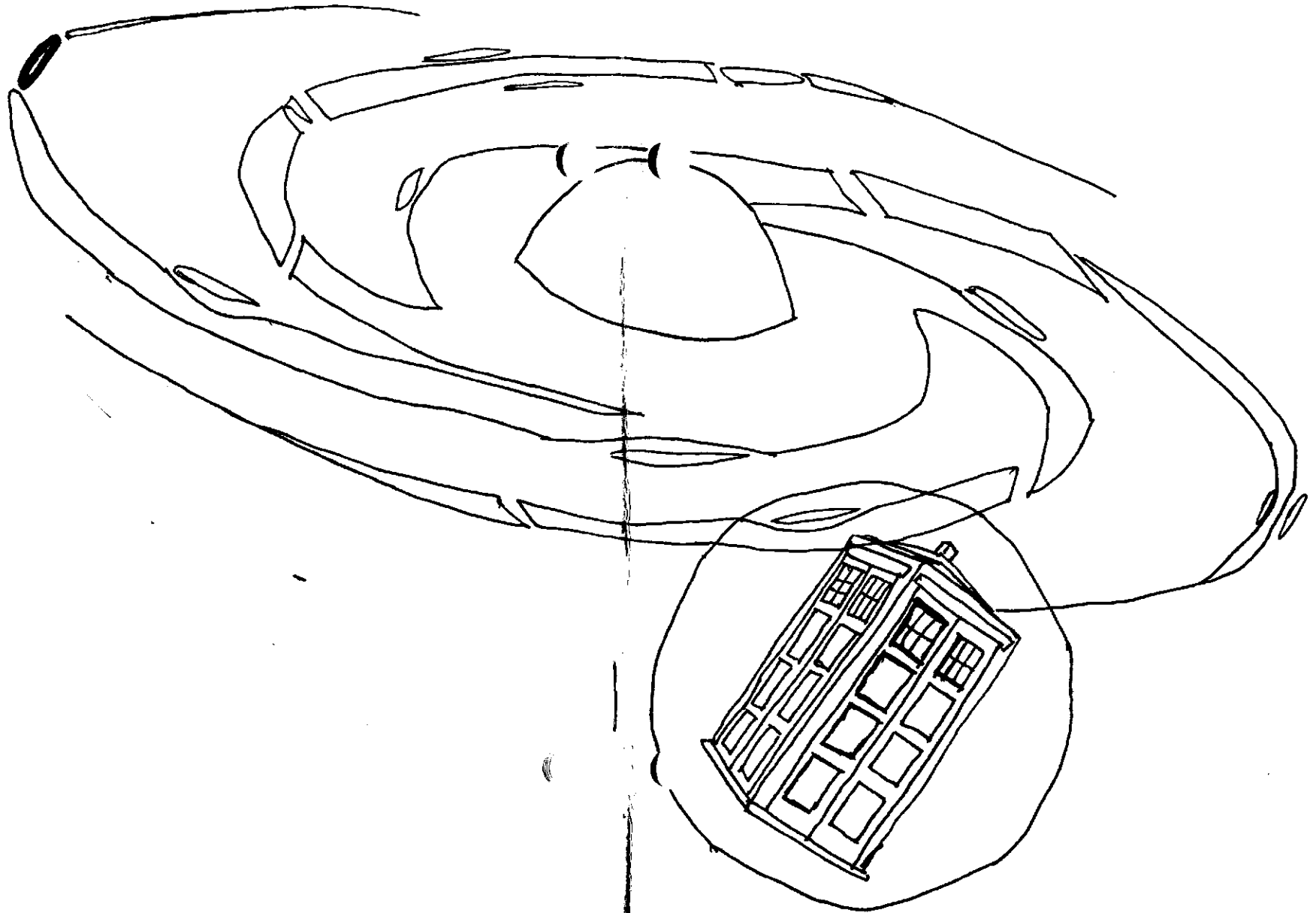


# The Dune Sea Express

#11 September 1991



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 Jennifer Gonzales ..... Asst. Editor  
 Traci Girard ..... Asst. Editor  
 Tom Helms ..... Staff Writer  
 Sandra Provence Steele ..... Staff Writer

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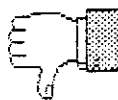


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## Tom's Joke Corner



Bad humor entirely by Tom Helms



What do you call a "Q" with a perm?

A curly Q

What do you get when you cross a Klingon with Mr. Potato Head?

Ruffles with ridges (Nocka, Wocka)



## Note

If this DSE looks a little one sided it's because we have crammed all the Doctor Who stuff we have into this issue, so that the November issue can be all Star Trek. September being the 25th anniversary of Star Trek would have been the more appropriate all trek issue, but we didn't want to delay the last installment of Doctor Who and the Lady of the Lake. Speaking of the Who story, we hope to offer the entire story in one volume novel form in early 1992. We have been getting a lot of feedback from people who have come in during the last half of the story and we're sorry to announce that back issues of the first part of the story are no longer available and we have very few copies left of the second installment. If you're interested in getting the whole story check back with us the first of the year.

DSE staff

# Doctor Who and The Lady of the Lake

## Part 4 of 4 by Karen Guest

In previous parts:

The Master arrived at King Arthur's court ahead of the Doctor, the Lady of the Lake (a Time Lord), Merlin (another Time Lord), Jo, the Brigadier, and Sergeant Benton. The Master plans to use Mordred as a puppet and take over Camelot for the purpose of mining fifth century Britain for tin. He plans to use the tin to gain control of the planet Syek which makes crystals to power most of the universe. The Lady of the Lake confronted the Master about his plans. Meanwhile, Jo and Lady Alexandra (the Brigadier's fiancée) went for a walk...

Jo and Lady Alexandra stood on the battlements of the castle. They watched the sun set on Caerleon. "How beautiful it is," sighed Jo.

"Yes, it is quite lovely. Camelot in all its glory." There was a trace of sadness to her voice. The sadness was closer to a low burning regret.

Jo was leaning against the stone riser. She flicked Lady Alexandra a look of concern. This place depressed and scared Lady Alexandra, and Jo tried another subject. "Tell me, how did you meet the Brigadier?"

The flame-haired woman looked at the small blonde. A half-smile played on her lips. "At the Home Office. He was arguing with the Home Secretary."

That sounded like Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart to Jo. He was always arguing with someone. Most usually the Doctor. "Go on," encouraged Jo.

"We sort of fell over each other. I had been coming in with some files and some coffee, and Alastair knocked it all over on to me as he was leaving. He apologized and insisted on taking me to dinner. That was about ten months ago."

"You have set the date for the wedding?" Jo just couldn't imagine the Brigadier getting married.

"30 November." When she saw Jo's blank face, she added, "St. Andrew's Day."

"And he's the patron saint of Scotland."

"Exactly." Lady Alexandra shivered. The gown may have been made of fine wool, but she still felt the chill of evening. "Lord, what I could do with a nice, hot cup of tea."

"Oh, me, too. Or even some army cocoa." Jo hugged herself.

"You've had some of that, too?" They laughed together.

"I'll go down to the great hall and see if I can get some wine. I'll meet you back in the solar. It's soon going to be too chilly out here." Jo bunched her gown in her hands and set off in the direction of the great hall.

Lady Alexandra turned back to the sunset. The western sky was full of beautiful dusky colors. She was going to stay for a little while longer. She didn't hear Mordred walk up behind her. "My lady, what are you doing out?" He took in her startled look. He glanced at her green gown. "You are vowed to Avalon. Why are you not secluded?" Lady Alexandra remained mute. "Answer me, lady. I am prince here." Mordred never missed an opportunity to lord it over people weaker than himself.

Lady Alexandra pulled herself together and answered sharply. "I am Alexandra, and I came up here to watch the sunset. There is no harm in that." She shivered, but not from the cold. She sensed that this man was essentially evil, but worse, yet, weak in character. "If you will excuse me, my lord, I shall now return to my seclusion." Hopefully, he would let her go.

Mordred moved his pale, slender form closer to her. This little rabbit was quite afraid. Mordred liked that. He liked to pass fear onto other people as it was given to him. He reached out and touched Lady Alexandra's pale face. She jumped back as if she'd been burned. "What's the matter, my lady? Do you not like the touch of a prince?"

She saw the sword at his side. "Do you not have better things to do tonight, my lord?" She had never been so afraid.

Fear stabbed him. Did she know his plans? It was said those vowed to Avalon had the Sight. He gripped her chin with his fingers. They bit deeply. "Tell me, what do you know of Prince Ertiam?"

Lady Alexandra immediately knew he meant the Master. "He is evil. He comes not from Earth, and all he desires is power. He is using you to bring your father, King Arthur, down. You'll rule in name only. He'll rule in fact. Fight him. Resist him. He will only do you harm." she didn't realize that she was pleading with Mordred. And sealing her own fate.

Mordred grabbed her shoulders. For such a slight man, he was surprisingly strong. "You know nothing of my father. He ordered the deaths of thousands of babies just trying to make sure I died. He deserves what he gets. And so do you, my lady."

## Doctor Who and the Lady of the Lake

"Must you betray him with the help of an alien who wants only to rule through you? Stand up for yourself and throw off your thoughts of revenge. Or you'll never be free of this alien." She was babbling out of fear.

"I'll do more than that to you, my lady. You know too much." Mordred started pulling her toward the edge. She began screaming and kicking. A foot made sharp contact just under his left knee. In reflexive pain, he let her go. Lady Alexandra fell to the ground. She picked herself up, and started running along the battlements. Mordred caught up to her easily. He grabbed her from behind. "Good-bye to you, my lady."

"Christ, no!" she screamed.

She flailed at him but to no effect. Mordred, enraged by her struggles, pulled an ornate silver dagger from his belt. He stabbed quickly beneath her left breast. She suddenly went quiet. He pulled the bloody knife free and dumped the now-still body over the side of the castle. Lady Alexandra landed in a heap of Lincoln green wool at the base of the castle. Mordred looked down and knew, without a doubt, she was dead.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Doctor met Jo just outside the solar. "What have you there, Jo?" He pointed to the wine jug and goblets.

"Oh, wine for me and Lady Alexandra. she should be back here by now. I left her on the battlements, but we promised to meet back here." Jo was out of breath from running. Sir Cai had shooed her out of the great hall and would not be happy when he found out she'd stolen some of the King's wine.

They entered the solar to find Niniane sitting in a straight-back chair with a gloomy air about her. Lady Alexandra was nowhere to be seen. Jo was about to say something, but the Doctor hushed her. "What's wrong, my Lady?"

"Everything, Doctor." Niniane sat forward in the chair with her arms partially resting on the armrests. "The Master plans to have Lancelot killed tonight. With Lancelot dead, the Queen will burn, and Arthur will die. Mordred will be able to ascend to the throne with the Master at his side. With that accomplished, he plans to mine the coal and tin in Britain and use the minerals to control the planet Syek."

The Doctor finished for her. "They produce the crystals which power the majority of planets in the universe. He will control them through their power sources. With all the planets at his mercy, he'll attack Gallifrey." The Doctor shook his snowy head in wonderment. "Almost too clever."

The Brigadier asked, "How do we stop him?"

"We must save Lancelot," said Taliesin calmly.

"And you know what that means." Niniane stared at the floor. "The fall of Camelot."

## Doctor Who and the Lady of the Lake

"The Master has forced us to hasten the evil day of Camlann. but it is the only way to save the universe." Taliesin's dry voice carried around the still solar.

"As it has been written, so it must be."

"You know that as well as the rest of us, Niniane."

"You are right, Taliesin. The only thing now is to save Lancelot. We must wait and watch."

Jo finally piped up. "Have you seen Lady Alexandra? She was supposed to meet me here?"

"She was with you, Miss Grant," said Sergeant Benton.

"I went to get some wine, and we agreed to meet back here. It was too cool on the battlements." Jo looked right at Sergeant Benton. "She's not been back?"

"Could something have happened to Alex?" the Brigadier asked Niniane.

"Anything is possible."

"Well, I am going to instigate a search. Come along, Sergeant Benton."

They were forestalled by a sudden commotion in the hallway. Niniane jumped out of her chair and ran to the door. She poked her head out the door. Knights were headed towards the Queen's chambers. their swords were drawn. Niniane closed the door and leaned heavily against it. "It's already begun." she straightened up. "I must get to Lancelot. He must be saved. The Master cannot have his way."

"Niniane, you'll get killed out there." Taliesin's voice was filled with concern.

"You'll definitely need a diversion, my Lady." the Doctor stood with the Brigadier and Sergeant Benton.

"And you're going to provide me one? You are unarmed. You'll be killed as well."

"Forgive me, my Lady, for interfering, but Sergeant Benton and I are trained for combat. You are not. We'll give you your diversion." The Brigadier had taken command.

Niniane just looked at him. "As if I need your help. I am the Lady of the Lake. They'll not harm me." She pulled the door open. Just before she left, she said, in stern tones, "No one leaves this room."

The Brigadier looked at Sergeant Benton. "Are you just going to stand there? Come along Sergeant. She needs all the help she can get." The Brigadier and Benton left the solar.

Niniane ducked towards right and left as she made her way through the tangle of corridors to the Queen's chambers. She flattened herself against the wall when she saw Mordred with the Master. Lancelot was between them. Niniane took a deep breath as she decided to capitalize on her position as Lady of the Lake. She threw herself away from the wall and said, commandingly, "Stop. Release that man." She saw Mordred stop

dead in his tracks. His grip on Lancelot's arm loosened considerably. "Run now, Lancelot." Her voice reverberated throughout the hallway.

Lancelot jerked away from Mordred and pushed the Master into the wall. He ran for his sword. Niniane cursed him for his stupidity. "Get away," she yelled. "There are too many to fight." Lancelot heard the voice of command and after a moment's hesitation, obeyed her orders.

She felt rough hands on her arms. The Master approached her. "I once told you that you are not immortal. I shall see you dead."

"So you did. It doesn't matter. The events leading to Camlann have been set in motion. It cannot be undone now. Time is on my side." Niniane saw the knights drag Queen Guinevere from her chambers. She wore nothing but her shift. Niniane felt pity for her. "Must Guinevere be so treated?" She asked of Mordred, not the Master.

The Master motioned the knights to bring her along. Mordred and the Master were going to present Arthur with a fait accompli. So, they weren't paying too much attention to one small woman. That was a mistake. Niniane was small, but she was still a Time Lord. With Mordred and the Master sufficiently ahead, Niniane pushed one heavy knight into the wall and then bounced the other who held her into his companion. One of the knights got up and attempted to reach for her. He never reached for anything again. Niniane looked up to see Lancelot.



"I thank you, my lord Lancelot."

"It was my pleasure, my Lady."

"You must leave, my lord. You must not be caught. Come with me."

Niniane started leading him away from Mordred and the Master.

He stopped her. "I must rescue the Queen."

"Yes, you must, but not here and now. Come back for her when she is taken to the stake. Come with an army. You will be assured of rescue then. Arthur will not fight you. He loves you and Guinevere too much for that." She pushed him onward. Lancelot was amazed with her strength.

"That will destroy Camelot."

"I know, my lord Lancelot. Better than you think." Her voice was bitter.

She pushed him onward until they were in the inner bailey. "Go, Lancelot, and collect your army. Return for Guinevere. She does expect you."

"Go with God, my Lady." Lancelot mounted the horse. With a quick jerk of the reins, the horse reared and pawed the air. He galloped away.

Niniane stood in silence for a moment until a voice shattered her reverie. "I see that you got him safely away." It was the Brigadier. Niniane nearly exploded in rage.

She turned on him. "I thought I told you to stay in that solar."

"You did."

"You don't mind well, Brigadier." Niniane turned on her heel. the rebellion would be over. And Arthur would be faced with the situation he had long striven to avoid. A strip of green caught her eye. She veered from the steps to go and investigate. The Brigadier followed.

The green heap that had been Lady Alexandra greeted the Academician and the Brigadier. A little moan escaped the Brigadier as Niniane sank down beside the body. She saw the blood stain on the girl's dress and knew immediately that she had not been killed by the fall.

"She is dead, isn't she, my Lady?"

"Very much so." Her voice was quiet. she stood up. Placing a hand on the Brigadier's shoulder, she said quietly, "I am so terribly sorry. It is my fault that she is dead."

The Brigadier picked up the broken body of Lady Alexandra Douglas. He silently followed the Lady of the Lake back into the castle at Caerleon.

\*\*\*\*\*

The battlefield at Camlann was shrouded in mist. Niniane sat on her white palfrey at a little distance from the main battle. The Doctor sat on a brown gelding. She broke their silence finally. "We have come to what had to be."

"Lancelot rescued Guinevere, and now, the battle rages."

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"And Arthur will slay Mordred and be slain in the process."

The Doctor said nothing. Niniane was lost in her own reverie. The Doctor had gotten over his fear of her and had come to respect her as quite a woman. Her gruffness was all an act to keep her rebellious students in line. She'd said that she'd needed a rest and had taken a leave of absence from the Academy. What she was doing in Arthur's Britain was meddling. The Doctor knew that well enough.

On the battlefield, not too far from Niniane and the Doctor, Mordred and Arthur circled each other in a deadly parody of a fencing match. Mordred thrust first, but Arthur parried with Excalibur. Arthur growled, "I hope you're happy with yourself. Camelot has fallen. The knights are scattered, and the Saxons are pouring in by the thousands." Excalibur parried another thrust.

"You'll not live out this day, old man. I mean to kill you." Mordred sidestepped a wicked swing aimed at his head. It grazed his shoulder. "I'll be king."

"Little good may it do you."

The ground was wet and slippery beneath their feet. Arthur slipped, and Mordred seized what he perceived to be his advantage. His sword clipped Arthur in the side of the head, but Mordred did not kill Arthur outright. The sword Excalibur swung out and entered Mordred's abdomen.



The boy staggered backward under the power of the sword thrust. He looked disbelieving as he fell to the ground. Mordred crawled a few feet and died. Arthur looked at Excalibur one last time.

Niniane pulled on the reins of her horse. The Doctor frowned as she began to pick her way across the ghostly battlefield. He looked on the carnage with disgust as he followed her. The evil day of Camlann had come to pass. All because of a need to thwart the Master's evil desires. It

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almost made the Doctor hate the Master.

Arthur lay on the ground with Excalibur fallen beside him. Niniane quickly dismounted. She cradled Arthur's head in her lap. "My Lady of the Lake, you've come to retrieve your sword."

Silently, he handed her Excalibur. She took it from him. Somehow, the weapon looked familiar to the Doctor, but he couldn't place it. With a sudden outrush of breath, Arthur expired in the lap of the Lady of the Lake. Over Arthur, Niniane brandished the sword three times. She got up from the ground and looked at the Doctor. "His body comes to Avalon." The Doctor picked up the body of the fallen king and put it on the King's horse for the journey to Avalon.

In that instant, he remembered where he'd seen the sword. Excalibur had been made by the Master when he had been at the Academy. The Academician had taken it away from him. And she had given it to Arthur.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Master picked his way across the battlefield. He hoped to find Mordred alive, but knew that Niniane had been right. Time had been on her side. With Lancelot's escape, all his plans had been doomed. The legend was fulfilled, and his plans of universal conquest had been foiled again.

"Where do you think you are going?" a disembodied voice called out of the mist.

The Master recognized the voice as that of Taliesin. "What do you want?"

The tall, spare gentleman stepped out of the mist. He was minus his owl this time. "You are coming back to Gallifrey with Niniane and me." Taliesin stepped forward and put a special pair of handcuffs on the Master who was too surprised to stop him. Taliesin was the last person he expected to capture him.

The Master didn't look pleased, but he acquiesced.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Doctor, Jo, the Brigadier, and Sergeant Benton had been sent back to their own time through the time portal which Niniane destroyed after they were through. They were back at Tintagel, and the sky was still overcast. "Well, I suggest that we all get back to London. Captain Yates probably thinks we have all dropped off the face of the earth." The Brigadier's front didn't fool the Doctor or Sergeant Benton for a minute.

"Right, sir. I'll see you there." Sergeant Benton looked at the Doctor. He was leaving the Brigadier in the Time Lord's capable hands.

"Alastair, I am terribly sorry about Lady Alexandra." The Doctor was not quite sure how to deal with the Brigadier's pain which he was bottling up so beautifully. The Doctor fully suspected that Niniane had deadened some of his pain when she had convinced him to leave Alexandra's body behind to be buried on Avalon. But it would still be a while before his friend was anywhere close to normal.

"So am I, Doctor. She died for nothing." The Brigadier started hiking down Tintagel on that note of bitterness.

# Anomalous Propagation

Solution to the puzzle appearing last issue.

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m n            ru                a c la    d r i
i                polly  r t a n    a o m
kdr            c e a o m e    bessie
eoe            h t t t r h s    m
ydk            g i a n i a m    o
ada            i r o a r i n
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ehm            aa                i i a n h    c
sao            in                s m t e peribrown
pt            c                p e e l    n n o
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rt            s z i                r i    i l e
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trialofatimelord  jamiemccrimmon

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# The Undiscovered Country??

by Pamela Girard

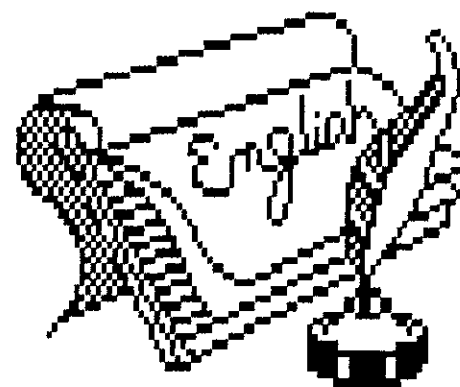
As many of you already know ST VI: The Undiscovered Country is due to be released on December 13, 1991. Since the announcement of the title "The Undiscovered Country" I have heard a lot of people who have been unimpressed with this title. As someone certified to teach high school English, maybe I have a different view on the subject. I think a small literature lesson is in order.

"The Undiscovered Country" is a Shakespearean title. (When has Star Trek ever gone wrong with Shakespeare?) It is a quote from Hamlet's soliloquy (Hamlet Act III, scene 1):

"But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered country from whose bourn [bourn = domain]  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

(If the passage doesn't make sense, try reading it out loud. These words were written to be spoken. They generally make more sense that way.)

Up till this point in the soliloquy Hamlet seemed to be contemplating suicide, but here he says that it is the unknown after death that makes us bear whatever burdens we have rather than trade our burden for something that might be worse. "The Undiscovered Country" is death. How this relates to the story of Star Trek VI is anybody's guess at this point, but one of our characters has been dead before...hmmmm.....Class dismissed.





## A Statement From the BBC

The following statement we found posted on a computer bulletin board service. It we sent to the public relations department at various news agencies, with the understanding it would not be used as part of a regular news item:

The future of the ever popular program DOCTOR WHO, is that the BBC has determined in order for it to retain its high caliber of broadcasting excellence that it had enjoyed in the past, is that the BBC, shall retain control of the program.

A complete rewrite of the basics of the program and the direction that is and has taken must be taken into consideration. This is not an overnight process. It is a long one and one that cannot be taken lightly, considering the amount of mail that has been received from all over the world.

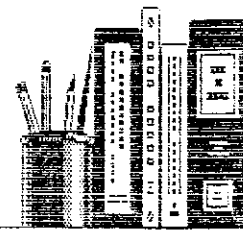
The continual rumors of a sale of the rights are just that a bad rumor. The program is not for sale, nor are its distribution rights in the USA or anywhere else.

We DO intend to continue the program at some time, but we are not able to say at this time, when that shall be. We would like to do so in time for the 30th anniversary of the programs introduction to the BBC (That's November 1993--PG); but cannot make that assurance at this time either.

Further information will be made available as decisions are made.

The BBC Public Relations Department

## Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac



By Sandra Provence Steele

Bloodthirst by J.M. Dillard

\*\*\* (3 out of 4 stars)

It's about Halloween, so if you or someone you know wants to spend that creepy evening curled up with a Star Trek novel. You won't be disappointed in Bloodthirst by J.M. Dillard. Ms. Dillard does a decent job of hinging a vampire story into the realm of Star Trek.

Bloodthirst is a story of vampirism and conspiracy. Ms Dillard has several ancillary characters of her own who figure in the main story and have stories of their own within this novel's numerous sub-plots. The extra storylines are woven neatly into the main story line. She has a good group of additional characters which are fleshed out very well and would probably star in their own novel with few problems.

I'm going to skip the story synopsis to add suspense to this novel. An additional Gothic Star Trek novel can be found in "Demons" also by J.M. Dillard.

Be prepared for my Christmas shopping list next issue. I'll give suggestions for books by the set to make shopping for your favorite Trekker a snap.







# The Dune Sea Express

#11 September 1991

