

Subject: You Have Made An Enemy Today

Author: Lt. Jake Arrington

Stardate: 80506:1300

Scene: Ready Room

Time: After Commander Fallan's post Titled "Yeah Right!"

During the conference, Jake sat there and listened to each officer's opinions of what the Captain was about to do. Most of them appeared to be with the Captain on heroically going to Betazed to save their planet from total chaos from the Dominion. But others seemed to have bold opinions that would most likely get them dressed down one or two times by an Admiral if this were any other place. But the Captain appeared to be interested in hearing each and every officer's opinion. And Jake's attention was suddenly caught by Commander Fallan's loud voice speaking out above everyone, attention directed directly at the Captain.

Arrington: So we go in, spy, and get out with no equipment. In fact, why not swim through the system to the planet as well. If the Jem Hadar catch us, we'll kick at there blaster bolts.

The room suddenly erupts in laughter. Commander Fallan quickly moves to Lt. Arrington, taps his wrist bracelet and a large sword materializes in his hand, and he places it at his neck.

Fallan: This particular one is over 1000 years old, and it could end your life as easily now as it could 1000 years ago.

Jake stays motionless for a moment and stares Commander Fallan in the eyes. The commander is suddenly wierded out as he watches the color of Jake's eyes turn from Mercury to a very very dark black, and his attention is suddenly driven toward a light pressure in his side. He looks down and sees that Lt. Arrington has drawn his phaser and pushed it to point blank range at maximum setting right into his rib cage. He heard the Lieutennant speak.

Arrington: Commander, I suggest you get that weapon away from me, or you will regret it...

Captain Morris quickly stands up.

Morris: ENOUGH! FALLAN, YOU'RE OUT OF LINE! I WILL NOT HAVE YOU THREATENING MY OFFICERS! Now both of you put your weapons away! The fight's out there! Not in here!

Jake holsters his phaser and in anger, the Commander slides the sword along Jake's neck, leaving a small cut, just barely penetrating the surface, then he shuts the device off and sits down. Jake puts his hand on the spot where he was lightly cut by the weapon and

looks at his fingers. Little blood, but not enough to make a big deal out of it. Jake just whipes the blood off on his pants and folds his hands across the table and waits for the Captain to speak again, ignoring the blood trickeling down his neck and lightly staining his collar. He heard Commander Fallan speak again.

Fallan: My opologies Captain. But my pont is, we need some LO-TECH solutions.

Morris: Swords and Knives?

Fallan: No, too limited. Plus even the most experience with a blade would be dead meat if a Soldier shoots him from 30 yards, and to be honest, I don't think many here are experienced with one of those to begin with.

Morris: So what are you proposing?

Fallan: Computer, Access historical Weapon's Database, display schematics and specifications of... Beretta Model 12 Submachine gun.

<Processing Request>

Fallan: This is our solution. With a silencer, it is quiet, has a 200 yard range, and the beauty is, it is similar in principle to something like a phaser rifle, only with NO electronics. Sucker is a simple machine we can easily replicate.

Morris: Facinating, you are suggesting that we use this one...

Fallan: Or ones like it, there were many weapons of this sort designed in the 20th century. We can train in the holideck, find which ones work best and go from there.

Arrington: Captain you can't be seriously considering this...

Fallan: Didn't you get my point the last time kid?

Jake looks at Fallan and glares at him, feeling the anger sweel up inside him. Who was this jerk anyway, and why is the Captain letting him get away with so much? he thought to himself. Still managing to keep his cool, he hears the Captain speak again.

Morris: Now, I am considering, I am not saying we will use this, but let's suppose for a moment we were to use it. Fallan, Sell me on this?

Fallan: The weapons, are realatively light, we'd have to carry additional ammo as well, and once it's gone, it's gone. But They are quiet, lo-tech, and while likely lacking the range of phasers, still effective from a distance. Of course I recommend this one, Computer, pull file, Kalishnicoff 47. This one is a true beauty. This was designed to be dropped in the water, in the sand, run over by a tank, and still fire without jamming. Any student of Weapon history will tell you this model made Russian Weapon production

famous in the 20th century. I highly recommend it if we can modify it to accept a silencer.

Morris: An interesting Proposal.

Fallan: It's your decision Captain, but I think it is a viable option, I of course will accept whatever decision you make.

Morris: Well I think it's a possibility. Start training officers in the holodecks with these things and come to be with a report as soon as you're done, and I'll study it. If I like what I see, then that's the course of action we will take. (Standing Up) Dismissed.

The Captain walks out of the ready room. Tues follows him. Jake and the Doctor just sit there and wait for everybody to leave. When the room is cleared out, the Doctor looks at him. Jake notices her stare and turns to her and sighs.

Jake: You know, I really hate that man. And I don't appreciate the way he treated me.

Zina: Let it go hun... That's just the way he is. I've heard about him a few times. I've heard that he can be a real jerk sometimes, but at the same time, he's a good man once you get to know him.

Jake: I don't want to get to know him. I wanna challenge him to a duel to the death and watch his body parts fly off of him one by one as I take that silly little toy of his and shove it up his.....

Zina: Hunny! Come on... You're just angry. Let it go. (Standing up) Come on, let's get you to Sickbay and patch up that cut.

Jake stands up with her and they exit the Ready room. There are several officers going about their duties. The Captain is sitting in his chair studying the view screen. Tues is next to him, hands folded across her lap, listening to the many mental voices of the ship, probably attempting to sort out everybody's feelings. The turbo lift doors open, and Jake and the Doctor step inside. Just as the doors were about to close, a hand blocks their path and they open again, and Commander Fallan gets in with them.

Zina: (Starting to feel the tension between them) Sickbay!

Fallan: Deck 7!

The turbo lift begins to move, and Jake just stands there glaring at the Commander. Feeling the anger swell up inside him once more until he can't hold it anymore.

Jake: (In a sarcastic voice) Going back to the holodeck to play with your little toy?

Fallan: You know, I could have taken your head off in there.

Jake: Oh yeah? Why didn't you?

Fallan: Because I got better things to do, And if you can't appreciate the point I was trying to make maybe you should do yourself a favor and be quiet.

Jake suddenly snaps and gets right up to Fallan's face. Zina tries to step in between the two of them, but she is lightly pushed out of the way by Jake. Both men stare each other down, anger swelling up inside both of them. Zina just stands on the other side of the turbo lift and lets them talk it out.

Jake: I suppose your momma fed you oatmeal 3 times a day when you were a kid.

Fallan: {In a calm, even tone} Lieutenant I suggest you settle down. Your life is short enough as it is, don't try and shorten it more. However if you really want to get this out of your system, maybe a deal of some sort.

Jake: (Still in his face) You're right! I was just thinking the very same thing!

Fallan: Holodeck 2! 08:00 hours tomorrow morning! Name your challenge!

Jake: Phaser Tag! The Deep Jungles Of Africa! Program #2443 In the computer's conventional memory! No safety protocols! Phasers at half setting! Not enough to kill, but definitely enough to burn your skin!

Fallan: (As the doors open on his deck) You're on!

And then he turns around and steps off the turbo lift. As the doors close, he turns around and looks at Lt. Arrington again and hears the words, "PUNK" lightly being muttered in his directory, and then the doors close him out of site.

Sickbay

Dr. Gray and Jake arrive in Sickbay. The doors open and they walk in. Zina walks him to a bio-bed and he sits down, and she goes to the medical cabinet and gets out a dermal regenerator and some steril alcohol pads and takes them to Jake and sets them on the bed next to him. She cleans the blood off of his wound with the alcohol pads, and then picks up the dermal regenerator and begins running it across his wound. The wound closes up quickly, not even leaving a scar. When she finishes, she puts the equipment away and walks back to him.

Zina: (Upset) I can't believe you're actually going to go through with this! You guys are Starfleet officers! Not barbarians! What's gotten into you!

Jake: Simple. I don't like the man, and I'm going to give him a taste of his own medicine.

Besides, I've done the jungles of africa many times. It's like a second home to me. Nobody has ever gotten hurt before. I have a secret about the place that nobody knows.

Zina: Well be careful. If I can't stop you two from acting like a couple of neandrothols, I might as well bless you and hope for youre safe return.

Jake: (Kissing her on the lips) Thanks. Well I'm gonna turn in for the night. I'll see you in the morning. I love you.

Zina: (Hugging him close) Good night baby. I love you too.

NRPG: WELL COMMANDER FALLAN, YOU WANTED A FIGHT, YOU GOT ONE ;)
HEHEHE. PART 2 WILL BE COMING SHORTLY, SO NOBODY JUMP THE GUN AND START POSTING RESPONSES JUST YET PLEASE. COMMANDER FALLAN, YOU'RE WELCOME TO ADD TO THIS IF YOU'D LIKE, IF IT PASSES MIGS' INSPECTION THAT IS. I'M NOT SURE HE WILL ALLOW THIS. BUT I THINK IT WILL BE FUN ;) BEST ACTION SCENES I'VE EVER WRITTEN.

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