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FUTURE EVENTS AND MISSIONS

Fri 1 st Mar	Committee Meeting (Emma's)	19:30 – 22:00
Sun 17 th Mar	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sat 23 rd Mar	Ann & Dons 30 th Anniversary	19:30 – 00:00
Sun 21 st Apr	Club Meeting (Alternative Universe)	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 19 th May	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Mon 20 th May	Library Exhibition	20 th – 31 st May
Sun 23 rd June	AGM & BBQ	14:00 – 18:00
Tues 9 th July	Stoke Park School Activity Day	09:15 – 15:15
Sun 21 st July	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 18 th Aug	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sat 7 th Sept	Clacton Convention	09:00 – 16:30
Sun 15 th Sept	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sat 21 st Sept	Dinner Dance	19:30 – 00:00



EDITORS CORNER

Hi everyone.

Thanks to everyone who has contributed this month. We have a much fuller issue. The observant ones amongst you will notice that once again we have part 1 of Toms story but that it is longer than last month, this due a problem with the subspace relay that meant I only received part of the segment last month. Therefore so you are able to keep up and enjoy the story properly I have printed part 1 in its entirety. Part 2 next month. Deadline for the March (Easter) Issue will be Friday 1st March.

Many thanks
Major Madia Amme
Editor

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ADMIRALS LOG

Greetings to you all.

We have had quite a quiet time since we last met. Apart from getting one year older nothing much has happened. We have decided that this year we really must concentrate on publicising ourselves and gaining new members, to that end Jeanette has been appointed Public Relations Officer by the committee, this is a non-committee role. She already has some good ideas but we always need more, so if you have any ideas for publicity then see her and she will liase with the committee. We have an exhibition in Newmarket library from 20th May – 31st May. All contributions welcome.

Now I have a request, We have the opportunity to buy an old caravan for £100; we can then convert it into a shuttlecraft and use it for promotion and exhibition purposes. The trouble is that after paying for the pantomime tickets we do not have enough spare funds to but it. As we did not realise the tickets were going to be so expensive, if everyone who went gave back £5 (the tickets were £11.50) to the club we would be able to buy the caravan, donations would be gratefully received from those who were unable to attend the pantomime. Just think what an asset it would be. We could have it at he hall and work on it at meetings. So if you feel able to help out your club it would be greatly appreciated.

Right begging bowl put away. Now a warning for the March meeting, we are going to shoot a promotional video and we would like you all in costume. If you have more than one costume please bring them all.

Commiseration's to Jeanette, who has broken her hand, take more water with it next time Jeanette!

Don't forget we need contributions to the newsletter. Any news, jokes, profiles, stories, pictures etc. It's your magazine lets have YOUR contributions.

In the meantime, all the best.

Anarita Jat
Vice Admiral



BIRTHDAYS

John Borda	10 th
Rhys Evans	22 nd

Many happy returns to you both!

Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy

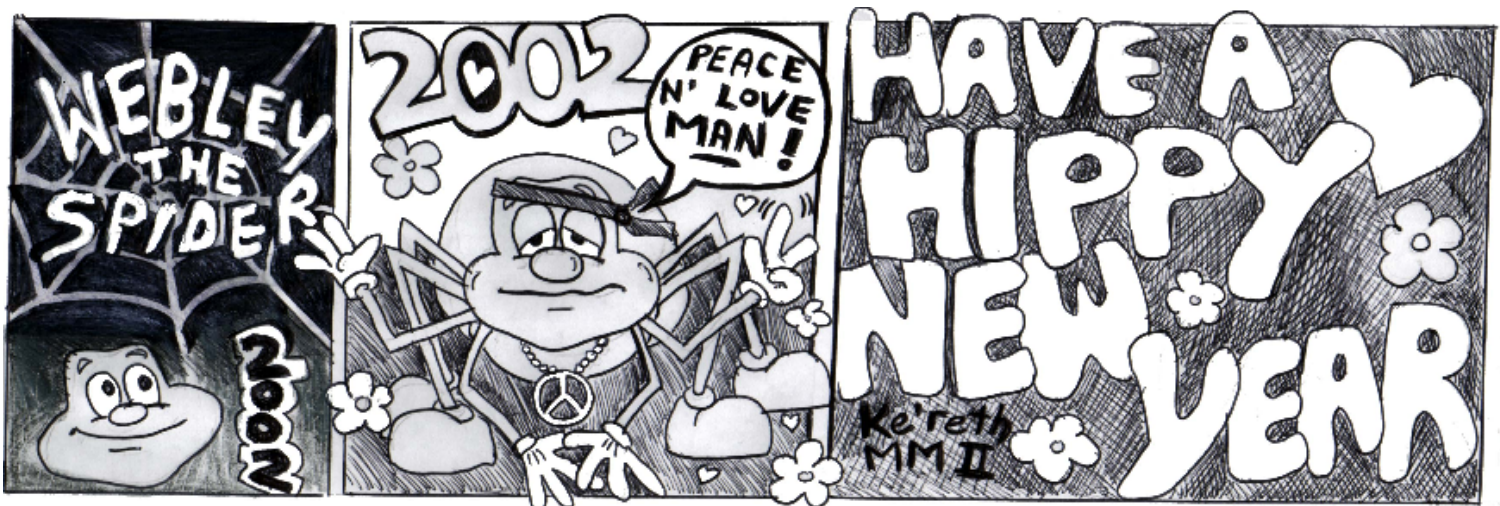
Not a great deal has been going on in the Embassy this month. I had a minor incident in the shuttle bay a couple of days ago. I had circled the shuttle bay in order to position my shuttle facing the bay doors, was about to land and park when the Romulan Ambassadors shuttle suddenly decloaked off my port bow and pulled neatly into my proposed space. Someone really needs to fill in him in shuttle bay landing protocol.

As many of you are aware I will be away for the station for a few days whilst I travel back to Bajor for a brief stay aboard Deep Space 9. Whilst there I will be undergoing a surgical procedure that has been pioneered by Dr. Julian Bashir. I will be returning the station somewhat incapacitated and will be confined to my quarters for about a week, all visitors during his time will be very welcome.

From necessity this log will have to be brief so I will hope to see you all soon.

May the Prophets walk with you.

Madia Amme.



Out in the depths of space, the U.S.S. Dark Star floated in darkness. It had no navigation lights and the light of distant suns gave off almost no reflection. Its warp nacelles were shielded and it had no windows. It was as undetectable to the naked eye as it was to most sensors.

Inside the stealth ship, Commodore Anarita Jat sat in the darkness and waited. For the moment, she was alone. All of the holo-crew had been deactivated to increase the stealth ability. The computer was her only companion, and it just listened to its sensors.

In the darkness of space, Anarita was turning philosophical. In all of her lives, it seemed most of the time she was waiting. Waiting for a spouse to return home. Waiting for a child to be born. Waiting for battle. Waiting for death to appear. So many of her friends had passed away during the years. She could even remember her own deaths.

Joined Trill accepted the death of their hosts, and celebrated their lives. Their memories continued to live on within their new host, thus forming a kind of immortality, or at least a longer life. New adventure and new friends. New families and new responsibilities. But at times like this, when there was nothing to do but wait, Jat reflected not on her fellow Trill, but on her alien friends.

While the Trill had been spacefarers for centuries, they had only recently made their presence known to outsiders. They often insinuated themselves into alien cultures in order to safe guard the location of their home star system from discovery. The incursion was as exciting as it could be lonely. The Trill loved the variety that humanoid life spawned. All of those different cultures and planets, with so many new foods, sounds and feelings.

Then along came the Humans and their United Federation of Planets. For the first time, the Trill decided to come out of hiding. Here was a chance to explore the galaxy out in the open, with friends beside you who wanted to do the same. And by

joining the Federation, the Trill ensured the safeguarding of their planet by joining with something larger than themselves.

But, oh these aliens had such short lives. Even the Vulcans only lived at most 200 some odd standard years before they died. So many lives, so little time together. She was tempted to activate the Curzon holo-character. He had been one of the most watched aliens. He was the first to discover the Trill home planet, and not manage to get himself, or the Trill, killed off doing it. Many Trill were assigned to him though, watching him the rest of his life. Jat, and another Trill named Dax, had been near him when he died in battle. Now there was a warrior's warrior!

Some of the other holo-characters on the Dark Star haunted Jat's memories. Chris Pike, her navigator and one time lover, had gone on to become a famous starship captain. K'lorox, her ship's navigator, had gone on to conquer a whole star system before he was killed in his sleep by an assassin. That hunt had taken Jat over a year to complete, but it was worth K'lorox's honour. Even short Blaylock, of the lost First Federation and her current sensor holo-operator, had eventually succumbed to time and death. All of them gone now and only her memories left to say they were ever there, that they had ever existed at all.

Jat reflected on her current friends. T'Pina was ill. She hid it well, but Jat could tell she needed more treatments. Even with them, how much longer would she live? The General seemed determined to die in a glorious battle, and if possible, take as many enemies with him as he could. And all of the youngsters on Starbase 410, they would all grow older before her eyes. Immortality had its drawbacks, Jat thought.

Suddenly, the quiet was interrupted by a beeping sound. On the sensor console, a light flashed. At last, Jat thought, the game is a foot!

The U.S.S. Sacagawea shook from disrupter fire, the deck tilting at a weird angle. Crew scrambled for their consoles.

“Attention alien vessel, surrender and prepare to be boarded. Failure to comply will result in your immediate destruction.”

“Like heck I will!” Madia shouted.

“Mr. Starr, come about! Take evasive action! Mr. Borda, try to angle our primary shields to keep them between the fighters and our primary hull. And everyone take sensor readings, we need to know as much as we can about these assailants! Captain to Engineering, prepare to implement plan Alpha.”

S’ena looked up from the comm. console and asked, “Should I send them a reply captain?”

“No, I’ll do it my self. Mr. Starr, fire full phasers at any ship that gets near us. That should tell them what I need to say. S’ena, I want you to issue a distress signal on all channels.”

At the ship’s helm, Brian Starr slipped into the “One”. Filtering out all distractions, time seemed to expand. His fingers sped over the console, sending the ship in a new direction every few seconds. As a fighter bore down on them for attack, he lightly touched the phaser-firing button. A beam of pure energy, phased light, reached out and kissed the enemy fighter, which blossomed in to a ball of light. Brian quickly changed direction.

Madia Amme looked at the science station. John Borda looked back at her. “That shouldn’t have blown them up.” John said, “The phasers barely penetrated their shields.”

Madia jumped from her chair to the science station, vaulting the rail. “Let me see the data!” She peered into the old style viewer and said. “I agree. It seems as if the fighter blew itself up. How odd.”

The deck tilted sharply underneath them again. Another fighter blew up. At the helm, Brian Starr looked lost in thought as his hands flashed over the buttons. On the main screen, the stars were doing strange dances as another fighter turned into a fire blossom.

“Captain,” John said, “The fighters are being joined by three more medium size ships and I detect a larger vessel approaching.”

“I can win this.” Brian said from far away in thought as he once again blew up

an enemy fighter. “They only attack in ones and twos. The rest are trying to surround us. While quite co-ordinated, it gives us the chance to manoeuvre...” a ship disappeared in a flash of light, “and pick them off one by one. As long as they don’t all attack in mass...”

“Mr. Starr, remember, we are not supposed to win this fight. We need to be captured alive. Don’t make them any madder than they need to be, just put up a decent fight before we surrender. Mr. Starr...Brian.”

But Brian was deep in the “One” and determined to win.

“S’ena,” Madia said, “I suggest you return to our quarters and take up your position.” Madia looked at the frightened girl. She was scared, but held up calmly. “Good luck.”

“You to Madia.” S’ena turned and entered the turbo lift.

Madia calmly strode over to Brian and hit him as hard as she could. The blow took him by surprise, even though he was in the “One”. His unconscious body hit the floor. Madia shook her hand as she moved over to the comm. console and did one of the hardest things she had ever had to do in her life.

“Attention alien attackers,” she said, “Our helm officer got a little brave, but he has now been relieved of his duty. I will now surrender my ship. All I ask is that you spare my crew.”

“Mr. Borda, lower the shields please.”

In the midst of the fighting, no one noticed the U.S.S. Dark Star as it approached. Its sensors recorded the entire battle, marking down ship sizes and registries.

Quip, the Ferengi at the comm. console looked up at Jat. “The Sacagawea has announced her surrender, Commodore.”

“Good, I thought Madia was going to win this one for a minute. Mr. Pike prepare to...”

The Dark Star shook with a vengeance. Sparks flew from the consoles and the holo-crew blinked out of existence. Jat could hear the sound of escaping air and smell the tang of scorched wires.

Emergency lights came on and displayed the mess that was once her ship. In the ever-thinning air, Jat could hear the computer's recorded voice announce, "Abandon ship, repeat, abandon ship. Total loss of life support and power imminent."

"Captain K'iHQaS," the Comm. officer exclaimed, "A distress signal from the Federation trader we have been following!"

"At last! Helm! Get us there yesterday!" K'iHQaS could feel her Bird-of-Prey leap to warp. Around her, the young warriors checked their stations in preparation for the coming battle. K'iHQaS had worked them hard in the last few weeks since she had taken command of the new ship and crew. While they were all new recruits, just fresh from the Klingon Academy, she knew they would follow her orders with precision, unto death.

K'iHQaS opened her ship wide intercom. "This is your captain speaking. We are about to engage our first enemy in this ship. While they are only pirates, one should never underestimate any opponent. They will try to use unconventional means, but eventually, they will fall to our might, for we are Klingon Warriors and the Empire demands it. Qapla'!"

But when the warship arrived at the co-ordinates, all they found was debris.

Everyone on the Sacagawea was quickly rounded up and beamed off of the ship. They were striped and scanned, then given dirty jump suits to wear. All of the crew, except S'ena, found themselves in a large cargo hold in an alien ship. Brian Starr slept in a corner. On either end of the hold stood hatches, one large for cargo and the other smaller, which they had entered through, for personnel. Soon after they arrived, the personnel hatch opened, and red skinned guards took Balor of Tanis IV away.

After an hour or so, some guards came in and asked, "Which one of you was the captain?"

John Borda stepped forward. "Who wants to know?"

The guard who had spoken aimed his rifle at John. "I do slave. Tell me before I make an example of you."

"Stand down, Mr. Borda, that's an order!" Madia said. "Everyone, your orders are to survive, and survival means co-operation at the moment." She turned to the guard. "I was the captain of the Sacagawea."

"Fine, you will come with us now. Any funny business, and you will regret it." The guard said to the rest, "Listen, we do not coddle people here. As of now you are all property to be used, and disposed of, as we feel fit. After we leave here, you will have three minutes before this door opens again. Outside of it, you will see a corridor. Move along that corridor to a T intersection. Along the crossing hallway will be cells, some of which are already occupied. We desire 4 individuals per cell, no more, no less. You will have five minutes to accomplish this task."

"Or what?" Saryena Remora asked.

The guard looked at her. "Or you will learn to breathe vacuum."

With that, they left the hold, taking Madia with them.

John rushed over to Brian's unconscious form and shook him. "Brian, Brian, wake up!" He looked at Jeanette and Saryena, "I guess Madia hit him harder than she thought. We'll have to carry him."

"Look, the four of us have got to try to stick together." Jeanette said.

"That's easier said than done," Saryena said, looking at the rest of the crew. "That bunch is going to bolt for the first cell they can reach, then fight over it until they all asphyxiate."

Indeed, the workers they had been forced to hire looked desperate and panicked. They clustered near the hatch. Scum of the universe that they were, they were still innocent parties to the plan devised by Commodore Jat.

"We're responsible for them being here." Saryena said. "We need to do something."

"You're right." Jeanette stood up and approached the mob. "In less than two minutes that hatch will open and we'll have to work together to survive. I want all of you to divide into groups of four and line up. When the hatch opens we'll all calmly move down the hallway to the intersection."

"We're not working for you any more!"

“Yeah, look where you got us!”

“Who put you in charge!”

“I say, everyman for himself!” One particularly large cargo handler said.

Jeanette looked at the man. He easily stood over her and out massed her. Fighting him would not be easy, and would take up time that could get them all killed. Turning her attention to the rest of the crew, she said calmly. “If we work together, we’ll all survive. If we panic, we’ll all die. You decide right now, live or die.” She let her words sink in. “Those who want to live will group in fours in a line, now!” She said in her best command voice.

Jeanette, with Saryena’s help, began to form the crew into lines, grabbing some and moving them into place. “The first group will walk to the intersection and turn right, take the first cell on the right. The second group will turn left, and take the first cell to their right. The third group will turn right and take the left cell. The fourth group will turn left and take the first left cell. If there is already someone in the cell, then move on to the next cell. Does everyone understand the plan?”

The big bruiser looked like he might put up a fight, but the rest of the crew started to line up in order. They were used to being pushed around for the most part, and responded to Jeanette’s air of authority.

“This isn’t over between us.” The large cargo handler told Jeanette as he moved to the front of the line.

“What about him?” One crewman asked pointing towards Brian.

Jeanette looked over towards Brian, who with John’s help, was just now waking up. She turned back to the crewman. “I’ll make sure he’s taken care of, you just watch over your three group mates. Remember what the captain said, survival is our number one priority now and to do that we need to work together.”

The hatch opened with a whoosh of air escaping the hold, as if to remind them of the power held over them by their captors. The first group, lead by the cargo handler, ran out.

“Follow them calmly! We have time to make it!” Jeanette and Saryena shouted. “Don’t push or shove! Remain calm!”

John and Brian staggered up to the end of the line, John helping Brian stand. After everyone else had left, Jeanette and Saryena joined them, and headed down the hall. The group ahead of them had turned left, so the four Starfleeters turned right. Ahead of them, a group was entering a door three cells down on the left. When they got to the fourth cell door on the right, they could tell it was already occupied by two aliens.

“Brian can’t go any farther. I’ll stay with him while you two go to the next cell.” John said.

“We should try to stick together.” Jeanette replied.

“Look, the cell across from here has two people in it also. We need to split up. It’s our only chance!” Saryena said.

As if to emphasise her words, the air began to flow past them and the cell doors began to close. Saryena grabbed Jeanette and pulled her into the opposite cell while John shoved Brian into their cell.

“Good luck!” Jeanette shouted to John as she went through the closing cell door.

“You too!” He answered to the now shut door.

Major Madia Amme of the Bajoran Militia had known her share of tight situations before during her career in the resistance, and she figured this one was no different. All she had to do was keep her wits about her, and soon an opportunity would present itself. Even now, as she walked down the corridor between the guards, she calculated the chances of grabbing one guard’s pistol, while shoving the other guard against the wall with a high kick. With a little luck, maybe she could get away with it, but then what? Alone on an alien ship, even armed, with no idea where to find the communications room. And no doubt every guard on the ship would be searching for her with orders to shoot first and ask questions later. No, she decided to play this hand out and see where it took her. She could always commit suicide against the guards later.

This hand apparently was taking her to a large and well-appointed room, where a party was ensuing. The guards stopped just

inside the door to the smoke filled room, and prevented her from proceeding any further. Madia looked around the room, noting exits and people. Most of the partiers were sitting on cushions or pillows laid out on the ornate carpets arraigned in a semicircle around the sides of the room. In the centre stood a large bowl filled with a fire, though it did not appear to be the source of the smoke. The partiers were smoking from tubes hooked up to a strange jar placed every few feet along the carpets. It was these jars, and the smokers, that emitted the smoke. They were all dressed in robes and turbans, representing most of the alien races of the alpha quadrant. Though some she didn't recognise, she did see a Cardassian or two. At sight of them, her blood began to boil. A small voice in her head, sounding much like a cross between her mother and Commodore Jat, told her to remain calm, it was her only chance to survive.

Most of the aliens appeared to be of one race, either ruddy or greenish. She knew who they were, the Orions. One reddish Orion, in a particularly large ornate wig, bejewelled and ribboned, approached her.

"Ah, you must be the captain of the Sacagawea," He said politely as he held out his hand.

Madia shook it, and tried not to wince from the pain in her hand. She must have hit Brian harder than she had intended. Focus, she thought to herself.

"And you are...?" She asked.

"Your host at the moment. Oh, where are my manners? Come sit down." The man proceeded to sit down on some garish pillows. He patted the pillow next to him. "Sit, sit, we must talk."

When Madia hesitated, he added menacingly, "That was a suggestion. Do not make me make it an order."

Madia moved over and sat down gracefully next to him. Information was what she needed the most now, she thought.

"You'll pardon me if I'm a little stand-offish? I don't even know your name."

"Oh, yes, we haven't been formally introduced yet have we? Well, as there is no one else who can perform the correct ritual, we shall have to do it ourselves. You may call me..." The Orion looked up at the

ceiling in thought, "Yarda. Yes, Yarda sounds fine."

The Orion stood up and announced to the room, "Tonight my dear friends, my name is Yarda." The rest of the room applauded Yarda's announcement like a great feat, except for the Cardassians, who looked annoyed.

Returning to the floor, Yarda said, "And you my dear? What is your name?"

"Madia of Bajor."

"Ah, Madia, it is so nice to meet you. Tell me, how do you like our little party so far? Care for a drink?" Yarda handed her a glass filled with a glowing liquid, which he had taken from a scantily clad slave standing behind them. "Perhaps you would care for a toke of our fine smoke. Oooh, a rhyme, a toke of our smoke."

Several of the guests nearby laughed at Yarda's joke.

"Ah, no thank you." Madia replied.

"May I ask, is this how you treat all of your, shall I say, guests?"

"Oh, no! Most of them, like your crew, are sold here into slavery. All of these fine people are here to buy the resources I acquired from your ship. Even now, they are wondering if you will be placed on the auction block and for how much, or even if the cost will be worth it. It is well known that your people tend to cause trouble when made slaves, but if broken, work very hard."

"Tell me then, Yarda, am I going to be put on the block?"

"Well, normally, yes, I must say, but for some reason, I haven't made up my mind about you just yet. You see, we found something in your cabin that suggested that you might join us instead of being wasted in the slave pits." Yarda clapped his hands.

Across the room, a door opened and two guards entered dragging a kicking, screaming, green girl dressed in veils. Madia immediately recognised S'ena. She tried to hide her surprise, but Yarda was looking at her.

"Ah, I see you remember your former pet. I wonder how, or why, you came into possession of her. You must tell me sometime. But right now, I want to see her dance. She will not perform for me, so I want you to make her. Now."

The last was not up for debate. Madia stood up slowly, and walked over to S'ena. "Calm down little one." She said placing a hand along S'ena's cheek.

S'ena looked up at Madia, anger and fright in her eyes "You must dance for me now, or we both may die." Madia said.

S'ena nodded.

"You may release her now." Madia told the guards.

The guards looked at Yarda, who waved them away.

Madia turned and sat back down next to Yarda.

"Music!" Yarda called.

A harsh drumbeat began to sound in the room, though Madia couldn't see any musicians. Horns joined in. In the middle of the floor, near the fire, S'ena began to move in a serpentine sort of way. Beads of sweat soon shown on her green skin as she danced around the room.

Madia wasn't watching the dancing S'ena though. She was busy trying to remember everyone in the room, looking for clues as to why she was being treated so strangely. Surely, she wasn't being treated this way just because S'ena had been in her quarters when they were captured.

Yarda was saying something to her. "She is quite a specimen. I wonder how she will fair with my other girls. Perhaps I can get them to dance together. It is rare, but it has been done. Oh, what a marvellous display that would be!"

"Madia, I know you are wondering how you can join our organisation. I am sure that you can see the advantages. You could even rise to become captain of a ship again someday. All you have to do is give me the codes that will unlock your ship's computer."

At last the truth came out! Madia and Saryena had planed a little sabotage aboard the Sacagawea. They called it plan Alpha, and it locked down all commands on the ship. Even Madia didn't know how to reverse the codes, only Saryena knew. Without the codes, the ship was useless, dead in space. Only life support remained active. Sure, with time the computer could be compromised, and or replaced, but Madia had thought that the pirates wouldn't want to keep the old ex-federation survey

vessel that long, or invest the Latinum into it. Their success depended on a high turnover rate. They didn't want to get caught with the goods!

"I hope you understand, I need to think about this for a while." Madia stalled.

"What is there to think about? Life as a crewman aboard one of my vessels, or life as a slave!" Yarda began to grow angry.

"But you must understand that those codes are the only thing keeping me from becoming a slave, and I do have my crew to think about." Madia said.

"I suggest you forget about your crew and think about yourself!" Yarda jumped up. "Enough! Take them both away! They displease me!"

Guards came in from nowhere and grabbed Madia and S'ena. As they proceeded to haul them both away in opposite directions, the two looked at each other for what might be the last time.

The last place S'ena had expected to be taken to when she was captured was a party, especially one where Madia was an honoured guest! Could Madia have betrayed them all?

No! That was the first thing they were taught at the academy. Keep faith with your fellows. Even if Madia wasn't a Starfleet Academy graduate, she was a soldier and knew the rules. Their captors must have been trying to use her as leverage over Madia. They wanted something from Madia, and had shown her S'ena as a way to get it. S'ena hoped Madia hadn't given in and given them what ever they had wanted. Hadn't the guards dragged them both off?

S'ena didn't have to pretend docility when the guards took her away from the party. She was bone tired from the dancing. She had been scared at first, moving jerkily to the drums. But quickly, some part of her recognised the primitive beating as a theme, and her body had moved unconsciously to the music. Soon, S'ena had been totally caught up in the movements, twirling and jumping as if she were a mindless toy caught up in a tornado. She had known the crowd was watching her every move, and between the intoxicants in the air, and the pheromones of herself and the watchers, she had become drunk with the joy of

movement. She had lost herself to the moment and it worried her.

Was this how normal Orion women reacted to the ancient, primitive, sounds? Her father had been a green Orion, and her mother had been human, so she had no real clue about the females of her half heritage, other than the stories people told. Most were filled with their animalistic behaviour. None of the stories had prepared her for the feelings that had overcome her when she had danced.

The guards finally brought her to a door. The door opened into a large carpeted room full of torn cushions and ripped pillows. Drapes hung in tatters against the walls. The guards threw her into the room and she landed on the soft pillows. Quickly, she turned towards the door, but it was already closed. Behind her, she heard a hiss.

S'ena jumped up into a fighting crouch. Appearing before her, out of the drapes, were three other green Orion women. While each looked threateningly at her, one in particular, looked vicious. She cowed the other two and moved towards S'ena.

"Well, the master has a new plaything I see. Well, you won't replace me! I'll tear your pretty little face up into shreds. We'll see how the master like his new toy then, won't we." The large woman moved towards S'ena.

"I don't want any trouble." S'ena said. "Can't we just get along like sisters?"

"I killed my sisters when I was 5 years old." The woman replied.

"Well, that's not exactly what I had in mind." S'ena said. "Why don't we all sit around and do each other's toenails while we sing cumbiya?"

"Oh, the little bird wants to sing does she? I'll teach her a song."

S'ena could see that the three women must be all constantly vying for dominance over each other. The woman

confronting her must be the alpha female, trying to put S'ena in her place. S'ena thought, I can either be her slave, or her master. There was no other way. Enough! If I'm going to have to play this role, I'm going to be the lead slave!

The other woman moved threateningly towards S'ena. S'ena was still tired from the dancing, but this was a battle she had to win, or she would regret it later. She closed with her and faked a right punch. As the woman reached up to block the punch, S'ena whirled around to deliver a kick to her stomach. The woman went down, but was up in a moment.

Meanwhile, the other two had circled around S'ena and now jumped her. S'ena took the shock of the first, rolled with her, and used her legs to launch the girl across the room. The remaining woman leapt upon S'ena, using her hands as claws. S'ena did all she could to hold off the reaching fingernails, which looked sharp as blades. She knew that if she stayed like this, the animal woman would overcome her sooner or later.

Just then, the first woman pulled S'ena's assailant off of her. "She's mine!"

The break gave S'ena just the chance she needed to climb back up on her feet before the first woman came at her again. The woman fought like a crazed animal, with no co-ordination or plan. S'ena easily kept her at bay with her Starfleet training, moving around, tossing her like a kitten when she attacked. Soon, before S'ena's strength gave out, she placed a well-aimed blow to the back of the woman's neck. She fell like a ton of bricks.

It didn't take S'ena long to subdue the other two, tying them all up in torn drapes. As the first started to come around, S'ena began what was sure to be a long and tiring chore.

"Now ladies, we are going to learn to get along, and that first starts with manners." The Orion women glared at her.

Welcome all Starbase 410 Crewmembers,

The Admirals report from the USS Lutonia.

We are hoping this year to get it together with all of you though not all at once of course. Anyway we are resuming our page in your fanzine. Resistance is futile so enjoy this update of recent news.

Christmas Party Success

USS Lutonia crewmembers enjoyed a very successful Christmas party to finish off a year of success which will surely be hard to repeat in 2002. However Lutonia members were not the only people present. Also present were members of the Genesis club who managed to win a fresh turkey. We also had a fair amount of first time visitors curious to see what we got up to. The evening consisted of a fancy dress theme and competition for both adults and children. Then came a Jolly Todgers adult game. Based loosely on musical chairs but with a pub theme. The game consisted of nine rounds where contestants had to achieve their mission. It started innocently enough with finding something science fiction and blowing up balloons.

However as the game went on the missions became more dangerous and the last contestant was eliminated from each round. During the course of the game the contestants had to find items of clothing from socks and shoes and persuade someone to write their own names on their foreheads. Pose on an imaginary catwalk for our version of popstars with a "I'm too sexy" round. Lastly the game finished off with the remaining finalists having to go out into the audience to find a woman's bra and some trousers. Zorro almost won it in a tie breaker where himself and the Blues Brother namely John Kelly had to go out and get a cracker to sit on their knees. Unfortunately Zorro and his companion managed to fall off the chair otherwise they would have won. But it was not the winning that counted but the laugh it gave everyone.

Other sights on the night included a nun, Miss Poland 2001; Batman, a pink fairy and a man dressed up as a woman. Also include in the fancy dress theme was a Teddy tubby, another two blues brothers, Laura Croft, Bo-Peep and a white fairy. Which made for a very enjoyable evening.

What is a Fart?

Starting this month we look at some heavenly gases commonly known as a fart and try to work out the mysteries behind farting

Farts are nature's way of releasing our own toxins. Flatulence can be best described as the pressure of excessive amounts of gas in the stomach or intestines. If we didn't fart the gases we produce would be re-absorbed back into the blood and would poison us. And as anyone of you who has ever suffered from trapped wind can verify. Holding it in can cause painful swelling and distension of the abdomen. Over many years of scientific research by Starfleet medical personnel there has not been a case of a single human being exploding as a result of being filled to bursting point. However this is not the case in the life form known as cows who explode on a regular basis. Farts are mainly composed of five gases:

**Nitrogen (N₂), Carbon Dioxide (CO₂), Hydrogen (H₂)
Methane (CH₄) and Oxygen (O₂).**

The gases listed above are ok as far as it goes. But Hydrogen, Nitrogen and Oxygen are elements and by themselves will not give the true flavour of a fart. Therefore they need spicing up and they get this by forming compounds with carbon (C) and Sulphur (S). Thus this creates essential smell factors know

Until next month my friends

Live long and prosper or is that Thunderbirds are GO!

Admiral Andy

ADMIRAL VARR'S LOG

My good friend Admiral Jat has asked me, to write a Page for the Starbase's Newsletter. So I thought I'd start off by writing a Little introduction. So hear goes: -

I'm a joined Trill of six lifetimes, with memories that go back to Tulden, my first host, back before the days of Starfleet Academy. I'm actually around fifty years older than Starfleet, or just a little over thirty standard years Depending on your point of view. I've been a fruit farmer, an engineer, a pirate and blockade-runner during Bajors occupation, A Starfleet Officer and later a Captain, a Teacher and now an Admiral of a Highly Advanced Starship that has been re-equipped to serve as a Starfleet Academy Classroom.

I was born, (the host part at least.) in 2346: I, Dalen Rebin was born to Sarl Rebin (Father and a Starfleet Captain, Engineer and Warp Field specialist) and Bria Rebin (Mother and Chief Medical Officer USS. Cairo.) I was born on the Trill Homeworld In the beautiful Beachfront settlement of Naria Prime. I still miss the way the sea laps against the shore, the smell of salt in the air, the warm breezes on a hot day.

It must be the pirate in me, or the fact that I rarely meet anyone of a higher rank. Or perhaps it's just me disliking being tied into my uniform, but, I don't like my uniforms stand up collar, and often let the zip slip down a little, when know that no ones looking. I've even been known to give lectures in my own clothing, you know out of Uniform. (Shock Horror) So here's a little more information on me, from my Starfleet Record.

2373: Cardassia becomes part of the Dominion, and war seems imminent. Dalen Varr receives orders to join the crew of the USS. Tucumseh, under the Command of Captain Raymond, as the Tecumseh's Chief Engineer. He is also promoted to the rank of Commander, after publishing Papers on Warp field Stress. And the other, a proposition for a Theoretical Trans phasic Shielding system.

2374 - 2375: Commander Varr remains the Tecumseh's Chief Engineer during the war with the Dominion. Late in 2375 He is promoted to Captain by Admiral Ross and is given the command of the USS. Merlin. Only 3 months before his 30th Birthday.

2376: It's in this position, that Captain Dalen leads Starfleet's Akira wing, as part of the 3rd Fleet. His Heroic actions during the Dominion War, lead to him being awarded the Christopher Pike medal He is also field promoted to the rank of Admiral, By Admiral Ross. Becoming one of Starfleet's youngest serving Admirals.

2377: Admiral Dalen Varr's Vessel, the recently commissioned Akira Class, NCC – 63495. USS. Merlin is assigned to replace the Ageing USS. West Point as the Starfleet Academy Vessel assigned to Starbase 410.

Admiral Varr.

Kai Kassai, My fellow warriors. And greetings, to my allies.

A strange thing happened the other day. That New Trill Admiral beat me at Tri Dimensional Chess. When it comes to Strategy, I'm not easily beaten. (Being beaten at chess the Android Memo doesn't count, as that's a little like being beaten by the Stations main computer.) But it did give me the opportunity to press him for information. It also allowed me to take the full-guided tour of the new Academy Training Vessel. I must admit I was impressed at the Dedication to duty shown by His Cadet's and Training Officers.

I was lucky enough, to go aboard the USS. Merlin during its Navigational deflector refit. Which means the Stations external repair and refit cradle had been deployed. For those who haven't seen this massive Starship sized cage you've missed a treat. This thing takes three days to deploy. And allows almost any vessel to be repaired at the Starbase. Then once, the USS. Merlin had been locked in place and docking tubes have been latched on to the vessels external docking ports, to allow engineers and support workers to moves easily back and forth between ship and station. Then they warm up the force field emitters. So that engineers can move over the external surface of the vessel within the cradle, without the need of a heavy and often cumbersome E.V.A. (extra vehicular activity) suit. Then the huge Navigational Deflector dish was disconnected and moved away by one of the stations heavy tractor beam emitters. Then the New emitter was swung into place, and engineers swarmed over the Merlin like ants. Once the Cradle had been deployed, the Deflector removal and replacement, took less than twelve hours.

Some of the Brighter among you will notice that I missed my page. There's a good reason for this, as b'Sel and I where on the Tzari Homeworld, to negotiate with them for the Empire's rights to set up a number of small Asteroid Mining stations, To remove the Dilithium from the asteroid field that runs throughout the Tzari space. I offered the Tzari Klingon solar energy conversion and anti radiation shield technology that will revolutionise life on a planet with three B – type suns. The Tzari Homeworld is a baking one hundred and fifty five degrees in the Shade. Thankfully the Tzari's homes are air-conditioned, as b'Sel and I later found out. I even managed to get authorisation to search for other minerals. But for me the best part was taking a dip in the planets volcanically heated underground springs. Then swimming in what can only be described as an underground ocean. It was breath taking, Especially as we where privileged to see a giant marine mammal known as a Vre'ak. Imagine a three hundred metre long eel like creature, with what's suspected to be near sentient. And as for b'Sel, it was a Mission where she could take her children. So it was successful trip all round. Back on the Station, life continues. I have cut down my morning weapons practice to three days a week. I've chosen a number of New Hobbies. Terrans have something called a new years resolution. I'm told it's a bit like a promise you make to yourself, then do your best to keep. (Don't ask me why, It's another one of those things they call traditional.) So I've decided to take up Archaeology. There have been some interesting discoveries found on a Planet less than four days travel at high warp from here. A building that has been named Zahn's Cathedral after the Archaeologist who discovered its ruins on the uninhabited planet of Tarba II. A Terran by the name Dr. Roger Zahn. I've asked to go along Next month to see this place for myself. I can hardly wait. I've already spent about a week on and off in a Holodeck recreation of it

Ke'reth out . . .