



STARBASE NEWS

ISSUE 49

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JULY 2003

STARBASE 410 ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE



9TH AUGUST 2003
19:00 FOR A 20:00 MEAL
GAZELEY VILLAGE HALL
NEWMARKET, SUFFOLK

£20 PER TICKET

GUEST SPEAKER MICHEAL SHEARD

SUBJECT TO WORK COMMITMENTS

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JUNE BIRTHDAYS

2 nd	Brock Peters (Jacob Sisko) DS9
7 th	Shannon Choi (Quek) SB410
13 th	Patrick Stewart (Capt Jean-Luc Picard) ST:TNG
22 nd	Louise Fletcher (Kai Winn) DS9
22 nd	Bryn Evans (K'regh) SB410
23 rd	Sam Hudspeth (S'ena) SB410
26 th	Nana Visitor (Colonel Kira Nerys) DS9
29 th	Wil Wheaton (Wesley Crusher) ST:TNG
29 th	David Warner (Chancellor Gorkon) ST:VI

CONTACTS & DIARY DATES

DIARY DATES 2003

JULY

13th Car Boot Sale
20th Meeting
26th BBQ @ Steve's

AUGUST

1st Committee Meeting @
Steve'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

MAY

16th Meeting

JUNE

22nd 5th Birthday BBQ

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Ambassador Ke'reth's page

Kai Kassai, My fellow warriors, and greetings, to my allies.

Around the middle of next month is the Klingon Religious Festival Of chargh jaj or (*Conquers' Day.*) A lalDan ghIj, or (*Religious Holiday*)

This will require me, as the Highest ranking Klingon Officer on the Station to take on the role of the batlh lalDanwl' or (*Honour Priest.*) As b'Sel will tell you, I've already had fittings for a Clerics robe, and I'm attempting to memorise about four pages of no' Hol (*An ancient Klingon Language.*) Script.

I've also had to take some training in the art of being a Klingon Cleric. Khabej The Head Klingon Cleric here on the Station, has been training me to assist him in the Conquerors day Ceremony.

I can hear the question that many of you are asking. Why is a Warrior being trained as a Priest, when we already have a number of them on the Station? Well, It all dates back around fourteen hundred years ago, to the days of Kahless. After many days of ceaseless battle, Kahless stood with his parmaqay (*Lover.*) The beautiful Lady Lukara in the Great Hall of the Castle at Qam Chee. Between them, (so legend tells.) It was there that they had fought and killed five hundred Warriors. It was there that Kahless formalised his oath of love, by conveying the title of High Priest upon an elderly warrior by tapping the handle of his Bat'leth thrice upon the man's brow. It was this warrior who then pulled down a remnant of black curtain, from the window of the great hall. As he did so a broad beam of sunlight hit him, as he draped the black cloth around his shoulders, and knelt in prayer to one of Kronos's almost forgotten Pagan Gods. He took this as a sign of Kahless's right to rule the Klingon Empire, and agreed that he perform the rite, which would later become the Oath of Binding.

The Conquerors' Day commemorates the day that Lord Kahless, later to be known as Kahless the unforgettable, took his decisive step to conquer the forces of the Tyrant Molor. For this Ceremony a Warrior, Myself in this case, is made to take an oath of Priesthood to the Memory of Kahless. The Title is Honouree Priesthood, but after the Ceremony the new Priest is offered the chance to take further instruction, in order to become a priest. This takes the place of the traditional year-and-a-day Initiation on the Monastery world of Boreth.

For those who want to know what it takes to be ordained by this Ceremony, it involves me wearing a floor-length black hooded robe, while kneeling under a bright light, while giving a series of Memorised responses to the High-Priest's questions. He will then ceremonially strike me, (Lightly, I hope.) Thrice upon the brow with a bat'leth handle, before I take my final vow and drink from a chalice containing century-Old Black Ale. Well until we meet again. A Blessing upon you . . .

Ke'reth out . . .

ADMIRAL VARR'S LOG

Greetings everyone, Admiral Varr hear again.

Here's a little observation test, for you to take a look at.

There are ten differences in the lower picture for you to find.

See if you can find them?



Report over . . . Admiral Varr, signing off . . .

EWAN MCGREGOR FINDS STAR WARS TEDIOUS

Ewan McGregor has revealed he finds making the Star Wars films extremely tedious.

The actor is set to reprise his role of Obi Wan Kenobi for Star Wars Episode III but says he isn't looking forward to it.

Filming on the final instalment of the sci-fi film series is set to begin next month in Sydney.

Ewan told Radio 1: "They're hard films to make - as an actor you're called upon to act without another character

there in a blue space, it's difficult. I find them very tedious to make, there's no two ways about that, they're not good fun to make.

"But they're good fun to be in, I like that! I like that kids come up and ask you questions about them."

Classic Star Wars character Chewbacca will return alongside fellow favourites R2-D2 and C-3PO for Star Wars Episode III, which is due out in May 2005.

Ananova 14th May 2003

ARNIE SEES NO END FOR TERMINATOR

Arnold Schwarzenegger says he intends to make even more Terminator movies.

He may be nearly 56, but Schwarzenegger plans to reprise his role as the killer cyborg for many more years to come.

The star arrived at the Cannes Film Festival to promote the long-awaited Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines.

It may be 19 years since he first played the role of the Terminator in the sci-fi classic, but Schwarzenegger told a press conference he was only halfway through his acting career.

"Is this my last Terminator? No. I've so many more years left," he said.

"I'm totally full of energy and thanks to my weight training and cardio-vascular training I'm in great shape.

"I consider this the middle term of my career." And he urged fans: "Go out and see the movie. The more successful the movie is, the faster we can make Terminator 4."

With a budget of close to £123 million, Terminator 3 is on course to become the most expensive movie ever made. Schwarzenegger is taking home a £21 million pay cheque for his starring role.

"I've worked harder on Terminator 3 than on any movie I've ever done. It was very hard as far as the stunts were concerned and I got some serious injuries, which left me needing surgery.

In the film Schwarzenegger is out to save 18-year-old resistance fighter John Connor from assassination.

Ananova 17th May 2003

Starlight glinted off the hull of the Klingon cruiser "Proud Vengeance" as it coasted toward the Federation Starbase 410. 'Coasted' is probably not what you would normally call warp 4; compared to the speed the ship was capable of, it was a stately pace. But, Captain Ke'reth was in no hurry. The mission had been a success, and had been completed ahead of schedule. He allowed himself a smug smile as he thought of the honour he and his crew had bestowed upon themselves and their families.

"Captain!" barked the communications officer. " I am picking up a transmission. I cannot recognise the code."

Kere'th leaned forward in his seat, a frown furrowing his brow. "Where," he asked, "is it coming from?"

"In the area of the Ram Qul nebula." As he finished speaking, the Helmsman turned his head and added; "Sir! I am registering a number of small objects in that region. Sector 3. The nebula's outer rim."

"Identify!!" roared the Captain. The operative called up an image on the view screen. It was difficult to discern what the sighting was, but it did seem to be a large mass, several kilometres across, made up of hundreds of smaller, metallic objects.

"What have we here?" Kere'th inquired, in resonant purr, a smile playing across his lips.

"Magnify that image." The command was slow, a low growl that indicated that the Klingon was anticipating a conflict. Perhaps, he thought, we have the answer here to these strange 'visitations' that had been plaguing the space around the station these last few months. If he were to solve this thing, destroy the cause.....

As the image on the viewer resolved into a closer view of the scene, they could see that what they had encountered was a 'flotilla' of mechanical devices of some kind.

Each was approximately 1.5 metres high. All were slightly cone shaped, but with a domed top, and two lights, one each side of the dome. The lights on some of the machines seemed to be flashing in no discernable pattern. A short rod was fitted to the dome, midway between the lights. Some of them were moving, up and down, or, on some, turning as the dome turned. Kere'th assumed that the dome was turning, since the lights rotated in relation to the stalk. Two more rods, of different length, were attached about midway down the machines, which all appeared to be mounted on a deep disc shaped platform, a little wider than the rest of the object. Their movements implied that they were guided, not programmed. As if an intelligence were controlling the machines 'in real time', as it were.

As if they were...occupied?

"Engage cloak!" He commanded. "Slow to impulse." His warriors obeyed, and captain Kere'th slowly sat back in his chair. His eyes narrowed, teeth clenched, he murmured; "Let us see what we have here."

With a positive snap the last connection fitted into place. The engineer stepped back and surveyed the tangle of wires that weaved between the transporter console and the makeshift device on the floor beside the console pedestal.

He ran his fingers through his hair and shook his head. The schematic the Inquisitor had provided had been easy enough to follow, but this was technology that the Starfleet engineer was unfamiliar with. And as some of the components he had built himself from scratch, it was his duty to his 'client', as well as to himself, to test the device.

Steven Woods sighed. He was tired. Having worked his normal shift, and spent the bulk of his spare time working on this gadget, he was not convinced that he had got every thing

right. He ran it through his mind time after time, but there was still that uncertainty.

Realising that the new device would need a particular power source, he had taken it to one of the cargo bays, where the transporter terminals were capable of handling massive power surges. Also, if any thing went wrong, or the unit caused an unwelcome side effect, then at least this spacious area might contain any 'accident'.

Crossing his fingers, as he had seen the Inquisitor do (Why, he didn't know), Woods set the transporter controls to the setting that would power up the little box at his feet.

Crouching beside the silver and plexi-glass device, he operated the controls on that, hoping he was doing the right thing.

Standing, he glanced over to the transporter pad. His eyes widened as a shimmering light started to resolve into an object. This he had not anticipated. "Oh no." He groaned. "What have I done?"

On the view screen of the 'Proud Vengeance', there were signs of activity. Several of the machines were becoming animated. Four of them broke away from the main body, and re-grouped at a point much closer to the Klingon ship. With the viewer on magnification, they looked right outside!

B'Sel stood at her Captains side. He still reclined in his command chair. "Do you think we have been discovered?" she asked, anxiously.

"Perhaps," replied Ker'eth, "but if they should choose to attack, they will not find us an easy prey."

B'Sel smiled warmly at the thought of battle. Two of the group of four machines left the formation, and slowly made for Klingon ship.

The lift door opened, and L'Sar stepped onto the bridge. As she caught sight of the image on the screen, her eyes widened and she shouted; "Cloak the ship! Evasive action!!"

"We are cloaked!" shouted the captain. "We will not run from these robots!!"

L'Sar reached the captain in four large, swift strides. She grabbed him roughly by the collar. "You don't know what these things are!!" she growled. "Or what they are capable of!"

Ker'eth pushed her away in disgust. "Do not talk to me that way!"

"I have encountered them before!" L'Sar barked "When I travelled with the Inquisitor in the other universe. They are called Daleks! Those two," she continued, "have enough firepower to destroy this ship!"

"Our shields are up." Ker'eth's reply was more subdued.

"That will only delay them." She replied.

B'Sel pushed herself between the pair and offered: "They may have noticed the cloak shield distortion." The other two un-tensed and grunted agreement. "If we rig for silent running, it may give them less to detect."

Ker'eth nodded, and gave the order. He found it hard to believe that these members of his crew were advocating hiding from a potential enemy. Both of them, however, were wise, and their council had proven worthy on many other occasions.

As he turned to leave the command deck, L'sar grasped his wrist. He snapped his head around to face her, glancing at her hand on him, and then stared her in the eyes.

"This battle" stated L'Sar quietly, "would be futile. We are hopelessly outnumbered. There would be no honour here."

Ker'eth wrenched his arm away from her grip grunted his reluctant agreement as he left the bridge.

Anarita Jat appraised the new comer with a long, sweeping, critical look before turning her gaze to Woods. "Well?" she snapped impatiently.

"That's all. I was testing out the gadget I'd built for the Inquisitor,"

"Without getting approval!" reproached the Vice Admiral

“Without getting approval, yes.” answered the officer dejectedly. “And, any way, there she was. Asked if the Inquisitor was here, and when I was unable to find him, I thought that this was the best place to take her.”

“And if he had been on station, which incidentally he should be, when would you have thought it might be an idea to tell me, eh? Just before I got to hear about her in the bar, from a passing trader?”

“Please,” interrupted the visitor. She was a human type, a woman with an unruly mane of red hair, dressed elegantly in a long, dark green tapestry gown, reminiscent of something from Earth’s 17th or 18th Century. “Please let me explain. It’s not Steven’s fault,” she looked at Lieutenant Woods “you don’t mind me calling you Steven, do you? Thought not.” She hadn’t waited for his reply, much to his chagrin.

“Let me introduce myself, I’m known as the Duchess. Lady Sadianna of the High council of Time Lords. “

“Oh God!” exclaimed Jat “Another one!”

“I must be brief, my time here is very limited. The device that Steven here built for Torq- the Inquisitor, allowed my people to send me through to deliver a message.

As you obviously know, we’ve been monitoring this crossover phenomenon from our side, our universe, and keeping records. I have information that could be immensely useful to the Inquisitor.” I didn’t know, thought Jat, but thanks anyway.

“Care to share it?” asked the Vice Admiral, somewhat sarcastically, Steve thought.

“Oh, I’m sure he will,” chirped Sadianna brightly. Not what I meant. Thought Jat to herself.

“Now,” said the Duchess “where is he? Torqcraf? The Inquisitor?”

“As my officer said,” replied Jat “ he is not on the station. And I have repeatedly ‘asked’ him to keep me informed of his comings and goings. He doesn’t even use the docking bays,

which I have insisted on. Keeps landing in the Japanese garden.”

Sadianna smiled “Oh yes, he would. He likes a well kept garden.”

“Not the point!” snapped the station commander. Are all these ‘Time Lords’ this scatty? Thought the Vice Admiral. “So,” she continued “this information you say you have?”

“Yes!” exclaimed Sadianna excitedly “I’ll leave it for you to pass on, shall I?” She began rummaging about up on of her voluminous sleeves. Good, thought Jat, we’re getting somewhere. Sadianna pulled six white squares from her sleeve, and placed them on the table in a cross formation, so that they were all touching one of the others. Woods and Jat looked at each other in bewilderment.

The Time Lady stood and faced the formation, her eyes closed in concentration.

To the surprise of the onlookers, the squares came to life, forming themselves into a cube.

When the cube was complete, she looked up at the station Commander, scooped the cube up in one hand, and thrust it under the nose of Anarita Jat.

“Give this to Torqcraf when you see him, will you?” she spoke in a tone that suggested she was passing on some trinket of no consequence. Very ‘matter of fact’. “I have to go now, look.” She held out her arm and pulled back the sleeve of her gown to reveal a copper coloured bracelet with a swirl pattern on the top .The bracelet was glowing faintly. “If young Steven here can show back to where I materialised, and reverse the process that got me here, I’ll bid you farewell. For now.”

“Young?” Steven Woods murmured to himself. “She can’t be more than twenty something. Young?”

Anarita made a quick decision to let the Time Lady have her way, just so as not to be stuck with two of these irritating people. She nodded agreement to Woods, who proceeded to lead the Duchess away.

This, thought Anarita, gazing curiously at the cube, must contain the 'valuable' information. How do I access it?

"You don't!" it was Sadianna's voice. In the Commanders head. "It's for the Inquisitor. It will open for him."

Great. Now she had to deal with the Inquisitor again, and try to prise from him basic knowledge that should be a station commanders as a matter of course

"Captain! " The voice belonged to L'Sar. "To the bridge! Immediately!" She turned to face the screen. The two Daleks that had been sent to sniff them out were peering a little too closely. They had been spotted!

"Goodbye, Steven Woods." Said Sadianna, standing on the transport pad. "Give my best wishes to Torqcraf. I'll be back soon, so look out for me."

"Yeah, well, see you then." Woods was mystified by the Time Lady's attitude, and how she knew his full name. He hadn't told her. He operated the controles, and the Time Lady grew indistinct and faded, clutching the bracelet at her wrist.

He was just about to switch off all systems, when the transport pad began to glow, and a rauchous din, like a cat howling issued from the swirling vortex that was forming on the platform. A figure started to coalesce.

"Oh no!" groaned Steve. "What now?"

Ke'reth stood beside his warriors on the command deck of his ship. One of the Dalek creatures filled the screen. It knew exactly where to be to command their attention.

"Alien vessel!" The grating, electronic voice forced it's way through the ships address system "We know you are there! Make yourselves visible, or you will be destroyed!"

Ker'eth bristled. "I will not surrender!"

"They could destroy us." Advised L'Sar. "If we appear to going along with them, it may give us an advantage."

"Arrgh!" growled the captain. "Such subterfuge is the Romulan way." The word 'Romulan was spoken with distaste.

The Dalek voice cut through the ship again.

"We will wait no longer! You have defied the Daleks! You will be exterminated!"

On the viewer, the dalek moved away from the ship, both Daleks became visible.

The sound of two Dalek voices, one slightly deeper than the first, blared through the comms, as bright, blue flashes of energy shot from their short midriff rods, their weapons.

"Exterminate! Exterminate! EX-TER-MIN-ATE!!!"

There was an enormous explosion.

....To be continued....?

Anarita woke up, the hands of a man around her throat. Her quarters smelt foul with blood, and she couldn't breathe as she tried to roll away from the grip of what used to be a medical division Ensign. She tried to kick out as its foul breath came closer and closer, as the creature's fang-like teeth moved closer and closer and bit deep into her throat. She then awoke with a start, her heart sounding like a Klingon war drum deep within her chest. She called for the lights, as she stumbled into her bathroom and splashed cold water over her face. According to the clock in her quarters, she'd only been asleep for two hours. But after her nightmare, she didn't really feel like going back to bed.

She accessed her viewscreen. But whom should she call? Captain Brown had almost ordered her to bed, and as he was new to this position, she didn't want it to seem like she was checking up on him. Somewhere far below her, two dead men spiralled backwards into the hallway.

Ambassador Madia and Evad moved through the stations access corridors. Evad knelt down and checked the corpses; this time there would be no getting up.

'Prophets protect us,' he said in Bajoran, holding back the urge to be sick. Madia put her hand on his shoulder. 'It's okay, Evad, these men were already dead.' He shook his head. 'I've always hated killing, even during the occupation, and I hate killing now. I could hardly bring myself to shoot Cardassians. That's why I trained to be a hover-bike dispatch rider. I did my bit by avoiding combat wherever possible.' She smiled. 'You must have been good; your record shows half a dozen commendations for bravery. Not to mention, three medals for the same.'

He nodded as he checked his weapon. 'It wasn't easy for any of us. I too had to learn to protect my friends and family. I had a phaser pistol put in my

hand at ten years old. Made my first kill, not long after.' Evad glanced up at her, from checking his rifle. She then continued.

'He was a wounded Cardassian scout. I shut my eyes tightly, took a deep breath and point-blanked him.'

The sound of footsteps rounded the corner interrupted them. They both raised their weapons as a Vulcan woman rounded the corner, her tricorder in hand. 'Follow me, Ambassador, this area isn't safe.' As she turned, a disruptor blast tore the air as the Vulcan woman's head exploded like overripe melon. A few seconds later Ke'reth landed beside them. A black cord had allowed him to propel down from the balcony above. 'Sorry about that,' he grinned, 'but I was on my way to bring you two down to the textile-recycling area. We've caught her. The war is over!' the Klingon joked.

Madia looked concerned. 'How did you know?' she asked, as Ke'reth led them further down a dark access tunnel. 'Watch your step, folks, there's no lighting working down here, they've had to shut it down,' the Klingon replied, seemingly ignoring her question.

'Really!' Madia asked, sniffing the air. 'Ambassador, how did you know the Vulcan woman was infected?'

'Lucky guess,' the Klingon answered.

Captain Leigh Brown knelt down beside the dead Vulcan's body, and turned over what was left of her neck. 'Who the hell shot this one. She's one of us.'

'Are you sure, Captain?' a young sandy-haired Ensign asked.

Leigh nodded, sadly.

'Bloody Romulans.' Leigh cursed. 'The Tricorder says that this woman was shot dead with a Romulan rifle.' He then looked down to the fresh green blood surrounding the body. Two sets of the three boot patterns had Bajoran symbols on their soles; the third print was smaller and barefoot...

Madia continued to talk to Ke'reth, as she typed into her Security Padd. Then handed it to Evad. Who hid his shock well, at the words upon it.

This isn't Ke'reth. It's the Monster.

He deleted the padd, and then glancing up he saw movement ahead. He grabbed his friend's shoulder, and rolled to the left, pulling Madia to the ground and rolling protectively over her, as a barrage of phaser fire struck Ke'reth's now shimmering form, twisting it as it dived over the balcony's safety rail and disappeared into the tunnels below.

Captain Brown's team helped them up. 'You two got lucky, how did you know that wasn't Ke'reth? Captain Brown asked.

The Bajoran woman gazed up at him. 'Haven't you ever noticed the smell of the armour polish that all Klingons seem to use? It's a sweet smell, kind of woody. It's always reminded me of the fruit trees that grew near where I was born. And that thing didn't have it.'

Evad caught his breath. 'Then it must have killed that Vulcan woman, because the Vulcan must have found a way to track it with a tricorder.'

'Something we haven't,' Leigh snapped, holding out the tricorder. 'I think you're right, there's a slight modification here, it's been modified to track any scent it can't match to the scents in its memory.'

Evad brushed himself down and turned his wrist light back on. His face held a look of confusion. 'Was it my imagination, or did that thing have wings?'

Madia sat up from where she'd landed. 'I saw them too!' she gasped. 'Definitely wings!'

Ke'reth's combat experience showed as he calmly unwound a length of strong black propelling cord from his belt and tied the end tightly to the banister rail. He then looped it through a figure-eight-shaped ring on his belt. Leigh smiled as another Klingon officer helped him into his propelling harness. He then checked his own cord, as a

female Klingon handed him a plasma flamer and briefed him on its operation. Leigh strapped the weapon to his back, and took his place between Ke'reth and Madia.

Madia glanced at Evad. 'Go with these Klingons, get yourself back to the Embassy.' He paused, looking concerned. 'I can make that an order, if you like?' She smiled.

He nodded his compliance as Ke'reth slid backward off the rail, and fell into the darkness below. The others followed more cautiously.

Anarita watched angrily as the body count rose. She sat at her desk and stared at her rapidly cooling coffee. She'd left her quarters and moved back to her office. Even here one of her guards had killed one of her own infected crew. As she came out of her office she met the Bajoran known as Evad. 'I've a message for you. It's down in the textile waste pit. Ambassadors Madia and Ke'reth, also Captain Brown are chasing it.' The Admiral cupped her hands over her eyes and cleared her thoughts.

'How many of the infected did you find on your way up? Accurate figures have been a little hard to come by.'

He shook his head slowly.

'Twenty, perhaps more. These Klingons,' he said, gesturing to Ke'reth's Special Ops team, 'must have taken care of at least twenty.'

Anarita cursed as she moved back to her desk. A Klingon warrior entered the room, his face smeared with black and grey combat-paint that obscured his features. But the black dagger-shaped emblem that he wore proudly on his sleeve marked him out as one of Ke'reth's Elite Black Dagger Special Operations Unit. She racked her mind for a name, and thankfully it came to her. Hav'ek, known as Havoc by his friends. She stood up to greet him as he saluted. 'What news, Hav'ek?' she asked.

'This battle does not please me Admiral.' He snarled. She must have shown a look of shock for the Klingon

clarified his comment. 'Some of the drones, have been attempting to get up into the habitat zones. We're fighting an honourless enemy, who sneaks around in the shadows and kills the weak and strong alike.'

She scratched her brow. 'What of Captain Brown, Ke'reth and the other Section Commanders?' Anarita asked. 'The Romulans led by K'Hellenbeck, have sealed...' He stopped speaking as he gestured towards the illuminated Station schematic on her wall. She nodded her consent. The Klingon tapped his finger on the panel. 'The Romulans have all but sealed off this area. The Bajorans and Federation forces have sealed off the level above them, while our Klingon forces have taken to guarding the stations Jeffries tubes and access crawl ways.'

She sighed. 'Are we safe?' she asked. The Klingon smiled. 'I hope so!' He grinned, as she glanced up at him. 'I have no intention of dying at the hands of a little girl half my size, mutant or not!'

Madia found the switch on her rifle, which activated its powerful torch. As she did so the weapon's built-in tricorder came on before her. The weapon was of a heavy solid Klingon design, which left her in no doubt of its power. She looked from Ke'reth to Leigh. Both were checking their weapons. Up ahead she could just about make out movement. The now-unmistakable zombie-like shambling movement of a drone. No more than a walking corpse, she reminded herself as she shouldered her rifle.

Ke'reth's hand pushed her barrel down slightly. 'That's a field artillery disruptor, Ambassador,' he whispered. 'You have to aim a little lower than your intended target, these cannons kick, and you don't want to punch a hole through the ceiling.' Leigh smiled at the Klingon's words as Ke'reth allowed them to fire their weapons. Madia rocked backwards on the balls of her feet, as with a burst of neon-blue

fire she completely incinerated her target. Leigh had also turned his target to steaming sludge.

Leigh looked a little startled. 'The recoil on this thing is incredible!' he gasped. Madia nodded, as she saw Ke'reth's grin.

'Remember, Captain, we're fighting something that walks through force fields and can shrug off phaser and disruptor fire.'

The big Klingon gave him a predatory smile. 'So you're saying that we just might need these,' he said patting his gun.

Down and down they moved, occasionally picking off a drone. If they could have used the station's turbo lifts, they could have entered the second level of the station's textile reclamation and recycling centre within minutes. And if they were right, they would find the creature's nest. But of course, the Turbolifts had been switched off to protect those locked in their living quarters.

As they moved further down the station. Kor'ta finally caught up with them. She turned to Ke'reth. 'You've done well cornering it, now back off and let an expert work!'

Ke'reth looked her up and down, then gave her his own verbal broadside. 'Listen here, sweet-stuff! We got here first; if you've got any advice, then give it up! If not shut up and fall into line!' The slayer raised a lethal-looking serrated combat knife.

Ke'reth spun, catching her wrist with one hand, and snapping the blade from her grasp with his other; as he flipped her over his right arm and lifted her clean above his head.

'You've never been in combat before have you?'

She screamed something probably an obscenity. As Ke'reth spun around, he dropped the startled Slayer unceremoniously onto her backside. He then pointed his gun at her.

'Bang! You're dead!' Ke'reth growled, as Madia moved to sit beside the now-whimpering Slayer.

'I have been chosen and trained for this!' she sobbed indignantly.

'You've never even seen one of these things before have you?' Ke'reth asked slowly, lowering his voice.

'How did you know?' she asked.

'You don't move like a hunter. Your weapons belt is loose; I can hear it rattling when you walk. You just don't move - ' he repeated himself, ' - like someone trained to be a killer.' She still sobbed as she turned her head to face him. 'I want to know what I'm facing, and please,' he asked softly, 'the whole story this time.'

'My people tried to wipe out an illness, long ago. It seemed to work, or so our history books tell us. Then there came the story of the Ra'nok monster. It was then that the catchers and slayers were trained to take care of the mutations. We learned to find mutant children within weeks of their hatching from their eggs. We took them to another planet. In the old days we just left them there. But for the last three centuries or so, we learned how to operate on them.'

'We did it to make the children well, before returning them to their parents. But every so often, one would be missed, and become Ra'nok. There hasn't been one for ages. But we still train slayers just in case.'

Ke'reth smiled, as he put his hand on her shoulder. 'If we'd had all the information you seem to know, given to us when you first arrived, a lot of people might still be alive. You should have contacted us immediately you found out about the threat this thing posed to this station. Your ship is equipped with a subspace communicator, isn't it?' She nodded as she cried against Madia's arm.

As she stood up Ke'reth tightened her belt. She smiled as he wiped her tears with the back of his glove, and handed her her knife. Leigh stepped forward. 'How did you intend to kill this thing?' She looked up at him.

'It must be burned by a great fire, that's what we are taught. Our ships have shackles mounted over their main engines,' she said quietly. Madia sat forward.

'So your intent was to dart it with that spear gun of yours?' Ke'reth picked her rifle off the floor from where it had fallen, and started to examine it. 'Ah-ha!' he growled softly. 'That's how it works. It's a beautiful piece of work. A rail gun, firing a poisoned steel dart.' The young woman smiled. 'You have a good knowledge of weapons.'

'Target shooting is a hobby of mine.' Ke'reth joked.

Captain Brown scanned the dart with his Tricorder. 'This stuff would knock down just about anything, it's some kind of powerful sedative, alcohol-based I think. It also has a neural inhibitor. With this in you, you couldn't do anything!' Leigh said, quietly.

'That's the idea.' Kor'ta whispered. 'I expected that I could just dart it and roast it, and go home to a hero's welcome.'

Ke'reth held her by the shoulders, and looked her into her eyes. 'In a time of war, all soldiers are called heroes. In a time of peace, they're often an embarrassment, to those whom they served. Few ever get the pleasure of being called hero to their face.' He sighed. 'And after what most have seen, and done,' the Klingon paused, 'few would want to hear it. It's often just too damn painful.'

'Heat! Fire kills it.' Leigh thought out loud, before speaking. 'What about luring the creature down to the station's primary waste furnace, couldn't we force it into that?' Leigh asked.

Madia pushed a wayward lock of blond hair from her eyes. 'It's got to be worth a try, hasn't it?' she said with grim determination,

Ke'reth nodded. 'Sounds like a plan to me.'

Kor'ta sighed. 'What about its wings? The wings come just before the creature gives birth. They allow her to find a safe nest. Then we're taught that

mother's abdominal cavity bursts releasing hundreds of spore-like young. It's the wings that prevent the young from being blown too far away from the mother's carcass.' Leigh gulped.

'You mean they eat her?' he asked morbidly.

Anarita must have dropped off to sleep, after her Klingon visitor had left, because her communicator woke her. 'Jat here! What's happening?' she asked.

'It's Ke'reth here, Admiral! I need you to do something for me?'

'What do you need Ambassador?'

'I don't have a lot of time, but I want you to restore power to the station's primary waste furnace.' She blinked the sleep from her eyes.

'Sure, I can do that! But why?' She heard Ke'reth chuckle.

'I'm going to make enough Monster a la Ke'reth for everyone, Admiral. Before it gives birth, and we're all in the soup, Ke'reth out.'

Down through the darkness four figures moved in the eerie silence of the station's lower decks. Then there came a low industrial humming sound, quiet at first, but the sound built up into a hum, then a roaring noise. Then came the smell of burning waste.

Madia opened a small storage-hatch set into a nearby wall, and pulled out some hooded breather-masks. 'These will stop us getting affected by the toxicity of this place.' Then as the red and amber warning lights came on they saw their victim, their prey, for that was what this young girl had become. Her skin was now pale green and waxy-looking, her chest and stomach bloated, almost beyond capacity. Her eyes wild, staring and blood red in colour; her wings flapped but could no longer lift her swollen body from the textile waste that surrounded her. Ke'reth took the slayer's rifle and

aimed. The creature seemed to ignore them as blood trickled from its mouth.

Then without warning, Ke'reth turned and handed the rifle to Kor'ta. 'Whatever you do, kid, don't miss!' he snarled, as Kor'ta's hands trembled as she took the rifle.

Madia took her cue from Ke'reth and opened fire, forcing the creature back towards the safety-rail that ran high above the now glowing furnace. As directed, Captain Brown's shot hit the side of the walkway partially severing it, as Kor'ta's dart hit the creature hard in its upper spine. It howled in pain as it fell backwards towards the fiery furnace far below, its limp wings flapping lifelessly as it scratched for purchase on the burning air...

The slayer blinked. 'You allowed me to regain my honour. Why?' Kor'ta asked, her eyes streaming in the dull red illumination of the pit. Her face behind the visor of her Plexiglas breathing hood was streaked with tears.

Ke'reth removed his hood as he led her away from the pit. 'To a Klingon, honour is often considered more important than life.' She nodded, somehow understanding his words, and their deeper meaning. 'But you trusted me?' she asked.

Madia smiled as she put her hand on the girl's shoulder. 'Of course, he trusted you, you're a slayer.'

Captain Brown removed his breathing mask and ran his hand back through his hair. 'Next time there's a monster on the station,' he said, clearing his throat. 'I want to be on Risa.' he gasped.

Ke'reth laughed. 'Next time there's a monster on the station, I'll take you!' he joked.

Madia leant her gun against the wall. She was glad to be relieved of its weight. 'I hope you've got room for me on this pleasure trip of yours. Because I never want to see another monster ever
again.'

JUNE MEETING PROGRAM

14:00 DOORS OPEN
 14:30 BRIEFING
 15:00 MODEL MAKING
 16:00 REFRESHMENTS
 16:45 MODEL JUDGING
 17:00 QUIZ
 17:45 RAFFLE
 18:00 CLOSE

**CLACTON SCI-FI
 CONVENTION**

14TH SEPTEMBER 2003

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

BBQ: Steve Woods is having a BBQ on
 26th July 3pm onwards. Please see him
 know if you wish to attend and for more
 details.

Editors Note

Welcome to this months newsletter. As
 you can see I have finally put my foot
 down with the Admiral, consequently there
 is no Admirals log this month as she
 missed the deadline; actually she never
 even submitted her log.

Please also get in now for your Dinner /
 Dance tickets they are now available at
 £20 per person, the dinner / dance takes
 place on 9th August and time is rapidly
 running out. Tickets will be on sale until
 about a week before the event.

You may note that the Bajoran
 ambassadors log is still AWOL, but she
 assures me she will be back on board next
 month and if we are really lucky we may
 be able to convince the Romulan
 ambassador to submit one as well, I'm
 sure he wouldn't want to be shown up by
 Madia and Ke'reth.

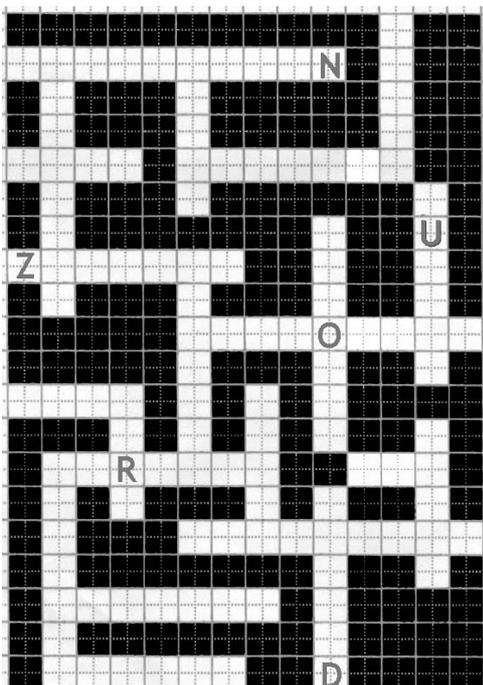
Don't forget to let Steve know if you are
 going to his BBQ next weekend.

Inside we also have another instalment
 from James and the final part of
 Contaminant from Robert.

Many thanks and enjoy your newsletter.

Emma

Last months quiz answers



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

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**Aug Deadline:
 Friday 1st Aug
 2003 @ 17:00 (5pm)**

WEBLEY

THE SPIDER