



Blue Alert

Excellencia in Defero - Excellence in Communication



A Letter from the Editor by CAPT SF Warp

This issue of the Blue Alert is the Final Edition. There will be no more Blue Alert newsletters after publication of this issue. That doesn't mean that OSB will no longer have a news and entertainment outlet for you. It will indeed. But it will have a new name and a new face, and we intend to make it even better.

For this issue, the writers of the BA staff have chosen to have a favorite article or story of theirs published in this issue, so nearly every article and story is from the past, even the BA Writing Contest teaser. The two fortnightly stories and the puzzles are the only items that are current. Now here's your BA Trivia challenge: find out what past issues of the Blue Alert each article and story came from, and find out who wrote each Haiku poem. Then PM your answers to me. Your names and kudos will be published in the newsletter to debut in February.

Finally, the Blue alert has had a long and splendid run. Editing the BA has been a journey of learning like no other I've ever had. I've found I can do things I had never even dreamed of. I shall miss you, Blue Alert! Farewell!

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Teen Trekking by CDR Kira marys Feature Writer

My journey to Toronto Trek filled my mind with souvenirs and my camera with pictures! Once developed, I brought the photos to high school to show them to my spanish teacher; a small woman with infinite wisdom and a Trekker at heart. As I was displaying and explaining the photos to her, a student walked behind us.

"AAAAAARRRRHHHH!!!! STAAAARR TREEEKK!!!!", he cawed to the top of his lungs, unconcerned that his big mouth and owl's eyes would attract tittle-tattle from his fellow "normal" comrades. He was a freak. Hence I liked him already. ^ _ ^

Jay soon became my best friend. He introduced me to my soul-sister Erin O'Connor, currently assigned to Online Starbase. Along with a bunch of friends, we would end up in someone's basement watching Star Trek episodes. Then we'd move the couches around and build ourselves a bridge. Jay and I were totally into the act.

"Captain! Romulan Warbird decloaking off our starboard bow!" I warned.

"Ready phasers and photon torpedoes."

"Aye Sir! Weapons ready!"

We all shook from the Romulan weapons exploding on our outer hull. All except Jay, who literally flew across the room to crash like a redshirt.

"Weapons are down Captain! Unable to return fire!"

"Houston, we have a problem!" says Jay, making me roll on the floor laughing.

On one special evening, our group of five decided to push the role play to the next level. We'd actually go on an away mission! So we filled a backpack with food and carried our flashlights into the dark of a tiny French Canadian village. The narrow streets were dead silent. They led us to a field which we boldly crossed until we reached some railroad tracks. We stopped by the tracks right under a wooden bridge built on top of a small ravine. It was a cool place to hang out. And a spooky one. The earth began to tremble under our feet. We all looked at each other in dismay. Could it be? I stretched my head out... A train was coming!!! No way! We stormed out of there like the world was about to crush us. And I felt like it nearly did!

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What You Leave Behind

By: **LT Kira Marys**



As you all know, our beloved Rear Admiral steps down from the command chair after two great years at the head of Online Starbase. Retirement. From the greatest Star Trek space station there is! This event no doubt deserves to be underlined. As Captain Picard would say, let's "make it so."

In order to accomplish that goal, what better way than to cite the pillar man himself in a "What you leave behind" interview? Without further adieu, I present to you Rear Admiral Ryan Wesley Dean!

LT Kira Marys: Rear Admiral Dean, your flight at the helm of Online Starbase left its warp signature along the way. What do you consider to be your greatest achievements in those two years of space leading?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: I would like to consider my greatest achievement to be that of transforming OSB into a visual experience, something many Trek sites have moved away from over the years. I wanted to keep the starbase grounded in its roots but with a more futuristic look. Along with that I consider many policies I authorized which are member-centered to be in the category of greatest achievements as well.

LT Kira Marys: What will you miss the most about commanding the starbase?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: Authorizing promotions, recognizing people for contributions, and being able to make a difference in the online environment.

LT Kira Marys: Is there an aspect of your job that you would have liked to throw out the airlock?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: No. At times there were challenges, at times everything ran smoothly. However, every part of the assignment has helped shape my own membership and how I have defined my role at OSB.

LT Kira Marys: Which personal object has the most chances of inadvertently being left behind?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: A pair of uniform boots. This way, someone may literally "fill my shoes."

LT Kira Marys: Name something you would never leave behind and explain why.

RADM Ryan W. Dean: My old Fleet Captain pips. My time served as Fleet Captain aboard Online Starbase was very memorable and that which helped propel me to the CO assignment.

LT Kira Marys: If you could use your phaser against any world known celebrity, who would it be and why?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: My Federation lawyers have advised me not to answer this question!

LT Kira Marys: Since you are leaving your post Sir, let's see where it could take you... Suppose I give you a shuttle to anywhere, where would that be?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: Lake Como, Italy.

LT Kira Marys: Just before the curtain falls Rear Admiral, what thoughts would you like to leave behind?

RADM Ryan W. Dean: I'd like all members to know that Online Starbase will only continue to succeed through participation by members. While there will be staff in charge, the site is only managed by them. This community will continue to prosper only if it is a place in which members collectively continue to combine talents, enthusiasm, drive, and do so with the goal of working to build the community through contribution.



To Interfere or Not to Interfere

A Prime Directive Dilemma

by **CAPT Yu'Wanna**

Deputy Chief, Public Relations

What if you've just found yourself in a middle of a conflict that doesn't concern you? Furthermore, you find out that some of the people involved turn out to be taking advantage of the others? You have the opportunity to help the abused ones, who, by the way, have no idea in what way they are being abused, but the Prime Directive forbids you to interfere. This is the moral dilemma Picard and the Enterprise crew are facing in TNG's first-season episode Symbiosis.

The U.S.S. Enterprise answers a distress signal from a disabled freighter and manages to beam four individuals aboard along with their ship's cargo. Immediately after coming aboard, the new passengers start to argue over the cargo right in front of the crew's puzzled eyes.

But who are they, these three men and one woman, and what is the issue regarding the cargo? Two of them are from the technically advanced planet of Ornara. The other two are from its neighboring planet, Brekka.

Picard is told that the precious cargo is in fact a remedy for a deadly plague which has been affecting Omara's population for two centuries. The remedy can be manufactured nowhere else but on Brekka, whose people provide it to the Ornarans in exchange for food and other basic necessities. Now the two Brekkians claim the Ornarans did not pay for their cargo, and they want to take it back to Brekka, while the Ornarans claim they already paid for the precious cargo and they desperately need it, or they will die. And Picard, who was only trying to save a disabled ship, suddenly lands as mediator of this conflict, against his will.

Meanwhile, Dr. Crusher makes a discovery that complicates the situation even more: she finds out that the so called cure is in fact a narcotic, which makes the Ornarans are a race of drug addicts, unaware of their addiction!

It seems the Brekkians "have forgotten" to let the Ornarans know that the plague is not deadly and has already been cured two centuries ago. So they have instead allowed the Ornarans to become addicted to the fake cure of a no longer existing plague. Why? According to the crew's investigation, the two worlds took different paths, beginning several thousand years ago. Omara became technologically sophisticated, Brekka did not. Then two hundred years ago, Ornara was stricken by a devastating plague. Their advanced technology could provide no solution. Somehow, the cure was found in a plant indigenous to only Brekka, and which resisted all attempts at cultivation on Ornara. In any case, a trading situation developed which still exists. "A nice arrangement for the Brekkians."* Sarcastically points out Dr. Crusher, as they've found out the Brekkians have developed no other industry but the production of the "magic cure" they call felicism which they trade to Ornarans in exchange for the rest of their necessities.

From that point on, another conflict arises between Picard and Crusher as Picard, citing the Prime Directive, refuses to inform the Ornarans that the Brekkians have been

deceiving them for 200 years. Crusher strongly disagree with Picard's choice, claiming the Ornarans are being exploited. She would not only tell them the truth, but also provide them with help to ease the withdrawal pains.

However, Picard chooses not to tell the Ornarans the truth, but instead, he cleverly "takes care" of the Brekkians by withdrawing an earlier offer to repair the Ornaran freighter ship, which will destroy the possibility of contact between the two worlds. This way, the Ornarans will be unable to honor their trade agreement and will be forced to overcome their addiction.

This is one of the strongest moral conflicts that have ever emerged between Picard and Crusher. While Crusher's sense of compassion towards the suffering ones made her believe it was very cruel and they could have helped them Picard tried to justify his actions from the perspective of the Prime Directive:

"CRUSHER: When the Felicism runs out, the people of Ornara will suffer horrible withdrawal pains.

PICARD: No doubt, but they will pass.

CRUSHER: That seems so cruel. We could have made their burden easier.

PICARD: Could we have? Perhaps in the short term. But to what end? Hold. Beverly, the Prime Directive is not just a set of rules. It is a philosophy, and a very correct one. History has proved again and again that whenever mankind interferes with a less developed civilisation, no matter how well intentioned that interference may be, the results are invariably disastrous.

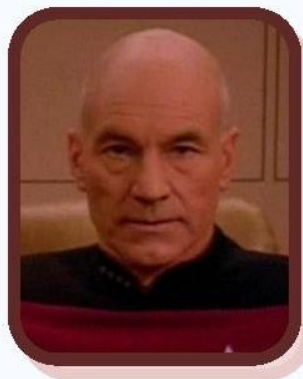
CRUSHER: It's hard to be philosophical when faced with suffering.

PICARD: Believe me, Beverly, there was only one decision.

CRUSHER: I just hope it was the right one.

PICARD: And we may never know.*

So, who was right in the end, regarding this delicate matter? Picard or Crusher? Or both? While I can understand where they both stand, I cannot offer an answer. What would you have done if you had walked in Picard's shoes? Have you ever encountered similar situations in your daily life? A discussion topic will be opened in the TNG thread and I would love to hear your opinions on this moral dilemma.... ♦



*<http://www.chakoteya.net/NextGen/123.htm>

Officer Profile

Murray, the Station Tribble

By: CDR Yu'wanna

Internal PR Section Leader / Feature Writer



It's finally happening: the most controversial "officer" on our Starbase is finally revealing himself! My friendship with Murray is no news to you. What you do not know is that I've been trying to convince Murray to let me interview him for months now, and he finally agreed. In case you wonder, Murray is neither a he, nor a she. We decided to call Murray a "he" because it's easier to communicate. Murray resents being referred to as "it".

Name: **Murray**

Age: classified

Position on the Starbase: Station Tribble - The official mascot of the OSB, occasional undercover agent

Location: somewhere on the OSB (the exact location: classified)

Hobbies: eating, drinking, making pranks, studying other species, solving mysteries, helping people in need

Enjoys: being spontaneous, living life at its fullest, relaxing, purring,

Hates: Bob (no, he does not hate Klingons, he is just allergic to them)

Guilty Pleasures: annoying certain officers, Targs and Klingons; stealing cookies

First Encountered Star Trek: on stardate 4523.3 - the incident known as "The Trouble with Tribbles"

Other Interesting Facts :

- Understands all known languages in the Universe
- Is the fastest known Tribble - no one has been able to catch him so far
- Has found the secret of eternal youth; and before most of you start hunting him down, you should know it only works for Tribbles....
- Can change the colour of his fur at will

CDR Yu'Wanna: How did you and Star Trek meet?

Murray: If you really want to find out, watch TOS: The Trouble with Tribbles. I was the very first Tribble purring within Federation space. Yes, I'm that old! *laughing purr*

CDR Yu'Wanna: Which is the most valuable thing you have learned from Star Trek?

Murray: "To boldly purrr where no one has purrrred before!"

CDR Yu'Wanna: What is your favourite Star Trek species and why?

Murray: Tribbles, obviously. *laughs* In fact, I like most of the species, except Klingons. I'm allergic to Klingons. But if I have to choose a favourite, that would be...*thinking*...cats, no doubt.

CDR Yu'Wanna: Your favourite ST character and why?

Murray: Spot, the cat. He is one of my best friends.

CDR Yu'Wanna: Any plans for the future you wish to share with us?

Murray: Nope, I am a Tribble of the present moment. I never plan anything, just enjoy all the opportunities life has to offer.

CDR Yu'Wanna: The things you like and dislike most about yourself and about other people?

Murray: I just love myself, and I love everybody. Except Bob. I hate Bob. I really do. Do not ask me why, it's classified!

CDR Yu'Wanna: How long have you been on the OSB? On what circumstances did you join the Starbase?

Murray: Oh, I'm on the Base from the very beginning. But at that time I preferred to stay hidden and just observe people. I find it fascinating to observe other life forms. I managed to sneak around for years, without anyone noticing my presence, when, suddenly, in February 2009, Lieutenant Danny Clark saw me. I thought it was no use hiding anymore. They called me Murray. It's not my real name, but I like it. It gives me the feeling that I've been accepted as a family member. Ever since, there were dozens of officers trying to catch me and this is kind of funny, because no one has been able to catch me before and no one will, of course. *laughs and purrs*

CDR Yu'Wanna: What is your real name then?

Murray: Trust me you won't be able to purr it. *laughing purr*

CDR Yu'Wanna: What do you like most about the Online Starbase?

Murray: This is the most unusual Starbase I've ever been to, actually. I like that fact that there are so many people from different parts of the Galaxy, of different cultures working, sharing ideas and having fun together. I also like all the sweets and cookies I find around. My favourite is chocolate, but I usually eat anything sweet. And I will come after your Fig Newtons someday, Mr.Warp. *laughing purr*

CDR Yu'Wanna: Tribbles are known to reproduce every twelve hours. How did you manage to solve this issue?

Murray: It is one of the side effects of immortality. I took that decision long time ago, because, if I hadn't, it would have endangered all the places I've been. And I've been to many places, believe me. I sometimes get depressed because I can't have offspring, but then I go under treatment and I usually recover quickly.

CDR Yu'Wanna: I know you occasionally work as an undercover agent for the Federation. I also know you saved the Starbase on several occasions. What can you tell us about that?

Murray: Nothing, really, that is top secret information. Sorry! Though I consider myself more like a Private Eye rather than an undercover agent. I just like solving mysteries and annoying bad guys. Ok, I admit: I like annoying people who think I am dangerous. Because actually I am not. *smiles*

CDR Yu'Wanna: What about your evil twin, or twins?

Murray: Oh, they're harmless, actually. Just envious of my skills and popularity on the OSB.

CDR Yu'Wanna: What words of wisdom do you have for new members to OSB that would help them get integrated?

Murray: New fellow officers, hear me out: if I, Murray the hunted Tribble, managed to integrate, I'm sure you will, too!

CDR Yu'Wanna: Anything else you wish to add?

Murray: I wish all of you a Merry Trix-Mas (Trixmas: Tribbles' Christmas) and a Happy New Year! Purrrrr.....

◆◆◆◆

Hailing Frequencies Open - In Memoriam: Gene Roddenberry

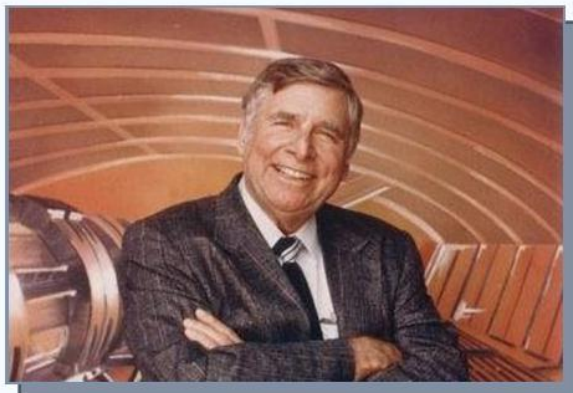
Contributed by: CDR Yu"Wanna

October 24, 1991-One of the saddest dates in Star Trek history. Gene Roddenberry, creator of Star Trek, passed away that day, leaving behind his wife, Majel Barrett-Roddenberry, who survived him by 17 years, as well as three children and millions of fans. He'd been ill for a while with a variety of ailments that had forced him to pull back from his day-to-day work on The Next Generation. But it was still a shock when word spread that the 70-year-old Roddenberry suffered a blood clot in his heart and died at a Los Angeles hospital.

People can, do and always will debate who came up with this humanistic notion or who thought of that unforgettable character or eye-popping alien race or daring/thought-provoking/allegorical storyline for the original Star Trek. People can, do and will credit those around Roddenberry for helping him realize TOS and The Next Generation, both before his passing and for the two decades since, and for building upon that foundation with Deep Space Nine, Voyager, Enterprise, as well as the subsequent TOS and Next Generation feature films and, of course, the recent reboot feature. People can, do and will continue to comment on Roddenberry as a decent yet flawed man, husband, father and friend.

But let's be clear: Roddenberry created Star Trek. There'd be no other shows and no movies, conventions, toys, clothes or StarTrek.com were it not for Roddenberry, the former cop and decorated World War II pilot. Star Trek was his baby, the groundbreaking product of his creative vision and vivid imagination as a storyteller, and he possessed the talent and tenacity to see it through, to get it on the air, when few believed his "Wagon Train to the Stars" would fly. It flew, all right.

It's still flying high -- and may it continue to do so for many, many years to come. ♦



*startrek.com

*<http://www.startrek.com/article/remembering-gene-roddenberry>

Teen Trekking

(continued from page 1)

Beyond the railroad tracks was a dirt path severed by a fissure. Would we let a crack put an end to our journey? Nah, of course not! Well... Erin's sister disagreed. Poor girl. We had to convince her to jump. It was risky but we all made it safe and sound to the woods. In order to cover more ground, we split our away team into two groups. We honestly didn't know what we were looking for nor why we were doing it but we knew we had to cover more ground!



Jay and I decided to spice up the story. We halted by a stream where I covered myself with mud. We made it look like I had been attacked. Jay hid in the bushes nearby while I lay motionless by the brook. We waited... Waited... Nothing happened. No one came. Not even the mosquitoes! Disappointed, we rose up and took the direction in which our friends had disappeared. We met them on a trail, coming our way.

"Where have you been?" asked Jay.

"We've been hiding to ambush you but you never came!!!" explained Erin.

DAH!!!! @_@ ♦

A Nugget from Commander Logan:

Did you know that the Master Situation Monitor (the big display of the ship in Engineering) on the Enterprise-D included a number of in-jokes, including "the official USS Enterprise duck, the ship's mouse, a Porsche, a DC-3 airplane, the Nomad space probe, and the hamster on a treadmill that was alleged to be the true source of power for the ship's warp engines." *

*Sources: Memory Alpha; the Star Trek Encyclopedia

CONGRATULATIONS

Departmental Advancement HOORAHs

(Effective: Stardate 201112.18)

Advanced to Deputy Chief, Public Relations Dept.
CDR SF Warp

Advanced to Internal PR Section Leader
CDR Kira Marys

Calendar of Events

Article Submission for Blue Alert Newsletter

Place: PM to CDR SF Warp
Time: 2359 OST, 8 February 2012

Anyone wanting to be published in our newsletter must submit their articles by the 8th of each month.

Starfleet Alerts - Part IV

by **CDR Logan Kale**
Sr. PR Correspondent

Blue Alert - This alert was mostly used on a vessel with landing capabilities, such as the Intrepid-class starship. A blue alert was called as an indication that the ship was preparing either to land or to take off. When a blue alert was called, the crew would need to report to code blue stations in order to aid in the landing/liftoff procedures. Blue alert was the minimum required ship status for landing an Intrepid-class starship. The USS Voyager did make a landing while at red alert (see previous Article) without switching to blue alert status.*

Blue Alert was used in the event of imminent environmental systems failure or disruption. It was called in order to help affected personnel escape or safeguard their lives. It is known to have been used on the USS Enterprise-D for this purpose.*

Blue Alert was also used on Starfleet Vessels and Outposts for Docking and Separation Procedures. The first known use of the Blue Alert was aboard the refitted USS Enterprise where the lighting turned blue as they prepared to enter space-dock.*

Another known use of Blue Alert was aboard the USS Defiant, it was used for when engaging the Cloaking Device.*

I have it on good authority that a well known star base has named its newsletter, which it issues every month "Blue Alert."

This concludes the 'Starfleet Alert' series. I hope you have enjoyed reading all about the various Alerts used aboard ship and on station by Starfleet. ♦

*Source: Memory Alpha.

OSB Writing Contest

By: **CDR SF Marshall Crockett**
Chief, Dept of Public Relations

The Public Relations Department is always looking for creative writers. Contest Submission Guidelines are:

Maximum Length: 750 Words

Deadline: 8th of the following month, 2359 OST; PM CDR Crockett

Topic: Finish the starter at the bottom of this section

Genre: Any Star Trek genre is acceptable

Don'ts: Don't kill off any main characters, have relations between any characters beyond the ones established in ST canon, use foul language, overt sexual innuendo or verbiage, or any other distasteful item not covered here but would make you go, "What? Cmon! Seriously?"

[FEB] TOPIC: "The away team consisted of the Chief Engineer, two security personnel and the captain. As they materialized in the great chamber they came face t face with more than fifty armed guards. 'Please lower your weapons,' one of them said."

WINNER WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!!

PM your entry to CAPT SF Warp

What I Like Most About Service Aboard OSB

by **LTJG James T. Kirk**
Correspondent

Well, where to begin? There are so many things to enjoy about OSB. If I am to pick the thing I enjoy most, it is the friendly service that is provided. The staff is excellent and all are there to help you. From the first time you step on board you are treated like family.

I also enjoy the rank system. It isn't just based on how much you post; it's based on your understanding of the rules and regulations of the starbase. So you can get really well integrated.

There are so many things to do around the base. For one: Department service. A great way to get involved. As Admiral Dean likes to say, "Participate, Promote, get involved." There are also games you can join. The OSB Book Club is amazing and the USS Phoenix simm is fun as well.

All in all, the staff will always be there to help you out with any questions you have to ask. ♦

Members' Haiku Poetry

Inner confusion
The injured mind doubts itself
Though there are four lights!

(inspired by TNG ep.
Chains of Command)



An emotion chip
Longing for humanity-
An android's hope...

Now and forever
The Starfleet ship Enterprise
Will live on in our hearts

To fly faster than
A Tribble can reproduce-
Tribbelocity...

Starship Enterprise
Into the great void it went
On another trek

In a galaxy
Not so far far away- a
Lost ship-Voyager...

The final frontier -
Last hope of humanity-
Lies within our dreams...

Star Ship Enterprise
Bravely trekking through the
stars
Where no one has gone

A sad tribble in
The shadow of a warbird-
Klingon depression.

The troubled tribble
Pondered in desperation
The best solution.

Bones- ship physician
Ill at ease in outer space,
He's a doc, not a

Outer space awaits.
A ship, by name, Enterprise
Heads into the void.

Spot-a ball of fur
and an indifferent "meow"
melting Data's heart....

The M-113 Creature

By: **LTJG Khan Noonien Singh**
Correspondent

The M-113 (also known as a Salt Vampire) was the name given to a now extinct creature that once lived on Planet M-113.

The creature stood a little over one and a half meters tall. It had brownish skin with purple highlights. Face had sagging folds, together with yellow eyes, gave it a saddened appearance. The mouth was a kind of an inverted snout, within which were several sharp teeth. The body was covered in a stringy whitish hair. The creature also wore a brown, net like garment and had the proportions of a typical humanoid with two arms and two legs, each hand having three thick fingers.



M-113 Creature

Each of the three fingers had sucker-like feeding organs. The creature used the extracted salt from its prey; a process that was painful, and left a reddish ring like mottling on the skin. The creature could also ingest pure salt through its mouth.

M-113 were stronger, stronger than Vulcans. A single backhand from one was sufficient enough to stun Spock; by contrast he hit the creature several times with double handed punches to no avail.

M-113 were also highly intelligent, capable of carrying on conversations with other intelligent beings. Some form of telepathy enabled them to draw an image from the mind of someone near; this usually of someone trustworthy and appealing. This image in turn enabled the creature to approach its prey easily. At close range, the creature could fascinate or mentally paralyze its prey, preventing it from escaping even if it saw the creature's actual form. The creature could feed equally well in its natural form or while projecting one of these images. When the USS Enterprise's landing party first encountered it, each member saw a different version of Nancy Crater, although they didn't realize it.

The M-113 Creature could feed on Humans, but either could not, or did not wish to, feed on Spock. He theorized that his copper-based blood salts were unappealing or not nourishing.

In 2266, the Enterprise visited M-113 for routine medical checks of the two scientists working there. At that time, they encountered what was, according to Professor Robert Crater, the last of the M-113 creatures. This particular creature evidently saw Humans chiefly as food. As there was no opportunity to question it, it is unclear if this attitude arose from desperation or if it was the natural outlook of the species; either way it proved dangerous.

In 2264 or 2265, it murdered the real Nancy Crater, an act that almost drove Crater to destroy it. In the end, the

fact that it was the last of its kind, or perhaps its ability to assume any form, stayed his hand, and he lived with it for a year or more.

At the time the landing party arrived in 2266, The Crater expedition was dangerously low on salt, the creature's natural food. The creature's hunger drove it to murder crewmen Darnell, Sturgeon and Green on the surface of M-113; as Nancy Crater, it blamed Damell's death on ingestion of a Borgia plant. Impersonating crewman Green, it returned to Enterprise, where chance saved Yeoman Janice Rand from becoming its next victim. It followed her when she brought Sulu his dinner, and might have murdered both officers except that Beauregard, a curious plant in Sulu's botany collection, scared it off.

An encounter with Uhura, as a crewman drawn from her mind, also proved frustrating for it. Seconds from killing her, it was distracted by Sulu and Rand. It later murdered an engineering technician named Barnhart on Deck 9.

Around this time, Kirk and Spock found Professor Crater on the surface of M-113, and returned to the ship with him. The creature, then impersonating McCoy, sat in on a staff meeting at which it learned that Crater know how to identify it. Before Crater could reveal (or be made to reveal) how this might be done, the creature murdered him, attempted to feed on Spock (who survived presumptively due to the differing composition of Vulcan's blood salts), and fled to McCoy's quarters. Kirk found it there, and attempted to lure it to him with salt. In the resulting scuffle, it overpowered Kirk and began to feed on him. It wasn't until the creature dropped its hypnotic, and Kirk began to scream from the pain of salt extraction, that McCoy shot and killed the creature. ♦

The Verdict is In

by **LT James T. Kirk**
Correspondent

A couple of weeks before the end of the year I was asked by Captain Jade if I could judge the weekly captain contest. I gladly accepted. To begin with it seemed quite easy, but as the week went on and the captains kept on coming, it became harder to judge and pick out the best three.

Now although it sounds easy at first, look then pick three, you would be sadly mistaken. Mainly because of the quite simple fact that after a while when lots of people have entered, it becomes impossible. Most of the ones I looked at had both criteria I looked for in a winning caption. In the end after much deliberation I made my decision.

Admiral Dean: 3rd Place

Lt Cdr Boudreau: 2nd Place

Cdr Crockett: 1st Placed

Overall judging the captain contest is a fun thing but at times it can be quite difficult. If you want to try your hand at judging the contest, contact Capt Jade and get ready for the toughest decision you'll have to make. ♦

Officer At Large

Reflections of Bones

Fiction by LCDR Marshall T. Crockett

In my continuing quest to learn more about this undiscovered country we call space, I routinely book passage on a variety of freighters, unflagged vessels, and other ships of questionable repute. Over the course of the past month I have taken a number of small jaunts to relatively benign planetoids and even a few desolate moons. I keep telling myself, "it's all about the quest..." But, that never seems to overshadow the fact that I've had a pretty lackluster month.

During my voyage to Delta Upsilon VI, a small class 'M' planet that was rumored to have a strange form of indigenous plant life able to survive in water that would, on most other planets, kill all vegetation, I had time to relax and reminisce about some of my more favorite experiences in Starfleet. One such encounter was with the venerable Dr. Leonard H. "Bones" McCoy.

I was actually a young cadet at the academy, two years from graduating and entering the communications field, when I happened to run into Dr. McCoy at an academy function. I had volunteered to emcee a dinner in which the Commandant, Admiral Chamberlain Fuller, was receiving the Distinguished Service Cross from the Starfleet Commander. The program was very interesting, but the best was yet to come.

From the back of the room, about half way through the ceremony, I noticed a slight man enter. He was in a crimson and black Starfleet Dress uniform and his hair was a sophisticated combination of gray and white. His escort was none other than the Starfleet commander. It sure looked like Dr. McCoy...but he wasn't in the program as a presenter OR a guest speaker. As the slideshow continued behind me, I watched...in great anticipation...to see who was advancing toward the stage.

In short order, my mouth dropped; it was Dr. Leonard McCoy, and he was walking right toward me. The exploits of the crew he was part of and the stories of that historic five-year mission, the experience with the V-ger probe, the near-death experience during his encounter with Khan that resulted in the death of his best friend, the carrying of Spock's katra to the point of near insanity, the travel back in time to save earth from an orbiting probe, the search for Sha-Ka-Ri, and the escape from Rura Penthe in time to save the Khitomer Peace Conference were all required learning. And, there he stood, not more than three feet from me with his hand extended.

"Leonard McCoy," he said with a wry smile.

"Well, of course, sir. It is, indeed, a great honor to meet you," I replied while not knowing really what to say!

Then he leaned toward me and spoke more softly into my ear, "what a dog and pony show this turned out to be." His quip left a smirk on his face that was vintage 'Bones.' I couldn't help but smile.

After the ceremony concluded, I was at the lectern gathering my notes and the guests were in the lobby shaking the hand of Admiral Fuller, rubbing shoulders with any and all big-whigs in attendance and hoping for a glimpse of our surprise guest before his departure. I had neither the time, nor the desire, to be part of the crowd. Apparently, neither did Bones.

"Nice job, son," a voice said from my left. I turned to take a quick look and nod my appreciation when I saw Dr. McCoy standing alongside the stage with his jacket flap opened and a brandy in his hand. "What a time."

"Yes it was, sir," I said.

Bones walked over and took a seat on the front of the stage next to me. He set his brandy down and ran two fingers between the green uniform collar and his neck in an effort to 'get more comfortable.' "You know, it was the darndest thing today; helping present a medal to the commandant. I know a lot more people who deserved to be decorated like that but who would probably not even show up for the ceremony."

"Your former crewmates?" I asked.

"You got it, sonny." He raised his glass in a one-man toast. "To the crew of the USS Enterprise, NCC-1701-A. May you have fair winds and following seas." Then, he drank alone. "Take a seat, son," he said to me and patted on the stage to his right.

The next hour was the best hour of my young life and solidified my desire to be a career Starfleet officer. If I could be half the man he is, I'd be twice the man I am. What an experience.

Until next time... ~mtc. ♦

Getting Your Next Pip

by LT James T. Kirk

About 4 months ago while I was searching for a site where I could post my views on what I thought about Star Trek I came across this site. I joined and never regretted it. One of the first things I did in order to get promoted was began looking around for boards I liked and soon enough I became consistent in posting my views on the different threads. Another thing I did was make sure I looked over the rules and regulations and made sure to follow them. Also as long as you do the above things within one month you will reach the rank of Lieutenant junior grade.

In order to reach the rank of 'full' Lieutenant I did the above things but I also managed to get a 'job' working in the public relations section of the base. This isn't a necessary thing to do in order to be promoted to this grade, but it is a great way to get involved.

When asked Admiral dean had this to say:

"Get involved by posting and getting to be familiar with OSB. Be consistent in membership participation."

I believe this is true right down to the letter. Post and participate and you will most likely be promoted. ♦

Fiction

You Snooze, You Lose

By **LT Hana Diosas**
Correspondent

Ensign Razma Nez had finished her holodeck routine. The young Trill was ready to freshen up and start her shift. "Computer! End program!" No response. "Computer! End Program! Computer!? Wha...?" She looked around for a moment. "Nez to Bridge!" No response. "Nez to Engineering!" No response. "Nez to anybody!?"

Captain Andalus was in her chair on the bridge staring over at the empty seat. "Computer locate Ensign Razma Nez."

The computer beeped. "Ensign Razma Nez is no longer aboard."

Captain Andalus leaned forward in her chair. "Where was the last known position of Ensign Nez?"

"Ensign Nez was last seen in holodeck 3."

She leaned back in her chair. "Captain to Main Engineering."

"Marlett here, what is the problem Captain?"

"I should be asking you the same thing."

Commander Marlett was confused, "Wha..."

"Are there any malfunctions with holodeck 3?"

"No, sir." he hit a few buttons, "Not that sensors show. Why?"

The Captain took a deep breath and let it out slowly, "Ensign Nez was last seen there, and now the computer can't locate her."

"I'll go check it out, but sensors show..."

"Thank you Commander."

"Aye, sir. Marlett out."

Captain Andalus stood up. "Lieutenant Khmer."

The lieutenant turned around in his chair.

"I would like you to accompany Commander Marlett to holodeck 3 to find out what is going on."

"Aye, sir." Lieutenant Khmer stood up and walked over to the nearest turbo-lift.

Ensign Nez opened her eyes, she was on the bridge. She saw the Captain, and the rest of the bridge crew. "Captain!" she shouted, but the Captain didn't answer. She ran up to the Captains chair. "Captain? Captain Andalus? Can you hear me?"

Andalus placed a strand of hair behind her ear. "Andalus to Khmer."

"Khmer here."

"What have you found so far?"

"Captain, it isn't good news."

"What?"

"Holodeck 3 is empty."

"What?" The Captain's eyes grew wide.

Ensign Nez gasped.

"Ar-ar-are you sure?"

"Yes, Captain, sadly, we are sure."

Andulus stood up. "Lieutenant, when you arrive at the bridge, you have the con."

"Understood, sir, Khmer out."

Andulus walked to her ready room. Nez followed her. The doors closed behind the Captain and Nez walked right through them. She gasped then walked over to the Captain's desk. Andulus sat down, "Computer, start captain's log."

The Computer beeped. "Captain's log, stardate 4535.7. Today has been a confusing and sad day. We have lost a member of our crew,"

Nez slammed her fists down on the Captain's desk. "I am not dead, Captain! I am right here!"

"One casualty, Ensign Razma Nez."

Nez folded her arms and bit her lip.

"End of log."

Andulus stood up and walked right through Nez. She stopped for a moment, looked behind her then shook her head.

"No, Captain your right, you did just walk through something. Me!"

Andulus walked over to the window. Nez followed her.

"Captain, you have to be able to hear me." Nez sighed in disappointment. She left the ready room and headed for the ship's recreation area.

"Come on Jack, you have to eat something."

Jack Khmer ran his finger around the rim of his glass, "I'm just not hungry Cooper,"

Cooper Marlett rolled his eyes.

"Cooper," Lieutenant Sandra Franklin began, "he and Razma were really good friends. Don't be so hard on him. She was your friend too." Franklin put her glass down. "Excuse me gentlemen, I need some sleep."

Franklin exited the rec room when Nez walked in. Nez walked over to the table where Khmer and Marlett were sitting. She could tell that Khmer was sad, "Jack, it's okay, I'm alive. Can anyone hear me?"

"Wake up, Razma." Marlett said.

"Cooper, what are you talking about." Nez blinked. She was back in her quarters. "Wake up, you're late for your shift." She heard Marlett say over the com. Nez rubbed her eyes and got out of bed, and hit the com button beside her, "Sorry Commander, I'll be there soon."

"Okay, get down here quick, Ensign! Marlett out."

Nez sat back down on her bed, "It was only a dream," she said to herself. ♦

Fiction

Fantasy Starship

by **CDR Shaharazod**
PR Correspondent

The starship on screen appeared dead in space. "I've got no reading, Captain." Worf said to Picard. "It is like it's not there." Captain Picard responded. "Commander Riker take Worf and Doctor Crusher and check it out. And be careful." he continued.

When the away team beamed aboard they were amazed because they encountered an island paradise.

Standing and waiting for them was a tall, African American looking male, dressed in a brightly colored shirt, knee length shorts and sandals.

"Welcome to Fantasy Starship." He said in a Caribbean accented basso profundo voice, even deeper than Worf's. "I am Mister Torque, your host."

Strung out beside him were beautiful women and handsome men, all dressed in island garb. The women wore bikini tops and long sarongs, and the men wore short sarongs. Two olive skinned beauties stepped forward and draped lais around Riker's and Worf's necks. A male stepped forward and draped a lai around Crusher's neck.

"Hey, I'm starting to like this." Riker thought with a smile as he looked around at the sand, sun, surf and the "excellent scenery".

"Picard to Riker, report!" The Captain's voice sounded over his communicator.

"Riker here. Sir, you will not believe. . . ." Riker started, as a group of laughing teens ran by holding surfboards aloft over their heads.

"What is it, Will?" Picard asked as he frowned at the audio pickup. He could sworn he heard Calypso music playing in the background.

"Sir, it's an island paradise over here. Sun, sand, and surf. . . ." Riker started and nearly said "babes" but stopped just in time. He looked to the left at the very attractive Polynesian lady, who was clinging to his arm and smiling up at him.

"Doctor Crusher, do you substantiate this?" Picard asked. Thinking her level head would prevail.

"Yes I do, and I believe I'm going to go for a nice swim. The water looks fantastic!" Crusher replied, as she removed her white jacket.

"Mister Worf! What say you!?" Picard demanded.

Two women were in the process of holding up a series of brightly colored sarongs to Worf's waist, as if measuring him for a custom fit.

"No." Worf said. One of the women took it to mean he did not like the blue one, gave it back to her companion, and selected a red and orange patterned one.

"No what, Mister Worf?" Picard asked, becoming rather

concerned. Of the three, he depended on the Klingon to be detached from mundane Human distractions, and to get the facts straight.

"No! Klingons do not wear sarongs!" Worf boomed. The women promptly gathered their colorful wears and scattered, giggling as they went.

"What the" Picard thought, as Wesley snickered. Picard gave "the boy" a withering gaze which silenced him.

"Lieutenant LaForge, meet me in the transporter room. Data you have the Comm." Picard said, as he hurried towards the lift.

"I'll get to the bottom of this!" Picard thought, as he, Geordi and a Security Detail of four beamed over to "the ship."

An hour later, Picard, dressed in a brightly colored shorts and t-shirt set, relaxed in a beach chair with an iced coconut drink (in the coconut shell) and watched his crew frolic on the sand and in the waves.

"Limbo lessons at 1800 hours. Surf and Turf dinner at 1930 hours. . . . Now, how am I going to explain this to Starfleet?" Captain Picard wondered,

He watched as Worf stiffly strode by. The Klingon was now wearing a red and orange sarong and was trailed by a group of ten women, like goslings following their mom.

"I must remember to get a holo of Worf, because absolutely no one will believe me," a smiling Picard thought as he sipped his drink. ♦

Little Known Facts

About Captain Kirk - Part III

Contributed by **CDR Yu'Wanna**
Deputy Chief, Public Relations

1. Captain Kirk uses a night light. Not because Captain Kirk is afraid of the dark, but the dark is afraid of Captain Kirk.
2. Captain Kirk's mom was in labor for three more days following his birth: one for his ego, one for his intelligence, and one for his talent. We don't know for sure, but there are rumors the latter two were stillborn from lack of oxygen. Only James T. Kirk's ego seems to have survived.
3. James T. Kirk is such a man he once performed a roundhouse kick and reversed the rotational axis of the Galaxy, pulling time and space into a single black hole, in which all races' males eagerly packed into in the hopes of going back in time to an earlier period when they actually had a chance of getting a girlfriend.
4. Captain Kirk doesn't cheat Death. He wins fair and square. We even suspect that Death is afraid of Captain Kirk. Why? Because Death once had a Near-Captain Kirk experience.

*Inspired by:

<http://www.chucknorrisfacts.com/>

Fiction

Terra in a Bottle

by **CDR SF Warp**

Internal PR Section leader, BA Editor

The Red Alert sounded and the entire bridge crew jumped. When the captain commanded, "On screen," the image displayed before them...the two images...filled them with awe. "All stop," commanded USS Ranger Captain Theo Goss. "*This bears looking into!*"

Displayed before them was what looked like an immense piece of landscape carved from a planet's surface and placed inside a giant glass egg. Beyond that lay a vortex.

"Resembles the Los Angeles Basin a little," commented Commander James Butcher.

"Jimmy, you scan the object. Velas, the vortex."

The solid First Officer and the petite Vulcan Science Officer, Velas, both went to work.

"Sir, this is odd. The vortex appears to be dimensional, opening to another universe. There may be more, but scans are yielding little."

"Keep on it," The lanky captain advised. "Got anything yet, Jimmy?"

"Sir, that land form is closer than it looks." Butcher said, clearly puzzled. "And it's a lot smaller than it appears to be. It's about a twentieth the size it should be. Also, except for external dimensions, my sensors can't get any clear readings! It's like they're out of sync with the object. Cap, I'd like to go out and take a look."

"Sir," Lieutenant Velas interjected, "that might explain what I'm seeing through the vortex. I can't get any definitive readings either. Sir, I'd like to accompany Commander Butcher."

"Very well. When you go for E.V.A. tether yourselves to each other and to the shuttle. Anything goes wrong, I'll tractor the shuttle."

"Aye, sir," two voices responded in unison.

Velas arrived at the object first, the commander a few seconds later. She touched the shell with her thickly gloved hand. She wished she could actually feel it; to know and be able to fathom its texture. With a sigh, she activated her tricorder.

Butcher took out his optical scanner and began peering at the Earth-like surface below. After several minutes he said excitedly, "Captain, this is incredible! That's not just a land mass down there! There are buildings, air vehicles, land vehicles; I can even make out bipedal human-like beings on the surface! And everything's moving at an accelerated pace! Captain, it's a world unto itself!"

"Well done, Jimmy!" Goss was ecstatic. "Velas, what are your scans telling you?"

"Scans are useless, sir, but it appears that every object below, bipedal humanoid included, is almost exactly one-twentieth the size of everything we are accustomed to. And I believe the miniaturized nature of what we have encountered here extends to the subatomic level."

"Understood. Keep me..." Goss began.

"Wait a minute," Butcher cut in. "I think we're being approached. A shuttle craft is coming our way."

Velas instinctively finger-tipped the shell. She said, almost whispering, "They want desperately to communicate with us. I can hear one's thoughts." Then, mere seconds later, she yelled, "Velas to engineering! You've got to set the tractor beam on repulse and send that thing back where it came from! Now!"

Captain Goss barked into the Comm, "Do it!"

Velas and Butcher hurried back to the shuttle and moved quickly out of the way.

The Ranger, impulse engines and repulse beam engaged, began gently pushing the object back toward the vortex, gaining speed and momentum as she went. With but a hundred meters to spare, she veered off. All eyes watched as the "island in space" returned to its place in the grand scheme of things, in just barely enough time before the vortex closed in on itself.

Back aboard the Ranger, Velas enlightened captain and crew. "What we encountered is a resort city housed in a virtually indestructible transparent composite shell. Called The Aerie, it orbited the centrally located planet Daron. People from many worlds vacation on The Aerie, entering and leaving via transporters not unlike our own.

"A few hours ago, a stellar core fragment ventured close enough to Daron to dislodge The Aerie from orbit. The difference in charge between Daron and the fragment created a powerful static discharge that opened the vortex between our two universes and sent The Aerie through. Thrusters now disabled, The Aerie was dead in space. The people there knew that the vortex was about to close. Their matter, being incompatible with ours, would eventually have decayed. They simply had to go back."

"Well done, everyone," the captain proclaimed, "Well done indeed! Bar's open 'til 2200!"



Fiction

"Origins"

By Commodore Jade

The Captain sat in his ready room, staring at a delicately wrapped package on his lap. It was his birthday and he reflected on his life; a life that began as a 17 year-old enlistee and progressed to the captaincy. He remembered that first assignment aboard the USS Eclipse. He delicately fingered the green ribbon on the present and knew at one time he had been much greener, but not of the sickly kind.

He was walking through the doors that lead into Sickbay and was shocked to see no one else around.

"Hello," he called out.

The only sounds that bid him welcome was some strange squeaks. He looked toward the location of the sound and saw an oversized fur ball sitting on a console. Some sort of stuffed animal or pet?

"Anyone in here?" he called louder.

The squeaks became louder and more insistent. He walked over to the strange life form and picked it up. Its squeaks went to an ear piercing tone as it practically jumped out of his hand back onto the console. Maybe I shouldn't touch it.

"Okay, okay, don't split a hair; you have enough split ends as is. What bozo you talking about?" A feminine voice called out. A woman in a medical blue uniform entered from a conjoining room. She looked directly at him. "Who are you?" she asked rather gruffly.

"Petty Officer Deklyn Fox, ma'am. I was told to report to the Chief Medical Officer for a physical."

"Then why you looking at me? He's the one yelling at you."

Fox looked over at the thing on the console. Its continuing squeaks didn't sound too friendly.

"That's the Chief Medical Officer?"

"No, that's Dr. Kenny to you!" the woman stated in a brusque manner.

"Wha...? I don't..." he gently ushered the Lieutenant out of what he hoped was the hearing range of the small furry doctor. "I don't understand, Miss..."

"Lieutenant Alvarez to you."

"Lieutenant, how can he be a doctor? I don't even know what species he is."

"Oh well, Mister Encyclopedia, you know every species in this galaxy?"

Fox wasn't sure if Alvarez was just in a bad mood or if the attitude came naturally for her. "No ma'am," he answered sincerely trying to stay on her good side despite the situation.

"He's a Tribble if you must know and a fine doctor. As long as you don't get on his bad side," she explained as more high toned squeals came from the other side of the room. "Unfortunate for you... it's too late to get on his good side."

He had never heard of Tribbles before, and he couldn't even begin to understand how the little hill of hair could perform his duties.

"Well how was I supposed to know... he's not even wearing any... uniform...and I can't understand a word he's saying."

"His translator is always breaking." She crossed her arms over her chest. "You'll learn his language or regret ever coming aboard this ship. Get sick much?"

"I am so dead..." Fox pinched the bridge of his nose. Finally he looked up into Alvarez's eyes and pleaded, "How do I apologize to him?"

Alvarez sighed and her facial expression seemed to soften. "Tell you what Fox, you seem like a nice guy. How about you go back to your quarters do some research on Tribbles and find a way to make nice with the guy. I'll tell him you had some other pressing assignment, but you'll be back latter. I'll do a little chit-chat maybe soften him up for you. Something tells me it'll all work out in the end eh?"

"Thank you Lieutenant. I'll owe you one."

The feel of the velvet ribbon lured his thoughts back to the present in his lap. He remembered his research into Tribbles had turned up that he was a victim of a practical joke. Dr. Kenny had turned out to be a sophisticated remote controlled toy that the crew used to 'initiate' new recruits.

Fox smiled at the memories as he opened up the gift. His heart suddenly decided to sprint a mile as a ball of fur suddenly leaped out and attacked him. He caught his breath and laughed as he realized it was the same toy from all those years ago. A small note accompanied it.

It read: "Dr. Kenny's revenge has been long overdue. Happy Birthday!" Admiral Alvarez.

Fox smiled and began to laugh as a thought occurred to him. He laid the Tribble on the chair across his desk and hit his communicator.

"Ensign Michaels, report to my ready room." Dr. Kenny was about to strike again.

Recreations Department's Fortnightly Story Competitions

13 December - 26 December 2011

27 December 2011 - 9 January 2012

Menagerie

by CDR SF Warp
PR Deputy Chief / BA Editor

Chance Munro couldn't believe his eyes. He was looking at a living, breathing megalosaur, in a compound on a continent called Saurasia, on a planet called... "Menagerie?"

"Yes," Brack answered. "Menagerie. And there are other such planets scattered throughout the Milky Way."

Chance lowered his binoculars and looked at Brack. "This is fantastic! How could something like this have come into being in the first place?"

"Many millions of years ago," Brack began, "an ancient civilization of beings we know as 'the Eldars' once existed and thrived. These people possessed knowledge, technology and abilities far beyond anything known today. Above all, they possessed nearly infinite wisdom. There is no place we know of where they have not been."

"Once, in their time of existence, they calculated that a star neighboring theirs was nearing the end of its life. A planet orbiting that star was home to many magnificent land and marine animals, and plants as well, all worthy of salvage. The Eldars knew that they couldn't save the planet from annihilation, but they had the capabilities to save at least some of the creatures on it. And so they did, placing them on a planet prepared for their safe existence. As caretakers of the planet, they selected and trained people local to the area. They then took it upon themselves to become caretakers of all worthy living things everywhere."

"Some sixty seven million years ago, Earth was facing a danger, not from an exploding sun, but from a massive asteroid that was hurtling toward the planet. The Eldars stepped in and rescued as many as they could of the great reptiles that had once thrived there, and they provided an environment and habitat that would keep them from changing over time. These animals you see here are descendants of creatures that came from Earth. The plants are from Earth as well."

Chance, awestruck, spoke barely above a whisper. "Are you one of 'the Eldars'?"

"No, I'm not. I'm not very different from you, actually. It's just that my people have been around a little longer than yours, so our technology has had more time to advance. The people of Earth will achieve space travel one day, just as my people have."

"What happened to the Eldars then?"

"Nobody knows," Brack replied. "In my travels, I've spoken to people from many worlds. So far, what happened to the Eldars is a complete mystery. Did they die out as a race? Did they migrate beyond this galaxy? If so, where did they go? The ultimate question is not, 'Where are they now?' but 'Are they now?'"

"Any ideas, Brack?"

"No, but I like to think they still exist somewhere."

"So do I," Chance agreed. Then, "How about a look around now?"

"I was going to suggest just that," Brack responded.

The two men left the tower, went out through a gate onto a minor roadway, and stepped into a small electrical wheeled vehicle. Brack took the controls and they were soon on tour. Chance saw a great range of dinosaurs, including tyrannosaurs, apatosaurs, stegosaurs, and triceratops.

"Tomorrow, we visit the north polar continent, Mammalandia," Brack informed Chance.

"What's there?" Chance quizzed in earnest.

"You'll just have to wait and see?," Brack teased. ♦



Mammalandia

By CDR SF Warp
PR Deputy Chief / BA Editor

The sun was just peeking over the western mountains of Saurasia. Menagerie's twenty-one hour days meant that dawn was breaking rather early for Chance Munro, former Confederate captain, and for Brack, voyageur extraordinaire. The sunrise itself was unspectacular, a pale contrast to what the two men had seen the day before. Brack spoke. "Next stop, Mammalandia. But first, Breakfast. Scrambled eggs and bacon okay with you?"

"You bet. I could use some coffee too, so I'll fix that."

Breakfast was unrushed, but brief. Chance couldn't help commenting on what he had seen just a few hours earlier. "How some animals, as large as those dinosaurs are, can be so graceful is beyond me! Some of them are as light on their feet as ballet dancers!"

"I've found that nature not only provides for her creatures' needs, she often gives them a little something extra to have fun with."

"Indeed," Chance replied, "Nature can be quite magnanimous. She can also be cruel at times. Like when the dinosaurs were rendered extinct on Earth."

"Ah, but nature has friends, friends like the Eldars, friends like the many who followed the Eldars, friends who rescued the untold species that now reside on this planet and the various other planets like it."

"Which begs the question: why, Brack?"

"The answer's quite simple really. Because it needed to be done, and because they knew they could do it. You'll see some more of their handy-work shortly." Brack then emptied his cup. "I like your coffee, by the way," he said matter-of-factly.

The two had little to clean up. They were in the air in minutes and soon on the ground in a clearing on the much cooler continent, Mammalandia. "We can take the horses," Brack said.

"Good," Chance responded. "Horses shouldn't be cooped up for too long."

"This time, you'll need a jacket," Brack quipped with a grin.

The two men saddled and mounted their horses, then started riding. Again, for hours, they followed fenced in roadways with views to immense landscapes. This time, roaming the lands surrounding them were creatures, also extinct on Earth but from a later time than those on Saurasia, from the time of the last great ice age.

Chance saw living examples of immense woolly mammoths and mastodons, two-toed and three-toed sloths, dire wolves, North American camels, dog-sized Western horses, short faced bears, ancient bison, and what he deemed his favorites over both days, great saber toothed cats.

"This is unbelievable," Chance exclaimed. "These are from Earth?"

"Yes, they are. They, did not die out due to a natural catastrophe. They, sadly, were hunted to extinction."

"The Eldars weren't around to save them. So who did?"

"A people called the Annunaki. They still exist, but they are very...shy. They keep pretty much to themselves."

"Brack, I thank you for the most amazing two days I've ever spent."

Brack said, "You're welcome. Let's head back now and get some food for ourselves and for the horses"

"I'm with you, my friend! Where are we off to next?"

"A planet called Carrelia. But this, my friend will be a rather unpleasant visit."

Chance, one eyebrow raised, could only look at Brack and wonder at his words. ♦

- ACROSS**
1. Brooks of "The Producers"
 4. Italian wine region
 8. *Stellar communicator
 13. Fleece
 15. Word with wing or life
 16. ___ Vance Hammond: author of "Shoe Marks"
 17. Hyperbolic func.
 18. Left at sea
 19. Paper
 20. ___ nerve
 22. British explorer James ___
 24. Keg insert
 25. Cry of success
 26. Annoy
 28. ___ League
 30. Ed.'s request
 31. Rani's wrap
 33. Weaken
 36. *Russian navigator
 39. Sacred chests
 40. Tell it like it isn't
 41. Like the Marx Brothers
 42. *It's bigger than the U.N.
 43. Earned
 44. 1996 Olympic torch lighter
 45. Emerald ___
 47. *Assistant to 1D
 49. Cabernet, e.g.
 50. Skips, as class
 51. Sculler's need
 52. Aquatic shocker
 53. Our sun
 54. Caribou kin
 57. Measure

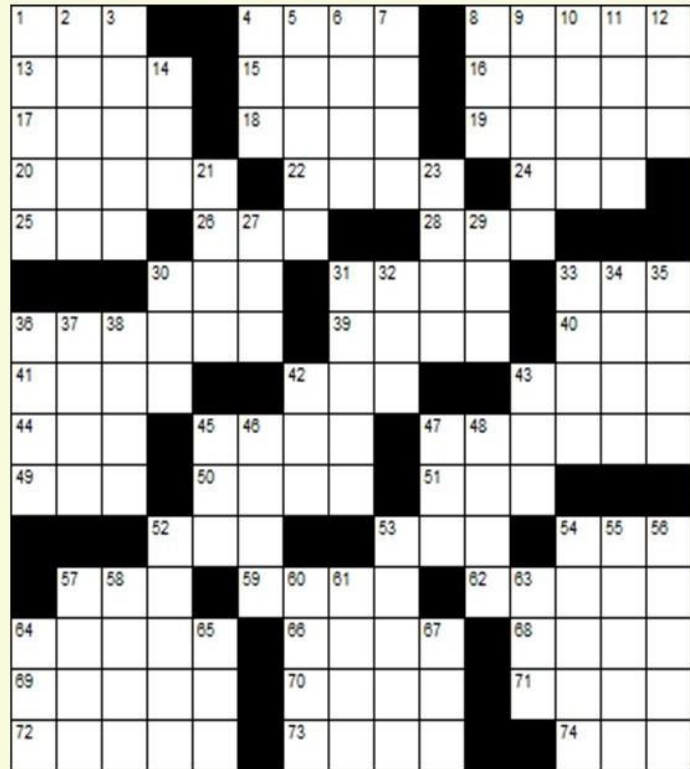
59. ___ acid
62. External
64. Untamed
66. Baal, e.g.
68. Moon of Saturn
69. Upper crust
70. Apportion, with "out"
71. Violin part
72. *He was given the Corbomite ultimatum
73. Himalayan legend
74. Density symbol



- DOWN**
1. *He's not a bricklayer
 2. Run off to the chapel
 3. Leans
 4. Nile viper
 5. *He is not from around here
 6. Poi source
 7. Keen on
 8. Island strings
 9. Rash
 10. Celestial bear
 11. "___ the Wild Wind": 1942 film
 12. At all
 14. Key letter
 21. "Ta-ta!"
 23. *He sat in the chair
 27. Gun, as an engine
 29. ___ medica-trix naturae
 30. Blue shade

31. Vaults
32. Dadaism founder
33. Prelude to a duel
34. White House staffer
35. Sir Robert ___ (founder of London's bobbies)
36. Corporate kingpin
37. Fit
38. "Idylls of the King" character
42. Final: Abbr.
43. Equinox mo.
45. Curling surface
46. *Fencing helmsman
47. Bill's partner in love
48. Symbol of goodness
52. Muse with a lyre
53. *Stellar engineer
54. Rarefied element formerly believed to fill the upper regions of space
55. Bloodsucker
56. *He had a piece of the action
57. Actor Lugosi
58. Seed covering
60. Frost-covered
61. Tête notion
63. Vase
64. Presidents' Day mo.
65. Albanian coin
67. Waikiki wear

Online Starbase's Blue Alert Crossword Puzzle *Premier Trek - Edited by Warp - January 2012



Answers to the Previous Puzzle



Warp



Beep! Beep!

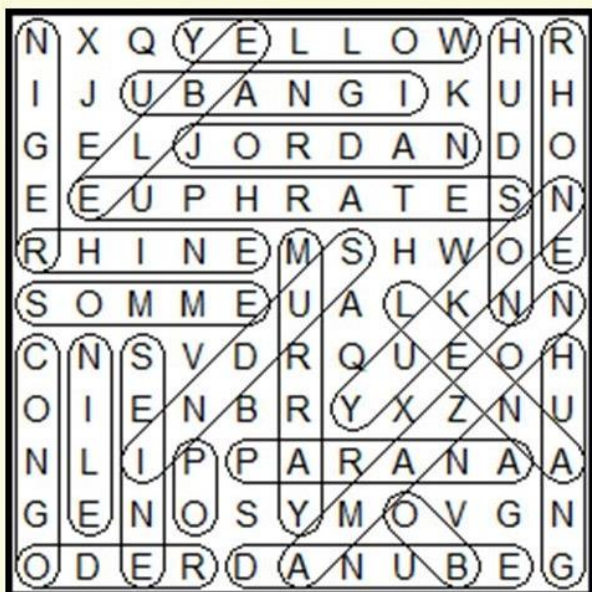
Puzzle Maria

WORD SEARCH

January's Topic:
Look for 25 "More Starships"
by Warp

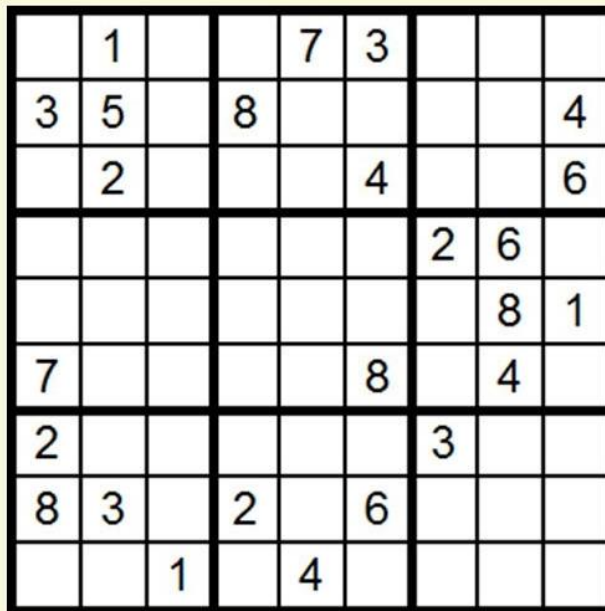


Solution to December's Word Search:
Rivers of Earth

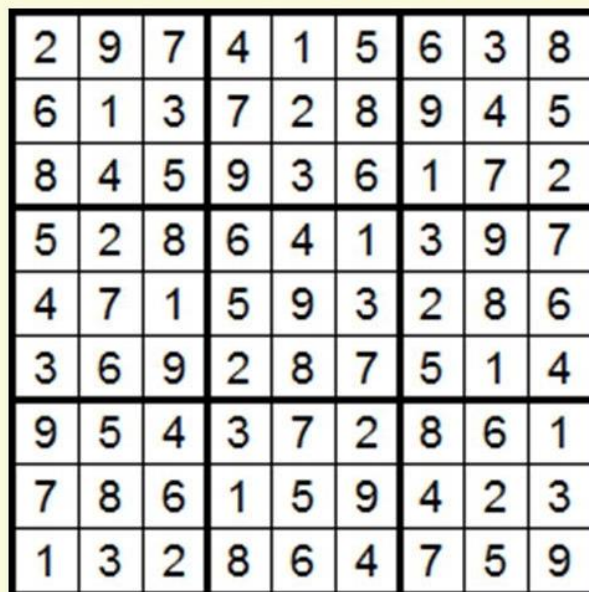


SUDOKU PUZZLE

January 2012
Level of Difficulty: Hard
by Warp



Solution to December's Sudoku Puzzle



*Don't let ego
stand in the way
of good ideas*

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OSB Officer Development?

By: CAPT Marshall Crockett
Chief, Dept of Public Relations

Did you know that officer development is available to you on OSB? You didn't? Well, now you do!

From the newest ensign to the most senior staff officer, it is important to know what you want to do, where you want to serve and how you expect to get there. Early in my online service, I was asked by a department chief, "what is your goal here?" I was surprised to have this question posed to me since I really hadn't thought about it in an 'online community.' But as I pondered it, it began to make sense. Do I simply want to exist or am I here for a reason?

I challenge you to find your reason, set goals (near, mid and long term) and think about what you can do to get there. I offer my services if you need to bounce ideas off of a senior officer and will gladly offer guidance to help you achieve your goals. Remember, no one became the OSB commander by accident. Start small but reach for the stars.



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