

REGULATOR CHARGE!

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USS REGULATOR



Subjugating the Final Frontier!

This special newsletter publishes the entries in the ship's "How To Murder Your Captain" Mirror-Mirror

Month Contest. Entries appear in the order which they were received.

REGULATOR CHARGE! NEWSLETTER IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION PRODUCED TO INFORM MEMBERS OF UPCOMING EVENTS WITH THE SHIP, WITH THE REGION, AND WITH THE FLEET. AS WELL AS THINGS OF INTEREST EVERYONE MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT. INFORMATION IN THIS PUBLICATION IS

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

ONE DAY, EARLY THIS YEAR, I WAS RE-WATCHING ALL OF THE "MIRROR-VERSE" EPISODES OF STAR TREK.

I THOUGHT TO MYSELF: I'D LIKE A MIRROR VERSION OF MY UNIFORM, AND I'D LIKE TO HAVE A REASON TO WEAR IT.

SO, I RECOMMENDED TO THE SHIP AT THE NEXT SHIP'S MEETING THAT WE DEDICATE ONE MONTH OF THE YEAR -- SEPTEMBER, TO GIVE TRACY & EVERYONE ELSE PLENTY OF TIME TO MAKE COSTUMES IF THEY WANTED TO DO SO -- TO CELEBRATING OUR DARK REFLECTION; TO PLAYING IN THE MIRROR-MIRROR UNIVERSE. I'D EVEN ALLOW "ASSASSINATIONS" -- USING NERF WEAPONS, SO THAT NO-ONE WOULD GET REALLY HURT, AND SO NO-ONE'S CLOTHING GOT WET (AS WATER PISTOLS WERE ALSO SUGGESTED.) A MIRROR PICNIC WAS SUGGESTED, TOO, SO WE COULD PLAY A BIT MORE AGGRESSIVELY THAN WE COULD INSIDE THE RESTAURANT.

AS WE ALSO HAVE MEMBERS WHO LIVE FARTHER OUT, AND WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO ATTEND THE MIRROR MEETING, I ALSO ANNOUNCED THIS CONTEST. EVERYONE MAY WRITE AN ESSAY, OR A POEM, OR A STORY, OR DO SOME CREATIVE WORK ON THE TOPIC OF "HOW I'D KILL THE CAPTAIN."

THIS SPECIAL ISSUE IS THE RESULT.

I'VE ENJOYED THIS, AND I HOPE YOU ALL ENJOY IT AS WELL. PERHAPS WE'VE ESTABLISHED A NEW TRADITION. MAYBE WE CAN EVEN SPREAD THIS FUN ACTIVITY THROUGHOUT THE REGION. EITHER WAY, YOU PEOPLE ROCK, AND I'M HAVING A BLAST WITH YOU ALL.

NOW, HAND ME YOUR AGONIZER, SIT BACK, AND ENJOY THESE WONDERFUL CREATIVE ENTRIES IN THIS YEAR'S MIRROR CONTEST.

TANK CLARK
BRIGADIER, SFMC

Murder By Food

By Commodore Liz Goulet, STARFLEET

Executive Officer, ISS Regulator -- Communications Department Head

"How did this happen?" Security Chief Perry Brulotte asked Chief Medical Officer Clark.

They were standing in the autopsy room aboard the Imperial Starship *Regulator*. The body of Col. Clark, commander of the *Regulator* lay on the table in front of them.

"We are just running toxicology on him but from everything we can determine so far, he just had a heart attack. He had a complete physical last month and everything came back normal."

"I realize the CO had some medical problems but were they serious?" Perry asked.

"No, they were all under control."

As they stood there, the XO came in. "Any answers about what killed the CO? Do I need to conduct an investigation or not?" Commodore Liz Goulet asked. Dr. Clark just sat down and put her head in her hands.

"I'm sorry to be so direct, Tracy." Liz said. "But if someone did do Col. Clark in, we need to find out. Remember, the fastest way to advance in rank is to kill off the completion. You know I'm happy as XO but the Engineer or others might want to eliminate the CO and me to become CO."

Tracy raised her head. "I know all too well. Tank has been worried for weeks that someone was trying to get rid of him. He's even been sleeping sitting up instead of coming to bed. He was worried someone would come in and try to kill him while he was sleeping. I tried to convince him that the stress he was putting himself under would probably do him in before someone else could do it. We never went anywhere without a body guard and he even rotated

them some no one would get too comfortable around him."

"I understand. Perry, give me a list of all the security officers who have been rotating guarding the CO. I want to talk to each of them separately. Even if Tank died of natural causes, we don't want anyone to know that for sure. And Tracy, if someone did murder Tank, we'll find out who." Liz patted Tracy's shoulder as she headed out the door of the medical department.

On the way back to the bridge, Commodore Goulet couldn't help but wonder who might have gotten rid of the commander. Originally, the norm had been to advance in rank by killing off your superior. But recently, that was changing. The commander had been a fair man and advanced everyone according to their abilities. There had been more advancements on the *Regulator* than on any other ship in the fleet, without any loss of life. The Fleet was even considering using the commander's ideas throughout the Fleet. She had a feeling that no matter how fair the captain had been, someone wanted to advance themselves faster than everyone else.

Two days later, Tracy called Commodore Goulet and Security Chief Brulotte into her office in Sick Bay. She had completed the workup on her husband, Colonel Clark and was ready to give them a report.

"It wasn't easy. We had to run the test several times before we found what caused Tank's so called "heart attack". He was killed by two things. A large amount of potassium and not enough insulin. Since we had just had him in for a physical last month, I went over all his tests from that appointment. Everything had come back normal except for his potassium. As you know, Tank was one of those rare people

who couldn't have his pancreas replaced when it started failing. He rejected the replacement, so we had to give him insulin shots on a daily basis. It was found back in the late 1900's that some people lost potassium when they were on insulin. Tank also seemed to have that issue. I had prescribed potassium injections with his insulin injections every morning. This seemed to stabilize the problem. However, when we did the toxicology tests, they showed that his insulin was extremely low but his potassium was off the charts. I double checked the dosage I was giving him each morning. The amounts were the same except when I checked the insulin I discovered it had been diluted. He was only getting about half the amount he should have been receiving. I'm not sure where he was getting the extra potassium from but it was enough to cause heart failure." Tracy told them.

"Ok, that means someone deliberately killed the captain. We know how, now all we have to discover is by who. Or should we say by whom because it could have been more than one person." Perry said as they sat around the office.

"Well, let's start with you interviewing the security guards that were supposed to be guarding the captain, Perry. I have a few other suspects I'm going to talk to. I seem to remember the Chief of Engineering complaining that he wasn't being advanced fast enough. He might have had a hand in this. Especially since he is also the requisition officer for supplies on the ship. Including medical supplies. " Liz got up and headed for the door. She turned around to face Tracy. "Before I forget, did you want to have Tank's funeral before we catch whoever did this or after?"

"There's no hurry. I can keep him in cold storage until we get this solved.

"He's even been sleeping sitting up instead of coming to bed. He was worried someone would come in and try to kill him while he was sleeping."

Besides, the Chaplin is on leave for the next month and Tank would have wanted a proper burial even if it was in space." Tracy informed her.

"Consider it done. Once we get who did this, we can give him a proper send off. "

Perry interviewed all the security guards that had been taking care of the captain. Eugene Connolly had only been on duty once. So he was ruled out plus he had only been on board for a month. Perry reasoned whoever it was, had a beef with the captain so he would have had to know him longer than a month.

Next he talked to LCDR John Kraly who had been taking care of the captain along with Lt John Erb since they had left home station. The two of them had been switching twelve hour shifts for well over several months. LCDR Kraly was good friends with the captain and seemed to want to help in any way he could. Perry was fairly sure it wasn't Kraly who had done it. No real evidence, just a "gut" feeling. John Erb was another matter. Upon interviewing Erb, he didn't seem to care one way or the other whether the captain was dead or alive. He seemed to only be concerned with who was going to take his place as captain and where it would put him for promotions. John Erb was a prime candidate for who might have slipped the captain the extra potassium. It also helped that Erb was the captain's food tester during big events. He could have had the opportunity to slip him something without anyone being the wiser.

Meanwhile, Commodore Goulet was making several inquiries of her own. She had eliminated a number of the crew just on the fact that they hadn't been on board that long. They had recently gotten several new crew members who didn't know the captain well and probably wouldn't have reason to kill him. The older, more seasoned members were the ones that she concentrated on.

Commander Crouch was in science but she didn't want to advance any further. She indicated if they tried to advance her, she might retire from the Fleet. She was that content with her position.

Although it wasn't unheard of, LCDR Clark was eliminated because of the fact she was the captain's wife and Liz knew they were happy together. And like Cmdr Crouch, Tracy was happy where she was at on the ship.

The Counselor, Communications crew and Bridge crew were eliminated because they were never in a position to do the deed. Ship's Second Officer Lt. Cross was eliminated because he was usually on Bridge duty when the captain was off duty. He was rarely together with the Captain, so he could not have done anything.

That brought us to Chief Engineer Marchant who had been overheard complaining about not advancing fast enough in rank. But he had to have someone help him since he too was rarely around the captain on a daily basis.

Commodore Goulet, Security Chief Brulotte and Dr. Clark met in one of the conference rooms after making all their interviews. "Ok, let's review what we have come up with." Liz said.

"Lt John Erb is very nervous. I questioned him extensively about the times he was on security duty for the captain. He indicated that he only did

what he was told. But he didn't specify who was always giving the orders. I think he might have been helping someone else to kill the captain." Perry reported.

"I've been doing some investigating on the side and I discovered that Chief Engineer Marchant requisitioned extra potassium on top of what I had ordered. I also tested all of the insulin vials that I still have and most of them have been tampered with. Half of the insulin has been removed and it was diluted with regular water. Whoever did this had to have access to the vials – which were ordered by Chief Engineer Marchant. All requisitions go through him, even food so he could have ordered anything extra that was required for this. Plus, I discovered this isn't the first time he's ordered more than was requested. He has also been ordering extra alcoholic beverages then what is ordered for the lounge area. It seems he has a business on the side where for a price, he can get just about anything you might want." Tracy said.

"Well, that could be how they did it. Since Erb was also a food tester for the captain, he could have slipped him the potassium after his last physical. And Marchant could have doctored the insulin after he received it before it got to your Sick Bay. No one would have questioned any of this unless they saw it happening. And since Marchant outranks Erb, he could bribe him with all kinds of things to get his help. Now all we have to do is prove it." Liz commented.

"Not necessarily," Perry said.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Liz asked.

"They killed the captain to advance their rank. Seems fair to me that we advance them out the airlock even if we don't have proof. It would serve them right." The anger in Perry's voice reminded Liz of how things used to be.

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"If we do that, we are no better than they are. Tank was trying to chance things for the better. He wouldn't have wanted us to revert back to the way things were." Liz said.

"Still, it would serve them right."

"I know how you feel but we have to do this the right way, if for no other reason than to honor our Captain. Why don't you try some of your interrogation methods on Erb and see if he'll crack under pressure." Perry grinned at this suggestion. "However, keep him alive while doing it so we can get his testimony recorded." Liz watched the grin faded from Perry's face.

"Ok, but if we find them guilty, do I get to carry out the sentence?" Perry asked.

"Of course, that's what Security Chiefs do, isn't it."

Several hours later, both Erb and Marchant were in the brig under arrest for murdering the captain. It was discovered that Marchant had researched information on several ways to kill people without any visible flags showing up. Potassium was a little

known but common method. He had used the insulin as a backup encase the potassium didn't work fast enough. He bribed Erb with extra synthanol to slip the captain extra potassium into his food when he was on duty. Between the two methods, he was hoping no one would notice since potassium is normally in the body. And since the captain was a diabetic, it would seem natural that he had insulin problems. He was hoping it would even be blamed on his wife, the medical officer.

Perry did the old routine of making each think the other had made a deal with him and confessed to the crime causing each of them to confess as well. It was just a matter of getting the reports taken care of. Under Fleet law, the commanding officer could deal out punishment so they were quickly convicted. Perry was allow to use his new brig hologram and justice was done.

A funeral service for the captain was conducted once the Chaplin was back on board and Lt. Cross was made temporary captain until Fleet decided who to put in charge.



It's MY Ship!

By Brigadier Thomas "Tank" Clark, STARFLEET Marine Corps
Commanding Officer, ISS Regulator

"Regulator, this is *Phoenix One*. Come in, Regulator. *Phoenix One* calling Regulator, please respond."

I'd been calling the ship for the last 20 minutes. I took Alfa Flight of Phoenix Squadron out on a short patrol, and we destroyed a Ferengi freighter delivering arms to a planet newly conquered by the Empire. Five F/A-55's made quick work against the lumbering freighter, and we were returning without a scratch on any of our aerospace ships. My ship was supposed to rendezvous with me here, but they were 20 minutes late.

I felt fairly confident in taking Alfa Flight out myself. The Flight Leader, Lieutenant Colonel Dravecky, was a fairly new transfer to the ship, but my ship's Second Officer, Lieutenant Cross, was the Flight's executive officer. He's one of the officers that you both love to have on your ship, and hate to have: smart, thoughtful, and energetic, but also ambitious. As a Captain in the Imperial Star Fleet, you need junior officers like Mr. Cross, but you can never turn your back on them -- and that's why he was out here with me. Cross is good in an aerospace fighter, but I'm much better, and he knows it. Captains usually have to worry more about their First Officers than their Second Officers, but I've got a special situation.

A few years ago, I was that ambitious junior officer. I'd rocketed up in rank, going from Second Lieutenant to Major in the Imperial Marines in less than three years. I'd quietly removed quite a few obstacles to my advancement. When the opportunity presented itself to remove both General West and Lieutenant Colonel Schugart -- the *Regulator's* CO & XO at the time -- I took it, boldly, expecting Commodore Goulet to rise in the normal way to the ship's Captaincy. Instead, she relinquished command to me, and the Imperial Star Fleet advanced me to Colonel. Two years later, I'm a Brigadier, still commanding *Regulator*, and Commodore Goulet is still

my First Officer. I know she's not ambitious, so I don't think she's staged a coup in my absence. I'm getting tired of waiting for my ship, though.

"*Phoenix Alfa*, this is *Phoenix One*. *Regulator* looks like she's running late -- let's go find her. Form up on me. I'm sending you the course, lay it in to your navicomputers. On my mark, engage at warp four. Ready... mark!"

The course I set for us should lead us back to the ship -- it's a reciprocal of the course *Regulator* should have traveled to the rendezvous point. Sure enough, we found her shortly. She was just sitting there, apparently on automatic station-keeping. When I hailed the ship, the only response was a brief, "*Captain! Thank goodness! It's...*" The rest of the message was cut off, in a burst of static. Damn... sounds like someone's taken over communications, and they're not friendly.

"*Phoenix One*, this is Alfa Four. According to my sensors, *Regulator's* shields are up, sir. There's no way we can land or transport in... what do we do, Cap'n?"

"Calm down, Four. We still have almost a full weapons load if need be, and despite what somebody over there thinks, the *Regulator* is still MY ship. Sergeant Weems, do you still carry that special equipment with you?" Randall Weems -- Alfa Four -- is my brother-in-law, and one of the few people on the ship I can trust completely. Randall is from the Olney Colony, and likes to carry unique gadgets that the Olney Colony developed. Olney Colony is a bit off the beaten path, and few Imperial Agents go there and come back, unless they have a significant body of troops with them. By "significant" I mean at least a legion... Randall told me about how quickly they made two entire cohorts of Imperial Army Troops vanish, equipment and all, and shared with me some of the toys they used to do it. Weems usually carried a few of these toys with him

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everywhere, including in the cockpit of his aerospace fighter.

"Of course, Cap'n. I don't go nowhere without it."

Shields on an Imperial Star Fleet starship are designed to stop energy weapons and fast-moving matter projectiles. The scientists on Olney, upon discovering this, developed a device that uses a small, slow-moving ball of matter to pass through a ship's shields... it then blasts "backward", through the hole it made passing through, and disrupts the shield from the inside, opening up a much larger area. The problem is, the "Minnie Ball" is not a ship-mounted weapon. It's fired from a long, two-handed projectile weapon that looks amazingly like a musket from Earth's 1850's. On Olney, the locals fire it against Mecha, taking down the Mecha's shields and then destroying the Mecha with normal phaser rifles. To use it in this situation, the sergeant would have to go extra-vehicular, and shut down the shields on his fighter. Not easy. Still, Sergeant Weems is the best man I know with the Minnie Ball, and he's my only chance in this situation -- unless I want to try to blow a hole in my own ship. There must be loyal crew on-board. Otherwise, *Regulator* wouldn't be just sitting here. She'd have either abandoned us, hoping we'd run out of fuel before returning to an Imperial Outpost, or -- more likely -- met us at the rendezvous with her phasers and photon torpedoes blazing.

"Okay, Alfa Flight. Here's the plan. Alfa Lead, you and Alfa Three start making strafing runs, phasers only, on the primary hull. Don't concentrate your fire, just keep point-defense batteries busy, and keep *Regulator's* shields reacting to you. Alfa Two, take a position just aft of Landing Bay Two, and keep firing phasers at it. You're going to try to burn a hole in the shields there, big enough to enter through. If the shields covering Landing Two go down, enter and try a forced landing. Mr. Cross, once you get inside the bay, keep a torpedo ready to fire at the crew airlock. Anyone comes in without my express say-so, you're clear

"I'd quietly removed quite a few obstacles to my advancement. When the opportunity presented itself to remove both General West and Lieutenant Colonel Schugart -- the Regulator's CO & XO at the time -- I took it, boldly, expecting Commodore Goulet to rise in the normal way to the ship's Captaincy. "

to fire & attempt to depressurize that entire deck. Meanwhile, Weems, you're with me."

Alfa Four and I moved our fighters to the position I picked out. Ensign Brulotte, my Security Chief, had recently modified the brig so that the outer wall no longer existed. Atmosphere was held in place with a force field. Unknown to Mr. Brulotte, I personally installed a special override for the brig, so that I could drop the fields with a transponder I carry in my boot. Since my boot is currently inside my flight suit, this would normally be a problem, as I couldn't get to it without unsealing my suit, and I can't do that inside the cockpit of an F/A-55 LeMatya (and it's unhealthy to do it whilst in vacuum). Being a good scout, however -- I'd reached the rank of Eagle in the Terran Imperial Boy Scouts -- I carried a spare, in an outer pocket of my flight suit.

When I gave the signal, Sergeant Weems dropped his shields, and opened his canopy. Standing on the hull of his fighter (magnetic boots are a standard part of our flight suits), he took careful aim and fired the Minnie Ball.

Thankfully, it worked perfectly. Just as the Minnie Ball fired at the shields, I triggered my LeMatya's pilot ejection module. I dropped out of the module a few meters before impacting on the Brig's outer force field, and activated my special transponder. Within moments, I was inside the depressurized Brig, watching a surprised and soon-to-be-dead Ensign Getts fly off into space. I grabbed a phaser rifle from the Brig's armory, re-activated the force fields (both inner and outer), and looked into the

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Agony Booth. Mr. Brulotte was in there, screaming. Fortunately for him, the Booth has an atmosphere-proof force field of its own.

After the Brig had re-pressurized, I deactivated and opened the Booth. Ensign Brulotte, after catching his breath, told me what happened.

Commander Tim Boyte, our new Political Officer, had recently been transferred to *Regulator* from the *ISS Navras*. This, of course, automatically made me suspicious of him: I don't trust any Political Officer, of course, but the *Navras* disappeared with almost all hands aboard. I say "almost" because there are a few who transferred off of her before she vanished... and a few, like Commander Boyte, who have transferred to other ships in the Imperial Fleet after she disappeared. I personally was angling to replace the *Navras*' CO as Squadron Leader in Zone One of Third Fleet, so my new Political Officer's history made me quite concerned. Regardless, the Caesar's Praetorium appoints Political Officers to ships, and mere ship's captains must obey. I informed my bodyguard of my suspicions, of course, and I had a detail set to watch him.

Being a watchful son-of-a-targ himself, Boyte had that security detail eliminated shortly after I took off with Alfa Flight. He locked Commodore Goulet in her quarters, had that blasted Ferengi Ensign Getts surprise Mr. Brulotte and push him into the Agony Booth, and proceeded to attempt the takeover of the ship.

Most of my crew remained loyal. My chief engineer, Marine Captain Marchant, disabled the engines, but had been unable to regain flight control from



the main Bridge. Boyte and his minions held the main Bridge, fire control, shield control, and -- until my recent arrival -- the Brig and the Armory. Auxiliary Control was in loyal hands, but unable to wrest control of the ship from the main Bridge. My idea, I'm afraid -- I didn't want Lieutenant Cross to get some crazy idea of taking the ship from Auxiliary. The area of the ship most defended by my loyal crew was Sick Bay: no one wanted to be the party guilty of harming, or of letting anyone else harm, the ship's physician -- Dr. Tracy Clark, my wife.

The deck shuddered, as the three remaining elements of Alfa Flight continued their assault. Brulotte and I opened up the other cells in the Brig, freeing Temar D'Hatham -- our "pet" Romulan -- and a few other security guards. We opened up the Armory and took a full assault kit each -- a Phaser Rifle, a Phaser Pistol, and a Klingon mek'leth. I added a "flash-bang" grenade and two "Poppers" -- small oblong balls that upon activation fired an electro-magnetic pulse (EMP) designed to bring down unshielded electronics -- like the controls on the Bridge -- to my flight suit's pockets.

My assault party made our way to the jeffries tubes, releasing Commodore Goulet and Master Chief Goulet along the way. I sent my Executive Officer and my Chief-of-the-Boat to the Auxiliary

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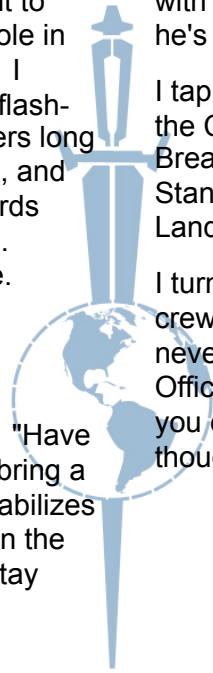
Control, and when my team made it to Deck Two, I personally blasted a hole in the hatch leading up to the Bridge. I threw a Popper in, followed by my flash-bang. This disoriented the mutineers long enough for me, Tamar, Mr. Brulotte, and his men to enter. The security guards made short work of the mutineers... saving the groggy Mr. Boyte for me. Flash-bangs are so very useful.

I finished my grisly work using my mek'leth. The monofilament blade removed digits, then limbs, easily. "Have Dr. Clark report to the Bridge, and bring a stretcher. Mr. Brulotte, after she stabilizes what's left of Mr. Boyte, place him in the Agony Booth, maximum setting. Stay

with him the entire time, and call me when he's in the Booth."

I tapped my communicator. "Exec, this is the Captain. Please lower the shields. Break. *Regulator* Actual to Alfa Flight. Stand down, recover aerospace craft into Landing Two. Out."

I turned to look at Boyte. "My ship. My crew. I may someday lose them both, but never to a mutinous son-of-a-targ Political Officer. Enjoy the Booth, Mr. Boyte. If you ever get out, it will be because I've thought of something more unpleasant."



How to Murder Your Captain

By Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Michael Cross, STARFLEET
Second Officer, ISS Regulator -- Bridge Department Head

How to murder your Captain. Just the thought of it is a little unnerving. We use words like assassination, advancement through removal or comfort ourselves in the thought that survival of the fittest is the natural order of things but when it comes right down to it, murder is what we are talking about.

The entire history of the Empire is filled with stories of Captains who disappeared, entire command crews who found themselves on the wrong side of an airlock. Promotion through assassination is the accepted norm throughout the Empire. There are no regulations, no official guidelines just a general understanding that if you want the glory of command there is only one way to get it. Take it!

That brings us back to our subject. How to murder your Captain. It is not as easy as you might think. You can't just walk onto the bridge, unload a phaser into his chest, pull the body out of the chair and sit down. You would be lucky if you were able to sit down before being killed by someone loyal to the "former" Captain or another overachiever seeking opportunity in the confusion. It takes careful planning, time and patience, building alliances. The reason the system works is that the same qualities required to remove a Captain from command are the qualities of command. The better the Captain the better the planning has to be. I should know. I took down the best!

Brigadier Thomas "Tank" Clark was the Captain of the *I.S.S. Regulator*. He had survived more assassination attempts than anyone in the Empire other than the Emperor himself. There isn't an officer in the Empire who didn't want to sit in the center chair of the *Regulator*. It was one of those ships that defined the service. No one doubts there will be a *Regulator-A*, a

"To take command of the Regulator would require the assassination, no murder, let's not forget what it really is, of the Captain, the CMO and the Chief of Security."

Regulator-B, a *Regulator-C*. Five hundred years from now people will still know the name *Regulator*. Certain ships are always at the center of history, the *Enterprise*, the *Defiant*. The *Regulator* was one of those ships. That made her Captain a prime target.

Tank was a fitting name for the Captain. It seemed not matter what was thrown at him he just kept rolling along. He had built a crew of several loyal members. Good men who wanted to be aboard the *Regulator* but didn't want the responsibility of command. Men like Ensign Perry Brulotte. Mr. Brulotte was Chief of Security aboard the *Regulator*. A natural sadist he was perfectly suited to his job. As long as the Captain let him perform his "experiments" Mr. Brulotte would watch his back and remain loyal. Anyone planning on removing Tank from the Captain's chair would have to neutralize or remove Mr. Brulotte. Not an easy task.

A formidable ally to the Captain was his Chief of Medicine. Lt Commander Tracy Clark, a skilled physician and scientist. Doctor Clark was the Captain's doctor, confidant and wife. She already received all the benefits of command and being the Captain's Woman. This made her 100% loyal. Removal of the Captain would mean removal of the CMO.

The First officer of the *Regulator* was a perfect choice for Captain Clark. Commodore Liz Goulet was competent, happy with her work and had no desire to

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be captain. She was loyal as long as the Captain's interests did not conflict with her own. She would not interfere with a takeover but could not be counted on for help either. Since she cared little about rank or position she would not be an issue.

The other officers aboard the *Regulator* would be happy as long as "arrangements" remained the same. Part of Captain's Clark's success was he always shared the spoils of war. Most captains became greedy but Clark always distributed the loot fairly. This kept officers like Silmon and Cornatzer happy to wait for someone else to take their shot and fill in the vacant spots. The only wild card was the Chief Engineer Roon Marchant. No one was sure where his loyalties lied but my guess was he preferred machines to people and would remain neutral.

So there you have it. To take command of the *Regulator* would require the assassination, no murder, let's not forget what it really is, of the Captain, the CMO and the Chief of Security. There may be some other collateral damage along the way but nothing too important.

Before I get to the how you may be interested in the why. I'm LTJG Michael Cross, the Second Officer aboard the *Regulator*. I have been treated well and advancement is just a matter of time Why risk it all to take out a seemingly invincible Captain? It's simple. I want the chair and I want the ship. I need the ship. Before the *Regulator* I served aboard the *I.S.S. Navras*. The story is the *Navras* disappeared in deep space. I know better. While aboard the *Navras* I learned of a plot by her Captain and First officer to steal the *Navras*, form their own fleet from the outer planets and attempt to over throw the Empire. If I had the *Regulator* I could find and conquer the *Navras*, reveal their plot and become a hero of the Empire. Captain Cross? Fleet Admiral Cross would just be a start.

I needed the *Regulator* and Brigadier Clark was in my way.

I started my plan while still aboard the *Navras*. I took several young officers under my wing. They were smart, ambitious and capable. A few trips to Risa, a few choice duty assignments, the promise of advancement and they were loyal to me. After transferring myself to the *Regulator* I arranged for their transfer. Ensigns Barnett, Fralicks and Crewman Kuykendall would be my co-conspirators. They knew the risks but wanted the glory and knew I was there best chance at it.

It would all have to happen very quickly. Three murders almost simultaneously and the *Regulator* would be mine. The first step would be to take out Brulotte. Crewman Kuykendall developed a holographic program that could be connected to the Agony Booth. The most horrific images imaginable fed straight into the brain of the person in the booth. Brulotte loved the idea. As planned, Brulottle wanted to see the images. He eagerly stepped into the booth. It was the last voluntary act he would ever take. He was not well liked by the security team. (He liked to "test" new punishments on them) With one look at him being driven to madness by the images in his head and the constant pain to his body the security team was under my control.

Next was the Doctor. This was one part I regretted. She was a good doctor and a decent person but there was no way she would not try to avenge her husband's murder. She had to go. Ensign Fralicks worked closely with the Doctor so was the logical choice to remove her. Her only order was that it be quick and painless. A hypospray of Borgia plant extract sent CMO Clark to her final rest.

Only the Captain remained. Ensign Barnett sat at the Conn, the Captain in his chair. I stood behind them both. Once I received the signal that Fralicks and

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Kuykendall had completed their missions I signaled Ensign Barnett. She drew her phaser and aimed it at the Captain. I knew the Captain could make anyone disappear with the push of a button from his chair and he did just that to Ensign Barnett. The distraction was just long enough for me to slip a dagger between the Captain's ribs. There was no surprise on his face when he turned to see who had killed him. He had always watched me like a hawk but it only took a moments distraction for me to end his term as Captain. Ensign Barnett's death was regrettable but like I said collateral damage was to be expected. She would be given a hero's funeral and be promoted posthumously.

I pulled the former Captain from his chair and sat down. I opened a channel to all

decks. "This is Michael Cross, I am your new Captain. New assignments and ranks will be posted. Captain Cross out." I looked around the bridge at faces still not sure what had happened. "LT Billingsley take the Conn position. Lay in a course for the Neutral Zone. Security, please remove Brigadier Clark's body to the morgue." They all responded to orders. It was done. The *Regulator* was mine. It was a good day to die. I'm glad it wasn't mine.

In case you were wondering Ensign Brulotte lasted almost three days in the Agony Booth. It earned him a place in the record books. The *Regulator* was still making history...



Ensigns In Command

By Ensign Perry Brulotte, STARFLEET
Covert Operations Officer, ISS Regulator -- Chief of Security

ISS Regulator, Security Chief's Log, Star Date 1309.06:

I've always had a great respect for our Captain, Brigadier Clark. He's always led from a position of strength, intolerance, and discipline. I can't say I'd run the ship much different.

About a week ago I caught word of a planned coup, or mutiny, against the Captain. It seemed that Lieutenant Cross, in concert with Mr West, had obtained the loyalty of a number of the enlisted and officers, and felt that they had what it would take to wrest command from Captain Clark. I learned of this when one of their little minions, Ensign Fralicks, tried to recruit me into their plan.

Like any good and loyal Imperial Starfleet officer, I opted to get more information, so I agreed.

I was brought into an 'inner circle' of a handful of senior officers, surprisingly including Lieutenant Commander Tracy Clark, the CMO and the wife of the Captain. Initially suspicious that she was simply there to rat us out—you never can trust the loyalties of a doctor, or someone who is sleeping with the Captain—I was cautious. I pretended to be supportive of the idea, but kept my eye on her and a few of the others.

Commodore Goulet, our XO, was notably missing from this group, but all other senior officers, and several others were present.

"How, exactly do we plan to pull this off?" I asked at one point.

"It still seemed risky, and I was still loyal to the old man, so I had some conflicted feelings. And I wasn't the only one."

It was Tracy that smiled, holding up a hypo. "My dear husband—" she said, her tone indicating anything but affection "—is going to suffer a heart attack at the most inopportune of times."

I nodded, thinking that at least he'd likely go with a smile. I always said that if I was going to die young, it may as well be while I was doing something—or someone—I love.

It still seemed risky, and I was still loyal to the old man, so I had some conflicted feelings. And I wasn't the only one.

Later on, I was contacted, separately, by Marine Captain Marchant, who had been present; and also by the Conn officer, Ensign Barnett. Both expressed some uncertainty as to the effectiveness of the plan, and as to whether or not they wanted to be associated with it—especially if it failed.

So we hatched a plan-B, which ultimately became OUR plan.

Later on, I hatched my own Plan-C, which became MY plan-A.

To make what could be a very long story, somewhat less long, I will skip the details of planning and get to when the deed was actually to be done.

Three nights ago we all got a signal from Tracy indicating that the deed was imminent. I didn't sleep that night, waiting

on news of the Captain's passing. It never came.

At approximately 0500 hours my door was opened—not knocked on or the chime rung, but opened—and in stormed three of my own security personnel with their phasers pointed at me! Behind them, only a step or two, was Lieutenant Cross, and next to him was none other than Brigadier Clark himself!

Cross spoke first. "Ensign Brulotte, you are accused of attempting to mutiny against the commander of this ship! You will come with us for interrogation. Hand over your phaser."

Captain Clark held out his hand. "And your agonizer."

I was sure glad I had plan-C.

"Of course," I said, showing what I felt was a proper level of deference, confusion, and nervousness. I held out the agonizer first, and Clark took it, just like I expected he would. Then I clicked the power cell out of my phaser and handed it to Cross. Again, they both took the proverbial bait.

We all turned, the three security officers surrounding me, Lieutenant Cornatzer giving only the very slightest nod as I stepped by him, and headed down the corridor. I was counting the seconds in my head...

Three... two... one...

Just as we reached the lift, Cross dropped to his knees, an agonizing scream coming from him as the poison I'd acquired from that Yridian smuggler took effect. It was designed to attack the central nervous system, cause every pain receptor in the body to feel as though it were being exposed to extreme heat, and then cease all nerve activity—

including that which controlled autonomic systems. It was a more painful death than any I could imagine, and I almost—almost—felt bad for the traitor as he fell to the deck.

Brigadier Clark turned and looked at me, and my three 'associates', and then looked down at the agonizer. A slow smile spread across his face. I realized that he, like myself, had on micro-thin transparent gloves, protecting him from the poison.

It was time for Plan-D.

Cornatzer tossed me his spare phaser, and we all trained our weapons on Captain Clark.

"I'm sorry sir," I said. "But you've placed your trust in too many weak people. You allowed this coup to happen by not being diligent enough in routing out the troublemakers. And now it's time we correct that oversight and install someone who will lead this ship properly."

I squeezed the phaser's trigger contact and a moment later Clark was vaporized.

A moment after that so were my three companions, as someone behind us fired. I whirled to see the last person I expected—Counselor Goulet! She was grinning and had her phaser trained directly on me.

"You've made this quite easy for me," she snarled. I never did trust her. "Now set down that phaser and I'll let you be XO. And don't bother calling on Roon or Katie. They've both joined the Captain and the others."

I paused a moment and then lowered my phaser, but did not put it on the floor.

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"If I put this down, I'm a dead man," I said. "No one would respect a security officer, much less an executive officer, who let himself be disarmed."

She smiled, again it wasn't all together a pleasant look for her. "Come with me."

She turned, showing a level of trust she really shouldn't have, and headed down the corridor.

That's when I shot her. She was gone in an instant.

I then stepped into the lift, and headed for the bridge.

Arriving on the bridge, there were a few surprised gasps, and at least a couple of smiles. I made my way down to the center of the bridge, and sat in the big chair. No one protested.

"Open a ship-wide channel."

Commodore Goulet did so, without hesitation. *Good. Maybe you can be trusted, at least for now.*

"Attention all hands. This is Captain Perry Brulotte speaking. There have been some changes in command on this ship. Due to a very poorly executed

mutiny attempt, several of the senior staff have been retired, and Brigadier Clark has been relieved. A purge of all non-loyal officers will begin within the hour.

"I trust that most of you are loyal to the Empire, and as such am confident that we can continue with our mission to put down the Andorian dissidents on Archernar II."

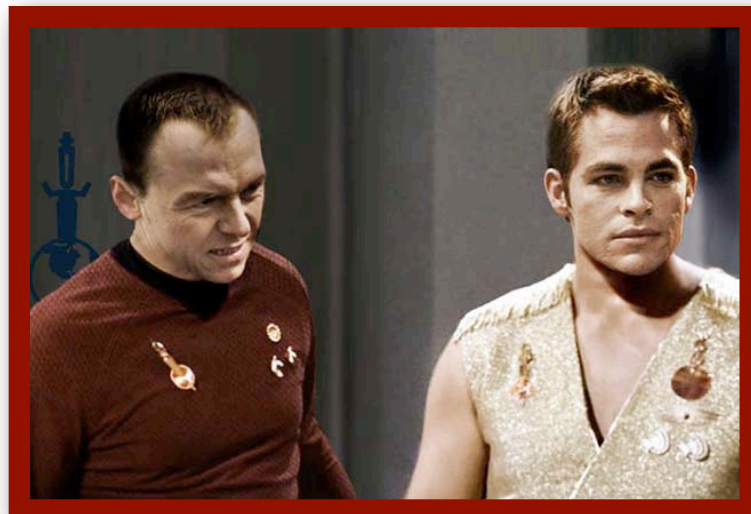
I then closed the channel and turned to Commodore Goulet. "Inform Commander Erb to begin purging personnel listed in file Papa-Bravo-Eight-Three-Zero in the security database. When he is done, he is to report to me on the bridge."

Goulet nodded and turned toward her console until I interrupted.

"Oh and Liz," I said. "Alan isn't on that list, and neither was Michelle. But I had to kill her before I came up here. She turned on us."

Liz, hearing of her daughter's death, only nodded. "I never trusted her anyway."

I turned back forward, and watched the stars streak across the screen. Today would turn out to be a fair day after all.



Through a Mirror, Mirror Darkly

Or, How to Kill the Captain of the ISS Regulator

By Commander Timothy Boyte, STARFLEET
Protocol Officer, ISS Regulator

Setting - Imperial Union of the United
Terran Empire – “Ex Unitate Vires!”

Stardate – Just prior to the Bajoran
Subjugation

Brigadier Thomas “Tank” Clark -
Commanding Officer of the *ISS Regulator*.

BDR Clark has attained a high level of respect (fear/envy) among the fleet officers and his impressive list of victories has come to the attention of the Emperor. Recent rumors of his building a power base and loyal cadre of high ranking fleet officers, coupled with intelligence that confirms an alliance with the Klingon Empire and their Cardassian supporters, has led credence of him launching a coup against the Emperor. This mounting evidence has led to a sanctioned preemptive strike to quell the pending rebellion and to eliminate the threat posed by BDR Clark and his followers.

This growing power base is a threat to the United Terran Empire at many levels and such a widespread mutiny could set the various factions in the Empire that are currently at a stalemate into a frenzy that would leave the entire Empire vulnerable. To alleviate this possibility BDR Clark cannot simply be assassinated. He must still be the “Hero” to his followers and his conspiracy must remain cloaked in secrecy to preserve the whole. The power base he has built could be of great use in a coming engagement against the Romulan Star Empire and also a very good way to eliminate the rebellious elements of the fleet and the compromised officers in a manner that would be beneficial to the Empire, destroy them as a threat and also weaken the Romulan and Klingon threat at the same time.

“This mounting evidence has led to a sanctioned preemptive strike to quell the pending rebellion and to eliminate the threat posed by BDR Clark and his followers.”

Commander Timothy Boyte of Protocol Directorate XXXI posing as the former Political Officer of the Renegade *ISS Navras*, and one of the few documented survivors, has been posted to the *ISS Regulator* to address the threat posed by BDR Clark. Commander Boyte, whose real rank and standing in the Empire is known only to a select few, is of average stature for his people though considered small for most Terran Officers in the fleet. His slight build, differential speaking voice and reserved demeanor make him appear to be no threat though that is belied by his stated rank as Commander and past service record. Commander Boyte actively cultivates the appearance of being harmless to gain an advantage upon any adversaries who have taken him at face value only. In reality he is calculating and completely without remorse once a course of action has been determined. He prefers to operate with the absolute minimum loss of life but at times when the inner fury at the core of his being has been unleashed there was massive bloodshed. What the exact trigger is to this inner fury is has not been discovered and his use to the Empire has outweighed this liability. As long as he is successful in his mission his loss would not be lamented too much so he is the perfect tool for this particular task. Upon his arrival Captain Clark is immediately suspicious and has done everything short of having him killed to remove him as a threat, though there have been a couple of possible failed attempts. The security detail that seems to have been involved in at least one of these attempts were killed with no witnesses and no evidence leading

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back to Commander Boyte. At the cost of more loyal crew members BDR Clark has held off on any further action though he is constantly keeping Commander Boyte under close supervision.

BDR Clark and Commander Boyte have had an uneasy truce for several months since the Commander arrived aboard the *ISS Regulator* and the failed attempts to remove him from the crew roster. The *Regulator* has been sent to Deep Space 9 for a refit in preparation for the next stage of negotiations with the Bajorans. During this refit Commander Boyte disappeared for several hours for which the security team responsible was and is being severely punished. Commander Boyte reappeared in the company of a couple of the Entertainment Liaison staff assigned to Deep Space Nine several hours after he was missed.

After extensive questioning it was determined that the liaison staff were not lying that Commander Boyte was in their company in a private suite for the entire missing block of time. Though uneasy about this gap there is no evidence to support that Commander Boyte has done anything other than indulge himself which is both a relief and worrying factor to the BDR Clark since possibly the iceman is more vulnerable after all. This would require more investigation but it will have to wait until after the BDR Clark has finished his "negotiations" with the Bajoran ruling council.

Clark has fully prepared for the Away Mission which is the Negotiation for the Unconditional Surrender of the Bajoran System. He is even decided to take the "*Avenger*" one of the heavily armed *Revenant* Class planetary attack craft stationed at Deep Space Nine with a handpicked crew of his most trusted staff and crew with a cadre left in charge of the Bridge, Engineering and Weapons Control on the *ISS Regulator*. Until further notice Commander Boyte has been restricted to quarters with a

security detail stationed at his door just in case.

While en route to Bajor BDR Clark, true to his form of being prepared, runs a full check of the ships systems and weapons. During a fast switch between the primary and secondary power relays there is an overload in a primary power relay for the weapons system controlling the coolant used during heavy weapons fire. This overload causes a small fire and leak which releases a toxic coolant in a gaseous state. This is one constituent of a binary poison keyed to the Clark's specific blood chemistry. The coolant component itself is static until combined with the reactant chemical trigger and then only deadly for Clark or someone with a similar blood chemistry.

The release of the coolant also triggers the release of the emergency breather/oxygen units which contain various active and inert gases and trace elements for deep space atmospheric emergencies. All of the emergency breather units in the command module contain the same gas mix which include the second component of the binary poison which combines and starts a reactive countdown with the BDR Clark's blood chemistry. There are no visible symptoms to show on the medical scanner even if being constantly monitored for poison or a blood chemistry review. Clark debates whether to abort the mission and return to Deep Space Nine and after evaluating the circumstances and the fact that the ship was easily restored to full battle readiness with no other failures and Commander Boyte is secure in his quarters Clark continues the mission.

The poison, created by inquiry of Star Fleet Medical records for BDR Clark, and created specifically for this mission has been delivered by another Protocol Directorate XXXI operative to Deep Space Nine. Once activated the poison is tailored to only be effective on a specific blood chemistry and will trigger

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with an increase in physical activity or aggression. The poison is active for a space of five hours and will emulate the effects of a stroke. The poison is harmless to anyone without the specifically indexed blood chemistry and will be purged within a few hours if it is not fully activated. If a detailed blood analysis is conducted it will only show up as residual low grade toxicity from the coolant gas release.

The Bajorans have been incensed by Imperial operatives to be particularly intractable in the negotiations which should act as the final trigger component needed to accomplish the mission. During Commander Boyte's interlude on Deep Space Nine he has confirmed that the requisite components of the binary poison have been placed aboard the *Avenger* along with the faulty relay. The agent of change used to accomplish the sabotage will also be dealt with through an unfortunate accident during his shift a short while after the *Avenger* leaves for Bajor. All of the events have now been set in motion and BDR Clark true to his standing as a Terran Empire Officer enters the negotiations in a dictatorial manner and is already angry and suspicious after the problem on the

Avenger. Within an hour Clark starts exhibiting symptoms of growing agitation and shortly afterwards launches into a diatribe that the United Terran Empire will crush the life out of the Bajoran people and leave their world a barren husk. At the height of this tirade BDR Clark succumbs to a full seizure and even though he is rushed to the *Avenger* and they leave Bajor with only minimal resistance Clark never regains consciousness and slips deeper into a coma. By the time the *Avenger* returns to Deep Space Nine the Command of the *ISS Regulator* has been passed to his Second in Command....at least until someone removes her from Command. This will also provide a measure of how strong the bond is between the cadre of officers Clark has brought together. It will be interesting to see if they start fighting among themselves or follow the plan the Emperor has laid out for them in the coming months.

The investigation continues and Commander Boyte is transferred off of the *ISS Regulator*. Subsequent queries from the *ISS Regulator* regarding Commander Boyte and his current location are silenced.....



Umbral Haiku

By Lieutenant Commander Tracy Clark, STARFLEET
Chief Medical Officer, ISS Regulator

From the Free Dictionary, at <http://www.thefreedictionary.com>:

um·bra (*mbr*)

n. pl. um·bras or um·brae (-br)

1. A dark area, especially the blackest part of a shadow from which all light is cut off.
2. Astronomy
 - a. The completely dark portion of the shadow cast by the earth, moon, or other body during an eclipse.
 - b. The darkest region of a sunspot.

Dark Ship of villains --
Plot the Captain's quick demise!
Allies? He finds few.

Poisonous, deadly:
A hypospray in the neck.
Captain's death follows.

Doctor (Mistress!) waits,
Antidote at the ready;
the Captain rises.

Foiled by the Doctor!
Number One wanted the chair:
instead, painful death.



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Wow.

YOU GUYS MAKE IT HARD TO CHOOSE. I'VE ENJOYED EVERY ENTRY... AND IT'S SOMEWHAT DISTURBING TO SEE THAT, WHEN Y'ALL THINK ABOUT IT, YOU CAN COME UP WITH ALL SORTS OF WAYS OF KILLING ME.

SOME THINGS THAT I NOTICED:

- ★ NO-ONE KILLED LIZ GOULET -- EXCEPT FOR TRACY.
- ★ NO-ONE TRUSTED ROON, BUT ALMOST EVERYONE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO STAY HAPPY (ENOUGH) DOWN IN ENGINEERING.
- ★ PERRY SEEMS TO HANG OUT IN THE AGONY BOOTH A LOT.
- ★ TRACY WAS EITHER KILLED BECAUSE OF ME, OR PROTECTED FOR THE SAME REASON.
- ★ THIS WAS AN AWFUL LOT OF FUN!

SO, WHO WINS?

I'M TEMPTED TO SAY SOMETHING TRITE, LIKE "WE ALL WIN WHEN WE HAVE FUN TOGETHER."

OF COURSE, THAT WOULDN'T BE FAIR, AND IT MIGHT MOTIVATE AN ACTUAL ASSASSINATION...

SO, THE WINNER IS...

OUR CHIEF OF SECURITY, ENSIGN PERRY BRULOTTE. CONGRATULATIONS, PERRY!

SECOND PLACE (A VERY CLOSE SECOND... IT HAS BEEN HARD TO DECIDE!) GOES TO LTJG MICHAEL CROSS.

BRAVO ZULU, EVERYONE!

