



## A General Prologue

When Starfleet with treaties rotted like fruit,  
The drought of diplomacy has parched to the root,  
And bothered ev'ry Adm'ral with power,  
And jailed a traitor full of whiskey sour;  
When the Q also has, with his sweet breath,  
Messed up things in every holt and heath;  
Tender ensigns rise, and the fav'rite son  
Hath protocol rammed in half his brain done;  
And many mad Maquis make melodie  
That creep through all the night with bloody glee,  
(So Cardies prick them on to ramp and rage)--  
Then longs Janeway to go on pilgrimage;  
And specially from every quadrant's end  
Of shuttles to Voyager Kathryn send,  
The tattooed Maquis captain soon to seek,  
That hired the Vulcan spy--so to speak.

Befell that, in that season, on a day  
At Auckland, at the prison, as I lay  
Ready to sign for any pilgrimage;  
When the Captain, full of Starfleet homage,  
There came at first shift to smirk down at me;  
And "convince" me to join her company  
Of sundry redshirts, surely doomed to fall,  
In fellowship, and Starfleet were they all,  
That toward the Voyager they would ride.  
Delaney Sisters gen'rous were; and vied  
To see who would be eased, and who's the best.  
And when at Quark's the Ensign rose protest,

So I'd saved the naive page Quark's pavane,  
That I was of his fellowship anon.  
Though others gossip'd 'bout how I'd told lies,  
Kim needed friends; as you I will apprise.

But none the less, whist off-duty in space,  
Before yet farther in this tale I pace,  
It seems to me, a pilot with a pen,  
I shall explain this lot, aye, roost and hen,  
Who we are on Voyager, post-Array;  
And with the Captain, I'll begin this way.

**A** Kate there was, who in a crunch is ma'am,  
That fro the moment that she first began  
To bark out orders, loved her black coffee,  
Truth, dogs, phasers and mod'rate courtesy.  
Full worthy was she in her liege-lord's war,  
And therein she had brought us, none more far,  
To Deltab'ry, of Maquis to arrest;  
Now here we're stuck, she's chastened, and I'm blessed.

This self-same worthy Kate had been also  
At one time the student of Adm'ral O,  
(To my peyn hold I Sir Formality,  
Whose Prime Directive e'er is blight to me)  
She always won, ne'er me, the Knightly prize.  
Though so illustrious, she's very wise,  
And bore herself compression rifles bred  
To wipe out aliens who'd vileness said,  
Or slayed her ensigns, or shuttle parley'd.  
She was a truly chaste and o'erworked maid.  
But now, for I'm to tell you of her hair,  
Which seems to be of comment everywhere.  
Of stagg'ring twist bun wore she well first on,  
Yet, going native, chose a tail for fun;  
But then lately, cut it off like a page,  
Thumbing her nose at the critical rage.

**W**ith her had been the Squire Vulcan bore,  
Of shifting rank, and endless logic pour;  
With ears well-stretched, as if they'd laid in press.  
Some century of age was he, I guess.  
In stature he was of a rigid length,  
Good at neck pinches, aye, and of great strength.  
He'd gone to be at Kate's bequest Maquis,  
With a subtlety known at Picardy,  
And borne him drabs and fired in Cardie space,  
In hope to win him Action Katie's grace.  
Beamed weird he was, got 'Talax in his head

With fresh-cut Orchid--but now that guy's dead.  
Drone on he does--he lectures me each day;  
Neelix's soup plomeek drives him away.  
He could make poems, 'bout nothing he'd indict;  
Repressing Kim to steal his girl; the wight  
Had great gall, he loved melding psychopaths  
And elfin women practicing bloodbaths.  
Snotty he, not humble, yet quite able;  
He oft plays with toothpicks on a table.

**S**ome Yeomen had they, and lots more to spare,  
Of red or gold clad, and a death's-head stare.  
A sheath of phasers useless when in need,  
When wormy aliens come, they do plead  
(Well can they die with prowess yeomanly:  
They scream real loud and submit gruesomely).  
Well wait they in line, wond'ring of their fate,  
But still they go pale when they get their date,  
And Tattoo Man from the helm grins at 'em;  
Chuckles + Shuttle = Yeomanly Te Deum.

**T**here also was a nun, an Engineer,  
Who, in her growling, modest was, struck fear  
In all; though a ponn-farred boy did so dare  
Attempt to bond and drag her to his lair.  
But -- Ha! -- she bit me, we smooched, then she beat  
His Vulcy butt to a pile of peat.  
Squinces up her nose, rails becomingly,  
Fairly spake she tech-speak, and fluently;  
Her Klingon side she held back all in vain,  
For Frenching Paris did her blood sustain.  
In conduits she'd tutored well withal,  
Smearing her lipstick on her willing thrall;  
Fayn makes out on consoles, drinks yummy wine,  
She's oft known to snap, "Scram, Harry; he's mine."  
As engineer she had delight and zest  
Charging psycho robots; brought out the best  
Of Cardie tech, then got it back; she's had  
More of her staff go postal or plain mad.  
And though not fond of bat'leths, she likes sport  
"More vig'rous than most" (read the book), in short.  
Fair Tabard nun, she forced herself to look  
Like courtliness was useless -- Yes, it took  
Deprived O2, and hol-loon's bloody spree,  
'Fore an invite to her quarters for me  
Made clavicles broken in reverence.

But, to say something of her moral sense,  
She was all charity and got full sore,

How she would weep that if she saw the core  
Ripped off by vagrants, wished them dead or bled;  
She broke a nose for its sake, so it's said.  
Precious was her warp core, which she'd oft feed  
A fine, white, smart-mouth yeoman bound to bleed  
(Better warp core sizzle than shuttle bait);  
For rule there she did, Prioress prelate.  
Quite decorous her helmet of hair was;  
Her nose was fine; her eyes like pitchy glass;  
Her mouth was full and therewith soft and red;  
Cretaceous was she with her fair forehead;  
It is almost a full span broad, I own...  
("Speak for yourself, Helmboy, as yours has grown!")  
...Trim is her frame, as I am well aware,  
Around her pinkie does she me well bear;  
The cloak of gold and gilded instruments  
Her most stunning, gorgeous self compliments...  
("That's better.") ...; one spanner carved is our -- quoth,  
"Volenti non fit injuria" -- oath.

**O**ne fair little nurse Voyager once had;  
Who liked Holodoc, and ne'er once was bad.  
Though bad was she left, for I'm the new nurse:  
Please, Kes, come back and break the Doctor's curse!

**A**hunk there was, that one tattooed Maquis,  
An Indian, who hated venery;  
A manly man, Kate's commander able;  
Full many shuttles has he disabled:  
And when he flew, the ensigns cow'ed in fear,  
Practicing death-whistles whilst he showed cheer;  
Aye, and rattled they did, clear as a bell.  
Haplessly, though, to women Chuckles fell;  
Down on his knees, Seska drilled DNA;  
Built Kate a bathtub, but sim' stole the day;  
An ex-Borg'd woman got his brains on let;  
A Kes lookin' gal put out to forget.  
Even B'Elanna would not follow through  
With fantasies girlish--Thankfully, too.  
Let lower ranks have their toil be served,  
Their passions aflight, their senses unnerved  
(Thanks Chakotay!--'Gain he's Monk of the ship.

Carved stone had he, an occasional trip  
to go dancing with wolves; makes himself free  
to goad and ogle chaste Kate o'er coffee;  
Gives Neelix complexes, makes Tuvok cringe.  
Also, to add to his manly man binge,  
He had art abstract to his brow pasted,

Strips in strange forests; veggies ne'er wasted;  
Solid was he; he stood in goodly case.  
An Easter Island look smack on his face  
Whilst Kate jumped on Borg cubes, took down her foes;  
Soft-voiced, he'd prated 'bout animal woes.  
Now Kathryn's single--what WILL the man do?  
With his luck with women, shuttlecraft too;  
Sith Kate lacks sore--I'd grab the med' bundle,  
Rip off a shuttle and take a tumble.  
But no, he'll stay for tort'rous tension made  
With googly stares at the fourty-ish maid.

**A**lso with us was a Clerk from 'Frisco,  
Who'd ne'er known worldliness not long ago.  
Sparse gall had he, a good Ferengi bait;  
Though a nice guy, he's slight loose in the pate.  
An upright Ensign, ne'er thinks he to wait  
'Till morn to come by, but disturbs my date.  
He has but little else to do, I know;  
More oft I think he'd his clarinet blow,  
But he'd rather a Borg crawl on his bed  
Clad like the spider girls, in black and red.  
Astrometrics and Ops is he bet' wise,  
Than courting women with polymer eyes.  
Though he'd a Libby in his proud coffer,  
Jenny near drowned him with her own offer;  
But all that he might borrow from a friend,  
On ways to woo Seven he'd swiftly spend.  
Later he'd pray that no news would be spread  
That if he'd not been quick, then surely dead.  
(Why worry? Ask I. He's died several times.)  
To business stuck he for botching his lines  
With a Borg Babe devoid of reverence.  
Now, I cannot deny he's blessed with sense:  
He made himself jail bait to save my life  
(Stayed we longer, I'd be dead, he a wife);  
And true, early on, I thought it great fun  
To watch Jen Delaney him overrun.  
Let upstanding virtues be the best bet,  
and fing'ring futilely his clarinet.

**W**ondrous tech spawned the Doc de physique.  
Who, unlike Kim, was not hight meek.  
For all his lectures and his vocalese,  
I'm oft certain his goal is tort'ring me.  
He onetime kept Chakotay from the pall  
With a med'cine wheel B'El stuck on the wall.  
Back then, in sickbay stuck was he so sore,  
Or the holodeck, with Freya to score.

He knew the cause of every malady,  
 Except his own, displayed for all to see:  
 He'll not choose a name, sings op'ra all right;  
 Tink'ring programs made him stalk Kes one night  
 And fondle B'Elanna -- Yeech! What a thought!  
 Gave himself flu symptoms Kes overwrought;  
 His family, soon doomed, the peachy lot,  
 Sent B'Ela screeching to muddle the plot;  
 And nearly dumb in love, I did him save  
 With a Chevy, good view, and lines I gave.  
 Even a hologram gets some, tres bien,  
 If but he'd not brag 'bout his additions.  
 In diatribe he measures all too well  
 (His stories are the tenth level of hell);  
 Jabber-jawed, yes, but he's still a good chap  
 (B'El, can you teach me to shut off his trap?);  
 In blue is he clad, though once did wear tights  
 And puffy shorts--Keeps me laughing at night.  
 And yet he prizes freedom most of all  
 (Once caged, missed he catfights in the mess hall);  
 For gossip Doc sees as sedative fine--  
 When yeomen aren't gored, he'll talk them supine.

**T**he Waif of Borg here arrived recently,  
 Not long 'fore Kes took an atomic spree.  
 Of implants and 'tachments many had she,  
 'Till Kes and the Doctor took a look-see.  
 Now sadly she's cased like sausage sans fat--  
 Doc did the dressing--that's where his mind's at.  
 Being made one, she indeed was so wroth  
 She death-stared Kate aft beating Kim to froth.  
 And still she likes to grind Kim to the ground--  
 Quite an achievement for ninety-eight pound.  
 Just trying to work, be one in her head;  
 Choice gawks at implants turned her flaming red;  
 Not for embarrassment, soothly to sayn--  
 Shame is irrelevant, so'd be Kim's pain.  
 Corseted closely, skyscraper shoes too;  
 Squeezing and altitude should turn her blue.  
 She'd been a drone throughout her untouched life;  
 Now she's got Ensign Horndog drooling rife.  
 Perhaps that's why the Borg are mem'ry sweet:  
 No futile come-ons, no Neelix's eats;  
 No mean engineers telling her she's rude;  
 But then not at all she'd have attitude.  
 Which then is worse? The latter, soothly sure,  
 For making Kim shrink is pleas'able pure.  
 From her new console, she'd not thought it sad  
 To fry Hirgogen; e'en B'El said, "Not bad;"  
 But they got revenge: Got B'Ela knocked up

By Nazi de Pig, who me did he chuck;  
Bobbysoxed Seven, made her sultry sing.  
In jeffries tubes one oft finds her wand'ring,  
Cutting off relays from deck eleven,  
B'El's sworn to send her to Omega hev'n.  
And though one infraction, birdie dreams made,  
Shot holes in yeomen, my shuttle parley'd;  
And still angers Kate with tricobalt eyes,  
There's hope for her yet out here, I surmise.  
It's nice that someone else hates the cuisine  
And rattles on nerves, which once was I keen;  
For busying Kim and the Doc, perchance  
I've time to practice with B'El the love dance.

**N**ow that I've told you briefly of the crew,  
Their state and array, one thing's left to do;  
To tell our plight aft a firefight dear;  
How we'd assembled one night, way out here  
in Deltabury, in Voyager's room,  
Known as the Mess Hall; quite late I assume  
(For pulling double shifts, I'm always late,  
I've lost track of time, as B'El oft relates).  
When at the Mess Hall did we so alight,  
Then pleeka rind cass'role stunk up the site.  
And in this story you do I engage  
To banter on 'bout this weird pilgrimage;  
But take it not wrong any vulgarness:  
I say what I see, you judge the excess.  
We all have rank, and rank sometimes be we;  
My wits are tired, as I'm sure you see.

**G**reat cheer our Host gave to us, grinning on,  
And the grub meal plop he served us anon  
Rose an odour of roadkill vittles brazed;  
Thus drank we much wine to murder the taste.  
A seemly man, our host, whiskered withal,  
Fit to have Mari girls, melons and all;  
He's a short, stout man, with kitty-kat eyes;  
Before she dumped him, Kes thought him a prize.  
Soothly, he was a truly merry man,  
And after our "meal," a game he began,  
Speaking with great mirth 'bout various things,  
Our Voyager fam'ly -- verray blessings!  
(Here it comes--think I--I know a guilt trip  
A quadrant 'way: Through which door might I slip?)  
Neelix said thus: "Now, my friends, verily,  
We're come together to feast heartily  
Aft anot' near destruction; shall I now  
Suggest a diversion? Yes, I know how!

A game have I in my spotted head thought;  
To share our company and to do naught.

"For Captain, I was so well impressed when  
You flew to act with phasers on grill, then  
Blew away the leach who smacked your behind;  
And, Commander, noble efforts in mind,  
What were you thinking when shuttling out?  
Didn't Kerr's conniption figure you out?  
Therefore, my friends, we've got plenty to say,  
So, before we ride along our own way,  
Why not share a tale or two, have some fun  
Whilst sharing our company, just begun?  
If you don't like, I'll give you up my head..."  
(A glimmer from B'El--"Was a rash oath said?")  
..."Hold up your hands, aye, not one of you speak."

Our full assenting was hes'tant to seek;  
We thought quite wisely to think more than twice;  
But his pout gave him way sans more advice,  
We'd just get it over with, we thought then.

"My Friends!" chirped he, "here's how we'll thus begin;  
But take it not, I pray you, the wrong way  
If we draw straws--Oh, but no straws today--  
We'll draw leola roots, it's all the same."  
Aft gath'ring a bowl, many mangled root,  
Circled he about, thinking it a hoot.  
"Captain," said he, "my mistress, fair damsel,  
You shall draw first, lest to Tuvok you'd sell  
The idea of my being Yeoman'd.  
You, too, my lady Prioress." Her hand  
Dipped into the bowl, and looking at me,  
Bore nails in the root's skin, smiling sweet.  
I too took a root, shifted in my seat.  
"Come near!" our host said, "Waif, good Clerk, Squire,  
Ponder no more on this, our time's dire.  
Kes? Is that you, sweeting? Come have a trist!"  
She did so in vain -- her hands were but mist.  
Anon to draw every wight had begun;  
And all looked 'round to be smacked with a stun:  
Wether by chance, or some curse befallen,  
Doc Holodeck pricked up, pleased out and in.

"'Tis only na'tral that I start the game,"  
Quod he, "since I ne'er did get to explain  
The nature of fungus, some two years past.  
Now hearken all, it's a matter quite vast!"

With right sore hearts, we shuffled and hard swore;  
Doc's just begun and we can't take much more.  
He'd take no pris'ners, no detail forgo;



We looked for escapes, darting to and fro:  
Kes went atomic, mutt'ring, "Some payback;"  
Chuckles looked out the pane, tapped his hand's back,  
Sought the moon desp'rately, to no avail;  
Seven sprouted implants, hands 'gan to flail;  
"Irrelevant! Irrelevant!" quod she,  
Ripped into a bulkhead, in Borgish spree,  
Tossed away couplings to cut Doc's power;  
But burst a gelpack, whence bugs 'gan to flow'r.  
Inspired thus, Kate ripped off her tunic  
Jumped to a locker, plowing down Vorik;  
Arming herself in some Weaver-ish shawls,  
"Time's up," she barked, whilst yeomen pressed 'gainst walls.

Meanwhile, Harry foot to foot did shift;  
Deserted was he, and Seven was miffed;  
Doc was still jab'ring, Tuvok tried from 'hind  
Vulcan neck pinches 'till he was near blind.  
Doc cornered Kim, who sought a distraction--  
And found it looking at Seven's ass-ction.  
A rumble 'cross the ship, tricobalt scents  
Wafted as screaming ensigns hid in vents.  
One can't blame them the Wrath of Kate to fear--  
"Paris, what the hell's your wrench doing here?"

"Uh Oh!" I gulped, and grabbed B'Elanna's hand.  
"We've got to get out of here!" said I, and  
"The core's gonna blow!" She seemed to agree  
Not to meaning meant; stared lustful at me,  
Bared her white teeth, turned my cheek, growled at it,  
"Omnia vincit amor, *this*" -- and bit.  
"Nuff said," quod I, and we made our escape;  
Soon we...Well let's say the ship is ship shape.  
Naught to complain 'bout (B'El squinches her nose);  
Methinks this Deltabury Tale's to close.

*(fin)*

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**Notes:** In case your Latin's as bad as mine:

Volenti non fit injuria = No injustice (injury) is done to the consenting person.  
Omnia vincit amor = Love Conquers All

### **A General Disclaimer:**

Paramount owns all the Trek, soothly sayn;  
Merci, J.U. Nicolson, for the vein  
Translated, and Chaucer for the real one;  
Now, my dear Geoff victims, I'm surely done.  
Iambic Pentameter, haunt namoore;  
Seek ye a Shakespeare Nut to muddle sore.

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