's kidding, Kathryn wouldn't be that cruel."

"Crap?" Kiara stared at him quizzically.

"No sweetie," Chakotay said as he knelt down to pick her up. To his relief she didn't smell like Kathryn had accused her of. Though he did smell something else. "No Kathryn really, coffee diapers?" he asked loudly so she could hear him.

Kathryn ignored him. She soon entered Sickbay with the other two behind her.

"What is it Doctor?" Kathryn asked.

"Look who was beamed on our doorstep," the Doctor said. He walked into his office.

Chakotay arrived with Kiara still in his arm. Tom limped in behind him. The Doctor stepped back out of his office with the children from Seventh Voyager behind him.

"Kiara?" Chakotay asked.

Kiara responding by pointing at the two other kids. "Crap?"

Seventh Kiara giggled, "that's Alex."

Alex pointed at her and stuck his tongue out. She pulled a face in return.

"Okay, so that's another Kiara but who's that?" James asked.

"Dude, that's Jessie," Tom said as he limped over to a biobed. Jessie helped him get the rest of the way there with another shove.

"It's Kiara's little brother... from the Seventh dimension," the Doctor answered.

Seventh Kiara walked up to Chakotay and Kiara. He and Kathryn both had a confused look on their faces.

"God, you're really lucky, you don't have my brother. What's it like?" Seventh Kiara asked.

"Futill?" Kiara squeaked. Kathryn growled in Chakotay's direction.

"A bit hazy," Seventh Kiara muttered.

"Who beamed them here?" Kathryn asked.

"My Aunt did. She thought she was beaming me here to trick you into taking your Kiara over to our ship," Seventh Kiara said.

"But you're not here to do that," Tom said.

"No, that stinky witch has done nothing but annoy me by talking about her," Seventh Kiara said as she pointed at Kiara. "Her plan involves me pretending to be on your side and then tricking you into taking your Kiara to our ship and then making me your prisoner. Then she can go on her merry way. Let's just say I'd rather help you than be your prisoner."

"What is the real plan?" Kathryn asked.

"Your Kiara could take my place on that ship. She'll have to act like me and then she'll have to tell Phoebe that the plan has failed. Then she'll try to take your Kiara by force. That's when you can turn me back over to them and they'll give your Kiara back in return. You can be over fifty lightyears away by the time that dopey witch finds out what's happened," Seventh Kiara explained.

"You're not serious, are you?" James couldn't believe it.

Tom glanced between the two Kiara's as he injected himself with pain killers. "But Kiara's a lot younger in this version of the episode."

Chakotay scowled at him. "She was still only a year or so old in the original."

Tom's eyes widened, "god, and we thought Hunters made no bloody sense."

"You're assuming that any real thought went into the original. You remember Seven's ridiculous fanfiction dimension theory, don't you?" Jessie groaned.

Kathryn smiled. "If that's what she wants, that's what we'll do." Every Fifth person stared at her in shock, Chakotay more so. "Kiara won't be able to pull this off on her own. Kiara, is there any other people on this crew that Phoebe is after?"

"Phoebe only wants characters that are different enough or weren't around when the Boss assembled the Seventh crew. She wants James, Jessie, Craig for some reason..." Seventh Kiara answered.

"She doesn't know about new crewmember, Triah," the Doctor said quietly. "Or Seven."

Kathryn smiled deviously, "Seven huh."

"No, she was on the last attempt to brainwash a Voyager," Seventh Kiara groaned in disgust.

Kathryn looked disappointed, "damn, so much for that."

"You wanted to give her more scenes in the episode? Not only that but you want to send our ten month old daughter over to the enemy to pretend to be her other self..." Chakotay stuttered.

James looked a little disgusted, "and as Tom said, she's a lot younger so the two Kiara's don't even look alike."

Kathryn gave them both a death glare. Neither were really affected by it as Chakotay was a little shocked still and James seemed to be always immune to it. "We're doing this! We could pull the same thing with those three. The plan has a bigger chance of succeeding if there is more of my crew on this mission."

"I'm not even sure if Phoebe is planning to take those three in this mission. What makes you think it's going to work?" Seventh Kiara asked.

"I know Phoebe, she wouldn't waste her time and resources by attacking our Voyager more than once. She'll be planning to kidnap everyone she can in this one mission," Kathryn replied.

"Maybe you're right," Seventh Kiara muttered.

"Tom, could you take Kiara and whatever his name is to some quarters," Chakotay said.

"It's Alex," the boy said.

"Aye sir," Tom muttered. He left Sickbay with the two kids following him.

"Captain, you're not seriously going through with this?" the Doctor stuttered.

"Did you perform any kind of lie detector test on her?" Kathryn ignored him and asked.

"Yes, I was performing one during the whole conversation. She was telling the truth," the Doctor answered.

"Then I wouldn't listen to her plan," Jessie said.

"Why?" Chakotay asked.

"If I understand correctly, she and her crew were brainwashed by this Boss, which makes them evil, cheaters and liars, right?" Jessie said.

"Right," Kathryn nodded.

"Think about it. Lying will be second nature to them. They do it all the time, lying to them is like telling the truth to us," Jessie said.

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

Kathryn's eyebrow raised, "I already figured that one out, long before you schmucks."

"You haven't been cheating by looking at the Season One originals again, have you?" Chakotay groaned.

"Not since Hunters, and never again. I like my sanity the way it is," Kathryn hissed at him.

James tried not to laugh, "non existent?"

Kathryn again tried to glare him to death. "ha, ha! Now go get your hair dyed for the mission."

James scoffed, Jessie's eyes meanwhile widened as she remembered her alter ego's hair was different too.

"Okay, so you know her plan was full of crap but you're still sending people over?" Chakotay questioned.

"Yes, we'll still carry out our plan but in a different way. We'll transport their Kiara to the Brig so she doesn't contact her crew during the mission. We'll have to keep a permanent lock on our team," Kathryn said.

"But their shields will be operating won't they?" the Doctor asked.

"Their shields are still not functioning after the last battle, so getting them there is easy. They've probably timed it to go back online when our team go over, at least the Phoebe I know would have done that. That's why Jessie, James and Craig have to be on that ship," Kathryn said.

"And not Kiara," Chakotay sighed in relief.

Kathryn smiled even more deviously than before, "oh Kiara will be there all right."

Chakotay looked on, worried for the hundredth time that day.

Two hours later, the Brig:

"Why did you beam me here! I'm on your side, damn it!" Seventh Kiara yelled. Tom gave her a little wave as he left. "JERK!"

Tuvok walked straight in afterwards. "Er, Tuvok, there seems to be a little mix up, somebody beamed us here," Seventh Kiara said.

"No mistake. Actually two of your crew will be joining you any minute," Tuvok said. Right on cue Seventh James with a black eye rematerialised next to Alex.

"What the? What am I doing here! Kiara, what's going on?" Seventh James asked.

"I think our plan has gone wrong again," Seventh Kiara replied.

Seventh Voyager:

Jessie and James hid around the corner when they saw a woman with bright red hair strolling down the corridor.

"Um, you check who it is," Jessie whispered.

James sighed and he peered around the corner. "It's okay, it's just your counterpart."

"All right then, let's get this over with," Jessie said and she looked around the corner. "Oh my god! That's me."

"Er, yeah," James muttered.

"Look at that hair! It's a brighter red than a traffic light!" Jessie stuttered.

"She's getting closer, get your comm badge," James said.

Jessie took off her comm badge. "Er you put it on her, she'll think you're Seventh James."

James shrugged and he walked around the corner after taking the commbadge off Jessie.

"James, where the hell have you been and what happened to your hair?" Seventh Jessie asked.

"I'd ask you the same thing," Jessie whispered.

"I cut it," James muttered. He took her comm badge off.

"Hey that's mine!" she growled.

"Oh sorry, here I'll put it back," James muttered as he put Jessie's on the other's arm, activating it by a discreet thumb press.

"What the hell's wrong with you?" she asked.

"I'll tell ya later," James said. "Taylor to Voyager, lock onto the commbadge."

"What the hel..." she said as she beamed away. James gave Jessie the one he stole off her counterpart. She put it on her uniform.

"Let's get to work," Jessie said.

The pair turned around to head back the way they came, almost bumping into an impatient looking Craig.

"Forget something?" he huffed.

"No, did you get yourself?" James asked with a smile.

"Of course I didn't. For some reason the original episode forgot there was a third team member, I have nothing to do," Craig complained.

Jessie shook her head. "Dear god, just put your commbadge on your alter ego. The whole point of the reboot episodes is to fix this crap."

Craig laughed nervously, "oh I was kidding. I've done it."

Jessie nodded and walked off. James stayed behind to look at Craig suspiciously. "You didn't."

"No," Craig sighed.

"Well I hope you like it here cos when this Voyager kidnaps *you*, they'll find no one and probably figure out you're here soon after," James said.

"Yeah, I'll get right on that," Craig nervously said as Jessie walked back up to the pair. She reached around to snatch his commbadge, startling the life out of him.

"I'll do it. But if this one hits on me too, I'm hitting you as well," she snapped.

James and Craig just stood there and watched her stomp off. Craig with a nervous face and James with a smirk.

"Yours hit on her?" Craig said nervously.

"Yeah, like a Tom. They are opposites to us, so I wouldn't worry about it," James said as he went to follow.

Craig nodded before doing the same. He then realised what he said and got a little mad. "Hey!" he dashed after them.

Phoebe's Ready Room:

Chakotay walked straight in without ringing the chime, Kiara followed him.

"Kiara, how did it go?" Phoebe asked.

"The same as your other plans go, went wrong," Kiara replied.

"Well why are you here then? You thought that you could fool me?" Phoebe said.

"So, one of your plans worked after all," Chakotay snickered.

"What the hell are you talking about... Phoebe?" Kiara said.

"Okay, Chakotay since we've got their Kiara, we can go and get those other three. Prepare ours for transportation. We won't be using them anymore," Phoebe said.

"Can't, our shields are still off," Chakotay said.

Phoebe looked a little impatient, "and!?"

"And!" Chakotay huffed mockingly. "When we do this, Fifth will just beam their crew straight back. Imbecile to the very end."

"Well get them fixed!" Phoebe snarled. Chakotay rolled his eyes and walked out of the room. "Well I must say Kiara, you can do a good impersonation of our Kiara, you impressed me. You'll be a fine addition to our crew."

"I already am a member of your stinking crew," Kiara huffed.

"Enough! I know who you are already, you don't have to do that anymore," Phoebe said.

"Um... crap?" Kiara squeaked.

Phoebe cackled evilly, "that's right. I can't wait to tap into all that potential. Our Kiara's was taken away when our great Boss snatched her."

Kiara looked confused, "what potential?"

"Oh you should know better than that, no spoilers!" Phoebe laughed. "Janeway to Rex."

"Er... go ahead."

"Could you find Paris and tell him to look after Kiara until we attack the other Voyager," Phoebe said.

"Do you want me to look after her?"

"No, you'll be going on the other Voyager as well, Janeway out," Phoebe said.

Tom stomped into the room. "What did you mean by find Paris, I was on the Bridge you dur brain!"

Phoebe glared at him and then the open Ready Room door. "In my defence you need the exercise you fat fuc..." Kiara sneezed loudly, cutting her off. "Oh come on! We're evil and we still get censored."

"Look who's talking tubby," Tom grumbled. "Ever tried leaving the Ready Room without sitting in the Captain's chair?"

"Just keep an eye on our guest and try not to eat her," Phoebe snarled.

Tom pulled a face at her. He then knelt down to pick up Kiara.

On the Bridge James, Jessie and Craig were hanging around the back of the Bridge. They discreetly watched Tom lead Kiara to the turbolift.

"Where do you think he'll take her?" Jessie whispered.

"I don't know, but we can track her by this station," James said as he turned to one of the back stations.

"I've got shields online," Tuvok reported.

"Damn, I'll work on that. Can one of you keep an eye on where they're going?" James said as he pointed at one of the panels. Craig took over watching it.

Phoebe entered the Bridge, heading straight for her chair. Chakotay smirked at her.

"What? I won't be judged by the fat chimp here," she snapped. "Get started on the mission."

"Of course but it won't be over till the fat lady sings," Chakotay sniggered. Without looking Phoebe swung her arm in the direction of his face.

"Right, the shields will overload in ten minutes, that's all the time we have," James whispered to the others. The pair nodded at him. They headed for the other turbo lift besides opps. What they didn't realise was Harry was keeping a close watch of them.

Fifth Voyager:

"Status?" Kathryn ordered.

Chakotay glanced in her direction. "So far we've got new scenes, remembered there's a third awayteam member, explained the dimension crap better, avoided a Team Rocket motto and fixed the *we can't kidnap people until our shields are up* mistake. We've only got one thing left to fix."

Kathryn smiled sweetly, Chakotay stupidly fell for it. Next thing he knew a PADD flew into his face.

"What did I say about the fourth wall!" she screamed.

Harry quickly abandoned opps carrying a large cup. He handed it to Kathryn. She snatched it off him and guzzled it all down in one gulp. She smiled in a goofy way. "Okeykokey! Have we still got a lock on the thingamabob?"

Harry nodded, he quickly returned to his station to double check. "Yes, the plan seems to be in full swing."

"I knew I could count on my peeps," Kathryn giggled. She sat down next to Chakotay, who was now busy nursing a broken and bleeding nose. "Aaaw!" she noticed that. "Want me to kiss it better?"

"No!" Chakotay snapped.

Kathryn's eyes widened, "ooh touchy wouchy."

Seventh Voyager:

Tom carefully entered the Cargo Bay, he looked around nervously for something. Once it was clear he lead Kiara inside.

"Okay little brat, let's keep you occupied until this is all over," he cackled. He forced her to sit down and then grabbed a convenient rope nearby.

Three figures stepped out of the shadows behind him.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Craig announced himself.

Tom jumped and turned around. "Craigy? What are you doing here?"

Jessie giggled, "Craigy."

"Hand over the kid or we'll make you," James said, trying desperately not to laugh as well.

"Ooh, tough guy huh?" Tom taunted.

"Apparently not in this dimension," James muttered.

Jessie giggled again, "he went down like our Tom."

"What makes you think you can beat me?" Tom asked.

"Another few minutes should do it," Craig answered.

"What are you talking about?" Tom asked.

"We've altered the shield array, in three minutes the shields will short themselves into oblivion and there's nothing you can do about it," James replied.

"Also I think you'll find that, that isn't Kiara," Jessie smiled sweetly.

Tom turned around to check, at the same time James pressed something in his pocket. Kiara's form flickered out of existence and was replaced by something horrifying instead.

"Tommy wommy!" *Kathryn* screamed. Tom's eyes widened as she pounced on him.

Craig snickered slightly, "oh we decided on the overdosed on coffee Janeway hologram."

James shrugged, "it was a toss between that and Neelix trying to feed someone."

"Let's try and get the emitter and get out of here," Jessie said.

The doors opened, Harry and Phoebe charged in armed with phaser rifles.

"Not so fast!" Harry growled. "You're not going anywhere. Our shields are up and..."

"Blah overcompensating blah," Phoebe cut in. "So this is what Fifth Voyager has been up to, well it's nice of them to give us what we wanted. I'll give it to them, they are nice people."

"Little help!" Tom squealed as the *Kathryn* hologram tried to kiss him. He kept trying to bat her away. "They did something to..." She finally caught him, and it was a sloppy one as well.

"Eew," everyone said simultaneously.

"Well do you surrender or do you want to fight for your freedom?" Phoebe asked.

"Actually we'd rather duck," James said.

"What?" Phoebe asked. The whole ship rumbled and shook violently. Everything electrical sparked furiously until they went off completely.

Fifth Voyager:

"Their shields are down," Tuvok reported.

"Harry, get them out of there. Then beam our guests back to their ship," *Kathryn* ordered.

"Can you beam me to Sickbay while you're at it?" Chakotay whimpered. All he could do was keep his head down, pinching his nose hurt way too much.

"Will do," Harry replied. A few seconds later he said, "I've got them."

"Tom, you know what to do," *Kathryn* said.

"Yes ma'am," Tom replied.

Voyager locked a tractor beam onto the other Voyager and they pulled it into the distortion. Then Voyager shot off at maximum warp.

Captains Log Supplemental: With the other Voyager back in their own dimension and our Voyager on a course for home, life is back to normal. But I don't think we've seen the last of them.

The Boss' Log Supplemental: My computerised deep voice machine is broken. Luckily though this is a fanfiction and logs don't say such and such said so no one will notice the difference. Seventh Voyager has failed in its mission to replace some of the dud crewmembers. But no matter, my dastardly plan has only just begun. Voyager hasn't seen the last of Seventh Voyager!

"But sir, the episode list for the reboot and original doesn't have another appearance until World Domination," Phoebe said.

"Gah, get out before I'm described!" the Boss yelled.

Phoebe quickly stepped outside. She frowned and looked at the door. "Why would he use the *I'll See You Soon, Harry* room?" She walked off, shaking her head.

The Boss quickly turned off the lights. "That's just given me an utterly evil idea. Voyager will tremble at my feet." All that was heard afterwards was the sound of a lid being peeled off. "And they won't even know it was me, mwahahahahahmmm, mmm."

THE END