

Anarita Jat
By Ann Thomas

Anarita crouched behind the rock, phaser in hand. She knew the Intendant's tame Klingons were looking for her, along with the rest of the resistance. She hoped Jen would get away. Goodness knows what the Intendant and her monster Kane would do to Jen if she were captured. One thing for sure it would be very painful. The thought of Kane made her shudder. A soulless killing machine that by all accounts had killed his wife and child at the Intendant's command. She had seen Madia Amme at a distance, but as yet was lucky enough not to have met her face to face.

As she crouched in the dirt and the gloom she thought back to how she had come to be in this position. She had had a good life on Trill, her parents, Willem and Magita Tehmus, had been middle class unjoined Trills. They had never sought joining and Anarita could see no point in surrendering yourself to another or others, having to cope with all those personalities. No. She much preferred to be herself, of course like all humanoid Trill she had the pouch for the slugs (sorry symbionts) to enter the body of the host.

She had finished her education and was working in a science laboratory when the Alliance invaded Trill. They had threatened the unjoined Trill symbionts in their pools so the weak government had surrendered. They had committed the Trill homeworld to occupation by alliance troops – troops who took whatever they wanted be it food, goods or women. Anarita and several that felt the same way escaped from Trill and made their way to Bajor. The Alliance had killed some but Anarita had made it to Bajor unharmed. She had heard there was a resistance movement lead by a Terran called Jen Warran. It had taken a while, and lots of contacts before she met up with a Terran called John Borda. After checking her out John had taken her to Jen Warran. She was a striking, slim Terran with a mass of red hair and a temper to match, it didn't pay to upset her but she was warm-hearted and loyal to her friends, supporting them all in these bad times. They were a mixed bunch these resistance fighters. Jen – Terran an a master or mistress of disguise, John Borda - Terran ex- Earth Federation quick to pick a fight with friend or foe but a master communications officer. Then there was the crippled Vulcan T'Pina, she was injured fighting the Alliance at Wolf 359, she could be very prickly but was direct in her relationships with other resistance members. She was friendly with the Andorian Zuveda. There was Ellie a pretty Terran and Sesprie a Bajoran holy woman. Alice Roy is the pilot of a trading ship and very handy at delivering messages.

As she crouched there Anarita heard scuffling from close by. She knew it was the Klingons sent by the Intendant. She had been lost in a reverie and was not as alert as she should have been. She sank down deeper into the shadows of the rocks. It wouldn't do for her to be captured. They had lost others that way, S'ena the exotic Orion/human and the man who loved her, Brian Starr from Avalon. Then there was Leigh Brown – just a boy but a marvellous pilot, he had had his own shuttle called Scooby – some old Earth connection. He'd been caught and was now reported to be working in the ore processing centre on ramQul station.

Anarita shuddered as she thought of those who were searching for her. Madia Amme was determined to crush the resistance. She had a force of Klingons who did all her dirty work for her. Qu'bang who captained her own Bird of Prey. The sisters b'Sel and b'Daw, as nasty a pair as can be found anywhere in the universe. Then, of course, there was Kane – she hoped that it wasn't Kane hunting for her, that really terrified her.

The noises came closer; she saw the beam of phaser fire and Klingon disrupters and wondered who had been captured. There were sounds of a struggle, cries of pain, shouts of triumph. Then the sounds died away. As she crouched there she felt her legs begin to cramp, pain shot up the backs of her legs but still she remained silent – still – as one with the rocks. After what seemed an eternity she made a move, first she stretched out each leg behind her, one at a time, then she cautiously stood keeping as much to the shadows as she could. She crept forward slowly keeping her eyes on the murky distance ahead of her,

she could hear nothing – see nothing. She became more confident then as she turned the corner of a cliff heard the hum of a phaser, felt the electric charge go through her body as she fell everything went black.

Anarita opened her eyes slowly, her head throbbed and her body ached. She looked up to see two shadows between her and the lights. She tried to raise her hands to rub her eyes but found she was bound to some sort of table. As she struggled to free her self she heard the shadows laughing.

“You cannot free yourself Petaq. We have plans for you.” Anarita felt herself go cold as a face appeared on a viewscreen on the wall. A cruel face with blonde hair pulled back to reveal flashing blue eyes and full sensual red lips.

“Where is the Trill?” She snarled. The two sisters pulled the table upright. “Do it!” She said and the screen went blank.

“You are privileged,” said b’Sel, “today you become joined to the Jat symbiont.”

Anarita looked at her in horror, she had never wanted to be joined and certainly not to a slug who served the Alliance.

B’Sel approached the table with a knife in her hand; she ripped open Anarita's shirt and began to cut a slit in her belly. Anarita screamed in pain and once again everything went black.

Anarita raised her eyelids to see b’Sel standing over her.

“Didn’t realise you had a pouch until we got the symbiont out of Anturun. Never mind you’ll soon heal. Can’t let our new host die.”

Anarita felt herself overwhelmed by the thoughts and emotions of the previous hosts. Some good, some bad. The last one Anturun had worked for the Intendant. He had infiltrated and betrayed many resistance groups; this would be what they would want her to do. Well she would fight off the urgings of the symbiont inside her, in her mind she would always be Anarita Tehamus. Oh she would pretend to be what the Intendant wanted so that she could help people not betray them. Anarita Jat, joined Trill, servant of the Intendant, mistress of herself.