

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS *Rendezvous*
Stardate:

Stardate: October 1999

From the Bridge...

Okay, Okay. I'm a month late again with the newsletter. The last couple of months have been a little crazy as Marla and I prepared for our wedding. We want to thank everyone for their patience and support during this time. Everyone has pulled together incredibly to keep the club running smoothly while the captain and first officer were a little 'distracted.'

The *Rendezvous* will once again be doing a display for the Pumpkin Walk in North Logan this year. The theme this year is "Blast from TV Past." This makes it perfect for Star Trek, the original series. We want to do some of the different aliens from the original show (gorn, tribbles, horta, etc.). We also want to build some of the ships out of pumpkins and squashes. Put on your thinking caps and see what you can come up with. We'll meet at Marla's parents' house on the 23rd to paint the pumpkins. Set-up is on the 26th and the Pumpkin Walk runs from the 26th until the 30th.

The Holidays are quickly coming upon us. We have a couple activities coming up to celebrate the season. Our December meeting (Dec. 18th) will double as our Christmas party. We'll have more details at the next meeting. Plan on having a fun time.

Our other activity is our annual New Year's Party. This year, we'll be celebrating Y2K. Join us as we celebrate the new year and watch the lights go out.

On November 6th, Logan will be the site for CON2it: CONduit of the 99/100th Century. This will be held at the University Inn on the campus of Utah State University. Cost for the one day convention is \$8.00. Formerly Nanocon, the convention is now affiliated with CONduit.

Tickets for FanFest 2000 are now on sale. This convention will be held in Salt Lake City at the Utah State Fairpark in early March. The guest list is still being finalized, but looks to be very impressive. The tickets are available through SmithTix.

Coming Events

October 23rd- Preparation Day for the Pumpkin Walk.
1690 E. 1400 N.; Logan.

October 26th to 30th- Pumpkin Walk

October 31st- Halloween

November 6th- CON2it: CONduit of the 99/100th Century. University Inn at USU.

November 20th- Monthly meeting of the *USS Rendezvous*. 10:30 am at the Food & Nutrition building.

November 25th- Thanksgiving

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December 18th- Monthly meeting of the USS
Rendezvous. 10:30 am at the Food & Nutrition
building.

December 25th- Christmas

December 31st- New Year's Y2K End of the
Millenium Party.

***** Priority Transmission *****
***** Starfleet Emergency Channel *****
***** Photon Tube Maintenance Section Only *****

Effective this stardate, all Photon Tube
Maintenance Personel are directed to refrain from
loading the Torpedo Tubes with facsimile torpedos
which, upon "Detonation" extrude a flag with the word
"Bang" on it.

This practice, while amusing, does little to
encourage a belief that the fleet is a serious
organization capable of defending, in a military action,
worlds which are members of the UFP.

Violations of this directive will result in
disciplinary action against the officer(s) involved.
Infractions will result in an immediate grade reduction
to kitchen waste management.

Make it so.
Admiral Beagle
Starfleet Command
Sol System

Your Starship Captain just might be a redneck if...

- your shuttlecraft has been up on blocks for over a month.
- he paints flames and a NRA sticker on the warp nacelles.
- you have a shuttle called "Billy Joe Bob".
- he refers to Klingons as "Critters".
- he refers to Photon Torpedoes as "Popguns".
- he has the sensor array repaired with a bent coathanger and aluminum foil.
- he installs a set of bullhorns on the front of the saucer section.
- he says "Got your ears on, good buddy" instead of "open hailing frequencies".
- he hangs fuzzy dice over the viewscreen.
- he rewires his communicator into his belt buckle.
- he keeps a six-pack under his command chair and a gun rack above it.
- he says "Yee-Ha!" instead of "Engage".
- he has a hand-tooled holster for his phaser.
- he insists on calling his executive officer "Bubba".
- he sets the fore viewscreen to reruns of "Bassmaster".
- he programs the food replicator for beer, ribs, and turnip greens.
- he paints the starship John Deere green.
- he refers to a Pulsar as a "Blue Light Special".
- he refers to the Mutara Nebula as a "swamp".
- his moonshine is stronger than Romulan Ale.
- he sings "Lucille" instead of "Kathleen".
- his idea of dress uniform is CLEAN bib overalls.
- he wears mirrored shades on the Bridge.



- his idea of a "gas giant" is that big ol' XO Bubba after a meal of beans and weenies.
- he sets phaser to "Cajun".

Rendezvous Saga

Captain's Log. Stardate 9910.11

The Rendezvous has returned to active duty following an extended shore leave at Risa in honor of my marriage to my first officer. Admiral Hollinger threw us another great party after he performed the wedding ceremony. He was even able to arrange for the entire 7th Fleet to be present.

We're on our way to the Federation border with the Klingon Empire to rendezvous with the IKV VaQwI'. We're to escort Captain QurtIS to a meeting with the Lyrans. Seems the Klingons and the Lyrans are having a border dispute and have asked that the Federation act as negotiators.

Captain Marla Trowbridge was standing behind her operations officer. "Any sign of them yet, Matt?"

Matt Chism glanced at his display. "Still nothing captain. Wait! There's a ship decloaking just inside the neutral zone. It's a bird of prey."

"Captain," announced Vicki from the communications station. "We're being hailed. It's Captain QurtIS."

"Thank you, Vicki," said Marla as she walked back to her command chair. "On screen."

The familiar face of the slender Klingon quickly appeared on the main viewscreen. "Captain Brindley!" he boomed. "It's good to see you again."

"It's Trowbridge now." responded Marla.

QurtIS looked surprised. "What? That blue faced Andorian is in charge of the ship? The Federation must really be desperate for captains if that's happened. When did this occur and where are they transferring you?"

Marla laughed and shook her head. "I'm not going anywhere, captain. But it's Trowbridge now."

The Klingon really looked confused now. "I've never really understood human humor, Captain Brindley. Is this some sort of joke?"

Marla laughed again and held up her left hand.

There was a slight pause as QurtIS adjusted his view to zoom in on her hand. He studied the view for a

moment, the scowled. "You've got to be kidding! You... and Commander Trowbridge... are married?"

She nodded. "For just over a month now. I guess the word was a little slow getting to you. Next time we send you a message, we won't send it through channels. We'll get it directly to you. So expect a wedding invitation sometime soon."

It was the Klingon's turn to laugh. "Well congratulations to you both. We'll have to celebrate after our battle, er, meeting with the Lyrans." He paused a moment, then started laughing again.

"What's so funny now?" asked Marla.

QurtIS took a moment to collect himself before he could answer. "I was just picturing what the offspring of a human and Andorian would look like. They'd look just like those 'little green men' that you humans used to think lived on the planet Mars. They'd even have short, stubby antennae. It'll be great!"

Marla looked a little disgusted. "We'll worry about that when the time comes, captain. I believe we have a meeting to attend?"

QurtIS was still chuckling. "So we do, captain. Transmitting the coordinates now." A chirp from the communications console confirmed that they had arrived. "QurtIS, out."

The main viewscreen returned to an exterior view of the Klingon ship.

The turbolift doors swished open and Commander Trowbridge walked onto the bridge. He sat down in his chair and turned to the captain. "So how's our Klingon today?"

Marla groaned. "Peachy. Just peachy. Dave, do you have that course laid in yet?"

"Aye, sir," he responded. "Course plotted and ready to engage."

"Thank you, Dave. Vicki, let the Klingons know we're on our way. On my mark, Warp 5. Engage!"

The Federation frigate jumped away and headed towards Lyran space. Moments later, the Bird of Prey followed.

It only took a couple hours for the two ships to arrive near the Lyran border. The Klingons shared a long border with the Lyrans and it was in a constant state of flux as the two empires flexed the muscle. Although there hadn't been a declared war between the two for more than twenty years, it wasn't uncommon for ships patrolling the border to open fire on any

opposing ships. The fighting had intensified during the last year when the planet Merripan had been found to be a large source of dilithium crystals. Both sides wanted the planet, but neither side could stake a lasting claim to the star system. As soon as one base would be established, the other race would destroy it. Many lives had been lost trying to take this system. Now both sides were ready to talk, just not directly to each other.

The *Rendezvous* arrived several minutes before the *VaQwI*. Two graceful Lyran war cruisers waited for them at the border. Their shields had been raised, but their weapons had not been armed. Marla asked that a channel be opened to them.

“This is captain Marla Brindl... Trowbridge of the Federation starship *Rendezvous*. We’re here escorting the Imperial Klingon ship *VaQwI* to find a peaceful solution to ownership of the planet Merripan.”

The figure of a very feline humanoid appeared on the main viewscreen. “Captain Brrrindl-Trrrrowbrrridge, it’s a pleassurrre to meet you. I am Commanderrrr Rrrraking.”

Marla smiled. “Actually, it’s just Trowbridge. I was recently married and still haven’t quite used to the new name. I’m glad to meet you as well. Now what can the Federation do to help you and the Klingons come to an agreeable solution regarding this planet.”

“You can start by blowing up this Lyran scum,” said a new voice. Vicki quickly tapped her console and the main viewscreen separated into two halves. On one half was the Lyran commander. On the other was an older Klingon.

Commander Raking was livid. “Is this how you begin a negotiation, Klingon? By thrrreatening us? You’ll have warrrr, if that’s what you want.”

The Klingon laughed. “It won’t take a war to get what we want. Just give up now and let us have what we’re after.”

The Lyran growled deeply. “We have the only valid claim to Merrrrripan, as we will prrrrove to Captain Trrrrowbrrridge.

Marla jumped into the fray. “That’s enough out of both of you for the moment.” She turned to the Klingon. “Sir, I’m not aware of who you are. Please identify yourself.”

The Klingon waited a moment before responding. “I’m ‘ambassador’ BenDekT of the Klingon Empire. I’m aboard QurtIS’ ship. I will be handling the negotiations, not the captain.”

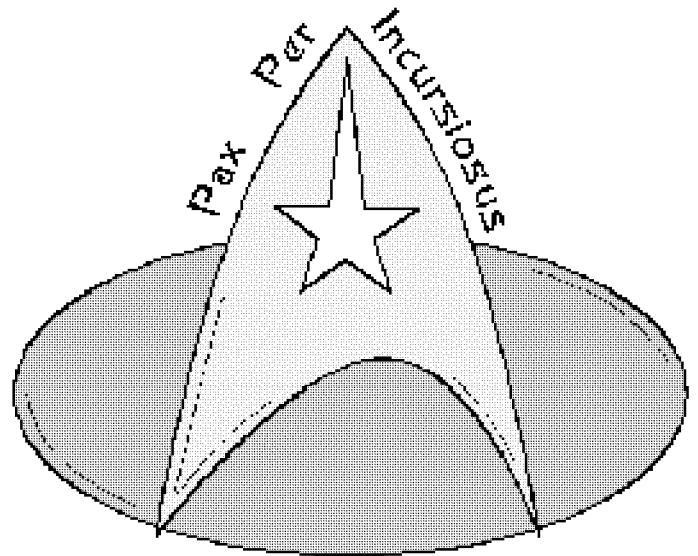
Marla took this new information in stride. “Thank you, ambassador. I want to begin these negotiations on board the *Rendezvous* in one hour. You may each bring one aide. Until then, gentlemen.” She motioned for Vicki to close the channel.

Ross shook his head. “This was going to be tough enough as it was getting QurtIS to compromise. This new guy looks like he’s ready for war.”

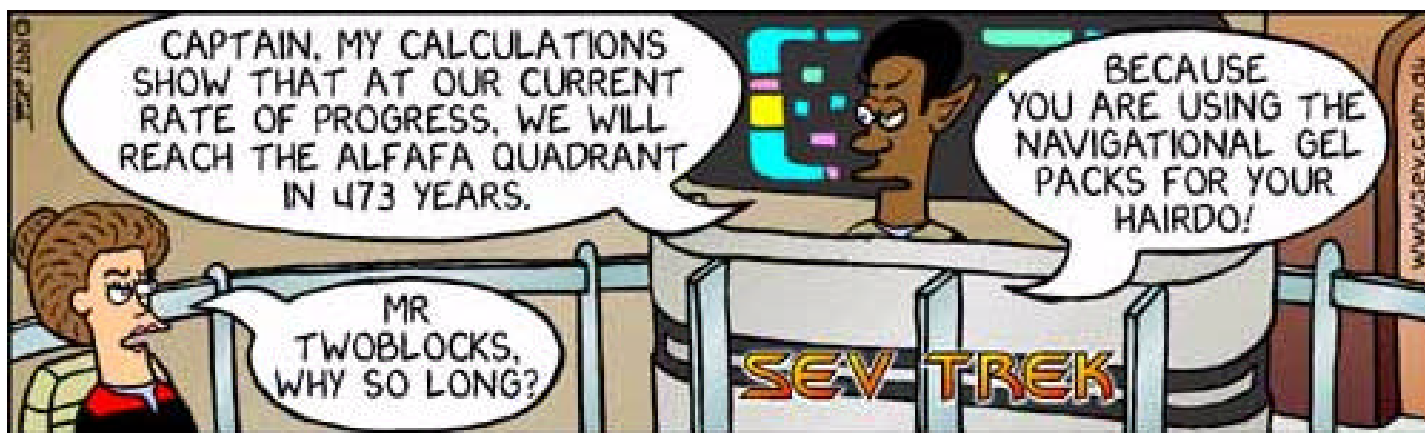
“I agree,” she responded. “We’ve got our work cut out for us. Let’s go make sure the conference room is ready. Matt, the ship is yours.”

The two officers headed towards the ship’s main conference room on deck 3. It was a large room, used for special events. Several yeomen were busy arranging three tables near a large viewport where the three other ships were visible. The tables had been placed to form a u-shape. The Klingons would be on one side, the Lyrans on the other. right between them would be the Federation. Marla was not looking forward to being there. She hadn’t dealt with the Lyrans much, but from the reports she had read, they could be quite hot tempered. As for the Klingons, she knew as much about them as anybody in the Federation. Their reputation for aggression was more than deserved. She thought about having a security detail on duty inside the conference room, but thought better about it.

They walked over to another table that had been set up with food from a dozen Federation worlds that was supposed to be compatible with their guests.



U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS
NCC-1898



Marla picked up a cracker with a bluish paste on it and popped it into her mouth. She immediately made a face and called over one of the yeomen. "I don't know what this is, but we're not serving it to our guests. It's sure to start a fight. Get it out of here now."

The yeoman quickly hauled the offending snack out of the room.

"You'd think we could at least serve a decent buffet for this thing," said Marla. "We've got some of the best replicators in the fleet."

"Who came up with the menu anyway?" asked Ross.

"Some flunky in the diplomatic corps. I guess they were miffed when both the Hydrans and Klingons refused their help and asked for a Starfleet captain instead. Maybe this is their revenge on us."

Ross reached out and picked up some green bread. "This isn't so bad. Maybe it'll work after all."

"I can only hope so. Let's go get ready before our friends arrive."

A short time later, the *Rendezvous'* senior officers were assembled in the main transporter room in full dress uniform.

"We're receiving a signal from the Klingons saying they're ready to beam over," said Jan Stevens at the transporter.

"Energize, Mr. Stevens," ordered the captain.

Two figures began materializing on the transporter pads. By their silhouettes, it was apparent one was QurtIS, captain of the *VaQwI*. The other figure would be the ambassador, BenDekT. As soon as the transport was complete, QurtIS stepped forward.

"Greetings, captain Brin... Trowbridge. It's good to see you again. Allow me to introduce BenDekT, the Emperor's personal adviser from the

High Council. He's been assigned to carry out these negotiations."

The second Klingon stepped forward. "Hello, captain Trowbridge. We can end these negotiations quickly. Just tell the Hydrans that they don't have a claim on the planet and we'll be on our way."

Marla bristled slightly, but quickly hid her anger. "Ambassador, I have no intention of arbitrarily siding with either party on this issue. I won't make a decision until I hear from BOTH sides."

The ambassador scowled at her briefly, then gave her a slight nod. He turned to QurtIS. "You were right, captain. She's not one to be easily swayed. This could prove... interesting."

A slight grin was the other Klingon's only response. He'd had firsthand experience with Marla's version of 'interesting.'

"Captain," said Jan. "The Lyrans are ready to beam aboard."

The two Klingons took their time stepping off the transporter pads, then moved to a spot near the door.

"Bring them aboard, Jan," ordered Marla.

Once again, the sound of the transporter filled the room and two figures appeared on the transporter pads. This time, they had a very feline appearance. Marla recognized Commander Raking.

"Welcome, Commander. It's good to meet you in person."

Raking gave the two Klingons a scornful glance before responding. "It is my hope that we can end these hostilities here. Allow me to intrrrroducte Captain Stalkerrrr, my counterrrrparrrrt on the *Hunterrrr's Prrride*. He will be our prrrimarrry negotiatorrrrr."

“Negotiator?” scoffed BenDekT. “What’s there to negotiate? The planet is part of the Klingon Empire.”

Marla turned on the Klingon. “Ambassador! Nothing will move me to side with the Lyrans faster than your current attitude. If you don’t change it now, the Lyrans just might gain sole custody of the planet. Do you understand me?”

BenDekT looked surprised. The surprise quickly turned to anger. “Captain. If you think you can bully me into...”

“I’m not trying to bully you into anything, ambassador. But I’ve just about made my decision to give custody of the planet to...”

“Wait!” cried BenDekT. He paused a moment to compose himself. “We’re here to negotiate. So let’s negotiate before you make any hasty decisions.”

Marla allowed herself just a hint of a smug smile. “That’s exactly was I was trying to get at. Shall we move to the conference room?”

She led the way out, followed closely by the Klingons and Lyrans.

They quickly made their way to the conference room. As the Klingons entered, they made directly for the buffet table. The Lyrans held back slightly, watching both the Klingons and the food.

After he filled his plate, QurtIS made his way over to Marla.

“Captain. I must say I’m surprised with the way you’ve handled BenDekT. Not even the High Council would speak to him that way.”

Marla laughed. “That’s just one of the benefits of not having him above me in the chain of command. Besides, I don’t have to take him back. Where did you find him anyway... a war museum?”

It was QurtIS’ turn to chuckle. “BenDekT is definitely part of the ‘old guard,’ slow to accept change. He still thinks we should be in open war with the Federation.”

QurtIS took a bite of something on his plate and grimaced. “What IS this stuff? It tastes awful, even for human food.”

“It’s not human food, captain. Our diplomatic corps decided on the menu. They said it was stuff that both Klingons and Lyrans would like.”

“Well, not THIS Klingon.” He took a bite of something else. It too tasted really bad. “I’m not eating this, captain. I’ll stick with war rations.”

Marla apologized then glanced towards the buffet table. The Lyrans had just finished loading their plates and were moving towards their table. Her communicator chirped.

“*Captain, this is Matt. We’ve got a problem with the replicators. They’re not functioning correctly and adding a small amount of hydraulic fluid to anything they create.*”

“Hydraulic fluid?!! Matt, do you realize that I’ve just served our guests here in the conference room?”

“*You’ve got to stop them, captain. The food’s not poisonous, but it could make someone pretty sick.*”

“Thanks, Matt. Get it fixed now. I’ll cover things at this end.”

She turned to the others as BenDekT took a bite.

“Poison!” he shouted. He turned towards Marla. “You’re trying to poison me, Captain. With me out of the way, you can give the planet to them!” He gestured with disgust towards the Lyrans.



At that same moment, Captain Stalker bit into a meat dish he had thought looked interesting. His face wrinkled and his whiskers pulled back. "What is this!!!" He dropped the morsel back on his plate and headed towards Marla. "Is this the type of banquet the Federrration serrrves to guests? This isn't fit to use as ferrrtilizerrr!" He grabbed a handful of food and waved it in front of Marla's face. "I can only think of one thing to use this for. Decoration!" With that, he threw his food towards ambassador BenDekT. It hit him square in the chest.

Stalker smiled. "See? This place is looking betterrr alrrready."

BenDekT wasn't amused. He glared at the Lyran. "Maybe something in green." He grabbed an olive colored fruit and smeared it into Stalker's fur.

Marla tried to intervene. "Gentlemen, please! Is this any way to act. I was just informed of a problem with our replicators. We'll get everything straightened out if you'll both calm down."

But it was too late. Seeing the mess in his fur, Stalker upended his plate over the Klingon. With a roar, he threw the rest of his plate at the Klingon.

QurtIS remained to the side of the room, watching the display with more than a little amusement. Suddenly, a piece of fruit hit the wall next to his head. He spun to see where it had come from Commander Raking. He was standing at the buffet table grabbing another piece of fruit. When he threw it at QurtIS, the klingon leapt to the side and caught the fruit as it flew past him. With a deft hand, QurtIS threw the fruit back, hitting Raking in the arm.

By this time, both BenDekT and Stalker were a mess. They were using whatever they could find to throw at each other.

Marla's communicator chirped. "Brindley here."

"Captain, we're going to need you up here. The Lyran ships have opened fire on the VaQwI. It's powering up it's weapons to return fire."

"Matt, bring us right between them. If they fire, I want them to hit us, not each other."

"Shall I raise our shields?" he asked.

"No, Matt. I want them to be able to hit us."

Marla turned to her guests. "Stop it! All of you. Your ships are fighting each other."

Stalker looked stricken. "That can't be! They were given strict orders not to initiate any hostile actions. The Klingons must have started it."

QurtIS became angry. "My crew would never have disobeyed my order. They would not fire under a banner of truce. That would not be honorable."

Marla stopped them again. "It doesn't matter who started it. All that matters is that it stops. Now. I'm moving the *Rendezvous* between them. If they try to shoot each other, they'll hit us."

She paused for a moment to let that sink in. "If a war is what you want, a war is what you'll get. Only the Federation will also be involved. This ship will be the first one lost and you will be among the first casualties."

"You can't do this!" exclaimed BenDekT. "I'm needed in the High Council."

Stalker spoke up. "You would want us to go to warrrr? Let me contact ourrr ships to stop this action."

"And me as well," interjected the ambassador. "This can be brought under control without any loss of life."

Marla smiled. "Very well. You may contact your ships. While you're doing that, I'll have the room cleaned and we can get back to our negotiations. You might want to get cleaned up as well. You should look at yourselves! It's disgraceful! We have more important things to do than a food fight. Now call off your ships."

Captain's Log. Stardate 9910.15

The negotiations between the Lyrans and Klingons has come to a close. After a shaky start, both sides ended up being closer to an agreement than they had thought. We finally got them to settle for joint possession of the planet. Neither side will maintain a presence on the planet except for a single jointly run mine. The mine will be under the direction of a Federation observer, who will make sure that the dilithium mined on the planet is split even. All in all, an equitable solution for everyone. Still, it's not something I look forward to doing again.