



STARBASE NEWS

Issue 33 March 2002

www.starbase410.org

Editors Corner

Hi everyone,
Well the main thing for me to announce here is the start of the Starbase 410 Community story. Many thanks to Leigh for the idea. The story works by each chapter being written by a different person. I have written the first part, which appears in this issue. The next part will be written by someone whose name will be pulled out of a hat at the meeting. Each part should be no longer than 2 pages in Arial font size 12. Anyone wishing to participate should pass their name to me and the writer of each chapter will be announced in the newsletter.
Many thanks
Major Madia Amme

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- Webley
- Results Part 2 (by Tom Hudspeth)
- Starbase 410 community story Part 1
- Ship ID Quiz

ADMIRAL'S LOG

Greetings to you all.

Well it has been a traumatic month since my last log. You will have heard about Emma and I will leave it to her to explain more inside.

I felt that our last meeting was positive and would like to welcome two new members, Leigh introduced Christine Aldous to the club and Jeannette brought Tasha along and she has finally joined. Welcome to both of you, new blood is always welcome.

I am really looking forward to this year, I feel that the club has a very positive future and we are aiming to give ourselves a high profile.

The promotional video looks set to be very good plus we have the exhibition and an open day planned.

We are also purchasing a caravan so we can use it for displays and for promotional purposes. We have a car boot sale on the 14th July, so help will be needed on that day, it was very lucrative last year. We are also having a stand at Clacton this year so we will have a base to work from.

Next month is alternative universe month, so it's alternative uniform for the filming, then old clothes and supersoakers at the ready. In May we will be preparing for the exhibition at Newmarket Library and premiering the video. In June we have the AGM and BBQ. Don't forget it's the 4th Sunday because of Fathers Day.

You will see we have quite a few innovations in this month's magazine, new format, new ideas, community story and supplement. This can only be good for the club. As you can see I am back on the front page but we are still called Starbase News. So let's have your contributions to **YOUR** magazine. You get points for contributing.

I look forward to seeing at our 30th Wedding Anniversary on the 23rd.

In the meantime all the best.

Anarita Jat
Vice Admiral

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

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Honorary President: Barry Morse

Don't forget! Our website address has now changed!
www.starbase410.org

FUTURE EVENTS & MISSIONS

Date	Event / Mission	Time Start	Time Finish
Sat 23rd Mar	Ann & Dons 30th Anniversary	19:30	00:00
Sun 21st Apr	Club Meeting (Alternative Universe)	14:00	18:00
Sun 19 th May	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Mon 20 th May	Newmarket Library Exhibition	20 th May	31 st May
Sun 23rd June	AGM & BBQ	14:00	18:00
Sat 29 th June	Starbase 410 Open Day (Newmarket)	10:00	16:00
Tues 9th July	Stoke Park School Activity Day	09:15	15:15
Sun 14 th July	Starbase Fundraising Car Boot Sale	07:00	14:30
Sun 21st July	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 18th Aug	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 7th Sept	Clacton Convention	09:00	16:30
Sat 21 st Sept	3 rd Annual Dinner / Dance	19:00	00:00

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BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS

Birthday / Celebration	Date
Mother's Day	10 th March
Rubi Lister	16 th March
Ann & Don 30 th Wedding Anniversary	25 th March
Good Friday	29 th March
Easter Sunday	31 st March

Any celebrations that you want featured e.g. weddings, birthdays, anniversaries etc. just let me know the month before and they will feature in this new and expanded section.

Hi.

As a change to the normal format of this page, this month I am not writing as the Major/Ambassador, nor am I writing as the Intendant or as Editor, Club Secretary, Treasurer or any thing else you may want to call me. Instead I am writing as me, Emma Hindle. The reason for this, as many of you are aware I recently went into hospital for minor day surgery and as those of you are also aware I was very lucky to come out again 5 days later.

Now almost three weeks later I am finding this very difficult to write. I am still off work and expect to be off for at least another three weeks. I would like to tell all of you what happened to me. Some of you I have seen and told in person so please forgive me for telling you again, but this is for those friends that I have not seen since the operation.

Where to begin, on the 14th February I went into Ipswich hospital for a laparoscopy and dye test with laser treatment of my ovaries. I have polycystic ovaries, a condition that is preventing Nick and myself from starting a family. The laser treatment is supposed to correct the hormone imbalance that causes polycystic ovaries.

Unfortunately something went wrong and instead of being in surgery for 45 minutes tops I was under for about 2 ½ hours. It appears that one of the instruments slipped or they went to far and managed to 'nick' one of my blood vessels causing internal bleeding. At this point in order to see what damage they had done they had to cut me open from the navel (belly button) to the pelvis. After watching for an hour, they determined that they had not as they had feared hit a main artery, but a small blood vessel running near my aorta. In that hour this vessel had stopped bleeding and sealed itself, but not before my blood pressure had dropped dangerously low and I had been prepared for a blood transfusion. Luckily I did not need any of the 8 units of blood I am told they had ready. My core temperature also dropped so that they would not allow me to remove any coverings when I came round and felt hot. I went under general anaesthetic at 15:40 and I was still floating in and out of consciousness when I was admitted to a ward (room to myself) at 19:00. I was monitored every 15 minutes throughout the night, blood pressure, temperature and pulse. When my surgeon came to see me on Friday morning he said that 'we' had been very lucky, things could have been much worse. One thing that disappoints me though is that he never said sorry. He was apologetic and concerned but he never once said to me " I am sorry for what I have done." Because of him I am off work for 6 weeks, I have suffered the indignity of catheters and bed baths, not to mention the pain to me and the worry to Nick, my family and friends. The least he could do is say sorry.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank those of you who prayed for me (to whatever god or gods) esp. Ellie who I am told stayed up very late to burn a candle for me. Thankyou also for the cards, chocolates, plants and good wishes I have received from you all. Thanks for the visits and phone calls they mean a lot. I feel very lucky to have such good family and friends and I want you all to know how much I love and value you.

Emma.

The Klingon in Starbase 410's Security office was sitting quite still. Behind the desk of the Station Security Chief, Lt. Commander K'SQqwa SuDs'qan'ya, was lost in thought. His normally fierce countenance was oddly composed. Had anyone appeared at his doorway, they would have been surprised to see him so relaxed. But he was far from it. Behind his ridged brow, thought processes usually filled with paranoia and violence were grasping to put together an obscure mental puzzle.

He had only some of the pieces to the jigsaw and could discern no overall picture yet. Someone or something had been rifling the station's Astrometrics files at a pace unmatched by anything other than a ship's computer, but file records indicated that the information was not leaving the station. None of the ships in hangers were receiving the information either. It seemed as if the station computer itself was bored and wanted to read the information.

Was this linked some how to the leaked ship information? Some how the pirates who were raiding in the area of space known as the Triangle knew all of the station's star ship positions and routes. General K'batlh had already stopped sending in his reports on ship movements. He had decided the station security was too lax. Something to do with the federation training pacifying the Klingon security chief. The information oozing out of the station was a smear on K'Sqqwa's honour. He had to find out who was doing it and stop them.

But then, for no reason, the opening and closing of Astrometrics files had stopped. Had the thief found what they were looking for? Or had

K'Sqqwa's investigations gotten too close?

"AAAH! This is driving me mad! I have, perhaps, been thinking on this too long." K'SQqwa rose from his desk and headed for the promenade. "A breath of fresh air and a qa'vln will clear my head." He said as he left his office.

In deed, as he left the Security office complex behind and started to mingle with the other pedestrians in the more frequented portions of the station, he felt better. Though he still scanned the crowds for problems, they were mundane problems that he knew his men could handle, not at all like the security issues he had to contend with. K'SQqwa began to hope for a little fight to break out, just so he could legitimately bash some heads in, proving he was alive. Bashing heads in wouldn't help him with his current problems though.

Nearing an acceptable Klingon establishment, K'SQqwa entered. He ordered a Klingon coffee, and found a chair at a table. While he was waiting, he noticed two other Starfleet personnel enter.

"I heard this place offered authentic Klingon food." Lt. Laura-Jean Morris said.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Ensign Laura Shepherd asked.

"Have you gotten cold feet on our quest?"

"No way! But remember the Vulcan place? The food was soooo boring!"

"But the Ferengi place had good food."

"It had better have been good at the prices they were charging!"

"Come on, where is your adventure? Our mission is to sample some of every culture's food stuffs in order to broaden our palette."

“But not our waist! I know. But all it has done so far is make me appreciate human food more.”

“Well, today is Klingon day. Do you see a table?”

As if K'SQqwa had stood up and yelled for them, they looked right at his spot. Realising that most of the patrons were Klingons, his Starfleet uniform must have stood out like a beacon. Resigned to his fate, K'SQqwa waved them to join him.

“K'SQqwa, we see so little of you any more. How have you been?” Morris asked.

K'SQqwa realised that humans often asked these little questions as a way of being polite, not always showing an interest in one's actual condition, so he grunted, “I have been busy.”

“Oh. I see.” Morris answered back, though it was clear that she did not.

Shepherd had picked up the menu and was perusing it. “We have a rare opportunity here before us Laura.”

“What do you mean, Laura?” Morris loved this little game they played.

“Well, here we are in a Klingon deli, and our table mate is a Klingon. Where we would just order anything we thought we could pronounce, without knowing if it would taste good, or be authentic, K'SQqwa here could order for us, thus ensuring a true Klingon meal just like they eat back home.”

“Oh, yes, K'SQqwa, please, order for us.”

K'SQqwa looked at the two human women. He had understood their request, but did they really mean it? “Do either of you have duty soon?” He asked. Klingon food sometimes had poor effects on human digestive tracts.

“Oh, we both just got off shift.” Morris said. “Three is handling everything right now.”

“In that case, I will oblige you and join you.” K'SQqwa turned in his chair towards the bar, “Waiter, three wornagh, now!” Turning back to the humans, K'SQqwa considered their self-imposed mission. Most humans he had met had very little stomach for real Klingon cuisine. They thought that eating live food was, unpleasant. He wondered how far they would go.

The waiter arrived with the Klingon ale, and K'SQqwa decided to find out. “Bring us an order of qagh, fresh mind you! Go!” K'SQqwa told the waiter. To the Lauras he said, “They really do have good qagh here. The owner grows them himself and has bred them to have a slight sour, vinegar like, taste. He feeds them only the blood of mavje' targ, and serves them in a sweet sauce.” K'SQqwa hunched over, as if to share a secret. “Now, when the bowl arrives, I do not want you to embarrass yourselves by eating it like a human. I want you to grab the qagh with your hands and shove it into your mouths. To eat Klingon food properly, you must eat it like a Klingon. The sauce is toxic to the qagh, and you must eat them quickly. It is considered a dishonour to the preparer if the qagh dies before you eat all of them.”

Shepherd looked at Morris and said in a weak voice, “Dies?”

“You wanted adventure.” Morris reminded her.

Brian Starr woke to an alien face staring at him from 3 inches away.

“Wakes he.” The alien said.

“Yes, I'm awake. Thank you.” Brian stammered. “Can you tell me where I am?”

“Gets Friend. Waits you.” The large alien stood up..., and up..., and up. He must have been over 8 foot tall at the least.

"Brian!" Brian heard John Borda's voice, but couldn't take his eyes off of the huge alien.

"Great, he wakes." Said another voice from across the room. "Maybe we won't get spaced after all."

The large alien stepped back and John came forward.

"How do you feel?" John said

"Disoriented. What happened? Last thing I remember, we were on the ship fighting pirates..."

"Hissss, shut him up or we will all be killed." A blue alien across the room said.

"And, now I'm here."

"Believe it or not, we are prisoners of the pirates." John told Brian.

"But I could have won that fight! What happened, and why does my head hurt?"

"The Major, I mean Captain Amme, knocked you out because you were going to win. We wanted to lose, remember?"

"Oh, yes, now I remember. I was in the "One" and fighting when she cold cocked me." Brian looked aside at John. "Guess there are still some things I need to work on."

In a more serious voice, Brian said, "What's our situation?"

"We have been placed in individual cells with four occupants each. The Captain and Balor of Tanis IV were separated from us early on. I guess we know who our traitor was now. Anyway, Jeanette and Saryena are across the hall from us." John avoided saying anything about the one closest to Brian's heart, but Brian thought that was probably for the best. "We are on a ship, I felt it go to warp shortly after we were brought aboard, and aside from one meal, we have been left alone."

As Brian tried to stand, John held him down. "Rest, now. The other two here tell me that soon, we will be tested and put to work."

"Tested?"

"Yes, the prisoners are used according to their talents. All four of us here were officers on ships taken.

At that moment they all heard a thump against the wall adjoining the next cell. The blue skinned alien, a Bolian, cried, "Oh, no! Now we are all going to be spaced!"

The fight in the next cell grew louder. "Sounds like that big bruiser cargo handler we had trouble with has decided to take out his frustrations on his cell mates." John said.

"This not good." The tall alien said.

"Not good? Not good?" the Bolian said. "No, it will be the death of us all!"

"What do you mean?" Brian asked.

"Shhhh! Stay quiet. Maybe they won't punish us all."

There was a loud boom of decompression, at which Brian and John jumped to their feet. They could feel the air pressure drop as their ears popped.

"We've taken a hit!" Brian said.

"Perhaps rescue has arrived." John said.

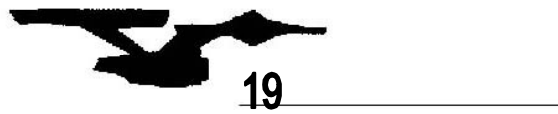
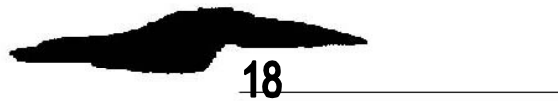
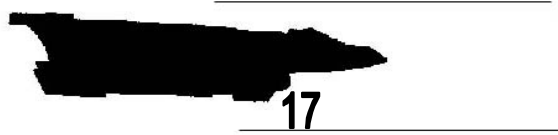
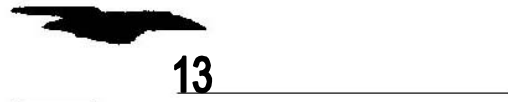
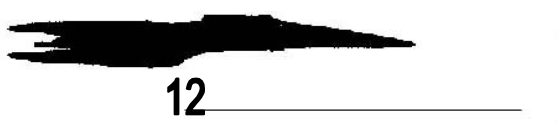
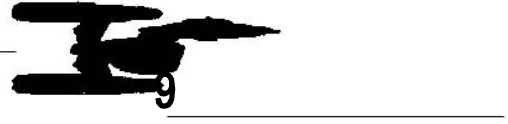
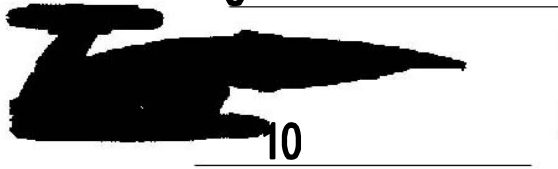
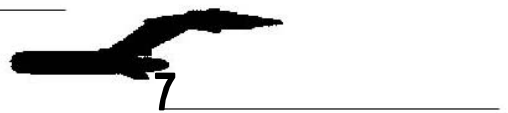
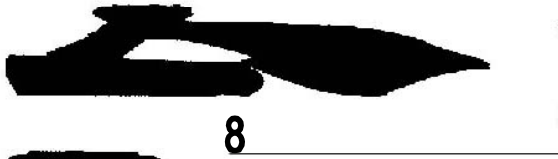
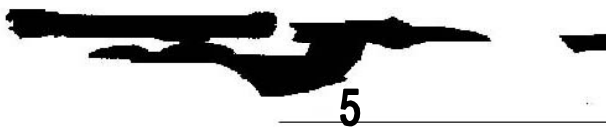
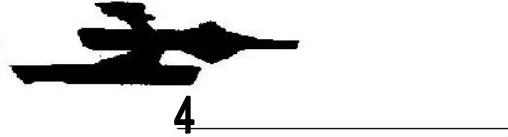
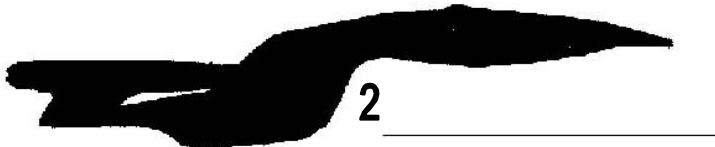
"No, look out window." The tall alien announced.

Outside the window to space floated four bodies; at least one of which was the cargo handler. All four were still as they slowly floated off into the depths of space.

The Bolian spoke. "Humanoid life is cheap to obtain, but expensive to maintain. Our captures will only keep what can earn its way. That is why we must take the tests. For all our sake, please be good at your assigned tasks. Failure to comply with even the smallest of commands can result in all of us learning to breathe vacuum."

Part 3 next month.

ADMIRAL VARR'S SHIP IDENTITY TEST
Can you tell what class of Vessel each silhouette represents?



Answers next month! There will be a prize for the most correct answers.

Since coming back to active service for Starfleet, I am more an attachette to Starbase 410, for I am also working still as an Engineering Consultant with the Bajorans. My first project, the resurrection and restoration of the Ancient City, Bahala, discovered by Starfleet MIA, Captain Benjamin Sisko, and his wife, the then Kasidy Yates... I worked alongside the Bajoran teams.

For a while, I was sent, as part of both the Starfleet and Bajoran Aide Envoys, to Cardassia, where I met again with my old comrade Nala Daresh, and worked with Elim Garak.

Now, I am back on the station once more, one of my three homes (these are Bajor, the colony where my brother and his family live, and here, of course). It would seem slightly odd, my propensity for moving around the Galaxy. I have even heard some of my colleagues refer to me as 'The Vulcan Vagabond'. If it were not that my Trill heritage has not also affected my judgement and perceptions, I would most likely experience this phenomena as a slight irritant to be quashed. As it is, though I would never tell any of them this, I choose to deem it as a term of affection.

I heard from Nala Daresh again recently. She has taken on another project to add to her list. She has now become a volunteer member of Cardassia's Wildlife Reintroductory Effort. Daresh tells me that, currently, she is helping begin the process which will re-instate not just the wildlife that were killed off during Cardassia's near-decimation at the hands of the Dominion, but also, some longer lost breeds... This includes giving infant wild animals what she calls a helping hand... By this, she has explained that she is hand rearing two baby Valeska cats, with the help of her friend, Lysander Dagan, who came to Cardassia, and stayed, once he met my friend there.

She informs me that Lysander has named the male infant feline Severus, though Nala Daresh assures me that the cat does not actually 'sever' anything. I think this may be because she wishes me to visit her at the sanctuary on Cardassia, and help oversee the building of a new enclosure for Severus and his sister.

Apparently, Daresh and Lysander continue to have several heated discussions about the name of the female feline entrusted to their care... As a result, Daresh calls her Keshena, a name which I recognise as being Native American: meaning 'Swift in Flight'. While Lysander calls her 'Anala', a name of uncertain origin (though it is somewhat similar to Daresh's family name), which, apparently, proclaims its bearer 'fiery': Just like the Cardassian summers in the middle of which my friends and their feline companions choose to live.

My Vulcan blood is used to these kind of summers. My Trill blood, however, is most definitely not. My mother has lived her life on Vulcan in an extremely air-conditioned state.

...END OF LOG...

WARNING!

The following page contains material of a sensitive nature, so if you suffer from a weak heart, are pregnant, or suffer from a nervous disposition, it is advised that you find a comfortable seat, and relax before even thinking about turning the page!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

Starbase 410 accepts no responsibility for any discomfort experienced while reading the following 2 pages.

The Assistant Deputy First Officer type person of this Starbase is proud to present:

Leigh's Bit

Quick fact for you:

The average cost of an episode of Star Trek: TOS was \$180,000 – But the average cost of an episode of Star Trek: TNG was an amazing \$1,500,000 (1.5 MILLION DOLLARS!)

Now I did warn you to sit down before turning the page! Yes by popular demand (again) I am back (again) to show you all how easy it is to produce a page for this magazine!

So, just for my wonderful fans – I have not only provided you all with a great piece of toilet paper that can be used in an emergency – but more importantly, two pages of absolute crap that can even bore the spots of a eight foot tall Japanese Flying Acrobatic Squirrel. (Please note that I have put the length of my piece at the beginning – so I have something to live up to – And you can take that anyway you like!)

So as you may have heard, I am the new First Officer of Starbase 410 (God help us!), and I am the Producer, Director, Stage Manager, Computer Generated Imaging (CGI) Creator, *Best Boy*, and film crew for this promotional video that *the club* is producing to be shown at the Newmarket Library (20th-31st May). By producing this promo video we'll not only be able to show 'outsiders' what we do at the Starbase, but also show

off to Lutonia what we can do! (Of course in a very diplomatic way!) Anyway, enough of that! At the moment, (Just because I have nothing better to do) I am also (with *the help of* Dominic, the first officer of the USS Rage) redesigning the USS Rage website . . .

(Cheap plug: www.uss-rage.co.uk)

Another Great Quick Fact:

Star Trek retail sales have reached \$750,000,000 (750 MILLION DOLLARS) So stop buying the stuff!

. . . as we haven't really used the domain for almost a year and a bit! So please visit it if you have the time at work and you are bored of playing Solitaire!


Our website at the moment spans over 120 pages telling you loads of useless information about four ships (and a legend) that is the USS Rage. **The site is still not complete** and is looking like the *almost* finished article is going to be around 230 pages in-depth!

(Another cheap plug, just in case you missed it the first time: www.uss-rage.co.uk)

When you do have the chance of saying hello to our very nice and very blue website, you will come across a project called: **Rage in the Dark**.

The Assistant Deputy First Officer type person of this Starbase is proud to present:

Leigh's Bit



The first ever Page 2 of Leigh's Bit! You are looking at Starbase history! Be proud!

(Audience says: Ooooh!)

Rage in the Dark is the biggest and most daring project Dominic and I have ever decided to do (that includes the promo video!)

The basic idea is that Dominic & I are going to produce (**WITH YOUR HELP!!!**) a series of episodes based on the Starbase, USS Rage, USS Merlin, and other vessels (that even though I am trying to waste space on this report, I can't actually remember/be bothered to list all of them). Each story would be focused on a different craft – i.e. the first would be, for example, focused on the USS Rage, while the second may be focusing on the Starbase.

All the episodes would be from the selected crafts point of view, so Ke'reth could be a "Jolly nice chap on his ship" while we may be focusing on his ship in the episode, but a "pain in the arse" in the USS Merlin episode. (Just to add a bit more fun to it).

Not everyone has to be in front of the camera, but these people can still help with other important tasks, not just making Teas – But helping hands on with the filming.

This idea is mainly an extension of the promo video, and like the promo video, will be able to be downloaded from our website as examples of crazy people trying to act!

Now entries for the story competition were great, but the amount of them was awful! I believe all together, there were only **three entries** – and one of those was a child's entry! The reason I am telling you this is that I want **YOU** to help to write the episodes we will produce! You don't have to write it by yourself, you don't have to have much knowledge of Star Trek, and you don't have to be named Robert to enter! What we want are ideas – and from those we can produce magic!

Hopefully soon the profiles will be updated, and so you will be able to use those as reference. For USS Rage profiles (which have *just* been updated) please visit the website.

(The final cheap plug for this issue: www.uss-rage.co.uk)

Anyway, I am running out of room now (Finally!). See ya soon.

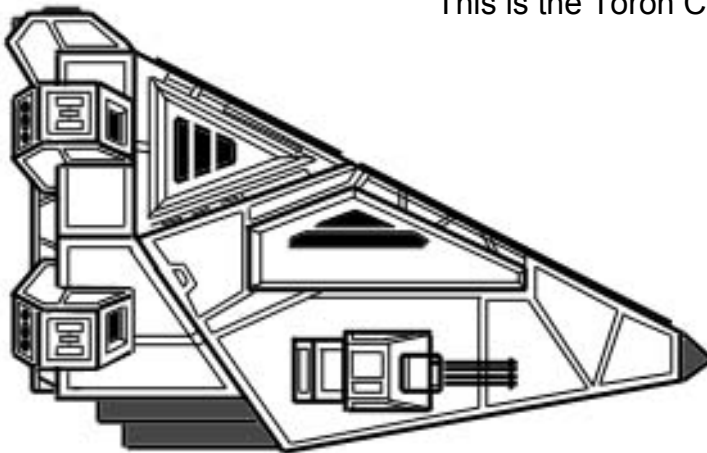
All the best,
Captain Leigh Brown,
USS Rage / Starbase 410 / Redlights-R-Us

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

Back again, for another all singing, all dancing Ambassador's page. Don't worry folks I won't sing, but I might try to dance a little. Please come back, I promise not to dance okay?

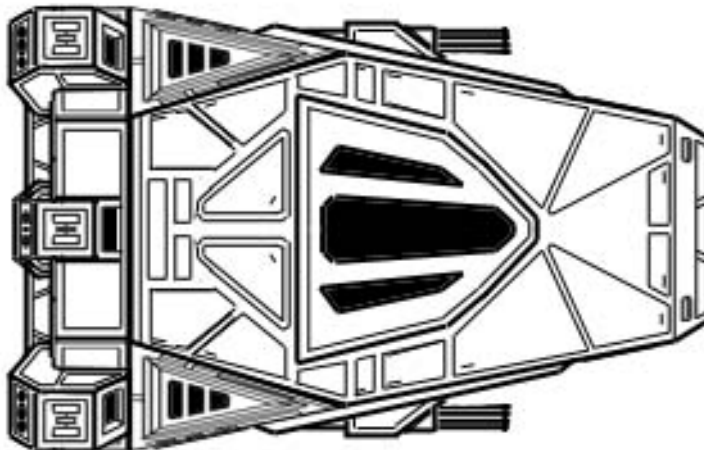
The Things you're asked to do when you're an Ambassador. Are many and varied, from giving talks, and shaking hands. To hosting trade talks, and representing the Empire. Then there are the meals, which seem to be served at these functions. I'm just glad I carry a supply of antacid, in my diplomatic luggage.

This is the Toron Class Klingon Shuttle



I've been meaning to write a series of articles, for a while now. But with everything that's been going on here at the Embassy, of late. I haven't had the time.

So here's the first of my Technology pages. In what I hope will be an irregular series of articles to give you information on the Klingon Empire. Both It's people, culture, Language and Technology. So here's a picture of the Klingon Toron Class Shuttle.



Length: 4.2 Metres
Height: 3.8 Metres
Span: 2.5 Metres

Crew: 2 up to a maximum of 6 persons.

Weapons: Two phased energy Disruptor cannons, a forward firing mini Torpedo launcher, Ablative armour, shields and cloaking device.

Cruising speed: Warp factor 4.2, maximum speed: 7.6

Ke'reth out . . .

Below is a file on my Command. And Starbase 410's assigned Academy Training Vessel. But when not being used as a Starfleet Academy classroom, this vessel is capable of carrying out a secondary defensive role. Please believe me when I tell you, that unlike the earlier training vessel, the aged USS. Westpoint. Which previously served this role. The Merlin is still fully armed.

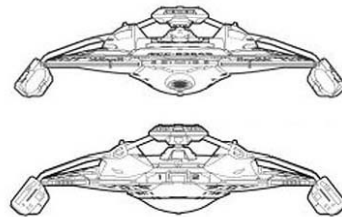
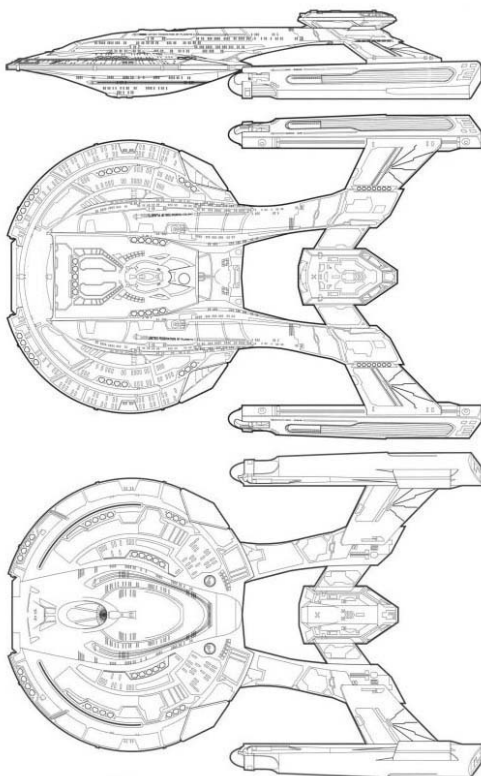
Some students spend the last year of Starfleet Academy, here on the Starbase. It's during their time aboard the Station, that they spend the first two thirds of their final year, training in Holodeck simulations. The final third of their Academic year is a

three-month tour of duty and assessment period. It's here that they get practical hands on experience of the day-to-day running of a Starship. For the first time in their lives, firing a Quantum torpedo, or Phaser has real world consequences. And a young commander learns to take responsibilities, for the crew under their command. Navigation is no longer making abstract decisions over a star map. Now it can mean the difference between completion of a mission, and failing.

Lecture over, Admiral Varr, signing off . . .

Below are some specifications.

U.S.S. MERLIN NCC - 63495 AKIRA CLASS



VESSEL TYPE: HEAVY CRUISER
ACCOMMODATION: 500 OFFICERS AND CREW
LENGTH: 464.43 METRES
BEAM: 316.67 METRES
HEIGHT: 87.43
MASS: 3,055,000 METRIC TONNES
PERFORMANCE: WARP 9.8, (FOR UPTO 12 HOURS.)
ARMOURMENT: 6X TYPE 10 PHASERBANKS
 2 X PHOTON TORPEDO LAUNCHERS

THIS VESSEL CARRIES A COMPLIMENT OF:-
 20 FIGHTERS
 8 X DANUBE CLASS RUNABOUTS
 6 X TYPE 10. SHUTTLECRAFT
 2 X RECON/SCOUTSHIPS
 1 X CAPTAIN'S YACHT

Major Madia Amme sat looking out of the window in her office inside the Bajoran Embassy aboard Starbase 410. As she sat thinking about her home planet of Bajor, she could not help but notice the beauty of the ramQul nebula, close to which the Starbase is situated. Of course it is nowhere near as beautiful as the Bajoran wormhole, although she would concede that since the wormhole is the entrance to the celestial temple, home of the prophets at the centre of Bajoran spiritual belief, she might be a little biased.

Madia was looking forward to a visit she would be making to Bajor soon, if not to the reason for her visit. She had to attend a conference at which she had been asked along as a guest speaker, although she still had no idea how to say what was needed or indeed how to explain how another "portal" to the mirror universe had been opened here on the Starbase. More embarrassing however was the fact that it was her counterpart and commander of the alternate Starbase, ramQul station, Intendant Madia Amme, that had opened it from the other side.

"Perhaps I should go and see Ke'reth about this." She said aloud. After all it was his alter ego, Kane, who was the Intendants killing machine.

"I will!" She touched her comm badge, "Madia to Ke'reth, respond please."

"Ke'reth here. What can I do for you Madame Ambassador?"

"I need your help with this damn talk I have to give on Bajor in a couple of weeks"

" Yes, I can see how that would be difficult. Can you come to the transporter room? I am waiting for b'Sel to transport back from K'iQHAs' Bird of Prey, we can talk whilst we wait."

"I'll be there in a couple of minutes. Madia out."

The door to the transporter room swished open as Madia approached, inside she could see Ke'reth pacing the room with a look of intense concentration on his face. He stopped at her approach and turned to greet her,

"Major, you are looking well."

"Hello," she replied, " you look troubled my friend."

Ke'reth sighed,

"I am. I too have to explain to the Klingon High Command how we allowed such a thing to happen here after the lessons that were learned on Deep Space 9."

"I am finding it a little difficult trying to explain something I myself do not fully understand. Of course you might have stood a better chance if you had not wreaked such havoc over there yourself."

"I know, but what can one say, I was ashamed to see myself or rather my mirror self so demeaned by that woman. No offence intended."

"None taken. I quite agree with you she is a cruel woman."

They stood there in silence for a few minutes both contemplating what they had seen when they had encountered their mirror selves.

"Ambassador..."

"Yes." They both turned to look at Lt. Ellie Barstow who was operating the transporter. She looked worried.

"I am receiving a transport....."

"And?" Madia urged.

"I don't know where it's coming from. It's not Captain b'Se....."

She stopped abruptly. They all turned to look at the transporter pad as the familiar sound of an incoming transport filled the room.

"Phasers on stun," Ke'reth barked as he pulled his weapon and dropped to a combat stance.

Madia grabbed her phaser and hit her comm badge,
"Security to transporter room 3."
"On my way." Lt. Evad's voice came back to her. He was her Embassy chief of security.
"I still can't trace the signal," Ellie said, "but I can tell you that there is two of them. I think a Bajoran and a Klingon."

The transporter pad flickered in front of them and two shapes appeared. For a moment all five of them were frozen staring at each other. Two people had materialised. They were indeed a Bajoran woman, dressed in a tight fitting black flight suit; she was wearing a silver and black headband and a look of cruel amusement. The Klingon was stood slightly behind her, dwarfing her in size although she was clearly in control, one half of his face was covered in a silver mask with horrible scarring just visible around the edges. On what of his face you could see there was absolutely no expression and he stared straight ahead with no eye movement in any direction.

Madia and Ke'reth were the first ones to move, they both fired their phasers at the two stood on the transporter. As if in slow motion Madia saw the phaser fire streak across the room and dissipate.
"Ke'reth move! They've got Borg shielding!" She shouted.

With horror she watched as The Intendant and Kane raised their own weapons, as she followed the direction of their fire she saw Ke'reth and Ellie slump to the floor. She moved her hand to her Comm badge as the Intendant smiled and said, "We're in luck."
"Securi....." and she knew no more.

Lt. Evad and Capt. Brown were shocked by the sight that greeted them when they reached transporter room 3. As the doors opened they saw Ambassador Ke'reth lying in a crumpled heap on the floor to the right of the room and Lt. Ellie Barstow slumped across the transporter controls. The biggest surprise however was the sight of The Intendant and Kane on the transporter pad with Ambassador Madia Amme held unconscious in Kanes arms. As they entered the room Intendant Madia turned towards them, smiled and touched a button on a device attached to her belt. The transporter shimmered and all three of them vanished.

Capt. Brown looked at Lt. Evad and said,
"Admiral Jat is not going to like this one little bit!"

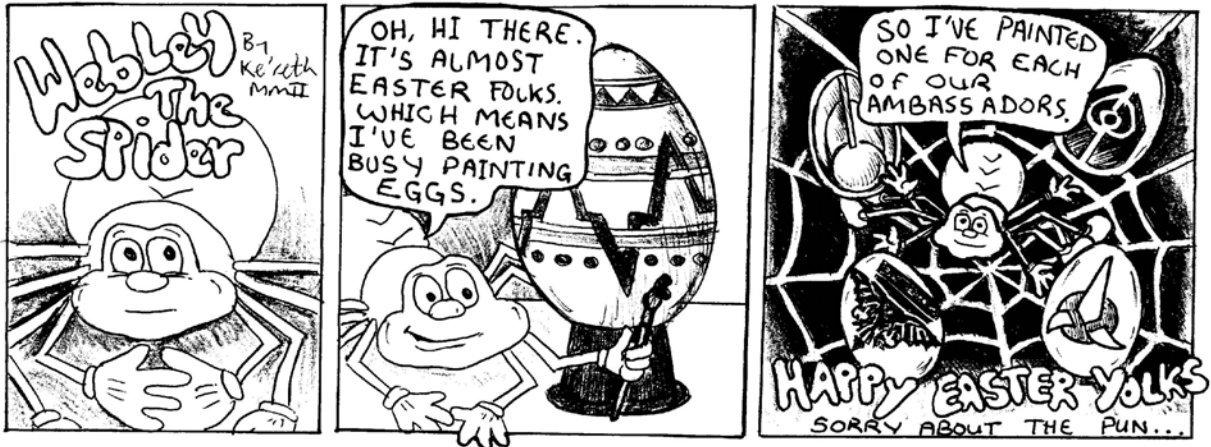
Part 2 next month.
Author: - Ann Thomas.

Well we hope you have enjoyed the first part of the story because it is up to you all to carry it on.

Anyone who wishes to take part in the continuation of the story please let one of us have your names. Those of you not at the meeting, don't worry as we will be continuing for quite a while (We hope) and if you don't get your name in the hat this month just let one of us have it in time for the next draw. We will be drawing the authors of the next three parts in March and then three more in June and so on.

You may write more than one part but your name will not go back in until everyone has been drawn out once.

Emma & Leigh.



As I am sure many of you are aware the 3rd Annual Starbase 410 Diner / Dance is scheduled to take place on Saturday 21st September.

It will be at Gazeley Village Hall and is being catered by Jo's Pantry. The Menu follows.

As normal Leigh will be doing his usual excellent job on the disco and we hope that Barry Morse will once again be in attendance. Ann is currently trying to confirm a guest speaker, more news as it happens.

Time will be 7 – 7:30pm arrival for an 8pm meal and it's all set to finish at midnight (before we all turn into pumpkins).

Ticket prices are £20 for all tickets purchased by the 31st July and £25 for all tickets purchased between 1st August and the cut off of 16th September. So buy early to ensure the cheaper price. Tickets are now on sale from the Ops desk at meetings or from myself at any other time.

Emma.

Menu

Vegetable Soup/Grapefruit

Roast Lamb/Roast Chicken/Vegetarian Option
with

Yorkshire Puddings

Roast Potatoes

Choice of Three Vegetables in Season

Roll and Butter

Apple Pie and Cream/Cheese and Biscuits

Coffee and Mints