

All The Prophets Will Bestow

J.C. Medina & Cameron Burnell



from ORION PRESS

All the Prophets Will Bestow

A *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* novella

by Cameron Burnell & J.C. Medina

Odo didn't notice the characteristic tingling of a transporter beam; his world was pain. It felt like the ionic energy was literally scouring him to dust. Involuntary shudders assailed him and to his inner horror, part of the horrible howling maelstrom that screamed around him was his own voice. His cries of agony were shockingly loud in the small room and stopped him instantly, although an occasional tingle of residual energy along his sensitized body mass caused a moan to escape him despite himself.

"Well, well. Looks like we have ourselves a bonus."

The voice sounded very far away and he shuddered as his body cleared from the damaging effects of the ionic energy. After a moment, he realized his back was firmly supported by a cold, patterned metal surface. *I must be at the Ops transporter vestibule.*

He managed to open his eyes which focused on Sisko's face and he blinked with gratitude. *Oh, I was beamed aboard the runabout.* He blinked again, just glad to be alive, regardless of his locale. To be fair, he acceded, he had volunteered to leave the station right before the ion storm hit in order to patch the outer hull. He had been the logical choice he thought now, looking up at Sisko.

I shall never volunteer for that type of duty ever again, Odo thought. His attempt to speak however, produced inarticulate sounds and gasps and his attempt to sit up was an equal failure, his shoulders merely spasmed and his arms flopped. Odo finally gave up and lay staring up at the Human's dark face. Why was Sisko looking at him so peculiarly? he wondered.

My features must be askew, he thought to himself, feeling the peculiar tingles of energy slowly receding and grateful that he would likely be able to fix that once he regained control of his body again.

To his astonishment, O'Brien suddenly shifted into his point of view. It wasn't the Operation Chief's face that shocked him, it was the look of utter hatred and contempt which filled it. His words were equally shocking and dripped with icy indifference.

"I heard he was dead." O'Brien's eyes turned to the commander, puzzled.

"Well, Smiley, looks like you might have heard wrong," Sisko responded with a broad smile.

"Poignant, wrenching, and utterly believable, this story stays faithful to the characters..." V. Page.