



STARBASE NEWS

Issue 37 July 2002

www.starbase410.org

Editors Corner

Hi everyone,
Once again I would like to thank those of you who took time out of your busy schedules to contribute. It's because I'm so busy that I can appreciate that it's not always easy to find the time to write a piece for the newsletter, after all someone else will always do it won't they? It's thanks to those of you who don't think like that that we have a newsletter every month. Unfortunately this is an attitude that is fairly prevalent throughout all club activities that require anyone to put themselves out a bit. Most of us work full time and those of us that do extra in order to raise funds and promote the club do so to ensure that there is a club for those of you who can't be bothered.
Major Madia Amme

In This Issue:

- Merlin Pt1. By Robert Lydford
- Escape 23(by Tom Hudspeth)
- More pearls of wisdom from Ambassador Ke'reth

ADMIRAL'S LOG

Greetings everyone

Well we will have had a busy few weeks by the time you read this. I thought that the AGM and barbecue went very well, I know we had a glitch getting in but it went well after that. I particularly liked the slave auction although I didn't reckon on being in it myself. That's what you get for winding up the Klingon Ambassador. He was obviously on good terms with *Honest Bob the auctioneer*. I should have known better after all I know what Klingons are like. Still we made £30 for the club. So many thanks to the slaves for volunteering, and the masters and mistresses who paid out good money for the motley crew. (Only joking slaves) We also have to give many thanks to Dennis and Roger who give up their time to come and cook for us.

It was nice to welcome Lisa and James from Wyboston Cambs to the meeting. They obviously enjoyed it because they're coming to the dinner and dance.

Now for the Open Day, what a disappointment. We had newspaper coverage, radio coverage, posters and the library exhibition and all we got were a dad and his two daughters and a Selenes' Auntie Margaret plus one other man who made inquiries and said he might come to a meeting. Oh and don't forget the old ladies from church who wanted a cup of tea. It was heartbreaking in view of the amount of work put in especially by Jeanette, who travelled back from London each evening and then worked on stuff to exhibit. Robert had done posters and signs for the memorabilia table, which I thought was excellent. Many thanks to those who entrusted their precious items to us. Finally a big thanks to all who were able to get there to help and support us, especially Dennis and Roger. You know they aren't members but they do more for the club than some members do and I hope you don't take them for granted. They support so much of what we do that I think some people take them for members, but they're not so please show your appreciation to them. I'm sure a word of thanks occasionally would go a long way. I must thank Don for his help. He made a special journey to collect Robert and helped with fetching and carrying. He shouldn't really be doing all that lifting and heaving about, so if you see him using his spray it's not a breath freshener but treatment for pains in his chest. So give him some space and a bit of peace and quiet to recover.

Between now and the next meeting we have the Newmarket Hospital Fete, (hopefully I can recoup some of the losses of the open day.) Then there is the visit to the school in Ipswich followed by the car boot sale. Hopefully by then we will have made lots of money and made Emma very happy.

Well I must get this off to her, nice and early for a change.

In the meantime take care of yourselves.
All the best

Anarita Jat
Vice Admiral
Commanding Officer Starbase 410

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Honorary President: Barry Morse

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FUTURE EVENTS & MISSIONS

Date	Event / Mission	Time Start	Time Finish
Mon 22 nd July	B.S.E. Library Exhibition	22 nd July	27 th July
Sat 27 th July	Shuttle Work Bee (Ann's)	TBA	TBA
Sat 3 rd Aug	Starbase 410 Open Day (B.S.E)	10:00	16:00
Fri 2 nd Aug	Committee Meeting (Ann's)	20:00	22:30
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	08:30	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
Sat 14 th Dec	Christmas Party	19:30	00:00
Sun 21 st Jan	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 18 th Feb	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00

Title	Page No.
Editors Corner / Admirals Log	One
Committee Members / Future Events And Missions	Two
Contents / Contacts / Birthdays	Three
Bajoran Embassy Despatches	Four
The Adventure Continues...Part 23 Escape By Tom Hudspeth	Five
Ambassador Ke'reth's Musings	Nine
Klingon Vor'cha Class Cruiser	Ten
Admiral Varrs Log	Eleven
Community Story Timetable	Twelve
Merlin Part 1 by Robert Lydford	Twelve
News / Starbase 410 Dinner / Dance	Sixteen

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BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS

Birthday / Celebration	Date
Bryn Evans	22 nd July
Sam Hudspeth	23 rd July
Emma & Nick Wedding Anniversary	29 th July
Summer Bank Holiday	26 th Aug

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

Well, what has been happening in the Bajoran Embassy over the past month?
The answer not a lot!

As I was unable to attend the recent open day myself and as I had no need of them I sent along my security officer Lt. Evad and my chief of staff Lt. Barella EI to represent the Bajoran interests at this function. I can only assume that it did not go well due the fact that neither of them has yet filed reports on the day.

We were pleased to inspect the shuttle that arrived on the Starbase recently and will be trying to find the time to assist the Starbase Engineering team with the renovations required.

As many of you will have noticed the embassy staff including myself were all good sports at the BBQ and allowed ourselves to be sold by Honest Bob (I think it was Ambassador Ke'reth in disguise as I noticed he was no where to be seen during the proceedings). I was brought by a young Klingon, K'reg, who once he'd got me didn't seem to know what to do with me and was, if I may suggest such a thing without upsetting all the Klingons aboard the Starbase, a little timid. Perhaps he was mistaking me for the Intendant. Not so timid however was his little sister KharlS, who brought Captain Leigh Brown and proceeded to whip him with a cat of nine tails supplied to her by K'iHQaS. We ended up hiding in the Ladies toilet. Our very own Vedak Sespirie brought Barella EI and she had quite an easy time of it. Another bunch that doesn't seem to know what to do with a slave when they get one is Starfleet officers. Ensign Natasha Stone had Lt. Evad brought for her by Commander Jen Warran and spent her time evading him so she didn't have to tell him what to do. Perhaps next time we have a slave auction for entertainment we will have to invite the Intendant along to show the purchasers what they are supposed to do with them once they've brought them. From what I hear and have seen she's an expert.

Well that all I have to report this month, I will hand over now to the Treasurer who would like a word.

May you walk with the prophets.
Ambassador Madia Amme

A note from the Treasurer: -

Firstly it has come to my attention that some members receiving regular lifts from other members are failing to contribute to petrol or diesel costs. If someone is giving you a lift more than likely they are going at least slightly out of their way to do so, so please, if you are getting a lift please contribute towards fuel costs, it needn't be much just a couple of pounds but it would be appreciated and stop people feeling like they are being taken advantage of. Secondly if you are expecting someone to give you a lift it is your responsibility, not theirs, to contact them to arrange pick up times and to remind them that you need a lift. If you could please bear this in mind in the future things should run smoothly and your lifts will be there when you need them!

Emma Hindle

Memory Alpha was a massive library containing all of the cultural and scientific information of the United Federation of Planets. Each member planet sent everything about itself to Memory Alpha to be stored in its memory banks for the enlightenment of future generations. Selected great minds of the universe came to learn all the latest information they needed to create wonders.

Memory Alpha was built on an asteroid in 2269, and it could house over 10,000 scientists with over 8,000 private laboratories and briefing rooms. It was protected by Starfleet's finest, but control was run by civilians selected for their expertise in the libraries main functions. For a scientist, it was a dream assignment, but for a young ensign who joined Starfleet to see the stars, it was pure hell.

All that changed one day, when out of nowhere appeared a giant "Guardian Class" space station. Ships around both the station and Memory Alpha departed as fast as they could. The sudden appearance of the space station, which was not designed to move from place to place, sent a panic through the asteroid. Shortly after it appeared, the space station started to download all of Memory Alpha's information. In its place it substituted the records from the space station. It apparently needed the extra memory to store Memory Alpha's records.

Naturally, the Memory Alpha personnel tried to stop the transmissions, but they soon found their own computers rebelling on them. They also tried to hail the travelling space station, which they could read 410 from its side, but the station wouldn't respond. A shuttlecraft was sent out, but its passengers were beamed back and it was destroyed. The scientists debated what to do while the Starfleet personnel ran around trying to stop the flow of information.

At last, the information stopped flowing. Not because the Starfleet people had done anything, but because Starbase 410 had downloaded everything. The station hung in space for about four hours, then disappeared again, leaving the people of Memory Alpha puzzled.

Once again, T'Pina and her department heads were in the briefing room, but this time, they had more information to go on.

"We now know that this is not a natural phenomenon. The station appeared in a specific place and took actions we had no control over." Morris said. "What's more, we know that Three is directing those actions, either consciously or while being controlled by another entity."

"Captain, I've looked over everything that could have been programmed into Three, but I can find no way that she should be able to move the station like this." Shepherd said.

"The very fact that we are moving through space by Three's directions would indicate that it is possible, Ms. Shepherd," T'Pina said, "it is just that we do not know how. We need to find out why Three is doing this, Who is controlling her and how can we stop her from doing it."

"Three has been largely unresponsive." Morris said.

"Perhaps she is too busy with this space travel." K'Sqqwa said.

"That may be her Achilles' heel then," T'Pina said. "We need to work on a way to either isolate or turn off Three. Then, perhaps we can get her to talk."

When the guards arrived at the cloaking power control room, S'ena and her girls didn't put up a fight. S'ena acted as dumb and confused as the rest of the girls. As they were being taken back to their pen, Yarda stopped them and looked at S'ena.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you were behind this." He pulled her chin up to look at her. "Are you getting paler?"

S'ena's heart froze, but she continued to give him a blank stare. She thought, I'm just a dumb girl, I'm just a dumb girl.

Yarda released her. "Never mind, I will find the guard who let you out and have him punished. Take them back to their cell."

S'ena looked back at Yarda as she was being taken away, but he was already talking to a technician.

"Can you fix it?" Yarda asked.

"Only if we take the cloaking device off line for two hours."

"Impossible! We still don't know if that Klingon ship is gone."

"Then the best I can do is keep it going like it is for one more hour, then it will collapse whether we want it or not. Once it collapses, I don't know how long it will take to fix. If you allow me to take it down for 10 minutes, I can extend that to two days, three tops. Yarda, it needs maintenance."

"Very well, I will give you your maintenance time. But only after I know the Klingon is gone. I will not give away all that I have established here without a fight." Yarda pulled out his communicator and said. "Fighter control, prepare to launch all fighters. Engine room, prepare for warp travel."

If there was one thing Anarita Jat hated the most, it was waiting. She had been loitering on the bridge for over 18 hours now. She almost wished she had K'iHQaS' ability to remain calm. Anarita paced the small bridge for a while, then found a seat on a re-enforcement beam. Anarita hated waiting.

"Captain, I have found something odd." The comm. officer reported.

Both K'iHQaS and Anarita perked up. "What is it?" K'iHQaS asked.

"I have an unusual signal to noise ratio on a Federation distress

frequency. It is too strong to be noise, but will not resolve into anything else."

Anarita and K'iHQaS both came over to the communications console. "Can you pinpoint where it is coming from?" Anarita asked.

"No, I can only give you the general direction where it is coming from."

"I have got it!" said the young sensor operator Anarita had been working with. "It is originating from below and to the port. I believe it to be from a source not more than 50,000 miles away. If we could have the helm fire a short burst from the starboard thrusters, I think I can verify it's exact location."

K'iHQaS looked at the warrior, then looked at Anarita. She was clearly impressed with the young warrior's ability to find the difficult signal, but she didn't want to thank Anarita out loud for the training she must have given him.

"Helm," K'iHQaS said, "Do what he suggests."

Barely perceptible, but clearly evidenced by the movement of the stars on the main viewer, the Dragon Fist moved to port.

"Yes, I have it now, bearing 330 by 250 at 34,055 miles."

"Are you sure?" K'iHQaS asked.

"You could fire a torpedo at it!" the young warrior smiled.

"Weapons! Make it so! Fire a torpedo!" K'iHQaS said.

"Firing torpedo!"

The cloaking device disengaged and the nose of the Dragon Fist glowed an ominous red. Out of it's launcher spouted a red ball of fire that streaked towards the co-ordinates.

"You realise, if you are wrong, I will kill you." K'iHQaS told the young warrior, and then turned her back on him to watch the display. Behind her, she could hear him swallow.

At the correct area, the torpedo detonated with a flash. Nothing happened. K'iHQaS turned toward the sensor operator angrily.

"No, wait!" Anarita said.

Before them, as if wavering under water, an asteroid slowly came into being. Slung to either side of the asteroid were massive warp nacelles.

"It was cloaked!" Anarita said.

"Battle stations! Weapons and shields up!" K'iHQaS was in her element now with a foe to destroy.

"I count 43 small fighter craft and 3 medium sized craft." The sensor operator said. "One of them is the Federation starship we have sought!"

Anarita went over to the comm. station and told the warrior there, "Send out a call to every ship in the area. Tell them we have found the pirates!"

Brian, John and Jeanette had been awakened and taken to the starfighter bay without any explanation. They were told by the guards to get in the first starfighter they could reach, as they only had 60 seconds before the outer hatch opened and they were launched into space, with or without a ship!

Brian and John were relieved to see that they were being taken to the same hanger bay where they had fixed the two starfighters not to blow, but then they realised that Jeanette was with them! There were only two safe starfighters! They couldn't tell her which ones were safe either; the guards were too near.

Brian and John looked at each other and nodded in silent agreement. Jeanette would be taken to a safe starfighter. She watched them and said, "What? Did I miss something?"

The hatch opened and people started running out into the bay. John and Brian directed Jeanette towards the small sleek starfighter John had been working on, while they hurriedly told her.

"The starfighters are rigged to blow up if you are hit, or if you try to make a break for it." Brian said.

"I've fixed this one so it won't blow if you run, but don't get hit!" John told her.

"But what about you guys?" Jeanette said.

"Don't worry about us, we have two more starfighters ready as well." Brian lied. "Just hurry!"

As they approached the sleek starfighter, a large alien tried to pull them away. John and Brian fought him off while Jeanette got in and secured her hatch. After making sure she was safe, Brian told John, "Go! Get in the other fighter!"

"But what about you?"

"That's an order! Move it!"

As John moved off to the large fat starfighter Brian had fixed, Brian decked the alien he was fighting. The alien dropped unconscious to the floor of the hanger bay. Brian looked around. He had no clue how much longer he had. He could see John in his starfighter. There were two starfighters left at the end of the bay. Brian didn't hesitate as he picked up the alien and headed for them.

Brian could see John watching him with concern as he ran past carrying the heavy alien. How much time did he have? Brian wondered. Would he make it? Brian slipped into the "One".

Time stretched out and became unimportant. Brian reached the first starfighter and placed the alien in it. The outer launching hatch began to slowly open. As Brian strapped the slowly waking alien in to his seat, he could feel the air rushing out past him towards the air lock. Brian hit the canopy close button on the first of the two starfighters and started towards the last starfighter.

The air was thinner now, but what was left threatened to drag him out into space. Brian reached the boarding ladder of the last starfighter. He couldn't breathe; in fact, the last bit of air in his lungs was emptying out in to the growing vacuum. Brian climbed the side of the starfighter, and fell into the cockpit. In the calmness of the "One", he searched for the canopy close switch. No two starfighters had been the same, but one could assume that the needs of the humanoid pilots would be similar. The canopy close

would be placed either on the right or the left, near enough to be actuated by someone outside. Brian looked under the canopy seal ledge. Sure enough there was a red switch. Brian pulled it.

Time still seemed slowed as Brian waited in the ever-thinning air. If he had found the correct switch, and it worked, all he could do was wait. Brian began to think about what it would be like to die in a vacuum. His lungs were already empty, and his eardrums were about to burst. His eyes were trying to leave their sockets. He could feel blood crawling slowly down his nose.

The canopy closed with a thin hiss. Air rushed into the starfighters cockpit and the systems started up. Brian gulped the air as he struggled with the seat harness. Suddenly, he was pushed back as the starfighter was catapulted out into space.

Great! Brian thought, I'm in a flying bomb and it has no inertial dampeners. Out of the frying pan and into the fire.

Fortunately for Saryena Remora, she was on the bridge of the Sacagawea when the trouble started. The first thing she did was deck the guard. As he fell to the floor, Balor cried, "What are you doing!? We will both be killed for this!"

"I'm saving our collective butts. Now sit down and stay out of my way!" Saryena told him. "Computer, recognise Lt. Cmdr. Remora. Code Charlie Nine Theta Two"

"Code accepted. Lt. Cmdr Remora, Starfleet active duty status. All command codes are now cleared for your use." The computer said.

"You are Starfleet!" Balor cried!
"Don't worry, I have a plan." She lied. "Computer, initiate intruder alert condition gamma. Gas the rest of the ship!" Saryena looked at Balor. "You're in good hands with Starfleet!"

Saryena turned towards the helm and asked the computer, "Do we have mobility?"

The computer replied, "Negative, it will take 10 minutes for the fastest automated cold start."

"Get on it then. What about weapons or shields?" Saryena asked.

"Weapons are available and shields will be operational in one minute."

"Damn, that is a long time in a space battle." Saryena said. "Can you re-route transporter control to the science station?"

"Yes, complying now."

"Balor, if you want to make any kind of life for you and your family, I suggest you start beaming prisoners out of the pirate base and onto this ship.

"All starfighters launched, Yarda." An Orion crewman reported.

"Good, have them attack the Klingon in our standard pattern. His energy reserves must be low after staying cloaked so long. If we can batter him down, we can take him." Yarda looked at the crewman and said, "Have the fighter support ships back off, but stay in range to pick up our fighters and take our prize when they are done. Meanwhile, prepare for warp speed."

"By your command."

"Oh, and put a tractor beam on that old Federation ship. I want to take it with us."

"All starfighters, implement attack plan alpha as per your training." A voice told Brian. On his console, a counter started to count down while his flight direction display showed the same square boxes he'd seen before. His starfighter was beginning to drift off of its projected flight path. Shortly afterwards, pain began to emanate from his seat. Brian quickly brought the starfighter into line. How was he going to stay alive, while still not firing at innocents? He still had no idea who they were going up against, but if they were against the pirates, they were not necessarily on his side!

The counter reached zero, and the flight path indicated he should start his approach. He had a little room to manoeuvre in the flight path; at least he could hope to dodge incoming fire. Brian was suddenly reminded of the space fight in which he was captured. How many others had been in the same position as Brian was now? Who was over on the ship they were attacking? Was it Brian's turn to vanish in a fireball of escaping gasses and debris?

As the little starfighter swung around and dove in for the strike, Brian could tell that the target was a Klingon bird-of-prey. On his console, the green flashing light was flashing faster and faster. Soon, Brian knew it would turn red and he would either have to fire at the bird-of-prey or feel mind numbing pain. Brian knew he couldn't fire on the Klingon. The flashing green light was about to change.

Brian pulled the trigger.

AMBASSADORS KE'RETHS MUSINGS

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

Some of you will be aware that your Klingon Ambassador has been in contact with a number of Vessels known collectively as the Klingon Armada. The Vessels are assigned to operate under an Alliance treaty, signed by representatives of the Federation, Romulan, Bajoran, and Ferengi Governments. These vessels are currently patrolling outside the Empire to aid our allies in the protection of primarily the Alpha and Beta Quadrants. The Commanding Officers of these vessels can be contacted via Subspace: -www.klingonarmadainternational.org

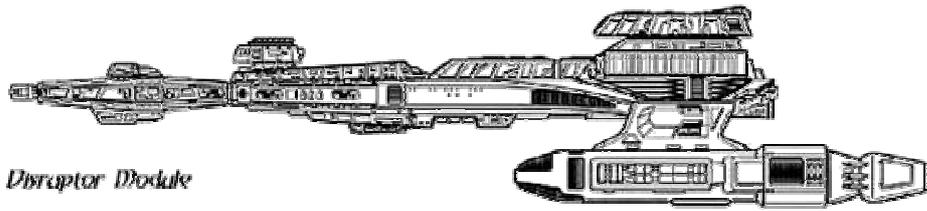
My other page contains information on the Vor'cha class cruiser. So I've decided to put a little of my poetry on this page.

War

I can hear the siren's call. The rattle of sabres sounded loud.
I see the glints of polished blades. From afar, beaten drums,
Bugles sound the cries of warriors proud, as tattered banners fly aflame
Heat and sheeted blaze, the sky is crying fire this day
My armor seeming tight, when in peace it held me well.
Red lit my visions tainted glaze.
I think of days long back and wonder, does she still know my name.
That girl of long hot Empire's summers past.
Holding hands a sweet embrace, in fire bright I see her still.
The ground itself is shaking, a thunder our own making.
The sound of dead men's boots a marching.
As like wheat scythe the silver bat'leth blades hew them down as corn or rye.
Love for them an honor lost, as fallen, fell and still.
No memory I let myself hold of yesterday.
Hands tight held on my own blade.
Slicked with blood, the kill I made in anger.
To cheer another's loss as mine.
Then as in my youth my mother's calling.
A sometime stern but gentle hand.
This is battle, this I know, and for what some shall say the day is ours.
Nothing marks this soon forgotten field of honor.
But a silent host of wind-blown silent mocking flowers.

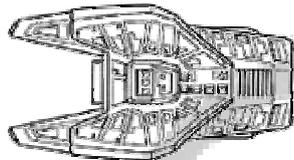
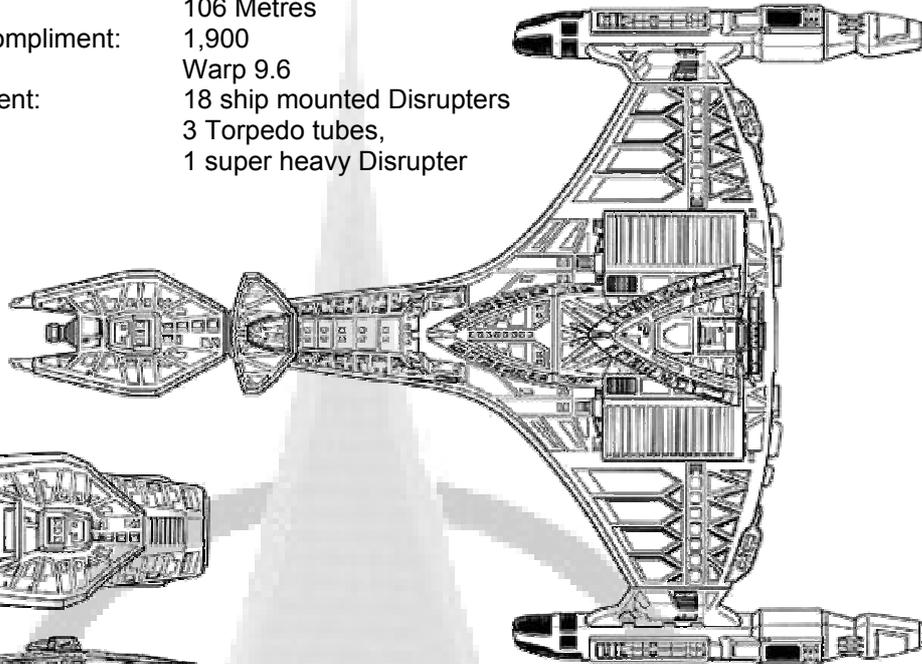
Qapla'

Commodore Ke'reth Zantai Makura, Klingon Ambassador to Starbase 410

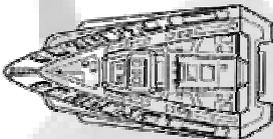


Disruptor Module

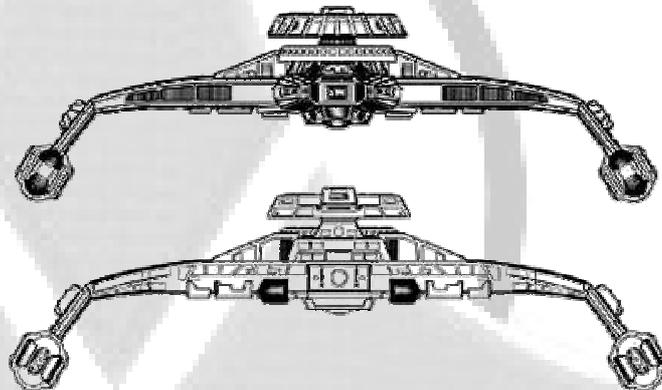
Length:	481 Metres
Width:	341 Metres
Span:	106 Metres
Standard crew compliment:	1,900
Performance:	Warp 9.6
Standard armament:	18 ship mounted Disrupters 3 Torpedo tubes, 1 super heavy Disrupter



Fighter Module



ECM Module



Most people are unaware that the Vor'cha Class heavy cruiser is a vessel of a modular design. Seen here, is the Standard Disrupter fitted Vor'cha, and a couple variant modules the forward fitted fighter module and the aft fitted ECM. (Electronic countermeasures Module.) The Standard forward Disrupter module design on some ships have recently been retrofitted to take a pair of Heavy Ion pulse Cannons, effectively doubling the vessels offensive firepower.

The ECM. Module is a relatively new invention designed to counter weapons, which could affect the ships electronic systems (Such as those used by the Breen.) It also has proven able deflect even the Borg's devastating tractor beam attacks by rotating shield frequencies and countering the threat weapon with a series of aimed electromagnetic pulses. This device can also create an EM wave capable of overloading a threat vessel's sensors, leaving them effectively blind.

Greetings all, Admiral Varr here, this log was written on the 4th of July 2377, I've woken early, at around 05.25. So after taking a quick Sonic shower, I've slipped into my Uniform and checked with the Bridge, Commander T'Pren, My Vulcan Executive Officer has been on duty now for more than an hour. We're currently patrolling a highly active area of the Night-fire Nebula. A stellar Nursery (An Area where new stars are forming.) An area that Starfleet have named Dante's Inferno, it's quite beautiful, even T'Pren declared it fascinating. I sat in Stellar Cartography for more than three hours the other day helping to catalogue these new stars. More than thirty have been discovered measured and logged to date.

The Vulcan Science Vessel T'Prahva has done a lot of the work. Its improved Metaphasic shielding has allowed it to become almost a Stellar Midwife to this area of space. I took time out to personally deliver some of the latest images to a class of Starfleet Cadets, studying for their Stellar Cartography Exams. Okay, so I still like to keep my hand in when it comes to teaching. I miss that sea of eager faces, the flock of raised hands, and the desire to learn. I even fell back into my old habit of throwing out sweets, for correct answers, much to the amusement of Dr. Uldreja, their regular Bolian Stellar Cartography Lecturer.

Yesterday morning I watched a pair of technicians set up the station's public access viewer. They had set it up to view the Earth. I witnessed a pair of Cadets going through a Flag drill in preparation for raising the American Flag for their Independence Day Celebrations, as you can imagine, with so many officially recognized Holidays, both religious and secular occurring within the Starfleet. There are many Holidays that can be celebrated. It's this that makes Life aboard a Starbase so exiting. It's this live Video-linkup, to more than one hundred and sixty Planets both inside and outside the Federation. That means even out in space, you're never really that far from home. Historians Note: I'm told that the Flag used this celebration is older than I am, and dates back to the last days of the Eugenics war. This is the Actual Flag that was taken by Patriots from the roof of the Whitehouse. A building that is still used today, by Starfleet, as the Offices of Starfleet's Judge Advocate General.

Until our paths meet again,

Admiral Varr, USS. Merlin Out.

Due to the author missing my deadline there is no community story this month. That means that all the months I allocated at the BBQ will now have to be put back a month. Sorry if this causes you any inconvenience. If you are unable to write for your new slot please let me know ASAP so that I can reschedule your month. The allocations are as follows: -

- Part 5 – Christine Aldous will now be August
- Part 6 – Leigh Brown – September
- Part 7 – Robert Lydford – October
- Part 8 – Selene Barstow Evans – November
- Part 9 – Tom Hudspeth – December
- Part 10 – Jeanette Warran – January
- Part 11 – Natasha Stone – February

Failure to submit to me by the deadline given to you will result, not only in non-publication of your part, but will also annoy all of those scheduled after you.

Many thanks for your co-operation in this matter. The deadline for the August newsletter is Friday 2nd August 2002.

Emma

'This is the USS. Searcher, a Federation Oberth Class Science Vessel, to any ship that can receive this message, Two days ago, an unknown vessel attacked us. Our Life-support is on reduced power and we are drifting within a type seventeen Nebula. Please render assistance.' Captain Leila Jackson, dropped into her command seat, and looked up at the grime-smeared face of her Bolian engineer. 'It's not good, I'm afraid.' His words only seemed to confirm what she already knew. She rubbed her brow. 'Do we have anything, weapons, Navigation, sensors?' He shook his head sadly. 'All available power, is almost running life-support.' She cursed under her breath. 'I hate to be the barer of bad news Captain, but we're drifting further into the nebula.' A Bajoran woman called out, as she shrugged sadly. 'What about

manoeuvring thrusters?' The Captain asked.

'Port side only, I'm afraid, and even they're intermittent. The Bolian moaned. Captain Jackson stood up, and paced to and fro within the short space between her chair and Caitian woman at Mission Ops. 'Sir!' the Caitian woman ventured, a soft purring sound in her voice.

'Yes Lieutenant?' She asked, a note of hope in her voice. The Nebula is making it difficult to scan out, but I think there's another ship approaching.' Captain Jackson moved quickly to stand beside the orange furred Caitian woman. 'Where?' She asked as she looked over the Ops. Screen. The Caitian's red painted claw tapped the screen. 'It's this damn nebula sir, It's full of Sirillium, Theta xenon gas and Thoron radiation. But I'd bet my tail! That there's a ship out there.' An Ensign in an engineer's uniform rolled out

from beneath an open panel below the main viewer, which crackled into life as it was filled with an image of the nebulous blue gas. 'Sir!' He called out. Leila turned and smiled at the Viewer. 'Good work Ensign, How are you with Sensors? He grinned, as he wiped his hands on a rag and picked up his tools. 'I came third in my class Sir, but I've had a lot of practise since.' She nodded.

'Then see if you can give Lieutenant Emrah some help with getting our sensors recalibrated and re routed through that damaged Ops console.' He nodded as the Caitian helped him remove access panels from the consoles base pedestal. Leila sat down, hard in her command chair, as she glanced over, to her Bajoran Navigator. 'Ensign Tal, where's the nearest Starbase?' The young woman looked hard at her screen. 'That would be Starbase 410, sir. It's a four days away at warp six.' Captain Jackson shook her head. Well, it was worth a try, I suppose.' She said, hiding the note of despondency in her voice. She turned to the Communications officer. Ensign O'Leary, see if you can boost our distress signal. The man nodded. 'I'll give it my best.' He said in a soft Irish brogue. 'But we don't have much in the way of Transmitting power.' She nodded her understanding. He glanced up a few minutes later.

'Don't ask me were it came from sir, but I've managed to boost our transmitter output by another four percent. But it still won't reach the nearest Starbase.' She gave him a weak smile.

A static filled message came through the USS. Merlin's emergency channel. 'T-is is – U-S. Sea-her, to a-y ship that can –rve- this -ssage, we h-ve been att-d by an unk-wn vessel. Our Life-s-port is on r-ed p-r and we are drif-ng witn a type se-een Ne-la. Plea-ren-er assi- nce.'

Aboard the Akira class USS. Merlin, Admiral Dalen Varr, glanced up from his morning coffee. 'What was that?' He asked, sitting forward and balancing his coffee cup on the command chairs armrest. His Andorian Communications officer looked up, from her console. 'It sounds, like a distress call sir! Hang on I'll see if I can clear it up a little.'

'This is the U-S. Se-rcher, a F-eration O-erth Class Scie-ce Ves-el, to any ship that can receive this me-age, we have been atta-ed by an un-own v-ssel. Our Life-support is on r-duced po-er and we are dri-ting within a ty-e seventeen Ne-ula. Please ren-er assistance.'

Admiral Varr stood up. 'Okay Lieutenant, one more time, and see if you can filter out some more of that damn static.' She nodded. 'Aye sir!' She said, as this time the message came through clearly.

'This is the USS. Searcher, a Federation Oberth Class Science Vessel, to any ship that can receive this message, we have been attacked by an unknown vessel. Our Life-support is on reduced power and we are drifting within a type seventeen Nebula. Please render assistance.'

Admiral Varr moved to stand at his ships tactical rail, and spoke in hushed tones to the blond man standing there. 'Andrei, What do we know about the USS. Searcher?' Lieutenant Commander Andrei Sergeyeovich, the Merlin's Security chief grinned. 'Way ahead of you sir, I'm already checking Starfleet records as we speak.' Varr smiled. As a picture of young black woman in Captain's uniform filled the screen, her image turned slowly from portrait to profile and back. Beside her, on the screen was the Image of an Oberth class science vessel. Andrei read out extracts from the file.

'Captain Leila Jackson, thirty-two standard years old, She was born on Earth just outside Chicago. She graduated, nine years ago with degrees in Astrophysics and several Theoretic sciences. She has a genius level IQ. Rated at two hundred and six. Her immediate family died at the Battle of Wolf - three – five – nine, aboard the Federation Starship Saratoga. She served three years aboard Starbase Three - one - seven, as a junior science officer where she took and passed her first level command exam. This saw her promoted to Lieutenant. She then signed on to a Nebula Class Science Vessel the USS. Darwin. A year later she was field promoted to Assistant to its chief science officer, and promoted to Lieutenant Commander Two years later. She made

Commander a couple of years after that. The USS. Searcher is her first Captaincy; she's a recently refitted, Oberth Class vessel, USS. Searcher. NCC. 58312. It's current assignment is to take readings from the three Nebulas in this area of space.' Dalen Varr patted the man on the shoulder. 'Nice work Andrei.' The Admiral then turned to Orion woman at the helm. 'Lieutenant Kiah set intercept course, one quarter impulse. He then turned to T'Pren, his Vulcan Executive Officer. 'You seem quiet number one.' She stared at him. 'I mean quieter than usual.' He said, clarifying his earlier remark, as he picked up and sipped his rapidly cooling coffee. She raised her left eyebrow; 'Your observation would be correct Admiral. I'm currently considering, who could be responsible for such an unprovoked attack.' Dalen sat down and opened his hands in a sweeping gesture. 'The usual suspects?' Varr said with a shrug. 'Ferengi, Breen, Romulans, Cardassians, I suppose even the Klingons aren't beyond question.' The Vulcan woman remained impassive. 'Sir I'd like to lead an investigation into the attack.' The Admiral nodded. 'Agreed!' The Vulcan looked back to her Padd. Before standing up and crossing over to the auxiliary science station at the rear of the bridge.

Aboard the USS. Searcher. 'Sir!' Lieutenant Emrah called out excitedly. The Captain almost jumped, at the sound of her voice. 'What is it?' 'That blip on the Scanner. It's back, Sir.' Captain Jackson turned her head towards tactical. 'Confirmed!' Came Ensign O'Leary's voice from the communications station. 'I'm picking up a Federation Starship entering the nebular. Sir! They're responding to our distress signal.' Captain Jackson smiled. 'On screen!' Jackson snapped to attention as she spoke, taking a deep breath. Admiral Varr's bearded face appeared on the Searcher's view screen. 'How are you Captain?' She repressed the urge to wipe a tear from her eye. 'I'm -.' She started, and then paused in thought, before continuing. 'We're fine Admiral! Thank you. Boy! Are you a sight for sore eyes.' Admiral Varr gave her an understanding nod. 'I'm preparing a four man repair crew, to beam over to you. But first, I'd like your

crew to brace yourselves for towing, and we'll pull you out of the nebula.' Seconds later a bluish glow formed around the USS. Merlin's ventral Tractor-beam emitter, as a cone of energy engulfed the Searcher. The science vessel moved backwards through the nebula pulled by the larger vessel. 'Admiral!' Andrei, said as he looked up from his console to the main screen. 'Science vessel is clear from the Nebula, Admiral.' Admiral Varr gave him the A-ok gesture. As the image of the crippled ship grew larger, and larger upon the viewscreen, Andrei noticed something. 'Sir, she's had a hole blown almost clean through her.' Admiral Varr looked towards the screen concern evident on his face.

'Give me a higher magnification.' The Admiral ordered. As the Tactical officer repressed a gasp.

'Gee! You could almost fly a shuttlecraft, through a hole that size.'

'The odds were against the Searcher suffering no fatalities.' T'Pren said standing up, at her science station. 'No Kidding, Commander.' Andrei called out. The Vulcan woman turned slowly to face him.

'I have no logical reason to kid you, or to mislead you Commander. He smiled, as she turned her back on the young tactical officer. 'If it is okay with you Sir.' T'Pren asked turning back to the Admiral. 'I wish to take a team across, to start my investigation.' The Admiral nodded. 'Lieutenant Commander Sergeevich, you are with me.' She ordered, as he followed her from the bridge. Lieutenant Sarah Walkinghorse, a woman of striking Native American appearance took his place, at the tactical rail. She stood to attention. 'Admiral!' She called to get his attention, the Trill Admiral turned to face her. 'Yes Sarah.' He replied.

'Reports from Transporter rooms two and three, both our investigation and repair teams have departed for the Searcher.' He nodded, his approval. 'And Captain Jackson has just arrived in Transporter room one, Sir.' The Admiral stood up, and after straightening his tunic he walked across the bridge to his ready-room. As the doors closed he turned back towards the Tactical rail. 'The Big chair's yours Sarah. You have the bridge. Oh, and when Captain Jackson arrives, show her straight in.' The young woman nodded as she sat down in the black Leather upholstered

command chair. 'Of course Admiral!' She replied. A few minutes passed before Captain Jackson entered the bridge. Sarah stood up to greet her. 'He's in his ready-room, Captain' She gestured. 'Your to go right in.' The doors slid open and Captain Jackson left the bridge.

'Come in Captain, sit down.' Dalen said as he carefully took a pot of hot Tarkalean tea from it's warmer, and poured them both a large cup. 'My mother always told me that hot sweet Tarkalean tea was good for shock.' He said, as she picked up her cup, feeling its warmth spreading through her hands. The hot sweet liquid coursed into her throat. 'Well I've certainly had a shock, Admiral.' She said slowly, as he turned his desktop computer console around to face her. My Chief Security Officer, sent back this image from your ships sensors. Are you up to seeing the attack again?' She nodded, as she finished her first cup of tea. Dalen poured her a second. 'Thanks.' She nodded. As upon the consoles screen, a blue-black jagged double crescent loomed up before them. Two long tubes pointed forward from a central sphere, supporting a barrel shaped command structure. Glowing amber lights, set within its surface, gave it an eerie presence that illuminated the whole of the vessel. Then without warning, a red glow expanded within a sphere set between the crescents, followed by a blinding scarlet light. Then the USS. Searcher's sensors went dead. Dalen scratched his Trill spotted forehead in a perplexed manner. 'I don't recognise it.' She shrugged, looking regretfully mystified.

'Strange thing is, neither does Starfleet command.' Dalen sighed, as he tapped a switch on his desk. 'Thankfully.' He said, as his fingers moved across his console. 'The Admiral in command of Starbase four - one - zero, is a friend of mine.' A few seconds passed, before a woman's face appeared on a screen that folded up from the surface of his desk. 'Admiral Varr, How can I help you?' She inquired politely. 'I've

got a little problem, here Admiral.' Her eyes betrayed her concern.

'Problem?' She asked.

'At around 16:33 hours, two days ago the USS. Searcher, was attacked, by an unknown vessel.' The female Admiral sat forward.

'Any casualties?' She asked. Admiral Varr smiled.

'Thankfully, the only casualties apart from minor cuts and bruises seem to be the nerves of Captain Leila Jackson and her crew. Oh, and a few dozen buckled hull plates Admiral.' Admiral Jat sighed.

'What condition is her ship in? She inquired. Admiral Varr smiled.

'She's intact, and will be warp capable within the next hour or so. But her saucer section has been blown almost clean open. She's has a fifteen metre plus wide hole in her hull that has penetrated to a depth of about five decks.' Admiral Jat blinked.

'We can all be thankful, that no one has lost their life in this seemingly unwarranted attack.' Dalen nodded his agreement. 'We'll be arriving at Starbase four - one - zero, in about three days from now. Can you set and deploy the Starbase's repair cradle, for an Oberth class vessel.' Admiral Jat nodded.

'That shouldn't be a problem. I'll see to it, that we're ready for her.'

'Thank you for your assistance Admiral.'

'I'm also sending you some rather perplexing images, of an unknown aggressor vessel, that needs to be identified. I was wondering if you could show it around. Find out who's taken to using science vessels for target practise. I'll send you the image files, via Subspace. Any help you may be able to render us, to aid us in our investigation would be greatly appreciated.' Admiral Jat nodded, as she stared at the image of the Alien vessel.

'I'll do my best for you. See you soon. Admiral, Jat out.'

'Thank you Anarita.' Admiral Varr said as the screen went blank.

Part 2 Next Month

News

◆ Patrick Stewart has revealed X-Men director Bryan Singer has a cameo role in the new Star Trek film.

Singer was given a role in the movie after visiting the cast while they were filming.

Stewart says the idea came from Star Trek producer Rick Berman.

Ananova 21/03/02

◆ Patrick Stewart says there is romance and sex in the new Star Trek film.

But he says his character Captain Picard isn't involved in any of it.

He's also revealed Star Trek: Nemesis will have a new kind of alien.

Ananova 12/04/02

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

Soft drinks will be provided but alcohol will be on a Bring Your Own basis

Dress Code: -
Evening wear or dress uniform

REMEMBER TO BUY YOUR TICKETS EARLY!