

The following comes from the archives of the USS CORSAIR and its Marine Detachment, the 327th, the Scurvy Dogs.

SECRET

Task Order 3BDE-2380-0021 – Task Group 31A

Stardate: 57193.05

I. Situation

ADDED: Evidence of Borg on Lappa IV as reported by USS Zavala and 302MSG. Transport reported from Prexnak did stop there, and now may be en route to the Thalos system.

A. Enemy Forces

- a. No reported cartel actions at Lappa IV.
- b. Unknown number of Borg forces on the planet of Lappa IV.

B. Friendly Forces – Task Group 31A established from the following units and ships.

- c. 302MSG, 318MSG, and 327MSG
- d. USS Zavala, USS Lone Star, and USS Corsair

C. Attachments/Detachments

- e. None

II. Mission

ADDED: Task Group 31A will engage the Borg threat in the Lappa and Thalos Systems and neutralize. Task Group 31A will be mindful of civilian presence belonging to foreign allies.

III. Execution

A. Commander's Intent – No Change.

- a. Desired Endstate – No Change.

B. Concept of the Operations

- b. Except where noted below and previously, Task Force 31 will proceed at best possible speed to rendezvous at Deep Space 9, there to resupply and prepare for further instructions. All units will prepare for the full scope of combat against Ferengi and Borg forces.
- c. ADDED: Task Group 31A will execute the portions of the mission taking place away from the Prexnak system.

C. Tasks

- a. ADDED: USS Zavala and attached 302MSG will proceed to Thalos system to track the transport possibly carrying Federation scientists and likely Borg threat. Objective is to discover and detain this ship until USS Corsair arrives.
- b. ADDED: USS Lone Star and attached 318MSG will proceed to Lappa IV where 318MSG will use any medivac assets to aid civilian populace, and SFSSO teams to neutralize the Borg threat on the planet.
- c. ADDED: USS Corsair and attached 327MSG will make best possible speed to rendezvous with USS Zavala – there to aid in discovery of the transport, detain it, and board it. Recover any Federation personnel.

D., Coordinating Instructions

- a. Task Group 31A will acknowledge this order immediately and proceed to ordered locations.
- b. All diplomatic considerations will be handled by senior starship commander present.
- c. All other units of Task Force 31 will remain at Deep Space 9, or other instructed location.
- d. Further instructions for this mission will be coordinated via subsequent Task Orders.
- e. Due to the release of this information, the mission has been declassified down to

SECRET. Specific unit capabilities remain at original classification levels.

IV. Command and Control

A. Command

- a. Location of Key Leaders – Brigade Commander and staff located are en route to Deep Space 9 to establish a command center for this operation.
- b. Succession of Command Brigade and Region chain of command unchanged.
- c. Task Force 31 remains under direct command of 3rd Brigade Commander.

Operation Durante

Chapter 1 - "The Plan"

The PADD blinked to life on the General's desk, showing that the requested reports had arrived. Tunis picked up his PADD and reviewed the strategy the Teams would use on this assignment. Everything was pretty cut and dry-until he started reading the notes that both Teams 20 and 21 had mentioned. The 327th wasn't issued any Infinity Modulators, more commonly called, the "I-Mod", a weapon created by the crew of the USS VOYAGER while they were trapped in the Delta Quadrant. Its energy frequency would constantly change thwarting the Borg's modulating shield. Unfortunately that little toy was not available to the Scurvy Dogs.

Lieutenant Colonel Robert Roush, Team 20's leader, presented a solution. He theorized by this point, the Borg had partially assimilated the Ferengi vessel, utilizing the ship's infrastructure and systems for their needs. Roush had a team member who use to serve in a DataWarfare unit and he felt if the Borg were piggybacking their collective information using the ship's established systems maybe this crewmember could introduce a loop computer virus into the Ferengi ship's systems so the Borg wouldn't be able to update their personal shielding.

General Tunis rubbed his balding head and thought to himself, *You know what we might actually be able to pull this off.....* He tabbed over to the next report from Team 21 and Colonel Landry's team. No real surprises there, Colonel Brian Landry was a reservist but his "day job" was serving as the USS Corsair's Chief Engineer. His report showed his expertise in starship propulsion and power, along with a more diplomatic-and politically appealing to the higher ups assessment of the situation. Yes, the marines had the reputation that they were sent on missions to to kill and inflict as much damage on the enemy as possible but, usually they tried to avoid mass casualties on both sides. Colonel Landy understood instinctively the Borg couldn't be reasoned with, but if Starfleet and its marines treated them respectfully, other societies see that we deal with our enemies humanely assisting diplomatic efforts and would guide his team appropriately so it would look good in the paperwork. Tunis clicked forward to the next report.

Team 22, this should be interesting.... the Zero-G team that was led by a newly promoted Sergeant Tunis-no relation. This team's intention was to make entry through the ship's photon torpedo launch system and disable it after rendering the primary disruptor systems inert. Mentally, General Tunis mulled it over, *Interesting idea and a smart one. Don't want the Corsair to have to do battle with this transport while the teams are running their operations inside.* The General glanced at the corner of his PADD and noticed there was one more report besides his incomplete HEAT (Hostage Extraction and Antiterrorist Tactics) Team report. "Bring 'em Back", was the HEAT's motto, but, would this team bring back the Federation Scientists alive? The Borg weren't known for their hospitality. The General reached for his coffee, which had more

cream and sugar than his doctor would like, and returned his attention to the last report.

Team 107, Recon Unit. *Oh, yes* the General thought *I told Ezell he could submit a plan. Doesn't hurt to have an outside perspective.* As he continued reading the report from his sniper trained leader, he made some compelling arguments to have his whole team included in the mission.

The public address system squawked to life with the voice of Lieutenant T'Enney, a Vulcan communication officer currently on duty . "General Tunis to the Captain's Ready Room. General Tunis to the Captain's Ready Room"

"Once again I see she can't be bothered to contact me directly. She knows where to find me", the General muttered to no one in particular. "She's just flexing what muscle she still has left. Guess I better see what that green blooded harpy is going to do to fubar this operation."

The General picked up his PADD, strapped on his M45 Combat Phaser Pistol. *Just to remind the "captain" that he has his orders and that the mission came first.*

The PA crackled again "General Tunis to the Ready Room, General Tunis to the Ready Room".

"I heard you the first time!" he cursed back at the speaker. He grabbed his marine cover and adjusted it on his head and proceed to Deck One where the Ready Room was located.

Chapter 2 - "The Arrival"

The USS Corsair dropped out of warp just outside of the Thalos Star System. As the Ambassador-class starship wheeled around onto the proper course, the USS Zavala came into view on the main screen. The Zavala had already been on station for at least an hour, the Legendary-class vessel had Multi-Phased Slipstream Drive that outperformed the antiqued engines off the USS CORSAIR. So of course it was no surprise that her crew was waiting for the outdated ship the USS Corsair was.

"Hail the Zavala." commanded Rear Admiral t'Eithoedd.

"On screen, Captain", replied the Comm Chief.

"Captain McFadin, the USS Corsair is approaching the rally point. Our ETA to target vessel is 25 minutes at current speed." the commanding officer said in an eerily calm voice.

"Acknowledged, Corsair. Maintain current position and formation." replied t'Eithoedd's counterpart on the Zavala.

T'Eithoedd breathed out, and kicked the carpet with her boots, irritated, "How dare she tell me where to be.... I use to be....." and like the speed of light it hit the reformed Romulan commander, she was no longer in a position to dictate anything outside the confines of the rust bucket she has been placed in.

The Admiral turned to her Vulcan Second Officer, a red headed one at that. "Mister T'Zhal, notify the Zavala that we shall," her voice struggled for the words, "comply."

Lieutenant Commander T'Zhal transmitted the message in the usual clinical style of a Vulcan. "Should I take the ship to Yellow Alert, Captain?" the Vulcan inquired.

T'Eithoedd continued to stew over the fact that she had to "take orders" now.

"Captain?" T'Zhal inquired again.

"Oh, yes. Set condition yellow throughout the ship." The Rear Admiral turned slightly in her captain's chair. "Sciences, we're looking for a Ferengi D'Kora class ship so continue with passive sweeps. No need to let the whole Quadrant know we're here. You can do subtle, right?"

"Mister T'Zhal, please notify security to cordon off the transporter room areas and do not allow anyone in that area without proper authorization and feel free to inform the Marines" she couldn't bring herself to even mention the General's name, "to begin their staging operations by the appropriate transporter areas."

Most of the Ship Seizure Teams were in one of the two transporter rooms. Team 20 was fully geared up inside Transporter Room #1. Next door already on the transporter pads was Team 22 in their Zero-G suits in Transporter Room #3. Across the hall in Transporter Room #2 Team 21 (the Blackjacks, as they called themselves), lead by Colonel Landry. They were locked and loaded to beam into the Ferengi transport's engineering room. Several of Landry's team carried some of the most cutting edge equipment the Starfleet Marines could offer-the M-12A4 Combat Shotguns

Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Greene, recently transferred to the 327th from somewhere in the 7th Brigade, turned to Landry, "Is it me or does it appear that time stands still when you are waiting for something to happen?"

"True ,but keep your head in the game, Marine." Landry addressed the newest member of his team.

The Recon and HEAT teams were on the other end of the ship using the cargo transporters. Team 107 (the largest of the Teams with 16 marines) stood on the large square pad. They were carrying transporter pattern enhancers, just in case there were any issues beaming back to the USS Corsair.

Lieutenant Roush started going over the final prep list with his team. "Okay Team Twenty, be ready. We don't know when this is all going down. We'll execute during a window of opportunity and we won't know how long it will be."

The marines of Team 20 knew if they didn't get to the transport's computer infrastructure and successfully hack the Borg's adaptative information nodes the entire unit would be at risk of becoming killed or worse, assimilated.

On the bridge t'Eithoedd had her nose buried in a PADD. Rumor among the crew was they PADD contained Romulan Romance Novels, but it could never be proven. The uncharacteristically calm bridge, still at yellow alert, finally had its silence broken when Science Officer CeeDee spoke, "Captain, contact bearing one eleven mark four nine. Sensors report contact as D'Kora class marauder."

T'Eithiedd looked up from her PADD and switched it off reluctantly. "MisterT'Zhal, sound General Quarters." She cocks her head over her right shoulder addressing Communications Officer Lieutenant T'Enney, "Lieutenant, signal the Zavala that we have the target ship on sensors....."

Before the Captain could finish her command, the Science Officer interjects with another status update "New multiple contacts leaving the Transport. Zavala has changed course and is moving to intercept..."

The pointed eared captain almost gave herself whiplash, spinning her head around glaring at Commander CeeDee. The main view screen change to a view of the bridge of the USS Zavala.

"Tally Ho, Corsair. We'll take care of those escaping shuttles. The Transport is all your's. Happy Hunting. Zavala out."

The screen returned to the forward view of space long enough to see the USS Zavala increasing speed and warping away in pursuit of the mysterious escaping shuttles.

T'Eithoedd's green blood boiled with all this happening without her having input, but now she had a job to do. A job she had to complete if she expected to live a life within the borders of the Federation.

She toggled the intercom on her command chair. "Transporter Room One"

"Transporter One here, ma'am." replied Crewman Mary Carter. She was new to the Starfleet and eager to make a good impression.

"Stand by for coordinates from Sciences. Once you have your information get those Jarheads..." she wanted to say 'off my ship' but she knew others were looking to see what type of leader the captain was. "to their objectives."

It took less than five minutes for the Ambassador-class to come along side the "rogue" Ferengi freighter. Fortunately, the USS Zavala and her embarked marines the 302th was able to disable the freighter's shield generators before warping into the darkness chasing the shuttles. It was time for the Scurvy Dogs to earn their pay. The Romulan toggled another switch on her captain's chair.

"Now hear this, now hear this. The word is 'Inka Dinka Doo'. I say again, the word is 'Inka Dinka Doo'" T'Eithoedd sat back in her chair, crossing her arms.

At her command, transporters One, Two, Three and Cargo Transport One glowed to life and the Marines disappeared from the pads.

T'Eithoedd *Inka Dinka Doo ? Is that Bajorian? Klingon? The universal translator can't seem to come up with a Romulan equivalent..* The ship rocked hard to starboard as weapons fire came from what was thought an already neutralized target.

"SHIELDS! Helm commence evasive maneuvers and bring us about to attack..." She automatically took control to react to this threat, barking orders to protect the Corsair.

“Captain,” the helmsman interrupted, “We can’t find a fire solution. The 327th just finished beaming aboard and are now on that ship!”

T’Eithoedd rolled her eyes, mentally groaning to herself. Federation officers were weak, and refused to endanger their fellow officers, but she knew these were new rules she had to play by. *No killing your crew no matter how irritating they may be.*

“Communications, open a coded channel to the marines. This is Buccaneer One calling Terrier One be advised we are taking incoming fire from the target.” T’Eithoedd knew the marine general’s call sign for the mission wasn’t “Terrier One” but she couldn’t help herself taking a shot at him at least verbally.

The overhead intercom on the bridge crackled. Several voices could be heard on the Marine’s channel. The sounds of teams coordinating their maneuvers until the clear sound of General Tunis came through. “Bulldog Actual. Understood. Don’t worry your precious little pointy ears. We’re on it. You hear that twenty two get on it. Bulldog Actual out.”

Chapter 3 - Contact

Crewman Mary Carter entered in the coordinates for the destination of the Marines in front of her and on her transporter pad. Lieutenant Colonel Robert Roush and the rest of his team crouched with their weapons at the ready. They were enveloped by the shimmering blue lights of the transporter beam and within moments they were gone.

This process repeated itself in the other two transporter rooms and Cargo Transporter #1. The only difference, was the HEAT Team stood off to the side waiting for the Recon Team to make their insertion. Once the Recon Team had beamed away, General Tunis and his Hostage Extraction Team took up their positions on the pad and were beamed away.

The noise was strangely quiet now in each of the transporter rooms. A few minutes ago it was filled with the battle rattle of the Marines ready for deployment, then in a fading blue light only the transporter operators remained. Carter pressed the intercom to report in.

“Bridge, Transporter Technician Carter here. All teams away.”

Mission Timestamp: 00:00:04

Recon Team 107

The dark cargo hold of the Ferengi transport glowed blue as the 18 marines of Recon Team One Oh Seven arrive in a circle. Each marine scanned his field of fire for any contacts. Master Gunnery Sergeant Matthew Ezell motioned for his team to spread out and then pointed to one of his specialist to set up the Transporter Enhancers. These were being deployed in case the Borg find a way to block the Marines from returning. In less than a minute after the team sets up the ring of Transporter Enhancers HEAT Team 31 beamed directly in the center of the cargo hold. Ezell looked over his shoulder hearing the faint energizer noise, and after seeing it was the HEAT Team, motioned to his Recon Team to begin their bottom to top search of the ship for the Federation Scientists.

Ship Seizure Team 20

Lieutenant Colonel Roush and his eight man team materialized in a hallway intersection, not far from the ship’s central computer core. The hallway was already bathed in a flashing red light

and an automated Ferengi voice could be heard over the PA System. Once the team completed their headcount, Roush pressed the microphone built into his helm to transmit on the secured Marine communications net. "Team Twenty. We've made our insertion. All accounted for. Proceeding to Objective Charlie" With a wave of his hand the marines went from a kneeling position, to a crouch and moved methodically down the hallway.

Ship Seizure Team 21

The Blackjacks arrived in a far corner of the red lit engineer room. Colonel Landry and his team beamed in crouched because the ceiling in area of the engineering they arrived wasn't as high as the Ambassador Class. They could still stand up, but not without doing a double take on the height. Lieutenant Colonel Kevin Greene tapped Landry on the shoulder. The Borg had converted the engineering area into a regenerative nodule.

Ship Seizure Team 22

The Zero-G team materialized just a few centimeters from the top of the D'Kora hull near the Photon Torpedo Launchers. Sergeant Eddie Tunis, carrying his EVA rifle in one hand, motioned with the other to a member of his team to cut their way through the hull. One of the specialists slings his rifle and pulls out a cutting torch from his supply bag and cut into the side of the photon torpedo launcher to gain entry and disable the weapon.

HEAT Team 31

The last of the teams to arrive from the Corsair beamed into the center of the same 30 by 50 meter cargo hold as Recon Team 107. Sergeant Ezell looked over his shoulder and made eye contact with the General. With a nod from General Tunis, Ezell took his Recon Team out of the cargo hold and into the vessel. Lieutenant Colonel Angela Landry, MD, pulled out her medical tricorder and began to scan for the Federation Scientists.

Mission Timestamp: 00:00:46

Recon Team 107

Besides the red glow and the Ferengi chatter on the public address, the hallways were devoid of any contact or sound. Ezell took half his team and proceeded forward while the other half proceeded aft. *I wonder if those six shuttles we saw contained all the lifeforms on this ship?*, Ezell thought to himself, *Nope*. He glanced down at his CTS-8911 Force Recon Tricorder System. There still Borg on the ship and they were all located on the decks above. "Well, duh," the stocky marine whispered. "We are on the bottom level so everything thing is 'above' us. you dumb tricorder."

Ship Seizure Team 20

Roush's team continued down the corridor. It was pretty obvious that the Borg had already started using the ship's central computer for their network. Assimilated wires and tubes could be seen running along the top of the bulkheads. A lone Borg rounded the corner. Roush quickly placed his hand on his point man's shoulder to keep him from engaging the target. The team smoothly moved against the way to give the drone room to move as it passed right by them.

Ship Seizure Team 21

Lieutenant Colonel Greene, slung his M2A3 Heavy Phaser Rifle and pulled out his tricorder. He began scanning the first Borg he found in its regeneration chamber. "Doesn't appear to be actively aware of us, yet."

"Don't nobody touch nothing until the word is given." injected Colonel Landry.

Ship Seizure Team 22

The specialist completed his first of four cuts to gain entry through the hull when the “sky” around them flashed bright orange and a pressure shock wave was felt through their Zero Gravity suits. “Wholly...” cried Sergeant Tunis into his mic. “We need to get inside and stop this thing NOW!”

HEAT Team 31

Doctor Landry looked up from her tricorder and shook her head. “I’m not getting any nearby signals outside of ourselves, but I am getting some interference. Could be caused by a combination of the Borg and Fergeni technologies. We’ve seen Borg Tech messes with handheld tricorders before.” she stated.

The speaker inside the general’s helm cut in and out but Tunis got the basic message. The ship they were on now had engaged the Corsair, and the Starfleet vessel couldn’t defend itself and return fire without endangering its Marines. It also meant the Federation ship had to withdrawal to a point where they might be out of transporter range.

Mission Timestamp: 00:01:12

Recon Team 107

The Recon Team had already swept through the bottom deck and had already started to work it’s way “up” through the ship when they overheard the transmission that the Corsair was taking fire from the transport. It didn’t look like the Borg were very interested in the Cargo Decks of the D’Kora class vessel, which made the Recon Teams primary mission of locate enemy forces that much easier.

Ship Seizure Team 20

The pointman raised his hand bring the team to a stop. “This is it boss.”, he said. The marine’s heads up display tricorder translated the Fergini sign to read “Information Control Center”. The marines lined up in a formation known as “stacking”. Roush gave a three count and the marines swept into the control room with weapons at the ready. “CONTACT! CONTACT!” the pointman called out as he passed through the doorway, his shotgun erupted as loud as his shouts.

Ship Seizure Team 21

“Someone better give the word soon...” Green said nervously. The Borg were starting to awaken from their regeneration chambers. There were now four Borg roaming the engineering area with the possibility of another twelve coming online soon.

“Hold your fire!” Colonel Landry spoke calmly into his mic. He knew once the phaser bolts start flying it was just a matter of time before they adapt to their weapons, but if Roush and his team get the virus into the network the Borg might not have a chance to adapt to the marine’s firepower.

Ship Seizure Team 22

Sergeant Tunis pulled his cutting specialist off the job and motioned for another member who carried explosives. “Blow it” commanded the sergeant with a wave of his hand. The General was saying something in his ear piece but he missed what was said.

The demo expert placed the shaped charge used for breaching hulls against the photon torpedo launcher. “Stand clear” and within seconds a blinding white flash and the marines of Team 22 made their entry into the torpedo launcher.

HEAT Team 31

“Twenty Two I need status update” The general inquired. Team 31 had already left their insertion point and began working their way through the decks by the book. They scanned as they went, searching for the Federation Scientists. It was slow, and the lack of any contacts outside of themselves had the Unit Commander concerned. “Twenty Two this is Bulldog Actual. I need that SitRep” he barked again into his communicator.

Mission Timestamp: 00:01:33

Recon Team 107

They had reached what was designated by the unit as Deck Ten. The first Deck that ran the full length of the ship from bow to stern. “Now this is where things get fun”, Ezell joked to his team. He motioned for his team to halt and pulled out his combat tricorder. The tricorder reported assimilated contacts down the hall approaching his position. “Stay sharp”, he said to his team. “We’ve got four inbound.”

“Matt, has the safe word been given?” asked his spotter.

“Negative on that, marine.” replied Ezell. Which meant that if anyone were to engage the Borg at this time their adaptive personal shielding would still be in place. Not a good combination for the marines using phaser based weaponry.

Ship Seizure Team 20

Three Borg lay incapacitated on the deck of the Information Control Center. Roush counted his blessing that his team was carrying shotguns which used projectiles instead of M16 Phaser Rifles. But now the clock was running to get that virus into the network.

“Stop admiring your handiwork and secure this room.” commented the Team Leader. “We need to get that program running otherwise this operation will turn very ugly for us.”

Ship Seizure Team 21

A human assimilated Borg walked to within a half a meter of Kevin Green. Kevin began to raise his Heavy Phaser Rifle and as he brought the sights up to his eye the Borg turns with its prosthetic mechanical arm parrying his weapon. “TABASCO! TABASCO!” hollered the assistant team leader.

Colonel Landry heard the call sign indicating the Borg had gone hostile towards the boarding party and wheeled around towards Green drawing his personal Lupra styled shotgun. He extended his arm and got it up close to the Borg and pulled the trigger. The Borg dropped to the deck like a sack of Bajorian moab fruit. Landry keyed his mic to transmit to the entire 327th. “Twenty One Actual, Tabasco, Tabasco, Tabasco.”

The engineering room began to fill up with small green laser lights as the other Borg began to come to life.

Ship Seizure Team 22

“Let’s go, let’s go” barked the Sergeant. His team had already entered into the torpedo loading area but because they were still exposed to the vacuum of space they still had their Zero-G uniforms on. “Twenty Two Actual, have made insertion at Objective Whiskey. Rendering hostile equipment inert now.” and with that command the demolitions expert pulled out his second and

last shaped charge and placed it the photon launch track.

HEAT Team 31

General Tunis didn't like that their tricorders weren't picking up the Federation scientist life signs. Already a minute and a half into the mission and the progress felt slower than expected. He could hear some of the other teams have already made hostile contact with the Borg. If Team Twenty didn't get that virus uploaded soon the marines of the 327th would be fighting their last battle ever.

Mission Timestamp: 00:02:07

Recon Team 107

"One Oh Seven Actual, I've got multiple contacts approaching on Deck Ten. Awaiting go code...." Ezell could see the glow of the Borg's electronics and didn't need his rifle's sights to zero in on the intruder. Another twenty meters and Borg will be within small arms range. The sergeant didn't want to be that close, he was a trained sniper and the fact that he could see them with his naked eye unsettled him as being too close.

Ship Seizure Team 20

"Twenty more seconds and the program should be uploaded" stated Roush's dataware specialist. Several of the Team provided overwatch and guarded both approaches to the control room. Roush stood over the specialist's shoulder watching the transmit bar fill up. Just like computers, when you need something done quickly they always seem to take their time or longer.

"Contact, I've got two incoming." shouted the Operators in the hallway. Two Borg were coming down the hallway with their mechanical arms outstretched.

"Come on, come on," Roush pleaded with the program.

Ship Seizure Team 21

The Blackjacks quickly formed a tight 360 to defend themselves from what could be a last stand if Team Twenty didn't complete their assignment. "Hold" ordered Landry. "Hold...."

"Boss, if we hold any longer it's going to be a knife fight." replied Green.

"Twenty this is Twenty One. Need that go code now...." Landry remarked over the unit's communication channel.

Ship Seizure Team 22

With the Photon Torpedo out of commission the Zero-G troopers made their way into the pressurized ship. "Twenty Two, we're Oscar Mike." Their next destination was to coordinate with Team Twenty and secure the vessel's main bridge. They would make entry through the main turbolift if needed. Enemy combatants may expect such an obvious frontal assault but when the time comes the environmental controls would be turned off and the Zero-G troopers will be able to control the battlefield.

HEAT Team 31

There wasn't much the HEAT team could do besides follow up behind the Recon Team. Until they located the scientists, they were just another set of trigger pullers. Dr. Angela Landry continued to make as detailed as possible scans trying to pinpoint the hostages. The tricorder

had cleared up since it's original interference but it was only reading the assimilated life forms on the ship.

Mission Timestamp: 00:02:35

Recon Team 107

The Borg were getting dangerously close. Ezell dropped his P-688 Sniper Rifle and pulled his M-45 Special Operations Hand Phaser. The speaker in his helmet came to life. It was the voice of the Old Man. The phrase "weapons free" brought a smile to his face. He didn't even wait for the repeat of the order when he pulled the trigger twice quickly and stopped the first Borg in his tracks. The sounds of phaser fire filled the hallway as the Recon Team picked their targets and cleared the area.

Ship Seizure Team 20

"Twenty Actual. Objective India Charlie secured. Proceeding to Objective Golf Charlie.", Roush enjoyed saying that because he knew the Borg could now be defeated. He did a quick head count and all of his team was accounted for and they made their way towards . Several of his team reloaded their shotguns and racked a fresh shell into the chamber as they proceeded. The sound was almost musical to any marine.

Ship Seizure Team 21

The sound of shotguns and phaser fire still rang in their ears but as the dust settled there were at least eight borg lying on the deck. Most were assimilated Ferengi, not surprising. Must have been some of the remaining crew who didn't escape.

"Bring this boat to a stop." Colonel Landry ordered as he quickly assessed the situation in the engineering room. Everyone looked okay and the Borg wasn't moving anymore.

Ship Seizure Team 22

"Come on people, we're going to miss all the fun" said Sergeant Eddie Tunis. His team was slow moving because of their Zero-G suits, but that didn't make them any less than effective marines. He looked forward to see how his aim was against floating targets just in case they had to cut the controls on the bridge.

HEAT Team 31

Another cargo hold checked and another goose egg in finding the scientists. General Tunis wondered if he had received bad intelligence-wouldn't be the first time. The most exciting item they had found so far was three crates of Altairian Brandy, already tagged with a transponder by one of the Recon Teams to have beamed back to the Corsair. At least the network virus was successfully uploaded, which prevented the Borg from adapting their personal shielding to the marines' phaser fire.

Mission Timestamp: 00:03:08

Recon Team 107

The Recon Team continued to forge ahead, sweeping through the decks making intermittent contact with Borg along the way. There was no serious or organized resistance, it was almost unfair.

Ship Seizure Team 20

Roush and his team made quick work of any opposition the Borg tired to put up, but with their adaptive shielding no longer an issue the marines were able to brush them aside. Not that they

took any chances, Murphy's Law stated anything that can go wrong will go wrong. They just hoped whatever went wrong didn't cost them the mission or their lives.

Next stop was only a deck up and over for them, Gravity Control.

Ship Seizure Team 21

Kevin Green stood before Brian Landry and reported that the marines now had full control of engineering and the vessel has come to a complete stop. He also was happy to report that power was rerouted away from the weapons systems.

Colonel Landry smiled at the news and surveyed the Ferengi engineering. "Twenty One Actual, Objective Mike Echo secured. Proceeding with secondary objectives." Now came the part of the job he liked. "We found a terminal and pulled up the deck plans of the transport." *Once an engineer, always an engineer*, he thought to himself.

Ship Seizure Team 22

The Zero-G troopers didn't lumber as bad as the Borg, but one would think they had been separated at birth because of the mobility issues in the cramped hallways of the Ferengi ship. Their heads up display built into their helmets showed the quickest way to the bridge. At current speed it would take the team another 90 seconds just to get to the correct corridor that had a turbolift to take them to the bridge.

HEAT Team 31

With every passing minute, the Unit Commander's frustration grew. *Still no contacts outside of the Borg. Maybe the scientists were either not there, on the fleeing shuttles or worse yet already dead.* The general tried to put it out of his mind. They had a job to do and until they could confirm either way those scientists needed their help.

Mission Timestamp: 00:04:27

Recon Team 107

Ezell and his Recon Marines had already eliminated another seven Borg as they swept through the decks assisting the HEAT team in locating the scientists. As they made their steady process, Matt noticed a metronomic Ferengi voice still emanating from the ship's public address.

He pulled out his Force Recon Tricorder and dialed up the universal translator and feed the results to his helmet's earpiece. "Oh this isn't good....." he said quietly to himself.

Ship Seizure Team 20

"Twenty Actual. We are at Objective Golf Charlie. Awaiting go code from Twenty Two"

It felt like Lieutenant Colonel Robert Roush finally had a chance to catch his breath.. He swiveled his head slowly surveying his team and his surroundings. The Ferengi D'Kora class ship was nothing exciting to look out, outside of the spots where the Borg had made assimilation changes to the ship. The corridors were still bathed in the red lights of battle. Robert wondered if all ships used that color for battle. It was at that moment he noticed the loud speakers were still droning on about something. He didn't speak Ferengi so he pulled out his universal translator and he did not like what he was hearing.

Ship Seizure Team 21

Two members of the Blackjacks stood guard at the entrance to Engineering while another two

provided overwatch should there be a breakthrough. Brian Landry continued to pour over the technical readouts of the D'Kora class marauder. Something wasn't right about the schematics but he couldn't put his finger on it. Maybe it was the modifications he saw the Borg had made to engineering. Brian pulled out his SFMC issued tricorder ,which was networked with the rest of the team and compared it with the blueprints before him. Some chances where the Borg had assimilated the ship was expected, but then noticed some irregularities.....

Ship Seizure Team 22

"Dang, these tricorders don't lie." Eddie thought to himself arriving at the correct time he was quoted by the tricorder. The Zero-G troopers checked the weapons and brought them to the ready outside the doors of the main bridge. The team prepared their FES-55 "Door Poppers", a small lightweight charge for forcing open sliding doors found on starships. The specialist gave Sergeant Tunis the thumbs up as he took up his position in the stack ready to storm the bridge.

The Sergeant looked at his team. They were all positioned to make their entry. A smile came across his face ,as he keyed the microphone. "Twenty Two Actual - Knock Knock"

HEAT Team 31

Seven years for seven minutes, that's what they drilled into the General's head when he was in bootcamp. You train for seven years for a mission that will typically take less than seven minutes. Tunis looked at his chonometer and he was already four and half minutes into the mission. The securing of the ship was going well but there was still no luck finding the scientists. "Can't rescue them, if they can't find him.", his thoughts continued. As each second ticked by, the more he thought they had bad intelligence or maybe they had pursued and captured the wrong ship.

Mission Timestamp: 00:05:32

Recon Team 107

The Master Gunnery Sergeant slung his sniper rifle and kept his sidearm at the ready. He motioned to the team they had to pick up the pace. His spotter picked up his gear and drew his M45 as well and asked "What's up?"

"You're not going to believe this...." Matt started to reply.

Ship Seizure Team 20

They had just completed what was probably the easiest part of their assigned objectives. With a flick of a couple switches gravitic power on the bridge was shut off to allow Team 22 to have the upper hand and seize the "brain" of the ship.

Roush's universal translator was reciting what sounded like a countdown, but Robert wasn't familiar with the numbering system the Ferengi, but it was a countdown. It's hard to deny when every few minutes the translated message is "...until self destruction".

Ship Seizure Team 21

The members of Team 21, who were not providing overwatch, placed the Borg Drones in a pile in one corner of the room and unhooked the regenerative nodules. The Corsair's Chief Engineer, by day, and marine reservist by... well, when ordered up to service, continued to pour over the information that the teams were gathering and comparing it to the readouts in engineering. Different views of the ship would flicker back and forth on the computer screen. "There is something not right here..." he said under his breath while rubbing his beard.

Ship Seizure Team 22

The six Borg, who were manning stations on the bridge still floated lifelessly around after the battle. The Zero-G troopers effortlessly walked around the bridge while the smoke from their G-7 stun grenades still lingered in the air.

“Twenty Two to all units, Objective Mike Bravo secured.”

The USS Corsair was on the main view screen. A tactical overlay was still on the screen but most of it was in symbols only understood by the Borg. Eddie started making sure his team was documenting everything for future intelligence.

HEAT Team 31

The frustration of not locating the scientists drove General Tunis to the point of insanity. Third Brigade wouldn't have ordered such a large operation if they didn't have grade A intelligence. Since the HEAT team was providing rear security for the Recon Team, they didn't encounter much in the way of the Borg. Only three had tried to approach from behind and then fell to the team's M-110A1 Phaser Carbines.

“Boss”, it was the voice of Colonel Brian Landry “can you get down to engineering I think I know where the package is”

Mission Timestamp: 00:06:27

Ship Seizure Team 21 & HEAT Team 31

“See, right here. That's not right.” Colonel Brian Landry pointed to the image on the screen. It was showing abnormalities with several of the cargo areas. The largest of the abnormalities was in the cargo area where the teams made their first insertion onto the ship. “According to your team and recon that first cargo bay was 30 by 50 meters and according the deck plans here it's suppose to be 50 meters by 50 meters.”

“Oh my....” Dr. Angela Landry held her breath for a moment. “That's the one area we had the most tricorder interference!!”

The Ferengi countdown continued. “...oh, and if I remember my Ferengi math correctly we've got less than five minutes before this ship self destructs” interjected the Colonel.

“This just gets better by the minute.” muttered the General. He activated his unit wide communicator and began to give orders. “All teams except Thirty One. Gather your stuff and get back to Objective Buccaneer. I want beam out confirms within thirty seconds. This is a code Micro Blue. I say again Micro Blue!”

Mission Timestamp: 00:06:40

HEAT Team 31

The General and his team hadn't run that fast since their days in boot camp. As then entered the cargo hold, he could hear over the marine channels each of the teams reporting a successful beam out and returning to the safety of the USS Corsair. They had made it back to their starting point and it was now obvious to them that the dimly lit cargo hold was not quite right. One of the HEAT specialists started setting up a wall breaching charge.

“Remember we don't have time to fool around, set weapons to wide area stun. We're taking

everyone home with us before we all become space dust.” and with the general’s statement he motions to the demolition expert. The explosion was muffled but a suitably large entrance was now allowing the marines into the hidden area of the cargo bay.

The marines lobbed their G-7 stun grenades into the Ferengi “panic room/smuggling compartment” As they crossed the threshold into the “secret” room there were at least six Federation scientists suspended animation and another dozen poorly armed Ferengi. The HEAT team smoothly fanned out and laid down interlocking fields of fire. The Ferengi were quickly subdued within seconds and the small room was secured.

“Tag and bag, gentlemen. Beam out in twenty seconds. Doc, make sure those eggheads are safe to transport.”

Mission Timestamp: 00:07:07

All the marines were accounted for, as General Tunis motioned for a couple of his Team Leaders to follow him to the bridge and escort what appeared to be the “commander” of the Ferengi, who was found with the Federation Scientists. Doctor Landry with the assistance of some of the marines helped move the “frozen” scientists to sickbay.

It didn’t take long to make their way to the bridge of the Corsair, crewmen seem to part the waves when Starfleet Marines in their “battle rattle” came down the corridor.

The Vulcan Operations Chief, Lieutenant Commander T’Zhal, was the first to notice the General and his marines enter. “General on the Bridge” barked the normally refined female.

T’Eithoedd stood, crossing her arms, staring at General Tunis, unblinking. “What is the meaning of this trip to the bridge? Don’t you have some debriefing or whatever it is you marines do?”, t’Eithoedd rose to intercept the marines from walking further on to her bridge.

General Tunis stepped forward to met the Romulan and halt her advance. “We wanted you to know that the mission was a success, the scientists have been rescued, we have the Ferengi Captain in custody and the borg on board were subdued. Oh and you might want to back off from that Marauder, she’s set to self destruct any minute.”

The Ferengi struggled against the marines holding him but Sergeants Eddie Tunis and Matt Ezell held him fast.

“You ignorant Federation types. Do you think I would blow up my own ship? That’s a sizable investment. Besides that cargo....er... passengers... we were carrying we were hiding them from the Borg, that’s why we were in a panic room and activated a fake self destruct to scare off the Borg.”, DaMon Christop said between his discolored and misshaped teeth.

“A fake self-destruct?” inquired Brian. “That would explain why the we and Borg couldn’t figure how to stop it. There was nothing to stop.”

T’Eithoedd lowered her eyes onto her PADD. “Your mission briefing here says there was approximately 50 Borg Drones on that ship, General. If your team eliminated them all we can simply tow the ship to the nearest Federation Outpost and mister.....” t’Eithoedd raises her glaze to the Ferengi.

“Christop. DaMon Christop of the Brunt Cartel.” replied the prisoner.

General Tunis turned to his marine team leaders and it was obvious they were counting up confirmed Borg kills. “Forty two.....”

Everyone’s eyes go wide as they turn and look at the D’Kora class ship on the main view screen. The bridge is still for several beats until the silence is broken by the voice of the science officer CeeDee, “Admiral, I’m detecting a power buildup on” and as if on cue from some unseen source the Marauder flashes away into warp.

Damon Christop got irate. “Oh now you Hew-mons, have done it. I plan on logging a complaint and request compensation for the lost of my ship and cargo.... er passengers inconvenience as well as.....”

Robert Roush stepped forward and placed his hand on the Ferengi and shows him a small PADD “I don’t think so Damon. You see this PADD here? Says here there are several warrants for your arrest and I have a feeling your passengers will have a different story once Doc Landry gets them out of suspended animation.”

“Lock the little monster up”, t’Eithoedd says with a wave of her hand. “Comms, notify the Commander of Task Force 31 we have completed our assignment and the General will be submitted his After Action Report forthwith.”

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**AFTER ACTION REPORT
327MSG, 1BN/3BDE - OPORD-3BDE-2380-0021**

STARDATE 66345.4 (17 November, 2012)
SUBJECT: After Action Report - Operation Durante
FROM: Major General Edward C. Tunis III, OIC, 327th MSG, SFMC
TO: 3rd Brigade Command, Starfleet Marine Corps
CC: Captain P.L. McFadin, CO, USS Zavala
CC: Rear Admiral Ceridwen t’Eithoedd, CO, USS Corsair

1. PURPOSE:

This report briefly describes the actions taken by the marines of the 327th MSG in regards to the boarding action of a D’Kora class Marauder, suspected of being infected by Borg and holding Federation Scientists.

2. EXECUTIVE SUMMARY

After the USS Corsair and USS Zavala intercepted the target and disabled its shields, five teams from the 327th MSG made entry via four points (three interior, one exterior). After uploading a virus program to negate the effects of Borg adaptive personal shielding teams secured their objectives and began search for the missing Federation scientists.

Scientists were located in a “panic room” that wasn’t listed on any schematics. Scientists and several Ferengi crew were into custody and returned to the CORSAIR due to an impending self-destruct, which turned out to be a Ferengi ruse. The Ferengi captain, DaMon Christop of the Brunt Cartel, has been incarcerated in the CORSAIR’s brig for several outstanding warrants and

will be turned over to the proper authorities as soon as possible.

Due to the haste of evacuation of the transport, some of the remaining Borg must have made repairs to the ship and warped away before follow up action could be taken.

3. LESSONS LEARNED

The Ferengi may not be working in concert with the Borg but either being used as tools of the Borg to achieve a greater goal or the Ferengi hope to double cross the Borg for their own future needs.

The ships of the Brunt Cartel have been modified heavily even before Borg assimilation. Several files were successfully downloaded from the ship's computer and are currently being analysed.

The Borg have an endgame plan that will allow them to risk everything down to the last Borg to complete their goals which are still unclear at this time.

4. COMMENTS

The coordination of the teams worked well but in dealing with the Borg their advantages of personal shielding need to be negated sooner to prevent

Some combat consumables (ammunition) will need to be replaced from supply.

Since all mission objectives were met and there is no further obstacles, it is recommended that assets be moved to destroy the Borg controlled D'Kora class Marauder post haste.

5. ACTION ITEMS

1 - Refamiliarize the teams with alien languages, paying particular attention to their numbering systems so they don't rely heavily on technology to do the work for them.

2 - Obtain drawings of target vessel to rehearse operations in advance (if available). If the Recon and HEAT teams had noticed their insertion point wasn't the correct size they wouldn't have missed the Panic Room.