

# TANGLED COIL

## Tesla Station SIM 2009 ANNUAL

### How we began

*Hey, didn't I sign up for a Nova Class... in a SIM org? This is not my beautiful wife... How did I get here?*

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### SteamTrek

*A big bodacious experiment: Star Trek meets Steampunk. We do goggles & warp coils.*

**Page 2-3**

### Hall of Fame

*The annual roundup of quotes plus the final post count.*

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### Memorabilia

*Here are a few of our favorite things.*

**Page 6-9**

### Goals for 2010

*In which we wax on and wax off about the year to come.*

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## BRIEF HISTORY

### When we were young

We started as a SIM of Obsidian Fleet in late July of 2008. Our Nova Class vessel was called USS Galileo after Galileo Galilei. Within four months we were the Gold Award winning SIM in an org with 72 active SIMs. Galileo was our proving ground. There are a few that say we should never have left the close confines of a Nova Class. The intimate nature of the SIM was magnified by the class size. We were out to prove wrong the naysayers who claimed size matters. Recording some of the best posts of our SIM's history, the Galileo crew explored life, death, rape, torture and the vagueness of morality in war. These explorations would be the hallmark of Galileo's plots.

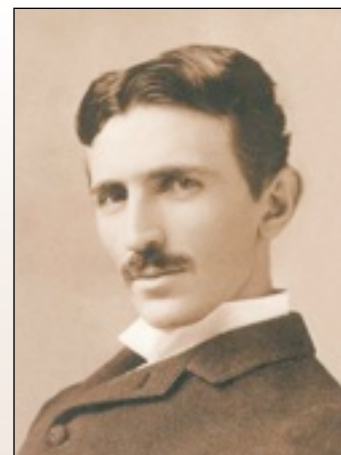
In December of 2009, some of the crew began to discuss a new idea. An idea for a base that would be a creative haven for all sorts with the edge of technology binding us together. The idea was to move to a starbase and expand our community by giving more opportunity for multi-character playing. We aimed for something small and a large fish landed in our lap, Starbase 47 which we named Tesla Station and added "Mad Science" to our plotscope. Our comfort level with Tesla started shaky but as we began to realize that shape and size of specs do not make the community larger or smaller, we got more comfortable. It was the reverse of Galileo and we found ourselves strangely caught in our own paradox.

## USS GALILEO

Inventas vitam iuvat excoluisse per artes



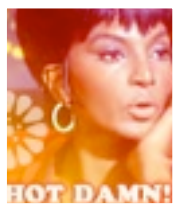
Then, in the Autumn of 2009 we struck out on our own. The confines of a fleet were restricting our ability to grow. We still wanted to explore moral dilemma but we wanted to add more dimension and use the worlds we had created and so, Tesla went indie.



**Nicola Tesla - The genius who lit the world**  
*Nikola Tesla was born in what is now Croatia. He symbolizes a unifying force and inspiration for all nations in the name of peace and science. He was a true visionary far ahead of his contemporaries in the field of scientific development.*

# TREK + STEAMPUNK = STEAMTREK

## Slap a pair of goggles on it and call it a SIM.



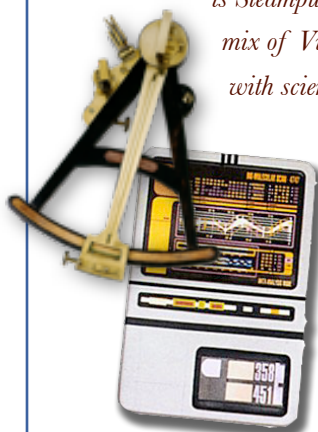
The world of Trek SIMming can become trite and boring when you do it for ten or twenty years. Borrowing from Jaynie's passion

for Steampunk, the new SIM afforded the crew the opportunity to break the mold.

### What did we change?

- Goggles for Department heads as both a symbol of rank and a means of transport within the station
- Multiple characters per player
- A Wiki database
- Experimental vessel, USS Taurus
- Skunkworks = Trek magical realism
- A solar system & a nebula of our own

*"... the creatures that inhabit a world that is Steampunk - that delightful mix of Victoriana combined with scientific advances.*



*That is my main character now (Allynda ilm Warragen)...it has been a challenge to write in a Star Trek style universe with*

*its own very advanced technology as a creature thrust from near Victorian into it."*

**~Marilyn**



### Steampunk meets Star Trek

We're not your average SIM. Our department heads wear goggles. But they're not ordinary goggles. Strap on a pair and tap it for your very own link to the transport device assigned to you. Rank really does have privileges.

Maybe the pair on the right is a little eccentric but it's made of a special lightweight material (experimental and used only on Tesla, natch) so that Stark can sport the nifty pair showing her commanding officer's status as Top Banana.



## PG1159

Tesla resides in the star system known as PG1159. The Solar system is, however, given the scientific designation SDSSJ212531.92-010745.9 but we've decided to keep it as easy to remember as possible and stick with the name of the binary star nestled in it. The fighter squadron has named the system... callsign "Peach" In that star system is a class M planet known as Akkadia.

## Who are the Akkadians?

Scientifically speaking, the Akkadians are [Humanoid](#) creatures that are [bradymetabolic](#) with a [heterometabolus](#) development. They are sexually dimorphic.

The more interesting part of this civilization is their choice around 200 years ago, to retro-fitted their civilization from stars to steam.

Akkadia gives Tesla it's identity unique identity by adding the "steampunk" element to our landscape.

Every good Star Trek series has an outsider, looking at us from a unique alien perspective. TOS had Spock; TNG had Data; VOY had the Borg; Tesla has Allynda Ilm Warrage—our resident Akkadian.

## Arcology? What?

Before the Akkadians took their step to change their society back to simpler technology and made their contract with the Federation to have Starfleet protect them from molestation ....

Before the Akkadians shut down their planet and became xenophobes and hoarded their superior technological advances from themselves....

In the beginning there was NASA and ESA. Books on tape, on the internet... and Jules Verne immortalized over delicate strands of the aether. This is how scientists surmised that the Akkadians aboard the Arcology took the simple books of Jules Verne, brought with them for entertainment, and turned them into a religious dogma.

Whatever it was, they staked their claim on the nebula for the survival of



## Sunset on Akkadia

their race. This won't go over well with some very powerful types like the Blue Sky Mining company and the Romulans.

## Excerpt from the Diary of the Akkadian Ambassador

*We all make choices, and sometimes something good comes from them and sometimes something bad comes from them.*

*I once made a choice, to violate the strictures of society in which I lived and now find myself an exile from my beautiful home. I find myself in a world filled with beings that are both strange and yet in some respects strangely familiar. Customs, machines, clothing that is both fascinating and yet odd. Every interaction, every discovery is both*

*filled with wonder and yet a reminder of just how much different I am.*

*I remember a philosophy that one measures one's normality by just how much they fit society. I always thought myself a bit rebellious, but nothing more and now I fit hardly anything and yet I do not think of myself as not normal. Sometimes I find it frustrating also that I feel like a curiosity like some interesting specimen one has found. Oh all have been unfailing graceful but it is to the office they think I hold, not to the person. The encumbrance of that office seems to be a wall to knowing me as a person, someone to know on a more personal level. I met another that felt a little like I did and for a brief moment I think put aside that odd title that I myself have not gotten used to.*

*We all make choices, and sometimes something good comes from them and sometimes something bad comes from them. I have thought long and hard on this, and wondered if what we call bad or good is a result of how we utilize that choice. Perhaps, I just have not utilized the choice I made to fullness and reflect on what I lost rather than what there is to gain?*

## Allynda ilm Warragen



# HALL OF FAME

**Profound dark humour**

In my day, if you wore a red shirt and you survived, you were destined for something. *(Diana "I want my miniskirt back" Stark)*

**That's not what I mean when I say "the girls"**

"Okay Girls; The name is Torin Mobara and I will be servicing your needs as long as you will have me."

*(Chief Petty Officer Torin Mobara played by Ensign Daniel "So Green" Trilone)*

**We call her our inspiration leader**

"It is not easy but to embrace oneself as one is, is better than trying to mold oneself to something one is not." *Lieutenant T'Lin*

**And straight on till morning**

"The wise ancient Chinese philosopher, Lao Tzu, once said, that the journey of a thousand miles must begin with a single...kick it." *Captain Diana "Boots" Stark*

**Abbadon cannot hold his catnip**

"And then Ab'dan passed out entirely, softly snoring a sort of gurgling purr, like a Tiger with a slight sinus condition." *Abbadon aka "Big Kitty"*

**Shakin' and bakin'**

"Whoa, cowboy. I haven't seen you in four days. Then, you come breaking my door down with hormones blaring. What's shaking, cupcake?" He looked down. "Well, besides the obvious." *Raul Kerano to Carter*

**The Agora's Bella Nevarra**

Simon turned and walked towards the customer, offering him a large smile. "Bienvenudo!" he called in greeting,

pausing next to the display case. "I see you have taken quite the interest in our Italian wines." *Simon DeAngelis SPC of Reese Kelly*

**Charm exudes from her every pore**

"NOTTHERE, YE POOR EXCUSE FER A ROMULAN'S ASS!" and then to the Romulan sitting two tables over "No offense, dear."

*Sally Connelly*

**Is that like a dominatrix?**

The Aviatrix had her bottom lip pinned between her teeth and was absent-mindedly sucking on it whilst she figured out how to set-up her desk *Ashley Lysander*

**Diana channels Louis Black**

"Shift change this morning caused all turbos including our little super-high clearance James Bond magic bus, to be slowed to a crawl. It took me twenty-five minutes to get up here. Twenty-five minutes. Do I need a desk in there just to get my work done? There's just so much 'Girl From Impenema' a body can listen to. Don't get me wrong, I am very happy for the 'inflight' entertainment and maybe we should get some peanuts to go with but whomever chose 'Remus Live!' for our morning show is getting a demotion." *Diana Stark*

**The R's get out their ... rulers**

"Well, I've got your power right here." *Reese*

**Red Sails in the Sunset?**

"As she burst forth from the water, her four breasts heaving upward, mottled with the dots and nubs of a mid-life being, she noticed the information pillar in the distance was flashing the red-alert signal." *Kerano*

**Well, he's only an NPC, he doesn't need to reproduce**

"That," he pointed up to the sensor palette above them, "is powerful enough to sterilize you through subspace and forward ten generations. It can scan through the insulation material easily enough." *Abbadon*

**Dower Brays?**

Not for the first time, Diana wished she could like this morose "Eeyore" type man. *Stark*

**Salad, anyone?**

"Since ye can't be out in yer normal area right now, ye can help me out by figurin out why me replicators are makin flowers instead of steaks." *Connelly*

**Riding hard**

Exiting the office, Elsie Roskilly pondered to herself that it was possibly the first time since her petty officer days, that she had been rode roughshod so... elegantly. Sitting at her desk, the thoughts became audible, "Bitch." *Diana Stark as Elsie Roskilly (NPC)*

**This is the beginning of an Eminem song**

This was my mess to begin with, he thought, staring at his hands, trembling in his lap. This is my fault. *Reese Kelly*

**You want fries with that?**

"Next problem, the station has a nice sized drive thru. Currently the protection forcefields are covering the hole but they are draining life from our generators." *Elizabeth Jones*


**Say what you really mean...**

"You've been a real shit." *Mitchell Rotrov (dead guy) to Carter Rotrov*

## POST COUNTS & OTHER STATISTICS

	2007	2008	2009	Total
Average Monthly	84	45	68	65 Avg
Diana's Count (the one to beat)	N/A	N/A	N/A	303
All Crew	419	540	821	1776

# HALL OF FAME



*Memories fade like old photographs.  
All we have left is a snippet or two.  
So here's to memories of friends and  
the things we have said in 2009.*

**Nothing says "My Gagh is spoiling, you petaQ!  
better than weapons fire.**

The Swiftsure had already had to fire a warning shot to break up two squabbling merchant captains who were firing at each other, all over perishable cargo. *Tasha Radcliffe*

**Izzat better than being a retard?**

"For one, stop feeling so sorry for yourself," Stella snapped irritably. She hated it when people would not take stock of their own actions. It was almost despicable. "You're being a pleurard." *Stella Menet (PNPC Kelly)*

**Ding Dong, Anachronism calling!**

"Hey lady you doing alright?"  
"Yes" she answered. "I have made it past the obstruction."  
"Hello?" came the voice again. "You okay?"  
Allynda was a bit peeved she had already answered him.  
"Press the badge to answer."  
*Allynda ilm Warraqen*

**It's not only balls she keeps in her drawer...**

"Acknowledged Fury. Mirza out." Nikou put the tennis ball in a desk drawer and set out to find the station Commander. *Nikou Mirza*

**Poignancy from our Hybrid**

"It was quick and dirty wasn't it?" Abbadon asked quietly. "It happened in the dark, in the shadow, away from the eyes of others and they left as soon as they were done. They lied about their names; they returned to their mates, they threatened to kill you if you said anything." *Abbadon*

**OH so that's where my Bolognese went!**

The Italian operator across the corridor was no less opinionated but kept to kosher topics: sports, politics and religion... he at least sneaked you some of Nonna's bolognaise sause across the counter, at great personal risk, knowing mamma had sharp eyes and knew how to swing a laddle; all because you nodded politely whilst he gave a sermon on this weeks major news story. *Lysander*

**Proof that she truly belongs among  
us...shoes...mmmmm**

To bad their expensive designer taste didn't matriculate down to her; she could really go for some designer Italian shoes. *Bella*

**If by fascinating you mean dissection is  
imminent...**

"An Akkadian? Truly? There were unofficial rumors that one was encountered, though I did not think it warranted further investigation. This shall be truly fascinating...*K'ora*

**Because you were never my Warder -- so now I  
punish you...**

"Why, oh why is it my fate to ALWAYS work for captains who insist on putting themselves in harm's way? Why can't ANY of them delegate? Oh, my aching back..." (*Scott "Oh my aching Aes Sedai" Sutton*)

**That's just our way of saying "Howdee!"**

Allynda made a small nod of the head, but other then nearly having been attacked once, blown into space, stripped to her underwear, she had not found a lot to interest her. *Allynda*

**and lo, it said...piss off!**

"This is The Arc of the Prophet," the console spoke. *Magical Akkadian Computer*

**It's the name of a Techno club on Mars...**

"Did we even find out what a metachron was?" Tasha muttered to herself. Shifting her rifle, she swiveled her seat around to face away from the helm console and waited for Sutton to begin. *Natasha "Fly By Shooting" Radcliffe*

**Hey, that's my Saturday night!**

Turning to his companion, Scott quipped "Let's hope that it's not a bunch of 2 year olds banging tin pots."  
(*Lieutenant Commander Scott "Can we hurry up and go now so I can 'snuggle' Veronika?" Sutton*)

Taking a deep breathe Diana looked around at the room. Some would be joining them and some not. Each would be changing their lives. "I want to thank you, all of you, for coming on this ride with me. We've had our share of good times, some scary times and some days that went from zero to hell in a flip of a coin. But we have memories we will cherish. Here's to our past crew, like Yuri ch'thrysou, Trillian Zeller, Mike Perisher, Kat Davin, Mike Sykes, K'Rassa Orru, Sud'wew," Diana stopped and pursed her lips, "Jenaria... Zorn. These friends we will hold forever in our hearts. But our best friend, the friend will miss more than anything... is this ship--Our Galileo." Diana stopped. Composing herself she reached behind her. "She has been our most loyal friend. To Galileo!" *Diana Stark upon departure from Galileo to Tesla with her crew*

## Tesla: Who runs this madhouse? More importantly... why?

Diana Stark, Captain and Cat Herder

“What the hell was Starfleet thinking?!” People ask me that all the time when I tell them I’m in charge of a monster starbase. The first week I was there, we blew up a chunk of it, the second week I was there well, we told Starfleet to kiss our asses as we saved an important find.

If it’s not one thing it’s another. This year has been one of the most trying in my life. Just when I think it’s all over, they send the Commodore to babysit me. Not to mention being relieved of duty and up for court martial.

Hey, this year I had a baby, I found my long lost love, and moved from a teeny tiny ship to a big starbase. Adding to that I have a parenting agreement with the former lover of the father of my baby... who died because of a stupid order I made.

My life is complicated!

Captain Diana Stark aka Jaynie



*Diana's fave Starfleet Uniforms was and always will be, her miniskirt and go-go boots "Kick it!"*

## My OOC Journey To Tesla Station

By Mike, the alter ego to:  
Lieutenant Commander William  
Bainbridge &  
William "Captain Bill" Crumb



As January 3, 2010, marks my one-year anniversary of joining the crew, I thought I would take this opportunity to share with you my OOC journey that led me to Starbase 47.

My journey begins with my love for role-playing. More specifically, I love First Edition Dungeon & Dragons. It was through this classic medium, that in the late 1980s, I created elaborate characters and countless missions to entertain my friends. Unfortunately, my adventure had to come to an end when I went off to college. My friends and I would eventually play again, but as young adults, the games became shorter and less frequent. At some point, we stopped trying to reschedule games, when someone had to work late.

Then, late one night in the summer of 2007, while surfing the net, I stumbled across a Star Trek-based fan club, based in Alaska. With a few more clicks, I found a dormant ST "SIM." With a little research, I learned about SIMming and a week later I created my first (and only) character, William Bainbridge.

I was immediately hooked on SIMming. I could continue my adventures with new found freedom—I could write anytime, anywhere. No schedule needed. My fellow players have the same freedom and the story continues throughout the week.

Like many things new, I loved my first SIM, the U.S.S. Bunker Hill, despite a small crew and slow storyline. Although inevitable, I was saddened when the Bunker Hill eventually folded. My second SIM, the old Starbase 47, was not as much fun and folded after 3 months.

Dreading having to join yet another SIM, I decided to reapply to SB47, under the command of Captain Diana Stark. Stark had an active SIM, a sizable crew and compelling storylines. Thankfully, I was accepted. In the past year, Bainbridge has patrolled the vastness of space as the trainee Officer in Charge of the U.S.S. Fury. When I wasn't writing, I read daily posts about love stories, explosions and daily life aboard a space station.

In September, when Starbase 47 went Indy, I had a decision to make. I could bounce around from SIM to SIM in a large fleet or continue with a dedicated, "rebel" group of exceptional writers. I chose creativity over size. I have no regrets. I finally found my place in Starfleet.



# MEMORABILIA

## Tenara Zel: A SIMmer's Personal Journey

I learned a great lesson on Tesla this year. As I had finally started to really settle into the roleplaying environment of the Tesla, I fell more or less inactive. In fact, I started to fall inactive almost everywhere I played. I had far over extended myself. I was a member on so many sims that I couldn't keep count. I literally was unsure of how many I was still signed onto!

What I did not realize, however, was that I was actually doing a disservice to those who I was simming along side in a far different manner. I was so greatly spread out that I was unable to keep up with the regular demands of posting, and therefore, I couldn't help but keep from holding back the story. Therefore, I am eternally grateful to our commanding officer for her invaluable assistance in this endeavor.

By helping me to leave quite a few of them, and thus focus more time on the Tesla, she helped me to make my transition here a lot smoother. At the same time, she also helped me become more active on those simming environments in which I remained a member. I once more want to offer my truly heartfelt thanks. I do not believe that I can ever repay this debt of gratitude.

## Who me? 2XO ?

"My name is Dr. Diana Stark - I will be your instructor and mentor for the duration of your Academy training." That was the first time I had ever heard of Diana Stark, or Jayne Fury, Academy instructor. From lessons in drowning grasshoppers to hyperreality, it shaped the potential of a homeless, wandering Operations officer into two dimensioned characters. From ship to station, I emerged with other talented writers, learned that communication really is the key to building and forging strong storylines and really thank my lucky stars that I completed the Academy in the first place. From that point on, the insanity began. There's just something magical about being recruited onto an instructor's ship. And that's just the start of the adventure. ~Angie

I once wandered the streets of Magnolia City, dreaming up windmills and hovercraft on iridescent lakes. I stepped onto a ship expecting scientists only to be assigned to a dream-come-true station on the edge of a fantasy. I walked the halls. I live in a giant bubble with a river running through it. I thought I was right, but as it turns out, I'm not always. I made the wrong call and dozens of people died when a large reactor blew. I crossed the line. I won't forgive myself. I never mean to. I make mistakes, just like everyone else. That's what makes me human. I'm flawed. If there's one thing I've learned this year, my future is not set in stone. And there are some things I can't imagine my life without. I am Reese Kelly and I am the Chief of Operations on Tesla Station.

## Title: 10 Years and Counting - How a Smart Comment Got Me a Starbase

*In the Fall of 1998, I became a member of, at that time, the largest Star Trek IRC and Play by Email SIM group on the Internet, which was just beginning to get audio and video. Instant Messenger had yet to take off - no one knew what AIM was. But, a rather large group of people met on IRC and carried on the TNG legacy.*



*This was during the 3rd season of Voyager, which, for a cliffhanger, introduced Seven of Nine. My child-like brain immediately set out to make a male character that was ex-Borg for this organization. We know now that it's not a good idea to have such a "god-like" character, but back then, it wasn't a big deal because Seven was a new character in the Trek universe.*

*I've always played Engineers, and so there I was, acting out my portion, and following the ACTION sequences that dictated how the IRC SIM moves along, when a new female character arrived in the channel to play -- one **Jayne Fury** -- and she immediately used an incorrect combination of symbols for a character action, which I pointed out, because I was such a smart ass. (continued)*

# COMMAND

## Jaynie speaks:



Three years ago, I got suckered into running another SIM. I swore I'd never run another one or be a part of another org. Mold fitting is not my

specialty. I'd run a long standing SIM community for over five years. I was retired from command. After a three year hiatus, I returned to SIMming. But, I simply could not find a SIM that I would want to be part of enough to join. So, Galileo was born.

18 months later we were still going strong. This kind of successful SIM was unheard of in the org we were in. SIM command turnover was tremendous owing to untrained SIMmers with no sense of community. The culture itself was broken.

I missed running a starbase. Not because I wanted something big and grandiose but because I liked a larger canvas and multiple stories and the community that I knew how to build. I was used to building community, however, on a starbase SIM. Plus, I'm a drama queen and I missed conducting a space opera.

I knew that the people who would join a SIM that offered community, stability, and good writing, would find ways to fill it with stories and images and become, in turn, stewards of their community. I knew that if we built it right, it would last and a community would be fostered. Friendships would develop that would last lifetimes. I'd done it twice before.

It wasn't a risk. I knew I could do it again. The problem was, we needed more room for our creativity. We needed to be independent.

Embracing the future, I look to 2010 and new friendships on Tesla.

~Jaynie

### Ten Years & Counting (continued)

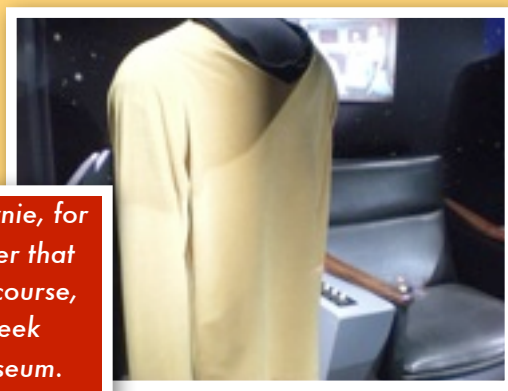
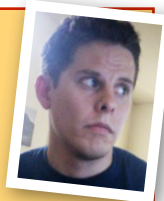
*From that point, she never quite left me alone - we served together on various e-mail sims and other IRC sims along with another friend - JaceFury (yes, there was a boy version, and he still exists, just doesn't play with us here due to real life). Then, we (read: fifteen of us) created Starbase 202 and a loving character sprang forth in the form of Vice Admiral Maria DeMartino--this character gave my character a sub-sim--a colony, and along with other ships and station sections, we proved to this organization that a multifaceted sim was successful.*

*Alas, politics destroys everything, and because our unique sim environment stepped on some toes, we withdrew our creations and ourselves and formed our own org, which, during a year away for me in college, changed names and structure somewhat. I played off and on through 2003, and took a hiatus for life until 2008, when I realized that I still had Francine (Jaynie)'s contact information, and found out that Galileo existed and that there had been some major changes in her own life. To be honest, major changes had occurred in my life, and we laughed and cried as we caught up on old times.*

*I thought a Bajoran character would be interesting to play - but I tire of the Gods, and I've always been prone to male characters - you write what you know, eh? So, that character shifted into the NPC oblivion, and Raul Kerano was born. I've created him to be a mirror image of me, plus some - he has qualities and characteristics I aspire for myself, as well as weaknesses that I have overcome. Raul is the ultimate expression of myself - and we both continue to grow here as we write our story in this universe.*

*And the clock keeps ticking after 12 years... What's next?*

**Commander Raul Kerano  
aka Jason**



**In 2009, Jason visited Jaynie, for the first time, 12 years after that first smartass remark. Of course, they headed directly to Geek Mecca, Seattle's SciFi Museum. That is Captain Kirk's blouse and "the chair" to which all aspire.**

# PLANS

## The future and beyond

This year's accomplishments were many. But what do we have in store? First off, *a return to the hard hitting plots that were our hallmark.*

### 2010

- New recruitment campaign
- Colony
- Academy & Mentorship Program
- NOVA = SMS Next Generation

## Recruits!

As part of our subsim improvement we will first stabilize the subsims and departments before any further expansion. Part of this process is a recruitment campaign that will involve all members of the crew. This is to say that each of the crew will be asked to do something, even if it is simply to expand and keep their wiki entries current.

Part of this campaign involves contests! That is, actual tangible rewards. We begin the year with a \$20 Amazon Gift Certificate drawing for Wiki work.

Just a year ago, the idea of a wiki for a SIM was groundbreaking. Tesla was among the pioneers in that field.

Another part of our recruitment efforts is providing clear "WOW" factor branding such as this Annual and the

website along with the Wiki and monthly reports done in magazine style. Tesla's unique graphics and typesetting is only the tip of the iceberg.

Satellite sites will also be part of the subsim stabilization so that each subsim will be interconnected and independent as their needs change via the Wiki.

## Colony

Once the at least one of the support vessels and all departments are staffed we can move onto adding a colony Subsim for added dimension.

## An Academy For Real

We've been RPing a training academy aboard Tesla but now is the time to take the big leap into training our own. Because we have stability in the command staff, it is time to do some training "for real for real" for command. In addition, mentoring of new crewmembers will be part of the recruitment campaign to allow us to bring in less "able" role players and assign them to someone with the ability to mentor and write with them to show best practices and have better community.

## NOVA is innovation

Pakleds ain't got nothin' on the clunky old SMS. Though it's been improved in leaps and bounds, the team at Anodyne has been working feverishly on the next generation of RPG team writing tools for the net: NOVA. We find ourselves impressed with the efforts made. Our NOVA test site has been running for several months and many of the Tesla crew have had their input into how best to use the new capabilities.

Tesla's commander has been consulted with by NOVA's coding staff for ideas on what to add to NOVA for better and richer RP environment.

Tesla's previous incarnation, Gallileo, was the first SIM and "branding" never thought of before for SIMming. The skins for NOVA will be far more customizable to continue Tesla's domination of SIM branding among the SIM community.

TESLA STATION



*Take a walk down the Agora and stop into Le Mouche or Gamorrah for a little cabaret, nightlife and casino fun aboard Tesla!*

## Quickie Quiz

1. Which player has the most main character changes of persona?
2. Who is the father of Diana's baby?
3. Who are the Rjubalin?
4. What is a Sphenis in Tesla terms?
5. Which two main characters almost didn't want to move to Tesla?
6. Who was the MOST hapless yet adorable Chief of Science we had?

