

Dates: October 15, 2020 to October 21, 2020
Mission: The Flames of Purity, Day 16

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Day: 16
Stardate: 2445.09.16

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(USS Exeter - Mess Hall - SPC Ensign Greta Smith - 0911)
(Uss Exeter- Deck 8 Security office- ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford -09:13)
(Runabout Broken Bow – CONN - CFO- Lieutenant – Ire Williams- 0914)
(Uss Exeter - Deck 8 Security office - CIO/3O Lieutenant jg Jaelle Foxglove - 09:15)
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(USS Exeter - Personal Quarters - ACFO, Ensign SG, Ronnie Winters - 0956)
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(Gamma Quadrant – The Planet, Abandoned Shrine – FO Lt(sg) Ailynn Bracken - 1002)
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(USS Exeter - Shuttle Bay - SPC Ensign Rylee Page -1005)
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(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Control Room - Cultist, Laro Rol - 10:10)
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Day: 16

[illegible]

(USS Exeter -Sickbay, CMO, Ens Gabe Vesper- 08:47)

=/=Doctor, I promise, she will be back down before you know it. You don't need to worry.=/=

"Sir..." Gabe pulled his breath in to start when Trip cut him off.

=/=I understand your position here Dr. Vesper. It's just, please let me have this one favor. Let me have this one moment of.....one moment of vulnerability.=/=

Gabe heard the pause, he knew what it meant.

"Very well, but she is to go on bed rest the moment shes back and Sir, please make sure she is coming back, my family is missing enough members today as it is"

=/=Thank you Doctor, I promise to send her back as soon as possible.=/=

"For more reasons than you think Trip, sickbay out" Gabe took a breath and looked down at the desk, he picked the photo up and looked at his sister "where are you?"

(reply Trip, any)

(Posted by Mat)

(Uss Exeter- Deck 8 Security office- CMO – Ens Gabe Vesper - 09:07)

Making himself comfortable Gabe looked around, he mainly ignored the chatter, nervous for his sister; unsure really what he was doing here, it must be very pressing to have the CMO on an away team just after he had returned from a difficult time. He wasn't going to argue, he wanted to ensure his sister was safe and this was the best place to do it.

"To be honest Stan, I don't know him that well, he's been fair in my dealings with him, I have no problem with him. Doctor you've known him longer."

Gabe found himself pulled into the conversation.

“It might be prudent to suggest I’ve worked with him longer, I wouldn’t say Ive known him longer. Whilst we were on Mars together I spent more time sat in Sickbay than Operations, my Godmother on the other hand knows him well enough, stay on the right side and youll be fine, but after Commander Nix im sure we all know what that side is. I hope he found new shoes” Gabe laughed a little, his side still hurting.

Looking across at Vespers, Sleaford laughed, " Doctor, what's that old expression about a workman and his tools"

“Something about a poor workman blaming his tools” Gabe tried to smile but the moment had passed in his head.

" Eye I have heard that. But in this instant it was the tool that was bad. Just look at this wee thing." Stan said showing them the lens.

“Stan please, I don’t need you to prove how bad a shot you are” Gabe said throwing a knowing look at Paull and trying to move the rifle out of his face.

Ravock walked in a started the briefing. Gave felt the pangs of worry appearing, an away mission was stressful enough without it being to resuce his own family eventually he heard his name again

." And Doctor, the standard first aid and any useful things you need to bring you have clearance to bring along.”

Tapping his med kit he looked up, the worry on his face showing “I have what I need, just make sure I have a rifle with 100% accuracy, that’s my sister we’re rescuing.”

(Reply Ravok, any in room)

(posted by Mat)

(USS Exeter - Mess Hall - SPC Ensign Greta Smith - 0911)

Sitting in the mess hall, Greta knew she didn't have long left on her break but she fully intended to take every second. She could feel a change in the air, the crew was on edge but there had been no news. Nothing had been fed down to her little corner of the ship that was Torpedo storage.

The two of them working in there had completed a full inventory of the stock they had and she had left Ensign Jisoo to go over the data whilst she took a break and grabbed a drink and a moment alone in the mess hall. As she finished her drink, she put her cup down on the table and stared out of the window.

She wasn't sure exactly when she overheard the conversation behind her but she froze in her seat. ~Rescue mission? Shuttles going out..... Oh not again Ire...~ she thought to herself.

~ I know this is your job but you only just got back.... Why did you put yourself out there again?~ she sighed as she stood and heard the two behind her stop talking instantly. Almost as though they realised she was there and who she was.

Being one of only a few couples on board, gossip was prevalent. People loved to talk about who was together. She had heard many conversations about the Captain and his wife and people seemed to love to speculate what their relationship was like. Now, it seemed the conversations had turned to Ire and her.

Standing tall, Greta fixed a stoic look on her face and walked past them without looking. As she left the mess hall, she could feel something inside her, something rising, threatening to explode within her being. Making it to the turbo lift, she entered and closed the door, commanding the computer to take her to the correct deck.

As the journey began, she could tell that her hand was shaking. Balling up her fist to stop the shake, Greta closed her eyes. ~You will be fine. You will be. Because you know i will kick your ass if you aren't ~

Knowing that, the last time this had happened, she had broken, She took several deep breaths and, as the turbolift door opened, she opened her eyes, rolled her shoulders to release the tension and walked out, determined not to make the same mistake again.

(Reply None)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Uss Exeter- Deck 8 Security office- ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford -09:13)

Sitting in the briefing Sleeford made notes and addition to his load out list, things had developed enough to give him an idea of what to expect. Half listening as ideas were thrown back and forth, he added concussion grenades and zip ties to the list, along with some vials of the antidote that had been used just yesterday to stop people detonating.

Seeing Ravok nod at Mores suggestion Sleeford closed the PADD .

" Yes shoot and tag them, I don't even want to list all the crimes they are guilty of but with luck they will face justice, even if we have to usher them to that justice ourselves....Ensign More get with the armory officer on duty and have working phaser rifles ready to go in 15 minutes."

(reply More)

" Ensign Sleeford, have security reinforcements ready to go incase we need them. " Ravok ordered.

"Beta shift are on standby to beam down or take a shuttle, if we need them, Alpha team are in place throughout the ship in key areas as per SOPs"

"Lieutenant Foxglove, get as much up to the minute intel as possible as we approach the planet... buildings , the layout ,the foliage, temperature Hell I even want to know what they are having for dinner.. " Ravok said.

(reply Foxglove)

He then turned to Doctor Vespers." And Doctor, the standard first aid and any useful things you need to bring you have clearance to bring along."

(reply vespers)

(Runabout Broken Bow – CONN - CFO- Lieutenant – Ire Williams- 0914)

“Okay Ire lest do this again.”

He’s fingers moved across the console. The Runabout was in standby mode and he was running a flight simulation through the conn console while he was waiting for an update. He turned the runabout into a tight turn as he watched the indicators on the console start to blink in alarm. He pushed it tighter and cut power so that it was dropping like a stone. He began a full engine restart as he watched the altimeter begin to rapidly spool down. His fingers moved with practiced routine, but he could feel the slowness.

~Come on, come on, you need to be faster than this~

The engines restarted, and he pushed the impulse engines to maximum as well as kicking in the maneuvering thrusters. The altimeter slowed as the impulse engines went to maximum. His eyes were on instrument controls making sure that the strain on the impulse engines did not put them into emergency shut down.

~Up you come~

He smiled to himself as the instruments showed that he was back in level flight and that everything was calming down. He paused the simulation and ran through his program again this time critiquing his performance.

~You were too slow there.....you need to react quicker there.....too much power there you were lucky that the structural integrity held~

He looked at his hands as he clenched and unclenched them. He had been 1000 meters lower then when he had practiced the same maneuver with the Exeter on the holodeck before he was captured. He had expected to have dropped more with Exeter as it was a large starship compared to the runabout.

~Not so fast at the moment are you~

He was still safe to fly by the regulations, but he would have to keep an eye on to see if there is any degradation in his hand eye coordination. As the safety of people, he was flying was far more important than a bruised ego for being taken off flight duty, it would not be the first time. His mind drifted to the second battle of Wolf 359 and horrific experience that mission was.

“This is not the time or the place for those memories.”

He stood stiffly from his seat and headed out of the Runabout to stretch his legs and get something to drink.

(Reply any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Uss Exeter - Deck 8 Security office - CIO/3O Lieutenant jg Jaelle Foxglove - 09:15)

Jaelle was curious on why she was called from her intelligence office and into the security offices. It was uncommon for Ravok to call upon her and due to the nature of the recent events while she kept in the loop on the progress of the mission she watched from the sideline. But now the mission had progressed beyond that point. She listened to the briefing. She knew her role in these things, some small part of her was glad Ravok was in command of the away mission. It meant she had more freedom to play her part. She could be less focused on the rest of the team and on what needed to be accomplished before her. She nodded to herself kept quite and played the role the fates had handed her.

(Reply none)

(Posted by Matthew Locke)

(Uss Exeter- Deck 8 Armoury locker room ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford 09:35)

After the briefing broke up Sleeford headed to the armoury and began removing his uniform top, folding it he placed it on the shelf, taking the tactical uniform from the hanger he saw the small flat hole where the blade had skewered him yesterday on the asteroid, shaking his head Sleeford slipped on the black top followed by the vest, picking up his boots Sleeford sat and pulled them on, placing the small throwing knife in the sheath in his right boot.

Grabbing his helmet he approached the counter to collect his rifle. As he stood to one side his comm badge vibrates and Rabok's voice Filled the room

"Ensigns Sleeford , More , Vespers and Lieutenant Foxglove proceed to the main shuttle bay and prepare to board the Leonardo."

Tapping his badge Sleeford replied.

"Understood sir, on my way"

Grabbing his remaining gear Sleeford headed out.

(USS Exeter Bridge –CO, Lt. Commander Trip Williams - 0950)

"Ss..Sir..." He managed. His words tripped over themselves when he was on edge. "Ss...Signal away. C..crystal initiated."

"Good job Ensign," Trip said with reassuring words, he could tell that there was a sense of nervousness and anxiety coming from the Science officer's words. Of course the whole being an empath things also helped Trip feel the unease from the officer.

"Ssir...I..I..d....don't know the Lieutenant as well as yourself or others; b..but these coordinates are not where she is. These are a short way off, these I th...think are targets to hit. Th..they s...seem to coincide with structures in the file she sent us. Sorry Sir."

"Oh Ailynn, you smart little fox." Trip said silently to himself. "Thanks for the Catch Ensign, relay those coordinates to the nav computer on the Leonard and the Michaelangelo as well with the instructions that these are targets to hit. If Ailynn risked her safety to get us those coordinates, well the polite thing to do would be to take them out."

"Understood Sir."

Trip looked out at the viewscreen as they orbited the planet that Ailynn was on. They were close, oh so close, and soon he would have his friend and first officer back and hopefully this chapter would come to a close.

(reply Any)
(posted by Will)

(Uss Exeter- Deck 7- Corridor- MO – Ens Gabe Vesper-09:54)

Walking the short distance from the Sickbay Gabe had taken a few moments to compose himself, unable to fathom the reasoning behind his being on the away team; this was his sister. Part of him was happy to be there, he knew she would be safe, the other half dreaded it, what if she was hurt and he was unable to save her, what if she was already dead and this was a ploy. This was an immense conflict of interests and he wondered really how Trip was holding up, this was very much a family ship and moments like this made Gabe want to transfer. Before getting into the room he tapped his comm

“Vespers to Winters”

(Reply Winters)

“Ronnie im off on the rescue mission, when I get back we need to talk; seriously we need to talk.”

(Reply Winters)

He let the channel close and walked into the shuttle bay

(USS Exeter - Personal Quarters - ACFO, Ensign SG, Ronnie Winters - 0956)

=^=Vespers to Winters=^=

Ronnie broke out of her trance long enough to register that she was being hailed by Gabe. She wiped the small tears under her eyes and blew her nose enough to mask the fact that she was crying. Trying to piece together how or if she would ever tell Trip or Ash she was their daughter from a timeline that would never happen.

=/>\Ronnie im off on the rescue mission, when I get back we need to talk;
seriously we need to talk.=/\=

"Yes we do. I have.....there is a lot I need to tell you. Be safe Gabe ok. And bring your sister home."

Ronnie sighed. ~Bring my cousin home.~

Ronnie got up and looked in the mirror. She looked like hell, between the exhaustion, still wearing the previous days clothes, and the crying. But she didn't know how else to look. How do you dress your self up when confronted with the fact that you will never exist. She was fine with fading away when she thought she was going to be born. But this was different. She would have faded away, but another her would have had a chance at the life she never got. Except now, she would never be born at all. What did that mean for her? There was one thing she knew it meant, it meant that she would need to live her life as long as she had it, knowing it would be the only one she'd ever get, in this timeline or her own. And she knew, with the threat that ruined her timeline still out there, she would make sure that her, for lack of a better term, soon to be born baby "brother" would get the life she never got, with loving parents.

(reply none)
(posted by Will)

(Uss Exeter- Deck 7- Main shuttle bay- ACTO Ensign Paul Sleefrod-09:57)

Walking through the doors Sleeford saw frantic activity as three craft where being prepared for flight, approaching the Leonardo, entering he placed his helmet on an empty seat and walked forward to where Ravok say

" Alright , we have the coordinates. I'm gonna fly the Leonardo, Ensign More you are on weapons control. Lieutenant foxglove sensors , and Ensign Sleeford...keep the doctor company in the back. " Ravok said, cracking a smile.

Looking back to where the still pale looking doctor sat Sleeford nodded, taking a seat Sleeford turned to Vespers.

“You feeling ok Doc?”

(Vespers IYW)

(Replies Vespers and any)

Posted by Alistair

(Uss Exeter- Deck 7- Main shuttle bay CMO – Ens Gabe Vesper-09:58)

" Alright , we have the coordinates. I'm gonna fly the Leonardo, Ensign More you are on weapons control. Lieutenant foxglove sensors , and Ensign Sleeford...keep the doctor company in the back. " Ravok said, cracking a smile.

“You know I can actually fly ships, I’m an engineer as well as a Dr thank you.” Gabe muttered under his breath, trying not to sound too annoyed but letting the anxiety of the moment out.

(reply Ravok iyw)

Sitting in the back Gabe checked his med kit and his side arm. Looking at the settings he pushed it to kill.

"You feeling ok Doc?" Sleefords voice came

Quickly putting it back to stun Gabe holstered the phaser and looked up as Paul sat.

“Just a little distracted Ensign, this mission is a little too close to home.”

(reply sleeford, Ravok, any)

(posted by Mat)

(USS Exeter –Main Shuttle Bay –CFO – Lieutenant – Ire Williams -0958)

He nodded to himself as he got the reply from Merek as he turned headed across the shuttle bay heading towards the Broken Bow.

=^=It's a damn good feeling to hear your voice again Lieutenant=^=

Ire smiled. “Yours to Lieutenant. Its good to be back.”

=^=If it's not too much trouble can you make sure the heated seats are working=^=

“Unfortunately, not this time but the coffee machine should be working.”

=^=See you soon, Ravok out=^=

~You too my friend stay safe~

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - Civilian Caity Dubois - 0959)

Having had one of the quietest mornings she had had in quite some time, Caity stood behind the bar, procrastinating to try and put off the long overdue stock take. ~This isn't what i had imagined.~ she thought to herself as she heard footsteps approach the bar,

"Excuse me, could I possibly get a A waffle and some lemon tea, nothing too caffeinated, just something to calm my adrenaline."

Turning, she fixed a smile on her face, "Of course." walking to the replicator, she ordered the waffle and took a few steps to her left and begun to brew the lemon tea.

"So Pretty crazy day huh, I've always wondered, what's it like being a civilian on a Starfleet vessel when its doing something other than exploring."

Handing him his order, Caity took a moment to regard the man sat at the bar. She hadn't seen this one before and that made her instantly aware of everything he was saying. Although deep down she knew that she hadn't met every one of the crew yet, she could tell that this man was someone she was sure that she would have met before.

Being a bar manager, you got to be a good people reader. A few minutes in the company of someone and you could tell whether they were pretending, searching for something or just being them.

Caity took a breath as she tried to figure him out, "It's different. There's only so much stock taking you can do whilst the ship is being fired on."

(Reply Nix)

"Honestly, it's not what i was expecting. Seeing the crew so... what's the word... focused has been amazing. For such a young crew they certainly seem put together well."

(Reply Nix)

"What about you? You're not part of this crew are you?"

(Reply Nix)

(Reply Nix, any)

(Posted by Jackie)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine -SFI Agent, Lt. Commander Tyko Nix - 10:00)

“It’s different. There’s only so much stock taking you can do whilst the ship is being fired on.”

"You shouldn't be do any stock taking at all." Nix said with a laugh, "In case some of the boxes gets lodged and buries you under a mountain of anchovies or something gross like that." He laughed again so she knew he was trying to add some levity.

“Honestly, it’s not what i was expecting. Seeing the crew so... what’s the word... focused has been amazing. For such a young crew they certainly seem put together well.”

"They'll grow from this. They're being asked to grow up in a hurry, especially the department heads and command staff. It's on the job training that they are privileged to have. Even though in a way they were robbed of their ability to grow up at a normal pace."

“What about you? You’re not part of this crew are you?”

"Me? I'm just a hitchhiker. Well not really, I was part of the freighter crew rescued yesterday, but..." As he pointed to his rank pips, "Was a bit undercover. Starfleet Intelligence an all that jazz. So now I'm just trying to stay out of the way. The young crew, they need to learn to do this sort of thing on their own if they're going to survive and I don't want to stand in the way of their professional development."

(reply Caity)

"So, you've probably got a good pulse of the crew, tending bar and what not. What are your thoughts, observations? Anyone stand out to you?"

(reply Caity)

(reply Caity)

(posted by Will)

(Uss Exeter- Deck 7- Main shuttle bay- aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok-1000)

“ I have also transported the Phaser rifles to each shuttle. We are good to go” More said smiling.

Ravok patted Ensign More on the shoulder. " Thank you Ensign. I'll see you on board."

Ravok went to grab a case to carry it on board. He knelt down and opened it, inside was a single tetryon grenade. Ravok removed it and discreetly placed it in the large pocket on his vest. He was hoping he wouldn't have to use it, but he was prepared to use it as a last resort. He took a deep breath. " Hopefully today isn't a good day to die. " Ravok said quietly to himself, looking around

=^=Cortez to Ravok.^=

" Yeah go head." He replied as he closed the case and stood up.

=^=Tracking data for Lieutenant is holding steady. I've sent the details to you. Can you confirm receipt?^=

He looked at his wrist mounted PADD

" Looks like your transmitting loud and clear."

“Good. Now do me a favour?”

" Anything " He replied glancing across the shuttle bay , to the Michaelangelo as if he were looking directly at Erin.

=^=Go get our girl and get both your asses back home. I'll keep an eye on our team.^=

Ravok smiled. " That's the plan Erin...and thank you. Don't let the team do anything stupid." He said, hinting at the Merek being brave and strong willed. Hoping if she decided to do anything that would jeopardize her safety that Erin would be able to.

=^=Understood, see you on the other side, Lieutenant. Cortez out.^=

" See you soon." He replied. Almost as soon as the communication ended. Ravok was approached by a fellow officer ,upon looking at his face Ravok thought he looked familiar. The officer towered over Ravok.

"Excuse me sir, do you have a moment?" The Ensign asked.

" I can spare a minute" Ravok responded.

"I know the timing is tight sir, but I was wondering if I could join the away team. I know that its probably odd to ask this close to your leaving sir, but I just want an opportunity to show what I can do. It's an important mission, sir, and I think I could be of use. If nothing else sir, I am certified hand to hand specialist, and achieved highest classifications in marksmanship at the academy." Said the Ensign

Ravok knew this officer was right away as soon as he spoke. He was a spitting image of his father , the voice even matched.

" Your father is Cade Blackwell, you look just like him. I remember he came to the academy and did a lecture from a marines point of view of battlefield tactics , I did an entire report on the mission to Gladorus 3. I would be honored to have you with us. Grab your gear Ensign." Ravok responded. Cade Blackwell Sr. was an idol of Ravoks he always swore if they made a movie based off the stories of Cade Blackwell that he would be first in line at the holosuite to view it.

(reply blackwell if you wish)

(USS Exeter – Shuttle Bay –QM – MCPO– Janey Brown -1000)

Rushing down the corridor Janey tried to keep a calm head, she was concerned about being back out on a shuttle again after the last time but needs must. She hadn't changed into her flight suit this time given

they weren't in the Badlands. Walking into the shuttle bay she heard the voices and walked onto the ship. Placing her engineering kit in its place she looked around trying to work out where exactly she should be sat.

(USS Exeter - Shuttle Leonardo – ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford 10:00)

Sitting next to the doctor, Sleeford caught the setting on the phaser before the doctor quickly reset it, getting comfortable in the seat he smiled as the doctor replied to his query.

“Just a little distracted Ensign, this mission is a little too close to home.”

Nodding understanding Sleeford knew that the FO was the doctors sister, nodding to the phaser Sleeford gave ghost of a smile.

“Lets hope you wont need to use that.”

Folding his hands in his lap, Sleeford closed his eyes and relaxed he knew it was going to be a short flight and he would need to be alert and ready on landing. Feeling the slight bump as Ravok flew the shuttle into the atmosphere of the planet, taking a deep breath Sleeford opened his eyes and began the process of clearing his mind of everything except the mission at hand. Hearing the order from up front for More to fire Sleeford began to tighten the straps on his rig,

reaching down he pulled the laces of his boots tighter. As the shuttle began the landing sequence Sleeford slowly released a breath and waited for instructions.

" I'm taking us in for a landing Ensign Sleeford , when we land take point"

Looking to the front of the shuttle, Sleeford nodded, realising that no one could see him he smiled slightly and spoke, "Understood sir."

Reaching for his rifle and making sure the power pack was secure, Sleeford turned on the power and slipped his right arm through the strap.

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SFI Agent, Lt. Commander Tyko Nix - 10:01)

It was odd being a non crew member on a ship that was in the midst of a daring rescue mission. While Nix had the experience and the rank to insert himself into the action, he understood two realities that prevented himself from doing so. The first was that it was not his ship, and that this young crew needed this moment, this mission to gain experience and confidence. The second, he had been undercover so long, he really didn't have much to offer as far as what to order and how to do things. So Nix found himself, after a shower and putting on a fresh uniform, in the Nine and Dine. It had been designated a safe zone for the civilians to go to when the ship was at red or yellow alert. Nix wanted to go to bed more than anything, but first he wanted to get something to eat. His body and mind fatigued from having taken a ton of caffeine pills to keep himself up while captured on the Bird of Prey, he figured that a nice meal might give him a more restful sleep. Not to mention, he knew he couldn't sleep while a rescue attempt was happening. This would serve as a way to pass the time.

Approaching the bar he sat down and got the attention of the bartender.

"Excuse me, could I possibly get a A waffle and some lemon tea, nothing too caffeinated, just something to calm my adrenaline."

(reply Caity)

"So" Nix said, beginning to ask a question, "Pretty crazy day huh, I've always wondered, what's it like being a civilian on a Starfleet vessel when its doing something other than exploring."

(reply Caity)

(reply Caity)

(posted by Will)

(Gamma Quadrant – The Planet, Abandoned Shrine – FO Lt(sg) Ailynn Bracken - 1002)

Ailynn, was getting antsy.

Time was winding its unerring ebb toward finality.

However, this time, finality might actually mean precisely that for a sizeable number of people. Numbering in the Trillions.

Standing at ease, her conscious, daytime thinking mind was utterly focussed on her current situation. There was little to nothing that she could do about this at the moment, so she allowed it as a constant. ~Did you exchange a walk on part in a war...for a walk on part in a cage?~ an ancient song lyric crossed her mind obliquely.

Her hindbrain however, was ramping things up, it envisioned a game. It was perhaps the hardest game ever constructed in the human mind.

Jost and herself were playing chess, a game that both players excelled at. It was a difficult game to truly master, and in her imagination they were playing it in three dimensions, across two universes.

Ailynn's intellect up until a certain point had been stretched to the limit, the verbal games with Jost, trying to find a way out, failing, failing again. And then remembering the presence of her tricorder. Suddenly, the game had changed.

She'd introduced a fourth dimension.

One that her wraith counterpart had no idea about, no true comprehension of. Sure, the machine in front of her was literally built around it, but a child knew what a sweetshop was, but had no idea what damage it may do.

Suddenly, a tingle-spasm down her right leg made her grunt, involuntarily.

Covering it, she stretched and made the same noise, sounding bored.

The tingle however, had signified something, her last few pieces were now on the board, or rather one of the boards.

One that didn't exist yet.

Ailynn closed her eyes as she relaxed, the feeling that she was the centre of happenstance flowing around her. She wouldn't be so grandiose to say that she was instrument's fate, that she was Lachesis, a judgement to all. But even decades later, she looked on this pivotal moment in her life, and had no better words than she possessed that day.

She considered her mental chessboards.

~mate in three~

She smiled, a cold, hard smile, the smile that you never want to see in an opponent.

~I'm going to win.~

(Reply none)

(Posted by Mark)

(Runabout Brocken Bow –CFO – Lieutenant – Ire Williams -1002)

He entered the runabout and sat down in the pilot's chair as he scanned the console to make sure everything was green and ready to go.

"How's it going Ire?"

Ire turned in the chair to see Alexander enter and smiled.

"Hi Billy things are good, and we are ready to go."

"Ready to go find a needle in a haystack?"

"Yes, I know what you mean but I hope it's not too bit a haystack."

He was about to ask Alexander a question when Page's voice came from behind Billy.

"Good morning, Gentlemen."

Ire smiled at he saw Page.

“Good morning Rylee I am glad that your coming along.”

(Reply Alexander)

“Why are we here?”

“We are going back to where we fought the interceptor to have a sniff around and see if there is anything we can salvage and bring back which might help the others. The skipper thinks that they might have launched escape pods which will be good to find but they will probably be concealed, and booby trapped.”

(Reply Alexander)

“I may have an idea that could work.”

He looked up as Brown entered the runabout.

“Quartermaster good now that we are all here let’s go.”

(Reply Brown IYW)

He looked back as Rylee

“What’s your plan?”

(Reply Page)

(Reply Alexander, Page, Brown, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Runabout Brocken Bow – QM – MCPO– Janey Brown -1002)

"Quartermaster good now that we are all here let's go." Lt Williams said breaking way from a conversation.

"Please, its chief, has been for over 30 years and always will be. I assume you would like me at operations?"

(reply Williams)

nrpg: staying vague

rpg:

Janey sat in the seat and checked the console over, she knew that the fly boys would have done the prechecks but her previous jobs always meant she checked things herself, too many accidents in design were caused by people not checking.

"Ready when you are" she called.

(reply any on ship)

(posted by Mat)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SPC Caity Dubois - 10:03)

"Me? I'm just a hitchhiker. Well not really, I was part of the freighter crew rescued yesterday, but..." As he pointed to his rank pips, "Was a bit undercover. Starfleet Intelligence an all that jazz. So now I'm just trying to stay out of the way. The young crew, they need to learn to do this sort of thing on their own if they're going to survive and I don't want to stand in the way of their professional development."

Smiling, Caity nodded, "How very noble of you."

"So, you've probably got a good pulse of the crew, tending bar and what not. What are your thoughts, observations? Anyone stand out to you?"

"Are you.... What's the word... pumping me for information?" She replied with a friendly smile.

(Reply Nix)

"I honestly don't think I have met everyone yet. There are those that don't drink. Those that just want to do their job and remain solitary.

There are some fine people here though. For example, the guy in charge, Trip Williams. He seems like a good man. Very talented for such a young commander.

He knows his mind and is confident but... he needs to be a bit more personable if you know what I mean?"

(Reply nix)

"We seem to so have a glut of pilots. Lieutenant Williams. I've heard the stories from back on Mars. All pilot banter. Rumour has it that he's getting married to one of the other pilots. Well, ex-pilot now."

(Reply Nix)

"Then, there's the chief scientist. Been through a lot that one. Still finding her feet in life, I think. But, she has spirit. Never one to back down from a challenge. "

(Reply Nix)

"Then... there's the First Officer... Lieutenant Bracken. " Caity paused for a moment as an image of Ailynn flashed into her head, sitting at the bar and laughing.

(Reply Nix)

"Sorry... don't know where I went then."

(Reply Nix)

(Reply Nix, any)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Uss Exeter- Shuttlebay- CIO/3O Lieutenant jg Jaelle Foxglove- 1003)

It was pointless to lament over the choices of the captain. It would be best to put them all in her report. Trip was an idealist, and that showed in his choices. It wasn't that he couldn't make the hard choices, it was he didn't think through all his options. I was one thing to put Federation personnel in harms way. Everyone knew the dangers when they signed on. But risking civilian lives that you were in charge of is another thing entirely. Jaelle mused, thoughts raced in her mind as the away team loaded the shuttle. Trip was making a statement by showing his distrust in her. Was it actually the right time to let such personal feelings enter in his judgementl, Jaelle wasn't going to give it much thought. She had the mission before her, to stop the extremist, and

rescue the FO. Jaelle only hoped Ravok would be more open minded about her position and let me be who and what she needed to be.

She entered the shuttle and took her seat behind the controls for the shuttles sensors. Soon the shuttle pulled out of the bay and decended toward the planet.

(reply none)

(Posted by Matthew Locke)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SFI Agent, Lt. Commander Tyko Nix - 10:04)

"Are you.... What's the word... pumping me for information?" She replied with a friendly smile.

"On the redcord, I'm just making conversation. Off the record, yes, yes I am." He said with a slight smile.

"I honestly don't think I have met everyone yet. There are those that don't drink. Those that just want to do their job and remain solitary. There are some fine people here though. For example, the guy in charge, Trip Williams. He seems like a good man. Very talented for such a young commander. He knows his mind and is confident but... he needs to be a bit more personable if you know what I mean?"

Nix nodded. From everything he had read and from accessing logs of some of the crew, his assessment of the captain was quite the opposite. Distant, yet friendly, personable.

"We seem to so have a glut of pilots. Lieutenant Williams. I've heard the stories from back on Mars. All pilot banter. Rumour has it that he's getting married to one of the other pilots. Well, ex-pilot now."

~Marrying a fellow officer. Could be a good move, could be a mistake. Time will tell.~ Nix thought, nodding his head.

"Then, there's the chief scientist. Been through a lot that one. Still finding her feet in life, I think. But, she has spirit. Never one to back down from a challenge. "

~Really, because all I saw in her personnel file and from looking at some logs, is someone who runs away from their problems, tries to play the victim, and does anything but answer a challenge.~

"Then... there's the First Officer... Lieutenant Bracken. "

Nix looked at the change in her facial expression and the twinkle in her eyes.

"Sorry... don't know where I went then."

"Well that explains why you are such a terrible read on all the other crew you mentioned."

(reply Caity)

"You only have eyes for the first officer. Kinda blinds you to everyone else I'd think."

(reply Caity)

"Well for starters your captain has a reputation for being friendly and personable. At least according to everyone who ever served with him in the fighter wing. Did you know that somewhere around 15% of the crew made up part of the fighter squad, whether as pilots, tactical officers, fighter technicians, communications officers. Some recruited, many requested the transfer. So why do you say he's not personable?"

Nix was curious. Bartenders had a privileged perspective on the crew, seeing things no one else did. Right now it seemed Caity's perspective was off, but he was curious, was it her perception that was off or was it that of the crew and their logs. Or was she blinded by a pretty obvious crush on the first officer.

(reply Caity)

(reply Caity)

(posted by Will)

(USS Exeter - Shuttle Bay - SPC Ensign Rylee Page -1005)

Ire looked back as Rylee,

“What’s your plan?”

Sitting next to him, she glanced at him, looked at the others in the shuttle and returned her gaze back to Ire,

"They're expecting us to go in with sensors to find these pods right? Then don't."

(Reply any)

"We go low tech. I used to know someone, back on Trill. An old Federation guy. Back in the day they would have called him an old sea dog.

He told me that, before we made it to space, Terrans used to navigate on the sea at first by the stars, then using something called radar.

Same sort of principle that bats use. Echo location. We send out a pulse, anything that blocks that pulse, we take a look at. No scammers."

(Reply any)

"It's a long shot but if we can't use scanners why not go old school?"

(Reply Any on shuttle)

(Posted by Jackie)

(USS Exeter – Shuttlebay - Shuttle Michelangelo – 2O/CEO - Lieutenant Keira Merek - 1005)

It didn't take long for Keira to put on her combat attire. ~Second time in as many days.~ She had it arranged the same as before. Side arm left hip, cross draw, Phaser rifle carried her Engineering kit stowed on various pockets in her gear. She entered the cabin as others were settling in the back. Erin had just finished readying her console as Keira approached.

“Ready to kick the tires and light the fires?” Keira wasn't sure if Erin would be familiar with the fighter jockey expression from Earth's far past, but she had spent quite a bit of time with Ravok before Keira had even formally met him.

(Reply Erin)

“We got some new information. The First Officer managed to sneak it out in a transmission. Schematics for something, and coordinates that don't match her known location, thanks to your crystal that's been keeping tabs on her. I'm going to have my hands busy flying, you mind taking a look at it for our brief but no less exciting ride? The file should have been transferred over.”

(Reply Erin)

“Thanks,” Keira said sitting down in the pilot’s chair, and placed her phaser rifle in the weapon’s clamp. She keyed the announcement button.

“All crew and passengers of the Shuttle Michelangelo, this is your pilot speaking. You may or may not be aware, we just received correspondence from our detained First Officer, she managed to sneak a second set of coordinates, that are not her own and some schematics to a device bigger than a console. We have enough brain power on this shuttle, give it a once over and discuss it, by the time we land we’ll need a preliminary plan on how to deal with it. We brought the explosives, I’m going to leave that in reserve as a last resort. Drink and snack service has been suspended for this flight, we have less than five minutes before take off,” she announced and then closed the channel.

(Reply Cortez, Vosi, Zot)

She tapped the controls doing the very few checks that weren’t already done by Ire. ~Thoughtful guy that Ire~

Keira then hailed the main control of the shuttle bay, “Michelangelo to shuttle control, we are prepared for launch.”

=^= Bay control to Michelangelo, you are cleared for launch, ^= came the reply.

Keira looked out of the cockpit view port and saw that Ravok’s shuttle had already taken off. Her competitive side came to the surface.

"Not with out me you're not," she mumbled under her breath. The shuttle hovered off the deck, and moved forward at an urgent but still controlled pace. In an instant the shuttle pierced through the harmless forcefield keeping atmosphere in the bay. She waited for the inertial dampeners to kick in before she accelerated to three quarter impulse power.

(Reply all Shuttle Michelangelo)

(Posted by Todd)

(Uss Exeter- Shuttle Leonardo- aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok-1006)

Ravok boarded the Leonardo. After placing his bat'leth behind his chair he took a seat at the helm controls. Ravok stretched his arms and cracked his knuckles by interlocking his fingers. He pressed the button for his seat restraints to activate and after everyone had taken their seats. He spoke. " Alright everyone, hold on to something hopefully I can land this thing...." He said as he looked back at everyone.

(reply away team if you wish)

" I'm only kidding, I carry a type A-4 helm certification. If it flies I can pilot it."He said with a grin.

"Leonardo to shuttle bay control. Open the doors we are ready for launch."

=\= Bay control to Leonardo, you a clear for launch=\=

Ravok nodded his head and powered up thrusters to full and punched the power to the engines. Blasting them out of the shuttle bay in mere seconds. The sudden force pushing everyone into their seats. Ravok maneuvered the Leonardo in a downward motion and headed straight toward the planet's atmosphere. He wasn't wasting anytime.

(reply away team)

(reply blackwell if you wish)

(posted by Rob Davis)

(USS Exeter - Deck 7- Main shuttle bay - Tac/Sec - Ens. Stan More - 10:06)

When Stan heard he was on weapons control. The first thing he did was to check the weapons on the outside of the shuttle. He felt better giving it an actual check. Rather than just looking at the controls inside.

Weapons monitors could be tampered with. To say all is well when in truth something was missing. Which he would only discover if the came under attack. When he tried to fire the shuttles weapons. But all seemed to be in order.

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SPC Caity Dubois - 10:06)

"Well that explains why you are such a terrible read on all the other crew you mentioned."

Raising an eyebrow, Caity looked at him,

"What explains what exactly?"

"You only have eyes for the first officer. Kinda blinds you to everyone else I'd think."

Astonished by his words, Caity felt a familiar flare of anger build within her. An anger that she thought long since gone but was soon warming through her like an old, unwanted friend.

"Well for starters your captain has a reputation for being friendly and personable. At least according to everyone who ever served with him in the fighter wing. Did you know that somewhere around 15% of the crew made up part of the fighter squad, whether as pilots, tactical officers, fighter technicians, communications officers. Some recruited, many requested the transfer. So why do you say he's not personable?"

"Firstly, not personable was probably the incorrect term to use."

(Reply Nix)

"I don't know him well enough yet. Is he a nice man? Yes. I just haven't had enough interaction with him to make an informed judgement on his character. "

(Reply Nix)

"Secondly, how dare you!"

(Reply Nix)

"How dare you suggest that whatever I may or may not feel for the first officer blinds me to the characters of others.

You only know what you have read in the reports. You don't truly know them. You don't know me."

(Reply Nix)

Taking a deep breath, Caity sighed heavily, "I'm sorry. I get defensive when people make snap judgements."

(Reply Nix)

"It's a long story that you don't need to hear and one I don't particularly want to tell right now. I apologise for my outburst."

(Reply Nix)

"They're a good crew. They might surprise us both yet."

(Reply Nix)

(Reply Nix, any)

(Posted by Jackie)

(USS Exeter – Shuttlebay - Shuttle Michaelangelo - CSO Lt JG Erin Cortez - 1006)

"Ready to kick the tires and light the fires?" Erib turned at the sound of Lieutenant Merek's voice and, with a slight smile on her lips, replied,

"As always."

"We got some new information. The First Officer managed to sneak it out in a transmission. Schematics for something, and coordinates that don't match her known location, thanks to your crystal that's been keeping tabs on her. I'm going to have my hands busy flying, you mind taking a look at it for our brief but no less exciting ride? The file should have been transferred over."

"File has been received and I will take a look during flight." Erin was fighting to keep her voice calm and professional despite her nerves.

"Thanks." Merek responded as she took her seat. Glancing at the others in the shuttle, Erin turned her gaze back to her console and began reading through the file.

Barely even aware of Merek speaking to the crew, she began reading through the data that had been sent back by her friend.

~what on earth are they trying to do down there?~ she thought to herself as the shuttle lifted off and headed out into the blackness of space.

~this is science like I have never seen. I can pick out a few things but this... is just plain strange.

The energy being directed at the wormhole....~

Suddenly, an incessant beeping on her console broke her train of thought. Looking at the alarm that had been sounded, a smile grew on her face,

"Lieutenant?"

(Reply Merek)

"The other shuttle has taken out the target. The main power supply at coordinates 522548.72N-015557.00W has been destroyed...." Erin paused, a look of concern flitted onto her features.

(Reply Merek)

"They have taken out the main power but I'm reading a back up coming on line."

(Reply Merek)

"I... " Erin's fingers danced lightly over her console as she spoke, "....can't disable it from here. We're going to have to go in and take it out. However, I might be able to get into their computer system. "

(Reply Merek)

"There's not much I can do but I might be able to cause some much needed confusion."

(Reply Merek)

Smiling, Erin tapped a few buttons on her console as she spoke, "I'm in their comms. I can scatter the signals with something a little special. Make it really difficult for them to communicate. "

(Reply Merek)

"This is something that will distract them and let Lieutenant Bracken know we're coming."

(Reply Merek)

Nodding, Erin took a breath and pressed a part of her console. ~Ailynn.. I hope you hear this and I hope you know what it means ~

(Reply Merek, Any)

(Posted by Jackie)

(USS Exeter - Shuttle Leonardo interior - Tac/Sec Ens. Stan More - 10:07)

Stan sat at Ravok's right and began looking over the shuttles weapon systems. In truth although he was fully trained in flying and space combat. He was not to keen on this kind of battle.

He preferred to actually hunt down his target. The Klingons had the correct idea. They used cloaking devices to slowly target in on their prey. Then drop the cloak and fire before the prey knew they were there. Just give a More a hunting knife , high powered old fashioned hunting rifle , box of sandwiches and flask of Tea. Plus a good hunting holodeck program of course. He was not a complete barbarian.

Feeling the wind blowing across the heather. Making sure you were down wind. So the target could not smell you. Looking through the telescopic sight. As you were hidden from view. The excitement as you knew only one of you would be leaving this area alive.

Stan smiled to himself. But More knew of course , that you could not just hunt down people. Starfleet believed in giving people a fare chance. It was not fair to shoot and ask questions later. Even though your enemies would do it to you. Plus he was trying very hard to be nice to people. He heard the door shut and felt the shuttle powering up. He checked the weapons console. Soon they were leaving the shuttle bay. Stan flexed his fingers.

(Reply , away team)

(Posted by:- Norman 🐼)

(Runabout Broken Bow – CONN - CFO- Lieutenant – Ire Williams- 1007)

Ire nodded at Brown at her comment.

“Okay Chief.”

He looked back at Rylee

"They're expecting us to go in with sensors to find these pods right? Then don't."

“No sensors?”

"We go low tech. I used to know someone, back on Trill.

An old Federation guy. Back in the day they would have called him an old sea dog. He told me that, before we made it to space, Terrans used to navigate on the sea at first by the stars, then using something called radar. Same sort of principle that bats use. Echo location. We send out a pulse, anything that blocks that pulse, we take a look at. No scanners."

“Radar its worth a try.”

"It's a long shot but if we can't use scanners why not go old school?"

“Its defiantly an option. We should try. Lets get going and see what we can find when we get there.”

Ire glanced around at the others to make sure that they were all secure before nodding to himself.

~Okay let's get going~

“Launch control this is Brocken Bow we are ready for launch.”

=^=Copy the Brocken Bow. You can launch at your discursions=^=

“Copy that Launch Control.”

“Okay everyone. Off we go.”

(Reply Page, Brown, Alexander, IYW)

He paused as he clenched and unclenched his hands. He then activated the Runabout engines and the Brocken Bow slid forward out of the shuttle bay. Once he was settled on to the right course power down to cruising speed.

“There is a copy on Lieutenant Merek briefing for you to assess. You might want to go over it before we arrive.”

(Reply Brown, Alexander, Page)

(Reply Brown, Alexander, Page, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(USS Exeter - Shuttle Michelangelo - (Spc)- Comp. Ops. Ensign SG. Zot -1008)

Zot entered the shuttle and removed his hard cased backpack pack and sat it on his lap, as he took a seat. In his bag were several devices capable of interfacing with known and some slightly unknown computer technologies. He hoped he brought the right equipment. He looked around the interior of the shuttle. Taking note of the fine details.

=\= All crew and passengers of the Shuttle Michelangelo, this is your pilot speaking. You may or may not be aware, we just received correspondence from our detained First Officer, she managed to sneak a second set of coordinates, that are not her own and some schematics to a device bigger than a console. We have enough brain power on this shuttle, give it a once over and discuss it, by the time we land we'll need a preliminary plan on how to deal with it. We brought the explosives, I'm going to leave that in reserve as a last resort. Drink and snack service has been suspended for this flight, we have less than five minutes before take off,=\= the Lieutenant said over the comm.

Zot turned to the Engineer known as Vosi

" I did not think the flight would be long enough to consume refreshments anyway. That is of course you are not concerned about blocking your airway with edible treats."

(Reply Vosi)

" I am sorry , I am finding myself nervous. I tend to rumble...no that's not right ...I tend to ramble ...yes ramble is the term , I tend to ramble when I am nervous."

(Reply Vosi)

Zot pulled up the schematics to the other set of coordinates on the terminal to his left.

Suddenly the display on the terminal started changing rapidly. Zot tilted his head. As he watched the various subroutines being accessed without being prompted by them. Before he could say anything the power went out.

They were sitting in near darkness, the only light coming in from the windows.

Zot opened the pack on his lap and jumped out of his seat and ripped the wall panel next to the terminal off. " Lieutenant Merek" He yelled."Someone hacked our systems "

(reply Merek)

Zot pulled a blue luminescent cord from one of his devices and plug it into the isolinear plate frame. The shuttle rocked and jerked around. " Whomever hacked the system isn't in it anymore. " He said loudly his eyes focused on the information readout on his device.

(reply any)

" I have access to the system, but they backdoored and circumvented various programs, causing startup sequences to be out of sync. I can restore power to the emergency transporters and that's about it. As time isn't on our side." Zot declared. Knowing if there was any chance of saving the shuttle an engineer would have to spring to action.

(reply any as the shuttle is free falling)

(reply Vosi, Merek, reply any)

(posted By Rob Davis spc Ensign Zot)

(Runabout Broken Bow - SPC Ensign Rylee Page -1009)

"Its defiantly an option. We should try. Lets get going and see what we can find when we get there."

Rylee nodded and turned her gaze back to the viewscreen. Fighting down the urge to panic, she focused on the console infront of her, setting it up ready to implement her idea.

Truth be told, she needed something to focus on. Her mind was replaying the last time she had been in a shuttle with Ire and how that had ended.

"Okay everyone. Off we go."

Taking a deep breath, Rylee nodded towards him and sat back in her chair. ~lightning can't strike twice..... can it?~

He paused as he clenched and unclenched his hands. He then activated the Runabout engines and the Brocken Bow slid forward out of the shuttle bay. Once he was settled on to the right course power down to cruising speed.

"There is a copy on Lieutenant Merek briefing for you to assess. You might want to go over it before we arrive."

Looking at her console, Rylee took a deep breath. Pulling up the file, she had a glance through the details. Considering their mission, she knew that the most important thing was to locate the genesis device and, if possible, secure it.

(Reply Any)

(Reply Any on shuttle)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Uss Exeter- Shuttle Leonardo- aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok-1009)

"Exeter this is the Leonardo we are entering the atmosphere now" Ravok said over the comm as the shuttle jerked slightly as it hit the expected resistance from the planets upper atmosphere.

(reply Exeter)

" Understood Exeter , Ravok out "

Ravok turned to Ensign More " Bring phaser online...Fire on my mark" He said to Stan as he gave a sudden burst of power to the atmospheric thrusters to build momentum.

(reply More)

After a few seconds the shuttle was lined up at a 45 decline to the coordinates. The normal alarms went off for low altitude approaches. [Fifty kilometers until impact] the computer alerted.

Ravok silenced the alarm. Their target was now perceivable with the naked eye.

" Lieutenant Foxglove, can you confirm the target. ?"

(Reply Foxglove.)

The target appeared to be a power supply station of some sort.

[Twenty five Kilometers until impact.] Ravok remained unblinking.

" Ensign More full power to shields in 5...4...3...2..1"

(Reply More)

As Ensign More engaged the shields to full power the computer alerted them once more [Forty meters until impact.]

" FIRE!" Ravok yelled.

(reply Ensign More)

As Ensign More fired the phasers the explosion from the attack hit the Leonardo's shields. The energy of the bombardment was reflected off the shields and back to the target zone, effectively doubling up on the damage. Ravok pulled the Leonardo up and maneuvered away from what was left of the power supply station.

" Good shot Ensign."

(reply More)

(reply any on board ifw)

" I'm taking us in for a landing " Ensign Sleeford , when we land take point"

(reply Sleeford)

Ravok found a landing spot and quickly landed the shuttle. " Ravok to Exeter"

(reply Exeter)

" Target zone eliminated. We are on the ground."

" Understood Sir." Ravok replied as he powered down the engines and locked the flight start up sequence with a verbal command lock that wasn't tied to only his voice. " Three tango five seven eight delta one three six omega Lock. "

Ravok jumped up from his chair and grabbed his bat'leth " Let's go " He ordered as everyone left their seats and headed towards the back.

(reply everyone at any point in this . But from here on out we are on the move towards Brackens position)

(reply More , foxglove , sleeford, any on board)

(posted by Rob Davis)

(posted by Rob Davis)

(Shuttle Michelangelo, Cockpit – 20/CEO – Lieutenant Keira Merek – 1009)

The Michelangelo drifted further behind the Leonardo as Ravok further accelerated into the atmosphere of the planet. Keira was about to pass to the port side, and the lead shuttle accelerated to less of a cruising speed and more of an attack speed.

~What the hell?~

In the blink of an eye the Leonardo fired a salvo of weapons making a large crater in the mountainside. An alarm sounded on the console warning of the weapons fire.

"Lieutenant?"

“Weapons, Ravok fired weapons!”

"The other shuttle has taken out the target. The main power supply at coordinates 522548.72N-015557.00W has been destroyed...." Erin paused, a look of concern flitted onto her features.

“I am capable of taking out *my own* targets...” Keira said. It was clear she was not pleased.

"They have taken out the main power but I'm reading a back up coming on line." Erin reported.

“Can you do anything about that from here?” Keira asked. It’s not the way she had planned on doing it. ~The best laid plans...~

"I... " Erin's fingers danced lightly over her console as she spoke, "....can't disable it from here. We're going to have to go in and take it out. However, I might be able to get into their computer system. "

“Ok, do that.” Keira said while maintaining their course and speed and scouting out a nearby landing area.

"There's not much I can do but I might be able to cause some much needed confusion." Erin offered.

“Confusion is good, keep them guessing.” Keira said still scanning for a landing sight near enough to the crater to not have to walk a few kilometers, but far enough to not have a hot L-Z.

Keira wasn't looking at her friend but she could hear the amusement in her voice, "I'm in their comms. I can scatter the signals with something a little special. Make it really difficult for them to communicate. "

"All good stuff, keep it coming." Keira said just as she found a spot to land and began her decent into the atmosphere.

"This is something that will distract them and let Lieutenant Bracken know we're coming." Erin said as she pumped one of the more famous works of Gustav Holst, through all the non-federation frequencies.

"Interesting take on signal jamming." Keira said.

It was probably a coincidence but once Erin nodded the systems on the shuttle started losing power one by one.

Keira turned her attention back to the controls which weren't responding.

" Lieutenant Merek," Zot yelled. "Someone hacked our systems "

"Yah think?" Keira said, the more she got stressed the more her emotional control slipped and sarcasm and yelling ruled the day.

" Whomever hacked the system isn't in it anymore. " Zot answered.

"That's good news, you got any more good news?" Keira said while she tried to regain control of the shuttle, and she just lost helm control.

" I have access to the system, but they backdoored and circumvented various programs, causing startup sequences to be out of sync. I can restore power to the emergency transporters and that's about it. As time isn't on our side."

“Shut everything down, and disconnect from the computer.” Keira said. She wished she could run to the back compartment, restart it herself, and run back and pilot, there wasn’t enough time. She needed to trust her team, the experts she brought with her. “Only way to be sure they’re out of our system and didn’t leave us any surprises is a hard restart before we fall to our death.”

(Reply Zot)

“VOSI, HARD RESTART, THAT’S AN ORDER!” Her voice was loud but the tone more urgent than harsh.

(Reply Vosi, IYW)

“Panel SEVEN!” Keira yelled back a reminder of where to start. She wasn’t sure how far along he was, but with in a couple very long seconds that seemed like an eternity all the instruments were dark.

The shuttle continued to plummet like a stone. An orange glow started issuing from the bottom edges of the craft that could now be seen from the front view screen.

In what seemed like an infinite span of time as the orange glow got brighter, Keira wondered if she made the right decision, was her attempt to save everything and not just transport out to save themselves about to kill them all.

In that moment the power came on and the panel came back to life. Keira shifted power to the impulse drive and maneuvering thrusters and “pulled up” on the controls in an attempt to arrest their fall and pull out of the dive. The altimeter indicator continued to plummet, though not as quickly. The heat glow along the hull began to dissipate as further systems came back on-line.

“By Freya hold together...” Keira muttered as she put in further commands adjusting the thrusters and impulse drive.

Their decent finally leveled off the altimeter showing a single “5” on the display, and now Keira was dodging trees manually, not entirely succeeding clearing the canopy. She pointed the nose

toward a clearing the shuttle's forward air speed was just passing three hundred meters per second. The clearing lead to a mountain and a certain newly made crater on the side. With a grin she pushed the accelerator and headed toward the mountain.

"Time to give the universal greeting," she said and as she angled the nose up the speed indicator showed 350 m/s. The air around the shuttle issued a deafening *KABOOM!* That could be heard for many kilometers. Inside they barely felt a rumble in the deck plates. As she climbed the shuttle followed the contour of the mountain and lost considerable speed which Keira maneuvered into a wingover and came right back down the mountain and headed toward her original landing site.

"Everyone OK back there?" Keira asked as their speed rapidly decelerated for landing.

(Reply All)

"I'm setting us down about half a kilometer from the crater. Get your gear ready landing in two." She announced and began landing procedures.

(Reply All)

(posted by Todd)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SPC Vulcan Tlurg- 10:09)

Having ran out again of pumpkin spice for the third time this morning Vulcan had decided to take her break and office time out of the coffee shop, pumpkin spice seemed to turn humans into animals. Spotting Caity she started her walk across the room

Coughing slightly as she arrived Vulcan caught some phlegm in her hand and wiped it away. She slammed the PADDs on the surface and yelled

"Caity you furless vole, I've seen better looking Selay, how are you" oblivious she had clearly interrupted a conversation

(Reply Dunois)

"Well, smells like your still drinking that rubbish you pass off as coffee, who's this pile of rotting skunk meat?"

Wiping some spittle from her mouth she offered the same hand to Nix

(Reply Nix)

"Vulan Tlurg, manager of the Bean me up Scotty coffee shop. It's far better than the decaying corpse of this hellhole."

She grinned with her outstretched hand

"Have I interpreted some meeting for the ugliest bar tender in the universe interview?"

(Reply Dunois, Nix, any)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Control Room - Cultist, Laro Rol - 10:10)

Rol sat quietly at her console sipping on a warm tea trying to keep her energy and focus. The Federation ship was in orbit, they had lost two starships and their ability to escape was almost non-existent. There would be no way they could win a fire fight with the ship in orbit. But what they could do was hold on and wait for their leader to gather his power and strength.

The main generator had been destroyed but Rol was able to get the auxiliary generator back online just in time. He would make it hard for whatever the Starfleet dogs had planned.

Rol's concentration was broken when she noticed that there was an intruder in their system. Someone was trying to break in and take control. Good. It would make things easier for Rol. As soon as the invader was in the system, Rol quickly used it as a back door to get into the intruder's

systems. Rol had been a computer engineer in Starfleet before she saw the light and the healing truth of the Pah Wraith's fire.

The Intruder got in, and began blaring some terrible music across the terrain. Rol smiled. Within minutes her counter hack was complete. She shut off the music. Then she did the next thing she could think of. She disabled the shuttle's systems and as the power drained from the shuttle, she closed the hack and boosted her systems fire walls and waited to see if she could hear the crash.

(reply Michaelangelo team)

(posted by Will)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SFI Agent, Lt. Commander Tyko Nix -10:10)

"Firstly, not personable was probably the incorrect term to use."

"That's an understatement."

"I don't know him well enough yet. Is he a nice man? Yes. I just haven't had enough interaction with him to make an informed judgement on his character. "

~Yet you made one without having any evidence to back it up.~

"Secondly, how dare you!"

"Oh?"

"How dare you suggest that whatever I may or may not feel for the first officer blinds me to the characters of others. You only know what you have read in the reports. You don't truly know them. You don't know me."

Nix said nothing. She had just proved his point. She only had eyes for the first officer and it blinded her to what might be going on around her.

Taking a deep breath, Caity sighed heavily, "I'm sorry. I get defensive when people make snap judgements."

"Sounds like it."

"It's a long story that you don't need to hear and one I don't particularly want to tell right now. I apologise for my outburst."

"No apology needed."

"They're a good crew. They might surprise us both yet."

"Oh they won't surprise me, I expect great things from them."

(reply Caity)

"But I think, my dear, you proved my point. Your defensiveness essentially gave you away and proved my point. So it wasn't a snap judgement, it was an observation. An observation I made by looking at your face and hearing your voice."

(reply Caity)

"And I learned more from reading and listening to logs, than you have in two weeks. How often do you talk to the crew, get the pulse, or are you too busy just doing managerial work and hiding your crush. Now yes this sounds mean. You say I don't know the crew, but I think neither do you, and that's a problem. The bartender has a privileged position on the ship, a confidant when it's not quite tailored for a counselor or a supervisor. An ear to vent to, to go for advice. So tell me then, are you too distracted by thoughts, feelings, and imagination of a certain person, that it blinds you to the people that you could really truly help? And if so, what are you going to do about it?"

(reply Caity)

Before Nix could reply to Caity a female Tellarite approached Nix and Caity.

"Caity you furless vole, I've seen better looking Selay, how are you" oblivious she had clearly interrupted a conversation

(Reply Dubois)

"Well, smells like your still drinking that rubbish you pass off as coffee, who's this pile of rotting skunk meat?"

Nix shook her hand, "Lt. Commander Tyko Nix, Starfleet Intelligence.. Pleased to meet your acquaintance."

"Vulan Thurg, manager of the Bean me up Scotty coffee shop. It's far better than the decaying corpse of this hellhole. Have I interpreted some meeting for the ugliest bar tender in the universe interview?"

"Well it depends, if you are invited to the meeting than it cant be the meeting for ugliest bar tender in the galaxy." Nix replied smiling at the Tellarite, analyzing and wondering what made her tick.

(reply Vulcan)

"If you run the coffee shop, then you must see a lot of foot traffic, I asked Miss Dubois here her opinion on the crew. And her answers, well, there are a few gems out there in her mind. Isn't that right Caity?"

(reply Dubois)

"Now then, Miss Thurg, what about you, any crewmembers stand out to you?"

(reply Vulcan)

(reply Vulcan, Dubois)

(posted by Will)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge -ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford 10:11)

Stepping out of the shuttle Sleeford went to the left and dropped to his knee behind the hull of the shuttle, scanning the distant hills, the ground around him was desolate, barren to the extent of being a desert. Finding nothing he started to relaxed when Blackwell and Ravok went down in a tumble of bodies, the shout of Sniper brought Sleeford's rifle up to his shoulder and the sights to his eye. Scanning the rocks above them he could see nothing, watching he thought he caught a slight movement in the rocks above them and 600 meters forward.

“More move to the right, 50 meters, kick up as much dust as you can. Blackwell, same distance left, kick up dust, if he's laser sighting it will show up.”

(Reply More, Blackwell)

As the pair moved Sleeford watched as the dust kicked up floated round the left hand side of the shuttle, watching a thin red line appear, Sleeford smiled. Following the line as it disappeared out of the dust Sleeford spotted a nook in the rocks ,he'd missed the first time. Looking to his sides he saw the other two officers down on the deck, aiming forward.

“More, Blackwell, there's a small nook in the rocks, 600 out, 300 up. Our snipers there, at will. “

As the other two fired, Sleaford squeezed his trigger and watched as shards of rock flew into the air just below where he'd indicated.

(Reply More, Blackwell, Ravok IYW)

(Posted by Alistair)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - SPC Caity Dubois- 10:11)

"Oh they won't surprise me, I expect great things from them. "

"So you should, keep watching, they might surprise you."

"But I think, my dear, you proved my point. Your defensiveness essentially gave you away and proved my point. So it wasn't a snap judgement, it was an observation. An observation I made by looking at your face and hearing your voice."

"Oh really? Maybe you should take my job then seen as you are such a good reader of people." Caity replied with a slight raising of her eyebrows.

"And I learned more from reading and listening to logs, than you have in two weeks. How often do you talk to the crew, get the pulse, or are you too busy just doing managerial work and hiding your crush?

Now yes this sounds mean. You say I don't know the crew, but I think neither do you, and that's a problem. The bartender has a privileged position on the ship, a confidant when it's not quite tailored for a counselor or a supervisor. An ear to vent to, to go for advice. So tell me then, are you too distracted by thoughts, feelings, and imagination of a certain person, that it blinds you to the people that you could really truly help? And if so, what are you going to do about it?"

"Firstly, fine. I admit it. I like the first officer. I have no way of knowing if that feeling is mutual or if she even likes women.

Second, as for the comment about it blinding me, distracting me? Again, you don't know me. You don't know what I have heard or seen.

Because our views differ on the crew gives you no justification to be a complete ass about it."

Before he could respond, another voice began to speak,

"Caity you furless vole, I've seen better looking Selay, how are you"

"Better than you look, Tlurg."

"Well, smells like your still drinking that rubbish you pass off as coffee, who's this pile of rotting skunk meat?"

As the two began to talk, Caity took a step back, allowing them space. ~he's an ass but is he right? Have I been blind to what I can do? How I can help?~

"If you run the coffee shop, then you must see a lot of foot traffic, I asked Miss Dubois here her opinion on the crew. And her answers, well, there are a few gems out there in her mind. Isn't that right Caity?"

Glaring a little, Caity nodded, "Gems, diamonds that need some polishing perhaps. "

"Plenty stand out, plenty blend in, I've seen more life on a morgue ship than some of these quarters. Although, there is a few I wouldn't trust to sharpen my tusks let alone cut my nails. I can tell you the drinks order of most the crew, but if you think your limpless muscle is going to pump me you're very mistaken. You'll have to make it a lot harder for me" she scoffed "not that you'd know how"

smirking slightly, Caity kept back a little laugh and, with a grin, replied, "Down girl. He's all yours. Not my type anyway. "

(Reply Nix/Tlurg)

"Anyway, I have customers to serve so I shall leave you two alone to talk." As she walked round the bar, past Nix, she whispered, "Good luck."

Heading over to the young man sat at a nearby table, she heard him mutter to himself,

"Right then what do I want?"

"I highly recommend the steak sandwich. " she replied with a smile.

(Reply McDonald)

"Comes with a side order of fries."

(Reply McDonald)

(Reply Nix, Tlurg, McDonald)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Torak Ridge - Cultist Brelo Cur - 10:11)

Brelo Cur had a great vantage point from where he was perched. As soon as the Federation ship entered the atmosphere. A group of snipers had been spread out to most likely landing zones. He got lucky. He was perched right at Torak Ridge, and right below was a perfect landing spot to launch an assault team. Just where Cur wanted to be. He took out his rifle and began to focus. It was at that moment that some horrid music began echoing across the valley. Cur smiled. It was a distraction tactic sure, but it didn't matter. He just turned off his hearing aid. He was born deaf,

and his family thought he was cursed by the prophets due to his disability. Sure he had a normal life thanks to technology. but even he felt as if he was nothing more than a cast off from the prophets, he would always know he was different. Then the brotherhood took him in, and he felt the love of the Pah Wraiths. He may have been cursed by the prophets, but the Pah Wraiths gave him purpose and he would kill for them, stop the intruders for them. So long Federation drones. Hello eternal glory.

He looked, waited, and watched as the officers began to disembark from their shuttle. One in particular stood out, he had the highest rank, obviously the leader. He took aim as the little red dot was square on the middle of the Romulan man's forehead. A grin appeared on Cur's face as he pulled the trigger.

(reply none)

(posted by Will)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge -Tactical Officer, Ensign SG Cade Blackwell - 10:12)

The time was coming and Cade was pumped up. As they began disembarking the shuttle Cade found it odd that all of a sudden there was some music blaring and then it just suddenly stopped. He took a quick gander around their surroundings. There wasn't much cover, they were essentially sitting ducks. There wasn't much of an avenue for a frontal assault to get them as there was a narrow entry way into the clearing they could easily defend. But the ridges above them were prime sniper territory. It was at that moment he saw a red dot appear on Ravok's head.

Cade moved as fast as he could, wrapping up Ravok in a from tackle and taking him to the ground as the shot from the Sniper Rifle missed both obliterating a tree that had been right behind Ravok. As they crashed to the ground Cade felt and heard a crunch as his left shoulder crashed into the hard terrain.

He winced as he released Ravok and turned to the rest of the away team, scrambling to find cover, all the while yelling. "SNIPER! SNIPER! SNIPER!"

(reply Ravok, Vesper, More, Sleaford, Foxglove)
(posted by Will)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - Civilian Coffee Shop Manager - Vulcan Tlurg -10:12)

"Caity you furless vole, I've seen better looking Selay, how are you" oblivious she had clearly interrupted a conversation

(Reply Dubois)

"Well, smells like your still drinking that rubbish you pass off as coffee, who's this pile of rotting skunk meat?"

Shaking her hand the man introduced himself, Vulcan took note of his physical health and the ridges, she closed the space between them; not releasing his hand as they spoke and traded insults.

"Well it depends, if you are invited to the meeting than it cant be the meeting for ugliest bar tender in the galaxy." Nix smiled and Vulcan raised her lips in a small growl, angry that he had stopped trying to insult her.

"Flattering me will only get you out of the airlock, call those nose ridges, I've seen better wrinkles on the ships snake, you greasy cad.

"If you run the coffee shop, then you must see a lot of foot traffic, I asked Miss Dubois here her opinion on the crew. And her answers, well, there are a few gems out there in her mind. Isn't that right Caity?"

(reply Dubois)

"Now then, Miss Thurg, what about you, any crewmembers stand out to you?"

Her initial impression clearly wrong, the man was yet to impress her

"Plenty stand out, plenty blend in, I've seen more life on a morgue ship than some of these quarters. Although, there is a few I wouldn't trust to sharpen my tusks let alone cut my nails. I can tell you the drinks order of most the crew, but if you think your limple muscle is going to pump me you're very mistaken. You'll have to make it a lot harder for me" she scoffed "not that you'd know how"

Vulan looked him up and down laughing and back to Caity winking and bearing her teeth, wiping the small pool of drool that had gathered from talking so much. She liked what she saw and was intent on marking her territory.

(reply Nix, Dubois)

(posted by Mat)

(USS Exeter – Intelligence Section- Analyst – MCPO – Rebecca Faust - 10:13)

Rebecca had watched the two-shuttle craft and the runabout leave the Exeter. The runabout has head towards the wreckage of the interceptor and the shuttle craft descending towards the target on the ground. She watched as the Leonardo moved into position and began its attack run. She watched the real time information straight from the ship's sensors and saw the phaser hits strike the power station as the Leonardo powered in. As the station exploded spectacularly, she saw the Leonardo move towards its landing position.

~Okay let's see how the Michelangelo is doing~

She moved the sensors to the Michelangelo's predicted flight path and paused. Although she was watching the events on the planet below from a top down view, she could see something was wrong with the shuttle's descent path.

~Ow hell. This is not good~

From the angle of descent it looked like they had no power and were in freefall. She just watched in horror as her mind sped through different scenarios but there was nothing she could do from here. She knew that everything she saw was repeated on the bridge repeater.

Suddenly she saw a flicker of light in the shuttle's impulse engines and then the full thrust as the shuttle wobbled back under control and moved towards its target landing site.

~That was close~

She looked at the altitude indicator for the Michelangelo.

~That was too close~

She moved back to the Leonardo who was now deploying its team. She began to do a deep scan of the area around the target so that she could get more information than they already had. She was looking mainly for life signs and where they were compared to the teams and their path to Lieutenant Bracken.

~Come on Rebecca this is what you are here for so analyze~

(Reply any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Shuttle Michelangelo - Cockpit - CSO Lt JG Erin Cortez - 1013)

As the shuttle began to freefall, Erin felt her stomach drop and she gripped her console. Fighting the urge to panic, she closed her eyes as the sounds of the cockpit and alarms swirled in her ears.

"Everyone OK back there?" Merek asked

Erin gradually released her grip on the console, keeping her eyes closed, she replied, "Yeah."

"I'm setting us down about half a kilometer from the crater. Get your gear ready landing in two."

Erin heard the voice but something else as well. A sound filled her ears that she both had heard before but yet, it was unfamiliar.

Everything was quiet except for a steady beeping that felt familiar. Tilting her head slightly, she opened her eyes and sighed. The scene in front of her was different. Different console, wide open laboratory, definitely not federation.

Looking around, the place was recognisable but not in the same vein. Looking down, it was then that she realised what was happening. The reflection looking back at her from the console screen was not hers.

(reply Any)

The data on the screen was something that meant a lot to him. She could tell that from the smile that looked back at her. This was something that he had been working on for a long time. The readouts were different but only slightly. Subtle little differences that Erin knew. At that moment, she realised that this was a memory but not one that belonged to her.

(Reply Any)

Closing her eyes, Erin's breath trembled in her. She put the pieces of the puzzle together. Unwittingly, Dulon had helped her. Helped her to understand the science that had been eluding her since the briefing on the ship. The realisation of what the cultists were doing or, at least, attempting to do filled her with terror. Not just for her and the ship but for the others.

(reply Any)

Opening her eyes, she realised that she was gripping the console again, her knuckles white. Releasing her hold on the console, she turned and with a tremble in her voice, she replied,

“I know what they’re doing.... Trying to do.”

(Reply Merek)

“They.... Doing something that Dulon was working on... he stopped because he couldn’t get it to work.”

(reply Merek, Any)

“The Chronoton Tacheon antenna..... It’s pointing to the wormhole... they’re not trying to destroy it.”

(reply Merek, any)

“More so they’re trying.... I think.... To damage something inside ...” Erin said quietly.

(Reply Merek, Any)

“I’m fine.” she replied. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she looked at her friend and said,
“We need to stop them.”

(Reply Merek, Any)

(Reply Merek, Any)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge -CMO - Ens Gabe Vespers - 10:14)

With the order to disembark Gabe slung the medpack over his shoulder and waist making it easier to use the rifle. Whilst he didn't think anything of it it must have been odd for the crew to see a medic with a rifle, since they generally only took sidearms.

"What, you should see my phaser collection sometime Paul. Just because I don't agree with violence doesn't mean I don't know its place, I believe lock and load is the correct phrase?"

(Reply Sleeford, any iyw)

Allowing the right people to take point Gabe exited and onto the planet surface, as he looked around he heard the call from Blackwell, the shot and the sound of someone hitting the floor. Spinning round he raised his weapon as he moved backwards to the two officers quick as he could but keeping his point forward

"A little cover over here guys please"

(Reply More, Sleeford, Foxglove)

He spun round and let his weapon down pulling at his tricorder he grabbed Blackwell off Ravok and scanned the two.

"Lt, you're fine, a little more cover fire would be appreciated. Ensign Blackwell on the other hand..." He scanned a bit more, the man obviously in pain from being forcibly moved.

(Reply Ravok, Blackwell)

"Ensign, you have a dislocated shoulder, if you could possibly stay still I'll have you fixed in no time."

(Reply Blackwell)

Conscious they were in the open Gabe worked quick, he loaded the hypo with pain killers and pushed it into the man's neck then when he was sure there was enough in his body he called.

"Mr More, some cover over here please."

(Reply More)

Gabe grabbed Blackwell and dragged him to the only cover the shuttle provided, it was clear the man was uncomfortable with the pulling but needs must. Once in the covered area Gabe scanned again

"Right, I'm not going to lie, this will hurt a lot, but you have enough pain killer in your system to ride it out."

(Reply Blackwell)

Throwing open the kit he had Gabe pulled the foam packing and handed a bit to Cade. He loaded another hypo.

"Bite down on this it will help focus the pain. I'm going to reset your shoulder, normally we would do this with absolutely no issue in Sickbay but lucky for you we're not in Sickbay and there is only one of me."

(Reply Blackwell)

Whilst the man was taking Gabe had placed his feet either side of the mans shoulder and took hold of his arm.

"On the count of three. One, two"

Stopping at two Gabe pulled and reset the arm in its socket.

"The eminent of surprise works on medicine as well, how do you feel?" Gabe asked scanning one last time to check things were in and administering the hypo.

(Reply Blackwell, More, Sleeford, Ravok, Foxglove, any)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge -ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford - 1015)

Stepping out of the shuttle Sleeford went to the left and dropped to his knee behind the hull of the shuttle, scanning the distant hills, the ground around him was desolate, barren to the extent of being a desert. Finding nothing he started to relaxed when Blackwell and Ravok went down in a tumble of bodies, the shout of Sniper brought Sleeford's rifle up to his shoulder and the sights to

his eye. Scanning the rocks above them he could see nothing, watching he thought he caught a slight movement in the rocks above them and 600 meters forward.

“More move to the right, 50 meters, kick up as much dust as you can. Blackwell, same distance left, kick up dust, if he’s laser sighting it will show up.”

(Reply More, Blackwell)

As the pair moved Sleeford watched as the dust kicked up floated round the left hand side of the shuttle, watching a thin red line appear, Sleeford smiled. Following the line as it disappeared out of the dust Sleeford spotted a nook in the rocks ,he’d missed the first time. Looking to his sides he saw the other two officers down on the deck, aiming forward.

“More, Blackwell, there’s a small nook in the rocks, 600 out, 300 up. Our snipers there, at will. “

As the other two fired, Sleeford squeezed his trigger and watched as shards of rock flew into the air just below where he’d indicated.

(Reply More, Blackwell, Ravok IYW)

(Posted by Alistair)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge -Tactical Officer, Ensign SG Cade Blackwell-10:15)

"Lt, you're fine, a little more cover fire would be appreciated. Ensign Blackwell on the other hand..."

Cade was embarrassed to have injured himself so early on in the mission. This was supposed to be his chance to prove himself, instead he managed to hurt himself saving Lt. Ravok. There was a sniper around, and there he was, with just one functional arm. "Give it to me straight doc."

"Ensign, you have a dislocated shoulder, if you could possibly stay still I'll have you fixed in no time."

"It's hard to stay still when there is a sniper around." Cade said with a laugh, but it hurt to laugh.

Conscious they were in the open Gabe worked quick, he loaded the hypo with pain killers and pushed it into the man's neck then when he was sure there was enough in his body he called.

Cade sighed and tried to fight through the embarrassment of the much smaller CMO dragging him towards the shuttle. He kept going over and over in his head of just how much of a failure he must be to be sidelined so early on in the mission.

"Right, I'm not going to lie, this will hurt a lot, but you have enough pain killer in your system to ride it out."

"Just do it doc."

Throwing open the kit he had Gabe pulled the foam packing and handed a bit to Cade. He loaded another hypo.

"Bite down on this it will help focus the pain. I'm going to reset your shoulder, normally we would do this with absolutely no issue in Sickbay but lucky for you we're not in Sickbay and there is only one of me."

"Less talking, more doing." Cade said bravely as he then bit down hard on the bit.

"On the count of three. One, two"

Stopping at two Gabe pulled and reset the arm in its socket.

"The element of surprise works on medicine as well, how do you feel?" Gabe asked scanning one last time to check things were in and administering the hypo.

"Hurts less, but still hurts like a mother %&%\$#"

Scanning Cade again Gabe was certain things were ok, he helped the man to his feet "sorry about the rough treatment, your arm should feel a little more normal soon, until then you're going to have to take it easy"

"Nothing about this situation is easy doc. But hey, if im going to go on the injured list this early on in the mission, at least I saved the lieutenants life."

Cade then took a deep breath as the CMO then went out and began trying to help the others find the sniper.

(reply none)

(posted by Will)

(Shuttle Michelangelo - Engineer - Ensign SG – Galu Vosi -1016)

" I did not think the flight would be long enough to consume refreshments anyway. That is of course you are not concerned about blocking your airway with edible treats."

Galu smiled.

“I find that some species eat when they are nervous but like you I think we will not be away for too long.”

" I am sorry , I am finding myself nervous. I tend to rumble...no that's not right ...I tend to ramble ...yes ramble is the term , I tend to ramble when I am nervous."

“Do not worry. I am sure tha....”

He saw Zot look at his console when the power to the shuttle went out.

~Ow great~

" Lieutenant Merek," Zot yelled. "Someone hacked our systems "

~This is going to be a very short flight~

He felt his stomach drop as the shuttle fell out of the sky. He looked at the small console at his elbow and watched as the screen went from confusing jumble back to its standby screen. He began to punch in commands which were followed by they were sluggish.

~This is not good. We can't fly like this~

“Only way to be sure they're out of our system and didn't leave us any surprises is a hard restart before we fall to our death.”

“Now in the air?”

“VOSI, HARD RESTART, THAT'S AN ORDER!”

He heard Merek's urgent voice from the front of the shuttle.

“Yes Lieutenant.”

“Panel SEVEN!”

~Of course it is~

Galu looked at the back of the shuttle as he unclipped his restraints. He staggered back unsteadily to the panel and pulled it off as the shuttle lurched. He dropped hard to the floor

wincing in pain as his knee connected with something. He jammed himself into place and the thrust his hands into the hatch way.

~Okay slow is quick and quick is good~

His hands moved methodically as he powered down the shuttle hoping that he would not miss a step.

~Were down, lets get back up again~

He brought the system back online trying to cut as many corners as possible with blowing them up.

~There done~

He was squashed into the floor as Merek pulled the out of the controlled dive. He held on as the shuttle went through some tight maneuvers knowing that heading back to his seat was probably not a good idea.

“Everyone OK back there?” he heard Merek’s voice from up front

“In one peace.” He replied.

(Reply All)

“I’m setting us down about half a kilometer from the crater. Get your gear ready landing in two.”

~Okay up you get Galu. Time to get to work~

Galu groaned as he pulled himself off the deck and moved carefully back to his seat. He looked over at Zot with a pained smile

“Well that was a fun start. Let’s not do that again.”

(Reply Zot)

(Reply Zot, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge -aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok- 10:16)

Ravok was knocked to the ground moments after exiting the shuttle by Ensign Blackwell. He felt and heard a crack come from the Ensigns shoulder.

"SNIPER! SNIPER! SNIPER!" Blackwell yelled out. Ravok scrambled to cover with Ensign black well. He hid behind a large rock and watched as Vespers ran over to administer first aid to the Ensign. In flawless execution Ensign Sleeford and More took defensive positions and fired the offensive counter attack toward the location of the sniper.

“ Are yer ok sir? “ Ensign More asked.

" I'm fine. " Ravok responded.

“ I got them sir. A shooter and their spotter. But sadly one of them kinda fell off the ledge. I know the plan was to bring them back alive. Doctor is seeing to Cade” More informed him.

Ravok quickly activated his wrist mounted PADD and accessed the shuttle's sensors. " LET'S MOVE" He yelled out. " We have 5 more approaching from the east. Were about 100 meters out from Bracken's signal" Ravok said. As he jumped to his feet.

" STAN GET DOWN. " Ravok hollered as a phaser blast hurled toward Ensign More.

(reply More your choice to get hit)

(reply all away team.)

(posted by Rob Davis)

(Runabout Brocken Bow – CONN – CFO – Lieutenant – Ire Williams - 1017)

Ire slowed the runabout as they entered the area where the interceptor had been destroyed. The flight had been simple enough although he had been keeping half an eye on the shuttles in case, he was needed to head back. He would have preferred to have been flying the drop but this was his mission and even though it was not the most exciting he understood its importance to the mission. He doubted that anyone had survived the Interceptors destruction but getting the Genesis devise was important.

“Okay everyone. We have arrived. I am going to set up a standard search pattern.”

He looked over at Page.

“Rylee if you start your radar scan.”

(Reply Page)

He looked back at Brown and Alexander.

“If you see anything callout and I’ll take us over to investigate. If it’s useful we can transport it into the back for storage.”

(Reply Brown, Alexander)

“Okay let’s go and see what we can find.”

He powered up the impulse engines and began the first leg of the search pattern.

(Reply Page, Brown, Alexander)

He looked at the small repeater screen on his console as the runabouts radar sweeps pulsed out. A bright spot appeared followed by more.

~Looks like it those interceptors are stronger then they look~

“Looks like we found something.”

He maneuvered the Runabout towards the closest object.

“Can you tell what it is. Can we get a clearer resolution?”

(Reply Page, Brown, Alexander)

He looked out of the front view ports as the object slowly came into view. It was an escape pod slowly drifting in space.

“Well that’s defiantly not the genesis device. Can we see if there is any one inside with tripping some kind of trap?”

(Reply Page, Brown, Alexander)

(Reply Page, Brown, Alexander, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - Tac/Sec Ens. Stan More - 10:17)

The journey to the surface had Stan concerned. He had been expecting an attack. But their passage was unhindered. As he felt the thump of the shuttle touching down. The feeling of uneasy seemed to grow. The terrain out there was perfect for a trap. Then again he could be wrong. Maybe the kidnappers did not have the resources. To either mount a space battle or set up sniper positions. Stan readied his Phaser rifle.

More had been correct. It was a trap. A shot rang out and Stan quickly hit the ground. Bringing his Phaser rifles targeting site to his eye. He scanned the area ahead. Whoever the sniper was they were well trained. But so was Stan. He began to look for any tiny signs of movement.

Cade and Ravok went down. Cade began shouting "SNIPER! SNIPER! SNIPER!"

Vespers crawled towards the two keeping low.

"A little cover over here guys please" Vespers said

Stan signalled to Sleeford.

"Don't worry Doc I have yer covered. Go sir," He said

(Reply Sleeford, Foxglove)

~ Och not so clever are yer. Just show me one little twitch. Come on now yer sneaky Sassenach show yourself ~ Stan thought as he covered the Doctors back.

More traced the foliage before them. He thought he thought he saw something. Yes. It was a bird, but something was wrong. The feathered creature seemed to be unwilling. To land on any branches in one area.

"Mr More, some cover over here please."

"Yes Doctor," Stan said as Vespers dragged Cade back to the shuttle area.

Then he saw it a slight movement in the area. With the alarmed bird. More fired two shots. One where he had seen the bushes move. The second a little bit further away. A sniper always had a spotter with them. The bushes before them broke as a body fell out. A second body became visible but did not fall.

With his Phaser rifle covering the foliage before them. Stan moved to Ravok.

"Are yer ok sir?" He asked

(Reply , Ravok)

“ I got them sir. A shooter and their spotter. But sadly one of them kinda fell off the ledge. I know the plan was to bring them back alive.” Stan said.” Doctor is seeing to Cade”

More continued to keep his eye on the area in front.

(Reply , Team Leonardo)

(Posted by:- Norman 🧐)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine SFI Agent, Lt. Commander Tyko Nix -10:18)

"Plenty stand out, plenty blend in, I've seen more life on a morgue ship than some of these quarters. Although, there is a few I wouldn't trust to sharpen my tusks let alone cut my nails. I can tell you the drinks order of most the crew, but if you think your limless muscle is going to pump me youre very mistaken. You'll have to make it a lot harder for me" she scoffed "not that you'd know how"

"Down girl. He's all yours. Not my type anyway. "

Nix laughed. "Sorry to hear that, I can be kind of fun."

"Anyway, I have customers to serve so I shall leave you two alone to talk." As she walked round the bar, past Nix, she whispered, "Good luck."

Nix nodded.

"Now then, you boring waste of a barista. What are your impressions on the senior staff, the department heads. Are they as inept as they say, or do you think they are going to be able to rise to the occasion. Are they going to make the pencil pushing jerks back on Earth look like idiots or geniuses?"

(reply Vulcan)

"Interesting. Any of them seem more interesting than the others. If you're brain is up to the mental challenge that is."

(reply Vulcan)

(reply Vulcan)

(posted by Will)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine –Nurse - CPO – Ewan McDonald- 10:18)

He had been released from Sickbay but was still buzzing from his shift. He needed to go somewhere to calm himself and had been wandering the ship until he found himself standing into the open doorway to Nine and Dine.

~As good a place as any~

He saw a Lieutenant commander at the far end of the bar talking to Cathy and the coffee shop owner. He paused for a moment as he tried to recollect the Tellarite's name.

~ Vulcan, Vulcan Tlurg~

He slowly sat at the far end of the bar looking out at the view of the planet below.

~Well this is a far distance from when you were on the MST. I cannot believe that so much has happened since I left. Well at least it has not been as bad as the Naskia Prime~

He had and his mobile surgical team had been deployed by the SS Wind Rider as the First Responders as part of an Emergency Response Unit deployment. A civil war had developed on Naskia Prime and its moon Endra. It had begun as a small clan skirmish which was not unusual in that part of the border regions. What had been made it explode out of control was the intervention of non-planetary forces falling on the side of the Endra. With the Naskia Prime orbital sensors and defences going offline and the Endrain forces making planet fall the whole system went into vicious all out war. The fighting had been horrific, and the Albatross organisation had been called into help dealing with the unimaginable amount of wounded and injured throughout the system. They had moved two whole sectors of resources to help which was almost unheard of in the organisations history. Ewan and his team had been the closet medical asset and he had been sent ahead to start with the triage and surgery. It had taken six months before he and his team had been released and rotavated. Six months of nonstop surgeries, evacuating patients for surgery catching sleep here and there while chipping away at the tidal wave of wounded and broken people. It had taken its toll and the level of burn out among the teams had been atrocious. For the ones who had been deployed it was an experience that they would never forget and a benchmark that they would hold other deployments next to.

~Well at least its not been that bad~

He pulled himself out of his memories and smiled as he looked at the menu.

“Right then what do I want.”

(Reply any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Torak Ridge - Cultist Brelo Cur - 10:18)

If there was one thing that could be said about Brelo Cur is that he was no fool. He had lined the area with decoys each creating an image of a sniper and spotter to sow confusion. As soon as the

bodies of his emergency sniper holograms hit the floor, he deactivated their mobile emitters and activated that of two more on the other side of the ridge.

This allowed him to remain out of a sight. His decoys weren't meant to fire just produce glares and targets as he moved to a new location.

As he moved silently he received text orders. He was to bring them in alive. He switched his rifle to stun mode and aimed at the over confident one who thought he had taken out the sniper and lined up his shot with his custom sniper rifle. Smiling he pulled the trigger as a stun bolt sailed in More's direction. Then just as quickly as he fired, Cur activated a decoy and moved to a new location.

(Reply More, Leonardo team)

(Posted by Will)

(USS Exeter – Intelligence Department – Analyst – MCPO – Rebecca Faust – 1019)

Rebecca swore loudly to her self as she saw the team suddenly drop. She scrutinized the foliage in front of them as she pushed the resolution up to max and began to run through the different scan cycles. She saw More shoot at an area of foliage on a ledge above them and saw two bodies fall out.

“Got them.”

~There has to be more~

She moved the sensors to the area ahead of the team and began to examine intently.

~Come on, come on~

She moved through sensors setting scanning and then discarding as fast as her enhanced mind could process the data. Then suddenly something appeared it was a faint fuzzy outline of a blob that was humanoid size. She stared at it for a few seconds as she refined the image.

~Got you~

She tapped her comm badge. This was information that she would have passed to Foxglove but she was on the team and she wanted to get permission before she opened comms to the away team.

“Intelligence to Bridge.”

(Reply Bridge)

“Sir this is Master Chief Faust down in Intelligence. I have been scanning the are ahead of the Leonardo away team and have picked up three objects which I believe are three humanoids concealing themselves for another ambush, permission to communicate with the away team?”

(Reply Bridge)

(Reply Bridge, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine – Nurse – CPO – Ewan McDonald- 10:20)

"I highly recommend the steak sandwich. "

Ewan looked up startled and saw that Caity had moved from the far end of the bar and was standing beside him.

“Ow um sorry. I did not see you there.”

"Comes with a side order of fries."

He paused for a moment thinking about what she had said and realised that he was hungrier than he had thought he was.

~Better now than something from my quarters~

“That would be great thanks and what drink do you recommend that is non-alcoholic as I am still on duty.”

(Reply Dubois)

(Reply Dubois, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - Tac/Sec Ens. Stan More - 10:21)

Somone was watching over Stan. Either that or More's would be killer was a bad shot.

" STAN GET DOWN. " Ravok hollered as a phaser blast hurled toward Ensign More.

Stan threw himself backwards as the force of the exploding bolt of plasma. Hit the ground before his feet. Lifting his boots into the air. He tucked in his arms as he fell backward. Holding his Phaser rifle to his chest. Something squelched as he hit the ground. Well some people said it was lucky.

Stan lay there for a moment thinking. He was not injured but he had landed. In some animal faeces meaning. That any sniper could now easily smell him. That cut down his effective stealth capability.

Vesper ran over to Stan "you ok? You're not gonna make me perform emergency surgery under a rain of plasma are you?" He asked Stan

“ Just a wee bit winded Doc.” Stan said.

(Reply , Vesper)

“ That’s not me I landed in something.” Stan told him.

Another rain of Plasma bolts landed around them. He could see a possible target area ahead. Laying perfectly still he spoke.

“ Doc just up ahead there is a ledge. It’s protected by a rock. I think there is a possible shooter behind it. They may think I am dead. You need to keep your head down. They could be targeting you. In a moment I want you to roll to my left. Then I’ll shoot them. After three.....one.....two.....” Stan began.

(Reply , Team Leonardo)

(Posted by:- Norman 🐼)

(USS Exeter - Nine and Dine - Coffee Shop manager Civilian Vulcan Tlurg-10:21)

Now Vulcan and Nix were alone he suddenly seemed to start insulting her.

"Now then, you boring waste of a barista. What are your impressions on the senior staff, the department heads. Are they as inept as they say, or do you think they are going to be able to rise to the occasion. Are they going to make the pencil pushing jerks back on Earth look like idiots or geniuses?"

"Is that all you seriously have? Ive got fleas that bite better than you, human. But since you ask nicely, a few of the command team are...shall we say...weaker than the dishwater served in here." Vulcan laughed running her hand slightly across to Nix.

"Interesting. Any of them seem more interesting than the others. If you're brain is up to the mental challenge that is."

"Don't bore me" she snapped pulling her hand back "I told you, you need to work harder if you want info from me, but suffice to say the Captain has a weak spot for the Brackens, he even married one" Vulcan laughed a fully belly laugh.

"I've been in hospitality long enough to know when someone is trying to get dirt. Work your magic on her, you're getting nothing from me." Vulcan stood and walked out of the room winking at Caity as she left.

(reply Nix, Caity, any)

(posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Torak Ridge - Cultist Brelo Cur - 10:22)

The ensign he had fired on had managed to to dodge his shot, but Cur was unfettered. Activating another decoy in his old location, he set up in a new one and readied himself. He took aim and decided to fire at one of the other officers. This one seemed to walk with a bit of a limp, as if he already had a damaged left.

~Perfect. He wont be able to dodge like the others.~

Cur took aim and began to target a spot on Sleeford's chest. Had he put his hearing aids back in he would have heard the local rodent appracohing him. As it crawled onto the back of Cur's leg from his prostrate position it statrtled him just enough that it changed his aim and he accidentally changed the setting on his sniper rifle from stun to a lower yet dangerous level. Not enough to kill a man outright if not shot in a strategic location, but enough to do massive damage. And damage he did. As the shot fired from the rifle it Sleeford square at the knee cap of his bad leg, blowing the everything from the knee down clear off.

~Well shoot.~ Cur thought to himself as he did his best to scurry from the location, but in the sheer brutality of it all, he forgot to activate a decoy.

(reply Sleeford, and Leonardo team)
(posted by Will

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CMO Ens Gabe Vespers - 10:23)

“ Just a wee bit winded Doc.” Stan said.

"Stay still I need to see what this is" Gabe scanned the man.

“ That’s not me I landed in something.” Stan told him.

As the pair spoke another volley landed. Gabe hit the ground dust flying he felt rubble in his mouth and he spat the dust out and grabbed his rifle.

“ Doc just up ahead there is a ledge. It’s protected by a rock. I think there is a possible shooter behind it. They may think I am dead. You need to keep your head down. They could be targeting you. In a moment I want you to roll to my left. Then I’ll shoot them. After three.....one.....two.....” Stan began.

Before Stan could finish there was another volley and Gabe heard the blood curdling yell come from Paul.

"For the love of anything ENOUGH IS ENOUGH YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A PEOPLE OF PEACE!" Gabe yelled towards the ridge, as he ran across to Paul he fired shot after shot at the two locations he had noted, his shot may have been off but it was the principal, there had been enough death, enough hurt.

Arriving at Sleeford Gabe fired off another five shots unsure really where they landed. Throwing his rifle down he pulled out his tricorder what he saw didn't phase him, he had seen enough battlefield trauma in his time

"Paul, Paul I need you to look at me, focus on me ok. Do you hear me?"

(Reply Sleeford)

"Ensign Sleeford, look at me and me only, focus on what I'm saying and doing. Do you understand?"

(Reply Sleeford)

"Ok, you've been hit and I need you to hold this, I need you to cover me whilst I work on you. Do you get me?" Gabe said handing the man the aide arm, he deactivated it incase Paul tried to shoot himself.

(Reply Sleeford)

Looking around Gabe called "Ms Foxglove, some cover please."

(Reply Foxglove)

"Ok Paul you're going to blackout, you've lost a lot of blood and I need to stop it. I don't have what I need here with me so I need to do this ok? Do you understand and do you agree?"

Gabe held the man's hand hard waiting for the reply trying to think what he had in the small medkit.

(Reply Sleeford)

(Reply Sleeford, Foxglove, Ravok, More)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford 10:25)

Sleeford stood made his way to the front of the shuttle, banging his knee as he rose, swearing slightly he limped his way forward.

~When this is over i'm going to have to see the doc about gettin this sorted

Taking a step forward Sleeford felt his left leg buckle under him and a pain that felt like an elephant had just sat on his knee. Dropping down to the deck Sleeford made the mistake of looking at his leg, the pumping blood took a couple of seconds to register as the pain ramped up

to 15 very quickly. Laying on his back he let out a scream that would curdle the blood of a corpse.

Laying there Sleeford felt the temperature drop slightly as a shadow fell over him. Screwing his eyes tight against the pain, Sleeford scrambled around for his rifle, he wasn't going to lay there and let the SOB who'd shot him get away freely.

"Paul, Paul I need you to look at me, focus on me ok. Do you hear me?"

Gritting his teeth Sleeford sword and tried to sit up, snapping open his eyes he scanned the ridge for his attacker.

"Ensign Sleeford, look at me and me only, focus on what I'm saying and doing. Do you understand?"

Taking a deep breath as the voice of the doctor filtered through the white hot pain. Turning his head to face him Sleeford nodded as the sweat ran down his face and neck.

"Ok, you've been hit and I need you to hold this, I need you to cover me whilst I work on you. Do you get me?" Gabe said handing the man the aide arm, he deactivated it in case Paul tried to shoot himself.

Taking the weapon Sleeford looked at it for a couple of seconds trying to figure out what was wrong, looking at the settings, then at the doctor he laughed.

"Worried I'd commit suicide Doc, no chance"

(Reply Vespers)

Laying there Sleeford turned to his left and fired up into the rocks, not hoping to hit anything, he just felt the need to do something, hearing the doctor call for assistance Sleeford slumped back onto the ground feeling tired and weak, the overriding need to go to sleep was crawling over his brain.

"Ok Paul you're going to blackout, you've lost a lot of blood and I need to stop it. I don't have what I need here with me so I need to do this ok? Do you understand and do you agree?"

As the voice of Vespers came from a long way off, Sleeford blinked and nodded. Opening his mouth he spoke in a quite croak.

"Do what you have to....."

Laying on his back Sleeford saw the sky close to a pinprick of light as he drifted away, Smiling as the smell of pigs assaulted his nostrils.

(Reply Vespers)

Posted by Alistair)

(USS Exeter –Bridge - CO, Lt. Commander Trip Williams - 10:25)

=^=Intelligence to Bridge.^=

"This is the captain go ahead." Trip replied answering the message.

=^=Sir this is Master Chief Faust down in Intelligence. I have been scanning the are ahead of the Leonardo away team and have picked up three objects which I believe are three humanoids concealing themselves for another ambush, permission to communicate with the away team?^=

"Permission granted Master Chief, but only via text based message. We don't want a hail to alert the enemy to the fact that we know where they are. Ravok's smart enough to turn this to his advantage."

(reply Faust)

"Master Chief, what about the Michelangelo. Seems they had some power fluctuations, do you have any status updates on them?"

(reply Faust)

(reply Faust, any)

(posted by Will)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - CMO - Ens Gabe Vespers - 10:27)

.

"Worried I'd commit suicide Doc, no chance" Sleaford said through the mounting pain

"Something like that Paul" Gabe laughed a small laugh to get through the moment. He loaded the hypo and pulled out the small medical tool.

"Ok Paul you're going to blackout, you've lost a lot of blood and I need to stop it. I don't have what I need here with me so I need to do this ok? Do you understand and do you agree?"

"Do what you have to....." Paul replied clearly succumbed to the pain.

Gabe pressed the hypo into the man's neck and loaded a second as the security officer faded away.

Grabbing his phaser back Gabe moved, he had nothing to pack the wound, nothing to stop an infection and nothing more to stop the pain. He fired a low beam at the stump to try and stop the bleeding and save what he could. Moving round again he placed Paul's head into his lap.

"Lt Ravok, we need to get Paul back to the ship, I would suggest he and Ensign Blackwell leave now using the shuttle, if we don't get him back now he's going to die, I've tried to stop the blood loss but his leg is gone. They can extract us later, but he needs to go now.

(Reply Ravok)

"I'll be damned if I'm leaving as none of you are medics and there's a whole ship of medics up there."

(Reply Sleeford, Ravok, Foxglove, More, any)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok- 10:28)

Ravok watched Sleeford get taken down with a brutal hit to the leg . More just dodged a shot and Sleeford just got hit.

" Favdt uy Favdt uy" Ravok yelled in Romulan. He jumped up and ran towards the shuttle and slid across the ground. Blood was everywhere.

"Lt Ravok, we need to get Paul back to the ship, I would suggest he and Ensign Blackwell leave now using the shuttle, if we don't get him back now he's going to die, I've tried to stop the blood loss but his leg is gone. They can extract us later, but he needs to go now. "

" Doctor ,you can't leave him unattended. " Ravok said.

"I'll be damned if I'm leaving as none of you are medics and there's a whole ship of medics up there." Gabe replied.

Ravok knew there was no way he was going to get gabe off this rock without a fight. Ailynn was one of Ravok's friends, but this man was her brother. Ravok nodded his head. " Blackwell! " He yelled signaling to him.

(reply Blackwell)

" Activate the EMH and pilot the shuttle back to the Exeter Now" He ordered.

(reply Blackwell.)

" Help me lift him." Ravok said to Vespers and Blackwell.

(reply vespers and blackwell)

" FOXGLOVE , GET RID OF THAT DAMNED SNIPER NOW! " He roared at her. As they lifted Sleeford into the shuttle.

(reply Foxglove)

(Reply blackwell, Vespers, foxglove.)

(posted by Rob Davis)

(USS Exeter –Intelligence Department – Analyst – MCPO – Rebecca Faust - 10:28)

=^=Permission granted Master Chief, but only via text based message. We don't want a hail to alert the enemy to the fact that we know where they are. Ravok's smart enough to turn this to his advantage=^=

“Yes Captain.”

=^=Master Chief, what about the Michelangelo. Seems they had some power fluctuations, do you have any status updates on them?=^=

She glanced again at the information on her screen.

“Sir. They had some problems on descent to the planet which seemed to be resolved before they touched down. They have landed half a kilometer from their target point and look like they are in the process of deploying the team. I will keep an eye on the terrain along their insertion route.”

(Reply Trip)

She moved back to the Leonardo's away team. They were still being targeted by the enemy and she saw that the contacts that she had seen before were moving into flanking positions if the team got through. She activated the text function on the console.

Lieutenant Ravok this is Master Chief Faust. I have three contacts in cover ahead of your team. I am sending you the coordinates and will keep you up dated if they move.

She tagged the sensor data in with the file and sent it to Ravok's tactical display.

~I hope this works~

(Reply Trip, Ravok any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(New Caledonia - Sleeford's farm- Pigsty -ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford 16: 10:30)

Sleeford lay in the pigsty, looking up at a clear blue sky, the warm sun beating down, covering him in sweat, for some reason his mother was cooking dinner way too early and by the smell of things had burnt the pork. Sitting up Sleeford took a deep breath and watched as the clouds seemed to hang in the sky, not moving despite the cooling breeze. Reaching down to scratch his left ankle Sleeford stood and walked slowly towards the fence. Watching the hills behind the farm he found they seemed strange, a vivid green colour, with purple ridges, frowning Sleeford rubbed his throbbing knee and lent against the fence for support, blinking he found the hills moved left to right.

Standing there watching the hills Sleeford heard footsteps behind him, glancing over his shoulder he smiled as his great grandfather approached with two mugs of coffee. Taking a mug he

moved over to allow the old mad room to stand next to him. Taking a sip of the hot drink he waited for the old man to speak. After a time the old man turned to him and shook his head.

"Well you got youself in a large hole this time boi, seems to me that you got hurt real bad"

Sleeford looked across at the old man and shrugged his shoulders turning back to the hills.

"Its my job, i'm security. I'm there to protect and to take fire if necessary"

Snorting the old man laughed, "An my arse in my heart, I've not heard so much shit sin your pa promised to look afta your ma at their hitchin and that turn out well, didn it boi"

Remembering his real fathers violent outbursts as his business failed made Sleeford feel ashamed, "So why are you here, other then to chastise me for some perceived failings"

Snorting the old man stared into Sleefords eyes, "Failings, boi you knos diddly shit, you've been shot, badly, you know that, well yozz hase a choice now. A simple one, you live or you die an i'm sur that your young KLingon lady would like to see ya live"

Frowning Sleeford tried to recall a Klingon lady, most of the crew were Bajorian, either fully, hla or quarter, a couple of Vulcans, a Romulan but no female Kilingons. Shaking his head as the crazy old man smiled at him.

"Well its your choice boi, i canna make it for yea, if you gonna live , do it, but remember this, your leg is gone, your days as security are over, you anint gonna runn after shit peg leg. "

Laughing at the joke the old man faded from sight and Sleeford felt a pain in his left leg that he'd never felt before, the smell of badly cooked meat assaulted his nostrils. Gripping the fence Sleeford felt his left leg buckle under him as he faded into unconsciousness.

(Replies none)

(Posted by Alistair)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CIO/3O Lieutenant Jaelle Foxglove 10:31)

Jaelle rode the sensors on the way down to the surface. From activity on the surface it was clear the Exeter was expected. From initial estimates the forward base with the saber crews put the personnel strength near 200 souls. Normally an forward base of operation will normally only need a fraction of the total personnel of any origination maybe 20 to 25 percent of the whole, and that was a high end estimate. Going off those estimates, there should be near another 800 to 1000 personnel. Now not all of those would be combatants but enough to over run the away team.

No sooner than they landed and exited the shuttle that the small team came under fire. As sniper fire rained down on their position. Ravok was the first targeted. But as the sniper's shot missed the sniper shifted targets to another in the team. It was apparent that he was keeping himself mobile from the different vectors the beams were being fired from.

Jaelle had been the last to have exited the shuttle. She broke to the right as soon as she heard the screams and sounds of battle. She watched as an angry beam pieced Steelford's leg and sent him to the ground.

"Get out of the clearing," she yelled taking control of the situation. "Find cover, look for the light off the targeting sight and return fire." She raised her phaser knowing that the team had the clear the kill zone, Jaelle knew more or less the snipers job was to sow confusion, take out their leadership, and wound the members of the team to decrease the away teams combat effectiveness.

She waited covering Steelford and the doctor, waiting for the next beam to break into the landing zone. Quickly her mind tactically assessed the situation from triangulating the shot already taken to try to predict from where she might see the glow from his targeting lazer.

It was a risk, Jaelle knew for if the sniper kept to his modis operandi it was likely she could be his next target. 'If I was him where would I shoot at me from.' She thought as she scanned the rigline.

There is was a slight faint red glow. She matched the sight with locking onto the sight. The last he would see was the red of her crimson eyes. She pressed the actuator on her phaser rifle as a beam hissed through the air toward their assailant.

(Reply away team)

(posted by Matthew Locke)

(Shuttlecraft Leonardo- Cockpit - Tactical Officer, Ensign SG Cade Blackwell -10:32)

" Blackwell! "

"Yes sir," Cade said as he looked at Ravok. Cade was sitting inside the shuttle nursing his shoulder, feeling useless as he couldn't contribute to the fight.

" Activate the EMH and pilot the shuttle back to the Exeter Now" He ordered.

"Yes sir," Cade hung his head down, he hated he was leaving the mission. His first away mission as a member of the Exeter crew and he'd have to leave early. But he was no good with his shoulder busted. At least he could say he got it saving Ravok's life.

" Help me lift him." Ravok said to Vespers and Blackwell.

Cade nodded and helped the best he could. While the CMO activated the EMH Cade went to the shuttle controls and activated them as quickly as he could. Taking off as soon as Ravok and Gabe were clear he zoomed off into the atmosphere moving as quickly and safely as he could. The Exeter temporarily lowered her shields as soon as the Leonardo was clear of any interference.

"Attention sickbay, beaming Ensign Sleeford directly to you. Acknowledge upon successful transport."

(reply sickbay)

"Thanks. Take care of him. Man took a hell of a shot. Shuttle Leonardo out."

As soon as Sleeford was safely in sickbay, the Exeter's shield were raised again. Cade continued his course to the shuttlebay. He contemplated returning back to the fight, but he had his orders, and he knew he needed to get his shoulder taken care of, or hed be of no use to anyone.

(reply sickbay, any)

(posted by Will)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Torak Ridge - Cultist Brelo Cur - 10:33)

Cur knew as soon as the shot was fired that it was over. His life on this temporal plane would be shortly coming to an end. He knew that is journey would end. As he looked into the red eyes of his killer he smiled. Damn if he was going to die without leaving carnage in his wake. He was prepared to die, for the mission, the cause, and the pah wraiths. In the mere instant that he died, that his heart stopped beating, coinciding with the taking off of the shuttle a dead man switch tied to the literal beating of his heart set off a bomb inside his chest cavity, blowing him to bits, but causing the piece of the ridge he was on to collapse and cut off the exit out of the clearing. The enemy would be able to make climb over the rubble sure, but at least with Cur's dying breath he knew they'd be slowed down, hopefully long enough for his brothers and sisters to get into position. His dying thoughts, his last words, a simple whisper. "The Flames of Purity will never be extinguished.

The rubble collapsed, the exit out of the clearing now a large hill to climb, there was nothing left of the man known as Brelo Cur.

(reply away team)
(posted by Will)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Shuttle Leonardo - aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok- 10:33)

Ravok looked at Vespers who was covered in blood and dust . Vesper grabbed his rifle with the fire of a warrior's heart in eyes.

"Now can we get the bastards?" Gabe asked.

Ravok grabbed a phaser rifle. " Let's get em " He replied, storming out of the shuttle.

(USS Exeter- Sickbay - Nurse Silvine-10:35)

Silvine had finished her morning coffee and just walked into the room when the comms chirped.

=^= Attention sickbay, beaming Ensign Sleaford directly to you. Acknowledge upon successful transport.=^=

"Understood shuttle, ready to transport to surgery" she said looking down as the transfer information came in.

=^=Thanks. Take care of him. Man took a hell of a shot. Shuttle Leonardo out.=^=

"Computer defer transport to surgical ward and prep for emergency medical services" she called grabbing the tricorder near her and walking to the large bay at the end.

"Acknowledged" the computer chirped.

The silent man appeared and two other nurses came to the table. "Silvine to Shuttle, we have the patient"

(Reply Blackwell iyw)

Looking down Silvine ran the tricorder over him she tapped a few buttons and saw the extent of the damage.

"Sickbay to Dr Ovo, please report, we have wounded coming from the planet."

=^= on my way ^=^=

Silvine looked up "we need to stop the blood loss and manage the pain, keep him comatosed until Ovo gets here, clean the wound and prep for surgery."

The nurses nodded and got to work removing the blooded clothing and unpacking the wound. Silvine walked round checking stats.

(Reply any who want to play)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok- 10:35)

Ravok exited the shuttle, his weapon ready. An explosion went off on the ridge. Rocks fell and blocked the path toward Bracken's position. " Damn it". He said. Suddenly phaser fire came from the tree line 6 meters away. Ravok turned and took aim. 9 armed men came running out of the treeline toward them.

(respond away team)

Ravok charged at them, firing with the others. He dropped one of them to the ground but a second one ran right up to him, Ravok took his rifle and swung it like a baseball player swinging a bat, breaking it across his face. Ravok quickly discarded the rifle and unholstered his handheld phaser and shot another one right in the chest.

(respond to attackers, away team.)

After the fighting concluded, they were victorious in this small victory. Ravok looked at the ridge, their path towards Bracken. " Let's go" He ordered. As he headed toward the collapsed rubble from the explosion.

Nrpg: moving us to the climb.

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CIO/3O Lieutenant Jaelle Foxglove 10:36)

The rest of the team retreated back into the shuttle as Ravok tasked Jaelle to put an end to the sniper. It was clear she hit her mark as the ridge burst into smoke and debris collapsing the exit to the valley. She moved out of the clearing and into the wood line, circling the shuttle she hunted any that would dare harm the away team. Slowly she drew one of her tonfa's that rested at her side. She saw movement as three more terrorists moved through the woods toward the shuttle.

She moved as a shadow through the woods closing the distance between herself and the attackers. Her silver hair, the shining of the sun breaking through the trees. The closest to her sensing the movement turned toward Jaelle and lowered his weapon, and scanned the terrain. Jaelle stilled herself keeping herself low. His weapon passed over her position before he turned to take up his ambush position behind a tree to attack the away team when they exited the shuttle again.

She moved like a bolt of lightning breaking her covering the distance closed before her as she brought her blade into the lower leg of the terrorist before her. He screamed as the blade sunk deep, slicing the tendons needed to stand the terrorist fell to the ground in agony.

Wasting no time she moved to the next attacker. The other two turned toward her raising their weapons toward Jaelle. However Jaelle was quicker, and her phaser operated as an extension of her body. She lined her shot and fired dropping the second.

The third fired an beam of hatred passed the space she had just purchased. The air hissed, as the smell of ozone and super heated plasma filled the air. Jaelle had to hit the ground to avoid the beam. She entered a roll toward the third terrorist. She exit her roll a throwing knife in hand she let the knife fly as Jaelle found her feet. The knife sailed true striking the weapon of the terrorist. Sending her next shot wide. It was enough for Jaelle to close the distance. Her small size became a force that slammed into the terrorist, she rolled her body, extending her upon palmed hand under her foes chin Jaelle struck with out mercy. She sent the terrorist flying her arm reaching full extension. The terrorist hit the ground hard bounced then lied still.

(Reply away team)

(Posted by Matthew Locke)

(USS Exeter - Sickbay - ACTO Ensign Paul Sleeford 10:36)

Sleeford stood at the bottom of the bed and watched as the nurses began to cut the bloodied trousers off, walking through the closest nurse Sleeford bent and peered at the wound, seeing the ragged edge where the phaser bolt has sheared through skin, muscle and bone below the left knee.

"Well Gab, you did a grand job of sealing that off. It could have been a lot worse."

Watching as the rest of the uniform was removed and he lay there naked, Sleeford saw some of the smaller, older scars on his body, he'd been in the wars during his career that was certain.

Walking through the bed Sleeford stood at the head and watched as the doctors arrived and began to assess the wound, as they began to cut through the skin he looked down at the pale face of himself, shaking his head he turned back to watching as the medical team removed the left leg just above the knee.

Looking back down he smiled, "Well bang goes the career in security, you'll have to ask dad if he can make you a wooden peg leg. ", Laughing, " At least you can use it to beat the old mad bull into submission"

Seeing the skin pale further and the lips slowly going blue Sleeford turned and looked at the overbed monitor, as the lines slowly lowered and the beeps went quieter, as he watched the doctors and nurses work on his Sleeford felt a great sense of calm, a peacefulness he'd never know before.

(Replies Medical IYW)

(Posted by Alistair)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CIO/3O Lieutenant Jaelle Foxglove 10:37)

Phaser fire exploded around her as nine more assailants broke cover and came into the clearing. It was shortly followed by the wacry of an angry Romulan as Ravok broke out from the rear of the shuttle and broke the face of the attacker closest to him and continued the attack.

Jaelle drew her other tonfa and turned toward the onslaught with a bound she rounded the shuttle and began to close. Ravok was the closest target and held the agro, holding the attention of the seven remaining attackers. The terrorist closed, only realizing that Jaelle was there after she was already upon them. Three were clustered together, and when Jaelle moved only the light shining off her blades could tell of the speed of the attack, and the brutal efficiency of which she disarmed her foes. She stood among them as their bodies fell away from her.

She took stock of the battle the rest of the away team was cleaning up the remaining terrorist. She sighed as she glance over her body and made her way out of the clearing.

Glancing over at the doctor. Seeing concern on his face. "Its not mine." She answered calmly, as she moved toward the center of the explosion sight.

(Runabout Broken Bow – Command Compartment - StratOPS Ensign SG Billy Alexander - 1045)

“If you see anything callout and I’ll take us over to investigate. If it’s useful we can transport it into the back for storage.”

"We'll want to be thorough, because they've been known to rig escape pods as bombs, so we probably don't want to open anything until we're closer to the exeter just in case. We'll also need to handle most of this by a visual search pattern, the sensor reflective hulls will make it nearly impossible to penetrate the escape pod, so whatever might be inside, whether it be a person, or precious cargo, will be hard to find. I recommend using search Pattern, Riker Epsilon 3, gives us the most search radius in the shortest amount of time. Otherwise we could be out here for hours. All of you should have a visual representation of a Bajoran Interceptor's escape pod at your consoles."

“Okay let’s go and see what we can find.”

After time went by Billy began updating the search pattern as they went and kept track of where they had covered, breaking the area into a grid, and marking places they had been with an x.

“Looks like we found something.” Ire exclaimed as he He maneuvered the Runabout towards the closest object.

“Can you tell what it is. Can we get a clearer resolution?”

"Based on the image i'm seeing it looks like three escape pods linked together. Standard maneuver to gain more oxygen and link groups together." Billy replied.

(reply page, brown iyw)

“Well that’s definitely not the genesis device. Can we see if there is any one inside with tripping some kind of trap?”

"Unfortunately no, noth with the sensor reflective hull. We could do a space walk and try and see if we can't remove enough of the hull plating to see if we can't give ourselves a window to peak inside. But it's risky."

(reply Ire, Page, Brown)

"We should only open it if we're sure, but we could tow it back to the Exeter and see if we have more luck with her systems, but at the same time, there is a risk in tractoring it back as we don't know wjhat might happen when we activate the tractor beam. Perhaps the spacewalk might be the safer bet. Then we could scan better inside and beam out what the need to beam out. But as long as the hull is reflecting our sensors, we wont know what's in there to get a lock."

Billy paused, "What do the rest of you think?"

(reply Ire, Page, Brown)

(reply Ire, Page, Brown)

(posted by Will)

(Runabout Broken Bow - SPC Ensign Rylee Page -1047)

"Based on the image i'm seeing it looks like three escape pods linked together. Standard maneuver to gain more oxygen and link groups together." Billy replied.

Rylee looked at the image and nodded, "I agree. Seems definitely the most likely assumption."

“Well that’s definitely not the genesis device. Can we see if there is any one inside with tripping some kind of trap?” Ire added

"Unfortunately no, not with the sensor reflective hull. We could do a space walk and try and see if we can't remove enough of the hull plating to see if we can't give ourselves a window to peak inside. But it's risky."

Looking at the others for a brief moment, Rylee sighed. ~Here we go.~ she thought to herself.

"We should only open it if we're sure, but we could tow it back to the Exeter and see if we have more luck with her systems, but at the same time, there is a risk in tractoring it back as we don't know what might happen when we activate the tractor beam. Perhaps the spacewalk might be the safer bet. Then we could scan better inside and beam out what the need to beam out. But as long as the hull is reflecting our sensors, we won't know what's in there to get a lock."

Billy paused, "What do the rest of you think?"

"A space walk seems like the best option." Rylee stated.

(Reply Ire, Billy, Brown)

"I'll do it."

(Reply Ire, Billy, Brown)

"Well, i'm the most logical option. Lieutenant Willams is our pilot, Master Chief Brown is our ops and Ensign Alexander can tell me what i need to do. It's me. I'll go."

(Reply Ire, Billy, Brown)

"Spacewalks are easy. Well, they're not but as i said, I'm the spare wheel here. You three need to be here. I'll go. Ambassador Spock had it right. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few or the one.

I can do this. Just point me in the right direction, stick a suit on me and let me go to work."

(Reply Ire, Billy, Brown)

(Reply Any on shuttle)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Runabout Broken Bow - OPS - MCPO Janey Brown -1050)

Janey listened as the conversation flowed reminding her of better days, silently she allowed her brain to work.

Billy paused, "What do the rest of you think?"

"A space walk seems like the best option." Rylee stated.

"Hmm" Janey vocalised unsure if it was the best situation given the impending threat of attack.

"I'll do it." Rylee said. Raising an eyebrow Janey looked up wondering how this was going to play out.

(Reply Ire, Billy)

"Well, i'm the most logical option. Lieutenant Willams is our pilot, Master Chief Brown is our ops and Ensign Alexander can tell me what i need to do. It's me. I'll go."

"This isn't going to be easy..." Janey finally said but was cut off.

"Spacewalks are easy. Well, they're not but as i said, I'm the spare wheel here. You three need to be here. I'll go. Ambassador Spock had it right. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few or the one.

I can do this. Just point me in the right direction, stick a suit on me and let me go to work."

Janey spun in her chair "sorry you didn't let me finish. Firstly, Spock was referring to self sacrifice in the eyes of impending doom, for the analogy to work the weight of the argument would be on leaving whoever is over there, in there. We don't know if it's a trap, we know the cult has a history of using escape pods as bombs and relying on the good intentions of others. We don't know that by standing on the pod you wouldn't trigger an explosion that would kill all of us, no offence, I'm alive and I very much intend to remain so. The ships sensors might not work but a tricorder with a narrow band, close enough would be able to determine what's inside. Or more to the point the chemical makeup of what's inside"

Janey shifted in her seat a little.

"I propose we fly the shuttle within one meter of the pods window. Open our ramp but keep the aft compartments of the shuttle sealed with forcefields to protect us from space. It sounds like Ensign Rylee has already volunteered to be sacrificed, she could suit up with the mag boots clamped to the ramp and with the adapted tricorder scan to check for known explosives, whilst also looking in the window. If there's noone in there we move on, if there's no explosives we open it up. This way, if any surprise attacks from cloaked ships happen or we trigger any countdown, we have enough time to get clear. Of course, our shields will need to be down for it to work." Janey looked

"But what do I know, I only have 30 years experience in shuttle design and operations." Janey grinned "today is definitely not a good day to die"

(Reply Ire, Billy, Rylee)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge Exit - aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok- 10:53)

Approaching the rubble, Ravok looked at Ensign More. " Well Ensign I hope you were your climbing boots, any of you ever climb before? " He asked them as he looked up the slope in front of them. The climb was about 40 meters up at roughly about a 60 degree incline.

(reply More , reply foxglove , reply Vespers)

(reply away team to attackers)

(Reply More, Reply Foxglove, Reply Vespers)

(posted by Rob Davis)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - Tac/Sec Ens. Stan More - 10:54)

The Doctors shout had destroyed any hope of a clean shot. As the shooter would see that Stan was not dead just smelly. However when Sleeford was hit in the leg. Stan had no choice as the Doc hurried away. To tend to their friend but continue his roll. Away from danger towards a half sank boulder , as shots rang out on both sides. Were once again laying flat More looked through his scope. But for now their attackers had stopped shooting at them.

Stan joined the others. He asked after his friend Sleeford. What he heard made the inner beast. That Stan had been keeping caged. Wish to burst out set his Phaser rifle to kill. Then wipe the people out who had badly hurt his friend. But his promise to Trip held it fast. After hunkering down for a second and taking a deep breath. He stood up.

Approaching the rubble, Ravok looked at Ensign More. " Well Ensign I hope you were your climbing boots, any of you ever climb before? " He asked them as he looked up the slope in front of them. The climb was about 40 meters up at roughly about a 60 degree incline.

“ Since I was a wee bairn” Stan said. Which was true. Stan and his friends often went rock climbing. His ex often went with them. If Stan had known then what she would do to him in the future. He would of cut her rope.

(reply foxglove , reply Vespers)

“ I dinna like this though,” Stan said looking at the terrain they would be travelling over.

(Reply Foxglove , Vespers , Ravok)

“ We are going to be to exposed. Plus the angle will make it impossible to see. Any snipers hiding in those wee alcoves. Unless..... we set up our tricorders. To give us a silent warning when danger is near.” He suggested.

(Reply Foxglove , Vespers , Ravok)

(Posted by:- Norman 🐼)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CIO/3O Lieutenant Jaelle Foxglove 10:55)

She looked over the best way to get though the rubble.

She looked at Ravok. "We can try to climb over it, or we can use the phasers on the shuttle to blow our way past. It's not like they don't know we're coming."

(Reply Ravok)

She shrugged, "Its your call, you got the lead."

(Reply away team)

(Posted by Matthew Locke)

(Runabout Broken Bow – CFO – Lieutenant – Ire Williams -1059)

"But what do I know, I only have 30 years experience in shuttle design and operations."

"today is definitely not a good day to die"

Ire looked at Brown.

“No it is defiantly not.”

~Your decision this is why you are the boss of the flight. Isn't it wonderful~

He looked at the others as he made up his mind.

~Dammed if I do Dammed if I don't~

“Okay we'll do it. Rylee get suited up.”

(Reply Page)

“Billy, You will be her back up eyes in case there is something untoward over there. I'll position the us to give you the best view of the escape pods with the visual sensors.

(Reply Alexander)

“Chief Brown I want you working the transporters. If we do find someone in there I want you to transport them to the pad make sure the proper protocols are in place as I don't want any weapons or explosives coming on board with them.”

(Reply Brown)

He looked over at the small airlock, main hatch on the right side of the runabout past the science console.

~It's going to be a squeeze but she will be okay~

As the others got themselves ready, he fired the maneuvering thrusters rotating the runabout so that it approached the escape pods vertically with the pods horizontal to them. It was the safest approach due to their different sizes and it also gave Page the shortest distance to transverse if need be. With a last few gentle firing of the thrusters the Runabout was in position. He looked back at the others and nodded to Page.

“Rylee we are in position. I am correcting for the slow spin of the pods and we are about a meter to a meter and a half away. If any thing seems off come back and I'll move us away.”

(Reply Page)

“Okay let’s be about it.”

He turned back concentrating as he made minor corrections to their movement to keep the runabout as steady as possible. He saw the outer hatch icon blink green as the airlock finished its cycle and Page opened the outer hatch.

“How’s it looking Page”

(Reply Page)

A few more pushes with the thrusters moved them closer.

“Billy anything untoward from your side?”

(Reply Alexander)

“Chief Brown ready on your end?”

(Reply Brown)

~Relax I’m stop micromanaging. They know what they are doing~

He needed to show that he trusted the people he was working with and let them know that he was not peering over their shoulders all the time.

His fingers moved over the console to perform another minor correction to keep them in place.

~Okay, we are doing okay~

The Runabout slammed sideways with out warning the alarms screamed as the fought to get the runabout stable.

~What the hell~

“Chief if there is any one inside the pods transport them now or they will die of exposure.”

(Reply Brown)

“Billy where is Rylee, is she still attached to the hull?”

(Reply Billy)

(Reply Alexander, Brown, Page, any)

(Posted by Robbie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - CMO Ens Gabe Vespers - 1100)

Following Rovok out the shuttle Gabe took the rear allowing the more able to the front, his legs were hurting a little after hitting the ground so much.

As the group were attacked Gabe saw Ravok take two out, he dropped to his knees and let loose a few volleys seeing a female Bajorn hit the deck Gabe felt some of his anger pass, he just wanted to get to Ailynn.

As the moment passed the four officers met at the bottom of the ridge.

" Well Ensign I hope you were your climbing boots, any of you ever climb before? " Ravok asked. Gabe looked up

“ Since I was a wee bairn” Stan said. "I dinna like this though,”

"Not since the academy, but today is as good as any I guess." Gabe called getting the gear out of the bag and passing it around.

(Reply Foxglove, More , Ravok)

“ We are going to be to exposed. Plus the angle will make it impossible to see. Any snipers hiding in those wee alcoves. Unless..... we set up our tricorders. To give us a silent warning when danger is near.” Stan suggested.

"Well, as my scans showed there weren't anymore snipers up there, I think the fear of attack is from below, we could set tricorders to full range biological scan. Two go up first with the other two taking point from here, then switch over with point from the team at the top"

(Reply Foxglove, Ravok, More)

(Posted by Mat)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - outside power supply building - CSO Lt JG Erin Cortez - 1102)

After picking up their kits, weapons that had been insisted on and figuring out the location of the back up generator, the team had made the twenty minute walk with no surprises.

The walk itself hadn't been that bad despite the slight climb they had had to make for which Erin had been glad she had lived close to the mountains in Santiago.

Now at the Crest of the hill, they had stopped, lying low and surveying the building that houses the back up generator.

Looking down at the outside of the building, Erin had noted only one guard on the door.

"One, looks like standard phaser rifle." She whispered to the rest.

(Reply any)

"We need to get in and pull the plug on that generator. Otherwise the other team is going to have a hard time getting Lieutenant Bracken. "

(Reply any)

"Suggestions on how we do that?"

(Reply any)

(Reply Michelangelo team)
(Posted by Jackie)

(Runabout Broken Bow – SPC Ensign Rylee Page - 1103)

“Okay we’ll do it. Rylee get suited up.”

Nodding her agreement, Rylee walked to the back of the shuttle and pulled out a suit from its compartment.

Putting it down on a seat in the shuttle rear, she sighed as she began to check it over. ~what are you doing girl? I mean, sure at the academy, space walks were not that bad but this is damn dangerous. Anything or anyone could be in those pods.~ she thought to herself as she began the laborious task of donning the space suit and checking all its systems.

She could hear Ire giving out orders as she finished the checks, pulled on the suit and stood, helmet in one hand, placing her tricorder on the seat in front of her. Taking a second before she put in the helmet, she closed her eyes.

~deep breath. Just going out for a walk. That's all.~

“Rylee we are in position. I am correcting for the slow spin of the pods and we are about a meter to a meter and a half away. If any thing seems off come back and I’ll move us away.”

"Understood." She replied, putting on the helmet, grabbing the tricorder and heading to the airlock.

“Okay let’s be about it.”

Standing in the airlock, nerves set in. As the decompression cycle finished and the airlock opened, the enormity of space before her, Rylee gasped.

No matter how many times that she had done this, seen it done by others, the fact that she was heading out into the big black expanse still made her senses heighten.

Allowing herself a moment to take it all in, she tapped the small console on the arm of the suit, setting the mag boots on and stepped forward.

Seeing the pods in front of her, she held out the tricorder and began to take readings.

“How’s it looking Page” Ire's voice came through the comm system in her helmet loud and clear.

"Not close enough. Get any closer without hitting them, fly boy?"

As the shuttle moved closer, Rylee smiled, ~ damn he can fly.~

Tapping on the tricorder, Rylee began streaming all the data she was collecting directly to the shuttle's computer.

~one of these three has the genesis device. I'm sure of it, there's someone one of the others.. can't tell much more than they are humanoid ~ Suddenly, her train of thought was interrupted by an alarm going off.

~what the hell?~

Looking at the tricorder, then to the suits display, Rylee's eyes widened.

~oh this is not going to be....~ the thought never finished. Feeling the violent jerk of the shuttle, Rylee's mag boots clung tight to the ramp as she was jerked sideways, the force of the movement sending her body sideways as her head connected with the outer side of the airlock door.

Blinking slowly, Rylee knew two things in that moment. One, that something had happened to the shuttle and two, that she was blacking out. Trying as hard as she could to stay awake, after a

few moments, she gave up and her head fell forward as her mind fell into the deep black of unconsciousness.

(Reply Broken Bow)

(Posted by Jackie)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - outside power supply building -(spc)- Comp. Ops Ensign Sg. Zot - 1104)

After a short walk and a subtle limb they came to a stop everyone layed low so he followed suit.

"One, looks" Lieutenant Cortez whispered something that Ensign Zot wasn't able to hear.

As they whispered to each other. Zot looked at them trying to figure out what they were saying.
~ Now is not the best time to be hard of hearing ~He thought to himself. He looked and saw one guard patrolling the entrance. Zot squinted his eyes to get a better look.

"We need to get in and pull the plug on that generator. Otherwise the other team is going to have a hard time getting Lieutenant Bracken. " The chief science officer said.

"Suggestions on how we do that?"She asked.

Zot tapped her frantically " That's a hologram. The guard is a decoy. "

(reply any on away team)

" Yes , I am sure. The guard is not breathing but otherwise mimicking the signs of a living being. Scan the area, this place is on high alert after The Leonardo fired its weapons. " Zot said.

(reply away team)

(reply away team)

(posted by Davis- spc - Ensign Zot)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CIO/30 Lieutenant Jaelle Foxglove 1105)

It was good that More had some climbing experience. She agreed with Doctor Vespers there was little chance any snipers where on the ridge, with the amount of attackers they faced she was sure that there had to be another entry into the base around here. However locating said entrance would take time, time they did not have.

Jaelle looked to Ravok. "Way I see it. One person goes up. Everyone else can provide cover. First person can set the climb line and safety clips. Once on top the lead will have the advantage of elevation to provide over watch. Next person goes up after over watch is established. Then the third and fourth."

(Reply away team)

"Going down will be quicker. As we can repel down, I'm sure we can find a good anchor to allow for that. But the same process one at a time, limit exposure, and provide over watch."

She looked up the rock face looking to see where good hand and foot holds where located. Who ever was on the rock face would be the most exposed and the main target for any enemy force. She waited for the team lead to issue his orders on who would go first and who would go last. She knew those two positions were the most dangerous. First because the climb would be the longest and with the most exposed time. The last because it would be easier for attackers to over run thier position and at least take one or two of away team down.

Either way they had to be quick with little time to spare.

(Reply away team)

(Posted by Matthew Locke)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - aCTO/COO Lieutenant jg Ravok 1107)

“ We are going to be exposed. Plus the angle will make it impossible to see. Any snipers hiding in those wee alcoves. Unless..... we set up our tricorders. To give us a silent warning when danger is near.” Stan suggested.

"Well, as my scans showed there weren't anymore snipers up there, I think the fear of attack is from below, we could set tricorders to full range biological scan. Two go up first with the other two taking point from here, then switch over with point from the team at the top" Vespers suggested.

Ravok turned to Foxglove.

"Way I see it. One person goes up. Everyone else can provide cover. First person can set the climb line and safety clips. Once on top the lead will have the advantage of elevation to provide over watch. Next person goes up after over watch is established. Then the third and fourth." Foxglove suggested.

Ravok nodded his head and took a deep breath." I did a few real climbs while in the academy with Ensign Michaels from the science department. "

"Going down will be quicker. As we can repel down, I'm sure we can find a good anchor to allow for that. But the same process one at a time, limit exposure, and provide over watch." Foxglove added.

" Lieutenant, go first. Followed by Doctor Vespers, Ensign More after him." Ravok decided.

(reply foxglove)

"Doctor, keep an eye on her path and footing." Ravok said to Gabe

(Reply Vespers)

"More and I will keep watch. When Vespers climbs I need you To watch his climb closely Ensign More." He said to Stan.

(reply More)

" I will keep watch until the end. If anything happens while you're climbing don't look back ,just keep climbing and that's an order." Ravok said as he turned his back away from them, to keep watch. " Go " He said to them.

(reply all start the climb on by one)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet- Torak Ridge - Tac/Sec Ens. Stan More - 11:10)

They all stood at the base of the climb. Stan listened to Foxglove as she spoke with Ravok. He looked up and down the slope. At the moment the attackers were gone. But once everyone was on the slope. Who knew.

"More and I will keep watch. When Vespers climbs I need you To watch his climb closely Ensign More." He said to Stan.

“ Sir? “ Stan felt that Ravok should go before him. With Sleeford injured off planet. The only head of department left was Ravok.

" I will keep watch until the end. If anything happens while you're climbing don't look back ,just keep climbing and that's an order." Ravok said as he turned his back away from them, to keep watch. " Go " He said to them.

“ Sir. With all due respect , with Sleeford down your more important for the mission. Then I. It should be me who goes last.” Stan said

(Reply , Ravok)

“ Agreed. I’ll look after the Doc sir.” Stan said.

Stan waited for a good space between himself and Vesper. Then he started to climb upwards.

(Reply ,Ravok & Team Leonardo)

(Posted by:- Norman 🐼)

(Gamma Quadrant Planet - Below Torak Ridge - CIO/3O Lieutenant Jaelle Foxglove 1111)

"Lieutenant, go first. Followed by Doctor Vespers, Ensign More after him." Ravok decided.

It was one of two likely senerios that Jaelle had figured. She finished setting her gear and ropes for the climb. She picked up some dust from the ground to dust her hands. She glanced up the wall looking for hand and foot holds. Marking her path up the side of the rock face.

Now there are two things that Jaelle knew that would make this task easier. One she was no stranger to free climbing, the second was her time spent in acrobatics and dance. She was sure on her on her feet. She took a deep breath to steady herself before leaping onto the wall. She pushed with her leg coming up the wall to get the next hand grip. She stretched her arm grabbing purchase with the tips of her fingers. She moved swiftly methodically at ten foot she stopped pulled out and anchor and started to hammer it into the rocks. Once done she secured her ropes to it giving herself the security of a breaking point, in case of a fall.

She continued another ten feet another anchor. She continued to climb reaching the thirty foot mark she could now get a good vantage over the valley as she was now getting over the tree line. She glanced taking stock of her situation. Her next hand grip was a good body lengths away from her and the surrounding rocks where sheered and smooth. Bringing her leg to her chest and turning her body slightly she braced herself between two rocks.

Pushing off with her coiled leg she accended though the rocks turning her body to orientated it so when she land her other leg would already be coiled for another push. It was a risk one slip, one false calculation would mean disaster. But mitigating risk was her bread and butter. Jaelle found

her hand hold and if a final pull of her body was rewarded with a small ledge where she could find purchase and catch her breath and set another anchor. She was now just over fifty feet up the wall. She tried to pick easy pathways when they where offered but this was freshly made and not by that of nature. So the natural advancements of time had not taken effect. Bit still she slowly picked her way though the rubble accending higher.

She set another anchor and placed the secure line into its place. She saw the color marking 80 ft up so far not much further now. However when she next again started her climb the wall erupted in fire from the woods terrorist heavily concealed peppered the wall with phaser fire. To keep her grounded to her spot.

(Reply away team)

Jaelle took position behind a small rock outcropping and used it as cover she returned fire. She heard fire from the ground and as soon as the weapon fire started to fade, Jaelle continued to climb. Though the sporadic explosions of phaser fire that exploded around her. The were getting closer it was only a matter of time. She wasted no time once she found a rock outcropping. Rolling onto her back she grabbed a grappling hook out of her kit and fastened it to the rope and with a might throw she watched the hook fly over the ridge and find purchase.

Another series of phaser blast rocked the wall as Jaelle wrapped the rope around her body, and using her acrobatic knowledge she assailed the wall in a twisting dance that was part beauty and recklessness. She took her position on the top of the newly form ridge and switching her phaser rifle to a burst fire she opened her weapon up laying down suppressing fire in three, five, to seven round burst into the forest where the enemy fire was heaviest. Her aim wasn't to kill anyone only to keep thier heads down long enough to get the rest of her team over the rock wall.

(Reply away team)

(Posted by Matthew Locke)

[illegible]

End Compile

