

# TO WALK THE PATH, UNTAKEN.

By  
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Aboard the Klingon Vessel Proud Vengeance, Kana rolled out from under the Vengeances captured Borg Transwarp drive. 'Ok!' She gasped. 'That's it!' K'Taal shrugged.

'You're sure it's stopped transmitting?' She nodded. 'I pulled out all of it's power feeds! Bloody Nanites! I can't believe the damn thing reconfigured itself into a subspace transmitter.'

'But you're sure its off now?' K'Taal asked irritably. Kana nodded. 'It's dead! okay?'

'But, It may have sent out a message.' She said, quietly.

'To the Borg?' He asked. She nodded.

'It's always possible.'

'You Better tell Ke'reth.' He said. She nodded slowly. 'Not a job I'd want.' He teased. She pulled a face at him.

As he spoke, there was a loud bang as a green lit tube shattered, causing them to jump, as it threw out a shower of sparks. K'Taal snatched up a nearby fire extinguisher from its wall mounting, stepped forward, and shot the affected area full of white fire suppressant foam. 'Great! He snarled. 'That's our subspace field inversion regulator, shot to Gre'thor!'

'Yep, that's our only one, too' She said, sadly.

'Unless?' He said.

'What do you mean? Unless? Its not as if we can just pop over to Borg space and ask if they've got a spare.' Kana retorted. K'Taal sighed.

'Well, we've tried replicating them in the past, they all burned themselves out within minutes.' He said with a shrug.

'So it looks like we're going to have find a friendly Borg spare parts supplier.' She said with a shrug. 'Either that, or we go without Transwarp.' He sighed.

Ke'reth sat in his office playing with Taj his pet Melk'tag or Kronos Wolf, as Kana entered the room. 'Problem Chief?' He asked, almost without looking up. 'We've lost our transwarp drive subspace field inversion regulator.' He stood up.

'What happened?' He asked. She shrugged. 'It was never designed for this vessel.' His eyes narrowed, at her words. 'What I mean, is! That it just burnt out.' Ke'reth sat back in his chair as Kana continued. 'K'Taal and I came independently to the same conclusion.'

'Which was?'

'Borg Nano-probes, or Nanites, Borg ships need them to run repairs. You; on the other hand, have me.' He smiled. 'I think I prefer you to the Borg.' She smiled, at his words, well. if that's your first compliment of the day, I'll take it!

'That means, that we need to find ourselves a Borg ship.' She nodded, as he continued. 'And if my laymen's knowledge of the device is right, we should still be able to open a subspace conduit.' Ke'reth said tentatively. She shook her head, dismissively, with an audible sigh..

'Hypothetically yes, but we'd be on a one way trip, and it would be as uncertain as taking a sling-shot around a sun.' A note of caution was evident in her voice.

'You mean time travel is a possible outcome?' He asked. His eyes widened.

'Who knows.' She shrugged. 'Perhaps even a theoretical subspace dimension jump is possible. Without the regulator, we don't have any way of knowing where, or when, or most worrying of all, if we'd emerge on the other side. I'm not even sure if there is another side.'

'We have to try, if we're going to maintain our Transwarp Capabilities.' He said slowly. Kana Nodded. 'We're Klingons, most of us signed on, for an adventure. I say let's go for it!'

Ke'reth smiled. 'Get K'Taal to help you, and let me know when you're ready to jump.' She snapped playfully to attention before turning on her heel, and leaving the room. A few minutes later, Ke'reth got up from his chair, and followed her out onto the bridge. 'KIHQaS! We're going in to the Delta Quadrant to find a Borg ship and steal a new Transwarp drive. So I'll need all weapons ready for use at a moments notice, as soon as we arrive. I then want you to find me a victim.' He then turned to the grey haired warrior at Navigation 'Cho'Lok, We don't know exactly where we'll end up so keep your eyes peeled, we'll need you to give us our co-ordinates, upon arrival.' The Navigator nodded. Ke'reth then tapped the armrest on his chair, and activated the ships intercom. 'I'Sar?' He called into the microphone. He waited until he heard her voice come back to him. 'I'll need your Black Dagger Unit ready for a search and seizure, as soon as we find a Borg ship; we'll be beaming over as many bodies as we can; have them armed with both boarding Disruptor rifles and Nano ballistic weapons. They've worked for us in the past, We'll just have to hope, that we can shut the Borg down A.S.A.P, upon boarding.' Down in her quarters, I'Sar smiled, as she stroked the blade of her combat knife, with a cloth. 'We'll be ready!' Ke'reth then turned to K'Taal, as the man entered the room. 'Right on time!' Ke'reth said. K'Taal looked mildly surprised, but it soon passed. 'I'll need your Scavenging skills, we'll be stealing anything not nailed down upon arrival aboard the Borg ship. Any questions?' K'Taal smiled. 'No Questions! It sounds like my kind of fun.'

Ke'reth repressed a smile.

And if it's nailed down?' K'Taal asked, as he curled his lip in a predatory fashion. 'Find something to pry it loose!' Ke'reth replied, returning his grin. 'I'm going to need half a dozen of your cloaked Nano-infiltrator Torpedoes ready for firing, as soon as the Borg shields are down, I want them crippled. Oh, and I'll need to see those plans again, that you and Kana came up with last month, for your super cooled liquid nitrogen ice bomb.' K'Taal nodded, his consent. 'The Borg don't like the cold!' K'Taal said, as he toyed with the handle of his cane. 'As you know, Kana and I have found a way to create a kind of coolant replicator, it'll be a near instant Ice age for the Borg in around 5 minutes flat, covering a surface area of around 30 square metres.' Ke'reth smiled. 'Replicate as many as you can, then have the Black Daggers briefed on using them, I don't want them getting frostbite.' K'Taal nodded. 'This could be fun!' Ke'reth shook his head slowly. 'It'll be dangerous.' Ke'reth said under his breath, as he dismissed K'Taal, he then tapped the intercom display on his desk and called up Captain Rak'hal. The Woman who not only commanded the Elite Blades of Kahless' Fighter wing. But the entire compliment of Predator Class fighters aboard the Vengeance. 'Squadron leader Rak'hal!' She looked up from her command room desk, with it's large tactical screen illuminating the room behind her, as Ke'reth's voice came through the speaker above her. 'Yes Sir!' Rak'hal answered. 'I'll need every ship and Pilot you can give me.' She nodded. 'What's the job?' She asked. 'I'm sending you a mission file, I've kept it short.' He said, with smile. 'To allow for your creativity. The woman smiled. 'Understood Sir! I'll assemble the troops, and put all units on ready to roll status. By the time we find the Borg.' She said, her eyes scanning the file as it scrolled up her screen. 'We'll be ready.' Ke'reth nodded. 'Get your Briefing started, I'll be down to give the men a few words of Encouragement.'

An hour had passed as Ke'reth had watched a number of computer simulations on his desks holographic display. He then stood up and leaving his office, he took the turbo-lift down to the pilots' mission room, to brief the Vengeance's compliment of fighter pilots.

He arrived just as their briefing was coming to an end. 'Rak'hal, A tall woman dressed in a flight suit, turned away from her lectern, and slowly walked towards him, before coming to attention 'Rak'hal I'll need you to keep the Borg busy. You've got to keep them guessing as to your intentions. Use hit, run and cloak tactics. You'll be buying us time to complete our mission.' Ke'reth then turned to the assembled crews of the Wraith transports seated on the left hand side of the room. 'You understand from your briefing, that your job will be to get troops and equipment on to the Borg ship from multiple attack vectors. Once you get under the Borg's shields. You'll beaming them in, in waves, so you guys will be circling the enemy. I wish you luck, and may Kahless go with you all.' A cheer went up. As Ke'reth continued. 'So Prepare your ships than get some rest, as next time you hear the red alert klaxon sounds, you'll be waking for battle. fighters will launch on my Command, transports will launch on I'Sar's command. Qapla' (Success.)'

Half an hour later. 'This is your General speaking, all hands be aware that we are going to Black alert, in five minutes' (*Black alert; was the signal that Ke'reth had designated to warn of the Proud Vengeance's crew of going into Trans-warp, due to the fact that every external scanner on the ship would register only the blackness of space and that the erroneous ship-wide readings that the ship was still stationary.*) Only this time, even Ke'reth secretly wondered whether anything would actually happen, their collective fates were in the lap of the gods. Kana's voice came through Ke'reth's communicator. 'For what it's worth, we're ready to attempt Transwarp. But we don't have any real idea of what'll actually happen if anything. K'Taal optimistically thinks that we'll arrive on the edge of the Delta Quadrant, near the area where the USS Voyager, reported a number of Borg related incidents about seven years back.' But it's only an educated guess. He can't give you an exact arrival destination.'

The Klingon vessel Proud Vengeance, shook as it shimmered and disappeared. Ke'reth stood up, from his command chair, as the computer screens around the bridge came slowly back on-line. He glanced over at Lieutenant Cho'Lok at Navigation. 'As soon as you've got something?' Cho'Lok's fingers tapped rapidly over his console. 'No detectable temporal distortion, Checking astronomical database and comparing with long range scans and cross referencing readings with those from Federation Vessel Voyager. I give it, at a ninety eight percent certainty that we're in the Delta Quadrant.' An audible sigh of relieve passed through the bridge crew. 'Where exactly are we?' Ke'reth asked. 'I believe that we're on the edge of the Tray'narak Expanse. About two days journey at high warp from a known Borg Colony.' Cho'Lok continued. Ke'reth patted him on the shoulder. 'Qapla!' He said, as he turned to Kana and K'Taal. 'Congratulations you two!' He said, as he slapped K'Taal on the back, and gave Kana's shoulder quick squeeze.. 'We're in Delta Quadrant.' Ke'reth announced to the bridge crew. It was as he turned his back, that he heard a laugh from K'Taal as Kana spoke. 'That's the good news, as we've just fried most of our Transwarp drive, getting us here. We're all stuck here in Borg 'Captain Rak'hal stood beside her fighter as she fastened the strap of her flight helmet under her chin, before giving the order to scramble her fighters.' Kana and K'Taal turned and left the bridge as Ke'reth walked from his command chair up a slope towards the raised dais of Tactical console space.' unless we can get ourselves some spares.'

Three long hours had passed as KIHQaS Scanned the space around them. 'General, we have a Borg cube on long range scanners, stationary at Zero two six mark three four, from our present position.'

Ke'reth turned to the helmsman, and spoke slowly. 'It's Showtime. Take us in slow, one quarter impulse for final approach.' The man at the helm nodded 'One quarter impulse aye!'

The Klingon rubbed his brow, for what seemed like the tenth time that day, before calling I'Sar. 'Action stations I'Sar, and may Kahless go with you!' He heard her laugh.

'We'll take all the help we can get, Sir!' She said. He then turned to the main Screen, and watched the massive Borg cube. 'Rak'hal launch fighters, as soon as you're ready.'

The Predator Class fighter was a large heavily armed, triple shielded multi-role three man fighter. Each of the Vengeance's four massive Hangers held more than 300 of these fighters, and Ke'reth had ordered them all to immediate launch status.

Ke'reth took a deep breath as he watched the Tactical display, on the main screen. 'fighters commence your attack run!' He commanded, then tapping the communicator on his sleeve He gave I'Sar his orders. 'Start your attack run as soon as you're ready!' He waited for a second or two before tapping it a second time. 'K'Taal, your job is to get Kana and her Engineering team into whatever passes for a Borg Engine room, I want that Transwarp drive, I also want any spares they have for it, the Contents of the Cube's computers, and if you can find a Vinculum and a pattern Replicator or two, to make our own spares. Then I want those too.'

As Ke'reth watched the first wave of fighters engage the Borg, he tapped his sleeve. 'I'Sar, are you ready?' He waited for a reply. 'Loading last of the equipment as we speak! K'Taal's people have just brought in some kind of prototype ultra high frequency jamming device, that he thinks will disrupt the Borg's communications net, once aboard the cube, according to him, it should disrupt their hive mentality. We've see how Borg react without the Collective, some have even been seen to self terminate.' Ke'reth nodded, as she spoke 'Remember everyone, I'll be receiving live Audio/Video feeds from all teams, once they're in place, KIHQaS and I should be able to direct the attack from here.' Kana stepped forward. 'Our Jamming field is now active. The Borg ship has no contact with the outside world, as it were!' Ke'reth touched the image of Kana's face upon the screen. 'Take Care!' He ordered. She smiled. 'You don't get rid of me that easily, I'll be back for a coffee!' She said with a grin, as the screen went black. . .

Aboard the Vengeance, Ke'reth watched the screen, as the Borg ship flashed under the assault of hundreds of tiny fighters. The crew of the Vengeance held their collective breaths, as the Wraiths moved in, as the first wave of assault teams beamed aboard the Borg ship. KIHQaS smiled as a series of screens lit up upon her console, showing the eerie green lit interior of the Borg ship. 'We have internal scans on-line.' She said, as Ke'reth watched K'Taal via the link. K'Taal strolled over to Kana as she set up the first of a number of coolant Replicators. K'Taal then tapped his sleeve-pin. 'How are the other teams doing? He asked Ke'reth glanced at KIHQaS beside him. She gave him a nod. 'They're doing well.' K'Taal smiled. 'That's good to hear!' He said.

'Cos, in a few minutes time this place is going to look like Rura Penthe, during a cold snap, I just wish that I'd brought some beers to chill!'

'Stay focused!' Ke'reth warned, as Kana picked a Purple ski-jacket from the Trefoil marked crate beside her. The air temperature had already started to drop. She checked her Tricorder; as a pair of Borg entered the room. K'Taal smiled as they seemed to slow as they approached him. He simply snatched his Dragon-headed Disruptor from his belt, and blasted each Borg squarely in the chest. It may have been the cold, but Kana shivered as the Borg fell backwards to the frost covered floor, twitched and then laid still.

It was as they moved through row upon row of Borg filled alcoves that K'Taal pressed small explosive device on to each frozen drone. A few minutes later, he found himself looking coolly into the dead eyes of what was once an attractive woman as he tucked a device into what was left of her cleavage. 'I'm sorry! But I'm going to have to break your heart.' He said coldly. Kana shook her head, as she heard him whistling an Ancient Earth festive children's song one about someone called Frosty, a man made of snow coming to life, as he trudged from one alcove to the next.

She'd seen K'Taal take pleasure from a kill before. But it was still chilling to watch, and she didn't have to like it. But she was a professional, she reminded herself as she moved towards a console and programmed it with a Nano-virus to shut it down.

I'Sar lead her troops into battle she carried an Disruptor rifle in one hand and a rapid firing Nano-infiltration armour piercing round filled machine gun in the other. As the Borg moved slowly from their frozen cubicles, they were mown down by her Black Dagger troopers.

Elsewhere on the cube, Kana moved away as K'Taal detonated his devices decapitating a row of Borg drones where they stood. She glanced down at her Tricorder. 'K'Taal!' She yelled. He looked back at her. 'It's getting a little warmer in here.' K'Taal nodded. 'As I expected they're adapting!' He called back. She nodded, as she relayed the information back to the Vengeance.

Ke'reth's eyes widened as he glanced from report to report. 'You'd rather be leading from the front wouldn't you?' KIHQaS asked. 'I'm needed here.' He replied, she grinned. 'I'Sar, move your team to Sector Delta nine, level 14, one of our teams has located one of the Borg vinculum. But they're taking heavy casualties. 'I'Sar raised her right hand pointing and making beckoning motions as she silently signalled her unit, with a kind of Battlefield sign language, to make their way down to towards their new objective. She smiled grimly as she opened fire on a series of alcoves, as the Borg within them crumpled in a shower of sparks. With their internal communications net crippled they were finding hard to become accustomed to not being part of a collective, but not impossible, as some of them were already starting to adapt.

Kana removed a device from her walking tool-droid Box, and started to remove a panel on the wall. 'They've tried to shield their Central Processing Alpha unit.' She said. K'Taal nodded as he fired on a pair of Borg who were finding it difficult negotiating the bodies of their fallen comrades. K'Taal hadn't wanted to worry Kana, but he'd been slowly increasing power through his Disruptor pistol, just to keep the Borg at bay. 'Gotcha, you -!' Kana cursed out loud as the final pin holding the panel in place fell from the wall revealing the green lit circuitry of the Borg ship. The door beside her shook as she ran her Mag-spanner down the electronics, causing it to open a few inches. 'K'Taal! A hand here?' She called out as he turned leaning on his stick as he surveyed the carnage he'd caused. 'Thirty four!' He said with a grim smile.

I'Sar snarled as her boot slipped on the ice covered deck plates which were slick, and dyed a pale pink with blood, small red patches stained the walls in places. She knew that Borg didn't bleed like that. She managed to regain her balance, as she turned a corner only to have a spinning circular cutting blade miss her face by what seemed like millimetres. She used the stock of her boarding rifle to knock the female drone back, buying herself a few crucial seconds as she shot the woman in the throat dropping her hard to the deck. She called her men around her as she spoke. 'They're adapting, and as there are no bodies, we can only assume the worst. Before this day is out. So we'll be facing our own kind. So we'll send them to Sto-vo-Kor with a joyful heart.' The men in her unit slapped each other reassuringly on each others back plates as they fanned out. Seeming to find comfort in her words.

K'Taal moved into an empty alcove, and covered the corridor, as Kana and Box came out from a blasted doorway. She knelt down beside a dead drone. 'Black Daggers!' She said as she watched K'Taal reach up and unscrew a device from the ceiling above the alcove. He glanced back, to the body. 'Black Daggers don't mess around, three more holes in his chest, and this guy would be a golf course.' Kana shook her head. 'You're sick, you know that?' He nodded.

Several semi-Borgified Klingons stood before an open doorway, between I'Sar and the Vinculum, she gestured for her men to hold their ground, as she removed something from her belt and held it behind her back, and waited as a Klingon she'd once known as Kror'taq stepped towards her. His face now pale, his left eye had been gouged out and had been replaced with a blue lit device, that flashed ominously within its socket. His skin was covered with a fine tracery of black spider web like patterns. He seemed to be hesitant. 'Give Kahless my best!' She said, as a small pin fell from her grasp behind her back, and skipped several times upon the floor, before she stopped it with the heel of her boot as she moved towards him; and planted a small limpet mine upon his chest. She then stepped back and taking a deep breath she round house kicked him backwards towards the other Borg within the room, moving backwards as she closed the doors between them.

The sound of the explosion seemed to shake the corridor around them. She reopened the doors, as black smoke filled the corridor around them. 'The Vinculum should be behind those inner doors!' She said, looking up from her Tricorder as she turned to the Lieutenant beside her. 'Hold this area!' As she spoke a door at the far end of the room opened as a red laser beam from a Borg optical sensor swept the room. The man beside her opened fire only to have the beam adsorbed by a Borg shield. 'Ke'reth, we need something special, the Borg are Adapting!' I'Sar yelled into her communicator.

'I have Kana working on it, she and K'Taal are going to infect the entire vessel with a Nano-virus. Then you can use your Bolt-throwers, Hell, use pulse grenades if you have to!'

'Will do!' she said.

'Kana!' Ke'reth asked. 'She looked up towards the hovering vid-link camera drone. 'We're almost done here!' She said. 'Good!' Ke'reth replied. 'I'Sar's team have almost got the Vinculum, and K'Taal is stripping what he believes is a parts replicator, another team three decks down from you have a powerful multiphase shield generator ready for removal.' Kana nodded. 'How long before we've got it all?' she asked as she mopped her brow. Ke'reth's voice came through her communicator again 'A better question is how long before you're all ready to return?'

'This isn't a trip to a shopping Mall General, It'll take at least of couple of hours to remove and load our haul, so be patient.' Kana advised him. Ke'reth smiled. 'Okay you have two hours!' Then we'll pull out and find somewhere to hide while we get our Transwarp engines back on line, and go home.' She nodded, as K'Taal re-entered the room, and leant over Kana's shoulder. 'Makes it sound easy, doesn't he?' She smiled. 'He's not lifting what feels like three times her own bodyweight in Borg electronics. She countered.' As she strained to move a large dull grey metal panel.

An hour passed as a large team of Klingons loaded a series of numbered crates into a large open area of the Cube.

On the other side of the cube, I'Sar tossed a grenade down a hatchway, and threw herself back into an alcove as the blast caused the floor plates beneath her to ripple. 'I'Sar to Ke'reth, we've got what we came for, we're moving to Dust-off Zone!'

'Understood! Well Done!' He replied.

Kana and K'Taal moved out into the corridor behind Box, all three carried various items. Ahead of them stood a number of Drones, K'Taal's pistol took down the first of them, but the others had adapted, as his shots bounced straight off them. They both turned and ran as the Borg advanced towards them. Both could hear gunfire, and the deep howling screams of the dying.

L'Sar grabbed her bat'leth from a trooper beside her, and swung it at a pair of Borg, as they emerged from an intersecting corridor. She beheaded the first in a shower of sparks, as the second raised his hand with what appeared to be eight inches of spinning masonry drill. It was stained dark red with blood. It was then she saw the three dead Klingon guards, laying at the end of the corridor behind the Borg.. She channelled her anger into action and swung her blade down in long arc, slicing the drill clean off at the Borg's elbow. She then dropped he blade and grabbed the Borg's flailing stump, as she slammed it against an open power conduit, frying its circuits. The Borg twitched and shook, as thousands of volts coursed through it's body.

Kana and K'Taal arrived near the Dust off zone aboard the Borg ship. She was streaked with oil, sweat and coolant fluid, and she was looking forward to a long hot soak in her tub, but it would have to wait. K'Taal pushed a grav-trolley down the loading ramp. 'It's a bit different to our Transwarp engine, but we should be able to strip it for parts.' He said to an Engineer. The man nodded. He then went back to retrieve another cargo-sled full of electronics. Get these to Kana once she's aboard the Vengeance, Tell her I'll be installing the Borg Replicator, in my lab, then we should be able to replicate any spares we need.'

As Kana, K'Taal and Box moved down a long corridor. Three Borg entered the area a hundred meters or so ahead of them. A dead Klingon warrior lay on the floor between them and the Borg. K'Taal knelt down beside the fallen warrior, then smiled, as his hand found the handle of a pulse grenade launcher. He handed Kana his cane as he snatched up the black metal tube and fired. A wall of heat travelled back up the corridor to greet them as the walls shook. He smiled as he looked up at Kana, she looked worried, it was as he turned to look back in to the blackened corridor, that he saw why, Borg, lot's of Borg, heading their way At their slow, but relentless pace.

'Only one shot! He exclaimed, as he took his cane and stood up. 'Well, I'm almost out of Ideas! You got anything?' He asked Kana. As they spoke a panel opened on the wall to their right disgorging a Borg. Kana dropped instantly to one knee as a blade narrowly missed her. While they fought a pair of Borg had entered the corridor behind them, from a second concealed door. K'Taal extended his canes fighting blade and slashed at several attackers, killing three in quick succession and seriously wounding another, as Box wandered out of a nearby room carrying the weight of several oddly shaped pieces of Borg technology. The sound of more Borg approaching could be heard behind them.

Kana Tapped her Sleeve. 'Just the one idea!' She snapped. He glanced at her, as she spoke into her communicator. 'Emergency beam out NOW!!!'

Aboard the Proud Vengeance, Engineers scurried like ants to secure their captured booty.

KIHQaS, looked over to Ke'reth. 'Reports coming in, we have a Vinculum, a couple of Parts Replicators, some heavy cabling, box-loads of miscellaneous electronics and a whole Transwarp core assembly.' Ke'reth nodded. 'Loses?'

'Eighty three fighters, Three hundred and twelve warriors, at the last count.' He sighed. 'If its any consequence, they died in battle.' KIHQaS said, as she looked up. 'You can be sure of that?' Ke'reth smiled, a bitter and humourless smile. 'As soon as our people are clear, aim and fire tri-cobalt torpedoes into the wreckage. Then I'll be sure, that their path to Sto-Vo-Kor is lit..' She nodded as she tapped several red coloured switches in sequence.

Kana and K'Taal arrived on the Vengeance's bridge, KIHQaS, was checking her Tactical screens. 'That's it! All Klingon life signs left on the Cube are compromised. With your permission Sir, It's time to leave.' Ke'reth nodded his consent.

As the Vengeance moved slowly away from the crippled Borg ship, KIHQaS fired, a wide spread of five Tri-cobalt Torpedoes into the damaged Borg ship destroying it in a series of neon green flashes, that dulled silently in the vacuum of space.

Almost three hours later, from the relative safety of a nearby asteroid field. Ke'reth left the Turbolift and entered the Engineering bay containing the recently repaired Transwarp Engine. Kana stood up. 'It still needs some fine tuning, but I can give you a Transwarp Jump, then we'll recheck the system and make better repairs. It's a little jury-rigged at the moment; but fingers crossed we'll soon be home.' KIHQaS's voice came through the speaker above their heads, with a message from the bridge. 'Ke'reth, we have three incoming Borg Tactical cubes on attack vectors, I suggest we leave this party a little early.' She joked nervously.

Ke'reth nodded. 'We have company Chief, prepare to take us home.'

The Proud Vengeance broke through the Transwarp Barrier, emerging in a whirling maelstrom of electric blue fire, as it moved towards the edge of the nearby red nebula. Ke'reth smiled at KIHQaS. 'That's the Night-fire Nebula, we're almost home.' She nodded.

He then turned to Kana. 'You've done well Chief.' She smiled.

'As I said, it still needs to be properly calibrated. There was a lot shaking as we broke from Transwarp.' Suddenly the Proud Vengeance pitched hard to starboard then jarred to a Halt, caught in an immensely strong forcefield.

It was as Ke'reth was about to call for an explanation, that a Hologram appeared before them. She was dressed in a form fitting black and silver uniform with a silver Starfleet emblem set over a flat circular gold ring upon the left hand side of her chest. My Name is Captain Alicia Woods of the Starfleet Alliance. May I ask where you got this Antique Starship? And what are you doing here?' Her Hologram gestured around her.

'Antique?' Ke'reth asked.

'This ship is state of the Art.' Ke'reth retorted. She smiled. 'A few hundred years ago, perhaps.' She then paused, before continuing. 'You think this ship is current? Do you know, what year it is?' She asked. Ke'reth scratched his head as he approached the Hologram. 'It's 2378' He said. She blinked as a look of mild confusion crossed her face. 'We may have a problem here, I'm afraid Klingon history, wasn't a required course at the Academy, but I think those pins in your collar make you a General, am I right?.'

'General Ke'reth zantai Makura.' Ke'reth said, as he took another step forward. 'You say my ship's an Antique?' She nodded. 'What year did you say this is?' He asked cautiously. 'In a terms you'd understand, it's the third of March 2742.'

'Right Place wrong time.' Ke'reth said under his breath. Only 362 years out Kana thought, as the holographic woman smiled. 'But, I'm forgetting my manners. Welcome to Star-City 410.' The Starbase as he knew it was now ringed with a Kilometre wide disk that extended out from its central hub, a disk that was almost a third of the Starbases height deep. 'Wow!' Ke'reth said. Letting a low snarl escape his lips along with the word, as he checked an external image on a small screen. The woman continued 'Of course, I take it that wouldn't have looked like that in your day.' She said as the emerald green light of the Tractor beam towed them slowly towards a docking bay on the outer edge of the huge metal ring.

'I'm afraid we'll have to quarantine you and your ship, at least until Temporal Investigations get here, sorry about that!' Ke'reth smiled.

'That's okay, I have some explanations, and some questions for my own crew, and with that she vanished.

Half an hour had passed, Ke'reth was in his office.

'I'Sar sat across the desk from him. 'It appears that we've travelled forwards in time, so I'm going to need a little help, I need an expert.'

'The Inquisitor?' She asked.

'Know of any other Timelords?' He asked. She shook her head. 'Only him, from what he says; there aren't that many left.' Ke'reth blinked. Before speaking. 'You've travelled with him, I take it you still have a way to contact him?' I'Sar looked up.

'Yes!' She said, a little apprehensively 'I'll try and contact him for you, it's not always easy.'

Later that evening as Ke'reth sat in his office, a strange metallic humming sound startled him, rousing him from his nap. His hand instinctively tapped a panel on the side of his chair, it sprang open as a pistol handle appeared from the confines of the chair, from where it could have easily have been drawn and fired in less time than it took him to blink. A shimmering light appeared followed by a whoosh, and a wavering humming noise of varying pitch, as a silver cylinder appeared, becoming solid, then fading again before it slowly materialised and became solid. A few seconds later the Inquisitor stepped out, dressed, in a black outfit not unlike that of an eighteenth century Dandy. The Timelord flicked open his pocket watch, to consult a series of red lit digital displays. 'Right on time!' He said with a self-satisfied smile. 'My dear Ambassador, I'm told you wanted to see me, am I too late for tea?.' Ke'reth gestured to a chair. The Inquisitor sat down, placing his tricorn hat on the bust of Kahless, that stood proudly on Ke'reth's table.

It was after talking for an hour or so, over a pot of Tarkalean tea, that the Inquisitor smiled, a distinctly odd smile. 'You realise that without a properly calibrated Subspace field inversion regulator, you could have just disappeared.' He said clicking his fingers, as if to illustrate a point. Ke'reth nodded. 'As in, cease to exist?' Ke'reth asked. The Inquisitor nodded. 'It's quite possible.' He countered. May I ask, what brings you to this time, apart from an accident?'

'I needed to take the Proud Vengeance into the Delta Quadrant, to collect spare parts from the Borg.' The Inquisitor grinned, at the Klingons words. 'Call me pedantic Ambassador, and I'm not casting any dispersions on your Honour here. But don't you mean steal.' Ke'reth nodded.

'As in, the spoils of war!' Ke'reth countered. 'Touché!' The Inquisitor smiled. 'Then I do believe, that I can get you Home, without too many problems. But first, we need to know exactly what went wrong.'

That night, down in the Vengeance's Transwarp generator room. The Inquisitor tapped the side of the Borg engine with a elaborate silver-topped ebony walking cane. 'Smell's like you've overcooked your chips., or perhaps, even had your chips.' He jested sardonically, for the benefit of no one in particular. 'But I reckon this will probably hold. I'll have to do some tests. He said as he poked around inside and around the casing of the Borg Engine. K'Taal snarled as Kana and the Inquisitor consulted a pop-up screen atop Box, Kana's walking toolbox. 'I hope you're not going to put our lives in the hands of that tin box, K'Taal said, looking over at Box. 'Or that other tin box, and the weirdo who's just popped out of it.' Kana smiled as the Inquisitor glanced up. 'Technically speaking, a Tardis isn't made from tin, nor is it actually a box.. But explaining it to you, would mean completely rewriting the Klingon understanding of Trans-dimensional physics. It's not just rewriting the book, it would be like adding several dozen volumes, just to cover the basics.' Kana smiled, as the Timelord continued. 'And we really don't have the time.'

Ke'reth turned to face the door., as much as he liked the Inquisitor, talking with a man who not only regularly spoke of himself in the third person, but often seemed to speak in both past and future tense simultaneously; although Ke'reth had never admitted it, it made his ridges ache.

'As soon as you three are ready to try, and restart the engine. Let me know.' Then under his breath, he heard his own words. 'Before my nerve goes, and I call the whole thing off, and get myself a job as a museum exhibit!'

It was as the three of them spoke, that Ke'reth started the long walk back to his quarters that a small black vessel arrived. It was basically a wedge shaped hull with short swept back wings, with a number of red cat's eye shaped warp nacelle vents on the underside of its hull. The ship had just appeared through a Transwarp conduit, before slowing, as it approached the station.

A few minutes after Ke'reth had arrived in his office, a woman appeared before him dressed in a form-fitting leather cat-suit. She was pale skinned with silver blue eyes. 'My name is Investigator Prime Delta-42, You'll answer all of my Questions, without delay, or deviation! Any attempt to deliberately mislead me, and I'm authorised to terminate your existence, and that of this aberration of a vessel!' He smiled. 'Your on my ship!' Ke'reth reminded her. She looked angrily at him. 'As you're simply a male, from a conquered species, I'll let that remark go with a warning. But don't push your luck.' Ke'reth's lipped curled, somewhere between a smile and scowl. 'I've made a career of pushing my luck, so let's play, a little game of 20 questions, as I too would like some answers.' Ke'reth said, as diplomatically as he could muster. Her eyes narrowed. 'You dare to consider yourself my equal. You're only a male.' He blinked.

'Last time I looked!' Ke'reth jested. She was becoming angry. Ke'reth continued to push her buttons. 'I've met some arrogant males in my time!' She said irritably. 'But they're usually removed from the gene pool, as having undesirable genetic traits.'

'Why?' Ke'reth asked. Her skin flushed, unbeknownst to her, Ke'reth's electronic eye could see the heat rising in her cheeks. 'Because She demands it!' Ke'reth stepped forward. Her hand fell to the gun in her belt. As she drew it, Ke'reth turned sharply on the ball of his foot; and kicked her gun from her hand with toe of his boot and caught it, as

it spun in mid air. 'You really shouldn't play with guns!' He said, as she cradled her hand. 'Savage!' She spat, angrily. 'Very probably!' He said turning and placing the gun on his desk.

Meanwhile in the Officers lounge aboard the Vengeance, The talk was of the strangeness of this future Starbase. The Inquisitor sipped his Black Ale, as he shook his watch to his ear, before putting it back in his pocket, and doodling a series of complex temporal algorithms on the pages of a black leather covered notebook. 'Rassilon's teeth!' He exclaimed, downing the last of his ale in one, as he snatched up his notebook and ran from the room.

In Ke'reth's office the Argument was now in full swing. 'There's a reason uncultured males are considered unfit to be in civilised society.' Ke'reth smiled as she moved toward her gun laying on his desk. Almost too late, he'd realised what she was doing, and grabbing her arm, and after a brief struggle, he flipped her, with a hip toss backwards into the one seat in the room that was heavily padded. 'She started to rise as a pair of Female security officers entered the room, Disruptors drawn each dressed in their matching red armour, and wearing the Makura Clan wolf emblem on their left breastplate.'

'You come onto my ship, and Threaten me, the only reason your not a red smear on the deck plates. Is that I want some answers.' He raised his voice, to near drill field volume. 'So, what in the name of Kahless; is going on here?' She looked at the female security officers, with a scowl. 'You let a mere male, order you around!' She snapped. One of the security offices looked at Ke'reth who'd sat down on his chair to watch. Ke'reth nodded to his guard. 'The General asked you a question, Ke'reth smiled, as the guard spoke. 'It perhaps, would be a courtesy, to at least exchange information.' The strange woman scowled. 'You lack authorisation, for me to reveal any level of information.' Ke'reth bit his lip as he thought, his electronic eye gazed from her chest down her leg, and back up. He smiled, as he tapped his com-link Kana, I know you're busy, but can you come to my office, something's just came up.' A few minutes later Kana walked in, closely followed by a breathless Inquisitor. Who'd ran almost all the way from the Bar. 'She's not what she seems!' The Inquisitor gasped. Kana blinked. As Ke'reth nodded. 'I figured out that out, a few minutes ago for myself. If you'd like to scan her for me Kana.' Kana removed a Purple coloured Tricorder from her belt, and dutifully scanned the woman from top to toe. 'That's curious!' She said, raising her eyebrows. 'She's a Borg, or more accurately a very sophisticated synthetic humanoid.'

'That's what I just realised too.' The Inquisitor said. 'We're not in your future, but as far as I can see, we're in a parallel one.'

'Which shouldn't happen!' The Inquisitor stated matter-of-factly. 'It used to be able to happen, I mean it was difficult then, but now, it's next to Impossible.' Ke'reth turned from him to Kana.

'Kana, Have security take our guest to your lab, I want her scanned, and her memory core read, remove it if you have to.' The synthetic woman managed to look shocked. As she was removed from the room. The Inquisitor nodded, and followed them out. He then paused, strolled back into the room and removed his tricorne hat from the bust of Kahless. 'Forget my head, if it wasn't screwed on.' He said by way of an explanation, as the doors closed.

Ke'reth was startled a few hours later by KIHQaS's voice. 'General, there's a man here wishing to speak with you!' Ke'reth rubbed his eyes as he sat up. 'Who?' He asked.

'He says that his name is Vadrik, and he says that he's the head of the People's Universal Resistance Movement.' Ke'reth shook his head. 'As we seem to be accepting visitors at all hours today, you better beam him aboard. Then have him electronically scanned, from his toenails to his hair follicles. Make sure he's what he says he is. Then bring him to my office.' Ke'reth sat up on his sleep shelf and ran his fingers back through his hair.

A short time later, Vadrik entered Ke'reth's office under security escort. 'Thank the Gods you're here. Has State Security arrived yet?' Vadrik asked. Ke'reth nodded. 'We're questioning her as we speak.'

'Questioning her?' He said a look fear was evident in his eyes. 'S-she won't tell you anything!' He stuttered. 'She's synthetic.' Ke'reth nodded.

'I know That, she's a Borg, isn't she?'

The man nodded.

'I had a brief word with my own Chief Engineer, Science Officer, and CMO, they told me that she's a top-of-the-line Cyborg, no obviously synthetic external parts, designed to appear almost human.'

'That's so that they can infiltrate a planets' society, and weed out anyone who may cause problems, prior to mass assimilation.' He paused, before continuing, He looked up at Ke'reth almost disbelievingly at his ridges. 'You're a Klingon, aren't you?' He asked. Ke'reth nodded. 'I am a Klingon, why do you ask?'

'I thought, that all Klingons were purged from the system over a hundred years ago. They wouldn't surrender, so their planets were destroyed from orbit one after the other, by planet crackers.' Ke'reth hid the look of shock, as Kana's face appeared on his view screen. 'We have our Borg strapped down and plugged into our secondary mainframe, for all her talk, she's not that advanced, well not by the Inquisitor's standards. She's given us a lot of information. Apparently the Borg suffered a Civil War about 300 years ago, a number of superior female drones

broke away from the main collective and started to grow their own cloned females, then synthetically enhance them. Apparently the process starts in a kind of Artificial womb. It seems we stole our parts from a damaged drone ship.' Ke'reth let her words wash over him. 'So, we've wandered into a Borg civil war?' he asked. She nodded.

'How many enhanced Borg are we talking about here?' Ke'reth enquire.

'These super Borg, as K'Taal has called them, for the want of a better term. Have taken over most of what humans call the milky way galaxy.' Ke'reth looked at the weakened dishevelled individual before him as he spoke. 'Are you able to access all of her memory files?' Kana looked from her screen to the prostrate woman on the repair table. 'Pretty much, what do you want?' Ke'reth watched the man for his reaction. 'Do me a search for the name Vadrik, V-A-D-R-I-K ?' He said, spelling it out for her. A few seconds passed before Kana's voice came through the speaker 'Vadrik, a non synthetic Human, wanted on multiple terrorist charges.'

'Terrorist!' The man gasped. 'Oh, that's just great, her kind destroy half the bloody galaxy, and I get called a Terrorist!'

Ke'reth smiled as looked at the man. 'I suppose you're hungry?' the man nodded.' Ke'reth tapped a yellow touch panel on his desk. Within minutes a Klingon man entered the room. He snapped to attention and waited for instructions. 'Take our guest here, have facilities made for him to shower, shave, and be given fresh clothing. Then have him made comfortable, and given food and drink.' The Klingon Trooper saluted Ke'reth, before gesturing to the door. The man extended his hand nervously. 'Thank you, but what about my wife and Children, and the crew on the Huxley' He paused, 'That's the name of my vessel?' He said by way of an explanation. Ke'reth pulled lightly on his beard as he thought. 'How many are we talking here?'

'Twenty seven.' He replied. Ke'reth smiled. 'Ask them to come across.' He then turned to a warrior standing by the Doors. 'Extend them the courtesy of my vessel.' The Guard saluted, as he beckoned for the man to follow him. 'We may need some allies among these strange new worlds.' Ke'reth said, thoughtfully.

As the Doors closed Captain Alicia Woods appeared in his office. Ke'reth was momentarily startled, but he hid it well. 'And what can I do for you?' He said with just the slightest tinge of sarcasm in his voice. 'I mean seeing as you're here!' If she noticed the Sarcasm it didn't show. 'You're a brave man crossing the Borg!' She said as she took a seat in the corner of his room. 'So you've been monitoring me?' Ke'reth asked.

'Standard procedure!' She said.

'Why is Starfleet allied with the Borg?' He asked. She looked a little shocked. 'Hardly an ally, we signed an agreement with them.' Ke'reth shook his head. 'You mean, you surrendered!'

'We came to an agreement, that if we were to survive it was easier to work with them rather than against them.'

Ke'reth repeated himself. 'You not only surrendered! You sent the Borg to my ship.'

'You don't understand, if it wasn't for the treaty they'd have wiped us out, the way they did the Klingons.' A look of concern crossed her features, as she realised that she'd crossed the line. 'I'm sorry, that your People. . .'

'We were wiped out around a hundred years or so, ago!' He interjected. 'I heard.' He sipped his drink. 'Where I come from, Klingons have an expression. "It's better to Live one day on your feet. Than a lifetime on your knees!" You shouldn't pity them, they died with honour!' He refilled his glass before turning on her. 'You know what I hate, about this situation? A slave knows he's a slave, you're one, and you don't seem to know it.' She stood up to confront him. 'Let me tell you something, resistance is futile! Bajor is a Borg strip mine, and Romulus is little more than a planet-wide cloning facility.' Ke'reth stood up and pulled down a second decanter of Romulan ale from a shelf behind his desk. 'Are you a Borg?' He asked pointedly. 'I mean, you sound like one.' Her eyes widened.

'No!' She said, taken aback.

'Then you'll join me in a drink.' He said, as handed her a glass.

'You talk of rebellion.' She said.

'There's another saying that I'm rather fond of.' Ke'reth said with a wink. "When injustice becomes law, rebellion becomes duty!" And I don't back down, not until I'm either dead or victorious! You see, I don't like to lose!' 'You're Drunk!' She accused.

'Hardly! Drinking yes, but far from drunk.'

Ke'reth said, as he tapped a panel on his desk, as he gave the command for his officers to assemble in the Vengeances main briefing room Along with Captain Alicia's Woods, and several members of the Huxley's Crew.

'Anyone here want to strike a blow for freedom?' He asked, as he walked among them. They looked at each other. Alicia's eyes widened. 'You're crazy!' Ke'reth grinned. It's been said before, and the choice is yours, either with us. Or I'll throw you in the Brig.'

'You'll never get away with this! I'm contacting my Superiors!' As she spoke, a pair of guards arrived, and took her into custody. 'I'm going to really miss her.' Ke'reth said as the Starfleet officer was dragged from the room.

A man with dark skin stepped forwards. 'My name is Daniel, Borg Designation XT41-TR34-34562D.'

'Borg?' K'Taal asked. Kana smiled. 'All births are registered, people are coded.' She said coolly. 'I got that from our captured drone.' The man rolled his right sleeve up to the elbow, to show a series of Borg symbols on the inside of his forearm. 'The 'D' on the arm means that your fit only for light manual labour, but not worth Assimilating.' Daniel said, as Ke'reth's eyes fell upon a little girl of about six standard years who was watching him, she smiled as Ke'reth noticed the line of coding on her arm. Daniel's voice raised, making Ke'reth look up. 'But that's not important, I say that it's about time we strike a real blow for freedom, and with a ship like this, there's never been a better time.' A dark haired woman tried to hush him. 'He means well, be we wouldn't stand a chance.' She tried to explain. He looked at her, Daniel's eyes widened, a flush came to his cheeks. 'We've got an opportunity here Shahna! He stepped forward towards Ke'reth. 'We have friends all over this Galaxy, they're just waiting for a sign to rise up.' Ke'reth glanced towards Kana, He could read the concern in her dark eyes. K'Taal was a Klingon, Ke'reth knew that he'd fight, almost for the sake of fighting; doubly so for an honourable cause. Something that could easily be said for many of the warriors under his command. KIHQaS too, was a born Warrior. She'd follow orders, he knew that. But was he prepared to put their lives on the line for a battle that wasn't theirs. He took a deep breath. Shahna stepped between them. 'Please excuse him, Daniel has always been a bit of a firebrand, we used to joke that he was part Klingon.' Ke'reth looked at her. 'No Offence!' She said.

'None taken!' Ke'reth replied.

'Is he right about this rebellion?' Ke'reth asked her. Vadrik nodded interrupting them. 'The Borg have been warring among themselves for a while now, some of the outer settlements that we've visited, barely have more than a hundred drones.' He paused, to take a breath, before continuing. 'The Enhanced or New Borg, only multiply by cloning, they wont assimilate people; and many of the old Borg now even lack the Ability to assimilate people.' Ke'reth had been vaguely aware that Kana had been showing K'Taal a Padd. 'You have something to add?' He asked. K'Taal nodded. 'The stuff about the Civil war, is pretty accurate, from what we pulled from the captured drone.' Kana was showing me some Borg protocols, apparently they've got some kind of racial Purity Shtick, going on. They don't even mix with each other.' Kana looked up from her padd. 'A command class, and a labour class. The Command class is less than a fifth of the size of the labour class. And the old style Borg, have come within' inches of wiping them out on several worlds.' Ke'reth bit his lip as he thought. The little girl still smiled up at him in the disconcerting way that only a child could. 'Do we have a lever to widen this split in Borg society?' He asked; as he found himself watching the little girl. K'Taal grinned. 'Kana found a possible.-' He paused. 'Well to use your Phrase, a Lever.' Ke'reth looked to Kana.

'There's talk of a Rogue Queen.'

'A Borg Queen?' Ke'reth asked, as he rummaged in his belt-pouch.

'Not only that, but it seems that some of the Borg have become disciples of the Two. Or the second way.' Ke'reth removed a small chocolate bar from his pouch and handed it to the young girl, who took it hungrily. 'Second way?' He asked.

'They're following the teachings of a pair of Ancients.' Kana said showing him the padd. 'Their names are Jat and Varr.' She said incredulously. Ke'reth felt his eyes widen. 'Our Jat and Varr?' He asked. She shrugged. 'Could be, only according to this picture, Varr is around twelve, female and very pretty. And Jat is in an old man with a long white beard, and he looks Kinda' like the Terran idea of Santa Claus. I mean, the host has to be at least ninety standard years.'

'Ancients!' Daniel snorted. 'They're a Borg Fairytale!' He said irritably. Kana shook her head. 'Not according this!' She countered raising her padd. 'The Borg say they're real. And that they've recently formed an alliance with a being known as '1' Who's apparently changed her name to Oona.' Kana looked up.

'1' I take it, is the old Borg Queen.' Ke'reth asked.

Kana nodded.

The Inquisitor who had been standing silently at the back of the room, raised his hat from his eyes with the side of his hand. 'Religious Borg? That's an interesting development, I mean, what next Daleks collecting for Charity? Cybermen adopting little orphans?' This has to be worth a look.' He said to l'Sar, who stood silently beside him. 'If only out of curiosity.' He added.

'Where are they?' Ke'reth asked. Kana looked at her padd. 'There's a rumour, that they're on Trillius Prime the Trill Homeworld.' Ke'reth smiled to those around him. 'Then set course for the Trill Homeworld, it looks like we're all going to church.'

'What about us? Daniel' asked pointing at Vadrik, Shahna, and the crew of the Huxley?' You'll all stay here, where it's nice and safe. We'll beam down and search for these ancients.' Daniel looked flushed. 'You're leaving us here?' Ke'reth nodded. 'You don't know anything about our time!' The man said harshly. Ke'reth, who wasn't used to being questioned on his own ship, turned to face him. 'One! I'm a very fast study, two my crew have the Encyclopaedia Borg-tanica strapped down in the other room, we'll be able to get instant updates on any information we need sent to us via our Tricorders.'

'And Three, you and your ship will be my guests, at least until I've spoken with these Ancients, and I find out for myself, what the hell is going on.'

Four days later, and the planet Trillius Prime, turned slowly below the Proud Vengeances hull, its clear blue/green waters looked strangely untouched as the cloaked warship sat in geostationary orbit above the planets northern pole. Ke'reth sat forward in his command chair. 'Any sign of Hostiles?' He asked. KIHQaS looked up from her tactical screens. 'It's very quiet out there, but the Borg could Transwarp in, at a moments notice!' Ke'reth nodded. 'We'll remain under cloak, for now, and go to yellow alert.' She nodded.

'I'm going to take a look around down there.' Ke'reth said. As he stood up. KIHQaS has the bridge, Kana and K'Taal; disguise your appearance and search the largest Southern settlement, for any news of the ancients and their whereabouts. I'll take I'Sar and check out the Largest Northern settlement.' The Inquisitor stood beside KIHQaS, his gaze fell on the displays before him. 'I think I'll come too, I'm curious.' Ke'reth's glanced at him from under his heavy red eyebrows. 'Yes you are.' Ke'reth sighed, I'Sar bit her lip, to stop herself from smiling. 'Ke'reth to ships stores, I'll need the planet below scanned, and Civilian attire replicated for myself, Kana, KIHQaS, K'Taal, and the Inquisitor.' The Inquisitor leant over the microphone. 'Something in black or dark red please, maybe a waistcoat, and not too tight across the shoulders, if possible.' He looked up, as the others stared at him. 'It's called style!' He said, almost apologetically. Ke'reth then touched a blue panel. 'Med-bay, have we a way to give trill markings to my away teams?' Doctor Krenn looked up. 'It's no more than a temporary tattoo, unless you want your ridges re-sculpted.' Krenn said with almost a insubordinate tone in his voice. But Ke'reth either didn't hear it, or chose to ignore it. 'Just the spots Doc!' Ke'reth replied.

Down in the med-bay Kana sat with a hand mirror and gazed the pale tan spotted pattern on her skin. 'I'm glad he's only spraying this rash where it shows. The Inquisitor lowered his gaze level with her ear. 'Oh I don't know, I think it suits you.' Her eyes widened. 'Didn't your mother ever tell you about upsetting a Klingon?' She snarled playfully. 'I don't think my mother would know what a Klingon was. Or is that is?' The Inquisitor asked, as he checked his own forehead, as he ran his index finger down his jaw line into his beard. 'I think I could carry this off!' He said. 'Doctor Krenn, I congratulate you, you're an Artist of the first order, a veritable dermatological Michelangelo!' Whether the grey haired Klingon Doctor had ever heard of Michelangelo, was unknown, but he seemed pleased by the Artist part of the remark. The doors opened, as a pair of Junior officers entered the room bringing in their clothing. The Inquisitor insisted on wearing his own boots, as he'd already broken them in. The Klingons were looking at him oddly He smiled. 'Don't Klingons ever get blistered feet?' He asked to no one in particular, as he was handed a long black coat, made to look like some kind of heavy wool. Matching trousers and a blood red lose sleeved shirt. 'Not bad!' He said, holding his shirt before him. As he smiled at I'Sar. 'If you don't ask your tailor, you don't get.' He said as he removed his own shirt and startled to unbuckle his belt.

K'Taal sat on the side of the bio-bed, as Kana wrapped a piece of red cloth around his ridges, as he watched the others getting ready. Ke'reth wore a short black tunic over a soft trouser, similar to those worn by practitioners of the martial arts. Kana had chosen a dark purple fitted jumpsuit under a black jacket, she carried her tools in a shoulder bag. I'Sar was slipping into a similar long coat to the Inquisitors, it had been replicated as had all their clothes to appear distressed, and came complete with synthetic leather patches on the shoulders and elbows. K'Taal wore a faded dark grey flight suit with red piping. Ke'reth stood up and tied a black bandana around his ridges, as he watched I'Sar pick up a headscarf in a patterned red fabric. K'Taal reluctantly removed his pistol from his belt, and placed it on a medical tray. As Ke'reth handed him a freshly replicated Trill style civilian model Tricorder and a small personal sidearm. Kana slipped her pistol into concealed holster within her jacket lining.

Down on the Planets surface, Ke'reth knelt down in the late winter snow to get his bearings as he scanned the area around him with a Tricorder. The Inquisitor lived up to his name, or at least his title, and was inquisitive as he strolled to the top of a nearby snowdrift, to get a better look. 'Ambassador, you should see this.' Ke'reth stepped up beside him. 'There should be a city over there.' The Timelord explained. 'And there's just a very large hole.' Kana added. 'It looks like the Borg have destroyed this settlement.'

Meanwhile, on the other side of the planet Kana and K'Taal arrived in a woodland clearing sometime just after sun up. Kana loosened her jacket as she watched an old man with a tatty tarpaulin covered hover-wagon passing her position, and heading towards the gates of a small settlement.

'Where are the cities?' K'Taal asked quietly. 'I thought the Trill had cities. With all these pits, this place looks like a quarry' Kana looked at him. 'Worrying, isn't it?' She said He nodded as she pulled her Tricorder. 'I'm not reading enough people for a large village, let alone a city.' She said as she hid her Tricorder within the folds of her jacket as she stepped out from behind a tree, the man looked startled. 'Where did you two spring from?' He asked, perhaps expecting to be robbed at any minute. 'My friend and I have come from the settlement over there.' She said as K'Taal pulled himself up the grassy bank with his stick. 'You mean Jevla-town?' The old man asked. She nodded 'What's

wrong with your friend.' K'Taal stepped onto the road. 'Old Injury.' He explained. The old man extended his hand. 'Name's Orva! Yours?' He asked. 'Keynah.' She said tapping her chest and this is 'Ketal.' She said pointing behind her. We're looking for some friends, they came here at the end of last season, we haven't heard from them since. So we've come to look for them.'

'And perhaps find some work.' K'Taal added. The old man snorted. 'I heard things were bad back there.'

On the other side of the planet. The light snows that had greeted them on their arrival were turning briskly into a blizzard, as the skies darkened around them. I'Sar, gun in hand led the party towards a small dwelling at the edge of a small copse of trees. Ke'reth and the Inquisitor followed her. She looked back from her Tricorder. 'Place is empty!' She called out, as she reached the door. She smiled as she found it unlocked, as a gale seemed blow around them. Thankfully the door opened revealing what seemed to be a kind of lumberjacks cabin similar to one that could exist on any one of a dozen worlds with heavily wooded areas, though it had look of a building, that had been empty for years. The Inquisitor pulled his coat around himself before shaking the snow off as he entered the shelter. 'I'm not dressed for this weather, I'm afraid.' He said with a stage shiver. Ke'reth followed him in. 'Just like home!' He said with a near frozen grin. 'Home for you!' I'Sar said with more than a hint of sarcasm, as she stoked the freshly lit fire. 'I prefer it a little warmer.' The Inquisitor shook the last of the snow from his hat. 'It's a white-out! I don't think we're going anywhere in that!' He said with a shrug. Ke'reth nodded. 'We either wait it out, or we go back to the ship and try another search somewhere else.'

'Habahl first city of the Hoobiashian region of the Trill Homeworld.' K'Taal said, as he read the sign on the gates, nodding to her, as they passed the guard with his Borg implants evident, under a dirty tan shirt. He discreetly pointed it out to Kana, who nodded, as she spoke with the old trader. She then turned back to K'Taal, who'd spoken. 'What!' She asked.

'I said, there's a lot of rubble around here, you don't think that's the city, do you?' The old man didn't seem to hear them. 'How many Borg are here?' The man stopped, a look of concern crossed his wrinkled face. 'You shouldn't talk of such things!' Kana took a deep breath.

'I heard that there were places where the Borg were better.' The old man coughed.

'Better Borg?' She nodded.

'You'd be talking about them.' Kana's eyes widened. 'Them?'

'Just because I'm an old man, doesn't mean that I don't hear things.'

'They're the ancients.' He said, looking nervously around himself. 'Your Pilgrims, aren't you?' he said lowering his voice. Kana smiled, trying to look innocent, the way that she'd seen the contented Bajoran monks look on the Starbase. 'They say that there up on Mount Jahtu' K'Taal stepped forwards. 'Mount Jahtu? Is that far from here?' The man turned slowly to face him. There was a look of suspicion in his eyes. 'Third biggest mountain on the planet, you two really can't have travelled much.' K'Taal glanced at Kana as the old man spoke. 'And as for better Borg, Borg are Borg! And if your wise you'll leave them alone, otherwise you'll disappear.'

'Disappear?' Kana asked.

'And if you're lucky? They'll kill you.' The old man moaned.

'That doesn't sound too lucky.'

'Better than being assimilated by the Borg. Death would be better!'

Ke'reth's communicator beeped. 'Yes Kana!' He said briskly.

'I think we've got a lead, on our Ancients.' Kana said. The Timelord was watching I'Sar as she warmed her hands over the fireplace. 'A message from the beyond.' He asked.

'Not quite from the beyond.' Ke'reth replied, turning to face the man known as the Inquisitor. 'Well from beyond this cabin.' The Timelord replied.

'Your doing better than us.' Ke'reth continued. 'Why do you say that?' Kana asked. 'We're snowed in, and sitting in a small dwelling, surrounded by rubble. This entire area seems to be a soulless void.'

'Mmmm. . . The Timelord made a contemplative noise. "A soulless void" A poetic, if slightly worrying turn of phrase.' The Inquisitor said, with a wink towards I'Sar. Kana's voice came through the communicators speaker. 'We've been told the Ancients are up on Mount Jahtu.'

'Where's that?' He asked.

'Third highest peak on the planet.'

'Nice work you two, find somewhere safe and beam yourselves back to the ship, I'll see you there.'

'Strange!' The Inquisitor exclaimed, to no one in particular. 'In all my years, I don't think that I've ever spent four hours snowed into a log cabin with Klingons.'

Ke'reth shook his hair loose from under his bandana, as he stepped off the Transporter platform. A few seconds later Kana and K'Taal arrived in the Transporter room. 'How was the snow?' Kana laughed.

'Cold!!!' I'Sar said with a grin. Ke'reth looked up as he spoke to the ships computer. 'De'laH!' A floating green tinged computerised female face, made up from a grid pattern appeared before them. 'Yes General!' The face asked. 'Can you show me a map of the planet below us, specifically the area of third highest peak.' The face disappeared to be replaced by a tri-dimensional holographic map floating before them. The Inquisitor lent across the map. There's the mountain, suggest we Transport down, within the mouth of this cave on the northern slope.' Ke'reth nodded. 'I agree, it's the best guess we have for the location of these ancients.'

Stepping back on the Transporter platform, Ke'reth gave the coordinates to the Transporter Officer. A few seconds later a pattern of red sparks dissolved their forms. Then came a whining noise and a swirl of energy shimmered on the Transporter Platform, before they all reappeared. 'That's odd!' The Inquisitor said, scratching his head. 'Ke'reth approached the man behind the Transporter console.'

'What happened?'

'I'm not sure Sir. I'll check the system and try again.'

Half an hour, and three tries later, Kana sat on the floor beside an open access panel. She looked up at them. 'I've checked the system, There's nothing wrong with the Transporter, or the control console.' K'Taal scratched the bridge of his nose. 'Perhaps it's the mountain, that doesn't want us there!' Ke'reth turned to face him. 'A forcefield?' He asked. 'That would my guess.' K'Taal replied. Kana nodded. 'Makes sense I suppose, they wouldn't want the Borg beaming in on them unannounced.' K'Taal recalled the map, of the mountain. 'Da'laH!' The Proud Vengeances computer reappeared, above the map, like some ancient Goddess. 'Yes K'Taal!'

'Scan the mountain for any unusual power readings, especially any kind of Transporter scattering or repulsor-fields. The Inquisitor coughed to get their attention. 'I think that I have a better idea, rather than trying to go through this forcefield by force, maybe we'd be better off using guile.' I'Sar smiled. 'He means his Tardis.' Ke'reth nodded. 'That sounds like a plan. But is it safe? I mean, last time I travelled by Tardis, I ended up during the days of Kahless the Unforgettable.' The Inquisitor smiled. 'I'm sure that there are Klingons who'd give their sword-arm to have met Kahless in the flesh, and we're we'll be travelling in space only. I'll disengage the time rotor, then we'll just find somewhere quiet, to put her down and bingo-.'

'We're half way up a mountain!' K'Taal interjected.

There came a whoosh, and a buzzing noise that faded slowly in and out, as the silver cylinder of the Inquisitor's Tardis appeared shimmering in and out before materialising, and taking on the appearance of a large Stalagmite, rising up within the mouth of the cave.

Kana strolled out followed by K'Taal, I'Sar, Ke'reth and the Inquisitor. Kana powered up her lantern. It was then that they saw the hundreds of Borg standing statue-like within their alcoves. K'Taal walked slowly towards the Borg. He raised his cane with it's retractable razor sharp blade. Kana staid his hand. He looked oddly at her. She shook her head slowly. 'They appear to be inactive drones.' She said consulting her Tricorder. 'There's virtually no power here. But someone has tried to set up a portable solar power generator.'

The Inquisitor touched the face of a young female drone. It was cold and dry as bone to the touch. 'It's as if every night is Hallowe'en around here.' An echoing female voice came from the Darkness startling them. 'Are you Pilgrims?' Ke'reth's hand dropped to his Disrupter within its concealed holster, inside his jacket, as the Inquisitor stepped forwards. 'Yes that's right, we're her to see the Ancients my dear! Do you know them.' The voice came closer, revealing a young girl in a white hooded robe. She dropped the hood, revealing long blonde hair and startling jade green eyes, framed by the familiar Trill spots at her hairline. Her eyes widened. 'Inquisitor?' She asked. The Timelord smiled. 'Yes!' He replied as she hugged him. 'You haven't changed, haven't aged a day!' She exclaimed. 'I see that you have.' He said. She looked up at him. 'Four hosts, since we last met. I recognise you all, it's all coming back to me.' She laughed as she went to each in turn and hugged them warmly. 'Your Varr?' Ke'reth asked. She nodded Ah'naya Varr, Ambassador.' Ke'reth let out a breath that he hadn't been aware that he'd been holding. 'But how?' Kana asked. 'Why I chose such a young form?' Kana nodded. 'People needed my wisdom and guidance, my help. So I searched for a host, who'd allow me to move unobserved by the Borg.' K'Taal looked uneasy.

'I thought that you had be of a certain age to have the thing put in you.'

'By "Thing" I take it you mean the Symbiont?' She asked. He nodded. 'That was the old way, I couldn't find a willing host, until I met Ah'naya. She was the only one who'd allow our joining, most Symbionts of any real age have been dead for a century or more.'

'So that's why you chose her?' I'Sar asked. 'No, she chose me!'

'Really?' Kana asked. Ah'naya nodded. 'You see Ah'naya is a rather gifted child.'

'Gifted?' the Inquisitor asked.

'Psychic!' Came her reply. 'I'd dreamt of being joined and freeing my people. Then two nights ago, I dreamt of my time in the Starfleet, of the Starbase of you lot of my friends.'

'Just an old memory surely?' Ke'reth asked. 'I dreamt of you coming here.' She said, pointing to a small mattress and some blankets propped up against the wall. 'So I've waited for you for the last couple of nights. Even old man Jat thought I'd gone a little crazy this time, especially when I told him, that the past would come to save the future.' K'Taal's eyed the alcoves along the walls. 'What happened to the Borg here?' He asked, she looked up. 'We don't have the power to run them.' The young girl sighed. 'We tried to build solar regenerators, but the Solar collector wasn't powerful enough, to run more than about a dozen alcoves at a time.'

'Talking of time, I think it's about time that we found out what was going on.' Kana said as she opened her Tricorder and activated the link to the captured Borg drone. Ah'naya's eyes widened as she looked at the Tricorder. 'It's been years since I've seen one of those, may I?' She asked extending her hand. 'Kana handed it to her. 'We captured a Borg Drone, and that is our link to the collective.'

'And this is ours!' Came a voice from a side tunnel. As an old man with a long grey/white beard appeared from the darkness of the cave. He was supporting himself with a walking cane, and dressed in a white hooded robe he approached them leaning on a female Borg for support, she too wore a white robe. 'Jat!' Ah'naya said standing up. 'You remember these people, don't you?' The old man leant against a stick as he pulled himself towards them. He narrowed his eyes as he looked from one to the other. 'You're the past! You shouldn't be here!' Ke'reth approached him. The man cowered. 'It wasn't by choice!' Ke'reth said harshly trying not to snarl. 'You really think they can help us?' K'Taal asked. Ke'reth shrugged. 'I have my fingers crossed.' He said looking to Kana. The Inquisitor walked towards the old man. 'Remember me?' The old man sniffed. 'You! You were always trouble!' I'Sar bit her lip. 'Oh yeah, he remembers you.' Jat was helped towards the mattress as he spoke. The Borg placed it on the cave floor. 'I remember you popping in and out of existence, I remember the all knowing smugness, you were full of!' – Jat paused 'A mighty Timelord. That's what you said you were. I wasn't sure I believed you then, not sure that I do now.' The Timelord sat down. 'Every word that I ever told you was the Truth.' The old man cracked a smile. 'Do you really think that you can destroy in one day what the Borg built in three hundred years?' The Inquisitor smiled. 'I was briefly with Hannibal when the legions of Rome fell, the ruling class had hid behind their walls, and they had amassed a huge army, they just about ruled the world, and they thought that they were invulnerable; and that was their weakness!' 'One man's will broke them. Then came the Goths and Visigoths.'

'Old stories!' The old man muttered, interrupting him. 'Others tried to stop the Borg. Tried, failed and were either killed or assimilated. What makes you think the that you're any different?' Kana looked up from her padd. 'They didn't have a Starship?' She offered optimistically. 'The Klingons had hundreds of Damn starships.' Jat snapped. 'It didn't help!' Kana paused before speaking. 'Ah! But they didn't have a Advance Borg strapped down in an engineering bay.' The old man looked shocked. 'How?' Kana smiled.

'She was captured and her brain surgically separated from her motor functions. Oh and we also found the nasty little explosive anti-tamper device, within her; and pulled it's plug too.' For the first time since their arrival the Female Borg spoke. 'My name is Oona, it used to be One. Some called me the Borg Queen. I decimated a thousand worlds.' K'Taal snarled.

'I take it that's Borg talk for murdering women and children?' Oona looked shocked. 'We added their technology and distinctiveness to our own.' K'Taal approached her. 'It still sounds like theft and murder, to me.' Kana looked from the Borg to K'Taal then back to the Borg, could it be that she was crying? 'Then you were surpassed by a later model, like that really arrogant tin Bitch we captured.' He snarled. Ah'naya put her arm around Oona and tried to comfort her. 'You've upset her!' Ah'naya yelled at K'Taal. 'Be Quiet.' The old man snapped irritably. 'All of you quit your arguing before I start busting heads.'

The Inquisitor stepped forwards and tilted the Borg's head to face him. 'Tears!' He said tasting them on the tip of his finger. 'Real tears, not synthetic.' Kana looked at him in disbelief. 'It would have been safer to scan them with a Tricorder.'

'It's not really polite to wave electronics at people, when they're upset.' He said while rummaging in his jacket pocket and pulling out thin metal rod. 'I mean how would you like it if I prodded you with a sonic screwdriver?' Kana bit her lip, to repress a snigger, at the perceived innuendo. 'I'm not sure I would like that.' He then pointed it at K'Taal. 'And you?'

'Your not prodding me with anything!!!' K'Taal answered defiantly.

The Timelord pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, and handed it to the sniffing Borg. 'I got that from a woman known as Norma Jean Mortenson.' The others looked oddly at him 'She later changed her name to Marilyn Monroe.' He announced matter-of-factly, by way of an explanation.

'She was quite famous in her day.' He added hopefully. 'She was killed by.' He then paused sadly. 'Well, it doesn't really matter, it was a long time ago.'

The Borg wiped her eyes. 'Almost 300 years ago, the Borg conquered a race known as the Xal'Zhia, they were a brutal technically advanced Matriarchy. It took us thirty years of war, then without warning, they surrendered to the Borg. We could not foresee that they planed to enslave us. They allowed themselves to be assimilated. Then they

started to evolve along a different line, from us. We'd lost, but we couldn't see it, until it was too late.' The Inquisitor scratched his beard. 'What kind of numbers are we talking about? here' She locked eyes with him. 'Around a million or so.'

'That's an awful lot of new Borg, and there's got to be at least ten times that on the other side.' Ke'reth said, thinking tactically. Kana looked up. 'We do have one advantage!' Ke'reth turned to her. 'We think, we create! The Borg need to assimilate to progress, to evolve.' She said.

'That's your advantage?' K'Taal asked incredulously. 'That's their Achilles heel.' Ke'reth continued. 'The have to witness, then adsorb technology before they can understand it.' The old man looked up. 'Wipe the Borg out, that's what your implying.' Kana shook her head. 'That would be Genocide, that's not my plan.' K'Taal looked at her.

'You're talking about our pet project.' She smiled at him. 'It's worked on several Borg drones in the past.' She said. 'All we need to do is combine it with the contagious element of our Nano-virus.' She turned to Ke'reth.

'K'Taal and I have created a Nano Virus, that in the past has de-Borged a Borg, it actually reverses the effects of Borg assimilation. It's worked on single drones. We just never got a chance to Infect a large enough group to make it work.' K'Taal nodded.

'All it needs is a way in to the collective, and it will break down the Borg implants slowly. In about sixty percent of Borg, their own internal organs will in time regain their organic functions.'

Oona looked at him. '40 percent will die.' She said. 'That's only an estimate.' K'Taal said. 'Could be more, could be less.'

'It also has the added bonus of destroying their collective consciousness, so they'll be a lot easier to take care of.'

'A whole race of Borg, without the ability to assimilate others or even communicate.' I'Sar gasped.

'It's a possible improvement on the species. We could create a new Borg race.'

The Inquisitor shook his head slowly. 'I have reservations about this plan. No good ever came from one race taking control of another.' Kana looked at him. 'We're only intending to take away their ability to harm others, and give their victims back their individuality.' The Timelord sighed. 'I'm still worried, about this plan.'

A week passed as the Proud Vengeance travelled under cloak towards a grey planet mentioned by Oona, as the Homeworld of the Borg.

Ke'reth sat despondently in his office. He hadn't felt like his old for a while now. The Inquisitor shook his head as he paced the room. 'You Klingons, are, so boneheaded!' Ke'reth's eyes locked on him, with feral intensity. 'I don't mean that, to sound the way it did.' He apologised. 'But I did tell you not to look.'

I took a look at some long range scans, around two weeks ago, I just wanted to see Kronos, if only from a long range scan. 'And you saw your Homeworld destroyed.' The Timelord said sitting down on the Edge of Ke'reth's desk.

'I saw the Klingon Homeworld, as a pitted ball of blood red rock, it's atmosphere poisoned, the planet was dead.' The Timelord looked down. 'For what it's worth, my Homeworld of Gallifrey was destroyed. When you get back to your own time, your home will still there, Gallifrey, or at least the Gallifrey that I knew, has been destroyed in time, as well as space. Even with a Tardis, there's no way back. Believe me, I've tried.' He said sadly.

The lights dimmed in Ke'reth's office dropping from white to a dull amber. The Inquisitor watched the Klingon rise. 'Problem?' He asked. Ke'reth smiled.

'We've entered Borg space, KIHQaS has just taken us to yellow alert.'

'Report!' Ke'reth ordered as he stepped briskly to the command deck. 'Borg Prime is a little over three hours away at full impulse.'

'Borg Prime?' He questioned.

'Oh, that's what Oona calls it.'

K'Taal's voice came up from Engineering bay, through the communicator in Ke'reth's chair.. 'Ke'reth, our Borg Nano Viral carrier is ready for deployment. We've reprogrammed her, and even she won't know what she's doing, she won't even remember us.' Kana looked up towards him, her large dark eyes were full of concern. 'You really looked, didn't you?' Ke'reth nodded. 'And that's a drink Kana owes me.' The Inquisitor said smugly.

'You had a bet on me?' Ke'reth said, repressing the Klingon urge to snarl.

Kana sat back into the Ke'reth's throne-like command chair, and hid a grin, as she tapped a yellow switch. 'K'Taal, have your team installed the recovery protocols yet?'

'We're here with Oona. Her presence will eventually cure the surviving Borg, by installing a new set of values. Eventually they'll retrieve all their Advanced Borg, from all over the galaxy and bring them here; and that will allow others to make their own decisions.' Kana said.

'Or mistakes!' The Timelord retorted. Kana looked up at him. 'People often learn more from their mistakes.' He continued She smiled. 'You're warming to our plan?' She asked.

'I suppose.' He said.

'When did that start?'

'It was when you Klingons stopped talking about Nano-virus bombs, and started to speak of recovery protocols.'

'I've spoken to Oona.' The Timelord said. 'She'll be Queen again, the Borg will be reprogrammed by the collective to accept that, and as K'Taal said earlier, the Borg will withdraw to this Binary star system and its eight planets, and this time, fingers crossed, they'll take a different evolutionary path.'

'She won't be alone this time.' They all turned as old man Jat, entered the room holding Varr's hand. Oona stood with them, now stripped of her white robe. 'We'll be with her.' Ah'naya, said with almost child-like enthusiasm.

Two hours passed slowly as special Preparations were made to captured Borg vessel. It would be the Queen's chariot. The Inquisitor had said, as he ran his hand down the side of the sleek black ship. K'Taal entered the Hanger, carrying a small black box, under one arm.

'It's time isn't it?' Oona asked. K'Taal handed her a small device, on which she place her hand. Long thin black tubes stretched out from her fingertips, adsorbing the recovery protocols.

As she did this, a Hover-Gurney pushed by a mixture of medics, engineers and scientists entered the room with the Prostrate figure of the captured Borg on it entered the room.

Oona looked at the motionless figure, I'll reactivate her as soon as we leave, and she'll claim to have captured the Ancients, and when they reconnect us to the Collective, we'll make the change in Borg society.

The Inquisitor looked at I'Sar. 'Reminds me of the Trojan horse. I'Sar looked puzzled. 'I'll lend you the book.' He laughed.

Six decks down, the Crew of the Huxley were also making final checks for departure. Each of them wore freshly replicated clothing, and carried cases of food and equipment for their journey. Ke'reth had left the others, in the hanger bay, and walked towards the Turbolift. Kana caught his arm. 'Wait up?' She called after him. He paused, as she changed tact. 'I mean, where are you going?' He smiled. 'I'm going to see off the crew of the Huxley.'

Vadrik, Shahna, Daniel and several other. Ke'reth couldn't remember their names, stood alongside the repaired and retrofitted Huxley. As Kana spoke to them, something caught her eye. A small girl, who she guessed was about six years old ran up to Ke'reth and hugged his legs. Ke'reth smiled, as he knelt down before her, as she pulled something from her pocket. Kana smiled, as the young girl held up a candy bar. Ke'reth returned her smile, as he took the bar, and snapped it in two, and handed a piece back to her. Which she ate hungrily.' Thank you.' She said. 'My name is Tyla.' She seemed to have lost a little of her earlier shyness. Ke'reth lifted her easily to his shoulder, and carried her to a woman who watched him closely. 'He's great isn't he. Mummy?' The woman smiled as she looked at him. 'Yeah, he's one of the good guys.' She said. Tyla, lent over and kissed Ke'reth's cheek, as Ke'reth put her down at her mother's feet. Vadrik shook his hand, likewise Shahna, Daniel Stepped forward, If your ever in our part of the universe.' Ke'reth nodded. 'I'll look you up!' Both Ke'reth and the dark skinned man knew that it would never happen, and that this was goodbye. But neither let on.

The Planet below them was a polluted grey sphere, crisscrossed with circuit like patterns across its surface. It was surrounded by several Borg cubes; but soon perhaps, the threat of them would at least be lessened.

Two vessels left the Vengeance., one headed straight towards the Planet, the other turned away and cloaked.

Ke'reth gave the order to return to the Star-City, a couple of days had passed as they travelled.

Captain Alicia Woods of the Starfleet Alliance strolled on to the Bridge of the Imperial Klingon Vessel Proud Vengeance, under armed escort. Her face was flushed red with anger. 'What have you done?' She asked angrily Ke'reth smiled. 'You just about kidnapped me.' He nodded.

'You beamed onto my ship without permission, that gives me the right to keep you in assigned quarters. Be thankful that I didn't throw you in Brig!' She looked riled. 'I've been your prisoner for more than a week.' She snarled as she followed him to his readyroom. He smiled. 'I shot the last person who questioned my orders, on this ship.' She shook her head. 'Consider yourself lucky' He warned. Her eyes narrowed, she was riled. Ke'reth tried to explain his actions. 'You where going to inform the Borg of my plan. I couldn't let that happen.' She blinked as put her hands on her hips as she turned to face him. I spent more than a week locked in a cell!' Kana smiled as she watched her, from the doorway. 'You spent a week in our guest quarters.' Kana corrected her. Ke'reth smiled.

'Yes, how can I help you Chief?' He said turning away from the angry Starfleet officer.

'Just letting you know, we're approaching the Starbase, Star-City.' she corrected herself. KIHQaS's voice came over the ships intercom. 'Ke'reth, we Have company.' Ke'reth looked up.

'Who?' He asked.

'The Borg!' Ke'reth cursed, almost under his breath. 'They're offering to assist us in the calibration of our Transwarp drive.' Ke'reth's eyes widened. 'They're what?'

'The Borg Queen has decreed that the Proud Vengeance is returned to our own time and space.'

Captain Woods looked shocked. 'What have you done?' Ke'reth smiled. 'Let's just say, that things are changing around here.'

'Oh! And before I forget General, the Borg Queen wants to speak with Captain Woods.' KIHQaS continued. As Captain Woods stepped forward to confront Ke'reth she disappeared in the green haze of a Borg Transporter.

'Just goes to show!' Ke'reth said.

'That you shouldn't keep a Queen waiting.' Kana added with a smile.

Three days had passed, since the Borgs' arrival. The Inquisitor walked into Ke'reth's office. 'Thanks to the Borg, We're almost ready to depart.' Ke'reth smiled.

'Almost?'

'Well no one ever does what we're about to attempt, lightly, even with a new Borg Transwarp assembly, they've stripped out the old power feeds, and replaced and upgraded many of our systems.' Kana smiled. 'We won't need the Black Alert anymore.' Ke'reth grinned. 'What have you done?'

'Me? Nothing!' She said. 'Credit where credit's due, the Borg did most of the work. They've upgraded our sensor net, and K'Taal held out for a weapons upgrade. Though what we're going to do with a Borg Cutting laser, at this moment in time, is beyond me.'

After the Borg had departed. Ke'reth sat down in his command chair, and raised his hand. 'Engage Transwarp Drive, Take us home!'

The floor of the Vengeance started to shake, as the engines came on line. The space Around the ship seemed to fluctuate, as the hum grew louder. People on the ship started to look concerned. They held on tightly as the Vengeance started to vibrate as a purplish hue shimmered around it, as lightning crackled over its hull. The lights dimmed as the ship shimmered and disappeared. A few moments later the lights came back on as K'Taal looked up from the Science station, he could feel the eyes of everyone upon the bridge upon him. As he made his calculations. 'Well, we've arrived in the Beta Quadrant, and I'm pretty sure that it's 2378, somewhere in the later part of October, by my guess.' Ke'reth looked at the Inquisitor and found him tapping on the screen of his pocket watch. 'I concur.' He said. 'Adjusting for any space-time discontinuity, and making allowances for any temporal instabilities. I say that it's October the 26<sup>th</sup>. 2378, and about teatime.'

Midnight on the Klingon Vessel Proud Vengeance. Ke'reth removed his armour and hung it over a hook on the wall, he then removed his Disruptor in it's holster and hung it on the wall beside his armour. He sat down and looked out of the Window, and out onto the stars and the now distant red nebular, and beyond, to the nearby planet. He picked up and activated his log recorder. Sitting back in his chair he pulled the stopper from a bottle of Romulan ale.

'Kahless has seen fit to grant me victory this day. But it came at a great price. I've howled today, to send many of my fine warriors to Sto-vo-kor and to the Black Fleet. I've seen a time and place, that may no longer even exist. And if I were a praying man, I'd pray the Borg never rise to the dominance that I've seen. I feel that I've witnessed an Empire destroyed, and maybe the birth of one. A phrase is haunting me, and I feel that it will do so for sometime. "To walk the path untaken." But tonight, I feel, that I should have never walked that particular path at all.' And with that, he returned the stopper to the bottle. . .

End