



THE WRIGHT STUFF

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

A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT

By J.R. Fisher

Welcome back to the Kitty Hawk! Summer is over, kids and young adults are back in school, along with their teachers, and it is time to settle down to some hard work and good fun.

First, some bad news for all you convention goers. Trekopolis, the Region One, STARFLEET conference has been cancelled! Word, right now, is that the committee could not come up with the necessary funds to bring in Jonathan Frakes and they cancelled everything rather than try to substitute or do without a star. Further word is that Ric Starnes is trying to bring a Trek-a-Rama to Roanoke either the 3rd or 4th weekend in October. Ballots will be sent out by our R.C., Linda Neighbors, to vote on whether or not we wish to have a conference at that convention.

If the region votes to have the conference then, we must all consider how successful we wish it to be. We have a number of activities that we could bring to this con which might not be there otherwise. It is a chance to support your region and bring good will towards your ship. This will be discussed at our September 4th meeting.

It should be noted that Ric has gone out of his way to help out STARFLEET in this matter and might have been able to have actually substituted his con for theirs if the local Fox affiliate had responded to his inquiries in time. Make no mistake, Ric does this for a living and has to show a profit when he puts together one of his shows. But he has gone the extra mile for STARFLEET on this one and deserves a sincere thank you from all of us and support where possible.

Farpoint is the second weekend in October. Some of you will have to choose between Roanoke and Hunt Valley. I ask that you take into consideration that if we ever hope to

have conventions like Farpoint in our area or do a convention ourselves, we will need to support our area and the people who do make an attempt. This, like most things in life, is a learning experience.

Moving on, we received a very nice letter from the Food Bank of N.C. for the goods we collected and turned over to them last month. It was not as much as we have done in the past, but everything is appreciated.

It seems we have fallen off on almost all of our projects this summer. Stamps, donations of food, money for Duke Children's Hospital, highway cleanup, aluminum cans, etc. have all lagged behind. This would be a good time to renew our commitments to these projects and get back on track or if these are not the things you want to do this year, change our agenda. Also, it is time to make another trip to the children's ward at Rex Hospital. If you have a costume, like children, and want to volunteer, give Liz Read a jingle and get on board.

A reminder: if you ordered a T-shirt, they are here and we need to collect for them as the funding came from the treasury. Please see me at a meeting or give me a call. All of the extras are nearly gone. We did not price these to make money so let us hear from you soon. And if you haven't seen one or heard, they came out great! Here is a unique shirt which will identify the wearer as a STAR TREK fan and a member of the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk. This will probably become the uniform of the day for events like telethons and conventions where we go as a group.

Also, we still have some puzzle books in stock, so if you thought about getting one and haven't, do it soon. There may not be a second printing unless there is a healthy demand for it. They are only \$6.00 each and an extra \$1.50 if we have to

mail it to you. They would make nice Christmas gifts for those Trekker friends of yours who won't come out of the closet.

By the way, since we mentioned the visit to the hospital, we have D.S.A.'s for the following members who have dedicated their time and effort to this event: Jeff Habrych, Diana Waldier, Elaine Pischke, Larry Pischke, Teresa Tuel, Debbie Herndon, Stephanie Fleck, Tara Weaver, Carey Muse, and yours truly. Extra efforts deserve recognition and this group certainly deserves it.

My own efforts at organization continues to pay off both for me personally and for the Kitty Hawk. I hope each of you will take a close and hard look at your involvement in this club and come to the conclusion that the return on your work is worth the effort. Further, that you are willing to raise your level of commitment and participation on the Kitty Hawk.

The more I accomplish the more I see as possible to accomplish both as an individual and as a club. The level of intelligence in this club is very high. I ask each of you to use that gift and logically reach the conclusion that what we are undertaking is worthy of us as a club and as individuals. Reach your potential! At the very least, come to realize what your potential is. I think you will be surprised, I was.

I am very fortunate to be surrounded by friends of your calibre. I hope that each of you feels equally as fortunate. We have a tremendous amount of work to do in the coming months and hopefully years and I look forward to even closer relationships with each of you and the many new friends we will make in the future. I know that I have the Wright Stuff. Thank you.

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 4

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CREDITS

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| PUBLISHER..... | J.R. FISHER |
| EDITOR | JANE FISHER |
| ASSISTANTS AND CONTRIBUTORS | WILLIAM BARRY |
| | JEFF COHN |
| | LYNETTE CROWLEY |
| | J.R. FISHER |
| | PAT HEINSKE |
| | CAREY MUSE |
| | ELAINE PISCHKE |
| | LIZ READ |
| | AUDRA TAYLOR |
| | TERESA TUEL |



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FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Teresa Tuel

It's hard to believe summer is almost over and soon school will be in session. Medical reports all members of the crew are rested and healthy. Good thing considering our fall activities schedule is filled with all kinds of activities and events.

After watching scenes of the Mississippi flood and tornado ravaged areas, I wondered if I was prepared for such an emergency. I had some things but found myself lacking in other areas. Do you have

flashlights, fresh batteries, first aid kit and supplies, containers to store fresh water, non-perishable food that could be eaten cold, and emergency phone numbers readily available? Would you know where and what to do if a tornado was heading your way? If you have a pet, do you have the necessary food and containment (i.e. portable kennel) if you were forced out of your home? Hopefully this is a situation most of us will never have to face, but it

never hurts to at least think about it and maybe have things such as flashlights, fresh batteries, candles, a first aid kit, and an emergency plan designed to fit your personal needs.

There are several conventions to be held this fall. It would be nice to see a good turnout for the Region I convention since it will be held in Roanoke, Va.

Have a great fall and see ya at the conventions.

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

Couple of notes of things you might be interested in - The new set of Next Generation figures has come out; as of this writing all figures have been seen in this area except for the Klingon Battle Gear Worf and LaForge in dress uniform. These include Picard and Company in their first or second season uniforms and a new Borg figure. Also there appears to be plenty of Troi this time around. Also as you read this there should be a new Hallmark ornament out. This one is Enterprise D from Next Generation, retail cost around \$24.

The rest of my column will deal with a few of the classic cast members and what they are doing. There are three that appear to be very busy. The information I am sharing came from a recent TV Guide article (which I am sure

everyone got at least one copy). Nichelle Nichols has an autobiography coming out in 1994 and she is also working on a one woman show. Walter Koenig has recorded his first Star Trek book on tape which is Windows on a Lost World. He is also working on a Sci-Fi sitcom that will co-star James Doohan, George Takei, Nichelle Nichols, and himself. Walter will also be on Babylon 5 which is a new science fiction series debuting in January. William Shatner is currently working on a Tek World movie. I understand these will be syndicated movies, Shatner is producing them, and he will make cameo appearances in the movies. The lead part will be played by Greg Evigan (starred in BJ and Bear and My Two Dads). Shatner is also writing a book on his Star Trek

memories. This will be stories from his days on Star Trek, both the TV series and the movies, and will include stories about the cast, behind the scene happenings, etc. This book will also be available on audio tape. The other cast members are still busy: James Doohan is still doing Star Trek audio books for Pocket and he is working on a book that is due out in January. Leonard Nimoy is looking at more directing and producing work.

One last thing - the entire cast of Star Trek (there is a member of ST:TNG in the commercial) has done a commercial for MCI. I first saw it on Sunday, August 1. It is really interesting, and in case you haven't seen it, I'm not telling what it is. I want you to "experience" it for yourself. I think you will like it.

CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By Pat Heinske

Just in case you haven't heard, or have only heard part of the story, on Monday, August 9th, at 11:00 p.m., I went to Wake Medical Center with a case of appendicitis. Surgery

was done @ 1:00 a.m. on Tuesday, and I was released on Thursday @ 12:00 noon.

Don't feel bad if you hadn't heard, and don't be mad that I didn't tell you, but I, for one, have never been of the mind to pick up the phone and my phone list and call everyone to say, "Hi! I'm sick! Feel sorry for me and bring me stuff!" Nor do I want to worry my friends about things that are under control and that they couldn't change anyway. But, a few people that had heard through the

grapevine were upset that I hadn't told anyone about my situation, and so to them, and to you, I apologize.

So, with that said, let me thank everyone for their support, and I promise that the next time I plan on getting my appendix out, I will be sure and let everyone know beforehand.

(The above article, though dealing with a serious subject, is meant to be taken in fun - some types of humor don't carry well on the written page.)

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ROMULAN PRIZE BY SIMON HAWKE

This is a well written, interesting Next Gen story. Unfortunately, I read it about two months ago and can't now remember anything specific to say about it other than that I liked it. So, on to the next review...

THE STARSHIP TRAP BY MEL GILDEN

This is also a well written, interesting story (original recipe). I was afraid it would be a rehashing of certain other stories that sounded like a similar plot from the description, but it wasn't. Of course, some of the elements are familiar - irate Klingons, mad scientists, impossible puzzles for Spock to solve. However, I found one aspect particularly refreshing - guess who doesn't get the girl this time! Yes, our favorite intergalactic womanizer actually backs off for once. (Of course, the fact that the woman's boyfriend outranks him may have something to do with it.) Anyway, I would not rank this with the best of the novels, but it's an enjoyable read. I give it three stars.

SHADOWS ON THE SUN BY MICHAEL JAN FRIEDMAN

We've had Spock's World, and Jim Kirk's story in Best Destiny. Now it's the doctor's turn. Shadows on the Sun takes place mostly immediately after the end of STVI: The Undiscovered Country, but it also gives us some 'flashbacks' into young Leonard McCoy's life, telling how he met and lost his wife, why he joined Starfleet, and detailing his first real assignment as a Starfleet doctor. The impetus for all of this reminiscing is the reappearance, after 40 years, of McCoy's ex-wife, Jocelyn, who, with her second husband, is now in the Diplomatic Corps and headed to none other than the very planet where McCoy got his feet wet as a Starfleet surgeon. I'm having trouble figuring out how to tell you about this book without giving away the ending. So I will just say - read it. It's a good one. Especially if you're sick of Jim Kirk always being the hero.

BOOK REVIEW

What a wonderful time to be alive. New ST books come out all the time, now that there are original series, Next Gen, Deep Space Nine and the new Starfleet Academy series of books. Some are better than others; there for awhile last winter I was dismayed to find that three or four novels in a row were pretty bad. Happily since then, things seem to have improved. I will discuss two new books - STTNG "Guises of the Mind" by Rebecca Neason and Starfleet Academy #1 "Worf's First Adventure".

"Guises of the Mind" was great, two thumbs up and all that. Neason does a fine job. Her characterizations are right on; she captures Troi and Picard and everyone else just right. There are several subplots, each of which involves personal growth and enlightenment for the character involved. There is plenty of adventure and action as well as lovers reunited. Some of my favorite moments in the book involve Data surveying the crew about their religious beliefs and practices. It falls to the philosopher Picard to straighten Data out. This one is well worth the money.

"Worf's First Adventure" was written by Peter David, author of "Imzadi" and other ST novels. David is one of the best ST authors and was chosen to inaugurate this new series. He's never disappointed me! It is great fun to meet a young Worf. He's very much like the Worf we all know and love. His family and especially his brother are part of the story. Ever had a roommate you didn't care for? Wait 'til you meet Zak! It wouldn't be a ST story without some adventure, and you won't be disappointed.

The Starfleet Academy series is aimed at "Young Adults" and so the books are not quite as long nor quite as sophisticated in scope, but I never felt I was reading a children's book. Of course, I never grew up - adults never looked like they were having a lot of fun!

DOIN' THE CON THING AGAIN

By Pat Heinske

STARDATE 9307.11 - Shore Leave '93 - The first convention to be attended by the "Swordmasters" themselves - Diana Waldier and Pat Heinske. After 7 months of practice, we were ready to put the "Highlander" combat on stage in front of a live audience. Unfortunately, we didn't impress the judges, but we sure heard some noise from the audience! Due to lack of space to warm up in, a few - ahem - departures from the choreographed moves were made, but we did it and were able to keep all of our fingers intact.

The convention itself was pretty good - I found enough things going on to keep me in trouble for most of the weekend, and the 10-forward dance was the best one I've been to yet!

The local IHOP was also boarded for breakfast, and most of us were able to stay awake until we got back to the hotel. In my book, Shore Leave '93 was the most fun I've had in quite a while!

FOR SALE: ST:TNG Red Command Uniform Tunic, Size XL. Very good quality, worn only once. Ideal for persons between 5'8" - 6', 160-200 lbs. Why selling? It's not my color! \$55. Interested? Contact William Barry, 505 Emerywood Drive, Raleigh, NC 27615-1528 or (919) 870-1338.

THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE THIRTEEN ANOTHER FINE MESS

By Elaine Royal Pischke



Mystery and Spot walked boldly and purposefully away from the shuttlecraft and towards... well, they had no idea toward what. They had reached a copse of trees. Mystery slowed her pace, wandering in and out among the trees and flowers, enjoying the feel of real grass beneath her feet, and on the alert for prey. She paused and pricked her ears up once as a bird chirped high in a tree above her. She decided to ignore it and move on.

"What's that?" Spot was edgy from excitement and fear.

Mystery listened. She gave no answer, but moved toward the sound. It seemed to be a lot of voices, yelling, screaming, meowing, and hissing, all at once. It sounded a little like a bunch of humans and cats fighting. The sound grew louder and louder as the cats approached a clearing. There they saw a long, low building. Near the building was a collection of logs, platforms and ropes, on which small Danisians were swinging, climbing, tumbling, and running. All the squalling and caterwauling was coming from them.

"What a commotion!" Spot observed.

"It's a playground," Mystery pronounced. "Of course. These are kittens... I mean, children of the people who live here. They are playing."

"Are you sure?" Spot asked Mystery as she walked confidently into the midst of all the fuss. Spot was not at all sure he wanted to follow. After all, he had had experience with human children aboard the Enterprise, and they could sometimes be loud and rough. He always knew, however, that if they got too rowdy and hurt him, he

could cuff them gently and get away. These "children", however, were something else. If what they were doing was playing, he sure didn't want to see them fighting.

By now, some of the children had spotted Mystery, and a moment later, they saw him. Some of them screamed. Spot felt very much like doing the same, but instead he hunkered down low to the ground, trying to hide. He wasn't tall enough, though, and his yellow fur stood out in the green grass.

Several of the children were gathered around the cats now. "What are they?" one of them asked.

One of the larger ones ventured a closer look. "They are feline, like us!"

"No, they are too small. And look, they walk on their hands."

"They are toys - live stuffed dolls," one proclaimed.

"Stupid! They can't be live and stuffed!"

Another child stepped forward and without a word, scooped Mystery up in his hands. He examined her more closely.

"Don't touch it! It might have germs!" another child cried. The child holding Mystery ignored the comment.

"It's cute. I want to play with it." He tucked Mystery under his arm and ran off to play. Several of the other children eyed Spot. His heart was racing. Finally, one child knelt down and reached out a paw to pet him. Suddenly another child grabbed Spot from behind.

"I want this one!" He was lifting Spot by the back legs, which Spot truly did not appreciate. He twisted around and clawed the child, which only made him laugh. He twisted the other way and bit the child firmly on his leg. The child

dropped Spot on his head.

"See what you did?" The other child screamed and cuffed the second across his head. A brawl quickly ensued and the children momentarily forgot about Spot, which was fine with Spot, who was by this time half way up the nearest tree, which was quite tall. He didn't stop climbing until he was high enough to be hidden by the leaves and the sounds from the playground were just a dull roar.

He sat there, shaking and quaking, for a very long time. He couldn't think about anything except how nice it would be if he were home and Data were getting him a special treat from the food replicator. After a while his heart stopped pounding and he calmed down enough to know that he was in a situation. The sounds from the playground were gone and he realized the children had all left. Where was Mystery? He looked down. Big mistake. The sight of the ground so far away made his legs wobbly and he almost fell. He started to feel lonely. To top it off, he was hungry.

He started to cry piteously.

"Oh, be quiet, you silly twit." He heard Mystery's voice in his head, but where was she?

"I'm right here."

He looked down and saw her relaxing a few branches below him. He was relieved.

"That could have been very educational, if you had not panicked. I sensed that these creatures have potential. I may have been able to communicate with them, given time. But they had to go." She seemed wistful. Then she changed her tone. "And now, here we are. Well, enough of this." Mystery started to climb down the tree. Spot was

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NEWS FROM JEFFERY, YOUR CRUISE DIRECTOR

By Jeff Cohn

Hi, there! Despite a myriad of warnings from several crew members, my first month as Rec Officer has been just fine, thank you very much. We have a variety of events planned for the coming months, some new, some popular reruns. You may already have a partial schedule. One new feature we're going to try is having each department schedule an event

related to their function onboard ship. For example, Sciences is sponsoring a planetarium trip later this fall. I'm sure all the department heads would greatly appreciate suggestions from their membership. I would also welcome any suggestions for events you believe would be of interest.

As I mentioned, there are a lot of things planned, and even the most

die-hard crew member won't be attending them all. But if you think you might have fun at something in particular, please try to participate. It's why we're here, and a good turnout makes it that much more enjoyable. For the more mercenary among you, remember that participating does earn credit towards promotions.

COSMIC CASTLE'S STAR TREK OPEN HOUSE

By Teresa Tuel

The owner of Cosmic Castle, Karen Cavert is having an open house on September 25 in Greensboro, NC for fans and the public. Cosmic Castle is a sci-fi store specializing in Star Trek and other sci-fi goodies such as models, posters, role playing books, supplies, sci-fi magazines, S.T. cups, and books.

Cosmic Castle will be open 11 a.m. - 7 p.m. with many planned activities. There will be various talks, trivia contest, and Dutch auction. The local Starfleet chapter and Klingon Assault Group (KAG) will also

be present to recruit and/or kidnap members of the public.

To navigate to Cosmic Castle, take Rt. 85 and head for Greensboro, passing through Durham, Hillsborough, and Burlington. Rt. 40 and Rt. 85 split as you get into Greensboro. Take exit 217A (on Rt. 40) High Point Rd (west). You will pass Four Seasons Mall (left) and Toys R Us (right). West Gate Shopping Center (white and green sign) is on the left side of the road just before the intersection of High Point Road and Merritt Road. Turn

left at this intersection. There's a Sally's Hot Dog shop on the far left corner. Cosmic Castle is located in West Gate Shopping Center.

If you want to escape the confines of space station Raleigh, this is a nice shuttle ride (about 1 1/2 hours from Raleigh), depending on who is flying the shuttle. Just remember impulse speed only since the space stations are intra-solar systems.

Full impulse, Mark 85.40.

VULCANESE

By Lynette Crowley

Translate these Vulcan words into Earth words:

ROCHINU
SEMARA
KRUAMANO
EITARA
FUMA
PULOMIKU
MAIYA
KUROIKA

KASEMANO
ASHA
FUMO
LOMA
NEMAIYO
CHATAI
YATARA
EMAFASURU
KAISHA
KASU WANU

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rooted to his spot. "Are you coming?"

"No, I mean, I can't. I mean... I've never..."

"Climbed a tree?" Mystery finished for him. "I should have taken you to the holodeck more often. Just do what I do." She slowly climbed backward down the tree. Soon she was on the ground.

Spot still hadn't moved.

Mystery sighed. "What am I going to do with you?"

But Spot had no answer.

TO BE CONTINUED...

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES

TARA'S ADVENTURE

PART IV

By Audra Taylor

Malar didn't realize he'd been staring at Tara through the glass. He was getting that bad feeling again. He needed to leave, to go on with his life and forget her. He had places to go and people to fleece...

He knew the old cliché as well as anyone, but it wasn't helping. Malar hadn't moved from the spot he was in for the last five minutes. No one had really noticed. They were too busy preparing Tara and Lyitax for the exchange. Malar's eyes drifted from Tara to Lyitax. Lyitax was arguing with a man in a white coat.

"Lyitax, no. I won't do it."

"You'll do it because I told you to," Lyitax leered at him.

"No. Get another 'yes man' for this job." The man looked at Lyitax and turned to walk away. Lyitax grabbed his arm.

"What is your problem? I pay you too well to argue with me. It is a simple request and one that can be met. You will do it for me."

"You are going to kill her prematurely and blow this whole thing. Is that what you want? If it is a request that can be met then get some one else to meet it."

Lyitax looked over at two of his guards standing at the entrance and signaled them over.

"Gerad, I see that we have a problem with understanding the chain of command here. You see I own this vessel and all its contents. That includes you. Now, my request will be met! But since you seem to be so concerned for the welfare of this project, I will allow you to administer the dosage. Give her just enough and NO MORE." He looked at one of the guards. "Make sure that he understands my request and complies with it." Lyitax turned and looked at the other guard. "Go back to your post and find a replacement for him." He pointed at the guard who was walking away with Gerad. "Make sure everything is in place. I want heavy security wherever

needed. I want everything to go smoothly. No interruptions."

Malar had been listening to the conversation intently. Angie walked up to Malar and tapped his shoulder.

"Can we get out of here? This place gives me the creeps." Malar turned and looked down at her short frame. Angie could see it in his face and eyes.

"Dammit Malar!" Angie grumbled, shaking her head.

"What is it, Ang?"

"It's that *look!* You've got that damn *look* again. I can't believe this. I knew when we picked up this princess it was a mistake. But would you listen? NO! And now you've got that damn *look.*"

"Ang, keep your voice down. What the hell are you talking about. What *look?*"

"I'll tell you what *look.* It's that *LOOK* that always get us into trouble. It's the same *look* you had when we went to Alris and found those kids."

"Ang, those kids were stranded and starving."

"A technicality. Look at how much trouble it caused us. The replicator will never be the same."

"It doesn't matter. They're gone. But at least they're safe and happy and..." Malar's voice trailed off as his focus drifted from Angie to Tara.

"There's just one thing I don't understand. What the hell are you doing with a conscience?" Angie's voice said the words in sigh. She knew his well enough to know that arguing was pointless. Well, she'd better go warn Khal.

Malar reached down casually so as no one would notice and detached something from his belt buckle. He could see Angie and Khal doing the same out of the corner of his eye. Of course the Ferengi had scanned them for weapons but their scan only detected active weapons. Between the three of them, they had

the components of a disassembled phaser.

Angie pressed her piece into his hand without being obvious about it. Malar quickly attached his piece and palmed the nearly functional weapon to Khal. Khal grinned as only a Klingon could as he slid the emitter tube into place and the full charge light lit. He nodded to Malar, who in turn nodded to Angie.

They began to drift casually through the slightly crowded observation room to take up positions by the door, at the buffet table and in front of the observation window. Malar stood there staring through the window at the girl on the table, oblivious to the excited chattering of Ferengi scientists behind him.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" a voice from his elbow brought him back to reality. Malar glanced down to see one of the Ferengi scientists standing beside him.

"Yeah. Just wonderful," he replied flatly, hoping that the ugly little alien would go away.

"Imagine, we are about to witness one of the greatest achievements in the history of the galaxy! The key to immortality!" the Ferengi said, breathless with excitement.

"Perhaps you'd like to see it up close," Malar said.

"Foolish hooman! We couldn't get any closer than this without actually being inside the room!" the Ferengi snorted.

"My point exactly," Malar said as his hand grabbed the back of the Ferengi's head and slammed it into the glass. He fell into a boneless heap at Malar's feet. Angie and Khal, taking this as their signal, began to wreak their own special brands of havoc.

Angie turned to the guard at the door and boxed his ears. The guard fell to the floor howling in agony, having received the Ferengi

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DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

PERSONAL LOG ENTRY

ENGINEERING By Pat Heinske

In the last Fleet Status Update, Captain Fisher noticed that the Engineering Academy was in need of a new director - so he asked me if I'd be interested. I told him "sure!"

As of this writing, I have sent in my resume to Starfleet Academy, and I have not yet heard back from them, but I'm keeping my fingers crossed.

I was also contacted by the Head of Region I Engineering and asked to send in a logo for the Kitty Hawk's Engineering Department. A few months ago, when I was in Florida as John Miller's guest at Kennedy Space Center's open house, we knocked around a few ideas for just such a thing. We didn't come up with anything concrete, but what I sent in was pretty close to what we came up with. It's an equilateral triangle, point up, with the vehicle assembly building in the center. Swooping from behind to the right is the Wright Brothers' Kitty Hawk. Swooping from behind to the left is the starship U.S.S. Kitty Hawk. In the burgandy border in gold letters reads, "KITTY HAWK CLASS - DEVELOPMENT PROJECT - EARTH STATION KENNEDY".

Hopefully in the future we will be creating patches, etc. for the Engineering Department personnel, but for now, it will make the Kitty Hawk class starship a reality in Region I Engineering.

MEDICAL By Liz Read

FROM THE CMO...

Stress! As I write this (with a deadline two hours from now) I am at work, it's 5:00 a.m., it's been a very busy night at work AND my assistant called in sick! Does anyone else have days like this? I may be paranoid but that doesn't mean they're not out to get me! I'm not even going to mention the long and expensive list of school supplies my son needs, or how sorry I am I ever volunteered to be a soccer registrar.

Which finally brings me to the point: Stress! We all know what it is: Too much to do in too little time with too few resources. We know what it does to us: headaches, stomachaches, diarrhea, high blood pressure, insomnia. Everyone experiences these symptoms now and then, when life gets to be too much. If living in stressful times becomes a habit, however, things can really go haywire. People who are "stressed out" are sick more often, because the immune system is affected. Ulcers and heart attacks also occur in "Type A" people.

What can we do about this? Does it do any good to hear this again - "Take care of yourself". Easy to say but hard to do. With everything else to do, who has time! But look at it this way: If you don't take care of yourself, who will?

Here are a few ideas. You'll have others - let me know what works for you.

1. Try to avoid taking on too much. Say no once in a while.
2. Plan time for fun things - sit on the deck and watch the sunset, go to a movie, watch an old show, take a walk, etc. - but plan to do it. Don't just say "I'll squeeze it in later".
3. Eat a sensible diet and cut down on junk food.
4. Try to keep a semi-regular schedule: go to bed and get up at about the same time.
5. Exercise - and schedule time for it. Make a date with a friend.
6. Before bed, listen to music or read a good book.
7. Keep up your interest in hobbies (like Star Trek).

Life is too much with us and always will be, but we have control over how we let it affect us!

SECURITY BY Carey Muse

All is well in the Security Department; however, stay alert! We must be aware of what is going on around us at all times. Now that summer is over and all members have been on R&R, it is time to return to our stations and continue with our jobs.

In the wake of Kathy Forvendel's dissolution of her uniform-making enterprise, and her subsequent departure from the Triangle area, I am pleased to report having made contact with a replacement, ready and willing to fulfill the uniform and costume needs of any aboard the good ship U.S.S. Kitty Hawk who lack the skill, means, or time to make their own special apparel.

The seamstress in question, one Tissa Duke, was recently commissioned by yours truly to fabricate a uniform from patterns acquired at our last convention. The uniform took two months, from first contact to final product, for Ms. Duke to prepare (this was her first time, after all), but the results were well worth waiting for. Ms. Duke's rates normally run at \$10.00/labor hour, but she is open to the possibility of a special "package deal" with the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk, or any other local STAR TREK club.

The one great obstacle to overcome in this endeavor is the matter of investing Ms. Duke with a supply of uniform and costume patterns. Those of you who have them in your possession, I strongly suggest you have Ms. Duke make copies of them for future use. If copyright forbids this, however, there is always the possibility of obtaining them by mail order or at the annual local conventions. We should vote on this matter; I would personally advise passing the hat around and taking up a collection to purchase the necessary patterns for Ms. Duke as a "goodwill gesture".

The appropriate address is as follows:

Tissa Duke
11013 Strickland Road
Raleigh, NC 27615
(919) 870-0980

If finding the house proves difficult, simply look for a mailbox dressed like a "man" next to the BB&T branch at the Creedmoor-Strickland intersection, and there you are!

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equivalent to a kick in the crotch. Before he ever hit the floor, Angie had ripped the computer panel off the door frame. She pulled a small length of optical cable from her trouser pocket and jacked one end of it into a diagnostic socket inside the computer panel. She lifted up her hair and slipped the other end into a socket at the base of her skull. Her eyes glazed over as she disappeared into the computer of Lyitax's ship.

Khal had turned over the buffet table and ducked behind it. From his vantage, he proceeded to blast every Ferrengi that he could. In only ten seconds, he had managed to litter the floor with quite a few stunned Ferrengi. His Klingon battle roar almost drowned out the repeated firings of his phaser.

Malar quickly snatched a phaser from one of the fallen guards and turned to blast the window of the observation room. But he was too late. Even as he raised his weapon, a cloud of pale blue fog filled the operating room. Tara screamed.

"No!" Malar cried and blasted the window. The transparent aluminum withered away and sloughed onto the floor in puddles. Malar splashed globules of the red hot goo as he charged through the hole in the window that he had just made.

As soon as he entered the

operating room, he knew that something was wrong. There had been an electric tingle as he passed through the window and quite suddenly, the fog was choking him. It filled his lungs like cotton. His vision suddenly went all monochrome and fuzzy. Through the fog, he could see doctors in what looked like spacesuits coming at him, their arms reaching out for him.

Malar almost panicked. This was like out of some nightmare. He raised the phaser at one of them and depressed the firing stud. Nothing happened. He looked down at the phaser. It was dead.

"Stupid hooman!" he heard Lyitax's gravelly voice booming in his ears like a cannon. "No machinery will function inside a stasis field unless it is specially shielded. Nothing, not even light, can move any faster than 16.3 feet per second squared. By now, you are seeing everything in grey due to phase transference of quasi-energy leaking in from the adjacent sub-space tachyon reality. Without the stasis drug to shield you from the effects, the electro-chemical reactions in your brain will cease within a few more seconds. You are doomed hooman!"

Malar didn't even pretend to understand what this all meant. But since his phaser didn't work, he

would have to find another way. He jerked a knife from his boot and lunged at the slow moving spacesuits closing on him. He was surprised to discover that it only took one slash to reduce them to screaming and writhing on the floor. He stepped back, mystified. He hadn't even drawn any blood.

Malar didn't stop to ponder it. He leapt over the prone shells and raced over to Tara. He quickly cut the straps holding her down and hefted her limp body over his shoulder. God, she was heavy for a princess. He staggered out into the observation room, coughing his lungs up and fighting a screaming headache.

"Malar, are you okay?" Khal asked gruffly. Before he could answer, Lyitax's voice blared over the ship wide intercom.

"Guards! Guards! Stop them! They're getting away! Stop them!!"

Malar looked wearily up at Khal thinking that he had never been so glad to see the Klingon's ugly face. He grinned roguishly like a pirate should.

"My friends, I think we may have over stayed our welcome."

TO BE CONTINUED...

ANSWERS TO VULCAN LOGIC

By Jane Fisher

Carey impersonated McCoy but he didn't win the navy t-shirt. The one who won the navy shirt placed third (8). The one who won the navy shirt is either Pat or the one who did an impression of Picard [only possibility left in (1)] and the other of these two wore black (6). The one who placed first didn't win the red shirt (1), or the black shirt (6), or the white shirt (2); he won the gold shirt. Therefore, the one who impersonated

McCoy (Carey) won the white shirt [only possibility left in (1)] and placed second (2). The one who did the impressions of Scotty and Geordi didn't win the black or gold shirts (4), placed either first or fifth [(7) and McCoy placed second], and did not win the navy shirt (8); he won the red shirt and therefore placed fifth (1). The one who won the black shirt placed fourth. The one who did an impression of Riker didn't win the gold shirt (5), did not place third or fourth (7) and therefore did not win the navy or black shirts; he won the white shirt (Carey). The one who did an impression of Spock did not place third or fourth (7) and therefore did not win the navy or black shirts. He won the gold shirt and placed first. He didn't also do the impersonation of Picard (1) or Worf (2); he did the impersonation of Data. The one who impersonated

Chekov did not impersonate Worf (2); he did the impression of Picard. The one who did the impression of Kirk also did the impression of Worf. Jeff didn't do the impersonation of either Kirk (Worf), Spock, or Chekov; he did Scotty (Geordi). Pat didn't do the impression of Picard or Data [first (1)]; he did Worf (Kirk). Robert didn't do the impression of Data (5), Larry did. Robert did the impression of Picard (Chekov), so he didn't win the navy shirt (3); he won the black shirt and placed fourth. Pat won the navy shirt and placed third.

In summary: Larry, Spock, Data, first, gold; Pat, Kirk, Worf, third, navy; Jeff, Scotty, Geordi, fifth, red; Robert, Chekov, Picard, fourth, black; Carey, McCoy, Riker, second, white.

