

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS *Rendezvous*

Stardate: June 1999

From the Bridge...

I'm giving the captain a break this month, so you get to hear from ye olde X.O. First of all, I need to apologize for the newsletter being a month late. Things got a little crazy on me when it came newsletter time, so it didn't get completed. But we'll get back on track next month with our July issue.

The last month has been a very busy one for the club. Not one, but two conventions were held in Salt Lake City... CONduit and Slanted Fedora's Trek-Wars.

CONduit was held May 14-16 at the Salt Lake Airport Hilton. The *Rendezvous* had a good turnout for the convention. Those in attendance included Captain Brindley, myself, Matt Chism, Curtis Kidd, Curtis' friend Tina (who we plan on drafting into the club), Michael Baum, Laura Swift, and the Wall family.

The guests of Honor included Terry Brooks, Bjo Trimble, John Trimble, and Michael Goodwin (the man who created the cartoons that have graced our pages for the last several years). Terry is the author who did the novelization of "The Phantom Menace" for Lucasfilm. I've been a fan of his since "The Sword of Shannara" many years ago, so it was a pleasure to get to see him. He was a gracious guest and signed autographs way beyond the time allotted for them.

It was also great to meet the Trimbles. Bjo (pronounced Bee-Joe) has been involved with Star Trek since the very beginning. She was instrumental in the letter writing campaign that extended the original series for a third year. She's been behind the scenes for all of the series and movies and has even written books on the show. She's also a master costumer and She and Marla really hit it off when the Trimbles showed up at the *Kelly's* room while we were there.

The convention was a great chance to spend time with the other members of the Seventh Fleet. If you didn't make it this year, you should try to get there next year. It's a great convention.

The other convention this month was Slanted Fedora Entertainment's Trek-Wars convention on June 5th. This was their first attempt at a convention in Salt Lake City. They brought three guests to the convention. The first was Anthony Daniels, the actor who plays C3PO in the Star Wars Movies. Anthony was extremely friendly and knows how to work a crowd.

The other two guests were Alexander Siddig and Nana Visitor from Deep Space 9. These two are married in real life and were fun to listen to. They even performed a two act play for the conference attendees called 'Love Letters.' It was a very emotional tale told through the letters written between two friends.

Crew from the *Rendezvous* included Marla Brindley, myself, Matt Chism, Vicki Wiser, Michael Baum, and Tim Heare.

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

Unfortunately, this convention wasn't well attended. There were only a couple hundred of people there, which means that Slanted Fedora probably lost money on the convention. We don't know if they'll try again any time soon.

But there is good news on the convention front. On March 11-12, 2000, there will be a multi-genre Fanfest at the Utah State Fair Park in Salt Lake City. This will include actors, stuntmen, and production people from horror, sci-fi, and other types of movies. There may even be actors from several television series in attendance as well. This sounds like it's an event not to be missed. We'll give you more details as they become available.

The final piece of news is already known by many of you, but for those that don't, here goes... Captain Brindley and I are engaged to be married. This will be happening on September 11th. We're both really excited about this happening, but want you to know that even though we may be spending a lot of time planning for the wedding, we will still be here for the club. You are our friends and we don't want you to feel left out. We will be relying on you to help us keep the club running strong these next few months and appreciate all that has already been done by you. Thank you for your support and patience.

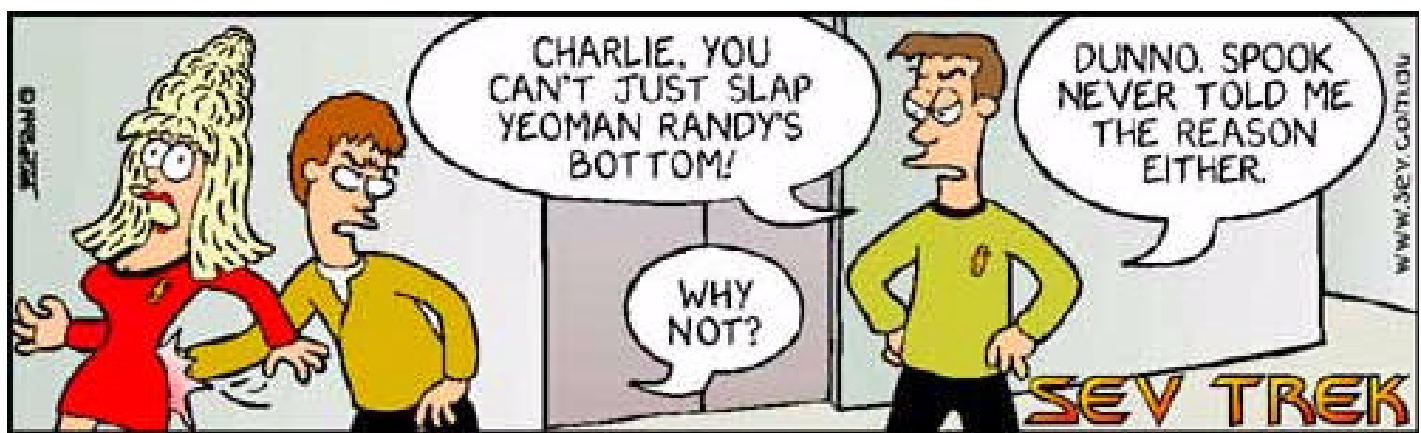
Commander Ross Trowbridge
Executive Officer
USS Rendezvous

Top Ten Pranks by Picard's yeoman

- 10 Shrinking Picard's uniform every week
- 9 Sending messages to the barber to take a little off the top
- 8 Switching the fish in his ready room with pirahana
- 7 Putting wet paint on Picard's chair in the ready room
- 6 While Picard is asleep, rolling a quarter with black paint down his face
- 5 Slipping laxatives in his Earl Grey
- 4 Changing his Universal Translator so he speaks Klingon
- 3 Sending in an application to the NPA (24th century NRA)
- 2 Telling Worf that Picard wants some lessons in Klingon Self-Defense
- 1 (Before Generations) Sending Picard love letters from Lursa

Top ten fun things to do aboard the Starship Enterprise

10. Finding the bathroom!
9. Skeet shooting the shuttlecraft





8. Plugging Nintendo cartridges into Data
7. Giving Worf A nuggie
6. Ordering Pizza from Domino's then going 30 minutes into the future just to piss them off (haha, free pizza!)
5. Secretly replacing the Dilithium crystals with New Folger's crystals
4. Reprogramming the computer to play the theme to Jeopardy during self-destruct sequence
3. Watching Captain Picard do his Mr. Clean impression
2. Calling down to the transporter room, ask if they've beamed aboard Prince Albert In A Can
1. Tribble-ball!

Rendezvous Saga

Captain's Log. Stardate 9906.14

*After spending the last several months on deep space patrol looking for dominion forces, the *Rendezvous* has been ordered to Starbase 86 to meet with the rest of the Seventh Fleet. We're hoping that with the current lull in hostilities, we'll be able get some much needed R&R. The ship itself is also overdue for general maintenance.*

Starbase 86 was one of the largest bases manned by the Federation. During the Dominion War,

literally hundreds of Federation, Klingon, and Romulan ships had stopped here. The base had even repulsed two separate Dominion attacks.

Now, however, things were quiet. Only a few ships were docked at the base or in tight orbit. It was easy to pick out the *USS Kelly*, even from a distance. The two extra warp nacelles on her saucer section made her stick out like a sore thumb. And wherever the *Kelly* was, the *Ticonderoga* and *Retributor* were sure to be close at hand.

Marla ordered the *Rendezvous* to take up a position close to the *Kelly*.

Vicki turned her console as several 'chirps' sounded. "Incoming message from Admiral Hollinger, captain," she announced. "He requests that you and Commander Trowbridge beam over to the *Kelly* immediately."

"Thank you, lieutenant," said Marla as she left her command chair. "Mr. Trowbridge, you're with me. Matt, the ship is yours."

Matt smiled at his Ops station. "Does that mean I can take her out for a little joyride?" he asked.

Marla laughed. "Not this time. We don't want the rest of the fleet thinking we don't run a tight ship over here. Come on, Ross. The admiral is waiting."

As the turbolift doors closed behind the two officers, Commander Trowbridge turned to the captain. "What do you think the admiral needs to see us for?" he asked.

Marla shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not sure. The Dominion is no longer a threat and nobody else is in much shape to carry on a fight right now."

"I hope they're not planning on sending us on some deep space probe. We've already been out there for months without any R & R."

Marla turned and looked at her first officer. "So has everyone else. Besides" she placed her arm around him, "it really wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

Ross shook his head and laughed. "When you put like that, I don't think it would be bad at all."

The two officers were soon standing in the office of Admiral Dennis Hollinger. He was standing at the viewport, looking none too pleased.

"I've heard rumors," he said to them both, "that your relationship is no longer strictly on a 'professional' level. There was a time when such actions could get you drummed out of the service, or even hung from the yardarm. Senior officers DATING??!! What has this fleet come to?"

Marla started to speak. "Um, Sir. It's a little more than..."

"Don't cut me off, captain!" declared the admiral. "I'm on a roll here. What were you two thinking? Did you think the *Rendezvous* was, oh what's that old Earth show? Oh, the *'Love Boat?'* What the blazes is going on?"

"Admiral," said Ross. "If you'd let us explain, there's more to it than you know."

Dennis paused. "What do you mean by that, Commander? What else should I know?"

Marla slowly raised her left hand. A gold band with a diamond was on her ring finger.

The admiral stared at it for a moment, then began to laugh. He turned to them both. "Well it's about time."

Marla looked confused. "Excuse me, Sir?"

Dennis continued to laugh. "You should see yourselves right now. It's priceless! You look like you're about to burst."

He continued to chuckle as he sat down in his chair. "Did you really think you could keep this a secret, captain? You forget how well the commanders in this fleet know each other. We've been together for too long. In fact, there's been a pool going on for some time now."

He reached for his PADD and tapped a few icons. "So when did this actually happen?"

Marla and Ross exchanged glances. What had started out as a royal chewing out had just changed on them and they weren't quite sure what was happening.

Dennis looked up from his desk. "So are you going to answer?" he asked.

"Answer what?" replied Ross.

The admiral sighed. "When did you two officially get engaged?"

"On March twentieth," Ross answered sheepishly.

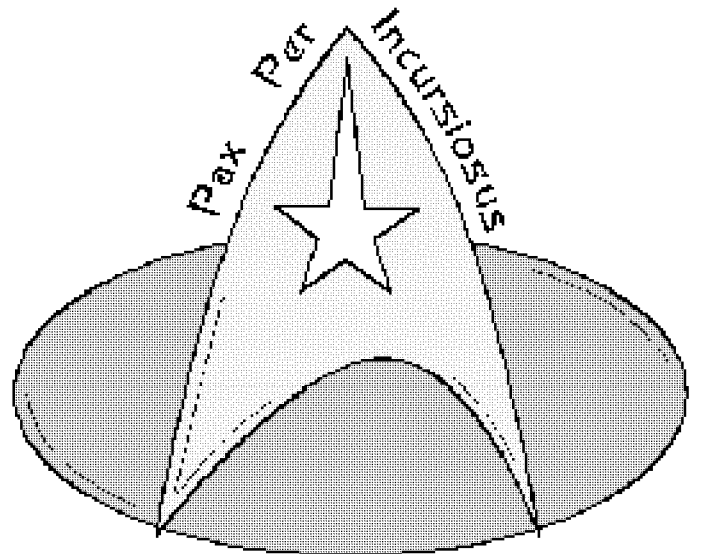
Dennis glanced at the PADD. "Looks like Jill Bogler of the *Kelly* won the pool. Darn!" He glanced back up to them. "There were ten bars of latinum up for grabs. It would have been fun to win that."

He stood up and came around the desk. "Congratulations to you both." He reached out to shake Marla's hand and found himself suddenly locked in a massive bear hug. Marla was famous throughout Star Fleet and even the Klingon Empire for the hugs she could give. There were even rumors that the *'Brindley crusher'* was being taught in martial arts courses at the Academy. Finally, at Dennis' frantic urging, she let go and the admiral gasped for air.

With a cautious glance towards Ross, Dennis offered his hand and the two men shook hands.

As Dennis stepped back, he commented, "This deserves a celebration with the whole fleet. But not here." He thought for a moment. "I know just the place. Starbase 99. They're not very busy at the moment. I'll schedule the Fleet's refit there and while our ship's are getting worked on, we'll enjoy some shore leave on Risa. You two get back to your ship and get her ready to go. We're going to have one heck of a party."

It only took about an hour to make arrangements with Starbase 99 for the refit schedule.



U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS
NCC-1898



Shortly after that, the four ships jumped to warp speed and headed towards Risa.

Several hours into their journey, a distress call was picked up by the fleet.

"...Hadar ship in this system. Can anyone hear me. This is Captain Terryl Benson of the S.S. Cazier in the Gerard system. My sensors have picked up a Jem Hadar ship."

Vicki keyed her console so the bridge crew of the *Rendezvous* could hear Admiral Hollinger's response.

"This is Admiral Dennis Hollinger of the Federation Seventh Fleet. What is your situation, captain? Are you under attack?"

"Admiral, am I glad to hear from you. I'm not under attack. I had just dropped from warp to visit an automated mining facility when I picked up the Jem Hadar ship. I immediately went back to warp and haven't seen it since. I don't think it's following me."

"I'm glad you made it out safely, captain. We're on our way. Let us know immediately if you sight that ship again."

"I thought the Dominion War was over, Admiral. What's going on?"

"To be honest, you've got me. There hasn't been a Jem Hadar ship sighted in Federation space since the end of hostilities. But we'll check it out. Take care of yourself captain."

There was a slight pause as the admiral switched to a private channel to the fleet. "Looks like the party is going to be delayed. Set course for the Gerard system, warp 8. Engage on my mark."

Marla turned to Michael at the helm. "You heard the Admiral. Lay in a course for the Gerard system. Be ready to go as soon as he gives the word."

A moment later, the word was given and the four ships sped away into the void.

It only took an hour to reach the Gerard system. As the ships arrived, everything seemed in order. The only signal they could pick up was from the beacon at the automated mining station in the system's asteroid belt. The ships headed to the station.

Admiral Hollinger signalled his ships. "We're going to have to split up to search the system. The *Kelly* will remain here at the asteroid belt. I want the *Ticonderoga* to check out the inner planets. The *Rendezvous* and *Retributor* will check out the gas giants. Captain Brindley, I want you to launch your fighters to help sweep the asteroids. They're more than maneuverable enough to fly in there. Let's do it."

Marla walked over to her helmsman. "Mr. Baum. Go fire up your craft. I want you out of the hanger in five minutes."

Michael stood up and nodded to the captain. "Yes, Sir. I won't let you down." He headed towards the turbolift and Dave Pater took his place at the helm.

"Mr. Hughes," announced Captain Brindley. "I want you to set up full sensor sweeps of the outer planets. I want them tight enough that a gnat couldn't slip through."

"Aye, Sir," replied Derrick as he turned to his console. He quickly brought the full power of the *Rendezvous*' sensors to bear on the closest planet. It was a large planet about the same size as Saturn in the Sol system.

"Dave, take us to that planet as soon as the fighters are away."

The two hangar bays of the *Rendezvous* opened to reveal four small fighters in each bay. Seven were standard Federation Peregrines, but they were led by a

craft of unusual configuration. It looked vaguely like a crescent moon and leapt out of the hangar bay so fast that the other fighters struggled to keep up with it. One flight of four fighters turned and headed into the asteroids. The other four fighters also went into the asteroids, but turned to head the opposite direction. As they flew away, the *Rendezvous* turned and headed towards the nearby planet. Marla had Tom Post bring up detailed star charts of the area. He and Derrick worked closely to find anything on the sensors that didn't belong.

The search continued for several hours without any sign of the *Jem Hadar*. There was no ship, no ion trail, no subspace emissions, or any other sign. Admiral Hollinger had even run a check on the freighter that had reported the sighting. It had checked out fine. He was about to call off the search when he was contacted by the *Ticonderoga*. They had found the *Jem Hadar* ship.

He ordered them to monitor the ship from a distance while the rest of the fleet gathered. The *Jem Hadar* ship was acting strange. Or, rather, it wasn't acting at all. The *Ticonderoga* was definitely within sensor range, but it made no move to intercept them or to escape.

The four Federation ships soon had the Dominion vessel surrounded. The fighters buzzed it, but there was still no response. Emissions from the vessel made it impossible to scan the vessel for life forms. There was a large amount of carbon scoring on the hull. This ship had seen some heavy combat.

In the end, it was decided to send the *Rendezvous'* SEAL team over to the *Jem Hadar* ship. They would stand the best chance of surviving any hand to hand combat with the *Jem Hadar*. The eight

person team was soon assembled in the *Rendezvous'* transporter room. Twenty-four additional security personnel were waiting in the hall outside.

Marla walked down the line of SEALs as they stood at attention. Led by Josh Walker, she knew how skilled the team was. Still, she also knew what they would be going up against.

"Josh," she said. "Your team is to take the bridge as quickly as possible to prevent them from using their weapons or calling for any support."

She turned to Reed Strawn, the other team leader. "Reed, you're to take engineering. Hold it at all costs. We don't want them blowing up the ship on us. As soon as you gain a foot hold, all four ships will begin beaming over security personnel to take the rest of the ship. You won't be alone for long. I wish I could go with you, but the Admiral has strictly forbidden me or Commander Trowbridge to go aboard that ship." She said this last part as she fingered the ring on her left hand. "Captain Rouviere will take charge of the assault once he's on board. So good luck and take care of yourselves. I want you all back. Now take your positions."

Josh's team took it's position on the transporter pads. Reed's team moved to the edge of the transporter and waited their turn.

Marla tapped her comm badge. "Brindley to Admiral Hollinger. The team is ready to go."

"Thank you, Captain" came the quick reply. "We're all set at this end. Send them over."

Marla nodded to the transporter chief. The hum of the transporter filled the room and Josh's team was gone. Reed quickly stepped on the pad with his team and they were soon gone as well. As the first security squad moved to take their position on the transporter



pads, Marla tapper her communicator a second time. "Admiral, the package has been delivered."

Reed glanced around quickly as he materialized. The room he was in was fairly dark, but it was empty. His team was already moving for cover. He quickly followed them, pulling out his tricorder along the way. They cut across a hallway into a second room. There was still no sign of the enemy.

He opened the tricorder and did a scan of the immediate area. No sign of life. He risked extending the range of his scan. Still nothing. He extended it further. This time, he picked up four life signs. A quick check showed them to all be human. It was the other SEALs team on the bridge.

As he headed into engineering, he touched his communicator. "Strawn to Walker. Josh, are you finding anything up there? I haven't even scanned another life form on the... Oh, my!" Scattered on the floor of engineering were the bodies of at least a dozen Jem Hadar.

Standing on the bridge of the Jem Hadar ship, Josh was scanning the body of a dead Jem Hadar when Reed called. It had been dead for at least a month and appeared to have taken its own life. His team had spread out across the bridge to check the other bodies. They had all died at their own hands.

He answered Reed's call. "I think they're all dead, Reed. They've killed themselves for some reason. Call the Admiral and let him know what's happened. I want to take a look around. Strawn, out."

He began walking to the back of the bridge when he spotted a dark mound on the floor. He scanned it with his tricorder and was amazed at what he'd found. It was suddenly much clearer now. He tapped his communicator.

"Walker to Captain Brindley."

"Brindley here. What's up, Josh? You haven't given the signal for security to be beamed over yet."

"No need, captain" he responded. "The crew here is dead. Long time dead. At least their air filters work well. I've found something I think you'd be interested in. This vessel was carrying one of the Founders. There's a dead Changeling on the bridge. There's also a fair amount of damage to the ship. My guess is that this ship was in battle and took a hit that killed the Founder. The Jem Hadar are known to kill themselves if their 'god' dies. The ship has been adrift for at least a month. I bet that this ship was a casualty

at the battle of Eddings' Station. It's not too far from here."

Marla had to agree. "Good work, Josh. I'll let the Admiral know. I'll also send over some science and engineering teams to assist you. Brindley, out."

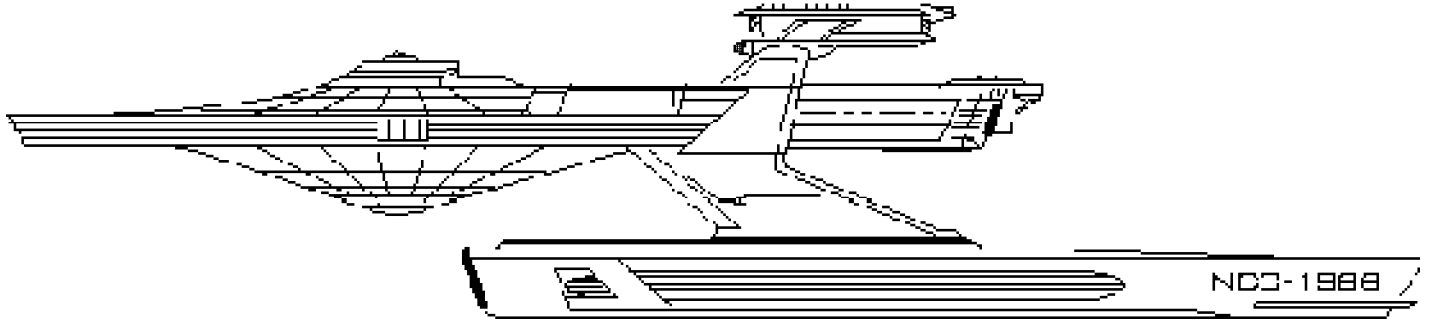
In short order, the Jem Hadar ship was under tow and the fleet resumed its course to Risa and Starbase 99.

Captain's Log. Stardate 9906.17.

The Rendezvous is in dry-dock getting a much needed overhaul. It's been a long fight with the Dominion and their allies, but we've come out on top, albeit at a very high price.

The crew has taken up quarters on Risa for at least three weeks. It's nice to enjoy a little time off. I'm making sure that everyone, even the Vulcans, are taking full advantage of the facilities.

On a personal note, Admiral Hollinger was true to his word. Boy, can the seventh fleet throw an engagement party! My head's still spinning. I believe Commander Trowbridge, our resident Andorian, actually turned green by the end of the night. He's looking blue, but pale, again today. Life can finally get back to normal, whatever that may be.



**U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS
NCC-1896**

Ross Trowbridge
Executive Officer
95 Town Center Dr. #55
Tremonton, Utah 84337