

Captain's log, stardate 52319.0:

While on patrol in sector 287-H, the Dauntless has received a hail from a planet in the Oriaphus system, which on the star charts is called simply Hammond's World. They request we divert to their location.

Koester, commanding Dauntless, out.

"Mister Bloom, what can you tell me about this planet?" Fleet Captain Peter J. Koester asked his emotional Vulcan science officer.

"Well, Commodore," Bloom said, reading information from the LCARS display. "Hammond's World, Federation planetary catalogue number M-287-H IV, is a privately-owned planetoid, the only M-class planetoid in this sector. Records indicate the planetoid was bought by the JP InGeneering Corporation about a decade ago. It is the fourth planet in the Oriaphus system. When first surveyed, the planet's ecology supported numerous plant life-forms, but no animal life higher than the insect level."

"What is it the Corporation does there?" Koester asked, looking at the main viewscreen where the small brown and green planet was just becoming visible.

"Computer records do not indicate, Commodore," Bloom responded, standing up from the science console and walking around to stand behind the first officer's seat. "However, it is believed to be some sort of corporate resort or research and development facility. JP InGeneering has regularly scheduled space flights to and from Earth every three weeks."

Lt Commander Phillip Winters, who had been busily tapping information into a padd he held, looked back toward the command chair and Koester.

"Skipper, we're being hailed by JPI"

"On screen," Koester ordered.

Winters nodded, and a moment later the view of the nearing planetoid was replaced the image of a man wearing a business suit.

"This is Commodore Peter J. Koester of the Federation starship *Dauntless*," Koester said as he stood up and took a few steps closer to the screen. "How can we be of assistance to you?"

"Good day to you, Commodore," the man on the screen responded. "I am Dale Vondra, Vice President in charge of Marketing for JP InGeneering. I'm sorry to have interrupted whatever mission you were on..."

"No problem, Mister Vondra. We were simply patrolling the sector against any Cardassian or Jem'Hadar vessels that may try and break through the front lines. It's been a tense but quiet week," replied Koester.

"Excellent," Vondra said, a bright smile filled with shiny white teeth covering his face. "Our purpose for calling you is rather too complicated to explain long distance like this. I would like to invite you and at least five of your crew to join us here at our main facility. Perhaps we can help reduce your stress a little by offering you a chance to visit our resort."

Koester glanced toward his first officer, Virgil Kane, who sat in the seat in front of Bloom. The human-turned-Bajoran man nodded at his CO. Koester looked back toward the viewscreen.

"My first officer and other members of my staff would be delighted to take you up on your offer, Mister Vondra. Just send us the transporter coordinates."

"Certainly, Commodore," Vondra responded as he pushed a button on a panel on the desk in front of him.

"Coordinates received," Winters confirmed.

Virgil Kane stood up from his seat and started moving toward the nearest turbolift door, saying, "Have the coordinates sent to the transporter room. Carrie, you're with me."

Lt Commander (Carrie) K'danz nodded, turned the tactical console she had been manning over to one of her subordinate crew, and joined Kane in the turbolift.

"Have Lieutenant T'Cah meet me in transporter room two," Kane said as he stepped into the lift. "Deck eleven." And the doors swooshed closed behind him.

Space, The Final Frontier...
These are the voyages of the starship *Dauntless*!

Star Trek: Dauntless

“Hammond’s World” By PJK

Based in part on the novel “Jurassic Park” by Michael Crichton

Down in transporter room two, Virgil Kane and K’danz joined Lt T’Cah and three more of K’danz’s security team on the transporter pads.

“These coordinates are supposed to beam you down to a transporter system in the main complex building,” transporter chief Ray Daniels commented as he readied the system.

“Very well,” Kane said, tapping his combadge. “Kane to bridge. We’re ready down here, Skipper.”

On the bridge, Koester tapped the intercom button on the arm of his command chair and said with a smile, “Don’t have too much fun down there, Exec. We’ve just achieved orbit. Energize at your discretion.”

Koester looked back up at the viewer, which again showed the deeply forested planetoid spinning below.

“We have achieved synchronous orbit over the JPI facility, Commodore,” Lt Commander Kevin Fry reported from the helm.

“Very well, maintain orbit,” Koester ordered.

“Sir, transporter room two has completed transport,” reported Commander Winters from his seat to Fry’s left at ops. A moment passed, then an alarmed look appeared on Winter’s face. “Sir, I’ve lost my link with the away team.”

“Skipper!” exclaimed the tactical officer, Lt Ga’gh. “An ion screen has just been erected over a majority of the hemisphere where the JPI facility is located.”

“What the...? Winters, hail Vondra,” Koester ordered.

Winters hailed the Corporate facility on the planet, and a moment later Vondra appeared on the screen.

“What’s going on here?” Koester growled to the corporate executive.

“As I said earlier, Commodore, your crew has been invited down to relax and relieve some stress in our new resort,” Vondra said, a somewhat forced smile on his face. “They have been chosen to be the first test group to tour our very special park which we soon hope to open to the galaxy.”

“Skipper,” interrupted Chief Pono R. Kyman, the *Dauntless*’ command master chief, or COB as Koester preferred calling him. “I was doing some further research into JP InGeneering and I found some records as to what the facility on Hammond’s World was meant for.”

Koester stood up and walked over to the mission ops console where Kyman sat, looking over the El’Aurian man’s shoulder to read the screen while Kyman explained.

“According to a materials transfer permit issued five years ago, Hammond’s World was intended for use as an animal sanctuary by JPI.”

“An animal sanctuary?” Koester said, puzzled. “For what kind of animals?”

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The away team materialized within a small transporter platform located in a small clearing in the jungle. As soon as they realized they were not in the JPI facility building as promised, the four security guards - K’danz, Rodriguez, Guinness, and Hopey - all drew their phasers while Kane tapped his combadge.

“Away team to *Dauntless*... *Dauntless*, respond.”

“Mister Kane,” said T’Cah as she scanned her surroundings with her tricorder. “I am registering an ionic dampening field covering the area we are located for at least five kilometers in all directions. It is disrupting communications, and I highly doubt that the *Dauntless* has been able to maintain a transporter lock on us.”

Kane looked around at the thick undergrowth surrounding them, as well as the tall fern-like and deciduous trees all around.

“I seriously doubt we were beamed here accidentally,” he said. “Those coordinates they gave us must have been a ruse. Any signs of civilization nearby?”

T'Cah slowly scanned in a circle around herself, then pointed off in one direction.

"I am registering buildings five point two kilometers to the west of us. I recommend we proceed in that direction."

"Maybe someone there can give us some answers," K'danz suggested.

"Alright. Let's all head in that direction. And everyone stick close together," Kane said. "You never know what may really be in this jungle."

And as the six member away team started heading deeper into the jungle, no one noticed a pair of gold-colored eyes watching them.

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"Commodore, we've completed our initial scan of the planetoid," Jeff Bloom reported. Koester rose from his command chair where he had been brooding the last few minutes and joined Bloom and Ensign 'Spot' at the science console.

"Results?" he asked.

"Sensors register a small cluster of buildings in the vicinity of twenty degrees north latitude, zero seven five degrees west longitude planetary local. We've determined the coordinates Mister Vondra gave us are actually five kilometers from those buildings," Bloom said, sounding somewhat chagrined. "I'm sorry, Commodore."

"For what, Jeff?" Koester asked, puzzled.

"I should have thought to double check those coordinates before Virg and the away team beamed down."

"If anyone is to blame for that, Jeff, it's me," Koester said sadly. "It's not your fault." He looked back down at the readings displayed on the panel. "Are the buildings also shielded?"

"Negative, Commodore," responded the British-accented, mechanical sounding voice of Ensign 'Spot' through Koester's combadge. The noncorporeal life-form - who appeared as nothing more than a small circle of red light sitting on the console - quickly moved toward another display and added, "We have determined the communications signal from Mister Vondra originated from the largest building in the cluster, the one closest to the east."

"Very good," Koester said, standing straight. "Have Ga'gh, Q, and a senior security guard meet me in transporter room one. I'm going to have a little face to face with Mister Vondra."

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"I've never seen growth so thick!" K'danz commented as she and Rodriguez cut through the underbrush with their phasers. "Back in Iowa where I come from, we have a few trees and scrub here and there, but nothing like this." Close behind them walked Virgil Kane, who consulted with T'Cah as she continued to scan the vicinity for an easier path toward their goal. Behind them, ever wary, walked Guinness and Hopey, taking up the rear guard.

"Mister Kane!" Rodriguez called out, causing the first officer to increase his pace and catch up. He stepped out of the jungle into bright sunlight. Across a vast field filled with long grass, buildings could be seen in the distance.

"That's our goal," Kane said with a grin. "How far, Lieutenant?"

"Direct line of sight places the complex three point six kilometers away. We should be able to make the journey in less than one hour," T'Cah answered.

"Well, the sooner we get moving again, the sooner we get there," K'danz commented, and started heading through the tall grass toward the JPI facility. Rodriguez, Kane, and Hopey started to follow as well, but Guinness hesitated as T'Cah continued to scan with her tricorder, her usual Vulcan demeanor slipping slightly. It took a moment for Kane to notice the Vulcan science officer was not alongside him. He turned to look at T'Cah.

"What's the matter, Lieutenant?"

"I am registering life-forms, Commander," T'Cah answered.

"People at the JPI facility?" Kane wondered.

"No, Commander. Animals. Very close. But I have never seen readings like this before..."

Suddenly a scream drew all their attention, and Kane realized that Hopey was no longer standing among the rest of the away team.

"Ensign Hopey? Hopey, where are you?"

Without warning, Kane was suddenly rammed to the ground by a large bipedal creature. He barely missed having his arm, which he had thrown up to protect his face, latched onto by a mouthful of sharp teeth.

The creature snapped at him again, Kane ducking his head to the side to avoid the carnivorous predator, when it was quickly knocked off of him with a phaser beam, landing lifelessly a few meters away. Kane barely had time to nod thanks to K'danz before she aimed her phaser at another of the attacking creatures. The Bajoran-by-choice drew his own sidearm and took a kneeling stance, defending himself against another pair of the murderous creatures. Phaser fire could be heard all around him.

A few minutes later it appeared the away team had killed or scared away the last of the creatures. Kane stood up to assess the status of his team.

"Is everyone alright?" he asked breathlessly.

"I have sustained a minor injury," T'Cah said, a line of green blood moving slowly down the side of her face. "But I will live."

"Just a few scratches," K'danz said as she walked closer to one of the dead creatures and looked at it with a mixture of fascination and disgust. "It almost looks like some ancestor of the Gorn."

"Rodriguez? Hopey? Guinness?" Kane called out.

"I'm okay," said Rodriguez as he joined K'danz to look at the creature, still warily scanning the horizon at the same time.

"I'm... I'm not so good," said the voice of Guinness from somewhere in the grass. T'Cah moved toward where the voice had come from and found the security guard holding his leg, a pained expression on his face. "I... I think it's... broken," he said in obvious agony. Blood dripped down his abdomen and leg.

Kane looked down at the injured guard, then started looking around again.

"Hopey? Ensign, where are you?"

"I found him, sir!" K'danz called out a moment later, her expression darkening. "Or at least... what's left of him."

Kane's own expression turned grim. He reached down to Ensign Guinness and removed the injured man's combadge, then walked over to where K'danz stood. She was right. There wasn't all that much left of the security guard. Kane placed the combadge onto the remains and stood up.

"We'll beam Mister Hopey up as soon as we regain contact with the ship," he said. "In the meantime, K'danz, Rodriguez, cut us down some branches from the trees in the jungle. We'll make a litter and carry Mister Guinness the rest of the way.

"Aye, sir," K'danz replied and the two of them quickly ran back to where they had exited the jungle.

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Two hours later the grassy plain gave way to more open country. A few trees and boulders dotted the hilly landscape between them and the buildings less than a kilometer distant.

"Now this reminds me more of home," K'danz said as she and Kane manhandled the makeshift litter Guinness laid upon.

"Commander, I believe I have made a startling discovery," T'Cah said, moving up quickly beside the weary first officer. "This may sound like fiction, but I believe those creatures that attacked us were dinosaurs."

Kane stopped short, almost causing K'danz to drop Guinness to the ground.

"Lieutenant, dinosaurs have been extinct for over 165 million years," Kane said scolding. "And lived only on Earth."

"I realize that, sir, but my analysis of the creatures we killed correlates with a species known as Deinonychus, a member of the raptor family." She held up her tricorder for Kane to see.

Kane simply stared in silence at the science officer, until a loud bellow filled the air. The entire away team turned to stare in wonder as a herd of Triceratops came stampeding up the hill past them. Kane and K'danz quickly moved Guinness' litter into a safe, out of the way spot behind a boulder and watched silently as half a dozen Parasaurolophus, or duck-billed dinosaurs, quickly brought up the rear of the stampede and overtook the trikes.

"Lieutenant," Kane said to T'Cah, voice barely above a whisper, "I will never doubt you again."

"How did they get here? And what do you suppose has them so spooked?" Rodriguez asked, while he nervously fingered his phaser.

"I don't think I really want to find out," K'danz answered.

However, the security chief's hopes would go unanswered as two Tyrannosaurs came bounding over the hilltop, one of them catching a Triceratops off guard and downing the large animal very quickly. The other T-Rex attacked two of the duck-bills who had paused in fear, watching the first Tyrannosaur bite huge chunks of flesh from the dead Triceratops, mortally wounding them both before losing interest in the slowly fleeing animals and turning

its attention toward the other T-Rex's meal. However, the weakened duck-bills did not get very far before a large group of Ornitholestes, tiny meat eating scavengers, overcame them.

"Commander, we have a problem," T'Cah said, scanning once again with her tricorder. Kane continued to stare in silence at the two gigantic meat-eaters as they tore at the Triceratops carcass and occasionally took nips at one another, his mouth agape. "Commander?" T'Cah repeated.

Kane shook himself out of his stupor and looked at the Vulcan woman.

"What is it, Lieutenant?"

"Those two Tyrannosaurs are blocking our most direct path to the JPI facility."

Kane stared once again at the huge dinosaurs, then said, "We'll just have to go around them. Can we sneak by down this steep side of the hill?" He pointed down toward the sharp incline.

"I cannot see as we have any other choice," T'Cah agreed.

"K'danz," Kane whispered sharply, indicating to the security chief to resume carrying the injured guard on the litter. The two officers hefted the litter onto their shoulders and the away team started climbing down the side of the hill, attempting to remain out of the sight of the two huge predators.

Half way down the hill, the wind shifted, and K'danz said, "Thank God. The smell of those things eating was too much for me."

"Commander, this is not good," T'Cah said, her voice emotionless, but her eyebrows rising sharply. "We are now up-wind of the predators." She glanced over her shoulder to see one of the Tyrannosaurs glancing down the hill, curious about the movement it had seen and the smell of blood that now filled its nostrils. The T-Rex let out a bellowing roar and charged toward the away team.

Kane and K'danz could not draw their weapons in time without throwing the litter that carried Ensign Guinness to the ground, and the huge beast was on them in seconds. Rodriguez tried shooting at the creature, but his phaser setting had little effect on the T-Rex other than making it madder. It knocked its huge head into both Kane and Rodriguez, knocking the security guard over and flinging Kane into the air, landing hard on his back a few meters away. Guinness screamed as the T-Rex turned its attentions on him, and with a snap, clamped its jaws on the helpless security guard. Pieces of the litter flew as the Tyrannosaur bit down, cutting off the hapless security guard's scream with an unpalatable gurgle.

The action drew the attention of the second T-Rex, which quickly joined in the skirmish.

"Set your phasers to maximum!" Kane shouted as loudly as he could, watching the two carnivores circle the other three members of his team. He then fired his own phaser, which burned into the tough hide of the first T-Rex. The creature roared in agony.

T'Cah and Rodriguez used the distraction to adjust their own phasers and fired at the newly arrived Tyrannosaur just as it bent to attack, one phaser beam disappearing into the creature's maw, the other hitting directly between the eyes. The T-Rex fell, shaking the ground all around it.

The first T-Rex, seriously injured, turned to attack Kane, who still lay on the ground. Another phaser strike from K'danz made the creature pause momentarily, confused and hurt, before it resumed the attack. Another shot from both Kane and K'danz finally stopped the huge beast. It collapsed, its sharp-toothed maw mere centimeters from Kane's legs.

"Are you alright, Commander?" K'danz asked as she, T'Cah and Rodriguez all came running over to him.

"I'm.... (huff) fine.... (puff)... Just had... the wind... knocked out of me," Kane said trying to catch his breath. He collapsed back onto the dirt. "Remind me.... the next time.... someone offers me a free vacation... to say... No!"

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Commodore Koester and his away team materialized in the center of the room, startling Vondra and the two lab technicians he was consulting with.

"Why, Commodore!" Vondra said, his expression changing quickly to the consumer friendly grin he used on screen. "Welcome to Hammond's World. I must admit I'm surprised to see you here. I would have thought you would try to beam down to the coordinates we sent you." He held out his hand in greeting, which Koester blatantly ignored.

"Well, you see, Mister Vondra, there's this little problem of you having raised an ionic shield over those coordinates," Koester said with exaggerated sarcasm. "And while we're on the subject of coordinates, why did the ones you sent us beam our first away team five kilometers from here and not here?"

“As I explained, Commodore, your first team is a test group for our new theme attraction. Let me show you around our rather remarkable facility.” Vondra attempted to place his arm around Koester’s shoulder and lead him around, but the Commodore shrugged it off. Vondra cleared his throat and simply led the new away team into a nearby laboratory door.

“Just what is it you do here?” Q, chief medical officer aboard the new *Dauntless* asked. But rather than simply answering, Vondra pressed a button and a large viewer flashed to life.

“Welcome to Hammond’s World,” said a male voice as a presentation tape began, first showing the logo of JP InGeneering Corporation. The logo faded to a view of the plains just outside the building they all stood in. “You are now standing on the most remarkable planet in the galaxy. Here, JP InGeneering scientists have been working on a project 165 million years in the making.”

Koester glanced over at Q, who returned the worried glance and looked back at the monitor. The presentation video continued with a scene inside the laboratory.

“Here, in these very labs, fossils from Earth’s Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous periods are scanned at the atomic level, searching for strands of DNA. Those DNA strands are then replicated, injected into specially engineered avid eggs, and in a short time we have actual dinosaurs.”

Looks of horror covered the faces of all four members of the *Dauntless* away team.

“What was fiction a mere 400 years ago is now scientific fact!” added the video. “Welcome to the real ‘Jurassic Park!’” The video now showed a multitude of dinosaur species, from the huge Diplodocus, Brachiosaurus, and T-Rex to the slightly smaller Triceratops and Stegosaurus, to the small and fleet Gallimimus and Microceratops, all living in one big happy computer generated environment.

“Have you lost your mind?!?” Koester shouted, turning on Vondra. “You can’t simply replicate these huge wild animals and set them free on a group of unsuspecting and unwilling tourists!”

“Not replicated, Commodore, engineer....”

“I don’t give a blast what you call it! You named this place Jurassic Park! Aren’t you even familiar with the story? Many of the characters in that book died because the dinosaurs couldn’t be controlled! What could possibly be the purpose of this place?”

“The purpose, put quite simply,” said Vondra, “is safari. Depending on our client’s intentions it could be as simple as a tour among the animals, to as complex as a hunt! Have you ever read the story ‘A Sound of Thunder?’ Your away team is our first test group consisting of people not from JP InGeneering staff, to certify the thrill of the park is adequate. The shield we use is to both protect the animals and – admittedly – to prevent you from beaming back your team before they could experience the true thrill of the park.”

“Lower the shield, Vondra,” Koester demanded.

“Commodore, I simply can’t...”

“Lower the shield or I’ll have your entire company shut down so quickly...,” Koester threatened.

Vondra sighed, then turned toward one of the nearby technicians who had been watching the confrontation and made a hand gesture.

* * * *

“Run!” Kane shouted as he glanced over his shoulder.

Rodriguez and T’Cah were helping Kane hobble along on his badly injured leg while K’danz took shots with her phaser to try and scare away their attackers as a T-Rex, a small pack of Deinonychus, and a half dozen Troodon chased after them, occasionally taking bites toward one another.

The T-Rex led the pack, and was almost on top of the away team when one of the raptors moved too close to the prey. The Tyrannosaurus quickly turned and bit, tearing the Deinonychus in half before resuming its chase. The six Troodon paused to look at the fleeing Starfleet crew, then dived onto the meal the dead raptor provided instead.

“Look!” called out Rodriguez, pointing toward the buildings becoming visible over a small rise.

“The facility is only 500 meters away,” T’Cah informed as she glanced at her tricorder. “But I am registering a shield between us and the buildings.”

“We’ll just have to get as close to the shield as we can and make a stand there,” Kane ordered through gritted teeth.

The four away team members could feel the electric charge in the air as they neared the shield. It was apparent to them that the pursuing dinosaurs were aware of the shield as well, as they all slowed and stared at their intended prey, stalking but not approaching too near.

“What do we do, sir?” Rodriguez asked.

“Pray for a miracle?” was Kane’s only suggestion. Until a small triple beep on T’Cah’s tricorder caught their attention.

“Commander, the shield is down,” T’Cah whispered.

Kane looked nervously at the T-Rex, who sniffed at the air as if knowing something had changed but not yet comprehending what it was. The Deinonychus likewise stalked closer, spreading out slightly to avoid the Tyrannosaur’s huge jaws while surrounding the away team.

“How far do you figure to the buildings?” Kane asked the Science Officer.

“100 meters at best,” she replied.

“On three, go for it,” Kane ordered. “One... Two...”

* * * *

The viewscreen inside the JPI Headquarters building showed all inside the horror taking place just a few hundred meters away.

“Q, get your medikit ready. They’re going to need it when they get in here,” Koester said. “Vondra!”

“Yes, Commadore?” the JPI executive said, shaking from fear and frustration at how badly things had suddenly turned.

“We need to get out there and help them. Where’s the exit nearest their location?”

“Th... the emergency exit, one... one level down and on the east side of the building in the storage garage,” the VP replied, now on the verge of tears.

“Get it open. Ga’gh, Taylor, you’re with me. Let’s go.” And the three Starfleet officers departed at a run.

* * * *

“Look, that door just opened!” K’danz shouted out as she and Rodriguez half-carried Kane between them. T’Cah glanced back at the once again charging predators. She paused for a moment to let the other three catch up, then grabbed Kane by his uniform front and hefted him onto her shoulders. With her greater Vulcan strength, she darted ahead again and into the open door, followed closely by K’danz.

Rodriguez turned to fire one last phaser shot at the approaching dinosaurs and was taken by surprise when one of the raptors leapt into the air and landed on him, throwing him hard against the door and battering it open, the dinosaur’s razor sharp hunting claw slicing into the man’s stomach. Blood and guts poured out of the huge wound as the raptor began to eat. The remaining Deinonychus left the one to its kill and warily followed the away team through the door and into the building. The raptor which had slain Rodriguez looked up at the approaching T-Rex and dragged his meal into the building, causing the door the body had been blocking to close behind it.

The Tyrannosaur was enraged by the disappearance of both its prey and competitors. The huge beast began battering the building with its large head and tail. Chunks of concrete, plaster, and brick started collapsing under the pounding.

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T’Cah with Kane met Koester and the others in the stairwell between floors.

“How is he?” the commodore asked.

“His life is not in danger,” T’Cah said. “Though he needs medical attention as soon as possible.”

“Q’s waiting in the main lab upstairs. And Exec...,” Koester said, looking at his battered and beaten first officer. Kane glanced up at his CO with a pained expression. “I thought I told you not to have too much fun?”

“Oh, har har, Skipper,” Kane said as T’Cah started up the stairs once again and Koester, Ga’gh and Ensign Taylor ran down. Koester burst through the lower stairwell door, into the garage area, phaser ready.

Before him, Lt Commander K’danz was trying to hold off four raptors who circled her menacingly. But if one took a step closer, she would raise her phaser toward it, and another on her opposite side would try to gain the advantage. The security chief was in a no win situation.

“Commander, take the one in front of you!” Koester shouted as he and his team took position. A couple of the raptors hissed menacingly at them, but continued to circle K’danz until all four people started shooting. The Deinonychus all fell as one.

“Thank you, sir,” K’danz said as she joined the others, out of breath and shaking violently. “I thought I was done for.”

Just then, the building shook to its foundations. K'danz and Taylor stared at the far wall of the building, eyes wide with fear, as cracks started to form. The roar of the T-Rex outside could be heard clearly.

"Come on," ordered Koester. "Let's get up to the lab."

The first sight that greeted the team when they emerged from the stairwell was the pair of raptors who screeched at Lt T'Cah, bleeding badly and backed up underneath a lab console. Bodies of the lab technicians were flung around the room.

The Vulcan woman tried to raise her phaser to the raptors when one swiped out with its claws and knocked the phaser across the room, then reared to attack. Two phaser beams towards each creature from Koester's team disrupted the attack, and the creatures fell dead to the floor.

"Lieutenant," Koester said as he kneeled down to assess T'Cah's wounds. "Where are the others?"

"I do not know, Commodore," T'Cah said weakly. "The dinosaurs surprised us with their attack. Everyone here tried to flee while I fought back. I lost track of Commanders Kane and Q."

Just as the Vulcan finished speaking, a nearby wall panel slid away, revealing a large hidden storage closet filled with lab coats, cleaning supplies, and Q, Kane, and Mister Vondra, who appeared pale as a ghost.

"Q! Thank God!" Koester said, giving his CMO a quick hug. The hug was interrupted by another violent shake of the entire building, and the sound of collapsing masonry as the T-Rex outside finally broke through into the building.

"I've done as much as I can for the moment for Virg," Q said. "He can walk on his own, but I really need to get him back to the ship."

"We've got to get out of here!" Vondra screamed. "We've got to get out of here or we're all going to die!"

Koester looked at the executive with contempt, and said, "I'm going to get us beamed out of here. Koester to *Dauntless*."

Before the starship could respond, a screech from the ceiling drew all stares in that direction. From a hole in the lab skylight, three more Deinonychus looked down hungrily, then one by one dropped into the lab itself. Ga'gh and K'danz tried to shoot the invading dinosaurs, but for every one they killed, another two would drop down through the skylight.

"We have to get out of here," Koester ordered, and quickly followed Vondra who ran screaming down a hallway.

"*Dauntless*. Bloom," said the voice of the chief science officer through Koester's combadge as the party rushed through the building halls, closing doors and overturning furniture in an effort to slow the pursuing creatures.

"Mister Bloom," Koester said between breaths. "We need an immediate emergency beam up. Eight people."

A moment passed before Bloom responded, saying, "The transporter room is having problems locking onto you, Commodore. Could you possibly stand still for a few moments?"

"Uh... no," said Koester without mirth.

By the time Koester and his crew caught up to Vondra through the twists and turns of the JPI building, a trio of lab technicians were running with the executive as well.

"Can you lead us outside?" Koester asked the terrified VP.

"Are you crazy, Commodore?" the man said with wide eyes. "There are more of them out there!"

Right then the entire group stopped short. The hallway opened into a large lobby area, where company gatherings would have taken place. But instead of a large gathering of people, the room contained a single large, hungry, and angry Tyrannosaurus Rex. The two lab technicians who had been leading the entire group did not stop quickly enough, and the T-Rex swiftly closed its gaping maw around them, the sickening sound of rendered bones and flesh filling the air.

"This way! Quickly!" Vondra said, seeming to regain some of his senses in the face of the new attack, and backtracked the group down another hallway. "This will lead to the sheltered gardens between the complex buildings."

Vondra lead the group down one long hallway, and then around a corner. He almost started to laugh as they neared another turn in the hallway.

"It's just around this corner," Vondra said. "The doors are right..."

Vondra stopped and looked in despair at what the group faced. Instead of an access door, the hallway was cluttered from floor to ceiling with shattered debris, remnants of the T-Rex's violent entry into the building.

"We're doomed," Vondra mumbled with despair.

"We have to backtrack again," said Kane as he turned back around again. "Come on this..."

Kane stopped when he saw the six Deinonychus slowly stalking toward the group, hissing lowly. They tapped their clawed toe on the floor as they closed the distance.

“Mommy...,” Vondra whimpered, and the raptors leapt to attack....

...Landing hard and painfully in the debris pile as the group dematerialized in a transporter beam, out of reach forever.

* * * *

Koester sat motionless on the edge of the biobed in sickbay as Q ran one final scan over him. On other beds lay Virgil Kane, the EMH wrapping bandages around one of his legs, and T’Cah, who recuperated on the main surgical table. K’danz and Taylor had already been released.

“What’s the status of the JPI employees?” Koester asked his CMO.

“The transporter chief managed to lock onto five of the staff who were hidden in other areas of the facility, but from the records we remotely recovered, it looks as if they lost about twenty people,” Q said.

“Plus three of our own,” Koester commented.

Q read off the analysis from her tricorder, and as she packed it into a medikit, commented, “You’re perfectly fit for duty. I need to head down to the brig and check in on Mister Vondra now.”

“How is he recovering?” Koester asked as he slipped off the biobed and walked with Q toward the corridor.

“Still catatonic. We have him resting as comfortably as we can,” she answered as the two paused near a turbolift.

“Well, do all you can to see that he recovers completely. I don’t want him getting out of this situation that easily.” Q nodded and entered the lift. Koester watched the doors swish shut and stood there pondering a moment, shaking his head in utter disgust, before resuming his journey to the Bridge.

Captain’s Log, Stardate 52321.1:

PCU Dauntless en route to Starbase 139 to drop off the remaining JP InGeneering staff, and where Mister Dale Vondra will be placed under arrest to face charges of negligence and multiple counts of wrongful death.

In the meantime, I have recommended to Starfleet Command that Oriaphus IV - also known as Hammond’s World - be placed under quarantine, the dinosaurs there to be left alone to either thrive or face extinction all on their own.

Perhaps there are some things man was not meant to play around with. God made the dinosaurs extinct on Earth for a reason. Who are we to second guess Him?

Koester, commanding Dauntless, out.

The End