

# GSN Gorn Talon-A

## Death's Triangle

**Mission:**

#6

**Date:**

238410.07 - 238906.16

**Promoted:**

None

**On Leave:**

None

**New Recruits:**

None

**Returned:**

None

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## Death's Triangle

The GSN Gorn Talon-A flew through space at warp speed and they all felt safer as they approached the main planetary system of Delta Reptaur. Reptaur IV was the primary shore leave planet on their side of Gorn space and one of the best. Tk'Lnn looked at the planet with a nod as it got closer on the screen.

"Lieutenant Mk'Nrr, bring us out of warp. Set us in standard orbit." Tk'Lnn ordered.

"Aye, aye, Senior Commander."

The Communications officer turned to him and said, "Senior Commander, I've got a transmission from Starbase G-112. It's Sector Master Tervak."

The Gorn frowned. "I'll take it in my ready room."

The Senior Commander left the bridge and made his way to the room. Fifteen minutes later, he came out again. "I want all senior staff in briefing room 2 in 10 minutes."

"I take it no shore leave?" Tak asked.

"You got that right." Tk'Lnn growled. "The three day travel here is all we are getting."

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The briefing room was Tk'Lnn's pride and joy. With its large crystal table and big bay windows that showed the planet of Reptaur IV through it. A small gorn shuttle was going back and forth to the planet. Everybody started filing in as Tk'Lnn looked up.

"Take a seat."

The two ambassadors and Lss'To still looked uncomfortable and so were the last to enter.

Tk'Lnn stood. "I'm sorry to say this, gentlemen, but we have a new mission."

Muttering came from the crowd and Tk'Lnn raised his hand. "Sector Master Tervak made it clear that there was no way for shore leave. I have tried my best to get it assigned to another ship, but he said no."

"What's going on, sir?" Tak asked.

The lights in the room dimmed as the holographic projector popped on showing a corner in Gorn space. A small square appeared in one section near the edge of the territory on the space toward the Hydran.

"This is the Tressak Triangle. A small pocket of space surrounded by a radiation belt that resembles the WYN star cluster radiation zone. There is one small bottle neck entrance that is safe for starships to pass through. Inside are fourteen colonies of Gorns and Hydrans, who are attempting to cultivate their respective planets for the purpose of showing the rest of the galaxy the ally ship between the Confederation and the Hydran Kingdoms. Since the beginning of the civil War 10 years ago, the Tressak triangle has been bottled in for protection by imploding a sub-space weapon to guard the front of the channel. No enemy could get passed it and only Imperial scientist knew how to close the gap."

The map changed showing the information and positions of the star systems inside.

"In some fluke of politics, the Tressak triangle has not been visited in the past 12 years. The only reason we are even going anywhere near it is because there has been high energy readings detected and the enemy they seem to be weapon signatures. Our primary mission is to go there and find out what is going on."

Tk'Lnn looked over his men. "Any questions?"

The mission was over and Neekera, the Lyran stretched and yawned in the medical section. Neekera's commbadge thrummed and she tapped it. "Neekera here."

"Lieutenant, The Senior Commander wants us in briefing room 2 immediately."

The feline tried not to roll her eyes, but failed. She tapped it. "On my way."

Once she reached there, she listened to the briefing on the Tressak triangle and sighed. No, rest and quiet.

Tk'Lnn looked over his men. "Any questions?"

Neekera raised her delicate paw. "I've got one. Are the Hydran even interested?"

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Senior Commander Tk'Lnn sat on the bridge of his starship, staring blankly out the window. He was in a thoughtful mood, but his thoughts were not on pleasant things. The past months seemed, to him, to be only memories of days gone in the vapor of time. It was almost like The Xindic Initiative did not try to start a war with the Federation or that Commodore Ryder died. The Gorn shook his head knowing that it was all true and every cold, hard, and sad fact were as real as Kzinti Drones.

"Status?" Tk'Lnn spoke as he steepled his hands in front of his face. He rested his elbows on the arm rests of the command chair.

Status report was when ever branch on the bridge reported in. It was such a common occurrence that they just spoke their lines as they did there job.

"Helm on-course for 114 Mark 2, Warp 6." the helm officer said.

"Engineering running at 100% efficiency. Shielding is at 100% all around. Auxiliary Power Reactors and Warp Reactors are functioning properly."

"Security teams in place and ready."

Bk'Tar waited his turn and spoke. "Tactical is on-line and all primary, Secondary and Tertiary systems are functioning. Phaser Capacitors are charged and all Plasma F torpedoes are charged and in Stasis tubes."

Neekera walked on the bridge in the middle of this reciting and she said, "Medical station is now back to optimal levels. All broken tools have been repaired or replicated."

The Gorn commander turned to face Neekera and a grin crossed his face. "Didn't see much of you in the last mission, Lieutenant."

"I know." Neekera said. "I was quite busy with all the casualties you had sent me."

Tk'Lnn grinned. "All doctors are the same."

"We're concerned about lives; you guys up here are just concerned about winning."

Tk'Lnn spun back around to face the screen and said, "If we loose, Lieutenant, you'll be finished with your job."

The Lyran wiggled her whiskers and a smile crossed her feline face. "Good point. We'll stick to our perspective jobs."

The Lyran stepped up to the Captain's chair and said, "You still have to come to your physical."

Tk'Lnn shot a look at her.

"I haven't forgotten, Senior Commander. When you have the time, preferably before we reach the Tressak Triangle."

The Lyran walked down the ramp to the turbolift and said, "See you around."

Senior Commander Tk'Lnn shifted in his chair uncomfortably and glanced at Bk'Tar. The Tactical officer had a grin on his face.

"I'd wipe that off if I were you, Senior Lieutenant."

Bk'Tar held back a chuckle and went back to work.

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Reports came in one by one and Tk'Inn just sat in his command Chair reading them as they came in.

The GSN Loyalty has successfully rendezvoused with the GSN Gorn Talon and both were now on course for the bottle neck of the Tressak Triangle. A human female handed him a dark green PADD and he sighed. She was one of the 15 humans that were still onboard the Gorn Talon serving as part of the Federation/Gorn exchange. Many of them had grown tired of life on the "Lizard's" ship and had gone back to the Federation. There were still a few who remained loyal and onboard.

He read the PADD and saw that new replacements were being transferred over from the Loyalty. At the bottom it stated that a Senior Ensign Inrsopuk was being assigned as Chief Science officer.

'Inrsopuk, sounds like an outer colony name.' He thought. The Gorns were so different that depending where you were from and where you were going, traditions and customs could change drastically.

He chuckled to himself. A perfect example was the Gorns from Ghdar, Senior Ensign Lbrossl. They greeted each other with a hug, while Tk'Inn, came from Ss'Varnon, and that was taboo.

'We still must work together.' he thought as he signed the PADD and handed it back.

He tapped his commbadge. =&= Tk'Lnn to Tak, we have a new Chief Science officer coming over a...Senior Ensign Inrsopuk...he's not due for 2 hours so would you please meet him and show him around?"

"Of course, sir." The answer came back.

"Thank you." Tk'Lnn signed off and stood. "Helm, ETA to the Tressak triangle?"

"1 day 15 hours, Senior Commander." answered the human helm officer as quickly and correctly like any gorn officer.

Tk'Lnn turned and said, "if anyone needs me, I'll be in my office"

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Inrsopuk beamed down to his home town of Camineet, just before sunrise, heading to his adoptive parents' house. It was located in the eastern edge of town overlooking the ocean.

No one was home, but he found an organizer containing an audio message in his room. He grabbed a knapsack and carefully chose a few belongings before playing the message. He recognized her kind voice, "Dear One, sorry I am not there to say farewell. Just remember every storm has an end. Every night brings a new morning. What is important is to trust those you love and never give up. Laenia wants to meet with you before you leave. All my love, Suelo."

He flopped down on a chair, surveying the room. This might be the last time he ever steps foot in this room.

\* \* \*

Inrsopuk was extremely tired when he laid down on a coach in her large apartment to wait for her. Laenia entered the living room. "Hi sistwerp." he greeted her.

"Hi fungus face. Move over." she told him.

"Not likely."

She sat on him. Unable to move, she had him pinned down on the sofa. "What happened to you?" she asked innocently as he struggled underneath her.

"Five hours stuck in a shuttlecraft with Wiuen."

Laenia chuckled quietly, "You poor thing."

Wiuen yelled down the hallway, "I heard that!"

She scolded him, "Quiet Wiuen. Eiko is sleeping."

Inrsopuk stopped straggling. He looked at his closest friend, in many ways they even know what the other is thinking and going to do. "Laenia. Wiuen and I are going to be gone for a while."

"When will you be back?" she asked.

He swallowed, "I am not sure."

Wiuen walked into the living room. He lowered his voice, "We have to get going."

Laenia hugged Inrsopuk, "Take care of yourself. Have your fun then come back home."

"I will." he said. Wiuen and Inrsopuk started to head for the door. Laenia whispered, "Stay safe Inrsopuk."

\* \* \*

An hour before heading to the space port located at the Tor, Inrsopuk stopped at a medical facility to have his permanent neural implant and translator checked.

Inrsopuk waited in an examining room, Tilendi entered the room with his aide, an elderly Shokan woman dressed in long green and gold tunic, carrying a medic's bag. "Good day. I trust you are well." The doctor greeted.

"I am. Congratulations on your promotion."

He nodded. "Are you wearing a language implant or data patch now?" His aide calibrated her scanner and began to examine Inrsopuk.

"Nano language implant, audio and visual translator." he answered.

She put the scanner away. "I must replace the device." she said and withdrew from her bag an air hypo and tipped it with a bionode that enclosed a tiny wire coil. "The insertion site may sting a little. The old device will dissolve as this one takes over."

She held the airhypo against his neck for an instant. "There."

He thanked the two medics and met up with Wieun. As soon as they exited the building, they started walking toward the Tor.

\*\*\*\*\*

Present Day

Senior Ensign Inrsopuk was curled up in his tiny bunk aboard the Loyalty, reading a holo-novel until he was lulled to sleep by the sound of the engines.

His rest was rudely ended when the ship dropped out of warp. Science officer, Inrsopuk groaned as he got up, and carried his few belongings with him.

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Tk'Lnn walked down to the shuttlebay with two yeomen flanking him. Senior Commander Goran Tk'Finn was personally coming over from the GSN Loyalty to discuss some things with him and so he was going to meet the Captain personally.

As he entered the large shuttlebay on Deck 24 he saw that the bulky Gorn shuttle had landed. Goran had not yet finished speaking with some of the crew on the shuttle, but his New Chief of Science stood there.

"Senior Ensign." Tk'Lnn said nodding to the Gorn. He noticed that for a Gorn he was really tall.  
~Must be an outer colony Gorn.~

"Sir!"

"Welcome aboard the GSN Gorn Talon-A. I have read your record on the GSN Loyalty and must say that I am glad you will be serving on my ship."

"Thank you sir." Inrsopuk said. "I am honored that you requested my request to transfer to your ship."

Goran looked in Tk'Lnn's direction and waved him off. Tk'Lnn understood that as a signal he wouldn't be done for awhile. Tk'Lnn motioned to the Ensign to follow.

"Are you ready for this position?"

"Yes sir. I studied long and hard. I told been told that I am especially gifted in scientific subjects. Geology and astrophysics are particular interest of mine."

Tk'Lnn took in this information and hesitated, "Where are you from?"

"An outer colony planet, Palma Parma, sir." Inrsopuk replied, "My hometown is the city of Camineet."

"You know what this ship does, the nature of the missions we'd be given." Tk'Lnn said and Inrsopuk nodded, Tk'Lnn regarded the younger Gorn then asked, "Are you religious son ?"

"No sir." Inrsopuk answered.

"You may be, if you survive your first battle."

The two headed for the bridge of the starship. As he walked, Tk'Lnn tapped his commbadge and it thrummed softly. "Tk'Lnn to Tak. Meet me on the bridge."

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Tk'Lnn continued his stride for the bridge with Inrsopuk beside him. They entered the turbolift and the Senior Commander ordered it to the bridge.

"We are at the moment approaching the Tressak Triangle. This place hasn't been visited by a Gorn starship for 20 years. A bronze cluster vessel will be there to de-activate the sub-space rift bottling in the area of space."

"Subspace rift.... Interesting." Inrsopuk replied. >Risky and very difficult to pull off. If something goes wrong, such a rift can be permanent, he thought.

"Your job will be to keep our sensors clear as much as possible the distortion that the radiation zone is going to be causing. That is going to prove very difficult. Any questions?" Tk'Lnn asked as the door of the bridge swished open.

"I assume are we fully equipped with both spare equipment to repair and possibly build new equipment along the way." Inrsopuk inquired.

"A whole cargo bay full of spare engineering tools and spare parts."

"Permission to bring my assistant to the bridge sir."

"Your assistant?" Tk'Lnn asked.

"An AI device." Insropuk answered.

"If you need it, Go ahead." Tk'Lnn said as they stepped out on the bridge.

The bridge was humming with life as it usually was and there was more of a tense feel to the place.

Insropuk read the stress to the bridge crew's movements. "Are we expecting trouble ?"

"I'm being prepared for everything. This place hasn't been visited in twenty years." Tk'Lnn said.

Tk'Lnn sat down in his seat and turned to Tak. "Hope everything has proceed normally."

"We're on course and nothing out of the ordinary, sir." Tak answered with a nod.

The Lizard faced the view screen and said, "Senior Ensign I'Brossl. Status of our shields. Are they holding ? Gorn Space Command alerted me that there would be a possible fluctuation in the shielding."

"Yes, sir. They are holding."

"Good. Then bring us to Defense Condition 2. Helm, decrease to Warp 4." Tk'Lnn said. He turned again to Insropuk. "Have you found the entrance? It should be visible by now."

"I found four pairs of buoy markers. Bearing 33, Mark 2. Distance ...640 000 kilo cans." Insropuk told his superior.

"Alright then, Bring us in. Drop to Warp 1, Helm."

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Insropuk entered his quarters where he opened his closet.

Inside was a red metal box with a handle on its curved lid. He opened it, revealing the molded foam interior that would protect the AI device against damage while in transit. He went to another console into which a round socket was set. He then put one end of the mechanical sphere into the slot and pressed a button.

A screen flickered to life before him, SECURITY MODE 9 ACTIVATED. PASSWORD REQUIRED. Insropuk sighed, 'Deep water black'

The terminal beeped acknowledgement. ACCESS GRANTED.

"Hmm... everything else looks fine to me," he said as the diagnostic completed its cycle and displayed the results. Insropuk placed the component back into its platform and began to secure

it and place the wires back into it.

An extra wire and an extra socket in the component was left over. Shrugging, he placed the wire into its socket and was rewarded by a shower of sparks and a high voltage jolt.

Insropuk slowly got back on his feet as a row of tiny yellow lights blinked on the core's control panel. The horizontal row of yellow-orange lights ran slowly, side to side, making an odd almost sinister sound.

"I apologize." Voxx said. Its started to hover.

Insropuk moaned. "Follow me Voxx."

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::Commander Tak had just left the Turbo-Lift when he Spotted I'bolss walking along.::

TAK: Ensign I'bolss.

I'bolss: Sir!

::I'bolss salutes Tak. Tak walked up To the Gorn.::

Tak: I am on my way to the holodeck For some practice, Would you like Join me?

I'bolss: I'd be honored, sir.

TAK: Then Off we go ensign.

::They started to walk towards the Halo-deck.::

Tak: So, Have you fought in any Competitions?

I'bolss: Unfortunately, No I haven't. My duty was towards my family. I still have well-toned muscles, that to my apprenticeship as a masseur. I'm willing to try anything.

TAK: That is Good that you are willing, you will go along way ensign.

I'bolss: Thank you, Sir. ::pauses for a bit.:: Do competitors wear anything different from the traditional uniform?

TAK: Yes, we use a Vest, tunic, and Try'ma Belt. The replicator will get you one.

::They Got to the Halo-deck door's.::

I'bolss: Will it just be the two of us, Sir?

Tak: Yes, we will practice for the tournament that is coming up. You will be my Grr'Ma.(Tag team)

I'bolss: Thank you, Sir. I'll do my best not to disappoint you.

Tak: you wont Ensign, ::Pushing Some buttons.:: Computer, Tak Delta 34.

::The Computer beep and the Door slid open.::

Tak: after you Ensign.

::I'brolss nods and enters the Holodeck and Tak follows. His eye's are met with a Room with Green Pad in the middle of the floor.::

TAK: Computer, Get my Battle Suit, and one for The ensign too.

::There was a beep and grown and another beep and The two suits appeared on the two gorns.::

Tak: Ready?

I'brolss: Yes, I'm ready.

::Tak Walked over to a Rack that healed two massive sword.::

Tak: Take one Ensign.

::I'brolss walks towards the rack and takes one of the swords.::

I'brolss: Now you take one, Sir.

::Tak Walks over to the rack and took his sword in one hand.::

Tak: Now first thing's first, Holding the Vss'nok ::Tak showed I'brolss How to hold the Sword

::I'brolss holds the sword like the way Tak is showing it.::

I'brolss: I'm a quick study, sir

Tak: Good Ensign, Now Can you feel the Balance of the Blade?

I'brolss: Not yet, Sir, but I'm trying.

Tak:The Balance is there, To you is the Top Heavier or lighter?

I'brolss: Lighter, Sir.

Tak: Good, you will be able to wild it better. Ok step in the Middle of the Ring.

::They both Stepped into the Ring.::

Tak: Good, Computer give use an easy Enemy.

::There Was More beeping noise and Four Romulan's appeared with Swords.::

::I'brolss smirks.::

Four against huh? Sounds fair, doesn't it Sir?

TAK: As I said, Easy. :: Tak Laughed::

::The Commander Went into his fighting stance.::

Tak: Come and Get us Pointy ears.

::I'brosss gets into a fighting stance, then the Romulans charge.::

I'brosss: Shall you make the next move, Sir, or shall I?

::Before Tak Could answer The Romulan's Charged the Two awaiting Gorns with a Scream. Two went for Tak as the Other two went after I'brosss.::

::I'brosss tries to parry the Romulans' attack.::

::Tak Sliced down At the First And snapped his sword in half and with the other hand hit him Hard sending him flying out of the Ring. I'brosss blocks the attack from one Romulan, while kicking the other in the stomach.::

::I'brosss slices one romulan in half, and decapitates the other Romulan in one swing And Tak's The Second Romulan Bite the Dust with one swipe of the Sword.::

Tak: Now We work on a Hard enemy. ::Tak said With a Toothy Grin.::

Computer Simulate Nugra Champion of the Princesses Ruby.

::The Computer Beep and A Gorn Showed up.::

Tak: Now we have a Challenge, it will take both of us to defeat him.

I'brosss: I'm ready, Sir. ::I'brosss is in a comfortable fighting stance

::Tak Smiled at the other gorn.::

Tak: I am Back Nugra.

::They both charged the gorn, The Gorn they charged carried two swords instead of one, as he battle waited for the Two gorns he had a smile on his face.::

(Holo)Nugra: Well commander Tak this time you bring a Friend, so what is his name?

::The Swords Clashed as I'brosss Replied.::

I'brosss: My name is I'brosss. and it is an honor.

(halo)Nugra: Ah some one with Class, Unlike you Commander.

::The Gorn laughed as tak's Force Grew with the insult. Nugra Used his foot and Sent Tak Flying to the Ground.::

Tak: (Panting for Breath) I forgot to tell you, I made him A lot stronger that normal for us.

I'brosss: That's fine, Commander. I'm sure Nugra doesn't mind either. ::I'brosss keeps his guard up.::

Tak: ::getting back up.:: Of course he does not mind, he is a hologram.

::Tak Charged the Gorn with his sword, he hacked and Chopped at the other gorn's sword and tried not to get hit himself.::

Tak: Get him form behind Ensign!!!!

::I'brosss gets behind Nugra and uses his sword to knock Nugra's other sword out of his hand.::

Tak: excellent Ensign, but watch out for that.....

::Before tak Could Finish Nugra Hit I'brosss with the Flat of his blade sending him to the ground. Tak lunged at Nugra only to be hit down himself. he landed right beside I'brosss.::

Tk'lInn: =/\= Tk'lInn to Tak. We've arrived. =/\=

Tak: ::Hitting his com-badge:: =/\= The Triangle sir? =/\=

Tk'lInn: =/\= Yes. =/\=

Tak: =/\= Right Sir, we will be right up. Tak out.=/\=

Tak ::Tak Turned to I'brosss:: Well ensign, we are needed at are post's, Excellent work. I am proud to fight with you anytime.

I'brosss: Likewise sir. Maybe we could do this again. ::I'brosss smiles at his commander.::

Tak: It is more than possible Ensign.

:: With that the Commander and The ensign Exited the holodeck TO go to there normal duty's.::

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"VOXX, What can you tell me about this planet ?" Insropuk inquired, walking back to the elevator and the command deck.

"Equatorial diameter is 16,756 kilocans. Gravity is 90 % of normal. Atmospheric composition, 55% nitrogen, 20% methane, 21% oxygen and 3% trace gases. There is a number of dangerous animals on this planet. Always carry with a side arm."

"What about Wildlife ?" Insropuk asked.

VOXX's yellow scanner light went from side to side, then it responded, "Ice Spiders. Gentle creatures, and very rare. They are about 2 feet in diameter including the legs, and otherwise resemble white baboon spiders found on Gorn Home world, and Earth.

Ice Lice. A common pest, and was tested as a food source. All eggs must be removed before consumption.

Cave Dogs. Cave Dogs are ferocious reptilian creatures that live in subterranean caverns. These indigenous animals have adapted to use the caverns as extremely bountiful hunting grounds as well as routes for transportation. Cave Dogs get their name from the loud bark they emit while hunting. They almost always travel in pairs and are impossible to train or domesticate. These creatures have a bark as savage as their bite.

Muck Worms. These creatures dwell in (and beneath) the muck of rain forests. They are beasts that move through the mossy growths, seeking prey. They are not fond of brightly lit areas, although this does not adversely affect them.

Other Flora and Fauna. Canolie, a small sluglike creature considered a delicacy among the Hydrans.

Firehawk, a Bird of prey, renowned for its speed and agility.

Stinging Fireweed, a plant growing just about everywhere. It can cause skin irritation."

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The atmosphere on the bridge was tense as the Gorn Talon slowly maneuvered itself through the small opening in the Tressak Triangle. The Bronze Cluster science vessel has used something that deactivated the Sub-space rift and it was now more safe then before to enter.

Mk'Nrr was watching his helms panel with infinite care and kept correct the Gorn Talon's course even if it strayed by 0.0001 degrees. He spoke to the Captain without turning around. "Senior Commander, distortion is heavy, but I think we still are on course."

"Try your best, Lieutenant." Tk'Lnn said watching the hypnotic effect of the red on the view screen. It snapped back and forth and swirled around it like another creature on the outside.

Slowly, it began to thin out. Tk'lInn let out an audible sigh as Insropuk spoke to his left and reported the planet type.

"That's good. Keep up the work."

Tk'Lnn nodded and stood. "Lieutenant VII'Rakk, set us in standard orbit of that planet. It's the main meeting spot for the council of foreigners that the Colony had setup in case of war-time. Drop to Defense Condition 2."

Tk'Lnn strode off the bridge.

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The briefing room was quiet and only the humm of the starship really could be heard. The carpets and spacious room helped to absorb the sounds of the people moving outside. The engine sound was a comforting sound to him, though he could not understand why. Many years in the Guardian's Errant and all the things he had done were all so complex, the sound of the engines thrumming were so peaceful and simple that it seemed to be the only thing that could keep him from stressing to much.

The stars were not moving and he could see the faint glow of the sun's light bouncing off the Planet right out of view from his window. The small world was the meeting place between the

Colony and the outside, he was surprised that Insropuk's scans had not found anything on the surface except for life forms.

Tk'Lnn's mind started thinking again and he tilted his head as he ran the thoughts again and tried to strain out something that was making him uneasy.

"Something bothering you?" said a voice and Tk'Lnn snapped his head to the side sharply to see the person who had entered his room.

Neekera, the ship's doctor and Resident Lyran was sitting in the far chair studying the lizard with her's yellow cat eyes. Looking at them gave Tk'Lnn an eerie feeling. The Cat's whiskers quivered mirthfully and the female said again, "Is something bothering you?"

"Yes, people who do not announce their presence and then scare the life out of me." He snapped and spun to look back out the window.

He heard the soft chuckling of the Lyran and she said, "I'm sorry, Senior Commander. We cat races just know how to walk and do things without making the slightest sounds. I meant no harm."

Tk'Lnn sighed. "I know, Neekera. It's just for some reason I'm jumpy. I shouldn't be, but something is nagging me...like something's wrong."

"Wrong?" Neekera asked. Tk'Lnn listened for the incredulous note, but only heard a plain honest question.

"Yes...it's like something's out of place and I can't put my finger on it."

"A sixth sense like thing?" she suggested.

"I've worked with the Guardian's Errant for Years, Neekera. I had to do many things by gut feelings and this is the same feeling I get when something is amiss or something bad is going to happen."

Neekera stood and walked up to beside the Gorn and stared out the window in the same direction he was. "Something to do with the Colony?"

"I think so. I hate being so vague, but I can't put my finger on it."

Neekera smiled. "I'm glad you trust me enough, Senior Commander, to tell me these things. You have always been strong to the crew and this sense of vagueness irritates you."

"You got that right. How do I give orders when I don't know why I'm doing it?"

"It's part of command. Play your hunches and the worse thing that could happen is that nothing is wrong and the crew will just think you were taking extra precautions."

Tk'Lnn remained silent as the Lyran brushed at her whiskers with her paw. He finally spoke again two minutes later and said, "Neekera, set up the Quarantine deck for both Gorn and Hydran support. Prepare for the possibility of having casualties from severe to minor."

"Aye, aye, sir." Neekera said nodding.

Tk'Lnn stood and straightened out his tunic. "If any of your nurses ask why you are doing this tell them I'm taking a precaution."

"Understood."

"Dismissed."

Neekera saluted and without anything else, she strode out of the briefing room to do her job.

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"That blasted circuit just went again!" shouted a small gorn wearing a greasy pi-bald uniform of a workman. Bk'Tar gave a hiss of rage and looked at the panel he had just been monitoring.

"I don't get this, the energy flow was only up to 40 PSI."

"We've got something wrong somewhere, Senior Lieutenant." The mechanic said grabbing his tool kit and heading for the Fighter bay floor.

The door hissed open and Tk'Lnn strode in. The rest of the people still in the control room snapped to attention.

"At ease. Bk'Tar, how's everything going here?" he asked looking out the blast proof window toward the fighters lined up against the walls of the fighter bay.

"Well, we have most of the docking ports working, but we can't get the Plasma F chargers to work. Something keeps breaking or when we get one thing fixed another goes."

"We have any Plasma F fighters?"

"Two G-18s, Senior Commander. They don't carry any other type of Plasma warheads and so it's their main weapon."

Tk'Lnn shook his head. "Wish I was a mechanic, Bk'Tar."

"I wish I was too, sir." Bk'Tar sighed. "I was trained in Tactical weaponry, not how to repair the stupid thing."

"Then I'm not bringing good tidings," Tk'Lnn said looking out the window, saw sparks fly from one of the control hookups and heard the mechanic swearing, then he turned back to Bk'Tar. "I'm moving the fighter bay to Condition Yellow."

"Condition Yellow? We expecting problems?" Bk'Tar asked puzzled.

"I'm being ready for anything. I want the pilots close to their fighters. Even if that means they've got to sleep in them."

"Understood, Senior Commander." Bk'tar said with a salute.

-----

The edgy, nervous feeling continued to irritate Tk'Lnn as he paced his briefing room and the words of Neekera still reminded him that they should have a reason.

~What am I missing?~ he wondered as he paced. ~There is something that isn't right.~

The Gorn continued to pace and then he stopped. He turned to look out the window at the planet in orbit and he thought of Insropuk's report. After this, the reason of his edginess became apparent.

"Commander Tak, please come to the Briefing room." Tk'Lnn said as he depressed a switch on the briefing room table.

"On my way, sir." came the voice over the tiny speaker. In a few minutes, Tak, his Executive Officer walked in. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Have you noticed anything wrong, Tak?" Tk'Lnn asked.

Tak thought for a minute and then said, "What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, have you had this feeling that something's wrong?"

"Now that you mention it, sir, everything seems to be quiet...a little to quiet." Tak said.

"I know," Tk'Lnn said tapping on his computer. The screen popped up the holographic projection of the Planet. "This is the planet we are orbiting from the Confederation archives."

He tapped out a couple more instructions and four little red dots appeared on the planet around the equator and two more at the poles.

"There!"

"Sir?"

"Those are Listening posts. On our arrival, the listening posts should have transmitted a message of greeting since it would recognize our ID signal as a Gorn starship. We have received no transmissions."

"What are you thinking, sir, that's not right." Tak said moving toward and examining the holographic projections.

"I'm saying that there is something wrong with the Listening posts. They shouldn't have malfunctioned. They have a crew of 20 to man them."

"Senior Commander, " Tak asked. "Shouldn't there be cities on the planet to let us know that the listening posts are busted?"

Tk'Lnn tilted his head at the use of the terran word 'busted'.

"No," Tk'Lnn said. "The Colonies were the only cities setup. These were only the early warning systems if anything got through the bottleneck. We should have set off alarms if it didn't recognize us."

"That is totally weird." Tak said. The Gorn looked at his superior who was frowning. "Uh...sorry sir. They should have maintenance."

"Well, their not transmitting." Tk'Lnn said and he depressed a key on the table. "Tk'Lnn to Bridge. Scan the planet for small listening post structures."

"Aye, aye, sir." came Bk'Tar's voice. "Scanning now....I'm detecting the listening posts by mass. The radiation is still to bothersome for a close scan."

"Safe enough for transporters?"

"I would recommend against it, sir. We're very close to the bottleneck." Bk'Tar said.

Tk'Lnn nodded and then thanked Bk'Tar. He turned back to Tak. "Tak, I want you to take down a team and investigate the Central listening posts on the second continent near the equator. Take Senior Ensign I'broless, Senior Ensign Insropuk, and Lieutenant Neekera and find out why those posts are transmitting. Prepare your team for Threat action 2 and take a Ground Assault Shuttle (G.A.S.) down with you."

"Yes, Senior Commander." Tk'Lnn said and after he was dismissed tak left the room.

Tk'Lnn turned back to the window and watched out the window hoping that it was just a malfunction, but his gut was telling him it was not.

-----

Insropuk's findings were unsettling. He was thinking about the sensor readings enroute to the shuttlebay.

That and of course many crewmembers nearly jumping out of the way when they see VOXX floating beside him. Plus VOXX seems to act differently too.

"VOXX, has your voice modulator has modified in recent weeks ?" Insropuk inquired.

"Negative." was the AI's reply. "Something is bothering you."

"Yes. The stress of being surrounded by unfamiliar crewmembers. The mission so far. And your voice seems to have changed. It sounds deeper now. Sinister." Insropuk answered.

-----

"Senior Commander Tk'Lnn, incoming communiqué from the GSN Loyalty." came the voice of the communications officer over the briefing room's speakers.

The Gorn sighed and spun his chair from the window and depressed the green triangle to start the feed. The face of Goran Tk'Finn, commander of the Destroyer GSN Loyalty, appeared on the screen.

"What can I do for you, Senior Commander?" Tk'Lnn asked.

The Gorn laughed. "You can dispense with the commander stuff, Tk'Lnn. I don't think we are being overheard and I think our serving together at the ROTC academy would make it okay."

Tk'Lnn broke in to a grin, something he rarely did.

"Okay, Goran. Anyhow, what can I do for you? Got yourself in to a fix?"

"Not quite, it seems the Gorn Space Navy believes that you can handle this situation with the Bronze Cluster vessel. I'm being re-deployed to the Kzinti border. It seems good ol' Duke Lorak is out to test our borders again."

Tk'Lnn shook his head ruefully and sighed. "They don't give up do they?"

Goran grinned. "If they did, where would we be. Probably patrolling some obsolete sector or catering to all the Senators and Assembly members."

Tk'Lnn nodded with a chuckle. "So, you heading out immediately?"

"Yes and No. I'm transferring you my Assistant Security Officer. He has passed his Chief Exam and command tests so I'm upping him to a larger class vessel and hopefully to the Chief Security Position."

"On my ship you mean?" Tk'Lnn asked with a mischievous grin.

"Yeah, who else? I wouldn't want him under Senior Commander Tuklit. He's too narrow minded in ship protocols." Goran said referring to their Bronze Cluster science escort. "Plus, what would a security officer do on a \*science\* ship, anyway?"

"Alright," Tk'Lnn said with a laugh. "Transfer him over. I'll get him settled in. Send me his paperwork."

Goran pressed a couple buttons from the side panel and the documents were soon on Tk'Lnn's PADD. He read the name, "Hmmm, Ensign Karok. Isn't he that one from Gh'dar III? The one I saw on the News channel awhile back?"

"One and the same. He's a good officer." Goran said.

Tk'Lnn nodded. "I don't doubt it. Your not that mean to send me an incompetent officer."

"He'll be over as soon as a shuttle becomes free."

Tk'Lnn nodded and with a few more words, the channel closed. The captain of the Gorn Talon re-opened it to the bridge. "Bridge, when Ensign Karok arrives, please have him come to the briefing room."

"Aye, aye, sir." came Bk'Tar's voice.

Tk'Lnn sat down to read the bio and wait.

The man had a long personal history of achievements outside of the navy, which was somewhat unusual for new recruits. Tk'Lnn had to wonder why his new Security Chief had given up his career for an Ensign's life in the Gorn Space Navy. Karok had it all, fame and fortune beyond most Gorn's dreams. It had all started back on Gh'dar III, the backward forest world, one of the first colonies of the Gorn Confederation during their early interstellar travel efforts.

Unlike the Inner planets of the Gh'dar system, number 3 had little resources, and an exceptionally slow growing economy. Not much had changed since it was first colonized 200 years earlier. Tk'Lnn read and understood Karok was an adventurous man, with high aspirations and motivation, he was not the type suited to such a slow life on a dull planet. In fairness there was some lush scenery and landscape, but there wasn't really much to do.

From an early age Karok had decided to venture into the busy and fruitful metropolises that composed of Gh'dar II and I. Though it wasn't that simple, he needed a reason, and money. He knew the only way he could do it, is if he used his talents. Despite beating all the other Gorn in regional athletic competitions, Karok didn't have the reputation to make it into a career. Gh'dar III's Olympics were sneered upon by the other planets for being "amateurish".

Confident in himself that he could win competitions in the inner planets, Karok found himself an agent after much hard searching. He was initially laughed at, and told to be "too dreamy." Karok debated the matter, and was eventually given an offer. If he could get all 1st places in the next Gh'dar III Olympics, he'd be sponsored and sent to Gh'dar II and I to compete there. Karok knew this was going to be hard, he'd have to push himself far more than ever before.

He did, and in the face of all doubt, Karok triumphed. Years passed as Karok competed and won various competitions in the inner planets. He had become very popular with the media, and after finally beating the "strongest Gorn" in Gh'dar I, Karok became the new holder of the title. What followed was the fame and fortune he had been dreaming of.

Karok was the undisputed athletic champion of 4 Gorn systems. He decided to retire 5 years later, to find a new ambition. The Gorn Space Navy....

The biography audio book that Tk'Lnn had been listening to was interrupted and paused by the sound of the doorbell. Tk'Lnn looked up from his desk, "Enter."

A tall Gorn of 7'0 in height, with a heavily muscular figure, of 300 lbs or so Tk'Lnn guessed, walked confidently inside the Briefing Room. "Captain Tk'Lnn, I presume.." Karok spoke, smiling and extending a hand.

-----

Across the void of space, hiding behind the chunks of asteroids near the planet sat a long, sleek vessel whose hull glimmered dark purple.

The light was subdued and so it almost blended completely in to the Asteroid swarm. It's sensors were on passive scans and it monitored a small probe that was halfway between it and the Gorn Talon. It was so small that it was un-detectable.

Inside the starship, the creatures moved on the bridge and were quite at home in their methane based atmosphere. Captain Mysha sat in his comm and chair and folded all three of his arms across his chest and watched with his three eyes the Gorn starship.

"Report, Battle Lieutenant." he said to the Science officer to his side.

The Hydran tapped quickly on the smoky glass screen and then answered, "The Probe has finished it's initial scans, Captain. The vessel is definitely a Gorn starship, it's ID signals though are unrecognizable."

"Meaning you don't know if it's a rebel starship?"

The Lieutenant look out at the curved viewer at the Gorn starship and said, "I don't know what to make out of it's design, sir. If that is a rebel vessel, then they have been able to make a completely new design of starship."

Mysha nodded and then turned to Tactical. "Weapon readings."

"The Starship is of Battle cruiser class. It is armed with 1 Type R Plasma Launcher, 2 type S Plasma Launchers and 2 Type F plasma launchers. Standard battle Cruiser phaser array. It's lower decks seem to be giving of energy readings constituting a possible Fighter squadron." the Female Hydran explained. She was rare to have on the bridge because in the Hydran way of life, the Females usually dominated the lower enlisted and grunt part of ship life.

Mysha nodded. "I want all Stinger Fighters standing by for immediate launch."

"Aye, aye, sir." she answered and quickly tapped out the orders.

Mysha turned back to the screen and studied the starship again. He had fought many of the Gorn rebels and knew that the Lizards were very intelligent. He wanted to be ready, just in case that vessel needed to be put out of commission or destroyed.

-----

Tak's orders had been quite quick and thorough, but Neekera had gotten used to that. She stood in the main shuttlebay by a heavily armored shuttle and was attempting to tighten her battle belt around her waist. The Battle belt contained Five Heat Grenades and a Gorn Phaser in it's holster. The sheath for a Vss'Kot was in the middle of the belt so it would be behind her when she got it on...that was if she got it on.

"Need any help ?" Insropuk asked. In all honesty though, he is quite afraid Lyrans. But tried to hide it.

Neekera turned, her cat eyes focusing on the short Gorn in front of her. He stood there looking at her and a machine was floating beside him. "Uh...I'm fine. it's just that these stupid belts weren't made for Lyrans."

"Tall Gorns." Insropuk added. "As for the weapons' part. I won't need any."

Neekera struggled and finally got the belt on properly.

"I'm Senior Ensign Insropuk, Science officer."

"I'm Lieutenant Neekera, Chief Medical officer here on this green bucket." she said smiling showing her small, but pointed teeth. "Whose the floating thing?"

"I am an artificial intelligence unit whose main function is to provide Insropuk with information. I also possess quite a few tools and talents. A product of Bynar technology, I am equipped with a large memory bank and the ability to interface with other computer systems. I am also armed with a simple disruptor weapon, for offensive abilities. Other abilities include an Access arm, allowing direct interaction with computer systems. And the Transmission of electromagnetic data used for illumination, projecting visual records and electronic signals."

"Ah, I see." Neekera said nodding her head. "Anyhow, you ready for this assignment? I'm

surprised we were ordered to dress for Threat Condition 2."

"I am surprised too." Insropuk replied.

Neekera went back to straightening her belt to make it fit properly and then turned to the Gorn. "By the way, You'd better just grab a hand phaser or something. Being put on Threat Condition 2 means that we are possibly being in to a place that has hostile presence. If it was Threat condition 1, then we could expect heavy fire."

"Oh! " Insropuk said, surprised. He did as he was told. Insropuk checked the settings and got himself a weapons belt.

-----

"I want those blasted plasma charger coils fixed and I mean NOW!" roared Senior Lieutenant Bk'Tar to the scurrying enlisted men who were trying to repair the fighter deck and get it working.

"We've tried about every re-route I can think of, Lieutenant." said a greasy gorn as he walked in to the glass and duranium enclosure off the side of the fighter deck. "They're has got to be something else somewhere that is the problem. They SHOULD work."

"Well, they don't. Any ideas?" Bk'tar asked crossing his arms.

"Well, it could be the phased converters, stasis handlers, the fueling cords to the main charger box..."

Bk'Tar shook his head. "About the whole blasted thing."

At that moment, the door hissed open and an unfamiliar lizard walked in wearing a brand new Gorn uniform and with the ranking insignia of an ensign. He asked where a "senior Lieutenant Bk'tar" was and the enlisted man pointed him to the frustrated officer.

Karok looked at Bk'tar and approached, towering over him. "Senior Lieutenant? I'm Ensign Karok. I believe I am to replace you.."

"Oh, my replacement for Chief of Security. well, Finally Tk'Lnn's come through." Bk'tar said grinning and he extended his hand to the new crew member.

Karok firmly took his hand. "What's going on around here? Looks like there's a problem."

"Everything is just okay, trying to get some things fixed on the fighter deck. Come with me." Bk'tar said.

Karok followed. They walked over to a smaller inner office and Bk'Tar sat down at the desk. He quickly downloaded some information on a PADD and handed it to Karok. "These are your authorization codes to assume the position of Chief of Security. You have 150 officers and enlisted under you and you have complete control over the department. You report directly to the Senior Commander."

"150? Excellent. Now we'll see if Tk'lInn thinks I'm a worthy replacement." Karok said with a grin.

Bk'Tar grinned and stood up. "Well, good luck. I hope that you will do well in your new position."

"Thanks, make sure you forward me all pertinent information." Karok said with a smile.

"My databases are at your disposal. They contain all you need to know. By the way, just to give you a little pointer." Bk'Tar continued as they started to leave the office again. "Senior Commander Tk'Inn is not the type of person who often explains his actions. He may give an order that makes no sense and I recommend you just follow them with out to much question."

"Interesting.. so the rumors are true, then?"

"Well, he hasn't admitted it, but it's an accepted fact by the crew. The evidence points to that he is an agent for the Guardian's Errant."

Karok smiled, "I see."

"Any questions?"

"What is the Armory door's Pass code?"

"02X4BE. Anything else?"

"What do you have in there?"

"791 Standard Gorn Phaser Pistols and Rifles, 95 Photon Grenade Launchers, 40 Plasma throwers, ..um, and 20 old style rocket launchers. Go take a look some time."

"Wow you have a good memory."

"I had to keep check of the weapons every week, for 3 years. You a heavy weapons guy?"

"Most of my training was in that, yes." Karok replied, as he ordered a coffee from the replicator.

"Well you should love the armory. Just make sure you don't blow the decks apart, most bar fights can be ended with just a phaser on stun.." Bk'tar winked.

"Hehe. We'll see."

"If that's all, then I'll show you to your office."

"Thanks.."

Suddenly Karok's comm badge chirped, "Bridge to Ensign Karok.. we have news, your assistant has arrived via shuttlecraft."

"Send him to the security office." Karok ordered.

Bk'tar turned his head, "Who's your assistant?"

"None other than Prince Shok himself." Karok replied, sipping his coffee.

Bk'tar seemed surprised, "So I'll have a pair of athletes running my department!"

Karok laughed, "Yup."

-----

The door chime did its music as Tk'Lnn stood in front of the cabin of Ambassador Hss'Kel. The door hissed open and the Gorn was caught off-guard by the Senior Commander standing at his door.

"Senior Commander..." Hss'Kel pauses, "What brings you down to my quarters?"

"Ambassador. Hope I'm not disturbing you. I was wondering if you would like to accompany me to Laura's Diner."

Hss'Kel is stunned. From what he heard about the captain, this is truly an ultra rare occurrence. "How are you able to ask me this, Sir?"

"Oh, I'm off-duty and wanted to make an official welcome to the Talon. You came on in a very stressful time." Tk'Lnn told him.

"I understand." the Ambassador felt relieved. "Of course I'll accompany you."

Tk'Lnn stepped back and soon the two gorns were walking side-by-side toward the Terran Diner on Deck 12.

They arrived in front of the smoke glass doors and they slid open and showed the homey and alive atmosphere of the Diner. it was in the middle of the evening shift and many crewmen were there eating their dinners.

The two took a seat at a booth beside the large bay windows showing space and the stars; soon a Capellan woman came over to them. "Can I get your orders?"

"I'll take a plate of Vss'Trr with a glass of Crodag Whiskey." Tk'Lnn said.

The waitress scrawled the order on her PADD and turned to Hss'Kel.

"I'll have the same, except with water instead." Hss'Kel said.

With their orders given, the woman left and Tk'Lnn turned to the Ambassador. "So, how have you been doing adjusting to the Talon? It's not quite a Federation starship."

The Ambassador looked back to his Senior Commander. "I know it isn't, Sir. The Federation made their things..." he feels his chair. "...softer..." he goes back to looking back at his Senior Commander. "But this is better in my opinion. I did not want to become a 'Softy'."

"Good. I'm glad to here it. I hope it is the same with your attaché."

"She's doing fine as well, although she wants her body considered to be 'off limits', if you know what I mean."

Tk'Lnn nodded as the girl came back and set down their drinks. Once she left, the Gorn captain spoke again. "I don't I don't sound to job oriented, but I have read your qualifications in your dossier and I wanted to ask you a few questions."

Hss'Kel gasps and jerks back a bit, almost knocking the table over.

"Oh, no." Tk'Lnn said shaking his head. "I have found nothing wrong. I just wanted to ask you a few things."

Hss'Kel gets back to his Senior commander. "Oh. That's different. My apologies, Sir. Go ahead."

"Have you ever heard of or worked with the Hydrans?"

"Hydrans? No I have not."

"Well, the Hydran Kingdoms shares a common border with the Gorn Confederation and 25 years ago, before the civil war, we setup a joint colony on five planets here at the Tressak Triangle. They are a different life-form unlike us. They are short, gray crinkled skin, three arms, three legs, and three eyes. They breath a rich methane compound in their atmosphere."

"And how is this related to my Diplomacy qualifications, Sir?"

"The reason I ask you is if you will be able to work with them. If something has gone wrong with these colonies then we're going to need somebody with enough diplomatic skill to calm the situation. Hydrans are notorious of doing an efficient job when they fight."

"So I have to prevent the Confederation and the Lyrans from engaging in war."

"Your the best for the choice, Ambassador. The only diplomacy I know is a phaser bank and a plasma torpedo."

"Heh. I guess I'm glad I'm here under your command, Sir."

"So, do you have any questions?"

"Now that you mention it..." Hss'Kel goes on and on.

Tk'Lnn listened to the questions ranging from proper protocol for an ambassador on duty to the possibility of arranging a more central computer network in the Ambassador's office.

It reminded the Gorn captain of something. "Oh, by the way, You have been assigned third seat on the bridge."

That was the seat that was on the Captain's Left and the First officer was on the right. "I'd like to make sure you have a place on the bridge if anything goes wrong."

Hss'Kel is stunned again. "Senior Commander. I... I'm honored. I won't disappoint you or the Confederation."

The meal arrived and both started to eat.

-----

The medic bay was silent as all the nurses, assistant Doctors, and personnel stood or sat silently looking at the veivscreen on the medic wall. The screen was filled with the eerie red light that swam through space. It was like a nebula, but thicker and more dangerous then a Nebula. The Tressak Radiation field had been horror to the crews of old Gorn starships coming through here

before they fully understood the effects of the area.

Neekera's medical facilities had been converted to handling radiation sickness and the other effects of the zone; all they could do now was stand there and stare out at the hypnotic effect of the view.

"It's beautiful," said a female human nurse, a small girl in her early twenties. "I never thought I would see anything like this."

The Lyran looked over to her and she as gently purring. "Yes, it is beautiful. I just wish Gorns would stop and look at it without being always so official and work oriented."

"My parents thought I was committing suicide when I told them I enlisted in Star Fleet and accepted an exchange position with the Gorn Space Navy. They treated me like the Gorn were going to kill me or work me like a slave. I never knew that I would see this. It makes all those months worth it." The girl trailed off and Neekera folded her arms.

The room was silent again and then in the corner, a Gorn assistant Doctor spoke up. "Look, something at the bottom of the screen."

Neekera looked close at it and saw it was a round green saucer of a middle series Gorn Cruiser, it had a bunch of extra sensor arrays built in and the feline nodded. "That's a Discover Class Starship. Probably the Bronze Cluster's vessel waiting for us."

"Does that mean we can safely get in and out of the Triangle?" another asked.

The Lyran nodded. "I've served with Tk'Lnn since our first battle at Immenear. Will get in. You all just better be ready to get to work. Understood?"

A course of "Yes, sirs" echoed through the room and they all went back to watching the show on the viewer.

-----

Tk'Lnn and Hss'Kel walked down the large corridor as they continued the conversation in diner.

"So, the Hydran are a very quick assuming race. If something happened between them and the colonies, a fight could have broken out."

"It seems like the Hydrans will assume what they want when someone spoke to them. We'll need to find a way to earn their trust so that they won't assume anything when we reach the colony." Hss'Kel added to the conversation.

"Correct, their ships are very dangerous too. They are the ones who have really mastered Fighters. Our pilots probably would not have much of a chance."

Tk'Lnn and Hss'Kel became silent as they got in to the turbolift. "Observation deck." the Senior Commander said and the lift began to move.

"Ambassador, I haven't mentioned this to anybody, but there is supposed to be listening posts on the planet we are in orbit. I sent a team down to investigate, but I think something horrible has happened to the colonies."

"Has the away team reported in since to you sent them down?"

"Not yet. I'm waiting on them. Tak's a good officer, though some time very gung-ho."

"I see. Maybe it would be a good time for them to report in about now."

Tk'Lnn nodded. "I will head to the bridge in a minute to find out. First of all, I wanted to ask you, what got you in to Star Fleet and in the Space Navy?"

Since Lysonia was held as a vassal state, its citizens could afford to devote more time and energy to the Fine Arts rather than the arts of war."

Tk'Lnn laughed. "You have that quite correct. The Kzinti, Romulan, Klingon....we're almost the most unfriendly race there is."

Silence filled the turbolift again and they soon arrived to the bridge. Tk'Lnn stepped out and Hss'Kel was behind him. "Ambassador, make sure your ready for a meeting. I don't know what is going to happen."

"I shall prepare myself as best as I can, Sir." Hss'Kel answered. "If I'm going down to the colony, I'd like Lss'To and I'brolss to accompany me."

"Depending on the situation, you may take I'brolss. Senior Lieutenant Lss'To is on the away team and is already on the surface."

Tk'Lnn sat down in his chair. "Communications. Raise the ground team."

-----

The shuttle was on it's way and Tk'Lnn sat in his chair watching and waiting for his first officer to report in. Hss'Kel was busying himself with some reports and the turbolift swished open to show his new Security officer stride in.

He had been well-informed about Ensign Karok and was glad that finally he was getting better staff then he was originally allotted.

"Ensign Karok, please run through a security systems check. I want to be ready for anything." Tk'Lnn asked.

"Security systems check complete, sir. All is well."

"Good." Tk'Lnn said with a nod. "Keep a watch on the shuttle."

-----

The away team was present with their weapons ready. Neekera stood silently among the crowd with Insropuk nearby looking uncomfortable in the weapon's belt.

Commander Tak, though busy with his last put together's for the coming mission, made it to the shuttlebay ready to go with Senior Ensign I'Brossl beside him.

"Are you all ready?"

"I'm ready, though I'd like to know what I'm getting myself in too." Neekera purred. The

commander continued his way.

Tak nodded to each and soon they boarded the large and bulky Ground Assault Shuttle to take them to the surface of the Colony defense world.

The shuttle was not large, but it had a chair for everybody to sit at. Tak took the co-pilot's chair as Neekera sat down at the pilot's chair.

"Ensign I'Brossl, if you will mann Tactical." Tak asked officially.

"Yes, sir."

Tak turned to Insropuk. "Ensign, Please mann Science. I'm going to make one orbital pass around the planet. I want you to scan it to see if you can detect anything."

"Understood." The gorn answered with a nod.

"Alright, Lieutenant Neekera, if you will."

"Aye, aye, sir." The Lyran said as she quickly tapped in the orders.

The shuttle lifted off the ground and took off out the bay and made it's way toward the surface.

Space was beautiful and the stars sparkled in their places in the void. Like diamonds that had been polished to shine. The planet was massive when they were looking out the cockpit of the shuttle window.

"Setting up equilateral orbit, Commander."

"See anything, Insropuk?"

"Not yet."

The shuttle was not large, but it had a chair for everybody to sit at. Tak took the co-pilot's chair as Neekera sat down at the pilot's chair.

"Ensign I'Brossl, if you will mann Tactical." Tak asked officially.

I'brolss smiled. "Of course, Sir."

Tak turned to Insropuk. "Ensign, Please mann Science. I'm going to make one orbital pass around the planet. I want you to scan it to see if you can detect anything."

"right away." replied the short Gorn.

"Alright, Lieutenant Neekera, if you will."

The shuttle lifted off the ground and took off out the bay and made it's way toward the surface.

The team was silent as they made there way to the surface.

"Ensign Insropuk, Do you have any reading yet?" Asked tak.

"No, sir."

"Very good ensign, Ensign I'bross, Give me a tactical reading."

I'bross gives Tak the tactical reading.

After the readout Tak turned to Neekera Who was Piloting to vessel rather well.

"Take us down, Land were it is safe. All the rest of you get you Equipment ready."

The shuttles engine Went down a pitch as the shuttle descended toward the ground, Tak could not get a funny feeling from him, the funny feeling that there was some thing wrong. The shuttle Came down with a slight bump, Neekera turned to engine off so that is would be more silent.

"Lets move Make defense perimeter 1, we don't know what is out there. "Tak said pulling out his phaser. "lets move."

-----

They wore green environmental suits as they crouched outside the parameter of a Listening post station. Their visors on their helmets were tinted black and so nobody could see their faces. Gripping dark purple phaser rifles they watched as the ground team moved closer to the buildings, totally unaware of them being watched.

\*\*\*\*\*

Neekera scanned with her Tri-corder as they pushed through the jungle and she gritted her teeth at the sound of the jungle birds screaming and squawking away.

"Those infernal birds." she grumbled as her claw tapped out an instruction on the machine.

Everybody else cautiously moved through the area expecting trouble and their heavy boots squished in to the wet ground. Tak lead the way with Neekera flanking her and he growled.

"Anything yet?" he asked.

The Lyran shook her head as she checked her tri-corder again. The same answer came from the rest of the team and so he decided to push on. When they did finally come up to the installation. They could not believe their eyes.

The Listening post was a dome building with the sensitive equipment inside pointed toward the sky. Around the major dome were other smaller ones which housed the crew and the maintenance people. The buildings were their, but they were crushed in and the metal was twisted in to contorted shapes showing the destruction that had been leveled on the place.

"Krr'Mkk!" were the words that came out of Tak's mouth as he surveyed the devastation. "It looks like their has been a war here."

Neekera was scanning as she looked it over. "You better believe it, sir. My tricorder readings show that it looks like an aerial bombardment."

"What weaponry?"

"The trace readings are too old to tell."

"Old? How old?" Tak asked curiously.

"I'd say seven or eight years. This place has probably been a ghost town for awhile. I'm detecting nothing except a minor energy field. Probably something still running here or a residue effect from the weaponry. Could have been transporter artillery." Neekera said.

"Alright, everybody. Flank out and search through the buildings. Tri-corders on. I want all the information we can. Set your rifles to heavy stun. Something could still be here."

-----

Commander Tak stood looking at the shattered ruins and he shifted the phaser rifle on his shoulder. It was a small tower that reached for the sky, but the dome on top had been obliterated and the sides gutted from weapons fire. Now, after so many years, the foliage had grown up and ivy covered the cracks and holes in the wrecked structure.

The Gorn looked around scanning the noisy jungle and he watched his other team members working around the area scanning with their tricorders. Tak saw Neekera, the Lyran, scanning the other side of the structure and he walked over to talk.

"Anything?"

"Sure. This place was bombarded from space and then attacked by ground forces." she said pocketing the tricorder and then running her paw across one of the gashes.

"I thought your tricorder could not detect that much?" Tak said surprised.

"It's not that. I recognize the way things look. When I was in the White Fang Clan we had to investigate wiped out colonies that the Dark Fur Clan had attacked. These characteristic markings are almost exactly the same."

Tak nodded and looked at the dark gash. He then turned back to the feline medical officer. "Any bodies?"

"No. The bodies were removed and probably buried. I can't find any bio signs where the bodies would have laid. They would have decayed though our tricorder would still detect it."

Tak nodded and looked toward the Jungle. His crystalline eyes were focused on the area around and Neekera tilted her head slightly and her whiskers quivered. "You looking for something?"

"I don't know." Tak answered. "For some odd reason, I feel like we're being watched."

"Being watched?" Neekera said pulling her tri-corder out and aiming it out toward the forest. She studied it for a couple of minutes and then shook her head.

"There's nothing out there except standard animal life forms that VOXX has already told us about."

Tak nodded. "I believe you, but still, I can't shake that feeling."

Neekera nodded and then tapped her commbadge. "Neekera to party. Stay close in to the

building and report in anything that seems to be suspicious. Keep on your toes."

A chorus of 'aye, ayes' came across the channel and the Lyran turned and went back to her duties.

-----

Insropuk walked slowly scanning side to side with his tricorder and VOXX hovered right beside him.

"It's definitely weapons fire." he finally concluded. He knew most of the landing party had come to that conclusion, but he wanted to make sure himself.

"I have been analyzing the data you have been collecting and have not yet been able to deduce what type of weaponry was used."

Insropuk looked over to the robot and sighed. "It's over 20 years old, VOXX. Not even the best computers could find that information out from the surroundings."

"I'm not using standard data, but the marks themselves."

The young gorn looked over to his robot and crossed his arms. "The marks?"

"Yes. Weapons fire have different types of marks when they hit structures. I am comparing the marks on these walls to know weapons in my databanks."

"And what have you come up with?"

"Not enough to make a reasonable guess. I will alert you when I'm completed."

Insropuk frowned and tried not to feel like he had just been rebuffed by a computer.

The Science officer turned back to the path and looked out toward the jungle when his eyes caught something purple moving toward them.

"VOXX, can you scan that object. It's short and coming our direction."

VOXX went to work immediately and then announced firmly. "I recommend you take cover, sir. That is a Hydran Soldier and he is armed! 10 more are behind him."

Insropuk turned and took off running as VOXX spun around and zipped through the air away from the attackers. A weapons blast exploded the duranium above his head and the young Ensign slapped his commbadge.

"Insropuk to Commander Tak. I've got Hydran soldiers incoming!"

-----

Tak was still looking out at the jungle when Insropuk's words came over his commbadge. He spun on his heel and took off running toward Insropuk's position. Neekera was following behind him with her weapon facing forward.

"Rendezvous in the central complex!" Tak shouted in to his commbadge.

By then a rain of enemy fire was reflecting off the buildings and the team was firing blindly in any their direction. Tak jumped in to the building and covered the door while the others followed in.

The Hydrans took up positions and started firing their Phaser rifles in to their position forcing the Gorn team to keep there heads down.

"Neekera to Gorn Talon. We're under fire by a Hydran marine team. Request immediate evac!"

"This is Tk'Lnn. We've got our own problems, Lieutenant. There ship has challenged us and we're taking defensive action. Hold on till we can get the opportunity to beam you up. Tk'Lnn -out!"

The channel closed and Neekera shook her head. They were trapped!

-----

The grating thrum of Defense Condition 1 echoed through the bowels of the GSN Gorn Talon. Senior Commander Tk'Lnn stood on the bridge of his ship watching the purple hulled Hydran warship maneuver toward him. The Gorn studied it's design and recalled his studies of Hydran warships.

"Scans, Ensign." He said immediately.

"Hydran Lancer cruiser, sir. I'm detecting weapons at full readiness. He's got 4 fusion beam cannons and a Hellbore."

~Hellbore, just great.~ the Gorn thought. "Pull us back 20,000 kilometers. Keep us out of it's range."

"Plasma Torpedoes all charged and in full readiness, Senior Commander. " Senior Lieutenant Bk'Tar barked out.

The large commanding officer nodded without looking in the tactical officer's direction. He was busy calculating the odds of beating the enemy ship if combat ensued.

"Any signs of fighters?"

"Aye, Senior Commander. They're holding escort for their ship. 4 wings."

~4 Wings.~ he growled in his mind. ~Now, I remember what I hated about these guys.~

"Hail them."

"Hailing." the Human communications officer responded.

The channel hissed and soon the 3 eyes of the Hydran were focused on him. "Speak, Lizard."

"What is the reason of you threatening my Ship? There is no state of war between the Hydran Kingdoms and the Gorn Confederation."

"Nice try, Lizard. We have been fighting your kind for years. Heave to and prepare to be boarded. You are hear by a prize ship for the Hydran Royal Colonies."

"Approach this ship and we shall fire upon you. The Gorn Confederation will not stand for this, neither will I." Tk'Lnn threatened.

The Hydran looked at Tk'Lnn and barked something off in his own language. The tech nearby responded.

"I have not heard the name of the Confederation in many years, Lizard. Are you from the outside?"

"I am." Tk'Lnn answered puzzled.

"Good. You have come at the most opportune time...you see...We have been at war with each other for 16 years."

-----

Tk'Lnn stood from his chair slowly and puzzlement filled his reptilian face. "War?"

It seemed the Hydran nodded, but it was hard to tell with such an alien looking creature. "We have been at war with the Gorn Imperial Colonies for 16 and a half years and many loyal Hydran have fallen to their attacks. We barely got our shipyard working to produce these destroyers before they launched a major assault."

Tk'Lnn shook his head in disbelief. He turned to Bk'Tar and said, "Stand down to Defense Condition 2."

Bk'Tar opened his mouth to protest, but then just nodded. "Aye, Senior Commander."

The Captain of the GSN Gorn Talon turned back to the Hydran and spoke. "Captain, I am not part of this war. I was sent by the Gorn Confederation with the approval of the Hydran Kingdoms to ascertain your condition and to then detail a report back. I will not fire on you nor will I pose any hostile threat...to either side."

The Hydran looked at the Gorn across the veiwscreen and the three eyes of the creature focused on him sharply. "It has been many years since I have trusted a Gorn. I don't know if I can start now."

"I have dropped to Defense Condition 2 and de-charged my heavy weapons. I want to find a way to settle this and I mean it."

The Hydran remained silent for a minute and then spoke an order to his crew. "I will trust you...for now."

-----

Commander Tak re-materialized on the pad with the rest of the team and stepped down to Tk'Lnn quickly.

"Senior Commander, The attackers were Hydran. They are probably the ones that destroyed the listening post."

"I already know, Tak." Tk'Lnn said turning and motioning for the First Officer to follow. "It seems that the Gorns and the Hydrans have been fighting each other for 16 years and this base was

one of the causalities."

"Fighting? How is that possible?"

"I don't know." Tk'Lnn answered frowning. "But we are setting course to a Colonial World of the Hydrans where we shall meet their Lieutenant General who will explain the situation more."

"Tk'Lnn. I don't trust them." Tak said shaking his head. "What makes them so peaceful towards us if they have been fighting our kind for over 16 years?"

"We have no other choice, but do keep a look out, Tak. I'm counting on you."

The Senior Commander tapped his commbadge. "Tk'Lnn to Ambassador Hss'Kel. Meet me on the bridge, we may have need of your expertise."

-----

They needed special air suits because of the methane atmosphere that they breathed so the suited, three-legged, Hydrans weren't to surprising as they materialized in the transporter pad of the Gorn starship with their full suits.

Tk'Lnn stood looking at the materializing beings and was trying to make head or tails of what was going on and why the Gorn and Hydran colonies were at war. They had always been on good terms.

Standing beside him was the Gorn Ambassador Hss'Kel and his assistant. They were all prepared for the coming encounter and Tk'Lnn wasn't looking forward to it.

The transport cycled and finished and standing on the pad were three short Hydran soldiers and their captain. They stepped off the pad in a strange walking waddle and came directly up to Tk'Lnn.

"I am Lieutenant General Valuu of the Royal Hydran Colonies. This is my aid Feli and my personal body guard Lorex." the Hydran said motioning to each of the accompanying Hydrans.

"I'm Senior Commander Tk'Lnn, commanding Officer of the GSN Gorn Talon-A and this Ambassador Hss'Kel and his Assistant Lss'To." Tk'Lnn said.

The trip to Observation Room 1 on Deck 4 was short and they soon made themselves comfortable. The Valuu immediately started.

"Why have the Gorn Confederation waited this long to contact us?" The hydran ordered. It was aimed at Ambassador Hss'Kel.

"I apologize." The ambassador replied. "This cluster had been set aside in the ensuing war with the Kzinti."

"It's been sixteen years since these colonies were setup. You can't truly expect me to believe that we just 'slipped through the cracks'." he said.

"Sir," Tk'Lnn interrupted. "After the Third Romulan War, the Kzinti began maneuvers and we have been in a cold war since then. We haven't been at peace to go through any of our records or check up on any, but the closest colonies."

"How do you expect me to just lay down our arms and stop fighting the other gorns? You're asking a great deal."

"laying down arms will not work unless both sides lay down simultaneously." Hss'Kel calmly spoke.

"Do you have a plan to proceed with negotiations with the Gorn Imperials?"

"Yes, I do, Lieutenant general. This war has been going on in vain and, regardless who started it, it will end in peace."

Tk'Lnn turned to Hss'Kel. "Could you please elaborate on your plan? I think The commander would like to know before he commits to any type of peace. From a military perspective of course. I'm not a diplomat."

Hss'Kel looks back at Tk'Lnn. "Of Course." He turns back to the Hydrans and speaks "The first course of action is to tell the soldiers to hold their fire. Cease fire if we're lucky. Once both sides have stopped firing at each other, General Valuu, you should contact the Hydran King and inform him of the cluster's situation. I'll be contacting the Gorn Emperor at the same time. Our next moves will be based on their decisions."

Tk'Lnn nodded. "Your plan is very well thought out, Ambassador, but one slight wrinkle. We are unable to transmit out of the cluster. Residual effects of the seal will stay around for another 2 months. As a Guardian's Errant ship, we are clear to act in the Emperor's name."

Valuu, looked at the two Gorns and folded his three arms across his chest. "Your words are well spoken, but you expect us to trust you after fighting for so long? You have said war will continue, but in the long run one or the other will be crushed. This is a dangerous step to be made."

Senior Commander Tk'Lnn stood. "I understand your concern, Lieutenant General. If you wish to consult your leaders, we are more than welcome to transport you back to your ship and await your response."

"That will be the best of choice." The Hydran said standing up. "I will contact you in three hours."

-----

Tk'Lnn stood on the bridge of the Gorn Talon as the Hydran Fleet began to converge together with the Colonial Gorn fleet. The presence of the Gorn Talon was all that was keeping war from breaking out right at that moment.

"Talk about being tense." Tak said from his XO seat only a foot behind the Captain's own seat.

Tk'Lnn nodded in agreement and turned to Hss'Kell, who stood on the bridge.

"You know that this is going to turn ugly if you can't negotiate something. My ship and the small destroyer with us isn't going to do much."

"True." Hss'Kell agreed. "But the sight of a fleet would have started a war instantly. We need to show to them that we are not even thinking of a fight."

The Senior Commander nodded and turned to Tak and nodded.

The channel was open and the screen split in to two sections with the Hydran commander on the left and the Gorn commander on the right.

"I am Senior Commander Tk'Lnn of the GSN Gorn Talon-A under the orders of the Confederation. This is Ambassador Hss'Kell."

"I am Senior Commander Rekor." The Gorn answered. "The only reason we fly this close to Hydran Vermin is because of what you claim."

Tk'Lnn turned to Hss'Kell with a weary sigh. "As humans say, Ambassador, the stage is yours."

Hss'Kell looked back at Tk'Lnn and nodded. "Thank you, Captain." Hss'Kell stood up and began to address the Hydran. "First thing, Commander, I apologize for what our Senior Commander has said. He is not used to peace talks.

"Understandable, Ambassador." The hydran said with a nod. "I know soldiers are just that. Soldiers."

"Soldiers is a free word for you Hydrans." Rekor said with a snarl. "We have fought you long and hard. The Gorns are mightier."

"Commander Rekor, might has nothing to do with this." Hss'Kell pleaded.

"So speaks the creature who has not been living on the edge of destruction for more the two decades. You have no idea what my people have faced under the Hydrans."

"And you have no idea, Senior Commander Rekor, what your people have done to mine. We are all responsible for atrocities on both sides and maybe, just maybe, we can come to terms here so we may return to our empires intact."

Hss'Kell put a more serious look on his face. "Commander, the outerlying colonies, both Hydran and Gorn, have never received news of the Peace Treaty; as such, they are continuing a long-ended war, soldiers on both sides dying in vain. Because they keep fighting, they won't listen to the 'opposing side', so to speak. It's going to take both Hydran and Gorn Commanders from the homeworlds to have any effect on ending this conflict. I know the Hydran do not want a war, and neither do we."

"What about those 'vain' deaths, Ambassador? What happens to their names?" Rekor demanded.

"If things keep up like this, the names of the fallen soldiers will most likely be forgotten, with not even a dedication to them. Thus, it is essential to put a stop to the fighting, before the colonies themselves wind up obliterated." Hss'Kell replied with determination.

"I will relay all you have said to Hydran Colonial Command for the response."

Rekor grunted his acknowledgement. "I shall do the same."

The Screen went out back to showing the two fleets facing off with each other.

"Now all we do is wait." Bk'Tar said for his tactical panel.

-----

It was like a miracle as Tk'Lnn watched the two fleets split and begin returning to where they had come from. The message had just come in from each Colonial Council that they agreed to end the conflict and awaited further ambassadorial contact.

At the moment Sector Master Tervak, the commander of Colonial Affairs, was speaking with Hss'Kell.

"I must thank you for your efforts, Ambassador. This situation was very volatile."

"I must admit, Sector Master, it was nervous for me as well." Hss'Kell replied. "However, I knew what would have happened if I did not remain calm."

"Thanks to your successful re-contact, we have deployed Ambassadors to both sides and the Hydrans are coming also. The Gorn Talon's mission there is complete. I will tell you now that I was unsure of your position there on Senior Commander Tk'Lnn's ship, which is of course Black Fleet, but you have proven that you can handle yourself."

"Thank you, Sector Master, even though my assignment to the Talon is temporary."

"Consider that assignment permanent until you choose otherwise."

Hss'Kell bowed slightly to Tervak. "Yes, Sir! Thank you very much, Sector Master!"

Sector Master Tervak changed his position to face Tk'Lnn Vss'Kov and the Gorn stood out of respect.

"Senior Commander. You have also done a good job supporting the Ambassador."

"Thank you, sir."

"You are to lock course for Starbase G-56 for R&R and refit. Two weeks."

"Thank you, sir."

The communications winked out showing the outside as they began cutting past the bottleneck of the Tressk Triangle.

"Well then, Captain, since I am officially a part of the crew, I'd like to ask one thing." Hss'Kell said.

"Of course, Ambassador." Tk'Lnn said turning in his chair to face his newest member of the staff.

"Both the Attache and Senior Ensign that arrived with me. I haven't seen them lately."

"They left with the GSN Loyalty for temporary duty training. They will return."

"It's good to know he's getting some more training." Hss'Kell smiled. "I'm sure he'll be a fine addition to the crew once he has his shot at proving himself."

"I do not judge a person just by their record, Ambassador. I'm sure he will over time and I will give him that chance when his time comes." Tk'Lnn answered.

Hss'Kell nodded. "Well then, one more thing I'd like to suggest a nice rest period where the whole crew can get a fully body massage to ease tension and relieve stress."