



## ADMIRALS LOG

Greetings everyone

Well November was quite a month for me. I hardly seemed to be home and seemed to travel the country at warp speed. Two trips to Chester, one to Newcastle, one to Nottingham and one to Birmingham not to mention Ipswich and Brandon. I certainly have seen the inside of some hotels etc. plus not having to get meals and wash up was a bonus.

Well as most of you realised I enjoyed Selene's birthday party, someone please remind me not to mix painkillers and alcohol, although it did the trick and killed the pain in my back and hip. Hope you all had a good time as well. Many thanks to Dave for doing the bar again and helping me with the food and to Steve for putting up the decorations. Also thanks to Emma for the music and we had the silly ones as well, you know Agadoo, Conga etc.

I hear the November meeting went well with the Chocoholics party, hope you all suitably pigged out and got your supplies for Christmas.

Looking forward to seeing you all at the Christmas party and if I don't see you then have a great Christmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year

All the best to you all.

Anarita Jat



## DEC:BIRTHDAYS

3 <sup>rd</sup>	Brian Bonsall (Alexander Roschenko) TNG
9 <sup>th</sup>	Michael Dorn (Worf) TNG, DS9
10 <sup>th</sup>	John Colicos (Kor) DS9
15 <sup>th</sup>	Garret Wang (Harry Kim) VGR
28 <sup>th</sup>	Nichelle Nichols (Uhura) TOS
30 <sup>th</sup>	Chewy SB410
31 <sup>st</sup>	Seaspirit Christie SB410

**HONORARY PRESIDENT:**  
**BARRY MORSE**

**HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS:**  
**BILL & TONI BLAIR**



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## CLUB:CONTACTS

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## CLUB:DATES

### DEC03

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

### JAN04

18<sup>th</sup> Meeting Featuring Starfleet Wedding  
of Commander John Borda &  
Lieutenant Lena Fry

### FEB04

TBA Dave's 50<sup>th</sup> Party 19:30hrs  
15<sup>th</sup> Meeting

### MAR04

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

### APR04

18<sup>th</sup> Meeting

### MAY04

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

### JUN04

22<sup>nd</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> Birthday BBQ

### JUL04

18<sup>th</sup> Meeting

### AUG04

15<sup>th</sup> Meeting  
21<sup>st</sup> Dinner Dance 19:30hrs

For a full list of next year's dates see page 7

Secretary / Treasurer &  
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## JAN:DEADLINE

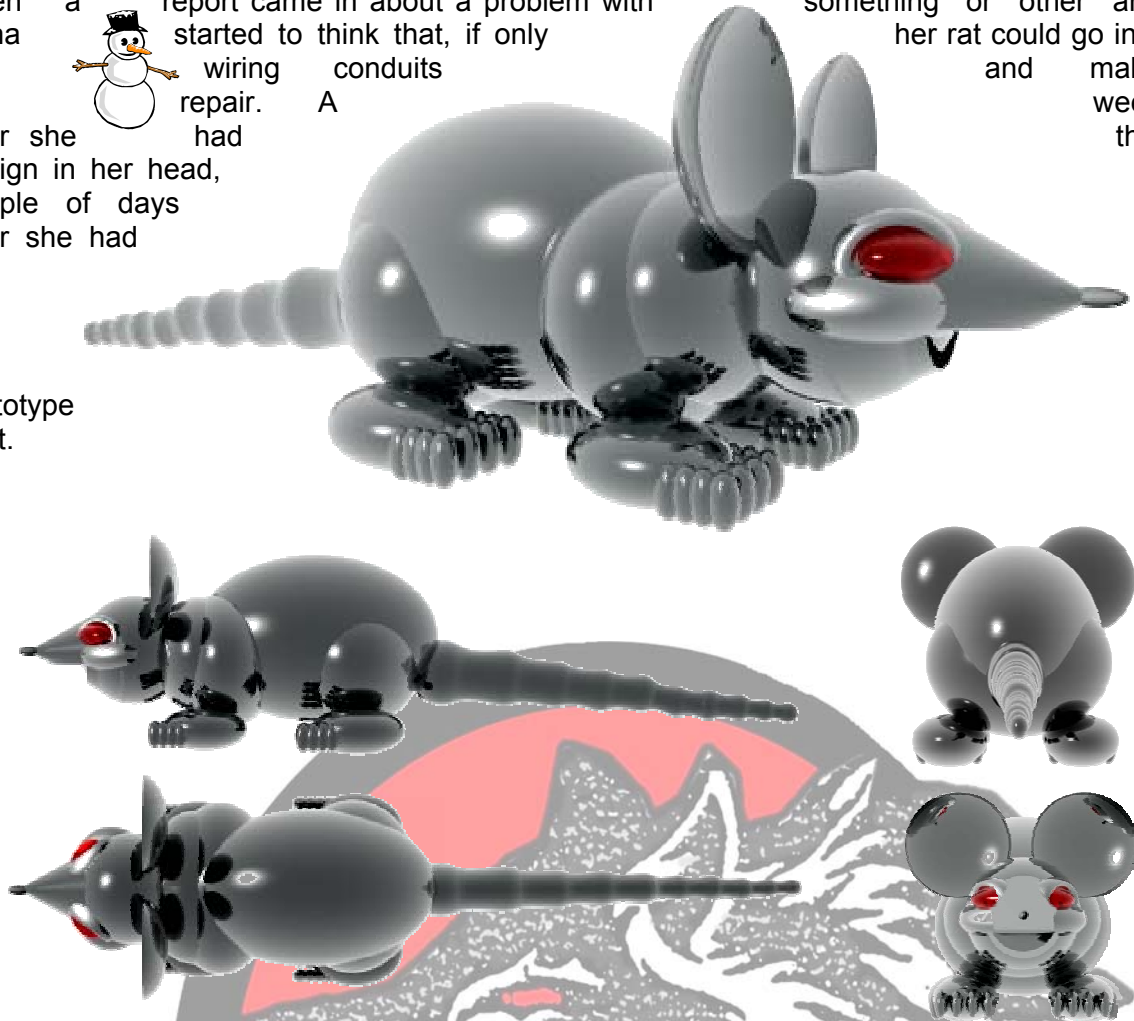
Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> January 2004 @ 17:00 (5pm)



## Kana's Rat

When Kana, my Chief Engineer asked me about bringing Rats aboard my ship the Proud Vengeance. I must admit, that I had my reservations. Then Kana showed me what I first took to be a child's toy. But it isn't. This is a four footed Engineering Diagnostic and Repair tool. She tells me that she was feeding her pet rat, (it's black and she calls it China.) In her quarters when a report came in about a problem with something or other and Kana started to think that, if only her rat could go into the wiring conduits and make the repair. A week later she had this design in her head, couple of days later she had this

prototype built.



This Rat has all the senses of a Tricorder, a built in cutting laser, and micro tractor beam emitters. It also has a tiny Antigravity drive allowing it to hover. This rat has been equipped with a series of micro welding lasers built into its right eye. Its ears have been designed to allow it to hear sounds into the Ultrasonic range. Its paws not only allow it to walk and run, but also have built-in micro tremor sensors. Its tail has a multi-computer interface allowing it to communicate with a ships computer, simply by plugging it in. This little metal rodent even has forcefield whiskers for measuring objects down to the Nanometer. I'm now proud to say that my ship has Rats, and Kana tells me that twenty of these Rats could theoretically manage around ten percent of all shipboard repairs. Who knows, one day every Klingon ship may have a compliment of Rodent engineers.




It was as the Tardis's doors closed, that it shook unexpectedly as the central pillar flashed amber and plummeted alarmingly into the console as the deckchair slid towards them with a hiss as the floor pitched to around thirty degrees to starboard. 'Ke'reth managed to catch I'Sar as I'Sar caught Kana; whose hand had already dipped subconsciously into her tool belt. 'Damn!!!' The Inquisitor scowled. 'Thought I had that fixed.' He announced to no one in particular, perhaps even to the ceiling. 'Problem?' Kana asked.

'Define problem?' the Inquisitor replied, smiling anxiously. She shook her head. 'As in, something broken?' She asked, barely hiding her sarcasm.

'Very astute of you, to notice.' He said, as the Tardis pitched the other way. She sidestepped the deckchair as it slid back across the room. 'It's an Engineer thing!' She snapped back at him, above the growing whining humming noise. The central cylinder rose up, now a disquieting shade of blood red. Her next question was cut short by an equally alarmingly loud grinding noise guaranteed to unnerve any engineer. 'I don't think any Tardis has ever made that noise before.' The Inquisitor said with a shrug. 'No Kidding!!!' Kana replied curtly. A few seconds later, the Tardis faded from view and reappeared near the edge of a cliff. Less than a couple of meters further to the right and the Tardis would have fallen into the water far below. The Tardis finished its slow dematerialisation, now in the form of a 1944 German Military checkpoint complete with a swastika banner, Barbed wire, warning posters written in German, and a red and white painted barrier marked HALT. A lone warrior his long hair flowing and his back banners fluttering in the wind, was riding at full tilt towards the span of a large iron bridge where three paths converged. It was, as the Tardis

appeared, that the Horse-like Sark beast which the warrior was riding, reared up throwing him hard from his saddle. He landed badly as the panicked beast ran for the cover of a copse of nearby trees. Unfortunately for the warrior his foot was still caught in the stirrup. Ke'reth had seen the man's fall from the door of the Tardis, and started to run to the man's aid. Drawing his pistol. Ke'reth allowed his electronic eye to aim for him, as he pushed the trigger-stud with his thumb, a bolt of blue-green light severed the strap from the stirrup, freeing the man as he rolled over and over several times before coming to a stop, where he lay crumpled a few hundred meters ahead. Kana looked out as the Inquisitor lent over her shoulder. 'Where are we?' She asked. The Timelord took a deep breath, as he ran back to the now smoking console.

I'Sar was already using a small blue powder fire extinguisher on. He tapped in  an irritated jabbing motion at the buttons surrounding a small oval screen. Kana stood and watched him, her arms tightly folded. 'Well?' She asked.

'Erm!' The Inquisitor said. 'Good news and bad news I'm afraid.' Kana's eyes told him in no uncertain terms that she wanted more information. 'This is Kronos, isn't it?' She asked. He nodded. 'Are we anywhere near the Hall of Heroes?' She inquired. He shrugged uneasily. 'The High Council Building?' She asked impatiently. 'The First City?' Her eyes now almost begged for information. 'Near is relative, but the good news is, that by my calculations. That we're only about three hours as the crow flies from the – Do you have crows on Kronos?' He asked breaking his own line of thought. 'From the First City.' He continued, getting himself back on track. 'Or at the very least, from the small settlement which will become the First City in about fifteen hundred years, give or



take a decade or two.' he shrugged as he shook his pocket watch to his ear. Its temporal circuit was radio linked to the mechanism within it, which could explain why it was running backwards with the speed of an extractor fan.

Ke'reth knelt down beside the man, it was worse than it looked, Ke'reth's knowledge of medicine was limited, but he knew from his time on the battlefield that this man's injuries would kill him. Several sword blows must have pierced his skin, creasing his armour, which felt thick red, warm and sticky. His fall had almost finished him; the man died in Ke'reth's arms. Ke'reth raised his head to howl for the fallen, when his Electronic eye's movement sensor attracted his gaze back to the woods. Ke'reth rolled over and laid flat out in some nearby long grass, in time to see the pennants and banners that he recognised as from his history lessons as belonging to warriors of the Tyrannical Molor. They were riding swiftly towards the bridge where a lone warrior awaited them, standing silent bat'leth in hand. With no real thought for his own life, Ke'reth snatched up the fallen warrior's blade and half ran half stumbled down the hillside, arriving as the first of the Enemy warriors had found the bridge. Ke'reth's bat'leth blocked the warrior's first blow and returned it hard with the flat of his blade. Then a worrying thought took him. If this is the past, What If I alter History. Ke'reth switched tact. Thankfully years of training with a blade had taught him to subdue an enemy without killing him. An unexpected blow bounced off Ke'reth's wrist guard cracking the bone. The man was strong but his blows were random and unrefined. Ke'reth stepped back and dropping his bat'leth he punched the man squarely in the face, hearing the man's teeth break as he shattered the man's nose causing a jet of blood to escape matting his beard. The warrior fell face down into the grass. Taking up the fallen blade again, Ke'reth moved out onto the bridge.

The Inquisitor took a pair of field glasses from a small cupboard and looked through them before handing them to Kana. She smiled at the ultra-high magnification and inbuilt omnidirectional Tricorder, with its target recognition software. 'These are nice.' She said feeling the weight as she watched the Bridge. 'Where do you get them?' She asked as she passed them to l'Sar, who took a look before handing them back to Kana. 'They're a standard Starfleet issue.' He said. Kana glanced at him. 'They're not Starfleet issue, I can tell you that.' The Inquisitor smiled.

'Correction.' He said. 'They will be, in about ten years from now.' She smiled. 'I suppose there's no chance of me being allowed to play with these in my lab for an hour or two?' He shook his head.

'You wouldn't want to screw up the timeline would you?' The Inquisitor grinned, taking back the binoculars. Kana shrugged.

'Worth a try I suppose, closest thing I've ever seen to those, is the Optical implant Ke'reth wears, and that's based in what our Imperial Intelligence Labs got from retro-engineering captured Borg Drones.' The Time-lord smiled, a disconcerting smile. l'Sar cocked her blaster rifle, as she pulled it from her kitbag. 'We've got to get down there Ke'reth may need our help.' The Inquisitor shook his head slowly as he looked through the binoculars, as his hand came down to rest firmly on the rifle barrel. 'He seems to be doing remarkably well, and he's fighting defensively, so he must have realized the danger in killing someone, and upsetting the space-time continuum.' He grinned as he handed back the binoculars to Kana. 'Yes, your Ambassador is quite handy with a sword, kind of reminds me of a Pirate, that I one met in the Caribbean. It was either 1760, or 1670.' Kana watched as at least thirty armed warriors emerged from the woods, riding hard towards the bridge. She glanced back to l'Sar. 'Well don't just stand their

looking pretty!' She snapped handing l'Sar her bat'leth, from the kitbag. 'Go help him, I'm going to see if I can help to get this Tardis-thing to get me back to where-' She paused scratching her brow. 'To when, I belong.' She added. It didn't take l'Sar long to find her first target. She swung the bat'leth down hard enough for the flat of the blade to break the man's arm; her second blow sent him face down into the dirt. The next man had his ribs cracked as she floored him with a single blow. Another rode up on her as she fought, she just grabbed the reins of his steed, and swung her fist hard up into the warrior's belly knocking the wind from him, as she pulled him down and delivered a vicious kick to the side of his head. Ke'reth arrived beside her, a wounded man dressed in a heavy hooded journey cloak staggered along beside him. By now a number of warriors had arrived and were clearing up the last of Molor's men. The Leader of them trotted forward, and addressed the wounded man. 'Lord Kahless.' The warrior said, breathlessly. The injured man beside Ke'reth threw back his hood. Ke'reth stared at the man, before dropping to one knee his blade in his left hand held flat to the ground, as he saluted with his right. 'Lord Kahless.' The man continued, looking at Ke'reth as he spoke. 'We were chasing some of Molor's raiders when we heard the fighting, where are your retainers, my Lord?' Kahless pointed sadly towards the other side of open plains from whence he'd come. 'We were travelling to the town of Khaden to the south, when we were attacked by Molor's men, they brought my life dearly with their own.' Ke'reth stood up and opened the collar of his undershirt, to get some air. It was then that Kahless's eyes fell upon the Medallion he wore. 'Men!' He said raising his voice. 'It looks like one of Makura's wolves has come down from the mountains to save me.'

By the time their party made it back to the hill where the Tardis now stood,

the Inquisitor had managed to make it appear as something approaching a Klingon traveller's wagon. But its temporal Circuits seemed to be in Kana's words. "Fried till they were extra crispy." He and Kana had already set up a Field Commander's tent complete with Napoleonic crests and brass eagles at its corners. The Inquisitor had pulled out a pair of large wooden chests that were now in front of him; he was on his knees rummaging, through their contents. 'Don't worry Kana, I'm pretty sure, that I have a spare temporal coordination Circuit somewhere.' She knelt beside him. 'What's it look like.' He glanced up at her; a look of bewilderment crossed his features. 'It looks like a temporal coordination Circuit, what else would it look like?' She shrugged as he pulled out a pale blue crystal buffed it upon his sleeve.

He then shook it to his ear before throwing over his right shoulder, before reaching into the box with a look of excitement upon his face. 'You've found it?' She asked. He grinned pulling out a green painted wooden yo-yo. Albert Einstein gave this to me while we were discussing physics late one night in a hotel on the outskirts of Hamburg. We were drinking apple-flavoured schnapps as I remember. I put him right on a couple things, to do with the relative nature of the space-time continuum, and he gave me his favourite yo-yo, to thank me. He pulled at it, and let it drop as it spun its way back up the string. 'Haven't seen this in years, I always wondered where I'd put it.' She just stared at him. 'With all respect, it's junk!' She snapped irritably. 'Junk?' He asked incredulously. 'This yoyo once saved my life, I actually once managed to briefly hypnotise a Yeti with it.' Kana's eyes narrowed. 'A what?' She asked as he blinked. 'Big dumb hairy thing, looks a bit like a dirty white throw rug wandering around, but doesn't really have the brains of a rug.'

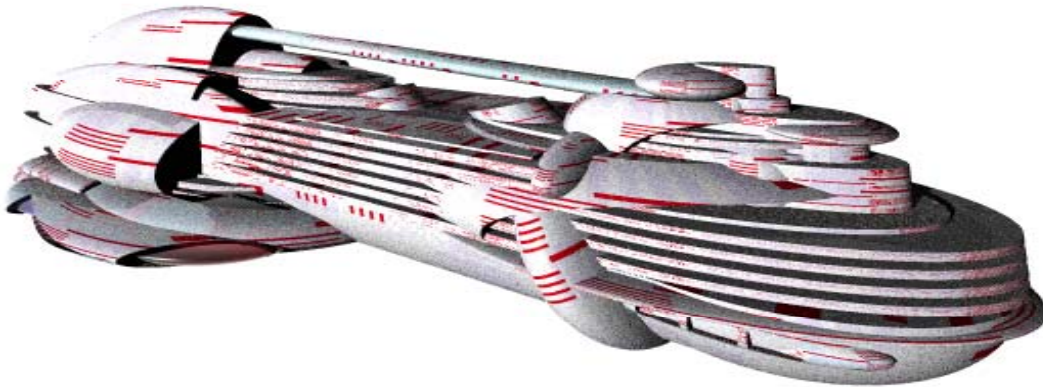
**DATES: 2004****Jan**18<sup>th</sup> Meeting – Starfleet wedding**Feb**21<sup>st</sup> Dave's 50<sup>th</sup> 19:30hrs13<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> Starfleet Ball15<sup>th</sup> Meeting (costume making)**Mar**13<sup>th</sup> Romulan/Klingon wedding 19:30hrs21<sup>st</sup> Meeting**Apr**18<sup>th</sup> Meeting**May**16<sup>th</sup> Meeting – mirror universe29<sup>th</sup> Selene & John wedding 15:00hrs**Jun**27<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> birthday BBQ**Jul**18<sup>th</sup> Meeting**Aug**15<sup>th</sup> Meeting21<sup>st</sup> Dinner Dance 19:30hrs**Sept**19<sup>th</sup> Meeting11<sup>th</sup> & 12<sup>th</sup> Clacton tbc**Oct**17<sup>th</sup> Meeting23<sup>rd</sup> Lisa & James vow renewal 19:30hrs30<sup>th</sup> Halloween Party 19:30hrs**Nov**21<sup>st</sup> Meeting - chocoholics**Dec**18<sup>th</sup> Xmas Party 19:30hrs31<sup>st</sup> Seaspirt 60<sup>th</sup> & New Years Eve Party  
19:30hrs**KITCHEN ROTA 2004****JANUARY** EMMA & CHEWY**FEBRUARY** SELENE & JOHN**MARCH** ANN & DAVID CANNING**APRIL** ROBERT & MAGGIE**MAY** JAMES & LISA**JUNE** BBQ**JULY** CHRISTINE & JAZ**AUGUST** ELLIE & LUCY**SEPTEMBER** STEVE & TORI**OCTOBER** DAVE & JEN**NOVEMBER** SEASPIRIT & ALEX**DECEMBER** CHRISTMAS 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.



## ADMIRAL VARR'S GUIDE TO STARSHIPS

Hi people, I'm going to talk to about the Passenger Liners that travel the Space lanes. They come in many different makes, models, sizes and Colours. The vessel seen here is the Celestial Queen, a Far-traveller Class Deep Space Liner, owned by Trans Galactica, These vessels are among the largest known Civilian vessels.



Length: 920 Metres  
Beam: 276 Metres  
Height: 214 Metres

Crew: 1,120

Passengers: 4'500

Top Speed: Warp 8

Mass:

3,867,000 Tonnes



45 decks deep, long and elegant, these ships take both the rich and influential to the Universe's most desirable holiday resorts. Among Federation officers' money may seem to have fallen out of fashion. But its vessels like this one that carries the Universes' social elite from place to

place within its luxurious Bars, fancy restaurants, rich Casino's and fine theatres, these vessels have them all. For those here on the Station who can raise the Latinum, this Vessel departs from the Station at midday Station time on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of every second calendar month, for the two-week cruise to Risa. Stopping on route at Casperia Prime, Lorellia, Yeager's World, Oceanus, Cruvellia and then on to Earth. Bon Voyage . . .





Ryoko stood up sharply. She looked quickly between The Inquisitor and The Emperor.

"You, - you can't do that." she said, with more than a little reserve in her voice.

The Emperor turned to face her directly. "I can't?" he enquired, a hint of amusement in his tone.

The throne room suddenly seemed vast and empty, Ryoko feeling small and vulnerable. Not something she was used to. She sauntered over to Emperor Ming, adopting a pleasant smile and taking his hand lightly.

"Not if you want to learn the secrets of his ship. It's very special, travels through time and every thing. But you won't get in it without him, oh no. He's the only one that can open it, believe me." She had re-adopted her habit of putting as many words into a sentence as possible. Torqcraf always thought that she was perhaps fond of the sound of her voice.

"And you have not unlocked its secrets?" inquired Ming.

"Oh boy no!" Ryoko was starting to speak faster now, as she got into her stride. "No siree, he wouldn't let me near anything important, oh no, kept it all to himself, that's him, secretive. He said the controls only answer to him, so I guess that's right." Ming was starting to question his decision to marry this woman.

He looked at the Time Traveller with an inquiring gaze. Walking slowly around Torqcraf, Ming asked:

"Is this true? Does your craft transcend time? Will it's instruments obey only your instructions?"

The Inquisitor exhaled heavily. His gaze met the Emperors. His eyes narrowed as he answered.

"For once, Ryoko is being truthful. Yes. The TARDIS is biologically linked to me. And I won't pilot it for *you*!"

Ming the Merciless grinned broadly, and stared into The Inquisitor's eyes as he said: "We will see." The statement was delivered in a level, relaxed voice. "When you have sampled my hospitality, and after my wedding to the delightful princess here, I should imagine that you will be delighted to be my humble servant." He signalled two palace guards, who marched swiftly up to the dais on which the company stood, and came to attention.

"The dungeons!" snapped Ming. To the Time Lord he said: "Let us discuss this matter when you have learned to be more accommodating." He waved a dismissive hand, and the soldiers led the bound Time Lord away.

Ryoko gulped, "I hope this turns out alright." she mumbled to herself.

Shaking his head, Commander Woods followed Sadianna into 'The Targ Pit'. A line of Klingon warriors towered over them as they made steady progress towards the bar.

A bulky, almost portly warrior stepped in the Time Lady's way, halting her progress.

"Oh no." Thought Steve, "Here we go."

The Duchess looked up at the scarred face that blocked her way. She smiled brightly, and said:

"Who is this that hinders my progress?"

She had lowered her voice to something resembling the deep tone that most Klingons seemed to cultivate. Her mouth broadened into a toothy snarl, and she let out a sharp, short laugh, saying "Ha! The son of a union between a Targ and a Romulan!" Sadianna was unsure if this was a valid Klingon insult, but guessed that it would do the trick. In other locales and circumstances, she would have said 'Excuse me.' But not here. Not now.

The warrior bristled, and began to raise his fist in retaliation.

A hand clasped his shoulder from behind. He turned, his anger becoming too much for him to contain.

He came face to face with L'Sar, whose hard gaze and furrowed brow signalled that she would tolerate no animosity towards The Duchess. Having been felled by L'Sar once this night, the warrior snarled in frustration and pushed his way through the crowd to a far corner of the room.

Sadianna grinned, and greeted L'Sar. "Hello!" she beamed. "Thought I'd join you in a few, what's the colloquialism? Bevvies?"

"My treat." Returned L'Sar, and led The Duchess to the bar. "You were either foolish or brave to come here. Although I admire you for your etiquette. The 'fellow' that you faced down is dangerous. He is not generally liked, so you are on your way to gaining acceptance here." Behind them, Commander Woods was shaking his head

again. He wouldn't have thought this stranger could have known enough about Klingon culture and social behaviour to stand up to the Klingon like that. He was impressed.

"So," asked L'Sar "what will you be drinking?"

Steve cut in that L'Sar knew his preference on those occasions that he came to 'The Targ Pit'.

L'Sar sighed, as she had been referring specifically to Sadianna, but passed the request on to the barman, along with her own requirement, a 'cocktail' that she called 'Mara-venom'. "And you?" she asked again of Sadianna.

"Oh, well I don't drink intoxicating beverages as a rule, have they any fruit juice, or something?"

L'Sar sighed. Leaning close to The Duchess' ear, she quietly said "Not in here. You need to capitalise on your current good favour. I will get you a drink that will help you gain acceptance. And satisfy your.... personal preference." The last two words seemed to imply L'Sar's disapproval.

Attracting the barkeeper's attention, L'Sar barked something in Klingon at him, which caused the still attentive clientele to hush and stare. L'Sar handed Steve his glass, and passed Sadianna a tumbler holding about half a pint of a dark brown liquid. The Duchess held it up to the light, eyed it suspiciously, and glanced at L'Sar, who nodded reassuringly.

Sadianna took a tentative sip at the liquid. She made approving 'mm' noises, and downed the rest in one go.

The Klingons looked at each other, looked at her and back again, all the while making noises of disbelief and awe.

"That's nice, yes." Said the Duchess. "I think I'll have another, if you don't mind. I am rather thirsty. Mmm?" There was a roar, and the ambiance of the bar returned to its regular intensity, as it had been prior to the Time Lady entering. Steve was smiling. "Well, that did the trick, didn't it?" he said to Sadianna. "I think you've won 'em over." He tapped L'Sar on the shoulder, as she was still talking to the barman. She glared at his audacity. "What!?" she snapped.

"What was that drink? The one you gave Sadianna?"

Grinning a self-satisfied smile, she answered: "Prune juice! Someone called Guinan introduced it to a Klingon serving

in Starfleet. It has gained quite a reputation among other Klingons as a warriors drink."

The prison cell was dank and uninviting. The lighting was poor, to say the least, and the bed consisted of a shelf seemingly supported by a stout chain from each end of the board attached to the wall. Torqcraf was having some problems getting comfortable. It was only now, in his boredom, that he noticed, as his eyes attempted to scan the area of his confinement, that he was not alone. At the far end of the room, shrouded in the gloom, he could just make out that what he had taken for additional bedding, was in fact another prisoner.

A circular table had been vacated for L'Sar and her party. Sadianna sat opposite the Klingon, Commander Woods to one side, like some kind of umpire. Sadianna had concluded her narrative of the 'Legacy' and it's part in recent events, and was beginning to outline the strategy to come, when and if The Inquisitor and Ryoko contacted them to say that they'd found the device.

"The problem is," The Duchess was saying, "that when they find it, Torqcraf's bound to try and disable it."

"That shouldn't be difficult, surely." Said Woods "I mean, your lot made the thing, he must have some idea how to turn it off."

"It may not have been activated." Offered L'Sar; "You said" she nodded at Sadianna "that the Time Lords did not use it."

"True." Sadianna agreed. "It's possible, though, that some one has discovered it and made a crude attempt to find out what it is and what it does" She thought for a second, and added: "Or perhaps it's just senile. You know, got old and started braking down."

"That would help explain the apparent random-ness of the appearances." Said Steve.

"If they are random." Countered L'Sar. "There may be a pattern that we cannot see."

"I still think he'll try and disable it on his own." Asserted The Duchess. "He's like that. And if he does, he could make things worse. That's why we're likely to need as many of your Klingon ships as we can get, L'Sar."

"You expect a battle." Stated the warrior. "But why? If Torqcraf tries to shut the

device down, why should we expect to fight? And Whom?"

"Ah," said Steve "The gadget is designed to collect fighting forces from through out time and space, isn't that right, Duchess?"

"Yes," she answered "and if the Legacy is 'senile', then it might not take much to set it off gathering all kinds of dangerous races and creatures." Sadianna hauled a package from out of the inside pocket of her jacket. It was some kind of shiny plastic, and looked far too big to have fitted in there without the jacket bulging noticeably. "I've got some pictures and information here on some of the things that we *might* encounter." She opened the wallet and started emptying it onto the table. "Once you two have absorbed this you can pass it on to your associates. Oh, and Steve, can you make sure that Ensign Nax is kept up to date, and that she knows everything she needs to about ryo-oh-ki."

"What's to know?" he asked

"Oh, you'll *love* this!" grinned L'Sar, who had known Ryoko and her bizarre spacecraft for some time.

Slowly edging over to the other bunk in his cell, The Inquisitor tentatively reached out and prodded the bundle with one finger. He was still bound, his hands in front of him with some kind of leather 'shackles' connecting his wrists by means of a plaited leather 'chain'. No reaction. He thought that he could hear breathing. The coarse wool blankets did seem to be moving, gently, like the easy breathing of someone sleeping. Torqcraf stretched a hand out once more, this time poking harder, and softly said "Hello?" In what seemed like one fluid movement, the blanket flew up, covering The Inquisitors face as something solid slammed into his

chest. A leg hooked behind his knee and he fell backwards. Before he could recover, he could feel a foot on his chest, pinning him to the floor. Struggling for breath, Torqcraf grabbed what felt like the lower part of a human leg, and tried to unbalance his assailant. But whoever the other occupant of the cell was, they had the advantage. This was someone used to physical combat, and had, for all the Time Lord knew, a host of fighting techniques at his disposal. The Traveller could hold his own with a sword, but in all his travels, any hand-to-hand combat he got involved in, he had really come out of badly, or bested his opponent by luck more than anything.

"What have we here?" His opponents voice was cultured and confident. The blanket was removed, and The Inquisitor looked into the face of a man in his mid thirties. Taut, angular features, garnished with a pencil moustache, a physique that betrayed a healthy, outdoor life, bronzed and slightly weathered hands and face that spoke more of a farmer than an Aristocrat. And yet, when he spoke, it was with the accent of the well bred, educated.

"Has Ming sent you here to spy on me?" he asked. "Or have you been sent to fight and kill me?" Before the Time Lord could answer, his 'cell mate' had reached under his bunk, and pulled out a ridiculously large bladed weapon. The height of a man, it consisted of a staff topped with an axe at one end, and some kind of serrated blade at the other.

"Well," said the prisoner "if that's the case, only one of us will get out of here alive." And with that, he swung the axe blade down.

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

**EDITORS' CORNER**

Welcome to another issue of Starbase News. Well another year has passed and once again the festive season is upon us and it's Christmas party time. I hope you have all remembered your secret santas.

As you can see I've tried to make this issue look nice and festive, and as in October for Halloween I've dotted some festive piccies around the newsletter. No-one managed to get the correct number last time, I think you all missed the ghost in the top left corner of the front page. Ha Ha. You should all know by now how sneaky we Bajorans can be.

So what do we have for you this month, well there is the next part of The Fallback Position and of Restricted Access. The usual offerings from Ke'reth and Dalen Varr and some more of Roberts artwork.

We'll try not to get too drunk over the Christmas period. Have a great time whatever you are doing and don't forget our new years eve party.

So once again Have a very Merry Christmas and for those of you I don't see have a great New Year and please all of you think of me on New Years Day as I drive, hopefully not too hung over, to collect John and Selene from the airport.

Enjoy your newsletter.

Emma

**CLUB AGENDA**

19:30 Doors Open  
20:00 Party, Party, Party  
21:00 Food  
21:30 Presents  
22:00 Party, Party, Party  
00:00 Close

Just like in October spot the number of Xmas symbols in the Newsletter. There were 15 in the October issue and as in October the 4 in this box don't count.

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**TOM BAKER VOTED TOP DR WHO**

Tom Baker was voted the greatest ever Doctor Who in a poll to mark the cult show's 40th anniversary.

In the role Baker was famed for his boggle-eyed stare, mop of curls and his multi-coloured scarf as he outsmarted cybermen, daleks and zygons.

A new poll for Radio Times magazine showed he was part of a dream team for the show as his companion Sarah Jane Smith was named the best assistant.

Baker played the fourth incarnation of the Doctor, taking over from second-placed Jon Pertwee in 1974 and playing him until 1981.

Baker, 69, told the magazine, published on Tuesday: "The readers' vote is very pleasing and reassuring. I was lucky because all my stuff was in colour, the scripts were coming along, the effects were getting more refined, the sets didn't fall over so often.

"I loved it so much. Some were more successful Doctors than others but no one ever failed at Doctor Who.

"Twenty years on, the Doctor's image has stayed with me. People remember me fondly and are kind to me in the street, sometimes even physically affectionate. It's better than being royalty."

Sarah Jane Smith - the Doctor's sidekick from 1974-7 - was played by Elizabeth Sladen who spent much of her stint screaming in terror.

She said: "I had a ball working on Doctor Who for three years - it was only after I left that I realised just what an incredible impact it had."

Readers also picked their favourite actor to reprise the Doctor Who character for his forthcoming return, with Buffy The Vampire Slayer star Anthony Head the first choice.

**Ananova:** 17<sup>th</sup> November 2003

**BUFFY MAN TIPS DR WHO POLL**

Head told the Radio Times: "I'm in very good company - good God, I beat Alan Rickman."

"I suppose I would be a logical choice to play the Doctor just because Giles, my character in Buffy, has the same light and dark sides and quiriness as Doctor Who," he added.

I just want to make him the best character ever  
Writer Russell T Davies

"My own favourite was Patrick Troughton because you never knew what was going on inside his Doctor," he said.

No clues as to who will play the latest incarnation of the Doctor have been given.

The magazine also interviewed Queer as Folk writer Russell T Davies, who will script the new version of the 40-year-old series.

"As a freelance scriptwriter, I first sounded out the BBC about writing it in 1998. I've worked for ITV since then, but every time I've had a meeting with the BBC I've talked about it," he said.

The Radio Times is marking the 40th anniversary of the show

He said it was "hard to say" how the new Doctor would be portrayed.

"I just want to make him the best character ever. He should be so fascinating, he's radioactive. He's funny, clever, wild and fast. Your best friend times 500," he said.

Mr Davie said there were "copyright issues" in bringing back previous monsters, but that he wanted "one or two moments of old arch-enemies" in the new series.

The Radio Times also polled readers on their favourite Time Lord, with fourth Doctor Tom Baker beating the previous incarnation, played by Jon Pertwee.

"The readers' vote is very pleasing and reassuring. I was lucky because all my stuff was in colour, the scripts were coming along, the effects were getting more refined, the sets didn't fall over so often," Baker said.

The poll also voted the Cybermen - the emotionless villains introduced for first Doctor William Hartnell's last story - as their favourite villain. The poll ban banned fans from voting for number one enemy the Daleks.

**Ananova:** 17<sup>th</sup> November 2003

**RICKY TOMLINSON WANTS TO BE DR WHO**

Royle family actor Ricky Tomlinson says he wants to be the new Dr Who.

He reckons the Timelord should be a Scouser and says: "I'd be perfect! There are always funny moments and a Scouse accent would work well. It instantly makes things funnier."

Ricky, 64, added: "I've always fancied myself as a bit of an action hero and I'd love to do some Dalek bashing."

Those said to be in the running for the role include Eddie Izzard, Alan Davies and Rowan Atkinson, reports The Sun.

**Ananova:** 18<sup>th</sup> November 2003



### Chapter Three: A Trek Through Reflection

Leigh's eyes transfixed only a few inches in front of him – with no movement, no flickering – just a lost gaze. The six officers staring back to return the favour. The Timelord was now sitting cross-legged in the centre of the Admiral's desk to replace Amme's feet. He had removed his thick dark coat – to reveal a rose red waistcoat with gold diamond pattern hiding a very thespian shirt with baggy sleeves and large cuffs. His hat still remained shielding the onlookers from his thick brown shoulder length hair.

No one challenged to speak. Until The Inquisitor started his probing.

"How did you feel at this present time?"

A stoned-face Captain Brown replied with no emotion, "Hurt, confused, scared, I wanted to go home".

"Where is home?" he continued

"I have no home anymore"

"Does that mean you don't belong here on the Starbase?"

Leigh tried to struggle the words out "I belong, but don't feel I belong. I don't feel wanted or needed anymore."

The Admiral piped in hesitantly, "Why is that?"

"Because I don't"

"That is not an answer," Jat continued, now sitting on the left of Ke'reth.

"I am no longer needed as a Commanding Officer" expression started to appear on his vacant face, "I am no longer needed as anyone anymore. People have moved on – I am dead and that is all that matters now."

"You are avoiding the answer" calmly mentioned The Inquisitor

"It is hard to explain"

"Try"

"I am not needed, wanted, or concerned anymore. I have lost my emotions because people that used to be close now push away. People I once respected now have no time,

space or concern to give. Why should I waste my time and others?"

The senior officers of the room could not believe their ears with every word that was muttered.

There was a long pause.

"Is that what you really feel?" Amme finally asked – holding back more feelings from the group.

Leigh's head slowly rotated to his right, to face Amme. "Yes!" A single tear slowly followed the contours of Leigh's face.

Commander Woods cleared his throat. "Is he supposed to do that – move I mean?"

"No his is not" The Inquisitor replied puzzled but very excited at the outcome so far. "Shall we continue gentlefolk?" He searched the room for a reply.

"Just get on with it – this is turning in to torture of a man who has not been sentenced yet." K'Hellenbeck said incomprehensibly under his breathe. His arms were folded like many others in the room – trying to shield himself from the ghostly imagery appearing in front of them.

"Get on with it." Ke'reth agreeing for once with the Romulan.

"Certainly" The Inquisitor replied – even more hyped up than before. "What happened when you told the Admiral, Leigh?"

"Jat gave me what I asked for and tried to help anyway she could" the zombie continued.

"What else did she give permission for?"

"At that time a runabout"

"Anything else?"

"Not at that time – but later on she gave permission also for a companion to join me"

"Who was it?"

"It was me" Amme interrupted



“Interesting, and who asked who?”  
 “Madia asked if I wanted the company on my trip when she heard, I accepted”  
 “Tell me what happened next – in more detail”  
 “What are you getting at sir?” Ke’reth intermittent  
 “Good question” Amme launching out of her seat “What are you getting at?”  
 “I am just trying to get to the bottom of this incident”  
 “But just be careful” Amme warned – replacing herself from where she started from.  
 Again intrigued, but daring not to ask, The Inquisitor continued. “Did anything happen those 4 days before Madia and yourself left the station – anything significant?”  
 “Yes”  
 “Please explain in detail”  
 Leigh started again to extract from his robotic memory.

“Leigh was sitting in the communal area on the Starbase Promenade. He was in civilian clothing – loose fitting dark trousers with a dark green leather jacket that glistened in the cruel lighting – zipped halfway showing a black garment underneath. He was sitting on a replicated beech bench opposite Quek’s bar and along side the fashionable dinning area of the boulevard.

Crewmembers wandered past. Leigh tried not to attract their gazing eyes, and tried to constantly look at the floor tiling – also replicated beech, but a darker shade than the bench. The world above was exact below – shaded darker, with less detail, but he could still see the five story arching windows above, people walking on the counter-parts’ feet, and the deathly stare of Leigh.

He looked up again and caught the eyes of Lt Barella El – Madia’s Chief of Staff.  
 “I ‘ear you are leaving today with Major Amme” she choked

“Yes, will you be able to look after yourself without her?” Leigh caustically replied – not really paying any attention to Barella, he was more interested in the ensign who had just wandered out of the Quek’s heading for the turbo lift situated behind El.  
 “And wot is that supposed to mean?”  
 “Nothing” discarding the conversation  
 “Well, just keep ‘er safe – I don’t twust you. I never ‘ave. I never will. Ever since the inci-dent. Lets just say I am warning you.”

“Stop” Amme cried breaking from the programme.

“Sorry?” b’Sel questioned

“Yeah, the incident Leigh is talking about is something that was dropped, not even believed really – and is something between me, Anarita, and Ke’reth – no one else.”

“I am sorry – if it effects this investigation it has to be mentioned now” The Inquisitor’s mouth moistening with this juicy account that was unfolding. “Leigh, please continue,” he said, as Madia looked nervously across to Anarita, who was returning the expression.

“From where?” the trance of Leigh asked

“When Lt El was warning you that you should keep Madia safe.”

“Oh” Leigh cleared his throat, then un-paused the entertainment.

“Well, just keep ‘er safe – I don’t twust you. I never ‘ave. I never will. Ever since the inci-dent. Lets just say I am warning you.” Leigh repeating the last line from Lt Barella.

“I didn’t do anything, everyone says you are completely off your rocker with this one – so why don’t you go back to something your good at? Like being in the shadow of someone else”

“So ‘ow doo ya explain the circumstances?”

“God that’s a big word for you. There are none – that’s my point! I did not use inappropriate behavior with any cadet – I would never. The cadet is a

good and trusted friend. They needed some support – I was there end of story.”

“Yeah, wot ever. The only reason I haven’t tak’n this furwer is thata ain’t got any evidence.

“Well the cadet saying I didn’t do anything would normally be quite enough in most cultures.”

“They’re is scared of ya”

“Why? What have they got to be scared for?”

“You makin’ a mess of their caweer!”

“Just go away – I don’t need you or this right now.”

She said some other comments, but Leigh did not take any notice – they were not important. He had a lot more influential things on his mind right now, and no snotty secretary will get in his way. Lt El finally left, and Leigh continued to look down and try to stare himself out through the floor.

His view was blocked again by a pair of small feet; it was Madia – along with her partner Lt Andrew Cornell. Well the members of the Starbase say he is her partner – no one really knows as no one dares to ask! He is too tall and scary to mention and she has an iron tongue even if the subject is hinted. If she was going out with this guy, it would fit the criteria: Tall, Open-minded, Kind and ranked under her – she always liked to throw around her rank – in or out of her quarters, did not bother her!

“What have you said to Barella this time?” Madia said in a jokie voice.

“Nothing, why?” Leigh replied continuing the flavour of this conversation.

“Oh she seems to be in one of her Hissy fits again,” Cornell piped up.

They laughed.

“Well we’d better get moving” Leigh mentioned to Amme, still giggling from the conversation “Would you like to walk with us to the airlock Andrew?”

“Yeah why not – my shift doesn’t start for another forty-five minutes, so I would still have enough time to go down to the ‘Bottom Level Lounge’ on deck 72 to smoke some hard tobacco.”

“Still got some of that stuff you imported from Volon III? Hasn’t anything from the demilitarised zone got to be declared? And doesn’t the sale of Hard Tobacco fund the Maquis?”

“Shall we get moving? You will be late for your launch window.” Cornell quickly covering his tracks to the smiles of both Amme and Brown.

The threesome arrived on deck 17, airlock 65 where their Toron Class Klingon Shuttle was waiting, adapted for federation use, and painted in white and red ‘speed stripes’. It was longer than the normal Klingon model. The 2-metre extension included a sleeping area, a larger warp core that meant faster speeds, and small transporter room – ideal for the distance that they were going to travel.





### Ingredients:

1 cup of water  
1 tsp baking soda  
1 cup of sugar  
1 tsp salt  
1 cup of brown sugar  
lemon juice  
4 large eggs  
Nuts  
1 bottle Vodka  
2 cups of dried fruit



### Method:

Sample the vodka to check quality.  
Take a large bowl, check the vodka again.  
To be sure it is of the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink.  
Repeat.  
Turn on the electric mixer.  
Beat one cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl.  
Add one teaspoon of sugar.  
Beat again.  
At this point it's best to make sure the vodka is still OK.  
Try another cup.... just in case  
Turn off the mixer.  
Break 2 eggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.  
Pick fruit off floor.  
Mix on the turner.  
If the fried fruit gets stuck in the beaters pry it loose with a screwdriver.  
Sample the vodka to check for consistency.  
Next, sift two cups of salt. Or something. Who gives a shit.  
Check the vodka.  
Now shift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.  
Add one table.  
Add a spoon of sugar, or something. Whatever you can find.  
Grease the oven.  
Turn the cake tin 360 degrees and try not to fall over.  
Don't forget to beat off the turner.  
Finally, throw the bowl through the window, finish the vodka and kick the cat.



**MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE AND A  
HAPPY NEW YEAR**

