

Subject: The Rescue (Part II)
Stardate: 80120.0200
Author: Ensign Jay Masterson
Scene: Inside The Shelter
Time: After "The Rescue (Part I)"

The pounding on the outside of the shelter was getting louder and louder as each minute passed, and the group could do nothing about it. Darrian crossed the room and sat down next to Ensign Masterson, who was ticking away at the computer. He seemed to be busy with something.

Ashoka: What are you doing Ensign?

Jay: Attempting to bring the outside sensors online. I need to see what's going on out there.

Caitlin: It's obvious! Hundreds of BORG are banging on the outside of our shelter and it sounds to me like it ain't gonna be much longer before they make it in here.

Suddenly, a HUGE explosion was heard way off in the distance, and the pounding suddenly stopped without warning.

Caitlin: What was that!

Jay: (Continuing to press buttons on the computer) I don't know, but I have a feeling we're gonna find out in just a second here.... Got it!

The display of the computer flashed for a brief moment, and then a picture of the outside of the shelter displayed. The BORG drones were moving away from the shelter and heading back into the trees. Ensign Masterson, and everybody were staring right at it. Just then, knocking was heard at the front entrance followed by a rather familiar female voice shouting, "Open up in there!"

Jay: Who's that?

Ashoka: (Walking toward the door) That's Lt. Lanaar! We're saved!

Everybody began to cheer as Darrian crossed the room and opened the front entrance of the shelter. He was almost knocked over by several officers carrying weapons entered the shelter. Lt. Lanaar was the first to enter. She stood in the center of the shelter and looked around...

Lanaar: Did... Somebody call for help?

Darrian: What took you guys so long? We've been in here for hours.

Lanaar: It took us a while to get here. We didn't have much to work with either. Sensors, phasers, tricorders were all useless. But we're here now. (Looking at the kids) And it looks to me like you guys got company. Let's get these kids into the runabout. (Looking around) Where's Lt. Arrington and Dr. Gray?

Darrian: I don't know. (Handing one of the babies to her) We heard a massive explosion not too far from here. Any idea what that might have been?

Lanaar: (Taking the baby) Not a clue. I'm guessing that's where those BORG drones are headed.

They all piled into the runabout, and Lt. Lanaar sat down at the controls and began tapping buttons.

Lanaar: We've got sensors!

Jay: (Sitting down next to her tapping buttons) I'm not detecting the dampening field anymore. My guess is that explosion had something to do with it.

Lanaar: I'm detecting 3 life forms about 30 kilometers from the explosion. Could be them. Can we transport them out of there?

Jay: I believe so.

Ensign Masterson pressed a few buttons, and suddenly the three life forms materialized in the center of the runabout. Dr. Gray was standing, holding a young girl, but Lt. Arrington was laying at her feet, unconscious, with bruises and cuts on his face and arms.

Lanaar: (Jumping over to Arrington) What happened!

Dr. Gray: (Handing the girl to one of the other officers) We set their power generator to overload, and cause an explosion. As we were about to escape, we were overrun by BORG drones that appeared to still be there apparently watching us, and waiting for the right moment to attack.

Jay: Strange. That doesn't conform to the BORG's usual attack plotting.

Dr. Gray: (Grinning at Ensign Masterson) Lt. Arrington battled them in hand to hand combat, and told me to get out. I ran as far away from the structure as I could and took refuge in the trees. The last thing I saw was him running out of the structure towards me, and then the explosion hit, and he caught some shrapnel. My medkit went up in the explosion, so I did what I could for him.

Lanaar: (Pulling out a medical tricorder) He appears to be stabilized. Let's get him back to the ship.

Lt. Lanaar sat back down at the controls. "Prepare for launch", she said as she began pressing buttons.

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NRPG: *Well, I did what I could here. Hope it's not too boring. Perhaps somebody could devise a plan on how to eradicate the BORG drones on this planet, because we can't leave em there.*

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