

## Chapter 3 Imprisonment

Captain Janeway stepped out of the shuttle. She was still attempting to understand how it could be larger internally than externally. The docking bay of the dalek ship was extremely cramped and Spartan. There were no comforts of any kind to draw the eye from the monotonous walls. Several daleks were moving around in the area, adding to it's claustrophobic ambience.

Seven and the doctor followed the captain out of the shuttle, followed by several daleks. Another red dalek approached them.

The red dalek stopped in front of its twin. "The expendable prisoners are to be taken to standard storage. The doctor is to be taken to the maximum containment area." It said.

"Agreed" replied its companion. Janeway shuddered at the word expendable. It was clear that she fell into that category. The first red dalek, the assault leader turned to her. "Retrieve the other prisoner." It ordered the lights on its dome seeming to flash impatiently.

Katherine Janeway walked back into the shuttle and picked up B'lanna Torres. Her head was bruised, and there was a thin layer of dried pinkish blood on her face. The former captain struggled to lift the engineer; eventually she managed to hoist the half-klingson woman onto her shoulder.

"Proceed" ordered the dalek, indicating the doorway to the landing bay with its sink-plunger-like attachment. This attachment had originally been conceived as a metal claw, and occasionally daleks were refitted with claws, however research at the time of the dalek development had developed a manipulator field generator, which while occasionally known to fail, was extremely flexible.

As Janeway struggled under the weight of the engineer, the doctor, still carrying Seven followed her. The daleks directed them into a lift. Three daleks followed them into the lift, and the doors slid shut silently. The lift hummed for a moment and the doors opened again. The daleks reversed out of the lift. The lead dalek, now a grey coloured one, ordered them to follow.

They walked down the cold gunmetal grey corridor. Janeway was still in a sort of dazed and confused shock. They stopped outside an imposing doorway; one of the daleks pressed its manipulator against a raised dome on the wall, the door hissed open.

"Enter" it, said in a menacing tone. They entered the room, there was another dalek coloured light blue inside, waiting for them. It was plugged into a computer of some kind. Its dome swivelled to face them. "Approach" it, said.

The ex-captain approached the dalek, staggering slightly under the weight of her chief engineer, she hadn't been used to doing physical work, but rather making decisions.

"Place your wrist in the alcove." It instructed. Janeway put her hand into a cylindrical hole. She felt something metallic, clamp down on her wrist, Janeway was also certain that she felt several small needles penetrate her skin. She jerked her hand out of the device. Attached to it was a manacle of some form.

She looked at the dalek, confused slightly. The dalek looked back. "Place the other prisoner's hand into the alcove." it instructed.

The black dalek watched its crew perform their functions. They were performing as normal. This was no surprise to his. He rolled backwards, disconnecting from the ship. He rolled into the lift behind him. It ascended a level, into the planning room above the bridge.

The black dalek plugged himself back into the ship and called up the latest data intercepts from the ships that attacked them. As expected, they showed a second wave of enemy vessels amassing near the long-range portal entrance. Almost ten thousand of them were preparing to attack.

The enemy hoped to overcome them by attacking en masse. It was just about possible that they may succeed in doing so. It would have been possible for the ship to simply escape. That however, would have left the enemy force unharmed. He switched to the short-range view of the system. An O spectrum star, a few small rocks, a debris field where the infested planet had been, and a gas giant.

Suddenly an Idea came to his mind

Aboard the dalek ship, Seven of Nine woke up. For the first time in her deceptively short life she had developed a hangover. She pushed herself up onto her arms and looked around. The ex-borg looked around; she was in a small holding cell of some sort, facing a solid metal wall.

She tucked her legs underneath her body and sat up, her head painfully pressed against the ceiling of the cell. She tried to turn around. There was a transparent door to the cell.

She leant forwards and leaned against the door, pushing her fingers through several small holes, presumably air holes. She could see Captain Janeway looking at her from the opposite cell.

"Captain" she whispered.

Janeway stared blankly back at her. She seemed to be in shock. Seven whispered urgently to her again, "Captain!" she hissed.

The captain did nothing but stare into the distance.

Returned to the bridge, the black dalek watched as preparations were completed.

"Trans-mat ready" reported one of the three grey and black daleks.

"Transport the device into the planet." He ordered.

In another part of the ship a large hyper - explosive device began to disappear.

"Trans-mat completed" reported the dalek.

"Space warp opening is preparing." Interjected another dalek, "Estimated time to full opening is now eighty rels!" it reported.

The black dalek felt anticipation. This would doubtless be remembered if it succeeded. He would likely be given a far greater command. "Divert weapon power to shields and engines." He commanded. "I obey." Replied one of the other daleks.

The dalek ship accelerated away from the vast gas giant. Falling towards the star in the distance, it's spectrum shifted into blue by the velocity.

Four minutes later, the transwarp conduit opened. The greatest armada ever assembled by the Borg began to disgorge from it. Thousands of cubes and spheres came forth from the portal. Ready to adapt to anything these aggressors could fire at them. Resistance was futile.

They scanned outwards with their sensors. They could find nothing. Then there was something, a tiny reading, a pulse, a signal, a signature. They began to head towards it. The first spheres, faster than their lumbering and slow battlewagon cousins, arrived in orbit of the gas giant.

Aboard the flagship of the borg fleet, a class one strategic cube by their designations, a massive cube of fifteen kilometres per side, the borg queen was puzzled. There was certainly something there, but what was it?

Hours passed. The Borg armada finally finished their arrival. They formed a blockade around the planet. Satisfied with the forces at her disposal, the queen ordered a sphere, sphere one five eight, to descend into the clouds.

It descended through the thickening gaseous clouds of hydrogen and helium, while being buffeted by intense winds. The sphere was able to descend for at least a few hundred kilometres. The signal was still faint; it seemed to be coming from the core of the planet itself.

Inside the star, well below the range the borg would be able to detect them, though it was unlikely that the borg would be able to even scan past the chromosphere the dalek ship sat in the star's radiative zone, photons flowing past it. The black dalek watched on the sensors as the borg tried to penetrate the atmosphere. Tactically they were completely uninspired. Even ogrons possessed more

initiative than this machine species, and they were barely considered sentient.

He activated a signal relay. Deep within the gas planet, the bomb activated, A flash vaporised the silicate rock core, blasting it outward and forcing it to expand simultaneously. The rippling shockwave spread outwards through the mantle of water ice, methane and ammonia, boiling them and blasting them into orbit. The borg began to turn, began to flee. Too late. The pulse of superheated atmosphere hit them. Their limited shields were easily destroyed, their fragile hulls folded like paper before the wave washing against them.

The explosions from a hundred times a hundred warp-cores exploding would one day light the sky of a primitive world a dozen light years away. On that day, the gods would make war.

The tide of superheated gases receded, the gases collapsing back into their world, pulled by their own gravity. In space the borg queen screamed with synthesised vocal processors that made no sound. No one could hear, and nobody cared. In a few years the next queen would live to see her empire finally destroyed by the many enemies whose long held grudges would then be settled.

The ship reappeared in the Skaro system, a spherical distortion seeming to surround it for an infinitesimal moment. It was immediately interrogated by the nearest space stations, Having measured up to scratch the ship was allowed to pass into the system.

It accelerated towards the desolate planet of Skaro five. Though the prisoners could not see it the planet would have seemed unusually reflective to them. It was covered entirely in steel alloys, impregnated with some other substances. The planet was about the same size as earth, though it had much greater mass.

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"Enemy fleet destroyed." Reported the grey dalek.

"Move our vessel out of the star." ordered it's black superior. The vessel blasted through the photosphere of the star, spraying stellar gases into the star's atmosphere.

"Returning shield intensity to normal level." Another reported.

"Exit radiation zone and engage time corridor generator." Instructed the black dalek.

"I obey"

The ship fled the potentially dangerous radioactive cloud of gases surrounding the star, and disappeared.

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The ship passed into an enormous docking bay, a vast area, a thousand kilometres across. The entire planet had been replaced with metal structure and decks. Innumerable factories, armouries, troop areas and of course, dalek production centres. The ship docked against a pylon, its airlocks engaging with corridors.

"Slaving power systems to exterior generator. Replenishing expended fuel." Reported the bridge systems controller. "Establishing computer report upload; uploading."

"Inform the dalek prime that we may have captured the Doctor." Ordered the black dalek.

On the dalek home world the dalek prime received the message milliseconds after it was uploaded into the dalek command network. The doctor had finally been captured successfully. He looked around at the various other daleks in his command tower. "Disengage command module from this docking station." he ordered, in a low resonating version of the dalek voice. After the inevitable 'I obey' there was a shuddering from the tower as the module levitated from the skyscraper.

"Now entering geo-stationary orbit." reported a dalek a few seconds later. The dalek prime watched the display panel. Finally he would have a chance to destroy the greatest enemy of the daleks, he remembered the doctor. The doctor had been there at his creation, millennia ago. He had been prevented from exterminating the doctor then, he would finally succeed now.

If it was indeed the doctor who had been captured.

The command module entered the docking bay of a waiting destroyer, and began to accelerate towards the converted planet.

The blue dalek glided along the corridor towards the prisoner's cells, it was accompanied by another dalek, this one a reflective silver and blue colour.

Though the difference was minor, this coloration was used for non-combat daleks (a non-combat dalek still being a highly aggressive armed creature capable of fighting, only assigned to a task other than warfare.) Using their internal communications systems one passed instructions to the other.

"Take this prisoner to level two four five seven, area G twelve."

"I Obey" the other replied.

It connected itself to the door controls, and activated the simple switch. The door slid downwards. The dalek looked at Captain Janeway. "Move" it said.

Janeway focused on the metal machine, her mind was not even able to conceive of resistance. What was

the point? The technical term for her condition would doubtless include the word shock, and probably Trauma. She stumbled out of the claustrophobic box, looking distinctly uninterested, even in her own survival.

The emperor's destroyer began its deceleration as it approached the almost entirely artificial planet. Instead of entering the vast docking bays of the planet, it approached a low orbit instead. The smooth metallic command module left the docking bay and began to land on the surface. It landed on a tower, much like the one it had just left.

"Bring this 'doctor' to me." The emperor ordered, with a sense of impending satisfaction.

The captain stepped out of the lift. It was large and Spartan, with an austere simplicity to its design. She had noticed several large buttons inside its control system, perhaps the lift could take human instructions?

She stepped into a large, metal room. There were two grey daleks and a group of silver coloured versions manning a large console in the centre of the room. She noted that these daleks didn't have the metal slats around their 'shoulders' that the others had, instead they had silver bands of metal around their shoulders.

"Prisoner for interrogation" the silver dalek escorting her declared.

The dalek emperor watched the hologram before him. It showed a bald human in a strange uniform tunic. "This could be the doctor, he has changed appearance before." said the red supreme controller next to him.

"Possibly. However, I view it as unlikely, his garments bear no resemblance to those worn by any of the doctor's appearances." replied the emperor as the wires and tubes connecting him to the dalek command network retracted into the darkened ceiling. He activated his motive systems and glided backwards into a hidden exit.

The supreme controller hovered for a moment and joined the emperor in the darkened corridor. The imperial command module was actually quite large inside. The emperor was limited in his mobility by his larger casing, but he was not as immobile as he allowed people to believe.

They entered another room, this one had a large window making up its far wall and ceiling, though it was an incredible view of the stars. The wall sealed itself to invisibility behind them. The emperor took up a position by the window, another set of wires and tubes emerged from the ceiling and slotted into his ports.

"Send in the Doctor!" he commanded. The door opened and the balding man stepped through. The doctor stepped into the room tentatively. The emperor watched him, he could perceive a few things strange about the humanoid's appearance, he appeared to be..... A hologram!

"Alert!" he commanded. "Find and destroy the doctor!" Ordered the emperor. The red supreme controller looked at the emperor. He pointed his gun at the doctor in anticipation. The emperor waited for a moment; "Exterminate this duplicate!" he instructed. The controller fired at the Emergency Medical Hologram, who was thrown through the air, his mobile emitter erupting in a shower of sparks as he faded.

"Attach brain analysis disk." Ordered the silver dalek.

"We obey" The grey guard replied, pressing Janeway against a wall as another silver dalek reached out with his manipulator arm, a strange reflective black disk attached to his arm. He attached the disk to Janeway's neck, wires and probes reaching into her spinal cord as she winced in pain.

"Do not resist, if you resist the disk will administer pain." said the interrogator, turning his dome to face his twin. The silver dalek activated a system, the control system connected to his neural systems beeped once. Captain Janeway screamed and fell backwards, sliding down the silver featureless wall.

"That was nerve induction level one," said the dalek. "There are one thousand levels." The captain shuddered in fear. "We will begin." Continued the interrogator.

The supreme controller entered the emperor's control room. The emperor swivelled his eyestalk to stare down at the red-gold dalek. "Report" he demanded.

"The Doctor has not yet been located. He may have escaped using a time corridor generator. All ships have been locked into docking positions."

"If the Doctor was even aboard the vessel."

"If he was then he will probably return to the same area in order to recover his TARDIS." The emperor contemplated the controller's words for a moment.

"You are correct. If he cannot be found by a full search, then we must a fleet to apprehend him."

Captain Janeway howled in agony. "That is not possible." Said the disk operator. "This memory must be implanted." The superior silver dalek looked at him. "Report analysis of responses."

"Subject is using an unknown method to cause the disk to download incorrect data."

"How is this proven?"

"It is impossible for there to be a crack in the event horizon of a black hole. It is a mathematical phenomena not affected by observable imperfections."

"Increase pain induction." commanded the silver dalek.

In another interrogation room, not far from the one being used for Captain Janeway, B'lanna Torres was ushered in by a pair of grey dalek guards. She was sure that her shoulder was dislocated. There was a table of some sort in front of her, covered in a slight padding, with a raised section where

her head was probably intended to lie. Behind the table was a control panel, with two silver daleks attached to it.

One of them looked at her: "Lie down on the examination table." he said.

"Die you metal Pah'tak!" she shouted at the dalek, turning and running for the door behind her, striking out at one of the dalek guards.

She stopped, needles of white-hot pain lancing into her mind. Her arm felt as if it was on fire. She collapsed to the floor, clutching the manacle around her wrist.

"Lie on the table, co-operate and the pain will end." said one of the daleks. She crawled to the foot of the table whimpering in pain, reaching up to the side with her other arm, dislocated as it was. B'lanna pulled herself onto the table. The pain in her wrist subsided.

"Place your arms and legs in the depressions." Instructed one of the daleks. Shaking she obeyed, a pair of clamps sprang up around her wrists and ankles.

"Beginning genetic scan." said one of the daleks.