



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

ALL HANDS! NOW HEAR THIS!

We are beginning the fifth year of our newsletter and it is full of a variety of articles. All of them are worthy of your attention. Please let the authors know that you took the time to read their efforts and appreciate their contribution. Then decide to make your contribution in the next issue.

Our year is filling up fast. If you did not get a calendar at the last meeting, one should be enclosed with this newsletter. We have tried to plan as many of our events as possible for 1994 and put them with a date so that more people will be able to attend more functions. It is hoped that you will bring your calendars to all of our meetings so that you can update them as events warrant. Then you will keep this calendar where you will see it every day and won't miss any of our scheduled events.

Our thanks to Jeff Cohn for producing this calendar and any errors on it are totally his fault. Gotcha! Next year we hope to get started earlier and maybe we can have a more elaborate production. Jeff will probably have his hands full so if anyone has any good ideas for the calendar please speak up.

I would like to remind all of you of the PBS telethon on Saturday March 12th at 7 P.M. at the UNC Center for Public Television in R.T.P. We are suggesting that the uniform of the day be the Kitty Hawk T-shirt if you have one, or if you wish, a costume such as a uniform or dress from one of the S.T. shows. A sweater or jacket is also advisable as there is a significant difference in heat when you go from being under the lights to off stage. Persons who have not signed up to do the telethon are welcome to join us, but you may not be assigned a phone as there are other jobs that need doing.

FLASH - P.B.S. called and said they are short volunteers for the same time period on the 11th! Can Kitty Hawk help out? Yes, we can! Please give me a call and volunteer for the additional evening. They need 35 people!

I regret to inform you that due to an on-call assignment by Liz Read, she will not be hosting the St. Patrick's Day party on the 19th of March at her home. Thus we are temporarily cancelling said party until other arrangements can be made to accommodate this horde. (See above: St. Patty's Day at P.B.S.)

Also, if you wish to attend the ice hockey game on the 18th of March, you need to contact Jeff Cohn immediately as advance purchase of tickets will be considered a must for this event.

This is probably going to be the busiest year we have yet seen on the Kitty Hawk. It already has been for some of us.

First Night was a great success despite the cold. Those persons who served that night have been awarded Distinguished Service Awards for their sacrifices in raising over \$350.00. To those persons and all the rest of the crew I wish to remind you that Artsposure is coming up in May and we have been invited to help out again for this event. The festival is always fun with many different artists participating and the music is terrific. This year, we will have even more incentive to sell drinks as we will be given a commission on the drinks we sell. The potential is great.

In late January, we helped Fox 22 and Creation host a STAR TREK Convention at the Raleigh Civic Center. Little did any of us expect the turnout we saw! Over 5000 fans packed the facility with 1500 turned away! To all the crew who worked the convention a "Well Done", and a

D.S.A. to each for their efforts. It was the largest single day con Creation has had, ever. They are pleased, Paramount is pleased and Fox 22 is pleased.

There will probably be more opportunities to host cons this year and I hope each of you will volunteer to work at these and other cons so that you will acquire the experience necessary to produce a con of our own, one day. It is a lot of work but you can make it fun with the proper planning and preparation.

More than \$80.00 was collected at the con for our charity, Duke Children's Hospital. A number of scripts and puzzle books were sold as well. Our sign up sheet for interested persons had seventy-five names on it and a copy of this newsletter is going to each in hopes that we will recruit new people to the Kitty Hawk. While it is not expected that all 75 people will join us, we hope as many as 25 or 30 will be inclined to become STARFLEET personnel and serve on the Kitty Hawk.

Please make all of these new people feel welcome and answer all of their questions to the best of your ability. Inform them of the various departments we have and the many activities we engage in throughout the year. Remember, one day one of them may be your department head, captain, or even Admiral.

All in all, we have had a fantastic start on the Kitty Hawk for 1994. As always, I am very proud to not only serve with you as a crew, but to call you my friends. The reputation of the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk is a great one and it is spreading not only in our community but throughout the state of N.C. and soon all of STARFLEET. It is an honor to serve with so many people that have **THE WRIGHT STUFF**.

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THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 5

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COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

This time I will update you on some of the new toys that Playmate has scheduled to come out in the near future. There is going to be eight new Next Generation figures for 1994. Only two of these figures can be considered new. The two figures are Lt. Barclay and Hugh the Borg. The others are variations on the regular cast and examples are Data and Picard as Romulans, Worf in Star Fleet Rescue outfit, and there are others. Also coming from Playmates will be a Star Trek Classic phaser and Star Trek Classic communicator. These are based on the phaser and communicator used in the original series and will come individually numbered and in a try me box. The communicator is the same as the original series communicator and features the opening sound when the communicator is flipped open. Also coming from Playmates

will be the original Enterprise which is similar to the previous vehicles in the Next Generation line. It will light up and have button activated warp drive and weapon systems, etc. The Enterprise is not scheduled to come out until July. Also there will be some Deep Space Nine figures coming out; there will be some runabout shuttles coming in June, and some other related DS9 toys coming soon.

Final note from Playmates. Playmates also makes, in addition to the Star Trek line toys, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. Coming this summer will be an interesting combination - Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle and Star Trek uniforms. This is one we will have to see to believe. They will be based on Classic Trek and Classic Trek uniforms. I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

THE ENLISTED REGISTER

By Jeff Habrych

For the last couple of years "*The Wright Stuff*" has contained Departmental reports, but nothing for those rising up through the ranks. Enlisted personnel have been lumped into their respective departments—

trumpet fanfare inserted here

DA DADADA DA DAAAAAA

I am pleased to announce the creation of "The Enlisted Register", a bi-monthly column for those of us who can do without the pips. I haven't really decided on a specific direction or format for this column, so suggestions for future columns will be appreciated. I'll even agree to give the column over to anyone who has a good article, heck, I'm easy, but I ain't cheap. (well at least most of the time.)

I guess I'll concentrate this month on the future plans for the ship's NCO department. As more and more personnel sign on to the Kitty Hawk many will decide to become officers. But, before that time I feel that each recruit should take the time to become familiar with all the ship's departments as well as becoming familiar with everyone on the ship.

Once the new recruit has signed on, they are assigned to a specific department, to help try and balance department sizes. We all know that OPS has a hard time recruiting personnel and that ENG could use some extra hands shoveling anti-matter into the engine core.

If a recruit decides to become an officer, he/she/it decides under which area of expertise they wish to train. Upon completion of OTS, the new Ensign then takes their place in the selected department.

Otherwise, NCOs will be rotated through the departments on a 6-12 month basis.

As the Kitty Hawk looks to the future and with our recent experience with Creation Ent., this past January. The Kitty Hawk should look upon these opportunities as a chance to further its base of experience.

With that in mind, it looks like Kitty Hawk personnel will be busy for the next few months, both working at and going to cons. While you are participating in these functions, make the effort to either volunteer your time or spend a few minutes talking to the people running the conventions. Get as much information you can about how the convention was put together and whether everything went as expected and if any unforeseen problems come up during the con.

By building a large base of experience, the Kitty Hawk becomes more readily able to handle situations like those which arose during the January convention.

See y'all next month.

(Some one please shoot me, I just said "y'all", AAARRRRGGGGGHHHHHHH, **BANG**, But what about the Mole Men, Thud!)

Assignment to all Kitty Hawk NCO's

Design a set of rank identifier, like the pips for officers. There are no requirements, except for taste. Something unique to the Kitty Hawk would be nice.

All things are connected like the blood that unites us. We do not weave the web of life, we are merely a strand in it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves.

Chief Seattle

FIRESTORM

By L.A. Graf
Reviewed by William Barry

Imagine a mountain larger than any on Earth, with a peak looming at least ten miles high, and a base area as large as a small continent. Now imagine that this mountain is also a volcano, and the result is the center stage of the new Classic STAR TREK novel **Firestorm**.

Following the events in STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE, Captain Kirk and the crew of the **U.S.S. Enterprise** are dispatched to Rakatan, a geologically-active young planet which is home to the galaxy's largest stratovolcano, Rakatan Mons. Here Kirk must successfully mediate a dispute between a team of Federation geologists and a dilithium mining expedition from the planet Elas. The geologists have been conducting a twenty-year survey of Rakatan. They believe

that they may have the answers behind Rakatan Mons' unusual size, and they are concerned for the safety of the Elasiens. The Elasiens, led by the Dohlman of Elas herself, claim in turn that Rakatan was charted by their ancestors more than a century ago, and is therefore Elasian territory by right and law. To make matters worse, the Dohlman is chauvinistically hostile towards Kirk, forcing him to place Lt. Commander Uhura in the mediator's chair.

As Uhura endeavors to prove whether the Elasian claim to Rakatan is legitimate, Kirk has his hands full trying to keep the two parties from coming to blows. Matters take a left turn when the Royal Armada of Elas arrives on the scene to back up their ruler's argument, with firepower if necessary. Yet even this

confrontation is soon to be overshadowed, for Rakatan Mons is about to end its fifteen thousand-year slumber with a roar...

In a nutshell, this novel has all the elements of a truly good drama in one place: suspense, excitement, intrigue, treachery, revenge, and an imminent disaster close at hand. There's even a little forbidden romance thrown in to spice up the brew. (And while we're on the subject of romance, You-Know-Who gets the girl... NOT! Well, somebody does, but I'm not mentioning any names.)

For anyone who rates the Classic Trek episode "Elaan of Troyius" among their favorites, **Firestorm** is highly recommended reading.

FICKLE? FINE, NOW FOLLOW THROUGH!

By Michael Glenn

Was it only a couple of months ago that the collective wisdom of the Kitty Hawk crew roundly rejected the very thought of "doing" a Con? Was there a different subset of the crew present that resulted in a different attitude? Or did the Flying Fickle Finger of Fate infest the crew's collective consciousness?

Whichever, the die is cast, the crew chose to change course. We've also changed our relationships with the Kitty Hawk. No longer are we a loose collection of fans united in a common appreciation of a set of TV shows and movies, we are not a corporate entity with new and absolute responsibilities. Failure will not be punished in the usual Klingon way, but will be measured in embarrassment units. If you fail to carry out an assignment, the Kitty Hawk looks bad to the outside world and you will look bad to the rest of the crew because we will know for whose procrastination the rest of us had to cover.

One of the worst forms of

procrastination in any large-scale project is the failure to seek information when needed. If you do not know how you are supposed to do something, ask. There is time for a learning curve; there isn't any for "I'll figure it out eventually". Beating your head against the wall or beating around the bush until you are about to be late is, to say the least, counterproductive but really borders on dereliction. Unfortunately for you, the "I didn't know who to ask" excuse is unavailable. The answer is Captain J.R. Fisher of the Kitty Hawk. He won't know all the answers but, as Project Manager, it is his role to put you in contact with the one(s) who does.

We are no longer volunteers who can come or go as we please. From this point on we are "resources". You will probably be given a chance to accept or refuse an assignment. Once you accept, you begin to grow with the job and responsibility. In my years as a programmer, I have found task

leadership the most fascinating and exciting aspect of my career. To the task leader come the rewards and the criticism. If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the replicator. Sometimes, you feel overwhelmed, but you will never be alone. The crew, the team, will be ready to assist you and you will be amazed at what you can cook up.

The sense of being over one's head goes away very quickly when you break the task down into small, easily achievable units. There are crew members experienced in this who will help you through your first exercise in task breakdown. The secret is to ask. Often, a solution will present itself to you during the course of your explaining a problem to another party. By restating the concern in different words so that the other may understand it, you must re-think the situation and the process. Suddenly light dawns and you say to your partner, who has yet to say a word, "Thanks, you do good work!" The secret again? Ask!

THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE FIFTEEN IDENTITY CRISIS

By Elaine Royal Pischke



Mystery and Spot's latest adventure had had the effect of making them more cautious. At least, Spot was. Anytime Mystery tried to take him any place new, he would sit down and refuse to follow her. Since it really didn't matter to her, she finally acquiesced and for several weeks they only went to tried and true locations - sick bay, ten forward, the botanical gardens. Even the holodeck seemed to spook Spot, so they stayed away from there as well.

Mystery didn't mind. She could go anywhere she pleased when Spot was not around. But his fidgety attitude was beginning to annoy her. Right now, for example, she was trying to relax on a soft bed of leaves in the arboretum, but Spot refused to lie down and be quiet. He wasn't exactly making a sound, but his mental projecting was a distracting background noise.

Finally she could take no more. "We made it back safe and sound. I promise I will not take you to any more shuttlecraft. It's over. Relax." She watched Spot for a moment but there was no indication that the yellow cat had heard.

"Spot? That is why you're so upset, isn't it?" Mystery was already tired of this conversation and wanted to take a nap.

"No," was all Spot said.

That got Mystery's curiosity up enough for her to open one eye. "Really? Then why all the fuss?"

Spot was projecting even more distress than before. "Data... said..."

Mystery waited. "Said what?"

Spot plopped down, suddenly drained of all energy. "Data said... I was a 'she'."

Mystery looked up. "Oh. Is that all?"

"Is that all? Is that all?" Spot

leapt back up, tail twitching in the air. "I'm not a she. I'm a he. You know that."

"I know no such thing. Of course you are a female. Where did you ever get such a silly idea?"

"But..."

"I meant to mention it to you earlier. I sensed you were confused..."

"But..."

"But, well, it's just not important. Now, please, you've interrupted my nap enough." Mystery nodded off, leaving Spot even more distressed than before.

Spot would not calm down, so finally Mystery rose to her feet, stretched out a few times, yawned, shook her head, and left the arboretum. Spot, of course, followed.

"This is some place new," she warned, but Spot no longer seemed to care. "You need a lesson in what's really important," she said almost too softly for Spot to hear.

They walked for a long time, into an area Spot had never seen before. There were a lot of people dressed in blue here, and Mystery explained that this area was where a lot of scientist worked. Spot didn't know what a scientist was, but was impressed because the rooms they passed were all full of very complicated-looking equipment.

Finally Mystery stopped in front of a closed door. "This is the Zoology lab."

"Zoology?"

"They study animals in there," she said ominously.

Suddenly Spot was frightened. He/she didn't want to be studied, whatever that meant.

The door slid open and Spot stuck close to Mystery as they entered. The room was full of

animate life - mostly in cages of one sort or another. Spot looked around, amazed.

Behind one wall of glass was a furless creature with large blue eyes, a long tail, and ten legs. Spot couldn't imagine why one would need ten legs, when four was perfect, and humans seemed to get along fine with just two. Behind another glass wall was a beautiful, multicolored bird - but it seemed to be walking around under water. How could it fly in there? Other cages held equally exotic looking and behaving creatures. The room was large, with several smaller rooms off of the main room, and after they had quickly scanned the large room, Mystery headed toward one of the smaller ones.

In this room, right at eye level, and behind a wall of glass, was the most beautiful creature Spot had ever seen. It was such a sleek gold as to make Spot's fur seem dull brown by comparison. It had emerald green eyes and rings of matching green around its paws. It was larger than both Mystery and Spot put together.

"It is a cat?" Spot breathed softly.

"No, I am not," came the answer, and not from Mystery.

Spot jumped. "Then how can I hear you?"

"I am much like cat, but not cat. I am Jivas tiger, from Jivas plains of Antares IV."

Spot didn't know what that meant but it sounded exciting.

"I am the last of my kind born in the wild. I go now to meet others - born in zoos."

"Zoos?"

"Places made by people for animals to live."

(Continued on page 6)

COLLECTOR'S REPORT

By Larry Pischke

With the advent of the new year, I have gotten new catalogs and information that I figured would be worthwhile to pass on to you.

The first bits of information I have concern some items that I told you about in my previous report. First off, I finally have release dates on the new Star Trek starship models due for release this year. The fiber optic Next Generation Enterprise is now scheduled for release in April. The other new ship, The U.S.S. Excelsior, is to be out in July. I must warn you, though: This is the same company that said they would have the Deep Space Nine Runabout out in August of last year, and it just came out in December. In other words, DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH!

I have finally seen photos of the new Geometric Designs Next Generation crew figures. If you recall, I reported last time that this company had recently added both Geordi LaForge and Deanna Troi figures to their other Next Gen line, which included Data, Picard, and Worf figures. Now I have seen these figures. Geordi is wearing the most recent uniform, i.e. no jumpsuit. In one hand he is holding a tricorder.

His other hand is up to his face, supposedly adjusting his VISOR, although the hand isn't touching the VISOR. I think that the figure isn't too bad, and a good addition to the line.

The Counselor Troi doll is dressed in one of those annoying jumpsuits she is so fond of wearing (I personally think that she looks better in a uniform). She had a P.A.D.D. in one hand, with the other arm at her side. She has what can best be described as an "enigmatic" smile on her face. I guess this befits a counselor and an empath, but I think it looks a bit silly. Then again, I wasn't all that pleased with the entire figure. This may just be the way it was painted in the photo, though.

The new items that I have for you this month are not Star Trek, but they are still interesting. Monogram is releasing a line of "seaQuest" models. I have no pictures of models, just artist's conceptions. All four of the kits are allegedly due out in March. None of them have a price listed at this time.

The first kit listed is the seaQuest herself, all 1,000+ scale feet of her. The kit is 1:600 scale, and comes with an "inner docking bay" and display stand. What I want to know is, how did they model the sub, when I have almost never seen a complete shot of her in the series. I thought that it was just a bunch of pieces of sub sailing in formation.

The second kit is a Deep Ocean Transport. They have it listed as a "mini pickup", complete with an open flatbed. The spherical cockpit and watertight cargo bay (for those non-watertight things that can't sit on the flatbed) are supposed to be fully detailed (like you have something to compare them against). This will be 1:32 scale.

The third kit is what they call a Stinger, which they claim is a "completely enclosed undersea 'motorcycle'". It looks like a mean, black spaceship to me. An ocean display stand and a pilot figure will be included. This will come out in 1:20 scale.

The final kit listed is Ensign Darwin, everybody's favorite dolphin. But it's not just a dolphin model kit. Darwin also comes with a D.R.U. - a Dolphin Rebreathing Unit. That's right, Darwin has scuba gear. The story is that this unit fits over his blowhole and allows him to stay submerged for long periods of time without resurfacing. Cute. This figure will come as 1:12 scale. Also included is a display base.

A SCIENCE QUIZ

By Liz Read

** If Dr. Crusher can command the Enterprise, the Kitty Hawk CMO can write a science quiz!*

1. Where is Wolf 359?

2. What is the escape velocity from the surface of the Earth?

3. What is the orbital velocity of Earth?

4. What does "laser" stand for?

5. Where are the Harbinger Mountains?

6. Name the atmospheric layers IN ORDER.

7. When is the Earth at aphelion?

8. Who was the first woman in space?

(Continued from page 5)

"Sounds nice," Spot commented.

But Jivas shook his head sadly. "No. Nice, but not free."

Mystery nudged Spot. "Time to go."

Spot wanted to stay, but Mystery insisted. Once outside, she explained. "We make him sad because we are free and he is not. Do you understand?"

Suddenly Spot realized something he had never realized before. "We are the only animals who roam freely on the Enterprise. Even the puppies have to stay in a certain area."

"That's right. Because we are special."

"We're cats!" Spot said proudly.

"That's right. Two female cats."

"I'm still going to think of myself as male. I don't care," Spot said stubbornly.

And since Mystery didn't really care either, she just muttered, "Whatever," and began thinking about where to find some dinner.

TO BE CONTINUED...

KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES

TARA'S ADVENTURE

PART VI

By Audra Taylor and Scott Robertson

Some part of Malar was surprised. With all of his wit, intelligence and cunning, it had taken him this long to realize that he was in over his head. It wasn't every day that one has to deal with an enraged and completely insane Ferrengi. Every other day maybe...

But this particular Ferrengi was wealthy enough to afford his own private army and paranoid enough to think that he needed one. The same private army which, as fate would have it, was currently pursuing Malar and his companions down the corridor. Malar actually didn't mind that so much. A little excitement never hurt anybody. It was the fact that they were shooting at him that really made things difficult. That and the tiny flashes of pain that shot up his spine from Angie running behind him and kicking him with every other step, yelling something about pirates and conscience.

Khal was leading the charge to the docking bay. Malar kept hoping that they could make it out. He knew that it would be tricky. With the whole ship on alert, they would very likely have to blast their way out of the docking bay. And then there was the fact that Lyitax would probably chase them halfway across the galaxy. Assuming of course that they could get past the Romulan warbird looming off the port bow.

Angie finally stopped kicking him when they reached the turbolift. There were four Ferrengi guarding it. Khal didn't even slow down. He charged straight at them, roaring like only an enraged Klingon can. The eyes of the Ferrengi guards grew almost to the size of their ears. They screamed in terror and took off, each one in a different direction. Khal opened the turbolift door and stood waiting while Angie and Malar made it down the hall. Malar shuffled past him bearing Tara slung over his shoulder.

"You love doing that don't you?" Malar asked as he passed. Khal

only growled.

Angie followed behind him and immediately punched the button for the docking bay. The double doors cycled shut and all of their eyes cast up to the floor indicator. Nothing happened. Angie punched the button again. Still nothing.

"Come on you stupid piece of Ferrengi Felgercarb!" She slammed her fist against the control panel savagely. This time, with a result. Not the one she expected, but a result all the same. The panel went dark save for the words: SECURITY OVERRIDE PROTOCOL ENGAGED.

"Trapped like rats! They have us now!" Khal bellowed.

"Like hell they do." Angie grabbed the phaser out of Khal's hand and blasted the panel. It blew out and hung by a few strands of optical cable. Angie reached into the interior of the blasted panel and began reconfiguring the isolinear chips inside.

"What are you doing?" Malar asked.

"I'm cutting the central computer out of the control path. Then I'm going to loop the turbolift's subprocessor back on itself so that it will take commands from itself and think the central computer is the one giving the orders. Hold on. This could be a bumpy ride."

The floor seemed to drop out from under them, leaving Malar's stomach three decks above them. Tara moaned. The sedative was starting to wear off.

"Angie, you're a genius," Malar said.

"Let's just hope I can get it to stop as easily."

The turbolift slammed to a halt, throwing them all to the floor. Malar sat up rubbing his head. He rolled Tara off of him and then cast a sideways glance at Angie.

"You could have warned us you know."

"I didn't do anything. We must have hit bottom," Angie said.

"Where am I?" Tara asked

groggily.

"You're being rescued," Malar said.

"Dammit! I can't get the door open." Angie banged her fist against the panel.

"Leave that to me." Khal stood up and set his phaser on the highest setting. He pointed it at the door.

"Cover your eyes, Princess," Malar shielded Tara with his body. Khal's phaser was almost as loud as it was bright. Within a second, a two meter wide hole had appeared in the turbolift door.

Khal turned to Angie, pleased with the result. "After you my love."

Angie punched him. "I told you not to call me that."

"I thought you said you knew where the docking bay was! You idiot! I just knew you'd get me killed one of these days. I swear I don't know why I ever listened to you, Malar. Every time I do I end up regretting it," Angie ranted. Malar had long since stopped listening.

"Will somebody shut her up. My head hurts," Tara said. She stumbled along, allowing Malar to lead her by the hand. She hadn't yet realized that not only was she in mortal danger but that she was wearing only a sheet of plastic.

"Malar!" came a voice out of thin air. It was Lyitax, speaking over the shipwide intercom. "I know you can hear me. I am prepared to make a deal."

"Famous last words," Malar sneered.

"If you turn over the girl now, I'll let you and your friends go free," Lyitax said.

"Sure you will. Put it in writing," Malar shot back.

"I will. I shall have it engraved on your tombstone. Malar, I beg you to reconsider. You will not get off this ship alive. I will kill you and take the girl anyway. But I am trying to be generous. I'm offering you your lives. How can you pass up

(Continued on page 10)

EMERGENCY FIRST AID GUIDELINES FOR STARFLEET SECURITY PERSONNEL

By Jeff Habrych

In response to the Medical Department's excellent presentation about standard emergency medical procedures, I thought I might present a look at medicine from the Security Department's point of view, since Security Personnel take the brunt of injuries in the Line of Duty.

Electrocution

1. Is the victim still connected to the power supply? If so, SWITCH OFF THE POWER IMMEDIATELY. Electricity costs an absolute fortune, and it would be going to waste needlessly.
2. Check the victim's pulse (if you can find their wrist amongst the stack of charred bones and greasy bubbling flesh that was once a human being). And do try not to be squeamish about it.
3. Drive the victim to the nearest casualty ward. If need be you can use the victim to jumpstart the engine.

Treating Burns and Scalds

Run the affected area under a cold tap as soon as possible. (N.B. If the victim's entire body is a swirling mass of flames, it may be a little too late for this.) If the victim has spilled hot liquid over his/her clothes, then REMOVE CLOTHING IMMEDIATELY. You can never tell, the sight of you parading around naked may cheer them up and take their mind off their injury. Remind the victim that worse things happen at sea. Cite drowning as an example.

Fractures and Broken Limbs

Check the injured area to see if the break or fracture has resulted in a tubular shard of shearing white bone jutting outwards through the bloody mass of flesh. If it has, then tell the victim that they are going to die. That always puts the wind up them. Tie a splint to the victim's leg and ask them to walk up and down for a few minutes. They will probably fall down unconscious, making the rest of your job easier. Do not move the broken or fractured limb as this may result in an abnormal position.

However, if you're feeling daring, try pointing legs in the wrong direction, bending wrists through 180 degrees, etc. It really is amazing the number of fascinating contortions you can produce. Far better than Play-Doh.

Choking on Food

1. Try to dislodge the article blocking the victim's windpipe by punching them hard in the stomach. Do remember to duck before the particles of food hit you in the face.
2. Call the waiter and ask for a 20 percent reduction on the bill.
3. Make a mental note to order soup next time.

Cuts and Wounds

Dress the wound, whatever that means. Try to limit the blood loss by tying a tourniquet around the victim's throat until they experience difficulty in breathing. Ha Ha, only kidding. Apply pressure to the affected area. Just my little joke. Stitch up the wound with aluminum wire. Ha ha! Caught you again. Outsmarted you! Still, I am an expert, you know.

Objects Stuck in the Eye

Rinse the victim's eye in luke warm water. DO NOT USE SOAP AS WELL, IDIOT. Offer to pick the object out of the victim's eye with your teeth. This usually results in the object mysteriously "going away" and not bothering the victim any more before you can get to it.

Concussion

When the victim comes around, ask them what day it is, who the Prime Minister is, how many fingers you are holding up. To make it more difficult, hold the fingers up behind your back. Then total up the victim's score and send it to this address:

Mystery Prize Committee
P.O. Box 69
Callaloonga, AZ 99999-0000

The highest score wins a mystery prize.

Talk in Swahili to disorient the victim a bit more. Yes, there's a whole bundle of laughs when it comes to concussion. Here's a good one: before the victim comes around, switch off all of the lights. When the victim regains consciousness, shout "Thank God! We thought you might be dead, or blinded or something."

POISONS

Ingested Poisons

The main thing is to keep the victim calm. Find out what the victim ate or drank, ask them if they are conscious, if not then search the area around the victim (staying within at least 2 or 3 miles of the victim). Make special notice of any chemical plants, nuclear waste dump sites, etc. in the area, as these might be the real cause of the problem.

Insect/Animal Poisons

Locate the area of bite or sting, it should be red, swollen and oozing blood. Your next action depends on the location of the bite/sting and the sex of your victim. Victims of the opposite sex with a bite/sting in an unmentionable locale will probably be grateful and start to forget the pain and enjoy their last few minutes of consciousness. If the victim is of the same sex then waiting a few minutes until the victim loses consciousness will PAY OFF! in the long run. Make sure that you make up a good story as to why the victim's wallet/purse is now suddenly devoid of cash.

"He's Dead, Jim"
"You get his phaser,"
"and I'll grab his wallet."

Disclaimer: The above information is a work of Fiction and should NOT in any way be construed with anyone's personal concept reality whatsoever!

20 THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN IN STAR TREK

By Jeff Habrych

1. The Enterprise runs into a mysterious energy field of a type it has never encountered several times before.
2. The Enterprise goes to visit a remote outpost of scientists, who are all perfectly alright.
3. Some of the crew visit the holodeck, and it works properly.
4. The crew of the Enterprise discover a totally new lifeform, which later turns out to be a rather well-known old lifeform wearing a funny hat.
5. The crew of the Enterprise are struck by a mysterious plague, for which the only cure can be found in the well-stocked Enterprise sick-bay.
6. The Captain has to make a difficult decision about a less advanced people which is made a great deal easier by the Federation's Prime Directive.
7. The Enterprise successfully ferries an alien VIP from one place to another without serious incident.
8. An enigmatic being composed of pure energy attempts to interface to the Enterprise computer, only to find out that it has forgotten to bring the right leads.
9. A power surge on the Bridge is rapidly and correctly diagnosed as a faulty capacitor by the highly-trained and competent engineering staff.
10. The Enterprise is captured by a vastly superior

alien intelligence which does not put them on trial.

11. The Enterprise is captured by a vastly inferior alien intelligence which they easily pacify by offering it some sweetsies.

12. The Enterprise visits an earth-type planet called "Paradise" where everyone is happy all of the time. However, everything is soon revealed to be exactly what it seems.

13. A major Starfleet emergency breaks out near the Enterprise, but fortunately some other ships in the area are able to deal with it to everyone's satisfaction.

14. The Enterprise is involved in a bizarre time-warp experience which is in some way unconnected with Earth's past.

15. Kirk (or Riker or Picard or Troi or Crusher or Geordi) falls in love with a man/woman/alien on a planet he/she visits, and isn't tragically separated from him/her/it at the end of the episode.

16. Counselor Troi states something other than the blindingly obvious.

17. The warp engines start playing up a bit, but seem to sort themselves out after a while without any intervention from boy genius Wesley Crusher.

18. Wesley Crusher gets beaten up by his classmates for being a smarmy git, and consequently has a go at making some friends of his own age for a change.

19. Spock (or Data) is fired from his high-ranking position for not being able to understand the most basic nuances of about 1 in 3 sentences that anyone says to him.

20. Most things that are new or in some way unexpected.

POLITICALLY INCORRECT PERSONAL AD

By Jeff Habrych

SWM, 27
6'3" 175lb
HUNK that
makes Stallone
and Hulk Hogan
look like Woody
Allen.

Successful
exec with a
Fortune 10
company, 10th
degree Black

Belt in Karate, Winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, 8 Purple Hearts and numerous Nobel Prizes for Peace, Literature, and Science. My favorite music is Gregorian Chants sung in Medieval Latin and yodelling, also, Yoko Ono screaming the blues. I was an accomplished concert pianist before becoming a Buddhist monk and after that I decided to dedicate my life to science and megabucks.

I enjoy, being rich, alligator wrestling (naked), volleyball (naked), rolling around in large piles of cash (naked), ripping tree stumps out of the ground with my bare

hands (naked), combat maneuvers while being shot at with live ammo (naked except for body armor and leaves), grape stomping (naked), the smell of leather, the sound of the crack of a whip, horseback riding (naked), and watching gladiator and Hercules movies. I like to drink Lone Star, Coors, Wild Turkey, Southern Comfort and Jack Daniels, preferably all mixed together. I have fun roleplaying — (yuppie, biker, disco king, cowboy/oilman, punk rocker, mortician, cop, mechanic, senator, TV evangelist, and so on etc, etc....)

I am seeking a Single/Divorced, White/Black/Yellow/Red Female, 18 - 35, who is an insatiable, love hungry **NYMPHOMANIAC** who will be desirous to make wild, passionate **LOVE** any time, any place and to experiment: (Mazola parties, all 215 positions, etc.) Also, she must be able to kick butt and hold her own in barroom brawls, she must enjoy traveling to exotic locals (Cabrini-Green, Tehran, Beirut, Bosnia, Bagdad, etc.) A large chest and a working knowledge of tactical nuclear weapons are real pluses. I would love it if she would appreciate my collection of off-color Italian hand gestures.

— Clothing Optional.

— No Kinky chicks, please.

(and I wonder why I can't get dates!)

DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

SECURITY
BY Carey Muse

MEDICAL By Liz Read

FROM THE CMO...

Recently, I attended a lecture at work on how the "Clinton Health Care Reform" will affect health care and health care professionals. To summarize very briefly, the intent is to offer every citizen a basic package of health care benefits that cannot be taken away. More emphasis would be placed on preventive and maintenance health care, i.e., well-body check-ups; control of chronic illnesses, etc. The proposed reforms also ask that some provision for skilled nursing facilities ("nursing homes") coverage be considered.

Primary care providers (GP's, family practice and internal medicine specialists and pediatricians as well as family nurse practitioners, etc.) would probably see salary increases. Specialists would probably see salary decreases.

Consolidation of services and regionalization would possibly occur. Right now, every hospital feels that it has to buy the newest technological gismo that comes out - at a very high cost. In the future, facilities would share some of these pieces of equipment.

What does this mean to us? Undoubtedly, some changes: in insurance coverage and in how much we pay. I believe that health care reform is desperately needed because:

- 56 million Americans are uninsured or underinsured - every one of us knows someone in this group.
- Thousands of kids are not being vaccinated against childhood diseases; some are dying of these preventable illnesses.
- Many people with chronic illnesses such as heart disease, emphysema and high blood pressure are hospitalized because their prescriptions ran out - and they didn't have the money to refill them. Ironically, our present system pays hospital bills that run into the thousands but doesn't pay for medicines.
- Right now, we are paying more than any other industrialized country for health care - and getting

much less.

This is not a plea for "socialized medicine" — and the so-called Clinton health care reform proposal is not socialized medicine. There are many things to be settled, not the least of which are who pays and how much will be paid. In the long run, we will all benefit.

The selection of a reform plan (there are at least five right now) will take a lot of time and a lot of spirited debates. When you go to vote, take the time to find out each candidate's stand on health care and vote responsibly. Ultimately, this will not be the Clinton health care reform; it will be our health care reform.

OPERATIONS BY Larry Pischke

I hope that everyone has survived the holiday season relatively intact. I just hate to see crewmen wandering around in various stages of incompleteness.

SCIENCE By Michael Glenn "Basic Science"

The Science Department training session, "Basic Science", was held at the North Carolina Museum of Life and Science in Durham, NC, on the home planet. As science and technology are so basic to all aspects of our lives, members of all departments were welcome to attend. Crew members poked, prodded, pumped and generally participated in a diverse collection of hands-on displays and demonstrations. Sure, it's pitched toward children, but what intellectually-curious adult doesn't enjoy playing and learning at the same time? (OK, J.R., but that's because you're always so serious all the time. Try to lighten up.)

Plan to attend future Science Department outings — the environmental surveys on the first or second Saturday mornings of even-numbered months at the Highway Cleanup rendezvous point and the next scheduled Science activities, an archeological away team mission on 9406.25 and a geological away team mission on 9408.20.

Thanks to all of those who worked the Creation Convention on January 23, 1994. (List of those people follow this report.) We did a very good job at the convention; however, there is room for improvement. I am currently working on a plan, after talking with Captain Fisher, regarding security personnel and rotation of personnel with guest. We have at least one more Creation Convention coming up this spring along with a few other projects in the works. Another word about security — that is what we are. We are the assigned security team. To borrow from Dr. McCoy, I am security not a bellhop.

List of those who worked the security at the Convention:

J.R. Fisher	John Miller
Diana Waldier	Tara Weaver
Bill Barry	Jeff Habrych
Brian Jones	Pat Heinske
Elaine Pischke	Ray McAlister
Larry Pischke	

The Uhura Award goes to Diana and Elaine for keeping communications open by answering the phone all day.

Again, thanks for doing a good job!

(Continued from page 7)

such a bargain. The three of your lives for the price of one."

"Lyitax, do you remember the Second Rule of Acquisition?" Malar asked.

"Curse you, Malar!" Lyitax screamed.

A few moments later, they reached the door to the docking bay. As they forced open the giant doors, Malar turned his most charming grin on Angie.

"See. I told you I knew where the docking bay was."

Khal and Angie went inside and headed for the ship. Just as Malar was about to usher her through the door, Tara stopped him.

"Malar, why are you doing this?" she asked him.

"I don't know, Princess. Maybe I..."

"Malar! Get in here! I think you'd better see this!" Angie bellowed. Malar turned to go.

"Just one thing." Tara clutched at his sleeve.

"What?"

"Just what is the Second Rule of Acquisition?"

"Never trust a Ferengi."

TO BE CONTINUED....