

**Subject: : Shuttle Transport To DS23**  
**Author: Ensign Jay Masterson**  
**Stardate: 71214.0127**  
**Scene: Crash Sight On A Class M Planet**  
**Time: After On the hunt**

\*Ensign's Personal Log: My shuttle malfunctioned and crashed on a planet enroute to DS23. I am the soul survivor. The helmsman, my escort and remaining passengers were all lost. I've been scanning for any sign of life (I just love scanning for lifeforms.... You precious little life forms... Where are you..) It seems obviously aparent that I was lucky enough to land on an M-Class planet. In light of recent events, my injuries seem minor. The only shelter has been a small cavern 2 Kilometers from the crash sight. I've kept busy with personal log entries. What I am about to say, may shock you. Time index: Just after arriving at the transport dock. I boarded the shuttle, stowed my bag, and promptly seated myself at the rear of the shuttle. My mind was adrift, racing with anticipation and anxiety.\*

\*I was staring blankly into the air, eyes transfixed on an imaginary object ahead of me, as if concentrating on it. I was startled by a lady in a Starfleet uniform offering me something to eat or drink. "Would you like to order something from the replicator to eat or drink?", the lady asked, leaning to just about eye level. "Umm... Umm. No, no thanks. I'm fine thank you.", I said trying hard to focus on reality. The shuttle's rear hatch closed a moment later. You could hear the faint whirring of the impulse engines coming online as we drifted into the air. Once in space, a low murmur of conversation began amongst passengers and crew. I must have drifted back into a daydream when I was interrupted by the helmsman. "Everyone! Please quiet down! Remain calm! We have detected a foreign anomily. I am attempting to alter course. Sensor readings indicate that this anomily is steadily growing in size. 3,000 BPSI and rising.", the helmsman said in a frantic panicky voice. "Is there anyone here who can help me with the sensor sweeps and readings? This anomily seems to be pulling us in. I am going to attempt to reverse course. hold on.", yelled the overworked helmsman.\*

\*A man stands up in the seat in front of me and walks over to the console and begins chiming out sensor readings. The shuttle begins to shudder and vibrate like a 12 point earthquake. Belongings from the stows above begin falling down to the floor occasionally striking the poeple who are sitting under them hunched over braced for possible impact. "Engines are at full reverse! Sensor report. Are we making progress?", the worried helmsman asked the man. "Holding steady at current position. Shields are at 72% and falling. Engines are at maximum, but if we continue..." The man is interrupted by a warning chirp from his console. "Sensors are detecting a small funnel forming within the anomily. Sir, the gravitational pull is getting stronger. At this rate, we will..." A bright flash blinds me, and something imbeds itself in my left shoulder, knocking me across the isle to the other side of the shuttle. Dazed and slightly dizzy from within the smoke hanging wires, and conduit debres, I can hear a man's voice yelling, "Starboard thruster is offline! We are cought in a flat spin. We are being pulled in. We're gonna hit.

Brace for impact!"\*

\*All of a sudden, it's as if a freight train hit the front half of the shuttle craft. For a moment I found myself looking out into spinning space. Then what I saw next I must classify until a far off future date. Still yet undetermined. The next thing I knew I found myself awakening under a large pile of wreckage and debres on this M-Class planet. I have started work on constructing a sub space beacon that I am attempting to link to my communicator in hopes that I can reach someone. Anyone in orbit. That is if I'm still in the right time zone. When I'm finished with this, I must try to find some way to hunt or repplicate food and water. Mental Note: Always pack emergency supplies in Starfleet bag. One never knows. For now, survival ought to keep me busy.\*

Ensign Masterson Out.

\*\*NRPG: I CERTAINLY HOPE SOMEBODY FINDS ME SOON, AS IT'S GETTING CC.....CC.C.C..C.OO...LL..DDD OUT HERE.\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

**Ensign Jay Masterson  
Security Officer  
USS Independence  
nickrage@juno.com**