



Report

Star Trek: The Next Generation · Not Rated · 1616 words

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Fandom: Star Trek: The Next Generation Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Data & Q (Star Trek)

Characters: Data (Star Trek), Q (Star Trek), Spot (Star Trek)

Tags: Q is weirdly fond of Data and willing to hear him out more than he is other mortals, Soft Q (Star Trek), They/Them Pronouns for Q (Star Trek), But only at first due to Data not knowing Q's gender, Data Being Data (Star Trek), Data Has Android Emotions (Star Trek), Mentioned Geordi LaForge, Mentioned Female Q, Mentioned Q Junior, Crack, but just slightly

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Data may or may not be having a software glitch that leads to some questionable decisions while filling out a report.

Data was filling out a report in his quarters, diligently warding off Spot's attempts to claim his console as her bed, when he came across an unexpected issue: he didn't know the age or sex of the person he was filling out the report on.

There were a few too many unknowns in his report already, he thought, and he did not wish to add more. Remembering Geordi's words to him once about how asking when he was unsure of something was better than operating without necessary information, Data resolved to gain the missing information from the subject of the report themselves.

Which left him to figure out how to actually do that. It wasn't like he had a direct comm link to this individual, after all, nor did he know any possible address at which to contact them.

After several seconds of pondering, Data decided on a method that normally would have a very low chance of working, yet was quite probably the only method that stood any reasonable chance of working in this particular case.

"Q, may I speak to you for a moment?" Data said out loud, though not particularly loudly. He saw no need to shout, figuring the omnipotent being would be as likely to hear him speaking normally across time and space as he would be if Data raised his volume controls.

A moment passed. Another. Data was just about to accept that his report would be overfilled with unknowns, when a bright flash of light appeared in the middle of his quarters, startling Spot.

"It's been a long time since anyone's called on me rather than the other way around, you know," Q mused, standing where the light had been a moment before. "A very long time. You're lucky that another Q didn't choose to answer your call and mess with you for a bit."

"I doubt that I would be able to tell if they had," Data said truthfully, adding another unknown to his mental records. "Thank you for coming, Q. I was not sure if you would."

"Yes, well, as I said," Q smirked, "it's not every day that someone is presumptuous enough to assume they can just summon me whenever they feel like. This better be good, android, or I shall be most displeased."

"I am afraid that it is not anything too interesting," Data told him, because sometimes he found himself putting honesty above survival without realizing it. "I was filling out a report on you for Starfleet's records and discovered many blank spots in my knowledge of you. I was hoping you might be willing to answer a few questions pertaining to details such as your age and sex."

"My age and sex?" Q repeated, looking baffled. "You took the risk of calling me back to your ship on the off-chance that I would help you fill out *minute, meaningless details* on a report?"

"Yes," Data answered, making a mental note to check his priority-sorting software later. When Q put it like that, it did seem perhaps a little reckless...

Q shook their head. "How I wish there were enough of you to count as a species, Data; you can't imagine the fun I'd have testing you lot."

"I am glad you find me amusing," Data told him, not untruly, and gestured to his console. "Will you answer my questions, Q? If you wish to remain private, then I shall keep the information listed as 'unknown'."

"No, no," Q chuckled, materializing a plump chair to sit across from Data in, "I came all this way, for all it took me less than a breath to do so, I might as well hear these questions of yours out. I warn you now, your mortal brain is far too primitive to trick me into revealing the Continuum's secrets, so don't even bother trying."

"I have no intention of doing so," Data promised. "First question — what is your age?"

Q shrugged. "It's complicated. Time doesn't really work the same way for me. I'm... Ageless, I guess."

"There is the option to list your state of development rather than years lived," Data explained.

"State of development?"

"Infant, adolescent, young adult, prime, elder, and so on," Data clarified.

"Oh. Non-applicable."

"I will put down 'ageless', then. Thank you," Data told them. "Next question — what is your biological sex?"

"I don't understand why you need to ask that one," Q replied, gesturing to their current body.

"As far as I know, that is not your true form," Data answered, "and there are many species whose appearance resembles human males or females in a way that does not match up with their sex. While you have chosen to present as a human male when interacting with the crew of this ship, you most certainly are not the former and therefore are not necessarily the latter either."

"Well, this is another case in which the Q work differently," Q told him.

"I will put you down as 'other', then." Data was pleased that his report wouldn't have quite so many unknowns as it once had.

"No, wait," Q reached out a hand to stop him, "there's more. My 'sex', such as it is, is comparable enough to 'male' that I am comfortable being considered it. That's part of why I chose this form in the first place."

"I will list you as a male equivalent, then," Data agreed. His own file listed the same thing; he was technically genderless, being a machine, but was modeled after human males and preferred to be seen as the latter even if he obviously wasn't the former.

"How many more of these questions are there?" Q asked. He shifted sideways in his chair, throwing his legs over one arm and resting his head against the back. "As admittedly novel as this has been, I am a very busy being and can't stay too long."

"There are only five I wish to ask you," Data told him, "though you are free to decline to answer any or all of them if you so wish."

"I'm free to do whatever I want in regards to petty little mortal questions," Q corrected. He raised an eyebrow. "Well, go on then, list them out. I'll decide which I'll answer."

"The remaining sections are Full name, Appearance, Occupation, Marital status, and Offspring," Data dutifully listed.

"My true appearance would fry every circuit in your pitiful brain," Q scoffed.

"Would you be comfortable with me writing down the appearance of your current form instead?" Data asked. "With a notation to the fact that this is merely an... avatar?"

"Avatar, shell, meat puppet," Q waved a hand dismissively, "it's all about as accurate as anything else you could comprehend."

"I will make sure that such is noted," Data told him, unfazed by the insult.

"As for your other questions..." Q thought for a moment, "Judge, complicated, yes."

"That was only three answers."

"I prefer just being called Q, but I suppose that the closest thing I have to an actual name is my job title, which very loosely translates to *A Judge And... And Executioner Of The Q Continuum*."

"Executioner?"

"No comment."

"Understood." Data nodded and moved on. "You say your marital status is complicated. Can you clarify?"

"My mate and I don't always see eye to eye. Which isn't really surprising," Q laughed, "as she's a bitch and I'm an ass — if you tell anyone I said that I will turn you into an earth

worm and abandon you on 19th century Earth — and Q don't really have the same concepts of marriage as Starfleet does anyways."

"Thank you again for agreeing to this, Q," Data told him as he inputted the new information in his console. "I am aware that this is a bizarre situation for you, and you most likely consider things such as reports far beneath you."

"It's fine. I was bored anyways." Q sighed. His chair stretched out to a chaise, which floated gently in the air to keep him high enough to look Data in the eye. "Is that all?"

"There is still the matter of offspring," Data told him. "You answered that you do indeed have children — it would be preferable if you could specify how many, if your mate is their other parent, and whether they are full Q or half-breeds. Also their sexes and ages, though I assume their ages are inapplicable like yours?"

"Your assumption would be correct," Q answered. "I have one son, born between me and my mate. He's fully Q and was born such."

Data noted it down. "Then that is all. This was very helpful, Q."

"Yes, well, this was my good deed for the century," Q muttered. He glared at Data. "Don't expect it to happen again."

"Of course," Data agreed. He stood up and held his hand out. "Until we next meet, Q. Have a good day."

Q stared at the hand as if he'd never seen one before. "Yeah, I don't really shake hands. Thank you, though, this was... fun. I suppose I'll wish you a good day in turn, android." With a nod and a flash of light, he was gone.

The chaise, however, was still there. Data was not entirely sure how he was going to explain its presence to Geordi the next time he visited. But he appreciated the thought.

— end of "Report" —