



COMMITTEE MEMBERS



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<http://www.sb410.freeuk.com>

Honorary President: Barry Morse

FUTURE EVENTS AND MISSIONS

Sat 22 nd Dec	Lutonia Christmas party	19:30 – 00:00
Sat 5 th Jan	Pantomime Sleeping Beauty	18:45 – End
Fri 11 th Jan	Committee Meeting (Emma's)	19:30 – 22:00
Sun 20 th Jan	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 17 th Feb	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 17 th Mar	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sat 23 rd Mar	Ann & Dons 30 th Anniversary	19:30 – 00:00
Sun 21 st Apr	Club meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 19 th May	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 23 rd June	AGM & BBQ	14:00 – 18:00

Editors Corner

Hi everyone.

Unfortunately several of you missed the deadline this month and due to time restrictions any material not received by two days after the deadline I gave will not be found in this issue.

I hear you cry "I did not have time" or "I did not know when the deadline was", but it is due to my own busy schedule that I printed the deadline in last months editors corner as I will do this month, so no excuses will be accepted.

Deadline for the January Issue is 5pm on Tuesday 8th January 2002.

Don't forget the closing date for the story competition is December 30th.

Enjoy this months issue and I'll see you all next month.

Major Madia Amme

Editor

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ADMIRALS LOG

Greetings

It's been a quiet month on the whole. I've been getting more training in security work. I've had phone calls from India where Donna is and I've also been Christmas Shopping, quite boring really.

I thought the last meeting was very good. Many of you have told me how much you enjoyed it. I thought that Major Madia could have been harder on contestants, perhaps she should have put her Intendants costume on. We are going to use various game show formats for our quiz. January – Family Fortunes- Congratulations to b'Sel on winning The Weakest link. Congratulations also to Major Madia and her team on winning the Treasure Hunt (Editors Note: - that's because I am the TREASURER!). Any ideas for future meetings would be appreciated, just speak to any committee member or me.

Looking forward to Christmas and the New Year. 22nd Dec Lutonia Disco, you still have time to book but tickets are now £9, the club will pay £3.50. The pantomime at the Theatre Royal in Bury St. Edmunds is on Saturday 5th January the performance starts at 6:45pm. Perhaps we could all meet for a meal first or after the show. Let us know what you want to do.

Don't forget the writing competition deadline 31st December for those who haven't entered yet.

You will notice elsewhere in the magazine an obituary for qu'bang. Martin and Julie are no longer together and Martin has moved back to Skipton. He will remain a member and in close contact with the club. Julie no longer wishes to use her Klingon persona so we feel it was a good idea to kill her off. However Captain Lenara Pecora will remain with us.

It just remains for me to wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy, healthy and prosperous New Year. I look forward to seeing you all in 2002 when we can push back the boundaries and make this one of the best clubs around.

All the best.
Anarita Jat
Vice Admiral
Starbase 410

Birthdays This Month



Seaspirit Christie 31st

PROMOTIONS

NAME	RANK
Carys Evans	Cadet 1 st Class

For reference here is the current ranking structure for Starfleet, the Klingon Empire, the Ferengi and the Bajoran Militia and the points required to receive promotion.

Starfleet/Klingon	Bajoran	Civilian	Ferengi	Points
Non-Commissioned Officer	Non-Commissioned officer	Entry Level	Mul	0
Ensign	Constable	Base Level 1	Hoozar	150
Lieutenant (Junior Grade)	Ensign	Base Level 2	Pilch	500
Lieutenant	Corporal	Base Level 3	TarkMon	1,000
Lieutenant Commander	Sargent	Bronze award	QuoMon	1,500
Commander	Lieutenant (Junior Grade)	Silver Award	Sub Daimon	2,000
Captain	Lieutenant	Silver Star award	DaiMon	3,000
Fleet Captain	Captain	Gold Award	Bashar	3,500
Commodore	Major	1 Star Gold Award	Grandfaloon	4,000
Rear Admiral	Lieutenant Colonel	2 Star Gold Award	UDaon	5,000
Vice Admiral	Colonel	3 Star Gold Award	Daon	7,000
Admiral	General	Diamond Award	Nagus	10,000

Rank	Points
Cadet	0
Cadet 3 rd Class	100
Cadet 2 nd Class	200
Cadet 1 st Class	350
Cadet Leader	650
Yeoman	1,000
Cadet warrant Officer	1,500
Cdt Wnt Off Bronze	2,000
Cdt Wnt Off Silver	2,500
Cdt Wnt Off Gold	3,000
Cdt Wnt Off Gold *	3,500
Cdt Wnt Off Gold **	4,000
Cdt Wnt Off Gold ***	5,000
At age 15 Ensign With promotion to Lt.Jnr Grade at age 16	6,000

Book Review

Descent

Star Trek: The Next Generation

Diane Carey, based on the stories by Jeri Taylor and René Echevarria

Pocket Books

October 1993

This book is based on a two-part season cliffhanger “Descent”. Data kills a Borg drone and runs amok. He claims to have felt his first feeling, anger, followed by pleasure, at killing the Borg. He forgets the time Q allowed him to laugh. He steals a shuttle and finds Lore. Lore is leading a group of independent Borg, created when Hugh of Borg returned to the collective in a previous episode. The Borg learned independence from Hugh, started to argue about how to run the ship, and everything fell apart. Lore was like a god to them, a fully functional cyborg.

Like a movie novel, if you’ve seen the episodes, then you’ve read the book. The only advantage the book has is that it adds scenes that were cut from the final show, and lets you know more about what the characters are thinking. Diane Carey is one of the old pro Star Trek writers, and she never lets you down. She has an intimate knowledge of the thoughts and motivations of all of the favorite Star Trek characters, and this book is no different. Even though the entire story was already written and aired on TV, she still makes the story worth reading.

If you have not seen the episode, or if you want to dive deeper into the characters, then I would suggest this book. It should be able to be found in a used bookstore. If, on the other hand, you are short of cash or want to spend what you have on a new story, then I suggest you give this one a pass.

STOP PRESS

LATE NEWS

STOP PRESS

Having fought this war with the Dominion for so long it is very easy to become hardened to the long list of casualties.

It is therefore with deep regret and much sadness that I have to announce the death of Lt. Colonel qu’bang. Her fleet of ships was attacked by the combined forces of the Jem Hadar and the Breen. There were no survivors. By all accounts qu’bang fought as hard as she lived and died an honourable death to ensure her entry into Stovokor. Those of us who knew and loved her will miss her desperately. I know that K’iHQaS is particularly upset as they were close friends as were qu’bang and Major Madia. Of course it goes without saying that the General is absolutely devastated. He has resigned his post as 1st officer and returned to Qo’noS to grieve. I believe he will be going to Borath to mourn alone and to receive spiritual help.

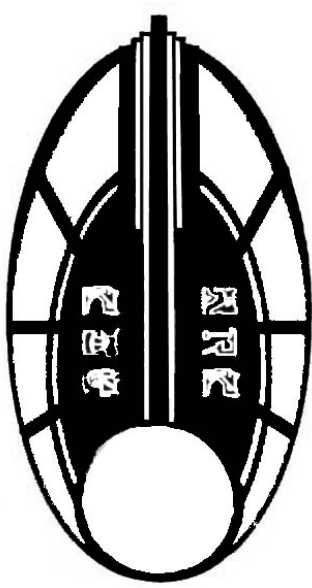
He has left me a message: -

“If you listen on a dark still night you may hear the General howling across the universe – through time and space – mourning deeply for his beloved lost qu’bang.”

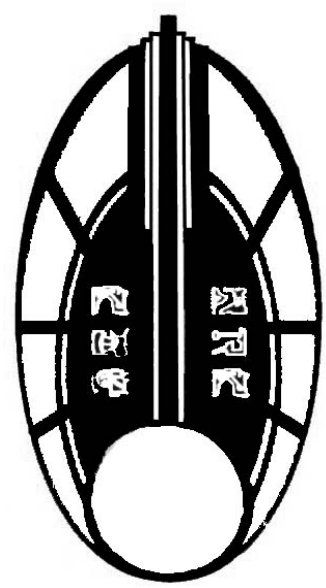
Vice Admirals

Anarita Jat

Starbase 410



Bajoran Embassy Dispatches



Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy aboard Starbase 410.

Here is my monthly report on happenings within the Embassy.

There has been much sadness within the embassy this past couple of weeks since I was informed of the death of my close friend qu'bang LoDnI'. Needless to say all our best wishes go with the General at this most difficult of times and I hope he finds some peace amongst the monks on Borath.

Unfortunately I don't think that the stations bio filters are working correctly, as I have succumbed to a rather nasty throat and chest infection common to earth in the late 20th and early 21st centuries. The main symptom of this was the loss of my voice for three days, which delighted my staff as I was unable to assign them duties over the Comm system, this wouldn't have been the case if they hadn't all disappeared as soon as they knew that I was unable to shout at them.

Regarding the bio filters I will be having strong words with Commander John Borda as soon as my voice has fully returned.

May the Prophets walk with you.

Madia Amme

Ambassador

United We Stand

Part 4: the terrifying conclusion...

By John Borda

2 of 3 saw the small ships again stream from warp at her ship. By now she knew most of them were Klingon, so she focussed the defence against their weapons. The attack came, dispersed, easily deflected, except for the Romulan and human weapons, but that was just two of the many. Once she had weapons, she could finish them first, then the rest later.

“*Diplomacy* to fighters- only the Romulan and Federation weapons worked- the rest of you can be countered. What about the underside of the fragment?” B’sel was referring to the base of the remaining corner of the cube, effectively a triangular pyramid.

“The debris is concentrated there- it will be difficult to get through!” replied qu’bang. “My speciality!” called Lt. Borda. “Can the rest of you keep them distracted? If you all hit one point, the Romulan disruptors might do enough damage for the rest to get through!”

“Roger that” replied qu’bang. But one fighter broke formation and followed the *Laika*.

“QidanG, what are you doing?” called Borda “This is not going to be easy!”

“I follow you, friend. Lead us to glory!”

The shuttle and ageing K’vort swooped under the pyramid, while the rest of the fighters closed on the *Baz’khetkaze* and focussed an attack on one of the sides.

In the remains of the cube, 2 of 3 saw two targets disappear

underneath her, to where there were no external sensors. She knew that the shattered remains of the cube would now work against her, before they were a shield, now they would provide cover for an attack. She focussed on getting a weapon on-line, through the growing chaos in her own head, as undisciplined voices chattered, making it harder for the group voice to be heard.

The two tiny ships raced through the spinning chunks of charred metal that hid the soft underbelly of their enemy.

There was no talking, as both were taxed to the limits of their flying skills to weave their way closer without hitting something on the way. They rounded a still-burning chunk the size of a starship, and saw a solid wall ahead.

“Now!” Both ships opened fire into the unshielded mass, disruptors, phasers and mini-photon torpedoes burning their way into the middle of the pyramid. A tunnel of fire bored deep, but then it was time to pull out.

The *Laika* skimmed the surface of the Borg vessel, its phasers automatically firing to distract any counterstrike. The K’vort tried to follow its line, but it was older, less manoeuvrable- its wingtip struck the surface and it ploughed into the remains, only its structural integrity field holding it together as it sliced through deck after deck. Finally it stopped, close to the heart of the fragment.

“QidanG!” are you all right?”

Borda called out.

For a moment there was no answer. Then a voice- “I am not finished yet, friend. Let me see if I can get out- keep attacking!”

QidanG started firing his thrusters, trying to work his fighter free of the tangled metal around him. Around him metal groaned and rattled as he tried to turn. Then there was a clank as something hit the side of his fighter. Then another.

Footsteps! Someone was walking on his hull! He looked around to see a Borg drone walking slowly towards him from the rear of his fighter, working its way along the hull to the cockpit.

“QidanG to BordaH! I am being attacked, I can’t free my ship. Tell the fleet to get clear!”

“I can get close enough to beam you out in a few seconds! Hold on!”

“Do not expose yourself, even for me friend! Tonight I will drink a toast to you in *StoVoQar*! Now go!”

Borda understood. So did the rest of the fleet, and for a moment K’hellenbeck and Nerrad wondered, then followed the fleet at warp.

2 of 3 sighed with relief. The attack on her underside had silenced so many voices, and come so close to where she was. There was barely enough shielding for the control centre she occupied. Once again, she focussed on getting repairs under way.

Quek could not believe his sensors. The remains of a Borg cube, abandoned, almost completely destroyed. If he could salvage enough working nanoprobes from a drone, he would be rich beyond his wildest dreams! He set his transporter to beam into a stasis field, and gleefully plotted a course close enough to skim the wreckage.

QidanG reached towards a glass panel, and hit it once. It shattered, exposing a handle. He grasped it and pulled, calling Kathless' name...

The handle, unlike any other on the ship, was not an electronic control. Its sole function was to physically disconnect the fail-safe circuit maintaining the antimatter containment field. The field collapsed, antimatter met matter- $E=mc^2$...

2 of 3 was thrown across the control centre as what was left of her world exploded around her. Saved only by the remains of the shielding, she saw herself spiralling in burning space, pieces of wreckage spinning round her. There was silence. The voices were gone, she was the last, and though as a Borg she could survive in space, eventually her power would be used up and the terrible cold would slowly freeze her to death. Then she felt a tingling sensation around her...

Quek was horrified as his prize exploded before his eyes. Debris shot past his shuttle as he desperately tried to turn away from the explosion then hit the warp drive control. As he finally managed to clear the area, a beep sounded. He

ignored it for a moment, then looked round at his stasis field. His jaw dropped as he saw a drone held in his stasis field. Smoke was pouring from behind panels in his cabin, but he could only see the riches that his prize would bring him. He set a course for the Starbase, following the fleet of shuttles and fighters that had now left the area.

Ke'reth led the fleet back into the Starbase's dry dock area. In spite of losing his weapons in the middle of a battle, he was happy. After confronting the Borg, being alive was doing very well indeed, and he now had an excuse to completely upgrade the *Diplomacy's* weapons system, his Chief of Staff's budgeting notwithstanding.

"What have you done with my property! Shouted Quek from the Starbase's holding cell. "The drone you captured is being de-assimilated." said Lt. Borda calmly. "She will be given her individuality back, if at all possible." "But I salvaged it! She- it belongs to me!" "You know full well you can't own another sentient being. That would be slavery, and the Federation has very strict laws on slavery." Just the hint of a threat in his voice now. "Fine, keep her then! I could have been rich beyond the dreams of even the Grand Nagus! Federation law is an ass!" But he was blustering to an empty brig- Lt. Borda had already left. Still, the container of nanoprobes he had extracted before the stasis field started to fail was safely hidden on a small moon in the Firelight

nebula. Sheer terror at being assimilated had caused his current predicament; he had beamed down the container and surrendered the drone before she could break out of stasis. Still, he now had enough to buy himself his own Marauder- and with that even bigger prizes could be had.

K'hellenbeck was surrounded by Klingons and half-drunk. Nerrad couldn't wait to get his report back to Romulus, and had left at once. He dunked his tankard into a rapidly emptying vat of bloodwine and carried on singing with the rest of the Klingons. And for the first time on this station, he had no fear that any of the hands slapping his back held a knife.

Commodore Jat surveyed this scene with a feeling of the surreal. Hours before, she had been preparing to destroy the station. Now she saw Klingons and Romulans and humans and the whole range of species aboard the starbase celebrating together. Years of diplomacy could not have done this, she thought. Maybe we should invite the Borg round more often!

Bajorans

Major Madia Amme

Bajoran Ambassador to Starbase 410 and former resistance fighter. Madia is responsible for sending Gul Dukat to Rura Penthe minus his fingers and toes. What she lacks in diplomacy she makes up for in fairness and loyalty. She is also in regular contact with the Maquis with whom she sympathises.

Captain Lenara Pecora

Lenara is Madia's right hand woman and chief of staff. She spends most of her time clearing up or averting diplomatic incidences the Major causes whenever she gets together with the Klingon ambassador Ke'reth, she is usually aided in this by Ke'reth's chief of staff b'Sel.

Lt. Evad

Evad is the newly appointed security officer at the Bajoran Embassy. He was sent to guard the ambassador after several attempts on her life by the founders.

Vedek Sespirie

The vedek is responsible for the spiritual well being of the Bajorans aboard the starbase. She is currently in a spiritual retreat on Bajor.

Starfleet

Vice Admiral Anarita Jat

Anarita Jat is a joined Trill; she has been in charge of the starbase since it was commissioned. She is a former member of Starfleet intelligence and is still called away on the odd mission when she is needed.

Commander Jen Warren

Jen is a human Starfleet officer with fairly high connections being as she is the niece of a certain starship captain lost in the delta quadrant, that's right you guessed it she is related to Kathryn Janeway. Jen also works in Ops and assists with disguises when needed by the crew.

Captain Leigh Brown

Leigh is captain of the USS Rage, which is permanently attached to Starbase 410. He is quite happy for the Admiral to use his ship but does not like it when command is turned over to any one else particularly Major Madia as he is convinced one day she will really damage the ship in her refusal to back down, as for the Klingons he won't allow them to command his ship as they are worse than the Major.

Commander John Borda

John is the chief engineer aboard the base so if you want anything fixed then he's the man to see. Unfortunately he seems to spend most of his time with b'Sels children perhaps they are aspiring engineers or perhaps the Klingon Empire are just using younger spies these days.

Cadet 1st Class Memo

Memo is Noonian Soongs last creation an ageing android.

Although Memo appears as a ten year old boy his intelligence is far in excess of this and as an ageing android he will grow to maturity as a human child would and his mental capabilities will increase as will his strength until he better than Data. Memo is one of Starfleet's secrets, as none of the other powers know of his creation. Anarita Jat discovered him during her time in Starfleet intelligence and she has a rapport with him as he views her as his parent hence his presence on the base.

Lieutenant Ellie Barstow

Ellie has found permanent assignment in the stations galley assisting with sustenance of the many personnel aboard.

Lucretia Nax

The youngest ever joined Trill, she is a hard worker and willing to do anything required of her.

Captain T'pina

T'pina is half vulcan and half human and although she tries to hide her human half it does occasionally surface allowing her to see the funny side of a situation. She recently returned to Vulcan to teach at the academy there and receive medical treatment from the excellent facilities there.

<p><u>Lt. Commander S'ena</u> S'ena is half orian and half-human, her orian half gives her skin its subtle green colour. Due to her bringing a Tribble aboard with her (and creating all kinds of problems, see A Tribble Story by Tom Hudspeth) she has been assigned the Quarantine Officers duties in addition her role as Xenobiologist</p>
<p><u>Lt. Commander Brian Starr</u> Brian Starr hails from the earth colony of Avalon and is as such an absolute gentleman and a fearsome combat opponent particularly when he achieves the “one” (see A Tribble Story).</p>
<p><u>Lt. Commander Saryena Remora</u> Saryena Remora is ¼ Vulcan, ¼ Terran and ½ Trill she is joined to the Remora symbiont and she has resigned her commission and taken a post on earth.</p>

<p><u>Klingons</u></p>
<p><u>Ambassador Ke'reth Zantai Makura</u> Ke'reth is an old war-horse who raises merry hell aboard the station with the Bajoran ambassador Major Madia Amme. He answers to no one except the Klingon High Council (if even them) and certainly not to the General.</p>
<p><u>General K'batlh eptai LoDnI</u> Known aboard the station simply (although there is nothing simple about him) as the General he is quite a popular if intimidating presence on the base. Following the death of his bond mate qu'bang in a battle with the combined forces of the Jem Hadar and the Breen, The General has returned to Qo'noS to mourn.</p>
<p><u>Commander qu'bang sutai LoDnI.</u> Qu'bangs fleet was recently destroyed by the Dominion forces. There were no survivors.</p>
<p><u>Commander K'iHQaS</u> K'iHQaS was assigned to the Hegh qaD as a stellar cartographer but she now commands the IKV Dragon Fist a Vorcha class ship, she is good friends with Madia Amme and they get into quite a bit of trouble together however due to one of their escapades, K'iHQaS insulted the Grand Negus because of something Madia told her nearly causing a diplomatic incident between Bajor and Ferenginar, she is banned from the station and the General can only sneak her aboard when the commodore is away</p>
<p><u>Captain b'Sel Sutai Makura</u> B'Sel is Ke'reth's chief of staff, she helps untie diplomatic knots that he tends to cause with Madia Amme. B'Sel has three children who are stationed with her on the base, they tend to annoy Lt John Borda most of the time keeping them out of her hair, they are Rhahl, K'regh and KharIS.</p>
<p><u>Rhahl</u> The eldest of b'Sels three children, he keeps to himself and is rarely seen around the station. He is also a cadet at the Starbase Academy.</p>
<p><u>K'regh</u> The second of b'Sels children, he is already training to be a warrior. He is also a cadet at the Starbase Academy.</p>
<p><u>KharIS</u> B'Sels youngest child, she spent a lot of time with qu'bang when she was aboard the station.</p>
<p><u>Kambei eptai Tazman</u> Kambei is an old style Klingon i.e. pre ridges. He is head of the house of Tazman and leader of the Clan puHjenwI'. He visits the station as often as he can and is a close personal friend of Ke'reth.</p>
<p><u>Kal Tai Maud'Dib</u> Commanding officer of the IKV Dragon he has joined with the other Klingons on Starbase 410 because of his childhood friendship with Ke'reth</p>

Others

K'hellenbeck

The very secretive Romulan ambassador.

Quek

Quek is a Ferengi trader who is the Starbase 410 equivalent of Deep Space Nines Quark, only taller. He is now also the Ferengi ambassador to Starbase 410.

2 of 3

2 of 3 is a delta quadrant Borg who was liberated from the collective by Kathryn Janeway and has travelled to the alpha quadrant by means unknown and decided to stay on Starbase 410. Her original race is unknown at this time but we assume her to be humanoid.

Three of Four Primary adjunct to Unimatrix Zero Zero Two

Three of Four is a Borg drone that is still connected to the Hive mind and feeds data back to the collective. The drone is believed to have once been a human female and has been sighted on numerous occasions although no one has been able to get close enough to disarm it.

Zuveda

An Andorian who visits the base from time to time. She is an administrator aboard an Andorian trade ship.

Mirror Universe

Intendant Madia Amme

The Majors mirror counterpart is an evil woman, she kills without hesitation or has someone kill for her usually Kane. She is never far away from her Inssitant and "close" friend Lenara Pecora who shares everything with her including their Terran slave David. The mirror universe station is called ramQul.

Inssitant Lenara Pecora

As in our universe Lenara is Madia's right hand woman but here she is just as evil and it is well known that the pair are more than just good friends.

Kane

Kane is a Klingon killer who after betraying the Intendant was recaptured, tortured and then through use of an implant that renders him incapable of emotion killed his own wife and daughter whilst the Intendant and her Inssitant looked on. He is now an emotionless shell of his former self but still retaining full memory of what he used to be this was his final punishment from a cruel and unforgiving mistress.

David

Captured by the alliance he was saved from death by the Intendant and now lives in luxury as her plaything.

Starbase 410 3rd Annual Story Writing Competition

Yes Folks its that time of year again. Its time for you all to get out your pens and flex those fingers, not to mention your brains, and put pen to paper (or fingers to keyboards) and write your stories.

The same rules as normal apply.

1. No more than 2000 words.
2. Suitable for all the family
3. Set on or around Starbase 410 and affiliated vessels.
4. Typed in Times New Roman font.
5. Submitted to editor of Starbase News no later than 31st December 2001
6. Stories must not be read by anyone other than the Editor or they will be disqualified.

Anyone without a computer can give his or her story to me in hand written form for typing. Where possible please submit your entries on disk for ease of editing and reproduction.

Starbase 410 Protocols

- 1. The club, to be known as Starbase 410 is a family club open to science fiction fans of any interest but is primarily Star Trek based. Uniforms and costumes are optional but encouraged and help is available for members wishing to develop their own characters. Any charity work the club engages in is also optional.**
- 2. Starbase 410 is an equal opportunities club, regardless of sex, age, race, species, colour, ability or sanity. All new members have a “beginners” rank according to past experience and promotion is gained through the earning of points. (Full details of ranks and points available at Ops.)**
- 3. Any member may belong to other clubs and Starbase 410 welcomes members of other clubs who may join at their present rank in their original club. The only restriction placed upon members of more than one club is that they may only serve on the committee of one club at any time. Should a member of any other club join with a higher rank than that of the C.O. then the C.O. would automatically retain command until voting at the next AGM.**
- 4. All meeting shall be run in a structured format, loosely based on the Naval tradition, as per the Star Trek format. During meetings members should respect each other’s rank and achievements and treat one another accordingly. This also applies to civilians. All members should conduct themselves within the social bounds of European Earth (Terra) etiquette and not that of their Homeworlds. Rough horseplay is forbidden! (Yes this does include The General! ☺).**
- 5. People taking lifts from other members should contribute to the petrol costs and any parking fees which may arise.**
- 6. Members failing to attend meetings shall be deemed to have left the club three months after the due date of their renewal subscriptions; unless this is due to work commitments, illness or any other reasonable cause.**
- 7. All decisions will be discussed/arbitrated/ratified/finalised by an annually elected committee. The committee shall be elected from the membership body at the annual AGM and shall consist of Chairman, First Officer, Treasurer, Secretary and five others members. In the event of a crisis or emergency the committee reserve the right to make a unilateral committee appointment. The committee shall meet monthly and feed back all necessary information at the next scheduled club meeting.**
- 8. All members shall be taken on trust. Should any issue arise that poses a threat to the safety and welfare of the club or any of its members; then the person posing the threat shall be expelled and if appropriate prosecuted. Expulsion in an on the spot scenario **MUST** be agreed by three senior committee members. All grievances should be brought to the First Officer or their appropriate Ambassador, who will in turn refer the matter to the committee. The committee will decide the outcome of all disputes – new and current – that are brought before them. This may include demotion, loss of points or in serious and/or consistently repeated cases, permanent expulsion from the club. However this will require a two-thirds majority vote of all committee members by secret ballot. Should the dispute concern a committee member(s) then they will be asked not to attend that meeting to avoid any bias.**
- 9. Excessive consumption of alcohol and use of illegal substances, (i.e. illegal/controlled drugs) solvents, glue and aerosols is strictly forbidden. All metal and metal edged weapons are forbidden at all times, unless on display or made safe.**

The Adventure Continues... Progress Part 3

Madia Amme was mad. "Do you have any idea how much you three have cost me? No! You don't! Well, let me tell you! All of the profit we've made so far AND half of our cargo! What insane idea came into your heads to start a fight?!" In a quieter voice that held more menace, she continued. "And you call yourselves Starfleet?"

"Hey, at least we won." John squeaked out.

"Won! Why I ought to space the lot of you!" Madia yelled. "Except I can't, so I'm going to work it out of you."

"But Major...I mean, Captain, I saw Captain K'iHQaS and some of her crew in the pub. I'm sure they were following us to spy for General K'batlh." Brian said. "I was sure they would give us away."

"So you decided to dissuade them of the idea by fighting? Maybe you don't want a cloaked Klingon Bird-of-Prey following us, but that was my decision to make, not yours! Double shifts for all of you. Dismissed!"

As Jeanette Warren, Brian Starr and John Borda turned to leave the briefing room, Madia added, "And no more shore leave!"

Outside, in the corridor, they each breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, that could have been worse." Jeanette said.

"I haven't been chewed out like that since the academy!" John added.

"I'm sorry guys. I guess I could have handled the whole thing better." Brian said.

"What? And miss a good fight? Call on me anytime you want to bash heads!" Jeanette said.

"Me too!" John said. "I haven't had that much fun since I spent that time on..."

Jeanette noticed S'ena standing down the corridor, watching with concern. "John, let's let Brian go to sickbay. I think he's still a little sore."

"Thanks guys, for everything."

"Sure, Brian."

As Jeanette and John left, Brian turned to go to sickbay. That's when he saw S'ena watching him. Brian automatically tried to stand up straighter, but his stomach had other plans. Brian doubled over in pain.

S'ena ran over to him.

"Oh, you silly boy. Still trying to play the hero?"

"Does it show?"

"Yes, terribly. Let's get you to sickbay before you lose your lunch."

"Not too much chance of that. I already lost it on the feet of the local constabulary chief."

"That couldn't have been pretty."

"No, it wasn't."

When she reached sickbay, S'ena helped Brian on to a diagnostic bed. She ran a medical tricorder over him.

"Yep, just what I thought." She said.

"Is it bad?" Brian asked.

S'ena reached behind her for a medical instrument. It started to glow menacingly when she turned it on. "Oh, it's very bad." She said seriously.

"Will I die?" Brian asked hesitantly.

S'ena was silent as she waved the instrument over Brian's midriff. She looked very worried. "I don't know. This is the worse case of subdermal hematoma I've ever seen on someone who was still alive."

"Well, can you give me something for the pain?"

"Sure, how about this..."

S'ena reached over and pinched Brian's arm.

"Ouch! That hurts! Why'd you do that?"

"Does it hurt more than your stomach?"

"Well, now that you mention it, yes."

"So you're not thinking about how much your stomach hurts now, are you?"

"No, I'm not! My arm is in agony!"

"Well, you asked for something to ease your stomach pain."

"Remind me not to get sick while you're playing Doctor. I thought you said I had a sub something or other."

"You had a bruise. I fixed it with a dermal regenerator. Really, you can be such a baby sometimes."

Brian got up off the table, rubbing his stomach. "Hey, there is still a little pain."

"Darn right! I left some bruising just to teach you not to go starting fights with Klingon women when I'm not around. Don't you know that's how they initiate their mating rituals?"

"You're not serious!"

"You mean you never heard of that?"

"No, I haven't!" Brian blushed.

S'ena laughed, "Oh! K'iHQaS is probably thinking dirty thoughts about you right now."

"Oh, No!" Brian moaned. "That's the last thing I need to think about. You are evil!"

"Captain K'iHQaS," Amme said, "Please try to keep more of a distance from our ship. Even cloaked, I fear the pirates might be able to detect you. We know that they have a very extensive intelligence apparatus, and if your crew shows up at the same planets that we do, they might not take the bait."

"General K'batlh wants these pirates eliminated." K'iHQaS said. "He has charged me with providing him the information he needs to

accomplish this. I will not be denied.”

“Then follow us if you want, just not too closely, say half a parsec. That will give you enough time to respond if we are able to send out a distress signal. But no more planetary observations. The pirates will attack us in space, not in pubs!”

“Very well, I understand your meaning. K’iHQaS out.”

“Think she’ll stay away?” Jeanette asked.

“No, but she’ll be more distant and won’t spy on our away teams.” Amme said. “We’ll take what we can get. In this old tub, I doubt we could do anything about her anyway. I wasn’t even sure she was out there until your little fight.”

“Do you think the pirates will attack us?” Jeanette asked.

“They better! I’m sure getting bored being a cargo captain.” Madia said. She looked at Jeanette. “Of course it might be more interesting if we could make a profit, or at least you could invite me to the fights. I like a little ruckus myself you know.”

“I’ll make a note of that.”

Ambassador Ke’reth liked children, really! Served with a blood wine marinade, he thought. He looked around the pastoral park setting. Yes, b’Sels three kids were still there, near the callisthenic equipment.

It had seemed so easy at first. His assistant, b’Sel, had asked him for some personal time and could he watch the little ones while she attended to a few things. It seemed that her regular child minder, Lt. John Borda, had disappeared. Well, she made up his schedule, so of course she knew he had the time this afternoon. What could he say? After all, children were the future of the Empire. They could benefit from a few hours spent with a real warrior.

Then she had asked him if he could take them to “The Park”.

It was a 24-hour holo-program for families. While she personally hadn’t seen the holo-program herself, the kids loved it. Could he evaluate the program for her? “The Park” was all of the rage with the other mothers on the starbase. It was a safe, entertaining program for small children. Entertaining for small children maybe, but not for ambassadors!

A figure covered in bazaar face paints and colourful clothing approached Ke’reth, offering him some kind of gas filled bladder. It floated on the end of a string. Ke’reth took the balloon, deciding it must be some confection, and bit it. Of course it exploded in his face. Surprised, Ke’reth leapt up and grabbed the clown by the throat.

“I can get you another!” the panicked holo-figure squeaked out.

Reason reasserted itself and Ke’reth released the clown, who ran away.

Setting himself back down on the uncomfortable park bench, he started his evaluation. At first it had been easy to see the difference between the holo-characters and the real people. The real people knew enough to stay out of his way. After about the third time a “Nanny” had tried to show him a human baby in her carriage, the program had decided he didn’t want to see the disgustingly soft humans after all, and stopped sending them over. It seemed that every time one came along, he’d take one look at it, and it at him, and the baby would start emitting a loud howl. The Nannies would fuss over the infant for a while, and then hurry off, glaring at him as if it were his fault. How could it have been his fault? All he did was look!

Now the program was attempting to find other ways to entertain him. If it had been a Klingon program, it would have sent a worthy advisory, or a bunch of warriors to drink with. Instead, it sent some white faced, black

clothed fellow who couldn’t talk. He looked like he was trapped in a force field box. A mime, the humans called it an artistic form. Ke’reth thought about killing it, but decided at the last minute that a mime was a terrible thing to waste. He let it continue; at least it didn’t make noise.

The children had run from him as soon as they had entered the holodeck. They had gone straight for the callisthenic equipment. There were bars to climb over. B’Sels oldest, Rhahl, swarmed over them easily. There were also some long planks that tilted in the middle. K’regh, b’Sels middle child, was training on one. By pushing down on one end, it forced K’regh to go up, while a human child on the other end came back down. The Human would then push down, sending himself up and the K’regh down. They seemed to want to repeat this action over and over. As exercise, Ke’reth figured K’regh was working on his leg muscles.

The child that bothered Ke’reth the most was KharIS, b’Sels youngest. Instead of training on the equipment, she seemed to be digging in some sand. She would build a mound of sand, and then push it over. Or a tunnel, which she would evaluate, then collapse. At the moment, she seemed to be building a fortification. Ke’reth could see several mistakes from where he sat. He decided a little instruction couldn’t hurt.

Ke’reth got up and walked over to KharIS. His feet sank into the soft sand as he approached. Squatting down to KharIS’s level, he said, “The turret you are working on is too tall and thin to withstand a disrupter blast.”

KharIS looked up at the old warrior and said, “That is where the princess lives. She was imprisoned there by an evil shaman. A great warrior will soon come to rescue her.”

“You mean like in the story of Kar’as and Ben’etha?”

“Yes, I guess.” The small Klingon child sounded unsure.

“Well, in that story, the tower was much lower and larger. It was part of a huge fortress, and Kar’as had to kill 50 warriors on his way through the main hall. I know, I visited the fortress near the oka’dan forest once to go hunting. I remember well the hunt that day...” Ke’reth noticed that he had lost KharIS’s attention. She had turned away from the sandcastle and was digging a rut from it to a tunnel she had made earlier. “What are you doing now?” he asked.

“I’m making the road to the dragon’s den that the warrior must travel to fight the dragon.”

“A dragon?”

“A giant lizard that breathes fire.”

“There is no dragon in the tale of Kar’as and Ben’etha.”

“There is now.” KharIS said with certainty.

“No, I’m sure you are mistaken. He did have an honour duel with K’end, but that was much later, and it was in the high council arena.”

“That’s not the way this story goes.” She said. “The hero fights a dragon controlled by the evil shaman.”

Ke’reth had just about decided that he needed to do something about this dangerous human undermining of ancient Klingon stories, when he was suddenly hit from behind. As he had been crouching down to KharIS’s level when he was hit, he lost his balance and fell face first into the sandcastle. Spitting sand out of his mouth, he was up in an instant, looking through gritty eyes for who attacked him. On the ground was a small human child, no more than 6 or 7 standard years old, and a plastic disk. The child looked up at the fierce Klingon Ambassador, and started to cry.

At the sound of the pitiful creatures wail, all of the human females reacted by closing in on Ke’reth. He was quickly outnumbered by angry women.

He judged that he could take them if he had too, but it would be bad politics. One extremely angry woman now held the child that had bumped into him. She gave him a very threatening look. Ke’reth decided to try his diplomacy and bent down to reassure the child, which only began to wail louder.

“Can’t you see you are only frightening the child worse, Klingon?” an angry mother said.

“Yeah, why don’t you leave the poor kid alone?” another added.

This was defiantly getting out of hand. Ke’reth decided to strategically withdraw. He grabbed KharIS and called out to the boys, “Rhahl, K’regh, come, play time is over!”

“Captain T’Pina! I must protest!” Quek said angrily.

“There are Romulans swarming all over this station and that bully Klingon security guard of yours refuses to do anything about it!”

T’Pina looked at the Ferengi with a raised eyebrow. He stood in the doorway to her office and shook with rage. While he might have meant to look fierce, T’Pina guessed that the feeling most human’s would have felt was humour at the sight.

“Ambassador Quek, may I remind you that the Federation has recently started negotiations with the Romulans, and as part of those negotiations, the Romulans are permitted an embassy here on the starbase. Also, I hardly believe that the current staffing level of that embassy indicates a swarm. I will however recommend that you take up any concerns you may have about his staff with Ambassador K’hellenbeck.”

Quek’s face turned even redder. “Do you mean that you aren’t going to kick them off of the station?”

“I have neither the power, nor the desire, to, *kick them off*, of this station. I have no authority to dictate who has embassies here or

not. That is best decided at the Federation Council.”

“I demand to see Commodore Jat!”

“She is not on the station at the moment.”

“Where is she then?”

“I’m sorry, but I can’t disclose that information at this time.”

“When will she be back?”

“Once again, I’m sorry...”

“I know, you can’t disclose that information! Is there anything you can tell me?”

“Yes ambassador, good day.”

Ambassador K’hellenbeck looked over his new staff’s résumé’s. He knew that the Tal’shiar operatives were there somewhere, but as with any secret spy agency, they made the fakes look as good, or better, than the real one’s. Well, he thought, I’ll just have to pretend that they are all Tal’shiar and avoid any mistakes. At least I’ve got Nerrad, though I must also keep him in the dark. At least I believe he’s not Tal’shiar. He would be discovered too quickly.

K’hellenbeck did know something for sure. His reports on Federation and Klingon ship movement were being intercepted, or copied, before they reached Romulus. He had overheard the Federation personnel on the promenade complaining about the pirate’s intelligence. Upon checking his information sources, it seemed that the pirates knew everything that K’hellenbeck reported.

K’hellenbeck considered this. He could stop sending the reports, but then Romulus would complain. The intelligence committees were devouring everything K’hellenbeck could send them. Tal’shiar might decide he needed to be replaced. He couldn’t tell the Federation personnel, they would want to know how he had gotten the information, and his sources were

less likely to want to be acknowledged.

Where was the leak? If they could intercept the ship movement information, how much else could they obtain? These questions, and more, worried the Romulan Ambassador. He, at least, wanted there to be peace between the Empire and the Federation. The Romulan Empire didn't need its resources strained anymore than they already were. At a minimum, they needed time to rebuild and restock the fleet. A short time of peace in the Romulan Empire would be a good thing.

Deep in the bowels of the Guardian class space station, near the communications array, a figure moved in the shadows. A hand reached up into a conduit and pulled out a small device. The figure held the device near another for a few seconds, then replaced the first one back where it had gotten it. The figure melted back into the shadows unseen.

On the U.S.S. Sacagawea, Balor of Tanis IV had just finished his duty shift and was headed back to his compartment. Chief Engineer Saryena Remora waved to him as he left.

"Care for a cup before we call it a night" Remora asked.

"Ah, no thank you." Balor replied. "I have some more manuals I need to study before I go to sleep. This ship is very complicated."

"Oh, I've worked on worse. I admire your dedication. I wish we had more like you onboard. We've got some real losers working with us, but I guess it's all the captain can hire out here."

"Ah, yes, I guess you are right."

"You're not like the rest, are you. You come to work on time and don't complain. Your understanding of warp technology is far beyond the rest of the staff. If I may ask, why are you out here? Isn't Tanis IV pretty far away from this neck of the galaxy?"

"I, uh, wanted to see the universe. I couldn't do that where I was, so I came out here. It's been a long road." Balor looked embarrassed. "Uh, I don't mean to be rude Chief Engineer, but may I go now?"

"Sure, sure. I was just curious. If there's anything you need, just ask."

"Ah, sure thing Chief Engineer. Good night."

Balor reached his quarters with no further interruptions. Once there, he picked up a holo-picture of a humanoid woman and a little girl. He looked at it for sometime before he put it away in his travel case. Then he took out a small instrument from his travel case and pressed the button on the face. A small light began to blink. Regretfully, Balor placed the instrument back in the bag with the picture, and closed it.

"I really like these people, Andrea. I wish things could be different."

Balor closed his eyes and drifted off to a fitful rest.

