

WOLF 359

Sometimes the 49th and the 4th brigade participate in joint maneuvers. This is an example of the them.

Based upon the Borg invasion of WOLF 359 from the TNG two part episode

"The Best of Both World".

3/17/13

4th Brigade Report Stardate 44005.3

Section 1.

"Soooo just what are we doing down here?" asked the Feline officer.

"Nothing but the concept of a mystery intrigues me, it is something I have never come across before and you know what they say about this part of the station." replied the warrior.

The smell of machine oil and sweat was in the material of all the objects around them, these were the bowels of Starbase Four, the place where most of the machines that ran the station were located. The Caitain wrinkled her nose.

"The smells are over powering, can't we leave here soon? I fear I will have to spend the next half hour cleaning my fur again."

The Jem Hadar warrior grinned at her Feline counterpart. "Then why did you join the Marines if you were afraid of getting dirty? This team does not seem like the kind that will be out there doing research, at least I hope not."

The Cat-woman was about to reply when the klaxon began to blare throughout the section.

BATTLE STATIONS BATTLE STATIONS THIS IS A PRIORITY
CONDITION RED ALERT. THIS IS NOT A DRILL RED ALERT.

The two junior officers looked at each other and sprinted for the turbo lift.

Section 2.

The three of them strode down the corridor with purpose, crewmen and junior officers scrambled about them reacting to the Red Alert being broadcast throughout the station, but these three had seen chaos much worse and knew they would again, and by the looks of it very soon!

The Marine commanders came to a stop outside the General's door, then rang the chime. They were bid to enter and the three Strike Group Leaders approached the CO for this sector Major General Fleona Dysast'ar. She had a slight grin on her face as the men walked through her door, these were some of the Corps top men. Some of the best Marines were under their commands.

"Gentlemen please sit down and I will get right to the point." She said.

First Lieutenant Ted Pool, leader of the Natural Twenties the 20th MSG, Marine Captain Benjamin Salisbury commander of the 13th MEU Murphy's Law, and the infamous Lt. Colonel Kered Nella of the Fallen Angels of Mercy, OIC of the 49th MSG, all came in and took a seat as ordered.

"Gentlemen the Red Alert is active throughout StarFleet, the Borg look as if they are going to try to attack Earth! The fleet is massing at Wolf 359 and you are all to report to the USS Golden Gate immediately. There is a massive Borg Cube approaching the planet and Enterprise is on its way with some new crew and new tactical information. But..." She left the word hanging in the air for a moment.

The three officers looked at each other for a moment from one face to the next, this was bad, and what the general had to say next could not be good, there was a strange look in her eyes and the humans could sense it.

"There is no other way to say it, Gentlemen the Borg have captured Jean-Luc Picard!, first commander to encounter the Borg and Captain of the Flagship."

The Klingon spoke first, "There is little need to say that this could be seen as a grand tactical disturbance. If Picard is taken by the Borg it could be just what they need to crack our defenses on Earth. Has the Federation contacted the Klingon Empire for assistance?"

"You have a point Colonel but what you may not perceive is that Picard has little information to pass along. They abducted him just as the Star Fleet liaison came aboard. They have little idea that we have worked on countermeasures since the Enterprises first contact with the Borg went so terribly. And yes the Klingon's are going to send help in the form of a squad of Battleships. They will be among the fall back ships protecting Earth if the Borg get through our lines at Wolf 359 and Alpha Centauri. Alpha Centauri is where I want the 13th and the 20th to board the USS Golden Gate along with the 49th and then transfer to the USS Gygax at Proxima for the rest of the journey. Once you have rendezvous with the USS Gygax I want you to form a boarding team and see if you can damage any of their systems from the inside.

Colonel Nella I want you and the 49th to proceed along with the USS Golden Gate but before you arrive at Alpha, there is something I want you and the Fallen Angles to take care of with those Aerowing Shuttles of yours. It won't be easy."

Section 3.

They had the Marine ready room filled up with the three units attending the briefing all at once, but the officers thought that this would be the best way to inform them all about pending exercise. The three units knew each other well, they had been working in a joint training exercise for the last three standard weeks. But this was not as training simulation and there was little to make them thing that they would return. After this latest news.

As the senior officer Nella addressed the teams. "After the almost complete destruction of the Fleet at Wolf 359 the remaining Fleet is about to fall back to Alpha Centauri to draw another line before the Borg get to Earth. The devastation that one Borg Cube wrought upon the Federation Fleet is unimaginable, I will be taking one of the Shuttles on a mission to see if there are any survivors among the wreckage. The rest of you will carry on to your designated assignments as scheduled. Now go and take a last look at your gear and be ready for wheels up in 90 standard minuets. Major Brando will be in charge while I am absent. Now dismissed. Alpha Squad stay a moment."

While the other units shuffled off to stow their gear and to grab a quick meal, Nella and his XO Major Rraaaww addressed Alpha Squad.

"Team the 49th has been given the assignment of trying to capture a Borg Drone. The Farallones will accompany the USS Golden Gate to the line and stand by for any rescue operations and to be there to make a second attempt at this capture if what we are about to try fails." Stated the Klingon Commander with grave sternness.

The Alcatraz will proceed to Wolf 359 to assist with the initial rescue, that is our cover. Our primary mission is to sift through the debris and try to find a functioning Borg Drone. StarFleet believes that the Drones are not susceptible to exposure to the vacuum as humanoids seem to be, their cybernetic armor has some kind of field that keeps the Borg in stasis until the collective can recover them. StarFleet believes that we will be able find more than one survivor among the debris."

One Marine raised his hand, Nella did not recognize this new officer, but he knew his roster and determined that this was Lieutenant Pascal Cranssen. Nella hated being interrupted during one of his briefs but he also wanted to encourage his new people until they learned that he did not like to be interrupted, he knew that most of the time the answers to questions would be covered in the lecture.

"I see you Lieutenant but I would like you to hold your question for the end of my brief, it won't be long." Said Nella with a slight smile. "Then our Mission Specialist will take over, Ensign Rrhhozz if you please."

At this point the Tawny Auburn furred Caitain stood up and addressed the squad from where she was seated. Her voice when she spoke was like a ripple of soft water in a brook, as she stated. "As you know the Borg are a collective a more connected single consciousness more than anything else, not like the Parcluos beetle or the Terran bee. Because the bio organism is obtained from different species the Borg have had to adapt some of the cerebral functions of the brains that they encounter and augment them to receive this one collective signal if you will." She took a look around her to see if they were getting, at the Academy she had heard stories about how dense the average Marine could be. Being around these soldiers for a few days told her different. The attentive attitude of all present told her that her stereotypes were mistaken, at least with this group.

Ensign Rrhhozz continued, "The result is that any Borg Drone can communicate with any other Drone and send and receive the same messages from the collective. Send a message to one and you send a message to all!

As fast as thought most of the time. We are going to try to plant a post hypnotic suggestion into the collective. And now because of the capture of the Flag Ships Commanding Officer we are going to try something a bit radical. We are going to try to Hypnotize the Borg into kind of rolling over and playing dead like a duck." She took a look one last time as her tail swished about from left to right the Caitain sign of satisfaction, before she sat down again.

"Good thank you Ensign, remarked Nella, "I want you all in full body armor before we get into the sky. I won't take any chance with just the rotating frequency modulation that StarFleet has come up with. One of those bastards blasts us I want you to survive, we won't be the ones who need rescue. Of course that means our secondary mission is to help any survivors of our own out there. We will be getting to the area within the oxygen time limit for the PPG/AE-304B survival vest attached to any of their suits. We will communicate with any life pods still transmitting the beacon and affix priority transport tags on them so they can be picked up by the Golden Gate upon their return. Now any questions?"

The comment was stated in general but the Colonel looked directly at Lieutenant Cranssen.

"Uhh, no Sir, my questions were answered by Ensign Rrhhooz, eh, Sir." stammered the young officer.

"Then I will assume your question had to do with what would we be doing with a Borg Drone, am I correct Lieutenant?" asked the Senior Officer.

"Uhh, well uhh yes Sir, it was exactly!"

Ahh to be that young again, thought the Klingon.

"Alpha Squad I want you to report to the Alcatraz in 60 minuets, all dressed up and ready for the dance. Groundbeasts Dismissed!" intoned Kered Nella.