

WHERE
WILL
YOU
BE?

WARNER BROS. PRESENTS
**THE DAY AFTER
TOMORROW**

The Day After Tomorrow

By Jonathan Tecumseh
Riker

Edited by Jonathan Stephens

Foreword

This work of fan fiction is designed to only be used within the K-12 Branson School Online educational system. It is a crossover between *Star Trek*'s mirror universe(in an alternate timeline), Disney's *Star Wars*(in an alternate timeline), Netflix's *He-Man and the Masters of the Universe*, Netflix's *She-Ra and the Princesses of Power* and *The Day After Tomorrow*. If written, expressed consent is not delivered by the writer of this story and the writers/developers/owners of the aforementioned titles, it is piracy and thus declared illegal, subject to possible reports to INTERPOL and can result in monetary fines of up to \$250,000(USD) and up to 60 months(5 years) in prison.

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This story falls under certain premises of the 2004 motion picture film entitled "The Day After Tomorrow", and the 2008 film "2012" but as actual events that occur on Terra in the late 2700's.

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Author's Note

“This story has been written as a memoir of my most harrowing experience. Even now, I still feel the cold from those storms, pounding of my heart after narrowly escaping the Yellowstone blast, and fatigue from restless nights. My son James will be wed to Jim Kirk’s daughter Laura soon, and this book also serves as a gift. May all who survived the 2780 disasters remember the lost.”

Jonathan T. Riker, Fleet Admiral (Ret.)

Jonathan T. Riker, Fleet Admiral(Ret.)

Chapter I: Breaking Away

June 22, 2780

Antarctic Ice Shelf B

11:30 AM Antarctic Time Zone

-40° Celsius

The white shelf surrounds a gray ice drill and orange tent. A stiff easterly wind blows a Terran Flag strongly in the wind. Two figures load cylinders into a hovercraft, while a third packs up gear, and a fourth retrieves one last cylinder from the drill.

A rumbling makes all four stand upright, the hair on their necks straight out. A crack splits ice, the length of the shelf. One of the figures, Jonathan T. Riker of Starfleet fame, shouts out to fellow officer Spock, "Leave the drill! We can't risk it."

Spock follows, but the drill and Vulcan fall down the crevice. Jack Hall and Leonard McCoy, the other two, grab Spock's arms and haul him up. After loading up, the four head to Dubai, Emirate Province, Terra for a climate accords.

Jack Hall uses his time telling of the most recent Ice Age, and though Terrans had learned that ruining the planet was a bad idea, there would be consequences. Charlie Frost broadcasts the accords on his talk show, "Theories About The End of The World."

After the accords, the ruling Caesar, Viktor Von Doom the Fourth, asks Riker, a retired Fleet Admiral, "Admiral, what are your conclusions on Mr. Hall's theory?"

The reply was, "Sir, my forecasting teams are using the model developed by Hall and his colleague Terry Rapson at the Hedland Centre. I..." as an earpiece buzzes, then continues, "Sorry, I just got word from Hedland and it's not good."

“Could you elaborate on that?”

“You know how hurricanes strengthen right before they hit mainland when they come from the Atlantic? That’s because warm water is cycling up from a current in the Gulf Stream, part of the Atlantic Meridional Overturning Currents. Terry Rapson thinks the entire AMOC system and it’s Pacific counterpart may be at a 100% shut-down point since ice from Greenland with a total area the size of Rhode Island broke toward the Pacific. AMOC shutdown comes from a piece of ice from Antarctica the size of Texas”

“Oh my!”

“Indeed”

Chapter II: 'Calm' Before The Storm

Riker and Doom meet at the Imperial Palace. In the Red Room, Riker sets up a laptop computer and receivers for weather data. He reads a communique from Rapson, and Hall in Washington DC. The message reads:

To: Meteorologist Jonathan Riker: Starfleet Signal Corps
From: Professor Terry Rapson: Hedland Meteorology Centre

My dear friend, I have some grievous news to share. As of the date of your return from Antarctica, five buoys in the North Atlantic have registered a 13° Celsius drop in temperature.

This is synonymous with a collapse of the Atlantic Meridional Overturning Currents. However, this is a major abrupt collapse, and could thus be very dangerous.

A storm system is beginning to form over the Siberian Province. Tokyo has been hit hard by hailstorms. Los Angeles shows signs of vortex development.

Be wary, my friend. There is danger afoot.

Riker asks Rapson and Hall for a weather forecast model that can account for the ocean temperature decrease, and the current storm systems.

Chapter III: Simulations

Jonathan T. Riker pulls a slender key card from his pocket and unlocks his front door. A carved sign in the entry reads, “The Riker Family; Jonathan T., Catra, Kjeld Ole, Finnegean Joseph, Kira Carlyn, James Kirke, John Tiberius.”. Next to this sign is a carved statue of Riker’s oldest son Kjeld, who tragically died when the ship he served on, ***ISS Miranda NCC 1833***, suffered a warp core malfunction that destroyed the ship and all aboard. Next to those was a coat rack, and a shoe cupboard.

His daughter Kira, 10 years old, runs up to him crying out, “Dad’s home!”

Finn, 45, shakes hands with him. James, 20, stuffs a change of clothes in his suitcase as he prepares to leave for the 500th Annual Terran Decathlon in New York City. Jim Jonathan heads to his simulations office, where his youngest, John, is playing with the model ***ISS Enterprise*** Riker had hand-carved.

Catra entered the room and asked, “How did the expedition go? Did you enjoy it?”

Riker replied, “I enjoyed it *imzadi*. Overall the expedition was uneventful, until the whole of AIS-B1 broke off. Spock almost didn’t make it, though.”

“That’s scary, anything else to note”, Catra asked as fear flashed through her eyes.

Riker said, “Yeah, but that’s not the worst of it. Take a look at the model from Terry Rapson and Jack Hall.”

Chapter IV: Californication No More

June 27th, 2780: Los Angeles
10:00 West American Time Zone
Temperature: 27° Celsius

Jack Frost, brother of Charlie Frost, sits in front of the forecast models and radar stations for Los Angeles. Soon, he watches as the radar points out not one, not two, not three, not four, not even five, but six cyclonic patterns synonymous with tornadic vortex activity.

Jack immediately radios Signal Corps chief J.T. Riker requesting permission to issue a Tornado Warning. The go-ahead reply is instantaneous, and rarely-used Tornado Indicators begin blaring throughout the Terran metropolis.

The Indicators are of little affect, as bystanders and tourists actually pose for holo-pictures with death and destruction in the background. The people are soon sucked into the air and violently thrown into buildings. The iconic Hollywood sign, over 900 years old, is wiped away. Jack's center is hit, but he is safe.

After the supercell smashes LA, it dissipates, and Frost sends an all clear to Riker. He is startled when the holocom, used in dire straits, buzzes and activates. The lasers scan in a blue ghost of Admiral Jonathan Riker from his center in San Bernardino. He asks, "Frost, status on the storm in LA."

Jack says, "Sir, most of the city is gone. No estimate on casualties, civilian, federal, army, Starfleet, or Sig-Co."

"Prepare to issue indications for all north of Terra's equator. DER has been activated and we are going to work on evacuations."

Chapter V: Indications

Riker sighed as he said goodbye to Catra. This broadcast was major, so Riker had to be prompt. His model, with Rapson and Hall, predicts an ice age borne of three developing supercell storms. One is over Siberia, another over Scotland, near the Hedland Centre, and a third currently positioned over Manitoba. A helicopter corps en route to rescue Rapson went down in the Scotch storm, when they entered a hurricane-like eye and their vehicles froze from cold of 150° below celsius.

Jon's hands shook as he took the podium from newscaster Charlie Frost. He began his speech, and hoped that his message is followed. It went, "I am Signal Corps Chief Jonathan T. Riker with indications for the next ten days beginning now. For everyone south of the northern 36th Parallel, a wave of refugees from the north. For everyone north of the aforementioned line, intensifying snowstorms and blizzards. A cold wave is indicated for the northern hemisphere, along with a mandatory evacuation order for all north of the 36th Parallel. This evacuation order is to be followed, since rescue crews will not be able to aid.

For those who can get out, you options are as follows. Flee to southern California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana(the parts of which that are not flooded), Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Mexico.

I repeat rescue crews WILL NOT be able to aid you. For those who are trapped in the storms, DO NOT GO OUTSIDE. DOING SO WILL RESULT IN LOSS OF LIFE. These storms show traits like hurricanes, but their eyes are extremely different. Temperatures will reach 150 below zero. Evacuate if you can, survive if you must."

Chapter VI: What To Do

June 30, 2780

Outside New York City

8:00 AM East American Time Zone

+15° Celsius

The Airbus A380 shuddered from the trade winds forced by the brewing Canadian superstorm. James Kirke Riker's knuckles were white from gripping his armrests, as 5 packs of Triplemint gum, 10 packs of peanuts and 15 packs of Crackerjacks littered his tray table. Laura Anne Kirk, daughter of the famous James T Kirk looked fearless next to him. Their other friend, Luke Skywalker, the son of Jedi Grandmaster Anakin Skywalker, seems ready to burst with some dumb fact. He finally blurted out, " You know, the probability of an A380 going down in turbulence is about 5 million to one right?"

James, annoyed with Luke being a valedictorian, replied, "Thanks. Hey look at that!"

The jet flew by one of the Terran's most hilarious engineering mistakes in all history. When Adolf Hitler and Albert Einstein set up their New York consulate in 1828, it was supposed to be a square with gates in between the buildings. It was on Auschwitz Boulevard and Wehrmacht Avenue, where it was supposed to be, but designed like the swastika Hitler wore when in the field fighting for the Allies.

Laura Kirk replied, "That belongs to our decathlon judge, Mr. Hitler. Some say that he time traveled to the future."

James was lost to the conversation by now because he received a message from his father that didn't seem to make sense. It said: **Return home now. You're in immediate danger. Weather conditions are going to get very severe.**

He had finally realized what the message meant after the first decathlon round was over, and his group, which included Laura, Luke, himself, and Wesley Crusher.

By this time, rain began to pour from the sky. The homeless were listless as always, but for a dog-owner named Luther Rockefeller, with dog Buddha. Luther was purchasing food and heading for the shelter of a building when his dog whined, straining for James and his group.

Luther snapped, “Buddha,” then saw water gushing out of a manhole cover.

Buildings groaned as a tidal wave flooded the streets of Manhattan. Adolf Hitler grabbed the shoulder of James Riker and said, “*Herr* Riker, we must seek shelter now. *Ze Liber* is closest. We must move quickly!

Luther follows them, as the 10 foot(one foot being ten meters) killer wave wipes ground cars, federal vehicles, and military Jeeps off the asphalt. People caught scream, to no avail, they’re gone.

Chapter VII: Trapped in New York

James replied to his father: No can do. Streets and subways flooded. Helos, planes, and shuttles grounded. Electric disruptions from this storm will mess with transporters.

Some of the Decathlon guys didn't make it. My group made it, and we confirmed the big bug. Hitler is in this time. He's next to me.

Should you mount a rescue, I know you will, I have the relevant info. Location: Terran Trade Facilities. 5th Avenue and 42nd Street. Buildings: Twin Towers of the Terran Trade Service, Empire State Signal Corps Offices, Avengers Tower, Trump Tower.

James sighed, and flipped open his communicator, hoping that his parents could answer him. His mother answered, "Jim, are you alright? I've been worried about you so much."

He replied, "Yeah Ma, I'm OK. I'm safe in New York for now. At least if it wasn't in a hundred feet of water."

Jonathan Riker came in and said, "James, listen to me closely and to everything I say. This is a life or death matter."

James replied, "Yes Dad."

Jon Riker continued, "That storm is going to get worse. You tell anyone with you to layer as warmly as possible and burn whatever you can to stay warm. If you're near Sig-Co NY, you've got my go-ahead to raid the supply floors that aren't flooded for food and arctic gear. I'm preparing to come get you. Jim Kirk,

Spock, and your mom are coming as well. Hang tight. The worst is still three days out at worst.

Chapter VIII: Evacuations

June 30, 2780

Alameda Shipyards

5:15 AM West American Time Zone

+5° Centigrade

Jonathan Tecumseh Riker finished packing up a winter-grade hiking-pack. He turns to his display case holding a Type I Hand Phaser and custom gold-plated Terran Long-sword. He reopens the pack, places the weapons in the bag, and seals it. Catra exits their room, ready for arctic cold. Riker silently nods, and grabs the key set for the Jeep dropped off from orbit by ***ISS Enterprise*** for the emergency relief run. Jim Kirk and Spock stood out in the blizzard-force winds, each with a pack. Riker carried firelighters and cutting tools. Catra had the food and water. Kirk carried antibiotics and medical supplies. Spock carried blankets. There was a sled in the Jeep in case the quartet had to set out on foot.

Riker sat in the driver's seat, turned the igniter on, and gunned the engine. The Jeep roared as it sped east towards the city of New York, while a confirmed broadcast read that Terry Rapson and the Hedland Centre team had been rescued before the Scotland storm reached them.

As Riker sped across the road known as Interstate 70, he saw the chaos of the mass evacuation. People ran, killing others just to flee. He hoped his son stayed put and didn't listen to the evacuation order.

June 30, 2780
New York
10:00 AM Local Time
-5° Celsius

300 survivors huddle throughout the aisles of the Public Library. The ‘elected’ leader Lieutenant Jake Gyllenhall, security liaison of Terran Central Intelligence, asks any who need aid. Luke Skywalker tinkers with an Army-issue radio and gets the broadcast that Riker transmitted.

Lieutenant Gyllenhall stands up and asks, “Does anyone want to leave and attempt to make it to Maryland?”

James Riker stands up and says, “I just finished a call with Signal Corps Chief Jonathan T Riker. He said not to leave if stranded. The storm will kill anyone caught in it.”

Gyllenhall gestured to a window where people were trekking out toward the south, asking, “Then what about them?”

James said, “They’ll freeze out there.”

A hobo in the crowd named Johann stood and yelled, “I won’t stay here to become a popsicle! Who’s with me?”

282 of the 300 rush outdoors. Gyllenhall seizes the arm of fellow TCIA agent Donovan Riley, and begs him not to go. Riley hesitates, and stays, and soon the building complex is empty.

Chapter IX: Search and Locate

June 31, 2780

50 Kilos outside

6:50 PM East American Time Zone

-25° Celsius

Jonathan T Riker belted into the driver's seat again after the short rest. The four had been driving non-stop from California through Nevada, Utah, Colorado, a stop in Kansas for fuel, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, another refuel in West Virginia, and now they just exited Pennsylvania. After they hit the Pennsylvania Turnpike to do a 'Philly Special' they were on their way for what Spock quoted was, "a Third Miracle from the Meadowlands," seeing that Riker had driven in a blizzard since entering Ohio.

Jim Kirk lightened the mood by singing "99 Bottles" but only one bottle was passed because a hard jolt slammed everyone forward.

Riker said, "We're stuck! Spock, unload the sled. We walk from here."

Catra grunted when a shard from a broken mug grazed her arm, and sent off a message to James, hoping it would reach him. He had messaged her first though, saying: **I hope this message reaches you. Temperatures are dropping slowly but noticeably. There were 300 survivors from the initial flooding with me and my friends included, but now 19 are left. Sending names of survivors for record.**

Lieutenant Jake Gyllenhall: Terran Central Intelligence Agency,
Trident v-SIGINT Head Official
Lieutenant Donovan Riley: Terran Central Intelligence Agency,
Trident v-SIGINT Program Supervisor
James Kirke Riker: Midshipman First Class
Laura Anne Kirk: Midshipman First Class
Luke Skywalker: Jedi Knight
Lieutenant-Commander Wesley Crusher: CSeO NCC-1701
Ambassador Adolf Hitler: Terra-Romulan relations
Luther Rockefeller: Survivalist
Samuel Hall: Midshipman First Class
Laura Chapman: Midshipman First Class
Brian Parks: Midshipman First Class
JD Chilton: Terran Central Intelligence Agency
Blake Anheuser: Signal Corps Station Chief
Elsa Ward: Sig-Co Officer
Judith Rossum: Librarian
Jeremy Renner: Survivalist
Jason Evans: Sig-Co Officer
Chris Evans: Meteorologist
Frank O'Harris: Floor Watchman
Albert Einstein: Genius Physicist
Gottfried Kristiansen: Famous trinket inventor

We're raiding whatever we can for foodstuff. The library has a bunch of coats and other warm gear. Try to be safe. Established comms throughout NYC. Survivors in all towers warned to stay indoors and to burn whatever's on hand. Hope to see you soon

July 1, 2780
New York
3:00 AM East American Time Zone
-40° Celsius
Winds: ESE @ 15 K/ph

The North Tower of the Terran Trade Service sheltered Jonathan T Riker's small group from the steady wind. Catra shouted, "Jon! They're here! Jimmie's last message said that 19 of them are!"

Riker in turn called, "Spock! Kirk! We found 'em!"

Jim Kirk hollered, "Oorah! Let's do this!"

Spock shouted, "The storm is strengthening sir!"

Riker yelled out in Klingon, "qochbe', yIHmey qengtaHvIS, QI'yaH, teH ngagh Qapla' !"

(Translation: "I agree, let's do this, or die trying with or without success!")

Riker grabbed his sword and slashed eight times. A single flick of his finger sent glass inward. The quartet slid down the ice into Tower 1 and strode through the warmed corridors of the interconnected Trade Center.

South Tower

Sam Hall, James Riker, and Wes Crusher drag the frozen overcoat-sled loaded with the last of the foodstuffs they scavenged from the seven towers. There was enough food for 19 people to survive for ten days and they could always melt ice for water. They were heading for the library's fireplace room when they saw the silhouettes of four people heading for them. They were in all-black, faces hidden in visors and mufflers. Hoods over heads concealed hair, heavy winter jackets and pants hid body shape, boots made foot size hard to tell, and gloves made skin color indiscernible.

Sam said, “Who goes there?”

The lead pulled back hood, and pulled off muffler to reveal a human mouth. Fair-skinned, the lead pulled off visor to reveal the face of Jonathan Tecumseh Riker.

James ran to his father and embraced him, glad that they were reunited. He then stepped back to take it in. His father was still standing tall and proud. The scars on his face from the Terran-Horde Wars added the veteran experience to his look. Iron gray gleamed in the hair around his ears and the ever-present streak from cowlick to his forward-swept bangs. Stone gray glints in his eyes held laughter, joy.

The others had revealed themselves to be James Kirk, Spock, and Jim Riker’s mother. The group walk victoriously to the library, and await the next event.

Chapter X: Eye of The Storm

July 2, 2780

New York City

10:00 AM East American Time Zone

-40° Celsius

The mobile radar station set up on one of the library tables pinged. Jonathan Riker took a look at it. The storms had fully developed and were now moving. They were also drawing stratospheric air to the surface, now as cold as 200 below.

He tried to wake Catra, and was frightened to find her with a fever of 42, about 3 degrees too hot for normal Catian body temperature. Riker looked for causes, and found an infected injury on her left arm. James was asleep, so Jonathan called, “James Kirke Riker, wake up! Your mother’s got blood poisoning and if you don’t get the medical pack Spock brought she might not make it!”

James was up and running before his father finished, mentally repeating, MEDICAL PACK, MEDICAL PACK, GOTTA GET THE MEDICAL PACK!

James dug the packs out from under a mound of blankets, and cried “Bingo!”

James tossed the bag to his father and looked at the station. What he saw made his blood run cold.

Spock, taking time to read Hitler’s classic novels *Meinin Unterseebooten Gab Russland Das Boot* and *Mein Autistisch Kampf*, his personal journals as a submarine captain and his high-kept ideals during a time of moral depravity. “My Submarine Gave Russia The Boot” explained the tactics that gave him military renown. “My Autistic Head” showed that Hitler was utterly horrified of the moral sinking that marked the 19th Century in blood, war, protest, and his joint escape to the 28th Century with Albert Einstein.

Spock's reverie was disturbed by a hand on his shoulder. The quiet Vulcan looked up to see his longtime comrade's son distraught. Spock thus asked, "Is there a problem, Jim?"

James Riker replied, "Look at the radar. Now."

The model was set to a temp scale. It cycled through a ten hour span in thirty seconds, and then looped. James pinged Manhattan in the system and described the situation, "Red on the scale means 40's, orange for 30's, yellow for 20's, green for 10's, blue for single digits. The purple signals below zero temps, pink for -50, and pure white for anything -150. Look at the eye of the storm Spock."

"It is black. What does that signify?"

"Nothing good. Black means that anything without a fire burning is going to be instantly deep-frozen to negative 273"

James T. Kirk asked, "Minus two-hundred seventy-three degrees Celsius? *That cold?* Tell me you're joking Midshipman Riker."

Jim Riker nodded solemnly, and said, "No jokes Captain, minus 273. Worst part is Manhattan's gonna get hit within 10 minutes. The storm's power rapidly intensifies at the eye wall, a mile thick, then the eye itself must pass, a total of 50 miles in diameter."

Jon Riker had saved his wife from blood poisoning, and she'd awoke to hear her son utter the words 'instantly deep frozen'. Catra thus began to fight to reach Jim. It was difficult to do, and she heard him yell, "Chiltington, Hitler, Anheuser, Renner! Get as many flammables as possible and bring 'em ASAP! Gyllenhall, Riley, get me firefighters! We got maybe ten minute before we're popsicles! Move it now!"

Chapter XI: To Build A Fire

The winds had been blowing steadily for days. That was when everyone heard it. An eerie whistling noise filled the air, followed by the sound of freezing buildings.

Everyone began piling books on the fire, except for Jeremy Renner, whose white-knuckled grip on a rare 3rd Century Gutenberg edition Bible was amazing. James Riker asked what significance it held to him.

Renner replied, "I'm not a man of especially deep religion. However, I do see the value of the Bible. I also hold that one of Man's greatest achievements is the written word. Therefore, I will do my best to preserve some piece of history and Terran religious culture. This Gutenberg Bible is that piece."

James said, "All right, Renner. Just help us not freeze to death."

The spire of the North Tower and the Empire State building had turned white, and ice was crawling down the whole Trade Center complex. The fire in the library roared, but all could hear the pristine cold shattering glass. The heat seal that was formed when the Atlantic flooded Manhattan and froze, then was buried in snow kept the group borrowed on Floor 50 of the North Tower warm, but was being forced toward equilibrium by the absolute zero temperatures in the eye of the storm.

36 hours prior

The group that left the safety of the North Tower of the Trade Center was now a variable in a massive weather equation. The group was all human, which meant they all averaged an internal temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, for our joy.

As their struggle in the first sixty minutes or so in the storm passed, the 282 who left may have attained a peak temperature of 115 degrees, the maximum survivable body temperature. Then, the insidious process of cooling began. As time drew ever onward, the wind and snow wicked away precious heat. The weakest fell first as hypothermia took its toll when the body reached the critical temperature of 90, which when plotted on a graph on temperature against time, the drop from 115 to 90 looks like the Aspen Ski Resorts slopes. When the body's temperature drops below 90, it looks like a cliff.

Had the leader of the group, now numbering 105, considered this, there might have been less casualties. Those who survived *were* warmly dressed, and maintained a temperature of 98.6. They paid however. Their last meals were used to keep them warm, and soon the ranks began falling again.

A convenience was the convenience store that the group lead stumbled upon with his now 4 compatriots. They ate whatever food they found, which there was quite a bit, and stuffed wrapped food and bottled water in their pockets. The store heat gave some relief, and their bodies rested, reaching 105 degrees. They set out, this time for the last. They were Johann, the lead, Tobias, William, Heinriech, and Elias

Their exertion boosted core temperature to 107 degrees, and then the storm took over. The winds subtracted a degree of heat every 30 minutes with air temps of -40 Fahrenheit(-40 Celsius). The body activated defenses to keep their organs functioning. Blood flow left hands, feet, ears, and noses, the heat boosting core temperature. Soon, that wasn't enough, so blood was withdrawn from forearms and legs. That heat was enough to boost core temps a little, and the body's last line of defense stays inactive. When the heat dropped again, shivering started, the last line of defense, the first signs that mild hypothermia was beginning to take hold. Soon, the group began bickering amongst themselves as their core temperatures settled at 91, a sign that mild hypothermia had shifted to moderate hypothermia. The men's skin was cold, their speech slurred, reflexes came as if lead was attached to their limbs. At 88 degrees, their minds wouldn't remember anything from the past few days, and began to fabricate a reality of warmth and comfort. At 85 degrees

Fahrenheit, the five lost grip on reality, suffered paradoxical undressing, collapsed in the snow, and lost consciousness.

Chapter XII: Last Known Survivors

July 4, 2780

New York City

10:00 AM East American Time Zone

-40° Celcius

The wind picked up again, Jonathan Riker took to note, with satisfaction. It was a sign that the worst of the storm had passed and could soon dissipate. He surveyed Floor 50. His wife lay asleep, fully recovered from the blood poisoning. His son's friends had gathered around his son as James looked at a radar and radio station. He jumped up and called out, "I'm getting a call from the ***Enterprise!*** Captain John Harriman reports that the storms are visually dissipating, and the radar confirms!"

Admiral Riker asked, "Any word about search and rescue?"

"Not yet, Dad. I haven't sent an MC 'we're alive' yet. I am listening to something from Charlie Frost. He's out in Yellowstone, broadcasting hullabaloo about the supervolcano."

"What about it?"

"He says the Signal Corps station there reads temps of 2700° at 2000 meters, and that it will blow within 96 hours."

"Evac status?"

"No one's there. Frost wants to stay, but he's called you out by name for immediate transport."

A transporter beam whisked Admiral Jonathan Riker and First Class Midshipman James Riker to Mount Bighorn, ending the conversation.

Chapter XIII: When Yellowstone Blows

July 4, 2780

Mt. Bighorn, Wyoming

8:00 AM Mountain Time Zone

20° Celsius

The Rikers materialize on the north face of the short mountain, seeing a civilian Jeep 4x4 Laredo within 20 meters, a runway about 5 kilometers out with a small CS-18 single engine airplane, and a Terran flag planted in the ground.

James spotted Charlie near the summit marker that read: ***Mount Bighorn
Elevation 500 meters*** shouting into his broadcast equipment. Jonathan Riker yelled to Frost, who suddenly turned.

Charlie said, “Admiral, it’s going to happen. We’ll be visible to Vulcan, Qo’noS, Andoria, Borg Prime, Cait, Etheria, Horde Alpha, and Romulus as a little *puff* of ash. First, Vegas will gamble no more. Next, NORAD will no longer defend America! Finally, St. Louis will not be the Western Gateway! But that’s the beginning. Our ice sheets will spread all the way to the equator!”

Jack Hall stepped up and said, “Charlie, we can get out of...”

A flock of birds numbering like the fighter squadrons Riker commanded some hundred years prior during the Terran/Horde Wars stopped them all, but Charlie, who demurely shouted, “*Fly birdies fly!*”, giving signs of mental destabilization. The quartet turned as an earthquake rumbled, and began warping like water.

Jack said, “We need to get back to New York,” as pillars of ash broke the Tetons, over 20 miles(200 kilometers) away.

Jon Riker asked, “Charlie, you wanna come?”

Frost, enraptured by the eruption process, replied, “It’s so beautiful. I think I’d rather stay.”

Hall revved the 4x4’s engine, and drove off at 120 kilos per hour. The ground, which had held back fire and brimstone for tenfold millenia, finally gave way with heave and groan. The final blast let loose built-up sulfur in a shock-wave at Mach One. Debris rained down, Charlie yelling, “Oh, baby! BRING IT ON!”

A 120 kilogram brimstone piece smashed Frost, killing him instantly, while the Rikers and Jack Hall boarded the CS-18, with Anakin Skywalker at piloting. The plane’s engines roared to life, as it taxied to the runway. The ash cloud ominously blacked out everything, but the plane rushed to 300 kilometers per hour, and reached airspeed. The seasoned pilot dodged molten projectiles and flew ahead of the cloud.

The CS-18 touched down again on Manhattan’s 42nd Avenue, where the Seventh Atlantic Defensive Fleet which comprised of the *OCS John F. Kennedy CVN-0579*, the *OCS Zumwalt CVN-1000*, the *OCS Blue Ridge CVN-0519*, the *OCS Ronald Reagan CVN-0576*, the *OCS Enterprise CVN-0565*, the *OCS Nimitz CVN-0568*, the *OCS Theodore Roosevelt CVN-0571*, the *OCS Monsoor CVN-1001*, the *OCS Lyndon B Johnson CVN-1002*, the *OCS Key West CVN-5722*, the *OCS Fitzgerald CVN-0562*, the *OCS Yorktown CVN-0548*, the *OCS Kidd CVN-0100*, the *OCS Mustin CVN-0589* and the *OCS Buchanan CVN-0514*, was carving a canal through the ice. The four were in awe that the Terrans mighty defense infrastructure could not be stopped by anything, even nature was bent to Terran whim, it seemed. The *OCS* stood for “Ocean Combat Ship”, while the *CVN* stood for “Combat Vessel of the Navy”. The *John F. Kennedy* was an *Carrick Class* heli-carrier, meaning it was a carrier that was retrofitted with four massive rotors and thruster engines to propel it through the air, along with it’s aircraft catapults and standard SeaRAM missiles and Phalanx close-in weapons system The *Zumwalt*, *Fitzgerald*, and *Buchanan* were *Zumwalt Class* destroyers, equipped with SeaRAM missiles, ICBMs, Phalanx CIWS that fired 4,500 rounds of depleted uranium per minute, electromagnetic railguns capable of firing a five kilogram

steel projectile at Mach 7, and phaser decks. The *Blue Ridge* and *Key West* were *Riker Class* stealth submarines, equipped with nuclear reactors, surface to air missiles, and undersea torpedoes. The *Ronald Regan*, *Theodore Roosevelt*, and *Nimitz* were *Nimitz Class* aircraft carriers, the same as an *Carrick Class* heli-carrier minus the rotors. The *Monsoor*, *Mustin*, *Kidd*, and *Lyndon B. Johnson* were *Arleigh-Burke class* battleships, equipped with the same systems as the *Zumwalt class*, but with the addition of a second, multiple point gunner-operated CIWS.

Chapter XIV: Fuel For The Storm

July 7, 2780

Empire State Building

10:00 AM East American Time Zone

-50° Celsius

After landing the plane, Skywalker, Hall, and the Rikers returned to the Empire State building entrance to “Survivor’s Row”, as the Terran Trade Center was now dubbed. When the eye passed, survivors had flooded into the buildings with food, fuel, and their survival tales. Anakin took the radio watch for Sam Hall, dark eyebrows raised within minutes.

He spoke into the radio, saying, “Houston, this is Sig-Co in Manhattan. Repeat message, over.”

The reply was, “*Sig-Co Manhattan, this is Houston. **ISS Enterprise** relays storm over New York re-strengthening. Probable cause: Yellowstone caldera eruption. The ash cloud lost strength at 500 kilometer radius but jet stream kicked enough to power the storms up again. Need you, Hedland, and Siberia to confirm storm re-strengthening, over.*”

Jonathan Riker took the radio and said, “Houston, Sig-Co Chief here. American storm is strengthening again. Path out to the Atlantic will loop back to Canada, and,” he paused while the radar simulation looped, making his blood freeze, before continuing, “hit the island of Manhattan all over again, just without the storm surge. I recommend getting the Seventh Fleet out to sea while we have a chance Houston, over.”

Houston’s reply was quick, “*Agreed, Chief. Seventh Defensive Fleet to evac on your command. Got confirms from other two that our blizza-canes aren’t going anywhere.*”

Riker called out to the thousand who were gathered together inside the Trade Center. He said, “Listen up! We’re about to get another hit by the American superstorm. No one should leave due to windchill. Our buildings are ranged out as the Public Library, Empire State Building, North Tower, South Tower, Sears Tower, Khalifa Tower, and Auschwitz Tower. Arrange into groups to keep warm, all of you need to gather food and supplies from the other buildings within walking distance.”

One of the survivors, Rafiq Roshed, a Terran/Horde Wars veteran, said, “Count on it Admiral.”

Riker acknowledged Roshed, who reached the rank of Commander in the Twelfth Fleet by war’s end, “Do what you can Commander Roshed. This is a rough road.”

Roshed laughed, and replied, “I seem to recall you saying something along those lines back in 2678 during the Battle of Trantoria, and again in ‘79 when Prime broke the Aleph line.”

“Irony can be pretty ironic sometimes Roshed. Pretty ironic indeed. I’ve thought about reapplying for a command, but in an interplanetary defense grid. No space gigs.”

Roshed looked at his former fleet commander. Gray began to take the once-black sideburns. Riker’s dark and heavy eyebrows were grayed. His hair had grow down to his shoulders, mostly dark, but some glints of gray throughout. The knife-scar on his left cheek from the sparring match the two had had that went wrong looked more prominent than usual, and his burn-scar that made way from just below the hairline to cheek was red. His stone-gray eyes shifted focus constantly, the only normal tick on Riker’s face, but had dark circles underneath.

He asked, “Sir, you’ve aged since we’ve last seen each other.”

Jon Riker replied, “Yeah, I get that a lot. Signal Corps officers tell me, my Trident operators tell me that I’m almost done. I think that’ll change when I take

the *OCS Kidd*. I'm taking the flagship of Seventh Fleet, can you believe it, speaking of which," he finished the conversation as the Terran dialed the radio knob to 107.9, Seventh Fleet's radio network.

He spoke into the mic, "Seventh Fleet, this is your new QB, over."

The CO of the fleet, Brendan McHugh, answered, "*And I'm preppin' a Happy Meal for I Don't Care.*"

Riker's tone retuned to his command days when he snapped, "Captain McHugh, if those ships aren't moving back to sea within ten minutes I'll have **ISS Enterprise** light her fire radar on you! Ya hear me, this is Fleet Admiral Jonathan Tecumseh Riker, and I'm not in any game playing mood."

The reply came in, "*Apologies, Admiral. I thought a civvie was pranking me. What can I do sir?*"

"Start moving all craft from the fleet to sea. The storm will loop and hit Manhattan again before dissipating. Do not finish clearing ops until I give all clear. Consider me the new Captain of the *Kidd* from now on."

"*You're taking the Kidd sir?*"

"No, I'm coming out of retirement. The *Kidd* is the launch platform. I'm going to return to *Enterprise* where I should be, creating a story among the final frontier."

"*Aye sir. Glad to have you back then. Should we expect your crew back too?*"

"More likely than not, McHugh. I want status on that fleet."

"*Only ship still in Manhattan is the John F Kennedy. She's picking up the last of her F-16 Thunderbirds. I don't like the Kennedy out there though, I need a time table on when the storm loops around.*"

Riker looked to his radar, where the storm now churned west over Greenland. Reykjavik finally saw the first sunlight for days, but in the eye of the storm. Quebec's skies were darkening in thickened cloud banks. Riker said, "*OCS Kennedy, OCS Kidd* this is QB. You have T-Minus 24 hours to get out to sea safely. Get those F-16's out. Yellowstone did not take out Denver and NORAD, so those are viable options for the Birds to go as well."

The *Kennedy's* commander, Han Solo of Corellia, replied, "*Acknowledged Captain. Moving the JFK out all ahead full. I wanted to tell you, good luck. We're all counting on you.*"

McHugh chipped in, "*I never thought you saw Airplane. But no time for that Solo. Just get CVN-0579 out of there.*"

Riker said, "I'm closing comm's channel 107.9. Sign off until storms are over. Captain Solo, get the *John F Kennedy* on the water. T minus 22 hours until storm eye hits Manhattan again."

Riker thought about Kira, safe with Sulu in San Francisco. He opened his communicator and keyed in the ID tag for the helmsman. Sulu picked up on the third chirp, saying, "Hikaru Sulu, Commander. How may I assist you?"

Riker said, "Aren't you already doing that? Hey, Hikaru, it's Riker. I just want to talk to Kira"

Sulu replied, "Ah, good to hear you made it to New York, sir. She's asleep right now. I'll call back when she wakes. However, Pavel has set out to get to you."

"Chekov did what?!"

"He set out from Washington DC five hours ago to reach you. He pings me at intervals. Last check in was 5 minutes ago, and he was just outside Philadelphia. He estimates that he'll reach you within the next hour."

Riker's gaze flicked across Floor 50, the watch floor for the Trident network, before settling on his radar. The storm churned, panning out for a 144 hour cycle, 72 hours prior, stopping at the current time, then running over the next 72 hours. He finally spoke, saying, "Let Chekov know that he's got about 17 or so hours to get to Manhattan."

The radar refreshed, showing the new data. Riker said, "Scratch that, patch me to Pavel now."

The tone went dead, then picked up the thicker voice of the Russian. Chekov spoke in his native tongue saying, "Zdravstvuyte, kto eto. Ya nay mogu govorit seichas.(Hello, who is this. I don't have time to speak."

Jon replied, in excellent Russian, "Ubiraisya, moi drug! gluboko zamerzayushchy vozdukh glaza priblizhaetsya. Vy nay vyzhivete!(Get out my friend! The deep-freezing air of the eye is coming. You will not survive!)

Chekov asked, "Keptin? Is that you?"

Riker said, "Chekov, GET TO SHELTER! The eye of the American superstorm is actually almost past Manhattan by now and is going to hit Philadelphia! Burn whatever you can!"

The line went dead again, but this time with the sound of scuffling and fire-lighting.

Five days later...

Lieutenant Philippa Georgieu of **Starbase One** heard crackling on her radio, the first activity in five days. She pinpointed it's origin: New York City. She called on the mic, "Radio signal, this is Terran **Starbase One**. Please repeat broadcast, over."

The static cleared for her, and the response was, “ **Starbase One**, *this is Signal Corps Chief Jonathan T. Riker. I am hearing of scattered reports that the storms are dissipating. Can you confirm? Over.*”

Georgieu looked out the transparisteel window, where the station was currently overlooking Europe. She replied, “I have a visual sir. The storm over Europe is gone, looks like the American one is gone as well. Not only does the air look super clear, the planet’s new ice sheets are amazing. Over.”

She was nervous for the chief’s answer. The lieutenant had been told that JT Riker was an unpredictable man, one who could be calm one minute, enraged the next. The radio crackled after a minute’s silence, “*Acknowledged. Prepare for resuming of normal operations. The worst is over. Clean-up and recovery begins.*”

“What about survivors?”

“ *At least 1,000 here where I am. North Hemisphere is Ground Zero. Alaskans, Russians, and Canadians probably have the highest survival rates, along with others in the Far North.*”

Chapter XV: Destruction Breeds Creation

August 20, 2780

Starfleet Command

10:00 West American Time Zone

-1° Celsius

Jonathan Riker stood in the main transporter hall of Starfleet Command, San Francisco. From the highest point at the complex, one could see the new Spratley Mountains formed by Yellowstone's most recent eruption, and the ice sheets from the storms. He was in a new captain's uniform, red, black, and denim. The new uniform was more professional, with the red shirt being short sleeved, over a black long sleeved shirt. The red shirt retained the original uniform's black highlights. His denim pants were looser fitting, which allowed more movement, but was not baggy. His black boots were knee high, rancor leather. Rank was designated by cuffs, and division badges were the same.

Admiral Thomas Price was surprised that his boss had come in to apply for Captain. It was much needed, though, because no one thought that the Terran Empire's flagship was worth the work. Price agreed, and said that anyone that Captain Riker could find to man the ship was also approved. And so, reaching out, he pulled together a list for Admiral Price. Riker knew everyone on the list and asked for them to be his senior crew, at the lowest rank of Senior Grade Lieutenant.

His crew was: Commander Catra(first officer), Commander Montgomery Scott(Chief Engineer), Commander James Kirk(Security Chief), Commander Spock(Science Chief), Lieutenant Pitcairn Kyle(Transporter Chief), Commander Hikaru Sulu(Helmsman), Commander Pavel Chekov(Navigation), Commander Leonard McCoy(Medical Chief,) Lieutenant-Commander Deanna Troi, Lieutenant Jean-Luc Picard, Lieutenant William Riker, Lieutenant Worf Mogh, Lieutenant Kathryn Janeway, Lieutenant Adam Grayskull, Lieutenant Adora Grayskull,

Doctor Carol Marcus-Kirk, Doctor Beverly Crusher, Doctor Christine Chapel, Lieutenant James Moriarty, Lieutenant Miles O'Brien, Lieutenant Data Soong, Lieutenant Wesley Crusher, Lieutenant Tasha Yar, Lieutenant Cristobal Ríos, Lieutenant T'Pol, Lieutenant Raffiella Musiker, Lieutenant David Marcus-Kirk, Lieutenant-Commander Jonathan Archer, and added to his ranks Lieutenant Jake Gyllenhall, Lieutenant Donovan Riley, Commander Rafiq Roshed, Ensign James Riker, Ensign Laura Kirk, Ensign Sam Hall, Ensign Laura Chapman, and Ensign Brian Parks.

Jonathan Riker's senior crew had worked together before on ***ISS Enterprise***'s 2701 to 2706 mission. The new additions were assigned to be trained under their division chiefs, except for Roshed, who was trained for security. He also had intermittent command of Terra's Atlantic Seventh Defensive Fleet, which was useful because he had established his position with the Fleet Captain.

The familiar yellow swirl of the transporter converting his mass to energy took over. He re-materialized on ***Enterprise***'s transporter pad, a welcome sight. James Kirk and all security personnel stood at attention, and the bosun whistled it's greeting.

Riker nodded to all and said, "At ease, to your stations."

His bridge shift joined him in Turbolift One. Spock, Kirk, Catra, Chekov, Sulu, and Uhura made up the highest of the command. They stepped off on the bridge, activated the ship, and flew off for more adventures.