

# 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

At our last monthly meeting, I said we should avoid discussing the fleet situation with the group as a whole, unless we had something positive or important to say. Well, there are several things to report to you.

First, the administration has withdrawn the proposed Constitution/By-laws that they published last month. This means you don't have to waste a stamp on the ballot. Without going into all the details, the State of N.C. notified them they would lose their "not-for-profit" status if the document passed and that there were several irregularities in their voting procedure.

Second, if you are a current member of Starfleet (which everyone was supposed to be) or only recently expired, then you should have received issue 61 of the Communiqué. It is a large issue, but the ship summaries are missing again. It is full of complaints and philosophizing. Your comments are welcome.

In so far as only a few people were turning in stamps, we are discontinuing this project. The stamps turned in at the July 2 meeting will be bagged with the others and sent in.

Aluminum collection is also slow. If you will bring your crushed cans to the meetings, we will recycle them. On this project we do get some (not a lot) money thanks to Pat Horton's efforts.

On the 18th of June we held highway cleanup. Mugsey, Diana, Howard, and I were the only ones there. That is shameful! Thirteen of you signed up. Where were you? Did you not read the last column I wrote?

It is not a lot of fun to continually hound you about things. There is more to write about than these "oversights", but it is the only way I know to reach everyone and be sure my message is clear.

It is clear from the printout I received from Computer Operations/Starfleet that many of you let your membership in that organization lapse; in some cases for a considerable length of time. Yet you continued to participate on the Kitty

Hawk. While we now have a procedure for this, I need for each of you to give me your blue or yellow Starfleet cards so that I can send a corrected roster to Starfleet. I know that the list they sent me is highly inaccurate and this seems to be the only way to get it straight.

Also, last month, I called all of you who have not paid any dues and promises were made. I am waiting! But not any longer. If I don't have the proper responses by July 15th, 1994, you will be dropped from the Kitty Hawk roster.

Changes. Teresa Tuel has decided to take a leave of absence for 1994. Carey Muse will replace her as First Officer effective immediately. Teresa has done an excellent job over the four plus years she served the Kitty Hawk and deserves a big "Thank You" and a "well done". Please continue to call and correspond with her; she is still our friend and I am sure she will be back with us in the future.

Carey has been in Starfleet for 10 years and has Executive Officer experience from his days on the U.S.S. Endeavour. I am sure he will bring a new dimension to the office in the days ahead.

At Security, left vacant by Mr. Muse's ascension, Lt. Tara Weaver will be taking command. Despite her youth, her dedication and resolve make her very capable. We feel secure.

As most of you already know, John Miller (Lt.j.g.) is assuming the office of Chief Engineer and will be ably assisted by Lt.j.g. Brian Jones. Pat Heinkse is stepping into a reserve role but will be active in his old department where he performed admirably.

Lt. Diana Waldier is taking the number two spot in the Medical Department as Liz Read's assistant. Diana is one of our most active members and I am sure she will bring her energy to her new position.

For the new members of the crew: you have had a chance to look around and get to know some of us, so during the month of July let us know to which department you want to be assigned.

We are regrettably losing one of

our own to a move. Rhonda Rocker has taken a new job in Indiana and will probably be moved as you read this. We hope to have her new address on the next roster (soon - I swear) so you can stay in touch with her. She wishes to continue her association with the catbird. Good luck, Rhonda.

At the last meeting I displayed the new Hallmark Star Trek ornament for 1994; a Klingon Bird of Prey. We are taking orders for these to be bought through Kim's Hallmark in Cameron Village where we will receive a rebate to be applied to our contribution to the Duke Children's Hospital next year. They are \$24.00 plus tax. We will take orders throughout July. The ornaments will arrive in September.

**Don't forget Jeff's party on July 2.**

A sincere "Thank You" to all of you who came downtown to help man the tent during Artsplosure's Spring Jazz and Art Festival and to those of you who manned those phones for the Duke Children's Telethon. A great job by all and greatly appreciated not only by me but by the sponsoring organizations and people.

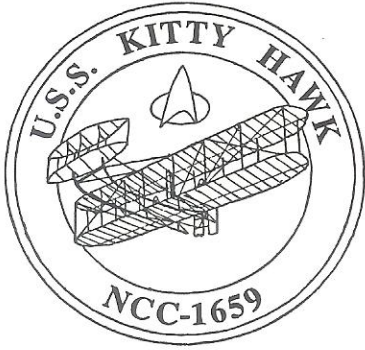
It is because of your efforts and diligence that those people think we are a great organization filled with fantastic people. I would hate to tell them, but they are right.

I am now on the steering committee for both the Spring Festival and First Night. Rarely does a meeting take place that some one (not me!) doesn't praise our efforts and the Kitty Hawk. They would like to have twenty groups like us. You should be proud of the reputation this organization enjoys in the Triangle. I know I am.

In closing this time, a personal note. Last issue I closed talking about how one person can make a difference, can change the course of history. Since then, I did. Now it's your turn. It's not hype, it's the Wright Stuff.

**ESSE QUAM VIDERI**





# THE WRIGHT STUFF

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# THE WRIGHT STUFF

VOLUME 5

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# COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

Playmate Toys is postponing a few items which were scheduled to come out this year. The new schedule date is not available at this time but will be in 1995. Among these are the original Enterprise Ship. Playmate is coming out soon with a Borg Ship as well as a phaser from the first season of Next Generation. They are also coming out with a phaser and communicator from the Classic Star Trek. The photos I have seen of these items show these items to be very good and detailed. As with all Playmate Toys they will be individually numbered for collectors.

One other note of interest, coming in July will be another audio book featuring Capt. Sulu. This one is titled "Revelations" and is read by George Takei. It will be available in either tape or CD form; however it will not be available in book form. Also coming from George Takei in August will be his autobiography. This will be a complete autobiography not just his Star Trek years. It promises to be a very interesting book; it will also be available on audio tape.

# CHIEF ENGINEER'S LOG

By John Miller

**STARDATE: 9404.31** - Well, this is my first Engineering report done as the newly appointed Chief Engineer aboard the Kitty Hawk. While I've been involved with the engineering department since our launch as a shuttle, it is indeed a great privilege and honor to take up the reins after Pat Heinske decided to resign his position. I worked with Pat on some really great ideas when he first became Chief Engineer, and I have worked with him steadily since. I feel that my ideas for the Kitty Hawk's Engineering Department will be similar to his, and I am confident that he will continue to be an invaluable source of information for me for some time to come.

## First Order of Business:

As many of you know, I have a Co-op job with NASA. My next work semester will be this summer, and since I will not be able to attend any functions until late August, I have appointed Brian Jones as my Executive Engineer. His function will be to act for me in the full capacity of Chief Engineer during my absence. Most of what we do will be a joint effort, and I want every one to feel that talking to him is the same as talking to me.

Brian and I have some great ideas we want to start working on. Not the least of which is the continuation of the Engineering Manual that Pat started. I would at least like to be able to get official crew quarter assignments, and other official information about the ship published in a formal manner. The original idea was something similar to "*Mr. Scott's Guide to the Enterprise*", but not on quite as grand a scale. If anyone has any ideas for details or curious tidbits of info they want put in concerning their particular position on the ship (i.e. what your work station looks like, the kind of equipment you work with, etc.). This can be either real world or fantasy information. One of the things I hope to accomplish is to blend some of every one's real life in with the fantasy environment on the starship. I think this can be a lot of fun, and will give us a manual that will be fun to read as well as share with friends, both Trekkers and non-Trekkers. I am going to begin work on the basics of the ship itself; how a Kitty Hawk Class ship is different from an Enterprise Class, what the ship's capabilities are, etc. As people send me information about their individual work areas, I will begin to add these accounts to the manual.

**STARDATE 9406.03** - I arrived at Earth Station Kennedy on Stardate 9405.29 late in the evening to begin my duty detail here with the local Starfleet engineers working on the U.S.S. Kitty Hawk Continuing Development Project. [In other words, I got here on Sunday night to start my co-op semester at NASA.] The Shuttle Lindbergh performed flawlessly, and it made the trip from the Kitty Hawk to Kennedy much more pleasurable

than I had thought. The new interactive computer games that Pat Heinske had me install while I was Shuttle Chief really came in handy! It wasn't until this trip that I felt the on-line entertainment really necessary. I pledge never to travel without it again!!

Anyway, as I am not on board the Kitty Hawk for the rest of the Summer, my Executive Engineer, Brian Jones, will have to keep everyone informed on the status of the Kitty Hawk's Engineering Department. As for local information, the next Space Shuttle flight, STS-65, is currently scheduled for launch on July 8, 1994. This is the only launch scheduled while I will be here in Florida. I will be forwarding an updated Space Shuttle Flight Manifest as soon as one becomes available. For now, all I know is we have launches scheduled on: July 8, Aug. 18, Sep. 9, and Oct. 27 of this year. Four flights in four months will be quite a feat. Hopefully now that Atlantis (OV-104) is back from her first refit in Palmdale CA, we'll be able to meet this ambitious schedule.

Another item of interest is happening at the Cape Canaveral Air Force Station. The Air Force is looking to find a group of people or a company to "Adopt a Pad". That's right, you heard right. Just as we have adopted a highway, the Air Force wants to put two of the old Mercury and Gemini launch pads up for adoption. The hope is that the group will restore them so they can be opened to the viewing public as part of the U.S. Space Museum that is also on the CCAFS. As the cost of the refurbishment will be in the millions of dollars, and I don't know if the Air Force will be furnishing supplies, I can only guess that a large corporation will take on the task for public relations. I'll keep everyone posted on what develops.

**Engineering Manual Progress Report.** It doesn't appear that I will have much time to devote to the Engineering Manual this summer; however, I am still compiling info on people's work sites and requests for living quarters. If you have any information for the Engineering Manual, please submit it **IN WRITING** or it will most likely be forgotten. Give any materials you have for the manual to Brian until I return.

Last order of business: If anyone wishes to contact me for any reason, my mailing address is:

John P. Miller  
NASA - KSC  
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Kennedy Space Center, FL 32899.



# OVER THE NET

Submitted By Robert Yates

## THE ANDORIAN ASSAULT

By Andrew Clark

Captain's Log, USS Endeavor - Commander Lisa Tanaka commanding. We have been docked at StarBase 4 for two weeks; most of the crew is on leave. In our recent encounter with the Klingon computer-controlled battle cruiser Glorious, we suffered extensive damage and loss of the warp nacelle. The chief engineer, Lieutenant Reynolds, is supervising repairs. She expects completion of reattachment with six hours. In other news the USS Enterprise is passing through our sector on a "routine training cruise". Yeah, right. Admiral Kirk can't fit his fat ass in anything but an oversized Captain's chair. Oops, this is the official log. Computer, erase log after the phrase "routine training cruise." Resume. We depart to resume spacelane traffic patrol in two days.

Tanaka pressed a key on the armrest of her chair. "Append to Personal Log - thank you, God, for sparing the lives of my crew. We were lucky to survive." Tanaka turned off the log and looked around the empty bridge.

The ship was quiet - the eighty-odd crew were off raising hell aboard the StarBase. Only a token engineering staff and herself remained aboard.

The quiet was shattered when the primary screen lit up. "Commander Tanaka, you had better get down here RIGHT NOW!" Admiral Newhausen looked furious; his bald head shone with sweat and his normally immaculate uniform was badly rumpled.

Tanaka barely suppressed a muttered obscenity. Newhausen could break her career with an oblique comment to Commander Starfleet.

"What is the problem, Sir?"

"Your executive officer picked a fight with one of my Security teams. Members of your crew interfered with her arrest, and it took phasers to stop them. I want your crew off my StarBase NOW!"

"Yes, Sir. On the way." Tanaka leapt up and ran into the turbolift. She stopped by her quarters long enough to pick up a phaser before beaming over to the StarBase brig facility.

"Are ya Commander Tanaka?" a Tellarite in security uniform asked in a grating accent. She was a Lieutenant.

"Yes. Where is my crew?"

"They are in my cells. Stupid."

"What exactly happened?" Tanaka asked as she was escorted to the appropriate row of cells.

"An Andorian from ya crew was talking to a security patrol when all of a sudden she up and decked one. My

security people panicked and pulled their phasers, and your officers disarmed them. Your people go back to sippin drinks, and our backup stuns 'em on sight."

Tanaka sighed when she turned the corner and peered into the cell.

"Anetsky, Nguyen, and Samirez. Ko'tanavoatoa. Ensign Chen. What the hell HAPPENED?" This last was delivered in a shout that made Ko'ta wince and the humans find reasons to avoid Tanaka's withering glare.

The three lieutenants looked at Ko'ta, pointedly.

"No excuse, Sir. I take full responsibility. A StarBase security team made some comments, and I reacted inappropriately. They were only defending a crew mate." Her voice grew more intense, signifying her appreciation of their efforts.

The Tellarite security officer disengaged the cell force field. "Admiral says for ya to recall leaves and get out of here."

Tanaka nodded. "Follow me, people." She waited until they were aboard the Endeavor before speaking again. The silence made the other officers quite nervous.

When they were safe, Tanaka called StarBase Operations and requested a patch-in to the StarBase loudspeaker system.

"All USS Endeavor crew, shore leaves are canceled. Report to ship at once. Commander Tanaka out."

"First things first. Ensign Chen, get the crew back to work when they start coming aboard. I'll talk to you later. My quarters, officers."

Tanaka's quarters were sparsely furnished. A fold-down bed was against one wall, and a large desk/computer console took up the other side of the room. Unlike the other crew, she had her own tiny bathroom attached to one side. Rank hath its privileges. A melted and slightly warped piece of phaser armor hung on the wall, mute testament to a close call with death.

"What did the security team say?"

Ko'ta turned even bluer.

"The team leader was Andorian; we don't know what he said," Lieutenant Anetsky noted. He wished he could raise shields to defend against Tanaka's phaser-like eyes and photorp voice.

"None of us speak Andorian; Lieutenant Commander Ko'ta, translate what he said into Basic for us, would you?" Tanaka's voice sounded mild, but there was force behind it.

Ko'ta struggled to say something. Her voice was muffled.

"He called me a vetenolaka." Tanaka nodded, then glanced sharply at

her executive officer.

"What does that mean?"

"I would strongly prefer not to say, Sir."

"I'm afraid your preferences became irrelevant when you decked him."

"The closest word in Basic would be 'queer'."

The three lieutenants looked puzzled. So what?

Tanaka had studied Earth history at the Academy.

"I think I see. Lieutenants, is it true that you only got involved in the fight because Ko'ta was in trouble?"

"Yes, Sir," the three chorused.

"Consider yourselves reprimanded. Get out of my sight. No gossip to the rest of the crew, please, or I'll tell them why their shore leaves were inexplicably canceled."

Three simultaneous gulps, three "yessirs", and three lieutenants out the door an instant later.

Lieutenant Commander, as executive of this vessel you are an example to the rest of the ship. I cannot afford to tolerate your actions. A formal reprimand will be entered in your record concerning this incident.

"I know that you transferred to Starfleet from the Andorian Defense Forces. I do not know why, nor do I care. I do know that you were given the choice between transfer and dishonorable discharge.

"Your performance up until now has been barely adequate. You need to do better than that." Tanaka paused.

"I hate to say this, but unless you show significant improvement over the next month I'm going to have to mark you unsatisfactory on your next evaluation. We both know what would happen then. Dismissed, Lieutenant Commander."

"Sir, I..."

"Dismissed."

After Ko'ta left, Tanaka collapsed heavily on her bed. Her stomach churned as she mentally reviewed the situation. Ko'ta had the potential to be an excellent officer, but she would have to somehow resolve the problem of her exile. It was something no one could help her with.

For once in her life, Tanaka was wrong.

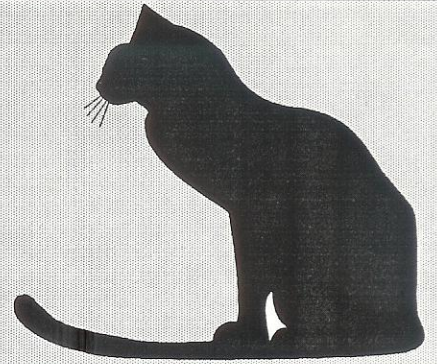
To be continued...



# THE ADVENTURES OF MYSTERY AND SPOT EPISODE SIXTEEN

## COMMAND PERFORMANCE

By Elaine Royal Pischke



After the birth of her kittens, Spot found it increasingly difficult to keep up the pretense of being a male, and finally accepted the fact that she was, indeed, a female. Mystery was pleased that Spot was finally behaving sensibly, and stopped by Data's quarters regularly to offer motherly advice.

"They are big enough to place in new homes, you know," Mystery commented. Spot seemed to ignore the comment. "Now, now. Let's not get sentimental. They'll be fine."

"I know." Spot answered at last. "Anyway, I don't have to do anything. Data is taking care of that."

"All the better. So, what's to eat around here?" Mystery began to sniff around. "Oh, yes. I forgot. Androids don't eat. All you have is this feline supplement number whatever..." Mystery turned up her nose at that and headed for the door. "Come on. You need a break from these kittens. Let's go to Ten-forward."

Spot perked up. It had been ages since she had visited Ten-forward. The thought of some good, human food made her feel better about her kittens leaving. She could get back to her normal life again. She shook herself loose from the kittens and followed Mystery out the door.

By the time they reached Ten-forward, Spot was feeling a little giddy. She had been cooped up in Data's quarters with those kittens for weeks, and the freedom was intoxicating.

Mystery eyed her companion suspiciously. "You're not going to cause any trouble." It was not a question.

"Oh, no. Of course not." Spot was still embarrassed by what

happened on her first trip to this place. Although subsequent visits had been uneventful, she was aware that Mystery was watching her carefully.

Mystery said no more as she approached the door and it 'magically' opened. The two cats slipped inside quickly.

Spot moved closer to Mystery. Something strange was going on here. Everything looked different. The tables had been removed, except for a long table in the middle of the room which was piled high with all sort of interesting food items. There were lots of people standing around, talking, eating, drinking, and laughing...

"It's a party," Mystery commented.

"Who are these people?" Spot asked. Indeed, many of the life forms in the room were of a sort neither of the cats had seen on the Enterprise before.

"I don't know," Mystery admitted. Spot was surprised. Mystery rarely admitted not knowing something. "Come on. Let's get out of sight until we can figure out what's going on."

Mystery slid behind the bar, where Guinan was, in her usual serene way, making everyone feel at home. At first she didn't seem to notice the two cats, but after a few minutes the bartender glanced down in their direction.

"A little frightened, are we?" She asked softly. "Don't worry. It's just a reception for a lot of dignitaries, planetary rulers, that sort. But, if I were you, I'd stay back here." Guinan moved a way for a minute, then came back with a plate full of exotic foods. She set it down on the floor. "Here. Have a party yourselves."

Spot and Mystery did not need to be told twice. They dug in immediately. After a few minutes they had devoured everything non-vegetable on the plate. Spot was settling down for a nap, but now Mystery was getting curious about all the noise on the other side of the bar. While Guinan was serving a customer, Mystery slipped past her and out into the main part of the room. Spot followed reluctantly.

No sooner had they entered the room when one of the dignitaries, a large creature in a golden robe, noticed them.

"What marvelous creatures are these?" He bent down to touch Mystery.

The captain, who had been talking to this person, answered. "These are called cats. The are non-sentient animals often kept as pets." The captain glanced somewhat disapprovingly at Data, who had just overheard the conversation and was heading towards them.

Spot leapt into the android's arms as soon as he arrived.

"This is my cat, Spot," Data explained helpfully.

"And this beautiful creature?" the golden robed guest asked.

"That is Mystery," Data answered.

"Mystery. What a wonderful name for such an animal. To whom does she belong?"

"No one, your majesty," the captain answered.

"No one? Then she is mine!" The creature picked Mystery up and tucked her under his arm.

"But..." Data tried to protest, but the captain gave him a look so unsubtle, even the android understood its meaning.

"Your highness," the captain

*(Continued on page 7)*



# ST:DS9 BETRAYAL

By Lois Tilton

Reviewed by William Barry

Take a certain broken-down space station filled with Bajorans, Terrans, and members of various other races. Add a conference filled with squabbling ambassadors, a warship filled with hostile Cardassians, a deserter filled with fears of recapture, and a faceless mad bomber filled with a thirst for revenge. Finally, to properly season the pot, add a certain Bajoran major and a certain Starfleet commander who are both determined to keep the conference, the peace, and the station intact. Mix well, and then enjoy this very satisfying novel which is **Betrayal**, the sixth and latest of the STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE series.

A legion of ambassadors from across the known galaxy has convened aboard Deep Space Nine for a conference with a twofold purpose: to conduct trade negotiations with the Bajorans and to discuss Bajor's readiness to be officially admitted into the UFP (or the lack thereof). As the ranking representative of the Federation in Bajoran space, Commander Benjamin Sisko has his hands full making all of his guests feel at ease and welcome; he puts his best face

forward, but it's not a task he enjoys. And if that isn't enough of a load on his mind, somebody is planting bombs on the station, somebody who leaves very few clues and plenty of suspicions.

Matters take a slide from less than good to downright bad when a Cardassian dreadnought under Gul Marak arrives on the scene with a message: a coup d'etat has taken place on Cardassia as of late, and the new ruling junta is demanding that the Federation return Deep Space Nine to its "rightful owners". And to make matters worse, a Cardassian deserter is at large on the station, a man charged with murder and insubordination... both charges carrying a mandatory death sentence.

Sisko's Starfleet Academy training and field experience are pushed to their limits as he struggles to defuse this volatile political powderkeg. But the diplomats are threatening to pull out. Gul Marak is losing his patience. And the clock is ticking away...

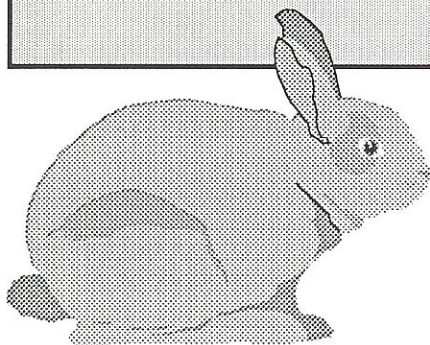
Though a newcomer to the ranks of STAR TREK novelists, Lois Tilton already shows great potential with this futuristic political thriller.

The plot is well-structured and well-thought out, and the characters take on a three-dimensional quality. Even the DS9 regulars are very much in character here, especially Sisko and Kira, who are the focal players in **Betrayal**. Sisko shines as a man somewhat out of his element in the story's political arena, yet firmly resolving to maintain control. And Kira, in the spirit of the TV episode "Past Prologue", gives an over-the-top performance as the extremist determined to collar the culprit, yet haunted by the guilt of possibly betraying former comrades, and tortured by questions of faith and where her true loyalties are. Not to be outdone, Jake and Nog are once again up to their old tricks (and some new ones), sneaking around behind their parents' backs. (And no, I won't say what or why! I promised the boys that I wouldn't tell, and you can't make me!)

If you like your novels with cliffhanger suspense, do-or-die heroism, and poetic justice in the tradition of Donald Hamilton, Clive Cussler, Jack Higgins, and Jon Land, **Betrayal** is guaranteed to keep the pulse pounding and the pages turning.

## OBLIGATORY JOKE OF THE MONTH

By Jane Fisher



A wealthy farmer, accompanied by his young son Jason, was plowing his field in his new air-conditioned tractor. Suddenly, a rabbit ran out of the neighboring woods directly in the path of the huge tractor. The

farmer stopped as quickly as he could, but not in time to save the poor rabbit.

Needless to say, Jason was very upset that his father might have killed the Easter Bunny. He would not be consoled until his

father suggested they call the local veterinarian.

The farmer called the vet (yes, the tractor had a cellular phone), who fortunately was able to come immediately - wealth does have its perks. When the vet arrived, the farmer quietly explained what had happened and asked him to at least make a pretense of helping the rabbit to appease the child.

The vet took his bag from his car and walked over to where the rabbit lay. He examined the rabbit carefully while the child waited expectantly. He then reached in his bag, removed a spray can, shook it, and sprayed the rabbit with its contents. Everyone waited a few minutes but nothing happened. He shook the can and sprayed the rabbit again.

Suddenly, the rabbit's back leg twitched, then an ear. Then the rabbit jumped up, hopped a few feet, then turned around and waved. He ran up to the edge of the woods, turned around and waved again, then disappeared in the woods.

Jason was ecstatic. The farmer was astonished, since he was sure the rabbit had been dead.

As the vet packed up his bag in preparation to leave, the farmer asked, "What is in that spray can?"

The vet replied, "Hair restorer with permanent wave."

*(Submit your favorite joke to **The Wright Stuff** and we can continue this column that Jeff Habrych started. Only jokes in good taste need apply.)*



# DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS

## SECURITY By Carey Muse

Thanks to all of those who worked the Creation Convention in May. We look forward to Creation's return scheduled for late October.

(Continued from page 5)

began, following the big stranger across the room. "This cat, actually, belongs to the entire ship. She's sort of... a mascot."

"Oh, how wonderful. But now she's mine." The guest made it clear he was not going to acquiesce. He was, after all, a king, and used to getting what he wanted.

The captain smiled weakly, obviously willing to let the king have what he wanted.

Spot clung to Data, frightened half to death. "Don't let him take Mystery!" she tried to cry out, but, of course, the android could not understand. He just stroked her, trying to calm her down.

Suddenly, Spot felt a soothing calm emanating from Mystery. "It's all right," she said.

Then, without warning, the room exploded into gasps and shouts as Mystery suddenly went berserk, tearing across the king's robes, ripping the fragile fabric to shreds, clawing his arms, and bounding from his shoulders to the buffet table, where she knocked several dishes to the floor in her haste toward the door, although it seemed to Spot that she took just a second more than necessary to make sure one more platter flew from the table before she proceeded headlong toward the door. She paused only a millisecond before the door opened and she shot out of the room at full speed.

The king was sputtering, speechless. Captain Picard was apologizing, and helping the king rearrange his robes, which were quite a mess.

Data held Spot, protectively, and backed away a few paces.

Guinan suddenly appeared at the captain's side. She waited until the king had settled down before speaking.

"Such unpredictable creatures, cats are, especially ones that are used to roaming free like that one. Now, what you need is one to raise from a kitten. Then it would behave

much better." She glanced at Data for approval as she pulled one of Spot's kittens from her robe. He had no idea how she had retrieved the kitten so quickly, unless she had somehow anticipated this problem, but he nodded his agreement with the plan. "Your majesty, may I present you with a gift from all of us." She presented the kitten to the king.

The king took the kitten in his hands and held it up to his face, inspecting it. It looked him straight in the eye and mewed softly.

The king smiled. "Charming! Your gift is gratefully accepted, providing you personally instruct me in it's care and feeding." The king offered his arm to Guinan. She took it and the two retreated to discuss cats.

Captain Picard visibly relaxed, knowing everything was once again under control, and in Guinan's capable hands.

Data looked at the captain. "I will take Spot back to my quarters."

"Excellent idea," the captain replied wryly.

Spot relaxed. One kitten gone, and she didn't feel too bad. And for once, she was not the one causing all the trouble. Spot began to purr.

TO BE CONTINUED...

## THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONNAIRE INDICATING WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HAVE AT THE KITTY HAWK HOLIDAY BANQUET AND RETURN TO JEFF HABRYCH NO LATER THAN JULY 2, 1994

Main Entree	Select 3
Baked Stuffed Flounder with Crab Meat	
Shrimp Newburg served with Pastry Shells	
Baked Herb Chicken	
Roasted Cornish Game Hens	
Sliced London Broil with Mushroom Sauce	
Beef Tips Chasseur	
Fettuccini Alfredo	
Vegetables	Select 2
Steamed Broccoli (with or without cheese)	
Green Beans Almondine	
Chinese Stir-Fry	
Steamed Vegetable Medley	
Corn on the Cob	
Braised Mushrooms	

Starches	Select 1
Mashed Potatoes topped with Cheese	
Oven Browned Potatoes	
Wild Rice Blend	
Rice Pilaf	
Baked Potatoes	
Parslied Potatoes	
Desserts	Select 2
Key Lime Pie	
Carrot Cake	
Preston Pie (Ultimate Chocolate Pie)	
Cheese Cake with a Variety of Toppings	
Chocolate Cake	