



# STARBASE NEWS

Issue 42 December 2002

www.starbase410.org

## Editors Corner

Hi everyone,

Well we have done much better on contributions to this our Xmas edition of the Newsletter.

Unfortunately I have bad news and sincere apologies to those of you who have not yet had a chance to take part in the community story. I am afraid I have had to pull the plug on the idea. This is due to the deadline now having been missed a total of 3 times. You will have noticed we have been without the story for the last 2 issues. This is because someone who begged to be allowed to write a second month has failed to deliver and I feel to keep changing allocated months is unfair. I have however been handed a story that nicely wraps up the Admiral Jat death mystery so I will be printing that over the next couple of months. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did and once again my apologies.

Colonel Madia Amme  
Editor

### In This Issue:

- ramQul Rebellion Part 3
- Chages 28 (by Tom Hudspeth)
- The profile of The Inquisitor

### Jan deadline:

3<sup>rd</sup> January 2003  
17:00hrs.

## ADMIRAL'S LOG

Greetings to you all

Didn't we have a good meeting last month? The Chocoholics party went well and it was good to see so many members turn up. We took about £160 +so a nice little bit of commission for the club. I also thought the atmosphere was very good, it was a most enjoyable meeting. Of course the fact that I feel so much better since my consultant at the hospital took me off some of my tablets. I feel brilliant now, and absolutely amazed that the answer was so simple. I had been thinking all sorts of nasty things were happening to me.

Congratulations to Madia Amme who has been promoted to full colonel. She works extremely hard on your behalf so it is good to see her move forward. I wonder if some of you realise how much hard work goes into getting a meeting up and running. It doesn't just happen by itself.

I am really looking forward to the Christmas party. I feel that now I will be able to take a full part and not have to sit down because I feel ill. So watch out the Admiral is ready to party. There's life in the old girl yet.

A group of us are going to see Lord of the Rings on 23<sup>rd</sup> December and of course NEMESIS is being released in early January so there will be an outing arranged to see that.

For those of you that I won't see, have a great Christmas, a fantastic New Year and may all your dreams come true in 2003.

All the best  
Vice-Admiral Anarita Jat,  
Commanding Officer Starbase 410

## PROMOTIONS

## COMMITTEE MEMBERS

<p>Commanding Officer Admiral Anarita Jat <b>Ann Thomas</b> 7, Highwood Crescent, Gazeley, Newmarket, Suffolk. CB8 8RU Tel: 01638 750853 E- Mail: <a href="mailto:Anaritajat@yahoo.co.uk">Anaritajat@yahoo.co.uk</a></p>	<p>Secretary/Treasurer and Bajoran Ambassador Major Madia Amme <b>Emma Hindle</b> 296, Clapgate Lane Ipswich, Suffolk. IP3 0RP Tel: 01473 413786 E- Mail: <a href="mailto:emmahindle@vizzavi.net">emmahindle@vizzavi.net</a></p>	<p>Webmaster/Romulan Ambassador K'Hellenbeck <b>John Borda</b> 5, Masirah House, Williams Close, Brampton, Cambs. PE28 4SS Tel: 01480 450453 E- Mail: <a href="mailto:jborda@gibnews.net">jborda@gibnews.net</a></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
Sat 21 <sup>st</sup> Dec	USS Lutonia Xmas Party	20:00	00:00
Mon 23 <sup>rd</sup> Dec	Lord of The Rings Trip	09:30	Open
Sat 28 <sup>th</sup> Dec	Party @ Steve's	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
Sat 13 <sup>th</sup> Sept	Dinner/Dance 2003	19:30	00:00
Sun 21 <sup>st</sup> Sept	Club Meeting	14:00	18:00

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**BIRTHDAYS / CELEBRATIONS**

Birthday / Celebration	Date
Shortest Day	22 <sup>nd</sup> December
Christmas Day	25 <sup>th</sup> December
Boxing Day	26 <sup>th</sup> December
Andrew Cornell (Chewy)	30 <sup>th</sup> December
Seaspirit Christie	31 <sup>st</sup> December
New Years Day	1 <sup>st</sup> January
Tom Hudspeth	3 <sup>rd</sup> January
Lucy Spittle	5 <sup>th</sup> January

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.

The section of space known as "The Triangle", where the Federation, Klingon and Romulan star empires all meet, is a place where civilizations and egos clash. It is a contested, and congested, area of space, with commerce vessels and warships roughly equaling each other.

Near the end of the Dominion War with the inhabitants of the Gamma Quadrant, the newly re-forged alliance of the United Federation of Planets and the Klingon Star Empire, decided to build a project to protect both of their interests in the Triangle, and to re-supply their ships in the war against the Dominion.

That project was Starbase 410, a giant "Guardian Class" space station. Located near the "ram qul", or Night Fire, nebula, and integrating the latest in Klingon-Federation technology, it was a totally self-sufficient bastion of peace, and a guardian of civilization in the troublesome "Triangle", where tempers were often short, and trigger fingers even shorter.

Klingon General K'batlh epetai LoDnI' was reading a data pad as he entered his quarters on his Flagship the I.K.V Hekh qaD. While concentrating on the information contained on the pad, he turned and entered his bedroom. He realized his momentary lapse in situational awareness when he was struck in the back by a two handed blow.

K'batlh reeled from the hit, but did not go down, the data pad falling from his hand, forgotten. Instead, he turned toward his attacker. This only meant that instead of a kidney punch, K'batlh took the next hit to his rock hard stomach muscles. The force of the punch lifted him up and flung him across the room to strike the wall. He landed with so much energy, that the breath was knocked out of him and he was momentarily stunned. K'batlh slid down the wall to the floor.

His assailant came towards him. Gathering all his strength, K'batlh pushed up from the floor with his powerful legs and caught his antagonist with a two handed upper cut to the abdomen. This caught his attacker by surprise, and forced her to fly across the room onto the bed. K'batlh jumped across the room to land on top of his foe, grabbing her arms and holding her down with his weight. She struggled and bit him, only increasing his excitement.

His enemy was a Klingon female, who said to him, "You have defeated me. Take me, my General, as you would any prize in battle. I submit myself to you."

After a while, when things had calmed down, K'batlh rolled off of the bed and went to stand by the window. The female, his mate qu'Bang, followed him. She wrapped her arms around him and gazed at his face, lit by the light of the stars. K'batlh continued to stare out the window.

"You think about conquest and glory." She told him. "You think that you will find little of both in this dull area of space near the Federation."

"I have a duty to perform. The Klingon High Council..."

"Can be damned for all you care!"

"Careful woman! I do not like your tone!"

qu'Bang disengaged herself from K'batlh and crossed the room to the food dispenser. Pouring herself a drink, she said, "I know you, K'batlh. You chafe under the command of the Trill Admiral. You seek power for our clan and glory for yourself."

"We have seen battles enough for any warrior while stationed here, and I wield the largest fleet in the Triangle."

"Meanwhile, your enemies on the Council become more powerful. Do you know what they say? That you have become soft, like the Earthers you serve under."

K'batlh strode across the room and slapped her.

Qu'Bang looked up at him and licked the blood from her bleeding lip. "Again?" She asked, "So soon after the first? Perhaps you are not so old and tired as some members of the council think you are."

"Bah! You are unsatisfiable!" K'batlh told her.

Qu'Bang continued, "As is your ambition my lover. You will not stop until you are Chairman of the High Council."

"But if it is as you say my mate, then how can I bring favor to house LoDnI? What can I do to gain recognition here on the outskirts of civilization?"

"You must command. You must take charge. You must make this area of space yours. Only then will you have power in the Council Chambers. Until then, you are a forgotten soldier in a forgotten corner of the galaxy."

"I will consider your proposal."

Brian Starr found himself back on the pirate asteroid turned spaceship. He was running down the corridors looking for something, no, someone. Where was she? He knew he only had seconds before the entire place blew up. He had to find her.

"Brian! In here! Help me!"

Brian went back to one of the countless doors that lined the hallway.

"I'm here S'ena!"

"Oh, Brian, I knew you'd come back to save me!"

Brian searched for a way to open the door. Suddenly, a control panel appeared. Brian frantically pressed the buttons, trying to find the correct combination to make it open. In frustration, he reached for his phaser, and blasted the panel. Surprisingly, this caused the door to open.

Brian charged into the room. S'ena was hanging from chains on the far wall. Her clothing was torn and she was bruised, but she smiled at him in relief. Brian pulled on the chains, but

they were securely fastened to the wall. He once again reached for his phaser, but it was gone.

"Looking for this, hero?" Said an evil voice from the door.

"Yarda!" S'ena shouted.

Brian turned to find a strange red skinned Orion standing in the door, leveling his phaser at them.

"Well, my dear, I guess you're not really an Orion slave girl, so I have no more use for you." Yarda said. He aimed the phaser at S'ena and fired. S'ena disintegrated atom by atom, the energy racing across her body in arcs. "Nooooo!" She said as she disappeared.

"You madman!" Brian yelled as he sprang towards Yarda. Time seemed to slow as Yarda repointed the phaser toward Brian and pulled the trigger. Brian could feel the burning sensation as he fell to the floor, his body being torn by un-natural energies. Fire screamed in his veins as it ate him, body and soul.

"S'ena!" Brian shouted as he sat up in bed. He took a deep breath and realized he had been sleeping. He was covered in sweat.

Brian got up and staggered to the replicator. "Water, cool." He told the machine.

It took Brian a few minutes to change his bedding and take a sonic shower. Afterwards, he felt better. Not refreshed, but certainly not sleepy either. Well, might as well get some work done, he thought. Still, the sight of S'ena flashing out of existence would not leave him alone.

Vice Admiral Anarita Jat whistled as she made her way to her Executive Officer's Office. Yes, Vice Admiral does sound nice, she thought, even if Admiral Thomas had rather stripped her down to crewman first class for the loss of the *Dark Star*. The ultra secret spy ship had failed on it's first mission by being struck by a phaser bolt while unshielded. Anarita had been forced to leave the helpless wreck lost in space while she tried to

find another ship with just a thruster suit. Since the ship was secret, she couldn't officially be blamed for her loss, now could she? Admiral Thomas had instead been forced by Starfleet Command to promote Anarita Jat to Admiral for successfully ending the pirate threat to the triangle. Ah, Anarita thought, the fortunes of war.

Admiral Jat reached the door to Captain T'Pina's office. Her going to her Exec's office for their customary morning briefing wasn't unusual, since T'Pina had been injured during the battle of Wolf 359. T'Pina was an excellent Executive Officer doing a tough job on Starbase 410, and Anarita was inclined to make indulgences for her disabilities. She chimed for entrance. Then she waited. And waited.

Anarita tapped her comm. badge, "Computer, location Captain T'Pina."

The calm female voice replied, "Captain T'Pina is in her office, Level 7, section 24."

Anarita chimed again, nothing. She typed her override code into the door panel. The door obediently opened to reveal T'Pina sprawled out behind her desk on the floor.

"Jat to Medical" Anarita said as she rushed to her old friend. "Emergency transport to sickbay from this location."

Meanwhile, in transporter room 3, Lieutenant Commander Saryena Remora gave Commander Jeanette Warren a hug.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Jeanette asked her.

"Yes, it is just too exciting for me around here. I have to go and take some time off. Besides, archeology can be exciting too."

"Oh, sure," Newly commissioned Lt. Ellie Barstow said from behind the transporter console. "It's real exciting digging up to your arm pits in mud for some ancient alien's bones and left over parts."

"Well, I hope someone digs me up in a thousand years and remembers who I was. We all have to die sometime, and if we can provide a little knowledge to our descendants, then I'm happy to help." Ensign Laura Shepherd said.

"Speak for yourself," Cdr. John Borda chimed in. "I plan to live forever. Maybe I'll be the one to dig you up!"

"Heaven forbid." Lt. Laura-Jean Morris replied.

"Well, maybe I'll be back." Saryena told them.

"We'll be looking forward to it." Jeanette told her warmly.

Saryena mounted the transporter and nodded to Ellie. Ellie worked the controls and Saryena disappeared in a sparkle of lights.

"Next!" Ellie announced.

"Well, at least I know we'll be coming back." Shepherd said.

"Yes, the Daystrom Institute just wants to confer with us about Three." Morris added. "We should only be gone for a short time. Maybe we can get some holiday while we are away."

"Yes, please leave the station in one place for us. We'd hate to come back and not find you all."

"No problem there," Warren said. "Three has promised not to move the station any more."

"Hurry back." John added.

The two Laura's stepped up to the transporter platform and Ellie dematerialized them. As everyone moved to leave, the console beeped.

"An incoming transport." Ellie said.

"Well," John replied, "Let's see who it is."

On the platform, a tall figure condensed into shape. A humanoid man with trails of spots on either side of his face materialized. The first thing they noticed was that it was an Admiral. Coming to attention, they all suddenly felt ill. They recognized who it was, Admiral Dalen Varr.

Admiral Varr stepped down from the transporter, an imposing figure at

any time. His stern look hadn't changed as he evaluated the crew before him. Now seasoned Starfleet veterans, each felt like they had back when they had last been subject to Varr's attention, back in Starfleet Academy when they had been cadets.

"Permission to come aboard." Varr announced rather than asking.

"Ah, granted." Jeanette replied hesitantly.

"May I assume you are the highest ranking person present?" Varr asked.

Jeanette looked around as if she just walked in. Turning back to Admiral Varr, she said, "Yes, Sir."

"Good, then you will show me where to find Admiral Jat." Varr said as he headed for the door.

"Yes, Sir." Jeanette hurried to catch up to him.

As soon as they left the room, John said, "Oh, my god!"

"What?" Ellie asked completely confused by her friends reactions.

"Oh, that's right, you didn't go through the usual Starfleet Academy, you studied here on Starbase 410." John said. "Admiral Varr instructed most of us in San Francisco, or more factually, scared most of us. He expected us to follow regulations to the strictest interpretation of the letter. Any cadet who broke even the smallest of rules was put through the wringer. We all wanted to graduate just so we could get away from him." John looked at the door. "And now he's here."

On the newly recovered and refitted *Orange Blossom*, civilian merchant Captain Jartan looked at his passengers, his blue Bolian skin mixing with the green light given off from his command console. Saryena Remora nodded in his direction.

"We are ready as we will ever be." He told her.

"How are the others?" Saryena asked.

"Balor of Tanis IV is in his cabin asleep and that monster Buroo with his space rat..."

"Lou is a hamster." Saryena interrupted.

"Well, whatever it is, they are both down in my engine room mucking things up!"

"He is a fast learner, I'm sure he won't touch anything important."

"So you think. Well, I've got permission to leave from Three."

"And no one knows where we are going?"

"Three does, but I made her promise to keep it secret. I love her even if she is a hologram, but it sure is hard to keep secrets from her." Jartan admitted. "But she'll be keeping tabs on us, and if we get in trouble, she will send a rescue. As far as the rest of the universe goes, I am taking you to your new assignment on some backwater world."

"I guess it can't be helped." Saryena said. "Ok, a journey soon started is sooner ended. Let's go."

Greetings once again from the Bajoran Embassy aboard Starbase 410.

Well traditionally amongst Terrans I am told that this time of the year is a time for reflection and looking back over the previous year. Closely followed by a good knees up to celebrate a Terran festival called Christmas and another one a week later to see out the old year and welcome in the new.

Therefore following on in this tradition I have reflected back on events within the Bajoran Embassy and on the Starbase in general. This year has seen the departure of several members of the crew and the welcome addition of even more. At the start of the year as you will all remember The General returned to Qonos to mourn the death of his beloved Qu'bang and my chief of staff Lenara Pecora gained promotion and returned to Bajor for reassignment and I was joined by Barella El. Whilst Captain Leigh Brown of the USS Rage became our new 1<sup>st</sup> Officer.

Soon after that Starbase 410 received a new Chief of security in Lt. Christine Aldous. Unfortunately I was not on the Starbase when she came aboard as I had returned to Bajor for an operation aboard Deep Space Nine.

Things went along quietly then for a time (if you don't count the madness that was filming the Starbase video, which has never seen the light of day, in March) as we prepared for our summer events. We kicked off in May with an exhibition in Newmarket library, which was followed by an open day at the end of June. In between those we had our 3<sup>rd</sup> birthday celebration BBQ and we were joined at this by l'Sar (Lisa) and The Inquisitor (James).

In July we ran a carboot sale where myself and b'Sel picked up a rather nice gentleman by the name of Steven Woods, during this time I was also contacted by a lady called Ruth Bygrave. Capt Brown and myself rendezvoused with her one day and she also decided to join us on Starbase 410. Admiral Jat quickly recruited Steve as Chief Engineer, Ruth joined us as a civilian.

Unfortunately it was after our open day in Bury St Edmunds in August, which netted us a couple of new crewmembers in Alex Jermyn and Robert Carty, that Commander Jeanette Warran announced the she and Ensign Tasha Stone were both returning to Earth. We were also finally joined in August by Kana (Rubi) who has been in contact with the Starbase and Ambassador Ke'reth in particular for a couple of years and for many of us it was nice to put a face to the name.

Our next big outing was to Clacton in September and once again we were pleased to welcome 2 new crewmembers plus the return of an old one, Andrew Cornell (Chewy) and Jen Buckenmyer were the new ones and we saw the return of Zuveda (Jazz). The following week 19 of us attended the 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Dinner / Dance on Holodeck 3, this was a great success and it was felt the best yet.

Once again things have settled down as we prepare fully for the party season that is now upon us. All in all I think that despite a few ups and downs it has been a good year aboard Starbase 410 and we have finished the year stronger than we started it.

May you walk with the Prophets.  
Colonel Madia Amme.  
Bajoran Ambassador.

A Brunette, a Redhead and a Blonde walk into a bar.  
For the sake of brevity, each one orders her drink with an abbreviated code word.  
The Brunette walks up to the bartender and says,  
"Hey give me an ML."  
The bartender nods his head and hands her a Miller Lite.  
Following her, the Redhead walks up to the bartender and says,  
"I'd like a BL."  
Giving her a nod, the bartender pulls up a Bud Lite.  
Last, the Blonde walks up to the bartender and says,  
"Give me a Fifteen."  
"A Fifteen?" the bartender replies, "What the hell is that?"  
"Oh, you know," the blonde says, "A Seven and Seven."

Submitted by Tom Hudspeth

Two blondes were walking down the road and the first blonde said,  
"Look at that dog with one eye."  
The other blonde covers one of her eyes and goes,  
"Why?"

Submitted by Leigh Brown

What do you call a blonde between two brunettes?  
A mental block!

What do you get when you cross a blonde and a lawyer?  
I don't know, there are some things even a blonde won't do.

Why don't blondes call 999 in an emergency?  
They can't remember the number.

Why do blondes look up and smile at lightning?  
They think someone is taking their picture.

Did you hear about the blonde that went to library and checked out a book called  
"How to hug"? Got back to the dorm and found out it was volume 7 of an  
Encyclopaedia.

What do UFO's and smart blondes have in common?  
You keep hearing about them, but never see any.

From 101 Blonde Jokes sent in by Robert Lydford.

Hope you enjoyed these.  
If you think that you can do better just send them to me.  
Emma



A Bit About  
**The Inquisitor**



From;  
The High Council of the Time Lords

To;  
Station Secretary,  
Starbase 410

Madam,

It has come to our attention that one of our own, a renegade and indeed, fugitive Time Lord, has of late been frequenting your station. We feel it is our duty, as a neutral party in cosmic affairs, to advise you that this person is not to be trusted, and is very likely working against the best interests of party or parties as yet unknown.

This individual, known as The Inquisitor, was an official of the old Order on Gallifrey, in the days of Rassillon. At that time, our people were more active in galactic politics, and The Inquisition one of Rassillon's departments which was formed to ensure that his wishes were carried out satisfactorily, and to investigate insurrection and stamp it out.

When the new high council voted Rassillon out of office, due to policies that were at odds with the wishes of the majority of the Gallifreyan population, all the unsuitable departments were dissolved, and any persons off planet recalled.

The Inquisitor chose to ignore the summons to return to the Capitol, and has remained at large for more than 8,000 years. Due to the antiquated design of his time vessel (Too old even to be called a TARDIS), we have been unable to accurately track, or re-call him. We do know that he has broken dimensional barriers, and visited the station Babylon 5, worked for Vorlon, Sabacien peacekeepers, and has consorted with Centauri and Klingon nobles. Currently, he has a Klingon female travelling companion, L'sar, who we are informed is a member of the notorious "Black Dagger Guard".

We advise you to be vigilant. Any information, or assistance in the apprehension of this being would be most welcome.

Jamivortempuswillmactrix

Keeper of the Matrix –Gallifrey



## A Bit More About **The Inquisitor**



An open letter to the  
Staff of Starbase 410

Hello!

Some of you may have noticed a stranger in your midst of late. Strangely attired, even for a cosmopolitan space station?

Well, allow me to introduce myself. I am torqcratbyronpotempugothnoirset, Grand Inquisitor of the high council of the Time Lords of Gallifrey.

I left Gallifrey quite some time ago now, back in the days of Rassillon. Unfortunately, when the new "High Council" overthrew the old order, they changed all the security codes, transduction protocols and such, effectively exiling me.

In the many years since my abandonment, I have used the time (pardon the pun) well, exploring many worlds in as many universes.

I have aided law enforcement officers in their attempts to capture escaped criminals, on a stolen Leviathan (although it turned out the "criminals" were of the political variety, not my cup of tea, as it were!) It's been an interesting few centuries, getting myself conned into acting as Inquisitor (Aptly enough, I suppose) for the wretched Vorlons, and such, and now I've got myself a Klingon travelling companion! And it seems you all know her; L'Sar, of the Black Dagger chappies!

Well, I hope that puts at ease anyone who may have had any misgivings about strangers on the station, hope to meet some more of you soon!

Toodle-pip!

The Inquisitor.

"It's up to you now S'ena" whispered Leigh. "Make him think it's his birthday." S'ena stood up straight and started to give off some very powerful pheromones. Although they knew what was coming, and had steeled themselves against the effect, the blast of lustful feelings still hit them hard. The Cardassian overseer had no chance. As S'ena glided towards him his whole attention was on the beautiful Orian girl who seemed, at last to be offering herself to him. The thoughts of them together were the last that he had, as both Leigh and Brian hit him on the back of the head with a piece of rock. He fell like a stone and they caught him as he went down. Leigh took the Cardassians phaser rifle and was just about to fire it as a signal to the other slaves, when he heard the whine of a phaser blast and the rocks at his feet disintegrated.

"Everyone stay very still. Guards bring those three to me!" a woman's voice rang out. Leigh slowly turned, a look of disbelief on his face. Standing there as large as life and twice as evil was the Intendant and Barella El.

"She wasn't supposed to be here. She left the station," he thought to himself.

"Changing rules," whispered Brian as Cardassian and Klingon guards grabbed them roughly, and dragged them to the Intendant. As they were forced to their knees Leigh looked for Kane. He wasn't in sight, which was very odd because Madia didn't go anywhere without him. Madia stood in front of S'ena, who was still emitting slight pheromones of lust along with strong ones of fear. She took hold of S'enas chin with one hand and ran her gloved hand down her face, as she smiled a cold evil smile.

"Yes my dear you will do very nicely. Barella take her to my quarters. Guard, go with them. Oh and Barella, no touching until I get there. She's mine first." Barella El nodded her head in acknowledgement, and grabbed S'ena by the arm and led her off followed by a heavily armed Klingon. As Madia approached Leigh she slowly removed her velvet gloves.

"Leigh, Leigh, what am I going to do with you?" As she spoke she leant forward to kiss him on the lips. As she did so she ran her fingernails down his face leaving three red lines where the sharpened steel fingernails sliced into the skin. Leigh stared at her without flinching as she moved away from him. Suddenly without warning she spun around and slapped him around the face, her face contorted with fury. The blow knocked Leigh to the ground, and blood oozed from the cuts on both sides of his face. A Cardassian hauled him to his knees again, as Leigh shook his head to clear it.

"I could kill you this time, but then I'd probably regret it. You are a challenge, and I like a good challenge. You survived qu'bang and you have survived ore processing. You don't seem worried about yourself but I wonder how you'll feel having the death of your friends on your conscience?" She turned to Brian,

"I hope you are ready to die for your foolishness in following our young friend here." She turned back to Leigh. "I have decided to kill your friend here and twenty of these slaves. Do you want to pick them out, or shall I?" Leigh gazed at her with contempt.

"Do what you like you evil bitch, but don't expect me to help you." As he spoke, he and Brian looked at each other and smiled.

"Been nice knowing you," Brian said.

"You too," replied Leigh. As she caught this exchange Madias face once again contorted in fury. They were defying her and she wasn't going to stand for that. Once again a stinging slap knocked Leigh to the ground, and she followed it with one for Brian. The guards hauled them back to their knees.

"She certainly packs a punch," said Brian as he shook his head.

“Only way she can get me to fall at her feet.” Madia grabbed a rifle from one of the guards and aimed it at Leigh. She was just about to press the trigger when she lowered it and handed it back. She laughed as she said to Leigh:

“You nearly succeeded then didn’t you? You aren’t going to get off that easily so don’t think you are.” She turned to Brian, “and as for you I have someone special to send you on your way.” She turned and beckoned to a figure in the shadows. “Come here my dear, I told you I had a job for you to do.”

Anarita stepped forward into the light and heard Leigh and Brian gasp in shock. Madia gestured to a guard and he handed Anarita his rifle. She smiled as she aimed it at Brian.

“You know my friend Anarita Jat don’t you?” She smiled as she saw the impact the full name had on them. “She has become host to my very good friend Jat. I must admit that she was a bit reluctant at first, and had to be taught a lesson by Kane on several occasions, but she eventually saw the error of her ways, didn’t you my dear?” Anarita nodded keeping the smile on her face. As she stepped forward Anarita made sure she was close to an armed guard. Madia turned to speak to one of the other guards and as she did so Anarita winked at Brian and Leigh. As Madia turned back Leigh made a move as if to attack Anarita. As he lunged forward he shouted;

“You traitorous bitch, was he so important to you that you had to have him forever.” As he had anticipated Madia stepped forward to stop him.

“Shall I do it now?” Anarita queried. Madia nodded, and bent forward to whisper in Leighs ear:

“Say goodbye to your friend and then you can pick out the next twenty.”

Anarita raised the rifle once more and aimed it at Brian, as she squeezed the trigger she spun around and fired point blank at the chest of the Cardassian guard beside her. In one smooth movement she caught his phaser rifle as he fell and threw it to Brian, who caught it deftly and proceeded to put it to good use. At the same time Leigh rose up with his arms in the air and brought them swiftly down over Madias head thus imprisoning her within his arms. He made sure her arms were well down at her side so that she couldn’t make use of her steel talons. The more she struggled the tighter he held, winding his leg around hers to stop her kicking.

“And I thought you always wanted to be in my arms?” he whispered in her ear.

While Leigh struggled with Madia, Brian and Anarita had got the guards under control with the help of the other prisoners. The guards had all been disarmed and their weapons were now in the hands of the prisoners.

As order was restored a laconic voice came from the direction of the turbo-lift,

“You obviously don’t need my help then.” They looked around and saw Dalen Varr stood there, a sardonic smile on his face.

“Dalen!” exclaimed Brian and Leigh, “have you brought the troops in?”

“I’ve got Jeanette and Christine with me. JB’s gone off on another rescue mission but he should be back soon.” He stopped as he took in their puzzled faces. “Oh of course you don’t know Christine, she joined us after her village was burnt to the ground by the Alliance. All her family were killed.” He turned to Anarita. “Anarita my friend, how are you? I heard about the symbiont, is there any way you can get rid of it?”

Anarita smiled wearily. “No but I do seem to have it under control at last. It’s been hard and at times very painful. Have you got a plan to get us out of here?”

Dalen turned and looked at the Intendant. She had stopped struggling and stood very straight and rigid in the iron hard circle of Leigh’s arms. She stared back at him with a look of contempt on her face.

“You’ll never get off of here alive, I’ve got other hostages who will all die if anything happens to me.” Dalen looked at her with a strange expression on his face, it was

almost sorrowful, disappointed like a child who had just been told there was no Father Christmas. He shook his head.

"I don't believe in hitting women, I have never found one that would bring me to that point, but you, you would drive me there I think. How can one small person have so much evil in them? Madia laughed,

"You won't hit me because you are weak, a coward." Dalen raised his mighty fist, then lowered it and turned away.

"Jeanette can you find something to tie her up with?"

"Certainly can" she replied. She went off and came back with some old rags tied together to make a rope. As she approached Madia she smiled.

"Bet you didn't expect to see me again?"

"No I should have killed you while I had the chance. Now you're running after cowards. How come you're not in charge. Was Rura Penthe too much for you?"

Jeanette blanched at the mention of Rura Penthe

"Yes it was" she replied. I really would like to see you end up there, and see how you cope. You won't have any slaves there to run around after you, and you can see if you like being assaulted by the guards." As she spoke she deftly tied Madias arms behind her, and Leigh was able to relinquish his hold.

"Thank goodness for that," he said, "my back was killing me. So Dalen what's the plan to get us out of here? Where's JB?"

"He had to go and attend to some other business. Apparently our friend here has a double from an alternative universe and she sent her off with Kane to some conference."

"Yes!" said Anarita; "I've met her, and a double of me. She's an Admiral, and she's injured. Madia had Kane hurt her as an incentive to her double to do as she was told."

"Don't worry JB has all that in hand. All we have to do is get off this station alive, so troops follow me and bring her with you." Dalen nodded his head in Madias direction.

"We have to go to her quarters and get S'ena," said Brian. "Madia had her taken there as a slave."

"Don't worry, we'll get her and the other slaves that are there. Now let's go."

Dalen Anarita and Jeanette led the way, with Leigh still holding tight to Madia following. After them came Brian and Christine followed by the rest of the slaves. The first seven entered the turbo-lift while the others spread out, seeking any straggling guards. Dalen had told them to rendezvous at docking bay 12 where there would be a transporter to take them off.

Part 4 next month

We were going to do top 10 but b'Sel, the Admiral and myself couldn't settle on 10 so we did 15.

1. Commander Chakotay (USS Voyager)
2. Captain Benjamin Sisko (Deep Space Nine)
3. Lieutenant Steven Woods (Starbase 410)
4. Commander William Riker (USS Enterprise D & E)
5. Captain Jean-Luc Picard (USS Enterprise D & E)
6. Commander Worf (USS Enterprise D, E & Deep Space Nine)
7. Ensign Travis Mayweather (Enterprise)
8. Commander Data (USS Enterprise D & E)
9. Doctor Julian Bashir (Deep Space Nine)
10. Commander John Borda (Starbase 410)
11. Lieutenant Tom Paris (USS Voyager)
12. Commander Trip Tucker (Enterprise)
13. Captain Jonathan Archer (Enterprise)
14. Ensign Harry Kim (USS Enterprise)
15. The Doctor (USS Voyager)

#### Top 10 Sexiest Star Trek Women

1. Lieutenant Jadzia Dax (Deep Space Nine)
2. Colonel Kira Nerys (Deep Space Nine)
3. Sub Commander T'Pol (Enterprise)
4. Seven of Nine (USS Voyager)
5. Captain Kathryn Janeway (USS Voyager)
6. Lieutenant Tasha Yar (USS Enterprise C & D)
7. Commander Deanna Troi (USS Enterprise D & E)
8. Lieutenant B'Lanna Torres (USS Voyager)
9. Ensign Hoshi (Enterprise)
10. Guinan (USS Enterprise D & E)
11. Commander Elizabeth Shelby (USS Enterprise C)
12. Lieutenant Ezri Dax (Deep Space Nine)
13. K'eylhr (Next Generation)
14. Grillka (Deep Space Nine)
15. Lieutenant Uhura (USS Enterprise)

Female Voice: 'Are we on?'

*A dark skinned Terran man nods as he adjusts a small camera resting on his shoulder.*

Female Voice: '3 – 2 – 1 - Hi this Andrea Stone, on behalf of the Federation News server. Today we're coming live from Starbase four one zero. Behind me is a clue to the man that we're about to interview.' *The Camera pans to a Klingon Trefoil.* 'It took more than three weeks to set up an interview with the Empire's roving Ambassador. *The doors before them slide back revealing a short corridor leading to a door painted with a fanged wolfs head motif. As they approach these doors too slide open, revealing Ambassador Ke'reth sitting behind his desk.*

Andrea: 'Greetings Ambassador, thank you for agreeing to see me.'

Ke'reth: 'My Pleasure, do come in.'

Andrea: 'Thank you'

Andrea: 'Ambassador -' *Ke'reth interrupts her with a smile.*

Ke'reth: 'Please, there's no need for such formality.'

Andrea: 'Ke'reth!' *She said, rephrasing her question in her head* 'There are many different races on this Station, and I know from speaking to the Bajoran Ambassador that you have on occasion attended services at the Stations Bajoran Shrine, Does this mean that you're exploring the faiths of other races?' *He smiled.*

Ke'reth: 'You're asking I think, that will I be attending the Terran Christmas Celebrations here on the Station?' *Her eyes caught a glint of light from Ke'reth's gaze.*

Andrea: 'You're very perceptive Amba -' *She caught herself.* 'Ke'reth.'

Ke'reth: 'It's an interesting question Andrea, but look around you. Do think this office should be decked out with a small tree, covered in twinkling coloured lights?' *She smiled.*

Andrea: 'Avoiding my question, or teasing me with deliberate misunderstanding?'

Ke'reth: 'Oh definitely the latter.' He said as he offered her a glass of sparkling Che'nak Wine.

Andrea: *She took a sip.* 'It's very sweet.'

Ke'reth: 'To answer your question, I have attempted to understand the concept of decorating this Station, Paper chains, shiny balls, trees and the such, the idea of gifts is nice.'

Andrea: 'There's more to it than that surely.'

Ke'reth: 'I'm pulling your leg, Andrea.' *She smiled changing tact.*

Andrea: 'So Ke'reth, how would A Klingon celebrate Christmas?' Ke'reth thinks for a few seconds.

Ke'reth: 'I'd probably invite a few friends around, put a Targ on a spit to slow roast over an open fire, then crack open a couple of casks of Warnog.'

Andrea: 'A very strong alcoholic Klingon beverage.'

Ke'reth: 'Oh yes! Its not for the faint hearted.'

Andrea: 'Is there anything you'd buy for the other Ambassadors?'

Ke'reth: 'It's always the seemingly simple questions that offer the greatest scope for misunderstanding.'

Andrea: 'Are you avoiding the question?'

Ke'reth: 'No! Not avoiding considering.'

Andrea: 'They said you were a man of action.' Ke'reth smiled.

Ke'reth: 'It is said that the Tortoise of thought, often beats the Hare of action.' *She smiled, as Ke'reth continued.* I think for Madia, our Bajoran Ambassador a padded Targ Leather Prayer mat, they're a very religious people; They spend a lot of time on there knees.'

Andrea: 'Really? And for Romulan Ambassador K'hellenbeck?'

Ke'reth: 'A small box. He can then pass it on to his Tal'shiar Security Service, its to keep all the little bugging surveillance devices, that I keep finding in my office in.'

It had been a long day, there had been numerous reports of sabotage inside the various government offices and industrial installations that fell within Madia's jurisdiction and although she had no proof, she felt that Cardassian infiltrators were responsible. People were demanding action and the weight of the world was upon her shoulders.

Recent events on Starbase 410 had only added to the turmoil in her life, especially the assassination of Admiral Jat. Anarita had been in her life so long that it had seemed like forever and although there had been personality clashes as there so often is when two strong people work together, but there had always been respect and even open affection. In fact it was a common held view that they were more like mother and daughter and at this time Madia's loss was almost more than she could bear. But loss was not a new sensation and she knew that it had to be put to the back of her mind. A whole pile of communication disc's marked for her eyes only were sat in front of her and although they had been scanned the priority disc from Starfleet Command kept playing on her mind. It was all basic, nonessential information, new personnel listings for 410 and although it contained personnel notes there was nothing to warrant a security classification, in fact the disc was corrupted, there seemed to be interference on the personnel files and that in itself was an enigma. But she couldn't spend any more time on this, more important duties had to be attended to.

Madia left her office and as she had a little time to spare she decided that a few moments of quiet contemplation in the Serenity Gardens would be time well spent, with an important meeting in less than an hour maybe the Prophets would grant her a little inspiration. The garden was quiet and the Prophets were silent, so she

went on to the meeting. As she approached the boardroom the shouting gradually got louder and her shoulders dropped. It was a warm day and she could almost bet her life the steward had chilled the Blood Wine.

"Oh well," she thought, "let's get on with it." Madia threw the doors open and noted that the room was in turmoil. Ke'reth and b'Sel were on their feet shouting at Leigh about how preposterous something was, (she really must improve her Klingon) K'Hellenbeck was trying to calm the situation with a small level of success and all did not seem well.

Madia walked to her console, tapped in a couple of command codes and the security alarm went off briefly. Immediately everyone stood still, looking around in alarm.

"Thank you, a little order if you please, could you save this for a later time?" Madia said.

"Sure," said Capt. Leigh Brown, "is this evening good for you Ke'reth?" Ke'reth smiled, which isn't necessarily a good thing.

"Please don't encourage him," said Madia, "shall we get on with this." Everyone took their seats and looked towards the communication station and it was then that Madia noticed a pair of boots poking out from under it and an empty seat at the table.

Captain Leigh Brown sighed and said, "Lieutenant Woods if you are ready."

"One moment," said a voice from under the station.

"Now!" Said Leigh. "Sorry about this Madia, " he said, "he is supposedly a fine engineer but he can't walk past something that doesn't work."

Lt. Woods stood up, brushed himself down and as an afterthought stood to attention.

"Sorry Captain, Sorry Colonel, Lt. Woods reporting for duty."

"You may call me Madia as we are fairly informal as long as you do

your job!" said Madia with a little coldness in her voice, she had noticed the breach in protocol by apologising to the Captain first. "I have read your service record and have noted some of your previous commanding officers comments. Now please be seated. On to business. We have been assigned a Defiant class ship the USS Victory and the mission will be to enter Cardassian controlled space to meet with an undercover operative. We will be given the location of a Dominion/Cardassian base and possible proof that the Cardies know what has been going on in Bajoran space, Bajor herself and on Starbase 410. We have little time as the threat grows by the hour, we have a crew to pick and plans to formulate. Within a short time we will locate and destroy this base and with the Prophets help return safely. Meeting adjourned. We meet in two hours aboard the Victory."

"At last." Thought Madia, "action."

USS Victory was a fine little ship. She was cruising at warp 8, cloaked and after 36 hours, approaching the rendezvous with the Cardassian spy who was going to reveal the location of the enemy base. Madia was wandering around the bridge checking at the work stations, it wasn't that she didn't trust the crew but it was as Anarita had always said sometimes delegation didn't work, if you want it done right sometimes you have to do it yourself. Also this was the most advanced ship the Federation had, the abladed armour was 5 times stronger, the shields were improved by 18% and the new warp engines while no faster were completely untrackable, no emissions whatsoever. Which was why she felt they had been lumbered with their new Chief Engineer. He had proved competent but a little scatty and she wasn't sure how he would hold up in a combat situation. But Leigh and Steve seemed to be getting on and were at present running

communication diagnostics as for the last 10 minutes there had been some incoming messages that were out of band alignment.

There was loud buzz and the view screen sprang to life.

"Sorry about the delay Colonel, but the problem is that the signal has been run through a sub-space buffer so that we can't trace it's origins." Madia had told Steve to call her by name on a number of occasions but he just couldn't seem to get his mind around her way of command. The view screen was fluctuating with electrical interference but the face upon it was definitely Cardassian.

"Hello Madia," said the voice.

"Do I know you?" Said Madia.

"No.. I'm sorry Major, you may call me Chameleon."

"Actually it's Colonel," said Madia. It didn't matter how many times she spoke to a Cardassian, she still had the feeling of bile rising in her throat and hate in her heart.

"Can you clean the screen up Lieutenant?" Said Madia.

"I'm trying," said Steve.

"Please prepare for incoming co-ordinates," said Chameleon, "you will also find a few other useful pieces of information. I will see you there and by the way congratulations on your promotion Madia. End transmission!"

"Well" thought madia, "short and to the point." She couldn't help thinking that she knew Chameleon, something in the voice or the eyes.

"Co-ordinates received," said Leigh, "also a full list of armaments, defence capabilities and crew complement numbers. Mainly stats but useful none the less. In fact damn good intel rep."

Madia briefly scanned the info and ordered a change of course.

"Power fluctuations to port," said Tactical Officer Richards.

"Confirmed," said Lt. Woods, "also ship bearing 124 mark 3, it's Dominion and it also received the signal."

"It may have got the whole message," said Madia, "we can't risk it. Move to intercept."

"We are being hailed," said Leigh, "and it's Klingon!"

"On screen," said Madia.

B'Sel's face appeared.

"Greetings from your true allies, we will remove the obstacle for you. Today is a good day to die.... For them."

On the port side a Klingon cruiser decloaked and sprang forward to engage the Dominion ship.

"Well I'll be..." Said Madia, "continue on previous heading."

"May the glory be yours b'Sel," said Ke'reth, "now you know why she couldn't join us on your ship. You would call it insurance."

"It would have been nice to know," said Madia.

The Victory went to warp and all knew b'Sel would be revelling in the battle, her blood lust in full flow. Madia

thought she could see a hint of jealousy in Ke'reth's eyes, but she had the suspicion that his chance would come.

The co-ordinates would take them deep into Cardassian space only 20 light years from the heaviest armed base in the whole sector. Madia knew that although there still wasn't any proof, the Cardassians had to know that the Dominion were there. And who was the secretive but obviously well informed Chameleon. Once again the ship was at warp 8, cloaked and heading towards its destiny. The crew were in high spirits and all seemed to be in order.

She just wished she didn't have this feeling of impending doom.

Well in order to see what happens watch this space next month and find out if Madia's sense of doom is correct and will Ke'reth's blood lust be satisfied.

## A FERENGI JOKE FROM QUEK

**Q:** How many Ferengi does it take to change a lightbulb?

- 1: None of your business, huu-mahn !!!
- 2: Depends. How much?
- 3: Two: one to change it, and the other to sell the old bulb as an antique.
- 4: Two: one to change it and one to sell the old one as new
- 5: None: they'll just sell the whole lamp to some young Starfleet Ensign.
- 6: Just one, but he'll charge you double for it.
- 7: Ferengi Never change!!
- 8: For the right price, as many as you want.
- 9: None...they steal it and sell it for profit
- 10: Two. one to steal a new one, the other to go sell the broken one.

# Season's Greetings

