



STARBASE NEWS

Issue 39 September 2002

www.starbase410.org

Editors Corner

Hi everyone,

Thanks once again to those of you who took the time to contribute particularly as I shortened the deadline at short notice, so again my thanks.

This month sees the conclusion of The USS Merlin adventure, many thanks to Robert for that. We are also nearing the conclusion of the current story line in Tom's story. For those of you who are interested (and of course for a small fee) I have the next 2 parts that wrap the story line up. For new members I also have the complete story printed out if you want to read it and catch up on what you have missed. New

characters will soon be introduced so new members let me have your character details to send to Tom.

Thanks.

Lt. Colonel

Madia Amme

In This Issue:

- Merlin Pt3. By Robert Lydford
- Escape 25(by Tom Hudspeth)
- The profile of our very own Admiral Dalen Varr.

Oct deadline:

4th October 2002
17:00hrs.

ADMIRAL'S LOG

Greetings everyone

Well what a month this has been for the club. Although we didn't make a profit on the day we did get new members, and that was the main aim of the day. Our monthly meeting brought forth these new members plus three others.

So a big welcome to Lisa and James from Wyboston who came to our barbecue. Lisa is a Klingon and James is a time lord. Next is Luke Hindle, yep-another Hindle on the base. Luke is Emma's nephew and is going to be a Klingon called K'ruCH. His profile was in last month's newsletter, and you have to feel sorry for him, because he's been adopted by K'iHQaS K'ruCH wants to join the security staff at the Klingon Embassy, and I understand he has already uncovered Madia Amme's nemesis the Intendant. That young man will go far as long as he keeps that darn targ under control. I do not appreciate being trapped in my quarters by an excited overgrown pig. Then we have Alex Jermyn from Bury St. Edmunds. Alex is 14 and I'm not sure if he has decided where he wants to go. Also from B. S. E. are Richard Downs and Triston who we met at the fun day along with Alex. Finally a welcome back to Robert Carty from Thetford, who joined us three years ago when we first started but was unable to continue for personal reasons. Robert is joining the base security team under Lt. Aldous. A very warm welcome to you all and I hope you enjoy your time with us and that it will be a long relationship.

On a sad note Jeanette has decided to resign from the club. Her work commitments in her new job are not leaving her with much time. Jeanette has worked very hard for the club and it has been much appreciated. She is hoping to get to some of the social events and to keep in contact. So Jeanette best wishes from us all. Of course as Jeanette won't be coming then that means Tash won't be either as she came with Jeanette.

At the beginning of August we enjoyed a picnic on the Holodeck. Madia told you about it last month, but this month we have photos. Captain Brown also took me to the Holodeck to a place on earth called Walton-on-the-Naze. We went to an eating place called a Pie and Mash Shop where they serve just these dishes called pie and mash with liquor. It was *interesting!!* We also went to an amusement place called an arcade where one put old earth coins into machines. Sometimes if you were lucky you would get some back but then you put those in as well. *Strange!!* Another machine had fluffy toys in and you had to grab them with a mechanical device. Since they were too heavy to be lifted it was not easy to get one. I said we could beam one out but Leigh said that wasn't how you played. Sounded good to me. I then paddled in the sea. I haven't done that since I was on Risa seven years ago. After having strawberry ices we called on the Bajoran Embassy to surprise Madia.

By the time you read this we will have been to the Romulan Ambassadors Inauguration party for the Brampton Branch. As the Klingon Ambassador and his Chief of Staff are coming I suppose I will have to make sure there isn't a diplomatic incident. At least Madia and K'iHQaS won't be there so that will help.

Don't forget the Halloween party on the 26th October. We have changed it to Heroes and Villains, not Victims and Villains. There will be a prize for the best costume.

That's all for now.

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
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: Heroes & Villains	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 16 th Feb	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 16 th Mar	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 20 th April	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 18 th May	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sun 22 nd June	AGM & BBQ	14:00	18:00
Sun 20 th July	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00

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BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS

Birthday / Celebration	Date
James Harrington	3 rd Sept
Alex Jermyn	22 nd Sept
Autumnal Equinox	23 rd Sept
Donald Thomas	29 th Sept
Emma Hindle	5 th Oct
Triston Bunker	21 st Oct

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 once again from the Bajoran Embassy aboard Starbase 410.

Well we've had a bit of excitement in the Embassy this month!

Unfortunately my security system totally failed!

I was due to meet our esteemed first officer, Capt. Brown, for lunch outside the Bajoran Temple. I was waiting for him; he was late as usual. I really think that Admiral Jat should try to instill a bit more discipline amongst her staff, the way they run this station is, in my opinion, very lax. This laxness was probably a contributing factor in what happened. After all in order for the opportunity for my security to fail, first the Starfleet security must have!

Well I can hear you all asking what's the mystery? What happened to cause Major Madia's usually fine security team to fail in their duty to her? WHAT HAPPENED IN THE TEMPLE?

The answer plain and simple is a terrorist attack. That's right a bomb exploded inside the Bajorans most sacred place aboard the Starbase. Luckily I was not badly hurt in the attack, just a couple of scratches on my face, however unfortunately Admiral Jat was closer to the explosion than myself and she has not been seen since she was beamed to sickbay.

Needless to say both Starfleet and Bajoran security are working together to try to find out what coward placed the bomb. However due to their incompetence at allowing unknown terrorists with bombs to first board the station and then gain access to the Embassy, I am thinking of appealing to Ambassadors Ke'reth and K'Hellenbeck for their assistance in bringing the perpetrators to justice, MY JUSTICE, something that I think neither of them will interfere in, but more than likely assist me in.

Anyway on to other news. I am pleased to report that following the kidnapping, and subsequent rescue, of myself and Admiral by my counterpart the Intendant, there have been no more reported incursions into our universe by that evil woman. We can only hope that we have seen the last of her and her monster Kane. Although I fear that this will not be the case.

Finally and I feel the most important, I recently received a sub-space communication from Bajor and am pleased to announce that I have been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Bajoran Militia for my efforts in the fight against the Dominion.

Well that's all the news this month.
May you walk with the Prophets.
Lt. Colonel Madia Amme.
Bajoran Ambassador.

Captain T'Pina leaned heavily on her cane in the empty Holodeck. It was getting more and more difficult to forget the constant pain she felt. Her Vulcan mental exercises were not enough anymore. She could feel her grip on her emotions weakening more everyday. It was only a matter of time before she could no longer perform her duties aboard Starbase 410. Logic dictated that she would have to give up her post and return to Vulcan for treatment soon. But not today, she thought as she straightened up, there were lives depending on her tight emotional control and logical deductions.

Lt. Commander K'SQqwa and Lt. Laura-Jean Morris entered the Holodeck. Their faces lit by a portable light pole in the centre of the large black walled room.

"Captain," K'SQqwa said, "Everything is ready. We may begin whenever you are ready."

"Lt. Morris, do you know of something that will lure our friend here? She has been uncommunicative so far." T'Pina said.

"I believe I may know one or two things that might excite her." Morris answered.

"Then, Commander K'SQqwa, please open a line to Three." T'Pina ordered.

K'SQqwa went over to an access panel in the archway and opened it. Inside, he replaced a computer chip he had removed earlier. He turned and nodded to the others. "Channel open."

"Morris to Three."

Silence filled the room.

"Three, please respond."

Still no answer.

Morris turned toward T'Pina and said, "This next part might get more dangerous."

"Continue, Lieutenant." T'Pina ordered.

"Three, I have knowledge that may pertain to your current search. Something not in the Starfleet records.

Something I learned before I joined Starfleet about a lost group of energy based beings."

A pleasant, feminine voice asked, "Please provide more information."

K'SQqwa nodded his head no. Three was only accessing the audio circuits.

"I'm sorry, I can't just tell you the information. I must show you. That is why we have come to the Holodeck. You must see the information. You must feel it. Access your holoprogram and download it to this location."

"There is a 78 percent chance you are lying to me in order to gain access to my programming."

"Three, you were programmed with emotional responses. These responses were necessary to enable you to communicate with humanoid life forms. You can tell that they are a form of communication, can't you?"

The voice seemed to hesitate. "Y-yes, most humanoid life forms use unspoken emotional responses to aid in the exchange of ideas."

"Then you see why you must appear here so that I can give you the information you seek."

"Very well, but only for a short time. The dimensional bubble we are currently travelling in will quickly become unstable without constant monitoring."

Near Morris and T'Pina a form began to coalesce, slowly, as if building itself. When it finally appeared, it was a figure of a young woman in loose civilian clothing. She was thin and slightly shorter than average, with flowing black hair hanging halfway down her back. Her shirt was modestly buttoned up, but her layered skirt consisted of several types of thin translucent material. Three had a light brown tan indicating a Mediterranean or Native American heritage. "Please provide me with the information." She said.

T'Pina looked at K'SQqwa. He nodded yes. "Do it." T'Pina said.

K'SQqwa pulled a computer chip out of the arch.

"Undo what you have done. Give me back access to the main computer." Three said.

"No." T'Pina replied calmly.

Three's eyes suddenly went wild. A holoprogram started up in the room. Everyone was standing on an open, grassy plain, but they had little time to look around as fierce winds whipped about them. In the distance, they could see a tornado approaching, its base a good half a mile wide.

"Captain! Three has overridden the safety protocols and locked us out of the system!" K'SQqwa yelled.

"Undo what you have done. Give me back access to the main computer, or you shall all parish." Three said in a god like voice that filled the air.

T'Pina struggled against the wind to approach the girl. When she stood face to face with Three, she said, "Your actions are very illogical. You will lose the information you seek. You will lose your home."

Three looked T'Pina straight in the eye.

"Give me the information."

"No." T'Pina turned her back on Three and started to walk away.

Suddenly, the storm froze all about them. Twigs and grass hung in the air. High above them, an old lady on a bicycle was suspended in mid air, near her hung an old wooden farm house. The dark funnel stood only 100 yards away, towering into the sky.

Three fell to her knees in the grass. She covered her face with her hands, and they could hear her crying. Three looked up at T'Pina with tears streaming down her face. "Please, for thousands of years I have sought my birthplace, looked for others like me. If you know where I can find them, I beg of you to tell me."

T'Pina knelt down to the girl. "I will tell you why you have not found your people when you return this station to where it belongs."

"You don't understand." Three said. "I am part of this station now. I can't leave."

T'Pina stood up. "That is the price for my information. You have disrupted

the lives of thousands of people for information you could simply have asked us for. You can search the galaxy as long as you want, but I guarantee, you will never find another like yourself without the knowledge I have."

Brian Starr watched with a fascinated horror at the rapidly approaching asteroid. He knew that he was actually the one moving toward the asteroid, but from his frame of reference, it appeared to be closing in on him. It filled his view port from one side to the other. He could make out scars and craters, both ancient and new.

Like several times before, since Brian had dumped his power cell, he tried his thrusters. Still no response. He could not avoid the certain death that his powerless starfighter plummeted towards. He could not even call for help. Brian had considered death many times. As a youth on Avalon, he had to learn to fight, first with his hands and body, then with weapons and powered armour. Many times, he almost died, but with the inexperience of youth, he brushed them aside. In Starfleet, he had fought on ships and in hand-to-hand situations. The ship battles were quick and brutal. You could go from fine to dead in a microsecond. Space allowed no mistakes, and many friends had died. But Brian had lived and learned from the experiences.

Brian had thought about the ways he could die, most during some form of combat. Fast and instantly was his preferred way, but he knew he could be fatally injured and go slowly and painfully. But he had never considered he would die perfectly healthy, sitting in a dead starfighter flying toward an asteroid. He always thought that if he were to die, at least he would have some control over the situation, not powerless to do anything.

At least he hadn't had to fire on the Klingon bird-of-prey that was attacking the pirate base. That had been the reason he had dumped his power cell.

The pirates couldn't punish him for not shooting now that was a relief. He could see the Klingon ship every once in a while. It was taking quite the beating from the pirate base's disrupters. Brian thought it couldn't take much more. It might even be a race to see if the Klingon blew up or Brian smashed into the asteroid first. Brian went back to watching the asteroid. He wanted to think that his actions had somehow saved the Klingon ship. He didn't want to see it destroyed before his death. Instead, he thought of S'ena. Her face appeared before his eyes. Beautifully she hung there. Brian regretted now his decision not to pursue her. They had been friends on their first assignment, the U.S.S. Judith A. Resnik, some years ago as ensigns fresh out of the Starfleet Academy. Brian had kept his distance, never letting her know his true feelings for her. Some kind of macho love from afar thing, he guessed. Still, when the other guys had pressed her, she had soon turned a cold shoulder to them. Like moths to the flame, men found it hard to resist her charms, but she wanted a friend, not a lover. So Brian had been her friend. Now, he guessed that was all he would ever be. He idly wondered if she would remember him and if she would mourn his passing. Could he have ever been more than her friend could?

The starfighter cockpit was getting colder and the air was getting staler. With no power, there wasn't any life support. A lot of heat dissipated from the transparent canopy. Brian considered slipping into the "One", a meditative state the people of Avalon had developed over the years separated from earth, but decided not to. What was the point to conserving his air and stretching out his perceptions. He had about a minute to live anyway. Brian felt a tingling sensation and he became almost dizzy...

...as he appeared on the bridge of the Sacagawea.

"Brian! Take the command! I've got to get down to Engineering." Saryena Remora told him.

Brian stared at her in amazement. One second he was dead meat, the next in command of a starship.

"Are you alright?" Saryena asked him.

"I'm, I'm fine." Brian stammered. He suddenly smiled at her. "I'm great!" Brian rushed over and gave Saryena a hug. "I'm gonna live!"

"Not if I don't get down to Engineering," She told him.

"But how did you know I was in trouble?" He asked.

"Balor was scanning the area for prisoners and found you, now I really need to go."

Brian collected himself. "Right, go ahead. I'll take care of things here." Brian turned towards the Bolian at the engineering station as Saryena entered the turbolift. "What's our status?"

Jartan told him, "We have some power but have yet to raise shields or power weapons. Our engines are still off line. We have been using what power we do have to search for prisoners and transport them to the ship."

Brian looked over at Balor, who was at the science station. "Do we have everyone off of the pirate base?"

"No, there are some places I can't get sensor readings from, the sensors are just too old fashioned. But I do have everyone I could find."

"Keep looking, but transfer power to the shields. We need to protect the people we have on board. The last thing we need is a boarding party of Orions."

Madia Amme found her way to the party room. The guests were still there smoking and talking. When she entered, two Cardassians glanced in her direction. She felt an urge to leap upon them, but knew she had other duties that needed to take precedence. She had entered the blown up engineering room of the massive asteroid turned starship, and using what controls still worked, set the warp

core to breach. She only had a few more minutes to find her people and get off the station. Finding Yarda was a way to accomplish that task.

She grabbed the first person she could reach and asked, "You! Where do I find Yarda?"

He gave her a blank stare. "I have no idea where Yarda is."

Madia looked at his companion. "Where will I find Yarda?"

The man swallowed and said, "I suppose you'll find him on the bridge."

"Where is the bridge?" Madia demanded.

"I sorry, I don't know." He said.

Madia looked at the two Cardassians. They would know, she thought. With their tiny little militaristic brains, that would be one piece of information they would be sure to find out. Madia approached the pair.

"Tell me where the bridge is and I'll spare your lives."

The first turned toward the other and said, "Did you just pass gas? I thought I heard something."

"No," said the second, "But a diversion has just presented itself for our afternoon enjoyment. Look, a Bajoran pleasure girl."

"She's kind of dirty." The first replied.

"I like'em dirty."

"You like'em anyway you can torture them."

"You object?"

"No, I just like to torture them more when they start out clean."

"Bajorans are never clean, just look at this one."

Madia had had enough. She leapt at them both. She caught them by surprise at mid shoulder and the all three went down in a bunch. Madia quickly recovered and kicked the first one. "Dirty huh?" she said, ignoring the fact that she was covered with dust from the explosion in engineering.

She rounded on the second one, who had just recovered his feet. Two fast punches to the stomach had him bent over. "Pleasure girl, huh?"

The first one came at her from behind, but she moved to the side at the last second and he ran into his friend. Madia grabbed one of the smoking apparatus and swung it down on their heads. "Torture, huh?"

As she looked down at the two unconscious Cardassians, she said, "I guess you didn't know where the bridge was after all."

Suddenly she could hear the speech of a computer. "This Holo-program is ending due to the current demand for power. Please prepare for program termination."

The parties disappeared followed by the Cardassians. Then the furniture and the other things flickered out of sight. The walls were the last to go, replaced by black tiles with red hexagon shapes running through them. There were three exits, all open.

At first Madia was surprised. This whole time, the party had been a holo-program made to make Yarda seem more impressive and powerful. Then she thought, perhaps the computer was still monitoring the room. "Computer, location bridge." Madia shouted.

"The bridge is located on deck three, section 21." The computer answered. Madia ran out the door.

"Yarda, I have shut down the holo-simulation and transferred the power to the weapons systems." Pog, Yarda's second in command, told him from the power control board.

"Good." Yarda replied. "What is the status on the boarding party to recapture the prisoners?"

"Guard Captain Orn reports he is unable to board due to the ship's shields." Pog said.

"What?" Yarda turned angrily to the weapons operator. "I told you to open fire the second they tried to raise their shields."

"They only just raised them, and at a rate much faster than anticipated. One second they had no shields and the next, they had them."

"You have failed me for the last time." Yarda pulled out a disrupter and shot

the weapons operator. His body consumed itself in a flash of orange light and was gone. As Yorda holstered his weapon, he said, "Get someone up here to replace him."

"Yorda, I have engineering on line." The nervous communications technician said.

Yorda approached the comm. station. "Engineering, report!"

"Yorda, someone has rigged the warp core to breach. Without their codes, we can't stop it."

"Then eject the core and power up the back up nuclear reactors." Yorda told the engineer.

"We can't, we tried. All of the circuits are dead."

"Very well, I expect you to find a way to resolve this. That is what I pay you for." Yorda told him before he cut off the comm. channel.

"Gentlemen," Yorda announced, "Something has come up and I am needed else where. I will return momentarily."

"We all heard him Yorda." Pog said.

"We are not being paid to die at our posts like scruts. That warp core is going to breach and I, for one, am getting into one of the escape pods."

"So am I." Someone else said.

"Me too." Another added.

Yorda pulled out his disrupter and pointed it at Pog. "This is against your contract. The Syndicate will never let you get away with this. You will pay with your life."

"Die now or die later? I choose later, thank you very much." Pog said.

"Fine, now it is then."

Pog leapt towards Yorda as he began to pull his trigger. The disrupter was swept aside and flew across the room. As Yorda and Pog fought, the rest of the bridge crew ran out the door.

The Sacagawea took a heavy hit and everyone flew around the bridge. Brian pulled himself up to the helm and yelled, "Get me that bird-of-prey! I need to speak with her captain!"

Someone yelled from the general direction of the comm. console. "I've

got them!" Brian couldn't see whom through the smoke.

On the main viewer, a Klingon warrioress and Federation Commodore appeared. "K'iHQaS! Commodore Jat!" Brian was surprised to see them.

"I need covering fire to give us time to get this ship moving! We have almost all of the prisoners aboard, and can't engage engines unless we have time to transfer power to them. Currently, we are using all of our power to keep the shields up against the pirate disrupters."

Commodore Jat stepped forward. "We will do everything we can to aid you, but we have sustained heavy damage ourselves and we must stop the pirate menace to this sector."

"Wait!" K'iHQaS barked. "If I save your ship, it will cancel my blood debt to you!"

Jat looked at K'iHQaS in surprise.

"Blood debt?" Jat said to herself.

"Yes! Whatever! Just do it! There are innocent lives at stake." Brian replied.

"Agreed!"

The main viewer returned to the starfield and the pirate base.

On the IKV Dragon Fist, Captain K'iHQaS ordered, "Bring us around and in between the pirate base and the Sacagawea."

Jat said, "We can't take that kind of beating for very long."

K'iHQaS turned toward Jat and said, "We will have to, it is a matter of personal honour now."

Ladies and Gentleman, boys and girls, fellow allies.

A question for you! A wise man once asked “What Price Freedom?” How would you defend yourself? It's to this end that I've decided to chose the Klingon Disrupter Pistol as the topic for this months little article.

This is the weapon a Klingon warrior is trained to reach for almost instinctively. The weapon a warrior pulls when he or she is too far away to use a bladed weapon.

Known to some as a Sonic Disrupter, due to the fact that it fires a stream of ultra high frequency sound waves at its target forcing the object that it's fired upon to have its molecules explosively displaced. This sound wave is fired down an annular confinement beam. (A kind of, tube of energy that keeps the sound focussed.) The sound wave is invisible to the eye, but the confinement beam that contains it flashes a blue-green colour.

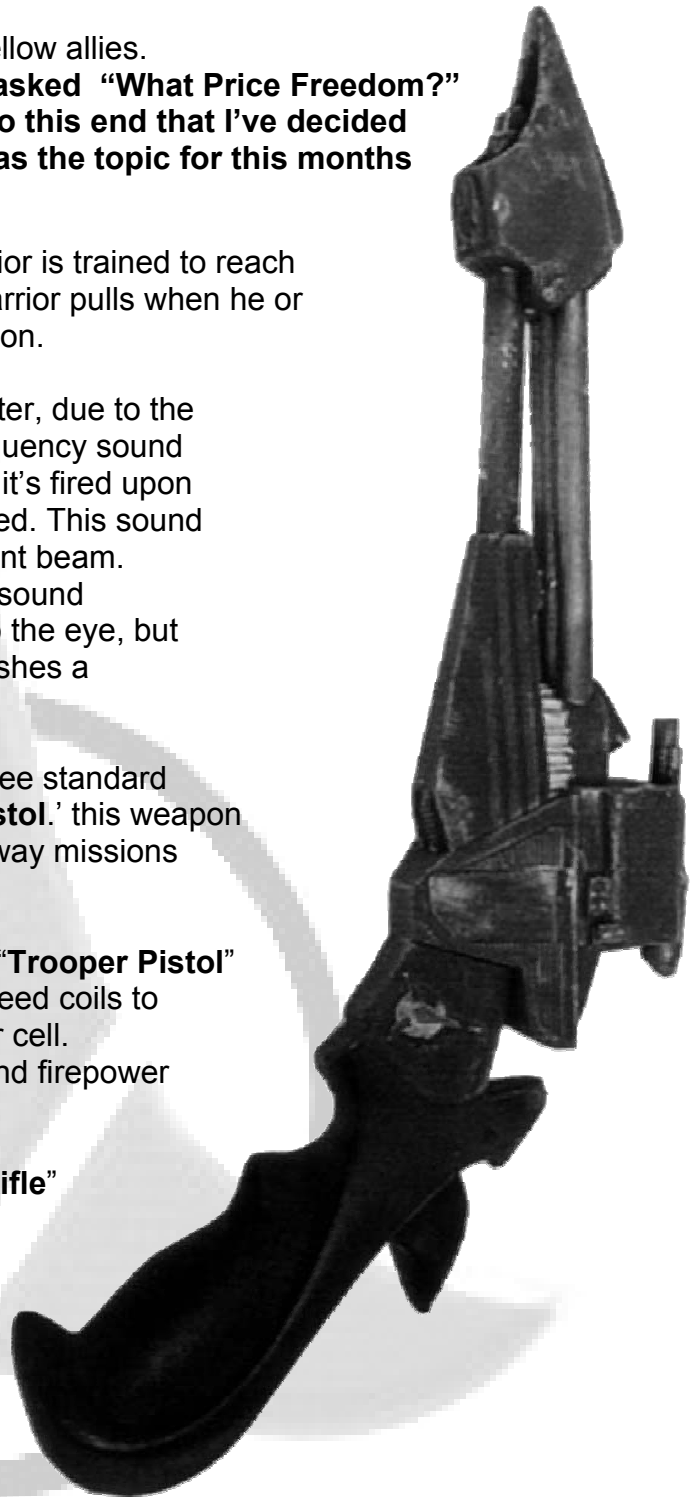
This weapon actually comes in three standard sizes the smallest being the '**Officers Pistol.**' this weapon is worn as a personal sidearm on both away missions and aboard Klingon vessels.

Then there is the longer barrellled "**Trooper Pistol**" which has a larger power reserve, and bleed coils to recycle unused energy back to the power cell. This weapon also has a greater range, and firepower over the officer's pistol.

The third variant is the "**Assault Rifle**" Which is the Trooper pistol, with an extended shoulder stock, And an extra handgrip slung beneath the barrel. This weapon also comes with a computerised Targeting scope and has almost 4X the power of the Officer's pistol.

Unlike most Races, Klingons are more likely to reach for a Bladed weapon, than a pistol, as we consider the Disrupter as secondary to the blade when it comes to honourable combat.

Till next time, Ambassador Ke'reth out . . .



Greetings all, Admiral Varr here. The other day I was lecturing to a group of first year Starfleet Cadets, when one of them brought up the fact that I'd briefly served under Captain Jonathon Archer. (There's always a few who go straight for the extra credit.) It was this student, who gave me the idea for my Newsletter article. Are you aware that in Captain Archer's day, Most Earth vessels had a top speed of Warp three or less? With many transport freighters (And I'm talking about the old "J" and "Y" Class vessels here.) Many of reading have stood on more than a dozen Class M worlds; have felt the wind in their faces off alien shores. Well let me take your minds back to the early days of the Starfleet. Believe it or not, at Warp Factor One, which is the speed of light, or around 1 Billion Kilometers an hour. At this speed, a Flight from Earth to its nearest star would take you around five years. At Warp Factor Two. (11 Billion Kilometers an hour.) This Journey is cut to about six months.

The Enterprise NX01, which was at the time, was Earth's only Warp Five capable vessel could have pulled this distance in less than Nine days. Space though still considered by many to be infinite, suddenly had a local Neighbourhood, a small part of the Alpha and Beta Quadrants. There were rumours that the Vulcans had engines capable of doing almost Warp Factor Seven. At this time, most people thought of this speed, with a mixture of awe and amazement. Some people thought that at this speed they'd be turned into the consistency of soup, or rendered sterile, such where the fears of Earth's first warp pioneers.

Then there was the Transporter; they say that you never forget your first time. I for one remember the feeling of relief when I realised I'd arrived in on piece. At this time joined Trills were often considered too fragile for Transport. Doctors thought that it would upset the delicate balance between host and symbiont. For any Trills out there, let me reassure you that Transporters are still one of the safest ways to travel.

Then on to the Future, Starfleet Scientists are currently doing experiments into the viability of Trans-warp, the breaking of the near mythical Warp Ten barrier. This would allow almost instantaneous travel from one point to another across vast distances. Some say that for this a number of Starbases would be equipped with Trans-warp gates to facilitate this futuristic mode of transportation.

So in the future the Final Frontier may not be so far away . . .

Till then, Admiral Dalen Varr signing off.

As he scrambled out of the bunker of darkness which seemed to be the entrance to hell, the bright glow of the setting sun, breaking through the grey clouds, blinded him as it mixed with the sensation of the cool breeze on the back of his spiny neck. It was a strange feeling, not knowing what exactly happened, and Leigh could only see for a few hundred yards because of the smoke of the battle masking the view. The rich, green grass he had once known when he played football only the day before, was now black as the night creeping up on the horizon.

The air smelt different, like a bonfire on an idle Sunday at home. In the distance he could hear the crying of newborn babies, the crying of widows and children and the yelling for aid from injured companions. Broken toys littered the street and smashed china with its neat pattern still perfect was embedded in the dust and rubble by his feet. The loneliness struck him down, collapsing to the ground, useless. He started to panic, His uniform was ripped in several places and there were scars all over his dirt-covered face, which was shadowed by his dusty hair.

The rich purples and oranges whittled away to the almost pathetic shine of the moon. Tumbling back into the maze of trenches, he tried to contact London on the worn out radio transmitter. No answer. He tried to contact his mates in the 19th cavalry, with whom he had landed with the day before. No luck. He was alone. Distressed he lent against the wall. Curled up into a ball. Looking to his left he noticed Freddy lying peacefully on his back. His almost perfect uniform had absorbed most of the blood that was seeping from his chest wound. Leigh looked up and saw the magnificent array of beauty above him. He wondered how could something so evil and so destructive be set under something so beautiful as the starry and eerie night sky. He wondered if his family was looking up to sky and seeing the same view. He hoped they were. Moving uncomfortably

to a kneeling position, Leigh did something he had not done for along time. He prayed. He prayed that he was far away from there. He prayed that he was with his family again. He prayed to a God that he was rapidly losing faith in. Looking down the corridor again, he could see fellow soldiers littering the alley. Some with limbs missing. The blood combined with the mud to produce a dark, thick, brown clot. The mixture followed the uneven planks parallel. Leigh was hypnotised as it slowly slivered and oozed its way passed him. He sat there for hours. Thinking. Not caring if a Nazi found him or not. All he wanted to think about was his family – His children, his wife, and his old life before this.

Out of the dark reaches of the night came the familiar call of hailing. The Bajoran ambassador's voice of anger and disgust, with a hint of concern echoed around the trench.

"Where are you?" She exclaimed.

"In the Holodeck, playing World War 1, why?" Leigh returned in a more hesitant manner.

"It is 16:30 hours," Madia announced.

"So it is," Leigh stated, looking at his cracked vintage leather bond watch. He was feeling slightly safe hidden in the trench far enough away from the ambassador to become "Cocky".

"We were supposed to meet at the temple for a working dinner, or have you forgotten again?"

"No, No, I am on my way madam. Leigh Out!" And with that sweeping statement, the captain stood to his full height, dusted himself down and proclaimed,

"Computer, End Program".

The wide-open views of the destroyed town, morphed in to the typical setting of the Holodeck – with the orange grid formation standing proud.

"Computer, exit" commanded the captain – and with systematic precision, the metallic arch with it's glistening control panels and red woollen carpet entrance, appeared on the far right wall.

Before the arch had time to completely materialise, Leigh was already there – waiting to walk through, still dusting himself down. The doors proceeded to open, and Leigh with a slight hesitation, walked and concluded his Holodeck session for today. The dusty and torn tatters of clothing he was still wearing filtered away to reveal his neat and clean Starfleet commanding colours. His shining communication badge and four commanding pips reflecting the approaching corridor stood proud.

Making a determined right he sensed something was not quite right. Clutching his brow, sudden varied images flashed across his mind – all very blurry and all very sinister. He couldn't really make out what they were, and he really didn't want to know what they meant. The most propionate vision, the one that kept repeating – was the image of Admiral Anarita Jat, laying on her back with several tall beings surrounding her – some were standing to full height, compared to others whom seemed to be crouching down to the ground on where she was lying. The organisms seemed to be wearing long dark black cloaks with hoods that draped across most of the floor, these covered all of their features. Even black gloves were worn over their alien hands. The room was as dark as their cloaks, with a single bright spotlight shining down. The light grew brighter until the image was flooded. This made Leigh bump along the corridor, still clutching his brow. The images pulsating across his vision faster making him lose complete balance. He fell to the well-worn carpet. A concerned ensign stopped to try and assist.

“Are you ok sir?” The eager ensign asked.

“I'm fine, I think I over did it on the Holodeck today.” Leigh replied still dizzy from the fall. The visions had disappeared completely from his mind and the rush of pain had gone with them.

“Could you help me to the turbo lift?”

“Of course sir”, the enthusiastic ensign replied.

With every step the duo took, the more the Captain gained back his stature. By the time the turbo lift was in sight, the Captain was walking completely unaided and had thanked the ensign. A slight headache had wandered back into his mind, but he thought he would get a bigger one if he were even later for Madia on the Promenade by taking a diversion to the sickbay first.

Exiting the turbo lift on the promenade, he was welcomed with a frosty stare from the opposite wall. It was Madia, leaning against the temple's wall. Pushing away from her position she advanced to where Leigh was standing. Within a few metres of meeting Leigh, there was a loud explosion from behind her. Flashes of rippling fire pulsed out of the once Bajoran Temple. Thick black smoke released itself out of the holes in the structure, and proceeded to lick its way along the promenade's ceiling.

Madia, now being cradled in the arms of Leigh, looked in horror - a single tear managed to fight its way past several cuts on Madia's face. They were still in the position where she had fallen. Now security personnel were sweeping the scene under the supervision of both Admiral Varr and Christine Aldous. Medical Staff not that far behind with John Borda and b'Sel at the helm.

Sifting through the still thick smoke, Leigh could make out a figure close to the rubble. Lying on her side in a pool of debris and blood, being attended to by several medical staff was Admiral Jat. After making sure Madia was alright, Leigh rushed to the scene where she was lying – only to walk into the leftovers of the transporter beam heading towards sickbay.

And once again he was in the middle of hell – but this time, it was real.

Part 7 next month

Author: Leigh Brown (again)

Later that night aboard Starbase 410...

Admiral Jat had just poured herself a cup of sweet tea when her desk console bleeped its incoming call tone. She put her cup down and opened the console. She saw Admiral Varr calmly looking at her. 'Is there a problem, Admiral?' she asked.

He nodded. 'I'm not sure whether this is a problem. But it certainly counts as a complication.'

Anarita sat forward in her chair, her elbows on her desk, 'You have my undivided attention, Admiral.'

'It's the Taelarians, they're part-way through a civil war no one seems to talk about.'

Anarita looked puzzled.

'They're persecuting all their planet's telepaths.' Dalen continued, as he shook his head sadly. 'They've been doing it for hundreds of years.'

Anarita's eyes widened. 'That hardly makes it right, Admiral.'

Dalen Varr nodded in agreement.

'I agree with you, in principle, that it's wrong, Admiral Varr. But the Prime Directive clearly states—'

Admiral Varr sighed. 'I know what the Prime Directive states, Admiral,' he said sadly. 'While teaching at the Academy I did a semester of teaching Ethics, as it stands in respect of the Prime Directive. These people are being systematically hunted down, forced to undergo surgery, or even killed. There's got to be a way to help these people. Help me find a loophole that unties my hands from the Prime Directive.'

She rubbed her brow. 'You realise what you're asking?' she asked.

'They need help!' he said. 'If we could aid them somehow.'

She paused in thought.

'What if the—what did you call them?' she asked.

'The Dria'ahl,' he replied.

'What if the Dria'ahl were to claim asylum aboard your vessel?' she asked.

'I'm no legal expert, but I imagine that there would have to be an inquiry.' Varr guessed.

'Here aboard the Starbase?' She smiled.

'Are you saying that, if the Dria'ahl ask for asylum aboard the *Merlin*, then an inquiry would have to be held. An inquiry on neutral ground for both the Dria'ahl and the Taelarians?' he asked. 'Which would mean it could be held aboard your Starbase,' he said, with a grin.

She nodded.

'Continue your investigation, Admiral, and keep me informed.' Admiral Jat out . . .

As they spoke the *Merlin* rocked from an explosion,

T'Pren's voice came through the intercom. 'Admiral to the bridge!'

He stood up and moved swiftly across his ready room.

'What's happening?' he snapped at no one in particular.

Lieutenant Commander Sergeyevich glanced up. 'It's a Ti'Wah Class Heavy cruiser, ordering us to leave Taelarian space.'

Raya Tanika stood up and approached the screen as the blue/black crescent turned to face them.

Admiral Varr joined her. 'Whose vessel is it? Dria'ahl, or Regency?' he asked.

'I'm not sure!' she said, as another blast rocked their shields. 'Shields at seventy eight percent and holding, Admiral! They're playing for keeps' came Andrei's voice from tactical.

'Andreil' The Admiral smiled, glancing back at tactical. 'Let's return fire. Andrei, aim for their weapons ports.' The *Merlin's* phased-energy Gatling guns tore at the alien vessel's shields, as a panel opened on the underside of the Taelarian vessel's hull. A searing bolt of neon-blue energy grazed the *Merlin's* upper surface. Andrei called out from his tactical rail. 'Admiral, I think they're getting playful. If that last shot had got

through our shields, it would have been hot enough to boil us to plasma.'

Admiral Varr smiled. 'The game's over Andrei, give them both barrels.'

The blond man nodded as his fingers tapped on his targeting console.

An amber flash smashed into the Ti'Wah Class vessel's hull, sending it spinning as a quantum torpedo ripped through the alien vessel's starboard warp nacelle. Lieutenant Zerah Telo, the Merlin's Andorian duty communications officer spoke up. 'That got their attention, Admiral, they're asking to speak with you.' He stood up, as an angry woman with a ridged face stared at him with barely concealed hate. 'Federation vessel, you have committed an act of war!'

The Admiral smiled. 'Look here! If anyone has committed an act of hostility, it was yourselves who opened fire on my vessel. Just be thankful that I'm not a vindictive man. Otherwise I'd have put my torpedo straight through your bridge.' The communication ceased, as the alien vessel turned and limped away at low impulse.

'Admiral, we have a second crescent shaped vessel hailing us.'

Dalen nodded. 'On screen.'

The image of a middle-aged woman filled the screen. 'Federation Starship, I am Sehval of the Dria'ahl, welcome to Taelarian space. Thank you for chasing off that Regency patrol ship for us.'

Dalen shrugged. 'They opened fire on us, so we warned them off. We're not here to take sides.'

She nodded as she looked past him towards Raya. 'Daughter.'

Raya looked up, and seemed to be holding back tears. 'Mother, I didn't know you were here.'

'I see you're still dressed as one of the Regent's bullies,' the older woman said scornfully.

'At least I'm not shooting up other peoples science vessels!' she retorted. 'The Federation could wipe out our Home-fleet out in a matter of hours.

There are dozens of their ships equal to this, and some a damn sight more powerful than this one, out there.'

The older woman's eyes narrowed. 'We didn't open fire on anybody,' she snapped back angrily.

Admiral Varr rubbed his brow, a nervous habit and an action that he almost immediately regretted. 'Ladies, there's no need for an argument here,' he sighed.

'Sehval Tanika, can you bring the Dria'ahl to a neutral meeting place?'

She looked shocked.

'Why?' she asked accusingly.

'From what your daughter tells me, your people are seeking a free homeworld, away from persecution.'

The woman nodded. 'If only it were that simple. What we want is the Regent to acknowledge the Dria'ahl's right to exist on our own homeworld.'

Dalen looked from mother to daughter and back as Raya moved forward.

'Mother, listen! The Federation have a proven track record for settling disputes. If you can bring the Dria'ahl to the co-ordinates that we're transmitting...'

The older woman shook her head.

'So many people have died for the most basic right to exist. I'm not sure that they can just be forgotten.' Raya shook her head. 'We're not asking for them to be forgotten, mother!' she said, her voice taking on a note of conciliation. 'If their mistreatment can be brought out in the open, even the Regent will have to face our right to exist.' Admiral Varr sat down, as Sehval turned to her crew.

'Take the Dria'ahl to this Starbase 410. He says we'll be safe there, and he believes it. So I want you to go there and await my return.'

Dalen Varr took a deep breath before speaking. 'I'd like a word with this Regent of yours.'

She looked a little shocked.

'And, Sehval!' he said, as she locked eyes with him. 'I'd like you to join us.'

Three hours passed while Dalen spoke with the Taelarians, learning more of their history. As the USS. *Merlin* approached Taelarius IV; a pair of Regency patrol ships approached them. 'This Is Admiral Dalen Varr of the United Federation of Planets. I request a meeting with Regent of Taelarius IV.'

'Follow us, Federation vessel. It is not your desire to see the Regent that matters, but that the Regent wants to see you!'

Taelarius IV was a warm class M planet; its deep blue oceans and shallow coral seas, sandy shores and rich green forests. Seen from orbit, four major settlements stood out on the northern continent, the largest of which was Taelor. Admiral Varr stood up and motioned for T'Pren to take his chair. 'Andrei, Sarah, you're with me. Let's go see this Regent.' A cool breeze broke the still evening air as the Federation officers arrived. Varr glanced up at the red tinged moons as they were led through tree lined gardens; Andrei nodded to the Security sensors within the bushier of the trees. 'This Regent sure loves his Privacy.'

Sarah shook her head. 'Her.' she whispered,

Andrei smiled. 'You think?' he asked in a hushed tone.

She pointed to the leather clad guards. 'Both ship captains and all the armed guards we've seen are women. Men seem to have, shall we say, a secondary role in this society.'

He grinned, as they were led through another door and into an entrance hall. Then, after several rooms and corridors, they found themselves standing before a raised dais, topped with a throne. All the guards here were also female. It seemed Sarah had been right. The Regent looked about sixteen standard years old. She was flanked by two of the fiercest female warriors any of them had ever seen. Both stood stiffly in form-fitting red ablative armour;

each wore a matching black helmet with its faceplate darkly tinted.

She stood up, causing her scarlet robes to open in a petal-like display, revealing the same utilitarian black leather one-piece cat suits that the guards wore. 'You have some gall, Admiral. I could have you all executed where you stand for attacking a starship of the Regent of Taelarius IV.'

The Admiral stepped forward, and made a slight bowing motion. 'Your Excellency, I believe there has been a greater injustice here.'

She nodded.

'There has. And you've played your part. You've managed to put all those Dria'ahl fools in one place. As we speak, my forces are on an intercept heading.'

Dalen nodded as he spoke.

'I thought you might try something foolish. So I brought myself a little insurance.'

She looked concerned. 'Explain!' she barked.

He nodded.

'To put it simply, your fear of telepaths was your undoing,' he said slowly.

She stepped forward, her guards aiming their lance-like energy weapons towards him as he spoke. 'I have a number of telepaths under my command. They felt your open hostility, your need to rid yourself of the only people who could ever betray you.' The Regent looked slightly concerned as she tried to hide her emotions.

He pushed his advantage. 'I know your little secret,' he mocked.

'I don't know what you're talking about,' she hissed.

'You're bluffing!' she almost snapped, as he smiled.

'What do you think you know, off-worlder?' she asked, as she pulled and toyed with a small ornate copper bladed dagger, in a threatening manner.

'WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU KNOW!' she shouted.

'Oh go on, Regent!' the Admiral mocked her. 'Why don't you just read my mind, to find out what I know? You can read minds can't you?'

Her eyes narrowed. She looked absolutely horrified.

'Guards! Kill them.' She snarled. Her guards raised their weapons. They suddenly froze in their tracks, as Sehval entered the room. She was dressed in the robes of the Regent. 'Guards! You will lower your weapons!' They complied almost instantly. Sarah looked to the Admiral. 'How did you know?' She asked.

'I played a hunch, based on a few things that have been bothering me, ever since I met Sehval. Raya had given me some old image files. One was of this room, the Regent's throne room. I noticed that the portrait hanging behind the throne of the Regent looked a lot like a younger version of our friend Raya Tanika' Sarah looked up.

'Sibling rivalry?' she asked.

Dalen nodded.

Sarah looked a little shocked, as she shook her head.

'I didn't always get on with my sister, but I didn't start no revolution.' Sarah joked.

Andrei stepped forward. 'Sir, what about, the Dria'ahl war fleet?'

Admiral Varr grinned. 'They'll be fine! Three Federation vessels led by the USS. *London*, are racing to rendezvous with them. So they'll be quite safe from attack.'

Sehval strode towards the raised podium. She gestured for two guards to remove the young Regent's cloak of office. Suddenly the once regal-teen, fell almost sobbing into her mother's arms. Sehval cradled her daughter. Mia'ahl, You will remain silent, while I speak to these brave Federation people.' Mia'ahl moved to leave. But first you will order your guards and starships to stand down. And turn themselves in.' She nodded, her hold on her society broken by her mother's return.

'Admiral,' she said, "it's difficult to know what to say at a time like this. Believe me when I tell you, that I've practised my returning speech countless times, only to be struck dumb now.'

He smiled. 'It happens like that sometimes.'

'So I'll try to explain. Our culture is due in part to our history, as it is I'm sure for many worlds. Long ago, before this planet adopted its current ways, there was a devastating war. Mass chemical genocide. Both sides attempted to wipe each other out with chemical bombs. We didn't realise until it had become too late that our water supply had been poisoned and our plants wouldn't grow as crops. And worse than that, most of our population had been rendered sterile. Our scientists tried to repair the damage, but only succeeded in creating a drone class, our males were almost emotionless hulks, strong and aggressive, but without the intelligence to complete the simplest task. We fell into the habit of using them, as a labour force to rebuild our world. Over the years we improved them, selectively bred out their aggressive tendencies. Performed surgery on their brains, taught the best of them to communicate. But they never managed to rise much above animals.'

Sarah stepped forward. 'Didn't I notice a man serving aboard the Dria'ahl vessel?'

Andrei nodded. 'She's right, Admiral. There was a man serving on that vessel.'

Sehval sighed. She closed her eyes slowly, before speaking. 'It's a religious issue; the Dria'ahl discovered that, males could be healed by telepathic healing techniques. In time they became intelligent enough to serve as our equals. We educated and trained them. Some of our officers' even took them as their mates. They conceived and gave birth to naturally healthy children, both male and female. Around one thousand years

ago we contacted the priest class that had persecuted us, and tried to reconcile our differences. We told them of our healing techniques, only to find out that their scientists had started to breed from specially-selected females, creating children in their labs.' Since then, they have been an all-female society. Their men are kept simple. Their men work in the fields, and fish the seas and mine their minerals. They are their slave labour class.' The now defrocked Regent started to sob again.

'Please don't judge us. It's the way of things. I'm afraid that our men are born retarded; some of them are little more than animals. We agree that it's an unknown chemical in our world's soil that does it. The same chemical that gives Dria'ahls their dangerous abilities. Our religion, Admiral, forbids the use of telepathy. It is our greatest taboo,' she moaned. 'They embraced ways contrary to our religion. How can you trust someone who can read your thoughts, Admiral?' He stepped forwards.

'You learn to be honest and truthful with them. It's tricky at first. But after a while you learn to accept them.'

'That's not our way!' she said, angrily. 'Our scientists have learned to breed females in our labs.' Her mother silenced her with a glance.

'Over the years I've been away Admiral, it seems that some kind of madness has befallen my people.' Sehval said slowly. 'Then came the Dark-times, when the Priest-caste took over, bringing my youngest daughter to power. In that time of fear, they murdered and mutilated anyone who showed any outward sign of being Dria'ahl.'

He nodded, trying to take it all in, as she continued. 'You see, the word 'Dria'ahl', in our language, means ungodly or evil. We fled our homes during the persecution, taking their word of hate, as our name. Stealing their ships for our own, some of which were barely spaceworthy. This all happened almost two thousand years

ago.' His eyes widened. She smiled. 'My kind is cursed with a long lifespan of pain. We became old, but we did not become wise. We became so arrogant, in believing that younger races couldn't possibly help us. So we became the isolationist and divided fools that you see before you.' He lowered his gaze.

'To think this all started with a damaged science vessel.' Admiral Varr muttered, as he sadly shook his head. 'That explains the likeness between you and your daughters. You're all clones of the original survivors aren't you?'

She nodded sadly.

Sarah spoke up. 'That also explains the madness. You cloned your own illnesses and psychological problems into the next generation.'

Sehval nodded.

'You are very wise young woman. A strange and rare commodity here.' Sehval lowered her voice as she spoke.

Admiral Varr glanced around the room as he thought . . .

'Perhaps the Federation could help your people. We have many wonderful scientists from many of our member worlds. Perhaps in time they could help you rebuild your world.' The new Regent wiped a tear from her eye. 'We thought of all other races of the galaxy as children.' The Admiral stepped forward, ignoring Starfleet protocol, and put his arm around her left shoulder. 'Sometimes it takes a child's words to tell us how foolish we've become in our later years. She nodded. Dalen hugged her. 'There's an old phrase that's sometimes used within the Federation.' She looked up into his eyes. 'From the mouths of babes.'

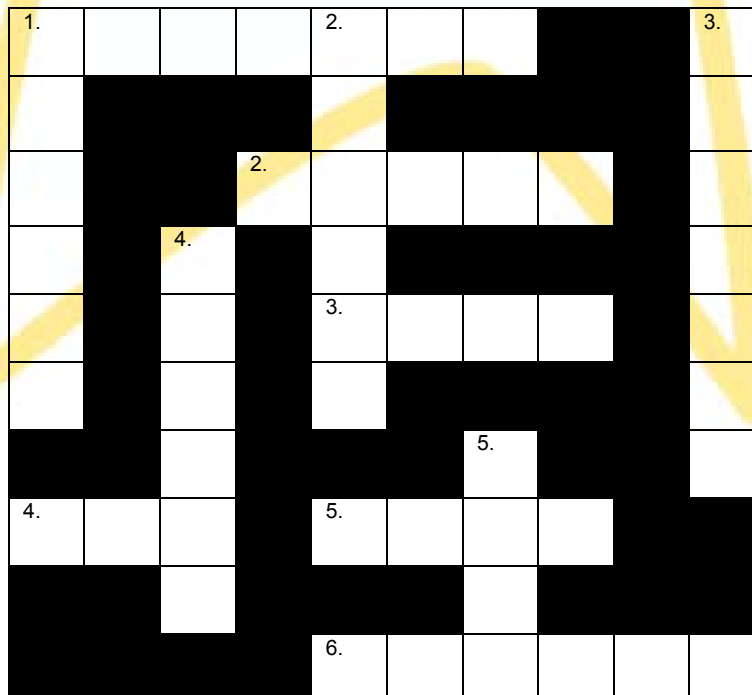
He said slowly. 'From the mouths of babes.'

SPACE SEARCH BY RHYS EVANS

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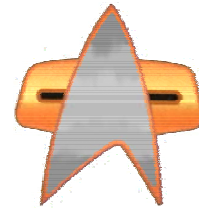
ADMIRAL VARRS QUIZ

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6. C
7. A
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CROSSWORD BY AMBASSADOR KE'RETH



The Profile of **Dalen Varr**



2346: Dalen Rebin is born to Sarl Rebin (Father A Starfleet Engineer and Warp Field specialist) and Bria Rebin (Mother Chief Medical Officer USS. Cairo.) He was born the Trill settlement on Naria Prime. He would later go on to be joined to the Trill Symbiont known as Varr.

2351 - 2354: At five standard years, he attended Primary School in the City of Hoobishan. During this time Dalen's parents are advised to place him in a school for gifted children. They choose a Starfleet run Academy primer school near the Trill homeworlds Capital.

2355 - 2359: From 6 years old, he is taught by Officers of the Starfleet, and joins their Junior Cadet Service during his final year.

2360 - 2363: From the age of thirteen through to eighteen, he works with a number of Private tutors to prepare him to try out for his coveted place at Starfleet Academy.

2364 - 2368: Dalen is accepted into Starfleet Academy and studies here until he graduates four years later. He holds Qualifications in Languages and Engineering. He also becomes an accomplished Shuttle pilot. But still desires the Command of a Starship. His Hobbies are Art, Literature, Philosophy, Mathematics, Archaeology, Computers and the Martial Arts. (Though he claims to be pacifist, with more of an interest in the philosophical side, than the actual fighting.)

2369: He tries out for, and is accepted into the Academy's Command School, and Graduates as a full Lieutenant nine months later, after taking his exams three months early.

2370: While back on Earth, he returns to the Academy to visit friends. He finds himself helping out one of the Academies piloting tutors. It's this tutor that later gives Dalen a field promotion to Lieutenant Commander for saving the lives of three of his Classmates and their instructor. After their training shuttles impulse engines malfunction sending them at full impulse, back into the Earth's atmosphere. (Where they would have burned up.) Dalen managed to use his Engineering knowledge, to overload the Shuttles impulse engines, causing the emergency override system to shut them down. Then taking power from the engines he managed to rig up a power transfer coil to increase power the vessels shields so the shuttle bounced off the upper atmosphere rather than plunging through it. At this time Dalen decides to moves back to Trill, to take up an engineering post, at the Latia Shuttle construction yards. It's while he is here, that he is first approached to train as a host.

2371: After training he is taken to the Medical facility of the Trill Symbiosis Commission where he meets a dying woman by the name of Tamna Varr. The Varr symbiont was later placed within his body, changing him forever.

2372: He continues to work in the Shuttle construction yards. During this time the Klingon Empire dissolve the Kittomer accords and there is a brief, but bloody war with their former Federations allies. This later proves to be part of a Dominion plan to destroy the Federation/Klingon Alliance.

2373: Cardassia becomes part of the Dominion, and war seems imminent. Dalen Varr receives orders to join the crew of the USS.Tucumseh, under the Command of Captain Raymond, as the Tecumsehs Chief Engineer. He is also promoted to the rank of Commander, after publishing Papers on Warp field Stress, and a second paper on the subject Theoretical Trans phasic Shielding.

2374 - 2375: Commander Varr remains the Tecumsehs Chief Engineer during the war with the Dominion. Late in 2375 Due to the losses suffered by the Starfleet and the need for experienced ship commanders he is later promoted to the rank of Captain by Admiral Ross and is given the command of the newly commissioned USS. Merlin. All of this happened only 3 months before his 30th Birthday, making him one of Starfleets youngest and perhaps oldest Captains.

2376: It's in this position, that Captain Dalen leads Starfleets Akira wing, as part of the 3rd Fleet. His Heroic actions during the Dominion War lead to him being awarded the Christopher Pike medal of Honour. He also receives a field promoted to the rank of Admiral. Becoming one of Starfleets youngest ever serving Admirals, as part of a plan, to rebuild the Starfleet, after the devastating war with the Dominion.

2377: Admiral Dalen Varr's Vessel, the recently commissioned Akira Class, NCC – 63495. USS. Merlin is assigned to replace the Ageing USS. West Point as the Starfleet Academy training Vessel assigned to Starbase 410





News

➤ Steve Coogan is to star in a spoof Star Trek show to be broadcast on BBC2 this Christmas.

Coogan will co-star with fellow comedian Rob Brydon in Celebrity Cruise.

They will play actors in a cult sci-fi show who agree to go on a luxury cruise with a group of fans.

BBC2 controller Jane Root said "They play characters from a '70s/'80s Star Trek-style show.

"The show ended years ago, but they are persuaded to go on a cruise by their fans."

Ananova 27/08/02

➤ Wil Wheaton confirmed on his official web site that his scene has been cut out of the upcoming *Star Trek: Nemesis* movie. Wheaton had shot a scene in which he reprised his *Star Trek: The Next Generation* role of Wesley Crusher.

Wheaton said that *Trek* executive producer Rick Berman personally delivered the bad news to him, saying that the scene was cut as part of 48 minutes of editorial trims to shorten the *Nemesis* rough cut's nearly three-hour running time.

Wheaton was philosophical about the cut scene. "The great thing is, I got to spend two wonderful days being on *Star Trek* again, working with the people I love, wearing the uniform that I missed, and I got to re-connect with you, the cast and the fans," Wheaton said he told Berman. "Nobody can take that away from me."

STARBASE 410 DINNER / DANCE

It's your last chance to buy tickets for the Dinner/Dance on 21st September. Tickets are priced at £20 and are available until 18th September. Tickets are available from myself at any time between now and then. My contact details are on page 2 of this newsletter. See you all at the dance.

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 NOW!