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	(Bajoran Embassy Chief of Staff) (Captain Lenora Pecora) (Julie Turner)	

<http://www.sb410.freeuk.com>
 Honorary President: Barry Morse

FUTURE EVENTS AND MISSIONS

Fri 8 th Mar	Committee Meeting (Anns)	19:30 – 22:00
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
Sun 21 st July	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 18 th Aug	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sun 15 th Sept	Club Meeting	14:00 – 18:00
Sat 21 st Sept	Dinner Dance	TBA



EDITORS CORNER

Hi everyone.

Well, once again a very poor showing for the Newsletter.

Inside this month we have the Admirals report on the Supernova Retribution convention that took place near Heathrow back in October. We also have a brand new story from our friend across the water Tom Hudspeth. It is of course up to his usual standard.

Due to a distinct lack of interest, we are extending the deadline for the story writing competition to the end of this month, so anyone wishing to enter needs to get their story to me by 31st Jan, for judging in March as I will not be at the Feb meeting.

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

Deadline for the Feb newsletter is Friday 8th Feb.

Major Madia Amme

Editor

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ADMIRALS LOG

Greetings.

First of all I hope you all had a great Christmas and I'd like to wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year.

At the start of the new year it is traditionally a time to make resolutions, so perhaps as a club we can make a resolution to spread the word, recruit new members and build up the numbers of the membership. Also we need to forge closer links with other clubs so that we can make exchange visits and new friends. We also need a higher profile locally and the committee, with your help will be working towards this.

Looking back over the festivities I think our Christmas party was the best one yet. An away mission tried to take two shuttles to the USS Lutonia for their Christmas party. Unfortunately the weather beat us and we gave up at Cambridge. The journey back was worse because we could not get up the hill to Gazeley owing to other being stuck and four wheel drives having trouble. Emma gave up and went home and we managed to get through Needham Street. Thank goodness we didn't try it fancy dress; Burger King where we stopped on our way back would have had quite a surprise. Their car park was like an ice rink, which pleased David and Leigh, but not me.

We had a quiet Christmas - down to Emma's on Boxing Day.

However New Years Eve was great. Many thanks to Jeanette and Dennis for inviting us all to their house to celebrate the New Year. It was a lovely evening and we saw off the old year with blowers, party poppers and confetti bags. I don't think Jeanette's carpet will ever be the same again. There's an awful lot of confetti in those bags. Donna, Robert, David, myself and Leigh, who true to form turned up really late, all stayed over and spent a pleasant morning chatting. Well it was only one hour of the morning for me, as I didn't get up until 11am. Donna left at 7am to go to work. Now I would like to put the record straight, contrary to popular belief I was not drunk. A little merry perhaps but definitely not drunk.

One of the aspects I like most about the club is the social get togethers. It's great to spend time with such nice people.

As I write this the Pantomime is looming, I'm really looking forward to it. I hope you all enjoyed it.

Now a bit of news on promotion, due to the loss of General LoDnl' to Norwich, I have promoted Leigh Brown to First Officer. We did have two candidates but the other one withdrew. I hope that Leigh will stay First Officer longer than the General did. Please give him your co-operation. The club has been going now for two and a half years, I believe we have a very good nucleus of core members but we need to build. So any ideas you may have will be very welcome. Also ideas for meetings- something different. Our November meeting with the treasure hunt and weakest link was a great success.

It just remains for me to wish you all a happy New Year once again and hope you all stay fit and healthy and don't succumb to the seasonal ailments.

All the best
Anarita Jat
Vice Admiral



PROMOTIONS

Promotions this month: -

Leigh Brown	Captain and First Officer
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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

Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy

Several events to report on this month. Firstly there was the Starbase Xmas Party which went quite well and was a great deal of fun, plenty of dancing, food and exchange of gifts, this is a Terran idea, I obtained another candle and holder for the Embassy.

A week later there was an aborted trip to the USS Lutonia, which we abandoned around the planet of Cambridge due to a bad Ion Storm. We returned to Newmarket and visited an eating establishment that was in orbit. The shuttle containing the First Officer, Ellie, Lucretia Nax and myself departed first. All went well until we reached the outskirts of the Gazeley system; there we encountered three other shuttles in difficulty and stopped to render assistance only to discover that we were unable to go any further due to residue from the earlier ion storm. We communicated our predicament via subspace communication to the second shuttle containing The Admiral, Lt. Evad, Donna and a friend of hers called Mez. After an eventful evening we returned quite late to the Starbase.

On the Terran New Year we attended a party in Cdr. Warrans quarters again lots of good food and fun was to be had, Dennis as usual did one of his curries which was enjoyed by all. We saw in the New Year which confetti, party poppers and party trumpets/blowers and made a lovely mess of Jeanettes front room.

Last but not least was the visit to the Pantomime of Sleeping Beauty on January the 5th. As we were in a large group we had our name read out as Mrs Thomas' group, it took a while for us to realise it was us but when we did we shouted the loudest, as did members of our party throughout the pantomime. The only people I could hear were the Admiral, who was sat right behind me, and Jeanette who was two rows in front of me, although everyone heard her yell out "kill him" about the baddie at the end. The Dame as is usual for a panto absolutely stole the show, his adlibbing was perfect, particularly when there was a part where we were supposed to shout out "He's behind you" and nobody did. We were chastised for missing a classic "He's behind you" moment and asked if we'd ever been to a pantomime before. Equally funny was him waving his hands in a cut motion when we were calling it out and weren't supposed to. The highlight of the evening however must have been when the audience booed and hissed for so long that the baddie asked the band the time and then after trying several times to deliver his lines threw his hands in the air and walked off. All in all a thoroughly enjoyable evening, only one person appeared not to enjoy himself (our esteemed First Officer), but then there's always one. Shannon and Mihyun enjoyed it, it was their first panto and Shannon was heard to comment that his Mum would enjoy it as she has a sick sense of humour and also that in America they would not subject/expose their children to this sort of thing.

Well that's all for this months dispatches.

May the Prophets be with you.
Madia Amme
Ambassador

Out in the depths of space, the U.S.S. Dark Star floated in darkness. It had no navigation lights and the light of distant suns gave off almost no reflection. Its warp nacelles were shielded and it had no windows. It was as undetectable to the naked eye as it was to most sensors.

Inside the stealth ship, Commodore Anarita Jat sat in the darkness and waited. For the moment, she was alone. All of the holo-crew had been deactivated to increase the stealth ability. The computer was her only companion, and it just listened to its sensors.

In the darkness of space, Anarita was turning philosophical. In all of her lives, it seemed most of the time she was waiting. Waiting for a spouse to return home. Waiting for a child to be born. Waiting for battle. Waiting for death to appear. So many of her friends had passed away during the years. She could even remember her own deaths.

Joined Trill accepted the death of their hosts, and celebrated their lives. Their memories continued to live on within their new host, thus forming a kind of immortality, or at least a longer life. New adventure and new friends. New families and new responsibilities. But at times like this, when there

was nothing to do but wait, Jat reflected not on her fellow Trill, but on her alien friends.

While the Trill had been spacefarers for centuries, they had only recently made their presence known to outsiders. They often insinuated themselves into alien cultures in order to safeguard the location of their home star system from discovery. The incursion was as exciting as it could be lonely. The Trill loved the variety that humanoid life spawned. All of those different cultures and planets, with so many new foods, sounds and feelings.

Then along came the Humans and their United Federation of Planets. For the first time, the Trill decided to come out of hiding. Here was a chance to explore the galaxy out in the open, with friends beside you who wanted to do the same. And by joining the Federation, the Trill ensured the safeguarding of their planet by joining with something larger than themselves.

But, oh these aliens had such short lives. Even the Vulcans only lived at most 200 some odd standard years before they died. So many lives, so little time together. She was tempted to activate the Curzon holo-character. He had been one of the most watched aliens. He

was the first to discover the Trill home planet, and not manage to get himself or the Trill killed off doing it. Many Trill were assigned to him though, watching him the rest of his life. Jat, and another Trill named Dax, had been near him when he died in battle. Now there was a warrior's warrior!

Some of the other holo-characters on the Dark Star haunted Jat's memories. Chris Pike, her navigator and one time lover, had gone on to become a famous starship captain. K'lorox, her ship's navigator, had gone on to conquer a whole star system before he was killed in his sleep by an assassin. That hunt had taken Jat over a year to complete, but it was worth K'lorox's honour. Even short Blaylock, of the lost First Federation and her current sensor holo-operator, had eventually succumbed to time and death. All of them gone now and only her memories left to say they were ever there.

Jat reflected on her current friends. T'Pina was ill. She hid it well, but Jat could tell she needed more treatments. Even with them, how much longer would she live? The General seemed determined to die in a glorious battle, and if he could, take as many enemies with him as he could. And all of the youngsters on Starbase 410, they would all grow

older before her eyes. Immortality had its drawbacks, Jat thought.

Suddenly, the quiet was interrupted by a beeping sound. On the sensor console, a light flashed. At last, Jat thought, the game is a foot!

The U.S.S. Sacagawea shook from disrupter fire, the deck tilting at a weird angle. Crew scrambled for their consoles.

“Attention alien vessel, surrender and prepare to be boarded. Failure to comply will result in your immediate destruction.”

“Like heck I will!” Madia shouted. “Mr. Starr, come about! Take evasive action! Mr. Borda, try to angle our primary shields to keep them between the fighters and our primary hull. Captain to Engineering, prepare to implement plan Alpha.”

S’ena looked up from the comm. console and asked, “Should I send them a reply captain?”

“No, I’ll do it my self. Mr. Starr, fire full phasers at any ship that gets near us. That should tell them what I need to say. S’ena, I want you to issue a distress signal on all channels.”

At the ship’s helm, Brian Starr slipped into the “One”. Filtering out all distractions, time seemed to expand. His fingers sped over the console, sending the ship in a new direction every few seconds. As a fighter bore down on them for attack,

he lightly touched the phaser-firing button. A beam of pure energy, phased light, reached out and kissed the enemy fighter, which blossomed in to a ball of light. Brian quickly changed direction.

Madia Amme looked at the science station. John Borda looked back at her. “That shouldn’t have blown them up.” John said, “The phasers barely penetrated their shields.”

Madia jumped from her chair to the science station, vaulting the rail. “Let me see the data!” She peered into the old style viewer and said. “I agree. It seems as if the fighter blew itself up. How odd.”

The deck tilted sharply underneath them again. Another fighter blew up. At the helm, Brian Starr looked lost in thought as his hands flashed over the buttons. On the main screen, the stars were doing strange dances as another fighter turned into a fire blossom.

“Captain,” John said, “The fighters are being joined by three more medium size ships and I detect a larger vessel approaching.”

“I can win this.” Brian said from far away in thought as he once again blew up an enemy fighter. “They only attack in ones and twos. The rest are trying to surround us. While quite co-ordinated, it gives us the chance to manoeuvre...” a ship disappeared in a flash of light, “and pick them off one by one. As long as

they don’t all attack in mass...”

“Mr. Starr, remember, we are not supposed to win this. Mr. Starr...Brian.”

But Brian was deep in the “One” and determined to win.

“S’ena,” Madia said, “I suggest you return to our quarters and take up your position.” Madia looked at the frightened girl. She was scared, but held up calmly. “Good luck.”

“You to Madia.” S’ena turned and entered the turbo lift.

Madia calmly strode over to Brian and hit him as hard as she could. The blow took him by surprise, even though he was in the “One”. His unconscious body hit the floor. Madia shook her hand as she moved over to the comm. console and did one of the hardest things she had ever had to do in her life.

“Attention alien attackers,” she said, “Our helm officer got a little brave, but he has now been relieved of his duty. I will now surrender my ship. All I ask is that you spare my crew.”

“Mr. Borda, lower the shields please.”

In the midst of the fighting, no one noticed the U.S.S. Dark Star as it approached. Its sensors recorded the entire battle, marking down ship sizes and registries.

Quip, the Ferengi at the comm. console looked up at Jat. “The Sacagawea has

announced her surrender, Commodore.”

“Good, I thought Madia was going to win this one for a minute. Mr. Pike prepare to...”

The Dark Star shook with a vengeance. Sparks flew from the consoles and the holo-crew blinked out of existence. Jat could hear the sound of escaping air and smell the tang of scorched wires. Emergency lights came on

and displayed the mess that was once her ship. In the ever-thinning air, Jat could hear the computer’s recorded voice announce, “Abandon ship, repeat, abandon ship. Total loss of life support and power imminent.”

Everyone on the Sacagawea was rounded up and beamed off of the ship. Shortly afterwards, all of the crew, except

S’ena, found themselves in a large cargo hold in an alien ship. Brian Starr slept in a corner. On either end of the hold stood hatches, one large for cargo and the other smaller, which they had entered through, for personnel. Soon after they arrived, the personnel hatch opened, and Balor of Tanis IV was taken away by red skinned guards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
HEADQUARTERS 100TH AIR REFUELING WING (USAF)

4 DEC 2001

Colonel Donald Lustig
Commander
100th Air Refueling Wing
RAF Mildenhall
Suffolk IP28 8NF

Ann Thomas
7 Highwood Crescent
Gazeley
Newmarket
Suffolk CB8 8RU

Dear Ms. Thomas

Thank you very much for your thoughts and prayers at this time of national and international tragedy. The outpouring of support and solidarity expressed by you and dozens of your countrymen and women has only been equaled by the resolve and friendship of our two great nations.

The attacks of September 11 were not only attacks on the United States as hundreds of British citizens were also victims of these acts of cowardice. On behalf of the men and women of RAF Mildenhall, I would like to pass on our sympathies to you as well for your nation's tragic loss.

We are resolved, as allies, to do the right thing and combat terrorism. Your pledge of support means more than you can possibly imagine to the men and women whom you have allowed to benefit from your hospitality. The challenges of the days ahead will be many, but will be made easier because of your unwavering commitment, support and most of all, friendship.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Donald Lustig".

DONALD LUSTIG, Colonel, USAF
Commander

This being my first convention I was not sure what to expect.

The Ambassador, general and myself were riding in b'Sels shuttle.

She collected the Ambassador then me and then the General. When we got to his quarters he had us all looking for his latex, being quite adamant he had not packed it. Giving it up as a bad job we were about to leave when we got a subspace message to say that the Ambassador had left half his uniform behind. B'Sel took him back to get it while the General and I raided Tesco's to get supplies to take to Risa (Turkey) for Donna, when Jeannette and I went on Monday. Well, uniform and supplies retrieved we set off for Heathrow. I was acting as navigational computer and true to form went off line occasionally (asleep). B'Sel managed without it quite well, until the turning off the M4 on to the A4. Then the computer came back on line but malfunctioned and we ended up in Heathrow.

We managed to find our way out and finally got to the hotel. We found queues of people waiting for room allocation. The General and I were allocated our room ok, but b'Sel and the Ambassador had problems with theirs. Guess what!! When the General unpacked he found his latex!

Friday night was Klingon party night, and what a great night it was. Both b'Sel and K'iHQaS had compliments and photos taken of their costumes taken by many people. The dancefloor was packed with Klingons, Humans and one or two other races.

Saturday saw us getting up for breakfast just in time for us to attend the stewards meeting at 9am. True to form we were late – just a bit. We were assigned to an hour in the video room. We were at the opening ceremony where the stars were introduced.

Talks kicked off with Robert O'Reilly and Jeff Coombes. They are two of the funniest men I have heard, both very different but hilarious. Jeff Coombes is nothing like his characters, Weyoun and Brundt. The good news is he will be having a major role in Star Trek-Enterprise. He will be playing an Andorian. Garratt Wang is a very talented mimic and comedian; he is vastly underused in Voyager. He said that he did not know why he had never got promoted beyond ensign, he would scan the scripts to see if he was being promoted in the next episode. Roxanne Dawson, again a very good, lively, funny speaker, who obviously has a close working relationship with Garratt Wang. Levar Burton was a real disappointment, not a great speaker. I felt at times he was quite rude to some people, and certainly did not answer their questions. He did no live autograph signings or photos.

I understand the superheroes night was very good, with participation from the quest stars. I was so tired I just crashed out completely. The General spent the night with Keith Batt, two warriors together, drinking with Gowron.

Sunday was more of the same, talks, videos and traders halls. The closing ceremony again was a chance to say goodbye to the stars. Jeannette joined us for the day, and we had to leave all our cases in b'Sels room. Jeannette joined me at the steward's party, as Martin had to leave early because he had a lift home. We got the chance to speak to Garratt Wang and also Robert O'Reilly, who signed my badge. We asked him if he was going to the Halloween party, and were assured that if there was a party then he would be there.

I changed into my Klingon party outfit, and Jeannette became a very fetching red Devil, complete with flashing horns. On our way down we met Robert O'Reilly, who signed my D'aktargh, and also invited Jeannette to take a photo of me with him. For Buffy fans, I also met a Spike look alike, and had my photo taken with him. Jeannette and I left to change and leave for Gatwick airport.

I thoroughly enjoyed the convention and meeting the stars, and I cannot wait for the next one.

Anarita Jat.

