

Out of Place by Chios06

Story Notes:

This story was originally named Foreign Territory. But was changed to fit better with the content.

All of the allied planets watched on any media output available to see all of the action going on, whether it be a television screen or news ticker and etc. A big event was happening before their eyes. One of the most profound events that will shape the future of the universe that the Galaxy Alliance knew will make shock waves everywhere. The destruction of Planet Drule was at hand. The very epicenter of the oppressive Drule Empire will be a thing of the past and its physical representation will be gone forever. However, by the shock of many, there was the discovery of an entire population of people within the planet that no one would have ever really guessed would be there. Everyone assumed that the Drule Empire was strictly a totalitarian militaristic regime of which it was, but not by the choice of the people. So now a large amount of people face their doom unless the alliance can pull off the massive rescue attempt that suddenly went under way. Upwards of about 10 million people had to be whisked away from a planet that seemed to turn on them. So now, hatred for the Drule Empire was now replaced by compassion and concern for those that will hopefully be saved. Just as people were on the edge of their seats, so to speak, those who were watching the news began to see orange and yellow streaks run across the planets surface. The lines were clearly visible as the picture was being taken through the lens of a Hubble 7 telescope, the most advanced version developed, that could make out a round ball that took up half of the screen. What couldn't be seen was the groups of Alliance ships that were possibly still hovering around the planet. Ever since the planet started breaking up there was an eerie silence in the live communication between ships occasionally broken by an electromagnetic crackle caused by the dramatic shifts in the planets magnetic poles. And then, in a blinding light, the planet exploded with all of the lazon waste discarded into the planets core finally released into space. A gasp and then silence as many listened hoping for any sign that the rescue ships survived. Especially the Explorer, also originally sent to invade and destroy the Drule monarchy. Minutes passed... many minutes. When the light subsided and all that was left was a few fragments of planet. A few crackles in communication followed. More crackles and then a discernable voice within them. "Galaxy Alliance? Come in..." A voice said as the crackles suddenly subsided. Then one by one each ship in the rescue fleet confirmed their position to the relief of many. Last but not least, the Explorer and the Voltron Force also confirmed their position. "We are trying to get a tally on all of the Drules on board." Hawkins then added. "Hazar has told us that there was a total of eleven million, three hundred four thousand, five hundred sixty-one in total. We can only pray that we saved them all."

Silence once again hovered over the crowds at home.

--- The starship Atlantis's crew was also listening in on the communications of the rescue fleet as they continued on their own exploratory mission. Captain Vera Allen secretly envied all of those involved in the rescue but she confirmed herself that her mission was no less important. The Atlantis was on its way to a planet that the scanners picked up. The signs were good that this

planet would make a suitable place to ease the overcrowding of all of the worlds in the Galaxy Alliance and/or open up contact with a new alien race. "Captain?"

"Yes, Ensign Callaway?" The captain responded quickly.

"I am picking up a small object off to starboard." Callaway informed, his eyes never leaving the scanner console.

"Is it within viewing range?"

"I am picking it up now." Callaway replied as he punched up an image on the view screen. A small metallic pod-shaped object appeared.

"It looks like an escape pod... the scanner is trying to determine its origin." Callaway said looking to a lieutenant off to his left. The lieutenant's eyes widened a bit and then narrowed as the data appeared on his information console.

"Lieutenant Anders, what's the verdict?" Captain Allen asked the lieutenant who was still trying to confirm to himself that he was seeing the information correctly.

"It looks like a Drule escape pod." Anders replied.

Captain Allen stood there looking at the screen contemplating whether they should investigate or leave the pod alone.

"There is one life sign aboard." Callaway responded.

"What's its status?" Allen asked.

"Not very good, there is little oxygen and practically no power left for life support." Callaway reported as the information appeared on his console.

"Well I guess that makes up my mind..." Allen said under her breath. "Let's go in and retrieve it... have launch bay one cleared for it, and send a security detail down there incase something happens."

Anders nodded and began relaying the commands to the launch bay personnel.

In the launch bay the PA system chimed in. "Attention: all personnel stand by for pod retrieval. Stand by." All the personnel in the launch bay went to their stations out of the launch bay which was then decompressed. When the launch bay doors opened, the crew there finally saw what they were retrieving. A rather sizable capsule with the shape and markings of the Drule Empire floated aimlessly into the launch bay. Some of the launch bay personnel looked puzzled others weren't comforted as the capsule came to a stop in the middle of the bay by air propulsion within the center. When the launch bay doors had closed, the re-pressurization began and the Drule pod slowly floated to the deck.

Once the process was complete some of the launch bay personnel went to take a closer look at the pod. The glass was foggy due to the temperature difference on each side of the glass. There was a faint shadow of a person with a helmet in the front slumped over the controls. It wasn't clear what or who was in the back. All assumptions were that they now had a Drule prisoner of war. The security detail had entered the bay and swarmed the pod checking all around it for any sign of a bomb or other booby traps. Once it was cleared for opening two security officers felt around the rim of the glass for a button. Once found the button was pushed and with a swish of air the glass cockpit opened. Inside the cockpit of the pod were two figures, the one in front was a Drule robot soldier slumped over the controls, obviously depleted of power. There was a couple of wires connected to a disassembled portion of the controls. It was clear that the robot has used the last of it's energy to save its master. In the back lay a large figure. Obviously Drule male by the blue color of his skin and large physique, and a military commander by the uniform he wore. When they went to see if he was alive, the closer inspection revealed who the Drule was.

"Someone get the Captain down here." A security officer commanded one of the launch bay crew who immediately went to a com panel and notified the Captain of what was found.

Captain Allen was reviewing a star map when she was contacted. "Captain, you are needed in the launch bay."

"Did you find out what was in the pod?" Captain Allen asked with concern.

"A Drule commander..." replied the launch bay technician.

"Any more information?"

"Not at this time... but you may recognize him. We need permission to take him to sick bay... He looks like he's in bad shape."

"Go ahead; I'll be down there shortly." Capt. Allen ended the sentence while getting up out of her chair to tend to the matter at hand. Somewhat consumed in her curiosity, she began rattling off a list of Drule commanders she knew of in her head. There were so many to keep track of. And she also wanted to be prepared for any problems that may arise from him being here.

Meanwhile, the Drule commander was on a hover stretcher surrounded by security and medical staff. Both almost at each others throats because they were getting in the way of each other. The Drule Commander had stable life signs but no one was sure what could happen in the future. The Drule had been in the pod with little air remaining for so long that it was a miracle that he was able to survive.

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In the sick bay, the pod carrying the unconscious Drule commander floated in and stopped in front of the Chief Medical Officer.

“Take him to ICU 3.” The medical officer commanded. “Half of the security detail can go back to their duties. We’ll have everything under control here.”

The commander of the security detail pointed out roughly half of his squad and excused them. “Sir, we have no idea who this Drule is.” The Security Officer said with some concern. “Do you really think it is wise to let that many go?” “I don’t think we will have too much trouble. If this is who I think this is he may be more willing to co-operate with us.” The medical officer surmised. “We won’t know for sure until the captain can confirm it.” At that moment the Captain Allen entered the sick bay. Both the Medical Officer and the Security Commander saluted. “Okay Doctor Gessen, where’s our Drule patient?” Allen asked dropping all formalities immediately putting both officers at ease. “I have him in ICU 3, until we can determine how stable he is.” The medical officer replied. “If you’ll follow me.” “Very well, after you.” Capt. Allen motioned to both officers. “I think you may recognize him captain.” The medical officer added. “He may be one of the Drules affiliated with Hazar.” “You think so?” replied the security officer with some astonishment. “As I said, that is for the captain to help confirm it.” The medical officer said looking at the captain as he rounded a corner and entered a room labeled ICU 3. “Here he is captain.” Dr. Gessen said to the captain outstretching a hand in introduction to the Drule lying in the bed. Without any hesitation, Captain Allen immediately recognized the Drule surrounded by medical monitoring equipment and various nurses. “Yes, he is a commander in Hazar’s group... Gentlemen, you are looking at Commander Mongo.” “Just as I thought...” Dr. Gessen replied quickly. “How’s he doing?” Captain Allen asked. “He’s stabilizing.” A nurse taking a pulse replied. Her concern for the patient was evident but faded as she continued to assess the condition. “The lack of air was all that was wrong with him, with a few scrapes and bruises... Although it looks like he may have suffered a concussion. There is a large goose egg on the left side of his head.” The Captain took a close look at the injuries that the unconscious Mongo had suffered. “Do you think he will wake up soon?” “We can only wait for that.” Dr. Gessen replied. “I’m not educated on Drule physiology.” Captain Allen looked up at the medical officer. “I need to know soon. The implications of capturing Mongo may stress the newly patched relations between the Drules and us.” “If you’re that worried, you have my assurance that he will be okay.” The Medical Officer concluded. “See to it.” Captain Allen replied. “If he wakes up, I want to know about it.” “Yes, ma’am...” Dr. Gessen replied stiffly as the captain turned and left. “I need a break.” Dr. Gessen sighed. “This whole situation is going to drive me insane.” Turning to the nurse standing over the unconscious Drule commander, he looked as if waiting for approval for him to leave. “Okay doc, I’ll take care of the patient for a while.” The nurse replied with a smirk. Dr. Gessen seemed to collapse in relief. “Thank you, Miss Mayer... I promise I’ll be back in an hour.” “Alright then, but if things go out of control you are going to take the fall.” Nurse Mayer replied with a small laugh. “Don’t I always?” Dr. Gessen replied as he turned to walk out of the sick bay. “One hour!” Nurse Mayer mocked back to the doctor just to remind him again. “Yes, yes, one hour.” Dr. Gessen confirmed going out the door. Nurse Mayer turned her back to Mongo and began to prepare a syringe for drawing his blood.

Mongo was in darkness. Nothing was around him yet it felt like he was being enclosed in a small box. Getting restless, he began to move about, not knowing where he was moving his body. He felt heavy as he struggled to move but light as he couldn’t keep his senses focused. There was nothing to focus on. Images of the events that he had experienced were flooding his head like a torrent. His conversation to Hazar about the last mission seemed to sound clearest of all the noise. He had to do the mission, but he knew it was suicide. “Am I

dead?” Mongo wondered to himself still trying to find any shred of reality that may be around him. The last few seconds of his life began to play out in front of him. The battle with the alliance fleet, the ship being torn apart by the hail of laser fire between the two fleets. The critical hit that caused him to abandon his ship was marked with Robok, his android servant, dragging him into an escape pod. The sudden jolt pressed him into his seat as the craft sped out of the launch bay. A massive explosion soon followed. Mongo was in darkness again until a small light poked through. Although hazy he could see something moving in it. He began to hear sounds... Sounds of a discussion were heard, and then footsteps slowly faded. Mongo suddenly felt a pinch... right about the bend in his arm, on the inside. It only lasted for a split second. Mongo grabbed it and noted a single bulb of red blood emerge from a tiny pin prick in that area. A massive headache began to start on his head. Mongo put his hand to it and felt a bump. He looked at the light again and noticed objects coming into view getting clearer as the light increased its way toward him. He felt like his senses were orienting themselves one by one. Smells of plastic, antiseptic and disinfectant filled his nose. Mongo was now able to guess that he was regaining consciousness in a hospital or sick bay. Just as soon as he made that realization, Mongo was snapped instantly through the light as his eyes opened. Mongo began to move his head slowly and quietly so he could take a look at his surroundings. His guess was right. He was in a sick bay, but none that he had seen. The structure of the walls, tables and cabinets were very foreign to him. It was the lettering on the cabinets that revealed that he was on an Alliance vessel. To the right of Mongo was a slender, fair haired nurse bent over a lab table busy with her work. He watched as she daintily picked up vials of blood and put them down again. What she did with them he couldn't exactly figure out, but it looked like she was putting the vials in a centrifuge. She picked up two other vials and turned to her right and her eyes met Mongo's crimson gaze. The woman jumped and dropped a vial. Mongo jumped when she did. Nurse Mayer had not expected Mongo to be awake. The gaze from his red eyes was threatening, but the way he reacted to her sudden fright was slightly comical. As she continued to look at him, he seemed less threatening.

“You scared the crap out of me.” Nurse Mayer replied with a hand to her chest as if she was holding her heart inside her body. That was also when she realized that she had dropped a vial of Mongo's blood on the floor. Mongo did not respond. He just continued to look at her, as if he was analyzing what to do. He had just awakened, so she safely assumed that he was still disoriented from his ordeal. “Commander...” She said, slowly approaching him. Mongo found it hard to speak. It was as if he felt like he was moving in water. Everything was slow, although the heaviness of everything diminished as he continued to survey what he was seeing. His brain was processing words again.

“You are aboard the Alliance Starship Atlantis.” Nurse Mayer continued. Mongo tried to pull away when he realized that he had been captured. Considering his past relations with the Explorer, he wasn't sure what to do. He trusted the people on the Explorer, but this was an entirely different vessel, with entirely different people aboard. “Don't worry. You are safe.” Nurse Mayer said as she attempted to lay her hand on Mongo's. All Mongo could do was let her touch him. Her hand was small and dainty upon Mongo's large blue one. She laid her hand lightly on his in a sign of friendship, or at least her interpretation of friendship. Mongo seemed comforted by her hand and relaxed a bit. “Have... I been captured? Mongo asked her slowly. “You've been rescued.” Nurse Mayer replied softly still holding onto Mongo's hand,

even though it seemed awkward. This was the first contact she's ever had with a Drule. She wanted to make Mongo feel welcome but at the same time she did not know a lot about the culture he lived in or if he was offended. "Rescued?" Mongo asked trying to lift himself off of the bed. "No, no... you must rest." Nurse Mayer said holding and guiding Mongo back down upon the bed. Mongo did not resist too much considering he did not have the energy. In Mongo's mind, what ever should happen, he could only go with it. At this point he had no chance to break free of it if he wanted to. "We found you floating in space in your escape pod." Nurse Mayer continued. "Escape pod..." Mongo mumbled quietly, confirming what had happened to him before. Nurse Mayer could see that Mongo was calming down quicker than she expected. "Am I a prisoner?" Mongo asked looking back to the ceiling as if to refuse to look at his enemy. "It's your choice... But I will not treat you like one." Nurse Mayer responded.

Mongo turned his head to look at the nurse again. Her answer was too enigmatic. He had no idea how to take it. But the look in her eyes seemed to tell him that she spoke the truth.

For several hours, Captain Allen went into the ship's databases to find any information on Mongo and the Drules. This was her first face to face contact with one. With the fact that the Drule Empire was shaken by the destruction of their home planet, she wanted to proceed cautiously. She immediately found documentation about Mongo's meeting with Commander Hawkins and the results of that meeting. She was surprised to find that he was the first Drule to talk to the Alliance personally, under Hazar's order. The more she researched the more respect she gained for the captured Drule. Captain Allen was also comforted with the fact that she was dealing with a defector of the old Drule Empire. Armed with this information, she began a report that she would later send to Galaxy Garrison on this new development. She also began to make arrangements for Mongo's quarters. Captain Allen was distracted with a small ding at her desk and a flashing light on the console in front of her. "Yes?" Captain Allen replied pushing the button. "Captain, Commander Mongo is awake now." Nurse Mayer reported. "Good, I will be down right away." Captain Allen ended and quickly left her office to interview their new guest.