

*Dear Readers (and Die hard Star trek fans),*

*I would like to thank the EmulatedLove, author of [A Vulcan's Love](#) ,for inspiring me to write my latest story, if you have not read his story, do so it, is very good! I would not call myself a die hard fan of Star trek but I grew up watching the Star Trek - the Next Generation. I understand my story will not follow exactly the star trek storyline, that is why you will notice I have not included any names in this chapter that might tie my story down. I hope you enjoy yourself. Thanks for reading and supporting Nifty!*

*If it is illegal for you to read such material please find something else to read.*

*Enjoy,*

*Golden Elder*

## **Simplicity on Possibility**

### **Chapter 1**

The underground military bunker is repeatedly rocked by aerial bombardment missiles causing the rock walls themselves to shake. The occupants inside silently pray that they will be successful in their mission to launch the new Class E Attack Space Platform, which is capable of launching nuclear warheads from space against any target on earth within minutes. This new weapon may well be the deciding factor to their victory in this savage war, then again in a time like theirs savagery is a relative term. An old scientist watches for a moment as everyone rushes around him in almost a panic. He turns his attention to back to a ghastly pale and extremely thin young man who has just been successfully placed in a form of suspended animation, his colleague had been developing for space travel. Thinking back to when he was but a young researcher in the early 2000s, when cloning was fiercely debated on ethical merits. Even as the Scottish research team announced to the world that they had successfully cloned a sheep, other more secret research had been...far more promising.

The military forces of the Western world where desperate to create a dispensable army. The road to this began with research for enhanced soldiers that began in the early 1950s as governments looked to enhance soldier abilities through some substance or another. All of these programs failed since the subjects either died a horrible death or just stopped functioning as intelligent human beings. As the scientific community began to understand and map the human genome, researchers began to wonder. What if these enhancements could be programmed in to human DNA using a cloning technique? If they could create a single enhanced human, then

replicate him over and over again, the implications were immense for any sustained conflict.

The young man owed his existence to a compilation of over 60 years of combined scientific research. Though he was not what they had expected, after years of trying, resulting in thousands of still or deformed births, his scientific creators finally cloned the first “enhanced human” in 2020. It soon became evident as the child grew that they had failed to create a child with any noticeable special abilities that would be useful for a combat soldier. To make matters worse governmental agencies began to get impatient, they were deadlocked in World War III. The scientific team was ordered to continue with their research, regardless of the cost to the child. For years the child was repeatedly subjected to questionable tests and experiments. These experiments also helped to unlock further techniques in human genome enhancements, creating the possibility for enhanced soldiers to be cloned.

There was this one nagging problem that perplexed his team, and none of his colleagues who ever studied the child could offer an explanation. The young man developed more slowly than a “normal” child of a comparable age. It seemed to his research team the boy stopped developing altogether and would remain physically as a 15 year old child. It frustrated his team that they were unable to reverse this genetic mistake, or even pin down what exactly which genetic code was responsible for this mishap. He tried hundreds of genetic resequencing programs but all failed, he almost lost the boy in the last treatment. Even though the young man stopped aging his intelligence was off the charts, occasionally he was asked to perform his own research for the government. For security reasons it was ordered that the child was never to learn the real names of the scientific researchers involved in his daily life in case he was captured and divulged top secret information. When he was 5, he threw a tantrum when he learned they were not telling him their real names, so he hacked the military main frame to get at the information he wanted. It was shut down manually, since the on site programmers were unable to block his advances... he was 30 seconds away from full access...

Another missile rocked the base; the old scientist was almost rocked off his feet but caught himself from falling over. It became apparent that things were becoming critical up on the surface, and the ground forces were getting hammered. It would not be much longer before the invasion force stormed the base, they were fighting fiercely to prevent the launch of his government's latest plan to bring the enemy to its knees through.

“Excuse me, Sir, all the senior officers on the surface have been killed...” a lieutenant informs him, “Since you are now the highest ranking officer, we are ready to proceed on your orders.”

“Very well, advise central command of our situation,” the old scientist replied, rubbing his tired face. “...also, load the stasis pod on to the Platform, but do not inform central command.”

“Sir?” the lieutenant, ""

"Do as I say, lieutenant!" snaps the scientist.

The lieutenant rushes off to relay his orders and soon after the pod is loaded in to the Platform.

To the old scientist, this child represented his entire life's work, and he would be damned if he would allow the powers to be to use him as a simple soldier! When this damn war was over he would request to have the child returned to him for scientific study, his reputation in the scientific community carried some clout and rate everyone killing each other those who might hold this against him would be dead soon enough. Just the thought of it made his heart a leap with a feeling from his past...hope.

Slumping in to a chair the scientist mutters “Damn war, will kill us all!”

“Sir, the Air Force is ready to provide cover for the Platform after its launch, all systems are green, sir.” the lieutenant returns sometime later and hands the scientist a decoded message from central command.

“Launch the Platform” the old scientist orders after reading it.

The rumble of rocket engines starting the initiation sequence sends a deafening rumble through out the surrounding area as the silo doors to the launch pad retract. Up on the surface they are quickly overwhelmed by the enemy ground forces who force themselves in to the shaft leading to the base 50 feet underground. The airforce feircly attempt to repel the onslot of the aerial attacks aimed at slowing the launch of the Platform. The enemy commander quickly orders his men to get control of the base. Regrettably his intelligence is wrong, there is only way in to the base a single elevator which has been locked down. There is no way to access the base which is more then 50 feet underground. With a great leap forward the rocket carrying the platform fires in to the air and into space unharmed. When the rocket safely cleared the base, a self destruct bomb was set off within the base, killing everyone and destroying all the evidence inside - compliments of Central Command....

In a series of comical errors, the trajectory of the launch platform was miscalculated and instead of orbiting around the earth, it was sent flying out in to space. Over time the memory of the failed platform was lost as the war ended, faded from history as new conflicts arose as humanity began to take it's first steps into the realm of

space travel and contacts with other alien races arose. So the bulky launch platform became a heap of space junk as it floated in space over the centuries, and slowly more junk joined the old platform as ships dumped their junk around it. The platform remained largely ignored until one day the platform started to drift towards a nearby planet. It was only a matter of time before the planet's gravitational forces pulled the platform in to a collision course. After some investigations by the local planetary government it was discovered 200 fully functional nuclear warheads on board the platform. It is understandable the local government sent an urgent request to Starfleet to help properly deal with the platform. Due to the immense size, Starfleet command ordered the Enterprise to assist in dealing with this problem since it was en-route though the sector on its way to the Earth Space Dock for routine maintenance.

"Captain, we are within sensor range of the platform" Data informs Picard.

"On screen Mr. Data" Picard replies in his usual way. Internally he is disgusted at the grotesque display of humanities savagery in the form of this Platform, the plan is simple; drag it to the nearest stable star and let the thing burn.

"Captain, I am picking up a faint life sign. It is consistent with someone being in suspended animation or cryogenics" Data says.

"Are you sure our sensors are reading correctly, Mr. Data? This is a 300 year old piece of space junk." Commander Riker asks.

"Our sensors are working with acceptable parameters," Data quips " It appears there is a separate pod within the platform."

"Chief O'Brien, transport the pod to a containment field in Cargo Bay 2" Captain Picard orders.

"Yes, Captain" O'Brien replies. "Transport successful."

After some adjustments to their tractor beam, the Enterprise slowly moves the Platform towards a nearby star. When they reach the star they release the platform allowing the star's gravity to pull the platform towards it. Slowly the platform heads on a collision course with the star.

"Dr. Crusher you will report to Cargo Bay 2 to see about our newest addition." Picard orders.

"On my way, Captain" She replies, as she had been monitoring the bridge conversation in her office.

"Mr. Data you will assist Dr. Crusher, I will be in my ready room. Report to me with any news" Picard gets up and leaves the bridge, leaving Riker to handle things on the bridge.

Data meets up with Dr. Crusher, and they both arrive at Cargo Bay 2. They accompanied by Nurse Ogawa and Crewman Tarses from sick bay, they all immediately begin working to bring their patient out of stasis. It is plainly obvious that the pod was barely functioning. Exposure to the leaking radiation on the Platform had degraded the pod to a point where it would stop functioning within a couple months or a year at most. The view window is so dirty that they are unable to see who is inside which hinders their visual observations on the condition of the patient. Feverishly for over an hour the team work with the aid of Mr. Data to bring the pod to a workable state so they can begin to start the sequence to bring the person out of stasis, after another 30 minutes the auto-locks on the pod 'hiss' open. The lid of the pod begins to rise up revealing to everyone the mystery patient for the first time - a teenage boy. The the medical team quickly beam the pale young man to sick bay for treatment.

After treating the young man for minor injuries and chemical toxicities, Dr. Crusher orders the young man to be kept sedated, even though he has been successfully treated physically. Dr. Crusher heads to her office to reexamine the DNA sample that made her look twice, but was unable to study it further. Sitting back in her office she looks at the PADD displaying the sample boy's DNA, she is intrigued by the level of sophistication in the mutations it contains. From her study of the boy's DNA and other medical scans, Dr. Crusher concludes they are dealing with a highly engineered human clone. Whoever created this young man was certainly ahead of their time, they were able to stop the aging process, even if it was a bit premature. Also most peculiar was an isotope found within his bones, it seemed like it was put there as a marker. When the computer analyzed the age of the isotope and compared it to the age of the materials of the platform, the isotopes were 20 years older. How old was he? There were many questions that needed to be answered, but she did not want to keep the Captain waiting any longer.

"Captain, I am ready to wake our patient" Dr. Crusher taps her com badge.

"Thank you Doctor, I will be down shortly" Picard replies.

A short time later Captain Picard enters sick bay and begins to get a feeling of '*Deja vous*', this whole situation started to remind him of the time when Data saved three cryogenically frozen corpses from a 20th century space capsule doomed to be destroyed and were later revived by Dr. Crusher.

"Captain, before I wake him there are some things you should know. After studying his DNA and other physical characteristics, I have determined he is actually a clone that has been genetically modified. This would explain why his body lasted so long

in an environment saturated in radiation, his pod would not have offered much protection for the length of time he was space. Also, Captain, he is not really the age he appears to be, I believe he is around 20 years of age after studying an isotope I found in his bones, that being said, he could be much older." Dr. Crusher explains.

"Thank you, Doctor" Picard replies focusing his intense stare at the sleeping young man. "Wake him up."

Taking a hypospray, Dr. Crusher presses it to the young man's neck, injecting him with a stimulant. Almost immediately he begins to stir, his eyes flutter open flashing his green colored eyes for a second before his arm covers his face.

"The....the..."he croaks in a raspy voice. "too...they...they are too bright."

"I'm sorry, computer dim the lights by 40 percent," Dr. Crusher requests, and immediately the lights darken. "Is this better?"

"Thank you," he rasps, dropping his arm slowly to his side, opening his eyes. His face showing his confusion and disbelief as his eyes begin to focus on his surroundings after their long sleep. "where I am?"

"You are aboard the star ship USS Enterprise" Picard answers. "I am Captain Jean-Luc Picard."

"Star...ship..." he mutters with his brow furrowed "Am I a prisoner?"

"No you are our guest," Picard replies.

"The war..." he is interrupted by Picard.

"The war is over, it has been for quite some time." Picard patiently explains, this causes a visible relaxation with in the young man's body.

"Captain, what year is it?" he I asks Picard.

"The year is 2366, in the 24th century," Picard answers.

"323 years..." The young man mutters more to himself, his brow furrowed even further in an apparent attempt to absorb his current situation.

"Could you tell us who you are?" Picard presses.

"Forgive me Captain, I am Joesph Roy" Joesph starts to sit up but is stopped by then Dr. Crusher.

"Well Joesph, we will see about getting you some quarters when Dr. Crusher releases you from sick bay." Picard says.

"Thank you, Captain," Joesph says to the Captain as he turns to leave sick bay, which generates a nod.

After a few dozen more tests and scans, Joesph is given a clean bill of health. He was set up in some guest quarters, then given a quick rundown on the basic functions of the food replicator and the other amenities. He was prohibited from wandering around the ship, but that suited him fine. Even though he had been 'sleeping' for over 300 years, he felt extremely tired. It felt like he never really slept at all, that he was still back on Earth and counting his 4th day of sleep deprivation. Not bothering to remove any clothing, he flops face first in to the soft bed he passes out from exhaustion. For the first time in his life he was asleep with out interruptions from scientific poking and prodding. A peaceful smile slowly spread across his youthful face....but it is short-lived.

*\*Chime\**

"ugh..." Joesph groans.

*\*Chime\**

Joesph opens his eyes remembering the chime was for the door.

*\*Chime\**

"Come in," He says sitting up, rubs his eyes and sighs in annoyance. His annoyance is replaced by curiosity at the figure entering his quarters....

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