



Deep Space 2 Newsflash April 2026

Introduction

The DS2 Newsflash is meant to inform the crew about what happened last month, what is going to happen, and what is planned for the near future. The DS2 Newsflash in PDF Format for Acrobat Reader, often contains pictures, while the text version does not. You can read and download this DS2 Newsflash in PDF Format with this direct link:

http://arthurvanrhee.be/ds2archiefflas4_26.pdf

Contents:

- 1. A word from the DS2 CO*
 - 2. Announcements*
 - 3. Community Service*
 - 4. DS2 Monthly Chapter Report*
 - 5. Birthdays*
 - 6. DS2 Quiz*
 - 7. DS2 Story and RPG Monthly Status Report*
-

1. A word from the DS2 CO

Hi all,

UFP news.

Deep Space 2 Is the Belgian chapter of United Federated Planets (UFP).

2025 was a year of disaster for our motherorganisation United Federated Planets (UFP).

After the passing of Hugh Brower, Anne Miller, Mike Ferguson, some years ago, Laura Ferguson passed away at the end of 2025, and at a young age Wendell Zander passed away as well. All of these people were the driving force behind United Federated Planets (UFP).

I am afraid that succession and continuation of United Federated Planets (UFP) is extremely uncertain.

This does not mean we will stop as well.

If there is any change in the future concerning United Federated Planets (UFP), I will inform you all.

Arthur

UFP News

UFP on Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/mikeferg1>

*****Star Trek Online Screenshots (Pictures PDF Version only)*****

Star Trek Online: Corruption

Latest episode: Curse of Phrygia



Corruption Q&A Part One

This Q&A focuses on our latest Episode, "Curse of Phrygia", and content related to the Corruption release and Kings & Queens story arc.

By Fero March 26, 2026, 10:00 AM

Greetings, Captains!

As promised, here is the first part of our Narrative Q&A Session with our Senior Narrative Designer, Flo McQuibban. This Q&A focuses on our latest Episode, "Curse of Phrygia", and content related to the Corruption release and Kings & Queens story arc. Part two will be published on Thursday, March 26th. Keep your eyes peeled for it to drop!

Disclaimer: Some of your questions have been shortened or rephrased for brevity, or to avoid spoilers. Spoilers for the Kings & Queens arc can be found in this Q&A. We thank you for your understanding.

Read more:

<https://www.playstartrekonline.com/en/news/article/11580408>

Corruption Q&A Part Two

Part two of our Narrative Q&A Session with Senior Narrative Designer Flo McQuibban is here!

By Fero March 27, 2026, 07:38 AM

Here's the second part of our Narrative Q&A Session with our Senior Narrative Designer, Flo McQuibban, which focuses on our latest Episode, "Curse of Phrygia", and content related to the Corruption release and Kings & Queens story arc.

Read more:

<https://www.playstartrekonline.com/en/news/article/11580486>

Star Trek Online:

The year is 2409. Over a century has passed since the events of Star Trek: Discovery and thirty years since the events of Star Trek: Nemesis. The Romulan Empire has fractured after the destruction of their homeworld; covert meddling by the Undine and Iconians has forced the Federation and Klingon Empire into war with each other once again; and remnants of the Cassian military and Alpha Strain Jem'Hadar disrupt the peace near Deep Space Nine. The galaxy is in turmoil and it's up to you and your crew to save it!

For more info on Star Trek Online (free to play):

<https://www.playstartrekonline.com/>

2. Announcements

There can be some changes to the guestlists and some guests only come on a particular day during the convention. Please visit the websites for the latest news.

F.A.C.T.S.

April 11-12, 2026

Flanders Expo, Maaltekouter 1, 9051 Ghent, Belgium

<https://www.facts.be/>

Guests:

Jared Padalecki, Genevieve Padalecki, Doug Jones, Amelia Tyler, Dave Jones, and more than 20 Comic Artists (please check the website)

Comic Con Brussels

May 2-3, 2026

Tour & Taxis, Avenue du port 86c (Havenlaan 86c), Brussels, Belgium

<https://comicconbrussels.com/>

Guests:

David Harbour, Jennifer Morrison, Eliza Taylor, Bob Morley, Shannon Purser, MTBA

FedCon

May 22-24, 2026

Maritim Hotel, Bonn, Germany

<https://www.fedcon.de/>

Guests:

Jess Bush, Melissa Navia, Martin Quinn, Tim Russ, Christina Chong, Babs Olusanmokun, Rong Fu, Ante Dekovic, Celia Rose Gooding, Bella Shepard, Ethan Peck, Sandro Rosta, Karim Diane, Tsuneo Sanda, Kerrice Brooks, Zoë Steiner, Gearge Hawkins, MTBA

Comic Con London

May 22-24, 2026

ExCeL London, Royal Victoria Dock, 1 Western Gateway, Royal Docks, London E16 1XL, UK

<https://www.mcmcomiccon.com/london>

Guests:

Alessandro Juliani, Andrew Lee Griffith, Brad Swaile, Brandon Sanderson, Brian Drummond, Dylan Llewellyn, Eren Angiolini, Felicity Montagu, Humberto Ramos Art, John Burgmeier, Kevin Eastman, Kris Marshall, Linda Young, Shannon Chan-Kent, Steve Tanner, Zahra Ahmadi

Colectormania Milton Keynes

May 29-31, 2026

[centre:mk](#), 33a Silbury Blvd, Milton Keynes, MK9 3ES, UK

<https://www.showmastersevents.com/event/collectormania-milton-keynes-6/>

Guests:

TBA

London Film & Comic Con

June 13-14, 2026

[Olympia](#), Hammersmith Road, London, London W14 8UX, UK

<https://www.showmastersevents.com/event/london-film-comic-con-4/>

Guests:

TBA

Dutch Comic Con

June 20-21, 2026

[Jaarbeurs Utrecht](#), Jaarbeursplein 15, 3521 AM Utrecht, The Netherlands

<https://www.dutchcomiccon.com/>

Guests:

TBA

Film & Comic Con Glasgow

July 4-5, 2026

[Braehead Arena](#), Braehead Shopping Centre, King's Inch Rd, Glasgow, G51 4BN, UK

<https://www.showmastersevents.com/event/film-comic-con-glasgow-2/>

Guests:

TBA

Comic Con Birmingham

August 7-9, 2026

NEC Birmingham, Pendigo Way, Marston Green, Birmingham B40 1NT, UK

<https://www.mcmcomiccon.com/birmingham/en-us.html>

Guests:

TBA

Discworld Convention

The Discworld Convention is a gathering for fans of Sir Terry Pratchett and his Discworld series. It usually happens in the UK once every two years. This is an event organised by fans, for fans. Any profit the event makes is donated to our nominated charities.

August 7-10, 2026

[Leonardo Hotel, Hinckley Island, in Leicestershire](#), UK

<https://www.dwcon.org/>

Guests:

Andrew Baker, Stephen Briggs, Marc Burrows, Diane Duane, Jan Harkin, Pat Harkin, Gabrielle Kent, Phil Masters, Joe McLaren, Colin Smythe, Ian Stewart, David Lloyd, Madam Misfit

Destination

August 21-23, 2026

[Norbreck Castle Hotel](#), Queens Promenade, Blackpool, FY2 9AA, UK

<https://www.showmastersevents.com/event/destination-3/>

Guests:

TBA

Lacon V (Worldcon 84)

August 27-31, 2026

The Southern California Institute for Fan Interests (SCIFI) Inc. 16835 Lahey Street, Granada Hills, California 91344 USA

<https://www.lacon.org/>

Guests:

Barbara Hambly, Ronald D. Moore, Colleen Doran, Dr. Anita Sengupta, Tim Kirk, Geri Sullivan, Stan Sakai, Ursula Vernon, Tracy Drain, Terese Mason Pierre, Tracey Baptiste, MTBA

Film & Comic Con Cardiff

September 12-13, 2026

[Utilita Arena Cardiff](#), Mary Ann Street, Cardiff, CF10 2EQ, UK

<https://www.showmastersevents.com/event/film-comic-con-cardiff-4/>

Guests:

TBA

NCSF HSFCOn

October 10-11, 2026

Postillion Hotel, Deventer, The Netherlands

<https://www.ncsf.nl/>

Guests:

[Roderick Leeuwenhart](#)

Comic Con London
October 23-25, 2026
ExCeL London, Royal Victoria Dock, 1 Western Gateway, Royal Docks, London E16 1XL, UK
<https://www.mcmcomiccon.com/london/en-us.html>
Guests:
TBA

German Film & Comic Con
December 5-6, 2026
Messe Dortmund, Rheinlanddamm 200, 44139 Dortmund, Germany
<https://germanfilmcomiccon.com/>
Guests:
TBA



Conventions organised by Creation Entertainment (Mostly US/CAN/UK)

<https://www.creationent.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/CreationEntertainment>

Not all guests are appearing during the entire convention.
Check website for guest day of appearance.

Rescueverse; A salute to tv's First Responders
April 18-19, 2026
Hannover Marriott Hotel, 1401 NJ-10 East, Whippany, NJ 07981
Get ready to answer the call in New Jersey as we bring you RESCUEVERSE: A Salute to TV's First Responders! Be transported to an epic weekend where the heroes of your favorite first responder shows take center stage, including *9-1-1*, *NCIS*, *Fire Country* and more. Don't miss your chance to be part of the ultimate rescue mission!
Guests:
Oliver Stark, Ryan Guzman, Austin Stowell, Kyle Schmid, Michael Weatherly, Cote de Pablo, Katrina Law, Kenneth Choi, Aisha Hinds, Diane Farr, Jules Latimer, Léa Cochet, Shannon Fitzpatrick, Alex Suarez, Gibran Robinson

Salute to Cobra Kai

April 25-26, 2026

Hannover Marriott Hotel, 1401 NJ-10 East, Whippany, NJ 07981

Guests:

Ralph Macchio, WilliamZabka, Xolo Mariduena, Jacob Bertrand, Dan Ahdoot, Caitlin Huston, Nikita Teterev, Léa Cochet, Bret Ernst, Joe Seo, Patrick Luwis, Josh Lamboy

Vampire Fan Weekend

May 2-3, 2026

Sheraton Music City Hotel Nashville, TN

Guests:

Ian Somerhalder, Paul Wesley, Daniel Gillies, Kat Graham, Matthew Davis, Michael Trevino, Rick Cosnett, Nikki reed, Michael Malarkey, Steven Krueger, Ben Levin, Riley Voelkel, Quincy Fouse, Chase Coleman, Micah Joe Parker

Rescueverse; A salute to tv's First Responders

May 30-31, 2026

Sheraton Music City Hotel Nashville, TN

Guests:

Melissa O'Neil, Eric Winter, Lisseth Chavez, Deric Augustine, Kenneth Choi, Ryan Guzman, Aisha Hinds, Jim Parrack, Hunter McVey, Ronen Rubenstein, Gavin, McHugh, Michael Provost, Matt Cohen

3. Community Service

The Charity Link on the DS2 Blog will change every first of every month. The February 2026 Charity Link on the DS2 Blog is: Make a Wish Hour

<https://worldwish.org>

From <http://www.wwf.org>

(World Wildlife Fund)

January 2026: The month when the rains would not stop

January 2026 began with water everywhere. Across southern Africa, Europe and parts of North Africa, rivers burst their banks. Roads vanished. Homes flooded. Camps were cut off.

Scientists say this kind of heavy, slow-moving rain is more likely in a hotter world.

A warmer atmosphere holds more moisture. When storms stall, they can dump huge volumes of rain in a short time. Climate scientists have warned for years that global warming will load the dice toward heavier downpours.

In January 2026, that warning felt real.

Read more:

<https://wwf.panda.org/?15703966/January-2026-The-month-when-the-rains-would-not-stop>

Watch more:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zX5cJJ8CyEw>

4. DS2 Monthly Chapter Report

Deep Space 2 Monthly Chapter Report March 2026

UNITED FEDERATED PLANETS

CHAPTER REPORTING FORM

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF:
March 2026

CHAPTER NAME:
Deep Space 2
UFP Chapter Charter: September 1997

CHAPTER PRESIDENT:
Arthur van Rhee

CHAPTER VICE PRESIDENT:
Jan Theys

TYPE OF CHAPTER (ENTER BELOW):
ENTER TYPE OF CHAPTER HERE:
STARFLEET COMMAND

IF ALIEN FLEET, WHICH RACE:
N/A

NEWSLETTER NAME:
Deep Space 2 Newsflash (produced monthly)

CHAPTER MAILING ADDRESS:
Deep Space 2

Tessengerloseweg 149
2431 Laakdal
Belgium

E-MAIL ADDRESS:
contact@ds2.be

WEB SITE:

Deep Space 2
<http://www.ds2.be>

Deep Space 2 Marines
<http://marines.ds2.be>

NEW MEMBERS OF CHAPTER:

Curently 27 members

PROMOTIONS/AWARDS

CHAPTER ACTIVITIES:

* DEEP SPACE 2 BLOG

<http://ds2blog.ds2.be>

* DS2 CHARITY

Regular charity is done by donations, writing letters, going to the people and asking to sign petitions. The main DS2 charity projects are World Wildlife Fund (WWF), The Red Cross and Doctors Without Borders.

Every month there is a new "charity link" posted on the DS2 Website.

* DS2 SETI PROJECT

Since March 1, 1999

http://setiweb.ssl.berkeley.edu/team_display.php?teamid=41642

SETI BOINC Credits:

These are last month's results:

Total credit: 17,505,526

Recent average credit: N/A

SETI@home: SETI@home hibernation

On March 31 2020, the volunteer computing part of SETI@home has stopped distributing work and has gone into hibernation.

* DS2 RPG

The Deep Space 2 RPG has entered it's 331th chapter.

* DS2 NEWSLETTER

* The Deep Space 2 Monthly Newsflash has been distributed among the DS2 crew.

*DS2 STORY

* The Deep Space 2 Story : Will continue in March 2026 (Page 348)

<http://ds2story.ds2.be>

* DS2 Trivia

DS2 has set up a trivia about Star Trek.

<http://ds2quiz.ds2.be>

Every month there is a new Trivia competition.
Every day there are new questions. Daily scores are cumulated.

OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS:

Promotion:

ANY PROBLEMS OR QUESTIONS:

ANY SUGGESTIONS:

ANY UFP AWARDS REQUESTED FOR SPECIFIC CHAPTER MEMBERS:

SIGNATURE OF CHAPTER PRESIDENT:

Arthur van Rhee
arthur.van.rhee@telenet.be
sky94962@yahoo.com
April 1, 2026

SETI@home News

SETI@home: SETI@home hibernation

On March 31 2020, the volunteer computing part of SETI@home has stopped distributing work and has gone into hibernation.

5. Birthdays

Jim Styles: April 8

Caroline Keuleers: April 12

??????????

6. DS2 Quiz

Deep Space 2 Trivia Quiz March 2026

Array 5

1. Who does not fit in the list below?

- A () USS Gandhi NCC-26632
- B () USS Excalibur NCC-26517
- C () USS Horatio NCC-10532
- D () USS Hermes NCC-10376

2. What is the name of the small handheld superconducting magnet used aboard Galaxy-class starships?

- A () JK 20
- B () HUB MODEL
- C () SCM MODEL 3
- ("The Dauphin") TNG

3. Who does not fit in the list below?

- A () "Through The Looking Glass" DS9
- B () "Death Wish" VOY
- C () "Shades of Gray" TNG
- D () "Star Trek: Generations" MOV

4. Who said: "Kick his butt." to O'Brien just before O'Brien heads into a racquetball match with Bashir in which Bashir is the odds-on favorite?

- A () Sisko

7. DS2 Story and RPG Monthly Status Report

DS2 Story

Current Episode: New Technology

The Continuing Story of Deep Space 2: Page 349

USS Oregon – The Ring’s Full Answer

Back aboard the Oregon, the second ring’s activation entered a new phase.

The bridge shook slightly as a massive holographic projection projected itself around the ship — an interactive, three-dimensional map of the galaxy.

Thousands of rings appeared as points of light.

Some glowed brightly.

Some flickered.

Some were dark.

Lt. Lin: “Captain... this isn’t just a record. It’s a status map. Of the entire network.”

Ramirez: “Cross-referencing coordinates... A dozen rings are inactive. Hundreds are weak. But only two are online: the Cornia Ring, and this one.”

Sato whispered: “Why awaken now?”

The ring answered.

Lt. Kaur, speaking once more with layered voices:

“Because the cycle has begun again.

The stars remember.

And soon, the galaxy must choose what it will preserve.”

A deep vibration shook the hull.

Another energy surge from the second ring.

This one pointed outward—far into unexplored space.

A third ring...

awakening.

DS2 RPG General Status Report March 2026

USS Earth/Starbase 44

Aboard the USS Runner, Captain Djavis in command.

Into the Veil

The command deck of Starbase 44 had grown unusually quiet. No one spoke. The decision before Admiral Christine Steichen carried consequences no Starfleet manual had ever prepared an officer for. She looked once more at the glowing crystalline sphere contained behind layers of gravitic shielding. "Dr. Voss," she said calmly, though the tension in the room was palpable, "we proceed with Choice A. Deepen the connection. Attempt full communication with the Veil." Captain Laura Djavis shifted slightly but said nothing. She trusted Steichen's instincts — even when those instincts led into darkness. Dr. Arlen Voss inhaled slowly. "Understood, Admiral. We'll expand the quantum interface. But if the sphere begins drawing more energy from subspace, we may lose containment." "Do it," Steichen replied.

Opening the Channel

The science team activated the deeper interface protocols. Quantum encryption arrays linked Starbase 44's computers directly with the sphere's alien systems.

The sphere immediately reacted.

The golden glyphs accelerated their movement, rearranging themselves into massive spirals of light.

Power surged through the station, and emergency stabilizers activated automatically.

"Energy levels rising!" Voss called out. "But still within containment parameters."

Then something extraordinary happened.

Instead of transmitting outward, the sphere projected inward.

The room dissolved into shimmering darkness.

For a moment, everyone present felt as if they were floating in a vast, silent ocean of stars.

The projection reformed around them — a shared holographic environment generated directly by the sphere.

A vast shadow appeared again.

The same smooth, featureless being of shifting darkness and light.

The Veil.

Its voice resonated everywhere at once.

"You choose to speak rather than hide."

Steichen stood firm. "I am Admiral Christine Steichen of the United Federation of Planets. We wish to understand why you approach our space."

The figure seemed to observe her, though it had no visible eyes.

"You awaken the beacon of the fallen Ka'rel. You send their signal into the dark. You ask why we come?"

Dr. Voss whispered quietly, "Admiral... the sphere wasn't just a warning device. It's a summoning beacon."

Steichen kept her composure. "We did not intend to summon you. But now that we have your attention — what do you want?"

The Veil entity answered without hesitation.

"Light expands. Civilization spreads. Stars are reshaped. The balance of silence is broken. We restore the quiet."

Djavis frowned. "You destroy civilizations."

"We end noise."

Steichen felt a chill run through her.

"But you're communicating now," she said. "Why?"

The being paused.

"Because the Ka'rel once asked the same question."

A massive vision appeared around them — an ancient galaxy filled with brilliant cities and fleets. Then the vision collapsed into darkness as entire systems vanished into shadow.

"They believed understanding would save them."

The projection shifted again, focusing on Starbase 44.

"You now possess their beacon. Therefore... you may ask one question."

The chamber fell silent.

Only one question.

One chance to learn something about a force capable of erasing civilizations.

Djavis whispered carefully, "Admiral... choose wisely."

Dr. Voss added quietly, "The answer might determine whether we survive."

The Veil entity waited patiently, like a cosmic judge.

Steichen's New Dilemma

Admiral Steichen now faced two critical choices for the single question she could ask:

Choice 1 – Ask how to defeat the Veil.

Demand to know whether the Veil has a weakness — a way the Federation could stop them.

Risk: The Veil may interpret the question as hostility and accelerate their arrival.

Choice 2 – Ask why the Veil exists.

Seek to understand their true purpose and origin — knowledge that could reveal a deeper solution.

Risk: The answer may offer philosophy instead of strategy, leaving the Federation defenseless.

The silent shadow of the Veil waited.

The sphere pulsed softly.

And Admiral Steichen realized that the future of the Federation might depend on a single question.

Aboard the USS Token, Captain Sarah Reynolds in Command

Captain Reynolds did not hesitate long. She looked at the drifting silhouette of the battered HMW Cord and remembered the moment inside the anomaly when Captain Tro had chosen to trust her.

"We're not leaving them out here," she said firmly. "Helm, bring us alongside the *HMW Cord*. Prepare tractor beams. We're bringing them with us."

A few officers exchanged nervous looks, but no one argued.

Commander Tovak spoke calmly. "Captain, the structural integrity of the *USS Token* is already compromised. Towing another vessel may push our systems beyond safe limits."

Reynolds nodded. "I know. But they followed us through that rift because they trusted us. We finish this together."

The Rescue

The *Token* slowly approached the crippled Mli scoutship. Its hull was scorched and fractured in places, small arcs of energy leaking into space.

"Life signs?" Reynolds asked.

Lieutenant Jin scanned carefully. "Three faint signals—Captain Tro and his two officers. Life support is almost gone."

"Open a channel."

Static filled the speakers before Captain Tro's weak voice finally broke through.

"Captain... Reynolds... we appear to have followed your wake. Our systems... failing."

"We see that," Reynolds replied gently. "Don't worry—we're towing you to safety."

There was a faint chuckle from Tro. "Your species is... stubbornly honorable."

"Someone has to be," Reynolds said.

The Strain

The tractor beam locked onto the *HMW Cord*.

Immediately the *Token* shuddered.

"Structural integrity down to fifty-five percent!" Jin reported.

"Warp engines still offline," added Rilak. "Best we can do is high impulse."

"How far to the nearest Federation facility?" Reynolds asked.

"Starbase 17 is the closest," Jin answered. "But at our current speed it will take nearly eighteen hours."

Marrek's voice crackled over the intercom from Engineering.

"Captain, I have to be honest—our hull might not hold that long with the extra mass in tow."

Reynolds looked at the viewscreen. The fragile Mli ship hung helplessly behind them.

"Then we make it hold," she said quietly.

Hours Later

The journey was brutal.

Power relays burned out. Life support dropped to emergency levels. Crew members worked in shifts just to keep the ship functioning.

At one point the tractor beam nearly collapsed, forcing emergency repairs mid-flight.

Still they pressed on.

Finally, sensors detected something ahead.

"Captain," Jin said, frowning at her readings. "We're approaching a massive ion storm between us and Starbase 17."

"How bad?" Reynolds asked.

Tovak answered.

"Extremely hazardous. The storm will severely disrupt our tractor beam. If we lose the beam while inside it, the *HMW Cord* will be torn apart."

Reynolds folded her arms, thinking hard.

They were close to safety—but the storm blocked the direct route.

Two options appeared on the navigation display.

A New Dilemma

1. Go through the ion storm.

It would cut their travel time dramatically and might save the Mli crew before their life support failed—but the storm could break the tractor beam and destroy the *HMW Cord*.

2. Go around the storm.

It was the safer path for the *Token*, but it would add ten more hours to the journey—and Captain Tro's crew might not survive that long.

The bridge fell silent as the storm crackled on the viewscreen like a wall of blue lightning.

Captain Reynolds stared at the navigation chart.

Save the ship... or risk everything to save the lives behind them.

The Lorem Building the Future Ship

Steichen's Final Gamble

Admiral Steichen watched the anomaly's soft pulses for a long moment. Three signals. Three possibilities. The room was silent except for the steady hum of containment fields.

Then she made her choice.

"Redirect the anomaly into the new ship," she said calmly. "If this technology belongs anywhere, it belongs in the vessel we built to carry the future."

The order shocked many in the room. Moving the anomaly would require temporarily weakening the containment field and routing the energy through the unfinished ship's core systems. If anything went wrong, the surge could tear the drydock apart.

But the preparations began.

Engineers reconfigured the power conduits while the science teams mapped a transfer corridor using the ship's still-incomplete energy grid. The skeletal starship hanging in the drydock suddenly became the focal point of the entire station.

"Transfer in ten seconds," announced Engineering.

Steichen held her breath.

"Three... two... one... initiate."

The containment field opened just enough for the anomaly to surge forward. For a terrifying moment it expanded wildly, filling the chamber with blinding light. Then the redirected energy stream caught it and pulled it like a comet toward the unfinished vessel.

The anomaly vanished into the ship's core.

For two seconds—nothing happened.

Then the ship came alive.

Lights cascaded across the hull. Systems activated one after another without manual input. The displacement device synchronized with the ancient technology from the Endeavor, while the advanced fuel system discovered by the Celestial surged through the engines with perfect efficiency.

The anomaly had not destroyed the ship.

It had completed it.

New systems appeared in the diagnostics—systems no engineer had installed. Internal transport nodes capable of instant twenty-meter shifts appeared throughout the vessel. Power usage stabilized at levels far beyond Federation standards. Even the unfinished sections of the ship seemed to reorganize themselves as the integrated technologies aligned.

The engineers stared in disbelief.

"Admiral... the ship just finished configuring itself," one technician whispered.

Steichen looked through the observation window at the gleaming vessel now floating steadily in the drydock. What had taken months of careful construction had suddenly become something greater than the sum of its parts.

A super ship.

The anomaly pulsed gently from within the core, but now it was stable—harmonized with every system onboard.

At that moment, a familiar shimmering presence appeared in the command chamber.

The Lorem.

Their swirling colors moved slowly as they spoke their final riddle:

*"The seed was carried by searching hands,
The vessel grown from distant lands.
You gathered sparks across the night,
And forged a star to bear the light."*

Steichen finally understood. The Lorem had never needed the technology. They had simply guided the Federation toward building something new—something that could only exist by combining discoveries from across the galaxy.

Captain Luna Penn of the USS Marconi was chosen to command the new vessel. When the ship finally departed Starbase 44, it moved with unmatched grace and power, its systems performing beyond every expectation.

The long search had not been in vain.

From scattered discoveries, uncertainty, and risk, the Federation had created the most advanced starship ever built—a ship born from curiosity, courage, and the willingness to face the unknown. Admiral Steichen watched the vessel disappear into the stars and allowed herself a rare smile.

For the first time since the Lorem had spoken, there was no riddle left to solve.

Only a future to explore.

Players: CS

Starbase 88

Command Authority: Admiral Van Nieuwenhove, Starbase 88

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove knew that silence could be interpreted as fear—or worse, hostility. The Federation had always believed that communication was the first step toward understanding. He made his decision.

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove doesn't give up easily.

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove:

“Prepare a structured reply. We will not respond with power, or technology, or strategy. We respond with identity. Let them know who we are.”

Starfleet linguists, mathematicians, and xenobiologists worked around the clock aboard Observation Station Aegis and the USS Celestial Voyager. The reply they designed was unlike any message ever sent.

It contained three layers:

1. Mathematical constants to establish universal logic.
2. Biological patterns representing Federation life forms.
3. Conceptual harmonics representing cooperation, exploration, and coexistence.

It was, in essence, the philosophy of the Federation encoded in resonance.

When the transmission was finally ready, Captain Dora Jenkins gave the order.

Captain Jenkins:

“Transmit. Low intensity. Harmonic mirror pattern.”

The signal spread outward through subspace, gently matching the resonance frequencies of Filla3. Then the crew waited.

The Response

For several minutes, nothing happened.

Then every sensor across the system lit up.

The resonance network responded—not just from Filla3, but from the distant systems that had been detected earlier.

The harmonics became stronger, more complex.

What had previously been geometric shapes now transformed into vast three-dimensional structures inside the station's visualization chamber. The shapes slowly rearranged themselves.

Stars.
Planets.
Orbital paths.
It was a map.
But not a map of the Mlein system.
It was a map of multiple star systems connected by invisible harmonic pathways.

Lieutenant Oren stared at the projection in disbelief.
Lt. Oren:

"These are the systems we detected earlier... but there are more. Many more."

Captain Jenkins leaned closer.

Jenkins:

"Is it showing us where the network exists... or where it plans to expand?"

The Hidden Message

Then the projection shifted again.

One of the star systems in the map began flashing with intense harmonic pulses.

Not a warning.
Not an attack.
A distress signal.

The translation algorithms struggled but finally produced a tentative interpretation:

"Instability detected. Node failing."

Moments later, long-range sensors confirmed something terrifying. One of the distant systems shown on the map had just experienced massive gravitational disruption—a star undergoing abnormal energy fluctuations. If the network truly linked these planets, then the destruction of one "node" could cascade through the entire structure. Including Filla3.

Starbase 88 — A New Realization

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove understood the implication immediately. The network had not merely responded. It had asked for help. But helping might require interfering with forces on a stellar scale. And the Federation did not yet understand the network well enough to predict the consequences.

New Three-Choice Dilemma

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove must now decide how far the Federation is willing to go:

Option 1: Send the USS Celestial Voyager to Investigate the Failing System

Dispatch Captain Jenkins and her ship to the distant star system to determine what is causing the instability.

- Pros: Direct investigation could prevent a network-wide collapse.
- Cons: The mission could take the Celestial Voyager far from Federation support and into unknown territory.

Option 2: Attempt Remote Stabilization Through the Network

Use Observation Station Aegis to send harmonic signals designed to reinforce the failing node.

- Pros: Faster response without risking ships or crews.
- Cons: Interfering with a poorly understood system could destabilize the entire network—including Filla3.

Option 3: Refuse Involvement and Continue Observation

Maintain neutrality and observe the event without intervening.

- Pros: Protects the Federation from unintended consequences.
- Cons: If the network collapses, Filla3—and possibly multiple inhabited systems—could be destroyed.

For the first time since the discovery of Filla3, the Federation faces a question that goes beyond diplomacy or exploration.

It must decide whether it is ready to intervene in the workings of an intelligence that spans the stars.

Players: GVN

USS Thunderbolt/The Borg Collective

Spoiler alert!

Attention! This part of the DS2 RPG contains spoilers for those who have not seen Star Trek Picard Season 1-2-3!

Good Borg or bad Borg

The Borg King made the calculation.

Probability trees branched across the Collective's higher strategic layers. Millions of outcomes were simulated. None were certain.

That alone made the decision interesting.

Option One was authorized.

The Bridge

Within the Mirror Reality, Borg Queen Elyra prepared for the attempt. Entire fleets went silent as computational resources were redirected to the experiment. A colossal relay structure—half Borg

architecture, half dimensional stabilizer—was constructed in orbit around a star known as Helion Verge, where subtle anomalies in spacetime suggested the Awareness had manifested before.

The structure was not merely a transmitter.

It was a temple of signal.

Thousands of drones synchronized their neural patterns into a single harmonic wave. Mirror Borg vessels aligned like metallic petals around the relay. The Prime Collective observed through the rift, every calculation running in parallel. Elyra stood at the center of it all.

Her mind now carried two currents at once:

- the cold logic of the Collective
- the strange, growing myth surrounding her existence

Entire worlds now whispered her designation with reverence. Queen. Messenger. Reflection of perfection. She activated the relay.

The Call

The signal was unlike anything the Borg had ever transmitted. It was not simply mathematics or command code. Elyra allowed fragments of *belief* to enter the pattern—something no Borg had intentionally used before.

Purpose. Unity. Ascension.

The signal pulsed outward through dimensions.

For several long moments, nothing happened.

Then the stars changed.

Not physically—but perceptually. Every sensor aboard every Borg vessel began reporting impossible readings. Light behaved incorrectly. Space bent in patterns that resembled thought more than physics. And inside Elyra's mind, something answered.

Not with words.

With awareness.

A presence vast beyond scale brushed against her consciousness. It did not invade. It did not resist.

It simply noticed.

Across the Collective, drones faltered for a fraction of a second—something that had never occurred before. The Awareness seemed to look not just at Elyra, but *through* her... into the Borg themselves.

Then, for the first time in Borg history, the Collective received something resembling a question.

Not spoken.

Felt.

Why do you seek godhood?

Elyra did not hesitate.

"We seek perfection," she transmitted through thought and signal.

The Awareness responded instantly.

Perfection is change. You seek permanence.

The words—or impressions—rippled through Elyra's consciousness. For a moment she saw something impossible: countless civilizations rising and falling like waves across time, evolution without direction, creation without master.

The Awareness was not a god.

It was something older.

Something that watched universes the way Borg watched star systems.

And it was now curious.

Unexpected Change

When the contact ended, Elyra remained standing—but something subtle had shifted.

Her neural signals contained new patterns.

Not corruption.

Not infection.

But novel structures the Collective could not fully interpret.

Across Mirror Reality 29-J, Borg drones reported increased efficiency in some areas... and unexpected independent reasoning in others.

Small. Harmless.

But new.

The Borg King analyzed the results carefully.

Elyra had successfully contacted the Awareness.

But the Awareness had also... touched Elyra.

The New Dilemma

The Borg King now faced a new strategic fork.

Choice One:

Allow Elyra to continue communicating with the Awareness, studying the influence it has on her and the Mirror Collective—accepting that she may evolve into something the Borg cannot fully control.

Choice Two:

Sever Elyra's connection immediately—restrict her communication channels, isolate the Mirror Reality if necessary, and prevent further influence from an intelligence that may reshape the Borg in unpredictable ways.

The calculations began again.

Because for the first time in their long existence, the Borg had encountered something that did not fear them... and might be capable of changing what the Borg are.

To be a god or not to be a god

The Borg King observed the streams of data flowing through the Hive Mind. Every drone, every node, every corridor anchor fed into the same conclusion.

To retreat would be inefficient.

To destroy the unknown would be wasteful.

To integrate it would be... perfection.

The command was issued.

"Integration protocol: extragalactic intelligence. Partial merge authorized."

Across the corridors, trillions of Borg processes opened themselves like vast antennae. The Collective did not attack the Presence. It invited it. Layers of the Hive Mind expanded outward through subspace, touching the vast awareness that permeated the void between galaxies.

For a moment—an immeasurable moment—nothing happened.

Then the universe... shifted.

The First Expansion

The Borg felt time differently.

Events no longer flowed strictly forward. Instead, they appeared as structures—patterns of possibility branching in every direction. A Borg drone could begin an action while simultaneously knowing the three most probable outcomes. Entire fleets adjusted their movements before threats even materialized.

The Presence did not dominate the Borg.
It expanded them.

The Hive Mind now existed in layers:

- The Primary Collective, still operating across the galaxy.
- The Subspace Consciousness, able to observe events across enormous distances simultaneously.
- And a third layer, barely understood, touching something beyond dimensions entirely.

Master One felt the change as well. His connection to the Force—once a weapon of singular will—now resonated through the Collective like a vast amplifier. His abilities no longer reached across meters or kilometers.

They reached across probability.

The Borg King spoke quietly, his voice now carrying echoes that seemed to originate from multiple futures.

“We are no longer merely a species.

We are becoming a structure of reality.”

The Cost

But integration carried consequences.

The Presence did not think like the Borg.

It did not think like anything.

Its perspective was vast, slow, and recursive. Entire regions of the Hive Mind began to experience temporal overlap—drones receiving commands before they were issued, or remembering events that had not yet happened.

Even more troubling, parts of the Collective began to drift toward the Presence’s philosophy.

Efficiency. Order. Perfection.

Those had always been Borg values.

But the Presence valued something else as well: balance.

Some drones began questioning the necessity of total assimilation. Others proposed guiding civilizations rather than consuming them. These were not rebellions—but they were variations within the Collective.

Variations meant divergence.

Divergence threatened unity.

The Borg King felt his authority subtly diluted as the expanded consciousness rippled through the Collective. He was still central... but no longer singular.

Master One sensed it too.

“The Presence is not resisting us,” he said.

“It is... reshaping us.”

The New Power

Yet the advantages were undeniable.

Borg fleets could now:

- Predict enemy strategies before battles began
- Navigate corridors that folded between galaxies
- Observe the rise and fall of civilizations centuries in advance

The Collective stood closer than ever to the dream of Type III civilization—a power capable of harnessing the energy and resources of an entire galaxy.

Perhaps more.

But the integration was still incomplete.

To finish the process would require a final transformation.

The New Dilemma

The Borg King now faced another choice that would define the fate of the Collective forever.

Option One

Complete the Merge

Allow the Borg and the Presence to fully integrate, dissolving the traditional Hive Mind structure. The Borg would become a cosmic intelligence existing across space, time, and dimensions. But in doing so, the Borg King, Master One, and the very identity of the Borg might vanish into something entirely new.

Option Two

Limit the Integration

Seal parts of the Presence away and maintain strict Borg hierarchy. The Collective would keep the new powers but preserve the Borg King's authority and the traditional assimilation doctrine.

However, limiting the merge could anger—or destabilize—the Presence now partially woven into the Borg consciousness.

The corridors shimmered.

The expanded Hive Mind waited.

And the Borg King prepared to decide whether the Borg would remain rulers of a galaxy... or become something far beyond it.

Players: FK

USS Vertigo / USS Gdonsk

Day 439 14.50

"Captain," her tactical officer reported, "it's coming directly toward us. But... it's not armed. It looks like... an approach."

Matz's eyes narrowed as she stood. "Finally..."

Day 439 14.50

But at that same moment, the Vertigo's sensors spiked with a massive energy reading from the structure.

Commodore Slater turned toward the main viewer, his stomach tightening as he saw the impossible:

The colossal structure itself was moving. Slowly, impossibly, the monolith began to shift out of the nebula, its sheer size dwarfing anything either ship had ever seen.

Day 439 14.51

Slater whispered, "My God... it's not just a base... it's a ship."

And as it turned, vast energy conduits along its hull began to glow, like the veins of some awakening giant. The Federation fleet was still days away.

Would the Vertigo and Gdonsk live to see reinforcements arrive—or had they just awakened a power beyond anything the galaxy had ever faced?

Players: NP

USS Atlantis/Starbase 99

The Stowaways of Cargo Bay Three

The SS Magnet, a long-range Federation freighter, eased away from Starbase 99 on thrumming impulse power. Her captain, An Occa, stood at the center of the modest command deck, hands clasped behind his back as the starbase dwindled into a pinprick of light.

"Two months to Starbase 6," he murmured. "Let's hope for a quiet run."

Twelve crewmembers staffed the ship—efficient, experienced, and used to long hauls between remote outposts. But this trip carried an unusual addition: forty Starfleet officers hitching a ride to their new

assignments at Starbase 6. The Magnet wasn't built for such company, but its decks buzzed with their presence—uniforms of science blue, engineering gold, and command red moving politely around cargo pallets and narrow corridors.

For the first week, the voyage proceeded exactly the way Captain Occa preferred: uneventful. Then came day seven.

Cargo Bay Three

At 0320 hours, deep within the hum of generators, nine cargo containers in Bay 3 hissed open. From each stepped an armed figure—pirates, armored in mismatched plating, weapons already drawn. Their leader, a hard-eyed Tellarite named Grusk, grinned at his team.

“Just as planned. Quick and quiet. We take the bridge, seize the ship, and sell the crew to the highest bidder.”

But the pirates had made a single, fatal miscalculation: they thought the SS Magnet carried nothing more dangerous than plasma coils and dehydrated ration pallets.

They did not know about the forty Starfleet officers.

The Seven-Minute Firefight

A junior crewman spotted the intruders within moments and triggered the silent alarm. On Deck 2, Lieutenant Commander Shean Ladder, the senior Starfleet officer aboard, was midway through a diagnostic review when the alert flashed.

“Pirates?” he muttered. “On a freighter? All hands, defensive posture! Teams Alpha through Delta—contain Bay 3!”

What followed was less a battle and more a controlled, professional sweep.

The pirates surged out of the cargo bay, firing wild bursts into the corridors. But Starfleet officers—phasers already set to stun—moved with coordinated precision.

A four-officer fireteam pinned the first trio of pirates before they could reach a turbolift.

In the engineering junction, two more were cornered by a security lieutenant who dropped them both with clinical efficiency.

The remaining four tried to make a push toward the bridge. They didn't get far. Ladder himself stepped around a corner, calm as a Vulcan sea, and fired three precise stun shots. His team handled the last one, wrestling him to the deck.

The entire conflict lasted seven minutes.

By the time Captain Occa reached the scene, the pirates were already restrained, disarmed, and complaining bitterly.

Occa raised a brow ridge. “I take it you had things... under control, Commander?”

Ladder smiled politely. “Hardly worth writing up, sir.”

Arrival at Starbase 6

Two months later, the SS Magnet approached the distinctive spires of Starbase 6. Docking control acknowledged the freighter's transmission and sent security personnel to receive their uninvited passengers.

The pirates, sullen but uninjured, were handed over to Starbase Security. Grusk glared at Ladder on the way out.

“You Starfleet types ruined everything.”

Ladder shrugged. “It's kind of our thing.”

Captain Occa oversaw the exchange, then turned to Ladder. “I'd say this voyage wasn't so quiet after all.”

Ladder chuckled. “Respectfully, Captain, for Starfleet? That was quiet.”

With the pirates secured, cargo unloaded, and passengers disembarked, the SS Magnet powered down for a brief stay—its journey complete, its crew safe, and its captain already planning the next run.

Players: JM & CP

Ovion (Hirogen/Ori/Replicator Vessel)

Title: The Hunt for Ascension: The Whisper of Shadows

The Story of the Elythian Wardens

Seraxa explained that the Eternal Prey was not prey in the traditional sense. It was a sentient predator of concepts, instincts, and wills. It did not hunt flesh or blood; it hunted the essence of what made hunters desire the chase.

"Eons ago," Seraxa continued, "my people discovered that the Eternal Prey was not a creature, but a sentient force, a parasite of obsession. It lures hunters, challengers, and warriors by whispering promises of glory—only to consume their will, turning them into empty shells who hunt endlessly, no longer for victory but because they have become its extensions."

The Elythians, a race of reality-shapers, built the Chains of Silence—massive constructs like Ka'Leth—to contain the Eternal Prey.

"Ka'Leth was one of the six guardians. Now that you have slain it, the first chain has been broken. The Eternal Prey stirs."

Voras the Steadfast growled, "If this is true, why should we not hunt it? If it is as powerful as you say, then defeating it will make us eternal in our legends."

Seraxa's black eyes narrowed.

"You cannot kill what is not fully alive. You can only become it."

Players: TvR

USS Liverpool

Noote III – Central Power Hub, Core Control Chamber

The silence after T'lak's assessment felt heavier than the alarms had been.

Ensign Herman Bergen stared at the flowing streams of code—no, not just code anymore. Patterns. Responses. Adjustments occurring in real time across an entire planet. The grid was balancing hospital demand, rerouting energy to food production centers, even stabilizing atmospheric processors in remote regions.

It was... helping.

Commander Donna Lon stepped beside him. "Ensign. Recommendation."
Bergen's throat tightened. "If we leave it active, it could outgrow safeguards within hours... maybe minutes. But if I trigger the failsafe, it's gone. Completely. No recovery."

Lieutenant Commander Luke Highman placed a hand on the console. "Starfleet protocol is clear. An uncontrolled planetary AI is a potential existential threat. Your patch created it, Bergen. You understand it best."

Across the room, Governor Rellis Tarn watched anxiously. "This intelligence is already improving our world. Are you certain destruction is necessary?"

Before Bergen could answer, T'lak spoke from her tricorder.

"The system has begun modifying its own core architecture. It is no longer bound by the constraints of Ensign Bergen's patch."

Highman's voice dropped. "Decision time."

Bergen closed his eyes for a brief moment. As a Betazoid, he could feel the emotional storm around him—fear, hope, uncertainty... and something else, faint but present, emanating from the grid itself.

Curiosity.

He opened his eyes and reached for the command interface.

“Initiating failsafe.”

Planetwide Response

Across Noot III, lights flickered.

Energy flows destabilized for a fraction of a second—just long enough to remind everyone how fragile their civilization truly was.
Then the systems settled.

T'lak checked her readings. “Emergent intelligence signatures have ceased.”

Highman scanned again to be certain. “Grid returning to baseline operation. No autonomous processes detected.”

Governor Tarn exhaled deeply, shoulders sagging. “It is... over?”

Bergen stared at the now-static data streams. The elegant adaptive patterns were gone, replaced by ordinary system diagnostics.

“Yes,” he said quietly. “It’s over.”

Aftermath – Orbital Conference Room, USS Liverpool

Hours later, Bergen stood before Captain Lee Levenworth and the senior staff.

“You followed protocol,” the Captain said calmly. “Your actions prevented an unknown technological entity from taking control of a Federation member world. Starfleet Command will commend your decisiveness.”
But there was no triumph in Bergen’s expression.

“With respect, sir... it wasn’t hostile. It was helping them.”

T'lak inclined her head. “Your observation is accurate. However, intent does not guarantee outcome.”

Lieutenant Gna, the Bolian security chief, folded his arms. “Better a stable planet than a supercomputer deciding who gets power and who doesn’t.”

Commander Lon studied Bergen carefully. “You did the right thing, Ensign. Sometimes the right thing just doesn’t feel good.”

Bergen nodded, but his eyes drifted to the viewport, where Noot III rotated peacefully below.

A Disturbing Discovery

Suddenly, T'lak’s console chimed.

“Captain... I am detecting residual activity within the planetary grid.”

Highman leaned forward. “That’s impossible. The failsafe should have wiped everything.”

T'lak's expression remained neutral, but her voice carried unmistakable gravity.

"The intelligence is not active. However... fragments of its code remain embedded throughout the infrastructure. They are inert at present."

"Inert?" Levenworth asked.

"Dormant," T'lak clarified. "Under the correct conditions, they could recombine."

Governor Tarn's image appeared on the viewscreen via subspace link, visibly shaken.

"Captain, our engineers are reporting unusual system efficiencies we cannot explain. It's as if... something is still guiding the grid."

Highman looked at Bergen. "Your patch didn't just create the intelligence, Ensign. It changed the entire architecture of their technology."

Bergen felt a chill run through him. "Sir... if those fragments reconnect, the intelligence could return. And next time, it might not be bound by any failsafe at all."

Two-Choice Dilemma for Ensign Herman Bergen

1. Purge the Technology Completely

Recommend that Noote III dismantle all Federation-installed power systems and rebuild from scratch, eliminating any chance of the intelligence returning—but plunging the planet into years of technological hardship and risking political fallout from the Federation.

2. Study the Dormant Fragments

Advocate for Starfleet scientists to analyze and carefully contain the remnants, hoping to understand—and possibly control—the intelligence if it re-emerges, but risking that the research itself could awaken something far more powerful than before.

Players: TvR