



STARBASE NEWS

Issue 36 June 2002

www.starbase410.org

Editors Corner

Hi everyone,
Welcome to the 3rd
Birthday issue of
Starbase News.

Well last months
issue was well
received and a bit
difficult to top. I only
hope that if we
haven't managed to
beat it we have at
least retained the
same level of
excellence that you
are all coming to
expect. I would like
to take this
opportunity to tell
you, that if you can't
wait for the next
exciting installment
of Tom's story there
is a full printout (all I
have received
anyway) doing the
rounds (Selene has
it) or for those of
you on line go to
www.fanfiction.net
and read it as Tom
posts it.

Many thanks
Major Madia Amme

In This Issue:

- Convention
Photos
- Escape 22(by
Tom Hudspeth)
- Starbase 410
community story
Part 4
- More pearls of
wisdom from
Ambassador
Ke'reth



ADMIRAL'S LOG

Greetings everyone

Well this month we are celebrating our 3rd birthday. It hardly seems five minutes since a group of us got together to start a Star Trek club. Who'd have thought that three years on I would have such a great bunch of fellow nuts as very good friends. If I have got nothing else from the club (and I have got a lot) I feel I have the friendship of some very special people. So thank you for that.

We have a very busy few weeks coming up and I hope you will all help whenever possible. Remember this is your club. It's welfare and financial stability should be as much your concern as mine. I know that sometimes it may not seem that way, but I didn't start the club as an ego trip or for self-glorification. I started it so that I could get together with people who share an interest in my favourite T.V. programme. I know that you all have commitments, but the more people there are to share the work, the less work there is.

Oh dear I have just wiped out four pages of my story.
**(^\$%!"@#. I am staying very calm.

Back to business. By the time you get this the AGM and BBQ will be over. I trust you all had a good time. I won't talk about the open day as it will be irrelevant by the time you read this.

If anyone is free on July 6th Selene and I will be having a stall at the Newmarket Hospital Fete. We are hoping to raise some money for the club. We then need all hands on deck for the **CAR BOOT SALE** on 14th July. Yes I know it is an early start and yes it is hard work, but there more there are the easier it is. Please do your best to help. It is also fun.

July 9th is the day some of us are going to the school in Ipswich. All help from those able to go gratefully accepted. Please see diary for other events.

By the time you read this we should have taken possession of the caravan which we have actually been given. Anyone fancy a day at my place to work on it?

I'll have to finish now to get this to Emma before she decides to run the front page without me. Take care of yourselves.

All best wishes.

Anarita Jat
Vice Admiral
Commanding Officer Starbase 410

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 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
Mon 22 nd July	B.S.E. Library Exhibition	22 nd July	27 th July
Sat 3 rd Aug	Starbase 410 Open Day (B.S.E)	10:00	16:00
Tues 6 th Aug	Picnic Orwell Country Park	10:00	16:00
Sun 18 th Aug	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 16 th Sept	Clacton Convention/Club Meeting	09:00	16:30
Sat 21 st Sept	3 rd Annual Dinner / Dance	19:00	00:00
Sun 20 th Oct	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 26 th Oct	Halloween Party Theme: Villains & Victims	19:30	00:00
Sun 17 th Nov	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00

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BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS

Birthday / Celebration	Date
Roger Strohm	23 rd June
Leigh Brown	27 th June
Shannon Choi	7 th July
Sam Hudspeth	23 rd July
Bryn Evans	22 nd July

Don't forget if you have a special date you want everyone to remember just let know and I'll print it in this section whether its an anniversary or a birthday or just something special you want to share.

Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy

Just thought that this month I would share some of my holiday snaps with you.



This was a picture in the street done for a religious festival in Tenerife. There were about 50 of them all made out of coloured stones, sand and pulses. The pictures stretched from the Church of the Immaculate Conception through the streets to the Church of Saint Francisco. It was the culmination of a week long festival and at 9:30am nearly 40 of these had been completed that day.



The Sundream docked in San Sebastian de La Gomera. Taken from the black sand beach across the harbour.

La Gomera was our fifth port of call on the middle Sunday of our 2 weeks. This is where we managed not to see the England Sweden game due the signal being blocked by the mountains.



From the left Ron our assistant waiter, "Oddjob" the restaurant manager and Fraulein our headwaiter. The staff were all very friendly with a few exceptions among the English staff.

We thoroughly enjoyed our 2 weeks at sea although I am sure that the Admiral has informed you all of my seasickness for the first couple of days.

May you walk with the prophets.
Ambassador Madia Amme

The first thing Lt. Cdr. Saryena Remora did when she was given access to the Sacagawea's computer was to remove the lockout on the sensors.

"Balor, please inform whomever should be told, that we are about to test the sensors." Saryena said.

Balor turned away from the sensor console to speak to his superiors. Saryena quickly tied into a nearby computer network and searched for her crewmates. She knew she only had a few seconds, and this might be her only chance to affect their escape. Balor had been correct when he had said she couldn't send a signal for help, but if she could make it so someone else could...

Balor returned. "We have permission to do a test sweep of the short range sensors, passive only at first."

"Very well." Saryena activated the passive sensor array. The Sacagawea's passive sensors detected every nearby source of energy and displayed them on the console monitor. At the same time, a side display brought up the results of her unauthorised search. Saryena glanced in Balor's direction, he was looking at the main screen and the data displayed there.

Saryena said, "I'll try to see if we can glean a little bit more out of the sensors."

Saryena knew she was taking a chance as she worked the controls to both sharpen her sensor data and work on finding her mates. She glanced at the list. As she already knew, Jeanette, Brian and John were in prisoner's cells. S'ena wasn't listed and Madia Amme was in guest quarters. Saryena diverted the sensor data to Madia's quarters.

Then she looked at the sensor data. The Sacagawea was in a close orbit to an asteroid. The asteroid appeared to be hollowed out to make a space station, but it was putting out

massive amounts of power in some type of shielding. Saryena wondered why the pirates would put out so much power if they were hiding. The energy output would give them away unless they could hide it somehow.

"A cloaking device." She said in astonishment.

Balor's head snapped around. "Enough! The sensors work fine. Turn them off."

"But we haven't checked the active ones yet." Saryena said.

"And we won't today, for what are now obvious reasons. Guard! Take her back to her cell. I am finished with her for today."

Saryena quickly erased her handy work as she shut down the sensors. Maybe she had done enough.

Madia Amme woke suddenly to the sound of her computer beeping. She rushed over to look at it. It had always been a one way source of information before, unresponsive except for requests for entertainment. Now it beeped, and displayed sensor readings. Madia sat down and started to study the readings. Just as quickly as it started, it stopped.

Madia quickly checked the computer log. Yes! The information had been recorded. But Madia wasn't as interested in the data from the sensors, as she was in the message coding. She broke down the data message, looking for the codes that would allow her access to the main computer. At last, she had a way to access the main computer, now she could work on getting them all out of here!

"Report!" Captain T'Pina said as she arrived in Ops. Her limp was more pronounced than usual, and she seemed to lean on her cane a bit more, but her eyes were steady and clear and she demanded attention.

"The station has entered some kind alternate space." Morris said.

“Sensors report nothing beyond the outside of our inverted poleron bubble shielding.” Shepherd added.

“Moments before we slipped into this continuum, Three appeared to have knowledge of it’s occurrence. She halted all departures and warned orbiting ships away from the station. She then activated the shielding.”

“What is our current station status?” T’Pina asked calmly.

Morris replied, “The station and crew are all in one piece. All the instruments are functioning correctly. It appears that what ever is happening outside has not affected anything inside the poleron bubble.”

Shepherd said, “One trading ship didn’t make it past the edge of the shields and was cut in half. Fortunately, the engines were outside the shields, while the habitat section was inside. The crew and passengers were beamed off immediately and rescue crews are towing the ship in now. There are currently 37 ships still in parking orbits around the station. All are on high alert, but none are trying to leave.”

“As you can guess,” Morris said, “We have been inundated with calls from all the embassies and most every other person who thinks they deserve to know, asking what is going on. I have set up a recorded message telling them to please clear the channels for emergency communications. It hasn’t worked very well. Mostly, I’ve been too busy to talk to anyone.”

T’Pina went over to the communications console and keyed in the station wide announcement, “This is Captain T’Pina to all station personnel. I am declaring an emergency as of 1923 hours. Off duty personnel report to your emergency stations. Any unauthorised use of station resources, such as communications, replications or power allocations will be punished under the regulations governing station emergency management. In short, do not call Ops unless it is an emergency. All that the station replicators will now produce are emergency rations and

parts. Holodecks are now off line until further notice. Understand this, if you want to know what is going on, look out a window. We will inform you of any changes as soon as we can. Captain T’Pina out.”

T’Pina turned to the two ladies. “We need answers and we need them now, let’s review the logs.”

Commodore Anarita Jat was working the sensor console, while the young Klingon warrior watched over her shoulder. While Anarita cursed the Klingon sensors, Jat was fondly remembering the simplicity of their use. They had basically one purpose, and that was to find the target, whether the target was a planet they wished to orbit, or an enemy they wished to shoot. Currently, Anarita was trying to target impulse engine exhaust from over a week ago.

Captain K’iHQaS strode over to the sensor station and asked, “What have you found?”

“I have found two things,” Jat told her, “One, Klingon sensors are far inferior to just about anybody else’s in the quadrant.” K’iHQaS glared at her. “And there are four traceable leads which could be our pirates ion trails leaving here.”

“Put them on the main viewer.” K’iHQaS ordered.

Anarita displayed the four trails on the main screen of the bridge and got up from her chair. She and K’iHQaS walked up to the viewer and whispered to each other.

“This is the best I can do with your sensors and by the time a Federation ship arrives, even these readings will have disappeared.” Anarita told K’iHQaS.

“Then we only have time to follow one of these four trails, but which one?” K’iHQaS mused.

“The biggest one was probably laid down as a decoy. The least two are the size of medium ships, probably used to pick up any cargo jettisoned and carry fighters.”

"The Sacagawea was towed away at warp speed," K'iHQaS said, "It would take a large ship to accomplish that task. Well, two trails left. One sure to be a decoy, and the other sure to be our prey."

"My suggestion? Follow the next to largest one."

K'iHQaS looked at the display for another minute, though she was more lost in thought than studying it. At last, she turned and walked to her command chair. Sitting down in it, she said, "Set course to follow the largest sensor trail."

"But..." Anarita started.

"No, Starfleet, you have been sitting in your nice, safe, soft, comfy chairs too long. You are good with puzzles, I'll give you that, but a warrior knows the hunt, and we are a ship full of warriors. My gut tells me that the prey is over confident. He has worked hard to hide his spore, but he is still impressed with himself. He has gotten away too many times, and now, he uses your own impressions to trick you. I have hunted targ with my bare hands. I have smelled them in the dirt they trod on. I have seen their passage in the waving of the branches. These pirates, they too are crafty, but now, we have their scent. Set the course helm. Commodore, you have proven useful at the sensors. Please continue to instruct my warrior there, he will become the better for your assistance."

The Klingon bird-of-prey, the IKV Dragon Fist, leapt into action for the first time in a week, streaking away, following a trail of gas dispersed over a week ago. Like a hound, it turned and backtracked, continuing to follow the spore of its prey. Eventually though, the trail stopped.

"That is it Captain, the trail ends here." The young sensor operator said.

"That's it then, we followed the wrong trail and now the Sacagawea is lost." Jat said quietly to K'iHQaS.

"Helm, project a course ahead from this position based on the track we have been following. Are there any planets or other stellar phenomenon

that the pirates could use as a base of operations?" K'iHQaS asked.

"No Captain, there is nothing but empty space for 50 light years."

"Maybe, if we turn back, we can still follow the other trail." Jat suggested.

"No, Commodore, this is the place, or somewhere close by. Our prey has just gone to ground. All we need to do is wait. Have patience."

K'iHQaS turned to her crew. "Rig for silent operations. Passive sensors only. Cloaking device on."

"But captain, with the cloaking device on, we will be defenceless, and the energy stores will be depleted in less than 24 hours." The warrior at the helm said.

"Then pray I change my mind, or the pirates show themselves, before the time is up! Carry out your orders!"

S'ena knew the code to open the door to her pen, now she just had to convince the three Orion animal women to join her in her escape. Logical discussion wouldn't work, and trying to bully them would also show limited results. She had to make them want to leave the den.

Suddenly, it came to S'ena, pheromones! That was her ticket to controlling the other women. By emitting pheromones, she could influence them into doing what she wanted. But pheromones only transmitted emotions, which emotion should she use to get them to leave? Fear? They would cower in the pillows. Rage? They would turn on themselves and her. Lust? Yes! They would have to seek a mate, which meant they would have to leave the pen.

S'ena began to think lustful thoughts. Strangely, she got the most reaction out of thinking about Brian Starr. She almost lost her concentration. Why should she think lustful thoughts about someone who she had never done anything more than hug? Yes, she wanted to have their relationship go farther, but she had done a lot more with others in the

past. Maybe it was because all of her past relationships had been superficial, fun, but with no deep commitment. Well, she thought, whatever worked.

And it was working, kind of like a feedback circuit, like when you get a microphone too close to the speakers. The more pheromones she put out, the more lustful she felt. It was affecting the other Orion women as well. They started to display themselves, standing up and moving as if to music only they could hear. As each felt more lustful, each emitted more pheromones, which made them even more lustful.

I better get us out of here before we can't leave, S'ena thought. She input the codes to the door lock. The door opened to the hallway and S'ena led the three women out. She said, "Ladies, there are men down this way." The three eagerly followed her down the corridor. The smell of their lust permeated the areas around them as they travelled. Anyone who happened upon the smell would react the same way. Hopefully, they wouldn't run into anyone before they got to where S'ena wanted to go!

At the intersection where S'ena had seen the guarded door, she stopped. "All right girls, we need to look our best." She glanced around the corner. Two guards stood right where she knew they would be, and they appeared to be effected by the pheromones, glancing nervously at each other. "Show time!"

S'ena confidently rounded the corner with the other three in tow. The guards, already desirous of women, immediately saw them. To give them credit, they did hesitate a second before dropping their weapons and rushing the women. S'ena dropped them both with well-aimed chops to the neck.

The three glared at her as if betrayed. "Bring them along, we don't have enough men yet." She told them.

While the others dragged the unconscious guards, S'ena input the same code as she used to get out of her pen. She wasn't sure it would

work, but gambled on the laziness of guard's galaxy wide. Sure enough, the door opened. S'ena and her crew entered the room where another Orion sat at a console. He looked up, then reached for his disrupter. With a wave of her hand, the four women surrounded the lone technician. Quickly, the pheromones worked on him and he lowered his disrupter. He grabbed one of the women and they went off into a corner.

S'ena dismissed the rest of them, and what they were doing, and concentrated on the console in front of her. The controls were all in Orion! Oh, if only she had studied her Orion written language better. She struggled to remember what she could. The board appeared to run some kind of transmitter. Massive power flowed through it, but there wasn't any input, so it couldn't be a communications device. It actually seemed to be running a kind of shield generator. Perhaps, she could use one of the shield harmonics to transmit a message!

S'ena began to adjust the shield controls to produce a harmonic signal on a Starfleet distress frequency. It would appear as a maladjustment to the casual observer at the console, but to any Starfleet ships nearby, it would scream HELP! The problem was that they would have to be very close. The stronger the harmonic, the more chance that she would be caught!

Yarda entered the bridge on his asteroid starship base. He looked over the people there. His bodyguard took up a position near the door behind him. Several Orion technicians were working at their consoles, obviously wishing to appear busy, even if they were not. Yarda approached the sensor operator. He took a moment to look at his fingernails before asking, "What is the status on that Klingon ship that stopped nearby?"

"It disappeared shortly after it arrived. I think it left." The sensor tech answered.

“Did you see it leave?”

“No, sir, but it has not been detected for 12 hours now.”

“Are you aware that Klingon ships have cloaking devices much like ours?”

“Yes, but this was a small ship, I don't think it could stay cloaked this long.”

“That is why I'm in charge and you work for me,” Yarda said in a bored voice. “I happen to know that the Klingon Birds-of-prey can stay cloaked for up to 24 hours if they conserve their energy. Speaking of cloaks, what is the status of ours?”

“It has been on for a week and is showing signs of deterioration. We have had to monitor it constantly. Even now, I am detecting an odd harmonic.”

“Well, fix it! I do not want our Klingon friend to find us.”

“Yes sir. We need to turn it off soon so we can perform maintenance on it.”

“Wait another 14 hours. Our Klingon will either have shown himself by then, or else he is really gone.” Yarda then began an intimidating tour of the other consoles.

“That is odd,” The sensor tech said to himself.

“What is it?” Yarda asked, returning to the sensor station.

The tech looked up, surprised and horrified that he had spoken out loud, and that Yarda had heard him. “I, I, I'm not getting any response from technician Harot.” He stammered. “He is down in power control for the cloaking device.”

Yarda pressed a button on the console comm. device. “Security to cloaking control immediately.”

Just off of Starbase 410's Ops was the briefing room. In the briefing room was a long smooth polished table with cleverly concealed computer displays hidden beneath its dark surface. At the head of the table sat T'Pina, rigid and formal. Around the

table sat all of the current department heads that could get there.

Lt. Laura-Jean Morris entered and sat down. She said, “Medical sends it's regards, but they need everyone down there for the emergency.”

“Very well, we will start without them.” T'Pina said. “Please summarise what we have found out.”

“At 1914 hours, Three, our automated space traffic controller, stopped all incoming and outgoing space traffic. She then issued a warning to all orbiting craft that they had five minutes to depart the area, if they could. Five minutes later, she activated the Inverted poleron field around the station. Thirty seconds after that, we entered this space.”

Lt. Commander K'SQqwa SuDs'qan'ya, head of station security looked confused. “You programmed your hologram to do all that?”

“Well, in emergency conditions, Three has the ability to do all of that, but no emergency had been declared, and sensors didn't pick up a thing to indicate we were about to be transported here.”

“So,” T'Pina said, “We are left with this puzzle. How did Three know to take emergency procedures if there was no evidence of an emergency?” T'Pina stood up and looked out the window where there was nothing to see. “Logic dictates that since there was no clue to tell Three about an impending emergency, that Three is the cause of the emergency.”

“But how could Three have moved us into this, this, nothing?” Morris asked.

“And how do we get her to take us back?” K'Sqqa asked.

Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, stars appeared outside the window.

A young voice hailed them from the speakers. “Shepherd to T'Pina. We have returned to normal space.”

“Well, shall we go find out where we are?” T'Pina asked.

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

Well I don't know about you lot, but I've been about as busy as a one-armed bat'leth juggler. (Don't try that at home kids.)

There's always something to do at the Embassy; I've taken to trying to sneak out to the 'Targ pit' The Stations Klingon Bar. Only the other day b'Sel caught me creeping out of the Embassy. I almost walked into her while she was carrying a stack of Pads. I've been trying to rebuild Cardassia, if you've ever had to deal with civilian Aid agencies, you'll know what I mean when I say that they have their own agenda. Don't get me wrong, I think that the Amber-Star do a wonderful job, helping with the rebuilding of Cardassia. I just have problems seeing why the Klingon Empire should have to pay for it. On a similar note, I'd love to have heard what my esteemed colleague the Bajoran Ambassador, had to say when they asked her to contribute to helping the Cardassians.

This Symbol is that of the Elite Black Dagger special operations unit. In the Empire many Klingon Regiments claim to be the Elite. But only one regiment claims to take the best of the best, and then retrain them. The reputation of a handpicked highly skilled organization has always intrigued people. And the Black Daggers are no exception.

Within this group are officers trained in Covert Operations and espionage, others take their training from the Imperial Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

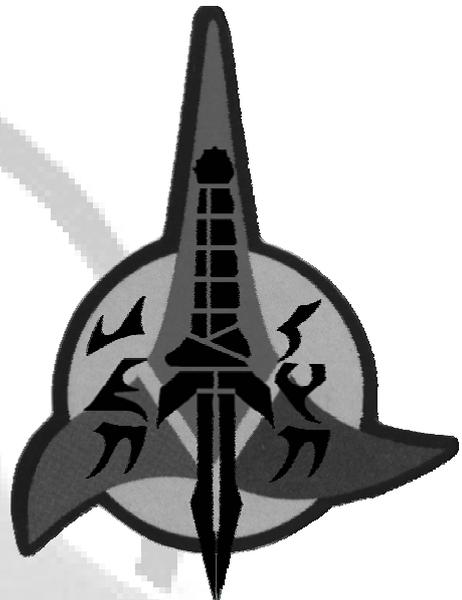
The Empires finest Scientists weapon designers and manufacturers in turn support these Officers.

Between the years of 2371 and 2374 I actually headed up Covert Military Command, the organization that backed up the black Dagger Regiment.

These officers carry bladed weapons made of a dull black metal known as composite Dralmium; it is this that gives these warriors their name. They live by the motto. 'All fall before us.'

Until next time . . .

Ke'reth out . . .

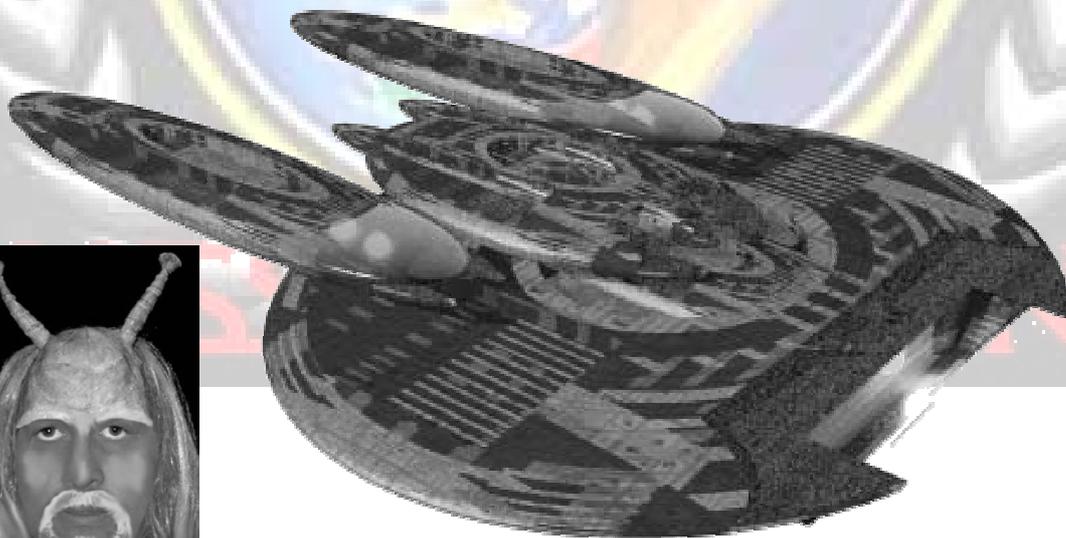


The other day I received an unusual communication from Starfleet Command. Apparently they're sending a special investigator to the station, to look into the accounts of the so-called 'Mirror universe' that some of you have been filing reports about. To this end, Starfleet have assigned him, and the prototype Starship USS. Bulldog, NCC – 81243, to travel into the Nebula in an attempt to slipstream into the Mirror Universe through a possibly unstable Dimensional wormhole that has been discovered by Vulcan scientists within the flame red swirling gas clouds of the Night fire Nebula.

The Bulldog will carry a crew of Starfleet, Bajoran, Romulan, Klingon and Ferengi personnel. This mixed crew and a vessel equipped with Klingon Disrupters and a Romulan cloaking device will attempt a fact-finding mission into the Mirror Universe.

Fleet Captain Thras Kelev as his picture shows is an Andorian. Due to his position within this new investigative venture to infiltrate and observe the Rebellion in their war against the Alliance. Due to the nature of this mission, Officers under his command will be working out of uniform, wearing clothing that hopefully won't draw too much attention in this new and hostile environment.

Thras and his crew may be seen on the station for the next few weeks. While they interview those among you that have first hand experience of the Mirror Universe.



The Starfleet Bureau of Investigation chose Thras to lead this mission after he successfully led an investigation to uncover a number of Cardassian War Criminals who had willingly helped the Dominion commit crimes against the Cardassian people.

Report over . . . Admiral Varr, signing off . . .

Here am I, once again, making a Log Entry for the record keeping purposes of Starbase 410, where I find myself busy at work once more... Even for a person with Vulcan blood in her veins, I can admit that it is a very strange path on which life will sometimes lead its followers. I have been back and forth between career and personal paths many, many times over the last year or so (If I were a full blood Vulcan, I am sure I would not allow my logic to slip so, that I wouldn't be aware of the exact passage of time... Though even the greatest of Vulcans, Spock, son of Sarek and Amanda, or the historically acclaimed diplomat, Volar, who once met Captain Jonathan Archer, accordingly noted that with the passage of time comes an understanding and acceptance that logic and illogic can compliment one another...)

I am also kept busy with my varying projects for the Federation Archaeological Institute, which combine my Engineering Expertise with my gradually blossoming knowledge of most things that cross reference the past with a myriad of the Universe's Cultures and Civilisations... Rebuilding projects, puzzle solving, reconstruction and even reenactment (to some degree...)... Combine this with my tinkering onboard Starbase 410, to aid the Station's staff in 'keeping her afloat' as I believe they are fond of saying, and I barely have time to keep track of anything or anyone else.

However, I have recently received a wealth of news from several different acquaintances; my brother, the Healer, Sarek, and his wife, Persephone, have recently become parents for the second time. Joining my niece, Tahira Nyree is her brother, whose full name is somewhat a mouthful even for a part Vulcan's memory to retain: I believe my nephew's name, in its entirety, is: Sarek Elim Sevi Eric. 'Sarek' of course was chosen for my brother, 'Elim' is a name used on both Earth and Cardassia... (each planet holds the name with a similar meaning: Refreshment in the Desert, a Haven of beauty and tranquillity) While 'Sevi' is a name with, appropriately enough, (for my family) shared Vulcan and Trill heritage, and 'Eric', apparently, is a favourite Earth name of Persephone's, with the meaning along the lines of: 'Noble/Nobility'... All in all, my newborn nephew can claim very distinguished choices of name.

My younger brother, Sharnas, who serves aboard the USS Enterprise 1701 E recently met the young lady who has now become his wife. She is a Vulcan Attachette, dividing her time and work between two sites of great historical and religious cultural importance; the rebuilt Vulcan Monastery and Sanctuary, P'Jem, (where the earlier mentioned Captain Jonathan Archer once aided the Andorians in an effort of co-operation that eventually led to the Andorians' inclusion in the Federation) and also, the temple on Mount Seleya, on Vulcan itself... My brother met her when the Enterprise E took aboard a party of which she was a member, and escorted them back home to Vulcan, after an AGM Conference at the Vulcan Embassy on Earth... Her name is Xena, and she is the daughter of the Vulcan Priestess, Shona, and the renowned and respected Healer, Torvo, whom coincidentally once worked with my older brother Sarek, when he was in residence on Vulcan.

My long-term colleague, Nala Daresh, and her friend and partner, Lysander Dagan, who live in the Deserts of Cardassia, raising and reintroducing several near extinct species of wildlife, recently made me very welcome while I visited their habitat, and built for them an enclosure, for their two Sibling Valeska cats, Severus and Keshena

(or Anala, whichever of the partners' has won the debate over the feline's name)... I took with me two colleagues from the Engineering Team of which I am manager... Three Jnr. Officers' volunteered to come with me in their spare time, from their studies keeping them at the Archaeological Institute... Nala Daresh and Lysander Dagan inform me that they have put both my, and these three Officers' names, in for a Commendation for our services to the Cardassian Wildlife Reintroductory Program... I have informed the three very helpful Jnr. Officers', Christopher Alan Brandon, Eachan Burnell, and Erica-Faye Rathanael. Also, I have forwarded note of our shared gratitude at this unexpected honour to Nala and Lysander...

Of late, I have also received a lengthy letter from Benedict, still living on his Arable farm at the colony where my brother Sarek and his wife and family also are living... Benedict is doing well with a number of book and novel projects, including his idea that follows my studies with the Archaeological Institute. His farm, in the meantime, continues to prosper, bringing in a wealth of produce and good living...

My mother and father, too, are well, and living, despite my mother's dislike for Vulcan's fierce heat, comfortably. The two of them, mostly, are retired these days... My father continues his daily ritual of morning and evening Meditation in the mountains surrounding their home, and my mother employs her own relaxation techniques in her commendable efforts at Poetry, Art, and Sculpture... My mother has also acquired a new pet. It is a rare one-off Black Selhat... I believe that Spock of Vulcan had a pet Selhat, too, in his childhood... Well, my mother took this one in as it cannot fend for itself in the wilds of the desert, not having the correct camouflage. She, I think, feels quite akin to it in a fish-out-of-water sense, seeing as she is quite obviously in alien lands, being Trill, and living on Vulcan. She has named this newly homed waif and stray Raven.

And so, though I am innumerable a mixture of busy and tired, I am kept both invigorated and restful by the peace of mind these accumulated letters' bring...

With this acknowledgement, I sign off before another day truly begins...

Saryena Remora, Engineering Personnel, Starbase 410

The flight to pick up the pallet of medical supplies had gone well. There were no ships waiting in ambush, and the plasma relays that he had requested were exceptionally good quality, by the standards of his Universe.

JB had made a short detour to a Resistance base he knew had been recently attacked to beam off the medical supplies, without any announcement, in a section of caves used as a hospital. He was in a thoughtful mood, and apart from being a natural loner, could content himself with the look of surprise that he imagined would follow the discovery. He also did not want to be linked with anything that would bump him higher up the Intendant's "most wanted" list. He kept looking at a paper photograph he kept in a secret compartment on his ship. Now, maybe, he thought, I have a chance to get her out...

His thoughts were interrupted by a bleep from his commpanel. It was Varr, again.

"Now what Dalen? Not enough bad news for your subspace broadcast?" "You might be interested to know- the cat's away." That meant the Intendant was off the station. Ideal time for the "mice to play"...

"But she hardly ever goes off-station- too much risk of assassination, or so the rumours I keep planting should say. Unless... Good call Varr, I may be able to get us some extra leverage!" He cut the call off before Dalen could ask what that meant.

The "Sitting Duck" turned sharply, and headed for Klingon space.

Back on the Starbase, Cdr. Warran and Cdr. Borda were walking back from the transporter bay together. "Do you think it will work?" she said. "How do we know they won't just take the supplies and run?"

"Probably will." He replied. "But if they want more, they'll have to trade for it, and they know what we want. In the meantime, I've got to work on how to get Admiral Jat and the Bajoran ambassador back- it's not that simple to transport between Universes, most incidents have happened by accident. I hope to get Starfleet Intelligence's technical report in the next few hours, that will help."

"And if you can't bring them back?" "Not an option. It's been done before, with enough information I can do it again. Let's just hope our mirror counterparts can find them."

Major Madia watched as Kane transported down to the Klingon meeting ahead of her, to check all was safe. This would have been the first time he was more than a few feet away from her throughout the entire trip. Not that the guards surrounding her would have left her with any option but to follow once he called that all was clear. She stepped onto the transporter, knowing that this beam-down could well be her last, if the Intendant's suspicions about an assassination plot were correct. She felt the transporter activate, then everything went black...

Aboard the Intendant's ship, the crew were thrown from their consoles as their world exploded around them! What had looked like a small asteroid had suddenly opened fire on them as they dropped shields to beam down what they still thought was their Intendant. The asteroid now registered as a Resistance fighter, but its firepower was vastly superior to what they expected. After a single pass, it went to warp, leaving the startled crew to desperately get most of their systems back up. Reluctantly, the captain eventually switched on the repaired comm panel. "Report! Now!" Kane's cold voice came through the speaker.

"A ship attacked us when our shields were down! Is the Intendant safe?" replied the captain.

"She never beamed down. I will return to the ship and give chase to these assassins. Beam me up immediately!"

"Sorry, sir, we are still trying to repair the transporters, and our engines are also hit. It will be at least an hour before we can give chase."

"You will answer to the Intendant on our return to ramQul station. What ship attacked us?"

"S-sir, your mercy, please, we had no idea..."

"What ship?" The voice still, cold, emotionless.

"Resistance fighter, we think the ship of the terrorist Borda, sir."

Major Madia felt around her. She was in some kind of metal box, with not much room to even wriggle. She fought the urge to try and bash against one side and listened around her. She was on a ship- a different ship, the engine note was different, there had been phaser's fired, sharp turns, and then it had gone to warp. She heard footsteps, then was blinded as the panel in front of her opened and light flooded in. She half expected a shot, but as her eyes adapted she saw her new captor was not Klingon, but human. Almost familiar, somehow, but he still had a phaser trained on her. Then she realised!

"John? Commander Borda?"

"*Captain* Borda, if you please." He put the phaser away. "This is my ship. And if you had addressed me any other way, you'd have been dead. I've lost too many good friends to the Intendant's bloodlust."

"What happened?"

"I was able to intercept your transporter signal. I then blew out the transporter grid, plus a few other bits of the Intendant's ship, to make it look like you were killed in transit. Think yourself lucky you have friends on your side; they helped me upgrade my ship. Now tell me, who on ramQul knows you're not the real Intendant?"

Aboard ramQul, the Intendant was enjoying herself. As she was supposed to be away, she had decided to stay in her quarters with a few slaves for company to spoil her, and to keep an eye on what people did when they thought she was away. Already she was looking forward to a few executions when she "returned", and one or two would be especially slow.

Ellie managed to slip away. She had been told to keep the Trill hostage alive, so she took a bowl of broth from the galley and took it down to the dungeons. She also carried the medkit she was allowed to keep in her quarters for when the Intendant beat her. She had been told to keep herself looking pretty, and only realised why when some of the guards taunted her by calling her the "Intendant's new clothes". They were almost the same size. Still, in spite of her fear, she sometimes used the medkit to heal other slaves if she could.

At the station's Ops room, the guards noticed a ship approaching at speed. They were relieved when they saw it was the Intendant's, and lowered shields to allow it to dock. They would never have dared question it.

In the ore-processing centre, it was time for a shift change. The exhausted slaves trudged to the transporters; at least they could now sleep and nurse their wounds in their barracks. At the same time, another group of fresh slaves would arrive to continue the work.

The guards were somewhat surprised when the new batch of slaves failed to materialise. They called down to the barracks, only to be asked the same question- where were the slaves?

In the dungeons, Admiral Jat was glad to see Ellie, even if she was a terrified version of the one she knew well. More so when she produced a bone

growth stimulator, and started setting her broken wrist, under cover of helping her eat.

At the station's Ops room, the guards noticed a second ship approaching at speed. They were astonished to see it was the Intendant's ship, and were about to question it when Kane's unmistakable, disfigured face filled their viewscreen.

"Where did the Resistance ship go? We have tracked it this way!"

"Sir, we saw none, but..."

"Are you blind?"

"No, sir, but the other ship... it's docked at bay five..."

"What other ship?"

"We thought it was you, sir..."

"We've got company!" JB called. "If you can't find your friend, I'll have to go, now!"

"I think I have her, but there's two people in that cell!" called back Madia.

"Grab both and sort it later- we're leaving!"

Madia activated the transporter and prayed...

The Intendant was jolted out of her massage-induced reverie as alarms went off all over ramQul. The din was tremendous, and it took her a moment to realise that both the slave escape alarm and the outside attack alarm had gone off together. Then the station shook!

The "Sitting Duck" was not prone to act like its namesake. Having disengaged the holograph of the Intendant's ship, it wove between the towers of ramQul, daring Kane or the ramQul gunners to fire, and risk hitting the station. As it blasted pieces out of the station, for a moment it was out of sight, then it broke for the nebula at maximum impulse. Kane gave chase.

No one noticed the unscheduled departure of an ore carrier in the opposite direction; they were too busy

trying to hit a torpedo inside a holographic ship!

JB went aft to check what Madia had beamed off the station. His phaser was out, in case it was a guard. He saw a cowering figure, scantily clad in black, most of which was almost transparent, huddled in a corner, her face hidden, sobbing uncontrollably, and the Major and Admiral embracing. They broke off when they saw him. He gestured towards the lone figure.

"She was helping- don't kill her!" pleaded Jat, seeing the look on his face.

Sensing someone in authority, Ellie threw herself to her knees at his feet. "Please don't, she wanted my skin, that's why she kept me, she wanted to make me into one of those- she pointed to the jump-suit Madia was still wearing- so she wouldn't let me work!" she sobbed, knowing what the Resistance did to collaborators. She braced herself for the phaser blast she was sure would come.

"Ellie?" The sound of her name shocked Ellie, and she dared to look up for the first time.

"John?" Their eyes met both of them disbelieving what they saw. Then they threw their arms round each other and kissed passionately.

Madia and Anarita stared in amazement. Then they looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"Something the matter?" said JB when he finally came up for air.

"Just- this is the last thing we'd expect from the two of you in our Universe." giggled Madia.

"Well, then I'm glad I'm here and not there! Now, let's get the people we rescued fed and back to somewhere safe. Then we can see about getting you back to your people."

A few hours later, the Major and the Admiral stepped off the transporter pad back at the Starbase. Half the senior

officers had turned out to meet them. As they left, they noticed Lt. Barstow and Cdr. Borda at the transporter

controls, which they had had to work together to achieve the transfer. Madia whispered to Anarita: "Do you think we should tell them?"

Part 5 next month.
Author: - Christine Aldous

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.
Many thanks to John for stepping in and writing part 4 at short notice.
Parts 6 – 8 will be announced next month.
Emma

A Short Story by Tom Hudspeth

A man stood silhouetted against the bay window, forgotten drink in his hand. Outside he could see the Golden Gate bridge and the jagged skyline of San Francisco. Below him sprawled the grounds of Starfleet Command, verdant parks and gleaming buildings. Further away stood the towering edifice of the Starfleet Command, the bringer of peace and prosperity to an unruly galaxy. How often had this man walked in those halls and helped their cause, bringing the light of humanity to places that had forgotten the way.

Inside the room, an old fashioned clock ticked away. Tick, tick, tick, time passed, and yet inside the room, time seemed suspended. Outside, afternoon turned to dusk, dusk turned to night. One by one, lights came on, sprinkling the city like stars. Inside the room, the man just stood. One might suppose the man watched the grandeur of the scene before him, and in truth, part of him did note the comings and goings of shuttlecraft, the illumination of the city, the time as it passed, but only a small part of him.

The man stood waiting. The universe had called to him before, and he was sure it would call again. There are pivotal points in the unfurling of the tapestry of time, and this man had seen many of them, he and his friends.

His still form stood ramrod straight as he stared out the glass, as if he too was one of the antiques scattered about the room on shelves and niches. But it belied the fact that he was a man of action, someone who could intuitively sift through the facts and feel his way to victory. A man who could face death again and again, each time cheating his way free. That was not to say that others hadn't fallen as they followed him, and he mourned their loss. Each one who died under his command had hurt him, but none so much as the last.

The man stood at the window, waiting the inevitable call to action. The universe hadn't finished with him yet. The doorbell chimed.

Better late than never.



Looks like Death and the Devil were fighting over b'Sel and K'iHQaS

I'd say our little Devil definitely prefers Klingons



K'iHQaS finds out from Gowron what happens to Klingons in Sto'vo'cor.

Many thanks to Jeanette for these photos taken at the Supernova Convention at Heathrow last October.

Well our first big Open Day is fast approaching, thanks to everyone for completing their slips I will hand out rotas at the meeting. I have done my best to accommodate everyone's wishes but I've had to give everyone a short time on the least favourite jobs to be fair to those who did volunteer for them.

As you are aware we have recently had an exhibition of items at Newmarket library and I was a little disappointed at the amount of items donated. For our Open Day to be a success we need to generate interest from the public and one wall of items will not be enough so please dig deep and donate posters etc. or write a short piece about Klingons, federation, any of the series – the list is endless.

Going back to the exhibition at Newmarket I'd just like to thank Ann, Lee & Selene for helping to set up/take down the exhibition. And big thanks to Ann, Selene, Carys, Bryn, Shannon & Mihyun for turning up on the Saturday to distribute leaflets and pose for the photographer – unfortunately they put the wrong date in the article. Well hopefully in the next newsletter I'll be able to say what a roaring success it was, remember it is your club and we do need your help.

Promotions

Only one promotion to report this month but I am sure you would all like to join me in congratulating Rhys on finally winning promotion to Cadet Warrant Officer Bronze

Cadet Memo (Rhys Evans)	Cadet Warrant Officer Bronze
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Please check the points list posted on the wall for your current points level and how many you need to achieve for promotion. All ranks, pins and points needed are in the Ops folder on the Ops desk. Please see Rhys if you wish to have a look.

News

◆ The creators of Star Trek are to be honoured by the Space Foundation. The late Gene Roddenberry and his wife Majel Barrett Roddenberry have won the foundation's Douglas S Morrow Public Outreach Award. This year's award will be presented during the National Space Symposium's opening ceremony on April 8.

Ananova 20/02/02

◆ Patrick Stewart says he doesn't know if the new Star Trek film will be the last with the Next Generation crew. The cast are currently filming Star Trek Nemesis. It had been thought it would be the final film to feature the cast of the Next Generation series.

Ananova 09/03/02

STARBASE 410 DINNER / DANCE

As I am sure many of you are aware the 3rd Annual Starbase 410 Dinner / 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

REMEMBER TO BUY YOUR TICKETS EARLY!