

## Fantasy Planet

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## Fantasy Planet

by [0Devoid](#)

### Summary

An unknown pre-warp class M planet has been found with a lot of unknown lifeforms and Breezie is curious, leading to journey down to find out just what's there... Only to find out that they weren't the first to find the planet.

### Notes

Also Written By Fateweaver

## Mediaeval Mission

“Captain’s Log, Stardate 42278.23. We’re heading for a mysterious planet within the Beta Quadrant. Long range scans have detected a variety of lifesigns there and I am interested in investigating it. Perhaps we could expand the Federation’s database tenfold with all the new kinds of creatures we could find here.”

Breezie sat in her quarters, looking in a mirror as she tried out some new clothes, wearing an orange vest and black fingerless gloves with her regular outfit. She seemed to like how it looked. “Hm... This looks good.” Breezie thought. A chime was heard at her door. “Come in!” Breezie says.

Alex walked in. “We’ve arrived at the planet, Breezie. It seems to be an M class.” Alex explains.

Breezie seemed interested. “This is interesting. I’ll take a look from the bridge.” Breezie replies, walking out of her quarters and taking a turbolift to the bridge. She walked out of Turbolift B and looked at the viewscreen, displaying a very Earth-looking planet, but all the landmasses were different. “Is this the place?” Breezie asks.

“Looks the part, I’m detecting several lifeforms down there besides humans, none of which seem to be in the Federation’s database.” Devoid says, manning the science console.

“There are humans there too? Guess it makes it easier to blend in.” Breezie replies.

“We best take a shuttle down to see what’s going on.” Andy says.

“Well, we can’t exactly land the ship, can we?” Alex replies, sarcastically.

“Sarcasm aside, Andy has a point. I’ll assemble an away team.” Breezie says.

“Devoid, Sally, Wally, Fiora, Doctor & Alex, you’re with me. The others stay on the ship.” Breezie commands. Those she listed off got up and followed Breezie to the shuttle bay, including Fiora after a quick trip to Engineering & the EMH after a trip to sickbay.

The bay doors to Shuttle Bay 2 open as the Type 6 shuttle ‘M’Benga’ departs the Unreliable and heads for the planet. The remaining bridge crew, now under the command of Sutaba, watched as the shuttle approached the planet.

The shuttle entered the atmosphere, allowing those inside to be greeted by luscious forests and greenery as the shuttle descended towards the planet. The shuttle soon landed in a secluded part of the forest, where it camouflaged in with the nearby white rocks jutting out the ground.

The occupants walked out after the hatch opened, equipped with phasers and tricorders.

Wally looked around the planet in awe, it seemed to be the epicentre of beauty to him.

“You’ve been to space before... but welcome to your first alien planet, Wally.” Devoid says as the others scan the area with tricorders.

“This is an M class planet, alright... I see there’s some sort of civilization about... that way.” Fiora says, pointing to the North-West.

“Yeah, I can see that. Some form of mediaeval village.” Sally replies.

“Mediaeval village? Mysterious lifeforms? You sure we haven’t landed on Planet Storybook?” The EMH says.

“Calm yourself, Doctor. I’m sure there’s a reasonable explanation for everything. We’ll head into town and see what’s going on. Don’t look suspicious... These people likely still think heaven is just above the clouds.” Breezie replies. The away team nod and start heading to the structure.

What they come to first are some gates, there are a couple of guards having a chat above the group that just showed up at the gates.

“-Therefore, food hot is.” The other guard takes a second, using one hand to count and the other hand to place mentally before nodding in agreement

“Yeah, that checks out. So, now if that’s how ovens work, what if we stuffed a fish, into a swine, into a Gastodon, into a Great Jagras?” The first guardsman looks at his companion like he is insane

“You would give the head chef a nightmare.” Breezie & the away team looked up at the guards, also equally confused.

“HEY! Would you mind letting us in?” Devoid yells to the guards, hoping to get their attention.

Thankfully, the two look at the group, noticing them and the outfits they are in.

“Hey, What are you doing here? It’s not safe in the new world? The other one holds his partner’s shoulder and looks at him with fear. “Don’t be blind!” He says “Remember The Leshy Incident”

The first guard sighs “Are you with the guild? What division, what’s the insignia?”

The away team seemed confused. “Guild?” Breezie says, confused.

“Old term for a sort of team... I think they might be confused by these.” Sally explains, pointing at her combadge.

“Ah.” Breezie says, turning to the guards.

“We are the Intrepid Deltas, mostly the Gold division, but we have some Silver division members here too.” She says.

The guard who warned pats his partner “Get to Raji and tell him their details. The guard runs off as the other stays behind “Are you native or did you come from beyond the seas?”

“We are from beyond the seas from Amester, a small island. Our ship barely survived the journey.” Breezie replies.

The guard squinted, pressing on with the questions “Alright, why hasn’t any of our scouts seen your incoming ships then?” And that’s when the partner shows back up again.

“It checks out!” The main guard looks at his partner

“It does?” The younger guard nods

“Yeah, The Gold and Silver subs of the Delta Division! We thought all of them died, but they’re here!” The first nods, more convinced

“Maybe not all of them, but at least some. Let’s get them inside!” The gates open, revealing the structure’s main portion. Partially built on a mountainside, and made from local resources and ship parts. There was a lot to do, as well as the smell of food coming down some wooden steps on the cliffside.

The away team walks through the gates, except for Alex, who stayed behind briefly.

“To answer your question, we arrived late at night.” Alex says, bringing a bit of reason as to why their scouts wouldn’t have seen a ship arriving before following the away team.

## The Brutish Truth.

As they entered, Fiora & the EMH would discreetly scan the area using their tricorders whilst the others looked around.

“So, what is this place? What’s the purpose?” Breezie asks, looking at all the primitive buildings and the people walking about.

The guard replies “This is a place for us Monster Hunters to call home. We train here, do research here, live here... It’s our new home, and I’m happy to protect it. Also, how did you not get attacked out there? You don’t have any Hunting equipment on you, unless your protective hunters died getting you here.”

“Monster... Hunters? Hm.” Breezie says, confused.

“Seems as if my point is proven more and more.” The EMH says.

“Indeed, Doctor.” Alex says in agreement.

“What point?” The guard says.

“Uuh... That people beyond our island might not be as passive towards these creatures.” Breezie replies, lying to hide the fact that she isn’t from this planet.

Wally stayed quiet, observing the situation.

“Uh huh... Ok, I’ll let you and your guild get settled in. Be careful though, your pacifist ways might not work here. It’s why we have hunters, not tamers.” The guard says, leaving the away team to their business.

“Hunters? How primitive are these people?” Devoid says.

“Likely more than we think. Perhaps that place could help us.” Breezie answers, pointing to what seemed to be an open room tavern.

“Alright... Let’s go look into it.” Devoid replies. The away team head to the tavern, hearing sounds of people that are clearly not sober.

The smell of alcohol blasted into their nostrils as they walked onto the premises. People and small catlike humanoids were around, all wearing a fair bit of armour and holding a lot of drinks, singing and jeering.

The head chef saw the away team, and she decided to get their attention. “HEY! What are ya havin?” The chef says, leaning on the bar.

Breezie looked at her, confused. “Sorry, we’re not here for drinks, would you mind telling us where we are?” Breezie says, still wondering what this village is.

The chef eyed Breezie’s combadge. “Ya aren’t from ‘round ‘ere, are ya?” The chef says.

“What are you on about?” Breezie asks, trying to keep the illusion that she is from this planet.

“I know that symbol on ya chest. I’ve seen it before.” The chef answers.

“What?!” Breezie says, shocked.

“They say off the coast to the east, there lies ‘the wreck of Kolkata’. A ship from what is said to be called ‘The Fleet of Stars’. It appeared 50 years ago and all the people we found were wearing that symbol... They say the Delta Division stole it as their new symbol after the discovery.” The chef explains.

Breezie was rather freaked out and nervously backed away. She spots Alex & The EMH sitting at a table near a clearly drunken person in armour and heads to them.

“Any luck figuring out where we are?” Alex asks.

“None of the sort. But I guess we aren’t the first members of the Federation to explore this planet.” Breezie replies.

“How so?” The EMH asks.

Breezie simply responded by finding the nearest map of the island and pointing at what clearly looked to be the wreck of an Excelsior Class starship just off the eastern coast. “What’s that?” She says.

“It appears to be an Excelsior Class... but how?” The EMH says.

“I’m not sure. But whatever it is, we likely need to investigate.” Alex replies.

Their conversation was cut short by another drunken patron approaching them. “Hey... You...” The patron says, pointing at Breezie. “You... wanna?” The patron drunkenly indicates intercourse with his fingers.

Breezie was frankly disgusted. “I’ll think I’ll go get some fresh air.” Breezie says, leaving the tavern.

The EMH follows whilst Alex groups with Wally & Sally, who were gathering info from a rather sober patron.

Breezie walked out and leaned against a wall, rubbing her head.

“Are you alright, Breezie?” The EMH says.

“I’m fine... just a headache.” Breezie replies... before the 2 of them heard what sounded like a creature in pain. “Doctor... Can you hear that?” Breezie asks.

“It sounds like a creature in distress... We should heal it!” The EMH says.

“Yeah. If these people are called Monster Hunters, I wouldn’t want them to take advantage of this!” Breezie says, running to the source of the noise via climbing over the fence, the EMH follows suit.

The two of them soon make it outside, finding the source of the noise. It’s a bipedal reptile with a spike tipped tail, the head and neck fur being similar to a buffalo, and the body like a tiny T-Rex. It is about 2’ 8” in height, but it’s laying down with a broken leg. It’s basically crying out for help.

“Odd looking creature...” Breezie laments as she approaches it, scanning it with a tricorder.

“Well, we still need to help it nevertheless. I don’t need a tricorder to see that one of the legs is broken.” The EMH replies.

Breezie took out a small piece of equipment from a satchel with a Starfleet Medical insignia on it. “This could help, an osteogenic stimulator. Should help heal that leg.” Breezie says, handing the medical tool to the EMH.

“Thank you, Captain. Now, try and relax this creature while I do what I can.” The EMH says.

Breezie didn’t know what to do, but tried instead stroking the hand of the creature to help calm its nerves as the EMH heals the broken leg.

The creature whimpered in pain as the leg was healed up.

“Right, I believe it’s fixed up now.” The EMH says, letting go of the creature’s leg.

The Creature seems scared to stand, still whimpering, and a growl is heard from the bushes.

3 more of the creatures, adults to their 9’ 11” height surround the duo, seemingly a part of the baby’s herd. But the baby then stands nervously, and begins to run around Breezie and EMH, the former holding their hands up as a form of showing the two of them mean no harm. The baby then goes to one, supposedly the mother, and rubs up against her. The beast looks at Breezie... and huffs before her and the small part of the herd runs off.

They hear a voice as they run off, human. "So, you aren't from Delta, are you?" The unknown voice uttered.

Breezie & the EMH turn to the source, their hearts skipping a beat.

There stood a man, a bit older but still looks like he can fight. His hair is medium and a bit unkempt. His arms may be crossed, but he smiles, amused and maybe even impressed "I haven't seen that used on a Gastodon, and I'm surprised the little one took a liking to you, a task done right in my book."

The EMH put his hands on his hips. "Well, maybe more would be like that if you took a more civilised approach." He says.

"Doctor, please. He's likely just fascinated that we didn't use the creature for resources and instead healed it so it could live with its family.

There's no need to insult him." Breezie says, trying to be the voice of reason.

The man laughs, "I like this one." He said pointing to the EMH "Hunters aren't about killing and taking, although some of us do that despite the consequences. A Monster Hunter's duty isn't to kill the monsters, but to maintain their habitat. That Herd is far from their home, guessing they tracked the littlun to us."

"OK... We'll be going now. Come on, Doctor." Breezie says, feeling rather doubtful about this guy.

The EMH soon follows as the 2 of them climb over the fence. The sight they were greeted with was not a pleasant one.

As the rest of the away team were sitting away from the tavern, all in various states of distress.

A few hunters were there too, also not looking the best. As the 2 of them landed back in the settlement, Breezie had some questions & the EMH had some work to do.

## Battered & Hunted.

Breezie & the EMH ran up to the away team, both shocked at their condition. “I... What the fuck happened while I was gone?” Breezie says. “I... I don’t know... We were just asking questions and there was a lot of screaming and...” Wally tried to explain, his pompadour having collapsed and his hair having been messily tucked back, but it was too much and he started sobbing.

Sally, in a similarly battered state, comforted Wally.

Devoid sighed, his jacket slumped on one shoulder and his quills had gone messy, along with a few scratches on his muzzle and hands. “Some of the more intoxicated civilians saw Wally, Fiora and I as new monsters and called upon some of the hunters to have us slaughtered. Most of the hunters tried to protect us and the rest but... they all got hits in.” Devoid explained as the EMH used a dermal regenerator to seal up the wounds on his body.

Breezie stood there in shock, looking to the nearby hunter who was healing up Alex, who looked to have taken a lot of the attack himself. The hunter saw Breezie looking at him... It was clear Breezie was about to yell at him. But before she could and the chaos could intensify, a message was being yelled from the front gate.

“THE ADMIRAL HAS RETURNED!!” The base fell quiet, as civilians stood as the man Breezie and EMH met earlier walked in, he stood in the middle of the crowd and looked around. “I go on one solo expedition, and you can’t even accept visitors? What happened?” A hunter runs up to the admiral and whispers into his ear. “Show me these beasts.” he requests.

The recently healed Devoid gets up and walks to the admiral. “I happen to be one of these... Beasts as you might say. The other 2 are my colleagues, the yellow one with blue hair is Wally, the pink one with orange hair is Fiora and I am Devoid. Safe to say, we didn’t get a warm welcome.” Devoid explains, sighing and crossing his arms.

The Admiral takes a deep breath and makes a declaration “You all are fools for harming our guests! These people aren’t beasts! You don’t see me beating around a Palico, so why hunt those on our level?!” The civilians and majority of the hunters bow their heads in shame, while the hunters and Palico that helped breathed a sigh of relief. “Treat these people well! If any of us tries to hurt them, hunters are to arrest them and take them in for interrogation!” Some hunters in the majority nod, while a few of them scowl and walk off.

The admiral tried to hide his worry as he turned to Breezie. “That’s more than last time... This is getting concerning.” The Admiral says, concerned laced through his voice.

“What do you mean ‘more than last time’? Has this happened before?” Breezie asks, seeming rather curious.

The admiral sighed, he had tried long to deny this, but there was no choice anymore. “We have been at this since I became a Captain. We were once one group, one mind that agreed to keep the peace with nature. But then Brian Lorkar made his own group within our ranks. They were known as The Pack, and they wanted to abuse monsters for anything they had. They nearly drove the Rathalos species to extinction. Me and plenty of my troops led them to safety, and Brian lost his life to a Deviljho. At that point things have simmered down, but now we are two. The Shepherds and The Wolves. I’m trying to make sure all out war isn’t unleashed between the two parties, but I’ll take a miracle to reunite the hunters.”

Breezie sighed. “I doubt their hostility against some of my crew helped the situation...” She uttered, seeming rather unhappy.

The Admiral nods “It didn’t, it might have pushed us closer to war. If there is something to be done, do it... I don’t want a bloodbath on my hands”

“We really only came over for a research mission, not to get involved with this conflict... Though I have a feeling we may be forced to get involved, whether we like it or not.” Breezie replies.

The Admiral almost felt a tinge of doubt. These people had no armour, no weapons they knew of and were looking to go out and research while expecting to live? “I’m sorry, but we can’t let you go alone. You’ll be provided a guard to protect you on your... research mission.” The admiral says.

“A guard?” Breezie asks, confused.

The Admiral points to one of The Shepherds, a young man with fiery red hair and a rather unique weapon. “What’s your name, hunter?” The Admiral asks.

The young man kneels and says “Oisín Culann, sir!”

The admiral nods to him “Protect these people with everything you have. I don’t expect perfection, but I don’t want them badly hurt.” The Admiral requests.

Oisín nods, understanding his duty “Yes sir.”

Breezie looked at Oisín, who was not that much taller than her. “Alright, you might not understand what we’re doing sometimes, but believe me, we’ll explain if you ask.” She says to Oisín.

“Yes, ma’am.” Oisín replies.

Breezie smiled.

“Right then, I believe we should get going. Whatever’s out there... we need to find out.” Devoid says, pointing at the now closed gates.

“Please, take all the time you need to gather any resources before you leave. I just hope the vendors are more passive than those at the tavern.”

The Admiral says.

The away team grabs some rations, some hunter manuals to see how they do things, and some pencils to fill in the extra blank pages of the manual to fill with a more Starfleet way to sort out situations (starting by doodling a Starfleet Delta to split the pages), which at the very end has a log of the monsters of the island.

Oisín doesn’t take these, taking his long glaive- like weapon, a large pet beetle, some ammunition that look like rocks, and a wrist mounted crossbow that looks to be made of some monster parts, and wood. He didn’t grab any rations, or any guides... he must have done this plenty of times, yet he seems nervous. He looked to the away team, not knowing why he felt so nerve wracked.

“Oisín? You alright?” Alex asked, shaking his shoulder.

“I-i’m fine.” He responds, half-lying. The away team + Oisín set off, now with supplies packed, they were more ready to face what this world had to offer.

## Outside The Walls.

The away team were walking through a forest, which felt rather quiet.

"Huh, you'd expect to hear birds tweeting around here." Devoid says, hands in his pockets.

"Birds? You mean Bird Wyverns?" Oisín asks, confused.

"No, birds. Little creatures coated in feathers that fly around the skies." Devoid explains.

"Just because it's an M Class Planet doesn't mean they have everything they have on Earth, yknow?" Breezie says.

"Fair point... it's just rather strange not hearing birds in a forest, no matter what." Devoid replies.

The away team continues to walk through the forest, before hearing an unfamiliar noise.

"What in the world could that be?" The EMH asks.

Oisín seemed to recognise it. "Must be some Seltas!" He says.

"Seltas? What the hell are those?" Sally Sillington says, confused.

"I think that might be it." Alex says, pointing at a green insectoid creature passing by. Alex takes out a tricorder and begins scanning it as it doesn't notice. The tricorder collects information about the creature.

"That's one of the males, they serve much larger queens." Oisín says.

"Reminds me of Earth's bees. They do the same thing and make delicious honey." The EMH says.

"I think ants do the same thing too, Doctor." Fiora replies.

"Now this is interesting..." Alex utters, looking at the scans of the Seltas.

"What is it, Alex?" Breezie asks.

"Apparently, the tricorder has scanned the brainwaves of this guy, he's seeing us as friendly." Alex explains.

Devoid walked up to it and was surprised when the Seltas flew down to him. Devoid cautiously let his hand out and began petting the Seltas. Like an affectionate cat, it began pushing his own head against Devoid's hand. "You aren't kidding... What an adorable little guy." Devoid remarks as he strokes the Seltas.

"Odd... I thought they were predatory." Oisín says quietly.

"Perhaps only when provoked. He seems to be quite kind if you don't threaten to chop him in half." The EMH replies.

The Seltas then flies away from Devoid, going along with its day.

Suddenly, the away team heard a thud.

"What was that?!" Fiora asks, concerned.

"Best we find out." Breezie replies, heading to the source of the noise.

Turns out, it was a hunter like Oisín, standing over the corpse of a monster... except they seemed to have a more malicious look.

"What the hell...?" The EMH uttered quietly. The malicious hunter turned his gaze to the away team. His armour was stained with blood.

"You... You carry monsters." The malicious hunter says, sounding more like a monster than the things he slaughters. "It would be a shame if..." The malicious hunter says as he tries to attack the away team, only to be blasted by Breezie with her phaser. The hunter dropped his weapon as the beam hit, dying the moment he crashed into the grass.

"W-what was that?" Oisín asks, kinda scared that all it took to kill that hunter is an orange beam.

"A phaser. I set it to kill." Breezie says nonchalantly.

"A what?!" Oisín replies, still confused.

"I'll explain later." Breezie replies back, before they hear rustling in the bushes.

"Something tells me we aren't alone." Fiora says.

"Tricorder scans are showing several life signs, all human. I think the friends of that hunter are showing up!" Alex yells.

As if on cue, hunters come bolting in, one of them stopping to look at the away team and saying one thing after a brief silence. "I'm sorry..." He runs off as a massive roar is heard from where they ran. The Wolf Hunter smiles and readies his Charge Blade. "Oh this is gonna be fun!" he states with a bit of mania.

Oisín begins backing away. "Guys," he states as the massive stomps get louder and louder "We need to leave, NOW!"

The crew looked at Oisín.

"Good plan, let's get outta here." Breezie says, running through the Wolf Hunters, the rest of the away team and Oisín following suit.

After a good distance run, Breezie turned to Oisín.

"What were those loud thuds anyway?" Breezie asks.

Oisín didn't get a chance to answer as the sound of the Wolf Hunters getting vaporised by flames roared through the forest. "That. That caused them... We call it the Deviljho." Oisín explains as if he were speaking about a war.

"I doubt we can get in for a scan." The EMH says.

"Yeah, most documentation came from either people looking from afar or those who have survived the attacks... but those are few and far between." Oisín continues, his voice filled with despair.

Through the trees, the away team sees one of the Deviljho's eyes... Before it huffs and charges off to another location.

"What the hell...?!" Wally utters, fear embedded into his very essence. Silence roars for what feels like forever.

"It should be leaving. I can smell salt too, we must be near the coast." Devoid says, breaking the silence.

"Really? Are you part canine?" Alex asks, joking.

"Oh no, a hedgehog like me knows how to trust his nose." Devoid responds, tapping his nose as he heads in the direction of the sea.

The away team + Oisín follow, walking through the gradually fading forest, leaping over toppled trees before finding the beautiful sandy beach with a vibrant blue ocean. Near the horizon, they could clearly see a crashed Excelsior Refit class ship jutting out of the ocean. A dock was nearby, with no boat to speak of.

"Didn't you say you came from an island? Where's your boat?" Oisín asks, confused.

"Oh, our boat is on another dock, but we have a way of getting around without it." Breezie says, half lying.

"What, like some sort of beast?" Oisín asks.

"Not exactly, Mr Culann." The EMH says.

"Come on, let's get to the shuttle." Alex says, leading the way back to the shuttle.

Oisín was confused. "What's a shut-tel?" He thought, thinking it would be a large beast made for flying. He was certainly surprised when he

followed the away team next to some rocks and found a rather boxy grey... thing with the number '11130' on the side.

"Come in, Oisín. Take a seat. It's going to be a rather calm ride." Breezie says, entering the cockpit.

Oisín nervously sat down, placing the weapon to his side.

The away team sat down near him either on the same or the opposite chair.

Breezie & Alex sat in the cockpit, turning on the shuttle.

The hatch closed and the shuttle lifted up, turning around and flying to the coast. It quickly approached the crashed Excelsior Refit class ship.

The shuttle flew around, looking for a way in.

"I see no way in besides a hull breach in the secondary hull large enough for us to climb through. It is rather close to the sea though." Alex says, scanning the wrecked starship.

"Then if that's the case, we'll have to hope this shuttle can float! Everyone, hang on!" Breezie says, shutting off the engines.

The shuttle crashed into the sea, thankfully floating like a boat. It drifted carefully to the wrecked starship as the hatch opened.

Breezie climbs out of the shuttle, hopping onto the roof. This view allowed her to see the writing on the side of the hull. 'UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS - STARSHIP USS KOLKATA'

## Kolkata

As the shuttle approached the hull breach, Breezie leaped through, landing in the corridor. “Don’t worry, the jump is possible!” She yelled from the breach.

“Jump?! I’m a doctor, not an olympian!” The EMH protests.

“You’ll make it, now come on!” Breezie replies.

One after the other, each member of the away team hopped into the wrecked USS Kolkata. Sunlight shone into the abandoned corridors. The only sounds being the sea crashing against the hull.

“It’s surprisingly intact for a ship that’s been laying in the sea for half a century.” Sally says, looking around.

“Well, they aren’t.” Devoid replies, pointing at an Andorian Skeleton in a 2280s starfleet uniform, the green collar along with the rank pin that looked like a vertically mirrored image of a screw revealed the fact that they were a Lieutenant in the medical division. The massive hole in the back of their skull revealed how they died.

“I guess not everyone had a safe landing.” The EMH says, looking at the skeleton.

Breezie turned around, seeing Wally glaring at the sea. Breezie walked up to Wally and looked at what he was looking at. “You looking for fish?” Breezie asks.

“A fish? Those are fish?” Wally asks, pointing to the fish down below, swimming by.

“Yeah. What do you think they are?” Breezie asks.

“I had something completely different in mind.” Wally utters, astounded.

The faint sound of scurrying attracted the attention of the away team, turning to the left.

“What was that?” The EMH asks, confused.

“I’m detecting a life sign nearby, perhaps we can find them.” Alex says, looking at a tricorder.

Oisin squinted, knowing what the scurrying is. “I think they made a society here.” Oisin states.

“What’s they?” Fiora asks, just as confused as the rest of the crew.

“The Gajalaka,” Oisin clarifies “They are the natives of the island... Never knew they made it out to sea.”

The away team begins to progress through the fallen corridors of the ship, all while feeling that they are being watched. They wandered through, hearing scurrying behind the walls of the ship. It seemed as if they wouldn’t know what the Gajalaka were doing, until they saw a door left open, hearing the sounds of them inside.

“I believe we have a source.” Sally says, looking through the open door.

Inside, the away team saw a settlement in the auxillary mess hall.

The Gajalaka were about as small as the Palico, their faces hidden by masks. Tribally dressed and currently going through a ceremony or festival. And oddly enough the translator worked with this language that these fold are speaking and chanting.

“The Angel provides for all

The Angel fell from sky

For strong and smart, for weak and dumb

The Angel for people, die”

One Gajalaka gets on the bar, which they treat like a stage.

“People! My People!” This leader announces “This day, many moons past, The Angel fell from the sky. The angel died that day, and gave us new life! The Angel lives on to provide all that we need to survive and protect The Angel. But she needs to be maintained by the people. For The Angel to give, we must give our dead. To the Giving Station, so we may give back!” They begin to follow the leader, and they are heading for the party’s hiding spot behind a door frame.

“The Giving Station?” The EMH asks, confused.

“That could be how they see the Warp Core, engineering is on this deck. They must be heading there now.” Fiora says, having knowledge on starship structure.

“That’s fascinating.” Breezie utters in awe as she walks back.

“Maybe we could recover what the crew knew? I’m sure some of us can manoeuvre the Jefferies Tubes to get to the bridge.” Devoid states, figuring out a plan.

“That might be something to try.” Sally replies.

“Well, I suggest splitting up so that some of us can observe the situation from here. Devoid, you, Sally, Alex & Oisin will head to the bridge. The rest of us will remain here.” Breezie commands.

“Alright, Breezie.” Devoid says, heading to an open Jefferies Tube entrance. Sally. Alex & Oisin follow as Devoid crawls in.

After about 30 minutes of climbing through several decks, the group reaches the abandoned bridge via a hatch near the viewscreen.

Devoid crawls out first, panting. He sat down on the abandoned captain’s chair and tapped his combadge. “Devoid to Breezie, we’ve reached the bridge.” He says, looking around as the others reach the bridge.

“OK, there should be a database of the captain’s logs somewhere. Try and look for it.” Breezie replies.

“Alright, we’ll make sure to.” Devoid says, as he gets up.

Oisin looked around the bridge in awe, even if it was in horrible condition.

Alex brushes debris off of a wall console, attempting to restore power even briefly in order to send the logs to the Unreliable. Lights flickered briefly as power conduits tried to come back to life after half a century.

Meanwhile, with Breezie and her part of the crew follow the Gajalaka as they seem to rendezvous with some others carrying boxes, each one enough to fit one of their own.

They didn’t end up going to the warp core, they ended up at the transporter. They placed the boxes down on a few spots and step away, while one in a yellow mask hotwires the device back to life. The Boxes dissipated as another translation came through from two of them.

“Mama, when will we see Papa again?” A young Laka girl asks her mother



“Some day, just not now.” She responds “The Angel has him, and one day, we will be with him again.”

“They feed them to the transporter?” Breezie thought, concerned as the lights flickered.

“That’s a barbaric use for the transporter if I’ve ever seen one.” The EMH says, looking at the transporter.

Oisin was confused. “What even is this ‘transporter’?” He mumbled.

As they spoke, Alex helped transfer functions from the damaged and waterlogged primary systems into the nice and dry backup systems.

Just then, the lights, doors and several of the ship’s functions began powering on, revealing the away team to the Gajalaka. The away team stumbled back as the Gajalaka approached them.

“Are you.. Of the Angel?” One of them asks, looking at Breezie’s combadge, whilst a different design to the badges worn by the original crew, it still has the familiar Starfleet Delta.

Breezie was baffled, she didn’t know what to say... Until Fiora speaks up.

“Yes, we are of ‘the Angel’. We have seen your gifts to us and we have decided to grant you power for 50 years. We are even sending out a signal to the others in order to help revive it so you no longer need to send gifts.” Fiora states, getting lots of “Ooo”s and “Aah”s from the Gajalaka audience.

“Devoid to Breezie.” Devoid says through Breezie’s combadge.

“What is it, Devoid?” Breezie asks, wondering if the lights coming back on were a good sign.

“Alex has just begun transferring data to the Unreliable. They should receive all the logs in about 30 seconds. I think Gary or Sutaba might let us know.” Devoid replies.

“That’s good. I think the inhabitants are quite happy about this miracle now.” Breezie replies back, before tapping her combadge to cut the signal.

After half a minute, the logs were transferred to the Unreliable, Sutaba letting them know that they’ll be doing some analysis to determine what happened. The group that headed to the bridge took the turbolift down to the deck Breezie & the rest were on.

“Right, I suggest we leave these Gajalaka to their own lives. Starfleet should be here in a couple days to give them a chance to have a fixed home.” Alex says to Breezie.

“Alright, makes sense. Come on, everyone.” Breezie says, heading to the hull breach and leaping down to the shuttle along with the rest of the away team. As the shuttle takes off toward the main continent... They noticed plumes of smoke rising.

## A Beast Named Armageddon

As the shuttle flies over the continent, it almost looks like the apocalypse arrived while they weren't looking. Just then, the Unreliable hails the shuttle.

"That's odd, the ship is hailing us." Alex says, sitting next to Breezie.

"Agreed... Put it through." Breezie says, with Gary appearing in the small viewscreen in the shuttle's cockpit.

"I think I know what knocked the Kolkata out. According to this data and descriptions stored in Kolkata's computers, it seems to be some sort of... Elder Dragon. A sort of large red dragon." Gary explains.

"Large red dragon... Do you mean Safi'jiiva?" Oisin asks.

"It's likely. Whatever it's called, it's nearing the shuttle rapidly." Gary says, looking at the sensors remotely.

Breezie looked up, seeing what looked like Safi'jiiva approaching the shuttle. "EVASIVE MANOEUVRES!" Breezie yelled, piloting the shuttle out of the way of obliteration.

"We have to see what's going on. Let's land back in the town." Devoid says, in a slight state of panic.

"Perhaps the admiral knows what to do." Wally replies. Breezie and Alex nod, piloting and landing the shuttle at the town, which seemed deserted.

The hatch opened and Breezie ran out... Thankfully seeing the Admiral look out at the devastation on a balcony. "Admiral! What the hell is that?!" Breezie yelled, looking up at the balcony.

The admiral looked down. "What are you doing here?! That is the Safi'jiiva! It can reshape ecosystems! I've already sent every hunter I could in an attempt to beat it, but I haven't heard back from them." The admiral utters.

Breezie looked up at the large Safi'jiiva, how it brought devastation to the world around her.

"There's always a bigger fish." She uttered.

"What?" The Admiral says, confused.

"You'll see." Breezie says, walking into the shuttle. Breezie got into the cockpit and took off the shuttle, flying away from the planet and back to the Unreliable. "If the Safi'jiiva thinks it's so tough, I'll show it something tougher." Breezie says as the shuttle enters the shuttle bay.

Oisin looked around in awe at the Miranda class starship, getting distracted by how big it was.

"Hey, Oisin. We're gonna need you on the bridge. You likely know a bit about this Safi'jiiva fucker." Breezie says, snapping Oisin out of his awe.

As the away team arrived on the bridge, Sutaba got out of the captain's chair and went back to tactical. Devoid sat at the Nav console, Sally went back to comms and Wally sat at the science console.

"Alright. This might seem risky, but I think the Unreliable has a chance of beating the Safi'jiiva." Breezie says.

"It seems not as large as the ship and we have the more advanced firepower. If anything, we are overpowered against it." Gary explains from the scans he was able to remotely get from the shuttle.

"If that's the case, then we stand a chance at saving everyone." Oisin says, hopeful.

"We will need to take the ship into the atmosphere to fight it, though." Breezie says, silence roaring through the bridge.

"Gary and I can adjust the engines to be capable of atmospheric flight as we descend. I'm sure we can defeat the Safi'jiiva." Fiora responds after a deafening quiet.

"Alright. Red alert! Raise shields! Gary, Fiora, head to engineering. Andy, take us in." Breezie orders

"On it, Captain." Andy says as Fiora & Gary head down to engineering.

The Unreliable approached the planet's atmosphere, preparing for a fight like no other.

## Unreliable VS Safi'jiiva.

The admiral stood on the balcony still, watching as Safi'jiiva rained hell on what he knew as home. He still wondered... What did Breezie mean by 'There's always a bigger fish'?' Had she gone mad? In the distance, the admiral saw something... Something that got the attention of Safi'jiiva. He grabbed a telescope and looked into it, pointing it at the object... it looked to be something that looked like a disk attached to 2 thin boxes with a few other bits put on. It was getting closer. Rapidly. The object then flew past Safi'jiiva, clearly much larger than it. It shot orange beams which seemed to harm the beast.

Inside the Unreliable, Wally reads off the damages. "We've done minor damage to the scales... It should be able to be taken out with phasers alone." Wally says.

"We can't be too sure... Keep firing!" Breezie commands.

As the Unreliable fires its phasers, Safi'jiiva opens its mouth, powering up a Charged Beam. The beam manages to hit the ship's shields, causing the bridge to shake.

"Shields down to 84%!" Sutaba yells, reading out the impact the charged beam caused.

"Looks like it's trying to ram us!" Devoid yells, looking at sensors.

"Oh, I don't think so. Evasive manoeuvres! Fire torpedoes once we're clear!" Breezie yelled.

The Unreliable took a hard left as Safi'jiiva attempted to ram the ship with a Deadly Pin, causing Safi'jiiva to ram into the ground.

As it was down, The Unreliable fired aft torpedoes, damaging the scales majorly, but also the wings of the Safi'jiiva, leaving it grounded for a while. Whilst it was grounded, The Unreliable took its chance to regenerate its shields.

Safi'jiiva was not happy that it was being kicked around by a creature it didn't know and attempted to tear a nacelle off.

"Breezie, Safi'jiiva has taken flight and is approaching the port nacelle." Devoid says.

"Fire aft phasers!" Breezie yelled.

The Unreliable fired aft phasers, making Safi'jiiva even more mad. This did redirect it from the nacelle, instead ramming into the bottom of the saucer. The Unreliable spun out briefly before stabilising using thrusters... Which is when Oisin saw something bad as Safi'jiiva approached the viewscreen.

"Oh no... Looks like we've pushed it to its limit... It's going Supercritical!" Oisin yelled.

"That doesn't sound good!" Andy responds.

"I'm detecting decreased protection on its chest... Looks like we might have a shot at killing it!" Sally says, checking the sciences console.

"Fire at will, Sutaba." Breezie commands.

The Unreliable fired phasers at the now Supercritical Safi'jiiva, making it give chase as the Unreliable flew off.

Safi'jiiva began shooting flames at the Unreliable's shields.

"They're attempting to weaken our shields, but they are holding." Sutaba says.

"It might be trying to perform its ultimate attack, Sapphire of the Emperor." Oisin says, remembering what he read from eyewitness accounts.

"Let's not give them a chance. Is their maw open?" Breezie says.

"Yep, charging up energy as we speak." Sutaba reports.

"Fire a torpedo into it. Time for Safi'jiiva to get up close and personal with the torpedo." Breezie replies.

As Safi'jiiva charges up the second part of its ultimate attack, the Unreliable fires a photon torpedo into the beast's gullet.

The Unreliable flew away, exiting the atmosphere as the combination of the torpedo and the buildup of energy made Safi'jiiva explode, the shockwave being like a blast of wind across half the continent.

The away team returned to the planet in the same shuttle, seeing the admiral and many of the townsfolk gathered in the centre. They are studying its remains, its organs, its internal physiology, about as much as they could before the thing started rotting too much.

The Admiral looks at the crew, impressed. "I can't believe it, I lived long enough to see a metal beast slay an elder dragon! Guess I'm in your debt then." He states with a chuckle.

Oisin smiles, looking at his fellow hunters celebrating, shepherd and wolf, dancing and partying with one another... all the while he knows it will be temporary. "Stay as long as you'd like," Oisin states "Just know that I'm staying here."

Breezie raises a brow "Any reason why?"

"I saw how your metal beast took down what many would consider a god from your point of view, I could write notes and send my people into a golden age of technology." Oisin admits "And even then, A hunter's work isn't done until he's in the grave... even a shepherd needs to tend to his flock."

Breezie sighs and pats him on the back "Don't worry, you'll see more of me soon. Perhaps if this place breaks the warp barrier." She says.

Oisin blinks in confusion "Wait, what?" Breezie simply taps her badge and nods to him, leaving Oisin confused but optimistic as she walks to the shuttle and the shuttle leaves.

As the Unreliable and its crew warps out of the planet's range, the adventure they had there would be in the history books, and the tale of these mysterious humans and their 'monster' allies would be passed down for generations to come.

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