

STARBLIGHT

VOLUME THREE

MAY/JUNE 2011

ISSUE FIVE



MEMORIAL DAY
EDITION

From the First Officer

I'm back!!! That right folks trouble has returned to river city.

Yes that right I had computer trouble again. So I had to cut back on some things I would put in the newsletter. Your thinking, oh no, not computer trouble again. Well yes and no. The old-computer could not handle the file size of the newsletter. Even though it was the program that was telling me that the file was too large to be sent via email.

Fast forward two months. I go out and get the mother of all computers (well it is to me, anyway). The computer has a one terra-byte hard drive, and a four giga-byte memory. Yes!!! I upload all; I mean all of my music cd's. The computer looks at me and says, "Is that all you got?" So I loaded it with all the programs I had (well at least the one that was compatible with the new windows 7. This caused me to buy a new printer). Once that was a done, I check the hard drive to see how much free space I had left. My jaw went through the floor with the results. I had only used sixty-eight giga-bytes. I still had over nine hundred over giga-bytes of free space left.

As I am sitting there looking at the information, I kept hearing Dr. Evil saying, "Finally, someone got me some sharks with freakin laser on top of their heads." Well enough of that it time to put this puppy to bed.

Come on Miss Violet lets go to bed

Captain James Webb
FO/CSO

Journeys of the Brightstar Chapter 3

Stardate: 52279.4

Captain Deora recording

"It has been forty-eight hours since receiving our orders from Starfleet command. Both I and the first officer understand somewhat why Admiral Bartle couldn't be more specific or for that matter give us more information on what is going on in the Bergman solar system.

The Brightstar is heading to a specific location in the Bergman system that is just outside of the orbit of Bergman II. The system itself is on the edge of Federation/Ferengi space. To use an ancient earth saying, "we'll be close enough to the Ferengi to spit".

"Sikes do you understand what we are looking for?" The Captain asked her First Officer now the new Chief Science Officer.

"Sir, according to the information..." T'sikes started to say.

"Or lack thereof." Deora piped in.

"Yes sir. What little information they did send with our orders. I believe we are looking at three possibilities." Sikes stated while seated at science station one.

"And what are those three possibilities Captain?" Deora quizzed her number one.

"Well I think we are looking at, One. A wormhole. Two, a black hole or three, it's a, and I think this most likely, some kind of vortex to another time or dimension."

The First officer finished as he turned to face the command deck.

“Any way we can find out for sure or can we narrow that list down?” She asked her friend without annoying him.

“I’m sorry sir. That would be a no to both your question.” He answered her in a tone that let her know that she was not being annoying.

“We’re not close enough. It will be at least another forty-eight hours before we will be at the extreme edge of our sensors. Even then it will be another twenty-four hours before we know anything for sure.” T’sikes explained as he turns back to the console.

“What makes you think it is one of those three possibilities?” Deora questioned.

“According to the information that came with our orders, the U.S.S. IOWA was passing the Bergman system when their sensors pick up the phenomenon. The IOWA’s sensor logs recorded that one minute it would be there the next moment it would be gone. And when it was there, for a lack of a better term it look like a lighting storm in space.” T’sikes finished

“Why didn’t the IOWA investigate further? The captain asked.

“They would have gone into investigate further, but they were carrying much needed medical supplies that had to be delivered to Cirrus Three.” T’sikes responded.

“Yes some sort of plague has broken out there.” Deora commented absentmindedly. Captain Deora then got up from her command chair and began pacing the deck.

“Damn it number one I don’t like going into any situation with so little information.” She said with concern.

“I agree with you sir, especially since were going to be close to Ferengi space.” The First officer pointed out.

“Damn, I had forgotten about the Ferengi. As if I didn’t have enough stuff on my plate already.” Captain Deora commented while still pacing the deck. She now began rubbing the temple of her blue head, to help stop the twitching of her antennae. She then stop her pacing, turns to face the screen as trying to make a decision on what course of action to take. Once that decision was reached Deora turns to face the First Officer at science station one.

“All right this is what we’re going to do. T’sikes I want this ship on general alert as of this moment. Please make note in the ship log. We will go to yellow alert in forty-eight. As she was giving her orders the First Officer got up from science station one pointed at one of the crew to take over the station. Captain T’sikes then joined his commanding officer on the lower command deck.

“Once we’re with in twenty-four hours of the system. A decision whether or not to go to red alert will be made then.” Deora finished.

“Aye sir. If I may suggest something sir?’ Sikes acknowledge the order given and asking a question at the same time.

“Yes Captain? What did you have in mind?”
She asked

“Sir this would be the perfect opportunity to have those battle station drills.” The first officer offered.

“A little suffering for the soul, eh Captain.” They both chuckled at the comment.

“Seriously, that is an excellent ideal Sikes. But let’s save that for tomorrow.” She answered. But said something else with her twitching antennae. The First Officer got the message and acknowledges it by rubbing his nose.

“Captain you have the bridge. If you need me, I’ll be in my quarters getting some much needed paper work done.” She then turned to walk off the command deck towards the turbo-lifts.

“Aye sir. I have the bridge.” The First Officer responded. And proceeded to sit down in the chair. He then sat back in the chair and took in the various reports that is the chatter one would hear on the bridge of a starship. He did note the opening and the closing of the turbo-lift doors signifying that Captain Deora was no longer on the bridge. T’sikes opens the arm of the chair. Press a button to activate the ship wide coms.

“All hands. This is the First Officer. As of this moment this ship is on general alert status. We will remain on general alert for the next forty-eight hours at which time we will go to yellow alert. That is all.” When T’sikes had finish, a mischievous grin appeared on his face. At which time he pressed another button which activated the battle station alarm.

“ALL HANDS BATTLE STATION. I REPEAT ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATION. THIS A DRILL. I REPEAT THIS IS A DRILL.

With everyone going about their assigned task for the drill, the First Officer sat back in the chair and took in the various reports.

Up Coming Events

Here are some upcoming events.

InConJunction 31

July 1-3, 2011

Marriott East

www.inconjunction.org

Dana Dougan Olympics

July 15-17, 2011

Lieber State Parks

Earth Miracle Mile Parade

September 3, 2011

Contact U.S.S. INDIANAPOLIS

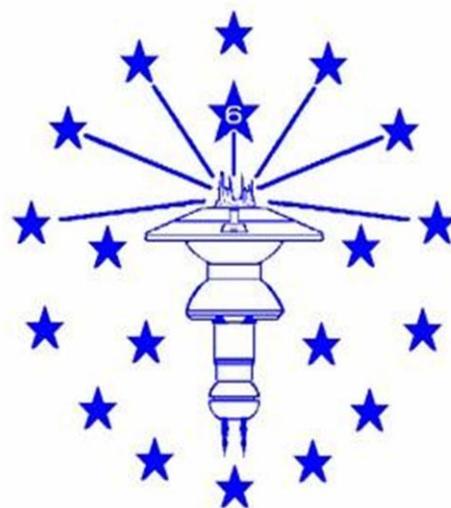
Indianapolis1945.com

STARBASE INDY

December 9-11, 2011

Marriott East

starbaseindy.com



Calling All Ships

This is for those folks out there who do not have email.

Our sisters ship the U.S.S. INDIANAPOLIS N.C.C. 1945D sent out a general request to any and all ships to join them in promoting Starbase Indy and Starfleet Command at the Miracle Mile Parade. This parade is to be held on September 3, 2011.

Fleet Captain Gene Adams asked that any ship wishing to join them, please respond by 15th, 16th, at the latest the 17th of July 2011. So that he can have the form in by August 1, 2011. He also requests that any ships that will be joining them, to let him know how many people from said ship will be joining them.

Anyone having question or to let them know by contacting Fleet Captain Gene Adam at captadams1@sbcglobal.net

Star Trek Good News, Bad News

You all have heard that there will defiantly be another Star Trek movie. Paramount announced a summer 2012 release date. That was the good news.

Now the bad news. That may not be realistic or even possible. Abrams who just released "Super 8" has finally commented to directing the next Trek movie. The writers Roberto Orci, Alex Kurtzman, and Damon Lindelof have only managed a 70 to 80 page outline. This is because of two reasons, 1 the writers were waiting to see if or when J.J. Abrams would comment to directing the next Trek movie. 2. The writer were busy with projects of their own. Kurtzman just directed "Welcome to People", Orci has been busy with "Cowboys & Aliens, and

is helping in the preparation of the Hood-directed sci-fi epic "Ender's Game." And Lindelof has been rewriting "Prometheus".

Unconfirmed sources at UGO, DEADLINE: HOLLYWOOD, and Trekmovie.com, say that Paramount and Abrams may push back the release date to the holiday season of 2012. Oh well, you remember the trouble they had with the last Trek movie. Because of a writers strike, the movie wasn't released until May of 2009. Maybe this is good sign.

Tales of the Defiant Chapter 7

When we entered the ready room Captain Worf stood up and went to the computer screen and asked Miles, "Is the downloading completed?"

"Yes sir. The Surak, K'tesh and the Hellsfire report that they are ready to get underway. They also report that they are prepared to initiate phase two upon your command, sir."

"Thank you Commander O'Brien." Captain Worf turned his attention to the staff and began the briefing as he sat down at the table.

"Captain and crew members of the Defiant, six years ago the Empire under took a most daring and risky operation ever devised. Six years ago plans were drawn up for the most powerful ship every envisioned."

Captain Worf turned towards the screen, "Computer run Empire One."

And within a nano-second the screen lit up with a set of schematics that took everyone's breath away.

"This is their newest class of starship for lack of a better term; it's the Crossover Class Warship."

As I listened to what Captain Worf was saying, I noticed that the name was different. Instead of naming the first ship the name of the class like we do, this one was named I.S.S. Defiant registry number I.C.C. 1630-D. I then listened more intently to what Captain Worf was saying about this vessel.

"This ship was not built for exploration, nor was it built for conquering or controlling a vast empire. This ship was built for complete and utter destruction of whatever stood in its way. As you can see, this ship has six warp nacelles, two phaser cannons, one upper and one lower and the usual assortment of phaser and photon torpedoes."

As I looked at the schematics I noticed a couple of things that looked kind of odd on this ship. "Sir?" I queried.

"Yes Lieutenant, you have a question?" Captain Worf asked me.

"Yes sir, um those two bulges at the rear of the ship, those are not shuttle bays are they?" Captain Worf got up from the table and went over to the screen and pointed to the bulges in question.

"You mean these two here on the upper and lower aft end?"

"Yes sir."

"No, they are not shuttle bays. In fact, that's where they keep the clean atomics," he answered calmly as his right hand reached over and touched a button on the computer.

And what came up on the screen spelled certain doom for the Federation and all known species and governments in our universe.

"OH MY GOD CAPTAIN!" Mike and I yelled at the top of our voice unintentionally.

"What is it you two?" the Captain jerked his head towards us, his face a mask of wary concern.

Mike and I looked at each other and he pointed to me and said, "You tell him."

"Captain, if I'm reading these schematics right, they have enough atomic power to literally crack open a planet..." but before I could finish my analogy, Captain Worf finished it for me.

"In essence Captain, causing a planet's self-destruction."

When Worf stated this fact so quietly everyone turned white with fright, with the exception of Lieutenant Keller, whose android eyes widened trying to mimic the behavior of the others.

Commander Sisko asked, "Captain Worf how many of these ships have been built?"

It took a few moments for Captain Worf to speak and when he did, he spoke with anger in his voice. Worf began to pace around the conference room, trying to work off some of his anger and to regain control of his temper.

"Commander Sisko, when we got the file on the Defiant you see on the screen had been commissioned and was just beginning her trial runs. The Bounty was still under construction and was awaiting her warp nacelles. The Halsey keel had just been laid. They were all located at the Sol I shipyards." Worf walked back over to the table, sat down and continued speaking.

"Gentlemen, this was just three weeks ago. Two weeks ago our alliance attacked this facility and destroyed the Halsey, severely damaged the Bounty, but the Defiant was out of the docks on a trial run when we attacked.

When we realized that the Defiant was not there, we did what damage we could to the Halsey and the Bounty and we had begun to retreat when the Defiant answered the distress call sent from Sol I."

Miles was trying to restrain himself, suddenly burst out, "The bloody Defiant took out a fourth of the fleet before we could mount a fighting retreat!!!"

AT EASE COMMANDER!!!" Worf bellowed at Miles.

"That's understandable Miles. We all lost friends that day." As Worf said this he was looking at me, and at that moment I had an idea what had happened to my double.

"Captain, why are you giving us this information?" questioned Captain Bartle his eyes locked on to Captain Worf.

"It's essentially this Captain. They want your universe or at the very least to control it. When the Enterprise D, under the command of Captain Picard, was pulled into our universe, they were after their doubles, so they could spy on all the governments in your universe. When that failed, they did not simply go home and lick their wounds. You see, they knew that you would have some type of defense ready for them when they returned. And the reason they want to return, no let me rephrase that. The reason they have to return is that they cannot expend anymore for the simple reason of distance that one can travel in a lifetime. With your help we must stop the crossover research to protect your universe from being taken over and so that the alliance can put an end to this bloody civil war. We have a plan that if you agree to help, we will brief you on it," Worf said as he stopped well short of what he obviously wanted to say.

The Captain sat there just contemplating what had just been said. After what seemed like hours, the Captain finally spoke.

"Captain Worf, how much do you know about our Prime Directive?" Captain Bartle said this not so much as a question, but more as a statement.

"You can't be serious, Gary. You're not going to do anything but just sit back and watch?" Worf roared, standing up and leaning forward putting his palms down on the black table. Everyone else pulled back into their seats expecting Worf to go over the table at the Captain.

Captain Bartle leaned forward in an equally pugnacious manner and coldly replied. "That's exactly what I mean Worf. That's why the Prime Directive came into being, to keep us from interfering into things that are none of our concern!" The Captain yelled back.

"Captain, you don't understand what's this is all about!" Worf said with a plea as he fell back into his chair.

"Worf, I do understand," the Captain said in a sympathetic tone as he was getting up from the table when Worf dropped the bomb (excuse the phrase from 20th century slang.)

"Captain, you truly don't understand, you have to help us. In one month your Prime Directive won't mean a thing because there will be no United Federation of Planets for the Prime Directive to operate."

With that Captain Bartle collapsed back down in his chair with an audible thump.

"What do you mean there will be no Federation in one month?" the Captain asked with renewed concern.

"When we managed to steal these plans they also came with an order for twelve more ships to be built," Worf patiently explained.

"Twelve more ships!" I exclaimed looking first to Worf and then to the Captain.

"Yes Lieutenant, twelve more ships. And there are orders pulling just about every ship off their regular patrol routes to rendezvous points in six different staging areas around the alpha quadrant. Their plan is to make one massive jump of men, ships and equipment to your universe in an all-out effort to conquer as much territory as they can before there can be any type of defense put up."

"And those planets, people or solar system that resist them, well you already know what those twelve ships are for," Worf shrugged.

As the Captain was taking all this in, a strange expression came over his face, something between anger and resentment at being trapped into making a decision he did not want to make.

"Captain Worf, when do you need an answer on this?" Captain Bartle asked in a militaristic manner.

"Captain Bartle, in order for this to work, we need to brief you no later than tomorrow morning."

"I understand Worf; you'll have my decision in two hours. If there isn't anything else, then that's it. Everyone is dismissed."

With that everyone left the room with the exception of the Captain. With this kind of decision to be made, this is one of those times that I didn't want to be in the Captain's chair.

Next Time Tales of the Defiant Chapter 8

Look Who Having a Birthday

Birthday in the month of May

May 5 Marc Alaimo (DuKat)

May 20 John Billingsley (Dr. Phlox)

May 23 Joan Collins (Edith Keeler)

May 30 Colm Meaney (Miles O'Brien)

May 30 Michael Piller (Producer)

Birthday in the month of June

June 1 Rene Auberjonois (Odo)

June 2 Anthony Montgomery (Ens. Mayweather)

June 5 Marc Worden (Alexander)

June 6 Jeri Taylor (Producer)

June 22 Tim Russ (Lt. Tuvok)

June 28 Alice Krieger (Borg Queen)



That all for now folks.
See you next time.
Same Bat Channel,
Same Bat Time.