

FROM THE AVENGER LOGS...

## GROUND ACTION

By Alex Rosenzweig

"Captain's Log, Stardate 8711.14:

Upon arrival at UFC-675-II, we have discovered a Klingon battle cruiser already in orbit around this planet. Mr. Wiener reports apparent readings of Klingon personnel on the planet's surface. As UFC-675 is well within Federation boundaries, this is highly suspicious. We are sending a security force to the planet's surface."

They materialized near a forest, phasers drawn. One of the security specialists focused his tricorder and turned slowly, scanning the terrain around them. As he reached his starting point, he looked up.

"Klingon readings confirmed, sir."

Commander Wilson nodded and opened his communicator.

"Wilson to Avenger. We confirm the readings. Beam down the second squad."

"Avenger. We copy," came the reply. A moment later, 6 flashes of light and columns of shimmering energy heralded the arrival of the second security team. The team's leader stepped forward and saluted Wilson.

"Kassenoff reporting," he said briskly. Wilson nodded.

"Lieutenant, take your group and station yourselves on the side of that hill there." He pointed to a mound about 50 meters away. Kassenoff nodded. He and his group started toward the hill.

Before they had gone 5 meters, the air was sliced by the bright red beams of Klingon hand disruptors. One of Kassenoff's group was hit on the foot, and he fell. Two others grabbed him, and all 6 started running back toward Wilson's team.

"Damn!" the security chief swore. "They took the hill." The others around him were already firing back at the Klingons, who were advancing over the top of the mound. "Retreat toward the forest," he ordered, leveling his own phaser and releasing discharges of blue energy.

The battle continued. The Klingons outnumbered the Star Fleet officers, and pressed their advantage. The security teams were inexorably forced toward the trees. As they reached the woods' edge, Wilson chose to try a tactical move.

"On my order, you'll scatter. Get into the forest and conceal yourselves. Hopefully we'll confuse the Klingons." The others nodded acknowledgment.

The Klingons advanced. Wilson glanced left and right, checking his people. The moment came. "Break!" he shouted, jumping left and bolting for the forest. In less than 30 seconds, the security team was hidden behind bushes and trees, crouched in the underbrush, and nestled behind large rocks.

The Klingon squad leader stopped firing. "Where are they?" he growled.

Suddenly, from within the forest, a spray of blue phaser energy poured out. 14 of the 20 Klingons were stunned. The rest, realizing their situation, fled.

The Star Fleet officers emerged from the forest. Wilson shook his head in amazement, but still kept his phaser aimed at the fallen Klingons.

"By God, it worked," muttered Ensign Clayton.

"It sure did," replied Ensign Sparrow.

Wilson flipped open his communicator. "Avenger, come in."

"Rosenzweig here. We picked up combat at your coordinates. Is everything all right?"

"Yes, Admiral. Of 20 Klingons: 14 stunned, 6 escaped. Should we take the ones here prisoner?"

"Affirmative. Prepare to beam up."

"Aye, sir." Wilson looked around. "You heard him. We're beaming up." Soon after, they and their prisoners dematerialized.

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