



STARBASE NEWS

ISSUE 51

www.starbase410.org

SEPTEMBER 2003

Hi everyone.

It's going to be a short log this month as I'm writing it just before I go on holiday.

Many thanks to those who came and helped at the carboot sale. Special thanks to Dave Coombs who cleared the field by himself.

I hope you all enjoyed yourself at Clacton this year. Thanks to those who helped on the stand. I always enjoy our outings as a club. We must do more of them.

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS

3 rd	James Harrington SB410
4 th	Robert Lydford (Ke'reth) SB410
7 th	Christine Aldous SB410
9 th	Jeffrey Coombs (Weyoun, Brunt) DS9
11 th	Roxann Dawson (B'Elanna Torres) VGR
14 th	Walter Koenig (Pavel Chekov) TOS
14 th	Bruce Hyde (Kevin Riley) TOS
22 nd	Alex Jermyn SB410
22 nd	Michael Cornell SB410
23 rd	Rosaland Chao (Keiko O'Brien) ST:TNG & DS9
25 th	Tori Smith SB410

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Special Guest Designer

for this Edition:

Mr Leigh Bartholomew Brown esq.
(Hooray for Leigh!)

I won't be at the meeting so I leave you in the capable hands of Steve and Emma. Will be enjoying myself in Cornwall.

Don't forget it's Emma's 30th birthday party on 4th October starting at 7.30pm. Come along it's going to be fun.

Take care everyone and see you all when I get back.

Best wishes

Admiral Anarita Jat
Commanding Officer
Starbase 410

PROMOTIONS

Madia Amme	Major General
L'Sar	Sogh cha
Alex Jermyn	Cadet 1 st Class
Evad	Major
Tori Smith	NCO
Tori Smith	Ensign
Memo	C W O Silver

Zuveda	Base Level 1
Jennifer Coombes	Base Level 1
Daisy Woods	Cadet 3 rd Class
Maggie Carty	NCO
James Cornell	Cadet
Michael Cornell	Cadet

CONTACTS & DIARY DATES

DIARY DATES 2003

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 Featuring
Starfleet Wedding of
Commander John
Borda and Lieutenant
Lena Fry

FEBRUARY

TBA Dave's 50th Party
15th Meeting

MARCH

TBA Romulan / Klingon
Wedding of
K'Hellenbeck and b'Sel
15th Meeting

APRIL

18th Meeting – Provisional
date depending on
Easter

MAY

16th Meeting
29th Wedding of John Borda
and Selene Barstow-
Evans

JUNE

22nd 5th Birthday BBQ
TBA Leigh's 21st Party

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Ambassador Ke'reth's page

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

It's strange how your memory can play tricks on you. As I write this, I am sitting at the computer consol in my childhood room. The decor has changed, but the room still holds an almost eerie familiarity. My Mother Josa'reh, now uses it as her private office. It has a north-facing window, when I was still so young that my dagger blades were carved from wood, and so innocent, that I actually believed that there was some good in everyone. There, that's the power of memories. I actually started to feel a little morbid back there, just for a moment. On a clear day I can look down the white of the snow-covered valley of the Great North approach. I can see the tops of the forests of Micayah wood trees, Green and brown standing in stark contrast to the white and blue of snow and sky. On a clear summer day like today, I can see the banners atop the tower of the Great North Gate. The snow is retreating slowly from the valley; I can actually see patches of blue and yellow flowers in the new grass.

Yesterday I went to the First City to see the statue of my Father Ton'Arg. It stood there silent, carved heroically, unmoving in white stone. I had used my position as an Ambassador to get into the Hall of Heroes early, before the doors opened to the public. Reaching up, I took down my Father's Bat'leth from his cold marble hands. His sword of Honour had came back to me, after he died Honourably trying to stop a Borg Cube near the star, the Humans call Wolf 359. Ironical somehow, that a Makura should die at the Wolf-star as the Wolf is the symbol of our Clan. After polishing the blade upon a small piece of cloth, I reverently placed it back within the statues hands.

After that I took the Jitney, (Slang for Kronos's Global monorail.) to the Street of Warriors. It had been around two years, since I'd last wandered down one of Kronos's oldest streets and into a small but almost infamous restaurant, ran by an old friend of my Fathers. His name was Qortazh. Qortazh serves a dish called tlhlrts (Quirts.) These are a delicious marine delicacy from Kronos's Southern ocean, a small hard-shelled fish that lives around the deepest marine volcanic trenches. And old man Qortazh leaves the tentacles on, and any connoisseur worth his salt will tell you, that they're the best bits. Well, that's a little of my trip down Memory lane, by the way you read this I should be back on the Starbase . . .

Some Klingon Toasts, to get your teeth into: -

plnaDqu' tuqlIj wlnaDqu' je	(Glory to you, and your House.)
Heghlu'meH QaQ jajvam	(Today is a good day to die.)
Duj tIvoqtaH	(always trust your instincts.)
batlh Daqawlu'taH	(You will be remembered with Honour.)
bijeghbe'chughvaj bIHegh	(Surrender or die!) Yes, this can be a toast.
jeghbe' tIHInganpu'	(Klingons never surrender.)
may' meyDajvo' Hawbe' tIHIngan	(A Klingon does not run away from his battles.)
yllop! wa'leS chaq maHlegh!	(Celebrate! For tomorrow we die!)

Ke'reth out . . .

ADMIRAL VARR'S LOG

Greetings everyone, Admiral Varr hear again.

Below are a series of declassified images from Starfleet Research and Development. This is the first chance that you'll get to see their new Trident Class Dreadnaught; this vessel marks a major departure for Starfleet Vessel Design. No, not the third Nacelle, we've seen that before. It's what you can't see, that makes this Vessel special. A secondary Warpcore, that generates its power from interstellar hydrogen taken in through the third Nacelle. It's this secondary Warpcore that provides dedicated power for shields and weapons.

I have been given permission to inform you that this vessel has been armed to the proverbial teeth. In tests the Prototype USS Trident NX – T-01, took on three Defiant class vessels in simulated combat, destroying two and crippling the third. Armaments include eight Quantum Torpedo launchers. (Four forward, and four aft.) Eight type twelve Phaserbanks, concealed from a potential enemy's gaze within this vessels hull markings. A pair of forward firing forced Polaron Cannons in pods on the underside, beside these there are a pair of Ion Cannons, and a series of dedicated targeting sensors located in the vessels main saucer support strut.

Specifications: - Length: 675 Metres, Beam: 325 Metres, Height: 112 Metres, Weight: 4'345,000 Metric tonnes. Top speed: Reported @ Warp 9.8 for 28 hours. A standard crew compliment of: 1'243.



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

BIRTHDAY HONOURS BY ANN THOMAS

Anarita Jat sat quietly in her shuttle. Hidden in an asteroid belt waiting for... She wasn't sure what but apparently she'd know it when she saw it.

She was getting too old for all this secret stuff. After all the years she'd been with Starfleet Intelligence you'd think the old buzzard would trust her. But no. Admiral Thomas operated on a need to know basis. That made life very difficult sometimes. She was fed up with having to leave at a moment's notice – get her stealth shuttle out of the shuttle bay without anyone seeing it. All she really wanted to do was to go home to Starbase 410. (How long had she thought of it as home?)

Well the war with Dominion was over and they'd come through it, but not without casualties. She sat there reminiscing about the previous years – The years that had passed since she took control of that giant spinning top known as Starbase 410.

It was a joint venture between the Federation and the Klingon Empire. An experiment really, to see if a multi-race station would work. A place that had different races' Embassies and a deep space Academy. A place of diplomacy and tact. Diplomacy and tact – that was a laugh. Ambassador Ke'reth assured her that there was a Klingon word for diplomacy. She chuckled to herself. It was probably a word that meant shoot first and ask questions later, still so far it had mainly been the other way around. She liked the Klingons, a bonus from her previous host, Anturun. He'd been a great friend of Curzon Dax. They'd been drinking partners although Anturun wasn't the womaniser Curzon was.

Anarita smiled to herself, she'd become great friends with Curzon's successor, Jadzia, a beautiful woman with a lovely nature, long black hair and a feisty attitude to life. She'd married a Klingon, the Starfleet Officer Worf. He'd been devastated when she was killed by Gul Dukat and the Par Wraiths of Bajor. Anarita had visited DS9 several times. She remembered the time she'd gone with Major Madia Amme, the Bajoran Ambassador to Starbase 410. They'd had a great party with Jadzia and Madias' friend, Kira Nerys who was now in charge of DS9. That night in Quarks was something to remember, quark had

'acquired' a couple of bottles of Romulan ale. That stuff could knock your head off. They'd teased the men, cleaned Quark out at Dabo and Jadzia had wiped out the Ferengi at Tongo. Poor Quark, the look on his face alone made it worthwhile.

Anarita sat forward. A red light was blinking on the console in front of her. Long range scanners activated. She checked the console and the screens but could see nothing. The light went out. Just another glitch. The shuttle was very sophisticated and virtually undetectable but, like her, it was getting on. She checked the Stardate, good grief it was her 50th Birthday. What a way to spend it, sitting in an asteroid field alone waiting for something to happen she should be on Starbase 410 celebrating. Mind you there would be some close friends missing. Sadness shadowed her face as she thought of qu'bang the Klingon warrior bonded to the General. She'd been killed during an attack on her squadron by the combined forces of the Breen and the Jem Hadar. She'd gone down fighting as hard as she'd lived. She'd quite pretty for a Klingon woman, small and dainty but you didn't mess with her. She'd been quite a fighter and then there was the General to contend with. You didn't mess with his woman and she'd seen the results of those that had tried – not a pretty sight. She grinned as she remembered the time they'd managed to get him into an EVA suit and clamped to the outside of the Starbase to cool off. Of course she'd lost the General as well now. He'd become her 1st Officer when dear old T'Pina had gone to teach part time at the Vulcan Academy and to be near the treatment she so desperately needed for her injuries. She missed the old Vulcan, they'd been close friends and she'd been so efficient until her illness interfered with her duties. So Starbase 410 became the first Federation establishment to have Klingon non-Starfleet 1st Officer. K'batlh had gone to Borath in retreat to deal with his loss.

His replacement was Leigh Brown formerly of the USS Rage. He was very young but would soon toughen up. Especially after he'd dealt with the Embassies a few times. Ambassador Ke'reth's Chief-of-Staff could be quite difficult at times, very stubborn and liked to get her own way. Mind you that wily old fox Ke'reth could be a problem at times.

Always trying to find out things he wasn't supposed to know. Cdr. John Borda had told her how he'd found a 'bug' on b'Sels youngest child KharlS. Still she didn't think that anyone else would've made such a good Ambassador as Ke'reth, she was glad she'd negotiated with Gowron for him. He was a good man to have beside you in a battle. Very mystical for a warrior but a trained killer when needed.

Then there was K'iHQaS. What was she going to with her now that the General had gone? She liked the Klingon woman but it didn't do to let her know that. It wasn't that she was violent just clumsy and impetuous. She spoke without thinking and almost caused a diplomatic incident between Bajor and Ferenginar when she called Grand Nagus Zek a randy little Troll. She had a heart of gold but only the General could control her when she was upset. Let's face it an angry Klingon her size needs controlling. Anarita supposed that K'iHQaS was still out patrolling in her Vorchas the Dragon Fist taking retribution on the Breen and Jem'Hadar for the death of her friend qu'bang.

Thinking of K'iHQaS and the diplomatic incident made her think of Major Madia Amme. A short fused Bajoran resistance fighter who found diplomacy a bit hard at times. She'd become very fond of the Ambassador both as a friend and almost in a motherly way. She was orphaned at an early age and fended for herself on Terak Nor running errands for Quark and keeping her younger sister Onna looked after. She trained in finance on Ferenginar after the occupation. She could get a bit uncontrollable at times but she was a hard worker with a caring nature and a great sense of humour. She got on well with the other Ambassadors as well.

Anarita sighed deeply. Apart from these damn missions she was content with her place in the fabric of things. She had a good team working for her, people who'd become close friends from all planets and species. She'd have to have a word with...

"RED ALERT, RED ALERT!" said the computer "Cloaked ship off the port bow." Anarita sat up alert and ready. What the hell was a cloaked ship doing there? She wasn't supposed to be detected in this stealth shuttle. Was this some kind of advanced technology?

"Identify ship computer."

"Vessel is IKV Diplomacy, now decloaking." Anarita breathed a sigh of relief, what did Ke'reth think he was doing?

"Good Afternoon Admiral" said the face grinning at her, "permission to beam 2 aboard."

"Of course" replied a puzzled Anarita, "come on over." She watched as two large figures materialised on the transporter pad.

"What the Hell are you doing here?" she asked Ke'reth and K'iHQaS, "and don't touch anything." Ke'reth grinned at her as K'iHQaS moved towards her.

"Sorry about this" she said in her gruff voice as she pressed a hypospray against Jat's arm. Anarita reached for her phaser as the room spun around and she collapsed into Ke'reth's arms.

"I don't want to be around when she comes to," said K'iHQaS.

"Nor me" muttered Ke'reth.

"I don't know why Admiral Thomas picked us for the job."

"Right Lt.Col lets fly this into the Diplomacy shuttle bay. Oh and you'd better restrain her in case she comes round too quick."

Anarita opened her eyes warily. What in the world was going on? Was she being kidnapped? By Ke'reth!!? She tried to move and found herself strapped to the bed. She appeared to be in the Diplomacy sickbay.

"I'll kill him" she muttered to herself, "the traitorous..."

"You're awake then," said a voice from behind the screen.

"What the bloody hell do you think you're doing" she yelled.

"Promise you won't attack me and I'll free you" Ke'reth said as he came into the room still grinning.

"Alright" said Anarita. She certainly didn't intend keeping her promise to the turncoat pirate.

"Once a pirate always a pirate" she thought. She sat slowly up and as her head stopped spinning stood up.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"Yes you B*****d." she said lunging at him. He caught hold of her, spun her around and she found herself imprisoned within his arms. She tried to kick him but he managed to immobilise her feet.

"Temper, temper" he tutted, "now if you promise to behave I'll take you up to the bridge. Okay?"

"Okay" she muttered. She followed Ke'reth's massive frame confused because there was no feeling of hostility on the ship.

"On forward view screen" he snapped. He stood behind Anarita who gasped when she saw what was on the view screen. The Dragon Fist and the USS Rage and strung between them a banner that said,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANARITA JAT 50 TODAY

"Happy birthday Anarita" Ke'reth whispered in her ear. "Have we got a surprise for you."

"You didn't have to tell the whole universe did you?" she replied, eyes still fixed on the flashing lights on the banner with the flashing nebula in the background and Starbase 410 silhouetted against the fiery anomaly, it was quite a sight.

"Beam the Admiral to her quarters" he told the computer, "you'll find clothes and an escort. See you at the party." Anarita felt the tingle of the transporter beam as she disappeared, then materialised in her quarters.

Madia was waiting for her and on the bed was a flowing, shimmering, gold gown.

"Oh it's beautiful" she breathed.

"Glad you like it" said the Major. Anarita hugged her.

"Amme, I only realised it was my birthday just before Ke'reth arrived."

"Hurry up and change," said Amme "we've got a party to go to." Anarita showered and put on the gleaming dress.

"You look stunning," said Madia and she handed Anarita a box. Inside was a beautiful necklace and earrings.

"Tessarian sunstones – very rare," said Madia. Anarita put them on and against her speckled skin they seemed to take on a life of their own.

They took the Turbolift to the promenade where once again Anarita gasped in wonder. Everywhere she looked were gold banners, balloons and streamers. All announcing that she had reached 50. There were people everywhere, all in dress uniform, her own crew and officers, T'Pina, Chancellor Martok, Worf, Admirals Ross and Thomas, Kira Nerys, her Ambassadors all congratulating her. Admiral Thomas stepped forward and held up his hand.

"Admiral Anarita Jat. You see here today people who have come from all over out galaxy. We have come today not just to celebrate your birthday but to honour your 30 years in Starfleet. Many of those years spent alone and undercover for Starfleet Intelligence. On behalf of Starfleet Command I would like to present you with the Christopher Pike Medal of Valour. Congratulations." He pinned the medal to her gown and handed her a framed certificate. "The good news is you have just completed your final mission. I know you no longer wish to go on missions, so we will leave you in peace to run your Starbase."

"That's the best birthday present I could have," she said smiling broadly, "Thank you."

"Now," said Ke'reth and Madia, "lets party!"



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FIREFLY HOMELESS

Joss Whedon fails to find a new home for his cancelled sci-fi series.

Christopher Buchanan, the president of Joss Whedon's production company, Mutant Enemy, has said that ABC, CBS, NBC, UPN and the Sci Fi Channel have all turned down the opportunity to revive Firefly.

"The status of Firefly as of today is... the clock is running down in the fourth quarter, and we're 90 yards away from the goal line, and the Hail Mary is coming up," Buchanan told UPN's winter press preview.

"We've explored some of the networks and haven't really made a lot of progress," Buchanan said.

The cost of the show, the timing and the fact that they didn't finish a full season are just some of the reasons Buchanan offered as reasons for the failure to find a home for the show. With Firefly costing \$2 million an episode, Buchanan also suggested that syndication was an unlikely option.

Firefly was put on 'indefinite hiatus' after disappointing ratings. Three episodes have yet to be aired.

BBC News 16/01/03

FIREFLY FILM

Joss Whedon's stab at sci-fi TV, Firefly, is heading to the big screen, according to the Hollywood Reporter.

As well as adapting the series for the big screen, Whedon will also make his directorial debut on the project.

Firefly the movie will go into production early in 2004 and will be produced by Mutant Enemy Inc. in conjunction with Universal, who recently acquired the

rights from 20th Century Fox Television.

According to the report, the film "will incorporate the mythology from the show but will take on a more epic feel."

Whedon hopes to reunite the television series cast and add new characters to the mix as well.

BBC News 04/09/03

STARGATE SAVED

The Sci Fi Channel has commissioned an eighth season of Stargate SG1.

The renewal of Stargate for an eighth season has been in no small part due to the support of fans, according to Hank Cohen, president of MGM Television.

Farscape fans may find this sudden interest in listening to fans' opinions odd, given Sci Fi's record.

Bbc news 23/07/03

BAJORAN EMBASSY DISPATCHES

Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy.

Well it's been a couple of months since my last report. Quite a bit has happened on board the Starbase in the last couple of months.

Firstly I am pleased to report that Luke has joined my security team on a permanent basis and is working out very well. He is the best bodyguard I have had.

Transmission Interrupted:

You think you are all safe. You think you are all ok – but be warned. Some time . . . some where . . . I will return! HA HA HA! (Very evil laugh, cough) **END**

So yes, sorry about that. Had an interesting ride with an old friend recently – which was nice. Had a nice trip to Clinic 1A, not for me . . . HONEST . . . but the little poof needed some help – long story. And for the people who are under the age of 29 $\frac{2}{3}$ – sorry you are way too young to know ANYTHING, and more importantly you're making me feel old!

Not much else has happened really . . . I thought I would just say that at the beginning to make you all think this is interesting. Oh there was that Clacton thing – but it happens every year, so read last years newsletter to know what happened! Oh there was this borg-ie thing, that was supposed to be alright.

Transmission Interrupted:

Someone talk to me! I am very lonely! **END**

Anyway, moving on . . . erm . . . heard that Double beans on toast with a sprinkle of cheese on top is quite nice . . . erm . . . oh and for cheese on toast – if you add Lea & Perrins sauce – not that table rubbish the original stuff – that is nice! Of course for health and safety reasons, please use a grill / microwave not a toaster to make the cheese on toast – gets sticky and very kinky.

Bye.

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EMPIRE'S CHILD

From Darkness a Daughter

A blue-green bolt of energy blasted the top of Ke'reth's Khem'letch, clean off, scorching the wood charcoal black as the taut strings twanged, causing an ear splitting whine from the Amplifier. She raised her Disruptor to fire again. K'rahm jumped a table as he planted the Force-pike at the base of the woman's spine causing her to spasm as she fell. It seemed like only a split second later, that Dr. Bashir was by her side. 'Back-off! Give her some air!' Bashir yelled. A number of Klingons had drawn the weapons; as a cacophony of raised voices and rampant confusion ensued. Commander Woods nodded to the Admiral Jat as he moved briskly towards the stage, and turned the dial on the Amplifier up to full volume, he then whistled into the microphone causing a scream of Feedback. It seemed to freeze the activity within the room. 'Okay People, Sit down, shut-up, and listen!' If you've drawn a weapon without being a member of Station Security, you have around thirty seconds to put it back, before my patience runs out and I start busting people! It's your choice, sit down, or you'll end up in a holding cell!' A number of Klingon and Federation Security Officers had joined him on the Stage; their Phasers and Disruptor rifles panned left and right across the crowd. He patted the nearest man on the shoulder, as he turned to Bashir. 'What the hell just happened?' He asked, a note of sarcasm evident in his voice. Ke'reth knelt beside them. 'That's what I'd like to know Commander.' Bashir said, felt for the pulse-point at the side of neck. As he did so, he gasped as he noticed a row of something that looked like Trill spots, they were also evident at the side of her ridges which were soft, and lacked definition.

Later in the Stations Sickbay Doctor Karen Michaels tapped her screen as Ke'reth walked in. 'Well Ambassador, I'm not sure if Congratulations are in order, or not.' Ke'reth fixed her with a look, which made her feel a touch uncomfortable and caused her to step back, something Feral, reflected in Ke'reth's eyes. Then it

softened, as if it had never been there. 'Sorry if I scared you Doctor, what was it you wanted to see me about?' Karen sighed. 'I've never been shot at before Ambassador. But I think that I can see an even bigger shock in your future.' Ke'reth's eyes narrowed.

'Spit it out, Doctor, it's been a tough night.' 'The girl who tried to kill you, is your Daughter.' Ke'reth looked at the Bio-bed and its sleeping occupant. 'My Daughter?' He blinked. 'Are you sure?' She nodded.

'I've got a couple more tests to run, but all DNA genetic markers point to you and a Trill woman producing a child, around fifteen years ago.' Ke'reth paced the room. 'This is going to sound kind of crazy Doctor. But I've never lain with a Trill Woman.' Karen inadvertently glanced back at the bed. 'She's still unconscious?' Ke'reth asked. The Doctor nodded. 'Those Force-pikes that your Security personnel wield, pack a nasty punch. It put her lower brain into neural shock.' Ke'reth looked down and stroked the young woman's ridges. 'Will She?' He asked, his voice only a little above a whisper. Karen broke protocol and placed her hand upon the Ambassador's shoulder. 'She should make a full recovery, but she'll be unconscious for about two hours while her neural pathways are repaired.' Ke'reth sat down hard on a seat beside the bed and cupped his hands over his brow. Karen sat beside him. 'Her name, at least I believe it's her name is Tula.' Ke'reth looked up, and in that light Karen saw the slight difference in dilation between Ke'reth's eye and his optical implant. 'I found this under her armour.' She handed Ke'reth a small amulet.

'It's a Jinaq Amulet.' He said, holding the copper and Latinum woven bracelet. 'It's given to a girl, when she comes of age, and the name reads TUL 'A' It means Great Hope.' An odd look crossed the Klingons features 'HOPE!' He said standing up. 'Hope!' Karen looked shocked, at Ke'reth's reaction. 'What's wrong?' Ke'reth rubbed his beard. 'Hope, is Kane's Child.'

'That would explain the similarity in the genetic markers, but what is she doing here, and why did she try and kill you.' Ke'reth looked up.

'Those Doctor are two very good questions, and questions that I intend to find answers to.' She nodded. 'I'll be back in two hours then Doctor.' And with that Ke'reth kissed his fingertips and touched them to Hope's brow.

'The thing is Doctor, Kane killed Hope as a Child.' She looked puzzled as Ke'reth spoke. 'Then She had an older sister, or this child is a clone.' Ke'reth turned to face the door. The Doctor called him back. 'Ambassador, that might explain the inconsistencies, that I found in her Genetic makeup, come from her being from, this so called Mirror Universe.'

Commander Woods had taken over the investigation from Security. A bleep sounded as he entered the room, b'Sel looked up, as he wandered towards her desk within the Klingon Embassy. 'Good evening Commander.' She said as checked at the red illumination of her digital chronometer. It read 23:16 Station time. Almost an hour had passed since what had appeared to be an attempted assassination. He put the P.A.D.D on her desk. 'I need to speak with the Ambassador; Admiral Jat wants to know what happened. I think she wants to read my report over tomorrows breakfast. b'Sel stood up; it had been a stressful night. And one, which she'd, been looking forward to enjoying. 'He's in the Sickbay.' She said as Ke'reth breezed in.

'No! I'm not, Chief. How can help you Commander?' Steven picked up his P.A.D.D, and followed Ke'reth over to a large curved leather seat, near a low table set within an alcove within the corner of

the Embassy. 'I'd like to think; that I'd be as calm as you appear. If I'd just been shot at.' Ke'reth smiled a polite, but somehow humourless Diplomat's smile. 'Come on Commander, I know you've seen battle; your Starfleet record list several Decorations for such. You were even twice mentioned in Dispatches during the Dominion war.' Steven Shrugged.

'Back then it was war, what happened to you was personal.' Ke'reth poured himself a drink of iced water and sat back in his chair. 'I'm not sure why Tula wanted to kill me either.' The Commander entered the name on his P.A.D.D.

'Tula?' Steven asked, repeating the unfamiliar name. Ke'reth glanced up, as the Commander continued. 'Ambassador, do you know this woman?' He inquired.

'Kind of.' Ke'reth replied. 'She's the Daughter of my Mirror Universe Counterpart.' Steven turned off the log recorder within his P.A.D.D. 'Well, Its really hit the fan for you, hasn't it?' Ke'reth nodded. 'I know that I once upset the Intendant.' Ke'reth said with a roguish smile. 'But I didn't think that she'd send an assassin to take care of me.' Steven gestured to the jug of iced water, and the small glass that sat on the table between them; Ke'reth nodded his consent, as the Commander poured himself a drink. 'How is she?' He asked, lowering his tone.

'She'll live.' Ke'reth replied. 'She was temporarily paralysed by a force-pike.' Steven shook his head slowly. 'One of those damn things makes one of your Klingon painsticks look like a child's toy.' Ke'reth nodded his agreement. As they spoke, the Communicator chime on b'Sel's desk rang.

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