



QCE1

Star Trek: The Next Generation · Not Rated · 923 words

by Arukir

Contents

QCE1..... 3

QCE1

Fandom: Star Trek: The Next Generation Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen
Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings
Characters: Q (Star Trek)
Tags: No Dialogue, Names, Denial of Feelings
Words: 923 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: Complete Published: 2026-01-20

Q had a problem. He wanted a name.

Q had an issue.

His issue was that he wanted a name.

He had never wanted a name before. The way the Continuum communicated didn't require such things to differentiate who one was talking about. Besides, the Continuum liked to pretend they functioned in perfect harmony, and individuality really didn't go with the picture they try to paint — he should know, he'd been punished for it countless times.

Well, for individuality and other sorts of mayhem, admittedly.

For all that he had quite the rebellious streak, Q still hadn't ever thought of getting himself a name before. Not even when he interacted with those few in the Continuum that did have their own little collection of sounds did he ever consider assigning syllables to himself.

Then he had found out — because he very well *could* be all-knowing but that is incredibly boring so most of the time he blocks out most of what he technically already knows — that Starfleet had him listed as QCE1.

Q Continuum Entity 1.

They called him this because several Q had now made themselves known. A few of them had designations, such as Amanda or Quinn. Mostly, they were just QCE insert-number-here.

And that was precisely how Captain Jean-Luc Picard referred to him in his reports. QCE1. In his personal logs — which Q most certainly did not listen to regularly, no sir-

ree — he usually just called him Q. But then he had met another Q and *dared* to refer to Q as QCE1 — which was precisely how Q had discovered the little label.

Which led to his issue. His entire existence, he had been Q, like every other Q. It was the name of his species, and he had never seen any problems with letting primitive mortals call him that; after all, it wasn't like they could call him by his true title. It wasn't one of sound or sight or feelings, no, the way the rest of the Continuum referred to him was beyond sense entirely.

Which was fine and all, except that Picard *couldn't call him that*.

Firmly ignoring why that mattered to him in the slightest, Q set about getting a name for himself.

This proved harder than he thought.

As his desire to have a name was entirely for the benefit of others (another thing he ignored), he found that he didn't actually feel a liking to any particular name. At the same time, he absolutely refused to simply pick a name out of a hat and go by any old thing.

He was, at his core, a prideful and flamboyant being. His name had to reflect that, he decided. He'd heard once that it was important for names to have meaning, and as he wasn't exactly an expert on the topic, he was going to take any advice he could get.

It got a bit easier when he remembered his target — humans. He liked humans, though even he couldn't always say why, and choosing a name from Earth didn't seem like too unpleasant of an idea.

The look on Picard's face if he suddenly popped in and reintroduced himself as 'Tom' was something he had a lot of fun imagining. But, no, Tom was a bit too plain for him.

There were just so many options to choose from! While he could always go back on or change whatever name he chose, he would rather get it right the first time. He wanted a unique way to appear in the minds of Picard's Starfleet, one that was consistent.

Once more, he avoided thinking about why consistency mattered in the slightest to him. He already wore the same face each time he appeared to them — a face which he *had* chosen at random but had grown to rather like — he didn't owe them any more consistency than that.

Nevertheless...

Perhaps he should narrow it down further?

Nothing too long, of course. That was the first real preference he'd discovered — he wanted something short and sweet, like Q. He was, after all, used to it.

(One of the hardest-to-swallow pills in his life was acknowledging how much he truly detested change or hardship. The entire Continuum did, really, and his actual level of similarity with his cohorts was another bitter pill for him.)

So he wanted a short, uncommon name from Earth. Oh, and it should probably start with Q, he thought. The fact his species' name was also an English letter was actually a complete coincidence, and technically Starfleet should list him as Kyu, but he supposed that it was too late to correct them now and it would be fun to stay on theme...

He absolutely *refused* to go by Quinn, however. It was 'too soon', as his darling humans might say.

But there were other Q names. Quincy, Quirrel, Quir, Quirke. Plenty of them, really.

...too many of them, actually.

...

...oh dear, he was never going to be able to choose, at that rate! Even with all eternity, he both cared entirely too much and too little for this. He just didn't understand names very well at all.

Hmm, well, perhaps Q should ask someone who knows a bit more about the subject. Surely Jean-Luc would help if he asked.

Oh look, his absolute favorite thing in the universe: an excuse to go visit the Enterprise!



— end of "QCE1" —