



RAMQUL NEWS

ISSUE 47

www.starbase410.org

MAY 2003

INTENDANTS LOG

STARDATE 01.05.03

Once again it has been brought to my attention that there are copies of that so-called 'Radio Freedom' rebel propaganda circulating the slave quarters on this station. I must confess to being confused and bewildered at your apparent lack of gratitude for all that I do for you and all that I provide. You are all housed and fed and kept in meaningful, useful employment in service to the Alliance and I fail to comprehend why this is not good enough for you. To this end, and to show my displeasure at your complete lack of understanding to my own situation, today at 15:00 hours we shall not be executing 3 slaves but instead will increase to 6. I want to you all to know that this is for your own good. Today's

executions will be overseen by my new Cardassian Overseer, Gul Dewook, who has recently joined us from Cardassia Prime.

Gul Dewook will be assisting Kane in ore processing and slave control, he will also be heading up my new Intelligence team. I am determined to put an end to Dalen Varr and his rebel scum once and for all.

Now on to more pleasant matters, as you are all aware next month marks 4 glorious years of my command here on ramQul and to celebrate I will be giving you all a days holiday and holding a party on the promenade, you are all required to attend. Food choice lists will be circulated so please select your main course, a small fee of £2 per head will be charged.

Also I would like to announce that tickets for the annual Dinner/Dance will be going on sale shortly at £20 per person. This year it takes place on Sat 9th August in Gazeley Village Hall and currently L'Sar is in negotiations with Michael Sheard, who will hopefully be attending as our guest speaker. If you are interested please reserve your tickets at the Ops desk. Numbers are limited so its first come first serve.

Intendant Madia Amme

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

5th Marc Alaimo (Gul Dukat) DS9
6th Jennifer Coombes SB410
23rd Joan Collins (Edith Keeler) TOS
30th Colm Meaney (Miles O'Brien) TNG, DS9

PROMOTIONS

Tori Smith NCO

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DIARY DATESMAY 2003

- 11th Engineering Day
 12th Trekkies Filming
 (London)
 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

JANUARY 2004

- 18th Meeting

FEBRUARY

- 15th Meeting

MARCH

- 15th Meeting

APRIL

- 18th Meeting – Provisional
 date depending on
 Easter

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RADIO FREEDOM

Please be aware, that being found with this report, may lead to your torture and death.

Greetings dear Reader, My name is Dalen Varr, 'The Voice of the Resistance.'
This is the text version of part of my pirate radio show.

My Dearest Intendant, greetings from? (Oh, come on now, that would be telling, wouldn't it?) I hear that you've lost weight; it's nice to know that chasing me around the galaxy is at least doing one of us some good. Talking of chasing me around the Galaxy, I have a new ship. Okay, I'll admit it she's a second hand vessel, and has probably been around the proverbial block a few times. She's a small Cardassian ship that JB and I liberated. (Ok we stole her, if you're gonna be picky about it.) But it does allow us to get the job done. This little ship has a crew of thirty and has a cloaking device that once recalibrated should let us approach the Ramqul with near impunity. This will be my new recording and transmitting station; we should be able to be heard all over the universe on the most basic of receivers. So tune in and drop out. Slavery isn't for you. (Yes dear listener, our beloved Intendant thinks that she has Eyes and Ears everywhere. She doesn't!)

The Alliance against Tyranny is a number of small resistance Cells, whose leaders have banded together to fight the good fight. We are small now, but we are a growing organisation, and one day my dear Intendant, we shall put you and your Henchmen before a Judge in a free people's Court. For your sake, I hope he or she shows more lenience in his sentencing than you do to your slaves. Please remember this Intendant.

ALL DICTATORS FALL, AND ALL TYRANTS DIE

To all those who currently toil against their will, for this evil regime, to all whose backs are stooped in pain. You have a voice, the Voice of Freedom. It's the little things that you do to aid us which shall make all the difference. Filling ore buckets with impure substances to slow down production. Putting the spent power packs from your rock-cutters into the Ore processor, can cause a small internal explosion. This can take days to fix. Remember even your Intendant can get into trouble if her station doesn't reach its production targets. I don't want to put Ideas into your heads, as theses actions could lead to a loss of your life. But, there is always the chance that you'll be able to think of your own way to damage our mutual enemy, the Intendant.

Some good news, three months ago three men and a woman escaped from a prison shuttle on route to the Ramqul. Let these brave few, be your inspiration. You may not be able to escape, but you can make things difficult for your captors. These three have already started to train, at our Secret facility. The day of liberation is coming soon.

Dear Intendant, your days are numbered. Your sins are many and we count them day-by-day. And one day, the ragged hoard of the deprived and oppressed shall be your judges...

This is Dalen Varr 'The voice of the Resistance' signing off . . .

It would appear that within the Starbase we have developed our very own 'Mafia'. Are they an organisation within an organisation? Are they a covert ops team working for Starfleet Intelligence? Or are they completely independent of any controlling body and operating on their own.

Since we know some of the members, their code names and the source of those names it would seem likely that the covert ops for Starfleet Intelligence is the most likely option, but do you know differently? If you do please submit your findings to this publication for exposure.

The names and codenames of operatives this reporter has obtained so far are printed below. I have it on good authority that the codenames were assigned by Admiral Thomas of Starfleet Intelligence.

Also printed is a secret encoded communication from one 'Mafia' member to another. If anyone can decode the message we will print and expose in this publication.

To Tour Guide Barbie

The finalist has been named in the worldwide search for the perfect man.

After careful consideration and endless debate, The Perfect Man has been named:

MR.POTATO HEAD

- He's tan.
- He's cute.
- He knows the importance of accessorizing.
- And if he looks at another girl, you can rearrange his face.

From Mrs Potato Head

Codename Woody – Commander Steven Woods
 Buzz Lightyear – Lt. JG David Coombes
 Rex – Lt. Andrew Cornell
 Mr Potato Head – K'Hellenbeck
 Tour Guide Barbie – Colonel Madia Amme
 Mrs Potato Head – b'Sel
 Little Bo Peep – NCO Tori Smith

It is this reporter's considered opinion that Admiral Thomas has watched the Toy Story films of the late 20th century far too many times to be considered healthy.

If you have any news of the 'Mafias' activities or are able to expose more members, please report any information you may have immediately.

This is S'reya reporting for Starbase News.

Intendant

This report was intercepted from the mirror universe. I thought it might be of interest to you.

Gul Dewook

X-Men 2 set to break records

The X-Men movie sequel is on track to smash box office records after earning £96 million worldwide in its opening weekend.

X2: X-Men United made £53 million in just three days in the US alone - ranking fourth on the list of US openings.

The first X Men film opened with £34 million in the US and went on to earn £183 million worldwide.

Spider-Man holds the record - taking £71 million in its opening weekend in the US, followed by Harry Potter And The Sorcerer's Stone with £56 million.

X2 cost around £68 million to make and stars Hugh Jackman and Halle Berry.

Ananova Tuesday 6th May 2003

X-Men 2 riddled with mistakes

Movie fans have spotted more than 42 mistakes in the new X-Men film.

They include from disappearing documents and vanishing bodies, to glasses refilling themselves.

The number of mistakes in X-Men 2 equals that of the first film, submitted by eagle-eyed viewers to www.moviemistakes.com.

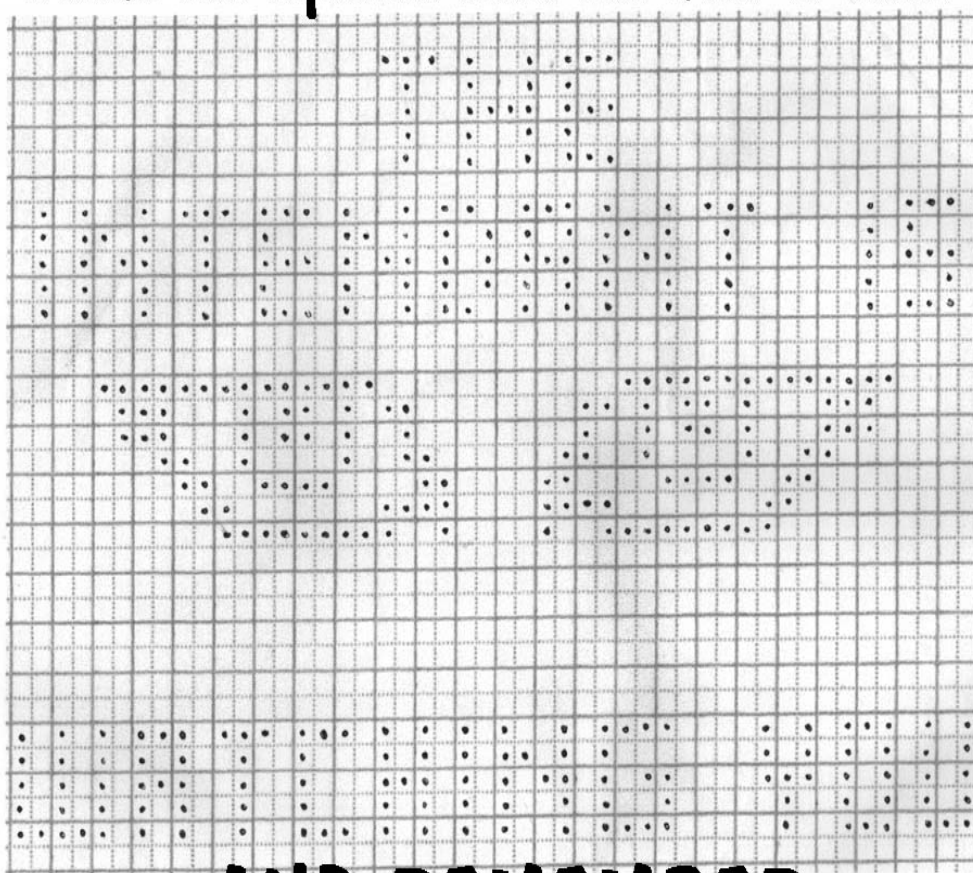
One error comes when the President is visited by the X-Men, he receives a blue binder which later disappears from his desk.

In another scene, when Magneto kills the soldiers outside Cerebro 2 their bodies are left all over the place. But when Nightcrawler, Storm and the rest of the X-Men come to the same place the bodies have disappeared.

And when Wolverine locks up Striker in the chopper, he just wraps the chain around Striker's chest. But when Striker tries to escape from the chains, his hands are tied behind his back.

Ananova Tuesday 6th May 2003

Shade the squares with the dots in them



AND REMEMBER

MAY MEETING PROGRAM

13:00

DOORS OPEN

13:30

BRIEFING

14:00

WATER FIGHT

16:00 REFRESHMENTS

& SOCIAL TIME

17:00

QUIZ

17:45

RAFFLE

18:00

CLOSE

Sirens sounded, running feet clattered, and Disruptor cannons were readied as the I.K.V. Diplomacy dropped from warp. The Nightfire Nebular that almost encompassed Starbase four one zero had been dangerously active of late. It was an area of space that could be treacherous at the best of times. But for the last four days it had excelled itself. Burning a bright, almost spectrum red. The Ambassador's Vessel was returning from a supply run to Bajor. The Mission had been uneventful and Ke'reth had spent a little less than a week delving into Bajor's beautiful Cities . . .

Only to return to an almost blinding wall of scarlet fire. B'sel his Chief of Staff moved to stand beside his Command chair. She snapped to attention as he looked up at her. Then handed him a Pad.

"It's not good news, we'll have to go around the ramQul Nebular." Ke'reth cursed, almost under his breath.

"That's going to put us three days behind Schedule." She nodded.

"Unless!" She looked back, from glancing at the Nebular on the view screen.

"Unless?" She repeated.

"Unless we find a weak point and try to slip through."

"I wouldn't advise it. I spoke with Commodore Jat, This morning. She gave me a list of Vessels caught in the Phenomenon. You have the list before you." Ke'reth activated the Pad. And watched as line upon line of Klingon text that was B'sel's notes, flashed before him.

"U.S.S. Liberator - Akira Class, Damage to port Nacelle, Impulse drive and plasma manifolds.

N.S.P. T'Paric - A Vulcan Toh'veak Class Science Vessel. Main sensor array crippled, Navigational deflector almost destroyed. An Electromagnetic pulse from the Nebula ripped through their shields like they weren't there, and wiped out six months worth of notes from their computers.

An unknown Ferengi Vessel is also claiming damages. But that's not the worst of it, there's also a shuttle with Lieutenants John Borda and Jenessa Blake aboard. It's been missing for the last couple of days; they had been out repairing a sensor buoy on the edge of the Nebular."

B'sel almost fell to the floor as a bolt of light lanced out from the Nebula, pitching the Warship sideways. Thankfully the Command chair broke her fall as she yelled out for an explanation. Ke'reth's eyes widened the

Nebula was gone. Worst of all, so was the nearby Starbase.

Ke'reth tapped at his controls.

"I don't get it!" He growled. As he watched a battered Cardassian space station turning slowly before him.

"How could a nebula throw us all the way back to Deep Space Nine?" His thoughts were interrupted by a face appearing on the Screen. A Cardassian Face.

"This is ramQul station, to unknown Alliance Vessel. Identify yourself. Ke'reth spoke quickly thinking on his feet, as he altered his ship's Ident codes.

"This is the Alliance Warship Havok, Six months out from Kronos. Demanding docking clearance." He switched off the Com-link. B'sel's eyes widened,

"I have a bad feeling about this!" Ke'reth took a deep breath.

"What do you know about the Mirror Universe?" He asked. She stifled a gasp.

"Only what I've read in intelligence reports. Oh Kahless! You don't think. Do you?" Ke'reth nodded reluctantly.

"I think the Nebular has cracked the 'Looking Glass'. His hand tapped his Pad. bringing up a picture of a corrupted Trefoil and Cardassian bird symbol. We'll need one each, for ourselves, and we better pin one to each member of the Bridge crew.

The same ugly grey Cardassian face reappeared on the Screen. " This is ramQul station Control, to unlisted Alliance Vessel. We have no schedule for your Arrival. Ke'reth smiled as he stood up, his pin now in place.

"Are you Challenging Sub-Regent Kre'moQ. Why I ought to tear your rotten head off, for your incompetent insolence!" B'sel nudged him, as the screen went blank.

"I think your overdoing the villain act."

"You think, I should tone it down a little?" He asked. She moved her hand in front of his face and brought her finger and thumb to an inch apart. "Just a little." He smiled, as the Cardassian reappeared on the screen.

"Docking Clearance, upper pylon three. You'll be escorted to the Intendant's Office upon arrival - ramQul Station, out. "

"Now you're in trouble!" B'sel, warned sarcastically.

"You mean we're in trouble." She winced. "I'll need my Executive Officer with me." She glanced at him locking eyes for a second or two. He nodded, smiling a dangerous feral smile.

The Station was dark, and not just

dimly lit, it seemed oppressive and close. The Cardassians liked the heat, Ke'reth didn't. Guards - some Klingon others Cardassian or Bajoran worked together, adding to their feelings of unease at the wrongness of it.

The Intendant was a Bajoran woman; her clothing was black, in stark contrast to her blond hair. She sat behind her desk; a handsome Klingon guard stripped to the waist was massaging her neck and shoulders.

"That's enough Kral." She ordered. He nodded, as he backed away.

"But don't go too far, I may need you later." He smiled his compliance.

"I'm feeling a little tense." She said coquettishly, as she swung slowly left and right on her swivel chair. She then sat up straight, as Ke'reth stepped forward. Her eyes widened. Perhaps in recognition.

"Well, well, well!" She smiled dangerously. "They say we all have a double, somewhere." Ke'reth stared at her. But soon recovered, and began a dangerous game of verbal sparring.

"Yes. And yours is a compassionate, honourable and deeply religious woman. For whom I hold a great deal of respect." The Bajoran woman stood up a flash of anger in her eyes that was soon reigned in.

"How dare you, come here and lecture me on honour! You lied to get here!" Ke'reth smiled. "What makes you think, I won't have you both killed for your treachery?" Her hand touched a panel on the desk, as a door opened and a Warrior entered. His red hair seemed unkempt, and his manner was almost bestial. But the likeness was unmistakable. B'sel stopped herself from gasping.

"This is my pet 'Kane.' Kane serves his Mistress well. Don't you Kane? Perhaps in time you'll both come to serve me too." Ke'reth removed her pale hand from his cheek.

"It will be a cold day in Gre'thor!" Ke'reth cursed in Klingon. She smiled an odd smile, almost wistful in nature.

"That's very funny, Captain!" Ke'reth's eyes narrowed, giving her a look that few men walked away from. "Kane said the very same thing." She looked back at the creature she'd renamed Kane. "Just before he murdered his family. Just about, where you're standing." A low growl escaped Ke'reth's lips. Kane seemed pensive, the Intendant mocking. "It was quite brutal, I found it all very distressing." B'sel looked startled as her hand instinctively hovered a quarter of an inch from her blaster.

"Bitch!" Ke'reth snapped. Kane lunged forward; Ke'reth turned on him and snarled a deep-throated snarl that no sentient creature should have been able to make. A sound of pure bestial anger. And for the first time ever,

Kane backed down without a fight . . .

The Intendant looked shocked, but recovered her composure well, as she dismissed Kane from the room.

"You should keep that thing, on a leash. He might try to bite someone." Ke'reth snapped. The Intendant smiled, compassionately.

"We could get rid of him, if you would agree to work for me." B'sel looked shocked as Ke'reth smiled.

"Mmmmm. . . Me work for you!" He grinned as he rubbed and held his chin mocking the actions of a man deep in thought. "It's a nice idea, but I'm afraid, that I'll have to turn you down." The Intendant rested her hand on his shoulder.

"I could make it worth your while, you could live like a Prince." Ke'reth laughed, but his eyes didn't show any signs of humour.

"What! Until I upset you! Then I get a free trip to your butcher's shop surgeon and get my mind f**ked, with an implant." The Intendant looked shocked. "Thank's! But no thanks! I like my mind how it is, flaws and all"

"It doesn't have to be like that." She said softly. "Kane's not the man he was, You could replace him. I like your fire! Your spirit, your strength."

"Until, I speak out of turn you mean, or think for myself."

"Then why are you here?" The Intendant asked. B'sel by now had had enough of this Verbal sparring. She pulled a Pad from her belt and activated it handing it to the Intendant speaking in a no nonsense manner.

"I believe you have recently captured a Federation Shuttlecraft." She was interrupted in mocking tones from the Intendant.

"There's no Federation here, you must be mistaken." And with that, the Intendant turned back to her desk.

"I didn't give you leave to turn your back on me, woman." B'sel snapped turning from Diplomatic Aide to Soldier in one fluid motion. The Intendant smiled that same sarcastic derogatory smile that B'sel wanted to rip from her face, and feed it to her.

"Have we lost your friends, it's a big station. Perhaps they've found a new Occupation in Ore Production." Ke'reth stunned the woman with one her guards own pain sticks that had been torn from his startled grasp as B'sel shot two others . . .

Meanwhile . . . Down in the bowels of the Station John and Jenessa formulated a plan of escape. His face smeared with dust and sweat. As someone who'd worked as a Asteroid miner, he was almost used to the heat and the hard work. But it was the biting pain of

the welt from the Cardassian lash that only served to tighten his resolve. He resisted the urge to rub it as they spoke.

"Jenna." He used the shortened version of her name as they huddled behind an ore trolley. Her dark eyes flitted up to meet him, smeared grime showed that she'd been crying.

"We're leaving tonight." Her eyes widened.

"Have you gone mad?" It was a rhetorical question, but he answered it anyway.

"Perhaps he answered, but I need a hot bath. And I don't think we'll find one here." She nodded

"But how, do we get back?" He wiped his dry mouth and mopped at his brow.

"I'm sure, that what we passed through is a two way street. I scanned the Nebular as we fell through it, and if my calculations are correct. There was matter from both sides of the Dimensional rift present." She pulled back her hair, from her eyes glancing up to the raised platform, and it's Cardassian guards. But they seemed not to see her.

"If you're right how do we reopen the fissure we'd need a massive output of power. I don't think the type nine shuttle has enough energy in its phasers to do the job. You'd need an Antimatter explosion . . ." She paused,

"You've got to be kidding." He shook his head.

"The slightest miscalculation and we'd be spread wafer thin across half this system." He nodded excitedly as he spoke.

"But! If we get it right. We'll be Heroes. Imagine the story we could tell. Why The General's tales of front line daring do, would pale almost into insignificance, by comparison. We'd even be able to hold our own with some of the Ambassador's wildest stories." She jumped as an explosion rocked the balcony above them sending the Cardassians sprawling over the railings.

"Kane?" She whispered over the Klaxons wail.

"I don't think so." John yelled out, I think this, has all the hallmarks off a Ke'reth rescue . . .

Back on the Starbase . . . John was holding court, while telling his tale.

"- Then the at the last possible moment the Ambassador beamed us to his Bridge as the Shuttle exploded, under fire from his cannons, tearing open the phenomenon, and here we are, back home. Since then the Nebular has settled down. . ."

CLACTON SCI-FI CONVENTION

14TH SEPTEMBER 2003

For more information either watch this space or visit: -
www.clactonscifi.net

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

www.starbase410.org

The U.S.S. Merlin dropped from warp. Vy'ra, the Merlin's Caitian Junior communications officer, leant forward in her chair and tapped the computer console with her delicately-clawed hand. 'Captain to the bridge!' she said as a Trill Starfleet Admiral entered the bridge via a side door. 'We're on approach to Starbase four one zero. We're also being hailed by Captain Leigh Brown of the U.S.S. Rage.'

Dalen Varr nodded. 'On screen! - Captain Brown, it's good to see you again.'

Leigh returned the Trill's smile. 'I hope this time that we meet in better circumstances.'

Varr nodded. 'So do I, Captain, I remember one hellish fortnight in an asteroid field on the Cardassian border.'

Leigh sighed, as he tapped a button on his command chair. 'The Gal'va pass,' Leigh said, a note of sorrow in his voice. 'We lost a lot of good people, holding on to that floating pile of rocks.'

The Admiral's eyes closed as the Captain spoke. 'Six ships, and more than five thousand people,' the Admiral said, sadly. 'Many of them were friends.'

Leigh said. 'So many lost to the Dominion.' Leigh's voice held its own note of sadness. He pulled himself together. 'Okay, USS. Merlin, I'm sending you a course heading of zero two five, mark three nine. You can follow us in.'

Starbase 410 was a massive Federation space station set among the swirling gasses of the Night-fire nebula. Ahead of them, a huge set of doors rolled silently open to reveal a massive hanger.

A female voice spoke over the intercom. 'This is Starbase Dock-master to U.S.S. Merlin. You are cleared for docking at platform zero three.' Admiral Varr acknowledged the call, as the starship Merlin was slowly swallowed by the Starbase's cavernous floodlit interior...

Dalen Varr turned to his Vulcan first Officer, T'Pren; 'I'd like you to draw up a shore leave roster. We need only retain those needed to carry out essential systems checks, and to oversee the sensor refit. I see no reason not to allow the crew to let their hair down.'

She nodded her compliance.

'I'll split our essential personnel into three shifts, that way everyone gets a little downtime,' she said, with a nod...

On a small planet, by the name of Ilonaris Prime, located around eight light-years from the Starbase.

'What in the name of Zaal do you mean, "she's gone"?'

The younger man shook his head and hands apologetically. 'It's not my fault. She killed the

duty Security officers. And my cracked ribs are still strapped up!' he yelled.

The old man became angered. 'You let her go! She's gone!' he snapped, as he scratched his patterned skull. 'She was due to be sent for reconditioning. We haven't lost one of her kind for more than a millennium.'

The younger man blushed, causing the amber pattern on his skull to blush deep violet. 'It's not my fault!' he said defensively. 'She's an empathic metamorph; She does this mind trick, change shapes using any image from your mind. We should just be thankful that one of her kind is a rarity these days.' The old man became annoyed, and grabbed the younger man by his shoulders. 'Listen. E'ral, There's a creature out there, that in about a week will become mature. Once she becomes an adult, may the Goddess protect us all.'

A tall woman approached them. 'We might not have that problem!' she said in a matter of fact manner.

'What do you mean?' The old man asked.

'She's stolen an old Jir'na class transport shuttle from a warehouse in the planets northern trade sector.'

A look of shock crossed their faces.

'She's gone!' the woman said despondently.

'We've got to find her. Otherwise no one is safe, for when she becomes hungry, she'll drain the blood from anyone she catches.' The old man moaned, as the woman stood to attention. 'We'll have to alert our galactic neighbours. The Klingon Empire, and that Federation base, out near the red nebula. The woman shook her head.

'I disagree Lord Prefect. Let me go after her. I'll kill her If I have to.' The other looked shocked. 'Kill her!' The young man asked, in horror. 'Isn't that a little. . .' She interrupted him. 'Do we really want the galaxy to know that years ago we tried to genetically enhance our children? And in doing so brought the Ra'nok Curse upon us.'

'The Ra'nok blood drinker is back,' the young man moaned, shaking almost uncontrollably. 'She'll kill us all,' he panicked through tear-filled eyes, as the older man tried to comfort him.

The old man then turned to the woman beside him. 'Kor'ta.' She looked up at the sound of her name. 'May the Goddess be with you in your quest. As one of the last members of our warrior caste, I charge you with destroying the Ra'nok!' She touched her palm to her forehead, then ran it down her face to rest lightly on her lips. 'If you'll sign my departure papers, Lord Prefect, I'll leave tonight.'

Twenty one hundred hours... Admiral Jat left the stations holo-theatre. She was still humming a tune from a selection by Verdi as she walked briskly across the neon-lit

promenade. She smiled towards a couple of Bajoran monks, as they bowed to her in their deep saffron and orange robes. Rounding the corner, near the Promenade's Security Office, she heard a muffled bleep and reached into her handbag for her communicator.

'Jat here, report!' The sound of the Station's duty Communications officer's voice spilled from the communicator. 'Admiral, I have just received a message from an Alterian freighter. They claim to have found an unconscious pre-teenage girl, four days ago. They believe her to be an Ilonarian. They say that she was found in a battered transport shuttle. They request placing her in our Medical facilities.'

In the Bajoran temple, Ambassador Madia Amme had just finished consulting the orb of prophecy, on loan from its shrine on the planet Bajor. As she moved to close the door of the ornate box, a bolt of golden light hit her. Madia collapsed as images of a young girl with amber eyes, and swirls of blood filled her mind. Thankfully, the horrors were short lived, as she passed out. A few minutes later she came round.

Evad knelt beside her. 'Ambassador Madia!' he panted.

'Are you okay?' he whispered close to her ear. She pulled a lock of blonde hair from her eyes. 'Thank you Evad, yes, the vision came a little quicker than I was expecting,' she said breathlessly, as the man helped her into a sitting position. 'I wouldn't dream of asking what the prophets revealed to you. But it seemed to unnerve you.' With help, she stood up a little unsteadily. The feeling was not unlike the first time the Klingon Ambassador had got her to drink Klingon Bloodwine. The dulling of her senses, and numbing headache, were certainly a little more than familiar...

Admiral Jat blinked, as she placed the Communicator onto her off-duty clothing. 'I suppose you should tell them to bring the young girl here. Then we'll look into what's happened. As soon as Captain Brown returns, he'll be taking the nightshift, for me.'

'Understood, Sir!

'Jat out!'

B'Sel moved her hands slowly over the sensor switch that dimmed the lights in her quarters, and moving the Padd from the armrest, she sat down. The Nightfire nebula was just visible from her window. She seemed somehow restless, as she got up and checked on her children who were sleeping in the other room. She wasn't the only one. Ke'reth stood in his quarters; he'd already stripped and cleaned his custom-made disruptor pistol. He then opened its case and disengaged the primary power core.

His uncle, the visiting General Korsh, sat across the table from him. 'Problem?' he asked.

Ke'reth sighed and shook his head. 'I'm not sure, it seems a little unbalanced.'

The elderly Klingon General gestured for Ke'reth to pass it over. Ke'reth stood up and handed it to him.

The General rattled it, turning it this way and that. 'This all seems okay to me! It must be your imagination, boy.' Ke'reth took the gun back. 'I suppose you're right, uncle.' The old man smiled as he took a swig from his bloodwine. Ke'reth replaced the case and placed his pistol in the charger, before raising his own goblet of bloodwine. 'To the Empire, then Uncle?' The old warrior downed his glass. 'Aye, to the Empire, then to bed, 'cause my old bones are tired. Maj ram (Good night in Klingon.) Ke'reth.'

Down the Med-centre, a pair of Medical Orderlies brought in a young girl on a medical gurney. Doctor Karen Michaels picked up her medical tricorder from the bench. 'Computer, initiate EMH5 program,' she asked, as an attractive dark-haired woman in Starfleet uniform appeared beside her.

'Please state the nature of my activation?'

Karen then glanced over to a young black man in a Starfleet Medical uniform. 'Daniel, can you bring the medical trolley over here for me? And Doctor,' she said, turning to the EMH. 'I'll need everything relevant on Ilonarian physiology. They rarely leave their Homeworld, and, to my knowledge, only Doctor Zynal of Andoria has ever had the chance to really study them up close,' Karen said as she checked the girl's pupil dilation with a small pen-light torch.

'I'm barely getting a response here,' she said, as she checked the girl's pulse and blood pressure with a medical scanner. 'Well, Doc,' she said to the EMH. 'With readings this low, a human child would be dead.'

The EMH seemed to be grinning in a smug manner. 'Then be thankful, that she's not human. These readings are low, but only a little below the Ilonarian norm,' the hologram said, as it stared into her eyes.

It then leant forward and opened the young girl's mouth. 'That's odd!' The EMH said. 'What do you make of that?' the EMH asked.

Doctor Michaels leant over the patient. 'Aren't all Ilonarians vegetarian?'

The EMH nodded.

'Then why are her primary and secondary Bicuspid or canine teeth extended?' Doctor Michaels took a small plastic paddle from the medical trolley and waved it twice through a sterilising ray. 'If I didn't know better, I'd almost say it looks like she has fangs.' Karen said as she tapped them with the paddle.

The EMH checked its tricorder. 'There's another possible problem. Both her DNA and RNA sequences are incorrect for an Ilonarian.'

Doctor Michaels, read the tricorder for herself. 'A genetic mutation?' she asked. The EMH shook its head. 'It doesn't make sense! Why tamper with the genetic patterns of a perfectly healthy subspecies.' Karen looked up. 'Whoa, Doc!' She exclaimed. 'Subspecies?' The Doctor nodded. 'This level of mutation, does not occur over just one generation, more like a hundred, maybe even more.' Karen lent forward, to check her eyes again, as suddenly the girl sat up and stared at the ceiling, she then glanced around her, as she took in her new environment. 'J'ol-ne'a esp a camjay, noya at oo te lana?' The Doctor translated, her words. (Where am I? What is this place?) The EMH bowed his head towards her and spoke softly. 'Un-es'ka be-a, be-a. Sul et b-n-o'gis al.' Her eyes widened. (You are safe, this is the Federation Starbase 410.) She nodded. 'Klee'noyt-a Be'kay et tu-anar.' The EMH frowned,

'She says that she's scared.' Karen caressed the young girl's brow, as she rechecked her tricorder. She was cold to the touch, and the girl's frame had gone from weak to almost approaching muscular, within hours. 'Ee-a natoo, ves-alam, ho- et ya kea artoo Tari nota ve! The Doctor's eyes widened. 'She says she's sorry for killing us, for our blood, but she won't be able to stop it!'

'Ya – ae. Na va Ra'nok. Bol Kew a refgre aq u na masadi'

'She says that she's a Ra'nok, and she'll soon have to drink our blood to survive.'

An hour later, in Admiral Jat's office...

'Admiral, both you and Captain Brown have seen the holo-vid footage. She's getting stronger!' Doctor Michaels warned.

Anarita Jat lowered her eyes. 'Surely the forcefield will hold her.'

Karen sighed. 'For now, perhaps. But she's showing the startling ability to read minds. And some ability with telekinesis.' Anarita and Leigh glanced at each other. 'Tonight.' The Doctor continued. 'She raised a hypospray almost ten centimetres from my desk with her mind.'

'That's quite some feat.' Captain Brown said, disbelievingly. The Doctor nodded.

'And that was through a forcefield Captain, How long before she can take the phaser off your belt?' Captain Brown almost managed to hide his concerned look.

'I'm beginning to see your point, Doctor,' the Admiral sighed. 'I'll call a meeting first thing tomorrow. But for now, I'm ordering her to be heavily sedated. I'll also send a security team down to the Sickbay.'

Down in the sickbay, flashes of blue light pulsed out from the young girl's eyes. Sending a pair of Medical orderlies sprawling across the floor. Then standing up she walked towards the forcefield, her hands outstretched as if she was sleepwalking. As her fingers came in

contact with the forcefield, she convulsed as she pushed slowly through the barrier. She approached the nearest of the men, and lifting him, as if by an unseen hand, she raised him to her mouth. As the klaxons blared, she bit deep into his throat. The other yelled for security, as she dropped the first's lifeless body from her grasp. She ran into the corridor, seeming to shimmer as she took on the appearance of the dead orderly. A four-man Security detail barred her path. 'What happened?' a blue-skinned Bolian Lieutenant asked as she ran past them, moving toward the station's central core.

'It's loose!' came her words, imitating the dead man's startled voice.

The Romulan Ambassador stood up. 'I'm not sure what you're telling us, Admiral. 'Are you saying that there's some kind of, what did that Security officer call it?' His Advisor whispered in his ear. '...vampire on the station?' he continued.

Anarita nodded. 'Unfortunately that seems to be the problem. So what do we do?' she asked.

Ke'reth smiled. 'We could all invest in high collars,' he said wryly.

Admiral Jat risked a diplomatic incident and gave his remark an unfavourable glance, as a Terran Ensign ran into the room. 'Sorry to butt in, Sir! But she's broken loose.'

'How!' Admiral Varr said, speaking for the first time since the meeting started.

'I don't know how sir. But she's already killed a medical orderly. Anarita looked at those seated around the room.

Captain Brown stood up. 'We have to seal off all Turbolifts, and confine all persons aboard to quarters.'

Ke'reth nodded, as Captain Leigh Brown spoke. 'As the executive officer, and with the Admiral's permission, I'd like to impose a level one quarantine order.' The others seemed shocked.

The Admiral stood up. 'You understand the implications, of such an action?' she asked.

Leigh nodded.

Anarita sighed. 'How do we maintain our quarantine while we contain this creature, and secondly, with what?'

Leigh glanced at Ke'reth. 'To my knowledge, there are currently three Klingon Vor'cha-class battle cruisers in port. I'm sure the Ambassador will provide these ships to enforce the quarantine.'

Ke'reth nodded slowly.

'I'll have b'Sel contact their commanding officers. Tell them to turn away any vessel approaching the station.' Admiral Jat sat back in her seat.

'Is it possible for us to arrange to bring some Klingon troops onto the station? To aid my Starfleet officers in stopping this thing?' B'Sel stood up, her padd in hand.

'With the Ambassador's permission, I'll get right on it.'

Ke'reth nodded his consent.

Madia the Bajoran Ambassador stood for her turn. 'I too, would like to put a unit of Station's Bajoran security forces forward to augment the Klingon and Starfleet forces.'

Slowly Ambassador K'hellenbeck stood up. He was usually a quiet man; he generally just sat and listened, making notes of who said what,

and why, into a small log recorder. 'I must agree with my esteemed colleagues. I too will place a unit of my Elite Tal'shiar Bodyguard temporarily at the Admiral's command.' Those at the table concealed their looks of shock, with varying degrees of success...

Part 2 next month.

BOOK REVIEW BY TOM HUDSPETH

Garth of Izar

Star Trek: TOS

Pamela Sargent and George Zebrowski

Pocket Books

If you have read any of my reviews in the past, you may remember the one "Across the Universe." These are the same two authors providing us with another attempt at their craft. If you did read "Across the Universe" then you will be treated to more of the same. These authors are credited with hundreds of short stories, hailed by the hype of magazines, and have not a few Star Trek novels under their belts. But I am left lacking when I read their books.

I was turned off in the first 8 pages by a dream sequence where the authors couldn't make up their mind if it was the Romulans or the Klingons who were the bad guys. Come on guys, one or the other! The TOS story you are basing this story off of used the Romulans as the bad guys. Perhaps you might say, "well it was Kirk's dream that mixed the two," but you go on to make the same mistake after the dream was over. Didn't anyone proof read this for you? You are Star Trek writers, you are supposed to know this stuff. Any TOS fan can spot these mistakes. Heck,

anyone reading this book will see them.

Is Captain/Lord Garth sane or insane? Do we really need most of the story to resolve this in academic debate amongst the major characters? And the story itself only has one tense moment, in the middle, where I got even a little excited. It all seemed so anticlimactic to me. But if you like long exposition about if this is this, then that is that, then maybe you will like this book. To quote their Captain Kirk, "This explanation of yours still seems much to contrived and almost beyond proof. The return of the mad Lord Garth is a much simpler explanation..."

Like "Across the Universe" I cannot suggest this book for reading. I certainly wouldn't purchase it if you do. It seems that publishers think we will read any drivel if it has Star Trek written on the cover. It is books like these that made me start to write book reviews. I felt I had to get the word out on such criminal behavior. I feel as if my money was stolen. Do not read this sad tale.

WANTED

DEAD OR ALIVE



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