

# Subspace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS Rendezvous

Stardate: November/December 1998

## From the Bridge...

Well, Marla's been very busy this last month, so I guess you get to listen to me for a little bit.

By the time you read this, the trailer for *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace* will be playing in theaters and be seen on television. I've seen it four times now and have to say it looks incredible. When you see it, check out the skinny alien with the floppy ears. He looks to be the comic relief in the new movie. Another thing to look for is the still photo of a young Annakin Skywalker with the shadow of Darth Vader being cast on the wall behind him. It really has an eerie feeling to it.

Another movie coming out that might have a little interest from our group is the new *Star Trek: Insurrection* due out on December 11th. We think this will be premiering at Movies 5. No word on if or how we will be helping with the promotion of this movie, but don't be surprised if we get the chance. This has been really fun in the past as we've taken over the theater and decorated it.

On a sadder note, the final episode of Babylon 5 will be shown this coming Wednesday (November 15th). It culminates the five year run of Babylon 5, first in syndication, then finishing up on TNT. But fans of Babylon 5 should take heart. The follow-up series, *Crusade*, will be set up in a new TV movie set to be shown on TNT in January, with the series premiering next spring. If you haven't had the chance to see this tightly plotted series, there are several members of the club who have been faithfully recording each episode. With five full seasons, plus four TV movies, there's a lot to see and enjoy.

Our anniversary party turned out to be a great success at the Lion's Club building in Smithfield. We had a great turnout, great food, and great games. I hope everyone had as much fun as I did, even if Reed Strawn did beat me up pretty bad in a game of Babylon 5 wars. It was still a fun time. Thank you to all that

came and contributed their time and food to make this party successful.

Finally, as we approach the holiday season once again, I would like to extend the warmest wishes to each of you on behalf of the captain and myself. We hope that in the spirit of the season, we can reach out to each other and to those who may be in need. This club is comprised of an incredible group of individuals who make coming together truly an enjoyable experience. Thank you for all of your support through this last year. Now let's set our sights on the future and make 1999 our best yet.

Commander Ross Trowbridge  
Executive Officer, *USS Rendezvous*

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## Coming Events

- November 21- Monthly Meeting of the USS Rendezvous
- December 11- New Star Trek Movie released.
- December 19- Combined meeting/Christmas Party 10:30am in foods and nutrition classroom.
- January 1- 8:00 p.m. New Years Party Potluck and Games ALL NIGHT. Captain's House.
- February 6- Hansen Planetarium and Natural History Museum. Departure time to be announced, travel weather permitting. COST \$20.00. \$5.00 for carpool and \$15.00 for entrance fees.
- March 27- Air Force Museum, weather permitting. Departure time to be announced. COST \$10.00
- April 24- Spring Rocket Launch
- May ??- CONDUIT 3-Day Convention in SLC. Prepare to party and have fun.
- May 22 or 29- Hogle Zoo (new babies should be out.) COST \$20.00
- June 12- Willow Park Zoo Picnic. Inviting 7th fleet, SCA anyone you want to have come. Day in the park.

July ??- Star Trek Lagoon Day ??

## Top Ten Lists

### TOP TEN "NEXT GENERATION" PRACTICAL JOKES

- 10 While both are asleep, shave off Riker's beard and paste it to Picard's head.
- 9 Tell Counselor Troi that Starfleet is giving serious consideration to replacing her with the Psychic Network.
- 8 Steal LaForge's VISOR and re-arrange the furniture.
- 7 Tell Dr. Crusher that she is being sued for malpractice by Melvin Belli.
- 6 The classic "fake cracked dilithium crystal in the warp core" bit. Keeps the engineering staff on their toes.
- 5 Determine how to transport just the person while leaving his/her clothing behind on the pad. Then think up interesting ways that the technique might be employed during the upcoming diplomatic summit.
- 4 Short-sheet Worf's bed.
- 3 Replace the synthehol in Ten-Forward with the real stuff, thus introducing bedspins and hangovers to

unsuspecting twenty-fourth century citizens. (Beats Ex-Lax in the chocolate fudge hands down.)

- 2 Put a whoopee cushion on Data's chair so that he will have another interesting human experience to ponder.
- 1 Tell the members of the crew that Wesley Crusher has graduated from Starfleet Academy with the rank of fleet admiral, putting all of them under his command.

#### TOP 10 UNUSED PLOT LINES FOR THE COMING SEASON

- 10 Q turns the entire crew into house pets.
- 9 Wesley returns from the Academy just in time to save the Enterprise from certain destruction. Deanna throttles him because it was HER turn to save the show.
- 8 TV producer thinks Riker's goofy looks and cheesy pick-up lines are hilarious. Offers him his own late night talk show.
- 7 Geordi gets a date.
- 6 Deanna grows another head! Psychobabble now twice as annoying.
- 5 Enterprise purchased by short, Texas billionaire. NCC-1701-D is renamed "The Perotmobile."
- 4 Data joins a traveling stand-up comedians club.
- 3 Beverly develops a virus which regenerates human hair. Picard becomes a spokesman for Hair Club for Men.
- 2 Guinan reveals that she's really Dr. Ruth.
- 1 Lwaxana and Alexander hijack the saucer section. Spend rest of show swooping the drive section and terrorizing Barkley.

#### TOP TEN REASONS TO CHANGE THE UNIFORMS

- 10 So Riker's beer belly won't show so much
- 9 They seem to accentuate the reflection on Picard's head
- 8 The actors can hardly breathe
- 7 they have to be washed several times a day they get so sweaty
- 6 Any tighter and the actors might as well be wearing rubber bands
- 5 If you wore one in a dangerous neighborhood you'd probably get killed
- 4 they're made of the same stuff that pantyhose are
- 3 There is no zipper
- 2 They've been the same for over 2 months
- 1 The actors' armpit stains show

### *Rendezvous Saga*

*Captain's Log, Stardate 9811.19*

*The efficiency of my crew continues to suffer as this strange rash of dreams seems to affect almost everyone on board. Only the few races that do not dream seem unaffected. My people are irritable and I feel helpless to do anything about it. I don't dare return to Starbase or make contact with another ship in fear that whatever is happening on board the Rendezvous will be passed to others*

*Nothing we have done seems to have any effect on these dreams or the aliens we are all encountering in them. The fact that they are so similar from one person to the next seems to rule out any chance that this is all coincidental. I've called a staff meeting in sickbay tonight at 18:00 hours.*

Marla let the cold water run through her fingers as she stood at the wash basin in her quarters. She studied her reflection in the mirror. It was easy to see her fatigue. Her eyes were bloodshot and she had been

fighting a headache for who knows how long. It seemed like weeks now.

She cupped her hands under the faucet and splashed the water on her face. It felt refreshing, but she knew it would take a lot more than a little water to bring her back to one hundred percent.

Her door chimed as she dried her face. "Enter!" she called out.

The door opened to reveal her first officer, Commander Trowbridge. The normally chipper Andorian had a sullen look. He leaned against the wall as if it were difficult to stand up.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "It's time."

She tossed the towel onto her bed and walked towards the door. "I guess so. But if we don't come up with something soon, this ship's going to tear itself apart."

She walked past Ross and headed down the hall. He fell in beside her as they walked to the turbolift. "The crew's in really poor shape," he commented. "If we don't find a solution to this soon, we'll fall apart."

"I agree," replied Marla. "This has gone on way too long. I just hope we can come up with something productive at this meeting. There's got to be something we can do. We just haven't thought of it yet."

"I'm not sure if I'll be capable of thought if this goes on much longer," said Ross.

Marla chuckled as the turbolift doors closed. "Sometimes I'm not sure if you ever are."

The sickbay was filled with officers when they arrived. All the senior officers were present along with several from the science section. They were spread out, sitting on the diagnostic beds spread throughout sickbay. Marla and Ross took their place at the front of the room.

"As you all know, Marla began, "Just about everyone on this ship has been experiencing the same kind of nightmares for the past several weeks. These dreams are interfering with the crew's sleep to the point where their performance is being affected. I've asked you all here to help me come up with a workable solution. First of all, I would like Commander Nilson to tell us what we know of these dreams."

Dalice stood up and walked over to Marla. "The dreams are nearly identical from one person to the next. Each person finds himself alone on the

*Rendezvous* wandering the corridors. There is a strong presence of a person or persons watching the crewman as he tries to get to the bridge. Occasionally, another crewmember will be seen being apprehended by unknown aliens, but the crewman is unable to assist his shipmate. Inevitably, the crewman also caught by the aliens, drugged in some manner, and wakes up the next morning in his quarters.

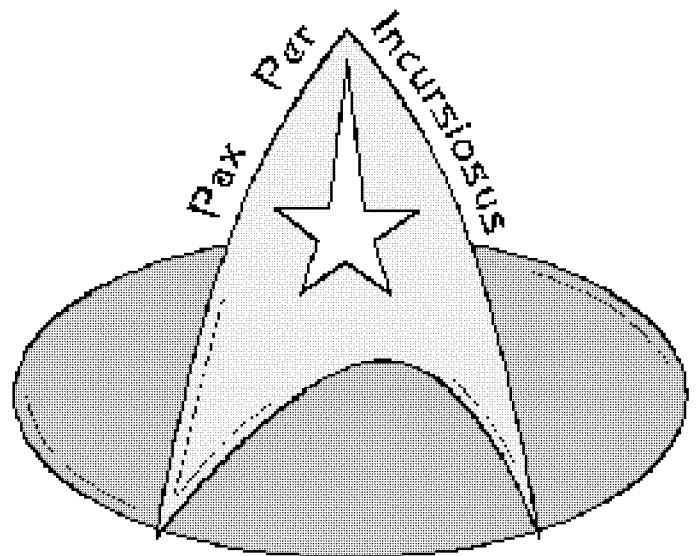
"In checking out these stories, several things have become apparent. First of all, the description of the aliens is practically identical from one person to the next. Secondly, when one crewman sees another, the second crewman almost always reports seeing the first one. Most importantly, we know the aliens aren't unbeatable in the dreams. Several crewmen have been able to fight off one or more aliens before being overwhelmed by superior numbers."

Dalice returned to her seat as Marla began speaking again.

"Okay, people. What we need is some way to fight successfully against these aliens. Are there any suggestions?"

The room remained silent for some time. As Marla glanced from one person to the next, she was met with expressions of exhaustion, frustration, and helplessness. No one volunteered any ideas to the group.

Derrick shook his head and mumbled, "What we need is some way to take control of the dreams."



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**NCC-1898**

Then we could fight back a little.” He fell back into silence.

Dalice turned to him with a startled look. “What was that you just said?”

“Nothing really,” he replied. “Just thinking out loud.”

Marla turned to Dalice. “What are you thinking, Commander?”

“There might be a way to take control of our dreams like Derrick suggested,” she replied. “Have you ever heard of lucid dreaming?”

Marla looked surprised. “Lucid dreaming? Yes, I have. That just might be the trick.”

Derrick looked confused. “What’s lucid dreaming?” he asked.

Dalice leaned forward in her chair and began talking. “Lucid dreaming has been known about for a long time now, but not a lot of research has been done on it. Basically, when a person enters REM sleep, they can be taught to realize they are dreaming and control the flow of the dream from that point. The problem I see is that we each enter the dream state alone. That would leave us very vulnerable to the aliens.”

“Could a telepath hold everyone together?” asked Reed.

“That might work,” replied Dalice. “However, I couldn’t hold everyone. No more than six people. If there are more than that, I could lose control completely and you’d be on your own.”

Marla smiled. “Finally, a plan of action. Okay, the six dreamers will be myself, Ross, Reed, Matt, Derrick, and Michael. Dalice will watch over us. I also want some security in here to guard us from anything that might appear. When we begin dreaming, I want everyone to rendezvous here in sickbay. Once we’re all here, we’ll begin our assault on the bridge. Okay, Dalice. We’re all yours. Show us how to dream.”

At 23:00 hours, the group was still gathered in sickbay. The diagnostic beds has been moved together into two groups of three with room for a chair in between the two groups. Dalice had explained to them that they all needed to be in physical contact with each other for her to be able to maintain contact telepathically. As the six crewmembers took their places, Dalice gave each one a shot from a hypospray. It contained a mild sedative to help them fall asleep easier.

As they lay back on the beds, they took hold of each other’s hands. Dalice sat down in the chair and held the hand of Marla and Reed on either side of her. As she reached out with her mind she guided each of the dreamers into deep sleep.

Michael sat up in his bed and looked around. He was in his quarters. He sat up on the edge of his bed and looked around. Everything was bathed in a soft red light. It was completely quiet. He couldn’t even hear the dull hum from the engines. He got up and went to the door. As it was opening he quickly glanced down the corridor. It was empty, just as it always was when the dream began.

He stepped into the hall and began walking furtively towards the turbolift.

*You can’t stop us.*

The voice seemed to come from everywhere at once. Somehow, Michael knew that its source was the bridge and that he had to go there to stop it.

*You might as well give up now. They’ll be there for you soon.*

He couldn’t remember who *they* were, but he knew he didn’t want to be around when they came for him. Unpleasant memories nagged at him about aliens, but he couldn’t remember enough to be any good.

“I’ve got to get to the bridge to stop this,” he said to himself and he began walking towards the turbolift.

“Michael! You need to go to sickbay.” This voice was different from the first. It came from inside his head. It was Commander Nilson!

“But commander, he’s on the bridge. That’s where I need to go to stop him.”

“I know, Michael, but we must do this together. Go to sickbay.”

With one last glance at the turbolift, he turned around and walked back down the corridor.

Matt looked around the corner carefully, he knew he had to get to sickbay and aliens or no aliens, he was going to get there. Waking up in the hangar bay had been a surprise. Now he had traveled over half the length of the ship. From time to time, Dalice’s voice had sounded in his head to point him in the right direction. For some reason, he kept wanting to go to the bridge.

The other voice, the one he hated, kept taunting him, telling him he couldn’t succeed and

should just give up. He'd tried to block out the voice, but it came from everywhere.

As he advanced down the next corridor, the doors to his left shooshed open. Two aliens he could only vaguely remember seeing before were as surprised to see him as he was them.

Matt moved quicker and threw himself into the first alien. It was over as fast as it had started. Matt dragged the two unconscious aliens back into the room they had come out of and searched them. They carried no weapons, only a hypodermic needle. Matt took one and continued on towards sickbay.

Marla glanced up as the sickbay doors opened. Reed walked in and stopped dead in his tracks. He stared at a reclining apparition of himself floating in the air across the room. Marla had done the same thing herself when she first entered sickbay. The shadowy forms of the themselves were just barely visible where they were sleeping in the real world. Dalice could also be seen, still holding hands with the sleepers.

Marla stood up and motioned the others to join her. "Was anyone able to find any weapons?" she asked.

The others all said they hadn't. Each weapons locker that had been checked had been empty.

She bit her lower lip. "I was afraid of that. Well, what we lack in weaponry will have to be made up for in skill. It's time we make our assault on the bridge. Let's go."

She led the way out of sickbay and towards the turbolift. They stopped in the adjoining corridor and Reed took a very quick look around the corner.

"I see eight of them," he told them. "They must have sensed something was up."

Marla had them pull back a little. "Let's see if we can draw a couple of them away and even up the odds a little." She pulled her communicator pin off her uniform and motioned for the others to be ready. As soon as they were, she threw the pin against the far wall. It made quite a bit of noise as it hit, then bounced on the floor.

Just a few seconds later, two of the aliens came around the corner. Ross and Matt grabbed them and subdued them quietly.

Reed moved back to the corner and took another peek. Two sets of hands grabbed him as he did so and he was pulled around the corner. The others rushed down the hall and around the corner. They saw Reed on his knees, slumping to the ground as one of the aliens removed a needle from the back of his neck. There were now more than a dozen of the aliens in front of the turbolift. It was a trap.

Marla reacted quickly. "Everyone! Get to conference room 4. Move it!" They turned and ran back the way they had come. Heavy footsteps could be heard following them. Nobody noticed Reed's limp form slowly fade away.

Conference room 4 was only a couple of corridors away. As Ross entered the room, Marla closed and sealed the door behind him. All five of them were breathing heavily from the quick dash through the halls. Somebody began pounding on the other side of the door.

Marla slumped down in the closest chair. "It wasn't supposed to happen like this," she muttered. "We were supposed to be in control, but they've got us cornered in this room with no way out."

"Marla," said a voice. It was Dalice's. "You're still letting them control the dream. Until you take

over, they've still got the upper hand. Only when you begin to influence the dream will you succeed."

Marla stood up. "You're right, Dalice. This is my dream and I'm in control." She looked at the ceiling and shouted, "You hear that, whoever you are?! This is MY dream and I control what happens here! You can't have any effect on me. If I want to have a phaser in my hand, you can't stop me. You hear me?! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!!!!"

The room fell silent for a moment, then Matt spoke up. "Uh, Marla... Look in your hand."

She glanced down at her hand. To her great surprise, a standard phaser set to kill was in her hand. She held it up and showed it to the others.

"You see, we really are in command of this dream. If you want something to happen, it will. Now you try."

As she changed the phaser's setting to stun, she noted that phasers appeared out of nowhere in each person's hand.

She smiled. "That's more like it. Now let's go take back our ship."

The pounding on the door had become louder. The *Rendezvous* crewmembers took up positions as Michael triggered the door. Eight aliens standing outside the door barely had time to register surprise as they were cut down by phaser fire.

Marla led the others back to the turbolift. As they turned the last corner, there were still over a dozen aliens standing guard. They charged when they saw her. Marla and the others began firing. As the last alien dropped to the floor, the turbolift doors opened, revealing two aliens. Marla rushed forward to catch the open turbolift, but as she closed the distance, she saw one of the aliens holding a small spherical object. He pressed a button on the top.

Marla realized what she was seeing and yelled, "Get down! Grenade!!!!" as she dove to the floor. An explosion blew out the closing turbolift doors and threw debris down the corridor. As the smoke began to clear, she could see the turbolift had been completely destroyed.

"I guess we'll have to use the Jeffries tubes," said Derrick.

"I'm not so sure about that," answered Ross. "I think we can still take the easy way." He closed his eyes momentarily. When he opened them again, there was a second turbolift next to the one that had been destroyed. "Going up?" he asked.

Michael was flabbergasted. "How did you do that?" he inquired.

Ross laughed. "Easy. This is a dream. We can do whatever we want. I just imagined a second turbolift, so there it is. Shall we?"

The doors opened and they stepped in. It only took a moment for them to reach the bridge. When the doors opened, they saw three aliens. Two were standing near the turbolift while the third reclined in the captain's chair. Derrick and Michael dropped the two closest aliens with phaser fire while Marla advanced towards the last alien.

He turned and faced her. "I must congratulate you, captain. You were much more resourceful than I gave you credit for. However, the time has come for this to end." He pressed a button on the command chair.

"Self-Destruct in thirty seconds. Twenty-nine, twenty-eight,..." announced the ship's computer.

"I don't think so," scoffed Marla. She squinted slightly and the countdown halted as the computer announced, "Have a nice day."



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The alien looked surprised. “How did you do that?” he asked incredulously.

Marla smiled at him. “You made the mistake of attacking us in our dreams. These dreams belong to us and you only had control as long as we let you. Once we caught on, we simply took over. You never had a chance.”

“No chance, have I?” asked the alien. “We’ll just see about that.” He jumped up and pulled a phaser. He didn’t even have time to aim it when he suddenly flew backwards against the main display screen and slumped to the ground. Marla had simply pictured him being thrown back in her mind.

“Like I said, no chance at all.”

Derrick walked over to the alien. “I guess this means we can start sleeping again.”

*Captain’s Log, supplemental.*

*When we defeated the Bhyronians, their unconscious bodies appeared where they had fallen. The telepathic abilities of this race are incredible. We found ourselves in orbit of the planet Bhyron’s World. They had been able to control what we saw on our sensors and through the viewscreen. Upon contacting Starfleet Command, we found out we had been missing for over a month.*

*Our tormentor was apparently a wanted criminal on the planet below. It seems he enjoyed playing this game for sport. We were the first to ever stop him. I have turned him and his associates over to planetary authorities who have assured me they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.*

*It has been wonderful sleeping these last two nights. I am dreaming normally again, but I somehow think I will always remember Bhyron.*

