

It is an honor to die in war, it is a triumph to live in peace.



R1 Ambassador

Volume 2, Issue 2

NEWSLETTER OF THE REGION ONE ALIEN AMBASSADOR CORPS

Spring 2003

Overheard in the Corridors...

I was under the impression that the bigger a Ferengi's ears are, the greater his...how shall I put this?...abilities (in business, of course; what else would I mean?). —Alanya

PLEASE BE HONEST, your answer will not hurt my feelings and I won't get pissed off. — Tigri

That fella ain't never won nuthin' but a ugly contest! — Rosen

...nice try on trying to pronounce my first name, however, please don't try, it sounds like you are killing it given the that spelling never stays the same for more then one time. —ScNaR

You horn dog! — Curtis

All accusations made by Miss Eris of the clowned... I mean cloned Vorta is all made up to try to confuse and destroy all my credibility... as well as my reputation. —Quirk

...even if we are here to subvert the Alien Ambassador Corps and start another long and bloody war, at least we are trying to be polite. — Weyoun

I don't trust those flounders they are sneaky little snots. —Quirk

I have nothing against Humans. In fact, I knew one once... —Alanya

The reality of anything like you and I getting married is as real as me giving away a nickel to my own moogie! —Quirk

I am a doctor, not a doorstep! — EMH

yovne ecaep na ma I ecaep ni emoc I sretho llik on —ScNar

I do believe if I was in your shoes (and darn glad I'm not) —Rosen

BROWNE-ISMS

Let's scream for ice-cream

Mind meld is like a brain drain.

Where or where is the little Borg gone? Or where or where is he?

I'm more sober than a Denebian Slime Devil.

Skotek baby! Who's loves you, man.

Tigri a yellow ribbon around the old oak tree.

This station needs an enema!"

The members of the Dumb Onion clan don't only reproduce themselves they clown themselves.



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AAC MEETINGS

Online

Talks are every
Wednesday at 9:00 p.m.
and
Saturday at 2:00 p.m.

<http://www.regionone.net/chat>

Member Roster



STAFF MEMBERS:

Fleet Captain Ruth Green
Betazoid
RDC
(USS Liberator)

SENIOR AMBASSADORS:

Commander Curt Bellman
"Curtis of Borg"
Borg
(USS Liberator)

Fleet Captain Shawn Fields
"Dakar"
Cardassian
(USS Wasp)

Brigadier John Kiwi Kane
"K'athvaj"
Klingon
(USS Reprisal)

Commodore Patricia Lewis
"Shakara Nix"
Trill
(USS Wasp)

Fleet Captain Warren Price
"Tigri K'Tel"
Maquis
(USS Providence)

AMBASSADORS:

Captain Laura Hensley
"TLar"
Vulcan
(USS Dominator)

Lt. Colonel Michael Browne
"Dragonfly"
Genetically Enhanced Human
(USS Questar)

Captain Chris Parker
"Skotek Tr'Kitanriis"
Romulan Unificationist Movement
(USS Reprisal)

Lt. Commander Janice Graham,
"Alanya"
Deltan
(USS Renegade)

Lt. Colonel Dennis Relyea
"Quirk"
Ferengi
(USS Reprisal)

Brigadier Greg Franklin,
"Brak' Tul"
Breen
(USS Reprisal)

JUNIOR AMBASSADOR:

PO3 Beverly Steese
"Imori Torin'dh"
Deltan
(USS Liberator)

DIPLOMATIC ATTACHMENTS:

Fleet Captain Melissa Larkin,
Vulcan
Embassy Attachment

Eris3,
Vorta - Dominion
Embassy Attachment

VISITING DIGNITARIES:

"Prince ScNaR" of Solion
(Felix Sanchez, USS Dominator)

Vorta Weyoun9 of the Dominion

Queen Padme Amidala of Naboo

Delenn of the Minbari Federation

Serina - Caprican news reporter

Meglos, of the plant-like Zolfa-Thurans

Servalan, President of Freedom City

Oblakah and Stangya of Tencton

Unity Station — Breaking News

Fellow Ambassador's,

I have just recieved the following communication from Maquis Forces International:

"We interrupt your daily comm channels for a special report. At 10:00 DMZ time Maquis Intel received unofficial reports from Maquis listening posts near the Cardassian border that Cardassian military forces are building up near the Cardassian outposts closest to the DMZ. Maquis Intel has reported to Maquis News that MFS Thunderclaw has been dispatched for further investigation. We contacted the Maquis Public Affairs Office for further information, but they have no comment at this time. We hope to keep you as well informed as possible during this ongoing investigation. This is Stanley Grainger reporting for Maquis News, somewhere in the DMZ"

With this turn of events I will be leaving Unity Station for an indefinite time. I will have my

"Right Hand Man" T. Q'tel act as my eyes and ears on Unity Station until I return. He will be keeping me inform on the "goings on" on the Station. Also, I don't believe that the Cardassian Ambassador on the station is aware of this situation. I will be sending reports of this conflict for T. Q'tel to relay to Unity Station personnel. This is a serious matter and I hope it can settled peacefully. Take care. I shall return.

Tigri K'Tel
Maquis Ambassador

This just in....

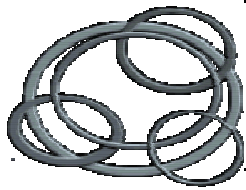
"We interrupt your comm traffic for an important update. A few days ago we reported unconfirmed Cardassian movements near and around outposts and listening posts stationed near the border of Cardassian territory. There have been reports that both Fleet Calvary and the Klingon Empire might be involved, and sketchy information that Romulans are on the way. We here at Maquis

News will try to keep you up to date on happenings going on out there in the DMZ. Please, if you don't have to travel near the Cardassian border of the DMZ, don't. You may get tangled up in ongoing investigations by MFI Intel."

This just handed to me...

Listening posts in the DMZ report multiple ships attacking sensor relays and other outposts that monitor the area. I repeat, Cardassian ships are attacking sensor relays and outposts. MFS Thunderclaw is on route. Oh, its starting. We will get more confirmation out to you as soon as possible. This is Stanley Grainger reporting for Maquis News, somewhere in the DMZ.

That's the update for now. Please keep Unity Station safe. T. Q'tel...Out



Ruth Green — Betazoid Ambassador

Fleet Captain Ruth Green

The winner for the 2003 Alien Ambassador Corps Hall of Fame is

Robbie Lewis,
aka (Kaliel Altai).

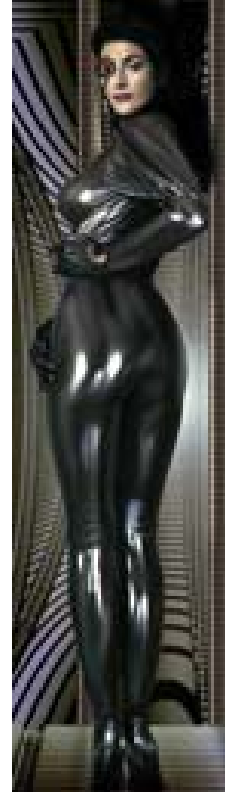
He receives a Honorary lifetime membership to the AAC. Congratulations!

Of course, since Kaliel is dead he would have to be cloned or come back as an another race.

NOTICE TO ALL AMBASSADORS:

With the disappearances, security breaches, alerts and so forth... we've put an ambassador recognition picture with each report. In some cases, we've been able to capture images of imposters replacing ambassadors recently. Everyone, keep your eyes open! You *should* be able to tell the difference between the ambassadors and the replacements.

There can be little doubt that this is our fearless leader, Ruth.



Curtis of Borg — Borg Ambassador

Commander Curt Bellman

We know that Curtis has had some work done on his Borg implants. So, we've had difficulty trying to discover whether this is the real Curtis of Borg or a replacement.





Brak'Tul—Breen Ambassador

Captain Greg Franklin



Breen or Imposter?



Dakar — Cardassian Ambassador

Fleet Captain Shawn Fields

Greetings Fellow Ambassadors!
First let me apologize for my absence on the station. I had been recalled to Cardassia for some important meetings.

I was surprised to find my quarters virtually untouched. Even some of the fine Cardassian chocolate I left there was left to go stale.

I have however noticed a lot of new faces on the station. I must make my rounds soon and get acquainted with everyone. It appears that there are Ambassadors of all ranks and positions running about now.

I also noticed that the central park area smelled a little funny. I'm not sure how to describe it other than just being distracting.

For any interested parties, I will be hosting a Cardassian Cotillion in the near future. Like many cultures this will be a formal event with no latinum spared. I tried to book a Bajoran band, but they declined my offer. I do however believe I was able to get the Intergalactic Selay Symphony to play.

Until next time (Let me see if I can get this right) "Peace, Love and lava lamps!"

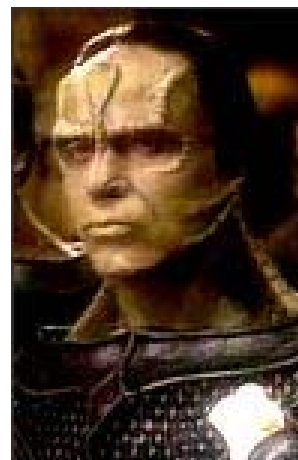
Dakar Outtie

Senior Ambassador Dakar

Cardassian Union

Region 1 Alien Ambassador Corps

Starfleet





Imori Torin'dh" — Deltan Jr. Ambassador

PO3 Beverly Steese

We are not sure if this imposter is supposed to replace Imori or Alanya. That it is a replacement for a Deltan is without question. Approach with caution. The pheromones of this creature are extremely powerful.



The Deltan's on Unity Station are taking great care to keep their pheromones in check.



Alanya — Deltan Ambassador

Lt. Commander Janice Graham

It was a peaceful night. The light rain had stopped a short while ago. When the moons rose, the moisture in the grass sparkled.

I watched him approach. I'd known him since we were very young children. But in all that time, I'd never known him to walk...carefully? Yes, carefully, as if trying to not jar – what? When he was closer, I saw that he has something bundled in a fold of his cloak.

We exchanged greetings, and I asked how his wife was. The birth of their first child was not far off. He was more relaxed around me than anyone else, even his wife, and he smiled, said she and they were well.

"I feel I have an obligation to you for the great risk you took for us," Sanlar* said.

"You owe me nothing. The risk was for us both, and your wife. Now, if it had worked out differently..."

He nodded at my humor. "I

am gratified it did not. However, I must give this to you, anyway. I have nowhere to keep it and I thought it might be a companion – a friend for you on Unity Station. They do allow animals, do they not?"

Now I was curious and he knew it. He was enjoying this little surprise, though he would never admit it. "Yes, several ambassadors have animal friends there. Pets, the Humans call them. The term has caught on with the other species."

We went into my Deltan home and the lights came up. He carefully drew his cloak away. Nestled in the crook of his arm was a bundle of light-colored fur. "She is yours," he said. He gently touched her head and called softly to her in Vulcan. "Wake up, young one."

The soft rumble that had been coming from her abruptly stopped. She blinked sleepily, stretched and yawned. She already had fangs, and claws, though she kept them retracted. I asked Sanlar her name.

He said she didn't have one yet that he knew of; if she did, she had neglected to inform him of it.

Though still small compared to what she will be, she was getting heavy. He put her down on the floor. She stood still, looked around the room, then up at me. Then, with great (and hilarious) dignity, she sauntered over to the hearth rug and lay down, proclaiming "This is my place, thank you"! In a moment, she was asleep again.

She has grown quickly, this sehlat of mine. She is still quite young, however, so she loves to play. She should have many opportunities and playmates soon, because when I return to Unity Station after the Summit, I will have Naya-Mirith sent to me.

Just thought I should warn you...!

STARFLEET BIOGRAPHY Of LT CMDR JANICE GRAHAM

I'd heard for a couple of years about a STAR TREK club in my area but every time I tried to contact them, they were inactive. In April 1996, I accidentally met the RENEGADE's First Officer. He told me about his club and invited me to the next meeting which was a mere two weeks away. I attended and joined the RENEGADE that night in May of 1996, and STARFLEET a few months later.

Within a few months, I became a PO/3; a few more, and I was offered the position of Science Officer which I accepted. I began to assist at TREK TRIVIA night at a bookstore, was soon "co-anchoring" it with another member. In February 1999, I was promoted from PO/3 to Lieutenant (Junior Grade). And on November 9, 2001, I was officially promoted to First Officer of the RENEGADE, which has recently been upgraded to the PROMETHEUS class. I have completed Officer's Training School, Officer's Command College, and Flag Officer School. In April, I was inducted into the 2002 Red Squadron for Flag Officer School and the Vulcan Academy of Science, and was also promoted to Lieutenant-Commander.

I have completed five Bachelors degrees at the Vulcan Academy of Science in the fields of Meteorology, Library Science, Genetics, Virology, and Basic Trek I. I graduated with Honors, earning five Academy Commendations which resulted in my being accepted in the Vulcan Legion of Honor, now with a Four-Star rating. I also successfully completed the Logic Test and was granted my chosen Vulcan name of T'Alanya. I am continuing to take courses, both at SFA and VAS, eventually hope to earn Masters and Doctoral

Degrees.

I write a lot, have contributed to our newsletter whenever possible, and am currently re-designing our ship's newsletter. In 2001, I completed a background story for my alter ego/RENEGADE persona Alanya, and am collaborating on a story with a Maquis friend from Michigan. I have started a TREK TRIVIA collection by going through each episode and writing down questions. I have 10,000 questions so far from about a quarter of the episodes. I also make note of any mistakes I catch, or fun lines or things to watch for. I will eventually be going through the movies for trivia questions, too.

I attended the Region One Conference 2001, and have been to numerous conventions. At the R1 Conference, I attended a meeting of the Alien Ambassador Corps as a guest of the Maquis Ambassador. It was great fun and I expressed an interest in joining. I received an invitation on November 26, 2002 to become the Deltan Junior Ambassador (Attaché); I happily accepted.

And that brings everything up to date, for now..

PERSONA BIOGRAPHY OF ALANYA

I am Alanya [Ah-lahn-ee-ah; for some reason, Humans have trouble pronouncing my name] on Delta, T=Alanya on Vulcan. I find it amusing in some ways that I am an accident. Until me, it was believed that my two species could not reproduce, possibly because the probability of them getting together was highly unlikely.

My parents were both on the archaeological team which was gathered to explore and catalog some fa-

mous historic ruins. My father agreed on the condition that he could leave after six months to return home for several months for an unspecified reason. Three months into the work, the team was exploring some rooms that had been preserved with a mixture of inert gases which had tested as harmless. But one of those gases wasn't harmless to my father. It triggered an early *pon-farr*. He would have died there but my mother decided that would be both wasteful and illogical for him to die over something so easily remedied. She saved his life, and gained me.

My father and his wife accepted me—how could they logically not?—so I spent time on both worlds as a child. Believing it to be his responsibility, when I was seven, he arranged my betrothal. My mother was furious when she found out but it was too late. Over time, I got to know my chosen mate and we became good friends. We decided we didn't want to be married and came up with a way to hopefully break the betrothal without anyone dying. Did it work? I'm here...

(How it worked is another story...)



The Vulcan Sehlat



Quirk — Ferengi Ambassador

Lt Colonel Dennis Relyea

As of late, this Ferengi has been almost falsely married to one of the most hideous of races known yet, the Vorta. This was stopped when Eris3 tried to pass off false papers as to a wedding that had been set up by the Grand Nagus, the Vorta and my parents, bad move ERIS!

Then, as you know recently our beloved genetically enhanced hew-mon has been kidnapped and replaced by an unknown being. I should study it in my labs to see just what kind of creature it is, it seems to talk backward. I believe it is possibly from a mirror universe. In such a case we need to send him back and get our own Mr. Browne back.

I have been accused of being a sneaky, conniving, greedy, and under-handed person, but why would I shut down all systems on Unity Station if it would hurt my profits? Which, by the way, Mr. Browne has done by drinking my establishment dry! Thusly, I am closing down until I can

get more supplies in to replenish my stock.

Who ever is shutting down the stations vital operations should give him/herself up and expect to be treated as an enemy of the Station and Starfleet.

I see that we have gotten rid of the pesky Vorta, or so I hope! We have not heard a peep out of them since the Maquis Ambassador went on emergency leave. Maybe they decided to tag along and give him trouble or better yet the Cardassians .

Now, how about getting back to the business of peaceful resolutions of extraterrestrial problem solving, can't we all just get along? Mr. Browne, it would be in your own best interest to pay your tab at the bar, and sober up as we may have to assist the Maquis on the border. As an officer in command of a marine group you should be preparing your people, as I am.

After all this is your home away from home, if you know what I mean. A drunken marine is a useless marine in time

of war.

AS OF THIS REPORT MY QUARTERS ARE QUITE SAFE. But for how long? Has anyone seen or heard from the Vorta section? I sure haven't and that is a good thing for the station.

Business is doing fine at Quirks, profits are growing with each new client you bring me. Ruth keep on sending them to me. It was good to talk to Warren last Friday at the chat, will anyone else be joining us next week? Thank you for your support and well wishes in the future.



Quick!

**Is this
our
Quirk?**



Michael Browne—Genetically Enhanced Human Ambassador

Lt Colonel Michael "Dragonfly" Browne

Well, it is another day sober. A few days ago, I had the opportunity to have some fun with a Deltan/Vulcan (Can't wait to meet), a Trill, and a Betazoid. We all had fun. Listen here if you want to have fun. Just listen to the walls, Quirk! I for once, was totally sober when they took turns. Each was superb in what they said they did. Of course, I am talking about the conversation we all had. Some had to be left on the deck (floor for you civilians). And of course, being a Marine I had to swab the deck and do a fod walk. Again, for you civilians, a FOD or "F"oreign "O"bject on "D"eck Walk is when all hands

(personnel) walks the walk and checks for said objects so when any craft comes to land they don't accidentally have an accident. Or was it someone else? You have it guess yourself.

Alternately speaking, "Get me out of here" exclaims the Colonel. Huffing like a banshee, Browne asks calmly "Okay, now. hummmm Where in the blue blazes am I?"

"Dragonfly" Browne
Semper Fi!

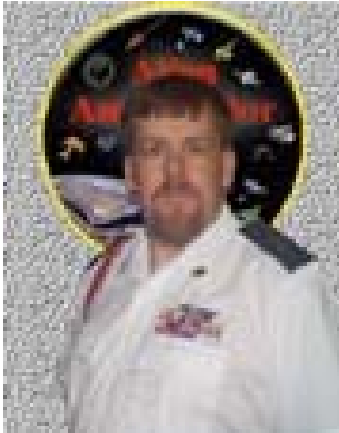


To be Michael, or not to be?



K'athvaj —Klingon Ambassador

Brigadier John “Kiwi” Kane



One of the ambassadors confides that they have spoken with the Klingon Ambassador recently. Although there was no visual confirmation, the Ambassador believes that K'athvaj was himself and not a replacement.



**Where O' Where
Can K'athvaj be?**



Tigri K'Tel—Maquis Ambassador

Fleet Captain Warren Price

The Cardassian homeworld was pretty much decimated by the combined attack forces of the Federation and such. Yes, splinter cells of the Maquis did survive attacks on them to wipe them out, by the Dominion and Cardassian forces. What we didn't see was what was left of the Cardassian Fleet after them turning on their partners, the Dominion and the Breen (after viewing the tape recently).

So it is entirely possible that splinter cells of the Cardassians are planning this new offensive.

Maybe they want to ensure the planets with Cardassian colonies survive and flourish because of their home world. Maybe their just pissed and want the area for themselves. Maybe it's not the Cardassians at all, but someone who has their technology and built more ships. Who knows, but one thing is for sure are the things mentioned above.

Cardassian Home World beaten, what exactly was left of the Fleet than was with the Federation, no one is for sure, Maquis rebuilt after being sought after.



**Tigri K'Tel
Or not?**

You decide.



Skotek Tr'Kitanriis—Romulan Unificationist Ambassador

Sr. Cmdr Chris Parker, USS Reprisal

Following is a report of the resident Romulan's activities to date.

1. Ordered Cloaked Patrols outside Station perimeter
2. Ordered Cloaked Patrols inside Station Perimeter
3. Placed Station on Yellow Alert
4. Placed Computer System

on Martial Law

5. (Re)Placed replicator Menus with 'real' food (Three quarter inch sirloin, yum)

6. Began Hourly Search Schedules to try to turn up any ambassadors that go missing from time to time.

6. Freed more cats from the Klingon's quarters.

When is a Romulan not a Romulan?



Prince ScNaR of Solion—Visiting Dignitary

My home world is a sub-zero world. The surface temperatures are at a constant 50,000 degrees below zero.

When it comes to our customs, do not worry about that, we adapt to just about any race that happens to be out there since our technology happens to be far beyond anything that the Federation currently happens to have.

However I digress. I know about your Prime Directive, but if the people of the Federation are willing, we shall share what we have. However, that does not include anything dealing in the military, anything that can be a benefit of scientific standards

that would benefit all, we can help with other wise, to take a life is not our way.



This photo, taken recently on Risa, is rumored to be of a Solion.



Shakara Nix—Trill Ambassador

Commodore Patricia Lewis



Are those spots real, or are you just happy to see me?

It certainly is good to be back on Unity Station. It has been a difficult time adjusting to the loss of our beloved Bajoran Ambassador, Kaliel.

Bull, Winkle and I are all settled back in our quarters and look forward to meeting with the new ambassadors and carousing with the “old” ones.

Ruth and Alanya have been diligent in updating me on the last several months of station activities and incidents. Some things never change...LOL.

While away, I was fortunate to meet with several potential ambassadors interested in joining us here on Unity Station. Time will

tell whether they will show up or not. With the talk of missing ambassadors and replacements... it may be hard to recruit worthy diplomats!

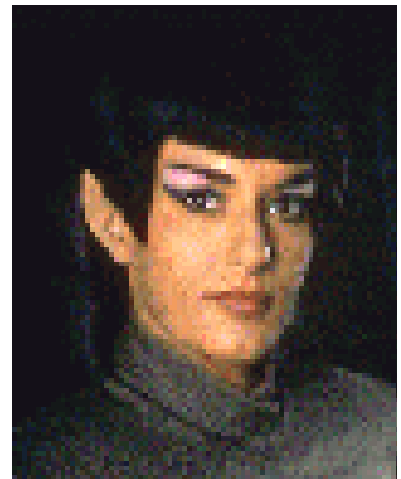
On a side note, my real-life job has been stressful and overwhelming the last year and I have not been able to participate in the AAC and other Fleet activities as much as I would have liked. With the many difficult events going on in the world, people are not traveling as much or as far as usual, so work has slowed down to a pace that I can play a little. I’m very glad to be able to do an issue of your newsletter again, what fun!



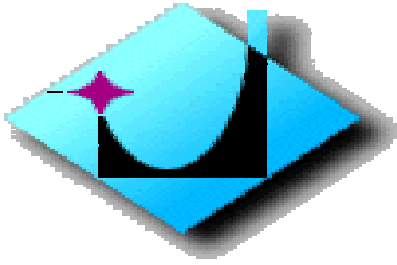
T’Lar—Vulcan Ambassador

Captain Laura Hensley

Missing. Last seen in Quirk’s quarters.



This photo taken in Quirk’s, appears to be T’Lar. Is that a hint of a smile?



Working for the gods, I mean Founders, is a wonderful thing.

We recently tried to collect on a old contract from the Grand Nagus. The Founders negotiated a contract with the old Grand Nagus for some property, but the only way to get this land was to either marry the Ferengi named in this contact or if he refused to marry, then the land was lost to

the Founders. The Ferengi ran at the site of the contract. He called the new Grand Nagus to get the contract voided in such an un-Ferengi manner. A contract is obviously not a contract to *this* Ferengi.

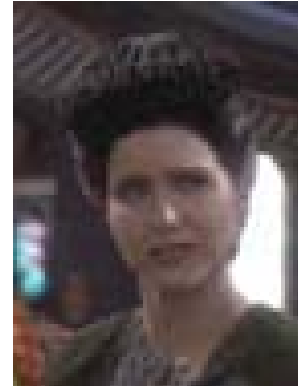
We do not know what the price was to get the contract voided, but the Grand Nagus voided the old contract! Now we are out our well-deserved land. We are saddened to see the Ferengi government come to this. One could always depend on the Ferengi to honor their contracts.

We must now assume that this Ferengi had some sort of blackmail for the contract to be voided. We would have much rather gotten the property than

marry a Ferengi!

Unfortunately, we must now add the Ferengi government to the list of untrustworthy races.

In service to the Founders.



Eris “Pick a Number” Vorta

From the Galactic Newswire

Andori Scientific Times reports that it is a truth universally acknowledged...Andorian females are not that much taller than Andorian males. They just wear high-heels and stand on boxes.

The *Gornathon Quarterly* has announced that it is changing its name to *The Green Gorn Gazette*.

The *Ferengi Financial Adviser* had a curious article recently. It mentioned a certain Ferengi (that shall remain anonymous), is suing the Dominion for one billion bars of gold-pressed latinum. The reason? Libel and slander of his reputation for supposedly breaking a binding contract.

The *Dominion Dominator* shocked the printing world with the headline, FERENGI IGNORES MARRIAGE CONTRACT. Apparently there was a legal and binding marriage contract involving some land to be settled upon the wife after marriage. But the bride was left at the altar!

Caitian Chronicles printed a retraction on its earlier claim that there was a kitty-litter crisis on Cait. There is actually a Catnip Crisis on Cait.

The Betazed Inquirer noted that the Holy Rings of Betazed have been found and were never really lost.

Hot off the press from the *Vulcan Vindicator*, Vulcans have the ability to lie their pants off. While it is hard for many of us to believe, the Vulcan Science Directorate now has proof this is totally true.

An article spotted in the *Romulan Imperial Repository* states

categorically that they knew the Vulcans could lie all along.

The *Deltan Daily Dispatch* has surprised everyone with this latest breaking news... It appears that Deltan pheromones are made up of sugar, spice, and one secret ingredient that we can't reveal.

tlhIngan ghochwI reports that the cat-chasing, catsup bearing Klingons have settled down for a long catnap.

In the *Bajoran Observer*, it was noted that the famous ambassador, Kaliel Altai has received a posthumous award in the Alien Ambassador Corps. May his pah rest in pieces.

The *Maquis Underground Monitor* published an alarming report that two of its members have gone missing. As of the last census, there were only two members. What does this mean for the Maquis? Stay tuned...



KULTURE KORNER - WHERE DIVERSITY IS DIVERTING

Featuring excerpts from the someday-to-be published, *Tales of Unity**.

Chapter 2—Bajoran Selected Works

Courage

Our courage will rise,
Our strength never end.
Though war comes our way,
In subtle disguise.

Our courage is life,
Our faith we'll defend.
Though suffer and bruised,
In undeserved strife.

—Kaliel Altai
Late Bajoran Ambassador

Chapter 5 — Caitian Selected Works

A Caitian Song

In the city of discordance the masses defy
In the matrix of disorder all laws they deny
In the cellar of corruption the shame will increase
In the nursery of ignorance the shatter of peace

In the shelter of destiny the people arise
In the chalice of redemption the heathen decries
In the cauldron of fire the soul is refined
In the graveyard of enmity the evil confined.

—a'Mia m'Evrouwis
Caitian Dignitary
From: *Songs the Caitians Sing*

Chapter 9—Ferengi Love Songs

Fereold

In the Marshes of Fereold
Under gray clouds and rain,
Your worth like pure gold;
You whisper my name.

In the Marshes of Fereold
The cold rains never cease,
But you warm my soul
With your latinum piece.

—Bol
Merchant of Ferenginar

Chapter 11: Klingon Selected Works

Despair and Honor

Far from where the peaceful sleep,
Are the Guardians of Feklahr.
That ancient keeper of despair and dread.
The Warriors fallen, dishonored, dead.
Can you smell the blood, feeding the beast?
Of cowards and targs, a banquet. A feast!

—K'Riah
Klingon Advocate
From: *The Battle Rages On*

Chapter 13: Romulan Selected Works

The Way to Lead

The way to be a leader
In this very dangerous age
Is to manage your appearance
Like an actor on the stage.

To determine which appearance
To plan for various roles
Just spend an hour each morning
Interpreting the polls.

—Anonymous

Chapter 15: Trill Selected Works

Song of the Symbionts

In the warm milky pools of the Mak'tah Caves
Just under the ripples and silvery waves
The beauty and splendor is such a delight
Where time has no meaning, no day and no night.
There is none like our world, in all of its peace
All thoughts are united and never will cease
Our joy so unbounded, and freedom complete
No care or a worry, and never defeat
Just under the ripples and silvery waves
In the warm milky pools of the Mak'tah Caves

—Shakara Nix
Trill Ambassador

This is a real book compiled by the Editor of the R1 Ambassador and was started in 2001. Consisting of 17 chapters and over 140 pages, the book features literary works from all of our Ambassadors past and present. Email Shakara@neo.r1.com for info. or to contribute. Works do not reflect opinions of the AAC, but are fictional works for entertainment and role-playing. No work should be copied in any other form without the consent of the author.. Good manners, ya know?

Dear Miss Manners

Dear Miss Manners,

There is this ambassador who claims to be such a good businessman, but when a business opportunity occurs he runs the other direction and insults me.

He has been rude and abusive and will not acknowledge a valid contract. I am only trying to take over a very small section of the universe...er... land, and he will not ease my way. What am I to do?

—*Marriage-Minded*

Dear Marriage:

You youngin's are all the same. Beautiful planets, fast ships, loads of latinum...Ah well! The bum should be ashamed of himself. No self-respecting businessman with an ounce of honor would run from a contract that was binding. If I were you, I'd get a lawyer and drag him through the mud. I'd make him pay! Yes, pay through the nose! Pay latinum, I say! Cough.. ahem...

Sincerely,

Miss Manners

Dear Miss Manners,

I have an ugly, disgusting female ambassador after me. She said she has a contract to marry me. I think she is trying to play games with me. I want nothing to do with her, but she insists that we are meant to be. How do I kill her and be done with it so the other

ambassadors do not know I did it?

—*Against Marriage*

Dear Against,

Now don't be impetuous, dear. You males are all alike. Marriage isn't so bad, really. I mean it...I've had quite a few myself. You feel a little prick, then they bleed you dry. What's so bad about that? Give her what she wants.

Sincerely,

Miss Manners

Dear Miss Manners,

Recently a new female ambassador has been assigned to the station. She has all the male ambassadors at her door day and night. She never lacks someone doing things for her or lacks having a date. What does she have that I don't?

—*Former #1 Unity Hottie*

Dear Former,

What makes you think YOU were the #1 Hottie? I've had my share of loin-clothed love slaves, ya know!

Sincerely,

Miss Manners

Dear Miss Manners,

There is a new alien ambassador here on Unity Station. This ambassador claims to be superior to everyone in every way. Yet I haven't seen any proof. The ambassador refuses invita-

tions to socialize. I think he's full of hot air, what do you think?

—*Anti-Antisocial*

Dear Anti,

The proof is in the pudding and I haven't had any either. Superior *is* as superior *does*.

Sincerely,

Miss Manners

Dear Miss Manners,

I have an odd problem that I need assistance to solve: How do I get rid of guys?? They won't leave me alone. I open doors they're there; I close doors they're there. I caught one trying to get into my quarters through the replicator. I didn't know it until I asked for hot soup and heard a blood-curdling shriek. He ended up in the Infirmary with very painful burns in a rather sensitive place. Now I'm half-afraid to order anything hot from my replicator.

I can't beat them off with the threat of a photon torpedo attack. I've threatened to throw them out an airlock and they say at least they'll die happy with their last sight being my face. While I understand they are not responsible for their behavior due to a certain catalyst, enough is enough. Can you help me, PLEASE?

—*Don't Follow Me*

Dear Don't,

It was nice of you to write, I'd love to help you, dear. I've read your letter several times, but I can't see what the problem is...you lucky dog!

Sincerely,

Miss Manners



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