

## FILE: MYRRA PUREDOR

GrandMother was a strong leader in the last Ciz/Python war. After the war, she became the pride leader, and the clan grew. Purëdor name became widely respected, and the pride's holdings increased. 2nd largest on the planet for the moment, behind the Fenib Mehtat.

Into this bloodline is she born, the 8th sibling. She has lots to live up to—her sisters are all doing well. Standard schooling, and she is above average for sure, carrying her Puredor bloodline. However, she feels poorly treated, not befitting her status as a Puredor. She felt her sisters too much in the limelight, and was frustrated that she could not equal their abilities, frustrated she couldn't do better. Likely, they were in part real, but also in part imagined, but nevertheless, both together worked in an endless and vicious cycle.

Before she was to enter the upper schoolings, she stowed away on a passing transport. Calling upon what Federation Standard she knew, she offered to work. Unfortunately, these happened to be the vestiges of the Orion Pirates, a cartel of underworlders and organized crime. While they agreed to her offer, a phaser blast (and subsequent stunning) turned her future towards a darker life. A collar was fashioned for her, one that could track her, stun her, and above all, sedate her through the administration of drugs.

For 3 years, she was subjected to the whims of the organization, used and abused, as menial labour, servant, amusement. Planet-side or on starships.

During her last year, she was assigned to —, a starship of the cartel. There, the main engineer took some pity on her. Though he made her work hard, he was not unkind, and he kept her busy and away from the rest of the crew, and thus, out of harm.

He was no longer there, one day, and she was once again @ the whim of the higher ups, including one quite scummy captain. But she had learned. Patience is a virtue. And beware the fury of a patient cat. Cizeracks are very adaptable. And she had become resistant to the sleep drugs. She had learned the basics of M/A theory, and the layout of the engine room. She had learned much. And never forget, she was still feral.

She awoke from supposed slumber to attack the captain, ripping him askew. Rushing down to the engine room, before the alarm could be sounded, something awoke inside her, a bloodlust that had been artificially curtailed for quite a few years. Even as she sabotaged the engines, her vision became tunnelled. She set the engines on a path of violent overload. But that was not enough. To the bridge, she went, attacking all that were there, ripping through a few guards to reach the crew quarters and extract her revenge on all that deserved it. Only through luck did she see through her rage to enter an escape pod just before the M/A went critical. The resultant nova buffeted her (and the rest of the 'innocent' crew's) pod and she, wounded from her encounters, blacked out.

Awaking, she found herself in the sickbay of the USS Frith. Much to the surprise of the crew, she talked. After meeting with the captain, she discovered she was now a free cat. She thought long and hard as to what she would do. She didn't feel she could go home... she had been tainted, and she had failed. She couldn't face that. She spent much time on the ship, as it went about its original mission. 6 months later, when it docked at a starbase, she had decided. She would join Starfleet. There, she could prove herself, and prove her race.

At first, she decided to go into engineering, given her knowledge of M/A reactions. Bad idea—bad temper. A particularly helpful councillor suggested a knowledge/skill/aptitude set of exercises on a holodeck. In the end, the wonderment of spatial maneuvering led her to the field of tactical.

It was tough going, though, for this cat, through many a problem and bonuses. But she made it.

## FIRST TOUR OF DUTY

After graduating from Starfleet Academy, Myrra was posted onto the USS Frith, the very ship that found her escape pod in the first place. The Frith is an Excelsior class ship—and for her to be assigned to be a junior Tactical Officer (Ensign) on board was a good break indeed. Of course, part of her luck came from the captain of the Frith, Taara ———, whom she had befriended after her rescue. The Frith was off on an assignment that may just require the knowledge that Myrra possessed.

Embarking on a 5 year mission, the USS Frith was sent to the Beta Quadrant, along the Romulan Neutral Zone, to patrol the area not only for unusual Romulan activity, but more so on a mission to search for Orion Raiders that were using the area. It was rumored that the Raiders were dealing in something more than the usual. To be sure, they continued to run contraband in weaponry, Romulan Ale and various other nefarious activities, but word had leaked out that they may also be dealing in slaves. The Orions, never missing an opportunity, had begun a slave trade to various interested parties, including independent colonies, the Romulans and, though an underground network, to many an underworld figure in the Federation. Most of their slaves were captured crew from the ships the Orion's pirated on, however, there were some specifics, including Deltan sex slaves, slaves captured for labour purposes, etc. From what the Federation gathered, the Orion's had set up a fairly extensive network, with slaves being brought to one realm in return for goods, latinum or even other slaves, to be then sold and traded for further increases in material and wealth.

Despite the early leads, the Orion's had not made for themselves an underground empire (one that might even make the Ferengi proud) by being careless; tracking them down proved to be very difficult. For two years, the USS Frith patrolled around the Neutral Zone, searching for the slippery lot that were the Raiders, following a trail here, investigating there. It came quite as a lucky break when the crew of the Frith were able to get a bead on what was claimed to be an Orion supply layover, a waypoint of sorts that was anti-spinward of Magna-Roma, in the gap between the UFP, Romulan and Klingon empires.

Investigating, the USS Frith made its way into the unclaimed territories, and proceeded to the coordinates delivered. Entering the system, they discovered that their search had not been in vain—sitting out in the open at OrbitalZone 4 was a starbase, of sorts. From far away, it appeared to be a conglomeration of a child's playset. Upon closer inspection, it was just that. The Raiders had joined together, either in full or in part, old, junked or half-destroyed starships, most likely from their pirating activity, kit-bashing them together to form a starbase. It was ungainly, odd-shaped and looked like a piece of Varnarian 3D art, but it was functional, and the docked Cutlass-class Orion Ship gave all the indication in the universe that this was the layover point they were looking for.

Moving in, Captain Taara — performed her UFP duty, by opening hailing frequencies, and demanding the pirates surrender their base under articles of Interstellar Law. As dialogue progressed, however, it suddenly became apparent the Orions were not interested in surrendering; this point was made by a sudden attack from the starbase. To this day, the crew of the Frith is not sure exactly *what* was fired by the starbase, or even exactly where from, only that the surprise attack must have emanated from within one of the many spatial pockets formed by the station's odd superstructure, and that the weapon carved a rather large hole into the hull of the Excelsior class starship. As the crew reeled from the impact, the Cutlass undocked from the station and charged, firing a barrage of disparate-weapon fire that further damaged the Frith.

With girder-wrenching maneuvers, the wounded Excelsior managed to break off from the attacker, and a chase began. The Frith was not in good shape, with her primary weapon systems offline, shields down to a minimum, and a host of other maladies, the worst of which was not that the wet-bar had been ruined. To make matters worse, the head of engineering picked this particular moment to completely and utterly flip out.

Myrra was quite enraged at this point. It was one thing to be beaten up by some Raiders, but she was tactical officer on a ship that had no weapons, she couldn't fight back, *and* the only person who could fix it was quietly whimpering for his mother in front of the M/ARC, the useless male. Deciding to take matters into her own paws, she went AWOL from the bridge, and dove into a jefferies tube leading to the forward array. Cursing as she went, she called upon all the knowledge she could remember from her captivity, and in terms that can only be loosely described as jurry-rigged, managed to get some semblance of function out of the weapon systems on-board the Frith. Yelling orders like a mad-cat, she harassed any half-knowledgeable crewmember to fix whatever they could.

Returning to the bridge, and under a cold eye from her captain, she retook her post behind tactical. In a fantastic running battle that lasted no less than 14 hours, the Excelsior managed to survive and began to inflict its own damage on the Orion ship. For the most part, the captain let Myrra direct the show (as was her prerogative) but as the battle began to come to a close, she retook command. Or tried to; seeing her foe damaged and with a rage unlike any other burning inside her, Myrra turned the Frith on a direct course for the Cutlass with intent not to kill, but to annihilate.

The beleaguered Excelsior had other ideas. In a shower of plasma venting, sparks, and what would otherwise be considered pretty electrical discharges, the jurry-rigged systems came apart in a violent fashion. As the Excelsior ground to a halt in more ways than one, a fuming Myrra could do nothing but helplessly watch as the Cutlass limped away, engaged warp, and was gone. The Frith was still drifting when help arrived 22 hours later.

Captain Taara — was in a bit of a bind. Without Myrra, the Frith may well have not survived. But the cat did disobey orders, and in the end allowed the Orion ship to escape. The course she took was lenient. Myrra was her friend, and she knew that the feline was capable. Though the debts had been nullified—Myrra had now likely saved her life as well—she was not going to throw her to the dogs (so to speak). So she did two things. The first, was allowing Myrra to destroy the Orion outpost. The second was not to have her court martialled for her lack of discipline during the battle. A transfer was necessary, as much as she didn't want, but the Frith was out of action for at least a year—maybe fate would allow them to work together again in the future.

## SECOND TOUR OF DUTY

Starfleet was left with an interesting position itself. What to do with a temperamental cat who was an officer and deserved treatment as such, but whom few captains were likely to want on their ship. The answer was slid across some admiral's desk early one morning by a nameless aid. A new ambassador was to be sent by the Federation to Cardassia Prime, and the Cardassians did not allow for any aids, guards, or otherwise. The Federation needed to send a most capable diplomat, but did not want the risk associated with losing that very same diplomat. As the admiral studied the file folder on the new assignment, a smile spread across his lips. Looking down at the very reaches of his desk, tottering on a corner, was a PADD that had Myrra's file displayed upon it. "A pet," he mused, "they didn't say anything about pets."

So it came to pass that Myrra found herself on Cardassia Prime (a foul smelling place, if she ever knew one), on an undercover mission with the rather mundane job title of bodyguard. Sure, she was told it was of great importance, and hence a big honour, but being fed out of a dish on the floor was less than enticing, and brought memories uncomfortably

close to her days in captivity. But she was not a weak male, and was determined to fulfill her role. For good or for ill, that chance came relatively soon.

With a protector in place, the Federation had sent one of its finest to Cardassia Prime. Too good, in fact, for relations between the UFP and the Cardassian Empire became very smooth. Smooth enough to bother some Cardassians who did not see peace with the Federation as a vaunted condition. Thus was hatched a plot by anti-peace terrorists to kill off the Federation Ambassador. A trap was laid, and the ambassador directed and detoured into a lonely set of alleyways.

When the time was right, the thugs emerged from the shadows, with smiles mimicking the UFP admiral that brought Myrra to this corner of the galaxy. Myrra, long ago having realized it was a trap, but unable to alter the course that brought them here, seized the opportunity of isolation to rise and protect her charge. With shock on their faces, she charged and attacked the closest thugs. Combat ensued, a particularly bloody and feral one, seeing 8 months of cooped-up cat unleashed all at once. With much action, she fended them off, killing each and every one of their would-be attackers that she could get her claws on. But she too got caught in her own catch-22. Should the thugs get away, they could report back and blow her cover, yet if she chased after them in a battle through the streets, there would be no cover left to blow. Tail twitching in indecision, she let them get away, and goaded the diplomat to make haste back to their quarters.

Myrra was pronounced dead. Her cover had been blown, not to the universe at large, not even to the city or government or people to any extent, nevertheless, she had to be brought off planet. Killed while defending her master (a word that made her fur stand on end) from some thugs on the street, her body was shipped out on a UFP freighter, the same ones bringing more mundane bodyguards on the insistence of the UFP.

Why is Myrra not of a higher rank, and why was she put on Z717?

The question arises, why isn't this otherwise capable officer a higher rank? And why was she shipped off to a small outpost on the fringes of space?

For the latter, it was a matter of her record. While she had not necessarily failed, indeed, she had performed her duty most well as a bodyguard, she was, quite frankly, a hot item. With her recent appearance on Cardassia, she had to be out of the limelight for a while, and her temper and strong-headedness needed a bit of culling. So Starfleet did what it thought was best: promoted her to Lt JG, and reassigned her to Z717. Time to cool her paws a little, away from the action.

The answer to the former and to the latter also lies squarely with prejudice, though it is a double-sided one. On the one paw, it is the prejudice of Starfleet personnel, who, perhaps without knowing, do not hold her in a high enough regard, due to the fact she is, to be frank, a cat. Could you see Spot succeeding Lt Commander Data? That makes them overlook her, to an extent. However, her own behaviour has been, shall we say, less than exemplary on a few occasions, especially when it comes to males. Her arrogance (and hostility after years of captivity by males) has on occasion had her exchange words that have hindered her progression. While being debriefed on her mission to Cardassia, she exchanged words with an Admiral that would make a Klingon blush. Needless to say, this has had a less than positive impact on her progression in Starfleet.

## DISPOSITION

Male Arrogant

Not one to trust others easily

A bit combatative, and she does keep to her self quite a bit

Independent

DON'T patronize her. Treat her like a cat, and she'll rip something off

ie, she DOES like being petted, but she better ask for it, or you better be a good friend already.

She IS loyal though, hard working, and she IS mostly fair

An excellent friend to have if you break through the barriers

Very determined