

Star Trek: Independence

Renegade

By Dnoth

Stardate: 48087.6 (2 February 2371)

Shuttlecraft N'mara

Dorvan Star System

Lieutenant Commander Sintina Aurelia powered down all non-vital functions. The shuttle would drift near Dorvan V. She needed to be just close enough to get readings on passive scanners.

She picked up the *Hideki* class destroyer in orbit almost immediately.

After several long minutes, Aurelia monitored weapon's fire on the surface. The 'spoonheads' had begun their reprisal attack. They suspected a Maquis cell operated from the planet.

Because of the McAllister Nebula, a probe just wouldn't cut it. So Captain Holmes ordered his tactical officer, on a covert mission. Aurelia was technically in violation of the treaty signed a few months earlier, since her *Type-6* shuttle was armed with two phasers; hence the covert nature of her mission.

She tapped her index finger rapidly near the tactical controls. To just watch...it was torture. God only knew what the Cardies were doing to those people. Her orders were clear: observe. The sensor log of this attack would be taken back to the Federation Council to put diplomatic pressure on the Cardassian Union. She puffed in annoyance, "Diplomatic pressure."

A new contact showed up on scanners. A small raider emerged from the far side of the planet. It began a strafing run on the destroyer! Aurelia knew the raider wouldn't last long. Her eyes were glued to the display that showed the drama unfolding.

The raider broke off the attack and ran. "Bad move," commentated Aurelia to no one. The *Hideki* pursued. It didn't take long for the Cardassian ship to get

back into weapon's range of the raider. They fired. A direct hit. The aft shields of the raider collapsed.

The *Hideki* was closing in for the kill when several large explosions rocked the larger ship. It took a moment for her shock to subside. Aurelia then realized it must have been gravitic mines. The irony was the Cardassians deployed them during the Federation-Cardassian War in the 2350's. The Maquis must have recovered some. Sintina nodded in approval.

The commander contemplated. It was actually unfortunate that her sensors picked up the Maquis victory. It would not be something the Federation could use against the Cardassians.

The show seemed to be over. Aurelia decided to return to the *Renegade* as soon as the Maquis raider was far enough away.

Unfortunately, raider changed its course. It was now on an intercept course! She double checked her status. She was still in silent running. Even so, at the rate they were gaining, they could see her out a window soon. If she moved, they'd defiantly find her. She decided to stay put; hoping against hope it was a coincidence.

A hail came through, "*Federation shuttlecraft, this is the Val Jean, state your intentions.*"

Aurelia considered. Could she fake it? Fake being a defector? They'd never go for it. Who ever was in that raider knew how to find her; probably former Starfleet. Fight or flight? She couldn't outrun the raider. So she chose her preferred option.

"Computer, return to normal operation," said Aurelia. "Raise shields and power phasers."

"Pilot, don't do that. We have you outgunned. Stand down."

She decided to gamble. At the least it would buy her time. The tactical officer opened the line, "This is Lieutenant Commander Sintina Aurelia of the USS *Renegade*, How about I give you ten seconds to lower your defenses."

A brief laugh came over the channel. "*Well Lieutenant Commander Sintina Aurelia, I'm Chakotay and I don't have a rank anymore. How about we discuss this?*"

"Six seconds."

"There's a fine line between courage and stupidity, commander. I'll ask you again, stand down," stated the Maquis.

Aurelia manually targeted her phasers on their weapons to gain an advantage. "You're criminals. Surrender to me and you'll have a fair trial."

"That'd be true," contended Chakotay, "if we were still Federation citizens, but thanks to that damn treaty, we're not."

Aurelia fired, knocking out one of their phaser arrays. "Time's up."

She set a course to move to the ventral side of the raider. Sintina was able to take some pot shots, but the damage was minimal to the Maquis ship.

The *Val Jean* came about to make chase and to protect its aft side. The *N'mara* climbed into a roll to bring her forward mounted phasers to bear on the *Val Jean*. In mid roll, however, the raider made a direct hit on one of the shuttle's thrusters, causing the attack maneuver to degrade into a lateral spin.

Sintina struggled to regain control. The g-forces pushed her to the left. The lights in the cabin flickered.

The speakers chimed on, *"Your inertial dampers are failing. Lower your shields so we can beam you out!"*

Aurelia was on the verge of losing consciousness. She felt her eyes begin to roll back into her head. The controls indicated 16 g's and rising. She couldn't function much longer. A plan, albeit a simple plan, began to form in her mind. She was about to talk only to realize her jaw was plastered shut due to the excessive speed of her craft.

Somehow, her arm managed to reach tactical control.

Seconds later, she found herself sitting on the floor in a somewhat larger cockpit. It wasn't any better because this ship was spinning too. There were four seats, but only the pilot, presumably Chakotay, was present. His back was to her, but she knew that wouldn't last. As the room began to slow,

Sintina reached for her phaser. At the same time, Chakotay swung around with his own phaser. She had no time or room to fire, so in one fluid motion she knocked the Maquis' phaser out of his grasp with her own weapon hand. Both devices flew across the control panels.

Chakotay didn't attempt to recover his weapon. Instead he lunged for Aurelia. She quickly raised her leg which impacted the man's abdomen. He backed away to recover his breath. It was enough time for Sintina to stand and assume a fighting stance. She was relieved when her equilibrium didn't fail her.

There was little room to make a roundhouse kick, so she threw a jab to Chakotay's jaw. Something intercepted her strike and deflected it. It was the Indian...he blocked it.

"I should warn you," began Chakotay, "I have a 23 and 1 boxing record."

Aurelia's comeback was quick, "Boxing isn't fighting." She launched a front snap kick to his groin. It hit its mark. He hunched over for a moment, but managed to stifle any vocalization of pain. Sintina then grabbed the back of the man's head and drove her knee up to his tattooed face. She heard the distinct crackle of a nose braking.

Chakotay fell ungracefully into the pilot's seat. His hands reached from his groin to his nose as he moved.

Sintina took a moment to enjoy her handy work. Her ego overrode her strategy.

The Native American removed his hands from his bloody face. "Fine, let's play dirty." He immediately slid out of the chair, inter-tangling his legs with hers, and tripped her into the wall.

Aurelia's left cheek took most of the impact. She recovered quickly to face her opponent, but he was ready on her.

A fist ripped at her jaw. Her body had no choice but to follow. She cried out as another strike hit her kidney. One strong arm wrapped around her neck; another restrained her right arm behind her back. Once again, her face was associated with the wall.

"Don't make me hurt you any more," pleaded the Maquis.

Aurelia's response was garbled a bit since her lips were rubbing against the bulkhead. "Don't worry, you won't." Within a blink of an eye, her left foot had moved behind his right one, she twisted her torso, and Chakotay hit the deck with a dull thud.

She raised her foot, intending to stomp on the man's throat, but she saw movement down the corridor. It was a dark-skinned Vulcan. He wielded a phaser. It was now leveled at her.

Sintina uttered, "Sonofa...", before she fell unconscious in a very unnatural looking pose over a chair.

The Vulcan helped Chakotay up with one arm. The other still held the phaser.

"Why'd you do that? I had her right where I wanted her." boasted Chakotay.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow, "You wanted her to have the advantage?"

"Twenty-three and one...and one stalemate," said the American Indian.

"We should recover her shuttle, put her in an escape pod, and send it into Federation space," suggested Tuvok.

Chakotay wiped under his nose and examined the blood on his hand. He turned to address the limp mass over the navigator's station. "How about a rain-check on round two?"

END