

# REGULATOR CHARGE!

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STARDATE 113409

# 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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# Contents



**Holmes Does It Again**, by RADM Liz Goulet (page 3)



**Chance Favors the Prepared Mutineer**, by LT(JG) Perry Brulotte (page 7)



**Secrets**, by LT Michael Cross (page 13)



**Just Be Careful**, by BDR Tank Clark (page 17)



**...and the winner is...** (page 23)

## ABOUT THIS ISSUE:

ONCE UPON A TIME (EARLY IN 2013), I WAS RE-WATCHING ALL OF THE “MIRROR-VERSE” EPISODES OF STAR TREK. AS OFTEN HAPPENS WHILST I WATCH STAR TREK EPISODES, I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING AT DETAILS OF THE UNIFORMS. OF COURSE, IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY ME BUGGING MY PATIENT AND LONG-SUFFERING BRIDE TO MAKE ME ONE, I’D LIKE TO HAVE A GOOD REASON TO WEAR IT.

I PRESENTED THE IDEA OF DEDICATING A MONTH TO THE MIRROR UNIVERSE, AND EVERYONE LOVED THE IDEA. (IT’S A STRANGE FEELING WHEN YOUR CREW JUMPS AT THE CHANCE TO “KILL” YOU.)

THIS SPECIAL ISSUE IS THE RESULT OF HOURS OF WORK. THE STORIES ARE ENTERTAINING, FUN TO READ, AND WELL THOUGHT OUT. THIS YEAR, I’VE ADDED A NEW TWIST: GUEST JUDGES. SPECIAL THANKS TO MAJOR GENERAL EDWARD TUNIS III, SFMC AND TO MARINE CAPTAIN SARAH HAYS, SFMC. WHEN ASKED TO DO THE NEAR-IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF FIGURING OUT WHO WROTE THE BEST STORY, THEY HAPPILY STEPPED UP TO THE PLATE.

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



# Holmes Does It Again

By Rear Admiral Liz Goulet, STARFLEET

Executive Officer, ISS Regulator -- Communications Department Head

Alright, I confess, I killed the Captain. And I'd do it again if I had the chance." Lt Cornatzer said.

"But why? What did he do to you?" the XO asked.

"Elementary, my dear XO, it was because the security officer didn't get the promotion he thought he deserved. "The famous Sherlock Holmes was in charge of solving this case. "The Captain had passed him by four times already and Lt. Cornatzer thought he would be passed over yet again when promotions came out this next time. He never bothered to consider that the reason he was passed over was because was waiting to promote him and move him into a better position at the same time."

"What are you talking about?" Lt Cornatzer asked Holmes as they sat in his Baker Street apartment. The holodeck had replicated it down to the bullet holes in the wall over the fireplace of VR.

"Yes, Holmes, how do you know what the Captain was planning?" XO Goulet asked. She was playing the part of Scotland Yard's Lt. Lestrade.

"If the Lieutenant had bothered to wait a few days he would have had no reason to kill the Captain. He had already sent in the promotion list and it had been approved." Holmes lit his pipe and sat back in his chair.

"You don't know what you are talking about. I saw that list and my name was no where on it." Lt. Cornatzer said. He shifted in his chair,

as the handcuffs were tight on his wrists.

Holmes blow out smoke from his pipe and smiled. "There were two lists, Lieutenant. The first one was the one that you saw. It was for lower rank personnel. The second one was for senior personnel. Your name was on that list. The Captain was promoting you from Lieutenant to Commander and putting you in charge of not only security but also putting you in charge of the shuttle bay and security for the shuttles. The Bridge commander was not going to be in charge of the shuttle security anymore. He was consolidating all of ship's security under one person, you."

"But he had passed me over the last four times with no explanation. Why would he suddenly decide to promote me and give me more responsibility now?"

Holmes puffed on his pipe. "He told me that he was saving this as a surprise of all the hard work you had done in the passed. You were one of the few officers who had not tried to eliminate him. He valued that loyalty. The Bridge officer was leaving the ship and taking on a different command so this was the perfect opportunity for him to shake things up and move personnel around."

Lt. Cornatzer looked down and sighed, "If I'd only waited. Now I'll never get my promotion."

"By the way, Holmes, how did you know it was Lt. Cornatzer who killed the Captain and not one of the other officers. Most of them have tried

at one time or another to eliminate him in the past. Lt. Cornatzer wasn't even on the list." Lestrade asked.

"It was fairly easy, Lestrade. Who else knew the Captain's routine as well as his favorite body guard. He would be the one who would know of any chances in his schedule. Also, he would be one of the few people who would know what the Captain's weaknesses were. We know he loves to try different beers and ales. He also loves a good soccer competition. What better why to slip something in a drink than in a beer, he has never had before. So when it tastes different, he will think it is just the beer. And you distract him from wondering about it with his favorite sport to watch. The mistake he made was in hoping the poison would be diluted with each beer he had after the one with the poison in it. However, the lab was able to detect the faint trace of arsenic, which was not an ingredient in the beer. What other reason would arsenic be in the beer other than as a poison to kill the Captain."

"End program." XO Goulet said. As the characters in the holodeck froze in place, she looked over at Lt. Cornatzer. "OK, if the Holmes program can figure out how we poisoned the captain, someone else might be able to also. We will have to come up with another plan. Any suggestions?"

Lt Cornatzer removed the handcuffs and sat back in his chair. "If we don't use the beer, what else can we put the arsenic in? He only eats anise cookies around the Christmas holidays and I really do not want to wait that long to do this. Besides, why spoil a good holiday with an assassination. "

***"Alright, I confess, I killed the Captain. And I'd do it again if I had the chance." Lt Cornatzer said. "***

"He does enjoy oriental food which has almonds in it. We could combine the two, beer and food with a small amount in each, which could be undetected due to the amount. And since either you or I will be taste testing it before the Captain, we can slip the poison in after we taste them. They will never figure out it was two of us instead of one. You have stated publicly that you do not want command, which would rule you out. And you could promote me before the event to throw everyone off it being me."

That just might work since everyone who has tried to kill the captain has done it solo. They would never think of a team effort and we would both get what we want. I could stay XO with Lt. Cross taking over and you would get you promotion and consolidation of duties. Now, when do we want to do this?"

A few weeks later, there was to be a celebration on completing their latest mission. The Captain had planned to have all his staff at a party where good food and refreshments would be provided. XO Goulet and Lt Cornatzer decided this would be a good time to execute their plan, as there would be multiple suspects at the event.

Everything went as planned. The Captain enjoyed himself with some new beers and various plates of oriental food as well as Klingon and Ferengi gourmet foods. It was



reported about an hour after everyone had retired that the Medical Officer had to rush her husband the Captain to the emergency room. The XO was notified and was on standby as they tried to revive him.

By breakfast the next morning, it was already rumored through the ship that the Captain had been assassinated at the event from the day before but no one knew yet exactly how this had happened or who had done it.

Lt. Cross temporarily took command as XO Goulet declined the position as she had done numerous times before. It was decided that Lt Cornatzer would be in charge of the investigation of the Captain's assassination. He immediately started checking everyone who had ever threatened the captain and gave the food a passing grade since he and the XO had been taste testing the whole evening. By the end of the day, he had eliminated everyone who had threatened the Captain. He reported he had come up with nothing and since all the food had been removed and gotten rid of there was no way to determine how it had happened.

"I realize it would be unusual but we might want to call in the High Command to solve this." Lt Cornatzer suggested.

"I don't think that will be necessary." Lt Cross had asked Lt. Cornatzer and XO Goulet to come into his office while Lt Cornatzer gave his report.

"But I've hit that brick wall and have no evidence who could have done this." Cornatzer throw his arms into the air and looked exasperated.



"You might not be able to figure it out, but I have." The captain's voice came from the adjoining room.

Both the XO and Lt Cornatzer looked at each other. They quickly got over their surprise and asked how had the Captain survived since they were informed he was dead.

"That was a diversion to see what the two of you would do." Two security guards came in and stood beside the surprised assassins.

"Might I ask how you found out about the plot, Captain?" XO Goulet asked.

"Well, although you erased your program from the holodeck, you forgot to shut down Holmes. Lt. Cross had the deck after you two had left. You left the Holmes part of the program going and when he went to put in his program, he noticed yours was still running. He went to turn it off but noticed that most of it was deleted. He listened to what was left and discovered your plot to assassinate me. When he brought it to my attention, we decided to play it out and then confront you with it."

# ISS REGULATOR

“But how did you managed to eat and not get the poison?” Lt Cornatzer asked.

“My wife provided me with an antidote so I would not get sick until after I had gone back to my quarters. As it was, I had a bad headache and stomach problems most of the night. It was a good plan, too bad you forgot to turn Holmes off. Holmes does it again.”

The Captain nodded toward the door and the security guards took the two would be assassins away.



# Chance Favors the Prepared Mutineer

By Lieutenant (Junior Grade) Perry Brulotte, STARFLEET  
Covert Operations Officer, ISS Regulator

*This story supposes that everything in last year's and up until the final scene in this one were all a simulation of how Ensign Brulotte planned to take the ship... And he's perfecting his method. So NEXT year I will kill you all and take the ship!!!!*

**ISS Regulator, Commanding Officer's Log, Star Date 1408.13, Captain Brulotte recording:**

Time Travel. Someone stepped into that mess to unseat me. It's cheating, plain and simple. And now I find myself sitting here in the brig—in MY brig—while the usurpers run my ship.

Perhaps I should go back a bit.

It all started a few weeks after I took command from Clark, and purged the malcontents. Between the initial taking and the purge, it left us with barely 2/3 of a crew. We needed reinforcements, and Star Fleet agreed. Fortunately I knew the Admiral well enough to know that her idea of reinforcements wouldn't exactly be compatible with my plans. Mostly because she'd send in someone to replace me, and I'd likely end up on the outside of an airlock. After all, I had only been an Ensign a few days ago, and now I was calling myself Captain. And in my defense most of the crew were accepting it. And those who weren't were keeping their heads down.

But there was a buzz about the ship. Something was going on, and we couldn't figure out what it was. We'd interrogated a number of people but to no avail. The XO kept telling me that it was a dead end. The COB agreed. I

didn't completely trust either of them. Not after I had killed their daughter.

We rebuilt the crew, mostly, with loyal members. Some were indentured from worlds that owed us (me) a favor, and they turned out to be the better members of the crew. One Nausicaan in particular had become a great bodyguard for me, and I rarely went anywhere without him. He didn't speak much (does any Nausicaan?) and he wasn't the brightest. But to watch him literally rip apart a young officer who was trying to poison me one night after we had... coupled... well I gained a new appreciation for his skills. I don't even remember his name—not sure I ever knew it. He was just my shadow, and always there when asked.

About six months ago we'd traversed the wormhole at Bajor, dipped into the Dominion, and obtained some Jem Hadar. After the fall of the Dominion they had gotten desperate for Ketracel White, and we had a source. Basically if you have KW, you can 'buy' the loyalty of Jem Hadar. And they make very good soldiers and enforcers. We now have 27 of them, and as a bonus we picked up our very own Vorta. Her name is Alauna, which apparently means "Gifted" in her language. And I can tell you from personal experience that she is very gifted. She now bunks with me most of the time, or did until... we'll get to that.

In April we embarked on a mission to Omega Aurigae II, a planet rich in Dilithium. Our mission was to encourage a rebellion among friendlies on the planet to overthrow a

# ISS REGULATOR

government who was refusing to bow to the will of Starfleet. The mission was a total success, more than we could have hoped for. Not only did the leadership council get killed and replaced with those we could control, we found out that the planet's larger of two moons contained what looked an awful lot like the Guardian of Forever, the time portal which had been destroyed several sectors away, and over a century ago.

I immediately seized the moon, which was almost uninhabited but had a breathable atmosphere. When the Aurigaen's protested, we dropped two quantum torpedoes on their capitol city, plunging the planet into chaos. We then sent Alauna and half of our Jem Hadar to restore order.

It was going amazingly well. This gave me the bargaining chip I needed to secure permanent command from Starfleet, and maybe even get a bump up to Commodore in the process.

I remember meeting with Liz and Alan and some of the remaining members of the original crew. We were in the officer's lounge, and the Aldebaran Whiskey was flowing liberally. We were celebrating, as we deserved. This was a great victory for the USS Regulator, and for us personally. We'd be richer than the most successful Ferengi Daimon, and we'd be more powerful than a Klingon military governor. When people heard we were coming, they'd quake in their boots. We were untouchable.

Or so I thought.

We stayed in-system, harvesting the riches of this moon and world. We even sent a few

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expeditions through the portal, and they came back with stories of a parallel universe where things were different. I'd heard of the mirror universe before. It was a place where Starfleet was neutered. Exploring and not exploiting. It was a place where they dealt with others as equals. The thought of such a place made me sick.

I ordered the portal be guarded 24x7 by a team of Jem Hadar, and that anyone approaching be shot.

A few weeks ago things changed. I got a request to send an expedition through to try to kidnap a few key people. We were hoping if we went through and kidnapped copies of some senior Starfleet members, we might use them to gain power. We'd tell them of the evils that were happening here, and maybe get them to work for us... and then we'd of course kill them and take over for ourselves.

I approved the plan.

Liz and Alan had gone down to the surface of the moon, along with Barnett and Fralicks. They came back up excited and enthused. A bit too much for my tastes, so I had them watched, and had reports coming back a few days later that Commodore Goulet had gone into the portal and come back out... with



Brigadier Clark. Someone had promoted the man in an alternate present and she'd brought him back here!

Apparently he was hiding on the surface of the moon, collecting others that I'd dispatched, with a plan to take back the ship!

That'll teach me to trust. I let them get close, and I shared the profits of our ventures. I should have killed the entire senior crew, and not left Liz and Alan around to muck about my plans. They had too much loyalty to Clark. And now they were going to take my ship back from me and give it back to him.

By the time I'd pieced the plans together it was too late. They had maneuvered me into a corner—a literal corner in fact. I was just stepping out of the shower when I heard a commotion in my quarters. I reached for the Type-II phaser I always kept just outside the stall and found it gone. I heard a phaser fire, and then the definite sound of someone disintegrating.

I poked my head out. My Nausicaan was gone. He'd been in the room when I stepped into the shower, and he was gone. He had to have been the one vaporized. And Cornatzer was there... He was supposed to be dead.

I ducked back, or tried to, but I was too late. I saw the flash of light from his phaser as it fired, and I was sure I was a dead man, even as a warm and dull pain spread through my head and I fell to the floor, unconscious.

So here I sat in my cell, waiting for the inevitable. Clark will show up, pronounce me a traitor, and

have me killed. End of story. Game over.

As I contemplated my future—or lack thereof—I heard the outer door to the brig slide open. The guards (there were three) turned toward the door, and as I turned I saw a bright flash of light, and the guards dropped to the floor. Stun grenade. The brig cell forcefield had protected me from it.

What walked in was... irregular. It looked like it might have been a man, or a woman, or a robot. It was white, helmeted, covered in plates that looked like plastic. When it spoke it was a mechanical or augmented voice. Gender neutral.

"Stand back."

I stepped back from the doorway. It held up what looked like an odd gun—not a phaser, but not like anything I'd seen before either. It fired at the panel next to the force field. A blast of sparks and smoke followed a red beam, and the force field dropped.

I'm not one to be thankful for a good rescue. But I am also not one to waste time on pleasantries during a jail break. So I quickly exited the cell, grabbed up the phaser rifle from the guard, and turned it on my rescuer.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"It's me," said the voice, and it reached up and pulled off the helmet. I let out a breath of relief.

*Finally... someone loyal...*

"How many of us are there?" I asked.

He looked at me, shook his head. “The two of us. Barnett. Fralicks. Your Vorta.”

*Well... that's not what I was hoping to hear.*

“How many aboard?”

“Before I started, three hundred eighty. Now... around two-fifty.”

“Jem Hadar?”

He shook his head. “Dead.”

“Where's Clark and the others?”

“Last I knew, deck one. They have it barricaded.”

“Then that's where we're headed. Can you get through the maintenance crawlspaces in that get-up?” I asked.

He shook his head. “But I'll wear it until we're close, because... well you saw how well it works.”

“What is it?” I asked as I turned toward the door. “What do you call it?”

“Storm trooper armor,” Roon answered me with a chuckle. “Something I got from the other place.”

That's what he always called where his inventions came from. ‘The other place’. I didn't ask. Didn't want to know.

“Where are the girls?” I asked, using a generic term since they were all female. It was easier than names.

“Deck two. Transporter room is where I left them.”

“Does it work?” The transporter?

“Nope. I disabled them ship-wide.”

“Can you enable them again?”

“Not without an hour of work. I blew the Passive Axial Resonance Grid when I figured out what was going on. Took out warp drive, transporters, and external shields.” Now he grinned. “And long-range COMMs. I'll need to build a new PARG before we can use any of it.”

PARG... Engineers and their acronyms. Thankfully this time I got it. The PARG was the Passive Axial Resonance Grid. Not bad for a dumb security officer.

“All right... we'll head up to Deck Two, rendezvous with the ladies, and take the bridge together. I want to come up from the floor plates, all at once, surrounding them. Get them in our cross fire, and kill them all. Then we'll torpedo that damned portal before it gets used again.”

We were halfway to the nearest lift—the corridor was empty of the living. It looked like Roon had shot everyone he'd come in contact with. Maybe a bit more carnage than I'd have left, but it was efficient. Roon was efficient.

I stopped. Bent down. Ensign Amelia Davis. She'd been one of mine, back in the day. Now she had a hole where her chest used to be. She wouldn't be one of anyone's now. She also had a tricorder. I took it. It had orders on it. I scrolled through them, then dropped the device. I didn't want anyone tracking me by it.

We ducked into a crawlspace. Roon had to leave his suit behind—he

didn't like it, but he knew we'd need to. "What about weapons?" I asked. "You take them out, too?"

"Phasers are down. Torps will work once I unlock them. I put a loopback in the Dynamic Control Circuit. If they try to arm torpedoes it'll fry their fingers." Another little chuckle. I hadn't realized how useful he was. Maybe he should be XO now...

The climb up the lift shaft was long, tiring, and I was glad to be done with it when we reached Deck 2.

I pried the doors open a few inches, peered out. Looked clear so I opened them the rest of the way and climbed out. Made it three steps.

"Freeze!"

Froze. Turned my head and looked.

"Liz?" I said. "I'm glad you've managed to hold on to deck 2, so far. What's the status? Have you put down the rebels?"

"I'm about to put one down," she said and took aim. I had no chance. I was facing the wrong way, and I'd be dead in a second. I closed my eyes. This is how it ends.

When you're used to hearing the hum and buzz of phasers, the sound of a .44 caliber handgun is quite... deafening. Okay, it's deafening anyway, especially in a closed space. But doubly so when you're only a few meters from where it fired. I thought I was dead. I thought the ship had been breached by something, and this was the sound of me explosively decompressing. I fell to my knees.

Only I wasn't dead. Deaf, maybe. But not dead. I blinked a few times, turned. Smiled.

About seven months ago I'd encountered a man while visiting Kafa Prime. He was human, and a bit eccentric. His name was Christopher Smith, or so he claimed. I figured it was an alias. He was fascinated with ancient weaponry. He was also very talented with both ancient and modern weaponry. I'd made him chief of our armory, which pissed off the Security Chief but I didn't really care. He was dead now, or I assumed so.

"Chris," I shouted, but I couldn't hear it. He pulled something out of his ear—an ear plug. "Where's the Chief?"

Chris just smiled. He looked a bit like Santa Claus. He was about the right size and shape, and had a white beard. "He's sitting in his office... with a big hole in the front and coming out the back."

"Perfect. Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy," I said. I thought I'd killed him a year ago, but he'd survived, and had seemed loyal—after a few hours in the agonizer booth.

I turned back to where Commodore Goulet had stood. She was dead. Half of her head was splattered against the wall behind where she'd been. I turned away. Nobody wants to see that.

The three of us, myself, Roon, and Chris; made it to the transporter room. After Roon unlocked the door we went in. Amanda, Katie, and Alauna. All armed for bear.

"We ready to do this?" I asked.

Everyone nodded. Roon went first to prepare the passages, and place the charges that would blow the floor plates. He was gone almost an hour and I was worried. Worried that he'd failed, been caught, or had betrayed us. The latter wasn't really a concern. But once you've been betrayed enough you suspect everyone to a certain degree. Even your mother. Look at how Liz had responded to her daughter's death a year ago.

Fifteen minutes later we were all in place. I sent the signal and we blew the floor plates, popped up, and opened fire on the unsuspecting bridge crew.

We killed them all in a few seconds. Bodies littered the floor. The bodies of my Jem Hadar soldiers. All of them. We'd ambushed them totally.

Where...? Where are they?

The viewer came to life. Clark's face was on it. He was smiling smugly.

"Congratulations Captain Brulotte," he sneered. "You just killed your own security force. Now, I'm going to kill you."

The screen blanked, and the countdown timer started... ten... nine... eight... seven... six... five... four... three... two... one...

The room dissolved around me. Left me standing there with Roon, Amanda, and Katie. I shook my head at them as I looked at the black and gold grid surrounding us.

"We need to try again. This time we need to try a different

approach. If we're going to take Clark out, we need to do it better this time."

"We've been trying for a year," Roon said. "Last year's simulation ended the same. We need a different team."

"No. We have the right people. Computer. Reset the program and start from the beginning."

The grid disappeared and I found myself standing in the Security Chief's office. Roon and Amanda and Katie were there, and there was a holographic schematic projected in front of us.

"Maybe we need to go right for the bridge... take command of that first, and then move on..."

*And maybe THIS time I'll manage to take and keep command...*





## Secrets

By Lieutenant Michael Cross, STARFLEET  
Second Officer, ISS Regulator -- Bridge Department Head

The I.S.S. *Regulator* is a ship filled with secrets. They litter its decks and fill its cargo holds. Secrets are the currency of choice aboard ship. If you want something the best way to get it is to know a secret about who you want it from, not always as easy as it seems. I wanted the Captain's Chair. That I didn't have to keep a secret. Almost everybody wanted the Captain's chair. It has been held by Thomas "Tank" Clark for almost four years. Four years is almost an eternity for a Captain of the Empire, especially a Captain with an ambitious crew.

The I.S.S. *Regulator* had some very ambitious crew members. LTJG Perry Brulotte, former Head of Security. Here was a man who would sell his own mother for advancement. (We are pretty sure he actually had but that is another story.) He was succeeded by LT Scott Cornatzer. Cornatzer had taken the Head of Security job by revealing that Brulotte had been selling weapons to Romulans in exchange for ale and plans for a personal cloaking device. An invisible Brulotte would not have been a good thing. Most of us found an excuse to stop by security while he spent his time in the agony booth for that infraction. We did our best to

hide smiles. I really don't think Cornatzer cared about the position as much as he wanted to see Brulotte in the booth.

Where Brulotte used cruelty as a means to an end for Cornatzer cruelty was its own reward. He had no delusions of wanting to be Captain knowing he would be killed before he could change the rank insignia on his uniform. No one wanted to serve under a pure sadist and he knew it. As long as there were lots of raids and lots of prisoners to torture Scott was a happy man. It didn't matter if there was helpful information to be gained or not, the man loved his work.

LTJG Colin Gabbert. Here was a mystery wrapped in an enigma. A brilliant science officer but no one on board knew anything about him or his past. Locked in the lab most of the time, what he was working on was anybody's guess. I liked him but



couldn't find a reason to trust him. No reason not to but nothing to allow me to let my guard down around him. He may have been dripping in secrets or just a clueless science technocrat. There was no way of telling. The opposite of Gabbert was LTJG Sean Washburn. You always knew what Washburn was thinking, whether you wanted to or not. Dismissed from his former ship for voicing his opinion Washburn still let everybody know what was on his mind. No worry about being assassinated by Sean. He would send you a sub space communication telling you has plans first. He reminded me of the villains in those 20<sup>th</sup> century "James Bond" movies the Captain was so fond of. "Let me tell you my whole evil plan before I leave you alone to escape". If Sean had a secret you could find it in his daily report.

Then there were LTJG's Barnett and Fralicks. Good loyal officers both. The best part is they were loyal to me. I knew all of their secrets and where the bodies were hidden. They trusted me not to reveal what I knew and by making sure they got the duty stations they wanted I received total loyalty. More than once they had removed "obstacles" to my rise through the ranks and I always made sure they received reward for it. If there was anyone on board I truly trusted it was these two. There were others on board, good reliable officers who lacked either the desire or the aptitude to sit in the big chair. It's not for everybody. You paint a giant target on your back when you take command of an I.S.S Starship. Not everyone wants the pressure.

That leads me to the Goulet's. Three members of the same family on board the same ship. RADM Liz Goulet, XO of the *Regulator*. Ships Counselor CPO Michelle Goulet and MCPO Alan Goulet. Four years as XO and there had not been one attempt by Liz on the

***"Four years is almost an eternity for a Captain of the Empire, especially a Captain with an ambitious crew. "***

Captain. She had built in backup from the other two, sat a heartbeat away from the big chair and nothing. It just didn't seem right to me. She had been an officer of the Empire longer than any of us. She had risen to the rank of RADM. I know that she didn't get there without at least some blood on her hands. Why was she content to sit in the second chair while Tank took all the glory and the Captain's share of the spoils? There was a secret there and I was going to find it.

When it comes to secrets there is one position on board ship with unique access, Ships Counselor. Michelle Goulet was going to be the key to unraveling this mystery. She has files on everyone on board. The "waste of my time" mandatory crew Psychological Evaluations were conducted by CPO Goulet. Now nobody tells the counselor anything important but she has been trained to spot deception so her notes might be helpful to me. The question was how was I going to get access to those notes without being caught? Before I took out Captain Clark I had to know what the Goulet's response would be. I would rather not have to take them all out. Blood is expensive when trying to keep command after you have taken it. One yahoo out for revenge can ruin your whole day or end your life.

I figured being in the Counselors office and arranging for her to be called away was my best bet. I made an appointment to discuss the psychological fitness of the bridge crew. In the mean time I arranged for LTJG



Fralicks to “suffer” a panic attack in the Science lab. This should cause CPO Goulet to rush to the rescue leaving me alone in her office. It worked like a charm. I had her notes copied to my personal PADD and my tracks covered long before she returned. You don’t get to be operations officer without knowing how things work and how to stop them from working.

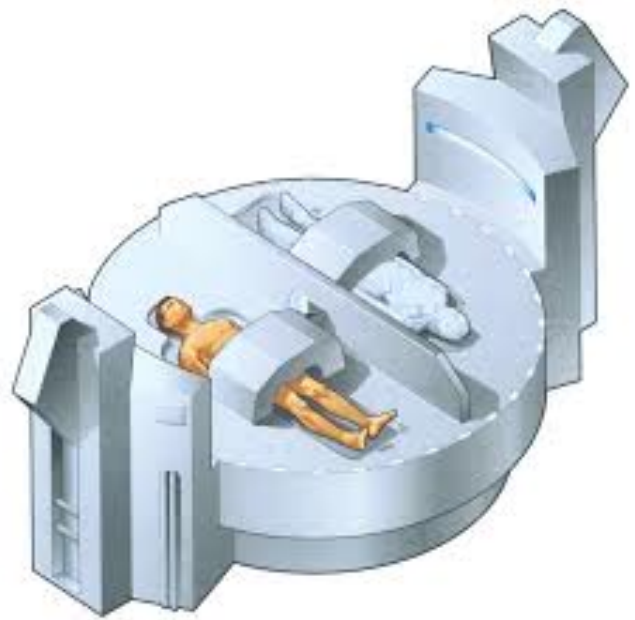
Once I got back to my quarters I decrypted her notes and it wasn’t what I found but what I didn’t that made the mystery even deeper. There was not one record, one note, one anything for the Captain or the Captain’s Lady CMO Tracy Clark. It was like they didn’t exist. The Empire requires everyone get an evaluation every six months and it seemed neither of them had ever been evaluated. Their names didn’t even appear on the schedule of crew members to be evaluated. There was something wrong here and I had to get to the bottom of it.

Being the Bridge officer I had access to the Physical Evaluations of all of the Bridge staff and all senior officers. I am supposed to use them to determine if I should be giving R&R to an officer who is becoming physically run down. Since I don’t care I have never looked at them unless I wanted somebody off the bridge and needed an excuse. Imagine my shock to find both Tank and Tracy had text book Physical records. Perfect blood pressure, heart rate, eyesight, enzyme levels and none of them had ever varied for almost 4 years. Somebody was covering something up. The I.S.S.

*Regulator* and secrets...

I pulled up Tank and Tracy’s service records, a long history from graduation from the academy to present day. They had served in several of the same places I had. I don’t remember seeing them but that is not unusual. The Empire is a big place. I started making quiet inquiries to find somebody who had known them. No one I contacted had ever heard of them. It was possible but damn strange.

I knew CPO Michelle Goulet was covering up the lack of Psychological Evaluations. Somebody was falsifying the Physical Evaluations. Although I didn’t have concrete proof I was becoming more convinced they had never served anywhere listed on their records. I also became convinced RADM Goulet knew what was going on. I started looking into the Rear Admiral’s career. Hours on hours of pouring over record after record. Then I saw it. Liz had been to Exo III. It all fell in place.



# I.S.S. REGULATOR

After some research and careful preparation I called a meeting with the Captain, his Lady and RADM Goulet. Like any group that meets often we all sat in our normal places. I had counted on this. I had brought along LTJG Barnett to keep notes on the meeting. After the normal small talk I was asked what this meeting was about. I asked Barnett to hand me my notes. This was her clue to trigger the foot switch I had installed just hours before. The moment she triggered it a force field surrounded both the Captain and his Lady. Goulet jumped from her chair yelling "What are you doing! Are you trying to take command?"

I looked at her calmly and said "I can't take control from Tank. He isn't in charge. He is an android, so is Tracy and you brought them on board and made it seem they were human while you ran the ship from the safety of the XO chair. How many times have you replaced them when somebody tried an assassination? It was a brilliant plan but it's over. You will now tell me how to control them and in exchange I will let you and your family live. They are being held by LTJG Fralicks right now. The choice is yours."

The Goulet's now live on a small class M planet in the Arakon system. I am XO of the *Regulator* and Tank Clark is our Captain. I think it's going to stay this way for a long time.

Only Barnett and Fralicks know the secret of the Clarks. They asked how I figured it out. It was simple. I have studied all

of the records of the Mirror universe *Enterprise* from when they encountered our I.S.S. *Enterprise*. Our Spock had downloaded all of their computer records. I learned of the androids created by the "Old Ones" of planet Exo III. When I saw Liz had been there in our universe it became easy to put two and two together.

The best part is watching LTJG Brulotte's face every time he thinks he has killed the Captain and I repair him again... priceless! The I.S.S. *Regulator* is still filled with secrets.





# Just Be Careful

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

**ISS Regulator, NCC-73337**  
**Stardate 11408.20**  
**1350 hours (ship's standard time)**

"Lieutenant, hail the planet's capital city."

"Aye, sir... Hailing frequencies open."



"I am Lrr, ruler of the planet Omicron Persei VIII. Who are you and what do you want?"

"Howdy, Lrr. I'm Brigadier Clark, commanding the *Starship Regulator*. Welcome to the Terran Empire."

"What? We're not joining any empire... yours or anyone else's. Go away!"

I turned to the Andorian shen at Tactical. "Lieutenant, ready fire pattern Alfa."

"Lrr, you have twenty seconds to reconsider, or the building you are in will be the only one standing in your capital city. Nineteen... eighteen... seventeen..."

"Terran, your threats confuse me. What do you want?"

"Lrr, you have ten seconds to surrender your planet, unconditionally. Omicron Persei VIII has resources that the Empire requires. I would prefer to acquire them while your planet still has a breathable atmosphere, as well as inhabitants who can serve the Empire. Surrender now. Four seconds. Three... two..."

"Terran, I..."

I interrupted whatever Lrr was going to say. "Lieutenant, fire."

Beams lanced out from the *Regulator's* ventral phaser banks. Two-thirds of the capital city exploded in a blast of destructive energy. Millions of Omicronians died nearly instantly.

"Captain, Mr. Lrr is calling from what's left of the capital. He says he'd like to surrender, now."

"Very well. Tell him to expect our landing party shortly, and to have census information available. The Empire wants to know all about its new planet, and how much taxes they will be paying. Have that Ferengi bean-counter, what's-his-name -- Qoin, join the landing party, too." That big-eared storekeeper is a wizard for finding hidden loot. I swear he can smell latinum. "Make sure Qoin knows the more tribute he finds for me, and for the rest of the crew, the bigger his cut will be."

“Aye, sir.”

While the shen got to work organizing the landing party, I took a few moments to appreciate the view. The lithe body filling the small gold top and skirt caught the eye quite pleasantly, and her blue skin, white hair, and antenna were gloriously exotic. Of course, all I would do is look. There are few people more vindictive than a ship’s surgeon scorned... and my wife would not hesitate to find the most painful, long-lasting death for both “the other woman” and for me.

Two companies of Imperial Marines, as well as a large team of scientists and engineers (not to mention Qoin), would be beaming down within a few moments. We knew that Omicron Persei VIII had large deposits of dilithium and latinum. Starfleet Medical sent us a report that said there was a moss that grew on Omicron Persei VIII that, when properly processed, could cure some disease or another. That didn’t really matter too much to me, but as a servant of the Empire, I would do whatever I could to make it stronger.

What Lrr didn’t know -- and I wouldn’t bother telling him -- was that he was probably going to die soon, unless he behaved VERY well, and many of his people were going to volunteer to join the Army of the Terran Empire. Omicronians are large, omnivorous, reptoids. Their physical presence is frightening for many species, and as such they are ideally suited to use for occupation forces on other planets -- as long as they are properly supervised.

My ruminations (and my appreciative glances toward Lieutenant Ma’ari, my pretty Andorian

**“Howdy, Lrr. I’m Brigadier Clark, commanding the Starship Regulator. Welcome to the Terran Empire.”**

tactical officer) were cut short as the bridge turbolift opened. My guards came to attention, one of them shouting “Admiral on the Bridge!”

I stood and saluted, just like everyone else. Unlike everyone else, I turned toward the turbolift and said, “Hi, Liz. Eager to become the first Terran Empire governor of Omicron Persei VIII?”

Elizabeth Goulet was second officer of the ISS *Regulator* when I first came aboard, some five years ago. While I worked my way steadily up the chain of command, she seemed comfortable to remain the chief of Communications and the ship’s third in command. After I removed General West and Colonel Schugart from their posts of CO and XO (respectively), I sat down in the center seat. Liz didn’t challenge me, and has been a loyal executive officer for me. She must have special friends at the Admiralty, though, because she was recently promoted to Rear Admiral, and was chosen to bring the citizens of Omicron Persei VIII into the Imperial fold..

Admiral Goulet returned our salutes, and my crew returned to their posts while Liz took her customary seat next to mine. “I almost wish I could stay here. You have made me and my family very rich, you know.” Leaning closely, Liz asked me in a whisper, “Have you decided on who will be your new first officer?”

“Not yet. Lieutenant Cross is second officer, and I’m sure he’s

expecting the position. I just think he's a bit too... 'ambitious'... for my safety," I replied, equally quietly.

"Be careful, Tank. You have been good to me, and you are good for the Empire."

"Thanks, Liz. My guards are all loyal Marines... and some of them are watching Cross's 'associates,' as well as Cross himself, at all times."

"Excuse me, Captain," said Lieutenant Ma'ari. "The Marines have secured the landing zone. Mr. Lrr apparently had some sort of issue with his new situation, and Major Williams is asking your permission to decimate the surviving Omicronians in the capital city. Admiral, the engineers report your new quarters have been beamed down and are being constructed right now."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. Tell the Major to proceed, and to make sure someone in Lrr's family is one of the ones killed."

Liz leaned over to whisper to me again. "Tank, has Tracy seen Lieutenant Ma'ari?"

I smiled. "I'm sure Ma'ari's had her physical. Why?"

Shaking her head, Liz stood and started walking toward the turbolift. "Just be careful. I'll see you at the party tonight, and I'll be beaming down tomorrow morning."

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**Stardate 11408.20**  
**1920 hours (ship's standard time)**

"Tracy, are you ready yet? Liz's going-away party starts in ten minutes!"

"I know, dear. I'm almost done. By the way, who's this new tactical officer I keep hearing about? Some Andorian woman?"

"Yes, her name's, uh, Ma'ari, I believe. Mr Cornatzer has been busy upgrading the armory and the brig, so he assigned her to alpha shift in his stead. She's efficient, and seems to be loyal. Why do you ask? You're not jealous, are you?" Tracy walked out of the bedroom into the living area of our quarters and I gave her my best smile. "You have nothing to worry about, beautiful. You are the only woman in my life."

"I better be. I'd hate to have to deprive the Empire of the services of the famous Brigadier Tank Clark!" We kissed, then strolled down to the turbolift on our way to Admiral Goulet's party, escorted by four of my Marines.

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**Stardate 11408.20**  
**2240 hours (ship's standard time)**

The party was quite enjoyable. As usual, my Marines made sure none of my food was adulterated. I brought my own Bloodwine, of course. Liz and I reminisced about the missions we shared, the planets we conquered, the traitors we destroyed, as well as the money we made. My junior officers joined us, too. Lieutenants Cross and Cornatzer were in a corner, talking with my Chief Engineer Marine Captain Marchant. Lieutenant Ma'ari made a brief appearance, too,

congratulating Liz on her new governorship before joining Lieutenant Brulotte at the buffet table. I made sure I didn't notice her. It was hard, but I needed my lovely bride Tracy to see me not noticing Ma'ari. It was for Ma'ari's own safety, really. At the end of the party, as Tracy and I made to leave the lounge, Liz called out to me, "Good night, Captain!" Glancing first at Lt. Ma'ari, and then at me, she repeated her earlier comment, "Just be careful!"

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**Stardate 11408.25**  
**0900 hours (ship's standard time)**

Lieutenant Ma'ari's alto voice interrupted my thoughts. "Captain, Rear Admiral Goulet is hailing from the planet's capital."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. Please put Governor Goulet on screen."

"Aye, aye, Captain. On screen."

"Congratulations once again, Governor. The ISS *Ho Chi Mihn* and troop transport *Verdun* should arrive at Omicron Persei VIII in two days, bringing two Army brigades to assist you in subduing any restless natives you may still have, but after what we did to Lrr's family, I don't foresee you having any issues."

*"Thank you, Brigadier. Thank you as well for the loan of Major Williams' rump battalion. These Marines have been subjugating the Omicronians quite nicely, I think. I'll send them back to Regulator as soon as I can, along with Mr. Qoin. Qoin has your initial share of the loot ready for transport... he must have worked straight through for the last three nights. I have never seen a Ferengi*

*work so hard... I'm tempted to keep him!"*

I laughed. "Don't you dare!"

*"Well, Brigadier... Tank. Until we meet again. Be careful. Oh, and... tell Tracy I said she really doesn't have anything to worry about. Goulet out."*

"Fair winds and following seas, Liz. Clark out."

"Ma'ari, has our plunder arrived yet?"



"Yes, Captain. Lieutenant Washburn is with it in Cargo Bay Three, and his team have scanned it thoroughly. He reports it safe, sir."

"Very well. Mr. Gabbert, anything of interest before we leave this system?" Lieutenant (junior grade) Colin Gabbert became my new Chief Science Officer recently, after the



previous CSO somehow confused H<sub>2</sub>O with H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>. My logs show that it was an accident, of course, but I remember arranging a similar accident in order for me to become CSO, on my way to becoming commanding officer.

"No, Sir. Captain. Sir."

Shaking my head, I looked at my helmsman. "Lieutenant Barnett, set a course for Starbase 68, and engage at warp factor six. Lieutenant Ma'ari, please join me in my Ready Room. I want to discuss tactical drills with you." Be careful, indeed...

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**Stardate 11409.01**  
**0730 hours (ship's standard time)**

"... we're still on course for Starbase 68, and should arrive within the hour. The crew of the *Regulator* has performed outstandingly, and well deserves shore leave. Unfortunately, my new First Officer will have to forgo his leave for a while, at least until after he processes the new crew that will be joining us there. Clark, commanding *Regulator*, ending log entry."

As I finished my log entry, I heard the turbolift open. Michael Cross, now wearing lieutenant commander's rank insignia, and Surgeon-Commander Tracy Clark stepped onto the bridge and joined me. "I just mentioned you in my log, Commander Cross. The downside of being executive officer is that you have to deal with personnel transfers while your captain and his bride get to go relax." I smiled as Tracy handed me a cup of coffee.

"As you say, Captain. Shore leave is sometimes overrated, anyway. I just think of it as a chance to get to know the crew better," Cross said as he took his seat. "I understand we'll be bringing a new platoon of Marines aboard, too, to replace the losses from Omicron Persei VIII."

I took a drink of coffee. Tracy smiled at me, and then glanced over to Lieutenant Ma'ari at Tactical. Suddenly, everything seemed to move sideways... Wait, why am I on the deck? Now Tracy has a phaser out, pointed... pointed at...

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**ISS *Regulator*, NCC-73337**  
**Stardate... unknown**

I'm in sickbay. I woke up a few moments ago, strapped to an exam table. I recognize the table, the scanner over my head, and the tiles on the overhead. I hear a woman screaming... her screams stop, replaced with husky, alto moans. I hear the door whoosh open, but I can't turn my head to look. My eyes flick over in that direction...

"Good news, sweetheart!" Tracy's voice. Her face hovers over mine, her eyes peer into mine. "The paralysis will wear off in a while, and because of how... forthcoming poor Ma'ari has been, you get to keep living. I *completely* believe that you and she have not been naughty. Good boy! Unfortunately, your Tactical officer is now missing an antenna -- those don't regenerate, you know. I think she might be fit for duty in a day or so... but not on this ship. She's been reassigned to Starbase 68. It's for your own good, dear."

# ISS REGULATORY

"Just rest, for now, darling. I took the liberty of implanting a small explosive device near your hip while you were... uh, 'resting.' I have the control for it, so remember: just be careful."



HEY! I DIDN'T GET KILLED DURING ANY OF THESE STORIES!

(OKAY, SO IN MICHAEL'S STORY, LIZ HAD KILLED ME YEARS AGO, BUT I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET!)

SOME THINGS THAT I NOTICED THIS YEAR:

- ★ PERRY DIDN'T GET TO HANG OUT IN THE AGONY BOOTH THIS YEAR.
- ★ "SURGEON-COMMANDER CLARK" IS DEFINITELY A WOMAN OF WHOM ONE SHOULD BE CAREFUL.
- ★ THE HOLODECK IS SCARY IN THE MIRRORVERSE
- ★ THIS WAS AN AWFUL LOT OF FUN!

ONCE AGAIN, I'D LIKE TO THANK OUR SPECIAL JUDGES, MAJOR GENERAL TUNIS (THE OFFICER-IN-CHARGE OF THE THIRD BRIGADE) AND MARINE CAPTAIN HAYS (THIRD BRIGADE'S S-6 OFFICER). WITHOUT THEM, I WOULD HAVE HAD TO MAKE A VERY HARD DECISION... THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S STORY CONTEST.

AND THE WINNER IS...

"SECRETS", BY LT MICHAEL CROSS. WELL DONE!

BRAVO ZULU, EVERYONE!

