

LOTUS STARBASE

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF LOTUS FLEET

ISSUE 16, NOVEMBER 2015



LOTUS FLEET:: AN AUTHENTICALLY DEDICATED STAR TREK COMMUNITY

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Message from the Fleet Admiral's Office

Greetings Fleet members and friends of Lotus fleet.

We don't stay static for too long here in our fleet and always consider new ways to improve our experiences within the fleet. With this in mind, we have another change underway.

For about a year, a few of us senior officers have discussed the idea of creating a new landing site for people visiting our fleet for the first time. Perhaps a simpler and more user-friendly design that could be relatively easy to navigate through while also providing basic information and links to explore our fleet to an even deeper level. These discussions led to a rough outline of how this potential site could look and operate that Admiral Evshell and I worked on together utilizing an interactive document and website.

Fast forward about a year. Admiral Evshell took that very basic idea, elaborated on it to a much greater degree and created a working prototype of this concept. Among other features, he now made it so that this landing page could be partially customizable by each individual user via movable tiles. Each tile contains a topic such as STO, Recent RP Posts, Academy, etc... that can be geometrically arranged according to a users interest.

In addition, you can choose *where* your Landing page will begin: Home, Forums, Academy or Roleplay. Afterward, you will have the option to change it back again or make a different selection. However, in order to do any of these options, you will need to be logged on to the site using your current user name and password.

Among other changes coming, when you navigate to the Forums page it will look the same, except that the current sidebar will be replaced by a top bar with dropdown features. It may take a bit of getting use to at first, but that is the case with anything new that is introduced.

Currently, we are considering launching this new version of our website sometime in November. The actual date is still nebulous at this time, but notification will be provided via our site calendar, a fleet-wide PM and message in the Shoutbox since this will involve us shutting down our site for at least 24 hours while all of this is transitioned and implemented. This shutdown will affect not only our Forum, but the RP site and the Academy.

There are other features that we are tweaking and considering adding to this as well. Therefore, this undertaking will be a work in progress. Once launched, we welcome ideas and suggestions for improvement from all of our fleet members. Just understand that it will take time for any such changes to be implemented.

There is another overhaul that may be coming next year if not before, but I'll announce that once we are closer to having that one ready to implement.



Meanwhile, I encourage all members to help us find new recruits and members to join our community. We have a lot to offer within this fleet to Star Trek aficionados, gamers, RP writers and enthusiasts that awaits their active involvement and participation.

Sincerely,

Jeff T

Admiral Jeff T
Fleet Admiral



Modern Medicine cooler than Star Trek's?

Health technology is advancing so rapidly that within a decade the small handheld medical reader used by Dr. Leonard McCoy in Star Trek — the tricorder — will look primitive.

We are moving into an era of data-driven, crowdsourced, participatory, genomics-based medicine. Just as our bathroom scales give us instant readings of our weight, wearable devices will monitor our health and warn us when we are about to get sick. Our doctors — or their artificial intelligence replacements — will prescribe medicines or lifestyle changes based on our full medical history, holistic self, and genetic composition.

Not long ago, our only recourse when we doubted our doctor's prescription was to seek a second opinion. Now when we need information about an ailment, we search on the Internet. We have access to more medical knowledge than our doctors used to have via their medical books and journals, and our information is more up-to-date than those medical books were. We can read about the latest medical advances anywhere in the world. We can visit online forums to learn from others with the same symptoms, provide each other with support, and discuss the side effects of our medicines. And we can download apps that help us manage our health.

Our smartphones also contain a wide array of sensors, including an accelerometer that keeps track of our movement, a high-definition camera that can photograph external ailments and transmit them for analysis, and a global positioning system that knows where we've been. Wearable devices such as Fitbit, Nike, and Jawbone are commonly being used to monitor the intensity of our activity; a heart monitor such as one from Alivecor can display our electrocardiogram; several products on the market can monitor our blood pressure, blood glucose, blood oxygen, respiration, and even our sleep. Soon we will have sensors that analyze our bowel and bladder habits and food intake. All of these will feed data into our smartphones and cloud-based personal lockers. Our smartphone will become a medical device akin to the Star Trek tricorder.

When we get sick, we won't need to go — in high temperature and in severe pain — to a doctor's office, only to wait in line with patients who have other diseases we may catch. Our doctors will come to us, over the Internet. Telemedicine is already a fast-growing field; doctors have been assisting people in remote areas by using two-way video, email, and smartphones. They will increasingly assist us in our homes. Our smartphone and body sensors will provide them with better medical data than they usually have today.

Then our smartphones will evolve further and do part of the doctor's job.

The same type of artificial intelligence technology that IBM Watson used to defeat champions on the TV show Jeopardy will monitor our health data, predict disease, and advise on how to improve our health. Already, IBM Watson has learned about all the advances in oncology and is better at diagnosing cancer than our human doctors. Watson and its competitors will soon learn about every other field of medicine and will provide us with better, and better-informed, advice than our doctors do. They will take a more holistic view of our bodies, lifestyles, and symptoms than our doctors can. They will, after all, have our full medical history from childhood, know where we have been, and keep track of our medical data on a minute-by-minute basis. Most doctors still

work from brief, unintelligible, hand-scribbled notes and try to make a judgment about what medicines to prescribe us in a 10- to 15-minute consultation; they treat symptoms of interest but can overlook the bigger picture of where the treatment leads.

Artificial intelligence technologies will also be able to analyze continual data from millions of patients and on the medications that they have taken to determine which of these truly had a positive effect; which created adverse reactions and new ailments; and which did both. This will transform how drugs are tested and prescribed. In the hands of independent researchers, these data will upend the pharmaceutical industry, which works on limited clinical-trial data and sometimes chooses to ignore information that does not suit it.

This is just the tip of the iceberg.

We learned how to sequence the genome about a decade ago, and sequencing it cost billions. Today, a full human genome sequence costs as little as \$1,000. At the rate at which prices are dropping, it will cost less within five years than a blood test does today. So it is now becoming affordable to compare one person's DNA with another's, learn what diseases those with similar genetics have had in common, and discover how effective different medications or other interventions were in treating them. Today, medicines are prescribed on a one-size-fits-all basis. In the future, you can expect to see doctors tailor treatment for diseases on the basis of an individual's genomic information and lifestyle.

We can also now "write" DNA. In the emerging field of synthetic biology, researchers, and even high-school students, are creating new organisms and synthetic life forms. Entrepreneurs have developed software tools to "design" DNA. These technologies provide the ability to generate designer drugs, therapeutic vaccines, and microorganisms. Like all technologies that modify fundamental biology without a complete understanding of how environment, DNA, protein production, and cell biology interact, this introduces new risks because we could engineer dangerous new organisms. But, used appropriately, this field may dramatically affect the development of novel, and more effective, therapeutics.

Ultimately, disease prevention is about lifestyle and habits as well as about genome and exposure to disease. Technology combined with good habits can create the health care system that we really need. We're not dependent on Big Pharma, the medical establishment, or even the FDA. Medicine has become an information technology. The advances in health care are being developed by entrepreneurs and scientists all over the world. There is no stopping this.

Vivek Wadhwa is a fellow at the Rock Center for Corporate Governance at Stanford University, director of research at the Center for Entrepreneurship and Research Commercialization at Duke's engineering school and distinguished scholar at Singularity and Emory universities. His past appointments include Harvard Law School and University of California Berkeley. (Source: <http://venturebeat.com/2014/04/07/why-our-medicine-will-soon-be-cooler-than-star-treks/>)

**BOLDLY
GO!**

He's dead, Jim.

**I'm a Doctor,
not an engineer**

read me

Trademark of
CAPELLA

(IV)

FANCY A DRINK?

RETIRED

**I'm a Doctor,
not a mechanic**

What's up
Doc?

2227

REGROW YOUR
TONSILS WITH
OMICRON
SECRETS







Admiral Kheren reporting from the RP universe, where things are now climaxing to a close! Read on...

"Captain!" shouted Argyle to bring their attention back to the main viewer.

On the screen they saw the Horizon fire warning shots across the destroyers' bows, forcing them to veer off to avoid the orange discharge of as many phasers as there were assailing ships. The flagship was a literal flying fortress, even without her saucer section having enough phaser strips to face such an attacking fleet, phasers that were as powerful as those of a space station. And yet, it was only a matter of time before some of those attackers would manage to slip by this fire cover and find their powerless, defenseless target; time measured in seconds.

Now, the Draxx regrouped and came back in two waves of attack groups coming from three different angles.

"The first wave is about to draw fire from the Horizon so that the second group will be able to penetrate their cover and fire at the Polaris," the cyborg tactical officer analyzed. "With only the stardrive's weaponry available, the Horizon will not be able this time to stop them all."

"Do not interfere," Garawl then said to Syntron with a menacing growl. "We know how to deal with such a situation. It will be over quickly. This time, these evil spirits will not threaten you or us and escape again."

"Commander Rogers," the Vulcan captain ordered, "proceed with calibrating the main deflector to sweep the interstellar particles away from the Polaris' path. Once implemented, this will at least nullify their progress while providing us with more time to curtail any opportunity from escaping from this planet again."

The commanding officer of the Phoenix turned toward the helm.

"Mister Traynor; put us on course to allow Commander Rogers optimal position."

"Yes, Sir," the human helmsman responded as he entered in the coordinates and guided the ship toward the Polaris.

Syntron then turned his attention to the cyborg officer standing besides the Draxx representative.

"Lieutenant Argyle, I need your tactical skills manning the plasma-phaser arrays. I need you to target the bussard collectors."

"Understood, Sir" was all that Argyle uttered in front of the captain and began preparing the weapons console.

The captain noted a moment of hesitation as he processed the order, switching his priority as the security officer into that of a tactical one once again. He then addressed his science chief.



"Mister Livingstone, we need to devise a short burst-signal to reprogram systems on the Polaris using command codes without allowing any Zetarian an opportunity to trace an electromagnetic path back to our ship the split second it arrives. Perhaps using this in conjunction with a diversionary tactic to draw their attention away while this occurs may suffice."

The luminous implants flashed within the feathered mane of the X'Ell as he acknowledged the Vulcan's orders. Syntron finally faced the Draxx officer directly.

"Garawl, beta of your pack... This will only work if you can convince your ships to allow us this opportunity to resolve this situation without further conflict and before destroying the Polaris. The opportunity for destruction will be available afterward if we do not succeed in our efforts."

For a moment, it was almost as if the Caninoid would pounce on the Vulcan, body hunched, ears pointed forward, fangs bared, breathing shallow; noticing the aggressive posture, Duncan Argyle sent a signal to the two security officers at the turbolift doors and their hand went discreetly but firmly to their belted phaser, all unblinking eyes on the alien.

But then, only a growl rumbled through his furred throat.

"Garawl to attack force; take firing position and await my command. If the other ship interferes, continue attack pattern."

It was then that the voice of Joey Sisko, commanding the stardrive section of the flagship, was heard over the open channel.

"I heard you, Captain Syntron... and you too, Draxx commander. We are acknowledging. But be warned; any hostile move against our ships will be met with equal force. All your vessels have been identified, scanned for weaknesses and locked on by our weapon systems. Twenty class IV phasers and twenty quantum II torpedoes will be sent your way on the first salvo; and we have plenty more to serve. The USS Horizon has been built as a mobile space station to protect our people from such an attack. Please, in the interest of interstellar peace, do not test our capabilities or our resolve in this."

The ominous silence was then broken by the musical tones of the X'Ell science chief.

"I'm sending out a class IV probe and deploying its six subprobes in a synchronized random transmitting pattern, with the recorded compressed prefix code and a set of commands to shut down all systems... except the structural integrity field... which will drain all power, including life support."

On the screen, a small light shot out of the Phoenix' bow and then spread like an exploding comet into six directions."

Life support! But... the crew..."

"Is not aboard, Commander Sisko."

Again there was complete silence at the other end of the channel for a good moment as, on screen, the Draxx destroyers took a hemispherical formation with the inside englobing the position of the Polaris and the Horizon, all weapons pointed at the diminutive Aquarius class vessel still drifting away from the planet.

"Our passive scans seem to confirm this, Lieutenant," finally admitted the Half-Bajoran in the Horizon's command chair. "But our sensors do not have your nanite enhancements to make sure. Hence why we did not notice... But then... where... how..."

More pressing matters put these questions aside as Jonathan's implants flashed crazily again on his head.

"I sent you with this transmission the schematics of our caging process for the Zetarians. Please proceed immediately as devised with your *entire* landing bay... and ready your tractor beam to haul the Polaris in." "Understood... Confirming readiness... proceeding... now!"

They all saw then that, suddenly, the Polaris went almost dark except for a faint shimmering all around it. Almost at the same instant, two precise beams from the Phoenix shot at the front part of the extended nacelles, blowing up the faintly glowing ramscoop collectors to smithereens. Then, a blue ray shot from the underside of the Horizon's stern and the much smaller vessel was dragged behind and then inside the massive hull.

"We have them!" exclaimed Sisko with obvious relief. "The Polaris overpowered SIF is holding them inside the ship and our entire docking bay is further enveloped in Commander Rogers' cage. They're not going anywhere now!"

"Except for them!" suddenly exclaimed Argyle, pointing at the screen.

Suddenly, the six subprobes and their main platform reassembled by themselves as the multi-vectored probe fired its impulse drive at maximum velocity away from all the ships... readying its warp drive.

Syntron immediately turned to his CSO.

"Mister Livingstone, scan that probe for signs of the Zetarians."

"I detect seven distinct neurogenic signals... and they're going into warp."

Just as the Avian Starfleet officer said it, there was a sudden flash of light as the near-light speed distorted image of the conical probe disappeared at supraluminic speed. That they saw but for a brief, fleeting instant as all the lighting and the consoles on the bridge flashed wildly for several seconds and the image became a jumble of pixels before resuming to a briefly distorted, colorless image of the star system and then returning to normal. At that moment, Garawl put his big hands to his large ears and howled in pain while a loud screeching sound was heard and Jonathan Livingstone swooned and collapsed with a grunt on the floor.

Will the flagship USS Horizon be able to keep the Zetarians contained within the escort vessel USS Polaris?

How will they return them to the prison planet?

Will the deep space explorer USS Phoenix able to catch the last of the aliens fleeing while the Draxx fleet threaten them all?

What happened with Captain Kheren and Commander Riker trying to negotiate a peace with the Draxx chieftain?

Did Commander Redding and Commander Jureth survive the abduction of the Polaris?

Has the invaded Starbase Lotus been destroyed as the quarantine general order expires?

And what will happen with this first colonization effort in the pocket universe beyond the Azimuth Horizon gateway?



You missed all the suspense, the excitement, the action and the fun" Well, there is much more yet to come! Our fifth RP season will follow this out-of-this-universe saga with new and old players contributing to our next creative effort; why not be part of our LF Star Trek RP universe yourself and leave your unique creative mark on it?

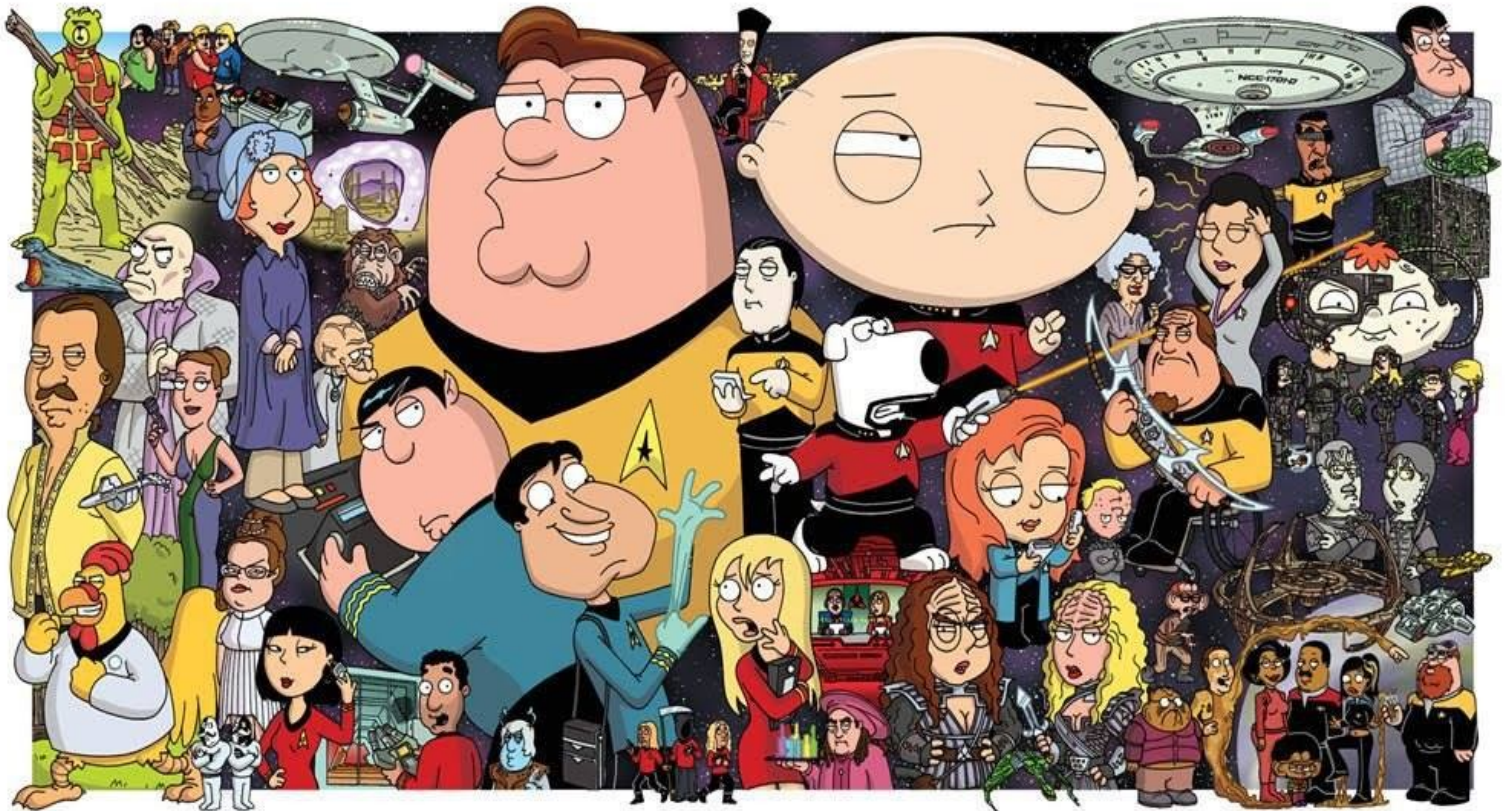
Go to our RP section, familiarize yourself with what came before, read our RP 101 courses and then, make up your own unique character and board one of our RP ships for the next series of adventures.

Boldly go with us!

Kheren

Admiral Kheren
Fleet Executive Officer
RP Director

RolePlay - limited only by your imagination

**LOTUS FLEET**

Intercepted Intelligence File



To: Fleet Captain Alan Samji;

KDF Intelligence Intercept:

Lotus Fleet Command File # 345-SN-R36AIS64-8829.8

From: General K'vera, Klingon Defense Forces

To: Hodch S'snek, IKS Menakk - eye's only

File # And657-kdf534

Intercepted Intelligence file from Klingon Defense Force to Gorn ship Captain.

Subject:

Federation Captain Syntron Nacluv.

D.o.B.: Unknown (approx. age appear's equal to Terran 35.)

P.o.B.: Vulcan.

Physical:

- Hgt.: 6',4";
- Wgt.: 185;
- short, glossy black hair;
- Blue eye color;
- Olive/Light-green/tannish skin color.



LOTUS FLEET

Parentage:

Father: Kalelothran

Mother: T'Maire

Sibling: S'Claulan

Known history:

Captain Syntron first came to Intelligence attention during his exceptional Starfleet Academy tenure, where his studies in Physics, Chemistry, Temporal Mechanics and Warp Field Theory stood in the forefront.

Next surface happened on his first commissioning appointment, to prestigious Lotus Fleet, aboard Flag ship USS Artemis. An un-heard of appointment for a first commission. Apparently made XO of Artemis in two years, before commission to Captain of USS Phoenix (Current assignment).

First year sources at Academy place cadet Syntron as uncomfortable around alien bipeds there, being constantly harassed or perplexed by their emotional and illogical antics. Perhaps this could be used against the Vulcan, but unknown at this late date if application of 'illogic' could prove beneficial to influence with Captain Syntron.

Note: Potential Kidnapping leverage:

Father Kalelothran is Vulcan Security Directorate Administrator;

Mother T'Maire in Vulcan Ministry of Information;

Brother S'Claulan on Vulcan Space Council.

As with most Vulcan physiology, Syntron is very capable in self-defense and extremely well versed in Vulcan heritage. Study of subject reveals only possible success of apprehension could occur during the pon farr stage. Natural species sensitivity to Nitrous Oxide gas.

End Transmission.

**



LOTUS FLEET

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS



LOTUS FLEET



Greetings Lotus Fleet; this is Admiral Athos coming to you from the Lotus Fleet Research Lab Holding conference room. The war with the Iconians was costly, but in the end, the ideals of the Federation won the day. In the process, we've managed to heal some old wounds; we're allied again with the Klingons and even Empress Sela may have gained a new perspective, hopefully bringing some unity and stability for all Romulans.

We've learned a lot of lessons from our conflict; those new technologies are being integrated into our Starship designs. But our research doesn't end; we need to complete construction of our Research Lab to continue the work that we started in order to win the Iconian war. Our development lab is almost ready to be upgraded to Tier 3; once it is, you will have the ability to add 1 space and 1 ground reputation trait slot. The research labs aboard the station are farther off but, once upgraded, will allow you to add 1 R&D slot (for a total of 6) and 1 active reputation trait slot for your character. Once both labs are upgraded, the overall facility can be upgraded to Tier 3 granting the ability to add 1 starship trait.

Our Starbase is actually making progress, though slowly. As duty officers become available, donate towards our starbase projects. We have a Tier 4 starbase which is a solid base of operations. We will eventually gain a Tier 5 starbase in time; things would move faster the more people donate towards these projects that do not require dilithium!

Lotus Fleet has new allies. If you've been in game at all, you've noticed that Lotus Fleet joined with Liberty Task Force in their Star Trek Online Fleet Armada as a Gamma Fleet. This affords us a 19% discount on our dilithium requirements for projects, accelerating our construction projects. Perhaps of biggest help is that this new Armada is VERY active. If you want to team up, you can basically log in at any time and find an ally in the Armada to run missions. Or, for some, the biggest benefit is to simply open hailing frequencies and chat with other Trek fans. <http://www.lotusfleet.org/viewtopic.php?f=7&t=792>

Now that the war is over, captains are beginning to find equipment and resources left behind by the Iconians. This technology can be a very powerful resource for the Federation as we work towards rebuilding our Fleet and infrastructure. Be on the lookout for Herald Lock Boxes: <http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online/news/detail/9613373-star-trek-online%3A-herald-lock-box>

As I gaze out to the stars, I long to get back to exploring the unknown; seeking out new life and new civilizations. We, as a Fleet, have to change gears away from what seems now like a 5-year war, but becoming explorers and diplomats. I long for this challenge, to spread out, meet new friends, and simply see what's out there.

Season 11, A New Dawn, launches Tuesday, 27 Oct. Coming with Season 11, enjoy the latest featured episode, "Sunrise". <http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online/news/detail/9611963-star-trek-online%3A-new-episode%3A-sunrise>

Additional features launching with Season 11:

- Admiralty System: <http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online/news/detail/9572303-star-trek-online%3A-admiralty-system>



LOTUS FLEET

- Dry Docking: <http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online/news/detail/9610473>

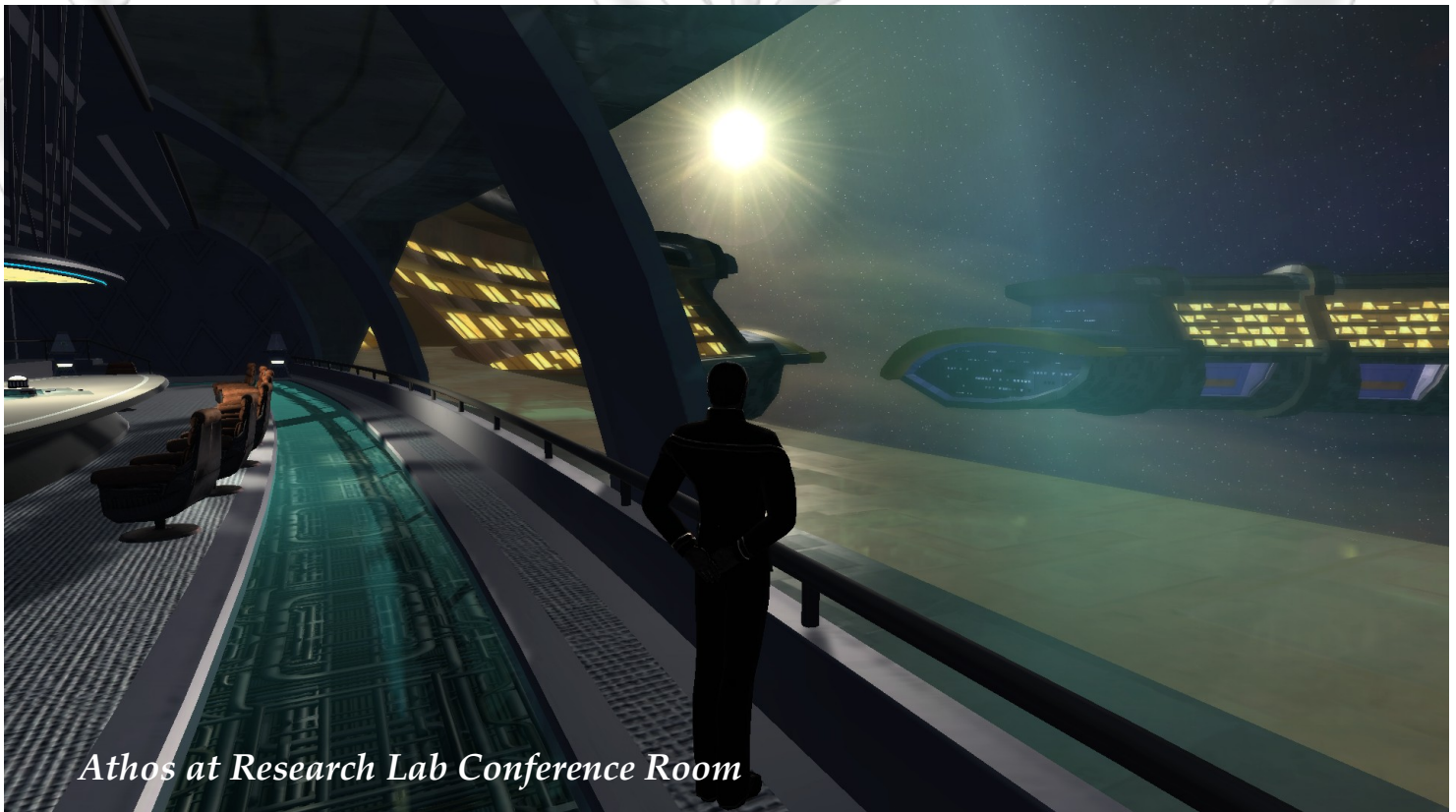
You may also begin to see new classes of starships, or upgraded models of existing designs coming out of Utopia Planitia based on the new technologies that been recently refined and released for deployment.

- The first of these upgraded designs is the Hestia Class Advanced Escort: <http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online/news/detail/9561933>
- Perhaps the most prominent is the Yamato Class Dreadnought Cruiser: <http://www.arcgames.com/en/games/star-trek-online/news/detail/9585103-star-trek-online%3A-yamato-dreadnought-cruiser>
- We are also awaiting a new Tier 6 carrier class; the Alpha and Omega teams were finalists in their designs and the Starfleet Corps of Engineers has yet to reveal which design won.

Be on the lookout for events. If you see a Fleet Event advertised, by all means participate! We don't hold many events because people do not show up. If you have questions on anything in STO, feel free to contact myself, Rear Admiral Battle Lion, or any of the events staff.

While we take time to mourn the ones we have lost to this long, bitter war, we must remember to look to the future, to the endless possibilities it holds. Soon we will be pushing out from the boundaries of known space. As Captain James T Kirk once commanded while pondering the future, "Second star to the right and straight on till morning."

Athos out.



Athos at Research Lab Conference Room



LOTUS FLEET

STO Tips and Tricks by Rear Admiral Battle Lion

Basic Skill Tree awareness: Admiral level skills

Starship energy weapon specialization

This skill increases your base crit chance and crit severity stats for ENERGY weapons only. This is a great skill if you like to crit stack as much as possible. The more crit you have, the more damage you do. I put 9 into this for maximum pews.

Starship projectile weapon specialization

This skill does the same thing as the above skill, except it affects PROJECTILE and MINE damage. I only put points into this on my torpedo build. Generally for max DPS. You shouldn't mix damage types, but we'll get into that later.

Starship armor reinforcements

Increases your damage resistance to kinetic and physical damage, so basically explosions like warp core breaches and torpedo/mine hits. At this point I am starting to run out of skill points, so I try to put 3 into this skill.

Starship aux performance

Basic skill here... more points = more power in aux. Don't put more than 6 points in here.

Starship weapon performance

Same as above. More points, more power in weapons. This is a good skill for damage boosting. Just 3 points in it will give you +5.4 power in weapons. 6 will give you +8.4.

Starship countermeasure systems

Improves the duration of scramble sensors/jam sensors. Possibly useful if you are a science captain, only IF you use those skills.

Subspace decompiler

Improves the duration of disable and hold such as tractor beam, tricobalt torpedoes, CPB, viral matrix, and improves the subsystem disable duration of Beam target subsystems. This is a good skill for science captains. Even though it doesn't affect grav well, it affects lots of other good science control abilities.

Basic engineering consoles will be discussed in the next issue



Space Skills

Tactical Systems

Lieutenant 57,000/93,000	Lt. Commander 144,000/93,000	Commander 230,000/173,000	Captain 300,000/253,000	Admiral 365,000/365,000
Starship Attack Patterns	Starship Energy Weapons	Starship Maneuvers	Starship Stealth	Starship Energy Weapon Specialization
Starship Weapons Training	Starship Projectile Weapons	Starship Targeting Systems	Starship Threat Control	Starship Projectile Weapon Specialization

Engineering Systems

Lieutenant 57,000/93,000	Lt. Commander 144,000/93,000	Commander 230,000/173,000	Captain 300,000/253,000	Admiral 365,000/365,000
Driver Coil	Structural Integrity	Starship Electro-Plasma Systems	Starship Engine Performance	Starship Armor Reinforcements
Starship Batteries	Starship Subsystem Repair	Starship Impulse Thrusters	Starship Hull Plating	Starship Auxiliary Performance
Starship Hull Repair	Starship Warp Core Efficiency	Starship Warp Core Potential	Starship Shield Performance	Starship Weapon Performance

Science and Operation Systems

Lieutenant 57,000/93,000	Lt. Commander 144,000/93,000	Commander 230,000/173,000	Captain 300,000/253,000	Admiral 365,000/365,000
Starship Flow Capacitors	Starship Power Insulators	Starship Graviton Generators	Starship Inertial Dampers	Starship Countermeasure Systems
Starship Shield Emitters	Starship Shield Systems	Starship Particle Generators	Starship Sensors	Starship Subspace Decompiler

Fleetwide Meetings:

(check the site Calendar for your local time)

Occurs every: 3rd Sunday of month - every month UTC - 5 hours [DST]

This is our Fleet meeting to discuss Lotus Fleet business, events, and other important information.

Afterward, the meeting goes "unofficial" and unrecorded into a round table, where anyone may have a chance to speak; i.e. ask questions, present ideas, etc... This is the social aspect of our meeting and provides an opportunity to get to know everyone involved in the Fleet even better.

Think of it as our Fleet's Ten Forward

Each meeting will be held on TeamSpeak 3. Please download and install TS3 following this guide:

<http://www.lotusfleet.org/viewtopic.php?f=34&t=55>

Also, please RSVP so that we know who is planning to attend, and indicate if you will be bringing a guest.

Invited: Everyone



LOTUS FLEET

Awards, Promotions and Organ Donations

November 2015:

New Members:

Cadet BarbarasPi

Promotions: None.

Longevity:

Provisional Admiral Dominik Kale: 6 years

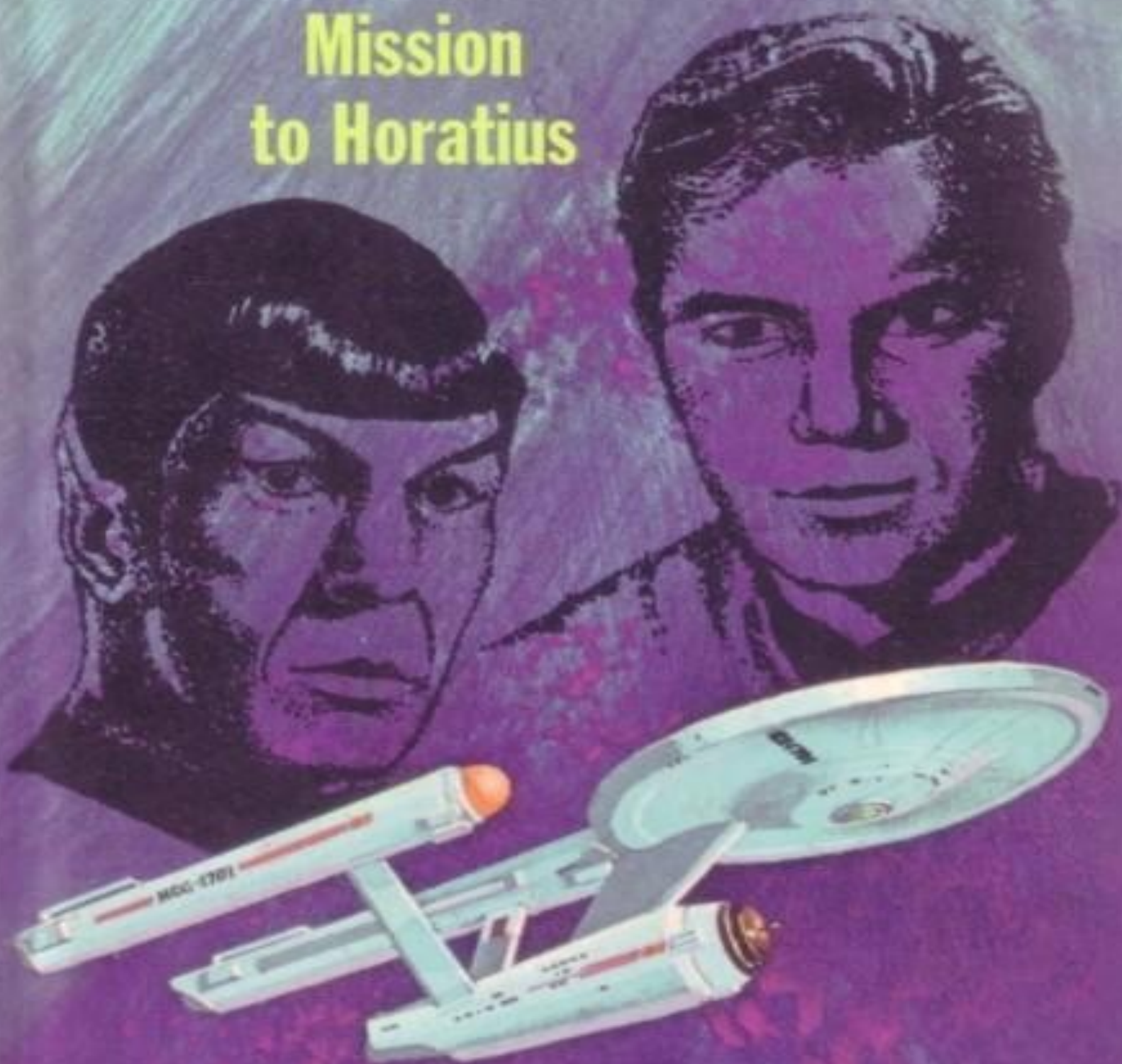
Awards:

Lieutenant Arina: Commendation Award 1



STAR TREK

Mission to Horatius



AUTHORIZED EDITION

5. WELCOME — WITH RESERVATIONS

When Sulu entered the bridge from the elevator, all was normal. The captain was in his command chair, frowning up at the bridge viewing screen. Spock was at his library-computer station; and Uhura, at her communications station, touched dials and switches. Various other crewmen and officers of the *Enterprise* were at their posts.

Kirk said, "Take the helm, Mr. Sulu. Mr. Chekov has assumed your charge?"

"Yes, sir. Ensign Chekov is continuing to show Grang around the ship."

Sulu relieved the junior helmsman and took his place.

"Standard orbit again, Mr. Sulu. Twenty-thousand-mile perigee. We'll take a look at this Mythra." Captain Kirk reached out to increase the magnification of the viewing screen.

"Spock, what do the sensors tell us?"

"Another Class-M planet, Captain. Almost identical to Neolithia."

"Gravity?"

"All but identical to that of Earth, Captain."

Captain Kirk continued to increase magnification. A city, or at least a town, swam into view. He centered on it

"Well, at least we have some signs of population and some form of civilization here. What would you say, Mr. Spock?"

"Very interesting, Captain. However, the term 'civilization' is somewhat elastic."

The captain looked at him.

The Vulcan said blandly, "Walled towns, such as Jericho, were found on Earth as early as 9000 B.C., Captain. But I would not exactly call the inhabitants of such Stone Age settlements civilized. By the looks of that city on the screen, I would compare it to a Middle Ages town. We Vulcans hardly consider the period civilized."

Captain Kirk emitted a slight snort and peered back at the screen. "You would seem correct, at that. There are similarities to a medieval walled town. But let us look further."

As they continued to orbit Mythra, the captain periodically increased and decreased magnification of the viewing screen as he scanned the planet. Occasionally new cities were picked up and submitted to closer scrutiny. They all seemed remarkably alike.

"Comments?" Kirk said finally.

Sulu said, "I get the impression they have a world government, Captain."

"Why do you say that, Mr. Sulu?"

"Because every town you've picked up is almost identical. Buildings that look considerably like the temples and palaces from the graphics I've seen of Middle Ages towns of old Earth Europe, complete with what look like fortifications and drawbridges. The rest of the buildings a bit on the drab and run-down side. But each town so like the others that you'd think they were out of the same mold."

Spock was nodding. "I agree. There would seem to be one central directing authority." The captain mused, "There is that one town, city really, considerably larger than any of the others— possibly the world capital. Mr. Sulu, we will assume orbit over that metropolis."



"Aye, aye, sir."

"Lieutenant Uhura, open hailing frequencies."

"Aye, aye, Captain. Sir...."

"Yes, Lieutenant?"

"They seem to have radio, a somewhat primitive radio, but lack more advanced communications."

"See if you can raise someone, Lieutenant"

"Yes, sir. I'm trying, sir." She continued to spin dials, touch buttons.

Captain Kirk stirred impatiently at the long delay.

Finally Lieutenant Uhura said, "Captain, in the large temple below, there would seem to be a radio station. Not a public broadcasting station, but evidently a communication center. So far as I can detect, there are no viewing screens. They have not advanced, evidently, to television or videophone. Just simple radio."

"Thank you, Lieutenant Open communication if you can."

Uhura spoke into a mike. After long minutes she said, "Captain, I have someone."

"Put it on my screen, here."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Captain Kirk said into his command chair communication screen, "This is Captain James Kirk, of the United Space Ship *Enterprise*, representing the United Federation of Planets. I wish to speak with someone in authority."

The communicator spoke, and there were elements of both surprise and apprehension in the voice. "This is Pater Delvin, Brother of Communications of the United Temple. How is this that you speak on the sacred airwaves?"

Kirk said dryly, "Your sacred airwaves are radio waves and open to anyone with radio equipment, Pater Delvin. Please put me in communication with your governor or mayor or whatever he may be called locally."

"You mean the Supreme Exarch?" There was an element of shock in the voice now.

"I suppose so," Kirk said impatiently. "Whoever your top authority might be."

Spock said, "You'll recall, Captain, that Mythra was settled by religious dissidents who evidently fled here to escape what they considered persecution. Apparently the government is a theocracy."

"Thank you, Mr. Spock." The captain flicked the control switch, temporarily disconnecting his contact with the Mythran. "Mr. Spock, put your sensors on this. Although our friend below hasn't even television at his command and won't be able to see us, there's no reason why we can't take a look at him."

"Yes, Captain."

"Throw it on the main viewing screen, Mr. Spock."

Spock moved deft, long fingers, and the interior of a room appeared on the screen above. "Most interesting," Spock said.



They were looking into what seemed to be an odd mixture of a monk's cell and an early radio shack. One robed figure was at the moment leaving the room; another sat before a radio transmitter, his eyes wide. He was a heavy man in his middle years, large of paunch, heavy of jowl.

Kirk said to Uhura wryly, "Your opposite number could use a bit of exercise, Lieutenant." He took up a hand mike and said into it, "Who is the Supreme Exarch?"

They could see the monk-like figure jerk when the voice came through the receiver.

"Why ... why the Supreme Exarch is the Extreme Holy of the United Temple."

Sulu said, "They've got a theocracy, all right, all right."

Two new figures hurried into the radio room so far below them. One of the two was a younger man, garbed much as was Pater Delvin, but the other was a tall, vigorous type, dressed in unbelievably rich garments. He bore an air of command as though born to it "What nonsense is this?" the newcomer called out sharply to the radio man.

"A call from out of the blue, Your Holy. Perhaps ... perhaps we are in communication with the Ultimate."

"Don't be a fool, Delvin. Here, give me that!" He snatched the mike from his underling and snapped into it, "Warren, Supreme Exarch of Mythra, here."

Kirk said, "Your Holy, this is Captain James Kirk speaking. I am in command of a United Federation of Planets starship now orbiting your world. We have come in response to a subspace distress call received by our Starfleet Command."

On the screen the other, unaware of being observed, let an expression of thoughtful concern come over his face. He considered a moment before answering. Then, "You speak riddles. I know of no Federation, nor of a Starfleet Command."

Kirk said, "It would seem your planet was settled while the Federation was in its infancy—or before. For your information, your fellowmen have spread over a considerable portion of the galaxy. To help in its administration, there are at present seventeen strategically located Starfleet Command Centers. The *Enterprise* is but one of the starships continually patrolling the worlds settled by humanity." The other's face worked in thought. He said, "I fear you are trying to cozen me, for whatever ulterior motives. I suspect you are the space pirates who attack us continually."

"Space pirates!" Kirk blurted out.

"Do not think me childish, you who call yourself Captain Kirk. You are undoubtedly aware of the raids upon our towns and the kidnappings of our churls."

"Churls?" Kirk said questioningly. Thus far, the other's Earth Basic had been excellent.

Spock explained, "An archaic term meaning 'serf,' Captain."

"Thank you, Mr. Spock," Kirk said, turning toward him. "I sometimes suspect you spend your off-hours studying dictionaries and encyclopedias."

"No need to study such works, Captain," Spock said mildly. "A single perusal is usually sufficient"

Kirk turned back to his mike and said, "Far from being the space pirates you mention, we have come to assist you against them, whether or not it was you who sent the distress call. You see, we have just come from your sister planet, Neolithia, which is also beset by these same enemies."



"I know of no planet Neolithia. And understand this, you who call yourself Captain Kirk. Long years ago we of Mythra were transported here in the sacred arks to escape the evils of Earth, as once the Extreme Holy Noah escaped the evils in his ark of antiquity. We want nothing of your so-called Federation, nor of you and your evil vessel, Captain Kirk."

Captain Kirk made a face of irritation. "See here," he said, "as a captain of a starship, I am an ambassador of the Federation and carry appropriate powers. A distress signal in Earth Basic came from this star system. With your permission, I hope to trace it down. As representatives of humanity in its most developed form, we consider ourselves morally committed to assist man, no matter where he has spread. You admit to being raided by space pirates; your sister planet Neolithia has similar problems. We are here to solve them."

The other was obviously agitated and beset by conflicting opinions. Kirk watched his face closely; there was something here he couldn't quite put his finger upon. Warren, the Supreme Exarch, replied, "And I tell you that we do *not* want your assistance." Kirk said very evenly, "We have no particular reason to believe it is not your people who are attacking Neolithia and its backward culture. I urgently request permission to land and investigate in the name of the Federation."

"You have no right to make such a request!"

Kirk sighed. "Forgive me, Your Holy. I assure you my orders do not allow me to interfere with your internal affairs or your religion. However, we are most anxious to assure ourselves that the distress call didn't come from Mythra and that you are innocent of the raids on Neolithia. Given such assurance, the *Enterprise* will immediately leave."

A look of quick rage passed over the other's face, but there was thoughtfulness there as well. He was probably considering the potential strength of this starship from afar. "You still request permission to land, in spite of what I have said?"

"Yes. And to be received as fitting an ambassador of the Federation."

"Why ... why, you have probably not even taken your anodyne!"

For the moment Kirk was nonplussed. "Anodyne?" He shot a glance at Spock.

The Vulcan shrugged. "It might be anything, Captain. In proper usage, a medicine or elixir that relieves pain. For that matter, anything that relieves distress."

"I know the definition," Kirk said impatiently. "But^ as you say, it might be anything in this case." He turned back to the mike. "What is anodyne?"

The other was shocked—or did he just pretend to be? Captain Kirk wondered. He had an advantage over the Supreme Exarch. He could see his face, unbeknown to him. Although the voice came through as though unbelieving, the expression didn't match.

"No person on Mythra but takes his anodyne each day! It is a sacred ceremony. It is against our beliefs that anyone upon Mythra not take his anodyne. Why ... why...." The other's eyes narrowed. "You said it was against your Federation's rules to interfere with religious beliefs."

Kirk took a deep breath. "That is true. It is against General Order Number One. However, my crew and I hardly violate your religious beliefs by *our* not taking your anodyne."



The other said stiffly, "That is not how we interpret it. If you desire to land, you must accept the holy communion of anodyne."

Kirk had had enough. He snapped, "Certainly we can discuss that upon my arrival. With your permission, within the hour, I, as ambassador from the Federation, will land with a party of my officers. We will expect to be suitably received."

The other was obviously upset, but snapped in return, "Very well."

Kirk cut off the mike.

Spock said, "A most interesting individual."

Captain Kirk shot an irritated glance at him. "I suspect you would find Lucifer most interesting, Spock."

The Vulcan's eyebrows went up. "Indubitably, Captain Kirk."

Captain James Kirk looked about his small group of officers gathered in the transporter room: Commander Spock, Senior Ship's Surgeon McCoy, Lieutenant Commander Scott, Ensign Chekov. All were in regular uniform, complete to rank designations and even decorations. None bore obvious side arms.

Kirk was saying, "I need not emphasize the delicacy of the situation. The person who seems to be Chief of State of Mythra has taken a rather dim view of our landing."

Montgomery Scott said, "Captain, are you sure my presence is needed? Work in the engineering section is piling up a wee. We've been too long out, without a major overhaul. Even the *Enterprise's* bonny engines need the sort of work only a star base can provide, from time to time."

Dr. McCoy snorted. "It's not just your engineering section, Scotty. Every department on the ship is falling apart. What's more —"

"That'll be all, Bones," Kirk said wearily. "I'm afraid you'll have to come along, Scotty. We'll be wanting to check out their degree of technology. Do they have space travel? If so, perhaps Mythra, in spite of its cloak of religious sanctity, is the source of the raiders." He looked around at the others. "You're carrying your phasers?"

All nodded. Chekov patted his tunic, as though double-checking.

The captain looked at him. "Mr. Chekov, we'll have none of your trigger-happiness on this mission. We use our phasers only as a very last resort."

"Yes, sir."

The captain looked at the transporter officer. "Very well. Beam us down to that square immediately before the temple or cathedral or whatever it is."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The six officers of the *Enterprise* materialized before a towering temple that architecturally was a strange combination of Roman, Gothic, and perhaps Byzantine. A square, several acres in extent, spread around them. In the background were buildings obviously devoted to governmental and business matters, all of them drab in comparison to the highly ornamented religious building which dominated all. Through the square swarmed hundreds of hurrying citizens going about their business.



Spock said, "Most interesting."

Kirk looked at him. "Something out of the way, Mr. Spock?"

"I had formed the opinion that these people were retarded in their technology. However, here we materialize in a manner one would think magical to them, but they pay us no attention whatsoever."

It was true. The Mythrans noticed the men from space only to the extent that it was necessary to detour about them in order to continue on their way.

Chekov said, "They seem happy enough."

Dr. McCoy growled, "They seem too happy, if you ask me. They're all obviously as pleased as Punch. Given any average large group of people, you'll have some in a state of euphoria, some bored with the monotony of existence, and some will be down in the dumps. But all of these pedestrians are smiling away like Cheshire cats."

It was true. The incurious Mythrans passing by were all on top of the world. The group from the *Enterprise* watched for a time, scowling in puzzlement.

Finally a voice from behind them said coldly, "You are the intruders from space?" They turned. The speaker was a man in his middle years, garbed in flowing robes with various ornamentations, from a bejeweled belt to a golden chain about his neck. His fingers were heavy with rings. He made a strange combination of robed religious austerity and ostentatious display of finery. Behind him stood two younger men, both more simply arrayed, their hands tucked into the sleeves of their robes.

Kirk said formally, "I am Captain Kirk of the *Enterprise*, ambassador of the Federation, and these are my officers."

The other said, still coldly, "And I am Pater Stuart." He looked about, puzzled. "Where is your vehicle?"

Kirk smiled. "Back on the *Enterprise*."

The other obviously didn't understand, but he said, "You have taken your anodyne today?"

"We don't even know what it is," Dr. McCoy said, not bothering to disguise his irritation.

"Then you are not welcome upon Mythra."

Kirk said, "See here, we've already been through all this with the Supreme Exarch. I suggest you take us to confront this Warren, whom you call the Extreme Holy."

"He has sent me to bring you to him," the other said, turning to lead the way in the direction of the looming temple.

Chekov said to Scott from the side of his mouth, "Did you notice? This character looks perfectly normal—in fact, on the sourpuss side. But the two younger ones both have that silly-happy look on their faces."

Scotty snorted, but obviously accepted the statement.

In speaking to each other they had almost missed the development that had stopped Captain Kirk, Spock, and Dr. McCoy dead in their tracks in shock.

In turning abruptly, Pater Stuart had stepped into the path of one of the hurrying, blankly smiling Mythrans. They collided and the berobed temple monk stepped back and glared. As though



rehearsed, his two assistants brought their right hands from their robe sleeves, and, in unison, hand weapons flared.

For the briefest of moments the inadvertent transgressor stood there as though unharmed. Then his figure grew vague, translucent, transparent, and suddenly it was gone. To the very last, the happy expression remained on his face.

Captain Kirk snapped, "Stop!" but it was far too late.

The temple monk looked at him in mild surprise.

"That man! You've killed him!" Kirk snapped.

Pater Stuart said, "He was but a churl."

"But you killed him. At least, your men did!"

"You are mistaken, my son, and would know better had you taken your anodyne today. He has gone to the Ultimate, to exist in everlasting peace and tranquility."

"Why, you cold-blooded murderer!" Scott blurted out

Captain Kirk's facial expression made it overly clear that he, also, was enraged. However, he said, "That will be all, Mr. Scott." To the temple monk he added, "Lead us immediately to the Supreme Exarch."

Pater Stuart turned again, his own face amused, and resumed the way. His assistants followed, their weapons back in their sleeves again.

"Some religion!" Chekov fumed.

Spock looked at him. "Religion need not be benevolent," he said mildly. "In fact, on the majority of the planets whose history I have delved into, I find that early religion is more apt to be based upon devils than gods. And even when gods evolve, the early ones are inclined to be, ah, a bit devilish. Have you ever heard of the Vulcan god Maripol?"

"No," Chekov muttered, still upset by what he had witnessed.

"As a Vulcan, I am somewhat reluctant to admit that my ancestors once worshipped at his shrine; however, speaking as a student of history, I find him most interesting. When it stormed, or when there were other manifestations of nature such as earthquakes or floods, he could be placated only with the blood of twins. The people, in their terror, sought everywhere for these unfortunates, so that their hearts might be torn out on Maripol's altars.

"No, some terrible things have been done in the name of false gods and false beliefs. You think in terms of the gentle Jesus of Nazareth, but in the far past, especially, gods were not prone to be particularly gentle."

"This isn't the far past," Chekov muttered.

Spock's eyebrows went up and he looked about the square, even as they walked. "On Mythra, perhaps it is," he said.

As they approached the portals of the great temple, the group from the *Enterprise* were still fuming but holding their peace.

They entered an interior of oriental splendor, little resembling an establishment of religion. Indeed, none of those present seemed to be there for the purpose of worship. Those not in robes were dressed in what was obviously servants' livery and wore the expression of bemused happi-



ness as they hurried about their tasks. Of those who wore religious garb, the younger and less ornately dressed also seemed to be of the same happy character.

Dr. McCoy murmured to Kirk, "Jim, I'm beginning to get an idea about this so-called anodyne."

And James Kirk murmured back, "Undoubtedly the same one I'm getting. But the population of a whole planet?"

"Why not?"

Their gaudily berobed guide led them to the right to a heavily carved door guarded by hah: a dozen of the brightly smiling young men who were evidently acolytes.

Kirk said softly to his chief engineer, "Any opinion on that weapon we saw used, Scotty?"

Scott whispered back, "Undoubtedly an early form of phaser, Captain. Not as developed as the type we carry, and bulkier, but whoosh, mon, by the looks of what we saw, just as deadly."

"And evidently they have no prejudices about using the things on any provocation whatsoever."

The guards made no effort to hinder their progress. In fact, two hurried to open the door for the small procession. Inside the new chamber—obviously a reception hall—the ostentatious display of wealth was even more pronounced.

Chekov muttered, "Some religion."

They proceeded to another, smaller door, guarded by two of the acolytes, and Pater Stuart turned and said coldly, "You enter the presence of the Extreme Holy, Warren the Supreme Exarch and representative on Mythra of the Ultimate."

There seemed no answer to that.

The door swung open.

If they had been impressed before by the luxurious surroundings of this temple, it was as nothing compared with what now confronted them. They were bedazzled.

He who had faced them—though unknown to himself at the time—on the viewing screen of the *Enterprise* an hour earlier, now sat on what could only be termed a throne. The element of which it was constructed was unknown to the Federation men, but it had a rich, mother-of-pearl quality that was all but breathtaking. Standing around the throne were a score of the richly robed element that the *Enterprise* men were beginning to think of as the senior temple monks, as opposed to the younger, more simply dressed acolytes.

Captain Kirk, slightly in front of the others, came to a halt. The rest of the group stopped before the throne and bowed. Kirk said, "Captain James Kirk, ambassador from the United Federation of Planets."

The Supreme Exarch said, "I have already informed you that you are not welcome upon Mythra, Captain Kirk."

Kirk said, "That does not surprise me, ah, Your Extreme Holy. We have been on your planet's surface less than a quarter of an hour and have already witnessed as cold-blooded a murder as our eyes have ever seen."

The other frowned his puzzlement.

Pater Stuart said unctuously, "It was necessary on the square to send a churl to the Ultimate."



"Oh." The Supreme Exarch shook a bejeweled hand in dismissal of the matter. "A churl."

Dr. McCoy said, "A member of the human race, whose life was just as important to him as yours is to you."

"Indeed?" The religious head looked down at the doctor in amusement "On Mythra we do not think it so. Did you see the churl's face at the moment of his meeting the Ultimate?"

The doctor scowled.

"Did he not seem *ultimately* happy at the tune?"

Dr. McCoy's face worked in irritation, but for the moment he held his peace.

The Supreme Exarch pursued his point "All men the sooner or later, including you from the Federation. Let us hope that when your time comes you will meet the Ultimate as happily as did the churl, and as happily as do all men here on Mythra." His eyes returned to Captain Kirk.

"Since speaking to you on the sacred airwaves, by means of which we of the United Temple communicate throughout all Mythra, I have had a change of opinion, Captain. I have decided to accept your assistance against the space pirates."

Kirk said suspiciously, "Ah?"

The Supreme Exarch clapped his hands. "Refreshments for our guests!"

Two liveried servants scurried forward bearing trays, evidently of gold, holding highly ornamented goblets. The Supreme Exarch was served first; then Kirk and the others from the starship took the proffered drinks courteously.

The Supreme Exarch held up his goblet as though in a toast "To your assistance against the space pirates," he said.

Dr. McCoy snapped, "A moment, please."

The enthroned religious head scowled. "You refuse my hospitality?"

"Not at all," McCoy returned smoothly. "However, I am head of the medical department of the *Enterprise*, and, as such, I must check any food or drink we take on this planet that might affect us negatively."

"You accuse me of attempting to poison you?"

"Not at all, but every planet, no matter how seemingly identical to our own world, has its own local flora and fauna. Consequently what might even be healthful for you, who have spent your whole lives on Mythra, might be dangerous to us."

He unslung his medical tricorder, flicked a switch, and twisted a dial.

Dr. McCoy's eyebrows went up and he said blandly, "It is as I suspected. Is this what you have been calling anodyne?"

"It is!" the other rapped in return. "All must take their anodyne daily on Mythra. Not to do so is to interfere with our religious customs."

Dr. McCoy snorted his opinion of that and turned back to Captain Kirk. "I would have to analyze it further in my laboratory on the ship; however, this drink contains a very effective hallucinogen, related, I suspect, to what was once called *lysergic acid diethylamide*, or LSD-twenty-five, on Earth. Its use in the Federation has long been discontinued, even by medical authorities."

Captain Kirk said to the Supreme Exarch, "Is this the cooperation you referred to? I note, by the way, that although your so-called churls and some of your younger temple monks seem to be



under the influence of this hallucinogen, you, yourself, and your senior priests obviously don't take it."

The other's eyes narrowed. "I did not mention cooperation, Captain Kirk. I said that I have decided to accept your assistance. For your information, when our ancestors first arrived here on Mythra they brought few weapons, and, over the years, even many of these have fallen into disuse."

Spock said, "Evidently a good many scientific discoveries have fallen into disuse on this planet. On the face of it, your culture is going backward, rather than advancing. Your priesthood, which abstains from this anodyne, is not great enough to maintain a high level of science, and your drug-bemused churls haven't the intelligence."

The Supreme Exarch's eyes hardened at that, but he shook his head in rejection and turned back to Captain Kirk. "Now we require some of the weapons which you evidently have on your ship, to repulse the space pirates whose raids come ever more often. So I demand that you release such weapons to us."

Kirk shook his head. "I wouldn't do that, even if Federation law allowed me to. Your government is obviously incapable of intelligent use of advanced tools of destruction. We would have no guarantee that you wouldn't use them against your own people or against any future starships that might visit here."

The Supreme Exarch turned his eyes to Ensign Chekov. "My son," he said, "give me whatever weapons you bear on your person."

And Chekov stepped forward and put his phaser in the outstretched hand of the Mythran. On his face was the happy bemusement of those who had taken anodyne.

Chapter 6 in next issue



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