**U.S.S. Hyperion Mission Transcript**

Directed by: James Greenman

**Starring**

Einar Sigurdsson as...Captain Jonathan Rome

Riccardo Fabris as…. Ensign Dimak O’Kar

Sophie Wakeling as…Lieutenant Joanne Feyna

Andrew Rice as…….. Cadet Soule Douglas

Andrew James as …. Lieutenant Ajala Ecchumati

Gordon Blizzard as….Ensign Jaquin Bontecou

and

C.J. Short as………... Ensign Inala Emeric

**Guest Starring**

Aoibhe Ni as………….Lieutenant Lee

James Greenman as Captain Brax

Brigadier B’ratH

Vigark

Brian Bailey as……… Ensign Jordan

**U.S.S. Hyperion, Mission One**

**Stardate 11402.17**

**Mission Summary**

**The U.S.S. Hyperion waits in dock at the Beta Antares shipyards. The crew has embarked, the warp core hums with life and everyone stands ready for the maiden voyage. Captain Jonathan Rome has agreed to come along as an Ambassador and assist with the talks.**

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<Captain\_Rome> ::stands in the Turbolift, on his way to the Bridge::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::is at his station, waiting for commands::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Stands behind Rome as part of his entourage::

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::sits at the science station on the bridge, looking over his shoulder in anticipation::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Stands to attention at station::

<Captain\_Rome> ::steps out onto the spacious and well lit Bridge::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::runs her fingers through her hair nervously, looking at a PADD:: Self: Best possible speed...

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::smiles widely and turns:: Rome: Captain, a pleasure to have you onboard.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> All:Captain On The Bridge

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::stands to attention::

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::quickly stands to attention::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::needs an adult::

<Captain\_Rome> ::smiles and walks over to Brax:: CO: Captain. Thank you. This is a beautiful ship you have here.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Continues to stand behind, watching the bridge crew carefully, for signs of deception::

<MO\_Lt\_Lee> ::stands beside Rome, PADD in hand::

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::at station thinking looking at readouts::

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> :;Stands quickly with a chagrin::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::nods graciously and gestures to one of the unoccupied chairs:: Rome: We'll be leaving shortly, Captain. If your entourage onboard?

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Single bead of sweat rolls down the side of temple::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::slowly blinks using both of his eyelids, eyeing the captains carefully::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::sighs, and bites the bullet, tapping her combadge:: \*Brax\*: Engineering to Captain Brax.

<Captain\_Rome> ::takes the offered seat and crosses his legs:: CO: My security, Lieutenant Feyna and my physician, Doctor Lee.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::enters sickbay, and twirls around to get a 360 degree look at it::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::taps his comm badge:: \*ENG\*: Go ahead, Ensign.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CO: Hi. ::smiles shyly, glancing down at her PADD again, then at Rome, then at the PADD, and finally back to the CO:: CO: Nice ship.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> :;smiles at both, offering a hand to each and then gesturing to the seats provided:: CTO/MED: A pleasure.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> \*Brax\*: I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but I had a question about these orders; do you want best possible speed under normal operation, or should I start rerouting power from non-essential systems? ::winces at herself::

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::back to his work::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::glances upwards slightly, waiting for his guests to sit and then taking his seat:: \*ENG\*: Normal operation should do fine, Ensign. We're preparing to leave spacedock, batten down the hatches.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::walks into her new office with a big smile on her face::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> \*Brax\*: Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. ::shakes her head lightly and sets off::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::turns back to Rome:: Rome: Where was I...? ::glances at PADD:: Rome: Oh! yes...headaches, dizziness, an irresistible urge to drunk dial any ex-girlfriends, vomiting... though, I may notice that one... nausea, gas... headaches... a belief that you possess the ability to taste the colour purple... ::pauses::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Nods seriously at Brax, making a quick assessment of him as she does so::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> Rome: loss of vocal volume control, bloating, irritability... er... ::trails of seeing the look on his face:: Rome: Just... tell me if you don't feel well, OK?

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> aOPS: Ensign, signal spacedock that we're ready to leave and confirm our flight plan. ::swivels back to the conn:: NAV: Thrusters, Mister O'Kar. Reverse full, take us out.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Rolls her eyes slightly:: MED: You're doing it again Lee....

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::sits back down, monitoring the engine readouts:: CO: Aye sssssir.

<Captain\_Rome> MED: Thank you, Doctor....

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::returns to his station, shaking his head and cracking a little grin::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::glances over at Feyna with a smile:: CTO: Lieutenant, if I may be so bold and if it doesn't interfere in your other duties, would you mind assisting at Tactical?

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::misses Rome's tone and smiles at CTO Feyna:: Rome: You are welcome, sir.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::glides his hand along the station, engaging Blue Alert and slowly throttling the thrusters.

<Captain\_Rome> ::shakes his head slowly and watches the Bridge crew at work::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::sits back in his chair:: All: All stations, report.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::looks up at the Hyperion's state-of-the-art warp core:: Self: This... this is nothing like a Galaxy core...

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Can't stop a small grin slipping through at Lee, before giving Rome a look showing her amusement:: Rome: Of course Sir, as long as you are also remaining on the bridge

**ACTION: The Hyperion slowly pulls out from the Spacedock's skeleton hangar, gliding smoothly through space**

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Wonders why he chose to be on shift at launch, believing his job as Tactical officer useless at this moment::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::walks back into the main sickbay area, taking time to go to each bed and checking what equipment is there::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::almost jumps as the engines thrum to life::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Sets the ship to blue alert::

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> CO: All sensors are functioning at nominal levels. ::looks down at the readings AFTER saying that::

<Captain\_Rome> ::waves Feyna off::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::slowly raises the speed as the Hyperion reverses out, then turns the ship around and sets impulse to half ahead, slowly picking up speed::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> CO: Ssssssir, we have cleared Spacedock.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Moves towards the Tactical station, trying to not to intimate the TAC officer at the console::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Structural Integrity Fields at 100% Captain.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::watches the viewscreen spin around with a pleased grin on his face:: NAV: Nicely done, Ensign. Clear us of Spacedock, notify Engineering and engage at maximum warp.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::grins:: Rome: I have seen this moment repeated over and over for oooh, a few hundred years, and it never gets old.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> TAC: Good work, Cadet. Confirm deflector operations.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: Don't worry about me, I'm just a fly on the wall. Here if you need me Cadet

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> \*ENG\*: Engineering, prepare to engage warp drive.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Stares at Feyna with his dead cold augmented eye, before turning to captain:: CO:Aye sir

**ACTION: The Hyperion speeds away from Spacedock under impulse, leaving the Beta Antares shipyards behind.**

<Captain\_Rome> MED: It's...a momentous occasion. ::smiles::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::increases impulse to full and awaits to reach the required warp point::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Checks systems and controls:: CO: deflector systems at maximum efficiency

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::sighs:: Rome: I hope there's snacks later. ::looks over at him:: Rome: Are you hungry? Thirsty? Sleepy?

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::works on his readouts;;

<Captain\_Rome> ::sighs:: MED: Lee....

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::hazards a guess:: Rome: Grumpy?

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::glances back at Rome and his medic, smiling at the almost bicker-spousal quality of their dialogue::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::decides to go see the show and leaves Sickbay::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::checks with a few people:: \*NAV\*: Engines ready.

<Captain\_Rome> MED: Grumpy.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::nods once:: Rome: I'll shut up, then.

<Captain\_Rome> ::grins at the 'young' Doctor::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::inputs the coordinates for the Clarius system:: CO: We are ready for warp speed, Captain.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::walks onto the bridge:: CO: Captain, Sickbay reports ready.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Rubs a hand over her face at overhearing Lee::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::swivels in his chair and smiles up at the CMO:: CMO: Ah, thank you Doctor. We're just getting ready to depart. ::swivels back around::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Moves forward and talks quietly to Douglas:: TAC: So what schedules are in place to get the tactical team up to standard. Drills?

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::hears a familiar voice behind her and turns, spotting CMO::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::Watches the engineering teams work in unison as the ship swells with life, and starts to understand what all those engineering clubs at the academy were all starry-eyed about::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::raises his hand and points his fingers forward as he looks down at the conn:: NAV: Engage.

<Captain\_Rome> ::looks over at Brax:: CO: Enjoy this moment Captain. You'll sit in that chair for years to come, but the first time is the best.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::accelerates to maximum warp::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::sees the MED:: MED: Caerys? ::smiles::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::grins at Rome with a nod:: Rome: The first time is always the best.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: Drills at 0300, 0800 and 1500 hours for the next few days until arrival at mission destination, Sir.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::feels her own eyes get starry as the warp drive engages::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::waves a hand excitedly in greeting:: CMO: Ajala, Hi!

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: Mind if I tag along to some?

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::seemed to stare over his shoulder at the view screen as the warp drive engaged::

<Captain\_Rome> ::looks up seeing Lee's found a friend and hopes that means she will bother her instead::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: We are also scheduled to do combat simulations against a number of known hostile species, in the form of hand-to-hand and ship-to-ship conflicts.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: So if you think you can handle it Sir.

**ACTION: The next three days pass uneventfully, the crew learning their stations and preparing for the mission to come. The Hyperion is currently 5 minutes from the Clarius system, and the designated Rendezvous coordinates.**

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::in Sickbay, grabbing a cup of tea form the replicator::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::back in a quiet Sickbay::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> CO: Captain, we are 5 minutes from reaching the Clarius system.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::stands at the back of the bridge, scratching the stubble on his chin slowly:: NAV: Thank you, Ensign. :;turns to Science:; SCI: Do we have the Ferengi vessel on sensors yet?

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: Well, I think I have shown I can handle myself in hand-to-hand combat. So if you want to raise the hazard level on the next one, go ahead. Just keep the safeties on.

<Captain\_Rome> ::steps out onto the Bridge and heads over to his assigned seat:: CO: Captain.

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::looks over to his station and nods quickly:: CO: Yes, sir, we have the Loan Shark on sensors.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::See's Captain Rome walk onto the bridge:: TAC: I'll be right back

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: ...so then. the Bolian says to the Kressari.. they're not MY feet! ::laughs::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Heads to the replicator, and orders a raktajino, and a chamomile tea::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> \*ENG\*: Navigation to Engineering, how have the enginesss held up?

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: I'll have to turn it down then sir. Safties haven't been on for days. ::Barely contains the smirk cracking his face::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::nods to Rome with a smile then steps down to his seat:: SCI: Hail them please, Ensign.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> \*NAV\*: Like a dream. ::sounds a lot less flustered::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::laughs::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Picks up the hot cups, and takes the raktajino to Rome:: Rome: Thought I'd get you it before you asked Sir

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> Rome: And if Lee asks, it wasn't me that got you this contraband

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: aaaah, that's a good one... ::wipes a tear away:: CMO: Ferengi have the best jokes...

<Captain\_Rome> ::looks up at Feyna:: CTO: Thank you, Lieutenant. ::grins::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> \*ENG\*: Good to know, wouldn't want thisss ssssmooth ride ssspoiled.

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::He then smiled and hit a few buttons on his console:: \*Loan Shark:\* This is the U.S.S. Hyperion, please respond.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: You're right! I'll have to remember that one. ::has another chuckle::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Walks away from Rome, with a small smile on her face and the tea in her hand, and returns to Tac::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ACTION: The Ferengi's face flashes up on screen.

<Captain\_Rome> ::sips of his Klingon coffee now that Lee is nowhere around::

<Vigark> \*Hyperion\*: This is the Loan Shark! We've been waiting for you, Staaahhh-fleet. We keep seeing Klingon vessels cloak and decloak, they're trying to intimidate us!

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: You think I didn't know? about the safeties? Why do you think i'm asking you to turn them on, if we are going to be playing with sharper and more numerous knives

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: Did I ever tell you the one about the two-headed Orion? ::pauses as her tricorder beeps, looks down and sees Rome's monitors register an increase in adrenaline and seratonin::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Glares at the Ferengi from behind his console with intense dislike and distrust::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> CO: We are coming out of warp now, captain. ::decelerates slowly in order not to strain the inertial compensators::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: No, but something tells me Captain Grumpy is going to stop you telling me? ::nods to the tricorder::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> \*Vigark\*: Undersood, Captain. We'll begin running sensor sweeps to see what we can detect ::notifies SCI with a gesture to do just that:: Have you heard from any Klingon Captains yet?

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::Wonders if the Lobes belief is true about the Ferengi::

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::turns to his console and conducts a long range tachyon scan without a word::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::shrugs:: CMO: He's either just seen a pretty female officer, or he's doing something he knows I'd not approve of. ::smiles:: CMO: Either way, he's still alive...

<Vigark> \*Hyperion\*: Nothing, although House B'ratH are the ones orchestrating this. I'm hoping your presence will draw them out.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Breaks glare on Ferengi to respond to Feyna:: CTO: I've been increasing the difficulty for days against foes such as Hirogen and Species 8472 sir. I dont need a knife!

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::making sure the ships vitals and powers are running smoothly and all the stations are as well::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::nods and stands up:: \*Vigark\*: Thank you, Captain. We'll be in touch once we've made contact with the Klingons, Hyperion out.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::nods:: MED: Can I ask... how long did it take you to settle into your Sickbay?

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: I have the feeling we are going to have to agree to disagree. ::murmurs::

**ACTION: The comm cuts off and the viewscreen shows the Ferengi vessel ahead of them**

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: He likes it when I fuss. He likes it a little more when he thinks he's getting away with being naughty. ::grins::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: I'm afraid I'm just that kind of person sir.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::turns to Rome:: Rome: Captain, what're your thoughts? I think we might need to draw the Klingons out a little way before they'll talk.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::thinks:: CMO: Oh, I never settled.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::navigates to a holding station near the ferengi vessel::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Remembers cutting down 3 real hirogen herself, before saving a fellow crewmember from murdered, but not disemboweled::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::blinks, realising too late what direction that question was aiming:: CMO: Oh! But, I'm sure you will!

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: Out of curiously Cadet, what real life experience have you had, outside the holodeck?

<Captain\_Rome> ::clears his throat:: CO: I think a general warning should suffice, Captain.

<Captain\_Rome> CO: If they don't respond, then I suggest a more direct approach.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::smiles softly, nodding:: Rome: Sounds fair to me. I'd like you to handle the negotiations, if you're up to it? I'm not much of a diplomat, i'm afraid.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::holds a smile and raises eyebrows:: MED: Very convincing.

<Captain\_Rome> CO: That's my job these days. ::smiles ruefully::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Notices facial cues of CTO:: CTO:I was a child during the Dominion War sir. I lived on Betazed when it was occupied. I killed several Jem-Hadar over the months. It cost me the hand and eye you see.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::chuckles quietly:: Rome: Not quite the easy life, i'm sure. ::turns to Operations:: aOPS: Put out a wide-band hail to all Klingon ships.

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::He reels back a little bit at the reading, then shakes his head:: CO: I have the results from a long range scan, sir.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> SCI: Please notify me if I'm about to hit any cloaked ship, won't you? ::has the most sinister reptilian smile ever::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: I er... ::shrugs:: CMO: You don't settle, you just get used to it. Or, you becomes less and less surprised that people think you belong running Sickbay as time goes by. The key, I found, is in being loud.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Looks down at his hand in disgust and hidden pride:: CTO: I went on to the academy in the end. Spent some time on Qo'nos

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> NAV: The Klingons'd take the ramming maneuver as a gesture of respect. ::He let out a chortle, then turned back to the CO::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: Loud? Hmm. ::thinks:: I'll have to work on that, then.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> NAV: He isnt wrong ensign. They would love it.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> TAC, SCI: I don't think bumper carsss in ssspace would be appropriate, maybe we can ask them later.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: heh... well, maybe you could just threaten to gas them all if they don't behave, then. Each Doctor has their own style. ::sips her travel mug of tea:: CMO: Have you ever considered a fez?

<Captain\_Rome> ::stands up:: COM: Klingon ships: Klingon vessels, this is Captain Jonathan Rome on behalf of the United Federation of Planets. Please respond to this communication. Now.

**ACTION: The comm is quiet.**

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> NAV: Personally I intend to, I dont consider it a good meeting with Kilngons with a good headbutt.

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::He let out a grunt:: CO: Captain, we have six small klingon vessels, definitely B'Rel class birds of prey, and tachyon emissions that would indicate three cloaked vessels in addition.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> NAV: I mean without.

<aOPS> CO/Rome: Something received it, sirs. They're just not responding.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::laughs:: MED: A fez? It should be fun coming up with something though to keep the crew on their toes.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Stays silent, and wonders what non verbal cue she presented to Douglas, and realises she's slipping::

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Thank you.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::shrugs:: CMO: I heard once that fezes were cool.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> TAC: Maybe I can arrange sssomething with them, eh? Wouldn't want to ssscratch a brand new ssship, mind you.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Perhaps you should call them Romulans sir. Thats how i illicit a response.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::nods to Captain and keeps doing job::

<Captain\_Rome> COM: Klingon vessels: Klingon Commander....I give you 2 minutes to reply to this comm. After that, I shall contact the Klingon Council and request their assistance in this matter.

<Captain\_Rome> ::motions for aOPS to cut the comm::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::moves over to the replicator and gets a drink:: MED: And your quirk is the travel mug, I see...

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::suddenly steps off a turbolift onto the bridge, trying to act like she's supposed to be there, and not let on that they kicked her out for asking too many questions::

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::cuts the COM::

<Captain\_Rome> CO: I believe what they are doing here is without the council's approval....let's see what happens.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: My eye sir. It doesnt miss anything if you're wondering.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::sits back in his chair, happy to let the Captain take over the proceedings while he keeps the ship in order::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: Remember when we first met, and I spilled coffee on myself? ::nods to travel mug:: CMO: Problem.. solved.,

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: And what does it show you, beyond the usual parameters of an eye?

<Captain\_Rome> ::checks the chrono as he sits down::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::notices Ens Emeric entering the bridge:: ENG: Ah, Ensign, come and have a look at thisss readout from the intertial dampeners when we dropped out from warp... it justsss doesn't look right.

<Captain\_Rome> TAC: Cadet Douglas.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: A good coffee often inspires a bright idea, but you are supposed to drink it, not wear it. ::laughs::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::tenses for a moment, then smiles and makes her way over to the conn:: NAV: Let me see...

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: It shows ultraviolet and infrared. As well as high levels of magnification.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::Checking Com:: CO: We have a message from Klingon. Brigadier B'ratH.

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Tell him to stand by.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::his hands bring up diagnostics from the dampeners:: ENG: You see the energy spike when we disengaged the warp drives?

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: YES SIR ::Stands stiff, slightly panicking::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: So what showed when you predicted my thou...::Stops talking to the cadet as he responds to Rome::

<Captain\_Rome> TAC: Run a short diagnosting on weapons..it will register to the Klingon scanners.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::smiles back at CMO:: CMO: I'll be here to help for a while, if you need me. I'll be as involved, or not, as you wish, OK?

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Now, on screen.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Realises that this maybe how she can assist him, his interaction with commanding officers::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::frowns some:: NAV: Have there been any other issues with them?

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::turns the screen on for the CO to show Klingon. Brigadier B'ratH:: CO: Yes, Captain.

**ACTION: The grizzled Klingon's face appears on screen, his metal-plated eye painted with an angry red orb, his real one not looking too much better.**

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ENG: Not while accelerating, no.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::nods:: MED: Thanks, you've made the last few days a lot easier than I thought. I figured settling in would be hard. I've enjoyed having you around.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Yes sir ::Begins tactical diagnostic::

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::conducts a geological survey of the nearby system as he waits, to gauge what could be mined::

<Captain\_Rome> ::crosses his legs:: \*Brigadier\*: Brigadier. Thank you for responding to my message.

<Brigadier\_BratH> @::speaks through gritted teeth:: \*Rome\*: What is it you want, Federation?

<Captain\_Rome> ::smiles::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Takes a few steps forward, watching Rome and BratH's interaction::

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::thinks, peace in the galaxy. exploration. and those Klingon Outfits just are not very flattering on Klingon. Brigadier B'ratH.::

<Captain\_Rome> \*Brigadier:\* Please explain your reason for being in this system.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::The diagnostic results being to come in::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: I've enjoyed being here... and let me pass on a piece of advice that was given to me by.. ::thinks, "York?", then realises he wasn't the wisdom-giving type:: ... er, no-one... but... ::clears throat:: CMO: You're in charge here. Someone put you in charge and knew you could do this job, so... you clearly have the skills to , y'know... do it.

<Brigadier\_BratH> @\*Rome\*: Bah! We don't need to explain anything to you OR these pathetic Ferengi! ::his voice is full of scorn:: We take what we want.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> NAV: Well, we were having an issue with a wonky EPS conduit earlier. Could be related. I'll have a team look into it, if they can take their eyes off the shiny new warp core for a few minutes. ::smiles some::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ENG: Well, okay, but keep me informed. I like a sssmooth ride.

<Captain\_Rome> ::stands up:: \*Brigadier\*: Actually, you don't. Explain your reasons for being here.

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: Oh, trying to get the officers to their physicals is going to be hard, but I'll try to use that tip, thanks.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::chuckles:: CMO: I say gas 'em...

<Brigadier\_BratH> @::grins cruelly:: \*Rome\*: I don't need to explain anything to you. House B'ratH operates on its own, we don't need the council or your worthless Federation!

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Sir the sensor reports are coming in

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> NAV: You and me, both. Any other issues?

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: Something tells me you've tried that... I don't think I'd have the guts.

<Captain\_Rome> \*Brigadier\*: Then why are you talking to me? I assume the council is not behind your actions here.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ENG: Ssshe is responding like a dream. Inssstant feedback from the enginess. Very nice.

<CO\_Brax> ::nods to the TAC:: TAC: What've you got, Cadet?

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: They seem to be having problems picking out the exact locations of the ships sit.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Sir

<Brigadier\_BratH> @::scowls:: \*Rome\*: I don't want them sticking their nose into my affairs either. Either you let us take what we want and leave, or go ahead and force our hand!

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::swings in her chair:: CMO: You only need to do it once... they volunteer after that. ::grins:: CMO: Oh! And it wasn't me.. it was er... a past host, em.. Sassel, I think? Might work for you, too, though

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::laughs lightly:: NAV: Have you been to engineering, yet? It's... it's a beautiful place.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: But there is at least 1 ship about 5600 metres off to the port bow.

<Captain\_Rome> \*Brigadier\*: Your actions here are a violation of the non-aggression pact, Brigadier...what exactly do you want?

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: It must be handy having past lives to blame things on. ::grins:: Sassel.. suuure. ::sits on a biobed, letting her legs dangle off the side::

<Brigadier\_BratH> @::appears to be thinking for a moment, his one bloodshot eye narrowing, chewing on his lip with sharpened teeth:: \*Rome\*: We're looking for something. Something that's ours! Mine! Mine and mine alone!

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::chuckles::

<Captain\_Rome> \*Brigadier\*: Then perhaps we can help ?

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ENG: Very different from a ssstandard one, I mussst say.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::Not good fashion sense I think::

<Brigadier\_BratH> @::fear flashes ever so briefly across his face:: \*Rome\*: No! No you can't! baH! BAH!

**ACTION: The comm cuts.**

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::turns to SCI:: SCI: Have you been down?

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: Maam, I dont trust that Klingon, theres something about him.

<Captain\_Rome> ::looks puzzled:: aOPS: Did the universal translator break or did he just bah me?

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::stands up and frowns at the viewscreen, not liking the sound of all... whatever that was::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: I have to say I enjoy the quiet times. It means I get to read a lot of medical papers and whatnot. I'm thinking of taking an extra course or something, but everytime I go to sign up I imagine the peace won't last for long.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> CO: That was a classic villain bah captain.

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> NAV: Down? ::He seemed to look confused, perhaps not having paid the conversation much attention.::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> :;glances up at Rome with a slight frown:: Rome: He seems...irate. I don't know how much good negotiation will do.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ALL: Loan Shark under attack. Raising Shields!!!!

<Captain\_Rome> ::shakes his head and sits down:: CO: I agree.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Begins frantically pushing buttons at the console, raising the shields and powering weapons::

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::And he immediately jumps back to paying attention to the sensors as he hears the TAC::

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::gives just the barest squeak as she rushes to the engineering console::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Smiles a little cynically:: TAC: You've only just decided that? I came to that opinion within seconds of him on screen

**ACTION: Three Birds of Prey decloak and the image of the Loan Shark on screen is blocked by disruptor fire before it begins maneuvering**

<Captain\_Rome> ::looks up::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Weapons powered and ready to fire on your signal Captain!!!

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Sits back a little, and watches Douglas work, ready to jump in if needed, but not showing it::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> TAC: Raise shields and arm weapons! :;stands up and turns to the conn:: NAV: Move us between the Klingons and the Ferengi ship!

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::immediately accelerates to impulse speed and navigates closer to the Ferengi ship::

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Prepare emergency transporters.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Captain!

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> CMO: Well, I'm sure you learned to pull all-nighters at med school.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::hands run across his controls diverting power to defense and weapons in a blink of an eye as shields go up:: Self: And this is why you do not trust people with bad fashion sense

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::gestures as the red alert lights come on with a shrug:: MED: See what I mean? ::jumps down from the biobed::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::taps his comm badge:: \*CMO\*: Doctor, prepare for incoming wounded.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> TAC: Extend our shields around the Loan Shark, give them some cover.

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::navigates to place himself between the Ferengi and the Klingon ships::

**ACTION: The ship rocks hard under enemy fire**

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::knocks back the last of her tea and stands:: CMO: You tempted the fates... if there are fates, which I doubt... but maybe, who knows? ::shrugs::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> TAC: Return fire, aim to disable only!

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::monitors the shield levels and defensive power adjustments::

<Captain\_Rome> CO: He's scared of something Captain. A frightened Klingon is to be feared.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> Rome: I agree with you there, Captain.

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Sir? ::begins extending shields::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Spills the last of her tea from her cup, and grumbles to herself::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::looks at CMO:: CMO: I love the way Captains never specify what kind of wounded. Paper cuts? Severed limbs...

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Returns fire on lead vessel, targeting the ships neck::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> SCI: Are there any cloaked close to the ferengi ship? I have to move between them...

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::shuffles as he makes his way to the shield controls, checking on the extension himself:: aOPS: Begin transporting the crew from the Loan Shark

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::grabs hold of a door frame to stop herself falling over when the ship rocks:: \*CO\*: We're ready, Captain.

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> NAV: I don't think the Klingon ships are cloaked anymore.

**ACTION: Shots continue to ring out, the Hyperion's haser arrays charging and firing at the cloaking and decloaking vessels as they hit and run both ships.**

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> MED: I prefer that to when they try and diagnose themselves.

<Captain\_Rome> ::grabs the railing:: CO: Can't say I've missed this part.

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::stands ready:: CMO: Good point...

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Shields are no longer fully extending to the Loan Shark:: CO: sir we cant keep the shields around both ships for much longer.

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Keeps a close eye on Rome, as he gets moved about by the rocking of the ship::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::holds on as he is shaken around::

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Send a message to Starfleet. Tell them talks have failed and that the Klingons have just attacked.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::Works on trying to find more power for the shields::

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::laughs softly:: Rome: I most definitely agree to th-

**ACTION: The shielding console explodes in front of Brax, sending his body flying across the bridge to crash against the floor, his face and hands covered in burns.**

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::rocks with the shaking ship:: \*Rome\*: Lee to Rome, are you OK? I repeat... ::sounds official:: \*Rome\*: Are you OK?

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> All: Perhaps calling them romulans would work now!

<Captain\_Rome> ::runs over to Brax:: \*CMO\*: Medical emergency on the Bridge!

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> NAV: I can't give you good readings on them when they're cloaked, anyway, using the typical tachyon scan. ::He falls off his chair, then winces and sets it back up afterward:: CO: Captain, the Loan Shark's warp core is failing. It's gonna blow!

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Beam all you can over from that ship!

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> :;grabs a medkit:: Computer: Computer, transport me to the bridge, medical emergency.

<CO\_Capt\_Brax> ::reaches up with his burned hands, looking up at Rome before collapsing into unconsciousness::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CTO: Ship separation....

<Captain\_Rome> SCI: Give me a timeframe here, Ensign!

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::spares a worried glance towards Brax, then back to her console, trying to keep herself focused::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Runs over to Rome:: Rome: You take command, I'll look after Brax till the med team get here

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::works quickly beaming the crew to the ship that he is ordered to do. Saving the ship and personnel as best he can::

<Captain\_Rome> ::nods to Feyna and walks over to the center of the Bridge::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> CO: Sir we can separate the ship

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> ::furiously pushes buttons on his console:: CO: A minute, maybe two!

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> TAC: To the Captain Douglas, tell the Captain

**ACTION: The Loan Shark takes another few hits before the hull buckles, air and fire escaping into space with a miasma of light on the viewscreen**

<Captain\_Rome> SCI: Which is it?

<Captain\_Rome> ::grimaces::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::re materialises on the bridge and runs over to Brax:: Aloud: What happened? ::whips her medical tricorder out::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::Yells in Sickbay:: ALL: OK People! Stations! ::watches everyone look at her, unsure:: ALL: Move it!

<SCI\_Ens\_Bontecou> CO: Less than a minute now! Captain we have to get away!

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Continues to press on firing at the lead ship::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> ::Grabs a med kit, and starts her field medical experience on the burns, and trying to keep Brax breathing::

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: Do we have everyone?

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::accelerates to full impulse to move away::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> CMO: Exploding console

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> Captain ROME:: Yes, Sir.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::does take a moment to admire how well the ship is holding up, though::

<CTO\_Lt\_Feyna> CMO: Unconscious, but breathing. currently

<Captain\_Rome> NAV: Move us off! Now!

**ACTION: A phaser crashes against the hull of one of the BoP's followed by a perfectly timed quantum torpedo, sending one wing spiralling away from the ship as it tumbles off**

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Presses a few more buttons frantically::

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::immediately increases to full impulse, pushing all power to the impulse engines::

<Captain\_Rome> aOPS: I want Starfleet on the line, now!

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ENG: Divert all non-essential power to impulse enginesss.

**ACTION: As the Hyperion moves away, the last of the Birds of Prey recloak and disappear just as the Loan Shark buckles, her warp core going critical before exploding in a flash of blue light and a shockwave of energy**

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> CTO: Thank you. ::grabs a tool:: Damn, a dermal regenerator isn't going to be enough. I need to get him to Sickbay.

<ENG\_Ens\_Emeric> ::makes it so::

<Captain\_Rome> ::taps his badge:: \*Sickbay\* Sickbay, we have the Ferengi crew onboard. See to them and then report to me.

<aOPS\_Ens\_Jordan> ::hands moves on counsel and contacts Starfleet::

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::Slams prosthetic hand onto console, denting it:: Self: Damn

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> \*Rome\*: Aye sir, understood!

**ACTION: A rolling shockwave approaches the Hyperion from the destroyed Loan Shark, washing over the ship to the sparking of consoles and shaking of bulkheads**

<NAV\_Ens\_OKar> ::checks inertial dampeners as the shockwave rolls past::

<CMO\_Lt\_Ecchumati> ::beams back to Sickbay with Captain Brax::

<Captain\_Rome> ::grabs the sides of his chair:: All: Damage report!

<TAC\_Cdt\_Douglas> ::checks weapon and shield systems::

<MED\_Lt\_Lee> ::clears a way for CMO, trying to help, without taking over::

**ACTION: The ship levels out as the shockwave passes, the advanced shielding and powerful systems keeping the crew safe**

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