“Time After Time”

By Dante
#2407

Big Daddy’s
VT-49 Decimator

Stars streaked by on the bridge as the small crew milled around doing tasks as they waited for the ship to come out of hyperspace. Major Guile and General Ferraro were going over the shield system just in case they came out into an ambush while Kell and Buk were getting the warhead launchers prepped and ready.

As they neared the coordinates of the destroyed intelligence vessel, Dante called the crew onto the bridge to begin his briefing. “From the information that we have received, there is a high probability of enemy activity in the area. To that end… I want everyone ready for action when we come out of hyperspace.” He turned to the pilot and said “Major… make sure that you’re ready to take evasive.”

The pilot nodded and said “I’ll be ready, sir.”

“Good. Once we come out of hyperspace, our mission is to find the black box of the intelligence vessel, retrieve it, and head back out as quickly as possible. Minimum time in the target area to minimize our possible risk of exposure.”

The crew nodded in assent, and Guile said “Let’s go get this over with” as she hopped into the pilot seat. “Strap in guys! Taking her out of hyperspace…. NOW!”

Shuddering slightly, the star pattern appeared as the Decimator disengaged its hyper drive and entered normal space. “Wreckage is ahead of us. Anybody else out here?” asked the pilot as she brought the ship around and headed for the remains of the ship.

“No contacts so far,” said Jumbo as he and Buk manned the two remote gunnery stations looking for enemy targets.

Kell looked out at the darkness and said “Roger that… keep scanning” as he swiveled the command chair back forward. “Major, take us into the debris field.”

“Aye, sir. Heading in…” replied Guile as the first piece of small wreckage sizzled against the shields.

“Buk, do we have a transponder reading yet on the black box?” asked the Adept as the ship slowly slipped between the larger pieces of wreckage.

The equite responded with “Negative…. Wait… I have a very faint signal. Approximately 45 degrees downward plane and 60 degrees starboard. Distance is danger close.”

Major Guile turned the ship, cut the engines, and let the ship drift towards their mission goal.

“Buk... stay on the sensors. I’m going to go get an enviro-suit on… “Kell turned to the pilot and said “Get us in closer so I can just pull the thing to me” as he headed down to the cargo bay.

By the time Kell was able to get his enviro-suit on, Guile had flown the Decimator in to a range of about 20 meters from the piece of wreckage that contained the black box. “Going through the airlock now” said Dante as he trudged out into the airlock and drained the atmosphere out of the lock. “Opening hatch.” He was greeted with the stillness of deep space as he checked his tether line and then pushed off.

“Don’t puke” came over his comm line from Jumbo.

“Thanks… you trained me well enough on Carrida II that I shouldn’t have to worry about that. I puked enough back then,” joked Kell as his minded drifted for a moment back to his and Jumbo’s days in the Hammer’s Fist.

The wreckage came up quickly as Kell latched onto it on the first try. The box was still in its holding case so it was a simple matter of using the Force to pry it loose as it popped off with minimal effort. “I have the box. Returning to the ship,” said the Obelisk as he pushed off towards the Decimator.

“Good… I always like an easy mission…” said Guile as she began prepping the ship for a quick getaway.

“Don’t jinx it….” quipped Jumbo as he looked over his scanner.

Buk was about to make a witty comment when his scanners went off and he shouted “Incoming targets… I count about a dozen fighters…”

“Great…. Give me 5 more seconds” said Kell as he floated into the airlock and pushed the close button for the outer hatch. “I’m in!”

Guile punched the engines, and the ship began maneuvering through the debris field as incoming laser blasts began peppering the ship and the pieces of wreckage around it.

Throwing pieces of his enviro suit off as he ran for the bridge, Kell dropped the black box next to his command chair and sat down. “Let’s get some countering fire going guys. Anzle…. Do your thing.”

“Incoming missile. Brace for impact” yelled Major Guile as she flipped the ship over and around trying to evade the concussion missile. Luckily, it struck a piece of the destroyed ships engine, but the blast still damaged the Decimator.

“Fire control is out,” muttered Dante. He turned to Buk and Jumbo as he hopped in the co-pilot chair. “You two, hop on the manual weapons controls. Now!

The Decimator looped around to evade a couple of enemy fighters that were coming in on a strafing run.

Outgoing fire increased as both sets of cannons began taking their toll on the enemy forces.

“I think I see an opening… input the hyperspace coordinates,” ordered Guile as Kell hit the preset jump sequence.

“Get us out of here now!” yelled Kell as the Decimator took another hit.

The engines strained under the stress, but the stars turned into streaks as the ship entered hyperspace.

Major Guile turned to Kell and said “That was fun….” as sparks illuminated the darkened bridge. “Hopefully, she’ll hold together until we get home.”

Kell flipped the intercom and said “Guys… get up here and let’s start doing damage control before we break apart. Good work…”