

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6

DECEMBER, 1991

# THE WRIGHT STUFF

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE U.S.S. KITTY HAWK NCC 1659

# STAR TREK VI

*THE LAST CHAPTER?*



U.S.S.  
KITTY HAWK  
NCC-1659  
RALEIGH, N. C.

# THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 2 NO. 6

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VOLUME 2

CONTENTS

NUMBER 6

A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT	1
FIRST OFFICER'S LOG	2
CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG	2
LOG OF A TEMPORARY RECRUIT	3
THE SHUTTLE SHUFFLE	3
MISSION REPORT	4
DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS (in alphabetical order by department)	4
ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT - EPISODE FIVE	5
ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT - EPISODE SIX	6
DOING THE CON THING AGAIN	7
QUESTION TIME ANSWERS	7
UNSCRAMBLE THIS ANSWERS	7

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# A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD'S SEAT

By J. R. Fisher

There was a high school senior named Will who was very bright; in fact, he was at the top of his class. Will had decided he was going to become a minister and had already been accepted at Yale Divinity School. He was also an outstanding athlete, starring on his high school basketball, football, and baseball teams. Among his other sports interests was ice hockey, and it was in this sport he was engaged when tragedy struck.

His school was playing an army cadet team that day when Will was struck full in the face by a stick of one of the cadets. Fortunately, there was an army doctor in attendance with the team and he was able to administer immediate assistance to Will there on the ice. Will had most of his teeth knocked out or broken by the blow, but the doctor was able to sew him up and send him home to recover.

During his many weeks of recovery, Will was able to hold onto his dreams for the future, but just before he was able to return to school he was stricken with a severe stomach disorder. At first it was thought that Will might not survive, but then he began to pull through. Again, Will was faced with several weeks of bed rest before he would be allowed to get up, and it was thought that his sports career was over.

Yet again, tragedy was to befall this young man. Before recovering from the stomach disorder, Will developed a severe heart condition and his attending doctors gave him little chance to live. But Will was a determined young man with a desire to attain his goals, and he did in fact live. After long months, the doctors decided he was out of danger but his life was drastically altered.

Will was confined to his bed. No longer could he enjoy the sports at which he had excelled. He could not return to high school and graduate. Nor would he be able to go to Yale and become a minister. One day all these things became apparent to Will and he

reluctantly accepted his fate, and thus began a decline in his already poor health.

But Will had a brother. And Will's brother could not accept the fate that life had dealt his brother. He knew that Will still had a good mind and what he needed was a reason to use that mind. So Will's brother went to Will with a business proposition.

He wanted to start a business and he needed a partner. He would do all the manual labor and Will would be the brains of the organization. He would tell Will what he wanted to do and Will would devise a way to do it. Will's ideas would be brought to life by his brother.

Will jumped at the idea immediately! He threw himself into the business like a man possessed and in a very short time the business was prospering. But more importantly was the effect it had on Will. With a new found reason to live, Will's health improved over the years and he was eventually able to join his brother in their shop.

One of my reasons for telling you this particular story is the recent convention and celebration the Kitty Hawk crew enjoyed in December. It has been a long time coming, but yes, we have arrived. Finally, we are a crew. Everyone who volunteered to do a job did it and did it well. In fact, we had more volunteers than we needed.

We have grown closer to each other and can now work and play together as we have not done so before. This will be reflected in all of our activities of the future. This year we will be undertaking some major projects we have not attempted before. Foremost will be a major convention hopefully in the fall. But the benefits will spill over into other fun areas such as the volleyball team and laser-tag team.

My only complaint for the last month would be regarding the attendance at the highway cleanup. Only six of us showed

up to clean our section of the highway. Those attending were Kelly, Teresa, Elaine, Tara, Pat, and myself. Those earning promotion points will receive double the normal number as they stayed out there and did the entire section which took the remainder of the morning. A "Well Done" to each.

To all in attendance at the party weekend and convention, a well-deserved "Well Done" also. While I personally found it exhausting, it was very pleasurable and certainly worthy of repetition. To Ed Furr, again, a sincere "thank you" for donating the con suite.

We sincerely hope that everyone on the ship was able to attend the showing of Star Trek VI sometime during its stay at the Cary Cinema IV. We were very fortunate to find a friend in the manager, Mr. Robert Park, who invited us to see the midnight showing for free and has made any showing available to Kitty Hawk people who could not attend at that time. Any time you are attending a movie at his theater, please identify yourself to the attendants and thank them for their consideration.

Mr. Park also donated a poster for us to auction off, which brought in \$15.00 for the Duke Children's hospital. Carey Muse donated an ornament which netted \$35.00. Liz Read donated an autographed calendar, which we are saving for a later time. The autographed George Takei cover brought \$15.00. Starland donated a Next Generation jacket which brought in \$85.00.

By the way, Will and his brother were quite successful with their bicycle shop. So much so, that they expanded their horizons and ventured to a sleepy coastal town in North Carolina, called Kitty Hawk, to try their new wings. Wilbur and Orville truly had the *WRIGHT STUFF*.

**ESSE QUAM VEDERI**

## FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

I would like to wish everyone safe and happy holidays filled with wonderful surprises. We have sent in the stamps collected for the Stampede. The final total was 4170. Great going! This is a "continuing project", so keep saving your stamps. Please leave a 1/2 inch

border around the stamps. I would like to thank all the members who have contributed and encourage others to join in on the fun.

The new year promises to be filled with changes and new activities on the Kitty Hawk. This is a wonderful group

of individuals to spend time with and get to know better. As a sage officer once stated "there are always possibilities". May the road be smooth and the wind always at your back. Safe journeys.

## CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

Silent flight, faster than light,  
All is calm in engineering tonight.  
The Dilithium's in its magnetic bed  
As nightmares of pakleds dance in my head.  
When up on the bridge there arose such a clatter  
That I deck-to-deck beamed to see what was the matter.  
The Captain was there in his jolly red suit  
With his four shiny pips and his shiny black boots.  
Up on the viewer, Q had appeared;  
"Hello, Captain Fisher," the "great" being sneered.  
"Get out of here, Q!" the Captain demanded  
"For unlike Picard, I'm quite heavy-handed  
When dealing with beings annoying as you!"  
To this, in reply, "Be nice," said the Q.  
"I just want to play chess with your crew as my pawns,  
For Kirk is too old; and Picard's - paragons!  
Your crew is much closer to that which I need  
For my mind is just full of new evil deeds!"  
At this, Fisher turned to his Chief Engineer,  
And loudly said, "I want Q out of here!  
Do what you must, but allow no delay,  
For I, as the Captain, want him blown away!"  
"Aye, Aye," I replied as I walked to the 'lift,  
"Right away, it's okay, it won't take me one shift!"  
As I rode the lift down to deck number five,  
I knew what to do to keep us all alive.  
I had made recent repairs to food slot, you see,  
Of our rec officer, one Larry Pischke.  
His Twinkie dispenser had all but imploded  
And now with spare warp drive coils it was loaded.  
I asked the computer to transport it to  
The coordinates now occupied by the Q,  
Then I raced back to the bridge, not a moment to waste,  
And I told the computer, "Twinkie One, activate!"

Q knew at once he had made a mistake  
When he suddenly turned into golden sponge cake,  
The kind Hostess makes with cream filling inside,  
And he knew right away he had better go hide,  
'Cause here comes Larry in an environment suit  
With a fork and a knife, and a napkin to boot!  
Q didn't like this turn of events,  
And so with a bright flash, away the Q went,  
But not before saying, much out of spite,  
"I'm not done, Captain Fisher! We'll continue this fight!"

Then he was gone, and Fisher came near,  
Shook my hand and said, "Thanks, my Chief Engineer!  
You've just saved the day, and the ship just as well,  
But here comes Mr. Pischke, and he's madder than hell!"

It seems he was hungry for sponge cake that day,  
And Q disappeared and just took it away.  
So I gave him a Ho-Ho and told him, "Try this!"  
And he took a bite and exclaimed, "Oh! what bliss!  
Devil's food cake with cream filling between!  
Hey, Chief Engineer, can you build a machine..."  
But on that subject I was one step ahead  
And we went to his cabin and next to his bed  
Was the "Ho-Ho-A-Matic" I had just invented,  
From my mind, sneaky, twisted, and somewhat demented.  
So everyone's happy once more on the ship,  
So I went back to my bed, and 'twixt the covers did slip.

(O.K. - so it's a Christmas leftover. It's fresher than that leftover turkey you had yesterday!)

# LOG OF A TEMPORARY RECRUIT

By Anne Enonimus

Two years ago while I was stretching my legs planetside, I ran into a group of uniforms enjoying some replicated foodstuffs. Engaging one of them in conversation, I found out they were STARFLEET officers just completing a Federation shindig. Lest you think my unawareness level extremely high, I hasten to inform you that I spend a lot of my time doing information updates in some of the less populated areas of the galaxy. I just transfer it, I don't read it, so I'm not up on who's what and the correct terminology of anything. My reading is restricted to old classics of the nineteenth and twentieth century, preferably in paper format.

Anyway, I was temporarily between contracts and one of the officers suggested that I leave an information memo and she'd check into some possible openings for experienced space travelers with her outfit. I had nothing to lose, so I obliged her, and forgot all about it.

Sometime later I received a message that there was a possible opening on a nearby shuttlecraft. Out of curiosity, I contacted the officer in charge on non-view speakerfon at the next spaceport and listened to the job requirements. I was half committed to a possible long-term contract with favorable monetary rewards, so I regretfully declined the shuttle opening.

A month or so later I was again contacted by the shuttle officer. He was looking for crew to temporarily man a radio outpost. Running out of time to enjoy my shore leave before the contract I'd accepted began, I opted instead for a day in real-time sun at a beach.

My contract job turned out to be extremely challenging and downright hard work. Don't get me wrong. I like hard work as long as I'm enjoying myself and getting paid well. Setting up an information center on a new starbase took all my training and skills, but was destined to look good on my assignment

log.

Months went by and I found my mind wandering every so often to the outer reaches of space, missing the freedom of travel among the stars, wondering what encounters I'd missed by turning down the shuttle assignment.

I was totally taken off guard one day when I saw a new ship being advertised for sale. I still don't know why, but I just had to have one. Perhaps my passion for having unusual vehicles overrode my common sense. On a wild hunch, I called the only contact I'd made and struck pay dirt. The former shuttle officer, now a STARFLEET Captain, had one available and might consider selling it. We set up a meeting to discuss negotiations.

I arrived early for the appointment to check the situation out. Three officers were standing at a recruitment station. One introduced himself as Captain Fisher and after introductions were made explained the deal.

I've been assigned to the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk as a condition of the trade agreement worked out between the Captain and myself. Getting me to join anything is quite a coup, considering how independent I am. But I'm also realistically (or perhaps that's materialistically) driven. He had something I wanted. In exchange I've agreed to serve aboard his ship for a minimum two month period.

On board the ship, I attended a retro-twentieth century costume party to get to meet a few of the crew. I chatted with a Dalmatian until she was swept off her feet by a Rocketeer and was chatting with Gary Seven until his cat started growling. Having an early duty watch, I retired to my quarters.

I was late to my first official ship's meeting. The Federation seems quite obsessed with time but I have yet to understand the unwritten rules as to protocol. I listened to the various department reports and then hung around

with several crew members to watch a documentary about another starship.

A computer specialist showed me the latest technology on board the ship. I've thought for several years about upgrading the computer system in my old Essex Runabout, but she's so insufferably smart now that I switch her to manual whenever I can.

When all else fails, do something dangerous to take your mind off being part of the establishment. I've volunteered to join an Away Team to help with a small ecology problem. I hear the survival rate of newcomers on these excursions is quite low, but that's offset by the "thrill of adventure and the unknown," as the saying goes. I'll let you know, maybe...

## THE SHUTTLE SHUFFLE

By John Troan

NASA has just finished its final shuttle mission of 1991. The way this one ended, I hope it's not a sign of things to come. Looking in my databanks, next year brings the maiden voyage of the shuttle Endeavour (yes, it is spelled with a "u"). Endeavour is slated to make three flights (April, August, and December). The other missions in 1992 look interesting, too; they include a couple of Spacelab missions, several satellite launches, a U.S. Defense Department mission, and an experiment with the tethered satellite system (TSS for those who prefer alphabet soup).

A glance further down the list shows a good '93 and interesting years afterward. By the time I get a job, the start of construction on space station freedom is only a short wait (six months maybe). The first flight listed is STS-81 in late 1995 to "lay the foundation."

# MISSION REPORT

By Lynette Crowley

From the beauty salon on the planet Plymouth Rock.



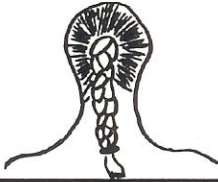
Here at our duty station, we're in the mood for something special. We have something

for every female and male gender no matter what length your hair is. We'll give you a few tips for keeping healthy hair, styles and more. All within STARFLEET regulation, of course, and that means it will not interfere with performance.

**WHAT'S IN.....**Curly and waves are in...they're easy to style and with the added dimension of a great cut, per-r-fect!

Braids and other Corn-Rows are easy and fun and there are a variety of styles.

Relaxed hair can give you as little, as much, or no curls at all, just great body.



It can be wrapped or quickly styled into an easy flowing look.

Most males, and a few females, go with the Natural look. This is also easy to manage and quick-to-style.

It also can provide an endless variety of different looks and styles for daytime, work, sports, dancing, and sophisticated occasions.



## TIPS

1. Never do your relaxer of curl in your quarters. You're too important to waste your time or endanger your hair condition. See a professional.
2. Invest in an occasional hot oil and conditioning treatment every four to six weeks.

3. Massage your scalp often to stimulate your blood circulation which carries hormones and nutrients to the scalp.

4. If you don't have your hair occasionally cut, have your hairstylist at least trim your split ends.

5. Maintain your entire body with proper nutrition by eating a balanced diet. Hair is 97% protein, so the more protein you eat the better your hair. Plus foods high in Vitamin B Complex and Vitamin E. Eating right and moderate exercise is the first step towards healthier hair.



## DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

### COMPUTER SCIENCE

By John Troan

Due to the need for more time to work on the computer system (and fill in at the science department), I was unable to make my report for the last *Wright Stuff*. Now for the report:

Computer science: yet another new operating system was sent from STARFLEET to be installed. I hope no one noticed any major changes, but it did have some major changes from the last one they sent us. My apologies if there

were any difficulties.

Science: After the last science officer left, I was the only one able to attempt to fill while the captain picks a replacement (*me!*). The science department is fairing the current mission well. This slow time is just what the astronomers needed to catalogue all of the new findings.

If anyone needs to get a hold of me, I can be reached at 821-2471 (Sunday thru Friday) and 848-6671 (the rest of the time). Call me any afternoon or evening, but please don't call late (I have

an early class three times a week in the spring).

### ENGINEERING

By Pat Heinske

The Chief Engineer is happy to report that the engineering staff has almost doubled! (Like it took much.) Hey, Kelly! Do this, do that! Ha, Ha, Ha - I love power! (The sound of maniacal laughter fades into the distance...)  
*(Departmental Reports continued on page 7)*

# THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE FIVE: IT'S A DOGGY DOG WORLD

By Elaine Royal

Spot paced the floor of Data's quarters restlessly. It had been two days since he had skidded back in to his home port. Two days since his adventures in Ten-Forward and the holodeck. Two days and still no word from Mystery. At first he had been relieved. He had been tired and slept more than usual that next day. But now he was anxious to see more.

Suddenly he felt something. His ears perked up and he watched the door intently.

"I'm here. Are you alone?"

"Yes, Mystery. Come in!" Spot rose to greet his friend as she quietly slipped in through the opened door. It slid closed behind her. She looked around briefly, to confirm that they were indeed alone.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing? Can we go now? What do you have planned for us..." Spot's thoughts overflowed into Mystery's mind.

"Please...enough!" Mystery commanded. She deliberately shut Spot out for a moment, which, of course, frustrated him more. He flicked his tail, annoyed.

After a moment she relented. "Alright. I've been busy. Besides, you made such a fuss in Ten-Forward I thought it best to lay low for a while. And I never plan anything." She sat down and began cleaning herself vigorously.

Spot began pacing again. "I want to see more of the ship. Where can we go?"

Mystery considered the question for a moment. "There are a number of possibilities... Alright. Follow me." Mystery gave her front paws one last lick and turned toward the door. It opened and the two cats peeked out into the hall. The coast was clear, so they slipped out of the room and into the corridor. They walked quickly toward the nearest turbo lift.

"Not this again," Spot thought

apprehensively.

"It's the only way. Besides, you'll get used to it." The turbo lift doors closed and Spot braced himself. For a moment, nothing happened. The he felt the movement, up this time, he thought. Mystery was right. It wasn't so bad. He relaxed.

The door opened and they padded quietly past several officers talking.

They followed the hallway for a few minutes. Finally, Mystery paused in front of a door. "Brace yourself," she warned.

Instinctively, Spot's hair rose on his neck. What in the world was he in for? The door opened.

For a moment, the door hung open as twelve pair of eyes turned towards the cats. Mystery glided into the room like a queen. Spot followed, uncertain.

"Look who's here!" a young woman exclaimed. "Mystery and her friend."

Eleven much smaller persons squealed and lunged for the cats. "Gently, children," the teacher said. "These are living creatures, remember, not toys."

A little boy picked up Mystery around the middle. The Siamese dangled patiently in the boy's hands. "A certain amount of indignity is tolerable," she said to Spot as a little girl grabbed him rather roughly. She slung him up on her shoulder. Spot instinctively started to hang on with his claws, then thought better of it and retracted them. The little girl began petting him. He relaxed a little.

"See? These small people are very attentive," Mystery explained. "They are fascinated by furry creatures, and are never too busy to play, unlike adults. Sometimes they are rough but you must never claw them unless they hurt you on purpose."

Spot absorbed the lesson as he was passed from one child to another. "This is not so bad," he thought.

One little girl ran up to the teacher.

"Do you think they'd like the puppies?"

"I don't think..." the teacher began, but before she could express her opinion, another child had already opened the door to the next room. In bounded six gangly young dogs, followed by their mother, a bedraggled and exhausted-looking cocker spaniel. The puppies yipped and bounced around the room for a moment. Then, as one, they spotted the cats. Spot promptly forgot everything Mystery had just taught him, dug his claws into the child's shoulders, and sprang towards the highest point in the room, which happened to be the teacher's head. The teacher deflected the leaping cat and he fell, sprawled on the carpet as the six puppies converged on him. Spot assessed the situation and decided he could take them. He faced them, ears back, back raised, and hissed menacingly. The puppies paused, then unfazed they approached Spot again. This time Spot swiped the lead dog across the nose with his claws. The dog yelped and jumped back.

"Children! Put those dogs away!" the teacher instructed as she scooped up the puppy. The children were laughing and screaming with delight, but they followed the teacher's lead, and soon all the dogs were safely locked away in the next room.

Spot regained his composure and looked around for Mystery.

She was eyeing him lazily from her perch atop a table. She was calmly finishing some child's lunch. She paused long enough to sigh, "Really, Spot. I can't take you anywhere without you causing some commotion."

"Me! Why didn't you warn me?" Spot paced indignantly.

"I did," Mystery replied. "Now, come eat some lunch. This cheese dish is particularly tasty."

Spot leapt up to the table beside Mystery and took a cautious nibble. And of course, she was right.

# THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT

## EPISODE SIX: ANOTHER CLOSE CALL

Data scanned his living quarters first with his own senses, then just to be sure, with his tricorder. The mechanism confirmed what he already knew - no life form readings. There was only one possible explanation. The rumors he had heard were true. Somehow, Spot was getting out and roaming the ship with Mystery. Clearly, something must be done. Pets were not supposed to be running free on the ship. Mystery had never presented a problem, but if the reports were accurate, Spot had proven to be another matter entirely.

Data touched his com badge. "Lt. LaForge."

"Yes, Data?" came Geordi's response.

"When you have some free time, would you mind coming to my quarters?"

"I just went off duty. What's up?"

"I require your assistance in capturing a cat."

"Ah, I see," Geordi responded, understanding. "I'll be right there."

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, several decks away, two unsuspecting felines made their way along the corridors of the Enterprise. Mystery was considering their destination. Spot was following, eagerly anticipating another adventure.

Suddenly, Mystery stopped in her tracks. "Hide," she commanded, and dove into a shadowed area across the hall from a doorway. Spot looked around, but could see no place to go. He crouched down as close as he could to the doorway. In a moment, a medical team, led by Dr. Crusher, strode purposefully around the corner. The door against which Spot was leaning slid open and he fell into a strange looking room. The medical team hurried past, ignoring him. They all leapt up onto a platform, nodded at another man at the other side of the room, then suddenly they dissolved and were gone! Spot's ears flew back as he rolled to his feet in complete surprise. "Help!" he screamed to Mystery.

The door opened for him and he flew from the room as the man behind the

console belatedly took note of his presence. Before he could call out, the door was closed and both cats were out of sight.

Mystery chased after Spot, who was completely unnerved by what he had witnessed.

"Stop! Slow down!" she demanded. Spot finally stopped abruptly, cowering in a corner. "What is wrong with you?"

"Those people! All gone..." Spot's mind was blank with fear.

"Oh, that." Mystery replied nonchalantly. "They'll be back."

"Really? Where'd they go?" Spot stopped cowering, eager to be reassured.

"I have no idea, but they always come back. Well, not always," she added mysteriously, "but usually."

"Oh." Spot was feeling a bit embarrassed by his over reaction. He must learn to not let the wonders of this place startle him so. He suddenly felt drained.

"Need a nap?" Mystery asked, sensing his mood.

"Yes." The two found a quiet spot in the arboretum and promptly fell asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

"It's a simple enough trap," Geordi commented, examining their work. "The heat sensor will alert us when they come back. The visual sensor will record how they get in. Should have done this ages ago to see how Mystery does it."

"Mystery has always behaved herself. Deciphering her methods has never been a priority - until now." Data observed.

"Right. Well, we'll get them now." They settled down to wait.

And wait.

And wait.

Finally, Geordi's patience had expired. "Look, Data. I need some sleep before my next shift. I'll leave you to monitor the situation alone. Good luck." He bid his friend good bye and left.

Data, who's patience was boundless, waited alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mystery and Spot approached the

corridor leading to Spot's home. Mystery suddenly stopped, ears perked. "I sense trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" Spot responded calmly. He was determined to remain unruffled, no matter what.

"Something is different here. We are being watched. Wait here." Mystery ventured forward a few steps, then returned. "I don't know how I know, but I believe your android is home."

"Oh, no. I've been caught!" Spot almost panicked, but not quite. He composed himself quickly.

"I'm going to distract him. You run in when you get a chance." Mystery walked boldly to the door, paused for a moment, and meowed loudly. She waited a moment, and meowed again, then ran. The door slid open and Data stepped out. He saw the streak of fur as it rounded the nearest intersection. He moved a few steps to follow, then caught a glimpse of a streak of yellow as it passed behind him through the open door. He paused, then returned to his room. Spot was already seated on the sofa, washing himself, as if he had been there all along.

Data settled into the chair across from Spot, observing the animal for a moment. He then turned to his terminal.

"Computer. Run security tape 426, last three minutes." Spot peeked at Data as he intently watched the tape. Then he watched it again. Data flipped off the terminal. He could not have missed it, if there had been anything to miss. The scene showed only Mystery approaching the door, pausing, meowing twice, and running away. Then the door opened. He would have thought that perhaps he had tripped it open himself, except that he knew he had not moved towards the door until after it had opened. No, whatever she had done, it was simply not observable.

He looked at Spot, curled up smugly on the sofa.

"And you have the audacity to lie there purring."



# DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

STARDATE 9111.10 - This time, the Kitty Hawk contingent consisted of Teresa Tuel, Jean Wakefield (a friend of Teresa's, and now a friend of ours), Larry Pischke, Elaine Royal, and myself; and the beam-down point was Sci-Con 13 in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

We arrived Friday afternoon (eventually) and I put on my Rocketeer suit to cruise the con (at low altitude). After a while, one of the convention committee members came up and gave me a certificate - A Hall Costume Award! They were asking me all sorts of questions, and they said they really liked it. I thanked them, and decided to go change to keep the suit from being overexposed. I came back down in my standard engineering uniform, and the 5 of us went back and forth between the room, the artroom, and the dealer's room until 10:00 P.M., when we went and changed clothes and went to the Regency dance. Regency dancing, we found out, is the type of formal ballroom dancing done by noblemen and ladies in the 13th - 16th centuries, and it was rather fun! It takes a group of people to do it properly, and a good time was had by all.

## QUESTION TIME ANSWERS

By Lynette Crowley

1. Zombies of the Stratosphere retitled Satan's Satellites for TV showing. Leonard was featured as one of the aliens.
2. The Apple
3. Lazarus, Lazarus
4. Here Come the Brides
5. Assignment Earth, Gary Seven

After we closed down the dance, we (of course) went to I.H.O.P. for breakfast, then to bed about 3:00 A.M.

The next day, the sun rose over our horizontal, comatose bodies, and we (eventually) got up and graced the conventiongoers with our mutual presence once more. Teresa, Jean, and I went to a costuming workshop, and later Larry and Elaine caught up with us. We went to eat some supper later, but the service was so slow that Teresa and I had to leave early to get ready for the costume contest.

After the dust settled, I managed to walk away with a trophy for the craftsmanship judging, so I was happy, but I feel Teresa was cheated out of winning something, considering that the other person in her category looked like TRASH (literally).

Then, on to the ten-forward dance! We came in a little late, and, of course, we closed that down, too! Then, breakfast at IHOP again, then bed.

Sunday morning, we went to the art auction, and Teresa outbid everyone on 2 pieces that she wanted. Yeah, Teresa! After that, we packed up and left.

We (or rather, I, since I was in front)

(DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS -  
continued from page 4)

## MEDICAL

By Teresa Tuel

From the medical staff, we would like to wish everyone Happy Holidays!

With the holidays, there are many plants used to decorate our homes that are toxic to our pets. Please take care with the leaves and berries of holly, mistletoe, poinsettias, and pine needles as they can cause serious injury and illness. Also be careful of electrical extension cords and burning candles and oil lamps as young kittens and puppies often chew on the cords or may singe

missed our exit leaving Virginia Beach, and so we ended up driving all the way to Roanoke just to get around the \*#!?;\*# James River! \* On the way there, we pulled over to confer on a route to take, and later, when we stopped for gas, Larry found his wallet missing. We called the hotel and they had not found a wallet, so we drove back to the spot where we had pulled over and looked around to no avail. Then, we finally made our way home. I dropped Teresa off at about 12:30 or 1:00 A.M., and made my way home.

All in all, it was a good convention, especially when we found out that the hotel had called Larry's mom and told her they found his wallet, and traced it to her thanks to the CMO's "little pink card"!

Well, until next time, when my report will be on "Trek-A-Rama '91" - with Gates McFadden, or Denise Crosby, or Robin Curtis, or somebody that's been on T.V. once or twice!

\*(Dammit, Jim, I'm an engineer, not a navigator!)

their fur or burn paws on the flames from candles. If you have a pet, please take the time to safeguard the animal's health. A pet is such a treasure and enriches our lives in more ways than can be counted. Here's to a long partnership of shared lives and love.

## UNSCRAMBLE THIS ANSWERS

By Lynette Crowley

Whom Gods Destroy - Marta - Yvonne Craig - played Batgirl in the TV Batman  
Doomsday Machine - William Windom -  
Decker-Plays in Murder, She Wrote