



STARBASE NEWS

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www.starbase410.org

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ADMIRALS LOG

STARDATE 01.03.03

Greetings to you all.

Well it has been quite a month one way and another. It would appear that spring has sprung on Starbase 410 and that young men's (and women's) fancy has turned to thoughts of love. It would seem that the Bajoran Ambassador has moved her quarters and that the Romulan Ambassador and the Klingon Chief of Staff are giving a whole new meaning to diplomatic relations. (See inside for secret despatches.)

I think all those who went on the trip to Star Trek Adventure would agree that it was a fantastic experience. I loved the shuttle rides and at least I kept my head unlike a certain young captain I know who hit his head on the emergency stop button. Took Daisy and Carys into the transporter and to the portal of the guardian and have photos to prove it, transporter with Worf and gateway with Kirk and Spock. The best bit though was coming out and going through set of USS Enterprise D through engineering, warp core breach, malfunctioning turbo lift and onto bridge at battle of Wolf 359. It was a brilliant day and great to share it with such nice friends. Also nice to meet another club who have contacted us and hopefully we will keep in touch. I did send those on e-mail the one I had from them. They hail from Wales so a club trip may not be out of the question.

It seems a while now but The Romulan Ambassadors birthday party went of well and I think he got himself quite a birthday present that night.

Congratulations to The Inquisitor (James Harrington) who was made Ruler of the Universe at a recent convention. Apparently he will be defending his crown against the Intendant in 2005. I have booked my ticket already.

I have some dates for you to remember in your diaries. 13th July and 7th September we have carboot sales and we need your help. Yes it is early start but it does make us lots of money, which will benefit members.

9th August is dinner and dance once again at Gazeley Village Hall and again I have settee and floor space but you ain't having my bed. LEIGH PLEASE TAKE NOTE, there isn't room for two as we have proved.

I hope you are all well and until I see you all again take care

Vice-Admiral Anarita Jat

PROMOTIONS

James Harrington
Base Level 1

David Coombes
Lieutenant (J.G.)

Jennifer Coombes
Entry Level Civilian

Daisy Woods
Cadet

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DIARY DATES 2003

MARCH

16th Meeting

APRIL

4th Committee Meeting @
John's
27th Meeting

MAY

18th Meeting (Alternative
Universe)

JUNE

6th Committee Meeting @
Ann's
22nd 4th Birthday BBQ
(Klingon cookout)

JULY

13th Car Boot Sale
20th Meeting

AUGUST

1st Committee Meeting @
Emma's
9th Dinner / Dance
17th Meeting

SEPTEMBER

7th Car Boot Sale
14th Clacton Convention
21st Meeting

OCTOBER

4th Emma's 30th Party
19th Meeting
25th Halloween Party

NOVEMBER

16th Meeting
22nd Selene's 40th Party

DECEMBER

13th Christmas Party

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CONTACTS

Greetings my dear friends, It has been a while since I put Stylus to P.A.D.D. things as always within the Empire, have been busy. Twelve days ago the theft of a new Megalith Class Cargo Vessel within Orion space led to my own vessel the Proud Vengeance being asked to assist in the search, as part of our work in R.A.P.T.A, the Regional Anti-piracy Taskforce Agency. I on the other hand, had my own reasons for offering my ship so readily. Kana (My head of Science/Engineering) had only just finished a set of Sensor upgrades, allowing us to increase our Sensor range by around twenty percent. And I must admit I was aching for a little action, and for a chance to go hunting. We were three days out, from the Starbase, when the chime of my personal Alarm awoke me. b'Sel (my Executive Officer) had been in contact with a Ferengi vessel, through them she'd learned of an increase in the number of Pirates working at the fringes of Orion space. It was this Ferengi vessels Captain who told her that he'd been offered a vessel fitting the description of the stolen ship. As it was the only solid lead we had, I gave her the okay to pursue this new information and we changed course to travel along the border of Orion space. b'Sel put out an open transmission in all languages and all frequencies asking for any known information on recently stolen starships.

MARCH BIRTHDAYS

2 nd	Barbara Luna (Marlena Moreau) TOS
3 rd	James Doohan (Scottie) TOS
7 th	Donna Murphy (Anji) Insurrection
15 th	Lisa Harrington (I'sar) SB410
16 th	Rubi Lister (Kana) SB410
18 th	JG Hertzler (General Martok) DS9
20 th	John DeLancie (Q) TNG, DS9, VGR
22 nd	William Shatner (Capt. Kirk) TOS
26 th	Leonard Nimoy (Mr Spock) TOS
29 th	Marina Sirtis (Deanna Troi) TNG

b'Sel was later contacted by the nearby USS. Highlander, one of the Federation's new Albion Class Scouts. It was they, who by chance had picked up a subspace communication between the stolen vessel and a possible buyer two days earlier. Only they hadn't been aware of the illegality of the attempted sale. We now believed that the vessel we sought was somewhere between us. We were now sure that we had to act fast. I contacted Admiral Dalen Varr, and requested the USS. Merlin to make best speed, to help in the search. He informed me that he was currently more than sixteen hours away, running a training exercise for a Cadet Bridge crew. I told him that we Klingons believe that experience is the best teacher. And after a short subspace briefing he agreed to allow his cadets the chance of a little action. I then contacted a Roguish character of my past acquaintance by the name of Multak Shung, He was an ex pirate, and smuggle and claimed to have once been part of the infamous Orion Cartel. It took a little time, but after telling him that I could always pay him a visit wearing brass knuckles and steel toe caps, and informing him that their wasn't a place in this Galaxy where he could hide from my displeasure. After a few minutes soul searching, he agreed to give me the name of a female star-ship thief called Hsu Chi (She called herself the 'Lotus Blossom.'). It was this dangerous lady who claimed to have stolen a newly commissioned Super-freighter, and was offering it to the highest bidder. The Federation ships and my own vessel moved in, leaving a gap, she could either travel back into Orion space, or turn and try to evade the Merlin, and from what I'd heard of Admiral Varr's tactical abilities, she had all the chance of a snowball in the flames of Gre'thor, of getting past Admiral Him. As predicted she turned to make her run into Orion space.

She was travelling at warp nine, in a vessel that could hold that hold speeds higher than 9.8 for days. She could run for months without ever having to put into port. The hard part of this mission was going to be the safe retrieval of this vessel without damaging our quarry.

Now I like to play Poker; I like to play the cards close to my chest. I like to win. It was for this reason that two days earlier, I'd covertly made a call to Romulan Ambassador K'hellenbeck, he'd offered me the assistance of a Romulan battle cruiser the Warbird Tanix. It was the arrival of Sub-Commander Ayla's Ship that sprung the trap, she ordered the Freighter to stop or she'd put enough holes in the freighter to cut it into a modern art sculpture.

A couple of years ago, I was sceptical about working with the Romulans, now I'm just cautious. Ke'reth out . . .

A short while ago, Ambassador Ke'reth contacted me. He told me that His vessel the Proud Vengeance was engaged in the recovery of a stolen Megalith Class heavy Freighter. Ke'reth was working for an organisation known as R.A.P.T.A, the Regional Anti-piracy Taskforce Agency. I was part way through a training exercise for a group of 4th year cadets. They were doing really well, even by my exacting standards. I'm told that some people only remember my Classes, as a Hell that they had to pass through on their way to Ensign. Life rarely gives you a second chance, and nether do I. The USS. Merlin was on route to the Orion Border, to engage in what some call 'War games' I on the other hand, call them 'Tactical Exercises.' They are not games. We were about to rendezvous with the USS. Highlander, one of the Federation's new Albion Class Scouts, it was this vessel that was our Target quarry. It was Highlander's Captain, John Lyle that by chance had picked up a subspace communication between the stolen vessel and a possible buyer two days earlier. Unfortunately he had no way have knowing he was listening into to an illegal ship deal. From what I'm told it was Ke'reth's Executive Officer Captain b'Sel that had contacted him, and requested his help, in the search for the stolen freighter.

I was still sixteen hours away, running a training exercise for a Cadet Bridge crew, when Ke'reth contacted me. I must admit to being a little cautious about putting an inexperienced crew into a possible combat situation. Ke'reth reminded me of an old Klingon saying. 'Klingons believe that experience is the best teacher.' It was Ke'reth who gave me the name of a female star-ship thief called Hsu Chi (According to him, she called herself the 'Lotus Blossom.')

It was this reputedly dangerous lady who claimed to have stolen a newly commissioned Super-freighter, and was offering it to the highest bidder. Our three vessels would force her either to travel back into Orion space, or turn and try to evade my ship the Merlin. As Ke'reth had predicted, she turned to make her run into Orion space. Ke'reth had secretly told me that two days earlier, he'd covertly made a call to Romulan Ambassador K'hellenbeck; and that the Romulan Ambassador had offered him the assistance of a Romulan battle cruiser the Warbird Tanix. It was the arrival of Sub-Commander Ayla's vessel that stopped the stolen vessel. I had been half expecting her to try and fight her way out, but she must have realized that she never stood a chance Ke'reth had ordered his Black Dagger Special Operations Unit to beam aboard the freighter. Apparently Ke'reth had already been in contact with the company who built the stolen freighter and had them send him internal deck blueprints and schematics, so that his troops could beam in and stun most of her Crew, before his people entered the Bridge and made the arrest of the Lotus Blossom.

We watched as a Ke'reth's crew took Command of the Vessel, and set her course back to the Starbase. I then made a call to the Commander Ayla a meal and drink aboard accepted. I ordered my ship back to base. I followed by a little lively conversation, makes for a very pleasant evening.

Back on the Starbase, trial. The Lotus Blossom to use well and truly plucked." She would be for those crimes committed by the

One week later, She was ten years imprisonment, at the New camp, followed by five years in the the region known as New Zealand. Similar sentences where handed out to her crew. There might just be some future, in this new combined fleets law enforcement Agency.

www.uss-lutonia.org

Admiral Jat arranged for a Ke'reth's words. "Had been made to pay for her crimes, and people under her command.

found guilty, and sentenced to Alcatraz asteroid internment Penal settlement on Earth in

Greetings once again from the Bajoran Embassy.

Much has happened within the embassy and indeed aboard the Starbase since my last despatches. There was the Terran Christmas Party, which was enjoyed by the crew just before the Terran festival of Christmas. A new and novel thing was tried, Kareoke, I am not sure about this but the crew seemed to enjoy it.

After Christmas there was a party in Steve Woods quarters, which I attended with my staff and after which I had to escort not just my own staff and the new chief engineer, Chewy, back to their own quarters a little worse for wear, but Admiral Jat as well. I am sure that that much alcohol is not good for her symbiont.

A few days after that New Year rolled around and you know me any excuse for a party, and so I had a small gathering in the Embassy to see in the New Year. (Admiral Jat laid off the alcohol this time, but I more than made up for her. I've since found out that the Chief Engineer was spiking my drinks though, it explains much.)

In January, Admiral Jat announced a change in the command structure by announcing that she had a new 1st Officer, now promoted to Commander, Steven Woods. It makes you wonder what she does to them, as he's her 4th in 3 ½ years. This left a vacancy for chief engineer and as previously mentioned this vacancy has been most ably filled by Chewy. Certainly in the Bajoran Embassy we are most impressed with his abilities.

Whilst all this has been going on we have also managed to see a couple of new film releases. The first being Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers and the second Star Trek: Nemesis. Rumours of me cuddling up to the Romulan Ambassador during Nemesis are greatly exaggerated; he put his arm across the back of my seat.

I am sure that many of you will have noticed the new addition to the Bajoran Embassy back in January, in the form of the Orion Slave girl, S'reya. I must stress that she is no longer a slave and was freed by me after I acquired her, with that intention, on a recent trip to Finnea Prime. She will now work as a member of my staff; much preferable to the randy little Ferengi troll I brought her from. One last thing regarding S'reya, I would warn the male population of Starbase to be careful around S'reya as she is still, with Sena's help, learning to control her pheromones.

Now I am sure that it will have come to the attention of most of you that there have been a few changes in personal relationships aboard Starbase over the last couple of months, as you will read elsewhere there seems to be a developing of diplomatic relations between the Klingon and Romulan Embassies. Not to be outdone the Bajoran Embassy has developed closer ties with certain Federation personnel, you will notice that our Engineering requirements get dealt with rather quickly! Personally I blame the Romulan Ale served at K'Hellenbeck's birthday party last month. Owing to my change in personal circumstances the Bajoran embassy has relocated to the other side of the Starbase.

It was during this relocation that my shuttle was involved in a small collision. Whilst circumnavigating that Starbase with Admiral Jat as my passenger my shuttle was rear ended by Capt. Brown's. I am sorry to say that he came in hard and fast without asking permission. Unfortunately both myself and Admiral Jat were injured with both of us suffering from whiplash, I also suffered a mild concussion and Admiral Jat has a lower back injury that prevents her from piloting her own shuttle.

TOP SECRET

Follows intercepted communications between Romulan and Klingon Embassies and their respective homeworlds:

From: K'hellenbeck, Romulan Ambassador, Starbase 410
To: Romulan Diplomatic Corps, Division 16

In response to recent requests for strategic information relating to Klingon movements in this sector, I have determined a course of action. While somewhat extreme, it is the only viable means of obtaining some form of classified data from inside the Klingon Embassy here.

I have determined that Chief of Staff B'sel is best placed to have access to required information, therefore, I have determined that she be approached, ostensibly on a romantic pretext, in this regard. As High Command have not seen fit to provide me with any staff at this time, this duty can only fall on my shoulders. However, it is a burden I am willing to bear for the good of the Empire, in spite of the Klingon predilection for sleeping on hard surfaces. I request the customary discretion applied to these operations.

***** ENDS *****

From: B'sel, Chief of Staff, Klingon Embassy, Starbase 410
To: Intelligence Section Klingon High Council, Q'uonos

Following recent events between the Federation and Romulan Empire, which have resulted in much improved relations between these two powers, you have tasked me with finding out as much as possible about this new alliance and what threat it may pose. Due to the highly sophisticated security at the Romulan Embassy, technology has proved fruitless in gaining anything of value.

I have, however, determined that the Ambassador himself may be vulnerable to an approach. He is alone, and has been seen in the company of other females aboard the Starbase, including the Bajoran Ambassador on a regular basis. This leads me to believe that an offer of sexual favours may compromise him suitably. As this matter, while distasteful, is of such a sensitive nature, I have determined to take on the task myself, to prevent any security breaches which might endanger the project. Please note, that if word of this is leaked on Q'uonos, your family will all die slow deaths.

***** ENDS *****

Intelligence summary:

This appears to be a simultaneous attempt by both Romulan and Klingon Embassies to "honeytrap" each other. It is an obvious ploy, since both embassies are well-protected with technology, to use traditional "low-tech" methods. However, other sources indicate that contact was made before these dispatches were written. If so, it would seem that diplomatic relations are reaching a whole new level...

JB/SBE

Note from the Bajoran Embassy:

The Bajoran Ambassador and Chief Engineer would like to point out that the the bed shelves in the Klingon Embassy are extremely hard and certainly something that any good Klingon would be pleased to endure, but would like to thank the Romulan Ambassador for the installation of something a bit more comfortable.

EH/AC

Some of you may have heard about the supply freighter that turned up at the station a few weeks ago, mysteriously bereft of cargo and devoid of crew.

I have recently been given clearance to make public the facts of the matter in so far as we know them.

The following is a summary of events, gleaned from the freighter's log, my own involvement in the affair, and Starbase personnel testimony.

Freighter GMF 770 left supply depot 870, on the 3rd moon of Endor, at stardate 1102.7 It was on schedule.

The Captain, B. O'Hare, reports an uneventful journey until approximately 12 light years from Starbase 410, when sensors detected an object drifting at the periphery of their scanner range. Traces of organic material led him to believe that what they had discovered was a ship in distress, and although no signal was received by GMF 770, they decided to divert and see if they could be of assistance.

What they found was a small ship of a configuration that was unknown to their records. It seemed to be a living organism itself, but showed no hostility nor any reaction to the freighter at all.

Deciding that an investigation was in order, O'Hare sent two of his crewmembers over by space walk, to check for survivors, or corpses. No answer had been received to numerous hails. To the crewmen's surprise, the ship's hatch, shaped like an oval, opened to their touch. Inside, they found the ship deserted, save for one empty suit, unlike any they had seen before.

Unable to glean any information from the ship with it drifting in space, Captain O'Hare ordered room to be made in No 1 cargo bay, and the ship was hauled aboard.

The freighter's log becomes a bit disjointed after this point. The log reports that the freighter suffered several power drains and was unable to

continue its journey when the warp drive went off line. The two-crew men that had explored the alien craft disappeared without trace. One of the log entries mentions a number of temporary losses of pressure, with adjustment to normal within 45 seconds.

Most worrying, the final log entry is the engineer, obviously distressed, babbling about supposed intruders. Although difficult to make out clearly, the phrase "They've taken them all!!" recurs, but most intriguing of all, the last words on the entry, spoken off camera, are; "You belong to us!" This spoken by none of the crew, but by an unknown, synthesised voice!

I arrived at freighter GMF 770, by chance, only a few hours after that last entry was made. I had been returning to Starbase 410 to visit my old friend L'Sar, whose ship was to be docked there for a while.

My ship had spotted something amiss, and diverted me to rendezvous with the drifting ship.

I had no luck in getting a response by the usual means, so I materialised the old girl on one of the cargo decks, No. 3. Upon alighting, I saw the salvaged ship, and recognised it as Vorlon! Now, they don't exist in *this* universe, so naturally I was intrigued! I decided to head for the bridge, and see if I could find anyone, or the flight records, and on the way, I passed not another soul!

No one was to be found on the command deck, either, so I checked the log and was informed of the situation thus far. The cargo manifest stated that the bulk of the cargo was electrical and hydraulic parts. Curiouser and curiouser, as they say!

I decided to attempt a re-start of the warp engines although, I have to admit, my knowledge of Starfleet technology is very limited. First, I tried to contact 410, to inform them that the supply ship would be "delayed", and perhaps get an engineer out to start the engines for me. My message to the Starbase was

interrupted by one of the mysterious power drains mentioned in the ships log, so I didn't have much faith in it having been received by anyone.

En-route to engineering, I passed a patched up hole in one of the corridor walls. The material that the patch was made of was not the same as the rest of the ships walls, and, as I surmised, it was an outer hull wall. This then was the source of the pressure anomalies.

On arrival at the engineering department, the first sight to greet me was of a lot of extra cabling snaking from underneath some of the consoles, across the floor, and into some open ducting, the covers of which had not been replaced. I guessed that the remaining power was being diverted elsewhere. Investigating the route of the cables led me to cargo bay 1. The door wouldn't open, so I made my way back to cargo bay 3 to collect some equipment from my TARDIS.

Some time later as I was leaving my ship, the outer doors of the bay opened and a small Starfleet shuttle pierced the force field. Unsure, at this point, who or what to expect, I hid myself behind my ship, which looked for the moment like a standard packing crate, so should arouse no special interest. As the shuttle door opened, I was relieved to see that the pilot was Colonel Madia Amme, who I had met on Starbase 410. I stepped into plain view, glad to have some company that might be useful in a crisis, when to my surprise, she pulled out her phaser pistol, and shouted, "Stop!! Don't move!" Drawing closer she pushed the phaser into my chest and said "Right, you! Tell me what you're doing here, and what you've done to the crew, or I'll shoot you right now!!"

It was with raised hands that I related the events that had led to now, and this *seemed* to pacify the Bajoran a little. She lowered her weapon and said that I'd won a temporary reprieve, but I'd better watch my step!

The Colonel explained that she had been returning to 410 after her belated

leave to celebrate her promotion, when she had picked up the signal that I had sent earlier. Changing course to rendezvous with the freighter she had passed a body floating in space, and beamed it aboard the shuttle (in a containment field) to examine this unknown species. On her ship, I identified the body as Vorlon, the pilot of the other ship in the cargo bay. One arm had been removed, and some organs also. It had n't been the Colonel that had done this, so the other option that occurred to me was just a tad worrying! I explained how the Vorlon ship was from another universe, a concept that Colonel Madia was familiar with, so what we were now considering was that something *e/se* had come through as well.

We headed back towards bay 1 in an effort to solve the mystery, and as we passed bay 2, decided to check that out as well. The bay was empty; save for some discarded crew uniforms and some dried foods.

Arriving at the locked door of the cargo bay, I removed the maintenance hatch, and started to make the adjustments needed to open the door.

As the door opened we could see that immediately behind it stood a grotesque parody of a human form. The face was hidden behind a silver mask, with one human eye visible, the other just a lens. The right arm had been replaced by a mechanical one; the torso had a silver chest unit grafted on, with what looked like ventilation grills and circuitry showing.

"Borg!!" cried Madia, instinctively raising her phaser to fire. I jumped at the creature, shouting, "Use a low setting! We need this one!!" She didn't need any encouragement to shoot, any way, firing sporadic bursts at different parts of the cyborg. As I struggled with the silver giant, I reached into my pocket, and pulled out a small bag of gold dust. Taking a handful, I rubbed as much as I could into one of the vents in the chest unit. This had an immediate effect, as

the target, already finding it difficult to stand against the phaser blasts, started to stagger backwards. I tipped the rest of the gold dust into the chest unit, and the silver figure toppled to its knees. I pulled it forward; to make sure that it fell outside the doors, as similar silver men inside the bay approached the doorway. Madia did n't need to be told to hold them off with her firepower, and as she kept on blasting, I rigged the controls in the maintenance hatch to re-lock the doors.

Now we had a little breathing space, I crouched down and started to remove a component from the silver head.

"Where'd those Borg come from?" asked Madia, mostly to herself "Why are they so different?"

"Because they *aren't* Borg!" I replied retrieving the unit that I wanted "They're Cybermen. A similar cyborg race, from an parralel reality." The Colonel nodded, mentally tying this in with our earlier conversation. "So why didn't I just zap 'em?" she asked "There was enough charge in my phaser to take out a fair few of 'em."

"But not all of them." I said "Their shielding is not quite as effective as the Borg, but your phaser is quite low on charge.." Madeia glanced down and saw that was true.

"...and I think we can be rid of them all, and some unwanted clutter from the other universe, with this." At this I held up the unit I'd taken from the cyberhead. "Y'know, I think that they are the partly converted crew of this freighter. The original cybermen that started the conversion have probably moved on, or if we're lucky, gone back to the cosmos they belong in."

"Do you think that..what did you call it, Vorlon? Do you think they tried to convert that, and failed?"

"You may be right. Some biological incompatibility, I suppose."

"What was that stuff you chucked into the Cybermans chest thing?" asked Amme.

"Gold dust," I replied "That particular model has a weakness in the chest unit, and gold ruins it, killing them."

We headed back to bay 3, to her shuttle and my ship

Madia Amme was getting into her stride. "And shutting down the warp core. Do you suppose they needed the power for their converter thingy..?"

"But it caused an unsympathetic resonance? Yes, you could be right."

Colonel Madia continued. "So they charged up a battery, or something, to power the unit while they nipped off." All this time the Colonel had been keeping a sharp look out for hostile forces, waving the phaser around, pointing into connecting corridors and doorways.

We entered the Starfleet shuttle, and I set about wiring the component from the cyberman into the shuttles communication system. "What are you doing?" she said "You know that's Starfleet property, if you mess it up..."

To be honest, I wasn't too sure myself if I'd done this properly, but it was worth a try.

"Well," I said, "I've connected the cyberman's emergency signal device to your comm. system. If it works, we should be able to lure them all into your shuttle."

"Oh, good." Replied Madeia,"There's plenty of room in here. Let's have a party, shall we?"

I couldn't blame her for the sarcasm. Time to explain fully, I thought.

"Well, I'd like you to set up a warp core reaction, so that the shuttle blows up, and set the flight controls to automatic take off about 15 minutes after the cybermen get here."

"When's that?" she enquired

"About 3 minutes after I set this emergency unit going. With luck, all of the cybermen in the other bay will file into here, the ship will take off and take them out side to a safe distance, and boom! Up they all go."

"OK, so *why* me?"

"Because I've got no idea *how* to do it. Please?"

Springing into action, Madia pulled up a floor panel, and made the necessary adjustments, then moved to the flight console, and set the automatic take off. "Right," she said "Now you'd better set that thing off quick, and hope your mates out there don't dawdle!"

With the signal set, we hid behind the TARDIS, as the cybermen trooped through the door. "I hope you're right about this!" whispered Madia through clenched teeth.

"So do I!" I replied.

The silver men, all in different stages of conversion, headed straight for the shuttle.

We didn't break cover until the shuttle had cleared the outer doors and they had closed behind it.

Moving over to a screen next to the internal doors, we watched as the shuttle became a speck, then a bright star. Breathing a sigh of relief, Madia Amme looked at me and said "I suppose we'd better get the engines running and get this ship to the station then?"

I was a bit reluctant to fly a looted ship into dock at a space station, and there were still things that I was unsure about. Why were things coming through from other universes. I do it, but that's different. And these seemed to be random. Not things from the same universe, but different ones from each other.

I suggested that we try to get the engines online, set the controls on auto, and let the freighter find it's own way. "What about the Vorlon ship?" asked Madia. I'd forgotten that. Can't let Vorlon technology fall into hands that aren't ready for it. That caused enough trouble in their native universe. No, I'd have to programme it to fly into the nearest star, destroy the evidence.

That done, I offered Colonel Madia a lift back to Starbase 410 in my TARDIS, which she couldn't refuse, really, as it was the quickest way back, and we could be there in plenty of time to approach the Admiral about the problem, before the freighter arrived, and decide how much the general population needed to know just now.

CLACTON SCI-FI CONVENTION

14TH SEPTEMBER 2003

For more information either watch this space or visit: -

www.clactonscifi.net

Visit our new friends
in Florida @
[www.ussbenevolence
.borgr1.com](http://www.ussbenevolence.borgr1.com)

The Bajoran Embassy has moved to:
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Ely,
Cambs.
CB7 5BH

Tel: 01353 724009
Mobile: 07778 702972
E-mail: emmahindle30@hotmail.com

Quark to Rom: Of course it's your fault! Everything that goes wrong around here is your fault! It says so in your contract!

Heart of Stone

Dax: And, as the 34th Rule of Acquisition states: "Peace is good for business."

Quark: That's the 35th Rule.

Dax: Oh, that's right. What's the 34th?

Quark: "War is good for business." It's easy to get them confused.

Destiny

Rom, upon seeing the Nagus' revised Rules of Acquisition: It means we're gonna have to memorise a whole new set of rules!

Prophet Motive

Grand Nagus Zek: I've lost my taste for beetle snuff. It might be fun for you and me, but it's no fun for the beetles!

Prophet Motive

Quark: We'll have to act as if we don't know anything.

Rom: I can do that.

Prophet Motive

Quark: Greed is the purest, most noble of emotions.

Prophet Motive

Quark: All I ask is a tall ship... and a load of contraband to fill her with!

Little Green Men

Nog: Doesn't this Gabriel Bell hewman look just like Captain Sisko?

Quark: All hewmans look alike.

Little Green Men

Quark: We're helpless! We're harmless! We just want to sell you things!

Little Green Men

Quark quotes from a Ferengi education book meant to teach kids to read: "See Brak acquire. Acquire, Brak, acquire."

Accession

Rom: You don't understand. Ferengi workers don't want to *stop* the exploitation. We want to find ways to become the exploiters.

Bar Association

Gint: Rule of Acquisition #239: Never be afraid to mislabel a product.

Body Parts

Rom: I guess I wasn't thinking.

Quark: What else is new?

The Ascent

Nog: Muscles, Jake! You know, the things that are supposed to go between your bones and your skin?

Jake: I've heard of them.

Nog: Good, because when I'm done with you, you'll have some of your very own!

The Ascent

Moogie: Don't you think about anyone but yourself?

Quark: Of course I do! I think think about myself first.

Ferengi Love Songs

Quark: Any marriage where the female is allowed to speak and to wear clothes is doomed to failure.

Call to Arms

Lucretia Nax woke with a start and, turning over sharply, dislodged a stack of Navigation Pads from her duvet.

"Computer, what time is it?" She asked slipping on her dressing gown.

"Oh seven thirty three hours." The computer replied.

"Computer, I'd like some toast and coffee. No, on second thoughts, you better make it an orange juice. Coffee makes me edgy." She took her food from the replicator, burning her fingers on a piece of hot toast. She cursed, and then caught herself, mid swearword.

"Computer, can I link this station's computers to those aboard the Lady Luck?" A few seconds passed then the computers female voice spoke from a grill set in the wall.

"Affirmative, station computers, are compatible with those aboard the vessel listed as the Lady Luck."

"Nax to Lady Luck, commence pre-flight checks on primary, secondary and tertiary systems. Let's see what these Starfleet grease monkeys, have done to my little ship." She said as she buttered her toast. Another screen showed her, the prices on the Ferengi stock exchange. She smiled, as she felt Nax planning their next move. She also heard Ezri's words of wisdom.

"Don't let the symbiont lead you astray, be your own person." She wanted a reason, to leave the station just so she could fly her own ship. She even considered going back to Risa, though she couldn't, quite see its appeal, after all, she had money, and wasn't really in the mood to gamble. After all even when she was winning fair and square. She still felt somewhat guilty. And the Orion colonies were way too dangerous for a young girl to visit alone. Vega Prime, was pretty all year round, and had beautiful lakes and mountains. Perhaps she could go there . . .

After showering and replicating a pale purple utilitarian-pocketed jump suit, she dressed and wandered out onto the promenade. All around her the station was coming alive, alien traders of every hue passed Pads among themselves as they argued prices, Station Security, tried to look inconspicuous, and almost managed it. Of course, she was hardly noticed as walked towards the station's bar. The pun named Drift Inn. There in a dark corner sat Daimon Norko, a Ferengi trader that she recognised of old.

"Hi Norko, what's happening?" The Ferengi looked startled. Then angry showing his crooked piranha toothed smile. Lucretia was a little scared, but somehow Nax reassured her, telling her to sit still.

"Why don't you be a good little girl, and go and play with a doll?"

"Come on Norko, I'm too old for dolls, unless that's all your selling these days." Nax spoke through her. The Ferengi's eyes widened.

"How dare, you insult the great Daimon Norko, I should have you slapped for you insolence." Nax smiled through Lucretia, a somewhat disconcerting smile.

"Listen here you bat-eared Pumpkin! Do you want to make a profit? Or just sit there, insulting me?" The Ferengi's eyes narrowed as if trying to recall a distant event.

"Orlan Nax?" He asked, in disbelief. He lowered his voice as a pair of the Stations security officers passed them. She smiled.

"Nax certainly, but Orlan is dead, I'm Lucretia Nax. But I'm still ready to trade."

"But I thought all lives for a Trill, had to be a new start." The Ferengi whispered its crooked teeth making it sound like a sibilant hiss.

"This is Nax, you're talking to." She found herself saying confidently, but the host part of her felt like an unwilling and somewhat scared participant in this forthcoming

adventure. She also felt strangely energised. She was going to take her ship out, for the first time, since her joining. All she had to do was request that she was allowed out by herself. I mean what right did anyone have to stop an eighty-year-old, almost a teenager, from using her own property. She'd convinced herself. Now she had to convince someone to let her leave the station. The Ferengi glanced left and right.

"All you've got to do is collect a package from the planet Kezari two, and return it to me here at the station." Nax found herself asking, how much, as she wondered about the packages' contents.

"It's just some trade samples." Norko continued. Lucretia laughed.

"I may look young." She snapped. "But I didn't come down in the last meteor shower. What's in the box? Then we talk latinum." The Ferengi hissed.

"It's just some computer files."

"Stolen?" Nax asked. Norko grinned.

"Have you ever visited Kezari space?" Nax inquired. Norko shook his head, as she spoke.

"The Kezari would make Klingon pirates look downright friendly. If I get caught in Kezari space, I'll more than likely end up on the menu. They've been known to eat those who trespass in their territorial space. Did you know that?"

"How about, I give you twenty bars of Latinum, for your safe return with my package." He grinned. She laughed.

"Thirty bars of Latinum and I'll bring you your package." She heard herself ask.

"Twenty two!" The Ferengi said with a smile. She laughed, as she heard an insulting remark arrive unbidden in her head. Then standing up, she knocked back the last of her orange juice.

"Where are you going?" Norko asked, aggressively. Nax looked back

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"When you're ready to pay the price I'm asking. Give me a call." And with that she walked away. Norko stood up and left the Bar. As he strolled out into a crowded, promenade, past a Turbolift and then right towards the doors of the luxurious Astria Hotel. People screamed as a single rifle blast split the air. People threw themselves to the ground, as Starfleet officers pulled their Phasers and started to sweep the area with Tricorders. Minutes passed and sirens wailed, as Dr Tomac of Vulcan touched the blood with his fingers, and then wiping them on a small sterile cloth, he placed them on the Ferengi's neck. Pronouncing the Trader dead . . .

Poor Lucretia, a young girl literally in two minds. One her own, the other an eighty-year-old rogue. She wandered down a corridor; her head was down as she stumbled into Major Madia Amme, the Bajoran Ambassador. Madia recovered quickly, and halted Lucretia, by the shoulders.

"Where is Lucy going in such a hurry?" The Major asked. It was hard to talk down to a little girl, who seemed both sixty plus years older than herself, and still of an age to be in school.

"I'm sorry, I've a lot on my mind." Madia smiled,

"I find talking about my problems often helps." Lucy told her, all that had happened that morning.

"Why didn't you just file a flight plan? And take your ship to Bajor. I could have arranged your travel permits." She said caringly.

"I needed excitement; the quietness here is driving me crazy." Madia smiled, at the young girls' words.

"Excitement! If you wanted that, I could have spoken to Ambassador Ke'reth, and got you permission to visit Kronos. Anything is better than trying to set up a risky deal with someone you've never met."

"I know Norko!" She protested. Madia shook her head.

"Orlan Nax may have known Norko! To him, I'm afraid you're just a

little girl. Playing with someone else's reputation." As they spoke Lt. Martin Myers, Head of Station Security approached them flanked by two security officers.

"Excuse me Ambassador, We'd like to speak with Lucretia." Madia looked at him coolly,

"May I ask what this is about?" Martin stepped forward.

"We have reason to believe, that Lucretia, may have been involved in the Murder of a Ferengi Daimon." They both looked shocked. Part of Lucy wanted to cry; another part of her was outraged at the suggestion.

"I've never killed anyone!" Nax Protested. "Never."

"I'm afraid," Lt. Myers said, as he looked at her, "that I'm going to have to take you in to custody." The Major protested, but there was little she could do . . .

The doors to Admiral Jat's office opened slowly. Lucy entered the room cautiously. Her throat was dry. Then she gasped as the Ferengi she knew as Daimon Norko, stood up to greet her.

"What's going on here?" She demanded. Admiral Anarita Jat stepped away from the window, and gestured for the younger Trill to sit.

"I'm sorry we had to use you like this; it's just that Norko here is a deep cover agent for Starfleet Intelligence." Lucy gasped.

"When he arrived on the Station he let it be known that he thought that the Orion Cartel were after him. So we started to look for a way to expose any Cartel members, and extricate our field agent. We didn't know that you would recognise him. I'm afraid he had to risk using you to improvise a convincing cover story." The Ferengi sat forward in his chair.

"I'm sorry about using you, I made up a mission, that would both intrigue you, and one that you wouldn't immediately agree to. I really didn't realise that I had been an acquaintance of your previous host." At that moment Ke'reth walked into the

room a black gun case in his hand. The Klingon sat down and placed the case on the floor beside his chair. Anarita nodded to him.

"I could have been killed, out there!" Nax complained. Anarita smiled.

"It's a risk that we all face, from time to time. I asked Ke'reth here to shadow you, and make sure nothing serious happened." She stared at Ke'reth, then back to the Admiral.

"I never even saw him!" Lucy said, a stunned expression on her young face. Ke'reth smiled.

"That's what the Admiral wanted; she told me that Starfleet had already intercepted the assassin sent by the Orion Cartel. So once you were safe. I made the expected hit, on the Daimon here. A small plastic bag full of Ferengi blood placed within his jacket, with a tiny explosive charge. My Disruptor rifle on Heavy stun activated it. Add to this a Starfleet Doctor, who had been given orders to pronounce him dead at the scene for all to hear. I'm afraid the Admiral directed this little play, to allow us to catch a couple of the Cartels members." Anarita smiled.

"To continue the Ambassador's metaphor. We didn't realise that someone was going to wander onto the stage at the last minute." Lucy just sat there in disbelief.

"In all my years, I've never been so scared. You people are mad! You know that?"

Anarita nodded.

"Sometimes, out here in deep space. We have to play by a rather eclectic set of rules. Sometimes that means using the tools at your disposal."

The doors opened again, this time Lieutenant Myers entered, and snapped to attention.

"Report Lieutenant!" The Admiral said with a business like tone. Lt. Myers gave his report.

"We got them Sir, all three members of the Cartel, one of them is telling everything he knows in exchange for a new identity. That's

once he's served the agreed reduced sentence." The Admiral stood up.

"Congratulate your team Lieutenant. You all did very well, under a difficult set of circumstances." Lucy shook her head.

"Hey! What about me? I didn't ask to be involved in this plan! Where's my compensation?" She snapped. Anarita handed her a Pad.

"As you can see, a large portion of the reward money for your assistance in the capture of two members of the Orion Cartel, has been

paid into your account here at the station." Nax grinned.

"What's this contract, written on this Pad?"

"You have a ship for hire, and a desire to travel. Starfleet Command, has given me permission to offer you a civilian shipping contract, allowing you to run your shipping business from this station." Nax nodded.

"It's strange, only this morning I wanted adventure. Now, I feel like I'd like to sit somewhere nice and quiet."

MAR MEETING PROGRAM

14:00

DOORS OPEN

14:30

BRIEFING

15:00

SPACE WARS CONTEST

16:00 REFRESHMENTS

& SOCIAL TIME

17:00

QUIZ

17:45

RAFFLE

18:00

CLOSE

HONORARY PRESIDENT: BARRY MORSE
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS: BILL & TONI BLAIR

www.starbase410.org

**April Deadline:
Friday 18th April
2003 @ 17:00 (5pm)**

