

Tracking The Orlando

Warning: this is my first attempt at a first person story. Taking place in the mind and actions of Commander Kim R'Jor (The Fresno's first officer). I know it's not much, right now it's mostly just a log report of the first officer. In the future, I might make an expanded version of the story. But we shall see...

It's probably not that great, so read without care of correctness.

Official Report

Commander Kim R'Jor

Section 31 - Rockledge Division

First officer's log, Stardate 53247.1. Commander Kim R'Jor Recording. Security lockout delta four enabled for this recording only.

I was ordered by my commanding officer (and husband) to make some kind of record to account for the lost Federation Starship Orlando. I must admit that this is highly unusual for Captain Burke to request a record be made, since our missions are not to be recorded in anyway whatsoever, but I will follow my captian's orders.

"Computer, pause." I said before beginning the actual report. I remembered all of the events almost too clearly. Remembered the orders, the chase and attack and that cadets look on his face. "Computer resume."

This whole mess began about three weeks ago. I was on the bridge, we were running some standard tests on the Fresno's main deflector dish. It had been giving us problems over the previous two days and Captain Burke wanted the dish up to specifications before moving the Fresno another inch. Because of the sector we were in, near the Romulan Neutral Zone, we were under cloak. Commander Justan had tried to inform the captain that the dish was nothing to worry about, but he insisted that it be checked into.

Anyway, back to the bridge. I was seated in my chair next to the captain's waiting patiently as Commander Dougless, the Operations Officer on duty, was almost finished with his calibrations. I watched as he worked through the calculations that would give the Fresno sight again.

Once he was finished, Commander Dougless looked back to my husband and reported "All done here sir, ready to bring the dish online."

John just nodded his head as usual then looked to me as if to say 'you want to do the honors?' I smiled and ordered Dougless to bring the dish to life.

After about three minutes of activity, a red alert klaxon went off. I immediately checked my terminal that was next to my chair. I reported that some kind of displacement wave was heading directly for the Fresno.

Captain Burke ordered the main viewscreen activated towards the location of the wave. As the viewer came to life, I could hear a few gasps across the bridge. I couldn't blame them, this was the first displacement wave we had ever run across since our being posted to the Fresno.

"Impact in forty-three seconds!" Dougless said. I watched as he ran his fingers across the control console and continued to make readings.

Captain Burke sat there and made a few calculations himself. After a moment, he stood from his chair and walked towards Ensign Tompson, our helmsmen. "Ensign, plot a course out of there and engage and full impulse."

I could understand why the captain didn't order for warp, no one would be able to predict what would happen if the ship went to warp. The field could destabilize the warp field and take us out within a matter of minutes. Don't get me wrong, Section 31's ship building was good, but not that good.

I'd have to commend the ensign, she kept a cool head and soon we were traveling away from the wave. After about twenty seconds, the captain ordered a course change and took us out of the wave's path entirely. That's when we noticed something strange.

I looked back to my console and for an instant I thought I saw a vessel appear from out of nowhere. Thinking it was a sensor ghost, I allowed it to escape my attention. But after another second or two, it appeared again.

"Captain, I'm reading a Defiant-class vessel on our six."

I turned around in my chair to face the tactical officer, Commander Mike Dobson. I hadn't been imagining things after all. As the captain ordered a complete stop, I checked the display again. Somehow the displacement wave had made their vessel visible. I don't know if it was invisible to our sensors before because of the problems we had been having with our main deflector dish, or if the displacement wave had something to do with it.

I stood from my chair and walked towards the aft science station. Running a few scans, I noticed something odd about the vessel and reported in. "I don't think she wanted to be found sir."

Captain Burke looked towards my direction, "What?" He asked with what appeared to be a confused look.

I continued to run sensor scans on both the vessel and the displacement wave. I found that the vessel was equipped with some type of cloaking device. It was not standard Romulan or Klingon issue and was having power fluctuations because of the displacement wave. I reported my findings.

Captain Burke looked at me with disbelief in his eyes. I could only think of what was going on through his mind. No one else in this sector should have a cloaking device. That could only amount to one of two things, either Section 31 was trying to keep tabs on us; or someone had found out about our existence and was investigating.

At the front of the bridge, Captain Burke looked at the viewscreen. "Visual." He watched as the viewer switched to a vessel phasing in and out of cloak. From my scans, they were having trouble operating the device. John looked back towards me, "Have they detected us?"

I shook my head, "Not to my knowledge sir."

John nodded and folded his arms. "Helm, take us out of this area slowly." He paused for a few seconds, "I don't want to apprise them of our position." At the helm, Ensign Tompson complied with her orders and we started moving.

After about twenty minutes, we were away from the vessel and on our way towards the Neutral Zone. My shift was almost over and it was almost twenty two hundred hours, I decided to turn in early to be ready for the next day.

I didn't get much sleep. Around zero three hundred, I was called to the briefing room. I remember thinking that whatever was disturbing my restful sleep had better be good.

As I exited my quarters and headed towards the turbolift, I ran into Doctor Taylor. Apparently, she had just been woken up herself. We usually don't get along, but that morning we had a better understanding of each other. Both of us were tired and wanted to strangle whoever had interrupted our sleep.

"Bridge!" Kelley said in a forceful tone. I didn't care how she said the command, either way it would take us to our destination.

Why couldn't they have waited till morning? I asked myself over and over again.

The doctor looked to me with some, "You ok?"

I decided not to complain about the incident because it might be something important. So I just shook my head and rode the lift in silence.

When we got to the conference lounge, the rest of the senior staff were still in uniform. Kelley looked to me and shrugged, we weren't in uniform, "They said it in an urgent manner." I laughed and we sat down at the table.

"We have a problem." John said while tapping his fingers on the table. I hated it when he did that, it annoyed me. Reaching out to his hand, I quieted it.

My attention was turned to the outside window where a Defiant-Class vessel was sitting, waiting for something. I pointed to the window.

At that time, Justan stood from his chair and walked over to the window. "She's the Orlando." The commander explained, "Full of cadets." He continued to tell us that the crew was aware of Section 31. They had made scans of our computer core and gathered highly confidential information.

I looked to John, he knew what was going on through my mind. I opened my mouth to speak, but he put his finger up to his lips to keep me quiet. Justan continued his report.

"Our orders are to search the vessel destroying any documents about us and our organization. We let them go after wiping their memories."

I stood from my chair and protested. "We should destroy them now." That's when Dobson spoke up.

"We can't, they're equipped with a little more fire power than our vessel can handle." He slid a padd down the table towards me, I ignored the padd waiting to hear from him. "Apparently, she outguns us two to one."

I shook my head no. It didn't matter what they could do, it was our duty to destroy that vessel at any cost. We wouldn't have been following our mission if we let such a threat go free with the knowledge they had.

Burke apparently agreed with the rest of them. "I'm ordering a security detail to be..." As he was talking, the Orlando jumped into warp and left us in the dust. We immediately jumped from our chairs and headed towards our duty stations.

On the bridge, Ensign Tompson had the ship following the Orlando's warp signature before the captain even ordered it. Talk about efficient. We were soon on their tail, but things weren't adding up. Why would a vessel even bother to contact us if all they were going to do was run away?

My thought process was interrupted as they fired a shot across our bow. "Shield's down to eight-five percent." The computer said in a way that only the computer could talk. Cold and collected.

We fired back.

The fight lasted another thirty minutes before we were forced to power down our main phaser coupling. Our torpedos were still going strong, unfortunately the Orlando's shields were holding as well.

"I need a way to get through those shields!" John said to anyone within earshot.

After a moment of silent, Dougless turned in his chair. "Captain, I think we can initiate a deulonic pulse into their shields to drain them and bring them down."

I looked to Dougless hoping he knew what he was talking about. A pulse of that magnitude could wear our systems out as well. It was a major gamble but if it worked, we would have the ship in no time.

The captain orderd the pulse. Seconds later the Orlando's shields dropped and her warp field destabilized. She was dead in the water. The captain ordered me to board the vessel. With a phaser in hand, I with a security team materialized aboard the Orlando's bridge.

When we finished the materialization process, the bridge was empty. I figured the crew had probably gone to arm themselves. So we waited for them to come to us. After five minutes, the cadet in charge entered the bridge. He wore the rank of captain.

I remembered Starfleet's reports of the Federation Starship Valiant under the temporary command of cadets. Their regular officers were killed in an attack by the Dominion and so the captain, before he died, promoted a cadet to the rank of captain and gave him command of the vessel. I assumed something similar happened to this crew. But I didn't care about that, I had a mission to complete.

As the cadet in charge approached me he lowered his weapon. He addressed me as though he were of higher rank than myself. Which I didn't approve or recognize."

"Cadet" I said, "You will adhere to the Uniform code of Starfleet Justice and turn yourself over to my security guards." He didn't feel like cooperating.

The cadet stood still and rolling his eyes explained that his name was Chris Duncan and that he held the combat command rank of captain. Raising his phaser, he spoke to me. "Commander, you will return to your vessel at once and we will overlook this incident."

I ignored the phaser for the moment and walked closer to the cadet. "Excuse me?" I asked looking him in the eyes.

The cadet looked straight back and said "I said get off my ship!"

Things were starting to make sense by then. These were cadets, they knew nothing of combat and so their tactics were not up to spec. I smiled back at him, "Listen cadet." Using his proper rank instead of the one he had been given by a lucid officer who was near death.

Duncan simply became more angry with me. Pointing to the four rank pins on his collar he yelled at me, "It's captian. I outrank you commander." He stammered expecting me to flinch, but I kept my cool.

I took hold of the four pins and ripped them off his uniform. I told him that he should consider himself relieved of command and with a smirk on my face arrested him under article 47 section 3 for stealing information from our databanks and firing on us without provocation. I contacted my ship and requested a skeleton crew be requested from a Section 31 base to take the vessel back to Federation held space. They informed us to sedate the crew and tow the vessel to base 31 Epsilon who would take care of it. At first I thought we were going to have problems and a fire fight by trying to sedate the crew, but they calmed down after one of their classmates happened to befall an unfortunate accident.

A half hour later I returned to the Fresno. We took the Orlando in tow and dropped her off at base 31 Epsilon near the Romulan Neutral Zone.

End Log.