

STARBASE NEWS

ISSUE 43

www.starbase410.org

JANUARY 2003

ADMIRALS LOG

STARDATE 03.01.03

Greetings to you all.

First I would like to wish you all a very Happy New Year. May you have all you wish for along with health peace and happiness. I hope you all had a good Christmas and New Years Eve.

I don't know about you but I really enjoyed the Christmas party. Perhaps it was because I was feeling so much better and able to enjoy it more. Whatever it was it was good. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves as much as I did.

I would like to thank Steve for his party on the 28th Dec. I know those of us who went really enjoyed ourselves. Those who didn't – You don't know what you missed.

As I look back over the past year I realise how much further forward the club has come this year. A new influx of members, the return of old ones and unfortunately the loss of some have made us much stronger. Last year I wondered at times if we would survive another year. This year I know we will only go from strength to strength.

Open days and Exhibitions have helped to build up membership and the car boot sale not only made us money but also resulted in two new members with more to come so I have been informed. Club outings are proving popular, with a coach load to Clacton and several to see Lord of the Rings. I hope

our next one to see Nemesis will be well supported. Of course the parties have been supported well and next year we have several big birthdays coming up starting with John in February.

Let us all pull together and make this one of the best clubs in the country. We have links with the USS Benevolence in Florida and they say we are one of the busiest clubs in UK so we had better live up to that reputation.

Now a bit of administration news. Due to work and college commitments Leigh Brown has stepped down as First Officer and from the committee.

The committee has elected John Borda to the position of Vice Chairman so being an Executive Committee member. Steve Woods has been elected to the position of First Officer and a seat on the Committee. Because of this my new Chief Engineer will be Chewy (Andy Cornell). Congratulations to all of you and I know you will take your new positions seriously and these appointments can only benefit the club.

Advance news for Clacton. It will be on 13th –14th September and there will be a function on the Saturday night. Accommodation will be available at reduced prices for visitors and a little bird tells me even more reduced for us as we are not considered visitors but part of the convention. More details as I get them. Guests confirmed so far, Colin Baker (Dr. Who) and Julian Glover (James Bond, Indiana Jones, Dr. Who etc.) Plenty more to come.

Don't forget Johns birthday party on 8th February. It's the big 40. It will be an early start because John has friends coming with young children. Finish will be same time.

Until I see you all again

All the best

Vice Admiral Anarita Jat

PROMOTIONS

Steven Woods
Commander

Andrew Cornell
Lieutenant

Jen Buckenmyer
NCO

Alex Jermyn
Cadet 3rd Class

INSIDE

CONTACTS 2

[Diary dates](#)

FERENGI JOKES 3

[Birthdays](#)

CORRECTIONS 4

[B'Sels changes](#)

QUEKS SHIP 5

[TrueTreasure Seeker](#)

PART 4 6

[ramQul Rebellion](#)

QUOTATIONS 9

[From the Ferengi](#)

PART 2 10

[Chameleon](#)

WEBLEY 12

[Meeting Program](#)

KERETHS PAGE 13

[Maze](#)

ADMIRAL VARR 14

[Asteroid game](#)

NEWS 15

[Nemesis news](#)

THE BACK PAGE 16

[Editors note](#)

DIARY DATES 2003**JANUARY**

- 19th Meeting
 24th Nemesis Trip
 31st Committee Meeting @
 Emma's

FEBRUARY

- 8th John's 40th Party
 16th Meeting

MARCH

- 16th Meeting

APRIL

- 4th Committee Meeting @
 John's
 27th Meeting

MAY

- 18th Meeting

JUNE

- 6th Committee Meeting @
 Ann's
 22nd 4th Birthday BBQ
 (Klingon cookout)

JULY

- 20th Meeting

AUGUST

- 1st Committee Meeting @
 Emma's
 17th Meeting

SEPTEMBER

- 13th & 14th Clacton Convention
 21st Meeting

OCTOBER

- 4th Emma's 30th Party
 19th Meeting
 25th Halloween Party

NOVEMBER

- 16th Meeting
 22nd Selene's 40th Party

DECEMBER

- 13th Christmas Party

Commanding Officer
 Admiral Anarita Jat

Ann Thomas

7, Highwood Crescent

Gazeley, Newmarket,

Suffolk. CB8 8RU

(01638 750853)

anaritajat@yahoo.co.uk

Secretary/Treasurer &
 Bajoran Ambassador
 Colonel Madia Amme

Emma Hindle

296, Claggate Lane

(Ipswich, Suffolk,

IP3 0RP)

Tel: 01473 413786

emmahindle@vizzavi.net

Webmaster/Romulan
 Ambassador
 K'Hellenbeck

John Borda

5, Masirah House,

(Williams Close,

Brampton, Cambs.,

PE28 4SS)

Tel: 01480 450453

jborda@gibnews.net

Klingon
 Ambassador
 Ke'reth Zantai
 Makura

Robert Lydford

Tel: 01284 828038

Klingon Chief of
 Staff
 b'Sel Sutai Makura
**Selene Barstow-
 Evans**

Tel: 01638 602249

Chief of Security
 Lieutenant **Christine**

Aldous

Tel: 01223 893610

Christine@aldous2609

(.fsnet.co.uk)

First Officer
 Commander

Steven Woods

Tel: 01353 662229

CONTACTS

A Human, a Ferengi and a Klingon were on a planet. A fly lands on the Human's shoulder, and he bats it away. The same fly lands on the Ferengi's shoulder, and he bats it away. When the fly lands on the Klingon's shoulder, he grabs it and eats it.

Sometime later, another fly lands on the Human's shoulder. The Human bats it away, and the Ferengi bats it from his shoulder. But the Klingon grabs it and eats it... So sometime later another fly comes along. The Human bats it away. But when it comes to the Ferengi, he grabs it, turns to the Klingon and says "You wanna buy a fly?"

Chief O'Brien, Captain Sisko, and Gul Dukat get stranded on an uninhabited M-Class planet. They find what looks like a genie bottle washed up on shore. Having nothing better to do, they rub it and Q pops out. Q says since there are three of you and you're all such nice guys (wink), each one of you gets one wish. Sisko and O'Brien are hesitant to take Q seriously, but Q insists and asks Miles what he wishes. Miles says, "I miss my best friend, my wife, and my kids very much, so I'd appreciate getting back to Deep Space Nine." Poof, O'Brien is gone. Then Q asks Sisko what his wish will be and Ben says, "I miss Bajor, my son, and my girlfriend very much. I'd like to go home too." Poof, Sisko is gone.

Then Q asks Dukat what his wish will be and the Cardassian smiles, "You know, I miss those other two guys very much and I wish they would come back." Poof, O'Brien and Sisko come back....

Odo once interrogated a suspect by placing a metal colander on the suspect's head and connecting it with wires to a Bajoran photocopy machine. The message "He's lying" was placed in the copier, and Odo pressed the copy button each time he thought the suspect was telling a lie. Believing the "lie detector" was working, the suspect confessed.

Beer—It's What's for Dinner

One day a Frenchman with an English accent (Jean-Luc Picard), a Scotsman (Scotty), and an Irishman (Miles O'Brien) walked into a pub together. They each proceeded to buy a pint of Guinness. Just as they were about to enjoy their creamy beverage three flies landed in each of their pints and were stuck in the thick head. The French-Englishman pushed his stout from him in disgust. The Scotsman fished the offending fly out of his stout and continued drinking it as if nothing had happened. The Irishman too, picked the fly out of his drink, held it out over the stout and then started yelling, "Spit it out! Spit it out you b*****d!"

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

3rd Tom Hudspeth (Lt. Cdr Brian Starr)
 5th Lucy Spittle (Cadet Leader Lucretia Nax)
 6th Aron Eisenberg (Nog)
 7th Mark Allen Shepherd (Morn)
 12th Kirsty Alley (Lt. Saavik)
 13th David Canning (Lt. Evad)
 20th DeForest Kelly (Dr. McCoy)
 23rd Ann Thomas (Admiral Anarita Jat)
 27th James Cromwell (Zefram Cochrane)
 29th Jason Reeve



b'Sel sat at her desk holding a cup containing an old earth remedy, and hating the medical profession for not finding a cure for her temporary misery.

Ambassador Ke'reth on seeing the beverage and the mood b'Sel was in was keeping his head down pretending to work. He was extremely grateful she had ordered his coffee before retreating into her own work.

She was scowling at a document pad addressed to her, with a Romulan seal on it. Things with a Romulan seal had become easier to get hold of since the Romulan Ambassador had come aboard the station. As a rule though they still did not turn up voluntarily.

She very carefully opened the file, wondering what on earth or on the station could be on it. b'Sel read the opening paragraph very carefully.

It read:

"Greetings b'Sel. As my chief of staff has not yet been appointed to me, I have decided to take the direct approach. Having seen your children I have noticed that our file on you has a few discrepancies. I appreciate that you would not want to correct our information, but as this was obtained from files at Klingon High Command, you might like to correct them.

I look forward to working with you in the future.

K'Hellenbeck

Romulan Ambassador

Starbase 410"

Attached to the communication was a copy of a profile.

b'Sel glanced at the profile and saw that it was hers. She read it through and realised that not all the information was in the correct order.

Her first bond mate was Kaven and they did not have any children. He was killed at Wolf – 359.

She was bonded very soon after the death of Kaven to Lt. Krynn. She was with child a few months later and Rhahl was born a few weeks early in the late winter of 2368. Rhahl was a seriously ill baby to start with, the combination of being born early and while the snow was thick on the ground did not help but he was a fighter and grew up big and strong.

K'regh was born in 2370 and this time the pregnancy went full time.

Lt. Krynn vestai LoJmit was killed in a warpcore explosion in the late summer of 2374 and KhariS was born a couple of months later.

The rest of the profile was correct, so b'Sel called up her profile on her console. The copy that came up was the same as the one K'Hellenbeck had drawn her attention to. She made a note to correct it next time she was at a loose end.

REDEMPTION '03

February 21-23

A Blake's 7 and Babylon 5 Convention

www.smof.com/redemption/

Ferengi Class designation of a **Ferengi** maurauder ship. D'Kora -class ships typically carried a crew of 450. ("Force of Nature" [TNG]). The term D'Kora class was first used in "Force of Nature," but we assume that previous Ferengi maurauder ships were also D'Kora -class vessels.



Type: D'Kora class.

Category: Trading Vessel/Explorer.

Commissioned on 2360.

Length: 390 Meters.

Height: 80 Meters.

Mass: 3,800,000 tons.

Crew: 350 Normally.
450 (when Fully manned).

Normal Cruise: Warp 6.

Max Speed: Warp 9+ (for those quick getaways).


Weapons: 10x High power phaser arrays, total output 20,000 Tera Watts
Torpedoes (150 on board).
Energy Wave Emitter

Defence Systems: Standard Duranium/Tritanium Double Hull Shield system
Standard level structural integrity Field.

Tractor Beam: Standard.

Computer System: Ferengi LCARS.

Number of Decks: 22.



Visit our new friends in
Florida @
[www.ussbenevolence.
borg1.com](http://www.ussbenevolence.borg1.com)

In Madias quarters a very frightened S'ena was huddled on the day bed. Barella El was watching her and almost licking her lips in anticipation. She was going to enjoy this one when the Intendant had finished with her. Always supposing of course there would be anything left to enjoy. She had seen people turn to mindless quivering jellies after Madia had played with them. She wondered where Ellie had got to. Down with that other Anarita Jat she supposed. After all she had been told to keep her alive. David was being his usual nondescript self. He only seemed to come alive around Madia and he was terrified of Kane. Mind you even Barella herself was frightened of Kane. Suddenly he was there before her as if the thought had brought him to life. He was demanding to know where Madia was. Ellie stuttered as she replied "She has g-g-gone to Ore Processing, there was some t-t-trouble down there. The Terran Leigh was t-t-trying to lead a rebellion." Kane growled "She should have let me kill him. Who's that?" He pointed to S'ena. "The Intendants new toy, An Orion slave for her to play with. She is a friend of Leighs" Kane was just about to reply when the door burst

open and Dalen Varr and Jeanette came through, phasers at the ready. Leigh followed still holding on tight to Madia Amme. Behind them came Brian, Anarita and Christine. Kane assessed the situation immediately, and surprisingly for a man of his bulk moved very quickly. He stepped back a few paces and grabbed S'ena off of the daybed she was sitting on. He swung her around in front of him and held her easily with one hand, the other hand held a phaser pointed to her head. "What's known as a Mexican stand-off I believe!" Drawled Dalen. "I don't know what you mean," growled Kane "but she dies unless you release my mistress." "Your mistress dies if anything happens to my friends," replied Dalen. "That's a Mexican stand-off. Now what we need to do is resolve the situation. Madia I have a proposal for you. You let us go, and I let you and your handyman here live and I don't blow up the station. How about it?" "I'd rather see you all dead," she snarled. "But I don't suppose I've got much choice. Kane let her go. There will always be another time." Dalen turned to David, "you have the choice my friend, to stay here or come with us and have your freedom. What's it to be?"

"My freedom," replied David. "At least I stand the chance of living longer."

Kane released S'ena and she rushed over to Brian who held her tightly.

"What about the other Anarita Jat? Anarita asked

"She's okay and so is the other Madia and Ellie," said a voice from the doorway.

Brian whirled around still holding S'ena, "John my friend are we glad to see you."

"Prisoners released and transport waiting. Anyone want a lift on the old Rubber Duck?"

"We certainly do," laughed Dalen. "Lead on McDuff. We'll take the Intendant with us just to make sure we get off all right. Once we're out of firing range we'll beam her back to the station. Let's go home."

"I'm with you," said Leigh. "I'll be glad to let her go, she's a vicious bitch who deserves to die for what she has done. Still if we go back on our word that makes us no better than her,"

Jeanette came up to Madia and slapped her across the face. "I should kill you for what you put me through," she hissed. "But if I do we'll never get off of here. Be warned though, next time we meet you had better watch your back.

Madia looked at her steadily and then spat in her face. "I'm not afraid

of any of you," she sneered. "You will all pay for this one way or another. As for you," she turned to David, "you had outlived your usefulness anyway. I was getting bored with you. I was going to give you to K'iHQaS and b'Sel to play with. They will be sorry you have left."

"Enough of the pleasantries," said Dalen Varr, "let's get out of here before those two fine ladies turn up with some playmates. JB you and Jen take the lead, Christine you Anarita and S'ena next, then Leigh with our friend here and Brian you and I will bring up the rear. Right let's move out. You," he turned to Kane, "sit down over there and keep quiet and I might allow you to live."

Kane glared at him but realising the futility of his position did as he was told.

JB and Jen set off, followed by the others. As they rounded a corner a beam of disrupter fire shot past them. They quickly ducked back ramming into the others who were following them. "Damn!" swore JB "looks like we've got company. "Rebel Petaq" came a gruff voice, "put down your weapons. You cannot escape." "That sounds like K'iHQaS and I bet the butcher is with her." Said Anarita. "We can't give up or we will all end up being tortured by b'Sel or

Kane. Better to kill ourselves than that."

"No one is giving in or being tortured," replied Dalen Varr. "We will just have to keep them off while I think of a plan."

As they huddled together to avoid the disrupter rifles of the Klingon women and their crew Dalen came to the front of the group and shouted; "We have your Intendant here and any firing may cause her injury. Do you want to risk her anger or that of Kane?"

"Don't mm" said Madia in a muffled voice as Leigh put his hand over her mouth.

"Naughty naughty " he whispered "we don't want to give them the wrong idea do we?"

Around the corner they could hear the whispered conversation of the Alliance troops.

"That's given them something to think about," said JB. Just then they heard the whine of phaser rifles coming from behind the Alliance. Then silence. Dalen poked his head cautiously around the corner. Lying on the ground were K'iHQaS, b'Sel and four more Klingons. Standing over them with a grin on his face was a dark-haired Terran and behind him was a giant of a man tying up the Klingons

"Dalen Varr I presume?" He said still grinning, "Steve Wood at your service and this is Chewie. You released

some of our friends from ore processing and they said you might need some help to get all your party off safely, So Chewie and I decided to do a little recce and here we are."

"Well we're certainly glad you did, it was getting a bit too hot for comfort with that lot around the corner. I take it as you are tying them up they're not dead."

"No we decided to set the phasers on stun in case any of you got in the way. We have a transport ship waiting to take you off and my men have secured the corridors. You'd still better bring the Intendant along as security. Strange I thought she'd be taller for some reason."

They set off along the corridor intrigued by this laughing man and his giant friend. Leigh held tightly onto Madia as he half dragged her along with him.

"One day you'll be sorry," she spat at him.

"You've got to catch me first and I'm really not frightened of you."

As they made their way through the station a beam of sparkling light enveloped Leigh and Madia. Those in front whirled round but they were gone.

"Damn Kane must have got the transporter system back on line. Let's get to the shuttle bay and we'll decide what to do about Leigh then." As they entered the shuttle bay they found

Kane, Madia and Barella El waiting for them. Leigh was being held fast by two Cardassian guards. His face was bleeding and he sagged limply between them.

“Well, well it seems as though the tables have turned,” said Madia, “we can do this the hard way or the easy way.”

“And the choices are? Asked Dalen.

“You try to rescue him,” she nodded at Leigh “You all die. I keep him and the rest of you go free. I should keep Anarita but she’s becoming far too much trouble. So what’s it to be. All for one or one for all. Quite simple really. Don’t worry he won’t die, not for a very long time. I have plans for him and between

Kane and b’Sel I’m sure he’ll wish he were dead.” She went over to Leigh and raised his head by the hair. He looked at her through pain filled eyes.

“I’m still not frightened of you,” he whispered hoarsely. He looked at the group of rebels, “Just go while you can. You’re no good dead. I can handle her she’s just a one finger pushover.”

Madia raised her hand and gave Leigh a hard slap across the face and then ran her fingers down his chest. Rivulets of blood mingled with the dust and sweat. He tried to grin. “Just go, please” Dalen shook his head in sorrow, “Farewell my friend, we won’t forget you, We will see you

again I’m sure.” He turned to Steve, I believe you have a ship waiting? Let’s get boarded. Would you like to show us the way? Jen you and Christine follow then Anarita and S’ena. Brian and JB next and I’ll come with Chewie. The rebels walked away, the girls with tears in their eyes as they looked back at Leigh. He painfully raised his head and gave them a weak grin.

“Bye see you around.”

The transporter set course for the rebel base. They had rescued nearly all the prisoners plus the two from the alternate universe but was the price they paid too high?

THE END

CLACTON SCI-FI CONVENTION

13-14TH SEPTEMBER 2003

By popular demand Clacton Sci-fi goes to two days this year.

For more information either watch this space or visit: -

www.clactonscifi.net

Quark: There's an old Ferengi saying. "Never ask when you can take."

Babel

Nog's excuse for not having his homework done:

O'Brien: You're saying Vulcans stole your homework?

The Nagus

The Nagus: I'm old. The fire dims. I'm just not as greedy as I used to be.

The Nagus

Nog: First yamok sauce, then stembolts, now tesapes, and still no *profit!*

Progress

Jake: When I have a problem I can't figure out, I ask my dad.

Nog: I ask my dad too.

Varis: It helps, doesn't it?

Jake: Yeah.

Nog: No.

The Storyteller

The 76th Rule of Acquisition:

Quark: Every once in a while, declare peace. It confuses the hell out of your enemy.

The Homecoming

Quark: Never make fun of a Ferengi's mother! Rule of Acquisition #31.

The Seige

Grand Nagus Zek: A little **late**, aren't we?

(Zek had just sneezed and Maihar'Du didn't get his handkerchief out in time.) *Rules of Acquisition*

Rule of Acquisition #285:

Quark: No good deed ever goes unpunished.

The Collaborator

Quark: You know, Commander, I think I've figured out why humans don't like Ferengi. The way I see it, humans used to be a lot like Ferengi: greedy, acquisitive, interested only in profit. We're a constant reminder of a part of your past you'd like to forget. But you're overlooking something. Humans used to be a *lot* worse than the Ferengi. Slavery, concentration camps, interstellar wars - we have nothing in our past that approaches that kind of barbarism. You see? We're nothing like you. We're better.

The Jem'Hadar

Quark: I have a dream - a dream that one day all people - humans, Jem'Hadar, Ferengi, Cardassians - will stand together in peace around my Dabo tables.

The Search

Quark: The 75th Rule of Acquisition: Home is where the heart is, but the stars are made of latinum.

Civil Defense

Quark: Major, that would be dishonest.

Kira: Well, that never stopped you before!

Meridian

Quark: You humans, you never learn. You let your women go out in public, allow them to hold jobs, wear clothing, and you wonder why your marriages fall apart.

Fascination

The crew of the USS Victory had been on red alert for a full three hours, slowly moving through a blockade of Dominion scout ships. Madia was certain the Jem Hadar were not looking for them in particular, it seemed standard operational procedure to scan and re-scan section after section of the asteroid ridden space they were currently moving through. Under impulse it should only take another ½ hour to reach the small moon that supposedly hid a task force of small ships that held the weapons and personnel that had been causing havoc within Bajoran space, but even tightly focused sensors could not detect a thing. System analysis had revealed the sensors were functioning within normal parameters but the enigma remained. Madia, Leigh and Ke'reth had tried everything possible, but trying to detect and not be detected was starting to strain everyone's nerves. Madia remembered a mental exercise that K'Hellenbeck had taught her a year before.

"If you cannot find what you are looking for, look for something else," she said aloud.

"I beg your pardon," said Steve.

"Nothing," said Madia, "just thinking aloud."

"Engineers sometimes have their uses," said Steve and his hands moved quickly over his console, a green light flashed and he smiled.

"Thank you Col...Madia," he said, "I wouldn't have thought of it, there is something deep within the moon but it is laden with common lead hence the scans just stop without the beam returning, we were unable to glean any data hence missing the internal structures. What I did find was an exhaust vent releasing diox and monox very gradually."

Madia checked the data on her screen.

"Good news," she said, "we have found them, bad news is the only way in

is by transport through fluctuation inhibitors. Can you compensate, Steve?"

"Only through the first level," said the engineer, "you will have to make your way by foot to the second and third levels if you need to go there."

"We do," said Madia. Touching her console she said, "away team to transporter room. Leigh you have the bridge."

Ke'reth, Madia and six security staff materialized, it was a fair sized room, 8x10 meter's, and as had been practiced so many times before the team as one, drew weapons and spread out. Directly in front of Madia was a small hatch with a ladder leading down, a perceptible field was showing. Madia couldn't believe it was this easy. She placed a small security sensor inhibitor to one side and activated it. One by one the team dropped down the ladder, assuming defensive positions at the bottom. The team made its way room by room to the next ladder and the same procedure was performed. As Madia had expected the main computer core was situated in a small annex. She punched in a set of numbers and started reading off date's, names, targets and a host of other stats. Taking her tricorder out she started to record the facts, some of which she could hardly believe. She caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of her eye.

"Damn!" She thought. The Jem Hadar personal cloak flickered as it was turned off and she had no time to move. There was the whine of fast moving metal as a bat'leth came within millimeters of her head and on the end of it a very annoyed looking Klingon. A bloody body smashed into three more of the enemy. More and more Jem Hadar materialized and in such an enclosed space hand to hand combat was the only option. Ke'reth's battle cry rang around the room and Madia was convinced that he was laughing as he weaved among the warriors. He was up

to his armpits in blood and, she could see by his eyes, ready to die with no fear and the only regret was that some of his enemy would live. Then there was pain...

She awoke slowly and realized she was tied to a table. Ke'reth was on another, with a security crew man on a third, also in the room was a Cardassian of high rank and three Jem Hadar.

"I will waste no time," said the Cardassian, "you will tell me how you came to be here, where your ship is, what it is and how many are in your crew and you will tell me NOW!"

"Blake, Lieutenant, Starfleet number," the crewman's voice was cut off as the Cardassian clamped his hand over his mouth.

"I can see I must impress upon you my resolve in this matter," said the Cardassian. He picked up the bat'leth and swung it hard. Blake gasped as the blade cut deep into his stomach, his eyes rolled up and he passed away. Madia had seen death more times than she could remember but this murder shocked her to her very soul.

"You will tell me all you know and you shall die telling me, in fact I will not let you die until you have told me." Ke'reth groaned, he still hadn't regained consciousness. The Cardassian looked and smiled.

"Your Klingon pet killed 24 of y warriors before we overwhelmed him. Maybe I should let you watch as I let my servants remove his eyes and skin."

Strapped down and about to be tortured to death by a Cardassian. Madia couldn't take this. Anyone but a Cardassian!

"You do not need to know my name," said the Cardassian. He had ordered food and drink as he "worked better on a full stomach." The door behind him opened and a Cardassian servant entered and started to prepare the food. He had been toying with a small knife and had cut Madia on the legs in a couple of places but after an hour of beatings and threats he had

realized that stronger measures were needed.

"Excuse me Gul, but you are wanted in communications," said the servant.

"That voice," thought Madia, "so familiar."

"I will return," said the Gul, "and maybe you shall give me the information I require and some pleasure." Madia closed her eyes as she felt the tears welling up and heard him leave the room.

"Madia," a voice said and above her a Cardassian loomed, knife in hand and lunged forward and her bonds were cut.

"Chameleon," said Madia.

"No, it's me, Anarita."

Madia looked into her eyes and could see the familiar sparkle of mischief.

"But..How..?"

"No time," said Anarita, "can you walk?"

"Yes," said Madia. Ke'reth was still out cold but Anarita administered a hypospray and his eyes sprang open. The battered and bloody pair followed the Admiral out of the room and down the corridor to the first ladder, Ke'reth went first and although obviously hurt quickly disappeared up the ladder. Madia, legs bleeding quite badly struggled.

"Quickly," said Anarita, "we have little time." As they reached the top and rolled onto the deck Anarita handed the bat'leth to Madia and helped her to stand. The three comrades moved cautiously from room to room and suddenly the alarms sounded. The static feel of a dampening field was felt, Ke'reth was making some makeshift dressings for their wounds and Anarita was checking a small data box.

"We have 51/2 minutes," she said.

"Why?" Said Madia, but she already knew the answer.

"Charges will detonate and they can't be turned off," said Anarita, "I'm sorry." As they moved down the corridor Madia suddenly realized that the bat'leth

had been left behind, she hesitated and looked back down the corridor and for an instant..."No it couldn't be." She continued forward the pain was distracting her, the ladder was 15 meters in front of her, the Admiral and Ke'reth were at the bottom 25 rungs and they could contact the ship.

She slammed forward sprawling across the ground and as she looked up there was her nemesis. The Gul looked down, knife in hand.

"Where are you going? I haven't finished with you, " he gloated. "I've changed my mind about you I can just picture you as a pleasure slave or maybe I should just kill you." He jolted half a step forward and looked at his chest in horror to see two small metal points protruding out of it. There was a tearing noise as the points disappeared and he fell forward, dead. Madia sat up, the Gul lay in front of her eyes glassed, she wanted to spit in his face but her mouth was dry. She could hear a voice,

"Madia, Madia we must leave now."

"Leigh," she said, "how did you get here?"

"Ask our Lieutenant," he said. She looked up and there was a familiar black and gold uniform, bat'leth in his hand.

"I've tried engineering, thought it was about time to try some security."

Epilog.

After returning to the ship Madia was treated for injuries and blood loss that too two days in sick bay to heal and Ke'reth had to spend a week in a re-gen. tank.

The Admiral had had to fake her own death (with the aid of b'Sel) to allow her to go undercover. The enemy base was destroyed and thanks to the arrival of an Andorian task force the Jem Hadar were driven back through the Wormhole. Consequently very little sabotage to the industry or government of Bajor exists and for that e can thank the prophets and the crew of Starbase 410.

P.S. Lt. Steve Woods has requested permanent assignment to Starbase 410.



JAN MEETING PROGRAM

14:00

DOORS OPEN

14:30

BRIEFING

15:00 PRESS

CONFERENCE GAME

16:00 REFRESHMENTS

& SOCIAL TIME

17:00

QUIZ

17:45

RAFFLE

18:00

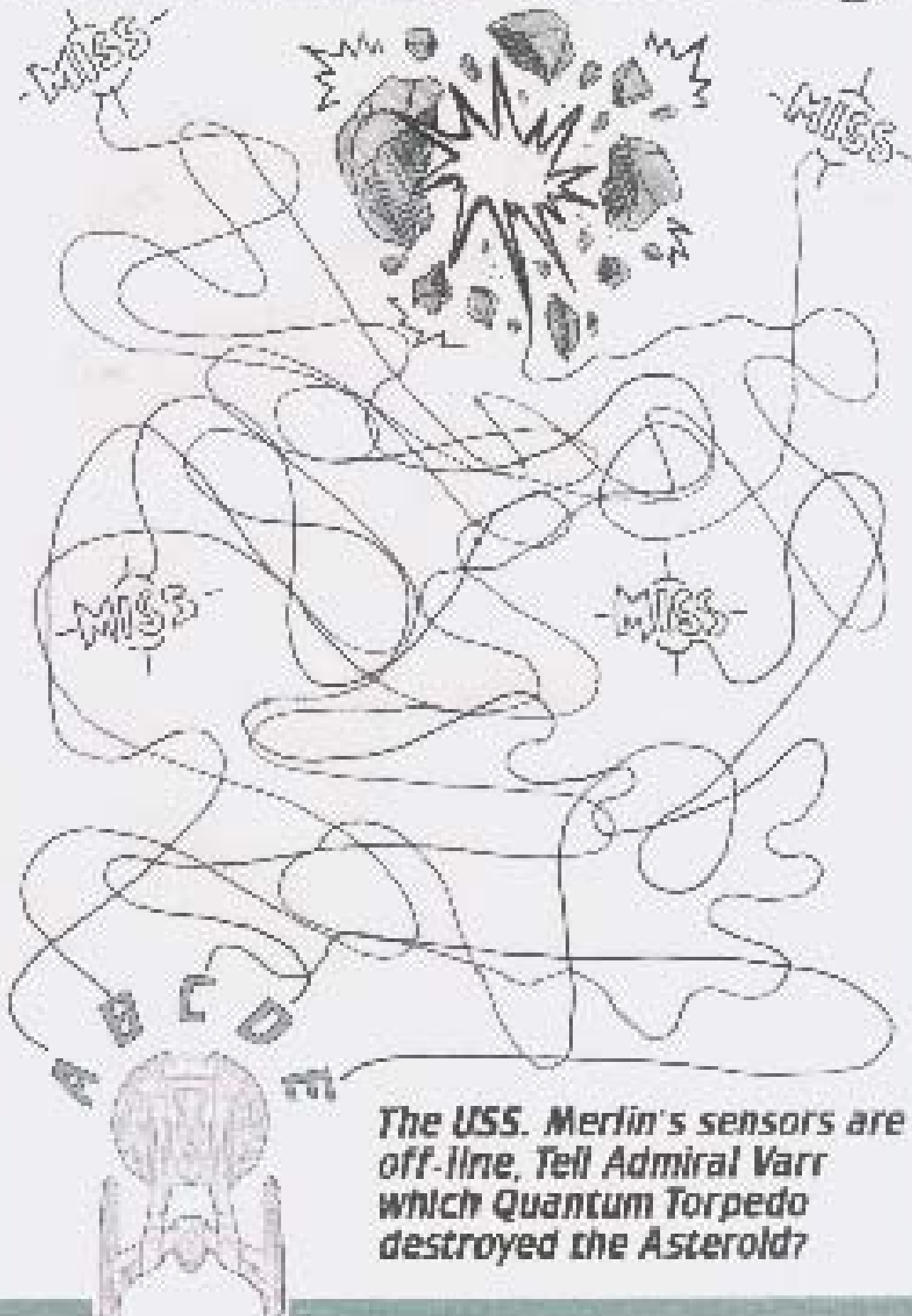
CLOSE

Ambassador Ke'reth's Page



Do you dare to raid V&S's Chocolate Vault?
Then escape using a different route.

Admiral Dalen Varr's Page



The USS. Merlin's sensors are off-line. Tell Admiral Varr which Quantum Torpedo destroyed the Asteroid?

LATEST STAR TREK FILM LEAVES STEWART IN TEARS

Patrick Stewart has revealed he broke down in tears while filming the closing scenes for the latest Star Trek film.

Star Trek: Nemesis opens in the UK on January 3.

The 62-year-old actor says because the crew knew it was possibly their final voyage, there were many emotional moments.

He said: "I shot one of the final scenes where the entire crew is going their separate ways after 16 years together and Riker

says to me, 'serving you has been an honour captain', and I broke down crying.

"I felt like such a fool but my emotions overwhelmed me. Saying goodbye when we wrapped this film was agony for me."

He added. "If it is the final one it would be, in most respects, an ideal way to close this particular story line and group of characters. It is certainly a dramatic and intense story."

Stewart, who will be playing Professor Xavier again in the forthcoming X-Men 2, says he will genuinely miss doing the Star Trek series.

"Mostly I'd miss the comradeship that has grown over all these years of working together. We're not just a crew, we've really become a family," he said.

"I've been extraordinarily lucky to have had Star Trek for all these years and who knows what the future of X-Men will be.

ANANOVA 30.12.02

STEWART HINTS LATEST STAR TREK FILM WILL BE THE LAST

Star Trek actor Patrick Stewart has given his strongest hint yet that the latest movie will be his last.

Stewart says Star Trek: Nemesis could well be his swan song as Captain Jean-Luc Picard.

The actor and fellow Next Generation cast members attended the UK premiere of the film at the Empire in London's Leicester Square.

While most of his co-stars say they would love

to appear in another movie, Stewart says all good things must come to an end.

"You never want to outstay your welcome - just like an athlete, it's horrible to go on when the best is over," he said.

Stewart added: "I think this is the best movie we've done and I would feel very satisfied if we have to bring down the curtain on the Next Generation after this.

"If this is the end I could think of no better way to bow out."

Although it may be the final outing for the Next Generation cast, a big screen version of newest Star Trek series Enterprise could be on the cards.

Director Stuart Baird said: "It may be the last film with these characters but it certainly isn't the last Star Trek film."

ANANOVA 17.12.02

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Well I hope you have all enjoyed the new look newsletter.

Sorry I was unable to bring you the next part of Tom's story but he must still be working on it. I guess it must be hard for him to come up with 4-5 pages of new and original material every month, any way with any luck I will be bringing you part 29 next month.

Now, if any of you have any ideas or contributions for the newsletter please let me know. I am looking for some new regular columns i.e. agony aunt, gossip column, just to give you some ideas.

Also any feedback on content and format would be appreciated.

Well once again I hope you enjoyed this months newsletter.

**Colonel Madia Amme.
Editor.**

**February Deadline:
Friday 31st January
2003 @ 17:00 (5pm)**

**HONORARY PRESIDENT: BARRY MORSE
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS: BILL & TONI BLAIR**

www.starbase410.org

