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# Star Trek: Renegades

By Ethan H. Calk

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be,  
for my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance,  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance,  
my head is bloody, but unbowed.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears,  
looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet,  
the menace of the years,  
Finds and shall find me, unafraid.  
It matters not how straight the gate,  
how charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain, of my soul.  
What pity my preparations  
do not allow me to hunt you myself!  
I claim the right of last kill.  
Son, that right must be earned,  
which clearly you have not.  
Do not be shamed in your defeat.  
We are stronger because  
we adapted to impossible conditions.  
Your sacrifice honors you.  
Reuel 7, the Federation's second  
largest supplier of dilithium crystals,  
until last week, that is,  
when it appears the very fabric of  
space and time simply folded around it.  
Two months ago,  
another major supplier in  
the Gamma Tauri system  
experienced a similar  
disappearance.  
These are not natural phenomena.  
It's clear that whatever this is,  
someone or something is causing it.  
That will be all, Lieutenant Masaru.  
Thank you, Admiral. I'll be in my quarters.  
Computer! Access file 62285, shadow mode.  
Until three years ago, the planet  
Syphon was not on any of our charts.

One hell of a coincidence,  
wouldn't you say?  
This is their leader, Borrada  
I am convinced that he and Syphon  
are responsible for what happened  
to Reuel and Gamma Tauri.  
The Council refuses to act.  
It is destroying planets  
and yet they do nothing.  
Do you have proof?  
Admiral Satterle contacted me,  
I finally have the proof, Pavel.  
The Council knows that Borrada is  
responsible but they're keeping it quiet.  
And there's more.  
Someone is helping him.  
We can't trust anyone.  
Preliminary Reports indicate  
a faulty plasma conduit.  
I don't believe it for a moment  
I fear the Federation is  
on the verge of collapse  
and I can't let that happen,  
Council orders and Prime  
Directive notwithstanding.  
- Then we have to find other means.  
- Yes.  
You will assemble a new crew, quietly.  
We can not go through the usual channels.  
Our salvation may rest  
with rogues and outcasts  
I know of such a crew.  
Captain Alvarez, beam the  
cargo over immediately  
or I will be forced to destroy  
your pitiful little ship.  
I prefer to see who I'm dealing with first.  
Are you not seeing my pulchritudinous face?  
Why don't you uncloak your ship, alright?  
I don't have all day.  
Share this glorious new design  
with the Federation?  
Klingon ship uncloaking  
It's about time.

The coordinates are different.  
They're early.  
Doc, did you get it?  
No, need more time.  
Greetings, Captain Alvarez,  
I trust we haven't kept you waiting.  
Waiting? We were jus...  
Captain Gedlock, we may have an issue.  
Go to red alert. Shields up!  
Incompetent Slug!  
Pulchritudinous?  
It was working!  
Mr. Lu, I want you to lock  
photons on that cloaked ship,  
fire a warning shot  
on my command.  
Yes, Sir.  
Photons locked on our coordinates.  
Give them everything.  
Fire!  
The Icarus.  
Let's give 'em hell! Return fire!  
Why do we delay?  
You think you have the brains  
to beam through their shields  
in the middle of a battle?  
You're nothing more than a failure.  
Why else would Federation banish you?  
Two more? Where?  
Direct hit on the deflector shield,  
cloaking device is fried, man!  
Deliver on your promise, Doctor  
Lucien, or I finish you.  
Ronara! One zero nine mark two one.  
But that will...  
Exactly!  
Shields holding at 90%, Sir.  
Fire at will!  
Got it.  
Why aren't we pursuing?  
We can't, Sir.  
The warp engines just went off-line.  
Bucket of bolts!  
They won't be following us anytime soon.

Beamed these off their warp drive,  
pinged off Doc's signal.  
What the Hell where you  
thinking firing on them?  
You wail like a  
sludge rat, Ragnar.  
Our opponents were weak, so  
our mission was a success.  
Success? Now the Federation and  
the Klingons will be hunting us.  
You just made it nearly impossible  
to operate in this quadrant.  
Lexxa would never do  
anything stupid like that.  
Lexxa?  
Probably lives in a hovel with ten  
mewling brats crawling around her feet.  
Mwahahahah!  
Come on!  
Get him!  
Fifty on the Cardassian.  
You fool  
One hundred on the female.  
Lineage gives you the strength,  
but it will always be your undoing.  
Leave him out of this!  
Your anger and your  
aggression are your weakness,  
but one would one expect from the  
bastard daughter of a megalomaniac?  
I am nothing like him!  
Enough talk!  
My turn!  
No, no, you're nothing like him,  
unlike you, Khan Noonien  
Singh was a great warrior.  
You are nothing but a  
failed genetic experiment,  
a motherless..!  
Damn you, Tuvok!  
I could have eaten two meals  
tomorrow with my winnings.  
We have urgent matters to discuss.  
We have nothing to discuss,

your Section 31 hung me out to dry.  
Their methods left much to be desired  
I have always believed  
you to be innocent.  
That save me from any beatings or  
helped me avoid the rape gangs?  
Something big's coming down,  
you're desperate,  
why else would you be here?  
I need you back on the Icarus.  
I'd rather end up the bitch of every  
filthy, disgusting inmate in this place,  
than walk out of here with you.  
There may be evidence,  
that she's still alive.  
Tell me!  
Do this mission and I will.  
Tell me or your next  
breath will be your last.  
Then you will never find her.  
Stay here.  
Don't leave me!  
I have to, or they'll get you too.  
Fine!  
But you cross me...  
The thought never entered my mind.  
He comes with me.  
He just tried to kill you.  
We rig the fights,  
then split the winnings.  
He's always got my back.  
Agreed.  
We can't trust anyone!  
Come.  
There's my Solnychamoya.  
Let me look at you,  
first day at the Academy,  
and the youngest cadet ever admitted!  
I'm so nervous!  
Oh! This is my roommate, Cadet Madison.  
It's an honour, Admiral  
I still can't believe  
he's your grandfather.  
Great-great-grandfather!

I've heard so many things about you Sir!  
Don't believe a word about it!  
I'm worried about you, Poppy.  
You should have retired years ago.  
I'm only a hundred and forty three.  
But I want you to be  
around for my graduation.  
With all the new medical advances,  
I'll be around when you become Captain.  
Come in.  
Owen, I wasn't expecting you.  
Now go, you can't be late  
for your first class.  
Interesting information you presented  
to the Council this morning, Pavel.  
Disturbing might be a better term.  
You know the Council's position  
on the Syphon is very clear.  
Who am I to argue with them?  
My friend, you've been  
in security too long!  
You see a conspiracy behind every door.  
That's because there usually is one.  
Be careful, Pavel,  
this could get out of hand very easily.  
Grant was a good friend and he  
will be missed by all of us.  
It was just a tragic accident,  
nothing more.  
Maybe.  
I know you too well Pavel,  
I think you're up to something.  
And I think you and the Council  
are too flippant about this,  
and the Syphon situation.  
You're playing with fire here!  
No one else has a more sacred  
obligation than those who make the law.  
If you're even considering  
violating orders...  
Ship following right behind us.  
Power weapons.  
No, no, no, no! It's taking over control!  
Shields are dropping.

Moordenaarr.

Lexxa.

The ship is mine now. Your trespass  
gives me right to vaporize you.

Anyone else having an objection  
to me running my ship again?

Good to have you back!

Though, if you're gonna say  
I shouldn't have done that,  
I disagreed with his methods, but he  
was very useful when things went sour.

Why is this blasphemer here?

Put that away, Jaro.

Prak's still here.

I figured he'd have betrayed  
you all once I was gone.

I practice the rule religiously.

"Never turn your back on a Bree."

Look, if you specify an  
exact temperature..!

Colder, colder.

Mind if I sit, or are you going  
to tell me to go, as always?

Suit yourself. Stay out of my head.

What?

I don't need a Betazoid  
listening to my my thoughts.

You still don't know,  
genetic defect, not telepathic.

Good.

I can do other things.

Stay out of my head.

Why you are so angry all the time?

Wouldn't this make you angry?

But you were a Borg.

I was, the Voyager found me  
and they took it all away.

They taught me individuality  
and I got back to Earth.

Section 31 found me and they  
convinced me to join a program  
to help those that had  
survived assimilation.

What they actually wanted was this,



I have become a weapon, and they  
have made sure I stay that way.  
I have offered to help.  
You assume I want your help.  
I like the power, I don't need you.  
Enough. I don't know what started this.  
They butchered five billion of my race.  
This mission depends on each of  
us, so end this now, or I will.  
Stay! We're meeting, this'll be quick.  
Everyone has access to the datafeed.  
Borrada is responsible for  
what happened to the planets.  
And what does that have to do with us?  
Our mission; we take care of him.  
What does that mean?  
We all know what that means.  
We go in, take care of the problem.  
A recognized leader of a whole world  
and we just stroll in and assassinate him.  
Starfleet's prime directive  
won't let them interfere,  
so they have to find someone else,  
that's how they operate.  
C'mon! They think of us as criminals  
and now they want our help?  
This is a bad idea.  
Spoken like a true coward.  
I said enough.  
The planets Borrada attacked, they  
were the major source of dilithium.  
Are all of you crazy?  
Neural damage from Cardassian torture.  
You're talking about Dilithium,  
Borrada is destroying entire planets.  
What happens when he targets a  
planet like Bajor? Cardassia? Earth?  
Does it matter who wants him dead?  
Lexxa's right, he needs to be stopped.  
Can't argue with that.  
Just get me to him.  
You have to ask.  
Not very talkative today.  
We didn't exercise in class today.

Hypothetical; would we sacrifice ourselves to save others?  
And what did you say?  
I don't know if I could do it.  
Always be true to yourself  
and the rest will follow.  
I wondered when you would call.  
Wow, that was amazing!  
Isn't it always?  
No, well, yes, but what I do, projection,  
a fully tactile holographic transmission  
across a hundred light-years,  
if I didn't know better,  
I'd swear I was actually here.  
When are you going to join me here,  
so we can do this without photons  
and forcefields and holo-matter?  
My place is on the Jupiter Station,  
as is yours.  
Was  
I've always fought for you,  
but you stealing Starfleet's only  
mobile holographic transmitter  
didn't exactly help your cause.  
What cause? My work killed someone  
and got me banned from Starfleet,  
and ostracized by the  
scientific community.  
Nothing I do will ever change the past  
You can start by  
returning the emitter,  
at least then we can  
exchange more than photons.  
That emitter will always  
stay in my possession.  
You are the great Lewis Zimmerman,  
creator of the emergency hologram.  
If I joined you, it would ruin  
your career, you know that.  
I do, but I don't like it.  
So, are we going to do a full test of  
the tactile response of my projection?  
Soon, I need your help  
with the other matrix,

it's degrading much faster  
than I can repair it.  
You still keeping up that facade?  
Do they suspect?  
I don't think so, but I have been  
getting some strange looks lately.  
Come back to Jupiter Station,  
I'll chance it, we'll fix it together.  
No, I can't do that.  
Then what do you want me to do?  
I can't help you if you insist on  
staying with these people.  
Please, Lewis, just help me,  
I can't lose it, not again.  
Very well, send me the data and be  
careful, one tragedy's enough.  
Make sure I have the data

**at 09:**

I'll see to it crisply, Sir.  
Anne, speak to no one about this!  
Yes. Sir.  
Admiral, no!  
What is the meaning of this?  
It's a trigger,  
set to cause the turbo lift to fail.  
You would have fallen to your death.  
Use an assassin to find an assassin...  
She's quite useful.  
It's good that you hired  
T'Leah when you did.  
Leave it to a Vulcan to state the obvious.  
Admiral, no!  
Who was he?  
That's for them to try to determine.  
Curious, there is no  
security level above yours.  
There wasn't.  
I may know someone who can help us.  
You've been a naughty girl.  
At it again, Shree?  
Damn you!  
You've been busy.  
Don't know how any of that's your business.

T'Lea, this is Shree.  
Why all the urgency?  
I had a problem that could  
use your hacking skills.  
I need to know what is happening,  
and I need to know why.  
Those are some pretty powerful people.  
I may need to double my usual fee.  
Our intel is limited, this is his  
stronghold, it's ultra fortified,  
defenses, there's weapons everywhere.  
Doesn't look very welcoming.  
We don't need a welcome.  
We aren't sure if these are engineering  
tunnels, maybe air vents? Sewer ducts?  
Sewer, with our luck.  
How do we know that any of these  
will lead to our objective?  
Daug will send the  
Dragonflies in to confirm.  
Now we take out Borrada and  
we're in and out fast,  
so they don't know  
what hit them.  
They will know what hit them.  
They made their move at last,  
but not enough to take it away.  
This should prove entertaining.  
Begin preparations.  
Yes, my Lord.  
I claim the right to first kill!  
You denied me the last kill,  
allow me this honor at least.  
You don't yet possess the skill...  
You treat me as if I was a child,  
yet I am as capable as anyone!  
You question my judgment?  
Yes!  
You have spirit,  
but spirit without discipline  
can have deadly consequences.  
You will see who possesses the skills.  
What have you found?  
This is complex,

they're using a Bosong-Lapton  
Weight Duality encryption,  
changes every few seconds,  
it's next to impossible,  
but not completely impossible.  
This always hurts like hell.  
I'm detecting a ship on  
an intercept course.  
It's the Archer, they're hailing us.  
Let's hear what they have to say.  
This is Captain Alvarez of the  
Federation Starship Archer.  
You are hereby ordered  
to stand down,  
and answer to the charges of hijacking  
a Federation shipment  
of Dilithium crystals.  
Am I clear?  
Open the channel.  
Lexxa Singh,  
Captain Alvarez,  
This is definitely a surprise,  
you're supposed to be serving out a life  
sentence in an Orion Prison right now.  
Oh, I'm afraid you've been  
misinformed, Captain.  
You happen to be a convicted criminal.  
If I bring you in;  
guaranteed to get a medal.  
We're in neutral space,  
and you're out of your jurisdiction.  
We'll see about that.  
Battle stations!  
Battle stations!  
See how you handle this...  
Return fire!  
Program another spread, now!  
I'm not lettin' them get away.  
Take 'em down!  
Approaching Syphon system.  
Time?  
Less than a minute.  
Rear photons.  
We will burn the universe in our wake.

Only enough to slow them down.  
Shield is holding.  
Fire!  
We're in restricted space.  
We almost got 'em!  
Diplomatic relations have been severed,  
we are forbidden to enter this sector.  
No one fires on my ship and gets away.  
Ten seconds, Sir.  
Captain!  
Belay that, let 'em go.  
Dammit!  
Stealth Mode initiated.  
The tunnels lead straight  
to the center of the stronghold.  
Ragnar.  
Doc, Fixer  
you'll monitor from the bridge  
the rest of you are with me.  
Some of those tunnels have extensive  
deposits of Foriniteum...  
hyperonic radiation. I mean it  
could really play hell with your phasers.  
That won't bother me.  
The Pareks will make us  
their instruments of death.  
They did a decent job of  
covering their tracks.  
I'm still working on the data  
I keep seeing the connections here and  
there, but nothing I can confirm.  
Come!  
You remember my roommate Poppy?  
Nice to see you again, Admiral!  
Don't move!  
There's a traceron device in her left  
hand with a molecular decay detonator,  
proximity triggers set off the alarms.  
She's a bomb?  
How did that happen?  
Some kind of stealth  
nanotechnology;  
could have been a handshake,  
something in your drink.

If it's a proximity trigger,  
let's get her away from here.  
It's activated, move it away from  
the target, it still goes off.  
Poppy..?  
What we do?  
There's only one thing.  
What are you doing?  
It's the only way.  
Do it.  
I'm sorry, I got you now!  
Emergency beamout,  
Starfleet medical, now!  
It's forty two meters ahead.  
Take the corridor to your northwest...  
I hate this place.  
I know, they're here!  
Help me!  
Must be the thornax deposits...  
This shouldn't be affecting me.  
- We could be in trouble.  
- We're already in trouble!  
The wall is weakening.  
Shields down!  
Your weapons are useless, as are you.  
My father would have his  
minions kill you all,  
but who needs them.  
Allow me to kill the Cardassian, and I  
will tell you anything you wish to know.  
Why my father regarded any of you  
cowards as worthy opponents  
is beyond comprehension.  
Are you the leader of  
this courageous crew,  
or nothing more than a  
weak, helpless female?  
And keep your head; we may need him.  
Your sacrifice will honor you.  
He was foolish and ambitious,  
and he disobeyed my orders...  
Yet, he was my son.  
Soon, you will wish that your mother  
had ripped you from her womb...

Your sacrifice will honor you.  
That's exactly what your son said,  
right before I snapped his neck.  
Wessa?!

It is ruined!  
It was her fight, not yours!  
Now her death will not benefit me.  
Take them away.  
I can't feel anything...

Ronara  
Am I damaged?  
What happened?  
They were waiting for us,  
just like the Archer.  
Someone is working against us.  
I... think that is a given.  
Let someone just kill me  
and get it over with.  
Although you can no longer benefit me,  
you may still be of use to my people.  
And it is, perhaps, more fitting,  
every moment that I see you suffer,  
I shall remember my son!  
The Federation made a grave  
mistake in interfering.  
We are not Federation!  
No! But they sent you,  
just as they sent this.  
It came to us over three  
hundred years ago.  
It took us decades to  
discover it's purpose.  
This portal dilates and folds space,  
allowing you to travel across the  
Galaxy Galaxy in mere seconds,  
instead of months and years.  
But there was one thing we did not know.  
A second portal is required  
to establish a gateway.  
We activated this lone portal  
and space folded around our system.  
It was catastrophic.  
Ecosystems were  
destroyed, millions died.



And, those who survived, were left  
having to resort to savagery.  
Three hundred years and  
this is all we have,  
Three hundred?  
The Federation didn't even exist!  
You question my word, Lexxa Singh?  
Aaaah, yes. I know who and what you are!  
But, all of this has made us stronger.  
And now we use it to spread our  
strength across the quadrant.  
We will not be stopped by you.  
We will not be stopped by anyone!  
I will bring the Federation to their knees  
for what their portal did to us.  
I will make them suffer  
the same fate we did.  
We have to get a message to Chekhov.  
We can't, there's too much  
interference in the atmosphere.  
Fixer, power up the engines!  
Fixer!  
It is already in motion,  
a fleet of ships just left orbit.  
He must be takin' the portal back  
to Earth, we need to move.  
Something is still jamming the comm.  
I usually love a man who's  
persistent but this is ridiculous!  
Hail him, maybe he'll listen to reason.  
He seems like a reasonable fellow.  
Captain Alvarez! Borrada and...  
Damn!  
The photons damaged the com array,  
we're not contacting anyone.  
Maximum warp to Earth.  
We can't leave our crew!  
They all knew this was a one-way trip.  
Enough recording, Lexxa, now back to it.  
Out of the night that...  
Out of the night that covers me.  
You know it.  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be,

for my unconquerable soul.  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced or cried aloud.  
Beyond this place of wrath and tears,  
looms but the horror of the shade.  
I don't like this planet. Can't we go home?  
Why do we have to keep running?  
Why can't they just leave us alone.  
They want you because you are  
stronger and smarter than they are.  
I'm thinking.  
Think faster.  
Alvarez is right behind us,  
they just dropped out of warp.  
Oh, no.  
What is it?  
What the hell!  
Mom, what's happening?  
I don't know, sweetheart.  
He did it. Like the other planets.  
Not quite, this fold is  
only around the Earth.  
We're cut off from the sun.  
In a few days,  
the average surface  
temperature will be zero.  
Most plants will die within a week, the  
animals will follow shortly thereafter.  
The scavengers may hang on for a little  
while, at least until the cold gets them.  
We should be able to survive for  
a while on our manmade power,  
but in a few months time,  
the temperature will be over a  
hundred degrees below zero.  
Bottom line...  
The end of the world.  
How did they they do it?  
They didn't have time to activate  
another portal, unless...  
Unless he had one there already.  
We need to find that portal.  
Admiral, you better come see this.  
Borrada say that our species cannot mate.

But I have studied your anatomy,  
our organs are quite compatible.  
Leave her alone.  
Maybe I should start with you first...  
Cut me down. Make this fair.  
Fair? Was it fair what happened to us?  
We... are... stronger  
Let's move.  
This way.  
Ragnar, come in.  
Nothing!  
Doc? This way.  
Starfleet's in lockdown.  
We can't just fly in there and I  
can't beam through their force fields.  
We'll have to do it the hard way.  
We have their position.  
Ready torpedoes  
Captain, we should contact Starfleet.  
No, my guess is that ship is responsible  
for this and I'm going to stop it.  
Fire!  
Direct hit!  
Scan them!  
They're dead in the water, Sir,  
engines are down, life support, minimal.  
They're up to something,  
I don't trust it.  
Beam a security team over there  
tell them to watch their backs.  
I want everyone on that ship  
in our brig in ten minutes.  
Aye, Sir.  
- Admiral!  
- He needs medical attention.  
They kidnapped us,  
tried to get information from us.  
I'll take you both to Sick Bay.  
No, my office.  
Starfleet Command is in an  
Alpha Prime lockdown, Sir.  
The crew beamed down an hour ago,  
it may already be too late.  
I'll take him to his office,

you two,  
get back to the ship and  
try to contact the crew.  
Hailing Captain Alvarez!  
I didn't expect to see any of you again.  
I assume the mission failed.  
We know how Borrada did it  
and I think I know how to undo it.  
Excellent, but there is one  
thing I must do first.  
Still no sign of Ragnar  
aboard the ship.  
In fact, I'm not detecting  
them anywhere near the planet.  
No sign of a battle?  
No, they're just not here.  
Well then, how is Lucien? Fixer?  
Ha, took you long enough  
to bust out of there.  
Alright, well, use this sparingly.  
You never know how long it'll take 'em  
to work the Foriniteum sources out  
Right now, the portal is our priority.  
Well, you know what, I took a  
peek at things around this place.  
There's a power source  
around 30 meters that way.  
That's it!  
This is it, this area is defensible.  
Cover us.  
Fixer, you're with me.  
We will annihilate!  
Impressive, beaming  
through the security grid.  
I knew it was someone inside,  
but I never thought it would be you!  
Ooh, Pavel!  
You humans! You still think that  
earth is the center of the universe.  
Which makes you so easy to  
manipulate, like the Syphon.  
You are a minor annoyance,  
but once you are out of the way,  
we'll soon have what

we lost millennia ago!  
No! We need information!  
Old habits.  
Emergency beamup,  
Starfleet Medical! Owen!  
Emergency transport unavailable.  
A medical team will be deployed  
to your location in 5 minutes.  
Pavel, I was wrong, save her,  
save the Federation.  
You gotta hope there's still  
some brainwave activity.  
What the hell?  
What the hell is right?  
Yeah, I may have enough, Doctor?  
This is fading fast.  
Something's happening in the  
Federation, secret meetings,  
...can't trust him.  
We were right, he has a dilation portal  
here on Earth, it's in his office!  
You go. You go alert the  
Federation Council.  
That's it...  
You are indeed a worthy opponent.  
Perhaps your death may benefit me yet!  
Security lock override code accepted.  
Can you stop it?  
I'm gonna have to put together  
some images from Shree's device.  
It may take a couple of hours.  
We don't have that long, there's a  
security detail on the way here.  
We're not going to make it.  
Petrona!  
Commander, come in!  
Commander, do you copy?  
If you can hear this, just hold on.  
We're coming to get you.  
What you have done?  
Fall back, Ronara, we got this.  
Okay, I'm good.  
I will savor your slow  
and painful death!

There may be evidence  
that she is still alive.  
Oh, God!  
They're here  
I'll lead them away, you stay here.  
Don't leave me!  
I have to, or they're gonna get you too.  
Don't let them find you, promise me!  
Just remember the words, my baby,  
they'll help you when you're afraid.  
And yet the menace of the years finds,  
and shall find me, unafraid.  
It's a shame your son  
didn't share your promise.  
I would have enjoyed  
a more even match.  
Would have been more fun if  
he'd have put a just a little fight.  
You are pathetic, if you  
think that will hurt me.  
Your sacrifice honors me!  
Fixer!  
Fixer!  
Hey!  
They're right ahead, Sir,  
through this door.  
It's locked!  
Cut it!  
We may already be too late.  
This configuration will collapse space,  
taking earth and everything else with it!  
What's that?  
That is five minutes before we die.  
We have to figure it out!  
As if we need any more distractions  
We've held them off,  
but there will be more coming.  
Out of the way, Fixer!  
Prak, Icheb, take it out!  
We'll find a way,  
everything has a weakness.  
You take left, I'll take right.  
This portal is locked down but the one  
on Syphon is still functioning properly.

If I had a way to send a message  
through the dilation wave particles...

Of course! Am I a first year cadet?

How could I be so stupid!

Doc!

Fixer! Fixer!

Doctor Lucien?

Were you able to free Lexxa and  
the others and get to the portal?

Yeah.

You need to activate it.

I'll send the command  
codes to your scanner.

We need to hurry.

This portal is set to collapse space  
around Earth in about a minute,

I need you to transport it!

Transport it?

Transport it where?

Here, transport it here,  
we end this now.

There's a catch;

someone's gonna have to  
stay behind to operate it.

I'm responsible for this mission.

I'll see it through to the end.

I won't let you or anyone  
sacrifice themselves.

I'll stay!

First, transport Lexxa  
and the others here,  
then transport this portal back to you.

OK, understood.

Initiate protocol, 0, 8, 2, 7.

Doc?

Yeah?

I did it!

Thank you for everything Doc!

Okay, Fixer

Transporting, now!

Lexxa?

Someone was controlling  
Masaru, but who and why?

I'm sure you'll have fun

tracking that down.  
Tuvok owes me some information,  
then we'll be on our way.  
I'd think twice about that.  
You're still wanted for  
the theft of the Dilithium,  
What?  
...and for the attack on  
Captain Alvarez and his crew.  
We saved the entire planet and took out  
the Galaxy's biggest threat in centuries,  
and you can't get us off the hook  
for taking some dilithium crystals?  
Federation must not know  
about you, not yet,  
we still don't know who is involved,  
and who has been compromised.  
I can only delay Captain Alvarez  
and Starfleet a few more hours.  
After that, no guarantees.  
Fine! You want a war? We can have a war!  
You have all been set up.  
The data that we recovered is disturbing.  
Icheb, you have been targeted  
from the moment they found about you.  
Doctor, your accident.  
Ronara, even you, Lexxa.  
I want names.  
There are no names, not yet.  
But, we do have a plan.  
Well, this should be interesting.  
We will help you determine the  
things that have happened to you,  
and we'll help keep you one step  
ahead of the Federation and Starfleet  
And in return?  
You will help us with a mission or two.  
What kind of missions?  
The kind you are best at, the  
kind that no one else can do.  
T'Leah and Shree will be  
valuable additions to your crew.  
I don't see a downside.  
Anyway, I can make them pay.



Make no mistake, you will be hunted.  
That's the way we like it.  
Get over here! Finally, in the  
name of holographic research.  
You would have been so proud of him!  
He saved us all, with my help.  
I always knew he would.  
There's something else.  
I can't wait.  
It's a little hard to control still.  
The hand and I will have to  
do some serious tanning.  
Small price to pay.  
Mother's expecting you home  
for dinner, so don't be late!  
She appears to be doing well.  
She's one determined young lady.  
She is a Chekhov, after all.  
Too much pain, Tuvok, too many deaths.  
You acted out of necessity.  
Yes, but now that  
we've come this far,  
where do we draw the line?  
How far is too far?

**Doc, question:**

In the chamber, you and Fixer  
were able to communicate. How?  
You remember that experiment that went bad?  
The one that ruined me,  
brought me to you?  
Fixer was my assistant,  
he died in that experiment.  
I couldn't bear it.  
So I constructed a hologram  
and programmed it with  
his dying brain waves,  
and built in subroutines so  
I could keep tabs on him.  
He never knew, my best work!  
It certainly was!  
What? What? Do I have something  
on my shirt or something?  
Okay, weirdos,

I'm the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul!