

STARBASENEWS



ISSUE 52

www.starbase410.org

NOVEMBER 2003

ADMIRALS:LOG

Greetings everyone

Once again it is time to put pen to paper or rather fingers to keyboard. Many thanks to those of you who made such a wonderful effort with costumes for the Halloween party. I would have liked to award prizes to everyone but didn't have enough certificates. So from me to you all **CONGRATULATIONS** it was a great party.

Many thanks to Dave and Jen, Andy and Emma for all the hard work they did fixing things in the hall so that now we have hot water in kitchen and outside lights. Also thanks to Emma and Jen for decorating the hall.

Our next party is Selene's 40th on 22nd November starting at 7.30. And then of course the Christmas party on 13th December. Don't forget your secret Santa presents not more than £5.00 remember.

I hope you enjoy the chocoholics party and am sorry I can't be there with you but will be in Chester when you start. That's of course after I have been to Newcastle and Nottingham first. However I will be seeing you all at Selene's birthday party. Any help to decorate hall would be much appreciated especially from tall people who aren't afraid of heights. Emma and Andy will be away on a course during the day so all help is appreciated.

Have a good meeting don't eat too much chocolate and until I see you all again, take care.

Anarita Jat
Commanding Officer

NOV:BIRTHDAYS

- 5th Armin Shimmerman (Quark) DS9
- 5th Eric Menyuk (The Traveller) TNG
- 9th Robert Duncan McNeil (Tom Paris) VGR
- 12th Max Grodenchik (Rom) DS9
- 13th Whoopi Goldberg (Guinan) TNG
- 15th Carys Evans SB410
- 16th Gwynth Walsh (b'Etor) TNG
- 19th b'Sel Sutai Makura SB410
- 19th Robert Beltran (Chakotay) VGR
- 19th Terry Farrell (Jadzia Dax) DS9
- 21st Alexander Siddig (Dr Bashir) DS9
- 24th Denise Crosby (Tasha Yar) TNG
- 24th Dwight Schultz (Barclay) TNG
- 25th Ricardo Montalban (Khan) TOS

HONORARY PRESIDENT:

BARRY MORSE

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS:

BILL & TONI BLAIR

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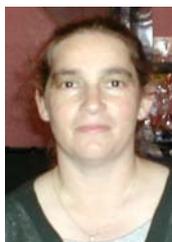
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CLUB:DATES

NOV03

16th Meeting
22nd Selene's 40th Party 19:30hrs

DEC03

13th Christmas Party
31st New Year Eve Party – Emma &
Chewy's Quarters 20:00hrs

JAN04

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

FEB04

TBA Dave's 50th Party 19:30hrs
15th Meeting

MAR04

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

APR04

18th Meeting

MAY04

16th Meeting
29th Wedding of John Borda &
Selene Barstow-Evans 15:00hrs

JUN04

22nd 5th Birthday BBQ

JUL04

18th Meeting

AUG04

15th Meeting
21st Dinner Dance 19:30hrs

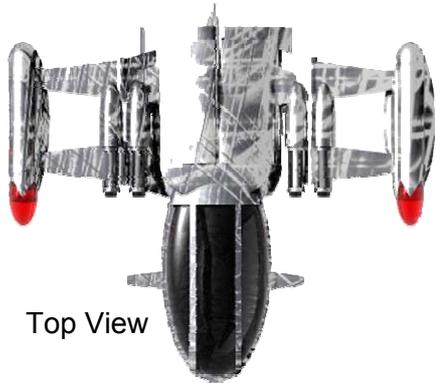
For a full list of next years dates see page 4

DEC:DEADLINE

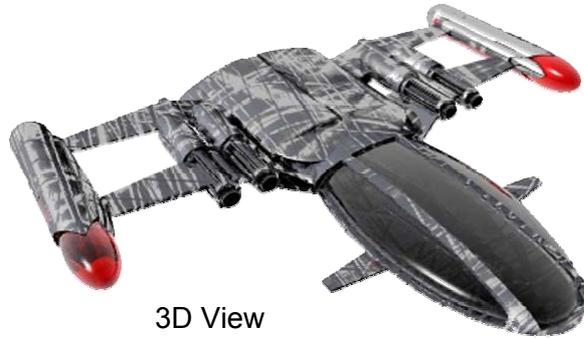
Friday 28th November 2003 @ 17:00 (5pm)



Below are a series of Image scans of the latest and most advanced Klingon Attack-fighter.



Top View



3D View



Side View



Forward View



Aft View



Klingon Imperial Air Corp Logo

Two weeks ago, a Klingon Bird of Prey arrived at the station; it dropped off a pair of **ram mup** (*Night-Strike*) fighters, also known as KF-21's. b'Sel and Kana have been putting them through their paces. I'm now aloud to hint about their superior technological advancements. One of these is the N.P.I. System (*Which stands for Neural Pilot Interface.*) This allows the pilot to wear a helmet, which enables them to control the ship with their mind. It's this device, which can shave vital tenths of a second, off complex manoeuvres. This vessel also has a traditional set of 'Hands-on' Controls, for normal piloting techniques.

The girls took these new pieces of Technology out to the far edge of the Nebular, where the Klingon Science team aboard their Bird of Prey had placed a series of Target drones. (*A small pilot-less ship that can be programmed with thousands of attack and defensive manoeuvres.*) The drones they where using, were even armed with Live firing weapons, but with two Excellent Ace level pilots at the controls of the Empire's best fighters, the Scientists soon found that they needed to make a request for more drones. So the Scientists rigged an old D-7 class cruiser with a remote interface, so they could control it from their Bird of Prey. b'Sel and Kana showed it no mercy. It was towed back to the station looking like one of those Terran Swiss cheeses. (*Full of Holes.*)

Some specifications: -

Length: 8.8 Metres. Span: 9.2 Metres. Height: 1.8 Metres. Mass: 2.7 Metric Tonnes.

Crew: Single pilot. Top speed listed in excess of Warp 9.

Weapons: 4 linked Heavy Disruptor Cannons. + 6 – small Tri-lithium tipped warhead, Torpedoes.

A loud humming noise startled Ensign Kerry Lyle, as she patrolled through the Stations arboretum. It seemed that the Inquisitor was having a bad day. His usually well behaved Tardis was undergoing somewhat of an identity crisis, within the last five minutes it had been a Mayan step pyramid, a Small Grecian temple, a Dead-wood stagecoach, an Amerindian wigwam, finally settling on a twentieth century garden shed completed with potted geraniums in the window. The Inquisitor stepped out, a sonic screwdriver in his hand and his brow streaked with a mix of sweat and grease, his frilly sleeves had been pulled up to just above the elbow, and held in place by the kind of elasticised bands made famous by riverboat gamblers. He didn't seem too be happy as he knelt down by a marble fountain and washed his face and hands. He scratched at his newly bearded chin with the safe end of his sonic screwdriver before putting it back in his pocket, and sitting down with a sigh, upon a small bench as he pulled his pipe and tobacco pouch from one of a number of pockets sewn into the lining of his long black Edwardian style coat, which hung beside him on the branch of a small cherry tree. He lit it from a small silver coloured laser emitter, as something took his attention. He glanced up and caught sight of the young woman in a gold coloured shirt that was visible under the black and grey of her duty uniform. She was watching him disapprovingly. It didn't really bother him; he'd been disapproved of before, and in much grander company. 'Sir, we don't permit unauthorised fires here on the station.' He smiled at her, pointing to his pipe, before taking it slowly from his lips, allowing a slow spiral of blue-grey smoke to curl up from the corner of his mouth. 'How can you do that?' She asked. 'It's got to be unhealthy breathing in all that smoke.' He grinned

as twirled the pipe theatrically between his fingers.' Very probably!' He replied. 'But then, I've been doing it for –' He paused as he took another long draw on his pipe. 'Ages.' he said with his best roguish grin. She shook her head, placing her Tricorder under his pipe causing it to bleep. 'That stuff is pretty toxic. You do know that? Don't you?' He nodded.

The planet Kronos, Homeworld of the Klingon people, seat of power of the High Council, and Home to Ke'reth and home from home for the half Human Kana. The Great Hall of Heroes, a museum of Empire's heroes past. Kana glanced up at an imposing figure of a woman. Even as a statue, the artist has caught the hardness of her stare, her proudly ridged brow and high cheekbones. A long curve bladed dagger held within her left hand a toolbox held at her right thigh. 'My Great aunt Kheyne.' She said proudly, looking back to Ke'reth as she ran her hand across the figures heavy studded belt buckle. 'She was the Chief Engineer of the I.K.V. Bloody-Claw.' She continued proudly. Mother persuaded Father to give me a Klingon name, he just altered the spelling.' Ke'reth nodded, as she spoke. 'Not only was she a great engineer, but it's said, that she killed more than a dozen men, many with her bare hands.'

As they moved through the alcove filled halls lined with warriors, they passed a raised plinth the statues on it bearing the images of Kor, Kang and Koloth. Past Ghavak - Conqueror of the great desert of Khull, past Sabak, Kahless's personal armourer, past Veklaq, Lord Regent of the First House of Reklaw. Through a rune-covered archway they moved on up a long flight of stairs into a wide circular throne room where a statue of Kahless the unforgettable held a silent vigil in his carved marble court. Beside him stood

the statues of his Advisors and Generals. Akrah the wise, said to be a gifted seer.

His cloaked figure bent and supporting himself with a wooden staff. General Theel, of the forests of Kre'ak, Makura the Mighty, Lord Wolf of the Mountains of Kri'stak, and founder of their Clan, Admiral Dreleq First Sea-Lord of the Northern Ocean. Then in an alcove standing at the back of his court, stood a figure, thin and gaunt, its features seemed unfinished, a broken bat'leth of antiquated design hung limp in its hand. No name was bore upon the plaque. Kana lit a pale blue candle and placed it reverently with the others present on the marble plinth at his feet, as Ke'reth spoke. 'The unknown warrior.' She nodded. 'Legend tells of the Warrior who stood and fought alongside Kahless at the Battle of three turn Bridge.' Ke'reth said with a deep overtly theatrical dramatic tone evident in his voice. Kana smiled as she checked her chronometer. 'It's kind of sad, that such a great warrior isn't remembered.' Ke'reth nodded as a ghojmoq. (Klingon Nursemaid/bodyguard) lead a pair of small children into the chamber. Ke'reth and Kana left the room, moving through a pair of heavy red curtains at the back of the room and down another flight of stairs, into a long artefact and picture lined hallway that told the story of Kahless, a number of warriors stood among the visitors stood warriors in their Kahless era armour, ready to tell their tales of the Great Warrior King of the Klingon people.

The Inquisitor tapped his fingers on the Tardis's central control column. 'There, I think that's got it.' He said to himself with a grin that verged upon a self-satisfied. I'Sar watched him as she idly played with her pocket knife. The Inquisitor rubbed his hands as the semi transparent central column of the console rose and fell with a strangely metallic hum, its colour faded from red

to a pale yellow. 'Fancy a little trip?' He asked. I'Sar shook her head.

'I have work to do.' She said. 'And with b'Sel on Romulus and the Ambassador away, I have plenty to do. I have a number of files that need his signature.' She said, holding up a couple of Padds. The Inquisitor grinned as he checked his profile absentmindedly in a reflective panel set within the Tardis wall. 'It's ok, I promise to have you back before your missed.' She sat down in a Blue and white striped deckchair with Titanic stencilled neatly along one side. The chair with its antique canvas was far too soft for her, as she struggled to retain her composure as she sank backwards. 'Perhaps we can pop to Kronos and get Ke'reth to sign some of your paperwork for you.' She smiled. 'Sorted!' the Inquisitor said, as he moved swiftly around the console flicking switches, pressing buttons and pulling levers. 'Hold on to your ridges!' The Tardis flickered and faded, flickered, hummed and then disappeared from view. In what seemed to be only a couple of minutes travelling time, before the Tardis dematerialised on Kronos. 'There!' The Inquisitor grinned as he grabbed his coat and tri-corn hat from a Victorian oak hat rack located near the door. 'Come on then, let's go!' He grinned, with a near childlike enthusiasm. 'I placed us in the entr e hall a few minutes before I believe Ke'reth and Kana are due to arrive. That's if this place still opens at oh-nine hundred hours local time.' He said checking his ornate pocket watch, before snapping it closed as they left the Tardis. Which now appeared to be a three-meter high ornate red marble gateway covered in Klingon runes.

It was as they stood and watched, that an elderly white haired warrior dressed in pale blue armour walked slowly across the hallway. His back was bent, and he moved with a curious shuffling motion, in his hand was a control peg, to open the huge double doors. As the

doors opened, Ke'reth and Kana entered the hall. Ke'reth's Armour was tan coloured and edged with pale gold, and hers was tailored and corseted from purple lizard skins. The old man smiled.

'It's always an Honour to have an Ambassador here. And you've always been one of my favourites. I knew your Father well, a great Warrior was Ton'arg.' Ke'reth nodded. 'And young Kana, You've come to see how the atmospheric lighting rig you designed for us, has been put to good use.' Kana nodded. 'That's one of the reasons Hagreq.' She replied. The old man smiled as she continued. 'Ke'reth wanted see the Scrolls that were uncovered wrapped around that broken sword that was found in that big archaeological dig near Qe'meS, a few months back.' The old man smiled. 'Third level just off to the right from the

antique weapons chamber.' The old man said as he left the room. Kana then glanced back at an extraordinary sight, a second stone gate, and the even more unusual sight of the Inquisitor beaming at her, from behind the ancient archway. 'Good morning Ambassador, Kana, sorry to pop in on you, but l'Sar has some paperwork for you to sign, apparently it's a little urgent.' Ke'reth shook his head, partly in disbelief at the oddness the Inquisitor's ship, partly the oddness of the Inquisitor, who in his opinion, despite the man's obvious wit and charm never quite seemed to fit in. His ship, which was both the largest and the smallest vessel that Ke'reth had ever come across, and according to l'Sar, even the layout of the rooms seemed to be in a near permanent state of flux.

THE KLINGON ALPHABET

XINGON HOL PIQAD

KLINGON WRITTEN LANGUAGE

a	b	ch	D	e	gh
A	B	C	D	E	F
H	I	j	l	m	n
H	I	J	L	M	O
ng	o	p	q	Q	r
G	O	P	K	Q	R
S	t	tlh	u	v	
S	T	X	U	V	
w	y				
W	Y				

DATES:2004

Jan

18th Meeting – Starfleet wedding

Feb

21st Dave’s 50th 19:30hrs

13th 14th 15th Starfleet Ball

15th Meeting (costume making)

Mar

13th Romulan/Klingon wedding 19:30hrs

21st Meeting

Apr

18th Meeting

May

16th Meeting – mirror universe

29th Selene & John wedding 15:00hrs

Jun

27th 5th birthday BBQ

Jul

18th Meeting

Aug

15th Meeting

21st Dinner Dance 19:30hrs

Sept

19th Meeting

11th & 12th Clacton tbc

Oct

17th Meeting

23rd Lisa & James vow renewal 19:30hrs

30th Halloween Party 19:30hrs

Nov

21st Meeting - chocoholics

Dec

18th Xmas Party 19:30hrs

31st Seaspirit 60th & New Years Eve Party
19:30hrs

KITCHEN:ROTA 2004

JANUARYEMMA & CHEWY

FEBRUARYSELENE & JOHN

MARCHANN & DAVID CANNING

APRILROBERT & MAGGIE

MAYJAMES & LISA

JUNEBBQ

JULYCHRISTINE & JAZ

AUGUSTELLIE & LUCY

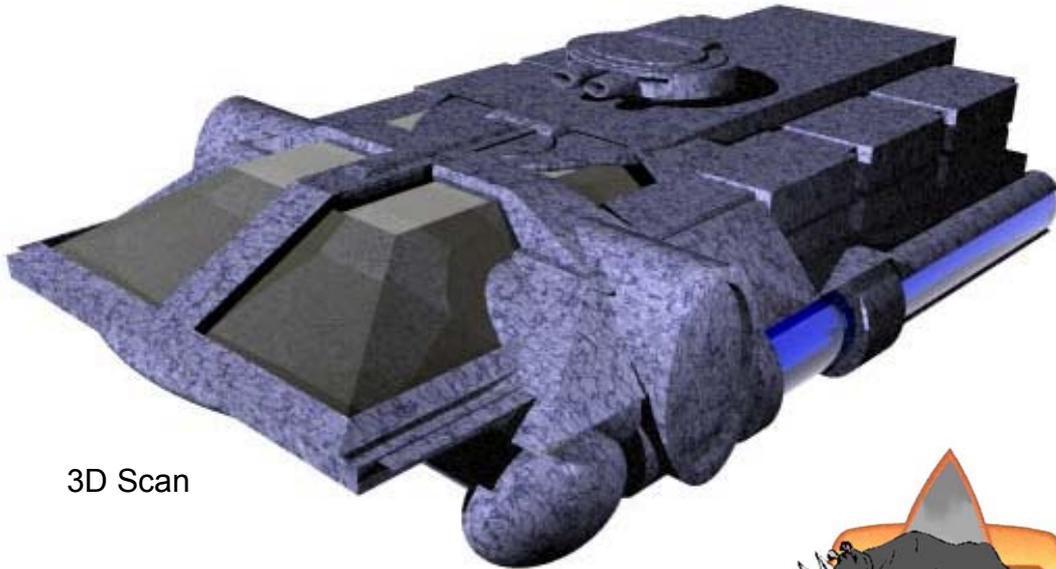
SEPTEMBERSTEVE & TORI

OCTOBERDAVE & JEN

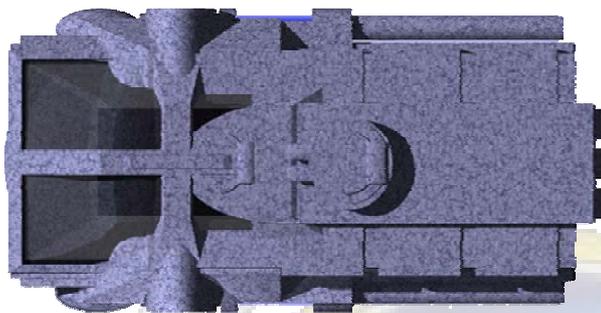
NOVEMBERSEASPIRIT & ALEX

DECEMBERCHRISTMAS PARTY

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO DO REFRESHMENTS IN YOUR ALLOCATED MONTH PLEASE LET ANN OR EMMA KNOW AT LEAST 2 MONTHS IN ADVANCE (WHERE POSSIBLE) SO THAT ALTERNATIVE ARRANGEMENTS CAN BE MADE.
THANKYOU.



3D Scan



Top Down View



Side View



Forward View



Aft View

Length: 12 metres
 Height: 2.8 metres
 Width: 5.6 metres
 Mass: 15 Tonnes

Crew: Standard Crew of 4, but carries up to 14

Top Speeds: -
 Warp: 7.6
 Air: Mach - 7
 Ground: 450 KPH
 Water: 65 knots
 Sub-aqua: 30 knots
 Armament: -
 Duel Phaser Cannons

Known as the Rhino, this is among Starfleet's strangest Shuttles, often described as neither fish nor fowl. It's the perfect go anywhere vehicle, part heavy shuttle part speedboat. But this vehicle is also a Hover-sled, a Plane and a Submarine. In recent years a version of this vehicle has started to be manufactured under licence on Bajor, where they find themselves used by the Militia.

An open topped Hover-sled only version, with a limited speed of 150 KPH. It has also found use on some of Bajor's larger farms. These Vehicles, though not standard equipment aboard Federation Starships, they are gaining popularity aboard Science and Exploration Vessels.

So far- Lady Sadianna has accidentally made it known that the cause of the 'extra-dimensional' incursions around the area of Starbase 410 may have originated on Gallifrey, home world of both The Inquisitor and herself. Meanwhile, The Inquisitor and his new ally Ryoko have been shot down over an alien world by the strange rocket ships that have been troubling the station recently...

"You mean to tell me," Commander Woods chided the Time Lady " that this whole thing has been because of you lot? The so-called Time Lords!?" Sadianna was unperturbed, as she answered;" No recriminations Commander, It wasn't us. Not this generation."

"What, you're blaming your kids? That's low!"

"Don't be facetious!" snapped The Duchess "It was built as a weapon millennia ago."

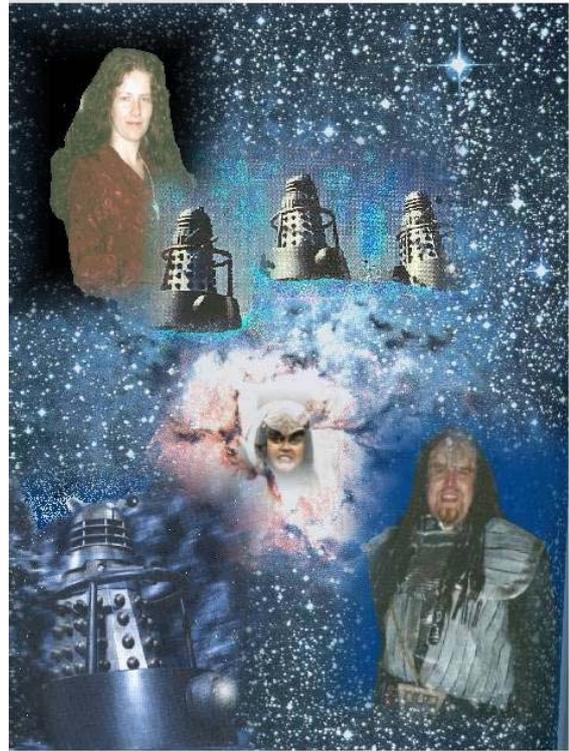
"And it's still live?" Steve was unaware that he had been facetious, but was a little calmer now. The Duchess had become more authoritative, less casual talking about this. And it was the first time that she had used his rank, instead of her familiar use of his first name.

"It was never activated." It was a statement, worthy of a Vulcan. No emotion was attached to it.

Steve sighed. (I'm doing a lot of sighing lately, he noted. Must be the company I'm keeping.)

"O.K." Steve tried a different approach." What do you say to you telling me all about it? Please?" It wouldn't hurt to feign civility. The Duchess smiled. That's more like it, thought the Commander.

Sadianna glanced down at the pile of components on the bench. Allowing herself a little chuckle, she looked back to the Starfleet officer, and said; "All right. But can we continue to put this



device together while I explain? It's very important!"

The last of the trio of space rockets settled onto the surface of the planet only yards from where the 'beached galleon' had finished its un-graceful descent.

An airlock swung open on the ship with the gold and crimson tail fin. When the ramp had reached the ground, two jack-booted men in red satin jackets decorated with gold braid and epaulettes ran down and over to the downed craft. Holding their rifles in front of them, they crept over to what seemed to be a door. As the ship was on its side, and the door just out of reach, the shorter, burly one of the two soldiers cupped his hands and hoisted the other, lighter one, up onto the hull.

Try as he might, the soldier could not free the entrance. He looked down at his partner, shook his head and shrugged to indicate his helplessness. The other shook his head, in exasperation, rolled his eyes and shouted up "Use the butt of your gun or shoot it then!" Why, he wondered,

did he always get teamed up with this fool?

The other fellow was having trouble keeping his balance on the curved hull, and as he tried to position his rifle to shoot at the hatch, his gold coloured, spiked helmet slipped over his eyes. Waving his free hand up to push the peak of the helmet out of his eyes, he lost his balance, slipped down the side of the TARDIS hull, landing on top of his companion. He had let go of his gun on his journey down, and it landed on his head, butt first, and discharged into the air. He rolled off his fellow soldier and sat up, back against the ship. His partner sat up, brushed off his dusty uniform, and glared at the other. His partner shrugged dismissively.

Above them, the doorway started to swing open. Apprehensively, the soldiers eyed each other, as the muffled sound of voices escaped from the hatch above. Something flew out of the entrance, spinning. Something black.

The soldiers closed their eyes and simultaneously covered their heads with their arms. A soft thud announced that the object had landed. Nothing happened. No big explosion.

The stocky soldier risked a glance. Through screwed up eyes he saw a hat. Black, a strange shape (three sides to it!), but just a hat. He nudged his companion, who looked and gave a little jump, in surprise, and started to stand up.

Just then, there were more voices, and a 'swoosh' as something else left the hatchway. The taller soldier adopted the same position again, and his portly partner was about to join him, but risked a peek at the object. What looked like a large bat fluttered to the ground near the hat.

Elbowing the other in the ribs again, the little soldier gave a little laugh as he nodded at the long black coat lying only a meter or so from them. Another false alarm. The tall soldier exhaled sharply in anger, having realised how pathetic they were being. Why should

they be so frightened of these intruders? Did *they* not serve the Emperor? The Emperor whose power and control were absolute? Of course they did!

They both stood and dusted their uniforms. Suddenly, the voices from the ship grew louder. Especially the female one.

"I think they're gone, Torq-ie, c'mon now, lets get out of here, OK? Let's go now."

The Emperor's troopers stiffened against the hull, preparing to apprehend the aliens. A soft scraping accompanied the first figure as she came sliding down the hull, landing in a dishevelled heap on the dusty ground. Before the brave troops could step forward, someone called "Geronimo!" and a second body careered down the side of the ship, landing in an ungainly heap on top of the still crumpled woman.

"Oh, Torq-ie," groaned the woman, "not now, I'm still dazed by the crash, it's no time to take advantage, not that I blame you, I knew you only took me along 'cause you couldn't bear to be away from me any longer."

"Shut up," muttered the Inquisitor through clenched teeth. "You'll spoil every thing!!"

The two soldiers had not heard the Inquisitor's words, and becoming brave at the sight of the vulnerable duo, stepped forward and aimed their guns at the helpless pair.

"Stand!" commanded the tall one. "You are our prisoners! Prisoners of Emperor Ming the Merciless!"

Torqraf and Ryoko looked at each other in disbelief.

"Vampires?" Now he'd heard it all. "You're trying to tell me that the Time Lords were at war with a race of Vampires?" It wasn't impossible, of course, but Commander Woods was not going to accept it easily.

"Well, yes, actually." Sadianna replied, "They originated in another universe, and my ancestors chased them back there, after a long and bitter struggle."

She had a faraway look in her eyes. "Rassilon was in charge then, and he ordered the device built as a last resort." She was nearly finished the Manipulator device "Pass me that will you?" she asked, pointing out a component just beyond her reach. Steve passed it. He prompted the Duchess to continue the story as she worked. "But it was never used?" he asked.

"There was no need, in the end. You see, " she was clearly getting into her stride, and enjoying the chance to tell the story. Adopting a conspirational tone, she continued. "You see Rassilon and the others chased the Vampires across the Galaxy, and destroyed them all, except one who escaped into e-space."

"E- what?"

"E-space, it's like a micro universe, acts like a safety valve for the rest of the universe. Allows the universe enough mass to stop from expanding eternally, but disperses it so that it slows the contraction rate, see?"

"I think I do." Steve nodded. "I've not heard that explanation, but I see what you mean."

Sadianna looked at the Molecular Resonance Manipulator with pride. "There!" she exclaimed, "All done, and if I say so myself, a vast improvement on Torqcraf's model."

Steve frowned.

"No offence." She added. Commander Woods smiled, indicating 'none taken'.

"So, what happened to this 'Doomsday device', then?" he was eager to find out as much as he could.

"Well," Sadianna picked up the new Manipulator. "Could we take this to my TARDIS to fit it, and I'll explain on the way, OK?"

The burly guard, Sergeant Olley, fastened the last bindings on the Inquisitor and reported to Borax that the prisoners were secure. "Good." The space commander sounded smug. This would earn him favour with the Emperor. He faced his two subordinates and said; "You have

done well. You will stay here and search their ship thoroughly. Report every thing that you find. I will take two of the crew from one of the other ships to keep watch over these two."

Olley looked at his teammate, Stannlea, a big smile on his face. The look was mutual.

Obviously both thought that searching an empty ship was less dangerous than guarding potentially violent aliens. They saluted, chorused "Yes, Sir!!" and turned on their heels, and marched from the ship.

As the ship banked around a mountain peak, the Inquisitor and Ryoko stole a glance from the porthole. The two soldiers were at the doorway to the TARDIS, one scratching his head, the other they caught throwing his helmet to the ground in frustration. They had discovered that the doorway had sealed itself. The prisoners exchanged smiles, knowing that the pair would never get into the ship. "So," murmured Ryoko "Looks like we'll be pre-tty close for this journey, eh, Torqey? Oh, you're so clever. And the ways you find to be close to me! Even getting captured so you'd be tied up next to me. #SIGH# Must be love."

The Inquisitor sighed. "Ryoko, *IF* I wanted to be 'intimate' with you, I would have found a better way than getting bound by some Imperialist dictator!"

Ryoko was laughing to herself, unseen or heard by her fellow captor. This was fun.

Sadianna's TARDIS, for the moment at least, looked remarkably like an ornate Rococo column. Carved Unicorns hugged the lower cylinder, reaching up to touch one front hoof to the tip of a flying swan's wing as it curved around the upper column.

The Duchess made her exit from her ship, passing directly through the wall of the vessel. Or so it appeared. His hand on his head, as if trying to stop the top coming off, Steve followed her out.

"Never in my life," he was saying as he passed out of the column "have I seen anything like that. It's unbelievable."

"It's a Tesseract." Returned the Duchess. "It exists in about twenty-six dimensions. You can only relate to three or four, so it's bound to seem a little unfamiliar."

"But it's amazing!" Steve continued, "That control console's made of crystal, or something like it, and I can see no wires or.."

"Don't worry about it." Reassured Sadianna " Surely you've been in the Inquisitors TARDIS? I know *that's* a bit archaic, but.."

"No!" interrupted Commander Woods, agitated. "No, he's promised on several occasions, but it never seems to happen."

The Time Lady was aiming a tiny gold device at her ship. Nothing, it seemed, happened, but she seemed satisfied that something had, and turned to leave the Japanese garden. The spot where the Inquisitor usually 'parked'. "There!" she said. "All sound and safe. How about a little drink? And I'll finish the story about the weapon?"

"Fine." This suited the Starfleet officer. There was still time before the Ambassador arrived. "We can get tea at the station mess hall, or there's my quarters?"

In full stride, The Duchess made her way down the corridor. She chuckled softly. "No, Steve, not tea."

"But you said..?"

"...There'd be time for tea, yes. But it's just a saying. A turn of phrase. No. I want to go to that place that Torqcraf goes to on this station. I want to experience 'The Targ Pit!!' She spoke the name with *some* relish.

Steve's face dropped. "Oh," he said.

From her position next to the porthole, Ryoko could see a beautiful city in the distance. She elbowed Torqcraf, as best she could, and nodded toward the window. "Almost worth the journey, look." She said, " If your people hadn't dumped their old weapons here, we'd have missed this."

"They didn't 'dump' it. When the war ended without them having to use it, they 'stored' it in what was supposed to be an 'empty dimension', a sort of mini universe. It was created in the same way the TARDIS was, Temporal engineering." He was keeping his voice at a whisper, hoping that Ryoko would follow his lead. No such luck.

"Well, they should have just dismantled it, or destroyed it. That's what I would have done, no use leaving things around for people to find, no way, not when they're dangerous things. To risky."

"No one was supposed to be able to get into the 'storage dimension', for want of a better word. Only the Time Lords had the technology." Torqcraf's voice was laced with concern.

"Well," chirped Ryoko, "these guys found it. Didn't they, huh? Careless of you guys, I say. Sloppy, that's what it is."

It had taken less than ten minutes for the rocketship to dock and its passengers disembark.

Ryoko and the Inquisitor were led through what seemed like miles of corridors and passages, over bridges that looked down on streets that were so far below that they could see wisps of cloud drifting across their field of view.

Eventually, they passed through passages that were even more opulent than those through which they had marched this far. A huge pair of doors decorated as prestigiously as in any palace that either of the prisoners had ever seen.

Space commander Borax ordered them to "Halt!" with great pride and authority.

"You will wait here. " he told them. "The Emperor will grant you an audience shortly." His smile was not comforting.

"Are you sure about this?" asked Commander Woods. "I mean, I only go into 'The Targ Pit' if I *really* have to."

"Oh, but I'll be fine!" exclaimed the Duchess confidently. "I have to see L'Sar, make arrangements for the 'Grand Finale!'"

"But, *KLINGONS!* And you. You're small, and, *they'll eat you alive!*"

Sadianna was not listening. She pushed the door open and marched forcefully into the bar.

There was silence from the crammed room full of Klingons.

The Emperor was an imposing figure. Vaguely oriental eyes greeted the prisoners; a friendly smile was framed by a goatee beard and very long moustache. He was draped in a scarlet and gold silk robe, reinforcing the oriental image. He held out a hand to them, welcoming them.

"My dear friends!" he purred, "I do hope my staff have served you well?"

The Inquisitor and Ryoko exchanged quizzical glances, and Torqcraf replied; "There seems to have been a misunderstanding, your Majesty. Our craft was shot down, and my companion and I treated as prisoners." The Emperor looked mollified.

"Commander Borax. Is this true?" he inquired, "Have my guests been maligned in this manner?"

Borax looked crestfallen. And not a little perplexed.

"Why," he stuttered and spluttered his way through his answer. "It's just. Your Magnificence! My orders! I-I- was told that the ship was an intruder! The occupants to be detained!"

The Emperor chuckled as he shook his head in disappointment.

"You see the problems We have recruiting reliable staff these days?" He stepped down from the rostrum on which his throne was set, and approached Ryoko.

"Delightful Lady." He cooed. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am the Emperor Ming." He bowed and kissed her hand.

"And what would your name be, oh vision of loveliness?" The Inquisitor winced.

"Well, your Emperorship," fawned Ryoko, curtsying, "I'm Ryoko, and I'm a princess, y'know, yeah, princess Ryoko, that's me!" she gave a little laugh "I'm so glad you rescued me, really I am. This guy here, the one standing there?" she pointed at Torqcraf "He's a notorious space pirate, see? There was I minding my own Royal business, when that creep bursts in and kidnaps me. Me! A royal Princess of Durai!" The Emperor was looking at the Inquisitor curiously.

"Ryoko!" exclaimed Torqcraf. He made a step toward her, only to be stopped by one of the Royal guards, at the wave of Ming's hand.

"It's not true, your Majesty!" protested the Time Lord "She's the Pirate! And she's no princess!"

Ming the Merciless turned to Ryoko and held her hand.

"What an ordeal it must have been, my dear." He led her up the steps to the throne and waved for her to sit on it. "There." He said, "Now you feel at home, I trust?" Ryoko smiled at him sweetly. "Sure do!" she enthused "Oh yeah, this is for me!"

"Good." Emperor Ming breathed. "You will become my new wife tomorrow."

"Wife!?" Ryoko's alarm was tangible.

"Wife?!" Torqcraf was taken aback by the Emperor's declaration.

"Yes." Answered Ming with obvious glee. "There's no way for the poor thing to get to her own world now. So I will take her under my protection, as the wife of Ming the Merciless!"

"But" asked Ryoko "What about him?" nodding at the Inquisitor.

"Oh, he is, as you have said, a pirate. He will have to be executed!"

To be continued.....

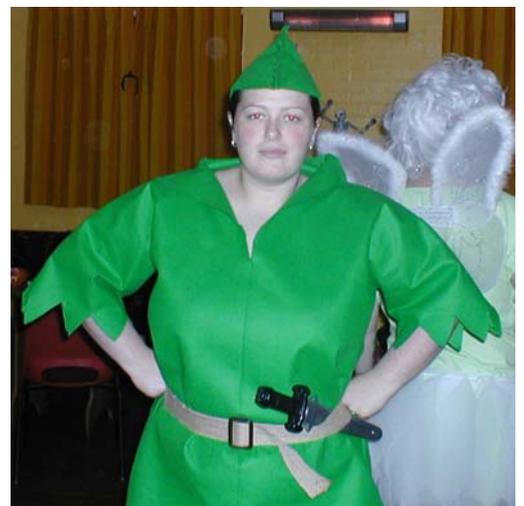
Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy aboard Starbase 410.

There are some interesting things to report this month, not the least of which was the involvement of this embassy in the amalgamation of the Romulan Embassy with the Klingon chief of staffs office.

I must admit to being surprised at the amount of stuff the Romulan ambassador has accumulated during his time aboard the Starbase. Most of his possessions have gone into storage in one of the cargo bays until their new joint quarters are available in December. B'Sel got rid of the kids for the day and Chewy and myself assisted in moving those possessions that K'hellenbeck wanted into storage down to the cargo bay. He had requested a medium sized cargo bay but since there were none available the Admiral let him have a large one, good job too as we filled it up. Needless to say he dealt with those 'sensitive' papers and items himself, so I am no closer to discovering what he has in those secret surveillance files I know that has on everyone. After a very hard day though b'Sel made an executive decision and has decided to pay Quek to find a professional removals company when they move into their new permanent Quarters. I wouldn't trust a Ferengi of course but it would be a brave Ferengi to cross the Klingons and the Romulans simultaneously and I've only ever met a couple of brave Ferengi.

The week before that we had our annual Starbase Halloween party. The theme was panto and it was great fun seeing the 1st officer dressed up as a fairy (Tinkerbell) and the chief engineer dressed up as a Dame. Pictures follow.





EDITORS!CORNER

Welcome to another issue of Starbase News. We have quite a bumper issue this month we're up to 20 pages.

Many thanks to all our contributors. You may notice a slight addition to James story in the form of the montage picture accompanying this months instalment, well we are able to do this now that the newsletter is produced in colour. Previously any images of this type would not copy but now we can enhance the newsletter with pictures and stop the boredom that goes solely with text.

If you have any funny pictures or images you would like to share just let me have them and I will put them in for you.

Don't forget next months is the Xmas newsletter, so I'm asking for contributions of a Christmassy nature for the next issue, so get your thinking caps on people.

Things to look out for this month include all the dates you need to put in your diary this year along with the kitchen duty rota so check it out and see when you are scheduled for refreshments duty. Don't forget it's the kitchen staff's responsibility to provide the food, that's why we share it out and you only get nominated to do it once a year. We aim to make these things as fair as possible.

Enjoy your newsletter.

Emma

CLUB!AGENDA

14:00	Doors Open
14:30	Briefing
15:00	Chocoholics
16:00	Refreshments
17:00	Star Trek Trivia game
17:45	Raffle
18:00	Close

Chocolate ordered at the meeting will be delivered to Ann about 2 weeks later. You will need to pay on the day, cash or cheques only.

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NET PREMIÈRE: FOR DR WHO

The Tardis is expected to touch down in Lancashire

Fans of cult sci-fi hero Dr Who will be able to watch the first episode of a new six-part web series from Thursday.

Cosgrove Hall Films, based in Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, was asked to produce the series after the success of its previous web drama for BBCi, Ghosts of Albion.

Richard E Grant takes on the role of the ninth doctor in the webcast, which will be available at www.bbc.co.uk/doctorwho from 1230 GMT on Thursday.

The new drama, entitled The Scream of the Shalka, has been produced to coincide with the Doctor's 40th anniversary celebrations.

The main storyline has been kept under wraps but the Tardis is expected to land in Lancashire in the first episode.

Richard E Grant is the voice behind the Doctor Grant will be joined by an all-star cast, including Derek Jacobi and Diana Quick.

Producer Steve Maher, from Cosgrove Hall, explained: "Doctor Who is a huge phenomenon and the idea of bringing an animated version to life was a big responsibility.

"There are literally thousands of fans out there waiting to see if we get it right.

"Thankfully the first episodes have had a sneak preview and it went down a storm.

"The whole idea of webisodes is a relatively new way of our animation being shown and the thought that people all over the planet can log in and watch when they like and as many times as they is amazing."

The Cosgrove Hall team also created Dangermouse, Count Duckula, Albie and Chorlton and the Wheelies.

BBCi: 12th November 2003

STAR TREK: THE FINAL FILM

Star Trek franchise owners Viacom has announced that it has no current plans to make another Star Trek film.

Viacom's plans, or lack of them, were revealed recently when video game publisher Activision announced that it is breaking its deal with the company to produce Star Trek games.

Activision will also sue Viacom on the basis that since obtaining a ten-year licence there has only been one Trek film that it could produce a tie-in game for.

"Through its actions and inactions, Viacom has let the once proud Star Trek franchise stagnate and decay," the games company said in a statement.

"Viacom has released only one Star Trek movie since entering into agreement with Activision and has recently informed Activision it has no current plans for further Star Trek films."

This would seem to suggest that the box office failure of Star Trek: Nemesis has led to an end to the Trek movie franchise, at least for the near future.

The case brought by Activision also bemoans the failure of recent Trek TV series' Star Trek: Voyager and Enterprise to capture large audiences so creating potential customers for their products.

BBCi: 1st July 2003

STAR WARS: A NEW HOPE

George Lucas indicates that a further trilogy could be on the cards.

Lucas has said that he will be producing a total of nine Star Wars films. The comment slipped out during an interview with Roger Friedman of Fox News.

"Lucas also told me that he and Lord of the Rings director Peter Jackson have become good friends, commiserating with each other in Australia and New Zealand on their shoots about making their two series," said Friedman.

"Essentially, Peter is making three three-hour movies out of one book," Lucas said. "And I'm making nine two-hour movies from one book."

In recent years Lucas has said that his work on Star Wars would end after the completion of the second trilogy - Episodes 1, 2 and 3.

BBCi: 15th January 2003

Chapter Two: Calm before the storm

Still.

Everything so quiet and motionless.

So peaceful, so gentle, so safe. The calm before the storm.

Leaning back in his far too relaxing chair, Leigh studied his reflection carefully, penetrating its hold, to reveal the hassle of docking ships and maintenance pods in the somewhat motionless void of mater. In one hand he held a standard, boring padd – the other empty, but occasionally venturing to the desk behind, to capture the coffee beverage, still warm after many moments standing still from the last time it punctuated this moment. This moment not like any other.

Each moment, just sitting there was ecstasy, was a drug compared to the usual madness of station duties. The Captain disturbed the waiting by the occasional stretch, or yawn. Each time with the sudden realisation that the morning inspections, training and general nonsense that Admiral Jat continually embedded in to daily station life, will commence – and all that once was, would be forgotten until the next captured moment. With reluctance, Leigh pulled himself from his laze and returned to a standing position. His neat, pressed uniform mirrored his every movement as he proceeded to stride out of the all ready open and waiting door.

He wondered the short distance from his quarters to his ready-room on deck 1 in a complete daze, as if he was on autopilot homing in to his destination. He felt sick. A rush of saliva invaded his mouth. He felt along the walls, he could not breathe, he could not see, he could just about stand. He fell downwards, as the floor below collapsed in to a thick dark atmosphere. Leigh bellowed out requests for help, to be saved, but none were answered. All his limbs reaching to any matter, any living being to save him from this deep continual fall to nothing.

“Captain?” asked a concerned Ambassador

Leigh found himself returning to his normal healthy state, leaning against the corridor wall a few yards from the turbo lift to the bridge. He looked up searching for the voice and found Major Madia Amme with her hands on her hips and her head angled so sharply she looked ready to kill.

“Captain Brown, what are you doing?” she continued to ask

“I felt slight disorientated Major, but I am now feeling much better thank you.” Leigh quickly snapped back in one short abrupt breath.

“No need to be so touchy, Captain” She continued to point out

“All part of the service” the Captain sarcastically replied, “Now if you excuse me – some people have business to attend with – and I am sure you have something to do to! Good day.” And with out waiting for a response from the Major, Leigh continued to board the Turbolift, smiling to himself. The Major still standing in shock, watched as the Captain waved, shook his head that housed no expression and then disappeared behind the solid Starfleet doors.

Exiting on to the top level of the bridge, Leigh was met by the Admirals booming sound, “Captain, do you realise that you are 12 minutes late?”

“I would be on time if you could control your ambassadors” as Leigh continued to walk down the steps to the command level.

“I beg your pardon?” the admiral asked in complete shock

“If you have any problems, then I am sure I can spare some time, if you would like to meet me in my ready room?”

By this point Leigh had reached the ground floor of the bridge, and had continued his course to his ready room which took him straight past where the Admiral was fuming, and diagonally across the room. The crewmembers littering the area starred in silence as Leigh marched on.

The bridge was built on three balcony style levels, each level concerned with a different resource. The centre of the whole

operation was command which was situated on the ground level or more fondly know as "The Pit", above them was Tactical, Security and Engineering, and finally above them medical and science.

All three levels were assembled on one side of the dome-like room. The other side shone back the view screen, which arched with the dome. It was separated in to several smaller screens feeding intelligence in to the hive of personnel. The centre of the screen shimmered the usual star-filled view of outside, however, this viewer also illustrated the three main emblems of the Starbase. To the left was the Bajoran oval symbol in its usual light brown colouring, to the right was the angry three spikes of the Klingons in a rich blood red, and in the centre, was the dominate United Federations of Planets crest complete with animated glowing stars.

Only the sound to break the silence was the irritating noise of hissing doors as Captain Brown disappeared in to his domain. Admiral Jat still in shock, sitting at her control desk in the centre of the room.

The Admiral sat uneasy. She fidgeted with anger. After a few uncomfortable movements in her chair, she finally firmly grabbed the metallic arms of her throne and catapulted herself in to a firm motion, directly to the starboard ready room of Captain Brown. The doors opened, to reveal Leigh standing at the window with his back to her.

"What the hell was that about?" She roared

"Nothing that concerns you, thank you. And would appreciate that you could leave me alone." Leigh not even bothering to turn to face her.

"How dare you even think you can talk to me like this – where the hell has all this come from?"

"Sit down" Leigh commanded in a more welcoming voice than before, he watched her uneasily perch on the other side of the desk to him by the vivid movement of reflection.

There was a long pause.

"I received a personal transmission this morning from Earth" he began, but could not complete his sentence. He slowly turned on the spot, and lent against the

glass. "here" Leigh gently threw the padd still in his right hand that landed on the desk in front of Jat. "Please read – I think you will understand".

Jat looked up from the padd before commencing to reassure herself.

"Go on" Leigh encouraged.

Anarita sighed and pressed the Proceed button illuminated on the padd, and she began to read:

"If I had one wish – I would pass it on,
If I could turn back time – I would become the same,
If I would be able to live – I would rather die,
and use myself as a teacher to all.

When light is low and the sound around quite,

Do you decide to break the silence?

Or become with one with your surroundings?

When the night and day seem to meet in the middle of the sunlight hours,

Do you wonder past and miss this single individual beauty?

Or stop and marvel at the sceptical placed at your feet?

If you knew you could help – would try your hardest?

If you could become a friend – would you make that step?

If you would rather be an enemy – would you be lonely?

As the birds sing at the beginning of the new day dawn,

And the children, so young and innocent emerge from their slumber,

As the milk bottles clink and rattle past the closed curtains of your humble abode,

Which is warmer – The new day or to stay in bed?

If the world could live as one – Is that your dream?

If the war taking life ceased – Would that be a noble sacrifice?

If the dreamers stopped dreaming – Would there be a point to existence?"

"My mother used to tell me that poem when I was younger" Leigh started to say.

"It is very meaningful" Anarita struggled to say clearing her throat.

"I would like to take extended shore leave starting immediately" he demanded, the choking voice of a broken man.

"What's happened?" Jat asked reaching out to touch Leigh's hands, grasped together on the desk. He quickly flinched away before contact could be made, and

hurried to the window again, looking in to nothing. There was a long pause. "They're dead"

