

"We are the Borg, you will be assimilated, resistance is futile. Your biological and technological distinctiveness will be added to our own." The captain sat unimpressed in his command chair. "Shut them up" he ordered. Seconds later a beam of green light shot from the lead destroyer shot outwards and incinerated a cube. More cubes emerged from the dense nebula. They ploughed through space and began to fire their weapons at the intruding ships. Faster spheres manoeuvred rapidly attempting to prevent the imperial ships acquiring a firm target lock on them. It was to no avail. Turbolaser bolts spat out reducing cubes to expanding clouds of gas wherever they touched them.

As the imperial ships continued their relentless progress into the heart of the nebula, the Borg collective set its entire mind against them. More ships poured through the re-activated wormholes, hurrying to intercept the oncoming enemies. Decisions were reached with a cold disregard. A tactical cube, cube one four seven, emerged from the aperture of a wormhole. The cube set its course to ramming speed, travelling at full impulse power.

Picard watched the man walk calmly down the ship's ramp. His mannerisms perfectly matched the average federation tourist. He was an impressive actor. The ship itself looked strange close up, hammer-headed and terminating in massive thrusters, it was totally unlike any normal starship. Looking across the landing area he was unable to see much of the underside due to parked shuttles, but the topside was clearly visible. There were two small turrets and one massive one visible.

The man began to cross the landing pad, still maintaining the guise. He had brown hair, and was wearing a standard federation civilian work overall, probably replicated from the enterprise, thought Picard. He made his way past Jean Luc's position without incident. Not seeming to notice that he was being watched.

The Borg cube advanced inexorably. A few tie fighters began to strafe it, the reduced range of the turbolasers in the nebula telling as the imperials came closer to its core. One fighter was caught in a tractor beam, it was dragged into the gaping maw of the monstrosity.

The pilot, known as Daq to his friends wrestled with the controls. Though it was a powerful and sturdy fighter, the TIE fighter was no match for the power of the tractor beam, and disappeared into the interior of the tactical cube, firing its laser cannons all the way in. The other fighters looped away from the ship. Heading back to the fleet, communicating ahead.

Tactical Cube 147 Moving to intercept enemy vessels.
Interception vessels detected.
Life forms detected.
Transport and assimilate.

Picard slid around the corner after the spy. The man was ahead of him now, and heading into the city centre. The man turned off into a darkened alleyway. Though the federation had technically eliminated poverty, this was not entirely true. By eliminating money and replacing it with the near-worthless federation credit system, they had actually galvanised social conditions. It was no co-incidence that most starship captains had family on earth.

The captain followed the man into the back street. Cautiously he peered into the darkness. Picard edged along the wall, keeping a watch for any movement. Suddenly a fist burst from the darkness, catching Picard on the chin. He reeled back and lost his balance. The man slammed the heel of his hand into the captain's chest and swept his legs.

Picard crashed to the ground, his head jarred by the fall. He looked up to see the other man take a type one phaser from his pocket, and point it at him. The agent pressed the fire button, the sizzling red beam missed Picard's prone form. Seizing his opportunity as the agent disgustedly threw the weapon away, Picard kicked a foot into his groin.

The man stumbled backwards and fell. Picard leapt forwards onto him, grabbing him by the overalls. The man grunted as he fell, Picard began to press onto his throat.

"What did you do to my ship?" he screamed.
The other man remained stoically silent, and began to push against Picard, his superior strength and training showing. The man slammed his knee upwards and rolled, breaking the captain's jaw in the process. Picard's hand found the dropped phaser. Grasping it he attempted to throw his overbearing assailant off. The man rolled backwards and smartly to a standing position, reaching into his pocket for something. Picard did not give him the chance, pressing the button on the small phaser he watched as the bright beam hit the man, causing him to step back. A red ring began to spread across him and he gave a howl of pain. The man began to fade from view.

The cube rolled onwards, the fleet at last coming into range. The imperials reacted entirely as had been expected. The cube was blasted to pieces in a single shot. From the debris emerged a sphere.

Tactical Cube 147 destroyed.

Tactical Sphere 236 ready.

Engaging warp drive.

The Borg sphere shot forwards, at almost a hundred times the speed of light.

The Emperor Star Destroyer leading the formation was its target. The shields of such a craft would be orders of magnitude beyond the weapons yield of a sphere. This time however, they were not. The shields were annihilated, and the sphere crashed into the destroyer's prow with an unimaginably immense amount of kinetic energy.

Both vessels were blasted to atoms travelling at relativistic speed. This shower of energy rained down on the victory star destroyer behind it, draining its shields. The view ports of the old star destroyer smashed, and the atmosphere of the ship began to blow crewmen into the cold of space.

Elsewhere in the nebula, the waiting Borg activated their transporters, and began beaming the unfortunate survivors aboard. There would be much distinctiveness added to the collective soon.

Aboard the Imperial Wrath Kane Koloth watched the assembled officers of the fleet. Behind him stood high admiral Narra and Admiral Rale, The three remaining field commanders gave their reports.

"Yes sir, these dominions have been elusive, and we have been unable to locate their hidden command centre." Reported one

"Indeed" said Koloth "and how exactly do you plan to find them?"

"We have been monitoring their ship movements, it has been most difficult. Their soldiers and officers usually kill themselves before capture."

"Fanatics?" asked Koloth

"It seems so sir, from available information they seem to worship the founders as deities."

"I trust your judgement, admiral" replied Koloth, concluding the meeting. As the holograms flickered out he turned to Narra.

"If we are to follow our orders we will need a firm base of operations." He said.

"It seems unlikely that we will be able to achieve that without building a ground up infrastructure."

"I know" replied the Dark Jedi; "Perhaps I should take a personal hand in things." He said almost to himself.