

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

To begin with, this isn't the newsletter that we had planned. We had hoped to have a color cover and lots of articles and reports for you to enjoy. But, as you see, it simply did not work out that way.

On December 17th, we will mark the completion of our first five year mission. We have had some great times and successes and some not so good events. Right now, we seem to be going through a period where it is difficult to get excited about anything we plan or do. I do not know if this is due to the state of affairs in Starfleet or if the malaise is due to some problem closer to the group.

If it is the former, then take heart. No matter who is elected president or what they decree, the Kitty Hawk will still continue to be the Star Trek fan organization in central N.C. and the city of Raleigh especially. We simply have invested too much time and energy to accept any other course.

During November, the bridge crew will meet to plan our activities for 1995. Many of the events we planned for 1994 did not work out for lack of interest. If you have some activity you would like for us to engage in, please let your department head know. Or if you wish, contact Jeff Cohn, who is our recreation officer. We hope we can again provide you with a calendar of events for 1995. One of our goals will be to be more consistent about our meetings.

There is a lack of reports in this edition and that fact needs to be changed. Department heads need to work with the people and develop real programs for their departments. Sharing the load will make it more fun for all of us. A reminder to those department heads: Anniversary Party.

And speaking of that event, please get your money in to Jeff Habrych as soon as possible. Jeff has done a lot to make this happen; please don't string him out.

And speaking of stringing out, there are still several Hallmark ornaments that have not been picked up by persons who ordered them.

As the next issue of the Wright Stuff will be an anniversary edition, we here at the office would like to see something from EVERYONE! All reports from the heads, articles, reviews, puzzles, stories, or just a note to let us know you read it. Let's make it a special issue you will want to reread over and over again in the coming years. And it would be especially nice if all of those articles were turned in at the December meeting which is on the 3rd, along with highway clean-up.

Now I know, that it seems like I moan and complain issue after issue about a lot of the same things. Well, it is true. It seems I can stir maybe one person at a time to put forth that extra effort to make a contribution to this newsletter. Who will be next?

In November, we have the premiere of the Star Trek movie. I have just found out it will be at the Mission Valley Cinema on the 18th. I don't have any further information to pass on at this time, so please stay in touch and I will let you know what develops. Even if we do not get in for a sneak preview (like the night before) we can plan to attend as a group sometime that weekend. Unfortunately, between this writing and the meeting on the fifth a lot can happen and probably will. Stay tuned.

The collection of aluminum cans continues at a fairly brisk rate. I took forty-odd pounds in several weeks ago for \$11.48. Cmdr. Glen has accessed a regular supply and should have a considerable amount to report as well. Please, bring us your cans, clean and crushed. The money goes in the Duke Children's jar.

Larry has the stamps in his charge now so please remember to bring those to the meetings as well. The other item we always remind you about is the canned food for the Food Bank. Everyone always remembers the Food Bank during the holiday season so we will hold our stock until February. Let's make a special effort during December and January to bring food so that in February we will make a real difference.

Only a few of our members went to "Big E" and no one has told me how things went. Hopefully it was all it promised. I don't know of any major cons in our area before January but if someone hears of something let us all know.

Don't forget that we will be working First Nite Raleigh again this year. Contact Princess Tara or myself if you can help us. We will be selling buttons during November and December as well as at the button tent on the 31st. Even if it is freezing we will have a good time as well as raise some money.

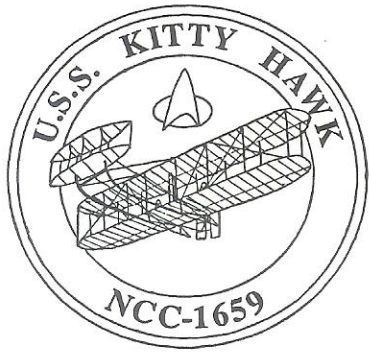
Our thanks to Diana Waldier for hosting another fine Halloween bash. As always the food was outstanding and the fellowship was great! Costumes were varied and no one came in uniform.

Check your calendars for the upcoming events and birthdays. The holidays will soon be here and that will mean traveling for almost everyone. Please be careful. I may not get to see each of you to wish you all the best, but I do, and I hope each of you will be around for the next year. Hopefully it will be out best year yet. But that is going to depend on you. What do you want to accomplish as a club, as a department, or as a member? You the members set the destination. The bridge crew will chart the best course. And I will try to steer that course. We all have a job.

There will be lots of parties in the coming months so please use some common sense regarding the use of alcohol and driving. Don't be stupid. And if you don't drink, still be extra careful and watch out for the other guy. We are not immortals and it can happen to any of us.

I hope all of you will always have the WRIGHT STUFF to accomplish all of your goals in life.

ESSE QUAM VIDERI



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THE WRIGHT STUFF

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KITTY HAWK CHRONICLES

TARA'S ADVENTURE

PART IX

By Audra Taylor and Scott Robertson

"Sir, we're being hailed," the communications officer reported incredulously.

"But there's nothing there," Muse at tactical stated.

"Drop to impulse. Scan the area," Captain Fisher ordered.

"Confirmed. Sensors are picking up only a minor background sub-space fluctuation," the ensign at the conn said.

"Sir, the hail is being repeated."

"Can you get a fix on the source?" Fisher asked.

"No, Sir."

"I'm scanning for the barion trace signature that we've been following. . . Got 'em! Bearing. . . Dead ahead! They're right under the saucer section! Distance: forty meters. They must have one hell of a cloaking device!" Muse exclaimed.

"Open a channel. On screen."

Malar's handsome face appeared on the main viewer. He somehow managed to fit his entire roguish personality into a head only shot.

"Greetings, *Kitty Hawk*! Whom do I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I was about to ask you the same thing," Fisher said.

"My name is. . ." Malar began dramatically.

"Mallard T. Wendell," Muse cut him off. "Also known as the famous, or should I say infamous privateer, Malar."

"At your service." Malar bowed with a flourish.

"You know him?" The Captain whirled to face Muse in surprise.

"Regrettably, yes. Although he hasn't always gone by the name Malar," Muse said, not taking his eyes off of Malar.

"Carey Muse! It's been a long time! I hardly recognized you. Sorry to sneak up on you like that Cap'n, but I'm kind of in a bad spot. You see, I have something that a lot of people want. And none of these, shall we call them prospective clients, are willing to go through the

proper channels of business to acquire it."

"In other words, you stiffed somebody on a deal and now they're out to kill you to get their merchandise. That sounds like you, Malar. Let me guess, you want us to protect you, right?" Muse growled.

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean, 'Not exactly'?" the Captain asked.

"Look, I'll cut to the chase. I give you the goods and you forget you ever saw me. Deal?"

"What makes you think that we would want any of the filth that you peddle," Muse snorted. The Captain waved him into silence.

"What exactly are we talking about here?"

"Maybe it would be better if I showed you," Malar said and stepped out of view. The screen re-oriented onto Tara's face.

"Hello, Captain. I'm fine. This man saved my life. I'm ready to return to duty," she said.

"We'll beam you back aboard right away. Mr. Malar, you have a deal," Fisher said.

"Good. Stand by and we'll transport her over shortly. I don't suppose you'd be willing to throw in a couple of cases of Saurian brandy to sweeten the deal?"

"Mr. Malar, you're lucky we don't throw in a trip to prison for kidnapping a Federation officer," Captain Fisher warned.

"Me? What makes you think that I kidnapped her?" Malar cried indignantly.

"*Oh puh-leeze!!* You. . . Captain! Sensors detecting three ships approaching at extreme long range. Heading this way at warp eight," Muse said.

"Identify."

"Type unknown, configuration unknown," Muse responded.

"Hail them."

"Not in communications range yet. They'll be here in three minutes."

"Well, Gentlemen, I hate to cut

this short but. . ."

Right, Mr. Malar. Standing by to beam Tara aboard."

"Well, Princess, it looks like this is the end of our little adventure," Malar said as he helped Tara onto the transporter pad. The pads were three feet high and slightly uneven because they had been jury rigged into a crew cabin of a ship that was never designed to support a transporter system.

"Are you sure about these things? No offense but I'd feel safer using the transporters on the *Kitty Hawk*," Tara said uneasily.

"Don't worry. These work great. I got them from a little old lady on new Pasadena. Besides, the *Kitty Hawk* can't beam through my cloaking shields while these babies have been specially modified to do that. And I'm not dropping my shields for a second."

"Why not?"

"Muse would slap a tractor beam on me and reel me in so fast that the ship would crumple from shearing force."

"Oh."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence.

"You know, I'm almost sad to go. You've been the only exciting thing to happen to me in quite a while," Tara said.

"Glad to be of service. You could stay though. We could really use someone like you," Malar offered.

"No thanks," Tara said after more than a moment's hesitation. "I belong on the *Kitty Hawk*."

Malar looked downcast. Tara couldn't believe it. He was actually disappointed.

"Besides, I don't think that I could compete with such a snappy dresser." Tara indicated Malar's clothes that Angie had given her to wear. Angie's clothes had proved to be to small. Tara was dressed in

(Continued on page 7)

ST:DS9 WARCHILD

By Esther Friesner

Reviewed by William Barry

"Out of every evil, great or small, some greater good must come." Throughout all of history, such a saying has been voiced in one form or another. More to the point, it is one of the truest wise old sayings there are. Given time and the proper type and amount of care, anyone and anything from one person to an entire world may emerge from the grip of adversity stronger than before, and older, wiser, and better off for the experience. Such endeavors don't always succeed on the first attempt, most often because the best way is not the first chosen. But the best way is never easily found, and it is almost never easy. These, then are the lessons contained in the pages of the seventh and latest novel of the STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE series, WARCHILD.

Commander Benjamin Sisko receives a pair of unusual visitors in his office aboard Deep Space Nine. One is a monk who conveys a request for the aid of Doctor Julian Bashir in halting the onslaught of a rare and insidious virus infesting the resettlement camps on Bajor. The other, a personal servant of the late Kai Opaka, is the bearer of a letter written by his mistress and left for Sisko. This letter charges the Commander with a most difficult mission: he must locate and deliver a certain Bajoran girl who, it has been foretold, is destined to become the greatest of healers among her people, and eventually to

reunite all of Bajor. Sisko is unwilling to spare Bashir for a planetside mercy mission; what if an emergency should develop on the station while the good doctor is away? Finally, after some gentle persuasion, Sisko gives his consent, and Dr. Bashir is soon heading to Bajor. Lieutenant Jadzia Dax accompanies him, having been given the assignment of finding Kai Opaka's "miracle girl".

Dax and Bashir set up shop at the Bennikar encampment, the very place alluded to in Opaka's letter. By chance or by design, they encounter a Bajoran girl named Dejana, who seems to be the one they are looking for; she has survived the plague on her own with little care from others. In addition she has a precocious, temperamental and protective brother. Dax and Bashir soon find themselves fighting to protect the girl against those who would use her for their own selfish ends.

But Dr. Bashir is undergoing a more bitter struggle. The plight of thousands of plague-stricken Bajoran children has touched him deeply and his heart has gone out to them. Vowing never to return to the station until the plague is conquered, he collects his medical equipment, saddles up a draft animal, rides away into the nearby hills... and disappears from sight.

Meanwhile, Dax has returned to the station with Dejana in tow. No sooner have the Bajoran clergy

confirmed the girl's identity than she is kidnapped... and by the time she is found, she is diagnosed with the plague. Now Sisko must find Bashir in time to save Dejana's life, and soon. For the reign of the Bajoran's "promised one" has been prophesied to coincide with the start of a major religious festival, a festival which will begin in a matter of days...

Although, a newcomer to the ranks of STAR TREK novelists, Esther Friesner is no stranger to science fiction or fantasy, being the author of nineteen published fantasy works and the editor of an SF anthology. Taking the expository approach to writing, Mrs. Friesner touches on the issues of poverty, rampant disease in the Third World, and the general shortcomings of humanitarian relief missions, while at the same time crafting a moving and emotional tale with an ease born of long experience. The fact that she holds a Ph.D. degree speaks volumes for her ability to enter the psyches of all WARCHILD's characters, particularly Doctor Bashir, bring them to life, and fire off a few good subliminal messages in the process.

By the time the last page is read and those messages have struck home, the reader will agree that a few hours with WARCHILD will have been time well spent.

SECURITY REPORT

By Tara Weaver

I just wanted to begin by thanking all those who volunteered to do security for the Creation Con that was coming in October. It is unfortunate that the convention was cancelled, but I will keep the list of names for future reference.

A department meeting is being

scheduled for the month of November to discuss ideas for improving Security's involvement with ship activities. Any ideas are welcome, and I'll be in touch.

REMEMBER!!

MONEY FOR THE HOLIDAY PARTY MUST BE GIVEN TO JEFF HABRYCH BY THE DECEMBER MEETING! WE MUST KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE PLAN TO ATTEND!!

ST:TOS CROSSROAD

By Barbara Hambly
Reviewed by William Barry

Everyone dreams about the future sometimes. What life will be like in twenty years, or fifty, or a hundred or more... there are as many visions of the future as there are people who dream them. And often what these people dream becomes a reality. Da Vinci envisioned concepts of flying machines nearly four centuries before the first practical aircraft. Jules Verne gave his readers a guided tour of a submarine boat that could carry a hundred men in great comfort at a time when the only real submarines were little more than tin cans just big enough to carry a handful of bodies packed in like sardines. But in both cases, the idealistic dream was nothing compared to the reality that followed... and such is the subject of the latest Classic STAR TREK novel, CROSSROAD.

In a largely unexplored region of the known galaxy, there exists the Crossroad Nebula. Though officially labeled a phenomenon prone to "unpredictable events", there has been little cause for alarm... until now. While exploring the region surrounding the Nebula, the U.S.S. Enterprise detects an unknown ship. By all reports, it has emerged from the Crossroad and is making a beeline for Tau Lyra, the nearest star system. Realizing that Tau Lyra III is home to an Industrial-age civilization and is protected by the Prime Directive, Captain Kirk orders an interdiction.

Upon contact, the mystery ship is revealed as a Constitution-class cruiser, but all of Starfleet's ships of that class are accounted for. In

addition, this ship visibly shows evidence of abuse and neglect spanning decades. Stranger than the ship is its crew, a bizarre group of six: two Human men, a Vulcan boy, an Orion woman, a Klingon woman, and a male of mixed parentage whom the others address as "Master". All six sport implants wired into their nervous systems, implants designed for neurological control... an outlawed science in the Federation. Even more bizarre is the story behind these oddly-met folk and their ship, which they have dubbed "Nautilus".

They have come from the future, from the twenty-sixth century to be exact. The Federation of this future has been corrupted and taken over by the power-seeking "Consilium". This organization is responsible for the neural implants, among other things, and an alliance of underground freedom fighters has risen to challenge the Consilium. The crew of the "Nautilus" claim to be members of this rebel force of the future.

Despite an abortive attempt to take control of the Enterprise in order to complete their "mission", Kirk is nonetheless inclined to believe the "rebels", especially when Tau Lyra III is abruptly rendered lifeless by a major solar flare, a flare suspected to be too sudden to be considered natural. The Nautilus crew had been attempting to warn the planetary natives about the future, since the Consilium supposedly enslaved them.

A Starship from the future arrives, seemingly out of nowhere, ample evidence of the twenty-sixth

century's advances in technology. Though the ship's captain is a Romulan, the apparent true commander of this future ship is a Human civilian woman, who identifies herself as the "Domina". Requesting a face-to-face meeting with Kirk, she tells him in polite diplomatic language that the crew of the Nautilus are criminals and traitors, and as such should be turned over to her. Kirk's first thought is to comply; after all, these ragged ruffians tried to steal his ship. But are they really what the Domina claims they are?

With two versions of the same story staring him in the face, and not being sure which version is the truth, Kirk must walk a treacherous path among these visitors from days yet to come to find out who are his allies... and who are his enemies.

Barbara Hambly first broke onto the STAR TREK novel scene with ISHMAEL, a delightful and involving tale of past-meets-future. Now after a lengthy hiatus, she returns again with an equally likeable yarn of future-meets-farther-future which proves itself to be entertaining, enlightening, and thought-provoking. "The ends never justify the means, no matter how good or noble"; and "Evil often assumes a pleasing shape to deceive the unwary", are only two of CROSSROAD's hidden messages.

For all those who like their morality plays spiced with a touch of wonder, CROSSROAD is a sure winner.

A Note From the Office of Research and Development By Pat Heinske

This is to formally announce the engagement of Patrick William Heinske and Allison Alana Cooper of Denver, Colorado. Pat will be joining Allison in Denver as soon as finances allow, and a wedding is tentatively

planned for June of 1996, probably set in the Denver area.

The couple is planning on spending Christmas and New Year's in Raleigh, N.C. with Pat's family, then returning to Denver

afterwards. It is not known at this time whether or not they will be able to attend the Kitty Hawk Christmas Party or December 16th, but every effort will be made to do so.

ST:TNG FOREIGN FOES

By Dave Galanter and Greg Brodeur

Reviewed by William Barry

"War is a poor chisel with which to carve out a tomorrow." - Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

"People can be very frightened of change." - ST VI: The Undiscovered Country

As history has repeatedly proven, persuading traditional enemies to come together and settle their differences is a difficult task. Attempting such an undertaking between two parties who have tried and failed in the past is difficult enough, as the issues of Palestine and Northern Ireland clearly illustrate. Attempt to bring together two parties who have never considered doing so by themselves, and the difficulties increase exponentially. Such is the case in the newest STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION paperback novel, FOREIGN FOES.

Captain Jean-Luc Picard has brought the U.S.S. Enterprise to the Federation protectorate world of Velex in order to mediate negotiations between the Klingon Empire and one of its most bitter foes, the Hidran. Originally enslaved by the Klingons more than a century in the past, the Hidran revolted, forcing a twenty-year war with their oppressors, and a peace treaty which the Hidran claim to be unacceptably one-sided in the Klingon's favor. Now, after two more decades of raids and harassment by both sides, Picard has an all-but-impossible mission laid at his feet: to hammer out a new and acceptable treaty between

these chronically aggressive adversaries.

The meeting doesn't exactly get off on the right foot, almost breaking into an all-out brawl when the Hidran ambassador vehemently protests Lt. Worf's presence. When the Klingons arrive and the first negotiation session begins, it's all that Picard and company can do to keep the two parties away from each other's throats. At a dinner reception afterwards, the peace train has hardly begun a straight course when it is abruptly derailed: the Hidran ambassador dies, mysteriously and in great agony, but not before taking one of the Klingon delegates with him in the final throes of death.

Since Worf was the last to see the Hidran ambassador alive and well, he is arrested for the assassination. As Picard attempts to remedy the situation, matters take a turn for the worse. A Hidran, attempting to kill Worf in revenge for the loss of the ambassador, kills another Klingon instead. Riker and Troi, investigating an energy-absorption source on Velex, mysteriously disappear.

La Forge begins to suffer problems with his VISOR implants, rendering him completely blind. And Data, left with the conn in Picard's absence, begins to act strangely. He reroutes communications, studies tactical plans, and makes suspicious statements, almost as if another personality has taken over.

Now Picard really has his work

cut out for him: saving the Klingons and Hidrans from each other, saving two of his officers gone missing, saving a third from a certain death sentence, and saving a fourth from starting an old war all over again; it's just too much for one Starfleet captain to handle... or is it?

With the publishing of this book, Greg Brodeur officially takes his place alongside his wife Diane Carey (author of DREADNOUGHT!, BATTLESTATIONS!, FINAL FRONTIER, BEST DESTINY, and THE GREAT STARSHIP RACE) and the rest of STAR TREK's host of novelists, though not without a big assist from his close friend Dave Galanter (To say that Greg is the plot-maker and Dave the writer would be simplifying things too much. Let's just put it this way; Dave and Greg are an author together.) Such a pairing would mean little if their creation were a tedious bore... but it's not. The plot is fully thought out and multi-layered, giving off clear indications of "more than meets the eye" from the first few chapters, an ideal "whodunit". Like a whirlpool, the mystery pulls the reader in, slowly and gradually, never letting on more than it needs to, until the center is reached and all becomes clear (By that time, it's usually sink-or-swim time for the protagonist.).

Do you like "whodunit" authors like Agatha Christie, Sue Grafton, Dick Francis, Ed McBain, or Rex Stout? Give Dave, Greg, and FOREIGN FOES a try. They won't disappoint you at all.

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AN INCIDENT ON STRICKLAND ROAD

By William Barry

On August 23 (Stardate 9408.23), I was leaving the North Ridge Post Office on my way home from work when I noticed a small truck ahead of me with a jet of fire coming out of its back. Realizing that the driver was in serious trouble, and might not even know it, I put the gas to the floor and sped after him. Roughly half a mile up Strickland Road, I saw the truck pull over; the driver had obviously caught on to his problem.

Pulling over to the road's shoulder myself, I went to his aid. The forward half of the truck bed now contained a bonfire-sized blaze, and the man (whose name was Tom) had already sprayed the contents of two small fire extinguishers over it with little success. While I set about finding whether or not the extinguishers still contained any chemicals (they didn't), Tom uncovered his drinking water cooler and dumped the water on the fire,

which helped to smother part of it, but not all. I ran back to my car (which was actually my mother's car) to see if there was a fire extinguisher stowed anywhere within. Finding none, I ran back to the truck, where Tom had already dragged a large street-sweeping brush out of the cargo bed, removing the majority of the fire. However, there was still a sizeable amount of fire still in the truck, fueled by cans of flammable liquid, and several gas canisters were in the truck as well. I had no way of knowing if their contents were flammable, but if the flames got to them, or to the truck's fuel tank...

A passing motorist with a cellular phone had already notified the local fire station, so the task at hand for now was to try and keep the fires under control. A local resident stopped and asked if the fire department had a truck on the way. Answering him with a yes, I sent him off to retrieve his fire extinguisher.

Returning to the truck, I saw that another man with a pickup truck had stopped and was crossing the road to us, armed with an extinguisher in either hand. He handed one to me, and I immediately attacked the fire in the truck. Using most of the extinguisher's load, I fairly well smothered the blaze. We then set to work on the flaming brush. Despite our best efforts, we could only contain this secondary fire with small bursts until the cavalry arrived.

Upon completion of their work, the firefighters took down Tom's statement. Though I gave an account of the incident also, the captain never asked for my identification, which was probably just as well. I wasn't seeking any recognition for my actions. I was merely in the right place at the right time to give help to someone who needed it, and I did.

(Continued from page 3)

ill-fitting black tie-ons and a white silk renaissance blouse. She practically had to hold them on with both hands. They would have been baggy, even on Malar. They laughed together then fell into silence once more.

"Take care of yourself, Malar," she said, squeezing his hand affectionately.

"You too, Princess."

"Don't call me. . ."

Malar hit the energize button.

". . . Princess!" Tara shouted as she beamed in on the bridge of the *Kitty Hawk*.

"Excuse me?" The Captain turned to face her. Tara had materialized sitting on top of the tactical console.

"Sorry, Sir," she demurred, removing herself from atop the console.

"That's okay. We're glad to have you back. Will you accompany Mr. Muse down to sickbay. The Doctor wants to have a look at you."

"Aye, Captain," Tara said, then stepped into the turbo-lift.

"And Lieutenant," the Captain called just before the doors hissed

shut. "See about getting yourself into a proper uniform."

"Yes, Sir!" Tara smiled and saluted. Thankfully, the doors closed before her shirt fell from her shoulder when she removed her hand.

The door to the Captain's ready room chimed.

"Come in," the Captain called from behind his desk.

Commander Muse entered and stood before the desk.

"How's Tara doing?"

"She's fine considering what she's been through. The doctor says that she should be able to return to duty soon," Muse said.

"Has Liz broken the news about her longevity gene yet?"

"Yes. Tara took it rather well," Muse stated.

"Were you expecting her to break down in tears at finding out that she'll live for three hundred years?" the Captain asked.

"Nobody knew how she was going to react. Maybe it just hasn't set in yet."

"Well, she's a strong girl. She can handle it," the Captain said confidently.

"Of course, Sir. If you need anything further, sir, I'll be on the bridge," Muse said.

"Just on thing."

"What's that, Captain?"

"How do you know this Malar character?"

"We went to the Academy together," Muse said.

"He was in Starfleet Academy?" the Captain blurted.

"Pretty unbelievable, huh?"

"You can say that again. What happened to him?"

"He got drummed out under a cloud of scandal when someone found out that he lied on his application," Muse said.

"Lied on his application?"

"Yes, Sir. He used a false name. His real name as it turns out, is Harcourt Fenton Mudd III."

"You can't mean. . . *Harry Mudd*?" The Captain's mouth dropped in surprise.

"The very same. He's the younger of the two sons of the most famous pirate in the history of the galaxy," Muse confirmed.

"The son of Mudd. God help us."

◆◆◆ THE END ◆◆◆

ENGINEERING REPORT

By John Miller

Stardate: 9410.06 - Yet another update on the much talked about but little heard of *Engineering Manual*. I have secured the use of some graphics and scanning equipment for producing some of the graphics to be used in the manual. The best part of all is it's free! Yes, we all know how to speak free. I plan on starting with the graphics of the *Enterprise* used in Mr. Scott's Guide to the Enterprise and then modify them, plus add some of my own original work. This is where you come in. I have received some suggestions on the type of things people want on the ship. So far, only one or two people have given me ideas. **PLEASE**, if you want to see something of your own on the ship, by all means let me know. I hope to have the manual completed by the end of the year, so the sooner you get me your suggestions, IN WRITING, the better. Once I go to press, it will be too late. As of right now, there are no plans to mass produce this manual. I will be making a copy for Pat Heinske and myself, as well as a ship's copy of course. Once we see how it turns out, then if people are interested, we can see about mass producing some copies. The original manuals will most likely have some color pages in them and be fairly expensive to produce, but black and white copies could probably be made at a reasonable cost. We'll worry more about production after we have a product to produce.

Engineering Away Team Project - At the October bridge crew meeting, I brought up the idea of an outing for the crew. If we can get enough people interested, I am proposing a 3 or 4 day trip to Florida to view a Space Shuttle launch. Through my co-op job, I can get a guest pass for one passenger vehicle to come on base to view a launch. This means we could rent a 15 passenger van and get a fairly large group on base for launch. The launch passes allow us to get to the viewing sites located on the NASA Causeway, about 5 miles directly South of the Launch Pads. The closest public viewing areas are along the Indian River, about 15 miles West of the Pads.

Since we are all aware that the chance of a launch taking place on time is somewhat less than 100%, what with weather accounting for over half of all launch delays alone, I'm suggesting we make it a 3 or 4 day trip. Orlando is only 1 hour away, so we can take the opportunity to see some of the sites there as well. This would give us some leeway in our schedule if the launch is delayed, since the other site seeing can be moved around as needed. Here are some of the attractions that we can see and their estimated costs:

- Shuttle Launch, Free + van rental
- Spaceport USA. Free parking, numerous free exhibits; gift shops; \$6.00 bus tours of the space center and Space Museum; \$4.00 IMAX movies, "The Dream is Alive" & "Destiny in Space".
Highly recommended
- Disney World Theme Parks, plan on at least \$100 per person to have a good time.
- Pleasure Island, The Adult area of Disney World. This is an island full of nightclubs and attractions for the adult crowd. Every night at Pleasure Island is New Year's Eve, complete with fireworks and street party. Free Parking. Gate Admission \$14.00. This includes admission to all clubs.

Drinks and food are typical nightclub prices. **Do not miss Pleasure Island if you can help it! Ask Pat Heinske for a rousing endorsement!** "I laughed, I cried, It became a part of me. It was much better than "Cats", I'm going to see it again and again!" -- Merriweather Adam Pleasure.

- Saturday Night Cruise at Oldetown. Oldetown, Kissimmee. The world's largest weekly cruise night, sponsored by WGTO AM radio. Typically over 200 cars show up each week. If you're into Classic Cars (pre-1973 only allowed), then Cruise Nite is for you. Oldetown itself is a period town with curious shops and even a general store that still sells Coca-Cola for 5 cents a bottle! Admission to & Parking at Oldetown is **FREE. Highly Recommended!**
- Universal Studios, Florida. Again, plan on theme park prices. Bring at least \$100 per person.
- Cocoa Beach -- 'nuff said. Free admission, cheap parking, and *Ron Jon's Surf Shop*. **Highly Recommended!**
- Area hotel rooms can be had for under \$30.00 per person. Most places are about \$24-29.00 for a single, plus \$4-5.00 for each additional person. (Best hotel values at the coast are near Cocoa; best values near Orlando are in Kissimmee & St. Cloud, about 5 miles South of Orlando.) I also recommend the *Faulty Towers Motel* at the intersection of S.R. 528 and A1-A in Cocoa Beach. The have discounts for three to seven night stays.
- Medieval Times Dinner Theatre: Jousting dinner show, Dungeon tours, etc. (I've never been here, but it looks like it's worth a trip.)
- Wet 'n Wild
- Sea World (See Willy!, um, er, I mean Shamu!) (And just for those who are worried about the care the whales receive, Sea World invites ANY guest to come behind the scenes and see how they are handled at any time without notice.)
- And enough other attractions to suck up any leftover time and money.

As you can see, it's possible to spend a fortune in Florida. However, if you're careful, you can have a BLAST over a 4 day weekend without having to get a second mortgage. This is a long term idea. If people are interested, we will try for sometime in the first half of '95, depending on when people can get time and money, as well as picking a Shuttle Launch to go see. So lets talk about it and see what happens! Ideally 10 to 20 people would be the perfect number. Fewer than that would make it too expensive per person, and more than 20 might have a hard time getting into the van. Sill, we need to see how many people are actually interested enough to go. Ideas and suggestions as always are welcome. I will be publishing a flight schedule as soon as I get an updated copy. Historically, we have averaged about one flight every 6 weeks, so this should give us plenty of opportunities to fit one in with our schedules.