

# Port of Call

MFS Liberty Newsletter  
March 2011



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## *Round Table (Departmental Reports):*

### *Commanding Officer Report-*



Welcome to the first edition of the Liberty Newsletter for 2011, this covers Jan, Feb, and March and we've a lot to report. This time of year is a great time to spring clean to toss out what doesn't work and redo. Not just during the change of the year but now that April is upon us, it is Spring. That time of newness wherein we've survived the long winter or cold months and come out ok. Fandom is a lot like that. We sometimes have our dry spells but it comes out ok in the end because of the dedication to ideals and cool tech that the fans have. So Kudos to fans :). I would use this chance at new to review what you want out of your fandom lives, and remember the Liberty Command Staff are here to help. If you, as a member, of the MFS Liberty want to see something new or different on the ship or in MFI

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please let us know otherwise we'll assume you think we're awesome and you know what they say about assuming lol. As I sit here trying to decide what else to write I think I should try to explain the culture of the Liberty for those who may not know. The Liberty itself is currently a group of multi-interested casual fans who are into charity work. This means we're all over the map. And we're relaxed about it, you won't find people so interested in canon here that you'll get kicked out for not having the proper costume. We're Maquis we look good in black and prop weapons can be fun in certain situations :). We also have members interested in medieval, Dr. Who, Star Wars, fantasy/sci-fi books, comic books, all sorts of gaming from table top to console, and other tv shows like battlestar and huge host of other science fiction. An unofficial motto we have is, "I haven't met a fandom I didn't like...". We're just here to enjoy our fandom and hang out. In Star Trek there is the IDIC, Infinite Diversity In Infinite Combinations. It just means the universe has all this variety and it's a good thing :). I hope you enjoy reading the rest of our little newsletter, even if you are not a member of the Liberty, welcome you are among friends here :).

-Christina Doane, MFS Liberty CO

"I'm weird but around here it's hardly noticeable."-Button CO owns.

\*Legelese: In this edition, unless otherwise noted all was written or compiled by the CO. All Chapter written work is copyrighted 2011, MFS Liberty. Please request permission for reproduction.

Random Liberty Facts:

The three senior officers are:

General Christina R. Doane, Commanding Officer (maquis-goddess-AT-Gmail-DOT-com)

Lt. Commander Jim Westbrook, Executive Officer

Lt. Commander Dawn Hess, 2<sup>nd</sup> Officer, Chief of Operations.

Our Motto is: "Quis Seperabit?" - Who Shall Separate Us?

We can be found at: [http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Cell:MFS\\_Liberty](http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Cell:MFS_Liberty)

We have been in MFI (Maquis Forces International) since 1997 with a ship commissioning date of September 1<sup>st</sup>. Our home is Michigan one of the states in Zone 4 of MFI (<http://www.maquis.com>) which also includes Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin.

-Christina Doane, Commanding Officer

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## Operations Officer Report: Lt. Commander Dawn "M'rao" Hess

(Dawn I am writing down what I know please let me know if this is ok and feel free to change or add.)

Recently MFI held its annual End of Year awards were all MFI of all levels get together and recognize those who have excelled. The MFS Liberty was well represented there. First off the Liberty Marine Unit gained a second Unit Commendation from the Commandant of the MFI Marine Corps himself for our awesome showing in the recent 2010 Labor Day Offensive MFI wide training mission. For those that may not know this is an annual gaming event and a massive undertaking for Major General Marc Easterly the MFI Marine Commandant. In this event he must coordinate short stories, results from all sort of gaming types (risk, paintball etc) done by participants at a local level. All in line with a basic training scenario. For more information: [http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Fan\\_Fiction/Labor\\_Day\\_2010](http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Fan_Fiction/Labor_Day_2010)

Members of the MFS Liberty who have earned an MFI Naval Campaign Ribbon for actively participating in the recent MFI LDO of 2010:

General Christina "Trentin Anara" Doane, Honors.

James "Cire" Doane

Marine Captain Suzi "Xiannah" Grossman

Ensign Jen "Lia Vehl" Hawthorne

Lt. Heather "Des" Holsclaw

1Lt. Jacqueline "De'zart" Kleinsmith

Lt. Commander James Westbrook

Lt. Commander Dawn "M'rao" Hess

Sgt. Major Heather "The Sniper" Scott

**Note from the Skipper: I also want to commend Lt. Dawn Hess for earning her rank of Lt. Commander. Over the years she's been a steadfast and loyal member of this crew. She's definitely earned some Kudos! Well done! And Kudos to Des who got her 'Acting' Lt. removed and is now a full Lt.! :).**

To continue Lt. Commander Westbrook earned an MFI Achievement for his excellent work over the years of helping the Liberty flesh out and interact in its fictional fandom environment. His dedication and upbeat attitude are an always welcomed addition. Ensign Jen Hawthorne also got an MFI Achievement award for her dedication as well, her experience in volunteer groups and her dedication are a valuable part of the Liberty family. Finally speaking of family, Counselor Lt. Commander Cather Doane, the Skipper's Mother-In-Law gets public kudos for being wise and full of good advice. Over the years she has selflessly given of her knowledge to which members of the MFS Liberty she comes across. And most especially to the CO, as is proper for a Counselor. So because of that she is awarded an MFI Achievement award.

Marine Captain. (Marine Reserves) Heather "Des" Holsclaw aka Sarlil the Andorian. MFI Marine

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Achievement for her work with the MFI Marine Corps HQ.

Marine Captain Suzi “Xiannah” Grossman. MFI Marine Achievement for her work with the MFS Liberty Marine Unit.

MFI Campaign Ribbon for Maquis Mirror Madness 2010. In this there was a week during the Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> week (as Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> is the air date of the first Mirror, Mirror ST episode) wherein there was much silliness to be had for more detail please go to:

[http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Fan\\_Fiction/Maquis\\_Mirror\\_Mayhem\\_2010](http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Fan_Fiction/Maquis_Mirror_Mayhem_2010)

Awardees:

General Christina Doane, CO.

1Lt. JacQuine “De'zart” Kleinsmith, Marine Recon Detachment OIC (Officer-In-Charge)

Marine Captain Suzi “Xiannah” Grossman, Ship Tactical Forces OIC

And last but most definitely NOT least, is that like 2007 we have won the Zone 4 Unit of the Year for 2010! Because we are active, dedicated chapter. No surprise considering the kind of people being honored above. Well done all!

Congratulations to all these exceptional members of the MFS Liberty!

*Ship Tactical Forces: Marine Captain Suzi “Xiannah” Grossman, OIC*

(Suzi just helping out with what I know let me know if this will work for you)

For those who may not know some time ago on the MFS Liberty CO, and tactical advisers got together and decided something. Some time previous the first Liberty was lost and a 'new' one 'acquired'. This was a battered Nova Class. A small but fast vessel it was perfect for the needs of the Liberty crew. To be in keeping with the size however it was decided to merge the Tactical Department, Security, and Marine Military Police Unit into one entity, called the Ship Tactical Forces. To be a member of the Ship Tactical Forces one can be a marine, indeed all marines even if they are working in other departments are a part of the ships marine unit, and/or a tactical or security officer. What this means for practical purposes is that in an emergency everyone has a job still but its streamlined for more effective communication. We are currently looking into improving the set up as we have now gotten a second marine unit.

*Marine Unit Report: Written by General Christina Doane:*

Hello now that we've explained the STF Department time to explain the ships marine unit. The main one is the 97<sup>th</sup> Military Police Battalion under the command of Marine Captain Suzi “Xiannah” Grossman. Their primary role is to bring order from chaos. They do this by tried and true special

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military police methods. More on this in a later edition.

I say 'main one' because we've just recently formed the Recon Detachment under the command of 1Lt. JacQuine "De'zart" Kleinsmith. Their main job is to gather information and other related duties. More on this in a later edition. Its so new that a number has not been assigned to it yet so stand by for more news!

This means, in a fandom setting, that the Liberty will better be able to handle threats while still remaining fast and light :).

Also we welcome the change of 1Lt. JacQuine "De'Zart" Kleinsmith as she takes on a detachment of recon marines. She'll be doing all the same stuff but with a slightly different feel, more on that next time.

*Medical Report: Ensign Jen Hawthorne aka Doctor Lia Vehl*

How Doctor Lia Vehl got on board the MFS Liberty, a story:

## **Fallen Star** **By Jennifer Hawthorne, MFS Liberty, MFI.**

The commconsole on the desk chimed, a musical sequence of six notes.

Dr. Lia Vehl absently flicked the switch on the speaker, not looking up from the smuggled medical journal she was reading. Like nearly all of the professional publications that reached her here on the distant, secretive world of Chardin, it was several months old. But still new to her eyes, and therefore absorbing.

"Lia?" The commconsole squawked. "You there?"

"Yeah, Roj, I'm here." Lia still did not look up from her journal. "What is it?"

"We've got a ...situation. The First Citizen wants you in his office, stat."

Lia looked up at last, frowning. "At this hour? I was planning on heading home soon."

"Lia." Roj's voice sounded faintly annoyed. "You can't just blow off the First Citizen, no matter how late it is. He wants you in his office, and he wants you there yesterday. You'd better move."

"Oh, all right, Roj. Don't get your shorts in a bunch. I'm moving." She set down the padd and got to her feet, stretching to work out the kinks in her back and neck. "Tell His Highness I'll be there as soon as I can, okay?"

"Will do. And don't dawdle."

"Would I dare?" she asked.

"Yes, you would. So don't. This is important. See you soon." There was a click as Dr. Rojgero Malloy cut the comm link.

Lia picked up her sweater from the hook on the back of the door and swung it over her shoulders to protect against the ever-present chill in the corridors. Her home of Teilhard was

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one of the newer dome complexes on Chardin, perched just slightly above the equator, but even at this latitude the latest in insulating technology could not completely keep out the -100 degree Celsius chill of Chardin's climate. Chardin was a Class M planet, but only just barely.

Faint puffs of white vapor rose from Lia's lips as she trotted down to the main connecting corridor of the settlement and hooked a left, heading for the Town Hall in the central dome. She wondered what the "situation" Roj had mentioned was. Roj was a good guy and a good boss, but he sometimes overreacted to things. She hoped this wasn't just a case of another Citizen's kid twisting an ankle clowning around on the dome scaffolding, or picking up a quick case of hypothermia from venturing outside for a few seconds on some harebrained dare. Something a little more interesting and less run-of-the-mill would be nice for a change.

As she approached the Town Hall, she noticed an unusual amount of bustle in the corridors. A small squad of security people swept by her and disappeared inside, followed a moment later by a woman in the dress of a snowflyer pilot. Lia stepped up to the door and it obediently slid back, admitting her into the Town Hall's visitors' gallery.

Perhaps a dozen people milled around inside, talking to one another in muted but intense bursts of speech. She spotted Roj beckoning to her from a doorway across the room and ducked around the edges of the small crowd to join him. "Heya, boss. What's up?"

"Come on in, Lia. You're going to like this." Roj held the door for her and ushered her in with a wave.

The doorway opened onto a small conference room into which was packed a half-dozen or so people, all staring raptly at a holo vid display taking up the front of the room. On it, she saw a meteor trail flash into existence, streak across the screen, and then disappear off the far edge. After a moment the scene repeated itself - flash, streak, and gone again.

"What's the big deal about a meteor?" Lia whispered to her superior.

"It's not a meteor," he whispered back. "Our sensors tracked it incoming and ran a diagnostic on that trail - it's dilithium exhaust. That's not a meteor. That's a warp-capable shuttle. And it crash-landed about 300 clicks north of us a little over an hour ago." He paused for dramatic emphasis. "And you're going to be part of the team that's going to investigate."

\*\*\*\*\*

*And I thought the corridors were chilly,* Lia grumbled to herself as she edged her way into the cramped snowflyer. Chardin's excruciatingly cold winds howled outside the windows, on which frost was already forming. Lia's bulky field surgery kit bumped against her knees, and she shifted it into a more comfortable position. In addition to Lia, the snowflyer held the woman pilot she'd seen earlier, a group of four armed and armored security people - two of each gender -- and a tall young man whose faintly pointed ears indicated a possible trace of Vulcan or Romulan in his genetic makeup.

Lia took a seat next to him, not really wanting to be too close to the obviously jumpy security folk with their charged phasers and tense body language. "Hi," she said, sticking out a heavily gloved hand. "I'm Dr. Lia Vehl, from the Teilhard Medical Center."

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The young man eyed her outstretched hand but made no move to take it. "Hello," he said. "I'm Falton Daral. I'm on loan from the Pierre Psychological Institute for this expedition."

"Oh, sorry!" She withdrew her hand, embarrassed. "I didn't realize you were a telepath." 'Paths generally did not like to be touched by anyone they did not know very, very well.

"It's all right. They haven't yet gotten around to making us wear identifying badges." His smile was warm enough to compensate for the lack of a handshake.

"I'm gene-plus too," Lia offered.

"Oh? I wouldn't have known to look at you."

"Physio-empath. It's why I got into medicine. Fortunately it's mostly skin contact only - gloves are enough to stop it, most of the time." She wagged her fingers in their thermal coverings.

"I've worked with empaths before," Falton said. "We have several at P.P.I. currently. But what's physio-empathy?"

"It's a very new gene enhancement, from some place called Minara. They've only succeeded in reproducing it in a few individuals. We don't read emotions - we read physical states. So I could tell if your heartbeat was unnaturally fast, but I couldn't tell if it was from rage or fear or whatever."

"Not Betazoid?"

"Nope, not a single gene."

"I'm just a standard Vulcan-style TP enhance myself." He tapped an ear point.

The snowflyer shuddered briefly as the hatch was closed and the engine started up. A moment later they felt the gee forces kick in as the transport lifted off the ground and began picking up speed. Lia peered out the window. "What do you suppose we're going to find out there?" she said, staring into the snow-swirled night. "This is my first extraplanetary contact."

"I wouldn't get too excited. Scans indicate it's just a Cardassian shuttle. We figured they would stumble on us sooner or later, with us this close to their backyard -- no doubt the Citizens' Council will just order anyone who survived memory-wiped and sent off again, none the wiser."

Lia sighed. "You're probably right. Well, not to wish bad luck on anyone, but maybe I'll at least get a chance to try some exo-medicine if they're hurt."

"You find humans boring? Even us gene-plus types?"

"Eh, gene-plus almost never means anything medically interesting, sorry. I'd really like a chance to work on, you know, Ferengi, or, or - or a Horta! Something truly different." She leaned over to whisper conspiratorially, "You know, sometimes I think I'll go off-planet myself, see what's out there!"

Falton snorted. "Like you could get the Council's permission for that. Offworld permits are restricted to Scouts only."

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Lia gave him a sour look. "Well, there's no law against dreaming."

"Yeah, you can dream about getting caught by the UFP and getting our whole colony taken away in chains. The Feddies aren't exactly open-minded about gene manipulation. You can thank the Eugenics Wars for that."

"Those were centuries ago! Maybe we could change some minds about things if we tried, instead of just hunkering down here in the snow hoping we won't get noticed."

Falton gave her an amused half-smile. "You're quite the rebel, aren't you?"

Lia sighed again. "Not really. I talk too much, that's all."

"Well, I don't mind. But right now I'd like to grab a nap while we're en route - this is pretty late at night for me." He leaned back against the seat's headrest and closed his eyes.

Lia took the hint and shut up. Despite the late hour, though, she didn't feel the least bit tired herself. She resumed staring out the window into the darkness, her imagination alight with a dream of faraway worlds and peoples, so distant and unreachable in the night.

\*\*\*\*\*

A little over an hour later, Lia heard the snowflyer's engines whine softly as the pilot began applying the brakes. She hissed at Falton, "Wake up! I think we've arrived!"

The telepath sat up, bleary-eyed, and looked past her out the window. "Can't see anything," he muttered. "Too much snow."

"I heard the engines start powering down." She began to fasten up the front of her parka against the cold. The security squad was starting to run last-minute checks on their own equipment.

"Our scanners show three life-forms on board," the pilot announced. "Their engines are off-line but the environmental controls look like they're still operating, so that's why they're not popsicles yet. I'm bringing us in close so we can get an umbilical attached."

The snowflyer lurched as the pilot began her descent. Lia clutched at the armrests on her seat, excitement boiling in her stomach. Her first offworlders! Bless Roj Malloy for picking her for this assignment. "You getting anything yet?" she asked Falton.

"At this distance? I'm good, but I'm not that good." He shook his head. "Patience. They're not going anywhere."

With a grinding crunch, the snowflyer settled to the ground, her pistons digging into the snowpack to find solid earth. After a few tense moments of maneuvering, the pilot stated, "Okay, folks, we're here. Let's get this welcoming party going." The security squad jumped out of their seats and began attaching the umbilical to the inside of the hatch door so that it could be inflated and extended instantly when the hatch was opened. The security chief waved a go-ahead to the pilot, who turned to her control board and jabbed at several buttons in rapid succession. The hatch door hummed and then cracked open, allowing the wind to get its icy fingers inside the snowflyer. Lia shivered and scrunched back in her seat, trying to get out of the draft. The security team worked rapidly, getting the umbilical into proper position to bridge the snowflyer and the downed Cardassian shuttle. Within a few minutes the plastic tube was in position, snugged up to the shuttle's exterior and anchored against the



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slashing wind.

“Okay, people, let’s go!” The security chief motioned his squad to advance down the umbilical. Lia, Falton, and the pilot watched their progress via a helmet-cam on the lead man. On the vidscreen they could see the scarred and scorched hatch of the crashed shuttle as the security squad reached it. The lead man reached out with the butt of his phaser and rapped sharply on the door.

Lia waited with bated breath, but for a long moment nothing happened. Then a light began flashing on the pilot’s control panel. “They’re requesting we open communications. I’m patching it through to you, chief,” she said, her fingers flying over the console.

The subspace radio crackled and then flared to life, the universal translator kicking in automatically. “Hail the approaching vessel! We are in need of assistance and request your help in the name of the Arcturus Accords. We are a peaceful transport. Repeat: peaceful transport, in need of assistance.”

“Too bad we never signed on to the Arcturus Accords,” Falton muttered.

“Disarm any security you have in place and lay down flat on the shuttle’s floor with your hands behind your head,” the security chief barked. He then turned and motioned to Falton to join him in the tube. Falton nodded and clambered his way out to the crashed shuttle. He conferred with the security chief for a moment, then turned and placed a hand on the shuttle’s hatch.

The team waited while Falton concentrated, his brow furrowed. Finally, he looked up. “As far as I can tell, they’ve complied,” he said. “I’m not picking up any indications of evasion or hostile intent.”

The security chief nodded and motioned Falton to step back again. A few moments with what amounted to a hi-tech crowbar, and the hatch cracked open, allowing a thin seam of light and a puff of warm air to pass through. As the three security people trained their phasers on the opening, the chief grasped the edge of the door and leaned into it. It gave way with a groan. The security chief poked his head in, then, apparently satisfied, ducked through, waving the rest of his team after him.

“Send the doc on over,” the chief snapped into his mike. “We’ve got at least one injured and I want her to check the other two as well.”

Lia bolted up out of her seat and scrambled down the umbilical, her emergency field surgery kit thumping against her side. The shuttle’s hatchway yawned wide open now, with the security team holding phasers trained on two recumbent forms on the shuttle’s floor. Lia took in their gray-green reptilian skin tones and neck ridges and identified them as, not surprisingly, Cardassians. They weren’t very impressive for her first encounter with real non-humans, but she was excited nonetheless. “Move aside,” she ordered the surrounding security types. “Which one is injured?”

“Those two look all right, though I suppose you’ll want to check them anyway,” the chief said. “The injured one is back here.” He waved her toward the rear of the shuttle.

On a makeshift bench in the back a figure was strapped down. Lia’s first glance

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revealed caramel-colored skin and a series of nose ridges that allowed her to identify the man as Bajoran.

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You Might Be A Fan If: Some discovered by Counselor Cathy and added too by members of the Liberty. Originally from thinkgeek.com

You wouldn't mind if robots overthrew humanity as long as they were fueled by booze--or looked like 6.

You keep a cricket bat by your bed just in case.

You know where your towel is.

You know there are only 10 types of people in the world: those who understand binary and those who don't.

You figure it's always PEBKAC.

You know his name isn't "Doctor Who."

You think science has a special smell. (It's probably the ozone.)

You know Han shot first.

You refer to your teenage years as "Pon Farr."

You have at least 3 computers in your house, with more in pieces for weekend projects, and a box full of outdated peripherals just in case.

Your vacation days are spent at cons--or recovering from cons.

You break warranties as a force of habit.

You've said "Have you tried turning it off and on again?" to a coworker, and there's a good chance you got paid for it.

You would like a peanut, thank you for asking.

You'd want something with some slink if you're gonna wear a dress.

You don't let anyone touch your red stapler.

You would consider buying a Roomba, Kinect, or 3D television, but only to hack.

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You think your dice are trying to kill you.

You have time to read this because your code is compiling.

You're sad this list isn't 42 items long.

Liberty Crew Added:

1. Someone says 'Red Alert' in any work or other setting and you know exactly what to do
2. Making the suggestion to turn a car window Cling into a Clingon style person is met with "hey thats a good idea"
3. When you list weapons in your house it involves phasers and/or bladed weapons
4. You can curse in Klingon or Elvish
5. Someone says "Sheep for Wheat?" and you know what they mean
6. Invading a restaurant in full costume sounds like a great idea
7. If you have ever been asked, "Are you in a play/cult/movie?" while invading a mundane area in full costume-No seriously I've had this happen.
8. You can read LEET speak
9. Will not let certain people use your dice because you are convinced they will jinx them.
10. Trying to get the plans so you can build your own blue police box with that whooshing noise

*Science Report: By Lt. Sarlil zh'Theliv aka Lt. Heather "Des" Holsclaw and Christina Doane*

**Skippers Note: Over the months my Science R and D Chief loves to send me unusual stuff of a sciency nature so rather than keep it all to myself I have kept it and will now pass it on to you enjoy!**

First off, to answer the question what the heck is a Theremin? Well the Science R and D Chief recently thought she'd love to learn how to play it. This is a classic sci fi instrument well in keeping with the unusual ones we've seen in trek:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theremin> and [http://memory-alpha.org/wiki/Aldean\\_musical\\_instrument](http://memory-alpha.org/wiki/Aldean_musical_instrument)

In Star Trek, "The Aldean musical instrument is an advanced device that is controlled by thoughts. The player has to put his fingers on certain pads on the instrument and just feel the notes in his head. If done correctly, the instrument will start to glow in different colors and produce a melody that is similar in mood to the player's feelings and thoughts"-[http://memory-alpha.org/wiki/Aldean\\_musical\\_instrument](http://memory-alpha.org/wiki/Aldean_musical_instrument)

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In Real Life:

"The theremin (/ˈθerəˌmɪn/[1]), originally known as the aetherphone/etherophone, thereminophone[2] or termenvox/thereminvox is an early electronic musical instrument controlled without contact from the player. It is named after its Russian inventor, Professor Léon Theremin, who patented the device in 1928. The controlling section usually consists of two metal antennas which sense the position of the player's hands and control oscillators for frequency with one hand, and amplitude (volume) with the other, so it can be played without being touched. The electric signals from the theremin are amplified and sent to a loudspeaker."-<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theremin>

In sort there does exist right now an instrument you can play without laying a finger on it. Not quite playing with your thoughts but still pretty close :).

Also random fun game in Des's own words:

“It's called DNA..Basically, you're combining proteins through chain reactions to create a bunch of cells, and harvesting blastomeres for their genetic material and using it to create new exotic flowers that otherwise wouldn't exist outside of a genetics lab. It's a weird combo of girly AND scientific.”-Des

See:

<http://www.bigfishgames.com/online-games/2092/dna/index.html>

As one can you can find science in the oddest places :).

***It's Life Jim But Not As We Know It (Real Live Events of the MFS Liberty Members):By Christina Doane***

This where life events like upcoming birthdays, weddings, crew changes, updates etc. Any life event that the crew would like to share. For this I would like to report our Chief Engineering Officer Major R. Benton White aka Sulek will be moving to Deputy Chief Engineer and Ensign Kim Olson will be taking over as Chief Engineering Officer. Also 1Lt. De'Zart aka JacQuline Kleinsmith

Also I want to say Happy Birthday! To those members of the Liberty who have had a Birthday been tween Jan. and end of March, also so we don't miss anyone those celebrating from April to June!

Jan-March:

None

April-June:

Lt. Commander Dawn “M'rao” Hess (April 11)

1Lt. JacQuline “De'zart” Kleinsmith (May 15)

Marine Captain Suzi Grossman (June 7th)

Cadet First Class Lilly Grossman (June 30)

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*Let's Do The Time Warp Again!! (Past Event Reports for the MFS Liberty):*



*Random bits of fun: By Christina Doane*

Well we try to have lots of regular activities. One of those is our Friday Fun Night where we, as ship, get together with other allies and play games, everything from the Wii to various unusual board games. How unusual? Well there was one game that paid you for Pon Farr...no not for real though that didn't stop it from being funny.

I got Star Trek:Continuum Monopoly. Its a fun game that covers all the series, you can buy properties like Bajor and Tholia or own ships like the Enterprise or a Klingon battleship. And one can be a shuttle or Captain's chair etc. Great stuff for more detail one can go here.

<http://trekmovie.com/2009/04/04/review-star-trek-monopoly-continuum-edition/>

What I'd like to point out though is something that does make me giggle everytime I think of it. And in fact when members of my crew and I played this game, it broke the game while we spent a

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few minutes recovering because it was just that funny to us. Everything was pretty normal until one of our ships counselors pulled a certain card. Now instead of 'community chest' etc the cards were stuff like 'subspace transmissions' and she had pulled "You have been selected by a Vulcan shipmate to satiate his pon farr-collect 10" [latinum]. It was really unfortunate when she had to give over her pon farr money to pay a rent...  
:D

No seriously, see below. I leave all jokes to your own imaginations.... :D.



The point here being is we have a great time among friends chatting about Trek and other fandom topics as we roll the dice \*smile\*

We have also had some success with our regular online Maquis watch parties. In this ship members, and other invited peoples, watch via online or other an ST episode and discuss it in an IRC chat room. This has been a fun way to interact with members from far away. Currently the MFS Liberty is going through the list of ST episodes that relate to the Maquis going from the list from fellow MFI Member Josh Laury at: [http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Maquis\\_Episodes](http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Maquis_Episodes)

We're up to the Chain of Command two part episode. As you can see below the Maquis related episodes have been broken down into sections and we're currently in the time period just before the Maquis truly became a force. All persons are welcomed to the watch parties, just contact the CO!

Other activities included an under cover day trip to Valday, a medieval event where one could buy cross bows, leather belts, and dresses. Just to name a few. It was a great chance to strut our medieval stuff and see some allies from the Maquis Freedom Alliance. The CO got to wear comfortable shoes and sharp, pointy objects while eating Scotch Eggs and talking to friends. Good times were had by all :). Those MFS Liberty Members attending were Christina Doane, James Doane, and Dawn Hess. Christina Doane and Dawn Hess will each get 4 hours of convention service for assisting vendors at the event.

MFS Liberty members Christina Doane, James Doane, Jen Hawthorne along with members of MSS Starbase Kalamazoo went to go see TRON: Legacy in IMAX. It was awesome, 'nuff said :).

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## ***Let Me Help (Charities Reports):By Christina Doane***

This section will list our charity activities and charities that we support throughout the year. Will also include articles etc as applicable. The MFS Liberty is an active member in MFI's Charity Task Force:  
[http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Charity\\_Task\\_Force\\_Project](http://wiki.maquis.com/w/Charity_Task_Force_Project)

We hold as regular year around charities: **KALAMAZOO ANIMAL RESCUE**



<http://kalamazooanimalrescue.org/>

From their website: "Kalamazoo Animal Rescue is an all volunteer non-profit fostering organization founded in 1991 We are dedicated to providing refuge to homeless, stray and unwanted cats and dogs in Kalamazoo County and placing these animals into permanent homes."

And

## **LENDING HANDS OF MICHIGAN**



<http://www.lendinghandsmi.org/> Lending Hands is a volunteer Michigan nonprofit social service organization located in Kalamazoo, Michigan, lending home medical equipment, for free, to residents of the Southwest Michigan counties of Allegan, Barry, Berrien, Branch, Calhoun, Cass, Kalamazoo, St. Joseph and Van Buren counties

We also support recycling and the Red Cross Blood Drive, these are by no means all we are interested in when it comes to helping but the ones we try to focus on to better help as best we can.

Over the past few months we've been greatly distracted with the problems in Japan, if you wish to donate to those causes this is a good site to start with (japan donation site).

Furthermore we will be reviewing our current charities to see what exactly we can do and if we want to add or change them in anyway. Stay Tuned!

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## *I Predict: Future MFS Liberty Events By Christina Doane*



We share these events with all and sundry so that if any other Maquis will be at any of the below events they can feel free to let the CO know if get together planning is wished or we'll just see you there!

Though we've had to revise our event schedule due to RL circumstances we still have a pretty decent set up. Fortunately there is a local gaming con that the members of the MFS Liberty will be attending, a nice low impact event where we can game all weekend and pass out information on MFI and the Liberty :). The event will be April 15-17<sup>th</sup>, 2011 and is called Marmalade Dog..yeah I don't understand either but it is fun (link here). More on this next time.

Of course there will be the 9<sup>th</sup> annual Maquis BBQ come late summer with Starbase Kalamazoo:

What: The 9<sup>th</sup> Annual Kalamazoo Maquis Potluck BBQ (Put on jointly with Members of MFS Liberty and Starbase Kalamazoo in Zone 4, MFI)

When: Late Summer 2011 , about noon ish eastern to whenever we get booted.

Stuff: Good food, music, and friends :D. And whatever else we can fit. Where: Kalamazoo, Michigan

Who: All Maquis, Allies, and Friends are welcomed. This means you! :).

Yes for all and sundry there will be a BBQ This year! :). Our 9th Annual!,

wow! Nine years ago, when we started this it was just a chance to hang out with friends and allies having fun. No convention stress. Since many of us and our friends run or work conventions usually, it was thought this would be a great way to actually come together in a relaxing environment. And that's what we're still doing, nine years later. Here's hoping for nine more :).

There's a website for this event please feel free to check it out regularly for updates, or email maquisgoddess-AT-GMAIL-dot-COM to be put on the updates email list.

<http://maquisbbq.webs.com/>

In Oct. 2011 members of the MFS Liberty and Starbase Kalamazoo are planning to go to



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Conclave in Detroit, MI. There's a small group of us Michigan Maquis types going and if anyone else is interested the url is:

<http://www.conclavesf.org/cc36/index.htm>

I know its early but hey thought I'd get this out there. One goal we're trying for is to get something together that is Steampunk costumes as a group (<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Steampunk>) For at least part of the convention when not doing our Maquis awesomeness :).

## ***Grab Bag:***

Random stuff we're working on not listed elsewhere:

1. A ship sim we hope to bring into the MFI Sim Program(Still working on it but making progress more on this later!)
2. Redoing our Bylaws (got shunted in favor of other projects but is making a come back!)
3. Getting Ship Patches, T-shirts, and business cards(Got some sources will be getting more detail as time goes on.
4. Fleshing out our marine unit maquis webpage and other website updates. (In Progress)

## ***And Now For Something Completely Different (Random Funny/Cool):***



## **Cool Stuff:**

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All Hail ThinkGeek.Com!

Make any room into a Star Trek Vessel with your own Trek Wall Decals!

<http://www.thinkgeek.com/homeoffice/posters/c596/>

It's Continuing Mission to Seek Out New Foods and Liquid Refreshment...

See the below link for a summary of the eating habits of some of our favorite races!

<http://www.seriousseats.com/2009/05/a-primer-to-star-trek-food-and-drink.html>

Trek YouTube Goodness!:

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CAC4\\_Gxuijs&playnext=1&list=PL36BE048F59B5BDB8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CAC4_Gxuijs&playnext=1&list=PL36BE048F59B5BDB8)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TntuEkSSsRc>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q50UBIWXvfc>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ryo-GtOgi7s>

More detail on the above.

Yes there are star trek wet suits and I have proof:

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Original Link:

<http://gizmodo.com/5437212/star-trek-wetsuits-for-exploring-the-deep-side-of-the-pool>



This goes well with the underwater Enterprise:

<http://gizmodo.com/5433712/submarine-enterprise-going-where-no-swimming-trunks-have-gone-before>

And finally because we have so many gamers on the ship, this is for you!

## **MR. WELCH:**

And finally there is a list of 1,600 things Mr. Welch is not allowed to do during a game. This is a bit of gamer humor I am sure you will all enjoy. The link is below and I've chosen to list 30 of my favorites below as well.

From: [http://wiki.rpg.net/index.php/750\\_things\\_Mr.\\_Welch\\_can\\_no\\_longer\\_do\\_in\\_a\\_RPG](http://wiki.rpg.net/index.php/750_things_Mr._Welch_can_no_longer_do_in_a_RPG)

“(More than) 750 things Mr. Welch can no longer do in an RPG is a list of actions PCs (personified as "Mr. Welch") should never take in a role-playing game. While many of the entries are based on actual games, other entries are entirely fictional. Inspired by "Skippy's List: The 213 things Skippy is no longer allowed to do in the U.S. Army", the RPG-specific list was originally posted as "1,150 things Mr. Welch can no longer do during an RPG" on TheGlen's blog, which he copied to RPGnet in the

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thread "250 things Mr. Welch can no longer do in a RPG". The list was subsequently expanded by many authors across several threads, most recently "750 things Mr. Welch can no longer do in a RPG". A similar list from the perspective of a GM is "1001 things Mr. Raymond can't do when he Gms".

The list that starts off the 1,600 is at: <http://theglen.livejournal.com/16735.html?thread=27743>

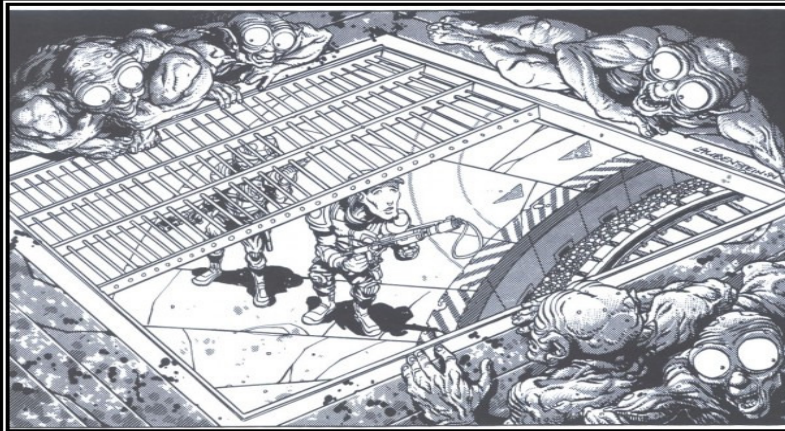
Though the list at wikirpg has a good list.

Below are 30 of the Skipper's favorites: I dedicate this list to you my fellow Liberty Peoples and Maquis:

1. There is no Gnomish god of heavy artillery.
2. My monk's lips must be in sync.
3. There is no 'annoy' setting on a phaser
4. A wet towel does not constitute an improvised weapon.
5. The name of the weapon shop is not "Bloodbath and Beyond"
6. I do not have weapon proficiency in cat.
7. The paladin's alignment is not Lawful Anal
8. The King's Guards official name is not "The Royal Order of the Red Shirt"
9. If the gun is best fired using the artillery skill, my character is not allowed to have it.
10. I am not from Margaritaville, and even if I was, that doesn't excuse the hawaiian shirt and lawn chair during the dress inspection.
11. Power Word: Beer Me is not a real spell.
12. Check the door means to listen at it, not put several rounds through it.
13. I will not tell the noobie to roll his THACO.
14. Recon means tell them what I saw, not slaughter all the monsters without them.
15. I do not get a bulk discount on ninjas.
16. Tai Kwan Doberman is not a real martial art.
17. Polymorph Mother-in-Law is not a real spell.
18. Under religion I cannot put Born Again Klingon.
19. I am not Bjorn of Borg.
20. No matter how practical, I can't have shotgunchucks.
21. "Kiww the Wabbit" is not a proper viking battlecry.
22. My first act as XO can't be a mutiny.
23. Will not retrofit my Federation Starship with fuses.
24. No such thing as preemptive last rites.
25. My Sniper will not kill all the bad guys before the rest of the party is in range.
26. We are not sneaking in Mordor dressed as tour guides.
27. I can't spend Ship Points to put a Starbucks on the bridge.
28. I do not have to scan the Romulan ambassador for cooties.
29. I will stop using crew as hit points.
30. We aren't raising the villain from the dead because we haven't killed him enough yet.

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## HEY NEW GUY

You go first. House rules.

Until next time, Beware the Fan Ninjas!  
-Christina R. Doane, Newsletter Editor.  
MFS Liberty, Commanding Officer and Chief Cat Herder.