

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS Rendezvous
2002

Stardate: March

From the Bridge...

Today is a good day to live (Sorry, Worf). I say that because, even with all the bad things happening in the world, there's still so much to be thankful for. I look around myself and see good friends and loving family. That means a lot to me. I've been in this club for over 10 years now and have made many friends because of it. I've seen our club membership change over the years, but still enjoy the people I see at the meetings today.

Another thing I'm excited about right now is the list of great movies coming out this year. Of course, there are three that come to mind. In order of appearance, they are Star Wars: Attack of the Clones, Star Trek: Nemesis, and The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers. All three of these movies should be great entertainment. If you haven't seen the latest trailer from Episode II, you're really missing out. The other trailers have given us some pretty good glimpses into what we will be seeing, but this one goes right for your throat and says, 'WATCH ME!!!!' We should be seeing trailers for both Star Trek and LotR sometime soon.

I don't know about you, but 'The Fellowship of the Rings' about blew me away. I have read the books several times, starting when I was about 12 years old. I noticed the small changes throughout the story they made, but you know what? I don't care. I was able to put that behind me easily because the quality of the movie was so high. I can't wait for 'The Two Towers' to appear. This will definitely be a set of DVDs I will be purchasing.

The hoopla around Star Trek: Nemesis hasn't been as high as the other movies, but since this is an even numbered movie, it should be a pretty good flick. There will be a number of cameos that should brighten it up a lot.

On a final note, I want to let everyone know that Marla is doing great, as is the baby. She's enjoying her time off (Thank you, Matt!!!!) and doing some

things for herself. It's nice to know that the club is in good hands. Thank you to everyone for being so supportive of both of us.

Don't forget that CONduit is coming up soon. Make your reservations now before the prices go up. It's a great time for everyone. Christopher Stasheff is the guest this year. Here's their website for more information

<http://conduit.sfcon.org/CONduit/>

Take care,

Cmdr. Ross Trowbridge
USS Rendezvous

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Coming Events

March 16th- Monthly Meeting of the USS Rendezvous at 10:30 am at the USU Food and Nutritional Sciences building.

March 17th- St. Patrick's Day

March 20th- First day of spring (YEAH!!!!!!!)

March 31st- Easter Sunday.

April 1st- April Fool's Day (watch out!)

April 20th- Monthly Meeting of the USS Rendezvous at 10:30 am at the USU Food and Nutritional Sciences building.

April 22nd- Earth Day

May 18th- Monthly Meeting of the USS Rendezvous at 10:30 am at the USU Food and Nutritional Sciences building.

May 25, 26, 27th- CONduit 2002 in Salt Lake City

Berman Confirms Cameos in "Nemesis"

Kate Mulgrew, Wil Wheaton and Whoopi Goldberg will make cameo appearances in their familiar roles as Kathryn Janeway, Wesley Crusher and Guinan for "Star Trek: Nemesis," the tenth Star Trek feature film which is currently in production.

"Nemesis" producer Rick Berman made this confirmation during an interview for the latest issue of the U.K.'s Star Trek Monthly magazine. He said that the appearances came about because they were called for in the screenplay.

"John Logan, who wrote the script, very much wanted Kate to portray an admiral that we had and Kate was delighted to do it," Berman said. Plus, "We have a wedding in the movie and guests at the wedding include Wil Wheaton and Whoopi Goldberg."

The wedding in question is between Deanna Troi (Marina Sirtis) and Will Riker (Jonathan Frakes). In the interview Berman also confirmed that Majel Barrett Roddenberry will not reprise her role as Deanna's mother, Lwaxana Troi, in this movie. "There's a plot point I don't want to give away, but there's a reason," he said.

Official Cast & Crew List for "Star Trek: Nemesis"

Principal photography on the tenth Star Trek film, "Star Trek: Nemesis," is approximately halfway done on the Paramount Pictures lot. The main cast has completed most of the scenes taking place on the Enterprise-E bridge, and are currently scheduled for shots in miscellaneous ship sets such as the Ready Room, the corridors, the Jefferies Tubes and the Turbolift. In February, the bulk of the shooting will take place in Romulan and Reman sets, including the ship controlled by Shinzon, the villain referenced in the movie's title.

In the meantime, an official cast and crew list has been released, which includes many familiar names and a few new ones. The cast credits are as follows:



Patrick Stewart ("Jean-Luc Picard")
Jonathan Frakes ("William Riker")
Brent Spiner ("Data")
LeVar Burton ("Geordi La Forge")
Michael Dorn ("Worf")
Marina Sirtis ("Deanna Troi")
Gates McFadden ("Dr. Beverly Crusher")
Tom Hardy ("Shinzon")
Ron Perlman ("Reman Viceroy")
Dina Meyer ("Romulan Commander Donatra")
Steven Culp ("Cmdr. Martin Madden")
Whoopi Goldberg ("Guinan")
Kate Mulgrew ("Kathryn Janeway")
Wil Wheaton ("Wesley Crusher")

Credits for the behind-the-scenes crew are as follows:

Executive Producer: Marty Hornstein
Producer: Rick Berman
Co-Producer: Peter Lauritson
Director: Stuart Baird
Story: John Logan, Rick Berman, Brent Spiner
Screenplay: John Logan
Director of Photography: Jeffrey L. Kimball
Editor: Dallas Puett
Unit Production Manager: Marty Hornstein
Assistant Director: David Sardi
Production Design: Herman Zimmerman
Art Direction: Donald B. Woodruff, Cherie Baker
Costumes: Bob Ringwood
Production Coordinator: Ted Deiker
Sound: Thomas Causey
Casting: Cathy Sandrich Gelfond, Amanda Mackey Johnson
Publicity: Michael Klastorin
Distributor: Paramount

Principal photography is scheduled to wrap in March, to be followed by months of post-production. The movie's theatrical release is targeted for late this year.

Rendezvous Saga

Captain's Log, Stardate 0203.13.

Captain and Commander Trowbridge have taken one of the ship's Runabouts to an Equestrian conference on Maxxell IV. They'll be gone for nearly two weeks. This will be the first time I've had the ship to myself since taking over as Acting Captain. It feels a little strange. QurtIS is also gone at the moment.

He's been slipping off the ship from time to time when we're near Klingon space. He hasn't given any indication of what he's been doing.

The Rendezvous is currently in orbit of Tepper VII. It is a large blue gas giant. The planet is an important source of Tiderium and the Federation maintains an automated mining facility in orbit. Recently, the facility has stopped refining Tiderium and the drone freighters have returned empty, unable to dock with the facility. The Rendezvous is to determine what is causing the problem.

Acting Captain Matt Chism stretched as he surveyed the bridge of the ship... his ship for now. Except for the two missing Trowbridges, the crew was all present and at their stations. Tom Post was acting as his Executive Officer and was sitting in the chair next to his.

He glanced at the main viewscreen to take in the vista of the gas giant. The dark blue planet had appeared smooth from a distance, but as they had gotten closer, swirling clouds of different shades of blue could be made out. Occasional flashes of lightning could be seen. The planet was a maelstrom of huge storms, most of which could easily swallow the earth with room to spare.

The automated facility was just coming into view. He turned to Michael Baum, who was currently manning the Ops station. "Give me a closer view of the station, Michael. I want to see what's going on there."

Michael nodded and touched his console. The main viewscreen obediently zoomed in on the station. It was dark. The standard navigation lights were all off. Several freighters were nearby in holding positions. Matt noticed something not quite right about the station.

"Michael, zoom in on the top section of the station. I want to see what's in that shadowed area."

"Aye, sir," responded Michael. Again, the viewscreen zoomed in. What had appeared as a shadow before was now clearly a large damaged area near the power generator.

"Is that weapons damage?" asked Vicki from the communications console.

Derrick Hughes turned to his sensors. "Negative. There's no sign of weapons damage. It appears to have been some sort of collision. None of the returning freighters were reported as damaged. I'm scanning these ships now."

There was a short wait as Derrick finished his scans. "These ships are all in good condition. They're waiting to dock with the station. I'm picking up trace amounts of natural materials from the impact area. I'm having trouble scanning it for some reason, but it looks like a high density meteorite of some sort gave the station a glancing blow before hitting the planet."

Matt was puzzled. "But the station's shielding and defensive phasers should have prevented that from occurring. At the very least, Starfleet should have received a collision alert of some kind. I don't like this. Take us in closer so we can assess the damage more accurately."

The ship moved past the three freighters until it was within 100 meters of the stricken station. The impact area was clearly visible.

"There is severe damage to the main reactor," said Derrick. "Secondary systems have also taken damage. The station lost all power immediately after the collision."

Matt stood up. "We're not going to find out much more from here. I'm going over. Vicki, you're with me. Derrick, I want you as well." He turned to the half-Klingon. "Tom, the ship is yours."

In the brief light of the transporter beam, Matt could see the interior of the control center. As the transport finished, the only light present was the light coming from their vac-suits. They had discovered that the atmosphere had been lost aboard the station. For all intents and purposes, the station was dead.

Vicki quickly moved over to the main computer terminal. When it didn't respond to her touch, she attached a small power pack she had brought. The computer flashed to life. "Computer," she stated. "Display the last five log entries."

As Matt and Vicki watched the display, the computer displayed its final actions prior to shutting off. The date given was nearly three weeks earlier. A freighter had just left and another was beginning to approach for docking. It was still nearly 30 meters away when the display suddenly stopped.

"Vicki, can you bring up the sensor logs?" asked Matt.

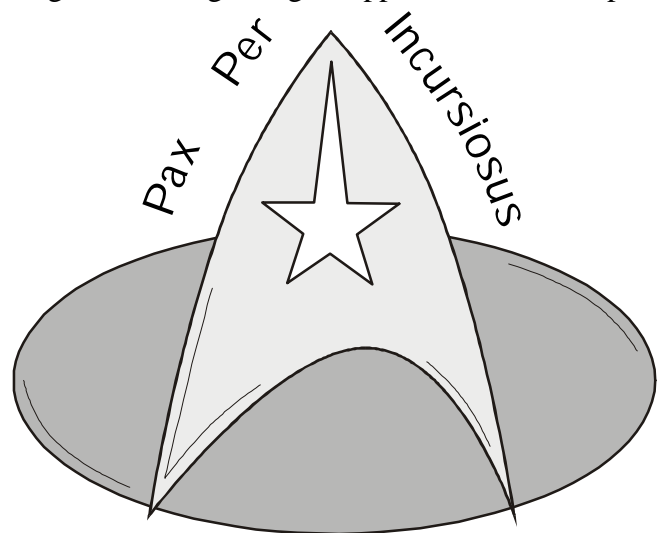
"I'll try, Comman... Captain," said Vicki, feeling a little embarrassed. It only took her a few moments to activate the sensor logs. The sensors had tracked the outbound freighter and the one on docking approach. Once again, the log ended abruptly.

Matt didn't like mysteries. He began playing the computer log again.

As Matt and Vicki worked in the control center, Derrick headed towards the reactor area and the site of the collision. He gasped as he rounded a corner and looked out into open space. Even wearing a vac-suit, it was still a little disconcerting to look out into space without the protection of transparent aluminum, or even a force field between you and that cold vacuum. His trepidation quickly changed to a smile when he spotted the familiar shape of the *Rendezvous* floating a short distance away.

He glanced at his tricorder as he scanned the area. Strange, he thought to himself. There should be signs of whatever had hit the station, but his tricorder was only picking up the station. He looked around the area and spotted several small black objects laying on the floor. He walked over and picked one up. It was surprisingly heavy. He held it up to his tricorder and scanned it. To his surprise, all the tricorder picked up was his hand. He changed the setting and tried again. The tricorder could tell that there was something there, but couldn't give him any information. Frowning, he picked up the other rocks and headed back to the others.

Matt was watching the computer log for the third time. It had just changed to where the second freighter was beginning its approach. As the ship



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moved nearer, there was a small flash in the corner of the screen Matt hadn't noticed earlier. He slapped the pause button. "Vicki, magnify and enhance that section of the display," he said, pointing at the flash.

As the two watched, the barely visible outline of a black meteor could just be made out moving towards the station. For some reason, no alarms had been sounded, but a meteor had definitely struck the station.

"Vicki," said Matt. "Copy those logs so we can study them aboard the *Rendezvous*. Let's find Derrick and get out of here."

"I'm right here," said Derrick, returning from the reactor. "I think I know what hit this station."

"So do we," replied Vicki. "We've got a visual of it."

"Did it look like this?" asked Derrick, holding up his rock.

Matt nodded. "I'd say that's affirmative. Let's get back to the ship."

The *Rendezvous*' main science labs were buried deep within the ship. Derrick and Tom stood side by side, working the controls of the various instruments within the lab as they tried to determine what it was that Derrick had brought back with them. So far, they hadn't made much progress. The black rocks barely registered with their most powerful instruments. They couldn't even tell if the sensors were bouncing off the rock or being absorbed by it. Tom's Klingon patience was wearing thin, and Derrick wasn't far behind him.

Derrick tapped his com badge. "Hughes to Captain Chism."

"Chism here," came the quick response.

"Captain, we still haven't made much progress with these rocks. They are almost invisible to our

instruments. I'm concerned that there may be more of them out there. If there are, we wouldn't be able to detect them until it was too late."

"Understood Derrick. I agree there's a risk. I'll raise shields."

On the bridge, Matt turned to Michael at the Ops station. "Mr. Baum, bring us to Yellow Alert and raise shields..."

The ship shook and the lights went out. Matt was thrown across the bridge, towards the empty science station. A second, larger jolt threw everyone from their seats. Matt, already on the move, hit the wall several feet above the science console. Red emergency lights came on, and the gravity returned, dropping Matt onto the console, then the floor. Several displays had blown out and smoke began to fill the room. The collision alarm blared in everyone's ears.

Matt struggled to his feet and brushed the hair out of his eyes. He was surprised to feel something wet on his forehead. He looked down at his hand and saw blood there. He glanced around the room, noting that although they looked shaken up, nobody seemed to be hurt. He hit his com badge.

"Chism to Engineering. What's going on down there?"

The voice of Jan Stephens answered. "We've got a lot of damage down here. Warp drive is off-line, as is the impulse drive. Maneuvering thrusters are at 5%. We're operating on emergency power only, and that won't last for very long. Are we under attack?"

"Negative, Jan," answered Matt. "I think we've been struck by a meteor. We're still assessing damage up here. I'll keep you informed. You do the same. Chism out."

"Captain, look at the viewscreen," said Vicki.

Matt looked up. The station was still on screen, but it was no longer centered in the view. It was at the top. They were facing the planet more now, and it seemed to be getting bigger. "Mr. Baum, what is our current position?"

Michael fought with his sluggish console for a moment before answering. "The collision has knocked us out of orbit. We're falling towards the planet at 24 meters per second." He glanced at his console again. "The planet's gravitational pull is contributing to our fall. Our rate of descent is slowly increasing. We've got about 2 hours before we're in a full freefall into the planet."

Matt turned to the Jerry at the helm. "Get us back into a stable orbit, Mr. Jensen."

Jerry turned to his console and began to fly the ship. Without Warp or Impulse, all he had were the maneuvering thrusters. A look of concern crossed his face as the ship refused to respond to his commands. "Captain, the thrusters aren't strong enough in their current state to move a fly, much less the Rendezvous. We need more power."

Matt called Engineering again. "Jan, how long until you have the engines back online?"

"We're looking at around twelve hours for the warp drive. We haven't had a chance to look at impulse yet."

"What about the maneuvering thrusters?" asked Matt.

"Same thing. I haven't looked at them yet. We're still trying to stabilize what little we still have working down here."

"Get on it right away, Jan," said Matt, a little forcefully. "If we don't get some sort of

maneuverability soon, we're not going to be leaving this planet. Ever."

Fifteen minutes later, Matt and his command staff were assembled in the conference room. A recording of the meteor collision was playing on the viewscreen. They watched as a 10-meter wide, almost invisible black meteor struck the starboard nacelle, shearing off a large section of it. The meteor continued forward, smashing through the starboard shuttlebay doors before embedding itself in the impulse engines. Matt realized how lucky he had been in that there hadn't been any fatalities on board. There were quite a few injuries in Sickbay, but none were life threatening.

A report from Jan had confirmed his worst fears. Neither warp nor impulse drive could be repaired without a dry dock. Their only chance was the maneuvering thrusters.

Matt had considered firing the thrusters continuously until Jan had pointed out that it would only gain the ship a couple minutes in their current state, and it would prevent him from repairing them. Matt grudgingly agreed and let his ship continue to slowly fall.

Matt excused his staff after no solutions were forthcoming and then headed towards Engineering. He had a lot of experience there and thought he could lend a hand. He also thought the work might clear his head. He leaned against the turbolift wall and muttered to himself. "First time I get the chance to command solo, and what do I do? I crash the ship! That'll look great on my record." He shook his head, trying to clear the dark humor from his mind.

He kept finding himself asking what Marla would do in this situation. Then he would get upset



with himself because he knew darn well that Marla wasn't there and that it was his responsibility now. He would have to figure out a way to save the ship, not Marla.

He entered Engineering. People were scurrying everywhere, trying to get the ship moving again. He found Jan overseeing a repair to the thruster control and headed over. "How long, Jan?" he asked.

Jan jumped as he had been too focused on the repair to notice Matt's approach. "We're jury rigging everything we can, but we're still at least three hours away from getting you any improvement in thruster output. There's just too much damage."

Matt looked stricken. "In three hours, we won't be around to use them." He took a deep breath. "Sorry. I didn't mean to snap. Do what you can. We're counting on you." He turned and headed towards the door.

As he headed out, a technician trying to climb into one of the Jeffries tubes called out to the man above, "Pull me up! My hands are full." A moment later, Matt watched as the man was hauled up into the tube.

Suddenly, his eyes got big and he smiled for the first time in what seemed like ages. "Pull me up," he said to himself as he ran out the door.

"Michael!" shouted Matt as he arrived on the bridge. "What's the status of our tractor beam? And where is the station relative to us?"

Michael glanced at his console. "The tractor beam is operational, but we've cut all power to it to send power to other systems. The station is twenty five kilometers above us and a little ahead. We've been slowing a little due to friction with the atmosphere."

Matt smiled again. "That's within tractoring range. We're going to pull ourselves up and out of this by tractoring the station. Its mass is great enough that we can use it as an anchor."

"But where will we get the power?" asked Vicki.

"From everywhere else. We'll shut down everything, including life support and gravity and pump all the power we can find into the tractor beam. There should be enough to do this, barely." Matt walked over to the Ops station and he and Michael made the necessary adjustments.

Matt tapped his com badge. "Attention, all hands. This is the captain speaking. We are about to

attempt to pull ourselves out of the atmosphere. It will require shutting off everything, including the artificial gravity. You have thirty seconds to get yourself positioned for the change. If this works, gravity will be restored. If not, well... it has been nice serving with you. Chism out."

Matt silently counted to thirty as he made his way to his command chair, sat down, and grabbed the arms. The others around the bridge secured themselves as much as possible. "Michael," he said. "Do it."

"Switching power to the tractor beam." The lights went out and they could feel the gravity fade away. Only Michael's console remained lit.

"Locking onto the station now... Got it! Engaging the beam."

They felt the ship shudder slightly as it began to pull on the distant station. They held their breath as they watched Michael make adjustments to the beam.

After a moment, Michael turned to Matt. "It's working!" he exclaimed. "We're moving."

Captain's Log, Stardate 0203.15.

The Rendezvous is currently being towed to Starbase 26. It took nearly half an hour for us to pull ourselves out of the atmosphere. One unfortunate side effect of our using the station to pull against is that we pulled it out of its stable orbit. Only some incredible adjustments of the tractor beam allowed us to actually push against it to put ourselves into a stable orbit. It was very unsettling to see it burn up in the atmosphere 4 hours later and think how close that could have been to it being us.

We cannibalized one of the unmanned freighters and were able to get the maneuvering thrusters back online. We were also able to use the power from our shuttles to keep emergency power operational until the Fleet Tug arrived.

Starfleet intelligence has already classified our meteor as Top Secret. They want to examine its properties and figure out a way to apply them for other uses.

I'm not sure what Marla will think when she sees the ship again. Personally, I'm just glad she's going to be given the chance.



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