

STARBASENEWS



ISSUE 60

www.sb410.net

JULY 2004

ADMIRALS:LOG

What a great couple of weeks we had. First of all the AGM and barbecue. Many thanks to Dave Coombes for cooking the food aided by Steve.

Welcome to Lisa and Jaz onto the committee and thanks to Selene and John for their contribution over the last five years. I thought it was a very pleasant afternoon.

Then came the dinner and dance although this year not much dancing. I think everyone was too stuffed to dance. The food was excellent and plentiful and we will be booking Graham again next year. It was also very nice once again to see The General in the form of Martin Ford. Martin attended with his partner Leanne, who is expecting a baby girl in August. We hope to see much more of all of them in the future.

Don't forget car boot sale August Bank holiday Sunday and lets hope we raise another £500 + so if you can help let us know. We would like a stall this time.

Date for your diary. 24th September a FRIDAY we will be holding a graduation party for Jaz. At her suggestion it will also be a 30th party for Donna as she will be home for a fortnight. Because we are going on holiday on the 25th and she is coming with us we can't do a Saturday. Hope you can all make it to a double celebration

I look forward to seeing you all at the next meeting
All the best

Admiral Anarita Jat
Commanding Officer
Starbase 410

JUL:BIRTHDAYS

2 nd	Brock Peters (Sisko's Dad) DS9
13 th	Patrick Stewart (Capt. Picard) TNG
22 nd	Louise Fletcher (Kai Winn) DS9
22 nd	Bryn Evans SB410
26 th	Nana Visitor (Kira Nerys) DS9
29 th	Wil Wheaton (Wesley Crusher) TNG
29 th	David Warner (Chancellor Gorkon) ST:VI

JUL:INSIDE

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JUL:ANNOUNCEMENTS

It gives me great pleasure to announce the following:

After 6 years of hard work Jaz has passed her BSc (Honours) Computing and Information Technology with a grade of Upper 2nd Class (2:1).

Congratulations Jaz!

HONORARY PRESIDENT:
BARRY MORSE

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS:
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CLUB:DATES

JUL04

18th Meeting

AUG04

13th Committee Meeting 19:30hrs

15th Meeting

SEPT04

12th Clacton

19th Meeting

24th Jaz Graduation Party 19:30hrs

OCT04

8th Committee Meeting 19:30hrs

17th Meeting

23rd Lisa & James vow renewal 19:30hrs

30th Halloween Party 19:30hrs

NOV04

21st Meeting - chocoholics

DEC04

3rd Committee Meeting-Anns 19:00hrs

18th Xmas Party

31st Seaspirit 60th & New Years Eve

AUG:DEADLINE

Friday 6th August 2004 @ 17:00 (5pm)

Writer's Note: Later in this story, the name of the Kai is given as Unqtei. This name was taken from a line of Dialogue in the last Episode of Deep Space Nine. Where Quark tells Kira that the Smart money is on Unqtei being the next Kai.

Within the Klingon Embassy Ke'reth grinned knowingly, as an amber light lit up on his desk signifying an internal transmission. 'Admiral Jat.' He said with a practised statesman's grin. 'How can I assist you?' He asked politely.

'I believe you've had one of your men make an Arrest.' She said calmly. Ke'reth nodded. 'I believe that I'm quite within my rights to make an arrest here on the station, Admiral.' He said. 'I believe its article 312 part C, subsection 4, Paragraphs 2 through 6 of the Federation's treaty of Alliance with the Klingon Empire.' He said almost smugly, as she smiled. 'And I bet you could quote it for me General, couldn't you?' She said, using his new rank as a barb. Klingon Generals, she thought to herself, always trouble.

Anarita sat back and pulled her facts together. The Klingons Have Lundo and Jell, the Bajorans have Astra and Stella, and we have Thomas and DaiMon Mok, but as yet no Orb of Prophecy. It was as she considered these facts, this she came over a little dizzy, everything around her seemed to go white, and there in the glowing nothingness stood the Images of Admiral Varr, Ke'reth and Madia, they seemed to be contacting her telepathically. 'Prophets?' She found herself thinking. 'She knows of us.' Madia's voice said. 'She is accepting.' Ke'reths voice seemed oddly distant as he spoke within her head. Then Admiral Varr spoke. 'She sought the Prophets, and we are here!' 'She seeks to return the Orb.' Madia's Voice spoke from its distant place. 'The Orb is near, but there is another of Bajor.' Ke'reth smiled a strangely

benign smile. 'She knows not, of what we speak.' Madia spoke again.

'Is it of her time, to be revealed? A place of concealment among the food of men and rocks of worth.' The Sound of her door chime startled her and the light, along with its trio of ghostly voices disappeared. She felt herself gasp, as she realised that she must have been holding her breath, as she fell. 'Come!' She called pulling against her collar to get some air. Commander Woods walked in. He looked worried, as he helped her back to her chair. 'Are you okay Admiral?' He asked. She seemed a little disorientated. 'I think that I've just had a quasi-religious experience Commander.' He looked at her questioningly. 'Sorry Sir?' He asked. 'I think the Prophets contacted me Steven.' He almost hid his look of surprise. 'I wouldn't say that too loud Admiral. Talk like that almost landed poor Ben Sisko in a Psych ward on Betazed.'

'I'm going to need to speak to Marvello, about his daughters; I feel that I now know how it would feel to have told King Lear about his wayward daughters Gonoril and Regan. I greatly fear that my words.'

'Might drive him mad?' Steven interrupted. She nodded. Something like that, please would you bring him to me Commander, I have some hard questions for him.'

'Before I go Admiral, I don't think you're a fool.' She glanced up at him. 'It was the fool who tried to give warning to King Lear, wasn't it?' He said, explaining his earlier statement. She smiled. 'I believe it was Commander, Thanks!'

After speaking to a tearful Marvello, about the charges against

his daughters, she started to consider the Prophets words. The Ferengi's ship, she gasped as she pulled its cargo manifest. It was hauling grain and Dilithium ore for Trillius Prime, and that would take it within days of the Orion Border. Her thoughts rolled the facts around her mind, as she sat back and closed her eyes to think. Suddenly, her eyes flicked open. Admiral Varr had arranged for the Ferengi to speak with Lucretia Nax, about hiring her ship to make the grain and ore run. She smiled as she silently thanked the Prophets for their timely intervention. She tapped a switch. The Presto had already been searched, and the Ferengi registered vessel Grevak had been scanned, but she'd had no real reason to suspect the Ferengi until now. But she hadn't considered someone that she trusted, a fellow joined Trill, could be involved, however innocently.

Admiral Jat tapped her communicator, as she picked up her Tricorder and left for the Space-dock. Ambassador Madia Amme responded to her call. 'What is it Admiral? I'm a little busy.' Admiral Jat smiled. 'I think I've found your Orb.' 'Where?' Madia asked urgently. 'Meet me at docking port 51 Alpha.' 'Where did you get this information Admiral?' Anarita smiled. 'Let's just say I've had a flash of inspiration.'

Docking Port 51 Alpha, The Home of Orlan Nax's Old Antares Class freighter, the Lady Luck, a vessel shaped a little like a violin, with its long neck and rounded aft cargo hold. Its hull was a patchwork quilt of Tans, silvers and greys, and its upper hull was garishly painted with a spread of Playing cards, above this was a Trill symbol painted in blue. This ship that now belonged to his successor, Lucretia Nax. It was a ship that if Anarita Jat hadn't given the order to lock down the station, would have departed at eleven O'clock that

morning. Lucretia sat on the bottom rung of her ships boarding step, she wore a pocketed jump suit in a pale purple colour, with a heavy belt. An antique blaster pistol had been holstered on her hip. In her hands was a small computer console, her thumbs moved rapidly over a set of coloured rubber buttons, to control the game that seemed to be occupying her attention. Madia's arrival with Evad and a four-man Security team caused the young Trill to jump. 'What the-?' She was about to swear, but managed to catch herself as the Bajoran officers fanned out around her ship. 'We need to search the Lady Luck.' Admiral Jat informed her. A small voice seemed to ring in the young Trill's head; she knew only too well that it came from her stomach. 'Suppose you've got a warrant?' She suppressed her smile; it was only her time studying meditation techniques with the Mysterious Timelord who simply called himself the Inquisitor that allowed her to control her symbionts sceptical inner voice. 'Am I being charged with something? She asked.' Madia stepped forwards and was giving her a very strange look. 'Depends!' Madia said slowly. 'On what?' Lucretia asked, starting to dislike the way this situation was panning out. She cautiously unbelted her blaster, and after placing slowly on floor, pushed it away from herself with her foot. 'Steady boys, I really don't want you guys to get trigger happy, especially not in my direction, all right?' She said, slowly raising her hands. Anarita gestured for her to drop her hands. 'You're not under arrest Lucretia.' The Admiral said. A look of confusion crossed Lucretia's face. 'So I'm not under arrest?' She asked. 'Admiral Varr put a word in for you.' She smiled as removed a small item from her hip pocket, the tossed Madia her ships door pass. 'He apologises for getting you involved.' She gave a small shrug. 'What's life without a little Excitement?' Madia smiled as she passed the young Trill. 'Longer!' The

Bajoran woman said, as she sneezed, then blushed.

Inside the vessel known as the Lady Luck, Madia walked through an arched doorway, and found herself on a safety railed mezzanine walkway around a large cargo bay and a metre above about one hundred and fifty metric tonnes of Grain. Another section of the ship held a cargo of raw Dilithium. Her team arrived behind her. 'Careful men!' She warned. 'You can drown in grain, almost as easily as in water.' They nodded as she started to scan the room, until one of them got a bleep from his Tricorder. She'd found the Orb of Prophecy, all she had to do now was retrieve it from the grain in which it had been buried . . .

From what Anarita had been told. Ke'reths people had been very thorough in their interrogation, and from what she'd heard that he'd already told Madia, both the Ferengi and the Orthellian Giant had broken under questioning. Both had given a name of a man on Bajor, a man named Jul Tehna, who had broken the Kai's confidence, and arranged to sell information pertaining to the Orbs whereabouts, into the hands of the Criminal organisation, known as the Orion Cartel.

Madia was disgusted. How deep did this conspiracy go? She wondered. She decided to take the battle to her Enemy in person. 'Prophets preserve me! Not only am I talking to myself, I'm thinking like a Klingon!' She said to the mirror in her quarters, as she stifled another sneeze. As she sat her desk a chime rang out as the Kai entered her office. 'My child, I have a favour to ask.' I asked the Prophets to guide me, and they led me to you, they tell of a time for a secret to come to an end, and for a distant wrong to be righted. They want you to make the arrest of a Bajoran Senior Administrator, a man

known as Jul Tehna; you'll acting for the Prophets.'

Madia packed a small case; the last Item she threw in was her Phaser in its holster. She zipped her case. She'd already left several notes to explain her absence for the next week or two. She'd claimed that it was for personal reasons. Not a lie, more a sin of omission. She thought to herself as she pulled on a flight suit and picked up her helmet. She then took her private Turbolift down to a small private hanger bay beneath the Embassy. There in a corner, under a large polyurethane sheet was her personal shuttle; eight metres of a copper coloured almost triangular wedge shaped hull, mounted with a pair of Klingon designed warp nacelles. It had been a gift from Ke'reth. Okay she thought to herself. He had bribed me with it. It had been a kind of trade deal sweetener, but the deal had been good for Bajor. She'd long since squared it with her conscience, and this vessel was about to come in useful.

Madia smiled, as she re-familiarised herself with the controls, she hadn't used it much since having her engineers retrofit it with Bajoran language control surfaces. She smiled as she found the word cloak. She'd pushed the deal hard, to have Ke'reth allow her to keep the cloaking device installed. She pressed the button, a shimmer ran beneath her pilot's chair, as a greenish glow ran across the hull, before shimmering out.

Two days had passed, as she travelled at high warp. She'd slipped into the area of space known as the Dalcas Corridor; a narrow area of subspace distortion that she knew would shave almost a week off her journey. Due to this, it was also was also the busiest trade route to and from Bajor.

It was morning on the third day, as Madia was woken by an irritating bleeping noise from the ships planetary system awareness proximity sensors. She almost rolled out of the chair as her back complained about Klingon upholstery, or the lack of it. It took a few minutes to get her head around the information on her screen. She found that her ship had dropped from warp, after approaching the orange Class K Planet Andros, with its twin moons that slowly passed on her port side. She rubbed her eyes, and searched for a Heading that would put her on-route for Bajor.

Another hour or so passed as the blue green of Bajor, with its light wispy clouds and frozen icecaps came into view on her screen, as her vessel threaded its way through the asteroids of the Denorios asteroid belt. Bajor appeared, framed within the window of her shuttle. She pulled up a Bajoran planetary map and started her approach. Dahkur Province was still shrouded in darkness, as she pulled her ship into a high orbit above it.

After making a couple of minor course adjustments to her trajectory she sat back in her chair, and replaced her helmet. She was heading for the monastery near the city of Tamulna. She chose a clearing on the outside of the city, and decided that she would take the Air-tram into the city.

After landing she opened her case and after having a rather unsatisfying sonic shower, she changed into a fresh red duty uniform and attaching her holster to a strap above her hip. She replicated herself a couple of high protein energy bars, in what Klingons called black chocolate flavour. She opened one and bit into it, it had strong almost bitter taste at first, but then seemed to sweeten in her mouth.

Her Uniform afforded her free travel on the Air-tram. As she

journeyed into the city, she glanced up from her seat as a young woman offered her a drink from a hovering hostess trolley. Madia took a Frelberry Soda, a favourite from childhood. It had a deep reddish colour to it, which matched the Bajoran sun coming up over the city, turning the crystalline structures of towers ahead to the colour of fire.

The Cartel Had made an enemy of her, when they involved themselves in her life.

It was as she approached the Monastery that she realised that the journey had taken longer than she'd expected. She could already hear the Chimes calling the Monks, Prylars and Vedeks to Morning Prayer. A man in a Grey and Charcoal uniform approached her. 'Can I help you Sir?' He asked. She smiled. 'Yes!' She replied. 'I'm looking for Monastery Administrator Jul Tehna.' She said. The guard nodded. 'Then you're on the wrong side of the quad General.' She shrugged. He looked back at the door behind him. 'Quickest way to the Admin block, is through those doors, down the stairs, take a right, down to the end of the corridor, third door on your left, through those doors across the contemplation gardens through the large green double doors, up the stairs along the corridor through the tan doors and you should be at the reception area of the Admin block.' She thanked him. 'May you walk with the Prophets.' He said reverently. 'And you.' She replied.

About twenty minutes later she found herself in an office reception area. A middle-aged woman with her hair pulled back into a tight bun smiled at her. 'How may I help you?' She asked. Madia took a deep breath.

'I need to speak with Jul Tehna please.' The woman smiled as she tapped something unseen into her computer console. 'He's in prayer for

the next hour; would you like to wait for him in the garden of Contemplation? He retires to the garden after morning prayers.' She returned the woman's grin out of politeness.

Madia sat down near a Bajoran woman dressed in Vedek's robes who sat and prayed with a string of jade coloured glass beads. Madia watched the water from an ornamental fountain scatter across a tower of rounded pebbles. The woman then glanced up at her and smiled, she was elderly, and had a face lined with age, but her eyes were sharp, bright, and almost cornflower blue. After chatting for a few minutes, the woman's manner changed slightly. 'Can I help you child?' She asked. Madia nodded politely. 'Do you know Jul Tehna?' The Woman smiled. 'I shouldn't speak ill; The Prophets know, it's not my way. But he's an odd one.' Madia sat closer to the woman. 'Odd?' She asked. 'In what way?' The woman looked around herself, and then leant towards Madia in a conspiratorial manner. 'He's not of the Prophets; I don't even think he prays anymore.' Madia blinked. 'I was told by the woman at the desk that he was in prayer.' The elderly woman, who'd earlier given her name as Raorym Vellen, coughed. 'Oh! He goes into the temple, but He doesn't seem to care.' Madia checked her chronometer. 'How so?' She asked. 'They said he was troubled by the occupation; he like the rest of us lost many friends. It affected him, made him sour.' Madia glanced down. 'Are you telling me that he lost his faith?' The old woman looked sadly into her eyes. 'There are days, it almost seems so.' She said. Madia almost found herself feeling a little sad for him, before a thought about the Orion Cartel's attempt to steal an Orb, and this man's involvement returned. 'Can you point him out to me? I'd like to speak with him; I've come a very long way.' The old woman reached out and grabbed the lobe of Madia's ear. She then smiled. 'You have a strong Pagh

child.' Madia nodded. The woman turned, as a small sad looking balding, and portly man in a tan suit came out into the garden. The old woman nodded towards him. Madia thanked the woman, and approached him slowly, so as not to alert him to her presence; she walked as if she was heading towards the door. It was only as she passed him, that she put her hand lightly on his shoulder. 'Jul Tehna?' She asked. He looked at her. 'I'm very busy.' He said curtly.

'I'd like a word with you?' She snapped as soon as she'd led him out of earshot of the old woman. 'I'm placing you under arrest!' He looked shocked. 'For what?' He asked angrily, 'For attempting to profit from the sale of an Orb.' He almost hid his look of fear. 'I don't know what you're talking about.' he said. She pulled her Phaser and placed it in the small of his back. 'Don't try and be a hero.' The man made a sound, in his throat. Madia thought for a moment that he was going to be sick, he doubled over and collapsed to the ground broken and sobbing. 'H'h'hero?' He queried his voice almost a whispering stutter. It was then that she realised that this man wasn't much of a threat to her, so she replaced her Phaser in her belt. He was crying, 'Incompetent bastards!' He moaned, they've ruined everything.' She tried to comfort the man that she'd set out to hate, or was hate too strong a word? He was pitiful. 'How long before you have to take me in?' He whispered. 'We have a little time.' She replied, as he nodded, wiping his eyes on his sleeve.

My problems started around two months ago. Or perhaps about forty something years ago.' He almost started to cry again, as he tried to compose himself. 'My recent Problems started when a man came here, he said that he wanted to see one of the fabled orbs of the Prophets, He told me that he had become fascinated with them, ever since he'd travelled through the wormhole. He'd even

learned to speak a little Bajoran. I told him, that I couldn't help him.'

It was then that he pulled out a padd, and showed me a Cardassian report from the early days of the Occupation. He told me that he knew that I'd been a collaborator, a traitor to my people.' Madia repressed the look of shock using her diplomat's skills. There had been a number of Collaborators during the Cardassian Occupation, but she thought them all dead or imprisoned. 'I was a young man, a foolish young man.' He coughed. 'No, I was worse than that, I was a Coward, and a traitor.' The words seem to shake him. 'Back then; I lived with my mother in the Rakantha Province. We were so poor, that at first even the Cardassians couldn't even find anything to steal from us. Mother washed and repaired Cardassian uniforms as she listened to them talk. They didn't know it but my mother was gifted with languages. She listened and remembered their words. She then passed it on to a man she knew in the Resistance.' She waited while he cried, again he wiped his eyes on his sleeve before continuing, I found out that he was my mother's lover, and I hated him for it. So one day, I reported him to a Glin I knew. Two days later, I heard that the entire Felia Resistance cell had been wiped out. I'd betrayed my own people in anger.' Glin Darot was promoted to Gul, for his massacre of thirty or more Bajorans at Prylar's cavern. He then came back to me, and told me that he would send my mother to the camps, to the north. If I didn't help him.' She shook her head sadly, as she pushed a wayward lock of blond hair from her eyes. 'He blackmailed you.' The old man nodded. 'First the Cardassians, then the Cartel, I've been a coward and a traitor all my life. The man from the Cartel offered me a fortune in latinum if I could tell him when and where the Orb would be travelling. It all seemed so simple. One more betrayal and I could go to Risa, live out my days in

the sun.' Madia had heard his story, it had saddened her, but she still had a job to do. 'If you hand yourself in, to the authorities, and tell them your story as you've told it to me. I'm sure the courts will try to be lenient . . .'

It was the day before Madia's return. Doctor Ryan smiled as she removed a silver bandage from Michael's hand. He flexed his fingers experimentally. 'Thank you Doctor.' He said with a grin. 'It seems okay.' He continued. 'You'll have to be careful in future.' She warned. 'In my line of work Doctor.' The man said with a roguish grin. 'Always!' And with that Michael stood up, and slipped his hand into the sleeve of his Starfleet Commander's uniform. She lent forwards, lowering her voice. 'I suppose you're not allowed to tell me where you're heading? Or even if I should call you Michael or Thomas?' The man grinned. 'Either or.' He replied cryptically. 'And as for my heading.' He continued. 'I'll be taking this afternoon's shuttle to back to Earth. Then on to New Los Angeles.' She smiled. 'If your hand should bother you.' She hinted' He grinned. 'I promise to consult a Doctor' He said calmly, as he caught himself extending his freshly healed hand. She took it lightly in her own. 'Good luck and Bon Voyage.' She said. 'Thanks Doc!' He replied as he turned to leave.

Ambassador Madia Amme had been back on the station for about a week, when she read from her news-feed, a report written about a Prisoner at a Bajoran Penal farm colony. His name was Jul Tehna. The Man had written on the wall of his cell. "The Prophets are all forgiving in time, they are merciful, and they talk to me. There is a place where there is no pain, a place where the sun still shines. Do not mourn my passing." He was later found to have hung himself . . .

MISCELLANEOUS

AWAY:MISSIONS

CLACTON SCI-FI:12TH SEPTEMBER 2004

As usual we will be attending Clacton Sci-Fi this year. The cost of running a bus down at the moment with the current numbers will be £20 per person. All attending full members will have to pay the reduced ticket rate if we are able to negotiate one this year.

Non members and visitor members will have to pay full ticket price.

For more details and to see which stars will be there visit www.clactonscifi.net

CLUB:AGENDA

- 14:00 Doors Open
- 14:30 Briefing
- 15:00 Model Making
- 16:00 Refreshments and social time
- 16:45 Raffle
- 17:00 Quiz
- 17:45 Clear away
- 18:00 Close

EDITORS:CORNER

As you can probably tell we do not have much of a newsletter this month. The reason, everyone seems, despite my constant reminders, to be oblivious of deadlines.

Therefore since the only contribution received this month was the Admirals Log, and that well over a week after the deadline, this is the standard you can expect to receive if people do not contribute. Were it not for my decision to print the remaining 2 parts of Roberts's story as one this would be a very much poorer effort than it already is!

If you do not want a newsletter every month just say so, it would save me several hours at the computer each month.

Basically as has been said before IT'S YOUR NEWSLETTER, USE IT OR LOSE IT!

I will no longer be reminding people of deadlines, so if the newsletter is crap you only have yourselves to blame!

Emma

KITCHEN:ROTA 2004

JULY TBA

AUGUST SEASPIRIT & JAZ

SEPTEMBER LISA & JAMES

OCTOBER DAVE & JEN

NOVEMBER CHRISTINE & ALEX

DECEMBER CHRISTMAS PARTY

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

ENTERPRISE: FOURTH SERIES

STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE, the most recent instalment and fifth television series from Paramount's long-running and ever-popular Star Trek franchise, begins production on its fourth season this week. The series will resume with the episode entitled, "Storm Front Pt. I".

Last season, STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE took a startling new direction, which presented some of the most spectacular action and visual effects in Star Trek history. It was the first time a Star Trek series followed a season-long story arc, which chronicled the crew as they were confronted with their greatest challenge: saving Earth from a new race of threatening time-travelling aliens, the Xindi. These aliens, first seen in the second season finale, launched a pre-emptive strike against Earth, killing millions. At the conclusion of the third season the crew successfully stopped the Xindi's super weapon from destroying Earth. However, in the process, Captain Archer (Scott Bakula) was seriously injured and transported to what appeared to be World War II-era Nazi Germany.

Over the course of the third season, Archer conjured a greater decisiveness and toughness that was necessary to lead his crew into the dreaded Delphic Expanse and destroy the Xindi's super weapon. T'Pol (Jolene Blalock) left the Vulcan High Command and consequently shed her Vulcan hair and clothing. Though the Xindi weapon has been destroyed, she remains unconvinced that those travelling in space and the Earth itself are safe.

In addition to Scott Bakula and Jolene Blalock, the cast members include: Connor Trinneer as Chief Engineer Charles "Trip" Tucker III, Dominic Keating as Lt. Malcolm Reed; Anthony Montgomery as Ensign Travis Mayweather; Linda Park as Ensign Hoshi Sato and John Billingsley as Dr. Phlox.

Manny Coto, co-executive producer of STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE, joins the ranks of show runner alongside Rick Berman and Brannon Braga this season. Shortly after graduating from the American Film Institute, Coto wrote and directed an episode of "Tales from the Crypt." He went on to direct the feature film, "Dr. Giggles" and the children's film, "Star Kid." He was also

a writer and producer on the series "Outer Limits" and created the series

"Odyssey 5" for Showtime. He joined the writing staff of STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE in 2003.

Rick Berman and Brannon Braga are the executive producers and creators of STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE, which is based on Star Trek created by Gene Roddenberry. STAR TREK: ENTERPRISE is produced by Paramount Television for UPN. Paramount Television is a unit of Viacom Inc.

SOURCE Paramount Television

Web Site: <http://www.paramount.com>

STAR TREK: SCOTTY HAS ALZHEIMERS

The actor who played Scotty in the original Star Trek TV series and films, James M Doohan, has been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease.

The 84-year-old learned he had the progressive neurological disorder "within the last couple months", his agent Steven Stevens said.

Doohan also has Parkinson's disease, diabetes and fibrosis.

Living in Seattle, he appeared in the original 1960s Star Trek TV series and seven Star Trek films.

His career spans more than 50 years, but he remains best known for his role as the USS Enterprise's affable chief engineer, Lt Cdr Montgomery "Scotty" Scott.

Doohan also served as a soldier in the Canadian military during World War II.

Memory loss

His son Chris Doohan said his father's Alzheimer's diagnosis stemmed from his father's increasing loss of short-term memory.

"His long-term memory seems to be intact," he said. "If you ask him how he got his role on Star Trek or [about] D-Day, he can talk for an hour about that. But if you ask him what he had for breakfast, he can't say."

Doohan reprised his role as Scotty in seven Star Trek movies

Stevens, who has represented Doohan for 28 years, said the actor made a cameo appearance in forthcoming horror movie Skinwalker: Curse of the Shaman in January.

"He didn't have any energy and he seemed very frail," Stevens said, "but as soon as they yelled 'action', he was the same old feisty Scotty."

The actor lives in Redmond, Seattle, with his wife Wende and three children. He also has four children from a previous marriage, Stevens said.

Doohan plans to attend a three-day Star Trek farewell convention in Hollywood from 28 August, with co-stars William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy.

Doohan is also due to receive a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame on 31 August.

BBC NEWS: 7th July 2004