

RAMQUL STATION NEWS

Issue 34 April 2002

www.starbase410.org

Editors Corner

Well we have a bumper issue this month, many thanks to those of you who took the time to contribute. As you will see from some of the contributions received from our newer members, your articles don't have to be Star Trek related but can be about anything that is of interest to you or you feel club members would enjoy reading. If you would like to contribute either occasionally or have your own monthly page but don't know what to write about, talk to me and I'm sure we have a niche that needs filling. If all else fails why not tell other members a bit about yourself.
Emma

In This Issue:

- Webley
- Trials Part 20 (by Tom Hudspeth)
- Starbase 410 community story Part 2
- P.R.O. Brief

THE INTENDANT'S EDICTS

Pay Attention!

The Intendant is about to speak!

Right now that you are all taking careful note of what I have to say, I have a few new diary dates for you. In order to follow up on our Open Day in Newmarket in June, Jeanette is arranging a second Open Day, this will take place in Bury St. Edmunds on 3rd August, and you are all required to attend. Kane will accept no excuses.

Clacton Convention has been changed to Sunday 16th September, which the observant among you will have already noticed is our meeting date. To this end we will be discussing the removal of the meeting to Clacton for that event.

Obviously Kane will deal severely with those of you who disagree with me.

The next item I have to deal with is most disagreeable; my loyal servant Kane has brought to my attention that some among you have been listening to a pirate radiobroadcast that is most disparaging about myself. Needless to say that anyone caught in possession of such propaganda will be immediately and painfully punished. I find it difficult to understand why you pathetic lifeforms continually throw my hospitality and kindness back in my face, especially when you know what the consequences for such acts of disobedience.

Until the perpetrators are caught and dealt with in the appropriate manner, you will all work double shifts, as it is entirely evident to me that you have too much free time on your hands and it is leading you astray.

That is all for now.

Intendant Madia Amme
Supreme Commander
ramQul Station

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
Sun 19 th May	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Mon 20 th May	Newmarket Library Exhibition	20 th May	31 st May
Sun 23 rd June	AGM & BBQ	14:00	18:00
Sat 29 th June	Starbase 410 Open Day (Newmarket)	10:00	16:00
Tues 9 th July	Stoke Park School Activity Day	09:15	15:15
Sun 14 th July	Starbase Fundraising Car Boot Sale	07:00	14:30
Sun 21 st July	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 3 rd Aug	Starbase 410 Open Day (Bury St. Edmunds)	10:00	16:00
Sun 18 th Aug	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 16 th 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
Jeanette Warran	16 th April
Ellie Barstow	18 th April
St. George's Day	23 rd April
May Day Bank Holiday	6 th May
Golden Jubilee Bank Holiday	3 rd June
Spring Bank Holiday	4 th June

My Honoured Intendant, I'm sure you are aware of the Resistance's latest treachery. The setting of a pirate radio station, believed to be located somewhere in the Badlands. They call these broadcasts 'Radio Freedom.' At first I thought that these audio only short-wave transmissions were no threat to us.

But that was before acquired a device capable of listening in to these near blasphemous broadcasts. I have since ordered raids on the slave pits to coincide with these transmissions. So far I have gathered four crudely made receivers. This may explain the petty pilfering of small pieces of electronic equipment that this station has been suffering over the last couple of months.

I also humbly request that you place a bounty on this Trill known as Dalen Varr. A man who has openly dared to mock you and the Alliance you represent. He is becoming dangerous. I even had to discipline a Klingon overseer for listening to a broadcast, which I have since found out has something to do with an obscure Klingon Religious group 'The Order of Kahless.'

This Trill has been spreading rumours of your lifestyle, using such graphic language, that I am sure you will agree with me, that he is becoming a dangerous nuisance. Perhaps your Alliance Engineers can alter the stations shield harmonics to block the reception of these audio signals. Unless this Trill and those who aid him are captured and seen to be dealt with I believe that they will give the rebellion a voice, and may in time harm your rule.

I'm sure in time that you will be able to find this Trill who dares to speak out against you. My spies tell me that he has also transmitted his vile lies on Bajor, Earth, Trill and Vulcan. He really believes that he can help to overthrow the Alliance.

I also humbly request that after his inevitable eventual capture that I am allowed to execute him slowly. Perhaps it would amuse the Intendant, to see me tear out that ancient slug, from within him. And flame-grill it with a plasma-torch, before his very eyes. We could even make it his final broadcast . . .

Kane out . . .

"General K'batth, I am sure the distress signal originated in this sector. We have recovered debris of pirate fighters. All I'm asking for is a little more time."

"Captain K'iHqas, I do not reward failure. I will give you your time, but I want you to know that the longer you continue without results, the deeper the hole you are digging for your self. Am I understood?"

"Yes, my General! I will not fail you!"

"For your sake, you had better not! K'batth out!"

K'iHqas' comm. screen went dark then was replaced with a situation report. It told her nothing new. For a week now, her and her crew had been sifting through all of the sensor data they could gather. She didn't blame the crew, they had performed above and beyond what was expected of them, but they couldn't find the clue they needed to recover the Sacagawea and time was running out.

K'iHqas heard the sound of someone walking outside her quarters. Not outside in the corridor, but on the ships hull. "Bridge! Report! Why is someone space walking?"

"C-Captain! No one has left the ship! Who ever it is, is headed for the port hatch!"

K'iHqas looked at her comm. monitor questioningly. "Then have security meet me at the port hatch. And put your self on report for allowing who ever it is to approach the ship undetected!"

K'iHqas didn't wait for the young warrior's affirmation. She ran out the door while checking the charge on her disrupter. Perhaps this was the break she needed.

Security was already there when she arrived. They held their weapons ready and aimed for the hatch. Good, she wouldn't have to flog them too, she thought. The inner airlock hatch was starting to open. K'iHqas could see into the airlock. To her surprise, she saw a standard Federation space suit with thruster pack. The figure reached up to release its helmet, which it then drew up over its head. To K'iHqas' surprise, it was Commodore Anarita Jat!

In a tired voice, Anarita asked, "Permission to come aboard?"

In the Engineering section of the Sacagawea, Balor of Tanis IV was sweating. He had tried everything he could think of to get the old ship working, but he could not get past the locked command codes. Above him, he heard the sound that he had been dreading, footsteps on the catwalk.

Balor's Orion master had taken to calling himself Yarda ever since they had taken the Sacagawea. His high girlish laughter sent chills down Balor's spine. Balor knew what Yarda

wanted, and he also knew the price of failure, to him and to his family.

"So, Balor, have we deciphered the codes yet?" Yarda asked him in a friendly manner.

"When can I take my new prize for a test flight?"

"Master, I humbly beg forgiveness, but the codes are still unbroken. Perhaps I can have the assistance of the ship's original Chief Engineer?"

Yarda's face contorted and his voice was anything but friendly. "You imbecile! I have to sell this ship as soon as possible, and to do that, it needs to be fully operational!" In a frighteningly calm voice, he added, "Do you no longer care about the well being of you wife and daughter? Some of the proceeds from the sale of this ship will go toward the purchase of more drugs for them. The medicine is expensive and I don't run a charity you know." Then Yarda became more thoughtful. "Yes, perhaps you have tried your best, but these Federation types are just too clever. Yes, you will have the assistance of the engineer," he said, "but under close supervision!"

Yarda began to leave the Engineering section, but turned back at the door. "But Balor, this is your family's last chance. I want results!"

Brian Starr sat in the chair. It was the same chair he had sat in yesterday, and by John Borda's description, it was the same chair he had sat in as well. Before him was a console with a display and a single white button. Like yesterday, this was another test. A tiny speaker was emitting a beeping noise, which was getting faster and faster. It suddenly became a whine and the screen changed color from green to red. The button flashed red as well. Brian just sat there staring at it. He did not want to play their games.

Suddenly Brian felt agony spread through his whole being. The pain was horrendous and all encompassing. Brian almost blacked out before the pain stopped.

On the console before him was a green display and a white button. The speaker emitted a beeping sound, which was getting faster and faster. It became a steady tone and the screen flashed red again. Brian slapped his palm down hard on the button. Waves of pleasure coursed through Brian's aching body.

It began again. The beeping, the flashing, followed by the tone, and depending on how fast Brian hit the button, pleasure or pain.

Madia was slightly confused. She had been housed in a small, modestly furnished, apartment with a computer console filled with entertainment. Most of the entertainment was garbage, but some classics were there. Too bad she couldn't read Klingonese, she was sure the

complete works of Shakespeare were in there somewhere.

In frustration, she banged her hands on the console again. It was only allowed to show her entertainment, not where they were, or the layout of the ship, and certainly not the location of the "Push this to call for help" button.

The door to her apartment opened. This had already happened at random times in the past. In the doorway stood two guards, one of which said, "Come, you are summoned." They escorted her to the large smoke filled room, where the party was still being held. The only real intelligence she had been able to gather came on her infrequent trips to the party. It seemed that it was a 24 hour affair. She wasn't expected to do anything there. No one asked her questions, nor did they answer her questions. Soon, she started to mill about listening to conversations. If she was noticed, she moved along. Most of the conversations were pointless, the equivalent of "How is the weather?" She avoided the Cardasians she saw. No point in getting into fights, she thought.

Sometimes Yarda was there, and sometimes he wasn't. He never spoke to her, but would glance her way and nod as if to say, "this could all be yours if you wanted to join us." It was more than the locked codes to the U.S.S. Sacagawea. He wanted her to be part of his pirate network.

Today, he was there, talking to some of his customers. At sight of her, he concluded his conversation and stood up. Crossing over to her, he said, "Greetings Madia. I hope your accommodations have been comfortable."

"Yes, quite nice, though I do miss my pet. Is there any chance I can see her alone sometime?"

"Ah, yes, your pet has been making herself useful. Can you believe, she actually has tamed down my three pets. Oh, you still can't trust them alone, but they are more subdued now than they ever have been before. I would still like to know how you came about her, but even more so, how you trained her. Perhaps, you can be my pet trainer. There is quite the market for well-trained slaves. Oh, forgive me, what was I thinking! You're Bajoran, of course you would know all about slave training. Well, the offer still stands. All you must do is give me the codes."

"Your offer does have some merit," Madia answered slowly, "But I would have to think about it."

"Do not take your time," Yarda said, "Soon, we will break the codes locking your old ship, and I will no longer have need of you, unless you have decided to join us." With that, he turned away from her. She had been dismissed. The guards came up behind her. Oh well, she thought, back to her cage. She wondered how the rest of the crew were doing.

John Borda sat in the chair. Before him was the console with the monitor, but this time the console had four buttons. He noticed that the buttons were in a diamond configuration. Not unlike a pilot's thrusters he thought. Sure enough, the monitor started to display a box like diagram with ever shrinking diagrams in the center, as if going off into infinity. The boxes started to become bigger, as if John were moving down a corridor. The inner most boxes swung to the right, appearing to go around a corner. John reached up and tapped the button to the right. The view skewed to the left and John felt immense pain.

The display started again. Ok, John thought, backwards thrusters. Once again the display turned to the right. This time John tapped the left button. The path of the display straightened out and turned the other way. John corrected the direction he was going. The path went up. John tapped the bottom button.

The testing went on for some time. The path on the monitor sped up and twisted, every time getting harder to keep up with. Sometimes, John felt his instructors messed with the path just to shock him. After a while, the display went blank and the test was over. John was tired and covered with sweat. He was glad when the guards returned him to his cell.

S'ena was dancing again to the primitive drumbeats. Horns accompanied the drums, but all she could feel were the powerful drives within her to move, to dance. She tumbled and jumped; she rubbed her hands over her body. She twisted and jerked in an animalistic way, all in time to the music. Her sentient thoughts were overcome by her desire to move with the music, to become one with it. Suddenly, the music stopped.

S'ena found herself again. As she became aware of her surroundings, she blushed. She was in the party again. People in the room were watching her. She felt as if they were voyeurs, invading her private space.

The guards came to take her back to her pen. Tired as she was, she could offer no resistance. How long could she keep this up, she thought. Already, her skin was starting to pale from the deep dark green it had been. And the more she danced, the more she seemed to lose herself. As if that were not enough, she constantly had to fight the other three Orion women to keep her dominance over them, though she had to admit, now it was mostly show and reinforcement. If they couldn't respect her, at least they feared her.

She had no idea how the others were doing, except for Madia Amme, who she sometimes saw at the party. She wondered how Brian and the rest were coping. Well, she would just have to figure out a way to save them all.

She focused on her main objective, how to find a way out of their current situation. The only thing she had noticed so far was a guarded door along the path from the party to her holding

pen. Perhaps it held something she could sabotage. The guards escorting her were always attentive to her, and never took their eyes off of her, but the ones at the door were often lax. Guard duty in any service, was at best, boring.

At last, they arrived at her door. She watched carefully out of the corner of her eye as the guard punched in the code to open it. It was a different code every day, but she had decided that there was indeed a pattern. Most guards were lazy, and only recalled codes that were easy to remember. Also, she was an Orion slave girl, not noted for her intelligence. All she needed now was an opportunity.

Jeanette Warren sat in the chair. She'd been through several of the tests already, and knew the price of failure. Only by figuring out what skill they wanted to impart before they started could she hope to avoid the fate of one of her other cell mates. She had been an unknown alien species who conversed through commonly known historical references. She would often say things like, "Shocka, when the walls fell," or other such drivel. Of course neither Jeanette nor Saryena Remora shared any of those commonly known historical references, so they couldn't communicate with her.

She had returned from a testing session burned, dying a few hours later. No amount of shouting for the guards had brought relief. When Jeanette and Saryena returned after their tests the next day, the body was gone.

Before Jeanette was the console. This time it contained holes of every shape. Above the console hung cables with different connectors. "Oh great", she said, "square peg, round hole time." Sure enough, a buzzer sounded and she could feel the pain begin. "Ah", she said, "a timed event." Jeanette quickly placed each connector to the correct hole by shape. The pain stopped and she was rewarded with pleasure.

The holes in front of her changed, as well as the connectors. This time, they were colour-coded. One obvious problem was that some of them were colors she couldn't see. The buzzer sounded, and Jeanette quickly plugged in the connectors she could see went where. Then she had to try the rest in random order. This time the pain got much worse than before.

Other variations followed. She had to place them in order. She had to place them faster. She had to be able to figure out the connectors by feel, then sound they made when touched. Then the combinations started. By the time Jeanette was finished, she was exhausted.

Ambassador K'Hellenbek moved silently through the Jeffries tube connecting the hallway with the communications array. Somewhere in here, he thought, was the connection where his reports were being hijacked. The Federation encoded even the most trivial of its communications, so it had to be before that point.

Once again, he wished that he could have entrusted this mission to one of his aides, perhaps Nerrad, but no, he couldn't trust any of them with this. Still, if he were caught, it would be bad. Well, he thought, I'll just have to plan accordingly.

Now on the communications array deck, he quickly looked around. One thing the Federation did like to do was place all of its blueprints in public domain files. At least, that's what K'Hellenbek thought since the encryption was so easy to break. He knew the spot he was looking for was just ahead. But first he had to deactivate the security sensors. When he accessed the local sensors, they were already deactivated, bypassed by some device.

Suddenly, he heard a noise, cloth against cloth. Subtle, for sure, a human couldn't have heard it, but K'Hellenbek could tell, he was not alone. At last! He could find out who was stealing his reports and sending them to the pirates.

K'Hellenbek drew his disrupter and edged cautiously forward. He could see a figure in the dark. It reached up to an alcove and withdrew something. It held the object next to what seemed to be some kind of tricorder, then replaced the object. Then the figure came towards K'Hellenbek.

K'Hellenbek stepped out of the shadows to confront the figure, his disrupter held at the ready. "Stop right there my friend," he said, "I'd hate to have to use this." K'Hellenbek waved his disrupter for emphasis.

The figure stopped and raised its arms as if to surrender. Its thumb depressed a button on its tricorder and K'Hellenbek could begin to hear the sound of a transporter. The figure began to sparkle as K'Hellenbek fired.

He was not sure if he hit the figure or not, but he did know one thing. As soon as he fired his disrupter, sirens began to wail. He had to escape fast!

K'Hellenbek swung down the Jeffries tube and heard footsteps from the right. Fine, he thought, I'll go left! As he ran from the communications array, he heard more security forces converging on the spot. Eventually, he concluded, he would be seen. He had only one chance. He found an alcove along the hallway and hid. His finger lightly caressed a button on his belt. As the security forces approached, he pressed the button. His figure began to waver, then vanished from sight. The Federation security guards looked in the alcove and then moved on. 15 seconds later, K'Hellenbek reappeared, though his face was pale and his skin was sweaty. His personal cloaking device had saved him, but he knew the price would be rough. If he could only make it back to his quarters before he threw up or fainted.

"Report!" T'Pina said sharply to the Station Security Chief, Lt. Commander K'SQqwa SuDs'qan'ya.

"A type three disrupter was fired in the communications array, but by the time security arrived, who ever fired it was gone. The shot did not hit anything of importance, and the damage has already been repaired. We conducted a search of the area, but could find no one. However, we did find these objects." K'SQqwa placed two small boxes on T'Pina's desk. "One is a device to circumvent our security sensors. I have reprogrammed our sensors to detect its use in the future. The other is a storage device. It appears that it was placed there to record our transmissions. Unfortunately, it is empty. Who ever placed it there must have just downloaded it."

"Presumably, who ever fired that shot was attempting to stop the infiltrator, or the infiltrator fired the shot at who ever had the misfortune to discover him. We have not been able to recover any DNA from the site, so I conclude who ever fired the shot missed."

"I suggest you place a secondary sensor net in that area," T'Pina said, "and in any other areas you think might be able to be compromised in the same manner."

"Yes, Captain."

"K'SQqwa, you have been very thorough. You have done satisfactory work. Your people are to be rewarded." T'Pina said.

"But I have failed to find the information leak." K'SQqwa said.

"You have stopped it, for a while. Our spy will have to find new ways to gather his intelligence now. Perhaps that is enough. Keep after them."

"Yes, Captain."

"Dismissed."

K'SQqwa left T'Pina's office even more determined. He would find this spy or die trying!

The being known to its self as Three was thinking. It had gone through all of the records it could in Starbase 410's memory banks. It had catalogued every Starfleet encounter with noncorporeal energy being that it could, but it had failed to find its fellows. But the Starbase's records were not complete. More data could be found elsewhere in the Federation. Three only had to figure out how to get there.

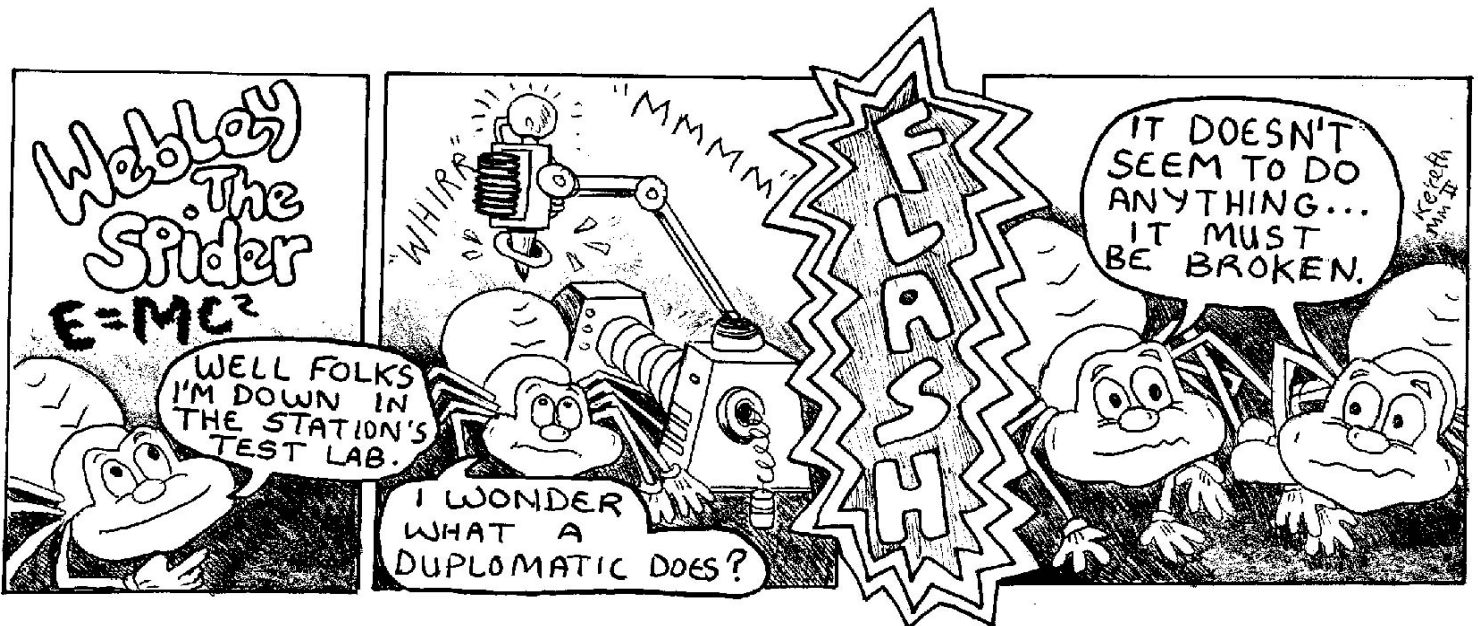
The first problem was that Three had become part of the station. She could not leave it. She found this out when she had tried to hitch a ride on a ship she had redirected to Earth. When she tried to leave the station, she started to download her self into the ship's computer, only to start losing her consciousness. Three quickly withdrew from the redirected ship. She was trapped!

Three then tried to deprogram herself, to take away the parts of her she had assumed when she had arrived. She had integrated herself with the holo-program she had hid in from security. Now, she tried to separate the holo-program from herself. She had the same results. She began to feel parts of herself disappear. Parts she now wished to keep!

So, Three could not leave the station as herself, nor could she deprogram herself so she could leave as her old self. Well, Three thought, if I can't leave the station, then I'll have to take it with me!



WEBLEY



1. Sovereign Class
2. Galaxy Class
3. Ambassador Class
4. Miranda Class
5. Excelsior Class
6. Soyuz Class
7. Freedom Class
8. Akira Class
9. Niagara Class
10. Nebula Class
11. Steamrunner Class
12. Prometheus Class
13. Nova Class
14. Norway Class
15. Constellation Class
16. Defiant Class
17. Saber Class
18. Intrepid Class
19. Constitution Class

ANARITA JAT'S COMPETITION WORDSEARCH

S	T	B	S	E	L	V	U	J
N	T	L	T	B	O	R	D	A
E	O	A	A	K	R	E	N	T
B	W	A	R	R	A	N	H	X
U	M	L	B	F	P	I	T	R
L	X	E	A	Q	L	S	E	A
A	K	V	S	R	U	E	R	G
Y	Z	A	E	U	P	E	E	E
M	A	D	I	A	M	D	K	T

Words

Borda
Bsel
Evad
Jat

Kereth
Madia
Nebula
Quek

Rage
Starbase
Starfleet
Warran

Answers will be printed next month with a prize for the most correct. In the event of a tie the winning name will be drawn out of hat. The editor's decision is final.

Admiral Jat relaxed back in her chair in her quarters, slowly sipping a creamy hot chocolate was her favourite way to relax at the end of a very busy day. She was glad that Admiral Thomas had retired her from active service with Starfleet Intelligence, but right now she would give anything to leave the starbase and go off on her own. It was quite an innovation having all these embassies, and it was good for continued peace, if only the Klingons and Romulans would learn to trust each other. It would make her job much easier.

She closed her eyes and let her mind drift. Suddenly she heard a strange buzzing noise. She opened her eyes and to see two people standing before her. Ke'reth and Madia - no wait, it wasn't her two ambassadors. The woman smiled a cold smile that didn't reach her eyes. "Time for bye-byes" she said as she fired her phaser. Anarita was dimly aware of hot liquid on her leg as the chocolate spilled, then blackness..

Captain Leigh Brown and Lt. Evad rang the bell to Admiral Jats' quarters. They had tried to raise her on the comm link but without success.

"Computer where is Admiral Jat?" asked Leigh.

"Admiral Jat is in her quarters."

"Computer scan for life signs."

"There are no life signs."

"Where is Admiral Jat?"

"Admiral Jat is in her quarters."

"This is ridiculous" said Leigh.

"Computer override lock, authorisation 1st Officer Leigh Brown alpha two beta one one two."

The door slid slowly open. Leigh and Evad stepped inside phasers at the ready. Their precautions were unnecessary, the room was empty.

Major Madia Amme was angry. Not just angry she was livid. She had regained consciousness with a throbbing headache and a vague recollection of what had happened. She had been with Ke'reth when the Intendant and that monster had appeared. She recalled

phaser fire and wondered about Ellie and Ke'reth.. Plus lying on the bench beside her was an unconscious Admiral Jat.

"What in the name of the Prophets is going on?" she muttered to herself. Next to her Anarita Jat moaned and slowly opened her eyes to see Madia sitting on a bench beside her.

"Move slowly Admiral, it doesn't hurt quite so much," said Madia.

"That sounds like the voice of experience," said Jat. "Where the hell are we?"

"The alternate universe but don't ask me why," replied Madia. "All I remember is the Intendant and Kane appearing on the transporter pad. Are Ellie and Ke'reth all right? They took phaser blasts. "

"I don't know I was taken from my quarters," said Jat. She sat up very gingerly and winced as a throbbing started up in her skull.

"Ouch! I owe them one for that. Have you had a look round yet?"

"No" said Madia "I've not long come round myself. Listen!"

They listened to the sound of approaching footsteps. They watched and winced as the door was thrown open with a bang. Framed in the doorway was the Intendant with an evil smile playing around her lips.

"Well, well, it looks as if our two little chickens have woken up. How are you feeling ladies? Ellie bring those drinks here." The alternate Ellie Barstow scurried forward holding two mugs of fizzing liquid. She was much more cowed than their Ellie and she wasn't wearing much in the way of clothes. She also wore a collar around her neck, a sign of being the Intendants' slave.

"Drink this it will make you feel better" the Intendant, said. Jat and Madia looked at her looked at the mugs then looked at each other.

"If I was going to poison you I wouldn't have gone to all this trouble. Now drink or do you want Kane to help you?" Kane stepped forward. Both Anarita and Amme shuddered and hastily

drank deeply from the mugs. They felt their heads clearing and the throbbing began to ease. They stared at the Intendant in silence. They weren't going to give her the satisfaction of asking what she wanted with them.

"Cat got your tongues?" she asked. "You, get out" she snarled at Ellie and pushed her past Kane. He stood there impassively, a man mountain with no feelings. A killing machine that answered only to the Intendant, the one person he would hate if he had the slightest emotion left in him.

"Oh by the way you'll be pleased to know we only used stun in the transporter room so your weakling version of Kane will live. I might take an interest in your Ellie though, she looks a feisty thing and I would like to break her spirit. Still I digress. You," she pointed at Madia "are going to be me. I have been summoned to a meeting with the Klingon / Cardassian Alliance and I hear rumours of assassination. It seems that this station is very profitable and highly sought after, and there are always those seeking favours who would not hesitate to stick a knife in my ribs. Supposing of course that they could get past Kane. Still I am not taking any chances, so you my dear are going in my place, and you will do as you are told, otherwise your dear Admiral will have some very painful experiences. Let me demonstrate. Kane right wrist." Kane stepped forward and took the Admirals right wrist in his hands. He squeezed tightly and twisted it. Anarita let out a scream as agonising fiery rivers of pain coursed up and down her arm from fingertips to shoulder. Sweat poured from her brow, there was a sudden jerk a crack and her hand hung limply. Involuntary tears streamed down her face as she cradled her injured hand and arm with the other.

"One word out of place, one foot wrong and she gets more of that. Do you understand?" Madia nodded numbly "Aren't you going to fix it?" she whispered hoarsely. "She needs medical treatment."

"I'll send b'Sel along with a splint and bandage." The Intendant said, "That should do the trick then you won't be able to get up to any mischief while Kane's away with our dear Major here." She prodded the Admirals wrist..

"Does that hurt?" she asked. Anarita gasped and nodded gritting her teeth so that moans of pain would not escape.. "Don't think that because Kane's not here you won't suffer if the Major gets it wrong. I have ways of inflicting pain that you have never even dreamed of. Don't I Kane?" Kane looked at her his expression inscrutable behind the silver half mask.

"Why do you think ramQul is so profitable? I deal with the rebel scum and my slaves work. I'll leave you to it. Major you leave tomorrow."

As the door slammed shut Madia put her arms around Anarita's shoulder and hugged her.

"Will you be alright? She asked. Anarita nodded. The pain had settled to a throbbing ache and her hand and wrist were very swollen and turning blue as the bruises began to form.

Back on the Starbase Leigh and Evad hurried to sickbay to question Ke'reth and Ellie. As he was on his way Leigh spoke to Lt. Christine Aldous the stations new head of security.

"Christine secure station. Red alert and meet me in sickbay."

"Yes Sir" she replied "On my way."

Part 3 next month.

Author: - John Borda

Hope you are enjoying the story. Don't forget if you want to take part let me know and your name will go in the hat next time.

Parts allocated are Part 4 (June) – Jeanette Warran

Part 5 (July) – Christine Aldous

Parts 6 – 8 will be drawn at the BBQ in June.

Emma

Please be aware, that being found with this report may lead to your torture and death!

Greetings dear Reader, My name is Dalen Varr, 'The Voice of the Resistance.' This is the text version of part of my pirate radio show.

My dear Intendant, I wish I could see your face, when you first heard my show. What have I done to upset you? You don't write. I get no communicator call's I'm beginning to think you don't care. Oh to see the way your nasal ridges redden with rage, would almost be worth the risk involved in actually meeting you face to face. I heard an interesting rumour the other day folks. Apparently dear reader, she intends to let her pet Kane, eat my symbiont after cooking it in front of me. I can't say the thought appeals. I mean what wine do you serve with Trill? A nice Chianti, anyone? Not that a thug like Kane would know the difference between a good wine and reactor coolant.

I hear life on your mining station is pretty luxurious for you; fine wines imported Chocolate, a choice of slaves to keep you warm at night. While your other slaves are cold and hungry, and your overseers withhold medicine from the sick, as a punishment. I also hear, that if someone upsets you, you send a thing known as 'Kane' to deal with them. To those among you, new to this monster, you've missed a treat. He's the Intendant's personal bodyguard who enforces her fascist regime. He's big, mean, and from what I've heard, he's a total psycho. Yes my friends this black clad walking mountain has been fitted with a hood and helmet affair, one to hide this beast's features, secondly to create fear in those who see him, and thirdly, I hear that she's even fitted this modern-day Frankenstein's monster with a Tricorder directly wired to what's left of his mind.

She's also wired his muscles to some kind of neural net, which means that his reaction times are said to be half that, of you average man. In my opinion this just makes him a big ugly 'Meat-puppet toy' of the Intendant.

Hey Intendant, if you're reading this. Inquiring minds would like to know. Has Kane had all his shots? And is that thing housetrained? We hear that it sleeps chained to wall outside your quarters and growls at passers-by. If you wanted unflinching loyalty, I could suggest a Terran dog. From what I hear, even a half-rabid mongrel would be an improvement on your Cardassian and Klingon Overseers.

Well I'm coming to the end of the page at warp speed. So I'll sign off here. Keep free, keep quiet, keep safe and keep listening. The Evil Empire will fall, and its cruel mistress will have her day in a free people's court.

This is Dalen Varr 'The voice of the Resistance' signing off . . .

Hi everyone

Well this is my first brief after becoming the official PRO for the club. Thanks to all of you at the February meeting for your attention whilst I rambled on about the ideas I have to promote the club but I would gladly welcome any suggestions you may come up (as long as they're not rude!)

The first event is the Newmarket Library Exhibition from the 20th – 31st May. As was mentioned at the meeting we need items to exhibit (obviously) so anyone who has any photographs etc that can be hung on the wall please let Ann have them at the May meeting at the very latest. If anyone has any photos that need laminating (up to A4 size) Ann has the facility for this. The library cannot guarantee security so don't donate items that are free standing and can be easily nicked.

Our first open day is on the 29th June at the Catholic Church, Exeter Road, Newmarket. Many thanks to Selene for booking that. Now to make this event a success I will need a lot of help from all of you and that doesn't necessarily mean you have to attend on the day (although that will be gratefully appreciated). I want to make the event as interesting as possible so that people don't just walk in and walk out so if everyone can loan me as much memorabilia as possible – obviously nothing which is worth a lot of money. Any extra costumes as I want to do a small exhibit of them – if anyone can lay their hands on a tailors dummy or mannequin that would be great.

I thought it would be a good idea if we do a small exhibit of biographies of the casts from the various series (guess which character I will be writing about) we can make this more interesting with photo's of them and give info like websites dedicated to them and fan clubs, brief history of Star Trek etc. If you would like to contribute please let me know. Robert any cartoons or drawings would be wonderful.

To make it financially viable we need to raise money on the day, if we charge too high an entry fee we won't get as many

people so we could do a Tombola and I thought we could raffle a food hamper so if everyone could donate a few items for the hamper/Tombola that would be terrific (for the hamper you don't need to spend a lot – things like tins of veg, soup, packets of biscuits, t-bags etc.

For the children's activities I need lots of things such as loo rolls, wash up bottles, paper plate's etc. Old shirts, which I can turn into coveralls for the kids to protect their clothes. I know in the past that Robert came up with a simple design for a space ship that we can use as a model for the kids but if you can come up with more especially one for a space station as well - nothing too complicated though.

To make it fair for everyone on the day I want to set up a rota so that some poor soul isn't left on the entrance all the time and I wouldn't dream of forcing someone to do something they are not happy to do. So please look at the list of things I need volunteers for and let me know as soon as possible if you are able to help and what you want to do.

1. Setting up before the start.
2. Helping to tidy up at the end.
3. Selling refreshments.
4. Security (keeping an eye on the memorabilia)
5. Walking round Newmarket (preferably in costume to hand out leaflets)
6. Helping out with the children's activities (this is not a crèche facility)
7. Helping me with face painting
8. Selling raffle tickets and Tombola
9. Selling entry tickets
10. Demonstration i.e. batle fighting etc
11. Telling people about the club

This list is not exhaustive and if you can add to it I'm all ears.

Well that's all for now I'll give another update in the next newsletter.

Jeanette

Just to let you know meetings, I am has been following



that despite my absence from some keeping in touch. A remote camera your proceedings...



First, there was the briefing, with a card of condolence for the Bajoran Ambassador's recent ill health.



There was followed by a talk by the newly appointed PRO (translation: head of propaganda) about efforts to publicise the Starbase.



all

This was followed by a quiz to improve general knowledge of personnel



There then followed a game called "Charades" obviously designed to improve covert communications skills.



Looks like someone found the camera!

Jolantru,
K'hellenbeck
Romulan Ambassador



<p>1936 Berlin</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The games were awarded to Berlin in 1931. • By 1936 Hitler and the Nazis were in power. • Hitler used the games to show off nazi power and the supremacy of the blonde blue- eyed northern races. • But the black American athlete Jesse Owens was the star of the games, with 4 gold medals. When the crowd rose to salute Owens, Hitler left the stadium. 	<p>1968 Mexico City</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The homeless were cleared off the streets so that visitors wouldn't see them • Students rioted about this and the money wasted on the games. Over 300 students were shot dead by the army. • Winning black American sprinters Tommie Smith and John Carlos gave black power salute during their medal ceremony. They were expelled by the US Olympic Association and sent home immediately.
<p>1972 Munich</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Palestinian terrorists broke into the Olympic village, took 9 Israeli athletes hostage and killed 2 others. They demanded the release of 200 Palestinians held in Israeli prisons. 	

STARBASE 410 DINNER / DANCE

The 3rd Annual Starbase 410 Dinner / Dance is on Saturday 21st September 2002. 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; she is in contact with Carolyn Seymour, so keep your fingers crossed Time will be 7 – 7:30pm arrival for an 8pm meal and finishing at midnight. 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

News

Star Trek star James Doohan is suffering from pneumonia. The 81-year-old actor played Scotty in the original TV series and films. He is recovering in hospital in his home city of Seattle.

Ananova 20/02/02

Next Generation actor Wil Wheaton says reports claiming he would be joining the cast of Enterprise were an April Fool.

A number of websites reported Wheaton would join the new Star Trek television series.

It would mean his character Wesley Crusher travelling back in time.

Ananova 03/04/02

Many Thanks

Don and I would like to thank all of you who came to our 30th Wedding Anniversary party on 23rd March. Thank you for all the cards and presents and our thanks also to those who stayed behind to help clear up afterwards, especially John Borda. Thanks again and we hope you all enjoyed yourselves.

Ann.

BOOK REVIEW BY TOM HUDSPETH

The Valiant
Before Star Trek: The Next Gen.
Michael Jan Friedman
Pocket Books
December 2001

This book chronicles young Jean-Luc Picard's first command, the U.S.S. Stargazer. Jean-Luc is second in command, when the Captain and First officer are taken out of the picture, surprise, surprise. This gives our young hero his chance to shine, like we all know he will. And since we all know he goes on to command the Enterprise-D & E, of course he will survive.

But except for that, all bets are off! There is not one crewmember that isn't at risk in this griping tale involving two or three hand-me-down from Kirk's era, (didn't anything happen during his era that he wasn't involved in?) and a new threat from the outskirts of the galaxy. The author introduces us to the descendants of past Kirk missions and has our hero struggle to save his ship from ever mounting odds. I couldn't put this action packed thriller down!

Even the side story is exciting! In Star Trek: TOS "Where No Man has Gone Before", The Enterprise comes across the signal buoy from the U.S.S. Valiant, which was destroyed 100 years before. The side story is what happened to them, though I caught several mistakes. No, I'm not going to tell you what they were, read the story and watch the episode.

If I were to complain about one thing, it would be the lack of expansion of the enemy. The author goes to great lengths to describe the characteristics of the Kirk era leftovers, but presents the enemies, as things to be shot, like target practice. The enemy is only described once, and that only vaguely. Atrocities are quoted, but never explained or proven. Picard tries once to contact them, and afterwards just blows them out of space whenever he sees them. Isn't Picard the diplomatic one?

Really, the author has tried to combine several threads into one action based story while trying to make you feel for main characters that you have never met and are not likely to meet again. I would say this book will be a sleeper in that Picard is the only regular character you ever see, but you would do yourself an injustice not to read this book. I wouldn't pay for the hardback version, but I recommend the paperback or see if your local library has a copy. It is a good quick read with lots of fast paced action and some suspense. Give it a chance, and I believe most people will like it.