

Subject: This Is The Way We Set Up Camp

Author: Lt. Jake Arrington

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Scene: On The Planet

Time: After The thought plickens

Zina felt a bit more relaxed knowing that Breen and company were for the most part alright. She had wanted to find out what kind of troubles they had encountered but had thought it would not be a good idea. Caitlin's voice had been low and a bit tense, leaving Zina to contend that they were not in a good area for communications.

Reconfiguring the sensor controls, she attempted to contact the ship.

Outside what was left of the shuttle craft's rear compartment, Jake and Ensign Masterson were catching up on old times. The two were inseparable. Talking of old battles fought and won, just like old war buddies. And even showing off a few battle scars. Ensign Leroy just stood there with his phaser rifle in hand listening to them as he continued looking around waiting for something to happen.

Lt. Arrington: (Laughing) Hahaha! And the leader of that group of Klingons we battled with in that bar? Oh man, and the look on his face when I called him a petaq? That was a classic.

Ensign Masterson: Yeah, it's amazing we got out of there alive. They wanted to kill us I hope you know. But it was fun. I know, I really miss those old times we use to have.

Lt. arrington: So do I man. Those were the good ol days.

As the two me were talking and laughing, Dr. Gray noticed all the fun going on without her and peaked her head out of the shuttle craft to see what was going on. She noticed Ensign Masterson and Lt. Arrington both sitting against trees talking and laughing. And the security guard was just standing in the area looking around, waiting for action. Dr. Gray, having no luck contacting the ship decided to take a break and join them. She found an empty tree next to Ensign Masterson and sat down and began to listen to them. Lt. Arrington let out one last laugh and suddenly stopped and stared at the doctor for a moment. She smiled at him and just sat there silent.

Lt. Arrington: Any luck with contacting the ship doctor?

Dr. Gray: No. I can't understand it. It's like communications are totally useless out here. But I was able to get through to Caitlin and her team for a brief moment. The reception was crappy, but I was able to make out the fact that they were in a bad situation, but were in no immediate danger. She said they did not require our assistance at this time.

Lt. Arrington: Where are they?

Dr. Gray: She said they were exploring some sort of stone bunker not far from here. They tracked the source of what was blocking our tricorders and com signals to it, and are exploring it as we speak.

Lt. Arrington: Well, if they say they don't need our assistance, then I guess we wait. I suppose Ensign Masterson and I could have a look at the computer in the shuttle and see if we can't clear up some of the interference and see if we can at least get a clear enough message to the others.

Ensign Masterson: It would be tricky, but we might be able to do it. But you should know that getting a message to the ship will be impossible. The shuttle is rigged for short wave communications only. If anything, we might at least be able to contact our own people here on the planet, but that's the best I can do. But we have a slight problem to deal with.

Dr. Gray: What's that?

Ensign Masterson: Well, something in this planet's atmosphere seems to be turning the shuttle's hull into a liquid metal state. I can't figure out why. According to my calculations the entire thing will melt to the ground in 9 hours.

Lt. Arrington: He's right. At the moment, the rate of the hull's destabilization is not noticeable to the human eye. But from studying it closely, I have surmised that it is slowly speeding up. The shuttle will be useless within.....

Jake suddenly stops and cocks his head slightly to the left. A slight crunching sound way off in the distance. He quickly jumped to a stand and drew his phaser and faced the direction of the sounds. Dr. Gray jumped up with him and draw her phaser as well and began looking around them.

Dr. Gray: What is it Lieutenant?

Lt. Arrington: Footsteps. Someone's coming.

Jake begins staring hard way off in the distance for a moment, and sees two men in Starfleet Uniforms carrying phaser rifles. He puts his phaser away and turns to the rest of them and says, "It's only the other 2 Security officers from Caitlin's team."

Dr. Gray: Do you see Caitlin and Ashoka with them?

Lt. Arrington: No. They're alone.

Dr. Gray: Damn it. Where are they? And why are the two Security officers coming back alone? They were suppose to stay with them.

They waited a few moments, and the other 2 security officers finally caught up to them.

As soon as they approached, Dr. Gray spoke up, "Where's Caitlin and Ashoka?"

Ensign Cameron: We got separated. They went trailing after some BORG drones we caught up with.

Lt. Arrington: WHAT! BORG?

Ensign Cohen: Yes sir.

Lt. Arrington: Were they hostile?

Ensign Cohen: No. From what we've observed of them, they seemed to have acknowledged our presence, but they appeared to have been too busy with whatever it was they were up to, and completely ignored us.

Ensign Masterson: That has been known to happen. In the many encounters the Enterprise has had with the BORG, in some cases, the BORG would completely ignore somebody unless they thought them to be a threat to their mission.

Dr. Gray: I guess that would explain why all life on this planet suddenly has ceased to exist. They've all been assimilated. But what would the BORG want with a pre-industrial civilization? It just doesn't make any sense.

Ensign Masterson: The BORG have been known to attack without provocation Doctor. Serving onboard the Enterprise has taught me one thing about them. And that is that they only assimilate cultures that they feel would add to their so called perfection.

Cameron and Cohen suddenly look around and notice the damaged shuttlecraft, and the splint on Ensign Masterson's leg, whom they've never seen before.

Ensign Cohen: What happened here?

Dr. Gray: It's a long story which none of us has time to tell. By my account, it will be dark soon, so we should get the shelter built. We're going to need some kind of housing until the ship comes back for us. Ensign Cohen, take Cameron and Leroy back to the transport site and get the equipment & supplies.

Ensign Cohen: Yes Doctor.

The 3 security officers go off into the forest. Dr. Gray unwraps Ensign Masterson's bandages and applies some medicine to it and wraps it up again. Lt. Arrington just sits there by the tree and stares up into the sky.

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NRPG: Okay, I've done all I can with this for now. Somebody feel free to pick up where

this leaves off. I need to come up with some more ideas for this mission before the ship comes back for us.

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