

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS Rendezvous

Stardate: May 2000

From the Bridge...

It looks like summer is actually here. The temperatures are getting warmer and the University is already out for the semester.

We had a fun rocket launch activity last month. There weren't any casualties, and only one rocket was lost. One of Curtis Kidd's rockets did try to take out an innocent Toyota when it angled off the launch pad and shot towards a groundskeeper's truck taking care of the ball diamonds at Lundstrom Park. But no permanent damage was done to rocket when it plowed into the ground. It made a great javelin toss.

This weekend is CONduit in Salt Lake City. It continues through Sunday, May 21st at the Salt Lake Airport Hilton. Several club members will be in attendance and will tell us about the convention at our next meeting in June.

Some bad news on the convention front. Catrine McGregor, the organizer of FanFest 2000, has informed us that FanFest 2001 will not be held at this time. We are saddened at this news, but support Catrine in her decision. Organizing a convention is a formidable task, and she did an incredible job with FanFest 2000. For those that made it, it was an incredible experience. The time spent with the celebrity guests was priceless. We wish her success in her future endeavors and hope she'll try again sometime in the future.

We're really looking forward to club activities this summer. Possible things to watch for include picnics, rocket launches, Hogle Zoo, and other trips outside the valley.

Keep in touch and let us know what you would like to do. Remember that this is your club. We want your feedback.

Commander Ross Trowbridge
XO, USS Rendezvous

Coming Events...

May 20th- Monthly meeting of the USS Rendezvous in the Nutrition and Food Sciences building at Utah State University. 10:30 am.

May 29th- Memorial Day

June 14th- Flag Day

June 17th- Monthly meeting of the USS Rendezvous in the Nutrition and Food Sciences building at Utah State University. 10:30 am.

June 18th- Father's Day

July 4th- Independence Day

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July 15th- Monthly meeting of the USS Rendezvous in the Nutrition and Food Sciences building at Utah State University. 10:30 am.

July 24th- Pioneer Day

FanFest 2000 Report

by Beverly Miller (reprinted from *The Leader*)

Beverly, Kenway, and Weylin Miller attended a FanFest convention in Salt Lake City where they met with several Hollywood stars.

The main attraction was George Takei who played Sulu on the original “Star Trek” series and movies.

Frank Gorshin, who played the riddler on “Batman” was also there. Todd Bridges, who played Willis in “Different Strokes” and Mike Lookinland, who played Bobby Brady in “The Brady Bunch” added a touch of nostalgia along with Don Shanks, who played Nakoma, the Native American in “Grizzly Adams.”

For the younger audience, RuDee Lipscomb, who was the Disney Channel spokesgirl and who received a 1999 Emmy, was present.

Horror fans were able to meet several actors and stunt people, including Joe Estevez from “Soulstalkers” and Richard Brooker, who portrayed “Jason” in “Friday the 13th, Part III.”

There were also hundreds of toys, collectibles, and movie memorabilia for sale.

Saturday night, fans were able to go to a “Grizzlies” game. Sunday night a charity auction

raised several thousand dollars for the Adoption League. It was a very memorable experience.

Rendezvous Saga

Captain’s Log. Stardate 0005.17

The Rendezvous is en route to Hanover 6 to pick up a trade delegation. We are then taking them to Mathazar 4. These two systems are in dispute over trade rights with the Dentrassi system. The Dentrassi have only recently made contact with the Federation and have not yet developed warp drive. Their isolationist government restricts contact with other races and has decreed that all dealings with ‘aliens’ must be through a single contact. The Hanoverians and Mathazars both want this potentially lucrative position.

Once both delegations are on board, we will proceed to Dentrassi to begin the negotiations.

Nathan Smith ducked as a blade swept over his head. He punched upwards as the shape in front of him, but only connected with air. A foot caught him in the shoulder and sent him sprawling.

His brother Jeremiah jumped to his defense and grappled with their opponent. The Klingon rolled backwards, pulling the younger Smith with him. Jeremiah found himself being thrown a good distance. He jumped up as quickly as he could and turned to face his attacker. The Klingon was already advancing to strike again.

Nathan had regained his footing and moved to help his brother. He grabbed the Klingon from



behind was quickly thrown into Jeremiah. The Klingon began to advance on the brothers as they scrambled to their feet.

A loud humming sound came from behind the Klingon as he placed his hands on his hips. "No, no, no!" he shouted at them. "I told you to work together. If you had worked as a team, I would be the one on the ground, not you. Now let's try it again."

"Captain QurtIS!" came a voice from behind him. "I told you to TRAIN my crew in hand-to-hand combat, not KILL them."

The Klingon turned to face the voice. He grinned quickly as he saw Captain Trowbridge standing in the Holodeck arch. She looked upset.

"Not to worry, captain," he laughed. "They're really doing quite well. I'll make Klingons out of them yet."

"Well," Marla replied doubtfully. "Don't forget that they have duties to attend to on board this ship. Carry on." She turned and left the holodeck.

Marla next arrived at the bridge. Ross quickly turned the command chair over to her. She glanced around the bridge at her crew. They had been through a lot together. This trade delegation shuffling would be a piece of cake compared to what they had done. Matt Chism glanced back at her from Ops. She was surprised to see he had a black eye. More of QurtIS' work, no doubt. He gave her a sheepish look, then turned back to his console.

"Incoming message, captain," announced Vicki Wiser. "It's from a Hanoverian ship."

Marla shook her head. "Seems like they're so anxious to get this treaty, that they're not going to wait for us to arrive. On screen lieutenant."

The face of the Hanoverian ambassador appeared on the main view screen. He was large man dressed in a black pinstripe jumpsuit. Two younger men flanked him in lighter jumpsuits. They all had wide-brimmed hats on.

"Captain Trowbridge I presume?" the center figure asked. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Michael Carpacci, ambassador of Hanover. I am ready to be transported over to your ship."

Marla was a little taken back by the ambassador's forwardness. "We weren't expecting

you this soon, ambassador. We'll beam you over shortly. Trowbridge, out." The screen went blank.

She stood up and motioned for her husband to follow. "Matt, the ship is yours. Try not to let it get hit by whatever hit you."

Matt grimaced as he stood. Apparently, he was sporting more than a black eye. He made his way over to the command chair as the two Trowbridges headed toward the turbolift.

Marla and Ross were standing in the ship's main transporter room. Two security men were standing at the door. She turned to the transporter chief. "Energize."

The familiar whine of the transporter filled the room as three shapes materialized on the transporter pad. The ambassador and his two aides looked around quickly, the aides stopping when they saw security. One man put his hand in the top of his jumpsuit, but an uplifted hand by the ambassador stopped him from whatever he was doing.

The ambassador smiled at Marla as he stepped off the transporter pad. "Captain Trowbridge, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm surprised you didn't make me wait a little longer. I know I would have if I were in your position."

Marla shook his hand. She was quickly deciding that she didn't care for this particular ambassador. "Ambassador, allow me to introduce my first officer, Commander Ross Trowbridge."

The ambassador looked a little surprised. "Any relation?"

"He's my husband," replied Marla.

"Oh," said the ambassador. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not," bristled Ross. Apparently, he didn't think too highly of the ambassador, either.

"Um... ahhhh... That's not what I meant," explained ambassador Carpacci. "I just didn't know that starfleet allowed such a thing and was a little surprised. There was no offense intended."

"None taken," answered Ross in a very cold voice.

The ambassador looked more than a little uncomfortable. His aides were getting nervous. They had never seen an upset Andorian before, but the stories they'd heard were more than enough to keep them on their toes.

“If you’ll come with me,” interjected Marla, trying to head off the confrontation, “I’ll show you to your quarters. We still need to pick the ambassador from Mathazar.”

With a cautious glance at the Andorian, the ambassador allowed Marla to lead him out of the room. As the doors closed, Ross turned to the transporter chief. “What did you find?” he asked.

The transporter chief looked down at his console. “Both of those aides were carrying phasers inside their jumpsuits. I deactivated them during transport. But sensors also detected several blades on them. I can’t do anything about knives, sir.”

Ross frowned. “We’ll just have to stay on our toes then. Carry on.” He stalked out of the transporter room, hurrying to catch up with the others.

Six hours later, the captain and first officer again found themselves in the transporter room. The *Rendezvous* was in orbit around Mathazar 4. They had already contacted the planet and were awaiting transport of the Mathazar delegation.

Marla nodded to the transporter chief. He then activated his console. Blue light shimmered on the transporter pad and resolved itself into three small men. They were in gray suits and each carried a briefcase. They were also wearing spectacle. The center figure stepped forward and reached out his hand.

“I am Ceziar, head negotiator and accountant for the Mathazar government. I will be handling the negotiations with the Dentrassi.”

Marla shook his hand. “Welcome aboard Ceziar. I’m captain Marla Trowbridge. Allow me to show you to your quarters, then we’ll be on our way.”

Ceziar looked a little uncomfortable. “Pardon me, Captain. But if you could get your ship underway before showing us to our quarters, I would really appreciate it. We do have a schedule and budget to keep, you know.”

One of his two assistants pulled out a small hand computer. He tapped a few keys. “We’re already 3.27 minutes behind schedule and have run up a tab of 35 credits.”

Marla turned to Ross and rolled her eyes. “Very well, Ceziar.” She tapped her com badge. “Matt, this is the captain. Set course for the Dentrassi system, Warp 5.”

“*Very well, captain.*” said Matt from the bridge. “*Course laid in.*”

There was an almost imperceptible hum as the ship began moving out of orbit in preparation for the jump to warp.

Marla turned back to the Malthazars. “Are you satisfied, gentlemen. Now if you’ll follow me, I’ll show you to your quarters.”

Once again, Ross stayed behind to speak with the transporter chief.

“Anything?” he asked.

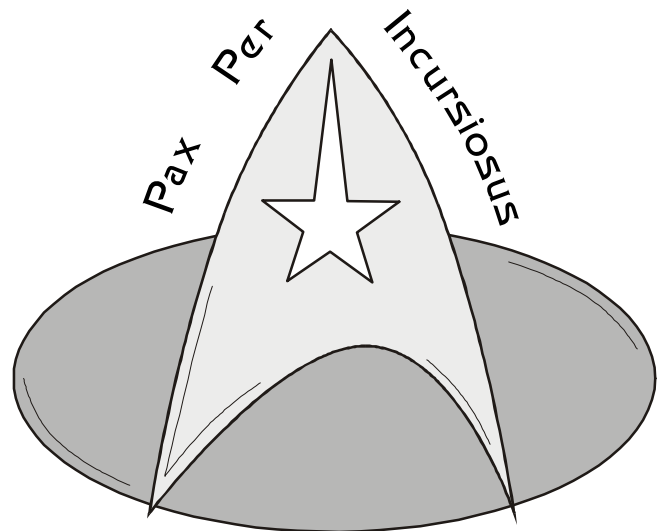
The chief shook his head. “No weapons on any one of them. Did you see the computer Ceziar’s assistant brought out, though?”

Ross nodded. “It was a Gatesway B. They’re supposed to be the fastest hand-helds available right now.”

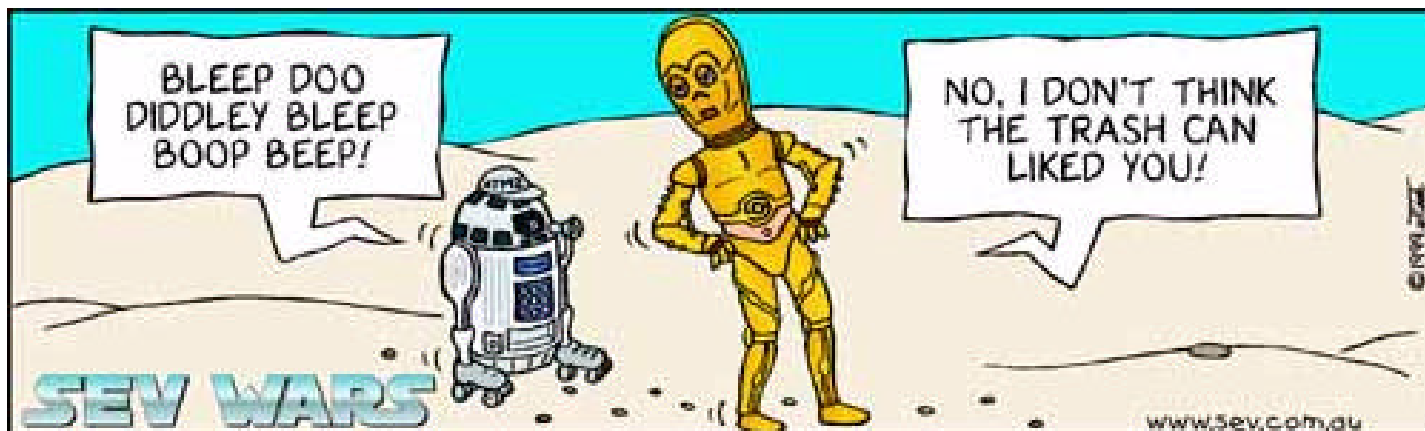
The chief shook his head. “They would be if it wasn’t for their operating system. It bogs the whole thing down.”

Ross chuckled as he headed for the door. “Still... if you throw enough Terrahertz at anything, it still runs pretty fast.”

The door closed behind him.



U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS
NCC-1896



The trip to Dentrassi was pretty uneventful. The Hanoverians and Mathazars refused to see each other. Ceziar was distressed over the food they were served until he was informed that it was compliments of the Federation and he would not be billed. He seemed relieved and was glad to be under budget again.

To avoid any unnecessary ‘contamination’ of the Dentrassi home world, the negotiations would be taking place aboard the *Rendezvous*. Ross wasn’t convinced about the reason for being on board the ship. He thought the Dentrassi president, Gerlan, just wanted to experience the transporter.

Marla remembered the last negotiations she had hosted and decided not to serve a formal banquet before the meeting. Instead, they got right to work. The negotiations were being held in the main conference room. Marla sat at the head of the table with the two delegations on either side. Gerlan sat at the other end of the table with a single assistant. Marla had decided to keep Starfleet presence to an absolute minimum to allow the talks to be as free as possible. Gerlan kept glancing at her uniform nervously and she didn’t want to scare him with a show of force. But she knew that Ross was waiting unobtrusively just outside the door.

Marla brought the meeting to order. “I’d like to welcome you all aboard the *Rendezvous*. It’s my hope that we can have a speed negotiation session and find a settlement that will be agreeable to the Dentrassi.”

“What about being agreeable to the Hanoverians?” asked ambassador Carpacci. “Aren’t

we here to see to our well being as well?” The two Hanoverian assistants scowled at everybody in the room.

Marla sighed. “As the arbiter in these talks, it’s my duty to make sure that the Dentrassi receive the best deal possible for their people. Whether that is going to be you or the Mathazars remains to be seen. I will remain completely impartial.”

Carpacci didn’t look happy, but he remained silent.

Marla turned to Ceziar. “Mr. Ceziar, would you please begin by presenting your arguments in favor of a trade agreement with Mathazar?”

Ceziar stood. “I’d be delighted, Captain.” He turned to Gerlan at the end of the table. As he did so, one of his assistants pulled out his Gatesway B and began taking dictation, no doubt to calculate the cost later.

“Mr. Gerlan,” began Ceziar. “My department at the Ministry of Finance on Mathazar has done an intensive, and costly, study as to the benefits of a trade agreement between our two worlds. I have a summary of our findings that you can read at your leisure.” The second Mathazari assistant quickly handed Ceziar a data PADD. Ceziar then placed it on the table in front of Gerlan.

Gerlan picked up the PADD and glanced at it. His eyes suddenly grew large. “Are you sure this is your summary?” he asked incredulously. “There’s over 46,000 pages of information here!”

Ceziar gave him a friendly smile. “46,000 pages? Yes, that’s about right. You have the summary. The full document was around 750,000 pages, if I recall correctly.”

“744, 291 pages to be exact,” chimed in his assistant.

“Thank you. Gerlan, let me tell you what you’ll find in this summary. We propose bringing in specialists from Mathazar to help out Dentrassi in every facet of your society. We’ll develop systems that will make everything you do easier. You’re production will increase and your populace will be content. Your crime rates will go down and you’ll become one of the biggest trading powers within the federation. Best of all, we can do this with only a 47% increase in personal income taxes.”

Gerlan shook his head as Ceziar sat down with a flourish. “A 47% tax increase? Are you crazy? Our people pay around 10% taxes right now. A 47% increase would make that almost 15% taxes. I could...”

“You misunderstand me, Gerlan,” said Ceziar, cutting him off. “I didn’t mean a 47% increase. I meant that income taxes would have to increased to 47%.”

Gerlan gasped. “47%! You ARE crazy!” He looked to Marla for help.

Marla nodded. “Thank you Mr. Ceziar. Ambassador Carpacci, would you like to present your plan?”

Carpacci stood and stretched his arms. He cracked his knuckles then turned to Gerlan. “Mr. Gerlan, Hanover would never presume to invade your society. What we would offer you is protection from any outsiders and ships to haul your cargo to markets all over the federation. All we would require is a small fee for our services.”

Gerlan looked a little suspicious. “Just what kind of fee are you asking for?”

Carpacci smiled down at him. “Oh, the usual fee for this type of service... only 3.4 trillion credits per year.”

Gerlan looked shocked. “But that’s almost half of our planetary output in a year! That’s totally unacceptable.”

Marla jumped in. “Gentlemen, I think Gerlan needs some time to think your offers over. Let’s adjourn for an hour.”

Gerlan held back as the others left the room. He touched Marla on the shoulder. “How can they expect me to take such offers seriously. Either offer would decimate my planet financially. We’d be totally at their mercy.”

Marla motioned for him to sit down. “There is a third alternative, you know. The Federation could come to your world and give you a hand. You’re already close to developing warp drive on your own. They could help you the rest of the way. Then you could build your own ships to trade with other worlds.”

Gerlan was skeptical. “But captain, all those aliens running around. Think of the damage they could do to my planet. And what would you charge me for this help? All our capital and our firstborn children?”

“Gerlan,” answered Marla. “Federation personnel come from many worlds, but they operate under the same set of rules. They would be forbidden from interfering in your world’s politics and society. And their help would come free of



charge. Who knows, you might find out that not all aliens are like the riffraff you invited here today.”

He looked much more at ease. “I think I’ve made my decision, captain. See you in an hour.

It was a somber group that assembled in the conference room, except for Gerlan, who seemed surprisingly happy. When Carpacci and Ceziar saw his mood, they brightened considerably, thinking he had decided to accept their offer.

Marla again called the meeting to order and turned the time over to Gerlan.

Gerlan stood and addressed the others. “The meeting here today has enlightened me to a great many things.” Carpacci and Ceziar leaned forward in anticipation. “I’ve seen that greed and vice exist throughout the galaxy, not just on my world.”

Both of the others looked shocked.

“I’ve decided that the best thing to do for my world is to accept captain Trowbridge’s offer and accept help from the Federation. So, for the record, Dentrassi officially refuses both the Hanoverian and Mathazari offers of assistance.”

Ceziar looked like he was going to be sick, but Carpacci jumped to his feet and turned on Marla. “You two-faced liar! You said you were going to be totally impartial. You’ll pay for this! Get her, boys!”

He hadn’t even finished speaking when the doors swished open. Ross bolted in, followed by QurtIS and several security personnel. Ross took out the first Hanoverian with a single punch. QurtIS took out the second with the flat side of his bat’leth. Carpacci froze in place as Marla stared him down. “Never even think of trying anything like that on my ship,” she said coldly. “Security, lock these three up in the brig.”

The security guards took the three Hanoverians out of the room. Mathazar still sat on his side of the table. His assistants were huddled closely to him, their computers out. He shook his head sadly as he looked at the captain.

“Do you know what this is going to do to me financially? It’s going to cost me a fortune. My budget is blown and I have nothing to show for it.”

Marla thought for a moment before answering. “If this was a business proposition and

you lost money on it, doesn’t that make this whole affair a tax write-off?”

Ceziar brightened visibly. “Of course! You’re right, captain. I can use this as a tax deduction and get it all back next April. Thank you!” With that, the Mathazars headed out of the room.

Marla looked around. Only Ross, QurtIS, and Gerlan were left in the room. Gerlan came over and shook her hand.

“Thank you, captain. You saved me from making a grave mistake. Dentrassi looks forward to Federation assistance. I’ve learned a great deal about the galaxy today. Now I can take it home and share with my people.”

Marla smiled. “It’s the times like this that I love my job.”

Captain’s Log. Stardate 0005.19

The Rendezvous is en route to Starbase 36 after dropping off the Hanoverian and Mathazari ambassadors. The Dentrassi government has ratified the treaty we signed with Gerlan and the first Federation team is already on the way.

Carpacci wasn’t happy when we dropped him off. He’s afraid his failure will be seen as a sign of weakness by the other bosses and that they’ll move in on his territory. I can only say that I hope he gets everything he deserves.



USS Kelly



U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS NCC-1896

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