

STARBASENEWS



ISSUE 51

www.starbase410.org

OCTOBER 2003



ADMIRALS:LOG

Hi Everyone

Well here I am starting off with smacked wrists because I forgot to do this on time. I can only plead insanity or the fact that I was busy getting things ready for the party. I'll let you choose whichever explanation you want.

Well I don't know about you but I enjoyed the party. It was nice to see old friends and of course all of you. I think we can say Emma enjoyed herself and I hope all you did.

Many thanks to those of you who helped. Steve, Andy and the boys for doing decorations, Dave and Jen for helping with food preparation and also Nina and Seaspirit. Special thanks to Dave for manning the bar and double points for keeping me supplied with southern comfort and lemonade.

It seems as though we have quite a few parties coming up over the next couple of months and I certainly aren't going to complain. Next one is Halloween, and then Selene's 40th then Christmas party and next year is going to be good as well.

Of course next year we have wedding bells ringing so diplomatic relations are doing really well.

Don't forget in November we have Chocoholics party so remember to bring lots of money or cheques. The club gets a percentage of the sales so it is worth doing. I will be in Nottingham on the Saturday night before the November meeting so if I fall asleep in a corner just wake me up when its time to go home or if there is free chocolate going (hehehe.) Well I think I will close now so I can get this off to our esteemed editor.

Take care everyone

All the best

Anarita Jat



OCT:BIRTHDAYS

1 st	Mark Lenard (Sarek) TOS, TNG
2 nd	Peris Khambatta (Illa) TOS
5 th	Madia Amme SB410
8 th	Todd Bryant (Klaa) TOS
9 th	Barbara March (Lursa) TNG
24 th	John Winston (Lt. Kyle) TOS
24 th	F Murray Abraham (Ru'afu) ST:IX
27 th	Robert Picardo (EMH) VGR
30 th	William Campbell (Koloth, Trelane) TOS

HONORARY PRESIDENT:

BARRY MORSE

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS:

BILL & TONI BLAIR

OCT:INSIDE

Club Contacts / Dates	2
November Deadline	2
From the Desk of The Klingon Ambassador	3
Halloween Maze	4
Dalen Varr	5
Empires Child Pt. 3 by R. Lydford	6
Romulan Ambassadors Log	8
Into the Rift by J. Harrington	9
Editors Corner / Club Agenda	12
Halloween Competition	12
News	13
Restricted Access Chapter one: I sit here	14
Back Page	16

CLUB:CONTACTS

Commanding Officer
Admiral Anarita Jat
Ann Thomas
7 Highwood Cres, Gazeley,
Newmarket, Suffolk
(01638) 750853
anarita410@hotmail.com



Secretary / Treasurer &
Bajoran Ambassador
Major General Madia Amme
Emma Thomas
21a Pratt St,
Soham, Ely, Cambs
(01353) 724009
emma.thomas29@ntlworld.com

Webmaster / Romulan
Ambassador K'Hellenbeck
John Borda
5 Masirah House,
Williams CIs,
Brampton, Cambs
(01480) 450453
jborda@gibnews.net



First Officer
Cdr **Steven Woods**
(01353) 662229
swoods@sb410.fsnet.co.uk

Klingon Chief of Staff
b'Sel Sutai Makura
Selene Barstow-Evans
(01638) 602249
thetrekies29@hotmail.com



Chief Engineer
Lt **Andrew Cornell**
(01353) 724009
andrew.cornell1@ntlworld.com



Lt JG **David Coombes**
(01354) 654950
david@coombes27.freemove.co.uk



CLUB:DATES

OCT03

19th Meeting
25th Halloween Party

NOV03

16th Meeting
22nd Selene's 40th Party

DEC03

13th Christmas Party
31st New Year Eve Party – Emma &
Chewy's Quarters

JAN04

18th Meeting Featuring Starfleet Wedding
of Commander John Borda &
Lieutenant Lena Fry

FEB04

TBA Dave's 50th Party
15th Meeting

MAR04

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

APR04

18th Meeting – Provisional date
depending on Easter

MAY04

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

JUN04

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

NOV:DEADLINE

Friday 31ST October 2003 @ 17:00 (5pm)



Your Ambassador has been doing some reading up on old Earth Holidays and superstitions, We're talking way back before the Federation, before the first warp flight, before the devastation of three World Wars, before the rise of Earth's global terrorism, before manned space flight, before flight, before the – Well you get the point. A long time ago, way back into what I've often heard Humans call the mists of time. Well, I'll tell you something, every Race that I've ever encountered, Including Vulcans. (Though they'd deny it.) Have Superstitions. This made me remember a ghost story from my own family's History.



Centuries ago a Warrior named Kanaka, who had been out hunting out near Kang's summit high up in the Kri'stak mountains. When he met an old woman who told him that she had been collecting firewood from the lower slopes, her clothing was as black as night, and her manner chilled him through his furs. She asked him for his help. He asked her what she needed. She told him that she'd dropped her fur outer cloak through a crack in the ice, and that she was freezing. Even though he was cold himself, and on his long walk back home, he tried to help her by offering her his cloak. She thanked him as he placed it around her shoulders; her skin felt icy to his touch. This troubled him greatly as they walked on towards a wide crack in the side of the mountain.

She pointed into the cave causing him to strain his eyes to see within, but the darkness held. He unpacked his climbing ropes, and tying them to a steel dart that he'd hammered into the wall of the cave, he started down into the maw of the cavern, and deep into a long tunnel. He could hear her above him, urging him on. There within the cave he found the blackest fur, that he had ever seen, it felt wet and sticky and the smell was old and musty and stuck in his throat as he carried it back. As he walked, he felt the fur grow heavier and heavier within his grasp, as his once great strength seemed to be drained from him. It was only as he made it back to where the old woman had been standing, that he realized that the Black fur was slick with what seemed like freshly spilt blood. It was on his hands, it was on his clothes, it was in the very air he breathed.

It was as he threw the fur to the ground and was wiping his hands in the snow, that a dense black shape fell from somewhere high above him. He felt its claws tear into his back through his heavy furs; he fought bravely as the stinking blackness wrapped itself tightly around him. He called to Kahless for help. It was as he staggered under its weight that he fell back against his discarded backpack. He felt his hand as it fell against the handle of his hunting knife. Pulling it from its sheath he stabbed back into the darkness that threatened to devour him. He was getting colder and weaker; his eyes were full of ice, and his fingers felt like lead. A great howling seemed to come down from the mountains. By now he felt as weak as a small child, he barely had the strength to stand. The howling gnashing sounds that whirled around him caused him to turn. He spun around, but there was nothing there. Breathing heavy from his exertion, he stooped as he moved to collect his backpack. It was then that he saw a stinking trail of something black and sticky leading into the fissure. Summoning all of his remaining strength, he took his bat'leth from its case before moving cautiously back into the darkness of the grotto. Somewhere in the hollow blackness, something there was darkly weeping.

It was as he entered the cavern that his eyes fell upon the huddled figure of the old woman wrapped in her tattered bloody furs. She was gently rocking as she licked at her wounds. She jumped as she noticed him, her face was gnarled and ancient, her eyes were red, her mouth was full of teeth that looked as sharp as razors. It was as his eyes fell upon her horrific visage, he felt her gaze freeze him, rooting him to the spot. She screamed a scream that echoed around the cave disorientating him. She rose up claws outstretched before him he closed his eyes and summoning the last of his energy, he swung his bat'leth and striking out in a long controlled arc until he felt his blade bite into something solid. He heard a sound like the sound of a knife cutting through a ripe fruit. The howling and gnashing, the fear and biting cold that had earlier surrounded him seemed to lessen. It was with difficulty

that he opened his eyes to see the bloodied woman. She had started to pull herself to her feet.

Defensively he raised his blade again, as she pulled herself slowly towards him. For a moment, he thought that he must have missed her. She at him. 'You have cursed yourself this day, Son of Mountain-wolf of white. From this day until Kahless's voice is once again heard among your kinfolk's howling. The Black Wolf's call of Death shall echo around your homes to call unworthy warriors to their eternity in the pits of Gre'thor.' And with that her head fell off with a dull thud from her shoulders and rolled until it reached his boot. He stood and watched in silent awe as he saw the fire in her eyes go out.

To this day old warriors still tell of a Great Black Wolf that hunts for those who dishonour our Clan. Kahless has since returned unto the Klingon people.

So does the Dire Wolf still stalk the snowy plains of Kronos? Who knows?

Ke'reth out. .



Greetings everyone. Admiral Varr here again. Between you and I, I managed to sneak a quick peak at Ambassador Ke'reth's page.

He doesn't look the kind to be worried by a Shaggy Dog story, does he? A big strong warrior like him running scared of something that looks like a cross between a spiked mantrap and a poodle on Steroids. If it's a creepy story you want, here's a tale to chill the blood, from my Homeworld of Trillius Prime.

It involves a creature known as Khu'va; it's the opposite of what our symbionts usually are. This creature. - Well that would be telling read the story.



Xahlana worked as a junior assistant to the head of Medicine at the Symbiosis Commission. She was ambitious, and annoyed that she'd been passed over for both the Implantation of a symbiont, and for promotion. She was a little bit angry, to say the least. Late one night she was alone in the Library doing some research. Her computer console seemed to be running slow, so she started searching its system, it was there that she found a restricted file on banned medical procedures. It was from this file that she had the idea, to self-implant. All she had to do was anaesthetise her stomach and then perform the operation that she'd assisted with a hundred times. This was the first of her errors. The following night she let herself into the breeding caves where the un-implanted symbionts were kept. She had to be careful to take a creature that had been in a previous host. But she had to make its loss look like an accident, and then she would move off world. She was now driven by her need to be someone, someone else, and someone who was respected it consumed her. She moved through the symbiont birthing pools to a room marked restricted. This was the holding area for symbionts that for one reason or another could not be re-transplanted. There ahead of her was the stasis pod containing Khu'va, A genius of seven lifetimes. It was as if the Symbiont had called to her. She knew the story of the Halda City massacre. And how Jahn, Khu'va's previous host was shot dead six weeks earlier by Law Enforcers, after he had opened fire with a hand Phaser from a pedestrian walkway into a crowd of shoppers, killing more than thirty.

She removed the symbiont strongly believing that it had been its previous host that had killed, and that the symbiont was innocent. It was cruel to end the life of such a long-lived being; a being that would soon live within her. She entered the surgical suite and gave herself a local anaesthetic. The operation didn't take long, and she smiled as she felt Khu'va move within her. She then had an Idea, moving quickly she sealed her stomach pouch and ran back to the birthing pools where she removed the largest immature symbiont that she could find and placed it into Khu'va's empty symbiont stasis pod. She then turned up the pods thermostat control high enough to kill the symbiont. She knew it would take a while before she had Khu'va's mind fully linked to her own.

The next day she woke up her head hurt, her stomach hurt. She took a pain killing shot through her hypospray. By lunchtime she had already trebled the dosage. How could she have been so blind? Nobody here liked her; She could feel their eyes boring into her, their cruel voices talking about her, always talking about her. Whispering, whispering always whispering. She then smiled of course, it was so simple, she could stop them talking, after all it was them who wouldn't let her be joined. She moved to the Medical replicator and keying in her pass-code she searched for what she needed. The first chemical she chose was concentrated liquid Anestecine gas, she then selected a vial of Toroqozin and one of Bavrokyte, all three were harmless, unless she combined them with water. She didn't know how she knew this; all she knew is that it had to be done. She mixed the chemicals in one of the laboratory sinks. She then turned to leave the room, after turning on a tap. How could she have known that the resulting chemical reaction would create a lethal gas? How was she to know, that Symbiont Khu'va had gone quite mad, after Jahn's previous host had become a serial killer responsible for 43 deaths. How could she have known, that her actions would kill 67 people, including her.

She tapped the switch. 'Klingon Embassy.' b'Sel answered, as Dr. Michael's face appeared on the viewer. 'Please inform the Ambassador, that our would-be assassin has just come round. Ke'reth stood up as he made his way to the Embassies private Turbo lift. Commander Woods slipped in beside him as the doors closed. A few moments later they entered the Sickbay. The young woman attempted to sit up, but was held in place by an invisible restraint field. She started yell obscenities at Ke'reth. He continued to approach her. 'You can knock that off for a start!' Ke'reth snapped back at her in Klingon. 'Or what? You'll kill me like you killed my Mother and my little Sister.' She retorted. Ke'reth felt his anger build up within in him. His knuckles formed unbidden into a fist. Steven considered moving in to protect her, but commonsense warned him of the folly of standing up to an angered Klingon, especially one with what he'd read of Ke'reth's lethal reputation. Then Ke'reth's manner softened. 'I never even met your Mother!' She looked shocked. 'I certainly never killed her, and I draw the line at harming a child.' She seemed to be suppressing her tears. 'The Intendant told me that She'd tried to stop you. When you attacked my Mother.' She cried. 'Mother called us great and little hope, giving me a Klingon name.' Ke'reth sighed, as he stepped back.

'I think you have your facts a little screwy; Kane killed your Mother and your Sister. And I wouldn't believe the Intendant if she told me space was big.' Ke'reth allowed the young woman to sit up, by turning down the power on the restraint field. She seemed confused. Ke'reth took her hand and held it. 'Please listen to me the Intendant lied to you. Your Father is Kane!' She looked horrified, as he continued. 'And Kane is what Your Father became, after the Intendant's tender loving care. She had Ke'reth, your Father, who from what I'm told was a good and Honourable man kill your Mother.' The tears had started to flow, as Dr. Michaels passed her a handkerchief. 'He turned against her rule, and openly resisted her. There was a mission, and he was injured, and it was, as he lay unconscious on the operating table. That she decided, that she'd have

her revenge, she stripped him of his Honour, his hair his ridges, of anything that made him Klingon, She the placed an implant within his brain. Turning a good man into little more than a puppet.' Something in his words touched her, somehow she knew, that he spoke the truth. 'You've had a stressful day! You should get some sleep, we'll continue this little chat in the morning.' She nodded. 'I have a friend, that I'd like you to have a chat with. She'll help you start to come to terms with what's happened.' he looked back as he turned to leave. 'maj ram. (Good-night, in Klingon.)'



The next morning Anarita Jat replicated herself some toast, and opening a cupboard in her quarters she took down a jar of Klingon coffee and a smaller pot of sweet Ajelberry jam. Commander Woods had left his report for her to read, He'd spoken to several witnesses after the event in the bar the previous night. His report was comprehensive and ran into several pages. She almost spilt her coffee as she read that it had been Kane's daughter that had tried to assassinate Ke'reth, believing him to be the Father that had killed her Mother and Sister abandoning her, to her fate on the Hellish Ram-Qul Station.

A little after 11:00 Am, station time, Ke'reth wandered into the Sickbay, he had a soft dull red leather tunic and a pair of grey trousers tucked under his arm. He placed them on the end of the bed, as Tula ate a small breakfast. She smiled up at him. 'I never knew my Father. Then I find out that he's a monster. I try to kill you, and you turn around and help me, why?' Ke'reth smiled.

'I suppose I should thank you for missing my head, though my Khem'letch will never sound quite as sweet again.' She shrugged an apology. Ke'reth smiled, after breakfast, you can take a shower, I'm sure the Doc here will replicate some underclothes, for you. I'll be back in two hours, to collect you for your first appointment.'

Commander Woods walked briskly across the Stations Shuttle hanger bay, he'd already figured out that if she was alone,

she either came to the Station by shuttle, or she had booked passage on one of number of Commercial Passenger Liners that regularly came to the Station, and he'd already ruled that out by checking the passenger lists for the last week or so with Station Security. A few minutes later a Bolian Ensign handed him the Security-log for three days ago, one of the entries had been highlighted. We have her vessel listed as being in Bay Delta-Zero-Six.' The Bolian woman said, reading from her P.A.D.D. A few minutes passed as they walked across the cavernous shuttle bay. 'This is it Sir.' She said as they arrived at a battered Ranger Class long-range shuttle. Commander Woods tapped the side of the dull grey-blue hull of a shuttle that had clearly seen better days. Pulling his Tricorder from the pouch on his belt. He scanned the shuttle and found just what he'd expected. This shuttle had a Mirror Universe energy signature.

Ke'reth sat in the Stations main Starlight lounge. His fingers stroked a fine cloth over the Barrel of his Custom made Remekra Industries Disruptor. The light seemed to dance as it reflected of the polished raised Latinum inlay of his pistol. His eyes flicked upwards as he downed the last of His Romulan ale. The Chronometer above the bar told him that a couple of hours had almost passed. Standing up he slipped the gun back into his holster. He made it back to the Sickbay with a little over two minutes to spare. Tula stood there waiting in the Civilian tunic style armour that Ke'reth had provided for her. After thanking the Doctor, they left for a private Counselling room around the corner from the Medical Centre. 'Tula this is Ezri, Ezri, Tula.' Ke'reth made the introductions.

A couple of weeks passed, as Tula took more than a dozen counselling sessions with Dax. She'd even decided to change her name to help her bury her past. She asked Ke'reth if he would call her K'tuluH. He smiled as he took a Makura Wolf's-head pin from his sleeve, and pinned it to her tunic. She almost managed to repress the tears. Ke'reth hugged her. 'vav? (Father.) She asked.' Ke'reth shrugged.

'I guess so, at least in this Universe.' He replied. 'As long as you need me.' She

returned his hug. 'I don't want to cause you embarrassment Father.' She said stepping back. 'Dax say's I still have some problems to address.'

'The scars the Universe cannot see?' Ke'reth asked. She nodded sadly.

'Dax has asked me to return to Deep Space Nine, with her and Julian.' Ke'reth sighed. 'If that's what you want, I hear that there are many young Klingons on that Station; you should be able to make friends of your own age.' She nodded, as Dax and Bashir wandered around the corner deep in animated conversation. 'Are you ready?' Bashir asked. She nodded as they approached the airlock and the waiting Runabout USS. Mississippi. She was about to enter the airlock leading to the Runabout, when b'Sel came around the corner carrying a shoulder bag. 'Wait up, I have something for K'tuluH.' K'tuluH turned to face the Klingon woman. 'It's just a change of clothes, A History Compu-disk of the Makura Clan, so you feel part of something, and the details of your new bank account.'

Bank account?' She asked. b'Sel smiled, I managed to get a very good price on your on your Shuttle, You told Ke'reth that you had no need for it, and a young woman will need some currency to live on.' K'tuluH smiled.

'Who brought my shuttle?' She asked. 'A Ferengi merchant.' You got this much from a Ferengi?' K'tuluH gasped, as she read numbers from her P.A.D.D, b'Sel smiled. A grin came to Ke'reth's lips. 'It should almost be made a rule of Acquisition, Don't trade with b'Sel unless you wish to end up out of pocket, she drives a hard bargain.' K'tuluH nodded as Ke'reth spoke. 'She's a Makura, and so are you! We're a tough breed.' K'tuluH nodded, as she Hugged b'Sel then Ke'reth for a second time before leaving the Station, for the Runabout.

Anarita Jat sat in her office, as the Runabout left the Station; she turned her chair to face the window. She raised her Raktajino mug to the departing ship. 'Qapla' (Success) K'tuluH, look after yourself.

ROMULAN AMBASSADORS LOG

As you may know, "affairs of state" have prevented me from writing a regular report to this Newsletter. However, now I find myself with a few brief minutes in which to put stylus to padd.



Of late, relations with the Klingon Embassy have prospered, leading to the last few months being so short of assassination attempts that I may get out of practice avoiding them! This, however, should not be taken as an invitation to resume them...

I am once again planning to move to more prestigious quarters, in an effort to impress the Klingon Chief of Staff, some might say, but an Ambassador's residence must be up to entertaining guests, and the improved relations all round since the incident at Romulus with the Enterprise E have necessitated such a move, along with improved Romulan-Klingon relations (at least on this station), for which I must take some credit, as well as B'sel.

The move will involve a temporary move close to the Klingon Chief of Staff's quarters, and the resulting reshuffle will see us both housed as our respective stations demand.

In the meantime, I leave you with an image from the Starfleet Dinner-Dance, which, of course, I monitored carefully...

Jolantru!
K'hellenbeck

Cornell Computers

21A Pratt Street, Soham, Ely, Cambs, CB7 5BH

t: 01353 724009 m: 07774 452483

e: andrew.cornell1@ntlworld.com



Available for:

- ✧ Repairs
- ✧ Upgrades
- ✧ Networks
- ✧ Full Systems

The leather-gloved hand moved smoothly across the controls. An image appeared on the view screen. It looked strikingly like an old sailing ship from Earth's past. Not that the observers would know that.

"The alien returns, your excellence." The voice was silky smooth, cultured.

"We would gaze upon it, Klytus." The second voice, while also cultured, had an air of authority about it. At the touch of a button, the image zoomed in closer. The ship was approaching the nebula sedately.

"Have Space Commander Borax intercept the vessel. Tell him that I would speak with its occupants." A velvet-gloved hand dismissed the subordinate with a wave. "And Klytus?"

"Sire?" The other turned to face his Emperor.

"Tell him not to fail. It would *displease* me." There was a hint of menace in the last sentence.

"Well? Impressed?" The Inquisitors voice was slightly muffled.

"A bit disappointed, if you must know." Replied Ryoko, rising from the chaise lounge, and adjusting her tailcoat. "That it?" The Inquisitor sat up, banging his head on the underside of the TARDIS console.

"It's a marvellous example!" He adjusted his position, and returned to the opening in the console. He was struggling with a tangle of wires that ran from the Manipulator device to his own machine.

"Looks like any other nebula if you ask me. A load of gas and dust cluttering the spaceways. Once you've seen one..."

"It's different." Replied her companion from somewhere inside the console. "Most nebulae are either the remains of a dead, or exploded star. That or a stellar nursery, creating new stars from the primeval."

"Yeah, yeah, you don't have to wax lyrical with me. I'm not impressed. It still looks like a load of ol' star crap to me." Ryoko was widely travelled, and could be a bit blasé about some things.

The traveller struggled out from his console, the task completed.

"The big difference," he said, winding up the un-used lengths of wire, "is that this 'load of ol' star crap' is both. Old, dead stars and new ones being made."

Ryoko helped clear up the tools and prepare the TARDIS for it's forthcoming journey while the time traveller continued to enthuse

about this nebula. "And the point is, they are the *same* stars. *The deceased and the fledgling stars are the same ones!*"

Ryoko stopped mid stride. "Time manipulation, you think?"

"What do you think?" he asked "And I know now what's causing it."

"You got the info from that li'lle box?" she was floating again. Circling him like a goldfish in a bowl. "I didn't think you'd opened it yet."

"It told me as soon as I touched it. Didn't want the Starfleet types to know."

"Stuffed shirts!" snorted Ryoko "How'd you get involved with *them*?"

"Long story. Now! Lets see if we can open the rift in the nebula, and pay a call on our mysterious intruders!"

Before he could operate the controls, the screen glowed with the swirling light of the nebula warping, and spewing out three bulbous, ornate spacecraft.

"Mmm," mused Ryoko, "looks like they're coming to greet us!"

The Andorian ambassador bade farewell, and the screen returned to showing the star field that surrounded the station.

Recently promoted first officer Steven Woods turned to the Ensign at the monitoring console.

"Keep an eye on things, and let me know when the Ambassador is ready to dock. You know how tetchy these dignitaries can get if they think we're not showing them proper respect."

The Ensign acknowledged him, and he looked around the command centre. This was not his place. Sitting around waiting to fawn over visiting politicians was not what he joined Starfleet for. He was an engineer. He should be doing something. He had just made his mind up to go and see how Ensign Nax was getting on with the 'cabbit' creature that Ryoko had left in her charge, when the lift doors opened.

"What?" he gasped, "I thought I'd sent you home?" Striding towards him, the Time Lady Sadianna grinned broadly.

"Hello, 'Number one!'" she called across the large control area. "Congratulations! You deserve it!"

She was dressed less formally than the last time Steve had met her. A red wine coloured open neck shirt and a dark green velvet jacket topped black boots and trousers. Her hair was still flowing in an unruly fashion about her shoulders.

Steve greeted her half way from the lift. "How'd you get here?" he asked, "I thought it was only with the help of the Molecular Manipulator that you got here last time."

"It was! It was!" She was as exuberant as ever. "But, do you know, we found a way to project a TARDIS through with the aid of a compressed Chronon beam! Risky, but it worked!!"

The First officer was leading her back to the lift as she spoke.

"But why? I thought you'd done what you came for." The lift began to descend.

"I had, but..where are we going? I really need to get to a workshop. Have you still got the Inquisitors plan for the Molecular Resonance Manipulator?"

Steve was getting frustrated. Can none of these people ask one question at a time?

"I was about to visit someone who's apparently part of your friends plan." He answered. "Why? What do you want a work shop for?"

"We need to build another Manipulator, I'd have thought that was obvious." It obviously hadn't occurred to her that it hadn't occurred to him.

"We?" he glared at her. "Are you including me in that? Look, I nearly got into trouble over building the last one..."

"But you didn't, did you?" she countered. "You got promoted!"

"That was nothing to do with...."

"Oh, go on!" she pleaded, putting on a forlorn expression. "You've built one before, I haven't."

"I have still got the diagram," Steve began "There you go then!" beamed Sadianna, "We'll do it easily. I mean Torqcaf's going to need it, isn't he? How else are the Klingon reinforcements going to get through the rift on cue?"

Steve sighed as the lift stopped. "I've got to meet the Andorian Ambassador."

"When?" the Time Lady asked.

"Well, the ship's scheduled to dock in three hours." He said wearily.

"Three hours!" Sadianna exclaimed, "That's more than enough time! Time for tea and biscuits as well!"

With a massive sigh, Steve instructed the lift to take them to engineering.

In 'The Targ Pit', a Klingon bar on the station, L'Sar was discussing the finer points of battle tactics with a crewmember of a rival ship. She was using her fists to emphasise the point she was making.

Flame shot out in the wake of the rockets that were being fired by the ships attacking the Inquisitors TARDIS. At the console, the Time Lord was desperately manipulating levers and dials in an attempt to elude the pursuers.

"C'mon!!" yelled Ryoko, clinging to a large dresser that dominated one wall of the main console area. "You can escape 'em! You can de-materialise if you want too! That'd fox 'em! I'd kick their asses if we had Ryo-oh-ki!" The ship was rocked by another explosion outside. Ryoko lost her grip on the dresser, and was flung over to the alcove that housed the central console.

"I could de-materialise, yes. But what would be the point?" He was still struggling to evade the enemy fire.

"Use the damn gadget then!" Spat Ryoko angrily, wild hair covering her eyes. She brushed it away and added; "Isn't that what you were gonna do? Get through that rift and pay these guys a visit?"

"I will, I will! If I can just arrange something."

The three rocket ships closed on the sailing ship TARDIS, and on board the leading ship, distinguished by a gold and scarlet tail fin, the commander, Borax, gave the order to fire.

All three ships fired simultaneously, and the missiles they fired arced towards the TARDIS.

At the console of his ship, the Inquisitor turned and warned his companion; "Hold on tight! Those missiles can't miss!"

The explosion was massive. The crews of Borax's ships had to cover their eyes as the glare filled the cramped cabins of the ships. Unlike the previous occasion that Borax had attacked the TARDIS, the ship was still there when the flare had subsided. But it was in trouble. Smoke was issuing from the rear of the vessel. It was listing to one side. As Borax watched, the alien ship banked towards the nebula, which was warping in the same way that it had when their own craft had come through.

"Stay with them!" barked Borax at his crew. "They must not die, or the Emperor will have my," he corrected himself. "Have our heads!" he turned to a crewmember at the rear of the ship. "Be prepared to use the grappling net. Just in case their descent is dangerously rapid!"

"Sir!" snapped the crewman, and attended his control panel with extra diligence.



Groaning loudly, Sadianna scanned the sketchy diagram that Commander Woods had handed her. "This is no good!" she cried. "Look! He's left out the Briode interface, and this," she indicated a section of the paper. The significance of that particular component was lost on Steve, even though he'd constructed the original. "No need for that at all! It's a wonder that I made it through the first time!" The time Lady known as The Duchess rummaged through the components on the bench and started work on the back up Manipulator. Steve pitched in, offering advice and advising on suitable alternative parts that he'd used in the original device.

Amid the small talk, and The Duchess' anecdotes, about The Inquisitor and how she had met him, her questions about the Federation and the social structure of this universe, amongst the banter, Sadianna let something slip that caused Steve some concern.

She had said; "Of course, once Torqcraf finds the Legacy, we'll need to be ready at a moments notice."

"What did you say?" asked the Starfleet officer.

"We'll have to be ready...."

"No," Steve had stopped what he was doing and had turned to face her, looking into her eyes. "No, you said," his tone held authority and was determined. "Once he finds the Legacy." What's the Legacy? There's something you're keeping from us. Both of you.

Sadianna smiled and continued her work. "No one's keeping secrets, Steven. Don't worry."

"No, I will worry." His tone was serious, but he kept his voice even. "You came here before to give The Inquisitor some information. So now he knows what's causing the 'crossovers', and since you gave him the cube containing the facts of the matter, you know too. Now tell me. I have to report this, everyone needs to know!" Commander Woods' voice was getting louder and definitely angry.

The Duchess looked up at him. She placed the components that she had been holding on the bench, and looked up at him.

"No, Steven, everyone does *not* need to know." She sighed gave him her best sincere look. "The only people that need to know about the cause are those that will directly encounter it. Its origins don't matter, not to any of you. I will tell L'Sar, and she in

turn will warn her crew. You will find out soon enough." Woods grabbed her by the shoulders and said forcefully,

"Tell me! In my position as first officer of this station, and considering my involvement in this damn farce so far, I need to know what I'm up against!"

Sadianna's glare persuaded Steve to let go of her shoulders. The duchess looked him in the eyes.

"The instigator of this whole escapade has its origins on Gallifrey. My planet."

In the 'Targ Pit', only L'Sar was left standing.

A trio of spacecraft pursued the ancient tall ship into the rapidly changing vortex that sullied the Ram Qul nebula. The sailing ship was rolling over and over, streamers of smoke trailing from each side now, with occasional plumes of fire jetting from the stern.

Emerging from the surreal tunnel of the vortex, the TARDIS tumbled across a barren, rock-strewn landscape. Ranges of impossibly shaped mountains framed wide planes. They reached up to the sky like gnarled fingers struggling to get free of the imprisoning ground.

Swerving wildly, the TARDIS skimmed between two of the mountain peaks, implausibly close together. Clipping the peak of another, the ship lurched downwards, heading for a crusty plain.

Borax was at his pilot's side, observing every detail. "Can we not pull alongside? They may be fatally wounded be the impact."

The pilot shook his head. "No, sir. If I draw alongside, we could crash also. I dare not take the risk."

Borax chewed his fist nervously. "Prepare to land, once they are down. They must be apprehended."

"If they survive, sir." Offered the pilot.

"They must." Borax could see his head on a pike outside the palace gates.

With a grinding, scraping crunch, the wooden sailing ship impacted the planet surface. It careened along for several hundred meters before coming to a halt and tilting over onto one side.

When the dust had settled, all was still.



TO BE CONTINUED!

EDITORS' CORNER

Welcome to another issue of Starbase News. As I am sure you will all notice the newsletter has undergone yet another transformation. I think that its starting to believe it's a changeling, either that or I just get bored easily, or could it be that Leigh came round and took control of my computer once again, yep that would be it. Anyway I hope you like and if you don't, don't complain to me, complain to Leigh. Alternatively if you think that you can do any better I am always willing to listen to or preferably view your ideas.

Once again I would like to appeal to you for content for the newsletter, we have a couple of regular contributors but we always need fresh material to keep the newsletter from becoming boring. If there is anything you would like to see let me know and I'll see what I can do.

Now an appeal for the Xmas newsletter, as you can see this months issue has a slightly Halloween feel to it, so I'm asking early for contributions of a Christmassy nature for the Dec issue, so get your thinking caps on people.

Many thanks to Robert for his wonderful artwork featured in this issue, there will be more next month. Thanks also to Leigh for his design work. Make sure that you check out the final part of Empire's Daughter and also the next part in our resident Timelord's saga.

Enjoy and I look forward to your feedback.

Emma

CLUB AGENDA

14:00	Doors Open
14:30	Briefing
15:00	Costume making
16:00	Refreshments
17:00	Quiz
17:45	Raffle
18:00	Close

Are you paying too much for your mobile phone bills? Want a new mobile?

Get a **FREE** mobile health check- it could save you money. Call **0845 8408484** and quote preferential IBO Number: 4610157

This will give you access to **FREE** check on your existing phone contract, as well as exclusive offers not available in shops (inc. free minutes & texts).



For new PAYG mobiles only
contact John Borda 07044 066187
or jborda@gibnews.net

FIND THE PUMPKINS, WITCHES, BATS AND GHOSTS

Hidden in the newsletter are the following Halloween creepies!

How many can you find?



STAR WARS: TOYS SELL FOR £10,000

A pensioner who bought 20 plastic Star Wars figures for 49p each has sold her collection for £10,100.

The woman, who is in her 80s, bought the figures for her grandson when she worked in a toyshop in 1977.



She bought an extra set in case any were lost and hid them away in their original packaging.

The 20 figures were sold at auction in Buckingham for £10,100, with telephone and Internet bids coming in from across the world.

Luke Skywalker and Chewbacca were sold for £1,162 each and Princess Leia fetched just under £600.

The figures were sold individually but it is thought they may have been snapped up by the same collector.

Andy Reed, of toy auction firm Vectis, said: "Based on previous sales, we had told her to expect around £2,000 so she was obviously delighted to get more than £10,000.

"We have never heard of a complete set of figures in original packaging being offered for sale before. It is fantastic that they came from someone who just put them aside with no expectations."

The woman, who comes from Flintshire, north Wales, asked to remain anonymous.

Tens of thousands of Star Wars figures were sold in the 1970s and 1980s. An unpackaged figure generally fetches around £2.

Ananova: 14th August 2003

TERMINATOR: WINS BOX OFFICE

Terminator wins box office battle

The first Terminator movie for 12 years has won its box office fight with sequels to Legally Blonde and Charlie's Angels.

Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines was top of the US and Canada weekend cinema chart.

Terminator 3 - which sees the long-awaited return of Arnold Schwarzenegger - took £43.5m between Wednesday and Sunday, according to early estimates.

That was 40% more than Terminator 2: Judgment Day took in 1991 - but, taking price changes into account, the latest film sold slightly fewer tickets.

Industry newspaper Variety said its takings "fell short" of most estimates.

Legally Blonde 2: Red, White & Blonde, starring Reese Witherspoon, earned £23.5m to take second place.

And last week's number one, Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle, was pushed to number three, with £8.5m.



Animated film Sinbad - with voices from Brad Pitt, Catherine Zeta Jones and Michelle Pfeiffer - only managed to enter the chart at number six.

It was behind the big screen version of The Hulk, which was at number five after just two weeks in cinemas.

Ananova: 7th July 2003

Chapter One: I sit here

I sit here, thinking to myself. Thinking about all the things that I could have done better. All the situations that I could have twisted in to another outcome – or bring a greater purpose to the pain. But I can't, couldn't and won't.

It is times like these I wonder why I am in Starfleet. It is times like these that I look at myself, staring back in the mirror – standing smart in my uniform, wondering what I am doing. My pips glisten in the harsh light of my quarters. Nothing seems real anymore. Nothing seems right. I don't fit in anymore. But somehow, I am back from the dead.

End log.

By this point, Captain Brown's forehead lay gently on the surface of the mirror – that shined in the corner of his bedroom. His pale face blending with its counter-part looking back. His eyes sitting darkly upon his expression. He stood there for a while. Waiting for an interruption.

And then it came.

Four pulsating bleeps echoed his quarters. "Captain Brown, report to my office!" Boomed the impatient voice of Admiral Jat.

Placing his bare palm against the pain, he pushed away from his trance – leaving impressions where his body made contact with the cool replica of his room.

"I'm on my way" He replied, almost sighing his reply back to her. Finally he straightened his uniform and marched out of his unfamiliar quarters to the unknown of the corridor.

The Admiral was pacing her office when the Captain arrived. The wall of glass overlooking the central command area returned every movement of the inhabitants inside. There, sitting uncomfortably on the far standard issue grey sofa, was Ambassador Ke'reth, along side b'Sel. Leaning back behind the desk,

with her feet crossed on the shiny counter, was Madia Amme – trying to look at Captain Brown without a welcoming exterior. K'Hellenbeck was leaning on the other side of the desk being offered a sloppy-green beverage from Quek, as he pottered around trying to make himself look useful so he could hear what was coming.

In the far corner, stood a gentleman in a long black coat with a hat that pointed in to a triangular formation. He was studying a painting placed on the wall to add colour to the bland room. He only briefly looked up, not moving from his strong stature with his hands firmly locked behind his back – rocking back and forth on his heels and toes. Commander Woods, with his neatly pressed uniform was leaning against the same wall – arms folded ready for action.

"Please come in Leigh" Jat broke the silence of the stations hum.

"Sure we have enough of an audience for this?" Captain Brown replied, clearing his throat. "I sit here?" pointing to the empty chair located in the middle of the circle of officers surrounding the darkly lit room. The atmosphere was tense.

"Would you leave us Quek?" Woods asked sternly.

"I was just . . ." Quek muttered

"Now" Ke'reth punctuated.

"As you wish" He collected his bottles of potions and left hastily.

"So Leigh, do you know why you are here?" the interrogation began with Jat.

"I have a rough idea"

"Would you like to share it with the group?" b'Sel continued.

"I was hoping to be told to confirm really – just to be sure we are on the same wavelength"

"Good answer, shame you won't be as much entertainment later on" The dark stranger sustained the rhythm of the conversation.

"And another thing, is it necessary to have everyone here?"

"Yes, this effects us all" Madia piped up – showing her fear and emotion from the circumstances.

"I don't see how it does, I am back – I would like to return to my duties and responsibilities as soon as possible"

"Do you think that is wise?" Jat returned.

"What else can I do – I can't just sit here for the rest of my life can I?"

"That's our point with this matter" b'Sel muttered

Ke'reth quickly to pick up the point

"Exactly, what are we supposed to do? Welcome you with open arms, forget what happened? Pretend that nothing happened?"

"Well in some cases I think we could"

"How exactly? Can you tell me how I can forget?" Amme shot out directly for Leigh.

"How we can all forget?"

"I don't see that there could be any problems with it"

"Leigh, you have been dead for five months, before you left you broke at least fifteen different codes of conduct of Starfleet law, you abandoned your duties, carelessly injured hundreds of personal and created mayhem." Woods bellowed, moving from his lean to a direct fire, being supported by the side of the desk, arms spread apart, leaning – ready for a showdown. "So don't try to white wash this as another little mole-hill we can conveniently forget about – this is here and now and not moving until sorted. Understood?"

"Yeah, I think that wraps it all up nicely – oh you forgot about the part where I blow up the Rage."

"Don't you get cocky with us boy-o!" Ke'reth snapped.

"Sorry, but I don't think you realise I am not your Leigh. The Leigh that created all this heartache. I am a newer version of him. With his thoughts, feelings and memories, but not him"

"Enough" Madia screeched preventing anymore bickering to continue. She took a short inhale of cool air, calming down with it. "Would you like to start Leigh? From the beginning. Don't leave anything out, so we can paint an exact picture of your experiences."

"I am ready as I'll ever be"

With that the dark Stranger moved from the swirls of the painting, and with the help of K'Hellenbeck who had been motionless for this time, placed a small metallic device on the forehead of Leigh.

"This is a Mind-recount Processor" the stranger began. "I gained its knowledge and power from a Timelord colleague of mine when I last visited Gallifrey – my home planet. It was produced by a select group called Omega Prime, a gathering of individuals whose sole purpose is to uphold Omega's objectives and keep his legend alive. As if any of my people would ever forget him."

"Who is Omega?" Jat replied

"Omega is Time himself, well along with Rassilon created time travel. He created three main projects before disappearing, reappearing and then going again – Time travel, The Hand of Omega which is a stellar manipulator, and The Mind-recount Processor."

"So how does it work then?" Ke'reth asked – too eager for his own good.

"Well it replays everything you ask the subject – like a lie detector – but instead of just answering yes / no questions, the subject is able to give great detail playing from his memory – like a file on your computers."

"Will it harm Leigh?" Amme getting a little concerned, now moving from her relaxed position, to squat by the side of Leigh who looked like he needed the support.

"No, not at all. Leigh will be fine. He will remember everything that is happening, you will even be able to ask him questions about what he is telling us, but he will recall the information as a third person – as if he is watching himself do the actions."

"For someone so quiet you talk a lot" Leigh interrupted. "Enough of the crap – lets just get on with it – ok?"

"As you wish." The Timelord replied, and placed the device against his skin. "Relax, this won't hurt" he tried to reassure Leigh – like how a nurse would say if she was holding his tackle while holding a Stanley knife. Leigh absorbed the pulsating pain – hissing like a gas leak – and suddenly nothing.

No room.

No sound.

Just a black void all around.

Suddenly there was this booming voice above. Echoing around. The voice of the Time Lord. "I have returned you five months ago. It is Tuesday morning – tell me what you see".

TO BE CONTINUED...

