

# Communiqué

Issue #206

January - March 2021



## Important Announcement About IC 2020

Dear STARFLEET Members,

It has become necessary to postpone the International Conference that was to be held in June 2021 in Tallahassee. Due to travel restrictions, quarantine regulations on folks once they got back home and the fear of COVID-19, we just were not able to make it happen.

So, our hotel has graciously agreed to move the event to June 24-26, 2022. If you had reservations for the 2021 event, **PLEASE** call the hotel and cancel as soon as possible. They cannot cancel the block since the reservations were made individually.

I will attempt to contact each person who registered individually as well as put this announcement on other sites. Thank you and please plan to get your chassis to Tallahassee in 2022.

Gen Linda Olson  
USS Relentless, R2  
IC 2020 Co-Chair

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*Front Cover:* Important Message from  
Co-Chair of IC 2020

*Back Cover:* Artwork by LCDR Buzz Ryan,  
*USS Longbow*, R2

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# From the Editor's Desk

GEN Dennis Rayburn, *Space Station Nikola Tesla*

Greetings from the center seat of the STARFLEET *COMMUNIQUE*. This is your friendly neighborhood Editor back at this desk after my encounter with COVID-19.

First, a personal word: I want to thank everyone who contacted me checking on our conditions here. All three of us had the blasted virus and it, sadly, has left us all with varying degrees of Post COVID Syndrome (better known as “Long Haulers”). We are all dealing with it but are all starting to show marked improvement as the body-aches and migraines have started to decrease.

Before you is the April 2021 issue of the *CQ*. It is the hope of the entire staff that you enjoy it. You will find articles on a diverse range of topics, some original creative work, Chapter 5 of the continuing story, *Plague Bound*, and some other things of interest. One thing I think folks will like is Dean Rogers' latest interview with Ronald D. Moore and some cast members of AppleTV's hit, *For All Mankind*. This is an excellent show which I recommend to anyone who can, watch it.

In closing, I want to remind everyone that this is YOUR *CQ*, not ours. We can only print what is submitted to us. If we get a lot, we'll make the issue as large as necessary. If we don't get a lot, it will be a light issue. So, please, send us your articles, commentaries, creative works, news ... whatever you would like to see in here that you believe others would like and we will run it.

...





# Editorials



## My Experience Being a French-speaking Person in SFI

by CAPT Anne-Laure Perrin, *USS Versailles*, R9 (ASG R9)

To begin, I have to say my case is unusual since I did not see any *Star Trek* episodes in French. For this reason, it always was a bit difficult for me because I did not know French titles for the episodes when I discussed them with other French Trekkies.

When I joined SFI, even if the main language aboard the *USS Versailles* was French, I knew I would have to use English more often. Even if I was familiar with the written language because I read many *Star Trek* books in English or comics (my favorite series are *DS9* and *Voyager*, and almost none of the books are translated), I knew I would have to improve my comprehension of the English spoken language and my ability to speak it.

In the beginning, I decided to try the Academy, and since I am my ship's CMO, I began with medical courses. The first attempts were complicated because of the vocabulary, but finally, I learned medical vocabulary and it began to be easier. I am persistent; my level is far better but I still make comprehension errors, I need to improve that part.

Exchanging in a written way was not a problem, but I was a bit afraid of the idea of having video exchanges with English-speaking people. Even if I am working on it, I have a distinct French accent (like Maurice Chevalier, as I used to say) and I speak quite slowly. But finally, all went quite well. I could understand enough and, more importantly, be

understood by English natives. I noticed that by this time my English level had improved quite nicely.

But the real thing was to participate in an International AMA with only English-speaking natives. Even if it was a bit more difficult than I expected and tiresome at the end, while very pleasant and enjoyable, I could measure the progress I made over these past two years. I am proud to be the first native French speaker to participate. It was an honor and a very good experience.

The fact our ship, the *USS Versailles*, translated the MHB this past summer was a very good thing: a gesture towards French people or those from Québec who think they cannot join us or blend in because of language problems. Perhaps one day all the important manuals and exams (including OTS and OCC) will be translated. I already did MDPR 101 for STARFLEET Medical. The *Hypospray*, STARFLEET Medical's publication, already has a French version. All these actions are very good gestures towards French-speaking people.

If I had a piece of advice to give to French-speaking people hesitating to join STARFLEET, I would say to them they have to attempt it and that they are not alone now, we can help them. So, French-speaking people, just join us and share with us a common interest in *Star Trek*!

## If I Were an Eagle

by CPT Kimberly Landen, SFMC, *USS Appomattox*, R1

If I were an Eagle I would Fly high above the trees  
and look beyond the things I have known I want to be free

Flying higher than the mountaintops and higher than the seas  
I have looked beyond the things I have known for now I am free

I am now that Eagle that flies the skies free and now looks proudly  
down below at the white wolf who is also highly honorable and free

## Classic Gaming on the C-64

by CAPT Sean T. Kelley (with assistance), *USS Jaresh-Inyo*, R4

The popular Commodore 64 computer had many non-game programs. I have not personally gotten this to work at home, but I thought it might help pass the time or provide a diversion from stress if interested Fleet/Marine personnel could work together via the Internet to share their experiences simulating the earliest personal computers. I use the plural of the word because other free vintage computer emulators are available, and retro-computing has gotten to be a big hobby.

On a different subject, I wanted to say that knowing how to ask for help and forcing yourself to be willing to do so are skills that are not as valued as they should be in our modern world. I hope that anyone reading this who finds themselves needing help will do their best to be their own "Primary Advocate" and pursue it with vigor toward a solution. For me, asking the person I did for help with this article was like "sustainment training" to keep my rating current.

VICE: Versatile Commodore Emulator

<https://vice-emu.sourceforge.io/>

Manuals for the original equipment are hosted on *The Wayback Machine*:

[https://archive.org/details/commodore\\_c64\\_manuals](https://archive.org/details/commodore_c64_manuals)

A YouTube video on vintage game sources:  
(Permission has been granted)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A82HPdN7lsQ>



Two recent recruits for Petfleet are Kirk (on the top level) and Spock (on the lower level) from *Space Station Nikola Tesla* in R1. If you have a pet you'd like to sign up for Petfleet, please contact the Petfleet Director, Francis Smith at [Petfleet@sfi.org](mailto:Petfleet@sfi.org)



## Raktajino Ruminations

by CAPT Brenda Miller, *USS Hephaestus*, R2



I have two thoughts for you to consider this issue. I don't remember where I got them. I think both were on my Facebook feed.

### *You are special—Don't EVER forget it!*

A well-known speaker started his seminar holding up a \$20 bill. In the room of 200, he asked, "Who would like this \$20 bill?" Hands started going up. He said, "I am going to give this \$20 to one of you but first, let me do this."



He proceeded to crumple up the \$20 bill. He then asked, "Who still wants it...?" Still the hands were up in the air. "Well," he replied, "What if I do this?" And he dropped it on the ground and started to grind it into the floor with his shoe. He picked it up, now crumpled and dirty. "Now, who still wants it?" Still the hands went into the air.

"My friends, we have all learned a very valuable lesson. No matter what I did to the money, you still

wanted it because it did not decrease in value. It was still worth \$20. Many times in our lives, we are dropped, crumpled, and ground into the dirt by the decisions we make and the circumstances that come our way. We may feel as though we are worthless. But no matter what has happened or what will happen, you will never lose your value.

"Dirty or clean, crumpled or finely creased, you are still priceless to those who DO LOVE you. The worth of our lives comes not in what we do or who we know, but by WHO WE ARE.

You are special—Don't EVER forget it." If you do not pass this on, you may never know the lives it touches, the hurting hearts it speaks to, or the hope that it may bring. Count your blessings, not your problems.

### *The Lesson of the Eagle and the Crow*

The only bird that dares to peck an eagle is the crow. The crow sits on the eagle's back and bites his neck. The eagle does not respond, nor fight with the crow; it does not spend time or energy on the crow, instead, it just opens its wings and begins to rise higher in the heavens. The higher the flight, the harder it is for the crow to breathe and eventually the crow falls off due to a lack of oxygen.



Learn from the eagle and don't fight the crows, just keep ascending. They might be along for the ride but they'll soon fall off. Do not allow yourself to succumb to the distractions...keep your focus on the things above and continue rising!!

*A joyful heart is good medicine,  
but a crushed spirit dries up the bones.*

— Proverbs 17:22

☞ *You're never too cool to learn something new.* ☞

*With the first link, the chain is forged. The first speech censored,  
the first thought forbidden, the first freedom denied,  
chains us all irrevocably.*

Jean-Luc Picard, *TNG: The Drumhead*



# Ship News



## Introducing USS Aequitas

by COL Jason "Bullseye" Garrett, *USS Aequitas*, R1

Despite the terrible effects of the pandemic, these are great times to be a *Star Trek* fan.

In February, CMDR Keith J McNeil and I launched our new ship, *USS Aequitas*, the Fleet's first Crossfield Class Science Vessel and Warship, Vessel Registry NX-1032. Our timeline follows that of *Star Trek: Discovery*, Season 3.

We are very proud of our ship and our crew, already 9 member-strong from across the Regions of STARFLEET in less than 2 months. Collectively, we have about 60 years of experience in SFI.

Our mission: To reach out and welcome anyone and everyone, regardless of geographical location. If you are currently unassigned, looking for something different, or looking for your next assignment or



something new, open your subspace channel; we are ready to receive your transmission.

We are planning to start a Marine Corps Unit & MACO / SFSO teams. If you are interested in role-playing or prop building, we have members into that, too.

We had our first online video meeting at the beginning of March, with future meetings scheduled monthly. We have an active Facebook group and website. We are well on our way, under the fantastic supervision of the *USS Longbow* and RADM Denise Rush.

For more information, email the Commanding Officer, CMDR Keith J McNeil, at [kjmcneil.sfi@gmail.com](mailto:kjmcneil.sfi@gmail.com).

Regards,

Jason 'Bullseye' Garrett

## USS Heimdal Meets COVID Challenge "Head On"

by ADM Linda Smith, *USS Heimdal*, R1

For one full year, the COVID-19 virus challenged all of us. Businesses, restaurants, healthcare, and almost every part of our lives have been swept up by the changes. STARFLEET chapters, particularly "meeting" chapters, have been heavily impacted. The very core of how we function as a STARFLEET chapter and what we are able to do within our communities has changed.

After being able to meet outside in person last summer, the *USS Heimdal*, based in Region One, was forced to move inside as fall turned to winter. The chapter tapped into the resources of her Command Staff and Executive Committee to find ways to keep the chapter not only alive but active with good participation as we navigated through pandemic waters. ZOOM became our new best friend and our *next-best-thing-to-being-there* resource.

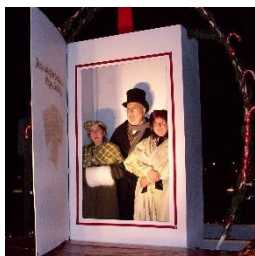
The *Heimdal* began by having her Annual Halloween Party on ZOOM, including a Costume Contest with prizes. We had no idea how that would work (or even IF it would); but to everyone's surprise, people showed up in costumes, and we played several Halloween-/Trek-related ZOOM games. Many thanks to ZOOM host's, *Heimdal* member Tim Hazlett, creativity. And we DID pull off the Costume Contest; people won gift cards in several contest categories and the winners received their prizes through the mail.

Following the successful Halloween Party, the *Heimdal* started trying new things. In November, we held a Hobby Night on ZOOM. Members brought examples of their hobbies and showed them to the meeting attendees. In December we went a step further. Since we could not hold our Annual Christmas Party banquet and Dirty Santa, we



held an Ugly Christmas Sweater Contest. There were some very ugly sweaters, some cool prizes, and a lot of fun.

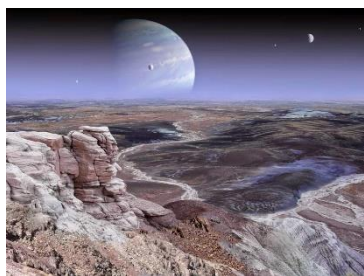
Also, in December we dragged an old float out of mothballs, refurbished it, and entered it in the Amherst REVERSE Christmas Parade. To our surprise and holiday delight, the *Heimdal's* float WON the prize for **Best Use of the Parade Theme**. We have a banner and a plaque by which to remember it all.



We noticed that ZOOM meeting attendance was growing. We began with an average of 13 people per meeting but increased to an average of 25 people per meeting with a few people from other STARFLEET chapters joining in. Not only was it joyous to see our *Heimdal* members, but it was such a delight to have members from our sister chapters join us!

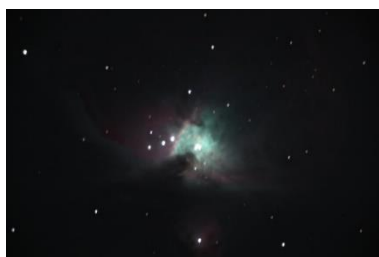


In January the *Heimdal* took a step forward and had our first ZOOM meeting guest speaker. Author/space artist extraordinaire Ron Miller joined us as our guest. He told us about his books, showed us book covers he had designed, and shared some of his truly phenomenal space art with us. He made it a very relaxed presentation, engaging in conversation with those attending and answering questions as he went along. It was a wonderful meeting.



Ron Miller and his art.

In February we had another guest speaker, astrophotographer Adam Bryant, Jr. Adam does



Adam Bryant and his work.

amazing astrophotography using his telescope, camera, and computer. His photos have been featured several times on TV News from Roanoke, VA.

Our March meeting featured Sarah and Weston Webb, cosplay costumers who showed us some of their exceptional costumes and told us how they made them. Weston was very excited to show us the Mandalorian helmet he had just completed on his 3D printer.

While the COVID vaccines, which are currently becoming more available every day, offer the promise of getting our lives back, (closely resembling the way we remember them), we aren't there yet. The *Heimdal* has had to postpone our anniversary party until October and our Annual Public Charity Auction until August 2022. We are hopeful that the two students who won our Space Camp Contest in 2020 will be able to take their postponed trips this summer.

Plans are already being made for *Heimdal's* summer activities, which include getting back outside for meetings. To bring in a little revenue in the absence of our auction fundraiser, we are planning an "on board" auction in an outdoor pavilion. *Heimdal* members will donate science fiction and *Star Trek* items they wish to "rehome," and we will auction them off to each other. We also have been recipients of several amazing *Star Trek* collectibles that will be included, as well as a portion of a private collection. Not only will this be an "in-person" meeting, but it will also be ZOOMED, so all *Heimdal* members can participate in the auction.

The challenges of COVID-19 have been difficult, but the *Heimdal* has found that with planning we can make some pretty cool stuff happen thanks to some *Heimdal* people who are inventive and innovative and truly want to see our chapter continue to succeed. We can do almost anything if we try ... we just need to tweak it a little. That has been a huge, surprising, and exciting outcome.

May we all look forward to 2022 in a world of "normal" while we never forget what we can do in strange and difficult times when we try.



## USS Goddard: The Second Coming

by CAPT Eugene Sanford, *USS Goddard*, R7

Well, here we are, our second year of service aboard the award-winning Starship *USS Goddard*. Our first-year voyage was a huge success with three major events: Farpoint, Shore Leave, and the 2019 STARFLEET Region Seven Conference. Plus, we had the Polar Bear Plunge and our ZOOM meetings and holiday parties. We are also looking back at a year that has affected us all with the Coronavirus epidemic. So far, our crew has performed above and beyond the call of duty on countless occasions. I, as the CO, have been working in both the real world and with the ship. So, what does our second year look like within our chapter? Well, we started the new year with two successful ZOOM tests, followed by two successful ship meetings that we recently held both as a chapter and during the virtual Farpoint convention. As the new Fleet Historian, I have now spent a great deal of time working on new Mission Logs for two of the chapters that I have served on. I followed that task by gathering photographs, handbooks, newsletters, etc. The large extensive library is now a dream come true. It is expanding with even more new ideas.

The *USS Goddard*, itself is now being upgraded. Our Executive Command Staff has been chosen, followed by a new listserv, and the planning and preparation of our first away mission outside of Region Seven. We currently have 26 STARFLEET members—I am looking to recruit more. We also

have an Associate Member, and a Civilian to bring the total ship membership to 28. We are looking at the Stars ahead at Shore Leave, hoping that it will be an in-person event, as well as the annual Region 7 Conference. The *Goddard* now has a new department, the Morale/Welfare/Recreation Department in which our newest member, COL Valerie Rosenberg, will be working with other members from that department. We have four issues of our newsletter that are currently in progress.

Our chapter's main priorities are communicating with everyone, recruiting, and publishing our newsletter on a seasonal or monthly basis (depending on the upcoming events or social issues, or even the birthday of a very special, yet well-known STARFLEET Captain). Again, I would like to thank ADM Bob Vosseller for giving us the opportunity to launch and grow as a Chapter. Other plans include the 30th MSR (for me, it will be 26 years of service in STARFLEET come April 1st) and the ultimate goal of hitting 30 members by the summer. We plan to connect with other chapters, not just in our Region, but other Regions as well, and expanding our membership across the United States. We will be competing for various Regional awards and continue to remain safe and healthy throughout our voyage leading up to our third year.



First official event for the newly commissioned *USS Star Kraken*. Drive-by for the Sacramento Children's Museum.

Photo submitted by Justin Fietzek

# Summits/Conventions

## The Illogical World of Cosplay

by ENS Joanne Alexander, *USS Cuchulain*, R20

When the CO of *USS Cuchulain* suggested I do a piece on cosplay, I initially struggled with what to write.

Most of my kit is not Trek-based. Some are Star Wars-related, and other costumes in my collection are heroes and villains from TV and film. And then I remembered how different cosplaying at 2019's DST Birmingham was compared to other events.

Usually, at big conventions, you will get the usual DC and Marvel characters, alongside ones from Manga (which I am far too old to recognise or appreciate). People ask for photos with the cosplayers, but it is all fleeting, and no real connection is made.

As for the *Trek* cosplayers at these events, no one seems to notice them except us diehard fans. Seeing someone dressed from our favourite franchise is nothing short of a miracle, and I always make a point of praising their choice when I see them.

So, what, you may ask, is the difference about cosplaying at DST? It is pure and simple joy, with a healthy dollop of excitement.

Wandering through the crowds dressed as Captain Janeway was a very unusual experience. I had some talk to me as if I were their Captain, others wanted to discuss the intricacies of the series, and some just put a huge smile on my face by telling me how much I looked like her.

It felt like I was collectively

experiencing the love we all have for a franchise that goes beyond what is on the screen. Here is sci-fi that transcends the characters so wonderfully shared with us over the years. It is a way of life for so many.

Perhaps that sounds a tad dramatic but think of all the friendships you have made because of *Star Trek*; the ship you joined; hell, you may have even been lucky enough to have a romantic entanglement with a crewmate or two.

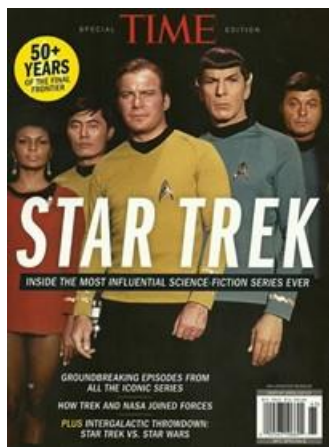
And as I type this, I realise that wearing the uniforms of *Star Trek* is not simply cosplay, it is a way of transcending our mundane lives. We all want to be part of something bigger than ourselves. I just chose to do it by dressing up and getting lost in the Delta Quadrant.

If you want to see more of my cosplays, prop making, and general weirdness, you can find me here:

<https://www.facebook.com/HedgeScout/>

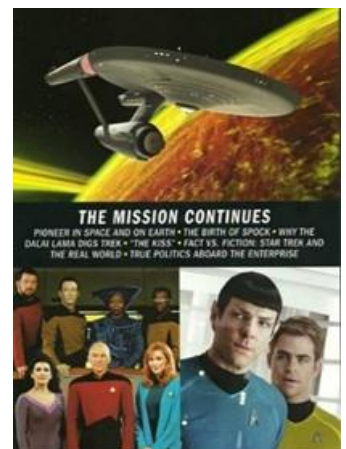
<https://www.instagram.com/hedgescout/>

ENS (and yes, I do need to do an Ensign Jo cosplay sometime!)



### Now Available at Newsstands

Time Magazine has updated and released a special commemorative book on "Star Trek," looking back at the over 50-year history of the franchise. The book contains an assortment of articles, photos from over the years, including photos of John and Bjo Trimble, a photo collection of some of the collectibles over the years (see how many you have or have had), and even a comparison study between "*Star Trek*" and "*Star Wars*." Be sure and check it out at your favorite newsstand in a grocery store, or bookstore.





# Science



## Citizen Science

by LCDR Buzz Ryan, *USS Longbow*, R2

For as long as I have had an association with Starfleet International one of the prime attractions was how involved we can be with connecting the actual world. We volunteer. We engage. We care.

By your very participation in this organization, you got the fiction part of the “Science Fiction” hammered. Now let’s talk about the science part.

Is there a need for those without formal, or traditional science education to be able to participate in research and discovery of our natural world? There is. And there are opportunities as well. There is a mutually beneficial partnership for the professional and the amateur astronomer, zoologist, field researcher, or conservationist. Citizen science is a thing.

Citizen science is defined in the Oxford English Dictionary as “scientific work undertaken by members of the general public, often in collaboration with or under the direction of professional scientists and scientific institutions.”

Citizen scientists have made amazing discoveries in astronomy alone. All things from locating lost spacecraft to the discovery of exoplanets and new comets. An organization called Moon Zoo will let you help count craters on the moon from the comfort of your La-Z-Boy. In almost every field of science, there are significant contributions by the amateur and the self-taught. In almost every community there is a call for volunteers to assist.

The science you can do covers the full scope of activities from crunching data at home to actual field research and explorations. There is literally something for everyone out there. Of course, the more obscure your interest, the harder it is to find an opportunity, but nothing says you can’t do it on your own, growing and learning all the while.

I highly recommend [www.sciestarter.org](http://www.sciestarter.org) as an excellent source of searchable projects that may pique

your interest and provide you with contact information.

The benefits of crowdsourcing science include but are not limited to the ability to encourage curiosity. Citizen science engages scientists with the community and the general public. There are the glory and the recognition of having your discovery named after you. All of this leads to a bigger cause, that of a greater understanding of who we are and how the world at large works. Just being able to say, “Back up, man I’m a scientist.” is priceless.

Of course, there are barriers to doing citizen science. Barriers include:

- Not believing you have anything to contribute.
- Believing you do have something to contribute, but not being taken seriously.
- Not being interested in what makes the world around you.
- Not wanting to commit to anything that takes you away from home regularly.
- Personal biases that make you not so inclined to participate.

These are all valid. As long as you have a desire and access to the work, you can mitigate these beliefs. The greatest treasures come with the greatest risks.

There is also just getting out there and being in the world, which was challenging this last year I will concede. It feels like such a chore just to sit in the dark and look up at the skies or to park your butt in the sand and see the ocean. Still, there are plenty of ways to get outside of yourself. Animal rescue organizations are always looking for help. While being a dog walker at the Humane Society may not lead to the cure for cancer it does engage you in wildlife management. An organization called The Black Mambas has recently set up cameras in the South African preserves and parks where you can watch and report poachers if you see one. The



National Park Service needs volunteers to act as guides and preservationists.

If you have any questions contact your Chief Science Officer, or organizational science department.

#### References:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Citizen\\_science](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Citizen_science)

<https://science.nasa.gov/get-involved/citizenscience/five-extraordinary-citizen-science-discoveries>

<https://science.nasa.gov/citizenscience>

<http://Scistarter.org>

## Dilithium: The 4th-Dimensional Crystal

by LCDR Aaron Brite, *USS Charon*, R1

Dilithium ( $^{315}_{119}\text{Di}$ ) is a rare transuranic element discovered by humanity during the exploration of the Jovian moon, Ganymede. The natural forms of dilithium include a spiral non-crystalline form and a rarer crystalline form. The spiral amorphous form has few noteworthy characteristics but is of use in metallurgy and semiconductor fabrication. The crystalline form is the most known for its odd characteristics, which are the basis of many technologies.



Crystalline dilithium possesses the rare attribute of extending beyond the 3 spatial dimensions of our experience to a non-time 4<sup>th</sup> dimension. The extension gives dilithium its ability to transmit and receive signals in the 4<sup>th</sup> dimension, subspace. It was this ability that was first exploited in the early 22<sup>nd</sup>-Century trans-stator technology. Trans-stator crystals were used in communication systems, (early subspace radios), sensors (passive and radar analog), and subspace sensors for the exploration of the subspace realm.

Dr. Zefram Cochrane was the first to discover the crystal's ability to not only reach into the 4<sup>th</sup> Dimension but when energized with high energy plasma, to generate a field of subspace around itself. With sufficient energy, it can extend that field around an object. Cochrane named this field a "Warp Field" as one of its effects was to warp space around an object thus lowering its Newtonian mass and allowing it to travel outside of Einstein's restrictions on faster than light travel. This was Cochrane's greatest contribution and his ship, the Phoenix, its ultimate test.

Subsequent research discovered meta-materials, or engineered materials displaying properties not naturally occurring in any component material, could be engineered to have 4<sup>th</sup>- and 5<sup>th</sup>- Dimensional properties and generate subspace fields. These meta-materials replaced dilithium in nearly all applications including trans-stator technology and subspace field generation.

The one application where dilithium was not supplanted was as a matter-antimatter reaction moderator. The high atomic mass and strong 4<sup>th</sup>-dimensional bond prevent the anti-matter and the energy of the reaction from quickly damaging the crystal lattice. Dilithium is not entirely impervious to these extreme conditions as it does decrystallize over time and requires replacement or recrystallization. However, this process is measured in thousands or more hours of operation whereas nearly any other usable substance succumbs spectacularly in minutes. Interestingly, dilithium crystals are so stable that no attempt to fashion a weapon acting on the crystal in real or subspace has ever met the slightest glimmer of success. Neither has any attempt to weaponize dilithium directly.

The 4 dimensions of the crystal lattice in a refined and conditioned crystal also result in the conditioning of the matter-antimatter reaction to strongly favor light, interacting fermions of very high energy. These fermions are able to transfer their energy to the warp coil metamaterial composites both efficiently and with little degradation of the warp coils. No other material, natural or artificial, has been found with these abilities, keeping dilithium a crucial and valuable material in Federation warp technology.

*Good manners will open doors that the best education cannot.*

— Clarence Thomas



# STARFLEET Stellar Cartography Division

by BDR Mike Calhoun, USS Darksabre, R12

## *What is the Stellar Cartography Division?*

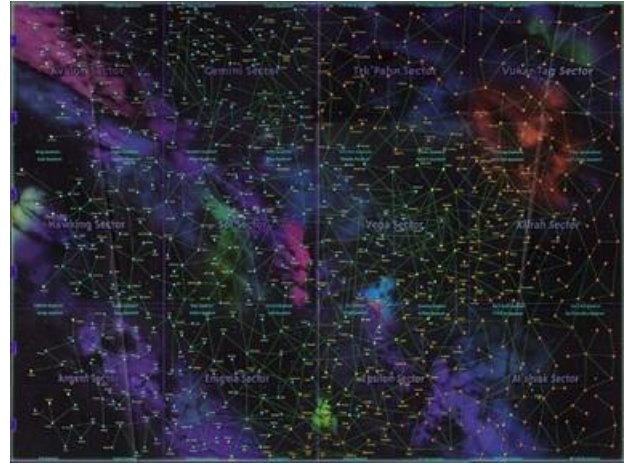
I'm glad you asked. Now, I know that cartography is the art and science of mapmaking, but, given the *Star Trek* theme, I thought a division that focused on astronomy and astrophotography would be appropriately named this way.

We started the R12 Stellar Cartography Department for a few reasons:

- To bring together fans of the universe in all its splendor and beauty. Have you ever looked at the stars? I mean really looked at them on a clear, dark night and wondered what is out there? How does all of that space really look? Why does this one seem fuzzy and that one twinkle? Why is this one blue, and that one red? There are a lot of answers to those questions and more in astronomy.
- To share knowledge, tips, tricks, expertise, and equipment sources among those who have the interest. Astronomy and astrophotography are not something you want to dive into alone. Experienced and even inexperienced help really accelerates the learning curve.
- To spread the hobby and gain understanding of ourselves and our place in this vast universe. Our arrogance leaves us quickly when we realize how small we actually are in the grand scheme. We are humbled and yet somehow statistically important in the cosmos.

Our vision is to have live star parties monthly via Messenger or Zoom – where I (or someone else so equipped) can go through visual, binocular, and even telescope star-hopping and photography sessions. I just got a real nice tracking mount and a CMOS camera that connects directly from my 8" Celestron SCT to my laptop, enabling live sharing of the sessions.

We will stream from the Powell Observatory in Louisburg, Kansas, and various other dark-sky sites throughout the Fleet – and have events from Astronomical Leagues throughout the world.



Our STARFLEET Stellar Cartography Facebook page (see URL below) has weekly tutorials, images, and even the occasional meme (yes, Jeff Stucker – R12's "Mr. Meme" is a member). There are activities to advance from beginner to Astronomer to Stellar Cartographer using your choice of either SFA courses from the College of Astronomy or practical lists of naked-eye (*he said "naked"*), binocular, and telescope observations of lunar, planetary, and deep-sky objects (DSOs).

We're very excited to get this group going and active. The live star parties will start during the "changing of the stellar guard" with a plethora of planetary and DSOs to view in April (Goodbye until Autumn, Orion). Springtime is galaxy time and May is Milky Way month (when we face the bright core of our own galaxy and its absolutely stunning beauty!). Join Stellar Cartography and **REALLY** see the stars.



*"Our Sun is a second- or third-generation star. All of the rocky and metallic material we stand on, the iron in our blood, the calcium in our teeth, the carbon in our genes were produced billions of years ago in the interior of a red giant star. **We are made of star-stuff.**"* –Carl Sagan, The Cosmic Connection: An Extraterrestrial Perspective (1973)

Facebook URL:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/716430362581080/>

– Mike Calhoun, Chief of Stellar Cartography

# *Final Mission*

Jess D Cox, –Lieutenant Commander  
*USS Providence*, 1<sup>st</sup> Fleet

Russ Garrison, Brigadier  
*USS Jack Fletcher*, 5<sup>th</sup> Fleet

Larry Hart, Captain  
*USS Sunflower*, 12<sup>th</sup> Fleet

John Jesse Naumann, Fleet Captain  
*Ark Angel Station*, 3<sup>rd</sup> Fleet

Darrell Thomas, Colonel  
*USS Constellation*, 1<sup>st</sup> Fleet

Elizabeth Worth, Captain  
*USS Tydirium*, 11<sup>th</sup> Fleet

Kimberly Wray, , Commander  
*USS Appomattox/US John Paul Jones*, 1<sup>st</sup> Fleet

## NOTABLES

Henry Darrow – Kolopak on *Star Trek Voyager*, *Babylon 5*, and *The Outer Limits*

Mira Furlan – *Babylon 5*, *Lost*, and *Space Command*

David Giler – producer of *Alien*

James E Gunn – SciFi Author

Hal Holbrook – *Capricorn One*, *Creepshow*

He is best known for his award-winning one-man show, *Mark Twain Tonight*

Diana Millay – Laura Collins on the TV series, *Dark Shadows*

Christopher Plummer – General Chang in *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*

Peter Mark Richman – Ralph Offenhouse in  
*Star Trek the Next Generation* episode “The Neutral Zone”

Gregory Sierra – played Entek in  
*Star Trek Deep Space Nine* episode “Second Skin”





# Interviews



## THE INTERVUE

### – *For All Mankind*, Part 3 –

by COMM Dean Rogers, *ISS Olympus*, R7



Greetings, my fellow friends of the fleet! It's time to blast off and take flight for the latest edition of *THE INTERVUE*. The sophomore season of *For All Mankind* has launched recently on Apple TV+ in mid-February. This time taking the crew to the year of 1983 and the era of the Space Shuttle against the background of the Cold War.

If you're reading this, then you're in for a real treat as I talk to numerous cast and crewmembers from the wonderful series! First, I got to reunite with Gordo Cooper and Tracy Cooper played by Michael Dorman and Sarah Jones to talk about the sophomore season of the series and a little bit of the 1980s.



**It's nice to see you again, Sarah and Michael. We've seen each other a couple of years ago in DC!**

*Sarah Jones (SJ):* Yeah, it's nice to see you.

*Michael Dorman (MD):* Hello, mate!

**Well, the last time we've talked, we talked about your dynamics of your characters in Season 1 and I would like to know from the both of you, how have they evolved into Season two?**

*MD:* So, Season Two. Gordo is stuck living in the past a little. I guess he wants to be in Season One. And then the fact that Season One is sort of based on a lie that you see what happens to Gordo. None of its truth and then that sort of catapults him into Season Two where he is still holding on to that but knows that it's fake but just doesn't want to face the truth. So, you sort of get this conflicted character at the top of Season Two. He's just a little stagnant and he needs to sort of face his own demons in order to start to become fresh or new again. So, we sort of watch that play out in over the season.

*SJ:* I think you know the way that Tracy is stuck in the past as well. She's still seeking validation despite her achievements and despite her success. She still second guesses herself in a lot of ways and most likely overcompensates in a way that's probably not the healthiest ways to overcompensate.

**In the second season, we get to see Tracy go to Jamestown while Gordo was there in (the) latter half of Season One, would you love to do the real deal on the ISS (International Space Station)?**

*SJ:* Real Deal? I got to say that I love this planet. I do, I like trees. I like water. I like flowers. I'm not great with speed. I'm not great with being out of control. I suppose if I was as gifted as Tracy was, maybe I would be down to doing that because Tracy knows what has to be done in order to survive and be out there, but me, personally, I'm happy to keep my feet on the ground.

**I hear you, Michael?**

*MD:* Maybe ten years ago...

**(Sarah and I laugh)**

*MD:* You know I would have done it then but I'm like "Oh no, you cannot get comfy." I feel that I would probably get claustrophobic.

*SJ:* Definitely

*MD:* You know, a bit of a Gordo where I want to get out. And I found that I could correlate that to being in quarantine when I first arrived in Australia. When I was in Sydney, I was in a hotel room. You cannot open your windows and you don't have a key to your room. They just basically chuck you in a room and leave you there and I was in there for two weeks with no contact whatsoever. I thought this would have been like, you're just kind of stuck... no thank you.

**Since all three of us are 80s babies, in fact I just turned 40 recently...**

*MD:* Hey, Happy Birthday!

*SJ:* Happy Birthday!

*MD:* Go Dean!

**What is the one thing that you love about the 80s since FAMK focuses on the 80s specifically on 1983?**

*MD:* Love the music. Anytime that I am on a road trip, 80s all the way. I also had a lot of fun getting into the clothes that were worn in the 80s and the hairstyle and the caterpillar. Everything that came along for Gordo. Lot of fun, lot of fun.

**And Sarah, please wrap it up for us!**

*SJ:* Awww man the 80s. Yeah, I'm in with the music for sure. I don't know. I'm more of a 90s person myself. I'm more of a 90s brat actually. While the clothes were fun to explore and play with, I would say my favorite part of the 80s were music. And MTV! The birth of MTV, yeah!

**You're right about that!**

*SJ:* And the films, ok now I am done!

*MD:* There you go!

Next on the docket, I talked to Co-creator/EP/Writer & *Trek* and *Galactica* Alum Ronald D. Moore and Executive Producer Maril Davis.



**The big question when it comes to Season Two is what's next for both the space program and all of our characters. How do you answer that very question?**

*Maril Davis (MRL):* Obviously, we're moving ahead ten years when we open Season One and we're finally seeing where everyone is. You know it's been ten years since we closed out Season One. We are in 1983. Reagan is President. Margo is the head of JSC. Baldwin is riding a desk as opposed to being in space. I mean, all the characters have changed so much. I think the fun of Season Two is slowly unraveling how they got to this place and where they're at now. I think of Season One of realizing your dreams and figuring out (what) your dream is and going for it. I think Season Two is what happens when you reached that goal. Like "what next" when you reached that goal. What next in that next phase of life.

*Ronald D. Moore (RDM):* And in terms of a storyline, the program has been pulled more strongly into the Cold War, and the superpowers are in competition between the US and the Soviet Union as a result with Reagan but also as a result of both powers now





developing and expanding their presence on the Moon. Bringing their competition there and in low Earth orbit. Reagan's SDI program now is dealing with things like anti-satellite weapons. So, that the more military aspect of the program really comes into the fore of the Second Season.

**Excellent. Ron, what is your reaction from the fans accepting this alternate reality for FAMK and did you get any feedback from the people who worked on the Apollo program?**

*RDM:* I got a little feedback on the first season from the people who worked at NASA. They couldn't officially support the program because of NASA's policy is that anything historical, they are only going to support if it's literally accurate. So even though they are sympathetic and liked what we are doing, they couldn't officially support it because so many people questioned the moon landing, which is ridiculous.

So, now NASA has gotten into this box that "we will only support the programs that are accurate and true" but we have heard through the grapevine and directly from some people who used to work there that they really appreciate the show and our drive to make certain things real and grounded and certainly portray the hard-working men and women that they really were.

**I'm glad to hear it! Which character of the series do you most associate with?**

*MRL:* Oh god, I don't know if I associate with any of them but I kind of love Molly. She so like take no prisoners, balls to the wall. She just doesn't care, and she knows what she wants and goes after it and if anything, is so much (more) comfortable on the Moon than on Earth. I just think she is just an extraordinary character. She doesn't care about makeup and hair; she just wants to be on the Moon and I find that so fascinating and she's just so much fun.

*RDM:* I would say I am really fond of Larry. Larry, you know he's working in the simulators. He was just a movie fan and he's trying to get his work done. He meets this woman and has this friendship that sparks with her and has this

secret about his orientation. There's something that always intrigued me about Larry. I just loved that character, and he personifies this sort of behind-the-scenes people that don't get enough credit in an organization like NASA.

Last but not least, I concluded the press day with Co-creators, Executive Producers & writers Ben Nedivi and Matt Wolpert.



**Let's talk the way that Season Two really raises the stakes with the Cold War since it has really escalated in the nine years that has passed for the characters. How did you decide what to keep and what to change from the Space Shuttle era and the world for the second season?**

*Ben Nedivi (BN):* Well, it was challenging because I think we wanted to keep the Space Shuttle, but the reality is the Space Shuttle was designed for Earth orbit not to get to the Moon. So, that requires us to make some adjustments to the Space Shuttle so that it would get to the Moon. And that led us down a road of thinking of what would be the further evolution of the Space Shuttle.

So, this year, I think the fun of the show is that we can take these ideas that we are familiar with and then expand on them and build like the Sea Dragon. Something that you have never seen before and now it's suddenly part of our show but somehow feels real and grounded in our history.

*Matt Wolpert (MW):* Yeah, the other element in that is the historical elements like Reagan is still President in the 80s but in our alternate history, he beat Ted Kennedy in 1976 instead of 1980. We want the show to feel real in that nostalgia

80s way but different like in Season Two there are electric cars and things like that. Little things that feel different and what we know at the same time.

**Let's talk about the number of character stories that are told throughout the series. We really got expand on some of the secondary characters from first season to the second. How did you decide where did you want these characters to go from the 1970s to the 1980s?**

MW: Well, we have a very expressive writing process. We sit in a room with our writing staff and just talk through each character's journey. It's a lot of exploration in the beginning. What would have happened to these characters in the intervening nine years. For some characters, life hasn't gone on as they hoped they would and for other characters, they are living their best versions of their life. It was a lot of fun and it was really interesting to sort of pick who is doing well and who is not doing well and then play that out over the course of the season against the backdrop of this Cold War on the Moon.

**What were your favorite episodes of the first season?**

BN: I really loved episodes seven (*Hi Bob*) and eight (*Rupture*). I feel like the show really came into its own in a way of seeing the crew stranded on Jamestown, the three of them. And then seeing Karen Baldwin have to deal with what

happened in episode eight. I think that those two shows are what I really saw the power of what this series can be. Moving ahead, a lot of what this show is about is not just the astronauts in space but what are their impact on Earth and what's going on, on Earth. I think those episodes really brought that across.

MW: I have a soft spot for episode four (*Prime Crew*) where Molly launches to go to the Moon because that was where our show really hits its stride in terms of the tone and its storytelling and then seeing some of these new characters really fully embrace their path. I just thought it came together in a beautiful way.

Thank you to the cast and crew of *For All Mankind* for a great set of interviews. You can check out the 2nd Season of this amazing series, now playing on Apple TV+

If you like this interview and want to read more from Dean on the Scene, you can check out my main outlet, The Rogers Revue at [therogersrevue.com](http://therogersrevue.com) – LIKE US on Facebook, Instagram and Twitter @TheRogersRevue & you can check out the latest video interviews and SUBSCRIBE to our YouTube channel -

<https://www.youtube.com/TheRogersrevue09/>

Until we meet again, Friends of Fleet, See You... Out There!

*The American, by nature, is optimistic. He is experimental, an inventor and a builder who builds best when called upon to build greatly. Arouse his will to believe in himself, give him a great goal to believe in, and he will create the means to reach it.*

— John F. Kennedy

## **The Love of STARFLEET**

### **For Dr. Dave, It's a Family Affair**

by ADM James Herring, *USS Missouri*, R12

**Hey Dr. Dave! I want to thank you for doing this interview with me. For those who may not know, “Dr. Dave” is not just a nickname, you are actually a doctor. Would you please tell us exactly what you are a doctor of and what kind of medicine do you do?**

I'm a practicing family physician for over 30 years, here in the greater St. Louis area. I “retired” as a primary care provider eight years ago and returned to urgent care medicine, currently serving as the director of an urgent care in St. Louis City that is associated with a federally qualified community health center serving the uninsured and underinsured. I also serve as an Assistant Medical Director for the same community health center. Finally, I volunteer one half-day a week at a local free clinic.

**I bet you have been busy doing this COVID crisis. What have you been doing?**

I'm on the COVID frontlines as an urgent care provider seeing patients daily. I'm also the coordinator for our community health center's free COVID testing program, which has screened over 26,000 people in the greater St. Louis area, mainly the underserved, over the last ten months at multiple testing sites. We've also piloted a telehealth drive-through testing program to help differentiate COVID from the flu. Busy would be an understatement! I've not taken a day off, weekends included, since last April. I was very pleased to receive the St. Louis Academy of Family Physicians 2020 Greater St. Louis Community Health Award for our COVID testing efforts.



**I also know you write some articles about COVID and keep Region 12 up to date. Can you tell us how you got into STARFLEET?**

I've been a lifelong *Star Trek* fan. As a young boy, I watched *TOS* with my father when it originally aired and we actually wrote into NBC

to help bring back *TOS* for a third, and final, season. *TNG* rekindled my love for *Trek*. I joined STARFLEET after seeing a flier at a local sci-fi convention (one of the early Archons in St. Louis), and subsequently joined a local chapter, the *USS Discovery* (renamed now as the *USS Valiant*) and was very heavily involved with them for many years. Several of us decided to start our own chapter, the correspondence hospital ship *USS Antonio Maria Valsalva*, which I had the honor of commanding for 15 years.

**You and I actually knew each other before Fleet. You had come into my store, the Cheshire Cat in Columbia. Tell us a little about that.**

You're quite right! I'm an old “wargamer”, especially role play games and those that involve miniatures, and I like to check out gaming and hobby shops wherever I go. Being in medical school at the University of Missouri – Columbia, it was only a matter of time before I wandered into your shop since we were in the same city! And it was a great store with an outstanding inventory of stuff! I know I looked more than I bought, sorry (*JH: That's ok*). I always enjoyed coming in and browsing through everything. Although quite busy with medical school, your shop helped keep me up to date with the gaming world. And that is where you and I met for the first time.

**We have known each other a long time. In fact, you have been in STARFLEET International for almost as long as I have! When did you join?**

33 years, this year! I joined STARFLEET in 1988 and first served on the, then, *USS Discovery* in Region 12 before forming our own correspondence chapter in Region 12 – the *USS Antonio Maria Valsalva*. After commanding the “Toni for 15 years, I took a break as an unassigned member of Region 12 (concentrating more on growing my medical practice at the time). Returning to active status, I joined the

*USS Helen Pawlowski* (named after our dear friend both of us knew for many years) where I served as XO and CMO. I now have come full circle and returned to Region 12 as the CMO of the *USS Missouri*. Good to be back home!

**And you got your wife involved in STARFLEET also.**

As they say, all of my friends have SCC numbers – even my wife!

**What a lot may not know is that you have two sons aged 23 & 22. How long have they been in STARFLEET?**

Pretty much their entire lives! While not as active now as they used to be, they still both have SCC numbers. Our oldest is an exceptional welder and our youngest is finishing up a degree in finance.

**In fact, you ‘drafted’ them just months after they were born and were, at the time, the youngest members in STARFLEET.**

Yep, both “joined” as newborns. We’re still a “STARFLEET family”!

**You were awarded the rank of Admiral in 2002. And yet you have 21 Individual SFI Awards, 59 SFMC Awards and your STARFLEET Academy courses are 1735, maybe higher with the database having issues. It should be noted that the majority of those awards you received AFTER you were Admiral. We have all seen many who once they reach that pinnacle, they rest on their laurels, but not you. Tell us a little about that.**

I’ve always enjoyed this organization – all aspects of it – but often did not have the time to participate as much as I wanted to due to all the other things in my life pulling me in different directions. But you make time for those things that are important to you, and that has always included STARFLEET and its grand ideals of making our communities a better place. Around the time of my promotion to Admiral and the years following, my life settled down quite a bit and this allowed me to return to more active



status and be more involved, especially at the chapter and region levels. And I’ve really enjoyed rediscovering STARFLEET Academy and taking a ton of fun and challenging courses there (I currently have eleven SFA doctorates), what a jewel in STARFLEET’s crown! As is the rebirth of the STARFLEET Medical Corps.

**Individually you have won numerous regional awards. When you were CO of the *USS Antonio Marie Valsalva*, your ship won Ship Of The Year a few times within Region 12. Also, you started the Sickbay Newsletter and were STARFLEET’s first Surgeon General, weren’t you?**

The successful “*Sickbay*” newsletter grew out of the original Fleet Division Chief of Medicine program, started during the Lerman Administration in early 1993. Unlike other ship and region departments that excel in the fictional science-fiction aspects of STARFLEET, medical departments and personnel typically deal with and provide real-world health and medical information for their crews. The STARFLEET Medical Corps, and “*Sickbay*”, was formed then to support chapter and regional health activities while also providing a resource for such activities and our members, as well as a sense of shared community for Fleet’s medical personnel. It was a successful program with hundreds of members from every region of STARFLEET, and I was honored to oversee and guide the program as Fleet’s first Surgeon General. I am very pleased to see that the STARFLEET Medical Corps program continues and am impressed with their new “*Hypospray*” newsletter – it is very well done.

**And, as if you don’t have enough to do, you are in the Civil Air Patrol. What is your job there and rank?**

I am a Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Air Force Auxiliary, the Civil Air Patrol. I am active in the Missouri Wing, as well as the North Central Region (comprising seven Wings in the Midwest), as a medical officer and public affairs officer. While now a staff officer, I have served previously as a line officer, as a squadron



commander, group commander (overseeing several squadrons, aircraft, and ground vehicles), and wing (state-level) Chief of Staff.

As the Missouri Wing medical officer, I advise the wing commander and all echelons concerning health and medical issues, while also assisting in the training of health services officers. I also serve in an advisory role in a number of national Health Services working groups. Currently, my main efforts are as a member of the Missouri Wing COVID-19 Remobilization Team, developing policy and procedure for Missouri Wing members and units in response to the COVID pandemic.

However, my main specialty in CAP is that of public affairs officer, having served in that role at the squadron (local), group, wing (state), and region levels. This role has allowed me to continue my love of writing and photography through the publication of hundreds of stories and photos over the years while using my skills to interact with local media in support of CAP's

missions. I am also a rated public information officer and have served on more than 60 U.S. Air Force assigned missions including natural disasters (flooding, tornadoes, and winter storms) to missing persons and aircraft. Additionally, I was honored with CAP's top public affairs award at their national conference in 2020.

**In closing, I want to touch on something that also very few know about. When I was Commander, STARFLEET, you were instrumental in retrieving records from the former CS. I know you worked hard behind the scenes and I want to make sure people know that during that dark time, you were definitely a very big help. Thank you.**

**Dr. Dave, it's apparent of you and your family's love for STARFLEET. I want to thank you for sharing your time, being my friend, and also for being my Chief Medical Officer aboard the *USS Missouri*.**

**Thank you for everything you have done!**



# Reviews



## Scale Modeling, Who...(Part 3)

by COL Mike Calhoun, *USS Darksabre*, R12

### Who even does this?

As hard as it is for those who know me to believe, I recognize that I am not the center of the scale modeling (or any other) universe. It is not just nine-year-old boys that get into scale modeling – and consequently, never grow up. It is a hobby that a lot of people enjoy for various reasons. I decided to ask



Cindy is an artist in multiple mediums, but we focused on modeling for this article.

someone else about the how(s) / why(s) and I thoroughly enjoyed the result. I sat down with (well, during COVID isolation, it was remote, but we *were* sitting) the *USS Umiak*'s Cindy Baumgartner – “Tail-Kinker to-Ennien” for a conversation.

**Me: When did you first get into scale modeling?**

*Cindy:* I built a USS Enterprise and a Klingon ship with my dad when I was a teenager. I'm 49 now. I had a nice collection going in my twenties — models, autographs, cards, and such — nearly all of it disappeared on eBay during a divorce. (I had a) busy life (and) I didn't pick it up again until last year when I did another Enterprise build. I bought a box of 200 pocket-books and got it into my head that I was going to replace everything. Models first.

**Why did you jump into it?**

Well, really the models for me are about reclaiming some of the fun that I lost years ago. My collection. But I work a lot – and family – and everything else. That's why I love the snap models and pastels: they're not difficult. I can have my ships and have the time to do them, and they turn out well without the stress of an extremely difficult build. It's fun.

**What types of models did you start with?**

Oh, what model did I start with... USS Enterprise Refit – 1:537. (It was) a bad choice for a beginner. That's a persnickety ship, but I don't give up. From wonky nacelles to tilting saucer – I got so mad I attacked the thing with a hot glue gun in the end. Evil ship. (*ME note – we've all had a few of those in our lives, right?*).

**What types of kits do you build now?**

I love the *Polar Lights Snap-Tite™* kits. They are well made and easy enough that even someone with limited time can make them. They are 1:1000, a nice size for (a) bookshelf collection. Aztec decals really add a lot to them, (of) course those are bought separate. I'm working on *USS Reliant* and *Enterprise* with Aztec and battle damage decals. I'll blast the things with dry brushed pastels for some extra battle scars.

My current build. As you can see, Khan is on the DVD player. I watch the movie while I work and tend to recite the dialogue as I go. I think I know the movie word for word now and I



haven't even started on the Khan Enterprise battle damage model yet.

**What is your favorite that you've ever built and why?**

My favorite ship, that would be a surprise, but it's the little Enterprise NX-01 — that little ship is a dream. Went together like a dream. All my ships have given me some kind of problem, not that one. Also because of its hull plating details in the plastic, it really took the pastels well. That added a lot to it. After all, Archer's little ship did take a beating!

**Awesome. If you have any kind of short little bio notes you'd like me to include, I'll take them.**

I don't know about anything else. I love working with pastels (chalks). They're easy to work with. I paint too, I was thinking about doing a portrait of Gowron. Those eyes! What a perfect subject he would be.



This fleet was built thanks to the pandemic.  
– Cindy

**That's perfect. I wanted to convey "whys" that are different from mine. I really appreciate you doing this!**

It's fun. Thanks for asking me!

There is no "one-size-fits-all" scale modeler. One can do as much or little as one wants, any level of detail, for any reason. There are models to fit any skill level and taste: from cars to boats to military dioramas and yes, starships of every shape and size. Next month will be the final installment: Part 4 – 3D

Printing and Models of SFI. The first short section will include goodies and links about 3D printing (I'm hooked – having two Creality CR10 printers myself). The second will be pictures of YOUR work – so send me some pics of your scale modeling and a little line about it to [sfiastcomply@gmail.com](mailto:sfiastcomply@gmail.com). I'll get everything I can into the article and post the rest randomly on the R12 FB page. Until then:

Colonel Mike Calhoun, USS Darksabre NCC-61949  
Commanding

## **The Good, the Bad & the Ugly**

by COMM MarkAdam Miller, *USS Hephæstus*, R2



The goal of this article is to spark discussion about all that is *Star Trek*. We are now on *Deep Space Nine* (*TOS* and *TNG* were discussed in the past two *CQ*'s).

The choices for *DS9* were easy for the Good and the Bad. Ugly was kind of hard. I use Ugly in this discussion when the episode did not hold up to time well or had a cringe-worthy subplot that was either racially, sexually, or culturally offensive. *DS9* almost avoided this category because they worked hard at character development that made *DS9* so good. Here is the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly of *DS9*

### **The Good**

*Far Beyond the Stars*

(Rate: ★★★★★)

The episode is classic *Star Trek* — commenting on the culture without pointing fingers. *TOS* commented on racism in the episode *Let That Be Your Last*



*Battlefield* by showing people who are bi-colored with the difference being what side was white. This *DS9* episode uses the actual culture of the 1950s to show how racism is played out in everyday life. The difference is that the *TOS* slaps us in the face pointing out skin color is not important were as this *DS9* episode subtly points to the underlying problems of social, economical, and political elements that contribute to racism. Racism is not just based on skin color but on stereotypes that we hold on to by what we are taught. This episode shows how good the writers of this series were by-how hard they worked on who

the characters were. In this short episode, you saw who the characters were and how they affected the story. This was a great story with great characters done with a great director making this story outstanding. (Deserves 6 ▲ but keeping with format)

### **The Bad**

*Let He Who Is Without Sin*

(Rate: ★★★★★)

I don't even know where to start. The whole episode is let us go on vacation and not have fun. Worf and Jadzia Dax are trying to work on their relationship.



Bashir and Leeta are going to break up by the Bajoran Rite of Separation. Quark comes along because he has never been to Risa and to be a nuisance. New Essentialists Movement, with the help of their new follower Worf, ruins everyone's vacation by trying to show how soft the Federation has become. The whole concept that the Federation is soft because they vacation on Risa does not make sense. Fullerton, leader of New Essentialists, protest replicators, and holosuites because he says they have made the Federation soft and people will not be prepared for invasion from outside the Federation (i.e., Borg, Romulans, Klingons, and The Dominion). Risa does not look like it uses this technology. The people of Risa look to be giving an authentic vacation without replicators or holosuites. It fails to show why the Federation is soft. Even the producer, Ira Steven Behr, commented, "It was supposed to be a show that looked at 24th-century morals and sexuality. We pretty much



failed on both counts." They tried to make an episode about doing things to the extreme like drinking, sex, and other pursuits but never showed the harm in doing them.

**The Ugly**  
*Profit and Lace*  
(Rate: ▲AAAA)

Let's get Quark (a misogynistic male) to dress up as a woman to campaign for women's rights. That should be funny. Normally the Ferengi episodes are comedies but this one falls flat. Quark's mom, Moogie, helped the leader of the Ferengi, Grand Nagus Zek, to see how giving rights to women is profitable. The Ferengi Commerce Authority (FCA) shut Zek down before he had a chance to show what Moogie is talking about. Moogie and Zek come to DS9 to get Quark and Rom's help to get Zek back in power. The group tries to get the FCA to listen and get the most influential Ferengi to come to meet with



them. The problem is Moogie has a heart attack before the meeting can begin. Quark has to fill in for his mother as a woman.

The problem with this episode is that the comedy part clashes with the dramatic point that the episode is trying to make. Quark in drag is somewhat funny but it does not help the show. The fail comes in him acting like a female. The actor portraying Quark, Armin Shimerman, does his best to act feminine but still does female stereotypes to pull it off. This role reversal does not go smooth which destroys the story. It loses its comedy because of the stereotyping and the drama because a woman is not making the case.

When they made this, they were not thinking and just made a bad episode ugly. This episode sends women's rights back to the 1960s. The one chevron is for Armin who seems to try to do it right.

Let me know what you think: Write to me at [cohephaestus@bellsouth.net](mailto:cohephaestus@bellsouth.net).







# Chief of OPERATIONS

ADM Johnathan Simmons, *USS Stormbringer*



## Ops Report

We have updated and released new START and Support Ship Operations Manuals as well as a newly updated Vessel Registry. Look for these and other tools on the website.

### Failure to Report Status

December: Region—only 3 reported;  
Chapter—43 failed

January: Region—9 failed; Chapter 24 failed

February: : Region—9 failed; Chapter 28 failed

### DTS

*December:* DTS activity dropped significantly in December, most likely due to the combination of the holidays and Covid-19 spread.

No new vessel reservation requests  
no chapter name/class/NCC changes  
No new ship classes  
no new shuttlecraft approved  
No names were released.

OTI did not receive any inquiries, but continued research on the Parliament-class from “Lower Decks” and several classes from “Picard”, as well as new classes from “Discovery” Season 3. OTI is also continuing to expand its collection of vessel and station silhouettes for use in publications or other graphical needs. OSA did not report.

*February:* We have begun placing chapters in Drydock Status due to noncompliance with taking required SFDPP courses. These chapters have been on Standby Status for over 90 days. Chapters that are in Drydock Status for more than 90 days can be decommissioned.

### ShOC Report

*Commissioned:*

USS Concorde, Dec 31, 2020, R20

USS Star Kraken, Jan 24, 2021, R4

USS Ares, Mar 3, 2021, R2

USS Bellerophon, Mar 10, 2021, R1

USS Masamune, Mar 18, 2021, R3

*Launched:*

Deep Space 8.

*Decommissioned/Deactivated* (listed as on-hold, pending decision to reactivate)

USS DeBraak\*, NCC-63543, Akira-Class Battlecruiser

USS Gygax, NCC-63545, Akira-Class Battlecruiser

USS Katana\*, NCC-77003, Champion-Class Space Control Ship

USS Morrigan\*, NCC-75027, Sovereign-Class Heavy Cruiser

USS North Carolina, NCC-75019, Sovereign-Class Heavy Cruiser

USS Odin\*, NCC-1875, Avenger-Class Heavy Frigate

USS Premonition\*, NCC-75031, Sovereign-Class Heavy Cruiser

USS Reval\*, NCC-72707, Nova-Class Science Scout

USS Riviera\*, NCC-42999, Excelsior-Class Heavy Cruiser

USS Vre’kasht, NCC-33187, Surak-Class Light Research Cruiser

USS Boudica

USS Loki

\* Name now available following chapter withdrawal from STARFLEET and requisite 6-month waiting period.

*Other names that have been released*

USS Harlequin

USS Douglas Adams\*

USS Christine Wildstar\*

\* Name Released Due to Pre-Shakedown Group Inactivity

*Names approved for new vessels (either on shakedown cruises or preparing for same) include:*

USS Amelia Earhart, NCC-50005, Cheyenne-Class  
Exploratory Cruiser

USS Ares, NCC-1650, Ares-Class Assault Cruiser

Arrowsmith Station, SFR-1010, Watchtower-Class Space  
Station

USS Chicago, NCC-75011, Sovereign-Class Heavy Cruiser

USS Chimera, NCC-74208, Defiant-Class Escort

USS Darksabre, NCC-61949, Saber-Class Scout

USS Essex, NCC-1727, Constitution-Class, Bonhomme  
Richard-Subclass Heavy Cruiser

USS Gallifrey, NCC-4744391, Wells-Class Timeship

USS Genesis, NCC-61945, Gallipoli-Class Heavy Carrier

USS Io, NCC-80105, Luna-Class Exploratory Cruiser

USS Katherine Johnson, NCC-53848, Oberth-Class Scout

USS Le Moyne, NCC-2577, Excelsior-Class (Enterprise-B  
Variant) Heavy Cruiser

USS Liberty, NCC-75012, Sovereign-Class Heavy Cruiser

USS Masamune, NCC-63710, Akira-Class Battlecruiser

USS Nomad, NCC-72382, Nova-Class Science Scout

USS Rising Star, NCC-80009, Spirit-Class Scout/Courier

USS Septarian, NCC-1834, Miranda-Class Cruiser

USS Tempo, NCC-72295, Gabriel-Class Shuttlecarrier

*Name/Class/NCC changes approved for  
starships/stations include:*

USS Aries, NCC-71806, Sovereign-Class Heavy Cruiser  
to NCC-71806-C, Aries-Class Long-Range  
Expeditionary Carrier

USS Discovery, NCC-1308, Chang Ho-Class Tactical  
Cruiser  
to USS Valiant, NCC-75418, Intrepid-Class Cruiser

USS Drakonia, NCC-1657, Constitution-Class,  
Constitution-Subclass Heavy Cruiser

to USS Thunder, NCC-42769, Excelsior-Class Heavy  
Cruiser

USS King Edward, NCC-74206, Defiant-Class Escort  
to USS Chinook

USS Olympus, NCC-36010, Normandy-Class Supercarrier  
to Invincible-Class, Space Control Ship

USS Richthofen, NCC-73286, Entente-Class Dreadnought  
to USS Banneker, NCC-71812, Galaxy-Class Large  
Exploratory Cruiser

USS San Antonio, NCC-09, NX-Class Cruiser  
to Rutan Station, SFR-301, Kepler (K)-Class Trading  
Station

USS Storm, NCC-1694, Entente-Class Dreadnought  
to USS New Jersey, NCC-2121, Federation-Class  
Dreadnought

USS Yorktown, NCC-1704, Constitution-Class,  
Bonhomme Richard-Subclass, Heavy Cruiser  
to NCC-97004, Odyssey-Class Star Cruiser

*New classes approved include:*

Aries-Class, Long-Range Expeditionary Carrier  
Registry Range: Pending

California-Class, Utility Support Ship,  
Registry Ranges: 7556X, 8707X (ex. USS Cerritos,  
NCC-75567; USS Merced, NCC-87075)

Curiosity-Class, Heavy Cruiser  
Registry Range: 7571X (ex. USS Ibn Majid, NCC-  
75710)

Invincible-Class, Space Control Ship  
Registry Range: 88777-88789 (ex. USS Invincible, NCC-  
88777)

Malachowski-Class, Light Cruiser  
Registry Range: 162X, 166X (ex. USS Sioux, NCC-  
1621; USS Clarke, NCC-1661)

*Names approved for shuttlecraft include:*

Rubins, NCC-74685/01





# Fiction



## Plague Bound – Chapter 5

by CMDR Ross Manuel, *USS Animus*, R11

“Glad to hear it, Ensign. Inform Commander Sharpe of our progress and request that Lieutenants Bozosky and Thorys and their teams are beamed down,” Morganth replied as he led his small team down unnervingly empty corridors.

“Understood, sir. I’ve also disabled the command module, which should allow us a tad more breathing room,” Leda reported, sounding rather proud of herself at her achievement.

“Excellent news, Leda, keep me apprised of the situation. Morganth out.” The Captain returned his communicator to its pouch on his belt and turned to face the two Kokoda officers that accompanied him. “We should hurry. It won’t take them long to realise what we have done, and they will try to shift any evidence of their activities off-world.”

Both Jacinta and T’Fryr nodded but offered no comment, which seemed to please the Captain as he turned back down the corridor. Without any ceremony, he headed off at a brisk jog.

T’Fryr looked over to Jacinta briefly and raised a bushy white eyebrow as she appeared to hold her left arm close to her side and seemed to only use it sparingly. “Ma’am, are you alright?”

Jacinta winced slightly as she moved her arm to point out that it was still working. “I think it’s getting worse. I can barely move my arm now, and I’m starting to lose feeling in my fingers.”

The Captain fell back so that he was beside the two. “Lieutenant, are you alright?”

Jacinta blanched slightly at the realisation that he had heard her. “I can barely move my arm, sir, one of the guards grabbed me soon after we landed, and I’ve progressively lost feeling in it since then.” Morganth suddenly turned very serious. “Where did they grab you?”

Jacinta’s eyes widened at the serious concern evident in the Captain’s voice before she pointed to her bicep, looking down she was surprised to see that her useless hand was covered in blood. Out of nowhere, Morganth produced a thin knife and carefully placed it against her arm, then proceeded to slice open her uniform downwards at the point she indicated. He frowned while moving the fabric aside. The skin underneath was mottled and swollen with a seeping wound that showed no sign of stopping.

He withdrew a device roughly the size of a stylus and placed it over the wound, the device beeped twice before a reading appeared on its small display screen. Frowning



once more, he returned the device to its pouch. “You’re joined, aren’t you?” he asked quietly.

The momentary shock of being discovered was overtaken by denial as she looked at him sceptically. “I have no idea what you are talking about.”

Morganth looked dubious at this obvious lie.

“Lieutenant, I’m in ONI. We are well aware of your species’ dark little secret but don’t worry we won’t out you to your colleagues. Now answer the question.”

Jacinta refused to meet his gaze and only nodded once in acknowledgement which seemed to lighten Morganth’s mood. “While we are unaware of the bio-physiology of your symbiotic relationship, it is possible that the creature in your abdomen is slowing the spread of the infection, but we shouldn’t delay any further. The sooner we complete our objective, the sooner we can find a cure.”

T’Fryr, who had to make it an effort to not pay attention to the conversation, turned to face them.

“Wait, you’re seriously planning on withholding treatment for her?” he asked with an icy stare that would have made his arctic homeworld of Andoria seem tropical by comparison. Jacinta was legitimately concerned that the Petty Officer was going to physically harm the Captain and took a step to place herself between the two men, though she doubted in her present physical condition that she would be able to do anything to stop him.

Morganth sighed and shook his head. “Mister T’Fryr, we cannot withhold what we do not have.” He withdrew a small metallic case from a pouch on his belt and held it in front of him. “During our dealings with this group, we had developed a countermeasure to the neurolytic toxins employed by their cybernetic guards. However, once we landed on this planet, we discovered that the guards here secrete a unique strain of the toxin with protein markers completely different from those we’ve encountered. As a result, I watched the rest of my team die one after another.”

Jacinta covered her mouth with her working hand, and it took the wind out of the Andorian’s metaphorical sails. “We found one of your officers in the landing bay, I’m sorry sir.”

Morganth’s veneer seemed to harden once more. “Petty Officer Shawn Noble, I sent him back to the shuttle to try and get it operational, it is unfortunate that he did not survive.” He took a breath before looking back at the two officers. “As this toxin appears to be indigenous to this facility, there has to be a counteragent located within the bio lab that created it for the benefit of the researchers. We

have already wasted enough time. Once we secure the facility, we will search for the cure for you, Lieutenant.”

This appeared to placate T’Fryr who nodded then rechecked the power setting on his phaser rifle. Morganth turned back down the corridor. “If there is nothing more, we need to get moving.”

Falling into step behind Morganth once more, the two officers headed off down corridors that had suddenly gained a stark white colour. Jacinta wrinkled her nose as her sensitive Trill senses picked up a barely noticeable scent. “I smell antiseptic.”

“Then we are getting close,” Morganth replied, “I just hope we aren’t too late.”

Jacinta looked at her tricorder, choosing to favour it instead of her phaser that now resided within a useless holster on her left hip. Studying the map that Leda had given her, she noted that their destination was ahead of them, she indicated the corresponding doorway at the end of the corridor.

Once the trio had stacked up beside it, Morganth turned to them. “Lieutenant, as soon as we are inside, I want you to find a working terminal and download any, and all, data that you can get from their databases. I don’t care if it’s encrypted or not, I want as much as your tricorder will hold.” When she nodded, he turned to T’Fryr. “While she’s doing that, we will be securing anyone that is inside.”

Indicating the locking mechanism, he nodded at Jacinta. “All yours Lieutenant.”

Jacinta precariously perched her tricorder on her knee as she dug the nails of her good hand into the casing around the door controls and pried it open. She had become quite adept at picking the locks on the doors of this facility, and each time her tricorder became increasingly better at it. After a minute of tapping on her tricorder, the door control flashed green and the door slid aside.

Morganth and T’Fryr went through the opening and into the lab as Jacinta disconnected her tricorder from the alien control system. Packing away her collection of liberated cables she slipped into the lab behind them. The room looked like any biological research facility Jacinta herself would have worked in during her studies prior to joining Starfleet with a scattering of workstations and scientific equipment used in the manufacture of vaccines that would make any top-of-the-line research lab envious. Even to a novice, it was clear that this facility was being used for a far more nefarious purpose. At the far end of the room, four technicians cowered under the menacing guard of Captain Morganth who appeared to be interrogating them with short terse questions at the point of his phaser rifle, while T’Fryr poked through storage containers and checked manifests.

Jacinta was shocked at the forcefulness of Morganth’s questioning as she moved to her assigned task. Sitting in front of a working terminal she placed her tricorder on the workstation’s data transfer plate and started accessing the unit’s memory files. For an instant, the laurel draped logo of the Novos Foundation appeared before coalescing into

the file directory. A large blue ‘Directory Empty’ notification blinked on the screen. Frowning, Jacinta moved to another workstation only to find the same result.

“Ah, sir, we have a problem,” she called out, momentarily interrupting his interrogation.

Morganth turned to face her, though his rifle remained pointed at his captives.

“Sir the file directories are empty, both network and local drives, there is nothing here.”

“Dammit,” Morganth exclaimed, turning back to the still cowering technicians. “Where is the data?”

When they didn’t immediately respond, he struck the closest technician with the flat side of his rifle, then demanded the question be answered, much to the horror of the Kokoda officers.

“Captain, that is completely out of line,” Jacinta exclaimed, the disgust clearly evident in her voice.

Morganth regarded her dispassionately. “Lieutenant, let me remind you, that even with the Kokoda’s assistance, this is strictly an ONI operation, and we don’t exactly have the luxury of time.” Turning back to the technicians, he threatened to strike them again. A woman whose lab coat bore additional markings stood to face the Captain.

“You’re too late, the research is already on its way off-world.”

The Captain swore before turning to Jacinta. “Who is in charge of the remaining Kokoda security?”

Jacinta blinked at the forcefulness of the Captain’s request. “Assuming nothing has happened, Lieutenant Reena Blackford.”

In a single movement, Morganth withdrew and opened his communicator. Pressing the controls on the small device he waited for a small click before a wary sounding Reena responded.

“This is Lieutenant Blackford.”

“I am Captain Morganth of the Animus, Lieutenant have you secured the hangar bay as ordered?” his tone was severe.

“Yes, sir, my team has secured the main entrance to the bay, but there is a forcefield around one of the small attack ships which we have been unsuccessful in gaining access.”

Morganth growled. “Have the other craft been disabled?”

“Yes, sir,” Reena replied. “Sir, all the support craft here bear the markings of the Novos Foundation.”

“There is a greater conspiracy here than you are aware of Lieutenant, I want you to do everything possible to prevent any craft from departing. You are to hold that bay at all costs.”

“Understood sir.”

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Tiberius Davenport was on edge as he swiftly moved through empty corridors towards his destination and potential escape. While the facility he operated had always been far too large for the number of staff he commanded, he suddenly felt very alone. Even with the quad of Sentinel Templars flanking him, he was convinced he was the last



sentient member of the Foundation on the surface. He cursed the efficiency of the two Starfleet vessels in undermining his operations, even with all of the obstacles he had placed in their way. He already knew that Starfleet had taken the Operations Centre, as his guards had lost their synchronised, coordinated movements, which only served to sour his mood.

Looking down, he tightened his grip on the duotronic storage device that contained all of his research on the Ghostwitch virus. Even though the Committee had refrained from letting him relocate before now, he wasn't about to let all of his hard work and research fall into the hands of these chaotic sentients.

"Curse you, Starfleet," he hissed as he turned down the corridor that eventually led to the hangar bay.

Ahead of him, he could see a pair of blue-uniformed Starfleet officers, standing guard over the entrance to the bay, and a quad of Sentinels dead at their feet.

"Curse you, Starfleet," he repeated. Stopping, he turned to his quad. "Create a distraction," he ordered. They stiffened then continued down the corridor at a brisk pace. Grabbing the last Sentinel by the arm he pulled the other way. "You're coming with me."

Doubling back on the route they had taken; Davenport led his sole remaining bodyguard to a maintenance hatch. Cycling it open, he climbed inside with the Sentinel awkwardly trying to climb into the space behind him. The Sentinel paused before removing its ornately detailed chest plate, dropping it to the floor before it joined Davenport inside. Crawling for what felt like miles, precariously cradling the storage container in the crook of an arm, he pushed open a hatch leading to a machinist's shop that serviced the hangar bay, hoping the entire time that there would not be anyone on the opposite side to greet him. Reaching into his jacket, he removed a device as long as his finger and held it tightly as he peered out into the room and was greeted by the sound of weapons fire coming from the opposite end of the hangar and concerned calls from the Starfleet personnel. This filled him with a sense of smug satisfaction which was only tempered by the fact that he only counted five Starfleet personnel taking cover behind equipment stacks within the cavernous room. He skulked around partially deconstructed ship components. What he saw in front of him confirmed his suspicions that he was the last sentient left alive, and when he got off this lifeless rock, he was going to make these Starfleeters pay for what they'd done to interfere in his plans. Pressing the button at the end of the device, he stepped out onto the hangar deck.

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Reena stood near a row of cargo shuttles that sat idle along the long edge of the hangar bay, each one with a pile of cabling and scorched circuitry beside it, as the Caitian, K'Sor, continued to try and gain access to the shielded attack ship, while the remaining three members of her security detail traded fire with an equal number of the facility's cybernetic guards. Reena was well aware of how

tenuous a hold she had on the hangar bay, especially after failing to locate a control tower to lock down the subterranean tunnel that led to the surface. She knew that her team was going to be on the defensive until they were able to get some relief from one of the other landing parties. Scattered around her were a dozen bodies, representing every single defender within the hangar who had chosen to fight instead of surrender, requiring her team to root out each of them.

"How's it going, K'Sor?" she asked, keeping an eye on the pitched battle taking place at the front of the room.

The Caitian looked down at the assortment of technology cobbled together from components salvaged from the disabled shuttles and growled. "I am making little progress. Regrettably, this ship is using a frequency completely foreign to the others here, and without physical access to the ship I doubt that I will be able to parse it correctly," K'Sor replied in that purring felinoid voice unique to her species.

"Well, do what you can. We need to secure it like the others," Reena replied patting her on the shoulder, refraining from touching any of the calico fur that the Caitian sported.

K'Sor nodded before she continued working, pausing only to gaze over to the line of shuttles.

"What did the Captain say about those?" she asked before returning to her task.

Reena regarded the pair of stylised logos of entwined serpents superimposed over a blue circle and frowned. "Captain Morganth didn't disclose anything, but I suspect that there is a larger problem here than what we have told. And I sincerely doubt that we will be told the whole story," she replied, dismissing the questions that she had about why there were shuttles from the galaxy's largest relief organisation parked alongside mysterious attack ships.

K'Sor muttered something in her native tongue before slapping the collection of components with a paw. "It's no use ma'am, this system is nothing like anything I've encountered before."

Reena frowned and was about to concede defeat until she saw Henderson take three disruptor bolts square to the chest. She had to force herself from going to his aid as he hit the ground, smoke wafting from his numerous wounds in his chest plate.

Tvoul grabbed him by the loop at the back of his equipment vest and dragged him to safety, in that instant a bolt of disruptor fire splashed across the forcefield behind her singeing the air in front of her face. She tightened the grip on her rifle as both women took cover behind the vehicle they had been trying to break into, putting it between them at the incoming fire.

Peering into the darkness of the machine shop, she could faintly make out figures moving about behind the cover of storage crates before another bolt of disruptor fire lashed out, hitting the forcefield in front of them.

"We're being flanked," she called, opening her communicator.

"Ensign Leda, here."

Reena ducked as a series of bolts of fire struck the shield. "Ensign, it's Lieutenant Blackford. We could use some help down here, we are in danger of being overrun."

"Understood, Lieutenant. We'll see if we can get some help out to you. Hold on as long as you can. Leda out."

Reena looked to K'Sor. "That's going to be easier said than done," she remarked before noticing more movement in the dim light. Taking careful aim, she pressed down on the firing stud, sending a bolt of crimson phaser fire into the darkness. It struck a container, sending sparks shooting into the air, forcing the form she saw to dive for cover.

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Davenport swore as he dove behind a crate, which caused him to drop his storage case, it skittered across the deck, spilling its contents. Cursing again, he scrambled across the ground, blindly feeling for the now scattered data cards. After a minute of frantic searching, he collected all of the cards he could find and stuffed them back into the container. Sitting with his back pressed against a supply crate, he checked the small control device in his hand and smiled as it flashed green as the remaining Sentinels responded to his request for assistance. When they arrived, he would have his revenge.

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Jacinta limped from one workstation to another, each move becoming increasingly more difficult as the neurotoxin continued to make its way through her system. Each display continued to show the same empty directories, every data slate sat unused.

"Captain, they have scrubbed this place pretty well, there is nothing here," she said, try as she might, it was hard to keep her resignation hidden in her voice.

Morganth frowned, then turned to the technicians who were now under the guard of Lieutenant Bozosky and his team, each an impassive mask of cool collectedness.

"Where are your resources of the anti-toxin?" he demanded. Taking a step towards the group, the technician that he had struck recoiled at his words but as a group, they remained silent. He turned to Bozosky. "Take them up to the ship, and impress upon them the benefits of their assistance." The expression he bore sent an icy chill down Jacinta's spine as she tried, and failed, to push herself out of the chair she had sat in.

The brown-haired lieutenant nodded, then rounded up the scientists. In an instant, the prisoners and their guard disappeared into a flash of yellow light.

The captain then turned to Jacinta. "I would not worry, Lieutenant, they will comply."

"Their compliance is not what is worrying me, Captain," she replied, regarding the officer standing in front of her as his communicator beeped.

Morganth whipped out his communicator and opened its front grill. "Morganth here."

Jacinta could hear it was the voice of one of the Animus' officers, Ensign Leda, though judging by the tone, the situation was not going well.

"Captain, we've gotten a report from the force holding the hangar bay, they are reporting that the Sentinel Templars have regrouped and are pressing their attack. Lieutenant Blackford is reporting that they are at risk of being overrun. They are requesting any available assistance." Jacinta jolted upright at the report that her bunkmate and best friend was under threat of being overrun on this unidentified compound on a planet that was supposed to be uninhabited. She forced herself to stand as Morganth spoke with one of Bozosky's men in rapid hushed tones, formulating the proper response to this new threat. "We have to do something," she said, taking a step before her legs collapsed underneath her, sending her unceremoniously to the floor. She cursed at the realisation that her body was succumbing to the neurolytic toxin and there wasn't anything she could do about it.

Morganth and the security contingent turned at the sound of breaking glass and found the Kokoda's Science Officer on the ground in a mess of broken scientific equipment. Rushing over to her, Morganth crouched beside her.

"Stay still, Lieutenant, it seems that your symbiont is losing the fight at keeping you alive." He opened his communicator and activated a control. "Animus, this is the Captain. Prepare to beam Lieutenant Tryne aboard. Have Doctor Tymos prepare the standard antitoxin treatment. Hopefully, it can give us more time to synthesise a proper cure."

"Understood, Captain," replied a harsh-sounding male voice before the channel closed.

"The Kokoda," Jacinta murmured absently as she found it surprisingly hard to breathe.

"With all respect to your ship, Lieutenant, we have been dealing with this threat for several years now, we have developed a number of ways of counteracting their toxins."

Jacinta didn't have a chance to plead the case to return herself to her own ship as she felt the tingling sensation of a transporter beam embrace her, her normal fear of someone discovering the existence of her symbiont momentarily quelled as she was brought aboard the Animus.

Morganth stood as the lieutenant disappeared in a flash of yellow light and regarded the security officers around him.

"T'Fryr, where is your head?" The Andorian officer looked to the spot where Jacinta had been lying before looking back to Morganth. "I'm fine, sir."

The captain nodded. "Very good, Mister Hollinsky, ready your men. We have a team of scared bronzers who haven't encountered Sentinels before, that we'll need to rescue." Morganth approached the door before turning to regard the Starfleet personnel under his command. "Break out the last of the charge packs! We're moving out."

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Reena ducked behind an exposed engine cowling as a spray of disruptor fire peppered against the small craft the

Starfleet team had taken cover behind. She did a quick scan around the room and saw the three unmoving forms belonging to members of her landing team lying slumped along the deck. It was of little comfort to her that those three security officers had each counted for five of their cybernetic attackers, as she knew that their sacrifice was not going to be enough. They had been steadily pushed back from their positions at the perimeter of the hangar bay to their hastily prepared stronghold wedged between disabled support craft.

Behind her, with their back pressed up against the wall, Petty Officer Gordon was busy jabbing at the controls of his communicator. "Say again, Kokoda, we have come under heavy hostile fire and are requesting emergency beam out."

The pregnant pause that followed spoke volumes as Reena frowned before Commander Abernathy replied, her tone clearly crestfallen.

"I'm sorry, Chief Maroney is having difficulty isolating your signatures from the surrounding background radiation. We are liaising with the Animus to try and get some localised support. Hold out as long as you can. Help is on the way."

Gordon was noticeably disappointed with the news before he responded. "Understood, ma'am." Reena tightened the grip on her rifle and fired a pulse of amber energy into the approaching mass of hostile soldiers, wishing there was an avenue that would allow her to escape with her remaining officers. She saw movement to her left beyond the angled frame of the mysterious spacecraft that sat in the middle of the deck. Its energy shield sizzled as it absorbed errant shots from both sides. The longer she looked in that direction, she could see figures moving between storage containers heading towards them.

"They're trying to flank us again," she called, shifting her position and blind firing a volley into the darkness at the opposing end. The very human-sounding howl of pain gave her a momentary pause, as none of the other soldiers had made a sound as they fell. She returned to regard the remains of her detail, each, like her, bore wounds from their engagements and she knew that not all were visible.

"Hold tight everyone, help is on the way. We just need to keep them from these ships." Her words swallowed up by the din of battle, in response the remaining Starfleeters continued to fire, before individually swapping out discharged power packs. Reena did the same and quietly wished that some of her landing party were still alive when that help arrived.

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Davenport reeled as he clutched his right arm, one of the Starfleet security officers had scored a lucky glancing blow, clipping his shoulder on its way to the bulkhead behind him. He gritted his teeth at the pain coursing through his body as a pair of Sentinels stood over him with cold, vacant expressions.

"Don't just stand there, help me," he snapped through those gritted teeth. In response, the Sentinels awkwardly

grabbed him and with the care of a wounded Targ lifted the Facility Administer to his feet. The scream that left Davenport's mouth as a Sentinel grabbed him by his wounded shoulder was almost immediately drowned out by the high-pitched whine of phaser fire coming from the corridor at the other end of the hangar.

"Time's up," he muttered as he took his control wand in his good hand while he feebly reached for the once again discarded duotronic storage case. Inspecting the case, he checked the status indicators on the control wand and smiled grimly that all the lights shone green, telling him that his craft was ready for launch.

Taking a second, he assessed the situation the best he could before looking back to his remaining guards and muttered. "Die well." Simultaneously he depressed a large button at the top of the control wand. In an instant, the two Sentinels in front of him and the other cybernetic soldiers already engaged with the Starfleet personnel stiffened as they charged as one body towards the waiting auxiliary craft.

The Last Man Contingency overrode what remained of their tactical protocols and self-preservation subroutines, turning these cybernetic soldiers into meat shields, compelled to do whatever was necessary to allow the last surviving member of the Novos Foundation the ability to escape. Davenport hadn't initially triggered this failsafe because he genuinely felt as if these hive-minded soldiers deserved a certain level of dignity in death, even if he knew that he needed to get his research off-world.

The sudden cries of alarm from the Starfleet officers were all the indication he needed that the protocol had worked. With effort, he crept alongside the storage bins, the storage case tucked into the crook of his injured arm as he slowly made his way towards his ship. Covered by the bulk of the shuttle, he crossed the distance unnoticed until he reached the ramp. He took a final moment to witness the carnage he had wrought before deactivating the energy shield that had protected his personal yacht and climbed aboard. Captain Morganth looked over to the line of Sentinels to the personal craft that sat on its own in the centre of the flight deck as a crackle echoed through the bay as its shield deactivated and a figure ascended the ramp.

"Damnit," he breathed as he raised his rifle and scowled as the figure disappeared before he could line up the shot. He drew his communicator from his belt and had it to his lips as the ramp closed.

"Animus this is Morganth. We have an unsecured launch in progress, prep for star side intercept," he ordered as his crewmembers steadily dispatched the more numerous Sentinels.

"Understood, we are adjusting our course now."

By the time the ramp had fully closed an audible thrum started to echo through the cavernous hangar.

"We're too late," Morganth called as the craft lifted off the deck and nosed towards the launch tube. "Animus,



they're launching." In an instant, the craft disappeared up the launch tube.

With the control chip gone, the surviving Sentinels reverted to their default programming which reactivated the self-preservation protocols and returned tactical decisions to their movements. By that point, however, the Starfleet personnel had created a crossfire which made short work of the stragglers.

As his team moved across the room, Azrael approached the beleaguered Kokoda security personnel. He noted that they looked rather worse for wear. The only officer present stumbled across to him, ashen as grime and small cuts marked a face that looks surprisingly like the Kokoda's Trill science officer that had been accompanying him.

She must have recognised the expression he bore and smiled weakly through a haunted expression. "We're not related, well as far as we can tell." The smile disappeared as she looked over to the area previously occupied by the Novos Shuttle. "We failed to secure them all."

Azrael placed a hand on her shoulder, his hard expression softening. "All things considered, Lieutenant, I would say that you did more than your share this day. Go, tend to your people, we'll take care of it from here."

Reena didn't smile as her gaze fell on the black service badge the officer before her wore. "Understood, sir,"

At that point, Azrael's communicator beeped, stepping away from Reena, he flipped it open. "Go ahead."

"Captain, it's Victor, we tracked the Novos Shuttle from where they departed the installation and prepared for a star side intercept as per your orders. What we didn't expect was the pilot jumping to warp while still within the atmosphere."

Azrael frowned. "That shouldn't even be possible."

"Sir, were it not for the fact that I saw it happen, I would agree with you. They have done a number on the atmosphere though we have been able to plot their exit course."

"Excellent, plot a pursuit course and engage at maximum warp as soon as Ensign Leda and myself are beamed aboard, Morganth out." Pressing a button on his communicator, he opened a secondary channel. "Thorys

it's the Captain. I want your team to take command of the scene here and oversee the collection of evidence. I'm leaving the Night Hawk here for you."

"Understood," replied the Andorian security officer.

Morganth switched back to his primary channel, "Animus, two to beam up."

## *Epilogue*

"She's awake."

Jacinta stirred at the unknown male voice and slowly opened her eyes. The harsh overhead lights caused her to wince as her vision adjusted to the environment. She immediately heard a steady beeping coming from overhead. After a moment, her vision finally cleared to see a pair of figures at her feet. One was dressed in the white garb of a Starfleet Doctor, while the other wore a standard-issue blue Starfleet uniform that complimented their green skin. She noticed the black badges the two officers wore.

"Excellent, thank you, Doctor, I'll inform the Captain."

"What happened?" Jacinta asked groggily.

"You collapsed, but thankfully we were able to convince the scientists to synthesize the antidote for you."

In a moment of clarity, Jacinta reached for the small bulge in her abdomen, completely ignoring the risks of discovery. The green-skinned officer smiled and approached; it was at that point that Jacinta remembered her name.

Leda placed a hand on Jacinta's shoulder. "Your symbiont is fine; we tracked its vitals through the whole process. It was unaffected by the neurotoxin."

Jacinta let out a relieved breath. "Thank you," she murmured before looking around sickbay. "This isn't the Kokoda."

Leda's smile widened as she sat on the edge of the biobed. "While I'm certain that the Kokoda is a fine ship, it hasn't been dealing with the Novos Foundation as we have."

The green-skinned officer slid off the bed and clasped her hands behind her back. "Lieutenant Tryne, welcome to the USS Animus."

*I've been told that patience is sometimes  
a more powerful weapon than a sword.*

— Worf, *TNG: Redemption*

## ***Don't Shoot, I'm an Engineer!***

This issue's episode – **Trouble in the Tubes.**

by COMM MarkAdam Miller, *USS Hephaestus*, R2

Ensign Robert Marley Duty Log, Stardate\*\*\*\*\*.\*  
Lt. M'ranklin and I have been assigned to general repair at STARFLEET HQ space station. For once I am not on Earth but in actual space. I don't mind the work at HQ on Earth, but I am especially looking forward to being assigned to an actual Starship. Hopefully, they will have enough for us to do that we need to stay more than the three days that we are assigned here,

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Lt. M'ranklin looked at his chronometer. He had been working for a couple of hours and had only found a couple of junction boxes that needed his attention. Everything seemed to be running smoothly except for the cleaning bots because the amount of dust in the Jefferies tubes was playing havoc with his allergies. He tapped his combadge, "Ensign Marley, how are you coming on finding out why deck 34's lights are out?"



The Lt's combadge chirped, "Ensign Marley, here. I am kind of stuck. I am in Jefferies tube 34B section 4, possibly 5. My flashlight went out and except for the light from my tricorder, I can't see a thing. I tried to see if switching the batteries might help but it didn't."

The Lt. brushed his vibrissae hairs, "You sure you didn't end up reversing the electron flow when you put the batteries back in?"

"Lt. I have enough light from my tricorder to tell me which end of the battery is positive and which end is negative."

M'ranklin's ears could hear the sound of a compartment opening and what sounded like batteries being taken from a unit. Then there was a click like batteries being replaced and another click of the compartment closing.

"Sorry, Lt. The flashlight is dead."

The Lt. scratched his right ear, "Well crawl out and get new batteries then call me when you find what the trouble is."

"That is the other problem. The Tricorder says I am in section 4 which should have an access panel, but I can't find it. Either way, I go the tricorder is reading section 4. I have reset it twice, but it still won't budge from section 4."

"Okay, I will come down and find you. Just stay where you are."

"Okay, Lt."

Marley heard M'ranklin crawling then a sound of a door shutting followed by M'ranklin screaming, "FURBALLS!!!!"

"You all right Lt."

"No, I am not all right. The blasted hatch just closed on my tail. FURBALLS!!!!"

"I'm coming sir if I have to crawl through every sec...." M'ranklin heard a swoosh sound over the comm. "Yaaah-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooey!!!"

Later in sickbay, as the medic brought him in, Lt. M'ranklin saw ENS Farley on a biobed with his left arm in a bone regenerator. They placed M'ranklin in the bed next to him. While the Doc looked at his tail M'ranklin looked over at Robert, "What happened to you?"

The Ensign winced, "I found the exit panel but instead of it being a side panel to the deck it was a floor panel to the deck below. I fell and landed on my left wrist breaking it. How's your tail?"

M'ranklin hissed as the Doc fixed his tail, "I think it will be okay. Probably have a crook in it from now on but otherwise, I will live. Furballs."

Authors Note: Thanks, Goofy for the use of your phrase "Yaaah-hoo-hoo-hoo-hooey!!!"

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