

SubSpace Interference



Ship's Communications of the USS Rendezvous

Stardate: September 1998

From the Bridge...

I am working on obtaining some new officers for the ship. With our last visit to Utah State University, we had many officers complete their education and advance to new careers. We have also had personnel who have been married and reassigned to different quadrants in this vast universe. To all of them we send the best.

Commander Walls work with the Cache Education Foundation's Space Simulator is keeping him very busy. That along with the expected arrival of his newest family member have put him in a position where a change is needed. He has therefore been assigned to the StarFleet Corp of Engineers so he can focus more closely on his work on the simulator. Luckily he will still be assigned to the Rendezvous when not running the simulator.

Commander Trowbridge and myself spent a long evening planning the next year's events. The crew has seen a large turnover with the change of the year. 16 personnel have become inactive, moved, or been reassigned. However, there are approximately 26 new prospects who will be touring the ship over the next two months. We have high hopes that they will find the Rendezvous as wonderful a ship as I feel it is.

This weekend I am planning a day on the holodeck. My hands are aching to hold the reins of a horse as people did in years past. I have a pony and cart holo-project that seems to be turning out well. Lt. Chism is therefore in charge of this months meeting with Commanders Trowbridge and Nilson assisting.

Captain Brindley Out.

Ship's Business

The following information is in regards to upcoming events and changes in officers positions in the club. Those of you who may be interested in filling a position that is open, please prepare an application and either bring it to the next meeting or transmit it to me. Dates on all activities should remain the same but if they change you will be notified. Times, if not announced, will also be given as the event nears. If you have questions or comments, please feel free to contact me.

Captain Brindley

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Plus more of Michael Goodwin's monolith cartoons.

Current officers:

Captain - Marla Brindley

First Officer - Ross Trowbridge

Communications - Vicki Wiser

Operations - Matt Chism

Tactical - Michael Baum

Security - Reed Strawn

SEALS - Josh Walker

Sciences - Derrick Hughes

Open Positions:

Helm

Medical

Engineering

Officers positions will now have specific assignments. All officers are responsible for the following:

1. Inform the Captain or First Officer of departmental accomplishments, concerns or questions.
2. directing and planning one club meeting a year. Club meetings run by each department should involve department personnel and if possible, have a departmental theme. Approve through Captain.
3. tracking points earned by department personnel, and report that to the Captain.
4. making sure people are contacted about department activities.

COMMUNICATIONS: Responsible for phone calls to club members without e-mail. Helping get out special reminders, Statesman or newspaper adds.

MEDICAL: Coordinate first aid and CPR training for the club. Have first aid kit at activities.

TACTICAL: CISCO representative. Keep contacts with the university. Should be a student.

SCIENCES: Coordinate and help plan away missions.

SECURITY: In charge of newsletter funds. Door open for club meetings.

ENGINEERING: In charge of rocket launches and transportation coordination along with Ops.

OPERATIONS: Transportation coordination for away missions/activities. Shuttle pilot certificates.

HELM: Take minutes at club meetings. Take role at club meetings for attendance points.

SEALS: Paintball and competitive activities coordinator.

Officers are asked to arrive 45 minutes prior to meeting each month at an aforementioned place for a club business meeting.

Club Meeting Dates for the Next Year:

All club meetings to be held in Foods and Nutrition Building room 202 at 10:30 am unless otherwise stated.

September 19

October 17

November 21

December 19

January 16

February 20

March 20

April 17

May 15
June 19
July 17
Aug 21

CLUB ACTIVITIES:

This is a tentative schedule there may be changes with additions or omissions but they will be announced well in advance of meeting date. Prices listed for away missions where we leave the valley include only your transportation cost and entrance to the event. There is no food money included. If you wish to have something to eat you should plan extra money or a sack lunch.

September 26, 7:00 p.m. STAR PARTY and opening social for new club members. Place to be announced.

October 14 7:30 p.m. POKER NIGHT at the Captain's House

October 17 6:00 p.m. Costume Party in SLC with the Seventh Fleet.

October 24 Anniversary Party potluck dinner. Club to provide drinks.

November 7 Favorite Flicks - pick your favorites. Club to provide popcorn and drinks.

November- 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 ??

A Shot in the Dark by Curtis Kidd

QurtIS wandered the corridors of the VaQwI'. His last few encounters with Romulan incursions had been especially hard on his vessel, and his crew; High Command had ordered them into port for R and R and a refit. As usual, however, the Klingon Captain just didn't feel at ease off his ship. Even if it was in several pieces around him, it was his home.

"Captain?" A young technician, whose name eluded QurtIS, approached with a couple of items in hand. The Captain could see immediately why he'd been sought out.

"I don't know who did your prior repairs, but I can't find replacement parts for these anywhere."

QurtIS turned away, starting to walk to his cabin. "Those aren't repair parts. They're part of the ship's normal structure."

He took a couple of paces in silence, waiting for a reaction which didn't come. "Put them back, if they're still functional," he said, thinking perhaps the technician was smarter than he'd appeared.

The technician halted, and seemed to squirm for a moment. "Uh...sir?"

"I don't know if they're functional." QurtIS turned to face him, and the technician looked even more uncomfortable. "I've never seen anything like them before. I don't even know how they work." The admission pained him greatly.

QurtIS shrugged. "Not surprising. I think there are maybe seven ships in the Imperial Fleet fitted with those. Were the shields working before you took them out?"

The younger Klingon nodded, and QurtIS continued, "Then they're functional. Replace them where you found them and forget you ever saw them."

He spun on his heel and stalked off to his quarters, leaving the technician wondering just what kind of ship he was really working on.

QurtIS laid back on the metal slab of his bunk, thinking about the past. The VaQwI had withstood some pretty fearsome assaults since it had been commissioned, and not all of the enemies were outside the Empire. That very fact had been the primary reason for her construction in the first place.

The captain let his mind wander, reliving memories of planning out the capabilities and requirements of the vessel. A hint of a smile crossed his face as he recalled the exultation with which Qitlh, his initial helmsman and later first officer, had presented him with finished plans for a ship which had all the outer appearances of any other B'el-class Bird-of-Prey--yet possessed some singular capabilities within the Klingon fleet.

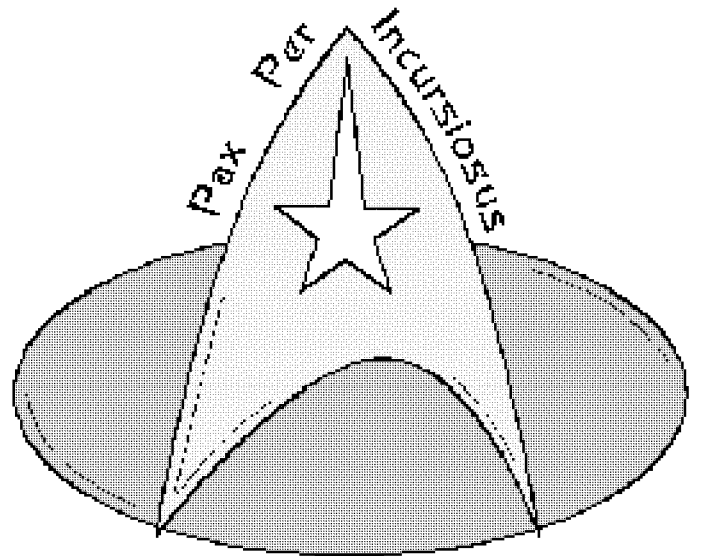
Qitlh was patrolling the far border of Klingon space, last time QurtIS had heard anything from him, while working on plans for the refit of an old

battlecruiser along similar lines. There were times, the captain surprised himself by admitting, when he missed the highly-excitabile officer.

He thought about ghecheS, his original first officer. Personal and family matters had demanded his retirement from the fleet...and for a while, they had maintained contact. It was after the fact, though, that QurtIS learned his friend had moved to another sector of space--and he wondered briefly just what might have happened; if the Dominion had succeeded in slipping a double in place of ghecheS. The captain immediately dismissed the idea, though...there was nothing to gain by it. Was there?

Thoughts of officers ran through his mind as he felt himself drifting off into a sleep which had eluded him planet-side. tamJIn, his most recent XO, had been reassigned to another sector and was settling in...she'd found a mate and was carrying her first child. Here, QurtIS chuckled softly, at the thought of what kind of warrior would spring up from that pairing. If the child had even a third of its mother's spirit, it would be a warrior of renown.

He had almost drifted off completely when something in the back of his mind became alert, dragging him back to consciousness through a haze of exhaustion. It took him a moment to realize that he had opened his eyes--he hadn't turned out the lights, but the compartment was black as starless space. And he could hear motion.



U.S.S. RENDEZVOUS
NCC-1898

He moved slightly, making noise as though he were sleeping fitfully, and slipped his hand behind the back of his bunk, where he kept a knife for his own peace of mind. He could hear the motion coming closer, though he heard no breathing. His mind raced, and it took the utmost control to keep his breathing slow and steady.

What was it? A Human or Romulan would breathe audibly...even a Cardassian, more than likely. The scaly hide of the Jem Hadar had a distinctive aroma, from the 'White' which their masters used to control them.

That thought nearly froze his blood. Could the Dominion be sending a shapechanger to replace him? The havoc they could cause from his position was sobering...broken treaties, civil wars, and worse would be in easy reach if they learned the truth.

He tensed his knife-hand; and the motion ceased for a moment, as though in response. He forced himself to relax, putting future implications out of his mind and focusing on the moment. Predator and prey, hunter and hunted--that was the way to face the situation. His body eased, and he felt an adrenaline thrill as he realized that both parties in this room played both roles here.

He recognized a sound as a datacard was slid across his desktop--that gave him a definite fix for a range and direction. He rolled off the bunk into a stabbing lunge across the floor, catching a piece of something that gave beneath the blade. There was a sound in the tone of a curse, even though he didn't recognize the word, and then he could sense nothing except the darkness.

He considered his options quickly--run, hide, or fight. Hiding was repellent to him, on general principles. Thinking about running only angered

him--this was his ship! He would not be chased out of any part of it. He backed against the wall, moving along carefully and listening with senses keyed to a fever pitch.

He finally reached his goal, and grasped two items. The first he took in his right hand, after tucking away his knife behind his back.

The second, he set upon the edge of the desk, with his hand resting on the switch.

The personal illuminator came on, shining against a bare wall. QurtIS slipped away to his left, against the wall, ready for his opponent.

The illuminator moved. QurtIS fired above it with the disrupter in his hand, making out a figure dodging to his right. He adjusted and fired again.

He never saw exactly what it was. Details were revealed only briefly by the weird glow of the disintegration effect of the disruptor. It was vaguely humanoid, and it gave off a bizarre keening sound as it vanished from before him. As soon as it was gone, the room was plunged into an eerie blackness.

QurtIS followed the wall until he found the hatch. The hall beyond was brightly lit, and he blinked against the light several times as he began running toward the bridge.

He wasted no time, but went directly to the communications console and signaled on a channel used by no more than twelve people in the Empire. The connection established, he wasted no effort on greetings or identification.

"I don't care what you have to do, but you get me a crew, get this ship fixed, and get me back underway again! I'll give you more details later!" He deactivated the channel before any acknowledgment could be sent; then sat back, all thoughts of sleep far from his racing mind.

Rendezvous Saga

by Michael Baum

"Well, what did I expect?" thought Myqol aloud. "Not every mission can be like a TV show." He chuckled. "Otherwise, the Federation would have a much higher mortality rate."

He glanced back at his copilot. He could almost hear her laughing at him. She wasn't much of a copilot, but she kept him company, manned the guns, and was great at getting into mischief. But, what could you expect from a torloqi, or a raccat as it best translated to.

"At least we're almost done," came the soothing reply on the edge of his mind.

He could tell that she was also anxious to get back to the ship as the thought of fresh berries crossed through the empathic part of his mind.

He looked back out through the cockpit at the freighter they were escorting. He could hear the soft scratching of claws on the wooden paneling as his thought drifted. "I'll have to get that replaced when we get back," he kept that thought to himself.

The Rendezvous was a good ship and had a good crew. He had already begun to feel some of what the ship went through, whether or not he was on it.

Suddenly, something clicked inside his mind and the nauseating feeling of cold dread passed over him. What if there nightmares he had been having were somehow related to real event transpiring on the Rendezvous. Whenever he had them he would awake with a screaming headache, much worse than when the ship's doctor had hyposprayed him to test him for allergies.

He heard a low hiss followed by a long growl coming from behind him.

"My feelings exactly," he said. "Would you ask Kamkar if he would check on the ship." Kamkar was the closest Myqol had to a wingman. He had also become a close friend, after choosing to fly with Myqol for as long as he had. "Oh! And ask him if he would please do so undetected." He tried to imagine the panic on the ship if Kamkar just popped in near the ship, and gave up. Kamkar would definitely make a more dramatic impact than Myqol and his ship the "Elanmoran", which roughly translated to "Ether Hawk", would make.

He looked back to watch her leave, only to see her looking back at him expectantly. He decided to answer the question that she would not ask, "Yes, you can get something to eat while you're at it." The raccat leaped onto the post in the middle of the lounge section and began climbing. "Could you get me something too?" he asked slightly hungrily as she faded from view into the space known to him from his reading as "between." He then settled in for some rest.

** begin dream sequence**

He was in his room on the Rendezvous, watching the quietness of space pass by his window. "This is definitely one advantage of being an officer. Unlike the regular crew quarters who have only display screens." Suddenly he felt that something was wrong. He glanced over at the raccat, wondering whether she sensed it too. The sleeping bandit-face answered his question, until the twitching of the ringed tail once again left him wondering.

He decided to look outside into the hallway. In the hall, there were crewmembers sprawled

everywhere. After examining a few of them, he concluded that they were all asleep. Something was obviously wrong. He was then distracted by the sounds of a struggle down the hall. He went to investigate and help if he could.

Two aliens, whose name crawled just beyond his memory were attacking the captain and Shirley. He saw Shirley go down first, followed shortly by the captain.

"Hypospray" he realized at the same time that the aliens noticed him. He could hear the growl of the raccat, who was apparently awake, coming from near his feet. He glanced down and saw that her fur was indeed standing out, making her look like some sort of prickly devil.

"We have found the strange one and his demon beast," said one of the aliens.

"Good. You know how to deal with them," came a voice over the communication system. A voice that sounded faintly familiar to Myqol, as if he had known the owner.

The aliens hesitated out of fear of the raccat for only a moment, then they rushed in. He reacted with the speed required to master the martial arts of the Cyaqurz, known as Kambalt, the "Dragon Steps". He dispatched one with a swift kick to the stomach, followed by an aerial round-house kick, and finishing with a sweeping kick. The raccat leapt upon the other's face, scratching and tearing at the alien's face until it Myqol delivered a smooth knife-hand to the back of the neck.

He then returned to his room, and grabbed his sword from its mount on the wall. The extra range would help. Besides, if they meant business, then he had better too.

When he was ready, he entered the Jeffries tubes and followed the raccat on a roundabout path toward the bridge. Why the raccat took so many of the odd paths was beyond him, but she would always know the tubes better than he.

They eventually arrived above the bridge where he could peer in to see who was commanding this invasion. What he saw stunned him. The man in charge looked human and wore a Federation captain's uniform. Yet, Myqol could sense that he was more than human. That and the fact that he looked very familiar made Myqol very nervous.

The stranger looked up, straight at where Myqol was hiding. "I was not expecting you to make it this close," he said unemotionally. "But, no matter." He shrugged. "You will still not be able to solve this mystery," he continued as Myqol felt the hypospray against his neck. Everything went black.

end dream sequence

Myqol awoke with a start, his mind blazing with pain. He tried to recount the events of the nightmare that had just ended, despite the burning anguish inside

his mind. He could not determine much, but he knew that the Rendezvous was in grave danger. He was glad that this mission was almost over so that he could return to help with whatever threatened his ship and his friends.