

# Imaginations Unlimited

September 2006 - Volume 1

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## Fan Fiction on the WWW

General Fan Fiction  
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<http://trekfanfiction.net/>

Harry Potter  
<http://www.harrypotterfanfiction.com/>

FAQ's of Fan Fiction  
<http://www.chillingeffects.org/fanfic/faq.cgi>

Novel Length Fan Fiction  
<http://www.fictionalley.org/>

Buffy and Angel stories  
<http://slayerfanfic.com/>

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LOST Fan Fiction  
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## Editor's Column

By  
Jeff Davis  
CO, CoE, U.S.S. Indiana

Greetings to all the members of Region 01 and Starfleet.

You have before you the first installment of a new thing for Region 01. A region wide fanzine. This is not a newsletter like the Channel 01. Here, we aren't interested in the mundane machinations of our region or Starfleet International. No politics, no flame wars, etc, etc. Instead, we seek to venture forth beyond those things, into the great unknown. Going places where most Star Trek fans have not.

We wish to make our own adventure and fantasy, in the way that pleases us. And hopefully, we'll please a few of our fellow members in the process.

As I've discovered, fan fiction writers are all over in SFI. Many write for their ship (or chapter). Some create fiction based on some aspect of the fleet or region they are a part of, like the stories I hear coming out of the Alien Ambassador Corps. Others create their own characters, ships, planets, creatures and races. But in each case, they each have their own brand of 'Star Trek'. In most cases it will be as much associated with their favorite flavor of Trek. Some like the old, others the new. But you can be rest assured that they have a favorite.

I hope you enjoy this first issue. I am excited about the chance to see what my fellow Trekkers are writing about. Hopefully, this first issue will inspire others to submit their works, either single submittals or as serials, continuing from issue to issue. Future submissions may be made to myself at [capt\\_ncc\\_79158@insightbb.com](mailto:capt_ncc_79158@insightbb.com).

As this snowballs, I would eventually like to start doing periodic "Interview with the Author" articles. That too may give some closet authors a few ideas.

And, if the readers have ideas or suggestions for what they would like to see in this fanzine, I hope they will write me as well, at the above address. We always welcome new possibilities.

So, until the next issue:

Bon Appetit!

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## (Currently Untitled)

By  
Christopher Huff  
*Xenopolitical Relations, USS Dragon's Fury*



Thade Te'Blqu awoke on a soft, slightly scratchy maroon carpet, and immediately shielded his eyes to the sudden brightness. Despite being only half-drow, a race of elves that have adapted to the underground world of the Underdark, bright light could still bother him. And being ripped through the multiverse was not a nice wake-up call.

After a moment, he was able to look around. He was apparently in some type of living quarters. He recognized what appeared to be a bed, sofa, chairs, etc. However, everything was of strange materials. The cloths were not fur, muslin, cotton or any other material he could appraise. In fact, no fur could be spotted anywhere, which was strange in his mind. He could also see no fireplace, candles or torches. The light emanated from panels on the walls and ceiling.

"Magic," Thade assumed. "Perhaps I am still in Gylium's tower. Haven't seen anything like this yet, but perhaps these are his private quarters."

Thade quickly dismissed that idea. First, there were no books. None. Definitely not a wizard's room.

Secondly, something did not feel right. There was a strange hum to everything, and his elvish hearing could pick up all sorts of strange noises that he had never encountered before. Not only that, but he felt like he was moving...a ship perhaps.

He walked over to the far wall, comprised entirely of glass. *A very rich man's home or a powerful mage.* And his mind swooned. The stars were streaking in the sky like thousands of shooting stars. Moreover, the sky was everywhere, above and below.

"I wish I could do something about this damn light," Thade thought, wishing he were in the darkness outside.

A voice spoke, but it was in no language that he could understand —(I did not understand that command, can you repeat your request?)

Thade dropped to a crouch, scimitar and dagger drawn. No one was about. Someone was watching him, probably magically although he could not feel the prickly sensation of magic. He scanned to room again. This was no good. He had to get out of here.

Looking out the window, he tried to see the ship's deck or sails. However, There were no sails. Only giant wand shaped tubs glowing and fluxing bring the image of power and flight to mind. The outside was shaped like a great temple—vaguely a pyramid. He could not see the apex above him, but the deck below showed several other windows like his as well as other things he could not fathom a purpose.

He began searching the room, and became amazed at the amount of magic (although it did not feel like magic, he had no other word for it) that went into the room. Drawers and panels slide open on touch to reveal strange clothing and treasures. As tempted as he was to take some of these, He did not trust this strange magic and left them alone. A basin in one corner filled with water when he felt the strange, almost marble material with his hands. He drank some of the water. It was cool and clean. He worried a little about its magical origins—He saw no pumps or piping other than the spigot, but the need for water was greater than the risk. He filled his water skin, drank some more and continued his search.

He came across a hollow in the wall lit be magic. Above it was a glowing panel—a black mirror with colorful bars of light and words. He tried to study them...they were vaguely familiar...like an ancient dwarven or maybe common. He touched one—*Is that an F...maybe an R*—and a beeping sound followed. He jerked and rolled away quickly, fearing he had set off some kind of trap.

When he looked back, some type of meal appeared in the hollow. It was some type of sausage on a bun and what smelled like fried potatoes. He smelled it curiously. It had been a while since he had eaten. Was it an illusion? He could feel the heat from it and smell the sausage's juices and the strange

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red sauce that covered it. He could not identify the meat. It was not Rothe or any other cattle or fowl he recognized, but it smelled fresh. He took one of the sliced potatoes, smelled it and then licked it. No hint of poisons and it had taste, too. If it was an illusion, it was a good one.

Thade bit in and chewed. It was hot, but not scolding. The potato was spiced with salt and pepper—he could recognize those—and the red sauce reminded him vaguely of tomatoes.

Deciding that the device was some time of teleporter or magical pantry. He took the offered food and ate. He touched the screen again in the same spot and the sausage and potatoes appeared again. He removed them and then pressed a different color on the screen. Some type of soup appeared...white and thick, but it was cold. He set it aside.

His paranoia finally outgrew his curiosity and his hunger. He looked around. He had not heard the voice again, and no guards or beasts appeared to confront him. Perhaps it was an echo or something overheard from another room or through a vent.

He listened, noticing suddenly that he could only vaguely make out the sounds of others on the ship. It was buried underneath the hum and vibration of this...ship for lack of a better word. *Fine, fine craftsmanship. I know princesses' chambers not this quiet.*

Finally, he approached what appeared to be the door. At least it was a sealed archway in the wall. As he reached out to touch it, the "door" slid into the wall revealing a brightly lit corridor with similar look and design of the room. A tall elf stood in the archway, showing little surprise at the intruder.

The elf—or at least half-elf as Thade could see the shadow of a beard on his face—was dressed in what appeared to be some type of uniform. Mostly black and gray with gold piping and shirt underneath. On his breast was a chevron and bar symbol—some type of heraldry Thade did not recognize.

"Who are you and what are you doing in my quarters," the Elf asked.

Thade recognized it as the same language as the mystery voice from before, but understood more of the tone. It wasn't as if he had never been questioned by a surprised guard before.

"Qel'est Netho Deska, Nel'Quester-va!" Thade answered, *You will never know, half-faire (Elvish)*, and shot his hand out at the half-elves throat. Thade's aim was true, but the half-elf's speed and strength were more than Thade had anticipated.

The strange half-elf dodge the blow, barely. Not liking surprise, the Vulcan grabbed for Thade's wrist and tried to twist him into an arm lock. Thade spun in place, completing a flip that left him staring back at the stunned Vulcan. His dagger was in his hand, trailing strange green blood.

The Vulcan looked down at his uniform, now split in twain, and the thin line of green.

"Illogical," the Vulcan said, the scratch was not enough to kill or even severely injure, but he could feel his limbs growing heavy and weak. He fell to the deck.

"Bathalau!" Thade smiled. *Foolish dead (Drow).*

Thade forced the body back into the room and the stepped back, watching the door slide shut.

Thade looked left and right. The corridor seemed to curve in the distance. He decided on right...heard footsteps and then ran to the left...

[To Be Continued.....](#)



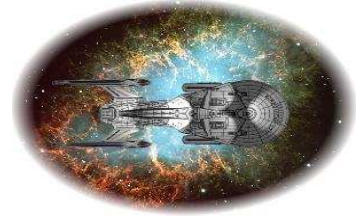
PLENTY OF TREAT  
AND  
NO TRICKS

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## Shakedown: The First Voyage of The U.S.S. Providence

By  
Larry Tollette  
Chief Science Officer - U.S.S. Providence



### Chapter One

Commodore Whipple paced the bridge of the USS Diana. He did not often get to witness war games firsthand. Yes, he was only an observer, but still, to be onboard during the maneuvers was a flash back to past glories. What was a desk, even as powerful as his, compared to a deck that strained and throbbed under the high stresses of combat? It was good to be in space again. A tone brought him back to reality.

"Commodore Whipple, you are needed in the briefing room," the voice said. You'd think at my age they'd have sent someone," thought the Commodore. "Oh well, I guess I did say to let me know when everyone was aboard.

There were four officers in the briefing room when the Commodore arrived. The closest, John Rathburne was the Captain of the Diana and began to introduce the remaining three.

"Commodore, this is Captain Hakaru Sulu of the Solebay, and I believe you know James Wallace of the USS Rose and Anna Chekov of the Britannia."

"Captain Sulu!" said the Commodore, "I'm pleased to finally meet you." Shaking Sulu's hand, he continued, "I served under your grandfather onboard the Excelsior, just before his promotion to Admiral, and I knew your father when he was just growing up, but that, of course, was years before you were born."

"It is my honor to meet you, Commodore," returned Captain Sulu.

Moving onto the next officer, the Commodore said, "And Captain James Wallace, you have done well by yourself, Sir!"

"Yes, Commodore, things have gone well for me and my crew since we last met. But I do have the best ship and crew in the fleet!" said Wallace with a grin and a small glint of pride.

"Well, from reports, they deserve every bit of your praise. You must tell me about it later in 10 forward," said Whipple.

Next he came to Captain Chekov.

"Anastasia, how is Pavel these days? Always it is too long since we have seen each other," said the Commodore.

"Abraham, the Admiral is doing fine, you know he is retired now, and I happen to know you talked to him just last week." she said with a smile.

"It is so good to see you again, anyway. You always were one step ahead of all the other officers in the fleet," said the Commodore, "We will get together less formally a little later."

"Captain Rathburne, if you would start the briefing," said Commodore Whipple as he took his seat.

"This is a Classified Exercise. Any information to come from this exercise is Classified and not to be discussed outside of classified channels. The exercise will consist of two actions. The first will engage all four ships of the task force against one ship of unknown size and capabilities. The second action will also engage all four ships of the task force, but, against an unknown number of ships again of unknown size and capabilities. The first exercise will commence with first contact some time around 0800 hours tomorrow and should last no longer than one hour. All weapons are to be set at exercise settings and damage is to be assessed by computer with an actual shutdown of damaged systems as if in battle. After the engagement, a debriefing will take place at 1000 hours back onboard the Diana. The second exercise will begin at 0800 the following morning and will be fought under the same conditions, again with debriefing to follow at 1000 hours, this time to be joined by the Captains of the opposing force. As

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Commander of the task force, I will, of course, coordinate action during battle. I trust you have all had time to review my current attack plan for the first engagement which was sent to you with your classified orders for this assignment. Are there any comments or questions?" said Rathburne.

"One ship against a task force of four shouldn't last anywhere near an hour," said Captain Wallace, "This has gotta be one mean ship."

"The capabilities of the vessels we are going up against are classified, Captain. We are here to assess those capabilities, and determine their worth to the federation. I can tell you that the "ships" in question are Federation, but that is all," said the Commodore.

"Do you have an attack plan for the second engagement?" asked Captain Sulu.

"No, I would like to see how the first turns out before committing our forces. I would also like input from the three of you after we assess the aftermath of the first contest," stated Rathburne.

"I believe your plan, in its present form, does not allow for any creative surprises from our opponents," entered Captain Chekov.

"That was intentional, Anna. The test here is to see how they are able to handle a direct frontal attack. We are allowed more creativity in the second engagement," replied Captain Rathburne and added, "Anything else?" to no one in particular.

"Well then, with your permission Captain, I would like all of you to join me in a private dinner at 1900 hours in the Diana's Officers Mess and later for drinks in Ten Forward," said the Commodore. Dinner was an exceptional combination of fine wine and fine war stories. It was almost eleven before they broke for Ten Forward. The Commodore's first question was addressed to Captain Chekov, "Anna, with Pavel's retirement, they're sure to try and force you to take that promotion to Admiral. I don't for the life of me understand why you turned it down. Still, being out here again, I begin to understand."

"Actually, I've decided to take it if it is offered again. Grandfather used to say that gallivanting across the universe was for the young," answered Anna.

"Splendid, just wonderful. If you're sure, I'll start the ball rolling in the morning," gleamed the Commodore, "You have made many at Starfleet Headquarters happy tonight."

"Yes, Abraham, I'm sure. I'm equally sure the Federation is safe with the fine young captains we now have out there. Captain Wallace, Captain Sulu, I hereby pass the baton to you," said Anna.

Captain Wallace's breast swelled with pride. Captain Sulu blushed.

"Captain Sulu. My grandfather, who was also named Pavel, spoke of an officer named Sulu. Didn't your Grandfather serve aboard Admiral Kirk's ship the Enterprise? Let's see that would have been about....."

*To Be Continued.....*



NOTHIN'  
SCARY  
HERE



**HAPPY  
HALLOWEEN**

## Disclaimer

(The Fine Print)

### Imaginations Unlimited

Jeff Davis

Editor - Proofing - Typing - Layout

Imaginations Unlimited is published bi-monthly, alternating with the Channel 01 Newsletter, to provide an artistic output for fan fiction writers of Region 01. It is open to any member who wishes to submit works of fictional literature, including stories, poetry and 'filking'. No commercial solicitations permitted. Editor reserves the right to edit for length, spelling and, with the author's permission, for content. Please make submissions of items every 2 months.

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