



STARBASE NEWS

ISSUE 50

www.starbase410.org

AUGUST 2003

Well I have to confess I missed the deadline last month so there was no Admirals Log. I bet most of you didn't even notice, (hehehe). However got it in on time this month.

Well July was a busy month for me besides having the Car Boot sale. For that I have to thank Steve, Dave and Jen, and John for all their help. Particularly Steve and Dave who cleared the whole site of litter by themselves. Next one is 7th September and we do need as much help as possible please. They do raise much-needed funds for the club

I though our last meeting brought out the creative genius of our members with the model out of rubbish competition. There were some wonderful creations and congratulations to the winners. Many thanks as well, to Lisa for organising it.

Well I don't know about you but I thought this years Dinner and Dance was the best ever. Michael Sheard is one of the nicest people I have met, friendly, funny, willing to join in. Despite being let down by the caterers and having to do it ourselves I thought it went off very well. Many thanks to those who helped out with decorations, catering, clearing up etc

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AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

7 th	Catherine Hicks (Dr Gillian Taylor) ST:IV
7 th	Cirroc Lofton (Jake Sisko) DS9
18 th	Christian Slater (Comms Officer) ST:VI
19 th	Jonathan Frakes (Cmdr Wil Riker) ST:TNG
19 th	Diana Muldaur (Dr Pulaski) ST:TNG
19 th	Gene Roddenberry (Creator) Star Trek
21 st	Kim Cattrall (Lt Valeris) ST:VI
24 th	Jennifer Lien (Kes) VGR
28 th	Gates McFadden (Dr Beverly Crusher) ST:TNG

especially Julie in the kitchen and Don and Jen for Sunday morning. If Michael would like to return next year and bring his great chum Harrison (Ford) I'm sure we ladies would not object. (Admiral dreaming again) Again many thanks to Lisa and James for organising and hosting Michael, it was much appreciated. He says we will be in his next book and I'm sure Steve and Tori will appreciate that. Now we just have to organise something for next year to better this one.

Date for your diary. Feb. 13th-15th 2004 Starfleet Ball convention in Bournemouth. Special star guest is Michael Dorn so I will be there, and of course as we were told so will Michael Sheard. Also Carolyn Seymour and Scott Macdonald, who we have met before at Clacton.

Clacton 14th September see advert for both these conventions inside newsletter

I won't be at September meeting, having a week on Risa but will see you at Clacton and carboot sale

All the best

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.

I was speaking to a Bajoran Cleric the other day as he purchased a cask of wine from a Merchant on the Stations promenade. He then turned to face me, looked me coldly in the eyes and posed one of those weird mind expanding questions that religious types like to spring upon the unwary.

He asked me. 'What does a Warrior do, in a time of peace?' My first reaction was the standard Klingon reply. 'A Warrior in a time of Peace, prepares for War.' I told him, that I would think about it. And I did. Or at least, I must have been, as upon entering B'sel's Office, I almost tripped over Kana, My Chief Engineer. She was laying half in and half out from one of the access panels set within the wall. Apparently b'Sel has been acclimatising herself to Romulan Cuisine. Our Romulan Ambassador reliably informs me, that our Klingon food-Replicators don't do it justice. He even offered b'Sel the use of a Replicator from his Flagship. Apparently Kana had already field stripped it down to it's bare wires and component parts, searched it for anything that may have been a recording device of any kind and reassembled it in a little over an hour. She was doing the final the final link up, when I bumped in and came damn close to tripping over her boots.

Strange how easily you can be distracted, I mentally filed this thought away. Next time I'm sword to sword with my enemy I'm going to ask him, whether he thinks that we were drawn together by fate, or by a random series of events, culminating in this altercation. And while he's wondering if I've lost my mind, I'll hit him as hard as I can with my Bat'leth and pray to Kahless that he doesn't get up again. Honourable? Who knows, Effective? I'll let you know.

Here's a poem written about Reclaw. (Part of an Epic Klingon historical poem.): -

Suvwl' 'a'ghaH reQlaw 'e'
For Reclaw was a mighty Warrior,
qu' qabDaj; jev 'e' rur
Terrible as thunder,
nom vIHchu'j Hov tIH rur
Swift as Starlight
jupDajvaD yoHbej ghaH
Stalwart to his friends
jaghDajvaD Heghna' ghaH
And DEATH to his enemies . . .

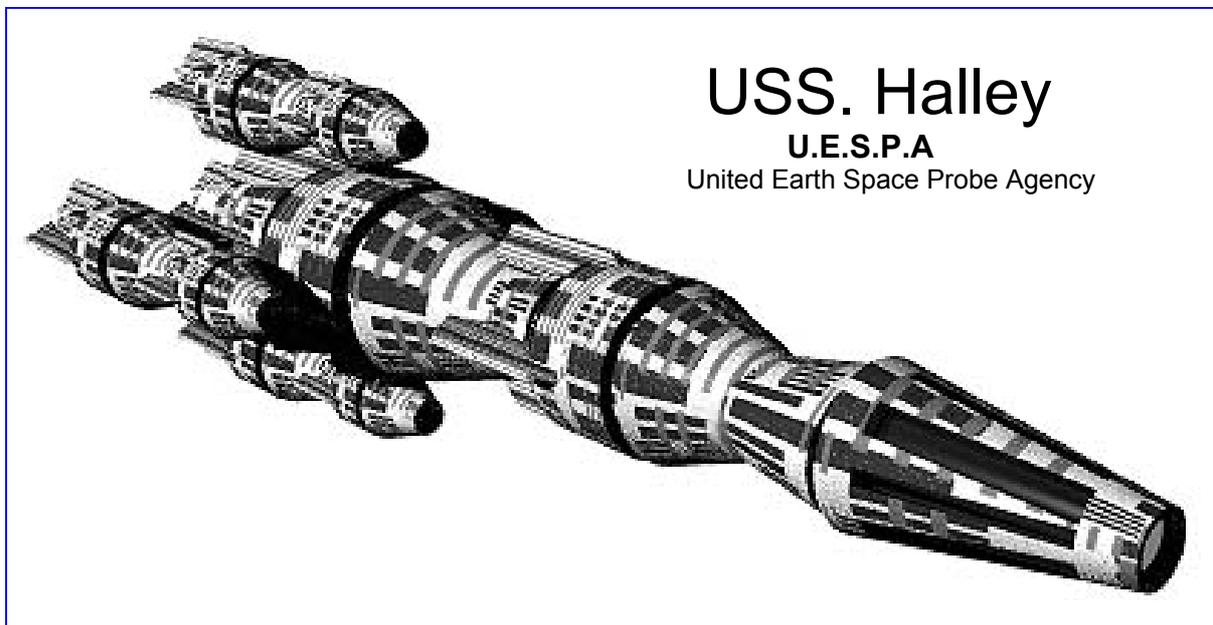
And my answer, to the Cleric's Question? Well I gave it some thought, and I've decided to tell him, that I intend to make the Empire a better place. To Strive for Peace with the Romulans, in time perhaps, a true Peace, One worth fighting for. Now that would make me a Truly great Warrior

Ke'reth out . . .

Historic Archive

By Dalen Varr

For my first Historic Archive, I've gone way back into the early days of space travel. It was April 4th 2063, a date that would put the Human race truly upon the Galactic map. This is the Historic date of Zefram Cochrane's first Warp flight. It was also the date of Earth's first Contact with the Vulcans. In 2151 Captain Jonathon Archer took the USS. Enterprise - NX-01, to the Klingon Homeworld of Kronos. Starfleet Academy wouldn't be built until March of 2161, almost ten years later to the day. But I'm getting ahead of myself here. I want to take you back to October the 3rd 2100 and the launch of the USS. Halley. A vessel designed to first visit its namesake; it would then go on to spend three years in deep space.



This is one of the few remaining images known to exist of the 125 Meter long USS. Halley. This ship had a crew of 30 under the Command of Colonel Steve 'Max' Maxwell and his First Officer Captain Mikhail Piotr Telinkov. Though the crew had some food and water stored in ration packs, it was due to their Warp two capable engine, that they were able to make regular trips back to Earth, and then on to Several nearby Planets found on Vulcan Star maps. Three years later, it would be one of 3 Vessels accredited with transporting the people responsible for the founding of the Martian Colonies. A couple of years later it was fitted out as a test-bed for a proposed warp three Engine. Its four nacelles were stripped, in favour of two Nacelles of an improved design. It was this Vessel that paved the way for the USS. Enterprise - NX-01 to be fitted with a Warp four engine. This vessel would also experience another, not so pleasant first. Space Piracy. It was while patrolling Martian trade routes that a Missile fired from a passing Freighter being used by Pirates critically damaged the Halley. The resulting fire cost the life of Colonel Maxwell. After this the USS Halley was ordered back to Earth to be decommissioned. Captain Mikhail Telinkov would later be given command of the NX – Class - USS. Moscow

BLAKE'S 7 SET FOR HI-TECH RETURN

One of the stars of cult sci-fi series Blake's 7 has signed a deal to bring the show back to screens more than 20 years after it ended.

Paul Darrow, who played the ruthless anti-hero Avon, is in a consortium that has acquired the rights to the show from the widow of its creator, Terry Nation.

Made as a UK answer to Star Wars or Star Trek, Blake's 7 became a hit between 1978-81 - despite its shaky sets and basic effects.

A new TV mini-series, starring Darrow, will have a budget of \$5-6m (£3-3.7m), the show's website said.

That will lead onto a full series or a string of TV movies, the consortium members hope.

Darrow has acquired the rights with producers Andrew Mark Sewell and Simon Moorhead.

British science fiction has remained in the doldrums far too long," Mr. Sewell said.

"We believe that our plans will deliver a compelling science fiction drama that appeals to the sensibilities of today's audience both domestically and internationally."

The new mini-series will pick up the story 25 years on, but Darrow will be the only original cast member to return.

A tentative transmission date has been set for spring 2005, its website says - conditional on "many factors, not least financing".

The group behind the new show say it has endured better than any other British sci-fi series, and there is a strong global appetite for science fiction.

Darrow said: "The programme had such a gritty and dramatic style that was every bit as great an influence on the genre as the original Star Trek."

BBC News 28/07/2003

WANTED: KLINGON INTERPRETER

A mental health service in the United States is looking for a translator who is fluent in Klingon, the language used in the television and film series Star Trek.

Klingon is just one of about 55 languages needed by Multnomah County, in Oregon, which serves about 60,000 mental health patients.

"We have to provide information in all the languages our clients speak," said Jerry Jelusich, from the county's department of human services.

Although created for works of fiction, Klingon was designed to have a consistent grammar, syntax and vocabulary.

Officials in Multnomah County have found many people - and not just fans - consider it a complete language.

"There are some cases where we've had mental health patients where this was all they would speak," said Franna Hathaway, another county official.

They say this obligates them to respond with a Klingon-English interpreter.

This puts the language of Starship Enterprise officer Worf and other Klingon characters on a par with more common languages such as Russian and Vietnamese.

BBC News 13/05/2003

So far...Creatures and objects from alternate universes have been appearing on Starbase 410. A time traveller visiting the station is investigating the phenomenon. The traveller's own people, the Time Lords, have sent important information to the station commander via an emissary, with help from a device that one of the stations engineers had built, to the traveller's specifications. Whilst returning the Time Lady emissary the engineer, Woods, has let something else through.... Meanwhile, the Klingon ship "Proud Vengeance" has had a run in with some more extra dimensional intruders...the Daleks!

Gathering Forces- part 2

The view screen of the Klingon ship glared brightly with the blast from the Dalek energy weapons. The resulting explosion threw the crew to the floor, the lights dimmed, and emergency light filled the bridge with an amber glow.

Raising himself from the floor, Captain Ke'reth scowled at the Daleks image on the viewer.

"I will destroy you!!" he shouted, holding a clenched fist up to the screen. "De-cloak, and arm weapons!" The crew were re-assuming their positions. B'Sel checked her station, turned to the Captain and said; "We are de-cloaked, and shields are down fifty percent. Another blast like that, and they will destroy us."

L'Sar barked an order. "Adjust position, fifty meters downward, and turn to face the underside of their travel discs!"

Ke'reth frowned at her, teeth bared. "What is this?" he snapped.

"Do it now!" She countered, "I'll explain later! Quickly, before they fire again!"

Ke'reth nodded to the helm to obey, and glanced at the screen again.

The Daleks seemed to be confused. They appeared to be discussing something, although the crew of 'Proud Vengeance could not hear what they were saying.

At her console, b'Sel called over; "The other group of the machines,"

"Daleks." Stated L'Sar.

"Daleks," continued b'Sel, "have vanished from our sensors."

"Are the sensors working?" the Captain asked, snidely.

"Yes!" replied b'Sel, indignantly, "But the larger group has vanished. Perhaps that is what has distracted our attackers and given us an opportunity to attack."

"We're in position, sir." Said the helmsman.

"Then fire disruptors and photon torpedoes simultaneously!" L'Sar shouted urgently.

"Before they resume the attack!"

On the view screen the underside of the Dalek disks could be seen, a grouping of

three silver globes on each. The image didn't last long, as the ships armaments tore into the Daleks causing a blinding explosion. The bridge crew grasped at consoles, railings, anything to steady their selves for the shockwave.

When the debris had cleared, nothing was left of the machines. Ke'reth grinned broadly. "You said we could not defeat them, L'Sar." He sounded smug.

"The whole group, we could not." She replied, confidently. "These few would have been difficult, to say the least. The distraction of the other Daleks disappearing gave us a long enough respite to perform that manoeuvre, which I instigated, remember." Ke'reth nodded acknowledgement, and asked,

"Why *did* you order the ship to descend and fire from *beneath* the machines?"

L'Sar smiled, showing the rows of sharp teeth.

"I have, as you now know, encountered these creatures before. Those wide discs that they were on are not part of the Dalek casing; they are interstellar travel machines that they use to move about within a stellar system. The power units are housed near the base of the disc, close to those globes, which propel them. Rupture the power source, and it will take the rest of the Dalek with it."

Ke'reth slumped heavily into his command chair. He grinned brightly. "It has been a good day." Pleased at the victory, the captain still had one concern. "What happened to the other group of Daleks, though?" Incredulous, he added; "*They ran away?*" L'Sar was heading for the lift door as she turned and said,

"No. No, Daleks would not do that. The most likely thing is that, like the other instances of these 'extra-dimensional' incursions, they were called back to where they came from. Or whatever force that has been causing it to happen simply pulled them back through." Ke'reth slumped further down in his seat. "Oh how I wish this would stop." He groaned. "An

enemy that I can see, that is permanent, and not there one minute and gone the next, *that* I can understand. But this..."

"When we left the Starbase," L'Sar replied from the lift "the Inquisitor was investigating the phenomenon. If he hasn't found a solution already, I would guess that he is working on the situation at this very moment."

"Let us hope so." The Captain murmured.
"Let us hope so."

On one of the larger continents of the planet Pandorterrea, there is a spectacular cliff top view of the planets most incredible natural feature. The great waterfall is over twenty miles high, and from the grassy cliff, itself nearly five miles away from the fall, you get the most wonderful sight, complete with staggering rainbows caused by the spray and blazing sunlight.

Lying on a patchwork blanket at the very edge of the cliff, dressed in Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian shirt, straw hat covering his face, the Inquisitor was snoring.

" 'Fess up, buster!" The mad lady exclaimed loudly. "Why have you kidnapped me? Why did you bring me here, huh? Speak up now, I'm waiting!"

Steve Woods really would have loved to answer this newest visitor to the station, had her grip on his throat not made it so difficult for him to breath.

"I'm very important, y' know," she continued in what sounded like a Brooklyn drawl. "I'm Ryoko, princess of planet Durai, there will be sooo much trouble when I'm reported missing!"

A princess. Great. Steve had thought that the Inquisitors machine had proved invaluable in transporting the Lady Sadianna from her universe, but he had misgivings now, since his assailant had replaced Sadianna on the transporter pad. He looked up at the vaguely feline features of the 'princess' from his position on the cargo bay floor, and pointed at her clenched hand at his throat.

"Huh?" she glanced at her hand on his windpipe, and relaxed her hold a little. "OK, but don't you try any thing, y' hear? I may be a lady, but I can kick your butt any day, mister!"

Steve Woods coughed once, and started to explain the situation.

Patting the last of the soil down evenly, Lucretia Nax stood and admired her work. The small area of the hydroponics deck that had not yet been allocated to any thing specific now had a purpose. The Inquisitor had asked her if he could use it for growing some plants, and had handed her some seeds, which he claimed, were extremely rare.

She hadn't had a problem with this, as she had learned to trust him, especially as he had probably saved her life a while back.

The sound of his TARDIS materialising carried across the plantation from the Japanese garden. From this position she could not see it forming, but she knew exactly the spot it would occupy.

The door of the little stone edifice was just swinging open as she reached the junction of pathways that surrounded the flowerbed where it rested. The figure of the Inquisitor stepped from his ship, in more familiar garb. The ubiquitous tri-corn hat topped the ensemble, a white shirt that tied at the neck, scarlet tapestry waistcoat, with breeches and hose replacing the usual trousers and riding boots. "Hello!" he called, cheerily to ensign Nax. "Been busy?"

Lucretia smiled, and answered; "Not really, I had a half an hour before I finish my shift, so I planted those seeds for you." She frowned a little and added "It's nothing underhand, or illegal, is it?"

"No," he replied with a slight chuckle "No, they don't actually exist, really."

"Pardon?" she was getting used to some of his cryptic answers, but could sometimes tease some clarification out of him.

"Oh, I'll explain later." He said with a matter of fact air. "Any thing exciting happen while I was away?"

"Yes," Vice Admiral Jat's voice startled them both, coming as it did from behind them. "If you count a visit from a Lady Sadianna."

"The Duchess? Here?" The Inquisitor sounded pleased. "Where is she?"

"Well, she's gone now, I hope. Your engineer co-conspirator should have sent her back by now. She left you this." Anarita Jat held up the little white box that Sadianna had left in her care.

"Oh, good." The traveller snatched the box from Jat like a child eagerly receiving a

special birthday present.” They’ve found out something!”

“Oh, good!” gushed the station commander “Perhaps you’d care to share it? We’ve been unable to open it. If that thing contains anything that can solve this problem, then I’d like to know about it.”

“Oh, you will, Anarita, you will. As soon as I can open it myself.”

“Your Time Lady friend suggested it would open for you.” Stated Jat.

“Well, it will, but only when I need to know whatever it is *it* knows. As it were.”

Anarita took hold of the Inquisitor’s arm and forcibly led him to one side, out of hearing range of the young Trill.

“Now listen.” She hissed through clenched teeth. “I am getting tired of you avoiding the sharing of information on this situation. I’m getting tired of you disobeying my ‘instructions’ to use the docking bays so that we can keep tabs on your comings and goings. And I am absolutely sick and felling tired of you calling me by my first name!!”

The time traveller looked over at the ensign, who was trying desperately to eavesdrop. He shrugged and shot her a sheepish grin. Turning back to the Vice Admiral, he adopted a grave tone and looked her directly in the eyes.

“You know that races you’ve never heard of have been appearing from nowhere and vanishing without a trace. You know that, for the most part, these ‘visitors’ have been hostile. What I am trying to ascertain is if this is a natural occurrence, a weakening of the dimensional barriers, or some unknown variation of a wormhole, that sort of thing.

If it isn’t, and there is some sentient being, or force behind this, then they must be stopped.

I’m not sure how, or if I can stop it. But I would like L’Sar and the crew of the ‘Proud Vengeance’ to be available at a moments notice. They could be invaluable.

With the device that Steven built for me, I intend to go through the ‘warp’ that we occasionally detect in the nebula. There, I may find some answers, since those ships that have been buzzing the station, and me, went through there. I might, just, be able to call upon my people to help. Although the thought appals me. There are others that I would like to call upon for assistance, but I don’t know if my device has the power to transfer them, or if we have time. Trust me.”

The Vice Admiral looked at the floor. She looked up at the ceiling. Then she looked back at the traveller. Letting out a great sigh, she said,

“OK. You didn’t try to hypnotise me that time. I’ll go along with it.” She turned to head back to ensign Nax, then stopped. Turning her head back to face him, she asked; “Can you communicate with the station from where ever you end up? If you need back up?”

The Inquisitor was looking past her, at some figures that were stepping through the main door of the hydroponics centre. They were too distant to make out properly. One was definitely Steve Woods, the other, a female, looked vaguely familiar. Steve was carrying the Molecular manipulator device.

“Well?” Anarita interrupted his attempt to identify the woman.

“I don’t know. I think so.”

“So you could be unable to call for help if you need it.”

“Yes.” Before any more could be said, Woods and his companion arrived at the spot where the TARDIS stood.

“Torq-eyyyy!!!” screamed the woman that had attacked Steve in the cargo bay.

“Oh no.” said the Inquisitor, under his breath.

“Oh, Torq-ey, I knew we’d meet again, nothing can keep us apart! You sent for me, didn’t you, mm? C’mon, admit it. You missed me so much.” She *floated* across the flowerbeds and wrapped her arms around his neck.

The little gathering looked flabbergasted. Not just at Ryoko’s familiarity with the Time Lord. Not just at her lack of linguistic economy. The flushed face of the Inquisitor betrayed the fact that he truly was familiar with her, and was genuinely embarrassed by her claims.

Jat and Nax, for whom this was the first encounter with Ryoko, eyed her suspiciously.

Ryoko was elegantly dressed. A plunging neckline on her light grey dress stopped at a sash tied at her waist. A tiny tailcoat topped off crimson leggings, matching pixie boots and gloves. Each side of the coat was a different colour.

Her face was friendly looking, with eyes that looked a little *too* large, a small, slightly pointed nose, and an engaging smile. A shock of silvery hair crowned this spectacle.

Her ears were pointed. Not Vulcan pointed, more elf-like.

The Inquisitor struggled vainly, and a little half-heartedly, to escape the embrace.

"Please, Ryoko, it's very nice to see you, but I do need to breathe!"

As he continued to try to wriggle free of Ryoko, Jat and Woods were conversing.

"So." She said sharply "Who, then, is this? Another of your dimensional 'fishing' experiments?"

"I just reversed the process to send the Time Lady back where she came from."

Replied the engineer defensively. "This one popped up before I could switch the gadget off."

"Gadget?" Anarita allowed herself a soft growl. This time traveller's archaic jargon was starting to catch on with some of her staff. Or, the ones that had worked closely with him. Steve continued. "She claims to be a princess. That came through with her." He pointed at the animal that Ensign Nax was tickling under the chin.

It looked like a hybrid cat/rabbit. Its back feet looked like a rabbits. It held its front paws like a rabbit, and the ears were huge and floppy. The face of the creature, however, looked exactly like a mongrel cat, with long whiskers drooping either side of its stubby black nose.

The Inquisitor had managed to free himself, and was rejoining the Starfleet group. Ryoko was still right beside him, but floating in a reclining position, gazing at his face.

"Ryoko! You didn't claim to be a princess!!" The Time Lord chastised. "Really! Where did you say you were princess of then?"

"A place called Durai." Answered Woods.

"Ryoko!!" an exasperated Inquisitor clasped his forehead and looked to the ceiling.

"Oh, I just thought how much it'd annoy ol' prissy pants!" laughed Ryoko.

"Still," continued the Inquisitor, getting excited now "you've got Ryo-oh-ki with you. Yes!! It's perfect! We have a chance!" He grabbed her by the shoulders (with difficulty, it has to be said. Have you ever tried to grab someone that's floating at eye level?)

"Were you involved in anything important when my friend here 'invited' you in?"

"Aww, shucks, no." she replied with a dismissive wave of her hand. "Just a little financial gamble. It'll wait. If you've got

something goin' on, it's bound to be more fun!!"

"I wouldn't call it fun, but I'd like you to come with me on a dangerous journey..."

She interrupted him. "Oh, you get so melodramatic! Let's get on with it."

At that moment, L'Sar came striding into the garden. "Torqcraf....!" She cut short her sentence when she saw Ryoko drifting like a feather around the Inquisitor. "What," she snapped, "is *SHE* doing here!!"

Ryoko drifted across to the Klingon, and settled onto the ground directly in front of her.

"Still got miss subtlety in tow, eh, Torqey?" It was a sarcastic remark.

"Pot, kettle, and black comes to mind." Replied L'Sar, pointedly.

"Don't start, you two." The Inquisitor intervened "We've got work to do."

L'Sar took the Time Lord aside and related the incident of the Dalek attack on her ship.

He, in turn, informed her of the events that had occurred since her departure from the station.

"I want you to stay here, keep alert, and make sure the other Klingons are ready if I should call. Ryoko and I are going into the Nebula."

L'Sar bristled. "I do not like that plan. I should be there with you."

"You know I need you to galvanise the Klingons. And Ryoko *is* a formidable warrior."

L'Sar sighed. "She is indeed. Very well. Take care. Will you take Ryo-oh-ki?"

"Oh, Lord no. She's more use here. *A formidable battle ship?*"

The Klingon warrior's eyes glinted, a smile played across her lips. "Yes, I see."

She hugged him, much to Ryoko's distaste, and the amusement of the Starfleet staff, who were unused to seeing Klingons show affection in public.

Torqcraf, the Inquisitor, turned to Lucretia Nax, who was still playing games with Ryo-oh-ki, the 'cabbit' creature.

"Lucy, would you look after Ryo-oh-ki for us? You two obviously get along, and it would be useful for her to stay on the station until we need her. She eats carrots. Lots and lots of carrots."

Lucretia grinned, and said "Oh, yes, that would be great. She's so cute! I'll introduce her to the replicator."

"I wouldn't." He warned. "She'll fill the station with carrots."

The Vice Admiral added her comments. "Wait a minute. Shouldn't this animal be quarantined, or at least checked for contamination?"

"Lay off my ship, lady!" snapped Ryoko. "She's as clean as any of us!"

The Inquisitor nodded agreement. "Steve, can I have the Manipulator, please. I think you've tested it adequately." The device was handed over. "We'll be off now, don't wait up. L'Sar, you know what to do, Lucy, if Ryo-oh-ki get agitated and heads for the docking bays, go with her and open the doors at the appropriate moment.

Steve thanks for your Stirling work on this." He held up the device. He and Ryoko headed for the Tardis. Before the door closed, Torqcraf popped his head around the gap and called "Oh, and Lucy? When I get back I'll show you some more of those techniques to help you suppress your symbionts less sociable aspects." She looked up from the cabbit and smiled and nodded. He looked at the others and said "Goodbye."

L'Sar looked him in the eye and nodded, smiling. The door closed.

"Do you trust him in there with her?" asked Jat.

"Him with her, yes. Her with him, no. But she is a valuable asset in some situations. She has.... abilities."

The deep, resonant thud of the TARDIS drive engaging made the floor vibrate. As the ship faded away, the grinding, groaning of its engines reached an almost inaudible pitch and faded also. The group in the garden turned and made for the door, the cabbit hopping along behind ensign Nax.

At the doorway, L'Sar turned and gazed at the space where the TARDIS had stood.

"Good luck." She said, and the door closed behind her.

"Did she call that moggy 'SHIP?'" Anarita's voice drifted through he door.

To be continued.....

MISCELLANEOUS / MEETING AGENDA / EDITORS NOTE

AUGUST MEETING PROGRAM

14:00	DOORS OPEN
14:30	BRIEFING
15:00	FLYING SAUCER GAME
16:00	REFRESHMENTS
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

Editors Note

Welcome to the August Issue of Starbase News. I realise that you are getting this at Clacton. Many apologies for that, our printer was away for much of August and I was unable to get this copied for then. Also as many of you will have noticed Chewy and I went away for the weekend and were not at the Aug meeting. Don't worry our esteemed first officer gave us grief about missing a meeting. If you're interested though we had a great time at Alton Towers and I was even persuaded to ride all the extreme rides, he got me on oblivion 3 times.

Any way enjoy this issue and please pay attention to the note from the treasurer, now that the Intendant's taken over the finances, she just comes into my office and gives me grief over the cost of everything.

Emma

THE BUG *By Admiral Dalen Varr*

Many people, especially the Engineers among you will be familiar with the Work-Bee Module, as vessels go, they can appear pretty unremarkable.

In fact until about a week ago, even I thought this. I'd seen them on countless occasions; they had become almost invisible to me.

Then last Wednesday I found myself in the Starbases Main Repair Hanger, when Admiral Jat wandered in, with her Chief Engineer. That morning, the USS Valley Forge had arrived from Utopia Planetia – Mars, bringing us twenty of these day-glow Orange Shuttles. Officially they are known as W.A.S.Ps Wilson Abraham Service Pods. After the two Engineers who designed them. Kyle Wilson and Rebecca Abraham. But it wasn't long before Engineers in the field, as it were, came to know it by a new Acronym, that of B.U.G, which I reliably told stands for "BI**dy Useful Gadget."

Each Bug can be easily modified with an almost endless supply of Tools and fittings. In the top Image here, you see the Bug has been fitted with a pair of Manipulator claws and a three ultra-bright spotlights, designed for doing heavy construction and repair to Vessels and Space-stations. The version seen below has is carrying a container unit. Its Warp-sled has been removed.

Length: 4.5 Meters

Height: 1.8 Meters

Span: 2.2 Meters

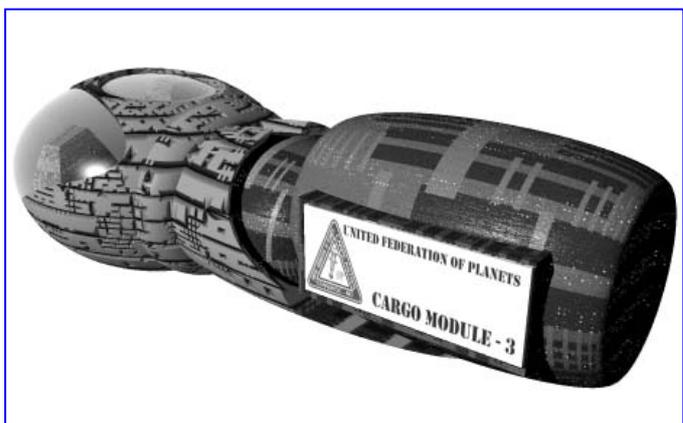
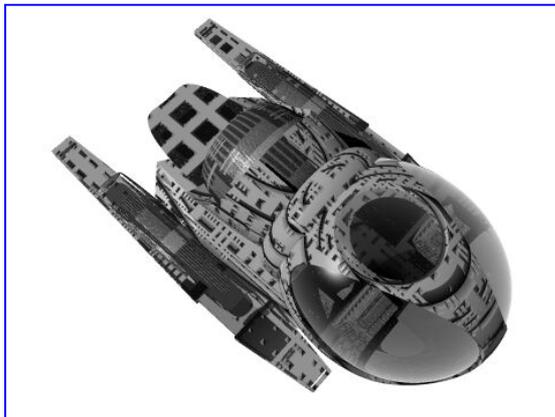
Mass: 3.6 Metric Tonnes

All measurements include Warp-sled.

Top-speed: Full Impulse,

Warp 3 with a Warp-sled.

Crew: 2. Pilot and Engineer



A NOTE FROM THE TREASURER

In recent months there have been several members who have allowed their membership subscription to lapse. Whilst we cannot force members to renew I feel that it is unfair to allow these members to continue to benefit from the advantages of full membership, as has been the case for the last few months.

Allowing members to benefit but not pay is unfair on those members who pay their subs promptly and on time, in some cases they pay early to avoid a lapse in their membership. Therefore I would like to draw your attention to the revised subscription rates and benefits listed below and advise you that as of 01/09/2003 they will be strictly enforced.

If you do not pay your membership in the month it is due or at the next meeting you attend, you will be expected to pay monthly membership fees. If you do pay these until you pay your membership you will be asked to stop attending until such time as you are willing to be fair on those members who abide by the rules.

We do not have many rules that we expect you to follow, but those we do have are for the good of the club and its members and to ensure that everyone is treated fairly and equally, and are therefore able to enjoy the benefits of membership without resentment.

You will see also that I have added some benefits to full membership, which will commence at Clacton with the club paying the entrance fee of all full members, the reason for this is that it was pointed out to me that there was little difference in being a full member to being a monthly member financially, especially if you do not attend all the meetings.

To ensure fairness on all members those members with lapsed subscriptions who have been attending meetings will be expected to make remuneration for those months that they have not paid monthly fees or membership fees. For example if your subs are six months overdue, you will be expected to pay back subs either of monthly fees for those meetings you attended or full membership fees, however your subscription will still be considered broken.

I implore you all to take notice of this warning as we need our members and we need them paid up to ensure we do not run into the same difficulties that the USS Lutonia are currently facing.

Intendant Madia Amme

STARBASE 410 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Full Membership

Adults £10.00 per six months

Under 16's £7.50 per six months

Under 5's FREE!

Full Membership includes:

- Entrance to monthly meetings at 50p

- Subscription to the Starbase Newsletter
- Voting rights at the AGM for Adult members
- Accumulation of promotion points
- Subsidisation by the club on some trips/events
- Free entrance to Christmas party

Renewal:

All members will be reminded of renewal two months prior to due date. One months grace will be given to attending members (this being the month subscriptions are due). The month after due date if you fail to pay your subs you will have to pay monthly fees and your subscription will considered broken. At this point you will also have to pay 50p per issue for your newsletter and you will not be entitled to any subsidisation that the club offers. Entrance to the Christmas party will be charged at £1.

Monthly Membership / Visitor Fees

Adults £2.50 per month

Under 16's £1.50 per month

Under 5's FREE!

Monthly Membership includes:

- Accumulation of promotion points
- Newsletter will charged at 50p

Postal Membership

Adults £7.50 per six months

Under 16's £6.00 per six months

Postal Membership includes:

- Subscription to the Starbase Newsletter – Posted each month
- Entry to 2 meetings per term at 50p – All other meeting entrance fees will be at the monthly membership prices.
- Accumulation of promotion points

E-mail Membership

Adults £5.00 per six months

Under 16's £3.00 per six months

E-mail Membership includes:

- Subscription to the Starbase Newsletter – E-mailed each month
- Entry to 2 meetings per term at 50p – All other meeting entrance fees will be at the monthly membership prices.
- Accumulation of promotion points

All monthly members, visitors, postal members and e-mail members will not be subsidised on any trips/events and will have to pay £1 for entrance to the Christmas party.

USS Lutonia NCC – 1996

Fellowship Of Science Fiction

Our Nemesis is here

Sadly this may well be the last time we are in contact with you. As the Lutonia has travelled the stars for seven years and seen many clubs come and go in that time. However the Lutonia herself has become old and some systems will cost just too much to replace.

We have recently been trapped in a decaying orbit around the planet Seti-Alpha One after fighting the Borg. This has resulted in a loss of crew leaving us with just twenty-three members. We are currently travelling back from the Delta Quadrant but we only have supplies for a further five months. With no new crew or supplies we do not anticipate our survival.

We have taken the decision that rather than see the crew die one by one we will go out in a blaze of glory in December and press the autodestruct button lighting up the heavens with an almighty piss up. Should any of us survive then maybe the Lutonia will rise from the flames as a Phoenix. If not as Kirk once said "it was fun wasn't it"!

We have enjoyed our time meeting you all and as for me I shall be working over in the Cambridge area at least once a month so I may run into some of you sometimes. Many thanks for your support over the years.

However I have already founded a new organisation called the Luton Paranormal Society for anyone interested in UFO'S, ghost hunting, etc and some of the Lutonia crew can be found in the new club. We hope to go ghost hunting in Scotland soon. Should any Starbase members be interest in joining do please contact me.

Admiral Fazekas
Commanding Officer
USS Lutonia NCC -1996

I am sure that all Starbase 410 members will join with me in support of the USS Lutonia and their fight to survive. Should it come to pass that the Lutonia closes her shuttle bay doors for the last time at Christmas, then it will be a sad day in the quadrant and in fandom. It is always sad to see a club die especially one that we have had such a good close relationship with over the last four years. To this end I would like to organise an away trip to support the Lutonia at their Christmas event and I hope to have details for you in the next newsletter.

Emma

EMPIRE'S CHILD

From Darkness a Daughter

The air was filled with raucous laughter; yelling and cursing filled the air as the smell of meat, most of it cooked spilled out into the corridor. It was just another Friday night at the Targ-pit, the Station's Klingon Bar Gaudy red hued lanterns hung almost haphazardly from the wooden ceiling beams. The walls, floor and ceiling had been lined with Kronos stone; alcoves lined the walls each held a marble statue of a great warrior from the Empire's long and bloody history. The Inquisitor entered the room, his style of dress having more in common with that of an 18th Century Dandy, than an explorer taking a stroll through a Klingon bar. His high topped riding boots and long black embroidered frock coat with its lace cuffed and cravat fronted shirt were not the attire the Targ-pit was used to. In fact the Inquisitor looked to be easy prey for the predatory Klingons present, but something in his bearing appealed to the primal part of the Klingon brain. It said 'DANGER KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!' He moved slowly towards the bar, He'd found that his time with L'Sar, she had given him a useful insight into the warrior race, and though he hated to admit it, a taste for the Ku'lush, a substance that verged on being an almost toxic 160 percent proof Klingon liquor. He ordered a bottle and paid with his Station Credit-swipe. The Klingon Bartender watched as he produced a small silver cased pocketknife and flipping up a blade he started to fastidiously remove the wax seal around the bottle cap. Je'veQ the Barkeeper placed a small tankard before him. The Inquisitor smiled as a pair of Klingon Marines watched him as he pulled a lace handkerchief from his sleeve and started to wipe the rim of his tankard.

He poured his drink as he approached the hallway that led to the stage, a place where on most nights Musicians, Verbal Historians, Poet's, Actors and Storytellers plied their craft. But tonight was different. Tonight an Orion girl danced seductively to the sounds of a three piece band, the Drumming was loud and almost hypnotic as this near naked green0 skinned beauty gyrated in a

teasingly vivacious manner, guaranteed to hold any man's interest. The Inquisitor drank from his glass as his mental conditioning allowed him to tune out the coarse verbal attentions of the thunderously rowdy Klingons that sat and stood around him, jostling for a better view. Order was maintained by two of the biggest warriors he'd ever seen the larger of the two was K'rahm, he stood almost seven feet tall in is boots and wore a heavy marine stab-vest over his armour. Dressed alike and almost as tall stood Val'maH, both carried the lethal looking metre long brass tubes of their Force-pikes. Their bearing told all those present, that any trouble caused, would be almost as short-lived as its perpetrator.

Ke'reth clapped politely, as the last garment of pale yellow gauze thin cloth fell from the dancers body, the cheering and catcalling became louder, as she performed a series of slow gyrations, flips and turns, her hands and feet moving through the exercises for Mok'bara. (The Klingon Martial art.) The Inquisitor recognised some of the forms from L'Sar's exercise regime aboard his Tardis. He hadn't seen the Klingon Ambassador enter the room; he certainly didn't expect the room to fall into near silence as Ke'reth carried a large Targ-hide case to the stage. The Orion woman collected her clothes from the stage and left via the rear of the stage. Beside him stood the petite form of Kana, Ke'reth's Chief Engineer. She pulled a small Micayah wood flute from her belt as Ke'reth opened his case and took out his Khem'letch. (A type of Electronic harp, named for the region from which it came.) A few seconds passed in near apprehensive silence as they set up their instruments. Was this the same raucous crowd? He wondered. Ke'reth tapped the microphone as a woman in a long red evening gown of an obvious Klingon design Stepped forward. Ke'reth introduced her as Lady Meisha, Arguably the Empire's finest Soprano. The Inquisitor felt the air temperature change, as the walls of the bar, of which he'd first assumed to be solid stone rolled back on concealed casters to allow all those within

the bar to witness the event. He smiled as L'Sar and b'Sel wandered in, bringing with them a somewhat cautious looking Romulan Ambassador. It was only the second time to Ke'reth's knowledge that the Romulan had entered this bar. Ke'reth toyed with the Idea of introducing him to his Black-Dagger Marines. But felt somehow, that b'Sel would never forgive him. Meisha stepped forward as a pair of drummers and the Krayl Horn player rejoined them on the stage. 'The Battle of Kemah.' She announced as the band struck up a lively tune. The Song was a safe and traditional first choice, telling of one of Kahless's early victories. Her voice soared like a Kesh-hawk in flight. Even the cheering, though lively, seemed to the Inquisitor's ear to be positively restrained. She spoke again, as she whispered something to Ke'reth that the Inquisitor didn't quite catch. 'Ode to a Blade.' She said with a smile, as the band struck up a curiously haunting tune, this time it was sung in Federation standard, for the benefit the non-Klingons present.

Ke'reth raised his hand to an elder warrior who sat the corner alcove nearest the stage; a hardwood cane had been propped against the side of his table. Even through the haze of lights which now tinted the room a with a warm honey coloured

glow, Ke'reth recognised K'taal. As the band played Okarra's lament a Terran man and a Trill woman with short cropped black hair moved to a table near K'taal's A table that had been reserved for Admiral Jat, Commander Steven Woods, her First Officer and several other Federation officers, The Table next to them held b'Sel the Romulan Ambassador K'Hellenbeck, and Madia Amme the Bajoran Ambassador and several of her aides. 'Sorry we're a little late, Ambassadors, Admiral, Commander.' Dr Bashir said Quietly. 'It's just that Dax here insisted on introducing me to half the Klingons in the bar.' Ezri Dax may have looked like a young looking woman, but she'd already lived nine lives, and more than 350 years. She shrugged, making herself comfortable as they ordered their drinks as the band played a relatively quiet instrumental piece. 'So many Klingons, and I think that Dax here, must have known at least half of them.' She grinned coquettishly. 'Julian! You're embarrassing me.' She joked.

It was as the band finished of their second set of the evening, that a young Klingon woman stood up and raised her Disruptor pistol. She then fired it at Ke'reth from point blank range . . .

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

www.starbase410.org

**Sept Deadline:
Tuesday 16th Sept
2003 @ 17:00 (5pm)**