

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

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R1 Ambassador

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Volume 1, Issue 1

NEWSLETTER OF THE REGION ONE ALIEN AMBASSADOR CORPS

Spring 2001

AAC Diplomacy

“Take care and everyone boogie.”

-Enhanced Human

“Nibor, my little blue elf...”

-Vorta

“Who are you calling a Ferengi? You are the one with the big ears!”

-Xenexian

“I wore many hats...they made me an honorary Klingon”

-Romulan

“I don’t need a whole chocolate kitchen. Just a good size replicator!”

-Betazoid

“In service to....uhmmm.... whoever.”

-Romulan Unification

“Meeooww”

-Klingon

“Males are males. Ferengi or not.”

-Deltan

“How did the Vorta get those ears? A cloning accident with an elf?”

-Borg

“I knew that you would love me as much as I do.”

-Vorta

“Latinum is law. Law is latinum.”

-Ferengi



Welcome to the first issue of the new “R1 Ambassador”, the official newsletter of the Region One Ambassador Corps. The R1 Ambassador will contain fictional biographies of the ambassadors, reports from the ambassadors, trivia, and any thing that pertains to aliens. Ambassadors from the Non-Aligned Worlds meet in council. It is the last best hope of peace. Oops, wrong show. Similar to the council of Non-Aligned Worlds, the Alien Ambassador Corps meets in council on space station in Region One.

The Alien Ambassador Corps has ambassadors for Andori, Bajoran, Betazoids, Borg, Breen, Deltan, Dominion, Genetically Enhanced Human, Gorn, Klingon, Maquis, Romulans (Empire and Unificationist), Trill, Vulcan, and Xenexian. More ambassadors for different races will be added as needed. The Alien Ambassador Corps is unique to Starfleet. The AAC deals with the fictional side of the alien races. Each ambassador has an alter ego and persona. Most ambassadors have written a background detailing their past as the race they represent. The AAC deals with the role playing side of Starfleet. In Starfleet, you see many Human officers and members. Occasionally, you find a Starfleet member wanting to be an alien race,

which you see most of the time as Klingon. The Star Trek world has had many various aliens only a few that you see people claiming to be. You will see Klingons everywhere, but when was the last time you saw someone in full blue makeup as an Andori or Bolian? As RDC of the AAC, I have seen more people saying that they are Romulan, Vorta, Orion or Horta then I have seen before. The AAC has grown by leaps and bounds in the recent months. We have added Bajoran, Borg, Deltan, Dominion, Romulans, and Trill ambassadors in just the last 3 months. On our AAC list serve, the ambassadors can role-play or discuss real concerns. With the addition of our Dominion ambassador, the AAC list serve has become very active. The list went from a total of 12 posts one month to 134 the very next month. This was caused by the Dominion sending in a Vorta Ambassador as their spokesperson. The Vorta was very helpful in wanting to take applications for the ambassadors’ entrance into the Dominion. The Alien Ambassador Corps is in the process of making quarters, holosuites (for the Ferengi Ambassador), and general departments for our council space station. These will be in the future added to the AAC web site (www.regionone.net/AAC).

AMBASSADOR RUTH GREEN

RDC, REGION ONE, ALIEN AMBASSADOR CORPS

On the Alien Ambassador Corps’ web site, we have a list of ambassadors, who the ambassadors are, and soon biographies of the ambassadors, as well as the council’s space station and various rooms on it plus more things as we grow.

The AAC is a fun place to act out your persona. You can interact with other people who, like yourself, want to have fun with the fictional side of Starfleet. More importantly, you can be a Starfleet alien anyone can be proud of.



Our Logo – Designed by Bernie Fritts

Special points of interest:

- AAC RDC Report
- Membership Update
- Handbook Committee
- Embassy Reports
- Meet the Ambassadors

with Bio Excerpts

Handbook Committee Report

I have put together a committee of consisting of the ARDC, some of the Senior Ambassadors and myself to create a handbook for the AAC. The handbook, when finished, will state in black and white the guidelines and rules for the Alien Ambassador Corp RDC program. This way everyone, both present and future members, will know how the AAC works and is run.

Captain Ruth Green

Betazoid Ambassador

RDC, R1 AAC



The AAC has grown so fast, that guidelines and rules are needed to keep everything organized and maintain a working program. I have been assigned the job of designing and organizing the handbook.

Please be sure to email me with any ideas or information you would like to see included. We would like everyone's input.

Email me at:

BajoranEmbassy@aol.com

Kaliel Alai (RadmRobbie Lewis)
Bajoran Ambassador
Editor, R1 AAC Handbook



AAC Web Site Report



The Alien Ambassador Corps' web site is located at www.regionone.net/AAC. At the site you will find list of alien ambassadors, who they are, message from the AAC founder, and other various items. The web site

is under construction to update the list of all the new ambassadors, ambassadors' bios, alien census, and the council's space station where the Corps meets. The web site will be having the space station on it soon. It will

show council rooms and other rooms of the space station eventually. Read the Bio excerpts here, and then watch for the full versions online when the area is completed.

—Ruth Green

Census Report — “You’re Not From Earth, Are You?”

Greetings everyone from Region 1.

Soon all chapter CO’s will be receiving an email and snail mail regarding the Alien and Human Census in Region 1.

The purpose of this census is to get an idea of the number of people within Region One, that have an alien persona, or would like to play as one.

This doesn’t have

to be a fictional role aboard our ship, but a fictional role they might like to have otherwise (like within the AAC). The AAC has recently had an evolution to that of role-

playing of sorts, and we would like to have a diverse group to interact with.

If any chapter CO’s out there see this and have a meeting before you get your Census Form, please put a tid-bit in for us!

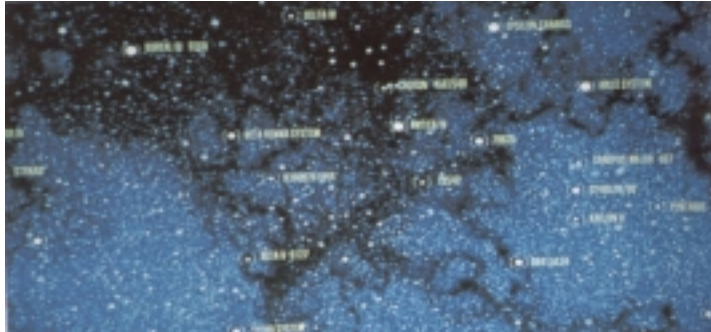
Thanks

Sr. Ambassador Vrynn DaQ’

Klingon Embassy, R1 AAC

Aka Capt Shawn Fields,

CO, USS WASP



Searching the galaxy for more Ambassadors

Alien Ambassador Corps Member Roster

Captain Ruth Green, Betazed, RDC
 Captain Laura "TLar" Hensley, Vulcan, ARDC
 Capt Shawn "Vrynn DaQ" Fields, Klingon Empire, Sr Ambassador
 Comm. Robin "Valev Nibor" Pillow, Andorian, Sr Ambassador
 Capt Warren "Tigri K'Tel" Price, Maquis, Sr. Ambassador
 FCapt Wade Larkin, Xenexian, Sr Ambassador
 FCapt Gary "Izod Ze" Donner, Gorn, Sr. Ambassador
 Major Michael "Dragonfly" Browne, Ge-

netically Enhanced Human Ambassador
 FCapt Patricia "Shakara Nix" Lewis, Trill Ambassador
 Dennis "1st LT Quirk" Relyea, Ferengi Ambassador
 Beverly Steese, Deltan Ambassador
 Chris "Skotek Tr'Kitanriis" Parker, Romulan Unificationist Movement Ambassador
 BGR Kimberly Brooks, Romulan Empire Ambassador

Lt. Curt "Curtis of Borg" Bellman, Borg Ambassador
 Missey Larkin, Vulcan Attaché, to Vulcan Embassy
 Greg "Brak' Tul" Franklin, Breen Ambassador
 Robbie "Kaliel Alai" Lewis, Bajoran Ambassador
 Weyoun, Vorta Ambassador to the Dominion.
 Col. John "Kiwi" Kane, Klingon Attaché to Klingon Embassy.

*"Is there a Human Ambassador...after all... They are alien to us."
 —Vrynn DaQ*



Curt of Borg’s Dreams...New Borg City



AMBASSADOR Valev Nibor [Comm Robin Pillow]

ANDORI, SR. AMBASSADOR

Andorians are blue-skinned humanoids with white hair. Their slim builds conceal the well-muscled bodies of warriors. They have a pair of knobbed antennae extending from the sides of the crown of the head. These "antennae" are actually extensions of their sinus cavities, giving the Andorians a great sensitivity to minute variations in pressure and temperature. They have an elevated aural sensitivity and an enormously enhanced sense of smell. The

actual receptors are situated within the depressions at the tips of the "antennae" and are protected by the hard cartilaginous tissue that keeps the "antennae" rigid. Their visual acuity is also well above human standards. Andorians are somewhat thinner than most humans, but weigh equivalently, and are somewhat faster in movement and reaction time.

family ties. Andorians are fond of technology, but they insist on its use with respect for nature. For



this reason, their early wars of conquest were fought with a regard for planetary environment, and so the Andorians avoided much of the ecological devastation suffered by Terran Humans and many other cultures

The Vorta is NOT trusted, but is viewed as a potential threat. He does have his assets. None have come through yet, but they must be there? Somewhere?

Andorian history is one of conflict, though they do not battle without reason. The martial spirit is still alive in Andorian culture. Andorians are extremely disciplined, possessing a strong sense of duty and personal honor, and so they make excellent military officers.

Though they are stoic and largely unsentimental, they do respect and revere



AMBASSADOR CURTIS OF BORG [LIEUTENANT CURT BELLMAN]

BORG AMBASSADOR

Borg are a race of "enhanced" humanoids native to the Delta Quadrant. Originally completely organic, their evolutionary development led them to create the highly effective hive social structure that achieves a collective consciousness through cybernetic implants. To the Borg, individual thought and action are considered imperfect and weak. They travel through the universe in their hive cubicles seeking new civilizations to assimilate into their own consciousness, or in their words, "add the biological and



technological distinctiveness to their own". They don't simply assimilate individuals, they devour cultures, races, entire worlds in achieving their understanding of perfection. If a Borg drone dies or is beyond repair, his memory will still be retained by the collective. So in a sense all Borg are immortal. Each Borg has cyber-

netic implants that differ with the specific designated task. The assimilated drone has only to listen to the murmur of thousands that transmit into his mind precisely the task at hand, never needing to decide independently nor worry about what course of action to take. The result is an outward harmony and complete cooperation among the drones at the price of surrendering individual thought. Yet such a life of security has prompted Borg separated from the collective to long to lose themselves within the collective again and return to the hive.

"One day the Borg will assimilate your species despite your arrogance. When that day arrives, remember me." — 7 of 9



AMBASSADOR KALEIL ALAI [RADM ROBBIE LEWIS]

BAJORAN AMBASSADOR

Greetings from the Bajoran Embassy:
I apologize for my late arrival, my ship needed to make an unexpected stop at Risa. However, I've arrived and my wife, the Trill Ambassador Shakara, has been filling me in on the negotiations, intrigues, and accidents that have befallen all the Ambassadors in the last two months.

I've also noted the interest in Trill spots recently. Aren't they just adorable? *Connect the Dots* is such an interesting Ancient Terran game.

My next assignment is a debate with the Ferengi and Deltan Ambassadors over the merits of oomox versus jamaharon in the new holosuite program. What a job.





AMBASSADOR BRAK' TUL (CAPT GREG FRANKLIN)

BREEN AMBASSADOR

The Breen are a humanoid race, and stand about the same height as humans. They have been called a warrior race. The Breen come from a planet of the same name, which has a polar environment. Kira once described the planet Breen as a "frozen ball of ice". As a result of their frigid home world, the Breen require heavy survival suits to survive in hot climates. At room temperatures, they seem to get along fine wearing thinner uniforms, along with a beaklike helmet that covers their face. Whether or not this equipment is also essential for a Breen's survival remains to be seen. Breen brains are four-lobed, as are Ferengi and Dopterian brains. This makes them unreadable by Beta-

zoids. Another interesting part of Breen physiology is that they have no blood Pregnancy at a young age is not uncommon amongst the Breen. The Breen are politically non-aligned, and have been known to attack Federation vessels. The Breen utilize privateers, and one group of them attacked the Bajoran Colony of Free Haven in 2372. The Breen have outposts near the Black Cluster and settlements at Portas V . In 2370, a Breen pilot participated in the palio on Deep Space 3 A Breen of unknown identity was replaced by a founder, and the "original" was imprisoned in Internment Camp 371. This brave fellow gave his life by initiating an escape from the camp, shortly after Cardassia joined the Dominion. The Breen might not be considered the nicest guys, two Breen warships attacked the Cardassian ship *Ravi-*

nok then forced it to crash land on Dozaria where they put the crew and passengers on that ship into a forced labor camp on the surface. Some have found the Breen to be highly irritating. The Breen may be known for their low integrity and backstabbing nature, as there is a Romulan saying "Never turn your back to a Breen".



AMBASSADOR BEVERLY STEESE

DELTAN AMBASSADOR

Humanoid race from Delta IV. Members of the Federation of over a century. Deltan's have characteristically little body hair, especially a bald head. Deltans have an inherent talent for mathematics and geometry. The Deltan race has a very highly developed sexuality and some form



of sexual expression is inherent in most aspects of Deltan culture. Deltans are the one known humanoid race in which

pheromones play a major role. Deltan pheromones cause powerful sexual stimulation in almost all humanoid species. Deltans have limited telepathic abilities.

CONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS



With the growth of the AAC, also comes the necessity for larger Council Chambers. We have recently decided to requisition a star base for our ambassadorial needs. The location of the base will be on a need to know basis. It is a typical "space dock" star base, fitted with a

diplomatic inner module. Individual species quarters are being built upon request, with any special accommodations the Ambassadors may require. This is of course, a fictional base of operations for the AAC. Ideas about linking with an actual station in Region One was an

idea, but we decided on the fictional. Upon completion, the station will be named and announced "open for diplomats."

Sr. Ambassador Vrynn DaQ'

Diplomacy and Etiquette

Dear Miss Manners,

I need major help. I've been assimilated by the Borg, and recently came to consciousness again within the body of your crew member Curt of Borg. It was all good for a while -- I was making deals again and swindling everyone like a Ferengi's supposed to -- but then T'Lar came in and pushed us all to the back of his mind and we can't get out. Can you figure out a way for me to escape? If not, I fear I'll be stuck in here with the consciousness of an angry Klingon warrior, a whiny Vorta, and a Horta!

Groveling at your feet,
Ferengi Trader

Dear Ferengi Trader,

Vulcans! They just suck the fun out of everything, don't they? So, if I could help you, I most certainly would. The Great Curzon Dax knows that I don't get enough groveling in my life. Oh, sure, Kaliel tries, but he always ruins it by giggling and licking my spots -- never mind.

Unfortunately, I lack the necessary telepathic skills to assist you in escaping. I suggest you pass the time by turning the Klingon against the whiny Vorta and Horta, then start selling tickets to all the other repressed personalities there in the Collective consciousness of the Borg.

Sincerely,
Miss Manners



AMBASSADOR QUIRK [1st LIEUTENANT DENNIS RELYEA]

FERENGI AMBASSADOR

The Vorta clown...er...clone, has contacted me to demand satisfaction for alleged crimes against the Dominion perpetrated by the Ferengi race.

But really, had they not kidnapped the female — known as “Moogie” beloved of the Grand Negus — then the death of Yelgrun 2 (but, who's counting?) would not have happened. His death was purely

accidental! And, then to blame us for their current ear problems? That's just too much. As if we can help it that the Cardassians don't keep their prisons clean?

As for my dealings with the White. That has been concluded satisfactorily. I would rather stay out of the brig and have my gold pressed latinum!



AMBASSADOR DRAGONFLY [MAJOR MICHAEL BROWNE]

GENETICALLY ENHANCED HUMAN AMBASSADOR

Greetings and Felicitations
Fellow Ambassadors

I have been a member with Starfleet approximately 1,825 days (5 years) give or take 30. I've been with the Starfleet Marines a little less. My current assignment is the USS Questar as the OIC of the 159th. Beyond the Strike Group Level, I'm also the 2nd Bn OIC. Kentucky is the

“Nuts!”
—General McAuliffe

2nd Bn. We serve as security aboard our ship. I am also a member of the R1 Handbook Committee for the Starfleet Marines.

I decided to give the AAC a whirl, as a human with a twist!

“Imagination is more important than knowledge”
— A. Einstein



AMBASSADOR WEYOUN

VORTA AMBASSADOR, DOMINION

Salutations All, I bring you greetings from the Dominion. Allow me to introduce myself to those of you who do not know me. I am Weyoun, Dominion Ambassador to the R1AAC. I serve the Founders. Many thanks to each of you who have given me such a warm welcome since my return to the Alpha Quadrant. I also wanted to thank each race that has applied to become a part of the Dominion. Unfortunately everyone is not qualified. I will be sending letters out to those who do meet our standards shortly. To summarize what has been going on in the offices of the Dominion Ambassador I shall briefly give this account: Yelgrun (2) was assigned to the AAC as Ambassador and made a triumphant entry into the Ambassador Corps. He made many friends. After few weeks though he began to take ill and had to be called back to the Dominion. I was sent as his temporary replacement. I found out shortly after arriving that Yelgrun had succumbed to a dreadful disease and had to be terminated. His replacement was generated and eventually sent here. In the mean time I set about the business of organizing the office and making contacts with my new friends in the AAC. It was certainly a time of much activity and great accomplishments all in the name of diplomacy. Unfortunately, when Yelgrun (3) arrived, I was showing him around the Embassy and there was a dreadful paper cutter incident in which my fellow Vorta was decapitated. It was so horrible. As a result of that, I have been



named permanent Dominion Ambassador to the R1AAC. I look forward to working with each of you. Now as I said, poor Yelgrun succumbed to a dreadful disease. It was known as Ferengi Ear Mites. It seems that he contracted this insidious illness while on a diplomatic mission. Some of you may have heard about it. It seems that nearly three years ago, one "Moogie", a Ferengi female of indeterminate age came to Yelgrun and asked for political asylum within the Dominion. Yelgrun determined that the woman was a bit off her rocker and set about trying to find her keeper. He found that her sons were the notorious Ferengi criminals Quark and Rom. After contacting these ruffians, they threatened Yelgrun and went out and captured one of our Field Supervisors, Keevan. They proceeded to set up a "prisoner exchange" as they called it. Yelgrun, much dismayed at this complication had no choice but to agree, for fear of the safety of Keevan. It was Yelgrun's original intent to merely send "Moogie" on her way, but obviously the Ferengi had blackmail on their minds. To sum up, Yelgrun, unarmed and alone, brought Moogie to the old Terok Nor Station and gave her up to Quark and Rom and their gang of



"And death shall have no dominion..." —Dylan Thomas
 miscreants. In turn they returned Keevan who had already been tortured for information and killed by the murderous Ferengi. It

was during this time that Yelgrun contracted the Ferengi Ear mites that took his life. I have been authorized by the Dominion to seek the arrest of these criminals and their gang for the murder of both Keevan and Yelgrun. I have tried to negotiate extradition with the Ferengi Ambassador, but to no avail. Now, I must take more drastic measures. Anyone who knows the whereabouts of this gang of murderers and its two masterminds, please contact me. A substantial reward has been authorized by this office. I plead with each of you to help bring these criminals to justice. Make the Alpha Quadrant safe for all beings again.

You may contact me at:
 VortaOne@yahoo.com.

Thank you for your time.

=====
 Weyoun
 Dominion Ambassador
 to Region One
 Vorta Field Supervisor
 Member of the Ging'Vari
 War Council
 Proud Terapha Genetics
 Commission Alumni

"The Founders don't make mistakes. Though sometimes I think it would be nice to be able to carry a tune."

— Me "Favor the Bold"



AMBASSADOR IZOD ZE [COMM GARY DONNER]

SENIOR GORN AMBASSADOR

... Reptilian semi-humanoids from Tau Lacertae III in the Mutara Sector. The Gorn have their own political alliance and claim 8 star systems throughout three sectors. A peace treaty was signed in 2267 allowing rights of free passage through Gorn space and ensuring peace. Before this, Gorn raiders attacked Federation ships or colonies that



were to close to their borders. The Gorn are usually over 2 meters tall with rough leathery skin and a hard multifaceted shell over their eyes. The Gorn have large claws on their hands and feet, they are unable to speak most humanoid languages and require translators to communicate with most other life forms.



AMBASSADOR VRYNN DAQ' [CAPT SHAWN FIELDS]

KLINGON, SR AMBASSADOR

Qapla' Well there are additions to the Klingon Embassy making us have a stronger presence on the Corps Station. We have also been working on strengthening our alliances. My Neg Var' cruiser is safely docked at the station and construction is underway for a quick completion of the station. It's also given me an op-

portunity for technology exchange for improving my ship (Not that it's a bad ship at all). I will be contacting certain species regarding such negotiations.

Until then "Own the Day"

Sr. Ambassador Vrynn DaQ'

Klingon Embassy Staff:

Col. John "Kiwi" Kane, Klingon Attaché

*The battle to the strong,
And
Defeat to the weak*



AMBASSADOR TIGRI K'TEL [CAPT WARREN PRICE]

SENIOR MAQUIS AMBASSADOR

My name is Tigri K'Tel. I was born 2347 in the colony at Setlik III. We escaped the massacre and settled on a new colony on New Providence. I was admitted to Starfleet Academy and graduated in 2367 and served aboard the USS Fearless for



"We are the REBELS of the sci-fi fandom community."

four years. My parents left New Providence one year before the Borg attacked and settled on Dorvon V. My parents joined the Maquis movement and later were accidentally killed by the Federation. I joined the Maquis in 2371,

aboard the Raider, commanded by Chakotay. After spending 2 years lost in the Delta Quadrant, an anomaly transported me back to the Alpha Quadrant. I am currently stationed in the Jackson, TN area promoting Star Trek Fandom.

MAQUIS FOREVER



AMBASSADOR SKOTEK TR'KITANRIIS (CHRIS PARKER)

ROMULAN UNIFICATIONIST MOVEMENT AMBASSADOR

Christopher Scott Parker (Commander Skotek Tr'Kitanriis)
Rank :Sr. Commander
duty : U.S.S. REPRI-SAL

Chief of Security

Commander Christopher Parker was born in the year 2345 to parents Amanda Michelle

Parker, A lieutenant from the late Starship ENTERPRISE C, and Commander Sekos Tr'Kitanriis, a Romulan officer. His mother was killed when Natasha Yar attempted escape and the ENTERPRISE survivors were executed. Parker grew up as Skotek Tr'kitanriis. Parker's father was one of ambassador Spock's followers.

Parker received formal training at the Romulan academy and was soon appointed to the Tal Shiar. He briefly served aboard the D'Deridex class warbird KOZINAK. The ship that had, several years earlier, led



the attack on Khitomer.

When word reached Parker that a group of young Romulan officers were planning to defect to the Federation, Parker leapt at the chance.

The group managed to "acquire" a scout ship and were well on their way when a warbird intercepted them just across the neutral zone. When, two days later, a Federation Starship, the U.S.S. PHOENIX, found the scout, Parker was the only survivor.

What amazed Captain Maxwell and his crew was the remains of a warbird that had been destroyed by disruptor fire. The only explanations that the crew could come up with were far-fetched to say the least.

One was that another warbird had come in aid to the scout. That was very unlikely since that would require a full crew of Romulans willing to destroy a fellow warship. The other theory was even more unlikely, though it was the most often be-

lieved. Given the strains that had been put on the scout's disruptor coils and engine core, the PHOENIX's chief engineer speculated that it was the scout, through near-legendary maneuvering, that had destroyed the warbird. When asked about it though, Parker merely commented that "it was in the past and that's where it should stay". He seemed to be in relatively good spirits considering that his wife had also died in the scout ship.

Eventually, Parker made it to earth and enrolled in Starfleet academy under Captain Maxwell's sponsorship. Parker took his mother's name at this time.

He was a stand-out student at the academy. His entrance exam grades were the highest in his class. He was the only cadet in over forty years to reach level eleven on the Kobayashi Maru scenario. He was exceptional in fighter training, constantly shooting down his instructors and thereby earning their respect.



AMBASSADOR VERELAN (BGR KIMBERLY BROOKS)

ROMULAN AMBASSADOR

Jolan'tru!

I'm Verelan i'Mhiessan t'Lhaitrha, Riov of the WS Resolute, from the Romulan Star Empire. Since joining the AAC, I have been very busy meeting with other representatives both online and off, spreading the glory of the Empire. One such meeting was with KAG chapter IKV Executioner, to raise funds for the Catawba County Hospice. Another fulfilling event was a recent trip to Philadelphia, where I met with Ad-

miral Anthony Rowley. After hours of negotiations and several compromises, a most satisfactory deal was made that will further relations between the Federation and the Empire. Admiral Rowley then took me on a tour of several museums in the area that focused on Terran history. This July, my duties with the RSE will take me to Shore Leave 2001 in Hunt Valley, Maryland. Even though that is in Region 7, I also plan on representing the R1 AAC. Hopefully others will follow our example and start one

for their regions. Meanwhile, my crew and I are meeting with a local SFI chapter about a joint charity event.

Long life and prosperity,
Ambassador Verelan
Romulan Star
Empire



AMBASSADOR SHAKARA NIX (FCAPT PATRICIA LEWIS)

TRILL AMBASSADOR

After a rocky start with the Dominion representative, Yelgrun 2, I finally got the hang of this negotiating stuff and placed the Trill Embassy in calmer space. We are now organized, fully-furnished and open for business.



"In 9 lives, I've done just about everything." --Ezri

The Ferengi Ambassador and I have been enjoying ourselves with debates and haggling over holosuite programs.

Negotiations between the Trill and Klingon Embassies went well and we look

forward to a successful relationship with them.

The Breen Ambassador hasn't said a word to me, and the Gorn has said too much, but that's diplomacy for you!

Anyone for a game of Tongo?



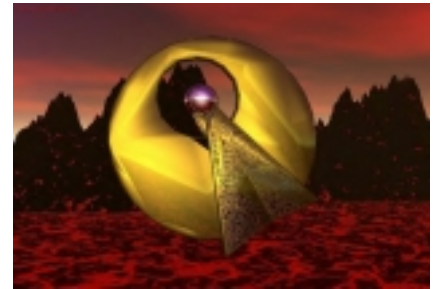
AMBASSADOR T'LAR (CAPT LAURA HENSLEY)

R1 ASSISTANT RDC, VULCAN AMBASSADOR

Vulcans comprise of nearly one third of the Federation population at 21 billion. This and their long-standing membership in the Federation makes their physiology among one of the most studied, and certainly best documented species other than the human body. Differentiating Terran humans from Vulcans is as easy as looking for the ubiquitous pointed ears and converging eyebrows, their most visible attributes. The Vulcans' great physical strength and endurance come from living in the thin atmosphere and harsh conditions of Vulcan. In order to survive such an

inhospitable environment, they have developed specialized organs over millennia of time. The surface of Vulcan is a barren land of formidable dangers: radiation, heat, and dust that result from the combination of dry climate and the two suns Vulcan orbits. To simply survive this deterring environment, Vulcan eyes have a clear second eyelid or nictating membrane that filters out dangerous substances from entering the sensory organ. Vulcan ears are shown to be capable of intensifying sound waves in dry conditions.

Vulcan Embassy Staff:
 Missey Larken
 Vulcan Embassy Attaché



Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations—IDIC

Romulan Ale

- 150 ml Everclear
- 150 ml Blue Curacao
- 150 ml Bacardi 151 Rum
- 12 ounces Sprite (or variations)

- 1) Grab a cool, old, glass bottle (something that you can throw in the freezer).
- 2) Pour all the Everclear, Blue Curacao, and Bacardi into the bottle.
- 3) Throw the bottle in the freezer until you just can't take it anymore.
- 4) Pour one ounce of the pretty, blue concoction into a tall glass.
- 5) Fill with Sprite and ice and you're in for one heck of an evening!

CHEERS

A few variations...

—Fill with Cherry 7-Up for a Cardassian Cocktail

—Fill with strawberry soda for Klingon Blood Wine

—Fill with orange soda for a Ferengi Iced Tea

—Fill with grape soda for a Trill Icoberry Punch
 (Warning: It'll make your spots itch!)

Alien Writing Recognition File — Part One

Ancient Bajoran

B a j o r a n

Old Vulcan

D e c a f j i

Vorta—Jem Ha'dar

V o r t a w r i I N G

Ferengi

F e r e n g i

Klingon

K L I N G O N

Trill

t r i l l w r i t i n g

Cardassian

C a r d a s s i a n

Romulan

R O M U L A N

Old Bajoran

B a j o r a n w r i t i n n

Modern Vulcan

M o d e r n V u l c a n

Gorn

G o r n W r i t i n g

Borg

B o r g W r i t i n g



Greetings from the Xenexian Embassy,

Let me introduce myself. I am Ambassador Eric W. Larkin. I am the Xenexian Ambassador to the Federation and Region One. I also serve as CO of the USS Reprisal. I am half Xenexian and half human, which apparently makes me qualified to be the go-between for Xenex and the Federation. I suppose the question that immediately comes to mind is: "Where in the heck is Xenex?" Well, that is a good one that I will try to answer for you.

Of course the most famous Xenexian is Captain Mackenzie Calhoun, (known as M'K'n'zy of Calhoun to the Xenexian people) whose adventures are chronicled in the publications entitled "Star Trek: New Frontiers". This continuing series of books, written by the foremost Xenexian author P'tr of Dav'd, is the only work of our race that is available off planet. Regrettably, the series chronicles mostly the current adventures of Captain Calhoun and does not provide as much history as I would like.



My father, who is full-blooded Xenexian, and I have made a hobby of studying Xenexian history over the years. It can be rather hard to find in written form as most of the planet's great libraries and two Universities were destroyed early on during the Danteri invasion of 2050. During the 300 plus years since, most history has been passed from generation to generation by word of mouth. My ancestors felt that this would keep history alive and out of the hands of the Danteri.

Many scholars believe that because of the many similar and identical physical characteristics between Terrans and Xenexians, that Xenexians once long ago were actually humans transplanted from Earth by a superior race. That is still speculation, but no doubt someone is working diligently on that theory as I write this. Xenexians are bronze skinned, bipedal, have a single heart, two lungs, and a two lobed brain. Approximately 33 % of Xenexians have violet colored eyes. One curiosity that I have discovered is the very close similarity of many words in the Xenexian language to those of ancient Celtic from Earth. Xenexian is a bit more guttural and the meanings are some times different, but these changes in a language could reasonably occur over a period of 1000 years or so.

Xenex is a Class-M planet in sector 221-H in the Alpha Quadrant, near Tholian space. The Xenexians were a knowledge-loving people before things changed for everyone. As I mentioned before, the Xenexians were conquered by a race called the Danteri around 2053, but overthrew them in 2353 after a rebellion led by M'k'n'zy of Calhoun that lasted several years. After their revolution, the Xenexians were ruled by power-loving and self-serving men, such as D'ndai, brother of M'k'n'zy. Xenex in 2373 was free in name only, as the Danteri then controlled Xenex in a more insidious manner. Since then, events have conspired to truly free Xenex from even behind-the-scenes political manipulation by the Danteri and their allies. Much of this was due to actions taken by Mackenzie Calhoun, which we will explore at a later date. Xenex is redeveloping Warp drive technology at present. The planet had launched it's first warp-powered vessel only two years before the Danteri invasion. The Federation has helped Xenex a great deal in it's quest to re-build and regain all it lost during the 300 years of Denateri oppression. Still, the Xenexian people are proud and insist on doing much of the work, research and teaching themselves. One of Xenex's universities has been re-built and scholars are hard at work restoring and researching ancient histories of the planet from both the Xenexian elders and salvaged books in an effort to begin the restoration of our planet's knowledge. The work that my father and I do on this history is a small contribution to that effort.

Well, that is a short look at Xenex. I hope that I have answered some questions about our race. Next time I will be telling the tale of how M'k'n'zy of Calhoun started the Xenexian Rebellion. It is a rousing story! See you next month!

Ambassador Eric W, Larkin
Xenexian Ambassador
Senior Ambassador
R1 Alien Ambassador Corps

"Today is the day we strike back. Today is the day we begin our long march toward freedom." —M'k'n'zy of Calhoun

"Peace is a luxury that must be paid for in blood." — Xenexian Motto

Dr. Valev Nibor — Blue Clue's

Hello Region 1 Alien Ambassador Corps. I would like to start with a statement that I believe is true of all those who call themselves residents of the planet Andor. We prefer to be called Andori, *not* Andorians.

Years ago, I wrote an article in an attempt to explain exactly why Andori are blue. Since that time, many theories have come and gone, but the most popular by far is the idea that Andori blood is based on Cobalt. We know this is possible (Horse Shoe Crab blood is based on cobalt and is blue!), this theory may also be a very good idea. However, do to the fact that the character I write stories for is an Andori/Human/Vulcan hybrid, I would have to support my original theory since I don't think cobalt and hemoglobin would mix well.

Since the discovery of Andor by the Federation, there have been many theories "thrown out on the table," so to speak, about the reason for the blue appearance of Andori. Unfortunately, nearly all of

the researchers have overlooked the possibility that the blue appearance may be caused by something other than the surroundings in which Andori live. Certainly environment is a factor, but not the only one. The high oxygen content of Andor's atmosphere does help explain this condition. First of all, those few researchers who ventured to guess at other reasons for this skin tone, had their reports lost in oblivion due to lack of interest in the subject and certain politically powerful Andori as well. The first researchers mentioned were humans. In the years since the initial investigation, the Science Institute of Andor has funded several research teams with a simple goal in mind: "Find out why Andori are blue." After several attempts, one team discovered that the question wasn't "Why is the skin blue," rather, "Why is the blood blue?" Andori blood is based on a substance very similar to hemoglobin, the basis of human blood. This substance is known as methemoglobin. In humans, hemoglobin would eventually break down into methemoglobin, however the

enzyme diaphorase is present in human blood and constantly changes any methemoglobin back into hemoglobin before any appreciable amount accumulates in the blood stream. Diaphorase is not present in the entire Andori race. Therefore, the blood remains a very constant blue.



The blue-blooded Andori

Bio Excerpt — Wade Larken, Xenexian Ambassador

Biography of Fleet Captain Eric Larkin

Name: Eric Wade Larkin
Race: Human/Xenexian
Home planet: Caldos
Rank: Fleet Captain
Assignment: CO, USS Reprisal,
Senior Ambassador, R1 AAC
Xenexian Ambassador to the Federation

Early History:

Eric Larkin was born to parents Jane Marsh and T're of L'rkn in November of 2256 on the planet of Caldos, where he was raised in the Caldos Colony. Caldos colony is a settlement of immigrants from Earth's Scotland and Ireland regions. Larkin's grandfather, William Marsh was the second governor of the

colony.

Larkin's mother, was a diplomatic attaché to the Federation Diplomatic Corps director during her early 20's. Marsh was included in a humanitarian mission to the planet Xenex, which was being oppressed by a race called the Danteri. There the Federation delegation met with representatives from Xenex to discuss aide. One of the Xenians present at the meeting was T're of L'rkn. After some time it was decided that a small group of the Xenexians would accompany the diplomatic team back to the Federation Council to plead for aide. Among the group was T're.

During the following weeks a friendship developed between the Xenexian, T're and Jane. Eventually, T're decided not to return to Xenex, but

rather to ask for Jane's hand in marriage. Governor Marsh was at first dismayed by the fact that his oldest daughter had chosen such a rough character to become enamored with. Eventually, T're's spirit and jolly nature won Marsh over. It was said that T're's barbaric background during the struggle for Xenex's independence reminded the Governor of where his people had come from and his ancestor William Wallace's fight to free Scotland from British rule centuries before.

Jane Marsh and T're of L'rkin were married and currently still reside on Caldos. T're eventually changed his name to the more easily pronounced variation of Terry Larkin.

Don't miss the rest of the story....

Bio Excerpt — Vrynn Daq', Klingon Ambassador

Name: Vrynn Daq''

Race: Klingon

Position: Sr. Ambassador, R1 AAC

Qapla', I am Vrynn Daq' and have been with the AAC since it's early days. I originally was introduced as Vrynn Daqu and 1/2 Klingon 1/2

Bajoran. However, this was due to genetic engineering and to make the Bajorans more comfortable with me as an Ambassador on their planet. I have always had good dealings with the Bajorans, Trill, and Federation. However, I have had several conflicts with the Cardassians and the Dominion. I can also toler-

ate any Ferengi that is over a light year away. You can hail me at the IKV Ambassador, my Negh'Var Battlecruiser, or find me on the Ambassadorial station to oversee its' completion.

Kulture Korner h f j i

A good Romulan curse:
eneh hwau' kllhwnia na imirrhllhse

All the Ferengi Rules of Acquisition were made by the Ferengi, except, Rule #95, "Expand or Die" This was made up by a Breen! A masked Breen peddler visiting Ferenginar trades the secret of warp drive for several ice moons in the outer Ferengi solar system. It was so Ferengi-like that it was forever recorded as the 95th rule.

Gratitude Festival - Bajoran religious holiday. Involves burning of renewal scrolls inscribed with personal problems. The greeting of the festival is "Peldar Joi", and should be spoken in turn as the sacred flame is lit using a mixture of chemicals. "Tesra Peldar Impadre Bren. Bentel Veytan Olan Sten." "As the scrolls burn, may our troubles turn to ashes with them."

Vulcan Proverbs from Surak

Dakh pthak. Nam-tor ri ret na'fan-kitok fa tu dakh pthak
Cast out fear. There is no room for anything else until you cast out fear.

Vah mau vah tor-yehat ri stau. Kup-fun-tor ha'kiv na'ish du stau? Dom nam-tor vohris nem-tor ha'kiv
As far as possible, do not kill. Can you return life to what you kill? Then be slow to take life.

"yIn DayajmeH 'oy' yISIQ"

By David Alan Roberts

Battle fortunes drifting across the river of blood.
Klingon life, survived in visions of Kahless
Khitomer of old upon Qo'noS
Opera of a distant time from afar
yIn DayajmeH 'oy' yISIQ.

Time to awaken, fighting has begun
Warriors so strong here in the sun
The war has to be done, will be done
One thing that is believed: Victory will be won
But is there more yIn DayajmeH 'oy' yISIQ?

Dujlij ylvog, drinking the Blood Wine
Beneath Kahless' honor, the shadow of time
(The war now is done, has been done)
The struggle for honor and glories still goes on,
Will be won
Knowing there's more yIn DayajmeH 'oy' yISIQ

Again we awaken there in the face of battle
yIlop! Wa'leS chaq maHeah!, the time is good!
A new day for fighting is born into our hands
Together we stand, together we fight!
Hoping there's more yIn DayajmeH 'oy' yISIQ.



The Escape

Romulan Subcommander Skotek Tr'kitanriis stood watching the viewscreen of the warbird *Syriax*. It was now the third shift and as second officer it was Skotek's duty to run the ship. That was fine with him, he preferred the night anyway.

He had begun to doubt his own government, however. After the Tal Shiar had arrested his father for supporting Ambassador Spock's reunification plan, Skotek had opened his father's private log and for the first time heard about his mother, Federation officer Amanda Michelle Parker, and about her senseless death. He had his eyes opened to the corruption in his government and became more and more disillusioned with his superiors.

"We have received permission to dock, Subcommander." The young helmsman's voice brought Skotek back to the present.

"Very well S'ton, bring us in." replied Skotek.

The *Syriax* flew majestically into the Romulan Stardock orbiting Remus.

Skotek entered the computer sciences division of Stardock Command. Knowing he had only a few moments at best, he used his position in the Tal Shiar to bring up a list of suspected dissidents. Taking a deep breath, he memorized the names and then erased all traces of his presence.

ONE YEAR LATER.....

"It's time." remarked Skotek.

The six Romulans in his quarters looked at each other in apprehension.

"If any of you want out, now is the time."

The others looked at each other again. One hesitatingly stepped forward. "Sir, I think I've changed my mind. I have family here and I'm afraid of what might happen to them if I go."

Skotek looked at him for a moment. "Very well, you have served me faithfully for the past two years and I will honor your decision." with that, Skotek pulled out a disrupter and shot the other Romulan.

The others looked at him in surprise. He glared right back. "We can't afford to be discovered too soon. It will be a while before they find him. We'll have at least four hours before he wakes up. He can then claim we attacked him when he tried to stop us."

"Now let's go."

The other Romulans filed out of the room. Skotek looked down at the unconscious officer on the floor.

"Good luck S'ton, my friend." he said; and then he too was gone.

It took nearly an hour for Skotek and his group to make it to the Stardock, and nearly another for them to board a recently refitted scout ship without drawing attention to themselves.

The small crew hurriedly performed a flight check and prepared the small starship to launch.

A young Romulan woman was busy checking systems in engineering when she felt a presence behind her. Turning, she saw Skotek there.

"Skotek! You made it!" she said, "And stop sneaking up on me!"

Skotek smiled at his wife of two years. "Every time I try to catch you off guard, my love, you already know I'm there." with that, he kissed her and then leaned back. "How are we?" he asked all business once more.

"we can be powered up and out of Stardock before any kind of resistance can be directed at us." stated his wife, "However, getting the bay doors to open when we need to and getting past the sentry ships will be another matter.

Skotek smiled again. "I've already gotten all of that planned out. I just need you to do exactly what I say, no matter how insane it may sound."

"Aye sir!" said his wife, giving him an exaggerated salute.

One more precious hour was gone before everything was ready to go. And then they settled in to wait.

To help pass the time, Skotek pulled out a datacard that had been delivered to him that morning. Sliding it into the reader, he listened as a recorded message began playing.

"Subcommander Skotek, of the house Tr'Kitanriis, agent of the Tal Shiar. It has been brought to our attention that your service record has been exemplary. The Imperial council and the Praetor have therefore approved your promotion to commander. Congratulations Commander Skotek!"

Pulling the datacard out, Skotek laughed silently to himself at the irony of everything. Even the name of their soon-to-be-hijacked scout seemed to tempt fate. Her name was the *Freedom*, Skotek remembered seeing this very ship being commissioned on the same day that the *Syriax* had docked seemingly so long ago.

"Ship leaving sir." called the helmsman. His voice was nearly breaking from nervousness. They were all feeling it now.

"Bay doors opening."

"All right, helm. Engine room, power up!" called Skotek.

Alarms started going off all over Stardock as soon as the base's computers registered an illegal power signature.

"Vessel *S'kara* nearby to the bay doors." called the crewman manning the tactical station.

"Very well." said Skotek calmly. "Engine room, Give me full power. Helm... warp speed now!"

The helmsman looked at Skotek with frightened eyes.

"Now Lieutenant!"

"Y-yes sir." the officer turned back to his board and punched the appropriate controls with trembling hands.

The ship's engines screamed in protest as the warp drive was activated inside a shielded complex. The electromagnetic discharge set off a series of explosions inside of Stardock.

The reaction also sent the *S'kara* careening into a wall, exploding and causing more damage. In a mere few seconds, nearly half the Stardock was destroyed.

After nearly fifteen minutes, Skotek ordered the *Freedom* out of warp.

"Damage assessment," he called.

"Engine cores are strained near the breaking point," came his wife's voice, "but we should be all right as long as we don't pull anymore stunts."

"Superstructure seems to be intact." reported the officer at the science station.

"Good." said Skotek. "set course for the Federation, best possible speed!"

"Neutral Zone ahead sir!" called the helmsman excitedly.

"Excellent, prepare us for..." was all he got out when the ship was jolted.

"Sir, Warbird has declocked to our stern!" called the weapons officer.

"Shields!" snapped Skotek. "Engine room, get us out of here."

"Can't do, the warp cores are scrimshaw right now." called back his wife.

"We're being hailed sir." said the weapons officer.

"Put it on."

"This is Commander Viden of the Imperial Warbird *Syriax*. You are ordered to surrender and prepare for boarding. You have fifteen seconds to lower your shields."

"Of all the ships to run in to." stated Skotek. In a flash he was at the weapons console typing in a complex series of commands.

Then he slammed his hands down on all of the scout's weapon controls.

The tiny ship let loose with everything it had. It had nowhere near the power to take on a Warbird, yet everything penetrated through the shields and struck one spot on the entire Warbird.

Engineering.

The weapons penetrated to the quantum singularity and destabilized it. The resulting explosion tore through the warbird. Soon, all that was left was debris.

"All right." He said, fighting back a surge of sorrow, "Engineering, give us all the power you can." a few moments passed.

No response.

"Engineering..." Skotek said again. Still no answer.

"Andena!" Skotek got up and ran to the turbolift. "Si'den, you have the bridge."

When he got there, he found it empty. "Andena, where are you?" he began searching.

He found her shoved under a bulkhead. Her neck was broken and her disrupter was gone. Stunned with grief, Skotek knelt down to her just as a disrupter blast hit the wall where his head was. Falling flat to the ground, Skotek drew his own disrupter. He heard running feet and engineering's door close.

Jumping up, he ran to the entrance, but the door was fused. Stepping back, he fired his disrupter on maximum. After a few moments, the door glowed white hot and melted through. Skotek ran into the hallway and toward the bridge.

When he got there, he found his crew dead. all but one.

Theris, the crewman that had been manning the weapons console, was trying to raise someone at communications.

"It's no good Theris." called Skotek.

Whirling, Theris lined his disrupter up, but a blast from Skotek's disrupter vaporized it.

Holding up a datacard with his free hand, Skotek advanced on Theris. "I've got it keyed to this card. and only my wife and I knew the passcodes."

"No Skotek!" said Theris. "the Tal Shiar made me, they said they'd kill my family if I didn't."

"You forget Theris, I am Tal Shiar, and you never had a family." Skotek snarled as the image of Andena's body came to his mind. He pulled the trigger.

Skotek was in engineering, holding his wife's body to him when they came.

There were six of them. All with phasers drawn.

Skotek looked up as one of them advanced, lowering his phaser. "Greetings, I am Captain Benjamin Maxwell of the Federation Starship Phoenix. Can we assist you?"

Skotek thought of the lives lost to get him here. He could not let their memory die.

"I am Commander Skotek, and I request asylum."

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*"Since we're a sitting duck,
all we can do is quack."*
—Piers Anthony

MISSION STATEMENT

"OUR MISSION IS TO SEEK OUT OTHER CULTURES, EXPLORE OUR DIFFERENCES, EXCHANGE OUR CUSTOMS, SHARE OUR BELIEFS, VALUE OUR LIKENESSES, AND TO CELEBRATE OUR DIVERSITY TO PROMOTE PEACE AND HARMONY AMONG ALL RACES."

