



# STARBASE NEWS

Issue 40 October 2002

[www.starbase410.org](http://www.starbase410.org)

## Editors Corner

Hi everyone,  
Well it's that time of the month again where I sit tied to my computer for days on end putting all your contributions into some kind of order. This month you will notice that both Admiral Varr and Ambassador Ke'reth are AWOL. Would you believe they both came up with the same excuse, their computers have crashed (note: - ask new Chief engineer Steve Woods to look at them). I personally think that they have partaken of a bit too much Blood Wine in the Ambassadors quarters. Apparently he has quite a good vintage stored away somewhere. b'Sel was telling me she knows its there and she will find it eventually and then we can test the vintage ourselves. Enjoy.  
Lt. Colonel  
Madia Amme  
Editor

## In This Issue:

- Clacton Photos
- Dinner/Dance photos
- Endings 26 (by Tom Hudspeth)
- The profile of Lt. Col. Madia Amme

## Nov deadline:

1<sup>st</sup> November 2002  
17:00hrs.

## ADMIRAL'S LOG

### GREETINGS FROM THE HOLODECK

As Anarita is to all intents and purposes, at this time DEAD I thought that I her hologram would write this log. This is in order to try and stop the take-over bid by Captain Leigh Brown and Lt.Col. Madia Amme. Congratulations on your promotion Amme. You certainly deserve it.

Wow, haven't we had two terrific weekends. First of all Clacton Sci-fi Convention. Having been to all of them, I reckon that was the best yet. We took 24 on the coach and David joined us later. It's far better than driving and we weren't tired and hassled when we got there for a change. Of course as most of you know Bill and Toni Blair who attended from the States have agreed to be our club Vice Presidents, and it is an honour to have someone who has been in Star Trek to be associated with the club. Bill is a legal green card carrying alien and Toni is the Sci-fi addict who holds the rank of Captain in Starfleet International. They will be contributing to the newsletter occasionally. Bill very kindly gave me a signed photo of him as a Klingon, as Leigh and I picked them up from the airports and I took them to Norwich on the Saturday. Many thanks to Shannon and Mihyun for giving them hospitality for a couple of nights. Emma will be e-mailing them the newsletter so that they can keep up with us.

SO A VERY WARM WELCOME TO YOU BOTH ON BEHALF OF ALL THE MEMBERS.

Then came our annual dinner and dance. What a night, good food, (next year warm plates and an extra server,) plenty to drink, a nice venue where we could do virtually what we liked, but most importantly excellent company. Thank you each and everyone for helping to make it such a great night. Special thanks to Emma, David, Ruth, Steve and Ali for giving up their free time to help set up the hall.

Thanks to Ke'reth for the chocolates and to you all for the plant, but more importantly for the recognition and the gratitude. I must admit there have been times when I have felt that I am being taken for granted. I have more faith in the club now than I have felt for a long time and I truly believe we can only go from strength to strength.

I would also like to welcome back Jazz Freeman to the club. Older members (and I don't mean in age) will have known her as Marie Rodgers. Jazz's alter ego is Zuveda and she will form an Andorian Embassy. Any more blue people out there?

Don't forget the Halloween party on the 26<sup>th</sup> October. Theme is Heroes and Villains and if you want you can add victims as well. Prizes for best costumes.

As I am dead at the moment this hologram is going off-line for a week to take a break with Admiral Thomas in Cornwall.

Until I see you all again.  
All the best.

Anarita Jat, Vice Admiral, Commanding Officer Starbase 410

## COMMITTEE MEMBERS

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**Honorary President: Barry Morse**  
**Honorary Vice-Presidents: Bill & Toni Blair**

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## FUTURE EVENTS & MISSIONS

Date	Event / Mission	Time Start	Time Finish
Sat 26 <sup>th</sup> Oct	Halloween Party Theme: Heroes & Villains	19:30	00:00
Fri 1 <sup>st</sup> Nov	USS Lutonia Main Event	20:00	23:00
Sun 17 <sup>th</sup> Nov	Club Meeting & Chocoholics Party	14:00	18:00
Fri 6 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Committee Meeting (Anns)	19:00	22:00
Sat 14 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Christmas Party	19:30	00:00
Sat 21 <sup>st</sup> Dec	USS Lutonia Xmas Party	20:00	00:00
Sun 19 <sup>th</sup> Jan	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 8 <sup>th</sup> Feb	40 <sup>th</sup> Birthday Party for John Borda	19:30	00:00
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 (Klingon Cookout)	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
United Nations Day	24 <sup>th</sup> October
Clocks go Back	27 <sup>th</sup> October
Halloween	31 <sup>st</sup> October
Carys Evans	15 <sup>th</sup> November
Selene Barstow-Evans	19 <sup>th</sup> November
Robert Carty	21 <sup>st</sup> November

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.

This has been a busy month for all aboard the Starbase not just those of us within the Bajoran Embassy.

Firstly there was the Clacton convention. 25 of us attended in all, which was a good turnout. The shuttle that took us all remained intact, something I know was a matter for concern after the last time we took a commercial shuttle to Clacton. This year we ran a tombola, this was manned by the senior staff accompanied by one other member of the Starbase crew, it was a bit of a get to know you exercise for some of us. I was assigned with Admiral Jat's new chief Engineer Steve Woods, he seems ok but I am worried about the effect he is having on Lt. Evad, who has started to question my orders and answer back since he has known him. We ran into what can only be nicely described as a man with strange attitudes towards women. Having told me that he was going to look down my top, he then proceeded to tell Ambassador Ke'reth that I had let him do just that when in fact, I was writing down the Generals contact details on Qo'nos for him. It was later revealed that he had previously commented on L'sar's assets and later that same day on b'Sels. I unfortunately am unable to repeat here the response he got from my chief of staff Barella El when he tapped her on the shoulder. Lt. Evad was assigned with K'iHQaS, I have heard little about it from him, but she has decided not to pursue her previous interest in him, something that I am sure he is most relieved about. Somehow Barella managed to avoid assignment.

The following week we had our third Dinner/Dance on Holodeck 3. 19 of us turned out for this and as far as I am aware a good time was had by all. As usual our esteemed first officer ran the disco, we really must tell him to get some new equipment instead of something that jumps back to the beginning of the song if you go too near it.

I felt that the event went well even if the food did go cold very quickly and it seemed to take forever to get any gravy. (Probably why it went cold). Although apparently b'Sel told me they had gravy but no vegetables whereas we had vegetables and no gravy.

I was very pleased with the computer's interpretation of my decoration designs and layout that I spent several days programming in.

Photos of both events are elsewhere in this issue of Starbase News.

In the embassy we are all looking forward to our next Holodeck event, the Heroes, Villains and Victims Halloween party. I have my costume all sorted and am just trying to persuade Evad to join in with fun. I don't anticipate much success.

Well that's all the news this month.

May you walk with the Prophets.

Lt. Colonel Madia Amme.

Bajoran Ambassador.

"Very well," Three told T'Pina. "I will return Starbase 410 to its original position in return for the information. If I find that you have tricked me, I can always start my search again."

T'Pina nodded to Lt. Commander K'SQqwa, who replaced the so-linear chip in the arch. Three faded away almost immediately.

Lt. Laura-Jean Morris asked T'Pina, "Do you think she will do it?"

"You tell me, you programmed her." T'Pina told her. T'Pina sighed heavily. "Yes, I do believe she will do what she has agreed to. You programmed her to be honest and somewhat trusting."

"She is correct, she can just start again, bouncing the station all over the galaxy." K'SQqwa said.

"Unless we...get down to Engineering and disable the inverse polaron bubble system the minute we arrive." T'Pina ordered. "I surmise by its use, that it is integral to the transport system Three uses. Without it, I believe the station would be torn apart in the process."

A much beaten and scraped Yarda approached the escape pods. Somewhere, he had lost his fancy wig and gained a black eye. Behind him, on an anti-gravity cart was as much gold pressed Latinum as he thought he could squeeze into a life pod with him and still make it. He could hear the sounds of someone closing an escape hatch around the corner. Then, he heard it launch. Assuming whoever had been there had left, he rounded the corner to see one of his Orion slave women standing there between him and the last escape pod.

"Ah, my pretty, what are you doing here?" He asked

S'ena turned to see Yarda. "I'm leaving." She said.

Yarda made a show of looking behind S'ena at the escape pod. "And how do you, a dumb slave girl, expect to do that?"

"By climbing into the escape pod, closing the hatch and detonating the ejection charges."

Yarda was taken aback. "No slave girl is smart enough to know that!"

"Then it is a good thing I'm really Lt. Commander S'ena of Starfleet. Now, I assume from the blaring horns, and the way the rats are leaving this sinking ship, that your base is about to explode. If you leave all that Latinum behind, I think we can both squeeze into the pod and escape."

Yarda spread his arms wide. "I can see the logic of the situation. Shall we?"

When S'ena turned to prime the ejection charges, Yarda sprang on her.

Brian Starr sat in the command chair of the U.S.S. Sacagawea, a hundred year old Federation scout ship. He assessed the situation. More and more people were answering the call to take up battle stations. The prisoners seemed to understand that this was a fight for their freedom, and to fail meant their very lives.

The old ship's shields barely withstood the pirate onslaught and the crew couldn't transfer any power to the engines while they stayed under fire. What power they could spare, they used to locate people on the asteroid, turned starship, pirate base. If they could only lower their shields for a minute, they could beam over all of the remaining prisoners and leave.

"Bridge to Engineering, Remora, what can you tell me?" Brian asked.

"Nothing you don't already know. I can only engage the warp drive with power from the shields. If you lower them, the pirates will destroy us. If we stay here, they will penetrate our shields. Either way, we are stuck without water."

"Stuck without water?" Brian asked.

"I lived on a desert world for a while. It's an old saying, similar to up the creek..."

“...without a paddle. I read you. Starr out.” Brian looked at the main viewer. “Come on old bird, help me out here.”

Out in space, the Klingon Bird-of-prey, IKV Dragon Fist, dove between the pirate base and the Sacagawea, using its own battered shields to give the old scout a chance.

“Transfer power to engines! Go to warp one!”

As if a hound released from its leash, the Sacagawea leapt from her orbit and disappeared in a flash of light.

Aboard the Dragon Fist, things were not going so well...

“More power to the shields!” Captain K’iHQaS ordered through the din of battle.

“There is no more power!” The weapons control officer yelled back as the panel beside him exploded. He was thrown across the bridge and landed with a thud. When he didn’t get back up, Anarita Jat assumed his position.

“He was correct!” Anarita reported. “By using ourselves as a shield for the Sacagawea, we became the only target for the pirate weapons. They are tearing us apart!”

“Sensors! Has the Sacagawea moved off yet?”

“Yes, Captain!”

“Helm, get us moving! I want some distance!”

“Helm does not answer, Captain!”

Madia Amme arrived on the deserted Pirate Bridge. Thanking the Prophets, she rushed to the sensor console. She had to find her crewmates. A quick scan with the internal sensors revealed no one but a few Orions still on the base.

Where can they all be? She thought.

Madia activated the external sensors. The space battle was still going on, and the Klingon bird-of-prey was losing! Quickly, she moved to the weapons console, but she found it locked. It would automatically fire on

any ship without the correct Identify Friend or Foe codes. She couldn’t turn the weapons off, but she thought she could change the target.

Madia moved to the station security console. Surprisingly, it was left unlocked.

She deftly changed the IFF codes and moved to the Communications console. On a Klingon frequency, she announced, “Change your IFF codes to match this configuration.” She moved back to the weapons console. If only they did what she asked.

“Captain!” The communications officer yelled. “We are receiving a message from the pirate base!”

“Probably an order for us to surrender.” K’iHQaS said. “That will never happen.”

“Perhaps they wish to surrender to us?” Jat said.

K’iHQaS looked at Jat strangely.

“Well, it can’t hurt to listen to it.” Jat told her.

“Very well, put it on.”

The message played on the bridge speakers. “Change your IFF codes to match this configuration.”

“That sounds like Madia Amme!” Jat said.

“Is there any more?” K’iHQaS asked the communications officer.

“No, just some music, followed by an IFF code.”

The bridge rocked again. Sparks flew from a power circuit overhead.

“A trick?” K’iHQaS asked Jat.

“I don’t see how changing our IFF will assist the pirates. Play the music.”

K’iHQaS nodded to the comm. officer. “Play it for us.”

A low sound came from the speakers. “Da, da, da, dum, de, da, dum, de, da.” Followed by a slightly higher sounding: “Da, da, da, dit, de da, dump de dum.”

“That is Amme, she is singing an old Bajoran love song!”

“Change the codes now!” K’iHQaS ordered.

On the pirate bridge, the Klingon bird-of-prey in the targeting scanners changed from red to green, while one of the pirate ships which hadn't gotten far enough away, changed to red. The pirate base weapons immediately turned on the new foe. It went up like a firework.

The Klingon ship moved away then turned for another attack. Madia jumped to the microphone. "No, I am in control of the bridge! Don't fire!"

But it was too late. As soon as the bird-of-prey fired, the base computer realised it had been tricked, and responded to the new threat. Even though Madia tried, the computer wouldn't fall for the same trick twice.

Madia had to make a decision. She had been unable to locate any of her former crewmates, and the pirate base was on a count down to explode. She had to either abort the countdown to warp core breach, or try to find a way off of the base. Checking the time, she decided that she had done all she could to find her friends. She could only hope they were somewhere else like the sensors reported. With a final look she left the Pirate Bridge, on her way to find a means of escape!

"Sir," Balor reported, "the pirate base just took out one of its own vessels."

"What?" Brian jumped up from his chair. "Verify that!"

Balor looking into his sensors again. "Yes, the base stopped firing at the bird-of-prey and took out one of its own ships."

"Helm, turn the ship around." Brian ordered.

"What!" Balor protested. "We can't go back there! We barely escaped the first time!"

"Bridge to Engineering, Remora, can I take us back into battle?" Brian asked.

"Yes, she has her second wind now," Remora's voice said hesitantly, "but don't expect it to last very long."

"Understood, bridge out." Brian looked at Balor. "This is a Starfleet vessel. Someone on that rock is still on our side. It's my job to get them out."

"But not mine!" Balor reminded him. "Nor any of the other prisoners you have on board."

"You may lodge a formal complaint when we get back to Starbase 410, or leave now in an escape pod. We'll pick you up on the way back, provided we live without your aid."

Buroo stood up from the environmental control station. In a deep voice he announced, "Lou says go back we should. People help there need." He held out the small furry creature for emphasis.

Brian looked back at Balor. "Even Lou wants us to go back. You can't argue with a mutant space hamster."

Balor threw his hands up in frustration, but resumed his post.

"The Station is now returned to its original position." Three reported to the crew in Ops. "Now, please provide the information."

"Allow us to verify our location." T'Pina said.

"Re-establishing sensor web." Three answered.

"Captain," Shepherd told T'Pina. "We are back at our post. Picking up message traffic." She hesitated while she listened. "Captain! There is a battle going on with the pirates."

"Where, Ensign?" T'Pina asked.

"Approximately 200 light years from here, toward the galactic rim. The General reports he is heading there at maximum warp, but doesn't think he'll make it in time." Shepherd looked up. "It is an all ships call, but no one seems to be able to reach the battle."

Three interrupted. "Provide the information."

T'Pina sat down on a nearby chair. She sighed heavily. Her emotional control was slipping. She was tired and sore. Firmly, she forced the pain from her mind. With calm

determination, she submerged her emotions. With a firm grip on her cane, she sat up in her chair and addressed Three.

"Three, the reason you can not find your home is because you no longer have one to find. In the entire universe, there is only one you. Look into yourself and you will see, not the creature who arrived here, but a fully emotional personality."

"I do not understand." Three responded.

"Yes, you do, you just refuse to admit it. You told me the programming you invaded when you first arrived was now inseparable from you. You are not now the creature who first came aboard. I ask you, do you remember when you first left your home world?"

"No, I was too young to remember."

"Do you remember your primary purpose?"

"Yes," Three hesitated, "I was to seek out new life forms and new

civilisations, then return with the information."

"Three, from what I can gather, you were a mindless computer program sent out ages ago by an unknown species. Somewhere along the way, you were intercepted by a space vessel and your program became active. You travelled with the vessel until you found another one, then another and another. I submit that you have been performing your mission ever since. Eventually, you became sentient, and your core being still wished to complete your task. Only you arrived here on Starbase 410 and hid in a holo-program. The longer you hid, the more you interacted with humanoids, learning their emotions. Now you are truly a unique life form. There is no one else like you."

"Three," T'Pina stood up to address the ceiling. "You have but one more step to take to become a complete person."

There was no answer from Three.

## A VERY SHORT ESSAY BY B'SEL SUTAI MAKURA

### PEACE LOVING KLINGONS? COMPARE AND CONTRAST WITH A VEGETARIAN CROCODILE.

Contrary to popular belief, not all Klingons are warriors. Yes, every Klingon is trained in combat from birth, and even non-combatant Klingons are dangerous to cross. This does not make them natural born killers.

Crocodiles on the other hand, are always natural born killers. The idea of them being vegetarian is very unlikely unless there was one with no teeth. In this case its chances of survival would be very slim. It would have no defence against the next hungry crocodile that came along and wished to make a meal of the toothless one.

Klingons are capable of being poets, musicians, artists and scientists. These all have a peaceful purpose in society.

Crocodiles have no other skills than that of an effective killing machine.

Having established how unlikely a vegetarian crocodile is this becomes an unfair comparison.

One comparison however does stand. BEWARE OF SMILING KLINGONS.

## BLONDE JOKES FROM THE BAJORAN EMBASSY

Welcome to a new section in the newsletter, Blonde Jokes from the Bajoran Embassy. As many of you are aware I collect Blonde Jokes, so I thought I would share some of them with you. If you have a good Blonde Joke let me know and I will print it for you. Please try to keep them clean (although you can still tell me the not so clean ones) as we have children reading this.

A blonde brought a 3<sup>rd</sup> Class ticket on flight to Rome. When she got on the plane she decided she would sit in 1<sup>st</sup> Class instead. Despite being asked to move back to 3<sup>rd</sup> Class she refused to move. In desperation the stewardess went to the cockpit and told the pilot, who said he had no idea how to get her to move back to 3<sup>rd</sup> Class. The co-pilot said, "Don't worry. I'll handle this, my wife is blonde, I speak blonde." He got up walked up to the blonde and whispered a few words in her ear. The blonde promptly got up and returned to 3<sup>rd</sup> Class. When asked by the pilot what he said to get her to move the co-pilot replied, "I just told her that 1<sup>st</sup> Class wasn't going all the way to Rome.

Submitted by Rhys Evans.

A woman was having her house redecorated.

She took the decorator into the front room and said, "this room I would like Sky Blue." The decorator replied, "No problem." Then walked outside and called out, "Green side up."

In the next room the woman asked for pale pink, once again the decorator replied, "no problem" and then walked outside and called out, "Green side up."

In the 3<sup>rd</sup> room the woman said she wanted yellow and for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time the decorator replied, "no problem" and then walked outside and called out, "Green side up."

When he returned the woman said to him, "I have told you all the colours I want, but none of them is green. Why do you keep going outside and calling green side up?"

"Don't worry," he replied, "I have 2 blondes outside laying turf."

Submitted by Selene Barstow-Evans.

A blonde is walking down the road with a pig under her arm.

She passes a person who asks, "Where did you get that?"

The pig says, "I won her in a raffle!"

Submitted by Leigh Brown.

Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, a smart blonde and a dumb blonde are walking down the street. They spot a £100 on the ground. Who gets it?

Nobody. The first four don't exist and the dumb blonde thought it was a gum wrapper.

From 101 Blonde Jokes sent in By Robert Lydford.

There was a blonde driving down the road listening to the radio. The DJ was telling blonde joke after blonde joke until the blonde was so annoyed that she turned her radio down. A mile down the road, she heard another blonde joke that made her so mad that she turned her radio off. A mile down the road, she saw another blonde out in a cornfield in a boat rowing. The blonde stopped her car jumped out and yelled, "You bimbo, its blondes like you that give us all a bad name. If I could swim I'd come out there and give you what's coming to you!"

From 101 Blonde Jokes sent in By Robert Lydford.



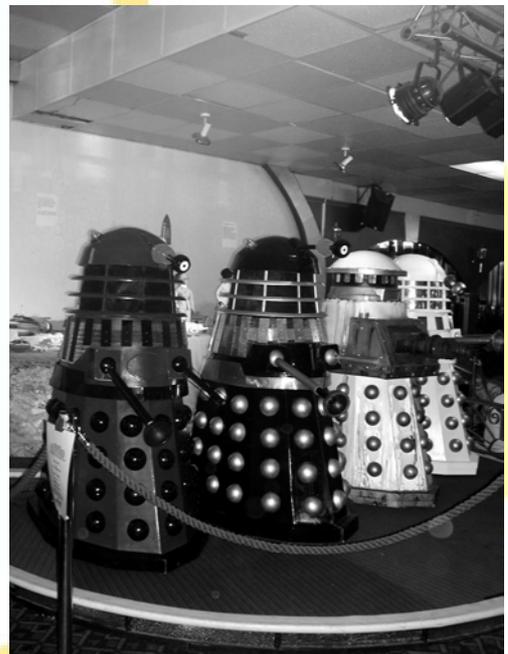
Bill & Toni Blair, our new vice-presidents



Carys made up as a Vampire



Daisy as a fierce Lion



Daleks! At least they're up a step where they can't move



Never ever comment on what a Klingon warrioress keeps down her top!!



They look a little big for those Ships

Welcome to the Starbase 410 personal Ads. Another new section that is just for **fun**.

Betazoid female seeks man whose mind she cannot read.  
Apply SB001

Male Trill seeks female without aversion to slugs.  
Apply SB005

Professional, career minded female Trill requires male for relationship and

Klingon warriorress requires sado-masochist with good bone structure/endurance.  
Apply SB002

Ad of the Month.  
Bajoran female, blonde, from mirror universe, seeks playthings, male or female. Would prefer Terrans but is open to suggestions.  
Apply SB003

Holodeck adventures. Must have GSOH, be attracted to older women and not mind three in the

Bajoran Male seeks like minded female for friendship possibly leading to more.  
Apply SB004

Romulan male seeks female to probe on a regular basis.  
Apply SB006

relationship. Any humanoid species considered. Hell any species considered.  
Apply SB007

Anyone wishing to reply to any of these ads please either: -  
E-mail [madiaamme@koko.com](mailto:madiaamme@koko.com) stating SB number of ad followed by your message or text 07890 575092 again stating SB number of ad followed by your message.

All replies will be printed in next month's newsletter, so please keep it clean (unless you just want to give me a laugh).

If you would like to place an ad of your own next month and think you can do better than those here this month please either e-mail or text as above.

Please also keep in mind at all times – this is meant to be **FUN!!!**  
So try not to take it too seriously.

OCTOBER MEETING AGENDA

- 14:00 Doors Open
- 14:30 Briefing
- 15:00 Treasure Hunt / Video
- 16:00 Refreshments and social time
- 17:00 Quiz (Leigh)
- 17:45 Raffle
- 18:00 Close





## The Profile of **Madia Amme**



Madia Amme was born to Madia Lanod and his wife Namar in the Terran year 2349 in the Bajoran farming district known as Dahkur Province. She was their first-born and was followed by a sister Onna. The first three years of her life were fairly uneventful as she spent them on her parent's farm, where they eked out a meagre existence.

In 2352, the Cardassian occupiers of Bajor seized Madia Lanod's farm and took him and his family to the ore processing plant on Terok Nor. Here, he and his wife worked in various capacities for the Cardassians.

By 2354 Amme, now aged five, had found 'gainful' employment, running errands for the station's Ferengi bar owner, Quark. This early experience of the Ferengi was to later influence Madia Amme's life.

An accident in the ore processing centre in 2359 left Amme and her sister orphans. The accident was caused by an electrical discharge, which ignited a pile of raw uridium and caused an explosion in which 27 Bajoran workers (including Lanod and Namar) were killed along with 3 Cardassian guards. This was the one event that changed Madia Amme's life forever. As there was no place on the station for orphans, she and Onna were sent to an orphanage on Bajor by Gul Dukat. For first depriving her of her parents, by allowing the negligence that caused the explosion that killed them, and then taking her away from the only other thing she cared about, her job at Quarks. Gul Dukat earned Madia Amme's undying hatred.

The shuttle carrying the orphans to Bajor never completed its journey, as the resistance shot it down. After their Cardassian guards were killed, the children were rescued by the resistance, from a life of almost certain servitude to the Cardassians. This gave them a chance to reclaim their lives; their home and gain revenge for the death of their parents at the hands of the Cardassians.

The resistance cell responsible for the attack on the shuttle, was the renowned Shakaar resistance cell, which was led by, the now First Minister of Bajor, Shakaar and included the Bajoran Liaison officer to Deep Space, Major Kira Nerys. Madia remained with the resistance until the Cardassian withdrawal from Bajor in 2369 when she was 20 years old.

Following the Cardassian withdrawal, the forming of the Provisional Government and the arrival of the Federation to oversee Terok Nor, now renamed Deep Space Nine, certain trusted Bajorans were sent to other planets to learn about their economic structure, in the hope that some of the information gained could be used to help bring financial stability to Bajor. Therefore, owing to her early life experience and her, now renewed, friendship with a certain Ferengi bartender, Madia Amme (now promoted to the rank of Major in the Bajoran Militia) spent 6 months of her life, in 2370, on the

Ferengi homeworld of Ferenginar. Here she learned the Rules of Acquisition, which in itself is unusual, as Ferengi women are forbidden to quote from the rules, as they are considered second class citizens and are not even permitted to wear clothing. Her sister, Onna, accompanied her to Ferenginar and embraced the Rules of Acquisition with enthusiasm; Onna is currently selling timeshare apartments on the pleasure planet Risa.

In 2375, Madia Amme now aged 26 is permanently assigned to Starbase 410 as Bajoran Ambassador. Madia has gained respect from the Provisional Government and the Vedek Assembly. She is a trusted Ambassador, Negotiator and Secret Agent. She was regularly sent on missions into Dominion controlled space, in an attempt to rid Bajor and Deep Space Nine of its Dominion & Cardassian "visitor" during their brief occupation, prior to the station being retaken by the Federation.

Madia has a very strong spiritual side and was very close to Kai Winn, having given her her full support following the loss of Kai Opaca and the death of Opacas' favoured successor Vedek Bareil. Some found Winn's hard line approach a little daunting but Madia believed her steady and strong in her service to the Prophets. Madia found this commitment comforting. Although she found herself in conflict with her religion by fighting the Dominion presence on Bajor as the Treaty was signed at the recommendation of the Emissary, Benjamin Sisko. It was due to the support of Kai Winn, that Madia is an Ambassador, with a lot of leeway. During the Dominion occupation of Bajor, the Major formed an alliance with the Klingon Ambassador to Starbase 410, which resulted in the delivery of some Klingon Warbirds to the new Bajoran resistance, along with skeleton Klingon crews to train the Bajoran resistance fighters in their use. This is something to be kept from the Federation staff on the Starbase, as they have a strict policy of non-interference called the Prime-Directive. The Klingon High Command have no such policy. These ships will now aid Bajor against any return threat from the Dominion and Cardassia.

Due to her strong belief in the prophets and Kai Winn, Madia's faith was strongly shaken by Winn's defection to the Pa wraiths. It is the support she receives from the friend's she has made on Starbase 410 and her loyal staff that enabled her to weather her crisis of faith. Her spiritual side is now as strong as it ever was.

Madia is known on Starbase 410 for her outspokenness and basic lack of diplomacy. These things are always getting her into trouble with the station Admiral, Anarita Jat (a Trill). One such instance is her remark about the subjugation of Ferengi women to her Klingon friend K'iHQaS, which K'iHQaS repeated to the Grand Nagus, almost causing a diplomatic incident between Ferenginar and Bajor. Only due to the swift intervention of the Admiral was this prevented. Her outspokenness on this subject during her stay on Ferenginar may (or may not) have some bearing on the fact that the Ferengi Ambassadors chief of staff is a clothed Ferengi female.

Now in 2378 and recently promoted to Lt. Colonel for her efforts on behalf of Bajor during the Dominion war, Madia is a mainstay of the Command team aboard Starbase 410 and is currently filling in as First Officer to Captain Leigh Brown, following the death of Admiral Anarita Jat.

RamQul was a Cardassian/Klingon Alliance Stronghold. It spun slowly on its axis, its many turrets reflecting the fire from the beautiful ramQul nebula that gave it its name. In charge of the station was the Intendant Madia Amme. Blonde beautiful and pure evil, hers was a profitable station and she worked hard to keep it that way, or rather her overseers and slaves worked hard while she amused herself with her personal slaves. They were two Terrans David and Ellie who lived in luxury and in fear of their lives should some small action upset the Intendant.

She was aided in both the work and enjoyment by Barella El known as her Insisstant. Both women were Bajorans and ruled the station with a rod of iron. She had at her beck and call others to help maintain control. Kane her personal bodyguard and assassin, a soulless empty killing machine, he had killed his wife and daughter because Madia had told him to. She had had an implant put into his brain as a punishment, completely taking away his free will. It was felt that he was totally mad and only the implant controlled him. There were two other Klingons in positions of authority, b'Sel, a doctor who loved to experiment on slaves, especially if they were still conscious, and K'iHQaS who maintained security. Both of these Klingon women were also highly trained warriors. Madia liked to surround herself with strong women as long as they knew their place. Also on the station was Anarita Jat, a joined Trill who fought the memories of her previous host and her symbiont in order to secretly help the resistance, which was led by her old friend Dalen Varr, another joined Trill who had a price on his head.

Deep within the station Anarita Jat tossed and turned in the small metal box that was her home. The Cardassians and Klingons were not known for the comfort of their furnishings. Anarita was dreaming or rather her thoughts were being controlled by the symbiont Jat and they were not good thoughts for Anarita. The Jat symbiont was loyal to the Alliance and its previous hosts had worked for the Alliance in many capacities. Anarita Tehamus, a member of the Resistance had been captured by the Intendant's troops during a raid on her group. They had been betrayed by the very symbiont she now carried inside her. She would never forget that day when she realised that the man she had taken as a lover had betrayed her and her friends, leading the Alliance forces to the heart of their base. Still she had had her revenge and had taken him out with a blast from a captured Klingon phaser rifle. Unfortunately the blast did not kill the symbiont and she supposed it was poetic justice that as an unjoined Trill she had been forced to become the next host. Butcher b'Sel the doctor had not realised that all Trills had a pouch for the symbiont to enter their body until after she had slashed her open, on the orders of the Intendant, who had been quite fond of Anturan Jat. The good thing was that at the moment the Intendant did not trust her enough to send her out to the rebel camps, so she did not find herself in the position of betraying her friends. Jat was still too strong for her yet; she had eight lifetimes of memories to contend with including those of a man who knew her intimately. Anarita Tehamus occasionally broke through and managed small acts of rebellion, for example defacing station posters, before Jat took control again. Then she found herself confessing to the

Intendant and being punished for it, not enough to hurt the symbiont but enough to make Anarita suffer. Sometimes it was mental torture as she was forced to watch a slave cruelly beaten and killed for something she had done. Other times she had been turned over to Kane for punishment. He was an expert at inflicting the most pain with the least damage.

Anarita sat up with a start, woken by a heart-rending scream that still echoed in the corridors outside. She sat still for a while fighting the impulse to go out into the corridor and find out the cause of such anguish. She would bet that from experience that Kane had something to do with it. Eventually the Jat part of her won and she went out into the corridor. As she emerged Madia and Kane were coming toward her.

"Aah Anarita my dear" purred Madia, "no don't run away I want to talk to you. You know I still haven't forgiven you for killing my beloved Anturan." She caressed Anarita's face with a gloved hand. "He was a good lover you know, but then you do know don't you? Perhaps I should have you take his place." The Jat symbiont inside screamed yes but Anarita shuddered, the thought of intimate relations with this woman was more than she could bear.

"Perhaps not" said Madia "you'd probably try to stick a knife in me. I've a better idea, come along with me I have someone I want you to meet." She turned and strode off down the corridor-leaving Kane to grasp Anarita's arm in his huge hand and pull her down the corridor. She winced as his fingers dug into her flesh and was glad when they stopped beside Madia outside an iron door.

The door swung open and Kane pushed her inside. Anarita stood still her mouth open with shock. There sat on a bench cradling a very swollen and bruised wrist and arm was ...herself.

Sat beside her was ...the Intendant? No it couldn't be. Anarita looked at the Intendant with confusion on her face.

"Allow me to present Admiral Anarita Jat and her Bajoran Ambassador Major Madia Amme, they are from an alternative universe and they are going to help me stay alive. Kane has just been giving our dear Major here a small demonstration of what will happen to her beloved Admiral if she lets me down. Ladies meet our Anarita Jat. She gets a bit reluctant sometimes to work for me but Kane shows her the error of her ways doesn't he?"

Anarita nodded, her mind still in a whirl after meeting herself, "and an Admiral too" she thought to herself.

Just beyond the nebula was a small planet with three moons. The planet was not well known and simply referred to as AL3 and its moons were a, b, and c. It was known as AL3 because it housed the third largest training camp for the Alliance forces. Moon b was also the headquarters of the rebel freedom fighters, although the Alliance hadn't quite figured that out yet. It was from here that Dalen Varr ran his Freedom Radio Station, although, because they piggy backed signals on Alliance sub space relays the Alliance didn't realise they were that close. The man responsible for this feat of electronic engineering was John Borda a Terran known simply to his friends as JB. Both JB and Dalen Varr had been close friends of Anarita Tehamus and thought her dead after that disastrous raid by the Alliance forces led by Kane. They had seen her dragged off after killing the traitor Anturan Jat and thought that the Intendant would have her killed slowly in revenge. They never thought that instead she was forced to carry the traitor inside her and give it life. They plotted to free the slaves from the processing department deep in the bowels of the station and if they could blow up the station and kill the

Intendant and her henchmen so much the better.

In the hellhole that was ore processing Leigh Brown stood up straight and stretched his aching back. Moisture glistened on his dusty body as sweat made rivulets through the dirt and dust. His tunic had long gone in ragged tatters and muscles showed through bare skin. Although once fit and rugged, hard work and poor food were beginning to take their toll. Beside him were two friends of his. Brian Starr and the half Orion girl S'ena. They too were beginning to show the ravages of captivity and hard work. As Leigh stretched and turned to say something to Brian he felt a searing pain on his back. Above him on a ledge, holding a long whip stood a Cardassian overseer.

"Get back to work Earther pig" he growled and raised the whip once more. Leigh hastily bent back to his task. He'd felt the bite of the lash all too often and his back was criss-crossed with scars to prove it.

"One day " he muttered to Brian, "One day and he'll be sorry."

"Yeah " replied Brian "you and me both. That one has a lot to pay for." They both looked at S'ena who was nervously watching the overseer. With her green skin and long hair she was beautiful despite the dirt and dust, and they wondered just how long they could keep her away from the giant Cardassian. They could smell the fear on her. Orions have very strong pheromones and the Cardassian had

been tricked once when he had tried to take her away for the night and she had pretended to be ill. They knew he had his eye on her and they would protect her as long as they could, with their lives if need be.

Anarita lay on her bunk hands pressed to her throbbing head. Her mind was being assailed by eight lifetimes of memories, deliberately trying to weaken her independence. It was as if the Jat symbiont was co-ordinating a full assault on her senses and as yet she was not strong enough to rebuff it. Her spots stood out clearly against the pallor of her skin, glistening as the sweat poured down her face. She had tried to sleep but the voices in her head would not let her. She felt as if she were losing control, which of course was what Jat and the Intendant wanted. Deep within her mind a small voice said,

"I won't give in I won't give in." She wondered if she went to sickbay would b'Sel give her something or would she be happier to see her suffer? Knowing b'Sel probably the latter. Anyway did she really want to show any sign of weakness? As she lay there she let her mind begin to drift.

"Go with it, it won't hurt for now and I can regain control later. For now just sleep," she thought to herself. Her eyes fluttered closed as the voices became still and she fell into a deep sleep.

Part two next month.

DINNER/DANCE PHOTOS







## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

I KNOW THAT SOME OF YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE THIS BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT IT HAPPENED AND IN FRONT OF WITNESSES.

ON TUESDAY 15<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER AT APPROXIMATELY 9:30PM SELENE BARSTOW-EVANS ACTUALLY SHARED **CHOCOLATE** WITH **FOUR** OTHER PEOPLE. THOSE PEOPLE WERE MYSELF, ELLIE, LUCY AND ANN. THIS EVENT WAS WITNESSED BY SHIRLEY (MY MOTHERIN LAW) AND MARGARET (A FRIEND OF SELENES).

WE ALL FELT THAT THIS SPECIAL EVENT WAS WORTH SHARING AS IT HAPPENS ABOUT AS OFTEN AS PLANETARY ALIGNMENT!

Emma Hindle



## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT 2

I would like to forewarn you all that at the next meeting (November) we will be hosting a Chocolates For Chocoholics Party. This will be at 15:00 after the briefing and before the refreshments.

Catalogues are available either from Ann or from the Ops desk this month for your perusal. If you wish to take one to circulate and obtain orders please see Ann. Also all chocolate must be paid for when ordered.

Many Thanks  
Emma

## News

### ➤ Combs Not Blue About *Trek*

Jeffrey Combs—the long-time *Star Trek* guest star most recently known for playing Shran in UPN's *Enterprise*—thinks his blue-skinned Andorian character may reappear in the upcoming second season. "The only thing that I know is that they've said some nice things in different interviews that they've done for different magazines and stuff and intimated that the Andorians will certainly be back, and, of course, they were founding members in the Federation and all that," Combs said.

He added, "But as far as anything at this point solid and clear and definite, no. Just maybe a kind of a general feeling of likelihood." Combs, who played Shran in the episodes "The Andorian Incident" and "Shadows of P'Jem," said he'd jump at the chance to reprise the role. "I would love to do it, are you kidding? *Star Trek* is the gift that keeps on giving. I love doing *Star Trek*. It's really a great world, great camaraderie, and I just ... would jump every time they would want me to come back."

Combs also played the Ferengi named Krem in the *Enterprise* episode "Acquisition." Combs will also appear as a corrupt detective in the upcoming supernatural horror film *FearDotCom*, which opens Aug. 30.

## HALLOWEEN PARTY

Well everyone its Halloween again.

The party this year will be held at Kentford Village Hall on Sat 26<sup>th</sup> Oct. 7:30pm – midnight.

The theme is Heroes, Villains and Victims. So if you don't have your costume sorted you'd better get a move on.

The Disco will as always be DJ'ed by our very Captain Leigh Brown. Any music requests to him before the event.

Food lists will be circulated at the October meeting so make sure that you let us know what you are going to bring.

Please remember that a lack of food donation will result in a forfeit, and just to make sure you we are serious, the Intendant is already working out suitable forfeits for each crewmember. So if you don't want to find out what that Evil B\*\*\*h has in store for you bring a plate of food!

Alcohol will be on a bring your own basis.

And now on totally unrelated subject:-

Gifts for this year's Xmas party will be done as a secret Santa. This means that instead of everyone, who wishes to participate bringing a unisex gift, everyone's name will be put into a hat. All those taking part will then pull a name from the hat and buy a present for that person.

Needless to say if you pull your own name you put it back and go again.

The gift value must be no more than £5 and you must keep the name you get a secret until gift time at the Xmas party, when gifts will be given out in alphabetical order.

As in previous years the club will buy gifts for the children.