

# Frontera Times

The official newsletter of

## Starbase 24



Cover by Ke'Reth Makura  
Shuttle 027: The Pelican

April 2020



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## SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Submissions can be made at any time to [webmaster@starbase24.co.uk](mailto: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.





## LOCATION: ADMIRALTY OFFICE, STARBASE 24

Like many others, we have been watching with interest the new documentary about the later life of one of Starfleet's most famous captains, Jean-Luc Picard. At the time of writing, there are just two episodes left of the first season and I am intrigued to see where the story will go. Personally, I am enjoying the story, although I do have some reservations ... and I am aware that not everyone



agrees with me, and that's fine, let's just disagree nicely. I am not keen on the continued use of foul language or certain scenes which, in my eyes, are just gratuitous violence. *Picard* has the dubious distinction of having the only episode of Star Trek that I wish I had not watched and which I will never watch again. I am referring, of course, to episode 5, with its very graphic torture scenes. I also find it jarring that in the 24th century people are still vaping.

Moving on from that, however, I have had a lot of fun and it's been good to see old friends back on screen—Will Riker, Deanna Troi, Seven of Nine, even Hugh Borg to name just a few. I am pleased to hear it has been renewed for a second season and no doubt I will be swearing at the TV screen at the end of the final episode when it ends on a cliff hanger that we will have to wait a year to resolve.



I've also heard that *Discovery* has been confirmed for a fifth season—which, in my mind, is jumping the gun a little when we haven't seen Season 3 yet. I keep hearing rumours about a Captain Pike show and while for the

moment, there is nothing to confirm this, I live in hope. A Captain Pike show would be awesome.

Meanwhile, I continue to wait for the Section 31 show that has been promised. I do have some reservations as I can see this one being pretty dark, but I like the character of evil Georgiou and want to see more of her.



On a lighter note, there's the animated *Lower Decks* show also still to come at some point. Of all the various Trek incarnations, I will be honest, having seen the trailers, this one interests me the least, but I will keep an open mind and give it a fair chance.

On a more serious note, here at the Admiralty we understand that a lot of people are concerned about the coronavirus. At this point, with our banquet being several

months away, in October, we have no plans to cancel or postpone the event. We will, of course, continue to monitor the situation. Anyone buying tickets, however, may rest assured that should the worst happen, they will either be able to transfer their tickets to the new date or be offered a refund.

Meanwhile, we ask people to remain calm and be considerate of others who may be vulnerable. Please don't panic buy—you don't need fifty packs of toilet rolls or pasta or even paracetamol and ibuprofen ... all this does is leave vulnerable people without things that for them, may be necessary to keep them alive. Keep an eye on your family and neighbours and if any of them are in the vulnerable category, please offer them some help and make sure they are okay.





# THE 14th BANQUET

## > CONFIRMED <

When:  
Fri 2nd ~ Sat 3rd  
Oct 2020

Where:  
Peterborough  
Marriott Hotel

Ticket Prices:

Adult: Full: £62, Sat: £40

Child: Full: £25, Sat: £15



# THE ORVILLE



For all of you who said you love the Orville, here's a special offer. The comm-badge is £15 and the patch is £9, but as a special offer, if you buy both you can have the set for £21. Postage is £2 in the UK, £3.50 in Europe and £5 to the US and rest of the world.

To order, please contact Admiral Kehlan on [admiralty@starbase24.co.uk](mailto:admiralty@starbase24.co.uk).



# THE SF BALL WEEKEND:

BRIAN PHILFOT

The Ball is one of my favourite events, one I've been going to for many years and, more, importantly, I don't have to do anything except have fun ... and hand out leaflets of course!

It all starts on Friday evening with the first party and this year's theme was a barn dance. Lots of people wore cowboy outfits; some were funny! There was one blown up horse and rider, and a steampunk cowboy and cowgirl! I just wore one of my steampunk outfits.

I got to meet up with a lot of old friends that I haven't seen all year, plus a few from the banquet.

Saturday was the guest talks and the line up was good, first up was Gareth David-Lloyd and Kai Owen from Torchwood, very amusing guys. Then there was Kate Vernon from BSG and ST:VOY. She had a lot to say about



the shows she had been on and how she felt about being killed off in BSG and then coming back as a Cylon.

Next up was Lesley Ash. A very interesting guest she had a lot to say about the things she had been in: *Quadrophenia*, *C.A.T.S. Eyes* and *Men behaving Badly*. Last but not least, my favourite TNG lady, Marina Sirtis. A lovely lady—very funny and very out spoken. You could tell she was trying her hardest not to get upset, due to the recent loss of her husband. I asked her if she would be dancing on the bar over the weekend, which cheered her up, bringing back memories of her time at *Pages Bar*!

There were other guests on a smaller stage upstairs, which I didn't get to see: Tim Brooke-Taylor, Jennifer Edwards and David Doak.

There were dealer's tables upstairs, too, and many raffles over the weekend, I won one a Jedi bear which will be at the Banquet this year if

anyone what's him. Plus I picked up a few other things for the Banquet.





Saturday night was the banquet and the theme this year was Wonderland. I wore a steampunk outfit with a card with 52½p stuck in my top hat. There were many other costumes from the Queen to playing cards.

The food was good. I was a tad worried and didn't know what I'd be

able to have due to my dietary requirements, but the sweet was nice vegan chocolate! The cabaret was okay (not really my thing) and was based on an old comedy radio show with Tim Brook-Taylor and others.

Then the party started. Lots of drinking and chatting for me and the same plus dancing for others!

The Sunday talks were the same line up, all good fun. The auction was fun. I won a Tolkien film staff pass—all I did was scratch my nose! But Brent being Brent made it fun, so I ended up with it. I then went and bought a load

of raffle tickets for the Jedi bear as I thought it would be something worth having for our event. Michael, who has been to the Banquet a few times gave me his tickets. I was chatting to the dealer who makes the bears about my plans if I win it. Later, when I was up in the dealers' room, she donated some funny garlic pots for the banquet.



Then it was the closing ceremony. Marina got a little tearful and thanked everyone for helping to cheer her up. Later on was the last party, which was Marvel and DC themed. Sadly, I forgot a major part for my silly costume so didn't dress up for the party! There were lots of fun costumes, lots of drinking and generally having fun!







*Heelix's Kitchen* is a cookery workshop located in the Village on Space Station Centaur. It's a place where all are welcome, young and old, to come along and learn a little more about the science of food preparation. Cooking and baking, in particular, are reliant upon a series of chemical, thermal and/or biological reactions taking place in a set order. Should any one of those processes fail, the results are rarely a pleasant surprise and, often, a complete disaster!

## THE SCIENCE OF MUFFINS

Not to be confused with the cupcake, the perfect muffin is moist on the inside and has risen well over the top of its paper case into a beautiful, high domed treat. In order to achieve that, though, there are a lot of processes and reactions that need to take place that we usually think little of. However, in order to achieve that perfectly rounded top and a good rise, knowing about those processes will help enormously. So let us begin with a recipe for ...

## Fruit Muffins

- 200g caster sugar
- 200g butter or margarine
- 200g plain flour
- 2 tsp baking powder
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 200g dried fruit soaked in cold tea overnight. You can use raisins, sultanas, cranberries, cherries or anything else that you fancy.

### METHOD

Drain fruit and squeeze out excess fluid, but keep the tea as you may need it for the batter.

Cream the butter and sugar together with a wooden spoon in a ceramic bowl, and that's our first process that is dependant upon the reaction of one material against another, because if you use a metal spoon, the butter will soften too quickly and too much. A wooden spoon will help to ensure you get the right consistency. Similarly, if you use a metal bowl, you won't get the same results. It'll be too sloppy and 'oily'.

Creaming is also a process that needs to be understood. It's not just mixing two ingredients together. It involves combining the butter and sugar together until they are fully blended, usually by pressing the butter into the sugar against the side of the bowl. The butter will turn



a pale creamy colour and, in a perfectly creamed mix, the sugar crystals will have disappeared completely into the butter. However, you can get away with those crystals not being fully 'dissolved' if the butter has paled sufficiently. The act of creaming adds small air cells into the mix, so it not only becomes softer as you work it but it increases in size. Cream until it is soft and pale at the very least with a lighter feel than the original butter.

Beat the eggs in a bowl and then gradually add the mixture. Don't be tempted to drop all of the eggs in at once as it will be much harder to mix them together and eliminate any lumps. You need a smooth mix before you move onto the next step.

Add the fruit to the batter and gently mix in so that you keep the air in the mix.

In another bowl, sift together the baking powder and the flour. To save washing up, you may think about sifting it straight into the mix, but don't be tempted. By sifting them together in a separate bowl, you can stir the dry ingredients to ensure the baking powder is distributed evenly throughout the flour.

The baking powder is another chemical reaction. It works by releasing carbon dioxide into the batter through

an acid-based reaction, causing bubbles in the wet mixture to expand. Interestingly, if you are seeking a glorious high-topped muffin, the temptation is to increase this ingredient as it is a rising agent, but it's not as simple as that. It's worth experimenting with, but if you are going to increase it, I'd certainly suggest that you don't do it to more than 3 teaspoons.

Finally add the flour mix the other ingredients and fold in—another little bit of science there.

Folding is a process of combining the ingredients without stirring or beating the mixture. Best done with a spatula, you literally dig the spatula in and gently turn the mixture over, then dig in again and repeat, treating the mixture very gently. It sounds laborious but it doesn't take long and it stops all that lovely air being beaten out of it.

Add a little of the tea if you need to until the mixture has a dropping consistency. Yes, that's more science. If the mix is too dry or too wet, it just won't rise properly. Dropping consistency is when the mixture slides reluctantly off the spoon or spatula. It's a thick, creamy consistency that doesn't run off the spoon or stick to it stubbornly.

Now for the important bit. Put your batter in the



fridge to rest for at least an hour or overnight. During the resting period, starch molecules in the flour are absorbing the liquid in the batter. This causes them to swell and gives the batter a thicker, more viscous consistency. Any gluten formed during the mixing of the batter is also getting time to relax, and air bubbles (not to be confused with the 'air cells' that you do want in the mixture) are slowly working their way out. That's a lovely bit of science!

Now it's time to cook, so heat your oven to 220°C. Line your muffin tin with muffin cases and fill them almost ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP OF THE PAPER. Just leave the mix about ½ cm from the top of each case. Yes, it's nerve-wracking because you know they are going to rise, but trust me on this one. You should end up with a dozen muffins, but don't worry if it's a few more or less.

Once the cases are filled, now comes the yummy bit! Lick the bowl out. This is essential for a whole host of biological reactions to take place in your mouth and tummy. I'll let you work out what those reactions are for yourself.

Bake in the oven for 6–9 minutes until they have risen 6–12mm above the edge of the muffin case and the tops have started to brown. This initial high

cook is what encourages them rise and DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, DO NOT OPEN THE OVEN DOOR. Sorry to shout that one out, but it is absolutely imperative that you do not open the oven. If you do, the temperature will fall and you will get another thermal reaction, but one that you don't want. The muffins will fall.

Once they have risen, reduce the heat to 180°C but DO NOT, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, DO NOT OPEN THE OVEN DOOR. Yes, I am repeating myself but this is still absolutely essential if you want lovely, big-domed muffins. Bake for another 6-10 minutes. At that point, you can open the door of the oven and test your muffins with a skewer. The skewer should pull out cleanly and not be sticky.

Remove the muffins onto a rack to cool for 2 minutes. Don't leave them in the tin to cool as they'll get soggy (another undesirable chemical reaction). After 2 minutes, turn them on their side to finish cooling. This actually helps to stop the tops sinking as they cool.

And voila! You should have perfect muffins! Enjoy!





# STAR TREK VOYAGER



*In celebration of the 24th anniversary of Star Trek Voyager, we have a super new comm badge. They are £15 each plus £2 UK postage, with all profits going to the charities we support.*

## THE 14th BANQUET

### WHERE:

Peterborough Marriott Hotel

### WHEN:

Fri 2nd - Sat 3rd Oct 2020

### COST:

Adult: Full: £62, Sat: £40

Child: Full: £25, Sat: £15

### Friday:

BBQ & Quiz Night

### Saturday:

Themed Banquet  
& Entertainment



# 2258: A BABYLON 5 FAN EVENT: NICK FREARSON

Over the last weekend of February I went to the FCD Event, 2258, in Telford. It began on the Friday evening with the introduction of the guests for the weekend beginning with Mira Furlan, followed by Jason Carter, Patricia Tillman, Tracey Scoggins and Maggie Egan.



On the Saturday things began with the stars giving a talk and then a Q&A. After lunch the photo shoots took place and also there was a Skype talk with Peter Jurasik (Londo).

Of course, there was a party in the evening.

On Sunday, throughout the day the stars did another talk and various photo shoots. These included a green screen shoot with various Babylon 5 backgrounds including C&C, the council chamber and the bridge of the White Star.

Over the weekend there was a silent auction of items including a cake made to look like G-Kar.

I had a great time with many friends and others who attended the event.

Many thanks to Wil and David and the rest of the team for organising it.





# VOYAGER WORD SEARCH

J	M	E	W	Q	N	E	E	U	Q	G	R	O	B	Q	I	Y	U	H	D
O	S	A	W	O	R	G	U	Q	F	Y	H	I	U	W	D	F	W	I	N
N	E	I	T	E	R	X	J	M	L	C	C	P	D	Y	P	Q	F	M	N
A	E	X	I	L	E	E	N	W	M	D	N	A	N	Z	O	Z	L	O	V
S	W	G	N	I	L	R	A	T	S	A	U	Q	U	I	N	N	S	A	I
M	G	X	S	Z	L	Q	J	W	Q	J	U	N	I	O	R	S	S	N	F
M	I	W	I	N	A	M	D	L	I	W	A	H	T	N	A	M	A	S	R
C	H	K	O	L	D	B	W	C	H	X	B	B	S	E	S	K	A	B	O
H	Z	R	Y	X	Q	I	A	G	T	O	Z	W	K	N	E	D	K	O	T
R	U	W	Z	R	I	A	K	I	N	N	A	A	K	O	V	Q	Y	O	C
D	M	L	M	C	R	V	T	X	E	Z	Q	F	P	S	E	S	D	T	O
E	A	G	K	Q	J	A	U	M	S	R	H	Z	X	N	N	I	X	H	D
G	N	V	H	H	Z	S	H	T	K	Z	K	B	Y	I	O	R	P	B	B
H	N	Q	I	C	H	A	K	O	T	A	Y	V	A	B	F	A	A	Y	N
U	A	G	T	N	I	J	L	X	P	S	O	E	W	O	N	P	D	H	K
K	L	S	J	N	C	O	Z	M	K	Y	E	I	E	R	I	E	F	I	Z
O	E	S	U	X	R	I	U	E	A	F	C	P	N	N	N	E	R	W	L
V	B	S	B	D	N	I	S	G	Q	H	Q	C	A	I	E	O	Z	X	J
U	S	Q	I	Z	E	Y	E	W	E	W	F	X	J	A	V	T	C	V	X
T	N	M	E	V	J	R	J	B	E	O	L	P	G	R	O	I	H	U	T



Annika	Noss
B'Elanna	Paris
Boothby	Q Junior
Borg Queen	Quinn
Chakotay	Rain Robinson
da Vinci	Samantha Wildman
Doctor	Seska
Harry Kim	Seven of Nine
Icheb	Starling
Janeway	Suder
Jonas	Tuvix
Kes	Tuvok
Naomi	Vorik
Neelix	Voyager

# *STAR TREK: SECRETS OF KESSIK - CAPTAIN'S LOG*

## *STARDATE 7889.3: DAN ADAMS*

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*The USS Lumiere has is nearing the end of our mission establishing a new subspace communications array for Starfleet. The mission has been uneventful, but once the relay is active, Starfleet will have real time contact with some of its furthest colonies. Kessik is the final mission on this stop The admiralty has some concerns with the administration of the outpost, but I don't see any difficulties for our ship or crew.*

Captain Andrew McIntyre closed the log entry and sighed. Although he alluded to it, the crew of the *Lumiere* were bored. It had been an 18-month tour around the borders of Federation space. Eighteen uneventful months. For an explorer this was intolerable.

For the past 20 years or so, Starfleet had run the constitution class programme. Fifteen star ships went on multiple exploration missions, seeking out new life, and new civilisations, and making new discoveries. As such, the Federation had been expanding its borders and growing its territory. As such, communication between the colonies was difficult. That's where the Miranda Class

*Lumiere* came in. With many constitution class ships refitted and serving more diplomatic functions, ships like the *Miranda* class were tasked with establishing infrastructure across Federation space.

Kessik 4 had been established some years earlier, and was one of the many sources of the natural mineral Nitrium. The colony regularly mined the Nitrium, and every six months automated Antares class ships deposited supplies for the colony and filled their cargo holds with the element. A few messages were swapped between loved ones as well. Federation radio signals would take months to arrive meaning orders sent and received could be weeks out of date before they reached their destination.

The *Lumiere* looked set to change that trend somewhat by establishing the array of communication pods. This also caused colonies like Kessik 4 was open to more scrutiny. On the bridge, as if reading his captain's mind, the Andorian first officer spoke.

"Brightman isn't going to roll out, what is that Earther expression, the Blue Carpet?"

McIntyre allowed himself a small smile. One of his Zhran's traits was to act condescending towards human idioms and phrases. To some, this would be irksome and offensive. McIntyre found it oddly endearing.

Broadly, however, Zhran was correct. The colony's Starfleet Liaison, Captain Theodore Brightman, had been



sending reports of declining quality and detail over the past five years. The reports now contained the bare minimum information required.

"You got that right." McIntyre agreed as he stroked his bearded chin. The rugged facial hair wasn't exactly regulation, but there was nothing specific in the regulations against it either. It was a luxury afforded to long term missions such as this.

He turned to Harv, the Tellarite communication officer and signalled for him to open a channel.

"All hands this is the Captain. Congratulations ladies and gentlemen, we have reached the final stop on our long tour of duty."

McIntyre imagined that there was a round of applause in the mess hall where he couldn't hear them.

"Our mission is to set up our last probe, then visit the colony to assess the situation. Once that is done, I'll be authorising shore leave. There is only a small bar on the main colony, but I'm sure a few of us would welcome the relaxation. McIntyre out."

The majestic Tellarite closed the signal and turned to the captain. "Sir, as I understand it, there is increased

raider activity in this region."

Now Zhran answered. "It depends on how you class 'region'. True, neighbouring systems have reported difficulty, but there haven't been any such reports in the Kessik system."

"It could be down to Brightman's record keeping," Harv offered.

"Now listen, mister," McIntyre said, his practised tones being replaced by a thick Scottish accent. "That is a Starfleet officer you're talking about, an' I'll have no ..." he paused, realising what he was doing. It had been a long mission for him, too.

"I'll be the one evaluating Captain Brightman, if necessary. Until that time he'll be afforded the same respect of any Starfleet

officer."

The tense scene was broken by Lt. Duchamps, the helmsman, announcing that the ship had entered the Kessik system.

"Zhran," McIntyre said. "Deploy the satellite. While it's calibrating, we'll go to the colony."

McIntyre watched on the view screen as the ship deployed the communication pod into the optimal



position. Two solar collectors unfolded and the lights on the skin of the probe lit up. They would be active in a matter of hours.

"All right, take us to Kessik IV, one third impulse. Harv, hail Brightman."

Suddenly the view screen was replaced with a human with white hair and a chin full of stubble. Oddly, he didn't appear to be wearing a Starfleet uniform.

"This is Brightman. Can I help you, *Lumiere*?"

"Name's McIntyre," the CO said, trying to mirror the informal tones. "We're here to help you. We've just deployed a communication pod on the edge of your system that should improve communication with home base. While it finishes calibrating, we thought we'd come and say hello."

"Relay? You need to turn that damned thing off, now!" Brightman said. The rear on the older captain's face was palpable. "It could be the spark that starts a damned war."

He turned to the science officer. Myers was one of the best, so to see a look of concern on her pale face was a cause for concern.

"Sir, the probe has been destroyed."

"What?" McIntyre said. "How?"

Myers bit her lip as she concentrated.

"Signs point to disruptor fire, but it doesn't appear to confirm to any pattern I've seen."

"Damn it, damn it. Damn it," It was Brightman speaking on the view screen. McIntyre realised that he hasn't ordered the transmission to be ended. "What did I tell you? You're not in the star system for five minutes and you threaten the entire colony."

Brightman buried his head in his hands, then ran them through his thinning white hair.

"All right, all right. I can fix this. You," he said. "Stay where you are. I have to fix this. Meet me at my office in an hour."



Honouring Brightman's wishes, but not wanting to waste the opportunity to gather some intelligence, McIntyre and Zhran beamed down to the planet early. The town was a mixture of old and new. The buildings and streets on the outskirts of the capital looked like old buildings, built out of natural minerals from Kessik. The further you travelled inwards, the more artificial structures became, reflecting the town's status as the centre of a deep space colony. The mine was between shifts, so the local bar he had mentioned earlier was quite busy.

The bar had representations of ancient mining equipment painted on the walls from dozens of Federation worlds. There were no tables free. Sat in a booth was a portly Tellarite, he waved them over

"Goodness. Visitors. Sit, sit."



They both sat down, a waitress came and offered to take an order, Zhran ordered Altair water, while McIntyre asked for a coffee

"Thank you," McIntyre said.

"Name's Larv," the Tellarite said. "Head of mining operations. Welcome to Kessik."

McIntyre couldn't believe his luck. He had reached the head of the colony. If he could get an idea of what was going on.

"My name is McIntyre; I'm the captain of the *USS Lumiere*. This is my XO, Zhran. We're due to meet Brightman in a few minutes."

Larv smiled. Despite the matted fur, he seemed to be a well fed fellow, no sign of fear.

"And let me guess. You're hoping I spill my guts. To be honest, I don't know anything. See, my job is to keep the mines running. Brightman keeps the skies safe. It's an arrangement that works well."

McIntyre didn't need to look to his right to know that Zhran's antennae were drooping with disappointment.

"And you trust Brightman?" Zhran asked

"Well, he's kept us alive. But I will say this. My brother is pompous, holier than thou and a complete stick in the mud. It makes him a fantastic Starfleet officer. Er, no offence." The latter phrase was tacked on.

"But Brightman doesn't have any of that. He's a realist."

The three of them exchanged pleasantries but there wasn't much else to go on. They left the bar and headed for the Starfleet office. It was a standard Starfleet administration building for a colony this size. Consisting of two rooms, one dedicated to monitoring local satellites, the other was an administration office.

"Look at that," Zhran pointed upward. Above the door a single empty flagpole was alone.

"The Natinde colony has one of these structures and their pole has the Starfleet flag."

As they walked into the hallway there were three large bolt holes.

"I didn't go to Natinde, but let me have a wee guess," McIntyre offered. "Did they have a Delta there?"

"You have hit the screw on the head, sir," Zhran said.

"No uniform, no flags and ripping the Starfleet logo off the wall? It would seem as if someone is not 'on brand'."

From a door at the right of the entrance a raspy voice called, "And someone shouldn't gossip about their hosts before they even say hello."

They took the barb as an invitation to enter. Inside was Brightman in the utilitarian coverings that he was wearing before.

"It is odd, a Starfleet captain going to great lengths to remove all traces of Starfleet paraphernalia in his office."

Brightman stood at his desk.

"Necessary. There's no Federation here, no Starfleet. Just people. Names, borders, governments just give people permission to be asses to one another."

"We've been to 47 other outposts and set these up," McIntyre said. "Yours is the first to think that way."

"Well it won't be 48, at least not today," Brightman said. "Your stunt made things difficult but I've patched things over. Kindly go home."

"Who attacked our probe?" Zhran asked.

"Classified in the interest of colony security," Brightman said.

"You surely can't expect us to go back to Fleet with that?" McIntyre asked.

"I expect nothing except for you to respect my authority as the Starfleet liaison to this colony," Brightman said.

"Starfleet will just send you orders to comply."

Brightman picked up a padd and started to write.

"Starfleet is too big and unwieldy. It will be months, maybe years before that happens."

He finished the writing and turned the padd around. In unkempt handwriting, the message, "Shut up, go away, need more time."

McIntyre barely had time to register the message when four columns of red light appeared.

The beam barely cycled complete when a yellow beam from Zhran's phaser hit one of them in the chest.

Both men ducked behind the desk as a rain of disruptor bolts fired down.

"Call the ship!" Zhran pleaded with his captain. Wanting to shoot the Klingons, McIntyre knew that the best course of action was to get to safety.

"*Lumiere*, lock onto my communicator. Two humans and one Andorian to beam up."

The transporter beam saw them to safety. He looked at Brightman.

"D'ye wanna tell..." Brightman was looking over McIntyre's shoulder. With a sick feeling in his stomach, he turned around.

Zhran was staring down at a gaping fist sized hole in his chest.

"I'm sorry, sir," Zhran said. "I've not finished next week's..."

His eyes rolled into the back of his head, and he hit the ground with a sickening thud.



Alone in crew quarters that has been arranged, McIntyre and Brightman stared at each other.

"All right," McIntyre said. "Would you mind explaining why I have a dead officer on the deck and you seem to have defected to the Klingons?"

"They aren't Klingons," Brightman said. "At least not politically. Klingons have an honour based system. Fail to



act by that system and you're outcast."

Although there hadn't been open war with the Klingons for some time, they were still somewhat enigmatic to the Federation. Nevertheless, Brightman was somewhat aware of the system.

"You and three generations of your family," he replied. Brightman nodded.

"And there's the rub. Today's critic is tomorrow's traitor. Yesterday's pariah is today's leader. And is it really fair that you should live in isolation because your old grandpappy's skeletons didn't stay in his closet?"

"And these Klingons you're aiding, they are these outcasts?"

"Yes. Five years ago, the colony was being menaced by an Orion prospect. His crew consisted of his sponsor, and eight Klingon mercenaries. They caught me. They hoped to torture me for information on the colony's defences, but I was smart. For one per cent of the mine's yields, and land on the equator, the mercs agreed to betray the Orion wannabe, and protect the colony from anyone else that attempted to invade. Because of the distance from UFP space, we couldn't rely on Starfleet back up."

"A tidy solution," McIntyre agreed.

"It was at first. The Orions only lost one agent stupid enough to sponsor a prospect that screwed up. The mercs left the colony alone, but they have started attacking ships in the surrounding areas. In the meantime there about sixty to seventy Klingons on the planet."

"Of course, ye realise that if the Empire got wind of what you were up te.... ah, to, they'd see the Federation as harbouring fugitives," McIntyre said.

"I saw a chance to save my life and prevent my friends and their families from being killed or sold at market. I'd make the decision a thousand times over."

"What do we do now?" asked McIntyre. Despite the death that day and the distinct chance of more, he realised that Brightman would be the key to getting the mess fixed.

"The group has a means of mass producing star ships in minutes using motronic fields. They only have a handful of men, but enough to give us a bloody nose if we don't move quickly. We need to find Murgag, he's the leader and most reasonable of the bunch."

**THE 14th BANQUET**  
**> CONFIRMED <**

When:  
Fri 2nd - Sat 3rd  
Oct 2020

Where:  
Peterborough  
Marriott Hotel

Ticket Prices:  
Adult: Full: £62, Sat: £40  
Child: Full: £25, Sat: £15

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They moved to the bridge. Harv looked Brightman up and down. McIntyre realised how his belligerent communication officer had been right about the rogue captain all along.

"To your station, Mr Harv. You'll be serving as XO. Myers, I need you to read up on mass replication using motronic fields. Tactical, shields up, yellow alert."

"Sir, Klingon ship decloaking."

The ship appeared different than the usual lass with its green hull. This hull was silver, reminding McIntyre of an unpainted model.

"Incoming hail," Harv barked.

A Klingon wearing the rags of a Klingon officer's uniform draped over a black bodysuit glared at them from across the screen.

"Murgag, I presume?" McIntyre asked.

"I'll speak with Brightman," he barked in conformation.

"This is Captain McIntyre's ship," Brightman said.

"But it is your bargain, human. Send this ship away, force them into secrecy and let us go about our business."

"I can't do that," Brightman said.

"I fear not," Murgag said. He nodded and the captain fell to his knees clutching his abdomen.

"A microscopic probe. A little something I put in the drink I gave you to seal our arrangement five years ago.

For what it's worth, I truly regret this. But given the choice between keeping my home or fleeing into hiding, I will take this every time."

The image winked out. Two more Klingon ships decloaked. A medical team was already on their way, but McIntyre knew that Brightman was already lost.

"I need options," Brightman said.

The ship was rattled by a burst of disruptor fire. Already shields were down to fifty-three percent.

"I've got one, sir," Myers said. "It wasn't disruptor fire that destroyed our the comms pod, but super heated nitrium."

"So?" asked McIntyre.

Using nitrium on that probe is like using salt water on steel. It shouldn't work, in my opinion the motronic field converts the nitrium into plasma, but as soon as it leaves the field it turns into ..."

The ship shook again. McIntyre was thrown to the ground inches from Brightman's corpse. He rose.

"Is this interesting or can we actually use it?"

"Tactical, reset phasers to this frequency," Myers said as she sent a command over to French.

French, the weapons officer was aghast.

"That wouldn't knock over a sandcastle in a tornado!"

"Jus' do it will ye!" McIntyre said.

On the view screen, the weakest phaser beam he



had ever seen lanced out and hit one of the ship's shields. The shields turned green for a second, and the entire ship seemed to implode into dust.

"Was that Murgag's ship?" he asked.

"Negative," said Myers.

"Harv, hail him," he ordered.

"I have the means to destroy your ships. Your invitation to stay on this planet is illegal and hereby rescinded. You have three days to remove your people. Respond."

"I ... we ..." Murgag seemed to steady himself. "We will comply".



*Captain's log Supplemental*

The renegade Klingons have completely evacuated. Oddly the Empire hasn't demanded we hold them. They feel that if we were to confront them, we'd be giving them the honour of battle. They are barely satisfied Brightman's plot was unauthorised. Fortunately we found a confession in his desk, along with the access codes to his quarters."



When McIntyre beamed in, he found a crew already filling up boxes with his personal effects. Brightman. He was puzzled. He had visited the area earlier and it had been mostly empty.

His confusion was soon resolved. In the bedroom a secret compartment had been found. The closet sized area was filled with Starfleet paraphernalia, including the flag and Federation seal from Brightman's office, and his uniforms, including the latest style that was still on its binding from the Starfleet quartermaster.

Harv was carefully cataloguing the contents when he registered his captain's arrival.

"It's not just fleet property," Harv said. "It's his uniforms, medals, citations, everything that reminds him of his oath."

McIntyre looked down at a tray of medals.

"It must have consumed him," he said at last.

"Then why did he do it?" asked Harv.

"Because it's easy to be a saint in paradise," McIntyre reflected.

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Friday:  
BBQ & Quiz Night

Saturday:  
Themed Banquet  
& Entertainment

# SHUTTLE 027: THE PELICAN: KE'RETH MAKURA

Our ship designer, Ke'reth Makura has been hard at work creating a new shuttle for Starbase 24. We are therefore delighted to be able to show it off here, on its maiden voyage.



# TALES OF THE ROVING RAPTOR: SUE GRIFFITHS

Things have been a bit frustrating.... I have been trying to write an article for the Frontera Times for a while now and it hasn't gone so well. There was the Saturday I was so fed up with the neighbours doing LOUD home renovations ... I wanted a quiet pint, so I found a pub, sat down and began to write and ... *"This is your half hour warning - this table is booked!"* Just for the record there was no reservation sign on it at all. So I moved elsewhere, and - *"this room is booked in a hour and a half"* same member of bar staff - and again no reserved signs.

And then the crowning glory except it wasn't—he starts spraying heavily scented air freshener. I am allergic to scents like that and within minutes, my eyes were streaming, I couldn't breathe and I staggered to the bar. Member of bar staff, I shall call him Gas A Raptor Gary, finds this amusing as I used my inhaler and tried not to collapse. Another member of bar staff—I shall call him Captain Awesome—makes sure I am okay and provides me with an eyewash kit so I get to be all Gabriel Lorca and use eye drops. My throat was flipping killing me so, YES, two free pints of Peroni helped immensely!



I tried coming up with something during the week but what with stress at work (you only need to look at the headlines to know why) and no heating and hot water (this has been going on for well over a week) my mind was a bit shredded. I got to Saturday and could not deal with the unwashed mess I was and did an emergency flit to a hotel and I have to say the hot shower was amazing, as was the coffee in the room and the complimentary mini bar! My hair went from having no volume and looking absolutely horrible to feeling seriously nice! So now I feel fresher, it really has helped. The sooner we get the gas supply back the better. (It met a fate with someone in a JCB who managed to cut off the supply for my area.)

For some welcome relief, with all this going on, I can honestly say that entertainment wise, either vintage *Doctor Who* or brain-on hold movies are a sweet release from reality. I have need-d this and what follows is a bit of a rave about fun entertainment because goodness knows I needed it and genuinely enjoyed it!

I hadn't seen much of Patrick Troughton as Doctor Who and can well recommend his seasons. The robots in *The Krotons* are just brilliant and NOTHING

beats seeing Cybermen blasted to bits/dismantled/ generally defeated complete with cyber noises. Brilliant! Some episodes were lost and the visuals replaced by animation - and it is brilliant! *The Moonbase* has some amazing artwork as does *The Invasion*. The writing is brilliant and I found the episodes incredibly watchable and above all enjoyable.

On a slightly different note, I watched *Independence Day* on Friday evening and I had forgotten just how much fun it is—the whole point is for it to be entertaining and yes, some parts of the plot are ridiculous but surely that makes it even better. It took my mind off things and with the alien spaceships, the one-liners and the bangs and smashes, it's great that way. I think Will Smith and Jeff Goldblum are excellent in that movie and I particularly enjoy how everything unfolds. I hadn't seen it for a while so remembered a few bits but not that much and was glad that was the case!

Another item of fun, brain-on-hold entertainment was *Need for Speed*. My favourite character without doubt was the Dude Who Could Fly Anything who kept an eye out of his mate who was driving ridiculously fast.



The plot is fairly thin but if you like these types of movies, with fun one-liners and a heck of a lot of action, this works.

One absolute classic I love is *Dante's Peak*. I watched it again recently and simply love the characters and how they come together. What helps is I am also into vulcanology and used to read through numerous academic volcano items when I was researching for my Masters degree. It's fascinating stuff and while the science in the movie is not exactly right, shall we say, it's still very enjoyable to watch. Pierce Brosnan simply smashes it with his character and Linda Hamilton is flipping great. I need to do a bit of a shout out to the use of vehicles with the one I thought coolest was a truck with a snorkel that could go through high water. Our heroes use this at one point ... and then are followed by vehicles with standard exhausts and it does not go so well for them. It's touches like that, which really do make it!

I am sure I will be tracking down some more feel good and just plain enjoyable entertainment but, for now, just writing about this has felt great. And on that note, the challenges I went through to make sure I got something written feel like they were worth it. I think in times of stress, stepping back and indulging in a bit of fun is hugely under rated - personally, it's very much helped in times when so much is going on.

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# SYNTAX POETRY FESTIVAL:

PAMELA COOPER

My grandson, Dylan, has become a member of a group in Peterborough call *Youth Inspired*. He was recommended by the club to help judge a Sixth Form poetry event with a two other adult judges. Held by the *Syntax Poetry Festival*, the competition was to find the Peterborough Young Poet Laureate.



This was the first time he had done anything like this and we were so proud of him.

The event took place in the library at Peterborough and we had a great time. What an amazing amount of

young talent Peterborough has! Well done to all the finalists and big up to Dylan who stepped up as a young judge to represent *Youth Inspired* who helped fund the event. It was an amazing night.



Dylan has also been chosen to take charge of a new youth group at Paston Farm, Peterborough every Thursday evening and has been given some funding to do this.

Dylan mentioned

Starbase 24 and how they fund raise for cancers and he got a round of applause for that, too.

Congratulations to the Faith who won the Peterborough Young Poet Laureate.

Photographs provided by Pamela Cooper and the *Syntax Poetry Festival*.



# RESTORING THE GARDEN

## BENCH: KEVIN GOLDSMITH

I had been meaning to do this for years, but things just kept coming up in my workshop. However, with the decent summers in recent years, I thought that it was high time that I did more in the garden than just the hedges and lawn.

Dad had made the seat in the 1980s, possibly from a magazine article. I kept looking at it and thinking that I must do something about it before it is too late, but never getting around to it ... until now.

I began by taking the seat apart—some bits almost falling apart! Some areas were screwed together, and it turned out that others were held together by thin nails. It quickly became apparent that the

backrest was unsalvageable, while the seat itself had also gone due to bird droppings and the elements.

Once I had it in bits, I could tell that the thicker lengths (which made up the basic superstructure) were salvageable and would just need sanding to remove old varnish, dirt and green mould.

Off to my local timber yard where I could not get EXACT sizes. I think Dad worked in imperial measurements, which I personally prefer, but we are now in metric, so I simply got as close as I could.

I began by putting the surviving large backrest plank next to the new one on the Workmate bench and marked one end. A bit of sawing later, I had two pieces of equal length. I tackled the ends, carefully working them, sawing and chipping away the wood until I had a snug fit at both end pieces. I then placed the old and new planks side-by-side again in the workbench.

Fortunately, the slots in the original backrest were still clear enough for me to make marks on the new plank, which saved me a lot of time. I chiselled out each slot and cut lengths for the eleven vertical





pieces as I went along, repeating the process for the lower plank.

I was very nervous and careful with the chiselling and sawing. And once I had finished, I put it all together—and it fitted! RELIEF!

After this, I sanded the superstructure down to basic varnish or bare wood. The next hurdle was putting it all back together again. Thankfully, this went smoothly.

I then tackled the only part of the superstructure that needed replacing: the strut that goes underneath the seat area. Again enough of the original section had survived to allow me to use it as a template and I soon had both ends cut and the crescent shaped top area cut away and the piece in place.

Then came the planks for the seating area, six in all. I took each one in turn, cutting them to fit, being as accurate as I could with the screw holes. Soon I had them all in place.

Next, I had to tackled one of the armrests. I drew around the surviving one on a new plank and sawed as

close as I could, but despite my careful chiselling and sanding, I still managed break a piece off! Yes! That was me that you heard swearing!

In the end I used an 'internal splint' based partly on a technique I have used on previous models and props, and also watching the Quest Channel's *The Salvage Hunters—The Restorers*.

I held the pieces together in place and drilled a 3mm hole through both, and soon had everything glued into place. Once dried, I quickly had this and the surviving one screwed into place.

Finally, I drilled and put longer screws in both ends of the superstructure to tighten and strengthen it—again, an idea pinched from the aforementioned TV series.

I then set about the task of dying the sea. I ended up putting two coats on the bottom and four on top followed by a layer of varnish.

As soon as this was dry, I placed the seat where it is to this day: in between the house and the garden shed.



# A NEW DISABLED PERSPECTIVE:

FLEET CAPTAIN STEFAN BLAKEMORE

A while ago, I visited Kehlan and Admiral Mackenzie to house sit for a night, and this allowed me to collect a mobility scooter that I had bought from Kehlan's mother. I needed to take it back through the train network as well as London Public transport, and this was an 'interesting' experience.

First off, I had to book with the train company's involved, which was a novel experience, especially as I only needed their help on the return trip.



Then I had to plan out a route that avoided any stairs or escalators, not very easy considering I usually used the escalators at Kings Cross St Pancras, and I had absolutely NO idea where the elevators were.

These were not the interesting parts of the trip, though. What made the trip unusual was the

reaction of people while I was using the mobility scooter to get home. There is no way around it; I had to ride it home. It was beyond impractical to push it back home.

I drove the scooter to the train station and the initial train trip into the main station was fine. The staff were helpful and no one seemed bothered by the scooter being there.

When I arrived at Peterborough station itself, though, THAT'S when things got awkward.

No one had told me that I had to speak to staff, so I didn't know where to go. Only when the train was pulling in did a member of staff come over to help me get aboard the train with one of the ramps they have for just this reason—on the OTHER end of the platform!

In addition to that, there were several people that gave me odd sideways looks when I was driving the scooter where I needed to. Once I boarded the train, there was really no place for it, especially when there was an older gentleman and a young boy sitting in the chairs specifically set aside for disabled users. Considering they refused to move, I had no choice but to leave the scooter half blocking the aisle.

It did not get better once I reached Kings Cross St Pancras either. The number of people who gave me unpleasant looks because they had to move out of my way was bad enough. Sometimes there would be people on their phones who would dart in front of me, while the



scooter was IN MOTION, and I would have to hit the breaks to stop in time! Of course, if I had hit THEM, it would have been MY fault—I should have been looking where I was going.

If that wasn't bad enough, there was one more thing that I found really disconcerting: the number of people who just STARED while I was on the platform with a member of station staff waiting for the train to arrive. It's a really disconcerting and unpleasant feeling, having people just stare at you for no reason other than something that you are using to get around. I'm physically able and I felt almost dirty because of the way people looked at me. I can't imagine how those with real disabilities who NEED mobility scooters must feel on a daily basis. It is a truly disgusting feeling, and one I don't want to feel ever again.

I did eventually get the scooter home, and I even managed to make a little lean-to outside to keep it stored safe and dry, but it was still an eye opening experience for me—one I won't soon forget!



## THROUGH THE LENS:

KEHLAN KEBBELL

It's been a quiet month, photography wise, giving me time to do a bit of studying, learn new things and catch up with my editing.



You might be thinking, *"Editing is cheating! A good photographer does it in camera!"* Or even *"Photographers never did that back in the day of film cameras."* So I thought it might be an interesting area for us to explore together.

If you were to Google "Fading Away" by Henry Peach Robinson, you would find a composite image created by combining elements from different negatives and then manipulating the exposure in the dark room to create his final image. He did all that in 1858.

Since then, photographers have been creating composites, altering the lighting and mood of their images and even removing wrinkles and minor flaws from the faces of their models. So post-processing is not a new thing. The difference is back then it was done in the dark room. Today we use programmes such as Photoshop.

Let's look at this photo of the Red Arrows escorting a Boeing 747. When you photograph planes, the sky tends to be very bright and the planes are quite dark. The camera, unlike your eyes, cannot capture both. We can set the exposure for the sky, which will make the plane too dark, or we can set it for the plane, which will over-expose the sky.



Shooting in raw mode allows us to correct this to show what we actually saw at the time we took the picture. When you use the jpg format, the camera makes several decisions for you, to produce a final image. With raw, you make those decisions yourself. In effect, jpg is a ready made lasagne that you shove in the oven and eat. It looks and tastes okay. Raw however is a pile of ingredients that you combine to make your dinner. It's

more work but the result is worth it.

This particular picture did not need a lot of editing. Looking at the sliders on the right side of the photograph, you can see that I have increased the overall exposure and contrast. The whites have been decreased and the darks brightened, revealing more detail in those areas. Finally, I increased clarity and dehaze. The intensity of



the colours was fine, so vibrance and saturation were left alone and with that, dinner is cooked and the image is finished.

There are of course, many more things we can do to the image and we will look at that in later issues. For now, happy photographing.

