

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS Rendezvous

Stardate: July 1999

Stardate:

From the Bridge...

Ah, it's nice to be back on schedule with the newsletter. Things have been a little hectic around the senior officers of late. It feels good to have the newsletter going out when it's supposed to.

The big news at this time is the wedding of myself and Captain Brindley on September 11th. The next newsletter won't come out until after this event, so I want to pass along our thanks to everyone for being so patient with us. If we've seemed a little distracted lately, it's because we really have been. We still have some planning to do, but want you to know that we're still at least semi-functional. A big thank you to Dalice, Curtis, and the section chiefs who have been a great help to us lately.

The friendships we've made in this club are incredible and we look forward to having you joining in the festivities surrounding the wedding.

With the nation celebrating the 30th anniversary of the first Apollo moon landing, it's only appropriate that we also recognize the importance of the manned space program.

Mercury... Gemini... Apollo... These names are the different phases of the space program that got us into space. They each played an important roll in the discovery of what's out there.

I can remember as a child as I watched the fuzzy television picture of an astronaut walking on the moon. It's one of my very first memories. I can remember SkyLab and the fight to keep it aloft. I remember the Apollo/Soyuz mission where space craft from the United States and Soviet Union first linked together in space. I remember the first shuttle being rolled out, the *Enterprise*, and being so excited about both the craft and the name. I remember the tragedy of the *Challenger* and how the nation mourned it's loss together. I remember the launching of the Hubble Space Telescope, and the incredible mission to repair it in space.

I look forward to seeing mankind return to the moon. And later, on seeing us reach for the other planets. I look forward to seeing the completion of the new space station. My love of science fiction has me looking forward to the time when things we only dream about today will actually begin to happen.

Call me a dreamer, but I think the difficulties we've faced as we've reached for the stars have made us a better people. It's only when we work together that we're able to accomplish the impossible.

Take care and have a great summer,

Commander Ross Trowbridge
Executive Officer
USS Rendezvous

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Plus more of SevTrek
www.sev.com.au/toonzone/sevtrek

Coming Events

July 17- Monthly meeting of the *USS Rendezvous*. 10:30 AM at the USU Food & Nutrition building.

July 17-24- Apollo display at the ZCMI Center in Salt Lake City. The other ships of the 7th Fleet are assisting in this event.

August 21st- Monthly meeting of the *USS Rendezvous*. 10:30 AM at the USU Food & Nutrition building.

September 11- Wedding of Captain Marla Brindley and Commander Ross Trowbridge of the *USS Rendezvous*.

September 18- Monthly meeting of the *USS Rendezvous*. 10:30 AM at the USU Food & Nutrition building.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES & VIACOM PRESENT:

THE STAR TREK WRITER'S CONSTRUCTION KIT FOR WINDOWS 95

Announcing the launch of the latest version of a 32-bit application specifically designed to take advantage of the new WINDOWS 95 operating system. With this plug-in module for WORD 97 and MS WORKS, you can now create your very own scripts for submission to Paramount.

All the features of the previous version:

Auto TechnoBabble: If your scripts are too heavily weighted towards character development, or your plot threads are getting too complex? Then simply drag an outline around the offending section of your script; click the spanner icon and hey-presto! Instant technobabble filler for

your script! Who says EPS power taps and phased warp plasma relays can't be exciting?

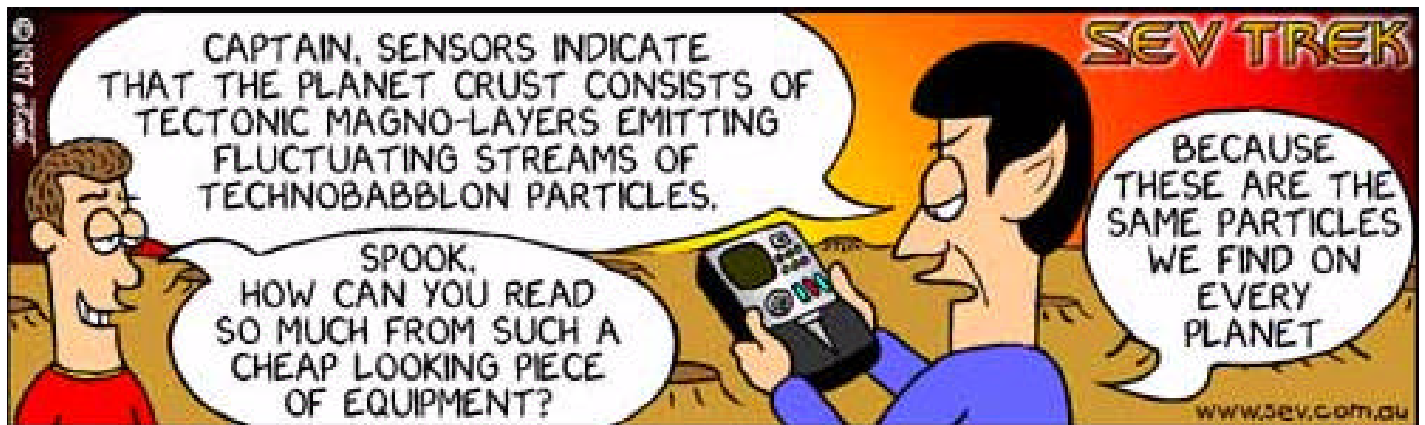
Excitement Removal Wizard: It happens all the time! You've written a script full of dynamic action sequences and breathtaking battle scenes, only for Paramount to announce budget cuts for the next season. Just one click of the Jeri Taylor Icon allows you to remove these costly scenes, inserting tender one-on-one character-building dialogue sequences instead.

Character IntelliSense: Have you written a block busting script for your favorite Star Trek character? Pushing them to their emotional limits in a tense, nail-biting and heart-stopping fashion, only to find that Paramount/Viacom have assigned you a boring Neelix or Nog-based episode? Character IntelliSense allows you to instantly reassign key scenes for the characters Paramount has selected for you. Just click and go!

Plus! New for WINDOWS 95:

Temporal Anomaly plug-in module: Is your script lacking that one important detail that would set it apart from all the others? With this new plug-in module, even you can write exciting scripts up to the lofty standards of Brannon Braga, Rick Berman and Ronald D. Moore. Use the new Anomaly-Mapping Wizard, featuring over 6000 different types of anomaly textures on CD. Make your time-phased warp interloop conduit stand out from the crowd!

Space Tart Mode: Is the current season suffering a massive ratings drop? Does your script lack that certain "pull" that other syndicated shows have in abundance? The new Space Tart Mode will soon get buns back on seats by tarting up all the female characters in your script! High-heels? No problem! Dynasty wigs and shoulder pads? A mere mouse-click away! The STAR TREK WRITER'S CONSTRUCTION KIT lets you make the executive decisions on what's best for the female characters of the



show!

HoloWizard: We've all been there before, it's two days before your deadline and your script is still a complete blank. What to do for inspiration? Scratch your head no longer, for the new HoloWizard is here. Simply OCR a page or two from your favorite classic literary work and paste it into the HoloWizard. Within seconds, you have the basic structure for a Holodeck-based episode designed to fit your specifications! If you lack the ability to OCR pages, then don't fear. HoloWizard comes with a built-in AutoBard patch, featuring the complete works of William Shakespeare, Arthur Conan Doyle, Jane Austen, H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad and the Bronte sisters! Look out for more AutoBard patches on various FTP sites.

Sim Alien: Specially designed by Praxis for the STAR TREK WRITER'S CONSTRUCTION KIT, now you can play God with an entire DNA pool at your fingertips. Create your own race of militaristic bipedal aliens to terrify the Federation. After creating compound aliens with the DNA fragments of your choice, run the Lumps Editor to wrinkle the forehead, neck or nose of your new creation -- give your aliens that distinctive Star Trek touch!

Achilles Heel module: Is your race of Sim Alien baddies proving to be too tough? Does the crew of the Enterprise, Voyager and Deep Space Nine find themselves constantly at odds with the overwhelming might of your favorite military faction? Fear not! Simply click the 'Hugh' Icon, and your alien adversaries will be reduced to mere quivering sheep. Options include faction sub-splitting, elemental aversion (as pre-tested on Doctor Who's cybermen) and our patented Last-Minute-Unfeasible-Achilles- Heel-Revelation.

Last minute addition!

Babylonian Gopher: Is your script lacking the dynamic range of drama, character development and pacing found in rival sci-fi shows? Is your season of Star Trek fading into obscurity, overshadowed by the faultless quality of the competition? Then have no fear! The Babylonian Gopher(will analyze every scene of every script in your current season and modify changes on a global level, implanting interlinking themes, fully structured character development and ensuring that the story doesn't end when the credits roll.

Science Station

By Derrick Hughes

DATA FILE: Severe Thunderstorm.

pretty much everyone knows what one is. I think most of us have been in one even though the ones around here aren't usually as bad as the one in the Great Plains. But what exactly type of ingredients are required for one?

Well, according to the National Weather Service, the criteria for a severe thunderstorm is:

- Wind gusts of 57.7 MPH or higher
- Hail up to 3/4" in diameter or larger and/or a tornado

Thunderstorms only need to have one of the components to be declared Severe.

One of the most well known types of severe thunderstorm is the supercell. A supercell thunderstorm is a type of storm that has a persistent rotating updraft called a 'mesocyclone.' Think of a supercell as a giant spinning top, because literally, the whole storm rotates.

Supercells can last up to 5 or 6 hours where they can produce a variety of severe weather which includes:

- Deadly lightning
- Flash floods
- Baseball sized hail
- Dangerous straight line or down burst winds
- Tornadoes

There are three types of supercells:

- 1) The classic supercell which produces the majority of violent tornadoes

The planet is dominated by large marshes and mangrove swamps. We haven't detected any signs of an indigenous sentient species. There is, however, a great deal of life on the planet. I've ordered all landing parties to be armed.

After fighting the Dominion for so long, it's nice to be exploring again.

Derrick Hughes stood on a small rise overlooking a large lake. The ground he stood on was drier than where he had just come from, meaning the mud was only a couple of inches thick. His once clean uniform was covered with gray, brown, and green splotches. He held up his tricorder and scanned the area.

"Those 'big nasties' we passed awhile ago have moved off to the east," he announced to his companions. Reed Strawn and Tom Post were also standing on the hill. Their uniforms were dirty as well, Reed's back was also covered with

a wet brown slime that he had slipped in as they had climbed the hill

The 'big nasties' had been two large reptiles, easily forty feet long, that had appeared to be carnivores. Fortunately, the animals hadn't discovered the trio. Two other landing parties had needed to call for emergency beam outs when they had been surprised by packs of these beasts.

"And to think that this is supposed to be the dry area," said Tom. "Why would anyone want to start a colony here?"

Reed shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe this will be where misbehaving Starfleet officers will be sent as punishment."

The group laughed. Derrick continued scanning with his tricorder.

wiggit... wiggit...

Derrick froze. "Did you hear that?" he asked.

Tom pointed down the hill. "It came from down there by the edge of the lake. I can't see anything though."

wiggit...

Derrick began walking back down the hill toward the lake. He nearly slipped as he checked his tricorder. "There's something down here," he announced. "It appears to be an amphibian of some kind."

"You mean a frog?" asked Reed. He suddenly smiled. "I haven't caught a frog since I was a kid back on Earth." With that, he let out a war whoop and scrambled down the hill. Tom shook his head and followed.

- 2) Low Precipitation (LP) supercell, which is classified as having little or no precipitation, although some hail may be falling. Strangely, LP supercells are frequently non-severe and non-tornadic despite their mesocyclones.
- 3) Heavy Precipitation (HP) supercells are considered to be the most dangerous of all the supercells because of the heavy rain and hail falling around the part of the tornado, hiding it from view.

There are a few other types of storms which can become mildly severe such as a pulse thunderstorms and squall line/bow echo type storms.

That's all for now, but I hope you enjoyed this newsletter's edition of science station.

Peace and Long Life
Derrick Hughes

Rendezvous Saga

Captain's Log. Stardate 9907.13

The Rendezvous has been ordered to the Hagnor system. The Federation is thinking of establishing a new colony on Hagnor IV. We'll be doing the preliminary biological survey and mapping of the planet's surface. Hopefully, we'll be able to find a suitable location for the colony.



As they approached the shore, something splashed along the water's edge. Reed turned to follow it. He splashed along after it.

Derrick continued to watch his tricorder. "I'd be careful if I were you, Reed. The water gets deep really fast right here."

Reed laughed and continued chasing his quarry. It suddenly cut back, dodging between his legs and into the bushes. It was a mottled blue-green and had six legs. Four of them looked like they were made for jumping.

Reed turned to follow it, but slipped on the wet grass. He tumbled into the water and disappeared under the surface. The water was easily over his head where he had fallen in. He quickly swam back to shore and climbed out. "At least it washed that slime off of me!" he shouted as he began running after the frog.

Tom had reached the shore and saw the frog heading towards him. He glanced towards Derrick. "Is it safe?" he asked.

Derrick nodded. "Tricorder doesn't register anything dangerous. It probably won't even give you warts."

"I thought that was toads," replied Tom. "I think Reed could use some help. Besides, this could be fun." He headed towards the frog.

Reed shook his head, then slowly folded his tricorder and put it away. With a rather disgusted look, he followed the others.

They chased the frog for more than five minutes without success. Each time they thought they had it, it would change directions and leave them behind. It's four jumping legs let it reach heights of more than 5 meters. Derrick suggested they just stun it with a phaser, but Reed would have none of it. This was a struggle of man versus animal and he was going to keep chasing it until man came out on top. With a desperate lunge, he caught it by two of its legs. It squirmed and kicked, but couldn't get away from the exultant human.

Derrick frowned at the kicking amphibian. "So now what do we do with it?" he asked.

Reed smiled. "What else should we do with it? We're here to collect samples. I'd say this would be a great sample."

Tom just stood there. "Leave me out of it. If it isn't floating in the vacuum of space, I'm not really interested. Besides, we don't even know what it eats."

Reed was not going to be easily dissuaded. "That's easy enough to find out." He pulled out his tricorder and aimed it at the frog he held in his other hand. He scanned the frog then turned the tricorder on the water's edge. "It eats these little grubs that are all along the shore. We'll just scoop up a bunch of them when we go."

Derrick threw up his hands. "Okay, we'll take it along. I'll call the *Rendezvous* and have them beam down an animal carrier. But what do we call this thing?"

Tom looked at the frog. "What about calling it by the sound it was making. It was 'wicket' or something like that, wasn't it?"

wiggit...

Tom laughed. "I stand corrected. It's a 'wiggit.'"

That evening, Derrick was back on board the *Rendezvous* and in the main science lab. He had cleaned himself up and was logging in the samples that had been taken from the planet's surface. Along with a myriad of insect-like animals and a large assortment of plants, the carrier containing the 'wiggit' sat on one of the lab tables.

wiggit...

Derrick turned to the frog. "Be patient. I'll get to you in a few minutes." He turned back to a large fern and began scanning it.

The lab doors swished open to admit Michael Baum. He hadn't been assigned to an away team and was curious to see what the planet had to offer. "Hello, Derrick. Find anything interesting?"

Derrick gestured all around him. "Depends on what you mean by 'interesting.' We've got a plant that might hold a cure for Borellian Fever. There's a lot of potential down there. I'm beginning to think a colony might be a good idea.

Of course, they'll have to live behind a force field all the time."

Michael looked a little confused. "Why would they need a force field?"

"We found a couple of very large carnivores down there that looked like they could swallow a shuttle whole. They must have had a couple hundred teeth at least."

wiggit...

Michael turned to find the source of the sound.

"What's that?" he asked.

Derrick indicated the container on the end of the table. "It's a wiggit. We found it on the surface. Boy can it move!"

Michael tapped on the cage and the frog jumped away.

wiggit! wiggit!

"Hey! You're scaring it," said Derrick. "If you knew what we went through to catch that, you wouldn't mess with it."

Michael removed his hand from the carrier. "Sorry, little guy. I didn't mean to startle you." His gaze shifted to a large glass jar. It was filled with an undulating white mass. "Eww. What are those?" he asked.

"Those are the wiggit's lunch. We picked them up where we caught the frog."

"Better you than me," Michael told the frog. He turned to Derrick. "Well, I should be going. I've got some maintenance to perform on my fighter. Talk to you later."

Derrick waved to him slightly then turned back to his tricorder.

As Michael passed the end of the table, he tripped on a branch hanging from a large bush on another table. He crashed into the table with the wiggit, knocking it over. The falling table triggered the motion sensors on the door and the bottle of grubs shattered, sending the little white grubs all over the room. Several potted plants also fell, dirt flying everywhere.

Michael put his hand right in a pile of the grubs as he stood up. Derrick just stood there, looking around the room in horror. "What have you done?" he asked.

"I was just trying to leave the room, honest," replied Michael as he wiped his hand on his pant leg. "I tripped on one of those bushes." The bush in question was now laying in a heap on the floor.

Derrick sighed. "Come on. Let's clean this up before anyone else waltzes in and sees the mess you've made."

The two officers began cleaning up the lab. They began with collecting the grubs, then righted the overturned table. Derrick was picking up some of the plants while Michael went to pick up the animal carrier.

"Uh, oh!" Michael exclaimed.

Derrick turned. "You trash the place five minutes ago, and now you say 'uh, oh?' A little slow there, don't you think?"

Michael turned to him and shook his head. "Not slow. I've just discovered something." He held up the carrier. "Your frog is gone."

Derrick jumped up. "NO! We've got to find him. There's no telling what could happen if he got loose in here. Help me look."

The piles of dirt on the floor were forgotten as the two men turned the lab upside down looking for the wiggit. Belatedly, Derrick remembered the tricorder. He scanned the room. Nothing. "Uh, oh," he said.

Michael chuckled. "At least we're speaking the same language now." He paused for a second. "I just remembered something. When I went down, I remember seeing the doors open. They stayed that way until we moved the table. You don't think the frog could have slid out the door, do you?"

Derrick looked shocked. "He must have, because he's certainly not in here." He walked over to the doors. They dutifully opened for him and he stepped into the hallway. It was deserted. Not only weren't there any





Captain Brindley Taught Data Everything He Knows

crewmembers anywhere near, there wasn't a six legged frog either.

Michael walked out and joined him. "I think we've got a problem. If the captain finds out we've let an alien creature loose on board the ship, it'll be both our hides."

"What do you mean, 'we'?" asked Derrick. "You're the one that knocked over the cage."

"It's your lab, buddy. You're responsible for everything in it."

"You're right, of course. We've got to find that frog. And I think I know just the man for the job." Derrick tapped his communicator. "Hughes to Strawn."

There was a slight pause before he was answered.

"*Strawn, here. What's up, Derrick?*"

"I've got a problem down here in the life sciences lab that needs your expertise, Reed. Remember our little friend from the planet? Do you think you could do a repeat performance?"

Reed gasped. "*Are you saying what I think you're saying?*"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. Can you get down here right away?"

"*I'm on my way.*"

Just a few minutes passed before Reed came walking down the hall. Following close behind him were two others, Jerry Jensen and Jan Stevens. Reed pointed to the other two. "I brought some reinforcements. I remember how fast that thing is. So let's go catch the thing."

Derrick shook his head. "It's not that easy. The wiggit isn't in the lab. He got out. He could be anywhere on this deck."

Reed was flabbergasted. "You let him out? Why did you do that?!"

"I didn't let him out," replied Derrick. "He escaped when we had a small accident in the lab. What's important right now is that we catch him before he gets himself hurt, or anyone else sees him running free."

Reed nodded. "Okay, let's split up and find this thing. Derrick, "he gestured down the hall, "you and Michael go that way. Jan and Jerry, you come with me and we'll work back this way. If anyone sights the wiggit, let everyone know there's no way that you'll be able to catch it on your own. Let's go."

The five men headed down the hallway and began their search.

Several hours later, Matt Chism was working in Engineering. He'd been working on a problem with energy fluctuations to the food replicators and the holodeck all day and was determined that he would get it solved before going to bed. He was alone in the room when he heard the doors open. He didn't bother glancing up to see who had come in. He assumed it was the night shift engineer coming back from his break.

wiggit...

Matt stopped staring at the display and turned his head. He looked around, but didn't see anything.

"Hello? Is anybody there?"

There wasn't any answer. He got up and headed over towards the warp core. "Is that you, Avery?"

wiggit...

The sound had come from behind him. He turned quickly and looked. Sitting on the console was something unlike he had ever seen before. He knew it didn't belong in Engineering and tapped his communicator. "Chism to Security."

"*This is Reed. What's up, Matt?*"

"I've got company with me in Engineering. I haven't got a clue where it came from, but I know I don't want it."

"*I'll be right there. Don't do anything to frighten it. Strawn, out.*"

Matt was more than happy to oblige. He backed away from the animal and leaned against the far wall.

The doors to Engineering opened and Reed and Jerry entered. They spotted the wiggit and advanced slowly.

wiggit... wiggit...

Reed gave Jerry a sign and they lunged towards the frog. It jumped straight up and went right over the top of Jerry's head. Jerry turned just in time to see the wiggit hop through the open door. "Reed, it's getting away!" He started running after the animal.

Reed stood up and began heading towards the door when Matt stopped him. "What was that thing, and what are you doing up so late?"

Reed didn't stop walking, but turned back to Matt as he headed out the door. "A good security chief never sleeps." He winked and the door closed behind him.

Matt was still staring at the doors when the Engineering communications panel chimed.

“Engineering, this is Commander Trowbridge. What’s going on down there? I may not cover the night shift very often, but I don’t think this type of behavior should be occurring.”

“What’s not funny?” Matt inquired.

“Matt, is that you?” asked Ross. “Why did you just turn up the gravity on the bridge? We’re pulling more than 4 g’s right now.”

Matt scurried back over to the console the frog had been sitting on. Sure enough, it showed the bridge gravity was much higher than normal. The wiggit must have sat on the button and increased the setting. “Sorry, Sir. I’ll fix that right away. There, um, must have been a temporary malfunction in the control unit. I’ll take care of it.” He touched the console and the gravity setting returned to its normal setting.

“Thanks, Matt. It’s nice to be able to stand up again. I’ll let you tell me about what happened in the morning. Trowbridge, out.”

Matt shook his head and went back to troubleshooting his energy fluctuation.

beep... beep... beep... beep...

Captain Brindley reached over and hit the snooze button on her alarm chronometer. This was her third and last time she would allow herself to do that this morning. 06:30 came way too early for her. She’d never been much of a morning person and it took her a little while to wake up.

Before she knew it, the chronometer was beeping again. With a heavy sigh, she forced herself out of bed and staggered off towards the shower. One of the perks of being captain was that she actually had a shower with running water. The first officer and chief medical officer were the only others on board who’s quarters had an actual shower. The rest of the crews’ quarters were equipped with Sonic Shower Refresher Stations. It might get you clean, but it just wasn’t the same.

She turned on the water and closed the shower door behind her.

wiggit... wiggit...

She jumped and about took out the door trying to get out of the shower stall. Grabbing a towel, she looked back into the shower. Sitting directly under the stream of water was an animal that reminded her of a frog. It looked

very happy about where it was at and didn’t seem inclined to move.

wiggit...

She picked up her communicator. “Brindley to security. I have an intruder in my quarters.”

“This is Reed Strawn, captain. I’ll be right there.”

By the time Reed arrived, Marla had put on a robe. Reed had brought Derrick and the others with him. There was no way they were going to let the wiggit escape again.

Marla stared at the haggard-looking group. “What’s going on here? You look like you haven’t slept at all.”

“We haven’t,” said Derrick. “We’ve been looking for an escaped lab specimen from the planet. With very little success, I might add.”

Marla gave them a knowing glance. “I think I may have found your specimen. He’s in my shower. I found a broken air vent where he must have come into my quarters. Now please go get him. I go on duty in forty-five minutes and haven’t showered yet.”

It was surprisingly easy to catch the wiggit. It seemed to really like the shower of water hitting it and didn’t even try to move as Reed and Derrick picked it up. They placed it back in the animal carrier. Then, with a profusion of apologies, they left the captain’s quarters.

As they walked back to the life science’s lab, Reed turned to Derrick. “Next time we’re on a planet and I want to collect a specimen that’s moving, please just stun me. Don’t let me do something like this again.”

They both laughed as the doors to the still messy lab opened.

Captain’s Log. Stardate 9907.15.

Our survey of Hagnor IV has been completed. Other than a couple very large carnivores, the planet will make a great location for a colony. A full report of what we’ve found has already been sent to Starfleet.

Our last duty to perform was to release Reed’s pet ‘wiggit’ back into the wild. It doesn’t seem too much the worse for wear. I had all those involved in the great escape clean out all the air ducting on board as punishment. I don’t want any more surprises hopping out at me when I’m least expecting it.

U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS NCC-1896

<http://sticky.usu.edu/~startrek>