



Deep Space 2 Newsflash December 2024

Introduction

The DS2 Newsflash is meant to inform the crew about what happened last month, what is going to happen, and what is planned for the near future. The DS2 Newsflash in PDF Format for Acrobat Reader, often contains pictures, while the text version does not. You can read and download this DS2 Newsflash in PDF Format with this direct link:

<http://arthurvanrhee.be/ds2archiefflas1224.pdf>

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1. A word from the DS2 CO

Hi all,

First of all for who has not been to the F.A.C.T.S. and/or the Razor Reel Flanders Film Festival in October/November, we have some pictures of those events in this DS2 Newsflash (PDF version only).

Of course this is the last DS2 Newsflash of 2024, so I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We will be back in 2025.

Enjoy,

Arthur

UFP News

UFP on Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/mikeferg1>

*****Star Trek Online Screenshots (Pictures PDF Version only)*****

Star Trek Online: Unparalleled

Latest episode: Situation Under Control

The Grand Nagus has decided to unvault some of its hoarded riches in the form of a giveaway accessible to all players!

In an uncharacteristic show of generosity, the Grand Nagus has decided to unvault some of its hoarded riches in the form of a **giveaway** accessible to all players! This giveaway bundle will include:

- T6 Ferengi Nagus Marauder Battlecruiser
- “Nagus” Gold-plated Ship Customization
- Outfit Box – Ferengi Entrepreneur’s Outfit (Male + Female parts) (Romulan Faction & KDF aligned Characters)
- Outfit Box – Ferengi Merchant’s Outfit (Male + Female parts) (Romulan Faction & KDF aligned Characters)
- Outfit Box – Baseball Uniforms: Ferenginar Liquidators (Home + Away variants)

This giveaway will only be claimable for a **limited time!**

For PC Players, it will be begin on November the 26th and run until December 10th. Console players will receive this giveaway from December 3rd until December 17th. Players on all platforms will be able to claim this giveaway once per account, which will unlock two separate claims for the ship and costumes listed below. These two claims will be available for all characters on your account!



Star Trek Online:

The year is 2409. Over a century has passed since the events of Star Trek: Discovery and thirty years since the events of Star Trek: Nemesis. The Romulan Empire has fractured after the destruction of their homeworld; covert meddling by the Undine and Iconians has forced the Federation and Klingon Empire into war with each other once again; and remnants of the Cassian military and Alpha Strain Jem'Hadar disrupt the peace near Deep Space Nine. The galaxy is in turmoil and it's up to you and your crew to save it!

For more info on Star Trek Online (free to play):

<https://www.playstartrekonline.com/>

2. Announcements

There can be some changes to the guestlists and some guests only come on a particular day during the convention. Please visit the websites for the latest news.

German Film & Comic Con Winter Edition

December 7-8, 2024

Messe Dortmund, Germany

<https://www.germanfilmcomiccon.com/Events/German-Film-Comic-Con-Dortmund-Winter/>

Guests:

Robert Englund, Tom Welling, Sean Asin

Fanexpo New Orleans

January 10-12, 2025

Ernest N. Morial Convention Center, 900 Convention Center Blvd, New Orleans, LA 70130, USA

<https://fanexpohq.com/fanexponeworleans/>

Guests:

Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, Tom Wilson

Fanexpo Portland

January 24-26, 2025

Oregon Convention Center, 777 NE Martin Luther King Jr Blvd., Portland, OR 97232, USA

<https://fanexpohq.com/fanexpoportland/>

Guests:

Joseph Quinn, Charlie Cox, Giancarlo Esposito, Danny Trejo, Rainn Wilson, Holly Marie Combs, Peter Weller, Jason Lee, Ethan Suplee, Diana Lee Inosanto, Eman Esfandi, Emily Swallow, Mary McDonnell, Grace Van Dien, Michelle Hurd, Keith David, Laurie Holden, Cassandra Peterson

London Comic Con Spring

March 1-2, 2025

Olympia, Hammersmith Road, London, London W14 8UX

<https://www.londoncomicconspring.com/>

Guests:

TBA

Fed Con

May 30-June 1, 2025

Maritim Hotel Bonn

<https://www.fedcon.de/>

Guests:

Tawny Newsome, Lexa Doig, Peyton List, Michael Shanks, Teryl Rothery, Ed Speleers

Seattle Worldcon 2025

August 13-17, 2025

Seattle Convention Center, Seattle, WA, USA

<https://seattlein2025.org/>

Guests:

Martha Wells, Donato Giancola, Bridget Landry, Alexander James Adams



Conventions organised by Creation Entertainment (Mostly US/CAN/UK)

<https://www.creationent.com/>

<https://www.facebook.com/CreationEntertainment>

Not all guests are appearing during the entire convention.
Check website for guest day of appearance.

The Road So Far...

The Road Ahead

December 6-8, 2024

Embassy Suites by Hilton Nashville SE Murfreesboro,
1200 Conference Center Blvd., Murfreesboro, TN 37129

Guests:

Jensen Ackles, Jared Padalecki, Misha Collins, Mark Sheppard, Ruth Connell, Rob Benedict, Richard Speight JR., Matt Cohen, Samantha Smith, Briana Buckmaster, Kim Rhodes, Felicia Day, DJ Qualls, Lisa Berry, Adam Rose, Julian Richings, Jake Abel, Tahmoh Penikett, Jason Manns

ST-SF: Trek to San Francisco

January 24-26, 2025

Hyatt Regency SFO Hotel

1333 Bayshore Highway

Burlingame, CA 94010

Guests:

Anson Mount, Anthony Rapp, Bonnie Gordon, Brent Spiner, Casey Biggs, Celia Rose Gooding, Christina Chong, Cirroc Lofton, Connor Trinneer, David Ajala, Dawnn Lewis, Diane Salinger, Dominic Keating, Doug Jones, Elias Toufexis, Ethan Peck, Ethan Phillips, Eugene Cordero, Jeffrey Combs, Lolita Fatjo, Marina Sirtis, Max Grodenchik, Michael Dorn, Michelle Hurd, Ryan T. Husk, Sonequa Martin-Green, Tawny Newsome, Terry Matalas, Vaughn Armstrong

Creation Entertainment presents
A SALUTE TO XENA
30th ANNIVERSARY
Friday, Saturday and Sunday
January 31 - February 2, 2025
L.A. Marriott Burbank Airport Hotel
2500 Hollywood Way
Burbank, CA 91505
Guests:

Lucy Lawless, Renée O'Connor, Brittney Powell, Hudson Leick, Jennifer Ward-Lealand, Michael Hurst, Alexandra Tydings, Paris Jefferson, Jacqueline Kim, Dorien Takle, Timothy Omundson, Musetta Vander, Shiri Appleby, Ted Raimi, Adrienne Wilkinson, Steven L. Sears

*****Convention Report*****

(Pictures PDF Version only)

Razor Reel Flanders Film Festival
October 24-26 & October 30-November 2, 2024
Sint-Lodewijkscollege, Magdalenastraat 30, 8200 Sint-Andries (Brugge)
<https://www.razorreel.com/>





*****Convention Report*****

(Pictures PDF Version only)

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F.A.C.T.S.

November 2-3, 2024

Flanders Expo, Maaltekouter 1, 9051 Ghent, Belgium

<https://facts.be/>

Guests:

John Noble, David Finch Meredith Finch, Klaus Johnson, Brian Stelfreeze, Kevin J. Anderson, MTBA

Pictures have been uploaded on the Deep Space 2 website:

<http://ds2pics.blogspot.be/>



Deep Space 2 members attended to the FACTS Fall 2024 Convention. Most went on Saturday, some went on Sunday, some went the entire weekend. And some even had an early bird ticket, which are like VIP tickets. Entry is an hour before opening, priority at food stands, restrooms, etc. An early bird ticket costs more, but is recommended if you don't want to wait.



F.A.C.T.S. is the biggest science fiction, fantasy, anime & comics convention in the Benelux.

a crowd favorite: the cosplay competition

the game zone with a/o Game Mania, Nintendo, PS4, Ubisoft, Marvel, retro gaming, pinball machines, and much more

there were large screen screenings, Q&A sessions, chill out zones, grime sessions, and so much more
artists workshops, cosplay workshops, tech workshops



3. Community Service

The Charity Link on the DS2 Blog will change every first of every month. The November 2024 Charity Link on the DS2 Blog is: Oxfam

<https://www.oxfam.be/>

From <http://www.wwf.org>

(World Wildlife Fund)

Nurturing nature and communities: A responsible cotton story

Indian farmers are embracing responsible practices to safeguard the environment and ensure a prosperous future for cotton. WWF and IKEA are collaborating to support these efforts, creating a win-win for both people and the planet, as explained by WWF-India's Head of Conservation Partnerships, Neha Sinha.

Read more:

<https://wwf.panda.org/?12616941/Nurturing-nature-and-communities-A-responsible-cotton-story>

4. DS2 Monthly Chapter Report

Deep Space 2 Monthly Chapter Report November 2024

UNITED FEDERATED PLANETS

CHAPTER REPORTING FORM

REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF:
November 2024

CHAPTER NAME:
Deep Space 2
UFP Chapter Charter: September 1997

CHAPTER PRESIDENT:
Arthur van Rhee

CHAPTER VICE PRESIDENT:
Jan Theys

TYPE OF CHAPTER (ENTER BELOW):
ENTER TYPE OF CHAPTER HERE:
STARFLEET COMMAND

IF ALIEN FLEET, WHICH RACE:
N/A

NEWSLETTER NAME:
Deep Space 2 Newsflash (produced monthly)

CHAPTER MAILING ADDRESS:
Deep Space 2
Tessenderloseweg 149
2431 Laakdal
Belgium

E-MAIL ADDRESS:
contact@ds2.be

WEB SITE:

Deep Space 2
<http://www.ds2.be>

Deep Space 2 Marines
<http://marines.ds2.be>

NEW MEMBERS OF CHAPTER:

Curently 27 members

PROMOTIONS/AWARDS

CHAPTER ACTIVITIES:

* DEEP SPACE 2 BLOG

<http://ds2blog.ds2.be>

* DS2 CHARITY

Regular charity is done by donations, writing letters, going to the people and asking to sign petitions. The main DS2 charity projects are World Wildlife Fund (WWF), The Red Cross and Doctors Without Borders.

Every month there is a new "charity link" posted on the DS2 Website.

* DS2 SETI PROJECT

Since March 1, 1999

http://setiweb.ssl.berkeley.edu/team_display.php?teamid=41642

SETI BOINC Credits:

These are last month's results:

Total credit: 17,505,526

Recent average credit: N/A

SETI@home: SETI@home hibernation

On March 31 2020, the volunteer computing part of SETI@home has stopped distributing work and has gone into hibernation.

* DS2 RPG

The Deep Space 2 RPG has entered it's 316th chapter.

* DS2 NEWSLETTER

* The Deep Space 2 Monthly Newsflash has been distributed among the DS2 crew.

*DS2 STORY

* The Deep Space 2 Story : Will continue in December 2024 (Page 333)

<http://ds2story.ds2.be>

* DS2 Trivia

DS2 has set up a trivia about Star Trek.

<http://ds2quiz.ds2.be>

Every month there is a new Trivia competition.
Every day there are new questions. Daily scores are cumulated.

OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS:

Promotion:

ANY PROBLEMS OR QUESTIONS:

ANY SUGGESTIONS:

ANY UFP AWARDS REQUESTED FOR SPECIFIC CHAPTER MEMBERS:

SIGNATURE OF CHAPTER PRESIDENT:

Arthur van Rhee
arthur.van.rhee@telenet.be
sky94962@yahoo.com
December 1, 2024

SETI@home News

SETI@home: SETI@home hibernation

On March 31 2020, the volunteer computing part of SETI@home has stopped distributing work and has gone into hibernation.

5. Birthdays

Johan Michielsens: December 16

Geert Van Nieuwenhove: December 20

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ANSWERS

1.C

2.C

3.B

7. DS2 Story and RPG Monthly Status Report

DS2 Story

Current Episode: New Technology

The Continuing Story of Deep Space 2: Page 333

One day, during a routine environmental scan, the crew detected subterranean caverns teeming with a unique phosphorescent moss. This moss, it turned out, had a symbiotic relationship with Jegger's ecosystem, regulating atmospheric composition and providing nutrients to the planet's organisms. It was a delicate balance that underscored the intricacies of Jegger's life-supporting systems.

As the data accumulated, Captain Tok faced a challenging decision. The seemingly suitable conditions for colonization were contrasted by the realization that Jegger's ecosystem was delicately interconnected. Disrupting one element could have cascading effects on the entire planet. Tok, adhering to Vulcan principles, considered the ethical implications of introducing a foreign species—humans—into this intricate web of life.

Back on the USS Kelder, Captain Tok convened a meeting with his senior officers. Together, they debated the ethical considerations and potential consequences of colonization. Tok, guided by his Vulcan logic, proposed an alternative solution. Rather than colonization, the Federation could establish research outposts to study Jegger's unique ecosystem while minimizing interference.

Admiral Arthur, recognizing the wisdom in Captain Tok's approach, approved the revised mission parameters. The USS Kelder, equipped with a renewed sense of purpose, continued its mission on Jegger. The crew, under Captain Tok's leadership, established research outposts to study and learn from Jegger's complex ecosystem without jeopardizing its delicate balance.

As the USS Kelder delved deeper into the mysteries of Jegger, the crew faced new challenges that tested their scientific acumen, adaptability, and commitment to ethical exploration. The fate of Jegger and the future of potential Federation presence on the planet hung in the balance, requiring the crew to navigate

the complexities of the cosmos with precision, logic, and respect for the delicate harmony of an alien world.

DS2 RPG General Status Report November 2024

USS Earth/Starbase 44

The USS Giant and USS Sun in the Celestial Nexus:

The USS Giant and the USS Sun, under the command of Captain Rodriguez and Captain John Thompson respectively, reached a consensus. They decided to pursue Option 1 and Option 3 simultaneously. A scouting party would be sent to approach the mysterious cloud, risking their lives to gather vital intelligence, while the remaining coalition fleet would stay behind at the Celestial Nexus to fortify their defenses and prepare for the worst.

The Scouting Mission

The Xelorians, with their exceptional stealth capabilities, volunteered their vessel for the mission, accompanied by a small, multi-species crew from the coalition. Equipped with the best technology the allies could muster, the scoutship, Lightbringer, departed with a mix of hope and dread.

As the Lightbringer approached the massive cloud, its crew immediately felt the immense power radiating from the anomaly. The cloud, impossibly vast and writhing with faint glimmers of light and shadow, seemed alive. Its movements were slow yet purposeful, like a predator stalking its prey.

Xelorian Captain Nyrah: "Scanners are detecting faint energy fluctuations within the cloud, but we can't identify them. It's as if the entire thing is... one unified organism."

As the Lightbringer moved closer, the crew realized that the cloud was aware of their presence. Tendrils of energy shot out from its outer edges, wrapping around the ship despite evasive maneuvers. The crew worked frantically to break free.

Engineer Uthar (an Uthani): "Engines at full power! We're trying to pull away, but the cloud's force is overwhelming!"

The tendrils tightened their grip, and despite their efforts, the Lightbringer was dragged into the heart of the anomaly. As the scoutship disappeared, all communication with it was lost.

The Cloud's Wrath

Back at the Celestial Nexus, the coalition fleet received the chilling news. Tension gripped every ship as the cloud, now moving faster, turned directly toward them.

Captain Thompson: "It's heading straight for us. All ships, maintain defensive positions! If this is it, we fight."

Before any defensive maneuvers could be executed, the cloud accelerated, engulfing the entire coalition fleet in an instant. Lights flickered and died across the bridges of the USS Giant, USS Sun, and their allies as the ships were pulled into the massive anomaly.

Inside the cloud, chaos reigned. Sensors malfunctioned, power fluctuated, and strange, otherworldly energy coursed through every vessel. Then, the voice came.

The Cloud (telepathically): "This food has a horrible taste."

The entire fleet shook violently as the cloud expelled them. Every ship was flung out into space, back where they had been before, their systems intact but their crews stunned.

The cloud, with what almost seemed like indignation, began moving away at incredible speed, its massive form disappearing into the depths of the galaxy.

The Aftermath

As the coalition fleet regrouped, Captain Rodriguez and Captain Thompson addressed their crews and allies.

Captain Rodriguez: "It seems this 'external threat' wasn't what we thought it was. Whatever it is, it didn't consider us worth consuming. We're alive, and that's what matters."

Commander Zara of the Celestial Nexus: "This may have been a blessing in disguise. It's clear this cloud is more than we can comprehend. Perhaps it will not trouble us again."

With the immediate threat gone, the coalition turned its attention to completing the portal to allow the USS Giant and USS Sun to return to Federation space. The combined efforts of the Gdi, Valkari, Arkanians, and other allies accelerated the process.

Saying Goodbye

After weeks of preparation, the portal was ready. The time had come for the USS Giant and USS Sun to bid farewell to their newfound allies.

Captain Thompson stood on the bridge of the USS Sun, addressing the coalition via comms: "We can't thank you enough for your bravery, your camaraderie, and your trust. Without you, we wouldn't have stood a chance. We'll carry the stories of this alliance back to the Federation, and you will always have our respect."

Captain Rodriguez added from the USS Giant: "Though our time here was brief, we'll never forget what we've accomplished together. May your coalition thrive and remain a beacon of hope in this galaxy."

The coalition ships saluted as the USS Giant and USS Sun activated their warp drives, passing through the glowing portal. A surge of energy enveloped them, and in a flash, they were gone.

Return to the Federation

The portal deposited the USS Giant and USS Sun directly at Starbase 44, where startled Federation officers watched as the two long-lost vessels emerged. Cheers erupted throughout the station as the ships docked, their crews stepping onto familiar ground for the first time in what felt like an eternity.

Admiral Steichen greeted Captain Rodriguez and Captain Thompson with a mixture of relief and curiosity. "Welcome home, Captains. You've been missing for months. There's much to discuss."

The captains exchanged glances. They knew they had incredible tales to tell, of alliances forged in distant galaxies, of a living cloud that defied understanding, and of a coalition that stood united in the face of the unknown.

Aboard the USS Runner, Captain Djavis in command.

Admiral Steichen sat alone in her dimly lit command room aboard Starbase 44, gazing at the stars that stretched endlessly beyond the viewport. Lorem's riddles and Captain Djavis' warnings churned in her mind, but so too did the responsibility she bore as a leader. The fate of countless lives—and perhaps the entire galaxy—rested on the decisions she made in this moment.

After what felt like an eternity of silence, she reached for the comm link. Her voice, resolute and steady, cut through the tension on the USS Runner's bridge.

"Captain Djavis," Steichen began, "I've heard your concerns. And I understand the risks. But this technology—what you've found—could be the key to securing the future for us all. We cannot leave it buried in the darkness, no matter the dangers. You have my order: retrieve the technology and bring it back to Starbase 44."

The words hung heavy in the air as Djavis acknowledged the directive. "Understood, Admiral. We'll proceed carefully."

The USS Runner's crew prepared for the task with a mix of excitement and trepidation. The ancient station's interior pulsed with a strange energy, the walls glowing faintly with symbols that seemed alive. Each step further into its depths brought them closer to the core of the technology—and the danger that surrounded it.

Lieutenant Kalen led the effort to interface with the station's systems. Using the harmonic patterns they'd deciphered earlier, she carefully stabilized the power surges emanating from the core. The crew worked with surgical precision, dismantling and securing key components of the alien devices.

Hours passed, and tension on the bridge was palpable. Finally, Kalen's voice came through the comms, trembling with cautious relief. "Captain, we've extracted the core components. The technology is secure." Cheers broke out among the crew, but the celebration was short-lived. As they began their retreat to the USS Runner, a deep rumble echoed through the station.

"Captain," Commander Hoshi called from the bridge, "we're detecting massive energy fluctuations from the station! Something's destabilizing."

Djavis tapped her comm badge. "Lieutenant Kalen, report!"

"The extraction must have disrupted the balance," Kalen replied, her voice taut with fear. "The station's power grid is collapsing—it's going to implode!"

"All teams, return to the ship immediately!" Djavis ordered.

The crew sprinted through the station's corridors, carrying the precious alien technology with them. The structure around them groaned and cracked, fissures spreading across its ancient walls as energy surged chaotically.

Back aboard the USS Runner, Captain Djavis shouted, "Helm, get us out of here! Maximum warp as soon as we're clear!"

The ship's engines roared to life, and the USS Runner shot away from the collapsing station just as it erupted in a cataclysmic explosion. A shockwave rippled through the void, buffeting the ship but leaving it intact. The crew breathed a collective sigh of relief.

"Status report," Djavis said, sinking into her chair.

"The technology is secure," Kalen replied. "And we're in the clear."

Djavis nodded, her shoulders heavy with the weight of their success—and the risks they'd taken to achieve it. She opened a channel to Admiral Steichen. "Admiral, the mission was a success. We've retrieved the technology, but the station has been destroyed. We're returning to Starbase 44."

Steichen closed her eyes for a moment, letting the news settle. The price had been high, but they had achieved what many thought impossible.

But as the Runner made its way back to Starbase 44, the retrieved technology began emitting faint pulses of energy, undetectable to the crew. Somewhere in the depths of the Runner's cargo hold, the alien devices hummed with a subtle, malevolent rhythm, as if awakening from a long slumber.

Admiral Steichen, unaware of this ominous development, now faced a galaxy on the brink of a new age. Would the power they had seized be a beacon of hope—or a harbinger of ruin?

For now, her decision had brought them to the cusp of a new frontier, but the true cost of their actions remained unknown.

Aboard the USS Token, Captain Sarah Reynolds in Command

Admiral Steichen stood in the command center of Starbase 44, watching the bustling activity of her crew. The discovery of the Arbiters' plight and the subsequent resolution had restored a sense of hope and purpose across the station. But new challenges always arose in the galaxy, and today was no different.

"Captain Reynolds," Steichen addressed the officer on the viewscreen. "We've lost contact with a long-range exploration probe sent to sector 544444. Its last transmission included promising data on an unusual spatial anomaly, but its signal abruptly ceased. Your mission is to find out what happened and, if possible, recover the probe."

Captain Sarah Reynolds, seated confidently in the captain's chair aboard the USS Token, nodded.

"Understood, Admiral. We'll depart immediately."

"Be cautious, Captain. The probe's final coordinates are in deep, uncharted space. We don't know what caused it to stop transmitting, and I don't like mysteries this far out. Keep me updated."

The Token, a sturdy Nova-class science vessel, disengaged from Starbase 44 and set a course for sector 544444. As the ship warped into the unexplored region, the crew prepared for the unexpected. The journey to the sector was uneventful, but when they arrived at the probe's last known coordinates, they found... nothing.

"Helm, confirm position," Captain Reynolds ordered, leaning forward in her chair.

"Position confirmed," said Ensign Rilak from the navigation console. "This is exactly where the probe's signal was last detected."

"But there's nothing here," said Lieutenant Commander Mara Jin, the ship's science officer, scanning the area from her station. "No probe. No wreckage. No anomaly. Just... empty space."

Reynolds frowned. "Could the probe have drifted?"

"Unlikely," Jin replied. "The probe's thrusters would have maintained position unless there was an external force."

"External force?" Reynolds echoed. "Could something have pulled it away?"

"Scanning for traces of gravitational disturbances, subspace fluctuations, or residual energy signatures," Jin said. After a moment, her brow furrowed. "Captain... there's something odd. I'm detecting faint traces of a subspace signature, but it's unstable. It's as if space itself here is... fraying."

The bridge fell silent as the implications of Jin's findings set in.

"Fraying?" Reynolds asked. "Like some kind of rift?"

"Possibly," Jin said. "But it's not behaving like any known spatial anomaly. It's faint, almost as if it's hiding."

"Could the probe have been pulled into this... instability?" Reynolds asked.

"That's a distinct possibility," Jin admitted. "If it entered an area where subspace is unstable, it might have been dragged into another layer of reality—or destroyed outright."

Reynolds stared at the viewscreen, the stars seeming almost eerily still. "All stop. Maintain position."

"Aye, Captain. Full stop," the helmsman replied.

"Prepare a probe of our own," Reynolds said. "Launch it into the area of the instability. Let's see what happens."

The crew worked quickly, deploying a new probe outfitted with enhanced sensors. As it drifted into the region where the instability was detected, the bridge crew watched its progress on the monitors. For a few moments, the probe transmitted nominal data—standard subspace readings, stellar radiation levels—until it began to flicker.

"Probe is losing signal!" Jin said. "Something is interfering—"

Before she could finish, the probe's feed cut off entirely.

"Status?" Reynolds demanded.

"It's gone," Jin said, her voice grim. "Just like the first one. No explosion, no debris. It simply... disappeared."

Reynolds stood, her gaze fixed on the blank monitor. "Helm, back us off from the coordinates. Lieutenant Jin, continue scanning. I want a complete analysis of that subspace signature."

As the Token moved to a safer distance, the ship suddenly shuddered.

"Report!" Reynolds barked.

"Unidentified energy wave!" called Ensign Rilak. "It came from the same area as the probe's disappearance."

"Shields up," Reynolds ordered. "What kind of energy wave?"

"Unknown," Rilak replied. "But it seems... deliberate."

"Deliberate?" Reynolds repeated, her mind racing. "Is it possible someone—or something—is responsible for the probe's disappearance?"

Before anyone could answer, the Token's sensors lit up with a new reading. A faint, flickering signal began to emerge from the region of space where the probe had vanished.

"Captain," Jin said, her voice filled with a mix of awe and dread. "I think we're picking up the original probe's signal. But it's... distorted. Almost as if it's coming from another dimension."

Reynolds stared at the readout, her gut telling her that they were standing on the edge of something far greater—and far more dangerous—than they had anticipated.

"Open a channel to Starbase 44," she said, her voice steady despite the uncertainty. "Admiral Steichen needs to hear about this."

As the channel connected, Reynolds turned back to her crew. "We might have just found something far beyond our understanding—and we need to decide whether to go deeper or pull back and regroup."

The choice hung heavy in the air. Would the Token venture into the unknown to uncover the fate of the probes and the mystery of the unstable space? Or would caution prevail, sparing the ship and crew from an unknown danger? The decision would shape not only their fate but perhaps the understanding of space itself.

Admiral Steichen stood by the observation window of Starbase 44, the vastness of the galaxy stretching out before her, pinpricked with distant stars. She clasped her hands behind her back, pondering the cryptic instructions she had received from the Lorem. Their directive to gather new technology had been clear, yet frustratingly devoid of context.

Her mind was filled with questions. Why does the Lorem, an almost omnipotent species, require the Federation's help in gathering technology? And what kind of technology do they truly seek? She tapped the comm panel. "Prepare the communication array. I need to reach the Lorem."

The bridge officers exchanged nervous glances. Communicating with the Lorem was always a challenge. Their responses were notoriously elusive, couched in riddles and metaphors that defied straightforward interpretation.

Minutes later, the array hummed to life, and a shimmering projection appeared in the center of the room—a swirling mass of colors and patterns, the representation of the Lorem's presence. Their voice resonated through the room, layered and otherworldly.

"Admiral Steichen," they intoned, "the seeker of sparks amidst the void. You call upon us with purpose. Speak."

Steichen squared her shoulders. "Lorem, I have done as you asked. Ships under my command have retrieved technologies from across the quadrant. But I must know—why do you require this? And what kind of technology do you truly seek?"

The Lorem's form shifted, colors deepening. Their voice carried a cryptic rhythm.

"Gather ye the fire of thought,
The silent hum, the battles fought.
A storm approaches, veiled and stark,
The tools you bring shall light the dark."

Steichen frowned, her mind racing to decipher their words. "A storm? Is this about a threat? What tools do we need to prepare for it?"

The Lorem replied, their tone enigmatic.

"Not all tools are forged in flame,
Nor all storms wear the cloak of blame.
Wisdom breathes where shadows blend;
The path depends on journeys' end."

Frustration crept into Steichen's voice. "You ask for wisdom and tools, but this galaxy teems with countless technologies. Do you seek weapons? Defenses? Advanced computing? What is the nature of this storm?"

The Lorem paused, their swirling form stilling for a moment.

"Admiral, the answer lies not in a single spark,
But in the weave of knowledge, whole and stark.
Seek not the pieces, but the pattern they bear;
Prepare the fabric, if you dare."

The projection dimmed, their presence fading before she could respond further.

Steichen leaned against the console, her thoughts a whirlwind. The Lorem's riddles hinted at a greater purpose—something beyond mere accumulation of technology. It was about understanding the connections, the larger picture.

Turning to her officers, she spoke firmly. "Analyze everything we've retrieved so far. Cross-reference it. Find the pattern. The Lorem may speak in riddles, but if there's one thing I've learned, it's that their words always have meaning. Whatever storm is coming, we need to be ready."

And as she stared back out at the stars, she couldn't shake the feeling that the Lorem's riddles concealed more than answers—they concealed a warning.

Players: CS

Starbase 88

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove made his decision swiftly, prioritizing the immediate safety and stability of the region. The battered state of Starbase 21 and the Federation ships demanded a focus on recovery rather than further risk.

To: Captain Dora Jenkins, USS Celestial Voyager

Subject: Orders – Consolidate and Secure

Captain Jenkins,

Your orders are to remain at Starbase 21 to ensure its security and assist in stabilization efforts. The risk of pursuing the raiders in our current state outweighs the potential benefits. We will deploy additional resources to fortify the starbase against future attacks.

Monitor the surrounding area for any signs of regrouping raiders. If the opportunity presents itself under safe conditions, intelligence gathering on their movements will be your secondary priority.

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove
Starbase 88

Captain Jenkins read the orders aloud to her crew, sensing their mixed reactions. Relief was tempered by frustration; some wanted to pursue the enemy and ensure they could not return. Still, the Captain agreed with the Admiral's reasoning. Her immediate priority was her ship, her crew, and the vulnerable Starbase 21.

The crew of the Celestial Voyager threw themselves into their work. Engineers from the Celestial Voyager and Starbase 21 collaborated to repair the reactor and restore power. Medical teams tended to the injured on both the starbase and the Federation ships, and tactical officers enhanced the starbase's defenses, including new automated turrets and a reinforced shield array.

As the repairs progressed, the question remained: what would the raiders do next?

The Raiders' Decision

Unknown to the Federation, the Raiders have a new plan.

The surviving pirate ships regrouped in a hidden nebula on the edge of the sector. Their leader, a ruthless and cunning tactician named Krallik, convened a war council aboard their flagship.

"We underestimated the Federation's resolve," Krallik snarled, pacing before his gathered officers. "But they've made a mistake by staying back. They think we'll retreat and lick our wounds. Instead, we'll show them our true strength."

Krallik devised a bold plan: rather than returning for a direct assault, the raiders would scatter across the sector, striking vulnerable supply lines and isolated colonies to destabilize the Federation's grip in the region. They would also send spies to infiltrate Starbase 21 and gather intelligence on its repairs and defenses. Once they had weakened the Federation's ability to respond, they would return for a decisive attack.

The raiders' strategy hinged on speed and surprise, spreading chaos to draw Federation forces thin while avoiding prolonged engagements. Krallik was willing to play the long game, biding his time for the right moment to strike back at full strength.

A New Dilemma

Back at Starbase 21, long-range sensors detected anomalous activity in neighboring sectors—reports of small pirate raids targeting freighters and unaligned settlements. The raiders were on the move, but their attacks were scattered and unpredictable, making it difficult to discern their overall strategy.

Admiral Van Nieuwenhove faced a new dilemma. Should he divert more ships to patrol the affected sectors, spreading Federation forces thin but potentially stopping the raiders before they could regroup? Or should he consolidate the fleet around critical assets like Starbase 21, ensuring their protection but allowing the raiders to gain momentum in their destabilizing campaign?

Each choice carried significant risks. Spreading forces too thin could leave vital installations vulnerable to attack, while focusing on defense might embolden the raiders to escalate their assaults. Time was running out, and the Admiral had to decide how best to safeguard the Federation's interests in the region without falling into the pirates' trap.

Players: GVN

USS Thunderbolt/The Borg Collective

Spoiler alert!

Attention! This part of the DS2 RPG contains spoilers for those who have not seen Star Trek Picard Season 1-2-3!

Good Borg or bad Borg

Captain Elyra stood before her assimilated crew in the dimly lit chamber of the Borg cube, the faint hum of its machinery filling the room. The rebel faction on Dronaze posed a challenge that could no longer be ignored. Their defiance threatened the unity she and her team had worked so diligently to achieve. Yet the Borg's directive for voluntary assimilation conflicted with the efficient resolution that force could provide. She weighed her options carefully. Both solutions—assimilation and relocation—had merit, but each came with risks and consequences. A direct approach could fracture the fragile trust they'd built with the Dronazian population. The solution, Elyra realized, was subtlety.

The plan unfolded over weeks, methodical and quiet. The rebels had organized themselves into isolated cells to avoid detection, but their separation played directly into Elyra's strategy. One by one, members of the faction began to disappear. Borg drones, cloaked in shadows, infiltrated their hideouts, silently assimilating the most influential or defiant among them. These assimilated individuals were not returned to the population but held within the Borg cube, their knowledge and skills extracted and integrated into the Collective.

This slow attrition weakened the rebels' leadership and reduced their ability to organize effectively. Those who remained became paranoid, suspecting betrayal within their ranks. Trust among them frayed, and the cohesion of their movement began to crumble.

Simultaneously, another arm of Elyra's plan was set into motion. While some rebels were assimilated, others were carefully selected for transport. These individuals were those deemed less critical to the

rebellion's structure but still valuable for study. Borg drones covertly captured them during patrols or raids and transported them to an uninhabited, resource-scarce planet. The location was intentionally chosen to be challenging but not uninhabitable.

On this remote world, the rebels found themselves cut off from their former allies and the support systems of Dronaze. They struggled to adapt to the harsh environment, their focus shifting from rebellion to survival. The Borg observed them through discreet probes and surveillance drones, studying their behavior in isolation. The data collected would provide insights into resistance dynamics and methods to address opposition more effectively in the future.

As weeks turned into months, the rebel faction's influence on Dronaze diminished. With their numbers slowly reduced and their remaining members gripped by fear and suspicion, their ability to spread dissent waned. Among the general population, whispers circulated about the rebels' mysterious disappearances. Some speculated that the "gods" had punished them for their defiance, further cementing the Borg's divine image among the Dronazians.

Captain Elyra, standing in her chamber aboard the cube, reviewed the results of the operation. Assimilation had proven effective for neutralizing key threats, while relocation provided valuable data and a more ethical alternative to outright extermination. The dual approach had successfully weakened the rebellion without drawing undue attention, but the consequences weighed heavily on her mind.

The dilemma lingered as Elyra reflected on her actions. While her plan had achieved its objectives, it raised questions about the Borg's methods and mission. Was it right to secretly manipulate and eliminate dissent under the guise of peaceful unity? Could the Borg's ideals of harmony be upheld when they resorted to tactics that mirrored the control they claimed to transcend?

As Dronaze grew quieter and more unified, the seeds of doubt took root within Elyra's consciousness, even as the Collective suppressed such thoughts. The mission had succeeded, but at what cost to their principles? The next world awaited, and with it, the promise of new challenges—and perhaps new dilemmas—to test the balance between unity and autonomy.

To be a god or not to be a god

What link? The Great Link

The Borg King's deliberations reached a definitive conclusion. The risks were worth it—all of it. The dream of transcending the boundaries of perfection into godhood demanded boldness. The unity of the Borg could be preserved, albeit in an evolved form. The solution was clear: restructure the Collective itself. To maintain order while integrating telepathic, telekinetic, and empathic abilities, the Borg King decreed the creation of Superdrones—powerful overseers who would each control vast regions of the Collective. These Superdrones, imbued with telepathic and telekinetic capabilities, would act as nodes of authority, each governing a portion of the hive mind. They would ensure efficiency and discipline among their regions while answering directly to the Borg King and Master One, the ultimate arbiters of order. This hierarchical reorganization was not a weakness but a necessity. The Borg Empire had grown vast, spanning regions of space too immense for a singular centralized mind to oversee. The partial integration of telepathic principles gleaned from the Changelings' link enabled a new kind of bond between drones, facilitating communication and coordination even across immense distances. The Borg's unity, though evolved, remained absolute.

The Captured Changeling

The captured Changeling, once defiant, found itself in complete isolation. Sealed away in a containment sphere where time and space seemed to stretch endlessly, it was cut off from the Great Link, unable to feel the comforting presence of its kin. The Borg were patient. They did not rush to assimilate the Changeling, understanding that breaking its spirit would yield better results.

The drones studied the Changeling's behavior, monitoring its mental and emotional patterns. Over time, its resolve weakened. Without the Great Link, it became lonely and disoriented, craving connection. The Borg introduced subtle manipulations: simulations of the Link, moments of apparent solace, only to withdraw them abruptly. The Changeling began to yearn for any connection, even with its captors.

The Borg King and Master One personally oversaw the next step. Master One used his dark powers to probe the Changeling's mind, sowing seeds of doubt about its allegiance to the Great Link. The Borg subtly offered an alternative—an eternal connection within the Collective, where it would no longer feel isolation. Over time, the Changeling yielded, its resistance replaced by desperation. It did not see its integration into the Borg as assimilation but as salvation.

As the Changeling willingly shared its secrets, the Borg dissected and absorbed them into their databases. Every nuance of the Great Link was cataloged and understood. The Borg learned how the Link functioned biologically and telepathically. The mysteries of the Changelings' collective consciousness were no longer mysteries—they were now Borg knowledge.

The Fall of the Great Link

Armed with their newfound understanding, the Borg prepared for their ultimate move against the Changelings. The captured Changeling, now fully integrated, became a tool of the Collective. Through it, the Borg established a direct connection to the Great Link, their telepathic enhancements allowing them to infiltrate its very fabric.

The Changelings, unprepared for this level of intrusion, faltered. The Link, once an unassailable bastion of unity, began to fracture as the Borg projected their presence into it. Individual Changelings were overwhelmed, their minds consumed by the relentless precision of the Borg. One by one, they were assimilated into the Collective.

The Great Link, the heart of the Dominion, dissolved into the hive mind. The era of the Changelings came to an end, their once-proud civilization subsumed into the relentless tide of the Borg.

A New Era of Expansion

With the Changelings' telepathic and biological secrets fully assimilated, the Borg Collective stood on the precipice of true ascension. Superdrones oversaw vast swaths of the empire, the drones under them enhanced with the abilities of the Betazoids, Cairn, and now the Changelings. Telepathic, telekinetic, and empathic capabilities flowed seamlessly through the hive mind. No thought could be hidden, no force could stand against their will.

The Borg King and Master One looked out across their empire, now poised to dominate not just the galaxy but dimensions beyond. Yet, even in this moment of triumph, a shadow of doubt lingered. The restructuring of the Collective, while necessary, introduced complexity that bordered on individuality. Would the Superdrones remain loyal? Could the Borg King and Master One maintain perfect control over this vast and increasingly diverse Collective?

The Borg, gods in all but name, now faced a profound question: Could perfection evolve indefinitely, or would it reach a point where its very nature threatened to unravel itself?

Players: FK

USS Vertigo / USS Gdonsk

Day 429 15.00

The USS Vertigo and the USS Gdonsk were hailed as symbols of unity and resilience, their journey an inspiring tale that echoed through the corridors of Starfleet academies and resonated with citizens across the Federation. The galaxy, once threatened by uncertainty, now embraced a future built on the foundations of cooperation, understanding, and the shared pursuit of peace.

Day 429 18.00

And so, against all odds, the USS Vertigo and the USS Gdonsk sailed into the cosmic sea, their crews ready for whatever mysteries and adventures awaited them in the unexplored reaches of the cosmos. The victory achieved, and the happiness that followed were not just the triumphs of two starships but the triumphs of a united galaxy.

Day 434 21.08

The USS Vertigo and USS Gdonsk, having earned renown for their previous victory over the alien invaders, were now assigned to patrol Sector 9741, a relatively quiet but strategically important region of Federation space. Commodore Jeffrey Slater on the Vertigo and Captain Matz on the Gdonsk welcomed the opportunity to focus on exploration and diplomacy in this uncharted corner of the galaxy. Their patrol had been uneventful until a distress signal was detected.

Players: NP

USS Atlantis/Starbase 99

The USS Trinidad, under the command of Captain Lidia Henner, shimmered with a fresh coat of starbase sheen as it departed Starbase 99. The ship, a sleek Nebula-class vessel, was built for versatility. Its mission this time was simple: to chart a series of unclaimed star systems at the fringes of Federation space. After years of tense border skirmishes and delicate diplomacy, Captain Henner welcomed the chance for a routine exploratory mission.

Her bridge crew shared the sentiment. Commander Veran, her unflappably logical Vulcan first officer, stood at her side. Lieutenant Korrin, the Bolian helmsman, kept a steady course, his cheerful demeanor buoying the mood. Behind them, Lieutenant Commander Dira T'Val, a sharp-eyed Andorian in charge of tactical systems, monitored the ship's sensors.

The stars were serene, and for three uneventful days, the crew mapped asteroid fields, cataloged gaseous anomalies, and admired the vast quiet of space. But on the fourth day, the serenity broke—not with an emergency, but with awe.

"Captain," Dira called, her antennae twitching in curiosity. "Sensors are picking up... something unusual. Massive energy readings, approximately twenty thousand kilometers off our port bow."

"On screen," Henner ordered, leaning forward in her chair.

The viewscreen shifted to reveal a breathtaking sight. Floating in the void was a creature, its form both majestic and alien. Its body stretched over a kilometer long, translucent like the depths of an ocean, with ethereal ribbons of bioluminescence rippling along its frame. Wings or fins—impossible to tell which—undulated gently, propelling it through the vacuum with an almost musical grace.

"Is it alive?" asked Ensign T'Kaal, the science officer, her voice tinged with awe.

Veran consulted his console. "Undoubtedly. Its energy signature indicates a metabolic process. Its composition suggests it could survive in vacuum, likely subsisting on interstellar particles and radiation."

"Can it detect us?" Henner asked, her gaze fixed on the creature.

"It appears to be aware of our presence," Veran replied. "Its trajectory altered slightly as we approached, but there's no indication of hostility."

Captain Henner took a deep breath, steadying herself. She had encountered many alien species, but nothing like this. "Open hailing frequencies. Let's try to communicate."

The bridge held its collective breath as Dira activated the comms. The crew waited, unsure if a being like this could even perceive sound waves or subspace signals. Moments later, the ship shuddered—not with an impact, but with an unfamiliar resonance.

"Captain," Korrin said, "it's... responding. I think."

Henner nodded. "Explain."

"Audio sensors are picking up harmonic vibrations emanating from the creature," T'Kaal explained, her hands dancing over her station. "It's... music, Captain. Complex, layered frequencies. It might be a form of communication."

"Can we respond in kind?" Henner asked.

"Modulating the deflector array to emit harmonic frequencies," T'Kaal confirmed.

"Do it," Henner ordered.

The Trinidad's deflector emitted a gentle hum, carefully tuned to match the creature's melody. The response was immediate. The creature moved closer, its glowing ribbons pulsing in sync with the ship's signal.

"It's reacting positively," Veran noted. "The frequencies are synchronizing. It appears... pleased."

As the two entities—the starship and the living being—sang to one another across the void, the crew found themselves entranced. The vibrations reverberated through the Trinidad, filling the corridors with a gentle, otherworldly symphony.

"This is extraordinary," Henner said, her voice hushed. "A creature like this—alive in the depths of space. It's more than a discovery. It's a reminder."

"Of what, Captain?" asked Korrin.

"That we are not the only ones exploring this vast universe," Henner said. "And that even here, in the silence of space, there is music."

For hours, the Trinidad and the creature communicated in their strange duet. When it was time to part ways, the alien being emitted one last, resonant chord—a farewell, or perhaps a blessing.

As the creature vanished into the starlit expanse, Captain Henner gave the order to resume their mission.

But the crew carried the encounter with them, the memory of the song lingering in their hearts.

And in her ready room that evening, Henner gazed out at the stars, the alien melody still echoing faintly in her thoughts. The Trinidad was a ship of exploration, but in that moment, it had become something greater: a vessel of harmony, bridging the infinite.

Players: JM & CP

Ovion (Hirogen/Ori/Replicator Vessel)

The Dilemma

Horkan stood at a crossroads. The hunt for the Q had fulfilled his deepest desires, and he had achieved unparalleled glory. Yet, the allure of an even greater challenge beckoned him. The prospect of facing the Eternal Prey stirred something primal within him, a hunger for an even more extraordinary hunt.

However, the warning from the elders weighed heavily on him. The Eternal Prey was not just another adversary; it was a test of his very being. To pursue this hunt could mean losing himself in ways he could not fathom.

Horkan's mind raced with conflicting thoughts. On one hand, the glory and prestige of such a hunt were irresistible. On the other, the uncertainty and potential loss of his identity posed a grave risk. The Hirogen around him awaited his decision, their eyes filled with both anticipation and concern.

Players: TvR