

Starbase 24

The official newsletter of

Issue 13: March 2018



*This issue:
Tribble Conservation
Away Mission reports from the Quadrant
Rogues Gallery and much, much more ...*



Frontera Times

Issue 13

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Please note that while articles may contain details of merchandise and products by various manufacturers, Starbase 24 does not endorse any items other than their own.



List of Contributors

Cover photo: Michael Ferrol Antoine.

FADM James Mackenzie, Starbase 24
ADM Kehlan, Starbase 24



RADM Daniel Adams, Starbase 24
CAPT Amanda Barrow, USS Glenn Miller
CAPT Colin Barrow, Space Station Centaur
CAPT Lorna Bergin, USS Icen
Stefan Blakemore, Starbase 24
LTJG Holly Bowler, Space Station Centaur

CRMN Emma Filtness, Space Station Centaur
CAPT Susan Griffiths, Starbase 24
CAPT Dominic Hadley Starfleet Torchwood
CDR Julie Lursa McMillan Brown, Starbase 24
Rich Nicholls, C21
CAPT Anni Potts, Starbase 24/SS Centaur
CDT2 Sandy Reid, Space Station Centaur
ADM Bruno Signori, USS Obready
Rick Smith, Starfleet Command - Mojave
CDR Erika Stroem, Space Station Centaur

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Frontera Times: Issue Dates & Submission Guidelines

The FRONTERA TIMES is released quarterly with submission deadlines as below. Submissions can be made anytime to webmaster@starbase24.co.uk.

Submissions can be whole articles (long and short), pictures, jokes—almost anything. Text can be supplied in almost any format that can be copied and pasted, and photos should be sent as JPGs by eMail as this gives a higher quality image that can be enhanced if needs be. Please, no ZIP files and please not by a Facebook Messenger (as reformatting those are a nightmare!). Works should be original or, where the work is not original, the source quoted so that the appropriate credit can be given.

Please remember that the Editor only edits the magazine so unless you make submissions, the **FRONTERA TIMES** will be very small indeed. All submissions are welcome, but the Editor reserves the right to edit, postpone or not to publish a particular item. Many thanks.

	Issue Date	Deadline for Submissions
 SPRING	March	21st February
SUMMER	June	25th May
AUTUMN	September	25th August
WINTER	December	25th November



GREETINGS FROM THE STARBASE 24 ADMIRAL'S OFFICE.

FADM James Mackenzie and Admiral Kehlan

Personal Log: Admiral James Mackenzie

Current location: Southend Spaceport

It's good news all round today. I have just heard from Professor Dumbledore regarding the diplomatic visit of the Hogwarts team to the annual Starbase banquet and he informed me that the aurors have confirmed the viability of setting up a magical field in the main ballroom.

I also got good news from the Starfleet Engineering team. Not only have they managed to repair the ancient ... camera, I think they said it was called ... that I found a few weeks ago in that little antique shop in Diagon Ally, but they've jury rigged an interface to download the images onto the Starbase computers. The two dimensional "photographs" are not a patch on current holographic techniques but they do offer a valid historical perspective, especially since I will be attending several events in the coming year to celebrate antique aircraft.

I will be heading back to the Starbase soon, but while waiting for my shuttle to be prepped, I was able to indulge my interest in these craft by paying a special visit to the Avro Vulcan XL426. Named long before *First Contact*, the Vulcan was built in the 1950's (old Earth calendar) and



retired in 2015. She has spent the last almost 400 years in a specially built facility here at Southend Spaceport and it was there I was able to try out my antique Canon camera and photograph her. Considering the age of the technology I am very pleased with the results.

From Admiral Kehlan's office:

With Admiral Mackenzie on Earth for the diplomatic talks with Hogwarts, it falls to me to write the quarterly report for the Frontera Times.

In just a few short weeks (at the time of writing this), myself, Captain Stefan Blakemore, Cmdr Sarahleigh Richardson and Ensign Adam Young will be taking part in the 5km Inflatable Obstacle challenge to raise funds for Macmillan. We are very grateful to those who are supporting us by offering sponsorship or by coming along to cheer us on and share a meal with us afterwards.

As I have said many times—and no doubt will say many more times—SB24 is committed to being an active fundraising group with a specific focus on cancer, although we do support other charities as well. This commitment is incredibly important to us—I don't think there are any of us who are not affected by cancer in some way. It's so easy to give in to fear, despair and apathy—"I am not a doctor, there's nothing I can do", or even complacency, "I did my bit, I clicked 'like' on Facebook." Well you know what? There's lots you can do. Even attending a party can help—the Banquet for example ... a weekend of fun and laughter with good friends resulting in vital funds raised to help fight the disease.

I am sure that Stefan, Sarah Mac and Adam are not the only ones doing something to fundraise for Macmillan or any other good cause. If you have done, or are planning to do, a sponsored run, hold a coffee morning, sit in a tub of baked beans or whatever crazy fundraising idea you have come up with, tell us about it. We want to know and spread the word. We want to feature you on the fundraising page of our website. Let's show the world what we as a group can do!

On an international level, we have been working on a joint project with the USS Obready in Canada, designing, producing and selling a special edition combadge to raise funds for JEVI (I Live) which is a Canadian anti-suicide charity. So far, this project has raised \$300 (approx. £171) for the charity and a second batch of combadges is currently on order. This is a project we are very proud to be involved in—the prevention of suicides is not only a very worthy goal in itself but one that is very much in keeping with the Star Trek philosophy of "Live Long and Prosper."

Some of you may have noticed that we have launched a series of department patches. These are available for pre-order and will cost £8 plus £1

postage. Any profits will go to Macmillan Cancer Support. In order to get any new design actually printed, there is a minimum order quantity of 5 patches. That means I can't place an order for a design until I have pre-sold at least 5 of that design. Once we reach that target of 5, I can then ask for payment and place the order.

The patches are also available embroidered onto various clothing items such as polos, teeshirts, hoodies, fleeces etc. These look absolutely gorgeous and are high quality items. They are also very reasonably priced. A winter weight hoodie for example is just £20. When you think the patch alone would cost you £8, that's only £12 for the hoodie.

On a related subject, many clubs which are run in the style of ships, have department heads running various areas. This is an area the Admiralty is looking at developing with the idea of getting you guys more involved and making life on the Starbase more fun and interesting for you. This means we have vacancies for heads and assistant heads of department. I must clarify, this is NOT a prestige "look at me I am the head of operations" thing. The department heads will need to contribute towards the running of the Starbase. In other words, I want you to develop the role, make it your own and DO something with it. What you do is up to you, but one of your duties will be to write a quarterly department report for the Frontera Times.

Some departments are large and encompass a wide variety of disciplines, so if you see yourself running a sub-discipline then get in touch. An example of this might be prop or model making which would be a subdivision of engineering.

Which leads to the announcement of the first of our new departments, the **SB24 Marines**. In tribute to the British Royal Marines, the SB24 marines' motto will be "*By Land, Sea and Stars*". Tom Bainbridge has stepped forward and volunteered to take command and is hereby awarded the rank of Brigadier General.

In other news, work continues on the **12th Starfleet/Klingon Banquet** and over the next few months we will have some exciting announcements to make. This year, we are trying something new on the Friday—an afternoon and evening of ***Harry Potter*** themed games. Get sorted into a Hogwarts House—will you be a Gryffindor or a Slytherin? Or worse, are you a muggle? Test your knowledge of potions and spells, build your own wand and try out for the Quidditch team. All this and more, its going to be murderously good fun.

On the Saturday, we will be celebrating the 25th anniversary of **Deep Space Nine**. Join us and writer David MacIntee for an afternoon of workshops, talks, charity auction, photos etc, leading into our evening event where you will enjoy a sumptuous three-course DS9 themed meal, followed by a brief chat with Tanya, our Macmillan rep, followed by the raffle and disco. There just MIGHT even be a prize for the best costume of the night.

Live Long and Prosper

Fleet Admiral James Mackenzie and Admiral Kehlan
COMMANDING OFFICERS, STARBASE 24



THE HONOUR IS MINE

CDR Erika Stroem

Watching the-magnificent Klingon, in awe
Raising his Bat'leth and drinking blood wine
The antagonist is poised to slay his prey
But if he dies, he'll shout "THE HONOUR IS MINE!"

The logical Vulcan glides past the Klingon
Who has no desire to die today
So he does not acknowledge this warrior
Just raises his eyebrow and moves away.

Three star ship captains and Data ...
Pass by him, with weapons galore
They will NOT be intimidated
To start another Klingon war.

A Kai and her Vedek assembly
Feel safe as they walk on and pray.
There'd be no honour to slay them ...
So he lets them go on their way.

Now the Klingon is coming towards me
Says "Qapla" as he hits his chest,
"Would you drink a blood wine with me?
As I could really do with a rest."

Thank goodness I'm at a convention,
A place where we all can reshape;
A wonderful voyage into fantasy;
A place where I go ... to escape.

SIX GO TO GLASGOW

CDR Julie Lursa McMillan Brown



It all started quite innocuously, with Kehlan announcing that the BBC had contacted her to get a team together for *Eggheads*. I said I was interested and somehow, Kehlan made me the team captain.

By the time we'd found enough people to join in with me, though, it was too late, but the BBC said to watch out for the next series, so I did.

About the end of November 2016 I saw the BBC were looking for teams to face the Eggheads and I started, once again, trying to get a team together. The deadline was tight—we got invited to put a team together at the beginning of December and they wanted to get everything done by the New Year.

Our original team was myself, Alex McEwan, Debbie Knox, Dan Adams, Susan Griffiths and Debbie's dad. We had to complete our application forms, record a video and get them sent off in the space of four short weeks. It's amazing how fast time goes by when you don't want it to. Everybody sent their forms, videos and ID to me and I got it all ready to send in.

Finally, at the eleventh hour, it was all ready and I emailed what I could, and used 'We Transfer' to get the larger items over to them.

We then got a call saying the BBC was interested in our team and they began the process of phone interviews. I had already done my interview when I first sent in my application form. Susan was going round the Harry Potter experience when they phoned her.

The BBC then said we were short listed but it was likely that we would have to wait until they put together the second half of their recordings in June.

Finally, June arrived and with it some bad news. Debbie had got herself another job so she could no longer be a part of the team, and as Debbie was quitting, so did her dad. It was panic stations again. After all this time we didn't want to lose our place. We put out an urgent call for two more willing victims to join the team.

Nick Frearson and Colin Noble came to our aid, and just hours before the BBC phoned to tell us when we were to go on the show, we had managed to



get everything ready for our last two recruits.

Finally, we had a show date—28 June 2017. The BBC were going to arrange transport for all of us to get to

Glasgow the day before our show, so we could stay over for our recording the next morning. Train travel was the next thing to be arranged. Susan and I travelled up from London together, while Dan and Nick went from their home towns in England, and Alex and Colin had the shortest journey, already being in Scotland.

Susan and I arrived in Glasgow and decided to get a taxi to the hotel, but the taxi driver said it was only round the corner and refused to take us. So we set off to walk and soon found ourselves at the end of the road with no hotel in sight. We stopped a man and explained our predicament and he agreed that it was a short journey, so short that we'd actually missed the turn!

He gave us more understandable directions and we soon found ourselves at the *Jury's Inn*. The rest of the team were waiting in the foyer for us. They had obtained all the keys to the rooms so we took our bags upstairs and dropped them off, then went back down to rejoin the team.

Food was the next requisite. We all trooped off back up the road to the

local eatery where we ate and chatted about the forthcoming day. Finally, it was suggested that, since we had to be up at something silly o'clock (6.30am) for our 7.15am taxi to the studio, we ought to head off for bed.

Next morning breakfast was extremely rushed. The taxi was due to arrive fifteen minutes after breakfast started. That really wasn't enough time to eat anything, but we needn't have worried because when we arrived at the BBC they had food laid out for us. We were taken to a large room and made comfortable. We'd had to take four or five outfits with us so we laid them out in order of preference as to what to wear. We had all taken something sci-fi to wear but none of these outfits were selected. The ladies took them away to be ironed ready for when we went on air, and while they were doing that we all had to read and sign various documents.

Next it was makeup. Boy, did we feel the bees-knees! Once makeup was done we got changed and then it was back to makeup for a touch up before going on the set. We had brought a mascot with us—my Kingon teddy but the BBC said she couldn't go on with us, so she stayed with Nick in the wings. Nick was our reserve, without whom we didn't have a team.

Finally, we were led on to the set and we were sat down in a specific order that wouldn't change for the whole of the programme. Then the Eggheads came on set and greeted us before sitting down. Finally, Jeremy Vine came in, and he really is that tall!

The show began but it wasn't as quick as you would expect. The room changes took ages to get set up, and in between there was plenty of time for chatting. If you've seen the show you know what happened. We didn't beat them, but we had a great couple of days. After the show ended we had our photo taken with the Eggheads and Jeremy, and Lursa and Nick finally made it on set.

Then it was back to the other room to change and get ready to leave. A taxi took us back into Glasgow. Nick, Susan and I stopped off for lunch before the train journey back home. We really enjoyed ourselves and didn't mind that we hadn't won.

The hardest part was that despite everybody asking how we did, we had signed a secrecy document so nobody was able to find out how we did.

For months afterwards we kept asking each other if any of us had heard when the show was airing. Finally, at the beginning of January we knew when the episode was and once again we had to relive those two very enjoyable days.

TRIBBLE CONSERVATION

CAPT Anni Potts

"What!" I hear you exclaim. "Are we mad?" But the answer is a stolid no.

The tribble home world, Iota Geminorum IV, is in dire straits since the Klingons set out to destroy all of tribblekind. Any why? For no other reason than the furry little critters are 'annoying' and have a tendency to squeal in a Klingon's presence.

But why is the resurrection of the tribble so important? What use is a tribble? Plainly put, it is fodder.

We all know tribbles breed at an alarming rate. Born pregnant, through asexual reproduction (which means they self-fertilize) a single tribble can produce a litter of around ten kittens every twelve hours. With sufficient food supply, a tribble can result in over one million tribbles in less than four days.

As to the reason for this prolific breeding ability, it is simply to ensure their continued existence because for many of the creatures on Iota Geminorum IV, the tribble

is their main food source. With the loss of the tribble, these creatures have but two options: to predate other species or to starve.

Naturally, they have chosen the first option, but as these other species do not breed so quickly, prey is becoming scarcer with each passing day, and as that prey becomes rarer, species are being forced to predate upon their own kind. In summary, all of the animal species on Iota Geminorum IV are under threat.

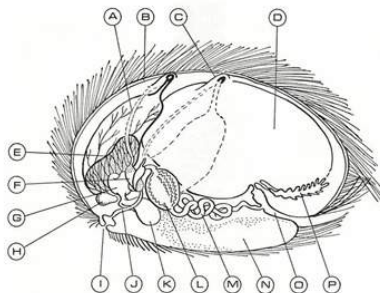
Take the ghost flyer, for example. A small raptor with razor sharp teeth

POLYGEMINUS GREX



TRIBBLE
Iota Geminorum IV

- A Ganglion
- B Epidermis
- C Spiraculum
- D Uterus
- E Lung
- F Brain
- G Heart
- H Kidney
- I Mouth
- J Oesophagus
- K Liver
- L Stomach
- M Intestines
- N Pediculus
- O Cloaca
- P Gonad



and a vicious hunting instinct, it used to be perhaps one of the most common creatures on the planet (barring the tribble, of course). It could be found across the planet in almost every landscape and on every continent, with a large number of subspecies. However, their numbers have now declined by over 70%. Initially, they have turned to hunting other species such as the little razor mouse, but as they do not reproduce as prolifically as the tribble, their numbers suffered quickly too. More disturbing, the effect snowballs.

The razor mouse, despite its sweet, furry appearance is also a predator. Hunting in small, family packs, its primary food source was also the harmless tribble. With the loss of the tribble, the razor mouse has found new prey in even smaller rodents, insects and even its own species. Razor mice numbers are down 82% and the decline continues. When the razor mice become extinct, what will the ghost flyers eat?



As each species dies out, another becomes the primary food source and comes under renewed threat. Already extinct are the swallow-tailed eaglet, larger spotted bantock, urbassi goomba, greater crested ghost flyer, teena mouse, kangaroo rat and the bushy tailed felix. However, the tragedy continues with yet more devastation.

Tribbles consume plant matter—and in great quantities. They consume billions of tonnes of vegetation each year. Without the tribbles to graze the plains and forests of Iota Geminorum IV, the vegetation is growing uncontrollably, strangling the landscape. At first, it was just a case of the plains becoming very lush and the forests more verdant, but as they have continued to grow uninhibited, the plants have literally sucked the moisture out of the ground. Drought has become an issue and as a result, a good number of plant species, no longer able to draw sufficient nutrient enriched liquids out of the ground, have died off. The plains have turned from savannahs to deserts. Even the forests, once havens, are wilting and dying.

In total, with the loss of the tribble, the entire ecosystem of Iota Geminorum IV is in jeopardy. For all of these reasons, the tribbles have to be reintroduced to Iota Geminorum IV.

The Tribble Summits

Early last year, a team of eminent xenobiologists approached the Federation with regard to the problem, proposing talks between the Federation and the Klingons. While the Klingons are not members of the Federation, it is imperative that any plan involving the conservation of tribbles has their cooperation and agreement, otherwise, they will just return to Iota Geminorum IV and decimate the tribble population again. After much negotiation, a summit was agreed and as a fellow expert in the field of tribbles, I was invited along.

The talks were not easy to say the least. Tempers ran high and it is clear that the Klingons still detest the cute little beasties with a vengeance. They didn't take it well when it was pointed out (on more than one occasion) that a humble tribble really was no match for a big, burly Klingon warrior. (Would the destruction of all tribblekind really secure a Klingon warrior a place in Sto-vo-kor?) However, all was not lost. Indeed, and ironically it turns out that the ghost flyer is not only the tribbles' primary predator, but also its saviour.

The Ghost Flyer

The ghost flyer is a winged raptor, so called due to its ghostly pale hue. These colourings vary between the subspecies to camouflage it in its surroundings. All of subspecies live both on ground and in the trees but can't fly. Instead, it glides between the branches of trees, or from one rocky crag to another, and swoops down upon its prey from above. Armed with serrated teeth and razor sharp, slashing claws on its front limbs, they are nasty little cratures that hunt in packs.



Although not sentient, their intelligence is not to be underestimated. Their hunting methods are highly sophisticated. Using a series of low-pitched whoops and whistles, their attacks are highly organised and lethal—a fact the Klingons will attest to. They regaled us with tales of their encounters with the ghost flyers—how they would

attack the Warriors brazenly, be it in their beds at night, or by singing out a

lone Warrior and then descending upon him in a swarm. Some proudly displayed their battle scars acquired in the conflicts with ghost flyers and spoke with great admiration about the creatures. When they came to realise that this admirable and noble creature was under threat, the Klingons relented. Finally, they have agreed not to hinder attempts to reintroduce tribbles to Iota Geminorum IV, and that is all we needed.

The Tribble Breeding Programme

With tribbles now extinct from the planet, any breeding programme will have to draw its stock from tribbles taken from Iota Geminorum IV in earlier years. For this, we can thank Cyrano Jones. He distributed tribbles far and wide across the quadrant, sometimes with intent, but mostly just dumping them when their numbers became too great for him to cope with on his small trading vessel. Sadly, many of those tribble 'outposts' have also been obliterated, but pockets remain in some of the most surprising places.

Andoria, for example, has a tribble farm where a very hardy subspecies of tribble (the *Greater Arctic Blue Tribble*) has evolved. (With such a fast breeding rate, evolution is much quicker for tribbles.) Blessed with a coat of exuberant, thick, blue fur, the Andorians farm them for their pelts to make such things as ear muffs and to form accent collars and cuffs on clothing.



A small Romulan moon has another new subspecies. Known as the *Cackling Tribble*, rather than purring as most tribbles do, it produces a cackling sound.

The mission, therefore, is to assemble as many tribbles as we can, quarantine them (to ensure they are disease free), study all the specimens collected and then send them back to Iota Geminorum IV. Once back on the planet, however, they are not released immediately back into the wild where they would be instantly predated. Instead, they are taken to the new *Tribbulation Facility* where breeding commences. The overflow stock is then released into the wild in a controlled fashion and their progress monitored. The surrounding terrain is also monitored and hopefully, through all these steps, the world of Iota Geminorum IV can be restored to its former glory.

MISSION REPORT: PLANET MCM

CRMN Emma Filtness



Though a somewhat stressful journey due to the planet's overburdened transport system, a fun expedition nonetheless. The planet's core, as displayed by the pictures, is a mixture of cultures and is incredibly busy. Unfortunately personal space is not always a factor. I managed to meet and observe a whole bunch of new species, including a new type of animal called Pokemon. They come in all shapes and sizes and are almost worshipped as



gods. I think I have fallen in love with them. Though I was only there a day, I had a great overview of the planet and would highly recommend a visit, though it is only open to visitors a few days a year.

THE SCI-FI BALL 2018

RADM Daniel Adams

The Sci-Fi Ball (formerly the SF-Ball and before that, the Starfleet Ball) is one of the most well established events in the country. It mixes the best of both worlds; it manages to have the intimate setting of a fan gathering, while bringing in several big name guests you probably wouldn't see outside of a typical signing show. The main focus of the event is fund raising, and the event has a fantastic partnership with the *Teenage Cancer Trust*.

The weekend begins for everyone with the Trek into Southampton. This year I decided to travel on the Thursday as after eight hours of travelling I often find myself pretty wiped out.

The event takes place in the Grand Harbour Hotel. Rooms are available for attendees to book, but I cannot rate the Premier Inn, West Quay across the road highly enough. It's a short 10-15 minute walk from the train station, the facilities are spotless and the beds are comfy.



The event begins with the con dance workshop and pub quiz. I missed those this year as I was meeting my parents. (Thursday was also my birthday and I invited them to spend the weekend *down south* with me. Although they didn't attend the con, they enjoyed themselves doing the touristy thing around the city.) Friday night then begins with the Opening Ceremony, bringing forth the guests, and it was another good selection this year, including Ingrid Oliver from *Doctor Who*, Vic Mignona and Chris Doohan from *Star Trek Continues*, Garry Graham from *Enterprise*, and Terry Farrell from *Deep Space Nine*. Once

the opening ceremonies were out of the way, it was off to the gold ticket reception. Once again, I was presented with a bag of goodies and got a fine buffet to enjoy during the cocktail reception. I got to tell Vic and Chris how thrilled I was with *Continues*, and our table also had a nice natter with Ingrid Oliver. Then it was time for fun and games in the main hall followed by a disco or, if you are like me, sitting in the bar nattering to friends. It was lovely catching up with my dear friend, our very own Rainbow Raptor Sue.

Saturday and Sunday are both fairly similar days. Photos and talks in the morning followed by a signing session in the afternoon. I only got to see part of Vic and Chris' talk in the morning, followed by Terry's in the afternoon. The rest of the time I was rushing around getting my photos done. I queued up for my signatures, and between, hanging with my friends and generally chilling.

Then there were the evening festivities. This year the theme for the main banquet was Disney. While the traditional characters of Disney cartoon was an option, there was also scope for franchises acquired by Disney such as *Star Wars*, *the Avengers*, and anything in the 20th century Fox portfolio.



After the food came the fancy dress parade, and then the after dinner cabaret provided by Gary Graham and his band, *The Sons of Kirk*. Another great act, and the disco rounded off the evening (again I was in the bar nattering with my mates).

Sunday was a more relaxed affair for me. I sat in on talks mostly and pottered around in the afternoon, including a meet-up outside of the con with my Dad. The closing ceremonies were next, including the prize giving for the art and fiction contests. I placed second this year (hoping for first next year). Then once that was done, it was time for evening games. I missed the final game show as I was eating, but had fun on

the Karaoke/Disco. This year two of the guests got up and sang, Chris and Vic. However the best part of the evening was doing the *Star Trekkin'* dance with Chris and Vic, and considering that two of the verses were about Scotty and Kirk, it was some great stuff. The moment is immortalised on Facebook thanks to Chris.

And then the weekend was over. I wish I could explain it, just as I start to really feel like I'm enjoying myself, the weekend just ends. Strange but true.

The next Sci Fi ball is on the 8th February 2019. (Was secretly hoping it would be on the first so there would actually be a convention on my birthday, but since some people start on the Thursday, that would move things into January. I've booked my ticket. Looking forward to more memories.

WATFORD COMICON WELCOMES THE USS ICENI FOR THE FOURTH YEAR!

CAPT Lorna Bergin

The USS Icení is a chapter based in the south of the UK with members spread throughout the country. As a group they attend many events and support UK based charities including (but not limited) to "Starlight Children's Foundation UK", and Crohn's and Colitis UK.

The stand is always fun-filled with something for everyone, so next time you attend a Comicon or other event, keep your eyes open for these guys, and if they are there, do pop and say hello.



Attention All StarTrek Timeline Gamers!



STARFLEET, SOL SECTOR COMMAND Grey Squadron led by Admiral Thy'lek Shran

Attention to Orders!

New for all members of Sol Sector Command. An opportunity for those of you who are fans of Star Trek Timelines now has its very own Grey Squadron.

Much more fun than playing solo and a great opportunity to help build our own Space Station, win better awards and develop our own strategies to collect the ever growing cast and crew members of Star Trek, including Star Trek Discovery.

Play for FREE

Join Admiral Thy'lek Shran, Grey Squadron Leader TODAY!

STAR TREK
DISCOVERY

Search for Starfleet, Sol Sector Command, and join in the fun today!

COMING FALL 2017 TO
STAR TREK TIMELINES

A VERY DANGEROUS ADVENTURE

by CDT2 Sandy Reid, Age 5

Today I took all the cadets with me on a mission to a nearby planet in the space shuttle which Ziggly made especially for us. It is the first away mission that the cadets have been on, but as I have been on lots, I am in charge. Anthony was telling us where to go 'cause he is the navigator, Rosie is on communications 'cause she always makes a lot of noise and Lara was driving the ship.

We were driving along and Rosie got a message from the planet saying that someone needed our help. We landed on the planet as fast as we could.

We started to look around and saw a haunted house and it had fang teeth and started biting us. We made our way back to the shuttle and then there was a big, big snake, which was bigger than the shuttle and it bit the shuttle so hard it broke all its guns.

We ran back to the shuttle and shot the snake in the tummy, and it hit his heart and he died. Then we got into the shuttle and Lara drove it off the planet. Anthony told us which way to go, but because the snake had bit the shuttle, things were not working properly and we crashed into another planet that was full of fire.

Rosie managed to send a message back to the Centaur that we needed help. We could not get out of the shuttle 'cause of too much fire on the planet, so we had to sit there 'til we was rescued.

Lara went to make us a cup of tea, but the tea machine was broken, so she used some of the fire to make it.

When we finished our cup of tea, we got beamed off the planet onto the Centaur and we were all sad that we had to leave our shuttle there.

I told Ziggly that I was sorry we had broken the shuttle and she said, "Don't worry. We will build you a new one, so you can go on more adventures."

MEDITATION

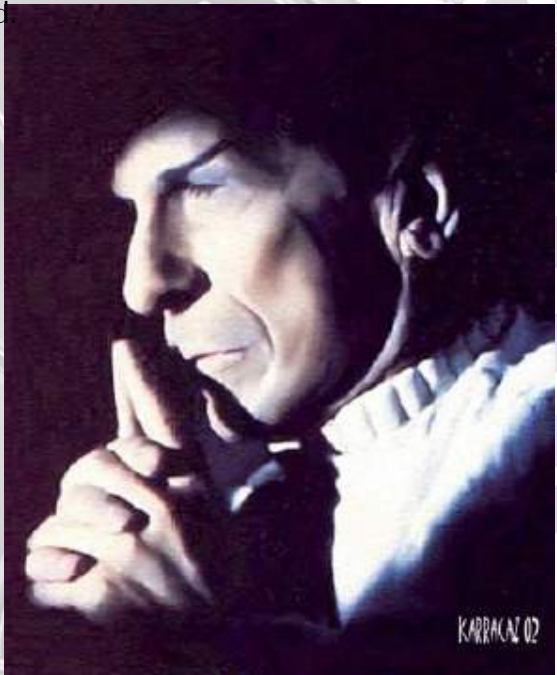
CAPT Anni Potts

With all the chaos and stress going on in our lives, we all have moments when we get worked up over things—often silly, little things. This makes for sleepless nights and poor decision making. None of us are alone in this. The hectic pace and demands of modern life means that many feel stressed and over-worked, that there is not enough time in the day to get everything done. It makes us unhappy, impatient and frustrated.

This is where meditation can help—something new that I am trying—because meditation helps us to understand our own mind. We can learn how to transform our mind from negative to positive, from disturbed to peaceful, from unhappy to happy. Overcoming negative minds and cultivating constructive thoughts is the purpose of meditation.

However, we are often so busy that we feel there is no time to stop, even for a moment's meditation, but meditation actually gives you more time by making your mind calmer and more focused. A simple ten or fifteen minute breathing meditation can help you to overcome your stress and find some inner peace and balance—and if you are still pushed for time, start with bedtime meditation.

At the end of a long day, I snuggle into bed and make myself comfortable. Usually, that's lying on my back without crossing my legs. That's simply so that blood flow into my feet isn't stemmed and I don't end up with a dead leg.





Having settled down physically, it is now time to rest the mind by becoming aware of my breathing. I focus on its rhythm: the gentle in and out of air as I inhale and exhale. By doing this, it clears all other thoughts from the mind. Negative thoughts and distractions will temporarily disappear because you cannot concentrate on more than one thing at a time. To begin with, you will find that your mind will wander back into other thoughts. If so, just pull it back

and return to focusing on your breathing. Similarly, don't worry if you fall asleep in the middle of it. That is a good sign as it means that your mind is still enough to find sleep. If I wake up in the middle of the night, I follow the same routine again, often resulting in me getting back to sleep quickly, which is always welcome.

As time progresses, you may want to expand on your meditation techniques, but bedtime meditation is a good place to start.



THE WOLF AND THE BOARS

RADM Daniel Adams

Imagine, a vast realm, older than time, a realm of magic, dreams and power; a land of kings and lords, of elves and warriors, and a land where dragons once ruled. Now imagine if that place had become awash with hubris, manipulated by the greedy, and jeopardised by the foolish. This land is Portal. Sitting in its biggest palace is the new master of its fate.

Prologue – The Capital

Baron Bigly Greedle tried to ignore the corner of his throne room. It contained his biggest, secret, one that only his most trusted advisor knew. The true crown.

It had gone so very well. The Baron had been a successful merchant, mostly by underhanded tactics on his competitors. However, trade had grown boring. The aging man found himself with more ... political ambition. The King of Portal, Rasmiar Tuskgore had put policies in place to protect the people from greed. In response, a collective of collaborators had convinced Greedle to challenge the King for his crown in a bloody coup. Towards the end, four of the King's biggest allies stopped lending their support and even betrayed him. And so it came to pass three months ago that Bigly entered the palace. In the throne room he found the King dead by his own hand and the true crown incomplete at his feet.

Portal was a kingdom that listened to its legends, and every child knows the legend of the Crown of Portal:

*A curse upon the king whose crown is broke
His reign shall be a cruel joke
But the king who makes the crown one
Shall be the best bar none.*

If he could only find the missing jewels, fix the crown, then the people would accept him as the one true king. He looked above it, to a fake crown he had made. It appeared in the throne room for ceremonial purposes, but it was considered bad form for anyone to wear a copy of the crown. So, although he was the *de facto* ruler, the rotund warlord could only serve as the royal regent

while his forces searched for 'the true King'.

"My Lord Wolf?"

"Yes, I, I mean, damn." He paused, acting as if Wellman hadn't noticed him becoming distracted "Yes, the Wolf is listening. Continue."

Despite his family's success, they had never been a noble house. Upon his ascension to Regent role, Bigly had created a new house with a new emblem, that of a mighty Wolf. Although he wasn't allowed to be a king, Greedle had insisted that everyone refer to him as Wolf, and spoke about himself in the third person.

"There's nothing else to say, my Lord Wolf. You promised control of the Minthar River to Lord Pottle for supporting the Glorious Undertaking," Wellman uttered .

Greedle waved a dismissive hand, "And he shall have it."

"But you gave control of the river to Salanar for helping you keep the barbarians from the wild lands away."

Contempt dripped from Greedle as he stared at Wellman. The young man was from one of the most noble houses in the land. Six generations of the Wellman house had served the Tuskore Line as high chancellor, counselling for the King, even making important day to day decisions in his name. However, Rasmiar began making sweeping changes. Upon the death of Wellman's father, the young King declared that he would select a new chancellor from the best candidates in the land rather than guarantee the spot to his son. And so, Wellman had sought out Greedle and they had set about unseating the king.

In the months since Greedle's victory, Wellman had proven to be an annoyance. The Wolf just wanted the adulation of the people, Wellman was supposed to be responsible for the actual work. Instead seemingly every decision needed Greedle's approval and to make things worse, without the crown, he couldn't even have the adulation of the people.

His gaze moved to the corner of the room again, firstly to the fake crown, which would be a curse if he were to wear it, then the real one, hidden in the base of the cabinet.

You do not belong here.

"Sir ... please," Wellman said clearly, seeing where his gaze was going. "Crown or not, you run the Kingdom now. I can only do so much. It is you that inspired these people; you that has motivated them to march under your banner. If you wish to keep them, it needs you to act."

Greedle got up off the throne and jammed a pudgy finger in Wellman's face. At thirty seasons old, he was less than half of Greedle's age, yet Wellman knew his place, most of the time. Sometimes he needed a gentle reminder.

"And you need to find the Wolf's jewels."

Realising that the defiance would count against him, Wellman changed his tactics.

"My lord, the legends of the crown are over a thousand years old and open to interpretation over time. You are the first king in living memory born outside of the Tuskogore line. Perhaps if you rule fairly and true the gems will reveal themselves to you."

Greedle rolled his eyes. He had spent less than a minute on his feet and already his knees were aching, his back twinged, and half a dozen spots on his bloated body were starting to itch.

"And how long is that supposed to take? The Wolf is forever, but this body is weak. The Wolf needs the crown now if it is to complete its transformation."

Before Wellman could offer another word, a female voice from the shadows spoke up.

"Well met, the Wolf of Portal, and his loyal aide."

Wellman drew his sword, Greedle retreated back into his throne. From the shadows, a figure clad in a black robe appeared.

"Intruder!" Wellman hissed. "State your business if you wish to live past the next minute."

The robed figure opened her arms showing delicate, pale white hands.

"I come seeking an audience with the true King, the Eternal Wolf ... Bigly."

Greedle felt a tingle as the seductive voice spoke his name. He watched as Wellman reared back with his sword.

"Halt!" the Wolf commanded. "The girl shall speak".

Wellman begrudgingly sheathed his sword but kept his hand on the hilt.

"And what business brings you to my castle?" he said.

"I am a seer. I go where my visions send me."

"Preposterous." Wellman muttered. "Women that have The Sight are witches and should be destroyed."

"Yet I see so much," she said as she pulled down her hood. Long red hair tumbled free. However, it was her eyes that caught his attention, intense bright green emeralds.

"I saw a great man, born in the wrong lifetime, denied his just due as a leader. Yet what generations of unworthy were given by birth, he took by

intelligence, cunning and cleverness."

She smiled at him, and he felt like they were the only two people in the room.

"Yet," she continued. "His just due was taken again from him when his prize was broken and the pieces stolen."

"The Wolf wishes to know," he said, "What is your name, girl?"

"I am Vanya, my lord." She said. "And I am here to help you rebuild what was broken."

Greedle rubbed his double chins. Even a single forest dweller knowing his secret was enough to destroy him. Yet, if her sight could deliver him the crown ...

"Very well. Let us suppose that the Wolf's crown was cloven," he said. "If he were to admit this, it would mean calamity unless it could be mended. How does a forest dweller learn the Witch arts?"

The girl reached into her robes and pulled out a bag. She sat down on the floor cross legged and emptied the bags contents on the floor. Inside was wood cut into diamonds and cubes with familiar glyphs cut into them.

"Elf magic? You bring elf magic into this palace of Man?" Wellman pushed the girl's head to one side and pushed back her ear. Greedle could see that the ear was smooth.

"How does a forest dweller come across elf magic five hundred years after the last elf has been seen by the eyes of man?"

"I was raised near the Twigshelm forest," she said. "My family were passing through when we were attacked by bandits. They were all murdered, and I was left to die. A half-elf found me, saved me, and raised me as her own."

Half elves were always rumoured to exist but none showed their face for fear of exposure. Elven craftwork would be truly lucrative in trade. The Wolf had once sent an expedition into the forest, however, the trees had been too thickly bunched together, there was no way into the ancient forest to find anything.

"We should end this now," Wellman said at last. "Condemn her to death and burn these ... relics."

"Please," she begged. "I will walk into the fires of damnation myself, but let me prove myself to the Wolf first."

Spurred on once again by his title, Greedle relented. "Continue," he said.

"The Elven Sight Stones are difficult to interpret ... however, when done so correctly, their accuracy is flawless as the gems that once stood on the crown."

Her long, slender fingers seemed to hover randomly over each glyph in her collection. She spoke in the beautiful language of the Elves, her thumb and forefinger snapping around a cube or diamond before putting each one into a cup.

She put the others back in the bag and shook the cup. Her eyes seemed to glow green as she rolled them. They bounced against the floor and she studied them intently.

"Well?" Greedle asked.

"Most interesting," she said. "I see a noble wolf proud and strong. But ... I also see four boars, hungry and treacherous. They are ... they are attacking the Wolf ... no!" her eyes returned to normal.

"The Boar," Greedle said after a moment. "Tuskgor's forces marched under the banner of the Boar. My enemies are still out there."

"My liege," Wellman said. "The forces of Tuskgor are no more. Every house has been destroyed. Let us kill this harridan and end this façade."

"Not every house," Greedle said. "Four of them did not answer the Tuskgor cry to battle."

"House Strawhewn are farmers," Wellman said. "It was your trade agreements that convinced them to stop giving support to the Ki ... Tuskgor. House Twigshelm have had no interest in affairs outside of the forest for a hundred seasons or more. And no one has ever seen anyone from house Stonegrave in twenty seasons."

It felt hard to admit but Wellman was right. The historical Tuskgor loyal houses couldn't stand up against him.

"Four," Vanya said.

"Excuse me? Damn, Excuse the Wolf ... I mean, grrrr, what is it that you are trying to convey to the wolf?"

"There were four Boars," she said, seeming to be unaware of Greedle's error.

Wellman drew his sword again.

"Give me the order my Lord, she is suggesting that I am complicit in this plot. Honour demands I cut her head from her shoulders."

The wolf looked at him through narrowed eyes. Could it be true? Could the man who promised to deliver the crown of Portal be the one who conspired to take it from him? *Of course!* Greedle realised. *By stripping him of the crown, his reputation would be hurt amongst the people, they would grow to need a new king, and then Wellman could produce the crown, and declare*

himself King.

"Actually," Greedle said at last. "Honour demands that this girl's words are proven—or disproved—first. I will have one of my personal agents go to your chambers. If he finds any of the sacred jewels, I will execute you. If he finds nothing, then I will execute the girl."

Twenty minutes later Greedle watched as the last of Wellman's blood spewed from his throat onto the ornate floor of the throne room. The man who had come to him as a friend and aide had betrayed him. He tried to use his name and power to take the crown for himself. He shook with rage.

"My King," Vanya said. "I know his betrayal stings, but now is the time to strike. You must claim the other three gems from the other three houses, then you will be King in law and, in fact, the greatest King as is your destiny."

"The crown remains broken. There is no way that I can take three castles," he said defeated.

"You can my lord. With your permission?" She moved over to the table and picked up the first gem that had been found in Wellman's chambers.

"This is the wind gem. With it you will be able to command the wind like it was your army. The castle of Strawhewn won't know what hit it. It will make one man ... one king seem like a god."

I. Strawhewn

And so, it came to pass that the Wolf and his new aide left the capital in secret and journeyed to Strawhewn. The journey was a long one, with little conversation between the two companions. Finally, on the third day of the journey, Vanya asked, "Do you know the curse of the Strawmen?"

"Yes. Their wives." The Wolf let out an uproarious laugh.

"The Wolf's wit is surpassed only by his cunning," she said with a smile. "I was actually referring to the legends of Strawhewn."

"I have little time for the superstitions of common folk," he said.

"An interesting legend," Vanya said. "Did you know that they were once mighty warriors in the times of the old Gods? They launched an attack on the wildmen. However, in the attack, they killed the daughter of the King of the Gods, so he took their powers. None born on the lands of the Strawhewn shall craft or wield armour or weapon. They can't even build brick walls. They dwell in huts. Even their palace is built from straw."

The Wolf smirked.

"So they became farmers, living in dirt. And I have the Gem of Wind."

They arrived at Strawhewn by dawn the next morning. Sure enough it consisted of nothing but grass huts, the only defences being crude fences to keep animals out of farms. Disguised by a large cloak, the farmers seemed to pay little attention to him. It irked him in some ways, but he needed to keep his mission secret until he had all four gems.

Finally, they arrived at Strawhewn Palace. Sure enough it was built from straw around a wooden shell. With the wind stone he could destroy it in seconds. He marched up to the door and hammered on it.

"Servants of the Wolf, this is your master. I demand access."

From above him, he saw Lord Strawhewn himself at the top of the battlement. Around his neck, almost completely obscured by his long beard, was the Gem of Fire.

"As long as my face has hair, I shall suffer none to pass," he said defiantly.

"Then say goodbye to your castle," he said. He held out the Wind gem, clenching his fingers tightly around it, and in the distance a low rumbling could be heard. It began to speed up. Strands of straw began to tumble from the battlements of the improbable castle. Finally, a deadly funnel of wind collided with the castle, walls exploding in a shower of straw. The wooden upper floors and supports snapped like cinders. Protected from the deadly storm, The Wolf lowered the gem.

What he beheld was a site of bloody carnage. The remains of Strawhewn's men and courtiers were intermingled with lumps of straw and splinters of wood. They explored the scene of damage for many hours. Finally, they came across the remains of Lord Strawhewn. His legs were twisted at an odd angle from the rest of his body. His lifeless eyes stared at them. Using the torch he had to light his way, the Wolf set fire to the Lord's beard, before retrieving the gem from around his neck.

Later, at camp, Greedle watched as Vanya bound the jewels of Wind and Fire together. He would command the powers of flame and wind, he finally had true power, and it would only get better.

"We shall go to Stonegrave next," he said. "The Gem of Life will grant me immortality."

Vanya paused. "An excellent suggestion my Lord, one that is worthy of your cunning cleverness. However, your glorious plan is better served by capturing the Stone of Wisdom from Twigshelm first."

"We know next to nothing about Twigshelm," the Wolf said. "But I happen to know that Stonegrave has been abandoned for decades. I should be able to

gain access and be more powerful when facing the unknown. Er, the Wolf happens to know, and the Wolf should be well, you know."

Vanya smiled. "I had heard similar rumblings, but the ancient house has strong walls. If it can repel the power of wind and fire, you may need the Stone of Wisdom."

He wanted to fight the point. He knew for damn good reason that Stonegrave wouldn't be a problem, but he still didn't trust the girl completely. He realised it was easier to give in.

"Fine. We shall go to Twigshelm," he said.

II. Twigshelm.

As they packed up their camp the following morning, Vanya engaged the Wolf in discussion again.

"So, my Lord, what do you know of Twigshelm?"

"Next to nothing, like The Wolf said last night. It was a gift to Men from the Elves," he said. "A reward for our help during the dark wars. The Elves soon disappeared, then the people of Twigshelm focused more on the forest than the lands of men."

He looked at his mysterious companion, the girl he knew next to nothing about.

"Let me guess. Human practising Elf Magic? Mysterious origins. You call Twigshelm home."

"Forgive me my Lord," she said. "I did not give you enough information and left you with the impression that this was the case. I was born in a Midland trading village. My parents were killed and I was adopted by the half Elf, though I did dwell in a forest."

He scratched his chin suspiciously.

The Men of Twigshelm were different from those of Strawhewn. Whereas the farmers had worn simple working garments, the Twigshelm dwellers wore clothes that were reminiscent of the Elves. Finally, they arrived at Twigshelm keep. However, like the farmers, they had little interest in the visitors, save for suspicious glances from whatever they were doing as the King and his aide passed.

The ancient palace seemed to be made of twigs, intertwined into the giant green vines of the forest. They seemed to snake and twist into huge vines that almost scraped the clouds themselves. It seemed a shame to Greedle to burn this place of Elven beauty, but he was prepared to if he couldn't have the

prize that he sought.

Finally they stood at the drawbridge for the castle. The Wolf glanced up at the man at the top of the battlements.

"Pet of the Boar, let me into your kingdom, I demand entrance."

From above, the Laird of Twigshelm called down. "As the Elf Heir, we will suffer no lowerborn to pass."

Wolf felt a mixture of excitement as he reached in to his robe and pulled out the two stones. The insult against his class removed any remorse he felt about attacking the beautiful palace of twigs. He lifted up the two fused stones and held it aloft. Another rumbling could be heard in the distance. This time however, the Wolf's nose was assaulted by thick black smoke. He heard the cracking of twigs quickly give way to a roaring inferno. As was the case before, The Wolf and Vanya were protected from the flames and the storm. However, within minutes the burning flames had started to subside, and the castle was reduced to a smoking ruin.

Looking through the debris was quicker this time. The gem was kept in an elven lock box which had survived the fire in the ashes of the ancient castle.

"Behold," Vanya said holding the stone aloft. "The Gem of Wisdom."

III. Stonegrave

The palace of Stonegrave was barely a day's travel away from Twigshelm. However, whereas The Wolf's ancient bones had protested just a simple walk across the room, the presence of the powerful gems imbued him with great power. He was eventually leading the way, until they found their second camp for the night.

"Tell me, girl," he said to Vanya as they ate a stew he had made. "How come you know so much about Stonegrave?"

The girl peered into the distance. "I once tried to break in as a child. It has always held so much mystery for me."

"I know it's full of gold and treasure," he said conspiratorially. "House Stonegrave was once a competitor of mine. I arranged for an accident to befall Stonegrave as they travelled outside. I was able to get control of his trade routes but his treasure had always been lost to me."

He held up the fused Wind/Fire Stone. "But this will help me breach those walls. I can feel it."

Stonegrave was a massive stone castle, its ancient doors sealed shut for more than twenty years. Knowing that there was no lord present, The Wolf

simply raised the stone. As the flaming tornado crashed against the walls, nothing happened. He clenched his fists in frustration. He needed to get into that castle. Finally, Vanya spoke above the burning tornado.

"My lord," she shouted above the burning din. "The knowledge stone, the knowledge stone."

He placed the fire/wind Stone on the ground and picked up the knowledge stone. Clenching his fist around it, he saw a gate, some distance away. He immediately knew where it was, and marched towards the gateway.

Sure enough on the banks of the river three hundred yards away was a drain. Vanya tried to open the drain to no avail.

"Forgive me, my Lord," she said. "My hands are too small."

He handed her the knowledge stone and shooed her aside. He found a series of bolts, was able to twist them all off and open the grille. Together, the two of them moved down the drain into the castle.

Sure enough, the palace was empty of occupants. There were open chests laden with treasure. The Wolf had long desired this treasure but now there was one gem he wanted, the gem of Life. In the centre of the keep, he finally found what he was looking for. This was it, the answer to everything. He would soon be seen as the True King of Portal. His final victory had almost been too easy.

He handed Vanya the gem.

"You have the final piece of the puzzle. Go, fix my crown. It is time to ascend to the throne."

Three hours later, Vanya handed him the crown, complete and ready to wear. He looked at the ring of gold. It was no longer mocking him, taunting him. It was just a crown ... as it should be.

He put the crown on his head ... and immediately doubled over in pain as his entire body felt as if it were on fire.

"Vanya ... The crown ... It BURNS," he protested.

"Of course it does. It's the fake," she said. From her robes she produced a second crown. The real one, he realised.

"You see," she began, "I was born here, twenty-six seasons ago. The bandits that murdered my father ... they were sent by you."

He tried to pull the crown from his head, but his fingers seemed to melt upon it as he struggled to remove it.

"The farmers of Strawhewn," she continued ignoring his pain, "Needed their curse lifting. Now that they have been attacked the curse is broken. They

shall again be the bravest, most proficient warriors that ever lived, and they shall defend Portal from its enemies."

The Wolf grunted in agony as he writhed on the stone ground that offered no release from the pain.

"Meanwhile, when the smoke clears from Twigshelm, the hidden elf secrets of the forest will be there for man to find, bringing new knowledge to the kingdom. Also, the wealth of Stonegrave can fill the vaults of the kingdom, meaning that we will not have to rely on loans from barons and thieves like you."

The wolf literally saw red as he screamed, "I was to be Portals greatest King!"

"No," Vanya said. "I am its greatest queen."



STARBASE 24



WE ARE PLEASED TO INFORM
YOU THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AT
THE HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF
WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY



BRING YOUR WANDS TO CAST SPELLS OR
BREW UP A POTION ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT
AT THE TWELFTH BANQUET
WITH OUR THEME OF
HARRY POTTER



WHEN:

28TH - 29TH
SEPTEMBER
2018

LOCATION:

MARRIOTT
HOTEL
PETERBOROUGH

CONDITIONS:

HARRY POTTER COPYRIGHT UNIVERSAL PICTURES, NO INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT INTENDED

C21 IS F.A.B!

Rich Nicholls, C21

C21 began like with most things, an idea.

Chris Daniels went to a Gerry Anderson talk at the Grand Theatre and saw a group dressed as various characters and thought how great it would be to have a Captain Scarlet costume for events. The costume went through various



stages that lead to a fateful appearance at an event at RAF Cosford. The response was amazing and the idea was put forward to start a costuming group focusing on the shows as we felt

that they were not being well represented. Rich Nicholls came from a medieval re-enacting background and decided to switch from military re-enacting to costuming.

The result is C21—a dedicated group of costumed Anderson fans appearing at events. The response to us has always been quite overwhelming, way beyond our expectations. There is still a lot of affection for the shows despite their age.

The group continues to grow. We welcome anyone to look us up on Facebook and if you share our love for Gerry and Sylvia's shows feel free to join us!

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1438642103105663/>



CENTAUR COMMISSIONING PARTY

CAPT Colin Barrow

Well, it's been a busy time for all of us on Space Station Centaur. We had our Commissioning Party in January at the Toby Carvery in Coventry where we had a record turnout of eighteen on the Friday night, and on the Saturday,



twenty-two crew members turned up for a walk around the Transport Museum followed by a meal at the Harvester.

The weekend started by picking up Rebecca Lockley up from the train station. She was a little nervous, not having met any of us, then we arrived at the Toby Carvery for a spot of lunch and to meet up with the rest of the crew as they arrived. At the evening meal, Anni presented the award and promotion certificates to the crew and then Erika and I presented Anni with an award, too. We met a lot of new faces in the chapter and everyone seemed to be having a good time.

The next day comprised of breakfast and going to the Transport Museum where we met up with some more of the crew (some from C21)so now we



were up to around twenty-two crew members going around the museum. We finished off with a lunch at the harvester, we then said our farewells and we took Rebecca back to the train station.





STARBASE 24

PERMISSION TO BEAM ABOARD
TO CELEBRATE THE
25th ANNIVERSARY OF

STAR TREK DEEP SPACE NINE

ALL OFFICERS AND GUESTS
ARE INVITED TO ATTEND

THE CELEBRATION IN
QUARK'S BAR
ON THE SATURDAY NIGHT
AT THE TWELFTH BANQUET
WITH OUR THEME OF
DEEP SPACE NINE

WHEN:

28TH-29TH
SEPTEMBER
2018

LOCATION:

MARRIOTT
HOTEL
PETERBOROUGH

CONDITIONS:

STAR TREK (DEEP SPACE NINE) COPYRIGHT CBS, NO INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT INTENDED

ROGUES GALLERY

No matter your age and call it what you will, dressing up as your favourite characters is fun. I've seen so many fantastic outfits that are not only awesome but inspiring. Here are a few from our readers ...



*Michael
Ferrol
Antoine has
created some
truly awe
inspiring
outfits. Here
is a small
selection of
them.*



TOP LEFT: Michael Hartley & Laura Perkins: Laura tells me this is a mash-up of *Star Trek* and *Day of the Dead*, but her creativity also reminds me of Tim Burton's *The Corpse Bride*.

BOTTOM LEFT: Jesus Ceballos, USA: From 1976, Jesus had this Bicentennial 10 Convention in NYC. Somebody did you proud.

RIGHT: Madison Spencer: No prizes for recognising this superb Beverley Crusher.





TOP LEFT: Ryan & Kathy Peck, Commanding and Executive Officers of the IKV Predator are based in Nashville, Tennessee. This was taken at Treklanta in Atlanta, Georgia.

RIGHT: Mikki Gunter at Star Trek Las Vegas 2017.



... and one of my favourites ...



BOTTOM LEFT: My name is Brittany Brown, and I hope you enjoy my Data cosplay. The photographer is Madster Cosplay and Photography.



TOP: Christopher Bunye: A wonderful compiled image using a screenshot from Star Trek IV from Bokeh Photo, based in Georgia, USA.



BOTTOM LEFT:
Eddie Pincock, Manchester

BOTTOM RIGHT:
Jeremy Horn

X-Wing Pilot "Star Wars"



TOP: C 21

The costumes that these guys have made are really awesome.

(Photo: MP Event Photography)



LEFT: Nick Lally: One of the hazards of being a redshirt: where's a polystyrene rock when you need one.

So many great photos were submitted for this issue that I've had to save some for the next issue. Watch out for that in June!

LOTS OF GOOD TIMES WITH FCD

CDR Erika Stroem

It is very quickly nearing the OOTA reunion party, which I, as many others are looking forward to immensely. Not only do we meet up with our FCD family*, we will also be reflecting on the wonderful memories we have from past events.

My first FCD event was at the space centre in Leicester in 2015. I opted to go for the two days and my partner Joe (who was not really into sci-fi), came with me. I had only been to one other convention



before, which was the FedCon Germany in May of 2014, but FCD was my first UK event, so I did not know what to expect. Nevertheless, I could not have found a better convention to go to.

The people were so friendly and welcoming, it also

seemed that regardless of whatever issues you had in life, you were accepted: neither frowned nor judged upon. Everyone was so fantastic and before I knew it, I was immediately considered as a friend.

I was dressed up as a Nox character from *Stargate* and won second place in the cosplay competition. Joe, on the other hand,





was not amused when someone mistook him in his Steam Punk outfit as a Morris Dancer, but what made it worse was my fits of hysterical laughter when he told me.

There was a party on the Saturday night complete with buffet and everyone had a photo taken with Garret Wang, who played Ens. Harry Kim in *Star Trek Voyager*. This was followed by a disco and fun was had by all.

On the Sunday, I went by myself as Joe was still sore about being compared to a Morris Dancer, plus it was not really his thing and it gave him the perfect excuse not to go. I could not wait for a second session and even though I have a mental problem



which prevents me going to strange places (especially on my own), I felt so safe to do so. I had yet another fantastic day and had a very unusual photo taken with Garrett and also bid in an auction to win lots of Sci-fi goodies.

I was so sad when the day ended. I really did not want to go home. I wanted to stay with all the wonderful friends I had made and what was even worse, I knew I had to wait a whole year to see most of them again, until the next FCD.



But one of the biggest examples of how close I got with FCD, was when my partner Joe passed away. David Limburg, one of organisers, actually came to my house to give me support and encouraged me to get myself to the next FCD event, which was less than a week after the funeral. I am so pleased I went as I could not have wished for more support. I even found myself crying in the arms of one of the guest stars, Rainbow Sun Francks, who (with a small group of others) I had dinner with and is now a very good friend.

I have been to four FCD events in the past and was also introduced to Starbase 24's Klingon Banquet, which was also to my liking. With their upcoming event this year, it will take me up to my third time with them. As long as FCD and SB24 do their events, I will always be there.

**Family is not an accidental spelling mistake/ It is what FCD call their friends who have become like family ☺*

STARBASE 24

Build a Wand

Workshop

Friday 28th September 2018

**3pm-4pm @Marriott Peterborough
£5 per adult, £3 per child***

Trained by Olivander himself, Madam Sycorax will help you choose your wand (or let your wand choose you). You can find out about it's own special properties as you add it's core and decorate it to your tastes and magical preferences.

Wands will be ready for collection at the banquet later that night

Take part in our colouring competition!
Best in age group wins a chocolate frog!

* Maximum 2 children must be accompanied and supervised by a paying adult

STARFLEET TORCHWOOD

CAPT Dominic Hadley



Welcome back to Starfleet Torchwood. We will be explaining more in this article about what Starfleet Torchwood does best and thank **Starbase 24** and the **Frontera Times** for allowing us to share our activities with you.

In today's article I will be telling you more about Starfleet Torchwood's developments within the Charlie Tango sector.

Who is the Commander in Chief of Starfleet Torchwood?

Starfleet Torchwood was founded in 2407 by Captain Dominic Hadley and Supervising Flag Officer Admiral Henry Johnson.

In 2407, Captain Hadley was given command of the newly founded fleet and assigned to Deep Space Torchwood and the Flagship U.S.S. Excalibur.

Admiral Johnson is the Supervising Flag Officer who is in charge of making the final decisions on what Starfleet Torchwood is authorised to do.



How big is Starfleet Torchwood?

Starfleet Torchwood has gone from a small group of Torchwood operatives to a large number of vessels in operation throughout the sector, on special missions of exploration, scientific development and most of all technological evolution, which is a major role within Starfleet Torchwood.

What kind of Technology does Starfleet Torchwood deal with?

Over the years the technological uses range from stargates to experimenting with naturally occurring wormholes in space. There has even been early experimentation with hyperdrive technology, which would be a breakthrough in current 25th century technology.

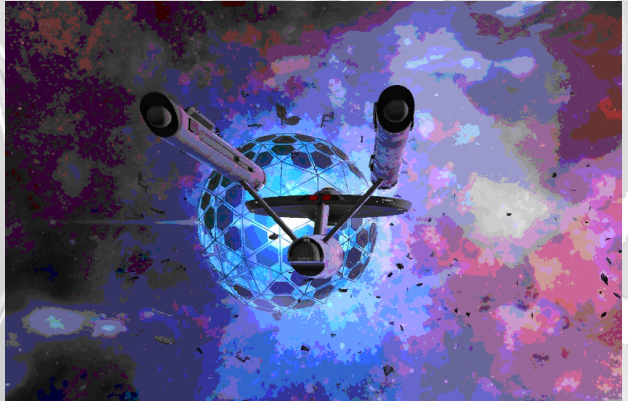
STAR TREK BRIDGE CREW

Stefan Blakemore

(Fair warning, this article may contain high levels of nuts and potential spoilers)

No matter the franchise, there are hundreds of thousands of people who have seen a series, a movie with fantastic locations, magical worlds or impossibly advanced starships, and one thought would go through their minds at one point or another. "I wish I could be there!"

That's one of the appealing things about gaming. In the last couple of decades, computer entertainment has reached the point where it can put someone on an alien world or the cold depths of space, and at every step, they are in the



heart of some epic adventure.

But there are always problems. Sometimes you are carrying around loads of weird space weapons while onboard a ship of peaceful exploration, and sometimes you are surrounded by people messing around and

being a general nuisance while you are trying to buy a piece of equipment. The inescapable fact is that as advanced as games get, they cannot actually put you in the same spot as a TV show. But these days, that statement isn't completely accurate anymore.

Ubisoft Entertainment unveiled *Star Trek Bridge Crew* to help advertise

new advancements in virtual reality technology, VR for short. VR is not a new concept; it was shown in the film *Lawnmower Man* and for many years was left alone as a gimmick technology. In recent years, though, VR has started gaining momentum as a truly immersive technology. Controllers and sensors are so advanced they can accurately track hand and head movements, and that is the core of how *Bridge Crew* operated. It made the PLAYER part of the controller.

You turn your head and the view changes flawlessly. You move your arm and the character's arm moves at the same time and in



the same way. It's practically the 21st century equivalent of a holodeck. The headsets even come with built in headphones and microphones, so you can communicate with friends and other players without additional hardware making things difficult.

As for the game itself, it's a very fun experience. Going back to my earlier analogy, I'm sure there are many people who wish they could command a bridge, fire phasers, use the transporter or set a course to a new world. With this game, you can do EXACTLY THAT.

You can take the role of the captain, make the key decisions, choose what objective to take on, trigger red alert and help inspire your crew with your unwavering resolve. (Earl Grey Tea not included.) And of course you can issue the legendary command, Engage!

Or Punch it, if you like that sort of thing...

Or you can run engineering, fixing what others break, assigning damage crews to fix many key systems of the ship, or tie every power system into a single application while screaming at the captain that, 'she canna take any more!' even as you somehow find more power.

Maybe you want to take the helm, guiding the ship past unknown stars, asteroids and ancient derelict starships, leap into impulse or warp travel or turning around to help tactical by pointing the shooty things at an enemy mine that you just avoided.

If you have an itchy trigger finger then tactical is the role for you. You can target anomalies to see if they will help or hurt your ship, target belligerent enemies and use your ships arsenal to reduce said hostiles into subatomic particles.

The controls have a slight learning curve but at the same time are fairly instinctive, especially for people familiar to the franchise. The hand controllers can be very responsive, and at times it feels decidedly natural. Then again, at the same time the game runs with VR technology and that is still very expensive these days. Thankfully Ubisoft was listening and changed that.

At Christmas, Ubisoft released a patch to the game that modified it, so that people without the expensive VR equipment can also play the game. This was a major change because before then, the user base for the game was very limited.

With the inclusion of the non-VR patch, a huge number of people were able to join the game, including myself, because like many others, I wanted to play the game, but lacked the highly expensive equipment.

STBC is set in the Kelvin timeline and is set in an area of space called 'The Trench', a region of space Starfleet wants to colonize, but at the same time the Klingons are skulking around looking for something that could give them a tactical advantage. The campaign for the game is fairly short, at six or so episodes as well as a special mission recreating the infamous Kobayashi Maru. You are able to play with other players online or if you are feeling confident, you can take on the campaign on your own in single player mode.

You play as a crew member of the Aegis, an experimental starship designed to be able to lower its energy emissions and therefore be harder to detect. You are also able to change your character's appearance such as gender or species (between Human and Vulcan). There is though more to the game than just the campaign mode.

STBC has another mode, quite appropriately named 'Ongoing Voyages' where the game generates a series of procedurally generated scenarios that you and your friends can play through. These can be virtually anything, from defending an ally against a Klingon ambush, or tracking down an escaped fugitive.



For those feeling nostalgic and/or crazy, you can play the Ongoing Voyages mode on a different ship: the original USS Enterprise, NCC-1701. No bloody A, B, C, OR D! And no lens flares either.

The Enterprise is lovingly crafted to be identical to the one on the show, and the technology of the game makes it possible to fully immerse yourself in the atmosphere of the bridge. However, this game mode is recommended for advanced players for a very good reason.

I'm sure that hardcore fans of the show will remember that the control consoles on the Enterprise are made from a black counter top and that the contents of a sweetshop that was raided by Paramount. I'm also sure that fans will remember there are NO LABELS on any of the buttons.

Players who try the Enterprise mode will have to either know what button does what or will have to have the help screen up while playing. The game's developers did a great job of mapping the controls into the bridge aesthetics. It's not a job I would have wanted.

But again, the game is doing the same thing no matter the mode. It is immersing the player into the *Star Trek Universe* far better than any game has before. It stays faithful to the aesthetics of the Kelvin timeline as well as the TOS era, and is a great way of bringing friends together to do what they have always wanted. To command a starship and '*Boldly go where no one has gone before.*'

TAT = TREASURE!

CAPT Susan Griffiths, aka Rainbow Raptor

Tat, in my eyes, can be anything—from pens to jewellery to badges or anything in general. If anyone has seen me going nuts at the Honour Pot table at the banquet, it's a good example of how much I like weird and wonderful items. Notebooks, pin badges, books, shiny tops ... it's the potentially useful things I like, for example lanyards, keyrings and small purses. I have also picked up small boxes, novelty chopsticks, bags (a favourite) and things to store make up/a first aid kit/medication/pens/other essential items in. One of my top tat finds is a plain black phone sock which I picked up at the Honour Pot Table three years ago (a least) and which I use all the time.

Last year I picked up a very shiny backpack indeed from the make us an offer table and had no problem finding my bag that weekend (this did not work for my raffle tickets which I completely lost track of). Does my *Docklands Light Railway* phone charger count as tat? I like to think so. Does a *Zoolander 2* wash bag I picked up last year from the Klingon Banquet's honour table count (complete with neck pillow, comb mirror and travel shampoo bottles)? Oh yes indeed. I have a lot that I need to take around with me given chronic health conditions and there can be a lot of shaming about not using more "clinical" looking items, for example tablet cases. This is not going to hold me back.

There is another thing I like, tat wise—decorative mint tins which can be repurposed for medication which makes taking tablets a bit more fun. I have to take a lot—I need all the fun I can get! It's also a reminder of good times, it's quirky and it's fun. Why have boring card holders when you can have one emblazoned with the *Millennium Falcon*? I used to have my work pass in a card holder clipped to my belt—and then I found the ideal lanyard that describes how I feel before morning coffee—it's *Walking Dead* themed!

So yes, tat is a wonderful thing!



COMM BADGES BACK IN STOCK

The Starship Obready are pleased to announce the total for the sales of the communicator badges so far is \$300, which has been raised in aid of the Suicide Prevention Centre. With their success and continued demand, another batch has been produced. Again, all profits from these will go to JEV, (I LIVE) which is a Canadian anti suicide charity.

Cost is £15 plus £1 UK postage, £3 for Europe and £4 for USA/Canada.

To find out more about the Starship Obready, please visit their Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/132680193411119/>



We also have available the SB24 comm badges for the same price, the profits of which go to Macmillan Cancer Support. To order, please contact Kehlan at Starbase 24.

THE 8 YEAR VOYAGE (AN ADMIRAL'S RETROSPECT)

ADM Bruno Signori (aka Robert G Kelley), USS Obready

The way to best describe the voyage of the Starship Obready is to go back to its beginnings. At a time when there was no Star Trek club in the Province of Quebec and even less so in the region of the Eastern townships. At that time I was searching for one on the internet and could not find anything. So how does a hardcore fan like me find a place where he can assemble with friends who are as passionate as he is? Well in this case, I decided to take it upon myself to organise my own club. To start it from scratch and to hope for the best as far as recruiting members was concerned.



Having five friends that were as passionate about the show as I was, it was easy to meet the three member requirements here to form a small local club. So now the question became, what will I call this club? Well the only logical thing for me was to find a name that reflected the region in which it originated—in this case, the Eastern Townships. Going through some research I found such a name in the man that had used the term townships back in

1946. His name was Maurice Obready. That same research also gave me the hull number of the Obready from the year the townships were founded, hence the NCC-1946.

It then came down to finding the right type of ship; a ship that was unique in shape and make the club recognisable at first glance. That inspiration came from my long experience in gaming, mastering Star Trek role-playing games and having seen many types of original ship designs in the FASA rulebooks. I had always been keen to the Northampton design and decided to use it for my ship. This brought us to the final touch for the club. What would its symbol (or crest) look like? After doodling many drawings, I found myself obsessing on making the EASTERN aspect of the club apparent. That is how I came to realise that the Starfleet's arrow shaped symbol was exactly what I needed. By placing one behind the first that would point to the East, I would achieve what I needed.



So now that the building blocks are in place where do we go? For that answer, I had my first group round-up to commemorate the launch at a local café. During that meeting many ideas were thrown on the table project-wise, but it would be my Skype contact with Admiral Mackenzie and his second in command, Charlotte (Kehlan), that would set the course and the tone that the Obready would take. Through our conversations I found out what a club could do to be a direct lifeline to those who needed help in the region. In

Starbase 24's case it was the threat of cancer and its devastating effects. In our case on the Obready, it was the harsh subject of suicide and the need for more resources to help those in distress. On that day, the activities of the bowl-a-thon would take on a life of their own as they represented a way of soliciting people's help while entertaining them at the same time. That activity would be so successful that it would inspire a second bowl-a-thon during the year that would come to the aid of the autistic community.

On this eight year voyage I can say that I have met many new friends and supporters. Some of them have been instrumental in the success of this ship: Sheila Quinn, who broadcasts an interview with me on the CJMQ radio station. Alain Rivard, who was directly involved the CGI animation productions for such shows as *Star Trek Voyager*, *ST Enterprise*, and briefly for *Star Trek Discovery*. He is also involved in the production of the *Ships Of The Line* artwork. Thanks to him the Starship Obready got a polished new look worthy of media publications. Patrice Ledoux is also a vital member who uses his experience in video-media productions to put the best videos online for the Obready.

The journeys of the Obready also give us a chance to participate in fun-filled events such as the Annual Canada parade, the AnimaraCon, the Comic-Con, the 50th anniversary Concert and, of course, the 50th anniversary Starfleet Academy exhibition at the Ottawa museum of aviation.

To conclude this retrospect I can only say that: *These are the voyages of the Starship Obready, its continuing mission, to seek out new friends and new supporters (and obviously found them). We will continue to go where no club in this region has gone before.*



THE ONE (HELL OF A) SHOW

CAPT Susan Griffiths, aka Rainbow Raptor



There were no tales of the Roving Rainbow Raptor last issue. There is a reason for this—minimal roving was going on as I had the flu/a cold/a virus/all of the above for about two months. There were pictures of my being a loon on *The One Show*, because that's what you do when you work in London and want an adventure, is it not? As in ... get yer mug on telly and sing in Klingon? Anyone? Oh ... just me, then ... and it was just me.

Word had been spread across various Trek groups for someone—anyone—who could sing, was available on Friday at very short notice and who didn't

mind a high risk move. No one was willing or available or in the area ...

At the time, I was in need of an adventure. It was cold and miserable outside and this was an opportunity to do something a little bit nuts. So on Thursday, after a work event at the Excel centre, I stayed late and found a quiet corner, phoned the BBC and sang down the phone so they could hear my voice. They liked it and I arranged to get my arse down to BBC studios for 5pm the next day.

Just for academic purposes, have you ever tried to fit Klingon phonetics to a Bryan Adams song? It is not at all easy so I ended up having to amend the wording. It was nothing like it showed on screen, as there was just no way you could fit all the Klingon words to *Summer of '69*. I felt a bit bad when I thought about the devastation I was about to commit, crimes against music on

a Bryan Adams classic, but was able to ask the man himself and GOT A PEP TALK FROM BRYAN ADAMS. He assured me that if I went with the flow I would be fine. So that felt good. I was a little nervous as I waited for my section but had something to take my mind off the nerves. Jason Isaacs, I am sorry I reduced you to eye candy but you being very pleasing to the eye took my mind right off the worst of my nerves.

And then there was the follow up. The comments in various Trek groups, a few of whom said I was rubbish. I asked them if they could have done better. They went quiet after that. I wonder why! The majority of comments were absolutely brilliant, particularly when I recounted just how much of a state I was in due to rush hour (that my Crohn's was playing up). I had been up since 6am and I had an onset of fatigue that was making it hard to function. I think I earned some kudos there. The thing that really made me happy was when a work colleague said he watched my piece several times over as the way I genuinely looked like I was enjoying myself made him smile.

And, that, I do believe, is what things like this are all about.

The Sci Fi Ball—A Very Unexpected Journey Indeed!

Some not very nice things happened to me lately. When I say not very nice, I mean involving two assaults, health flare ups, other hassles and life kicking me so hard up the arse I was a broken pile of raptor lying on the ground. Without going into too many details, I was in a very bad way and needed a bit of cheering up and getting away from things.

It was then I got a message from a very lovely mate of mine, Carolyn, who insisted I went to the Sci-Fi Ball. I wasn't sure, being a bit broke and it being so last minute and my health being broken ... so I spoke to my specialist. He told me that it was doctor's orders that I got my arse on that train to Southampton and geeked my little head off. The next day I went to see my GP who prescribed me all kinds of things, sent me for an x-ray, referred me for further treatment, prescribed strong Raptor-Repair tablets and who also said it was doctor's orders that I got my arse on that train to Southampton and geeked my little head off.

I booked my train LATE on Thursday evening and then got my arse on said train to Southampton ... and I think it all did the trick! I met up with my lovely mate, Carolyn, checked into a Premier Inn, the beds of which are amazing for my back anyway but given the injuries, bloody brilliant. I was glad I wasn't staying in the main hotel as they really are that good. And, oh, my word, what

a weekend and what a tonic it was!

I was very fragile to begin with but pretty soon settled in and had a wonderful time just getting away from reality. There was tea duelling. (I didn't care if I won or not, whatever happened, it meant consuming malted milk biscuits—yum!) There was also the bar where I shocked fellow attendees by ordering a pint of full fat milk (it's great for avoiding heartburn) and when someone asked whether that really was milk I had, they misheard me and thought I said tribble milk. A great debate on how you milk tribbles ensued.

One of my major downfalls at this kind of event is the dealer's room—in this case, rooms. I ended up with a Totoro backpack that has got me some very pleasant comments, stationery, a *Stargate* style purse, a *Murder on the Orient Express* comb shaped like a moustache, a *Walking Dead* lanyard and key ring (that I wear for work—I never usually wear lanyards ... ever!) earrings and other such delightful tat. I will admit that I didn't have that much money to spend but revelling in geekery really helped. As did catching up with people I hadn't seen for ages, kicking back at the bar and getting into ridiculous conversations to the point where I laughed until I could barely breathe. I didn't attend many of the guest talks as there were so many people to chat to and laughs to be had, but I did get to see the auction. Or rather, several Daleks commenting on the auction and debating what was being auctioned off (it was being shown on a TV near the Amazing Room of Lego they had there). I nearly did myself further damage as I was very close to falling over with laughter—they were brilliant!

I had to be at work on the Monday so was glad to catch a lift with Lorna, Matthew and Adam back to my home on the Sunday evening. Just before I left my home, I felt unable to face anything very much but having stepped away from it all (and having a very lovely Pixie to come home to) things felt better.

Having had a weekend away being in my element and realising just how much I like being a geek, and how much I love quirky shiny things and being excited by things like *Star Trek Discovery*, Lego spaceships and conventions definitely made all the difference. I may be broke as heck but I can now face the world so much more. Plus... how good is it that my going to a convention was recommended by both my specialist and my GP! Now if I could only get conventions on the NHS ...



POSSIBLY THE COOLEST WATCH IN THE QUADRANT

Rick Smith

The watch is the Samsung Gear S3 Frontier, the Software is a freebie called Facer, and the Star Trek Watch faces are free too.

Commander R. A. E. Smythe III Esq.

SECTOR COMMANDER, ALPHA QUADRANT

STARFLEET COMMAND – MOJAVE

Join us on Facebook: Starfleet Command - Mojave

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/831634426876757/>



Starbase 24

invites you to attend the
12th Starfleet/Klingon Banquet

A two night event starting on Friday evening.

With the fun theme of Harry Potter, Friday will be an informal featuring a hot buffet dinner, quizzes and raffles with ambient music so that attendees can chat and get to know one another.

Saturday will be a tribute to 25 years of Deep Space 9. Featuring the Games Room, arts and crafts, dealers' tables, talks and photoshoots, the day will be packed with fun for all ages. Culminating in a full sit-down three-course dinner for attendees to enjoy, the evening will finish with our disco party.

We welcome people of all ages and from all walks of life. Costume is not compulsory but a great many will attend in character.

*Arrangements may be subject to change.

WWW.STARBASE24.CO.UK/

STARBASE 24

PERMISSION TO BEAM ABOARD
TO CELEBRATE THE
25th ANNIVERSARY OF

STAR TREK DEEP SPACE NINE

ALL OFFICERS AND GUESTS
ARE INVITED TO ATTEND

THE CELEBRATION IN
QUARK'S BAR
ON THE SATURDAY NIGHT
AT THE TWELFTH BANQUET
WITH OUR THEME OF
DEEP SPACE NINE

WHEN:

28TH-29TH
SEPTEMBER
2018

LOCATION:

MARRIOTT
HOTEL
PETERBOROUGH

CONDITIONS:

STAR TREK (DEEP SPACE NINE) COPYRIGHT CBS, NO INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT INTENDED

STARBASE 24



WE ARE PLEASED TO INFORM
YOU THAT YOU HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AT
THE HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF
WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY

BRING YOUR WANDS TO CAST SPELLS OR
BREW UP A POTION ON THE FRIDAY NIGHT
AT THE TWELFTH BANQUET
WITH OUR THEME OF
HARRY POTTER



WHEN:

28TH-29TH
SEPTEMBER
2018

LOCATION:

MARRIOTT
HOTEL
PETERBOROUGH

CONDITIONS:

HARRY POTTER COPYRIGHT UNIVERSAL PICTURES, NO INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT INTENDED



12TH BANQUET PRICES

Adult Weekend - £65
Adult Sat Only - £42
Teen Weekend - £50
Teen Sat Only - £30
Child Weekend - £25
Child Sat Only - £15



*All tickets include 3 course banquet on Saturday evening.

**Discounted tickets include hot buffet Friday evening.

EARLY BIRD RETURN CREW

If you attended the
11th Banquet, you will
be eligible to purchase
our discounted early
bird tickets.

Adult Weekend - £60
Adult Sat Only - £40

