



URGENT NEWS FLASH

A major security breach at the First Contact Day celebrations ended in Tragedy as 57 Starfleet Security Officers were killed in the line of duty. Events leading up to the massacre are unclear at this point but shocked witnesses claim to have seen a cloaked and hooded figure carrying a scythe as the slaughter began.

Who or what is the strange figure photographed by witness Lt Philip Young of Starbase 24?

The tragedy was further compounded when Starfleet Special forces accidentally opened fire on the beleaguered security teams. It is believed that the order to open fire was mistakenly given by Major Trip Hazzard.

speaking after the event, Commander James Zeun of the Equulus was quoted as saying "everyone knows the score when donning a red shirt. They made the supreme sacrifice." When asked how he felt about taking command of the Equulus after the death of his commanding officer, Captain Wil Ross, he replied "While their names may not be remembered and their deaths were agonising and pointless. Where would the heroic charismatic commander be without the anonymous security

officer? The captain's death is a senseless tragedy, I could never fill his shoes, but I'll certainly try to fill the empty seat"

A medium attempted to contact Captain Ross but the dead man declined to comment.



An unknown photographer is seen risking his life to record the horrific events

One of the witnesses was Admiral James Mackenzie of Starbase 24. In tribute to the fallen officers, the admiral said "I have never seen such

bravery in Starbase personnel. Their names will go down in history"

The event is now under investigation by SCIS, the Starfleet Criminal Investigative Service.



Klingon Renegades Routed

The elite Starbase 24 Vesuvius Fleet made its first successful operation against Klingon Renegades, on the Cardassian Border. The group, known to be under the flag of the extremist faction "The Dishonoured" had attempted to hack into Cardassian

Orbital weapons platforms to deactivate them, and allow them to smuggle contraband items into isolated areas of Cardassian space.

However, the new Starbase 24 Vesuvius fleet were able to intercept the renegades before they finished the sabotage.

“It was a close run thing” said Fleet Captain Adam Daniels, temporarily in command of the galaxy class Vesuvius. “The Dishonoured aren’t like most Klingons – they are just that, dishonoured. From what I’m told, most of them are children and descendants of renegade Klingons. People like Chang, Kell, and Duras. Some of them were children, ripped out of lives of luxury because of their parents’ choices. Others were born into lives of misery because of what their parents and grandparents chose to do.”

Historically, Klingons with this history end up as bodyguards and mercenaries for races such as the Ferengi and the Orions. However, three years ago, hundreds flocked to the flag of the mysterious Kray, son of K’ax, under the flag of the Dishonoured.

“The nearest example I can come up with is the old Motorcycle gangs on earth.” Daniels further explained “They have no loyalty to their nation state, but an intense loyalty to each other, and a strong desire to survive, which would be admirable, if they weren’t stealing ships and filling them with illegal contraband.”

The fleet engaged a Neg’var Class ship, believed to be the IKS Mogh, stolen by the Dishonoured, a K’Tinga Class ship, and a Vor’cha class battle ship. There were no Federation losses.

“I dislike killing” Daniels said “But our intel suggested that the Dishonoured had loaded the Vor’cha class ship with enough weapons to let Cardassian extremists make life hell for a lot of people, Federation, Klingon and Cardassian. They were going to sell it all for a handsome profit.”

When asked if we had seen the last of the Dishonoured Daniels was guarded. “Losing a Neg’Var class ship would be a significant setback for the Empire, for a small group like the Dishonoured, it should be catastrophic. However, the Dishonoured are resourceful.”

Daniels refused to comment on speculation that Kray was on Mexaar, the Dishonoured’s safe haven, and that the group had recently started admitting individuals from other races as associates.



Fleet Captain Daniels meets Commander Troi, Kehlani Meets Martok.

Whilst visiting the SFBall at Bournemouth, crew from Starbase 24, met other officers and dignitaries from across the galaxy. One such trip happened, when Fleet Captain Adams later met Commander Troi of the USS Titan.

FC Adams “Won” some discarded food from the Counselor as a joke gift. Despite claiming to have abandoned the unwanted morsel, a request was sent to Starbase logistics for a advanced cloning lab to be installed on the Robin Hood’s next refit.

Elsewhere, Fleet Captain Kehlan met with Chancellor Martok. It is unknown what was discussed, however rumour suggests that Martok was planning to lend more support to the Starbase.. Informally, it was said



that strategies were discussed concerns anti Vulcan combat techniques.



The crew later were transported to the 18th century old west, where they encountered a member of South Wales Starfleet, disguised to better infiltrate the natives. Starbase 24 deny any accusations that Mr. Owen has been kidnapped, however, they are willing to enter negotiations in return for

delivery of Bailey’s.

The Ball – Another view by Geoff Owen

I was attending a Starfleet communications conference at Starbase Carrington as the representative of USS Savoy, assigned to Starbase 234.

I arrived by runabout alone and I'd been there for two days enjoying the talks from Commander Deanna Troi formerly of the USS Enterprise NCC-1701D and NCC1701E, Klingon Chancellor Martok and a holographic representation of former Chancellor Gowron. There were also talks by someone called Arnold Rimmer (from a mining ship called Red Dwarf) and a mysterious individual from a remote planet called Gallifrey who only called himself The Doctor, along with a lady called Ace. Strangely at some point on the second evening of events, The Doctor stepped into a blue box and vanished. This took me by surprise because I dropped my guard briefly.

It was at this point that my attackers struck. From my right hand side, I saw a brief blue flash out of the corner of my eye and realised someone had fired a phaser on stun at me. I tried to look at my attackers and to my surprise I saw a group of

Starfleet officers. Their uniforms looked a little odd to me, but one was definitely Klingon. As I lost consciousness I heard the Klingon say something about 'Baileys'.

I came around in a brightly lit room. My phaser and tricorder had been removed, along with my communicator. I recognised the type of room immediately as being inside a cell of a Starfleet vessel. I heard the faint hum of the forcefield in the entry way but couldn't see into the dark hallway beyond. My first thought was 'What on Earth did I do, and how much Romulan Ale did I drink last night?' but then I realised I hadn't drank anything other than synthehol. The events of the evening before started coming back and I suddenly found myself transported to an old-fashioned room and in front of me was a screen displaying a message with the instruction to read it out. A Klingon voice yelled out "On your knees, human! READ IT!"

In hindsight I should have given my name, rank and current assignment but the recent events had confused me so much, I did what they asked. I read the script and was transported back to my cell. I saw no-one else until the following morning when a Bolian entered my cell with an old-fashioned tape measure. I tried to ask him who he was, where I was, who had kidnapped me but he remained completely silent as he measured my chest, waist and inside leg. A short while later, I was transported again and found myself in a hotel reception area. Another screen displayed a script for me to read. So that's why I was being measured - they were measuring me for one of their uniforms! More mention of Bailey's. I still didn't understand!

My captors, although invisible had treated me well and made sure I was adequately fed and catered for.

Report from Lt Geoff Owen to Special agent Zhiva th'Zarath, representative to Starfleet Criminal Investigative Service.



Hello all, I've been approached by the admirals and asked to do an article on one of my kits so here we go. I've never done this before so please bear with me. For those of you who know me, I'm a prolific model maker and owner of Holt Shipyards. So, my project for this article is the USS Savoy, Thunderchild class which just happens to be the flagship of the South Wales Starfleet so I must thank Pete Kijek of Asgard Models and all at SWF for all their help and support.

With that done lets get this show on the road...

1. Parts

- 1 USS Excelsior dish,
 - 2 two Excelsior-class nacelles
 - 3 one shuttle bay
 - 4 one neck assembly
 - 5 one arboretum dome
 - 6 one deflector dish
 - 7 one shuttle bay assembly
 - 8 two USS reliant torpedo pods with struts
- everything else I fabricated mostly out of plasti-card

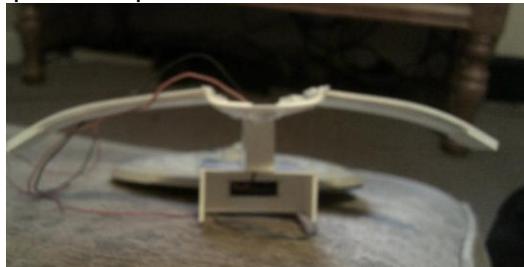
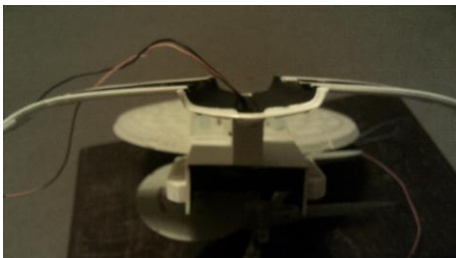
Method:

The first thing that I did was to break down everything into its component parts. After that I started work on the dish top drilling two rows of holes around the circumference of the dish and a few on the bridge following the imagery supplied.

Then I painted the underside of the dish, first black to stop light leakage, then silver to reflect any light from the bulbs I place. Next I cut away the raised area between the impulse engines making it flat, then I made a top piece of the box that I was about to make from plasti-card. I also measured and cut around the arboretum dome.

That done I painted the dome in clear blue, then I cut out the sides, glued them together and then I glued it to the back of the dish.

Just a note - I added an extra 20 mm to the sides of the box that stands proud of the dish. I then used the thickest plasti-card to put in two "walls" to strengthen the box one about half-way down the outer about 10 mm from the rear of the box. I then flipped the whole lot over and built the strut holding the torpedo pod on top of the box and ran wires for lighting.



I then glued a wire block inside the torpedo pod and glued it onto the torpedo strut



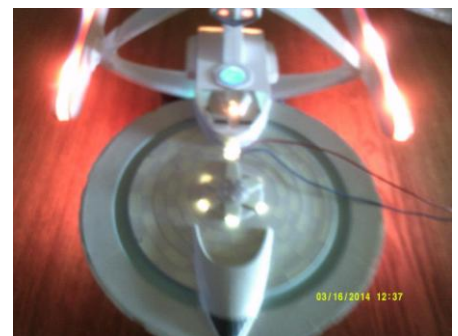
If at this point you're thinking "My God what a lot of work" then I'm not finished yet... having got this far I flipped everything over again gluing in the arboretum dome and putting in a bulb. I then made a top for the box and cut a hole for the deflector dish so it would go directly under the arboretum dome and built a second torpedo pod strut.

I then turned my attention to the back of the box and the impulse engines. This is the one area of the ship that I had no idea what it looked like so I used "poetic licence" and a 50p coin. Half an hour later I had the

back of the box completed after placing wiring and bulbs in the back of the box. I used red gel and a diffuser for the impulse engines and glued the lot together so once I had the box built with everything in place and both torpedo struts in place, I glued on both torpedo pods to the struts and as the torpedo pods came with struts of their own which I had to make thicker with plasti-card to carry wiring for the nacelles.

This led me to the most difficult part of the whole kit - connecting all the torpedo pod struts together in such a way that it wouldn't tear itself apart.

This was accomplished by some strong masking tape and attaching the top two struts over the bottom two but I desperately had to strengthen the joins in both corners so I measured and cut out two shapes - one large, one small, gluing the large one to the bottom strut and the small one on top of that I cut a third large shape and glued it onto the top strut I then covered it in good old squadron white filler and rubbed down this added the strength that I needed so I didn't need to drill and pin "PHEW"



Next came the job of attaching the nacelles which came with its own problems... but this is where I must admit to having the nacelles already made... but it's just a question of all non-clear parts painting black and silver, wiring the bulbs, painting the clear parts red and blue, fitting light diffuser and coloured gel over the bulbs and gluing together... then to attach the struts to the nacelles (no mean feat I can assure you.)

I measured the torpedo pod struts and transferred the measurements to the nacelles, then cut-away an area on the nacelles where the struts would meet and glued into place for this I used ordinary model glue instead of super glue and waited for about half an hour before adjusting the nacelles to get them straight. Then I quickly re-glued with super glue and covered with squadron white filler and let that dry for 72 hrs before rubbing down.

I also put filler down the length of the nacelle to stop it going inwards. After that was dry I shaped the filler so it looked part of the nacelle then I flipped the whole kit over and started on the bottom of the dish. The centre piece was already cut out and lit with a bulb. I carved a small piece of plasti-card to fit in the back of the shuttle bay and glued it onto the front of the bottom half of the dish and covered with filler.

I then took the Excelsior neck piece, measured 20 mm and cut it which was roughly in half, I then glued the neck piece into the slot provided for it in the dish and covered

with filler. After rubbing down I cut a piece of plasti-card and glued onto the top of the neck, then I used that "poetic licence" again and cut and shaped the part of the Excelsior behind the shuttle bay to fit on top of the neck.

I also added a small box on each side aligned with the dish then added some surface detail and that is where I'm at now "thank the gods i here you say" ill be doing this article in two parts as I've not started the external paint job and decaling yet so tune in next time for another gripping instalment.

Commander Mick Holt out



ELVIX

The 2390 Tour

May 8 th - 10 th ,	Las Vegas Earth
May 15 th – 17 th	Vulcan Art College
May 22 nd – 24 th	First City Qo'nos
May 29 th – 31 st	Starbase 24
Jun 4 th – 6 th	Deep Space Nine
August 1 st – 2 nd	Cardassia

Book your tickets now Ladies and gentleman, looking forward to seeing some wonderful audiences

- *Elvix* *xxxxxx*

Society News

A little over a year ago, Starbase 24 celebrated the wedding of two command team members, N'Sal and commander Martin Penwarden. The reporting team of the Frontera Times would like to wish them a happy first anniversary. A special ceremony was held at the 7th Starfleet Klingon banquet, officiated by Rear Admiral Kehlan and Ambassador Kereth epetai Makura, who led the happy couple through a traditional Klingon wedding ceremony, mixed with elements from the ancient Terran Pagan tradition. After the ceremony, a rather bruised and battered bridegroom (painstiks are well named) said that the site of his bride made the path to Kal-hyah worth it a hundred times over"

The wedding celebrations were almost spoiled by not completely unexpected trouble with the Guindarri representatives. Unfortunately, the ambassador, who had publicly pledged the good behaviour of his team, was forced to execute a relcalcitrant Guindarri citizen who had interrupted the special guest appearance of the singing hologram, Elvix who had interrupted his tour to perform at the wedding. As he beheaded his foe, the ambassador was heard to shout "There can be only one" We are assured that the lightning storm that occurred immediately afterwards was nothing more than an electrical fault.

Renowned bounty hunter Boba Fett also visited the Starbase as part of the celebrations, although he was unable to stay for the official banquet. On departing, he was heard to say that these were not the droids he was looking for.

Since the unfortunate death of the Gundarri insurgent and the presentation of its head to the blushing bride, strange sounds have been heard in the corridors of the Starbase. An image that can only be described as ghostly was picked up on deck 13 a few nights ago. The admiralty are in talks with the Federation ghostbusting team in the hope of having the base exorcised.



Rear admiral Kehlan said that the ghost of the penguin past will not be allowed to disrupt the festivities at the 8th Banquet, due to be held in October and that she will have a team of minions on duty to prevent any trouble.

Wedding Photo Special



Maximum Warp

COS WARP 8 IS FOR WIMPS

By Major slnra ReshtarQ

the D6 (translated from Klingon Intelligence Bureau: Shinra's Fighting Ships)

The Klingon D6 is a tough ship to love. It's also very easy.

If you factor out the cramped living spaces and lack of recreation facilities for a crew, usually only to be expected on a B'rel class escort or a similar class of ship, you realise this ship can be quite entertaining in the right hands with a perfect blend of speed and manoeuvrability- admittedly it is due to this that the reactor assembly is notorious for leaking whilst in flight- and indeed many a warrior has been lost to these very failings. The D6 is considered by many to be the first serious use of the Drell style design by the Klingons, and indeed many of the features seen in this vessel can be seen in the D7 which wouldn't come out of the drydock for trials and shakedown for another 30 years.

Bridge.

The bridge on the D6 is quite spacious for a Klingon vessel of this era, more than anything like an enlarged D5 bridge. Again many elements of the command and control equipment found on the D6 would end up on the later D7 and D7K/D8 (K't'inga) class vessels virtually unchanged. This was to aid crews who would be used to commanding D6 class vessels thus removing the need for time consuming and expensive changes to training regimens and equipment.

Crew Quarters.

The quarters for the enlisted crew are spartan but spacious (consisting of two bunks on each side with a single table in the centre and lockers next to the entrance. There is no replicator as such technology was reserved only for the command officers though crew will often store food and drink in their lockers- provided it's not found during a surprise inspection by the department heads. Officer Quarters on the D6 are found in the lower section of the command section far from the secondary hull where the radiation levels can often be fatal if you are in that environment for long periods of time. Junior Officers will often share two to a room and Senior Officers will have quarters to themselves with a basic replicator for personal use though the Officer class will often prefer to bring live food onboard in order to appear like 'true' Klingon Warriors.

Armament.

Armament on the D6 is often identical to early model D7's. Twin disruptor cannons on the end of each engine nacelle with a single torpedo launcher mounted on the 'mouth' of the command section, though in some cases like with the D7 this has a

powerful deflector shield in its place. The D6 will often carry fighters and Assault Shuttles in place of standard Transport Shuttles to supplement the weapons mounted on the ship. Marines are often carried in stasis chambers like on the D7 though they are usually fewer in number. Marines disembark using a single mass transporter or Assault Shuttles depending on the type of mission.

Crew Amenities.

Crew amenities are Klingon standard, two mess halls, one for Senior Officers and one that the Junior Officers and Enlisted Crew share. This is the same for the ships two training halls. Waste Management is primitive yet perfectly serviceable- even by human standards. Food for the crew is kept in cold storage. Senior Officers have access to fresh and live food depending on their preference.

Engineering.

The Engineering section of a D6 is usually hot, humid, dark and smoky. Contrary to popular Terran belief, the smoke is not to a Klingons preference- this is usually just due to the nature of the engines when they are in operation. On more modern Klingon ships this is much less evident due to increased shielding and improved reactor technology introduced in the D7 and K't'inga ships onward. An engineers duty on a D6 is particularly difficult as due to the vessel's extreme speed and manoeuvrability the engines are often taxed to breaking point. When in a combat situation one would think the Captain was actually attempting to fly his vessel apart and the sound of deckplates whining during a particularly daring manoeuvre at warp speed becomes an easily recognised one after a cadets first cruise.

Support Vehicles.

The D6 carries a complement of 4 shuttles for transport when the transporters are unavailable or it is considered unwise to use them. Often these will be replaced with 4 fighters, 4 assault shuttles or a mixture of the two types. The hanger bay is a bi-level assembly with the take off area directly behind the hanger door with a single elevator in the floor leading down into the maintenance area below.

Summary.

Whilst the Klingon D6 is very much an older design, it is considered by many Klingons and Terrans alike to be the first serious application of the Drell design theory by the Empire and is even now considered something of a threat even without refits. It is especially dangerous to a single enemy ship as the D6 will often be found in a wolfpack of 3 vessels like their younger brothers the D7 and K't'inga.

Lieutenant Commander Mackenzie Taylor's Journey in 2013!

Well where to start - some of you may have heard that I did a tandem skydive for Diabetes UK. After Rear Admiral Kehlan had done her second Orbital skydive. We were in the back of the shuttle, I opened my mouth and said that I would be interested in doing one. Kehlan said pick a charity. The reason I picked Diabetes UK is that my younger brother Richard died through this horrible Auto-immune disease.

I raised without Gift Aid **£292.50** and Total raised incl. Gift Aid: **£340.63**.



The date of the jump was the Saturday 25th May 2013. The morning came and I was so excited and scared. I remember how little sleep I had the night before. So we had the safety briefing and at roughly 09:15 I went up in the plane which was a Cessna 208. We climbed to around thirteen thousand Feet. I started to feel scared and nervous. I had to keep telling myself to breathe. As we moved forward me and my instructor was keeping me calm. I could not let the charity down. I am so proud of doing it. I can't thank Kehlan enough for making me do it.



Stardate 459826.8

Personal Log – Lt. Juanita Corea

Our resolute crew finally rendezvoused with the various Earth representatives at Nijmegen in the Netherlands Colony. We had arrived for this sector's well known military training exercise that occurs every five years. Since almost all of the

members of the United Federation of Planets had sent some type of military team, we knew it was going to be an amazing event. Before the main event there were a couple of old fashioned tests of physical stamina and endurance that weeded out the weak from the strong! For us humanoids, it was a 100-mile (an archaic Earth measurement) road-march completed by foot on the ground. Can you believe it? No other equipment was permitted for locomotion besides your own biological feet (no robotic or cyborg feet are permitted). It was absolutely insane but I joined in and had a blast.

The marching was completed over 4 Earth-days and our entire team had to complete each day together, all 25 miles. Members were permitted to drop only due to medical conditions. Our team did have three personnel drop out due to various injuries but the rest, all ten of us, completed the march together. It was an inspirational event that really tested our ability to endure. I must say that the Netherlands Colony's reputation for hospitality and friendliness is well deserved. We may have been Starfleet but they took us into their hearts and made us all feel welcome, even the children were friendly. You wouldn't get that sort of treatment on Cardassia Prime! Here the children ran alongside us while we marched and either offered us fruit and snacks or asked for military souvenirs.

I had some Starbase 24 coins and gave out a couple to some very friendly colonists who allowed us to use their facilities. It was in an emergency because we were far from the military rest stop! I was also able to share some more coins with the famed South African "lost colony" team. Who would have guessed that they would make their way back into the Federation after their many years of isolation? Of course, as was to be expected they were a little hesitant to mingle with the rest of us but at least we tried.

The military encampment was primitive by Starfleet standards since the Nijmegen administrators really do believe in historical accuracy and they had based the camp on a 21st century encampment from the original Nijmegen. Oh, I should have mentioned that the road-march event was based upon a historical event from centuries ago; I think it was July 2013. Oh well, at least it was fun and I really must remember to run this in the holosuite. I'm sure some of the other Starbase 24 personnel would enjoy it as a simulation.

"Ops to ..."

Darn, back to work.

Personal Log out.



Admiralty Briefing

From the office of Rear Admiral Kehlan

It's been some months since the last edition of the Frontera Times was released and a lot has happened since then. We are now a quarter of the way through the new year and very soon it will be time to celebrate the 49th Pre-anniversary of First Contact with the Vulcans. At Starbase 24 we are very excited and proud to be attending this event and we look forward to seeing our friends there and making new friends.

Earlier this year several of the Senior command team got together at the SF Ball in Bournemouth. If you haven't been to the ball, you should... although thankfully next year will be in a new venue. It is a massive tribute to Annie, 'B' and the rest of the SFB team that despite the overwhelming problems facing them, they still managed to pull off a successful event that was enjoyed by all and raised over £400 for the Teenage Cancer Trust.

Highlights of that wonderful weekend included our very own Captain K'Vaar taking part in the tea duelling with his opponent Captain Picard (Derek Wheatland) the resulting battle came close to re-igniting war between the Federation and the Klingon Empire... a scenario that would have left this half Klingon admiral with very divided loyalties... Luckily the duel resulted in a draw and a truce was called.



Other highlights included seeing the look on my fleet Captain's face when he won a sample of counselor Deanna Troi's DNA, my story winning first prize in the fiction competition and spending time with Lieutenant Owen of South Wales Starfleet.

On that subject, I feel I must address some malicious rumours which persist in circulating. At no point was I or any other officer of Starbase 24 involved in the kidnapping of said officer. His transfer and

subsequent appearance in a starbase uniform was purely voluntary and had nothing to do with the non arrival of a bottle of Baileys.

I can however attest to the fact that my fleet captain was involved in the torture and murder of an innocent piece of 20th century music. When questioned afterwards, Fleet Captain Adams replied that it was an unpleasant duty but someone had to do it.

On a more pleasant note, Admiral Mackenzie and I have just returned from a far too short visit to Earth on a diplomatic mission where, in the company of Commander Diana Vargas, the USS Endeavour's senior counselor, we carried out an

investigation into the phenomena of Donkey Butter, Shrinking Shrimps and But-Tails. More of this will be detailed in the counselor's official report.

For the Admiralty and command staff of SB24, 2014 is turning out to be a busy year. As well as First contact Day, where we hope to see you all, we will be attending a very special set of performances at the Royal Albert Hall commemorating the controversial documentaries about the life of Starfleet Legend, James T Kirk.

In the summer time several of the Starbase's female officers, including myself and commander Mackenzie Rae Taylor, will be taking part in the Race for Life. We hope that you will all be generous in your support of this very worthy cause. We would like to invite other female officers to join us, either at Peterborough or by participating in their own local Race for Life. While men cannot race, they are more than welcome to come and shout encouragement and of course to sponsor us.

October of course brings our 8th Annual Banquet, The Haunting of Starbase 24, once again in aid of Macmillan Cancer Support and the Eastern German Shepherd Dog Rescue. We look forward to once again being your hosts for a weekend of fun and mayhem for two really fantastic charities.

Over the last few months, Starbase 24 has made new friends and continued to grow and develop. It is you, the members, who have made this possible. You are what makes SB24 special and you are the reason we do what we do. Thank you for being part of our journey and may we continue to travel side by side into the future.

Friendships and alliances with other groups and clubs have also continued to grow and develop. Strong bonds have formed, in some cases with people we may never be lucky enough to meet in person, but who nevertheless, we value for their friendship and support. Such a group is the USS Obready in Canada. Closer to home we have the USS Cuchulain in Ireland, the Alba in Scotland and the USS Savoy in Wales.... The USS Naseby, our closest neighbours.... and last but certainly not the least, the USS Equulus. Truly we are a United Federation and as the SB24 motto states, "In Unity there is Strength" Together we can and will achieve anything!

Qapla'

Rear Admiral Kehlan out

From the Desk of Admiral Mackenzie

Starbase 24 Mission Report.

Rear Admiral T'Iar and I attended the First Contact Day celebrations hosted by the USS Equulus at the National Space Centre in the Leicester Sector. A great time was

had by all. Captain Wil Ross and his command team have done an excellent job. If this is the future of Trek in this country, then I will be proud to be part of it.



The USS Equulus Crew (photo taken by Stephen Retro Smith)



Highlights included meeting with my fellow admirals (especially Fleet Admiral John Field) and being asked to help judge the costume competition. There were a wide variety of costumes entered, all of which were a very high standard and judging was difficult.

costume contest winners (photo taken by Philip Young)

philosophy at Starbase 24 and it was great to see so many others with the same ideals and goals.



Starbase 24 members were present in force. Fleet Captain Adams, Captain Hightower, Captain Joel, Commander Mick Holt, Commander Mackenzie Taylor, N'Sal, Martin Penwarden and Lt

Juanita Corea were also part of the Diplomatic Team. Our thanks to all of them for their support.

It was also a bonus to be off duty and hence able to relax and enjoy the event without having to worry about the organisation, knowing that everything was in the very capable hands of the Equulus team. We look forward to enjoying many more such events run by the USS Equulus. Well done to all involved.

Admiral James Mackenzie out.

DONKEY BUTTER, SHRINKING SHRIMP AND BUTTAILSAN OFFICIAL VISIT BY THE ADMIRALS TO SEVILLE

By Commander Diana Vargas, Chief Counsellor, USS Endeavour



Our remote region found in sector 000 had the honor of receiving the admirals, James Mackenzie and Kehlan for a short 7 day visit. The admirals enjoyed visiting the historic monumental sites, company of locals, and its delicious cuisine. I had the honor of escorting the admirals during their visit... Here's my inside story:

The admirals arrived weary but excited in the evening of their first day. We humbly received 2 Enterprise and a Klingon Bird of Prey model ships which we put forth for display, and after settling down in their provided quarters they partook of a very old gypsy traditional home cooked meal, *Papas con Fideos y Huevo Duro*, a potato stew. This satisfactorily left Admiral Mackenzie in awe, accompanied by some

Spanish style cured ham and manchego cheese. Just a simple repast, but one that promised many more to be discovered....

What you don't know is that Rear Admiral Kehlan was an old friend from 17 years past. We'd served on the Enterprise together for a while. With her arrival in my home, we picked up from where we left off like it was just maybe 17 months and not years. Time hadn't seemed to pass, and I mean it. She looked the same!!! In fact I'm still wondering if any secret time travel actually was involved..... or if that secret elixir was actually ever found!...I haven't still discarded these thoughts.



After lots of struggles and changes through the years, not to mention each acquiring husbands who were amazingly well predicted, we finally met up again! ...And here we were.... Or better said,... *"remember, where ever you go, there you are"*.

The next day at 0900 hours the Admirals accompanied our young resident cadet and myself on a bit of exercise – a walk round the neighborhood. Special Cadet Dakko possesses a particular quality which won over Admiral Mackenzie's heart. The Admiral took him under his wing and dedicated a lot of time to teach him a few things, those that a future ensign of his calibre should know as he gains maturity. It was very kind of him to lavish such attention on such a sentient who sadly hardly has much recognition or respect in our society today.... Young Cadet Dakko remembers him well and still searches for his scent....

A request for traditional foods, such as the night before, met with a breakfast that surprised both admirals: Traditional, Spanish style baguettes, toasted with virgin olive oil and slices of tomato on top, Mostachones (a flat sponge



cake), and Tortas de Aceite (a thin large flat cracker type biscuit with strong anise flavour).

And here I can tell you all about the donkey butter. Well, at this time there was offered a choice of butter or oil to put on top of the toast. How can I put it? Hmm..... here's one way: Do you know what 'Burro' means ? Right. Yes, Donkey. Very true. Now, if you saw it on a packet of butter. What would you think it meant? Oh, I neglected to mention that it was an organic packet of butter from Italy. Sooo, yes! Right! You guessed it... a special rare type of butter made from Italian donkeys. Huh, is there really such a thing? These were actually my own personal thoughts as well when I first saw the butter at the local shop where I shop. I wondered about it being any good and decided to try it. As the woman at the checkout counter , rang up my items I asked her if she knew if this 'donkey butter' was any good. She looked at me , then at the butter, and back at me, and with a straight face said – it's cow butter. 'Burro' is '*butter* ' in Italian....Oooops! Boy was I feeling extra stupid that day. The Admirals loved the story... but wait... there was more. Yes, a few weeks later I was again buying the now tasted and very much admired Italian butter at the same shop. There was a new girl at the counter and when I went to pay she picked up the butter and looked at it. She was quite friendly and seemed to be interested in all things as well as to establish a rapport with clients etc., so she looks at me inquisitively and asked about the butter. She said, ' Is this Donkey butter any good?'... ... Yes, the laugh was heard far and wide. That is the Admirals', not mine at the time that I was in the shop... back then I smiled, containing my mirth, and had to discreetly explain to her what had been explained before to me... in front of all the other clients in the queue. .Needless to say Donkey butter....was our first ongoing joke for the next 6 days.

Later that morning, I then escorted the admirals to see the city. The ancient city of Seville. The historic part of course. We circled the city and saw the Roman & Arab walls, only navigable river in all of Spain; el Guadalquivir, the *Torre de Oro* monument (now naval museum – later visited by the admirals with an official visit), the main university building which used to be the old Tobacco Factory building where '*Carmen*' Bizet's opera was inspired, and the *Jardines de Murillo*, very beautiful gardens with old massive trees which beyond welcomed the admirals into the oldest part of the city, *Barrio Santacruz*, what was the Old Jewish Quarter. These small narrow twisting streets with their decorative windows full of flowering



geraniums and wisteria covered walls were indeed photographed by the admirals. Wait. No seriously. I hadn't any idea that not only did Admiral Mackenzie have a very impressive camera - but Admiral Kehlan as well! Both, each with a camera in hand, looked very much the professionals walking through the city. ... Then we saw the cathedral, 3rd largest in the world, her bell tower known as the Giralda and the entrance to the mudejar style Alcazar Palace (Still the official residence for the Spanish Royal Family when visiting Seville and later visited formally by the admirals),.... we continued our walk to City Hall and rested with a traditional *Tinto de Verano* and an aperitif of calamari stew in a tapa form.

Donkey butter kept coming up out of the blue... we were well on our way to continuous laughter on and on....

. This being the first official day in the city, it was amazing that the Admirals then managed to so quickly stumble upon a comic/collector items/sci-fi, fantasy shop. Now that I think of it, how could it have been any other way? Nothing was actually bought, as Special Cadet Dakko was by then sending his telepathic messages requesting us to return to base for his next walk.

My next official escort with the Admirals was to take them to the transporter station where they journeyed all of 20 min. by bus to the town of Santiponce where the large roman ruins of Italica can be visited. A massive part of the ancient town has been uncovered complete with roman circus, theatre, streets, baths etc. A very special place that is my personal favorite and much pleased that the Admirals fully enjoyed it. After a long morning and more good home cooked food, *Pollo Alejillo* (chicken and garlic with lemon), they ventured alone on the pilgrimage to Amidala's palace which was actually not too far from our base. Knowing the Admirals' photography fetish, I'm looking forward to seeing these pics.... it's like Admiral Kehlan said, it's photogenic itself!

On day 4 we transported over to a small city/town to visit Lebrija. But first I was honored with the admirals' special commission of which I was awarded with and ceremoniously humbly accepted.

We spent the night as guests of the retired ambassador Delia in this very ancient city and partook of delicious tapas on the main promenade after having walked round some of the most historic parts and shot fantastic pics including some falcons hunting high in the sky.

That night the ambassador personally prepared a *Paella* which Admiral Mackenzie

had been waiting for days to try. This rice dish had chicken, rice, clams and oh, yes shrimp! It was late. We had been exchanging all sorts of stories throughout the evening and in constant laughter. Although the admirals had had some wine and beer earlier we can surmise that it was air we were high on. Maybe the euphoria of eating the ambassador's *paella* added to it.... who knows... it was late, and dare I say it, we were rather silly. A strange observation partook at that moment as we each looked down at our plates. The left overs should have been a mix of small clam shells, shrimp heads etc. But instead what appeared were neatly piled clam shells on the ambassador's plate, shrimp heads on Admiral Kehlan's plate, but hardly much was noted on Admiral Mackenzie's plate. We noted that for some strange cosmic reason the servings seemed to contain more of one food item than the other for each person.... I added my observation commenting that my conclusion was that Admiral Mackenzie had evidently had more of the chicken in his serving and less of what would have left its evidence. The Admiral looked down and denied it. He insisted the he'd had enough variety. We all questioned him about the missing leftover heads of the shrimp.... did they shrink? YES, SHRINKING SHRIMP! More laughter..... But then the Admiral decided to clarify our mystery, he picked up a shrimp with his fingers from the pan at the centre of the table and proceeded to eat it whole! But somehow with the late hour and our stupor on oxygen, the shrimp started to take on a different referral and by then we were all thinking about something completely different..... and it's inevitable shrinking... yes another joke, to follow throughout the rest of the visit!(um yes... Kehlan here for a moment... it didn't help that our ambassador commented that the shrimps were bigger before they were cooked)

On the 5th day we took the shuttle from town centre to the main transport and traveled down further south to the coast. The city of Cadiz welcomed us with open arms. A beautiful clear sky and perfect weather. We went on foot round the historic areas, took pictures and very much took on the full role of tourist not regretting it one minute. We found the Admiral's House which was under renovations and weren't able to enter, but did manage to have a delicious lunch at a restaurant in the same plaza opposite it. What we all enjoyed most was the tremendous hospitality of the Cadiz people. We'd stumbled upon an unofficial carnival event that the city was celebrating. Practically an illegal one as the groups of participants dressed in themed costumes hadn't any city ordinance permission to have a parade. These groups write witty lyrics in unison with their chosen theme and sing these about the streets and bars and taverns in the old part of the city. They often sing songs about protest as to domestic issues, politics, or just making fun of the pet dog. A group we found spoke very good English and invited us to hear them sing in a small bar as we were passing by. There, without understand fully well what they sang about, the excellent voices, talent, and all, proved to be an authentic pure and true experience that many would have killed for and we felt honored to have found and made welcome so warmly.

A note: Admiral Mackenzie's universal translator did suffer a malfunction through most of the trip, but we were able to fix it enough to function minimally. At this juncture we think the singers had some telepathic capabilities because the Admiral seemed to get the gist of things quite well even with the constant malfunctions. It is important to mention that.... *cerveza* (beer) was one of the essentials that got back to working with the translator very soon.

Sadly the early evening came round and we had to depart and head back to Seville. We then made promises to each other that we'd return and explore this beautiful city.... I do hope this will be soon .

But wait... I didn't tell you about the buttails.... should I? Hmm...Let me take you back to lunch, across from the Admiral's House in Cadiz. While looking at the menu options it seems that my universal translator was also not functioning well at that moment. We attribute it to some sort of strange very localized interference. Hence the Menu's English translation read very different from the original. It was quite funny to all as I proceed to provide the translation personally. A homemade stew read as boiled, and but when I came to the bull's tail stew, my translator supplied me with the word buttail. It made us all laugh. And later at other meal times we found that no one had but-tail on their menu. It must have been a Cadiz specialty. Somehow but-tails didn't seem very appetizing, nor the bull's tail stew come to think of it. Being on the coast, we decided to partake of the traditional cuisine... fried fish. *Boquerones fritos*, a fried platter of fresh anchovies. Admiral Mackenzie was in euphoria. This was followed by *Chipirones fritos*, another platter of small, tiny fried squid. Whole! Admiral Kehlman was ecstatic. I'm sure she would have preferred them live, but alas this couldn't be. No shrimp were ordered, it seemed that the menu didn't have any of the shrinking kind and we were more inclined toward this sort than any other at the time. And Donkey butter was nowhere to be found....

Our transport back deposited us practically at the doorstep of our headquarters. By then it was dinner time and yes, we were ready to eat again! A very light simple homemade Japanese meal awaited us. No, you were right. It was Spain where the admiral's had conducted their visit. But our Captain and (hubby) often indulges in making his favorite authentic dishes just like his mum taught him.

The 6th day the Admirals dispense with any formal activities or escort and wandered through the city themselves, but that evening I took them to see a very old beautiful building which is the seat of the oldest and most prestigious flamenco association which hold events, performances, and a lot more. It's a private club but the members

always welcome those who have flamenco in their hearts. The courtyard with its huge lemon tree and grapevine over-head and indoor tiled fireplace caught the admiral's camera eye. But the history that it held and the importance of the association's activities in the flamenco world touched the Admirals. Although there weren't any performances that night, and in fact the place had been officially closed due to a current conflict with a neighbor and a city ordinance, the Admirals expressed their opinion, by saying that a place like this cannot die! I was moved!

The 7th and last official visiting day of the Admirals was no less eventful than the rest. Ambassador Delia joined the Admirals in late morning and they visited the Alcazar Royal Palace. This old mudejar (moorish style) palace was enjoyed as expected as well as the gardens which go on and on. Admiral Mackenzie particularly admired the small fishponds here and there filled with carp... That same evening, we went to a rooftop café where you could see much of the city. The cathedral was all lit up in a golden light . An amazing sight! Nobody wanted to leave. Nobody wanted the Admirals to leave Seville.... the next day that is.

One the day, the first to depart was the Ambassador, back to her small place of residence in Lebrija. The Admiral's followed. A very sad departure. A very happy time had been spent and I for one wanted more of it. Promises of returns were made. I'm holding them to it.

And so to conclude... this visit was basically eating your way through Spain...how best to enjoy it otherwise? I'm sure you'll all agree....

OH, but, but,I forgot to mention the pineapple, olives and raw anchovies....

Next time....

Around the Fleet

A Starship Obready short story.

The graceful Northampton class Starship made its way into orbit of Delania IV. Its inhabitants had recently petitioned the Federation to join and Admiral G Kelley was sent to oversee the final steps of this alliance.

Communication officer, Sheila Q turned to the commanding officer to report. "Admiral. Grand prefect Soholan is signaling his readiness to receive our representatives in the great hall at 1400 hours, our local time onboard."

"Very well," acknowledged Kelley, "tell them that we will be ready by then."

"Aye sir."

Turning to his first officer, Denise Hope, the Admiral could see the concern in her eyes, a concern that he addressed immediately. "Relax number one. This will be a diplomatic function only. There are no risks involved in this type of mission."

"Yes and I remember a certain diplomatic mission where Captain Jean Luc Picard took a disruptor blast to the chest."

"Oh dear," sighed Kelley, "are you gonna bring up that example every time I'm involved in a routine mission?"

"That's my job, sir." -

"And you do it very well," replied the admiral with a wry smile.

Denise simply returned the smile and accompanied the admiral towards the turbo-lift. Before entering, Robert turned to his 8 foot tall security officer Tebur and asked. "Would you care to accompany us Mr. Tebur? I believe it would bring peace to my first officer if you came along."

"Of course sir," replied the Caitian.

The group entered the turbo lift and headed towards deck 4 to meet in the conference room where the Vulcan Science officer Sotek was already waiting for them. As they seated themselves, Kelley signaled the science officer that he was ready for her preliminary report. She then went on to explain the political and scientific interests of joining Delania to the Federation. "The last diplomatic mission sent here was under the command of Captain John Alan Slater of the USS Atlantis. In his report he declared that the planet not only had resources to spare but that they also had a great new development in self sustaining energy production. One of their cities was reported to have run on the same source of deuterium for the last 120 years with no sign of energy loss."

"Amazing," replied Hope with astonishment.

"I can see why the Federation has such an interest in the place," added Tebur.

"Indeed, that is why we were sent to assure its admittance to the family," replied the Admiral, "please continue Lt Sotek."

"Yes sir. The planet has shown signs of great evolution in its technical developments but the captain's reports are somewhat lacking on the cultural and medical aspects of this world."

"Well, that why you will be coming along. To complete all the missing pieces of the report, " concluded Kelley, "Get your gear and best behaviour ready people. We meet in the transporter room in an hour from now. Dismissed."

At 1400 hours, the away team materialised in what was the great hall of the capital city. A robed humanoid accompanied by 3 elders met the Admiral's group.

"Greetings," said the blond haired humanoid, "I am prefect Solohan. And these are my aids Tamus, Klotan and Seivius. We are pleased to finally meet the great Admiral Robert G Kelley. Your admiral James Mackenzie speaks very highly of you on subspace."

"Thank you prefect," replied the Admiral, "you are too kind. May I introduce to you my team, first officer Denise Hope, Science officer Sotek and Security Chief Tebur."

All three elders looked up in amazement at the Caitian. While Seivius asked. "Are all those of your species so tall and muscular?"

"Not all are as muscular, but most are as tall."

"And what do you do with those who are not as physically fit as you?"

"Nothing particular. Why?" asked Tebur, a puzzled look on his face.

"Oh, no reason, no matter," replied Seivius.

Kelley was also perplexed by the question but showed no signs of it as they were being led on a visit through the city capital. The industrial sector was impressive as were the market buildings. But what puzzled the Admiral was the small size and almost unattended medical facilities. But an incident near the educational centre caught Kelley's attention and that of his crew as they passed. A group of children where striking at a small boy and cursing at them. Flailing his arms to protect himself, the boy barely managed to avoid all the blows given to him.

Before Kelley could stop him, Tebur was already jumping over the fence in one bound to confront the boys assailants. As he dropped behind the victim with his gigantic size, he let out a roar that threw back the assailants. The little boy was startled but reassured by the great sized Lion at his side and held on to his arm for support as Kelley and the group ran to them from the yard entrance.

"Stand down Lieutenant Tebur. Let these people deal with this situation."

I assure you Admiral there is no situation to resolve here," replied Solohan, "apart from the fact that this little outcast should not have been sent to the school to begin with."

"Outcast? Could you clarify that?" asked Kelley.

"Well don't you see? This boy has a frail body, pale skin tone and an obvious lack of appropriate wardrobe for a school of this quality. The boys were simply showing him the consequences of contaminating the good gene pool that this society represents."

"On what grounds do you base such a statement and treatment?" asked a puzzled Sotek.

"On the grounds that this society is based on a perfect unity of perfection in the physical and psychological principles." added Seivius. -

"Then those who do not meet those standards?"

"Should not have been allowed to be born to begin with"

"Does that include deformities or even malformities?"

"Of course. We can't let weak genes run around a perfect society."

"Then why is this boy even here?"

"Well we still have difficulty in convincing some parents to let go of their selfish need to care for that which does not deserve the care of a perfect society."

Behind Kelley Tebur began a low growl, but the Admiral brought him into place with a lift of his hand, as he asked Solohan, "Surely you cannot see these things from childbirth in some cases."

"Unfortunately no. That is why this boy's parents should have followed proper procedures according to our by-laws."

"And what may I ask are those by-laws and procedures?" asked Hope.

"Simple. Any members of this society that exhibit any deformities, physical dissimilarities, diversity in appearances or psychological aspects must be sent to the isolation zone."

"Isolation zone? Where is that?"

"On the far side of this planet."

At that moment Lt Sotek entered the conversation after reviewing her tricorder readings and the report of the planet on her PADD. "Are you referring to the energy readings that I have been detecting on that side of your world?"

"Yes," replied Seivius, "A barrier that keeps the rejects of this society at bay. Be assured that the parents of this child will be confronted with their defiance and urged to take the proper measures with this thing," he added pointing to the battered child.

This last statement made the humanoid boy cling tighter to Tebur's arm who showed his distaste at Seivius by glaring his teeth at him. Denise Hope also show her repulsion and said nothing for diplomatic reasons while Sotek merely raised an eyebrow.

At that moment the child's mother showed up to hold her son in her loving arms oblivious to Tebur towering over them.

"Sharna!" yelled Solohan, "Why is this still here? You have been expressly told to prepare him for the Isolation zone!!!"

"I will not!" yelled the woman. "He is a being of great light and intelligence. It is only a shame that our society and our children were made to hate him because he is different."

"You must obey the law!!!"

"I will not! Or in so doing, I will go with him to join his father there."

"You are forbidden to go there. Perfection cannot mix in with the contaminated pool!"

This was all that Robert G Kelley needed for his report to Starfleet and the Federation. He lifted his hand to intervene in the conversation with Solohan "Prefect, this is a situation that we should leave you to conclude. In the meantime we will return to the Obready to convene at later date."

The admiral taped his communicator badge to signal their return to the starship Obready. As they walked off the transporter pad, Denise Hope made the statement she had been holding back for so long. -How the hell did Captain John Slater miss that in his initial report ?!?!?"

"I don't know," replied Kelley, "but it's obvious that these people don't fit into the Federation charter for acceptance. And I intend to state this in my report to Admiral Mackenzie."

As they entered the corridor Lt- Tebur asked the Admiral, "Sir, may I have my leave now. I need to go to the holo-deck."

"Of course Mr. Tebur. I would be inclined to smash a couple of boulders myself if it were not for the fact that I have a serious review report to hand in as soon as possible. Dismissed."

"Thank you sir."

As they walked down towards the turbolift and entered, Lt-Sotek added, "This would explain what I have observed in the city concerning the medical facilities we saw."

"Which is?" asked the Admiral.

They have no operating rooms or rooms for convalescence."

"They obviously take care of mild cases requiring minimum care, while the more serious cases are sent to the isolation zone," added Denise Hope.

"A most fascinating concept of society"

"But most illogical," added Kelley.

It is logical for them sir."

"Yes, unfortunately. Nonetheless I will be making a full report in the hopes that Admiral Mackenzie will support me on the non-admittance plea I intend to make."

As they entered the bridge the admiral turned to the communications officer, "Lieutenant Quinn, signal that the Obready has been called on an urgent matter and that we will be unable to meet with them on the appointed time."

Robert Kelley went to the view-screen to witness a planet that filled him with despair. He felt the presence of his first officer at his side and simply said, "You know, this is one of those instance where I simply hate the prime directive."

"I understand sir."

"Number One, let's get the hell out of here."

"You heard the Admiral," said Hope, turning to the helmsman, "Set course for Starbase 24."

The starship Obready warped out of the Delania hoping never to return here again.

USS Cuchulain, Ireland

Greetings Adm Kehlan and all on Starbase 24.

All here on Starbase 20 are doing fine. Many of the crew along with a good number of SB24 crew attended the recent First Contact Day event at the Leicester Space Centre and judging by the photographs and the reports back, that it was a great success and all enjoyed themselves despite a couple of close assimilation calls from a rogue Borg!

Following closely in the wake of First Contact Day and event blues is another great event coming soon as we all know and that is the Klingon Banquet hosted by our friends on SB 24. This is a fabulous fan run event supporting some great causes and I know it is well supported by many of the Starbase 20 crew. I also know that a number of the USS Cuchulain (aka USS Irish People lol) crew will be attending the Banquet this year as will I, to be honest anything with food and drink, well drink really lol bound to be an open invitation to us Irish, only joking! We are really looking

forward to shore leave on SB24 although truly hope that something does not go bump in the night!

I was also very pleased recently to receive my very own SB 24 Klingon Com Badge which is very nice indeed. The Cuchulain has recently ordered a new batch of their own Com Badges too. Other news from Starbase 20, well all vessels are operating within normal parameters and numbers within fleet are growing nicely.

The Cuchulain have a very busy schedule over the next few months attending a number of events including supporting our friends at the Star Wars Costuming group Emerald Garrison Ireland, their next event is Invasion Dublin in May, then we have Arcade Con on 10th -13 July in Dublin which has special guest Robert Picardo from Star Trek Voyager and then Dublin Comic Con from 9th - 10th August which we are looking forward to attending.

Region 20 recently polled its members during a nomination process looking to support a charity for 2014 and we are pleased to advise that the Region 20 nominated charity for 2014 is Help For Heroes. Well that's it for now and we look forward to seeing you all at the Banquet in October.

End Transmission

Fleet Captain Alan O'Shea
Starbase 20

USS Naseby

The First Year of a New Crew

The Trials and Tribble-ations of a Captain and her crew starting their voyage

Like anything starting off, no one wants to really Captain the crew, so when someone turns round and says you're Captain, it's like someone left you with a sinking ship before it even sails.

Thankfully I've already got experience of setting up fan groups before been lumbered with this and more or less had an idea of where to start, I knew recruiting was always going to be a big first problem as no group survives for long with any support of a group of people. Thankfully we formed in the wake of one of the biggest Star Trek events that this country has ever had (DSTL) and lots of people who attended this event were hungry for more and some very quickly joined up (less than 2 months from forming) and soon we had a basic crew to work with.

This helped greatly as for all intents and purposes many hands make light work, our next step was to be known by the public and thankfully there was a new Star Trek film been released at the time, which was great as all we needed to do was get permission from a cinema to set up a table and collect for charity in costume. This

was harder than we thought, I believe we dealt with 3 different cinema chains (only one of which got back to us to say no) before we realised we need to look elsewhere for our first public event. In the end we ended up at a very big Sci-Fi event in Milton Keynes (Collectormania), with it been a town very close to where we are based (Northamptonshire) a lot of our local target general public will most likely be in attendance of this event.

This turned out to be a big success we raised a lot of money for charity and got a lot of awareness from the public. We've kept growing and got better at events and activities, we also have a number of projects on the go, some of which will be made public very soon. Overall in less than a year we have made great headways in the wonderland of trek group-hood and here's to many more years.

Captain Claire Griffiths

USS NASEBY





Away Team Mission Report

Stardate: 67726.2

Mission Attendees: Mr. Powell

Mission Summary: Infiltrate and observe a social event to mark the anniversary between my species' first encounter and the human populace of Earth (*Terra*).

Tactical report: On the eve of this gathering, I was running security simulations on my datapad when I was approached by members of Star Base 24 who offered to consume beverages with myself. Wary of their intentions, I ensured I did not become inebriated and retreated to my quarters early. I did note, however, that the esteemed Admiral Mackenzie (partner of Rear Admiral Kehlan) has a Vulcan mistress. Perhaps the Captain can use this information to further his career? The tools provided to me, being the miniature lapel stickers with SWSF logos, proved to be an excellent way of converting attendees to our cause. So much so that my supplies depleted within the first 2 hours. Although the finer points of human interaction has eluded me over the years, my incessant 'stickering' led to some odd looks from event organiser Capt. Wil Ross. I can only interpret this in one of 3 ways- the Captain was tired from organising the event, perhaps he thought I was being cheeky by not having an official stall at the event or, thirdly, he requires more fibre in his diet.

In my opinion the event was a resounding success both in presentation and atmosphere (this does not refer to dietary fibre). It gives me an optimistic outlook on the human species that they are able to gather together in unity and raise support for charitable causes. This feeling is compounded when one considers the amount of effort and teamwork that has gone into such a venture. It may also interest the Captain to know that some female members of his species seemed to prefer antiquated SF uniforms, which I am sure were shorter than regulations would allow. Fortunately it is not time for my Pon farr. I was able to make tentative contact with members of Leicester Starbase (socially, again I stress that it is not time for Pon farr). They eluded to the possibility of future interactions between our groups.

Mission Outcome: Success.

Recommendations: Suggest attending next year with larger away team.

Meet the Command Team: Captain Hightower.



What got me in to Star Trek? :

I don't know it sorta happened... I always liked watching Star Trek on TV. It was The Next Generation I think and it was on Sky 1 or BBC2. So it was a start of a new interest for me.

Favourite Star Trek TV show? :

It has to be Star Trek voyager - I think it was because it was new and only just stated to air in the UK. The idea of following a Starship on its journey home. Finding new races to contact and strange new worlds

seemed to appeal to me. The show was a great idea for the Star Trek franchise. I also started to watch Deep Space Nine.

First Con attended? :

The first con I want to was memorabilia at the NEC in Birmingham I can't remember the exact year I think it was 2002 or 03. It was a new experience to be surrounded by people dressed up in Star Trek uniforms, Star Wars uniforms even Daleks going around the halls. It was a couple of years later that I got my own Star Trek uniform being a First contact Medical uniform.

When did I first meet Admiral James Mackenzie and Rear Admiral Kehlan?:

It was at collectormania in Milton Keynes when It was held in the shopping centre. I was there with a long time good friend Rachel. I looked around for a gang of Klingons and the minute I saw some I walked up to them. I saw Kehlan and the minute she saw me, my nickname of HighTower was born due to me being 6' 7" tall.

Me and Starbase 24:

Well I think I joined Starbase 24 just after the 2nd Klingon Banquet. This was the very first real world Star Trek group I joined. I started helping organize the 3rd Banquet and I was given the task of designing and printing out the place cards. After the banquet I was somehow drafted in to keep the forum running and helping out on the main website. To this day I still think I was just given the job not volunteered for it! lol

What's the best thing about starbase 24? :

It has to be the people. I have met some great people since being here. I feel part of a team and the very best thing is the amount of money we have given to charity. Knowing that I was part of making the life of a cancer victims better, Giving a

German shepherd dog some food and a roof over its head, even feeding our prickly friends the hedgehogs makes me feel all warm inside. ☺

Hitting the Ritz

Starbase 24 officers were invited on board the USS Ritz in Lincoln as they hosted showing a series of documentaries about the USS Enterprise showing on their Holodecks.

The sighting of a strange blue box, of the style used in Earth's 20th century for communicating with law enforcement authorities sparked off a major temporal investigation. Doctor Elvix was heard protesting that "Yes, I'm a doctor, I'm just not THAT doctor!" The only reply was a single word. "Exterminate"



Sadly the holographic doctor's obsession with peas caused him to be hospitalised. SB24 engineers, reportedly still struggling to remove the musical subroutines, are expected to release him for duty as soon as the repairs to his holomatrix are complete.

Investigations revealed that Dominion infiltrators may have been responsible for the intense chroniton radiation that was detected, leading to the revelation that

commander Mick Holt had been replaced by a changeling spy. Admiral Mackenzie was quoted as saying that he has every faith in his team and would like to congratulate them on a job well done. Getting a spy into a senior security position, could have been disastrous for the Starbase. Captain Teima Joel of the USS Nelson has been assigned to continue the investigation. further reporting of this subject by our news team has been banned under the Official Secrets Act.

