

## Chapter one. Pre-emptive strike.

The outer reaches of the Skaro system was studded with defence platforms, known to all species unfortunate enough to have encountered them as 'Killstations.' They were arrayed in eight concentric spheres around the system's star placed approximately one astronomical unit apart, with the first layer sharing the orbit of the fourth planet. Every station carried enough firepower to blast a terrestrial world into oblivion.

The third and fifth worlds were now planets in name only. Over the centuries and millennia they had been extensively mined to the point where they were in effect planet sized battle stations. A third had been planned but one interfering time-lord known only as 'the doctor' had prevented that plan from succeeding.

Another fifty defence stations orbited the fourth planet, Skaro, heart of the most feared empire in all history. Many mellenia ago a species known as the daleks had risen to dominance on that world. Once aptly described as "blobs of hate in bonded polycarbide armour" the daleks were a species of cyborgs, the radiation and chemically poisoned descendants of a humanoid species. They had carved out a vast empire over five galaxies.

The capital city of the planet, between an Inland Sea and a mountain range, rose from a desert of industrial works and spaceports. It was a bland place, with no decoration and nothing to break the monotony of the spires and towers, connected by the occasional walkway, or to be more accurate, roller-ways, as dalek travel units did not use legs. Though from time to time "spider" versions were manufactured for the rare occasions when they were needed.

The city was populated by a mix of daleks, their humanoid slaves and a machine species called the movellans, who had been created as a ruse in one of the dalek prime's intricate schemes, and had since served as dalek expendable warriors.

In a huge armoured tower, surrounded by defences lay the dalek central control. Inside one of it's rooms five blue daleks monitored a computer read out. Their enhanced minds had been created for the task.

"Alert" the first said in it's grating metallic tones "chronotons detected. Reference 234.245 879.234 0.246 negative 750 negative." A lift slid down noiselessly. A black dalek rolled off the lift and slid towards the readouts.

"Re-port" it demanded.

"Planetary system - earth, a crude time travel device was activated seven hundred and fifty years ago.

" It replied.

In another time and place, another superior was also demanding a report. "Report!" shouted Worf,

clambering back into the command chair.

"Main power is offline, we've lost shields, our weapons are.. gone!" replied the officer at the conn.

Worf hammered in frustration at the touch panel controls.

Looking up determinedly he said "Perhaps today is a good day to die." He paused for a moment. "Prepare for ramming speed!" he ordered.

"Sir, there's another starship coming in!" said the ensign. "It's nothing the computer recognises..." he finished.

The dalek cruiser had stumbled into a battle. Seizing the initiative the daleks began approaching at ten percent lightspeed. On the cramped bridge of the dalek vessel a black dalek sat on an elevated platform, below it three inferiors operated the controls.

"Threat assessments completed" said the central dalek, using its neural interface with the ship to display the battle on the main screen. The computer displayed the borg cube. Layering it and displaying the sphere nestled like an egg inside it. The sphere was illuminated in a soft blue, indicating the primitive time travel device inside.

"Open fire!" ordered the black dalek. In a fraction of a second what had been the cube was suddenly occupying a forever expanding volume.

"Scan for similar vessels" ordered the black dalek. One of the sensor operators soon replied with an answer.

"Similar vessels detected approximately sixty thousand light years from our current location."

"Engage Time Corridor to intercept at most convenient time."

"I obey" replied the grey dalek.

The dalek ship appeared out of nowhere at unimatrix one. A single shot vaporised the bulk of the borg base. The battle was over almost instantly, there was nothing to compare with the overwhelming firepower the dalek ship had at it's disposal.

In the dalek ship the black dalek patiently listened to the repeated transmission again. Even though fourteen of their planets had been destroyed in the last hour, these borg still thought that resistance was futile. "Four cubes incoming, diverting point defence weaponry to exterminate." Said a grey dalek controlling the tactical aspect of the campaign. A moment later the cubes were destroyed casually by the defence cannons of the dalek ship.

Fourteen planets destroyed - seventy thousand cubes destroyed - fourty two thousand spheres destroyed - two trillion nine hundred and sixty eight billion four hundred and seventy two million nine hundred and eighty eight thousand twenty two drones lost. Prepare to assimilate.