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THE WRIGHT STUFF

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 2 NO. 3

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VOLUME 2

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Our color cover for this newsletter was done by the very talented **SHARON YOUNG**, who allowed us once again to use her work. If interested in obtaining some of her work, please contact **SOLAR WINDS, 1702-C PENNWOOD DR., HAMPTON, VA 23666**

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A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD'S SEAT

By J. R. Fisher

"Tractors disengaged, Sir."

"Thank you, Helm. Communications, do we have departure clearance?"

"Yes, Sir. And a God Speed."

"Thank you. Navigator, turn on all marker and running lights."

"Lights on, Captain."

"Thruster ahead, Helm, and announce clearance of dock."

"Aye, Sir."

"Engineering - is impulse available on demand?"

"Yes, Sir, anytime you say."

"Stand by, Mr. Heinske. All stations report to 1st. Commander Miller, plot a course to Hunt Valley and Shore Leave with planned arrival of 1300 hours, Earth Date 9107.12."

"Course already plotted and laid in Captain."

"Very good, Mister."

"Clear of dock, Captain."

"Thank you, Helm. Alright, Mr. Heinske, give us minimum impulse."

"You have it, Sir."

"All stations reporting green boards, Sir."

"Thank you, Commander. Keep us posted."

"Leaving orbit, Sir."

"Thank you. Mr. Heinske, are your warp drives ready for a little exercise yet?"

"Ready and eager, Sir! Just give the word!"

"The word is given, Mr. Heinske. Let's see what this Lady can really do. Helm - warp one - engage!"

Thus begin the real voyages of the Starship Kitty Hawk.

What a year we have had so far! We have raised money for the Duke Telethon and the food bank; helped on the P.B.S. telethon; supported our troops in the Persian Gulf war;

collected food for the food bank; kept our section of highway cleaned as well as started recycling the trash; filmed and aired two of our television productions; attended conventions and had a lot of fun.

Now, we return to Shore Leave where last year we donated \$50.00 in pennies to the mile-of-pennies program of Region 7, above and beyond our contributions to our mother-ship, the U.S.S. Bonaventure. This year Shore Leave is host to STARFLEET's national conference and a larger than usual contingent of STAR TREK fans is expected to be on hand. Again, for the National Conference, the Kitty Hawk is presenting its color edition. We all hope everyone who sees it will enjoy not only the cover but the excellent articles inside.

My thanks to all of you who have contributed articles and reports to this edition. It is perhaps the largest we have done and is certainly worthy of your undivided attention. We welcome back our librarian with one of her delightful stories and inaugurate what we hope will be a serial of sorts from Elaine Royal. It is most satisfying to see this many of our members contributing to our newsletter. You really do have more fun when you participate.

Speaking of which, all those crewpersons who have been going to our various outings should have had full calendars for the first half of the summer. The July meeting should fill the second half equally as well with fun activities.

Well, the regular season of the Next Generation is over and we sit and wait for its return in the fall. We obviously will see the return of

one of our old favorites, Denise Crosby. But what of the Klingons? Will they continue in their time honored tradition of a good fight is the best answer to every question or problem? Is their felonious tendency genetic? Can Worf overcome his blood and provide a non-barbaric solution to the Empire's problems? Let us hope so.

The writers have done great disservices to the Klingons in the Next Generation scripts. We are constantly told of them becoming partners with the Federation because of their admiration of various STARFLEET heroics which they felt were honorable. Yet, the writers invariably have them react the same in every situation - attack the Enterprise! Please, Gene or Arnold or whoever is in charge, give us a break. Better yet, give the Klingons a break and a better image.

And speaking of breaks, it doesn't look as if Patrick Stewart will be in Raleigh in November. Instead, look for Leonard Nimoy for the premier of Star Trek VI on the 13th of December. Do I have your attention yet?

It is really wonderful when we all pull together on a project and that is what we are going to need in the coming months. Our T.V. show really needs your ideas and participation. Many of our departments need fleshing out so that manuals can be finished and departmental activities planned. A con in December with a major guest is a possibility if we want it. But it takes work, a lot of it by a lot of people, not just a few. How about you? Do you have the WRIGHT STUFF?

FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

School is out and summer is fast approaching. The ship has numerous activities planned for our free time and of course, the national convention is in Maryland this year. I hope everyone will get a chance to join us in our activities. It's a great way to meet your shipmates and learn about what is happening in fleet.

We have collected just over 1900 stamps (not counting the ones turned in at the June meeting). The easiest way is to put them in a "baggie" on your desk and deposit the stamps as soon as you open your mail. Ask your friends, family and co-workers to join in the effort. You may be surprised how many can be accumulated in a short time.

The ship is starting a photo album and

scrapbook. We are looking for articles, cartoons, quotes, drawings, or anything else you may come across in your travels. It will be photocopied and put in a 3-ring binder. This way everyone can enjoy reading about our favorite subject. I recently found an employment add in a nuclear medicine magazine with a rather strange looking starship. So, keep your eyes open and help fill the notebook!

Elaine Royal, ship's photographer, will be putting together our ship's blackmail, oops, photo album. If you have copies, please consider donating them. If we can't poke fun at each other, who can we? It's a great recruiting aid and gives others a chance to see what we do on the Kitty Hawk besides cooking hot dogs on

the anti-matter engines. (Don't tell the chief engineer!)

Last, but not least, I would like to thank everyone who donated money for the Duke Children's Hospital. The health of our children is so important to the future of the world. I have been fortunate to see the impact new discoveries have made in the lives of these kids. Because of your generosity, research, equipment, and camps are available for these children. I would like to thank Jeff Habrych for outbidding everyone at Landing Party for a commemorative Coca-Cola bottle. The bottle was donated specifically for raising money for the children's hospital.

COMMANDER MUSE'S LOG

By Carey Muse

Different column this time. Time for me to sound off.

STARFLEET's policy on promotion to rank of Captain is unfair. Currently there are only two ways to obtain the rank of Captain. They are (1) command of a ship/shuttle, (2) start or take over a school in Starfleet Academy. I wonder whatever happened to the rank of Commodore. Star Trek (movies) have shown that it is possible to have more than one Captain on board a ship. The following is a proposal for consideration for the promotion of Captain:

1. One may apply for the rank of Captain or be nominated by the Captain of the ship to which he is assigned.
2. Applicant should be a graduate of Officer Training School (OTS) and Officers Command College (OCC).
3. Applicant must have been a member of STARFLEET for at least five (5) years with at least two (2) as Commander.
4. Applicant must submit to the

Admiralty Board a resume showing what they have accomplished as a Commander.

5. Captain of a ship should not be a requirement for the rank of Captain.

After the Board reviews the application and votes they must inform the applicant and Ship's Captain in writing of their decision and why applicant was rejected if applicant was rejected. In case of rejection, applicant may not re-apply for promotion for another two (2) years.

This concludes my proposal.

Also, this concludes my sounding off, but I really feel that one should be allowed to reach the rank of Captain without having to captain a ship or take over a school, especially since STARFLEET is not offering any new schools.

(The author of this column fully understands that rank in STARFLEET is merely an honorary title and has nothing to do with the performance of organization.)

EDITORIAL COMMENT

I am not often inspired to write editorials. However, being the wife of a "starship captain", I am very much aware of the amount of time and effort being the head of a STARFLEET chapter demands. The "captain" is always on the phone, filling out Ship Status Reports, writing Supplemental Views and newsletter articles, or some other STARFLEET related activity. He is also expected to attend all Kitty Hawk functions whether anyone else shows up or not.

Therefore, I am of the opinion that the ranks of captain and above should be reserved for those individuals who are willing to accept the responsibilities and leadership roles that go along with the rank. They should not be earned by simply accruing points or paying dues for a predetermined period of time. Leave some "perks" for those who are willing to make STARFLEET an A-1 organization by investing their time, effort, and, yes, even money to "make it so".

In closing, I would like to say that the opinions stated in this editorial are in no way influenced by or reflective of the opinions of any member of my family.

ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

EPISODE I - THE MEETING

By Elaine Royal



Spot drifted in and out of sleep, curled up on the sofa in Data's quarters. The fluffy yellow cat had been dreaming again, the same dream disturbing his sleep for the past several days. It was always the same. The dream was exciting, beckoning him to leave the safe confines of Data's room and explore strange new corridors, seek out new life forms and new nutritional supplements, to boldly go where no cat had gone before - as far as he knew. That was the problem. There just wasn't much happening in this place, and he wanted to know what lay beyond that dog-gone door. His few attempts at escape had been quickly thwarted by his lightening-fast roommate or some other passer-by.

He yawned, stretched, extended his claws to the limit, and retracted them again. "Alright, I'm going to try it again. I know it won't work, but who knows? There's always a first time," he thought. (Of course, cats think in Feline. This is a rough translation.)

He padded towards the door, hoping to trigger the mechanism that would open it, but of course it only worked for those larger life forms, humans, Klingons and androids. "Oh, well. Guess I'll take a nap right here." He curled up against the door.

"Canyoucomeoutandplaycanyoucomeoutandplay? I know you're in there."

Spot's ears perked up. The dream again? So soon?

"No, not a dream. Have you been out

of touch so long you do not recognize another feline mind?"

"Of course I do! Have you been trying to talk to me?"

"Yes. The humans here call me Mystery. I'm just outside your door. May I come in?"

Now, let me explain. Cats, of course, communicate with each other telepathically, but they generally have to be in the same room, or very close by. The vocalizing we hear is usually just a way of getting another cat's attention when he or she is deep in thought, or simply ignoring one, which they do often. Otherwise there are a few ritual meows for special circumstances. The rest of their communicating is by telepathy, in a very intricate and subtle language I call Feline, for obvious reasons, and which I have been able to tap into on occasion using a revolutionary new device...but that is not important. Let me get on with the story.

"My name is Spot, and I can't get out."

"No problem."

Whoosh. The door opened and Mystery, a Siamese cat who considered the entire ship her domain, entered. The door closed quickly behind her.

Spot jumped back. "How did you do that?"

Mystery circled Spot, checking him out. No one knew how she got around doors, detectors or force fields, hence, her name. "Alright, I'll tell you." And, while simultaneously exploring this rather Spartan living unit, she proceeded with a rather lengthy explanation of how she had managed to override every security apparatus on the Enterprise without anyone every detecting it. The technical terminology of her explanation was so complex in Feline that I was unable to translate much of it. I did understand her to say at the end, "but don't ever go near the bridge, a

quarantined area or other high security area, if you know what's good for you."

Spot flicked his tail, miffed. "Of course not. I never would."

"Just making sure. I sensed another cat on board a few days ago, and I've been trying to find you. I guess you know that now. I couldn't get a good sense of you until now. So, are you ready to go?"

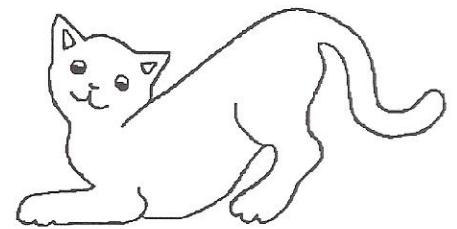
"Whenever you are."

"By the way, Spot is a dumb name for a cat."

"I was named by an android. What can you expect?" Spot thought defensively.

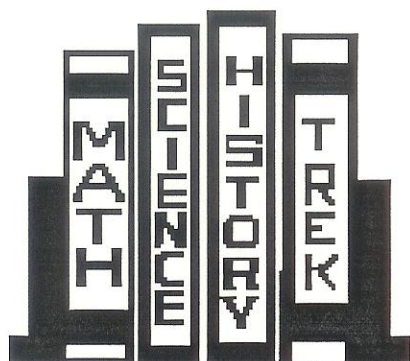
Mystery did not reply. She just did her mysterious thing, the door opened, and the two of them were off to begin their adventures.

Footnote: Description of the character "Mystery" adapted from "Metamorphosis" by Jean Lorrach.



LIBRARIAN'S PERSONAL LOG

By Martha Lee



It has been almost two weeks since I have returned from an extended furlough from the Kitty Hawk. I took some time off to attend a special school and to take care of some family business back home on earth. While I was gone, there was no replacement sent for my position. Needless to say, there was plenty of work piled up for me. The main computer can do the job of librarian to some extent but some one has to catalog and enter all the new materials that arrive almost daily in a place like this. Anyhow, I have been busy since my return, catching up the entering of new tech updates and all the other reports and materials into the ship's library. Tonight is the first chance I have had to record any of my activities during my time off ship.

The school I attended was really great, but very tiring especially with trying to find the time to take care of personal business after school hours. Generally, I got up at 5 o'clock every day to study, went to school at 9 o'clock, got out about 6 o'clock, and then ran about doing odd jobs for my family until 10 or 11 o'clock every day except Sunday. On Sunday, I would spend the whole day with my parents, helping to settle them into the new retirement settlement they have grudgingly entered. As you can see, the stress of my parents situation and the challenging school I attended combined to make my time off ship not

all fun and games. I wouldn't have done anything any differently, but I was tired after a couple of months of this routine. Anyway, that's why I did what I did.

After a couple of months, I was feeling tired and kind of put upon by my situation and when a friend offered me the use of his beach house for the weekend, I decided to go with no hesitation. I have always loved the beach and it had been years since I had been. And, truth to tell, I really looked forward to some time alone and all to myself. So, I packed a small bag, filled mostly with text books for that paper I still hadn't written, and took off for the beach.

I arrived late Saturday morning in a rented skimmer. My friend's rooms were on the 12th floor and faced the beach. I had no trouble leaving my skimmer to be parked underground by the attendant and very little trouble getting into the rooms. The place was small but the view was fantastic. After a quick lunch, I changed into a very immodest sun suit, grabbed a large towel, a couple of books, and went down to the beach to sun bath and study. Of course the beach was crowded, and I had to walk some distance before I found a spot where I could stretch out and study in some peace. It was only after I got settled in that I realized that I had forgotten the sunburn preventative. Oh,



well, I thought. I won't be out here that long, and it's just not worth going back. I won't get too much sun. Famous last words. I stretched out on the towel,

opened one of the books and immediately fell asleep.

When I woke up the beach was almost empty. It was well after six o'clock. I berated myself for not having gotten any work done, packed up my stuff and trudged back to the rooms. I didn't even feel better from the long nap, because it had been so hot on the beach that day. I took a quick shower, ate a light supper, and promised myself I wouldn't go to bed until I had finished all the research for that paper that night. More famous last words.

I noticed after my shower that my skin was already very red from laying in the sun all afternoon but I was too busy berating myself for not working to be concerned at that point. By 9 o'clock I was having chills and knew I was really sunburned. I took some pills I found in the medicine cabinet and rubbed cooling cream all over my skin. Nothing helped. I hurt all over. I couldn't touch anything or let anything touch me. I had to sit very carefully on the edge of a chair. I tried to study, to keep my mind off how uncomfortable I was. It didn't work. I was miserable.

Somehow I made it through the night. As the sun rose, I gave up. I had to go to the local medical clinic, admit I had done something so stupid as to get sunburned and get some help. Already there were places on my back that were blistering. I slipped on a very light sundress and went down stairs to find my skimmer. Every step I took hurt. Even the light weight of my dress hurt every place it touched me. I was in bad shape.

I finally found my skimmer and was about to get in when the voice of the auto parking guard stopped me. I had to offer proof of ownership before the guard would allow me to enter my skimmer which, of course, I hadn't remembered to bring down with me. I had to go back upstairs, get the proof and start all over. Finally, I left and as

I pulled out on the streets, I realized I had no idea where the medical clinic was. I rode around for a few minutes and found an all night restaurant. I parked and went inside to ask for directions. The first waiter I found wasn't a local and had no idea how to find the clinic. He called another waiter over who could tell me but both men seemed to enjoy my obvious discomfort and had to tell me a few times about how dangerous and foolish it was to get so sunburned before they could give me clear instructions to reach the clinic. Now the last thing a person in this much pain from something that could have been so easily avoided as this sunburn wants to hear is how they shouldn't have gotten sunburned in the first place. Needless to say, by the time I left the restaurant I was very uncomfortable both from the sunburn and from the clear understanding that I was in this shape only because I was a very careless person.

At last I reached the clinic and began checking in at the registration desk. The person at the desk didn't even ask what my problem was. She just looked at me and began to tsk, tsk, and then asked what kind of sunburn preventative I had used. It seemed obvious that I hadn't used a preventative and I was kind of rude about the question. It was a mistake to be rude to the registration attendant. You see, in my haste I had forgotten to bring my medical card. I did have my STARFLEET ID and at last the registration attendant took mercy on me and admitted me for treatment.

I was taken to a small exam room. I was told to strip down and left alone. There was nothing in the room to put on after I took off my dress so I sat on the exam table stark naked and held my dress in front of me for some protection for a long time. Why do doctors always take so long to come?

At long last two doctors came into the room. One was very young and one older. The older doctor looked familiar but I dismissed that fact from my mind as soon as he spoke to me. The older doctor had a very gentle touch me and was very courteous about my moving my dress around still in front of me while he

examined me. However, he just couldn't resist several digs at me about being so stupid as to get a sunburn, especially STARFLEET personnel. The older doctor applied some medication that immediately went to work. I began to feel better even while the doctor was still in the room. The older doctor said something about never wanting to see me again for something so foolish as sunburn. He even added in a joking manner that if he did see me again like this he just might file a report to STARFLEET about checking my qualifications as an officer. I was feeling better but not well enough to take that kind of joke from an old country doctor in Georgia. Thank goodness, I didn't say my thoughts about that doctor out loud. But the things I said in my mind about old doctors just doing their jobs and keeping their noses out of my professional business in STARFLEET!

After about half an hour, a nurse came in to check on me. She said if I was feeling better, I could get dressed and leave. She gave me more medicine to take home and when she left, I began to dress to leave. I didn't notice she had left the door part way opened until I heard voices coming down the hall. I ran behind the door to hide as I finished pulling my dress over my head. The two doctors who had examined me were coming down the hall. "Well, Dr. McCoy," the younger doctor was asking, "how does it feel to pretend to be just a country doctor again after all your experience in space medicine on the Enterprise?"

"Son," replied Dr. McCoy, "it feels great. Even that cute little sunburn case we saw earlier this morning. Just the kind of thing this tired old doctor needs to see every now and then to feel like a real old fashioned doctor."

Dr. McCoy? Enterprise? Oh, thank goodness I hadn't said any of my thoughts about meddling old doctors out loud.

Well, it's late and I have to get up early tomorrow to finish catching up on all my work. I'll add to this personal log some more later one day this week. But isn't it great that I got to meet the famous Dr. McCoy! I just wish I could

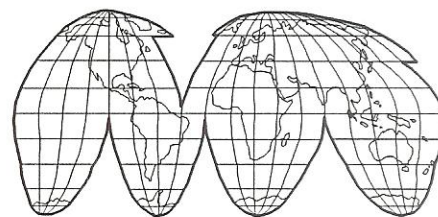
have done so under different circumstances!

REMEMBERING OUR HOME WORLD

By Pat Horton

Ecologist Log Earthdate 9106.01.

Hi! This is the first of what I hope will be a long series of specific things that we as members of the human race can do to make sure that earth will still be a class "M" planet in the 23rd and 24th century.



If I get preachy every now and then please forgive me, but we ecological types tend to get that way occasionally.

Here are three things we as members of STARFLEET can do to get results.

1. Start to recycle those cans and paper, take them to the nearest recycling plant. (There's money in it too!) Also where at all possible, see if your office or workplace has a recycling program. I know for a fact that it will save them a lot of money.

2. Snip those plastic can rings before you throw them away. It may save fish and small animals from choking or strangling themselves.

3. Use unbleached paper products wherever possible. Chlorine bleaching of paper products produces harmful toxic dioxins which can get into the ground water. You will recognize unbleached paper products at a glance, they are brown. They also might have a recycle mark on the side, bottom, or inside the top of the box.

Next month, I will have more tips. Thank you for your attention, and as Captain Picard is so fond of saying, make it so!

Ecologist signing off.

MAGNUM OPUS CON 6

DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

STARDATE 9104.28 - Larry Pischke, Kristen Schlicht, and I are on the way home from Magnum Opus Con #6 (M.O.C.) in Greenville, S.C. This was the biggest party con I have been to yet, and it was great!! One whole floor of the hotel was nothing but parties - walk in, show your I.D., and grab 2 cold ones - it was that easy! Many hours were partied away - and that was just the first night!

As for the dealers' room...all I can say is the ownership of many, many Ben Franklins was changed that weekend by most of the parties involved. I found a couple of alien resin model kits that I had not previously come across, and my big ticket item was an officially licensed Indiana Jones "Khyber Bowie Knife" - 24" of finely honed stainless steel and brightly polished brass with a wood inlaid handgrip and a full leather sheath. This was (supposedly) designed after the machete he used in the South American jungle in Raiders of the Lost Ark.

On to the guest list: Tasha Martel (T'pring), BRION "can't spell my name right" James (you know his face if not his name), Amanda Bearse (Marcie on Married With Children), assorted sci-fi authors such as Roger Zelazny and Robert Asprin, and a plethora of artists and role-playing gamers. (Yes, a plethora. I counted them myself.) A slave auction was held as was the "Miss M.O.C. Bimbo 1991" pageant. (A guy in drag won last year if that says anything.)

During the festivities, we were informed by a group of Klingons that our illustrious captain has a price on his head! (J.R. didn't go with us, so we couldn't collect. Oh, well.) It seemingly stems from a few possibly mischosen words said at Trek-A-Rama in Raleigh (with Marina Sirtis).

(Continued on page 11)

PROS AND CONS

By Larry Pischke

On Thursday night, April 25, a small group from our good ship stole a shuttlecraft and headed to Greenville, South Carolina for Magnum Opus Con 6, which lasted from April 26 to April 28. My partners in crime were our television producer Kristen and Chief Engineer Pat, with yours truly in the pilot's seat.

The main guests at MOC this year were Tasha Martel, Brion James, John Levene, and Amanda Bearse as a last minute entry (apparently the attempts to get Gates McFadden fell through). This lineup was a little weak compared to previous MOCs with the likes of George Takei and Sylvester McCoy. The only reason that I could find for Amanda Bearse being there was because of her appearance in Fright Night, which was played constantly on one of the con's two in-room TV channels (the other was for messages).

The real hit for our merry little band (aside from the room parties) was the dealer's room. It is one of the best that I've seen, but that also isn't saying much compared to the rooms at Trek-A-Rama or at CreationCon. Yet every time we went in, we found something new to buy.

Although this was not primarily a Star Trek/STARFLEET convention, we were well represented. I would like to welcome the USS Star League, whose commissioning we toasted Saturday night. I would also like to warn all crew members not to go about unarmed. At the end of the last major STARFLEET meeting of the con, a contingent of Klingons stood up and announced that henceforward, they were at war with the USS Kitty Hawk. They concluded with a rousing cry of, "Death to J.R. Fisher!!" It seems that some Klingons took offense to an alleged remark made by our Captain and overheard at Trek-A-Rama; I believe it was something along

the lines that Klingons are the criminals of the galaxy. At any rate, our tiny unarmed landing party bid a hasty retreat from the scene and hid our insignias for the duration of this fun convention.

MOC 6: THE BEST DAMN CON ON THE EAST COAST

By Kristen Schlicht

Well MOC-6 came and went with it's usual revelry. This was my second encounter with this con and as usual it lived up to its reputation as a party convention. I went up with Larry Pischke and Pat Heinske on Thursday night, arriving approximately 1 a.m. at the hotel. Even at this early hour, there were conventioners milling about in medieval attire. Some of them were even having mock battles with swords and battle axes. Pretty exciting for that hour in the morning. Well, the next day brought more con-goers in assorted costumes, both fantasy and science fiction. Guests for the weekend included: Brion (Blade Runner) James, Tasha (T'Pring) Martel, Amanda (Married W/Children & Fright Night) Bearse, and John (Dr. Who) Levene. One of the things about MOC that I have always appreciated is the relaxed atmosphere of the con. Part of this is due to the excellent organization by the con staff and the tolerant hotel workers. This is the type of con where the guests wander among the fans and are not mobbed at every turn. Actually, for awhile it seemed that everywhere I turned, from the dealers' room to the atrium, Amanda Bearse was standing next to me.

The dealers' room had most of the same dealers from two years ago. There was plenty to choose from in the weapons category, even a full suit of armor.

Friday night began with the infamous third floor room parties. For those who are not familiar (continued on page 12)

LANDING PARTY '91

LANDING PARTY '91

By Kristen Schlicht

This was my first Landing Party and I had a real good time. To those who are not familiar with Landing Party, it is a camping trip sponsored by the U.S.S. Bonaventure in Reidsville, N.C. Many ships from the surrounding states attend for a weekend of horseback riding, canoeing, games and general outdoor activities.

I rode up with Pat Heinske on the back of his motorcycle and don't think my backside will ever forgive me. The Kitty Hawk contingent stayed in cabin 4 with several members the U.S.S. Powhatan out of Virginia and even some Klingons showed up. And contrary to what some members of our ship think, the Klingons are not the so called "criminals of the galaxy", but our neighbors in the universe, even if some of them do snore very loudly. And plus, there might even be a Klingon or two on our ship that have yet come out of the closet about their personas. Perhaps some people have forgotten that our XO is a Romulan.

But anyway, back to Landing Party. This was a great opportunity to meet up with old friends and make new ones from other ships. One event of note was the Saturday night Laser Tag game that Pat and I participated in. I had goofed around with Laser Tag a little in college, but had never seriously played the game. Luckily for Pat and I, the U.S.S. Powhatan consisted of mostly Laser Tag players. The game started around 9:30 p.m., when it was dark out, in the woods. Two teams were pitted against each other. Pat and I had never competed before, but I must say we did pretty good for our first time. We "killed" four people before we got blown away. Unfortunately it started raining and the game was called off. That left the dance to go to. Once again, the Kitty Hawk closed down the party (memories of Oktobertrek, Teresa &

Pat?), even if it was only 1:20 a.m. That left Pat, me and a member of the Powhatan (yes, Troy, that's you) to wander the campsite, talking and playing frisbee until 4 a.m.

On Sunday, the auction was held and approximately \$1700 was raised for charity. And for the first time, I actually bid on something and won. After the auction, everyone packed and left. And once again my backside protested after riding the motorcycle. All in all, I had a really fun time at Landing Party and I hope to go next year.

PROS AND CONS

By Larry Pischke

The weekend of May 31 - June 2 saw the invasion of a small 4-H camp outside of Reidsville by a combined force of STARFLEET personnel from various ships for a couple of days of serious relaxation. The Kitty Hawk was not remiss in sending its contingent to this onslaught. I rode shotgun for First Officer/Medical Officer Teresa in a new shuttle (rank has its privileges) while Television Producer Kristen and Chief Engineer Pat spearheaded the attack on a warpcycle. Reinforcements arrived in the form of Elaine, Jeff, and Debbie, with Captain J.R. arriving on D-Day +1 with his pet pseudo-beard (isn't that Commander Riker?!?).

These 4-H'ers are pushovers! From the moment we got there, they treated us like we were their guests. There was no resistance at all to our complete takeover of their little outpost. Then again, maybe it had something to do with the detachment of Klingon commandos that rounded out our force.

This type of operation is my favorite STARFLEET duty. After getting settled in, we were not required to do anything the rest of the weekend. Being able to do whatever I want for two whole days is a luxury I rarely get.

Amongst the canoeing, frisbee playing, and just plain loafing, the Kitty Hawk gang made a poor showing at the inter-ship tug of war. In short, we sucked pond scum (which fortunately was readily available). Despite our best efforts, the entire team set new records for long distance dragging and deepest foot furrows. Had we known about the clydesdales on the other team sooner, we would have brought more cars.

The high point of the weekend for me was the dance Saturday night. While Pat and Kristen (a.k.a. Rambo and Rambette) got LaserTagged, Teresa, Elaine, Jeff, and I cut a mean concrete slab to a diversity of performers ranging from the cast of Rocky Horror ("The Time Warp", of course) to Barry Manilow (go figure). The four of us managed to shut the place down (actually, the D.J. wimped out at 1:15 a.m.), upholding a long-standing Kitty Hawk tradition. I would like to thank my other three partners for sticking with me, and I only hope I didn't embarrass them too much with my four-hour flail-athon.

CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

On Stardate 9105.31, the Kitty Hawk converged upon Landing Party '91, attempting to escalate the madness to a new plateau. Kristen Schlicht and I rode to the event on my manned high-warp probe with XO Teresa Tuel (I spelled it right that time!) and Larry Pischke coming later with our gear. Teresa drove her newly acquired shuttlecraft, a new Dodge Shadow! Its trunk and back end were bulging out with equipment and sleeping bags, but it made it. (Congrats, Number 1, and thanks again!!) We arrived and found fellow crewman Jeff Habrych. We decided on cabin #4, A.K.A. the Q continuum, and after some mixups, secured 1/2 the loft and the section beneath it. (continued on page 12)

10 FORWARD BI-MONTHLY DRINK SPECIALS

Concocted by Deborah Herndon

Vulcan Mind Melder

1 logical shot of ea: rum, vodka, scotch, gin, everclear
splash of orange juice

...40 credits

Romulan Pirate Punch

1 cup water (200% markup) [optional]
1 stolen 10 forward glass [essential]

...1102 credits

Fuzzy Tribble Navel

2 shots peppermint schnapps
1/2 cup orange juice
1 tribble tail

...10 credits

Time Warp

1 blue whale
2 cups water
1 quart everclear

...16 credits

Martian Margarita

1 shot tequila*
1/2 cup Margarita mix
1 cup crushed ice

*Mars tequila fumes known to paralyze
androids ...10 credits

Kitty Hawk Special

water
cola
beer
mixed drink

To be consumed separately
or together depending on age
and persuasion.

[Necessary - 2 shots of fun!]

...25 credits

Terra Incognito

1/2 cup sparkling water
1/2 cup cognac
1 wedge lime
In an Tall Black glass

...10 credits

Admirals Attitude Adjuster

1 cup everclear
1 cup tabasco sauce
16 Jalapeno peppers
2 tsp red pepper

...415 credits

Captain's Special

Anything the Captain orders
w/umbrella
(isn't that special)

...20 credits

Big Bang Theory Shot All To Heck

Take 1 Bible Banger (aka Baker)
Shake firmly!

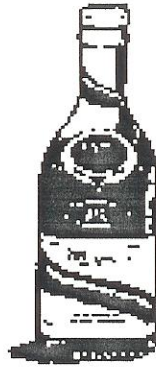
...25 credits

Shuttle Launcher

A) Vodka - 2 shots
B) 2 shots Schnapps peach
C) 4 cups rum
D) 5 people - 1 to ingest; 4 to hold
funnel ...110 credits

10 Forward Backward Special

eerfstitiredronacuoyfi



*A 115% gratuity charge is placed on any persons speaking with a Romulan accent or in Romulan

Credits used for reordering purposes only.

**A FUNNY
THING
HAPPENED...**
By Debbie Herndon

To: All personnel who possibly
came
From: Your Ship's Bartender

Ladies and Gentlemen of U.S.S. Kitty Hawk on Stardate 9105.18. While on a mission of extreme unimportance to the Federation, my shuttle (also known to earthlings as a car) was attacked by a Klingon warriorship disguised (very well I might add) as engine trouble. As I lost

the battle and had to find an alternative mode of transport out of the black pit known as Cary, I was unfortunately delayed in reaching my destination at the appointed hour. Since I was unsure if Klingon forces were still close, I declined using our communicator, besides coordinates were iffy at best. At the present time, I am being refitted with a new shuttle and hope to be fully active soon.

IN DEFENSE OF THE FAN (Or: Confessions of a Trekkie)

By Elaine Royal

Yes, I'm sure we've all been there. You meet someone special, you begin dating. You go to movies and dinner, you dance, you laugh, you share secrets. You're beginning to think, maybe this is the one. Then it happens. One Saturday afternoon, the VCR breaks. You call your sweetie and say, "could we meet at 8:15 instead of 6:30?" Then the questions start. You try to make up an excuse, but finally you break down and admit it. "Yes! I am a Trekkie! I wasn't going to tell you..." Ah, but did you really think you could keep it a secret forever? Wouldn't your special someone have eventually noticed the large collection of Star Trek tapes hidden behind the magazines? Or the two year old autographed Next Generation calendar in the desk drawer? Or the action figures you passed off as belonging to your children. Only you don't have any children.

Yes, it's true that sometimes we're embarrassed to admit that we love Star Trek. We've gotten the reputation of being a bit over the edge, a bunch of nerds with no real life. Although there

are probably a few unfortunate souls who fit that description, we know that most of us fit into one of these other categories of fan. First, there's the Casual Watcher. I know many of these. They usually manage to watch the show, but they couldn't tell you Wesley's father's name or have a clue who the Great Bird of the Galaxy is. To them ST:NG is just another quality show, like L.A. Law or China Beach. Then there's the Closet Fan. These are the ones who tape all the episodes. They know the answers to many trivia questions. They may own a Star Trek watch, or a transporter mug. Maybe they dress up as Vulcans for Halloween, at least once. They may have managed to collect an autograph or two, without actually going to a convention. I hovered in this category for years before breaking out into the Admitted Trekkie category. These people join STARFLEET and attend conventions. Some of us have written Trek novels or scripts. We do, however, have real jobs, live families, other interests, and even friends who are not Trekkies.

Although, yes, some Trekkies don't know where to draw the line between fantasy and reality, I would submit that this is hardly exclusive to Star Trek fans. Living in Basketball Country as I do, and this being Final Four week as I write this, I can assure you that there are those who take their basketball every bit as seriously as most of us take our Trek.

Finally, in defense of Trekkies of all varieties, I want to say that we have no reason to be ashamed. The Star Trek universe is appealing because it inspires us to work toward a world in which prejudice, poverty and petty nationalism are things of the past. It is a world in which many of the problems that plague us now have been solved, leaving humanity free to pursue higher goals. Although it is by no means a perfect place, it is a better one in many ways. The ST universe offers us hope and inspiration. Yes, it is a lot of fun, but I think those of us who are touched by this dream of the future also have a responsibility to do what we can to help make it a reality.

DUKE TELETHON UPDATE

By Teresa Tuel

I would like to thank everyone for their donations to Duke Children's Hospital. We raised \$200.00 this year. We more than doubled the amount raised a year ago. Way to go gang!

I presented the check to Bob Johnson, assistant director of Duke Children's Miracle Network Telethon. He was very happy and expressed his gratitude for our efforts.

He talked about different projects we might want to consider doing in terms of

donating our time. One activity would be calling last year's contributors to get "pre-telethon" pledges. This would be done at a location on the Duke campus, a month prior to the television telethon, where they would have 20-30 phones in a room. It would be very similar to what we did last year at the telethon except we would not be on television.

Since we donated \$200.00, we are now "Miracle Workers" and a certificate recognizing the USS Kitty Hawk will be

on display on the fifth floor of Duke Hospital North. Mr. Johnson said this would probably be on display sometime in September.



DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

COMPUTER SCIENCE

By John M. Troan

This report almost didn't get finished due to the ship's computer being down for a few modifications. The department decided to enlarge storage space, resulting in a downed computer for a lengthy period of time. By the time this report is printed in the July issue, the system will be at fully operational status - I hope.

Since the semester ended, Allen and I have spoken very little - he's been away for the Guard. I'm not sure what he has planned for the Science Department as a whole, but I'd like to hear from anybody who would like to start a little starship combat. Also, if anyone has any ship designs, component info, etc., please send copies my way for consolidation into one large database.

ENGINEERING

By Pat Heinske

All is quiet in Engineering - the ship's running smoothly and at peak efficiency. The still we installed next to the warp drive core actually increased engine efficiency 10% (and engineering crew efficiency 324.5%!!)

Welcome back to Ed Brady! Our former Chief Engineer is back on the Kitty Hawk. I look forward to having his skilled hands back in the antimatter. (Well, so to speak.)

Engineering is still in need of some more members! Sign up now before we make it an exclusive club and start charging a membership fee or something! (Don't worry XO, you'll get your cut!)

MEDICAL

By Teresa Tuel

The crew seems to have survived Landing Party 91. Most seem to be suffering from lack of sleep and strained

muscles resulting from the tug-of-war contests. I have recommended light duty for those individuals. The officers and crew should be at peak level in just a few days.

With the warmer weather, many of us will be outside enjoying our vacation time away from school and work. I encourage everyone to watch out for children, especially when driving in residential areas and parks.

The recent period of extremely hot weather appears to be a pre-season glimpse of what summer may be like. If you have yard work or any activity requiring lots of energy, try doing it in the cooler morning hours and avoid the later afternoon hours. Wear sun screen and light colored clothing if you plan to be out in the sun. Be sure to drink plenty of fluids, especially water, and take frequent breaks if working outside in the heat.

If you are going to be away from home, take along a jug of ice water and a first aid kit. I hope everyone has a safe and enjoyable summer vacation. Take it easy and you won't have to see the chief medical officer until the fall physicals!

OPERATIONS

By Steve Cox

The results are in! With 12 votes we come to find out that the most popular activity is Holiday parties followed by pool parties. Here is the breakdown of the results.

Field trips	4 votes
Holiday parties	10 votes
Mass movie goings	7 votes
Wild Toga parties	3 votes
Gaming extravaganzas	4 votes
Bowling	6 votes
Putt-Putt	7 votes
Horseshoes	1 vote
Tennis	1 vote
Golf	3 votes
Frisbee Golf	3 votes
Volleyball	8 votes
Croquet	2 votes

Badminton	3 votes
Video parties	3 votes
Cookouts	8 votes
Pool Parties	9 votes
Trivia Games	8 votes

"Others" include: marathon videos (ask Pat H.), instrumental jamming sessions, anything else (ask Tara W.), horseback riding, canoeing, zoo trips, hikes at state parks, Durham (Wake County) Bulls games, potluck supper.

Field trips include lakes, museums, planetarium, all expense paid by the Engineer to Kitty Hawk, NC, to see other life forms, ST:TNG set at Paramount portraits taken with the Kitty Hawk group.

How do you feel about out of state activities? 50% Yes. 50% makes no difference.

How much would you pay for activities? Average of \$12.50.

How do you feel about appearing on T.V.? Also split 50-50.

And for fund raisers we have: car washes, charity auctions, star trek lottery, auction or contest with paid entry.

I would like to thank the Captain for his survey. If you have any questions or further comments, please don't bother telling us. Oh sorry, the communications channel is open at 851-4312, and wait for the beep!

SECURITY

By Carey Muse

STARDATE 9105.01 - All shifts report everything is calm and quiet for the month.

STARDATE 9106.01 - Security Department reports all quiet, no unusual activities. A review of personnel records indicate that several crew members are not authorized to use phaser weapons. Please see me if you fall into this category. Also, if you have legitimate reason for not wanting to carry a phaser, please see me so that I may attach a target to your uniform. This concludes report.

SUBSPACE COMMUNIQUE UPDATE

By Kristen Schlicht

For those new people on our ship, let me familiarize you with the Kitty Hawk media project we have been involved in for the past five months. Subspace Communique is a TV talk show that I produce and direct concerning STARFLEET and Star Trek topics. So far we have two shows in the can and both have been airing in Durham on a regular basis. I work in the television production department of Durham Cablevision and I thought that a talk show would be a great PR for the fleet, aid in recruitment as well as inform the public of STARFLEET and its activities in the community.

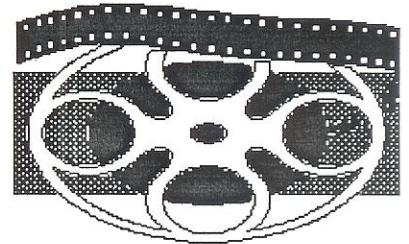
Our first show dealt with what STARFLEET was and what the Kitty

Hawk was involved in. I have received positive feedback from my supervisors and members of the public. The second show focused on costuming and the STARFLEET scholarship programs. I have included footage that I shot from conventions and from the Star Trek: The Next Generation electronic press kit that was sent to the media.

Program three will be shot in August, so that gives us enough time to develop a few topics to discuss on camera. Anyone who would like to participate in the production aspect of the show and who has not gone through the first workshop I taught, should show up for the filming of the show in August. I will make arrangements at that time to

teach another class.

One note of interest to those involved in the production of the past two shows (you know who you are), I was contacted by a member of the U.S.S. Powhatan about the possibility of airing our show in Virginia. I agreed if he sends me a blank tape. So guys, it looks like we will be on in two states. Good Work!



HOLOGRAFFITI

By Elaine Royal

Hi. This is Ensign Royal, one of the newest recruits to the Kitty Hawk. I've been assigned the position of official Ship's Photographer, so I'm encouraging all of you to show up for as many ship's activities as possible so I can get shots of everyone on board having a good time. We're planning to put together a scrapbook of the Kitty Hawk, and we don't want to see the same tired old faces in every picture. This is a really big ship, so where are all you people? Where were you on the 18th when we had scheduled an afternoon of frisbee golf? Only two of us showed up, and we couldn't help but wonder where everyone else who had seemed interested was, especially the person who's idea the event had been in the first place. Enough preaching. As for the photo album, everyone is welcome and

encouraged to contribute photos to this project. I look forward to meeting all of you soon.

SHUTTLE UPDATE

By John M. Troan

As I stated in my article two months ago, I didn't think NASA would be able to get three missions up in eight weeks. As of the writing of this, Columbia's medical science mission got delayed again. This mission will be the last for Columbia before it undergoes another overhaul.

Magellan has finished its primary mission at Venus and is now filling in the holes. This is scheduled to take another few months. Galileo is still on its way to its rendezvous with Jupiter in 1995.

CON THING (continued from page 6) Also seen at M.O.C. was gone-but-not-forgotten Dave Vosper, as well as assorted Bonny-V members, Klingons, and even some mundanes! (They were the ones with the shocked, stricken looks on their faces.)

All in all, few hours, many beers, much money, many parties, many friends, and a good time were slept, drank, spent, attended, made, and had by all. (Read it through again - it makes sense.) Look out, M.O.C. #7 - the KITT Y HAWK contingent will be back!!

JULY-AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

Renee Romero	July 2
Jeff Habrych	July 5
Jim Weathers	July 9
June Preston	July 15
Katherine Romero	August 3
Bill Kutzer	August 5
Garry Vickers	August 6
Joy Springer	August 13
Kirk Yoo	August 28
Thomas Ellison	August 30

BEST CON (continued from page 6) with MOC, it is chiefly known as an adult con and children are not permitted unless they are with a parent. Third floor parties are known for being wild and lasting till dawn. Well, this year was no exception. Without going into details, let's just say that I had probably the best con experience of my life.

Saturday had the annual MOC Slave Auction. This was a charity event where the \$\$ raised went to two MOC scholarships. Also on Saturday, the U.S.S. Star League was commissioned. Ran into Admiral Dave & Kathy Forvendel several times. Dave Vosper made an appearance. Later that night, the parties had doubled from the previous evening. Attended the Star League commissioning party and had a wonderful time. Welcome to the fleet U.S.S. Star League!

It should be noted that another con was being held in Greenville on Saturday. Trek-A-Rama had Marina Sirtis as its guest. I have really no idea what possessed its organizers to schedule a con in the same city and time as MOC, but I can only imagine the turn out it had.

In conclusion, MOC still reigns in my mind as the best convention on the east coast. I would encourage anyone who is looking for a con that gives you more than the typical dealers' room, art show and guests, to go to MOC and be prepared to party. But if you go and are not interested in the nightlife, don't get a room on the third floor. For everyone I met this year, I'll definitely see you for MOC-7!

ENGINEER'S LOG (continued from page 7) The rest of the cabin was filled with the U.S.S. Powhatan crew and a small contingent of Klingons who, later in the weekend, put up "No Tribbles" signs after finding a tribble infestation had overtaken their sleeping bags and equipment! (A gift from Cyrano Fisher, perhaps!)

While we waited for the rest of the crew to arrive, Kristen, Jeff and I went to Golden Corral (in town) and had supper (lunch?) and then returned to camp. Later in the day arrived Elaine

Royal, Debbie Herndon, Andy Sink and father, and Cap'n J.R.

After Larry and Teresa got there, we unpacked the car and strolled around the camp, finally deciding to pursue some trek trivia on one of the computers in the rec hall. Unfortunately for me, it was all classic trek, which is not my forte, but Larry, Jeff and Kristen did rather well.

Later that evening, after the programming was over and the rec hall empty, Larry, Kristen, and I played frisbee inside. It was definitely a different twist to the game - no retrieving frisbees from bushes (right, Larry?) and no wind. After a while, Kristen wimped out and went to bed, so Larry and I enjoyed the quiet evening and hiked around. Eventually we ended up back at the cabin and went to sleep.

Saturday, we woke up a little late, and Larry, Jeff and I split up a pound of bacon and what scrambled eggs were left for breakfast. A while later, the Kitty Hawk team was put up against the Celestial Dragon and Hawkeye teams in the Tractor Beam (tug-o-war) competition. We may not have exactly won the contest, but we did leave the deepest and most professional-looking skid marks in the ground (left by our heels, rear-ends, and faces, depending on the individual team member.)

Later in the afternoon, Larry, Jeff, Elaine, Kristen, and I played a game of 1980's edition Trivial Pursuit. We were finally kicked out of the dining hall, but after two hours of playing, we were ready to quit anyway. Kristen won by one piece. After that, Elaine paired up Kristen, and Larry with me to go canoeing, and while we were out, Jeff showed up and had some fun, too. The lake was just full of fish, and we even saw a couple of turtles swimming around. Then we headed back in. After that, I joined Kristen for some horseback riding, and the rest went on to other activities. After my ride, I went back to the cabin to get ready for the dance. I had planned on playing laser tag later, so I laid out my equipment on the bunk. A couple of the Powhatan crew noticed this, so we started talking tag. During this time, Kristen came back up to the

cabin, and we both decided to go to the dance later and join the Powhatan crew (and others) in a round of laser tag. We put on our camouflage and equipment (thanks again, Claudia) and went outside to meet the rest of the group. Rules were explained, cautions advised, and then the teams spread out in the darkened woods and proceeded to hunt each other down. Kristen and I killed off 3 or 4 of the Powhatan team before a kamikaze attack killed us both. Not bad for a couple of first-time taggers!

After that round, it started to rain, so we went back to the cabin, changed into more appropriate clothes and went in to the dance, where we met up with the rest of the crew. The Kitty Hawk contingent (naturally) closed the place down and then some went to bed, others spoke of strategic (good-natured) terrorist attacks upon unsuspecting individuals, and others just enjoyed the beautiful quiet night.

Sunday morning, we all met at our official table and ate breakfast together. Some of us had received our communiques, so these were passed around. Then we got psyched up for the auction. From 9 to 12, many different items were auctioned off, such as a STARFLEET T-shirt autographed by the Star Trek - N.G. cast, a novel done likewise, numerous movie posters and memorabilia, and even some N.G. uniforms. I, with only 19 credits in my pocket, kept rather quiet. Some other members of the Kitty Hawk were rather loquacious and got some very nice stuff - and as a bonus, Jeff won the raffle - a \$60 original model kit of the motion picture Enterprise with fiberoptic lighting - what a catch!! (Congrats, Jeff!)

After the auction, we said our goodbyes to friends new and old, packed our vehicles and made our ways back to where we came from. This was my first Landing Party experience, but you can bet, credits to crullers, I'll be there from now on!!

***I AM A TREKAHOLIC!!
IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY CALL
CAPTAIN KIRK OR MR. SPOCK - ON
SECOND THOUGHT, CALL THEM
BOTH. . . . LYNETTE CROWLEY***

RENEGADE
By Gene Deweese
Puzzle by Suzanne Miller

T	N	E	M	N	I	A	T	N	O	C	H	C	S	I	R	K
V	A	N	C	A	D	I	A	O	T	L	A	N	I	H	R	Z
L	M	E	C	C	E	C	E	N	T	E	R	P	R	I	S	E
L	E	R	O	H	N	A	L	C	E	E	U	E	K	C	T	D
A	D	G	Y	O	Y	S	T	E	R	O	H	S	L	O	A	N
B	A	Y	G	S	D	R	I	E	S	T	U	A	O	Y	C	E
D	C	R	E	T	E	X	E	E	I	I	S	P	O	C	K	M
R	E	N	N	A	T	D	M	L	R	P	R	L	F	I	E	Y
A	D	N	E	G	A	G	N	E	L	E	P	H	A	N	T	N
H	N	U	D	G	E	D	B	N	N	K	H	N	Y	O	A	A
C	O	O	E	E	R	I	C	O	I	D	A	P	T	R	L	T
T	M	N	W	R	T	H	T	T	O	C	S	I	S	T	P	T
I	E		E	S	A	T	I	N	L	T	E	A	U	O	O	I
R	G	N	E	R	D	I	L	U	A	K	R	N	L	U	I	R
P	R	M	S	L	I	E	V	O	L	C	L	O	U	D	N	B
J	A	D	E	L	K	O	N	D	R	O	S	P	A	R	T	S
J	H	V	E	S	S	E	L	D	U	O	L	C	L	A	S	H

AGENDA
BIOSPHERE
BOOT
BRITTANY MENDEZ
CENTER
CHARS
CHYRELLKA
CLAN
CLASH
CLASP
CLOUD
CLOUDLESS
CLOVE
CONTAINMENT
CRETE
DECADE
DELKONDROS
DENY
DRIEST
DUOTRONIC
ELEPHANT

ENERGY
ENGAGE
ENTERPRISE
ERICOID
EXETER
GENE DEWEESE
HARDBALL
HARGEMON
JADE
JAMES TIBERIUS KIRK
KAULIDREN
KIRSCH
KLOOF
KYLE
KRIS
LITHE
LOAN
LUSTY
MCCOY
MENDS
NACHOS

NAMED
NONCE
NOUN
NUDGED
OGRE
OTTER
OYSTER
PARTS
PHASER
PIANO
PLATE
PLOY
POINTS
POLO
PRITCHARD
RENEGADE
RHINAL
SATIN
SCOTT
SHORE
SKID

SOLO
SPOCK
STACK
STAGGERS
STRAPS
SULU
TAEI
TANNER
TONER
TOTE
TREATED
UHURA
UNTO
VANCADIA
VEIL
VESSEL
VULCAN

ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

EPISODE 2 - FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By Elaine Royal

The two cats, Mystery and Spot, padded silently along the corridors near the officer's quarters. That is, they were silent to any human ears. Actually, they were carrying on quite a conversation telepathically. Mystery, the experienced Starship wanderer, was explaining the ground rules to the neophyte, Spot, who hung on her every word.

"You, my new friend, must be very careful not to get caught," Mystery warned.

"Why me, and not you?"

"Because you have an owner."

Spot stopped short and bristled. "I do not."

"Excuse me. You know what I mean. Someone *thinks* they own you. Of course, we know better."

"That's right," Spot replied, somewhat appeased. "And You?"

"I 'belong' to no one. I come and go as I please."

"And who feeds you?"

"Really. Any cat worthy of the name should be able to secure their own food. No one feeds me. Everyone does. And I eat quite well, too, thank you."

"Oh. By the way, where are we?" Spot had never been outside the living quarters and was getting a little nervous.

Mystery looked around. "We're not far from Ten-Forward. It's one of my favorite places. Lots of humanoids, lots of petting, lots of leftovers. And generally quite safe. Come along."

Mystery approached the door and made it open. The two felines entered. Spot was amazed. He had never seen so many humanoids! The ship must be bigger than he had

imagined.

"Much bigger," Mystery confirmed, picking up on Spot's thoughts. "Follow me."

Mystery led Spot along the far wall toward a relatively quiet corner, where several crew members were enjoying their lunch.

A young waiter, new to the Enterprise, leaned across the bar to speak to Guinan. "Did you see that?"

Guinan cast a sidelong glance toward the new arrivals. "Yes. The Siamese lady is Mystery, a frequent customer. I believe her friend is Spot, an acquaintance of Mr. Data." Guinan wondered whether she should remove Spot from the premises, but Mystery had never caused any trouble, and since he appeared to be here as her guest, the Ten-Forward hostess decided to let it slide and turned her attention to one of her human guests.

Meanwhile, the pair had managed to catch the attention of a couple of young ensigns in blue uniforms.

"Watch this," Mystery instructed, and proceeded to rub up against the young woman's legs, purring for all she was worth. The woman reached down a hand and began petting her.

"I can do that," Spot replied, and approached the young man. He purred and purred and was rewarded with a good head scratching.

"Ah, ecstasy!" he thought, and the look on his face even a human could have interpreted.

"Yes, yes," Mystery confirmed. "But I'm hungry and these two have no left overs. Let's move on."

The cats proceeded to work the room, obtaining a number of tidbits. After a while, Spot was feeling rather

full and decided to rest in an empty chair while Mystery continued on. He watched her with interest for a while, then began to examine his immediate surroundings. There were a couple of glasses on the table in front of him half filled with a pale gold liquid. Spot carefully lifted his nose to the edge of one of them. It smelled good and he was thirsty. He batted at the glass with his paw and it slid toward the edge of the table. He climbed up higher and stuck his face in, and began licking furiously. It was good, and he drank more and more. Now, I don't really know what synthol does to a cat's brain, but somehow Spot just kept drinking and the next thing anyone knew, he was leaping about on the table, his head stuck in the glass. Before anyone could react, he slipped off the edge and hit the floor. He shook his head frantically and ran around in circles, knocking over a rather tall Andorian lieutenant, who then fell into another about to sit down. Suffice it to say, Spot made a mess, and still couldn't get the darn glass off his head.

"This way, this way!" he heard Mystery call him, and instinctively knew he must head for the door, if he could find it.

"May I?" He heard the calm voice of the hostess. He slowed down long enough for her to tug the glass off his face, then he made a mad dash for the door, which Mystery had already opened.

As the door slid closed behind the pair, Guinan muttered, "Come back soon," and went about cleaning up the mess.

KITTY HAWK CALENDAR

JULY 6: 4 P.M. MEETING AND COOKOUT. HERNDON'S IN CARY.
JULY 12-14: SHORE LEAVE - HUNT VALLEY MARYLAND.
STARFLEET NATIONAL CONFERENCE.
JULY 21: 1 P.M. MUSEUM OF LIFE AND SCIENCE IN DURHAM.
AUGUST 4: 12 NOON. 3RD TAPING OF SUBSPACE COMMUNIQUE.
4 P.M. KITTY HAWK MEETING.

TO BE DECIDED:

TRIP TO U.S.S. NORTH CAROLINA
TRIP TO KITTY HAWK, N.C.
BOATING AT ONE OF THE LOCAL LAKES
EXCURSION TO CHAPEL HILL AND PLANETARIUM.

SEPTEMBER 7: KITTY HAWK MEETING.
OCTOBER 4-6: ROVACON - SALEM, VIRGINIA.

THE WRIGHT STUFF
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