

The starboard sensors shrieked shrill and pissed, yowling in sharp tones about rift emergence vectors and inverse tachyon harmonics. Just a full-spectrum spatial tantrum violently tearing open a hole from the Underspace like a glass of prune juice – a warrior’s drink – ripping through a Klingon’s dual gastrointestinal tract. What passed for a science console on my meager little *Type-20 Cargo Shuttle* practically soiled its self as it struggled with its limited isolinear processors to collate readings as the subspace rift spat this large object out, its display showing me a trail of polarized graviton residues floating behind it when viewed through a spectrographic filter. Likely just a byproduct of being belched out from the environment of the Underspace.

A roughly oblong carved shape spanning 415 meters long dwarfed my little craft as it tumbled along into existence. This thing was as dead as the Orion Syndicate’s sense of altruism. It gave off no thermal spikes, let off no photonic, deuterium, or ionic-induced bleed from its aft to indicate it moved under its own power, at least under the traditional guises of propulsion at any rate. The sensors did not cry with the havoc of oscillating neutronic bursts from within its confines. Power readings were a flatline across the entire electromagnetic spectrum. This damn thing was just a big, dead hunk of inert mass that radiated nothing but dread and disrespect.

Whether you believe in Fek’lhr, Torak, Mendora, or Satan himself, my tactical console wailed as though warning me that I was on my way to meet him. The proximity sensors strobed with a literal seizure of lights, indicating a distance of 0.00000003 AU and closing fast – that was just under 3 miles when measured against a layman’s sense – and it was a gravitationally unbound mass screaming towards me at a relativistic velocity of full impulse. Every trajectory algorithm was redlined, their predictive impact modeling spelling out one certain and indelible fact; ***‘Move, you dumb bastard’***.

I had maybe a heartbeat and a half to do something before the looming mass pulverized the cargo shuttle. With all the precision of a drunk lurching for the urinal, I hurled a meaty digit in sausage-fingered desperation to trigger a full-impulse burn plotted to cut a course across the incoming itinerary of the mass. In reply, the console offered a soft, insidious tone of denial. As if it was trying to soothe me while also assuring me of my imminent demise.

The engineering readout showed that residual epsilon-band graviton emissions were causing a cascade failure of my impulse acceleration coils. Creating a stable warp field was likewise out of the question. The localized residual effect resulting from the unplanned, sudden nature of the subspace rift that had ejected the unknown object completely served to dephase the warp containment grid with metreonic interference.

In short, ladies and gentlemen, I was screwed. All I could do was watch, mouth hanging dumb, as the uninvited juggernaut hit me and vaporized my poor cargo shuttle into shrapnel.