



STARBASE NEWS

Issue 41 November 2002

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Editors Corner

Hi everyone,
Well you may notice that we are a bit thin on the ground this month.

This is due to a serious lack of contribution from you our members. Also to people missing deadlines. If I do not receive your contributions by the deadline printed at the bottom of this page your contribution will not be included in the newsletter.

I would also like to tell you that you are incredibly lucky to be getting a newsletter this month at all as apart from our regular story from Tom and our Admirals log the only contribution I have received are some jokes from Rubi & Jen. So thanks to those two. In future lack of additional contributions will equal no newsletter!
Colonel Madia Amme
Editor

In This Issue:

- ramQul Rebellion Part 2
- 2003 dates
- Endings 27 (by Tom Hudspeth)
- The profile of b'Sel Sutai Makura

Nov deadline:

6th December 2002
17:00hrs.

ADMIRAL'S LOG

Greetings to you all.

Once again a good month. I hope you all enjoyed the meeting last month, especially the treasure hunt. It was nice to see so many of you there. Welcome to Chewie who is a new member although he did join us for Clacton and the dinner and dance. Another new member is Jen who is a friend of Rubis. Rubi has upgraded her postal membership to full member.

Our Halloween Party was a great success. Many assorted characters turned up at Kentford. I enjoyed it although I wasn't feeling too good. Many thanks to David, Robert, Rubi and Jen who came early to help set up and decorate the hall. Also to Lisa and James who did their bit. Thanks to all who helped clean up. It's so much easier when everybody helps.

As a club we need to pull together and help each other. Jobs only become a chore when it's left to a few.

I'm looking forward to the Christmas party when we will be having a Karaoke for a change.

All the best

Vice-Admiral Anarita Jat,
Commanding Officer Starbase 410

PROMOTIONS

Quek (Shannon Choi) to Ferengi rank of **Pilch**

Madia Amme (Emma Hindle) to Bajoran rank of **Colonel**

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

<p>Commanding Officer Admiral Anarita Jat Ann Thomas 7, Highwood Crescent, Gazeley, Newmarket, Suffolk. CB8 8RU Tel: 01638 750853 E- Mail: Anaritajat@yahoo.co.uk</p>	<p>Secretary/Treasurer and Bajoran Ambassador Major Madia Amme Emma Hindle 296, Clapgate Lane Ipswich, Suffolk. IP3 0RP Tel: 01473 413786 E- Mail: emmahindle@vizzavi.net</p>	<p>First Officer/ USS Rage Captain Leigh Brown Ketton Hall, Kings Hill, Kedington, Suffolk, CB9 7NA Tel: 01440 761004 E- Mail: The.Brownies@btinternet.com</p>
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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
Fri 6 th Dec	Committee Meeting (Anns)	19:00	22:00
Sat 14 th Dec	Christmas Party	19:30	00:00
Sat 21 st Dec	USS Lutonia Xmas Party	20:00	00:00
Sun 19 th Jan	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 8 th Feb	40 th Birthday Party for John Borda	19:30	00:00
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 (Klingon Cookout)	14:00	18:00
Sun 20 th July	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00
Sat 13 th Sept	Dinner/Dance 2003	19:30	00:00
Sun 21 st Sept	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00

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BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS

Birthday / Celebration	Date
Remembrance Sunday	10 th November
Carys Evans	15 th November
Selene Barstow-Evans	19 th November
Robert Carty	21 st November
St. Andrews Day	30 th November
Shortest Day	22 nd December

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.

Madia Amme was desperate to find a way off the pirate asteroid she herself had programmed to self-destruct. She kept moving toward the outer hull of the massive starbase in the hopes that she would find a Starfighter bay. Luck was only partially with her. When she finally ran into a hanger deck, she found it empty.

"Frak!" She cursed. "Without a ship, I'll never get off this rocket sled!"

Quickly, she glanced around, espying a maintenance locker room door. Madia ran over and cycled it open. Inside the room hung old space suits, ripped to shreds by the pirates to keep the prisoners from using them to escape. A shudder ran through the base. A roll of space tape tumbled off a shelf.

Thinking that at any minute the pirate base would blow itself up, she tore through the remains of the spacesuits, sealing any parts that looked mostly whole with the tape. She put her makeshift spacesuit on and sealed it up tight. Madia then fastened the roll of tape to her waist, incase she missed a spot. Grabbing extra oxygen tanks, she ran back into the hanger bay. She placed herself in front of the force field holding the air in the bay. Hoisting the disrupter she had confiscated from a guard, she fired at the field emitter.

A whoosh of air and Madia found herself spinning out of control in space. As the air dispersed, silence gripped her. Stars spun in front of her as she tumbled. Then she heard a small hissing. Reaching for her belt, she discovered her roll of space tape was missing.

The IKV Dragon Fist shook as another disrupter bolt penetrated the shields. "Report!" Captain KiHQaS shouted over the din of chatter and noise coming from the bridge around her.

"Engines are defiantly off line!" Commodore Jat yelled back. "Shields are at 20 percent and failing!"

The two leaders locked eyes. Unless something happened quickly, they would all die in the next few seconds.

"Something materializing in space behind us!" Screamed the sensor operator.

"Main viewer!" Barked KiHQaS!

Before them, on the main view screen, appeared a large mushroom shaped object. It was a Federation Starbase! They could see the enemy asteroid ship change it's target, and the station started to receive the bulk of the disrupter fire. In all their hoped for dreams of salvation, never had they thought that they would be rescued by the appearance of Starbase 410!

Captain T'Pina sat down in a chair in Ops, still calmly giving orders. "Keep the shields raised. Scan the area for ships and life signs." When Three had informed her of the space battle, T'Pina had asked her to activate the Dimensional transport system again. The table in the middle of Ops began to display a 3 dimensional hologram of the battle. In the center stood the massive starbase, now only three inches tall. Tiny ships and statistics started to float around in mid air, a miniature of the space around the station.

"Taking all incoming fire from the pirate base with ease, Captain." Lt. Laura-Jean Morris said.

"I have located three medium sized ships and several small fighters. The fighters appear to be drifting, except for two which are keeping their distance from the battle. Numerous escape pods are leaving the area quickly." Ens. Laura Shepherd said.

"Transport the occupants of the fighters and escape pods into the station holding areas." T'Pina said. "Status on the other ships?"

"One is the Sacagawea, it is returning to the battle. Another is a Klingon bird-of-prey. It has lost its engines and its shields are now powering back up. The last is a pirate vessel, preparing to go to warp."

"Disable the pirate vessel, Lt. Morris."

"Disabling the pirate vessel, Captain." Morris replied.

The starbase's phasers reached out and kissed the engine section of the pirate ship, rendering it immobile.

"Status on the enemy asteroid base." T'Pina asked.

"There is a warp core breach in progress. I estimate one minute until total destruction." Morris replied.

"Raise the Sacagawea and have her tow the Klingon vessel away from the asteroid. Get a tractor beam on the pirate ship and any escape pods you can still reach, bring them within our shields."

"I found him!" Three interrupted. "I found him!"

"Three, now is not the time to interrupt." Shepherd told her. "We are in the middle of a battle."

"But Jartan is here! On the Sacagawea!"

"That is nice, Three. But that asteroid over there is about to explode, and right now we need to make sure everyone survives. Can you help us do that, please?"

"Sure, scanners indicate there are still 27 life forms aboard the asteroid. Commencing transport now. But the interference is making it impossible to get a lock on them all."

Shepherd turned to T'Pina and said, "We are transporting everyone we can on board the asteroid to the station, ma'am."

"The Sacagawea has attached a tractor beam to the Klingon ship and gone back to warp. It should be safe." Morris reported. "Asteroid core breach imminent!"

Out in the darkness of space, a new star was born and quickly died. Its light flashed and then faded. On a distant planet, near the rim of the

galaxy, several years later, the bright flash was noticed by an alien species. It formed the basis for their religion and was debated for centuries. Was it a sign from god? What had it been if not? Had it happened at all? What was the answer to life, the universe and all?

Closer in time and space, the energies struck the station's shields and were held in check. On board the Sacagawea, the deck shook as they rode the shock wave. On the IKV Dragon Fist, the crew were tossed around like rag dolls in a clothes drier, but they survived. Escape pods, too close to the blast, were disintegrated in an instant. Those far enough away to survive the blast, had their occupants toasted by radiation. Some, further away, were knocked off course, with their controls fried. A few managed to escape, but were lost in the depths of space.

Later, in the Ops briefing room, Commodore Jat said, "What I want to know is how you managed to move the station to the edge of the galaxy! How did you even know we were here?"

"For the last few weeks, the station computer has been the home of an alien life form. It was occupying Lt. Morris and Ens. Shepherd's holospace traffic control program. It was this alien who facilitated the moving of the Starbase."

"You mean Three moved the station?"

"Yes, that is what I said. It picked up your all ship's call..."

"From 200 light years away?"

"And I asked her to move us to you."

"And she can move us back to where we belong?"

Three's voice came over the intercom. "Yes, I am preparing to do so even now."

"I believe, Commodore, that is in our best interests to return the station to its original position as soon as possible. This has not been the only

place Starbase 410 has visited recently.”

Jat raised her eyebrow in question. “Perhaps you should brief me on what you have been doing with my station while I was gone.”

In every place intelligent life inhabits, there is a communal gathering place. On the Enterprise, this is located in Ten Forward. On Deep Space Nine, it is called Quark’s Bar. On Starbase 410, it is called Kentford Hall. It is a quiet little bar, normally with a nice view of the “ram kul”, or Night Fire, nebula, taking up an entire wall. The survivors of the Sacagawea incident, as it was beginning to be called, gathered there to exchange their stories.

“...and the whole time, we didn’t know who or what was causing the station to flit through space.” Laura Shepherd finished.

“Wow, and to imagine, all I had to do was take a few tests.” Jeanette Warren said.

“I hear Major Amme has taken about all the tests she can handle for now.” Saryena Remora said.

“Yes, she has the doctors activating the Emergency Medical Hologram to take care of her. At least he can’t be hurt by flying things.” Warren said.

“But did you hear how she survived?” Shepherd asked. “She reached the fighter flight deck, stole a space suit, and depressurized the entire deck to shove her away from the explosion. She must have known that

it would never get her free of the radiation.”

“But it did get her far enough away from the asteroid for us to pick her up on our sensors at the last second. If Three hadn’t transported her aboard, she would have been atomized.” Morris

“When are we scheduled to return the station to where it belongs?” asked John Borda.

“Within the next few hours, after we finish scanning for....” Morris hesitated.

Everyone looked over towards a figure sitting separate from them, but close enough to hear, if he had been paying attention. Brian Starr sat at a table looking out the window at space, a half finished drink sitting in front of him.

“Do you think there was any way she could have gotten off the pirate base in time?” Warren whispered to Morris.

“Three is doing a comprehensive search of the entire area. If S’ena can be found, she will be. But so many of the escape pods were atomized when the warp core breeched...”

Brian finished his drink and stood up. They all watched as he left the bar, his shoulders slumped as if in defeat.

Watch this space next month, as it’s all change as Tom writes out old characters and writes in all the new additions to Starbase 410

NOVEMBER MEETING AGENDA

14:00	Doors Open
14:30	Briefing
15:00	Chocolate for Chocoholics
16:00	Refreshments (Emma & Leigh) and social time
17:00	Quiz (Ann)
17:45	Raffle
18:00	Close

There is a Blonde, a Brunette and a Redhead who are working for the Bajoran resistance. They go and get captured by the Cardassians.

They are going to be put in front of a firing squad.

The Brunettes the first one to be brought out. She is about to be shot when she comes up with an idea to escape and shouts out "Tornado!" The firing squad turn around to look and she runs for it.

Then out comes the Redhead who saw the Brunettes idea and so she shouts "Earthquake!" Again they all turn around and she makes a run for it.

Lastly it's the Blondes turn to be shot, she also thought she could use the Brunettes idea to escape, so she shouts at the top of her lungs "Fire!" and ends up with about 50 bullets in her brain or what she had for a brain anyway.

Submitted by Jen & Rubi

A blonde and her boyfriend are walking along the beach. Suddenly her boyfriend says, pointing to the ground, "Oh look a dead bird."

The blonde looks up into the sky with a confused look on her face and says "Where?"

Submitted by Jen

There is a blonde, a brunette and a redhead. They are lost in the jungle when they come across a tribe of cannibals. The cannibal chief however is a fair man and gives them a chance for their freedom. He says to them " You will go into the jungle and complete two tasks. The first task is to go into the jungle and to select 10 of the same fruits."

All three go into the jungle. The brunette is the first to return and she has 10 apples. The cannibal chief says "the second task is to put each of those apples up your backside without making any noise!"

The brunette begins – first one and just as she is about to insert the second she gasps in pain.

"Sorry" says the cannibal chief, "but you have failed," and the brunette is lead to the kitchen hut.

Next comes the redhead. She is told the task and reveals that she has 10 small berries. She starts slowly doing as she's been told – one...two...three...4...5...6...7...8...9 and just as she goes to do the 10th one she collapses into a fit of giggles. Again the chief tells the news of failure and the redhead is lead off to the kitchen hut.

"What happened?" asks the brunette, "you were doing so well."

"Well," says the redhead, "I only saw the blonde come back with 10 pineapples!"

Submitted by Rubi & Jen

Hope you enjoyed these.

If you think that you can do better just send them to me.

Emma



The Profile of **b'Sel Sutai Makura**



In the cool autumn of 2341, in the walled settlement of Khemnis, a daughter was born to the clan Makura, her name was b'Sel...

B'Sel is the daughter of K'Dritlh (father) and MaghdeH (mother). As a child she travelled from one settlement to another with her parents before settling in the fortress town of Kahlebs Peak. A scientific settlement where her parents worked at the Makura Armoury as research scientists. The young b'Sel soon became independantly minded and spent her time playing in a small holosuite. It was there that she started to explore the fantasy, myths and legends of many worlds. By the age of seven she had already flown with dragons and ridden unicorns. In 2348 her father took her to a ghøjmoq (a nursemaid) to prepare her for life in the Empire.

Which is where she stayed until 2356. Being high born among the Makura clan assured her that her nentay be held in the great Wolf Hall of the Makuras. After many hours of being mentally and physically tested her proud parents heard the striking of the great bell. The next time she saw her parents she was proudly dressed in the white wolf pelts of a Makura. She had become a warrior. She awoke the next morning surrounded by the weapons she had been given as part of her nentay, the time of toys was over. Her mother had given her a jinaq (a jewelled amulet given to a young woman when she is old enough to take a mate). She was also of the age for compulsory military service. She was lucky a place for her had been found on the planet Ogat at the Imperial Naval academy. The next four years passed quickly. She found her lessons easy at first, but the ever-watchful eye of the Imperial overseer noticed this and she was taken for extra lessons at the newly founded Imperial Diplomatic Corps. She studied other races and was privileged to intelligence briefings and extra-curricular excursions. In her third year she was taken from the Academy and assigned as an assistant governor to the Federation. In the two years that followed she travelled to and from Earth more than 20 times. She was now equally fluent in Terran as she was in her own native tongue.

It wa whilst travelling aboard the IKV 'Iw-qul (Blood-fire) that she first met a warrior by the name of Lt. Krynn Vestai Lojmit, the ships chief weapons officer. Within months of bonding she was with child and had returned to the first city.

From across the unforgiving, endless blackness of space a new threat emerged that would forever change her life. Her bondmate had been promoted and assigned to the IKV veS'etlh (war sword) as Captain Ton'Args Head of Security. A vessel that was fated to meet a dark end, it was destroyed by the Borg after responding to a Federation distress signal at the star Terrans call Wolf-359. |Due to the event happening outside Klingon space, Imperial Intelligence ordered the lengwl Hop (Far- Traveller) a Klingon merchantman class freighter to be pressed into service to carry out the recovery of the War-sword. B'Sel pulled some strings and managed to find work as a recovery operative. The merchantman arrived less than 10 hours after the War-swords destruction.

The shock of seeing her lovers corpse sent her into premature labour. She gave birth to her first child under the tender care of Dr. Qo'Has, the ships surgeon aboard the Far-traveller. She named her first child Rhahl, he was born in the last days of 2367. She quickly returned to her home in the mountains of Qo'nos.

A year later she found herself bonded to a warrior known as Commander Kaven, a marine from the house of TaH'veQ. B'Sel soon gives birth to a second child. A child she names K'regh. Again the hand of fate steps in.

In the summer of the year 2372 Kaven is killed in a warpcore explosion, while serving aboard the Vor'cha class cruiser IKV ra'tal (Night-wing) in a border scuffle with a Cardassian warship. A couple of months after this in 2373, b'Sel gives birth to KharIS. After the birth of her daughter b'Sel undertakes a course of further education on Qo'nos.

2374: - After 2 years of study she graduates with a doctorate in the Political sciences. She later re-enrols in the Imperial Diplomatic Corps.

2375: - b'Sel later takes on the role of Ambassador Ke'reths Chief of Staff and moves to the new Federation Starbase near the Klingon Border. Her office and quarters overlook the ramQul (Night-fire) nebula.

RAMQUL REBELLION BY ANN THOMAS

On AL3b Dalen Varr was holding a planning meeting with John Borda and other members of the resistance. Not for nothing was John known as Mr. Fixit. He was an electronic genius and had rigged an old Federation "duck blind" camouflage to protect the base. It made their camp look as though it were part of the mountains. The advantage was they could see anyone coming, but they could not be seen. JB loved to use holographic technology and planned to use it in an attempt to free the slaves. They had good friends in the bowels of that station, friends who had been there far too long. There was Leigh, Brian and S'ena, John really missed Brian, they were good friends and complemented each other. They worked as a team and seemed to know what the other was thinking. It was down to Johns' genius and Brians' daring that they had rescued Jeanette Warren from Rura Penthe after she had been sent there by the Intendant. Slim and with red hair she had a temper to match her hair, but she never stayed cross for long and never bore grudges. She had been the leader of the resistance, and had held the Intendant at gunpoint before she had been forced to give in when Kane had threatened to shoot all her friends. As Varr and JB were talking Jeanette came in with Christine Aldous, who had recently joined them after the Alliance had killed her family in a raid.

"We've had news," said Jeanette "Anarita is still alive but they gave her the Jat symbiont. She didn't manage to kill the slimy slug after all."

"That could mean she's working for them now then" replied Dalen Varr as a shadow of pain crossed his face. He was very fond of Anarita and she was a good friend.

"From what we heard she's been fighting it and suffered in the meantime." Said Christine. "Apparently she's had a few sessions with Kane and that wouldn't happen if she was working for them, would it? By the way I've heard that the Intendant and Kane have left the station to go to some Alliance Conference." "That's good news," said Dalen "we can put our plan into action. JB have you finished that hologram programme yet?"

"Just about" said JB. It's all ready to install in the Rubber Duck and then we can go and kick some butt

Leigh Brian and S'ena huddled together in the metal cage that was their sleeping quarters. Both men had felt the bite of the overseers whip and S'ena had cleaned those welts that had broken the skin, to the best of her ability. They were talking quietly together, planning an escape from their prison.

"We have to be careful," Leigh said. "I'm sure we have a spy in the camp."

"Yes" replied Brian, "I've been keeping my eyes open and I've narrowed it down to one of two people. It's either the Rigellian Dinadd or the Terran Mark."

"Mmm that's what I thought" said Leigh softly "we need to set a trap so we'll let everyone in on the plan, and then keep an eye on them both and see what happens." They quietly went in opposite directions and in low voices began to let the other prisoners in on their plan. After they had finished they crawled back to their sleeping place and lay down as if they were sleeping. All three were tired because they worked fourteen-hour days in a dusty, over-heated environment with very little water or food. They took it in turns to watch and as Brian struggled to keep his eyes open he saw a figure moving in the shadows of the room. He nudged Leigh awake and they stealthily followed the man ahead of them. He was making his way to the Cardassian Guards outside the cell.

"We have to stop him before he gets to the door," whispered Leigh.

"Right, leave it to me," replied Brian. He began to move more quickly but just as noiselessly as he had before. Leigh followed and as Brian rose up behind the man and put the chains of his manacles around his neck, Leigh put his hand over the man's mouth to stop him from crying out. The Rigellian tried to struggle but Brian gave a quick flick of his wrists and the man went limp. They lowered the lifeless body to the floor.

"Impressive" said Leigh, "I'm glad you're on my side.

"Training" Brian replied with a grin "and practice. Right let's get this body out of sight and we're all set for tomorrow."

At least we know that Kane and Madia have left the station. That will make it a bit easier, the guards get slacker when she's not around." Leigh said as he grabbed Dinadd's legs.

"You two seem to have a history," Brian answered, "or is that getting personal?"

"No it's just that she seems to want to convert me to her way of thinking. She thinks she's irresistible and can't understand why I don't fall at her feet. I think she looks on me as a challenge. I'd rather go to bed with a Denebrian Slime Devil." Brian laughed.

"Well just watch yourself, she might get fed up of playing and change the rules." Leigh gave a grim smile.

"If all goes well tomorrow we'll be out of here before she gets back. Here let's put him in this corner and cover him with these rags. With a bit of luck they won't notice he's gone until it is too late."

Anarita woke refreshed and clear-headed. She had just had the best night's sleep since she had been given the symbiont. Now was the time to find out whether she or Jat was in control. She felt different, as if she was in control, but she also knew how cunning the slug could be.

"Well" she thought to herself, "there's only one way to find out. Here we go and may the best woman win." She set off down the corridor to the Intendants' quarters. When she arrived she found her way barred by guards.

"I wish to see the Intendant," she demanded.

"The Intendant gave orders she was not to be disturbed," replied the guard.

"Oh I think she'll see me, tell her Jat wants to see her. I'll see you don't get in trouble." The guard entered the door and returned in a few seconds.

"She will see you now." He said. Anarita took a deep breath and entered the dragon's lair. Madia was lounging on a daybed with her favourite slaves David and Ellie. David seemed to be enjoying the experience as he fed her chocolate, but Ellie was cowed and pale. The pallor of her face contrasted strongly with her striking long black hair, which was being stroked by the Intendant. Standing behind Madia and massaging her shoulders was her sadistic second in command Barella El.

"Anarita my dear, have you come to join us?" purred Madia with a mocking smile on her face.

"If you would like me too." Replied Anarita in what she hoped was a husky voice. Madia's eyes opened wide in shock, as she had not expected this answer. She

shrugged off Barella El and got to her feet. She took Anaritas face in her velvet-gloved hands.

"Anturan is that really you?" she asked as she looked into Anaritas eyes and planted a kiss on her lips. Anarita struggled to return the kiss, as Anturan would have although inside she felt only revulsion. She gave a small shudder and hoped Madia would think it was from passion.

"Yes Exalted One, I have control."

"Excellent then we have work to do." Madia ran her fingers down the side of Anaritas face, which felt only the softness of the velvet and not the steel fingernails inside.

"You won't let me down now will you?" Anarita forced herself to return the caress, "no my love" she replied.

"Follow me then, I have something I want you to do. It seems that while they think the cat's away the mice want to play."

"Are you sure the plan will work?" Christine asked anxiously, "what happens if it all goes wrong and we get caught?"

"How many more times do I have to tell you, yes I think it will work, I wouldn't be doing it otherwise, Just go and sit back there, Dalen, will you get her off my back or I'll have problems with the controls."

"I'm sorry" sobbed Christine as Jeanette put a comforting arm around her. "It's just that I've seen what they can do. They massacred my village and killed all my family.

"It's all right JB does know what he's doing, it's worked before so it shouldn't be a problem. We just have to give him room to manoeuvre."

"I'm switching on holocloak now," said JB. "We're getting close to the station so expect a challenge." Almost as he spoke the communications array crackled into life.

"Freighter identify yourself"

"This is the Alliance freighter Hercules, we request help, we have been attacked by rebel pirates and our cargo has been stolen. Our captain was killed along with some of the crew. We have two injured people on board and have sustained heavy damage. Some of the crew were rebel sympathisers and have joined the murderous scum." JB looked round at the others and grinned. "Nice touch huh?"

"Freighter Hercules please dock at bay 5." Came the reply after a short time.

"Emergency" replied JB our life support has just given out and we have a serious plasma leak. We are by bay 12 and request permission to land." JB began to cough and gasp for air as he spoke.

"Permission granted we will send a medical team straight away."

"Well troops are we ready to rumble?" he asked as he brought the Rubber Duck to a perfect touchdown. Weapons ready and you know the plan? Dalen I have to leave you and sort out that other matter, but if things go well we will be back to get you all off. Good luck," he patted Dalen on his massive shoulder and hugged the girls.

"Stay safe okay?" he whispered. They loaded up their weapons and cautiously crept down the ramp. As yet there was no one there and they quickly left the bay and found a turbolift.

"Going down ore processing and slaves" quipped Dalen as they began to descend.

"Control I am setting automatic pilot and sending freighter out. Warp core about to blow," said JB as he settled back into the pilot's seat.

Part 3 next month

News

➤ Prince Andrew in romance with Star Trek actress Britain's Prince Andrew is currently courting a Star Trek actress who is also a journalist and lawyer, a newspaper reported on Wednesday.

According to the Wednesday edition of The San Francisco Examiner, the prince was "smitten" with San Franciscan Cynthia Gouw during his recent visit to the city.

Gouw has appeared on the television sci-fi series Star Trek 5: The Final Frontier as the character "Caithlin Dar."

She is also a lawyer, journalist and reporter for "Pacific Time," a local public radio show highlighting Asian-American issues.

Gouw was on vacation and not reachable for comment on Wednesday.

A spokesperson at the radio station told AFP the prince and Gouw were "acquainted" but would not comment further.

15-August-02

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Well everyone its nearly Christmas again.

The party this year will be held at Kentford Village Hall on Sat 14th Dec. 7:30pm – midnight.

This year instead of a concert we will be having Kareoke. So anyone who wants a go please give your names to Ann

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

Food will be provided by the club this year so all you will have to do is pay normal meeting entry fees.

Alcohol will be on a bring your own basis.

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. This will be done at the November meeting

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.

2003 DATES

Here is a full list of next year's event dates for you to put in your diaries. As normal keep your eyes peeled to the regular events section for updates and anything extra.

19/01/03 – Jan meeting

08/02/03 – JB 40th birthday party

16/02/03 – Feb meeting

16/03/03 – Mar meeting

27/04/03 – Apr meeting (4th Sunday due to Easter)

18/05/03 – May meeting

22/06/03 – 4th Birthday BBQ – Klingon cookout (4th Sunday due to Fathers Day)

20/07/03 – Jul meeting

17/08/03 – Aug meeting

13/09/03 – Dinner/Dance

21/09/03 – Sept meeting

04/10/03 – EH 30th birthday party

19/10/03 – Oct meeting

25/10/03 – Halloween Party

16/11/03 – Nov meeting

22/11/03 – SBE 40th birthday party

13/12/03 – Christmas party