



# STARBASE NEWS

Issue 38 Aug 2002

www.starbase410.org

## Editors Corner

Hi everyone,  
Well I pleased to say that thanks to my little moan last month I had more contributions to the newsletter this month and what's more they all reached me by the deadline.

In order to make sure that if I forget to print the deadline date, it will always be the First Friday of every month. This gives me time to put it all together and get it off to the printers in time for the next meeting.

To all our new members – all contributions to the newsletter are gratefully received, preferably by e-mail but if you need to submit in writing by post please make sure that it is in advance of the deadline to give me time to type it up.

Thanks.

Major Madia Amme

## In This Issue:

- Merlin Pt2. By Robert Lydford
- Escape 24 (by Tom Hudspeth)
- Space search by Rhys Evans
- The profile of our newest Klingon recruit K'ruCH.

## Sept deadline:

6<sup>th</sup> September 2002  
17:00hrs.



## ADMIRAL'S LOG

### Greetings everyone

Once again it has been a very busy month for some of us. Selene, the children, Don and myself attended Newmarket Hospital Fete. Selene had been asked by the organisers to do some face painting and we were given a stall. I was very disappointed with the number of people attending but we made £11 on the games so it helped offset the open day. It was also good publicity. The following Tuesday saw Selene, Leigh and myself off to Stoke High School in Ipswich to attend there activities week. It was great fun covering children in cling film, Blue tack Vaseline and Plaster of Paris. We were making Bajoran noses. Just before lunch the teachers opened a very nice bottle of white wine and then we had a **SCHOOL LUNCH** Things haven't changed much in 36 years except now you have a choice. After lunch K'iHQaS made an appearance and we taught the children some Klingon including a nice selection of swear words and an excuse for not handing in their homework. (My targ has eaten my homework). They also made Comm badges and Klingon house badges out of air hardening clay. Selene painted faces the most popular being Chakotays tattoo and 7 of 9s brow piece. The staff were very generous and we came away with a £20 donation for the club.

The carboot sale proved to be very successful making £598.79p, which was more than last year. We were very lucky with the weather; thick fog to start followed by glorious sunshine. Many thanks to those who worked so hard Leigh who had to leave to go to work, but did well on the car parking. Jeanette who helped me on the stall and went around with Emma collecting the boot money before she had to leave. Christine who managed to get a lift and helped me on the stall, and was great at helping to clear the field. Emma who was on the gate, collected the boot money and helped to clear the field. Selene who was on the gate from 7.00am until noon without a break and collected £152.09 in the bucket. She then helped to clear the field. Thank you one and all. You all deserve a pat on the back.

The other thing about the carboot sale was that it brought us one of our new members, Steve who came along with his daughter Daisy. So a big welcome to Steve and Daisy and also to Ruth from Ipswich who came along with Emma.

Well the next big thing is the fun day at Bury St. Edmunds. Lets hope that it is better than the last one.

Just before I finish when you see Leigh ask him to give you tree climbing lessons. **SORRY!!!!** Leigh couldn't resist it.

Until I see you all again.

Anarita Jat  
Vice Admiral  
Commanding Officer Starbase 410

## COMMITTEE MEMBERS

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Honorary President: Barry Morse

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## FUTURE EVENTS & MISSIONS

Date	Event / Mission	Time Start	Time Finish
Sat 31 <sup>st</sup> Aug	House Warming Party (John Borda)	20:00	00:00
Sun 15 <sup>th</sup> Sept	Clacton Convention/Club Meeting	08:30	16:30
Sat 21 <sup>st</sup> Sept	3 <sup>rd</sup> Annual Dinner / Dance	19:00	00:00
Sun 20 <sup>th</sup> Oct	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 26 <sup>th</sup> Oct	Halloween Party Theme: Heroes & Villains	19:30	00:00
Sun 17 <sup>th</sup> Nov	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 14 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Christmas Party	19:30	00:00
Sun 21 <sup>st</sup> Jan	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 16 <sup>th</sup> Feb	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 16 <sup>th</sup> Mar	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 20 <sup>th</sup> April	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 18 <sup>th</sup> May	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 22 <sup>nd</sup> June	AGM & BBQ	14:00	18:00
Sun 20 <sup>th</sup> July	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00

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## BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS

Birthday / Celebration	Date
Summer Bank Holiday	26 <sup>th</sup> Aug
Ruth Bygrave	1 <sup>st</sup> Sept
Robert Lydford	4 <sup>th</sup> Sept
Christine Aldous	7 <sup>th</sup> Sept
Autumnal Equinox	23 <sup>rd</sup> Sept

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

Welcome once again to your regular update on the goings on in the Bajoran Embassy.

This month several of the crew attended a picnic on the Holodeck that was organised by myself and Barella EI. I would like to start by pointing out that anything b'Sel and K'iHQaS tell you that Capt. Brown and myself did is entirely not true, well maybe a little bit, but it's not our fault that Klingons have absolutely no sense of humour!

After a slightly rough start (that lack of Klingon sense of humour I mentioned earlier) we travelled to the Holodeck where I had recreated an Earth park complete with all the apparatus that Terran children like to play on. There were swings, slides, A wall to climb (?) and an adventure section made of logs.

After lunch we went exploring, Capt. Brown took the boys off in one direction and Barella EI and myself took the girls off in another. After creeping up on the boys a couple of times and having great fun listening to them shouting at each other and arguing over which way to go we decided to find the paddling pool and cool our feet. We all rolled up our trousers and sloshed about in the cool water for a while and then sat on a bench and waited for our feet to dry.

When we got back to the picnic site we discovered a problem with the Holodeck safety mechanism, how? I hear you ask, well it would appear that Earth insects were also recreated and K'reg had been stung on the bum and leg by a wasp. Luckily Barella EI, Lucretia Nax, Carys, Amie and myself had not returned when the boys did and missed K'reg mooning at Admiral Jat and b'Sel to show where he was stung.

Not long after that incident we packed up all our stuff and headed back to my quarters for cold drinks and in the case of Capt. Brown a nap. I don't know these Starfleet types have absolutely no stamina!

Anyway after a late start we all had a thoroughly enjoyable day and plans are afoot to get a program of a Terran Theme park with rides like Rollercoasters and waltzers. Apparently the idea is to scare you and make yourself feel sick and dizzy. (?). I have it on good authority that this is considered fun!!

Well that's all this month.

May you walk with the prophets.  
Ambassador Madia Amme

Aboard the Klingon Bird-of-prey, IKV Dragon Fist, the deck shook with incoming fire.

"They must train their pilots poorly," Captain K'iHQaS told Commodore Anarita Jat. "That last one fired too soon."

"Should I return fire Captain?" The weapons warrior asked.

"No, keep firing on that asteroid spaceship. Target its engines. If it goes to warp, we may lose it." K'iHQaS answered. She turned to Jat again. "The closest ships that can help us are hours away."

"We must stop these pirates, no matter the cost." Jat said.

"I understand you Commodore, but I am low on reserve power and this is an untested crew."

"Then," Jat looked her in the eye, "Perhaps today is a good day to die."

Madia Amme keyed in another computer sequence and her room door opened at last. She was free and she had a plan, out the door she raced. She knew now that the asteroid she had been imprisoned on was warp capable and it was under attack. All she needed to do was sabotage the engines long enough for rescue to arrive. She laughed to herself; she was good at that!

The first guard she saw never knew what hit him. Her flying kick landed solidly on his back and his head made a satisfying thump on the wall. She stopped long enough to slip into his shirt and to grab his disrupter rifle. While she would never hope to pass herself off as an Orion, perhaps the shirt would give the other guards pause long enough for her to stun them. Disposing of the body in a nearby room, she continued towards engineering.

Just shy of main engineering, Madia crawled into a Jeffries tube

leading up. Through a ventilation shaft, she could see into main engineering. Below her, she could make out some control consoles. The warp core pulsed slowly across the room. A slight breeze blew warm air up into her face from another vent opening below her. Madia thought, the main control console must be right under me. The warm air must be from the control circuits. If only I had a way to take them out.

She backed away from the vent, her disrupter digging into her side. Of course! She thought, I've got a perfect bomb right here!

Madia set the disrupter to overload and lowered it down the shaft by its shoulder strap. Quickly, she crawled backwards out of the ventilation shaft and down the Jeffries tube. If only she had enough time to get far enough away to avoid the blast!

As she crawled out of the Jeffries tube and turned around, she found herself facing two guards, both with their disrupters pointed at her!

"This area is secure!" Madia boldly lied. "Let's go on to the next check spot."

The guards looked confused. "Get on then!" She pushed past the two guards. "Follow or stay, but I've got more maintenance tubes to check."

She almost made it to the corner when she first heard the whine of a disrupter. She didn't glance back as she broke into a run. A blast hit the wall beside her as she dove for cover around the corner in the hallway. She was halfway down the corridor when the disrupter she had set on overload went off. Her body was picked up by the rush of air and thrown forward along with the rest of the debris.

The blast was felt all through the asteroid. On the bridge, one of the engineering crewmen said, "Yarda,

something has happened down in main engineering.”

“Tell me something I didn’t know,” He said calmly, “Like our status?”

“It appears to have been an explosion.” The engineer replied. “It has disabled our main engineering controls. Warp drive is off line. I can not raise anyone in engineering to tell us any more.”

“Please go down there and find out what is happening.” Yarda sounded annoyed. “And report back when we will be able to go to warp.”

The engineer ran from the bridge.

Yarda turned to his second in command, Pog, and told him, “Please, increase power to the shields. It appears we are not going anywhere for a while.”

Starbase 410 started to rapidly appear in different places in the galaxy. It didn’t seem to follow any set pattern. Alpha quadrant, Delta quadrant, Gamma quadrant, Beta quadrant, the errant station visited them all. It would appear in normal space, transmit a single message, wait for an hour, and then slip back into nonspace.

In the briefing room near Ops, Captain T’Pina listened to the debate.

“At least we were able to transport most of the civilians off the station when we appeared near Bajor.” Lt. Laura-Jean Morris said.

“Yes, Deep Space 9 was very helpful, though I bet it was crowded by the time we left.” Lt. Commander K’SQqwa said.

“I don’t understand all this bouncing around,” Ens. Laura Shepherd said. “That last stop, we sent a signal to a protostar in the Delta quadrant.”

“And the stop before that was just outside a nebula in the Beta quadrant.” Morris said.

“Lt. Morris,” T’Pina said, “Please list the planets we can positively identify.”

“We have already visited Mab-Bu VI, Triacus, Zetar, Medusa, Bajor, Organia...”

“Wait!” K’SQqwa said, “What was that last one again?”

“Organia, supposed home planet of the Organians who imposed the Organian Peace Treaty of 2267 between the Federation and the Klingon Empire.”

“Yes, we almost beat you then,” K’SQqwa said absentmindedly, his mind putting the pieces together. “The Organians are non-corporeal beings. Do any of the other places we have been to have connections to non-corporeal life?”

“Checking,” Shepherd said. “Yes, several have been confirmed or suspected of having, or being once inhabited by, non-corporeal beings. Bajor’s wormhole is said to be populated by the non-corporeal prophets.”

“And Lt. Cdr. Warren’s aunt visited a protostar in the Delta quadrant in 2371!” Morris said. “The corona of the protostar contained sentient photonic beings!”

K’SQqwa slapped his hand down hard on the table, making everyone but T’Pina jump. “That explains it!”

“You propose an interesting theory Lt. Commander K’SQqwa,” T’Pina said. “Perhaps you’d like to enlighten the rest of the room in a more subdued manner?”

“Sorry Captain,” K’SQqwa said. “The last couple of weeks, the station’s computer has been rifling the Astrometrics data, with special interest in places we have encountered non-corporeal life.” K’SQqwa leaned forward. “I propose that this station, and Three in particular, has been taken over by just such a creature.”

“But for what purpose?” Shepherd asked.

“I think,” T’Pina said, “That it wants to find its way home.”

“Computer, time until engines are ready?” Saryena Remora asked.

"13.5 minutes until engines can be used." The feminine voice of the Sacagawea's computer replied.

"Balor, how is the prisoner rescue going?" Saryena asked.

"I have isolated all of the Orions in the shuttle bay and transported all the prisoners I could locate to the habitat decks. Most of them have succumbed to the gas still present there."

"I want you to make a special effort to find Bajoran and Human life forms and beam them straight to the bridge. I'm going to need help to pull this off." Saryena ordered him. "We'll need to keep the shields down until we know we have all of the prisoners we can get out. Surprise is still on our side." Saryena was worried, would they be discovered before she could take action, or save her friends?

Ignoring the starfighters that swarmed like gnats, the Klingon bird-of-prey, the IKV Dragon Fist, swung in towards the pirate base. Her nose glowed briefly red and a fireball flew from the torpedo launcher located just below the bridge. Twin streaks of light flashed from her wing tips as she raced past the asteroid ship's defences. Around her, only the enemy starfighters could keep up.

On the bridge, the crew was buffeted by the hits from the starfighters.

An angry Klingon warrior turned from his weapons console and cried, "Captain! A direct hit to our plasma injectors! Our shields are down to 34%. Allow me to target some of these single ships! The others will back off."

K'iHQaS leapt from her command chair and approached the weapons officer. "If my orders are not to your liking, I can relieve you of your duties and your life! I said target the pirate base only! Do you understand?" K'iHQaS glared at him while fingering her dagger.

"Yes, my captain, pirate base engines and weapons systems only." He said in a subdued voice.

Jat drew K'iHQaS aside. "We must find a way to disable that base of operations soon."

"I am aware of that, Commodore, but her shields are still too strong for us to inflict much damage. If only we had a second ship, or could divert power from the shields."

"Captain," the sensor operator said, "I have isolated two starfighters that have begun to attack their own fellows. They have disabled 5 starfighters already."

"Captain," the Comm. officer interrupted, "I am receiving a communication from one of the starfighters."

K'iHQaS looked amused. "Well, put it on."

"...repeat, this is Lt. John Borda of Starfleet to Klingon bird-of-prey, please respond. Do not fire on Starfighters designated 18, 23, or 37."

"John, this is Commodore Jat speaking from the IKV Dragon Fist. What is your situation?"

"Commodore Jat? Good to hear your voice. All three designated craft are manned by Starfleet personnel. Unwilling combatants man the rest of the starfighters. The starfighters are all rigged to blow up if we do not follow orders. We have been able to disable some by aiming at the engines. Starfighters 18 and 23 have had their auto-detonation receivers rendered inoperative. 37 is still hot. Request permission to join you."

"No!" K'iHQaS replied. "Continue on your current course of action. We need you to try to take out as many of the starfighters as you can while we concentrate on the pirate base. Do you understand?"

"Commodore?" John asked.

"Do as Captain K'iHQaS suggests, Lieutenant. Good Luck!" Jat replied.

"That is all of the prisoners I could get a transporter lock on. There are no more to rescue." Balor told Saryena.

“Darn! They have to be there somewhere. Keep looking!” She told him.

Suddenly, the turbolift door opened and in walked two of the prisoners, a Bolian and a huge alien Saryena didn't recognise. At least they weren't Orions, she thought as she reached for the disrupter she had confiscated from her now unconscious guard.

“Peace we come in!” Shouted the alien. He stood easily over 8 feet high and was bald. In his hands he carried, not a weapon, but a small furry animal. “Lou led us here. Buroo I am and Lou this is.” He held out the furry creature for inspection.

The Bolian came out from behind Buroo and said, “I was the captain of the Orange Pasture, a Bolian merchantman trading ship. We have come to find out if there was anything we could do to help.”

“Fine, I can use the hands. Man the Engineering console. Buroo, what can you do?” Saryena said.

“I around look, tell you when I find.” He answered.

“Try environmental control. We are going to have to wake up some more people if we are going to fight in this ship.”

Madia Amme stirred and coughed in the dust around her. The corner of the corridor had protected her from most of the blast. Still, she would need some anti-radiation treatments if she lived through this. She pulled herself up and leaned on the wall. Just a minute of rest, she thought to herself as she coughed again. She took a few steps toward the end of the hall, toward Engineering. “I have to finish what I started.” She said to her self as another wave of dizziness passed over her.

Brian Starr sat in his cockpit. He continued to fly around the bird-of-prey, firing too soon or too late to hit it. He had noticed John and Jeanette's starfighters moving independently of the attack pattern, taking out other

starfighters as they went. If only there were a way to disarm the auto-destruct on his starfighter.

Between fly bys of the bird-of-prey, Brian had been figuring out the controls in his starfighter. What was missing? What could he do to take out his starfighter from inside the cockpit? He had to find a way! In all of the controls, there wasn't one marked fuel dump. In a Star Fleet vessel, it would be marked “Core Ejection”. One of the things he had noticed was an emergency energy pod release, whatever that meant. Could it be the same thing? There was only one way to find out.

Brian tore at the control panel. It lifted up, thanks to someone only tacking it down with a few fasteners. The Orions rarely checked on their slaves' work, and often interrupted the very same repairs. Under the panel, wires and glowing fibre optics were wrapped in bundles leading in and out of the switches in the control panel. Sure enough, the wire Brian needed was capped off.

Pain started to grow in Brian's chair. He had spent too much time prying up the panel and was starting to wander off course. He corrected, and went back to work under the panel. The pain started again, but this time Brian ignored it. He almost had the connection he needed...there, the emergency energy pod release switch had power and glowed a menacingly bright red, as if to say, “Don't touch me!”

Brian pressed it anyway. He heard a loud ka-thunk and his cockpit went dark. All power was gone, even life support! Brian looked out of his view port to see where he was going. In the distance, right before him, was the pirate asteroid ship. Brian began to think he should have listened to the switch, he was headed straight for the asteroid!

“Yarda, the guards report that all the prisoners are missing.”

Yarda looked at the guard captain that had reported to him and said, "How can all of the prisoners be missing? They must be someplace. How did they escape from their cells? Are they running around the corridors of my ship? Where are they?"

"They did not escape their cells, and they are not in the corridors."

"Then they are still in their cells?" Yarda asked.

"No, sir, they aren't anywhere."

Yarda gave out a heavy sigh. This is what I get for hiring lowest bidders, he thought. "Sensors, scan for life signs. Tell us where the prisoners have spirited off to."

"Yes, Yarda." The Orion sensor operator spent a minute looking at his console, then reported, "I can not find them anywhere on the base."

"See, I told you," the guard captain said.

"But I do read a large amount of life forms on the Federation scout craft we currently have orbiting the base."

"There, see," Yarda said, "That is where they have gone. Now please go and recapture them."

"Yarda, I suggest the guard captain hurry, the Federation scout vessel is powered up and ready to leave."

"What! I thought we hadn't fixed its computer yet! Put a grapples beam on that ship and prepare to board her again! I will not lose that ship!" He turned towards the guard captain. "Well, go!"

The guard captain ran out the door.

Yarda walked over to the weapons console. "If they power up their weapons, shields or engines, blow them out of space." He told the Orion sitting there.

"But Yarda, what if some of our people are over there?"

"Then they have failed me for the last time. If I can't have that ship, no one can."

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

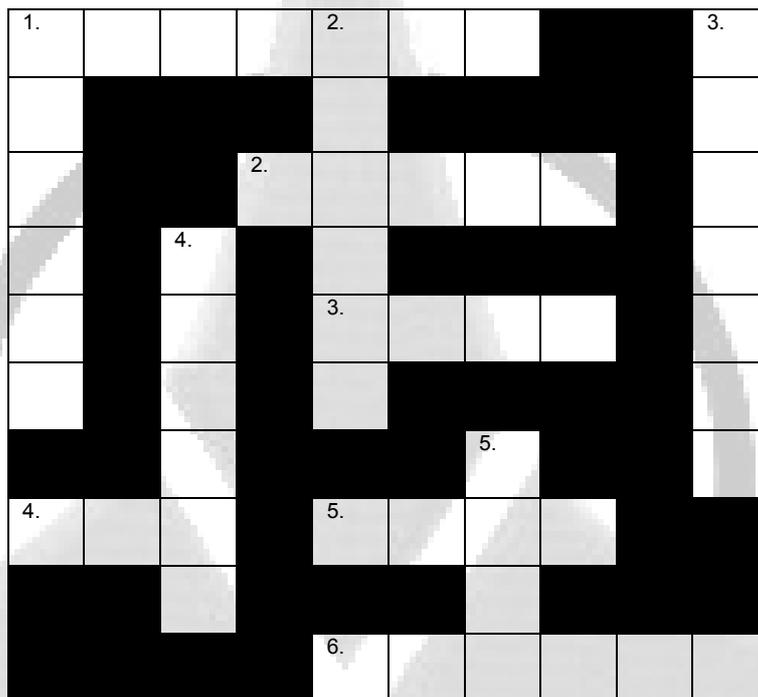
Admiral Varr isn't the only one who can set a puzzle. A couple of the names here might send you scurrying to the history books. Enjoy.

**ACROSS**

1. The Warrior race
2. The blade that held the blood of Kahless
3. One of Three
4. Another of three
5. A small bird of Prey
6. Third of Three

**DOWN**

1. Klingons call it home
2. Wife to Quark
3. Sword of Honour
4. Collection of Worlds
5. K Traitor rhymes with bell



Well, what are you waiting for? Get a pen!!!

Until next time . . .

Ke'reth out . . .

Greetings all, Admiral Varr here, I'm going to set you a little quiz, this month. So get your thinking caps on, and answer the following multiple-choice questions . . .

### WHAT WOULD I DO WITH THAT?

1. A 'Horga'hn' would you . . .
  - a. Eat it
  - b. Throw it
  - c. Use it to attract romance
2. A 'Lirpa' would you . . .
  - a. Fight with it
  - b. Kiss and cuddle it
  - c. Put a collar on it, and take it for a walk
3. A 'Reyamilk' would you . . .
  - a. Drink it
  - b. Bathe in it
  - c. Wash your socks in it
4. A 'Tribble' would you . . .
  - a. Give it to a Klingon
  - b. Feed it, and drown in fur
  - c. Keep it as a pet, but have it neutered
5. A 'Tox Uthat' would you . . .
  - a. Where it on your head as a hat
  - b. Beware of time travellers
  - c. Drop it on your foot
6. A 'Kal-toh' would you . . .
  - a. Shake hands with it
  - b. Ignore it
  - c. Play with it, it's a puzzle
7. A 'Palukoo' would you . . .
  - a. Eat it
  - b. Play catch with it
  - c. Use it to scare Tribbles
8. A 'Thalmerite' would you . . .
  - a. Heat it up.
  - b. Run away, before it goes bang
  - c. Eat it

Your answers next time, till then, Admiral Dalen Varr signing off.

Admiral Anarita Jat was sitting at her desk in her office reading reports from all the departments of Starbase 410. This was a task she had to do every day but it was essential that she knew what was happening on the Starbase

Her doorbell rang, she said “open” and Captain Leigh Brown entered the room.

“Could I have a word with you Admiral, there’s something I would like to have your opinion on” Captain Brown said.

“No problem, sit down and relax. Would you like a drink” replied Admiral Jat.

“No, thank you, but don’t let me stop you” said Captain Brown.

Admiral Jat went over to the replicator and got herself a Hot Chocolate. She then went and sat down at her desk.

“How can I help you?” said Admiral Jat.

“Well I’ve been thinking about having a weekly meeting with all the embassies, each sending a representative so we can iron out any problems between ourselves rather than wait for a major incident to happen,” said Captain Brown.

“Leave it to me, I’ll talk to all the embassies and see if they are interested, but I like the idea, thank you Leigh.” Admiral Jat concluded.

Captain Leigh Brown left the Admiral’s office and returned to the USS Rampage to check on his crew.

On the Promenade it was very busy, people rushing everywhere to get to their duty shifts.

Ke’reth and Major Madia Amme were having a hot drink together and were oblivious to all around them.

Commander John Borda was walking by Ke’reth and Major Madia’s table when he spotted Lt Christine Aldous who was doing her Security check on the Promenade. Commander Borda knew Lt Aldous took her Job very seriously, she didn’t relax enough. Commander Borda decided to get her attention.

“Hello Christine, how are things in Security” he said.

“Fine thanks John, how are things going .Is the Base keeping you busy” Lt Aldous replied.

“Very busy, Captain Brown needs some work done on USS Rampage within two days, I have allocated one of my deputies to start right away. When I’ve eaten my lunch I will join him.” Commander Borda said.

“Can I keep you company, my duty shift just finished.” Lt Aldous said.

“No problem, but lets give Ke’reth Major Madia some privacy” he replied.

They left to find an empty table to have their lunch.

For the time being life on Starbase 410 was going along without any major incidents. All personnel on board hoped this would continue but in space you never know what will happen next.

Part 6 next month  
Author: Leigh Brown

Three days later – at 18:27 Hours station time, within the circular Control room, aboard Starbase four - one – zero. Lieutenant Myers, the Station's security chief, looked up from his console. 'Sir I'm picking up two Starfleet warp signatures, approaching on an intercept heading. It's the Merlin and the Searcher.' Admiral Jat stood up and gazed at the two tiny dots on the main screen. Lieutenant Myers smiled. 'Some good news sir.' Admiral Jat turned to him. 'The USS, Searcher appears to be pretty heavily damaged, but she's holding impulse under her own power.' Admiral Anarita Jat sat back in her chair. 'That's good news indeed, Lieutenant. Thank you.' 'They should be here within the hour Admiral.'

Later that evening, in Admiral Anarita Jat's office . . .

'Well Dalen, I've checked, the entire sensor logs from both the Searcher and the Merlin. I've also spoke with the various alien Ambassadors, serving here at the station, to find out whether they've seen a vessel like the one that attacked the USS. Searcher.' I've still to hear from Quek our Ferengi Ambassador. But our Klingon Ambassador, says that he once saw a double crescent design, similar to this, while travelling in Orion space.' Dalen scratched his head.

'Orion space can be a little dangerous, even for a ship armed like the USS. Merlin. Do we have any other information?' He asked. Jat smiled.

'That's where I got lucky.' Admiral Jat smiled. 'I checked some restricted files, pulled for me from a Klingon Intelligence source.' Varr's eyes widened. 'Let me explain, Ambassador Ke'reth is an honourable man. When he was told of an unprovoked attack, on an almost defenceless Science vessel. It was all I could do, to stop him leading the search for the attacker himself.' Varr nodded.

'With all due respect, Admiral, surely this is an internal Federation matter.' Varr said. 'Usually I'd agree with you. But the images he showed me may have some bearing on our case. I'd like you to look at this image.' Admiral Varr looked at the screen, only to

see the same double crescent shaped vessel. 'Is that it?' He asked.

'Either that, or one like it.' She said. 'It's a Taelarian Starship. The odd thing is, the Taelari, rarely venture this far from the fringes of the Orion colonies. And they've never bothered the Federation before now.' She shrugged, shaking her head slowly.

'Before you arrived Admiral. I did take the liberty of contacting Taelarius IV, they report that our Science vessel attacked their ship with a directed Polaron burst weapon, forcing them to defend themselves, from a blast which disrupted their shields and led directly to the loss of life, of more than thirty of their officers.' Anarita cupped her jaw and sighed, as she closed the file. 'I've also read your First Officer's report and found out that no such weapon existed aboard the Searcher.' Dalen Varr shrugged. 'Could someone have removed it?' He asked. Anarita Jat shook her head.

'I considered this, but an Oberth class vessel just doesn't have either the space for such a weapon, or more importantly the energy needed to fire one. And before you ask, the weapon wasn't destroyed in the explosion.' Varr paused in thought.

'That means, that there must have been another vessel in the Nebula.' Varr said, glancing up. Anarita smiled. 'I came to more or less, the same conclusion yesterday. I'm also willing to speculate that that the USS. Searcher or the Taelarians interrupted this third vessel and it was this vessel that tried to start a battle to destroy both vessels. The USS Searcher may have unknowingly witnessed something untoward.' Dalen nodded.

'It's certainly a theory, that fits all the facts.' He said. Anarita stood up.

'I'm glad we're in agreement, Admiral, as Starfleet have given you the task of continuing your investigation into what they believe was an unwarranted attack on this Federation vessel.' Dalen took a deep breath. 'What about the Taelarians?' He asked. She smiled, as she pressed a button her desk. A young pale skinned woman dressed from head to toe in an austere black and grey flight suit, timed with scarlet piping. Entered the room. Her

eyes, which had no pupils, were the colour of polished jade. Her hair hung in three-waist length, broad, blue coloured plaits braided with red ribbons. Red firestone gems marked the line of her eyebrows, and a thin indentation ran from her hairline to the bridge of her nose. Dalen stood up; more out of respect than anything else. 'She arrived just before you did. Her name is.' The woman spoke up, interrupting the Admiral. 'My name is Raya Tarika, Inquisitor, for the Regent of Taelarius IV.' I have been assigned to assist you in your investigations.' Dalen grinned. The woman's green eyes flashed. 'Good! I like an officer who is confident in herself.' Varr snapped back. The woman clicked her boot heels together, as she came to attention. Admiral Jat stood up and handed her a Federation communicator. The woman glanced to each of them. 'It's a communications device.' He said. 'It also allows you to access the systems on my ship. She Nodded. 'You wear it over your heart.' He ventured, as she turned it over in a distrusting manner between her fingers. 'I do not think that would be appropriate as my Duo-cardial organ is not in the same place as yours appear to be.' She then placed the pin upon her chest. Admiral Jat nodded. 'We've given you temporary field commission of Lieutenant. You're to serve as Admiral Varr's mission specialist.' The Alien woman nodded, clicking her heels together. 'I wish you both luck.' Anarita said, as they turned to leave. 'Luck, as you call it Admiral, has nothing to do with it. The Inquisition has always triumphed over the guilty. It has been that way for at least, the last two thousand years!'

Two hours later, aboard the USS Merlin. 'You have an impressive ship Admiral Varr. Akira Class Named for a powerful Sorcerer and advisor to a mighty Regent, in a story from ancient Earth mythology, I believe. Your vessel is 464.43 Metres long, and 316.67 metres wide. You have eighteen decks, and are armed with six type ten heavy Phaserbanks, four standard Phaserbanks, four double-barrelled Quantum Torpedo launchers, fore, and two launchers aft. You are also equipped with a pair of forward firing Phased energy Gatling guns. This makes you a challenging opponent for even a

Ti'Wah Class Heavy cruiser.' Admiral Varr smiled.

'I'm impressed, you've really done your homework.' She looked confused. 'It means, you've taken the time to learn about us, and that you have an excellent memory. He continued, by way of an explanation, the woman nodded. 'But what's a Ti'Wah Class Heavy cruiser?' He asked.

'It is the type of ship that your science vessel, should not have willingly fired upon.' He nodded as he watched her place her single item of luggage in her assigned quarters. 'Your shuttlecraft has been taken to a secure shuttlebay.' He told her. She nodded her understanding. 'Are your quarters adequate?' He asked. She nodded. 'You don't talk much do you?' He probed with his question. She turned to face him. 'I have vary little to say at this time.' She spoke the words, like she was quoting them from a book. When she had settled in, the Admiral led her to the Turbolift. 'Bridge!' At his command the Turbolift moved smoothly upward.

The two of them stepped out onto the Bridge, all the officers present stood to attention, as Starfleet Commander T'Pren's gaze passed over them. 'All Officers present and correct Sir! The Vulcan reported. The USS Merlin is ready to depart.' The Admiral zipped up his collar the last two inches. 'Then Let's get underway then. Helm; prepare to leave space dock, as soon as we're clear of the station. Then set course for the Orion Nebula warp eight.' Admiral Varr then gestured to the woman standing beside him. 'Crew, this is Lieutenant Raya Tanika, our new mission specialist.' The woman stepped forward, as Admiral Varr continued his introductions. Lieutenant Tanika, this is my first officer Commander T'Pren of Vulcan. The man behind you at the tactical rail is Lieutenant Commander Andrei Sergejevich, beside him is Lieutenant Sarah Walkinghorse.' Raya nodded to each in turn, as Admiral Varr continued his introductions. 'At the Helm we have Ensign Saril,' Saril was a Deltan; her head was as smooth as billiard ball, a natural trait for this empathic species. 'At the Operations console we have our Betazoid Ops. Officer Lieutenant Talyn Zawal.' The dark-haired man looked around, and smiled at the sound of his

name. The Admiral gestured to a chair beside his. Raya sat down, as did the other Officers. The Inquisitor looked at the Betazoid, then to the Deltan. 'How do you grade and regulate your Telepaths.' The Admiral's eyes seemed to widen in barely contained surprise. 'I'm not sure, that I understand the question.' Dalen asked. A she stared at him.

'I meant no offence, it's just on my Homeworld, telepaths are marked.' He blinked, in shock. She turned to him. You surround yourself with races that are known to be naturally telepathic. Vulcans, Betazoids, Deltans, even Trills share a telepathy with the slugs within them.' Dalen scratched his head. As he stood up, from his command chair, which he'd only just, sat down in. 'Lieutenant!' He said, irritably. 'I'd like to continue this conversation into my Ready-room.' As the doors closed behind them, he turned to face her. 'I don't believe the bridge of a Starship, is the place for this conversation.' He said, as he stood beside his desk. 'And for your information, we don't use the word Slug, to describe our symbiotic relationship. If you must mention it at all, then the acceptable term for the creature within some Trills, myself included, is Symbiont.' She tried to conceal her reaction.

'I'm sorry if I've offended you Admiral.' He gave her a reassuring shrug of his shoulders as he sat down. 'I was always brought up to respect Telepaths.' He explained. 'You seem to fear them, you talk of marking them, ostracising them.' He said, in a probing manner. She stood to attention.

'The Regent says that, it is mental disorder!' He lowered his voice to a hushed tone.

'You said that they marked telepaths, marked them how?' He asked. A note of concern was evident in his voice. 'We rarely speak of it with outsiders. But they remove the Otolomic ridge, to warn others that we can read their minds.' He ran his finger around the inside of his collar.

'But some of them can still read minds. Can't they?' He ventured. She nodded sadly.

'On a planet, were such abilities are outlawed. And those who show any sign of this ability are considered as dangerous, feared, hated and even executed. Our problem is, that for a tiny percentage of the Taelarian people, the removal of their ridge opens their mind.' He sat forward.

'You mean, that some of them become more telepathic?' She nodded.

'Admiral, I have something to tell you.' Dalen smiled disarmingly. She took a deep breath before speaking, in a slow and practised manner. 'I believe that the vessel that attacked your ship, was a Regency Patrol ship, hunting the Dria'ahl. I believe that this patrol-ship attacked your science vessel in error, while hunting down the enemies of the Regent.' Dalen smiled.

'I think that I'm beginning to understand this situation. You're one of them, aren't you?' She looked shocked. 'I wish!' She exclaimed. 'I wish that I'd had the courage, to come out as a Dria'ahl.' Dalen handed her a box of tissues from his desk drawer, and gestured for her to continue. 'I was halfway through my first year at the Taelarian Security Academy, when I found out that I was becoming a telepath. So I did the right thing, I handed myself in to the authorities. So I could be corrected.'

'You did what society expected.' Dalen said softly, as he put his hand lightly on her shoulder. Tears welled up in her Emerald eyes. 'I should have stood up, to the State! Joined the Dria'ahl movement. Most of them just want to live somewhere without the fear of persecution.' The Admiral allowed her head to fall upon his shoulder, as he put his arm around her. 'We'll be entering the Orion Nebula in a little over two days.' Dalen said softly. 'Then we'll try and find these Dria'ahls.' She nodded. 'I'll also need as much information on your people, as you can give me.'

'We don't, as a rule, discuss such matters as family or Politics, with outsiders.'

'I'll have to know as much, as you can tell me. If I'm to help you.'

S	T	A	R	L	S	U	N
P	L	A	N	E	T	S	P
A	O	C	H	E	A	R	H
C	A	D	E	T	R	A	A
E	K	T	O	P	S	M	S
N	E	E	R	B	H	A	E
C	A	P	T	A	I	N	R
H	T	R	A	E	P	L	B
S	N	O	G	N	I	L	K

Find these words in the grid above:

Breen  
 Cadet  
 Captain  
 Earth  
 Klingons

Mars  
 Planet  
 Phaser  
 Space

Spot  
 Star  
 Starship  
 Sun

Then write out the letters left to make a 'Space Word':

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## K'ruCH Zantai LoLach

Born 2368 on Qo'nos



K'ruCH Zantai LoLach was born on Qo'nos in the Terran year of 2368. His parents were both great warriors of the House of LoLach. K'ruCH spent his first four years as any other Klingon child on Qo'nos with his pet Targ.

In 2372 K'ruCH's life was changed forever. His parents were on a mission to the Badlands near the Bajoran wormhole when the Jem Hadar attacked their Bird of Prey. Because the mission was, for Klingons, relatively safe they had taken K'ruCH with them to begin his training as a warrior.

When the Jem Hadar boarded their ship K'ruCH's quick thinking Father hid him and his Targ in a weapons locker. K'ruCH listened in anger as his parents and the entire crew fought the Jem Hadar. The last thing he heard before everything went quiet was his mother calling "Today is a good day to die!"

When K'ruCH came out of the weapons locker he found his parents and the rest of the crew were all dead. He sat by the bodies of his parents and even at that young age was educated enough in Klingon rituals to throw back his head and howl to let those who had gone before know that there were warriors on their way to Sto'vo'cor,

K'ruCH's ship floated dead in space for a month before it was found by the House of LoLach. A Klingon warriorress called K'iHQaS found K'ruCH half starved to death and took him back to Qo'nos. As K'iHQaS was of the house of LoLach she adopted K'ruCH and he continued his education in the ways of a warrior, remaining on Qo'nos with K'iHQaS visiting him whenever her duty would allow.

In the year 2378 K'iHQaS was permanently assigned as security officer to the Klingon Ambassador Ke'reth Zantai Makura aboard the Federation/Klingon space station Starbase 410. After she had settled and discovered that there were other Klingon children aboard she sent to Qo'nos for K'ruCH to join her on Starbase 410.

So in 2378 K'ruCH and his pet Targ moved from Qo'nos to Starbase 410. Once there K'ruCH joined the Academy with all the other children and managed to get himself into trouble on a regular basis because of his Targ, which had a habit of getting loose and was once found having cornered Admiral Jat in her quarters. She was not pleased and once again she blamed K'iHQaS.

1. The club, to be known as Starbase 410 is a family club open to science fiction fans of any interest but is primarily Star Trek based. Uniforms and costumes are optional but encouraged and help is available for members wishing to develop their own characters. Any charity work the club engages in is also optional.
2. Starbase 410 is an equal opportunities club, regardless of sex, age, race, species, colour, ability, sanity or sexual orientation. All new members have a “beginners” rank according to past experience and promotion is gained through the earning of points. (Full details of ranks and points available at Ops.)
3. Any member may belong to other clubs and Starbase 410 welcomes members of other clubs who may join at their present rank in their original club. The only restriction placed upon members of more than one club is that they may only serve on the committee of one club at any time.
4. All meetings shall be run in a structured format, loosely based on the Naval tradition, as per the Star Trek format. During meetings members should respect each other’s rank and achievements and treat one another accordingly. This also applies to civilians. All members should conduct themselves within the social bounds of European Earth (Terra) etiquette and not that of their Homeworlds. Rough horseplay is forbidden!
5. People taking lifts from other members should contribute to the petrol costs and any parking fees which may arise.
6. Members failing to attend meetings shall be deemed to have left the club three months after the due date of their renewal subscriptions; unless this is due to work commitments, illness or any other reasonable cause.
7. All members shall be taken on trust. Should any issue arise that poses a threat to the safety and welfare of the club or any of its members; then the person posing the threat shall be expelled and if appropriate prosecuted. Expulsion in an on the spot scenario **MUST** be agreed by two senior committee members. All grievances should be brought to the First Officer or their appropriate Ambassador, who will in turn refer the matter to the committee. The committee will decide the outcome of all disputes – new and current – that are brought before them. This may include demotion, loss of points or in serious and/or consistently repeated cases, permanent expulsion from the club. However this will require a two-thirds majority vote of all committee members by secret ballot. Should the dispute concern a committee member(s) then they will be asked not to attend that meeting to avoid any bias.
8. Excessive consumption of alcohol and use of illegal substances, (i.e. illegal/controlled drugs) solvents, glue and aerosols is strictly forbidden. All metal and metal edged weapons are forbidden at all times, unless on display or made safe.
9. All members are expected to assist in the general running of the club, this to include setting up, clearing away, galley duties etc.

### **Full Membership**

Adults            £10.00 per six months

Under 16's      £7.50 per six months

Under 5's        FREE!

Full Membership includes:

- Entrance to monthly meetings at 50p
- Subscription to the Starbase Newsletter
- Voting rights at the AGM for Adult members

Renewal:

All members will be reminded of renewal two months prior to due date. One months grace will be given to attending members (this being the month subscriptions are due). The month after due date if you fail to pay your subs you will have to pay monthly fees and your subscription will considered broken.

### **Monthly Membership / Visitor Fees**

Adults            £2.50 per month

Under 16's      £1.50 per month

Under 5's        FREE!

Monthly Membership includes:

- Copy of the Starbase Newsletter (Newsletter will charged at 50p to visitors)

### **Postal Membership**

Adults            £7.50 per six months

Under 16's      £6.00 per six months

Postal Membership includes:

- Subscription to the Starbase Newsletter – Posted each month
- Entry to 2 meetings per term at 50p – All other meeting entrance fees will be at the monthly membership prices.

### **E-mail Membership**

Adults            £5.00 per six months

Under 16's      £3.00 per six months

E-mail Membership includes:

- Subscription to the Starbase Newsletter – E-mailed each month
- Entry to 2 meetings per term at 50p – All other meeting entrance fees will be at the monthly membership prices.

## News

➤ The official Star Trek: Nemesis website has now been launched.

It includes the first online trailer for the film. The trailer gives fans a look at Tom Hardy, who plays baddie Shinzon. The [nemesis.startrek.com](http://nemesis.startrek.com) website has details about all the Enterprise characters, the planets featured in the film, and panoramic pictures of the Romulan senate.

Star Trek: Nemesis opens in the UK on January 3.

**ANANOVA 26/07/02**

➤ Star Trek's Jonathan Frakes is to direct the big screen version of Thunderbirds.

Frakes is best known for playing Commander William Riker in Star Trek: The Next Generation.

He has also directed Star Trek: Insurrection and Star Trek: First Contact.

The film is being made by British company Working Title which has also produced Four Weddings And A Funeral and Bridget Jones's Diary.

The big screen version of Thunderbirds will be a family film instead of an adult actioner.

It will be live action rather than puppets and filming is expected to begin in 2003.

**ANANOVA 19/07/02**

## STARBASE 410 DINNER / DANCE

As I am sure many of you are aware the 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Starbase 410 Dinner / Dance is scheduled to take place on Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> 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, unfortunately Barry Morse will be unable to attend this year, as he will be in the States.

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 31<sup>st</sup> July and £25 for all tickets purchased between 1<sup>st</sup> August and the cut off of 16<sup>th</sup> 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!**

