



Episode 4 “Exploring”

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Space the final frontier, these are the continuing missions of the Starship Eagle, our goal is to advance federation knowledge and explore the unknown regions of space, we are the federations first lines in exploration and defense, The Year is 2290 and these are the adventures of the USS Eagle.

"If you repeat Berry's seventy-third rule to me again, I'm going to scream."

"Ok"

Pause.

"Well.... Go ahead and say it."

"Will you scream?"

"No."

"If you're bored, enjoy it. It means nobody is shooting at you."

The EAGLE was built to explore. So far in its life it had done far too little of that to make its designers happy. Highly classified encounters with time jumping aliens notwithstanding, the new ship and her crew hadn't done the deep space exploration it was supposed to be doing.

From the keel up the ship was a completely new concept in starship design. She was an Explorer first and foremost. Long term, deep space, exploring is what the EAGLE was supposed to be doing, and so far, she had been doing everything else but.

That was precisely what she was doing now.

They were over a month out of Starbase 114 and several days past the official border of the Federation. After a few more days they passed out of what the Federation had labeled an 'Area of Interest' and into unexplored space running at warp five. The ship and crew were under a communications blackout, with clear instructions to avoid letting the universe at large know they were out there.

At first the crew was on edge. Would they be challenged by hostile aliens? Would they run into an uncharted region of quantum strings or microscopic black holes that would damage the ship? What if they actually got lost and ended up wandering aimlessly in a totally unknown region of space? Then, they got back into the routine and things calmed down. Except things calmed down to the point of becoming dull.

The Eyrie was more popular than ever. Officially it was an unnamed common room between several of the recreation areas. Unofficially it was a nerve center of information, gossip, rumor control, and planning for everything from the mundane to the strategic. Now, with nothing more exciting than a new type of brown dwarf star to add to the catalog, even routine gossip was a welcome diversion.

As the ship probed further and further into the outer regions of the Alpha Quadrant, being especially careful to avoid known regions of claimed space by a long list

of alien authorities including the Tzenkethi and the Sheliak. None of which were likely to welcome them with open arms.

Every so often the ship came out of warp to sit still in space. They scanned everything within range and compared the results to existing star maps. Then they would update the detailed map they were making as they went. Then the ship would resume its journey.

Carter pushed his head against his pillow, the dream was beginning again.

It was a windy day on Mars. Rusty sand and the occasional darker speck blew across the portal. Carter was dreading his first day on this assignment as a full commander and was putting off reporting for duty. He knew he was in for the standard (although officially frowned on) hazing. He sucked it up and set his jaw, better to go in 'no nonsense' then lighten up later than otherwise.

He turned from the window and started down the hall to the lab where the rest of the design team was supposed to be already working on a refinement to the replicators for the new ship. Suddenly a blast from the alarm system shook him from head to toe and he broke into a run toward the lab. He commanded the door to override its safety lockouts and open. Flames were shooting out of the working model they had been constructing while one of the assistants was spraying it with an extinguisher to a standoff. Another lab tech was standing under the emergency wash station bathing a badly burned arm.

"Oh, hey Austin." The tech fighting the fire said. "It didn't work."

"I see." He went to the burned tech while calling for a medical team to respond.

"Sorry it happened on your first day on the job." The burned tech grinned painfully.

"I'm sorry it happened at all." Carter said aiming the cool spray at the burn. "It looks like it hurts."

"Yes sir. Commander." They answered through clinched teeth.

The medical team took the injured tech away and Carter got to go over what was left of the prototype with the rest of the team.

Then he blinked. "Carter here." He blinked again. The smell of burnt wiring and seared flesh still fresh in his mind from the recurring dream.

"Sorry to wake you Captain."

"I know. I asked for it."

"Yes sir. We've found something unusual. I've called Lieutenant Mohammad as well sir."

"OK. Hang on. I'll come up and we'll check it out." He stretched and got up. In a few minutes he was on his way to the bridge with a cup of coffee from the perfected replicator design he kept having that dream about.

The bridge was quiet. The second shift was working the duty stations. Carter glanced at the ship's systems status screen, clean and green. No replicators had exploded recently. "Report." He said indicating to the duty officer that she could stay in the command chair for now.

"Here. This is why we called you." She said.

The viewscreen changed to show an ancient space structure.

"Well, that's different. Any life? Energy? Anything?"

"No sir. There's no habitable area we can find. It looks like a frame for something, but whatever it was a frame for is long gone."

"How big is it? Can we get an age on it?"

The shift's science officer answered after checking his figures. "Three hundred eighty meters on the long axis. One hundred ninety across the far branch. The smaller structure nearest us is sixty meters on the one side, twenty on the other." He nodded precisely. "The beams range from approximately three meters in diameter to a few that exceed ten meters. It appears to be constructed of rather common alloys of iron, aluminum, copper, and a few other basic metals." The officer took a breath and paused, looking at the Chief Science Officer before answering any more.

Carter waited. He knew the rest of it would come from the senior officer.

Mohammad stood at full attention. "I estimate it to be three to four thousand years old. Unless we get a direct sample of a datable alloy a more exact determination is nearly impossible."

"Whose is... err... was it?"

She shook her head ever so slightly. "There are few discernable markings sir. However it is older than the Debrune relics known in the Beta Quadrant and far younger than anything known of Iconian origin. There haven't been any xenoarcheological expeditions this far out so further speculation is fruitless."

Carter nodded and pursed his lips. "Well. Should we take a sample or leave it be and go on."

Their mission was supposed to be low impact and minimal contact. Taking a sample from a slowly corroding drifting piece of space junk might not risk a confrontation, but then again. They debated it for a few minutes as the captain weighed the pros and cons.

"Sir. Look." The helmsman said and pointed to the screen.

"Enlarge that section." Carter ordered.

There was a damaged section of a cross brace on the far side of the frame. Evidently sometime in the last millennia the structure had been hit by another piece of space junk. Several small braces and framing members were hanging by thin strands of cable or wire that ran throughout the frame.

"Get a transporter lock on one of those loose pieces. Put it in a stasis field in cargo bay three."

"Aye aye sir."

"And let the alien technology section know they've got something to play with."

"Yes sir."

They watched one of the smallest of the beams with what appeared to be several bolts and welds on it shimmer as it swung slowly on the bare thread of metal that was holding it to the structure then it vanished.

"It's aboard sir. No change in anything in the frame. No activity in the area."

"Very good. Let's get going. Continue on course as before. Resume mission."

Carter said as Torrell took her position at the helm for the next shift.

The bridge crew expected another discovery the next time they slowed from warp for a scanning cycle.

They were disappointed. Empty space, a medium sized red star with no planets, a few thin gas clouds, and more empty space. Maybe next time.

Three days later the routine was once again growing monotonous. After a week, it was becoming tedious.

"I agree. We've got to keep the crew sharp. But how many battle station drills can we run?" Ensign Allen said to the captain. "People's nerves are beginning to... fray."

"Point taken." He looked out the windows that lined his ready room at the vast expanse of uncharted stars.

"We all need a break. Even if it's just a day off from the scouting mission."

"Very good. Let's do it." He got up.

"Now?"

"Now." He walked out onto the bridge. "Are there any uninhabited Class M, L, something livable within sensor range?"

Mohammad was at the science station. "No sir. This is an almost empty sector as well."

"Continue on course, Warp Three. Full scans for... Anything."

"Warp three sir?"

"Warp three. We're slowing down for awhile."

"Yes sir."

"Well sir. It's not a problem." O'Dell said. "At least. It's not yet."

"But it could be."

The engineer made different gestures with each hand. "Maybe. Maybe not. But we have been holding a pretty good speed for a long time."

Carter nodded. "We've been at warp five almost constantly for three months."

"Theoretically we should be able to hold that speed almost indefinitely. But, we've never done it, and we've never run like we have been either. No ship I know of has traveled like we have. Warp five for three days, dead stop, warp five, dead stop... Now warp three with no stops."

"OK. What do you need? Standard orbit for a couple of days?"

"That'd be nice."

"I'm working on it."

"Ma'am, possible Class P moon around a gas giant in the system we're approaching." An ensign said from the Science Station.

"An ice moon?" Commander Torrell asked.

"There is oxygen in the atmosphere."

"Alter course for a better scan, see if it's breathable. I'll notify the captain."

"It won't be a day at the beach." Captain Carter said reading the sensor results in the briefing room with the chief engineer.

"But there will be plenty of ice for the drinks."

"You'll have to take your own bar."

O'Dell smiled. "I can do that."

"Minimal plant life signs, no animals beyond extremophile bacteria. I'll have T'Mier make sure they won't hurt us or us them."

"Mohammad and her crowd will have a field day." O'Dell said sourly. "Her idea of R&R is research for another PhD."

"And yours is pub crawling."

"Yes sir. THAT is Rest and Recreation."

"In my opinion as Chief Medical Officer, shore leave is authorized pending the complete analysis of our samples. So far, everything is relatively benign." The Vulcan doctor said slowly. "There appears to be minimal risk to the crew or the planet with standard away team precautions such as: don't eat any of the vine ferns, you would regret that."

Lieutenant Commander Berry looked over at Ensign Nebrell and grinned. "Now I'm going to really teach you how to ski race downhill."

T'Mier's face could almost have been called a smile when the other Vulcan looked to her for a bailout. "Skiing is a most challenging activity. To exhibit the control over so many dynamic variables at one time, and avoid obstacles while at speed, is most difficult."

"And it's fun." Berry said.

Nebrell surrendered. "I'll try it."

Maxwell still wasn't convinced it was as safe as it appeared. "Keep scanning the system for other planets, ships, energy signatures, anything out of the ordinary."

"Yes sir."

"Security chiefs need a break too." Ensign Allen said softly.

Maxwell ignored her, concentrating on the various readouts that might indicate a threat to the ship and crew. He was almost disappointed that nothing within sensor range could even be called a possible threat.

"The system appears to be deserted sir."

"Anything?" He asked Berry at the communications station.

"No sir. There's some faint traffic on some lower bands, but it's from a long way out. And not anything from our library."

"How far out?"

"Several light years sir. It appears to be a continuous broadcast, almost like an entertainment or information program. It's not ship to ship. It sounds like... Music and... talk."

"Music? On subspace? Out here?" Carter asked.

"Yes sir."

"Keep monitoring it."

"Never stopped sir."

"Kavanagh to CMO." The com said.

"T'Mier here. Go ahead Doctor Kavanagh."

"We've completed the secondary tests on the samples we brought up. There may be some reaction to prolonged exposure to some of the varieties, but the transporter's biofilters should eliminate them. We've begun programming the new information into the system."

"Very good. Thank you Doctor." T'Mier nodded to the captain.

"Then that's it. Standard shore leave rotation. Department heads and senior officers will ensure essential post coverage. Let's do it."

Ensign Nebrell was something of a natural on skis. A bit stiff and cautious, but he did OK. Berry had always been something of a hot dog on the slopes, and for his efforts he needed some minor first aid.

True to his word O'Dell set up the first recorded tavern in this system and did a decent business for the duration of his time on the surface. Of course, anybody that passed out free drinks from a bluff with a spectacular view of a deep crevice with what appeared to be continuously active ice falls probably could have been equally popular.

Mohammad and T'Mier organized a caving expedition to a couple of formations to collect samples of what passed for the planetoid's fauna. For them, the chance to do hard scientific research on a totally alien world was recreation enough.

Captain Carter divided his time on the surface carefully. He stopped by O'Dell's bar, then saw the cave explorers off. He watched several different parties ski for awhile, then simply sat at the landing area and talked to different crew members as they arrived or departed. When it came time for him to beam back up to cover the bridge, he felt like he had had a full vacation.

Torrell briefed him about some progress identifying the source of the broadcast and passed along the updated maintenance schedule from engineering. Then she ran down the new version of the shore leave rotation.

"Anything else?" The captain asked her.

"No sir. You have the full briefing."

"Good. You're off duty now. Go down and have some fun."

"Sir?"

"They're having a snow diving contest just north of the beam down point. Go watch. It's hilarious." She didn't respond. "Or better yet. Go join in."

"Thank you sir. But I don't think that's something I'd enjoy, but I might watch for awhile."

"Relax and have some fun. And... Sarah. That's an order."

The name caught her a little off guard. She smiled. "Yes sir. Thank you sir."

O'Dell wasn't happy with the engines yet. "Give me one more day and I'll have them back to MY specs. Sir."

Carter sighed. He wanted to get moving again. But... "Ok." He nodded. "I guess another rotation to the surface won't hurt." He looked up at the engineer. "You going to reopen O'Dell's when you go back down?"

"No sir. I think I'll go snow diving this time."

"You? Jump off a cliff into a pile of snow? Nude?"

O'Dell smiled. "It's shore leave sir."

After a second day of ice planet shore leave most of the crew was ready to get back to work. Even the EAGLE herself seemed rested and eager to resume the mission.

Their first order of business was to investigate the sources of the subspace broadcast they had been monitoring.

The signal was coming from a small system some distance from where they had stopped. The EAGLE slowed to impulse and cruised past the outer planets.

"It's a high class F star. Seven planets. The second one is the source of the broadcast." Nebrell said. "That planet is showing a high level of development."

Berry nodded. "Confirmed sir. It's being broadcast from two orbiting relays."

Maxwell jumped in. "There are ships in the area of the second and third planet sir."

"OK, let's stay out of their sensor range. Hold position here. What kind of ships are they?"

"Aye sir." Torrell responded. "Full stop, station keeping."

Maxwell was still working on it. "They're small. No warp drive or weapons I can see and they're slow too. They appear to be robot ore carriers or something similar."

"I'm picking up some asteroid mines between the second and third planets."

"Record everything and let's get out of here. I don't want to take any chances that they see us out here watching them. No Contact. This is clearly a Prime Directive situation."

"I've got a manned ship on sensors."

Carter held up his hand to cut everybody else off. "Have they seen us?"

The security officer worked intently for a minute. "They can't see us. They barely have the instruments they need to fly at all." Maxwell answered. "It's some sort of transport. Minimal life support, looks like thirty five people on board. On course to a large asteroid."

"OK. They obviously have space-going technology. We're probably more of a threat to them than they are to us. We'll get one more full sensor sweep of the entire system, then resume course. Torrell, back us out slowly and gently, wait until we are good and clear of the system before you hit the warp button."

"Yes sir."

After the detection and monitoring of the early space age alien culture the crew expected more discoveries right around the corner.

For the next several days they were traveling through more or less empty space. Routine once again became routine.

They stayed at warp five for awhile, then stopped and scanned, then resumed their journey.

"We'll be at our turn-around point in about another week. Then we'll have to make a decision." Carter told his senior staff, he called up a map of the quadrant. "Starfleet left it up to me which way we'd come back. Back the way we came, in a 'great circle' route through one of these areas, or something in between."

There was silence in the room.

"Discussion?" Carter prompted.

O'Dell spoke up. "We've seen where we've been."

"True."

"Our mission is exploration." Nebrell stated the obvious. Most of them nodded.

"Then it's agreed. We go back some way other than the way we came out here."

"Yes sir."

"OK, which other route back?"

"Perhaps we should let the situation dictate the direction." Nebrell said with full Vulcan Logic on parade.

"Elaborate."

"When we reach aphelion, we could spend some time scanning nearby systems then direct our course to the one that appears interesting and work our way back to Federation space that way."

"System to system?" Maxwell said. "That'd take three or four times as long to get back home as it did to get out here."

Carter looked at his security chief. "You got a dentist appointment you'll miss?"

"No sir."

"Our mission is exploration.... But I don't want to be out of contact with Starfleet for too long. We'll work a happy median." He put his hands on the table, signaling the end of the meeting. "Continue course. When we reach the aphelion point, slow to impulse and we'll see what's what."

They reached the projected furthest point from Federation Space right on schedule. Carter ordered the ship to slow to a stop and to begin full scans of everything in range.

The most interesting thing was a binary star system that appeared to have a very dim red dwarf in orbit around the two larger and brighter suns. They agreed that it would be worth a look-see.

"Set course. Warp Three."

After several hours of observing and measuring the unusual stellar phenomena Captain Carter decided to have another go along their route at warp five, then stop and see what was in the neighborhood.

"We're clear. Course set, ready to engage." Commander Torrell said once the ship was well away from the enormous gravity well of the multiple star formation.

"Do it."

They were expecting to get back into their mission routine.

Except the further they traveled this time the more odd readings they received.

Finally there was enough conflicting information that the Captain ordered them to slow to warp two so they could get a better idea of what was going on.

"OK, let's work it. What are we dealing with?" He looked around.

Berry was first. "I'm getting strong traffic on several mid-range subspace bands. Some of it is definitely ship to ship."

The others followed.

"I've got multiple ships under power just within scanner range. Looks like a convoy. Several big ships, and I'm showing some heavy weapons systems on some of those." Maxwell's jaw was tight.

"There's all sorts of odd readings ahead. Right in our path. I'm not sure what.... OH NO! Reversing Course! Emergency power!" Torrell was all over the helm trying to make the ship obey.

"What?" Carter asked just as the view screen lit up violently and the ship lurched suddenly to one side. There was a rumbling roar from an explosion that echoed through the ship.

The EAGLE was still staggering from the blast when it fell out of subspace. Immediately two more powerful explosions shook the ship.

"Shields holding. We do have some damage, it's under control. Few injuries. Emergency parties responding."

"Another mine is moving this way. Two more... There are others. A bunch of them." Maxwell yelled. "They're tracking us. And broadcasting. Remember those warships? They're coming this way."

"Get us out of here." Carter ordered, "Back to that binary system, maximum warp. We didn't come out here to end up in a fire fight."

"I'm not sure we'd win this one. Those are at least Dreadnaught class ships." He pointed to two heavy blips on his screen. "And I think they're launching fighters." There were several smaller blips emerging from the larger ones.

"Ready sir. Engaging engines. Warp seven."

"GO!"

The EAGLE was basically hiding just inside the red dwarf's orbit around the other two stars. The damage the ship had sustained was being quickly repaired and the injured crew members had already been treated. The most serious injuries to both ship and people involved some ruptured conduits and the resulting fires.

O'Dell had even been out on the hull with a team in space suits welding and repairing the damaged area's of the saucer section.

Now they were in the briefing room outlining their next step.

"There's no sign of pursuit. But..." Maxwell said.

"We can't go back that way." Carter finished for him. "How large of a territory do they control? Do we have any idea how far out of our way we have to go?"

"And... Who are they?" The engineer asked him.

"The broadcast from the mines called it something that translates roughly as Area 179Td. Whatever that means." Berry reported.

"Area 179 of what?" Carter asked.

"I don't know. The warships didn't even try to hail us, they just moved to intercept and launched fighters."

"They take trespassing very seriously around here." O'Dell said.

"Evidently."

Carter stared at the map. "We didn't show that mine field until we were right on top of it. There's no way of knowing how extensive it is. Or how many systems it covers."

"No sir." Torrell said. "They may be shielded or cloaked. Or both."

Carter looked to the others. Nobody could answer. He put his hands flat on the table. "OK. Double check the repairs. I want everything fixed as much as it can be fixed. Then I want to set a course back to the Federation, giving us as much room between us and what we can reasonably expect their territory to be. AND I want a way to detect those mines besides running into them."

"Yes sir."

The EAGLE approached the area they had extrapolated the minefield out to with caution. They spent some time crawling along at impulse scanning for what they had determined was an almost microscopic energy signature of the tracking mines. There was no discernable reading for the explosive mines, other than the explosion.

As they moved further into the sector Lieutenant Commander Berry began picking up the communications traffic he had seen before. But at least this time it wasn't coming from their immediate area.

The sensors also weren't picking up any military convoys. Which they all agreed was a very good sign.

"I think we'll be able to detect them at warp one." Maxwell said. "In fact, I'm sure we can."

Torrell nodded.

"Detect them and be able to change course to avoid them?" Carter said with raised eyebrows.

The two officers looked at each other.

"I see. Do whatever you have to do to the sensors to give us the maximum lead time. And set up an automatic program to reverse course. I'd like to avoid any more loud noises."

"Aye sir."

On the outbound flight the EAGLE had been flying boldly, if quietly, through unknown space. Stopping and scanning at will. Now they were moving extremely cautiously, almost tentatively through space. They didn't even slow down to marvel at a planet that was coming apart after an impact by a huge asteroid disrupted its orbit, they scanned it as they went past the system and kept moving. All attention was focused ahead, almost feeling in the dark with extended fingers for the minefield.

If the sensors detected anything the ship stopped dead and they scanned every inch of it and the surrounding void. So far, they'd given thorough examinations to bits of space junk and one small asteroid that had a high metal content.

At warp one they had covered a small percentage of the distance they had planned to cover per day; but warp one was better than the alternative.

The tension on the ship was almost thick enough to feel. Then the boredom of being constantly at yellow alert began getting thick too.

"If you repeat Berry's seventy-third rule to me again, I'm going to scream."

"Ok" Riley Berry said with a slight smirk as he monitored the com.

The silence became overwhelming. "Well.... Go ahead and say it."

"Will you scream?"

"No."

"If you're bored, enjoy it. It means nobody is shooting at you."

Maxwell looked sideways at the communications officer with a questioning expression. "Where do space mines fit into that rule?"

"I'll get back to you on that."

Once again the bridge got quiet. The occasional beep or hum of equipment the only break in the silence.

"I've Got Them!" Torrell said like a thunderclap. "Altering course."

On the screen were several dozen tiny objects answering to the general description of mines fanning out in every direction.

"They're around that system."

"They've already seen us!" Maxwell said.

"They are broadcasting." Berry added.

"Reverse course, warp five."

"Multiple ships coming into sensor range."

"Course reversed. Coming to warp five sir."

"At least we saw them before we hit them." Carter sighed.

"And we had plenty of time. Even at warp one."

"You did good." The captain nodded to his officers.

They replotted their course and made a few more adjustments to the sensors.

Even then the best speed they could make was warp one point five and still be able to see the mines. Still, Maxwell was sure the mines would be able to see them long before they saw the mines. He was going to add a new chapter to his tactical thesis, Offensive Space Mines.

"I believe they've deployed them only around solar systems. Not as a screen through the sector." Maxwell said.

"Any way to test that theory without tripping over them?"

"Yes sir."

He turned to Torrell. "I'm listening."

"We plot a serpentine course between solar systems. Never coming less than a parsec from the outer boundary of the system."

"Giving every system in this sector a three light year berth? We'll be going ..."

"A long way out of our way." Carter said. He looked at O'Dell. "Bring the shield up to full, arm all weapons, have damage control teams on full standby."

"What?" The engineer's face was a mask of disbelief.

"You don't want to take the scenic route home. So we'll run the mine field and shoot it out with those Dreadnaughts and go straight through."

"I didn't mean that. It's just..." He finally nodded. "Serpentine is just fine with me."

The Captain grinned. "I'm glad you approve." He turned back to Torrell and Maxwell. "See if you can manage a little better speed and still be able to see the mines."

"Yes sir."

Carter put his hands on the table. "Well. Anything else?"

"Once we're around whoever this is, I'd like to be able to give the crew another break." Ensign Allen said.

"Once we're past our friends out there, we'll all need a break."

"Well. Yeah, it's warm, but a yellow sky... I just don't like it." Riley said looking up; the small hot star that gave this planet life was also responsible for its odd sky color was hot on his face.

"It makes me believe there is a storm coming. Sometimes the Vulcan sky will turn that color during weather changes." Nebrell said with a tone to his voice that almost sounded homesick.

They spent several days in orbit of the planet. Part of it was for pure scientific reasons; part of it was for simple R&R.

On the scientific side Mohammad and some others were trying to decide if the planet was a dry class O or a wet class M. The planet was over ninety-five percent water, but otherwise the atmosphere and other criteria perfectly matched the criteria for class M. It was a heady discussion that dissected the minutia of every detail of a dozen different planets down to how many parts per billion of argon was in the air.

"What's your opinion Captain?" Mohammad asked.

"I think...." He looked at the gathered scientists. "I think I'll go for another swim and think about it."

"We're still a long way from Federation Space; but we are on the downhill side. Some of the area in front of us was within sensor range for part of our outbound journey." Carter appeared relaxed and confident as he walked slowly around the bridge. "So, from here on we'll continue the survey mission that was so rudely interrupted." He looked at his bridge officers and nodded at each one.

"No hostiles in the area sir. Shields and weapons on standby." Maxwell said.

"Very good." Carter looked up at Riley.

"Nothing unusual on the com channels. Still out of range of anything Federation wise."

"Sickbay is at full ready. Two minor injuries during activities on the planet, no serious incidents reported." Doctor T'Mier added to the briefing.

Lieutenant Mohammad was next. "Planetary survey has been completed. We are going to leave the final classification to the Federation Science division."

"Good move." Carter said.

"Crew moral is high, most of them... myself included... are looking forward to at least being inside the Federation again." Counselor Allen reported.

O'Dell cleared his throat. "Engines are good and ready. We've got plenty of antimatter in reserve. No significant damage remains from the encounter with our friend's toys. We're... Good to go."

"Excellent." Carter nodded to Nebrell next.

"We've got partial star maps of the area we're going into. Navigation will be much more assured for the remainder of the mission."

"Course plotted and locked in. Engines and helm answering within spec. Awaiting your command." Torrell said as the final report.

"You have it. Resume mission. Warp five."

End Exploring

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