

**Subject: A Hunting We Will Go (Part 2)**  
**Author: Lt. Jake Arrington**  
**Stardate: 80525:2300**  
**Scene: Deck 13**  
**Time: After "A Hunting We Will Go (Part 1)"**

The turbo lift arrived on Deck 13, and the doors swished open. Jake and Commander Weinlein exited, weapons ready and pointed straight ahead of them. The corridors appeared to go on forever, winding and twisting in all different directions.

Jake: (Cocking his head to one side and stopping) The turbo lift at the end of the hall is approaching this deck. Stand ready!

Commander Weinlein and Lt. Arington both jumped around the corners of opposite corridors and waited silently. The Turbo lift just down the hall from them stopped, and the doors swished open, and Jake and Commander Weinlein suddenly jumped around the corner to surprise the person walking out of the turbo lift. Jake hesitated for a moment before firing, realizing that it was Commander Fallan, but Commander Weinlein fired off a shot and knocked the Commander against the turbo lift wall.

Jake: DAMN! Hold your fire!

Jake ran to the turbo lift and crouched down beside Commander Fallan and checked him.

Jake: (Turning to Commander Weinlein) What the hell was he doing out running around? The ship is on Full Security Alert!

Weinlein: I don't know. Is he okay?

Jake: He'll be fine. He's just stunned. Good thing you didn't use the machine gun. (LOL!)

Jake takes Fallan's hand and pulls him to his feet.

Fallan: This just isn't my day.

Jake: (Laughing) Yeah I guess not. Listen, did you see Lt. Hunter around here by chance?

Fallan: Yes.. He asked me a few questions about a weapon.. Why?

Weinlein: We have come to learn that he's a traitor! A spy for the Dominion! We're after him! What did you tell him?

Fallan: DAMN! I knew something was up when he took off running after speaking with me. I just told him that the safety catch was jammed.

Jake: Damn! Well, since you're here, you might as well help us hunt him down.

Jake goes to another large panel on the wall of the corridor and pulls the cover off and hands Commander Fallan a compression phaser riffle.

Jake: Set it to stun. We're here to capture, not to kill. Remember that commander.

Fallan fiddles with the phaser riffle for a moment, then the three of them team up and continue the hunt.

**\*\*\*NRPG:** *By the way Fallan, it's Lt. Arrington, not Arlington! LOL!*

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